

bial flowers. Then what is Mt. Agassiz's class 2 Northwest Slope doing with two stars? "Although I meant to only include technical routes...I just couldn't blow this one off.... The hike...is famously beautiful and, after an easy scramble to the top, the views are just jaw dropping." Also included are two class 3 routes—the East Ridge of Mt. Russell and the East Face of Middle Palisade. "I think that Middle Pal is perhaps a bit prouder. It may be an intimidating sight from miles away but when you get there...it's even worse."

Don't worry that a man who covers as much ground as Croft expects you to do climbs car-to-car in a day. Each route description comes with the approach's mileage and uphill component ("5 miles, 3 on good trail, 1 on easy X-country, 1 on rough X-country; 2,200 ft. of elevation gain")ædata that lets you to decide for yourself, with no subliminal prodding, whether to camp or go for it in a day.

I got the sense throughout that Croft finds the Sierra beautiful, but when I searched for a passage as an example, the best I could find was "long sweeping buttresses and arêtes, swarming with face holds and studded with sudden sharp pinnacles and airy notches" (Temple Crag). Perhaps describing beauty outside the context of humans rambling through the mountains is not possible, since the only language available is that of postcard clichés. That the guy notices so much during his rambles says enough.

G, G, & A will influence my guidebook-writing; I hadn't realized how much joy it is permissible to impart. I'll never again find myself writing, "Follow the crack for 130 feet and step left," without thinking, "I remember it being more fun than that." But it is Croft's stature as a climber that allows him to be playful. If I wrote the following, people would think I was writing a parody: "Originally they called the route [Whitney's East Buttress] Peewee, which just happens to be the name of my dog. Without getting overly misty about it, I think it's a really good name." If playful is the right word: "You end up groping for fist jams behind a big detached block that PROBABLY won't fall off."

I winter in Bishop but head to Jackson Hole around June 1, intending to return by October 1 but habitually finding Wyoming's Indian summer irresistible. The highest compliment I can pay G, G, & A is that it has me contemplating migrating west earlier, or even forsaking Wyoming for a week in summer, to try a few Awesomes that aren't feasible when days are short and cold or approaches are snow slogs.

JOE KELSEY, AAC

Under the Midnight Sun: The Ascent of John Denver Peak and the Search for the Northernmost Point of Land on Earth. JOHN JANCİK, STEVE GARDINER, JAVANA M. RICHARDSON. *Colorado: Stars End Creations*, 2003. 200 PAGES, 126 COLOR PHOTOS, 4 BW PHOTOS. \$29.95.

Under the Midnight Sun chronicles two expeditions by largely identical teams to find the northernmost point of land in the world and to summit unclimbed peaks in North Peary Land at the northern tip of Greenland.

The 1996 expedition sought to cross the undulating sea ice on foot and reach Oodaaq Island, a small island about 2.3 miles north of the coast believed to be the northernmost point of land in the world. Though it sounds like an easy enough proposition, Oodaaq is a 2,600-square-foot island only three feet above the mean sea level. It is easily lost among the pack ice's pressure ridges of greater height. The converging longitudinal lines this far north play with the

accuracy of GPS units, making their search for a minuscule island a formidable challenge.

After one failed attempt and a 16-hour search, the group finds a small rock jutting above the flooded sea ice—Oodaaq Island, or so they think. Only as the group is about to fly in for their 2001 expedition do they learn from the Danish Polar Center that they missed Oodaaq, but found a new northernmost point of land: Top of the World Island.

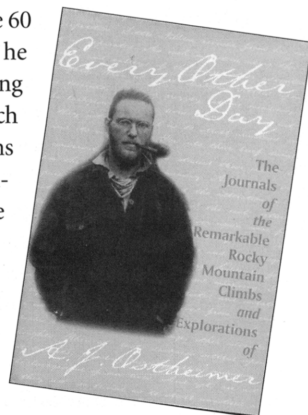
Under the Midnight Sun captures the raw passion of pioneering exploration by self-described “ordinary people.” While the excitement readily shows through, the book is often a cumbersome read. Three separate authors, combined with lengthy quotations from other party members, make it hard to follow the storyline. Quotes and situations repeat, and the reader often bounces between narration of unfolding events, stories about motivational moments prior to the expedition, poetry, and song lyrics. A thorough editing would cut out the extraneous clutter, leaving the kernel of explorations that is well worth reading.

LLOYD ATHEARN, AAC

Every Other Day: The Journals of the Remarkable Rocky Mountain Climbs and Explorations of A. J. Ostheimer. EDITED BY R.W. SANDFORD AND JON WHELAN. THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA. 2002. 248 PAGES, ILLUSTRATED, TIPPED-IN MAP. CDN\$34.95.

In 1927, 19-year-old A. J. Ostheimer pulled off a tour-de-force. In some 60 days, accompanied by the Swiss guide Hans Fuhrer and six others, he stormed around then-remote regions of the Canadian Rockies climbing most everything in sight. More precisely, he climbed 30 peaks, of which 27 were first ascents. In addition, he made such geological observations as would enable him to get school credit for this summer in the mountains! On his return, Ostheimer wrote up his journal, which may have been partly responsible for his graduating from Harvard one year early.

Previously unpublished, the journal was re-discovered by Jon Whelan. It is published by the Alpine Club of Canada “As a centennial gift to the American Alpine Club ... we hope our gift will become a lasting memento of a century of shared appreciation of the glories of Canadian peaks.”



I have had the good fortune to visit some of the areas and mountains that Ostheimer knew, so it was with keen interest that I read the book. And as a book, measured by the standards of such classics as James Outram’s *In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies*, or Collie’s and Stutfield’s *Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies*, it falls short. Perhaps this is somewhat unfair, for Ostheimer wrote for private publication. A vigorous editing and sharpening of objective would help. Furthermore, he was a young lad, without the world-view of a Collie or an Outram. What remains is a look at exploratory mountaineering of a vanished era. The sheer tenacity of the man is exemplified by such notations as: “To-day we planned to ascend the first peak at 10 am; the second at 2 pm; and, if all went well, to reach the summit of the third at 6 pm. Beyond that, we had no plans.” In the event they made their three first ascents. In the mode of the day, many of these climbs were no more than shale walks or snow plods. It is interesting that one of his guides was Jean Weber, who had been on the first ascent of Mt. Alberta two years before. Yet Ostheimer does not comment upon this great feat when they pass