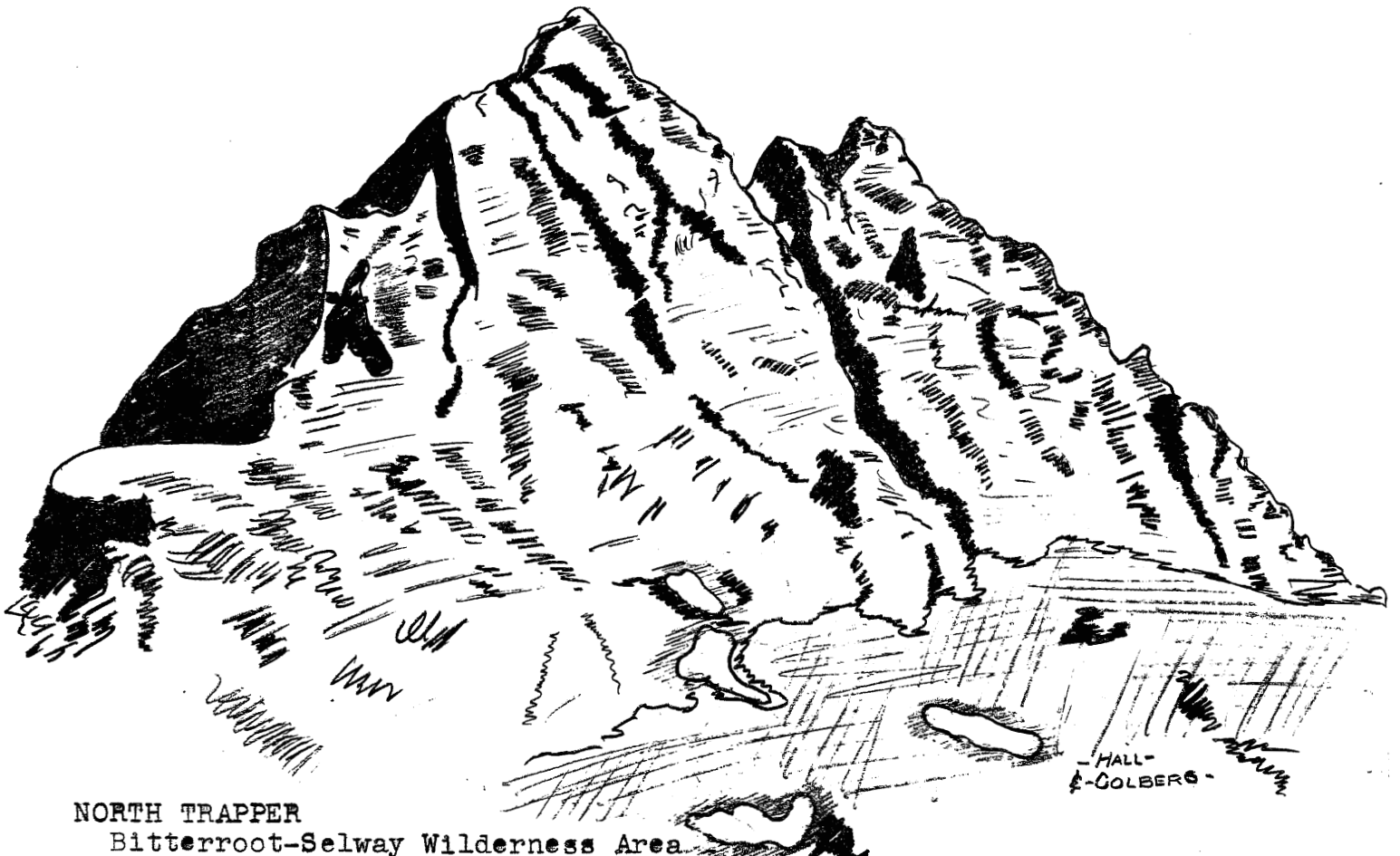


Mountain Ear

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS

OCTOBER 1963
Vol III No.1

Last campfires never die,
And you and I on separate ways to Life's December,
Will always dream by this last fire
And have this mountain to remember.
- Clark Schurman



NORTH TRAPPER

Bitterroot-Selway Wilderness Area

As viewed from So. Trapper, Labor Day 1960

May Meeting.....	2
Announcements.....	2-3
North Trapper.....	4-6
Pat Leonard's Accident.....	7-9
McGowan Crampon Straps.....	10
El Capitan.....	11-13
Index to Newsletters	
Volume I & II.....	I-IV

* * * *

Guest Editor and Publisher this month - Gary Hall, Pres.

* * * *

MAY MEETING: Slides were shown of Tom Choates and Ron Berg's ascent of the south side of Granite Peak; Tom Mitchell's - 'Climbing in New Hampshire'; and Gary Hall and Sam Braxton's - 'Recent Rock Climbing Practice & Mtn. Rescue Drills!'

* * * *

ANNOUNCEMENTS

*The 'MOUNTAIN EAR' Address has changed from 417 $\frac{1}{2}$ Blaine St. Missoula to 2100 South Ave W., Missoula.

NEXT MEETING: Tues. October 8, 7:30 PM, Confer. Rms. MSU Lodge. Slides of Braxton's Trapper Peak trips, General Business Meeting of the Year, ELECTION OF OFFICERS!, (Please be there so you can defend yourself from being elected to office), As of Sept, the Choates (our Vice-Pres. & Sec'y-Treas.) will be leaving for Scotland, therefore these two positions, and that of Publisher, are more than vacant. Refreshments will be served!

We would at this time like to express our many thanks to Tom and Charlu, for all they have done for the club - without them we would not have been able to provide so many of the activities, such as a climbing school when the club was first born in '60; also last year's 'MOUNTAIN EAR' was practically soley due to his efforts. We hope them success in their new endeavors and we more than congradulate him on his successful traverse of both summits of Mt. McKinley last July. We hope to have more on this in a later issue.

Also to be passed out at the next meeting, will be 'Minors, Responsibility Release Forms'. Minors will not be considered in the club in respect to group outings, until these are signed by their parents. This was neglected last year, and is now going to be rectified. Club By-Laws will be on display for those who are interested.

For those who want a fall climbing school again - be sure to be at the meeting so you can voice your opinion, so we can start planning its dates immediately.

Several MIT Outing Club's books on 'Rock Climbing' are still available at \$1. It is a very good book about fundamentals of rock climbing for beginners.

Dues are due for the '63-'64 Season, and there may be some dissention as to whether you can vote for officers until they are paid. They are still only \$2.50 again this year, and this includes the subscription to the 'MOUNTAIN EAR'. Also a number of subscriptions are due and these will still be at the rate of \$1/yr. Subscribers will be sent notices as to when their subscription become due.

Congradulations to Hal Kanzler on his pictorial about the Mission Range in the August issue of 'Summit'. We are hoping to be able to publish more of his articles again this year.

Also some suggestions again have been brought up that the club should buy some climbing equipment to rent to members. Until it is changed by club vote, we are against it. As it stands, the idea was voted down because, among others things, many of the non-climbing faction RIGHTFULLY said that it would be wrong to access them money for equipment out of the club dues that they would never use. Thus if the climbers would ban together and set up their own fund to pay for the equipment, then this would be OK by the non-climbers. In my opinion (Pres.), I would hate to see the club funds being squandered on this. (More on club funds later). There is a terrific wear on climbing equipment, especially werenovices are concerned, not to mention the fact that I have yet to see someone take as good as care of a clubs or someone else's climbing gear as he would his own. Especially since the ones who would be generally wearing out this gear would be the ones who could not afford to wear out their own equipment. Let's face it that climbing gear, even under the best of care, will not last if it is doing more than decorating someone's fireplace! We tried it several years ago and it did not work, but if you want to try it again, by at the meeting to voice your opinion.

This fall we would like to be able to plan several large overnite club outings with activities for climbers, non-climbers, fishermen, & etc. We have several places in mind, so the rest is up to you. More on this at the meeting.

The club funds are rather meek at the moment from buying all 225 patches, so that they would save you about 3/4 per patch. It's not hard to see where the club funds are - 175x60¢ - so let's buy some of those patches that you all at one time seemed to want. They are afterall the best looking club patch in the nation. (The books incidently show \$50 for those who are interested.)

We are determined that the 'MOUNTAIN EAR' will be bigger and better again this year and in the years to come. As to why we didn't publish again this summer. We found it impossible for a score of reasons. 'Sorry, may be next year!' It still costs a \$1/Yr. tho.

We doubled our membership last year, and we are hoping that we can do the same this year. Much of the membership drive is up to you. We are going to increase our publicity this year with hopes of 'awakening' some of our next door neighbors who climb but didn't realize that our club exists!

NORTH TRAPPER
by Shirley Braxton

Sam and I made three different trips into the Trapper cirque in an effort to climb N. Trapper-the third attempt being successful. (This is not including our ski ascent of S. Trapper Easter Sunday.) The first trip was on June 16th with only Sam and I in the party (via Trapper Creek). We slept at the car Sat. nite and were on the trail by four the next morning. Neither one of us felt too good-I was slightly nauseated from the beginning and Sam complained of nausea later on.

We reached the log crossing the creek a half hour later, but found it too slippery in the early hours to cross, so we went farther up stream and crossed where there were two logs across the stream-one we could hang on to. About an hour later we reached the main creek coming down from Trapper cirque. There is a fairly good game trail to this point. (Sam, Gardner Miller, and Thad Lowary have worked on this trail-marking it with surveyor tape and clearing the brush.) During both trips in this way we have stopped at this creek for our 2nd breakfast, so this is now referred to as our 'Breakfast Stop'.

At this point you cross the creek and tangle with brush for several yards always climbing upwards and rather steeply at that. The route is not too hard to follow if one keeps an eye out for the yellow, blue, or orange surveyor's tape (marked by different parties). The pitch above the brush is a combination of a little boulder hopping and climbing over bear grass slopes. One first hears a creek off to the right under the rocks but it is best to wait for water about 15 minutes later, as you hike quite close to the creek on the right (another breakfast stop).

On this first trip in, Sam and I made the mistake of heading for the cliffs to the west and climbing up on the ridge-thinking we were on the summit ridge. This unnecessary move cost us many precious minutes and we know now it was the main cause of our not making the summit. (The most favorable route is to head straight up 'boulder alley' keeping relatively high under the ridge. This leads eventually right into the cirque.) Once we had climbed up on the ridge we had to drop back down wasting much energy. We were not in the cirque until afternoon-both very tired. The day was quite hot and our packs were too heavy for only a day climb. We unloaded most of our gear and continued on the the base of the couloir leading up N. Trapper. The couloir looked quite easy but since we didn't know how long it would take to reach the summit we decided to turn around, knowing the mountain would still be there another day. Five and a half hours later we were back at the car very tired. I didn't even attempt to walk the log across the creek - straddling it was much easier - besides it gave my aching legs a rest.

SECOND ATTEMPT

This trip took place on June 27-29 and we were fortunate in having Pat Leonard with us. Pat is a most likeable character and a lot of fun to have along. As many hours were spent in the tent this trip, Pat kept us amused with his comical tales. We decided to try N. Trapper from S. Trapper, so the hike in was quite enjoyable on the S.T. trail. We left the car at 5:30 PM on Friday and reached a camp site just a timberline at 8:45 PM. The weather was quite mixed up - couldn't decide whether to blow, rain, hail, or even shine. Snowing, it left until later!! We had a dilly of a wind storm while walking through the dead standing timbered area and we'd look up and think 'Will they or won't they.' -they didn't!

Sam and Pat pitched the tent during a down pour of hail and lots of wind. I was quite busy cooking dinner. One rather amusing incident I must relate happened at this time (amusing now anyway). I had just mixed an instant chocolate pudding and it was just beginning to thicken when the hail started falling.. The only available cover at the time was my hard hat - which I thought would make a most ingenious cover. Sam, quite unaware of the goodies my hat was hiding, began putting the gear in the tent. Too late I saw him pick up my hat and all my screaming of choc. pudding went unheeded. The poor dear even went so far as to turn the hat completely over - result - 'choc. pudding a-la-hard-hat'. Sam could not imagine me doing anything so stupid as to cover the pudding with a hat and here I thought I'd been quite clever. Pat's only comment was 'that'll teach you to monkey around in a woman's kitchen'. Sam washed the hat out and between the two of us we dried the inside quite well by holding it over the primus stove. Incidents like these are all in a days outing and adds a great deal to the memories of a trip.

The wind really howled all Fri. nite and we woke up Sat. to a good six inches of snow. There was quite a ground blizzard raging but by 10 AM we were all quite restless, so we headed for E. and S. Trapper. On top of E.T. at 11 AM, we got occasional peeks of N.T., but it was definitely not the type of weather to go visiting. We reached S.T. by 12 noon and signed the register - noting our complaints of the weather - and then back to camp. We had a little trouble finding the tents as we were 'playing it by ear' - we decided then and there to dye our drab green tent a bright orange (which I haven't done). It cleared up somewhat Sat. afternoon and Sam and Pat hiked up to the saddle between S. and E.T. to scout a route across to N.T. I took an afternoon siesta. Sat. nite the wind again serenaded us to sleep?? But Sunday dawned bright and cold, though it did warm up considerably during the day.

We left camp at 6:30 AM - reached the saddle between S. and E.T. by 7:00 and started down the 1st couloir - the one closest to E.T. This couloir is very steep - a good 60-70 degrees. The going was very good though, as our crampons dug in and held. We belayed constantly and were quite cautious. I could not take the strain on my legs going down frontwards - besides it scared me sibly seeing where I was going - straight down. I went down backwards, facing into the slope. It took us a good three hours to come down this thing and I have since taken several glances back at 'that' couloir and thought, 'I came down THAT???!'

We stopped on some rocks in the cirque for a much earned refuelling and rest, and were hailed at from a group of the Spokane Mountaineers up on the S.T. ridge. They had driven over to climb N.T. but ran out of time so made S. and E.T. anyway. They stated that a storm was coming so we thought it best to climb up into the saddle on the south side of N.T. and see out. Our vision was quite limited in the cirque due to the clouds, though the storm never did amount to anything. We headed up the 1st feasible route which took us longer than we expected and didn't reach the saddle till 1:30. It was quite an interesting route though. At one point we were traversing back and forth across a relatively smooth slab - walking in a crack a good three inches wide. We felt quite safe and only belayed across the last pitch where the crack got rather slim. Unknown to us we were being watch by a group of mountaineers from E.T. and the reports later stated that our climbing looked quite spectacular. True there was a great deal of exposure but we felt quite comfortable.

On reaching the saddle Pat decided it best that Sam and he continue on alone as our time was running out and true - the two of them could go much faster without old slow poke me. Resigned to my fate, I watch them out of sight and then I settled back to sunbathe. They were back within the hour though - stating that the peak was much farther away than they had realized. We headed back for camp at 3 PM and rather than drop back down into the cirque we traversed the backside of the T. ridge, dropping down farther than we wanted to. We had one tiny practice in rappelling down a rather precarious pitch.

How tiring it is to have to climb back up to the top of the ridge - like climbing two peaks in one day - but we were back on the saddle just below S.T. by 7 PM. From here it was a short snow traverse to the S.T. ridge then a half hour trudge down to the tents, by this time it was 8:30 PM. We packed up as quickly as possible and hiked out by the light of the moon. It was quite enjoyable. We reached the car by 11 PM, once more very tired.

THIRD ATTEMPT

This trip was casually planned as a reconnoitering trip with the intentions of hiking farther up Trapper Creek and hitting the ridge to the north side of N.T. Pete Hall, a new comer to the Braxton's hiking twosome, joined our forces. (Pat was unable to make it.) At the last minute we decided to retrace the same steps Sam and Thad made on the first attempt only correcting our mistakes. We left the car at 4 AM and made much better time through the entire trip. Had our usual breakfast break at 'cirque creek' - also farther up. We climbed up 'boulder alley' and found it not bad going at all. We reached the cirque in good time and were at the base of the main couloir to N.T. by 10:15 AM. This couloir was relatively easy compared with the thing below E.T. We roped up anyways and reached the rock head wall in the couloir by 11:45. We didn't need crampons as it was quite easy to kick steps.

The most difficult pitch of the entire climb was climbing out of the couloir onto the rock and this was only a good class IV. Sam led the pitch then belayed me up and I in turn belayed Pete. From here it was merely a class III outing - gullies with lots of loose rocks and scattered areas of white bark pine. We moved one at a time over the loose rock areas as the rope has a tendency to dislodge rocks. The actual summit block was interesting but again it was nothing difficult. We reached the summit at 1:00 PM, and since we could find no register we left a plastic pint bottle with sufficient paper and pencil for others to sign in.

We traversed the summit ridge making all 3 knows, ate lunch, sun bathed, took pictures etc - and headed down at 2:20 PM. We had no trouble at all going down (Rappelled down the pitch into the couloir and belayed down the first 3/4 of the couloir. Reached the bottom of the couloir at 4:15). We picked up the extra gear we had stashed and then we were off to the car. We had no trouble at all following the bright orange tape Sam had left on the way up. Finally we reached the car at 10 PM - very tired - but we were very elated having finally made North Trapper. This was one of the nicest trips Sam and I have ever made. Beautiful weather, we felt terrific and we were most happy to have had the opportunity to climb with Pete.

* * * * *

PAT LEONARD'S ACCIDENT IN THE TETONS

ED. NOTE: We feel that we should publish all accidents which involve club members, not to fabricate the impression that we are thrill seekers, but so that we can learn from someone else's experiences and how to avoid them ourselves. We are the first to admit that climbing, when done 'Properly', is just as safe if not safer than driving your family car to the store. Thus in the interest of your safety, with the hope that you can learn something from them, as did the persons experiencing the incidents, we give you Pat's account of his experience. To those of you who did not meet Pat, it is because he just returned to Missoula this spring, but he has been doing a large amount of climbing with many of our members since then. The account is taken from a letter he wrote to the Braxtons while he was in the hospital at Jackson Wyoming.

John and I packed five or six days provisions up to Suprise Lake at about 9700' Monday. The rest of the day was spent in exploratory trips in the vicinity. We left camp at 5:20 AM Tuesday and headed for Mt. Owen. The going was easy, we made good time, and were on top four and a half hours later. We spent upwards of two hours on the summit, taking pictures, airing boots and socks while we wandered around in our bare feet and signing the register. On the way up we passed a party of three - a guide and two tourists. They joined us later on top. We finally started rappelling down and reached the snow field and our old tracks very soon. We descended quite rapidly down the snow until we reached a chimney a short way above a steep saddle, the saddle on the ridge overlooking the gully we had ascended. I went down the chimney first moving on down the floor of the chimney after reaching bottom to give John room to descend. A short stretch of rocks put us on snow again. I was proceeding on down the snow, digging in my heels and looking for our tracks where we had traversed around the edge of the saddle.

John shouted, I partially turned in time to see him sliding down towards me on his back. Then he hit me with his feet, knocking me head first down the snow slope. I rolled down the snow, out of control! By the time I got straightened out for a self arrest, I had rolled down the snow saddle on the far side (opposite from the side of ascent) and into a stretch of rocks. Although I was sliding feet first by this time, as soon as I hit the rocks, I started rolling again and the ice ax was yanked out of my hands. Then followed a series of jarring shocks as I bounced from rock to rock and ledge to ledge. One part of me was screaming while another part said 'Well, I always wondered if I would yell during a fall'. Finally there was one final bone-wrenching jerk - and I had stopped. It took a few seconds for me to realize that (1) I had stopped and (2) I was still alive. My right arm was extended over my head, my weight depended on this arm. My feet were resting lightly on the heels on the snow. Below me was another 300 yds. or so of 50-60 degree snow, a narrow band of rocks, and then well over a thousand feet of exposure. My ice ax head had jammed in the rock just as I reached the end of the rocks. I was hanging in a small water falls. In twisting around to get my toes into the snow and climb up to free the ax I discovered: (1) an extremely painful grinding motion in my left

shoulder - my pack was removed as quickly as possible, (2) my left hand had a large hole in it, (3) my nose was bleeding, (4) I could feel something running down my leg from a point half way up my shin, and (5) most importantly of all, I could stand and walk. John appeared in a few moments while I was taking stock and wanted to know if I was still alive. He appeared to be surprised to see me.

He carried my pack back up the rock while I suspended my left arm in a nylon sling. I happened to have around my neck and then I followed him. A couple of feet above where the ice ax had jammed was the hard hat I had been wearing. About half way up the rock was my sheath knife and at the top of the rock was the rope (coiled, as I had been carrying it) and the leather guard from the spade of the ice ax. We never did find my glasses. We worked our way back up to the saddle and over to the other side where there were some grassy ledges. There we shortened the sling supporting my left arm in order to raise the fore arm across my chest. John put gauze pads and adhesive tape on the biggest holes and band-aids on the smaller ones. I removed my wet shirt and put on a dry one plus my down jacket. Within about an hour the guided party appeared on the rocks above us and came to help. The guide was from the Exum Guide Service, named Pete Lev, and was very proficient in rescue techniques. He told John what to do, tied up the ropes, and proceeded to find a route down the mountain that a one-armed man could descend, constantly correcting John's somewhat faulty moves. (I think John was in more shock than I was, and he wasn't even scratched.)

I walked all the way down to Jenny Lake that night and entered the hospital at midnight. The accident occurred at 1:15 PM at about 11,000'. Jenny Lake is at about 6500'. Pete Lev suggested I stay at camp that night rather than try to walk the rest of the way down the trail. But I was so badly bruised and battered, I knew I would stiffen out overnight and being carried out the next day by litter would be more painful than walking that night. I am presently in St. John's Hospital in Jackson just barely able to get around. I have a broken collar bone, a broken nose, a deep cut in my left hand, one in my right shin (both apparently caused by the pick on the ice ax), much skin knocked off my hands and elbows, and covered with bruises. The Dr. terms the hole in my right leg the most serious and is keeping me here to observe it.

Looking back, I am guilty of an error of judgement because I placed myself directly below another climber. Although the snow was not steep there, the slopes on either side of the saddle were steep and were broken with drop offs with frightening exposure (well over 1000' in places). John, sliding down feet first, was able to stop himself before leaving the chimney; I, rolling head-over-heels, was not able to do so and picked up considerable velocity even on the gradual slope.

I am alive for two reasons. One, I was wearing my hard hat most of the way down through the rocks, it coming off only at the last moment. I take credit for this bit of caution as it is my habit to wear the hard hat on most trips. The second factor, the fact of the ice ax jamming at the last possible place before I plunged on to the second snow field toward the drop off, was purely luck. If that ax had not stuck there where it did, I would have shot on across the second snow field, over the narrow band of rocks and into the canyon to the north. I would certainly have been killed then. All

the long way back down Tuesday night I couldn't get over how pleased I was to be still alive. I am still, and I suppose I always will be, amazed at the way I was saved.

You can draw your own conclusions from this incident but for the benefit of those who are just starting to climb and might read this, I offer the following observations: (1) My mistake was in placing myself directly below another climber in such a way that a slip on his part, no matter how unlikely, endangered myself. A slip, or controlled fall, there could be stopped, as it was, before a person found himself on the high angle slopes. A tumble or uncontrolled fall, resulted in falling off the gradual ridge and onto the steep slopes. In assessing the danger of the ridge at that point, I assumed I would be able to stop a slip, not considering being knocked end-over-end. (2) My hard hat, eschewed by many, very probably prevented my brains from being battered out on the rocks and at the very least kept me from losing consciousness. (3) My wrist was snugly inside the wrist strap of the ice ax and hence I never became detached from it. The greatest benefit I gained from this fact was that when the ax stopped, so did I. But I also point out that I was conscious all the while and would have had a chance to try to stop myself on the snow later had my ax still been in my possession. Without it I would have been helpless whether I rolled or slipped.

* * * * *

AND FURTHER MORE!!! ALL THOSE WHO FEEL THIS IS
NO SUCH THING AS AN ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN...AND
THAT WE SHOULD TURN BACK!!! PLEASE RAISE YOUR HAND



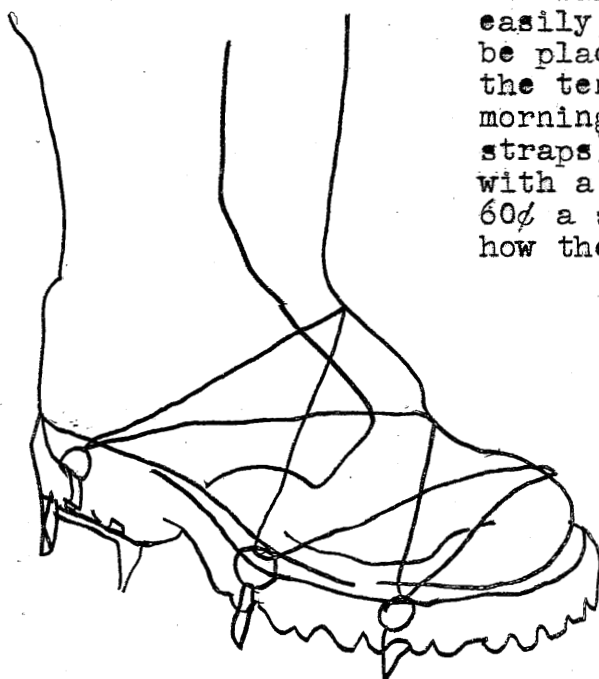
Joel
Beck
61-
64-
Summit
MAG.

McGOWAN CRAMPON STRAPS

A good crampon harness is essential for safe mountaineering. Because of the expense of leather strapping some mountain shops have substituted poor cotton webbing with buckles to make harnessing. The Rainier Guide Service found in 1956 that waxed nylon boot lacing worked so well on rental crampons for climbing Mount Rainier that use of waxed lacings spread to other climbing circles.

Expeditions to the Himalaya and Alaska have used this system with good success. Since even leather gets wet and freezes crampon harnessing can be a problem in cold weather climbing. Cotton webbing is even poorer and wears out rapidly.

The waxed nylon laces can be tightened easily, and, when finished climbing can be placed in the pocket or brought into the tent to dry out for use the following morning (rather than fighting frozen straps). A spare pair can easily be taken with a climber. The cost is low, 50 to 60¢ a set. The diagram to the left shows how the wrap is applied.



- (1) Place ends of strap through back rings
- (2) Draw over ankle
- (3) Thread through middle rings after crossing at ankle
- (4) Cross over toe and thread through front rings
- (5) Tie with surgeons knot over toe (one more loop than square knot each cross over)
- (6) Loose ends tuck beneath strapping toward middle rings
- (7) Leave no loops which might trip you

Lacing: used waxed nylon 72" length (80" for size 12 or over boots).

Keep tension on strapping until knots are tied. Should fit firmly on boot, slight loosening might occur first few minutes after tying. For this reason tie tightly at beginning. Variation can be to pass strapping behind heel (by back wire) to insure holding. If tight this is generally not necessary.

When not in use double straps several times and tie to back wiring with crampons flush together, points headed both the same direction.

EL CAPITAN OF THE BITTERROOTS

Climbed May 24, 1959 by Dave Fellin
and Scott Tunnock

Climbing El Capitan is a joy, but getting to him is a chore. For the stout-hearted who contemplate his crown, the following commentary will reveal a route to his feet.

Dave Fellin and I arrived at Lake Como dam, which is southwest of Hamilton, Montana, about 6 a.m. on May 23. We adjusted our gear and left the car at 6:30. After crossing the dam, we located a well-used trail on the south side of Lake Como and followed this west until we reached the point on section line 36 where Little Rock Creek flows into the lake. After a refresher, the heavily laden bodies started up the west side of Little Rock Creek until they found Trail No. 57. The creek straightens out here and runs due west, so we were now on its north side. About a half mile up the north side, old rockslides became our enemy. We chose boulder hopping to jungle fighting along what was once Trail No. 57 on the south side.

Snow and rain fell on a hearty Tyrolean lunch of chicken soup, polenta, (Dave has the formula) and cheese. A look ahead indicated thick fog over Como Peaks. At 2:30 p.m. we passed the ruin of an old cabin just below Little Rock Creek Lake. We crossed the dam at the lake and started up its south side. For a while, we could walk on the snow; then it began to get difficult. I fell through the snow and twisted my knee; this of course slowed progress. We finally had to give up the floundering and worked our way to the north side again. What a relief! Dave found a camp site at 4:45 p.m., and I hobbled in. A lean-to was constructed, and from our pads we watched El Capitan and the SSE ridge running toward West Como Peak fade away.

Saturday, the 24th, was clear and sunny. My knee could bend again (Dave's brandy may have had something to do with it). A brisk pace toward the "chute" was set. The chute? Going ESE from Capitan is a ridge to west Como Peak. Along this ridge is a high buttress (see map). Between this buttress and Capitan, a small point projects upward. On either side of this little peak are two snow chutes (which might not be there after May). The left chute forks near the top. We climbed the left chute and took the left fork. To get to this chute, we think we passed south of the upper two lakes and north of the lower lake. It was hard to get oriented, because the lakes were snow-covered.

The chute was very steep and we took turns breaking trail. We did not use a rope because of the soft snow. Occasionally, ice and snow would break free from some overhanging cliffs. We didn't worry about this too much, because it was early morning; but it could be bad on a hot afternoon. At the top of the chute, we headed north up another steep pitch toward what we thought was the summit. We traversed this false summit and reached the top at 1 p.m. On the summit, there were two rocky points sticking up: one is higher than the other, and the lowest has a triangulation point on it.

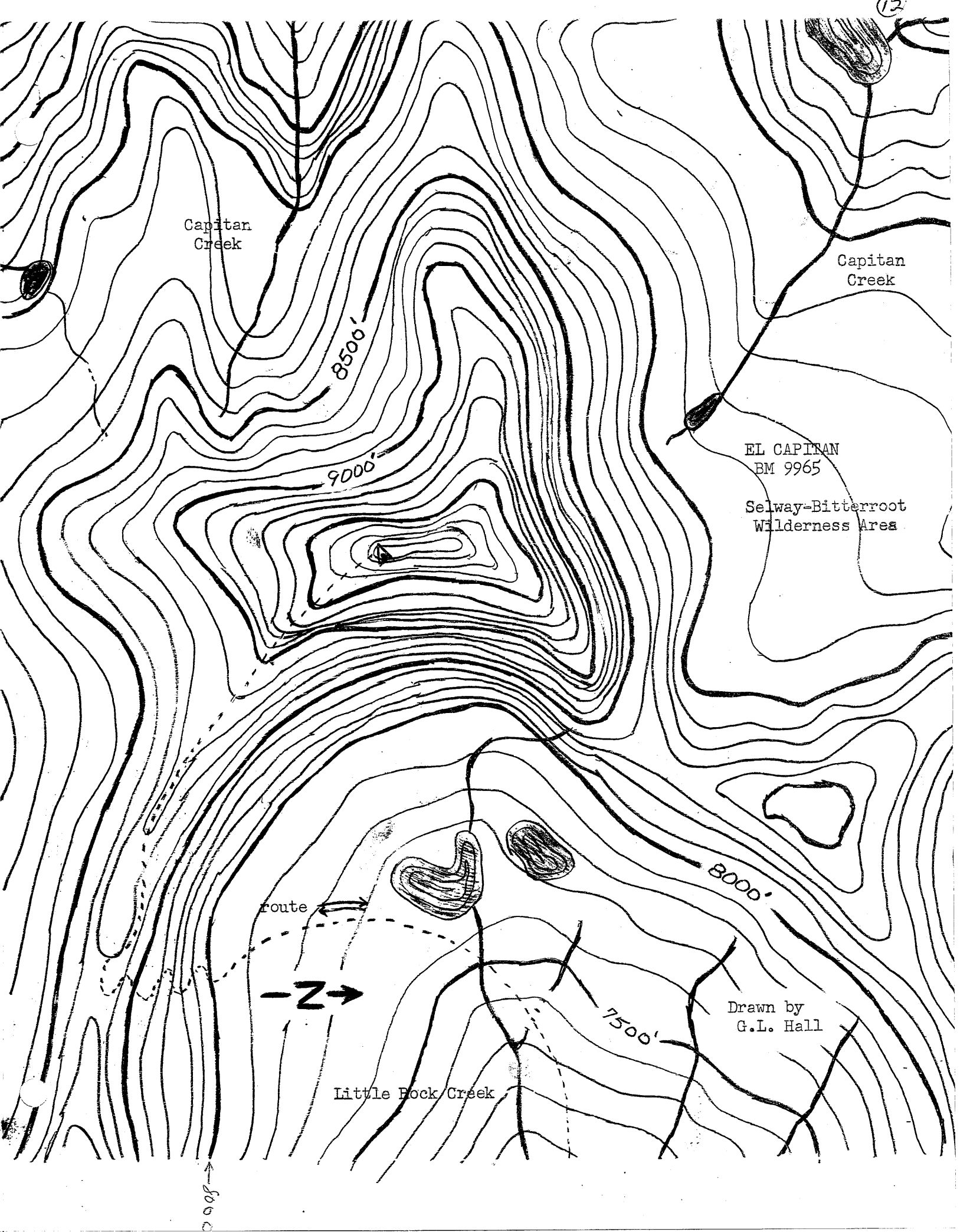
It was a fast trip back down the ridge to the chute. Here we had a disappointment. The snow in the chute was too soft for glissading and we had to slish our way down. Soft snow bogged us down almost all the way back to camp, which was reached at 4:20 p.m.

Sunday morning we left camp at 6:20 a.m., and by 11:20 we reached the trail on the south side of Lake Como. It took another hour to reach the car, and the brandy we cached under the seat gave us enough "drive" to drive.

Dave took many excellent black and white photographs of the entire trip, and thanks to his orderly note-taking, we were able to relate this adventure.

Climbing gear that might be needed:

1. 120', 5/16" nylon rope
2. Ice axe and crampons
3. Small pair of bear-paw snowshoes might be needed from Little Rock Creek Lake to snow chute.



Capitan
Creek

Capitan
Creek

EL CAPITAN
BM 9965

Selway-Bitterroot
Wilderness Area

route

-Z-

Little Rock Creek

Drawn by
G.L. Hall

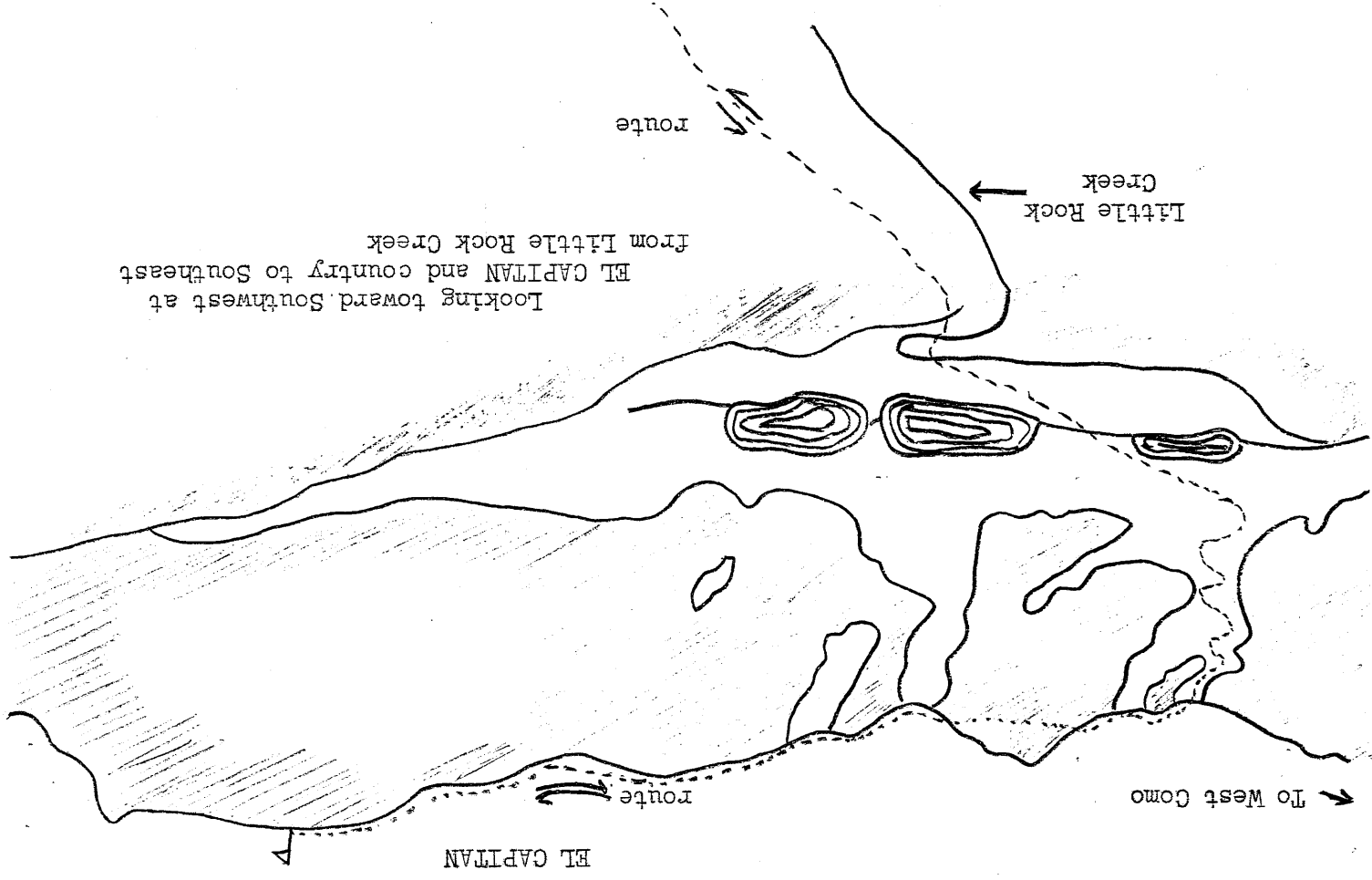
Also to be discussed at the meeting, is whether the club wants to sponsor another Hans Gmoser movie as they did in '60 & '61. Bring your opinion, as this will have to be decided on at this meeting or it will be to late.

The Mormon Creek trail into Lolo Pk. will be finished this fall, opening up a vast amount of ski touring areas. Call Sam Braxton if you are willing to work on it.

We have located a vast amount of Practice Rock within an hour's drive from Missoula. (Bear Cr., Mill Cr., Blodgett Cr., Bass Cr., and more.) You could spend the rest of your life climbing in these 'Practice Areas' and never climb half of the possible routes. The rock consists of good granite and classes run from III to VI slopes through class VI. It's there if you just get out of the house or your car.

NOVEMBER MEETING: Hundreds of slides of the Forest Service's expedition into Granite Pk. in Aug of '63, that many of us were fortunate enough to be able to go on. Also there will be an equipment display for those who are just beginning in mountain-ering. More on this meeting in the next issue.

ANNOUNCEMENTS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3



INDEX TO CONTENTS OF NEWSLETTERS

VOLUME I

	Page
No. 1-OCTOBER 1961	
Election of officers, 1961-1962.....	1
General Business.....	1
Hans Gmoser Movie.....	1&2
Legal Release of Responsibility Forms.....	3
"Eats".....	3
Acknowledgment of Appreciation.....	3
Tentative Winter and Spring Schedule.....	3
No. 2-NOVEMBER 1961	
General Business.....	1
Trip Transportation.....	1
Registers.....	1
Classifications of Climbs in Montana Rockies.....	1
McLeod Peak-Climb, Oct. 15, 1961.....	1&2
McLeod Peak-Summary.....	2
McLeod Peak-Map.....	3
Lit'le St. Joe-Ski Touring.....	4-6
Freeze-Dried Foods.....	7
No. 3-JANUARY 1962	
Graywolf Outings-Oct. 29 & Nov. 3, 1961.....	1
Tip on Flashlight Batteries.....	1
Climber's Code.....	2
Murphy Pk. and Vicinity-Map.....	3
Minimum Equipment and Supplies.....	4
Murphy Pk.-Climb, Oct. 1961.....	4
Equipment Sources.....	5&6
Mt. Harding-Climb, Oct 8&23, 1961.....	6
Panoramie Pk.-Climb, Sept. 1961.....	6
No. 4-FEBRUARY 1962	
Ski Touring Poem.....	1
McDonald Pk. Attempt-Nov 17, 1961.....	2
St. Mary's Pk.(Missions) & No Fish Lake-Outing November 28, 1961.....	3
Snow Avalanches.....	4&5
Shelter in Rattlesnake Lakes Area.....	6
Greywolf Pk. Trail-Approach Map.....	7
Greywolf Pk. & Trail-Map.....	8
No. 5-MARCH-APRIL 1962	
Poem.....	1
Greywolf Pk.-Ski Tour-Feb. 10&11, 1962.....	2
Greywolf Pk. Trail, Mileage via St. Ignatius.....	2
Marshall Bowl-Ski Tour, Feb. 11, 1962.....	3
Notes on Ski Mountaineering.....	3
Recipe-Mulligan Stew.....	3
Pt. Six-Ski Tour, March 20, 1962.....	4
"Snow Bowl" and Vicinity-Map.....	5
Avoiding Heel Injuries.....	6

No.	Page
6-MAY 1962	
Poem.....	1
Emergency Gear for Cars.....	2
Cup Cookery.....	2
Mitouer Gulch-Ski Tour, April 4, 1962.....	3
Mitouer-Marshall Bowl-Ski Tour, April 22, 1962.....	3&4
Marshall Bowl-Ski Tour, April 26, 1962.....	5
Lolo Pk.-Reconnaissance, May 6, 1962.....	5
Whitefish Lake State Park.....	5
Equipment Check List.....	6&7

VOLUME II

No. 1-NOVEMBER 1962	
Poem.....	1
Cartoons about Proper Signals.....	2
Lightning.....	3&4
Canyon Pk.-Reconnaissance-May 30, 1962.....	4&5
Lappi Lake-Reconnaissance, July 14, 1962.....	5
Crown Point-Climb, July 16, 1962.....	5&6
Three Sisters (Canada)-Climb, July 25&29, 1962.....	6&7

No. 2-DECEMBER 1962	
Trail Song.....	1
Announcements & Questionnaire.....	2
Election of Officers-1962-1963.....	2
Climbing School-Oct. 14, 1962.....	2
Oct. and Nov. Meetings, Minutes.....	2
Bass Creek Pinnacle-Climb, Oct. 21, 1962.....	2
Mill Creek-Practice Climb, Oct. 28, 1962.....	3
"Accident at Bear Creek"-Nov. 4, 1962.....	3&4
Canyon Pk.-Summary and Climb, June 28, 1962.....	4&5
Canyon Pk.-Map Showing Route.....	5
Winter Outings.....	5
"Challenge"-Poem.....	5
Mt. Wilbur-North Face Ascent, August 4, 1961.....	6&7
Mt. Wilbur & Vicinity-Map.....	7
Conservation.....	7
Concussion-First Aid.....	8
Pulmonary Edema-First Aid.....	8&9
Receipes-Protein Cookies.....	9
Vitamin Drinks.....	9
Logan Bread.....	9

No. 3-JANUARY 1963	
Poem.....	1
Announcements and Reports.....	2
Thanksgiving in Glacier Park.....	2
Relief and Map of McDonald Pk., Post Creek Route.....	3
McDonald & West McDonald-North Routes-Map.....	4
McDonald Pk-NW Glacier Route, Summary.....	4
McDonald Pk-Climb, NW Glacier Route, June 1962.....	5
Summary of McDonald Pk, "Appalachia".....	6
McDonald Pk. Trip-August 1960.....	6
McDonald Pk.-East Ridge Route Summary.....	7
Hypoxia-First Aid.....	8
Frostbite-First Aid.....	8

No. 3-JANUARY 1963 Continued	Page
West McDonald Pk.-West Ridge Route Summary.....	9
West McDonald Pk.-Trip, Nov. 1962.....	9
Sawdenholfs (Shorty Skiis for Touring).....	10
Rope Ski Climbers.....	11
No. 4-FEBRUARY 1963	
'Why I Climb' by Wilfrid Noyce.....	1
Poem by Cedric Wright.....	1
January Meeting.....	2
Pt. Six-Ski Tour, Jan. 19, 1963.....	2
Lolo Pk-Trip, June 21, 1963.....	3
Lolo Pk-Ski Tour, Jan. 1963.....	3
Sawtooth Wilderness Ski Tour, Jan, 4&5, 1963.....	4
Membership List and Subscribers.....	5
An Analysis of New Bitterroot Wilderness Area.....	6
Mountain Cookery-Breakfast Omelet.....	7
Spanish Rice	
Black strap Caramels	
Bozeman Doings.....	7
No. 5-MARCH 1963	
February Meeting.....	2
Sweeney Pk-Ski Tour, March 3, 1963.....	2
Marshall Bowl-Ski Tour, February 24, 1963.....	3
Marshall Bowl-Maps.....	3&4
Hoodoo Pass-Ski Tour, May 20, 1962.....	5
Mormon Ridge-Reconnaissance, June 5, 1962.....	5
ROUTE GUIDES FOR:	
Lit'le St. Joe	
St. Joesph Peak	
Stormy Joe.....	6
Bass Pk. and Pt.....	11
TOPOG. MAPS OF:	
Lolo Peak Area.....	7
Sweeney Peak Area.....	8
Lit'le St. Joe Area.....	9
St. Joesph Peak Area.....	10
Ridge Map of Bass Peak Area.....	11
No. 6-APRIL 1963	
The Snow and the Glaciers, John Muir.....	1
First Ascent of Mt. McKinley's SE Spur.....	1
Announcements.....	2
March Meeting.....	2
Mission Mountains-Ski Tour, March 22-25, 1963.....	2&3
Lolo Pk-Ski Tour, March 22-24, 1963.....	4
'The Mountain'-Poem.....	4
Squaw Pk-Trip, June 24, 1962.....	5
How to Alter the Army Artic Pants.....	5
Climbers' Alpine Table.....	6
How to Make a Rope Ladder.....	7
Suggested Modification Of Phillips Bolt Holder.....	8
New Prussik Type Knots.....	9&10
How to Set up a Practice Belay.....	10

No. 7-MAY 1963

Psychological Pitons.....	1
April Meeting.....	2
Summary of Trips in April.....	2
Lolo Pk-Snowshoe Trip, March 23&24, 1963.....	3
So. Trapper Pk-Ski Tour, April 13&14, 1963.....	3&4
St. Joseph and Stormy Joe-Climb, August, 1962.....	4
Miche Wabun (Glacier Park)-Climb, July 2, 1962.....	4-7
Mt. Kaina (Glacier Park)-Climb, July 3, 1962.....	7
Miche Wabun-Relief.....	6
New Rock Evacuation Technique.....	8
Rescue Practice, May 5, 1963.....	8-10
Lower Brake Rescue System.....	9
Our Predecessors-The Montana Mountaineers.....	10

