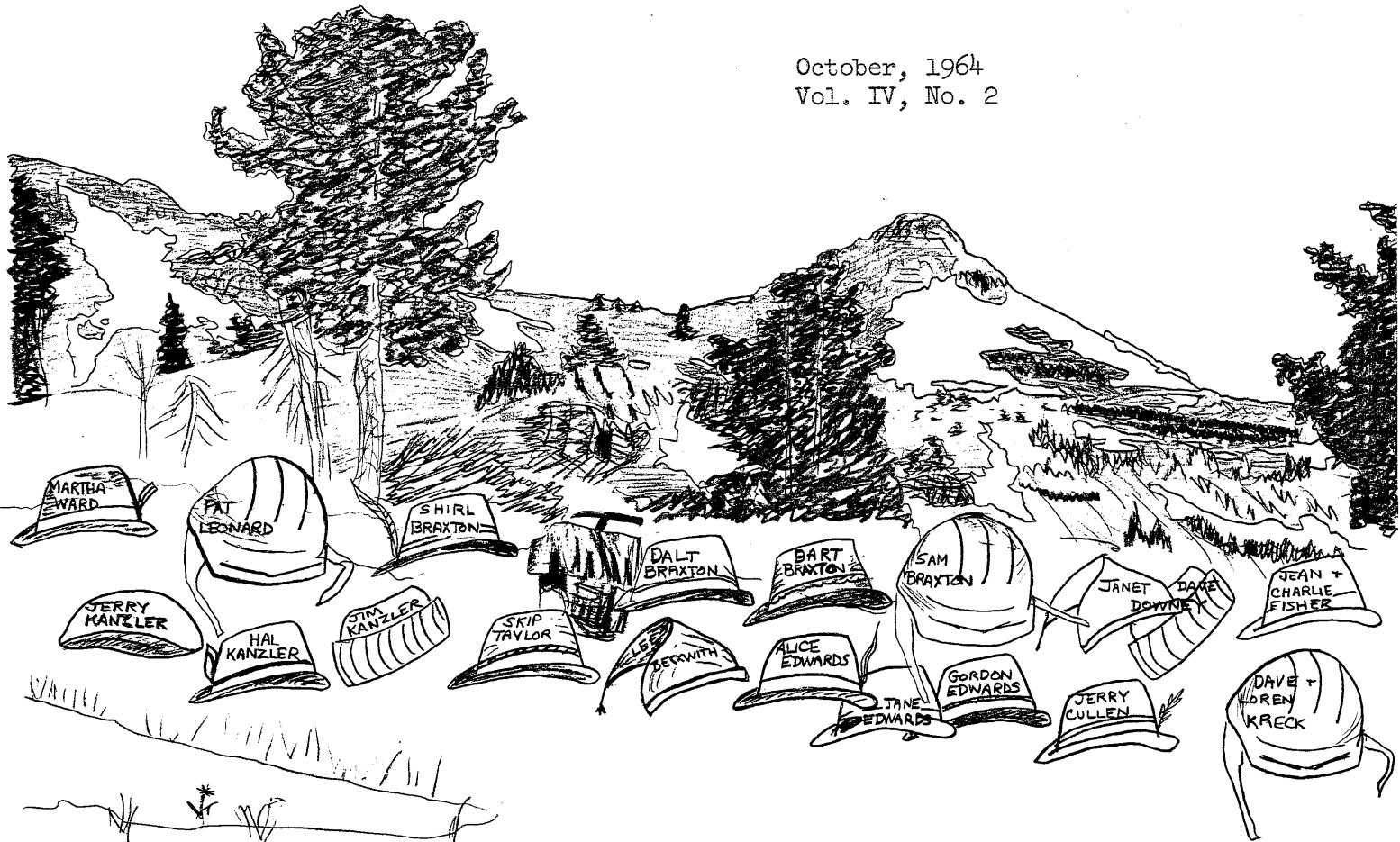


Mountain Ear

MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS
OF WESTERN MONTANA

October, 1964
Vol. IV, No. 2



MISSION RANGE OUTING JULY 16-20, 1964
(from Hal Kanzler's photo of the group
at high camp in No Fish Basin)

This issue includes an account of the trip into the southern alpine region of the Mission Range, Montana. Also, Freeman Needles, Sunset Crag ascent, Grey Wolf routes, and hiking in this area. You will find an announcement of club meetings and a schedule of activities.

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We appreciate your contributions of articles, maps, and notes on hiking and climbing. Please submit articles typed and double spaced. Black and white photos and colored slides are especially useful and can be traced easily onto our multilith stencils.

Officers for 1964 - 65 are:

Pete Hall, Pres.....549-3636
John McCammon, Vice Pres....540 Daly
Martha Ward, Secy.....549-2237
Sam Braxton, Treas.....549-2513

ANNOUNCING - October 13th, first monthly meeting of the Rocky Mountaineers - 7:30 p.m. in Room 107 of the Geology Bldg. on the MSU campus. A short business meeting will be followed by slides on this summer's activities. At 9 p.m. a gathering of persons interested in attending a climbing training school will take place. (The Geology Bldg. is just south of the Administration Bldg. on the oval. Park cars behind Main Hall, with clock tower.)

"CLEARING HOUSE" for trips and activities is maintained courtesy of the Braxtons at 549-2513. Call this number for information on all activities. It is necessary to contact them in order that transportation can be arranged so cost of trips will be kept at approximately $1\frac{1}{2}$ /mi. per person. Please call mornings and after 9 p.m.

REMINDER - to all participants in club activities: The Rocky Mountaineer Club, its officers, instructors, trip leaders, and other members do not assume any liability for accidents, or medical or evacuation expense incurred by individuals who are participating in the Mountaineer's activities.

ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS

SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES

Be sure to check with the "Clearing House" (549-2513) in order to get a berth! on club trips. Thursdays are the closing dates for overnight trips - Fridays for Sunday trips.

Oct. 11 Lolo Peak Hike

Leader: Virginia Vincent 3-6944

Leave: MSU Lodge, 6:30 a.m.

Return: 8 p.m.

Cost: 75¢ per person for transportation

Bring: lunch, clothing suitable for cold winds or wet weather, mittens, hat, sunglasses, footgear for snow several inches deep; binocs, camera if desired.

Lolo Peak (9,075') is approached from an altitude of 6000'. We see the north or False Peak from town, but our destination is the Main or South Summit. Expect to make a full day's hike into a large area of open slopes and small lakes. Mileage approx. 10 miles round trip, via Mormom Ridge.

Oct. 24-25 Overnight hike to Bass Creek Crags

Leader: John McCammon, 540 Daly

Leave: Sat.

Return: Sun.

Cost: 75¢ per person for transportation

Contact "Clearing House" or leader for equipment and food needed. Plan to bring your own tent as hut sleeps 6 only. This will be a combination work party and exploration of pinacles in the area. Mileage 6 miles in.

Nov. 1 Climb to be announced in training sessions. (See Oct. 18)Nov. 8 Trappeur Cr. Hike

Leader: Sam Braxton 9-2513

Leave: MSU Lodge, 7 a.m.

Return: 9 p.m.

Cost: \$2.25 per person for transportation

A reconnaissance hike to see the highest peak in the Bitterroot Range (10,000'), and to check on conditions at this time of year. No climbing is planned due to uncertain weather but hike will go rain or shine.

Oct. 17 Moonlight Jaunt

Leader: Ray Breuninger 9-3636

Leave: MSU Lodge, 7:30 p.m.

A short hike in area overlooking Missoula, ending with a get-acquainted gathering at our prexy's home. If weather is inclement plan on an evening of slides and tall-tales about recent activities.

Oct. 18 Rock-climb to be scheduled in the training sessions. Be sure to check with the "Clearing House." Braxtons will know about other activities scheduled for this date.

Oct. 25 Crack Pinnacle Climb

Leader: Sam Braxton 9-2513

Leave: MSU Lodge, 7 a.m.

Return: 8 p.m.

Cost: 75¢ per person

All classes of climbing can be found in the Bass Cr. Crags. Hike will be 10 mi. round trip. Bring own ropes, hardware, and hard hat. Trail leaves Bass Creek road at Sleeping Bag Crossing (4 mi. in).

Nov. 10 Monthly meeting

Room 107 Geology Bldg.-MSU Campus

Nov. 14 or 15 Climb (See Oct. 18)Nov. 22 St. Mary Pk. Hike

Leader: Pete Hall 9-3636 or 9-7241

Ext. 770

Cost: 75¢ per person

Bring: lunch, winter clothing, footgear for snow, sunglasses, hat, mittens; binocs, camera if desired.

This peak in the Bitterroot Range is west of Stevensville, Mont. A forest road gains some altitude above the valley. Much of area is above timberline and at this time of year mid-winter conditions may prevail. Plan to go irregardless of the weather (in town) as fog in the valley usually means brilliantly clear weather 500 ft. above.

NOTE: As many of our trips return after supper time (due to the shortness of our daylight hours) many of our participants plan to have a meal on the road during the return to town.

A GRAND OUTING IN THE MISSION RANGE, MONTANA, 1964 by Shirley Braxton

Last spring Sam and I were contacted by Dave Downey, a climber from Kalispell, asking if we would be interested in accompanying a group of hikers and climbers from Columbia Falls, Kalispell, and Sierra Club members from California into the Missions for an outing of as many days as we could squeeze in. Of course we were interested and the job of finding the time most suited to everyone was the noble task of Dave's. After much corresponding and date-changing, the latter part of the third week of July was set. Plans were for our Missoula group (Martha Ward, Pat Leonard, and the Braxton 4 - Sam, Shirl, Bart and Dalt) to meet the others at St. Mary Reservoir at the "ungodly" hour of 3 a.m., Thursday, July 16. We had the "leastest" distance to travel - and were the "lastest" ones there. Was like a game meeting everyone for the first time in the dark, and as it started to get light we tried to match up the name with the person introduced earlier. We were pleased to meet Gordon Edwards again (the only one we knew), his wife Alice and daughter Jane. Dr. Edwards is a professor at San Jose State College and is the author of "A Climber's Guide to Glacier National Park." Of the 21 participants, 8 were of school age.

The trip up to high camp was more than miserable - the first few hours, that is. It had rained during the night - what am I saying! - it was still night and the brush was SOMEWHAT wet!!! For those who have never had the pleasure of hiking in the Missions, especially on our route, there is a LITTLE brush. No, let's put it this way... if you look carefully you might find LITTLE open areas now and then. We had to grab a-holt of the brush and literally pull ourselves plus packs up. Dalt, tears running down his cheeks said, "Mom, I just don't like this." My only reply was "Neither do I." It didn't last for ever tho' and after awhile we were climbing up steep meadows. Later, Hal came down and relieved me of my pack, and lo! what an uplifting feeling; I thought I would fly. It didn't last for long, however, for Dalt spied me without a pack and guess whose I got to carry up to the next rest spot???

How can such an abominable approach lead to such open vistas and gentle slopes as we viewed in No Fish Basin?? Camp was reached by mid-afternoon. As soon as the tents were up almost everyone took a nap. I awoke at 6 p.m. to find the camp deserted. No one was in sight, as those who weren't sleeping, still, were off climbing St. Mary Pk. My activity consisted of fixing supper so that when they got back it would be ready.

Friday Sam and Pat left to climb the Needles in Freeman Pass. Sam suggested that Martha, the boys and I join them later. Since Hal, his boys, Skip Taylor and Lee Beckwith were heading in that direction also, we joined them. Jim, Jerry, Skip and Lee detoured via St. Mary Pk. and Hal hiked with the rest of us. We all met near the base of Peak "X". Once on top of "X" we could faintly see Sam and Pat on the Needles. The older boys took off to climb "Y" Peak while Hal, with women and children, headed towards the Needles. Sam discovered our approach and was simply beside himself with the belief that Martha, B., D., and myself were going to climb the Needles. It was not 'til Hal shouted to him that he realized we were in safe hands. Our party dropped down to the east side of the Needles via a spectacular glassade. Hal took a tumble and went a ways before stopping himself. No real damage done, just a little wet. We waited at Grizzly Lk. for the older boys to catch up and then we headed for Black Buck. Sam and Pat in the meantime had set off to climb Mountaineer Pk. When we reached the top of Black Buck the women and children were just too tired to stay with Hal and boys who were planning on dropping down to the north of Black Buck and traversing around, crossing through Freeman Pass on the way back.

4.

So...we gals thought we'd take a nap while waiting for Sam and Pat to "guide" us back to camp. Our sleeping area was a little off the beaten path (but oh! so nice and soft - a bed of moss) and after about an hour we woke up to realize that perhaps Sam and Pat had already gone by and not noticed us. One way of finding out was to hike back to the base of Black Buck where they had stashed some of their gear. They hadn't passed us. Now we had to decide whether to wait for them or head out on our own. After all, we had just been over the area and surely we could find our way back alone (??). We didn't get to go all the way on our own leading powers tho' for we met up with the Kanzler group plus some of the group who had been over to High Park Lk. fishing (no fish). Reached our camp by 8 p.m. quite tired and wondering whether to go to the bother of fixing supper for it seemed quite likely that Sam and Pat would be spending the night out-of-doors (joke! we were all out-of-doors. Away from camp, I mean). Had no sooner decided to start supper when the heroes arrived - very tired but very happy. They were so late because they spent a long time on Mountaineer Pk. waiting for us sleepy heads.

Saturday Sam and Pat acted as guides and herded Martha, B. and D., Lee, Skip, and myself up Grey Wolf - to the south summit anyway. The West Face looked a little too much for our party so we traversed farther to the right (facing the mountains) in hopes of finding an easier couloir. (I might add that I never know what direction I'm headed; to me, it's either right, left, up or down.) After Sam checked a few likely routes, we ascended a rock couloir belayed by Pat from above. From here it was a scramble to the ridge. Once on the south side we ascended the conventional route, via the snow couloir. We roped up at this point as it is quite steep. The rocks above were fun to scramble over and only one pitch (first above the snow) was tricky. Upon reaching the south summit late in the afternoon, we decided it would be too late to make the trip over to the north summit. A little disappointed, we began our descent.

I must relate one incident while we were descending the couloir. I was quite a ways down when I heard Martha scream, "Sam, don't." Of course I stopped dead in my tracks and shot a glance upwards to see what my "better half" was up to. To my horror he was trying to push my buddy down the slope. He explained that he had her on a firm belay so she wouldn't go far and he was just trying to speed up our party. (Upon relating this incident to our friends in the Bugaboos, one of the guides suggested that next time Sam get below the victim and pull him off, explaining, "He'll come off much easier this way!") What methods these boys won't use to get us gals off a mountain.

We rappelled down the same rock couloir we ascended and I might add that there was a perfect "bomb shelter" at the bottom of the pitch to get out of the way of rock fall. We arrived back in camp after dark, causing the rest of camp some concern, we are sorry to say. I just bet they were getting tired of putting up with the Missoula group's habitual lateness. During our absence the West Face of Grey Wolf was climbed by Gordon and Alice Edwards, and Chuck Risher; also the north route was ascended by Hal and boys. Grey Wolf Pk. was a popular place that day.

Sunday the majority of the group had to leave. Our Missoula tribe stayed on till Monday. Pat and Sam spent Sunday climbing the West Face of Grey Wolf; Martha, boys and myself climbed St. Mary and practised glissading down the north slope directly off the summit. We didn't leave for our climb till afternoon, spending the morning cleaning camp and lazing around talking to departing members. Most left the way we had come in, but the Kanzler group decided to explore a route out via Mission Falls. This proved quite an expedition. Hal was going to phone Missoula for Sam to mark him up for work, and it so happened that we reached St. Ignatius before Hal did! (Contd. pg.8)

FREEMAN NEEDLES TO MOUNTAINEER PEAK (MISSION RANGE) by Pat Leonard

Sam Braxton and myself had heard that the Needles above Freeman Pass contained the best climbing to be found in the Mission Range. It may have been in some of Underhill's articles printed in the journal of the Appalachian Mountain Club. In any event, we were curious enough during the July (1964) mob scene in the Missions to have a look.....

The two of us leave camp a little late (it was getting on toward 7 or 8 a.m. I think) and start traversing the west side of No Fish Basin, heading north. This is somewhat time-consuming and tiring as it requires that we cross one small ridge after another, although there doesn't seem to be any other acceptable route. It is simply one of those cases, so often in the life of a mountaineer, in which you minutely examine the possible ways of traveling from point A to point B, arriving at the conclusion that none of them are very attractive, choosing that alternative which, to your particular prejudices at any rate, seems less horrible than the others and then simply enduring. (It really wasn't so bad in the morning. It was in the early evening on the return trip that the ridges grew higher and steeper.)

We pass directly beneath the south side of the peak called Happy Henry, a small bump on the same ridge as Peak "X" but not as high. We are at this point confronted with the Freeman Needles. Looking them over from the western end we decide that there might be some good climbing there, although they seem very blocky and fractured. Proceeding to climb everyone in its turn we learn that the rock is indeed fractured. It is fractured, cracked, split, riven, broken, shattered, crumbled, decomposed, and then cursed, yet still steep! The climbing is very precarious. Particular care has to be taken with loose rock endangering the other climber, not to mention that which one stands upon or grasps.

We are not so engrossed with the difficult task at hand (that of keeping the mountain from falling on, or from under, us) to not be able to reflect upon another man's idea of good climbing. We finally reach a lower notch in the center of the Needles region and encounter some fairly pleasant rock. As we start climbing up toward the summit of whatever it is that stands between the Happy Henry-Peak "X" ridge and Black Buck, the rock becomes cleaner, more solid, even smooth in places. Further east, to our right as we climb, the rock looks more inviting yet. I suspect this is the region spoken of as being good climbing, (though I am not agreeing with the "best in the Missions" claim).

We encounter fingers of snow periodically between some of the Needles and ultimately are obliged to climb up a fairly steep bank of snow at the summit of "Whatzit" Peak, by discovering in this process that I have learned an awkward fear of steep snow (and not so steep at that), slowing our progress by insisting on extravagant and lengthy precautions. Sam is patient.

The snow does, however, provide us with needed water and we eat a substantial lunch on the summit, watching Sam's family glissade down from St. Mary's Peak to Grizzly Lake southeast of the Needles. Thinking that they (Shirley, Bart, and Dalt Braxton, and Hal Kanzler) were going to climb up a snow couloir to the east, we descend to the saddle between "Whatzit" and Black Buck and look around. Foreseeing no more threat of ice, we cache crampons and a few other items there for our expected return. We then decide to proceed on toward Mountaineer Peak, thinking that the others are too far away at this time to attempt Mountaineer. We climb Black Buck and then strike

out north across a broad meadow-like ridge, almost not a ridge because it is so broad. This area is marked by slanting windrows of gravel, bare and sterile on the uphill side, carpeted with thick, lush, green moss on the downhill side.

An easy walk and an easy scramble over some bumps on the ridge brings us to a point overlooking the incomparable Lake-of-the-Stars. This deep blue lake, a tarn, is enthroned within a glacier-carved cirque at the western foot of the ridge between Black Buck and Mountaineer Peaks. Lake-of-the-Stars is undoubtedly the most beautiful lake I have ever seen. The entire trip up to this point is made worthwhile by the view from this ridge; this matchless little lake still supporting large, flat slabs of ice left over from the previous winter, the wind playing across the surface of the water, making cat's paws among the ice floes, pushing the floes about slowly and ponderously. Sam has never seen this view before and I not since the fall of 1958 when, in September, William Myers, Jim Waldbillig, and I climbed Mountaineer from a camp at Lake-of-the-Clouds. For anyone climbing Mountaineer from the north, the short side trip to see Lake-of-the Stars is well worth the effort and time.

We photograph this lake but a photograph is simply inadequate as a means of representing what the lake is. A photograph doesn't convey enough of the appearance of regal solitude, and the quiet of little-seen and less-touched wilderness, of beauty surrounded and protected by grim, grey and black, jagged, jealous crags. Thus a noble-born Spanish maiden might have been surrounded and protected by grim, black-haired, craggy-featured brothers and by a grey-haired jealous old duenna, and the climber, now a suitor who has proved himself worthy of the privilege and has won the right through trial by ordeal, stands in her (its) presence.

But restless suitors we must be, for we continue on up the ridge in search of new fields of combat.

No matter how painstaking and diligent I may be in writing a description of the route we followed up that ridge (even making the unreal assumption of a perfect memory), I feel certain that the description would do you no good when the time comes for you to traverse that ridge with its bewildering jumble of gendarmes and buttresses. Let it suffice to say that you will probably reach a point where you are looking down a fifty foot overhang just below one of the first large gendarmes. Don't bother climbing the gendarme in hope of getting down from the top (we tried it) but rather drop down to the west, get into the next couloir and climb back up. If you are like me you won't believe any of this and will do as your judgement and experience dictate.

Ultimately we reach Mountaineer Peak and are treated not only to the age-old mountain panorama which never fails to make its deep impression but also treated to a treasure hunt episode. In the process of signing in (the register is still the tobacco tin which Jim Waldbillig placed in 1958 and no new signatures in that six years), we uncover a rusty old Baker's Chocolate can within the cairn. The lid is rusted to the top and is pryed off after a bit of difficulty; inside we find a small glass bottle stoppered tightly with a shriveled old cork. The cork finally yields and I attempt to remove the rolled-up pieces of paper inside. With the awl of my pocket knife I succeed only in putting a small tear in one paper whereupon Sam verbally lands on me with "don't tear those papers. Those are valuable records!" We had ascertained that the can, bottle, cork and papers showed

signs of unusual age, although the papers were remarkably well preserved. Reporting that I probably couldn't remove the papers without breaking the bottle, I was told, ruthlessly, brutally almost, "Break it!" This goes against the old training and prejudice. I don't like to break perfectly good glass, but I do it. Inside are papers dating from 1924 to 1928, papers recording the trip during which this very peak was given its name by members of the early Montana Mountaineers, papers which have laid under the snows of 36 winters protected by their double-sealed vault. (I am impressed. These scraps of paper are older than I am.) We carefully handle and read each piece of paper, marveling at our luck in finding such a treasure, particularly the record pertaining to the naming of the peak. (Ed. note - see page 8 for transcript of signatures.)

After clambering around on the rocks in exploratory trips to determine the route north, we reluctantly turn our faces back south and head for camp - a "fur piece" by our reckoning. We attempt a snow route on the east side of the ridge (I am petrified again by being on steep snow), abandon that, regain the ridge and.....Sam starts waving his arms and motioning to me. A mountain goat is coming across the western side of the ridge, heading directly for us; in fact we stand on the only visible trail across that region. Sam's camera is hastily dug out of his pack and on the goat comes, running at a steady lope (running as he did earlier - we assume it is the same goat - when we observed him from Mountaineer running across a steep, seemingly vertical, patch of snow). Finally he sees us and stops about 50 feet away. He is panting rapidly from his run but doesn't seem alarmed. His winter coat is coming off in large tatters and gobs, giving him a somewhat hobo-like appearance (the original climbing bum). Obviously he desires to pass by where we stand as he fidgets, stamps his feet and, to Sam's picture-taking delight, turns his profile to us. We attempt to give the appearance of leaving, hoping to get a closer picture yet, but the old boy is canny and we don't deceive him. He leaves, and so do we.

We arrive back at camp after sundown (9 p.m. or so) to be greeted by an offer of hot tea followed by a hot meal; a luxurious end to a good day.



Needles & Grizzly L.

This lake derived its name in Sept. '56 after a grizzly bear challenged the rights of the photographer to get this picture. This alpine area is famous for grizzly bear and mountain goat.

Photo by Thad Lowary, courtesy U.S. Forest Service.

Needles of Freeman Pass
(No routes drawn because of unlimited number of routes)

FROM THE REGISTER OF MOUNTAINEER PEAK (MISSION RANGE, MONTANA)

Montana Mountaineers, August 30, 1923

Theodore Shoemaker
 Charles E. Watson
 Freeman Daughters
 Helen Shull
 Hazel Swearingen
 Hortense Moore
 Florence Klaunner
 Minnie Porterfield
 Margaret Thomas
 Astrid Arnoldson
 Ruth Worden
 Edna Mann
 Gertrude Buckhouse
 Maud West
 Mary West
 Elizabeth Powell
 Blanche Skinner
 we This 30 Day of August - 1923 Name
 this Mountain
 Mountaineer Peak

Montana Mountaineers
 Aug. 26, 1927

Climbed from Alpine Camp
 (base camp) at outlet of Lucifer
 L. in 4 hrs.
 Elevation by aneroid - 8850 ft.
 Edward M. Little
 Helen V. Terry
 Max Dachler.

Thurs. July 26, 28
 Capt. Eli Laird
 Lindberg Lake
 Cal Huff
 Priest River, Ida.
 A. C. Tate
 Stamford, Conn.

Montana Mountaineers

Aug. '26, 1924

Russell G. Abbott
 Grace Mills
 Freeman Daughters
 Ruth Bar (illegible)
 Cora B. Meglasson
 Theo. Shoemaker
 Ruth Worden
 Caroline Wells
 Molly B. Pardee
 Gertrude A. Zerr
 Elsie W. Wadell
 Elizabeth B. Powell
 Alfred J. Hodges
 Wesley Spencer (cook)
 Margaret Thomas

August 26, 1924

4 Sept. 1958

From Lake of the Clouds in 3:45 hrs.
 Nice goat trail about 100 yards down west slope
 Cold & windy. Came over from Glacier Peaks
 across the Dam and one man came around west base
 slightly above Picture Lake.

Patrick R. Leonard)
 Jim Waldbillig) Missoula
 Wm. M. Myers)

A Grand Outing, contd. from page 4

Pat and Sam were quite successful in climbing the West Face of Grey Wolf and even managed to reach camp at the civilized hour of 6 p.m. in time for supper. That evening while we were sitting around the camp fire, a shot rang out and two teen-age boys appeared in our camp carrying rifles. We couldn't imagine what they were doing that high up at that time of night. They said they were off to climb St. Mary. We were all quite uneasy till they had disappeared back in the direction of their own camp about a mile below.

Monday we broke camp around 7 a.m. The trip down was not too bad. We stuck quite close to the creek bed as it wasn't so brushy. Sam, a little ways ahead, came face to face with a grizzly - about 80' of thin air separated them which seemed like face to face when facing such a face. It was such a hot trip down, and we could see the reservoir beckoning in the distance. Yes, just as soon as we reached the car it was boys to the right, girls to the left, and in we went. A simply glorious experience - almost forgot to take my watch off.

The weather on the entire trip was really something: beautiful sunshine, with dampness only on the way in. We can only wish for another outing such as this, with the opportunity to meet again the wonderful folks who made the so-journ in the Missions so pleasant.

GREY WOLF PEAK, 9,000 ft. elev.
(Mission Range of Montana, east of St. Ignatius)
by J. Gordon Edwards

Distance to summit about 5 miles, NONE of it (via this route) by human trail. Leave auto at 4,000 ft. elevation. Begin actual rockwork at 7,600 ft. level. Please refer to Hal Kanzler's "Map of the Mission Range."

Drive to St. Mary Reservoir, 10 miles southeast of St. Ignatius, and bush-whack into the great basin containing Dry Lake and No Fish Lake. This involves a tiresome hike up 4,000 vertical feet of steep trailless ridge above the far western end of St. Mary Reservoir. When that ridge finally veers off toward the north (at about 8,000'), descend into the broad, grassy basin east of the ridge and traverse that basin, then pass around the end of the next ridge (without losing elevation). Suitable campsites are located beyond that ridge, overlooking a huge, rock-ribbed amphitheatre filled with snow, trees, lakes and waterfalls. On the northwest side of this amphitheatre are the summits of St. Mary Peaks and Mt. "X"; along the east side it is hemmed in by the impressive face of Grey Wolf Peak, and far across the basin lies photogenic Freeman Pass. Just beyond the recommended campsite a 60-foot cliff must be descended to get into the big amphitheatre, but there is an easy, unroped route down that cliff a hundred yards south of the best campsites. (That route utilizes a steep, narrow defile that actually lies beneath a great overhanging slab and is not visible until you are directly above it.) Proceed now across the basin floor, to the outlet of No Fish Lake, and cross the stream just below that lake. The west face of Grey Wolf now looms directly above you, and can be admired and studied for the last time. Two inverted cones of scree lie at the base of that face, immediately above the great waterfall. The nearest one is distinctly gray, but one just to the right of it is quite brown. Scramble up to the apex of the brown one of scree and climb about 100 vertical feet up the steep buff-colored cliffs above it. (These cliffs are hard, rough, and brittle, closely resembling the Altyn limestone formation in Glacier National Park.)

The easiest route up this first cliff leads toward your left above the scree cone until about at the elevation of a few scrubby trees on the steep skyline shoulder just south of the cone. Traverse to that shoulder and pass around it near those trees, on a broad "step." Just beyond that shoulder, climb 20 or 30 feet up easy cliffs that lead to the steep scree slopes above, then walk up that scree until reaching the base of the sheer cliffs above another sprinkling of small trees. A diagonal extension of the scree slope angles up to the left and ends at a great notch in the steep shoulder you traversed around earlier. From that notch you look down onto the gray scree cone, which is already far below. (That is a dead-end route, but provides an interesting view.)

Next, retrace your steps downhill until seeing an obvious route across the scree toward the south (almost looks like a faint game trail) and follow that route, making a long descending traverse. There is a little exposure above the first steep gully (far above the big snow patch at the foot of the cliffs below), but it is quite safe beyond that. Continue the slightly descending traverse, passing around at least two more shoulders and past numerous scrubby trees on narrow scree shelves, until reaching the very large, gently, tree-covered scree-slope that is so prominent in all views of the West Face.

Looking downward toward the south from here, you can see the bottom of the great snow chute that bisects the West Face of Grey Wolf Pk., and it is likely that a better route to this point would actually be one via the great snow chute. (Certainly it would make a faster route of descent for parties equipped with ice axes!)

Scramble up the extensive scree slopes above you for several hundred feet until stopped by sheer cliffs across most of the slope. Below those cliffs, traverse to the right (south) until another easy scree slope is found (this, too, has many trees on it). Walk up this new slope, angling slightly toward your right, and reach the tremendous horizontal "break" that is visible entirely across the West Face of Grey Wolf a bit below the fiddle of that face. (This "break" appears as a broad, scree-covered ledge descending very slightly toward the south, and is very prominent in most views of the West Face.) Traverse at this elevation for 20 or 30 feet more toward the south and enter the narrow, steep couloir that is clearly visible extending upward for more than 200 vertical feet above you. The climbing here is steeper, and there is much less scree. A few low cliffs are encountered, but there is really no exposure and no danger except for over-confidence. Seen from the amphitheatre below, this couloir looks very narrow, steep, and hazardous, and parallels the great snow chute most of the way up the mountain. Fortunately, it is much safer than it looks!

Follow up this steep couloir, being especially careful to avoid injuring each other with falling rocks, until the couloir suddenly runs into a short pitch that is extremely steep (perhaps slightly overhanging). From below that sheer pitch, you can see the top of this couloir where it ends in a deep notch in the tremendous subsidiary ridge or shoulder that angles up diagonally to the north end of the summit ridge of Grey Wolf. The pitch can be climbed with ease, but should not be attempted unroped because of hazardous exposure. The ridge just south of the couloir is even steeper, and leads to a frightening step one must take to cross into the couloir above the sheer pitch. That step is also not recommended unless roped. There is, however, an easy and safe route that avoids these dangers. Just below the steep area of the couloir a convenient scree shelf traverses toward the north and within 30 or 40 feet that shelf provides access to another tree-bearing scree slope (similar to those used near the bottom of the climb). Angle upward toward your right and the scree extends clear to the top of the subsidiary ridge mentioned above.

Pass around that ridge on a narrow (but safe) ledge, and enter the large, gentle drainage system beyond it. The route from here on is an easy walk-up, with dozens of good routes probably available. We climbed toward the north end of the summit ridge, passing the huge snowfield en route so we could get some water. Above the snowfield we stayed in the largest stream-gully until almost to the summit ridge, then angled slightly toward the right to avoid all cliffs. The last cliffs guarding the summit should be skirted by traversing into a broad scree gully 100 feet south of the highest point, and on the west side of the final summit ridge.

The first known ascent of this route was made July 18, 1964, by Charles E. Fisher (of Columbia Falls, Montana), and Alice and Gordon Edwards (of San Jose, California). Time from the lake to the summit was nearly 2½ hours. Because we had no intention of attempting the climb, we were entirely without equipment. Fortunately, none was needed!

SOME COMMENTS REGARDING THE WEST FACE OF GREY WOLF
(MISSION RANGE) by Pat Leonard

By the time Sam Braxton had led his eight member party to the south summit of Grey Wolf and back to camp again, we had learned that the West Face had been climbed that day (July 19, 1964) by the Edwards' and Chuck Fisher. The climb was described as being interesting but not severe (the Edwards' party not even having a rope).

The next morning found Sam and I heading up the snow field on the West Face which lies below the main couloir (the one between the North and South Summits). I think the most ticklish moves of the day were made at the top of that snow field. We found ourselves on the south side and wanted to be on the north side. Sam crossed the hard-packed and icy snow, on which boots didn't even make an impression, by using two long sharp pitons to claw at the ice and I, by using my piton hammer as a miniature ice ax. I reckoned I could stop myself with it before I landed in No Fish Lake but I'd lose an awful lot of altitude before stopping. The reason all this was necessary was that we had left our snow and ice gear in camp, expecting an all rock climb. It almost was.

However, we passed this obstacle without event and stepped onto the rock. What followed was a very enjoyable climb. The rock lower down was water-smoothed and polished, yet still offering good holds. There were some loose pebbles on the rock which prompted us to choose independent lines of ascent at times, but in general the rock was clean and solid, and less water-smoothed higher up.

There are a large number of possible routes one may follow heading toward the main couloir, ranging from class III (the way we went) to class VI and most of them on fairly good rock. The nature of the climbing was such that, wishing to climb without the rope, we were naturally led to the same path followed by the Edwards' party and we encountered their tracks from time to time. But there is a lot of climbing to be had on that West Face. In fact, the day previous, Sam found some very interesting climbing in the area directly below the southwest "summit," climbing which was "too interesting" for the party he led and he reluctantly retreated. It is my considered opinion that the West Face of Grey Wolf offers such a great variety of climbing that a couple of experienced climbers could spend two weeks camped at No Fish Lake, climbing on the face every day and not exhausting the possibilities offered there, making a different climb every day. But they would have to be experienced as some of the climbing is very exposed.

The most impressive, and perhaps startling, aspect of the West Face is its three-dimensionality. I had considered that face to be a wall on at least a half dozen separate occasions since 1957, had taken many photographs of the face and was never aware of this three-dimensionality. But once on the face one finds oneself among separate pinnacles, north-south ridges, buttresses, and couloirs. It is almost as if you had approached a piece of stage scenery of a woodland painted upon a sheet of canvas, and suddenly found yourself in a forest, complete with wildlife and running streams. One of the more appealing climbs is near the top; the climber would find himself scaling the east side of a north-south blade, yet still on the "West Face."

Sam and I were fortunate in finding snow fields and, hence, water on our July trip. In general I suspect water would be difficult to find later

in the year and water would have to be carried. Most of this snow was found in the couloir which we followed to a point on the ridge northwest of the North Summit.

We had been told that the Edwards' party met the Kanzlers on top the day before and descended the way the Kanzlers had climbed up - via the gravel chute leading to the Wind Notch northwest of the peak - and had preferred that route for descent. We decided to follow that route ourselves and accordingly dropped down on the north side of Grey Wolf, hoping to traverse to the Wind Notch. The north face, unfortunately, is a gravel heap. Consisting of down-slanting slabs covered with finely-ground talus and of overhanging unbalanced-looking blocks, it was a nerve-grating chore to travel. I would not recommend that route for anyone wishing to go northwest, but would rather say follow the main northwest ridge as much as possible.

Arriving at the Wind Notch we were faced with a choice of two chutes for descent. Advice we had received the day before indicated we were to take the "right-hand" chute. The question here was, does this mean right-hand facing down or facing up?

"He knew we were planning on descending this way so he would mean the right-hand chute facing down."

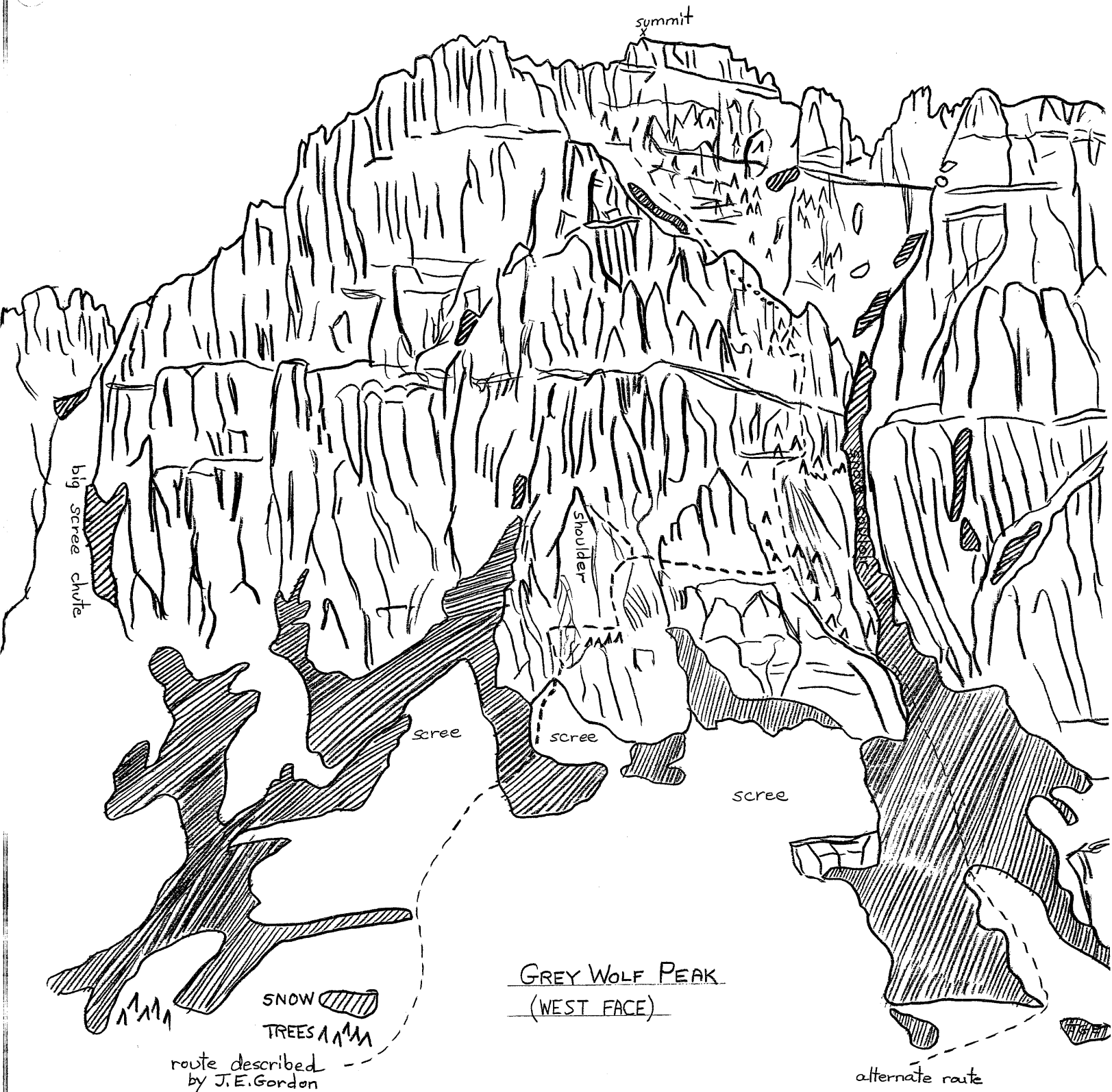
"No. He chose the route while climbing up, so it would be the right-hand chute facing up, or the left-hand one facing down. So we should take the left-hand chute."

The discussion proceeded on these lines for awhile, both of us no doubt finally thinking even if we were to simply guess or flip a coin we would have an even up chance of guessing the correct one! We finally chose the left-hand chute facing down. It was the wrong one.

We found steep, smooth, down-sloping rock again covered with gravel. Every step sent buckets of rock cascading down the chute. We had surprised two goats in the chute when we arrived at the Wind Notch and their sudden departure had sent rock down the chute which continued to rattle for five minutes, like the sound of rifle fire from a running infantry battle. We descended this chute for several hundred feet, growing more apprehensive and more nervous at the sound of each rock fall, finally arriving at a pitch which both of us refused to even attempt, turning instead and climbing back up to the ridge. The other chute was a little better than the first, enough to allow a couple of, by now, hyper-cautious and hyper-careful climbers to descend. Unpleasant business, that, to progress all the way down on scree, talus, boulder pile, and occasional sliding rock, grinding the edges off relatively new soles.

It is not as perilous as I remember, I am sure. Most of my impression of that descent was made by the false start we made in the wrong chute. If one is contemplating this route for descent, proceed to the lowest point on the ridge at the Wind Notch and descend the obvious chute leading west into No Fish Basin, it also being possible to go east into the High Park Lake and Grey Wolf Lake drainages.

Sam and I ultimately reached camp exhausted by the day's activities - exhaustion not so much by the strenuous ascent but from the nervous energy expended on the descent. But we did get back to camp before dark for the first time in three days.

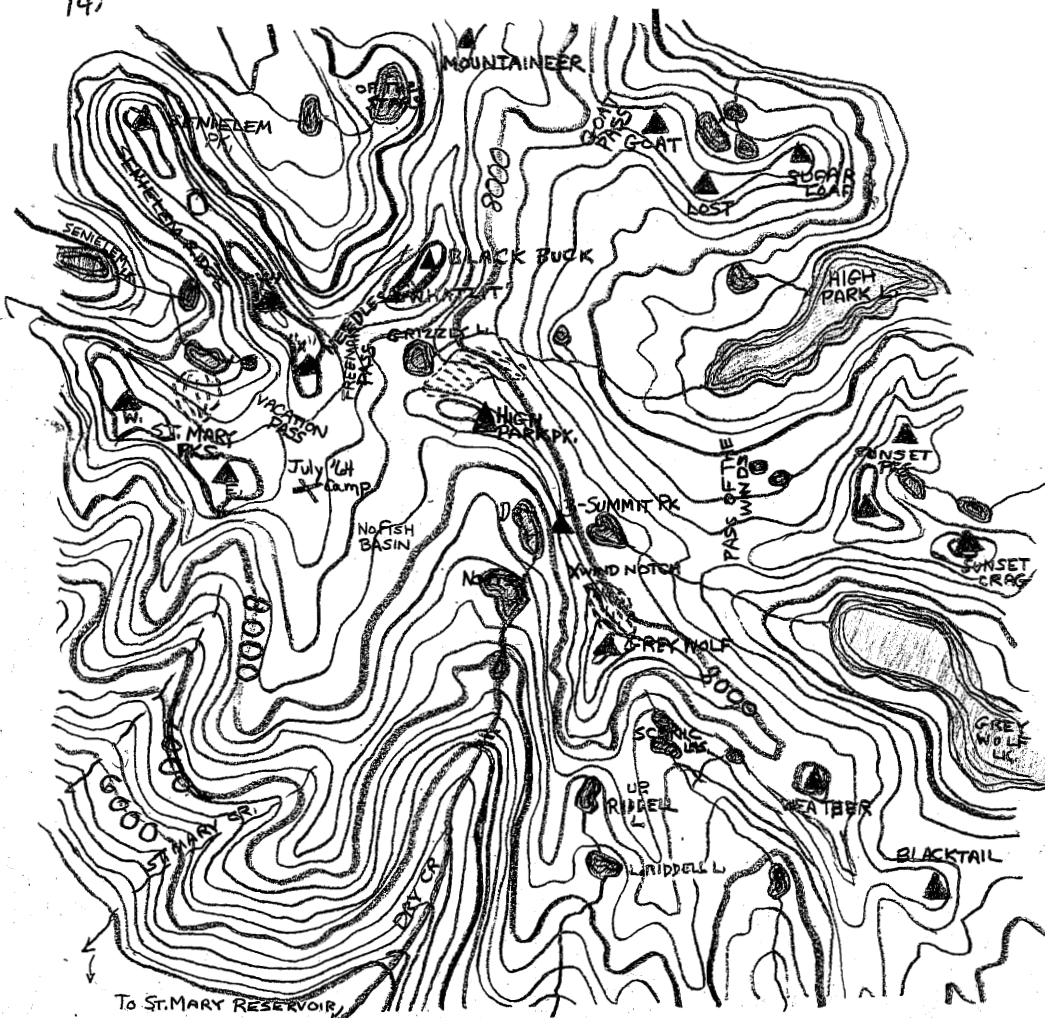


MISSION RANGE (Lake & Missoula Counties, Mont.)

Map of southern alpine area described in articles of this issue. Taken from Hal Kanzler's Montana's Mission Mountains Recreational Map, which is available thru the Rocky Mountaineers for \$1. NOTE: On this map with 200 ft. contours, many cliffs are not obvious.

Some maps and articles refer to Peak "X" as So. Lambda Pk. (9000'), both on Senielem Ridge.

Senielem - Sinyalemin, the same word with as many spellings as people. Means "surrounded", derived from a great battle with Flat-head Indians fought at Mission Cr. (originally named Sinyalemin).



LOG OF MISSION TRIP - July 16-20, 1964 as recorded by Martha Ward on her jaunts

- St. Mary Reservoir to High Camp in Vacation Pass area - approximately 8 hours.
- Climb of St. Mary Pk. - 1 hr. up, 3/4 hr. down (from camp)
- Peak "X" to Black Buck - 3 1/2 hrs.
- Camp to South Summit of Grey Wolf - 6 1/2 hrs., return - 5-3/4 hrs.
- Camp to St. Mary Reservoir - 3 hrs.

WILDERNESS WALK TO GREY WOLF LAKE & PROBABLE FIRST ASCENT OF SUNSET CRAG
by Thad Lowary

On August 22 and 23 I had the pleasant and rewarding experience of participating in a scheduled Wilderness Walk to Grey Wolf Lake with 23 other wilderness enthusiasts. This walk was one of 14 sponsored by The Montana Wilderness Association this summer of 1964. This was a wonderful opportunity to meet and exchange ideas and information with other people who share a deep feeling and respect for our wild areas. I would like to commend Dick Behan of the University of Montana School of Forestry and his wife Ann for planning and leading such a successful mountain venture.

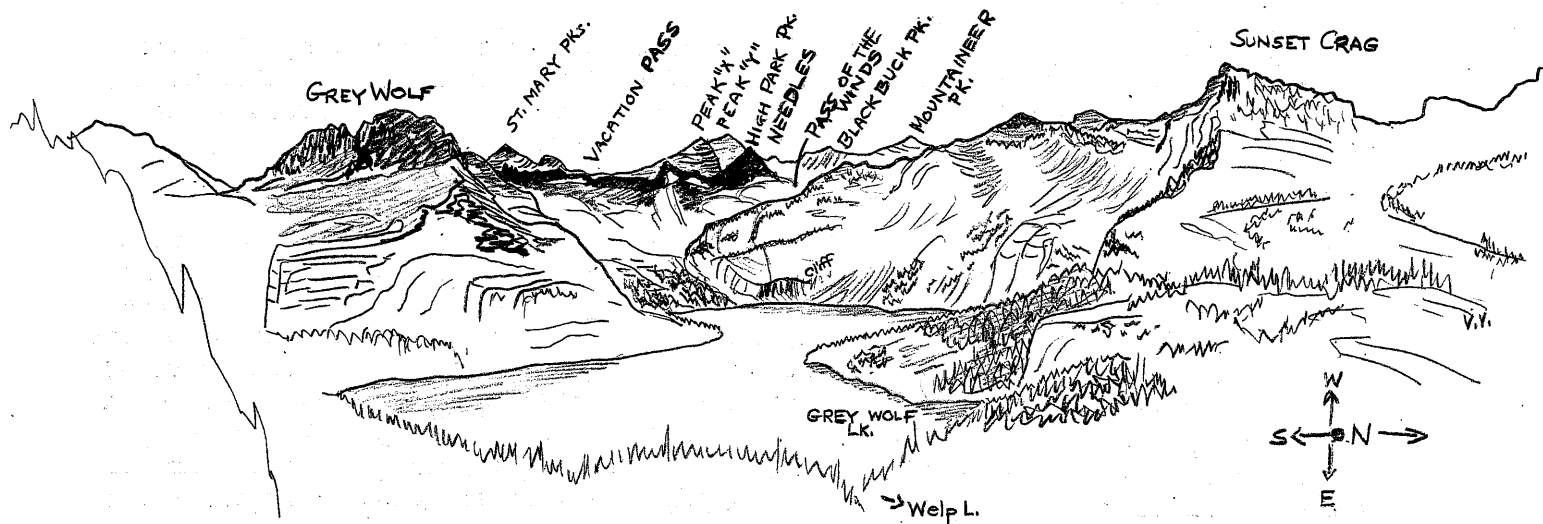
On this trip I was accompanied by my grandson Donald Harris, age 12, who was the only boy on the wilderness walk. After our arrival at the lake, we all joined together around an evening campfire where we introduced ourselves, and gave a brief run-down of our interest in the wilderness area.

Sunday, August 23, I guided a group of the wilderness hikers to a viewpoint high above Grey Wolf Lake where the rugged Grey Wolf Peak and the southern alpine section of the Mission Range could be viewed (see illus.). After pointing out all the significant peaks to the group, we - Donald and I - bid farewell to our new-found friends at 9:45 a.m. and started our ascent of the 8000' Sunset Crag. The route was up a slab rock ridge which begins at the east end (outlet) of Grey Wolf Lake and ascends in a northwest direction to the summit. Although most of the climb of the peak itself can be classed as a steep rock scramble, the climb was rewarding in many other ways. Since this area is in the heart of goat-land, our climb was enlivened by crossing many fresh goat tracks and their newly-used bedding grounds. In addition to the opportunity to see goats there is always the possibility - if you are observant and patient - of seeing a grizzly bear and her cubs playing on some snow bank or digging for varmints. This is a special kind of a reward offered to mountain climbers in the Mission Wild Area. At one time on our climb of the Sunset Crag after we had worked ourselves around a particularly sharp cliff, we came out above a nanny goat keeping lookout on a narrow ledge. Upon seeing us the goat leaped fifteen feet onto another narrow ledge and then shot down a steep drainage that we would consider a good place to use a rope.

About 200 feet below the summit, we were stopped by a headwall in a rather wide drainage. The ascent of this cliff for about 30 feet required some 4th class climbing (at least for me) and a rope was used to belay Donald for about 80 feet. It would be quite difficult to descend this section without the use of a rope because of the lack of adequate holds and insecure rock. Upon arriving at the top of the Sunset Crag we could find no evidence that this Crag had ever been climbed before. There was no sign of any rock pile or rock disturbance and no register container. Although it is possible that other persons may have climbed this Crag, it seems unlikely since the Grey Wolf area has not attracted mountain climbers and only a climber with a rope would be likely to proceed above the headwall. At any rate, it was a strange sensation to feel that you might be the first human to set foot upon this peak. At least it appeals to the imagination.

While on the Crag we erected a cairn and installed a plastic register tube attached to a rock by a yellow nylon cord. We also enjoyed a very rewarding view of the Angel's Bathing Pool (but no angels) and all of the Mission alpine area from Grey Wolf Peak north to Mr. Harding.

There are two major peaks which border the upper basin of the Angel's Bathing Pool drainage - the Sunset Crag peak on the south rim and the Sunset Peak on the north rim. After photographing the scenery we descended to our base camp where we discussed the adventures of the day while chow cooked.



Panorama of the Southern Alpine Area of the Mission Range (looking west)
Taken by Thad Lowary, September 1960. Courtesy U.S.F.S.

Route up Sunset Crag is along east ridge of peak.
Route to High Park L., Pass of the Winds, and west is along north shore of Grey Wolf L., gaining altitude only to by-pass cliffs until cliff at head of lake is reached. Then continue over ridge.

OUT OF THE RUCKSACK

Another brand of instant soup, compact for campers, is Right Time. Available in sporting goods stores or from H. W. Fox, Dept. SA, Institutional Products Div., General Foods Corp., 250 North St., White Plains, N.Y.

SENIELEM CANYON -- THE HARD WAY OUT

by Hal Kanzler

July 19, 1964 - Sunday. This was "break-camp" day for most of the twenty-one mountaineers on the '64 Mission Range expedition. Skip Taylor, Lee Beckwith, and Jim K. had tented together and were now packed for transport. They cleaned up the area while Jerry K. and I put the finishing touches on our gear-stowing. We had regrets about leaving such a beautiful area on such a bright and cheerful morning.

The five of us planned to hike to Vacation Pass and exit the Mission Range via the Senielem drainage to Mission Creek and out to Mission Reservoir. Fisher, Edwards, and Cullen had agreed to move my car from St. Mary Reservoir to the Little Falls campground at the head of Mission Reservoir. All we had to do was hike down to the car -- it sounded simple.

Lee, Skip, and Jim decided to make another climb on East St. Mary on the way out, so they took off up the ridge carrying their packs. Jerry and I chose a grade that would put us in Vacation Pass. Later we saw the three of them far above, making wild glissades down the steep snowfield off the summit of St. Mary Pk. I'm satisfied that 16 year old boys have an inexhaustible supply of energy.

When Jerry and I reached the last snowfield east of Vacation Pass, we decided to take a side trip down the sloping rock terrace and try to locate the "Fountain of Youth" again. It had been late evening when we had discovered it on Friday and the photo light had been poor. I wanted some good pictures of this unusual artesian spring spurting up out of a crack in the solid rock terrace. We left our packs below the pass and went down toward the spring. It was elusive, but after a half hour search, we found it, got our pictures, marked the spot with a large cairn, and climbed back up to Vacation Pass.

We were greeted on the pass by the three boys and the Downeys and Krecks. Three of them had also been up on St. Mary and were on their way up Peak "X". We had a bite of lunch, said goodbye to the others, and started down Senielem Canyon. Time was about noon.

We found the drainage to be a beautiful alpine valley full of small waterfalls, moss-covered terraces, and flowering alpine meadows. We stayed on the east bank of the stream all the way to the lake. The going was good, including one steep descent down a chute right to the inlet of Senielem Lake. The lake is a true gem, set deep in the canyon, with a nice shoreline and a timbered park on the east bank. The west bank extends back a few yards to the base of a breath-taking vertical wall rising about 1500 vertical feet above the lake shore. All of the drainage from Vacation Pass to Senielem Lk. is typical grizzly habitat, as is most of the southern Mission Range high-country. We saw several diggings, and signs, but nothing fresh. We fished the east shore from inlet to outlet and observed no fish. I think the lake is barren, but it has considerable aquatic life and good spawning beds. It should support a good population of trout if ever planted.

We crossed the creek at the outlet, to the west bank, and walked the short distance across the level bench for our first look into the lower canyon. NIGHTMARES!! It is 2800' down to Mission Creek and the first 1500' appeared truly vertical! Closer inspection showed the drop-off to consist of a series of cliffs and timber-covered ledges or benches. It reminded me of the descent to Up. Ashley Lk. two years ago when we went over the top from Iceflow and made the mistake of going down the south side of the falls (also in the Missions). Twas a rope job.

The boys were game, so we rigged the ropes, using well-rooted trees for anchors, and went over the edge, one at a time, and committed ourselves to the descent. We were well-equipped, having two 3/8" by 150' nylon lines, one 3/8" by 120' nylon, one 7/16" by 120' nylon and 150' of 3/8" manila. I lost count of the number of rappels we made, but I think we must have roped down about 1000 vertical feet. Some of them were short, some were about 100' and one I recall was a bearcat. We tied two 150' lines together, and when I threw them over the side, they barely touched the bottom. I leaned out over the edge, on the rope, to make sure the lines were clear and reached the bench below.

On some of the faces, we went over wearing our packs, rigged in a diaper sling, with single karabiner on the lines. On some faces, we lowered the packs on a tight-line, which was very time-consuming. On this long one, I was stupid enough to go over wearing the pack. The last 40' was an overhang, and I couldn't hold friction enough on a free rappel to prevent acceleration. The ropes, burning across my back, between my packboard straps, cut a groove between my shoulders at the base of the neck, about a quarter inch deep. I finally managed to jam the lines between my legs, giving extra friction across my right thigh, and slowed somewhat before piling up on the bench. I had to clench my teeth to keep from screaming with pain from the rope burn. I'm carrying a lifetime scar from that bit of experience.

We lowered the other packs and the four boys came down without difficulty - they actually enjoyed it. The sun was now setting, and I'd had it. We were less than half way down from the lake and in a good spot to bivouac - so we did the only intelligent thing - we camped for the night.

July 20, 1964 - Monday. At 4 a.m. we broke camp, ate a hasty breakfast, and continued the descent. Fortune smiled on us - we found a goat trail against the bluff at the lower edge of the bench we had camped on. It was steep, but wee-traveled. We followed it all the way to Mission Creek. One chute was very steep so we roped down it for safety. The goats had been using it for drag races. We reached Mission Creek just downstream from the confluence with Senielem Creek, and found it to be a boiling, raging torrent. It was beautiful in one respect, but had a sinister look of disaster about it. Time was now 8 a.m.

A short way downstream we located a wet, slimy log which had survived many spring run-offs. The boys put a line on me and I managed somehow to wiggle across without getting dunked. We went back upstream where there were good anchor trees on both sides of the creek, and stretched a double tight-line across Mission Creek. With one karabiner as a traveler, and another for a clip-on, we highlined the packs across "a la Tyrolea." Then we hung Jerry, Skip and Lee in a diaper sling and brought them across, one at a time, with shouts of delight from the passengers. Jim cut the rigging loose and crossed the log while I held his rope (and my breath). I felt relieved - we were down - now all we had to do was find the trail. This operation had taken 1½ hours.

There is a trail - as we showed on the map - or rather there was one. The Indian Service hasn't cleared it for 20 or 30 years and you're no better off on it than you are off it. The alluvial fan that lies on the north side of the canyon, just below the Senielem confluence, is the worst brush jungle I ever got into - and I've been in a few! To cross it half way up - as we did - is pure torture. You grab what you can with the right arm and push to the right - then grab what you can with the left arm and push to the left - then step on the remainder with the right foot - and

step forward with the left. Then do it over and over again.

I recalled Pat Leonard telling about the time he tried to go up Mission Creek to Lucifer Lk., and ended up crawling through tunnels in the brush made by goats. He never did get to the lake. I wondered where the hell he found the tunnels; we could have used them. We used up two hours going a half mile!

We finally broke out of the worst of the jungle and found an old skid road, followed it, making one ford to the south bank, and on down the valley. Then we crossed back to the north bank on a log bridge to the junction of the Little Falls road. We dropped the packs at the road junction and I hoofed it the short distance back upstream to the car.

I had one thought in mind. Get to a phone and call home before someone pushed the panic button. We were long overdue, and I knew some mothers had spent a sleepless night. We phoned from the Malt Shop in St. Ignatius (while the boys consumed immense quantities of hamburgers and milkshakes). Time: 1 p.m. I was 10 minutes too late. The rescue group, led by Fisher and Edwards, had just left town, armed with two-way radios, and all the hardware they could find in town. They rescued us at the ice cream stand at the south end of Flathead Lk. We were jokingly accused of being lost and couldn't do anything but accept the razzing. We were happy that someone was concerned about us - in case we had been in trouble. Razzing or not, it had been an adventure not soon to be forgotten by any of the participants!

NOTE: The Underhills climbed to Senielem Lk. from Mission Creek - and it took them two days. I think this could be done Class IV, by careful route picking from below - however, please don't invite me along. When I go to Senielem Lk. again, it will be from Vacation Pass, and I will return via Vacation Pass!

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CLIMBING IN THE MISSIONS

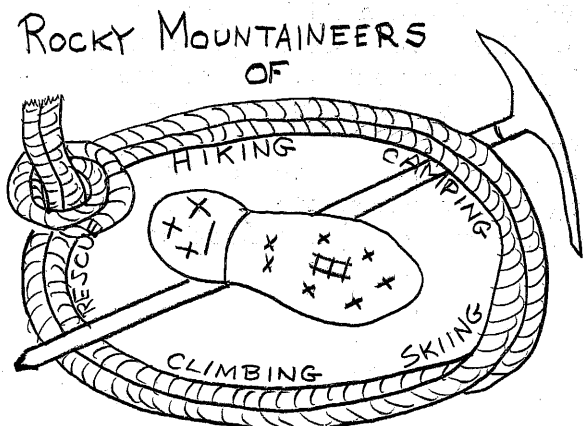
July 16-20, we went climbing in the Mission Mountains. At 3 a.m. in the morning we left the cars to begin climbing to high camp. There was no trail and it was wet and the brush was miserable. I had a 25 lb. pack on my back. After six hours we got to high camp. There were 21 of us in all. The first day we climbed Peak "X" and Black Buck. The next day we climbed Grey Wolf and the next we climbed St. Mary. We glissaded down it about three times. When we got down we had snowcones. The way we made them is to pour kool-aid onto the snow. The next morning at about 7 we started down. When we got to the car we went swimming in the reservoir. At the end of the trip we each got a hamburger in St. Ignatius. (Dalt Braxton, age 11.)

Jack Nelson
From Men and Mountains, by Wm. O. Douglas

WHEN man has found contentment and harmony and peace.
blows from the northwest off Rainier--
WHEN man can feel the sense of eternity even in the wind that
and woodpecker--
spring beauty, and avalanche lilies and in the water ouzel, winter wren,
WHEN man can see the handiwork of the Creator in the bluebell,
and mountainsides and come to know them and call them friends--
WHEN man can find the time to stop and look at the grass and trees
WHEN man knows how to pray, how to hope, how to love--
much loved and long dead--
ing through storm clouds brings calm and peace like the thought of one
WHEN the moonlight on a mountain lake or a snowcapped peak break-
WHEN man can hunt birds and deer without gun--
keep friends with himself--
WHEN man can learn how to make friends with others and how to
little and still have faith--
WHEN man can look at mountain peaks with a deep sense of his own

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