

**CEUNANT**



CEUNANT  
MOUNTAINEERING  
CLUB

N E W S L E T T E R - MAY, 1967

Cover Photograph -

S k y l o n, Carreg Wastad.

by Ken Wilson

Editorial.....

This edition of the newsletter is the thirtieth to be produced by the club and the first I have the task of editing.

I hope to make them as wide an interest as possible, combining climbing news on the Home Front with articles from Country Members abroad on climbing in other parts of the world.

Meet report sheets have been especially printed for meet leaders to complete and I shall call on the most active members to contribute short articles regularly. Any article concerning the club and its activity will be welcomed.

I would like to apologize to Members for the delay in the publication of this issue.

Dave Irons

E d i t o r

## Club Notices . . . . .

An amendment has been made in the clubs constitution governing the committee members; the additional post of Hut Secretary has been created.

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For some time now the committee has been considering moving the clubs headquarters from the Cambridge. Would anyone who knows of a pub with the right facilities please inform the Chairman, Peter Holden.

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Member and prospective membership application forms now need to be accompanied with the appropriate fee. In the case of an application being turned down by the committee the fee will be returned.

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There are still copies of the Club Journal available (price 5/-) Well worth reading so how about it some of you newcomers.

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## Recent Guide Books . . . . .

Several new guide books have been published recently which will introduce to many climbers new routes and newly discovered crags which previously they might have had scant knowledge of. Here I have listed the most important :

The Carneddau  
Stoney Middleton  
New Climbs (Climbers Club Bulletin 1967)  
Extremely Severe in the Avon Gorge  
Craig Gogarth

A new Alpine Guide has just been published under the title of "Bregaglia West" which covers the "Badile" - "Cengalo"

A new edition of the Mont-Blanc Guide will soon be available in 2 volumes.

## Meet Report . . . . . Borrowdale . . 25-27 Feb'y.

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The amounts of snow fallen during the previous week had held promise of an interesting week-end, but by the time of our arrival it was busily changing its state and removing itself. So there we were, surveying the scene, ice-axes and crampons meaningfully strapped to rucksack exteriors with the airs and bearings of those who know what they are about; all the gear and knee deep in muck.

Usually under such conditions, decision making becomes difficult (or for that matter under any conditions) the threads of thought reaching out in all directions pulling with equal force. Far better to be a simple horse with blinkers and see only one way, than to be entangled in the knot of indecision, even though the ride may be less exciting. Happily for us however, this week-end we had achieved that rare and difficult state which renders the making of any decisions unnecessary. A sort of collective wandering between thought and action. It was no surprise therefore on Saturday morning to find ourselves in Keswick without having made any particularly conscious effort to get there; and there we stayed for some time still under the influence.

All the elements and conditions both inside and outside, it would be expected, would combine and help us consolidate our position. But not so. One of the weaker vessels among us was yielding to the temptation. The vague clouds in his mind were crystallizing, and not having the willpower to overcome his conscience, a choice had to be made. He spoke, urging us, and out we went, all fourteen of us, much against our instinct, out into a gentle two hundred mile per hour breeze which playfully bowled us along to Shepherds Craglet. There, attempts were made on various routes mainly in the Chamonix and Brown (green) Slabs areas, some successful and some of the weaker swimmers unsuccessful. Generally a great enthusiasm for waterfalls was shown by all and most persisted at this doubtful pastime, until a slight deepening in the gloom signified nightfall - before returning to the bits of sodden carvas which were shelter and the bits of congealed stuffs in pots and pans which were food. Enough to drive anyone back to Keswick.

Sunday dawned slowly and painfully around noon and was more or less a repeat of the preceding day, only at a different place (slightly) and without the Keswick bit. One party who beat the two hundred foot contour barrier reported the soggy remains of some snow above the cloud base.

A good week-end nevertheless; but we were lucky, there were very few people around. I think we had the "Grange" campsite to ourselves

Summer and Spring will soon be with us and we must prepare accordingly. Blinkers will not be necessary - there will be few alternatives unoccupied - one way or the other - to choose from.

Joe Brennan.

## The Dinner Week-end.....

This is not an attempt at an official report, but is the thoughts of myself after having my first full weekend's climbing in three months - my climbing having been confined to 6 Sundays, due to a heavy programme of study. It was the weekend preceding my examinations and thus I wanted to relax and forget the forthcoming week.

We travelled up pleasantly and uneventfully on Friday night with Kevin and camped at Tynlon in an old tent of mine without a flysheet and rain in the night came through and soaked my sleeping bag and I woke up against the side all wet and cold - a good start to the weekend.

The day broke dull and after a slow start we moved off to Tremadoc at a high rate of revs with Ken Hipkiss's four radials plies working overtime. On arrival at the crag, Ken and I wandered through the undergrowth to the foot of "Grotto" and enjoyed the route and thought it did not really deserve its name. Having not found it too difficult we decided to climb "The Plum" but found it under siege - thus we changed our tactics and moved along to "Leg Slip". Ken tried the first pitch but was not happy so I climbed it and thus had the pleasure of ganneting a sling and alloy krab when I moved round the corner on the next pitch, under the difficult groove. This groove and the next one required a little thought but were very enjoyable; Ken soon joined me at the top. Back down on the road Ken's keen eye espied a party who were perhaps moving their way to "The Plum" so not wishing to be beaten he raced off into the undergrowth and expertly gained the foot of the climb by a dubious route just ahead of the opposition. (Who said climbing is not competitive) All I could manage was to arrive at the foot of the climb quite out of breath on the heels of the opposition. We were lucky, the climbers whom we had seen earlier on the climb had just retreated having spent much effort trying to find a way up the first pitch, the main difficulty I found was a few strenuous moves on finger jams but it was only a short pitch. Ken led the next groove and I the next crack. Then I refused to tie onto what Ken called a massive belay because when I kicked it, it rocked sluggishly and so I moved onto the next pitch, much to Ken's disgust. But I did not get very far and had to bring a delighted Ken up. Although he found it difficult he managed to lead it and I looked sheepishly up from my belay and merely offered that my reach was far shorter than his. He choked and shot up to the top of the climb. Three good routes in a short time - we thought that we were going well so we decided to try "First Slip".

The first pitch is as for "Leg Slip", then a short traverse and I was standing at the bottom of "First Slip". I think everyone who thinks he can climb on small holds should stand at the top of First Slip's main groove and see what some people can do without holds. I tried, then retreated and Ken tried and retreated. Not for us so we decided to try something we knew we could do and abseiled down and plowed to the bottom of Meshach. Unfortunately someone was on the first pitch, but on asking the second, who was about to move off, he replied that they were attempting Grim Wall. Rudely we soloed past and raced up to the belay ledge ninety feet above and arrived breathless and asked the leader if he minded if we pushed on and did Meshach. He did not, so I undid the rope and having won the toss, tied on to the sharp end and off whilst Ken was looking for a belay. I placed a runner on and here Ken requested that I stopped whilst he tied on - heedlessly I pushed on and instantly I was falling after a small flake broke away under the weight - Ken being quick on the up take managed to get hold of the rope and halt my downwards flight - I promised to be good and take more care and raced on again and reached the top of that superb pitch without further ado. Ken soon came up and enjoyed relating my episode to Paul and Stewart whom we had followed up the climb. Four routes completed and about an hours climbing left. We rushed down then up to the foot of Kestrel Cracks and Ken led off on the long first pitch which he climbed very quickly, I followed and arrived a little out of breath for the next pitch. This proved a little strenuous and I had to retreat for a rest then sorted it out at the second attempt. We were soon back at the car downing a pint of orange juice and then squealing our way back to the cottage to join the last minute rush to change for the Dinner.

We made the Dolbadarn at 8.00 p.m. dead. (More dead than alive).

The evening passed a little more quietly than some of our previous dinners and our speaker was a little rude, but most people managed to enjoy themselves. Ken Wilson, our guest managed to persuade us that we should "get with it" and do some climbing on Anglesey on the morrow. This ruined my plans for a big lie-in and rest in preparation for the week ahead. Nevertheless, it was arranged that Ken and I would collect Ken Wilson and Brian Croft from Yhs Ettws at 9.30. in the morning. The day was good and after we had got them out of their beds, we, all breakfasted at Wendy's then motored across to Holy Island and arrived at the top of a very steep sea cliff. Ken Wilson proceeded to show us the way and absailed down into what was for us the new and unknown. Two very long absails took us down an incredible cliff to a ledge a little above the sea. Ken and I were very excited by the beauty and strange atmosphere of the place and stood in awe as Ken Wilson pointed out some of the lines of strength (the term lines of weakness would not do credit to the routes). A sobering thought about the place is that you must climb out or be washed out by the high tide. Our route went up the way we had absailed down. Ken took the first pitch. This turned out to be longer than he had expected but was a truly superb pitch up a very steep piece of rock with nothing to contemplate beneath your legs but the sea breaking against the bottom of the cliff. I enjoyed my lonely sojourn at the bottom idly gazing out to the sparkling sea and the clear blue skies with an occasional glance at the bulging cliff above my head - life is worth living for such moments. Eventually the rope came tight on me and I was beckoned up by a shout from Ken. I moved round the rib onto our wall and saw the rope snaking straight up to Ken's smiling face which was peering over the edge of a ledge. Brian Croft was further to my left and took the opportunity to take some photographs from what was a very exciting position.

Back to the climbing.... the holds were big at first and solid but in the middle of the pitch everything missed out for about fifteen feet and then good holds again. Mine was the next pitch on large holds to an easy ramp which Ken followed to the top of the cliff.

Just to finish the day and improve our knowledge of the place we were taken to view the stars performing on Craig Gogarth, the largest cliff in the area. The way over to the cliff was very enjoyable in the bracing winds and we saw enough of the cliff to be more than impressed, although one cannot really appreciate such things until the actual experience of climbing on them has been had. Being a spectator is not my best pastime and watching Geoff Cramm on Winking Crack gave me a touch of the jim-jams.

If anyone is feeling a little bored with life I can certainly recommend a breath of sea air and a magnificent climb above the sea under clear blue skies as a method of putting new life into the system.

Now.. for the exams, if I have the strength to hold my pen.

Peter Holden.

## The Lowest of the Low.....

It is common knowledge that the last five years have seen a marked swing from the misty heights of Cloggy to the lower lying craigs such as Castell Cidwm, Carreg Hyll-Drem, and Carreg Alltrem. Even Tremadoc, which at one time was principally a wet-weather centre, has now become popular in its own right. However, the main fault with these craigs (with the exception perhaps of Cidwym) seemed to be:- too many trees, vegetation and bugs ! Although this being very nice for the climber-cum-naturalist, traditionalists were inclined to say "it's all very nice but it's not real climbing".

Fortunately, the powers that be with Welsh climbing have come up with a new area that combines all the good aspects of Tremadoc, etc. with the height and steepness of Cloggy. Thus giving steep, hard routes up to 500 ft. long in warm and pleasant conditions comparatively free from the rain that seems to plague central Snowdonia. What's more, there is a wild variety of bird and marine life for the naturalist and a good cafe within walking distance and good pubs within crawling distance ! This then is Anglesey.

The cliffs are centred around the South Stack of Holyhead which are easily reached by car within one hour from Llanberis. All of the cliffs are easily accessible except for the main cliff of Gogarth and North Stack where accessibility depends upon the tide (tables can be purchased at Holyhead). Working from S to N the cliffs are as follows:- The Yellow Wall, Castell Helen, the Red Wall, Mouse-Trap Zawn, Gogarth and finishing with North Stack. By far the most impressive is the Red Wall (of TV fame) which rises straight out of the sea to a height of 500 ft. For the man of many sports, any one of the three extremes that work their way up this wall are most recommendable as one can almost guarantee that he would savour three of the most exciting outdoor sports there is, those being rock climbing, sky diving and sub-aqua swimming - in that order and in very rapid succession! However, for the saner climber, by far the best cliff to start on is Castell Helen where the routes are on very solid rock and at not too high a standard.

Developed by Brown & Alcock in 1966, this is the cliff immediately below Helen's Cottage (a Memorial below South Stack car park). Access to the routes can be gained by, at high tide doing a very exciting 250 ft. abseil down to a large ledge at sea level (two 150 ft. ropes tied together will do as there is a ledge half way down where one can split the abseil). At low tide one can descend a grass gully 200 yards south of the cottage and scramble over the rocks at sea level to the foot of the cliff. The most obvious feature is the very steep ochre coloured groove running up the line of the abseil. This is Atlantis giving steep but well protected bridging at H.V.S. standard. Unfortunately the top groove is very dirty and loose so it may be better to finish up the final crack of Rap. The best introduction to the cliff and type of climbing is Lighthouse Arete (S), which traverses the cliff at a low level and climbs the Arete nearest the Lighthouse, giving a splendid route of 300 ft. Three really splendid climbs take crack lines up the centre of the wall, Rap, Pel and Blanco, the latter being a really magnificent route of very high V.S. standard. To the right of Atlantis, a line of roofs and very steep wall can be seen where 'that man' has been a wandering about giving a very fierce looking extreme of about 300 ft.

In general, all the routes are on solid rock but care should be taken near the top, where it is inclined to get rather broken but this should not unduly worry a careful leader. Due to the strata of the rock, nut runners will be found invaluable as well as a few tape slings. Pegs are nowhere needed on the climbs but it is advisable to carry a few in case of emergency or for reinforcing belays.

For the harder routes, a well defined footpath from the car park leads across the moors to Craig Gogarth. The cliff is divided into two tiers, the routes on the upper tier being shorter but looser than the main cliff. A well marked gully leads one down to the south side of the cliff where scrambling will lead to any desired route on the upper tier. At low tide, a sea level traverse of about severe standard (depending on conditions) gives access to the routes on the main cliff. This cliff yields some of the finest rock climbs in the country with the incredibly steep lines of the Rat Race, Dinossaur, Big Grooves and Syringe. For the average climber, there are several routes of very severe standard of which Simulator, Scavenger and the Hustler being recommendable.

For the bored second, time can be passed talking to the seals and avoiding the irate seagulls who take great interest in ones acrobatics.

Guide books to Gogarth can be obtained from Frank Davies' and Joe Brown's shop, whereas routes on Castell Helen, etc. can be found in New Climbs 1967 published by the Climbers Club, price 7/6d.

Ken Hipkiss.

## The Gouter Route on Mont Blanc....

During three months of lethargy abroad last season, Joe Brennan and myself managed a few weeks in the French Alps, staying for some of the time in France's answer to Blackpool - Chamonix. Having done all climbs of note in the area and before leaving to meet several other members of the club in the Bregaglia, we decided to make the clubs only second ascent of that notorious mountain Mont Blanc. (subdued, hilarious laughter).

One's first impression of "The Blanc" from Chamonix is "it looks a bloody long way to the top" and believe me it is. As might be expected there are dozens of routes up this mountain of varying degrees of severity. Two "standards" exist; the GOUTER ROUTE and the Grand Mulets Route. Neither offer any real technical difficulty in good weather, but carry the dangers inherent in any long expedition at high altitude - we plumped for the former.

The easiest approach is to drive down to Les Houches and catch the cable car to Belevue and then the St.Gervais train to its terminal. This concludes all mechanical forms of transport and leaves approximately 5 - 6000 ft. of climbing to the Gouter Refuge. We alighted from the train together with about 300 other climbers (surely they couldn't all be going to climb the 'Blanc') and began the trudge up some 2000 ft. of moraine to the Tete Rousse glacier and across to the Tete Rousse chalet.

At one time Mont Blanc used to be ascended from here, and a long day it must have been. One now has a choice of two ways, either the long ridge which descends from the Aiguille Du Gouter and separates the Tete Rousse and Bionassay glaciers or the rib which is to the right of the couloir which is again to the right of the Tete Rousse glacier. We took the latter which involved a short quick dash across a natural stone shoot, and then an extremely enjoyable scramble up the remaining 3000 ft to the refuge. This is situated in a magnificent position only a matter of feet from the summit of the Aiguille Du Gouter, 12,500 ft. It is a recent acquisition, the exterior being sheathed in aluminium, perhaps a monument to St. George De Goulle, whilst the interior is lined with mahogany.

We arrived to find the hut empty but within a matter of hours it was packed to more than twice its stated capacity, outside on the balcony people were preparing to bivouac. Drinking and eating went on very late into the night until people retired two or three to a bunk. I think this must be the worst night I have ever spent in an alpine hut. In keeping with French tradition all windows and doors were securely fastened and it wasn't until the very early hours of the morning that we managed to force a window open amid angry cries of protest from the French guides. Almost dead with asphyxia, the time eventually arrived for us to be off. Unable to find our food basket, we had to make do with a crust of dry bread,

not very appetising at 2.30.a.m. and then with typical 'laissez faire' enthusiasm we threw ourselves into the human mass of struggling bodies to find boots and crampons. Eventually after almost giving up with exasperation, and not before having to drag my raging Irish colleague off some poor French climber who had inadvertently bumped into him, we managed to crawl out of the exist into the cold night air.

Instead of being first off as we had hoped, there must have been a hundred climbers ahead of us; one could see a weaving line of torches along the ridge towards the Dome Du Gouter. Undaunted, but without light having brought our torches but no batteries, we made rapid progress in pursuit. Fortunately we were both reasonably fit and soon caught up with the slower guided parties. The difficulty was passing these groups of perhaps a dozen people or so, it involved striking off the well trodden paths onto the soft snow at its extremities, this proved very exhausting especially at this altitude. By the time we had reached the Col Du Dome all the guided parties had been passed and I really began to enjoy myself.

We soon arrived at the Vallet hut perched on a prominent rock, clearly visible from the valley. This hut, the scene of so many rescues (in fact two people had been taken off by helicopter only the previous evening) and a safe resting place for so many climbers in distress, provided us with an excuse to rest. We viewed the last 1500 ft. of climbing to the summit of Mont Blanc which was shrouded in cloud. Far below we

could see the lights of Chamonix, and looking back on our line of ascent, hundreds of little black dots could be seen approaching fast; we decided to move on.

From the Vallet hut you follow the steepening and narrowing slopes of the ridge over the Grand and Petit Bosses, passing to the left of a small rocky island, the Rochons De La Tournette, and on along the well defined ridge to the summit. This was perhaps the finest part of the whole climb, made all the more enjoyable because we were now fully acclimatized and able to move at a good steady pace. Our arrival on the summit was beautifully timed to coincide with the sunrise, the cloud had disappeared and left a harsh, cold wind. The view was magnificent, easily the most beautiful I have ever witnessed, below on the cloud bank, the sun had thrown a perfect silhouette of Mont Blanc. One could view the entire Mont Blanc massif and in the distance the Matterhorn was clearly distinguishable. Unfortunately, it was far too cold for us to remain for long on the summit so after a quick glance down the Brenva face and a few photographs we began to descend. Although not a difficult climb it had been immensely worthwhile for the view alone, and as we had managed to cut two hours off the guide book time.

D. J. Stokes.

## An Ascent of Mount Colin.....

Mount Colin, 8815 ft., was first climbed by F.S.Smythe and party in August 1947 after an abortive attempt three months earlier. Smythe describes his attempt by the north ridge and his final success by the south ridge in his book "Climbs in the Canadian Rockies". The peak is the highest point of the Colin Range, a knife edge ridge of light grey dolomitic limestone some nine miles from Jasper townsite and four to five miles south of the main highway to Edmonton. From near Jasper the mountain appears pyramidal in shape, the steep west face being made up of 1500 ft. of smooth grey slabs at an angle of about 70° - impressive when viewed from a distance and even more so from the north ridge. The summit is 5500 ft. above the road.

The easiest access is up a steep-sided valley containing the Garonne Creek on the west side of the range. The valley makes a right angled turn and flattens out under the west face of Colin into a pleasant, green-bottomed U-shaped valley reminiscent of the Lost Valley of Glancoe.

First we had to cross the hundred yard wide, swift-flowing Athabaska River which, at 4.30.a.m. looked as cold and as grey as it, in fact, was! We crossed near the airport by canoe and rubber dinghy, stowing both in the bush on the far side. Most people travelled across in shoes which

could be kicked off if the canoe capsized. After putting on our boots we secured the shoes firmly to a tree to prevent the porcupines running away with them. These animals will cart off anything smelling of human sweat.

We followed a rough, blazed trail up to a band of smooth rocks on the hillside to the north of the Garonne Creek. The trail then followed the base of these rocks northwards towards the creek until it emerged on a rocky promontory high above the Garonne Gorge.

Below our level, and about a mile away, the stream took a spectacular 150 ft. leap - a free-flowing waterfall more spectacular than many of the famed tourist attractions - finally ending up a thin silvery ribbon far below us.

The trail continued, a little better marked now, more or less along the side of the gorge for a couple of miles, finally joining the creek in a steep-sided valley. At the head of the valley the stream divided, one spurflowing for a short distance up the hillside to the north, the other flowing south to the valley under the west face of Mount Colin. This latter would be our route of descent. We paused for a rest, just over two hours from the road, and 1500 ft. to go up to the col immediately above.

We intended to climb Mount Colin by the north ridge and complete the traverse by descending to the south. Smythe's first ascent traversed the mountain in the opposite direction.

But first we had 1500 ft. of scree and loose rocks to climb to gain the foot of the ridge. Eventually, after much hard work - Rocky Mountain scree is notorious - we reached the col. We were four hours from the road and paused for a well-deserved breakfast on the sheltered east side of the ridge.

The approach to the mountain from the east side, the only other approach, looked much worse than ours. Instead of there being rocks to scramble up there were acres and acres of light brown scree with nothing, not even a tree, to break the monotony.

There were eleven of us - rather a large party for this type of mountain and certainly the largest party to have climbed Colin. We split up into three ropes of three and one of two, and started up the ridge alpine fashion carrying coils. The ridge rose in a series of steps, none of which involved any difficult climbing though a great deal of care was necessary to avoid dislodging rocks on to those below. Even at the start the ridge was very narrow and in places extremely exposed.

The ascent proceeded easily and speedily until we reached a sudden steepening of the ridge a few hundred feet from the summit. It was here that Smyth had been stopped in June 1947.

This nose of rock is now turned by a traverse across the smooth slabs of the west face and then by ascending a chimney and crack back on to the ridge.

The traverse was easy, the exposure hair-raising. The slabs dropped in one smooth sheet some 1500 ft., to the scree below. The valley bottom is another 1500 ft. below the scree. I think that it was the very smoothness of the slabs which accentuated the exposure. Across the mountain, on the south ridge, the height of the slabs is much the same but the slabs themselves are more broken and the feeling of exposure less. It is rather like ten or a dozen Grey Slabs one above the other, the ascent of which would probably prove just as this.

At the end of the traverse, in the corner formed by the next step in the ridge, was a wide chimney blocked by some large checkstones and capped by overhanging rock. Smythe investigated the chimney and decided it could not be climbed. Because of this he failed to find the key to the ridge. At the top of the chimney, just below the overhang, it is possible to break out to the left, on to these smooth slabs again, and climb to the ridge up a thin crack. The crack, though steep, is not as difficult as it looks and three thin but adequate moves and the difficulties are over. This was the only serious rock climbing pitch on the ridge, and though some exposed scrambling remained the route to the summit was easy. We had spent rather a long time getting our large party up the awkward pitch and didn't reach the summit until 3.30, ten hours from the river bank - certainly not a record time.

Though it was a cloudy day the cloud was high and from the summit we viewed a vast panorama of peaks and valleys. There are certainly a great number of interesting peaks and the great difficulty is obviously going to be finding the time and suitable companions to climb even a few of them in the short season.

On the summit is a large wooden cross put there by a local Swiss Guide, Hans Moser. When the National Parks authorities heard about this they were most upset and told him to take it down again, to which he replied "Take it down yourselves". It's still up there after four years. Near the cross was the usual glass bottle containing the record book, in which we signed our names. Ours was the first ascent this year and we were about the 20th party since 1947, which,

as Colin is one of the more accessible peaks in the area, gives some idea of the lack of climbing activity in the Rockies.

We completed the traverse of the mountain by descending the south ridge, an easy scramble with one rapelle. This ridge seemed firmer and was certainly easier than the north ridge. It was the line of Smyth's first ascent and is probably the easiest way up the mountain. From the col we soon reached the pleasant valley below and in two hours we were again crossing the Athabaska River. A good day climbing a fine peak.

There is much talk here about the dangers of meeting bears when climbing but though I have spoken to several climbers on the subject and have been told some hair-raising tales, I have yet to meet anyone who has seen more than the backside of a grizzly disappearing rapidly into the bush. Though grizzly tracks are frequently seen, the animals themselves are not, however, having seen one in the local zoo I don't fancy meeting one. They stand 8 or 9 ft. high and are extremely fast and powerful for such clumsy-looking beasts. In the National Parks most of the bears both grizzly and black, are known to the Wardens and any old and bad-tempered ones are caught and transported to a more remote area.

The Canadian Alpine Club has branches in a number of the larger towns and cities and we have been going out with the Edmonton Group. Though fairly active they don't set their sights very high. Between May and October there are week-end meets, on the average every two weeks. Jasper is the most popular venue, being the nearest. On the long week-ends they go further afield to Yoho, Kootenay or even Glacier National Park in the Selkirk Range of British Columbia. Indoor meets are held in Edmonton during the winter months. In order to qualify for membership of the Alpine Club of Canada one must have climbed at least four peaks of "Alpine Character". I am told that peaks in the Alps count for this though I have not bothered to make any application yet.

On a week-end meet one particular peak is usually selected and, weather permitting, those who feel it is within their capabilities attempt it. A secondary peak, easier than the first one, is selected for those who want an easier day out. This system has the one drawback that there is often too large a party for speed and safety (loose rock abounds). Unfortunately the lack of suitable leaders with a knowledge of the area, prevents a more varied selection of peaks being attempted.