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## INNOCENTS ABROAD

Time had come for the first step beyond home hills, a step closer to — who could say what? In some dim future of wealth I might venture to Tierra del Fuego, the Southern Alps of New Zealand, the Mountains of the Moon, or even the Himalaya.

Such ranges were for dreaming, not planning. *The arena of practical* ambition was my home continent. And the direction? Inevitably north — north to bigger, icier, wilder mountains than the Cascades — north to the British Columbia Coast Range, whose super-Alpine summits I'd seen sharp and clear from Baker <sup>one</sup> ~~that~~ crystalline October day — north to subarctic ranges of the Yukon and Alaska. With more experience and more money these <sup>could come</sup> ~~would be within~~ within my reach.

For now, also north, there were the Canadian Rockies, the Purcells, the Caribou<sup>s</sup>, the Monashees, and the Selkirks. Where to begin? How to choose a goal that was more than I'd ever tried yet not more than I could hope to achieve? I wanted to be <sup>tested</sup> ~~scared~~ but not humbled.

The problem was connecting home hills to foreign ranges. Journal articles were no help; they were written by strangers of unknown or — as in the case of Fearless Fred — supernatural ability. Among people whose