but finally we got to the glacier west of the peak. I spent the night without food or shelter 1000 feet above the others. Early in the morning, encouraged by an army of mosquitoes, I fled up the ridge – my little tormentors made even an F7 vertical step look easy – and reached the summit without delay. The others followed later that day.

GRACE HOEMAN

"Trident Peak", Kenai. After packing up Falls Creek late the previous day, Chuck McLaughlin and I made the first ascent on July 1 of this massive, glacier-hung, gendarme-studded mountain, which lies in the Snow River-Paradise Lake area five miles east of Ptarmigan Lake. We climbed its northeast glacier and short north face to the junction of the east and south ridges, thence north along the ridge to the central and highest of the three gendarmes competing for the summit.

ROBERT SPURR, *Mountaineering Club of Alaska*

Bona and Tressider. Our party included several from the Mount Logan Project: Tom Lyman, Jenny Cook, A.J. LaFleur and me. Coming from the East to join us were Stu and Gail Ashley, Rick Wilcox, Fred Bragdon, Jeff Black, Howard and Sue Stidham and Steve Rosenberg. We had weather problems and it was not until August 20 that we could all be flown to the Klutlan Glacier, east of Mount Bona. We spent the rest of the day looking over the routes we had previously outlined on aerial photos. We awoke next morning to a total whiteout with snow, but we started for Bona anyway, since we now had the route well in mind and could follow it even in poor visibility. About a mile out Jenny Cook's knee forced her to quit; Tom Lyman stayed back with her. The rest of the ascent to our high camp at 14,300 feet was mainly a problem of route finding through intersecting crevasse systems in the whiteout, with almost continual snowfall, which never let up for three days. On August 24 we left Camp III with light packs and headed upward, still in total whiteout. Shortly we reached a minor summit. Luckily as we stood there, the weather broke slightly, and the summits of Bona and Churchill emerged; we were atop a knob between the two, just under 15,000 feet. LaFleur, Wilcox, Bragdon, Rosenberg, Gail Ashley and I headed for the 16,420-foot summit of Bona as the weather closed in again. The rest of the ascent, the seventh, though easy, was made blind, with only fleeting moments when we could see a hundred yards or so. Stu Ashley and Sue Stidham, who had headed for Churchill from the knob, made the south summit of that peak, about 15,300 feet, and decided against going on in the bad weather and at the late hour. We