

yet done in the Hayes Range. Chuck Comstock and I started up the couloir on March 23. The couloir is 3000 feet high. The angle at the top approaches 75° to 80°. We had three bivouacs on the ascent, the first on an arête in the couloir, the second in a bergschrund at the notch on the classic Brady route after we got onto the east or northeast ridge and the third on the summit, which we reached on March 26. We made the first descent of the formidable southeast ridge. When a cornice broke under Comstock, to arrest his fall I jumped off the other side of the ridge. He hurt his hand and so we descended the couloir into which he had fallen. We made eleven rappels with a cramped snow-cave bivouac halfway down the face that the couloir avalanched into.

ROMAN DIAL

Middle Triple Peak Attempt, P 8055 and P 6000, Kichatna Mountains.
Chuck Comstock, John Harpole and I were landed on July 5 by Jay Hudson on the Caldwell Glacier in a gutsy landing with our first objective, the east buttress of Middle Triple Peak, just across the glacier. The Sunshine Glacier lived up to its name as during the entire three-week period we never suffered more than two consecutive storm days. Still, we were chased off the buttress twice by weather. Base Camp was four hours away initially, but we trimmed the time down to 2½ hours without even moving the tent. Fixing the first three pitches consumed the better part of a week, as bad days followed good. Finally on July 11 I juggled the lines up to John and Chuck, pulling our ropes as I went. My second lead, the fourth pitch, took us to a bolt belay. So far we had suffered severe rope-drag on the first pitch, a cut rope rappelling the second pitch in a storm, two falls on pitch 3 and an anchor at the base of pitch 4 which failed when I pulled outward on a Friend, breaking it free of its rotten placement. On pitch 5 I despondently suggested we descend immediately; a fall off two hooks and directly onto my belay left *étriers* a pitch below and two footfangs on the glacier. We rappelled off the route for good. The second half of the trip was an ascent of P 8055 in the southwest Spires. This, the last of Dave Roberts' 8000ers (as listed by him in the old *Summit* article) was our *second* first ascent in the Spires. The first salved our egos after retreating off Middle Triple Peak. A gentle Arrigetch-like 6000-foot satellite of Buff Spire rewarded us with flowered belay ledges and aerial boulder problems on the summit ridge. We called the route up the long south buttress "Black Rose" for the elegant whorls of leafy lichen we found. John's 5.10 pitch gave Black Rose some respectability and all roped pitches were beautifully enjoyable. (II, 5.10.) The rain began as we summited. After a 1500-foot standing glistade with the sky shining orange between two blue-sky slices of bread, we were down and brewing under a boulder on the glacier. When the rain quit at three A.M., we began the trek to P 8055 ("Vug Tor") over Perfect Echo and Monolith Passes. Now, P 8055 had been avoided by the likes of Bridwell, Embick, Porter and Roberts, the previous visitors to the Monolith Glacier. It is certainly not the most spectacular of the Kichatnas, but it gave all three of us substantial delight and feelings of accomplishment. On July 15, his birthday,

PLATE 50

Photo by Roman Dial

**John Harpole follows on the 12th
pitch on *Burning Delight* on Vug Tor,
Cathedral Spires, Alaska.**



Chuck offered John and me the long, steepish south buttress. He would wander instead up the fourth-class east face, which is similar to the north face of Colorado's Longs Peak. We greedily accepted. Sixteen pitches later we emerged on the broken summit slopes. ("Burning Delight," IV, 5.9.) We had followed ramps, hand cracks, finger cracks and face through a fairyland of granite. At least three pitches had been 5.9 and several others 5.8. A fun climb, it took us 24 hours round trip. After the climb we completed the circumambulation of the Triple Peaks by walking down the Monolith and up the Caldwell. Chuck did this wearing Fires inside his Koflach Ultra shells. Harpole and I walked, skied and floated to Chelatna Lake some 75 miles southeast of the Spires in five days, crossing the Getaway and Scorpion Glaciers and floating the Yentna River and Sunflower Creek in a Sherpa Packraft. On July 24 Hudson picked us up after getting Chuck and the gear off the Caldwell.

ROMAN DIAL

Peaks above the Dall Glacier. From July 22 to August 1 Donald Davis and I, with Brian and Diane Okonek acting as guides, established a Base Camp on the Dall Glacier, 4¾ miles southwest of Mount Russell. We made the following climbs, all first ascents: P 5350 (1 mile east of Base Camp) on July 22, P 6210 (2 miles southwest of Base Camp on July 23, P 7290 (5 miles south-southeast of Mount Russell) on July 27 and P 6290 (1½ miles south of Base Camp) on July 29.

PETER H. BURGHER, *Unaffiliated*

Mount Redoubt. Bob Gerhard, Larry Van Slyke, Mark Skok and I had planned a winter ascent of Mount Redoubt (3108 meters, 10,197 feet), but bad weather and other commitments delayed our departure for a month. On April 4 Lowell Thomas, Jr. landed us at 200 meters on the Drift River. We spent one-and-a-half days skiing with sleds to our high camp at 1500 meters on a northeast ridge. The next three days brought over a half meter of heavy snow, followed by strong winds. Shortly after seven A.M. on April 10, the wind died enough to try the ascent. We reached a point 20 meters below the summit, which was composed of ice hummocks which we elected not to climb because of the late hour, 4:30 P.M., a windy -26° C temperature and fatigue from swimming uphill on long leads of bottomless snow. Our route involved a gently rolling traverse of 1.5 kms south to the east ridge and a rising traverse of almost the same distance north to 1800 meters, where we left our skis. Above this we worked up a series of broad valleys and icefalls with some crevasse problems to reach the north ridge at 2700 meters, which we followed to the summit area.

KEN ZAFREN

Iliamna, Winter Ascent. After landing us on the tricky Tuxedni Glacier, Lowell Thomas, Jr. said that he would take no more climbers to this mountain