

climbed a new route on the north face of the Moose's Tooth in one continuous 36-hour push. Their Alaskan Grade 6 route is included in a full article earlier in this journal.

The Moose's Tooth, South Face, Shaken, Not Stirred. Jim Donini and I did a new route on the south face of the Moose's Tooth at the end of May, an ice route that heads directly to Englishman's Col. *50 Classic Climbs of North America* has a good photo of this face on the lead page for the article on the Moose's Tooth West Ridge. We climbed the prominent couloir that drops straight down from the first saddle (Englishman's Col) from the left. Jon Krakauer did *Ham and Eggs* in the '70s up the couloir that leads to the immediate left of the main summit, and Bocarde, Charlie Porter, et al did *The Moose Antler* up one of the rock buttresses on the south side. I can't believe that such an obvious route had not been climbed, but that seems to be the case. I found no mention in the *AAJ* and no evidence during our climb.

We left camp at 1:30 a.m. and made a four-hour glacier approach to the base of the couloir. After a final cup of coffee we set off up the couloir hoping to encounter moderate alpine terrain. One hundred meters up the route I got an unpleasant surprise: a 50-meter lead on rotten vertical and near-vertical ice with very poor protection. (The granite up this route is remarkably monolithic with few cracks.) Next Jim led a tedious mixed section that gave us access to the hoped-for moderate mid-section of the route. Two hundred to 250 meters of simulclimbing on perfect névé brought us to what we expected to be the crux of the route, a rock wall that appeared to have no ice from below. Instead we found a deep, hidden cleft full of thick ice that was seldom more than two shoulder-widths wide. Jim led the first, and most difficult, pitch of this section, which went on for 200 meters like a Scottish gully in the high mountains. Fabulous.

When the gully finally widened a little and the angle lessened we expected the easier 45-



The south face of the Moose's Tooth (with unidentified peak obscuring lower half). Shaken, Not Stirred follows the prominent ice couloir splitting the face. Greg Crouch

50° névé slopes to take us all the way to Englishman's Col, safety, and a brew of tea (we were utterly parched). They did not.

The couloir turned a corner and above us loomed a chockstone wedged across the gully with a curtain of rotten ice dripping past the overhang created by the chockstone. This was the sting in the tail. A drip of real ice about a foot wide and three inches thick coming down from under the left side of the chockstone, and desperate stemming, thin axe-picking, a solid #1 Camelot, and good sticks above the overhang, made the pitch possible.

The last few hundred meters of the route were not as easy as we would have liked (especially considering our screaming calf-muscles), but eventually we made it to the Englishman's Col, *Shaken, Not Stirred* (the route name, in keeping with our booze tradition), for a much-needed rest and brew of tea. We lacked the courage to brave the corniced ridges to the main summit of the Moose's Tooth, but instead did one more hard pitch (sugar snow over a steep slab) above the Col and plodded the rest of the way to the West Summit of the Tooth. We descended the West Ridge overnight.

GREG CROUCH

KICHATNA SPIRES

Middle Triple, Ride the Lightning. From June 27 to August 4, Jay Smith, Kitty Calhoun, Steve Gerberding and Dan Osman climbed a new route, *Ride the Lightning* (VI 5.10 A4 WI3, 4,000 feet) on the west face of Middle Triple Peak in the Kichatnas. A full account of their climb appears earlier in this journal.

CHUGACH RANGE

Mount Zeke, Northwest Arête. In early April, local Natanuska Glacier pilot Billy Stevenson and I flew an aerial recon for Nova Adventure Company, scoping mountain and glacier routes for guiding. After looking at peaks in five major drainages, we flew over Monument Glacier, which is surrounded by some of the most rugged peaks in the range. As we passed over the glacier, I noticed the largest (unnamed) mountain on the southeast corner of the glacier. It had a spectacular 400-meter-plus ice face high on its north face. I had Billy leave me on the glacier five minutes later with my survival gear. Karen Hilton flew in later that afternoon with the rest of our gear. After several days of unstable weather, we got a break long enough to make a one-day attempt of the face.

After moving camp to above a small icefall below the northwest ridge proper, we bivied for a couple of hours. Early the next morning we ascended a 350-meter couloir that averaged 50-55° and led directly to the ridge. Traversing the 500 meters along the ridge to where it joined the face involved chest-deep sugar snow. Upon joining the face, the ridge and deep snow quickly faded out, becoming a steep S-shaped ice arête leading directly to the summit 500 meters above us. Soon we were frontpointing leads up the densest, hardest, most brittle 55-75° ice I had ever encountered. Six full 60-meter pitches on the face, which was so smooth as to not have a foot hold to rest on anywhere, found us on a small rock outcrop with calves flaming. Time was not with us at this point. We had three hours of good light and still had to get down the mountain. I set our time limit at an hour and a half and took off on lead. The ice steepened, and after two more pitches I had more than used up my allotment. I set the first rap anchor about a rope length from the summit ridge. I could see we were high above adjoining peak "Moe" and were very close to the summit. The sky to the west was black with incoming weather and the sun was gone. We rappled as quickly as possible and ran down the unsta-