

“the Lads,” were still alive and kicking crampons.

Passing Carl and Barry’s camp, we climbed two pitches through steep snow and ice. We had been following the obvious weaknesses, but were now forced onto steep mixed rock and snow, some of which was actually inverted. We pulled these hard mixed hooking moves (5.9) through short bands of steep rock with 60-pound packs (the technical crux of the route), then climbed through deep snow to gain the ice arête that was in fact an unprotectable steep snow slog.

Working together, Carl, Barry, Gren, and I made meticulously slow work through the next 1,000 feet. As soon as possible, we made a traverse to a rock fin we could get protection in and bivied at the top, below a large rock buttress.

The next day stormed, so we did not move. On May 31, we climbed for seven hours up a moderate mixed ridge that could have been easily bypassed in two hours via an AI2 couloir. We highly recommend the couloir. Traversing around steep rock, Gren and I headed through to gain the last corniced ridge.

The next day, we all headed up, and, just two pitches short of the end of the technical climbing, Gren and I made the biggest fool’s mistake. An argument broke loose and soon budded into an exchange of blows. A fistfight at 14,000 feet on Mt. Foraker’s *Infinite Spur* is not recommended!

After a day of steep snow climbing and a bivouac in a crevasse at 16,000 feet, we summited about an hour after Barry and Carl, then started down the *Sultana* and reached our starting point on the Southeast Kahiltna in a day and a half. Notable aspects of the climb are: the use of bivy sacs (semi-recommended), free climbed the whole route with packs on, round-trip from Southeast Kahiltna base camp in 11 days.

GLEN DEAL

*Mount Huntington, West Face.* At 6:30 p.m. on May 6, less than 24 hours after we left Colorado, Talkeetna Air Taxi deposited Dave Bangert and me on the Tokisitna Glacier below the west face of Mt. Huntington. It was bitterly cold. On May 8, we climbed about 2,500 feet of what has come to be known as the Nettle-Quirk route in ten hours. At the “Alcove,” where the Nettle-Quirk joins the Harvard Route, we brewed for two hours as the weather deteriorated, and it began to snow lightly but steadily. We carried only one sleeping bag, one bivy sack, one stove, and no tent. After some consternation, we descended.

Rappelling from the V-threads Dave established, we passed Steve House and his partner, who were climbing up with heavy sacks. Steve and his partner descended and flew out on May 10, along with a party that had climbed the Harvard Route in three days, while Dave and I had sat tent-bound mulling the efficacy of our “light and fast” tactics.

Left alone on the glacier, we decided to have another go. On May 12, we left the tents at 4 a.m. carrying a stove, three liters of water, two Friends, two pins, six ice screws, three Screammers, 15 free ’biners, and some snacks. We reached the bergschrund in 1:15, the beginning of the roped climbing on the ramp in 2:15 and the Alcove in six hours. Avoiding the loss of momentum suffered in stopping to brew, we reached the French Ridge at 9:08. The weather was perfect. Dave voted for the summit, some 200 vertical corniced feet higher. I opted to descend. We arrived at the tents five hours later.

Despite the postmodern diminution of the importance of reaching the summit, I regret not standing on top of Huntington. It would have been nice to see what lay on the other side.

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