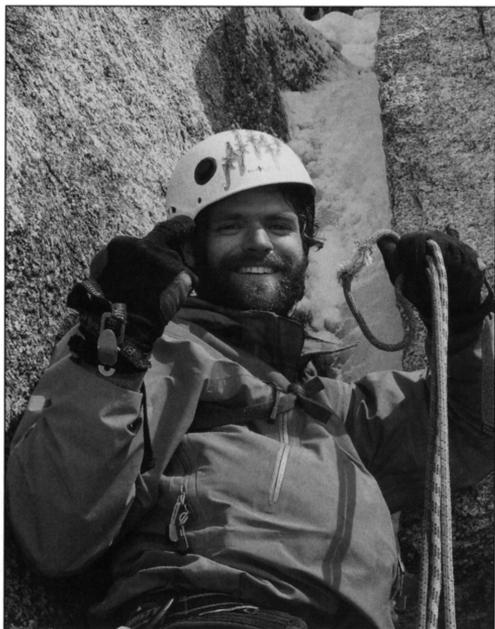


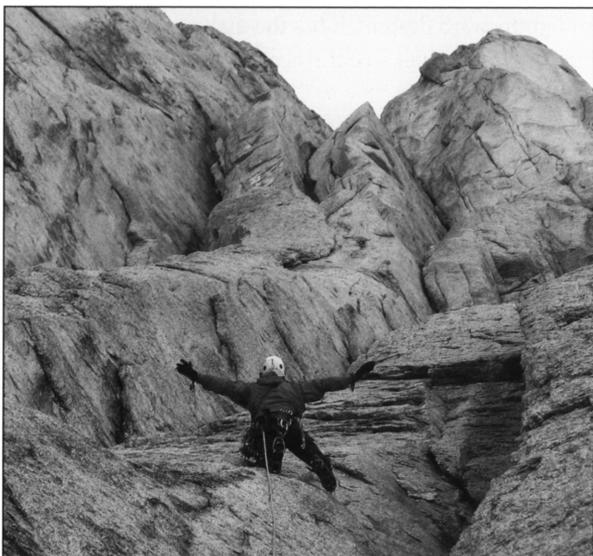
*Moose's Tooth, Arctic Rage.* From March 31–April 3, Ben Gilmore and Kevin Mahoney established Arctic Rage (4,500', VI W16+R A2) on the massive east face of the Moose's Tooth. See Gilmore's feature earlier in this journal on their brilliant alpine-style ascent.

*Moose's Tooth, Levitation and Hail Marys, and various activity.* On May 26 and 27 Scott Adamson and I completed a new route on the south face of the Moose's Tooth. Following ice runnels, chimneys, and cracks, we found our way directly to the main (east) summit. Shortly after Talkeetna Air Taxi dropped us off on the Root Canal Glacier [the pocket glacier beneath the south face of the Moose's Tooth], we scrutinized our situation. Appearing like a siren one evening, in perfect light, a vertical ice-filled chimney caught our eye. The chimney, tucked away in a long corner system, was mid-height on the wall. It defined a huge pillar directly below the summit.

Earlier in our trip, we'd climbed Ham and Eggs on an "old-school style" tour from the Sheldon Amphitheater, rather than being flown to the Root Canal, as we later were for the other routes. (As an aside that may be of interest to anyone selecting a tentsite, when we were on H. & E., a Walmart-size serac calved from atop Dickey. The powder blast traveled a mile and a half across the Ruth Gorge, climbed the 2,500-foot approach and dusted our tentsite on the Root Canal.) Being neophytes and wanting another warm-up, we set our sights on The Unforgiven (M5 W16), an excellent new mixed adventure that Anchorage fellows had put up the week before. Six killer full-length pitches of sustained mixed climbing brought us to a snowy arête leading to a subsummit of the Bear Tooth. Conditions being



Scott Adamson with the chopped rope on the first attempt on Levitation and Hail Marys. *James Stover*



Scott Adamson enjoying "The Sweetness" tension traverse on Levitation and Hail Marys. *James Stover*

what they were, we didn't continue to the subsummit but, in the interest of safety, rapped from excellent fixed stations and crawled back to the tent seven hours after we started. Scott felt ready for a go at our project, while I wanted to take another step first, finding comfort in a gradual progression to successively harder routes. We concluded that our imaginary line looked good and was in condition.

We waited for promising weather, and a few mornings later went to have a look. We wallowed through three feet of wet, unconsolidated snow and roped up to cross a southwest-facing avalanche slope leading to the base of the real climbing. We burned more time trying to free a pendulum two pitches above. Scott brought me to the belay and we conferred. Things were getting soggy, we were behind schedule, and we discovered four core shots in our two 8mm ropes. During our retreat we put another vicious shot smack in the middle of one rope. With snow pounding us, we crawled into the tent, soaked from the 60-70-degree heat.

Two days later we woke to a break in the storm. The weather was suspect, but we left camp at 3 a.m. with a light pack. With our track firmly laid we reached the ice ribbon in a few hours. Stretching our remaining 70m 9mm rope on most leads, we forged upward, finding steep ice, killer hand cracks, and good protection. There were two spots of overhanging M7 in the verglassed chimney around the fourth pitch, and a chossy 5.11 face sequence to enter the upper dihedral around pitch six. We topped out on the pillar in swirling clouds, hunkered down, and waited for the upper face to refreeze. We tried in vain to peer through the fog for a glimpse of what was to come. After a five-hour nap but no sign of where to go, we committed ourselves to a two-rope-length traverse into the upper face. They were the type of 5.8 pitches that defy grading: insecure and run-out. They gained us a huge corner we had been aiming for, just below the summit, but the corner lacked any discernable climbable features. So, feeling the need for haste as the storm intensified, we aimed for an escape route to the right. As I led through rivers of spindrift on very thin ice, my previous feelings of sun, fun, surf, and stone were replaced by more primal feelings.

The wind mellowed a bit as we reached the summit cornice and felt our way along, riding huge waves through an ephemeral white soup. Up and over the summit we went, searching for identifiable features that would bring us to the Ham and Egg rappels. We wandered in the clouds, feeling smaller and smaller as we descended, looking for something recognizable. Finally, facing a committing rappel, we realized we were lost and retraced our steps back up. The morning sun broke through and the clouds thinned, giving us a quick glimpse of our location. We did not recognize a single feature. Where's Denali? Where's Huntington? Where's the Ruth? Nothing looked familiar. I sat on the edge of the Moose's Tooth gazing at the Buckskin Glacier 4,000' below, swearing never to go again without a compass and map.

The storm's fury increased as we continued back up, then descended the correct way into the Ham and Eggs funnel. Anchors were buried and avalanches were frequent, requiring us to time our rappels to the periodic vomit flushing from the upper bowls. We arrived on the glacier and more 60-degree weather, with another trashed rope. I crawled in to the tent at nine o'clock, thirty hours after we had started.

Waking 24 hours later and taking inventory, we were three and a half weeks and three ropes down, with rising temperatures. We stomped out a sign for TAT and waited for our turn. Two days later, the decompression on the flight out was surreal. Trees, birds, other signs of life that had been gone for so long, all seemed so vibrant as we sorted gear in TAT's driveway.

We named our route Levitation and Hail Marys, after a good joke shared with one of the

young bush pilots who flew for K2. We graded it V M7 A0 (for the pendulum), although I sense that grades mean nothing in this place. It was a fine outing, committing at the top with a quick decent. Long pitches, steep ice, good hand cracks, and painful knee bars characterize the meat and potatoes of the experience. We agreed that the Ruth was the rawest, most powerful area either of us had ever been to. The perfect place to find out how small you really are.

JAMES STOVER

*Bear Tooth, White Russian.* Taras Mytropol (Ukraine), Sergei Matusevich (Ukraine), and I climbed a direct line on the west face of the Bear Tooth. Starting from base camp on the Root Canal, we went straight toward the saddle between the Moose's Tooth and the Bear Tooth, bearing right soon after crossing the bergschrund. It's a short climb of five technical pitches, offering excellent ice up to 70°, snow, and mixed climbing. We did the route on April 27 and named it White Russian, Alaska grade II or III.

ALEKSEY SHURUYEV, *Krasnodar, Russia, with additions from SERGEI MATUSEVICH, Ukraine*

*Bear Tooth, Unforgiven to serac base.* On May 13 Gilly James and I climbed a gully on a west-facing buttress of the Bear Tooth [located to the right of the prominent hanging glacier southwest of the Bear Tooth summit—Ed]. Approach from the Root Canal, just past the broad snow couloir that separates the Moose's Tooth from the Bear Tooth. The route is approximately 350m and involves moderate mixed climbing and a short section of WI6 at mid-height. Enjoyable WI4 pitches in a chimney end near a serac that doesn't threaten the route. We descended from there on pins and horns. We named the route Unforgiven (M5 WI6).

IVAN RAMIREZ

*Moosekin Mountain, The Ass of Spades, and various attempts.* First, I thank the American Alpine Club for considering awarding a young dirtbag a Mountain Fellowship Grant to go climbing. Marcus Donaldson and I flew out of Talkeetna on April 14 and landed on the Buckskin Glacier in early afternoon. I am unable to describe the sights and our feelings as we stepped out of the plane and gazed, slack-jawed, at the surrounding peaks.

After a day of reconnaissance, we found a small, beautiful line of ice on a small peak immediately north of the Broken Tooth. The next day we climbed two lovely pitches of moderate-to-hard mixed ice and rock in a nice system, until the weather closed in and we retreated.

Four or five tent-bound days followed, due to weather and snow conditions. On the first day of good weather we left in a predawn caffeinated stupor and skied to the base of a 3,000' line that we had spotted. It was on the south face of a pretty peak to the north, left of the prominent buttress and right of a large couloir. We later learned that this peak was called Moosekin Mountain (Peak 8,300'; AAJ 2001, p. 211). We roped up and simul-climbed moderate 40°-50° snow that led over the bergschrund and a few mixed steps to the base of the first real challenges. Marcus made a nice lead through the difficulties, M4, to a good anchor and brought me up. I then took the lead and we simul-climbed again through more snow and small mixed bands. Marcus's next block led through rotten, shattered black rock, a little spicy, to another good anchor. I got a fun couple of pitches in the same rock, and Marcus then led us to the summit