

pitch or two to the ridge looked relatively straightforward, though there may be a cornice to negotiate.

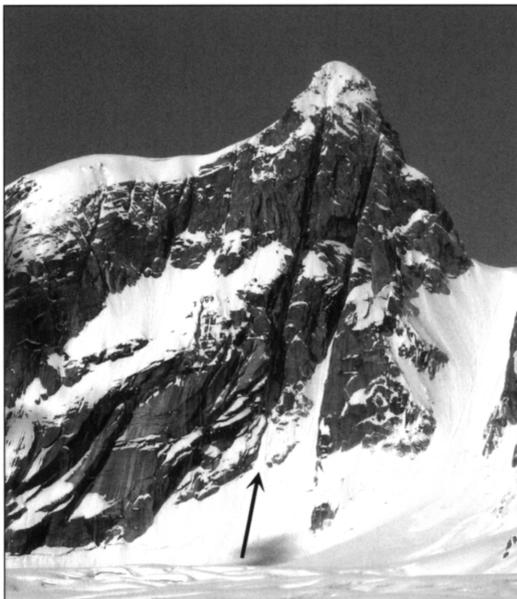
On our last day we skied up Dickey via Pittock Pass, enjoyed a superb descent, then headed for the bars in Talkeetna. A fantastic place—we'll be back!

VIVIAN SCOTT, *Edinburgh, U.K.*

*Peak 8,010', A Fine Blend.* Ryan Hokanson (Alaska) and I (Montana) headed to the Buckskin Glacier for a three-week adventure scampering trip, setting up camp just below the Moose's Tooth on May 3. Two meters of new snow and spindrift thwarted our five attempts on the east faces of the Moose's Tooth and Bear Tooth, but we managed a new route on Peak 8,010', a smaller summit at the head (western end) of the Buckskin. A beautiful gash-like corner system, which appeared to be nicely choked with ice, leads directly up the east face to the summit. Ryan and I figured it would be about six pitches and take part of a day, camp to camp—a perfect warm-up compared to the other routes we had attempted.

On May 11 we left camp around 10 a.m. and, after a two-hour approach, reached the base of the face around noon. Ryan led first, onto good ice, and when the rope came tight we began simul-climbing. Early on, some short but steep ice caught me off guard. Pitch after pitch, the climbing got more technical and more poorly protected than we had anticipated.

Partway up, another storm socked the entire cirque. Snow blew directly up the gash, but spindrift wasn't cascading down. I climbed up to what appeared to be the crux, pounded some iron, and brought Ryan up. He led into a series of tricky, overhanging snow blobs devoid of usable ice. After 120' of brilliant climbing, Ryan found his first solid pro



The east face of Peak 8,010'. A Fine Blend climbs the obvious cleft directly to the summit. *Gibisch-Hokanson collection*



Ryan Hokanson starting up A Fine Blend. *Chris Gibisch*

as the pitch eased off. A few more ropelengths led to a large snow-mushroom-encrusted chockstone. After overhanging snow and a few mixed moves I was on 50° snow. Two more pitches, and we were standing on top.

It was 1:00 a.m. and snowing; visibility was less than 50m. We tried to rap off the north ridge to a pass separating the Ruth and Buckskin glaciers, but, after losing our way, we succumbed to a brief bivy and waited for more light. However, our proposed descent led to powder-covered granite slabs, so we descended our route. Ten rappels and a bit of downclimbing got us to our skis.

After leaving the range, we could find no reference to the line being climbed previously, nor did we find evidence of other climbers. It was a fine blend of climbing, which left a memorable impression on us. A Fine Blend (750m, IV AI6 M6+ 50°) is Peak 8,010's second recorded line, after the South Route (500', Allemann-Lotscher, 1968). Ryan and I found that obscure, shorter climbs are sometimes the scariest and most rewarding.

CHRIS GIBISCH

*Bear Tooth, House of the Rising Sun to southwest ridge.* In mid-April, Jared Vilhauer, Zach Shlosar, and I left our base camp and skied to our gear cache on the south fork of the Buckskin Glacier. We left our skis and headed for an untouched 3,200' line I had spied in March on the southeast face of the Bear Tooth. The climb started with an icefall and snow slope to reach the face. When we were four pitches up the polished icefall, the slopes above started sending down spindrift so persistent that our wait under an overhanging serac turned into a bivy. The night was clear and cold, and the morning the same. Zach led out and took us up the snowfield to the start of the technical portion of the route. We relaxed a little, glad to be out of the shotgun alley and at the base of a cool new route. Jared took the next block, climbing scratchy, thin, vertical ice with no pro for long stretches. Climbing and hauling each pitch took time. We stopped for the night on a small patch of 60° snow. Over an hour's worth of effort yielded two small ledges.



The southeast face of the Bear Tooth, showing House of the Rising Sun. Jared Vilhauer

We woke to a light snow falling, accompanied by spindrift slides. The terrain above was too steep to build up huge avalanches, though the small slides were intimidating. Slides would be more or less constant for the rest of our climb, as it snowed every day. I led out of the bivy ledge up a pitch of undulating AI4 until I ran out of rope. The next pitch was vertical bad ice with bad pro and took several hours, during which Zach and Jared were constantly bombed at their belay in the narrow couloir. As I pulled the crux, a big slide nailed me, packing the inside of my shell with snow. Exhausted, I offered the next pitch to Jared, who took it gladly. It ended up being creative A2. While Zach belayed, I