

*Forbidden Peak, Direct East Ridge.* Over the Memorial Day weekend, Fred Beckey, Joe Hieb, Ed Cooper, and Don Claunch left Seattle for Cascade Pass country and Forbidden Peak, the majestic pyramid north of the Cascade valley. The true east ridge had never before been attempted because of several gendarmes and steep walls. The previous ascents here had been on relatively big ledges considerably below the actual crest. The climb was an excellent one on 4th class rock with an occasional piton for safety. A traverse just below the crest was over great exposure with the Boston Glacier directly, but far below. There were three main gendarmes, the final one unexpectedly difficult, requiring pitons for safety and a very airy traverse on tiny balance-holds on one side.

DON G. CLAUNCH

*Mount Baker, Northeast Face.* On June 22 Fred Beckey and Don Claunch started from Kulshan Cabin, climbed to Heliotrope Ridge and crossed the Coleman Glacier through several crevasse patterns to the north ridge. Staying below the ridge, we headed east under the huge, impressive, previously unscaled northeast face, a spectacular cirque, broken by enormous bergschrunds. This is bordered on the east by the Cockscomb ridge. We climbed upwards for a few hundred feet and then cut left across a 45° ice slope to reach the left side of the glacier. We followed this side, bypassing several touchy crevasses and bridges, and finally reached the lower lip of the great upper bergschrund, which slits the whole face. Crossing this on avalanche debris, we chopped our way up the upper lip, using ice pitons for safety. We then continued diagonally up to the left on névé to the ridge and up the Cockscomb just below the summit. The whole ascent took about ten hours. Later in the year crevasses and bergschrunds would block any hope of progress.

DON G. CLAUNCH

*Mount Shuksan, First Complete Ascent of East Face.* On July 1 Bill Tilley and Don Claunch climbed the trail up the north fork of the Noaksack River about four miles, to the trail's end, crossed the river on logs, and continued up three miles of boulder-strewn valley to Noaksack Cirque. There we camped in a dried-out river bed. The climb the next day took ten hours and we reached the summit even though a bad storm threatened. The descent was tedious and we did not get back to camp until midnight. Helmy Beckey and Lyman Boyer, in 1941, had climbed the face, but did not complete the climb. Long slabs led us up to the extreme right of the glacier, which was so hopelessly distorted that I saw