

*Washington — Cascade Mountains*

*Mount Adams, West Ridge.* The first recorded ascent of this route was completed July 14 by Dr. Ralph Uber, Wallace Juneau, Gary Foulkes, and Lex Maxwell. The principal problem was route finding to by-pass some minor gendarmes and to avoid the frequent runnels of falling rock. Descent was via the White Salmon Glacier in conditions of zero visibility.

LEX MAXWELL

*Mount Rainier, Willis Wall.* The light clouds above camp suddenly parted and in the soft light brushing the wall above, Dave Mahre pointed out the route we would take that night. He indicated a schrund crossing, over near the Curtis Ridge side of the wall and then his finger described a quick arc to the right away from the big rockfall paths and onto a small rib in midface. "Those buttresses should be real dudes." Fifteen hundred feet higher his hand moved again to the right. "See that ramp to the right, that's a traverse for angels." My imagination didn't have to be stretched at all to appreciate the towering ice cliffs that hung over this section of the route. The moving finger stopped short. "See that wall with the white band across it? If we can get up that and around the corner we're home free. That exit ramp between the cliffs should be a stroll." Looking up at the cliffs, rock and ice I wondered why I had said "yes" when Sherpa Fred Dunham had enlisted me several months before. Oh well, I had always thought it would be nice to climb Rainier even though I had envisioned something milder! Retiring to our stone and plastic hut we devoured a heavy noon meal of margarine and potatoes before fitfully sleeping away the afternoon. Later, Gene and Bill Prater started down for the road leaving Fred Stanley as our support team for the climb. At ten P.M. we started out, too tense to eat another meal. Jim Wickwire and Fred Durham on the first rope and Dave and I on the second. Progress was slow in the soft snow and the 2500 feet to the base of the schrund at 10,000 ate 3 precious hours. Showers of gravel drummed our hard hats as we crossed the schrund and worked out to the middle of the wall. Hours later on the crest of the rib we stopped briefly to share a couple of oranges and then on to the "traverse of the angels" where the ice walls perched ominously atop the last rock of the wall. More hours in suspense and we struggled up the last ice-cemented pitch and crawled around a narrow corner to the mild slopes of the exit ramp. Meanwhile Rainier had been brewing up a last special treat and as the swirling clouds lowered visibility to almost zero, the rime started to form on every exposed place. Feeling completely exhausted I cursed myself for not being in better shape (the other 3 had climbed the Mowich face the previous