

*Boston Brooks-Traleika Expedition, Alaska Range.* Having selected such a grandiose name, our group consisting of William Bousman, Earl Hamilton, William May, Hallam Murray and me set forth to attempt the peaks around the Brooks and Traleika Glaciers. By the 4th of August the expedition was reunited at Base Camp at Oastler Pass, one of us having accompanied the packhorses a day ahead of the others. Sloth being one of our redeeming features, it was not until the 6th that we moved to Traleika Base, located at the toe of the glacier draining the Carpé-Tatum col. Thence we attempted Carpé on the following day—unsuccessfully, since we got no higher than 9500 feet, on the wrong mountain. Weather and supplies drove us back to Oastler Pass, where we mouldered in a storm, amusing ourselves with cribbage and literature until we were able to reoccupy Traleika Base on August 13. We broke camp the next morning, packing it up the icefall to 8100 feet at the toe of the subsummit of Tatum, where we left it before continuing up into the cirque south of Tatum and then up Tatum's south ridge, an enjoyable mixed climb (11,140 feet). For the descent we used the British route of 1956, the southwest ridge, arriving at camp in a mild state of exhaustion. We slept the following day. Carpé being our next objective, we made an abortive attempt, halted by deep powder snow, on the 16th from the Tatum-Carpé col. After a late start on the 17th we successfully made its first ascent by the east buttress of the northeast face and then continued up the northeast ridge to arrive on top (12,550 feet) in the early afternoon. The descent was by the north buttress, a 15-minute plow down an elbow-deep trough to our high point of the previous day—a memorable evening with a truly fine sunset. August 18 and 19 were spent moving to and establishing Brooks Base at 5500 feet on the Brooks Glacier. We moved to high camp at 7800 feet on the glacier draining the south side of Deception on the 20th and in flawless weather climbed the peak (11,825 feet) the following day by its south ridge. Upon moving camp over to the glacier draining the south side of Brooks on August 22, we were assailed by foul weather, which set us back to the primitive state of existence, cribbage and James Bond. Three days, 24 inches of snow and advanced cases of cabin fever drove us out on the 26th to do anything to escape camp. The first ascent of East Tripyramid (11,250 feet) seemed the best escape and by the time we reached the col between it and Brooks our white-out had lifted and we were able to enjoy the pleasantly devious route up its north ridge. The lighter spirits in the party vied in punching the biggest holes in the summit cornice and were heroically photographed. On August 27, Hal, my brother and I were off up our tracks of yesterday

to the col and then up the south ridge of Brooks (11,940 feet) a new route to the top. Alas—we burned the last of our gas that evening and so beat a leisurely retreat to Wonder Lake, getting out by the 30th after a delightful trip.

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*Wrangell Range.* On July 7, Alex Bittenbinder, Don Stockard, Ray Wagner, and I left the new McCarthy airstrip to walk up the Kennicott Glacier to climb what seemed to be three virgin 14,000-foot peaks northeast of Mount Blackburn, hoping also to ascend Blackburn by a new route, the precipitous northeast ridge. At the end of the second day a misstep with a heavy pack in the base of our first icefall gave Ray a sprained ankle, so that we had to leave him there at 4000 feet with a stove, food, and tent, the rest of us continuing to 7300 feet on the northeastern basin of the Kennicott to receive our airdrop July 11. Successful in this, we returned to Ray whose ankle was better, but not sufficient for the work above, so he elected to walk out alone and get a job at Kennecott Copper Mine for the rest of the summer. Alex, Don, and I returned to our airdrop cache through icefalls that were becoming tedious, snowshoed to the highest plateau of our basin, and finally cramponed a labyrinth snow face to the Nabesna divide at 12,500 feet between our "14ers." Two of these were close enough together; we decided to name them "Atna Peaks" using the old Indian name for Copper River whose drainage they border. (Names in quotes, given by our party, have been approved by the Alaska Geographic Board and are expected to be approved by the U.S. Board on Geographic Names.) We traversed the eastern of these, 13,650 feet on the new map, on July 16, camped between them, and the next day traversed around the northern side of 13,860-foot western Atna, cutting and kicking a ladder-like trail up the north slope of its 300-foot summit block. Months later we learned we were not first to this remote corniced summit (first ascent by Keith Hart's party in 1955). Now we wanted to traverse this Atna and continue along the ridge to Blackburn, but the western slope of the mountain was very steep. We had to descend to the north 1000 feet or so, then chop steps and belay many rope lengths until we were directly over our ridge down to which we belayed from ice screws. As we continued on the morning of July 18, the weather was deteriorating fast from the less-than-optimum we had been enduring. The 12,741-foot intervening peak consumed so much time and effort as we made its first ascent that we decided it was worthy of a name. "Rime Peak" was our choice, as the coastal clouds deposit fantastically thick rime crystals here as they pour