

and on up the glacier. The next morning we continued traveling in a miserable, wet snowfall. By that night we had Base Camp in a basin below Mounts Wilbur (10,821 feet) and Orville (10,495 feet). Wilbur was almost 6500 feet above us. Its south ridge snaked down from the summit in a series of cornices until it was blocked by an enormous monolithic gendarme. Below, the ridge broadened for a few thousand feet. The lower part of the route almost resembled a face. Orville did not look at all promising. The 21st was an inside-the-tent day. The morning of May 22 was cold; the sky was an intense blue and no clouds were in sight. While Clark, Craig and I organized food and gear for a five-day push, Dave snowshoed over to the head of the basin and, to our surprise, up the slope next to the icefall to check out a glacial plateau 1500 feet above camp. That afternoon we waded through deep snow past the icefall to the top of the plateau, where we camped. Early the next morning we were off. Each successive pitch became steeper. Some unprotected mixed climbing took us to a narrow gully, which led to the second plateau. Above, the route ascended for 1000 feet up a rock-studded face to the huge gendarme. We passed the gendarme on its southwest side, a delicate maneuver because of the thin, unstable mantle of ice and snow. We continued up along the narrow, knife-edged ridge on hard ice and deep snow. There was absolutely no place to stop and so we kept moving up the ridge, sometimes over, sometimes around the cornices. Finally I surmounted a hump of snow to find Craig and Dave on a section of cornice large enough for all of us to stand on. We scooped out a platform for a bivouac. The morning of May 23 was cold and breezy. Two quick pitches got us around the last cornice and onto easier ground to the summit. The descent was interrupted by my unroped 100-foot fall into a crevasse, from which I escaped luckily unhurt.

GREGORY C. MARKOV

*P 12,606, Fairweather Range.* On April 24 Bill Sumner, Mike Heath and I reached Base Camp at 6500 feet on the Fairweather Glacier, hoping to climb either Mount Salisbury (12,170 feet), P 12,606 or both. Continual bad weather pinned us down for the next two weeks. Finally, on May 9, the weather improved and we climbed 2000 feet up Salisbury's northwest face, which rises 5000 feet at a sustained 50° to 55°, before a violent, warm storm forced a retreat. In the short remaining time we decided to gamble on a quick alpine push to reach P 12,606. Steep snow couloirs on the south side provided access to the high plateau between Mount Quincy Adams and the final 2000 feet of the north ridge of P 12,606. We climbed the second couloir from the right, unroped, up 45° to 50° snow for 2000 feet. Near its exit to the plateau, the couloir became increasingly difficult and we had several hard leads to finish it.

Ahead there were no more technical difficulties, but the weather again worsened. Lightweight snowshoes helped us through the basin's deep snow to reach the north ridge. After 14 hours of climbing we reached the summit. On the descent we bivouacked at the top of the couloir. The next morning we abseiled several hundred feet to reach the easier snow. During three weeks we had only four marginal climbing days. We are proposing to the authorities the name of "Mount Tlingit" in honor of the native people who first inhabited this magnificent area.

DUSAN JAGERSKY

*Mount Lituya.* After many a rainy night in Juneau, Larry McGee of Channel Flying landed our trio at Cape Fairweather on a glacial lake above the beach. My wife Diana is quite feminine, Jim Nelson young and thin and I overweight and so our pilot was a bit skeptical when we told him to pick us up after three weeks. Five days later we were at the base of the north ridge of Mount Lituya, 6000 feet below the summit, exhausted and sunburned. The next day, July 10, was a rest day with beautiful weather. Friends had told us that if we moved fast we should do the whole ridge and descend in a day. They also told us that snow flukes would be good and ice screws useless, and so, going light, we had three flukes and one screw. We carried everything from the beach in a single push, over 25 miles. After another rest day, forced on us by bad weather, we started up the ridge; candy in our pockets, terrordactyls on our hips and down parkas in two packs. We also had two freeze-dried dinners and a stove, "just in case." My diary says: "Hairy—steep ice, no belays. Jim does a good job step-kicking. Bivy in a whiteout in 'Ice Palace Schrund' near the top of the ridge. Cold! Day 2: Cloudy morning. Lead off on 50° ice. No belays with only one ice screw. Company policy: nobody falls. Many leads to the summit. Off route on the way down and back to the summit. Down the south ridge with double cornices and much exposure. Last pitch on south ridge spectacular over ice mushrooms. Another bivy above the icefall at two A.M. Whiteout. Day 3: Up at 5:45; cloudy. Down icefall and back to camp."

DAVID DAILEY, *Unaffiliated*

*Ice Climbing in Alaska.* There is a growing interest in ice climbing in Alaska. Two areas have been getting most of the attention: Portage glacier and Thunderbird Falls. Terry Becker, Jim Hale, Gary Bocarde, Paul Denkwalter, and Peter Sennhauser have been putting up the majority of the routes. In the Portage glacier area there are numerous frozen waterfalls. The Hand, with its five fingers is the most popular, with climbs ranging from 100 to 350 feet of steep water ice (90° sections). Thunder-