

Hinoura and I made the first ascent of P 10,685 feet, which lies on the northern end of the northwest ridge, west of the Nabesna Glacier.

NOBUYUKI SAKAUE, *Hokkai College Alpine Club, Japan*

*Mount Regal, Northeast Ridge.* A 10-man Japanese expedition led by Yoshihito Nakai flew to the Nabesna Glacier and made the second ascent of Mount Regal (13,845 feet) on August 7, 1975 by a new route, the northeast ridge. All members reached the top.

*Mount Fairweather.* On June 20, John Imbrie, George West and I were landed in Gilbert Inlet of Lituya Bay. We had originally planned to approach Mount Fairweather from Cape Fairweather, but the pilot on duty at Channel Flying in Juneau that morning wasn't certain of the landing spot there. We decided hastily to go with the adequate flying weather at hand rather than wait for Ken Loken: "After all, Desolation Valley is a flat approach, and we won't have to bushwhack from the Beach." And so, fifteen days later, we reached Base Camp beneath the South, or Carpé, Ridge. Desolation Valley had been a big mistake. Running right along the Fairweather Fault, it contains stagnant glaciers which are melting out from underneath, producing wild and grotesque jumbles of séracs, lakes, and other horrors. We sidehill-gouged several of the more difficult sections, doggedly ferrying supplies under gloomy but usually dry skies. Access to the Carpé Ridge was a little dangerous, as we had to climb the right edge of an icefall next to a rocky buttress; large ice blocks fell on the route several times between our passages. The ridge itself was continuous snow and ice at 40° to 45°, broken only by two rock bands. We belayed occasionally on steeper sections of ice, and made high camp at about 9700 feet on a little crest where we enjoyed an enormous panorama of Mounts Salisbury, Lituya, Sabine, and the Pacific Ocean. We made two trips to High Camp, returning from the first in bad weather. Two perfect days coincided happily with our second time up, and so leaving our tent at five A.M. on July 12, we cramponed quickly up long open slopes, which steepened in a few spots to over 55°. We straddled two knife-edges of crumbling ice, then continued, in T-shirts, to the shoulder at 13,800 feet. There deep snow and crevasses slowed us considerably, and we reached the Ice Nose at about five P.M. We front-pointed a gully to its left in two pitches, belaying with tied-off pickets. From there the going was merely tiring up the last 800 feet. Shivering on the summit, we could see Logan and St. Elias, lit by the setting sun; far below us, deep shadows rested between the dramatic peaks of the Fairweather Range. A low layer of cumulus cloud extended far out to sea, shimmering in the sunset like rippled, polished brass. After an exhausting descent by moonlight, we stumbled into High Camp

at eight the following morning with grey storm clouds creeping down the mountain on our heels. We walked out the Fairweather Glacier to the sea, and then down along the magnificent beach to Lituya Bay, where Ken Loken met us on July 25. It was an occasionally frustrating and lonely but deeply satisfying adventure.

DAVID K. COOMBS, *Harvard Mountaineering Club*

*Mount Emmerich, Chilkat Mountains, Alaska Coast Mountains.* One lovely alpine peak stands out in particular from the Chilkat River, only some eight miles from Haines and in plain view of the town. Mount Emmerich (6405 feet), a bastion of granite and hanging glaciers, had apparently never been climbed. Craig Zaspell, Jack Tackle and I found a spot of good weather in early August, and with the kind assistance of Paul Swift of Haines, we arranged a boatrike across the muddy river and obtained directions on the Kicking Horse River approach. An airdrop of 23 small bundles by Layton Bennett proved exciting and successful, the drop being made in tight circles from a Helio Courier on a small unnamed glacier at 4000 feet. The hike in was done in a hard day, with one quite dangerous log crossing, and a long brush and gully ascent (including one impromptu F7 pitch at a gully wall). We did not reach the airdrop the first night, but found a scrub hemlock hiding spot, then located all the bundles the next day—in the fog. Our efforts on the first objective, the spectacular northeast buttress, all ended in frustration: poor weather and friable rock. After three sorties on the buttress we pulled our gear off and then waited out days of poor weather. Finally we decided that time had run out, even for a climb by what seemed the easiest route. We packed a camp across a ridge for a new descent route. Swift and friends appeared out of a cloud and dropped additional food. As an omen, the weather suddenly cleared, and so we climbed the long crevassed glacier to a col south of Emmerich. Here we discovered a possible route. Luck was with us on August 14, absolutely our last day (food and time limits). From our previous high point on the glacier, we found that the best way to reach the crumbly southwest ridge was to do an aid pitch off the ice on solid granite. Later we did the cakewalk along the ridge, always finding a possible route, but one that was scary and perhaps too dangerous to recommend. Most of this was belayed climbing, but occasionally we used some chocks and pitons for safety. Various ridge-climbing antics finally placed us on the summit at about seven P.M. Here we built a cairn and admired the vista of such peaks as Crillon and Fairweather, as well as the Coast Mountains in the opposite direction. Fishing boats could be seen clearly in Lynn Canal.

FRED BECKEY