the northwest face of McHenry's. We entered the seldom-visited valley at sunrise. The 1200-foot northwest face of McHenry's, directly above, looked almost as good as Bill had said. The face is broken up into five rather distinct parts. First a rock band contained the crux rock climbing (F8) on very loose rock; then a low-angled icefield led into a dead-end ice gully. We exited from the gully by climbing the airy overhang directly above. A little more easy rock climbing put us on the névé above the second rock band. Several hundred feet of easy mixed climbing just to the left of the vertical rock took us to the summit.

PETER METCALF

CANADA

Yukon Territory

Mount Logan, South-Southwest Ridge. After four unsuccessful attempts, the south-southwest ridge of Mount Logan was climbed in June by Alan Burgess, Jim Elzinga, John Laughlan and me. After fifteen miserable, wet days at Kluane Lake, we were finally flown by fixed-wing plane and chopper to the large south cirque of Logan, between our buttress on the left and the Hummingbird Ridge. Base Camp was set up at 9000 feet where we acclimatized for two days and placed bets on the timing of the next avalanche. We climbed the initial 2500-foot couloir during the short arctic night to dodge the rockfall. A camp was established on a 55° ice slope at the head of the gully just short of the first major difficulties. A rock band gave some interesting problems up to F8 and led on to a Peruvian-type ridge with mushrooms, bottomless snow, poor belays and a lot of swearing and cussing. The climbing was never extreme but the going was slow and tedious. Finally at 14,000 feet we stumbled across the previous stopper on the route. First Al Burgess and I shoveled a way up a nearly vertical trough of powdery fluff, then John Laughlan led, fell, and led again through a rotten band of rock (F8+), the site of last year's accident which had left Jim Elzinga with a slight dent in his head. We waited for two hours while Al traversed 30 feet of vertical, bottomless snow with 2000 feet of gravity pulling down on him. The weather turned awful while we struggled up the easy but horrendously dangerous snow-and-ice slope below the crux rock band. Camp VI was perched at the head of the big snow slope, two platforms having been hacked out of the ice on a small rib running down from the rocks. Two nights later, still waiting for decent weather, all hell broke loose; a small slide came down from the rocks, ripped through one tent, burying Al and throwing me down the face for a small, unwanted ride. Two
hours later, with the tent mended, scared silly and braced against the wall, we couldn’t decide whether there was more snow inside or outside the tent. The weather allowed us to pack up. Jim broke trail again with his usual burst of energy. John led into the thick of the rock band while Al and I retrieved the ropes and ferried the packs. Although the temperature had sunk to unbearable levels, we hacked out a ledge to sit down, but it was too cold to stay. Al led off through mixed ground. His crampons broke and the rock leaned back. Toes got numb; the body weakened. A crevasse at 17,000 feet became home. One day more, but a long one. We all left the summit ridge to walk up a wind-protected snow slope. At 18,000 feet Al and I struck straight up the col. John and Jim went right along the summit plateau. Nobody really knew where the summit was. At eleven P.M. on June 30 after 15 days, Al and I reached the summit during a spectacular and fitting sunset. John and Jim went on to the top the next day. We all descended the normal route on skis and were even able to make an epic of that. Mount Logan never gives up.

RAYMOND JOTTERAND, Alpine Club of Canada

Mount Logan, First Ascent of Northwest Ridge. On May 28 Paul Kindree, John Howe, Reid Carter, John Wittmayer and I were flown to the westernmost cirque of the upper Logan Glacier. With 30 days’ food, climbing gear and 3000 feet of rope, we were left at 8500 feet at the base of the unclimbed northwest ridge. (This should not be confused with the erroneously named “northwest ridge,” a spur on the north face reported in A.A.J., 1975, p. 140 by Kurt Schuttenberg.) We gained the ridge by a steeply crested ice spur and our third camp was placed at 12,200 feet, where the spur and the ridge proper join. The next section was the crux, a 2000-foot traverse blocked by a steep ice gendarme, the “Cockscomb,” and then by a narrow serrated ridge, the “Cakewalk,” which led onto a broad shoulder. This marked the site of Camp IV, at 12,400 feet and the end of continuous technical climbing. The ridge rose 2500 feet straightforwardly in a mile, occasionally barred by ice towers which we turned on the lee. An icefall flowing off the summit plateau obstructed the top of the ridge, but it proved very stable and we threaded an easy route through onto the plateau. On June 15 we had all our gear on the plateau after 18 days. After four more days of impeccable weather and eleven miles later, we stood on the roof of Canada. We were treated to a party at the congenial AINA camp before descending the King Trench in two days.

MICHAEL DOWN, Alpine Club of Canada

Mount Logan, Catenary Ridge. Frank Sarnquist, Al Bergland, Steve Ericson and I had chosen to repeat the popular east ridge of Mount