

longer climbable. (See photos.) The entire northeast ridge could be climbed but it would take a long time.

REINHARD PÖLTNER, *Österreichischer Alpenverein*

*Allpamayo, Kitaraju.* Our expedition was composed of Wally Barker, Rick Hanners and me. From Base Camp at the confluence of the Quebradas Arweiqocha and Santa Cruz, on July 20 Barker and I unsuccessfully attempted Kurikashjana. On July 29 he and I bivouacked on the west col between Allpamayo and Kitaraju and woke at two A.M. under a full moon. The snow at the base of the southwest face of Allpamayo was deep and it was work to get to the bergschrund. Instead of crossing the schrund and proceeding up the Italian route as we had intended, we were disoriented and ended up too far right. We crossed several flutes and continued right until we came to a main channel in midface in which we climbed directly to the summit ridge on superb conditions. We bivouacked on the summit and descended the north ridge. After a resupply in Huaraz, we had six days of bad weather. Peter Millar and Jim O'Neill established themselves at our camp. They left for the west col of Allpamayo on July 15. I followed them the next day. The weather broke and together we made an enjoyable climb of the north face of Kitaraju. Two days later Millar and O'Neill climbed the southwest face of Allpamayo behind two Frenchmen. I watched as the accident occurred. (See below.)

STEVE CONNOLLY, *Dead Boys Mountaineering and Ammo Club*

*Kitaraju, Allpamayo, Southwest Face and Tragedy.* Peter Millar and I made Base Camp at the junction of the Quebradas Arweiqocha and Santa Cruz. After several days, we camped in the Allpamayo-Kitaraju col. On July 18 we enjoyed a climb on the north face of Kitaraju with Steve Connolly. After a day's rest, Millar and I bivouacked at the base of the southwest face of Allpamayo. A cold night kept us in our bivouac sacks longer than expected, allowing two French climbers, Serge Beriol and Bernard Lay, to beat us onto the route. We gave them a bit of a head start before starting up the face 100 meters behind them. A bend in the flute we were climbing prevented our seeing exactly what happened and probably saved our lives. One of the massive ice towers below the summit collapsed either under its own or the lead French climber's weight. All we heard was a roar and seconds later the flute was filled with blocks of ice. The face is so steep near the top that the ice avalanche passed over us as we hugged the face and tried to make ourselves as small as possible. After the slide stopped and the debris cleared, I looked up to find one of the French climbers hanging upside down ten meters from me. He must have been killed instantly. As his rope was still taut and