

25,000 feet in deep snow, skied and filmed the descent. Later the same pair and I ascended to 23,000 feet and again were driven down by storms. We were also accompanied by the American movie-photographer Howard Ingle.

FREDERIC LABAEYE, *Club Alpin Français*

*Mitre Peak.* My wife Marie Jeanne Ghirardini, liaison officer Noveed Rahman and I started on our approach march on April 28 and got to Base Camp on May 26 after two weeks of acclimatization at Hotto and Rdokas. I left Base Camp on May 30 to bivouac alone on the Baltoro Glacier at the foot of the west face of Mitre Peak. On May 31 I climbed the couloir which leads to the crescent ridge and on June 1 ascended the ridge to bivouac 200 feet from the top. I went to the top on June 2 and started the descent, returning on June 4 to Base Camp. I made this solo ascent in bad weather and snow fell on June 1, 2 and 3. The rock was very bad and there was great danger from avalanches and cornices. The ice and snow were 65°. (UIAA V+).

IVAN GHIRARDINI, *Club Alpin Français*

*Chogolisa Attempt.* Our Chogolisa crew met with an accident on July 18. We were descending the ice face of the 1975 Austrian route on the south face of the southwest summit in bad weather after reaching 6850 meters (22,474 feet). The night before we had a nasty bivouac at 22,000 feet, hanging off ice screws on a 55° slope and unable to light our MSR stoves. On July 18 we reached the top of the ice face on the left (wrong) side only to find a knife-edged ridge and an approaching storm. We had chosen the left side because of windslab-avalanche danger on the right. The three of us had descended to 21,800 feet by 4:30 P.M. The snow was softer here and we hoped to build a terrace for the night and light our stoves. Without warning, Canadian John Wittmayer was avalanched off, dragging our leader, Howard Weaver, with him. I was unroped at the moment, standing next to Howard when he went. They fell the length of the ice face and over a large schrund at the bottom, rolling to a stop at 19,000 feet. I climbed down alone, reaching them at six P.M. John was the worst off with a dislocated knee, cracked ribs and sprained fingers. Howard had wrenched both knees and had a severe concussion. Both were badly bruised; their faces blackened from frostbite sustained by lying on the ice. But both had, miraculously, survived their 2700-foot fall. The avalanche which carried them down also buried most of our gear, including our stoves for which I searched much of the night. Fortunately I had the tent and medical kit with me and could give them shelter and first aid. The next morning I climbed down to a Japanese tent for help. A large Japanese party was fixing its way up the southwest