

Lucania, Southeast Ridge. Greg White, Chip Brejc, Pat Patersen, Jeff Patheal, Jay Pistono and I made the first ascent of the Aurora (southeast) ridge of Lucania. Andy Williams flew us all in the same day. The last group flew through the clouds to land at 9000 feet on an arm of the Dennis Glacier. Six miles northwest of us and with a 1000-foot drop in altitude began the ridge. It rose out of an icefall on the Dennis Glacier for 8000 feet to Lucania's northeastern-most summit at 16,000 feet. From there the ridge does a rising traverse $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the true summit at 17,147 feet (5226 meters). Without skis to distribute our weight, crossing the Dennis Glacier would have been a real problem. The glacier was littered with crevasses. From the base of the icefall we gained the ridge via a wide, 500-foot couloir. Its angle steepened near the top and we fixed 300 feet of rope to protect load carrying. This couloir tops out onto a half-mile-wide by one-mile-long, low-angle plateau which ascends gradually to 10,500 feet. It was here we made Camp I. Eighteen days of food and fuel per person were ferried up while the others took turns fixing ropes above. Aurora Ridge is divided into three sections. On the right side of the lower third we fixed another 1500 feet of rope on 50° snow slopes with some short sections of 60° ice. The key to the whole ridge was at about 12,500 feet. Whitey climbed straight up to a 25-foot cornice which seemed to bar the way, but the cornice had broken off, leaving a small tunnel through to the sunny side of the ridge large enough to crawl through and drag packs behind. The "Window of Light" was the key. Camp II was 300 vertical feet above the window. The middle section was a descent and traverse to where the ridge rises again. The last third rises 2500 feet to the first summit. Where the ridge rose, it was a scary and exposed 800 feet into our next camp. Two things kept us from making another camp. For one thing, fairly clear weather would be followed by two or three days of snow and wind. The other problem was that just above the window Pat had lost his pack down the 3000 feet to the glacier below. After two more days of inclement weather at five A.M. on May 16, the six of us stomped out of camp at 14,500 feet in bitter cold. We climbed endlessly over the first summit. Then we ascended above the clouds, traversing the middle summit. The magic of the summit day began to flow again. We got to the top together around one P.M. We felt the 2700-foot rise and the $3\frac{1}{2}$ -mile traverse above 16,000 feet. The climb up had taken us 16 days. After an hour or so we began to plod back to the ridge and down to camp. The next day was also fantastic weather and since our food was essentially out, we descended to our 10,500-foot camp, totally dehydrated. We removed all our fixed ropes the next day. No gear was left on the mountain. Our ski out followed the Dennis Glacier to the Walsh Glacier, where Andy Williams picked us up on May 23. We took particular care to jettison on our waste in paper grocery bags in crevasses, leaving everything clean.

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Mount Blackadar, St. Elias Mountains, 1983. On August 18, 1983 Bob Blackadar, Jim Brock, Michael Dixon and we two made the first ascent of