

*Pyramid Peak, Saint Elias Mountains.* On September 11, Dan Doak and I flew to 4200 feet 2½ miles south of Pyramid Peak, which lies 22 miles southeast of McCarthy, hoping to finish making the first ascent that Dan, Jesper Krogholt from Denmark and I had attempted two weeks earlier. Then, we had hiked in from the Dan Creek airstrip eight miles northwest of the peak, ascending the Dan Creek drainages to look at possible routes on its north and west sides. Seeing no feasible routes there, we attempted it by a glacier which flows off the mountain to the south from a basin between the east and west summits. We climbed the icefall to reach the basin and opted to try the higher eastern summit (8910 feet). We ascended a 45°, 400-foot ice couloir at the upper end of the basin to reach the north ridge. I led one pitch on the ridge to 8500 feet. Due to approaching bad weather and lack of time, we descended. So Dan and I had returned to finish the climb. Now we were looking at a different mountain with two feet of new snow. We camped at 6100 feet a few hundred yards from the south face. On September 12, we established a route through the icefall to 7700 feet. On the 13th, we hoped to return through the icefall, but it snowed and was foggy. On the 14th, after reaching the basin at 7900 feet, we decided to go straight up the west face to the east summit. It was a 50° snow-and-ice climb to within 300 feet of the top. Then we traversed to the right under the huge sérac which hung off the north side of the summit over shaky snow bridges and up the final steep ridge. Beautiful, surrealistic rime covered the rock and even the séracs. The 8875-foot west peak looked ominous with the top 150 feet resembling the summit mushroom of Cerro Torre. We didn't enjoy the view for long and our descent through the icefall in fog was interesting.

DANNY W. KOST, *Unaffiliated*

*Mount Wade.* In July Bruce Tickell and I climbed Mount Wade (Boundary Peak 173; 2426 meters, 7960 feet), which is 50 miles east of Yakutat, overlooking Nunatak Fjord. We ascended the East Nunatak Glacier from the beach and left the glacier five miles from the fjord to climb easy slopes to a camp at 4000 feet. From there we ascended snow and loose rock to a narrow ridge 1.5 miles south of the main summit. We then traversed the ridge on rock and snow, skirting obstacles whenever possible. After a mile we could descend onto the high cirque glacier which took us to the east ridge of the summit block. We waited two hours for better light and reached the summit with the sunrise of July 16 to enjoy unrivaled views of the St. Elias and Fairweather ranges. The ascent from the 4000-foot camp took 14 hours and the return only six hours.

GERALD BUCKLEY, *Unaffiliated*

*Fairweather, Southeast Buttress, 1986.* On June 27, 1986, Tad Pfeffer, Linda Sugiyama and I were flown by Mike Ivers to a camp on the upper Fairweather Glacier at 6000 feet. We benefited from the new rules under which

PLATE 30

*Photo by Bradford Washburn*

**FAIRWEATHER's Southeast  
Buttress ascends from directly in  
front of the summit.**



airplane landings appear to be permitted in most areas of Glacier Bay National Park. The east ridge of P 13,820, the south false summit of Fairweather, descends to 11,500 feet where it is abruptly truncated by cliffs to form a giant buttress. These cliffs drop 3000 feet to the glacier which tumbles from the massive high cirque between Fairweather and Quincy Adams. Our route went up a long couloir onto a hanging glacier on the right side of the south face of the buttress to the low point of the east ridge. It then followed the east ridge to P 13,820, where we joined the Carapé ridge route to the summit. The initial 1500 feet and to a lesser extent the rest of the route up the east ridge lay under hanging glaciers high on the face, but we observed little falling ice. The azure skies we had on our arrival soon disappeared and Linda and I waited a week before starting from camp at 1:30 A.M. on July 4, leaving behind Tad, who decided not to climb. An hour-and-a-half's walk brought us to the base of the face at 6000 feet. A short 60° ice slope and a labyrinth of schrunds and avalanche debris led to a right-trending snow slope, which we followed to the long snow-and-ice couloir. The 45° couloir was cut by a 200-foot rock band, much of which was streaming with water. The couloir, sometimes with only a foot or two of slush and thin ice over rock, continued up to a curving snow arête which formed the right edge of the south face. The danger of a wet snow avalanche was great. We waded through steep snow over ice up and left to the upper part of the prominent hanging glacier in the middle of the face, which gave us six pitches of 45° ice before a snow ramp led right to the sérac-guarded nose of the buttress. After a false start, we found a moderate ramp system which snaked onto the broad ridge crest at 11,500 feet, where we collapsed for the night at 10:30 P.M. Not until two P.M. the next day did we start up the steep part of the east ridge at 12,500 feet. This was an elegant uncorniced 40° knife-edge. We often had our left feet on slush on the south side and our right feet in powdery windslab on the north. At 13,300 feet the ridge broadened to moderate snow slopes which we followed to the top of P 13,820 to camp in the rays of a late Alaskan sunset. On the third day, July 6, 1986, we followed the Carapé ridge to the summit, skirting the ice nose on the right in crampon-balling snow. Lenticular clouds on the peaks far below and high clouds signaled a weather change and we got back to camp as it began to snow. By nine A.M. a snowy whiteout roused us to an uneasy compass-and-altimeter descent of the Carapé ridge, spiced with plunges into unseen schrunds, near-plunges into giant unseen crevasses, ice and then man-eating slush. To punctuate the day, a large wet-snow avalanche wiped out our tracks ten minutes after we reached the rock ridge at 8000 feet, where we bivouacked on a cornice. After a humid but happy night in continuing sleet and fog, we woke to sunshine, descended the remaining 3000 feet of ridge and marched the four miles back to camp. Continued soft-snow conditions and another storm prevented us from serious climbing until Mike Ivers flew us out on July 15.

CHRIS BRETHERTON, *Unaffiliated*