

clouds were rolling up the Anderson glacier and obscured our views of Mounts Lucania, Steele, Wood, Slaggard and others to the east. Finally, I had made the first ascent of Mount Anderson on my fourth attempt. It's technically not that hard of a climb, but things always seemed to happen. Thanks, Ruedi and Steffi.

DANNY KOST

*Peak 9265, (Possible) First Ascent.* Peak 9265 sits just northeast of the intersection of the Anderson and Chitina glaciers, and only two miles from the Canadian border. On August 8, Gary Green of McCarthy Air flew me into a lake located at the confluence of the Chitina and Logan Glaciers. As the sound of the Super Cub faded, a strange noise on the hillside above me caught my attention. It took a minute for me to realize that the commotion was a grizzly growling and snapping its jaws at me from the brush. Luckily, I soon heard rocks rolling higher up the moraine and watched as the three cubs and one sow disappeared over the top. I headed on my way up the Chitina Glacier and made camp on the small stretch of clear ice an hour or so from the base of Peak 9265.

The next day I continued around the base of Peak 9265 and set up a camp at around 5,000 feet on its southern flanks. The following day had intermittent showers and clouds, so I waited for better weather. On August 11, I went up the rocky gullies and ravines to the ridge crest at around 7,800 feet. A number of mountain goats in the ravines were surprised by my presence. I followed the ridge to around 8,800 feet, where I went up a snow gully to crest the ridge again. From there to the summit, which I reached by early afternoon, was a short walk. I had planned to continue along the ridge to the east, but there appeared to be some rock gendarmes that I would be unable to pass alone, so I enjoyed the views of the surrounding peaks, Logan, St. Elias, Bona, Craig, Wood, Bear, Tittmann, and many others. I then descended to camp, and the following day returned all the way back to the lake for my pickup on the morning of August 13. The hike out became an epic after it began to rain heavily in the early afternoon. I believe this was the first ascent of the peak.

DANNY KOST

*Mount Miller, First Ascent.* In January, I noticed in *Climbing* magazine that a group had been awarded a Mugs Stump Grant to attempt the first ascent of 11,150-foot Mount Miller in the Wrangell/Saint Elias Range of Alaska. Ostensibly, Mount Miller was the highest unclimbed peak in the range. While this might normally cause only passing interest, it caused Paul Claus and me real agitation. This was our home turf and, while the grantees had certain rights as a result of the award, Paul had already invested considerable time, money and sweat trying to climb Miller.

It is not that Miller is such a terribly difficult peak. What makes it special is its isolation from other mountains. Standing alone along the southern edge of the Bagley Icefield, its 7,000 feet of relief is exaggerated by its isolation. Just 20 miles from the Gulf of Alaska and frequently hammered by storms, Mount Miller's capricious weather had turned back all comers.

On Paul's first attempt, in 1992, he and Doug Rossillon were forced to abandon a camp and over 3,000 dollars' worth of gear in a wind storm at 8,500 feet on the west ridge. The wind continued unabated for 10 days, blowing snow away to bare ice. During the storm, Paul's father, John, had been flying daily to a midpoint on the Bagley Icefield trying to pick up the boys only to be turned around by severe turbulence. On the tenth day, John was able to land during a brief lull and grabbed Paul and Doug off the mountain. In 1994, Paul and I tried Miller again.