

Soon the climbing became more difficult than we knew it should be. Others had made the same mistake, so we used bail slings already in place to rap down and left to the correct line.

We maintained our wayward tendencies as we ascended, getting lost no less than four times before knowing for sure we were on route at the unmistakable Guano Chimney. Having wormed up the chimney, and sporting a fresh coat of guano, we wandered up the slabs of the first ledge, scrambled to the second ledge and got off route yet again when Hans led a striking but tricky pitch of climbing to get off the end of the second ledge. Back on route for the Pendulum Pitch, I led across surprisingly dry rock, stepping around just a couple patches of ice. Hans led the final section, topping out in the soft, burnished yellow of evening sun. We summited the Grand at 7:15 p.m., exactly 12 hours from when we had summited Teewinot.

Moving over all-too familiar terrain on the descent, we made it to the developed trail near the Platforms before having to turn on our headlamps, and back to our car by 10 p.m.

MARK NEWCOMB

*Mt. Moran, Northeast Ridge, First Descent.* On May 14, I completed the first descent of Mount Moran's classic northeast ridge, solo and on a snowboard. Hans Johnstone, Rob Haggart and I attempted the route in February but were forced to retreat due to inclement weather and poor visibility. This ridge is the sight of the November 21, 1950 plane crash, and the route was one of the last of the unskied/unsnowboarded classics left in the Tetons, with over 6,000 vertical feet of elevation gain. I skied across Jackson Lake, then skinned halfway up the ridge on 130-cm skis. After the snow became too steep, I abandoned the skis and post-holed up the rest of the ridge to the top of the face. It was a treat to bask in the sun's warmth, overlooking Idaho! I was traveling very light and took only ski poles, leaving crampons and axes at home. The snow had softened during the day slightly and now, at 3 p.m., the sun had left the face, leaving firm snow. I took the basket off one of my poles and had it ready to use for self-arrest if necessary. On the descent I encountered variable snow, from powder to firm sun-baked snow to breakable crust and back to powder again. It was an incredibly enjoyable descent, looking down the ridge with Jackson Lake looming below. I completed the climb and descent in 14 hours car-to-car.

STEPHEN KOCH, *unaffiliated*

#### WIND RIVER RANGE

*Mt. Sacagawea, Northwest Face.* On September 3, after humping into Titcomb Basin with enough gear for 15 days in the wilderness, my brother Jamie and I established a first ascent on the northwest face of Mt. Sacagawea. The incredible *Dixie Chickens* (5.9R, ten pitches) begins 200 meters to the north of the classic South Summit/West Face rib route pioneered by Fred Beckey in 1969. This shadowed 1,500-foot route is everything you want in an alpine tour: classic hand-jamming and finger-locking, runouts, loose rocks, no crowds and over a two-day walk back to safety. The route is named after Arkansas' desperate quest to have more chickens within its political boundaries than people on the planet.

WILLIAM McREE ANDERSON, IV

*Ambush Peak, East Face, and Other Ascents.* The Wind River Mountains of Wyoming harbor many unclimbed walls and much beautiful scenery. On August 28, Chuck Calef and I