



*Lorne Glick on the Mira Face above Mt. Hayden.* JAMES BRACKEN

snow and ice to the long, broad west ridge, which leads to the 18,008-foot summit. We summited, exhausted and with wooden toes. Concerned about our feet, our stay was brief and we anxiously clipped on the boards.

From the summit, bulletproof sastrugi on the ridge required pumpy, gorilla-stance survival turns. Drained from the altitude, I had doubts about skiing the Mira Face with its icy, 55-degree entrance, huge exposure and tight choke through a cliff band halfway down. But after a few hundred feet of intense turns, the snow sweetened to a soft sun crust, the angle relaxed, and we carved turns, grinning in the evening sun, all the way home.

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*Mt. St. Elias, Homberger Route, Ascent.* In April, my friend Bean Bowers and I climbed the Southeast Face (Homberger Route) on Mt. St. Elias in a three-day dash, with one day pinned down by storm at 13,500 feet. We were in Alaska for about a week from Anchorage to Anchorage. We first tried the direct (and unclimbed) north spur, reaching 10,500 feet, but the snow was deep and funky. The day after we turned back, the whole route got an earthquake-triggered, ass-whooping avalanche down it! I guess my luck is still holding out.

Our summit day was a 5,000-foot climb to the top. We then descended all the way back to base, with the last 5,000 feet being ankle-deep powder skiing, arriving by early afternoon. All told, we avoided the notorious weather that "Saint Deny-us" is known for.

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