

speedy ascent of the West Buttress. At 02:15hrs on June 17, Kellogg left base camp, climbed the West Buttress in 14 hours and 22 minutes, and was back in base camp at 23:55. Kellogg had climbed to the summit twice the previous week (once via the Upper West Rib) in order to acclimatize.

Elsewhere in the park new routes were climbed, notably on the east face of The Citadel in the Kichatna Spires and on the Father and Sons Wall. Mt. Hunter was descended on skis. Clean Mountain Cans (CMCs) were used successfully again at the 17,200' high camp on the West Buttress, which made a huge difference in keeping the camp free of human-waste impact.

We were again privileged to operate under the medical direction Drs. Jen Dow and Peter Hackett, with many capable medical volunteers who made a difference for a lot of climbers. A crew from National Geographic "Ultimate Explorer" filmed the South District ranger operations, spending three months filming on Denali and throughout Talkeetna. The two-hour film aired on MSNBC in early November. For our cooperation in making the film, the Park will receive digital footage for an informational film to be used at the Park's main visitor center.

We are proud of two postseason awards. The partnership between Denali's mountaineering rangers and the mountaineering Volunteers-In-Parks (VIPs) was honored in Washington, D.C. at the annual "Take Pride in America" awards ceremony. Secretary of the Interior Gale Norton presented the award to Dahr Jamail, representing the Denali volunteers, and mountaineering ranger Meg Perdue. "These winners represent the epitome of good citizenship," said Secretary Norton. The National Outdoor Leadership School (NOLS) honored Roger Robinson, Denali Mountaineering Ranger, for his dedication to wilderness education and innovative land management. Roger was presented the distinguished Stewardship Award at the 14th annual NOLS awards ceremony on October 11, in Lander, Wyoming. Congratulations! More information can be found at: [www.nps.gov/dena/home/mountaineering/index.htm](http://www.nps.gov/dena/home/mountaineering/index.htm).

DENALI NATIONAL PARK/TALKEETNA RANGER STATION

*Mt. McKinley from Seattle.* Erden Eruç bicycled from Seattle to Talkeetna, then walked, with friends, 67 miles into the Southeast Fork Kahiltna Glacier base camp, and climbed the West Buttress to the summit with two others. Due to time constraints (Eruç's wedding), he flew out to Talkeetna before pedaling home—a roundtrip distance of 5,546 miles. He plans to return to complete the Kahiltna-Talkeetna portion on foot, as part of his human-powered Six Summits Project. This will take Erden to the highest summits on five other continents à la Göran Kropp. For more on the tribute to Göran, and Erden's non-profit for education and inspiration, see: [www.around-n-over.org](http://www.around-n-over.org).

*Mt. McKinley's northwest face, Father and Sons Wall, The Great White Fright.* Having barely survived the crux of any Alaskan trip, we dragged ourselves from the acrid atmosphere of the Fairview and flew to Kahiltna base camp. Exchanging hangover for altitude, we caught our first glimpse of the Father and Sons Wall while acclimatizing. After 10 days of bad weather, with plenty more forecast, we were looking for a short sharp hit.

With a predicted weather window of 24 hours or so, it would have to be light, fast, and sexy. Packing two duvets, a bivi sac, a stove, six tortillas, and 20 chocolate bars, we set off from 11,000' on the West Buttress. Five hours later we had descended and crossed to the base of the 6,500' Father and Sons Wall. Ours was to be a great-looking line of unclimbed ice runnels linking three rock bands, but first we had to dash a few hundred feet up the enclosed gully that splits the

vast walls of the Father and Sons to the left and the Washburn to the right. For those few minutes we would be at the mercy of the “Howitzer.” This huge serac wall, teetering 6,000 feet above, had been silent; indeed there seemed little evidence of recent shelling. I was in front and looked up as I heard a distant rumble.

“Oh my God!” An almighty plume had already gathered, as chunks of serac ricocheted down the gully. Subsidiary plumes and missiles were firing out of the vast white chaos as it gathered speed and volume. We were in Hollywood, part of an impressive and quite realistic special-effects and stunt sequence. It was like that bit in the movie, *K2*.

I ran to the side with adrenalin-fueled speed, but there was nowhere to run, kid, nowhere to hide. I thrashed at the rock wall looking for a crack and hammered my axe in as far as possible. A quick glance down and Paul had run to the side and was scaling a vertical ice smear protected by a small rock rib, but he was in the narrows.

A glance up and “Oh boy, it’s a biggun.” The avalanche filled the gully, the surging mass reaching maybe a hundred meters up the flanks. I braced; this was it.

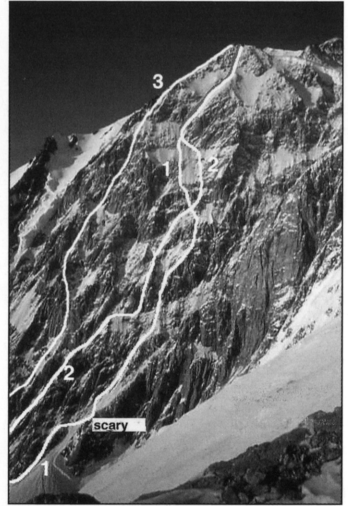
It seemed to take forever to arrive; I suppose 6,000 feet is a long way to come down. A rush of wind hit us before the real onslaught. And then a myriad of internal vortices, velocities, and vacuums pulled us and sucked the air from our lungs as we were pummeled and sandblasted. But no big hits. It lasted an age, and even once it had passed, a fine tail of powder whipped around us for some time.

Looking down, I saw a crusted snowman starting to make his way up the slope toward me. There was never any doubt about continuing, as neither of us fancied descending the gully and crossing the debris in the basin below. The quickest way out was up. Besides, we had barely swung an ice tool yet.

The remaining 6,000 feet went in a blur of squeaky ice runnels, tricky mixed pitches, the odd slush-puppy icefall, and finally a calf-wrenching treadmill of blue ice.

With only a couple of brief rests, we reached the top of the face not a moment too soon. Terribly aware of our exhausted state, we were not keen on being caught by weather, which was quickly deteriorating. Sleep deprivation and fatigue had been haunting us, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to shrug off the hallucinations, head spins, and general apathy. So the last thing we needed was ferocious heat and knee-deep breakable crust, but there you go.

Eventually we reached the West Buttress, and after a straightforward descent back to our tent, we finished our journey after about 50 hours of almost continuous climbing and 62 without sleep. We graded the route alpine ED, for whatever that’s worth. [Editor’s note: None of the Father and Sons Wall routes have continued to the summit of Mt. McKinley.]



The Father and Sons Wall on the north-west face of Mt. McKinley, showing: (1) The Great White Fright, 2003 (2) First Born (Helmuth-House, 1995), (3) Extraterrestrial Brothers (Cool-Parnell, 2001). For perspective on the wall’s location, see Brad Washburn’s photo in *AAJ* 1997, p. 46. Paul Ramsden