

lenging as the first two days. Constant ridge climbing, tricky routefinding, and a bit of gardening on the Vasiliki Ridge led us to the final summit and the end of a long traverse: 26 summits, 28 rappels, 4 miles and 34 hours of climbing, up to 5.9+. We stuck to the ridgeline the whole way, in the process establishing new lines on several of the peaks, including the Direct East Ridge of Silver Star and new routes on Pernod, Chianti, Burgundy, and the Vasiliki Spires.

We called it the Washington Pass Traverse because the ridge is one of the most prominent lines you see in the Washington Pass area as you come up over the crest of the North Cascade Highway. This long and uninviting ridge screamed at us to climb it every time we descended to the Methow Valley. Now we can look up and rest, knowing that we finally did it. Vote for Pedro.

Note: the original trip report with photos can be found at www.cascadeclimbers.com

MIKE LAYTON, AAC

Northern Pickets Traverse. No matter how content with success a climber gets atop the heights, the compulsion to gaze from one summit to the next goal is irresistible. In 2003 we had just completed my dream traverse over all 14 summits of the indescribable southern Picket Range. Even before the high fives met atop the final summit, my eyes were working out the intricate ridge of incredible summits to the north.

Cascadeclimbers.com introduced me to a character named Josh Kaplan. I could see he had the spirit for the project, based upon his discourse on the site. We planned it over the phone, eventually meeting the day of departure for our first go in 2004. But a whiteout, fog, and rain forced our retreat from the Phantom-Ghost col. I didn't think I would be back for another attempt.

The next July we made our way up Access Creek to our second bivy, at the start of the ridge itself. The view from Luna Col is one the most incredible I have seen. But the weather totally sucked again, and we had only one small fuel canister left for the traverse.

After the east summit of Fury in a whiteout, the commitment zone lay ahead. From here on, climbing would be difficult and treacherous, the descents scarce. After climbing the Furies we started a staggering series of rappels. Severe, difficult leads took us across the ridge, until we rappled into a glacier col after West Fury. We camped on the snow in a wind hollow.

On day four we rejoiced at the clear skies and raced over the remaining small peaks and ridge mazes, reaching the Spectre Plateau and finding the easy way up Swiss Peak. Phantom Peak provided some off-route fun as we went over the "Cub Scout Salute" and back. As high clouds crept in, I said, "All we need for tomorrow is six good hours to finish the climb." We were to get four.

Across Ghost Peak we zoomed together on day five, in a smooth simul. The amazing knife-edge arête of Challenger turned desperately steep and slippery, as rain began to fall. The winds picked up, and the rain briefly turned to ice pellets. Handholds were the only things keeping us up there. With all we had put into it, we simply weren't going to bail. It was as if the great range was making sure we were worthy. We came over the end with not a bang, but a whimper. I could not talk or think. I saw the same look in my partner; we had survived this time. We had pushed our lives into a zone we may deserve to be criticized for. There would be no time for celebrating; we were two days from being dry or warm. Tough-guy Josh had no rain gear, relying on a down jacket. A miserable and long night was in store, but as we reached

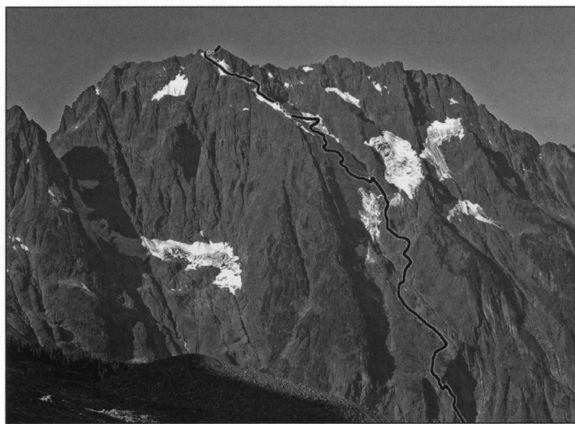
the valley below, the warmer air brought relief. We began celebrating the biggest thing we could have imagined.

We enjoyed our caches and early departure after six life-changing days. It was truly the greatest of times. We had gone 60+ miles, 10 of them on an alpine crest. We had crossed nine of the most remote peaks out there (VI 5.7 (old school): Luna, East Fury, West Fury, Swiss, Spectre, Phantom, Crooked Thumb, Ghost, and Challenger (and Whatcom on our previous attempt)). The mighty Pickets had been crossed.

With a heavy heart we share this jewel of a wilderness with the masses. May it be our supreme wish that all the wild lands be kept as pure as they can be.

WAYNE WALLACE

Johannesburg Mountain, The CK Route. On August 27, we climbed a new direct line on the 4,600' north face. In 2002 we had retreated after underestimating steep, unprotectable rock sections. The route begins in a vertical cleft with a waterfall, midway between the 1985 Desvoigne-Kloke and the northeast buttress routes. We climbed six pitches of rock, from 4th class to 5.9, to a steep, overhanging, blank wall. After an hour of scouting we skirted under this to the left to gain a ramp from which Jens led a long, overhanging, stemming pitch (5.10b) in a chimney next to a prominent eyebrow overhang, to gain easy slabs below two large ice cliffs. Above the slabs, we soloed three pitches of exposed, unprotectable rock, to 5.7, between two cascading waterfalls, to gain the amphitheater rim below the right-hand ice cliff. Shortly after we were out of the way, a large portion of the right-hand ice cliff calved and scoured the pitches we'd just soloed. After 4th class scrambling along the rim of the amphitheater, we belayed one final rock pitch along a horizontal seam and then downclimbed, to gain the glacier above a seemingly impassable crevasse. Ascending to the head of the unclimbed glacier was technical, requiring many hours of complex navigation while weaving back and forth and



The CK Route on Johannesburg Mountain's north face, shot from across-valley in upper Boston Basin. More than 10 other routes ascend this face. *Loren Campbell*



Loren Campbell climbing glacier ice on The CK Route. *Jens Klubberud*