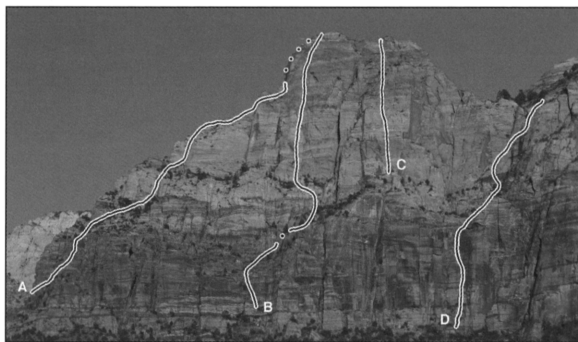


*Sub Peak or Confluence Peak, Satan's Waitin'.* On October 26 Zach Lee and I did a new route on the west face of the peak north of, and connected to, Bridge Mountain. The peak is officially unnamed but known locally as Sub Peak or Confluence Peak. We dubbed our effort Satan's Waitin', after a Bugs Bunny-Yosemite Sam cartoon where, to escape his fate of remaining in hell, Yosemite tries to replace himself with Bugs. The route follows a natural line

up the left side of the main wall, directly below the summit. I had previously attempted the route with Eric Draper and Brody Greer in 2006 or 2007. We climbed about half the route, stopped at the base of a large roof, drilled a single bolt, and bailed. At the time the off-width bulge seemed too much for us, and proved to be the crux when Zach and I finally sent it. The lone half-inch bolt below the crux remains the route's only fixed gear.

The route begins in the center of the peak, in a high recessed area that sports several fine cragging routes. One long pitch off of the ground accesses an area that allows for some soloing through the vegetated ramps in the middle of the face. We roped up for seven pitches, onsighting the entire route (IV 5.11). It's an enjoyable adventure, albeit a bit on the sandy side, and it accepted cams and stoppers its entire length. To descend, we hiked south to the saddle between Confluence Peak and Bridge Mountain, toward the Bridge Mountain Arch, and rappelled a route called Take Back The Rainbow. It is possible to descend TBTR with one 60m rope, though two 60m ropes allow for smoother sailing.

BRYAN BIRD



Routes to the top of Sub Peak (many crag routes also exist): (A) North Ridge. (B) Satan's Waitin'. (C) Golden Gate (original start unknown). (D) Take Back The Rainbow. *Bryan Bird*

## Wyoming

*Teton Range, Death Canyon, Alien Wall.* I remember the night in 1987 when Jim Donini and Jack Tackle established Predator. My worried mother and other friends dispatched my dad and me to collect Jim and Jack after they had failed to return home at what she deemed a "reasonable time." It seemed that even those two consummate climbers could not escape the watchful eye and worried mind of my mom. We met them safe and sound on the trail around midnight, and I was enthralled and horrified by their story of a mini-tornado whipping through the canyon, fouling their ropes up. Since then, every time I've climbed the Snaz or Caveat, I've gazed at the virgin rock across the canyon and promised myself to do something about it. But summer moves into fall and my intentions slip away.

Death Canyon is a special place for me, because I learned to climb there as a kid. Donini taught me the basics of wide cracks as he hauled me up The Snaz. Alex Lowe conned me into wandering around the Omega Buttresses looking for interesting new lines. Tim Toulas would leave notes on ledges and in cracks; unfolding them would reveal beta: "PULL DOWN HERE!"