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**British
Mount Kennedy
Expedition
2000**



**Yukon
Canada**

Supported by:

Finance

British Mountaineering Council
Mount Everest Foundation

Equipment

The North Face
Low Alpine
First Ascent
Black Diamond
Scarpa

+417

British Yukon Expedition 2000

Climbers: Mick Fowler
 Andy Cave
 Duncan Tunstall
 Chris Pasteur

Acknowledgements

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Financial Assistance

British Mountaineering Council
Mount Everest Foundation

Equipment Sponsorship

The North Face
Lowe Alpine
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Scarpa

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The compilers of this report and the members of the expedition agree that any or all of this report may be copied for the purposes of private research.

The Permission Process

Mount Kennedy is situated in the Kluane National Park, access to which is controlled from Haines Junction in Canada.

Permission is required to enter and climb in the National Park but the procedure is very simple compared to obtaining permission to climb in Himalayan countries.

The first step is to contact the park authorities and obtain, submit a completed application form for each member of the team. The procedure is detailed, and application forms can be printed off from, the Kluane Park website at www.harbour.com/parkscan/kluane/mount9.htm

The address and telephone number for the park authorities are as follows:

Mountaineering Warden
Kluane National Park & Reserve
Box 5495, Haines Junction
Yukon
Canada Y0B 1L0

Telephone 1 867 634 7279
Fax 1 867 634 7277

The application form is not onerous but does ask for details of your mountaineering experience. This is sensible as the area is very remote and the authorities like to make as sure as they can that you are the sort of people who *really* do want to be abandoned in hostile mountain terrain for a few weeks.

Park Fees

Fees are payable to the park authorities as follows:

Mountaineering Permits	\$5 per day to a maximum of \$50 per person.
Landing Permits	\$30 per landing.

These can be paid by credit card.

Transport

It is about 7 days walk in from the Alaska highway. Bearing in mind the amount of food and equipment needed the usual approach is to fly in from either Haines Junction (Canada) or Yakutat (Alaska).

Kurt Gloyer, the pilot flying in from Yakutat, came highly recommended and so we chose that approach. We were very pleased with his service and would definitely use him in the future.

Yakutat (population 600) is apparently the smallest population in America to be served by a daily scheduled service. (Alaska Airlines fly from Seattle up to Anchorage, calling in at Yakutat.) Yakutat is not connected to the mainland road network so flying is the only realistic option.

Kurt Gloyer flies for Gulf Air. They can be contacted at:

Gulf Air
Box 367
Yakutat
Alaska 99689

Tel. (907) 784 3240

Fax. (907) 784 3380

Weather Conditions

We left Britain on 19th May and, having been lucky with the weather, returned on 3rd June.

The weather was notably colder when we arrived than when we left.

We did not carry an accurate thermometer but temperatures in the shade on the climb were probably down to - 25 degrees whereas in the sun at base camp they were probably as high as + 25 degrees.

The weather was very changeable with continuous snow for 36 hours + on two occasions.

If the weather is kind it is possible to climb Himalayan size routes in a very short time-scale from Britain. But the weather can be very bad. There is always a risk that you will get nothing done and the pilot will be unable to pick you up on time.

Food and Gas

We understood that it is possible to buy a limited range of food at Yakutat but the generous luggage allowances on US flights tempted us to stock up from the extensive range on offer in Seattle, where we changed planes.

Air freighting of gas is a problem and there are numerous signs threatening a \$25,000 fine if caught with it in your luggage. Gulf Air sometimes have a stock and it is well worth telephoning them to check. Otherwise we suggest ordering it from a store in Seattle and asking them to send it up to Yakutat on the weekly boat. It is well worth doing this a month or two in advance.

Climbing Achievements

Mick Fowler and Andy Cave made the first Alpine Style ascent of the North Buttress of Mt Kennedy.

Duncan Tunstall and Chris Pasteur attempted the N E Face /East ridge of Kennedy but were stopped by a huge crevasse which spanned the whole glacier.

They were however successful in making the probable first ascents of point 2850m (situated to the SE of the confluence of the Kennedy and Dusty glaciers) and point 3325m at the head of the Kennedy glacier.

An article on the Kennedy climb and a detailed diary of the Tunstall/Pasteur ascents follows:

Accounts

Expenditure

Air Fares	(UK to Yakutat via Seattle)	2586
Air Fares	(Yakutat to Mt Kennedy inc. radio hire etc.)	1411
Kluane Park Fees		148
Insurance		464
Accommodation/Food etc	(Seattle & Yakutat)	625
Taxis		213
Gas (inc. delivery)		75
Food (Base camp and mountain food)		344
Misc. (Postage, telephone calls etc)		48
Total		5914

Income

British Mountaineering Council	2800
Mount Everest Foundation	1300
Personal Contributions	1814
Total	5914

Mount Kennedy – North Buttress

Paul Ramsden was waving a book about with increasing excitement.

"You asked about Alaska, look at all these lines!"

I struggled to focus on the photographs. They all looked to be of disturbingly steep mountains. It had been a testing evening at the infamous Eastwood rocks – the slimy and depressingly undergraded gritstone cracks had spat me out with even greater ease than usual, I was nursing my flattened ego and bleeding hands. But it had to be said that these photographs were giving me quite an urge. Perhaps, I considered, there is a correlation between decreasing competence on the rock and an increasing enthusiasm for mountaineering.

Meanwhile, Paul was moving onto the finer detail.

"You'd love it. Only 24 hrs from the UK to BC, wonderful lines, nice and cold. Lots of snow....."

"And the downside?"

"Well the weather might not be too good. Duncan Hornby had 14 feet of snow in 23 days last year. But at least he got there. I've heard of some people who don't even get a good enough weather window to fly in."

This suddenly wasn't sounding so good to a Civil Servant with limited holidays. We ordered more beer and the conversation moved onto the perennial problem of where our group should climb the following Wednesday evening.

But the photographs had unsettled me. I'd never even been to North America let alone climbed on the mountains of Yukon and Alaska. And to adopt the attitude that the weather might be bad so 'I'll never go' didn't really sit very comfortably with my underlying enthusiasm for climbing in new areas. There was no doubt about it, I would have to go for it and risk the weather. But who with and what exactly should we try and climb?

The first question was easily solved. Andy Cave was quick to show his whippet like enthusiasm for anything that looked remotely inspirational. I hadn't climbed in the big mountains with Andy since Brendan Murphy's tragic death on Changabang 3 years previous. I enjoyed his company and looked forward to climbing with him again.

The second question was more problematical. A round of pleading e-mail exchanges with well known North American activists produced interesting results.

"What about the N.Face of Devil's Thumb? Randy's been there twice and the weather was terrible. A couple of Canadian kids sat in there last year for about two months and it never froze."

That didn't sound very hopeful.

Mark Twight was particularly helpful.

"You could aim for a line on the E.Face of Moose's Tooth and find it too dry – without ice. Some guys get lucky their first time out (in Alaska), others spend a lot of their time and money before tasting a morsel of success. How lucky do you feel?"

Andy and I contemplated these messages and the various photographs that we had managed to get hold of. One photograph in particular grabbed our attention, the North side of Mt Kennedy.

Kennedy stands in the St Elias range just on the Canadian side of the border. Its N.side boasts a tremendous 6,000ft spur which had been climbed twice before, once in 1968 and again in 1977. Both ascents had used siege tactics and so an Alpine style ascent was an obvious objective. The discovery that Andy Kirkpatrick at 'The Outside' shop in Hathersage had the same mountain in mind helped to focus our attention and prompt a decision. Mount Kennedy it would be.

In fact though it was the face to the right of the spur that was to become our prime objective. 3,000ft of hard, mixed ground followed by 3,000ft of easier terrain looked to be a superb challenge albeit possibly threatened by a menacing looking line of seracs. Jack Tackle and Jack Roberts, two US superheroes, had climbed to within 1,500ft of the summit 3 years before, but bad weather had stopped them reaching the top. They had covered the difficult ground, albeit with capsule style techniques, but the face itself was still unclimbed.

Duncan Tunstall and Chris Pasteur, two old friends of mine, were keen to join us and so, we were set as a team of four.

Yakutat (pop.600) nestles on the S.Alaska coastline and is apparently the smallest community in America to be served by a daily scheduled air service. The convenience is such that, within 24 hours of leaving Britain, Kurt Gloyer, pilot extraordinaire, was landing us in his ski plane on the flat glacier beneath Mt Kennedy. From Yakutat it had only taken 45 mins or so but the terrain that we saw out of the window

left us with no illusions about the remoteness of the area and the difficulty we would have walking out. In a way it was more remote than the Himalaya. There was no habitation whatsoever, no vegetation in the valleys around Kennedy. Nothing but snow, ice and rock. The term 'Canadian Ice Fields range' was more descriptive than I thought. There was no way out to Yakutat except by plane.

First impressions were encouraging. Andy was in optimistic mood.

"Not as steep as I'd expected. Looks fine."

Positive noises continued to emanate from the Cave body whilst I fought to overcome my feeling of nausea as Kurt circled tightly in his final approach to the landing. Perhaps it was the angle of the plane, but the glimpses that I was getting from my side didn't sit comfortably with Andy's comments. But my priority was to take some photographs and not be sick. I pointed the camera in vaguely the right direction and tried hard to ignore the sensation of being on a wild fairground ride.

The plane could only take two passengers so it was an hour and a half later that Duncan and Chris joined us. By then my nausea was subsiding slightly and I felt well enough to join half heartedly in the collective Ooh's and Aah's and camera clicks. It did look very fine, but I couldn't help but notice the seracs overlooking the RH side of the face. Perhaps I'm getting old. My wife tells me that I worry more than I used to. I'm sure that I wouldn't have focused on such things 20 years ago, but now I found the binoculars trained, not on the technical joys of the climbing, but on the steely blue ice walls forming the lower edge of the summit icefield. Interestingly, I noticed that Andy too seemed to be paying close attention to such things.

The lines on the face were not as obvious as we had expected. We spied possible connecting streaks of ice towards the right hand side, but there was no doubt about it, they were definitely in the fall zone of the seracs. Perhaps it was the all concealing smattering of snow, but it took us some time to work out the exact line taken by Jack Tackle and Jack Roberts.

Even peering through the binoculars, it was still impossible to decide whether or not it was ice or powder snow stuck to rock on their line. The line itself seemed to be just out of the fall line of the seracs, but a semi-permanent thundering cloud of spindrift brought it sharply home to us that it was the main, albeit shallow, funnel draining the 3,000ft upper face.

We decided that we had enough excuses to sit back and adopt that wonderfully sensible middle aged approach of sitting back, eating, drinking andobserving.

Observing too much can be a bad idea. Inevitably we observed spindrift. Lots of it. Lying in nice warm sleeping bags on the glacier it was easy to talk ourselves out of anything too masochistic. With regular spindrift and temperatures in the shade plunging to -25°C or so, the chance of freezing solid on a hanging bivouac looked high. The tone of our conversations shifted swiftly from Andy's initial optimism.

"Don't fancy getting flushed off by that lot".

"Looks much safer on the N.Buttress".

"Brilliant line too. Striking from afar".

We did try skinning up the glacier to look at the face from different angles, but it didn't change anything. There was no doubt about it, we had subtly changed objectives. We would go for an Alpine Style ascent of the N.Buttress.

No sooner had the decision been made than the sun came out. Having heard plenty of St Elias weather horror stories, we felt obliged to stir ourselves into action.

The buttress did look an excellent climb. It was one of those lines that it's very difficult to say how hard it might be. From the glacier the first two thirds looked OK, but in the upper third mixed buttresses could be seen to block progress.

They looked - er - challenging. We had the first ascensionists report which referred to A3 aid climbing and included a disturbing photo of someone aiding up a decidedly blank wall. Clearly we would need to carry a fair amount of technical gear to stand a chance of coping with this.

With more or less 24 hour daylight and an obvious bivouac spot after 1,000ft or so, an early morning start somehow didn't seem very necessary. Relishing in the luxury of being able to leave our headtorches

behind, we relaxed over an leisurely breakfast of fried halibut it wasn't until around midday that we felt obliged to haul our bursting stomachs towards the toe of the buttress.

One of the good things about steep lines is that fresh snow tends to slide off rather than accumulate on nasty life threatening slopes. Even better, the polishing effect of frequent light snow slides tends to create streaks of squeaky white ice – perfect for climbing on. Andy and I wavered up the lower slopes, picking out the 'squeaky' lines wherever possible. Much as the weather was good and the climbing easy, heavy waves of spindrift would engulf us every now and then. Time didn't seem particularly important and we belayed each other, moving one at a time.

Gaining height brought home to us the scale and spectacular remoteness of the St Elias range. Below us the Kennedy glacier presented a flat white expanse perhaps 2 miles wide, which wound its way majestically down to the Lowell Glacier, ultimately emptying into the sea at _____. There weren't exactly a lot of people around. In fact, no-one. In a way, despite the ease of access, (in good weather!), it seemed more remote than the Himalaya. Walking out with all our equipment was definitely not on. Even just carrying survival gear, it would be testing enough to get out to the Alaskan Highway. But being as we had to get back to Yakutat, which is not connected to the main road network, that wasn't exactly much use. Walking to Yakutat from Kennedy would involve 70 miles or so of crevassed glacier, ice block ridden inlets and mosquito ravaged bogs. There was no doubt about it – we were dependant on Kurt to pick us up. It was a strange and slightly uncomfortable feeling to be so dependant on someone else.

I suppose we should have been rushing, but good weather, scenic views and an idyllic safe Bivouac site on a projecting crest continued to prompt a relaxed approach and a short day.

By mid afternoon on day 2 we were experiencing 'full' Yukon conditions on a disturbingly open slope.

Although our chosen line primarily followed the crest of a buttress, it was quite a broad crest and we tended to veer backwards and forwards between subsidiary ribs. It was whilst making one of these rising traverses that the occasional gentle flurries of snow built up into something more substantial. With near on 5,000ft of mountain above us, it was perhaps unsurprising that the intermittent clouds of spindrift soon developed into roaring snow slides. It was disturbing to note that Andy was only intermittently visible, the slope was not of a good consistency for reliable ice screws, and communication was near impossible. An uncomfortably dangerous situation was beginning to develop. Another short day was called for.

The rib on our right gave a ray of hope, but this Yukon snowfall was something else. Even the crests of the buttresses were mercilessly raked by the ongoing deluge of spindrift.

Andy appeared philosophical.

"Glad we're not on the face".

I had to agree – although somehow my mumbled response didn't sound as calm as Andy's.

"Perhaps head for that one?"

I pointed hesitantly through the mist at an indistinct rib adorned with a fragile cornice. It appeared to stand sufficiently proud of the slopes to escape the worst of the spindrift waves. After 1/2 hour of wallowing against the flow Andy was somewhere near it.

"Am I in the right place?"

This didn't sound good. Much cursing and excavating was evident before the call came for me to climb.

The sensation on reaching Andy's powdery perch was memorable. It felt like sitting on a small island in the middle of a raging river. All was safe for the moment but added interest was guaranteed if the spindrift rivers rose much more. We looked glumly at each other.

"Can't just stand here. Best get the tent up."

Even the softest and most fragile snow edges tend to have good ice somewhere deep down inside. This one though seemed to defy normal characteristics, it appeared to be simply powder snow resting on granulated snow. Reliable belays were distressingly non-existent.

"Ice screw I put in up there's not bad" announced Andy pointing at a screw 20' above and 10' to one side.

I silently imagined us the two of us fighting claustrophobic fabric whilst ensconced in a tent pendulumming off the crest and being battered by snow slides.

"Perhaps a couple more would be nice?"

And so with snow still falling (where does it all come from in Yukon?) the two of us squeezed into our little tent secured by a selection of ice screws well above us and way to one side. Within minutes the snow had completely blocked the entrance and we had merged into the profile of the crest.

We had a radio with us but this was not over helpful as contact with the outside world was impossible and after 24 hours there was little in the way of exciting news to report to the boys at base camp. Our exchanges were becoming a touch repetitive.

"Base camp here. What's it like up there? Over"

"Snowing. How about down there ? Over"

"Same. What are your plans? Over"

"Speak to you tomorrow. Over and out"

I had chosen light-hearted reading. My children having developed into avid Harry Potter fans I relished the opportunity to catch up on some of Harry's latest adventures so that I could attain an even playing field on Hogwart's tittle tattle. I lay engrossed, exploring the absorbing world of Harry and his friends and beginning to understand for the first time what inspires London commuters to the extent that some go as far as to blank out the cover to anonymise their trips into Harry's world. I felt no such need to disguise my apparently childish choice of reading and chuckled contentedly in a world away from spindrift ridden mountain faces. Andy had chosen deep and meaningful reading to further his thesis on mining dialects.

We lay head to tail with Andy's head by the entrance, close to the mountain. The constant roar of spindrift avalanches was not the most relaxing of background noises but noting a lack of other options we persevered in our own little worlds. A particularly loud roar followed by a severe pummelling of the fabric at the mountain end was enough to make the Cave body look uncharacteristically uneasy.

"Not very pleasant, Michael"

I tried to concentrate harder on Harry but had to agree.

by the morning of day 3 the team was tiring somewhat of inactivity. Andy squeezed back in after one of the least comfortable craps imaginable, reporting an apparent easing of the flow. It didn't sound that way but any incentive to move was welcome.

"Tent excavation underway"

The message sent on the morning radio call was loud and clear. Deep down inside though I didn't feel quite so positive. The tent had the appearance of having been sucked into the bowels of the mountain. In clearings in the cloud Duncan and Chris had failed to spot us through their binoculars, despite us being in the direct line of sight from base camp. In terms of progress everything would hinge on how much snow was lying on the snow slopes we would have to cross.

The weather though was still not exactly at its best. The Kennedy glacier was intermittently visible but cloud hung thick and persistent above us and the air was still heavy with falling snow.

We waded off our protected little ridge crest and back into action. Invisible granite slabs grated unnervingly against crampon points but our guarded optimism proved correct in that the angle was such that most of the new snow had simply slid off the face.

By late afternoon we were half way up and, more importantly, the skies had cleared. A glorious panoramic view had opened up. Any doubts we had over the wisdom of continuing evaporated. Pinnacle Peak now soared spectacularly above an intervening ridge and we were looking obliquely downwards across the north west face onto the huge Kennedy ice shelf slanting up towards Mount Alverstone.

Another fine snow crest, with big overhangs below, made for a spectacular bivouac. We were in with a chance. But the obvious crux of the line was above us.

Photographs taken on the 1968 ascent showed climbers aid climbing up steep rock walls on this section. The climbing was felt worthy of an A3 rating. Aid climbing is definitely not my forte so we were working on the basis that we should be able to find interlinking ice streaks and avoid time consuming aid pitches. We had spotted some possibilities through binoculars from base camp but now we had our noses up against the problem the lines that we had spotted were far from obvious. In fact we couldn't see them at all. We peered closely but unproductively at an old Bradford Washburn photograph that we had brought

with us. Creases had appeared in all the wrong places and these made it almost impossible to pin point our position.

"Perhaps over to the right a bit?"

Andy pointed at a vague contour cutting through a steep rock band. There didn't seem to be much in the way of other options.

"Looks challenging Andrew"

Everything always seems to look more difficult from directly below. I would only hope that this generalisation applied to the feature that we were now looking at. The weather was worsening again. Spindrift brushed over an overhang 40 feet or so up, spraying out and catching us squarely in a fine mist of snow. At least it was intermittent - for the moment. It was time to get a move on.

One of the good things about climbing with Andy is that he is a great all rounder, equally at home on rock and ice. Regardless of the terrain he can be put in the lead whenever there is a hint of any kind of difficulty. Unfortunately though, we were leading alternate pitches and somehow the first pitch on this steeper ground was mine. Soon I was thrashing in a steep, slanting groove. The spindrift had swept the loose snow away leaving squeaky white ice but it was right at the back and the angle was such that my sack kept getting caught.

"Adrenalin flowing Andrew" I grunted energetically.

By dint of far more brute strength than skill I scraped the sack up the groove and emerged on a small ledge with a good belay and sat down to bring Andy up. I suppose I should have expected it to be a 'bad for the ego' experience but it would have been nice if he had looked just a little bit more stretched. The experience reminded me of a rock climbing evening, at Stoney Middleton in the Peak District, when Andy had surged up an E5 in the rain leaving me to attempt a second but end up dangling in front of a large appreciative audience. At least there was no audience here! And at least I climbed comfortable in the reassuring knowledge that I had a secret weapon to tackle any really nasty bits that we might come across.

But the only real nastiness continued to be the weather. Impressively, voluminous flakes now fell quietly from a bleak grey sky. In tune with the weather the colour of the rock changed from golden granite to slate grey dolerite. On the bright side though the appearance of the dolerite at least showed that we were

making progress. Once through this section we knew there was only 1500 ft or so of ice slopes to the summit. But it was somewhere here that Jack Tackle and Jack Roberts had turned back in 1996. They had completed the technically difficult climbing on the north west face, veered left to the point where we now were and then ground to a halt in the face of bad weather. They must have been gutted not to stand on the summit after 9 days of effort. From this point we also knew that it took them 2 full days and 36 60m abseils to get back down. The summit and a possible walking descent on the far side looked increasingly appealing. But even the upwards paths of the ever versatile Mr Cave had ground to a halt. Bad news indeed.

A sudden clearing of the skies revealed the Cave body poised precariously.

"I'm in the wrong place. Should be over there."

Andy started to curse, down climb and traverse whilst I soaked up the sun rays. This was better. The sky was now completely clear and the views stunning. I sat back clicking away with the camera whilst Andy inched himself out to the base of the summit icefield and a spot where we could pitch the tent. Admittedly one third of the floor space hung off the ledge we hacked out and I lost the toss and got the outside position. But it seemed to matter little in the face of the sun streaming through the door and the possibility of the summit the next day. If you are tired enough sleep comes easily!

I would say that the morning dawned clear but of course the sun doesn't really set in this part of the world; best to say that, remarkably, clear weather continued as we emerged into the crystal clear and frigidly cold morning air. Rare conditions indeed. Soaking in the stunning scenery we alternately led up the summit ice slope, a narrow connecting crest and finally moved together up the easing angle to the summit snow cone.

It was a great feeling to stand there in perfect weather on the summit of Kennedy. A cloud layer covered the sea but summits in all directions stood proud. It was a sobering thought that there might not be anyone at all within 30 miles or so of us. For ease of access combined with remoteness and solitude it's difficult to beat this part of the world.

Andy was on the radio trying to radio Kurt in Yakutat. We had been assured that it would be possible to make radio contact from the summit.

"Hello. Hello, Kurt. We're on top..... Can you pick us up from the lower Cathedral Glacier ? 5 p.m. tomorrow ?"

"No problem. See you there."

All confirmed then. The next evening we were back in Yakutat's bar drinking to Geoff Hornby's 23 days inactivity and 14 feet of snow the previous year.

Odd place, Yukon. Go there with your weather fingers crossed.

YUKON EXPEDITION - BIFFERS TEAM DIARY AND REPORT

- Friday 19 May Fly UK to Chicago. Meet A-Team at Chicago airport. Fly to Seattle. Met by Ade Miller. Buy large quantities of food and pack bags.
- Saturday 20 Fly Seattle to Yakutat. Fly Yakutat to Kennedy Glacier. Erect basecamp at altitude of 2480m below north face of Mount Kennedy.
- Sunday 21 Snow all day - stay in tent.
- Monday 22 Acclimitise and consolidate camp - poor tent selection and condition for Yukon environment leads to construction of igloo as back-up accommodation in case of total tent failure. Short ski up glacier (Chris only).
- Tuesday 23 Better weather - light cloud clearing above summits in afternoon. Ski NNW to head of Kennedy glacier. Ski up side glacier towards peak to north of the head of the glacier, tentatively named "Spunkhorn". Ascend 45 degree snow slope to col and climb west along ridge to subsidiary summit (3325m). Difficulty F. Descend to skis and ski back down glacier to basecamp.
- Wednesday 24 Rest at basecamp.
- Thursday 25 Ascend "Anna and Jamie's Wedding Peak" (2850m), situated to the SE of the confluence of the Kennedy and Dusty glaciers. After dropping down the Kennedy glacier from basecamp, the route took the straightforward and little crevassed glacier to the west of the peak, which was ascended by ski as far as the bergshroud below the steeper upper part of the mountain. A couloir was ascended to a break in the ridge running S from the summit, this minimising the time spent on softening snow slopes. The crest of the S ridge was followed on snow and rock for some 500m to the summit (difficulty, PD). Weather perfect throughout. Fine views from summit in all directions. Descent as ascent with excellent skiing back down to the Kennedy glacier.
- Friday 26 Rest at basecamp.
- Saturday 27 Snow for most of night and day - confined to camp.
- Sunday 28 Rest at basecamp and prepare for attempt on E Ridge of Mount Kennedy.
- Monday 29 Set off E from basecamp before turning S to ascend a glacier dropping from a col some way along the E ridge of Kennedy. This had promised to provide a route to the ridge which was safe from avalanche and rockfall, if somewhat distant from the top of the hill. Significant deposits of new powder on the north facing glacier made progress slow

and laborious, with the added disadvantage of covering some very unpleasant crevasses. After gaining several hundred metres of height, an uncrossable crevasse spanning the whole glacier barred further upward progress. Without the safeguard of an easy retreat off the ridge, and realising the commitment required to achieve success on it, the route was abandoned and a swift return made to the comfort of basecamp. Not a route for the "Biffers".

Tuesday 30

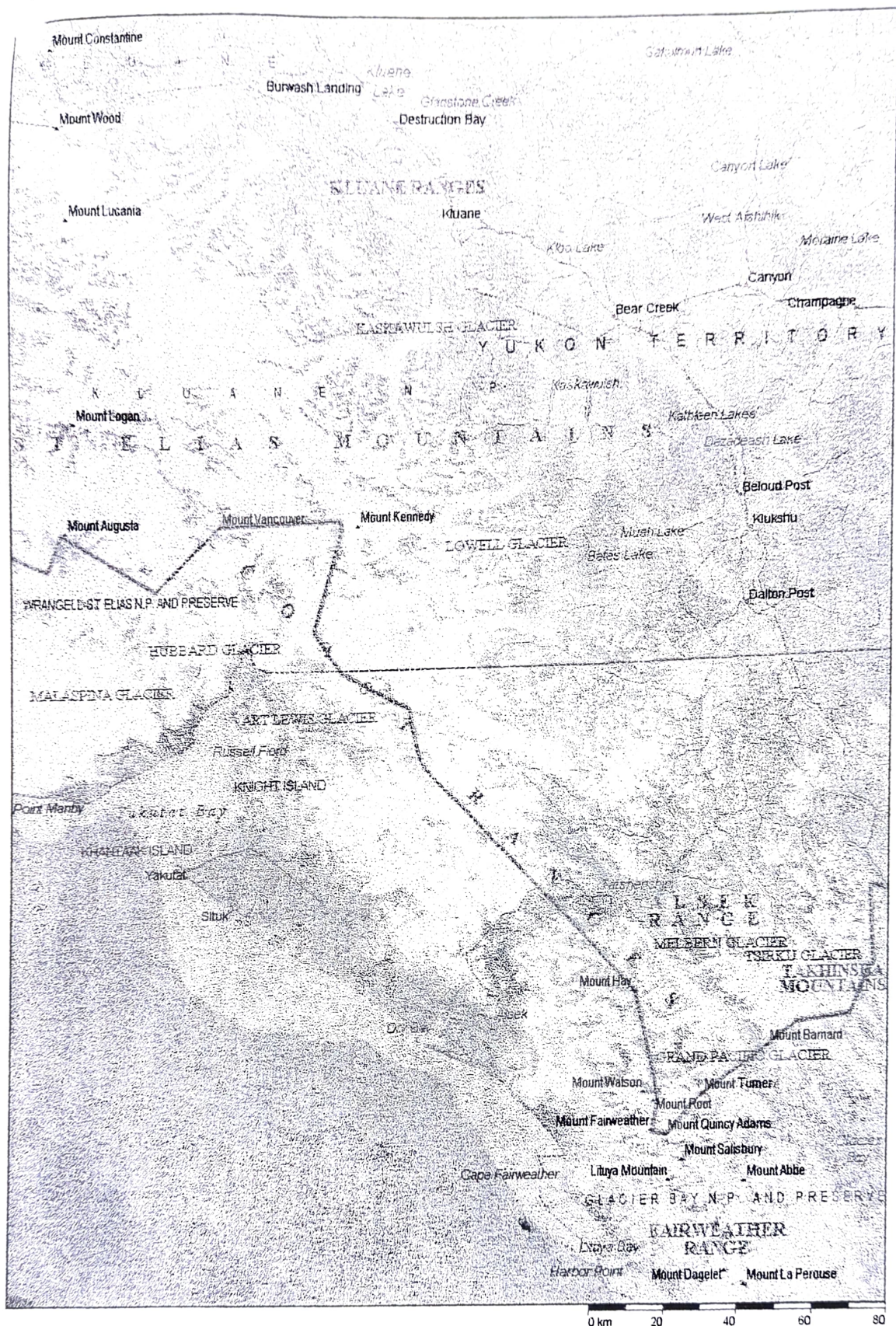
Ascent of the "Spunkhorn" by the S face and SSW ridge. Ski up Kennedy glacier to its head. Climb easy snow slopes to SSW ridge which was followed on snow and occasional rock to the summit, 3325m, (difficulty F). The summit afforded fantastic views of Mount Kennedy, Mount Alverstone, Pinnacle Peak, and further in the distance Mount Vancouver and Mount Logan, as well as superb views of the Dusty, Lowell and Hubbard glaciers. The summit was impressively corniced. Descent was made E to a col and thereby down easy snow slopes to the Kennedy Glacier. A pleasant ski down to basecamp completed the outing.

Wednesday 31

Laze in basecamp before packing it up. Welcome the Kennedy-conquering "A-team" (including birthday-boy Cave). Return to Yakutat. Enjoy Yakutat nightlife.

Thursday 1 June

Regret Yakutat nightlife before afternoon flight to Seattle.



ENCARTA 98
WORLD ATLAS

**Mt Kennedy and Yakutat
Yukon**



Mt. Kennedy (4238m) from the north.

Bradford Washburn Photograph Collection, Accession number 5479, in the Archives, Alaska and Polar Regions Dept., University of Alaska, Fairbanks