**Mount Mitchell, NC, 6,684 ft. – May 19, 2001, HP #1: Assault on Mitchell.**

As we left the Blue Ridge Parkway turning right on to NC-128 North, we were slowed down by what seemed like thousands of road-bikers in spandex with signs pinned to their backs announcing their “assault” on Mitchell. None of us had never heard of the “Assault on Mitchell” bike race, and so we had a good laugh at what we deemed an absurd name.

At this time in my life I was living in Arlington Virginia, and working in the Washington DC area as a Web Developer. I was fortunate to have a wonderful group of likeminded friends and together we enjoyed hiking in the nearby forests regularly. We spent many weekends, and the occasional “sick-in” (our word for calling in sick to work and then going out hiking for the day) in the George Washington Forest, as well as in and around Shenandoah National Park. The Old Rag Mountain hike and the hike from Shenandoah park boundary to White Oaks Falls were two regulars and favorites of ours.

Looking to broaden our hiking horizons one friend suggested we head down to North Carolina for a few days and tackle the then privately own Grandfather Mountain. It is over 400 miles from Northern Virginia to Boone North Carolina, and another 18 miles to Grandfather Mountain. Our group of three made the drive on a Thursday evening after work. Outside of Boone we happened on a concealed, empty lot being prepared for construction, where we caught a few hours of sleep before carrying on to our destination the next morning.

At Grandfather we found stunning scenery along with marvelous ecological diversity, and we enjoyed a full day of hiking, which involved more than one peak, and even multiple ladders up the steepest sections. We also walked the mile high swinging bridge, America’s highest suspension footbridge, over to Linville Peak.

That night we camped out in the surrounding mountains, and the following morning Pratt suggested we drive to Mount Mitchell the state’s highest point. We hadn’t planned on it, but we had the time and so we all agreed.

Heading further away from Virginia we followed the Blue Ridge Parkway about fifty miles to the turn off to Mount Mitchell often scoffingly joking at the idea of driving to the top of a mountain, which we were nevertheless excited to see. As we made the hour and a half journey we enjoyed the remarkable views the parkway offered, and I was impressed with the engineering of the road itself. Turning right on to NC-128 we encountered the assailants, who we incorrectly assumed where simply on a moderate bike ride up the four and half miles of NC-128 to the summit parking lot. Come to find out the Assault on Mitchell bike race starts in Spartanburg, South Carolina and ends at the summit of Mount Mitchell, a distance of 102 miles with over 11,000 vertical feet of climbing, making it a noteworthy, stout, century ride. According to Wikipedia, “most riders finish in less than 12 hours; the leaders finish in under 6 hours”.

Weaving through the spandex clad attackers eventually we drove past the park headquarters and on to the parking lot just below the summit passing the State Park restaurant on the way. Miraculously on what is probably the most congested day of the year on Mt. Mitchell we managed to obtain parking.

From the parking lot to the summit is approximately a quarter of a mile stroll on a paved trail to a viewing platform. Reaching to 6,684 feet above sea-level Mount Mitchell is not only North Carolina’s highest point but is also the highest peak east of the Mississippi river.

I have since visited Mt. Mitchell for a second time, camping on the mountain itself October 6, 2019, and hiking to the summit the next morning. Without the bike racing crowds, Mitchell is a splendid mountain with amazing 360 degree views.

On my first visit the summit platform was much taller and better looking, being bricked with natural rocks and topped with a square concrete platform, as compared to the shorter rounder platform of today with it disproportionally, and extra-long, curved and gently sloping accessibility ramp.

Due to the hurried and crowded nature of my first visit I over looked the grave site of Elisha Mitchell, a geologist, explorer and Presbyterian minister for whom the mountain is named. The grave resides next to the viewing platform on its south side. In the 1830s, his measurements proved the 6,684-foot peak was the highest in the East, surpassing Grandfather Mountain sixty miles northeast. As a result of questions about Elisha’s elevation measurements of the mountain, he was on a return expedition in 1857 when he fell to his death. Originally buried in nearby Asheville his body was interred in a tomb on the mountain in 1858.

**Spruce Knob, WV, 4,863 ft. – September 3, 2001, HP #2: Them are Internet Papers.**

Striking out on Smoke Hole Canyon, we decided to head south west twenty plus miles from Seneca Rocks over to Spruce Knob located in the Monongahela Forest. Our group of three had gotten up early this Monday, Labor Day 2001, to begin the drive west from Arlington, Virginia to West Virginias most known natural landmark namely Seneca Rocks. Spruce Knob was just a back-up plan in case we had extra time.

Route 66 took us seventy-five miles to where it meets, I-81 and US-48 passing by Front Royal along the way. This three-way intersection at Strasburg requires about one-third of the three and a half hour, 180 mile drive. After another sixteen miles on US-48 we entered the state of West Virginia, and thirty miles into West Virginia we turned south onto highway 220 following that highway and eventually WV-28 to Seneca Rocks. The drive from the VA/WV border was like traveling along the curved body of a snake, with its many twists and turns, and so upon arrival we were all very eager to get out of the car and begin hiking.

To reach the top of Seneca rocks we used a less traveled route coming up from the back side of the nearly 900 foot tall cliffs found on its face. The approach gained a significant amount of elevation over a short distance often traveling up natural almost stair-like formations. Commenting on the natural steps, one of my friends mentioned that we were climbing a “staircase of steps”, and the other two of us laughed and laughed about that, pointing out that obviously a staircase consisted of steps.

Obtaining the razor back ridge, we ventured past the sign warning us “here ends the realm of the hiker” and informing us that to proceed we should have rock climbing ability. Approaching the south peak over the sheer drop offs of the face we stopped to watch the rock climbers and to take in the impressive views.

We back tracked to return to our parked car, and after looking over some information one of us had printed from a website about Smoke Hole Canyon we decided to ask some local looking guys about the canyon to see if they could give us better directions. As the locals were approached, one of them in coveralls, nonetheless, noticed the papers in my friend’s hand, and before directions could be asked for, the local said “I know what them are, them are Internet papers”! As sharp as he was to recognize “Internet papers” he was of no value in our quest for Smoke Hole Canyon. At least now we all had something to laugh about in addition to just the two of us laughing at “staircase of steps”. For years after, and even to this day, I still get a smile on my face, and a chuckle when I think of “Internet papers” as ludicrous as the name is for a printout from a website.

Unable to locate Smoke Hole Canyon, we opted for Spruce Knob. The state high point rises to 4,863 feet and is not only the highest point in West Virginia but also the highest point in the Allegheny Mountains. The area is known for its strong winds, and the one-sided red spruce trees around the peak bear testimony to that - deformed by constant exposure to strong westerly winds.

Spruce Knob is located along a huge ridge that is part of the Allegheny Front – an escarpment arising in south central Pennsylvania, cutting across western Maryland and into the eastern panhandle of West Virginia dividing it from the rest of that state. The southern end of the front is a series of ridges one of which contains the Mountain State’s highest point. Part of the crest forms the Eastern Continental Divide. We were able to drive up to a sizable parking area at the terminus of route 104.

From the parking lot it is only 900 feet to a stone and steel observation deck at the top of the mountain state. The observation deck positions visitors above the tree line offering views in all directions, with my favorite being looking toward the east as the crest drops rather sharply at that aspect. Neither my friends nor I packed around cameras (nor phones with cameras) in those days so I don’t have any photos from my initial visit. However, shy of four years later, at the end of May 2005 I was once again in the Monongahela forest vicinity and I revisited Spruce Knob. This time I was armed with a camera and took a few shots.

**Backbone Mountain, MD, 3,360 ft. – May 29, 2005, HP #3: We found the summit covered in too many trees to allow for any long-distance views.**

Friday May 27, 2005 I got off work at 2pm and just that very morning a friend I had decided to go camping for the Memorial Day long-weekend. Our intended destination for that evening was the George Washington forest near Wardensville, West Virginia. From there we planned to venture over to Blackwater Falls State Park located in the Allegheny Mountains of Tucker County, West Virginia, and find the highest point in Maryland. Friday long-weekend traffic, of course, was a problem by the time we were ready to leave my place in Herndon Virginia and so we decided an early Saturday morning start would be easier. I had moved from Arlington to Herndon for a better paying job about thirteen months prior.

Saturday morning instead of stopping at our Friday night intended camp spot near Wardensville we continued west on highway 48 toward Black Water Falls. At Moorefield, with a whole day ahead of us, we detoured off the direct line to Black Water Falls, and followed the same roads I had use when I visited Seneca Rocks and Spruce Knob almost four years earlier. Needing a break from the serpentine drive we decided to stop at Seneca Rocks as my cohort had never been there. This time we got some nice photos from within the “realm of the climber” area, and again we saw people rock climbing on the impressive cliff faces.

As I had done four years prior, once again, since we were in the neighborhood, we popped over to Spruce Knob, the highest point in West Virginia, just 20 or so miles away. After checking out the views from the summit platform, and taking a few photos, we drove to Spruce Knob Lake and from there took a gravel road to Job, on to Harman, and through the Canaan Valley to Black Water Falls about 70 miles to the north. It was rainy when we arrived and already too late in the evening to look around, so we drove into the Monongahela Forest to find a remote camp spot. Finding one wasn’t easy but we eventually found a suitable spot. Auspiciously, the rain broke long enough for us to catch an amazing sunset as the sun settled behind the wooded mountains of Tucker county.

Sunday morning we climbed up Olsen’s tower, and then drove into Davis, WV for lunch. Our next stop was the beautiful Blackwater Falls, named for its amber waters tinted by red spruce needles and the tannic acid of fallen hemlocks. The falls are an impressive fifty-seven feet tall.

From Blackwater we headed toward the West Virginia and Maryland state line and Backbone Mountain. The trail to the highpoint of Backbone Mountain is a rough logging type road just over a mile in length from highway 219. Since my SUV was equipped with four wheel drive we drove up it most of the way until the driving became extra rough. We walked the remainder to the highest spot in Maryland at 3,360 feet.

The highpoint is called Hoye Crest and contains a large sign on a metal post. Hoye Crest is named in remembrance of the First World War Captain Charles Hoye, a descendant of early settlers to the area, and founder of the Garrett county historical society. Hoye was also a veteran of the Spanish-American War. Backbone Mountain crosses the border of Maryland and runs into West Virginia, earning its name because the thirty-nine mile long ridge which it crowns is often rugged and rocky. We found the summit covered in too many trees to allow for any long-distance views. In 2005 the Highpointers club had not installed one of their benches seen at many of the minor elevation highpoints today.

Heading back down, someone had parked on the logging road, but we were lucky enough to be able to just barely squeeze past the unthoughtful persons car, as we returned to highway 219 and drove seventy plus miles to the George Washington Forest at Wardensville, WV where we camped for the night.

Memorial Day we enjoyed the solitude of our remote camp spot as we hung out and cooked on the fire. We were even lucky enough to see a rafter of wild turkeys. It was four o’clock in the afternoon when we got back to Herndon.

Eventful and enjoyable long-weekend, and my third highpoint reached.

**Mount Marcy, NY, 5,344 ft. – July 4, 2005, HP #4: We dared a dip in the ice cold water.**

We had left Washington, DC two days before on this -my first- trip to the Adirondacks. This was the third day of our trip, and the first day of our overnighter up Mt. Marcy, the highest point in the state of New York.

Following a drive through Lake Placid and a stroll down the main street, as the afternoon was rapidly disappearing we decided we better drive to the starting location for our hike. The plan was to begin the hike from South Meadows, where we would leave the car, and backpack 2.8 miles along an old fire road to Marcy Dam. At Marcy Dam we would camp, and then pick up the classic VanHoevenberg Trail to the peak the next morning. The advantage of starting at South Meadow as compared to the VanHoevenberg Trailhead at Adirondac Loj is that we could park the car for free.

The old fire road was basically flat gaining only 100ft to the dam, making the backpacking relatively easy. The mosquito’s, however, made the flat walk rather unpleasant. We took it slow and made it to the dam within 1.5 hours. By the time we settled on a camping spot and set up the three tents it was dark. After a snack, we played a game of "tie the food bag up in the tree." Each of us was given two tries to throw a 5-50 cord, with a stick attached to one of its ends, 20-feet up and through a fork in some tree branches. All our laughing, at missed attempts, got the dog camping across from us quite excited. On the eighth throw we finally succeeded.

This was our easy day, having covered less than three miles and only 100 vertical feet.

Monday morning, 4 July 2005, we woke up early, and by 8 am were on route to the highest point in New York, via the VanHoevenberg trail. After about 1-mile the trail passed a turn off for Phelps Mountain, and another 1.5 miles further along it crossed Phelps Brook by means of the three-pole-bridge. About two miles into this second day of our hike we came to the beautiful site of Indian Falls, and since the last half mile had been quite rocky and steep we decided this was a great place to relax and take in the views. Rested, on we went up the trail that resembled a stone staircase. About a half mile from the peak the trail passed the Hopkins trail to Keene Valley, on the left, at a plateau elevation of 4,420 feet.

The last 900 feet of vertical climbing are quite steep, so we stopped on some big rocks for lunch and decided to leave our day packs there to be picked up on the descent. Near the peak we passed a large cairn, and on the peak we asked someone to take a photograph of our group of four in front of the plaque commemorating the 100 year anniversary of the first recorded ascent in 1837. We also located the geological survey marker. With our moderate pace, it had taken us four hours, from the dam below, to cover the five miles up to the 5,344 foot peak. In those five miles we gained over 3200 vertical feet.

On the summit we were greeted by the so-called Summit Steward (some college kid who’s summer job it was to ensure no one walked on the roped-off fragile artic vegetation areas), and he informed us that we were the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th peak-baggers that day.

The descent to Marcy Dam required about as much time as the ascent, however we did take a much longer rest at Indian Falls where we dared a dip in the ice cold water only to be foiled by the clouds covering the sun as soon as we got in (oh the luck). While at the falls a guy and his girlfriend offered to filter some water for us. The unfortunate fellow had a big red circle on his shoulder indicating a tick was under his skin.

By the time we got back to camp we were rather tired and hungry and not looking forward to mosquito-thirty (the time of day the mosquito’s attack). Plus we realized we had another 2.8 miles of hiking to do with the added weight of our camping gear. So we ate and rested before we packed up the gear. On the bright-side, Pratt had by now used up most of the 11 liters of water he had packed in; at 2.2 pounds per liter he had packed in 24 pounds of water!

Back on the fire road to South Meadows the mosquitoes were even worse than the day before. They made us forget how tired we were, as well as how heavy our packs were, and caused us to make it back to the car in less than one-hour.

It was a long day, having covered almost 13 miles, which went up over 3200 vertical feet and then came down the same plus another 100 foot descent to the car. Tired or not, we all felt pleased having "bagged" the highest peak in New York!

**Kings Peak, UT, 13,528 ft. – September 2, 2006, HP #5: I meet my first highpointer.**

I first heard about Kings Peak in August 2005 when I was climbing Chief Mountain in Glacier Park Montana. I was told it was a multiple day hike/climb to the highest spot in Utah. Since I was moving to Utah later that month, I decided then that I would climb that mountain. A little over one-year later, on a wind-free and sunny September 2, I found myself at 13,528 feet overlooking the spectacular Henry’s Fork basin from the highpoint of the Beehive State.

I had trouble falling asleep the night of Thursday August 31, 2006 as I anticipated, with both concern and excitement, what I was about to set out alone to do the following morning. Nonetheless, sleep finally came, and before I knew it morning had arrived and I was leaving Orem and on my way to the Henry’s Fork trailhead in the High Uintas. The 130 mile drive took me up Provo Canyon, through Heber, and past Park City where I connect up with I-80 and continued on into Wyoming. In Wyoming I drove past Evanston and exited at Fort Bridger then traveled through Mountain View, and into the Wasatch Cache National Forest of Utah. Around 11:30 AM September 1st, after almost exactly 3 hours I arrived at the Henry’s Fork trailhead from where the 30 mile round-trip hiking adventure would begin. No concerns remained as I ate a light lunch and double checked my loaded backpack. By 12:15 PM I was ready to go, and I asked a family, who were preparing for the same hike, to snap a hiking-opening picture of me. Then off, alone, I went on my three day adventure.

Most of the information I had read about the hike suggested walking in about 7 or 8 miles the first day and camping at Dollar Lake. I knew the trail was relatively flat up to Dollar Lake and likewise also a mile or two further to the base of Gunsight Pass. At the pass the hike would leave the basin and begin the real ascent into the Uintas Mountains. Anticipating a strenuous day two, when I would actually climb to the peak, I thought it wise to cover as much of the flat ground on the first day as possible. As such, I hoped I would be able to find water thus allowing me to camp at the mouth of Gunsight Pass. I mentioned this idea to a couple of return hikers I encountered in the Henry’s Fork parking lot, and a second time to two return hikers I chanced upon on the trail. Both times I was told water and tolerable camping could be had at the base of Gunsight pass my target for the day.

Studying the trail, the night before, I had broken my first day of hiking into three segments or landmarks. The first landmark would be an intersecting trail to Alligator Lake about 3 miles into the hike. The next landmark would be another 2.5 miles further along where I would encounter the Elkhorn stream crossing. The final landmark, of day one, would be the base of Gunsight Pass about 9 miles into the trek. Imagine my pleasant surprise when only about 2 hours into my hike I crossed a return hiker and was informed that I was almost at the Elkhorn stream crossing; the going was so quick that I had disregarded the first intersecting trail I crossed as my initial landmark.

As I crossed the stream at my second landmark, I, for the second time, meet up with and passed a group of about four young men, two of who appeared to be in the military, and one young woman. At this same time I noticed a lone-hiker who was attempting to ford the creek rather than cross on the bridge lower downstream. I hurried on hoping to stay ahead, and out of sight, of the other hikers. After a while I decided to rest in a camping area which on the return trip I learned was in sight of Dollar Lake. While I rested the lone-hiker passed by, but did not notice me. Shortly after resting, I caught up with the lone-hiker resting and I asked him if we were near Dollar Lake. He said he wasn’t sure, and I then asked him to snap a picture of me with Kings Peak in the background. During this time the other group of hikers caught up to and past us, only to rest a few yards up the trail. As I approached them they asked me if I knew where Henry Lake was, I comment that I didn’t but that I believe we were opposite Dollar Lake, and this seemed to be confirmed as we all saw a man and a woman leave the trees opposite us. We were at the base of an incline at this point and I decided I would hike up the incline and then head left to see if I could see the lake. On my way up the hill I past two older men on their way down, and I asked them about camping near Gunsight Pass and about the location of Dollar Lake. They informed me of a small lake at the bottom of Gunsight Pass.

Near the top of the hill I left the trail and headed left hoping to spot the lake, but was disappointed to find the only thing over there were domestic sheep. Deciding I could find it on the return trip, I returned to the trail and headed toward Gunsight Pass, soon catching up with, and unintentionally surprising the aforementioned lone-hiker. We chatted about camping at the small lake at the base of Gunsight pass ahead, and I soon recognized him as the owner of a white pick-up I had over-taken on the gravel road leading to the trailhead. Soon after, around 5 PM, I spotted the destination lake and pointed it out to my fellow lone-hiker who was now trailing me. I remained on the trail planning to approach the lake on its south-side even as my fellow hiker began bush-whacking through the shrubs and marshy ground to the north-side of the unnamed lake. I explored the south-side of the lake finding the surrounding ground to be too moist for camping. Leaving my backpack I walked over to the opposite side and spoke with my fellow hiker who introduced himself as Charlie. I asked him if he minded if I also camped on this side of the lake and he seemed almost glad that I might do so. After chatting for a while I learned that Charlie, who as likely in his late 60’s, was quite the avid hiker, having bagged the highpoints in 38 of the US states. As such, I meet my first highpointer. Around 6 PM, I set-up my camp next to a rock and about 30 yards from Charlie who was bivying it.

Once my camp was set up I turned my attention to cooking. For this trip I had brought along a couple of freeze-dried dinners, instant oatmeal, and instant noodles, all of which could be simply and quickly prepared by adding only boiling water. The day before leaving on the hike I had bought a new Jetboil stove which claims to be able to boil one-cup of water in around one minute. For this meal I decided to cook freeze-dried beef stroganoff, and I had just finished adding the boiling water when Charlie stopped by. I ate and we chatted, and around 7 PM, we watched a group of two hikers set up across the marshy ground next to the trail; we expected they would come to the lake for water, but they never did. Just before dark we climbed a hill west of our camps to look over the Henry’s Fork basin. From this point we watched a cowboy on horseback, and his three dogs, round up and drive the domestic sheep toward the toilet bowl. The toilet bowl is a 1000 ft. high and 0.25 mile long scree covered chute next to Anderson pass which is often used as a return trip shortcut by hikers who camp at Dollar Lake.

Soon the sun was setting and each of us returned to his own camp. I sat on the big rock next to my tent for a while and watched two hikers with flashlights walk by losing them as they entered Gunsight Pass. Around 9 PM I retired to my tent, but sleep avoided me and in its place came sickness. I believe it may have been the 11,000 ft. altitude I was camping at as I was inundated with a headache on top of which the freeze dried meal, or possibly the iodine treated water, was not agreeing with my stomach. It wasn’t until after 1 AM that I finally feel asleep only to awake a couple of hours later due to wind and below freezing temperatures. Alas the cold was no match for my 27 year old, Northern Lights, down-filled mummy! Slightly before sunrise, around 6 AM, I woke-up, still with the headache and upset stomach, and decided to skip breakfast and begin the approximately five-mile, 2,500 ft. climb to the top of Utah.

At around 7 AM as I started up Gunsight Pass I looked back toward camp and waved good-bye to Charlie who had emerged from his bivy. At the top of Gunsight Pass I rested and looked for a cairn marked shortcut I had heard about. Finding the shortcut I took it up and over two ridges where I spotted, from north to south, the top of the toilet bowl, Anderson pass, and Kings Peak, below all of which was a basin that reminded me of pictures I had seen of Everest. I soon realized I needed to descend down the ridge and into the basin, where I would pick up the main trail and head up toward Anderson pass. I no sooner began to do so when I saw four other hikers coming across the shortcut a bit east of me and heading down into the basin. I directed my path to intersect with theirs. Only one of the four seemed willing to talk but nonetheless I followed along with them for a while to below Anderson pass where, around 8:30 AM, I paused for breakfast allowing them to go ahead of me. I was still feeling nauseated but I knew I needed to eat and drink so I braved down a granola bar and some beef jerky, and I drank some iodine treated water. At places a tiny stream shared the trail and it was still frozen solid at this time. As I continued on, I watched four hikers emerge to my right having climbed up the toilet bowl. Before I reached the top of Anderson pass the four hikers from the toilet bowl had started up the remaining one mile length and 900 ft. altitude climb to the peak, apparently they were trying to catch the other four hikers I had encountered earlier.

With my upset stomach, and throbbing headache I made my own push to the top. At this point there was no trail to follow, only boulders and broken pieces of rock one had to hop to and from. I was unsure exactly where my destination lay so I tried to keep an eye on my predecessors but they soon disappeared behind one of the several false peaks. At one point I was so surprised I couldn’t see them that I called out “hello” hoping they would hear and answer, but to no avail. As I continued up, my headache increased with the altitude, and I felt a blister developing on my foot. At around 10:00 AM on a big boulder, which turned out to be only 200 ft. from my goal -- although I didn’t realize I was that close -- I paused to check my foot, and to try to eat more. With the pause my stomach finally settled, and I was able to eat and drink more, while I applied moleskin to my tender foot. During this break two older men approached me and I asked them if they knew where the peak was, but they had the same question for me. I told them the four hikers - I had encountered in the basin - figured they would reach the peak by 11:00 AM, so we likely had another 45 minutes or more ahead of us, but of course that estimate was wrong and we were only 10 minutes from the objective. As I was ready to continue, down already came the eight hikers ahead of me, and from them I learn how close I was.

Up and on I went arriving at 13,528 ft. at 10:30 AM Saturday September 2, 2006. I was greeted by the two older men I had spoken with a few minutes earlier and we all agreed what a nice surprise it was to have reached the top much sooner than we had anticipated. I asked one to snap a few pictures of me then off they went leaving me alone on top. Not long after two other climbers joined me staying only for a few minutes. Left alone again I searched the top for an elevation marker, which didn’t exist, when along came a man and women whom I recognized as the couple I had seen leaving the trees, the day before, where Dollar Lake was wrongly supposed to be. They asked me to snap a couple of pictures of them, and I had them take another of me.

I was in no hurry to descend so I relaxed and took in the views. To the east was a large lake (Lake Atwood). To the south was South Kings Peak at 13,308 ft. (once believe to be higher than Kings Peak), and on the horizon endless mountains. To the west was a sheer drop off, a large basin, more mountains and a few high altitude lakes. To the north was the Henry’s Fork basin I had trekked up the day before in which I finally saw Dollar Lake off to the right, and Henry’s Lake to the west of that.

After a sunny and windless hour on the summit some teenagers arrived and I learned they were a part of a large group, so I decided to descend. Almost immediately I encountered several people on their way up, and one woman asked me where I was camped and then informed me she had seen sheep stampeding toward my camp. It took less than an hour to reach Anderson pass which now was cluttered with hikers In the basin east of Anderson pass I felt another blister coming on so I stopped to check it out. At this time the two hikers who were camped on the trail across from me came along, on their way back to camp. I informed them of the shortcut to Gunsight Pass and they decided to use it by following me. Arriving at Gunsight Pass, a bit before 2 PM, I paused to rest as my followers continued on. As I started down the pass I crossed trails with a young man from Seattle who was hiking with a dog that was carrying most of his gear. He pointed out to me the clouds that had formed over the region I had left and I warned him of the potential for lightning. Near the bottom of the pass, I encountered a woman forest ranger on horseback with a pack horse. I asked her about the sheep, but she wasn’t helpful.

By 2:15 PM, I was back at my camp, and relived to find the sheep had not been around after all. First thing I did was to treat some water, then retire to my tent for a rest while the water purified. Around 3 PM, the water was ready, and so I prepared some food. Following eating, I again entered my tent for more rest, after which I planned to pack-up and hike down to Elkhorn crossing. While back at camp two other groups of hikers set up camps in the area, so I was glad my plan was to leave. By 5:30 PM, I was well rested, had my gear packed up, and was again on my way down.

After about an hour of walking, the blisters on my feet began to hurt and I was forced to stop and apply more moleskin. In bearable pain, on I went, arriving at Elkhorn stream crossing before sunset at 7:40 PM, relived to find the camp spot I had in mind was vacant. I quickly set up camp, tied my food up in a tree, and then noticed another tent, further in, hidden behind a group of trees. By 8:30 PM I was in my mummy bag and surprised that in the trees, and at a lower elevation, the temperature seemed colder than the previous night. For the most part I slept soundly for 12 hours, waking up only a couple of times, once as a flashlight passed my tent, and another time as the wind or an animal brushed my tent.

I spent the morning of the third day relaxing, airing out my tent and sleeping bag, organizing my stuff, and cooking food. Initially no one else seemed to be around, and I supposed the occupants of the other tent had headed for the peak early and that I had seen their flashlight in the early morning darkness. Perhaps around 11:00 AM, I noticed a man fishing in the creek, and I approached him to find he was a fellow I had briefly talked to just above Anderson’s Pass as I descend Kings Peak. He didn’t seem to remember me. He had caught a trout and placed it in water in a plastic bag.

Well rested, I packed up my gear, and patched up my feet, and began the remaining 5.5 miles back to my truck, leaving at 12:30 PM. About 45 minutes into the walk, my blistered feet began to hurt, and so at 1:30 PM I stopped to rest. I was hoping I was within an hour of the end at this point, but I had not yet past the Alligator Lake trail. Around 2:30 PM I crossed trails with my fifth group of hikers of the day, and they asked me where I had been and if I was alone, following my replies they told me I had only a half mile left. Physically I felt great, having no sore muscles and lots of energy but the blisters were a genuine hindrance, and so I was again forced to rest. At 3 PM, I was extremely glad to remove my shoes and socks and to put on my Birkenstocks having reached the end of my 30 mile adventure! Before I left I looked in the log book at the trailhead to see how many groups had logged in the same day as me. I counted 15 groups which amounted to 36 people.

I could not have asked for a better trip, everything worked out flawlessly, and the weather was exceptional. Henry’s Fork basin is a beautiful, peaceful area, and reaching the highest point of Utah was a magnificent accomplishment.

**Gannett Peak, WY, 13,804 ft. – August 19, 2009, HP #6: The Titcomb basin area could very well be the most beautiful natural place I have been in the USA.**

The first two winters living in Utah were big snow seasons, and the skiing was excellent. Outside of ski season I began doing a fair amount of hiking not unlike when I lived in Virginia. Between arriving in Utah in 2005 and my climb of Kings Peak just over a year later, I climbed six additional mountains, and I was trying to figure out how to get into mountaineering so I could explore snow covered peaks. This desire, along with my love of skiing, lead me not only into mountaineering but also into backcountry skiing, and eventually into rock and ice climbing.

Fast-forward to 2009 when I climbed Gannett Peak. I was by then a pretty serious mountaineer (or at least an experienced mountain adventurer) having completed 150 mountain climbs spanning all seasons of the year. Through my frequent excursions into the mountains, I had started rubbing shoulders with a few members of the Salt Lake City based Wasatch Mountain Club (however I have never been a member), and had skied the Trinity Chutes of Mount Shasta, CA with a couple of them in May 2009. Unofficially, outside the club, six of them had purposed tackling Gannett Peak, and I was invited to join them. We planned a trip for the end of August 2009 trusting that the summer bugs would be on the decline by then. I must admit the fact that Gannett Peak is a state high point was not the driving force behind my desire to face it. I took it on as a mountaineering challenge, and for the beauty and thrill of climbing it.

August 16, 2009 the seven of us meet up in a suburb of Salt Lake City, loaded into three cars then drove northwest 240 miles to the small Wyoming town of Pinedale. From Pinedale it is about a 15 mile drive along the eastern shore of Freemont Lake to Elkhart Park where Skyline Drive ends. A campground and a parking area is located there, as is the Pole Creek trail trailhead which is the first of a series of trails which combined take trekkers into the breathtaking Titcomb basin. We arrived in the evening and spent the night at the campground at an elevation of 9280 feet with temperatures dropping below freezing.

It is close to 23 miles from Elkhart Park to the top of Wyoming, making it over 45 miles roundtrip with over 9000 feet of elevation gain. We didn’t want to overexert ourselves so our plan was to take two days to backpack into the upper Titcomb Lake, where we would set up what we called basecamp from which we would go for the peak. Needless to say, taking on Gannett Peak is a pretty serious quest.

Having two days for the approach it seemed like we were not in a rush and we didn’t begin hiking Monday August 17, 2009 until after 9 am. We reached Photographer Point (10,350 ft.), 4.5 miles into our journey, at around lunch time, and I was hungry and not feeling any need to hurry. After snapping a few photos the rest of the group conversely, all of a sudden, was in a hurry and didn’t linger around. I decided to not worry about it and just enjoyed my lunch anyway, catching up with them soon enough only to find out at least one of them was upset with me. Being confident and comfortable in the outdoors alone, and having everything I needed with me, I wasn’t at all concern about it, but was still wondering why none of them had stopped for lunch.

By 1:40 pm we had covered 7.5 miles having reached the Seneca Lake outlet giving us an average of 1.7 miles per hour – not bad with full backpacks on uneven ground. Two miles further along at just before 3pm we stopped for the day and set up our camp at the north end of Seneca Lake prior to Little Seneca Lake. About half way between the lake outlet and its northern end we had encounter a dead horse just below the switch backs west of Seneca Lake (around inbound mile 8.5). We wondered if the owner, or someone, would return to dynamite it into small compostable pieces as there was no chance it was going to be removed from the area.

August 18 we broke camp, again at a leisurely pace, heading north on the Seneca Lake trail by 10 am. After just one mile our destination put us on the Indian Pass trail still traveling north. The scenery of granite mountains like Freemont peak, along with boulders everywhere and multiple lakes was incredible. On the rise above Island Lake we caught a glimpse of our goal, Gannett Peak, and the pass, Bonney Pass, we would have to traverse to reach it. A half an hour later we were at the south end of Island Lake still enchanted with the spectacular backdrop. I will go out on a limb here and say the Titcomb basin area could very well be the most beautiful natural place I have been in the USA. We continued around the east side of Island Lake traversing its sandy beaches. As we left Island Lake, now on the Titcomb Basin trail, we paused for lunch at noon, and a half an hour later we encountered our first section of snow, but not enough to warrant crampons.

Less than 3 hours into the day’s journey we reached the lower Titcomb Lake. Northeast of the Upper Titcomb Lake at around 10,600 feet, still in the early afternoon, we choose a spot for our basecamp. We had covered 6.5 miles for the day. When the comfortable breeze would stop we had a lot of mosquitoes to deal with. To pass the time we relaxed in our tents, filtered water, and made dinner. After dinner some played cards until dark. Layered clothing, and even ski hats, were needed to stay warm when you weren’t exerting yourself. Our basecamp was located 2.5 miles from the top of the 12,800 ft. Bonney Pass, and approximately 7 miles from the 13,804 ft. summit.

Day three was summit day and we got an early start leaving camp at 6 am which isn’t a crazy alpine early start. At the bottom of the snow covered Bonney pass, with the sun starting to come up, we donned our gaiters, strapped on our crampons, and pulled out our ice axes. From this point on we would be traveling on snow. We gained the 2,200 feet to the top of Bonney Pass in two hours, next dropping down to 11,580 ft. to the Dinwoody Glacier with its absurdly deep moot by 9 am. From the Dinwoody Glacier over to Gooseneck Glacier requires locating a thin band of snow that leads to Gooseneck Ridge, this strip of snow would have been very hard to find without Ben’s knowledge of the route. Ben was the only member of our group who had climbed the peak before and his familiarity was appreciated.

Within an hour and a half from the Dinwoody Glacier we reached what we hoped wasn’t going to be a major obstacle namely the notorious bergschrund. We had taken a bit of a calculated risk when we elected to leave behind pickets, harnesses, and ropes trusting that we wouldn’t need them to get over the bergschrund. Fortunately, with care the “schrund” was passable without gear and the 40 degree (or more) slope above the "schrund" proved to be the crux of the climb. By 10:45 am our full group of seven had safely navigated the crux, and within another 15 minutes we reached the point where the Gooseneck Ridge turns from West to North and overlooks what I believe is known as Glacier Pass. From there we soon reached the Gooseneck pinnacle, and before noon all seven of us stood upon the highest spot in Wyoming with blue skies all around and breath taking views in all directions.

Leah had brought along a cloth banner on which she had written Gannett and below that 13,804’ - we took turns posing for pictures while holding it. We relaxed on the top soaking in the sun and the views, found and signed the summit registry, and within an hour began the return trip to basecamp climbing over the seemingly bottomless “schrund” by 1:30 pm. We retrace our steps to the top of Bonney Pass arriving by 4:30 pm.

I was the first of our group to start down the 2000 plus vertical feet of Bonney Pass, and after some time a commotion caused me to pause and look back up, only to see Ben uncontrollably sliding on his belly, feet first, rapidly gaining speed as he plummeted toward me. I could see he had lost his ice axe, and so I yelled at him to spread out his arms and legs, hoping that would slow him enough so he could regain control. It was a frightening scene to witness, but mercifully he heard my instructions, followed them, and recovered control. He suffered only scrapes, along with some bumps and bruises, being blessed to have not snagged a crampon and to have stopped when he did. He told me that as he started down he stopped to get something out of his pack and in doing so released the leash of his axe from the waist band strap, only to next slip with his axe left above stuck in the snow. On a steep slope like we were descending self-arresting without an axe was an unlikely affair which he pulled off. He would have been badly hurt, and we all would have been in serious trouble otherwise. I for one thanked my Heavenly Father for his protection.

It was a twelve hour day by the time we all securely returned to basecamp, and we were exhausted having covered 14 miles and climbed just shy of 7000 vertical feet. Water, food, and rest – in that order – was all we wanted and needed that evening.

Our fourth day in the mountains was essentially a reverse of days two and one. We began the 16 mile return hike at 8:00 am, passed Little Seneca Lake inside an hour and a half, encountered the bloated dead horse 20 minutes before noon, and reached the parking lot at Elkhart Park by 4:30 pm. I finished the last of my food on the return trip meaning I had packed no extra. Nevertheless, I was in favor of either spending another night at the campground, or making the journey home. However, the consensus of the majority of the group was to drive to Pinedale, get some motel rooms, and dine at a restaurant. Come to find out Ben had a motel room already reserved! We returned home August 21, 2009.

**Borah Peak, ID, 12,662 ft. – September 5, 2009, HP #7: Raised seven feet during an earthquake.**

After work on Friday September 4, 2009 I took I-15 north from Utah to Blackfoot Idaho, then US-26 north west to Arco where I continued north west on US-93 through Mackay and finally to Birch Springs road to the southwest ridge trailhead of Borah Peak. It was a 330 mile drive. Upon arriving at 10:45 pm I folded down the back seat of my SUV and made myself comfortable for the night.

Next morning I was up at 5:15 am, and by 6:20 am I was following a trail upward to the east between pine trees and sage brush. Soon, as I headed up a series of switchbacks, I caught up to a party ahead of me. I put my head down and picked up my pace and as I overtook them, much to my surprise, one of them called me by name. I turned to see Mark Wray who I had worked with in Australia back in 1988. These days Mark is a pilot and lives in Idaho. In the last twenty-one years we had only seen each other one other time when nine years prior his work had taken him to the DC area. He was climbing Borah with his son, and it was a pleasant surprise to run into an old friend especially at such a remote location. I didn’t want to interrupt his father and son time, so I was soon on my way.

About 80 minutes into the hike the trees thinned out and Borah Peak came into view, I was over 9000 feet by this point. This was my first time seeing it with my own eyes, as I had arrived in the dark not getting a view of the mountain from the highway. From this vantage point the summit looked lower than its neighboring peak an optical illusion as often happens in the mountains. At roughly 10,500 feet the trail enters an alpine plateau, and about 800 vertical feet later a rocky buttress is encountered which is the bottom of the legendary Chicken Out Ridge, considered the crux of the outing.

Chicken Out Ridge involves continuous stout third class scrambling - with a few fourth class moves sprinkled in for added spice- as it gains 300 vertical feet. The ridge has exposure on both sides with the north side being the more perilous as it looks down 2000 or so feet. Sounds daunting, but the rock is solid with amble trustworthy hand and foot holds, and as such it is nothing to be worried about - some folks even take their dogs up and over it. The ridge ends at a 20 foot down climb landing on a snow filled notch (which wasn't so snow filled this late in the year). Just in case I had packed an ice axe with me, but there was not any need to unstrap it from my bag. The route travels north east from this point to the peak, on the southwest ridge - I’m guessing this section is the route namesake. This next section is narrow, but was easily passable, and leads slightly downward to a saddle which I reached at 9:10 am. From the saddle it’s another 800 feet or so up to the summit, which required 40 minutes to climb.

This southwest ridge trail is steep, gaining on average close to 1500 ft. per mile as it surges 5200 vertical feet in 3.5 miles from the trailhead. I took 3.5 hours to ascend it and I was privileged to arrive to an unpopulated peak. An American flag was flying from a flagpole prompted up by the summit cairn with an Idaho flag sunk below it on the group of rocks.

I only had the peak to myself for about five minutes as I took in the beautiful landscapes of the Lost River Range with its many 12000-foot peaks scattered before me. No longer alone I took advantage of the company by having someone take my photo as I posed holding the faded jean "Mt. Borah, elev. 12,662 ft." banner, which is stored on the peak for all to model with, as I sported my 70’s style sunglasses. Those who climbed this mountain before 1983 would have needed a banner labeled with 12,655 ft. as Borah was raised seven feet during a 1983 earthquake that shook the area.

By 10:10 am Mark and his boy arrived, and we took a couple of photos together. While chitchatting we both mentioned a desire to one day climb Denali – Mark hoped to climb it with his son.

I hung out on the peak for about an hour. Ultimately retracing my steps returning to the parking lot by 2pm. Near the trailhead I stopped to read a “Safety Tips For Hiking Borah” sign which had been in the dark for my ascent. The sign said to plan on a 12-hour round trip but besides that it made some reasonable points. A second sign gave the origins of the mountains name stating “Named in 1933 for William E. Borah, Idaho’s senator from1906 to 1940”.

Next to the parking lot I found an empty camping spot with a picnic table. After removing my boots I cleaned up then made lunch at the table. It was quiet so I rested hoping, but failing, to fall asleep. Around 6pm I began the long drive back arriving home just after 11:00 pm.

**Mount Elbert, CO, 14,433 ft. – September 18, 2009, HP #8: It appeared as though I was alone, much to my delight.**

It was a quick and easy decision to make, when I learned the trailhead for Mt. Elbert was only about a one hundred mile longer drive than what I had driven to Borah the prior week. Mt. Elbert it would be then – my hundredth distinct mountain and a new personal height record to boot. Prior to climbing Mt. Elbert I had completed 151 successful mountain climbs on 99 separate mountains. Not wanting to rush it, I planned it for a week out -- I’d leave next Thursday afternoon, sleep in my SUV at the trailhead and climb it the following day.

Thursday arrived, and I set off anonymously after lunch. The miles passed uneventfully and soon I found myself in Grand Junction, CO with my odometer indicating that roughly half of the drive was behind me. Four o’clock seemed a bit early for dinner, but after I filled up the gas tank I realized I might as well eat too. Soon enough I was back on I-70 heading east covering new ground, through often scenic areas, with each passing mile. Near the small town of Minturn, I exited the freeway turning south onto US-24 to wind my way up to the two-mile high town of Leadville. As I neared Leadville I spotted Mt Elbert to the southwest and thought it looked more impressive than the pictures I had seen. I reached Leadville just as the sun had set and I topped off my gas tank before heading off in search of CO 11 which would lead me into the San Isabel National Forest and the trailhead of Mt. Elbert about 12 miles distant.

It was around eight o’clock when I pulled up at the Mt Elbert northeast ridge trailhead where only one other vehicle occupied the parking lot. The vacancy coupled with the darkness and an unfamiliar place set a rather eerie feeling as I stepped out my vehicle to examine the trailhead sign. Confirming I was in the right place, next I had to decide if I would spend the night here as planned or in the campground across the dirt road. This decision became obvious when a faceless male voice from the other vehicle suddenly informed me to keep my eye on the eastern sky where the voice claimed to have seen strange lights and unidentified flying objects.

At the campground I approached a string of lights thinking it was the trailer of the campground host when in fact it turned out to be the head lamps of a group of three or four campers. They informed me the campground was closed for the season, so there was nowhere to pay a fee, but that I could camp anywhere. Not wanting to bother anyone, and liking my privacy, but bearing in mind the voice across the road I prudently picked a secluded spot within shouting distance of the other campers. I had few preparations to make for the morning, and was soon stretched out comfortably in the back of my SUV with an alarm clock set for 6 am. The plan was to hit the trail by 7 am with the sun just up, but with plenty of hours ahead to make the climb and descent before the inevitable afternoon thunderstorms arrived.

Five fifteen the clock read, and already someone was pulling into the Mt. Elbert trailhead parking lot. Obviously I wasn’t going to be alone on the mountain today. Shortly my alarm went off, and I was up and crunching down some homemade granola and a boiled egg. I hit the trail at 6:50 am, and within half an hour I had climbed several switch backs on the Colorado Trail and was at the turn off to the Mt. Elbert trail 1.3 miles into the 9 mile round trip.

As the trees got thinner the trail seemed to get steeper, and around 8:00 a.m., at nearly the tree line, I passed two older gentlemen who I learned were from Texas and had been driving the car that woke me up at 5:15 am. Shortly thereafter the mountain came into view, a large but plan looking peak. As I left the trees I encountered a father and his grown son resting, and they commented about eating breakfast as I past them. A woman hiking alone who I thought might be with them was a few yards further ahead on the steep barren trail. I continued my march up and soon caught up with her as she informed me that she was hiking alone as part of her training to climb Mt Kilimanjaro in a few weeks. She was chatty but I was eager and wanting to move forward, so on I went, hoping I would now be the first on the peak that day.

A false summit of approximately 13,800 ft. loomed in front of me as the wind blew slightly and I stopped to put my fleece back on. As I made my way up I occasionally noticed a fresh boot print and the odd dog foot print, making me question my pole position. Once the false peak was reached after 2.5 hours plus and about 3,800 vertical feet of climbing I was a bit let down to see how far away the next summit was which I incorrectly assumed was the highpoint.

In planning, I had figured I could easily complete the whole 4,383 vertical feet and 4.5 miles of non-technical hiking in 3.5 hours, but hoped to complete it in 3 hours; 3 hours now seemed doubtful. Nonetheless, I was pleased with my progress, and glad that I was unaffected by the elevation. Within 25 minutes I reached the next elevated point from which I could finally see the true 14,433 foot peak. I would have to gain about another 50 feet and travel along a small wide ridge to reach the pinnacle of Colorado. Three hours were slightly past so I decided not to hurry, and instead I took a few pictures of myself with the peak behind. Surprisingly it only took six minutes to complete the ascent putting me on top at 10:02 am. A new personal height record, the highest point in Colorado and the second highest spot in the lower 48 had been reached!

It appeared as though I was alone, much to my delight. Several rock walls had been stacked up as wind barriers but as I looked around moving from one to another in search of a summit log I quickly discovered who had made the boot and dog tracks. Well, now I had someone to take my picture! I asked him about the summit log and he pointed out some PVC pipe to me. Inside I found the pipe to be stuffed with crumpled moist papers -- it was a mess so I cleaned it out discovering only one well maintained paper which was a sign listing the mountain name and elevation. As I was sorting out the summit log, a solo hiker arrived and I was surprised that it was a young man and not the lone woman I had passed. Armed with the sign, I asked the dog owner to take a photo of me with the view to the south of the rugged north face of 14,336 foot La Plata Peak in the background.

I relaxed in the brisk air at the top of Colorado donning my windproof layer to ensure I'd stay warm. Content with my accomplishment, I munched on some snacks as I absorbed the spectacular views in all directions. To the east I could see Twin Lakes, and to the northeast the town of Leadville. Colorado’s second tallest peak, 14,421 foot Mt. Massive, dominated the view north. In all directions the odd cloud lingered but none of them looked threatening (which I was thankful for) so I saw no need to hurry down. More pictures were taken and I even made a short summit video.

After about 30 minutes the lone female hiker arrived, asking if I minded if she took a break near me. Just before 11:00 am another lone male hiker arrived. As I took a picture of him with his disposable camera, and listen to him talk, I soon wondered if he wasn’t the owner of the UFO-speaking voice of the night before, but thought it best not to ask him.

About the time I decided to begin my descent the father, without his son, who I had seen at tree-line, arrived. I started down, with the fellow and his dog not far behind and with a young man and young woman approaching the peak. I followed a path which angled down a bit to the east, instead of the northeast, noticing the dog and owner diverging from me; I thought that was good as I preferred not to have company on the descent. Giving them a bit of room I before long veered back to the main trail and watched them moving down, as at least five more people were making their way up. At the lower false summit I encountered the two older gentlemen steadily working their way up, one of them mentioned his GPS as he did when I pasted him on my ascent, making me realize he didn’t recognize me from a couple hours before.

Just below the lower false summit I decided I should tighten my boot laces to avoid hammer toe, and as I did so I was soon overcome with hunger. I paused to eat and was quickly overtaken by the suspected UFO voice, lone female hiker and father. As I ate I watched the suspected UFO voice rapidly move down, often jogging. Also I saw the dog and owner resting a hundred feet or so below me. Just as I got up to continue my descent the young couple who were just arriving at the peak as I started down spotted me and asked me if I was descending or ascending. The question annoyed me, and I snapped back that I was descending hoping they didn’t notice the irritation in my response. I soon past the lone female hiker, and shortly thereafter the young couple jogged passed me.

The father and I were moving at about the same pace, and as such I preferred he stay a distance in front of me. It wasn’t until well into the trees that I eventually overtook him, as we exchanged a few minutes of conversation, and I learned he had climbed Mt. Elbert as a goal to summit a Fourteener at the age of 60 – he was younger looking and fit and I told him as much. From that point on I didn’t see any more people until just near the end of the Colorado Trail where I crossed paths with a fellow carrying his mountain bike.

As I walked into the parking lot at 1:45 pm, my suspicions were confirmed as I saw who sat in the driver’s seat of the lone-vehicle of the night before. As I had asked the night before I felt tempted to ask him again if he was a believer, but didn’t feel like identifying myself.

Grateful, hungry, and little bit tired, I crossed the road to my vehicle not surprised that I now had a neighbor. Desiring solitude, I moved to another spot, closer to the creek which I cleaned up in before making my lunch. Following lunch, the inescapable afternoon shower rolled in as I relaxed and napped in my SUV bed. It was wonderful to be in the woods, and just as splendid to have reached the highest point in Colorado as my hundredth distinct mountain summit.

I wasn’t stopping at 100, tomorrow would see me on top of 14,421 foot Mt. Massive.

**Mount Hood, OR, 11,239 ft. – July 12, 2010, HP #9: The wind gusts were so strong that no one dared to stand up least they be blown off the ridge and fall to their death.**

I must admit that I knew next to nothing about Oregon’s Mt. Hood. I must have seen it when traveling down I-84 years ago but its image was not in my mind, I did not know anyone who had climbed it, and I’m not even sure I knew that it was the highest point in Oregon! Yet I wanted to climb it, and since we were going to be in the general area I put the idea out there to my friend Jordan, and he took the bait.  
  
We would be climbing Mt. Hood as a two man team, and as we learned about the mountain we found out that it is glaciated and the site of related crevasse rescues, accidents, and even deaths. Mountaineering mostly in the Utah Mountains where glaciers do not exist and crevasses are not typically a concern, neither of us had any practical experience with negotiating glaciers and as such we had some learning to do. Understanding that on Mt Hood we would have only our combined knowledge to keep us safe, and to perform rescues should the need arise, we both spent time reading up on glacier travel and rescue techniques. We even got together and set up 3:1 and 6:1 pulley systems in my backyard. We also figured out how to use an ATC as part of a ratchet system to pull a partner out of a crevasse. A couple of weeks prior to our scheduled trip, we set out on a practice run up local Mount Timpanogos where on the snow covered slopes adjacent to Emerald Lake we practiced arresting falls while roped together, setting up anchors, and rescuing each other out of imaginary crevasses. Armed with our newly acquired knowledge and practice we felt we were ready for Oregon’s tallest mountain.

I spent most of the evening of July 9th getting my gear together. The following afternoon Jordan picked me up and we began our nearly 800 mile drive to Timberline ski resort. Our plan was to climb Mount Hood via its south side in the early morning hours of July 12, and as such we were allowing ourselves more than ample time to get there.   
  
The first day we drove for about six and a half hours to the town of Ontario on the Oregon-Idaho border where we opted to stay at the local Motel 6. The next morning I was up and ready to go much too early partly due to the anticipation of the pending adventure, and mostly due to the fact that I do not sleep well in motels. As we resumed traveling west on I-84 we commented to each other how it looked more like Utah than what one thinks of Oregon, as it was rather dry and barren. However as we got farther west, and the freeway started to more or less parallel the Columbia River, the scenery improved and we soon began to catch glimpses of a large white object in the distance, which we speculated was our destination, and indeed turned out to be such.   
  
We reached The Dalles Oregon around noon time, where we stopped at Burgerville USA for lunch. From The Dalles it was only 21 more miles on I-84 west and then another 40 miles mostly along Oregon route 35 to the south side of Mt Hood and Timberline ski resort. We stopped a couple of times along route 35 to take pictures of the impressive 7,700 foot prominence of Mt Hood.

By 2:00 pm July 11, 2010 we reached the Timberline ski resort, and had our first look at Mt Hood’s south side. I pulled out the route descriptions and maps and we began to pick out landmarks, and make speculations. I had read up on the Hogsback route as well as the South Side Old Chute Variation route, but I was hoping to also talk to someone about the routes to learn which would be best for the current conditions and so we headed for the historic Timberline Lodge.   
  
Inside the lodge we noticed a park service employee at a table so we chatted with him but he did not have any information about the current climbing conditions. He suggested we go to the Day Lodge instead where he said there was a Climbers Cave. We followed his suggest and located the Climbers Cave, but there were no people there to chat with. However we did find the self-registry climbing permits, and a weather forecast. The forecast called for clear skies, much to our liking, but it also called for 30 mph wind gusts, something we had not anticipated. As we left the Climbers Cave I asked an athletic looking employee if he had climbed the mountain, he arrogantly replied that he had, and so I attempted to ask him the location of the Hogsback ridge on a ski resort map behind him. He did not want anything to do with me, so he responded that the map was a “cartoon map”, and I guess from that I was to infer how elite he is, even though his job appeared to be Mr. Trash-Collector. At that point in time I decided not to bother with trying to get anyone to tell us about the routes, knowing we could rely on the preparations we had made and the information I had.  
  
Our next obstacle was how to kill the nine hours before we would begin our ascent. We found a not yet open campground, and asked a couple of Timberline employees if we could hang out until midnight, and they thought it would be okay. I spent 20 minutes or so organizing my gear, and then I made some instant soup which I ate along with a boiled egg. After the snack I laid out my tents footprint, a sleeping pad, and my sleeping bag under some trees and tried to catch some sleep while Jordan rested in his car. As I lay under the large pine trees I watched the tops moving in the wind, as clouds moved rapidly across the sky. I kept hoping the wind would push the clouds away, and we would get the clear skies as predicted.  
  
By 8:00 pm, rest was no longer needed nor welcomed, and we were both eager to do something, so we headed down to the town of Government Camp to see it there was anything there to distract us. Shops were closing soon after our arrival, so we ended up watching kids holding a talent contest at a skateboard camp. Soon we grew tired of that and decided to buy a pizza so we could kill time at a restaurant. With the loss of the sun, the temperature became quiet chilly and the air had a stormy feeling to it, which rapidly began to steal away our enthusiasm. The weather was becoming a genuine concern.

By 10:00 pm, July 11, 2011 we left the restaurant and headed back to Timberline stopping at a rest area to change our clothes. Our plan was to begin the trek up Mt Hood around 12:30 am to avoid the possible warm temperatures and soft snow of the afternoon. Reaching Timberline, we found the place to be desolate with the wind howling. In the afternoon the parking lot had been full of skiers and their cars, but now there was just one other occupied vehicle. I decided to approach that vehicle to find out if the occupant was there to climb the mountain, and learned that he was, but he did not seem too keen on talking. I next visited the Climbers Cave where I discovered another three members of his party; another guy and two girls. I just said hello to them, and pretended like I was looking for the weather forecast.

Returning to Jordan’s car I filled him in on what I had discovered. I suppose knowing another group was about to head out spurred us into action ahead of our schedule. Getting ready in the cold, and dark, including making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches ended up taking much longer than we had anticipated, over an hour and a half. Part of the delay was reevaluating what we needed to wear due to the unexpected stormy conditions, but by 12:30 am we were ready to go as we formerly had desired. At this point we were about one hour behind the group of four. As we left the parking lot, and entered the climbers trail which follows up the east side of the ski resort on the Palmer Glacier, we noticed another two climbers, parked behind the Day Lodge, preparing to head out.

Big rocks, that looked like good seats, near the entrance of the climbers trail lured us into immediately putting on our crampons instead of waiting until further along in the climb when we would actually need them. The delay then had us starting at the same time (12:44 am) as the other two climbers, whom I asked about what route they planned to follow. Like everyone else we had encountered at Timberline they did not seem to want to depart with any information either, so we let them gain a little distance on us.

The distance from the 5,800 vertical foot parking lot to the top of the ski area boundary is about 2 miles as the crow flies, and about 2800 vertical feet. With the wind gusting steadily the groomed snow of the ski resort was very solid and at times the slope was just on the verge of being too steep to flat foot making the going a bit awkward and resulting in a lot of pressure on our heels. On resent previous outings Jordan’s boots had caused some pretty sizable blisters on his heels, and so the awkward conditions were particularly rough on him. Even as tough and determined as Jordan is, I will admit that I was worried his already tender heels might force us to turn around.

As we marched our way north up the ski runs with the wind gusting from the west and the clouds hiding the stars the gloomy feeling of the parking lot did not depart. All the same I kept hoping that once the sun came up the wind would die down, and the clouds would burn off. So on we went doing our best to stay away from the three or four grooming machines doing their nights work on the resort. Now and then we would spot the head lamps of the group of four, and a couple of times we caught up to the other group of two. With the colder temperatures, I noticed my head lamp getting dimmer and so I tried to hike along with it off, and Jordan was doing the same. In spite of the darkness I could see the Palmer lift, and I was aware of Crater Rock above it. About three quarters of the way up the Palmer lift we past the group of two as they stopped to put on their crampons. Later on we would see their headlamps heading toward the west side of Crater Rock instead of the typical east side.

As we were nearing the ski areas upper boundary we began to think the group of four was coming down, as they definitely had stop ascending. That idea was another blow to our already lowered morale. Nevertheless we continued up, toward their lights, and eventually encountered them resting with their backs against the vertical wall of the upper boundary cat track in an attempt to stay out of the wind. This is the point where I had planned to rope up because we would be leaving the groomed terrain of the ski area. I asked the other group if they were planning to do the same but the fellow I had approached at his car informed us that it was not necessary yet. By this time we had learned that he was familiar with the mountain and I felt we could trust his opinion. As we ate a few snacks I brought up the subject of the wind, and learned that it was not common to be as strong as it was. Again I just hoped that with the light of day the wind would die down. While resting it did not take long to get cold, but I did not want to start out ahead of the other group, so we paused long enough to allow them to continue up first and then we followed. However we found their pace to be slower than ours, not surprising since we had already bridged the hour head start they had on us, and we soon overtook them.

We could see Carter Rock above us to our left, but other than heading up we really did not know where in the dark we were going. There were other boot tracks and ski tracks so we felt confident we were on the right course. There appeared to be a ridge on our right, toward the Steel Cliff, and I thought if we could get over the ridge we might be out of the wind more or less. However as we pushed up, and to the right, it became apparent that there was not a ridge but just a shadow. As we got directly below Crater Rock on its west side we encountered a well packed trail in the crusty snow, and so we followed it north with just a hint of morning light starting to appear. By the time we reached the north end of Crater Rock dawn had arrived and we could see the Hogsback Ridge ahead of us, and the crater below us to our left; the time was 5:11 am.

The question we now faced was do we follow Hogsback Ridge up to the visible bergschrund of the Coalman Glacier and hope to find a way across it and into the Pearly Gates, or do we cross the crater and try to figure out where we go from there? The track we were on definitely entered the crater, through some avalanche debris, but was lost on the snowless hot rocks of the craters north west side. The crater was not that big, and I felt if we roped up we could safely cross it. So we measured out our rope and attached our prussics as the group of four caught up with us. As they past us we were able to ask them about the safety of crossing the crater and also have them point out the route to the summit ridge from the craters west side.

Without roping up the group of four walked down into the approximately 10,300 foot high crater and stopped to look at the fumaroles. Even so we completed our roping up process and then passed them as we crossed the crater. Getting on to the south side of 10,560 foot Crater Rock and on to the Coalman Glacier we were fortunately somewhat blocked from the main effects of the wind.

At the top of the hot rocks on the northwest side of the crater, the other guy in their group took the lead heading up the remaining 800 vertical feet solo. While the other three hung back to rope up. The slopes to the summit ridge were steep, 45+ degrees, but not as steep as I had several times in the past climbed. I took the lead on our rope and headed up confidently. My first inclination was to stay to the right of the main runnel, but I ignored that impulse and was drawn to the left by the solo climber. As we got higher, and the slope got steeper, the solid icy conditions made the going extremely dangerous and time-consuming. At one point my crampons failed to penetrate the ice and down I went, and even with my immediate self-arrest response I must of slide ten or fifteen feet before stopping.

The slip was a good thing because it reinforced to me how hazardous the conditions were, and so I began to pick my footings more carefully and would occasionally take the time to chop steeps with my ice axe. After we had crossed the height of the bergschrund we shorted the distance between us on the rope feeling there was no longer danger of breaking through the snow and falling into a crevasse. Soon the solo hiker ahead of us gained the ridge and dropped out of site, and the other three members of his group rapidly gained on us and shortly overtook us as they stuck to the right side of the main runnel. At that point I mentally kicked myself for not following my instincts. Then and there we knew we had to traverse the icy slopes to the right and gain the more established route they were on.

Jordan took the lead on the traverse with the hope that his full shank boots would result in steps that I could follow in my half shank boots removing the need for me to occasionally chop steps. Alas, the snow was just too hard to form steps without chopping. Ultimately we gained the route of the other group, and quickly reached the summit ridge, where we were greeted by very strong gusting winds – well over the 30 miles per hour of the forecast.

We watched as the threesome crawled northeasterly on their bellies, across the knife-edge of the summit ridge, toward the peak. The wind gusts were so strong that no one dared to stand up least they be blown off the ridge and fall to their death. As we followed suit on our bellies, Jordan who was in the lead, turned to me and yell through the wind, “Should we call this good”, and I responded “no” because I did not know if we’d make it back again to finish it. As we continued on not more than 10 feet I yelled at him, that maybe we should turn around. The wind was formidable, and we knew we were taking a huge risk pushing on to the peak, but nonetheless push on we did. At one point I instructed Jordan that we had to be prepared to jump off the opposite side of the other, should the wind blow one of us off, thus arresting the others fall with the rope connecting us.

About the time we got over the hazardous knife-edge the other three reached the peak, but we still had not seen the fourth member of their group. Just shy of the peak we paused a few yards off the ridge, with slightly less wind, to put on our glasses/goggles, and the other three returned followed by their misplaced fourth member. Their leader informed us that they were not going to cross the knife-edge again on the descent but had spotted a different way down. I told them we would watch them, and we continued on to the peak as I took the lead.

Shy of the peak Jordan stopped so as to act as an anchor as I slithered to the 11,239 foot top of Oregon and had a look down the north side. A couple of minutes later we traded places. Jordan was bold enough to take out his camera and go as high as a kneeling position while he snapped a few pictures. Lying down as his anchor I got out my camera and snapped a few shots of him, and a couple of selfies, as Jordan turned his camera and got a couple of shots of me, the time was 7:00 am. It had taken us six hours and fifteen minutes to summit. We commented to each other that the wind gusts felt like 60 or 70 mph.

Not wasting anytime, and eager to get down to presumed safety, we started down after less than 10 minutes on the peak. We had seen where the other group had gone down, but at first glance I was not sure it was the fastest route, so we continued to back track toward the knife-edge, but once we reached it, the idea of shimmying down it head first was very unappealing. So we opted to mimic the other group’s descent.  
  
Jordan went first as I hung back to keep the rope between us tight. We took are time, and a few pictures, as we were again somewhat sheltered from the dreadful wind. As we continued down we finally saw the other two climbers who had started out at the same time as us, they were over the hot rocks and starting up the Coalman Glacier. We watch one of them slip and go a long ways, perhaps a 100 feet, before he stopped. That seemed to be enough for them, as they turned around and headed down.

Moving down slowly, we reach the crater just after 8:00 am. We snapped a few pictures of Crater Rock and the avalanche debris running into the crater, and then continued up to the Hogsback ridge where three of the group of four where resting. Upon chatting with them we learned that their leader was actually a Mt Hood guide, and that their fourth member had hurried on down as he was trying to complete biking from Portland, climbing Mt Hood and biking back to Portland within 24 hours. As a side note, Jordan and I had actually seen him riding his bike up to Timberline along Oregon route 173 (Timberline Hwy) the previous evening. We thanked the guide for being there and allowing us to at times follow him. Given the current conditions, following his lead up to and over the knife-edge had definitely contributed to our success. We also discovered that the two girls with him were actually twin sisters.

At the ridge, we took the time to relax, get some food and water in us and untie from our rope. After about 40 minutes of resting we resumed the descent. The views south over the ski resort, with Mt Jefferson on the horizon were amazing. To our right (west) was a sea of clouds, but straight ahead was clear. I had a feeling of freedom, and a major sense of accomplishment at this point, and the grimness of the night was replaced with euphoria. Even though the conditions had been challenging and the wind had been fierce we had been up for the challenge, and Mother Nature had allowed us to reach our goal. As James Ramsey Ullman had said we had escaped to reality!  
  
As we rounded the east side of Crater rock, we were once again blasted by the west winds. As we approached the ski resort we literally where almost blown over at times, and began to be bothered by the persistence of the wind. A hundred yards or so above the resort the guide of the other group had left his Telemark skis, and so at that point he and the girls separated as we nearly caught up with them. I watch him attempt to go downhill into the wind on his skis and was not surprised as the wind actually pushed him up hill.  
  
Our descent path took us to the top of the Palmer lift, where we discovered the twin sisters enlightening the ski patrol about their fatigue and asking if they could ride down on the lift. Eventually a ski patrolman agreed but he said the chair had to be full thus stabilizing it against the strong winds, so Jordan volunteer to fill the last spot on the chair and down went the lucky three the quick and easy way! Off I went, on foot, down the groomed runs toward the climbers trail.

Near the bottom of the climbers trail I encountered the guide skinning up, and he asked me if I had found a pair of crampons, which the bike rider had lost, but regrettably I had not. Together Jordan and I walked down the last 200 feet reaching the car before 11:30 am, both elated and exhausted, but happy about and thankful for another successful and safe mountain climb. While I removed my gear, and retrieved my left over slice of pizza from the evening before, Jordan went into the Climbers Cave to get back the voluntary information sheet he had completed prior to our departure. When he returned he informed me that the updated forecast of that morning had called for 50 mph wind gusts, as we had certainly experienced.   
  
Our de facto climbing partners were parked very close to us, and so we said our goodbyes, as they headed out for Portland and we left for Seattle and another northwest mountain Rainier. I now felt like I had come to know and firmly appreciate Oregon’s pinnacle, and I now had a first-rate and challenging experience with it to share.

**Mount Rainier, WA, 14,411 ft. – July 17, 2010, HP #10: Breaking tradition with our late start.**

Immediately following our successful climb of Mt. Hood in extremely windy conditions, Jordan and I drove the 230 miles from Timberline Ski Area to Seattle Washington. A few rest days were just what was needed before we headed to the Paradise area of Mount Rainier National Park to meet a group with who we had plans to climb the tallest mountain in Washington State. Jordan had booked us a few nights at his time share downtown. Our plan was to take it easy July 13, and do some site seeing around Seattle July 14, and then meet up with our posse the morning of July 15 spending the next three days on Mt. Rainier.

Well Jordan got a call (I hadn’t yet given into social pressure and didn’t own a mobile phone at this point in my life) asking us if we could do Rainer as a quicker trip and meet part of our group July 16 instead. We were told there had been a mix-up with the permits but more likely our group size exceeded regulations and had to be split into two, and staggered on start dates. Considering us both strong climbers, we were asked to sacrifice a more leisure itinerary. An extra day in Seattle was fine, even if we had nothing planned to do, and the morning of July 16 came soon enough.

At the end of 2009 I had starting looking for a group, or even just a partner, to climb Rainier with in 2010. One of the guys I ski toured with told me about a climbing club located in Provo Utah who were planning to tackle it the summer of 2010. Seemed like a perfect solution to my partner finding challenge, and I ended up joining. The club held monthly activities involving either ice climbing, rock climbing, or mountain climbing. To qualify for the Rainer trip club members were required to participate in several other local mountain climbs in preparation. Through the club is how I meet Jordan.

It’s over 100 miles to Paradise from Seattle, and the morning of July 16, 2010 we allowed ourselves amble time to get there by 10:00 am to meet up with five of our friends. En route along the Paradise Rd, which parallels the Nisqually River, the ultra-prominence of Mount Rainier was very noticeable. In fact Mount Rainier is ranked the most topographically prominent mountain in the contiguous United States.

Legend has it that the name “Paradise” comes from the glorious views of the wildflower meadows common to the area. The site is popular with tourists as it is home to the National Park’s main visitor center with its gift shop and cafeteria. A concessioner-operated hotel, the historic Paradise Inn, is also located there. We didn’t have time for any of the tourist attractions, nor were we interested in them, as we needed to make our final preparation before beginning our outing.

Close to noon, under the weight of 40 pound packs, the seven of us began the 4.25 miles and 4660 vertical feet hike to Camp Muir, which was done almost entirely on a snowfield. Mount Rainier, also known as Tahoma or Tacoma, is a large active volcano, covered by twenty-six glaciers making it the most heavily glaciated peak in the lower 48 US states. The glaciers, which we would be traveling on past Camp Muir necessitate extra climbing equipment such as pickets, ice screws, ropes, slings, carabiners, harnesses, crampons, and ice axes. Additionally we carried winter clothing, helmets (to protect us from rock fall), sleep bags, and tents along with three days’ worth of food.

The name Rainier was given to the mountain way back in 1792 in honor of Admiral Peter Rainier. As mentioned its other names include Tacoma (Tahoma) which may mean “mother of waters” or simply “snow-covered mountain”. Somewhat fittingly, and certainly by coincidence, the name Rainer means “Deciding Warrior” – that is according to urbandictionary.com. Which also states “the name Rainier creates the urge to be reliable and responsible”, and “it causes the inability to realize your goals and ambitions”. Many reliable and responsible climber might resonate with this meaning if denied the peak as historically only about half who set out to stand on top of Rainier succeed with 10,000 or more attempting it each year.

Chatting with folks as they descended, we learned most of them had missed their summit bid due to strong winds over the last few days. Views to the south revealed Oregon’s Mt Hood were Jordan and I had been 4 days earlier in very strong winds, and we were both hoping to not have a repeat of such weather on our Rainier summit day.

Arriving at Camp Muir at 4:30pm we located the rest of the climbing club, 12-others, who seemed glad to see us, and who got a good laugh out of the horse shoe shaped mustache I was sporting. They had done the traditional thing, and spend the day at a nearby glacier taking photos in crevasses and practicing crevasse rescue. Jordan and I had done our own practice back home on the snowfield at Mount Timpanogos but I am sure we missed out on some awesome photographs.

Camp Muir was crowded, as I suppose it often is during this time of the year so we had to do some work to create a suitable spot for the tent. Next I spent more than a couple hours melting snow for water for dinner and for the early morning excursion we soon would be taking. In my trip notes I wrote “setting up camp, melting snow for water, and cooking dinner was a four hour ordeal”. With food in our bellies, and the water ready for the morning, we laid down in the tent, and I pretended to sleep having too much on my mind to actually sleep. The plan was to continue our ascent at 3:00am. Jordan and I would be roping up with the Whitehall brothers Albert and Tyson. I warned the Whitehall’s that an hour and a half would be needed to prepare in the morning, but I was the only one up 1:30am, and the only one ready at 3:00am. By 3:40 am everyone on our rope was ready to go and we began the ascent of the remaining 4.75 miles and 4,330 vertical feet to the top of Washington. Most groups (including 12 of our friends) start as early as midnight (MDT) so were breaking tradition with our late start.

We followed the Disappointment Cleaver route - the most commonly used route. The guiding services seem to dominate this route, and have a sort of controlling attitude toward it. Add to that the aforementioned crowded conditions and the tourist nature of the Paradise area, and together these factors tend to lessen the otherwise precarious and adventurous nature of climbing Mount Rainier.

From Camp Muir the route traverses the Cowlitz Glacier to Cathedral Gap (10,640 ft.) and then continues left along scree, ice and snow to Ingram flats (11,100 ft.) where we encountered our first crevasse. From Ingram Flats we climbed the Disappointment Cleaver (12,250 ft.). The term cleaver refers to a rock ridge which divides, or cleaves, a glacier into parts or from another glacier. In this case the cleaver seems to separate the Ingraham glacier from the Emmons glacier. Perhaps, the strain of reaching the Cleaver and still having a long ways to go before reaching the highest point resulted in the name “Disappointment Cleaver”, but your guess is as good as mine. As well, I have heard that climbers are often turned back here due to threatening weather higher up.

As we ascended the Cleaver we watched the sunrise. By 6:30 am (MDT) we reached the top of the Cleaver, where we paused to remove our headlamps, and wait for another rope team from our crew. With the sun out we had a nice view of Mount Adams. The weather was clear and calm, and the only clouds we saw were in the distance and below us.

Next we ascended the Ingraham’s Glacier to the Emmon’s Glacier which took us to the 14,180 ft. crater rim by 9:15 am. En route a lot of our friends had passed us on their descent.

Rainier’s crater is closed to a quarter of a mile in diameter, that is huge, but walking across it seemed even longer. In fact, the summit is topped by two volcanic craters, with the larger east crater (the one we now stood on) overlapping the west crater. At 9:40 am our rope team of four reached Columbia Crest, the true summit, at 14,410 ft. The summit plateau of Mount Rainier actually holds three named points, Columbia Crest is the tallest, second is Point Success at 14,158 ft. and the third is Liberty Cap at 14,112 ft. One hundred feet beneath the ice of the craters lies the 16 foot deep, unofficially named, Lake Muriel - the most elevated lake in North America. Lake Muriel is a pool of meltwater that forms as heat rises from the depths of the volcano and melts some of the ice filling the twin craters. As such it may not be a permanent lake, coming and going as conditions warrant. I like to think we walked over it without even knowing it was below us.

I didn’t see or smell any of the fumaroles that surely exist on this volcano. Nor did I concern myself that I was standing on what some consider one of the most dangerous volcanoes in the world. Records date the most recent volcanic eruption clear back to the first half of the 1800, but apparently there is a strong probability of eruption in the near future. As a point of reference I felt the effects of the 1980 Mount St. Helens eruption as our family car and yard, in Alberta, was covered in ash.

Since we had broken tradition with our late start, and with the other late starters of our group behind us, we had the top of Washington to ourselves. The temperature was below freezing with blue skies, and a moderate wind was blowing, and we were covered in generously insulated parkas. We spent just ten minutes on the peak, taking photographs, then moved lower, out of the breeze, to have a snack. After 45 minutes of relaxation we began the descent. Already behind the conventional schedule we probably lingered at the top a bit longer then we should have, but it’s not every day one finds himself at such an awesome place. No harm was encountered in spite our late start – no avalanches, no falling through a snow-bridge into a crevasse, and no falling rocks all things the early start is intended to reduce the chances of.

The return to camp Muir took four hours. When we reached the vicinity of the Disappointment Cleaver at 1:01 pm we were down to our shirt layers and things were melting. I removed my aluminum crampons to protect them (which I hadn’t done on the way up), and the time delay seemed to disagree with the Whitehall brothers. Jordan and I were actually on our own rope, as were the Whitehall’s, so they just untied their rope from ours and sped off. Passing the scree I reinstated my crampons, and we continued backtracking arriving at camp Muir at 2:27pm after 11 hours on the high mountain. Most of the club members had already packed up and started down. My desire was to relax, and spend the night at camp Muir as our permit allowed, but Jordan was very set on returning to the car, and finding a motel. It was his car and he was driving so I essentially had to go along with his desire. We melted snow for water, packed up our gear and started down to Paradise at 5 pm arriving in about 2.5 hours. I think we were too tired to fully appreciate our accomplishment, but it was another big one indeed.