

advantage of a much more spectacular alpine setting than the more direct south side approaches. Seven hours were required from upper Boston Basin.

MIKE HEATH

Twin Sisters, Northwest Face of South Twin. On June 13, Reed Tindall and I completed a new route on the northwest face of this 6932-foot peak, highest point in the Twin Sisters Range, located 10 miles southwest of Mount Baker. The 900-foot face was ascended in about 10 leads over class 3 and class 4 rock. One 60-foot pitch involved climbing 45° to 50° snow about three-fourths of the way up the face. The climb up took about seven hours from Dalley Prairie.

DALLAS KLOKE, *Skagit Alpine Club*

Mount Spickard (formerly Glacier Peak II), North Face. Early in July, Victor Lapatinskas and I paddled across Ross Lake and hiked into the rather "inaccessible" Chilliwacks. We climbed the north face of Mount Spickard via the prominent glacier that rises rapidly from Glacier Lake 6200 feet to the summit (8894 feet), where it reaches a maximum steepness of about 60°.

ALEX BERTULIS

Washington — Olympic Mountains

Mount Cruiser, Southeast Face. On August 27 Paul Karkiainen and I climbed the southeast face of Mount Cruiser direct from its lowest point. The face is about 300 feet high, steep and unbroken but with adequate holds. The longest lead went 140 feet over the steepest portion of the face to a 6-inch standing-belay ledge. The route comes out about 20 feet west of the summit on the ridge. The entire route is well to the right of the standard route. NCCS IV, F5. Piton cracks are scarce.

DICK BENEDICT, *unattached*

Mount Jupiter Cliffs. Daylight was just breaking in the east on July 19 when Gary Tate and I left the car for a 25-minute hike from the end of the Duckabush Road for a third attempt on the Mount Jupiter Cliffs. They are located on the southwest side of Mount Jupiter, a prominent 5700-foot peak in the center of the eastern skyline of the Olympics. Our route was to parallel the left side of a springtime waterfall bed that dries up when the snow on the upper slopes has melted. With a starting 60-foot

exposure coupled with the combination dirt, vegetable and loose rock holds one finds at a 1400-foot elevation, we roped up as the better part of valor. Gary led up the first chimney which was capped with a rotten log; across a slight slope to a deep but narrow chimney and it was my turn to lead; out of here and onto a wide, moss-covered ledge which was to become the pattern for the day. Chimney, ledge, chimney, ledge and always forcing us towards the dry watercourse to the right. Finally, a ledge, at first wide, narrowed to a thin flake out onto a face with the only exit a ten-foot friction pitch leading to another ledge. Olympic rock seldom lends itself for piton placing, and this exposed lead was no exception; I declined my turn. Gary led this pitch nicely with the comment, "You have to commit yourself!" and then brought me and my trepidations up. This latest ledge dead-ended in a 60-foot chimney which in the spring is more beautiful as a waterfall. We were 2500 feet above the beginning of our climb. The top of the narrow chimney opened out on a steep grass-covered slope and with much awareness of safety, I placed a piton before testing the holding powers of the grass roots. One more lead into a cave, under and around a large chockstone, up a short but tricky pitch and we were on top of the cliffs with a long and gentle tree-covered slope stretching to the summit. Feeling no need to continue upward, we traversed to the east in hopes of a simpler descent. After much scrambling and four rappels on a down route that crowded us back to the creek bed, the last hundred feet of water-polished slab brought us after 12 hours to our starting place. We used one piton; NCCS II, F4.

HAROLD L. PINSCH, *The Mountaineers*

California

Boulder Gorge, Yosemite. September 28, 1966 was supposed to be a rest day. I had just returned from a Yosemite beat-out and did not feel up to anything hard. So I decided to give my wife Liz a treat by taking her up an "easy" first ascent. Vic Cowley and another chap, both itinerant Englishmen sojourning in the Valley, joined us. A 1000-foot gash was our objective. Hidden in a corner on the north side of the Valley, it was undistinguished by either elegance or beauty but appeared enjoyable. We thought we would find plenty of grips. I had been intrigued by it when I climbed Pharaoh's Beard, just 200 feet west. After a hearty breakfast and convivial imbibition of many cups of hot, black coffee, we made a typically late start, leaving camp at noon. But it is a short walk and I was soon struggling with the *First Petite Boulder*. In the first 200 feet