

ascends the discontinuous and parallel crack system quite close to the southern skyline as one looks at the west face. Here again the climbing is over beautiful, high-angle rock and is quite sustained. The Always Arches route, which weaves through thick arches on the northern edge of the northwest face is also sustained—two pitches are 5.10—but not nearly so pleasant. While the firm rock and the excellent views of the high country are delightful, some of the difficult sections under the arches are simply oppressive.

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*Mount Morrison, North Face, High Sierra.* Mount Morrison, visible from Convict Lake and Highway 395, has presented its spectacular and unclimbed north face for many years without attracting many serious climbing attempts. On May 28 Charlie Raymond and I climbed the face in twelve hours, beginning from a campsite in the hanging valley at the mountain's base. The route starts in the middle of a squat, black hunk of rock. We climbed generally straight up, tending right where the black rock turns grey. Traversing down and left (5.8) to avoid a clean, sharp dihedral, we soon reached an easier broken area. The climbing continued up broken rock to the base of "California," a white section shaped like the state and visible from the hanging valley below. At that point, the imposing wall above forced us left over a friction traverse to an exposed corner. Charlie's lead took us nearly to the prow of the north buttress, where we rapidly climbed toward a gold-colored chute above. The chute took us to a steep headwall and finally a thin ridge, which led to the summit. The first pitch is devious and difficult, but after the first four pitches are done the climbing is never more than 5.6. (V, 5.8).

THOMAS J. HIGGINS

*Mount Hamilton, South Face, Sequoia National Park.* Jim Wilson and Dick Long had scouted the face and reported a Grade V or VI, some 1800 feet of nearly vertical climbing with almost no ledges. The walk in to Lower Hamilton Lake on July 27 was very pleasant. The next morning we sorted gear and searched for a better camp at the foot of the wall across the creek. About noon Al Steck and I set out to climb the first pitches. The first one up the buttress was all free except for one move across a smooth rib, which went with a sling. On top of the buttress we were below one of the more questionable parts. Al led up to the right side of a sickle-shaped ledge, placing a bolt to get to it and