

smooth-walled dihedral that has bulges on the left wall. In the corner is a constricting crack that narrows from a foot to two inches, the only weakness, which must be climbed using jams, with little protection except in the corner crack. Above this smooth, bulgy section the climbing eases somewhat as it ascends a moderate chimney with a few difficult chockstones. This pitch ends 135 feet above the belayer at a flake at the back of the chimney. Here light shines through the crack from the south side of the rock. The third pitch reaches the top of the chimney and continues up into the notch between the main and secondary towers, which are divided by the crack. The fourth pitch leads out of the notch and traverses the face to reach Kor's route 30 feet below the summit platform. On this interesting 450-foot high-angle sandstone tower, the first 200 feet are very sustained with few places to rest. There is a dislodgement rockfall danger for climbers below the leader especially on the second and third pitches. Very large nuts or angles are useful since many of the cracks are one to four inches wide. We climbed it all free, using 21 nuts and eight pitons. NCCS F8.

DANIEL BURGETTE, *Purdue Outing Club*

## Arizona

*Eagle Rock Spire, Monument Valley.* It had been a number of years since Fred Beckey and I had together accepted the challenge of sandstone climbing. This year our efforts were directed toward Eagle Rock Mesa and the 450-foot leaning needle to the west. In stirrups we reached the col between the spire and the mesa. Here we outlined our attack, acquainted ourselves with the density of the rock and rappelled into the night. Three days passed before the morning sky gave promise of another acceptable day. Apprehensively we regained our wind-battered lines. From our high point Fred led across giant loose blocks of cemented sand. Up the underbelly of bulging sandstone, he placed an upside-down line of bolts, a lead that would have taxed the endurance of any other climber. Exhausted from watching and encouraging, I followed on Jümars. From Fred's hanging belay, I led up a rotten diagonal catwalk overhanging the citadel below. Rockfall was a constant threat. I was shaken to discover that the hand-jams I was using to secure my way were disjoining my airy perch from the wall. Moving out on the shifting traverse I worked around the southwest edge of Eagle Rock. The precarious lead was secured with a double-bolt anchor on a comfortable belay stance. Across the vastness of

the great Colorado plateau I could see the San Juan Mountains saturated in sunlight. Rock wrens darted about the mesa above, and far below a Navajo herded sheep toward a waterhole. The Indian's eyes were to follow us with great curiosity throughout the climb. As I brought Fred up and across the belay rope carved a four-inch groove in the soft sandstone as it dragged around the edge: an omen of what awaited above. Disheartened, we rappelled into the shadows below. April snow fell in the Navajo Mountains to the west and brought winter's last winds across the valley. At length the squalls diminished. Sunrise over the cold, rain-swept sand was overwhelming! Determined but cautious, we moved up our wind-battered ropes. One perlon was whipped beyond recognition, another stripped of its protective sheath in a number of places. In the morning our cold, gloved hands moved slowly. The afternoon sun parched our skin until it threatened to blister and our shaded eyes shed tears from the glare. Exchanging leads, we worked our way up the upper reaches of the formidable leaning spire, placing 3/8-inch bolts in 5/16-inch holes. Sixteen days of waiting and work, 50 bolts, 50 pitons, and the climb was over. NCCS IV.

ERIC BJØRNSTAD

*Portal to Paradise Pinnacle, White Mesa.* Among the many fine photographs included in C. Gregory Crampton's book *Standing Up Country* is one of a slender spire tritely named "The Monolith". In the fall of 1967 Scott Baxter, Jim Whitfield and I ascended this small spire which we renamed Portal to Paradise Pinnacle from an inscription at the base dated 1927. Starting on the south side we climbed to a ledge (cunningly hidden in the photograph), traversed (F7) to the north side and ascended via aid to the summit. A single rappel brings one to the ground, NCCS I, F7, A2.

LEE DEXTER, *Unaffiliated*

*Bill Williams Mountain, Bill Williams Monument.* This remnant of a volcanic dike is just visible above the right shoulder of Bill Williams Mountain when viewed from Interstate 40 between Ash Fork and Williams. The summit was first reached by Mark Powell, Jerry Gallwas and Don Wilson in early September of 1956 via the north face. In early 1967 Scott Baxter and Bill Stockmar and another separate party made free ascents of the north face, which Scott rated F8. The following spring Scott