

attempt, and especially my seven pitons and grand total of 17 pounds of equipment. Then I looked back down Pine Creek Canyon to where my car was parked, many miles and 5000 feet below. My pack contained the barest essentials for climbing, self-belay and a bivouac. I used every piece of equipment at least once. The first 200 feet were unroped, but from there on the climbing was F6 to F8 on steep, but rough granite. Just before sunset I stood on top of a long slab a few hundred feet from the top. Above me was a short overhang and a gap in the crack system. My repeated attempts to climb it free failed. I placed a piton for aid but could not reach another placement. Finally a desperate free move from a sling attached to the piton enabled me to reach a wide crack. A traverse on a long ledge gained a dihedral leading to the summit ridge. The sun had set when I reached the top (13,713 feet) and I bivouacked at 12,000 feet on the opposite side of the mountain. The next morning I hiked out to the Rock Creek roadend, jumped on my previously cached bicycle for a 40-mile ride to my car. NCCS IV, F9, A1.

GALEN A. ROWELL

*Merced Peak, North Face.* In early July, Mary Bomba and I made the first ascent of this face. In the middle of the face an obvious ramp diagonals up and right. We climbed to the bottom of the ramp over some loose F7, then ascended the poorly protected ramp. A short, moderate section at the top of the ramp led to easier climbing and the summit. NCCS III, F7.

KENNETH BOCHE

*Fuller Buttes, Eagle Dihedral.* In April Jerry Coe and I climbed a route on the southwest face of the eastern butte. To our knowledge, this is the first route on these surprisingly smooth domes which present 1000-foot cliffs toward the San Joaquin River, southeast of Yosemite. A gigantic dihedral, beginning above the ground but reachable by an easy ramp from the side, is the only natural weakness on the buttes. The third pitch had a ceiling that we found to be unclimbable by conventional methods. A crack, too wide to nail and too difficult for either of us to jam, led past the ceiling. Deep inside it narrowed abruptly to a two-inch width, but once a piton was placed, it was recessed so far that it became impossible to reach higher on the overhang. I free-climbed to the edge of the ceiling, placed a piton, floundered in slings, and returned. Jerry did the same. The ultimate solution was to hang on tension from the last piton while throwing a large Clog nut attached to the haul line. After innumerable attempts, the nut followed the proper arc and jammed in the crack some 15 feet higher. Climbing hand-over-hand, I was soon above the difficulties. Higher, we followed cracks and chimneys past more feasible overhangs until we reached a long ledge that rounded a corner just below the summit. Walking unroped around