

*Mount Tyndall, East Face Couloir.* Mount Tyndall's rather expansive and sheer east face falls from a long north-south summit ridge. Strangely, it has not seen climbing except at its extreme south end, quite distant from the summit. On May 31, 1970, Charles Raymond and I traversed soft snow slopes, coming from Shepherd Pass on the north, below the face to seek an interesting one-day route. A direct rock route to the summit seemed feasible, but because of dubious looking cracks on the upper section, and our lack of preparation for much technical work, we chose the deep couloir that splits the heart of the face. For about 1000 feet the climbing was steep and mushy. Then several leads of quite steep snow, very consolidated, led to a final couloir headwall. Raymond led this, pulling off a number of shattered handholds on a very difficult and unpleasant final pitch. Protection was hard to place and of really doubtful value. Frost action had riven the rock quite badly and the nearby faces did not look especially promising, but no doubt a more direct route can be found. NCCS III, F8.

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*Lone Pine Peak, Bastile Buttress.* To appreciate the size of Bastile Buttress, or even the immensity of Lone Pine Peak, one must personally come to grips with the terrain. The vast relief from the desert piedmont of the Owens Valley to the heights of Mount Whitney must be the cause of the deception everyone experiences. As an example of the impression of simplicity, various estimates of the height of the buttress ranged from 7 to 11 pitches. It turned out to be 17. The name came later, but the choice was obvious. When one drives to Whitney Portal, it is *the* buttress on the vast scarp of Lone Pine Peak. Disgusted by the long lift lines at Mammoth Mountain one weekend in March 1969, I hiked up a canyon to the base of the very polished rock-climbing problem. Self-belaying, I reached a fine ledge in two pitches. Above was a giant arch, then relentless smoothness. Occasional cracks were spaced on the occasionally blank, pillar-like buttress. By April the long clutch of winter was disappearing. Hampered by the restrictions of weekend availability, Joe Brown, Charles Haas, and I could not complete the climb on our first serious effort. April 26th to 28th proved to be the winning combination, helped by a miniature bivouac fire on a high ledge from a few pieces of fibrous deadwood. Not even the occult could have foreseen the timing of a potential catastrophe. While we slept below the buttress a slab of ice some 6 by 15 feet in size slid out of the giant arch and crashed down over our ropes. In the morning . . . well, the ice was gone. Technically, the climb was a mixture of many delights and frustrations, with numerous challenging free and aid sections. Bolts were placed at six different areas, but only one was a ladder. Some of the hard friction was difficult to protect and one lead (9th) was truly tiring nailing. NCCS V, F8, A3.

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