

and the Sidekick in the same area. *Climbing* of July-August, 1971 gives a fuller account on pages 2 and 3.

*The Bride.* In a hidden canyon west of Moab stands a 300-foot sandstone tower known locally as "The Bride", since its profile does resemble a lady and her bouquet. In the fall of 1970 Eric Bjørnstad and I climbed closely beneath the bouquet but did not find the cracks and loose blocks to our liking. On May 10 and 11 we made the first ascent accompanied by Jim Hudock, using a more circuitous but safer route. The final lead was a slow one, with many bolt placements and shaky pitons.

FRED BECKEY

*Red Sentinel, North Face, Zion National Park.* On June 3, 4 and 5 Cactus Bryan and I climbed this 2100-foot wall by a route nearly in the dead center. The line, in fact, was what attracted us: a slightly curving crack system from the bottom to just right of the summit. Being at least  $10^\circ$  less than vertical, we expected it to be at least partly free climbing. It actually was disappointing as at least a third was dirty rock and somewhat dangerous with soft rock and loose blocks. After the first day we spent much of our time complaining and very little enjoying the climb. There was *some* fun climbing but the ugliness of the rest hardly makes it a worthwhile climb. NCCS VI, F8, A3. 23 bolts.

JEFF LOWE

*Moonlight Buttress, Zion National Park.* This climb is  $\frac{1}{3}$  mile north of Angel's Landing on the west side of the canyon. Harry Frishman, Burt Redmayne and I made an abortive attempt on this prominent buttress last spring. When Mike Weiss and I arrived in Zion last October, the buttress again caught my eye. We began climbing late in the full morning sun, but we felt this was all right because the 1100 feet of the buttress would obviously take us less than two full days. It is best when you relax and enjoy the cool reds of the rock and the clear blues of the air in Zion in the fall. The first few pitches were old stuff to me, and Mike made acquaintance with Zion rock. He was pleased with it and that was the tone of the climb. Despite the rurp and the piton on the third pitch, the favorable tone was not lost. Above the third pitch, Mike climbed past our previous high point and into the bottom of the crack that constitutes the upper 750 feet of the climb. It got dark before the bivouac ledge but Mike banged away at pins he could not see as I hung in my belay seat and watched the light of a full moon creep down the ledge as Mike clanged up toward it. NCCS V, F7, A3. 22 bolts

JEFF LOWE