

the summit block free just to the right of the bolt ladder (F8). NCCS II, F8.

EDWIN C. JOE, *unaffiliated*

*Peak 12,960, South Face.* In May, 1976 Jay Foster, Shari Nelson, and I spent two and a half days ascending a new route up the south face of this peak that is directly west of Lone Pine peak. Our route followed a large chimney system right of center, and finished through crack systems slightly left of the chimney's end. One bolt was placed for a bivouac anchor, otherwise the route was done clean. NCCS V, F9, A2.

ALAN KEARNEY

*Day Needle, East Face.* In July Ed Conner and I free-climbed this face staying, as far as we could tell, on Beckey's original route up the prow except that we started the route by third-classing about 300 feet up the couloir to a point about 30 feet below and left of a prominent roof. The route was 13 to 15 pitches, and took 8 hours. NCCS IV, F7-F8.

JOHN VAWTER, *W-town Mountaineers*

*Angel Wings, South Face.* A new line up an old mountain: Angel Wings. That was the proposal Fred Beckey, Dougal McCarty, and Brian Leo had up their sleeve. With little or no persuasion I accompanied them. Things didn't quite work out right that first trip. After a fifteen-mile hike in late October of 1975, the weather, food, and time were gradually destroying us. The weather was cold, foggy, and drizzly. The food, well the lack of it, did not help matters, and time, that's another problem! Three pitches in three days! Granted, the first three pitches turned out to be the hardest on the entire climb: devious, hard nailing, spiced with some F9. The fall of 1976 rolled around. This time Fred and Dougal got together with another climber. What happened this time is like a bad dream. The attempt was pretty much aborted the first night while they sat around the campfire at Hamilton Lake, below Angel Wings south face. One of the people hiking in with the climbers emptied his pockets of trash into the fire at night. The trash contained a 22-caliber bullet. If you've guessed the worst, relax; it only grazed Dougal's lip! Angel Wings: 2, Climbers: 0. In May of 1977 the final group is together; Bill Lahr and Alan Neifeld join Fred and me. The first three pitches are fixed. Fred takes the lead, the going slow and artificial. A time to think, a time to climb, a time to lead. Up I go, silently; the weather is perfect; what more could one ask for. The ground getting farther away, the trees smaller, the top closer. Changing leads, Alan traverses right under a small roof. "Delicate free climbing," he says. "The angle easing back; the way is clear to the top." The mind, tense for the past couple