

Nance Peak, Supercleavage. This peak, actually a dome, rises out of some of the most remote territory in Yosemite National Park. The 1500-foot south face is split by an enormous couloir leading straight to the summit. Tim Butler, Joe Kiskis and I climbed the couloir in early September. (5.8 to 5.9.)

BOB GROW, *Unaffiliated*

Bear Dome. Ian Raistrick and I climbed a prow on the west face of Bear Dome in August. The buttress is quite steep and imposing, and only the unglaciated nature of the rock lends plausibility to the climb. In fact, the route is quite easy, with the crux—a 5.8 crack—coming on the second pitch.

GREG DONALDSON

Chiquito Dome. The route named “Archline,” as reported by Conrad van Bruggen and Fremont Bainbridge in *A.A.J.*, 1981, page 174, had been previously climbed in 1974 by Ian Raistrick, Darien Hopkins and Hugh Woodland. They had placed no bolts and there was no evidence of their climb on the rock.

GREG DONALDSON

Crystal Crag, East Face, 1978. Chuck Calef and I climbed a route on the east face of Crystal Crag in April 1978. We began in a dihedral above a large pine tree just uphill from the Rowell-Clevenger route. The first pitches are steep. Then the angle eases and the ridge is followed past a remarkable crystalline area to the summit. (I, 5.8.)

GREG DONALDSON

Temple Crag, Sunribbon Arête, Winter Ascent. Rising almost out of the shores of beautiful Third Lake, the north face of Temple Crag dominates the immediate area, its dark granite walls accented by snow-covered ledges and couloirs in deep winter. George Lowe and I had come to climb Sunribbon Arête, a thinly defined buttress cutting the main bulk of the cliff. (First attempted in winter in January 1978 by Jim Sedinger and me.) George and I held a brief discussion about the feasibility of climbing in -10°F , but still packed our bags and made a short ski approach. We climbed bundled in all the clothes we had, moved quickly over the first steep pitch and the snow-covered fourth-class beyond. Then up the headwall, four pitches of clean granite with a wonderful diversity of cracks and face holds. As dusk approached, we reached the Tyrolean traverse. Finally we were able to flip a rope across the 15-foot gap over the horn and make the crossing as darkness descended. On the narrow arête, we “pitched” our small tent on the only level spot, a 2½-by-4-foot area with a clean drop on both sides. In the morning, the only sun we had on the north face moved off after one pitch, and a biting wind drove the cold through our clothing. The pitches broke down into short bursts of climbing activity, followed by finger-warming sessions. We raced the February