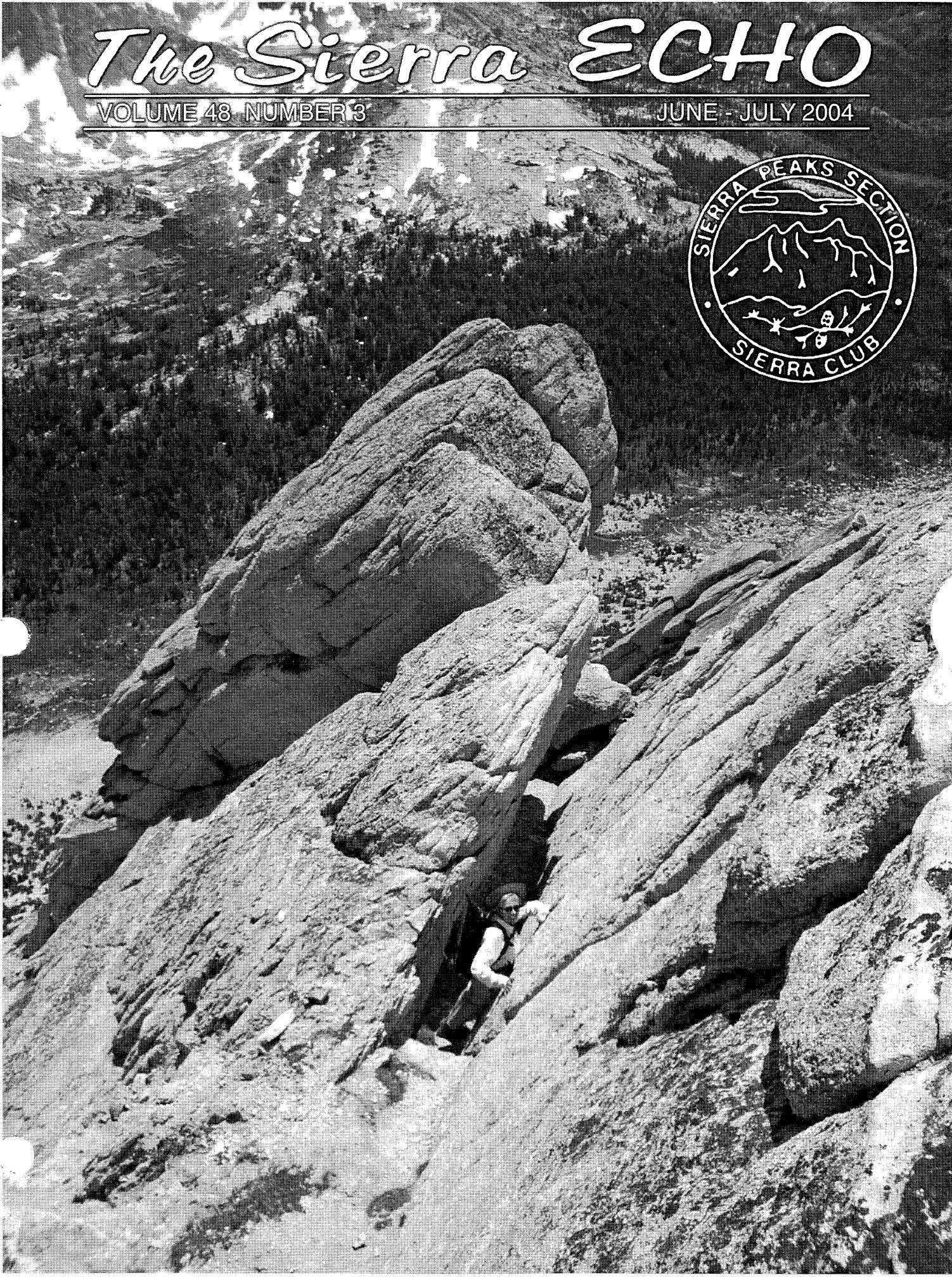
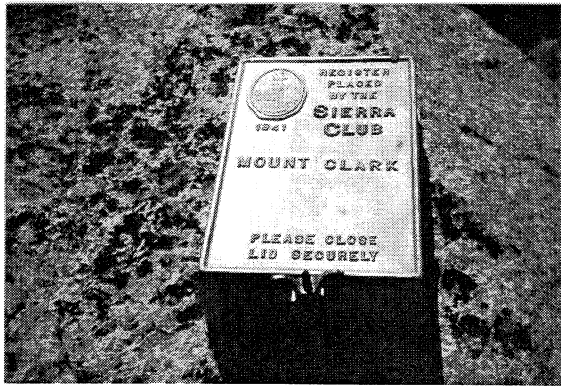


The Sierra ECHO

VOLUME 48 NUMBER 3

JUNE - JULY 2004





Mt Keith
Mt LeConte
Mt Corcoran
Olancho
Pikes Peak
Mt. Victoria
(Tomanivi)

Peak List
See Stories inside
this issue

SPS PROGRAMS

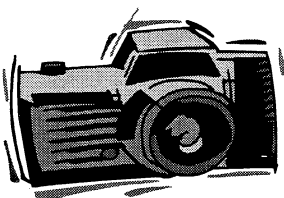
SPS meetings are held at 7:30 p.m. on the second Wednesday of the month - May through November & in January. A joint climbing sections meeting will be held in February. Meetings are held at 7:30pm, 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles. Downstairs from the Angeles Chapter Headquarters - Lower Plaza Conference Room. Free and secure parking. Enter from Mariposa, just N of Wilshire. Mention Sierra Club at garage gate and get white ticket. Newcomers welcome.

July, August & September Please note there will be no meetings as our summer outings have taken priority.

January 8, 2005 - Saturday

SPS Annual Banquet, SAVE THE DATE AND TELL YOUR FRIENDS. Royal Robbins will present the program entitled Sierra Adventures, and will include first ascents in the Sierra and kayaking down the length of the San Joaquin River.

Front Cover



**Patty Rambert be-
low summit of
Whorl Mtn.**
photo by Ron Hudson

Range of Light Echo Cover Contest

**Submittal date
extended!!!**

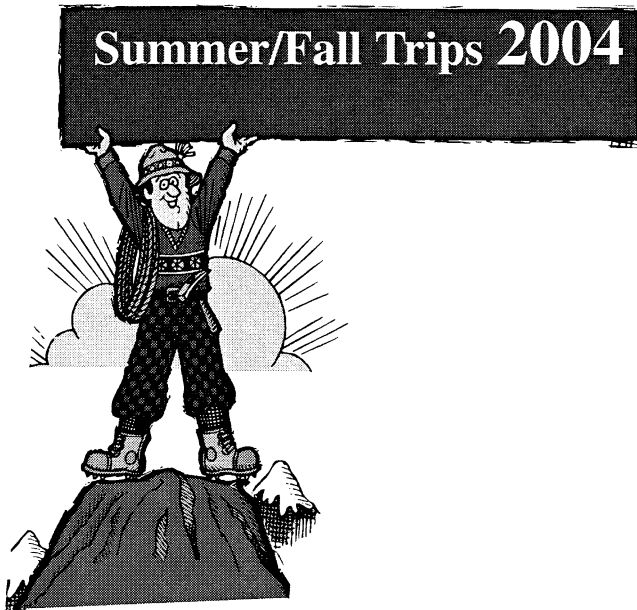
*Show off your talents as a
photographer.*

*Photos for consideration to
be submitted by Aug. 6, 2004 to
Barbee Tidball*

*Judging to be by the SPS Man-
agement Committee. Winner will be
featured on the Echo cover in color.*

*Photos to be judged for 1st color,
2nd composition and 3rd subject.*

*Submit your best color photo
(limit 2 submissions per photogra-
pher) in 5x7 or 8 x 10 print format.
Submitting color negatives or slides
is encouraged, but please make sure
that they are clean, as retouching is
very labor intensive. Submitted
materials will be returned with SASE.
Digital camera photos should be
submitted in the same file size as
stored in the camera.*



JULY

MR: Jul 24-27 Sat-Tue, Mt Clark (11,522'), Gray Pk (11,573'), Red Pk (11,699'), Merced Pk (11,726'):
Ldr: JOHN CHESLICK. Asst: PATTY RAMBERT

M: Jul 30 - Aug 1 Fri-Sun, Mt Ansel Adams, Electra: SPS/SMS, Climb two remote, beautiful, and not frequently visited peaks in Yosemite N.P. Exploratory trip to consider A. A. for the SPS List. Approach from south with basecamp at Sadler Lke. 30mi, 6000' rt. Good conditioning and cl 3 rock exper. required. Send SASE, e-mail Ldrs: REINER STENZEL, MARK GOEBEL.

M: Jul 31-Aug 1 Sat-Sun, Moses Mtn (9,320'), North Maggie Mtn (10,234'): WTC/SPS, Join us for a fun backpack Western side of the Southern Sierra. E-mail, SASE, and \$5 permit fee to Ldr: GREG ROACH. Asst. PATTY RAMBERT

MR: Jul 31 - Aug. 1 Sat-Sun, Dragon Peak (12,955') and Mount Gould (13,005'): WTC/SPS, Helmet and 3rd class climbing exper. required. Send SASE or e-mail and \$5 permit fee to Ldr: HELEN QIAN. Asst: WILL MCWHINNEY

AUGUST

I: Aug 6-8 Fri-Sun, Amelia Earhart (11,982') and Donohue (12,023'): SPS/SMS, Climb two fine peaks out of Lyell Cyn. Good conditioning required. Send e-mail with climbing experience to Ldr: LESLIE HOFHERR. Asst. ERIC SIERING

I: Aug 7-8 Sat-Sun, Cirque Peak (12,900'): Intro. trip in eastern Sierra. Send SASE with \$5.00 permit fee to Ldr: PATTY KLINE. Asst. KEITH MARTIN

See past editions of *The Sierra Echo* for detailed write-ups of trips without full write-ups. Trips previously described are listed without detailed write-ups in subsequent publications. Note all trips listed as MR or ER are restricted trips open to Sierra Club members only with the appropriate rock or snow skills. For all trips remember to send a SASE, Sierra Club #, experience and conditioning resume (if you are not known to the leaders), H & W phone #s, e-mail address optional, and rideshare information.

All participants on Sierra Club outings are required to sign a standard liability waiver. If you would like to read the Liability Waiver before you choose to participate on an outing, please go to: <http://www.sierraclub.org/outings/chapter/forms/>, or contact the Outings Department at (415) 977-5528 for a printed version.

AUGUST *continued*

MR: Aug 7-8 Sat-Sun, Mt Sill (14,153'): WTC/SPS, Restricted trip, 3rd class rock and snow (ice axe and crampons) experience. Send 2 sase or email. Ldr: MARIA ROA. Assts: B. EPSTEIN and A. WAXMAN.

ER: Aug 19-22 Thur - Sun, Clarence King (12,905'), op. peaks Mt Cotter (12,721') & Rixford (12,887'): Trip filled with a wait list. Ldr: LARRY TIDBALL. Co-Ldr: TOM BOWMAN

I: Aug 20-22 Fri-Sun, Pilot Knob North (12,245'): WTC/SPS, Intro Trip suitable for WTC students. Send check for \$10 permit fee (payable to Wilderness Adventures), 2 SASE (or 1 SASE & email), to Ldr: KEITH MARTIN. Asst: MARK MITCHELL

M: Aug 20-23 Fri-Mon McAdie(13799'), Mallory(13845'), Irvine(13780'): SPS/WTC, Backpack to Meysan Lakes. Climb of McAdie limited to qualified individuals - comfort on 3rd cl rock reqd. Send 2 business SASE (better yet esase) to Ldr: BARRY HOLCHIN. Co-Ldr: JOE WANKUM

I: August 21-22 Sat-Sun Mt. Agassiz (13,891'): SPS/WTC, Sat. \$5 permit fee. Send 2 SASE or email to Scott. Co-Leaders Dan Bovee and Scott Nelson

continued next page

AUGUST *continued*

MR: Aug 21-23 Sat-Mon, Middle Palisade (14,012'): WTC/SPS, Restricted with class 3, crampon & ice axe experience. Send SASE, resume w/experience \$5 permit fee to Ldr: ANNE MARIE RICHARDSON, Asst: PATRICK MCKUSKY

I: Aug 21-23 Sat-Mon, Mt. Conness (12,590'): Introductory trip in Yosemite. Legendary community happy hours Sat and Sun evenings. Send SASE, \$5.00 permit fee per person, to Ldr: PATTY KLINE. Asst. RICK JALI

I: Aug 27-29 Fri-Sun, Lone Pine Peak (12,943'), Thor Peak (12306'): Backpack and Car-camp. Intro trip Unimproved car camp in Alabama Hills area. Send check for \$5 permit fee (payable to Leader), 2 SASE (or 1 SASE & email) to Ldr: KEITH MARTIN. Asst: PATTY RAMBERT.

I: Aug 28-29 Sat-Sun, Mt. Lamarck (13,417'): WTC/SPS, Introductory outing. Send check for \$6 permit fee, email or 2 sase, to Ldr: MIKE DILLENBACK, Co-Ldr. JOE WANKUM

SEPTEMBER

M: Sep 4-6 Sat-Mon, Mt. Tyndall (14,018'): WTC/SPS, Climb in autumn up a 14'ner. Strenuous. Recent 3rd class rock exp. required. Send SASE and email address and \$5 permit fee to Ldr: SCOTT LEAVITT. Asst: PATRICK MCKUSKY

I: Sep 10-12 Fri-Sun, Mt Hoffman (10,850'), Tuolumne Peak (10,845'): Leisurely paced, xc ascents of two prominent unlisted, cl 2 peaks north-west of Tenaya Lake in Yosemite NP.. Send 2 SASE to Asst Ldr: JERRY KEATING. Ldrs: BARBARA LILLEY & GORDON MACLEOD

M: Sep 10-12 Fri-Sun Carl Heller (13,225'), Tunnabora (13,563'), Carillon (13,550'): SPS/SMS, Send email (or SASE) w/ H&W phone, email, recent experience and conditioning to Ldr: ERIK SIERING. Asst: REINER STENZEL.

I: Sep 11-12 Sat-Sun Lone Pine Peak (12,943): WTC/SPS Sat backpack 4.7 mi, 3600 gain from Whitney Portal to Meysan lakes and group happy hour. Sun climb peak, 2 mi, 2300' gain by class 2 xc route over talus and scree to great views, then pack out. WTC/equivalent required. Send SASE or email, H&W phones, \$5 permit fee, to Ldr: ANNE MARIE RICHARDSON. Asst. ANNE BITTNER

I: Sep 11-12 Sat-Sun, Florence Pk (12,432'). WTC/SPS, Send email (or SASE) to Ldr: MARIA ROA. Asst: HELEN QIAN.

SEPTEMBER *continued*

I: Sep 11-12 Sat-Sun, Silver Pk (11,878'): WTC/SPS, Send e-mail or SASE to Ldrs: TINA AND TOM BOWMAN

I: Sep 11-12 Sat-Sun Basin Mtn (13,18 1'): WTC/SPS/HPS, Intro trip, moderately paced. Send SASE and check for \$5 permit fee to Ldr: GARY SCHENK. Asst: PATTY RAMBERT

I: Sep 11-13 Sat-Mon, Mt. Julius Caesar (13,200'): WTC/SPS, Introductory trip Legendary community happy hours Sat and Sun evenings. Send SASE, \$5 permit fee per person, to Ldr: PATTY KLINE. Asst. JOE WANKUM

I: Sep 17-19 Fri-Sun, Yosemite NP/Koip Peak (12,962'): 3-day backpack & climb. Send check for \$10 permit fee (payable to Wilderness Adventures), 2 SASE (or 1 SASE & email) to Ldr: KEITH MARTIN. Asst: BETH POWIS

I: Sep 18-19 Sat-Sun, Mount Tom (13,562'): WTC/SPS, Gourmet Backpack! Join us for a weekend of high-altitude decadence. Send SASE with e-mail and your most outrageous culinary ideas to Ldr: RON CAMPBELL. Asst: GEORGETTE RIECK

I: Sep 18-19 Sat-Sun, North Maggie Mtn (10,234'): WTC/SPS, Moderate backpack trip to North Maggie Mountain. Send SASE or email, if recent student - WTC leader's name to Ldr: ED MORENTE. Asst: TOM MCDONNELL

MR: Sep 18-26 Sat-Sun, Mt Guyot (12,300'), Joe Devel Pk (13,327'), Mt Pickering (13,474'), Mt Chamberlin (13,169'), Mt Newcomb (13,422'), Mt Whitney (14,491'), Mt. Muir (14,012'), Mt Young (13,176'), Mt Hale (13,494') and possible other peaks Week long backpack lots of miles and lots of elevation gain. Send SASE to Ldr: LARRY TIDBALL. Co-Ldr: BARBEE TIDBALL

MR: Sep 24-26 Fri-Sun, Tower Peak (11775'): Climb this Northern Sierra Mountaineer's Peak. Strenuous trip. Sand SASE with \$5.00 permit fee. Ldrs: HENRY A. ARNEBOLD and STEVE THAW

O: Sep 24-26 Fri-Sun, Yosemite Volunteer in Parks Program: Saturday work under direction of Park Rangers. Potluck Bar B Que on Saturday night. Sunday do your own thing or join leaders on hike. Send 2 SASE to Ldr: KEITH MARTIN, Asst: JOYCE WHITE

I: Sep 24-26 Fri-Sun, Pilot Knob # 2 (12,245'): Send check for \$6 permit fee (made out to leader), email or 2 SASE to Ldr. MIKE DILLENBACK. Asst. K. C. REID

SEPTEMBER *continued*

I: Sep 26 Sun Grinnell Ridge Navigation: LTC/WTC Navigation Noodle in San Bernardino National Forest for either checkout or practice to satisfy Basic (I/M) or Advanced (E) level navigation requirements. To receive homework assignment, send sase with navigation experience/training, rideshare info, H&W phones, to Ldr: Harry Freimanis. Asst: Bob Bradshaw

OCTOBER

M: Oct 1-4 Fri-Mon, North Guard(13,327') and Francis Farquhar(12,893'): Enjoy High Sierra in the Fall. Send SASE or email (preferred) to leader with class 3 experience. Ldr: JIM CROUCH. Asst: REINER STENZEL

I: Oct 2 Sat Mt Lowe (5603') Beginning Navigation Clinic: LTC/WTC 5 mi, 500' gain. Spend the day one on one with an instructor, learning/practicing map and compass. Beginners to rusty old timers welcome. Not a checkoff. Many expert leaders will attend; many "I" rated leaders started here in the past. Recent no-shows require a \$25 deposit, refunded at trailhead. Send large sase early with check made out to Sierra Club, H&W phones to Ldr: DIANE DUNBAR. CO-LDR: RICHARD BOARDMAN

Oct 2 Sat Deadline for Leadership Training Seminar: Last day to register for Oct 16th LTC seminar. See ad back pages of Angeles Chpt. sch'd.

M: Oct 9-10 Sat-Sun M: Moses Mtn. (9331'), North Maggie Mtn. (10'): Late season backpack to the Mineral King area. Take time to learn from our naturalist about the fauna and flora. Send email (preferable) or sase to Ldr: BARRY HOLCHIN. Co-Ldr: KENT SCHWITKIS. Naturalist: Sherry Ross

Oct 16 Sat Leadership Training Seminar

I/M: Oct 24 Sun LTC, WTC Sheep Pass, Joshua Tree National Park Navigation. Navigation Noodles to satisfy Basic (I/M) level nav.requirements. Sat for practice. Sun for checkout. To receive homework assignment, send SASE to Ldr: Harry Freimanis. Asst: Bob Bradshaw

C: Oct 29-31 Fri - Sun Wilderness First Aid Course (WFAC): LTC, Harwood Lodge, WTC Runs from 8 am Fri to 5:30 pm Sun. Fee includes lodging and meals. CPR within previous 2 years required. Fee \$165 with SC#/\$175 non-member (full refund through Sept 24). For application send e-mail or sase to Ldr: STEVE SCHUSTER

NOVEMBER

I/M: Nov 13-14 Sat-Sun LTC, WTC Indian Cove, Joshua Tree National Park Navigation. Navigation Noodles to satisfy Basic (I/M) level nav.requirements. Sat for practice. Sun for checkout. To receive homework assignment, send SASE to Ldr: Harry Freimanis. Asst: Bob Bradshaw

DECEMBER

I/M/E: Dec 5 Sun LTC, WTC Warren Point, Joshua Tree National Park Navigation. Navigation Noodles to satisfy Basic (I/M) level nav.requirements. Sat for practice. Sun for checkout. To receive homework assignment, send SASE to Ldr: Harry Freimanis. Asst: Bob Bradshaw

PEAK REGISTERS - REQUIREMENTS

July 15, 2004
Below is the current list of register and container needs. If you are planning a trip to a peak on this list and could help out by carrying a book and/or container, please let me know. Also, please continue to send in your register reports, even for those peaks not in need of a book or container. Thanks again for the help in keeping our records up to date and in filling needs. Tina Bowman

Mountain Records

<u>Peak</u>	<u>Need as Noted</u>
Alta	book
Barnard	container, book
Bear Creek Spire	pencil, book
Bradley	book
Cirque	book
Cloudripper	book
Dunderberg	book
Eagle Scout	container (exchange), book
Goethe	container, book
Lamarck	book
Matterhorn	book
Middle Pal	book
Morgan (south)	book
Morrison	book
North	book
North Palisade	container, book
Perkins	container, book
Picket Guard	container, book
Ritter	wire for ammo box
Royce	book
Sill	book
Silliman	book
Trojan	container, book
Twin	book
University	book
Warren	ammo box
Williamson	ammo box, book

Echoes from the Chair

So the summer climbing season is in full swing. It has been so wonderful to see all the new and old faces out on the trips. I have been on about 9 trips so far this season and met some great new friends. I have gotten all kinds of questions related to our SPS List, the Mountaineers List (how do you get on it?), so what are the emblem peaks, what are restricted trips and it just goes on and on. Without going into great detail in this column, I will let you know some resources and if you have questions call one of the board members or send us an e-mail.

The Angeles Chapter Schedule of Activities on page 8 lists most of the information about the SPS that you will need. It references the website angeles.sierraclub.org/sps. I have the SPS list on an excel spreadsheet that someone else shared with me, it is a great way to keep track of your progress. Let me know if you would like a copy.

Hopefully all of our trips will provide an exciting adventure for the participants. Once in a while, the leaders have a situation that comes up and they need a replacement leader. If you are a leader and might be able to help out when the need arises let me know.

In conversations there has been a buzz of activity of people working on their emblems, senior emblems, etc. For next season 2005, it would be neat if we could offer a trip to each of the emblem peaks. So if you are working on your rating, keep going and let's have some new leaders for next year.

Look forward to seeing you out there this summer!

Happy Trails,
Patty



Patty working towards her Emblem, with help from her friends!

Bob Opperman, **Patty Rambert**, Ron Zappen and Jeff Ho in the fore ground.

Sierra Peaks Section

Management Committee Meeting – May 12, 2004

Location: Conference room, Lower Plaza, Angeles Chapter HQ

Attended by: Patty Rambert, Henry Arnebold, Reiner Stenzel, Mike Dillenback, Gary Schenk, Joe Wankum, Patty Kline

The meeting began at 6:35 PM.

Henry reported that there are 80 unpaid memberships so far this year. The roster will go out with the next *Echo*.

Secretary's Report:

Minutes of the November 12, 2003 meeting were approved.

New members: Shirley Lerche on Olancha Peak, June 1, 2003.

Outings Report:

We have 56 trips scheduled from March to October this year. The breakdown is: 'O' – 2; 'T' – 23; 'M' – 26; 'E' – 2; 'T' – 6 with 17 restricted trips. Leaders note that the next chapter schedule deadline is July 10.

Banquet Committee:

This year's co-chairs are patty Kline and Henry Arnebold. The banquet will be held Saturday January 8, 2005. The Saturday date should be more convenient for the membership.

Trails committee: No report.

Old Business: The need for preparations for the 50th anniversary of the section was noted.

New business: Locations for the next joint climbing sections meeting was discussed.

Meeting adjourned at 7:30.

General Membership meeting:

Attendees were Ron Ecklemann and Rick Dolphus.

Reiner Stenzel reported on several successful outings, Patty Rambert reported on the Diamond Peak outing.

Patty Kline presented slides form her trip to Nepal in 1979. The show included beautiful slides of Everest, Luptse, Makalu, Ama Dablam, Cho Oyu and Island Peak.

SPS Treasurer's Report 2nd Quarter 6/30/2004

Checking Account

Income:		Expenditures:	
a.	Echo	a.	Echo Postage
	\$1,372.00		\$ 309.08
b.	Echo Advertisement	b.	Supplies
	\$ 7.00		\$ 23.68
c.	Merchandise	c.	Echo Printing
	<u>\$ 15.00</u>		\$ 391.05
	\$1,394.00	d.	Memorial Fund Distribution
			<u>\$4,275.00</u>
			\$4,998.81
	Balance on 3/31/2003		
	\$6,149.67		
	Income		
	<u>\$1,394.00</u>		
	\$7,543.67		
	Expenditures		
	<u>\$4,998.81</u>		
	\$2,544.86		

Savings Account

Balance on 3/31/2003	\$4,842.56
April Interest Credit	\$ 1.59
May Interest Credit	\$ 1.64
June Interest Credit	<u>\$ 1.59</u>
	\$4,847.38

Note: In the 1st quarter the Memorial fund is \$4700.00 of the Savings Account total.

SPS Membership News

Congratulations to Emblem holders

7 (List finish plus Emblem 2nd time) Barbara Sholle 7-2-04 on Matterhorn
570 Dave Sholle 7-2-04 on Matterhorn
Mountaineer's List recognition to Craig Connally

Welcome New Members

Greg de Hoogh
24771 Mendocino Ct.
Laguna Hills, CA 92653-5615
949/362-5529 - Home
gdehoogh@yahoo.com

Address Changes

Barbara Sholle e-mail - bsholle@verizon.net

SPS Roster Missing Members

Last month the SPS Roster was published, but soon after we noticed that a number of names were somehow dropped from the list. Please add the inserts with this Echo to your 2004 Roster. And to everyone whose name was dropped our apologies - we are not sure what happened, your names are all in the computer. I guess this is the 2004 mystery roster, for mystery as to where the names went.

WE GET LETTERS

Dear Editor,

I could hardly believe my eyes when I reading the *Sierra Echo* that the SPS annual banquet was to be held on a SATURDAY (although Taix is a good, centrally located place). As a retired person, the day does not matter too much, but if I were still working, when weekends were precious, I would be somewhat upset! It would seem appropriate to have taken an informal poll of the membership before such a radical change was made (perhaps others will agree). Although the SPS is inactive in January, its members are not -- there are desert trips and other winter weekend activities. It will be interesting to see how many active members actually attend. (on ther other hand, the Saturday HPS banquet that I attended in 2003 was a real MOB SCENE.) **Barbara Lilley**

To the SPS Membership,

The Banquet has been scheduled for a Saturday this year. We have had a low turnout for the past three years. The board heard complaints that the traffic trying to get across town midweek during rush hour was horrendous and so members decided not to come to the banquet. The other sections have their banquet on a Saturday night and get much larger turnouts. We were able to reserve the restaurant and get a speaker and have the date set well in advance so our hope is that many more members will join us for a great evening. Not having to worry about traffic and going to work the next day will make the event more appealing!

Patty Rambert

To SPS Members & Mgmt. Committee,

I think we should give a January Saturday evening a try. In my household we have moved other LA ticketed events to the weekend out of frustration with week night traffic. In 1955 when the SPS/DPS was formed radio traffic reports (new at the time) were limited to sig-alerts for accidents. Today we have traffic reports that give travel times on the major freeways. Research reports that travel times increased to downtown Los Angeles by over 15 min. in just 5 years during commute hours.

As a past banquet organizer I have found that most members do not respond to surveys, and that member's attendance at the banquet is directly proportional to how actively and aggressively the management committee pursues the sales of tickets to the banquet. (This task was somewhat easier when there was a higher attendance at the regular meetings).

SPS banquet tickets sell themselves to some members who always support the section, then a few more tickets sell because of the speaker - however many tickets sell because someone approaches a member and sells them a banquet ticket. The banquet chair is responsible for organizing the banquet - the management committee is responsible for selling banquet tickets. It is my experience that the management committee has not been actively selling tickets the last few years. **Barbee Tidball**

Mike McNicholas, a Retrospective

Those old-time SPS, DPS or RCS climbers of the late 1950s through the mid 1960s who ever climbed with Mike McNicholas will remember him. He was unique: an Irish orphan at an early age, a British sailor starting as a teen-ager in the late 1930s through the end of World War II and a British and later American merchant mariner. He eventually moved to Chile, where he married. He then returned to San Pedro with his wife and eventually retired to Pahrump, NV in early 1980s. During his climbing period with Sierra Club when he was shipping out of San Pedro, he would get in touch with Club members he had met and arrange climbing trips or he would simply show up at Tahquitz or Stony Point and climb with whoever was willing. No doubt his superior physical conditioning contributed to his excellence as a rock climber and mountaineer. He would regularly run six miles onboard ship and do the Royal Canadian Exercises at the rate only Olympic athletes could expect to attain. He was an unique sailor, indeed.

One person Mike would first call after debarking at San Pedro would be Arkel Erb, another superior mountaineer and a chair of the SPS in the 1960s. I first met Mike on a climbing trip arranged by Arkel to climb Old Dad Mountain, New York Mountains' high point and Clark Mountain on a two day weekend in November 1964. Needless to say, having climbed Old Dad in morning, we didn't climb the 3rd-class high point on the New York Mountains until after dark with flashlights. The next day we climbed a 3rd-class route of the northeast side of Clark and descended via a 4th-class route on the east side — without a rope. Mike had no problems even though he had just gotten off a boat a few days before. [But I must confess to having psychological apprehensions during that descent.]

There are a number of examples of his mountaineering prowess that could be cited, but one example should suffice. In August 1964, the [then] Sierra Club's RCS scheduled a trip to climb the east ridge of Lone Pine Peak. The climb was advertised as a long one, so it was recommended that bivouac gear be carried. The group started early, while Arkel and Mike started an hour or so later and returned in mid-afternoon. The group started to return in late afternoon with some climbers returning after dark. The RCS leader inquired of Arkel and Mike around the campfire: "Did you bother to rope?" Answer in effect: "Well, yes — only near the top — but we climbed with the rope coiled." !!! That response was not an indication of carelessness, but one that reflected their confidence on fourth and low-class five rock.

And Mike was tough too. While traversing with Arkel between Disappointment Peak and Middle Palisade in the Sierras, a large rock upon which Mike was standing slid from under him resulting in the mangling one of his legs. Notwithstanding, he managed to complete the traverse to Middle Palisade [which offered the best evacuation route], to descend to the glacier below and then to the car on his own motive power. Tough, indeed.

In addition to Arkel, other regular Sierra Club climbing companions of Mike in that early period were: Andy Smatko, Barbara Lilley, Gordon MacLeod, Ed Lane, Tom Ross, Sy Ossosky, Ron Jones, and Neko Colevins. Included in this group were the first of the SPS and DPS List Finishers and the first of the Triple List Finishers. There is little doubt in my mind, that had Mike not been a full-time sailor, he would have been right up there with those early List Finishers. It is noteworthy that he climbed McKinley in 1964 with Arkel Erb, Barbara Lilley, Sy Ossosky and Ed Lane. He also climbed extensively in South America while he lived there.

But there was more to Mike than just his physical prowess. As Dick Agnos commented to me just after meeting Mike for the first time: "He is one of the most interesting individuals I have ever met." Mike's manner and demeanor were quite dignified and serious, but at the same time he had a great sense of humor with a considerable capability in story telling and joke relating. That he was well read complimented all those attributes.

With that retrospective about Mike, it is with great sorrow that I announce that Mike passed away some time in May of this year in Pahrump, NV as a result of a severe stroke.

Gordon MacLeod

IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

I hated Greg Vernon for 25 years. In 1978 he climbed 87 SPS peaks, setting a record that seemed destined to outlive me. Andy Smatko once topped 113 summits in a year; in the 1930s, a youth named Jack Sturgeon managed 100, but those totals included lots of non-SPS List peaks. I thought I had set the mark at 84 in 1972, that's one reason I took Greg's achievement so hard. But, preparing an Echo anniversary edition, Duane McRuer dredged up the fact that the old record was 85, set by Arkel Erb, so I never, ever had the record. Thanks, Mac.

87, then. 25 years later, I had never again come close, despite a half dozen seasons in which I topped 70 SPS peaks.

"Oh, one of these days, you'll do 100," soothed my buddy, Doug Bear, early in 2002—I forget how that came up, but I hated hearing it. "Yeah, sure, as soon as I get a little younger.

My 2002 climbing year appeared to be going sour. An Asian expedition project fizzled (9/11, etc.), a substitute trip to Peru was cut short due to lousy snow conditions. Our national Club trip got canceled. So did, what the —, eight various weekend outings.

In every case, I packed up, speeded up Highway 395 alone (only one citation!) and did a bunch of SPS peaks.

Even so, when I climbed North Maggie at the end of October, I was having a real big Sierra year in numbers, but not a record year: I had climbed 72 peaks.

On that summit, I spied Greg's 1978 entry, just before he set the record: "86 peaks in 1978." That, again!

I started down. I mused about Doug Bear's remark. I thought about a couple of final trips for the season, maybe Tunemah, if the weather held.

Then it came to me: why not try for the record? How, though, 16 more peaks? if not now though, when?

Gizzards commenced a trembling. I felt stage fright. My pulse surged. My thoughts catapulted: Somehow, yes, I'll do it!

Two days later, Tuesday afternoon, I finished a deposition, called my office and was told my remaining case for the week had canceled. Again, the pulse rate surged: I called Southwest Airlines and Hertz and was soon flying to Reno. By 11:00 p.m., I was circling Mt. Adams. By that Sunday night, after five days away, five frigid frantic days, I had added 12 Tahoe/Northern peaks, to total 84.

Fate provided one extra anxious moment in that roundup. Near Tinker Knob one dusk, I embedded my rental 4WD on a pointy berm. Jacking and digging for an hour merely solidified my plight.

A mile back, in a deserted cabin-complex-fairy castle*, was a single inhabitant, my rescuer who with the calm demeanor of Pa Walton unveiled his ... tow truck, and freed me in moments, for goodwill only.

"No, I can't stay for supper, I have to get to the next trail head, thanks!"

As a result, my Reno/November trip was a smash: Adams, Elwell, and Sierra Buttes on Wednesday, Lola, English, and Castle on Thursday, Tinker Knob and Rose on Friday, Freel and Roundtop on Saturday, with Tallac and Dick Akawie on Sunday before flying home. Everyday started Van Dalsem style (with headlamp), and 20°F or less, and with a laugh or two from KKOH AM 780—Reno's Breakfast Club, Ross and Monica, ("Daemon's are a ghouls best friend," on 10/31, etc.).

Monday, the weather reports proclaimed the season's first big storm would arrive before the weekend. So close, but I'm finished, I thought.

Monday at 2:15 p.m. I got done with a case in Pomona. Tuesday, free. What do I have to lose? Monday 10:15 p.m. I crash (that is, prepare to camp) just over Sonora Pass, finishing off a frenetic 400-mile drive.

Tuesday, I climbed Stanislaus and Leavitt amidst that late season frozen-dry eeriness; I encountered 50 British marines on Leavitt, they declined to indicate their future deployments. Wars, schmoers, I now had 86, one to tie!

A few days later, indeed, a big storm arrived. That Friday, I hiked up Smith in Death Valley, but who was I kidding? That night I headed back to rain in the Sierra. I went for Rockhouse via the eastern approach.

Late Saturday morning it was still raining when I gave up on Rockhouse. I had waded out into the little Kern River seven times, poles flailing water up to my chest, numb all over. I never made it near halfway across.

At least I was still alive ... and in the hunt!
Regrouping, I sloshed up Crag and Owens.
Tat-tah, 88. The Record, yes!

Hmm ... yes, but I had no inclination to stop. Obsession without reason? My life story?

Into mid-November: I avenged Rockhouse (ha! the water was merely knee-deep now). I rolled over hapless Smith; maybe thereafter feeling guilty as it was so easy, it was Cartago from the bottom, Muah from the bottom (Ash Creek — 8,000 ft. of gain), both with snow flurries and disorientation at the tops.

One mid week dash, I added Homer's Nose up the excellent Mark Adrian route (go left at the last fork instead of right, near the end head easily R up to Salt Ridge on the faint path).

Next, just beating winter road closure, I snatched Tehipite Dome, literally at times gliding icy/muddy or snowy trails, getting lost once that I knew about.

What idiot could have scheduled me at this point for a two-week volcano climb in Chile? I went, horrified to leave the Sierra.

Back deep in December, I picked up again at 97, my sense of purpose was throttled by the sight of snow down to — what? — 2500 feet.

Given that, I limped home on the bottom-of-the-barrel choices—Pilot Knob (snow on Hwy 58 at the start!), an unusually interesting Spanish Needle, and pitifully, Lamont. #100, Lamont fell on Christmas Eve.

If not a glorious finale, it nevertheless capped a swell time, and record season of 100 SPS peaks, a record that will surely last . . . well, it's a record for now, at least.

Doug Mantle



*Lost Trail Lodge, 8600 Coldstream Trail, Truckee, CA 96161 (530) 320-9260, luxury cabins in the Tahoe back country, open in winter, too.

Mt Keith (13,977)

June 12 -13, 2004 by John Cheslick

The sky was clear and there were no bugs as I gathered our small climbing group together to start hiking up towards Pothole. Our group of five consisted of Patty Rambert and me as leaders along with Judy Hummerich, Harry Langenbacher and Susan Livingston. This was the first time in recent memory that I lead a trip that did not have a full rooster at anytime before the date of the trip. (Note to prospective participants: Not all SPS trips fill up plus there are always cancellations.)

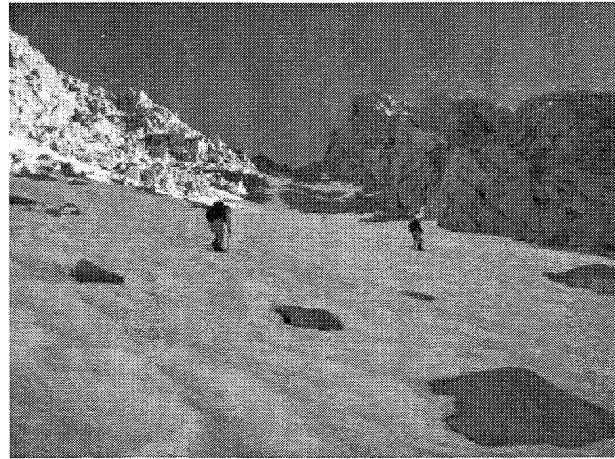
We started up the Shepherd Pass trail at 8:15 after doing quick introductions. Harry had brought a scale along and weighed our packs. Harry's was the lightest, I believe it was 26 pounds but he was not carrying any water and mine was the heaviest weighting about 37 pounds with 2 quarts of water. We were all carrying ice axes and crampons.

We made in up to the notch before the infamous 500 descent in 2 1/2 hours. I was feeling like we were making good time. However, after the descent, it got both warmer and the trail seemed longer. I am always amazed that it is only 7 miles to the Pothole. It always seems longer when you hike this trail.

We finally made it to Pothole at 4 pm. Seven hours and 45 minutes to camp, including our lunch stop. When I measured the gain at home, it came to 5,050. No wonder I was tired.

We looked up at our planned route during happy hour. As usual, the group debated which route to take. I was hoping for a snow climb of the south face but there was only snow for about the last 1,000 feet of gain. We decided to leave the crampons at camp since it was fairly warm at Pothole and still no bugs.

The next morning, we woke up at 4:45 and were climbing by 5:30. Some old maps have the trail going up to Junction Pass starting at the two northern streams on the map but the trail actually starts by the two south-western streams near the trail going to the pass. We stayed on the trail for a short time and then headed cross-country up the gully on the southern part of the peak. The guide book says this is loose and makes a good descent route but it worked fairly



Harry & Susan climbing the sully, south face of Mt. Keith

well going up as well. Once we got to the snow, which was hard but was of Styrofoam consistency with many places to plant your feet, we moved a little faster. Judy decided at this point to wait for the group.

The gully leads up to a notch west of the peak. From there it was an easy scramble to the summit. After some time on the summit, we started heading down.

The rest of the trip was uneventful but long. We took it slow on the way down since a number of us had either sore feet or blisters.

It took us 2 hours to descend the peak and then another 5 hours after breaking camp to reach the trailhead at 5:30 pm.



Judy, Susan, Patty and John at Mahogany Flat on the hike out. photo by Harry Langenbacher

Ascent of Mt LeConte and Traverse to Mt Corcoran

Shannon Scott

Trip Date 21-23 May 2004

Participants: Dennis Richards, Larry Hoek, Judy Richardson, Joe Stevens, Shannon Scott

On the morning of Friday, 21 May 2004 a group of climbers under the lead of Dennis Richards departed Tuttle Creek trailhead in the direction of Mt Corcoran with the intention of climbing same. We were also tantalized with the possibility of climbing the overwhelming looking Northeast side of Mt Langley given a group consensus once Corcoran was dispatched with.

On the way up canyon following the Tuttle Creek drainage, Dennis had mentioned to me the possibility of linking nearby Mt LeConte (an SPS Mountaineers Peak) in with the ascent of Mt Corcoran, which I promptly dismissed as a non-possibility since most of the other members of the group had their sights set only Corcoran. We continued up thru shady use trails at an easy comfortable pace. Where the hiking trail ends at the Stonehouse, the majority of the group attacked the lower portion of the Tuttle Creek use-trail as one member decided to try the high road. The low route entailed some degree of trail finding and somewhat steep rough terrain but overall not too bad. Continuing upward, a fairly level camp spot was found at approx 10,400 ft with a fresh snowmelt creek adjacent to our camp. All present settled down for a breezy afternoon accompanied by a few large snowflakes, dinner and an early bedtime in anticipation of the hard work in store for the following day.

Everyone was up by 0530 on Saturday morning; breakfast was downed and the group headed off toward the bowl at the base of "Comb Ridge." While the majority took an indirect but easy dogleg approach around the waterfalls leading up to the valley bowls, one member (Joe Stevens) decided to tackle the direct route by hurling himself straight up the scree slopes adjacent to our route. Joe was looking

tired as our tracks again crossed just prior to the bowl as we took a brief snack break and waited for the rest of the group to filter in. As we all sat discussing the various peaks and lines, Dennis again mentioned the LeConte-Corcoran Traverse and emphatically suggested I "go for it" (which, incidentally happens to be Dennis' mantra.) Again I balked but as we ascended the easy slopes to the base of the climb I couldn't help but notice that the perfect weather, great snow conditions and my feeling strong were all pointing to the fact that I should take a stab at it. I signed out and tromped off in the direction of the "Laughing Dolphin," the statuesque landmark just down and south from the LeConte summit blocks.

The route as seen from the bowl was the only continuous snow line to the southern summit ridge. It was broken up by one short section of rock in the form of a refrigerator sized chockstone blocking the gully, capped off by a 10ft section of steep snow shortly beyond. As both of these obstacles appeared to be easily overcome, I raced up the slope in hopes of re-uniting with the rest of the group before they got back to camp. The knee-deep sastrugi stairs made the lower two-thirds of the climb quite easy; I kept

the friendly dolphin in sight and was at the chockstone in under an hour. What looked to be an easy 3rd class move going around and right side of the chockstone

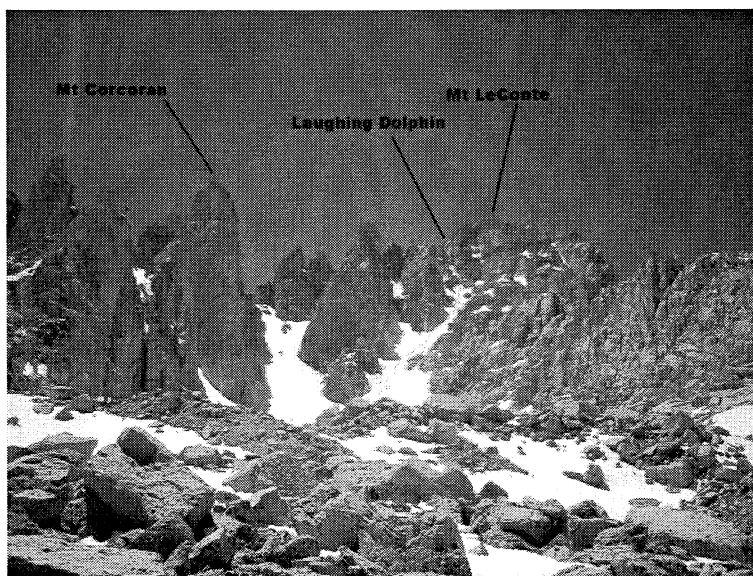
"I stepped up onto the platform and was promptly hucked as the thin veneer of snow blew aside and exposed a solid block of ice underneath."

huck (huk), verb: being flung some distance.

turned out to be slightly tricky as my backpack jammed me halfway up and I was unable to proceed any further. I downclimbed and determined to think this one thru as the group was far away and a mistake here could be serious. I then attempted some 5th class rock up and around but was dead-ended without a rope or a belay and concluded that the chockstone bypass was the only viable possibility. As I climbed back up to the small snow platform directly below the stone, my mind was busy considering how to overcome this obstacle, rather than paying attention to the current climbing; I stepped up onto the platform and was promptly hucked as the thin veneer of snow blew aside and exposed a solid block of ice underneath. As I began to hurtle downslope I recall thinking this could be trouble (my axe had been conveniently quick-stowed in my pack) and just as quickly as it started, I stopped as my outstretched

arm hooked a small block of rock 10ft down. I decided it was time to stop doddling and climbed up to the platform again (being much more careful this time) dumped the pack and tied in to it with some 1/8" Dacron line and quickly clambered around and over the offending block. A quick hand-over-hand on the trail line and I was re-united with my pack and was on my way after overcoming a short steep section of neve* just above the chockblock. I continued up the gully to the small col between LeConte and the peaklet directly south, down the other side approx 100ft and began traversing north and up which landed me just below the top of the infamous "Waterfall Pitch."

As there was no water flowing, this "pitch" was easily dispatched and I was soon on top (Mt LeConte – elev. 13,930ft) and downing a peanut butter bagel by 1130. (In retrospect I probably could have saved at least 45-minutes had I not been so indecisive in my approach to the chockstone.) I



marked the register and headed down in hopes of blasting the traverse and catching the group. I descended and broke away from the Waterfall Pitch about 100 ft down and began wrapping around the west side of the crest following a slightly downward trend. Aiming for the obvious notches and bypassing the first large gully leading back up to the ridge, I was soon looking up at the "Y" configured gully which leads to Corcoran. At this point I decided to put on my crampons as I had no desire to go hurtling down any more ice slopes (and this one was in shade, icy and fairly steep!)

Continuing upward, I ventured toward the right-most bifurcation and passed underneath a humungous chockstone overhead near the top of the ridge and was soon looking at the footprints of my comrades who were just coming down from their successful summit of Corcoran. I wrapped around the corner and there they were. We quickly exchanged hellos and I ran for the summit block of Corcoran (elev

13,760ft) hoping to not get left too far behind as they began their descent. I topped out and scribbled a quick blurb, then boogied back down to find a perfect glissade track going from the top of the couloir all the way to the bottom. Suiing up in my raingear I shoved my boots right thru my pants blowing out the seams in both legs - oh well, that's what gaiters are for... and on to my rear for 800 ft of terminal velocity bumsliding. At the base of the chute I was once again with the group as we made our way back to camp. We decided to give the scree slope a go for the descent - for anyone considering this as a descent route you should STAY HIGH until you are directly

above the chute leading straight down to the meadows below. Traverse across too early or too low (as we did) and you'll be in for some less than pleasant large-scale talus scrambling. We were all back together at the camp by 230 and had the remainder of the perfect windless, sunny afternoon to lollygag, stretch, rest and rehydrate on the white-sand beach of

our campsite.

The following morning, it was time to head home; myself and two others decided to take the high path from the Keyhole Wall back down to the Stonehouse; this was a pleasant route as it entailed much fine scree and we were quickly down to the fabled Ashram and enjoying brunch when Dennis Richards and Larry Hoek strolled in a few minutes behind us, they having taken the lower route adjacent to the south fork of Tuttle Creek. A quick jaunt over the bridge and thru the woods and we were back at the cars; fifteen minutes driving and we were holed up in the Lone Pine Pizza Factory by 1130 after another great weekend enjoying the freedom of the hills.

Mucho mahalo to Dennis Richards for getting everyone up and motivated to do this trip.

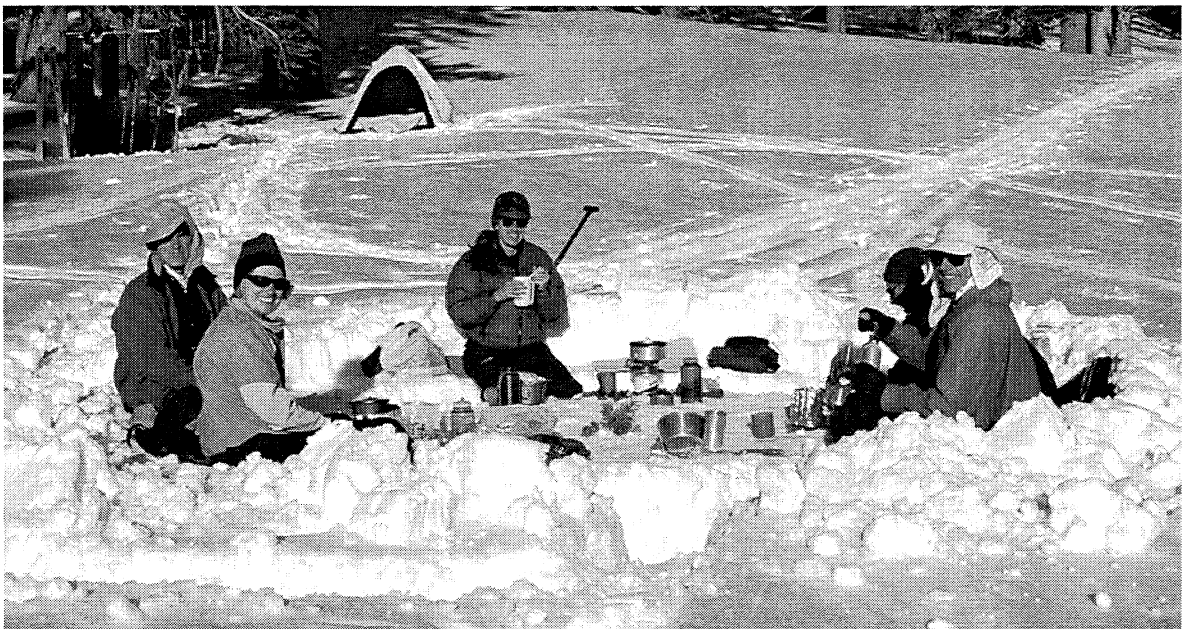
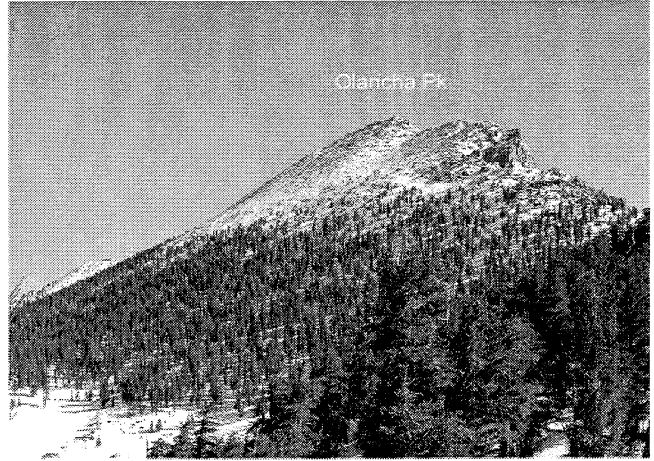
*neve - refers to snow that has been cyclically frozen and slightly melted, then refrozen numerous times. Or it can refer to the accumulation basin (neve) of a glacier.

Skiing Olancha Peak

March 6-7, 2004 By Jan StAmand

Nine enthusiastic participants including 7 skiers, 1 snowboarder, and 1 snowshoer met early Saturday morning on a warm, cloudless day for my first provisional lead to Olancha Peak. The group consisted of Mike Seiffert, Lorene Samoska, Jay Rivera, Jim Crouch, Rich Henke, Steve Curry, Leslie Hofherr, Reiner Stenzel (my assistant and evaluator), and myself. We started hiking from the end of the Sage Flat Road at 5800 feet. The snow coverage was sparse and we strapped our skis to our already heavy overnight packs and headed off in a southwesterly direction easily finding the main trail to Olancha Pass. At 6700 feet we reached a fork in the trail and followed the left fork or cow trail. From here we were able to skin/snowshoe on continuous snow. After a leisurely lunch break at Olancha Pass (9200 feet) we continued along the ridge and made camp in Bear Trap Meadow at an elevation of 10,000 feet. We quickly settled into our campsite and Reiner and Jim built a communal kitchen in time for all to sit, relax, and enjoy the sunset.

We left camp at 6:30am the next morning on firm snow continuing along the ridge in a northerly direction towards Olancha Peak. We wasted some time skirting around an exposed rocky section and reached an elevation of 11,300 feet at noon. From here Rich took off his skis and proceeded on foot towards the 12,132' summit following Reiner who kept his skis on. Steve, determined to get his first emblem peak, continued to the summit on snowshoes. The remainder of the group decided that there was not enough time to reach the summit and ski out before dark. We skied back to camp avoiding the rocky section by skiing below it and this was the best skiing of the trip. We packed up and left camp skied up to a high point above the meadow where we removed our skins and had a pleasant ski to Olancha Pass and then to a lower pass at 8600 feet. From this point the snow was very heavy and turning was difficult. About half way down this slope and while attempting a turn Lorene hurt her knee. Mike took her skis and others helped lighten her load as she proceeded down on foot. Soon Jim, Mike, and I also removed our skis since it was faster to walk with the occasional posthole than to ski on the heavy snow. We regrouped at the cow and hiking trails junction and continued on foot reaching the cars just as it was getting dark. The verdict on Lorene's knee is that it is a class I strain and hopefully she will be skiing again in a month. Thank you everyone for a memorable trip.



Stretching to Reach Pikes Peak

8/16/03 - Bill Oliver

Some seven years ago on a Labor Day weekend I participated with Mark Persons, an old adventure buddy, in the "Run to the Top" – the top being Mt. Baldy. At 10,064' the summit is the high point of LA County. I think the route was something like 7 miles and 4,000' gain. Although I didn't beat Mark, I felt like I had kicked some ass by actually jogging much of the course. Mark subsequently had a somewhat serious notion about running in the "Pikes Peak Ascent" in Colorado, which tops out at 14,110'. Trust me - I never entertained such a wild notion!

Then last summer I moved to the base of Pikes Peak in Colorado Springs! The Barr Trail is the standard route up this sucker – 12.6 miles and 7510' gain. The Mt. Whitney Trail, by contrast, goes for only 10.7 miles with only 6135' gain up to 14,495'. Unlike Whitney, however, Pikes Peak offers three ways down: the Barr Trail, the cog railway (opened in 1891), or the highway (completed in 1916).

Hiking the Barr Trail several times to Barr Camp (about the half way point), I was surprised and impressed by the hoards of people running the trail. Going RT to the summit one day, I was sorta annoyed to have a few people running past me in the last half mile. All these insane folks were training for the Pikes Peak Ascent and/or round-trip Marathon – run on consecutive days in mid-August. Although they don't attract many foreign runners, contestants come from all over the country to compete in these two events – many of them regularly and most of them from non-mountainous areas! I was starting to entertain a certain wild notion!

I signed up (\$55) last February for the 48th running of the Pikes Peak Ascent – "America's Ultimate Challenge," also known locally as "The Race with an Altitude." By sometime in April the 1800 Ascent slots are always gone (800 for the marathon). Of course, I never intended to actually run this sucker. The course "closes" after 6.5 hours, and I figured that with serious training I could probably make that in a steady, brisk walk.

Two weeks ago I put this hypothesis to the test - and made the summit in just under six hours. This was non-stop except for 15 minutes at Barr Camp. That was promising – with two significant caveats,

however. (1) The PPA doesn't start at the Barr Trailhead! That simply wouldn't be feasible with so many runners. The start is in front of the Manitou Springs City Hall - 1.3 miles away and about 300 ft lower. The Ascent Race, then, is officially listed at 13.32 miles and 7815' gain. (2) In the last hour of my ascent I endured extensive and dramatic leg cramps. I had never experienced this before so it was quite startling. It wasn't actually very painful and it disappeared once I got to the top, but it did slow me down and I had to keep massaging various leg muscles. I'm sure some of these muscles don't even have names. Whatever – next time I would stretch more and consume electrolyte-powdered water, yuck.

OK - The 48th running of the Pikes Peak Ascent was yesterday, and the round-trip full marathon was today. Oh, I think I failed to mention that I had signed up for the Second Wave. The First Wave (folks who expected to run most of the course) was off at 7:00. The Second Wave (folks who expected to walk most of the course) was off at 7:30. Roughly equal in size, each start was preceded by a less-than-rousing rendition of "America the Beautiful" – whose lyrics were composed on the summit in 1893 by Katherine Lee Bates.

Sitting at the curb before the gun, I chatted with a dude who drove in a couple of days earlier from Oregon. This was his first time. The highest he had been able to train at was about 5,000 ft. An old climbing buddy, Diann Fried, commonly flies in from LA every year for the race (First Wave), although she couldn't make it this year. I felt vaguely smug living at 6300 ft. In any event, I think most of us shared a simple, common goal – just to finish. That would mean getting on top NLT 2:00 pm.

I was hoping I would take a good crap Friday night. Didn't happen. I tried again early Sat. and then at the Porta-Potties. Didn't happen. Crap! What do world-class triathletes do? Although I've never seen any articles about it, they must take something to purge themselves – either that or they just unload in their shorts (that's why they always wear black). Trying to save weight, I brought a single Rantex (medicated butt wipe) and 18 toilet paper sheets. I also rationed myself to eight Ricola lozenges. Right - I was determined to make this a Personal Record!

Commonly, the race ends before the afternoon thunderstorms break. Commonly is no guarantee, however. So, I had a fanny pack with raingear; also a Camelback pack with extra water, which would allow me to hydrate continually. Neither of these items

was conducive to running, as was immediately clear at the flat start.

This event has tons of awesome volunteers, and they somehow managed to deliver unlimited amounts of water and/or Gatorade at five more or less evenly-spaced waypoints. I was toting two Power Bars, two granola/fruit bars and some honey mustard pretzels. The first 1.3 miles give folks a chance to spread out some, but it was still pretty tight as we hit the Barr Trail. The pace, however, was about what I wanted, and you just get used to saying "excuse me" a lot. We were all well-behaved and I never saw anyone being a jerk. By half way to Barr Camp runners were no longer consistently tight.

Barr Camp was a chance to stretch the leg muscles, pee and change my socks – the only time I would sit down. World-class triathletes must know how to change socks on the fly. Then I was off again. I loved seeing the markers that announced how many miles were left to the end – and I treasured each one. The volunteers unfailingly cheered us on throughout the day – even for folks like me nowhere near the front. I hated it, though, when anyone said – "only one more hill to go."

We were blessed with great weather - very mild at the start, just a little too warm up the early switchbacks, and finally a chilly breeze near the top. The trail is mostly compact dirt, great for running. The last two miles get a little rocky – most notably the "Sixteen Golden Stairs." Mid-way up the second half folks were quite spread out, and it was much easier to pass than when people were congested. I felt I was making decent time – certainly enough to finish before the course closed. However, because I was pushing myself rather than taking a more relaxing pace, I was getting kinda tired. Well, hello, so were all the people around me. In the last mile or so I paused three times for about 15 seconds just to catch a few extra breathes. My right leg started to cramp slightly, and I immediately informed said muscles that that behavior would be quite unacceptable. I also paused to stretch three times. Actually, I was getting real tired, and I longed for it to be over within my lifetime.

Normally, looking up one cannot readily make out the trail above. Now full of runners (read walkers), it was kinda discouraging to see how it seemed to zigzag all over the freakin' mountain. The crowded summit area was finally in view, however, and soon I could hear the topside commotion. About 30 seconds before the finish, the PA system noted that Bill Oliver was about to arrive. Hey, I know that

guy! No one was very close to me as I crossed the line at 1:10 pm. A big clock under the Finish Banner told me it was 5 hours, 39 minutes and 58 seconds from the start – and then someone placed a way-too-heavy medallion around my neck. YES – a personal record! I hugged the lady who came in behind me.

Volunteers were poised to help people move away from the finish. I didn't need help as I vectored on the table loaded with oranges, bananas and grapes – and then stretched. Vans were lined up to take us back down the mountain. The winding road is about 20 miles long and takes a good hour. About a third the way down, a young lady in the front passenger seat threw up into a bag. She subsequently asked the driver if that happens very often. He said that in several years of doing this, there's always one person who throws up. This probably didn't make her feel any better, but I know the rest of us suddenly felt relieved!

The winning time was 2:13:29. This 39-year-old dude from Alamosa, CO, had never been on the course before and had never run above 12,000 feet. When he got to the top, he just kept running in circles for several minutes. The course record, set in 1993, is 2:01:06. I ranked 1426 among 1605 finishers. The oldest finishers, both male and female, were in their mid-seventies! [The winning marathon time today was 3:43:46; the course record being 3:16. Matt Carpenter won again, and he holds all the records!]

I was really glad this sucker was finally over, that I had finished before the course closed, and that I could now stop all the training. I hate training for stuff like this – as it takes a lot of time away from other adventures I'd rather be doing. On the other hand, I love doing things that I once imagined I could never do. Next year, if I'm in town, I'll see about being a volunteer. The most surprising event of the day occurred as I crossed the finish line. Suddenly and with no warning I just cried, and I had to sit down and let it happen. My initial reaction, beyond amazement, was that I was glad I was wearing my dark glasses. After about 1.8 seconds I decided it was OK, and I saw that I wasn't alone.

I finally made it home - and immediately got out the low-fat ice cream. That was OK too! J

[Bill Oliver has run a few half and full marathons about 20 years ago, and he has climbed all the California 14ers. At age 60, however, this is his first combination!]

IN HIGH PLACES: FIJI

By Burton "Kava Head" Falk

Just outside the village of Rakiraki, on the north shore of Fiji's largest island, Viti Levu, lies the tomb of Ratu Udre Udre, a late 19th century Fijian chief famous for his appetite for human flesh. Surrounding this monument are 999 stones, one for each of the carefully prepared (infused with a raspberry/chipotle marinade and served on a bed of polenta, perhaps?) carcasses the gourmandizer is said to have enjoyed. Presumably, the good man ran up an enormous tab for toothpicks.

And that was only one of the gloomy tidbits that our driver imparted to my wife, Jo, and me on our 2-1/2 hour night drive from Fiji's International Airport in Nadi (pronounced Nandi), to our lodgings at the Wananavu Beach Resort, just a few clicks beyond Rakiraki. Other information designed to increase our apprehensions involved the recent destabilizing coup in the Fijian Parliament, the tensions between the lazy indigenous Fijians and the noble hard-working Indians (our driver, by the way, was an Indian), and, of course, the latest outbreak of cholera. When we finally did arrive at the resort at 11 p.m., we were issued an aerosol can of ant and roach spray, and then escorted to our darkened seaside cabaña by an armed guard.

The next morning, however, with bright sunshine pouring down through the lush tropical foliage, and a gleaming white strand of beach just a few yards beyond our lanai, it was time to take stock of the situation in a more positive manner.

Prior to leaving the States, I had been unable to glean much definitive information on climbing **Mt. Victoria (Tomanivi)**, Fiji's 4,340' high point. The Fiji Tourist Bureau web site, for instance, referred me to another web site in Nadi, and the latter never responded to my inquiry. My copy of Lonely Planet's Fiji—A Travel Survival Kit included only one paragraph on the mountain, reading in part: "Three large rivers originate in the shadow of this mountain—the Sigatoka, and the Wainimala and



Fiji from the Terrace Wananavu Resort

Wainibuka, which eventually join to form the Rewa River. The bridge at Navai Village is where the trail begins...The top is almost continuously cloud-covered, so don't expect a great view...Allow five to six hours for the climb. Guides are available in the village."

My travel agent, Lora, at Trips & Tours in Fallbrook, CA, a company that specializes in Micronesian and Fijian destinations, was a bit more helpful. She forwarded me the following information that she received from her associate in Fiji: "The climb is in the bush (like a jungle), off of the Kings Road, out of Tavua. It takes about 3.5 hrs to claw your way to the summit, and about 1.5 hrs to come down. A guide can be hired in the town at the foot of the mountain, where there are no phones. Mr. Falk will need to hire a 4-wheeled vehicle to get to the village. It's customary for Savusavu (paying homage) to take place prior to the hike up. Mr. Falk would just have to pick up some Kava and bring something from USA (kids bubbles, a solar calculator, batteries, a ball cap, etc. - just one or two things that would survive a village lifestyle) to give to the chief. The Falks can spend the night in the village for USD\$20.00pp, including food, bath, and bed. The guide should be paid FJD\$25.00. The mountain range that Mt. Victoria is in is shrouded in clouds most of the time, as it is so high."

"Well, okay," I thought, as I sat enjoying a breakfast buffet rich laden with fresh island fruit that

first morning. “Tomorrow, I’ll rent the resort’s 4x4 Rava, get up early, and make the climb. What could be easier?”

And then, of course, I had second thoughts. “Hold on. Sure, I’ve got a map, but I’ve heard that the roads aren’t well marked. I wonder how much trouble I’ll have finding the village below the peak? Also, if I do find the village, will the chief there be able to speak English? Yeah, and don’t forget the kava. Where can I buy it and how much should I buy?”

So I inquired of Lisa, the twenty-something daughter of the New Zealand couple who own and operate the Wananavu Resort, regarding the possibility of hiring a guide as well as a car. An hour



or two later, she tracked me down and said, “I’ve found an outfit in Rakiraki that will provide you a 4x4 truck, a driver and a guide for \$150 Fijian (about US \$100) for the day. If you want me to make the arrangements, I can have them pick you up here at 6 a.m. tomorrow morning.”

“Wait a minute,” I said. “I thought you told me it would cost \$150 Fijian a day to rent your Rava. Are you telling me I can get a car, a driver and a guide for the same price as the car alone?”

“That’s what I’m telling you,” Lisa replied. Boy, talk about an easy decision!

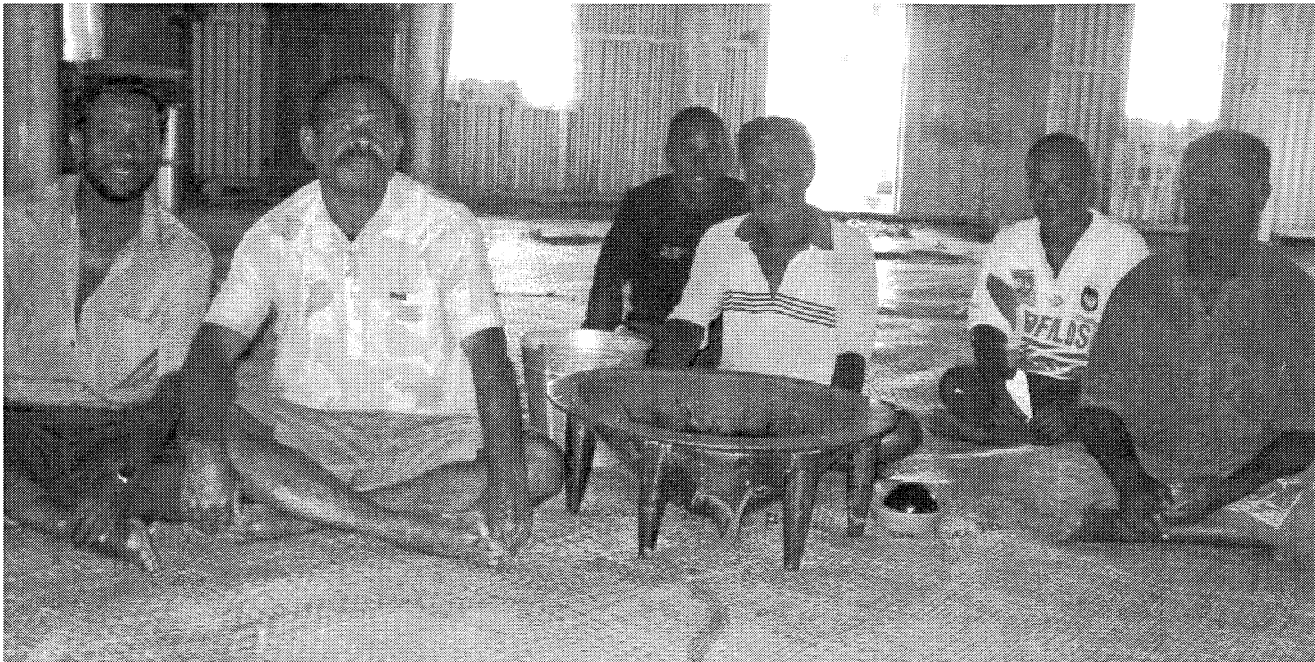
But before considering the climb, let’s review a few essential facts about Fiji.

1. The former British colony, independent since 1970, lies about half way between, and at the same latitude (18 degrees south) as, Papeete, Tahiti and Cairns, Australia. Most all of the nation’s 300 islands are of volcanic origin.

2. Ethnically, the first Fijians were of Melanesian origin. Based on archeological evidence (primarily pottery), it appears that the islands were settled in three waves—1600 BC, 400-100 BC and 1000-1800 AD—by people immigrating from what is now Papua New Guinea. Because of various incursions, however, especially by the Tongans, many Fijians of today combine Melanesian physical characteristics (short stature, dark-skin and fuzzy hair) with those of the Polynesians (tall, muscular, fair and straight hair).

3. Cannibalism was deeply ingrained in the Fijian culture long before the birth of Christ. Indeed, the custom was an important aspect of the Fijian religion in which the great warrior-gods were themselves cannibals. The prime (U.S.D.A.?) idea behind this gruesome practice was to consume those who were captured in battle, because, as Rob Kay, the author of *Fiji—a Survival Guide*, points out: “Eating your enemy was the ultimate disgrace the victor could impose, and in the Fijian system of ancestor worship this became a lasting insult to the victims’ families.” Not surprisingly, as Kay continues, there was a good deal of “vicious infighting, internecine warfare and vengeance-seeking that went on in pre-Christian times.”

4. In 1874, when Fiji became a crown colony of England, it was decided that substantial economic development was necessary. Concluding that the production of sugar cane would be just the ticket, but unwilling to exploit the indigenous Fijians, the governor at the time, Sir Arthur Gordon, decided to import workers from India. To that end, beginning in



1879, and continuing until 1916, some 60,000 Indians were brought in to tend the fields. By 1999 almost half of Fiji's total population of 850,000 was of Indian origin, and, as a result, Mahendra Chaudhry was elected as Fiji's first Indo-Fijian prime minister. Unfortunately, because Chaudhry endorsed land reforms (previously only indigenous Fijians could own land), and a social justice bill that reduced government programs for the "native" people, in May 2000, in a coup during which four rebels were killed, both he and his government were overthrown. Shortly thereafter, in yet another destabilizing twist, the insurgents themselves were ousted, and in August 2001, new elections were held. Today, still facing seemingly intractable problems, it remains to be seen how the current government will fare.

5. Perhaps the most famous Fijian social custom involves the drinking of kava, a concoction made by mixing ground, dried kava roots, a shrub related to the pepper family, and water. The resulting beverage, which is served in a large wooden bowl, looks very much dirty dishwater, and has a peculiar, but not unpleasant, taste. In older, pre-blender days, the roots were chewed to a pulp by young virgins, whose saliva, it is said, somehow reacted with the root's active ingredients, thereby intensifying the buzz the kava drinker might feel.

But, so much for background. Let's get back to the climb.

At 6 a.m. the following morning, Saturday, March 8, I was picked up by my Fijian guide, Uraia

Waqa, and his Indian driver, and, in a 4-door 4X4 pickup truck, we set off west along Kings Road—the paved highway that follows Viti Levu's north coastline—back toward Nadi.

Our first stop was at the open market in the village of Vaileka, near Rakiraki, where I purchased FJD \$5 worth of dried kava roots. We then continued another 25 miles west, until we reached an intersection, about a mile east of Tauva, where we turned south and headed for the mountainous interior of Viti Levu.

Although both the Lonely Planet Guide and the information I received from my travel agent averred that a 4X4 vehicle was necessary for negotiating this road—which, by the way, cuts across the entire island—it wasn't. In fact, the well-graded dirt thoroughfare was in excellent condition, and was even paved on its few sharp switch-backed turns.

After gradually ascending a long, fertile valley, we began to gain altitude more rapidly, and 18 miles from Tauva, we came to the village of Nadarivatu, situated among rolling forests of non-indigenous pines. Continuing on for another 3 or 4 miles, at 8:30 a.m. we arrived at the village of Navai, whose elevation, I'm guessing, is about 2,500'. Including our short stop to buy the kava, it had taken us 2-1/2 hours to make the drive.

We parked, Uraia inquired as to where we could find the chief, and soon we were being led through the small community—parting a small crowd of curious kids, chickens, dogs and even

piglets—crossing a stream, and finally approaching a small, well-maintained bungalow.

Removing our footwear first, we entered the one room structure, which, except for a futon-like bed in one corner, some pictures on the wall and the matting covering the floor, was unfurnished. After proper introductions were made (all in Fijian), the chief, Apishome Rasau Yawa, two or three villagers, Uraia and I all sat down on the floor cross-legged (which for me, with a fake hip, wasn't easy), at which time the solemn negotiations began (again, all in Fijian).

I have no idea why it took Uraia so long—2 or 3 minutes—to convey the simple message that I was there to climb the mountain and that I wanted to hire a guide. I do know that, in obvious respect for the chief, Uraia kept his head down and spoke to the floor while making the request. I'm also at a loss as to why it took the chief equally as long to consider my application and to give the idea his blessings. It was apparent, however, that the man, middle-aged, solidly-built and dressed in an aloha shirt and shorts, considered the matter to be of considerable gravity. After he announced that the climb could be arranged, everyone joined in a bit of cadenced clapping (although somewhat arhythmically in my case). The chief then, in a shorter speech, accepted my gift of the kava roots, whereupon even more clapping took place. In a whispered aside, Uraia explained that the deal was I would be expected to donate FJD\$30 to the village improvement fund, and, in addition, pay my guide FJD\$15. I, of course, agreed.

And that was that. Within 10 minutes, my guide, Manasa—perhaps 20 years old, and muscular—and I were hiking away from the village and into the thickly forested mountains.

At first, the wide, weed-choked pathway was only slightly inclined, but, a mile or so out of the village, it took a right turn—to the south, I think—narrowed and steepened sharply. And then it started to rain.

Manasa, barefoot, wearing only a T-shirt and shorts, and carrying a bolo knife, had yet to say a word. I, struggling to keep up with his brisk pace, was garbed in a Gortex jacket, a long-sleeved shirt, shorts, boots, and was carrying a light pack containing my camera, two bottles of water and a turkey sandwich.

About an hour into the hike, while taking our first rest break in the midst of a dripping rain forest, I offered Manasa one of my two water bottles. The gesture was all that was needed to break the ice, and after that, although still silent, he was much

friendlier. In fact, he insisted on carrying my pack from that point on, and later gave a hand on a couple of slippery class 3 moves involving wet, mossy rocks.

We reached the top of **Mt. Victoria** precisely at 11 a.m., 1 hour and 50 minutes after leaving the village. Although the rain had stopped, the surrounding cloud cover prevented us from seeing very much. I split my sandwich with Manasa, took a couple summit photos, and then we started down.

Arriving back at the village at 12:45 p.m., we found Uraia and our driver, along with the chief and about seven other village men, sitting cross-legged on the matted floor of the sheet metal community center building. In front of them sat a large wooden bowl filled with kava. It looked as if a celebration was in the offering.

“Uh oh,” I thought, imagining masticating virgins. “I wonder if they expect me to join in on this.” Unfortunately, as Uraia informed me, they did. As the first coconut shell full of the cloudy liquid was presented to me, I glanced around at a roomful of expectant faces. It was decision time. Was I going to drink it or not?

Well, I did, and not only that, after I finished it off, I smiled and smacked my lips appreciatively. Following my quaff, everyone else, in turn and using the same cup, also took a drink.

Manasa then made a short speech (in Fijian), in which he said, according to Uraia, “He may be old, but he's strong,” after which yet another riff of cadenced clapping ensued. Nothing could have pleased me more.

There was enough kava left for another round, and I downed the second cupful with no qualms whatsoever. Although we couldn't communicate in so many words, the room was full of wide smiles as I crawled around, attempting to keep my head below the level of the chief's, shaking hands with each and everyone. What a great ending for a great adventure.

On our way back to the Wananavu Resort that afternoon, we passed by Chief Ratu Udre Udre's monument once again. Mellowed by the enjoyable mountain climb and cross-cultural experience, rather than being appalled by the long gone cannibal, I merely wondered if the good chief had, on his Dr. Atkins-like high protein diet, been able to loose any weight.

Conservation 2-Liners by Barbee Tidball

- **Southern California Forest Plans – <sierraclub.org/ca/socalforests> NOW is the time to make your comments heard on the Management Plans for our Southern CA Forests. The Sierra Club has prepared one of the alternatives being considered. We need to make sure the Forest Service hears our support for this alternative. File your comments with the Forest Service supporting the Club's backed alternative. Check out the web site or call 213/387-6528 x 203 for more information.**

DEADLINE FOR COMMENTS - AUGUST 11, 2004.

- **5- most polluted parks!**

Story summarized from National Parks & Conservation Association newsletter

America's national parks are plagued by some of the worst air pollution in the country. The pollution found in parks rivals that of polluted urban areas.

Air pollution is one of the most extensive threats to America's national parks and the quality of a visitor's experience. There are laws but, they have not been fully enforced, and consequently pollution continues to ruin views as well as threaten the health of visitors, staff, wildlife, forests, and plants in national parks across the country. In fact, poor air quality plagues residents and resources across broad regions, as nearly all of the pollution harming the parks originates outside of them.

In April 2004, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) officially designated hundreds of polluted cities and counties as unhealthful because of ozone, including national parks (which monitor ozone pollution) - Great Smoky Mountains, Sequoia-Kings Canyon, Acadia, Shenandoah, Rocky Mountain, Yosemite, and Joshua Tree along with Cape Cod National Seashore.

In addition, the EPA looked to see whether air problems have improved or gotten worse since 1991. Congress last amended the Clean Air Act in 1990. Visibility is improving at Mammoth Cave, the haziest park, as well as Shenandoah, but seven of the 13 parks the report examined showed a significant worsening of ozone since 1990, and none has shown a significant trend for improvement.

The five most polluted parks are:

1. Great Smoky Mountains National Park, NC/TN
2. Mammoth Cave National Park, KY
3. Shenandoah National Park, VA
4. Acadia National Park, ME
5. Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Parks, CA

Managed as one park, together Sequoia-Kings Canyon in California total more than 860,000 acres. Established in 1890, Sequoia is the second-oldest national park in the United. General Grant National Park was set aside the same year and is the third oldest park. Sequoia-Kings Canyon protects a dramatic range of habitats.

The parks offer stunning views at places such as the granite dome of Moro Rock with peaks of the Great Western Divide visible in the distance. Yet there has been no significant change in summer visibility between 1991-2003. The average summer views 1999-2003 are 39.2 miles, however, natural visibility should be between 122-158 miles

Combined with reduced visibility there have been 370 unhealthful air days over the same period. Monitors in

Grant Grove and Giant Forest, two of the most popular destinations in the park, show ozone levels that can exceed those in Los Angeles. The park issues advisories warning visitors and staff to limit their outdoor activities during unhealthy episodes.

The parks also experience acid precipitation and are the 9th most acidic parks. Sequoia-Kings Canyon receives less nitrogen and sulfur pollution than other parks, but the Sierra's high-elevation lakes with granite bottoms are sensitive to pollution. At the park, 90 percent of the precipitation comes in the form of snow. Streams and lakes are most at risk of acidification in the spring during snowmelt and in summer months with heavy storms.

Solutions: Enforce and strengthen our clean air laws.

□ Roadless Rule!

From a Wilderness Society Alert: No More Nibbling: Administration Seeks To Devour Roadless Rule Whole

The Bush Administration announced a scheme this week that would effectively overturn the Roadless Area Conservation Rule. The 2001 rule protected 58.5 million acres of pristine roadless lands on America's national forests from roadbuilding and commercial logging. And the American people have repeatedly declared their support for these protections: 2.5 million times in the last four years!

The administration has never liked the rule, has refused to defend it in court (despite promises to do so) and a year ago exempted our largest national forest, the Tongass in Alaska, from the rule's protection. Today it went whole hog.

The new scheme would force governors to petition the federal government to protect the last remaining pristine forests in their states. The process officials described today is convoluted, meaningless, and mostly political camouflage: reduced to its basics, the plan is an outright repeal of the roadless rule.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Forest Service, 36 CFR Part 294, RIN 0596-AC10, Special Areas; State Petitions for Inventoried Roadless Area Management, AGENCY: Forest Service, USDA., ACTION: Notice of proposed rulemaking; request for comment.

SUMMARY: The Department of Agriculture, Forest Service is proposing changes to Subpart B of Title 36, Code of Federal Regulations, Protection of Inventoried Roadless Areas (the roadless rule), adopted on January 12, 2001 (66 FR 3244). This proposed rule would replace the existing rule with a petitioning process that would provide Governors an opportunity to seek establishment of management requirements for National Forest System inventoried roadless areas within their States. This opportunity for State petitions would be available for 18 months following the effective date of the final rule. It is anticipated that this timeframe will be sufficient for States to collaborate effectively with local governments, stakeholders and other interested parties to develop proposals that consider a full range of public input. A State petition would be evaluated and, if accepted by the Secretary of Agriculture, the Forest Service would initiate subsequent State-specific rulemaking for the management of inventoried roadless areas in cooperation with the State involved in the petitioning process, and in consultation with stakeholders and experts.

In proposing this rule and seeking public comment, the agency is responding to the continued controversy, policy concerns, and legal uncertainty surrounding the implementation of the roadless rule. Public comments received will be considered in the development of the final rule.

DATES: Comments must be received in writing. [60 days from date of publication in the FED. REGISTER].

ADDRESSES: Send written comments by mail to: Content Analysis Team, ATTN: Roadless State Petitions, USDA Forest Service, P.O. Box 221090, Salt Lake City, UT 84122; by facsimile to (801) 517-1014; or by e-mail at statepetitionroadless@fs.fed.us.

- From the Access Fund....After years of being represented by local individuals and the Access Fund, the Eastern Sierra now has a formal "climbing council" to represent climber's interests. Called the "Eastern Sierra Climbers Coalition" (ESCC) their mission statement is to "preserve the climbing environment and access to climbing areas through stewardship, education, and community outreach." ESCC is endorsed by the Access Fund and were awarded a \$2,500 grant for start up expenses. They are planning a web site and currently are involved with Chalk Bluff Road to the Sad Boulders canyon with the BLM and Forest Service. They are also interested in issues affecting the Buttermilks.

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