

# The Sierra



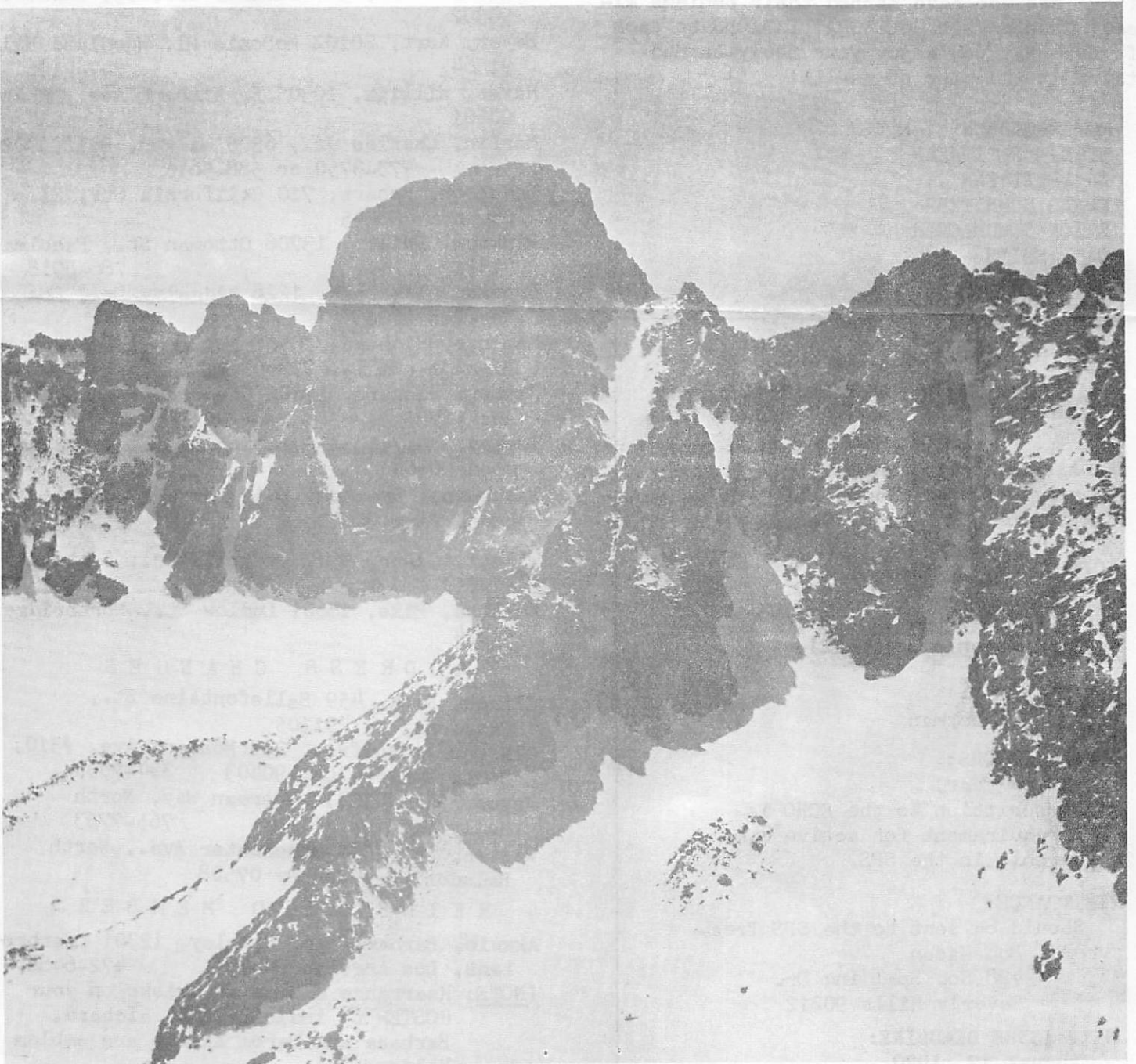
# ECHO

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It is a pleasure to extend the Section's special welcome and congratulations to new Mascot PATRICK RISELEY, who has fulfilled all the requirements for membership in the Section before he is 12 years old.

COVER PHOTO

Thanks to Carl Smith of San Carlos for sharing his striking photo of the east face of Mt. Sill with us. The picture was taken from the summit of Temple Crag late in April, 1970.

NEW EMBLEM HOLDERS

Our most exciting news is the large number of SPS'ers who have earned their emblems already this season. CONGRATULATIONS to each of you. May you enjoy your newly-earned status in the best of health!

- ROY MAGNUSON
- BERNIE PETITJEAN
- LU PETITJEAN
- EWALD SCHNITZER
- ERICK SCHUMACHER
- CARL SMITH
- WENDY TAYLOR

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NEXT ISSUE DEADLINE:

August 17, 1970

FAREWELL

Congratulations and goodbye's were in order for ART and SUE WESTER who returned to New Jersey on August 6. Art, SPS Mountaineering Records Chairman, was surprised with a promotion to an editorship with Prentice-Hall Publishing Co. and will be working in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, editing engineering books. He promises he will be back to California on business and perhaps to climb a few more peaks.

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(NOTE: Rearrange emblem asterisks on your ROSTER to indicate that Richard, Barbara and Carol Akawie are emblem holders.)

- White, Nathan P., 20554 Queda Dr., Woodland Hills 91364

# Conservation

## NEWS

### FOREST SERVICE HALTS TAHOE DEVELOPMENT

The Los Angeles Times recently reported that the U.S. Forest Service had announced a halt on July 22, 1970, in development of land it controls or owns in the Lake Tahoe area until after a Forest Service planning team finishes a study of development practices in the region, expected within 18 months.

The halt will include a ban on new timber-cutting permits and development of new ski area, roads, campgrounds and buildings on approximately 50 percent of the land in the Tahoe Basin, according to J. W. Deinema, deputy chief of the National Forest Administration.

Excessive development in the bowl-like basin has come under criticism from conservationists, who say over development will bring urban blight and wastes.

### SAN JOAQUIN WILDERNESS LETTERS NEEDED

Congressman Jerome Waldie of California recently wrote Chairman Wayne Aspinall of the House Interior Committee urging immediate consideration of H.R. 15019, a bill introduced by Waldie last year to establish a 48,000-acre San Joaquin Wilderness, south of Yosemite National Park. "The proposed San Joaquin (Minaret Summit) Wilderness lies between the John Muir and Dana Minarets Wildernesses and would fill the one gap that is missing in an otherwise continuous strip of wilderness along the crest of the Sierra Nevada in California," Waldie points out in support of his bill. "Zig-zagging through this virgin country is the longest, finest mountain wilderness trail in the country," he adds.

Because this area is in essence de facto wilderness, the Forest Service has practiced management criteria consistent with wilderness classification. However, the area is

threatened by a proposed trans-Sierra highway to be located only 25 miles south of the Tioga Pass route. Local commercial interest in the road is still strong despite findings by the California Highway Department that the highway could not support commercial truck traffic and would not be maintainable during winter months.

Concerned that the bill to designate this needed link in the narrow chain of wilderness that follows the Sierra crest will die in committee if there is no show of public support, the Tehipite Chapter is asking that letters in support of H.R. 15019 be sent to Congressman Aspinall, 1324 Longworth Building, Washington, D.C., 20515, and to the reader's own congressman. Copies of these letters should be forwarded to Congressman Waldie, 408 Cannon Building, Washington, D.C. 20515.

### CLUB RECOMMENDS WILD STATUS FOR UPPER TUOLUMNE

The upper Tuolumne River should be designated a Wild and Scenic River, according to a Sierra Club study released recently in San Francisco. Under the direction of Robert Hackmack, chairman of the Tuolumne River Conference, the special club conference spent nine months studying the Tuolumne -- its potential for recreation, power development, flood control, irrigation, drinking water, fishery, and wilderness.

Specifically, the final report recommends that the river portion above New Don Pedro Reservoir should be a component of the National Wild and Scenic Rivers System, and that the Club should oppose renovation or replacement of Eleanor Dam now existing within Yosemite Park and any further damming or diversion of Tuolumne waters, as has been suggested by the City of San Francisco. After working closely with Conference members, Stanislaus National Forest officials forwarded a favorable recommendation to the Secretaries of Interior and Agriculture to declare the upper Tuolumne a Wild and Scenic River. Copies of the 82-page, illustrated Tuolumne River report may be ordered from Bob Hackmack, 5100 Parker Road, Modesto, Calif. 95350; a donation of \$1.60 is appreciated.



"Well, it was there."

# ASCENTS

MT. PERKINS, May 23-24 . . . . . John Castel

My five crises: a weekend to be forgotten. First, 83 percent of the group disagreed on the roadhead. Curses! A belated start precipitated Number Two. A steep but accessible mining road wound its leisurely way up the south side of Armstrong Canyon. Irresistible. The first car (coleader's Carryall) had no problem on the first switch-back. The second car, a Galaxy-- and disaster. It had to be backed down. The Carryall was to continue, plucking packs from hot and gnat-plagued hikers on its 1500-foot vertical journey to the road's end. Needless to say, it soon had to retreat, and two climbers had to retrace hard-earned elevation for packs. After lunch the group of 14 continued into Armstrong Canyon and up to a beautiful campsite at 10,300', with ample water supplied from melting snow. (No creek in this canyon -- take heed.)

Sunday morning the group decided on two approaches to Mt. Perkins. The south group (five) with crampons stopped for brief ice axe practice, then continued on to the ridge over steep, firm snow. The north group trundled up a sand slope. The south group then climbed three pinnacles, from whence the true peak was seen. Formidable scree discouraged all but one, and sans ice axe he continued on. Three were permitted to return to camp, the appropriate chute being close at hand, while the leader waited for the fifth member to return. The north group encountered unfun crud to the peak, but it went.

Everyone was off the peak by 2:30 and down at camp by 3 o'clock, except the three from the south group. Crisis Number Four. Where were they? By 5 p.m. search plans were made and the sheriff alerted. Eight climbers remained, cannibalizing goodies, and chef Sid Davis made some fantastic sandwiches. Naturally, rain fell that night. At 5 a.m. three hikers staggered into camp. Their tale was sad indeed. Wrong canyon (Division), too tired to retrace steps, formidable brush, cliffs, etc. The sheriff was called off alert and we went home. Crisis Number Five. Home and ready to go to work; my car had been stolen from my carport at home that weekend.

The leader wishes to thank everyone concerned with the trip for their full cooperation.

## A D D E N D U M

Editor's Note: Following is a part of an additional writeup on this Mt. Perkins trip, submitted by Henry Heusinkveld, a trip participant who was a member of the non-crampon group. This is published with the leader's permission and is intended to embarrass no one. The editor hopes it will serve as a reminder to leaders and participants alike that anything can happen on a trip, a contingency for which each member must be prepared.

"We returned by the same route as we had taken up, which was rather uneventful. As we approached the snowbowl, we saw three figures coming down the slope from the opposite direction. We asked where the other three crampon climbers were. They stated that they had left previously and were already in camp.

"But when we got to camp, they weren't there. This presented a mystery. Where could they have gone? At first it was an annoyance, because we all wanted to make tracks for home, but it gradually grew into a big worry. How could they have gotten lost in these mountains. That enormous snowbowl would collect you from all sides. Was someone injured? If so, one person would have stayed with him while the other went to seek help. Had all three met a common accident?

"We became more apprehensive as the afternoon wore on. It was decided that eight men would remain in camp overnight to engage in a search and rescue party early the next day. Three of us would go down to alert the sheriff in Independence that three men were lost and the China Lake Search and Rescue group should be alerted for action for the next day.

"It wasn't until 6 p.m. that we three got moving down the slopes. We proceeded down the snow-filled col and past the last vestiges of snow and were back on the mining road. I glanced at the climber ahead of me and asked, "Ed, where is your sleeping bag?" Ed tore off his pack, and sure enough, the sleeping bag was missing. He finally found the missing bag at the very top of the snowbowl.

"We had lost about an hour in recovering the bag, so now it was getting dark and a few raindrops were coming down. It grew darker and rained harder as we continued by flashlight. Just before we reached the parking lot, we noticed that one of the missing men's cars was not there. Supposedly it had been parked in an alcove adjoining the road; however, we didn't think much about it at the time.

"We got to the sheriff's office in Independence about 10 p.m. We said that we wanted to report three men missing in the mountains. He replied casually, "Oh, I know where they are. They're at the Starlight Motel in Big Pine. They phoned in here a while ago and didn't want you to worry about them.

"Imagine our surprise and bewilderment! Naturally we felt obligated and compelled to drive the 28 miles to Big Pine and let the three know the consternation they had caused. We banged on their motel door and one sleepily opened it for us. They said they had become confused on the mountain top and had inadvertently gotten into the wrong canyon. This was a very difficult canyon, and they exhausted themselves in it. The route finally emptied out to where the cars were parked. They said they had put a note on the windshield of one or more cars, as they were too tired to re-climb the mountain that evening. They returned promptly to the mountain and climbed up to the camp to inform the others they were safe.

"This trip demonstrated a few principles. We were far too fragmented. The lost three, even though they had exhausted themselves, should have re-climbed the mountain to relieve the rest. If they could not have done this, at least they should have stayed at the cars."



COLOSSEUM MTN., MT. BAXTER, June 13-14 . . . . . Jerry Keating

Trip canceled due to bighorn sheep problem.

MATTERHORN PK., June 20-21 . . . . . George Shinno

A total of six persons met at the roadhead at Twin Lakes. The group started up Horse Creek at about 9 a.m. Saturday. We followed trail part way and bushwhacked up a stream until snow was encountered. Camp was made at about 9,600' next to a large rock. The afternoon was spent lazing around and climbing the large rock.

An early start was made Sunday, climbing up Horse Creek to the low point on the southeast ridge between Twin Peaks and Matterhorn. The climb to the ridge was all on snow with a spectacular snowfield just before the low point on the ridge. The southeast slope of the peak was climbed mostly on scree. Upon attaining the saddle at the northeast chute, the one we had originally planned to climb, we looked down and saw that the chute had patches of snow and loose rock. It was a good thing we didn't try climbing by this route. The climb from this point is third class with the easiest climbing from the southwest. The climb was made by all six members, and after leaving the summit, we pick up our packs and walked out to the roadhead. By this time the weather was very warm.



MTS. RIXFORD, BAGO AND GOULD, June 20-21 . . . . . Al Fowler

On Saturday morning 18 people set out under beautiful skies for a climb of three peaks on the qualifying list. We had lunch at the ranger station on the high trail between Kearsarge Pass and Glen Pass. After lunch 14 people set out to climb Mt. Rixford while the rest continued to Charlotte Lake to make camp. The majority of the group made it in good time, but the assistant leader brought one climber along who was an hour behind the group. They almost didn't make it because the main group was leaving just ahead of an afternoon storm when they arrived. The group was reassembled and we made camp at Charlotte lake.

Sunday morning 14 climbers set out for an easy climb of Mt. Bago. We got started up the southeast ridge too soon and a traverse of the ridge got into Class 3, which was beyond the group's capability. So we down climbed to the cirque and started up to Mt. Bago the easy way. All 14 climbers who started made the summit. The fast group took off back to camp and headed up to Kearsarge Pass so those who wanted could climb Mt. Gould. Under the direction of the assistant leader, who needed the peak on a scheduled trip, 7 climbers made the summit. Four climbers made all three peaks, and a good time was had by all.

\* \* \* \*

MTS. POWELL AND THOMPSON, June 27-28 . . . . . Elton Fletcher

After a windy, rainy and snowy Friday night, 21 climbers left Sabrina hoping for the best. The storm did pass over, but the wind never did stop. A leisurely pace allowed all to reach Baboon Lakes by lunch time. These lakes are delightful with level campsites and plenty of wood. Unfortunately, the strong winds made the fishing poor.

Saturday p.m. was spent loafing, fishing and practicing use of the iceaxe -- yes, Dick, we're getting the message! A friendly bonfire that evening inspired 16 stalwarts to leave at 6 a.m. the next morning for Powell. The climb was uneventful except for the leader starting up the first chute, which resulted in a loss of about 400 feet. The summit is just to the right of the saddle and the steep-looking chute just to the left of the prominent face is the correct chute. Twelve of the 16 climbers used crampons to advantage -- the other four followed in the steps. The leader graciously loaned his crampons to the extremely fair damsel on the climb, so he could join the rear group and take advantage of Ron Jones' and Don Anderson's steps. The summit was reached at ten with superb views as a reward.

We came down the same chute and then split into two groups. Elias Wolfman led a group of five back to camp while the other 11, including fair damsel, continued over the saddle towards Thompson. We had trouble getting down the back side, and we finally used the rope and rappelled down. It should be noted that even some of the experienced SPS'ers had trouble wrapping the rope around themselves correctly, and some couldn't tie a bowline correctly on another person! Anyway, this gave co-leader Norm Rohn a chance to explain correct rock climbing practices to some of the new climbers. The summit of Thompson was reached by all 11 climbers by 2 p.m. without incident. Everyone was back to the cars shortly after 7 p.m. to enjoy that tremendous feeling one gets after a successful outing.

\* \* \* \*

NORMAN CLYDE PEAK, July 4-5 . . . . . Steve Rogero

At 10 a.m. July 4, Wally Henry and I, along with Dick May, Glenn Lougee, Bob Guyan, Roy Magnuson, Art de Goede and Elton Fletcher, started up the trail that leaves the road just above Glacier Lodge for the first scheduled SPS climb of Norman Clyde Peak. After a blistering pace up the switchbacks, we stopped by a stream near Willow Lake to feed ourselves and the mosquitoes. From just above the lake our route headed cross country more or less west to the canyon and stream coming down from Clyde Glacier. We followed this to a lovely timbered camp on a bench at about 10,800', just above the north end of the glacier, arriving about 2:30.

After some more lunch and general laziness, six of us climbed about 1,00 feet up the glacier to look over the start of our route for the next morning. Seeing that all was in order, we spent some time flatrocking and being impressed with the majesty of the Palisade area. Threats of showered ended our pleasant sojourn, and we scurried back to camp for supper, a pleasant campfire with "tales of the Sierras" and an early bedtime at 8. Since "it never rains at night in the Sierras," the intermittent drops that came down during the evening must have blown in from the desert. No one was concerned enough to put up his tube, but there were many moments spent checking the sky for the familiar display of stars that tonight was conspicuously absent.

At what seemed hours before dawn, Roy Magnuson's melodious voice rang out with the cheerful cry "four o'clock!" The bright flames of an early morning breakfast fire couldn't dispel the gloom of the dark morning sky. Still, by 5:15 we were cramponing across the snow towards Clyde.

We reached the base of the ridge that extends north from the peak, some 1,100+ feet above camp in just under an hour. All snow equipment was left here, and we started up the rock just north of a fairly prominent pinnacle at the base of the ridge. A chute with two large chockstones leads up to a sort of bench two-thirds of the way between the glacier and the crest of the ridge. This bench was followed more or less horizontally until the last (most southerly) large bump on the ridge was passed. At this point, not easy to be sure of, the ridge may be gained and easily followed to the junction of the north and northeast faces. The route then goes onto the north face and more or less directly up towards the apparent summit. Varying amounts of difficulty

will be encountered as altitude is gained on the north face, but most any choice will go 'til the final summit ridge is reached. At that point it is best to be as near the north end of the ridge as possible. From there it was about 15 minutes over the false summit and south along the ridge to the peak itself, five hours out of camp.

We sat for a while enjoying the view, content with having reached the top, and had a leisurely lunch. After 45 minutes, we realized that the sky, which had been mostly cloudy all day, was now building into a real Sierra storm. We were off the summit at 11 and starting down the north face soon afterwards, as the clouds became thicker and thunder and lightning came closer. Somewhere less than 1,000 feet below the summit, it began to hail quite heavily, making the steep, lichen-covered rocks wet and hazardous. The lightning seemed literally on top of us now; at one point a bolt struck close enough for me to get a good jolt from the rock I was touching for balance. I was glad that at that moment there was no need to hang on. Fortunately, no lightning struck closer, and after 20 minutes or so the storm eased. About one-third of the way down the face, we made two consecutive 75-foot rappels to avoid a particularly steep area. From there we picked our way down the face and along the ridge to a point just north of our pinnacle chute. A 20-foot rappel brought us to the glacier, where we recovered our snow equipment and returned to camp. We left camp shortly after 4, accompanied by intermittent showers, and arrived at the cars two hours later. We were tired but satisfied that this climb of a truly great mountain had been safe and successful.



MT. STEWART AND EAGLE SCOUT PEAK, July 3-5 . . . . . Fred Hoeptner

Sixteen people appeared at Crescent Meadow roadhead in Sequoia National Park for this climb of two peaks on the Great Western Divide. One man soon dropped out, in spite of the urgings of coleader Bob "You're a Grand Old Flag" Mason. After lunch at Bearpaw Meadow, the group proceeded to the main Hamilton Lake where the campsites were good and the scenery merely stupendous, arriving at about 4. Three young ladies with the group, at least one of whom was on her first SOS climb, acted like veterans; in fact one had enough energy left to take a swim in the lake (brrrr!). Because of the relatively heavy use of the area, there is little wood available, and stoves were necessary. At camp we were joined by SPS'er Tim Treacy from San Francisco, who had gone in several days earlier to climb Lion Rock and Triple Divide Peak.

At 5:30 a.m. July 4th the strains of the Star Spangled Banner (both choruses) awakened all. A 6:30 start enabled us to gain Kaweah Gap by about 9 a.m. Ed Treacy acted as assistant leader. A glance in the direction of Mt. Stewart indicated we either had to drop slightly into Nine Lakes Basin and then climb a chute, or traverse the ridge near its top, which would also involve some gain and loss. We went via the chute and returned via the ridge. The ridge route is probably slightly shorter.

All went well until we attained what we thought was the summit and then looked west. Isn't that peak over there higher? A quick search failed to turn up a register, so we hurriedly traversed the ridge about one-half mile over and under giant boulders and slabs to the more westerly summit. From this point the first summit appeared higher; and in fact the topographic map shows it to be slightly higher (but this is within the margin of error of the mapping methods used). Further, there was no register on this peak either. If the map is to be believed, the more westerly summit is the named Mt. Stewart, but it might be worthwhile for someone to take a hand level along next time to determine which summit is actually higher. This peak has a rather spectacular summit block and affords an excellent view.



STEWART & EAGLE SCOUT, cont'd.

After lunch and about an hour on the summit, we returned to Kaweah Gap, arriving there at about 2:30 p.m. This would have been considerably earlier had we not climbed both summits on Stewart. At this point, five climbers, led by Tim Treacy, headed on to Eagle Scout Peak, while the remainder enjoyed the alpine scenery just west of the gap and then headed back to camp.

The Eagle Scout group followed the High Sierra Trail, dropping about a hundred feet into the Big Arroyo and then traversed south to the wide ravine on the south side of Eagle Scout. They worked up the ravine near its center to avoid a series of waterfalls and sheer rock faces on its north side. They were on the summit within about an hour-and-forty-five minutes of leaving the gap, climbing mainly on large, firm talus. The peak needs a new container and register, the present one being a tin can with a few scraps of paper. This group arrived back in camp around 7 p.m. The next day just about everyone was back at Crescent Meadow by 2 p.m. or earlier after a very enjoyable outing.

\* \* \* \*

TREASURE LAKES FAMILY BACKPACK, July 11-12 . . . . . Ted Maier

Fourteen families met at the South Lake roadhead Saturday, July 11, for the fourth annual SPS family backpack. Due to the sudden illness of the assistant leader, Izzy Lieberman, his duties were taken over by Bill Ossofsky, ably supported by his father Sy. Bill's lack of experience, only three-and-a-half months at anything, was more than made up for by his gurgling good humor as he bounced along in his infant seat on top of Sy's expedition Keltly.

The total of 46 participants all reached camp by about noon. Most arrived in good style, though some required prodding and even a bit of extra pack carrying by overworked daddies. (Was this really an SPS trip?) The campsite by the lowest Treasure Lake was particularly beautiful with the impressive Sierra crest looming close by. Within minutes after arrival, the first child fell in the water, starting the pants, shoe and sock drying cycle that continued through the afternoon. A few unsuccessful attempts at fishing, moderately successful tactics of mosquito avoidance, dinner, and a campfire with some marshmallow toasting, completed the day.

The next morning, the tentatively planned hike to the upper Treasure Lakes did not materialize due to lack of interest; most of us felt like loafing around camp. (Are you sure this was the SPS?) It was reported that one intrepid soul did actually make the upper lakes and caught a few fish, but considering the reliability of fishermen's tales, I'm inclined to discount this story. After a strenuous morning spent resting up from the day before, we broke camp at noon for the trek out.

For several of the families, this trip was their introduction to backpacking and even their first hike into the Sierra. Though radically different from most SPS outings, it was a very successful weekend.



A S C E N T S , cont'd.

BANNER PEAK AND MT. RITTER, July 11-12 . . . . . Jay Wiley

Forty-six climbers assembled at Agnew Meadows to listen to the raving of the leader. Raving was necessary because of the large number of people who were on their first Sierra peak climb. (Don't molest the animals, they might molest back, etc.) The group arrived at Lake Ediza three hours later. Camp was set up on a grassy bench about 100 feet above the lake and about 200 feet south of the stream from the Ritter glacier. Seven more people joined the group at Lake Ediza.

On Saturday afternoon 32 climbers set out for Banner. One climber dropped out, so 31 made the summit after a four-hour climb. During the descent it was noted that many people did not know how to use an ice axe properly. The route up and down was via the notch between Ritter and Banner, and then up the talus slope to the summit. Just below the top of the notch steep, hard ice-snow was encountered and steps had to be chopped.

On Sunday the camp awoke to the cries of "reveille in the swamps." As is proper, this and all other unpleasant chores were carried out by the assistant leader. Some people contended that they were camped in Mountain View Estates (view of the lake) and felt insulted by the reference to swamps. Maybe it was really the early hour of five o'clock that they should have complained about. By 6:20 47 climbers had started for Ritter. One man got sick and turned back. Climbing almost continually on snow and ice, 46 climbers reached the top, with the last member on top by 10:20. Two new emblem holders were added to the SPS list as the Petitjeans made their tenth emblem peak.

Because of the long drive home, we departed from the summit at 11. On the way down all but one man practiced the proper use of the ice axe. There was one glissade of about a thousand feet. All the members of the group were back at their cars by 6 p.m.

The group is to be praised for the way in which it stayed together. At no time were there any stragglers, even though the pace was quite reasonable.

\* \* \* \*

MT. HENRY, July 11-12 . . . . . Dick Jali

(Topo map: Blackcap Mountain quadrangle, USGS 15' series)

All of you people who didn't show up missed a good trip!

If any SPS leader feels threatened by a large party, I may be able to help, as I seem to be able to write a suitably frightening Schedule writeup. At the appointed time at the Courtright Reservoir spillway, there were only Bill Hunt and myself. Even my co-leader Jim Jenkins, who was busy giving pineapples (or something) to starlets in Beverly Hills, was unable to show up.

It was not deemed necessary to appoint another assistant leader, and the group set off along a road to Chamberlain's Camp, where it would have been possible though legally doubtful to drive a VW or jeep-type vehicle, then on through Long Meadow to Post Corral Creek. Keeping the group together was no problem, though on occasion the leader lost track of half the party. There were also occasional encounters with "large deer" (spelled c-o-w).

The route continued up through beautiful woods and meadows to Fleming Lake, where several campsites adequate to accommodate the party were found. The one selected offered a firepit, table and benches, a toilet, an ivory pleasure temple, fountains

MT. HENRY, cont'd.

of red wine, and friendly nymphets eager to massage the muscles of weary climbers. (Some of this is true and some is not, but since you were not there, you will never know which is which.)

The next morning, no one remained in camp while the group set out by a direct route past Turf Lakes up to the saddle between Mt. Henry and the unnamed peak to the south. The south ridge leads up over surprisingly solid rock to the summit. The leader flagged badly, often winding up second from the tail end, but finally the entire party made the summit together, with no stragglers.

The summit was big enough to allow everyone a place to relax, soak up the sun and enjoy the magnificent view of the Evolution Valley and the surrounding peaks. Descent was made along the west ridge, which is harder, but the entire party again made it out with no delays.

This seldom-visited area is extremely attractive and has much besides the peak to recommend it. This leader would be very happy to take in again sometime a similarly-sized group.

\* \* \* \*

MT. CEDRIC WRIGHT AND COLOSSEUM MTN., July 18-19 . . . . . Andy Smatko

On the weekend of July 18-19, 12 climbers, including oldtimers John Robinson and Jerry Keating, met at the Sawmill Campground. At the urging of Tom Ross, who knew a shortcut, we drove up along Sawmill Creek to the road end to save distance and elevation gain. As we puffed in the growing heat, we were dismayed to see a pickup truck skimming along high above us. Tom's murder was prevented by his bringing up the rear well back.

After 2,300 feet gain on dry slopes, we entered Sawmill Canyon, and after passing beautiful Sawmill Meadow, climbed to Sawmill Lake at 10,000'. While the majority rested, Ed Treacy and I, and later Tom, went on and climbed Peak 12,000'+, 0.5 miles south-southwest of the pass -- Class II along the ridge from the pass.

Next morning 13 people -- one added from a camp at the meadow, Bob Smith by name -- went over the pass, and while three fished Woods Lake, 8 climbed Mt. Cedric-Wright in this dedication climb of the peak. Two nearhills were climbing Colosseum Mountain. Four of the Cedric-Wright climbers then traversed and climbed Colosseum, while Tom and I climbed Wood's Pinnacle 12,080'+ and Peak 11,910' to the south of Colosseum. Light rain pleasantly dampened the return to the cars from the lake.

We saw no bighorn sheep from the trail or on the way to Cedric Wright or Colosseum, nor were there any bedding grounds passed. It was felt by the majority of the group that small parties would hardly disturb these animals from reproducing. About 11,500' and higher there is no vegetation to support these animals. The few polemonium and hulsea at higher elevations could hardly afford browsing for them, and if it could, then these rare plants themselves would face extinction.

When it is blandly stated that considering everything, man is to blame for the decline in bighorn population, one should clearly state in what capacity does man occasion this decline. Merely hiking or climbing in their habitat can hardly cause the bighorn concern. On the contrary, hunters (after deer) and man-caused sonic booms

seem much more likely to upset these animals. The Forest Service and Sierra Club could better direct their efforts to reduce or eliminate these factors than consider restricting hikers and climbers. The bighorns are shy and are rarely seen because they usually see man long before he sees them and remove themselves far away. Even so, they are curious enough to watch man from the protection of a distant ridge. By nature they will avoid man-traveled routes such as trails and occupy such remote areas that the few humans such as mountaineers who are likely to see them are hardly a threat to their equanimity or reproductive urges.

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P R I V A T E C L I M B S

MTS. HUXLEY AND FISKE, May 29-30 . . . . . Steve Rogero

On Friday of Memorial Day weekend, Wally Henry and I along with Bunny, Beth and Ricky followed a good trail to Blue Lake and mostly snow beyond to camp above Midnight Lake. There were lots of people on the trails and by the lower lakes, but most all were fishermen. Above Dingleberry Lake we had the place to ourselves. We camped on a small patch of bare ground and rock at the edge of timber near 11,200 feet. There was an abundance of firewood, water from a stream nearby, some protective timber, and an outstanding view of the surrounding peaks.

After a good night's sleep and a 5:30 breakfast in the Henry Hilton, Wally and I left camp on crampons across good, solid snow. The route we chose led us under the magnificent east face of Darwin to a point just south of the intersection of the main crest and the ridge from Spencer at 12,800 feet. There was a cairn here to mark the passage of others before. From the crest we surveyed a lonely world of brilliant, snow-covered peaks and valleys interspersed with frozen lakes and streams. It was as if no one had walked there before and certainly for today it was ours alone to enjoy.

At 8:30 we started down from the crest and immediately encountered some difficulty on the slabs. The rock was fairly high angle and generally required a friction crossing. It seemed somehow awkward to maneuver on, and occasionally there were thin coatings of transparent ice which speeded our erratic descent. Soon we were able to return to crampons and drop down between lake 11,222' and the higher one to the southeast from which we continued more or less straight across to Huxley. We stopped and sat on a warm, flat rock for awhile, had a snack and looked over the route before climbing on snow to about 12,200 feet where we left our snow equipment. At the edge of the snow a short chimney brought us to ledges which were followed across the east side of the north buttress to the steep north ridge. We continued directly up to a point just north of the summit. From there the summit blocks are readily accessible. The route is exposed Class 3 all the way, with considerable loose rock on the lower ledges and occasional unsound hand and footholds farther up. As far as we could tell -- from the guide and other inquiries -- this north buttress route had not been used before.

It was 10:45 by now, so we had lunch and enjoyed the view of Evolution Valley and the peaks nearby. Then we descended the same way, recovered our snow equipment and started across the now-softening snow for Fiske.

We "discovered" only a few holes in the snow leading to the saddle between Fiske and Peak 13,231', and the Class 2 blocks up the southwest ridge were most enjoyable. Near the summit we had our first taste of things to come when we encountered unconsoli-

dated snow. In places we were in to our waists -- an exhausting experience at any altitude, painful above 13,000 feet. The register on Fiske was placed in 1922, and we could find no entries as early in the year as ours. The way we had come had been a delightful climb -- as pleasant as the return route was to be lousy. For the time being we enjoyed our second lunch, the view, and a can of Burgie.

Coming off the high point of Fiske towards the east summit (and north ridge) was simple enough in the beginning. We soon ran out of rock, however, and the snow was miserably soft. There were places near the east summit where it was necessary to crawl across the snow on our hands and knees in an attempt to keep from breaking through to impassable depths. We finally dropped over the edge on the west side of the north ridge and began to work our way down via high angle soft snow, low angle soft snow, snow covered rock, ice covered rock, rotten rock and various combinations of these conditions -- impossible to describe in any form of reasonably polite language. At least we were going downhill -- most of the time. Unfortunately a good bit of the elevation would have to be regained and a lot of distance covered over questionable snow before we could return to camp. By now, Wally and I weren't talking much about the problems ahead.

The snow conditions did improve, however, and our traverse below Wallace and Haeckel was only difficult. As we passed behind Haeckel we even considered climbing it, but by then it was 5 p.m. and we were a long way from camp. When we started up the chute that led to the crest just north of Haeckel (a much better route than we used to cross the crest in the morning) we realized the wisdom of our decision not to attempt the summit. Two peaks and miles of rotten snow had given us all the exercise we needed for one day. The final hour into camp retraced our route of that morning where Bunny and Beth greeted us with a warm fire, dry socks and a well-earned cocktail hour.

\* \* \* \*

TRIPLE DIVIDE PEAK AND LION ROCK, July 1-3 . . . . . Timothy Treacy

Prior to joining Fred Hoeptner's July 4th Eagle Scout - Stewart trip, I met Bob Herlihy at Crescent Meadow on July 1, for a climb of Triple Divide Peak. We left the roadhead at 7:30 a.m. and duly arrived some 17 miles later below Tamarack Lake at about 4 p.m. We were welcomed by numerous and active mosquitoes. The next morning we started for Triple Divide via Lion Lake. However, while crossing a moraine, Bob was caught by some sliding rock, which so bruised his leg that he was compelled to retire from the trip.

This event caused an alteration of plans, and I proceeded to climb Lion Rock via the southeast gully. One reaches this gully easily from Tamarack Lake by skirting the west ridge of Lion Rock on its right. The gully is a typically sculpted avalanche chute, steep and sheer enough at its bottom to have required me to work my way up the wall to the left for a hundred or so feet. After crisscrossing gently downsloping slabs, one reaches slabs near the top of the gully which lead to an east ridge, from which it is an easy scramble westward to the summit. Roundtrip time from Tamarack Lake is four to five hours and the climb is easy third class, with the hardest part being the lower gully.

Early next morning, I set off for Triple Divide via Lion Rock Pass. In retrospect, I am not sure why I chose this route, as it caused me a long and time-consuming ridge traverse from the pass to the south ridge of Triple Divide, which itself is quite long. I scrambled along the south ridge, until gendarmes forced me onto the east face. The

TRIPLE DIVIDE PEAK & LION ROCK, cont'd.

summit is not obvious, and I climbed several false summits of varying difficulty until I found the correct one, which was moderate third class. I surprised a large eagle or some such bird, which seemed reluctant to surrender the mountain to me. I had visions of being plucked off the rock and dropped therefrom for my imprudence in invading its lonely eerie.

The register, dating back to 1936, was full, so I removed it for transmittal to the records section. There is now no register on the peak. I returned to my camp, descending between Triple Divide and Lion Rock on soft snow. I then paced 7.5 miles to Hamilton Lake to join Fred and climb Stewart and Eagle Scout the next day. I would recommend an ice axe for both Triple Divide and Lion Rock, although it was not entirely necessary for me in view of the warm weather.



NORTHEAST RIDGE OF MT. WILLIAMSON, June 13 . . . . . Dick Beach & Steve Rogero

Saturday, June 13, was a beautiful day -- but not for climbing. Actually the day began before weather conditions were certain, when Dick and I left a 6000-foot camp below the ridge at 4 a.m. The desert had been cold and windy since Wednesday, and as of sundown Friday the prospects for improvement were slim. But -- we had decided on an early start, so at 3:30 we crawled out of frosty sleeping bags and shortly thereafter were crossing the last bit of level ground for the day.

Using flashlights in the morning isn't too bad if you keep remembering that there will be more light soon. We needed them to cross Shepherd Creek, but by the time we had started up the loose sandy slope of the base of the ridge, there was plenty of light from the sky over the Inyos. By 5:30 we could see clouds behind Keith and Bradley -- not good -- and by 7:30 the northeast horn of Williamson was intermittently obscured. Two thousand or so feet of sand, sage and loose rock brought us to the real beginning of the ridge -- boulder covered terrain quickly becoming continuous blocks and spires. We followed the ridge, generally passing obstacles to the south side. At about 10,000 feet three prominent gendarme-like peaks break the continuity of the ridge. We passed these (also) to the south on some nice slabs and some not-so-nice loose talus. During most of the traverse behind the gendarmes we were unable to see very far up or down because of the ever thickening clouds. It was about 10:30 when we regained the crest of the ridge and found an ancient cache of food cans, water and fuel containers, protective materials, mittens, etc. The supplies had obviously been there for many years, and although the water and fuel containers were empty, most of the food cans (tuna and pemmican) were unopened.

After a snack -- from our own provisions -- Dick and I continued up the ridge over several Class 4 pitches (one a hand-over-hand on rope assist for me on a Beach-length move) and considerable Class 3 rock. We eventually came to a talus slope -- and it began to snow.

Since we hadn't been able to see very well all day, a few flakes of snow didn't cause much excitement -- besides, we didn't believe it was serious. At 2:30 we stopped near 12,000 feet for some lunch and then resumed climbing along the north side of the ridge. By now the snow was heavier and beginning to cover the rock, which made for slippery footings and cold, wet gloves and hands. At 4 o'clock we were on the final slope of the northeast horn and voted to take an extended rest. For the next half hour or so we huddled under a "space blanket" wishing it were July and we were in Death Valley. The snow did stop momentarily, and we even had a brief glimpse of the sun, but almost as quickly the clouds and white stuff returned. As we continued up the final 1000 feet or so to the horn, we noticed that the snow which had melted on the large talus blocks had refrozen underneath to form icicles several inches long. Clouds, snow and icicles -- all we needed was a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.

After fourteen hours of climbing we reached the summit of the northeast horn (14,125') and for once the view was tremendous. To the north thick clouds oozed over the Sierras, scattered somewhat over Owens Valley as they cast great shadows on the desert below, then bunched up again over the Inyos. There were giant plumes streaking from the south side of the ridge we had followed, and the Bairs Creek canyons looked like they were full of spun cotton. Owens Lake shimmered to the south, and our intended route to the next, higher horn was visible for every bit of 100 feet.

As we sat for awhile reading the tiny register -- four climbers since 1958, and none by way of the northeast ridge -- we could occasionally see the route along the arête to the next horn -- yuk! The Class 3 to 4 rock between the two horns and, no doubt, beyond was completely covered with fresh snow. It was obvious at this point that the second horn, the summit of Williamson, and a camp in George Creek were all out of the question. So, we chose instead to descend via the talus slope and chute to Williamson Creek and a timbered camp.

We started down, and after 1,000 feet or so of talus reached a narrow winding, snow-filled chute which continued for at least another 2,000 vertical feet. The snow in the chute was generally good -- only occasionally icy -- and the descent was rapid. As we neared the canyon floor sometime after 8 o'clock, we encountered two waterfalls 50 to 75 feet high. Momentary thoughts of retracing part of our descent were dispelled in both cases when we found we were able to climb around the frozen falls. Still, it was comforting to arrive at the final easy slope to the creek itself. From the bottom of the canyon we could see where a dozen or more tiny streams flowed from side canyons and chutes to terminate (today) in sheets of icicles on the walls above -- spectacular reminders that Williamson is an imposing mountain from any direction.

Safely in the rubble of Williamson Creek we hurried along 'til darkness ended a long and interesting day.



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