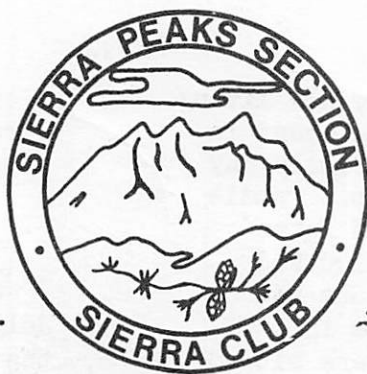


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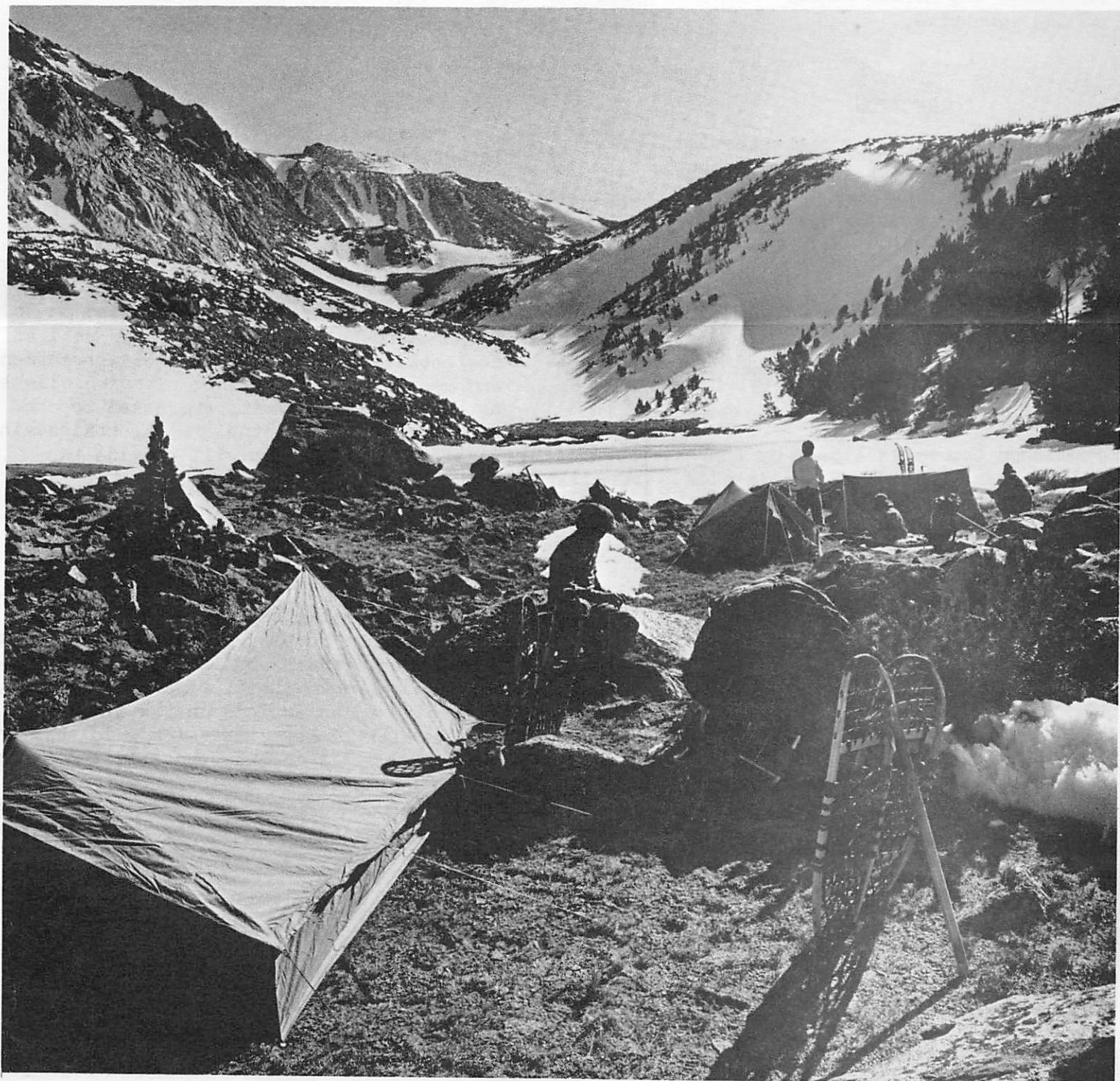
ECHO

VOLUME 15

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1971

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NEWS

HISTORICAL NOTE

A recent letter from Trudie Hunt, now living in Guatemala, questions a recent statement in this column stating that the Dodds family may have been the first SPS family group. Trudie writes that she, husband Tom and son Peter were slugging up Sierra Peaks (and 100 and desert) in the mid and late 50's. She believes she and Tom got their emblems in '60 and Peter somewhat earlier. They were slowed down when she fell of Darwin and broke her leg. She remembers the Merton family was also climbing at the same time.

CORRECTION

Norm Rohn's writeup of the scheduled climb of Disappointment Peak (a washout) which appeared in the July ECHO states that the starting point was the East Fork of Big Pine Peak. It should have read "South Fork."

ECHO STAFF

Published ten times a year by the Sierra Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club.

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Subscription to the ECHO is a requirement for active membership in the SPS. Send remittance to:

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NEXT COPY DEADLINE:

Sept. 27, 1971

NEW EMBLEM HOLDER

Congratulations to our new emblem earner of the month, GEORGE HUBBARD. We hope every climb was an enjoyable one!

NEW MEETING DAY

Contrary to an announcement in the July ECHO, the new SPS meeting will be the fourth Monday evening of each month, rather than the second Monday. This change is set for October; the meeting time will continue to be 7:30.

COVER PHOTO

Thanks again to JOHN ARDEN for his interesting shot of base camp at Francis Lake on the Mt. Morgan snow climb April 4, 1971.

HELP NEEDED ON REGISTERS

A new register booklet is needed on Mt. Brewer, and better containers as well as new booklets are required on Disappointment and Recess Peaks. Persons planning climbs of any of these summits are asked to contact Jerry Keating, the SPS' mountaineering records chairman, who will provide the necessary material.

GOOD NEWS

Ron McCormick, recreation officer for Inyo National Forest, said camping pressure in developed areas and in the Sierra backcountry was down about 20% from last year, according to an article in the August 10 Los Angeles Times. McCormick said that on a weekend visit to the John Muir and Minaret wilderness areas he observed that camping pressure was very light. Even some of the popular camping areas in the Mammoth Lakes sector have had vacancies ranging up to 20%.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

CARLIN, *ROSEMARIE & ALAN, 9200 Leamington Court, Fairfax, Virginia 22030.

"INSTANT" BACKPACKING FOOD

Backpackers who have appreciated the convenience of the "Tea Kettle" casseroles, no longer available in supermarkets, may be interested to learn that not only are sporting goods stores (including discount stores like White Front and Disco) still carrying the Tea Kettles but also now carry the other freeze-dried products of the same company (Oregon Freeze-Dried Foods) which have not been available in California before.

These are sold under the name "Mountain House" and include four or five varieties of main dishes, vegetables and fruits, all of which require only addition of hot or cold water. These are packaged very compactly and each package serves two.

--Barbara Lilley--

SKIERS: TAKE NOTE

The Club is a member of the Far West Ski Association to which many Club members belong individually. The FWSA bills its members directly, but incorrectly for us. The dues for a Sierra Club member are \$6.50. In addition to paying the right amount, each of us should write Sierra Club plainly on the face of the bill. If you have already paid incorrectly, the chairman of the Winter Sports Committee, Frank Shoemaker, 1412 Oxford, Berkeley, CA 94709, would appreciate receiving a postcard giving, if it is a renewal, your FWSA number. Our participation in FWSA makes possible our extensive participation in the intramural program sponsored by the many clubs who are also members. In the larger forum of what is done about ski areas, old and proposed, the Club needs the biggest voice it can get, and so far we have been pretty effective. --Frank Shoemaker, Aug., 1971, YODELER--

REPORT FROM THE FIRST CHAIRMAN

-- Frank D. Sanborn --

It was exactly 16 years ago, during the summer of 1955, that a group of us, interested in furthering exploration and climbing in the Sierra Nevada, drew up the preliminary by-laws for a Sierra Peaks Section and made our presentation to the Angeles Chapter Executive Committee. In August, 1955, the Executive Committee took our proposed bylaws under consideration. They were approved and that October the SPS officially came into being.

One year earlier on outlaw (nonscheduled) trips to Mt. Brewer and Glacier Divide in July and August, 1954, the SPS was "conceived" when a group of about 35 of us discussed the need for such a Section around campfires and on the trail. At that time the Desert Peaks Section scheduled all Sierra trips, about three a summer! Sixteen years ago the idea became reality. Besides myself, others involved in the birth of the SPS were Pat Meixner (now Gentry), Bud Bingham, Leo Scotti, Ted Maier, Izzy Lieberman, Bob Sheller, John Robinson, Frank Bressel, Barbara Lilley, Andy Smatko, Bob Bear, Roger Gaefcke, Rube Schreiner, John Wedberg and Owen Blackburn.

Now the first chairman lives in the Great Northwest, within sight of two other mountain ranges, the Cascades and Olympics. I have made several climbing and hiking trips this summer with the Pacific Northwest Chapter of the Sierra Club (Mt. Jupiter in the Olympics) and the Seattle Mountaineers (Mt. Beljica and Lake Christine on the southwest flank of Mt. Rainier). A great view of Mt. Rainier fills our living room window on clear days.

As a tour director of the Automobile Club of Washington, I have directed many hikers this summer to trailheads at Mineral King, Sequoia, Kings Canyon, Yosemite, Lone Pine and Bishop. I am planning to explore by backpack (my 1956 Kelty, naturally) Washington's vast Pasayten Wilderness Area with my fellow SPS'er here in Seattle, George Wallerstein, and others. Also this August and September we plan to explore the Manning and other wilderness parks in British Columbia.

My heart is still in the Sierra, my "home" mountain range. There I have enjoyed literally hundreds of trips and made many good mountaineering friends between 1950 and 1967. I still sit around the campfires, hike the trails, make the camps and climb the peaks vicariously through these pages of the ECHO. (The name ECHO was first proposed by Roger Gaefcke in October, 1955.) whenever any of you fellow Sierra lovers are in Seattle, please look me up at my new address: 728 North 127th Street, Seattle, Washington 98133. Our phone is (206)363-9152. I would also enjoy hearing from any of you by mail.

ASCENTS

BASIN MOUNTAIN, June 5-6 Horace Ory

The eastern approaches to Four Gables don't seem to offer a climbing route suitable for a large group -- at least early in the season. The easiest route appears to be by way of a cirque north of the east ridge of Four Gables (mentioned in the Climber's Guide). Take the right-most of three chutes at the head of the cirque to reach a broad snowslope. Ascend this nearly to the top of the ridge, then proceed south to the summit. The chute is steep and is icy early in the season. It is not suitable for a large group for that reason.

On Memorial Day, having written off the above route, I followed the route described in the Climber's Guide, proceeding along the south side of the east ridge of Four Gables. A severe storm began while I was at nearly 12,000' on the ridge. With a stiff wind behind me, I blasted out and went home. The route looked good, provided there was a convenient chute at the end of the ridge, as advertised.

So on June 5, after packing up to Horton Lake, I led a group of 23 signers-in up the south ridge, and we all shared the surprise. Where this route reaches the east face of Four Gables, the climbing becomes Class 3, and maybe higher. This was over the heads of our large group, and time was too short for exploration, so we aborted the climb.

Sunday was a more satisfying day. Setting out on snow immediately above Horton Lake, we enjoyed a fine ascent of the north slope of Basin Mountain. The broad gully in the center of the slope is an easy route, and the steep, slabby area about half-way can be easily passed by following a large gully that veers well to the right. Above that, it is best to traverse back to directly below the summit (our descent route) rather than ascending to the crest and traversing left to the summit (our ascent route). All 21 starters reached the summit, which is pleasantly rocky and offers a striking perspective of Mt. Humphreys. Some good glissades eased the descent, and even with a stop for ice-axe practice, we were able to pack out and start for home at a decent hour.



MT. CLARENCE KING & MT. GARDINER, July 2-5 Paul Lipsohn & Wally Henry

Twenty-three climbers in various degrees of conditioning assembled at the Onion Valley roadhead and soon were headed up the Golden Trout Lake trail in an effort to escape the rapidly rising temperature in the lowlands. Following the trail to the upper lakes, we soon came to grips with the crud that is North Dragon Pass. Surprisingly, our crossing went without incident, in spite of the numerous dire predictions, and we descended to Dragon Lake and a lunch break. Dropping down to the Muir Trail and Rae Lakes we got two surprises -- a noticeable absence of people camped around the lakes, rather than the mobs encountered in past years, and a challenge from the National Park Service to show our Wilderness Permit (which was produced). At the pass between Rae Lakes and Sixty Lakes Basin we were met by two more climbers who had come in a day earlier to join us. Making camp at 10,800', we were soon rejoined by our few stragglers, with all arriving by 6 p.m.

Early Saturday morning we left for Clarence King in two groups to speed up the summit climb. We followed the trail through Sixty Lakes Basin to a convenient water-course, ascended this and a system of ledges to the saddle south of the peak, then followed the ridge to the summit. We spent the next two hours belaying 23 climbers up the 4th class block while most enjoyed a leisurely lunch and the spectacular view. On the return, a 120-foot rappel speeded matters along, and we regained our camp by 4 p.m.

Another magnificent night rested weary muscles, and by 5 a.m. the troops were clamoring to depart for Mt. Gardiner. Six of our group had elected to pack out instead, so they were left sleeping while we headed for Sixty Lakes Col. Observations taken from Clarence King had tempted us to try an apparent route up the Northeast Ridge, and to our relief the route looked better as we reached the col. We crossed the foot of the glacier east of the peak and ascended the south slope of the ridge over large talus blocks to a point 50 feet below the 4th class summit ridge. This route is at most Class 2 and appears much less tedious than the traditional traverse from the south. The exposed climb to the summit was exhilarating and was made without incident. Leaving a new register containing 17 signatures, we retreated to less airy and more roomy quarters for lunch. Returning over Sixty Lakes Col five climbers made a fast detour up Mt. Cotter via the south ridge while the remainder returned to camp and an early supper.

Monday morning dawned bright and flawless, and we soon struck camp and headed out. Returning over Glen Pass, the vanguard arrived at Kearsarge Pass by 1 p.m., and two tireless climbers ascended the ridge to Mt. Gould. They were joined on the summit by one member of our group who had returned via Dragon Lake and Mt. Pixford. All rejoined the main body and reached the cars by 5 p.m.

* * * *

MT. CORCORAN, July 24-25 Barbara Lilley

SPS'ers who have trudged up Tuttle Creek for climbs of Mt. Langley and Corcoran have paused at the stone house and refreshed their minds picturing the nudist camp rumored to have existed there. However, the following paragraph appeared in an article in the 1971 American Alpine Journal entitled "A Tuttle Creek Tableau" which describes the origin of this house as follows (and draw your own conclusions!):

"In the early part of the century, it had been built by a fundamentalist church for the use of its youth groups. The townspeople of Lone Pine frowned at the bright-eyed young people heading up the trail hand in hand. They were obviously having entirely too much fun. Pressure was brought to bear on the Forest Service and soon the flume supplying water to the house was declared an unlawful use of the wilderness. For more than 40 years the house has been vacant."

The attempt to move the Mt. Corcoran register to the new summit on July 24-25 was unsuccessful -- the register was missing from the old summit (did someone move it already?) and the Smatko route to the new summit was not found, although the party of six spent several hours wandering among the pinnacles above 13,000', including some 4th class moves. However, two did climb Mt. Langley on Saturday, and all enjoyed the good weather and the wild, seldom-visited canyon of the south fork of Tuttle Creek. Incidentally, the Class 3 chute used to reach the notch north of "old Corcoran" was filled with ice (left from '69?) requiring a 4th class detour up the face. Perhaps the best route to Mt. Corcoran is via Mt. LeConte (a 3d class route to the "new" summit, which passes just below LeConte's pinnacle on the west side, was used by B. Lilley and W. Henry in September, 1969).

* * * *

TEMPLE CRAG & MT. SILL, July 31-August 1 Roy Magnuson

Twenty-two climbers showed up at the Big Pine Creek roadhead for the climb of Temple Crag and Sill. The morning was very hot and humid, and two people dropped out after about an hour-and-a-half. Our route took us by trail to the area between Second and

TEMPLE CRAG & MT. SILL, cont'd.

Third lakes, where we crossed the stream and then headed cross country over trailless Contact Pass. From the top of the pass we dropped down about 200 feet and then contoured west to a small lake directly below the south face of Temple Crag, where we made our base camp. The time from the roadhead to base camp was five hours. With thunderstorms building up in the area, we had a hasty lunch and headed for Temple Crag. One man wishing only to do Sill (he thought it was an emblem peak) stayed in camp. As the result of judicious route finding, we managed to get in some fine rockclimbing practice in the chutes on the southwest face. All 19 made the summit, but we did not linger there for very long because of approaching thunderstorms. The round trip from base camp was under two-and-a-half hours.

The next morning at 6:15, 18 climbers headed for Sill. During a rest stop at Glacier Notch, the saddle between Sill and Gayley, one of the men slipped on a patch of ice and fell on his ice axe, cutting his cheek below the eye. After some emergency patching, he was able to continue on to the peak, but later had the wound stitched by a doctor in Lone Pine. From Glacier Notch we went up the snow chute on Sill which was very icy and required great care. Above the snow chute it was routine second and third class climbing to the summit, since the north face ledges were free of snow and ice and presented no problems. The summit was reached about 9:30 and was enjoyed by all in perfect weather. After returning to Glacier Notch, the party split into two groups. A tiger group of ten climbers, including all three women on the trip (Connie Eaton, Vi Grasso and Barbara Rosen) feeling underexercised made the short but interesting third class climb of Gayley for one of the finest views in the Sierras. The other group returned directly to base camp.

On nearing camp another man slipped on some talus and cut his wrist quite severely on a rock. After another emergency patch job he continued out and had it stitched by a doctor in Bishop. The rest of the trip out was uneventful (thank God!). The last group reached the cars at 5:15.



HOOPER, SEVEN GABLES & RECESS, August 7-9 Jerry Keating

Leaders Elton Fletcher (who had driven virtually nonstop that day from Eugene, Oregon, after a week of expedition training on Mt. Rainier) and Jerry Keating rendezvoused at Fresno Friday night, August 6, and were joined by SPSer Diana Dee. Taking one car, we three then drove to an excellent (no water, however,) sackout location where the Bear Diversion Dam jeep road leaves the Lake Edison road.

After waiting there for nearly 15 minutes Saturday morning, it was obvious we were the only participants for the three-day loop trip to Mt. Hooper (12,349'), Seven Gables (13,075') and Recess Peak (12,836'), a disappointment since a car shuttle had been envisioned. Nevertheless, we made the 30-minute drive to Florence Lake (7,328') and boarded the boat shortly after 8 a.m. after paying the \$2 fare.

From the landing on the far side of the lake, we followed the trail to a point in Upper Blaney Meadows about one-quarter mile beyond a gate marking a private property boundary. We found a small cairn here and the start of the shortcut trail to Sally Keyes Lakes. Although steep, this trail is in good condition and is preferable to the round-about approach via the Muir Trail. A late lunch was enjoyed at the middle lake, and we then ascended the Muir Trail to Selden Pass, arriving shortly after 3 p.m. While the writer, having already climbed the peak, established camp on a wooded bench just above nearby Marie Lake, Elton and Diana added Hooper to their collection. Their route was to the saddle southeast of the peak, thence up the Class 2 south slope.

Time did not allow an attempt on Senger that evening, and it was forgotten Sunday morning when we considered trying Seven Gables and Recess in one day, reducing the work on Monday and allowing more time to retrieve Elton's car at Florence Lake. Nearly an

hour was spent, however, in backpacking cross-country to Sandpiper Lake, and we didn't push the pace in climbing Seven Gales. From the lake's outflow, our route took us up the rough northw. st. of the peak. We gained the peak's north ridge just to the north of the summit, then climbed some Class 3 chimneys and ledges to the top. By descending westerly for about five minutes, we encountered only Class 2 rock on the way down.

After returning to our packs, we proceeded on a good trail (not shown on the topo) past Lou Beverly Lake back to the Muir Trail, which we followed to a primitive, mosquito-beleaguered campsite (9,040') on Bear Creek .6 mile above Kip Camp. The buildup of a thunderstorm, coupled with a 4 p.m. arrival, ended all thoughts of a second peak that day.

The campsite's location proved helpful the next day in achieving Recess with no waste of time or energy. It was situated on a grassy bench just above the trail and 100 yards past a small side stream which comes down a tree-filled draw, the first such break in the cliffs one sees from the trail after he passes the Hilgard Branch.

Elton elected to skip the peak Monday in order to get a headstart on the 10.5-mile backpack to the roadhead below Bear Diversion Dam and the chore of hitching rides (three were required) to Florence Lake. Rising by moonlight at 5 a.m., Diana and the writer got a 6 a.m. start for Recess and both were on top within three hours. The route took us up the south side of the draw into the grassy basin southwest of the peak. There we found several unmapped streams and a small lake. The peak's southwest arete was gained via a loose slope, but firm Class 2 led the rest of the way to the top. A glass jar revealed evidence of the SPS' successful climb in 1970, but was too small for us to place a register booklet. Camp was reached at 11 a.m. and the car -- having been shuttled by Elton -- at 3 p.m.

It is recommended that leaders of future trips involving a shuttle require reservations rather than hoping more than one car will appear. Advance knowledge of there being only one car would have saved us time and driving mileage. Moreover, it might have allowed us to alter the trip plan.

However, thanks to Elton's willingness to go out early, our departure for home was not delayed.



MINARET CIRCLE TOUR, August 7-8 George Shinno

Fourteen participants, including five of the fair sex, gathered at Devil's Postpile for the start of our walk to Minaret Lake. A few minutes were spent to allow some to view the basalt columns, one of the features of Devil's Postpile. Going up the trail we followed the John Muir trail towards Shadow Lake, then the trail forks to the left near Johnson Lakes. The trail was good but dusty, not steep, all the way to Minaret Lake.

The area offers good campsites with superb views and vistas; the main drawback is limited and poor latrine sites and no firewood. Future trips should be limited to our size party or smaller.

The evening was mild, the moonlight annoying, but no rain. The following morning we climbed the cirque at the northwesterly head of Minaret Lake, following the first ledge, traversing westerly up and to the right low point on the ridge directly above Cecile Lake. This point gives a spectacular panorama of the Minarets, Mt. Ritter, Mt. Banner, as well as the distant peaks to the east and south.

Continuing down a steep footpath from the east side of the mouth of Cecile Lake following the easterly bank of Iceberg Lake to the mouth of the lake, we came upon a well-defined trail down to Ediza Lake. A lunch spot was made at the stream crossing below Lake Ediza.

Late in the afternoon we arrived in Agnew Meadow; cars were brought back, and the last departure was at 6 p.m. The trip was enjoyed by all with good weather, though

MINARET CIRCLE TOUR, cont'd.

rain squalls were encountered at Long Valley, with an unusual view of snowcapped Mt. Boundary.

Participants on trips should break in and try their equipment before going on our trips, not during. Also, individuals should have his own first aid kit with such items as moleskin, repellent, burn lotion, etc. It is not fair to have others carry the load.

* * * *

MT. WHITNEY (Mountaineers' Route), THOR PEAK & MT. MUIR...Dennis Lantz & John Tompkins
August 7-8

Good fortune and a good group combined forces to make this a pleasant trip for nearly everyone. Twenty hikers met the leaders at Whitney Portal, most of them by reservation. Thanks to this planning, a number of eager but soft novices had been discouraged by telephone. It was still a newcomers' trip, though, as only six of the group were SPS members.

BMTC was running the same route at the same time, and though they left first, they were soon passed. The Ebersbacher Ledges are a fast and clean bypass of the stream crossings and bushwhack below, but they are spooky in places with loose gravel. After lunch in Clyde Meadow, 19 of the group climbed Thor Peak. For one fast 60-year-old, it was his first Sierra peak; for a fast 14-year-old, it was his fourth. (Yes, we remembered to get a medical release for the minor.) Camp at East Face Lake was shared with the BMTC, who were slow, two latecomers for our group who had climbed Carillon and Russell on the way in, and Wally Henry and The East Face Company, who provided firewood, refreshments and entertainment.

The following morning we loaned Dave Wallace of Australia and Connie Eaton of Palm-dale to the East Face party. Twenty-one of our remaining 22 started well ahead of the BMTC and reached the summit in a little more than two hours; eleven then went down the Whitney Trail to collect Mt. Muir "from the top." Returning the one mile plus and 900 feet from Mt. Muir in 30 minutes, we passed 41 climbers (?) in various states of exhaustion. (As of about noon, 176 signatures were in the Mt. Whitney register for the day, so don't go there for solitude.)

Downclimbing the Mountaineers' Route was uneventful, as was the pack out, and only two of the group had much trouble staying ahead of the ankle-sprained leader (a previous trip, thank you). Thanks to Paul Lipsohn, Jon Hardt and John Groome for valiant aid in either running ahead or carrying out those few who will know better next time.



MT. STARR & MT. MILLS, August 14-15 Al Fowler

This trip was more like the family backpack than a climbing trip. We had a total of 12 people, including four children. The group got a delayed start, but we were in camp in one hour brewing hot tea to recover from the strenuous trip.

After setting up camp and eating a leisurely lunch, five of us climbed Mt. Starr. The view from the summit was superb. There was a storm moving in, so we raced back to camp for more hot tea and good conversation.

Sunday we got started at 6 a.m. to make sure we were off the peak before the weather changed. Mt. Mills is the worst mountain for falling rock, portable hand and foot holds that I've ever climbed. But we all five made the summit by 8:45 and enjoyed a beautiful view of the Sierras on both sides of the crest. We returned to camp and had more tea and lunch before heading to Hot Creek to relax and There were no accidents and everybody had a good time.

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PRIVATE CLIMBS

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MT. LOGAN, CANADA -- or SUCCESS AT LAST!

Through determination, persistence (outwaiting airplane pilots and weather) and sheer luck, Dick Beach and Barbara Lilley, plus two members of another expedition, Toby Wheeler and John Hall, reached the summit of Mt. Logan (19,800'), highest peak in Canada, on July 17, 1971. (The first three had tried two or three times before!) To learn the full story, come to the SPS Annual Banquet on December 16; a briefer account is included here.

Bill Feldmann, Alex McDermott, Rich Gnagy, Charles Rugg, Dick Beach and Barbara Lilley met at the Fairbanks airport on June 19 and were driven to Glennallen, Alaska, where their glacier pilot is based. After a not-unexpected wait there, they were flown to May Creek (intermediate landing strip) on June 25. On June 26, Rich and Dick were flown to 11,000' in the King Trench on Mt. Logan, but landing gear problems caused enough delay so that a major storm moved in and the others were unable to join them until July 5 -- meanwhile Charles had left to return to his job. Another expedition was landed later that night. (It never gets dark this time of year.)

The next few days the weather was generally good, and the five climbers, alternately relaying supplies and moving their camp, established Camp I at King Col (13,500') on July 6, Camp II at 15,200' on July 8 (after climbing a steep face above the Col where a fixed rope was used) and Camp III at 17,300' on July 12, waiting out one day of storm at Camp II. On July 13 they moved camp with six days' food over an 18,000' pass and down to the Arctic Institute research station (17,500'), just ahead of a three-day storm. The other expedition arrived several hours later. Food and shelter were generously provided to the climbers, and on July 16 they moved camp three miles closer to the peak. Some returned to the research station, but the four that remained were able to take advantage of a 16-hour clear spell beginning at 2 p.m. the following day to reach the summit at 9 p.m. in sunshine and little wind, returning to camp by 3 a.m.

After the usual morning storm, they returned to the research station on July 18 and completed the return to base camp on July 19. Due to stormy and cloudy conditions, pickup was not made until early morning of July 22, and return to California by all but Dick Beach was completed on Friday, July 23 -- 11 days late!

(It was learned later that on August 20 an avalanche struck the Oregon party as they were beginning their climb of Mt. St. Elias, and four members were killed, buried under tons of wet snow. The fifth member, Toby Wheeler, managed to make his way back to the party's base camp and was rescued after he sent out a radio distress call.)

--Barbara Lilley --

* * * *

DISAPPOINTMENT PEAK, July 24-25 Jerry Keating

Five of those climbers who showed up for the SPS' rained-out Disappointment Peak (13,917') trip plus two others assembled at the South Fork roadhead above Big Pine July 24 and were greeted by fair weather.

After backpacking to camp at Finger Lake, three members of the party -- Gordon MacLeod, Dennis Lantz and Natalie Smith -- climbed Middle Palisade (14,040') rather than enjoying a relaxing afternoon.

On Sunday, Gordon, his wife Barbara, Elton Fletcher and Jerry Keating ascended Disappointment, while Dennis and Walt Whisman settled for Balcony Peak immediately to the south. We six gained the crest by cramponing up one of several steep snow chutes about .5 miles west of Southfork Pass. Loose scree and rocks were encountered near the top.

The route to Disappointment left the crest at a two-foot-high cairn located at the point where Balcony's slope appreciably steepens. From there we traversed slightly

DISAPPOINTMENT PEAK, contd.

downward, with a few ups and downs, across three very unstable chutes on Balcony's north face, finally arriving in the major chute that tops out in a small notch, the low point between Balcony and Disappointment.

More loose rock was encountered as we ascended this major chute, but we reached the notch -- jammed with chockstones -- with only one fourth class move. Once above the notch, we followed the deep crack in the 150 feet or so left of Disappointment, discovering that we were the first climbers to scale the peak in 1971.

In returning to the notch, we climbed about 150 feet along a westerly extension of the summit, then descended over a series of short ledges. A short rappel was used in dropping from the notch to the major chute; then we retraced our steps to the crest on the opposite side of Balcony.

Progress was slow, and the last two climbers did not reach camp until 8:45 p.m., prompting them to remain there overnight while the others backpacked to the cars after dark. The looseness of the route and the time involved in the climb raised doubts as to whether the route is suitable for a scheduled climb involving as many as ten persons. Perhaps time could be saved by climbing the crest to within 200 feet of Balcony's summit, then dropping directly into the major chute. This approach appeared to be fourth class, but it is more direct and promises better although steeper rock.

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* * *

MT. GODDARD, August 7-9 Ed Treacy

For the weekend walkers who can't get that elusive extra day off and who have been contemplating a climb of Goddard, some ideas may come from a recent ascent of that emblem peak by Dave King, Ed Treacy and Ken Berger. We left North Lake a little before 8 Saturday morning, crossed Lamark Col, dropped into Darwin Canyon and traversed moderate (some boulder hopping) terrain along the north side of the Darwin lakes to pick up the Muir trail just north of Evolution Lake. From the lakes below the Darwin chain there is a good mile-long trail down to the John Muir trail. We arrived at Wanda Lake about 4:30 Saturday afternoon; and after sitting out an intense hour-long, hail-accentuated thunderstorm, took on enough water to see us through the night and set off for somewhere (anywhere) high on the south side of the Goddard Divide. We used Route 2 in the Climber's Guide. Camp was set up on a bench at 12,700 feet. The next morning a 6:15 start enabled us to reach the summit about 7:30. On returning to camp from the peak, water was obtained from ponds just east of Goddard. The return to the car was a replay of Saturday's hike (thunderstorm included) with the North Lake roadhead being reached at 8:15 Sunday evening. Gain for the trip totaled 9200 feet over terrain that went easily most of the way.

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MT. SHASTA (14,162'), July 2-4 Cy Kaicener

The Independence Day weekend was here, and Bob Kesselring and I became dependent on the automobile. We drove 650 miles to Mt. Shasta in Northern California in 14 hours. It can be seen more than 50 miles away, but not better than from the town of Shasta (3,500') at its base. It is a majestic, snowclad volcano which rises unbelievably striking from the almost-flat pine-covered countryside surrounding it -- all snow covered and glistening in the midsummer sun. Its twin peak of Shastini looks almost as high but is almost 2,000 feet lower. Formality requires climbers to register at the police station in Shasta and confirm whether you have lugsoled boots, an ice axe and crampons (always required, even in August).

We arrived at the roadhead (7,100') about 4p.m. Saturday and backpacked about two miles to the Sierra Club lodge at 7,800'. The air was cool, and we were already wading on snow. The custodian at the lodge assured us that it was only low Class 3 despite the steep-looking summit. Here we registered again and chatted with the redfaced, snow-burnt custodian who goes up almost every weekend if the weather is favorable. We then proceeded to backpack on snow up to "Lake" Helen at 10,400'. This is not a lake, so the last water was at the lodge. All further water would have to be melted snow.

Four hours later found us at our campsite where we found some other tents clustered on a little flat plateau on a snowfield. This for some unfathomable reason is called Lake Helen. Here we found about a dozen people from the Mazamas, a climbing club from Portland, Oregon, and a couple of Sierra Clubbers from San Francisco. The sunset was beautiful, but the temperature became icy immediately. There was a couple in the next tent who had a seven-year-old boy; they were planning to get up at 2 a.m. This is the first time I have seen a seven-year-old with crampons. (These were homemade.) If he was going to climb the peak, why the heck was I feeling so nervous and dubious. This gave me a little solace and peace of mind. Would the weather hold? Would it! Would it! I pray it does. A climber and his wife from New Zealand have only praise for the California weather.

A piercing whistle disturbs my sleep in the middle of the night. It is already 4 a.m., and the Mazamas are preparing for the assault. Soon crampon jingles are heard in the still night. I go back to sleep. The air is frozen. My bag is warm; my brain is numb. Daylight breaks, but I can only see 500 feet up the mountain. After that it is all a mass of thick white swirling clouds. The tail end of the Mazama group is disappearing into the white nothing. They seem to be stationary now -- maybe they are having second thoughts. Yes! They are discussing things. Two people start to descend, followed by one tiny person. Boy, what a come on. I feel miserable in my sack. Yesterday morning the sky was azure blue.

Well, I have driven so far. The least I can do is try on my new crampons and go up 500 feet, then return. I meet the three returning. This is their second attempt on the mountain. Later I meet two more coming down. Bob is ahead of me. He is chancing the weather. I feel marvelously secure in crampons, and the motion of going upwards starts to warm me up. After an hour I can still see the tentsite below, but nothing above or around me. Soon I can't even see the tents a thousand feet below me. I slowly start to feel my way down. In a little while I meet someone else coming up, and a wind starts blowing up. He says that he has climbed this peak before and assures me the clouds will lift and go southeast. I stand there and contemplate. The others must still be going up somewhere. A blue patch appears above, and I can see the ridge temporarily. I start up again, reluctantly but expectantly. Now that I can see above, I see how steep the snow is, and since the peak is a bit symmetrical, it gets steeper the higher you go. What am I doing here anyway, I ask myself. After a while the sun bursts through and the crampons bite in and crunch with glee. I start gaining on some of the stragglers. I work my way toward the thumb at the top of the ridge, which is about 13,000' and can see all the colors of the rainbow in the fastmoving clouds above. The sides catch and reflect colors which change. I pass two climbers with one crampon each but no ice axes. One has a stick which he tries to use as an ice axe. I am horrified at this scene. They are battling even though they have steps which have been kicked for them. Then something happens which takes the cake: Somebody without crampons passes me. He does not even have lugsoled boots, just an iceaxe! He must be reckless. A rock whizzes 20 feet from me down from a rocky cliff.

I follow the flag markers in the snow, and eventually I reach the thumb at the top of the ridge. I can sit down for the first time in over three hours in an ice cave. Others are there resting. From now on it is a less steep ridge walk with ice knobs and pinnacles around, but the snow is getting softer. We walk over the edge of a glacier, one of four on the mountain, and look into a crevasse and bergschrund which has a blue glow in it. Everybody takes pictures. Over a couple of false peaks we go, now having cramponed up almost 3,500 feet in elevation from camp, and finally the summit is sighted. Ice is glistening on the peak, which seems like fourth class minimum. I grunt in dismay after having come all this way, but the views are well worth everything. Miraculously you go around the back of the peak which is only low third class, and believe-it-or-not we are there on top. It is noon. It has taken me five hours from camp. There is a Mazama's register and a Sierra Club register. By the way, is this peak on the list? I would hate to have climbed it for nothing (joke).

The view is magnificent. Mts. Lassen and McLaughlin lie to the east and south, the Trinity Alps to the west and possibly Mt. Hood to the north. Clouds are way below us, and the sky is so dark blue it looks unreal. Off to the side of the peak is an icecave

with a bare patch of rock and sand near it. Here lives Doug Smith, a minister who has been living at the top for more than a month. He is protesting against involvement in the war, and he is getting all the publicity he has hoped for. Hot sulphur fumes rise from the bare ground (about the size of an average bedroom). It is possible to cook in the heat of this gas, and Doug had something cooking at the time we were up there. I spoke to him, and he says he is getting cold but will keep on staying up for the rest of the year, if necessary. He feels he is getting his message across. He has moleskin on his nose and his face is as red as a beet. It is covered though. I offered him my sweater or down jacket, but he says that all he might need soon is a new pair of socks. We visited his icecave, which he says he shares with a marmot. He would rather not have that kind of company. The cave is well stocked with food, and some of his followers stay with him periodically for very short spells. The custodian visits him almost every week-end; he must look forward to this visit like we do to the mailman. His wife also visits him from time to time, a weatherbeaten, stubborn idealist.

The descent is very fast, but after 2 p.m. one occasionally sinks into the snow. A 5,000-foot glissade is possible, provided you can stop at the campsite and pick up your pack (joke). I was back at camp at 3 p.m.

This is one of the best climbs in California. The summit is in doubt at all times until you are actually right there on top. This is a completely different mountain experience.

LETTERS

The SPS has one rule for its outings that should be carefully reexamined -- and then deleted. The rule is honored almost wholly in its breach; enforcement of the rule would result in a significant reduction of persons volunteering to lead trips; and the existence of the rule might serve as an additional basis of liability of the Sierra Club for an accident on a trip to which the rule was applicable.

The rule is that on a climb rated Class 3 or 4: "The leader shall have previously climbed the peak by the intended route."

It is not here suggested that the rule has no merit whatsoever. Obviously it does.

However, the rule does have the drawbacks noted earlier and its purposes -- to minimize the possibility of accidents and to assure to some degree successful and enjoyable trips -- can be met to the same degree by a course which probably already is being pursued and certainly should be pursued. That is, prior to the submission of outing information for publication, the schedule chairman and the management committee should be satisfied of the general abilities of the leaders to handle the proposed trips, whatever their difficulty.

--Art de Goede--



I have learned in talking to various individuals within the Section that different understandings exist as to what constitutes an SPS "activity" for the purpose of maintaining active Section membership. The feeling of some is that mere attendance at a meeting is sufficient to retain membership. When I was chairman, the management committee voted to enforce the activity requirement of the bylaws, and the concensus was that

CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

ANGELES CHAPTER ELECTIONS

Ballots for members of the Chapter Executive Committee will be mailed in the near future. Three members of the Sierra Peaks Section are candidates and are specifically endorsed by the Section's Management Committee:

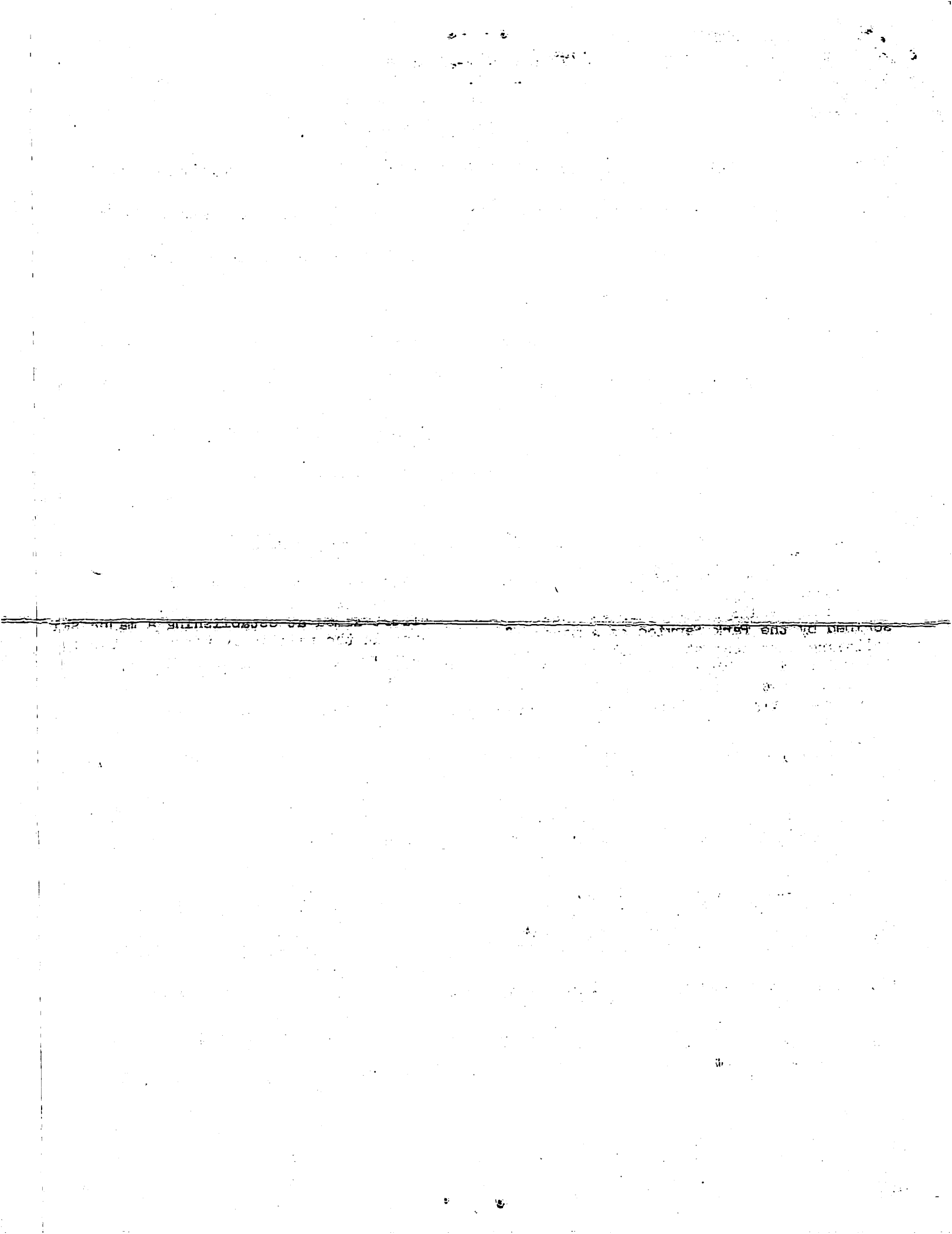
Bruce Collier
Fran Smith
Les Stockton

The Management Committee takes no position on any of the other candidates, either favorable or unfavorable.

XXIX INTERNATIONAL FRATERNITY OF MOUNTAINEERING

The Executive Committee of the Mexican Federation of Excursions has invited the Sierra Club to send representatives to the 29th annual festivities atop Popocatepetl on October 16 and 17. The Club has in turn passed the invitation to the Sierra Peaks Section. The delegates will be representing not only the Section, Chapter and Club, but also the United States by carrying our flag in a summit parade.

Any SPS members interested in participating (at their own expense) should consult the Chairman. Sid Davis, Marlin Clark and I participated four years ago, on invitation of the Socorro Alpino, and enjoyed it immensely. Our hosts provided comradeship, entertainment and guides on excursions to the other major peaks.



LETTERS, cont'd.

meeting attendance was not an activity, although it was not specifically excluded. To quote from the ECHO article reporting this decision (Vol. 13, No. 3, April-May, 1969), "This activity can be a section trip, service on a committee, presentation of a program at a meeting or some similar activity."

An active member has the right to vote in Section elections -- a right I feel should be earned by a genuine interest in the Section as evidenced by active participation in Section activities. It should be more than passive attendance at a meeting. I urge the present management committee to clarify this matter and report the results in the ECHO prior to this year's election.

--Bill Hunt--

SIERRA

Conservation

NEWS

The National Park Service announced that it has postponed consideration of building a temporary bridge across the Merced River in Yosemite Valley. The plan was described by the Park Service as a means of relieving auto congestion within the Valley and a way of shortening the driving distance between the Lodge and the Valley by several miles by cutting across a one-way loop in the road. Conservationists protested the plan, saying that such a shortcut would undermine the successful bus shuttle system.

A LaJolla firm called International Recreation, Ltd. has plans for a high-rise complex on a mile of land near Inyo Natl. Forest in Mono County. A group interested in the 4000-person county, FRIENDS OF MAMMOTH (Box 24461, L.A. 90024), filed a class action charging the county supervisors with violations of county open-space regulations, state law (the California Environmental Quality Act, and Federal provisions (EPA). Further, they charged there were no adequate notice of hearings on the matter and that the board failed to submit the required environmental impact statement.

Public hearings on a 624,000-acre federal wilderness proposal for Yosemite National Park will be held September 14 in Yosemite Valley and September 16 in San Francisco. A packet with map and

information is available from the park Superintendent, Yosemite National Park, CA 95389. Public comments on the proposal may be mailed to the Superintendent through October 16.

Another de facto wilderness was lost when the Eldorado Natl. Forest recently gave approval for a ski development at Kirkwood Meadows, on Highway 88 near Kit Carson Pass. Developers will also be permitted to build ski runs in the adjoining Thimble Bowl, making this one of the largest ski areas in Northern California. This recent decision culminated several years of forest service effort aimed at establishing a major ski area in the relatively unspoiled Carson Pass area.

The Mother Lode Chapter is opposed to inclusion of Thimble Bowl in the Kirkwood Ski Development. The Carson Pass Conservation Committee urges you to write to Mr. Douglas Leisz, Regional Forester, 630 Sansome St., San Francisco, CA 94111, and request that he exclude Thimble Bowl from initial development of Kirkwood Meadows Ski Resort. -*-*-

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THIRD CLASS



"to explore, enjoy, preserve"

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