

# The Sierra



# ECHO

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*Maybe the question – “Which is the real summit of Corcoran?” can be answered by this photo by Tom Ross. It is an aerial view of the west faces of LeConte, Corcoran pinnacles, and Mt Langley taken in April of 1969.*

# NEWS

## SOUTHERN SIERRA EXPLORATORY TRAIL SURVEY

The southern Sierra Nevada is a country rich in variety, yet seldom visited by hikers. Between thundering rivers, tranquilly towering groves of redwoods, and the largest meadows in the Sierra lie mountains clad in fir, cedar, juniper, Jeffery, Ponderosa, and lodgepole pine, teeming with wildlife. It's also teeming with lumbermen, trail-bike riders, hunters, recreationists and developers anxious to prevent the setting-aside of any more wilderness; specifically, the proposed Golden Trout Wilderness south of Sequoia National Park. I am writing a guidebook to encourage hikers to discover for themselves why it is so important to fight to save what wilderness remains in the southern Sierras after a decade of development. This fall I will be scouting many of the trails there, while temperatures are cooler, the aspens bright, and rattlesnakes subdued and less evident. Anyone who has gotten in good physical condition over the summer is welcome to join me in these explorations. Reservations are required, as there is a limit of 25 on most trips. Send me a self-addressed envelope along with your name, address, phone, recent mountaineering experience; also state whether you need or can give a ride. I will send you a trip sheet after the reservation is confirmed. Please do not phone me except in emergencies or at the last minute. Thanks.

Unfortunately, fall is hunting season and water is scarce. Wear warm, bright-colored clothing and bring two quart-canteens to the roadhead that weekend. Rain might or might not cause a trip to be cancelled; call the leader the night before to be sure.

**Jim Jenkins**

10846 Nestle Ave  
Northridge, Ca 91324  
(213) 363-2396.

**SEPT 8-9: Backpack loop out of Balch Park via Summit Lake and Maggie Mountain.** Strenuous, but beautiful.

**SEPT 15-16: Atwell Mill (Mineral King) to Hospital Rock** via Castle Rocks, Redwood Meadow, Middle Fork Kaweah River. Sat 10 mi, 2500' climb, 3000' descent. We'll visit the highest elevation a redwood has grown anywhere in the world, then cache packs, climb Paradise Peak, and reconnoiter the excellent rock-climbing possibilities around inspiring Castle Rocks; we won't do any technical climbing, however. Camp will be made at Cliff Creek or River Valley. Sun explore the seldom-travelled Middle Fork Trail, 15 mi, 3000' descent. 1 1/2 hour car shuttle begins and ends this trip.

**SEPT 22-23: We'll explore the proposed route of the Pacific Crest Trail down the Sierra crest from Mulkey Pass to Olancha Pass.** High lush, seldom-visited meadows, sweeping views, and the opportunity for super-tigers to bag Muah, Cartago, and Olancha. Water should be available but bring a gallon canteen to be safe. Strenuous backpack.

**SEPT 29-30: Car camp, day hikes.** Sat explore the trail from Osa to Redrock Meadow on the south side of Kern Peak; 1000' climb and descent, 12 mi rt. Sun hike the Pacific Crest Trail temporary route south from Beach Mdw, possibly to Sherman Peak, a 20-mile day with 3000' gain and a car shuttle.

**OCT 13-14: Little Onion Valley, Parker Lakes, Golden Trout Lakes.** Strenuous day hikes on the east side of the Sierra, with a car camp near Independence. Fall colors, no hunters around. Contact **John Robinson**, 2700 Peterson Way #12F, Costa Mesa, Ca 92626 for reservations.

**OCT 20-22: Domelands Exploratory.** Joint San Fernando Valley Group (SFVG)/Kern-Kaweah Chapter trip. Fall colors and no rattle-snakes make this the right time of year to see Domelands. This will be a strenuous 3-day loop via Rockhouse Basin, Tibbets Creek, Woodpecker Mdw, Siretta Pk, Big, Manter, and Rockhouse Meadows. Opportunity to climb Rockhouse Pk. Assistant: **Claus Englehardt**.

**OCT 27-28: Greenhorn Mountain car camp and caravan (SFVG).** Each day we'll hike as many of the trails as we can. Redwoods, colorful stands of aspen, logging scars, cold brooks, lush meadows, a few possible peak climbs, and cold nights. We will have a printed itinerary, so you could join us for only a few hikes (leisurely) or all of them (very strenuous). To participate you must be able to maintain a pace of 2 mi/hr uphill. Stragglers will be eliminated from the group. Assistant: **Mary Sue Mead**.

**NOV 3-4: Piute Mountains exploratory (SFVG).** Sat Dry Mdw and Woolstalf Trs, 14 mi, 3000' gain and descent. An early start and mid-day siesta on a little-used path thru stands of Jeffrey pine make this less than strenuous, but not for beginners. Car camp in vicinity. Sun we'll do the Bright Star (8 mi rt, 3000' gain and loss) and Bodfish or Clear Creek (5 mi ow, 2500' descent if car shuttle) trails. A million dollars in gold was pulled out of the mines in this area in the 1860's.

**NOV 10-11: Rincon Trail (SFVG).** A car shuttle will enable us to hike the geologically fascinating Kern Canyon Fault from Gold Ledge to the redwoods at Pyle's Camp. Many saddles and gullies to cross, aggregate gain 4700', loss 6300' spread out over 22 mi. Strenuous, limited to 10. Assistant: **Elliot Snyder**.

**NOV 17-18: Old Cottonwood Canyon and Haiwee Pass trails (SFVG).** Sat hike up the historic path of the flume supplying timber to the Cerro Gordo Mines past shady glens and sheer rock buttresses; 4000' gain, 9 mi rt. Car camp. Sun climb pinyon pine-studded Haiwee Pass, 3300' gain, 9 mi rt. Optional climb of Deer Mtn for tigers, 2000' extra gain. Both days strenuous. Assistant: **George Toby**.

**NOV 22-25: Open for scouting.**

**DEC 1-2: Camp Nelson trails exploratory (SFVG).** Redwoods, cold nights, beautiful scenery, and a mouthwatering Sun PM feast at a Basque restaurant in Bakersfield. We'll hike as many of the trails as we can get into. Car camp. Strenuous or leisurely, depending on which trs you hike with us; but everyone must be capable of hiking 2 mi/hr uphill regardless of how many miles they plan to cover.

## BUZZ OFF!

There is a little electronic device advertised as repelling mosquitoes by sound waves. It uses transistor batteries and is only 1 3/4" x 2 1/2" x 3/4" - you carry it in a pocket or on your wrist. Called Mosquito Repeller No 164024 @ \$7.99.

-Sunset House Catalog, August 1973

## NEW TICKETRON TERMINAL

The "Outdoorsman" in Bishop has established the Ticketron system. There are many services offered - among those are reservations for campgrounds located in the Rock Creek and Mammoth Lakes Basin areas. Cost of making reservation is \$1.50. The Outdoorsman is open from 8 AM-6 PM daily except Sundays and until 9 PM on Friday nights. It is located at 197 North Main Street in Bishop.

-Inyo National Forest News, August 1, 1973

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## EMBLEM HOLDERS

Four more members of the SPS have now earned their emblems. Congratulations!

**Kent Davis**  
**Joe McCosker**  
**Cliff Nathanson**  
**Roy Ward (5 yrs).**

## PERMITS

Public Law 93-81 became effective August 1, 1973 so that there is no longer a charge for campgrounds in the National Forest. At certain well-improved swimming beaches there will still be a small charge. However, it is still necessary to get a camping permit even though they are now free. These, and Wilderness Permits, can be obtained at the new Bishop Creek Recreation area entrance station, located west of Bishop on Hwy 168. This station is open 24 hours on Friday and from 6 AM to 9:30 PM the rest of the week. Altho the station will be closed after Labor Day this year, it should be a convenient place to obtain Wilderness Permits next summer.

## ADDRESS AND PHONE CHANGES

**Banker, Susan** P O Box 1226, Glendale, Ca 91209  
666-5761  
**Dee, Diana** 475-5269 (home)  
**Machleder, Larry** P O Box 221, Lompoc, Ca 93436  
**MacLeod, Gordon J** 14020 Captain's Row, Apt 301, Marina  
Del Rey, Ca 90291  
**May, Dick** 3188 Kelly St, Hayward, Ca 94541  
(415) 538-4733  
**Riseley, Frank & Mary** (213) 944-3995  
**Riseley, Joni** (714) 523-2712  
**Williams, Guy F** 2508 Centinella Ave, LA Ca 90064.

## NEW MEMBERS

Nine more people have joined the section this summer and we certainly welcome the additions.

**Cook, John (Jack)** 1442 B Engracia Ave, Torrance  
Ca 90501 (213) 328-2331  
**Hudson, Don** 616 Gartel Drive, Walnut, Ca 91789  
**LeClercq, Leon J** 14343 Addison St #318, Sherman Oaks  
Ca 91403  
**Libby, Chris** 4146 Michael Ave, Los Angeles Ca 90066  
**Mead, Mary Sue** 1423 La Granada Dr, Thousand Oaks,  
Ca 91360  
**Morse, Wayne Y** 2400F Friar St, Woodland Hills, Ca 91364  
**Pohl, Bob** 11460 Riverside Drive, No Hollywood Ca 91602  
**Quackenbush, Rich** 284-C, North Palm Ave, Upland Ca  
91786  
**Rogers, Howard** 545 Rosslyn, Fullerton Ca 92632.

## UNUSUAL WEATHER

A cold, winter-type "upper level low" (*unpredicted, of course*) dumped up to 6 inches of snow throughout the higher Sierra the weekend of August 25-26. The storm lasted more than 12 hours with a snowline down to 9500 feet. (Some trip reports may have further comment on this surprise storm!)

# CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

With the new entry restrictions into the Sierra and trip limitations being strictly held to 25 persons per trip, two problem areas have arisen - that of "trip shoppers" and another in chronic "no shows".

"Trip shoppers" usually sign up for two or more trips scheduled for the same weekend, then cancel reservations on the least desirable trip at the last minute. Not only does this unfairly deprive someone else of a reserved spot on a trip, but also causes extra work for the already overburdened leaders. This results in some trips going with less than a full group.

Circumstances sometimes arise which prevent participation in planned trips, and these are certainly understandable. Usually leaders are given sufficient notice so that a standby name can be added. There is however, a small percentage of "no shows" that fail to give anyone else a chance to fill their vacancy.

While no formal list of these chronic violators will be compiled, leaders are watching for names of frequent abusers. Perhaps one solution is to put the frequent "no shows" directly on the standby list and add them only to trips that are not filled?

In any event, your cooperation is actively sought - *sign up for one trip at a time - make every effort to participate once you've signed up - give leaders as much notice as possible if you are unable to attend.*

## ECHOS FROM THE PAST

### Ten Years Ago in the SPS

by Ron Jones

Scheduled trips during August and September 1963 included Florence Peak—Rainbow Mtn 8/3—4 led by **John Robinson** and **Ted Maier**. A family backpack to Crystal Lake 8/10—11 led by **Miles Brubacher** and **Ron Smith**; Four Gables—Mt Tom 8/24—25 led by **Dick Jali**; Sill—Gayley over Labor Day led by **Lothar Kolbig**; Mt Tyndall 9/14—15 led by **Dave Evans** and **John Wedberg**; and Spanish Mountain 9/28—29 led by **Andy Smatko**. All climbs went as scheduled except that the Labor Day trip was originally to include North Palisade as well as Sill and Gayley, but because of the recent death in July of **Don Coyle** on the SPS Middle Palisade trip, the SPS Safety Committee canceled the North Palisade climb. Sunday night before Labor Day the large group of SPS campers together with campers from several other Angeles Chapter Sections numbered just over 100 persons in the Palisade Glacier camp area. That night all persons were treated to the U S Geological Survey Centennial celebration. Brilliant flares were set off at 9:00 PM on the top of many of the highest Sierra peaks including Mt Sill. The bright green flare atop Sill was seen by all at the Palisade Glacier and simultaneously the moon just topped a ridge flooding the basin with light and the old Echo satellite passed slowly overhead.

**Rich Gnagy** and **Barbara Lilley** in mid-August made first ascents of Mt Stockdale and Mt Dorothy in the Purcell Mountains of British Columbia. They also climbed in the Seven Devil Range and bagged many peaks including He Devil Peak, She Devil Peak, Devil's Throne, The Ogre, and the Tower of Babel.

**Arkel Erb** made an impressive weeklong solo private trip around the Goddard Divide. One day he climbed Devils Crag and Wheel Mountain, and the following day Observation Peak. Two days later Arky bagged Finger Peak, Blue Canyon Peak, and Mt Reinstein. The next day he climbed Mt Goddard, Mt Scylla, Mt Fiske, and Mt Huxley (!). The following day Arky rested by climbing Charybdis, McDuffie, Peak 13,046, and Black Giant. On the way out to his car Arky scrambled up the Hermit, Mt Mendel, Lamarck, and Inconsolable to finish an enjoyable (and memorable) week in the Sierra. Eighteen peaks in nine days!

## ASCENTS

### MT STANFORD, MT MORGAN, July 14—15 . . . . . Paul Kellow

Nineteen of twenty-two firm participants assembled for the pre-trip briefing and sign-in at 8:30 AM at the Hilton Lakes trailhead near Pine Cove campground. Only three no-shows — whose names have now been burned onto “*the list*”!

Departure was “on time” and proceeded across the road and up the trail of switchbacks enroute to our destination at Hilton Lake #4. The trail was pleasantly flanked by patches of blooming wildflowers including columbine, lupine, phlox, paintbrush, monkey paws, and various other “squat flowers”. As the trail progressed up and over the ridge through stands of aspen and then finally into the predominant lodgepole forests, the mosquitos struck with all their fury. It was during another forced stop to apply repellent that Ranger Rick came along with his shovel casually placed across his shoulder, a smile on his lips, and a twinkle in his eye, and asked to see our Wilderness Permit. After being satisfied that everything was in order, he continued on his way stopping frequently to fill small holes with small shovelfulls of dirt. We continued on our way, too.

Fighting through swarms of mosquitos, we followed the trail as it wound its way across streams, around lakelets, marshy bogs, along the shore of Hilton Lake #3 and then finally to #4. After this exhaustive hike-in, no more than about fifteen minutes of discussion was spent considering what to do about Mt Huntington. There it was looming up at the south end of the lake just waiting for something to happen! But reason prevailed. One quick vote and Mt Huntington was to be left unmolested. Instead, the group opted for the more pleasant task of fishing, loafing, and napping. It seemed as if everyone arrived at the trailhead at 4 AM that morning.

The campfire that evening was just as excitingly uneventful as the afternoon had been. Ah, but next morning! A blast on a whistle and the call, “Five o'clock!”, repeated twice, turned them out in jig-time. What a way to start a day!

According to the itinerary, Mt Stanford was to be first. All but one left camp at 6 AM and followed the stream northwest through lodgepole, more wildflowers, blooming heather, krummholz, and finally up a snow slope to a saddle overlooking Stanford Lake. We continued over more snow and rocks and after some time for discussion and orienteering proceeded up to the summit of Stanford. First one, then two false summits, then finally the *real* pile of rocks!

All of this activity began to take its toll. The altitude helped, too. As a result, at about 10 AM when the start for Morgan was being readied, eight of the group decided that they had had it and were going to return to base camp. The remaining ten clambered over rocks unmindful that Morgan was really *that* far away until after about an hour of all of this exertion, first three then three more decided it was *that* far away! The faint-hearts returned leaving four to go on alone — the leader, two assistants and one group member. And the charmingest member of all, **Susan Banker**, topped out on the peak first. The route along and below the ridge to Morgan was spectacular for its extreme drop-off on the west as it looks down upon Steelhead Lake. From the summit, Davis Lake (Hilton Lake #1) was one of the most prominent features of the Sierra panorama about us.

**STANFORD, MORGAN – continued**

At 3 PM we departed the summit and started down the southeast side taking maximum advantage of scree to hurry our descent. We passed through extensive krummholz and finally into lodgepole, aspen and then to the lake shore. The way back to camp now lay from the west side of Davis Lake back up to Hilton #4, along mostly the same trail we had taken on Saturday.

By the time we had returned to base camp, only the mosquitos were there to greet us. All the others had either signed out or were signed out by the leader during the day. Wearily, we put our packs together and first two departed and then after some tea the last two of the Stanford-Morgan group began the trudge out to the cars. All safe and before dark, too.

And the score for the weekend? Stanford 18, Morgan 4!

**LE CONTE, CORCORAN, July 14–15 . . . . . Ed Treacy**

A group of unquenchable optimists headed up the Meysan Lakes trail for another shot at a trip that had been stormed out twice in '72 – Le Conte, Corcoran. Arrived at the timberline camp near noon, in plenty of time to permit climbers to get up everything in sight – Candlelight, Mallory, Irvine, Lone Pine, and Peak 13,000+ (a nice 3rd class climb).

Sunday fourteen undertook the main event. Climbed Le Conte via *Guide* Route 3 – up the crack on the northeast face. A good route, 200 feet of honest three with some exposure here and there. Two belays, a rope length each, were set up to accomodate those who felt more comfortable climbing roped.

Then the traverse to Corcoran.

The terrain between the two peaks on the west side of the main Le Conte/Corcoran ridge consists of a series of east/west running chutes and ridges, perhaps seven or eight sets. The chutes have the annoying characteristic of dropping away abruptly from the intervening ridges, producing precipitous faces, so that one doesn't traverse randomly. The optimum traverse route is Class 2, however, with a few easy Class 3 moves. It begins with a 200-foot descent of Le Conte's primary southwest chute (to just above the 15-foot Class 3–4 waterfall), then a 50-foot traverse of an exposed Class 2 ledge into the next chute south. In this chute the easiest route drops 100–150 feet, goes south with very little gain or loss until Corcoran's northwest chute is reached, then up to the main ridge, a 30-foot traverse along the east side of this ridge, and a final 150-foot scramble to the summit. This route is now ducked. We had stayed high on the main ridge after leaving Le Conte's chute (the route looks inviting and goes well for a while), ran into a 30-foot Class 4 pitch, then a dead end in the form of a 250-foot straight drop. Thus, in getting around this we had to lose the elevation anyway – foot by foot, reluctantly, begrudgingly, painfully. Reached the cars at 8:30/9:00 with a weekend total of 49 peaks having been overcome by sixteen climbers.

Many thanks to **Bill Schuler, Erick Schumacher, and Tren Bartlett** for their efforts – belaying, route-finding, et al – that contributed notably to the trip.

**MT HAECKEL, MT WALLACE, July 28–29 . . . . . R J Secor, Mark Goebel, Jim Angione**

Seventeen people made reservations but only eleven showed up at Camp Sabrina Saturday morning. The four-hour hike to Moonlight Lake was uneventful except for a Boy Scout troop of forty-three people, and the appearance of a Ranger at Blue Lake who was asking to see permits. The easiest way to Moonlight Lake is to stay on the trail to Hungry Packer until you come to a snow marker. Here you turn left to Moonlight Lake with a stream crossing and by going up interesting slabs.

Saturday afternoon activities included an attempt on Peak 12,147 by two members, but they were turned back due to the weather. The rest of us stayed in camp, or fished while dodging raindrops.

Rising early under clear skies on Sunday, we hiked past Echo Lake, then to Mt Wallace in four hours. We then started the easy third class traverse to Mt Haeckel, with lightning and thunder over the White Mountains, Palisades, and Evolution Valley. The Wallace–Haeckel traverse took us fifty minutes; our route kept us below the gendarmes on the east side of the ridge.

After a second roll of thunder from Evolution Valley it was decided we had better leave the summit. The descent to camp took us 2½ hours, and halfway there it started to rain. The rain was intermittent on the backpack out, but the last two miles were dripless.

I'd like to thank those who were supposed to show up, for showing up. I'm sure everyone enjoyed the climbing as much as I enjoyed the leading.

**MT IZAAK WALTON, August 4–5 . . . . . Jerry Keating**

Things started badly; **Graham Stephenson** had his pack and sleeping bag stolen at the roadhead late Friday night, and a rain shower hit everyone at 5 AM Saturday. But thereafter the trip went well and, despite an almost constant cloud cover, no one got wet.

Of the 19 participants, 15 (the maximum) crossed Lake Edison on the first ferry run with the remaining climbers following an hour later. We backpacked four miles, leaving the Muir Trail at the stream crossing just beyond Pocket Meadow and following the stream's north shore to a bench at 9,100'. A side stream provided easy access to water, and wood was plentiful. By 12:30 PM, both groups were in camp.

**IZAACK WALTON – continued**

That afternoon, **Jerry Keating** and **Harry Brumer** led 14 climbers to Izaak Walton (12,099'), one of two 1972 additions to the SPS list. The route was up the Class 2-3 slabs east of a side stream adjoining camp, thence up the grassy trough that ends immediately south of the summit. Class 1-2 scree and talus marked the balance of the two-hour climb. Among those on top was **Rich Gnagy** of Sacramento.

After a mild evening, everyone bombed back the next morning to the boat landing in 1 1/4 hours, allowing time for a sun or snooze before the ferry arrived at 9:40 AM to make the first of two required morning runs.

Izaak Walton is in a very beautiful area and, with precise planning and a strong party, easily could be done roundtrip from Lake Edison is one day. But with boat service a key factor, it's better in the case of a scheduled trip to plan for an easy two-day affair with the climb made Saturday afternoon.

The boat operators are **Mr & Mrs Elmer D Riblett**, Vermillion Valley Resort, Mono Hot Springs, Ca 93642, and the roundtrip fare is \$6. The crossing requires at least 30 minutes and one-way fare is \$3.50. The first regular run is at 9 AM, but earlier runs can be arranged for parties if notice is given the previous day and they do not interfere with the 9 AM run. Regular return runs are made at 9:45 AM and 4:45 PM, and others are added when there is a surplus number of passengers or when a large party makes arrangements. Remember, the maximum number of passengers with packs is 15.

The Lake Edison store is open from 7 AM to 8:30 PM, and meals are served from 7-9:30 AM, 11:30 AM-1:30 PM and 5 PM-7:30 PM. Allow three hours in from Fresno.

**CIRQUE PEAK, MT LANGLEY, August 4-5 . . . . . Paul Kellow, Don Croley**

On the positive side, the road up to the trailhead was in excellent condition with unlimited parking available for everyone. On the other hand, though, the ground all around was wet and at 8:15 AM Saturday morning there was a considerable scattering of clouds overhead reflecting the early morning sun. Unusual in comparison with the normally clear sky for this time of year.

However, unmindful of things to come, a total of 22 persons assembled - with only two no-shows - for the easy hike into the Cottonwood Lakes Basin to our campsite at Long Lake. We reached the inlet end of the lake at 10:45 AM and made camp midst a stand of lodgepole pines.

At 11:30 AM, with three remaining behind, the group started for the climb of Cirque Peak. Following the trail a short distance, we ascended a prominent rise and all were duly awed with the formidable impressiveness of the wall up which the trail to New Army Pass makes its way. We turned south and began our scramble across the jumble of rocks and up the north slope to the summit.

The views from the peak favored us to the north with the traditional profile of Mt Whitney, et al. And to the south in the vicinity of Olancho Peak, we were greeted with the thunderous reverberation of blasting two or three separate times. That started it. The clouds began to thicken in earnest.

We left the peak in a group but soon became spread out almost completely from top to bottom during the descent. As it happens, those who were in the rear moved more and more to the steeper portion of the slope further slowing their rate of travel. As we waited for the behinders just above the upper growth zone of krummholz, it began to sprinkle.

That afternoon and during the early evening, the light rain continued intermittantly. Shortly after most of us gathered around the campfire, which was trying to provide a warm, cheery setting to an otherwise dreary situation, the rain increased in persistence. There we sat in our ponchos around the sputtering fire looking like a cloister of multi-hued monks or costumed penguins! And so the evening passed. About midnight, rather than a clear sky and bright stars, the heavy moisture-laden clouds were still there and then someone pulled the stopper! It came down in buckets for more than an hour!

Our plan had been to leave by 6:30 AM for the climb of Mt Langley, but the sky was still black with clouds upon arising, and the smell of rain was fresh in the air. The summit of Cirque was obscured providing substantial doubt as to the feasibility of attempting Langley under the very possible conditions of more rain and the likelihood of cloud cover over the summit.

Having thus convinced ourselves, we aborted the climb and vowed to try again next season probably as a snow trip. There were no arguments or dissent.

In more ways than one, everything else was downhill. We were back to the cars by 10:00 AM. In the distance, there was a very audible roll of thunder. More blasting?

**CARDINAL(13,397'), STRIPED (13,120'), GOODALE (12,790'), August 11-12 . . . . . Ron Jones**

Only three masochistic climbers met the leaders, **Rufus Secor** and **Ron Jones** at the Taboose Creek roadhead on Saturday morning. Each of us took great delight in carrying our packs 5,100 feet up the Taboose Pass Trail to base camp on the last level ground below the pass at 10,600 feet. Incidentally the Taboose Pass Trail is not as dry as I expected. Taboose Creek with plenty of water is passed about one hour out and there are quite a few additional opportunities to get water along the way. Everyone was in camp by about 12:30 and we ate lunch before taking a two-hour afternoon siesta to beat the worst of the afternoon heat.

## CARDINAL, STRIPED, ETC – continued

About 3:00 we started out for Cardinal Mountain via the standard route from Taboose Pass. Everyone made the peak for a total elevation gain during the day of nearly 7,900 feet. The evening was spent with conversation, popcorn, and beverage.

Sunday morning shortly before 7:00 we started for Striped Mountain via Taboose Pass again. **Rufus Secor** decided to carry his 40-pound backpack for the exercise but he cached it at the pass to pick up later in the day when he returned to go into the mountains for an additional 3 days peakbagging. Everyone made the uneventful Class 2 ascent of Striped Mountain. The panorama from the top was outstanding. We ate an early lunch, one climber headed down to base camp, and 4 of us descended to the saddle east of Striped and easily added Goodale Mountain to our peaks list. Goodale has a moderate third class summit block which made it the most interesting peak of the weekend. **Mary Sue Mead** climbed Goodale for her qualifying peak for Section membership. Everyone was back to the cars by 8:30.

## ROUND TOP, MOKELUMNE PEAK, August 18–19 . . . . . **Jerry Keating**

Granite slabs, volcanic outcrops, dense forests, flower-filled meadows and a scattering of lakes were enjoyed during the SPS' first scheduled trip to the Mokelumne Wilderness Area.

Using the southwest ridge, **Graham Stephenson** and **Natalie Smith** climbed Round Top (10,380') Saturday morning from Carson Pass, then **Jerry Keating** and **Roy Michel** assembled the full party of nine at 2 PM at Tragedy Spring on Highway 88 to tackle Mokelumne Peak (9,332').

Pronounced Mo-kol-u-mi, the peak and 50,000-acre wilderness area apparently derive their name from an Indian tribe which once occupied a Miwok village just north of Stockton. A comprehensive description of the area appeared in the April 1964 issue of Summit magazine.

From Tragedy Spring (8,000') a jeep road leads nearly seven miles to the wilderness boundary, passing the Allen Ranch and site of the Plasse Trading Post. The road is very rocky, loose and steep in places. So we opted to take only a jeep, a Dodge van with oversized radial tires and a rented Comet coupe. About a half-mile beyond Allen, we found a trail sign and decided not to risk the van and Comet on the rest of the dirt road.

The trail (at 8,240' and marked "17E24 to Squaw Ridge Trail") took us 20 minutes to the Plasse Trading Post site (8,400'+) and nearby Horse Thief Spring. After tanking up on good water, we followed the jeep road again to the wilderness boundary. From the boundary, we backpacked along a gentle trail for about four miles to Long Lake (7,840') where wood and campsites were abundant. Owing to the lateness of the season, however, the lake's outlet was dry and therefore the water's purity was uncertain.

After a few predawn sprinkles on Sunday, we followed the main trail southward to Munson Meadow (8,240'), where we noticed good campsites and found water flowing from two plastic pipes. Then we hiked for a short while on the Votaw Camp trail before heading cross-country for the peak via an 8,000-foot timbered saddle above Fourth of July Canyon. The barren summit was gained by the easy Class 2 north ridge, which afforded fine views of the lakes on both of its flanks.

The panorama was marred by smoke from forest fires, but we could comprehend the 5,000-foot dropoff to the Mokelumne River below. And, through the pall to the northeast, we spied Round Top's summit – 10 miles distant. We agreed that Mokelumne would be a worthy addition to the SPS list, particularly as it is more remote than any of the listed peaks north of Sonora Pass.

We calculated the round-trip hiking from the Silver Lake trailhead (7,300') – where it's safe to drive passenger cars – at 21 miles with 3,500 feet of gain. From our starting point beyond Allen, the respective figures are 17 miles and 25,00 feet, while from the boundary they are about 14 miles and 2,000 feet.

Besides the previously mentioned climbers, the party included **Elton, Pat** and **Larry Fletcher, Karen Michel** and **Peggy Gerick**. Our thanks to **Barbara Lilley**, who climbed the peak in 1971 and warned – accurately – that many trails on the Silver Lake topo are nonexistent, newer ones having replaced them. Future parties are urged to obtain a map-brochure, Mokelumne Wilderness, from the US Forest Service, P O Box 1327, Jackson, Ca 95642, when they apply for an entry permit. Use it together with the topo.

# PRIVATE CLIMBS

## COLORADO PEAKS, July 1973 . . . . . **Hendrik Heusenkveld**

For the July 4th weekend **Bep Cohen, Don McLean** and I, **Hendrik**, crammed ourselves into Bep's VW bug on Friday evening, and headed for the Colorado 14-thousand footers. Entering Cortez the next noon we were amazed to see the San Juan Mountains loaded with snow. We coaxed Bep's VW up the very steep and rough Bear Creek road for the Wilson Peak roadhead. We were stymied on a fluid steep rough section culminating in a culvert, until we all got out to move rocks around to give the car a path up and over the culvert. This road was typical of the roadhead roads. Yes, the roadheads are high, but the roads are gruesome and often impassable for American type cars.

## COLORADO PEAKS – continued

Sunday early we set out to climb Wilson Peak (14,017') leaving from our camp at 10,500'. Very soon we were in the snow fields, first low angle then high angle. The snow was fairly well consolidated, but the several fall throughs kept us wary. Up the steep ridge, and then a traverse around the side of the mountain brought us to third class chutes. Carefully climbing these so as not to bomb our partners, we picked up the long rough ridge whose gendarmes forced us to traverse the steep treacherous snow-rock slopes. Two dashing Coloradoans who were hiking with us were without ice axes. To stabilize the slopes, they would throw out big rocks to precipitate avalanches of which they preferred not to be a part. In due time we gained the summit and revelled in the view. Right across from Wilson Peak was Wilson Mountain, which was in our original schedule but now when viewing the 1000-foot dip and the cruddy slopes we felt happy with the trophy in hand. The trip back is always easy in comparison, and this one offered three delightful glissades dropping us at least 1000 feet. Then we slush walked through an old mining camp, which boasted of a house still intact.

Monday we tackled Mount Sneffels (14,150'). Again we had to ask the indomitable VW to waft us high up the mountainsides over awesome roads. We chugged along at 10 mph viewing tremendous waterfalls cascading down the mountainsides, and even going under overhangs that provided free showers. All along the road were the ruins of old mining mills, and golden piles where many men had burrowed. What fanatic determination the old miners must have had to chisel these roads into the mountainsides to provide transport for their mining operations.

The trailhead at Yankee Boy Basin (11,000') is a most delightful place – grasses, flowers, meadowlands, pine trees, and everywhere from the slopes water was dashing. To begin with we did not even pick out the correct peak as Mount Sneffels. The more dramatic looking peaks, Gilpin and Potosi captivated us, and we were busy trying to figure a route up the awesome Gilpin. So, slogging thru the snowfields, Mount Sneffels comes as a surprise. We felt relieved later at not having to climb Gilpin, but that peak certainly would have been interesting, nonetheless. After much huffing and puffing climbing the high angle soft snow, plunging through now and then and making tricky transfers from snow to rock, we scooted the last 200 feet over easy rock to the peak.

The view was superb. A thousand peaks filled our view to the south and east. Fifteen miles to the south and west we picked out Wilson Peak, our conquest of yesterday. It was characterized by the huge snowbowl through which we had glissaded. Prominent 20 miles to the east was Uncompahgre, highest mountain in the area. Original plans called for climbing that mountain on the morrow, but half-hearted hopes never win the fair lady.

Too soon peak siestas come to an end. Down the mountain we skitter and glissade, we slog across the snowfields, across charming Yankee Boy Basin, back to the VW. We bounce on down the rough roads past the many mines into the town of Ouray to buy groceries and a bottle of Green Valley wine for Bep's birthday party. And now we're out seeking a campground again. The Silverton would be completely dead except that the townspeople put themselves through paroxysms daily for benefit of the tourists. The Old West is enacted complete with daily killings. For camping, we selected a wooded knoll shouting distance away from nearest camping neighbor. Fallen wood for campfire, and a dashing stream spell heaven. Good food and wine – Happy Birthday, Bep!

Tuesday saw us trying to soak up the historical flavor of Silverton, and then a swoop up the Animas River valley to its very headwaters. We passed the old ghost towns of Howardsville, Eureka, and Animas Forks, which one day numbered possibly a total of 10,000 souls, but today not one person inhabits the 15-mile long valley. The mountainsides are pock-marked with old mines where they all struggled so hard. Don asked the county road worker, "What happened to all the gold and minerals? Did they mine it all out?" The county worker replied, "Naw, they only scratched the surface."

After a jarring 15-mile ride up to Animas Forks we gave up trying to reach the 12,000-foot pass on the road to Lake City. Because the bridge was sunken, Bep declared it was enough for her VW. The ghost town included two habitable houses plus the show-piece house that adorns much ghost town literature formerly inhabited by Mrs McLean, former Washington D C hostess and entertainer.

We took a one-mile stroll to the enormous mining mill, elegantly structured of 12" x 12" timbers precisely cut and fitted and secured with long bolts. The floor of the mill was covered to a depth of 4 feet by a mass of ice. It was melting fast, but would probably last all summer. At the top level of the mill a horizontal tunnel into the side of the mountain gave indication of the ore cars source. Now a torrent of rusty water was exuding.

We picnicked at the ghost town Eureka, but then turned off our hiking heads and put on our let's-go-home heads. The ride from Silverton to Durango is greatly charming. Durango is busy and industrious, but yet cradled in elegant countryside. Place to retire? Farmington, New Mexico, warmer and drier, but interesting. Holds an ecological curse. We noted the four huge smoke stacks of this 4-corners power plant belching forth smoke, thereby befouling the Colorado Rockies, and blurring distant vistas, that formerly were remarkably clear. Why in the world are they not forced to use precipitators in the smoke stacks????

Distances in the Southwest are enormous, and one has the feeling that the whole country is empty. But no, an Indian family lives on distant hill. After driving for hours the smallest of villages is a welcome sight. But after all of this soft landscape it's a real shock to confront the 50-foot high oil company signs and modern filling stations at the backwards town of Kayenta, Arizona, heart of Navaho-land. Fifteen years ago if one dared traverse this vast four-corners area, he would jolt along for a hundred miles over confusing dusty gravel roads, and would be seriously concerned about distance to next gas station. Nowadays all the Indians seem to have new Ford pick-up trucks, but then the typical mode was by mule and buckboard. Remember the shy, liquid-eyed, poorly clothed Indian kids peering over the edge of the buckboard at a strange and awesome creature – you. But the Indians have been catapulted into a new age. A high-speed road has brought white man in large numbers, and the Indians have been lifted out of starvation syndrome.



At sundown we were hot, tired, and especially hungry. Rather than seek out the charm of the rustic Indian cafe, we were happy to savor the elegance and coolness of the huge Kayenta Holiday Inn. The waitresses were stately Indian girls dressed in short black skirts and white blouses. They buzzed about efficiently taking orders. These are the same creatures who peeked over the edge of the buckboard 15 years ago. It seems that such strident disruption from the past, could be eased by letting the girls wear their native rich garb. More charming for them and for us too.

We drove off into the night. Near Tuba City we did a panic stop to avoid hitting a cow. Just before reaching Flagstaff our tiredness caught up with us, so we sought out a side road, and drove off into the desert to a flat spot to sleep and dream until the early rays. The next day, July 4th, 500 miles remained, and as the day advanced, the temperature soared to 110 °F or so. By buying a huge bag of cube ice, and preparing ice drinks, our core temperature stayed low and happiness high. During the 100-mile drive from Davis on the river, through Goff and all the way to Twentynine Palms not a single car hove into sight.

Finally back to the LA area by mid-afternoon with happy memories, and the hope of an early return to bag more Colorado 14-ers.



MONTE ROSA (Dufourspitze, 4634 meters), August 5–6, 1973 . . . . . Diana Dee

I was lying in the attic of the Monte Rosahütte (2795 m) thinking what a groovy day it had been listening to the thumping of clog shoes on the stairway. The clog shoes supplied by the hut allowed me to dry my boots in the sun. (*The first time they'd been dry since I'd fallen in a stream almost a week ago. Either climbing or raining since then.*) But it was a challenge to do the 15 m loss to the cliff-overhanging out-houses in the clogs.

What a beautiful day it had been. A most poetic experience. So, lying in the attic, not able to sleep because of the clogging of others, I decided I would try to share it. This was the best weather we'd had so far in the Zermatt area. At 1:30 PM we took the cog railway to Rotboden near the Rifeihorn, scene of our rock-climbing session yesterday. The Matterhorn presented itself to full view of the passengers in all its glory, and I indulged myself along with all the other tourists by taking some pictures. Amazing timing – the up and down trains passing at the few spots where the tracks were double. I was beginning to get a feel for this part of the country, and I felt better, because at first I'd been disappointed in Zermatt compared to Grindelwald. I wrote it off to the insecurity caused by unfamiliarity, and to contempt for tourism.

After the train, we walked downhill on an alpine trail; unusual because it did not have the 2nd and 3rd class sections that I'd come to expect of most Swiss trails; usual because it was being heavily used by tourists and citizens as well as climbers. What a backdrop. The panorama took in the Matterhorn, Kleine Matterhorn, Breithorn, Pollux, Castor, Lyskamm, and Monte Rosa, an imposing semi-circle of massive peaks, plus a flat glacier-sky section that a moviemaker would drool about. The close-up scene was fine, too: alpine flowers, grasshopper songs, and an occasional butterfly. It was enough to take our minds off the fact that the next day we'd have to go back up the trail, about 200 m gain.

I felt so good, so very good. Two days ago I'd climbed the Rimpfischhorn (4199 m) and had held up the whole party because of exhaustion near the summit. Not enough protein in my diet, I decided, so I blew 25 Swiss francs on ham and cheese for three days, and sure enough, I was feeling 100% strong again. At the bottom of the trail, we left hillside trail for the glacier crossing, walking from flagpost to flagpost without ice axe or crampons, footing being provided by crunchy or pebble-strewn ice, with streams to jump across, pillars of ice with

boulders on top and sculptured pools of blue ice-water to look at. Fewer citizens, more climbers. Then about 150 m steep trail to the hut, the heat finally getting to me and sweat pouring down my back. Brown hotel with red shutters, the brown blending into the rock and making it invisible from the trail unless you knew where to look. Francis, an 85-lb female tiger-climber, had come in on her own earlier and was sunning herself on a rock. The group claimed the rock and soon all 20 of us were flaked out in the sun. Marvelous. A two-hour semi-nap with an indescribable view. Well, visually describable, but emotionally . . . perhaps only each person to himself.

Then we crowded in the dimly-lit mess hall for a really good dinner. Could West-coast climbers ever understand this? Arriving at a hut hot and tired, buying a cold beer (or two), drying boots and self on a rock in the sun, having a hot meal served, then going to sleep on a mattress with a pillow and two wool blankets. The stuffy 3rd-floor attic was just big enough for our group. There I lay, filled with the sights and sounds and feelings of the day, especially the after-dinner sunset behind the Matterhorn in brilliant gold and yellow, and mountain-shadow-streaks into the sky and finally I had gone to bed because I didn't want to see the end but wanted the best part to hold as a memory forever, falling to sleep to the dying rhythm of clogs on the stairs.



I awoke at 1:30 AM, 15 minutes before we'd been told we would need to get up, but pretty good for an inner clock. Snoring sounds. I was mentally ready for the long climb (almost 2000 m) and I knew I'd be fully awake when I had to be, but I made myself relax and wait. Finally, the innkeeper came and woke our two guides, Peter and Oscar, who then woke us. It was still warm in the attic. There were the usual early-rising complaints, and the five hikers told us they'd be grateful when the snorers had gone, for then they could get some sleep. I went downstairs, carrying my boots, replacing my clogs under the plank-board seats in the anteroom near the staircase where other climbers were trying to put boots on and organize equipment. I put my boots and gaiters on in the dining room as the others came down to breakfast. I had brought my own, because bread, butter, and coffee could not do for me what cereal and milk could. As the bread, coffee, and tea were passed around, there were hands and arms flying everywhere about me, and it was mind-blowing at 2 in the morning. Before we gathered

## MONTE ROSA — continued

outside, I had to do the 15 meters to the cliff-overhang again. Yeeck!

We left in total darkness under the stars at 2:40. My Wonder headlamp battery had accidentally burned out, and I hadn't packed in a spare, so my Mallory had to do. I saved it, using other people's light. Several flashlights proved to be no good immediately. As we struggled up the rocky trail and wet slabs in the dark, we sandwiched the no-lighters in between those with working lights. After a half hour, the light in front of me went out suddenly, probably a bulb failure. My Mallory then dutifully made it to the end of the rock, almost 500 m gain, 4 AM, and a lightening sky. So far all work, a struggle up the "trail", no fun at all, misery and straining in the dark.

Then we roped up for glacier travel. The snow looked smooth and innocent, but there were hidden crevasses. Our goldline was a mass of stiff spaghetti, while the guides' perlon was very easy to handle. Finally, ready to go. Fifteen-foot intervals, the extra rope being carried in loops diagonally over one shoulder and tied to the waist-line. Soon we had cold feet, and I was very thankful that my boots had started dry. The pace was just barely fast enough to keep us warm, but I didn't put on any more clothes because I was afraid of sweating.

The light was just starting to come up. Not enough by a long shot to take a picture. The Matterhorn, to the west, stood out in front of a dark blue bottom sky-band and a pink band higher up. Other peaks stood out white against a pink sky. Wierd ice-forms on the glacier were becoming visible.

The rhythmical pace made my body feel good. **This is what climbing is all about**, I thought. Early in the morning, like this on the snow, this is where it's at. Suddenly a jet, very high up, flew over our mountain from the east, leaving a gold-glowing trail against the light-blue sky. I felt really good.

Being just on the border of cold was mind-numbing. We stopped for 5 minutes every hour — just enough for the cold to come back. The far-off mountaintops glowed yellow in the rising sun. But we were behind the mountain. Finally, just after 8, we hit a saddle an hour from the top and basked in the sun.

We left packs but took food for a summit dash, donned crampons and were off. Up the ridge in the shade again. Higher than Whitney and really pushing. I coughed a little but felt really good because it was near the end of the gruelling climb but I could still go to my limit. Then on top of the ridge, mixed snow-and-rock climbing. The final summit pinnacle climb was a rock chimney. The party in front of us was having trouble; one man had to help another up by placing his hand under the other's cramponed foot to guide it. We waited patiently for our turn.

Guide Oscar went lithely up the chimney, set up his belay, then it was my turn. A really good piece of rock climbing (discovering that points 11 and 12 are fantastic toe-holds!) brought me to the top. Three parties already there. Impressive ridges all around. Italy shrouded in clouds. Sun with little wind. Mt Blanc massif in the distance. Matterhorn much less impressive from this angle. Jungfrau, Mönch, Finstraarhorn way off to the north. Puppeteer-Oscar, bringing up other parties who were in front of our last rope team, flinging out directions in three languages, belaying with both hands. Shaking hands with everyone as they arrived. Smiling as our guides compli-

mented us all on a job well-done. Signing the register, the first we'd found on any Swiss peak. Two helicopters flying-in supplies to a nearby emergency hut. Other parties climbing other summits of the massif. Oscar and Peter obviously enjoying being on the highest point in Switzerland for the first time. Rope-snarling picture-taking ceremonies, then time to leave.

We arm-rappelled down the chimney on belay. We made other parties on the ridge wait as we zoomed around them. Oscar ran 5 m down a steep ice slope to haul up a party of two who had set up a static belay, thus clearing their bottleneck. Down-climbing the rock with crampons took all my concentration. Back to the snow ridge, past the cornice, then down to our packs, still passing other parties coming up. We de-cramponed and had a 15-minute lunch. It was 11:30.

All happy at the successful climb, the highest for most because the highest they'd been before Switzerland was Mt Hood or Mt Rainier, we slogged down the snow trail. Still spectacular views of our glacier or the distant mountains. Ropes taut, we passed through the crevasse field. The impressive mass of the mountain quickly receded. We unroped at the rocks, a bunch of happy people relaxed and basking in the sun. Then down the rocks and toe-crushing slabs to the hütte, yelling "Hüliman" and "Feldschlossen" (names of beer) as we approached. 1:30. We had to make the 4:45 train. Some other people were on our sunning rock, but we shared it, drinking beer, packing equipment we'd left at the hut, letting our feet cool off. Two hikers in our group who had not been to the hut yesterday showed up just then, greeting us and being recognized by their cry of "Hüliman!"

I walked back across the glacier alone, tired but not as tired as I had expected myself to be, but still not wanting to have to make the effort of keeping up with someone, and wanting to share the good feelings with myself. The hut melted back into the rock and the huge Monte Rosa mountain-mass became even more impressive.

I came to one stream jump-across just behind two tourists. I unsheathed my Rollei to catch them jumping, but they just stood there, looking. So I sheathed my camera, found a place to cross, jumped, turned around, took out my camera and set it again. Sure enough, the two followed me. Just before the man jumped, he looked up, incredulous, and pantomimed "Me??". I smiled and nodded "Yes", and he leaped and I got a nice shot.

Then came the hour-long slog up to the train. I kept looking back at the beautiful, beautiful scene of mountain and glacier. Incredible. Too big for my Rollei, but memorized by the camera of my mind.

I ran out of blood-sugar just before the last 30-meter steep part. It went slowly. M D—Chris had just arrived at the top, greeted by some other hikers of the group. I ate some ham and cheese, putting on a sweater and jacket because it was very windy. Then I joined Chris on the mossy ground, put my pack under my head, found a hip-hole just right, placed my hat over my face but edged under my parka-hood so it wouldn't blow away, and basked and dozed until the train came. Chris got up, leaving me there alone. So when the rest of the climbers arrived, there I was, and they pointed and murmured, thinking me asleep. But they couldn't see me smiling, almost laughing, under the hat.

"Yeah Ernie, but the classical way of doing the north face is to cross the couloir here."

"That snow on the other side of the couloir is almost vertical." "Don't you remember how soft it was at the bergschrung?"

"Hell, we can't give up this soon." "Let's go up to the notch and look at the northwest ridge."

"It sure looks hairy."

"Yeah! How can we turn that gendarme?"

Ernie Spielher and I had left our camp at Sam Mack Meadow at 6:00 AM for a climb of the north face of North Palisade, a climb we had wanted to do for several seasons. At the bergschrund we ran into R J Secor and Sheldon Moomaw, who, feeling a little dubious were descending. We invited them to follow us up the route. So, in two teams of two, we continued up.

By climbing out of the Clyde couloir about 100 feet up instead of 200 feet, as in the *Mountaineer's Guide*, we were afforded three pitches of exhilarating 4th and 5th class climbing. The views down Starlight buttress onto the glacier were some of the finest I had ever experienced.

Above we 3rd-classed it, roped together to the spot where the couloir should be crossed.

After our discussion of crossing the couloir we continued on up to the notch in the northwest ridge.

"Dammit Ernie!" "The ridge just doesn't look too hopeful."

"It sure doesn't." "I don't feel very aggressive, Tom." "I think I feel a little altitude sickness coming on."

"On belay!", I yelled, as I led out of the notch onto the southwest side of the ridge.

Watching the rope move out steadily proved a good remedy for Ernie's altitude problems. This was evident as he came by me, grabbed the hardware and led a fine pitch into a notch in an arete and then up the arete to the top of the northwest ridge.

We were now at a 15-foot gap in the ridge. This proved to be one of the trickier parts of the climb.

The next lead went down the northeast side of the ridge for about 30 feet. Ernie

led this, placing a couple of pins to protect me on the down-climb. Continuing, he traversed across a rotten snow mushroom, into the notch and up a flake on the opposite wall to a belay straight across from me.

The next pitch was an easy but very exposed one around to the southwest and back up to the top of the northwest ridge.

"This summit is sure elusive, Tom."

"Yeah!" "Looks like we'll have to climb it all the way."

The next pitch took us across some exposed rock and snow on the northeast side of the ridge to a chimney that went straight up to the crest again. The second pitch in this chimney turned out to be another crux. After about 20 tries, Ernie, who was standing on an exposed 1-inch ledge, was able to flip a sling over a flake to protect a couple of 5th class moves.

While standing on a ledge belaying, watching the rope move slowly upward, I noticed a shadow of the northwest ridge cast upon the snow below me. Shortly there emerged another shadow - that of my friend Ernie moving slowly up the ridge. This remains as a most vivid impression of the climb.

Shortly we were greeted by bursts of triumphant yodelling, heralding our arrival on the summit of North Palisade. I followed up the chimney to a notch in the northwest ridge. The chimney continued down the southwest side for about 15 feet to another chimney which led up the wall on the left to the summit.

After some back slapping, hand shaking, and a cigar, we continued across the ridge to the wall above the U-notch. We climbed down Clyde's variation and made one rappel to a ledge above the southwest slope of the U-notch. Here we put on crampons and continued the rappel down to the hard snow. One lead put us in the U-notch from which we made an easy descent on fairly soft snow.

We returned to our camp at Sam Mack Meadow at 9:30 PM and collapsed into our bags.

"Boy!" "That was the neatest climb I've ever done."

"Yeah!" "Remember the flake in the gap?"

"Yeah!" "That was a nice lead."

"Won't the hot spring feel good tomorrow?"

"Uh-huh." "Pass the water bottle....."



# RESERVATION INFORMATION FOR FAMILY CAMPGROUNDS


## ON THE INYO AND SAN BERNARDINO NATIONAL FORESTS

Please examine the center section of your reservation ticket immediately to verify that it is for the campground, arrival date, and number of nights that you desire.

### FAMILY CAMPSITE RESERVATIONS

1. Individual camp units are for use by one family or party with a maximum of six people.
2. Campers cannot be assured of space before 2:00 p.m. on scheduled day of arrival. Check-out time is 2:00 p.m.
3. In order to save you time at our entrance station, please deposit the large portion of your reservation ticket in the deposit box at the entrance station. Retain the ticket stub for your records and display it on the dashboard of your vehicle during your stay in this campground.

### TO VALIDATE YOUR OCCUPANCY

 ADMIT ONE—SUBJECT TO THE CONDITIONS ON THE BACK HEREOF.	EVENT CODE	7 NITE	UNITED STATES FOREST SERVICE				
	LOC		arrowhead - green valley campground				
	SEC	0502	7 NIGHTS BEGINNING				0502
	ROW-BOX	\$14.00	0911/16	01099	0672	302	
	SEAT	34	END 05/09/73				34
		TYPE 1	MAY 02 1973				7
		site	\$14.00 06725302				type 1
			02/13				
			\$14.00				
			TOTAL				

Place this portion in deposit box



Retain stub

4. A camp unit is assigned to you at the time of reservation to accommodate your equipment. If campground personnel are not on duty when you arrive, special information, signs, and maps are located on the entrance road to each facility that will direct you to your assigned unit.
5. Reservations will be held for late arrivals only for the first night of the registration period, unless the District Ranger is notified. If you do not arrive by 2:00 p.m. of the next day, and have not notified the Ranger of late arrival, your reservation will be cancelled and made available for another camper.
6. At most campgrounds there is no space available to park a second car.
7. Fees - Persons 62 years of age or older and possessing a valid Golden Age Passport will be entitled to a 50% reduction in the daily user fee. Golden Age Passports must be presented to Ticketron outlet operator at time of reservation.

### CANCELLATION PROCEDURES

Refunds will be made *only* when cancellation of the entire reserved period is made *or for cancellation of unused days following an early departure*. Refunds are not available for late arrivals.

1. For cancellations TWO WEEKS OR MORE AWAY: Return your ticket to the Ticketron outlet location at which it was purchased and you will receive an immediate refund of the overnight campsite fee less a cancellation fee of \$1.50. A new camp unit reservation can be made at that time if desired for an additional \$1.50.
2. For cancellations LESS THAN TWO WEEKS AWAY: Notify the District Ranger directly, enclosing your entire reservation ticket. Keep a record of the ticket validation number. If the District receives notice of cancellation for the entire reservation period by letter or phone by 2:00 p.m. of the day before your scheduled day of arrival, you will receive a refund of the overnight camp unit fee less a cancellation fee of \$1.50. (Reservation ticket must be mailed to District Ranger later if notified by phone). If the Ranger receives notice of cancellation for the entire reservation in the next 24-hour period (by 2:00 p.m. of the scheduled day of arrival) you will receive a refund of the overnight camp unit less a cancellation fee of \$1.50 and less the amount of the first night camping fee. If you depart early, you must notify the District Ranger by 2:00 p.m. of the day of departure to obtain credit for that day and additional unused days. Refund payments will be by mail and should be received by you within 60 days.

MPGROUND (FC) Family Camp	STAY LIMIT (Days)	ADDRESS OF DISTRICT RANGER	PHONE NUMBER	NATIONAL FOREST
Barton Flats (FC) San Gorgonio (FC)	7 7	San Gorgonio Ranger District U. S. Forest Service Route 1, Box 264 Mentone, CA 92359	(714)794-1123	San Bernardino
Applewhite (FC)	7	Cajon Ranger District U. S. Forest Service Star Route, Box 100 Fontana, CA 92335	(714)887-2576	San Bernardino
Dogwood (FC) North Shore (FC) Green Valley (FC)	7 7 7	Arrowhead Ranger District U. S. Forest Service P. O. Box 7 Rimforest, CA 92378	(714)337-2444	San Bernardino
Hanna Flats (FC) Pine Knot (FC) Coldbrook (FC)	7 7 7	Big Bear Ranger District U. S. Forest Service Big Bear City, CA 92314	(714)866-3437	San Bernardino
Fern Basin (FC) Dark Canyon (FC) Warrior Mountain (FC)	7 7 7	San Jacinto Ranger District U. S. Forest Service Box 518 Idyllwild, CA 92349	(714)659-2117	San Bernardino
Iris Meadow (FC) Rock Creek (FC) Big Meadow (FC) East Fork (FC)	7 14 7 14	White Mountain Ranger District U. S. Forest Service 151 Grandview Bishop, CA 93514	(714)873-4207	Inyo
Lake Mary (FC) Coldwater (FC) Twin Lakes (FC) Lake George (FC)	7 7 7 7	Mammoth Ranger District U. S. Forest Service Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546	(714)934-2505	Inyo



*CAMPGROUND RESERVATION is a pilot program in operation on only two of the 17 National Forests in California. In order for us to evaluate the program, we need your comments. Write to the District Ranger.*

# LETTERS

## THE 1973 SPS WINTER CLIMB

or

The Mudfoote — Secor Papers

By R J Secor

*Dear Harvey.*

*I've been hearing many rumors as to just what did happen on this year's winter climb (climb?). At one campfire I heard a lady telling of twenty people jumping into Horace's VW camper, driving to Mammoth, climbing a peak that they thought was San Joaquin but turned out it wasn't. Another story is that the participants decided to cancel the climb due to lack of interest, took the gondola to the top of Mammoth Mountain, and spent the weekend glissading down such runs as "Climax", "Dave's Run" and "The Wall". After reading your letter, Harvey, I decided that I must come out and tell the true (true?) story, to protect the innocent.*

It all started on January 30. I had returned from my lecture on the advanced concepts of Boolean Algebra, and I stepped into the shower just as the phone began to ring. Since I seldomly get called on the phone, I dashed naked from the shower. Grabbing the telephone with one wet hand while turning off the radio with the other, I ricocheted off the ceiling, while lights dimmed for miles around, as they did when Lepke got the chair. My second orbit around the light fixture was interrupted by the open drawer of my filing cabinet. My face looked as if it had just been stamped by a rococo cookie cutter. The person on the phone was **Diana Dee**, and she was asking me if I would like to go on the winter climb the next weekend. Although I had two tickets to see "Goof on the Roof" I had been unable to get a date on only six weeks notice. Despite my engagement and my experiences in Mexico (Hint! while in Mexico don't drink tap water while running in step) I told Diana I would come.

That Friday night I met **Horace Ory**, **Myron Rosenberg**, and Diana at the Denny's at Roxford. We piled packs, snowshoes, skipoles, and ourselves into Horace's VW camper, and headed towards South Lake.

Not too much happened during the drive up. Myron did most of the talking. He told us of his adventures when he had to find his own way out on the Whitney Trail. Myron told us of his friend's rejoicing when he climbed his 87th peak of the year. I told Diana about my tuna fishing a few days before; I caught four cans. Diana started to giggle and she whispers to me that she has a crush on me. Poor Diana! She must learn that charm, good looks, and a sexy voice are not everything in a man.

Someplace between LA and Bishop, Horace stopped and helped some motorists who were apparently in distress. Suspecting an attempted robbery, I began cleaning the debris out of my thirty-eight. (I put this last sentence in because I just returned from the 1973 Humphrey Bogart Film Festival in Sierra Madre). The man turned out to be **Bruce Collier's** brother and his fiancée. They had run out of gas, and we gave them a ride to Big Pine. I put the thirty-eight back in the holster, but as we drove away I inadvertently fired two rounds into the snowmobile that was in the back of his van.

We arrived in Bishop and spent most of our time in a coffee shop to avoid going to bed with the temperatures being what they were (what were they, anyway?). We started driving up the South Lake road, and found snowdrifts ten to twelve feet high at 7,000'. We drove back down and spent the night at the side of the road. Myron and I spent the night in the camper while Horace and Diana slept outside. I seemed as if Myron spent the whole night sitting up, bumping his head, and then taking Horace's picture. Just before I fell asleep I heard Diana make the announcement, "Hey! There's a horse out here!" Now that wasn't a very nice thing for Diana to say about Horace.

The next morning we drove up the road a little further. Horace decided he had better stop and turn around when he had the accelerator floored but was doing a top speed of a dodo bird walking backwards. We drove down the road a short distance, waiting for the sun to help melt the icy road.

Well, the sun was very slow in coming out. One of our scientists related to me the fact that the sun was made of gas, and can explode at any moment, sending our entire planetary system hurtling to destruction; I was then informed as to what the average citizen can do in such a case. We just sat around and had a discussion for a half-hour.

A little later we went back up the road and made it to the South Lake turnoff. Another car was stuck on the ice of the South Lake road so we decided to go to Bishop, have breakfast, and buy the first of our topographic maps.

Actually, I don't remember how many maps we bought that weekend. The only other time I've experienced this phenomenon was when I was passing out these 21" X 17" green pieces of modern art to forty-four BMTC students in Dan's Ski and Mountaineering Shop parking lot. At first, a few of these people thought these tubes of green, white, and blue were edible and it took many screams and toothmarks in my hands to explain that these were good for finding their way out of the wilderness. Once I had taken them in. Getting back to the winter climb (?), I remember starting out with the Mt Goddard quad, then finding a Mt Tom quad, then finding a Lamont Peak quad someplace between two called Twentynine Palms and Little Pichacho.

After breakfast we decided to attempt Mount Morgan from the Union Carbide mine. When we left Bishop the sun was out but it slowly went away the closer we got to the mine. When we arrived at the pack station (the limit until chains) it was snowing lightly.

We had another discussion for another half-hour. We didn't talk too much about the climb at hand; the discussion went from a book called the *Mountaineers Guide* to the problems the stage actors had before the invention of italics. Actors would confuse stage

## 1973 WINTER CLIMB – continued

directions for dialogue and they found themselves saying “Take off glasses, look concerned.” We eventually admitted defeat. We all stepped outside, I brought out my flag and Myron wrote our story on a piece of butcher paper, blaming our failure on Horace. We then walked over underneath the pack station sign and Horace recorded our “high-point” for posterity. Just then a man drove up, got out of his car, looked at us, and started to laugh uncontrollably. He found his way back to his car and drove back to Bishop.

We then drove down to Walker Pass and climbed Lamont Peak on Sunday. The rest of the weekend was rather dull. Diana and I sat in the back and spoke Spanish “mucho goodo” with our “si’s” and (sighs). Horace considered taking up other things like yacht racing or standing underneath a cold shower tearing up twenty dollar bills (they both pretty much amount to the same thing). Myron decided to show us how much of an artist he was by laughing outloud while his mouth was full of mashed potatoes and milk, giving the inside of Horace’s camper the “Andy Warhol” look.

*Well Harvey, that's the story. It reminds me of the ad that says "Enjoy Winter Camping". Other people will say, "Why did you write this?" Well, I'm going to have to blame it on you, I agree with your statements; "...people don't send them in or you (Echo editor) don't think they are worth printing,...there are some strange ones about,..."and "...So you see – what fascinating stories we could have – that have been left untold..."*

*PS We climbed Lamont Peak.*

*PPS and I signed the register!*

*Rufus*