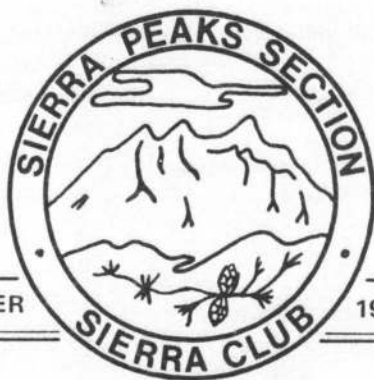


The Sierra



ECHO

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1973

NO 8



Tom Ross shot this lovely view of Bear Creek Spire, Dade, Abbot, Mills, Gabb, Hilgard, and Mono Rock. It was taken at sunset on 23 June 1973 from the summit of Stanhunt Peak.

NEWS

NEW EMBLEM HOLDERS

As of the end of November 1973 we have four more new emblem holders. Congratulations!

Larry Goetz
W T Pinson
Ed Rose
Joe Vasilik.

TIMBER

Richard Nixon hasn't had much luck with Presidential commissions: they keep looking into national problems and coming up with answers he would rather not hear. In 1970, for instance, the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography recommended repeal of nearly all US obscenity restrictions — a proposal that Mr Nixon found "morally bankrupt". Early last year, the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse proposed legalizing possession of pot — and again the President disagreed. But last week, Mr Nixon finally heard just what he wanted to hear from a Presidential advisory panel. It was a recommendation that the US lumber industry be permitted to cut down "substantial" portions of the country's national forest preserves, and White House endorsement was almost instantaneous.

Environmentalists angrily charged that the report was a sellout to the lumber barons, but the five-man commission argued that rising consumer demand justified increasing the cutting by as much as 100 percent. And, it contended, there is so much "mature" timber that it is retarding forest growth — thus setting up a situation, apparently, in which the forests must be cut down to save them. —*Newsweek* 10/8/73

ADDRESS CHANGES

Austin, Dan 1038 2nd St, No 7, Santa Monica Ca 90403
395-6538
Davis, Jay 527 E Maple Ave, Orange, Ca 92666
Jali, Dick c/o Mr J C Jali 3504 S E Henry Street,
Portland, Or 97202
Jones, Ron 22110 Victory Blvd, #C 104, Woodland Hills,
Ca 91364 346-6977
McKinney, John 8923 W, 3000S, Magna, Utah 84044
Mehmed, Fadil 111 S Oxford, No 8, Los Angeles, Ca 90004

UNCLIMBED PEAKS DWINDLE TO FOUR

With the SPS' 18th season virtually over, only four of the 241 qualifying peaks remain to be climbed on a scheduled trip. They are Disappointment (scheduled several times but never reached), Lola, English, and Adams.

Climbed for the first time this past season on section outings were Foerster, Round Top, Disaster, and Highland.

—Jerry Keating

BACKPACK SUSPENSION SYSTEMS

Apparently in some circles a controversy has developed between the Kelty-type suspension system (original or modified with the fully padded hip belt) and the new wrap-around hip suspension system. *Eastern Mountaineering Sports* offers the following comments.

- 1 The wrap-around suspension system adds another pound of weight (and an out-of-proportion higher price) to the pack.
- 2 Except on steep uphill climbs, the wrap-around suspension system requires a highly exaggerated forward lean to keep the pack from falling over backward. When walking on level terrain, the wrap-around hip suspension system may significantly restrict natural body motion and result in bruising or soreness in the hips.
- 3 The wrap-around hip suspension system must be fitted to each individual, which is not easy to do even by an experienced salesman.

Therefore, the Kelty-type suspension, especially modified with a good padded hip belt, would seem to be most satisfactory for the majority of backpackers. (And anyone who has not yet converted their Kelty waistband to a fully padded hip belt is missing out on a vastly increased degree of comfort for a very modest price!)

—Barbara Lilley

REINSTATED MEMBERS

Davis, George R P O Box 93, Topanga, Ca 90290
Golden, Doris 1401 Douglas St #2, Los Angeles Ca 90026
624-4853
Grasso, Violeta 1835 Camden, Los Angeles, Ca 90025
473-7691
Jenkins, Thomas M 10 Trubee Pl, Glen Cove NY 11542
Mason, Barney, Julie, Sheila 11917 Gorham Ave, Los Angeles
Ca 90049 826-5191
Mason, Robert J 19306 Pac Coast Hwy, Malibu, Ca 90265
456-6398
May, Dick 3188 Kelly St, Hayward, Ca 94541 (405) 538-4733
McCoard, Dave 215 Peach Dr, Exeter, Ca 93221
(209) 592-2846
Naves, Tom 1501 E Park Dr, Apt 1, La Habra, Ca 90631
691-2882
Searle, Dick 4511 Adam Rd, Simi Valley, Ca 93063
(805) 526-3176
Siemens, Abe & Helen 2220 Ave of the Stars, No 2706, Los
Angeles, Ca 90067 277-3640
Sinnott, Jim 43—300 Elkhorn Trail, 14, Palm Desert, Ca 92660
(714) 345-1311
Snyder, Phillip 27102 Woodbrook, Rancho Palos Verdes, Ca
90274
Stephens, Howard G 19031 Bassett St, Reseda, Ca 91335
Van der Voet, David 3172 Shakespeare Dr, Los Alamitos, Ca
90720 596-9344.

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MORE ON WILDERNESS

Four areas in the Inyo National Forest have officially been designated as Wilderness Study Areas. The San Joaquin, Paiute, White Mountains and the Upper Kern Inyo comprise approximately 300,000 acres of potential wilderness classification.

"Study of the four areas on the Inyo National Forest will not begin until after 1974" stated Inyo National Forest Supervisor **Everett Towle**. The first order of business for the Forest Service is to complete their review of the 11 remaining Primitive Areas. Following completion of these reviews we will initiate a very formal and thorough study process on the four areas on this forest as funds and manpower become available."

The following is a breakdown as to the size of each study area: White Mountains - 112,000 acres, San Joaquin (controversial "corridor" area historically reserved for a Trans-Sierra Highway) - 5,500 acres, Paiute - 62,260 acres and the Upper Kern Inyo - 130,625 acres.

"We will study these four areas to determine whether or not they meet the criteria for wilderness" Towle said. "Because these four areas have been designated as study areas does not necessarily mean they will become classified wilderness. The Inyo National Forest will present their recommendations to the Chief of the Forest Service. Final decision for Wilderness Classification rests with the U S Congress!

"An initial proposed list of 235 areas which appeared to have the highest wilderness potential within 56 million acres of roadless and undeveloped National Forest land was presented to the public in a draft environmental statement last January" said Chief McGuire. "Public response and other factors led to the increase in numbers of areas and to expansion of acreage from 11 million to more than 12 million acres" he added.

A nation wide list of 274 wilderness study areas was made public by the Chief of the U S Forest Service **John McGuire** in Washington D C on October 15, 1973. Disclosure of the list culminated more than two years of study and review of more than 1400 candidate roadless areas.

Persons desiring to review a copy of the Final Environmental Statement and complete list of the nation wide Wilderness Study areas may do so at the Inyo National Forest Headquarters, 2957 Birch St, Bishop, Calif. Personal copies of the Final Environmental Statement can be ordered from: National Technical Information Service, Department of Commerce, Port Royal Road, Springfield, Virginia 22151.

-Inyo National Forest News 10/15/73

NEW MEMBERS

As of the 26 of November here is the list of ten new members coming in to the SPS. Welcome!

Boland, Paul A 27128 Fond du Lac Rd, P V Peninsula, Ca 90274

Bode, Fred 1131 S Fir Ave, Inglewood Ca 90301 671-6496

Cavalieri, Ann & Louis 1515 Belleau Rd, Glendale Ca 91206

Compton, Hal 2240 Park Newport, Apt 207, Newport Bch Ca 92660

Hellman, John 9465 Wilshire, No 415, Beverly Hills, Ca 90212

McWherter, Michael 1800 Astoria Pl, Oxnard, Ca 93030 486-2700

Murphy, James 10031 Burnet Ave, Sepulveda, Ca 91345

Russo, Peggy 1416 Hedgepath Ave, Hacienda Hts, Ca 91745

Tenero, John 1021 3rd St, Hermosa Bch, Ca 90254

ECHOS FROM THE PAST
Ten Years Ago in the SPS
by Ron Jones

Very little activity to report for this period in the SPS in 1963. **Frank Sanborn** and **John Robinson** led a group of 7 up an exploratory of Timosea Peak (8,657) and on Sunday a wild trudge up the loose slopes of Cartago Mountain. It was agreed that Cartago should be added to the list of SPS qualifying peaks. I recall the trauma of **Monroe Levy's** puns lasting during the entire weekend. November 23 saw the close of the Sierra season with **Ted Maier** and **Phil Clayton** leading eight people up Pinyon Peak south of Walker Pass and the next day Black Peak in a snowy scramble. Black Peak can be highly recommended as a one-day moderate late fall climb. The 1974 Management Committee was elected with the Chairman, **John Robinson**; Vice Chairman, **Frank Sanborn**; Secretary, **Barbara Lilley**; Treasurer, **Miles Brubacher**; and Alternate Officer, **George Shinno**.

A recap of the 1963 season showed it to be the most successful season to that time. Twenty-three trips were scheduled, with a high participation of 102 for the Palisades Glacier trip over Labor Day led by **Lothar Kolbig**. **John Wedberg** led 64 on the backpack to Tamarack Lake with 14 climbers managing to make Triple Divide Peak.

New late fall members included **Ed Lane** and **John Thornton** while **Steve Wilkie** and **Jim Nichols** joined as emblem holders, and **Dennis Burge** also earned his emblem.

ASCENTS

COLOSSEUM, PERKINS, WYNNE, PINCHOT, June 9-10 Dennis Lantz

The schedule boldly announced this as ".....the annual attempt to prove this trip possible....." Well, it is now proven possible, but the leaders have no plans to try it this way again, even though they did not do the proving themselves and climb all four peaks.

Especially for those who want to add Perkins and Colosseum to their bag of peaks, some explanations are in order. These two summits lie near the head of normally-dry Armstrong Canyon, so an early season schedule provides snow for water. Long days help, too, an early season advantage, but a strong party is necessary and that's rare in June. The final ingredient is a supply of Jeeps or other 4-wheel-drive vehicles to get everyone up the 2600 feet of gain on the old mine road.

This spring's late cancellation and no-show problem was even worse regarding Jeep drivers. Leader **Al Campbell** was there on time with his Scout: **Ron Francisco** had trouble sorting out "new" and "old" Route 395 on the leader's confusing roadhead instructions, so was 15 minutes late in his Scout, and a third 4-wheel-drive arrived an hour late. Three others never left Los Angeles. The mine road is not bad, but the hillside is alive with rocks, many of which came down since last year's trip. We all turned out and grunted several tons of rock off the road, about half of it in one monumental chunk. We were careful not to let any roll on down to the next switchback and block the road below again, but the hill itself provided a few surprises. As Ron headed back to the bottom for another load of climbers, a "live" rock rolled in front of him, bending the steering tie rod and giving the Scout a pigeon-toed look. While those watching far below speculated on various wild fantasies, he dismantled the front end of the car, straightened the tie rod by beating it on a flat rock, reassembled the pieces and drove on down.

Meanwhile, seven would-be tigers were making camp 1400 feet up the canyon from the head of the mine road and started for the crest about 11 AM. **Diana Dee** began kicking steps, but soon turned the task over to **Roy** and **Barbara Magnuson**. In training for 22,000'+ Mt Huascarán in Peru, they charged up the slope faster than most people walk downhill, but did hang back to do all of the detail route finding and to keep the rest of us in sight and on route.

Skirting the sheep closure area, we headed straight south for Colosseum, down into the saddle, then avoiding the north ridge, contouring across to southwest of the summit and below it. This involves much less elevation loss than the descent to the valley floor, but takes some mild sidehill gouging and neat rock route finding problems around the head of some steep-sided gullies. Several steep and rather loose chutes then lead to the summit ridge and the return trek north to the summit. This loop detour is needed because the north ridge direct is a fourth class crumbling horror, and as the *Climber's Guide* succinctly advises, ".....is generally chosen in error."

Tired and wet, we stumbled into camp at 7:30 PM to find a campfire thoughtfully provided for drying our glistade results. Ron told us of his frustration with the damaged vehicle and how it had prevented him from following us up Colosseum; he would certainly have made all 6500' for the day. Discussions 'round the fire with those who had not gone for Colosseum disclosed that most had never been on crampons before, many had little ice axe practice, and few were in any shape to try all three peaks planned for Sunday.

The following morning three climbers were detached to make a run for Wynne and Pinchot alone, while the leaders escorted the others onto the slopes for crampon practice on the way to Mt Perkins. Those of unknown ice axe ability were roped to someone less questionable. Three others were then allowed to go ahead in an attempt on all three remaining scheduled peaks. The main party was not too fast on the ridge to Perkins, due to a general lack of experience 'It will go from either North or South as high second class, but only with careful route finding in spots. The arriving party found **Dave Gladstone** asleep on the summit; he dropped out of the three-peak trio with various maladies probably resulting from living a sedentary life in the flesh pots of flatland Phoenix.

COLOSSEUM continued

After a delightful lunch in fine weather, we retraced our steps to camp. One glissading group dislodged a large rock which followed them down slope, but more slowly. They then bumped into another climber; while this was being discussed, the rock arrived. Fortunately, only the conversation was ended. Back in camp, **Al Campbell** led most of the party on down to the cars, while four of us awaited the two who were after all three peaks. Though they had some problems with the return route, **Earl Kesler** and **Ron Fracisco** bagged them all and reached camp in time for all 6 of us to get to Ron's Scout at dark.

On the way down the hill in the car, they described the traverse from Wynne to Pinchot. From their experience it seems likely that a vital piece of the ridge has fallen off, making the route more tricky. Even as we discussed the hazards of mountains that fall apart, a rock bounded in front of the car and bent the tie rod again. This time, Ron took the front end apart in the dark before beating the tie rod on a flat rock. The fantasies down below were even wilder than before. And people ask on Monday morning why we're tired...

SOUTH GUARD, MT BREWER, AND CROSS, 30 June– 2 July Diana Dee

After sending out trip literature to 25 participants plus a waiting list of 15, only 19 showed up at the King's Canyon roadhead Saturday. There must be a moral here somewhere.

Since I was doing a voluntary "energy requirement study", everyone weighed their packs at the roadhead. The packs ranged from 32 to over 50 pounds. We carried ice axes but no crampons.

The backpack to Sphinx Lake 10,520' went exactly as planned, although one person dropped out early because he was sick. We actually camped on the northwest shore of Lake 10,540', where we met **Dick** and **Shirley Akawie**, who had taken two leisurely days to get there. The leaders, as well as everyone else, were unenthusiastic about walking over the Sphinx Crest; most of the group seemed to tire during the last 500 feet of the 5600'+ backpack.

Sunday morning we left camp shortly after 6 AM. The snow was firm but the suncupped texture made walking easy (for short steppers and 5-foot-tall people, that is). By 8 AM we were on the 12,000-foot pass looking at our adversaries: South Guard way in the distance and the dominating mass of Mt Brewer.

We descended 600 feet off the pass to our last water, then headed for the basin between Brewer and South Guard. Here I made a mistake: I didn't survey at a distance the route I had planned. While five people went up the south slope of Brewer to do that peak only, the other fifteen headed for the saddle between Brewer and South Guard, then along the ridge towards South Guard. This ridge turned out to be **third class!** (I can only put the blame on careless consulting – that is, on myself.) By noon we had conquered North South Guard (the false summit), but it was only an easy 20-minute trek from there to the "real" peak. The first-class route is from the saddle between North South Guard and South Guard, not between South Guard and Brewer.

However, descent by the normal "first-class" route proved not so easy either. At the top of the route was a steep firm snowfield, which most of the group was too inexperienced to tackle aggressively. One person lost his ice axe before arresting; a nose-elbows-fingernail arrest stopped him only a few feet from a rock cliff. The rest of the descent was no problem, but most of the group was very uneasy and slow on snow.

We then trucked on over to do the 1200 feet up the south face of Brewer, reaching the registered summit by 3:30. The view was fantastic, but I didn't get a chance to read the register. I also didn't get a chance to sit on the real summit – something I had wanted to do ever since I saw the picture of **Francis Farquhar** on it in the June '72 *SC Bulletin*.

But we had to get the group down and back to camp. So after only 40 minutes on the summit, we started slowly down. People were slow on the rock, and even the glissade was slow. Then, at the bottom of the glissade, someone discovered he had left his pack – containing wallet and credit card – way up on a rock where he had stopped to put on wind pants. He must have been very exhausted in the *first place* to do that.

While five of us went over to try North Guard (*we thought we had a chance, else someone stronger would have gone up for the pack*), and **R J Secor** led the main group back to camp, the poor tired soul had to trudge back up the soft snow for his pack. He fared better than we expected, making the 1000 feet in an hour. The North Guards, however, had to turn back; we were tired, the rock was steep, and the snow was by now in the shade and getting hard fast. And we were sure to return after dark. The psychology just wasn't right. In two years I shall return for North Guard and the Brewer Summit Block.

Eventually, the pack was recovered, and the six of us trudged on back to camp, arriving in the dark at 9:45 PM, about an hour after the rest of the group. I found out later that I was probably the only one to cook dinner.

The next morning nine left for Cross at 7, nine packed out at 8, and R J and I, who had done Cross and Notch last year, lazed around in camp. The backpack out took 6 hours, equalled by the drive home.

PS One can see Harrington Peak briefly on the way out. When you are just east of the Sphinx, on the trail at 8300 feet, look off in the distance, WNW, just to the left of the prominent ridge. Harrington looks like a fin with its shear face towards you.

(Diana asked me to look at the write-up and make any additions that I felt pertinent. Comments follow –Dennis Lantz)

At the Roadhead – in a National Park at the road, you can sleep only in campgrounds at \$2.00/night, in addition to the entry fee. The only surly park ranger I've ever met threatened that Smoky The Bear would roust us out in the wee hours if we didn't pay.

SOUTH GUARD continued

Alternatives include the adjacent National Forest, going a short distance up the trail in the evening, or taking your chances with a dawn start.

Trail – the first 1 1/2 mile up Sphinx Creek is one of the worst in the Sierra. It's loose, shifting troll eggs on a rock base; downhill it will ruin your feet.

Cross-country – there is a reasonably well-ducked use trail all the way up to Sphinx Lake 10,540'. If you miss it for a moment, keep looking as it's by far the best route.

Campsites – turn right about 500 feet when you reach the lake for the best sites.

Brewer Route – the peak is pretty much a walk-up (with ice axe) from north or south. If for some reason you don't want South Guard, the northern route from Sphinx Lake is shorter, but with a short pitch of easy third class rock.

North Guard Route – steep snow, not for the faint-at-heart, followed by steep, smooth, high 3rd class coated with loose skull-busters. A rope and several pins suggested for the average party and hard hats for all. Looks like fun, but not if you're late and tired.

Ice axe and snow travel – far too many emblem-aspirants are very unsure of their arrest ability, and maybe unsafe as well.

Food – Visalia has many Chinese restaurants. The expensive one is Yuet Sue's but the others have ample quantity and adequate quality.

CLARK, STARR KING, October 6–8 Diana Dee

I called the Weather Bureau in the Federal Building in West LA on Friday, and they said, "We show no rain for the Sierra." Sure enough, they were right – although it rained everywhere else.

Nineteen of us met near Mono Meadows on the Glacier Point Road for the hike-in past Starr King to the base of Clark. The skies were overcast and we didn't get much sun all day. We left the trail where it turns south and crosses the Clark Fork of Illouette Creek. The hike eastward through the woods is a very interesting navigation problem – visibility is only about 40 feet because of the trees, and the terrain is practically undifferentiated. We camped in a small meadow at 9900 feet on the stream that flows from Gray Peak Lake, intending to climb Clark the next day.

But at 3 AM Sunday it started to snow. (We proved that a 2-man Stephenson tent can hold three people in comfort, if two of them are short.) In the morning, we decided that Clark was no place to be when the rocks are wet, so we attempted Gray Peak. When we were 500 feet from the top the overcast began to drop more snow. A hundred feet from the top, we decided the slippery rocks on the ridge wouldn't "go", so we headed back to camp.

That afternoon, concerned about our cars getting snowed in, we hiked all the way out in the falling flakes (10 miles, 1000' gain at the end), arriving at the highway at 7:15 PM.

The only fall color was white, but an interesting time was had by all.

ROCKHOUSE, SAWTOOTH, AND DOGHOUSE, October 13–14 Diana Dee

Just to make things perfectly clear, the Sierra Club Rules of Conduct state: "Animals are prohibited (from participating in Sierra Club activities) unless a specific exception is included in the trip writeup." This sentence got the trip writeup past **George Toby** and into the *Schedule*.

Then the teasing began. "How's your dog trip? . . . Is it full yet?" Or: "Is Yoko going to join the SPS as a Mascot Member?" (No – Mascot Members must be a "*person* under 12 years of age.")

And then the letters started coming:

"I have 12 Sierra Peaks. I will not be bringing a dog. I am 15 and I will need a ride."

"Your climbs for Oct 13–14 look like a golden opportunity to fulfill the requirement of having two on scheduled SPS trips, even though I don't own a dog, well-behaved or otherwise."

"I would like to make a reservation for your Oct 13–14 SPS trip to Rockhouse, Sawtooth, and Doghouse."

"I don't have a dog, but I could bring my pet snake."

"Neither of us has a dog, but my friend has a pet ocelot he would like to bring along. Fang has done several Sierra peaks and with him along we were not at all bothered by marmots at Trail Camp."

"When my dog, Sioni Bach, read your write-up of the Oct 13–14 trip to Rockhouse and Sawtooth he began to pester me to let him participate. I told him that he wasn't really qualified but he insisted and so I'm writing you for a reservation on this trip. While the only SPS peak he

ROCKHOUSE continued

has climbed is Vandever out of Mineral King (he was very impressed with the size of the trees in Sequoia!) he wanted me to be sure to tell you that he also has 75 peaks on the Hundred Peaks list and that he is hardly an amateur. Being a Welsh Pembroke Corgi his legs are short but his heart is mighty."

Thus on a clear, warm day 24 people and 2 dogs assembled at Chimney Creek Campground for the climb of Rockhouse. We drove all the way to the South Fork of the Kern River. Crossing the river was not difficult, and the hike to the base of the peak was straightforward. The peak was climbed on the east side via a short stretch of low-3rd-class scrambling and some friction slabs. Yoko made the summit with only one assist, but Sioni Bach (Welsh for "Little John") with his short legs and mighty heart was left at the base. The view from the summit took in Owens Peak, Taylor Knob, Kaweah Peaks Ridge, Olancho, Langley, and good old Fisherman's Peak. Two people qualified for SPS membership on Rockhouse.

Descending with little difficulty, we learned that Sioni Bach had been wandering around trying to find a way to the summit. He hadn't any luck, however. The return to the cars went routinely except that one person was stung by three wasps. (At least he didn't fall into the stream as per his reputation!) We returned to the campground at dusk, and had the very back of it all to ourselves.

Sunday morning 20 people headed due east right out of the campground up a ravine toward the saddle on the infamous Sawtooth Ridge. There was a small use trail to follow for awhile; it is now quite well-defined. Turning south on the ridge, we discovered why it deserves its reputation. We had a choice between 3rd-class rock scrambling and contouring on soft sand while fighting the brush. It took us four hours to do the three miles and 2400' gain (net) to the summit. Sioni Bach made it this time.

We were rewarded by clear views of the Owens Valley and the surrounding scenery, and by an interesting summit register (Wally Henry and Bob Herlihy on one page, for example). Three or four more people qualified for SPS membership. (*Now if the By-laws revision is passed, and I can get Yoko into the Sierra Club . . .*)

GOAT MOUNTAIN (12,207'), October 20-21 Ron Jones

Seven climbers met at the Copper Creek roadhead Saturday morning for a long but leisurely hike through the orange and golden colors of the black oak, aspen, and willows to Grouse Lake. The weather was perfect and we reached our base camp about 2:00. Several adventuresome types went on to Granite Basin to take pictures of that very scenic area.

Sunday morning, in the absence of John Robinson who was sick and unable to join the group, Dave Hammond was coerced into being the assistant leader. The climb to Goat is uneventful and direct, especially if you head for the left end of the high second-class ridge, as that is where the high point is located. All seven persons made the peak and were back to the cars by about 2:30 Sunday afternoon.

The weather was absolutely perfect, warm with no wind. Thanks go to Dave for carrying the Section first-aid kit, to Doris Golden for her views on woman's lib and the politics of Chile, and Jim Cervenka who regaled us with stories of Czechoslovakia during our Basque dinner in Bakersfield.

PRIVATE CLIMBS

FOUR GABLES TRAVERSE, May 26-28 John Ripley

The scenic cirques of Horton Creek were visited last Memorial Day by Fred Clements, John Halcomb, John Isaac, Bruce Masson, and the writer. An 11:00 AM start and a relatively easy hike to camp at Horton Lake made for a pleasant first day. On Sunday morning, we traversed upward to the west and followed the north fork of the creek to the low saddle between Peak 12,825' and the ridge to Mt Tom. From the saddle, we contoured through soft, hip deep snow to the north ridge of Peak 12,825' and ascended the ridge crest to the top. We stayed on the ridge crest to avoid soft snow on the flanks, thus having to climb a few hundred feet of Class 3. Another party, just ahead of us, climbed the northeast slopes of the peak, finding rotten rock and bad snow. They joined the north ridge a few hundred feet below the top.

The summit cairn contained a surprise: a register dating back into the 1950's on a peak for which the "first recorded ascent" is given as 1970 by the *Mountaineer's Guide*. The register was placed by a Sierra Club party from a Fish Creek base camp; they traversed from the main Four Gables (same route as the 1970 party). In the register were the signatures of those supposedly making the "first recorded ascent" in 1970 - they were probably about the tenth party recorded on the peak. It was discouraging to note that one of the 1970 party was the editor of the *Mountaineer's Guide*, responsible for the accuracy of the volume.

From the top, we traversed the south ridge on talus and steep (but easy) snow to the main crest. The peak at the junction of the crest and the ridge is called Four Gables on the map, but the next peak south looked higher. We continued along the crest to that next peak, finding the recently placed SPS register there. Again heading south, we enjoyed sweeping views of snow-locked Humphreys Basin. At the saddle 1.25 miles north of Mt Humphreys, we dropped into Horton Creek and followed the snowy south fork past Upper Horton Lakes and back to our camp. This circuit of the Horton cirques is splendidly scenic in spring and is highly recommended. Satisfied for the weekend, we returned to the cars on Monday after a late breakfast and a morning of lazy crag-gazing.

MT RUSKIN, August 14, 1973 R J Secor

Last August I was climbing peaks in the vicinity of Taboose Pass with Doug Mantle and Ed Treacy, as well as the SPS scheduled trip to Striped, Cardinal, and Goodale. On my fourth day I found Ed headed for the cars while Doug was climbing Cardinal, Striped, and Goodale solo. Since I had already climbed those mountains earlier in the week – I headed for Mt Ruskin via the east ridge.

I left our camp at the junction of the Bench Lake and John Muir Trails at ten minutes 'till eight. After negotiating the down and up of the Muir Trail, and the beautiful meadows east of Ruskin, I found myself at the toe of the east ridge. The *Mountaineer's Guide* isn't very precise as to where the route went from there, but Doug told me to drop down south of the ridge and then go up. I didn't feel like losing any altitude so I zig-zagged on some ledges to the top of the ridge. I was surprised to find the climbing easier than I expected, however one of the zags was close to the level of "E" (Class 3–4 move). I stayed on the ridge all the way to the summit, stopping occasionally to photograph myself, and arrived on top at noon.

The view was magnificent – stretching from south of Whitney to possibly Dana to the north. I remember counting nine or ten emblem peaks. My ascent was the second of the year, being beaten by Doug and Ed two days ahead of me. The register was wrapped in a plastic bag – so I placed it in two "Mountain House" foil wrappers, hoping they would last until someone placed a container there (*hint*).

I left the summit at 12:30 and descended the same way I came up, with threatening clouds overhead. I was contemplating climbing a nearby spire (Peak 12,080, .75 northeast of Ruskin) but a rather large lightning bolt accompanied by an equally large clasp of thunder was enough to dampen my enthusiasm. This peak is now named "The Electric Tower" or Cerro Electrico" in my climbing notes.

On my way back to camp I saw one of the most spectacular lightning storms in the Sierra. I saw a bolt strike Ruskin besides several of its satellite peaks.

The next day Doug and I went over Taboose Pass to the highway and hitchhiked back to LA by 7:00 PM.

SNAG CAMP, October 20–22 Doug Mantle

Undaunted by the short stories and summer vacation writeups which seem to dominate the *Echo* of late, I dare to present here a simple tale of an average Sierra climb with a view toward facilitating future attempts.

Despite the snow of two weeks before, Dave King, Tren Bartlett, Bill Stauffer, and I forged through Friday night drizzles to Wishon Reservoir to begin perhaps our toughest trip of the season: Finger, Tunemah, and Reinstein in three days.

What seems on the maps to be a 16-mile jaunt into a camp just below Portal Lake via Halfmoon Lake is actually about 20 miles thanks to some noticeably poor trail routing. One could cut 700 feet off the first day's 5,000-foot gain by driving about 1 1/2 miles beyond the "Woodchuck Trail" sign just across the dam, turning left up a dirt turnout for perhaps 50-yards and there intersecting the trail. (The Sierra National Forest map, not the topo, shows this trail – but not the shortcut.)

Our camp, signed as "Snag Camp", provided quick access to Cathedral Lake. To the south an obvious chute or the buttress on its left would normally present a fun, moderate third-class approach to the ridge which leads east to Finger. As it was, the ice and snow made this approach quite difficult, necessitating at one point the standard belt-around-the-ankle hand hold. From the top of the ridge we stayed below the crest, working our way easily to the summit.

The route to Tunemah involved dropping 2,000 feet off Finger east into the basin at the head of Blue Canyon, climbing over an easy pass, 11,360'+ just south of Peak 11,872 into the upper end of Alpine Creek, thence across to the base of Tunemah and up the last loose 1,500 feet to the summit of this most remote of Sierra peaks.

Our route back provided perhaps the best route of access from Blackcap Basin. Once over Pass 11,360'+ again, we angled up to the west over Kettle Ridge via the low gap between Crown Basin and Blue Canyon, 10,960'+, west of Lake 10,858. Easing into the basin, we scurried over the low divide to the north and back to Snag Camp just an hour after dark.

Making an unheard-of sacrifice, Dave, Tren, and I rose before dawn and shot up the pleasant basins to the west of the LeConte Divide 3 miles to Reinstein, which protrudes obviously to the west. Two hours brought us to the summit, over easy talus for the last 1200 feet. The intimate views of Goddard and McGee made the climb worthwhile, despite a freezing wind and the approach of another storm.

The 23-mile trudge from the peak out was exactly as enjoyable as you might suspect. We arrived just as the rain really let loose, well before dark.

The totals for the three days were 60 miles, 16,000 feet gain, and three very remote peaks with fine, unique views. The positioning of the peaks would make any extra days rather awkward.

If Harvey Mudfoote or Rufus would like to lead this trip next schedule they not only would derive something to write about but plenty of time to do so, given, I predict, a long recovery period.

MT CORCORAN.....THE EASY WAY, September 22-23 Jerry Keating

Without question, no peak has attracted so much attention in *The Sierra Echo* than Mt Corcoran (13,760'). Since Carl Heller's August 1958 report of climbing "the pinnacle of Corcoran nearest LeConte," there have been no fewer than 15 other write-ups dealing with this peak.

For those interested in history, the file is as follows: II-4, 11; II-5, 7; II-6, 6; III-5, 4; XI-5, 7; XII-9, 7 & 8; XII-10, 6; XIII-2, 7; XIII-8, 10; XIV-1, 6; XIV-2, 4; XIV-8, 7; XV-7, 5; XVI-7, 11; XVII-4, 8 & 9; XVII-6, 1 & 5. The most recent issue contains Ed Treacy's report of his successful July 15, 1973, climb via LeConte and a fine cover photo by Tom Ross of the west face of LeConte and Corcoran. Corcoran appears directly below the "t" in the August-September portion of the masthead.

Having been up Tuttle Creek four times and on all of the neighboring peaks at least once, I am moved to provide a comprehensive account of how Art de Goede and I reached the summit of Corcoran during the cold, windy weekend of September 22-23. Perhaps the account will help future parties using Tuttle Creek to avoid going astray.

Driving approach: Turn off the Whitney Portal Road about 3 miles above Lone Pine onto the Horseshoe Meadow Road (paved) and proceed southward. After passing the entrance to Tuttle Creek Campground, turn west onto Granite View Drive (dirt) and go about 2.3 miles. At a junction, veer northwestward and continue 2 miles to a sandy parking area on a flat overlooking Tuttle Creek. Cars with good clearance may travel a half-mile farther to another flat, but the road is quite steep and increasingly sandy with parking very limited.

Backpacking approach: Follow the trail up canyon to the abandoned stone house that once housed a church group. Gain about 100 feet directly above the house, then follow traces of an old aqueduct line that heads southwestward. Just before reaching the south fork of Tuttle Creek, watch for a faint footpath made by the relatively few climbers who visit this area. The footpath, which avoids the brush, stays on the north side of the stream until crossing it at about 9,600' and vanishing. From there, stay on top of the rib on the south side of the canyon, eventually passing over three separate talus fields. The camp is located at about 11,000' on a forested bench with a tiny stream about 75 yards to the southwest.

Climbing approach: Ascend to another forested bench immediately above camp, then cross the boulder-strewn draw to the north. Follow ducks up through the slabs into the canyon northwest of camp, passing a small stream where canteens should be filled. Then, staying high and well to the north to avoid large boulders, advance into the northernmost of two basins at the head of the canyon. Ascend the broad, cruddy (snow-filled earlier in the year, necessitating ice axes and possibly crampons) chute which appears to be blocked by a huge chockstone but which, upon getting closer, reveals another arm leading directly to the crest. Twenty feet below the crest, turn southward and climb a 10-foot pitch featuring a small, very easy chockstone. Traverse southward about 50 yards on the easy ledges on the west side of the crest, then climb a broad chute directly to the summit. (Climbers who fail to turn toward the 10-foot pitch will end up instead on a sandy saddle atop the crest. There is an obstruction to the south, however, and some climbers have dropped 50 feet or so on the west side to get around it, encountering Class 3-4 before getting back onto the easier route.)

Art and I completed the route in a little over 3 1/2 hours, finding nothing more than Class 2 except the momentary low Class 3 on the 10-foot move. Unfortunately, we hadn't consulted Ron Jones' excellent sketch in the June 1973 *Echo* or we'd have climbed with more certainty. Fortunately, however, we did learn from Gordon MacLeod, who was in the Treacy party that came down to Corcoran from LeConte, how to avoid getting into more difficult rock at the head of the chute at the crest.

SENTINEL DOME, September 1973 Harvey Mudfoote

Last September as I was making the difficult traverse from Glacier Point to Sentinel Dome, a stranger came up to me and mentioned that my backpack seemed to be hanging strangely. I looked out back and noticed that one strap had surely broken. Removing my boots, I took two rag socks and by tying them together with my green kerchief and my rain hat, made a satisfactory strap. In short order the pack sat straight on my back again and soon the curvature of my spine was gone. Without even realizing it, I had been leaning at about a 17-degree declination in order to compensate for the missing portion of pack. Right then I decided to shop for some new mountaineering equipment for the winter climbing season. I had already gotten a new supply of bandages for my left leg in the new, non-stick, assorted-color package, and thought that was all the shopping I needed to do until the spring season. Luckily I had sold several copies of my *Climber's Guide to the Santa Ana Mountains* and was blessed with a little extra money.

Since this money was quite limited (the *Guide Book* sells for only 85 cents a copy and is worth much less), a great idea came to me while watching an ad on TV for caulking bathtubs. It seemed logical that by purchasing a pair of waffle-stompers for \$9 I could pour epoxy over the tops - not only stiffening them, but making them waterproof at the same time. I drove my motorcycle to downtown LA, bought the stompers, the epoxy, and some Triconi nails to embed in the bottoms. I could hardly wait to dash home and try out my idea. I poured the epoxy all over the tops, and also put an old pair of my grandfather's arch supports inside the shoes along with some more epoxy to stiffen the soles so that I could use regular crampons instead of embedding the nails in the soles. I had to stand there for a while to let the epoxy form in the shape of my feet which was a mistake, as I lost three layers of skin in breaking the boots loose from my feet.

Nine days later when my feet had healed, I went to Monrovia for a sale of Boy Scout used equipment. I found a very good tent out of orange ripstop nylon. It was one of the variety that the troop had made themselves. I tried it out in the Scout headquarters and all the poles fitted well but the tent appeared rather lopsided. It seems that the pattern had been cut improperly and after it was

SENTINEL DOME continued

sewn up the boys just cut the tent poles at different lengths so they would support the tent. It also had a rather novel entry from underneath which is probably quite practical if it is raining. One of the most unique items I found at the sale was a canteen cover and strap made from red rick-rack. The Scoutmaster said that one of the boy's mothers had put a lot of work into it, but he didn't like to stand out from the other boys. Most climbers like to have something rather unusual — so this seemed perfect for me.

All that was lacking now was crampons, stove, food, and a bug-screen for my motorcycle helmet. I was tired of washing the bugs off my face after my trips up to Tioga Pass, South Lake, and Donner Pass. Since most of these could be gotten over in La Canada, I drove over on the Foothill Freeway. Somewhere along the way the whole freeway just disappeared and I was on a side street. In my search to regain the freeway, I spotted a little mountaineering shop tucked neatly in between two private homes. I had just put my shoulder to the door when an old man jumped up from his John F Kennedy rocking chair and dashed over shouting, "Howdy!" We edged through the doorway and I noticed mountaineering equipment piled up everywhere. A veritable smorgesborg of climbing delights. Since I had lost one of my crampons in a tree while climbing Mt Pincer I had tried to purchase just one crampon. You have no idea how hard it is to persuade the salesman to break up a pair and sell just the one. Since the nails weren't such a good idea either, I finally had my heart set on a nice shiny pair of 12-pointers. The old man had a way with words though and before I knew it I had purchased a pair of crampons used by Count Abruzzi on his climb of the Matterhorn in 1888. The old man also had a great backpacking stove that was very compact. There was no name on it but on the label was mention of hydrazene as the recommended fuel. It could easily be obtained at any of the rocket bases. The only drawback was that you couldn't use the stove inside your tent. In a pinch, he said it could probably be made to run on a mixture of cream sherry and mothballs, although it wouldn't burn with as hot a flame. However, by the time one would drink a Sierra cup of this fuel, a pint of water should be boiling. In any event, it wouldn't matter much to anyone after the first drink.

Another bargain that I picked up was a used manila tow-rope which by splicing the undamaged parts together I thought might be useful on my planned spring attempt on the North American Wall of "El Cap".

What a lucky day it had been! Out back in a shed was a big box of backpacking food. The co-op had stopped selling it, and the Health Food store had been closed by the FBI. Since Ophir (the old man) had taken quite a liking to me, he sold me the whole box just as a favor. I got all 13 packages of freeze-dried beef stroganoff for just \$1 as the corners were torn off. There were about 50 packages of dried coconut or instant onions at 5 cents a package. The only trouble was they looked alike. Stacked up on the right side of the bin were about 40 "Dinners for 4" that he called "seconds", but they looked all right. There was a rather small box of mouth-watering gourmet items from the health food store that had such goodies as cactus spines softened in oil (rich in vitamins), Buckeye butter, pickled eucalyptus roots (prevents beri-beri), fish oil and ant-egg spread (imitation caviar) and some kind of little biscuits made from sprouted grapeseeds. The whole box was only \$4 and it too was a bargain because you need a psychological lift from eating something different on a long backpack. After picking out several more items, I left quite happy with all my new purchases and ready for the winter mountaineering season. Next spring I will get the bug-screen for my motorcycle helmet and the new strap for my backpack. Oh yes, the summit of Sentinel Dome has a spectacular view.

MATTERHORN, MT BLANC, KILIMANJARO, MAWENZI, Summer 1973 Dick Beach

To climb the Matterhorn has to be a highlight in any climber's book of dreams. I arrived in Zermatt and was greeted by snow and rain in late June. After a 2-week stay, the dream of the Matterhorn became more and more real. After looking at it from every direction and under every type of condition, the mountain's reputation seemed justified. I was doing some short rock climbs above Zermatt when I met a 56-year-old gentleman who looked no older than 36. After watching each other climb the same route, we stopped to look at the Matterhorn. He told me he climbs "The Horn" on his birthday every year and asked if I would like to join him. Little did I know then that he had climbed the Horn 408 times, and was a best friend to **Gaston Rebuffat**.

The early season on the Matterhorn was a bad one — 15 had died in the 2 weeks I was there — bad weather, heavy snow and inexperienced climbers seemed to be the cause. I finally got tired of waiting for good weather and left for Chamonix to try Mt Blanc. The weather was good — short pants to 12,500 feet. Unfortunately the next morning a storm broke but we were still able to climb. Outside of one climber getting blown off the ridge 50 feet, the climb was a success. I left Chamonix and went back to Zermatt and was greeted by more "Rain". Two days later the first good weather in 2 1/2 weeks broke.

The Hörnli hut was a mass of eager climbers all awaiting the good weather. At 1:00 AM the climbers were off. Since my friend had been here before, we passed everyone with great speed. Because of the heavy snow still on the Horn crampons and ice axe were necessary. By 5:00 AM we watched the sun rise over Switzerland with a no finer viewpoint than the summit of the Matterhorn. All the history of this beautiful mountain became a reality. Since we had no one ahead of us, our descent was quick and easy — unfortunately not for everyone who started out that morning. We saw one Spanish climber fall to his death and by the end of our day two other Americans froze on the north face — a sad reality after exchanging greetings with them on the ascent.

Having found an abandoned hotel popularly called "The Peoples Hotel" (no lights or water and rent free, but ideal for staying 2 1/2 weeks in Zermatt) I felt sorry to leave knowing it would be some time before I returned. Oh yes — it also rained on my departure. (For what it was worth we had the distinction of being the second party to climb the Horn this year.)

After Switzerland I took a train down the coast of Italy, then a ship to Greece. I became a student again and caught a student charter to Nairobi. Here I met an old friend from Bishop who had wheels to get around in but was unfortunately not a climber. I

MATTERHORN continued

realized that if I wanted to do Kilimanjaro and Mawenzi, I would have to do it by myself – which was the end result.

Kibo as it is called in caminia is a straight forward walk. The peak is a 70-mile round-trip hike. I had my Kelty and all my own climbing gear plus a guidebook of the region – so off I went. The first day 24 miles to 12,500', the second day 11 miles to the top hut (Kibo hut 15,500'). There were some 20 people there, all of which did not make the true summit. By 1:00 AM they were all up and eager to go. Most reached a point called Gillimans Point about 700 feet and 2 hours away from the true summit.

From the true summit I decided to walk around the complete crater via Kibo Ash Pit – truly an impressive sight. The Kibo crater is a dormant crater – smoke and gases still come from the bottom of the crater. An interesting discovery I made was an old case of Canadian Country Club liquor that had been dropped in 1967. (The only reason I knew what it was, was because I had saved the advertisement which had a beautiful aerial picture of Kilimanjaro on it.) The Kibo Hotel later confirmed my discovery but told me I was a few years too late.

I dropped back down, picked up my gear at the Kibo Hut, and hiked over to the Mawenzi Hut. The two peaks are separated by a 14,000-foot saddle. Here I spent my 3rd night in an empty but cozy hut at approximately 15,000 feet. Mawenzi (16,890') is an old volcanic cone. I was lucky to have no ice on my route and with only one high 3rd class pitch was up and down in 4 hours from the Mawenzi hut. I picked up my pack and hiked out the remaining 35 miles to the Kobi Hotel and within 5 minutes of my arrival I caught a bus to Moshi where I found a YMCA Hostel.

The next day I went back to Nairobi, met my friend, and was off for Mt Kenya – and after a week of waiting my good old weather-friend "Rain" made me give up. So I spent my remaining time viewing the scenic parks and the people. No regrets.

After a beautiful month in Africa I flew back via Denmark, then to Paris. What a contrast! From Belgium I flew back to Seattle on a Co-op Charter to where I had left my car with friends, then hurried home a day before my classes started in Bishop. This concluded a packed and beautiful summer with my having 41 rolls of film to remind me of it.

A SUMMER OF SCOUTING AND SCALING IN THE SOUTHERN SIERRA

by Chris Libby

As we were hiking out over the Timber Gap trail, heading for Mineral King and the refuge of John Robinson's car, I thought of the 150 or so miles of trail and the variety of country that three companions had experienced on this 11-day scouting trip into the Southern Sierra. I thought back to 10 days ago when Jim Jenkins, John, and I had headed south out of Mineral King on the trail over Farewell Gap. After a short stop to fix my broken shoulder strap we continued on to the gap where we would have our last view of the Mineral King Valley for a week and a half. Then as John and Jim inspected the wreckage of a plane that had "almost" made it over the pass, I scrambled up the loose, talus slopes of Vandever Mountain, where I received an excellent panorama of our immediate route and of the surrounding peaks – White Chief, Florence, Sawtooth, and a score of unnamed ones close at hand. After working for 15 minutes trying to extricate the register from its container, I realized that there was not a pencil to be found on the whole mountain and did my best to scratch out my name with a sharp rock. Then back to the gap where John and Jim were waiting, and down the trail to our camp at Broder's Cabin. (What's left of it, anyway.)

The next day was spent in scouting trails for the book Jim is writing, *Paths and Peaks of the Sierra, Super-South*. His book will be put out by Wilderness Press in a couple of years. After a day of meadows filled with every kind of wildflower imaginable and the climbing of 2 peaks nearby (Sheep Mtn and Quinn Peak), we returned to our camp where John and I were being lazy while Jim tended to his blister-riddled feet.

The next couple of days we spent in the Coyote Lakes area and along the Coyote-Angora ridge. From a secluded campsite at Coyote Lakes, (secluded that is, except for the watchful

eyes of a Playboy bunny picture someone had left stuck to a tree), we climbed up to Coyote Peak for a look at the original sign-in from 1912 and a somewhat hazy view of the area because of intermittent rain-showers. Later on we trotted up another seldom-climbed peak, Angora Mountain.

Two days later we reached the Kern River after a detour and an overnight camp at Hockett Meadows. Just as we were turning onto the Hockett Trail, along came the first people we had seen in 4 days. After a short chat with them, we turned onto the trail, soon losing it in the brush. After 15 minutes was spent finding it, we were on our way again. I pushed on ahead, anxious to get to our campsite. In a short while my feet carried me over a rise and there was the meadow spread out below me. Suddenly I spotted 2 huge hairy beasts foraging out in the meadow. "Now how in the world", I said to myself, "did John and Jim get here before me?" Then I realized that the grizzly twosome were not my companions, but a couple of the local residents. I had bear-ly gotten that one figured out when the real John and Jim arrived beside me, and we circled the meadow to a pleasant campsite at the lower end. Today it was Jim's turn to be lazy so John and I climbed up to Hockett Peak for a superb view of the Kern River Trench. Upon descending we found that the bruins in the meadow had gone, (which didn't bother John, incidentally, because he's a Trojan fan himself) and they didn't bother us that night.

The next day we dropped down to the Kern. Two more days were spent in going up the Kern River to Kern Hot Springs. At this point we were in the territory covered by the *Kern Peak-Olancho High Sierra Hiking Guide* that John and Jim were working on. Wilderness Press will put this out next spring.

We stayed overnight at Kern Canyon station where we scouted side trails and sampled Kool-Aid mixed with water from the soda spring there. The next morning we had no sooner started

SOUTHERN SIERRA continued

out than I spotted a rattlesnake in Jim's path. I shouted several words of warning to no avail. He seemed determined to stomp on the poor snake. Finally, in desperation, I tried once more with a shout of, "Get back!" This was all he needed to wake him out of his sleep-walking convulsions, and he did the Aztec Two-Step in his haste to move away from the disturbed reptile. (*We had seen another rattler the day before on this same trail.*)

After a pleasant hike through meadows where deer were seen from time to time and through woods, we arrived at Kern Hot Springs where we were shocked by a mob of some 15 people. A luxurious bath and an afternoon siesta put us in shape for the climb out of the canyon in the cool of the evening. While we were at the hot springs, John and I observed Jim sneaking about in the bushes with his camera. When asked what he was doing, he said that he was trying to get pictures of wildlife for his book. He was telling the truth, we soon found out, as we watched him following the movements of a bikini-clad teenager.

The next 2 days we explored the upper Big Arroyo area. I stashed my pack and made the long trudge up the great crud heap of Mt Kaweah, and the next day John and I climbed up

to Lippincott Mountain via a Class 3 route along with a traverse of an ice slope. Upon reaching the summit we received an unexcelled view of the High Sierra region. I believe we could count 6 Emblem Peaks. Then we went back to camp and enjoyed a refreshing summer rain-shower which John had conjured up through the use of the magic words, "It will not rain."

We went over Kaweah Gap the next day, with John and I bagging Eagle Scout Peak on the way, and dropped down, down, down to Bearpaw Meadow where we stocked up on the precious candy bars they had for sale there. Ah, what a luxury after 10 days of dehydrated food! After a camp at Redwood Meadow that night we struck out for Timber Gap and Mineral King the next morning.

When we arrived back at Mineral King, we all took advantage of the fresh foods that the store had to offer, and on the following day, after a short hike in the area, (John and Jim around Atwell Mill and I up to the slopes of Sawtooth Peak) we were being whisked by John's car back to the smoggy skies and hurried pace of LA. After this successful trip in a beautiful area, all I can say is, I can't wait until John and Jim's books about the region come out. ■

Letters

Letter to Editor:

After viewing with dismay the new LTC requirements I chose this as a forum to vent my indignation.

The SPS safety record speaks for itself. Apparently some people have nothing better to do than sit around and devise rules and regulations with which to straight-jacket our activities.

To highlight the absurdity of the new program I would just point out that the only real Peak Section debacles occurred on Picacho outings, wherein highly experienced leaders, MDs, first-aiders, and climbers still managed to bungle the situation.

The San Francisco chapter of the club took it upon itself to regulate their section's activities with the tragic result that outings programs have been drastically curtailed there.

A quick check of SPS Schedules shows that quality leadership for the more difficult trips is almost nonexistent. I know this is due in part to the increasing burdens of leading. Now comes the LTC requirements — **must competent people put up with even more such hassle?**

Frankly, the finest climbers I know, many of whom are not now able to lead SPS trips as a result of the new requirements, consider the LTC program, and particularly some of its instructors, to be anything but the most commendable.

I have no criticism of LTC as such, as I believe it can serve a useful purpose, but as a mandatory avenue to trip leadership it takes itself too seriously. Overzealous demagogos can often be helpful but they should never be mandatory. There are innumerable ways of achieving climbing skills and all are legitimate.

Therefore, I urge the new Management Committee as its first order of business to seek alternatives to the LTC requirements, and I would further hope the section might promote by-passing the whole Chapter procedure by freely publicizing private trips.

Our section is not the Israeli Army, or the Girl Scouts. We join together freely to pursue our common interests. It is essential to such a design that we maximize our flexibility, particularly now that we face increasing constraints from the Park and Forest Service.

Doug Mantle

1974 SPS Membership Renewal Application

If you do not have a "74" written in the upper-left-hand corner of your Echo mailing label, you need to fill out this form.

Since Sierra Club membership is now required for all SPS members, we are asking you to list your SC membership number(s) for the Section records. In order to be "active" (i.e. entitled to vote in the October election), a member must have participated in at least one Section activity in 1973 (a climb or service on a committee). A space is provided for listing activities for members who wish "active" status. Non-member Echo fans may simply check the "subscriber only" box.

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George Toby
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