

The Sierra



ECHO

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NEWS

COVER PHOTO

Tom Ross shot this picture of Norman Clyde Peak and its glacier from the notch between Mt Gayley and Temple Crag on October 1961. Although lovers of the high Sierra for many years referred unofficially to Norman Clyde Peak, Clyde Minaret, Clyde's Spires, Clyde's Ledge and Clyde Meadows, it remained until the last days of 1973 for official Federal approval of the use of the name Norman Clyde to be attached to a Sierra feature — Norman Clyde Glacier. The Department of the Interior's Board of Geographic Names arrives at this decision only after the death of the person and then after many months of deliberation and research.

The glacier rests on the north slope of Norman Clyde Peak and is very spectacular and quite active. It has a huge bergschrund, arcuate end moraine and in general, an "elephant trunk" appearance. For a story on the latest successful climb of Norman Clyde Peak see page 9.

SPS ANNUAL BANQUET

On December 17th, one hundred forty-two persons assembled at Taix Restaurant for the Annual SPS Banquet.

After the social hour and a delicious steak dinner, **Paul Lipsohn**, as outgoing Chairman, acted as master of ceremonies for the pre-program activities. The 1974 Section officers and committee chairpeople were introduced: **Diana Dee** will be Chairman; **Doug Mantle**, Vice-Chairman and Schedule Chairman; **Bill Russell**, Secretary; **George Toby**, Treasurer; **Ron Jones**, Alternate Officer; **Norm Rohn**, Safety Chairman; **Dennis Lantz**, Mountain Records; **Betty Dessert**, *Echo* Editor; **Marian Furst**, Mailer; **Nada Berger**, Council Representative; **Paul Kellow**, Program Chairman; and **Fred Hoeptner**, Conservation Chairman.

Diana presented Paul with the past-chairman's pin.

Then came the drawing for door prizes. **Ray Lantz** was called upon to pick the ticket stubs. Two copies of **Royal Robbins'** new book, *Advanced Rockcraft*, were donated hot off La Siesta Press by **Walt Wheelock**, who was present. These were won by **Barbara Magnuson** and **Mark Maier**. The Backpacker Shop, whose manager **Karin Sunquist** attended the banquet, donated an Alpenlite First-Aid Bag, which was won by **Al Campbell**. The crew from West Ridge Sports was out in force as usual; **Tom Limp**, **Don Lauria**, **Sue Condon**, and **Norma Viault** saw their Wilderness Experience Pack won by **Tom Cardina**. **Neko Colevins'** annual offer of a 16" x 20" color enlargement was won by **Bob Pederson**. **Duane** and **Marie Crouse** of Sports and Trails were present to see their Millet Daypack go to **Betty Dessert**. Last but not least, a Wilderness Experience Pack from Sport Chalet in La Canada was won by **Richard Schwan**.

The evening's program was the outstanding slide show by **Tom Frost**: *The 1970 Annapurna South Face Expedition*.

A truly memorable dinner and evening's entertainment were enjoyed by all.

—Diana Dee, Chairman

CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

With the first heavy snows of the winter, we've closed another successful Sierra climbing season — happily without any major injuries or incidents. This may well have been the last "normal" season for several years.

The energy crisis will force many adjustments to what we have come to accept as a way of life — weekly 600-mile drives, often in near empty cars, sandwiched around two days of climbing.

Despite fuller cars, gas reserves, and slower speeds, the net result inevitably will be fewer trips for the majority.

From the positive view, not only will permits be easier to obtain, but the reduced traffic in more heavily used areas will perhaps grant the respite necessary for rejuvenation.

—Paul Lipsohn

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CALENDAR

SPS 1974 SPRING SCHEDULE

April 13-14	M ★	Alta Peak, Snow Trip – Roy Ward, Cuno Ranschau
April 27-28	M	Mt Bradley – Roy & Barbara Magnuson
April 27-28	M	Mt Aggie, McGee Mtn – Gordon MacLeod, Neko Colvins
May 11-12	M	Mt Alice, Kid Mtn – Gordon MacLeod, Neko Colvins
May 11-12	M	Lone Pine Peak, Mt Candlelight – Diana Dee, Marian Furst
May 25-27	M	Mt Williamson – George Toby, Paul Kellow
June 1-2	M	Homers Nose, Loop Exploratory – Jim Jenkins, Al Campbell
June 1-2	M	Olancho Peak – Dick Ramirez, Phil Bruce
June 8-9	M	Pilot Knob – Gordon MacLeod, Bill T Russell
June 8-9	E	Birch Mtn, Mt Bolton Brown – Dianna Dee, R J Secor
June 15-16	E	Thunderbolt Peak – George Hubbard, Doug Mantle
June 15-16	M	Mt Silliman, Family Backpack – Andy Smatko
June 22-23	M	Mt Jepson – Gordon MacLeod, Jerry Keating
June 21-23	M	Volunteer, Pettit, Piute – Ed Treacy, Doug Mantle
June 22-24	M	Smith Mtn, Crag Peak – Jim Jenkins, Beth Henry
June 29-July 7	M/E	Peaks of Upper Kern Basin – George Hubbard, Doug Mantle
July 4-7	M	Whaleback, Glacier Ridge – Gordon MacLeod, Harvey Hickman

★ New classification for trips

BOOK REVIEW

by Fred Hoeptner

The Hall of the Mountain King by Howard H Snyder (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1973; 207 pp, 32 pp of photographs, 2 maps, 4 appendices).

The author and three climbing companions had planned an expedition to Alaska's 20,320-foot Mt McKinley, highest peak in the North American continent, for more than two years. Then a sudden accident incapacitated one of the members and reduced the party below the four-man minimum enforced by the National Park Service. Rather than forgo the climb, the remaining three opted to combine with the nine-man Joseph F Wilcox Mt McKinley Expedition despite a number of misgivings. "After all," recounts the author, "via the Muldrow Glacier route Mt McKinley is not a technically difficult peak, and with proper exercise of caution and common sense, what could possibly endanger such a large and well-equipped group? Weeks later this question was answered, to our horror."

Thereupon starts a chronicle in which almost every incident portends disaster. Leadership is inept. Some participants are woefully inexperienced. Equipment is abused. Camaraderie is lacking. Lethargy predominates.

On summit day only the author, his two friends, and Wilcox leave the 17,900-foot high camp for the summit which they attain in 6½ hours, returning without incident in two hours that evening. The remaining six (two do not attempt the summit) do not leave until the afternoon of the following day, thereby wasting precious hours of perfect weather. Following an overnight bivouac they reach the summit, exhausted and in deteriorating weather, having taken 20 hours to make this comparatively short climb, only to be swept on into eternity.

Summit Magazine (June 1973) calls this "the most tragic mountaineering expedition in American history" and notes that the full story can be told here for the first time because of the author's efforts in deciphering tape recordings of the garbled radio conversations with the park rangers.

As a bonus, included in several appendices are detailed lists and evaluations of food and equipment which could be of great value to anyone planning this climb.

This interestingly written book vividly demonstrates how errors in judgement can convert a mismanaged but reasonably successful expedition into a horrendous tragedy. It is highly recommended.

I warned the prospective climbers in my pre-trip writeup (for Mts. Brewer, N. Guard, and S. Guard) that I would be doing an "energy study." So when everyone assembled at the roadhead, each person was handed a pencil and a sheet of paper on which to record body weight, pack weight, and food and water intake for the three-day trip. The climbers were told only that I was going to look at total intake. The real purpose, however, was to look at both energy intake and expenditure as a function of time, for about 25 people for three days.

Unfortunately, only 19 people went on the trip, of which only 11 submitted data -- a very unscientific sample. Furthermore, the second day was far more strenuous than had been anticipated, causing everyone but two people not to bother to write down their intake after the first day. Thus presented below are the results of the study for June 30th only.

That day was quite a strenuous backpack. By lunch we had traveled 5-1/2 miles and gained 3600' on a good trail in 5 hrs. (This put us between "fitness lines" 3 and 4 on Duane McRuer's "Hiking Time Chart" in the LTC Leader's Reference Book.) The remainder of the day was spent doing 2-1/2 mi. and 2000' gain on poor trail or cross-country. The total mileage, etc. of 8 mi, 5600' gain in 9 hrs (neglecting a lunch stop of 1 hr) put us almost down to level 5 near the end of the line. Coming to the end of a line on McRuer's chart means it is not likely that one can proceed farther. I think most of us would agree that, sure enough, we had just about had it.

Averaging out body weight (160 lbs for males, 120 for females), clothing weight including boots (M - 7-1/2, F - 6), and backpack weight (M - 37-1/2,

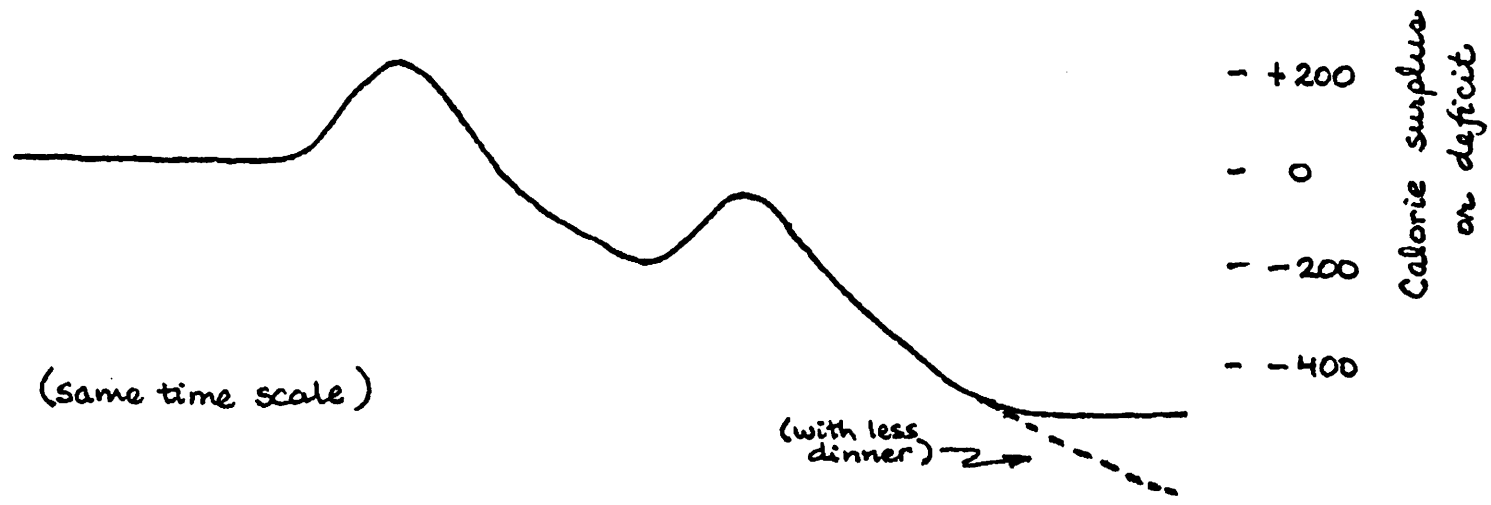
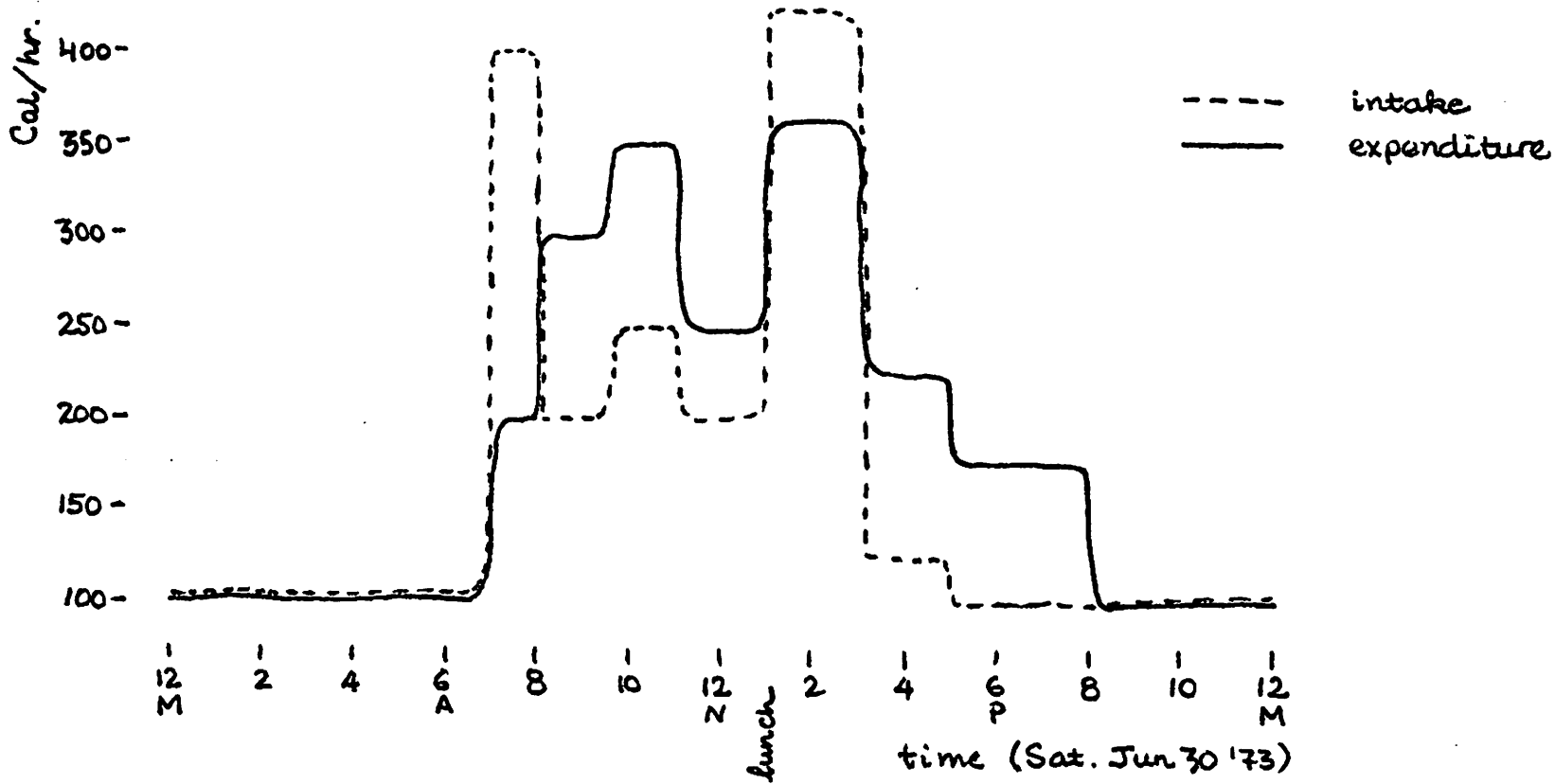
F - 33), I then used the methods outlined in Mountaineering: The Freedom of the Hills (2nd edition) Appendix I for calculating the average energy need in Calories per hour between each rest stop. The result is shown by the solid line on the figure. The 160-lb male with 45 lbs of pack plus clothing needs about 4350 Cal for a 24 hr period containing this climb. (McRuer's chart predicts a need of 4500 Cal, but this may not include carrying a heavy pack; Freedom seems to predict that almost 5000 Cal are needed for such a day.) I predicted our average female to need about 3250 Cal.

The dashed line on the same figure shows the food energy consumption pattern for one of the male climbers. To simplify matters, I assumed that all the Cal.s consumed at one time were completely used up, at a constant rate, by the time the next bit of food was eaten. (A 1200-Cal Friday night dinner was assumed.) The bottom graph shows that this person eventually developed an energy 'debt' of 500 Cals for the day. This person's intake pattern was fairly typical, except that half of the 11 climbers had fairly small dinners in camp Saturday night. (One fellow merely had some soup!) Because of these small dinners, the average climber on the trip had a deficit for the day of over 1000 Cal. A larger Friday-night dinner could have made up for some of this deficit. On the other hand, I know that only three of the nineteen climbers had dinner after the second exhausting (15 to 16 hrs out of camp!) day; so it would have been extremely interesting to extend the study through all three days, and include Monday night's dinner too.

Fluid needs for the day were estimated to be about 3-3/4 quarts. All but three of the eleven people consumed between 3 and 4-1/2 quarts; thus fluid intake seemed to be well regulated.

Although the results are too skimpy to prove anything, they seem to indicate that climbers tend to build up an energy deficit during a trip. The deficit is probably not so large that there is an adverse effect on performance on a weekend trip, and it is probably made up for at the end-of-trip dinner. On trips longer than three days, there are not only energy amount problems but also food content (nutrition) problems. The present study has nothing to say about these, except to indicate that perhaps it is difficult to consume more than 1200 Cal for dinner. I am accumulating data on "expedition" eating slowly but surely by work of mouth and by experience, and I hope to have something significant and concise to write up one of these days.





ASCENTS

SILVER PEAK, August 18–19 Dennis Lantz

Good ideas come at strange times, so this was obviously a good idea. **George Barnes**, a San Francisco-area SPSer, was coming down Ixtecehuatl near Mexico City and I was going up. We knew each other from SPS trips he had joined – and Loma Prieta Chapter Peak Climb Section (PCS) trips which I had enjoyed. At that Mexico meeting, the idea was born for the First Annual Gourmet Dinner and Peak Climb, jointly sponsored. It also subsequently became an outing of the Sierra Ponds Section, but more of that later.

The Lake Thos A Edison roadhead is every bit as fierce for the PCS as for the SPS, thanks to the picturesque road east from Fresno, so we set a leisurely 8:30 start. Since the Kaiser Peak and Abbott maps don't match current reality and the area is swarming with nonwalking campers, the time from 8 to 9 AM was spent driving around lost looking for people we'd never seen before at a crowded roadhead none of us had seen before. George and I finally drove past each other, stopped, traded descriptions of missing participants, and soon all were at the roadhead.

The road now runs west at the base of Vermillion Dam, around the end of Lake TAE to about the border of the Kaiser Peak topo. About a half mile before the pack station, which is on the old Onion Spring trail, a road turns right, well-marked for Devil's Bathtub. A good jeep trail leaves the roadhead; George's Toyota Land Cruiser and my VW Super Bus drove everyone up the "road" about a mile and 400 feet of gain. At a major stream crossing we parked the bus, put packs only in the Toyota, and walked up another mile and 300 feet gain to the Devil's Bathtub. (*The water at the outlet tastes like the Devil took a bath in it*). We circled the east side to the inlet, generally on a use trail about 50 feet above the lake.

The north end of the Bathtub is unique. A narrow sand beach fronts a grassy, tree-sprinkled shore, behind that a marshy meadow – and no mosquitos. Some unknown architect had even built an elaborate sand castle on the shore. We lunched and lounged-like lizards in the sun and dozed and finally, out of excuses, started up the inlet creek. Of the first half-mile and 400 feet of hanging marsh, let's just say "squish". At least that was my impression.

A fast 400 feet up the slope and we entered another world – a beautiful mile on grass, through little pines and along the creek. How long since you walked a mile on green grass? Befitting a Sierra Ponds trip, there were numerous false tarns. Just south of the mapped headwaters of the creek, at a tarn at about 10,200', are sandy, sheltered campsites with plentiful wood, a cold creek and no trash. Before too long, everyone moseyed over to the nearby shallow potholes and a number of new members were initiated into the Sierra Ponds Section. This pond was moderate Class 2. It also had swarms of friendly tadpoles, which tickled, and several black beetles which nipped one member twice.

For non-members of this little-known section, an explanation. This SPS was begun on the 4th of July, 1970, in the Sixty Lakes Basin, following a climb of Clarence King. Membership requirements tend to be informal, as do the members. Outings become official when two or more SPSers find a pond in the Sierras, get in, and declare the meeting begun. New members are then automatically accepted, as fast as they get wet. Dunking classifications, originally largely the work of absentee SPSer **Art Wester**, are as follows: *Class 1* – Hot springs, *Class 2* – "warm" ponds, *Class 3* – Cold lakes, *Class 4* – fed by melting snow, *Class 5* – snow or ice in the water (belay required), and *Class 6* – artificial aid; break the ice to get in. As with classifications by the better-known SPS, the class of the outing depends upon route, time of year, etc.

SILVER PEAK continued

After dozing in the sun to dry, everyone wandered off to start dinner. (if you begin to feel that this was a low-pressure trip, you catch on quick). Befitting the advertised "gourmet dinner", several wine glasses were seen, avocados were in abundance, five courses were noted in at least one dinner group, and the conversation climbed even as the sun dropped lower. A tiny fire ring was put back in service and ideas and stories flowed late into the evening.

Scudding gray clouds led to pessimistic talk in the morning, but we were off before seven. Northwest from camp, twin chutes split the rock slope above the greenery. The right hand chute is not too loose and goes high Class 2 (the climbing Class 2). From there north over the ridge, just west of peaklet 11440+, drop down to the tarn just north of it, and contour northwest up to the ridge jutting west toward Big Margaret Lake. From there it's a straight shot around the pinnacle (also 11,440+) on the Silver Divide and upward just west of north to the summit of Silver Peak. Look back carefully as you drop down to the tarn if you want to return by the same route.

Sharp-eyed George picked up a draft card and a Co-op card on the slopes, lost there by another SPSer on another climb. These "northerners" are fast, too; 57-year-old Vince was second on the summit. Betty Dessert placed the first of the new SPS register containers made by Chuck Gerckens, and we congratulated Zeny Ocean on his first Sierra Peak. We tried to come up with some Polish mountain climber jokes for him – and failed – but Zeny was enjoying the summit too much to get mad.

The return route was just as pleasant, though faster, and we were at the cars rather early to start that exhilarating drive home. Get your reservations in early, because everyone agreed to start planning an even better trip for next year.

NORMAN CLYDE PEAK (13,920'+), September 1–3 Ron Jones

Four climbers outnumbered leaders Diana Dee, Dennis Lantz, and Ron Jones at the Palisades Lodge roadhead early Saturday morning. That morning was spent backpacking to Finger Lake and the afternoon contemplating the day's accomplishments. Sunday we set out at 6 AM with Diana leading the group onto the shoulder of the peak via the route used on her climb in 1972. 1500 feet below the summit several pitches of high third to low fourth class rock were encountered. Climbing was made more difficult by thin patches of snow and ice on the rock. After laboring until 3:00 PM, Jones led R J Secor and Bob Hicks on a successful dash to the summit where a new SPS Register Cannister was placed. This group then down-climbed and met the remainder of the party late in the afternoon about 700 feet below the summit. After consultation, everyone decided to turn back and at dusk five persons decided to bivouac on the peak. Jones and Secor continued on to camp at Finger Lake, arriving hungry, and late at night.

The next morning Ron loaded his Kelty with water, stoves, oranges, candy, etc and backpacked onto the peak where the group was safely met on their descent. After nourishment and succor everyone proceeded to base camp, rested, and uneventfully returned to the cars.

WEST VIDETTE, DEERHORN MTN, September 8–9 George Hubbard

Seven AM Saturday found 7 SPSers at Onion Valley ready for a late summer climb. After bidding farewell to Andy Smatko, et al, who was beginning a week's trip of climbing a myriad of bumps in the high country, Doug Mantle tested the group by charging up to Kearsarge Pass in 2 hours. Everybody survived so we wandered down to Kearsarge Basin and on to Vidette Meadow. The weather was quite pleasant, although the air was hazy and the odor of smoke present from the fires on the west side of the Sierra.

After a leisurely lunch at Lower Vidette Lake, we continued on to camp at the south end of Lake 10,820 on Vidette Creek. We all then started up the west slopes of West Vidette where some interesting friction climbing was encountered. After a routine traverse of the summit ridge south of the peak, all were on the summit by 4 PM.

The next morning the haze had cleared and we had an enjoyable climb up the 3rd class ridge of Deerhorn's lower northwest summit. Just below the top, we traversed over to the saddle between the summits and proceeded around the right to the summit ridge. One easy 4th class move was negotiated and all were on top by 10 AM for fine views of the Great Western Divide and surrounding area.

After an uneventful descent back to camp, we all packed up and started the long backpack out. All went well until we got near Bullfrog Lake where Sheldon Moomaw twisted his ankle. At Kearsarge Pass, the rest of the party divided up his pack (over his objection) and tripped out to the cars in a light rain, arriving an hour after dark.

We all capped a successful weekend by stopping for dinner in Independence before heading home.

**SHERMAN PEAK, ROCKHOUSE PEAK, October 20–22 Jim Jenkins
HANDS ACROSS THE CHAPTER BOUNDARY**

The early-morning cold bit into our flesh as Dave Kearney, Scott Nelson, and I disposed of breakfast and left for the roadhead. We were there for the 8 o'clock meeting time, but nobody else was. By 8:10 I was fidgeting. Assistant leader Claus Englehardt had said his party would be camped at Horse Meadow Friday night; so we drove over there. Claus, Connie Englehardt, and Carol Kinet were trying to start Lowell Kamrar's car and figured the cold was to blame for defeat. After deciding to leave it to warm til Sunday

SHERMAN PEAK continued

afternoon, everyone caravanned to the Big Meadow roadhead in the remaining cars and tackled the steepest part of the climb to Sherman Pass, the section by Siretta Peak.

From Deadwood Meadow north, our path found magnificent virgin forests. We will probably be the last to enjoy them intact, as many have the blue-line earmarks for logging. None of the trees in Domelands Wilderness were comparable to these; yet it is typical of the money-hungry Forest Service that nothing marketable was included in that Wilderness. We had lunch near the A-frame snow-survey shelter above Round Meadow; afterwards the "tigers" (Dave, Scott, and I) left the group to take in the tremendous views atop Sherman Peak. Claus led his contingent directly to Trout Creek and Boone Meadow to set up camp. He reports that Sherman Pass Road construction has been extended to a mile north of Sherman Pass, and that there is talk of a ski area east of Durrwood Meadow. We joined them for campfire at 6, and told of the crank-type emergency phone box we had found. The bottom fell out of Dave's Mountain House dinner, and for his efforts to reclaim it, I presented him with the coveted "Lucky Lugger", the Backpacker-of-the-Month Award.

Lowell's thermometer read 28° F next morning, and our canteens were iced over. We found descending beside Machine Creek the most delightful interlude of the trip. At Little Trout Creek we found a rusty old bear trap and said our farewells; Claus led the weekend hikers back to Big Meadow on an upgrade he thought would never end, while we tigers with Veteran's Day off descended to the jeep road and spring at Woodpecker Meadow for lunch. Next up would be Domelands Wilderness. Trail 34EO8, which runs the length of Domelands, was difficult to find where it crossed the jeep road. To find it, scan the ridge on the horizon, east from Woodpecker Meadow. There is no sign at the junction, and the trail looks at first like a cow path or abandoned jeep track through the deer brush. You won't know you're on the right track til you hit the signs at Trout Creek. A long, hard pull got us to an 8000' pass, in position to get to Manter Meadow by 6. Though the region is reputed to be crawling with rattlesnakes by spring and summer, we didn't even see one. I didn't really find the scenery impressive until Dave and I day-packed over to scale 8383' Rockhouse Peak. On the way, we followed in the footprints of an Angeles Chapter group that had come the weekend before. The summit dome was an exhilarating 3rd class friction pitch, and the views (from Mt Whitney and the Kaweahs to the San Gabriel Mountains) were nothing short of spectacular.

Back at the roadhead by 4, we developed transmission trouble in lower Kern Canyon. We were about to hike 5 miles back up the road to Democrat Hot Springs when, as a last-ditch effort, we raised the hood and switched on the emergency blinkers. The first car that passed stopped and gave us a ride to East Bakersfield. Claus came and got us to Dave's. He said Lowell's car had had to be towed out. (*Apparently the only car to survive the weekend had been a VW*). Then Scott's parents drove up from Burbank to take Scott and me home.

Altogether, there were two from the Angeles Chapter and five from the Kern-Kaweah Chapter. It was the biggest turnout on any trip that I've led since August; they were lots of fun to be with. Coverage for my *Paths and Peaks in the Southern Sierra* is roughly 40% complete.

ROCK CLIMB, JOSHUA TREE, November 3-4 Dennis Lantz

So you've been too busy between the city and the Sierra to get out to the desert, eh? "The assault on the citadel — proceeds apace." (Actually, Judge Holmes wrote that about some legal thing I was supposed to learn, but it fits, it fits). Assault is a pretty good word for the impact on Joshua Tree. Remember when the SPS could camp at Hidden Valley and climb? In the height of the season? Well, this time there was no room there in the day-use parking lots. In early November, yet!

By mid-summer, every group camp was fully reserved, by others, but upon arriving, we got the word: the rocks at Sheep Pass were already alive with kids and 150 more were expected. Our informant then turned away to erect a 50-foot high teepee for the Indian Guide Nation. Minds boggled. Stomachs churned. Ears rang. We fled for Jumbo Rocks.

Once there, Uncle Tom gathered those who were beyond the beginner phase and clanked off for a session on anchor placement and prusiking. (*Commercial for future SPS rock-climbing sessions: how are your anchors? Could you abort a rappel safely or go back up to free a jammed rope?*) The rest of us reviewed fundamentals. Over lunch we watched the parade of motor monsters and trailers coming into the campground; it sure takes some people a lot of money and equipment to get away from it all. Looked and smelled like a freeway on Friday afternoon . . .

In the afternoon, R J Secor took his perch on top of one route as watchbird over the festivities while your faithful servant put up another route. Rufus did fine, but yr. fthfl. svt. found that the Jumbo Rocks eat flesh in hand jams. A little abrasive. Guest Dave May claimed to be new to rock climbing, but his "out of the helicopter" rappel style was faultless.

As for climbing, Jumbo Rocks has about 3,000,000 possible boulder problems, but rather few protected rock routes. There are numerous friction routes, "books", and water chutes which can be top-roped, but using the usual leader belay produces the dry mouth common to poorly protected climbs. Indian Cove or Sheep Pass are better sites. For the 12 SPSers and 15 others it was still a good, though breezy, day. The wind died with the sun, hibachis began to glow, wine bottles appeared, the campfire was lit, and the magic of the desert night sky cast its spell. Climbers' campfires are the best, wherever they are.

Sunday morning, we picked up two climbers at Sheep Pass and headed for Hidden Valley. Parking for day use was already getting tight, and Betty Dessert was ordered to park a half-mile away, even though there were closer spaces. Uncle Tom and guest Gary

ROCK CLIMB continued

Basin took groups up Beginner One and Beginner Two on the Blob, Bob Wheeler led others up Southeast Corner on Intersection Rock, and the rest of us put ropes on Bat Crack, Pinnacle Stand, and an un-named face. (See how colorful the names are? Come on out to the next climb and see why.) Benjamin Basin, age 13 months, was a little unhappy when his mother got too far up the rock, but everyone else had a fine time.

PILOT KNOB, OWENS PEAK, November 10-11 Paul Kellow

The route picked for the climb of Pilot Knob was not the easiest one, however, but since it had been selected during the initial planning, it was decided to stick to it. Heavy, dense chaparral impeded the way which necessitated much circuitous movement from ridge to gully and back. Many post-climb comments such as, "Ugh!" and "Never again!" were quite freely voiced. Most of the hard work of the climb though, was almost completely offset by ideal climbing weather. It was cool, with a light to gusty breeze and a clear sky.

A full complement of climbers followed the route from the dirt road paralleling the South Fork of the Kern within the Onyx Ranch, turned north and then followed the boulder strewn main channel of the stream which drains the area to a point southwest of the summit. We were about midway between the saddle to the north and the summit. After much up, over, and around rocks, brush, and trees along the north side of the ridgeline, the group worked its way south and collected on the summit.

After lunch, and a salute to John Hellman who had chosen Pilot Knob to be his hundreth, we drank his champagne and then made ready to descend. A more direct route was taken south down over rocks, through brush and into a stream bed which brought us back to the Onyx Ranch road just as it grew dark.

Since this was the weekend midpoint, arrangements were made where about twelve of us met for a very enjoyable steak dinner and discussion at the Walker Pass Lodge on State 178. A very relaxing end to the day.

Following a windy night spent at the well on Indian Wells Canyon road (at the foot of Aquila Peak), the sun rose blood red in the east into a partly cloudy sky. A few of the faces changed but approximately the same quantity of twenty-five climbers was on hand for the climb of Owens. Most of us drove up to within a mile of road-end near the abandoned mine buildings for the start of the hike.

The majority of the route was up the south scree slope to the shoulder then a short walk to the summit. The entire climb was under a cool, cloudy sky, while the closer we came to the summit the more the wind blew and the cooler it became. Lunch was quick. The register books were of great reading interest, though, since they dated back into the fifties.

The descent was rapid enough with only one spot where the tumbling of dislodged rocks became a hazard. Emerging unscathed, the group reached the cars in the early afternoon for the drive home, a hazard enough in its own right.

NORTH MAGGIE, MOSES, November 10-11 Doug Mantle

As promised, North Maggie and Moses proved to be a pleasant backpack through fall colors, with the added pleasures of Sequoias and some fun rock scrambling.

Ten of us met at the campground beyond Shake Camp pack station, taking the trail toward Summit Lake. An hour and a half later, just before the second stream crossing, we made camp in a fine meadow.

Moses Mountain involved moving due west through some underbrush, to one of several feasible chutes leading to the ridge north of the peak. By traversing south on the east side several hundred feet below the crest, one could avoid the several obstacles which adorn the main ridge.

Wine and songfest followed an early dinner, but nevertheless we were off by 7:00 AM on Sunday, going directly up from camp (east), passing left through the rocky ridge, angling up and left to the main side canyon which led us to a saddle just west of North Maggie (Peak 10,235 on the topo). On top, amidst a brief swirling of snowflakes we celebrated George Hubbard's 46th birthday before descending via the saddle and the small canyon which intersects the main creek a half-mile north of our camp.

A little rain pursued us to the cars but we outran it to a fine Basque dinner in Bakersfield, the perfect ending to an astonishingly agreeable (for mid-November) jaunt into a very attractive part of the Southern Sierra.



What are the names of the two highest peaks in North America?

R.K., Alhambra

The Churchill Peaks would be the two highest in North America. These were originally known as the North and South peaks of Mt. McKinley, Alaska, but were renamed in honor of Winston Churchill in 1965.

PRIVATE CLIMBS

MT DARWIN (East Face), August 29 Tom Naves

On Tuesday, August 28, Bob Gendreau and I left Lake Sabrina about 10 AM for a leisurely hike to camp at Midnight Lake. This would be our camp for a climb of the east face of Mt Darwin.

From camp we had a good view of the face, and after studying it for awhile we decided on the "Left Side" route. On Wednesday we started, at first light, for the face. From our camp it looked like an easy approach. *Don't you believe it!* I thought we would never get there. But after a couple of hours of scrambling over loose talus and scree that had been dusted with fresh snow, we arrived at the foot of the climb.

Our route started below the rib that forms the left side of the great central chute of the face. We followed a discontinuous ledge-system, that traverses up and left, for 4 pitches of Class 4 or easy Class 5. The most difficult pitch was the second one, where the ledge-system petered out. This traverse put us in the broad, ill-defined chute at the far left of the face. This chute is the second one to the left of the central chute. Here, the climbing became 3rd class. We followed the chute to its head where we were able to traverse right, over 2 ribs, into the central chute. Getting into the central chute is the key to success on this face. Here we encountered steep snow, and having left our axes at the foot of the face, we had to belay over it. We continued up to the head of the central chute. At this point the chute turns left and comes out between the summit pinnacle and the plateau. This was 4th class blocks covered with fresh snow, so we continued straight up the wall, for one pitch of 4th class, where it was possible to traverse right, up an easy chute to the plateau. After signing the register, we set up the belay for the summit pinnacle. Our route on the pinnacle went up the right side to the broad sloping shelf, around to the left on a narrow ledge, and up to the top.

On the descent, we followed the climbing route to the top of our first traverse. From this point 2 rappels put us in the moat at the bottom of the face. Since our axes were to the right a couple of hundred feet, we made one more rappel down the ice. Two more hours of loose talus and snow put us back in camp, just after dark.

SAWTOOTH RIDGE, Memorial Day Weekend 1973 Dick May

I think my pack weighed seventy-five pounds. Bob's was up there somewhere too. He had all the food, the tent, pots, stove, and half a gallon of wine. I couldn't be outdone so I brought a half-gallon of Red Mountain along with a pint of brandy and some Kahlua. To keep us busy the rest of the time, we brought a climbing rope and all of my hardware.

It was Memorial Day weekend. We would lay siege to the Sawtooth Ridge. The weather would be grand, we would climb in style. All would begin good and we would make it better. Dauntless and fearless we were – to say the least. **Harvey Mudfoote** would have been proud, I think, I'm sure.

I told Bob the weather would be beautiful because I was there. He didn't understand. I explained that the weather was always good, no matter what the season or forecast, when I came along. I fancied that I had mystical powers to cause this – or maybe that it was just my radiating presence that cleared everything up, much the same as the sun burns through the fog or the rain clears the smog from the air.

The hike-in on Friday was snowy and windy. The next three days we trounced on summits in our shirt-sleeves and shorts and didn't see a wisp of a cloud. I was beaming. I asked myself "How am I to convince my already overzealous ego (the one that thinks I'm so super, the one that gets jealous over cartoons of **Royal Robbins** and his Superman cape) that I'm not all that stuff when such overwhelming evidence presents itself?" I didn't get an answer.

Saturday we treked from our Matterhorn Glacier camp over to the Dragtooth Glacier, pondering over the presence of thousands of orange and black butterflys, most of them dead, melting pits into the snow. We climbed the southern end of the Sawblade, found a cairn and register with one entry – July 27, 1934. I had been getting down recently finding piles upon piles of piles with registers that just didn't stack up to a hill of beans. I don't care if fifty-three SPSers and fifty-million Boy Scouts climbed the thing last year. Who climbed it fifty years ago? Back when everything was good and the summits and canyons were virgin to man, and men were men, and all that stuff. Yea! And I can write my name down after theirs and feel a part of all that greatness. Yea!

We signed in and felt great. Rappelled off eating lunch along the way and explored the place on the way back to camp. We found **Crazy Russell** and **Pat** waiting for us there. We were expecting several more. They added their wine to our stash and three of us made a try on Matterhorn. We marched up the hardening snow of late afternoon, across the icy glacier, and up the icier shaded couloir toward the notch just below the summit. I was getting apprehensive about our descending it later when it would be harder, especially since none of us had crampons. Madman Russell was scurrying across the surface on his edges, clawing and scratching with his ice axe every so often. This was his first ice climb. He began going slower, zig-zagging, looking for snow he could step-kick. I had been hinting to him that it was going to get harder and harder and not to forget we had to go down sometime. Russell wouldn't always look that far ahead. Finally, not too far from the notch, he reached the height from which he could ascend no more. It was also the height from which he could descend from neither. "-----! How do I get down?"

SAWTOOTH RIDGE continued

That night we played four-handed Uker and some Chinese Chug-A-Lug (three card molly). The brandy and half the wine disappeared as did our plans for a red-hot start in the morning. Nine AM saw us back on the Dragtooth Glacier passing groups of people to gain the base of the Dragtooth's 4th-class north arete. I reckoned we'd be better off to 3rd class it around a slower group just starting. It was nice climbing and Bob and Madman, both new at this, did swell. Pat looked over the edge and saying "----- ----!" disappeared back on the other side to join the Ski Mountaineering group ascending the Matterhorn Glacier below us.

We scrambled most of it, sipping at the trickles of water to be found everywhere, and replenishing our water bottles with cold snow. We saw that it would be necessary to belay the last two-hundred feet. By now my two trusty companions knew the words and the actions to go with them well enough so with confidence I went to lead the first pitch. Some easy sunny low-angle face climbing blended into a steeper open chimney. The chimney had snow in it. It was in the shade too, and a breeze over the top made me roll down my sleeves and wish for my parka. I started shivering and fumbling around, not liking the feel of the snow. I could kick steps all right but there was nothing to hang onto and my ice axe would only go in twelve inches before hitting the underlying rock while the rest of the snow shifted and sifted and slid away. I put in some nuts and shuffled half-heartedly on up aways. Wildman yelled up "Oh! There's only ten feet of rope left - by the way." I almost got mad and gave the lecture *Responsibilities of the Belayer to the Climber*, but in my precarious position I became benevolent. "Hey Dude! You wanna lead the rest of this? I don't like it at all. It's giving me the shivers." "I'm crazy enough to try" replied Russell. "Good" I said after hastily anchoring in. "You're on-belay. Bring my down jacket." He trotted on up grunting that it was fun as he passed by and went on up to the top.

A fuller register was on this summit but the first entry was in 1931. We yelled over to Matterhorn Peak and it yelled back. Running down the back side for Polymonium Pass, marveling at all the snow still left on the rest of the range, the Doodad caught our eye. It would catch anyone's eye. A twenty-five foot obelisk overhanging on all sides, perched on a fourth-class ridge 500' above the glacier. We found a 3rd-class route to the back, climbed the crack on its backside - paying homage to the fixed bong in it, sighed while signing the meager scrap of paper in the band-aid can, rappeled off and headed back for Polymonium Pass. The *Guide* warned that it is 500 feet of 45° snow. That it was. Even the Wildman hesitated before starting the slow descent, backing down one step at a time. Back at camp Pat had already returned from Matterhorn and we partied some more in earnest. The liquor situation was getting critical. If we ceased to drink hard and fast we feared we would have to carry some out! Shudder, Shudder!

In the morning Pat and Rus packed out and Bob and I loaded summit packs up for a big day. Big plans. Tall talk and great visions. Four, count them, four peaks on the List! Matterhorn, Twin, Virginia, and Whorl. One, two, three, four. Slobber, drool.

Bam - before we knew what was what we were on top of Matterhorn. And spread out before us were our three other goals. We sat back and munched some nibbles. And spread out before us between the peaks was a blanket of snow. And shining upon us and the snow was the radiant sun, radiating heat to make the hard crystals of the night turn to soft day ones. Symbolically I extended my hand out and reached for their summits. Of course this achieved nothing.

"Ya know, we could be soaking in Hot Creek in four hours." I thought out loud. "Yea" Bob thought in return. And visions fade and talk is forgotten as new ideas come to life. Yea. Bam. We were gone.

VAGABONDING ALONG SOUTHERN YOSEMITE'S BORDER by Andy Smatko

Over a period of seven days - from 8/18/73 to 8/24/73 inclusive, Mary Meade, Neko Colevins, Kes Teter, Bill Schuler and I left the roadhead at Norris Creek and after a false start finally found the proper (unsigned) trail heading northward, with Porphyry Lake as our destination. The 1953 Merced Peak quad is not up to date as regards the newer (not shown) trails that were encountered. It was surprising to see how well traveled these trails were. Porphyry Lake has no wood so stoves should be carried if this is a selected camp spot.

On the following day we headed west, gaining the ridge line that marks the boundary of Yosemite Park, but because of deep clefts in the massive slabby granite had to drop to circumvent these obstacles. We gained the summit of Peak 11,040+ (wrongly noted as Peak 10,040+ in the *Guide*). There was a cairn but no register, so we dubbed this peak as "Slab Peak". It was impractical to follow the ridge toward Triple Divide Peak, so we descended in a northwest direction for 3-400' and completely circled around the northeast, north, and northwest sides of Triple Divide Peak, climbing the peak via the northwest ridge, Class 2. It would have been better to have

regained the ridge line 0.5 miles northwest of Peak 11,040+ and ascended via the ESE slopes. Merced Peak looked temptingly close and unable to resist the lure, Kes and Bill dropped down the west slopes into the river basin below and climbed Merced Peak. Meanwhile we three descended the southeast ridge which turned into the SSW ridge to a prominent saddle west of Walton Lake and thence proceeded basically east, contouring to the Post Lakes and then to Porphyry Lake. We picked up our packs and headed for a camp selected just beyond Foerster Creek on the stream draining the lake above the word 'Foerster' of Foerster Creek. Before dropping over Post Peak Pass we climbed Post Peak (except for the monolith comprising the actual summit). Alas, the creek we had planned for our camp was just about dry, even in this good snow year. A pond - not too clean - nearby, served as our water supply. Bill and Kes dragged in at dark and were most unhappy with our "Boiled Water camp", but we were too tired to go back down to Foerster Creek.

However, we survived and the next day all except Kes, followed Foerster Creek to the first stream on the L and ascended along this watercourse till we viewed Foerster Peak. The conventional northwest ridge did not appeal to us, so we climbed the peak via a prominent WSW chute, steep Class 2. One could gain the

pass south of the peak and climb the south ridge, also Class 2. Foerster Peak is the highest peak west of Electra and dominates (?) the immediate vicinity. Peak 12,000+ to the east appeared just about as high and was far more striking. We then traversed the ridge east, climbing the next bump and viewed Peak 12,000+, an imposing peak with a sheer north wall. This peak was Class 2-3 via the west ridge and it has been climbed before. Mt Ansel Adams appeared insignificant from here but we descended to the saddle north of Peak 12,000+ and while Mary and Bill rested, Neko and I climbed Peak 11,840+ to the east of Ansel Adams. This peak was a little higher than Mt Ansel Adams. Returning, we proceeded to the south base of Ansel Adams and Bill and I climbed the Class 3 south face. Descent was made via the chute heading just south of the summit, and curving to the WSW. After crossing the basin below and to the west, we climbed over the ridge south of point 11,303'. Peak 11,210 looked tempting so we climbed it too, naming it "Keyhole Peak" for an obvious reason. There was a cairn there, but no register. After picking up our packs we backpacked to Hutching Creek, arriving there just after dark and being welcomed by Kes who had found a good campsite.



"Hey Andy - got a pencil sharpener?"

Tuesday, Kes and Mary climbed Mt Lyell from the saddle to the north. This same day, while Neko rested in camp, Bill and I climbed Peak 12,132 naming it "Hutching Peak" and Peak 12,720+, further to the northeast. The former was attained via the Class 2-3 WSW ridge and the latter via a broad chute, basically Class 2, on the south side. Both peaks had cairns, but no registers. The view of the west face and southwest ridge of Lyell from Peak 12,720+ was most impressive. Rodgers Peak thrust up grandly to the east. There was a saddle about 1/3 mile north of Rodgers that would lend itself to a knapsack route over the ridge between Lyell and Rodgers. Travel is easy throughout the basin below, there being abundant examples of glacially polished aprons of granite. One of the lakes in particular was very beautiful with a long slender arm on the west.

Wednesday, Bill, Neko, and I followed up the basin again - trail part way - and at a lake southwest of Rodgers Peak I parted company from them and headed for Peak 12,560+, while they continued on to Rodgers. Peak 12,560+, 0.7 miles

north of Electra was Class 2 up the northwest slope and somewhat unstable due to the medium large talus blocks. There was abundant Hulsea Algida on the peak, so I felt the name "Hulsea Peak" was an appropriate one. There was a cairn and again no register. Meanwhile, Bill and Neko ascended the Class 2 southwest slope of Rodgers to a pass SSW of the peak. Here they found a large cairn with several names in a can, an obvious knapsack route connecting the north fork of the San Joaquin and the Lyell fork of the Merced River, Class 2. They proceeded up the SSW ridge till it became loose and good Class 3. Neko decided it was not for him and Bill proceeded alone to the summit. While Neko and I waited below at the lake, Bill came along the ridge-line and also climbed Hulsea Peak, before joining us for the return journey.

Thursday, Neko and I remained in camp while Kes, Mary, and Bill climbed Electra Peak. This didn't satisfy Bill, and he went on to climb Point 12,205 southwest of Electra. (No evidence of previous ascent.) Then by a devious route he regained the ridge further west and climbed Peak 11,840+ ENE of Mt Ansel Adams and then dropped down into the lake basin to the north. After regrouping in camp, we then backpacked to a cache we had left near the stream to the west of Isberg Peak.

Friday, our last day saw us backpacking out, but with a last surge Bill and Kes climbed Post Peak (except the summit block) and Bill scrambled over to Point 10,787 as well. The trip was topped off with a Basque dinner in Fresno before the long trip home.

Basically, the peaks along the southern boundary of Yosemite Park are not inviting or striking enough from a mountaineering standpoint. Both Electra and Foerster are what is familiarly known as "crud heaps". The most striking peak in our opinion was Mt Ansel Adams, and most worthy of ascent. However, since it is not as high as Foerster Peak or even those in the immediate vicinity, it would for such reason not command sufficient distinction to consider it for an SPS peak. In my opinion, I would rather have Mt Ansel Adams on the 'list' and delete Foerster Peak. I can envision the outcry from those who have climbed Foerster Peak - a list peak - at the mere suggestion of this proposal, so I guess it is best to let things stand and not stir up dissent ■



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.

One Echo subscription is sufficient for related members living at the same address.

Please detach this form from the Echo, and mail it along with the \$2 Echo subscription fee to:

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1974 SPS Membership Renewal Application

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Letters

Dear Editor:

In recent months, considerable attention has been given to the problem of "no-shows" on SPS trips. Although SPS leaders are justifiably concerned with the problem, I would like to offer some thoughts on the subject from a "participant's" point of view.

One problem with the present method of trip scheduling for a participant is that in order to have any chance at all of making the list for a trip, one must sign up for it when the *Schedule* comes out. That often means signing up in June for a trip in October, or four months in advance. As an attorney, I find it difficult, if not impossible, to know four months in advance what I'll be doing on the weekend in question. On a couple of occasions, I have for that reason been forced to cancel my trip reservations, hopefully far enough in advance for another to go in my place. I suspect that there are others who share my dilemma.

A related problem is the frustration experienced at finding oneself on the waiting list for popular trips even though a reservation request was sent in on the day the trip was announced, not in the *Schedule*, but in the *Echo*. While it can be argued that SPS members should have first priority over non-SPSers, it does not necessarily follow that SPS members who attend meetings should have priority over SPS members who do not. Also, since future trips are published in the *Echo* prior to publication in the *Schedule*, that makes the period between sign-up and trip date just that much longer and the no-show problem that much more acute.

Accordingly, I would make the following suggestion to lessen the "no-show" problem and the unfairness in the trip sign-up procedures: leaders accept no reservation requests postmarked more than two weeks (or a month?) in advance of the trip date or the date of announcement in the *Echo*, where the trip is to occur within the time specified above, whichever is later in time.

SPS leaders are to be commended for their leadership efforts, and, most of all, for their patience. But those of us who prefer to "follow" have interests at stake that should be considered too.

Yours very truly,

John E McDermott

Dear Editor (*PAUL LIPSONN*)

For the last 2 years I have held the job you now have as editor of the *Echo*. I am very sorry I will be unable to continue as I really enjoyed it. First of all I would like to thank Gyneth White for doing the mailing – she did a fine job and it wasn't easy. I would also like to thank Diana Dee for setting up the computer for the mailing labels, and Ron Jones for providing the printing.

You will find in the process of running the paper that there are many people who consistently send in news-worthy items, write-ups, cartoons etc. These people are a joy. It takes time to send in this material but the effort is appreciated so much.

Every once in a while the members of the SPS may have to be reminded that other people are interested in reading about their scheduled trips, private trips, or a new route but not very often – because it is surely an honor to have a write-up in such a distinguished and fantastically great paper as the *Echo*.

Admittedly there is a lot of work involved with the paper, but one of the fringe benefits is having the mailman think you are more important than anyone else on the block – because you get the most interesting mail.

Good luck! I know you'll do a fine paper.

Betty Dessert

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