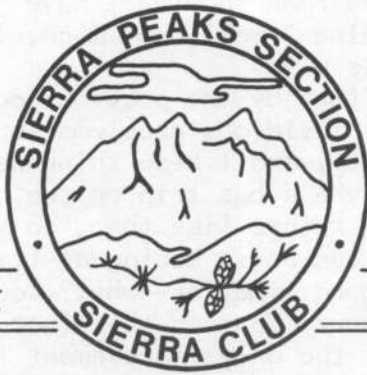


# The Sierra



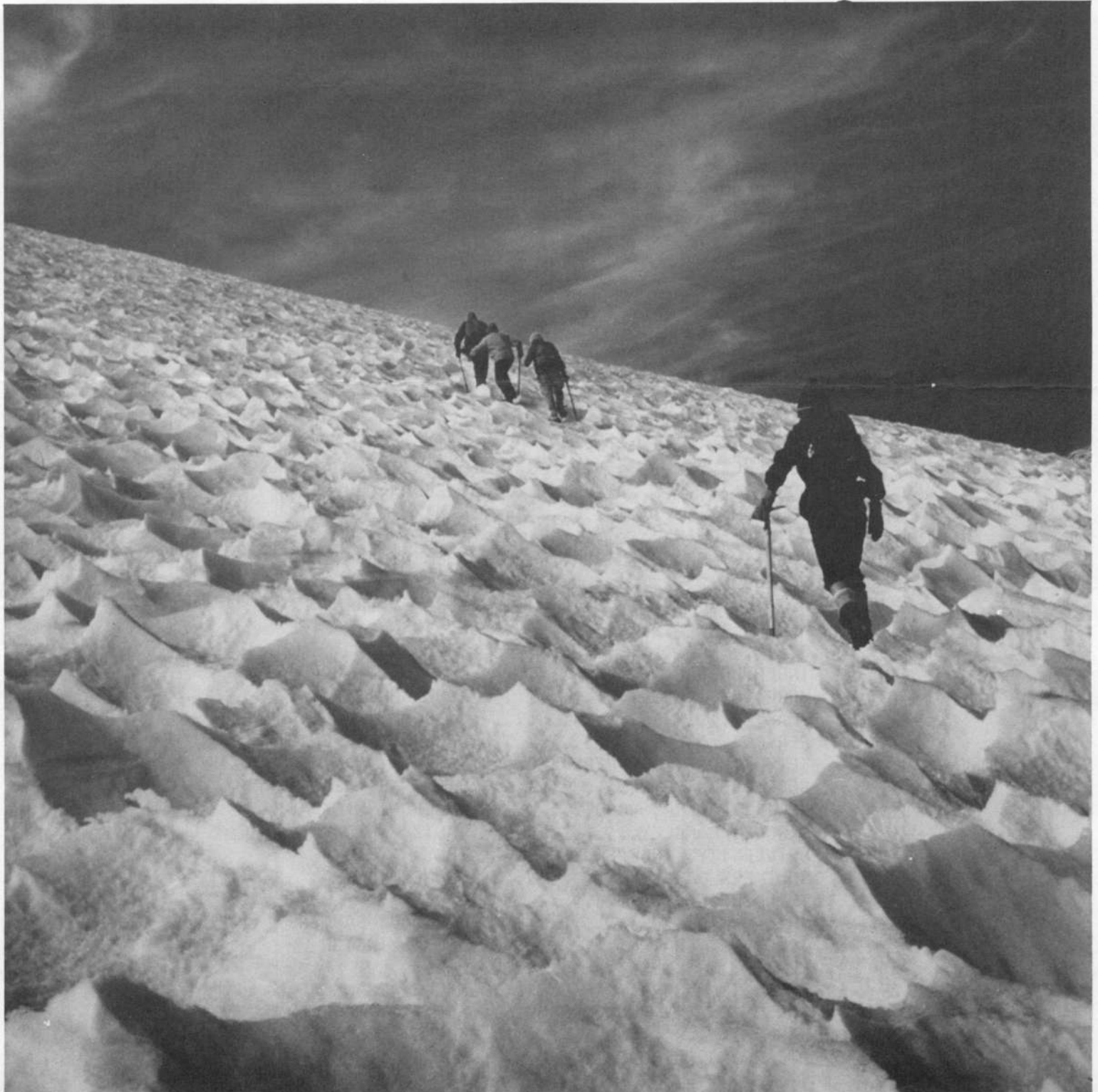
# ECHO

VOLUME 20

JANUARY

FEBRUARY 1975

NO. 1



Come on, come on, the Chairman shouldn't have to lick Echo labels, right? So we need a mailer. What else? Well, not much, I don't think. Bit o' spit and polish here and there is all.

Thanks to a consummate effort by the previous outings Chairman we know lots of trips solve those grave, insidious problems such as no-showing. This year I hope for continued quantity, and I also think we should add some backpacks (its in the by-laws) and maybe a bus trip or two. Let's have some volunteers--you don't expect ME to lead things like that, do you?

Our meetings--gad, they can be so boring at times! Maybe we can cut some of the business gab and free more time for--what? Socializing? Discussion? Private trip recruiting? I'd like your ideas on that (not yours, Neko).

The Echo is great--about the only improvement I can see is to have more issues;a moolah problem.

As to those world shaking issues of environment and procedures--lets plan a comprehensive discussion and formulate some guidelines--in some other section. I don't think the SPS should involve itself in issues beyond those logically and closely related to what the section is. Again, however, I'd like to know membership's opinion.

That's my view of SPS--we're in good shape and should be better in '75 as long as we remember what we are.

Should I survive Corcoran I'll look forward to a great season for SPS with your help.

Doug

## CALENDAR

MARCH	1-2	ICE AXE.....	DEE, WILEY
	8-9	GOODE.....	KEENAN, BOYLES
	8	RUBIDOUX.....	LANTZ, MUELL
	15-16	JOSHUA SEMINAR.....	SYKES, LANTZ
	29-30	SPANISH NEEDLE, LAMONT.....	BRUMER, BARTLETT
APRIL	5	RUBIDOUX.....	LANTZ, UNCLE TOM
	26-27	ALTA.....	MURPHEY, RANSCHAU
MAY	3-4	KERN PEAK.....	ROBINSON, RAMIREZ
	10-11	SMITH, CRAG.....	BRADLEY
	17-18	INDEPENDENCE, UNIVERSITY.....	RANSCHAU, MURPHEY
	17-18	MORRISON, BLOODY.....	ROHN, DEE
	24-26	SHASTA.....	LIPSOHN, WARD, RAMIREZ
	31-1	PERKINS, COLOSSEUM.....	SECOR, STAUFFER
JUNE	6-8	KEITH, JUNCTION, VERSTEEG.....	LIPSOHN, MANTLE
	7-8	BEAR CREEK SPIRE.....	STAUFFER, BERGER, ORY
	7-8	LEWIS, PARKER, WOOD.....	MACLEOD, HICKMAN
	14-15	CIRQUE, LANGLEY.....	LANTZ, MUELL
	14-15	UNIVERSITY, INDEPENDENCE.....	TOBY, AYRES
JUNE	20-JULY 1	SOUTHERN CASCADES.....	MCRUER
	21-22	THUNDERBOLT.....	LANTZ
	21-22	SHINN, WARD.....	MACLEOD, SANDERS
	21-22	TINEMAHA, PRATER.....	DEE, BYINGTON
	28-29	MCADIE.....	HELLER
	28-29	THOR, TUNNABORA, CARILLON.....	KELLOW, MANKER
JULY	4-6	FORGOTTEN, TRAIL, JOHNSON.....	KEATING, MACLEOD
	4-6	KAWEAH.....	KELLOW, CROLEY
	25-27	PICKERING, JOE DEVEL, ETC.....	HELLER

COVER

Laboring through the sun cups on the Lyell Glacier, the Akawies and Kablers soon enjoyed the view from the high point of Yosemite Park.  
Photo by Betty Dessert.

## NEWS

### INYO NATIONAL FOREST NEWS

#### "HORESHOE MEADOWS/TRAIL PEAK"

Environmental impact statement outlines the plans for a one mile extension of the existing road, development of a family campground, construction of a commercial pack station with facilities for winter cross country ski touring, development of interpretive and educational facilities designed around the Golden Trout, wildlife and wilderness ecology, provide three or four primitive backcountry camps for intermediate outdoor recreation experience, a trailhead parking lot and assembly area for wilderness backpackers, and an administrative site for a resident Forest Ranger.

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AAC LEGAL COMMITTEE SEEKS INFORMATION ON LAWSUITS INVOLVING MOUNTAINEERING ACTIVITIES...

Edward E. Vaill, Chairman of the AAC Legal Committee, is interested in all information regarding pending lawsuits, or lawsuits concluded after trial or by settlement, involving mountaineering activities, including the following:

- Lawsuits against climbers brought by injured members of the same party;
- Lawsuits against guides and guide services resulting from climbing accidents;
- Lawsuits arising out of rescue activities, including those suits brought by an injured rescuer; and
- Any other lawsuits arising out of mountaineering or hiking activities.

SPORTING ACTIVITIES LAWSUITS SOUGHT

Also, the committee would appreciate information about similar lawsuits regarding sporting activities involving dangers somewhat similar to climbing, such as white water canoeing or cross-country or alpine skiing.

The information requested could be furnished in any convenient form: by letter, newspaper clipping, copies of court pleadings (if available), reference to the court where the action was filed (with case number if possible), or any other means.

INFORMATION IS CONFIDENTIAL

According to Vaill, this information is needed so that the AAC has current knowledge of the trends in American (or foreign) courts regarding tort liability for mountaineering activities. If such information is supplied, the committee assures that the names of individuals or organizations sued will be kept in strictest confidence, or, if those submitting material wish, they may delete such names from the information provided.

Information may be sent to Edward E. Vaill, Chairman, AAC Legal Committee, 113 E. 90th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.

NEW MEMBERS

Cameron, Clifford  
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CHANGE of ADDRESS

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Davis, H. Jay  
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Orange, Calif. 92667

Erb, Jim  
1546 San Carlos Place  
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CHANGE OF PHONE NUMBER

Browder, Hal	846-1733
Gedaugas, Jurgis	438-3652
Jones, Ron	457-3435
Lyman, Peter	794-4170
Vitz, John	545-3049

NEW EMBLEM HOLDER

John Baruch

WE, THE UNWILLING,  
LED BY THE UNQUALIFIED,  
HAVE BEEN DOING THE UNBELIEVABLE  
SO LONG--WITH SO LITTLE--  
WE NOW ATTEMPT THE IMPOSSIBLE  
WITH NOTHING.

Ann..

## 1974 ANNUAL SPS BANQUET

About 120 distinguished members of the SPS and guests gathered at Taix Restaurant on Sunset Blvd. on December 16, 1974 for the annual SPS Banquet. The evening was a great success having started with generous cocktails and followed by a fine steak dinner. An SPS Banquet is one of those "company" gatherings where shop talk is not discouraged, but flows freely around past and future climbs.

Diana Dee acted as master of ceremonies. She announced that the Board of Geographical Names has now officially approved Norman Clyde Peak. She introduced the old Management Committee, including Doug Mantle, the Chairman for 1975. Doug, in turn, introduced the 1975 officers: George Toby, Vice Chairman; Tom Cardina, Secretary; Duane McRuer, Treasurer, and Bill Russell, Alternate Officer. Doug presented a Past Chairman's pin to Diana and complimented her on the fine job she has done during 1974. Diana asked all past Section Chairmen to stand, and 12 worthy people rose above the crowd.

The door prize drawing went smoothly despite the loud cries about too many "200's" relative to "100's", and how did four people at the head table arrange to win prizes? West Ridge, who had most of their management present, donated five gifts: Betty McRuer won down mitts; Doug Mantle, a survival kit; George Toby, a deck of nature cards; Roy Magnuson, a book; and Barney Mason, a summit pack. Svata Louda won a gift certificate from La Siesta Press; Bill Russell won one from Sports and Trails in La Habra, and Mona Maurel won one from the Pack & Piton. Bob Hicks won the annual color print from Gibbons Color Lab, and Carl Stude has three nights for two people at the Sports Chalet Motel in Mammoth, which was donated by the Sports Chalet in La Canada. Bob Mason won a free banquet ticket, and Joan Hack has a course of instruction donated by the Mole Hill Mountain Guides.

Dick Sykes gave a very interesting slide program of a climb of Grand Teton and of the Wolf's Head Traverse in the Wind River Range of Wyoming. The photography was superb, and Dick's humor made it even more enjoyable.

Thanks are due to Paul Kellow for arranging the dinner and doing much of the work.

Bill T. Russell  
Secretary 1974



# ASCENTS



MT. STARR KING....August 10-11, 1974....John Hardt, Leader  
Bernie Petitjean, Assistant

Most of the participants arrived at the road head (beginning of the trail to Mono Meadows) during Friday night. A few had difficulty finding the parking area in the dark, and slept near by, and arrived in the morning. By around 8 o'clock, 20 eager hikers had appeared (a total of 30 people had signed up but 10 had cancelled).

We started hiking (downhill) at 8:45. For two or three miles the way was generally level or downhill, with only slight uphill stretches. It was about six miles to campsite where we arrived at 12:15, just in time for lunch. We took a long break for a leisurely lunch and rest, and about 3 o'clock most of the group went off to nearby rocks for a three-hour rock climbing practice.

On Sunday morning reveille was at 6:15 and after breakfast all gear was packed and we returned about 1 1/2 miles back down the trail to a junction where we would hide our packs and begin our assault on the peak. From here we started hiking at 8:15, first up a long steep canyon, then along the top of the ridge, over one bump, and arrived at the Southeast face of Starr King at 10:20. With a lower belay the leader went up to the first ledge, and then began belaying others up. After a second, easier belay pitch, people began to go on to the top with the first ones arriving there about 11:30. It was a slow process, the climbers were still coming up, but at 1 o'clock we began sending people down so that we had up and down climbers alternating on the belay pitches. The last person off the rappel was down at 3:00, and we pushed off as soon as the ropes were coiled. We arrived back at the cars at 7:30 to begin the long drive home. All 20 participants successfully made the peak, which was a source of great satisfaction to the leaders.

Although we did not make an exhaustive search of the register, among the sign-ups we noticed there was no other group as large as ours. We wonder if maybe ours was the largest group to climb this peak. We would welcome any information anyone has on this.

The trip went quite well -- we really did not feel pushed too much, anytime. At least one of the leaders is considering the possibility of doing this trip sometime with a smaller group as a day hike. It is only 5-6 miles from the parking lot to the face of the peak, and without backpacks this could be done fairly quickly. With strong climbers, then the party should be able to get up and down and still get back to the cars by early evening.

LONE PINE PEAK (12,944'), October 5-6.....John Robinson

Sixteen people assembled Saturday morning at Whitney Portal, bent on making a late-season ascent of one of the prominent peaks of the Whitney region. The backpack up the South Fork of Lone Pine Creek to camp just above the lower Meysan Lakes was accomplished by lunchtime. The sky was clear but the air was chilly. Saturday afternoon some loafed in camp, several walked up to upper Meysan Lake, and the rest made an attempt on Mt. Irvine on the Sierra crest. A late start, and new soft snow at the higher elevations, turned back all but one.

Clouds drifted in during the night, and Sunday morning dawned overcast and cold. The threatening weather failed to thwart the enthusiasm of thirteen climbers, however. The party ascended Lone Pine Peak via the standard class 2 route amid light snow flurries and lowering clouds. The summit stay was one of the shortest on record for an SPS party - about five minutes, long enough to sign the register. The weather began to clear during the descent, and the group caught fleeting glimpses of the Whitney Crest between streaming cloud banners and swirling mists. After a hurried lunch in camp, the descent to Whitney Portal was accomplished under clearing skies.

October ventures into the High Sierra involve a certain weather risk, but the risk is well worth the effort to enjoy the autumn colors, the snow-dusted granite ramparts, and the crispness of the winter-heralding air.

DENNISON MT. (8650); DENNISON RIDGE (9440+).. October 19-20.. Gordon MacLeod

Earlier in the year, in looking for a good fall trip, I remembered a write-up by John Robinson of a west side trip he had led in October, 1969, to a Dennison Mt. located near the Garfield Grove of big trees, justifying the southwest border of Sequoia Nat'l. Forest. Moreover, John had recommended that the thing be added to the list. Beautiful, since I was exploring or reexploring what other SPSers had suggested as worthy candidates to the List. Anyway, why not lead the trip? Indeed, why not? So I called John Robinson to reaffirm what he had already said in writing: "Great trip- it ought to be on the List!..maybe a little brushy on top." That was about all I knew of the mountain when I committed to the trip,..except I personally knew that it was just south of Homer's Nose, and hence, possibly might have a brush problem..

In early October, on a traverse of Paria Canyon (which crosses the Utah-Arizona border near Lee's Ferry), Tom Amneus of the Robinson trip of 1969 questioned; "You're not leading that brush-infested Dennison Mt. are you?" Doubts began to set in..

Days before the trip, when Barbara Lilley learned the the Park Services forbade camp-fires--in writing--on my Wilderness Permit, she threatened to lead a rebellion, having nearly frozen the previous weekend on a trip to the Sierras and not about to repeat that performance. "Don't they know that it gets cold in the Sierras in October-- they must be out of their minds..."

An hour or so before the scheduled start of the trip, I knew I had another problem. The road up the South Fork of the Kaweah River leaves from Three Rivers, not from a point three or four miles to the south, a piece of information I had been plying the trip participants with. Wouldn't you know that they would change the road network from that shown on my trusty 1906 30 minute series Quadrangle map...

After delaying the start an appropriate time--about an hour-- to compensate for the aforementioned leader-inflected confusion and also to afford time for the leaders to get organized, we (some 16 or 18--I wasn't ever quite sure, but isn't that the rear leaders problem, anyway?) moved out along the beautiful trail to Garfield Grove. Our botanist, Graham Stephenson, showed unusual alertness and candor when he identified, in response to a question, that "pretty plant with the red and golden leaves growing along the trail " as probably poison oak. Thereupon, those of us in hiking shorts on that beautiful, warm fall day immediately translated "probably" to "certainly" and acted responsively...

Things were going pretty well-- I knew that there was at least one person behind me and I could hear others further back--until we got to Snowslide Canyon ( some 5 miles from the roadhead) near where we were supposed to camp, and whose waters we were supposed to drink. But, how was it possible that we couldn't see the water??

After due deliberation, the hastily convened emergency council decided upon an emergency course of action: namely, to go on another three miles to where my precious 1906 30 Minute Quad Map showed Garfield Creek crossing the trail on the other side of Garfield Grove. Anyway, hadn't we come to see the Big Trees?

Shortly after leaving Snowslide Creek--about fifty yards I would judge--around a bend in the trail, we splashed through a stream issuing from a major spring. At about this time, one of the more alert participants wondered--not the botanist this time--"Why don't we camp here?!"..

This "here" turned out to be the intended campsite, so carefully chosen months before--once again vindicating my ever accurate 1906 map. Why the camp could handle--well at least a dozen or so--"but what about the 16 or 18 we have?" The rear leader took charge: "just move down the hill further." The experience he gained in directing participants down the hill proved to be invaluable, when later a group of some 50 or 60 (I was never sure of how many) high school folk from somewhere in Beth Henry country arrived, too tired to travel on to Garfield Creek, which--I later understand--had been urged upon them by our very own trip participants, would you imagine..

Meanwhile, the more energy-dissipating prone types like Barbara Lilley, Graham Stephenson (the botanist, you'll remember), Ted Pinson John Seely, and your 1906 map owner, proceeded to bag the high point of the Dennison Ridge out there somewhere to the east and above. It turned out John was on his first Sierra trip ever, having prepared himself in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee and a summer in Tucson. He had chosen well, for he managed the impossible: a first recorded ascent on his very first Sierra trip. Andy Smatko eat your heart out...

And worry some, too, Andy, for I'm about to recommend that Dennison Ridge (9480+) be added to the list. Any number of peaks could be identified from the summit. To the East, North, West (Peak 8962') and South--provided you knew what they were. The smoke from Hockett Meadows could be clearly seen--there's an NPS fire there. Also a trail below, which might be easier for the return than the route over the vertebrae (8025 and 8962) along the Dennison spine we had followed to the summit...

Next morning found 8 or 9 (I wasn't ever sure) participants and leaders willing to try for the trips scheduled objective--the brush prone Dennison Mountain (8650). (Andy, please note: "prone," not "covered" or even "guarded".). Well aware that a peak addition (verily a mountain's fate) was at stake and aware also that undue amounts of brush--or even rumors thereof--might jeopardize the grand scheme, a goodly number (I'm not quite sure of the exact number, but less than eight and more than one) had appropriately attired themselves in shorts--yes, the very kind you wear on the outside. Then, following the inspiration derived from the previous day's emergency council at the foot of Snowslide Canyon, we followed that grand pavement 2400 feet to the ridge line, veering somewhat to the southeast near the top to avoid some brush-prone terrain. Hardly an "ouch" was heard from the staunch, well disciplined group until the summit area was reached, at which point Anna Lou Pinson managed to attract some bees and Neko Colevins, coming to her rescue as befitting a rear leader, suffered likewise...

We acted surprised when the summit register on what deserves to be a popular mountain disclosed no ascents had been made since the Robinson SPS trip of over five years ago. A sorry plight for so worthy a mountain. Why, even I could think of a number of ascents, starting with Andy's, that would have taken place had only John's sincere List recommendation been implemented....

Following that tried-and-true SPS logic; "If there's a way up, there's a better way down," we put on long pants and headed down Putman Canyon. This proved to be an interesting experience--just the thing to fill the day out and one's memories with. We learned a thing or two also, like: it's a mile and a half and eight hundred feet elevation gain along the trail back to Snowslide Canyon from the Putman Canyon crossing--a fact that can even be glimpsed from my 1906 map--as one of the participants--the one who was still speaking to me--so kindly pointed out...



DENNISON....Con't.

Later, back at the cars and after the Dos Equis prone participants began to speak to me again, there was unanimous agreement (according to my sources) that Dennison Ridge ought to be added to the List. How, with a fall trail through the most magnificent Dogwood displays of red and yellow and green, with the Poison Oak identifying itself right and left and adding to the glory, with the Sequoiadendron Giganteums affording unequalled and limitless campsites with spring water, with canyons facilitating crudless and brushless approaches to the summits, and with all those mountain tops in view we know and love so well and never see from Dennison's vantage point, could we refrain from adding worthy Dennison Ridge to our SPS List of peaks?

HALF DOME - CLOUDS REST.....October 26-27.....Ron Jones

A baker's dozen of climbers met at a dark 7 a.m. Saturday for breakfast and coffee at the Yosemite Lodge. After getting our wilderness permit for the area, we caught the shuttle tram to Happy Island and the trail head. It is best to leave the cars at Curry Village rather than Yosemite Lodge as you would avoid one change of trams. The hike to base camp on the Merced River in Little Yosemite Valley was beautiful walking through carpets of sycamore and oak leaves with fall colors. The Merced River in Fall is very low and it is a must to carry Halizone tablets or else carefully boil the water.

Saturday, twelve persons made the uneventful climb of Half Dome. The cables were down and very near the summit it began to shower lightly, forcing a hasty retreat from the top for fear the granite would be too slippery. In camp that evening, a 500 pound resident bear walked up to two members of our group and asserted his authority by taking all the food from the two packs which had been layed out for the evening meal. The next hour we spent gathered around a blazing campfire with our packs close at hand, yelling, blowing whistles and beating on pans whenever the bear approached.

Sunday, eleven of us made a routine ascent of Clouds Rest. Just as we got back to Yosemite Valley it began to rain. That night the rain turned to snow and the next day I needed chains to drive out of the valley to Fresno. We lucked out by 24 hours.

SAWTOOTH, LAMONT, PILOT KNOB....Nov. 23,24.....Cuno Ranschau, Roy Ward

We were up to 13 at one point in time, but the threat of uncertain weather caused some to back off and Ralph Gabiner just missed the round up at Chimney Peak campground, leaving nine to start the hike. Friday night had been a cool, calm, clear night but the welcomed sun changed the day to ideal conditions as we gained the necessary elevation up the tree-covered slopes. The ubiquitous brush did not cause insuperable problems but made route finding a very interesting sport.

We attained the summit of Sawtooth at 10:30 after a three-hour climb. After spending only 30 minutes at the top - sorry about that - we headed back to camp having in mind a rendezvous with yet another peak. We lunched somewhat hurriedly and took off in our vehicles leaving one person in camp to enjoy the fall weather in a more leisurely manner. 1:15 was the starting time for Lamont from the saddle and the use trail goes very nicely. At approximately 6800' a faint trail takes to the right around the rocky ridge which must be avoided. This somewhat ducked route left plenty of route finding to the imagination, and through it is now a somewhat-more-ducked trail, these do not make it duck soup for the next group.

A hike of just under two hours brought the eight of us out on the summit with a rather awesome view of the pinnacles to the northwest. Time and the sinking sun were agin' us and with apologies once again for the brief stay, it was back to the saddle again, reaching the cars in time to view the transitory coat of red paint splashed on mountain slopes by the nearly setting sun. Then back to camp for dinner and convivialities around a fire designed to ward off the cool night air.

Jack Grams and Larry Jones had signed out to go their separate ways on Sunday and one chose not to climb, leaving six to attack Pilot Knob from the southeast ridge. Once again the chaparral and rocks made this a continuous route finding situation with everyone gamely accepting the challenge. I know that had I asked him, Roy would have readily agreed that to climb a second time by the standard route would have been dull anyway. Rest periods were enriched by viewing the valley below with the multi-colored cottonwoods along the Kern (as advertised - see write up). Four and a half hours was enough to reach the summit where the relaxation time was spent discussing the major problem of the world - namely over-population. A different course was taken into the southeast canyon, finally reaching the cars shortly after sunset.

My recent excursions into the southern Sierras have impressed me with the intense beauty of this area.

# PRIVATE CLIMBS

GRAND TETON, OWEN, TEEWINOT, etc. 8/10-8/18 .....Doug Mantle

For all the SPSers who have been steeped in the traditional beliefs, I wish to announce that the Tetons are not always enmeshed in rain nor are they unscalable. They do, however, have snowstorms in August and present a much higher degree of climbing difficulty than we who tackle Lola, have become accustomed to.

Eleven of us gathered at Jenny Lake Saturday, August 10, to register for climbing. Camping permits are limited and required, so write or call well in advance. Our itinerary called for us to camp that night at Surprise Lake, a lovely spot 5 miles and 3,000' from the cars. Sunday we all did Teewinot, a worthy peak. John McKinley here showed how truly inept someone can be with an ice axe as he slid perhaps 150 feet at one spot, thereafter bleeding inconsiderately.

He and his friends, comprising the so-called "High School Group", were afraid to continue Monday, so while they made a beer run and while several others climbed Disappointment, four of us took on Mt. Owen.,

Mt. Owen offers perhaps as tough a route up its "easy" way as any mountain in the lower 48. The route is complicated, involving 45 snow, fifth class climbing, towering exposure at several points. In addition, the famous Teton weather adds enough uncertainty to spice the climb even further. Our climb went superbly, the party traversing back over Glacier Gulch to camp 12 hours after the start, in time to make the beer-run arrival.

The move to Lower Saddle on Tuesday was tough, from the quick use trail down Surprise Lake's outlet to the trail, to the fixed lines at 11,500 feet - just below the barren camp (water available).

Snow that night and freezing wind all day Wednesday, drove all but three of us down into the canyon from which several climbed South and Middle Teton Thursday (2nd class - disappointingly easy").

Our group of three waited out the cold wind until 10:00 am Thursday, then headed up. We had little hope of success given the cold, but as we continued we found the greatest climb of our season was unfolding.

Up over the first needle, we found "Wall Street", a thin ledge leading out to the Exum Ridge, via a pitch of fourth class with 2,000' exposure. Once on the ridge, we experienced diminishing winds, warming temperatures, intense blue skies, and exhilarating pitch after pitch. One cannot imagine better rock, challenging, yet enticing. We roped up six times, scrambling over 3rd and fourth class in between, our climb culminating in the "friction pitch", a 5.3 unprotectable lead much tougher than Starr King but much shorter (90 feet). Shortly beyond, the peak gave way and we reached the top at 3:00 pm.

Below, all the Tetons seem mere dwarfs, so much taller is the spire of the Grand. The route down involved two rappels, the second the famous 60 ft. overhang - a pure joy. We scrambled down by 6:00 PM - not a cloud in sight.

Tetons...Cont'd.

The Tetons offer truly Alpine climbing---more difficult, more varied than the Sierra, a truly fine mountain experience. Impact is controlled now with the camping permit system, and here such a system is truly beneficial. Our trip proved weather in August can be good -- 7 of 9 days clear. This area surely should be high on every climber's priority.

MT. RITTER VIA 1000 ISLAND LAKES...August 10-11, 1974

.....David Hammond

My previous attempt on Mt. Ritter was in Sept. 1970, when a friend, Tony Iles and I climbed to the obvious looking saddle between Ritter and Banner from Ediza Lake. However, the glacier beyond was a sheet of ice, the hardest I have seen on a mountain. We did not have crampons, and even if we did, we would not have ventured further as an ice axe just made marks on the ice and was completely useless. However all was not lost, we climbed Banner instead.

Before starting this time, we read the Climber's Guide as we had chosen a Class 3 route the previous attempt. We selected the easiest, the only class 2 route, from 1000 Island Lake.

Another friend joined us, Don Hudson, and the three of us set out from Agnew Meadows, having driven up that morning. We took the upper trail on the slopes of San Joaquin Mountain which gave the best views I have seen in the Sierras on the way to camp. Next morning we left camp at 1000 Island Lake, and proceeded over the pass by Lake Catherine and on to the furthest lake, Lake Ritter. We climbed the West slope of the mountain until we reached a steep snow field. My two partners chose to keep to the rock to the right, while I put on my crampons I had carefully brought this time. There was a class 4 pitch the way they went so my route over the hard snow was easier. Once again on rock it was Class 2 to the ridge, with the usual class 3 moves in places. From there it was easy to the summit, where we met a Scout Leader with a few boy scouts. They had come up directly from Ediza Lake which can hardly be a class 3 route as the boys were not very experienced. We then concluded we had not come up the Class 2 route we intended.

On our descent we traversed further across the mountain, and there was the easy class 2 gully! This lead down to rocky slabs by the side of the steep hard snow field. So anyone climbing this route should take the easy rock slabs to the right of the snow field to reach the gully which cannot be easily seen from below.

Our hike out from camp was on the lower trail which the trail from Shadow Lake joins, and I reached the cars just by dark. Negotiating Agnew Meadows in the gloom was not easy.

I was pleased to succeed this time as Ritter is the last of the 'easy' Emblems, leaving just the two class 4 peaks. I had to climb Ritter anyway, as it has been beckoning me since I saw it on my first visit to Mammoth ski slopes soon after I arrived in California in 1968.

MT. HUMPHREYS with the Vagmarken, Sept. 7-8.....Walt and Betty Kabler

Ever have one of those weekends where you felt you knew everyone in the Sierras? And they were all climbing on your mountain?

Last spring on a climb of University we met Dan Levack, a member of the Vagmarken, who invited us to participate in any of that club's climbs we found interesting. Along with Earl Kesler and Barbara Reber, we decided to go on Dan's Humphreys-Four Gables trip. Arrangements were made with him and we assembled Friday evening in Canoga Park to sort people and packs into the Vagmarken van and Earl's car. To our delight, we found that Dolores Holladay would be joining us. Vagmarken members Steffie Ford, Tom and Donna Parks, and Chuck Kudija completed the group.

Since some people had worked late, the first car didn't get to North Lake until 1:30 the next morning. The van came in at 3:15. And it was after 9:00 that we started up the trail. Earlier, however, we met two other groups of climbers--Tom Cardina with Vi Grasso, Maynard Brandsma, and Carl Studi, and Tom Wehan with Paul and Eric Bloland and a Sierra Clubber from Fresno whose name we never learned--who were setting out for Humphreys. Three members of the Cardina party bagged Emerson on the way in, but altitude sickness and some lack of conditioning in our group slowed us to the point where we had to scrap plans for doing Four Gables that weekend. The Cardina and Wehan groups set up camps about halfway between Piute Pass and the mountain, while we trudged over to Upper Marmot Lake right at the base of Humphreys. As we lounged in camp, two figures we had seen descending the number two route came down to the lake and turned out to our surprise and pleasure to be Joe Young and Roy Ward, who after climbing in the Palisades and bar-hopping 395 earlier in the week had come in for Humphreys and Emerson. Joe called the climb of Humphreys "exhilarating" and the two left us with much useful detail about the climbing route. About this time, the Vagmarken were beginning to suspect an SPS plot to dominate the mountain for the weekend, but after some ritual sharing of Earl's magic brown bottle, we all went comfortably to bed.

Next morning, the two Toms' groups plus a couple from the Bay Area (on a revenge climb, having been blown off the mountain earlier in June) preceded us up the mountain by an hour or better. We climbed route two easily and reached the 4th class pitch just in time to watch the Bay Area pair downclimb it unroped.

"It was a super climb!" said the girl in a marvelous British accent.

"We noticed you came down unprotected."

"Yes, we were a bit dubious at first and considered it very carefully beforehand. It went very well, don't you think?"

By this time, the Cardina and Wehan parties had linked up and tied their two ropes together for a long rappel down the chute immediately north of the 4th class pitch. One tired climber was about halfway down, Dulfering, and we noticed something a bit strange.

"Should we tell him his fly is open?"

"No-o-ooo. He looks like he's got enough to worry about."

Tom and Chuck set up a belay for the 4th class and we were soon on the summit. Two rappel pitches down, more or less in the two places where Joe and Roy had told us they left new slings (we never found the lower one), and down the scree to camp. Darkness overtook us on the way out, and we were later-than-anyone-liked getting back to L.A., but we all enjoyed the trip enormously. Vagmarken climbing was first rate (although organization and timing leave a little to be desired) and the SPSers who went on the trip look forward to climbing with them again.

PRIVATE CLIMB

KAWEAH PEAKS AREA Aug. 29 - Sept. 3, 1974....

Dennis Lantz

Some climbers would learn after the Taboose Pass/Bolton-Brown expedition, but instead I asked Diana Dee for another neat 4-5 day trip for Labor Day weekend. When I rejected Noshoq or St. Elias or Chimborozo in quick succession ("But the airline connections are perfect."), she proposed a traverse of Hilgaard, Humphreys, Harrington, Henry and Homers Nose; we settled on the Kaweah peaks ridge.

It is hereby proposed that the SPS invite Henry Kissinger to fly to the San Joaquin Valley to try to establish talks between the USDA Forest Service and the USDI National Park Service. Each does fine work separately, bless 'em, and on the East side of the Sierras they have achieved detente', but the West! At least the Arabs and Israelis can relieve tension by shooting at each other. You see, Mineral King is a State wildlife preserve, administered by the Forest Service in the Valley, but the Kaweah peaks are in the National Park, and unlike the other areas where a permit at the point of entry is good even in "the other's" territory, here you must get a Park Service permit, except they don't mail them out because there's no entry limit per day this year so you have to drive six miles back through the National Forest to the National Park on the other side to their ranger station which closes at 5 p.m. and opens after 7 a.m. to get your permit before you can go back to the valley and climb. (Got that?) This took five long-distance telephone calls and means we hit the trail after 9 a.m. Sure, we climb to relieve the tensions of civilization....

The 3300' over Glacier Pass was put away by late lunchtime, and the 2500' over Black Rock Pass faded by late afternoon. Diana had hauled in the frozen fixings for fresh stroganoff and cherry cheesecake, so we ate well, sitting around a fire in the Little Five Lakes Basin. Les Byington thought of the climb that day, looked at first-year climber, Meridee Muell, and asked, "Why don't you take her on something reasonable?"

Morning on the second day found Diana not feeling well at all, so we scrubbed Black Kaweah, feeling that two rock leaders were needed for safety on that climb. After a too-liesurely move into the Big Arroyo, Les and Meridee took off for the Great Kaweah; several hours out, they decided it was already too late and returned to camp. In the other direction, I enjoyed Mt. Stewart, putting in a new register and container, but passed Eagle Scout Peak on the return. Soloing in the dark is a poor practice.

Near our two Stephenson tents we found Bud Ford, John Otter, and Dave Campbell, Vagmarken and sometime-SPS'ers. We shared our campfire, their blackberry brandy, lots of stories and dessert. Meridee and Les declared the Great Kaweah their objective for the morning, Diana and I chose Red Kaweah, and the Vagmarken picked Black Kaweah. We slept well, after hauling our packs very high to avoid the bear which, a recent note warned, "will ventilate your packs". He must have had an appointment elsewhere, for he never returned.

Eleven the next morning found Diana yelling "ROY!" at the Magnusons on the summit of Black Kaweah. Shortly after, we were lunching on Red Kaweah with the Vagmarken, who joined us after deciding that the south side of Black Kaweah was not as good as a southwest chute route chosen by Roy and Barbara. We agreed, and let them sign the 1936 register which we put back into the new container. The route is obvious, distant or close, except near the top. The summit is back and to the right, looking up the crud

KAWEAH PEAKS..cont.

slopes. Near the top, hit the ridge several hundred feet north of the summit and traverse. There's about 10' up and 15' over on an exposed ridge, but under the crud is (fairly) solid rock. The return to camp follows the up route, along the watercourse from the lakes just below the peak. Stay north of this creek, south of the rock ridge, and you'll strike the High Sierra Trail less than 1/4 mile from camp.

Meridee and Les had followed the map-obvious route through wild currants, flowers and clouds of butterflies to the 1928 register on Great Kaweah, and returned delighted. Les and Diana then had the sobering thought that their dinner was cached at Cliff Creek, back over Black Rock Pass, so they set out to hike for their supper. Meridee and I settled for a (very short) dip in the creek and liesurely dinner around a tiny, cheerful fire.

Our fourth day we treated as the vacation it really was, sleeping late and sightseeing our way back to the tarn at Cliff Creek where we also had stashed our last trail dinner. The Little Five Lakes Basin was starkly devoid of the pre-Labor Day crowds of so few days before. It's much nicer when empty, thank you. We camped that last night beneath a peach and lavender sunset, just east of the crest of Glacier Pass.

Talking with some very bold marmots the next morning and looking back to the Kaweahs and beyond seemed more important than hurrying. We finally left our packs at the Glacier Pass/Sawtooth Pass trail junction and traversed across to Sawtooth Peak. Okay, so that's three times -- it's a neat peak, and anyway, we had time and a new register container. We enjoyed the last of our cheese and hard rolls and apples here before hitting the down trail for the car and home. Let's see: would Black Kaweah and Eagle Scout go an a three-day weekend?

#### PRIVATE CLIMB -- METTELHORN (11,175 ft), Zermatt, Switzerland

On Friday, September 12, I set out at 7:30 AM from the village of Zermatt (5315 ft.) for the Mettelhorn, a small Alp below the Weisshorn. The climb was rated at 5 stunde (hours) and was considered a good conditioner for the Matterhorn since the gain was almost 6,000 ft. (The Matterhorn itself was closed due to excessive snow, according to the Swiss guides.) The trail starts from the main street looking like a path to the front doors of a few rustic dwellings. The first 1,100 feet rise steeply to the first waterhole, the Edelweiss Cafe (denoted by a wine glass on the local hiking map). After gulping an 80-cent coke with lemon, I proceeded 1,200 feet up to the next wine glass, the Trift Hotel. Unfortunately, the hotel was closed, but the grounds were occupied by a horde of black-faced sheep, which also blocked the route. The final 3,500 feet were extremely scenic, crossing alpine meadows, some rocky interludes, and a small glacier crossing before the last 400 feet of switchbacks. Views of the Matterhorn, Zinalrothern, Weisshorn and the Dom were particularly impressive. The skies were clear and sunny and the guide map's rating of "magnificent panorama; excursion of high standard" held true. Although I had rented an ice axe, it really wasn't necessary as the route across the snow was well indented with footsteps and was not overly steep. I reached the summit well before noon, finding that the top was not too roomy and was already occupied by 7 or 8 non-English-speaking Germans, with more on the way. I nodded, "Wie Gehts?", gulped a liter of apfel-saft (apple cider), took pictures, and headed back to quieter preserves for a liesurely lunch, finally returning to Zermatt by 4 PM.

.....Dick Farrar

CALTECH PK., MT. TORCHBEARER, MT. CHESTER-VERSTEEG, etc. ...Jerry Keating

The August scheduled trip to the area having been cancelled, Barbara Lilley and Jerry Keating chose an extended Labor Day weekend to climb an assortment of non-qualifying but nevertheless enjoyable peaks west of Shepherd Pass.

After backpacking over the pass to Sheep Camp (11,200') on Friday, we walked up Caltech Pk. (13,832') from the Muir Trail Saturday, then traversed on Class 1-2 terrain to Mts. Torchbearer (13,030'), Senior (12,428') and Junior (12,223). Caltech offers splendid views of the main crest, the Kings-Kern Divide and the Great Western Divide. We returned to Sheep Camp at 2 p.m. that day, then backpacked south-westward across Tyndall Creek to a 12,000-foot saddle overlooking the Wright Lakes basin. A footpath, not shown on the map, made the ascent of the saddle easy. At the saddle, we left the footpath and backpacked cross-country along the Tawny Pt. ridge, climbing Pk. 12,345 and Tawny Pt. (12,332') in the process.

Camp that night was set up on a wooded bench at 11,400' about .3 mile north of Lake 11,222. To the southwest was an impressive panorama of the Kaweah Peaks Ridge.

On Sunday, Bobbie scrambled up Pks. 13,540 and 12,400 on opposite sides of the basin, the author climbed Chester-Versteeg (13,470') via its west face, finding intact in the register the records of the SPS-DPS' 1965 dedication climb led by John Robinson. To climb C-V from the west, be sure to locate the summit while still on the approach because once at Lake 11,952, you will be confronted with a confusing array of pinnacles. When viewed from afar, the summit is relatively flat but tilts downward to the south. It is on the south end of the various skyline pinnacles.

The route, which is Class 2 with a touch of low 3, begins atop a gentle rib directly in front of the mountain, goes up a talus-filled chute, then swings to the right and heads through scree and other loose rocks for the crest south of the summit. About 300 feet short of the crest, a steep, sandy chute with several chockstones near its head can be seen leading to the immediate north of the summit. Follow this steep chute to the crest, then scramble up the summit rocks. From the top, there is a fine view of Mt. Williamson and of the east-side route on C-V used by the SPS in 1964.

On Labor Day, we backpacked from the Wright Lakes campsite to the car at Wright Lakes in less than seven hours, including a long lunch at Anvil Camp and numerous other stops to photograph this highly scenic region.



1975 SPS Membership and Echo Subscription Application Form

Unless you have a "75" written on your Echo mailing label, or if you are applying for membership or subscribing to the Echo, you need to fill out this form.

Current Sierra Club membership is required for all SPS members; please list your SC membership number(s) for the Section records. A space is provided for listing activities for members who wish "active" (voting) status. If you wish to be an active member for 1975 please list your 1974 qualifying activity.

Non-SPS members who are subscribing to the Echo, please check the "subscriber only" box. You needn't supply an SC number.

If you are applying for SPS membership list the peaks climbed, dates, and indicate those climbed with the SPS in the space provided at the bottom of the page.

One Echo subscription is sufficient for related members living at the same address. Please be sure to fill in the requested information for all members.

Please mail this page and the \$3.00 Echo subscription fee to:

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Duane McRuer  
SPS Treasurer, 1975  
357 S. Meadows Ave.  
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

(New Members or Reinstatements:)

Tom Cardina  
SPS Secretary, 1975  
1625 Raymond Hill Rd. #9  
So. Pasadena, CA 91030

RENEWAL DEADLINE: March 31. (After that time, please apply for reinstatement.)

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- I hereby apply for membership in the SPS. (List peaks climbed, dates, and indicate those climbed with the SPS below:)

<u>Peak</u>	<u>Date</u>	(✓) (with SPS)
_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____
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