

The

Sierra



ECHO

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NO. 5



CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

By the time you read this column the SPS activity year will have turned the corner and be headed for the home stretch. Many of the goals set forth by the Management Committee when it took office have been achieved and the others are well advanced. Notable among the latter is the establishment of Senior Emblem and List Finisher pins. Proposed designs for these have been tentatively adopted by the Management Committee. Without further formal input from the Membership at large these devices should be finalized in the next month or so. The Committee also recently appointed Doug Mantle, the immediate Past Chairman, as Chairman of the Nominations Committee. People who wish to be considered or to suggest others for the Management Committee should contact Doug. The nominations will be presented at the regular annual business meeting of the Section on October 13th. At this meeting additional nominations for the Management Committee will also be accepted.

Much of our time and effort from now on will be devoted to the Annual Banquet. While always a high point, this year the banquet will be a formal celebration of the 20th year of active SPS operations. The food will center on Taix's best steaks, the drinks are your own choices, and the visual presentation documents some outstanding climbing by superlative climbers. The special Second Decade Anniversary Issue of the Echo, now in preparation, will be handed out as a special feature. We are also planning some surprises. All of this will take place on the evening of Monday, December 13th at Taix's restaurant. You can participate by sending a SASE and a check for \$8.50 per person to our banquet leader Betty Kabler. Do it soon, for seating will be more limited this year than in the past (apparently the Fire Department has discovered Taix's crowded banquet room!).

Duane McRuer

COVER PHOTO

Crud heaps like Mt. Morgan gain visual appeal with snow dusting talus slopes, providing contrast for our cover photo taken from Peak 12,866 by John Arden.

THE SIERRA ECHO is published seven times a year by the Sierra Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club. EDITOR - Mary Omberg, 4311 El Prieto, Altadena, CA 91001. MAILING - Anna Lou Pinson, 10624 Garden Grove Ave., Northridge, CA 91324. SUBSCRIPTIONS - \$3 per year. Subscribing to the ECHO is a requirement for active membership in the SPS. Send remittance before March 31 to: Beverly Shultz, SPS Treasurer, 3212 Montrose, La Crescenta, CA 91214. COPY DEADLINE - Twentieth of odd months.

ECHOS FROM THE PAST
10 years ago in the SPS
Ron Jones

The 1965 Management Committee under the leadership of Section Chairman Dick Jali decided to update the Peak List and to select a list of "Star" or "Golden" Peaks, which later developed into the present Mountaineer's List.

The guiding idea was to make this new list a useful guide to climbing so that those, "entering an unfamiliar region would have some idea what peaks of all those on the maps are really the most desirable." This provision was to be voted upon at the upcoming Section elections.

All climbers in the Section, who at the time had climbed 150 or more peaks, were asked to list their 100 best peaks based on dominance, beauty of approach, view from the top, elevation, inaccessibility and difficulty. Also 25 "Star" peaks were to be selected which were to be regarded as above average.

Other ideas on the topic ranged from John Robinson's support of careful list additions to whatever number in order to encourage and expand knapsacking and climbing; Andy Smatko's support of a fixed limit of "Two Hundred Best Peaks", subject to careful additions and deletions to encourage "newcomers, oldcomers, hikers and car campers to come into the Sierra"; and Elton Fletcher's idea of a list of peaks rated by points according to difficulty inaccessibility, beauty and dominance. Elton suggested elimination of "Emblem Peaks" and offering rewards for points earned by peak climbs; perhaps 25 points for Section membership, 100 points for star award and 500 points for Emblem award. He felt this would encourage climbs of all peaks and not primarily Emblem Peaks.

Climbing highlights of the time included Arkel Erb leading the first scheduled SPS 4th class climbing trip in which 6 persons climbed various of the Kearsarge Pinnacles. Ken McNutt led another 4th class climbing party on Clyde Minaret. Jerry Keating led a group of 18 on the first scheduled climb of Mt. Henry. Ed Lane reported on a solo climb, the 2nd ascent of the newly named Mt. Adali Stevenson (12,760 plus, 0.5 miles SE of Gardiner)

20 years ago in the SPS

Trips led by the fledgeling SPS in August 1956 included a lead of University Peak by Chuck Miller; The first scheduled lead of Mt. Darwin by Bob Sheller and Leo Scotti; Frank Bressell led Mt. Irvine on the last weekend of the month. In September John Robinson led a successful Labor Day Trip which yielded the summits of Mt. Williamson, Trojan and Barnard. Later in September Bud Bingham and Don Clarke, together with only 3 climbers, were caught in an early season snow storm while climbing Cardinal Mountain; Izzy Lieberman and Miles Brubacher led Mt. Morrison later in the month and Bud Bingham and George Wallerstein closed out the September activity with a climb of Tunabora (without Carrilon or Russell!)

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor:

I am sorry that Barbara Lilley and others continue to support abolition of the BMTC. In spite of arguments to the contrary, I think it provides a necessary and valuable service. The wilderness needs a large number of educated users, and BMTC helps to provide this education.

However, while it may encourage people who are interested in hiking and climbing to continue developing this interest, I dispute the claim that it attracts "hordes of people into the wilderness." In recent weeks, I have conducted an informal poll of current and former BMTC students, and I have yet to find a single one who was brought into the wilderness by BMTC. They have all said that they looked for education after becoming interested in the wilderness.

Now to clear up a point in my earlier letter. I do not feel that overcrowding and overuse should be deliberately imposed on the wilderness. We do need large numbers of wilderness supporters, all working for more wilderness, though. The solution is to disperse these people through the available wilderness areas, as the permit system does. The overuse we should point to in our arguments is that of past years. In current years, the demand for permits when entry quotas have been filled will be an effective argument.

Another point, support of entry quotas is not necessarily equivalent to discouraging backcountry use. It is, I feel, more accurately interpreted as encouraging dispersed use.

While it is possible to learn mountaineering skills through participation in HPS, SPS, DPS, and RCS activities, skills are picked up in a haphazard fashion. Such portions of the BMTC curriculum as selection of clothing, food, and equipment would never be covered. Additionally, BMTC provides mountaineering experience, qualifying the student for Sierra Club trips. A participant wanting to learn a new technique on a trip would generally be discouraged; leaders want experienced climbers. If there were no BMTC, newcomers would be caught in a vicious circle, needing experience, but not getting it because they didn't have it.

The Sierra Club should encourage newcomers to the wilderness. We need to avoid an elitist image, which would be fostered by elimination of a program which helps others to join us in the wild places we love. The abolition of BMTC would be ill advised.

Ken Jones

Dear Editor:

I have been following the published debate with regard to the BMTC and the encouragement of nature-lovers to over-use the wilderness. I feel that many readers are short-sighted, and do not give this serious topic the attention it deserves. More than that, some Sierra Clubbers are reluctant to voice a personal view for fear of being categorized in one or the other camp. Like most of us, they prefer to be friends with Barbara Lilley and Abe Siemens, while having fun and enjoying hikes with Ken Jones, Jay Davis, et al. Some even confuse the issues with commercialism, railing against the income produced by the BMTC program.

I see other issues, and would like to generate more open discussion of BMT, its goals, management, profits and eventual consequences.

Wilderness is doomed--how can we get the most of it for ourselves? That is a central issue. Visit Redwood Park and the rape of wilderness is apparent. I want all of the remaining wilderness left as it was (not as it is), in a pristine state. I hate the beer cans (and tabs), and I collect them. I hate the roads, the bridges, the ducks (I tear them down when no one is looking). I especially hate the trails and the reservations. I hate the Rangers and the "parking areas". I wish I saw no other person once I left the road head--I wish there were no road heads.

I can't have my wish - and the time is altogether too short to effect any real change. I urge all wilderness lovers to get out there and consume as much of the primitive world as there is left, and not to waste time with "Letters to the Editor". I urge our club to sponser Monkey wrench* units to sabotage construction equipment and logging rigs. I, personally, will lead groups to known piles of rubbish - east of Icehouse saddle and along Trail Crest - and transport it to the paved parking area in Mosquito Flats, the ugliest spot of blacktop I know. I also suggest a massive propaganda campaign and rumor mill, i.e., "The road to Kennedy Meadows was washed out". For the best of all rumors I recommend, "Wilderness areas have been abolished, and no permits are required of anyone anymore." The Rangers will really be busy for a change.

It all comes to the same and immediate end - we are a feeble cry, in and for Wilderness. Use it fast, in good health. It won't outlast our generation, no matter what our cry. So have fun, confound the enemy, and vote against the incumbents of whatever administration--They've already been had!

George R. Davis

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREST SERVICE

Inyo National Forest
Mammoth Ranger District
Mammoth Lakes, Ca. 93546

REPLY TO: 2600 - Wildlife

May 2, 1976

SUBJECT: Bighorn Sheep Sightings

TO: Ms. Mary Omberg
Editor - The Sierra Echo
4311 El Prieto
Altadena, Ca. 91001



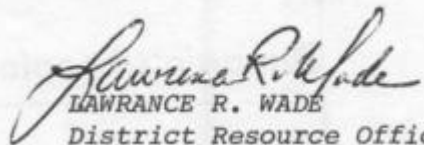
I have just read, with interest, your November/December issue. As an organized group, which probably spends more time off the beaten path in the Sierra's than anybody else, I would like your membership's assistance in determining the extent of the remaining Bighorn Sheep population in the Sierra's. In particular, I am interested in any sightings which are made in the area from Goodale Mountain, north to Mammoth.

This last August a lone ram was observed near Red Slate Mountain by one of our Wilderness Rangers. To my knowledge this was the first sheep sighting reported in the area for quite a few years, and raises many questions.

I would appreciate any sightings made by your group being reported to either myself in Mammoth, or to any Ranger District office on the Inyo National Forest. The sighting report should consist of date, time, location, number of sheep, and sex if possible.

Thank you for your time.

Sincerely,


LAWRENCE R. WADE
District Resource Officer

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Individuals interested in a trip to the Pamirs (Russia) from approximately July 15 - August 21, 1977, should contact Dina Lombard, 1142 Solana Dr., Mt. View, CA 94040 (phone: 415-941-3123). Total expenses are \$1,700, including airfare and all food and lodging. A climbing party of four is needed to make the trip go.

DECEMBER 13

MONDAY

SIERRA PEAKS

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET: Taix Restaurant, 1911 West Sunset Blvd., L.A. Meet 6:30 for cocktails, 7:30 for steak dinner and very special twentieth anniversary program. Cost \$8.50 each. Send check (c/o SPS) and SASE to Betty Kabler. Limited seating.

I extend special thanks to eagle-eyed JACK GRAMS for retrieving my down jacket in the Sierra. (See Jim and Pat Butlers' Kings-Kern & Great Western Divide trip write-up for details.) - M. Omberg

Anyone interested in guided climbing and trekking tours in the Sinai contact the editor for information.

The section treasurer has emblems for sale at \$7.50 and patches at \$2.00. The secretary has peak lists available for \$0.25. For the latter two items, be sure to include SASE.

Section Secretary, R.J. SECOR, has resigned to attend college at the University of Puget Sound, Washington. We'll miss R.J. but wish him luck, especially with skiing and winter mountaineering, his respective major and minor courses of study. Replacing him is TED PINSON, who assumed his new responsibilities at September's management meeting.

ED TREACY finished the list on Friday, August the 13th. with a climb of Finger. Others of us should have such luck that day!

FLASH ANNOUNCEMENT! ROCK CLIMB PRACTICE OCT 23-24 !

Due to recent rescheduling of the 1976-77 rock and ice practice season, there will be an SPS/MTC rock climb practice at Mount Rubidoux Saturday and Sunday, October 23 and 24. The current Sierra Club Schedule covers this period, but does not list this practice - this is the only notice you will get. For trip sheet and car pool data, send SASE to Reservationist MERIDEE MUELL by Oct. 12. It will help planning for leaders if you advise you are SPS and what your skill level is. Technical questions to Leader DENNIS LANTZ, days at (213) 947-1064.

SCHEDULED TRIPS

TYNDALL (June 5-6)

Elton Fletcher & Phil Bruce

Thirteen snow climbers showed up at the Symmes Creek roadhead for the snowless climb of Tyndall. Ice axes and crampons were left at the cars, although we did cross a little snow on the east face. The backpack to the Pothole was uneventful, just hot and dry. Once in camp, three sneaked up nearby Keith. The next day, twelve made Tyndall without problem. An extremely strong wind made the summit stay a short one. All ate lunch back at the Pothole and were out to the cars early, except for co-leader Fletcher who had his usual feet problems.

KINGS-KERN AND GREAT WESTERN DIVIDE

JIM AND PAT BUTLER

At 5:45 A.M. on July 10, 4 out of the 6 participants on our scheduled trip assembled at the Symmes Creek roadhead for Shepherd Pass to commence the dreary slog to the pass. Two of the participants had wisely hiked in part way the previous day and spent the night part way up the trail. The two parts of the group met at Anvil Camp at 11:30 and enjoyed a leisurely lunch. We reached the pass by 3:00 and felt good about the optimistic start of the trip.

The next morning 3 of the group climbed Mt. Tyndall by the northeast 3rd class route, while one person limped back to the cars with a foot injury. We then moved camp to a small lake up Milestone Creek. The third morning, three of the party left camp at 5:30 to climb Milestone. Relying on good route information from Cuno Ranchau and Jerry Keating (avoid the chockstone near the summit by dropping over the notch 50-100 feet, moving left around a buttress, and then continuing left up toward the summit--it is well ducked), we were on top early and with no difficulty. We then moved on to Midway, where we enjoyed perusing the oldest register in the Sierras (1912). Since it is full, however, both a new cannister and book are needed for current signatures. A traverse from Midway to Table looks inviting, but quickly turned into 4th class, and we lost about two hours in getting off Midway with ropes. It would have been far easier to go down Midway's east ridge and then move up to Table. At Table we met the fourth member of our party who had spent the morning scouting the route onto the brown ledge--a series of zigzagging ledges reached via one of several 3rd class chutes. Upon reaching the immense table top, we could understand the frequent helicopter landings recorded in the register (generally USGS survey parties). We were all back in camp by 6:30. That evening, Jack Grams found Mary Omberg's parka not far from our camp; it had been left behind by accident the preceeding week, and our rescue mission was now complete.

On the fourth day, we moved camp to a lovely lake at about 11,000', just inside the draw between Table and Thunder, and climbed Jordan (nice 4th class summit block with 3 possible means of ascent: an unnerving, though not difficult, step-across; an unexposed chimney of 15-20'; and a face climb that an RCSer with EBs might find challenging). Installing a fixed line, and taking the step-across (if you step down it is only 3' or so, not the 5' leap described in the Climber's Guide), we got the entire party to the summit. There is a piton just the other side of the step across with an old carabiner in it that is quite handy for setting up the fixed line. Later that afternoon, two members of the party climbed Genevra and were back early enough for a dip in the lake by camp.

The fifth day we arose early to attempt Thunder and South Guard. Thanks to Diana Dee's helpful hints from her trip the week before, we went directly over, NOT 50' to the right of, the apparent high point (which is the south summit). The "airy bridge", by the way, is quite low, between the south and middle summits, and is far less "airy" than Jordan's step-across. In fact, it is very easy to step on good footholds below the "airy bridge" and to use the bridge as a handrail. From this bridge, the route to the north summit is obvious. The summit is reached by a somewhat exposed strength move up a crack with a couple of chockstones, or by means of the well protected, but fairly strenuous jamcrack described in the Guide. Thunder was probably the favorite peak of all participants. It is little climbed. Three of the group then set out over Thunder Pass for South Guard. The pass had a lot of very hard snow and ice on the north side, and without ice axes, the party almost turned back. By slipping carefully, from one giant, shallow suncup to another, however, the party carefully worked through the snow and into the boulders, vowing to stay high on the return route to avoid the snow. Three ridges and many thousands of feet of gain through sand (with no redeeming pebbles for a firm footholds) later, the group reached Longley Pass and South Guard, and returned to camp in the rain. They were victorious , but frankly wondered why they had bothered. South Guard was voted the most unfavorite peak of the trip.

The sixth day we moved camp to Lake South America, where we decided to declare a leisure day and only climb Ericson, but after reaching that peak, the incorrigible group wanted to do Stanford, too, and easily could have except for the fast approaching southern storm which was beginning to demonstrate thunder and lightning displays over Mt. Guyot. Diverting reluctantly from Stanford (..maybe we could just make it before the storm hits...), we returned to camp in time to greet the rain. The storm was so violent --with rain, hail, strong winds of 30-40 miles per hour, thunder and lightning-- and showed no signs of relenting by noon of the seventh day, so we packed up and headed out to Shepherd Pass, dropping down to Anvil Camp for the night. Since the storm lasted several more days, the retreat appears to have been justified, but we were disappointed to have missed Stanford, Deerhorn, Junction and Keith, particularly when we were running a couple days ahead of schedule and , except for the weather, could easily have finished our objectives.

The trip was certainly successful, however, in that the Mary Omborg Parka Rescue Group did not return empty handed!

SEVEN GABLES & GEMINI (July 17-18, 1976)

Mark Goebel

Following a three day rain storm in the Sierra and Owens Valley area, fourteen climbers were greeted Saturday morning by a cloud-filled Pine Creek Canyon. Occasionally, the ominous clouds would part, and the sheer, banded cliffs of nearby peaks would appear. All in all, the scene was closer to Canadian Rockies rather than California Sierra.

Although it did not rain on Saturday, the humidity was very high until we broke through the clouds at Pine Lake. The route continued on over Pine Creek Pass, down French Canyon, and then up to camp about one half mile below Merriam Lake. Half of the group had to have a peak the first day, so they bagged Pilot Knob before attaining camp.

Departing camp at 6:00 A.M. on Sunday, minus one lost to altitude sickness, we hiked around Merriam Lake and ascended to a small col, elevation 11,920 feet. At this point, Seven Gables (7G) and the saddle to its S.E. (12,000') are visible. We then descended from the col, running into a little 3rd. class (carry an ice axe in a normal or above snow year), into 7G Lake basin and then climbed up to the Gemini-7G saddle. All was second class.

From the saddle, our route contoured left (W) around 7G about one half mile where we ascended 3rd. class through a break in the cliff and then slogged on up to the summit ridge and finally over some exposed 3rd. class onto the summit block.

Following a brief summit rest, we returned to the saddle, and everyone proceeded up Gemini as the sky darkened with rain clouds. The return to camp was via our morning route and was dampened by on-and-off hail and rain. At this point, the remainder of the trip might be described as your basic death march. Leaving camp at 6:00 P.M., we arrived at Pine Creek Pass at 8:00 P.M. and, thanks to strong flashlight batteries, the cars between 11:05 P.M. and 12:20 A.M.

Thanks go to the rainmaker for holding off more-or-less for the weekend, the good group which kept walking and walking, and to R.J. Secor for his fine rear guard action. I hope everyone was well rested by the following weekend.

MT. DADE, July 17-18, 1976

Meridee Muell & Dennis Lantz

Sure the Schedule said "Dade and Abbot", but it wouldn't be fair to claim in an ECHO title a peak that nobody made. And why not? you ask (climb it, not claim it). Well, everybody knows of the spectacular thunderstorms around Bishop on the 15th and 16th, forecast to last through the 20th. That is, everyone knew but the Weather Gods. Having surprised everyone when they cranked up the Wet Machine, once the Weather Bureaucrats caught up and promised four more days, said Weather Gods replaced the plug. So, while morning cumulus always bring Sierra rain by 2 p.m., the tricky trickle powers merely scared everyone into carrying tents and galoshes, waved grey clouds all day, and departed.

Thirteen participants, subsequently believers all in the ill omen "13", trekked into the supremely beautiful area above the Rock Creek/Mosquito Flats trailhead. (As if the numbers and the weather weren't enough, those new to the area were treated to a map anomaly: One of the Treasure Lakes is such a treasure that it isn't even on the map; there are three on paper, but four in the Sierras, and the drainage isn't as represented, too.) After a scenic route to Treasure Lakes, everyone set tents and lunch with an eye to the gathering storm. Once all was secure, Meridee announced Mt. Dade as the afternoon target, as a quick retreat from the expected lightning would be impossible on Mt. Abbot.

When she typed her trip sheet at 3 a.m. a week before the trip, Meridee foggily switched "Dade" for Abbot throughout, while warning of the snow field, third class climb, and loose rock. Her prophecy of loose rock on "Dade" then came true with a vengeance. One of the mostly-novice participants went above, off-route, while circling the lake, and sent a granite basketball and lesser-sized missiles bouncing straight at her. She dodged, shielding her head, and got all but her knee out of the way. Some 1,000' above, later on, the knee buckled, and she switched from lead to sweep.

Of course, the time on the peak was great, if a little chilly, and the panorama and SPS pasttime, register-reading, were enjoyed by all. The return was somewhat slow, what with trying to teach restrained talus running ("of course the rocks move --- they're supposed to! Try moving with them."). And then there's the problem of going downhill with a non-functioning knee. Well, dinner was enjoyable, if not early.

By now you've probably guessed the reason that Abbot didn't get climbed. With eight rock kickers and a wounded leader, even the heavenly blue/gold day left by the disappearing storm clouds wasn't enough to turn the decision. Rock practice was held on a nearby face (we had the rope, after all), followed by a leisurely pack out.

Applications have already been taken for the next attempt.

July 22-25 Goddard-Reinstein Walt Kabler, Don Beverage

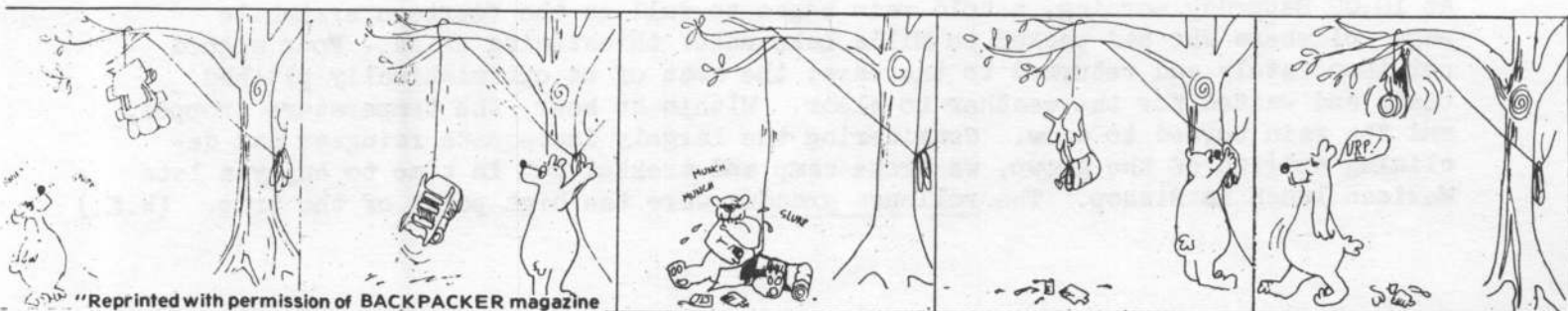
Sixteen climbers met the leaders at sixty-feet-lower-than-normal Florence Lake to ferry across at \$2.50 each. Six of the group were BMFC students who hoped to join SPS; two were backpackers; most of the remainder were the current crop of emblem chasers. The first day we hiked to the junction of the Goddard Canyon-Hell-for-Sure Pass trails, camped, and ate just before the all-night rain began. By 7:00 next morning, we were hiking again and shortly thereafter set up camp at Martha Lake where a lady ranger emerged from her hiding place in the rocks to check our permit. A USFS helicopter carrying out wreckage of a light plane from the lakes east of Goddard entertained us while we packed summit packs and set off for Goddard. Sixteen climbers did the peak by 12:30, but thunder and lightning forced us to lunch below the summit. We were back in camp at 3:00; rain began again at 4:00, this time accompanied by wind. By 7:00, however, the rain had stopped, and we were able to build a fire to dry out a sleeping bag that had been soaked the night before. The third day dawned clear, and fifteen quickly did the 1500' to Reinstein via the northeast ridge (one low 3rd ledge on the approach), a route that offers more stable rock than the apparently loose south-east ridge given in the Guides (Smatko and Roper). We started out at 11:30 and set up the last camp at 5:30 about 2½ miles past the park boundary. We hiked the remaining 5½ miles to the ferry next morning, stopping a short time to watch a large rattlesnake devour a squirrel. By 10:00, we were back across the lake, and after a beer and pizza lunch in Shaver Lake, began the drive home. (W.K.)

July 31-Aug. 1 Abbot-Mills Walt Kabler, Phil Bruce

At 10:00 Saturday morning, a cold rain began to fall on the fourteen erstwhile eager climbers who had packed to Mills Lake under threatening skies. Four signed out immediately and returned to the cars; the rest of us optimistically pitched tents and waited for the weather to clear. Within an hour, the temperature dropped, and the rain turned to snow. Considering the largely inadequate raingear and declining spirits of the group, we broke camp and trekked out in time to enjoy a late Mexican lunch in Bishop. The rellenos grandes were the high point of the trip. (W.K.)

The 3 peaks scheduled for the weekend can be done comfortably in favorable weather if planned in a long summer day and Conness and North are climbed via the glacier on day 1 and Cathedral on day 2. But if you're faced with persistent summer showers and are related to the duck family, then the two peaks will go OK from the Saddlebag Lake campground. Salvaging what we could of a stormy weekend, of the 17 reservations for Saturday, 13 looney climbers showed up and happily started up about 8:30 to follow the jeep road/trail that contours the lake. At the end of the road and beginning of trail North and Conness peaks were (cloudly) visible. There are various routes up these peaks, all pretty obvious. After some cross country and heading toward Conness Lakes and an easy gain of approx. 2,000' (class 1) we made the summit of North Peak around 11:30. Nobody thought anything of the view, and since the rain had turned to wet snow, we made a hasty downclimb back to the lake and headed for the fishing lodge where the owners had so thoughtfully prepared the fireplace just for us - fishermen and other hikers were allowed, too. We spent the rest of the afternoon drying our very wet clothes and sloshy boots by the fireplace, but apparently we overstayed our welcome as the management indicated their reluctance to see us not leave... It got progressively and noticeably chilly in the lodge, and when we finally departed, it was noticed we weren't exactly invited back - but we surprised them Sunday morning when we showed up for a warm breakfast of pancakes and eggs.

Saturday evening we made ourselves comfortable at a less rainy campsite 11 miles south of Tioga - Crest View campground. The lovely campfire (wood purchased from our friendly fishing lodge) and warm glow from assorted wines were complemented by a cordial invitation from an area resident to leave the site as we seemed to be off limits. By this time we were used to being unwanted, so after dinner, followed by a fine demonstration of our talented and harmonious voices under the direction of Chorus Conductor Mantle, we moved camp down the road about 40 yards. Sunday morning after deciding to abandon the climb to Cathedral (possibility of wet rock) - for which there were 19 reservations - we headed back up to Tioga and the Lake area and climbed Conness (2,000'+ gain) via the SE ridge (class 2 but we managed to find a bit of class 3). Eleven climbers kept the faith and reached the summit in threatening weather which fortunately gave way to sunshine, a view, and a gorgeous afternoon. After lunch on the summit we headed back down the side of the SE ridge that leads and drops gently into a lovely valley. We located the experimental station and picked up the closed off jeep road that leads to the Saddlebag road. We reached the cars and were on our way by approx. 3:30 then re-grouped for dinner in Bishop at the 4-star rated Bishop Grill restaurant. My thanks to Doug Mantle for his super-able assistance and Cuno Ranschau's fine help. With such a great group of participants, however, the trip actually led itself.



August 7-8 Starr King Walt Kabler, Ron Jones

This trip was modeled on the successful climb led by Jon Hardt a couple of years ago where twenty climbers reached the summit. With nineteen climbers (twenty-one people were on the trip but Sharon Labrecque and new daughter Tammy didn't climb), we didn't break Jon's record, but in other respects the trip was much the same, including a Saturday afternoon practice session on some faces near the Clark Fork campsite. The route up Starr King goes in three pitches from the saddle between the summit and middle domes: I led the first pitch with two small chocks set in a crack to the left of the center line, then, after a traverse to the right, a larger chock in an onion skin about thirty feet below the belay ledge. Dick Labrecque followed me up to lead the second pitch while I brought up Gordon Smith and Bob Ayers to act as belayers for the rest of the party. Dick and I fixed a line on the second pitch, and people were able to self-belay on this rope using prussiks. The third pitch goes free. The amount of time spent belaying and rappelling with a party of this size is considerable, and was added to slightly by our assisting a party of five DeAnza College students up the first two pitches. (They in turn helped us retrieve our ropes, which saved us a bit of time.) So despite our 7:00 start, it was 7:00 pm by the time the last people were back at the cars. Special thanks to Chuck Stein for the use of a rope, the belayers and anchor setters already named, and to Ron Jones for acting as assistant when Phil Bruce, who was scheduled, was unable to make the trip. And thanks to the entire party for climbing and rappelling in fine style, including Sally Fry who climbed 4th class for the first time and managed it without breaking a nail. (W.K.)

MT. TOM (14 August 76)

D. Dee and S. Ossofsky

We all four climbed into the Hurst-Sunkist boat and drove around for a half hour chasing our tail (the fifth). Finally, we headed out 395, and after many shortcuts and the usual gastronomic experience at the Sportsmans', we sacked out at the Ossofsky house in Bishop midnight Friday.

The cats left me alone this time but picked on someone else who is allergic to them.

As usual, the Ossofsky hospitality added to its legend -- as she milked the goats and fed the chickens, Ellen also managed to whip up breakfast for nine of biscuits and (fresh!) eggs. It was topped by real tomato juice.

By 7:30 we were headed up the road to the Horton Lake roadhead. (168 west, right on Buttermilk Rd., right on 7E06 to the gate, or as far as you can get.) Ellen was heard to remark to Sy: "Well, this is an unusual trip -- the age range of the participants is four to almost fifty." All Sy could say was "Now, Ellen . . ." I couldn't tell how inaccurate that was at the high end, but at the low end we had Mike (4) and Billy (6) Ossofsky.

The hike to the cabin at Horton Lake was completed in two hours, even by apparently veteran hikers Mike and Billy. It was raining, and the weather was slowly deteriorating. At noon the five non-Ossofskys took off up the mine road for Mt. Tom. It was snowing at the saddle. We headed up the ridge towards Tom, and as soon as the climbing became sustained 3rd class, we contoured around to the left of the ridge, which put us back into 2nd class, and attained the summit via a gully at about 4:30. The visibility was only about 100 feet, and the weather, which had been poor but steady, began to get worse.

At this point the leader decided to go down a different way. This was a mistake because (1) white-out conditions existed and (2) a map and compass weren't consulted at the outset. Just about the time a mistake was suspected, the weather cleared, and sure enough, the party was traveling too far south. Fortunately, the weather improved, and the party merely had to trade worse footing for a shorter distance to camp.

Meanwhile, the four Ossofskys were catching the small fish in Horton Lake about as fast as they could cast.

The very tired party was particularly grateful for the shelter of the cabin (built by the miners for emergency use by hikers). It was very windy and occasionally precipitous during the night.

When the weather didn't clear sufficiently in the morning, the whole party retreated to the Ossofskys' for lunch. Of course, the Ossofskys complained of the long drive required for them to reach home.

After a discourse on the DWP, a tour of the farm, and gifts of goats' milk cheese and vegetables, the Hurst-Sunkist boat set off for Megalopolousland.

August 20-22 Lyell-Maclure Walton Kabler, Gene Olsen

For a change this summer, weather posed no problem for the twenty-one climbers who left Tuolumne at 8:30 Friday morning. There were other problems on the trip, however, and the first one showed up about 3:30 next morning when a bear ate three people's food and dragged another food sack into the trees before he was chased away. Two climbers who lost their food--one also had blisters--elected to hike out. The rest of us proceeded up the glacier uneventfully on a few inches of crunchy snow (crampons weren't needed) to the Lyell-Maclure saddle, where we encountered the second problem, icy ledges on Lyell, which closed down a number of the easier options. Careful route-finding enabled us to bypass the most dangerous spots and nineteen of us drank champagne on the summit to celebrate John Waggoner's emblem. Sixteen climbers then traversed without incident to Maclure, and we had descended to about 1000 feet above our camp at 10,200 when Doug Davis, not an SPS member but an experienced mountaineer, stepped on a rock hidden in a grassy hummock and sprained his ankle. First aid was administered by Gene Olsen and Dave Perkins, a former army medic, and Doug walked back to camp with the rest of us carrying his gear. In camp, we decided to walk Doug part way out that night, and accordingly, he left after dinner with Dave, Don Beverage, and Don Robinson (non-SPS) carrying his tent and sleeping gear. By next morning, we found out later, Doug felt well enough to walk the rest of the way out, and his party beat us to the cars by an hour. Back in base camp, we rehung the food sacks and set a trap for the bear in the form of a large, water-filled plastic bag dangling enticingly within reach. The sequence of events that followed is not known, but in any case, concealed by noisy high winds and occasional flurries of hail and snow, the bear returned, ripped the water bag, and ate five more people's remaining food, including mine. Next morning, we cleaned up the mess and hiked out hungrily. (W.K.)

GRAVEYARD PK., Aug. 21-22

Jerry Keating

Situated on the Silver Divide, Graveyard Pk. (11,494') proved to be a beautiful climb Sunday for six of 10 participants who had backpacked Saturday from Lake Edison to the first Graveyard Lake. The climbers went up the peak's SE ridge but at 11,300' traversed to the NE ridge before ascending the easy Class 3 ledges to the summit. Half of the climbing party went back along the NE ridge to bag Pk. 11,227, a Class 2 venture, while the others returned directly to camp to rejoin the four who had decided to forgo the summits.

Leaders Gordon MacLeod and Jerry Keating were uncertain Sunday morning that any climbing would occur, as scattered sprinkles began falling at 1 a.m. and dark clouds shrouded the peaks during breakfast. However, the cloudiness diminished and no further precipitation fell.

On Saturday, while the others fished or sunbathed near the forested camp, five members of the party climbed Pk. 11,336 via its Class 2 S ridge. Like Sunday's peaks, it provided a splendid view ranging from Mt. Ritter to the LeConte Divide.

Although Graveyard Pk. can be climbed from Devils Bathtub (normal basecamp for Silver Pk.), the Graveyard Lakes approach is far superior. The scenery is more alpine and the camp site is at least 700' higher.

To find the roadhead for either option, you can drive a mile past the turn-offs to the Lake Edison cafe-boathouse and the Vermilion Campground. Continue past a "Public Parking" area and look for a sign announcing a four-wheel-drive road to Devils Bathtub. Continue until you see a large sign which warns of unmaintained four-wheel-drive conditions ahead. There's abundant parking here, but you may want to check for a parking spot .25 mile farther as the road remains good. At the farther point, the road continues toward Devils Bathtub, but those aiming for Graveyard Lakes should turn right on a trail marked "Quail Meadows." Shortly after crossing Cold Creek on a steel bridge, the trail divides at a signed junction. The right fork goes around Lake Edison to Quail Meadows, while the left fork (marked "Goodale Pass") will take you toward Graveyard Lakes. The Devils Bathtub jeep roads intersects the Goodale Pass trail but is much longer. # # #

MC ADIE, IRVING, AND MUIR

AUGUST 21-22

Duane McRuer and Bill T. Russell

This trip for 15 SPS'rs started almost a day early for one of the leaders and two of the participants. This trio went from Whitney Portal to the campsite at Consultation Lake on Friday, dropped packs and continued on to climb Mt. Muir. This topped the last of the 14 West Coast 14,000 footers for John Backus. (There are, of course, 11 on the SPS list plus White, Shasta, and Rainier; John and the SPS don't count Polemonium!) The weather was grand after rain and snow on the crest less than 12 hours before.

The main party met with the other leader at 0715 a.m. on Saturday and proceeded with dispatch to the campsite and thence to a planned rendezvous on Arc Pass. In the meantime the early arrivals scouted Irvine and went back to the pass. The timing was flawless, and the two groups merged as they approached the center pass from two directions.

The McAdie route proceeded directly from the pass up to a face which appears as a very wide chute from the pass to just below the middle summit. Near the top of the middle summit we verged to the right past a duck which indicated the start of a 20 ft. downclimb to a platform. At this point the ledge system on the north summit is fully revealed to the eye; it presents a fearful countenance. Fortunately, ledges which from this perspective appeared quite narrow turn out to be very broad indeed. In fact, the only awkward part of the climb is the high 3rd class downclimb from the platform to the notch between the middle and north summits. About half of the party used a belay at this point (although none was required for the upclimb on the return). From the notch we climbed a few feet up and over a vestigial rib and thence on to the ledge system leading to the north summit, where 14 of the party reported in. Several were quite exuberant with success because of previous aborted attempts for various reasons.

As it happened all was pretty much downhill from here. By the time we returned to base camp, the wind was building up from a neighboring front. One leader's tent had already blown into the stream outlet, thoroughly soaking part of the sleeping bags and down gear contained therein. This was an appropriate prelude to the rest of the evening and night. The warm weather caused by the ominous black overcast, coupled with the flapping of many tents in gale-force winds resulted in a sleepless night for many. Some gear was blown away, and Dick Akawie's Stephenson suffered its third fractured pole. After an apparent eternity, the morning finally arrived, and the exuberant plans of the day before were replaced by much less ambitious second thoughts. Nine started for Irvine; four that had already done the peak started down, and two opted to remain in camp. The winds were still strong, but the weather cleared rapidly. Three turned back before reaching the level of the pass, leaving six who continued to Irvine. Five then returned to camp while one signed out to climb Mallory. The second group reunited and proceeded to Whitney Portal.

SUMMARY OF PEAK BAGGING

Paul Lipsohn has compiled data on scheduled trips from Jan. 1, 1970, through Oct. 31, 1976, the results of which may be of some interest. This study does not indicate whether or not trips were successful --which they sometimes were not.

Two peaks were scheduled eight times (Smith, Crag), 4 - 7 times, 12 - 6 times, 20 - 5 times, 40 - 4 times, 49 - 3 times, 60 - 2 times, 40 - 1 time, and 19 were not scheduled (246 peaks).

Emblem peaks were led as few as two times (Clarence King), and a maximum of seven times (Matterhorn). Of the 19 peaks not scheduled during that period, 14 of them are north of Yosemite. Of the six peaks north of Yosemite which were led, they were only scheduled once each.

Observation: We're doing a good job of covering most of the Sierra peaks, but few want to drive 1000+ miles per weekend to bag class one type summits.

PRIVATE TRIPS

BLACK DIVIDE (July 24 - August 1, 1976)

The Hoovers

Five northern California SPS members - Bill, Vicky, Nathan and Frances Hoover, and Jason Winnett - plus a guest, Doug Norris, visited several summits in the Ionian Basin and along the Black Divide in late July.

Starting out July 24 from Lake Sabrina at the same time as another group of SPSers bound for Haeckel and Wallace, we carried our heavy packs only as far as Echo Lake that day and camped near Chuck Stein, Ron Jones, and other SPSers. We had met a backpacker who warned us about the "blue ice" on Echo Col, which would require ice axe and crampons. Having brought neither of these, we were pleased next morning to note that the rocks below the col were actually clear of snow and ice. The snowfield below was somewhat icy, and we did rope up cautiously to cross it.

Right after our lunch at the large lake south of the col, the rains began which were to set a familiar pattern for the whole week. The downpour added excitement to our steep descent to the Muir Trail and soaked us thoroughly as we slogged up toward Muir Pass. Below the pass, we headed south to a lake just under 12,000 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ mile N.W. of Black Giant, to set up camp and get warm and reasonably dry inside our tent. Rain soon stopped.

A clear morning followed which saw four of us set off to climb Scylla and two to Goddard. The Scylla party especially admired Scylla's Sky Pilot and Goddard's new white frosting. All attained the summits in spite of the hail on the way up and the more substantial downpour on returning to camp in the afternoon. Next day saw all trip members climbing Charybdis and/or Black Giant. Weather threatened all day, but nothing developed till just after bedtime; then those of us outside hastily retreated inside to prove that six can survive an all-night downpour reasonably comfortably in a 4-man REI McKinley tent!

Wednesday we backpacked over Black Giant Pass to head south to Mt. Duncan McDuffie. We were within 200 yards of the saddle north of the peak when the deluge again broke upon us. We hoped to wait it out but by four o'clock decided it was too late to backpack over the summit of McDuffie that day. We set up camp among the rocks near an unmapped lake a little below the saddle. As soon as the tent was up, the rain stopped, and the sun shone.

Next morning we successfully backpacked along the Class 3 north ridge route to the summit of Duncan McDuffie, then descended the southeast ridge about one mile to the second obvious saddle on the ridge (12,480+). Here, the east side of ridge becomes less steep, and we descended east to a lake (12,000+) where we had lunch. A further eastward descent from this lake completed our traverse of the Black Divide and brought us into the upper basin S.W. of Ladder Lake, which we left almost at once via a steep and loose, but quite feasible, Class 3

pass (12,000+) between the main Black Divide and Pk. 12,425. A less-steep talus descent on the east side of this pass led us to camp between the lakes above Rambaud Creek, under the impressive north side of Devil's Crags. We had rain during the night again.

Friday morning, five of us (one went fishing instead) headed for Crag 1 of Devil's Crags via Rambaud Pass, 11,553'. Not feeling inspired to make a long descent down to the west of the crags as suggested in the Guide for route 1, we climbed the northwest arete route on Crag 1. With seven roped pitches, some quite short, on the way up and four on the way down (several led with agility by Jason in tennis shoes), this proved to be an all-day venture, with time enough for only a brief half-hour's enjoyment of the summit. We celebrated the summit with firecrackers left over from July 4. Luckily, the weather cooperated for once, after a bit of insipid morning drizzle.

We set off Saturday morning in a gloomy drizzle for Wheel Mountain, again via Rambaud Pass. The rain increased and turned to snow above the saddle, but for some strange reason most of us doggedly continued on even to the viewless summit, wet and cold in the thickening snowstorm. We rushed back down that southeast ridge, just barely able to follow it in the whiteout. Back at camp, it took three hours of thawing out in sleeping bags before we felt ready to pack up (now that the sun had appeared) and move camp down into LeConte Canyon for the last night. This left Sunday to hike out over Bishop Pass, the rest of us moving leisurely while Nathan, our fastest hiker, was sent ahead to bring the car to South Lake from Lake Sabrina.

P.S. On our next trip, into more southern areas of Kings Canyon, we discovered to our amazement while climbing Pyramid Peak on Friday, the 13th. of August, that we were the first to sign the register since September of 1974 when Diana Dee's group and the Magnusons had been there.

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