The Sierra

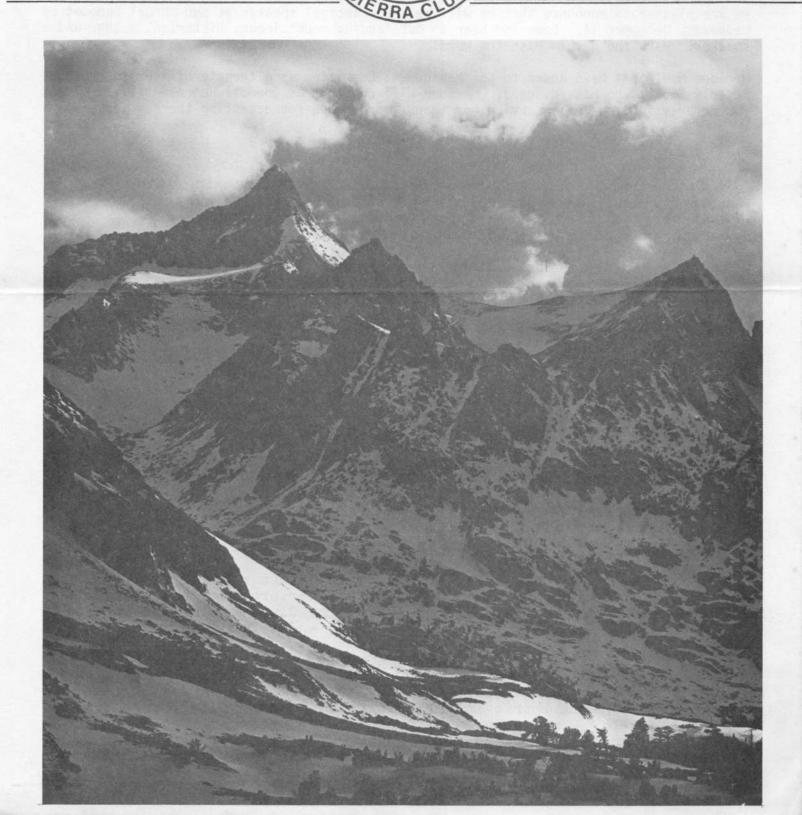
ECHO

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CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

I tend to buy books and especially mountaineering books at a rate faster than I read them. One new one which I have read with a great deal of pleasure and stimulation is CLIMBING IN NORTH AMERICA by Chris Jones. He has a chapters on early activity in the Canadian Rockies, on McKinley, the Tetons, several on Yosemite, Tahqutz Rock, big walls, Alaska and others. Many interesting pictures of many well known places and people are included. I recommend it highly.

Because of our enjoyment of his book, the Management Committee talked to Chris Jones and we are pleased to announce that he will be the principal speaker at our annual banquet on Wednesday December 14. Come and hear an outstanding mountaineer, historian, author and speaker! Mark the date! Pass the word!

Meridee Muell has been added to the Management Committee as alternate officer to replace Beverly Shultz who has resigned. Meridee will continue as Council Representative. Thank you Beverly for your past service and thank you Meridee for accepting the new job.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

With the coming of summer weather, the Sierra is buzzing with activity again as SPSrs charge up and down trying to meet whatever goal they have set for themselves before the good season ends and snow flies once more.

We have two new members since last report: Mark Frolli and Wendell Delano. Welcome to the section Mark and Wendell, hope to see you on some trips this year.

Congratulations to our new emblem holders:

#350 George F. Smith (5-29-77) #351 Jon Hardt (5-29-77) #352 Chris Libby (6-4-77)

And to our new senior emblem holders:

#24 Vicky Hoover (5-1-77) #25 David Campbell (5-29-77)

Quite an accomplishment; now on to the next step.

Ted Pinson, Secretary

NOTICE

The original, hard-bound Mt. Brewer register was removed from the summit last October 6, 1976, due to its deteriorating condition. The register was sent via UPS to the Sierra Club in San Francisco.

— Jon Fredland

COVER PHOTO

July's cover of emblem Clarence King, taken from below Baxter Lakes, heralds a scheduled trip in early August. Bolton Coit Brown's first ascent, in 1895, was noteworthy: he soloed, using artificial chockstones (a knot tied in the rope) and a rope sling for direct aid for the first time in North American mountaineering. Credit: Tom Ross, spring, 1971.

ASCENTS

TEHIPITE DOME, SPANISH MOUNTAIN (MAY 20-22).....BILL T. RUSSELL GEORGE SMITH

Twenty good people (16 M, 4F) met at Wishon Dam on Friday. A few had driven up the dirt road from Pine Flat reservoir and were sorry, while the rest drove on pavement all the way via Shaver Lake. We proceeded across the dam and south on the paved road for about 2.2 mi, and then straight ahead (south) on a good gravel road for about .9 mi to the Crown Creek trail head. Across the road (west) from the trail head was a large parking area. The first half mile of the Crown Creek trail lies through recently logged land which largely obliterates the trail. The trail can be discovered where it crosses Little Rancheria Creek. It is just north of a large, 15-ft high boulder at the edge of the unlogged forest. After crossing the creek we went up the broad ridge past Three Springs, through Cow Meadow and Wet Meadow, down Crown Valley, over three tributaries to Crown Creek itself. Most people crossed on a convenient log, but a few waded through the 6 to 8-inch deep water. We found a good camp spot on the east side of Crown Creek about 100 meters north of the trail.

On Saturday we hiked up the trail and through the saddle about one mile south of Kettle Dome. From here we went cross-country through beautiful timber to the base of Tehipite Dome. We then went a short distance on the east side of the approach ridge and up a 15-foot 3rd class face, a 2-foot step and a short friction slab to arrive on the backbone of the ridge. Most people used a fixed rope or wished to be belayed at this point. Beyond this pitch it is a 2nd-class walk out to the top of the dome. The view of the canvon of the Middle Fork of the King's River is spectacular! We returned to our camp on Crown Creek and were on our way westward by about 1:00 p.m. We went back through Crown Valley, past the guard station and turned southwestward on what we thought was the trail to Spanish Lake. After a short distance we came to a clearing and I took a compass bearing on Crown Rock and found that we were on the trail to Geraldine Lakes. We then went directly west for about 1/2 mile to the Spanish Lake trail. The trail that we had taken is apparently a shortcut from the Crown Creek trail to the Geraldine Lakes trail. It is not shown on either the topo map nor the U.S. Forest Service map. Furthermore, the Spanish Lake trail is incorrectly shown on the topo. It goes directly south from the west side of Wet Meadow instead of southwest from the east side of Wet Meadow. We hiked over snow, through heavy timber to the small lake east of Spanish Lake. We navigated by blazes on the trees, by revealing patches of bare ground, by compass bearing and by following the tracks of a trail-wise rabbit.

We camped near the small lake on some bare ground, and Sunday morning we hiked the quarter mile to the trail junction. From here we went straight uphill toward Spanish Mountain on good, hard, early-morning snow. We traversed across the bench at 9,300 feet and then up the gully (which contained

the trail under the snow) to the saddle which is . 4 mi north of the mountain. We ascended the easy slope to the summit and enjoyed the great view in all directions. Our descent was a little tricky because the snow had softened, with consequent opportunity for punching through and banging shins or knees on logs or rocks. We hiked out through Statum Meadow and crossed Rancheria Creek on a big log. We went on the trail to Little Rancheria Creek and then followed a compass course westward through the logged-oif land. We came to the dirt road right at our cars by 2:00 p.m. Most of the party met once again at the Basque Cafe in Bakersfield for an excellent meal of lamb. All in all, it was a very nice trip with very nice people.

WINCHELL, THUNDERBOLT, AND NORTH PALISADE JUNE 4-6 DICK BANNER

Cuno injured his foot near the road head, and although backpacked to camp below Sam Mack Lake, was unable to lead these SPS
peaks. After his original assistants cancelled, I offered to
assist, little suspecting that I would have to lead them! After
lunch at camp, Saturday afternoon, six of us climbed Winchell.
There was some snow in the chute, so we climbed above it below
the north ridge then crossed through it to gain the summit.
Beautiful views to the southwest and west, and an old brass cannister were seen on top. Winchell was named after a judge from
Fresno, who, on the Centennial anniversary of the U.S.A. in 1876,
climbed this peak, wrapped himself in an American flag, and emptied
both his pistols into the blue!

On Sunday, twelve of us climbed Thunderbolt via the big snow chute on fairly firm snow. The bergschrund was filled with snow and easy to cross. We cramponed to the ridge, left ice axes and crampons for the rocks, climbed from the notch between the north pinnacle and the south summit, and threw a rope over the summit block for aid to the register. The earliest ones were back in camp by 3:00 P.M.

Monday, ten of us left camp about 6:00 A.M. for North Palisade. Clouds that brought rain during the night were still present and appeared threatening. It was warm. We trudged through the soft snow on the glacier, strapped on crampons, crossed the snow-filled bergschrund, and traded leads for step-kicking up the couloir to the U Noich. From the Notch, the ridge was attained in two short, one long, and another short pitch. (It's easy to see now that this could have been done in twoi) Intermittent snow, melting on contact, and clouds on the mountain heightened the experience and slowed progress on the wet rock. All reached the summit and signed in, but the lateness and threatening weather hurried us off. We were down to the Notch in two rappels, over the bergschrund in some sloppy glissades, and back to camp late. It was 10:00 P.M. when the last ones reached the cars, and considerably later arriving home. The participants were well qualified and capable of these peaks. Several provided valuable, time-saving assistance - it seemed more like a team effort. Next time we'll do T'bolt on the last day! Thanks for the contributions toward a new rope to replace the one damaged on T'bolt.

Since Cuno Ranchau had injured his foot the previous weekend, the trip was let by Don and Roy. Nineteen participants, including seven BMTC students, left for the Baboon Lakes area just after 8 A.M. Several map and compass exercises were carried out along the trail around Lake Sabrina and up to Blue Lake. After Blue Lake, the trail was obscure in places. Still, the group arrived at the largest Baboon lake at noon in time for lunch.

That afternoon, eight of us climbed the 12,400' peak just west of Sunset Lake. The class 3 moves and the fine view at the top were rewarding. We signed a dampened register, looked over the route for

the next day and returned to camp.

Our 6:10 A.M. departure for the peaks took us up the stream to, then around the west side, of Sunset Lake. On the Thompson Glacier, we decided to go for Powell first by taking the steep snow chute on the left (east) side of Powell. This brought us out on a broad slope

which led easily to the summit by 9:20.

Three returned to camp, and the remaining thirteen proceeded down and around the Powell plateau to a point about halfway between Powell and the lower peak at the other end of the plateau. We descended a snow-filled chute to the base of the cliffs on the south face of Powell and traversed along the rather steep south side of the crest. Most of the group negotiated several third class moves along this route. Three opted to descend and cross the snow field below. Don developed a headache and took to the rear while Roy led.

The several groups converged halfway up the s-sw side of Thompson and up the northeastward sloping plateau to the summit. The first up made the peak at 11:50 with Don arriving last an hour later.

We departed at 1:00 and followed Roy's lead back along the south side of the crest. At one point, the rope became necessary. Roy belayed as the group climbed across the twenty foot section. Two in the party decided to avoid the fourth class move. They went down, across, then back up and over the higher gap on the crest between the two peaks. The roped section was passed in thirty minutes, and we were soon out at the lowest point on the crest between Thompson and Powell. Able to glissade over several stretches, we returned to camp, collected gear and headed out, reaching the cars by 7:30-8:00.

Excellent weather, good snow, a fine group of people and getting

the peaks made the long day a most rewarding one.

June 18-19 Valentine Pk., etc. Jerry Keating, Gordon MacLeod

An area never before visited by the SPS yielded four peaks and some new scenery during the last weekend of spring. It also yielded enough Saturday night sprinkles to cause the four participants to erect tents and a vigorous hailstorm Sunday afternoon that speeded the departure from Mammoth Crest.

Camp was established at mid-day Saturday at Valentine Lake, which was reached by five miles of trail passing one of the Sherwin Lakes. Neither the Mt. Morrison quad nor the latest Forest Service map shows the trail fully, but it's there. The trail, which starts near a noisy motocross area, is very gentle and dusty.

Three persons climbed 11,382 (Olympiad) and neighboring 11,280 Saturday afternoon via the west face. Terrain was Class 2, but there is Class 3 on the face if one wants to use it.

While the fourth participant continued to fish Sunday, the same trio did Valentine Pk. (12,050) and Pk. 11,550. Lacking ice axes, we gained Valentine's north ridge from a boulder field to the east, encountering some Class 3 at the ridge. We eventually crossed the ridge to the easier west slope and walked to the summit, which overlooks Duck Lake and provides fine views of Bloody Mtn. and Mt. Isaak Walton, to name only a few. The traverse to 11,550 was uneventful Class 1-2, but snow flurries began falling while we were on top. As we descended to the large plateau to the northwest, all hail broke loose and made all the ground white. Nevertheless, we found a sandy chute and hurried down to our packs.

By 5 p.m., we had reached the cars, and the storm had long since ended. At 11 p.m., we were being towed into Mojave with a broken timing chain. By chance, a fortunate one at that, R. J. Secor's wagon also had conked out along the highway and it had been towed to the same AAA-approved garage. He had been on a different SPS trip and was traveling alone. R. J.'s car problem was less severe, so he kindly hauled my three passengers back to Los Angeles, while I awaited 4½ hours of repairs to be completed. JK

CARDINAL, STRIPED, and GOODALE JUN 18-19 Banner/Benhart

The week-end started with a brilliant 2 am aerial display of a meteor, or re-intering space-junk, including sound effects! It was an omen: Saturday morning eight of us backpacked the Taboose pass trail to the meadow just below the pass. After lunch we ascended CARDINAL in the chute N of the pass as an electrical storm approached from the south. The summit was a hair-raising experience for the last two. They wisely waived the sign-in rights and we hurriedly descended. We backpacked about 12 miles to a non-campsite near the larger of the two lakes SE of the pass. Most uf us spent a miserable night under makeshift shelter as the storm continued with more lightning, thunder, and snow. Having suffered enough by morning, three checked out for the cars. The remaining five got a 6:30 am start for the peaks, arriving the summit of STRIPED at about 8:30. I'wo more checked out and then there were three on GOODALE at 10:30. The last one was out to the cars by 3:30 pm, just ahead of another storm. It seemed more like August than June! Dick Banner.

KERN PEAK

JUN 18-19

JOHN HELLMAN/JIM CERVENKA

15 climbers made the trip in an easy $1\frac{1}{2}$ days. Strong hikers would find this a practical day hike.

Logging roads continue to reduce the hiking distance from the south. A good paved road ends east of Blackrock Mtn. at 9,000' elevation, only 12 miles from Casa Vieja Meadows. See the latest Sequoia National Forest map. The trail to Casa Vieja is not shown on the topo. This approach cuts off at least a mile and 600' of gain compared to the Osa Meadows roadhead.

We left at 0700 at a moderate pace and made the 8 miles to camp at Redrock Meadows by 1130. After lunch we took the trail toward Cold Meadows and at the top of the ridge turned right and followed the ridge north to the

summit - a leisurely five hour round trip from camp.

All agreed it was a delightful time of the year with much fresh greenery, wildflowers and few mosquitoes. Water in the Casa Vieja area looked bad due to heavy cattle grazing. Further north we used the streams. Best water is at River Spring, which appears to run year around, 2 miles south of Redrock Meadows.

We returned in time on Sunday to enjoy a good lunch and other refreshments at Grumpy Bear's near Kennedy Meadows.

The road to the Split Mtn. roadhead used to run through the Tinemaha campground and the Tinemaha Ranch. However, the ranch has closed its gates to the public and allows passage only through the north gate. This means that the roadhead is at 5,000' and some six miles further than it used to be. Actually, the old roadhead is still atainable, but one must drive to Big Pine and take the turnoff from the Glacier Lodge road.

Eric Fitzgerald and I didn't know about the Big Pine road, so at 11:30 P.M., Thursday, we donned our packs. Beneath the light of a full moon and with pleasant temperatures and high spirits, we departed toward our goal. By 1:00 o'clock, we had reached the real

roadhead at the mouth of the canyon.

Morning brought the hot sun and a million flies, so many flies, in fact, that seeing and breathing became difficult. With hastened actions, we entered the canyon and began our ascent up toward base camp. Our USGS official topo didn't show the trail which starts at the spring just to the north of the canyon. It quickly ascends the hill side, then contours around the ridge and into the canyon, but well above the bottom. The old trail indicated on the topo just on the south side of the creek is passable, but it's faint at best.

Right around 4:30, the lower of the two lakes came into view. Red Lake is larger, but it doesn't get the early sunrise which the lower lake gets, so we camped at the smaller lake. Split Mountain is actually quite easy from the east. In the srping, snow makes much of the travel easier as the lower slopes are talus choked. Once above the saddle at the head of Red Mountain Creek, the route ascends an easy 3rd. class slope to the crest. From there, 1,200 feet of class 1 brings one to the summit.

We arrived at the top by noon, and spent many hours taking pictures and reading the register. The return took only 3 hours in spite of the softening snow, and we enjoyed a good evening meal beneath darkening skies.

Thunderheads warned us off Tinemaha the next day, so we packed and followed the obvious trail out. This trail saves much time and effort, and it provides a fine view as it stays well above the canyon floor. We found the car in good order and made L.A. by 7:00 P.M.

- Jon Fredland

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