

# The Sierra



# ECHO

VOLUME 21

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER 1977

NO. 7



## CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

The new Management Committee met on December 5 and elected officers for 1978. The positions will be: (Note: Mt. Shinn was not added to the Peak List.)

Chairman:	George Toby	Treasurer:	Mary Omberg
Vice Chairman:	Ron Jones	Alt. Officer:	Bob Hicks
Secretary:	Gene Mauk		

Attached to this ECHO is the annual subscription renewal form. Printing costs have forced us to raise the fee to \$4.00. Please send your renewal soon.

This is my swan song and I thank the membership for giving me the chance to serve -- I have enjoyed it. On behalf of the membership, I thank the 1977 officers and committee members for their good work. Maynard Brandsma was Schedule Chairman as well as Vice Chairman; he coordinated and stimulated a fine outings program. Ted Pinson, our Secretary, kept things in good control. He was helped by his wife, Anna Lou Pinson, who was the ECHO Mailer and who was helped in that job by Ted. Cuno Ranschau was our able Treasurer. Mary Omberg did a great job as ECHO Editor; Cuno will do that job next year. Diana Dee did the important job of Records Keeper, or maintenance of the computerized membership lists. Beverly Shultz started as Alternate Officer and upon her resignation, was replaced by Meridee Muell, who was also our Council Representative. Dick Labrecque served us well as Conservation Chairman. Duane McRuer acted as Training and Safety Chairman and, together with Doug Mantle and Dennis Lantz, broke new ground in the quality and quantity of training outings. Chuck Stein was Mountain Records Chairman. With Harry Brumer and the important help of Dr. Frank Risely they made major improvements to the SPS first-aid kits. Pat Butler was Program Chairman until she moved to Denver and then Doug Mantle accepted the job. They arranged excellent programs and refreshments. Pat made the early arrangements for the banquet, which were continued by Doug and by Betty Kabler, the Banquet Chairman. Thanks are also due our leaders, the speakers at membership meetings, and the people who provided refreshments at meetings.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!..... *Beel TRussell*

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

We have an impressive list of new members to welcome to the SPS. Hope to see all of you at the SPS meetings and climbs:

Sean M. Butler	Herbert H. Buehler	Jim Throgmorton
Robert E. Thompson	Mark Santa Cruz	John M. Dye
John McCully	Steve Langley	Marlis Cutler
Richard B. Russell	Jim Ladon	Kathy Crandall
Dan Warner	Randy J. Springer	

Congratulations to our new emblem holders:

#368 Phil Martin  
369 Jack Koshear  
370 Greg Vernon

And to the "Tigers" for their senior emblem:

#34 Dick Akawie  
35 Barbara Reber  
36 Ron Bartell

## COVER PHOTO

Fearless Five: Sam Roberts, John McCarthy, Doug Mantle, Brian West, and Ed Omberg perch precariously over cantilevered portion of summit block on Isosceles. Photo by editor.

# LETTERS

13 October 1977

Editor, Sierra Echo:

Do some of the newer members of the Sierra Peaks Section even wonder why so few of the original founders or long time members attend meetings or scheduled trips? It is not necessarily because they have given up peak climbing or finished "the list" but because they no longer feel an affinity for what the Section has now become.

*Barbara Lilley*  
Barbara Lilley

# ASCENTS

MT. RITTER - May 28-30, 1977 . . . . . Harry McKellop, Bill Bradley

A party of six left from Minaret Summit Saturday morning and hiked down the road to Agnew Meadows. The Forest Service at Mammoth Lakes had warned of three-foot drifts of snow covering 80% of the ground above 8,000 feet, so we brought snowshoes. The warning turned out to be a bit exaggerated, since there was no snow below 10,000 feet. We made camp at the west end of Lake Ediza, a beautiful spot.

Sunday morning five climbers started up the glacier to the Ritter-Banner saddle. We wore crampons, although they were not needed in the soft snow. At the saddle we caught up with another group of five. We had planned to climb Banner and then Ritter, but decided to do Ritter first, in case there was only time for one peak. The instructions for Route #1 on Ritter in the Climber's Guide say to take the "right hand chute of two chutes". Unfortunately, there are three distinct chutes on Ritter's north side, causing some confusion as to which one was correct. The other group of five had already started up the far right-hand chute. So, on the irrefutable logic that if this was the wrong route we could blame the other group, we followed them. At the ridge top it was obvious that we were off route. Instead of traversing left, we were forced to turn right and climb a 4th class rock ridge to the summit. (This is roughly the route described as an alternate to Rt #1 in the old Climber's Guide (1972).

Climbing the rock ridge (on the north-west corner of Ritter) was a slow process. Our two groups had merged by this time. The ridge was very narrow and exposed enough that we were belaying most of the moves. As a result, the first climbers reached the summit at 1:30, but the last man was not up until almost 5:00 P.M. We quickly regrouped on the summit and descended the easy (Class 2) south-east side to return to camp.

The hike out Monday was hot and dry. We roundly cursed the Rangers as we hauled our snowshoes up the last blistering 2 1/2 miles and 800 feet of dry road to Minaret Summit. After inhaling four pitchers of cold brew at Anderson's saloon in Mammoth (one person swears that the first mugful never reached his stomach), we all agreed that the trip was a success. (H.M.)

MT. WHITNEY, Mountaineers' Route - Aug. 20-21, 1977

Vince Losquadro,  
Meridee Muell

Fourteen assorted climbers met at Whitney Portal Saturday morning and headed up the "new" Whitney trail to North Fork canyon. (The "new" trail appears to be a revamp of the "old" horse trail and, albeit more gentle, is certainly much longer and less direct.) Recent storms had washed the skies an impeccable blue, and the 4300' of gain to camp at Iceberg Lake (with lunch at Upper Boy Scout Lake) went quickly and pleasantly accompanied by the beautiful weather and surroundings. There was time to enjoy the Columbine, Indian Paintbrush and the profusion of unidentified yellow, white, gold and lavender wildflowers.

Enroute in, we met Diana Dee and Carl Byington, also there to climb Whitney but by the more difficult "Fresh Air Traverse", and we all set up our tents at the foot of the peak, which is even more imposing close up.

Dawn on Sunday bathed Whitney and the adjacent pinnacles shades of alpine glow yellow/gold/coral, and a pink cloud wisp encircled the Whitney summit -- probably the most beautiful sunrise this writer has ever seen. In this setting Diana and Carl set off up the Fresh Air Traverse and we fourteen trekked up the Mountaineers' Route. There was a wide range of experience here -- from BMTC students to experienced "E" leaders -- and all handily made the scree chute and the 3rd class scramble to the Whitney summit. There we met about 20 other hikers (including an 8-year-old boy and two dogs) who had come up the "Bicycle" trail. And we shared our six-pack of beer (brought just for fun) and two fifths of excellent champagne (brought to celebrate the achievement of SPS "Emblem" status by Mel Johnson and Meridee Muell).

Clouds began to gather enroute down and, by the time we reached camp, began to pelt us with pea-sized hail, profuse amounts of rain, and rattled the rocks with thunder and lightning. We decided it was the better part of valor to scratch the Thor attempt, and hurriedly broke camp for a soggy run back to the cars.

And what about Diana and Carl....still on the Fresh Air Traverse above us? Well, Diana has promised to tell that story in detail. Needless to say, they made the summit and got out just fine. (Then there was the matter of the Frisbee....But what can you expect of someone who goes cramponing in her down booties?)

EAST FACE OF MT. WHITNEY

August 20-21-22

Diana Dee with Carl Byington

Determined not to have a repeat of the 1974 fiasco, in which we (5 SPSers) got to the summit at sunset, back to camp at midnight, and hiked out from 2-6 am, I decided not to repeat any of our previous mistakes. We'd be a small group (no waiting for the next rope team to catch up), we'd have lots of Tahquitz experience (no slow rope handling), and we'd be familiar with the descent route (no getting lost descending the Mountaineers' Route in the dark).

I must say that the first time I did the climb, I just did it mechanically, simply following Tom Jeter. This time, I could pick out the route on the approach hike, and during the climb I enjoyed looking at (and giving a mental "nose thumb" to) the thousand feet of exposure. The "Fresh Air Traverse" pitch is most aptly named.

This wasn't Tahquitz, however. We weren't moving as fast as we should have. At about 3:30, while we were solving the problem of the final exit crack, it started to rain. It was hailing hard, with thunder and lightning, by the time we finished the final (10th) pitch.

While looking for the register at the top of the climb, I found a bright orange frisbee. We threw it off and watched it go straight out and slowly disappear into the hail.

We still had a few hundred feet of scrambling to do to reach the summit. We had carried sweaters and rain gear, which we were now wearing, but I was cold and tired. Fortunately, Carl felt good, and the weather got better. Unfortunately, I couldn't remember the exact route, and the rock was wet. So we didn't reach the top until 6:30.

We had the summit all to ourselves.

Carl had been up and down the Mountaineers' Route twice in July with some visiting Mexican climbers. One of them (Willie, who has climbed Aconcagua, Chimborazo, Huascarán, and several etceteras) discovered a nifty 2nd class way to descend: go west along the top of the north wall until it becomes level with the "Mountaineers' Route notch;" then traverse east to the notch. We were back to our camp just at dark.

We were tired, cold, and dehydrated. After discovering we had enough food for dinner and breakfast, we decided we would stay in camp and sleep instead of trying to descend that awful North Fork trail in the dark.

Meridee Mueñ had been at Iceberg Lake that morning as the assistant leader of an SPS climb up the Mountaineers' Route. As an afterthought, as I had left for the climb, I told her to call the Sheriff if I didn't report to her by Monday at noon. So, thinking we had until noon to return, we arose the next morning and had a leisurely hike out. But when we reached Carl's car, we found a note saying we had been reported missing and signed by someone from the Forest Service. We zoomed down to Lone Pine and I called Meridee and my office.

Then I went to the Forest Service Station to tell them we were down. The ranger said that Meridee had called him early in the morning to discuss our rescue. He had seen my name many times in the Echo, so he figured I knew what I was doing. Since we had been seen "2/3rds of the way up the Fresh Air Traverse" when the hail and lightning hit, he calculated we had sat out the storm, then proceeded to the top, reached camp about dark, decided not to hike down until morning, and should reach the car at about 11 am. (We made it at 10:45.) So he advised that no action be taken until then. Thus at 11:15, when Meridee was on the phone with the Sheriff to arrange a rescue, the ranger called to report that our car was gone from the Portal parking lot. We arrived in Lone Pine at 11:20.

Lessons learned: 1. The East Face takes 2-1/2 days unless you're a 5.8 climber and/or extremely swift. 2. When arranging with someone for rescue contingencies, make sure they understand exactly the time and other details for taking action. 3. The rangers are pretty sharp.

August 12-14

Emerson, Humphreys, Four Gables

Walt Kabler and Erick Schumacher

Twelve climbers met Friday morning at the North Lake roadhead, where Gene Olsen's Darwin trip was also assembling. After briefing, we hiked up past Loch Leven, and nine of us climbed Emerson via the wrong rib (my mistake), and thus had to traverse east back to the summit. Just below the summit, Tom Fry cut his leg so badly that he had to abort the rest of the trip and return to Bishop for thirteen stitches. I've never been one to exploit the misfortunes of others, but I did enjoy sleeping that rainy night in his and Sally's Stevenson instead of the old green tube tent I'd brought along, and Don Sparks made good use of Sally's day pack for the rest of the trip. Friday night we camped at upper Marmot Lake and began the climb of Humphreys next morning at 8:00. Rock kicking on the lower pitches was minimal, and everyone climbed the short 4th class pitch without difficulty. All ten of us were on the summit by 11:00, and, after snacks and register perusal, made the long rappel and idled back to camp. There was some discussion of going for Four Gables that afternoon, but the weather turned bad, so we sat in the rain instead and told stories. Sunday, eight of us got up early and hiked over to Four Gables, where I confidently let the party under the point with the register on it, saying, "That isn't it." Eventually we found our way to the true summit and signed our names into the film can register, where some irreverent Vagmarken, calling themselves the "Andy Smatko Fan Club," had also signed. We then made our way back to the point we had passed before, where the SPS register has been placed, and signed in there. I admit that this point is the highest thing in the neighborhood, but I maintain that it is on a ridge contiguous with, but not strictly part of, the mountain proper. After reflecting briefly on the practice of adding such mountains to the list, we wandered back to upper Marmot Lake, picked up our gear, and started out. At Loch Leven, we met up with Diana Dee's Emerson group, and we all went down to the parking lot together to find the place swarming with Inyo County sherrif's deputies, who were busy dusting cars for fingerprints in the hope of identifying the thieves who broke into thirty parked vehicles Saturday night. No one in my group lost anything, as far as I know, but apparently some SPS members in other groups did. According to the deputies, roadhead break-ins are on the increase, and they caution climbers against leaving valuables in the car, etc. (W.K.)



*See Goddard - reverse side.*

SILL AND GAYLEY

July 30-31

NORM ROHN  
ART de GOEDE

This trip offered opportunities to climb four peaks of disparate importance to SPS members, varied training over terrain of assorted character and difficulty, no snow and ice work and a bit of high elevation swimming. Seventeen participants turned out to be a good number for the somewhat cruddy couloirs involved in this dry year and for the time required in the several roped pitches required by the experience of the group. The weather couldn't have been better all weekend.

We hiked up the South Fork of Big Pine Creek on Saturday, taking the right (W) fork of the trail just above Willow Lake, and proceeding to the little lake on the Big Pine topo just below the 11840' contour and one-half mile SW of Contact Pass. After a bit of rest and some lunch, about ten stalwarts climbed Temple Crag, some 1200' above us and in beautiful view. The route was up a prominent chute between our lake and Contact Pass, over its saddle and about a hundred yards beyond to reach an opportunity to turn left (W) into a larger chute which led to the slopes described under Route 1 in the Climbers' Guide. The summit area provided an exhilarating first experience for some of our newer mountaineers.

Sunday morning found even the slower hikers of Saturday with new vigor. Efforts to form slow and fast groups were unpopular. None who hadn't climbed Gayley would be dissuaded. Bill Russell led about eleven up the fine route just east of Glacier Notch while the lazy leaders sought the simple route from the Notch to the Sierra Crest west of Sill (Route 4 in the Guide). The snow was nearly gone and the 3rd to 4th class rock within everyone's capability. Fourteen lunched on Sill.

As the main party descended for a swim in our campsite lake before the backpack out, Diana Dee and Bill Russell detoured slightly to climb that elusive 14000 footer next to North Pal, Polemonium. As we were ferrying the cars from the parking lot and loading up at the trail head, Diana and Bill wandered in fresh as you please.

Art de Goede and I enjoyed leading a very capable and cooperative group. Bill Russell and Joe Vasilik, the tigers of the party, contributed greatly with their continuous friendly assistance.

MCDUFFIE and CHARYBDIS

Sept. 3-5, 1977 Mark Goebel/  
June Lane

This was a repeat of my trip of last September which was rained and snowed out. Only one other participant from last years trip was brave enough to try again, and along with a total of nine, we had a strenuous but enjoyable 3 days.

Again, the Echo Col route over the crest was used, (see Echo #6, 1976 for a route description). Our time from Lake Sabrina to camp on the north side of Black Giant Pass was 10 hours, and 8 hours going out.

A full day was used climbing McDuffie and Charybdis via the guide book routes, and 2 people added Black Giant on the way back to camp. In contrast to last year, the weather was perfect, and except for a little too much boulder hopping, we all had a good time.

MG

Twelve of us gathered at 6:30 am at the head of Florence Lake. Although the first ferry normally leaves at 8 am unless previous arrangements are made, fortunately the ferry operator agreed to take us over early. Prearrangement is easily accomplished by writing to Karl Smith, Diamond D Muir Trail Ranch, Box 176, Lakeshore, CA 93634.) Thus, we got our desired early start. After a long steady day we camped in the area about the already-occupied wooded campsite about 1 mi above the Hell-for-sure Pass junction. Early the next morning we finished the 20 mi backpack to the northeast shore of Martha Lake. The group was then divided into two parties, one headed for Goddard and Scylla under the leadership of Don Sparks, while the remaining four went with me to Scylla and Reinstein. We went together up the rocky terrain to the lakelet at 12,000 ft due east of Martha Lake. The Goddard party then went NE to the larger lake above and thence up the NW chute to gain the SW ridge. The other party ascended a ramp heading SE by compass toward the middle of Lake 11804, passing to the N of Peak 12483. Lake 11804 is bisected by two peninsulas that permit a dryfooted crossing. Scylla was then ascended via the Class 2 NW slope.

After descending from their first peaks, the two parties met at the lake and again split, with my group continuing to Reinstein by contouring around the basin to the south of Peaks 12483 and 12410. After a long day we reached camp slightly ahead of the Goddard-Scylla group. Two members of that party climbed Reinstein to cap off a very long day.

Charybdis was our next day's goal, but only 8 members of the party started. The route was identical to that to Scylla until Lake 11804 was reached. Then we wandered in a calculated way through the Ionian basin along the southerly edges of Lake 11824, contouring east to a point north of Chasm Lake and then to the saddle on the NE ridge of Charybdis. The NE ridge was the general route, with a dominant chute on the S of the ridge being used for much of the ascent. Care is needed because of rockfall. Unfortunately, the first pinnacle (or for that matter the second and third) reached was not the summit, but all 8 persevered and finally made the top. The rope was worthwhile for some. Even though Martha Lake to Charybdis was only 11 mi round trip, the rough terrain of the so-called "basin" made the climb an all-day affair. During the day three of those in camp climbed Reinstein.

Starting early again the next morning we left Martha Lake and hiked to the Goddard Canyon/John Muir Trail junction and set up camp. The afternoon was spent by the majority at great leisure, although four of us played out the scheduled string by climbing Henry. The next day was an easy hike to Florence Lake, followed by the long, long drive down the narrow paved low-speed Florence Lake Road. The group was generally content with a long week-end well spent; one got five peaks, four climbed four peaks, five did three peaks, and two made two. There was a gradual erosion in climbing party size as the days passed, as might be expected on a trip of 65-70 mi with 20,000+ ft gain. Early SPS Chairman Bill Sanders was a big help to the leader throughout the trip, as was Don Sparks in leading a second section when we had one.



Weather forecasts of gloom and doom chased <sup>off</sup> half of the original applicants (including 3 no shows) to leave 9 stalwarts to brave the bitter elements. However, nature rewarded our persistence by providing us with a clear, windless environment for all but the last part of Sunday afternoon.

After a 7:45 start we packed from Lake Sabrina via trail to just south of Sailor Lake where we went cross country to a wooded campsite  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile south of Moonlight Lake. After a leisurely lunch we proceeded to the outlet of Echo Lake and climbed the south slopes of Picture Peak ( $\frac{1}{4}$  mile NW of Echo Lake) to the opening of a broad couloir. We climbed to the head of this couloir to a point just east of the pothole in the basin between Haeckel and Wallace.

We then traversed the south slopes of Haeckel via class 2 to 3 ledges (with lots of loose rock), gradually working our way to the crest. A routine ascent along the crest and a negotiation of the class 3 summit area brought us to the top, where we all enjoyed fine views, particularly of Mt. Darwin.

Retracing our route back to the Haeckel-Wallace saddle, we then traversed the crest on the east side (class 2+, again with loose rock) to the base of Wallace. A routine ascent of Wallace via its NE slopes rewarded us with more fine views, albeit punctuated with groans about the remoteness of Mt. Fiske. Mt. Wallace also provided Bob "Bobcat" Thompson with his sixth peak and qualification for SFS membership.

After an uneventful descent to the saddle south of Mt. Wallace, we proceeded down a crud chute to the base of the couloir and then retraced our steps back to camp, tired but satisfied after an arduous day.

Sunday at 7:10 all but two set out for Mt. Fiske by again going to Echo Lake first. We traversed the slopes East of Echo Lake and headed into the cirque  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile south of the lake. We crossed the crest at Echo Col which is the right hand black notch on the right side of the cirque. The route was class 2-3. After crossing the crest the route is basically west over good terrain to a point 800 feet below Fiske's east summit. This 800 feet was a tedious ascent over a cruddy class 2 slope. From the east summit, Eric Bloland led us to the top of Mt. Fiske, where we helped him celebrate his attainment of the SPS emblem by imbibing in a "bit of the bubbly". Herb Stankwitz also qualified for SPS membership; not many can double their peak total in one weekend! Fine views of the Evolution and Black Divide areas along with air clarity sufficient to see from Lyell to Whitney added to our enjoyment. A highlight was the original 1922 summit register whose first ascent party included Fiske himself. These old registers are an oft-found bonus on the more remote peaks.

After retracing our steps back to camp, Eric produced another bottle of cold duck, which we enjoyed with crackers. Finally, reality sank in and we made the long march back to the cars, arriving at 7 p.m.

George Hubbard

GIRAUD PEAK

SEP 17-18

JIM CERVENKA/DICK AKAWIE

Twenty-one climbers met at South Lake, where it was 27°F early in the morning after a very windy night. We hiked south along the trail to Bishop Pass, had lunch on the other side of the pass, and continued along the trail to the lowest lake in Dusy Basin at 10,700', where we made camp. Those that went fishing that afternoon had no success.

The next morning it was 24°F at 6 am inside the tent, and 15°F outside. Nineteen started for the peak. We crossed the Dusy Branch at the NW end of the lake and proceeded SSE on the ridge between the Rainbow Lakes and Dusy Basin. At about 11,400' the ridge became steep, so we switched to the gully on the W and went up to the saddle at 12,000'. From previous reports we knew that it was impractical to follow the ridge SW to the peak, so we dropped down about 400' (groan), then contoured around to the first chute leading up. We went up the chute, which joined a second, larger chute, all the way to the peak. There we found that one bottle of champagne isn't enough for 19 people.

In order to avoid climbing up the scree on the way back, we followed a different route down. We proceeded W along the ridge to the first chute N, a narrow chute with rather loose rock; this chute can be seen on the approach to the peak. The chute was descended in small groups, and then we skirted the highest Rainbow Lake, went over to the ridge and back to camp. We left camp around 2:30 pm, but the last man, who had hurt his knee, didn't reach the cars till 7:15 pm. One car had mechanical problems, and required repair by a mechanic from Bishop, so we had a late dinner and a late trip home.

MT. IZAAK WALTON

Sept. 17-18, 1977

Mark Goebel/Maynard Brandsma

This trip reconfirmed my belief that during September and October, the Sierra can be at their best. Gone are the crowds, heat, and bugs; the slopes are alive with Fall colors, and the cool temperatures make hiking a delight.

Due to the long drive to Lake Edison, now very low, nine participants departed somewhat blurry eyed, but otherwise well conditioned. We hiked around the lake on an up-and-down trail to Quail Meadows, and along the Muir Trail to the junction of the Mott Lake Trail. Camp was located about a mile up the Mott Lake Trail where it leveled out next to the stream. Fire wood abounds, and early Sunday we approached Izaak Walton from the south via a long, beautiful alpine meadow. All hands made the summit before 9:30 AM, and some of the distant summits still had their first dusting of new snow.

Our return to the roadhead was via the same route, and along the way we met a Pacific Crest hiker who was ripped off by a Yosemite bear. Seems the bear had been sent to the high country to correct his bad habits, but since backpacks open easier than ice chests or cars, he was still leading a life of crime. SO BEWARE, that rare backcountry bear is probably a renegade from a NFS trash can, and he knows all of the tricks.

MG

## COMMENTARY

### CLIMB WITH A PARK RANGER

During an August trip in the Cloud Canyon area we had a delightful chat with Park Ranger Terry Gustafson at the Roaring River Ranger Station. Terry would appreciate the opportunity to join groups climbing in the area for climbs of peaks such as Glacier Ridge, Whaleback, North Guard, Brewer or peaks of the Kings-Kern Divide from the west. Prior to moving to Roaring River three years ago, he was the ranger at the Crabtree Ranger Station for many years and has adequate rock climbing experience for the peaks in question. To coordinate a trip with him, address him at Roaring River Ranger Station, Kings Canyon, California 93633.

West Side Access to Foerster  
Bob Ayers

John Hellman

While on a trip into the area around the Southeast border of Yosemite Park over the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, I realized that Foerster can be climbed in a reasonable weekend from the West. Here are some notes on the access:

The road from Bass Lake to the Clover Meadow Ranger Station is quite adequate -- you can make good time. The trailhead is at the Granite Creek campground; the last mile of the road from the Ranger's to the campground is not in good shape, but a passenger car can make it.

Take the trail which starts from the far side of the ford in the campground and goes by Cora Lakes on its way to Isberg Pass. [Do not consider the trail shown on the topo which goes over Green Mtn.] Above Sadler Lake on the Isberg Pass trail, leave and cross-country to just below McGee Lake; then cross two ridges and drop down to the tarns just above Rockbound Lake. Pleasant camping here, and Foerster is an easy climb from Blue Lake, which is just one ridge-hop away.

We came out by going down Bench Canyon, down the North Fork of the San Joaquin, and across to Cora Creek on the trail that leaves the North Fork at 7600'. [Trail junction is essentially right where you cross the river, not somewhat further on as the topo indicates.] This route is on fine trail from where you hit the North Fork to the roadhead [but note: below the junction at 7600' the North Fork trail is little used and hard to follow] but it is longer than returning on the Isberg Pass trail; a weekend trip should probably return the way it went in.

**MATTHES CREST:** A half-century ago, the geologist Francois Matthes wrote an article for the Sierra Club Bulletin describing the ragged peaklets of the Cathedral Range and proposing for them the name "cockscomb." One of the finest examples of the cockscomb-type peak that Matthes described is the Matthes Crest. Formerly known as the Echo Ridge and the Echo Crest, this fin offers one of the finest, most spectacular knife-edged climbs in the Sierra Nevada.

In September, Bill Schuler, Sheldon Moomaw, and I made a complete traverse of the ridge from south to north. The peak is reached from the Budd Creek trailhead by first taking the climber's trail to Budd Lake. From Budd Lake, head for the obvious and easy saddle between Echo Peaks #7 & #8. From the saddle, one gets his first view of the Crest. At its southern end will be seen a group of pine trees which marks the beginning of the climb. Reaching these trees is best accomplished by dropping below Echo Peak #9 and traversing below the Matthes Crest over slabs to the pines (Class 2). From here, three or four 4-5 class pitches lead to the top of the Crest. Now, many spectacular, enjoyable class 3-4 pitches over slabs, pinnacles and knife edges lead to the final summit pinnacle. This is surmounted by dropping a bit to the west and then climbing one pitch up steep cracks (Class 5) to the top. From the summit, two 120' rappels down the west end the climb.

The traverse is rated 5.3 and can be done in one long day from the Budd Creek trailhead. It is as Roper's Climber's Guide states, "a true classic."

- Sam Roberts

## MEMBERSHIP REPORT

## NEW MEMBERS

641-1360  
Barber, James  
6411 W. 87th. Pl.  
Los Angeles, CA 90045

Borun, Raymond  
344 So. Cliffwood Ave.  
Los Angeles, CA 90049

Bottorff, Marion R.  
3251 Sychmore St.  
Oxnard, CA 93030

363-8090  
Brecheen, W. Louis  
12139 Gerald St.  
Grenada Hills 91344

837-5878  
Bruck, Ronald  
5015 Fairbanks Way  
Culver City, CA 90230

Buehler, Herbert H.  
4938 Delacroix Rd.  
Rancho P.V., CA 90274

794-6060  
Burnett, Eileen  
Burnett, Paul  
1176 Menlo Dr.  
Altadena, CA 91001

423-5676  
Butler, Sean M.  
5500 Long Beach Bl. #9  
Long Beach, CA 90805

888-9885  
Delano, Wendell  
4389 Park Vicente  
Calabasas Park, CA 91302

887-7159  
Fincher, Mark  
24336 Crestlawn St.  
Woodland Hills, CA 91367

370-2690  
Flora, Eric S.  
3303 Johnston Ave.  
Redondo Beach, CA 90278  
(805) 687-6211  
Frolli, Mark  
3729 Portofino Way  
Santa Barbara, CA 93105

Haemmerle, Greg

Higgins, William G.  
917 Loma Dr.  
Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

Hoselton, Ella & Robert  
5831 W. 76th. St.  
Los Angeles, CA 90045

Icen, Stan  
241 S. Olive, No. 20  
Alhambra, CA 91801

832-2557  
Landeros, Rene H.  
1253 W. 24th. St., No. 3  
San Pedro, CA 90731

273-9790  
Lane, June  
16109 Sunset Bl., #8  
Pacific Pal., CA 90272

Langley, Steve  
9617 Walnut St.  
Bellflower, CA 90706

886-1457  
Lazarus, Bruce  
17432 Dearborn St.  
Northridge, CA 91325

McCarthy, John J.  
8110 Redlands, No. 203  
Playa del Rey, CA 90291

McCully, John  
2000 Walnut Ave.  
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

998-5674  
Noe, Christopher  
200 N. Santa Rosa 412D  
San Luis Obispo, CA 93401

248-0488  
Parsons, Linda  
Parsons, Paul  
2133 Countryman Lane  
La Cañada, CA 91011

Russell, Richard B.  
28534 Radbrook Ct.  
San Pedro, CA 91301

Santa Cruz, Mark  
9238 Paramount Bl.  
Downey, CA 90240

842-7971  
Sullivan, Kevin & Sherry  
170 W. Ash Ave. No. D  
Burbank, CA 91502  
(714) 871-7900  
Talbott, Virgil D.  
641 N. Yale  
Fullerton, CA 92631

248-0839  
Thompson, Robert E.  
P.O. Box 633  
Montrose, CA 91020

822-9668  
Van Dalsem, Dale W.  
4143 Via Marina No. 1120  
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

Warner, Dan  
11511 Rochester  
Los Angeles, CA 90025

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Anderson, Chris Rob  
Reed College, Box 199  
Portland, OR 97202  
(415) 494-8895  
Barnes, George  
960 Ilima Way  
Palo Alto, CA 94306

Birnbaum, Bill  
841-C Las Lomas Dr.  
La Habra, CA 90631

387-6633  
Butler, Jim  
10547 Bradbury Rd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90064

Butler, Pat  
1030 Poplar Ave.  
Boulder, CO 80302

Campbell, Dave  
2049-2 Calle La Sombra  
Simi Valley, CA 93063

Cooley, Paul  
1532 Berkeley Ave. No. 1  
Santa Monica, CA 90404

Felderman, Keith W.  
5782 S. 152nd. St. No. 83  
Tukwila, WA 98188

Furniss, Jim  
42-325 Adams St.  
Bermuda Dunes, CA 92201

Jones, Ken  
(use former school address)

Jones, Ron  
Jones, Mary Sue  
P.O. Box 172  
Trona, CA 93562

886-5058  
Kabler, Walton  
8762 Etiwanda Ave. No. 2  
Northridge, CA 91325

## MEMBERSHIP REPORT

Machleder, Larry  
P.O. Box 3564  
Culver City, CA 90230

822-2408  
Mantle, Doug  
7742 Redlands, Apt. H-1031  
Playa del Rey, CA 90291

474-8478  
Mason, Robert J.  
10626 Wilshire Blvd.  
Los Angeles, CA 90024

Schuler, William J.  
Schuler, Lisa  
2625 Beechwood Dr.  
Eureka, CA 95501

Secor, R. J.  
(use former school address)

Selle, Mark  
6025 Brookdale Dr.  
Carmel, CA 93921

(714) 533-5756  
Titus, Jay  
1920 W. Culver St. No. 301  
Orange, CA 92668

(714) 529-4228  
Walker, Claude  
P.O. Box 581  
Brea, CA 92621

### PHONE CHANGE

Louise Werner  
576-8747

### REINSTATEMENTS

Cohen, Elizabeth  
4916½ N. Baldwin Ave.  
Temple City, CA 91780

Fredette, Mike  
1405 E. Elm  
Anaheim, CA 92805

Jali, R.  
c/o Hughes A.C.  
Bldg. 119, M/S 2 (ISFAHAN)  
P.O. Box 90515  
Los Angeles, CA 90009

Kelbley, Lawrence  
5920 Flambeau Rd.  
P.V. Peninsula, CA 90274

Lyman, Peter  
1454 E. Mountain St.  
Pasadena, CA 91104

May, Richard  
P.O. Box 453  
June Lake, CA 93529

280-8494  
Rose, Edward A.  
650 S. Garfield No. 44  
Monterey Park, CA 91754

Russell, Pat  
7388 W. 81st. St.  
Los Angeles, CA 90045

### Editor's Swan Song (Dedicated to Doug Mantle)

#### Gory, Gory (Rockclimbers') (Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

"Will it go around the chalkstone?" called the belayer, looking up,  
Our hero feebly answered "Yes," and slowly inched on up.  
He was trying to drive a piton when his foothold crumbled out,  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

He slid right down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed;  
He shot past the belayer who'd forgot the climber's creed;  
An anchor to a piton would've been all he'd ever need,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

The belayer felt the rope pull taut and tried to let it run,  
But it jerked him from position, and he knew his time had come;  
He left the ledge behind him and it shot up toward the sun,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

They sped on down the chimney and they passed the Southern Col;  
They had such good exposure it made a glorious fall;  
They slithered o'er a friction pitch and sped on down the wall,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

The days they'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through their minds,  
They thought about the girls back home, the ones they'd left behind;  
They thought about the Ranger, too, and wondered what he'd find,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

A medic in the valley watched them through his telescope,  
And as they neared the bottom, his eyes grew bright with hope,  
For it had been a week or more since the parting of the rope,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

One had the rope around his neck and the pitons through his spleen,  
An ice-ax in the rucksack had split the other's bean;  
The trails of red marked their descent as they neared the slopes of green,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

They hit the ground, the sound was SPLAT! The blood went spurting high;  
Their comrades were heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"  
And as they lay there rolling in the welter of their gore,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

There was blood upon the rucksacks, there were brains upon the rope,  
Intestines were entwined across the green and grassy slope;  
We picked them up in a lunch pail after salvaging the rope,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

The Sierra ECHO is published seven times a year by the Sierra Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club.

COPY: Send to Editor, Cuno Ranschau, 12744 Lorne St., N. Hollywood, 91605. Priority is given to short, typed, single spaced articles.

COPY DEADLINE DATES are the 20th of Jan, Mar, May, June, July, Sept, Nov.

ADDRESS CHANGES: Diana Dee, 2120 Dufour Ave., #8, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.  
The post office will not forward 3rd class mail.

INQUIRIES ABOUT NOT RECEIVING THE ECHO should be directed to ECHO mailer  
Anna Lou Pinson, 10624 Garden Grove Ave., Northridge, CA 91326.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE \$<sup>4</sup>3.00/year due by March 31. Subscribing to the ECHO is a requirement for active membership in the SPS. Send to M. Omberg, SPS Treasurer, 4311 El Prieto, Altadena, 91001. <sup>New SPS</sup> membership applications received after October 1st are credited for ECHO subscription for the next calendar year.

FAMILY SUBSCRIPTIONS: Only one ECHO subscription is necessary for members of a family residing at one address.

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE: The Twentieth Year Commemorative issue is available from the Section Treasurer for \$1.00 by mail or for 50¢ at the meetings.

SIERRA CLUB, ANGELES CHAPTER  
SIERRA PEAKS SECTION  
10624 Garden Grove Ave.  
Northridge, CA 91326  
"to explore, enjoy, preserve"

NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION  
U.S. Postage  
7.7 cents  
Pending Court Action  
Permit No. 321  
RESEDA, CA