

The Sierra



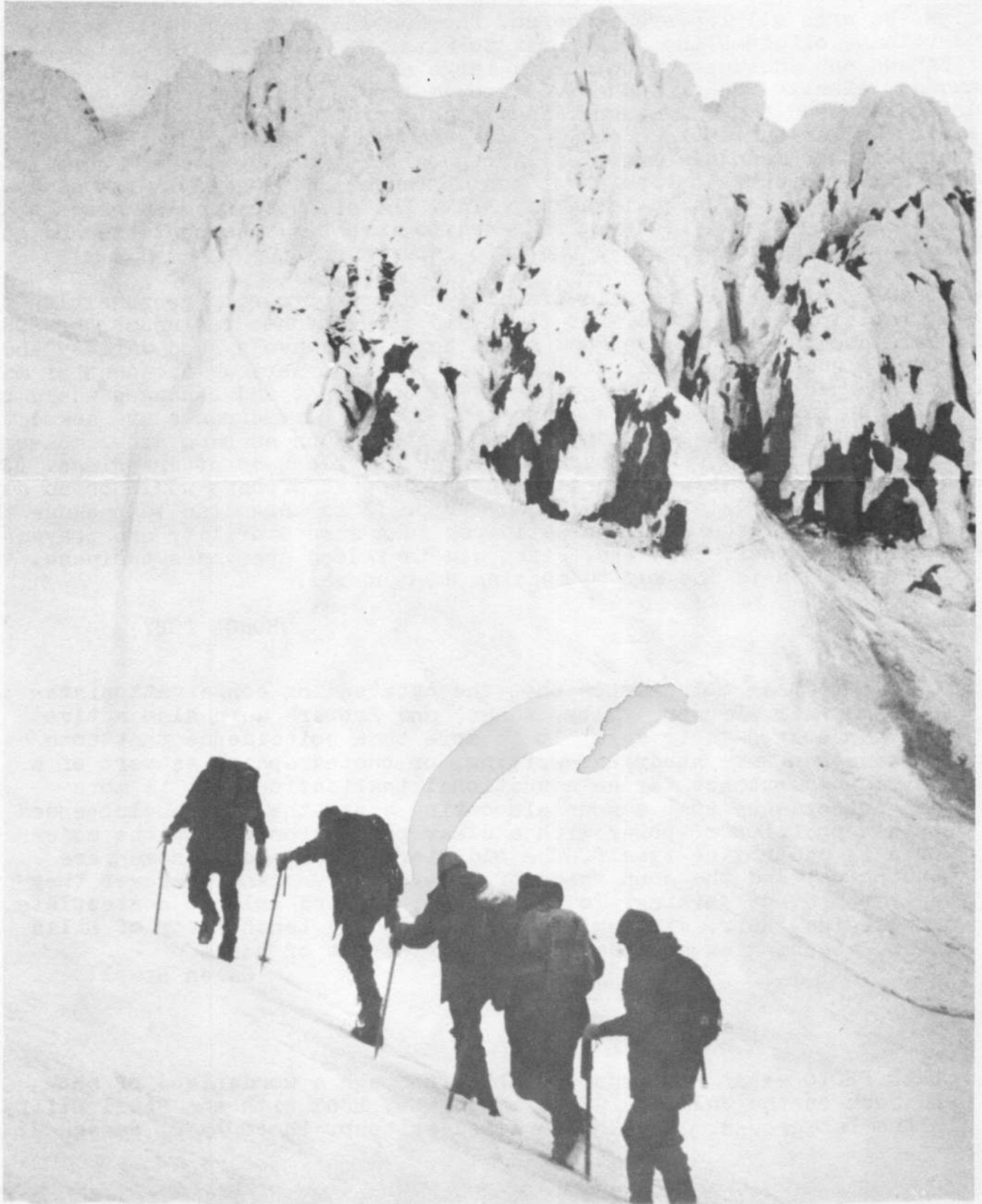
ECHO

VOLUME 22

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1978

NO. 5



The SPS has had an outstanding safety record on its outings. Safety is emphasized on our rock and snow training exercises and is of prime consideration in leadership training. But if an emergency occurs in the field how well are we equipped to meet it. The SPS Policies and Procedures say that a fully equipped Section first aid kit shall be carried on every scheduled trip. The Section maintains a number of well stocked first aid kits that are available at SPS meetings from Gene Olsen or Chuck Stein. However it has been observed that not all leaders are taking SPS first aid kits on trips. We urge all leaders to do so. The Section kits have a larger variety and volume of items than most private kits. The Section kits weigh about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and include a good supply large and small dressings, triangular bandage, elastic bandage, adhesive tape, moleskin etc. This year we added surgical scissors and tweezers. They also contain about 12 plastic containers of various tablets and capsules to combat infection, and to relieve pain and other mountain miseries. A regular little drug store. There is an information sheet on the exact use of these medications in the side pocket of the kit plus an inventory list. The side pocket also has a spare summit register book. Leaders are asked to inventory the contents and get familiar with their use before the trip departs.

Our leaders have had first aid training and are primarily responsible for first aid on SPS trips. But first aid is everyone's business. The SPS kits are designed to handle most emergencies and have a good variety and reasonable quantity of medical supplies. Should a serious accident or more than one accident occur a large amount of dressings and bandages would be needed. The kit would soon be exhausted. So all participants are asked to bring a supply of the more commonly used items such as band aids, moleskin, aspirin (or tylenol), and especially large sterile pads or dressings. If each person brought along two 4x4 and 5x9 dressings there would be an ample supply to meet any emergencies on any trip. It is suggested to package these items separately in a sealed plastic bag to assure sterility and prevent damage from weather, dust etc. First aid is indeed everyone's business. Good preparation is the key to meeting emergencies.

GEORGE TOBY

It is more than coincidence that the outstanding conservationists-men like Muir, Brower, Colby, Adams, and Brower- were also active mountaineers of their day. It is more than coincidence that none of these men were studying, writing, or photographing as part of a pre-planned project for an educational institution. It is more than coincidence that a mountain outing club- the Sierra club-ended up in a position of power with a clear perception of how the modern world is destroying itself. The old Sierra Club mountain men are leaving us, and the John Muirs of today- whoever and wherever they may be- are not joining. To fathom why, we need only to contemplate the original Muir, sitting crosslegged on the tenth floor of Mills tower, scanning an endless computer print-out of names.

Galen Rowell

COVER PHOTO -- An SPS group climbing through a wonderland of snow and rock on the July 4, 1978 climb of Mt. Hood with the Steel Cliffs in the background. See the enclosed writeup. Photo by C. Ranschau.

SPS Membership Report
 78A - 3
 May 1978

New Members

Address Changes

Address Changes

ROHN, Lex
 2033 N. Lathan
 Camarillo, CA 93010

SPRINGER, Randy
 3124 E. Ave. Q-16
 Palmdale, CA 93550

459-3831

OMBERG, Ed
 1714 Palisades Dr.
 Pacific Pal., CA 90272

(714) 552-7922
 WHEELLOCK, Ed
 13 Meadowseet Way
 Irvine, CA 92715

ABBOT, Eric
 General Delivery
 Tahoe Paradise, CA 95705

795-5520

SECOR, R. J.
 2366 Las Lunas
 Pasadena, CA 91107

RUTHERFORD, Theresa
 1546 San Carlos Pl.
 Orange, CA 92665

SMITH, R. Steve
 9424 Mirandy Drive
 Sacramento, CA 95826

SPS Membership Report

August 1978

New Members

Beverage, Nicky
 9870 Tujunga Cyn Pl
 Tujunga, CA 91042

Ward, Betty
 12201 East Garvey #32
 El Monte, CA 91732

Duryea, Tom

837-2638
 Mihaljevich, Daniel
 3704 Military Ave #1
 Los Angeles, CA 90034

399-7457
 Olsen, Dick
 14 Westminster #25
 Venice, CA 90291

248-1739
 Mauk, Robert
 3126 Henrietta Ave
 La Crescenta, CA 91214

(714) 559-6340
 Matyas, Nicholas
 2443 Littleton Pl
 Costa Mesa, CA 92626

M 7-78

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M 7-78

12388446
 M 7-78

13365873
 M 8-78

12375603
 M 8-78

M 8-78

New Emblem Holders

#372	Delano, Wendell	6-14-78
#373	Edmondson, Jim	7-7-78
#374	Mauk, Steve	7-24-78
#375	Titus, Jay	7-26-78
#376	Frolli, Mark	8-10-78

New Senior Emblems

#37	Riseley, Joni	6-15-78
#38	Grams, Jack	7-12-78
#39	Vasilik, Joe	8-12-78

Address Changes

Bihl, Mary
 2033 So. Camden
 Los Angeles, CA 90025

Jali, Dick
 920 N. Enterprise #8
 Inglewood, CA 90302

SOUTHERN CASCADES PEAKBAG (July 1-7, 1978)
SHASTA, HOOD, ADAMS, ST HELENS

Duane McRuer
Bob Hicks

This trip was billed as a 2500 mi, 22,650 ft gain "unforgettable" experience. The gain was actually 23,622, and the trip mileage closer to 2350, but the experience was indeed unforgettable. After a great deal of preparation, including a Mt Baldy training trip to hone our snow climbing and rescue skills, the group of 15 met at the Mt Shasta roadhead early Saturday morning.

The plan for the first day on Shasta was to backpack from the Ski Bowl to the commodious bench known as Lake Helen and spend the rest of the day acclimatizing. We proceeded on snow from the road past some ski lift towers toppled by an avalanche and then to the well-populated Mt Shasta suburb of Lake Helen. The "lake" was not yet in evidence. When it does finally appear later in the season it is likely to be a sanitary disaster because of the climber population pressures. In fact, while we were on the mountain there were at least 70 people either camped there or passing through.

The threatening weather of the afternoon turned to intermittent snow lasting most of the night. Most people slept cold and some suffered from wet equipment. Nonetheless, the first call came at 0400 amidst a whiteout. Things were a little better when we got underway at 0515 with the leader huffing, puffing, and breaking through 4 in. of powder on an unconsolidated base. We took a route to the right of Avalanche Gulch and the outcropping known as the Heart, and then to the right of the Red Banks and on to Misery Hill. At this point the leaders unleashed Cuno Ranschau and George Toby, who sped to the summit, incidentally providing a good trail. The leaders provided champagne on the summit, and we all unavoidably sampled the hydrogen sulfide fumes emitted by the mountain before we started our descent into a partial whiteout. The return trip was made much shorter by a nearly 3000 ft glissade from the Red Banks to the near vicinity of Lake Helen, which appeared almost miraculously out of the whiteout as we approached. After lunch and breaking camp we descended to the Ski Bowl parking lot. Here four of the party checked out.

The next day was spent driving the 360 miles to Timberline Lodge at the base of Mt Hood. From time to time we caught glimpses of Mt Jefferson to the west through the intermittent rain and low ceiling, although Mt Hood was never observed even at the lodge. Most of the party had made reservations at Timberline Lodge and we enjoyed an excellent dinner together before our evening meeting to discuss the next day's climb. The leaders' points on route, equipment, etc., went routinely, and they were well-positioned by the door to escape the collective wrath as they terminated the meeting with the announcement that wakeup call was to be 0115!

The morning came very early indeed. At 0215 we started up what we thought must be the mountain, heading into a 15 kt wind. Our route was a routine south side approach, paralleling a partially completed ski lift and guiding between Crater Rock and Steel Cliffs. We passed the east face of Crater Rock and encountered the Devil's Kitchen, a fumarole with odors most foul. Hurrying by, we climbed the hogback and then paused to rope up before

proceeding up the steep chute to the crater ridge. This was accomplished by passing below and to the right of a large crevasse across the wall. Although crampons here and for about 1000 ft below were very helpful, this final chute had been made into a veritable staircase in many places by climbers on previous days fighting slushy snow, yet it was steep enough to make us all happier when we were above it and had emerged into the summit area. A submerged summit register placed by the Mazamas was located by the vestiges of its wooden house. Visibility in the immediate surround was good enough to provide hazy views of St Helens, Adams, and occasionally Rainier. We lingered on the summit until a whiteout began to appear, and our time nearly ran out. This time of year it's a good idea to be below Crater Rock before 0900 to minimize rock and ice fall hazards. After exploring the bergshrund and getting past the crevasse areas we unroped and almost immediately began a sequence of glissades. Everyone was down well before 1100, giving us two hours to shower and clean up before the checkout time at 1300. The early start and arrival at the summit by 0800 is a bit unusual for SPS'ers, but common on Mt Hood because of the hazards later in the day. But being finished and showered by noon and having a sumptuous lunch compensates nicely for the early start.

Timberline Lodge, a 40 year old product of the WPA, had its finest hour at its dedication by FDR. It is in a beautiful location and has many furnishings and fixtures such as carved banister posts made from well-seasoned telephone poles, fireplace bas-reliefs, mosaic floors, etc., which will probably never be duplicated. As the day progressed the peak appeared in its total perspective, and those of the party who did not climb this day were able to observe our progress from the lodge itself with the aid of binoculars and a telescope. There is a great deal of ordinary tourist activity, but this is largely gone by the evening and the lodge and its elegant lobby become warm and intimate surroundings.

From Hood to our Mt Adams roadhead was only about 85 miles. This was easily accomplished in the afternoon. At Cold Springs campground we made our preparations for the next day, ate dinner, and sacked out. The leaders inspected all of the campsites well before 2000, to find nothing stirring in the midst of a cacophony of individualistic heavy breathing.

As a rest day we decided to backpack 3700 ft to the Lunch Counter at 9300 ft on Mt Adams. Again the route was over snow and we were able to go directly up the Suksdorf Ridge and its extension between the Crescent and Gotchen Glaciers. This was an excellent route because of the snow; it is normally bare later in the season and an alternate approach is then usually taken. The Lunch Counter is a wide bench with rock outcroppings and provides an excellent campsite and superb views of Mt Hood and Mt St Helens. We spent most of the afternoon in looking, bull sessions, and admiring Bill Russell's construction of a campsite in one of the biggest rock piles.

Reveille was at 0400 and the nominal start time 0500 for the climb of Adams. Because the visibility was superb and the route completely clear, this was an unregimented day, with everyone setting their own pace. Crampons

were used by some, but not all, and the going was excellent either way. Cuno started his charge early, not even waiting for Bob Hicks, who had to catch up; they hit the summit in 1 hr and 40 min. Near the end Bill T. was gaining on them, and Don Sparks was closing fast. Don and Nicki Beverage made it in two hours flat, and all were up in less than 2 hr and 20 min. These performances indicated how well conditioned the party was as a whole, especially for such an early season trip. Of course, having three marathoners and Cuno along put a good deal of pressure on the ordinary mortals in the party.

The views from the summit were not as spectacular as hoped for, because of the haze. Rainier was fairly visible from time to time, and Hood and St Helens were not as spectacular as they had appeared from Lunch Counter. On the other hand, the bergshrund and crevasses in the Klickitat Glacier were close at hand and most impressive. The descent to Lunch Counter involved some wonderfully long glissades with a 2000 ft beauty providing a great deal of pleasure for everyone. After packing up, we hiked and glissaded to Cold Springs and started the next leg to St Helens.

Adams and St Helens are less than 30 mi apart, but as much as 200 mi by road. With the help of the Forest Service we had discovered a complicated route involving back country roads in the Gifford Pinchot National Forest which is considerably shorter than the route that one would normally take using the main highways shown on ordinary maps. Unfortunately, one section of our "shortcut" involved a logging road which is theoretically open to private vehicles only after 7 pm or on weekends and holidays. Nonetheless, we were able to circumvent this section with public roads and still save time and miles. We arrived at Timberline Campground on Mt St Helens by 1800 and set about preparations for the morning. At this point, two more of our party decided to take their ease in a motel and visit friends in Portland rather than climb the peak. The viewing conditions were excellent, and for the first time on the trip we were able to see all but the very top portion of the route from the cars.

The weather continued excellent throughout the night, and the 0315 wakeup was accepted by the party without comment or complaint. (Operant conditioning lives!) By 0415, two others in the party had decided not to go, so the group of 7 left, led by Bob Hicks and Bill Russell. The classic Dog's Head route was followed. The snow conditions were superb, and crampons were unnecessary. Ropeup occurred just above the Dog's Head, and the trail left by previous climbers provided an excellent route around the crevasses. Normal time to the summit on this route is 6-9 hr; our party made it in 4 hr and 15 min. The descent was uneventful except for close-hand examination of awesome crevasses and two super glissades. The group was down by 1100 and the trip was officially ended with our successes celebrated with three bottles of champagne provided by the leaders and Mel Lees (in absentia).

<u>Day</u>	<u>Peak</u>	<u>Roadhead</u>		<u>Gain (Loss)</u>	<u>Time</u>
1	Mt Shasta (14,162')	Shasta Ski Bowl (7,850')	Lake Helen Basecamp (10,400')	2,550	4
2			Climb Peak Descend	3,762 (5,312)	4
3	Drive to Mt Hood				
4	Mt Hood (11,245')	Timberline Lodge (5,950')	Climb Peak Descend	5,295 (5,295)	5-1/2
5	Mt Adams (12,275')	Cold Springs Campground (5,600')	Lunch Counter Basecamp (9,300')	3,700	4-1/2
6			Climb Peak Descend	2,975 (6,675)	2-1/4
7	Mt St Helens (9,677')	Timberline Campground (4,320')	Climb Peak Descend	5,360 (5,360)	4-1/4
Total				23,642	

The table recapitulates the trip statistics. Fifteen made Shasta, ten made Adams, and seven surmounted Hood and St Helens. In some ways the trip was a logistic nightmare and almost all the available time was spent driving, climbing, or sleeping, yet everyone felt that the diversity of these peaks has much to offer the SPS. Some even suggested a yearly repeat performance, but if this occurs Dick Kutsch will have to replace his glissade-abraded trousers with more sturdy stuff. The trip ended for the leaders as Gene Olsen's red van disappeared with Kutsch and Toby, who were supposed to be riding therein, in hot pursuit.

About twenty, one early November, including what seemed like two hundred (actually four) scouts, came, as a lawyer would phrase it. All I remember well was the bawdy campfire. Mary will note that I certainly didn't remember the route!

SPS lore states finding this one is tough at the beginning. Actually, it wasn't bad. You proceed from Clough Cave until the first creek bed crossing from the north, and then backtrack until you see the poor path on the north. One ex DPS vice chairman ~~gently~~ boomed "you blew it" here but that was no problem compared with "were obviously way off route" later, John.

Picking ones way amid the cowtrails, careful to avoid the errant path and also Cuno who had stayed back to be with Babs, we found a snake and later home, Surprise Camp. The Surprise is, of course, that anyone should camp there, as a good days walk would bring one up and down Homer's Nose sans backpack.

We searched all pm for Palmer Cave, finding only Cuno and Babs to our disappointment. The evening wine/song fest was a true classic (in spite of Doug breaking his bottle of wine in his pack-ed). All had such a good time, no wonder such repasts will soon be banned by Sierra Club Flat or perhaps I should say non Flat.

From Surprise camp one heads to near the E-W crest west of the Nose, up a side trail, and then very near the crest to the gradual summit. I wish we had gone where one did. Mary and Sam dumped the group near the top; I swear Mary, second on top, so bitterly disappointed, could only mumble "at least I beat Mary Beal", when asked how she like the view. In any case, we returned uneventfully, a good crew, a good trip. The only question remaining was "What was so funny sat nite?" and I'm sorry Cuno, but while I am finally writing this up, I'm not writing it all up!

Foerster Pk

October 1977

By Doug Mantle

From the west? Yes, and not a bad idea except for some nauseating winding roads (it was unanimous) out of North Fork to Sheeps Crossing.

A leisurely stroll on day one brought us a mere eight or so miles from the peak to a fine lake camp. Football practice with liter bottles and dirt wrestling brought Mary to the fore front. Not to be outdone, a newcomer from New York announced that while he had neither backpacked or climbed before this trip, if that had been a problem, he would have been pleased to lie about his qualifications to get on the trip.

Thus assured, we rose at an hour I had years ago wiped from my memory and swept north over the E-W crest, traversing eighty five miles or so to the summit.

Seriously, Sunday all-told cost our feet twenty five of the best miles of their moleskin encrusted summers. We arrived back for the eagerly anticipated driving challenge by 7 pm where we waited without rancor for the newcomer so that we could observe his pain. More water and daylight and perhaps an extra day aside, this west side approach was really worth our efforts. If you're tired of the same old roadheads, by all means give this one a try.

North Palisade - U notch route July 22, 1978 Bob Hartunian

This is the year of suncups throughout the Sierra snowfields. An afternoon spent sinking into endless depressions of wet snow is not soon forgotten, especially on the approach to the east routes of North Palisade where the mountain stands unperturbed by the inconveniences of last winter's snowpack.

Rick Booth and I crossed the Palisade Glacier and arrived at the U-Notch bergshlund in very quiet air. As we contemplated the crossing, the glacier creaked beneath us, suggesting we make our move. A rock wall on the right side provided sufficient holds for a muscle-pull over the shrund onto the steep snow of the chute. An hour of ice-axe jabbing plus step-kicking brought us to the notch and a north wall of rock. The long chimney looked too time consuming. We chose the wandering route that began 3rd class and quickly changed to a few 5th class moves along the way. I think we both enjoyed getting off-route and spicing up the climb.

From the top of the wall, summit blocks are reached by a fun-traverse staying just below the western crest of the mountain. Deep suncups on the upper snowfield discouraged any crossing on the eastern face.

The view from the summit blocks was spectacular. Snow is still very abundant in the Sierra, enhancing the topographical features of all the peaks. A movie camera panning 360° would have captured this special scene from the Big Pine Lakes, the sweeping glacier, and the still frozen lakes in the west.

Both Rick and I understood why North Palisade was Norman Clyde's favorite mountain.

East Face Whitney/Shaky Leg Crack 10,24-26,77 Chris Libby
Jenny Goldberg

We had no trouble following the numerous trails up the bottom of the North Fork Canyon; perhaps they were just well worn because it was late in the season. The Ebersbacher Ledges would have been the more difficult route under these conditions.

The shaded south side of the canyon near Clyde Mdw. was very icy, making for hazardous, tedious walking.

We chose the Shaky Leg Crack variation over the technically easier Fresh Air Traverse because the latter route is not very obvious. Shaky Leg is strenuous but just for a short distance and can be well-protected.

At the deadend at the top of the Grand Staircase, Doug Mantle's variation of turning the corner to the right (see ECHO, Mar-Apr 75), as opposed to climbing the awkward crack to the left, looked promising and we would have tried it but for the ice on the ledges in this late-season climb.

The top of the Mountaineers' route was quite icy, but the going was easier once we got in the chute proper.

Bill Schuler, SPS member, successfully climbed Mt. Hood, high point of Oregon, January 1, 1978 with the Mazamas

June 16, 1978: Today I climbed San Jac for my 468th ascent, setting a new worlds's record. The previous record was 467 ascents of Pikes Peak. I dedicate this climb to all my brother & sister climbers.

Sid Davis

MT. LYELL - July 2-4, 1977 Harry McKellop

A group of eleven enthusiastic hikers and climbers began the long trek, 12 miles and 3,700 feet, from Silver Lake to base camp at Marie Lakes. For the leader it was a short twelve miles. Twenty minutes into the hike a light rain began to fall, so I slipped off my pack to get out my rain jacket. As I lowered the pack to the ground one of the wire retainer rings on the pack frame neatly opened a three inch bone-deep incision on the front of my shin, thereby ending my participation in the trip. A surgeon in Mammoth Lakes closed the wound with fourteen stitches. Fortunately, the assistant leader, Sonny Lawrence (a former leader for the San Bernardino County Mountain Rescue Team) was willing to take over leadership of the group.

Nine people continued on to camp, and Sunday morning seven climbers started up Mt. Lyell by the east arete (Rt #7, Climbers Guide, 1976). After some boulder scrambling on the lower slopes, two more climbers dropped out, probably feeling slight altitude sickness. The remaining five continued up loose talus and finally gained the ridge line on the east arete. After traversing upward along the left side of the ridge, the climbers were forced to pass some gendarmes on the right side. At this point the exposure was severe. Two more people decided to not continue and returned down the easy climb to camp. The three remaining climbers, Sonny Lawrence, Diane Rosentreter and Ian Clarke, continued up the ridge for several roped pitches, crossed onto Lyell glacier, and traversed on soft snow to just below the summit where 200 feet of third class rock brought them to the top.

The glacier proved to be an irresistible glissade route down. Unfortunately, this put the climbers two canyons off-route. After a long climb back over the ridge, the weary three trudged into camp shortly after midnight. Monday morning the group left camp early and arrived at the cars by 1:00 P.M.

A near accident on this climb bears describing. When one of the climbers leaned down to help a following climber onto a ledge, the lens of his sunglasses was pierced by the point of the other climber's ice axe, which was tied to the ruck sack but did not have a tip protector in place. The axe point left a long red scratch across the climber's eyelid, a near disaster. Every climber should carry a tip protector for his axe and put it on whenever the axe is not being used. On the subject of safety, I also strongly recommend taping over the wire rings on pack frames. Their cutting ability has been convincingly demonstrated. (H.M., thanks to Ian Clarke for details of the climb.)

MT. HUMPHREYS MT. EMERSON - July 29-30, 1977 Harry McKellop, Randy Sheaff
Mt. Emerson:

Six climbers left the North Lake trailhead Saturday at 8:00 A.M. We had a fast hike and reached Pinte Pass around 10:15. Two people (one having problems with a pulled back muscle) left the group and headed for Humphreys Lakes to make camp. The remaining four of us went off to climb Emerson by the west ridge (Rt #2, Climbers Guide, 1976). Reaching the ridge involved several satisfying third-class sections. After traversing along the talus covered ridge and arriving at the third false summit, two climbers had had enough and elected to wait while the remaining two did a quick scramble over to the true summit and back. In retrospect, Emerson is probably better done from Loch Leven on the way in. We returned down the west ridge, had a cold but refreshing dip in a small lake, picked up our stashed gear and hiked over to camp at Humphreys Lake.

Humphreys:

Sunday we awoke at dawn and were climbing by 6:30 A.M., following the South Clouloir route. We encountered several sections of challenging (but third class) rock moves, including one 20' pitch with ice covering most of the holds. After a final 50' of roped climbing we scrambled to the summit at 9:20 A.M. Another group was just then coming up the final pitch of Rt #1. We exchanged greetings on the summit before rappelling down their route. Except for the final 100 feet, Route #1 (described as the "Regular Route") is mostly talus and scree. I would recommend the South Couloir to those who prefer solid rock for climbing up.

After a quick lunch at camp we packed out, reaching the trailhead by 3:30 P.M. This was a short but satisfying trip, in that we were able to spend most of the time climbing. (H.M.)

As we trudged upward, I thought back: it all started as an ordinary trip. I did most of the driving, with Meridee and Diana Dee asleep in the back of the VW bus. We met Doug and Maureen Young at their home in Reno and, naturally, went out for a splendid meal the night before the climb. Doug graciously picked up the check, mumbling something about "your last meal". That didn't help the vague sense of dread/anticipation that hovered about since Meridee first began planning the trip, and then talked me into it. But after all, you're not going to question a bunch of "E-rated" leaders with that much experience, right?

Doug seemed cheerful enough, out in the lead. He'd been grinning since dawn. We'd lingered over a big climbers' breakfast just as if we didn't really want to start, although the conversation was normal for the group. Climbs past that we'd shared; climbs we knew about; climbs we considered doing, and when could we get away for thirty days? Finally, we pushed back from the table, piled into Doug's 4-wheel drive truck and set out. Fortunately, he found an easy parking place. Seems like everywhere you go, there are more and more cars; the last ten years sure have seen a lot of changes. Of course that's true of our friends, too.

The sun was high, now, and I was perspiring more than the route called for, technically. If you aren't used to this stuff, it sure can get to you. I hadn't minded when Doug offered to lead, since he lived nearby and had been up The Steps recently. The Washoe Steps were more of a head trip than a physical challenge. Meridee began grinning. No wonder; there was the last step, and Doug headed across the level at the top. Good thing he knew the route, as I'd wander around the rest of the day looking for the register.

Diana was fast, too, for someone who didn't plan this trip for herself. I glanced at my watch: she'd make her plane back to Los Angeles without any trouble. Good thing, too. It was nice of her to be here. Goes to show, I guess, that for a bunch of older climbers, the campfire and the wine are more important than the climb. Too bad we'd left the Champagne behind to stay chilled, but then we'd have attracted attention packing the glasses up here.

Now we were signing in. I didn't bother to read the register. This far from home, the names would all be strange, anyway. Lots of them, too. Then everyone was grinning like crazy, and I reached down and took Meridee's hand.... We'd done it free, after all. This is one, I admitted, on which you wouldn't want to be roped in.

We headed down to where we'd left Doug's truck, with the sun still high overhead. Sure is easier on the way back. At the bottom, the wedding ceremony over, we headed off down the Reno sidewalks to collect our Champagne, with the Washoe County Courthouse Steps already disappearing behind.

Congratulations to Meridee and Dennis from all their SPS friends. Ed.

INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

Bigotry: A sequoia - for example.

Fault: After a major earthquake in northern California, a group of concerned citizens set up the San Andreas Fund, proving that Californians can be generous to a fault.

Galleon: Before cars were invented, Spaniards were able to go for thousands of miles on a galleon.

Hearse: The undertaker ordered a new vehicle-in light blue, this time. He thought it time to try a hearse of a different color.

Himalaya: It was father's birthday so mama made Himalaya cake.

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

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