

The Sierra

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AUGUST



ECHO

1979

NO. 5



CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

As the 1979 Chairman one of my hopes was that the Section would continue to grow in size, particularly in active participants. It was a pleasure to see over 80 people at the July meeting. The meeting ran a bit late primarily because there were so many interesting reports on completed trips. Those reporting mentioned an all too familiar problem, "NO SHOWS" and I might add with no notification to the leader. Some leaders had to turn away climbers only to come up short at roadhead. One suggestion was made to list no show/no call names in the Echo. Another possibility is to announce their names at the monthly meetings. Leaders also have the option of charging a reservation fee that can be returned at roadhead. Undoubtedly some, hopefully most, of these selfish and thoughtless individuals are not members of the SPS. I would hope we can find ways to drastically reduce the problem and certainly as SPS members not add to it.

An appeal for help. Barbara Reber no longer will be able to make the monthly Echo drop and pickup at the UCLA printers. Our healthy financial status is primarily a result of this service. Would anyone be willing to take on this job? If you can, please contact Cuno or your Chairman.

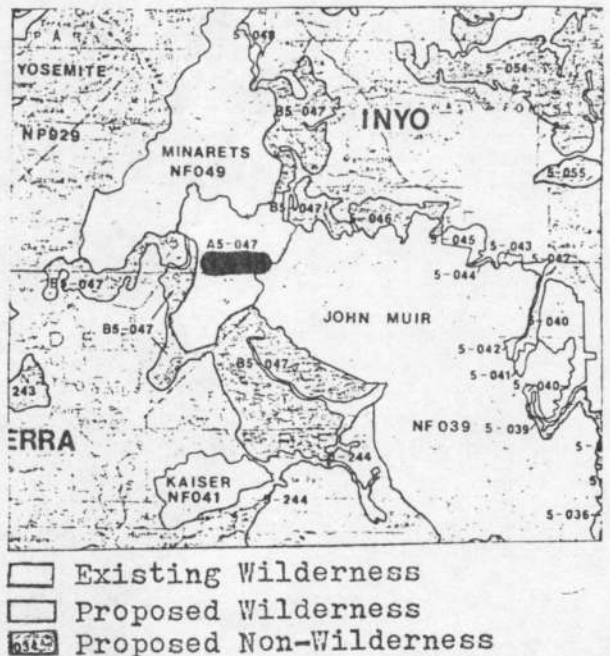
RARE II, The Roadless Area Review and Evaluation, is the Forest Service's recommendations to Congress regarding how roadless and undeveloped land in our National Forests should be used, developed and managed. These areas, located in 38 states and covering 62 million acres, have been classified as (1) wilderness, (2) further planning or (3) non-wilderness.

The Angeles Chapter Conservation Committee, in order to comprehensively review this massive summary, has asked each regional area and activity section to adopt an area they are particularly familiar with or concerned about.

The SAN JOAQUIN ROADLESS AREA (A5-407 on the adjacent map) represents such an area for the SPS.

This area, located south-east of Yosemite and between the Minarets and John Muir wildernesses, has been recommended for wilderness. The effectiveness of this recommendation has been negated, however, because the peripheral areas have all been recommended for non-wilderness. (B5-046 & B5-047)

Although the Forest Service recommendations have been made, only Congress has the power to designate wilderness. Members of the SPS should write their Congressmen and let them know that the San Joaquin Roadless Area cannot be an effective wilderness if surrounded by non-wilderness.



COVER PHOTO: Bear Creek Spire enhances this idyllic scene in the area of Rock creek. Photo thanks to Hal Compton.

SIERRA PEAKS SECTION

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

JUNE - JULY, 1979

NEW SENIOR EMBLEM HOLDERS

#44 MARY BIHL 7-1-79

NEW EMBLEM HOLDERS

#388 WALT HILL 6-79

#389 SHERRY SULLIVAN 6-79

#390 KEVIN SULLIVAN 6-79

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SEP 1-3 SUN-MON.

SIERRA PEAKS

M: TOWER and BLACK HAWK. Busy trip of long back pack and day hikes.
Good conditioning and calloused ego and feet (boots usefull)required.
If still interested inquire of leader: DOUG MANTLE (Sylmar).
Unknowledgeable asst: CUNO RANSCHAU.

Four of us were all that remained of the Sierra Club trip which was cancelled by the leader and the assistant due to pressing Labor Day obligations. Wendell Delano, Mike Nadeau, Bill Smith, and I left North Hollywood at 4:15 Friday afternoon and arrived in Tuolumne Mdns by 11pm. Even though the leader had not been able to secure reservations prior to his cancellation, we inquired at the permit station and were successful.

Several groups in the parking area indicated that they too had Mt. Lyell as their weekend destination, so we hiked leisurely but steadily to the foot bridge camping area. This is the first good camping area above the Lyell Base camp, and is the highest point which wood fires are allowed. Saturday afternoon we walked over to Amelia Earhart Pk., but we found no sign of the plane crash. Barbara Reber had signed the register on four days before.

Sunday ascents of Mts. Lyell and Maclure were quite eventful. Our group ascended the glacier to the bergschrund. Here our progress was halted until one member of another group led the class five ice to the rocks above. Only Mike chose to ascend via this route which turned out to be a fifth class ascent up the north buttress. The remainder of our group traversed the bergschrund to the Lyell-Maclure saddle. This route was far easier, even though the writer chose to use a rope up the 65° crack. About 50% of a San Francisco Bay area group also used a rope on this section.

While on the summit, we were all treated to a spectacular ascent up the central, rotten gully. Rocks were heard regularly from this solo climber, but he soon emerged at the summit with his Kelty!

Late in the afternoon a small group ascended Maclure, but most of the people in the area chose to return to camp. Monday brought another day with clear skies and warm temperatures, so the hike down the Lyell Fork was pleasant.

Special thanks to John Jenks, leader of the San Francisco area chapter, for his rope assist on Lyell. Additional thanks to Dick Labrecque for his assist in transferring the trip incidentals from the leader to me, and for his follow-up in notifying the other members of the trip of the cancellation.

Two members of our group, Wendell DeLano and I, earned the SPS Emblem on the ascent of Lyell. Wendell is only 14!

Jon Fredland

Help! The Echo needs input!
We need lots of private trip
writeups to help the Echo through
the long, cold winter ahead!!

See back cover for instructions.
Thank you!

I went on a trip around the world this summer, on Pan-Am's special, and by a lucky coincidence found myself in Holland two days before the annual international walk at the city of Nijmegen, southeast of Amsterdam. My interest having been aroused by word of this four-day event several years ago from Liz Cohen and Ed Treacy, when they participated on their European trek (and Liz had participated one other time), I certainly was thrilled to find myself there just then. The city of Nijmegen has sponsored the Viertaagse for some 60 years with increasing numbers of participants each year; 16,000 walkers started on it this year. People in Europe, who walk so much more than we do, celebrate this as the major walking event, although, there are many others. All Western and some Eastern European countries are represented, as well as other parts of the world. One of the most colorful groups was a contingent of a dozen or so Japanese people, all of whom appeared to be over 60, dressed in brilliant green jogging outfits; each time I saw them they appeared to be elfin, gamboling about on the lightest of feet; one of their female members was over 80! Actually, all ages are represented, as well as all conditions. My first day out, I sat at the first rest stop with a man whose badge showed his year of birth to be 1896. Ever so many walkers wore the Viertaagse medal indicating 20, 22, 29 years of participation in this walk. I saw two different one-legged men and many less than normally formed bodies for whom the prolonged effort must have been challenging.

Nijmegen, a city of about 125,000, is located on the Rhine River and is the hub of much agricultural activity; the country side is small farms and villages with some low hills and woods, some memorials of World War II, flowers that won't quit and Hyneken beer flowing copiously at each tavern. The prescribed walk each day is a roads and paths leading out of Nijmegen on a loop and back into the starting place; each day is different, though, and each day repeats the pattern of all the years before. A number of hikers indicated to me that the third day is the hardest as that is the day we face the seven hills.

Three categories of walkers exist; 30, 40, and 50 kilometers per day; and you are not really free completely to choose. For instance, women may not opt for the 50, and men aged 50 and over may not choose the 50. There are a number of Army contingents, all of whom must do the 50. I did the minimum of 30. So, the general route is the same for all but more torturous for the 40's and 50's. Many sites exist for resting, at any time you wish, with a couple of first aid stations and places to buy milk, tea, soup, sandwiches, beer, and cognac (very popular). Checkpoints along the route are set up for the punching of walkers' badges for verification. A common practice was the gathering of an entire family outside their farm house, seated for the day in folding chairs to watch the parade. I rested in one of their empty chairs and was treated to some delicious soup. The last day is festive, with KLM jets and commercial air advertising, fireworks and music enroute, free bouquets of flowers thrust into your arms, goodies and freebies, a full military review, and an estimated 25,000 on-lookers along the last two miles. The city was alive in celebration from about 2:00pm on into the night.

Reaching the top of a mountain, one always has the added pleasurable experience of the down part--such a satisfaction! But here the goal of four days of much walking is rather abruptly concluded. Lying in bed that last night, I wondered some..."What do you get out of this?" First of all, communication is not usually a problem, as English is spoken rather commonly there. The hospitality is warm, both in the event itself and in the town where you live in a home on a 'bed and board' basis for four or five nights. Care for your health is primary, as you must have a complete and satisfactory health report in order to sign in; the health stations on the route are supplemented by a hospital in town, where you can get a massage each day at the walk's end, courtesy of the Red Cross. The international

flavor is engaging. Associations I made there led to some good times, subsequently in Zurich with one Viertaagse friend and at a Quaker retreat in the village of Lutzelfluhe, Switzerland, with another. Maybe the best of all is the satisfaction of completion of the four-day walks with the badge of bronze and all the promises to "See you next year!"

3 Day Trip usually

TEHEPITE DOME, SPANISH MTN

May 26-28

Harold McFadden, Dan Warner

Nine of us met at the east side of Wishon Dam at 8 AM Saturday. The group consisted of Gene and John Mauk, Gerry and Pat Holleman, Ron Eckelmann, Eric Schumacher, Norm Kohn, and the leaders. We drove to the trailhead (easily located on the Sierra Nat. Forest map) and around 9 AM set out for Crown Creek, our destination for that day. Just above Three Springs we ran into snow, which soon covered most of the trail. We often had to navigate using tree blazes, cut logs and other trail signs, but the snow was firm and we made steady progress. As we gained elevation, finding the trail became a cooperative effort, and scouts often flanked the leader on both sides. "Eagle Eye" Eric Schumacher seemed especially adept at sighting blazes which others missed. We crossed streams which were not shown on the map, and several times this caused some confusion as to our location. (It is with some embarrassment that the leader recalls having announced our arrival at Cabin Creek on three different occasions, being right only the last time) Location was definitely established by compass on a knoll about $\frac{3}{8}$ mile west of the Cabin Creek crossing; this was the only point between the trailhead and Wet Meadow from which one could clearly see identifiable terrain features (in this case, Spanish Mtn and the Obelisk). After having lunch near Cow Meadow, we crossed a very wet Wet Meadow and proceeded on to picturesque Crown Valley, where we spent a pleasant hour relaxing and investigating an old, ramshackle ranch. We finally reached Crown Creek at about 5:15, and were discouraged by the appearance of that torrential stream. It was running very swiftly and seemed to be $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep and about 70 feet wide at the crossing; it soon became obvious that we could not wade it. So scouting parties began moving upstream and downstream, hoping to find another crossing. Nothing was found to the south, but about $\frac{2}{3}$ mile to the north a somewhat problematical log crossing was found, and good log crossings were discovered across the two western tributaries of Crown Creek. We camped about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile north of the trail.

We left camp at 5:30 the next morning and within 15 minutes had arrived at the wet, narrow log that spanned Crown Creek. It appeared that crossing it would be a time-consuming and somewhat risky undertaking, and most of the group were in favor of searching for something better. So we continued upstream. A short distance above the second tributary (Scepter Creek) we found a good multiple log crossing (to the northwest of point 7440 on the topo), which allowed for a quick and relatively safe crossover. The eastern tributary of Crown Creek posed no problem, and by 7 AM we were back at the trail. By 9:30 we had reached the northern base of Tehepite Dome. Moving up we came to the 3rd class pitch, a fairly easy but exposed north-facing friction slab. A second route (3rd-4th class) was found by Gerry Holleman on the east side of the ridge, south of the slab, and he and the leader climbed this route and then a belay was set up for those coming up the slab. Soon all were on top and enjoying the spectacular views. We left Tehepite with reluctance, crossed back over Crown Creek, then backpacked to a dry clearing just east of Wet Meadow and camped. It had been a long, tiring day.

Next morning we followed the Spanish Lakes Trail southward, again navigating by tree blazes over 2 to 4 feet of snow, to the small lake $\frac{1}{2}$ mile east of Spanish Lake. We climbed Spanish Mtn from this point. At the summit we viewed a panorama of peaks and canyons stretching from Mineral King to what may have been Yosemite. After descending, we hiked to Statum Meadow and had lunch. At swollen Rancheria Creek we found a very large log spanning the stream about $\frac{1}{8}$ mile above the usual crossing; without the log we may not have been able to cross. We continued on and reached the cars by 2:45.

In retrospect, it is suggested that this trip be led later in the year so as to avoid the heavy snow cover and the navigation and stream-crossing problems mentioned above.

THUNDERBOLT PK, CLYDE PK, ETC., Aug 12-20, 1978 Frank Meyers

Last summer with two friends I made a 9-day trip along the SW side of the Palisades. Saturday afternoon we made camp about 20 ft below Thunderbolt Pass, on the S side, in a storm. Sunday was stormy, too; I climbed Columbine Pk while Bill Lipps and Mark Fincher climbed the peak W of camp. Monday we set out to climb to the head of the Underhill Couloirs and climb Thunderbolt and then traverse Mt Starlight and North Palisade and maybe Polemonium Pk and loop back to camp. We carried bivouac gear but enthusiasm waned and we did only Thunderbolt. Starlight looks rather tedious from there. The "second large couloir" route was taken; there are three small couloirs and a chimney between the "first large couloir" and this route. The main obstacle is a large clockstone which had ice in the crawl space below it; one can probably crawl under it usually but we belayed up a short pitch at the right. Farther up one has the opportunity to take a somewhat steep, loose, short side chute to the left and cross into the next chute NW. This is the best way, but be careful of the insecure boulders. We needed no more belays up to the base of the summit block but at one spot above the steep slab area mentioned in the guide, we passed packs up a short section of a chimney. We found two routes somewhat above this. A ledge left leads to an exposed but easy mantle with rocks stacked for a step. Alternatively, one can go more directly up to the notch NW of the large, flat-topped pinnacle (the one next to the spectacular horn of the S end of the summit ridge) and cross over the main crest.

One does not simply throw the rope over the summit block, as only one side of it is accessible. It is feasible to loop a bight across the top horn; this forms an upper belay of sorts. We improved on this by tying a fixed loop of about 14 ft circumference, looping it over the horn, and tying it down so that it could not shift. Mark tied into the middle of the other part of the rope, belayed by both ends of the running bight around the horn. When he got up to the fixed loop, he clipped the lower rope into it so we had a really good belay. Bill and I also "led" the climb since each climber rappelled down before the next climber came up. We also used our fixed loop for a prusik to back up the weak-looking bolt for the rappel, which was done on another rope. We spent 3 hours rigging the ropes, taking lots of pictures, climbing, and removing the rig. We are proud that we all did the climb free; it is a neat little problem, better than the Clarence King block or the direct routes on the Darwin summit pinnacle. With the secure belay we had, it may be only 5.7.

The knapsack route along the base of the Palisades was tedious, mostly talus and sun cups from Bishop Pass to Potluck Pass. Tuesday we moved from our Thunderbolt Pass camp to Lake 11,400 across Cirque Pass. Wednesday we climbed Clyde Pk. The Climber's Guide gives no clues to the proper route; I believe we found the best way.

The topo shows a curving buttress coming down from north of the north peak of Clyde. We went up inside the curve of this buttress to the top of the talus. One then sees, on the right, a chute leading straight to the crest, where a deep, narrow cleft with a chockstone bridging it breaks the (apparent) summit ridge, north of Clyde Pk. We went most of the way up this chute, but turned right when a broad and fairly easy chute came in from the right. We worked right onto a gentle area just in back of a low tower on which I built a cairn. We called this area "Class 1 ledge" because it was the only Class 1 we saw. Perhaps 150 ft SE one comes to a dropoff into a large chute to the S. There is a Class 4 ledge leading up to the upper bowl of this chute, so one need not descend. This ledge we called The Catwalk. The good news about The Catwalk is that it has a hand rail. The bad news is that the rail is on the inside and overhangs at times. The upper bowl heads north of the N Pk of Clyde. Scale the final short steep Class 4 pitch to the N peak, and follow the ridge, which is easier than it looks, to the main peak. We did not belay

or rappel anywhere, but the peak is pretty steep everywhere. I wore the skin on my fingertips thin, and Mark, who leads 5.10 in Yosemite, was spooked by the whole affair: "In Yosemite, the dangers are all subjective." The steep pitch on the N Pk could easily be belayed. The Catwalk could possibly be bypassed by working up the ridge NW of the chute if it proved hard to belay people on the diagonal ledge due to possibly limited clock placements on the "railing." This was another rewarding climb, and finding this direct route, possibly the easiest way up Clyde Pk, made it especially memorable.

Before dropping down to Deer Meadow, Bill Lipps and I climbed Peak 12,220 via its south ridge. This may have been a new route for this seldom-climbed peak. Mark was taking it easy from here on due to knee problems. Bill and I made an enjoyable and memorable day hike of Mt Shakespeare and Observation Pk via Peak 11,747 (McClay Crag) returning via Amphitheatre Lake. We stayed on the trail from there on and I picked up Mt. Agassiz coming out. (I didn't lift it, I merely climbed it. Also, it wasn't coming out, I was. Out of the mountains.)

Coyote, Angora June 9-11 Vandervoet/Russell

Nine of the SPS's finest met at the Lloyd Mdw trailhead on the first day of the June heat wave. Our trip to camp on Deep Creek kept Bill Russell busy as he single-handedly replotted all the trail locations on the topo. (The topo is wrong, the National Forest map ok) Our route, referenced to the Sequoia National Forest map, was: from Lloyd Mdw, N on 32E12, NE on 33E01, across the Kern River on the bridge, E on 32E15, NE on 33E14, W on 32E02, N on 32E06. We camped on the west side of Deep Creek at the 7900' level as indicated by a white clearing on the topo. Time to camp was 7 hours.

Sunday we followed the Hellman/Davis route to Coyote Pk, contouring just below the Coyote-Angora ridge on the east, starting at the 9600' saddle. Time to Coyote Pk was 4.5 hours. We retraced our path back to Angora and arrived back at camp 10 hours after leaving. It was a dry day; plenty of water should be carried. Along the trails Saturday and Sunday we had seen fresh evidence of bear so everyone cached their food away from camp. Despite Geoff Glassner's best efforts of liberally sprinkling potato chips and nuts below Duane McRuer and Bill Russell's air-borne food, he was not able to lure any bears into camp for photographic purposes. Sunday night Pat Holleman showed that "a woman's work is never done" as she cooked pop corn for the group. Once again the leader was unable to get a fair share due in part to the fast hands of Claude Wezeman. Sunday night several of us awoke to the crunching sounds of a bear rummaging through one of the packs. A quick vote was taken and Dave Vandervoet was chosen as the bravest of the group to attempt combat with the bear. Upon approaching the area where the suspected bear was, all he found was Mario Gonzales, deep inside his sleeping bag, eating Triskets.

The nights were warm so we were up Monday at 5 am and off at 6 for the cars. Rookie Jack Miller put on an impressive display of power in matching one of the SPS's fastest bullets, Gerry Holleman, step-for-step up the hot 900' from the bridge over the River Kern to Jerky Mdws. All were at the cars 5.5 hours after leaving camp.

SPS member Mary Omberg attained the summit of McKinley on July 6th.

SHE DOESN'T HAVE A LEG TO STAND ON

with Mary McMannes/Walton Kabler and an
all star cast

Who woulda thought after years of St. Patrick's Day conviviality of leaping bar stools in one single bound, that this particular March 17 I would be in 29 Palms, Ca. with a broken tibia and fibula??? Who woulda thought that the doctor would call in my immediate family (who weren't so immediate because they live in Cincinnati) and the local priest to tell me the dismal and dark news that I wouldn't climb for four months. As I turned my face to the wall and wailed loudly and longly...whoops! This story goes to the Echo and the other one goes to Harlequin Romances. So let's not belaybour the point any further. After alot of cajoling, coaxing, and cagouling Walton Kabler into climbing some Sierra peaks whilst I was still in the cast, we decided on the Tahoe areas. And so June 19 found us trekking the road that leads to the trail that leads to the summit of Castle. We passed a backpacker who stared in disbelief at the cast and the crutch that crossed my daypack. We explained, "Hey, we're peakbaggers!" (which should be an adequate explanation for unusual and outlandish behavior). He only shook his head and mumbled in French. I think he was a Parisian baudrier, so what did he know. Hobbling up to Castle wasn't bad, but when I looked at the 3rd class summit climb, I had my druthers. After a snack of druthers, I felt much better. Walton insisted on a belay, but I told him that since I had the cast I had better be the recipient. Halfway up, I got stuck but thank goodness I had a Dulfersitz in my pack and clamping that in, I did just fine. The view was great, and I was elated. However, there was no register on top (there wasn't even a registrar). Since I left my can of black spray paint at home, I dug around in the pack for a black jelly bean. By that time, Walton had found the soggy register (complete with the usual boyscout anatomical drawings). * * * After an omnivorous dinner at Donner Pass we looked forward to Peak #2. The road was blocked to Lola...so on to Rose. The gate was locked to the Rose road which would mean a lonnnng hike. Finally, we decided on Grayeagle Lodge for Elwell, an 8 mile hike. The trail was relatively easy with the exception of the mud bogs and boulder hopping. At the mud bogs...well, you've heard of peak bagging, but have you ever heard of cast bagging? (On with the baggie...off with the baggie..on with the bunny bootie...off with the bunny bootie!) After the proverbial streams in the trail, snowpatches; log crossings I could feel the summit was near. The sun was brilliant...Long Lake and the snowy Tahoe peaks appeared ethereal...I could feel the smiles of Muir-King-Clyde..the fatigue and aches had disappeared and cast or no cast I was running for the peak. Nature and the mountains had indeed been benevolent, and I have never tasted such sweetness in the Sierras. The climbs confirmed my highest suspicions that neither broken hearts nor broken legs need delay an attack of our favorite malady...Sierra madness.

WORD POWER

HEAD: You show me a man with a cool head and I'll show you a windy bathroom.

YOUTHFUL FIGURE: What you get when you ask a woman her age.

POLYGON: A parrot that has flown the coupe.

POLYNOMIAL: A parrot that missed dinner.

DOGMA: A puppy's mother. **SENILE:** What tourists do in Egypt.

GNATILY ATIRED: A well dressed mtnr who falls into a bug infested area out of sheer exhaustion.

CLONING: The art of celling yourself. **CONVERGENCE:** misleading maidens.

OVERHEARD: "I knew her intimately---but not well".

If your parents didn't have children chances are you won't either.

Irregardless of what anyone says, den't never use double negatives.

Being ambivalent is a bad thing---more or less.

Don't be a pessimist. It won't work anyway.

Lake Thomas A Edison

June 30, July 1

Cuno/Doug

I had been to see Florence Lake twice but never TAE, and not being of the philosophy that 'when you've seen one you've seen them both' (to paraphrase Dean Martin on the human anatomy), Doug and I decided to shed some light on Thomas A Edison (lake) and almost drove right into it! Avoiding that, we found a spot to bed down for the night. Sat am we meandered toward Vermillion cg, continuing past it, at a sign which read "4WD road" we took it right as far as we dared.

The road and then the trail go to and around Devil's bathtub (if touted occupant was at home he must have been in the shower instead). Continuing past the lake we eventually had to decide where to cross the ridge. We made a guess and allowing for windage (no Kaiser topo) and with some dumb luck, we hit it on the nose! A 500' drop down and slow motion up to Silver. Lunch was enjoyed with super views around and eventual return to car.

The trick now is to get across lake TAE after the lake is closed for the day. It takes extra greenbacks but, it's the only way to get a running start the next day.

Up at a reasonably early hour and hike toward Silver pass. In the lush meadow at 9600' take careful bearing and proceed at approx. 27 degrees and with mostly good terrain eventually Isaac Walton comes into view. Through carelessness, some have been known to climb the wrong, higher peak to the west (12221). Our time was good taking into consideration age, etc-- after all, Doug is not as young as when he first climbed it!

We had to catch the last boat crossing at 4:45 (there are only two trips per day, the other at about 8:30 am) and after that it's all down hill and hope that a gas station will still be open.

These peaks are not spectacular but, the scenery and setting are fantastic. Super weather added to our enjoyment of this lovely place---- be sure that you always see them both!

DIAMOND

June 16-17

Harold McFadden, Barbara Reber

Postponed twice, this trip finally took place with just four participants, Vic Copeland, Mark Thiel, and the leaders. We had a pleasant hike up to Summit Meadow, on a good trail, but could not find a suitable campsite there (nor any meadow), so continued on to a small, sheltered meadow at about 10750 ft. An evening breeze turned into a cold wind during the night, and by morning the snow was concrete-hard. At six Mark and I left for the peak; unfortunately Barbara and Vic did not feel well so stayed in camp. The wind seemed to let up a bit as we walked up to the cirque SE of Diamond, and the snow was pitted enough to provide good traction without crampons (which was nice, because we didn't bring crampons). We climbed the peak via a steep gully on the SE face. Fast moving clouds obscured most of the peaks to the north and west, and seemed to be rapidly closing in when we left the summit. The frigid wind increased as we descended. It was so cold it was actually freezing even at 11 AM when we returned to camp. Needless to say, we quickly packed up and headed for the cars.

-HM

NORTH PALISADE, POLEMONIUM, THUNDERBOLT, Dale Van Dalsem & Chuck Stein
May 26-28, 1979

Fifteen signed in at the trailhead, followed by car shuttles to put cars in the Hiker Parking Lot, 2 miles away, and we finally got under way about 7 AM. Displaying superlative navigation, the leader overshot the Glacier Trail turnoff by a few hundred yards (Turn left almost exactly at the edge of the topo and head SW, staying to the left of the prominent ridge) We crossed the creek and had lunch in the deepening, softening snow, then headed up to pitch camp on the NE side of the pond just south of Sam Mack Lake at 11700. Should have gone a bit higher, but weren't sure of water; the pond had some between ice layers. Most of us lazed in camp that afternoon while two went up to play in the bergschrund.

Up at 4, off at 5:15, across a big snow bridge over the 'schrund, up into the U-notch by about 8:15. We dropped some 60 ft (not 120 as in the Guide) down the west side of the Notch and went up the Clyde variation. Good 4th class, two belay stations, no rockfall as we headed up to the summit ridge. Class two along the ridge to a series of zig-zagging class 3 ledges leading to the No Pal summit. 13 signed in & we headed for the chimney that drops back into the U-Notch. This is a two-pitch rappel, using three ropes, two tied together for the long top pitch and a doubled single rope for the shorter 2nd pitch. Several people had nice shiney new figure 8's that they didn't know how to use, so Chuck was giving BMTC rappel instruction to some who should not have needed it. It took over 2½ cold windy hours for everyone to rappel down.

Meanwhile, Dale & Jack Grams were doing Polemonium. Up the south side of the notch (4th, w/ one long leg reach on the way back down) Angle up to the right, going left of the gendarme on the skyline. Up the rigge to the top, staying on the right or side away from the U-notch. 4th class, with one move that is possibly 5th. Took us nearly an hour up and an hour back, climbing carefully in a very high wind. We trickled back to camp in small groups between 5 & 7 P.M. to find nearly all tents blown down and two blown away! Incredibly, we found them, and eventually all our gear, scattered down the mountain, without any serious damage. Gale force winds continued until about 2 AM with flapping tent flies nearly deafening. Nearly forgot: we had had some rain the night before.

Monday up at 4:40, off at 5:45, only 9 of us today; nearly took the wrong coulior in another great feat of misnavigation. Up the right hand Underhill in badly softening snow. Should have gotten up at 3:00 and off at 4:15. Supersteep, probably 50 degrees at the top, which we reached just before 9 A.M. Up the slabs, traverse left 100 ft and then ponder alternate routes. Took the one straight up to the summit ridge. Good 4th class, a little ice, most took a one pitch belay and rappelled on the way back. Reached the summit block about 11, seven sighed in, we managed to toss a rope over the summit block, walk down to the left and grab the end and then tie both ends to anchor points. Chris Libby then jumared up the summit block and instructed the rest of us in using the ascenders as 6 of us did the block, ate lunch, and were off by 1 PM. We rappelled off the summit ridge, two of us took a belay dropping down into the Underhill Coulior as we cramponed down backwards (facing the snow) for the first two hundred feet, then walked it normally and glissaded the last stretch. Snow had degenerated to mashed potatoes & we were sinking in to our navels.

Back to camp to discover that Chuck Stein had packed up everyone's tent and most of our gear while the 7 of us were having fun on T-Bolt! Fantastic. Above & beyond the call! The last of us were back at the roadhead by 7PM and got home in time for some sleep that night. -Dale.

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