

The Sierra



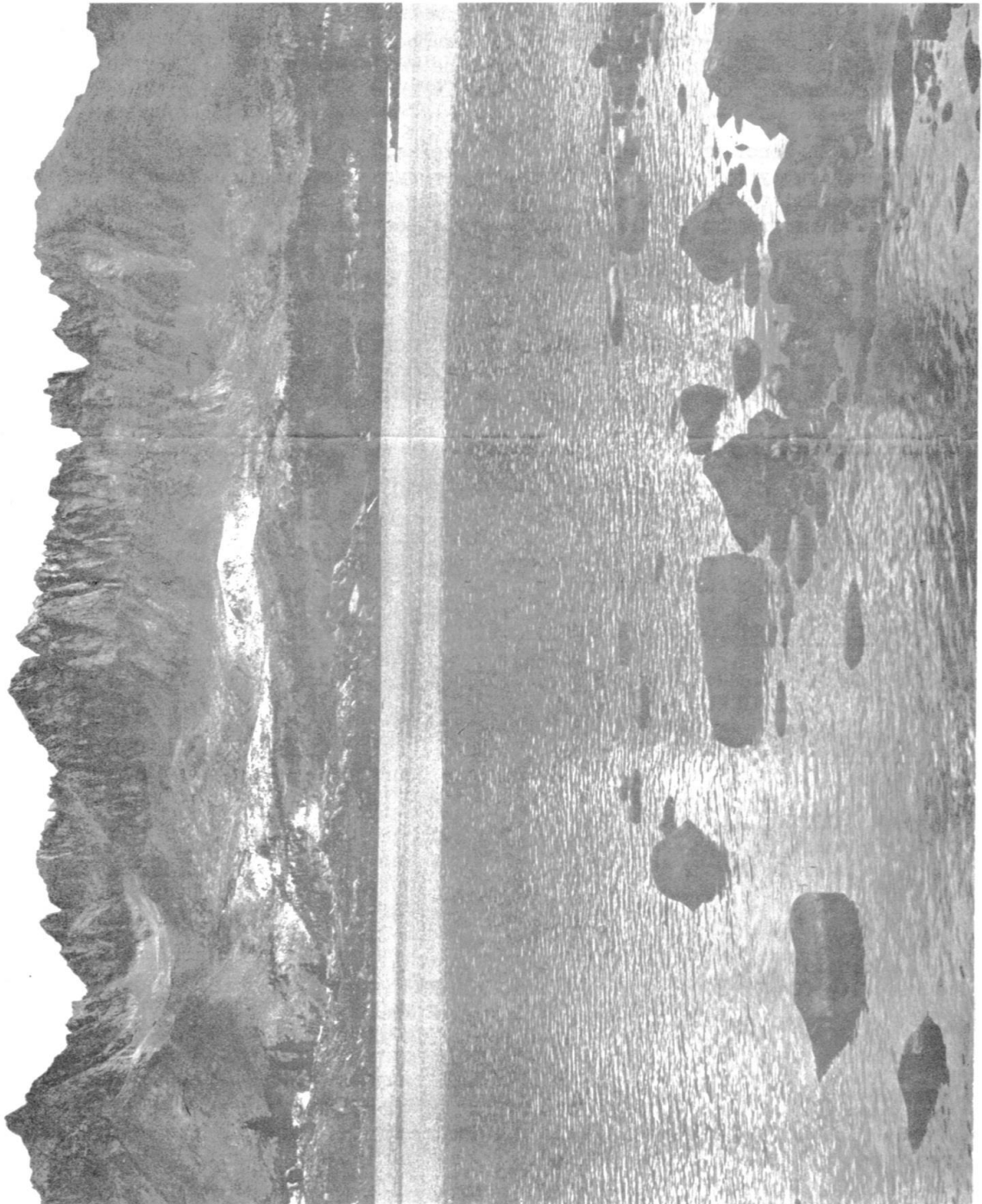
ECHO

VOLUME 24

NOV - DEC

1980

NO. 7



Chairman's Corner

Here it is time to wrap up another year of SPS mountaineering activities. It seems like yesterday that I and the other committee members were organizing for the year ahead. One point that keeps getting driven home is that there isn't time in a day, or a year, to do everything that needs doing.

Nevertheless, it has been a year of progress. Your Management Committee has wrestled with a multitude of issues, resolved some, not resolved others. We have established an official SPS policy of retaining historically significant registers, even when full, on their respective peaks. We have removed mountaineers peak status from the 15 emblem peaks to reduce confusion in this area. At the same time, the Senior Emblem mountaineers peak requirement has been reduced from 30 to 15 peaks. We also have donated \$250 in the name of the SPS to various mountaineering and conservation causes during the year.

The high point of the year in terms of SPS member accomplishments certainly is the feat of Sherry and Kevin Sullivan to hike the full length of the Pacific Crest Trail, Mexico to Canada. They will tell us about it in a program to be given at the coming April SPS meeting.

It has been an honor and a privilege to serve as your 1980 chairman. My task was eased considerably by the super efforts of everyone on the Management Committee. I thank each committee member for a job well done. Last but not least, thanks to all of you trip leaders for giving us such a fine mountaineering year. Good climbing to all in 1981.

Gene Mauk

SIERRA PEAKS SECTION
MEMBERSHIP REPORT
OCTOBER - NOVEMBER, 1980

NEW LIST FINISHER

#15 SCHULER, BILL 6-80

NEW SENIOR EMBLEM HOLDER

#62 VAN DALSEM, DALE 9-80

NEW EMBLEM HOLDERS

#412 JOHNSON, RALPH 9-80

#413 BEVERAGE, NICKEY 9-80

NEW MEMBERS

COPELAN, VICTOR 13196320
10-80

14601 Deervale Pl.
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

GLENN, JUDY 13599009
10-80

9559 Garibaldi Ave.
Temple City, CA 91780

NEW MEMBERS

(714) 675-3850
ROSS, DENA 10-80

115 1/2 28th St.
Newport Beach, CA 92663

(714) 379-8093
WOODS, BILL 10-80

1011 N. Lemon St.
Fullerton, CA 92632

(714) 277-7492 11002790
WILD, CHUCK 10-80

3862 Rosetta Court
San Diego, CA 92111

MURILLO, PAM 13610819
10-80

711 N. Naomi St.
Burbank, CA 91505

MEADOR, ROBERT 14096620
11-80

4848 Lakeview Ave., #102
Yorba Linda, CA 92686

NEW ECHO SUBSCRIPTION

HODGMAN, PHYLLIS
5005 New York Ave.
La Crescenta, CA 91214

ADDRESS CHANGES

785-9687
WARNER, DAN
7422 Gloria Ave.
Van Nuys, CA 91406

SHELBERG, WESLEY
4407 Temecula St., #7
San Diego, CA 92107

352-8585
STEIN, MIKE
10282 Kalua
Sunland, CA 91040

COVER PHOTO: The Kaweah peaks ridge from the southwest. The peaks are from left to right...Black, Pyramidal, Koontz, Red, Michael, squaretop, Bilko, and Second. Taken on 9-79 and subd by Vic Copelan.

SIERRA PEAKS SECTION
SENIOR EMBLEMS AND LIST FINISHERS

		<u>List</u>
1.	Smatko, Andy	July 4, 1957
2.	Ross, Tom	#1 - October 25, 1964
3.	Lilley, Barbara	#2 - 1965
4.	Castel, John	#3 - 1969
5.	Jones, Ron	August 11, 1970
6.	Keating, Jerry	August 20, 1971
7.	MacLeod, Gordon	September 11, 1971
8.	Erb, Arkel	July 27, 1972
9.	Mantle, Doug	#4 - August 19, 1972
10.	Treacy, Timothy	#5 - September 3, 1973
11.	Dee, Diana	#6 - 1974
12.	Treacy, Ed	#7 - 1974
13.	Schuler, Bill	#12 - August 5, 1979
14.	Magnuson, Barbara	July 5, 1974
15.	Magnuson, Roy	August 3, 1974
16.	Ranschau, Cuno	August 3, 1974
17.	Kabler, Betty	September 28, 1974
18.	Kabler, Walton	November 27, 1974
19.	Cnagy, Rich	November 27, 1974
20.	Riseley, Frank	September 13, 1975
21.	Ward, Roy	June 20, 1976
22.	Hoover, William	June 20, 1976
23.	Schumacher, Eric	August 14, 1976
24.	Hoover, Victoria	August 27, 1976
25.	Campbell, David	September 13, 1976
26.	Secor, R. J.	October 24, 1976
27.	Meyers, Frank	October 20, 1976
28.	Riseley, Mike	May 1, 1977
29.	Hubbard, George	May 29, 1977
30.	Fletcher, Elton	June 13, 1977
31.	Hoover, Nathan	June 25, 1977
32.	Hellman, John	June 26, 1977
33.	McRuer, Duane	July 3, 1977
34.	Akawie, Richard	July 18, 1977
35.	Reber, Barbara	July 26, 1977
36.	Bartell, Ron	August 7, 1977
37.	Riseley, Joni	August 28, 1977
38.	Grams, Jack	September 18, 1977
39.	Vasilik, Joe	September 25, 1977
40.	Russell, Bill T.	November 1, 1977
41.	Vernon, Greg	June 15, 1978
42.	Jali, Dick	July 12, 1978
43.	Lorr, Michael	August 12, 1978
44.	Bihl, Mary	September 26, 1978
45.	McDermott, John	October 11, 1978
46.	Holleman, Deanna D.	October 17, 1978
47.	Holleman, Gerald W.	October 30, 1978
48.	Hoover, Frances	July 1, 1979
49.	Petitjean, Jon	August 15, 1979
50.	Petitjean, Bernie	August 18, 1979
51.	Petitjean, Lu	August 18, 1979
52.	Sanders, Bill	August 19, 1979
53.	Amneus, Tom	August 26, 1979
54.	Davis, Sid	August 26, 1979
55.	Rohn, Norman F.	September 3, 1979
56.	Machleder, Larry	September 17, 1979
57.	Mauk, Gene	September 22, 1979
58.	Camphausen, Fred	September 23, 1979
59.	Sparks, Don	September 29, 1979
60.	Barnes, George	October 15, 1979
61.	Erb, Jim	October 31, 1979
62.	Van Dalsem, Dale	June 15, 1980
		June 17, 1980
		July 4, 1980
		September 20, 1980
		#9 - July 19, 1977
		#16 - July 25, 1980
		#13 - September 15, 1979

Backpacking in San Juan, Colorado
by Eivor Nilsson

(Private trip report for
"when the Echo Editor gets desperate for reports")

On August 2, 1979, I flew to Albuquerque to meet George Thurlow from Alabama (who some of you know). From there we flew to Durango, Colorado in George's single engine Mooney. As we were cruising at 10,000 feet we reminded ourselves that the following day we would be climbing over the Continental Divide at 12,500, with packs, and no engine to help us.

We got in to Durango just in time to get on the Durango-Silverton Narrow Gauge train together with 500 tourists. The train ride is spectacular in places but we knew we had much more spectacular scenery in store for us once we left the train.

The train stops at Needleton and Elk Park before it arrives in Silverton. We were the only two people that left the train at Elk Park, and it created quite an excitement among the tourists who shouted well wishes and snapped pictures of us as we stood in a beautiful green meadow and waived as the train left us.

The trail started off uphill immediately, no switch backs, just uphill, through Aspen, pine and spruce. We camped at 10,000 feet that night by a pretty little beaver damn. The beaver's intricate and well made home could be seen but not the inhabitants.

Next day struggling up-up-up towards the Continental Divide (only the last *mile* or so were switch backs) we had the most beautiful scenery of green grass covered hillsides, covered with wildflowers all the way up to 12,500'. There were an abundance of blue Columbine-the Colorado state flower, there were buttercups, hare-bells, wallflower, fireweed, geranium, phlox, monkey flowers, elephant flowers, paintbrush, aster, and numerous other unidentified species.

The next day we were going over Hunchback Pass 12,600' with more incredible scenery, the views were absolutely stunning in all directions. I only regret there was not enough time to climb a few of the very interesting peaks that were all around us. We camped that night at Johnson Creek 9,200' and for the first time on this trip we had other people camped in the vicinity. We had seen only a couple of people until that day.

The following day we were on Columbine Pass 12,500' and while having our lunch thunder and lightning was beginning to develop close by. We hurried down into the Chicago Basin where we camped in pouring rain. It rained all afternoon and evening but that was the only rain we had on this trip.

The next day we hiked out to Needleton and got on the train back to Durango. This was one of the most beautiful backpack trips I have ever taken. It's quite different from the Sierras due to everything being so green. Even above the treeline you will find lush green meadows with an abundance of flowers. There are streams all over. The view from the top of the passes were unbelievable, you could see forever through the clear air. The fact that there were very few other hikers on the trails also made it an experience never to be forgotten.

A relatively new paved road, leading W and N from Kennedy Meadows (not shown on the topo), ends practically at the foot of Smith Mtn. It's described in Jenkin's "Self Propelled in the Southern Sierra". Due to heavy snow this year, this road was still closed (locked gate) when this trip was originally scheduled on May 17-18. However, 10 of the original 22 who signed up were able to make the postponement date.

We followed the route to Crag as described in Jenkins. Although there are some trails, there is much cross-country travel over gently rolling hills, forests and meadows so that constant attention to navigation is necessary to find the right peak. After dutifully following blind compass headings for about two hours, we crested a ridge and were delighted to find the S. peak of Crag right before us. We ascended from the W. through heavy manzanita to the saddle between the S. and middle peaks. We had lunch and signed the register on the middle peak, but something didn't seem right. The summit block was too easy for class 3 and the N. peak looked higher, even though the topo showed the middle peak to be the summit. So after lunch we climbed the N. peak from the E. side and found the SPS register on the true summit.

We hiked back to the cars and camped by the roadhead near Smith Meadows. Since this trip involved no backpacking, we all brought firewood and "goodies" (solid and liquid) to share around the Saturday night campfire.

Sunday morning we hiked cross-country about a mile for an easy climb of Smith Mtn., which also has a 3rd class summit block, but much smaller than Crag. Even at a moderate pace and a long rest to enjoy the summit views, we were back to the cars by 10:30 a.m., permitting everyone to arrive home before dinner Sunday evening.

A word of caution: all the streams in this area are polluted by cattle and/or people. The only safe drinking water we found was in Fish Creek campground and a fenced off spring in Albanita Meadow. George Neuner

KERN PK. BACKPACK

June 7-8, 1980

Jerry Keating

The weather was beautiful for a change, but the mountain gods found other ways to disrupt plans for what was intended to be a moderate joint SPS-Backpacking trip with an optional climb of Kern Pk.

First, the Blackrock Gap road was blocked by snow drifts 2.5 miles from its end; second, the heavy winter had left up to five feet of snow on the route to camp at Redrock Mdws.; and third, the wetness of Casa Vieja Mdw. and other flat areas forced long detours.

Instead of the projected 8.3-mile backpack Saturday, we did nearly 12 miles---with more than a third of it on snow. Camp (8640') was reached at 4 p.m. rather than the projected noon, thereby ending any thought of doing the optional 8-mile roundtrip to the peak. Fortunately, there were enough dry patches near the snow-covered meadows to accommodate the entire 27-member party.

Interest in dropping 2,000 feet Sunday to Jordan Hot Springs, then regaining the elevation to reach Casa Vieja Mdw. ebbed, so we simply retraced Saturday's footsteps, except for finding a shorter way around the meadow. Everyone was back at the cars by 4 p.m.

Early June is still the best time of the year for this very beautiful Kern Plateau area, but only in normal snow years, at least in the opinion of the leaders, Jerry Keating and Walt Whisman.

The road was closed two miles from Mosquito Flats and avalanches off Mt. Starr knocked trees around like match sticks onto the road. Need I say that there was solid snow almost from step one? Bear Creek Spire attracted the eye as it soared into the sky.

Mills Lake was just going to accomodate us with water, and after setting up camp and having lunch we seven set off for Mills. The route cannot be seen from the lake. Head in the direction of the summit. As wedid so a six foot long boulder came glisading down the slope 100 ft ahead of me. After that I paid more attention. Ascend a talus slope (when no snow) and when approaching the base of the walls, two parallel chutes approx 100 ft apart shoot up and to the right. The standard route is the right one, but we took the left, any chockstone problem being smothered to death with snow.

We continued up on snow and then rock almost to the ridge where a large outcropping of rocks must be past below and to the left. After which a short class 3 move brings one to the summit plateau.

White was the prevailing color on the panarama which was enjoyed for too brief a time and we soon returned to camp.

Next am three of us packed all our gear and three others their day packs toward Mt. Abbot. We dropped our stuff at some judicious spot and we six all headed for the designated route-- the northeast face. It was quite clear of snow and ledged up class 3 to the summit area-- all went well.

I had some trouble recalling the route on how to traverse the knife edge of the northeast buttress route. But after one deadend, I backed up, and found the right way.

Everyone exhilarated in the fine two climbs and all went out except we three; Nancy Gordon, Al Benson, and myself. I did Dade in the pm and remet the other two at Dade lake.

Gusting winds wrecked havoc with sleep patterns and my tent. We arose to cold, windy weather, doned all our clothing and set off for BCS by the usual route. Cramponing brought us over the crest and it was snow-free from there. We were briefly on the summit, enjoyed glisades back down, and on our pack out, there were enough suncups to be shared and enjoyed by all!

Thanks to Larry for assisting in place of Greg Vernon, who had something else on his mind.

A man, on seeing a pig beside the freeway, stopped to pick it up. Later, upon spying a policeman, stopped and asked him what to do with said pig. "Why not take it to the L.A. Zoo", ventured the cop. "Why not indeed", responded the man, and drove off.

Several days later the same policeman spied the same man driving the same car with the same pig in the front seat. Flagging the man down the cop puzzled, "I thought you were going to take it to the zoo!" "I did", retorted the man, "And he liked it so much that today were off to see Disneyland."

SEC: "Doctor, there is an invisible man in your waiting room".
DOC: "Would you please tell time that I can't see him today".

What woman has the biggest pair of Boobs?
Ms. Lillian--she has Jimmy and Billy.

It has been proven that harmful chemicals are getting into mothers' milk. Where are they going to put the warning label?

Scientist: " I just crossed a four-leaf clover with poison ivy".
Assistant: " What did you get" ?
Scientist: " A rash of good luck".

Florence, Vogelsang

June 28,29 1980

In any outings club there are certain trips which become classics - a calibration standard which puts your mind and body to the test; Trips about which everyone must talk over the glowing embers; Trips, which when completed, amount to a milestone in outdoorsmanship.

The denizens of the desert peaks have several of these classics - standard excursions which seem to be led every year. While such traditions have yet to be implanted in the Sierras, a romance is beginning to develop over certain trips and even over some of the leaders. (Why is it that you can almost name who 3/4 of the participants will be if you know who is leading the trip?)

For the well conditioned mountaineer, a 2 day climb of Florence and Vogelsang is a moderate experience. Add some deep, sun-cupped snow, high water, stream crossings, a bear or two, and the remnants of a hurricane and the trip begins to be fun. To accept this year's challenge from these two awesome peaks is

SAMURAI MOUNTAINEER with Chicken Chop Suey and Mr. Mike.

Realizing that they had signed up for a trip with the Prince of Death Marches, nine of the sixteen people on the trip sheet stayed at home. The trek began at the ungodly early hour of 8:15 AM from the Tuolumne Meadows Lodge. A punishing pace claimed its first victim 2 hours later. After several entreaties to continue the torment failed, the victim was abandoned and left to the elements. One down, five to go.

At 10,000 feet, deep snow was encountered and was continuous to Vogelsang Pass. Packs were dropped at 10,400 feet and the trudge up the slopes commenced. A cornice was reached at the ridgecrest. Bonzai! The Samurai ice-axe usually used to prod participants made quick work of the snow. On to the summit! What a pile of debris!! A second rate peak.

The peak climb claimed two more victims. They were banished to Vogelsang Camp dragging their ice-axes in defeat.

By 6:00 the remaining four were in camp to the south of Vogelsang Pass. A luxurious camp was established and warm rock slabs soon had four bodies basking in the sun. A perfect picture of pure pristine pastorage pleasure. Since this was a death march, there had to be a wake. A batch of gory green grog was concocted together with a luscious pineapple cheesecake. A funeral pyre was lighted and merriment began. After hours of partying, gossip, and toasts to fallen comrades, the group retired to watch the full moon play on the surrounding ridges in the warm evening air.

At some unknown early hour on Sunday, the stillness of the backcountry was shattered by a thundering herd of four thrashing through the forest and storming across thundering streams. "Please, Mr. Mike, be nice to me" echoed shrilly through the pines. Just below the summit of Florence the leader was seized and held hostage so that c.c. suey could ace-out the summit. Fearing what the bureaucrats would think if the leader was not first on the summit, a rock shattering Kamakazi scream was let out sending the captors to the ground. A point higher (surely!) than the one c.c.s. reached was scrambled to in haste. The descent was uneventful.

As the group strode back to the cars at 9:00 that night, all that they thought about was next week's adventure: The Intimidating Benson Swamp.

June 28 - July 6, 1980 Lake Tahoe Peakbaggers Special

6/28 Pyramid Peak The scheduled assistant, Dale van Dalsem failed to join the group of four at the meeting place so Joe McCosker was drafted for the task and saved the day. Our route was from Twin Bridges past Horsetail Falls and Ropey Lake. All four in the group made the summit: Jon and Betsy Lutz, Joe McCosker, and Bob Pohl.

6/29 Dicks and Tallac Climbed Dicks first, then traversed over to Tallac. Saw two climbers just ahead of us going up the last ridge to Dicks. When we arrived at the top we found that Dale and Jackie van Dalsem had been there and left just a few minutes ahead of us. They had already done Tallac and were attempting to reach Pyramid from Dicks. They had car problems on Saturday and were trying to catch up with the rest of us. However they had to turn back from Pyramid. Our group consisted of Jon Lutz, Joe McCosker, and Bob Pohl.

6/30 Granite Chief and Tinker Knob Finally everyone got together on the 10:20 tram from Squaw Valley. We contoured around the bowl below Granite Chief on high angle snow. Betsy Lutz and Joe McCosker climbed Granite Chief and returned while Jon Lutz, Dale and Jackie van Dalsem, and Tom Scott went on to Tinker Knob. On the way, we realized that we would miss the last tram at 6PM. However, we decided to get the peak and worry about the route down later. On the return, it started to rain but we found a road back down to the parking lot. Spending the night in a local motel allowed us to dry ourselves and our equipment.

Jon Petijean's notes were used on these first five peaks and were of great assistance though we were generally unable to follow trails due to heavy snow cover. John Backus' notes were used on the remainder of the peaks and were extremely helpful.

7/1 Castle Peak Lots of mud at the lower elevations. All ~~SIX~~ of us in the group made the summit. It started to rain while we were on top and thunder hurried us down off the ridge and back to the cars. One of the advantages to climbing this area early, is all of the goodies that you find appearing out of the melting snow. Dale found two bottles of Coors on Granite Chief and Betsy found three bottles of Bud on our return from Castle.

7/2 Rose Rain, Rain, Rain. We had camped at Jackson Meadow and planned to climb English and Lola but the rain had turned the dirt roads into a quagmire. With everyone's enthusiasm at rock bottom we decided to desert the area and try Mt Rose in Nevada. Joe found that he had to return home, so we dropped him off at the Greyhound Station in Truckee before proceeding. It rained up to about 11,000' where it changed to sleet driven by a 50mph wind. The remaining five climbers in our group made the summit as well as all of the following summits. On the way up we found the remains of a weather balloon and packed out the transmitter with mailing carton. Arriving back at the cars tired, wet, cold, and hungry; we decided to rough it that night in Reno.

7
7/3 Adams Much driving, lost most of the time, hundreds of roads and jeep trails, and John's notes failed us. When the front wheel of my vehicle plunged into a hole, Tom Scott demonstrated how to use an ice ax for road reconstruction. Finally we arrived on a ridge that looked like the one described in John's notes and we had a beautiful, relaxing, dry hike to the summit. I had obtained a 1977 7½' topo of the area and Dale conducted a very informative navigation noodle on the way to and back from the peak. The 7½' topo also proves which summit is the highest. Dale was able to obtain a good set of notes on the roads to the trailhead.

7/4 Elwell and Sierra Buttes We climbed Elwell from the Basin Lakes Campground where we had spent the night. At Sierra Buttes we were able to drive up to 6800' on a jeep trail. Another beautiful day weatherwise, psychologically prepared us to have another go at English and Lola.

7/5 English and Lola Several days of warm dry weather had improved the roads tremendously. English presented a slight navigation problem with many, many false summits. We avoided all but one. Lola was a nice snow climb with a fair glissade on the way back.

Summary Late June, early July is an excellent time to climb these peaks. The snow and uncertain weather add an extra dimension to these smaller list peaks and the scenery is spectacular. Our net elevation gain was about 23,000' We had no problems with campsites until the July 4th weekend. Finally many thanks to Jon Petijean and John Backus for their notes on these peaks. Don't leave home without them.

Jon Lutz

June 21&22. 1980 Lone Pine and Mallory

Eleven participants met at the Meysan Lake trailhead and backpacked to 11,000', where we set up camp. The trail was solid snow above 10,000' and had some avalanche damage from the Mammoth area earthquake. At 2PM, seven of us went up the center chute of Lone Pine. The chute was mostly snow which was a vast improvement over the scree that I climbed the last time. Jon Lutz, Norm Rohn, Claude Wezeman, Randy McFarlane, Tom Tindall, and Bob and Märta Hethman reached the summit at 5PM.

Sunday morning, eight of us started for Mallory at 6AM. We used crampons on firm snow all the way to the summit. Our route was past Upper Meysan Lake and up the center chute to the plateau between Le Conte and Mallory. Once the plateau was reached, it was an easy climb to the summit which we reached at 10AM. Successful climbers: Jon Lutz, Norm Rohn, Claude Wezeman, Randy McFarlane, Bill Craig, Mike Fridella Sr. and Jr. Had beautiful glissading back to camp, packed out, and reached Whitney Portal at 5PM.

Jon Lutz

VOLUNTEER, PETTIT, PIUTE - JULY 4,5,6 1980
Greg Vernon, Larry Machleder, Mike Lohr, Karen Lohr, Eric Schumacher

When days grow short and nights are cold
And winter clouds float by
Great tales are told of climbers bold
And mountains far and high.

My ears heard yarns spun thick and tall
Of feats great climbers do
But the story that is best of all
Is the one I'll now tell you.

The Sierra Range has places strange
Where ghosts and goblins wake
But far and near the place men fear
Is the swamp at Benson Lake.

On July the Fourth five men went north
Yosemite their goal
The air was cold, the sky was clear
The wind would chill your soul.

The snow was deep across the trail
No footpath could they find
For twenty miles hiked the group
A tough and slushy grind.

The streams were wide, the water deep
Sounding like a warrior's call
Some crossed in shoes, some crossed in boots
Some crossed in nothing at all.

Onward they went, the group was hell bent
To get up near the peaks they desired
A campsite was found as the sun went down
They were hungry, sore, and tired.

So early next day they went on their way
Through suncups yawning wide
Through slush and snow the group did go
They kept a perfect stride.

Volunteer and Pettit were quickly bagged
Now Piute was their goal
To Benson Lake they turned their gaze
A deep, forbidding hole.

Into the forest went but two
A dark and dismal place
The trail led into muck and mire
And vanished with no trace.

Dead trees were piled in a pattern wild
The water was three feet deep
The air was still, and a ghoulish chill
Up their spines did creep.

Thoughts of terrible monsters
Went dancing through their minds
Of werewolves, witches, goblins too
And ghosts of many kinds.

How can we cross this dismal mire?
We mortals dare not tread
We'll walk into some monster's mire
We'll surely join the dead.

And then a swarm of mosquitoes
Appeared against the sky
An awesome cloud of evil
As Valkyries from on high.

This place is cursed, we must turn back
To go on is suicide
All of Hell awaits for us
No man would us deride.

But Piute's summit called to them
The Siren's tempting voice
So into Benson's swamp they trod
A bold and daring choice.

Log to log they crossed the bog
Then on to Piute peak
Through bush and snow and rotten rock
The summit they did seek.

After tough and endless trudging
They finally reached the top
But time was growing short
They knew they could not stop.

So down the rocky slope they went
Again across the mire
To Benson Pass their goal became
A half a mile higher.

But when they were below the pass
The land was dark and cold
Sun cups were deep, the slope was steep
The misery untold.

So through the snow they floundered
All hell was on their tail
They saw the reaper smiling
They heard the Banshee wail.

And then they heard them talking
With voices sprite and gay
"For years we've you been stalking
Just waiting for our day."

"You've climbed the steepest mountains
Braved cold and winds that blow
And now you've been at hell's front door
Where mortals dare not go."

"And in the darkness of this night
The devil gets your soul
To dwell for'ere in Benson's swamp
That dark and godless hole."

But as the reaper lifted
His cold and ghastly hand
A light shown through the forest
And lighted that dark land.

Now life sprung forth within them
As the fire they drew near
To warmth and light and safety
And shelter from their fear.

A climber's life is full of strife
From ice and rock and snow
And through his mind strange forces wind
That most men never know

Where the sun shines bright on granite white
And creeks and streams flow free
Where eagles soar and lions roar
Is where his spirit be.

Now hear the word of one who's heard
Of all things that men do
It matters not what fame they've got
They've accomplished nothing new.

For who can tell the moon to set
Or tell the sun to rise
Or bid the mighty mountain peaks
Rise up to meet the skies?

And in the darkness of one's mind
What gives the living light
That brings man closer to his God
And frees all men from fright?

So lift your eyes to the starlit skies
Hear the coyote as he weeps
But beware, dear friend, of the Benson swamp
Where the devil surely sleeps.

Climbers on the summit of Independence Peak on August 15 included incipient SPSers Pilar Mohn, age 6; Kerry and Erica Benson, ages 7 and 10; and Marsha Gordon age 9. (Presumably they were accompanied by parents: Pete Mohn, Al Benson, and Nancy Gordon all of whom refused to furnish their ages. Ed)

FOR SALE: Sherpa Lightfoot Snowshoes. Almost new. \$70.00 or best offer. Contact before Dec.19. Will be in California for two weeks at Christmas. Contact Tim Duffy, 12500 Bostwick Park Rd. Montrose, CO 81401 303-249-3092

There was a young miss named Mary
Who was so exceeding contrary
Tho she had many suitors
There is not one that would suit her
At least not one she would marry.

There was a young man named Don
who once was so pale and wan
But now his pulse races
With each girl he embraces
So now they call him Don Juan.

There was a cute lady named Patty
Who drives all of us guys batty
She has such a nice shape
That sends all of us ape
But she won't monkey around--
too baddy.

There was a young lady named Jayne
Whose love life was on the wayne
She once had many a beau
Strung out in a reau
But now she can't find them awayne.

The positions for the 1981 year of the Management Committee that was elected at the November SPS meeting are:

Chairman:	Bill Bradley	Alternate Officer:	Mary McMannes
Vice-Chairman:	Pat Holleman	Treasurer:	Bob Emerick
	Secretary:	Jim Murphy	

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

COPY: Send to editor, Cuno Ranschau, 12744 Lorne st, No. Hollywood, CA 91605. Priority will be given to typed, SINGLE SPACED copy.

ADDRESS CHANGES TO: Secretary Harold McFadden, 2237 $\frac{1}{4}$ S. Bentley, LA CA 90064. The post office will not forward Third class mail.

INQUIRIES ABOUT NOT RECEIVING THE ECHO: Direct to James Murphy, 10031 Burnet ave, Mission Hills, CA 91345.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE \$4.00 per year due by March 31. Subscribing to the ECHO is a requirement for active membership in the SPS. Send new subscriptions to the Secretary (see above). Send renewals to the Treasurer (see below). New SPS applications received after October 1 are credited through the next year.

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

AWARDS: Emblem Pins (\$7.50) and patches (\$2.00) are available from the treasurer: Pat Holleman, 1638 6th st, Manhattan Bch, CA 90266.

SIERRA CLUB, ANGELES CHAPTER
SIERRA PEAKS SECTION
10031 Burnet Ave
Mission Hills, CA 91345
"to explore, enjoy, preserve"

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
permit no. 191
FVP, CA.