

The Sierra



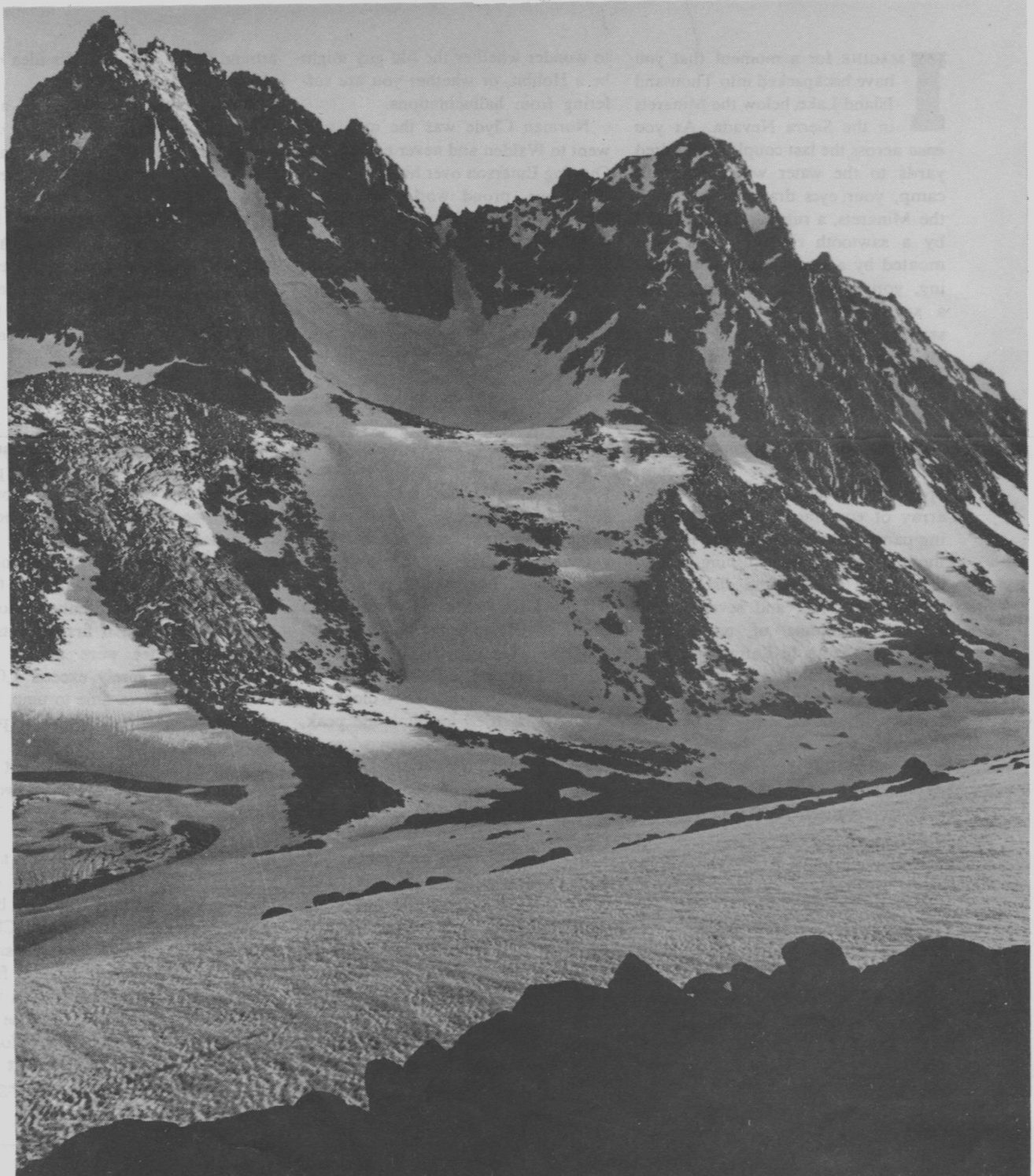
ECHO

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There are several ways to do this trip. 1) Moderate, Day 1: Pack up Copper Creek and hike over Granit Pass. Day 2: Do State & move camp into Granite Basin. Day 3: Do Goat & out.

2) Strenuous; Day 1: Do Goat the first day and go into or beyond Granite Basin. Day 2: Climb State & out and hope to God that you don't fall asleep driving home! (40+ miles, 13000 gain)

We had something like option 1 in mind. I sure wasn't going to do (2) again. Did it that way with Mad-Man-Mantle in '72---once is enuf!

We got a late start after picking up our permit, but made the rim of Granite Basin in good time. The question was--Did we have enuf left to go for the peak? We convinced each other that we did. The route is easy to Grouse lake and into the granite slabs above. I wanted to do a reprise of our '72 trip and went for the ridge on the right. From there it's large boulders on the ridge to the summit. It was enough! But wait, we had to return! It was straight down the slope from the peak and through pleasant meadows and, finally, into G.B.

The weather was delightful as we strolled through the forests toward State lakes. The obvious route is simply to stay to the right of the west ridge -- an easy route, topped off with another ridge run to the summit. Beauty all around!

Finally, we must leave, but our perfect day is spoiled by the thought that we must strain back over Granite pass. We reach camp at 5:00 and can now truly savor the weekend knowing that tomorrow is, for once, an easy day.

The only effort is 500 gain out of GB and then the loooong trail down. Smoke, like an early morning fog, was rising from the forest. Lightening had started it in July and they were allowing it to do a slow burn. I wanted to put it out with my shovel and water bucket, like any good Smokey the Bear would do, but the sign said "Oh, no, no".

So take your pick of how you want to do these--just how masochistic are you? We did the better, easier, way. '72 was a long time ago and Ron isn't as young as he use to be!!

CHR

TRAIL CREST

SEPT 1980

C. RANSCHAU/R. BARTELL

This trail is really an ant run and the new snow, cool air, and blowing wind still didn't dissuade too many. Some improvised headgear just so they could get The Peak. Compacted, new snow on the switchbacks made the going treacherous.

Doug was out there to do his thing and passed me enroute. I did Muir and met Ron at Trail Crest where we had lunch.

The hope was that Hitchcock wouldn't be too nasty by running the east ridge from T.C. Well, it's not that good! It's easy enuf to the first notch, but from there it's a constant boulder whack. We followed Doug, backpacking, to the last notch and then did the summit from there. The slope from the notch goes down very well and Ron and I decided that to get the peak up this slope was the best (least hassle) way (the west ridge isn't any fun either).

Down at Hitchcock Lakes, the thing was to get out of the wind for the night, and we found a good spot behind a rock wall.

Next am we packed to the J.M. trail and went for Hale--cool winds were blowing again. We passed an O.C. group doing the same thing. As we anticipated, Doug had also done these two the day before! Confucius say: "Mountaineer who go to party on Sunday do 'clazy tings' on Saturday".

Ron spotted Ralph Drollinger's name in the Young register. After which it's back over the top and out.

Fragments of SPS groups were littered everywhere. Rumors had it that some were even doing the East Face.

The weather was giving us strong hints that Autumn had arrived---at least, there were no bugs for a change.

SEPT 27,28,29, 1980. CLYDE MINARET, BANNER, RITTER. GEORGE TOBY

This trip was supposed to meet at the Mammoth Visitor Center, but early bird Peter Brooks and heartless Dick Kutsch routed George Toby, Ralph Johnson, and Shuka Ravek out of our cozy sleeping bags in the nearby campground. We thought we were safe from bears and other marauding creatures. Skies were clear and the temp was just at freezing. We enjoyed a leisurely breakfast in Mammoth. A newly paved road takes you down from Minaret Summit to the Agnew Meadow turn off, then you hit the dirt. Heavy equipment was working the road to Reds meadows with flagman and delays. They are furiously trying to pave that section before winter sets in. We changed our plans of going to Minaret Lake. We backtracked to Agnew Meadows and hiked in to basecamp at Ediza Lake. This also changed our climbing schedule. We had planned on climbing Clyde Minaret on Sunday, but I was aware that Mary Omberg and Mark Goebel were planning to lead another group up Clyde the same day. With two groups on Clyde, one dislodged rock could be a disaster.

So on Sunday in absolutely perfect fall weather we headed for Banner and Ritter. We cramponed up the snow to the saddle and climbed Banner by the usual rock scramble. There was no register on the summit. On the way down you get an excellent view of the two third class chutes leading up the North face of Ritter. The right hand chute appeared easier. However there were two idiots in that chute shouting belay calls and kicking rocks loose every couple minutes. We oped to do the left hand chute. The snow approach led high up into the chute and got very steep. Actually it was more ice than snow. We cramponed all the way using the French technique demonstrated to us by Dick Kutsch. Although the two idiots were two thirds up the ridge where the routes join, we beat them to the ridge and suffered no rockfall. There were people all over the summit (they came up the other side) and to our surprise three dogs. Two were big dogs but one little mutt only weighed about 15 pounds. We stayed on top a while and watched them descend. That little dog leaped from rock to rock like a mountain goat. Fantastic. We also descended by the easy route back to camp. Late in the day, the chute we came up would be very icy.

Monday we followed the use trail from Ediza to Iceberg Lake and on to Cecille Lake. Iceberg Lake lived up to its name. There were many bluewhite icebergs floating on the lake. From the shores of Cecille, Clyde Minaret is a magnificent looking peak. All five made the summit by the Roy Magnuson/ Bill Russell route up the North Face. (see June 1980 Echo for description). Key to the climb is to attain a 10 ft wide ledge, visible from below, that leads up to the right (West) to a steep narrow chute that merges with the North Face and on to the summit ridge. To get to this ledge one must climb or traverse a snow field. Early in the year this would be no problem, but late September it was mostly ice. We climbed the rocks on the right side until we encountered a small bergschrund, which required some very carefull cramponing. To our credit not a single rock bigger than a golf ball was dislodged. The route was mostly class 3 with a 10 foot near vertical class 4 downclimb near the summit. Clyde Minaret is a great sustained rock climb. Probably one of the best on the SPS list. I can see why Roy Magnuson did it three times. Oh yes, Mary Omberg and her group of five (3 gals, 2 guys) signed in on the summit on Sunday. All got back to the cars at sundown and enjoyed a first class dinner in Mammoth. We were late but did'nt care. Got home about 2 am. A super week end climb.

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 * ATTENTION SPS LEADERS *
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PLAN YOUR WINTER TRIPS FOR THE NOVEMBER - FEBRUARY SCHEDULE!

WRITE THEM UP AND SEND THEM TO PAT HOLLEMAN NOW!

MUMMY MOUNTAIN

DEC 29-30, 1980

AL CONRAD

This job assignment in Boulder has its rewards. Rocky Mountain National Park is only 65 km from "home". Since Mark had already climbed Long's Peak and I was looking for something less demanding, we headed for Mummy. We hiked in about 10 km and camped at Lawn Lake on only about $\frac{1}{2}$ m of snow at 3350 m. The climb followed a late leisurely breakfast with the hope that the sun would boost the temperature above the -15°C we found upon waking up. In bright sunlight we headed for the 4092 m summit. It was a straightforward ascent except for a tricky Class 3-4 pitch we could have easily avoided. High winds forced the stay on the summit to be abbreviated and made thoughts of further climbing that day unwise. As is the rule there, we checked out at Park Headquarters before leaving. On to the mountains of Holland!

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