

# The Sierra



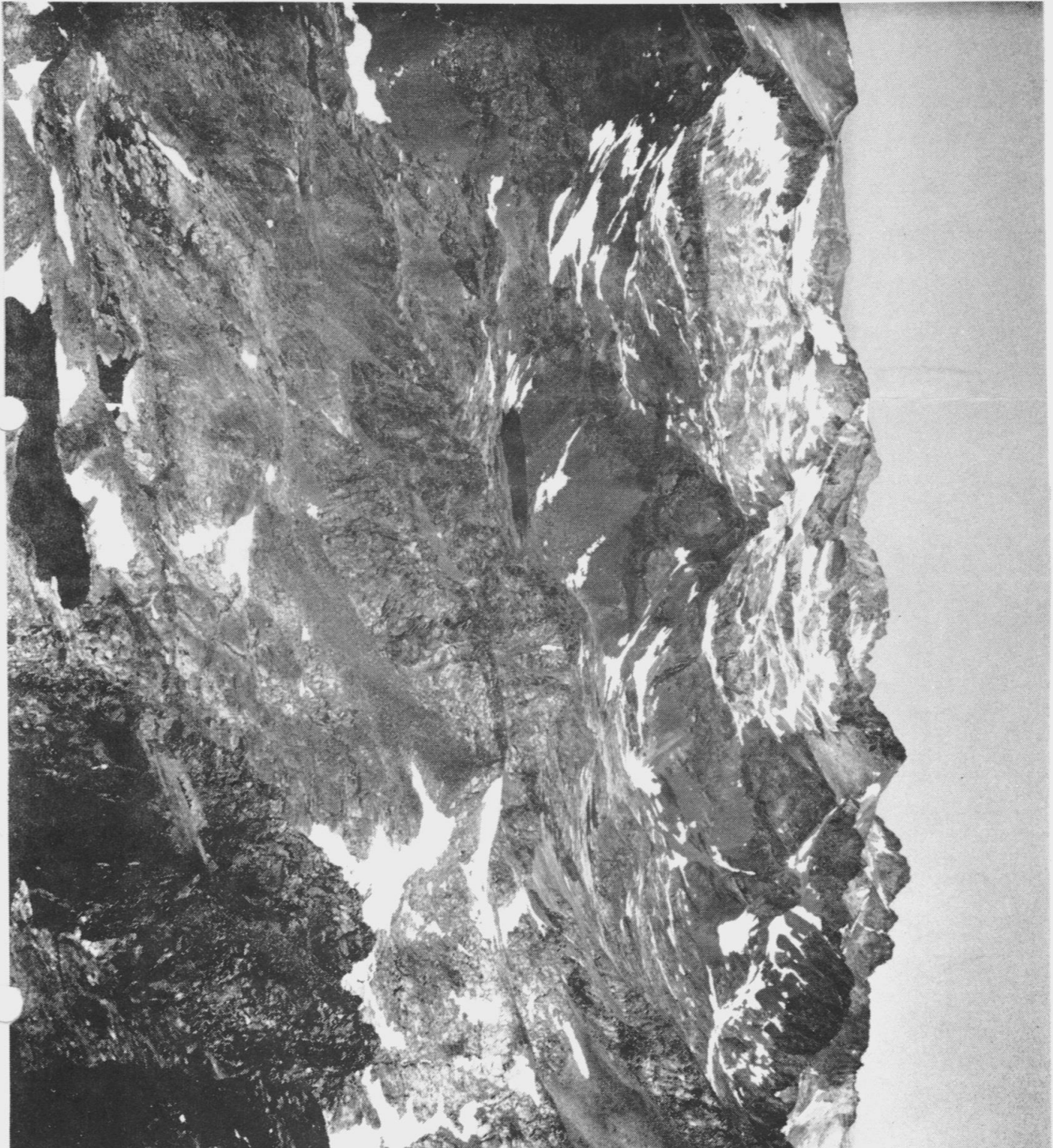
# ECHO

VOLUME 25

November - December

1981

No. 7



FROM THE CHAIRMAN

The year is drawing to a close, and with it, my term as chairman. It has been a good year, in great part due to the help of my management committee: Pat Holleman, Jim Murphy, Bob Emerick, and Mary McMannes. Also deserving credit were the appointed officers: Programs - Lynna Walker, Mailer - Sherry Harsh, Conservation - Barbara Reber, Mountain Records - Mike Stein, Safety - Duane McRuer and the Echo - Cuno Ranschau. A special thanks to Kevin and Sherry Sullivan for co-ordinating the annual banquet. I plan to remain active during the coming year as council representative and I would like to extend my congratulations to next year's elected officers: Ron Bartell, Bob Emerick, Nancy Gordon, Pat Holleman, and Jim Murphy. And wish them the best of luck in their endeavors during the coming year.

Bier B.

MEMBERSHIP UPDATE

New Members

Glen Bashore  
3019 University Mall #10  
Los Angeles, CA 90001

Dr. H. J. Holshuh  
P. O. Box 3851  
Downey, CA 90242

Senior Emblem

Harold McFadden  
Bob Hicks

Echo Subscriber

Steve Brewer

Mountaineers List

Mary Gyax Omberg

**New down bag 6' long, not name brand.  
\$150. or b/o. Doris Goddin. 624-4853.**

To err is human; to forgive is not the mountains policy.

**COVER PHOTO: Looking NW from Ritter we see Lyell, Maclure, & Rodgers toward the right. All peaks at no extra cost thanks to Vic Copelan.**

MEMBERSHIP UPDATE  
NOVEMBER 24, 1981

---

New Members

Jay Suehiro  
3942 Sepulveda Blvd., #T  
Culver City, CA 90230  
836-6421

Nancy Huff  
6752 Los Verdes Dr. #5  
Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90274

Toni Dawson  
1830 Winmar Dr., #2  
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Ron Webber  
870 S. Lime  
Anaheim, CA 92805

Ruth Armentrout  
23262 Haynes St.  
Canoga Park, CA 91307

Laura Leventhal  
17015 Pacific Coast Hwy. #29  
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

Bill Crane  
15101 Magnolia Bl. H 10  
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403

Robert Speik  
3030 Anacapa Place  
Fullerton, CA 92635.

Jim Fleming  
11203 Aconite Ave.  
Fountain Valley, CA 92708

Ernie Tempelmeier  
583 Prospect Ave.  
Hermosa Beach, CA 90254

Joe Wheeler  
6934 Bacarro St.  
Long Beach, CA 90815

Ronald Young  
5600 Kensington Way #103  
Culver City, CA 90230

Mae Stees  
3708 Sea Breeze  
Santa Ana, CA 92704

Keats Hayden  
2419 Vista Nobleza  
Newport Beach, CA 92660

Donn Cook  
1530 W. Hemlak Way  
Santa Ana, CA 92704

Jesse Kehres  
724 Cooper Dr.  
Placentia, CA 92670

Claude Wezeman  
8238 W. Manchester Blvd.  
Playa del Rey, CA 90291

Ron Zapper  
2412 Charford  
Glendora, CA 91740

Change Address:

Doris Golden: TO  
1401 Douglas St. #3  
Los Angeles, CA 90026

Wesley Shelberg: TO  
4613 Alabama St. #8  
San Diego, CA 92116

Bob Wyka: TO  
3359 N. Fenimore Ave.  
Covina, CA 91723

Dave Juresevich: TO  
3240 Quartz #H16  
Fullerton, CA 92631

Change Address:

Chuck Knapp: TO  
2616 Starcrest Dr.  
Duarte, CA 91010

Rick Jali: Zip to 9827

Emblem

Hall Winton  
Owen Maloy

Senior Emblem

David Hammond

"The reason most people don't recognize opportunity when it knocks,  
is because it usually comes disguised in work clothes."

JM

## IN MEMORIAM

Whatever you can do, or dream you can, begin it. Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.

Goethe

On June 24, Peter Brooks and Bob Schreiber drove to Washington to spend five weeks of ice climbing in the North Cascades. Peter participated in the ice climbing seminar of the North Cascades Alpine School during their first week in Washington. Following this, he and Bob took off to climb the West Ridge of Forbidden Peak, the North side of Mt. Maude, and the North Ridge of Mt. Stuart. On July 14 they drove to Yakima to prepare for their next ascent, Mt. Rainier via the Liberty Ridge. On July 15 they hiked over St. Elmo Pass, across Winthrop Glacier, Curtis Ridge and the Carbon Glacier to gain access to the ridge itself. They climbed up to Thumb Rock, approximately 10,800', to spend the night. They awoke early the next morning and began climbing at 6:00 a.m. They climbed for approximately three hours. Peter, who was climbing ahead, stopped and waited for Bob, but before Bob caught up with him, Peter took off and climbed out of view behind what is called the "Black Pyramid." It was then that Bob saw a flurry of snow, and an object, either an ice hammer or water bottle, fly through the air. Bob climbed to where he thought Peter would have been waiting for him, but found nothing. Bob continued his climb to Liberty Cap, leaving large tracks in the snow. Bob met a climbing party at the summit crater and together they descended the Emmons Glacier to Camp Schurman where Bob notified the rangers that Peter was missing. Peter's body was found two days later on Saturday, July 16, 3,000 feet below on the west face of Liberty Ridge. Immediate rescue attempts were obstructed due to bad weather.

Why and how Peter fell remains a mystery. His death was untimely and unexpected. He was a strong, steady and capable climber who was very deliberate in everything he did. He followed his own vision and pursued it with diligence and discipline. He climbed with an insatiability and found much of what he was looking for in the mountains. He wanted to dedicate his life to climbing. Peter once said that when he died he hoped it would be in the mountains. Though this wish was fulfilled, his wish to climb Mt. Everest was not. That is the reason why the trip to the Cascades was so important to Peter. It was the next step he needed to take toward his goal of eventually achieving the highest summit in the world. He saw each climb as one more preparation toward his goal.

On the weekend of October 3 and 4, several of Peter's friends planned to meet at Mosquito Flats to climb Bear Creek Spire in memory of Peter. Due to bad weather, however, only four friends made the climb. Since the snow precluded our first choice climb, we drove south to climb two other peaks, Mt. Muah and Cartago Peak. Though the peaks themselves were not as impressive as the original objective, the event was significant for those four friends, Doug Carson, a friend with whom Peter went kayaking, Cuno Ranschau, Mary Omberg and Jane Clark, friends with whom Peter climbed. We thought of Peter during most of the weekend, exchanging anecdotes and memories. We conducted a simple ceremony on the summit of Mt. Muah by lighting a candle and scattering ashes as we made our farewell wishes to a person who had brought something significant into each of our lives. We miss him and will continue to miss him for a long time.

ECHOS FROM THE PAST  
Ron Jones

Five Years Ago in the SPS

Halloween 1976 was celebrated on the middle fork of the Tule River by a group of 22 led by Ron Jones on a climb of Moses-North Maggie. Jack Parker, resident of New Orleans, qualified for SPS membership on this trip while Roy Ward packed in a full gallon and gave us a premier of Robert Service's The Ice Worm Cocktail. Pat Lavengood and Dave Burdette packed in Halloween costumes and candy. No other trips were reported in this period. Ron Bartell earned his emblem 11-1-76 while no one finished the Senior Emblem or the list.

Ten Years Ago in the SPS

The SPS Annual Banquet was held 12-17-71 at the Smoke House Restaurant. Bob Mason was outgoing SPS Chairman, while Horace Ory was inducted as the new Chairman. Al Fowler was the new Vice Chairman, Paul Lipsohn, Treasurer; Barbara Magnuson, Secy; Alternate Officer, Roy Magnuson; Safety Chairman, Norm Rohn; Program Chairman, George Toby; and ECHO Editor, Betty Dessert (Wallin). Dick Beach of Bishop presented the program of his successful third attempt with Barbara Lilley of Mt. Logan. Bill Bradley, Bob Emerick and Dale Van Dalsem became new SPS members. Helen Siemens, Ann Hunt (now in Colorado), Dave Cambell and Vi Grasso became emblem holders during this period.

Twenty Years Ago in the SPS

George Shinno, outgoing SPS Chairman, announced the following new slate of officers for 1972 at the SPS Banquet held at Sir Michaels on Los Feliz: Miles Brubacher, Chairman; Graham Stephenson, Vice Chairman; George Shinno, Secy; Lothar Kolbig, Treasurer; John Robinson, Alternate Officer. Walt Wheelock stepped down as Editor of the Sierra Echo to be succeeded by Bub Bingham. As outgoing Editor, Walt suggested that the SPS and DPS newsletter join together as the Ski Mountaineers and Rock Climbers have done for the Mugelnoos, and "thus develop a strong year-round publication." Three peaks were added to the SPS list: Mt. Rose, Mt. McDuffie and Smith Mtn. Genoa Pk. was deleted. 75 people attended the banquet and the program on climbing in the Andes was put on by member Lothar Kolbig. Jerry Keating led a group on Nov. 11-12, 1961 to Homer's Nose and the Garfield Grove of redwoods. SPS Christmas wishes include 11 months of paid vacation for Barbara Lilley so she can get in a little climbing and to Doc Andy Smatko, some new pills so he can keep up in his old age, now approaching. There were 176 active members of the SPS with 52 active emblem holders.

FOR SALE

One pair of ASOLO cross country ski boots in excellent condition. They have been worn only three or four times. Size 12. \$85.00 Please call Jane Clark at 662-1327.

On the eve of July 18, a setting sun and a rising moon found two pacing climbers wearing out a trench in a Northridge lawn, as they waited for the third elusive climber to return from a Physics conference. Gregie, known in some circles as "Lone Yeti", and Mary, known in other circles as "I'm-not-ready-yetti-yetti" FINALLY welcomed the 7:30 p.m. arrival of Don the Ridge Comber who frantically exchanged his slide rule for an ice axe; and the three mounted the faithful steed, Rocinante-Courier-Truck and set off for the lnnnnnnnnnnng ride to Florence Lake roadhead and THE QUEST OF THE HERMIT.

Classical music...a 3 a.m. bedding...a breakfast of Snickers (due to Don's jokes) and pop...a 20 min. ferry ride across la Florence, and the three adventurers were on their ways. The trail careened through lush greenery, a dude ranch, grazing horses until later in the day the three came to a quite civilized bridge where John Muir Trail went left and Goddard Creek trail went to the right. Luigi Vernon cooked spaghetti, and the three slept peacefully dreaming dreams of hermits, emeralds, and reinsteins. Sunday morn, the 3 recrossed the bridge and started up John Muir trail (raging stream on left), and at the trail's top they climbed the obvious shoot to the obvious scree traverse that led them to Emerald. Monday: Lone Yeti and Not-Ready-Yeti rose early... crossed log on stream (west of campsite) and began working a water falls to the summit of Henry. Lots of snow..but rock ridge to right of summit was clean; returned to camp quickly and proceeded down Goddard Canyon trail. Camped beyond sign that read "Hell For Sure Pass" (early sign-placers must have experienced the same mosquitos). First Tiff of the Trip: Gregie loves BONFIRES. Arch-conservationist Sparks says, "Little is better". Gregie calms everyone down by pulling out treats from magic-bag.... cockie leekie soup and French Apple Capote. Jokes running rampant...Sparks does Mae West imitations. Tuesday: Sparkie crosses creek and heads for McGhee...Gregie and Mary continue on right side of creek to Reinstein. Sun cups running rampant.. exhaustion! Bagged Reinstein despite too much snow...proceeded to Martha Lake and on to second lake, turning right and heading for obvious snow shoot. Lone Yeti already has Goddard..doesn't want to bag it a second time. McMannes needs it for emblem. Lone Yeti isn't cooperating. She has to go for it..Up..Up..OH, there it is! Its a snap! WHOOPS! There's a higher summit. Up..up..easy. OH MY GODDARD! There's the real summit(s). ...over that ~~razor~~ razor edge ridge. I can't do it. Where's that blankety blank Vernon? Gotta go for it..WOW MOM WOW! Descent..wake up Gregie..on to McGhee..Someone has set ducks all the way. Are these Donald's ducks? Wednesday: Mary is dogged out from Goddard/Reinstein. Gregie rejoins Ridge-Comber for nice snow climb of McGhee (only do McGhee in the snow). On to Wanda Lake and Huxley. The suncups are horrendous..exhausting.. external...Adventurers can barely plough through them. Thursday: Roper recommends ascending right side of Huxley...he's wrong...5th class..Down again and up left side. Quickie bag; read Gene Mauk's kids names in register when they just learned to print. Nice. Friday: Gregie pulls out lime deoderant from magic-bag. Sparks says, "Better to smell like lime than swine." The 3 proceed down John Muir trail to Evolution Valley. Mary waves reluctantly at Darwin on her right. Next year, Darwin! Lots of water.... flowers...exquisitely beautiful. This is probably the Eden of the Sierra. \*\*\*\* Suddenly, the adventurers look before them and GASP. What is this Mammoth before them that dominates the entire area? It is a mountain of mountains. It shares no rises or ridges with any other. Gregie looks stficken. Sparks looks dazed. It is alone..silent...yes, there is no question..it is the reason they are here. It is THE HERMIT. Saturday: an early rise...the threesome are camped at the base of the Giant. They cross the rather precarious Evolution Creek. Sparks finds an obvious route up a water falls...3 peaklets on top..Hermit summit is on far north end. Whadda summit block! Register box is found deep within a crevice. Sparks and Vernon grab McMannes and stuff her in the crevice. She feels that she is between a rock and a hard place. She hooks register box with ice axe. It won't budge. She tries to get out of crevice. She won't budge. (They decide to leave summit-register-box-problem to Mr. Wizard, Bill Te. Russell, next month.) (See June '81 Echo for further episodes.) Topework..Gregie is on Summit Block. He holds his ice axe high in triumph. Lone Yeti completes the Sierra Peaks List on THE HERMIT. Finis.... Sparks and McMannes hum in the background... "We've only just begun...." mcm "So ends a day that will never end..Another big day..enough for a lifetime. No longing for anything, now or hereafter as we go home into the mountainheart." jnmuir

Threatening weather forced a postponement of our trip originally scheduled for March 6 through 8. The weather did not look too promising the following alternate weekend, either, but with our group reduced to five members we decided to go anyway.

It proved to be a good decision this year. It started misting in Bishop as we passed a little time before heading up to South Lake and bedding down at the end of the plowed road. Fortunately it didn't snow during the night which made the cold, cold morning more bearable. However, the sky was overcast and it began to snow in earnest as we snowshoed up the South Lake road to Parcher's Camp. The snow was with us all day as we climbed. Camp was set up for five weary bodies between Brown and Green Lakes.

A light snow continued during the night but by Saturday morning skies were clear and sunny. One person stayed in camp for some sunbathing while the rest of the party proceeded towards Inconsolable. We generally followed the trail rising out of Green Lake until topping out the ridge south of The Hunchback.

At this point Inconsolable lies almost due south some 1-3/4 miles away across varied terrain without technical difficulty. The snow was generally very unconsolidated and snowshoeing was laborious. Two of the party peeled off for camp and two continued successfully to the summit. It was close to seven o'clock before all were back in the tent for a warm dinner and rest.

Sunday was downhill all the way and uneventful except for one member dropping out of sight into a large hole in the loose snow.

As we approached the roadhead it was apparent that the weather was turning once again. We were thankful that we had been able to enjoy two days of good weather.

P. S. Next year we will attempt to note in the Schedule that we do schedule an alternate weekend in hopes that our attrition rate for the back-up weekend is not so high.

MT. ADAMS (12,276 ft. - 3740 m)

30-31 May 1981

In Seattle, on Saturday morning, it was cloudy with occasional torrential downpours of rain. We drove south, comforting ourselves with the idea that the weather on Mt. Adams "would be better because it was on the east side of the Cascades". This notion was severely strained all the way to Vancouver (WA).

From Vancouver, we drove east along the Columbia to Hood River, then north to the roadhead (N81) for the popular South Spur route. Amazingly enough, the weather did improve. The rain stopped and the clouds were broken. The drive took 6 hours, not bad for an SPS trip but regarded by locals as half-way to forever.

From the roadhead, we even saw the peak, and backpacked up to a camp at 8000 ft. From there we started up at 0500 the next morning in perfectly clear, calm weather. The whole trip was one long walk up a good, solid snow slope. Didn't even need crampons. At one time, there was even a mule trail there to support a mining operation at the summit. There were good views of Mt. Hood and what's left of St. Helens. We reached the summit around 1030. Some of the locals were upset by the altitude.

At the summit a strong north wind was vicious and cold. But in the sun on the south side it was nice. We didn't stay long; we moved down, and enjoyed a magnificent glissade of over 2000 ft back to camp, and beautiful views of this (relatively) remote and little-known peak on our way back to the road and out of the area.

OWENS PEAK AND SPANISH NEEDLE . . . 18-19 APRIL 1981 . . . Campy

The tripsheet warned about the bad road in Indian Wells Canyon and this got most of our hikers to come in with gutty cars and trucks. Just past the Blue Max No. 3 claim the road climbs out of a short canyon and does an outsloping number that gives a sensational tilt to the high-CG vehicles. Near road-end half of us parked up on a short sideroad to relieve congestion in the small parking area. There were 18 of us at the trailhead. The trail to Owens Pk (8475') begins at an old roadcut heading up-canyon and then abruptly descends to the canyon bottom. We brought along a pruning saw to dismantle a fallen tree branch blocking the trail. The trail is easy to follow compared with a few years ago when practically no-one went up there. Any water found in the creek is undrinkable because of range cattle. A major side-canyon to the right goes up to the summit. Higher up the trail divides and the left branch continues up the black boulders and scree left by the original Sierra roof pendant on Owens Pk. The right branch is also ducked and it ascends a smooth granite slab to the top of Owens Ridge. This is the way we went and we were on the summit around noon. We had all day to mess around and three of the group decided they wanted to go over and climb Morris Pk (7215'). Diane Rosentreter, Ron Webber, and Bruce Maynard left for Morris after we agreed to a complicated arrangement for meeting each other again. The plan flopped of course but they made their peak and we found each other eventually. We traveled over to Sand Canyon and drove up as far as normal cars could make it and here we made camp. John Radalj set up his padded garden chair by the campfire ring and never offered it to the elderly (me). We met John McDermott there and the next morning Fran Smith arrived. Beth Henry departed after the day's climb but not before we all signed her "get rid of Interior Secretary Watt" petition. Dick Banner had his 4WD along and I had mine but that wasn't enough to carry all 19 of us up the jeep road so about 10 left on foot at 7 AM and the vehicles departed about 20 minutes later. The left fork of the road crosses the creek and goes up across Rodecker Flat. The riders came up to the walkers after the bad road was over so the walkers rode standing on the bumper and hanging out of the tailgate. The weather wasn't as good anymore and it began to look like rain. We started climbing up and around the main E ridge of Spanish Needle (7879') until we reached a rocky and sandy gully off to the right. We followed it up to the ridge. This is a better way than the main canyon seen from below because its lower part is brushy. Where our chute reaches the ridge is about where we are supposed to be high on the right of the main canyon to make sure we are in its right branch (the left branch goes to Pollys Needle). Up near the top a narrow boulder chute leads up alongside the desired pinnacle. The wind was howling across the ridge and clouds and fog were flying by. The 40-foot Cl. 3 crack was on the windy side so we hastily got above it and climbed to the summit. There the wind was strangely absent and we enjoyed the summit in a bubble of quiet air. A line formed for the climb back down and Dick Banner ended up giving several people a welcome belay. We had lunch just below the ridge while the clouds began to depart and the afternoon turned out to be sunny. This was a good trip. Dick Banner's assistance was greatly appreciated. He always keeps me out of trouble.



## WHO NAILED WINNEDUMAH ????

I don't mean the vertical west face. I mean the exciting 5.5 face climb of the lower angled back side.

Somebody stabbed him in the back!!!!

When I first approached the Paiute Monument it was with a sense of reverence for the Indian legend. My only thought was to be on top. I gathered all the light cord I could find among my youth group and we threw a rope over the top to aid the climb. I then vowed to improve my skills in order to climb it free. I later did.

Recently I returned to climb it again and found that a bolt and a hammered wire stopper had been placed on the route. Why?? would do such a thing? It seems like a desecration. Yes, to Winnedumah, but also to climbing standards. Will there be a ladder in place soon??

This is a place of quiet. A place to escape the crowds. Of sunny warmth in spring and fall. Of panoramic views of the Sierra, more beautiful with an early or late snow mantle. The range deserves the name 'Inyo'. We must recognize the natural wisdom of our Indian predecessors. We should hold some things reverent. This, I believe, is one of them.

When I go back again I will chop the bolts, pull out the hammered stopper, and leave the route clean. I will restore the dignity of Winnedumah, and hopefully the climbing community.

Dick Banner

Although there is only one Sierra Nevada, there is another "gentle wilderness" in the west--the Sawtooth Range of Idaho. Located a few miles north of Sun Valley, its northerly latitude is offset by its lower elevation--none of the peaks reach 11,000' and the camping and hiking are proportionally lower. The major portion of the range is contained in the Sawtooth Wilderness (216,000 acres), part of the larger Sawtooth Recreation Area, and the granite peaks, glaciated valleys, permanent snow-fields and numerous alpine lakes create a "mini-Sierra," far less crowded and restricted and with perhaps an even better display of flowers and green meadows, providing a worthwhile one or two week visit for backpackers, peak-baggers and rock climbers alike. There are nearly 300 miles of trails, cross-country travel above 8000' is quite feasible and there are over 40 peaks above 10,000', many of which are unnamed. A first visit in July 1969 provided a favorable but frustrating experience as most of the area was as yet unmapped; a vow was made to return after maps became available. Early July 1980 seemed to be an appropriate time; Gordon MacLeod and Barbara Lilley flew to Boise, Idaho, to be met by Abe Siemens; the three of us then traveled by car to Stanley, Idaho, for a week's vacation trip in this delightful mountain area.

The easiest access to the more alpine portions of the Wilderness, where the higher peaks are located, is from the north and east. The northernmost 10,000' peaks (Mt. Regan (10,190') and Baron Pk. (10,297')) are most conveniently climbed from the Stanley area via a 3 or 4 day backpack from the Iron Fork trailhead to a campsite a mile or so beyond Sawtooth Lake. The east side trailheads from which other 10,000' peaks can be climbed--those originating at Redfish Lake, Hell Roaring Creek, Yellow Belly Lake and Pettit Lake--offer a variety of opportunities for loop and/or shuttle trips or shorter backpacks, depending on what transportation arrangements can be made. (Of course, areas containing peaks under 10,000' are not necessarily any less beautiful or interesting!)

Redfish Lake is the main visitors' service center in the summer, with a ranger station (where trail and climbing information can be obtained), a store, a restaurant, boat docks and numerous campgrounds. From there, we first climbed Thompson Peak (10,751'), highest in the Sawtooth Range, in a moderately long day via Fishhook Creek and a tributary that leads to the saddle between Thompson and Williams Peak, then up the west side to the summit. A mountain goat bounded by barely 10 feet away as we approached the saddle. Ice axes were needed to reach the saddle; otherwise it is a non-technical climb. Return to Redfish Lake was by traversing from about 8000' in the tributary canyon north to the Alpine Way trail. (An ascent by this route would test one's skill with map, compass and altimeter!) Thompson Pk. and Williams Pk. (10,635') could also be climbed as a backpack from Goat Lakes, a cross-country hike from the Alpine Way trail.

Horstmann Pk. (10,470') and Mt. Hancher (10,327') could also be climbed directly from Redfish Lake. In addition, there is boat service to the west end of Redfish Lake from which one-day ascents of Braxton Pk. (10,353') and spectacular Mt. Hayburn (10,229' and a Class 4-5 rock climb) are possible. Or, a backpack via Alpine Lake and cross-country over a pass to Warbonnet Lake and beyond provides access to Warbonnet Peak (10,210), a rewarding technical rock climb, and Tohobit Pk. (10,046') one of the most remote. And from a backpack camp at Upper Redfish Lake, Elk Pk. (10,582') and Reward Pk. (10,074') can also be climbed; difficulty unknown.

The first backpack on this trip was from Hell Roaring Creek trailhead (located at 6000' just across the Salmon River for those without 4-wheel drive vehicles) past Hell Roaring Lake to Lake Imogene (8436'), about 9 miles by trail. A beautiful campsite was found about 100 feet above the west side of the lake. From here, Barbara and Gordon first climbed Mt. Cramer (10,716') by descending northerly to an unnamed lake at 8320' and up the SE side to the summit (ice axes needed); good glissades were enjoyed down the south side. The third day Payette Pk. (10,220') was climbed from the SE, Class 2; this day brief thunderstorms were encountered as we returned to camp and then backpacked cross-country around the west side of Hell Roaring Lake and up the stream descending from an unnamed lake below the Finger of Fate (a local rock climb). From this camp Decker Pk. (10,704') and located 1 mile SW of the summit labeled "Decker Pk." on the topo map) was climbed via the south ridge; descent of the SW side provided

## Mountain Climbing in Idaho (Cont.)

excellent sitting glissades. We returned to the car that afternoon; an additional two days would have permitted a climb of Glen's Pk.(10,053') as well.

The last backpack was a 3 day trip from Pettit Lake to a campsite about 3 miles up the Alice Lake trail. Anticipated stream crossing problems were eliminated by log bridges built by rangers that very day! Parks Pk. (10,208') was climbed that afternoon and the next day we followed the trail to Snowyside Pass and up Snowyside Pk.(10,651') one of the most beautiful and popular peaks in the area (an ice ax was useful to pry open the huge pipe register!) Moving camp downstream a mile or so, we climbed MacDonald Pk. (10,088') the third day and packed out to return home.

Although backpacking group size is limited to 20, summer permits are required only for parties of 10 or more, and **THERE ARE NO ENTRY QUOTAS!** (On the other hand, stock use is well regulated as to number per party and specific tie-in areas, and all stock parties require permits.) In addition to the seasonal ranger station at Redfish Lake, a year-round Sawtooth National Forest Ranger Station is located at Stanley, Idaho 83278 for permits by mail, Forest Service maps and general information. Main topo maps (7½ minute) are Stanley, Stanley Lake, Warbonnet Pk., Mt. Cramer, Mt. Everly and Snowyside Peak. A new (1979) book entitled "Trails of the Sawtooth and White Cloud Mountains" by Margaret Fuller (\$8.00 from Signpost Books, 8912 - 192nd SW, Edmonds, WA 98020) is quite helpful. Mid-July is recommended as the start of a visit--it is daylight until 10:00 pm. Before then, stream crossings rather than snow can be a problem. (Some peaks have permanent snowfields requiring ice axes all summer anyway.) Due to the low altitude, a tent is more useful against persistent mosquitoes than against rain.

Mt. Borah, highest peak in Idaho (12,655') can be included, as it was on this trip. It is sort of an Idaho desert peak and involves a one-day ascent of 5000' elevation gain with some Class 3 on the summit ridge. Ice axes may be needed in early season. (The entire route is visible from the Mt. Borah informational sign on Hwy.93 Alternate--drive in 3 or 4 miles on the Birch Springs Road and hike up the canyon to the ridge.)

Idaho abounds in hot springs--commercial and otherwise--for the weary, dusty backpacker; the Forest Service even provides some nearby campgrounds and changing rooms to facilitate their use. Make local inquiry or refer to "Hot Springs & Pools of the Northwest" by Jayson Loam, which describes Idaho as a "primitive hot springs paradise."

Aug 9-10, 1980

MIDDLE PALISADE (14,040)

GEORGE TOBY

Eight climbers met at the Big Pine roadhead under beautiful clear skies. We backpacked up to Brainard Lake and on to a fine basecamp at the North end of Finger Lake. It is turquoise colored and reminds one of the Norwegian Fiords. We wandered around a bit getting to Finger and later found there is an easy use trail heading West up the slope out of Brainard and curving South to Finger. The afternoon was spent loafing. Sunday we climbed Middle Pal by route 5 in the old Climbers Guide. The glacier and moraine were completely snow covered, with the snow coming all the way down to Finger Lake. It was easy cramponing all the way from the lake up the gracefully curving snow to the base of the mountain. Leaving our ice axes and crampons we took to the rock.

Middle Pal looks fierce from a distance, but when you get close it is a piece of cake. Easy class 3. However there is a lot of it and the ole bod will be weary when you get down. We entered the broad chute directly above the moraine and in line with the summit. About half way up we crossed over to the right (North) to the next big chute. Near the top this chute divides to the left and up to the summit. The view from the top was superlative. There is something about a 14,000 footer. All hands made it back to the roadhead well before dark aided by a fixed rope some good soul rigged across an otherwise treacherous log crossing of the South Fork. It was very high and roaring fast. This mountain is big and beautiful and a real fun climb.

# HOW YOU CAN TELL WHEN IT'S GOING TO BE A ROTTEN DAY

You wake up face down on the pavement.

You put your bra on backward and it fits better.

You call Suicide Prevention and they put you on hold.

You see a "60 Minutes" news team waiting in your office.

Your birthday cake collapses from the weight of the candles.

Your son tells you he wishes Anita Bryant would mind her own business.

You want to put on the clothes you wore home from the party and there aren't any.

You turn on the news and they're showing emergency routes out of the city.

Your twin sister forgot your birthday.

You wake up and discover your waterbed broke and then realize that you don't have a waterbed.

Your car horn goes off accidentally and remains stuck as you follow a group of Hell's Angels on the freeway.

Your wife wakes up feeling amorous and you have a headache.

Your boss tells you not to bother to take off your coat.

The bird singing outside your window is a buzzard.

You wake up and your braces are locked together.

You walk to work and find your dress is stuck in the back of your pantyhose.

You call your answering service and they tell you it's none of your business.

Your blind date turns out to be your ex-wife.

Your income tax check bounces.

You put both contact lenses in the same eye.

Your pet rock snaps at you.

Your wife says, "Good morning, Bill" and your name is George.

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 James Murphy, 10031 Burnet ave, Mission Hills, CA 91345. The post office will not forward third class.

**INQUIRIES ABOUT NOT RECEIVING THE ECHO:** Direct to mailer: Sherry Harsh 1152 E. Mendocino, Altadena, CA 91001.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE \$4.00 per year due by March 31.** Subscribing to the ECHO is a requirement for active membership int the SPS. Send new subscriptions to the Secretary (above). Send renewals to the Treasurer (below) New 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: Bob Emerick, 9331 Comstock Dr, Huntington Bch, CA 92646

SIERRA CLUB, ANGELES CHAPTER  
SIERRA PEAKS SECTION  
1152 E. Mendocino  
Altadena, CA 91001  
"to explore, enjoy, preserve"

BULK RATE  
U. S. POSTAGE PAID  
Permit no. 36438  
Los Angeles, CA