

# The Sierra



# ECHO

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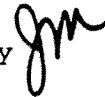


## CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

Is turnaround fair play? Last year a number of SPS members played host to members of the German Alpine Club -- local transportation, lodging and trips into the Sierras. This year we have been notified that the German Alpine Club will be host to mountaineers from the U.S. Anyone interested should contact Norm Kingsley who lives in LaCanada or me. The requirements are: you supply air fare and be between the ages of 20 and 24. The age requirement sounds unreasonably restrictive on the upper end for most SPS members, however SPS membership is not a requirement of the Germans; perhaps Norm can squeeze in a close call. This appears to be a good deal for those who go. There may be some flexibility in requirements and/or itinerary.

The snow fall in the Sierras this year is at an official all-time high. This condition presents some safety hazards, namely icy ledges, spring avalanches and swollen streams. All of these conditions require additional caution and judgement, which includes the option of aborting the trip. Aborting a trip can be a particularly difficult decision when after hiking a long day, it's dry ground and clear going if you can just cross this one more stream or with the summit block in sight it's only two steps across an ice chute. The risk of life or severe injury is not worth the goal. Also, two ropes and extra anchor equipment may be a necessity rather than a luxury. I recommend that each person refresh their knowledge of safety techniques under these conditions. Let's do our best to have another safe year in the mountains.

James Murphy  
Chairman



### A VIEW OF REALITY

The mountain peak is a paradise:  
Joy, peace, wonder, discovery,  
Achievement,  
My achievement!

It is a paradise which I may visit all too briefly.  
The world below with all its troubles is so small,  
Like the board of a monopoly game.  
The real world is here,  
Because I am so alive when I am here.

A always want to stay longer.  
All too soon I must leave,  
Go down into that play world,  
Immerse myself in that artificial atmosphere,  
Wait for the next opportunity to be fully alive.

11/6/82  
K. Price

COVER PHOTO: While one SPSer looks hopelessly at the N. Pal berggrund, others are using their time more fruitfully by trying to find a way over or around it. But will they find a way? Stay tuned---

1983 SPS SUMMER SCHEDULE

JUL	8/10	N Pal/Thunderbolt/maybe Agassiz	Danta/Schumacher
	8/10	Winchell	Korbut-Weberg/Olsen
	8/10	Williamson	Harsh/Maloy
	9/10	Middle Pal/Disappointment/Thumb	Dykeman/Magnuson
	9/11	Wynne/Pinchof/Striped/Goodale	Moore/Titus
	15/17	Goddard	Elauvelt/Erspamer
	16/17	Corcoran	Murphy/Mihaljevich
	16/17	Thompson/Powell	Wong/Dykeman
	16/17	Clyde Minaret	McFadden/Mauk
	30/31	Highland/Disaster	Mantle/Akowie
	22/24	Whorl/Twin Pks	Mihaljevich/McFadden
	22/26	Reinstein/Scylla/Finger/Tunemah	Russell/Hicks
	23/24	Diamond/Black	Titus/Moore
	23/24	Clyde Minaret	Valkass/Hartunian
	29/31	Darwin/Mendel	Elauvelt/Jones
	30/31	Davis/Rogers	Toby/Dykeman/Lees/Beverage
	AUG	5/7	N Pal/Starlight
5/7		Sill/Gayley	McFadden/Toby
5/8		Devils Crag/Wheel	Jones/Valkass
6/7		Deerhorn/W Vidette	Dykeman/Magnuson
6/7		Clyde Minaret	Mihaljevich/Secor
6/7		Starr King/Clark	Danta/Mantle
6/7		Excelsior/Dunderberg	Holleman/Holleman
6/8		Abbot/Dade/Bear Creek Spire	Roberts/Degenkolb
12/14		Humphreys	Rutherford/Erb
12/14		Whitney	Clinger/Rohn
13/15		Tower/Stanislaus	Kabler/McMannes
19/21		Clarence King/Cotter/maybe Gardiner	Danta/Schumacher
19/21		N Palisade	Neuner/Hill
20/21		Independence/University	Blackwill/Nilsson
20/21		Starr King/Cathedral	McFadden/Toby
20/21		Red Slate/Red and White	Stein/Conrad
22/29		Junction/Deerhorn/W Vidette/others (K.K.D.)	Roberts/Ranschau
26/28		Matterhorn	Clinger/Carpenter
27/28		Stanford	Keating/Fletcher
27/28		Sawtooth/Needham	Rogers/Valkass
27/28		Dade/Abbot	Breakwell/Jones
SEP	3/5	Temple Crag/Sill/Polemonium	Gordon/Murphy
	3/5	Matterhorn/Twin/Virginia/maybe Whorl	Dykeman/Roberts
	10/11	Temple Crag/Gayley	Goebel/Crandall
	10/11	Clyde Minaret	Gordon/Ranschau
	10/11	Irvine/Mallory	Neuner/Hill
	16/18	Thunderbolt/maybe N Pal or Polemonium	Hudson/Valkass
	17/18	Johnson/Gilbert	Emerick/Lorr
	17/18	Harrington/Kennedy	Holleman/Holleman
	17/19	Kings Canyon:Lookout/Sentinal Dome/ Avalanche/Grand Sentinel	MacLeod/Sanders
	17/25	Joe Devil/Pickering/Corcoran/Newcomb/ Chamberlin/Hitchcock/Guyot/Young/Hale	Toby/Dykeman
24/25	Iron	Murphy/Machleder	
24/25	Siretta/Taylor Dome	Bradley/Jones	
30/3	Pettit/Piute/Volunteer	Machleder/Ranschau	
OCT	1/2	Sierra Climbers' Social/Peak Climb	Valkass/Jones
	1/2	Kennedy/Harrington	Hoak/Sullivan
	1/2	Owens	Stein/McRuer
	8/10	Tower	Murphy/VanDalsem
	29/30	Owens/Aquila	Bradley/Reber
29/30	Florence/Vandever	Jones/Valkass	
NOV	5/6	Fossil Falls rock climbing practice	Ranschau/Holleman

McGEE - EMERALD - HENRY.....AUG. 19-23, 1982 .... BILL T. RUSSELL  
DUANE McRUER

Six old timers: Rich Gnagy, Doug Mantle, Norm Rohn, Joe Vasilik and the leaders met at the Florence Lake dock on Thursday about 0730. It turned out that the outboard motors for the "big" ferry boat were kaput so the six of us plus four others and backpacks, piled into the little boat. The packs were piled so high on the bow plate that the boat was barely stable. I untied my boots and gave heavy thought as to whether my pack would float, etc. in case the boat became stable-- upside down. But all went well and by 0915 we were underway on the Trail. We hiked up the South Fork of the San Joaquin to a place about one mile south of the Evolution Creek junction. We had intended to go farther but the sporadic showers that we had all afternoon suddenly became very serious and after waiting 20 minutes under trees, we decided to make camp. We got a good fire going and steamed out a lot of wet clothes.

On Friday we were up at the crack and started hiking at 0645. We went up, south, Goddard Canyon to a bit beyond the junction with N. Goddard Cr. Here we found a log/brush crossing of the river and after crossing we went through park like country up the broken terrain on the south side of N. Goddard Cr. We crossed the creek at about 10800' and went on up to the chute on the south side of McGee as described in the Climbers Guide. The climbing in the chute and eastward up the summit ridge is 2nd and easy 3rd class. We left the summit at 1330 and were back at camp at 1730. Friday was the only day without rain. Register: can--Sierra Club aluminum cylinder with screw caps; book--1951, 2/3 full.

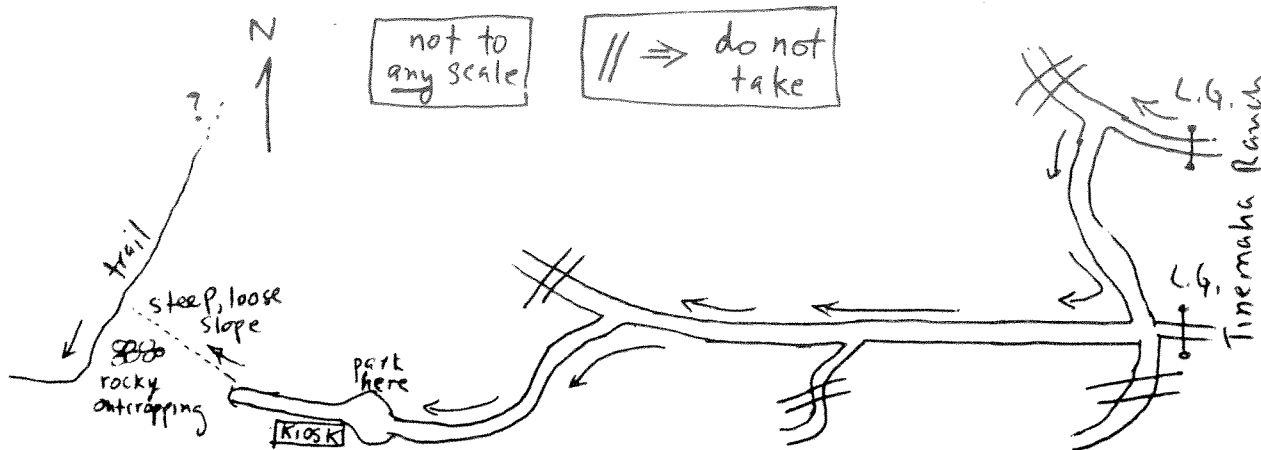
On Saturday we moved our camp to the Evolution Creek junction and then hiked on the Muir Trail for about a mile to a point just opposite the prominent stream coming into Evolution Creek from the north. We climbed south up the hillside past point 10372 and over the flank of 11778, to the saddle between it and Emerald and then up the ridge to the summit. There are a lot of unstable big talus blocks on this route that are just waiting to fall on one's leg. By consensus, Emerald ranks high as an unfavorable peak. In descending, we went straight down to the west to the bench at about 10800 and then north at this elevation to our ascent route. Our descent route is the better of the two. We had a thunder shower with hail in the afternoon, but the skies were clear by the time we reached camp. Register: can--poor peanut can; book--1978, poor, top spiral.

On Sunday Norm Rohn and I climbed Henry. Doug left Sat. after McGee on a solo safari for Reinstein, Scylla and points east. Duane and Rich had already climbed Henry so they went out and Joe's knee was troubling him so that left the two of us. We went up the nice hillside on the north of the stream coming from the little lake east of Henry. We then went up to the saddle between Henry and 11341 and then on to the summit. The climbing is class 1 to 2. Register: can--old SC brass tube; book--spiral, too big for the container. We descended in rain which kept us cool. We then hiked down the trail and made camp at the good spot where the trail comes close to the river on the boundary between secs. 23 and 24. It rained most of the night and all three of us learned things about our tents that we had not known before. Our packs weighed quite a bit more Monday morning with all the wet stuff. On Monday we hiked out to the ferry landing through light rain and got the first boat back to the roadhead at 0945 (late). It was the "big" boat running with only one motor, the other had been taken to Fresno for new life.

All in all our trip was fine and the participants were outstanding! We had more rain than I have experienced for a long time, and while the view toward the Sierra crest from the three peaks is excellent, as climbing experiences, Emerald and Henry are not much. *Bia*

FRANK SANBORN, founder of the SPS way bak in 1955, now living in Montana, sends his greetings to his long-time SPS friends and would like to hear from them. His address is: 374 1/2 5th Ave., E.N. Kalispell, MT 59901.

After spending a brief night in the company of very sociable bugs at Tinemaha Campground, we assembled at 5 am for the drive through the Tinemaha Ranch to the trailhead. This took one hour. Warning: The Inyo Nat. For. map is not accurate in its depiction of the dirt roads west of the Ranch, and neither are the SCAC maps. Our four car caravan took two wrong turns on the way in. The map below may be useful.



We began hiking at 6:15. Initially, one must ascend about 300' of a steep, loose slope to the trail (see map). Even those most vocally disgruntled with the 5 am meeting were happy not to begin this ascent any later. By hiking slowly and steadily, the entire party arrived at Red Lake at noon. This time compares well with that of fast groups on previous trips. There are legal campsites below the lake, but they are spartan and unattractive. The campsites at the lake are comfortable, but not strictly legal because most are within 100' of the lake. Wood fires at the lake are illegal.

Besides the leaders Jim Roberts and Art Blauvelt, the party included Doris McClure, Mary Sue Miller, Jim Murphy, Chuck Knapp, Larry Machleder, Dave Lesikar, Don Croley, Stan Gelb, and Graham Breakwell. Four Clydish climbers - Croley, Miller, Machleder, and Breakwell - ascended Tinemaha Saturday afternoon and were back in camp by 5:30.

Saturday evening the leader, for whom this trip was his first practice M lead, was powerless to prevent a party characterized by much ambrosia and nectar of the mountain gods being passed around.

Sunday morning we began the ascent of Split Mtn at 6:15 and reached 13,400' on the saddle N of Split at 9:15. A fast group, with a leader in good condition not carrying a 50+ lb pack, could easily beat this time. The best route begins not far above Red Lake on its NW side below the boulder shoulder, then heading to the far left side of the snow bowl: stay low. A snow chute S of the ridge mentioned in the Guide provides an easy, safe access to the saddle. However, most participants (including some of the most experienced) had little confidence in their ability to belay themselves with their ice axes, and so chose the loose, unsafe ridge. McClure, Croley, and Machleder wisely chose the snow, and ascended it with my permission. By previous arrangement, Murphy, Machleder, and Breakwell signed out at the saddle to climb Prater

rather than Split. The remainder of the party reached the summit of Split about 10:30. Each climber reached his summit of choice.

The leader, somewhat broken by taking his 50+ lb pack to 13,400', had wind trouble on the summit 'dash', and knee trouble descending. Knapp, who carried too much weight of another sort, had serious trouble with his right knee on the descent to the saddle, where I wrapped it with an Ace elastic bandage.

At this point I passed the leadership of the trip to Blauvelt, who consented to the appointment of Murphy as assistant. Knapp was escorted back to camp, where his paraphernalia was divided amongst the others. All reached the cars by 6 pm. Knapp's - and thus the group's - descent would have been greatly expedited had he brought a walking staff, as I did.

Relieved of all responsibility, I hiked toward Muir Pass to keep a climbing appointment with Doug Mantle. Sunday night was an extremely wet one spent at 8500' on Palisade Creek between two small sheets of plastic. Half of Monday was spent at a fire evaporating 5 lb of water from my down bag. Doug, going light, apparently did not carry his own pencil for leaving notes; and I was unable to throw up infrared perimeters around the approaches to the targeted peaks, so we never made contact. I found his name in summit registers two days ahead of mine. The next weekend, I met Ron Jones and Lou Brecheen near Paiute Canyon for their relaxed stroll up Emerald and Henry (q. v.), two prominent drive-ups in the western Sierra. It was a pleasure to climb with Breakwell and Machleder on this trip also. The three of us stopped at a Wendy's in Fresno, where I finished off my 8 days in the Sierra with a Triple, followed by a Double.

The most important things I learned on this trip:

1. A 5'-6' walking staff (1" bamboo with a crutch tip) is essential for a person with knee problems who wants to do Sierra mountaineering, or substantial XC travel.
  2. A tump line of 2" webbing makes a difficult pack almost pleasant.
  3. A tent, or a bivy bag you have tested and know is waterproof, should be carried in the central Sierra in the summer. (I met two hikers who got soaked in Gore-Tex bivy bags.)
  4. Super glue is a guaranteed cure (not preventive!) for blisters. It's sterile. Apply it after squeezing out the fluid, or directly to the raw skin. Real Men don't use moleskin, nor do Real Women.
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TRIP REPORT: Mt. Ritter (13,157') Banner Pk (12,945')  
Sept.4-6, 1982 by George Neuner

Wilderness permits for Agnew Meadow trailheads on Labor Day weekend are tough to get. My written request made back in March was lost but considerable negotiation by phone secured a permit for 12 on the High Trail to Thousand Island Lake, a somewhat longer route to the peaks. To add further to my consternation, four ungrateful climbers didn't show up.

The hike in was delightful with perfect Sierra weather. Don Cook, Stan Gelb, Dick Reynolds, Georgette Schultz, Sive Sur, Glen Bashore, assistant leader Al Hill and I set up basecamp early Saturday afternoon beside a babbling brook above the west end of Thousand Island Lake, amidst fantastic scenery and the eastern escarpment of Banner Peak. The rest of the afternoon was leisure time for swimming, sunning, exploring or just loafing. A gorgeous sunset was soon followed by a spectacular full-moonrise, bathing our paradise with blue light.

Daybreak Sunday found us breakfasting and packing for the dual climb. We followed a faint trail over the pass northwest of Banner toward Catherine Lake. We then traversed some steep slopes around to the Ritter-Banner glacier. Here we donned our crampons and trudged up to the Ritter-Banner saddle. We followed the glacier up a prominent chute on Ritter until we reached its steep, icy head. Here we deposited ice axes and crampons and transferred to third class rock. Although we had ropes and hardware with us, we felt comfortable climbing unprotected. Following occasional ducks and climbing ever upward over ridges and around gendarmes, we all made the summit shortly after noon. The air was still and clear, providing us with rewarding views of the Sierra in all directions.

After lunch we retraced our route back to the saddle where six of us proceeded on up the class two western slope of Banner. It was late afternoon when we returned to the saddle, picked up the waiting two climbers and cramponed down the glacier toward Catherine Lake. Darkness descended upon us as we reached the top of the pass to Thousand Island Lake. Navigating by memory of the terrain from the earlier ascent and the feeble beams from our flashlights, we finally found the faint trail and stumbled into camp dead tired.

Monday we chose to sleep-in a bit later, giving our weary muscles a well deserved rest. We broke camp and enjoyed a leisurely hike back to the cars, proud of our accomplishment.

Four dogs were talking.

Mexican Dog: "Things are really getting tough. I have to bark three times before my maid comes with my dish of meat."

American Dog: "You mean to tell me that you have a maid?"

Polish Dog: "Excuse me, but could you tell me what meat is?"

Russian Dog: "You mean you are allowed to bark?"

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT---

The snowman who fell in love with the snowwoman---he gave her a warm embrace and they melted in each other's arms.

The secretary who got her word processor confused with her food processor---she ended up mincing her words.

The termite who favored swanky apartment buildings---it had a suite tooth.

## MALLORY, McADIE, Le CONTE

a. k. a.

Sept. 4,5, '82

LONE PINE, MALLORY

P. Edwards, J. Lutz

Small intrepid group of four climbers met with large green overconfident leader and set out on this bright crisp morning. Made camp at Lower Meysan by lunch. So far, so good, but Mallory appeared, somehow, remarkably distant and high; Le Conte and McAdie might as well have been in the Cordillera Blanca since they were nowhere in evidence. Had this uneasy feeling that I'd seduced myself with aspirations too grand. Conference with Jon Lutz, assisting, tended to confirm said apprehension. Decided to do the practical thing, flex, and get Lone Pine that afternoon; try to count coup on Mallory and LeConte Sunday. Accordingly, Hirsh Kolp, Herb Ayala, Jon and I left Betsy, Jon's wife, in charge, and set out. Humped the crud up over the West shoulder and strolled up the gradual incline to the summit. Radical contrast on Lone Pine between the sandy slope of the South approach and the virtually sheer wall on the North Face. We relaxed there, scanning the truly lovely views of the valley below, then ambled down for dinner.

Up Sunday and off at sixish, to Upper Meysan and then left, South, to the headwall at the edge of the cirque. Negotiated it via a nice series of Class Three cracks and ledges and emerged on the flat under the ridgeline between Le Conte and Mallory. Made our way to where we could see Le Conte's West side and found it looked--ah--interesting, is the word that ~~comes~~ comes to mind. I could see no certain third class route and Jon hadn't climbed it so it was gain decision time. After agonizing reappraisal, we opted to settle for Mallory which we then did comfortably. It has a nice sharp summit structure, providing a fine 360 including a view of what looked to me like a most unlikely traverse to McAdie from there, via Arc Pass, and a non-negotiable ragged gap between us and Irvine which I had been looking upon as a 'maybe' alternative, and lusting after in my heart. No dice, though, given where we were.

Made our way down one of the snow chutes on the East of Mallory, quite steep and trickily slick in the shadowed spots, without any need for digital or dental arrests, into camp. Broke same and kiked out, somewhat chastened and resolved to temper future ~~ambitious~~ ambitious campaigns accordingly.

EMERSON - HUMPHREYS

Sept 11-12

C. RANSCHAU/N. GORDON

Rain pelting on the windshield on hwy 395 had a worrying effect on me about what might be happening at higher elevations in the mountains. The night was cool and clear at North Lake and the morning was sunny & crisp--just like fall weather ought to be.

The nine of us packed to lock Leven (you know when you get there by passing the first ten lochs). I led a difo route which got us into a lot of class 3 stuff and we wound up on the south ridge which developed into a memorable ridge run to the summit. We broke out the rope once for added safety. We returned by a more pedantic route and enjoyed a pleasant evening at camp which was just west of Plute pass.

We were off early next morning to get our second objective of the weekend. The standard route to the west ridge was taken, then the trough (itsy-bitsy amounts of new snow--Friday's fears allayed), the 4th class pitch, and easy to the summit.

We elected to rappel down the sunny east side. Two more short rappels in the chute and then easy street to camp and to the cars by 3:45. We enjoyed din-din in Bishop before the long drive home.

Fabulous weather---fabulous trip.



The response to this trip was overwhelming. Participants could have been almost double the final roster of 16. This may have been due to the trip's deceptive nature. (both peaks were climbed on Sunday, or the write-up wasn't scary enough?)

Anyway, after gathering near roadsend, and with cool, fall weather in the air, we leisurely ambled up to base camp near Moonlight Lake. Upon arrival, and following lunch, most everyone took a nap or just generally gathered strength. However, the leaders and a small following, which grew smaller as the distance from camp increased, watched the fish jump at nearby Hungry Packer Lake, and also made our way upward to a near ridge for an unlimited view of everything in sight.

Upon return to the campsite, the leaders discovered there a boulder of such large size that at least 6 routes had to be undertaken, in a final display of experienced energy. Unfortunately, little interest was shown by the lethargic group (possibly they were still gathering strength). Although fun, the rock was sort of rough on the hands.

We had a wonderful campfire, which was highlighted by being smokeless, lots of jokes were told (Owen M. is keeping a list of the best), and the refreshments continued to flow.

The following day, at first light, I aroused the hopefully well rested group so that we could get-on-with-the-business-at-hand. It's a nice hike to the peaks, although with a lot of boulder hopping. This year, old, leftover snow did smooth out the route somewhat. Because of a cold wind, our rest stops were necessarily shortened.

regarding the actual peak climbs; the rock is generally good, there is some easy 3rd class on Wallace, and more on Haeckel, the views are great (everything in sight is visible), and they both warrant return trips. Once off the peaks, I turned the group loose and like horses going for the barn, they were gone. (all that gathered up strength?) Meanwhile, the leaders and close friends trudged homeward.

Awards for supporting roles go to: Bill Kluwin for the most campfire jokes; June Lane for a bag of popcorn as big as a rolled up Stephenson bag; Kathy Crandall for the most GoreTex; and the USFS for supporting Giardia by locking all the rest-rooms at roadsend.

MG

#### PLUS ONE

The Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria Alberghetti.  
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and fifty thou.  
Remembrance of things past due.  
I've grown accustomed to her face lift.  
One swallow does not a summer hangover make.  
The spy who came in blue from the cold.  
Funny face the nation.  
The Master Charge of the Light Brigade.  
The bride wore black tights.  
The Russians are coming; repeat the Russians are coming.

RUSSELL AND CARILLON

11-12 SEPTEMBER, 1982

P. Edwards, R. Hudson

Nine of us found each other amid the crowds and hit the old Poo Poo Trail for the North Fork of Lone Pine Creek, making our way through the holiday throng. Worked up the stream, over and under those huge blocks, to the crossing, then rambled up onto the Ebersbacher Ledges of song and story, enjoying the views. Made camp at Upper Boy Scout and lunched leisurely, considering our options. Sitting there, right under R & C, it seemed likely we could get both of them Sunday, and some of the visionary baggers began to fantasize and salivate accordingly. The noon ~~meal~~ meal having been disposed of, a group consisting of Ron and I, Maris~~s~~ Valkass, Delores Holliday, Herb Ayala and Lloyd Williams assaulted and gained Thor by a high 3rd Class route on the North wall which was not mentioned in my Roper, ~~and~~ henceforth to be designated the Edwards-Hudson-Valkass-Holliday-Ayala-Williams Route. Even thus are legends created.

Sunday we rolled out at first light and waded up the long scree beach~~s~~ to the ridgeline joining the two coveted summits, then worked up that toward Russell. The long high 3rd approach up the East Arete was spectacular, with Tulainyo and some small unnamed glacier-draining lake right under your lugs a thousand plus feet of vacant space below, both choked with snow-candied blue bergs of ice.

Reached the East Summit and quickly realized this was not the place despite the register in a solid cannister there. Pressed on along the North wall to the West Summit and enjoyed a relaxed lunch with the entire group of nine on top.

On the way down, Ron, Delores and Maris split away from the main bunch--the greedy devils!--and went hustling off for Tunnabora, across the tundra past lake T. The rest of us went to the saddle where some rested while Herb, Phil Marquez and I did Carillon. We rejoined the others and scree-skied down toward camp, ~~and~~ were just moving out for the trailhead when Ron came trucking in, having completed his three-peak day and four-peak weekend. Left him to pack out with Delores and Maris and took off. We all reuned on the pavement at the Portal and celebrated our various levels of triumph. Something for everybody and no shutouts. Delightful.

Six Masochists signed in at 7:00 Saturday A.M. at the entrance to the Symmes Creek Campground. It was cool and cloudy as we caravanned to the trailhead. In a short time, we found ourselves up the creek in a misting rain. One member turned back to wait for us at the cars before we made the Symmes - Shepherd saddle-having decided that he had inflicted enough punishment on himself. At the saddle we were pleasantly surprised upon encountering the "young man of the mountains" who, on an eight-day sojourn had just climbed the penultimate peak on his way to completing the SPS list-----Twice. (Doug Mantle

There was water at the bottom of the 600 foot drop. At the 9,000 foot level the mist changed to sleet and at 10,000' (Anvil Camp) it reconverted to "Corn-Snow". We stopped and set up tents (3) near the upper edge of the scrub pines about 400 feet (elevation-wise) above "the Pothole". After a jolly happy hour the five of us retired early. During the night the winds picked up and for hours the tents flapped so loudly and constantly no one could sleep; but it blew all the clouds away and Sunday dawned cold and clear-just right for Junction Peak, except for the snow and ice on the rocks.

At 7:30 we went up the trail and across Shepherd Pass (12,000'). We continued down the trail on the west side for a half mile before angling northwest and contouring around to the south wall of Diamond Mesa which we ascended via easy ledges. Turning north we saw Junction Peak in plain view - about 2 uphill miles away. We traverse the mesa and then crossed the 150 yards of 2nd class ridge - made 3rd class by the ice and snow - before scrambling up the southernmost pinnacle. The connecting ridges between pinnacles were much too exposed and iced over for us to attempt so Greg set up a 30 foot belay to get us down into the chute between peaks; then another 20 foot pitch to get to the 3rd pinnacle (the "real" Junction). The ropework cost us about an hour so it was after 12 noon when Greg Vernon, Lou Brecheen, Sue Wyman, Wilson Harvey and Vic Henney signed in for one of the shortest summit stays in history -- beautiful but cold. "Milestone" Peak is very impressive from here.

We repeated the ropework on the way out but we skipped the tough ridge and a lot of distance by taking the long scree slope to the lake between the peak and the pass. Down over Shepherd Pass and back to camp. We were on the trail before 4:00 and were back at the cars at 7:10; at the High Country Inn in Lone Pine at 8:00 and to the San Fernando Valley at 12:00 Midnight.

Thanks to Greg Vernon for his skillful lead of the peak and for getting all of us back alive and uninjured.



INCONSOLABLE, PK. 13,356, THE HUNCHBACK, Sept. 4-6, 1982

Jerry Keating

This trip, originally scheduled as a joint SPS-Backpacking outing, was canceled as an official outing but went as a smaller venture with a modification in itinerary to satisfy a permit problem. The permit problem was that only eight advance reservations are available for camping in the Baker Creek drainage and someone else applied first. The solution was to camp near Green Lake, just outside the wilderness area, and rely on an easily obtained day-use permit to climb Inconsolable Pk. (13,501'). (Note: A Forest Service camp fire permit also was obtained to allow a fire at Green Lake.)

The strategy worked well as the camp .2 mile above Green Lake showed few signs of use, had plenty of wood and good water, and commanded a fine atmosphere of privacy. Meanwhile, overuse was evident just below as campers crowded the lake shore.

Seven of the eight participants strolled up the 12,307' high point of The Hunchback Saturday afternoon, and everyone climbed Inconsolable Sunday via its easy but still snow-dotted north slopes. Six signed in on Pk. 13,356 on the way back to camp.

On Monday, the party slept in and returned in lazy fashion to the cars at Parchers Camp convinced that this is a relaxing area to visit on Labor Day.

DARWIN, MENDELL, LAMARCK - SEPTEMBER 17,18,19, 1982

SEVEN HARDY CLIMBERS WOKE UP AT 7am IN THE NORTH LAKE PARKING LOT, ALL COVERED WITH HEAVY FROST, BUT EAGER TO CONQUER MORE MIGHTY SIERRA PEAKS. THE BRAVE SOULS PARTICIPATING IN THIS GRUELING EVENT WERE:

DICK FARRAR	MARIS VALKASS
IGOR MAMEDALIN	DON WEISS
CUNO RANSCHAU	CHRIS YAGER
ERNIE TEMPLEMEYER	

AT 8:15 THE FEARLESS GROUP LEFT THE SAFETY AND SECURITY OF THEIR CARS AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE MIST, UP THE TRAIL TO THE LAMARCK LAKES, EVENTUALLY LEADING TO THE LAMARCK COL. ALTHOUGH NO SPEED RECORDS WERE SET, OR FOR THAT MATTER INTENDED, THE LEADER FELT BEING PURSUED DUE TO THE HEAVY BREATHING DOWN THE BACK OF HIS NECK FOR MOST OF THE WAY. SUBSEQUENT CONSULTATION REVEALED THAT THE HEAVY BREATHERS DID NOT WANT TO BE LEFT BEHIND.

THE LAKE, JUST BELOW LAMARCK COL, WAS REACHED BY 1pm; WHEREUPON SIX STALWARTS BEGAN CHARGING UP THE SLOPES TO LAMARCK PEAK. (ONE HAD PREVIOUSLY CONQUERED IT) ALTHOUGH THE MAP CLEARLY INDICATES THAT THE CLOSEST BUMP IS THE PEAK, SOME CONFUSION EXISTS DUE TO SEVERAL HIGHER BUMPS FURTHER AWAY. TO ALLAY THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING ACCUSED OF TIMIDITY, OR OUTRIGHT FALSE CLAIMS, ALL SIGNIFICANT BUMPS WERE DULY ASCENDED.

THE BASE CAMP ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COL WAS ESTABLISHED BY 4pm. (12,200') WATER WAS AVAILABLE DUE TO THE SMALL SNOW PATCH NEARBY.

SATURDAY MORNING SIX CLIMBERS WERE READY FOR THE GREAT CHALLENGE. ONE PERSON HAD A REBELLIOUS SUBSYSTEM CAUSING HIM TO ABORT. FROM THE CAMP THE SIX CONTINUED TO THE LEFT APPROACHING MT. DARWIN AT THE NORTH SNOW CHUTE BETWEEN THE TWO PROMINENT RIDGES. INITIALLY THE ASCENT WAS GOING TO BE MADE VIA THIS CHUTE. HOWEVER, WHEN THE CHUTE BECAME TOO STEEP FOR A "M" RATED TRIP, IT WAS DECIDED TO ASCEND VIA THE STANDARD ROUTE THROUGH THE SMALLER NOTCH LOCATED ON THE DARWIN-MENDEL SADDLE. THE ASCENT WAS MADE BY CLIMBING AND SCRAMBLING OVER ROCKS AND AVOIDING THE SNOW PATCHES. AFTER REACHING THE SADDLE, CONTINUED CLIMBING AND SCRAMBLING TO THE LEFT AND ON THE SOUTHERN SIDE OF THE RIDGE UNTIL A PLATEAU WAS REACHED. THEN HEADED TO THE SE FOR THE SUMMIT BLOCK. THE SUMMIT BLOCK WAS CLIMBED BY GOING AROUND THE W AND S SIDES, AND THEN EASILY CLIMBING TO THE TOP. ALL PARTICIPANTS MADE IT, AND THE LEADER FINALLY EMBLEMED.

THE WEATHER DETERIORATED AND STARTED TO SNOW. DESCENT WAS ACCOMPLISHED QUICKLY. RETURN TO CAMP WAS HAZARDOUS DUE TO THE SNOW ON ROCKS, WHICH BY NOW HAD ACCUMULATED TO ½ INCH DRIFTS. BECAUSE OF THE SNOW, MENDEL WAS NOT ATTEMPTED. SUNDAY ALL RETURNED TO CARS BY 2PM.

SPECIAL THANKS TO DICK AND CUNO FOR HELPING WITH TRAIL FINDING. *M. VALKASS*

**How to cure a hangover: You shake the guy and say, "That sure was some woman you married last night!"**

**A bald man on receiving a comb & brush set wrote: Thank you for the gift. I will never part with it.**

**Hear about the guy who laid awake all night wondering what made the sun come up---and then it finally dawned on him.**

**She: "If you love me so much, would you even die for me?"**

**He: "no, mine is an undieing love."**

ANOTHER LIST FINISH!

Colorado's "list" of 54 peaks over 14,000' was completed in July 1982 by Gordon MacLeod and Barbara Lilley with the ascent (in the rain) of Longs Peak in Rocky Mountain National Park. The peaks were climbed while on one and two week vacations over a period of five years; much appreciated assistance was provided by Erick Schumacher and Bill Sanders. Just as the SPS List does for the Sierra, this "list" provides a worthwhile incentive for visiting various mountain areas of Colorado and a variety of climbing experiences, ranging from hard Class 4 (Little Bear) to a paved highway (Mt. Evans). Many are one-day climbs; others require backpacks. To "play the game", the unofficial requirement is for at least a 3000' elevation gain even though this means walking up a driveable road! Spectacular new scenery, beautiful flowers and a no-permit, no-quota philosophy on the part of the USFS in Colorado add to the pleasure of "working on" this list.

However, unlike the Sierra, tents and good raingear (i.e., a complete rainsuit, not ponchos) are a must; afternoon thunderstorms at the very least are almost inevitable. By carrying a tarp as well, it is often possible to wait until a thunderstorm passes in (hopefully) a safe place and then continue on to the summit. Lots of plastic bags for clothing and sleeping gear (and to supplement Gortex jackets) are also highly recommended. (Not a bad idea for the Sierra, either!) Barbara may be contacted for loan of USGS/USFS maps. Useful guide books are:

"A Climbing Guide to Colorado's Fourteens" by Borneman & Lampert (contains maps, pictures, route descriptions)

"Guide to the Colorado Mountains" by Robert Ormes (information on alternate routes and the needed USFS maps)

"The Colorado Fourteens" from the Colorado Mountain Club, 2530 W. Alameda, Denver, Colo. 80219, is an indispensable pamphlet providing updated information on recommended access routes (private property closures are not uncommon). Send \$3.00. (Those who do finish the list are urged to notify the CMC for their records.)

"BEARTOOTH IMPRESSIONS"

Following their 1982 Colorado trip, Gordon MacLeod and Barbara Lilley, joined by Erick Schumacher, spent a week in the Beartooth Mountains of Montana SW of Billings (all travel was by plane and rental car) for Gordon's and Erick's climb of Granite Peak, high point of Montana (Barbara had climbed it previously). Other peaks in the area (Glacier, Peale, Dewey, Silver Run) were climbed as well. The route chosen for Granite Peak was to follow the excellent trail up East Rosebud Creek. This provides the closest trail approach to Granite Peak (Granite Creek), and four other peaks over 12,000' as well, and passes a series of beautiful lakes and spectacular waterfalls.

The Avalanche Lake approach to Granite Peak, described in Ashley's book on the high points of the states, entails an arduous, trailless backpack up Huckleberry Creek from Mystic Lake on the West Rosebud Creek trail to an austere high camp. Ice ax and crampons are required for crossing the Granite Glacier. This route also provides access to 3 other 12,000' peaks. On both these routes, Granite Peak is well defended by "Beartooth talus"--huge granite boulders (Volkswagon size is not uncommon) covered with moss which becomes as slick as grease when wet.

The shortest route to climb Granite only is via "Froze-to-Death" Mountain and is just what the name implies--traveling and camping on a long exposed ridge far above timberline (which is around 10,000'), where herds of goats with long white woolly coats make their home. However, the scenery and good below-timberline camping of this uncrowded, no-permit, no-quota Wilderness Area (the only restriction is a maximum party size of 15) plus other peaks to be climbed certainly warrant a longer visit. In addition to the areas mentioned above, the Sundance Pass trail to the southwest provides access to 6 or 8 more peaks over 12,000', justifying even a two week stay.

Although the summer weather appears to be generally better than in Colorado and states to the south (further from sources of tropical moisture), the same precautions for rain still apply. Ice axes are recommended; there are glaciers and permanent snowfields. Topo maps are Cooke City and Alpine (both 15'); USFS map is Custer. Trail maps and other information can be obtained from the USFS at Red Lodge, Montana. Fortunately, Hwy. 212 appears to act as a barrier against the grizzly bears in the Absoraka Wilderness Area to the south!

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