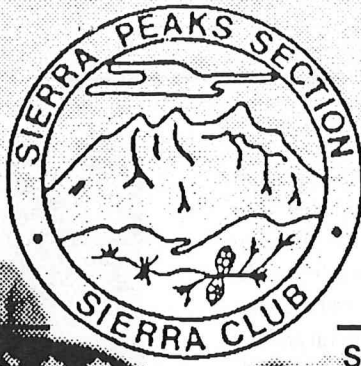


The Sierra



ECHO

VOLUME 34

1990

SEP-OCT

NUMBER 5

SIERRA PEAKS SECTION 1990 ANNUAL BANQUET

Wednesday, December 12, 1990

"Seven Summits"

with Dick Bass

6:00 PM
Social Hour

Dick Bass Photo Contest

7:00 PM
Dinner

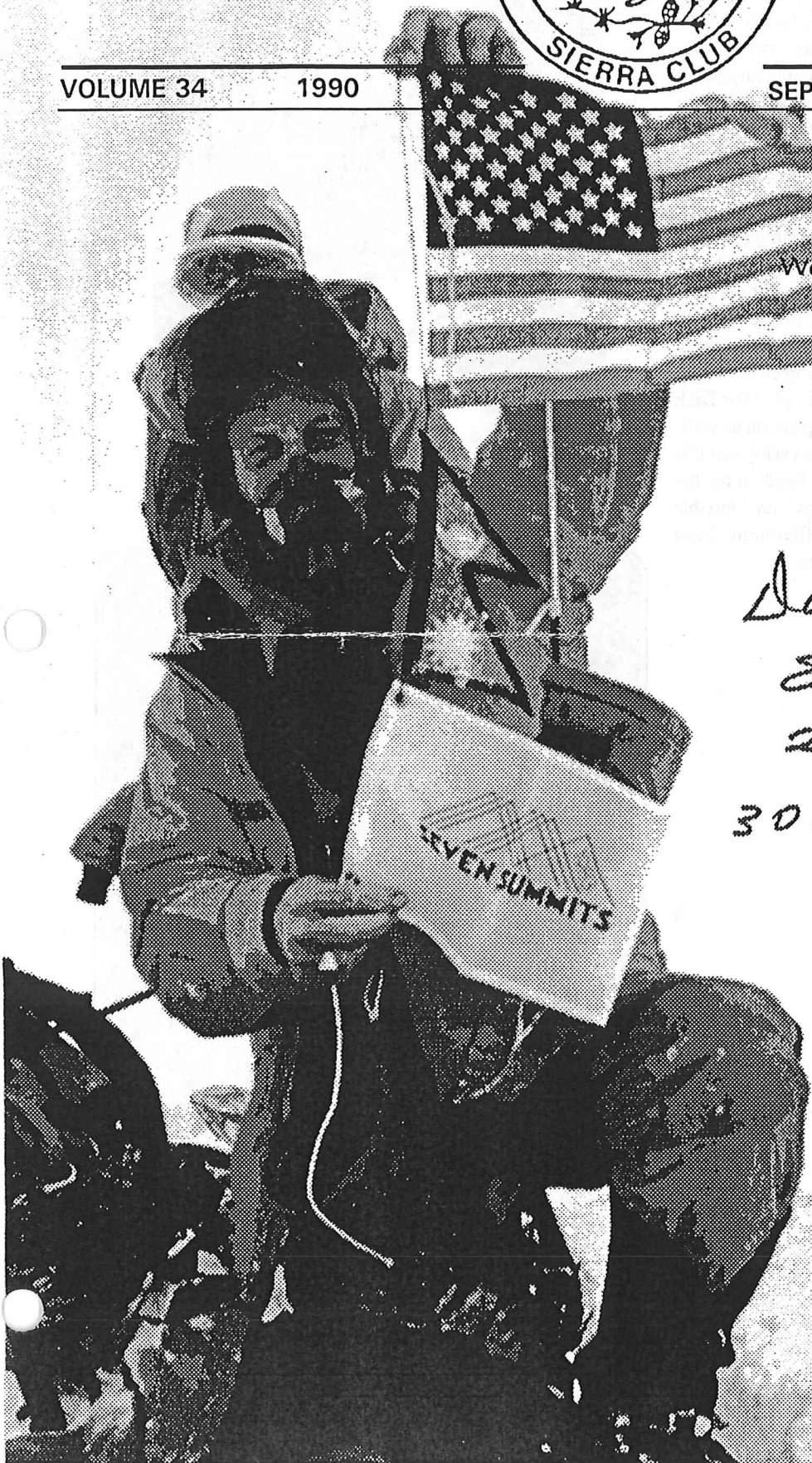
*Everest
29,028'
30 April 1985*

at the
PROUD BIRD RESTAURANT
11022 Aviation Blvd
East of LAX, 1/2 mi. W of 405
between Century
and Imperial

Submit photo contest entries
in advance to Dave Underwood.

Tickets \$22.00 each by
advance purchase only. On sale at the
monthly SPS meetings and from any SPS
management committee member.

By mail send a check payable to the SPS
with an enclosed SASE by December 7th
to Banquet Chair: Dave Underwood,
26111-D Frampton,
Harbor City, CA 90710
For more information contact
SPS Chair Vi Grasso:
(213) 207-3878



ECHOES FROM THE CHAIR

Chair's Corner:

Seven Summits. The book. It's a good read; light, easy and colorful. Friend of mine remarked that it is poorly written with atrocious use of the English language, at times, bordering at being crude. That depends on how literary you are and/or how 'mh, mh, veddy British'. True, the "so's" and the "now's" are overused but still and in the whole, the essence of getting to the mountain and the mechanics of the climbs are there without the excruciating detail. (Written by Rick Ridgeway, our past guest banquet speaker in 1982 with "Antarctica" program.)

About the odd couple climbing together, Frank Wells and Dick Bass, I laughed at the first one ("conditioned" by running an hour a day for two weeks prior to climbing Elbrus!)—later I laughed with him. Dick, however, had all my empathy – an adventurous sort, a first-class 'Sports' amateur. I considered asking Frank Wells to speak at our banquet on how not to climb mountains. Fully cognizant that I would not even get past the first or even last chain of command (president of Disney Productions), I opted for Dick Bass also aware that it might be an expensive proposition as well. However, on reading Seven Summits I got the impression that this was a generous man. That turned out to be true. Read on for the materials that our illustrious Editor-in-Chief [*jus' yer' humble servan' ma'am, see pages 3-5*] has selected to profile our the guest speaker for the forthcoming banquet in December.

My favorite Bass excerpt:

*"If you can dream - and not make
dreams your master
If you can think - and not make
thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters
just the same ... " [Kipling]*

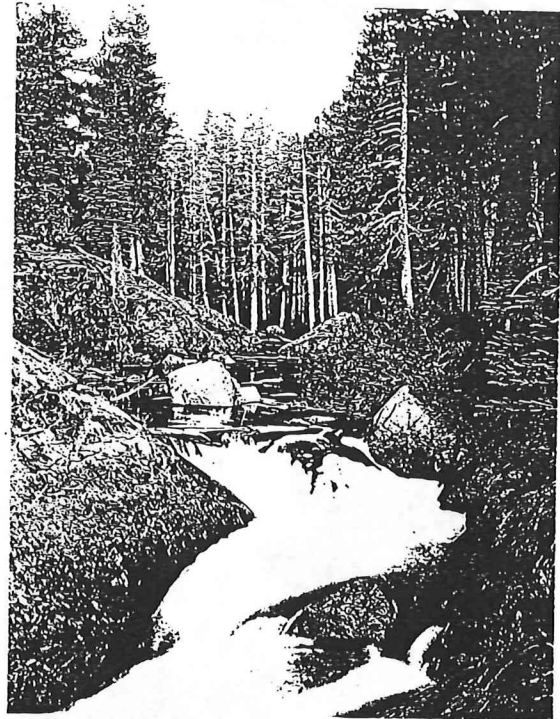
See you at the **Proud Turkey** - ehr, Bird!

*It's left the tops of all those peaks
And now flat land it goes to seek
Once fast to nothing did it yield
Its future is to flow through fields*

- Vi

PEAK INDEX: VOL 34-5 (SEP-OCT, '90)

Arrow	Rodgers
Baxter	Ruskin
Bolton Brown	San Joaquin
Cardinal	Split
Goat	State
Präter	Taylor Dome
Rockhouse	



Shadow Creek, Ansel Adams Wilderness

SPS MONTHLY PROGRAMS

December 12th, Annual Banquet
"Seven Summits"
Dick Bass

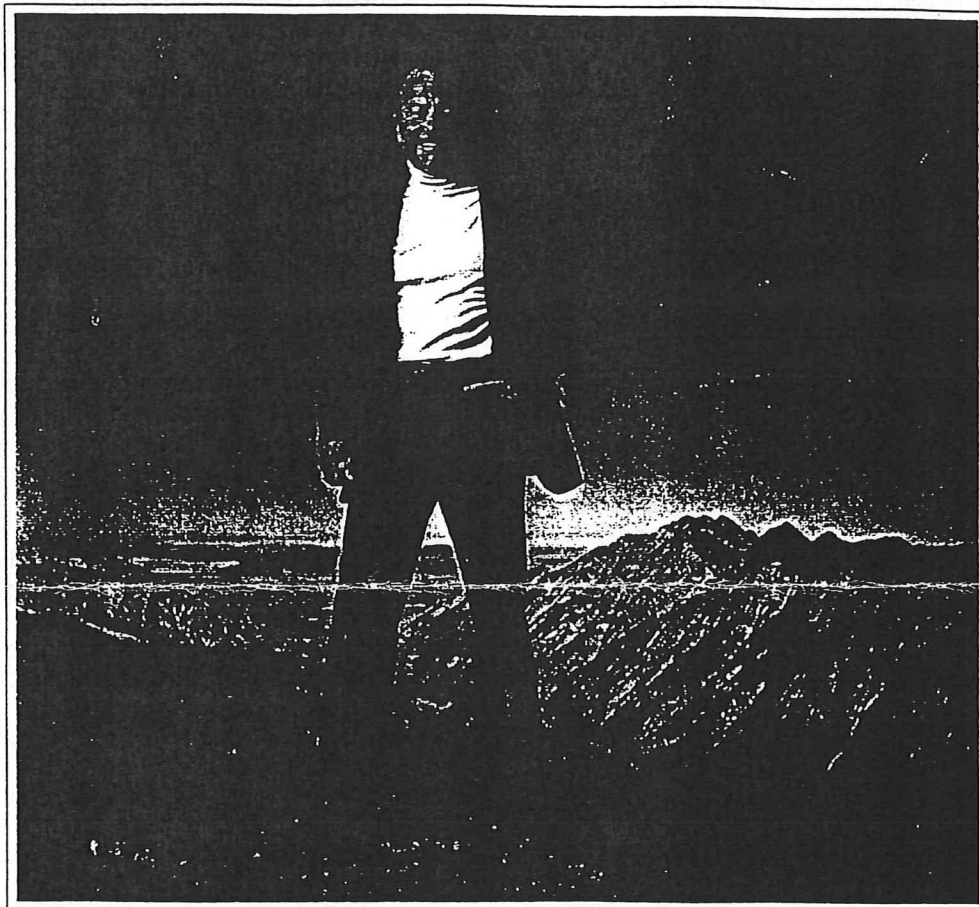
January 9th
"Sierra Peak Registers"
Robin Ingraham,
Director and Chairman of The Sierra Register Committee on preservation of historic registers.

February 13th
"Amne Machin"
Rich Henke
Well known explorer and guide on his successful Chinese Expedition

Monthly meetings are held at the Glendale Federal Savings Building at 12191 Ventura Blvd. 1/2 block west of Laurel Canyon in Studio City. 7:30 PM. Refreshments served. Newcomers welcome!

Dick Bass: A Poetic Life

*The oldest man to scale Mount Everest is always looking
for another summit to climb.*



DANNY TURNER

by Ann Koster

When Dick Bass reflects on his life, he borrows from Rudyard Kipling's poem "If." The Dallas entrepreneur behind Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort in Utah says he has always strived to "fill the unforgiving minute/With sixty seconds' worth of distance run." Add to that his favorite maxim: "The great use of a life is to spend it for something which outlasts it." Together they sum up the philosophy of a man who has scaled more than one summit — figuratively and literally.

After earning a degree in geology from Yale at age 20, Mr. Bass, who is no kin to the Bass family of Fort Worth, entered the family oil and ranching businesses. But ultimately it was his avocation that led him to his own business ventures. Says Mr. Bass:

"I started skiing in Aspen for my vacations during the '50s. That led to my being one of the initial limited partners in Vail's development in 1962 and then on to Snowbird in 1969. Snowbird quickly required all my time, energy, money, and nervous system, so my recreation became my vocation."

And what did a man of Mr. Bass's en-

ergies do when he came up for air?
Says Mr. Bass:

"I started climbing high mountains to escape the pressures and frustrations I faced down below. The climbs gave me the opportunity to earn a major sense of accomplishment in a short time frame and to realize more fully what a great blessing it is just to be alive. They recharged me with a greater sense of self-confidence and self-respect that enabled me to put my troubles in better perspective."

In 1985, after taking a considerable portion of three years to complete his mountaineering goal of being the first person to scale the highest peak on

*"I have this abiding faith
that someday I'll do
everything I've started."*

each of the seven continents, Mr. Bass became the oldest person, at age 55, to climb Mount Everest. Bonnie Smith, Mr. Bass's daughter, says:

"It was Dad's will and endurance that got him up those mountains in his 50s, with vertebra and disc problems. I've never seen him defeated mentally or physically." Adds Mr. Bass:

"Making a strenuous climb is actually recreation for me. Snowbird's taken more out of me than those mountains ever did. I can take physical discomfort much better than psychological pressure, which is far more debilitating. Developing Snowbird is a much greater challenge than the Everest climb, and completing it is my dream, my ultimate summit. I have this abiding faith that someday I'll do everything I've started. Heck, if you never stop, you can't get stuck."

In 1969, Mr. Bass began turning a patch of Utah's Wasatch Mountains "that God made perfect for skiing" into what is now the \$150-million Snowbird Ski and Summer Resort. Twenty-five miles from downtown Salt Lake City, the resort has an annual average snowfall of 550 inches. And what nature didn't provide, Mr. Bass did: Seven double chairlifts and an aerial tram carry skiers up the mountains.

Mr. Bass's dedication to quality and his respect for nature have earned numerous awards for Snowbird's architecture and environmental designs:

Snowbird has one of the most advanced avalanche control centers in the world, and in 1986, the U.S. Department of Energy presented the resort an award for its energy-saving co-generation plant, which efficiently uses natural gas to produce electricity, along with space and water heating.

"I've even been compared to the man in Frost's 'The Road Not Taken,'" says Mr. Bass. "I have taken the road less traveled, but that's the only way I could've lived with my nature. I'm a dreamer, but as Kipling says:

If you can dream — and not make
dreams your master;

If you can think — and not make
thoughts your aim;

If you can meet with Triumph and
Disaster

And treat those two impostors just
the same. . . .

"People appreciate that I've usually achieved what I've conceived, and that I'm still hanging in there on my Snowbird dream. That means more than an award or any loan from the bank. And believe me, it's not easy getting those loans from the bank." He continues:

"People who own and operate ski resorts actually complement one another; we don't supplant each other. We pull together to offer the best programs we can, realizing each has its own personality. The main thing is to put our best foot forward and encourage people to ski."

In 1986, Utah Governor Norman Bangerter declared April 30, the date on which Mr. Bass reached the summit of Everest one year earlier, as the annual Richard D. Bass Achievement Day. He also made Mr. Bass an adopted son of Utah. "Snowbird has had an immeasurable effect in promoting tourism in Utah," says Governor Bangerter, "and Dick Bass's acquaintances and enthusiasm have opened many doors for us."

In December of 1986, Mr. Bass opened another door, this time to the \$80-million addition to Snowbird's 13-story Cliff Lodge, making it a 532-room full-service hotel. The lodge has a 57,000-square-foot conference center and, as a pièce de résistance, a year-round spa and fitness center, which occupies 27,000 square feet on the top two floors.

During the summer, the Snowbird Institute of Arts and Humanities offers a full range of cultural events: the Salt

Lake City Symphony, dance workshops and performances, festivals, lectures, and fine-arts courses. Along with early summer skiing, there are tennis workshops, heli-golf, and rock and mountain climbing with Snowbird's Mountaineering Center. (In August, Mr. Bass led a three-week trek to Everest Base Camp.) He says:

"The total expansion of the Cliff Lodge was a giant step forward, but Snowbird won't be entirely developed for another 15 or 20 years. My highest summit won't be complete until there is a performing arts theater; an enclosed, competition-sized ice-skating rink; additional tennis courts; a full-sized, 18-hole golf course, two mountaintop restaurants; and greatly increased lift-serviced skiing terrain. It'll end up being an investment of around a half-billion dollars. But the most important part of my dream is to expand the Snowbird Institute into a Center for Human Understanding, a 'Renaissance center' dedicated to the development of body, mind, and spirit."

Frank Wells, president of the Walt Disney Company and former Rhodes scholar, made six of the seven-summits climbs with Mr. Bass. Says Mr. Wells:

"Dick is a 'Renaissance man' in the ultimate sense of the word, with an inherent, insatiable curiosity about everything and everyone around him. That fascination with ideas, and especially people, becomes infectious."

Mr. Bass envisions that the Snowbird center's current and future programs will serve corporations as well as individuals. He explains:

"Corporations increasingly want well-rounded, broad-perspective persons in leadership. Attendees will be exposed to lectures in liberal arts and humanities along with all the sporting activities. The Snowbird Institute's current offerings will be increased to include plays and musicals, even opera, as well as classes in painting, sculpture, and other arts."

Ernie Blake, chairman of the board and founder of Taos Ski Valley in New Mexico, is not surprised that a 20th-century "Renaissance center" is part of Mr. Bass's next summit. Explains Mr. Blake:

"Dick is very literate in the use of the English language and has a surprising depth of knowledge in a wide range of subjects. I know of no one

who is healthier in body, mind, and spirit."

Mr. Bass's knowledge of literature has burst forth on dramatic occasions. In his book *Seven Summits*, he tells how he chided the Nepal press, who were writing cynical criticisms about his motives in attempting Everest for the third time. He made his point by quoting from *Othello*:

Who steals my purse steals trash.
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been
slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good
name
Robs me of that which not enriches
him,
And makes me poor indeed.

In 1979, Mr. Bass took his first long break from Snowbird and, with his four grown children went on a five month adventure around the world. He says:

"We went with packs on our backs. I wanted us to test our daring and stamina and realize we're a human family on spaceship Earth. Although we have different languages, religions, and customs, most people have a high degree of human warmth and decency. In addition to learning more about [other] cultures, we did physical adventures like swim 2½ miles across the Dardanelles, climb the Matterhorn, jog 31 miles over the original route of Pheidippides from Marathon to Athens. My kids are all hard chargers."

Arthur Kreizel, owner and developer of the renowned Topnotch Inn in Stowe, Vermont, says of Mr. Bass and Snowbird:

"Things in this world happen because someone had a dream. Rare are those people who make them come true. But Dick Bass's dreams not only come true, they benefit everyone else. He doesn't try to accumulate something just for himself. He's created a meaningful way of life for many."

Building and completing Snowbird with its Center for Human Understanding, his summit climbs — certainly these are lofty pursuits, even for a man who takes his Kipling seriously. Says Mr. Bass:

"Too many people shortchange their lives by avoiding new experiences, afraid of the possible embarrassment of failure. But we can't continue to learn and mature without trying new things. To participate is to live; spectators only exist."

Enhanced Wilderness Experiences

Last November, Gary Guenther and I came out against allowing commercial packers to bring in wood from outside Inyo National Forest for burning in pannier stoves. This is a follow up on the same issue. The Inyo National Forest administration makes an exception in environmental policies for a special interest group, the packers. The packers feel that banning wood fires makes it less of a "wilderness experience" for their customers; therefore, they should be allowed to carry in and burn firewood in areas closed to fires.

What is a pannier stove? According to the Forest Service, it is a metallic stove fully covered with no open flame showing, on raised legs, with a chimney. It is hardly a substitute for the banned campfire.

Packers must carry packed in wood with flush cut ends for enforcement purposes. And all unused firewood and burnt material must be packed out with the pannier stove after each trip. This reinforces Gary's and my objection based on the fact that more stock must be used to carry additional loads of non-wilderness materials, thus causing more damage to trails and meadows.

The enforcement of these rules present difficulties for understaffed Forest Rangers. The stove's purposes are comfort and/or cooking convenience. And these purposes can be met better with gas operated equipment without enforcement hassles, and the inevitable violations that result in damage and deforestation.

Trailhead Quotas Are For Hikers

Packers do not have trailhead quotas (economic hardship is their excuse), they bring in large groups of people, and they are allowed to carry in non-wilderness items such as pannier stoves, chairs etc. In the case of one-way, in-only packer drop-offs, the packed in parties tend to abandon heavy items in the wilderness rather than carry it out on their backs. Witness the Fourth Recess Lake area for evidence of this behavior. Why should economic hardship be an excuse? How about the hardship on the wilderness?

Meantime, the legitimate hiker quotas are getting reduced, ostensibly to save the environment. According to Gary Guenther who is in continuous written communication with the Inyo National Forest District Rangers, the quota on the North Fork of Lone Pine Creek has been reduced to 15 hikers a day from 25. This includes both prepaid fee reservations and first-come first-served hikers at the trailhead at dawn. Unless of course, one hires a packer outfit—then the quotas suddenly do not apply. We need to protest this inequality: the maximum impact users are exempt, while the wilderness enthusiasts willing to back-pack in are enjoying maximum access restrictions.

Overnight Stock in Anvil Camp Area

The possibility of opening up Anvil camp to stock was brought to the SPS's attention by R. J. Secor earlier this year. So far only the Mount Whitney Pack Station has asked for an exemption from the restriction on overnight use of stock in Anvil Camp area. According to the Forest Service, "The stock may not graze; feed must be packed in for all stock; stock must be kept in a specific designated area. This exemption will be given only if the packer can prove that a user is physically unable to hike or ride stock from the trailhead to the Pass in one day."

I remember reading John Muir lamenting about how some people would carry a bathtub into the wilderness, if given a chance. Well, the Forest Service probably would see no reason to ban packing in bathtubs if a packer could prove economic hardship, or better yet, argue for "an enhanced wilderness experience."

ECHOES FROM OUR READERS

September 10, 1990

Dear Bill,

Thanks so much for your card. It was good to hear from you. I also appreciated the get well wish in the Echo.

As you may have known I have had a potential problem with my prostate since January of last year, but it was not until June of this year that one of the biopsies proved to be positive. So I have cancer and a new mountain to climb. I was given a choice of surgery to remove the prostate or external beam radiation therapy. I was told and confirmed with the National Cancer Institute that the survival rates are comparable with either approach for the particular grade and stage that I have. The doctors would not choose. They said *I must choose!* So I spent many exhausting days talking to other doctors, to patients and reading many books and medical journals in the hospital medical library. For a variety of reasons I chose radiation and started treatment in July. I receive the radiation daily for five days per week as a hospital out patient I expected to become tired from the radiation about the 4th or 5th week so I was somewhat discouraged when I became tired the first week. However it comes with the territory and is simply a steep pitch on my mountain.

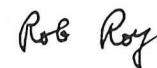
I will receive the last treatment at the end of this week. I'm going to miss them because I know I'm *doing something* when I'm getting the treatment.

Other than some bothersome intestinal problems my physical condition is quite good although I do tire easily. I get a good sleep at night and a long nap every afternoon. And I eat well. I am eating more calories than usual so that I will not lose weight and especially more protein than usual for rebuilding the tissue which is being damaged by the radiation.

I expect that all side effects will be gone by the end of October and I will then start taking short hikes. I am planning to go skiing in Park City, Utah after Christmas with Betty and our granddaughter.

It was tough not to get into the High Sierra this year, but I fully intend to make it to the top of my mountain.

Your climbing friend,



ECHOES OF OUR CLIMBS

HELICOPTERS, BUT NO ARTICHOKEs

Davis/Rodgers

August 16-20, 1990

Bob Hicks / Vi Grasso (Private Trip)

[ref, Tina Stough Stephens' Write-up in Sep-Oct '88 *Echo*.
Instead, BBQ Meatballs Somewhere Under a Snowbank]

This outing was planned as a 4-day backpack for the Pinsons (Anna-Lou and Ted) and the Hicks (Katie and Bob). Vi Grasso would come in a day later. The four packed in Thursday afternoon, camped above Shadow Lake and hiked up to Thousand Island Lake the next day. Bob left the others at the east end of the lake, dropped the pack at the west end and climbed Davis Peak over Iceberg Lake Pass. The four made camp 200' above the lake on the south side of the inlet stream. Vi caught up, though rather late because the four had hiked in via an unmaintained trail, and Vi was trying to locate them via the main trail (after a hesitant attempt at Davis, aborting the attempt in order to use the remaining daylight to locate Bob & Co.). Since Bob had already climbed Davis in the afternoon, Vi was content to plan for it the following day (Saturday) if the return from Rodgers was at a reasonable hour, or even Sunday AM.

Saturday dawned with low clouds over the Davis range but Ted, Vi and Bob left for possible climbs of both Davis and Rodgers. Ted chose to go for Davis at the pass (placing a register and a canister in the process) while Vi and Bob headed for Rodgers. We took a direct line west and after some ups and downs made it to the drainage of the North Fork of the San Joaquin River. Climbed along the drainage and finally started up the glaciated slopes of Rodgers under already heavy misty clouds. Reached the summit in a whiteout and a strong cold wind. There was no time spent on it and we headed down. It became apparent a short time later that we missed the approach ridge and were too far north. Went back up the ridge making two abortive attempts to make it down the south side. Vi

was very cold and suggested we get down -- anywhere, to take shelter, and await to see if the clouds would lift a bit and the body would warm up. Sometime later, neither was achieved and we chose to try a way down the north side of the ridge, find better shelter and pass the night.

Worked our way down 3rd class new-snow-slippery rock and ended up below the large glacier north of the peak. Found shelter in the huge slabs just above the lake. Bob broke out his light weight emergency plastic tube tent which they both squeezed into. Vi's aluminized first-tryed tube tent shredded prior to that and was of little use. [Vi took her shredded tube tent back to Big 5 to give them a user's opinion. She returned a few days later and they were not to be found for sale. She made her point.] Bob's tent was a lifesaver (not literally probably), despite poking his foot right through the knotted bottom when his leg cramped.

Up the next morning at 6:00 AM. Over incredibly frozen slopes in mid-August and down a ridge north of the peak, headed south along the west side of the Rodgers-Electra ridge. We picked what looked like a possible route over the ridge [to get back into the North Fork of the San Joaquin River drainage]. It went, but the down route was not as easy as the map indicated. Shortly we were back on the route we had taken up. We chose to contour around the ridge/canyon area we followed on the ascent. Ultimately we cam across the faint trail that heads up toward the Lake

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Catherine drainage. At this point Vi suggested that Bob head on in to camp (Vi was feeling peaked and was slower) to let the other folks know that we were OK. Not to long after that the storm broke with thunder, lightening, and more snow! Bob's return to camp over boulders around Lake Catherine and then down from the pass was slowed by the slippery rocks. Camp for Bob was not until 4:30 PM. No one there to greet him but Vi's 1-person tent. A note from Ted said that Katie and Anna-Lou started out at 8:30 AM while Ted waited to leave until 10:30 AM before heading out to start a rescue.

For Vi, still on the west side of the pass, the cloud ceiling dropped faster than the day before obscuring the range totally so that the familiar Banner/Ritter landmark profile quickly disappeared from view. The drainage to Lake Catherine should have been slightly to the north but then there were at least 2 or 3 other drainages to consider. Down below on the "use" trail was a "friendly" campsite with trees, fire rings and some wood. With wet boulders, hail hitting hard and turning to pretty heavy snow, Vi opted for the trees hoping she could build a fire. Failing to start a fire with T-paper and damp wood, Vi sat on her summit pack in a fire ring with an alder branch cover for warmth. Another night of bivouacking, but optimistic that the clouds would part by morning and enable her to make out Banner Peak and head for the proper drainage.

Back at Thousand Island Lakes, morning broke with a crystal clear sky and the sun bringing instant warmth. Welcome stranger! Bob brushed the snow, packs and fired up the MSR. Shortly, a stalwart figure approached from across the stream. This was the advance rescue party (of two) who had fruitlessly searched for our camp the night before. (Confused signals on where the camp was supposed to be.) The word quickly went back to the Mammoth rescue base that one missing person was found, but one was still out. Bob was joined by a ranger who had hiked up from Ruby Lake. The June Lake team was hungry and wet, so Bob broke out Vi's food (plenty of that) and brewed coffee while they dried out in the sun. Soon a CHP chopper arrived, sitting down in a very tight spot. Bob suggested to them (correct guess) that Vi probably retreated back down to a tree area that they had seen on the way up toward Lake Catherine. The chopper headed off to the west.

Vi, at her temporary "campsite" during the night did hear the voices of campers down the valley, probably by Twin Island Lakes. (Seeing their flashlights, she considered hiking down to them but chose to stay put 'till morning.) In the morning Vi heard and saw the Chinook helicopter. Thought: gee, somebody got it, not surprisingly in such lousy weather. Didn't yet occur to her that it was for them! Also watched the CHP chopper whirling down to where she had been under the trees - mhhh, they might just be looking for ...??? The CHP chopper left the area though, and Vi continued to climb to where it now clearly was the drainage from below Banner Peak. The young couple camped below cam up the slope to see why the helicopter was in the vicinity; Vi spotted them, got together and chatted for a while. Vi explained to them how she had separated from Bob and rather than face slippery boulders and grabbing more snow with already frost-bitten finger tips (holy gloves), opted for going down below. Happened to be a doctor and his wife from Fresno. Though Vi weakly refused, the doctor very

kindly parted with his leather gloves. (They had also attempted Rodgers the day before but backed down on account of weather.)

Just as Vi approached the level bench where the small lake takes in Lake Catherine's outlet, around comes the CHP chopper again. It was in a pretty open area, and she sat down by the west end of the small lake. Turned out that they had left the area earlier (when Vi first saw them) to attend another call: George Hubbard had called the CHP for search and rescue! Evelyn DeChantillon (his companion while climbing Prater) had not shown up in camp after a climb of Split Mountain. AS the CHP scouted the Tinemaha Creek area, they spotted her but by that time she was approaching the car after a bivouac down canyon. Evelyn volunteered to continue hiking to the car, which prompted the CHP to double back and continue searching for Vi.

Back at Thousand Island Lake, not long after the CHP chopper departed, a Chinook helicopter arrived with approximately 25 rescue personnel. Two teams of two each were sent out to cover the boulder field leading up to the pass. The Chinook then left to drop off teams at the Lake Catherine side slopes of Mt. Davis and west at the tree area. Then the electric word came from the CHP chopper that Vi's bivy spot in the trees was found. Shortly after - - "we have her" (located heading up toward the lake). With Vi onboard, the CHP chopper headed for Mammoth over the over the mid-August Thousand Island winterland. After waiting for the two search teams to return, all (Bob included) were loaded into the Chinook for a ride out.

The Pinsons and the Hicks picked up Vi at the Mammoth Hospital (she went there under duress). Vi wanted nothing more than a cup of hot tea. CHP said on account of exposure (to 'liability') she should agree to go in. OK, if that's the only way to get some hot tea, so be it. Couple of hours or so later, the Hicks, Pinsons and Vi were on their way to Mammoth Village for lunch: for Bob and Vi huge hamburgers downed with a couple of beers.

We were all impressed with the rescue response. A dozen or so people drove all night from San Diego. Lessons learned: use the compass in a whiteout (prior to descent from peak), stick with your partner no matter what, carry emergency clothing, carry an emergency tube tent that works. An interesting note, the rescue coordinator (a sergeant with the Ventura Sheriff's Department) received authorization for the choppers based on: 1) length of time missing, 2) weather, and 3) the lost people were old [but not as old as the newspaper reported - Vi finds her reported age to vary by quite a few years from her actual age as attested by her driver's license and birth certificate!]. Double sigh for that one!

- Vi and Bob

YOU too can become a famous *Echo* correspondent! Send newsworthy items from your local press or from some other rag that you normally read to the Editor for consideration!

GOAT MTN. & STATE PEAK

October 13-15, 1989

Ron Jones / Maris Valkass

There were three persons waiting for Maris and myself at Cedar Grove on Friday morning. We toiled up the 8 mile trail to Grouse Lake gaining 5,400' during that time. With a 3-day backpack, I was exhausted! After spending 30 minutes setting up camp and taking a little nutrition, four of us started out for Goat Mtn., another 1,800' above. We climbed it via the south ridge and enroute I knew why I had led it from the northwest 16 years before. The south ridge has a lot of high class 2 and some low class 3 whereas the northwest route is easy class 2 and a little shorter. Anyway, we made it to the top late in the afternoon and returned to camp by the easier route, arriving at Grouse Lake after dark. Views from the top include the Mt. Brewer group of peaks, the Kaweah group, the State-Marion group and many other fine peaks more distant.

The next day we picked up our packs and, instead of returning the mile cross-country to the Granite Pass trail, we took a route which cuts off about 7 miles on trail by traveling in pleasant class 2 terrain and gaining only an additional 750' of elevation. This is THE way to go to State Peak either directly from Cedar Grove or from Goat Peak.

We worked around the west end of Grouse Lake and climbed easily north to the low saddle northeast of peak 11,354' (on the Marion Peak 15' quad). Then we hiked 1.5 miles north through a meadow covered valley and up 400 easy feet to the saddle lying between peaks 11,797' and 12,059' on the Goat Crest. This gentle saddle near the junction of the Monarch Divide, Goat Crest and Cirque Crest marks the watershed boundary separating the South and Middle forks of the Kings River.

The northside of the saddle has a bit of steep class 2 at the top (stay to the left) followed by grassy ramps leading to the Glacier Lakes. We hiked about 2.5 miles down Glacier Valley to near its intersection with the State Lakes trail. There is a superb camp site just below 10,000' nestled among rocks and trees on the west side of the use trail. Here wood fires are legal as they are not at the State Lakes. We arrived before noon.

After lunch we started out for State Peak and the 5 of us made an uneventful climb via the west and the southwest ridges. We were back at our camp in time for a nice afternoon and evening rest.

The third day we made the long backpack out, arriving at our cars by mid-afternoon and home by about 10 PM. Thanks to Maris Valkass for a fine assist and it was good to see Jim Hinkley out climbing in his inimitable style after taking 1.5 years off to get his MFA degree at the Otis Art Institute.



-- Ron Jones

BOLTON BROWN & PRATER

via Tinemaha Creek

March 24-25, 1990

Dale Van Dalsem

[A California Mountaineering Club Presentation]

A week earlier and this would have been a Winter snow climb, but snow coverage was below normal, the weather looked good, and 3 of us needed the peaks: for Dave Petzold, Bolton Brown was a triple grudge peak while Eric Schumacher and I needed it. I had skipped Prater in '78 while leading Split and Tinemaha; Eric thought he had done it in '65, but was not sure. With just the three of us in my 4WD, I saw no reason to bother the folks at Tinemaha Ranch, so we drove in on the McMurry Meadows road (left off the Glacier Lodge Road, 2.4 miles west of Big Pine). We took the 4WD track that ends at 6,650' on the north side of Tinemaha Creek, shown on the Fish Springs 7.5' topo and on the John Muir Wilderness map set, but not on the 40-year old Big Pine 15' topo or on the '87 Inyo National Forest map, or on the ACSC Easter Sierra map. Turn right just after the first crossing of Fuller Creek.

We crossed Tinemaha Creek and got on the ridge just south of it, which goes much better than the canyon. We stayed on the south side to skirt the sapling choked flats at 2,380 and 2,520 meters. Afterwards, we crossed to the north side and stayed on the rocks above Tinemaha Creek. Just above 3,200 meters, we came to some nice flat, dry rocks, 150' above Tinemaha Creek and just under the 3,444 meter buttress. Snow melt water

trickled off a nearby rock and we camped, at about 10,700'. With patchy snow about half the time from 7,800' up, it took from 8:30 AM to 3:30 PM to hike the 4,100' gain from the truck. We left the snowshoes in the truck; however, they would have been of doubtful value. Two us had crampons, but we did not need them either.

Sunday we were off at sunrise, just before 6 AM. Should have left an hour earlier. We took the big snow chute almost due west from Tinemaha Lake and topped out on the Sierra Crest at UTM 722001, 13,350', and headed north for Bolton Brown. Snow conditions and weather were perfect that morning. WE had to drop down 150' on the west side to reach Bolton Brown and after some 3rd and one 4th+ class move, we stood on the pinnacle. Looking around for a register, we saw the REAL Bolton Brown, perhaps 150 yards to the north-northwest! We dropped down to 12,900', traversed north to the ridge that goes west from Bolton Brown, then angled back up the 600' to the summit, class 2 all of the way. We all agreed that Pico Falos [Castano Bolton] was a better peak! The register had only one party other party sign-in for 1989 and 3 for 1980. There

4WD, strongly recommended! No 4WD? Phone the Tinemaha Ranch: first phone Mr. Bud Held, the owner, at (805) 647-1478, and ask his permission. Then phone the caretakers, Mike & Terry Sutton, at the ranch, at (619) 938-2214, and make arrangements for them to unlock the gates at the downstream and upstream boundaries of the ranch, for entering and leaving. This almost a must when going up Red Mountain Creek for Split, Tinemaha and Prater, also.

was only one 15 year old register. Has Robin Registerthief stolen the older ones and secreted them in some dusty vault in Berkeley, to be viewable, by appointment only, only by the one climber in ten [hundred!] that comes from the San Francisco Bay Area???

We retraced our steps southward, then Eric and I went west for Prater, while Dave, who thought he had the peak, went down to the packs to wait. A short third class hike had us on Prater, where Eric found out that he had done it in 1966, not in 1965. Then we slipped back and down the chute, as it was past 3 PM. Packed up and headed down by 4:30 PM, staying low, next to the creek, and falling through the softening snow. Nothing is more enervating than falling through with a full pack, then extracting yourself and gingerly tip-toeing a few steps to - ugh - Expletive! - repeat the process! We were trashing through the jungle of trees, car-size talus, and soft snow as a moonless night descended upon us at about 7 PM. I took a bad fall and Dave and I decided to camp. Eric trashed on, lost a pair of glasses and his batteries gave out as he stopped in the canyon just short of the truck.

Monday dawned beautifully as we waited for the sun, completed the hour-and-a-half down to the truck followed by breakfast at the Egg Chalet in Big Pine (recommended, as is the Kountry Kitchen!). Gassed up at the new station on the 14/58 corner at the northwest end of Mojave (Arco prices without the lines).

Good but tough early spring snow climb; not the best way to do either Bolton Brown or Prater, but perhaps the best route to get both of them on a 2-day weekend. Late Sunday start and no moon cost us getting out Sunday night. Good climbing with a couple of strong and experienced guys like Eric and Dave, who did their share of route finding and kicking steps!

— Dave Van Dalsem.

3RD ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

Photos will be exhibited and judged
at the SPS Annual Banquet.

The photographer of the winning
entry will receive this year's spe-
cially selected prize,
while

His or Her photograph shall grace
an Echo cover in 1991.

Submit your entries by December 12th to:

Dave Underwood
26111-D Frampton,
Harbor City, CA 90710

MAMMOTH-JUNE TRAVERSE via SAN JOAQUIN MTN.

March 31 - April 1, 1990

Reiner Stenzel / Nancy Gordon

[joint SPS-SMS adventure]

This trip was originally scheduled as a two day trip to San Joaquin Mtn. (11,600'). Inspired by Rich Henke's stimulating slide show on mountain traverses (Mugelnoos meeting, 3/21/90), by Owen Malloy's reassurance that "it can be done", and by Nancy Gordon's enthusiastic assistance (backed by extra flashlight batteries) the trip was changed to a one day traverse from Mammoth Mtn. via San Joaquin Mtn. to June Mtn. Steve Thaw and Pete Yamagata were the remaining participants from an originally sizable party.

Leaving Saturday at 7:30 AM from Mammoth Mtn. Main Lodge, we skied up the road to Minaret Summit, then proceeded north along the ridge to Deadman Pass. Here, Pete decided to return. He had kindly offered to drive my VW bus to June Mtn. to pick us up. Nancy, Steve and I continued to ski along the ridge via Twin Teats to San Joaquin Mtn. which we summited at 1:30 PM. The views of Ritter, Banner, the Minarets, frozen Shadow Lake and billowing clouds over the backcountry were magnificent. At 2:00 PM we descended on the northeast slopes of San Joaquin for approximately half a mile then proceeded half a mile southeast along Deadman Creek to an elevation of 3,000 meters, and turned northeast to peak 3,009 meters (7.5' June Lake topo). After proceeding another mile northeast along a forested ridge we reached the top June Mtn. at 5:00 PM. We skied down Matterhorn run to the Chalet where we got a lift down to the road since the lower steep slopes were not skiable. Arriving at sunset, we were greeted by Pete who got concerned about our 10 hour, 3,500' gain, 13 mile day tour. It was an adventurous long day with skiing on many types of snow: windslabs, suncups, breakable crust, perfect spring snow, and freshly groomed slopes. There were a few icy slopes which required careful edging. After the car shuttle and a great dinner in Mammoth we carcamped at Shady Rest.

On Sunday morning we made a half-day ski tour to the Obsidian Dome. We decided to return to this area next year with more time and better snow to ski Glass Creek which has excellent slopes and a possible ascent to San Joaquin Mtn. and Carson Peak.

— Reiner Stenzel

PAID ADVERTISING

WANTED: Climber wishing to move to LA Basin needs 1 bedroom or large studio apartment, unfurnished, with easy exit from town. \$250-350 range. Please contact: Pete Yamagata, (916) 444-6319, 2109 10th Street #3, Sacramento, CA 95818.

ROCKHOUSE & TAYLOR DOME

May 12-13, 1990

Ron Jones & Bill Oliver

Fifteen of us met Saturday morning at the north end of Big Meadow. We caravanned to the south east corner of Big Meadow at the alternate Manter Meadow trailhead located there and where we established our camp for the weekend. After signing in and completing the waiver and release forms it was nearly 8 AM before 14 of us set out leaving Leora to guard the hors d'ouvres and campsite.

Enroute to Manter Meadow we first encountered bear tracks on the trail and then the bear itself downslope from us along the stream. Startled, he quickly disappeared in the brush and trees.

We left the trail due south of Rockhouse at about 7,300', made our way around the east side of the peak and climbed the easy class 3 moves leading to the summit from the northeast. The views from the top were quite nice and we could see emerald green meadows around us in many directions, Jenkins Peak, Owens Peak, Lamont Peak, Spanish Needle, Olancha and beyond. We descended on the class 2 route on the west side of the north 'ridge' to a half mile east of Manter Meadow. This was my 3rd or 4th ascent since 1969.

Upon our return to the cars we began feasting on the Mexican food which was part of our optional potluck. Some very good bean guacamole dips, tamale pie, tamales and other goodies appeared followed by the entrees. Our campfire was pleasant and most were in bed by 9 PM.

The next morning Bob Wright and Ann Gasparich checked out to climb Sirretta Peak, John Gibba went home to Three Rivers to help his neighbor build a swimming pool, and Sam Brandt, Howard and Barbara Eyerly left for home. This left 8 of us to start for Taylor Dome. We were about 2 hours reaching the class 3 north 'face' which Bill led in fine style [look, no hands, mom!]. This was my 6th time on this peak. Views were not as good Sunday as the day prior. We descended the class 2 west 'ridge' and were at our cars about noon.

Nine of us met later at Benji's Basque Restaurant in Bakersfield on the west side of Union Ave just south of California Street (an off ramp from the 99 freeway). The restaurant is convenient, very clean and reasonably priced and I think its traditional Basque meals are as good as any in Bakersfield.

Thanks to Jim Kilberg, Sylvia Sur, Ed Kenney, Dave Murray, Mario Gonzalez and Martha Flores in addition to the previously named folks for making this trip a success and special thanks to Bill Oliver for his trail skills, steadying influence and droll wit.

-- Ron Jones



MT. BAXTER

April 28-29, 1990

Dale Van Dalsem

[Another California Mountaineering Club Production]

Our first CMC trip in March had 3 of us; this trip had 2 of us, Rick Beatty and me. At this rate I'll solo the next trip [no insurance problems then, eh?] We left the Oak Creek roadhead at 6 AM and reached the camping area at 10,000' on the Baxter Pass Trail well before 10 AM. We were planning that Rick would go and attempt Diamond and Black that day while I lounged in camp; then we would go for Baxter at 5 AM Sunday. Instead, we both talked each other into doing Baxter Saturday afternoon, probably a mistake!

We left for Baxter just before 11 AM, climbing straight up, northwest from camp, to the ridge rather than follow the circuitous, and partly snow covered, Baxter Pass Trail. After the 2,000' climb up from camp, we angled some 500' down on the west side of the crest and contoured north to the word 'Park' on the Kearsarge Peak 7.5' topo, then angled up north-northwest toward the peak. We had about 60% snow coverage west of the crest, mostly sinking in a tolerable 3-9", but with the occasional plunge-through. Fierce winds buffeted us; on the summit plateau we were airborne occasionally. Ice axes were a must. We had left crampons in the truck, snowshoes in camp. Snowshoes would have aided progress on the west side about as much as carrying them would have slowed us down.

A few snowflakes fell, horizontally, as dark clouds scudded across the sky and our water bottles started to freeze as we slogged up a rocky slope to the summit plateau. We reached the 4,004 meter spot on the topo, poked around in the ridge-top snow cornice vainly for a register, and headed back. It was 5:17 PM and had taken us 6.5 hours of grueling slog from our warm camp at 10,000'! We topped the crest in last light just before 8 PM and headed down a gully we had not come up. We plunge-stepped down hardening snow, scree and talus as the ferocious winds blew us over and whipped my \$30 O. R. Goretex hat off into Owens Valley, despite chin strap. Somehow we stumbled down and found camp, after some wandering, at 10:20 PM, and an 11.5 hour round trip from camp! Nearly 8,000' gain, 4,000' loss, for the day, with winds as strong as I can remember anywhere.

Sunday we were off at the crack of 9 AM, truck by 11:30 AM, lunch at the Mexican food buffet place in Lone Pine (recommended - barely) and home in time for a shower before "60 Minutes".

Summary: a dumb way to do Baxter!

-- Dale

Volunteers are sought to serve as Editor(s) of the *Sierra Echo* for 1991+. Contact any member of the SPS Management Committee if you are interested.

SPLIT, RUSKIN, ARROW, AND MORE

BY GREG GERLACH

Saturday, August 11- Barbara Cohen, Jim Fujimoto, and I started hiking up the Taboose Pass Trail at 7:00 a.m. The trail started off in the desert sand, but became very rocky after a couple of miles. The route is very direct and to the point, gaining approximately 6000' in only 7 miles. The group reached its planned campsite at the 10,400' level on the east side of Taboose pass at 1:00 p.m., and managed to set up camp just minutes before a 4 hour downpour.

Sunday, August 12- The group started hiking the last mile to Taboose pass at 7:00 a.m. At the pass, we dropped our packs and started up the class 2 southwest ridge of Cardinal, cresting the summit in 1 1/2 hours. Had a snack on top and then descended the junky class 2 chute just west of the summit. Ate lunch at the pass and then hiked to our camp at the 10,800 elevation in lower upper basin. After dinner, rain descended on us for 2 hours.

Monday, August 13- At 6:30 a.m., we started north up the John Muir trail for Split and Prater. About 1 mile south of Mather Pass, the group left the trail and headed over to lake 11,599. From the lake, we ascended to the Prater/Split saddle, and then trudged up the class 1-2 talas slope to Split, arriving on top at 10:00 a.m. Had a snack, browsed through the summit register, and then made our way back to the Prater/Split saddle. From the saddle, we climbed the class 1-2 SE slope of Prater, arriving on top at 12:30 p.m. After a short lunch break at the peak, we headed back to camp, ate an early dinner, and then settled in the tent for 2 hours of early evening rain.

Tuesday, August 14- We started for Ruskin at 6:30 a.m. The group ascended to the head of the small basin just south of Ruskin's east ridge, passing a small lake in route. We climbed up the obvious class 2 route through the talas to the ridge. Once on the ridge, the climbing was easy class 2, which increased to class 3 the closer one got to the summit. A short distance from the top, our climbing was obstructed by giant blocks. However, by descending around the north side of the blocks and then up a short 10-15' high class 4 face, we were able to reach the summit at 10:30

a.m. Our group was only the second group to sign the register book this year. After a 10 minute stay on the summit, we descended the mountain to the small lake on the southeast side of the peak, where we had lunch. The group arrived back to camp at 1:30 p.m., which was just in time for 2 hours worth of rain. Once the rain let up, we ate dinner and then hiked to Bench Lake, arriving in time to set up camp in the twilight and then go to sleep.

Wed, August 15-

The group left for Arrow at 7:45 a.m. We made our way to the small lake east of Arrow, ascended to the 11,600' saddle 0.4 miles south of the peak, contoured around a little peaklet, and then trudged up the final class 1-2 slopes to the summit pinnacles. We were too far over to the left of the summit, and therefore had to descend 20-30' and then contour up to the peak, arriving on top at noon. We were only the 4th group to reach the summit of Arrow this year. After lunch, we hiked back to camp, arriving at 2:30 p.m., and enjoyed our first sunny afternoon of the trip.

Thur, August 16-

We slept in late, ate breakfast and then lunch, and then started hiking out at 11:45 a.m. We reached Taboose pass at 1:00 p.m. and the car at 5:45 p.m.

Goodbye, Hervey Voge



Hervey Voge, life member in the Sierra Club, died June 20 at his home in Sebastopol. He had a life-long association with the peaks of the Sierra, and not only enjoyed the challenge of first ascents but worked with information gathered from other climbers to produce the first *Climbers Guide to the High Sierra*, published by the Club in 1954. Although this edition is now out of print, many present-day climbers cherish their ragged copies of it for its accuracy.

In his lifetime of climbing, Voge made 35 first ascents. For many years he served on the Mountain Records Committee and was Chairman of the Mountaineering Committee. He acted as climbing leader on several High Trips and Base Camp Trips.

He believed that the concentration and responsibility developed by his early years in the mountains contributed to the success he enjoyed in his 34-year professional career as a research chemist. He is survived by his wife, Rhea, four children, five grandchildren, four step-children, 4 step-grandchildren and his brother.

- CONTRIBUTED BY RON JONES

MEMBERSHIP REPORT

UPDATE ON SPS MOUNTAINEERING ACHIEVEMENTS

The last published list of SPS mountaineering achievements was in 1986. Since then, the following SPSers have achieved places in the SPS Hall of Fame.

List Finishers

29.	Dave Dykeman	7/87
30.	Don Palmer	9/88
31.	Bob Emerick	10/89
32.	Bob Hicks	9/90
33.	George Hubbard	9/90
34.	Gene Mauk	9/90

Master Emblem Climbers

[All List Finishers prior to the inauguration of this category automatically and retroactively attain this status.]

1.	Dave Van Dalsem	88
2.	R. J. Secor	88
3.	David Campbell	89
4.	Vi Grasso	90
5.	Nancy Gordon	7/90
6.	Sue Wyman	9/90
7.	Vic Henney	9/90

Senior Emblem Climbers

85.	Gisela Kluwin	9/87
86.	Vi Grasso	9/87
87.	Ret Moore	88
88.	Pete Yamagata	88
89.	Tina Stough	88
90.	Ruth Armentrout	88
91.	Jack Miller	88
92.	Wilson Harvey	88
93.	Larry Tidball	88
94.	Joe Stephens	89
95.	Mark Frolli	89
96.	Vic Henney	89
97.	Sue Wyman	89
98.	Richard Fritsen	89
99.	Dave Petzold	89
100.	Greg Gerlach	9/90
101.	Al Conrad	9/90

Emblem Climbers

472.	Kent Santelman	10/86
473.	Gary Guenther	10/86
474.	Jay Holshuh	5/87
475.	Igor Mamedalin	5/87

476.	Sue Hanna	9/87
477.	Ursula Slager	9/87
478.	Kathy Price	9/87
479.	Bill Oliver	9/87
480.	Richard Fritsen	9/87
481.	Graham Breakwell	9/88
482.	Dave Underwood	9/88
483.	Patty Kline	9/88
484.	Nathan Wong	9/88
485.	Dave Petzold	9/88
486.	Ross Yates	9/88
487.	Reiner Stenzel	9/88
488.	Scott Sullivan	9/88
489.	Bill Gray	5/89
490.	John Jensen	5/89
491.	Bobby DuBeau	7/89
492.	Bill Lingle	7/89
493.	Don Borad	7/89
494.	Steve Thaw	7/89
495.	Karen Leonard	7/89
496.	Rick Beatty	7/89
497.	Don Slager	9/89
498.	Robin Russell	9/89
499.	Joe Andrews	7/90
500.	Judi Richardson	7/90
501.	Barbara Cohen	8/90
502.	Bruce Parker	9/90
503.	Steve Russell	9/90
504.	Suzanne Thomas	9/90

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The Sierra Echo is published seven times a year by the Sierra Peaks Section (SPS) of the Sierra Club Angeles Chapter.

EDITOR: Igor Mamedalin, 24 Almond Tree Lane, Irvine CA 92715. **Associate Editor:** Jeff Solomon, 16 Silver Fir, Irvine CA 92714. *Echo* copy deadlines are the 20th day of odd numbered months and June. Priority is given to legible, typed, single spaced copy. Copy submitted on MS-DOS format floppies is especially appreciated. Mail copy to Editor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$8.00 per year due by March 31st. Subscribing to the *Echo* is a requirement for active membership in the SPS. Sustaining membership is \$20.00 per year. Submit new subscription applications to the section Secretary and include your Sierra Club membership number. New applications received after October 1st are credited for the subsequent year subscription. Submit renewal applications to the section Treasurer. Only one *Echo* subscription is necessary for multiple members of a family residing at one address. Contributions or gifts to the Sierra Club (or the Sierra Peaks Section) are not tax-deductable.

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MISSING ISSUES: Inquiries regarding missing issues should be addressed to the section **Mailer:** Ron Grau, 456 Chester Place, Pomona CA 91768. Extra copies of the 30th Anniversary *Echo* are available by sending \$4.50 per copy to the section Mailer. Copies of the Tribute issue (Nov/Dec '89) are also available from the Mailer for \$2.00. **Prospective new members:** for a one time complimentary copy of the *Echo* send a SASE with 45 cent postage to the Mailer.

AWARDS: Emblem (\$8.50), senior emblem pins (\$12.00), list finisher pins (\$10.00), and section patches (\$2.00) are available from the section **Treasurer:** Mario Gonzalez, 117 S. Lafayette Park Place, Los Angeles CA 90057.

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