

*The  
Sierra*



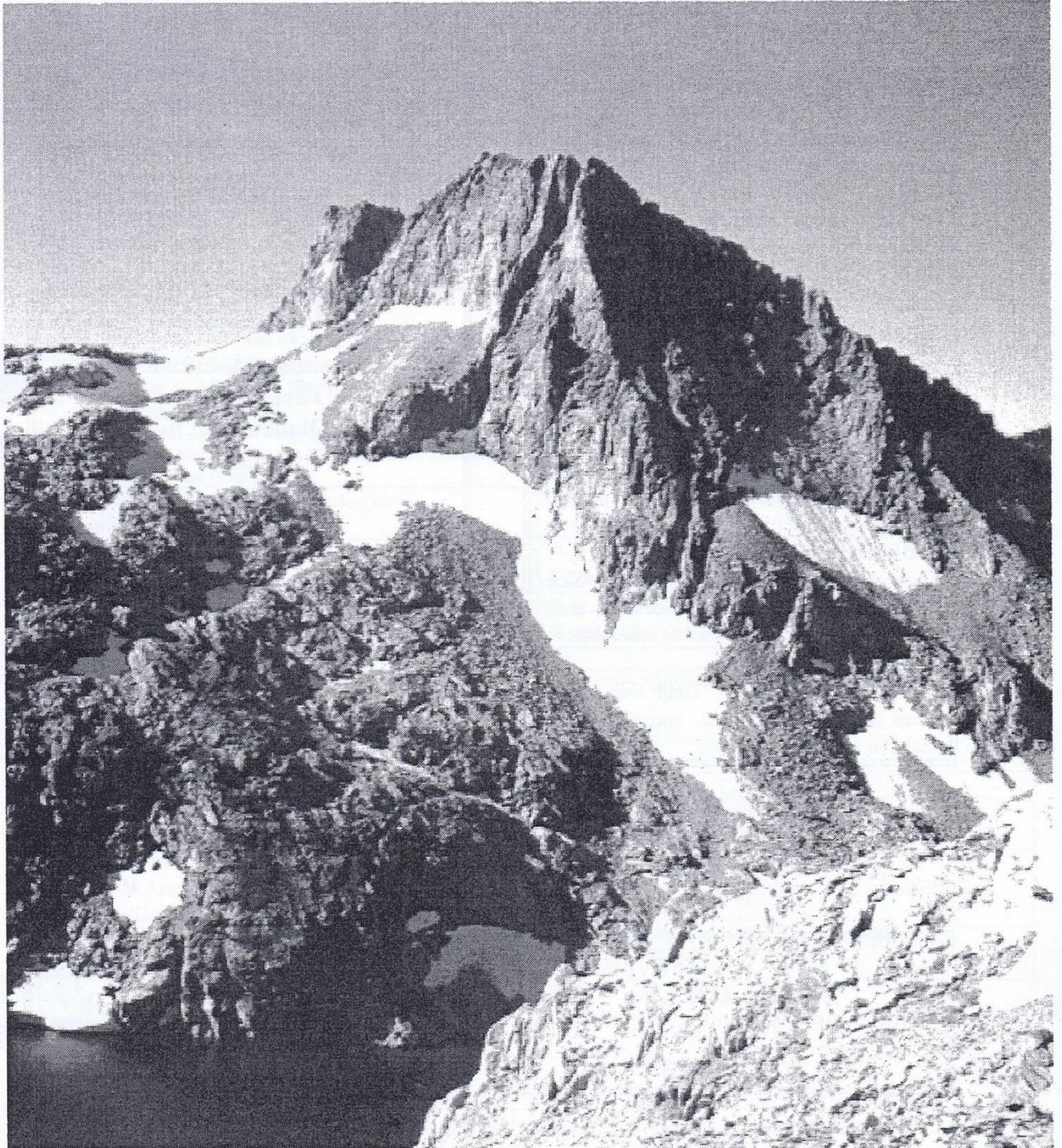
*ECHO*

VOLUME 40

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NUMBER 6



### SPS MONTHLY PROGRAMS

Sierra Peak Section meetings will be held in the Los Angeles room behind the cafeteria at the DWP, 7:30 p.m. on the second Wednesday of the month.

Dept. W&P, 111 N Hope St., LA, Free parking on site.

#### DECEMBER 11

**SPS Annual Banquet** This year our featured speaker will well known climber and author Doug Robinson. Doug will show slides of the Sierra and you will have a chance to buy his book "*A Night on the Ground, A Day in the Open*" Location is the La Canada Flintridge Country Club. 6:00 pm for a no host bar, dinner at 7:30..

#### JANUARY 8

**SPS, DPS, HPS Joint Meeting** This is the second joint annual meeting of the SPS, DPS and HPS. This is a great time to meet old and make new climbing friends. Refreshments will be served. Steve Smith will show slides of his 1993 ascent of Aconcagua(22,800') and his 1995 ascent of Ojos Del Salado(22,600'), the 2 highest points in the Western Hemisphere.

#### FEBRUARY 12

**Snow Travel and Safety** Extreme Skier Greg Colley will discuss traneivers, snow caves and other current winter essentials.

#### MARCH 12

**Beth Epstein/Ecuador** Beth will present slides of her recent alpine snow climbs of peaks in Ecuador.



### **FRONT COVER**

### **LION ROCK**

**Photo by**

**Larry Tidball**

### SPS T-SHIRTS

Own your own SPS T-Shirt. They come in Ash in medium, large and X-large. We also have a lot of yellow mediums left. Specify size and color. Cost is \$12 plus \$3 or shipping per order. Buy them from Patty at the SPS meetings and save the \$3 shipping charge. Make a check payable to the Sierra Peaks Section. Send your order to Patty Kline, 20362 Callon Drive, Topanga Canyon, CA 90290



### PEAK INDEX

**Spanish Mountain**

**Three Sisters**

**Olancha Peak**

**Cascades**

**Hale**

**Young**

**Baldwin**

**Bloody**

**Mt. Muir**

**Eagle Scout**

**Lippencott**

**Stewart**

**Picket Guard**

**Triple Divide**

**Whaleback**

**Glacier Ridge**

**Kern Point**

**Lion Rock**

### **OOPS!**

Last month's cover photo was not North Palisade as reported, but as many of you correctly identified...it was Thunderbolt.

## SPS Spring Trips 1997

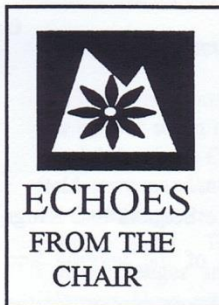
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I/M/E Dec 15 Navigation Practice/Checkoff Warren Point, J. Tree Freimanis/Bradshaw	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-M/E May 10 Rock Checkout Mantle/McRuer
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R- M/E Dec 21 Rock Practice Rubidoux, Mantle/McRuer	I May 17-18 Sirretta Lee/Holchin
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I/M/E Jan 12 Navigation Practice/Checkoff Warren Point, J. Tree Freimanis/Bradshaw	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I/M/E May 19 Navigation Practice/Checkoff Grinnell Ridge Freimanis
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-M/E Jan 19 Snow Practice L. Tidball/Talbott Snow practice in local mountains. This training and practice session will hone the skills of potential M & E leaders. Workshop is based on skills needed for leadership check-offs and the SPS Mountaineers List. Previous ice axe, crampon, and knots/belay experience required. *	R-M May 24-26 Birch/Tinemaha Cohen/Knapke
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-E Feb 15 Local Snow Refresher Bradley/Talbott All aspects of snow (not ice) climbing will be covered. To be held at Baldy Bowl snow conditions permitting.*	R-M Jun 7-8 Bolton Brown/Thumb Hudson/Oliver
R-E Feb 19-22 Mt. Tom, North Ridge Colley/Mantle Strenuous winter ascent in deep snow. Ice axe, crampons, metal shovel, probe and beacon required. Start and finish at 6,000' level on Pine Creek Rd. *	R-M Jun 7-8 Wynne, Pinchot, Perkins Richter/Waxman
R-M Mar 15-17 Excelsior/Dunderberg Eckert/Sexton	R-M Jun 21-22 Corcoran/Leconte Waxman/Richter
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> O/I/M Apr 5 LTC Seminar Griffith Park A. Danta	R-M Jun 21-23 Izaak Walton /Silver Eckert/Hudson
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-E Apr 5-6 Joshua Tree Rock Workshop Richter/L. Tidball	R-M Jun 21-23 Black/Diamond Mamedalin/Valkass
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> I/M/E Apr 12-13 Navigation Practice/Checkoff Indian Cove, J. Tree Freimanis	I Jun 27-29 Silver Kline/Graff
R-M Apr 12-13 Olancha B. Tidball/Epstein	R-M Jun 28 Mills Cohen/Knapke
R-M Apr 18-20 Gilbert/Johnson Eckert/Cohen	I Jul 11-16 Trail Maintenance/Williamson Camphausen/Secor
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-M Apr 19-20 Snow Practice Bradley/Danta	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Late Sept Sierra Backpack and Rock Checkout Leader and Date TBD
R-M May 3-4 Spanish Needle/Owens Valkass/Jones/Mamedalin	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> O/I/M Oct 18 LTC Seminar Griffith Park A. Danta
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> R-M May 3-4 Snow Checkout Danta/Bradley	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Mid Nov. Rock Checkout Leader/Date TBD
R-E May 3-4 Mt.Dana Snow Climb Keenan/ Mantle	

\*Complete descriptions for all other trips can be found in the Angeles Chapter Schedule.

## Advance Notice of 1996/1997 HPS Trips

O	Dec 14	Sat	Mt Lowe (5603')	John McCully, Carol McCully, Jennifer Lambelet, George Denny
I	Dec 14	Sat	Monrovia Pk (5409')	Maggie Wilson, Chuck Sale
O	Dec 14	Sat	Mt Lowe (5603')	John Connelly, Peter Doggett
O	Dec 14	Sat	Mistletoe Hike	Stag Brown, Joe Young, Bobcat Thompson
I	Dec 14-15	Sat-Sun	Caliente Mtn, McPherson Pk, Peak Mtn	Asher Waxman, Beth Epstein
I	Dec 14-15	Sat-Sun	Villager Pk (5756'), Granite Mtn #2 (5633')	Dan Richter, Charlie Knapke
O	Dec 15	Sun	Reyes Pk (7514'), Haddock Mtn (7431')	Patty Kline, Peter Doggett
O	Dec 15	Sun	Strawberry Pk (6164') via Colby Canyon	Jim S Fleming, Bob Freed
I	Dec 21	Sat	Mt Hilyer (6162'), Mt Mooney (5840')	Luella Fickle, Erich Fickle
O	Dec 21	Sat	X-Mas LA by Night	Stag Brown, Joe Young, Bobcat Thompson
O	Jan 1	Wed	Monrovia Pk (5409')	Asher Waxman, Peter Doggett
I	Jan 4	Sat	San Ysidro Mtn (6147')	Carleton Shay, Diane Dunbar
O	Jan 5	Sun	Big Iron Mtn #1 (8007')	John McCully, Carol McCully, Jennifer Lambelet, George Denny
O	Jan 11	Sat	Mt. Lukens (5074')	Bobcat Thompson, Stag Brown
O	Jan 18	Sat	Mt Harvard (5441'), Mt Wilson(5710')	Frank & Rith Dobos
O	Jan 18	Sat	Mt Deception (5796'), Mt Disappointment (5960') San Gabriel Pk (6161')	Ralph Turner, Haven Fearn
O	Jan 18	Sat	Cahuilla Mtn (5635'), Little Cahuilla Mtn. (5042') Rock Point (5280')	Peter Doggett, Penelope & Ron May
O	Jan 25	Sat	Smith Mtn (5222')	David Eisenberg, Charlotte Feitshans
O	Jan 25	Sat	Mt Lukens(5074')	Patty Kline, Peter Doggett
O	Jan 26	Sun	Sunset Pk (5796')	Luella Fickle, Erich Fickle
O	Feb 2	Sun	Cahuilla Mtn (5635'), Little Cahuilla Mtn. (5042')	Charlotte Feitshans, Ray Soucy
I	Feb 8	Sat	Intro. to Cross Country Hiking for Beginners	Diane Dunbar, Frank Goodykoontz
O	Feb 8	Sat	Mt Lawlor (5957'), Strawberry Pk (6164')	Don Westland, Mary McMannes
O	Feb 8	Sat	Brown Mt.	Stag Brown, Joe Young, Bobcat Thompson
I	Feb 8-9	Sat-Sun	Granite Mtn. #2 (5633'), Whale Pk. (5349')	Ray Soucy, Carleton Shay
I	Feb 15	Sat	Eagle Crag (5077')	Frank Goodykoontz, Diane Dunbar
I	Feb 15-16	Sat-Sun	Queen Mtn (5680'), Ryan Mtn (5461')	David Eisenberg, Frank & Ruth Lee Dobos Betty Strirratt
I	Feb 22-23	Sat-Sun	Whale Pk. (5349)	Ron May, Donna Hryshchyshyn
I	Feb 22-23	Sat-Sun	Combs Pk. (6193'), Cahuilla Mtn (5635') Little Cahuilla Mtn. (5042')	Frank Dobos, Ruth Lee Dobos, David Eisenberg
I	Feb 26	Wed	Sheep Mtn (5141')	Jerry & Nancy Keeting
I	March 1-2	Sat-Sun	Coyote (3192'), Rabitt Pk #2 (6640')	John McCully, Asher Waxman

**IF THERE ARE ANY LEADERS AIMING FOR THE MEXICAN  
VOLCANOES IN NOVEMBER OF '97, I WOULD BE VERY HAPPY TO  
TAG ALONG  
MARIO GONZALEZ(213) 614-2344**



It is hard to believe that 1996 is coming to a close. I have been honored to serve as Chair of the SPS since January. The office has given me the opportunity to talk to and get to know more of the climbers who make this the greatest Sierra Club outings section in the country. The past year has served to strengthen my sense of community within the SPS and as a climber. I know we all climb for many individual reasons, but I believe that in the SPS membership there is a sharing of climbing and conservation values. We all seek the beauty of the Sierra; the challenge of a long hike or difficult climb; the thrill of accomplishment and feeling of awe that each summit inspires, as well as the warmth from the companionship of sharing these experiences with friends. My friends are a very important part of the rich spectrum of climbing.....and I thank you all.

Let me offer a round of applause to the 1996 Management Committee for everyone's great support, energy and efforts to help make this year a strong year for the SPS. Thank you to Wayne Norman/Echo and Secretary, Patty Kline/Banquet, Programs and Merchandiser, Dan Richter/Vice Chair, Membership and Archivist and to Harry Friemanis/Treasurer. I would also like to extend an applause to Doug Mantle and Duane McRuer/Safety & Training, Dave Underwood/Conservation, Barbara Cohen/Outings, Charlie Knapke/Web Master and Tina Stough/Mountain Records.

In 1997 I am honored to pass on this column to Tina Stough. Tina returns to the SPS management committee after an absence of 5 or 6 years. Tina will have the pleasure of serving as Chair. Tina was a natural choice for the committee to select as Chair for 1997, her mountaineering accomplishments in the Sierra and other places in the world are an example for many in the SPS. I have always believed that the Chair should be someone who is a skilled climber, and where I have achieved my "M" rating and I do lead SPS trips, I know in 1997 that the SPS will have a strong and talented climber as the section Chair.

In your 1996 ballot we asked the SPS membership to give us their opinion on having an Achievement award for leaders. By far the majority of respondents voted for a Dave Dykeman Leadership Award. In the coming year the management committee will work on details of the award, and prepare a proposed SPS By-Laws revision on the award, for the vote of the membership.

The Spring SPS schedule has a number of challenging trips as well as lots of opportunity for practice. The Safety & Training Committee set up a schedule for rock and snow practices that should keep us all on our toes. New prospective leaders...plan ahead and sign-up for your check-outs. "E" & "M" rated members are need to assist at each practice and check-out. All members should use these dates as a time to clean some rust off old skills and to learn new techniques. And if you want to test your skills.....join Beth and I on our April attempt to FINALLY climb Olanca via Olanca Creek (we hope)! Thank you for a great climbing year.

*Rabea*

## CONSERVATION

By David Underwood

The California Sierra Club Conservation Committee met in San Louis Obispo Sept. 7-8. Virtually all of the resolutions adopted by this committee will be endorsed by the Sierra Club. Many of these resolutions were regarding initiatives that will be on the State ballot this Fall. In several cases some of us were at a loss to see how these resolutions pertained to conservation. Unfortunately, the conservation activists in the Sierra Club have been the more liberal element since these are the people who like to get involved in such activities. This activism has also alienated many of the more moderate members of the club, who then choose not to be active in conservation matters, but this failure to be active results in a default to the liberals.

We need some moderation in the conservation area. Some very good people with moderate views are active in conservation, but their efforts are nullified by the policies of the more active radical elements. That is why I am asking more of you to take an active interest in our conservation activities. My personal observation of the SPS and DPS is that their membership is more weighted with professionals than most other sections and that the education level is in general higher than in the other sections. Although many climbers are active in conservation, our membership seems a bit complacent. Your input is needed. We need you to write letters, lobby your legislators, and take an active interest in conservation issues. We need more people to attend the forest

committee meetings on issues like Sequoia and Kings Canyon to counter the interests of the logging and wise-use movements, and we need your support for the restoration of Yosemite.

As mountaineers we have all seen the destruction caused by clear-cut logging. Anyone who has climbed Mt. Shasta only has to look west and observe the barren slopes where only scrub brush grows now. I recently finished up the northern peaks and as I looked out from the summits of Mt. Lola, English Mountain, and Mokulumne Peak. I could see the results of clear cutting. It destroys trout streams and wildlife habitat, and it threatens our access to the wilderness, but when I try to talk conservation to others outside the Sierra Club, I get remarks like, "Oh, you're just a bunch of liberals trying to keep people from using their property." When we let the radicals take the lead, we lose our credibility, and our efforts are depreciated, so I urge all of you to take a more active interest in the conservation issues of our times. Let us leave our forests and wilderness a little better for our children and their children. So take a few moments and write a letter or two.

On a personal note: The demise of Dave Dykeman saddens me greatly. He will be sorely missed. I was fortunate to have hiked with him several times, and I found him to be a congenial and dedicated leader. His loss leaves a void that will not be soon filled.

**MARIO GONZALEZ WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR LEADERSHIP TO ASCEND THE FOLLOWING PEAKS: DARWIN, THUNDERBOLT, GARDINER, NORMAN CLYDE, PALISADE CREST, THUNDER, GLACIER RIDGE, HERMIT.  
(213) 614-2344**

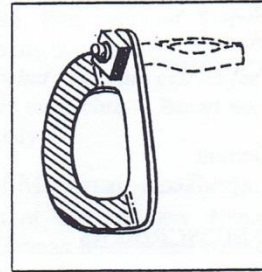
**Mountain Records**

by Tina Stough

We had a productive season of recording information about our peak registers and keeping them in good shape. For all but seven of our listed peaks, I now have information about the registers or lack thereof. I wish to give special thanks to Charles Gerckens for making and donating six more aluminum cylinders to the SPS. My diligent field correspondent, Doug Jones, has been an invaluable help in supplying register reports. New books were placed on thirteen peaks, and fourteen peaks have new containers, whether it's a canister or an ammo box for the most popular peaks. Thank yous go to these people for placing containers: Mark Adrian (Three Sisters), Barbara Cohen (Senger and Milestone), John Dodds (Bago), Beth Epstein (Iron), Terry Flood (Senger), Doug Jones (Homers Nose and Milestone), Doug Mantle (Milestone), Dan Richter (Black Giant), Mirna and Greg Roach (Leavitt and Stanislaus). Basin, Cotter, Emerson, Koip, and Williamson also have new containers this year. Muchas gracias!

**Meeting on Bolting Policy**

The next meeting of the California/Nevada Regional Conservation Committee will be held  
**Saturday, January 4, 1997, 10:00 a.m.- 4:30 p.m.**  
**Black Rock Campground Meeting Room**  
**Joshua Tree National Park**



Prospective agenda items include committee reports, bolting policy, and a discussion of land swaps. The Conservation Committee will be considering its position carefully on the controversial issue of bolting. SPS members are strongly urged to attend and give climbers' opinions on bolting policy. The meeting is open to all Sierra Club members. To reach Black Rock Campground, take either Hwy 62 or Hwy 247 to the town of Yucca Valley. Follow the sign for Black Rock at the junction of 62 and 247, going south on Joshua Lane approximately 4 miles to its terminus at the campground. The meeting room will be open at 9:00 a.m.

**OUTINGS REPORT**

by Barbara Cohen

I would like to thank all who submitted trips for the 1996 climbing season. We had a terrific schedule with 59 trips offered and all but a handful went as scheduled. Special thanks to those leaders who sent in three or more leads/assits:

Dave Dykeman	5/0	Dan Richter	4/3	Greg Roach	4/0
Doug Mantle	3/2	Asher Waxman	2/4	Barbee Tidball	2/3
Larry Tidball	3/0	Nancy Gordon	0/3	Beth Epstein	2/1
		Barbara Cohen	0/8		

Thank you for such a successful program. You've kept me busy sending out leader packets.

**MEMBER ACHIEVEMENTS****CONGRATULATIONS!!!****EMBLEM:**

Ron Grau on Mt Humphrey, 7/7/96  
 Xin Gong on Mt. Darwin, 8/7/96  
 Mark Adrian on Clarence King, 8/10/96  
 Eric Beck on Mt. Abbot, 9/5/96

**MASTER EMBLEM:**

Mary Motheral on Red Peak, 7/27/93  
 Brain Smith on Mt. Ericsson, 9/18/95  
 Doug Jones on Moses Mountain, 9/20/95  
 Mary Sue Miller on Seven Gables, 8/27/96  
 Greg Roach on Stanislaus Peak, 10/15/96

**SENIOR EMBLEM:**

Mary Motheral on Mt. Kaweah, 8/24/84,  
 Doug Jones on Mt. Kaweah, 9/10/95,

**LIST FINISH**

Mary Motheral on Mt. Baldwin, 10/5/96  
 Steven Thaw on Mt. Muir, 10/15/96

## Membership Report - 11/18/96

by Wayne Norman

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Nancy Gordon  
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Steve Eckert

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H 408 246-8525

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H 818 798-1968



### Which 'Barbara' is Which???

Starting this issue Barbara Cohen and Barbara Tidball have volunteered to be coeditors of the ECHO. Please give them the help, support and patience you have given me. Send them your trip write-ups, with pictures if you have them, articles, announcements, etc. You can help make their job easier by sending them trip write-ups on disk or, if you have e-mail, via the Internet. This really helps save time putting the ECHO together.

From the departing editor

#### Final Echoes

After four years its time to pass the torch of Sierra ECHO editor on to someone else. (See above) The decision was easier to make after discovering my wife, Ruth, was expecting. Ruth has helped me this past year scanning articles into the computer and proofreading some of the ECHO. Her patience and support have been a big help. Soon though the hours which were spent putting the ECHO together will be spent taking care of a newborn. In this, my last editorial, I've put together some thoughts on climbing and being the editor.

*"I started out as a boy bent over a spring. Then I climbed mountains. I became a conservationist. Then I saw what we all were doing, and I wanted to stop us from doing worse. Now I want to restore what once was, not for an old man's memories, but for a baby's smile." David Brower, 'Let the Mountains Talk, Let the Rivers Run.'*

#### A Privilege to Serve

Over the last four years I have had the privilege to be your editor. My goal when I took over the job was to maintain the Sierra ECHO's high quality and, if possible, improve upon it. To the extent this goal was met, a great debt is owed to the previous editors and to those who have sent in trip reports and articles.

During this time I've tried to personalized the ECHO. This was done by remembering that the ECHO is a club newsletter, not a professional publication. What this means is the ECHO doesn't have to be a completely computerized desktop publication. There is a place in the ECHO for preformatted articles and cutting & pasting. The important thing is the final product looks good and is something our members look forward to and want to read. I was fortunate to have good feedback from section members who appreciated the effort required to put the ECHO together.

There are many rewards to serving an organization such as the SPS. The past two years I've been fortunate enough to serve on the management committee as Vice Chair ('95) and Secretary ('96). Still the rewards for these positions have been mostly intangible. As ECHO

editor though, as I was reminded recently, I have a tangible reward, four years of Sierra ECHO's with which to adorn my bookshelf.

*"Ask not what your club can do for you, Ask what you can do for your club. - Based on a quote from John F. Kennedy*

#### The Love of Mountains is Best.

On a recent trip to New Hampshire's White Mountains a German hiker asked me how I compared these mountains to the Alps? I responded that this was a false question. Each mountain range, be it the Alps, White Mountains, Rockies, or the Sierra, each range had its own beauty, its own challenges, and its own rewards. By not comparing one range to another the climber was free to enjoy every mountain individually and climb each mountain for its own merits.

Most of us have different reasons why we climb. I climb for many reasons; freedom, exercise, relaxation, serenity, excitement, camaraderie, solitude, fantastic scenery, to name just a few, but perhaps the most important reason I climb is climbing mountains helps me grow and develop as a person.

*To be a mountaineer is to first love the mountains then to climb them. Doug Robinson, A Night on the Ground, A Day in the Open*

#### We're mountaineers, why do we need a list to tell us what to climb???

The freedom of the hills and the love of mountains is why I eschew lists. While a list can be a great starting point in exploring an area or range, it should never become the reason for climbing. Lists are arbitrary. They allow someone else to set a climbing agenda by deciding what mountain is "worthy" of being on the list. It is amazing to see the arbitrary criteria that gets established to decide if a peak really qualifies as a four thousander (New England) or a fourteen thousander (Colorado). This doesn't even begin to take into account the debates over which peak should be an emblem or mountaineers peak! Thankfully the SPS has left its list unchanged since 1989.

emblem or mountaineers peak! Thankfully the SPS has left its list unchanged since 1989.

If a peak isn't on the list and you think it should be, just climb it. If you think others may enjoy it, lead the peak. If a person truly climbs for themselves, what difference does having a peak on a list really make. The only reason it makes a difference is if we are concerned about what other people may think or if we want to compare ourselves to other people

*Why can't we just climb? - John Salathe,*

### Memories of Norman Clyde

Norman Clyde is one of my climbing heroes. This summer I was on a couple of summits in the Sierra that were not on the SPS List. These peaks had excellent views, were enjoyable climbs and one had an added bonus: an original Norman Clyde Register. Since it was on an infrequently climbed 'minor' mountain, (though Norman Clyde made several ascents of the peak) the register had not yet been stolen or removed for 'protection' and a copy put back in its place. Finding the register and being able to sign my name in the same register as Norman Clyde made that ascent very special. Because this peak is not on the SPS list many SPS members will never climb this scenic mountain. (And no I'm not publishing the location of this register.)

*"Flocks of birds have flown high and away.*

*A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.*

*And I sit alone with the Ching-Ting Peak,  
towering beyond.*

*We never grow tired of each other,  
the mountain and I." - Li Po*

### Wow! You Have An Adventurous Job

I keep a journal of my outdoor (mis)adventures. The best journal I've found is a soft covered leather covered, 7 1/2 by 5 1/2 inch, lined journal. It's a plain journal style, and it comes without a lot of useless extras pages found in similar 'travel journals'. The only

place I've found this style journal is Crane & Co. in South Coast Plaza. The journals are somewhat expensive, but they are quite handsome, with high quality paper and will last a life time.

Earlier this summer I went to buy a new journal, but was informed they were out of stock in the British Tan covers, however they were on order. (If I'm spending that much on a journal, I want it in the right color.) The saleswoman, an attractive blond in her early twenties, offered to call me when the order arrived. She asked me to fill out the order book with my name and number. As she started to reach for the book, I gave her one of my cards. (Some of you may have seen these ego cards in peak registers.) Underneath my name it says:

*'Mountaineer - Outdoor Photographer'.*

The saleswoman looked at the card for a moment, then she looked back at me with a romantic gaze in her eyes and said with some awe "Wow! you have an adventurous job." My wife, who was standing behind me, just bit her tongue. Outside the store Ruth told me she had wanted to say "to bad he doesn't get paid for it", but she decided to let me bask in my moment of glory.

*"It is not variety that is the spice of life. Variety is the meat and potatoes. Risk is the spice of life. Those who climb mountains or raft rivers understand this." - David Brower*

### A Final THANK YOU

Finally let me thank all of you who over the past four years have sent their articles, comments, photographs, suggestions, and trip write-ups. Without you there wouldn't be an ECHO.

Sincerely,

*Wayne Norman*

It is late on a Wednesday night as I type this last bit for the November/December Echo. Barb and I have already learned alot.....including **amazement** that we **actually volunteered** to produce the Echo, and that we think we will **enjoy** doing it! We both owe a special note of thanks to Tina, for helping proof this issue.

As you look over our first Echo as co-editors, you will begin to see a few of the changes we have planned for the upcoming issues. Please let us know what you think, and we hope you enjoy reading this month's Echo as much as we did enjoy putting it together. **It is FUN and challenging!**

*Barb & Barbara*

# Remembrances of Dave Dykeman



Atop Kearsarge Peak  
with co-leaders Nancy  
Gordon, Barbara  
Cohen, Roy  
Magnuson, 9/26/92



Atop Kearsarge Peak at list  
leading finish, 9/26/92



Bolton Brown area  
early 90's

## Spanish Mountain & Three Sisters

June 15-16 1996

by

Greg Roach

Spanish Mountain and Three Sisters are two fun peaks in the Western Sierra. They make good spring time dayhikes with a car camp. There are beautiful views of the Sierra Crest from a different perspective than usually seen from the east.

**They make good Spring time dayhikes with a car camp.**

Both of these peaks take a little navigation skill because one is traveling in thick forest most of the way. The topo map for Spanish Mountain is Rough Spur 7.5 min. (Tehipite Dome 15 min.). The 15 min. map does not show the four-wheel-drive road we hiked up. However, it does show a trail going up Rodgers Ridge and over to Spanish Mountain which is the way we went.

A group of peakbaggers met Saturday morning at the Crown Valley Trail head south of Wishon Reservoir. There is plenty of space to spend the night directly across the road from the Trail head. This is a good place to meet. Due to spring run off we decided to keep our feet dry and take the four-wheel-drive road that climbs the ridge south of Rancheria Creek. Drive down the road about 3/4 of a mile from the Crown Valley Trail head and the four-wheel-drive road meets the paved road just past the Rancheria Creek Bridge on your left. On the right side of the road are good places to camp after your peak climb.

The four-wheel-drive road was a pleasant walk through the forest. At the 8600 foot level there is a trail that leads of to Garlic Meadow. (We came back from the peak this way - it was a little bit muddy. The meadow was in full spring run off). We continued up the road/trail through patches of snow to the bump just northeast of

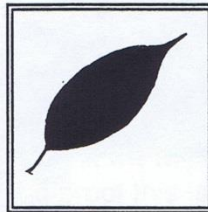
Garlic Meadow elevation 9080 on the 7.5 min. map ( 9040 on the 15 min. map). We walked down the southeast side of bump 9080 to where the road turned north heading down into Spanish Lakes. This is where the 7.5 min map shows the four-wheel-drive road ending. Here we left the road and hiked up Rodgers Ridge past point

9379 on the 7.5 min. map (9368 on the 15 min. map) just above the word RODGERS. The 15 min. map shows a trail going up the ridge here past 9368 and over to Spanish Mountain. That is just the way we went up Rodgers Ridge and over to Spanish Mountain. It worked fine. There were good views on Rodgers Ridge and even four-wheel-drive tracks on part of it.

We reached the snow-covered Spanish Mountain just in time for lunch. Total time one way about 5 hours, distance 8 miles, elevation gain 3500 ft. We camped that night directly across the road from the four-wheel-drive road.

Sunday morning we were up early and on our way to Courtright Reservoir. Courtright Reservoir is about 17 miles from where we camped. The Trail head for Three Sisters is located just past the Trapper Springs Campground on the west side of the Reservoir. The trail to Cliff Lake is the one we started out on. The

topo maps needed are Dogtooth Peak and Ward Mtn. 7.5 min (Huntington Lake and Blackcap Mtn. 15 min. maps). Use the 7.5 minute maps - the 15 minute maps are a bit dated. After about a mile the trail comes down to the shore of



Courtright Reservoir and then heads east along the stream originating at Cliff Lake. The trail crosses the stream a little ways past the reservoir and then stays on the north side of the stream. The only problem with this route is that in Spring time there is enough water in the stream to make a crossing a cold wet experience. Therefore we stayed on the south side on the stream. The Stream forks at about 8240 feet. We followed the branch that originates East of Brown Peak 10349 feet. In about a mile or so you will come to a main trail which runs Northeast to Helms Meadow and Southwest to Nelson Lake. Continue following the Stream toward Brown Peak and then about a mile east of Brown Peak the stream forks. Take the right

fork follow the stream up toward a marsh shown of the 7.5 min map below 9400 feet. Don't go all the way to the marsh instead stay on the north side of the now small stream. Then leave the stream and head Northeast to the ridge between Three Sisters and Peak 10171. Climb Three Sisters from the Southwest. There is a good view of the Sierra's from the Mt. Goddard area and north. We started hiking about 7:30 am. and were back by 2:30 pm. Total distance about 12 miles and 2500 feet gain. Participants on this trip were Paul Graff, Mark Adrian, Terry Flood, Tom Neely, Don Sparks, Mike McDermitt, Elaine Baldwin, and David Baldwin.

## OLANCHA PEAK

June 22-23, 1996

by

Patty Kline

Our group met at 6:30 am at the road head for Olancha Peak. After the usual introductions and last minute running around, we were off at 6:45 am. Beth Epstein, my very capable co-leader, ate the dust all the way up to camp, which we reached about 1:30 pm. To get to the road-head from Los Angeles at Sage Flat at elevation 5,800' drive north on Highway 395 to Little Lake at the start of the Owens Valley. From here note your odometer and go 19.5 miles north to Sage Flat Road. Turn left (west) and go on this small road, keeping right at road forks on the most heavily used paved or dirt road, to the end at 58 miles. There is a sign "Pavement Ends" at 3.2 miles. The end of the road is a large bulldozed area of reddish dirt. It is not very scenic, just level to camp here. You can go back to the corral about 1/4 mile and up a little dirt side road and find yourself a nice spot if you like oak trees and ants. There is no water at either site. The turn off for Sage Flat Road is easy to miss. It is about 5 miles south of the town of Olancha. It was 7 miles from the cars to our

camp. The trail goes from the road head over Olancha Pass and then through Summit Meadow. Within a mile of the road -head you have a choice between the regular trail or the shorter, dustier Cow Trail. They both lead to Olancha Pass. We took the regular trail to Olancha Pass. Our camp was located at 9,600' just south of the Pacific Crest Trail. A nice stream is just south of the trail and we camped on the South side of the stream. This space is under good trees and level spots enough to accommodate a very large group. In an average to low snow year the stream usually dries up early in the season, although there may be small pockets of water which are spring fed uphill later on in the season. After a few hours of relaxation we had a happy hour with the usual community munchies with an additional challenge for all of our goal-oriented SPSers and potential SPSers. There was a contest for the best happy hour food. A sun glasses guard strap as first prize was awarded to Theresa Heroz for her cooked shrimp skewered on pineapple chunks. Dr. John

Miller won a bandana as second prize for his pasta and sauce creation. John told some of the best medical jokes I have ever heard. A one quart nalgene water bottle was given as third prize to Barney Bartelle for his smoked salmon.

The next morning all of us started for the peak at 7:15 am. About 2 miles above camp there was a spectacular view of the Sierra. The saddle below Olancho was our take off point for the peak. It is located at the high point of the PCT . It is a 1500' gain to the top. We headed east toward the peak over the class 2 boulders, bearing somewhat to the left. From the top of the peak at 12,123' there is a sheer 3,000' to 4,000' drop off from the east facing chute right below the summit. The lower part of the Owens Valley spreads out below the bottom of the peak. It is interesting to note the top of Olancho Peak is part of the original erosional plain of the ancient High Sierra range, also known as country rock. It has a flat top like Mt. Whitney, Mt. Darwin, Mt. Abbot and others. The glaciers were never

here.

After a leisurely 1 1/2 hours on top, including much picture taking and lunch, we left for camp at noon. After getting our backpacks together at camp we went back to the cars, arriving about 7 pm. About 8 of us had dinner at the Ranch House in Olancho. It is not one of the finer dinning spots on the east side, but we were hungry. The statistics for the weekend were 21 miles round trip and 6,500' of gain.

My thanks to Beth Epstein, who did a great job as my co-leader. The participants were Laura and Steve Huntley, Bob Bayma, Bob Lattanzio, Carol Snyder, Barney Bartelle, David Leth, Elaine and David Baldwin, Steve Erskine, Brad Jensen, Theresa Herzog, Kim Gimenez, Carlton McKinney, Rick Guilfoile and John Miller. Thank you to everyone for making this a great weekend.

### Mountaineering in the Cascades

#### **A Private Trip**

By Tom Randel

You've all done alpine start drill: up at 4:00 AM, forcing breakfast down and packing in the dark; leaving at 5:00 AM. Only this time it was different. I was going to get a shower in that rushed hour in the dark. I wasn't heading for a mountain, I was heading for an airport. I met Rick Beatty and Ellen Holden in the lobby of the Ontario airport at 6:00 AM on June 29, still bleary eyed after four hours of sleep. After the flight to Seattle, renting a car, and stopping at two ranger stations for information and permits, by late afternoon we found ourselves at a gate blocking further progress on the Cascade River Road. It was still early spring in the Cascades, and the winter washouts on the road had not yet been repaired. However, it was still

close enough to the solstice that it stayed light past 10:00 PM. We made dinner and repacked our packs in the pullout, then hiked the remaining three miles to the end of the road, arriving with plenty of time to set up camp and get to sleep early enough to get a full ten hours. After that long day, we all needed it.

The second day of our week-long trip found us hiking in to Boston Basin. The approach is relatively short, about 3,000 feet of gain, but it's all through dense forest. It is a climbers' trail, not maintained by the forest or park service. As a climbers' trail, it does what you'd expect. It goes straight up the mountain. We found ourselves grabbing tree roots to avoid slipping in the mud, our 50-60 pound packs

trying to pull us back down the mountain. Because we knew we had tons of daylight left, we took our time. We didn't want to wear ourselves out before our first objective, the West Ridge of Forbidden peak. We set up tents on the only two snow-free tent sites in the low camp in early afternoon. The higher camp was still entirely snowed in.

We were able to see almost the entire route along the west ridge from camp. We watched a group of six from the Mountaineers slowly make their way down. When they passed our camp on the way out, it was clear they had an epic. Six people is too many to take on a climb like this, especially when some are novices. We got our first bad news when the leader went out of his way to come over to us and emphasize that two ropes are needed for the rappels, and that the rappel stations in the couloir are hidden by all the snow. Since we only had one rope, we debated alternate plans, only to be saved by two other climbers arriving in camp late in the evening. The leader of the Mountaineers group had given them the same information, and they were eager to team up with us for the descent. At this point, Rick opted out of the climb in order for the four remaining climbers to be able to move more efficiently.

We had a true alpine start for Forbidden. We woke up at 3:00 AM and left around 4:30. There are three segments to the climb on Forbidden. There is a small, unnamed glacier to cross (several times larger than the Palisade glacier, but not big enough in the Cascades to warrant a name), a steep snow couloir to climb, then several pitches of rock along the arete that forms the West ridge. It took slightly less than two hours to cross the glacier, crunching over firm snow, all of us satisfied that the snow bridges were still strong enough to keep us from falling into any crevasses. As the sun rose, we eyed the clouds streaming over the summit and the West Ridge. We were all doubtful of

summiting at this point. The ridge is narrow enough that strong winds would blow us off. Throwing a rope for a rappel would have been impossible.

There was enough winter snow remaining that we were able to go around the huge bergshrund by climbing a snow field to the left of a large rock that marked the border of the 'shrund. Once above the 'shrund, we were very aware of the exposure as we traversed steep snow across the top of the giant gap to the base of the couloir. The snow was still firm enough in the couloir to require crampons (the only time on the entire trip that we needed them). The guide book says to climb the snow and ice to within 150 feet of the top of the couloir, then move out to class 4 rock. There was so much snow left that we were able to get within 15 feet

of the top before having to make a few moves on third class rock (still wearing plastic boots and crampons). Magically, the howling winds stopped just as we topped out of the couloir.

We switched to rock gear at this point. Ellen's and my plan was to simul-climb as much as possible. I took the lead as I had rock shoes and Ellen had left hers in camp. The ridge consists of several large steps, with fifth class moves (up to 5.6) to get around them, and very exposed third and fourth between. The arete is truly spectacular. It really is a knife-edge ridge. At some points we were straddling it; at others, we were doing hand traverses along the top with two thousand feet of air beneath our feet. This is what earns this climb a place in the "Fifty Classics."

We made such good time simul-climbing that we switched to normal belays two pitches from the top. The plastic boots didn't seem to slow Ellen down one bit. We got to the summit about 10:00, 5 ½ hours after starting from the low camp, not bad since the guide book says 6 to 8 hours from high camp. The weather was so nice and the view so incredible that we spent nearly two hours on the summit.

The descent was straight-forward. We rappelled the steps and either belayed or third-classed the lower angle terrain between them. At one third class move I told Ellen that if she fell I would not mount a rescue; instead I would come back with a body bag. It is a very airy ridge. One single and two double rope rappels got us down the couloir. We carefully traversed across the top of the 'shrund, this time sinking and sliding on the slushy sun-warmed snow. Rick met us at the top of the glacier with extra water, and we made it back to camp in about half an hour. We had had fourteen hours of

climbing (including two at the summit), yet we still had several hours of daylight left to relax and make dinner. All in all, a very rewarding climb.

Our next objective was Sahale Peak. Since we had chosen the lower camp in Boston Basin, we could do this without moving camp.

Because we felt that Sahale was just a glacier walk up, our alpine start for this peak was 10:00 AM. This turned out to be too late, as the warmer, wet snow in the afternoon is more

We could see cracks forming where the cornices were getting ready to break off. We knew we had to stay to the right of these cracks, but that put us on steep, avalanche prone snow.

prone to avalanche. We followed the dotted line in the snow left by previous climbers across the Quien Sabe glacier and got to the Boston-Sahale Col in good time. There were very few crevasses along the route we had chosen. We did have to cross some avalanche paths, however, that had come down from the area of Shark Fin Tower.

Things started to get tricky when we got to the bergshrund at the top of the glacier. The old tracks crossed a small and weak looking snow bridge. We were all skeptical of the strength of this bridge, checking it out from above and below. Rick tested it by poking his ice axe through it. When he could see completely through the hole he made, we knew we had to find another way to cross. We checked out some other bridges and finally crossed at a place that was narrow enough to make a big step all the way across to a foot-hold on the other side, then scrambled up the steep snow wall above the 'shrund.

Safely across, we now turned our attention to the final ridge leading to the summit. The guide book calls this ridge third and fourth class rock. This was not the case, as we were still early enough in the season for the entire



ridge to be covered with snow. There were huge cornices to our left (on the opposite side of the ridge from the glacier we had climbed) and steep, loose snow on the right. We could see cracks forming where the cornices were getting ready to break off. We knew we had to stay to the right of these cracks, but that put us on steep, avalanche-prone snow. We all agreed that we would have to do this ridge roped up.

Ellen took the first lead, as she is the lightest and least likely to disturb the cornices or loose snow, with Rick in the middle and myself trailing. She

cautiously made her way along the ridge, following the narrow path between the cornice cracks on the left and the steep snow on the right. There was a hidden crevasse at one point. Ellen fell in to her hips. Rick and I each tried a different crossing point, but we fell in to our hips as well. Finally the snow along the ridge got so loose that Ellen thought it would be best not to continue. As we were very close to the summit, I ventured forth and led the final few feet to the top, with both Rick and Ellen acting as a belay in case the snow slid out or a cornice broke off from under me. I made the final easy rock move to the summit and immediately clipped myself off to a sling that was tied around a rock. I then belayed Ellen and Rick from the top.

We had two reasons to get off the summit quickly. The loose snow was only getting worse and we wanted to descend before everything slid down the mountain. It was 2:00 or 3:00 in the afternoon, and there were several more hours of potential snow loosening ahead of us. We even heard a large slide directly below us. The other reason was that we had just caught our first glimpse of a storm brewing in the west.

We decided that it would be best to send the two heavier people down first with a belay from the rock anchor on top. I went first. When I got a full rope length out, past the worst of the loose snow, I buried my axe as an anchor as best I could. Rick then followed, using a prusik as a self belay on the fixed line. When Rick got to half rope, he tied in with a middle man knot. At

this point, Ellen untied from the rock anchor and the three of us down-climbed the rest of the ridge tied together. We each set off several small slides as we navigated the ridge line. Being first, I set off the most, with one

of them being quite large. These were all shallow slides, only going as deep as the sun had warmed and softened the snow.

When I got to the crevasse that we had all fallen in, I actually got down and crawled, spreading my weight out as much as possible. It worked! Soon we were above the bergshund. This we crossed the easy way: we jumped. One person jumped, one set an anchor and one person belayed the jumper with a boot-axe belay. The person not actually belaying got to snap a picture as we cried "one-two-three" before we leapt. We quickly made our way down the glacier, out of any potential avalanche paths, before we had lunch. We looked back at our route and marveled at all the slides we had set off.

We thought for sure we'd get rain once we got back to camp, but it never came. We made our dinner watching the sun set through the rain that was west of us. The weather looked so bad that we took everything we had into the tents in case it was raining when we had to make breakfast and pack up for the hike. It never happened. We actually got quite lucky. We were able to hike out, get showers, drive to a car-camp and make dinner before it started to

When I got to the crevasse that we had all fallen in, I actually got down and crawled, spreading my weight out as much as possible. **IT WORKED!**

rain. It rained all night.

It was now Thursday. We had completed what we called trip 1 and were ready to start trip 2. Our objective for trip 2 was Shuksin, a large glaciated volcano. It was still raining off and on, so hiking in was not even discussed. We spent the day as tourists in North Cascades National Park, checking out the dams and power stations that provide power to Seattle, touring the visitor center, etc. During a brief clearing, we made a hot lunch over our stoves and spread wet tents out to dry in a parking lot. No one seemed to care.

On Friday, we headed to the Trail head for Shuksin. It was still raining intermittently, and the peaks were still shrouded in clouds. The weather report called for clearing the next day, so we debated hiking in anyway. We were concerned that there might have been enough new snow to make summiting the next day an impossibility. We didn't want to hike in if we weren't even going to have a shot at the peak. While we were waiting at the Trail head, a large group, guided by AAI, came out. They were drenched, soaked to the skin. They told us that the trail was so bushy they got soaked just brushing up against the plants, let alone the rain. That was enough for us. We pulled out the guide book and looked for something we could do in one day on the east side of the range, presumably out of the rain. Our flights left Sunday, so we only had limited time left.

We found what we were looking for. The South Early Winters Spire sports an eight pitch, 5.4 arete. The guide book claims the route is spectacular for its rating, with tremendous views in an incredible setting. That was enough motivation for us to get out of the rain. We drove through the entire park (only two to three hours) to get to the east side Trail head, and sure enough, this side of the range was nearly cloud free. We still had plenty of daylight left, and even though this is a one day climb, we

decided to hike in for three reasons. One, the Trail head was right on the main highway, two, it would make the summit day that much shorter, and three, we didn't have anything else to do.

We were able to find a camp, despite the guide book's poor (i.e., completely wrong) description of the approach. Being considerably higher than we were previously, this was our only night camped on snow. It was also our coldest night, dropping below freezing. We had hoped for an early start, but it was just too cold. Rick opted out of the climb for two reasons: it was too cold for him, and there was a group of four climbers ahead of us.

Ellen and I climbed the approach on very cold and firm snow. We started about 8:00 and it was still very cold. Once we got to the base of the rock at about 10:00, it had warmed up quite a bit. We were eager to get ahead of the group of four. They passed our camp about an hour before we left, and they were still gearing up for the climb when we arrived at the base. They said they climbed fast, but we thought otherwise. Signs like huge packs, even huger racks, and bicycle helmets clued us in to their true climbing abilities. I started climbing before their first leader had made a belay. Ellen passed the follower about halfway up the first pitch. We didn't see them again until we were half way down the descent, and this included almost an hour on the summit.

We were very disappointed in the route. It is not, as the guide book claims, spectacular for its grade. There is a move or two of 5.4 on the first pitch and the second pitch has a move or two of low fifth class. The third pitch is fourth class and the rest of the eight pitches are third or even second. Ellen and I simul-climbed the whole route and made only one belay. Had we known that the upper pitches were so easy we'd have stashed the rope at the top of the third pitch, but while simul-climbing it is more efficient to just climb through easy sections than

it is to stop and belay them, so we stayed roped up all the way to the summit, hoping that the route would become fifth class again. I don't know how this route made it into "Selected Climbs in the Cascades."

On the descent, we third classed it all the way past the top of the third pitch. Three short rappels got us back to the base, and a short hike down the snow got us back to camp. Once we got back to camp, we found that our packs were gone! Not to worry, Rick had carried them out for us. We made it back to the cars in time to drive back into the park and get showers before

we made dinner on a picnic table. Sunday dawned clear, and we re-packed our bags for the uneventful drive back to Seattle and the flight home.

If you ever visit the Cascades, be aware that July is still very early in the season. Be prepared for lots of snow, but usually mild temperatures. July in the Cascades is like May in the Sierra. As for the weather, I can give you some forecasting advice. If you can't see the mountains, it's raining. If you can see them, it's gonna rain.

## **Hale (13,440') and Young (13,177')**

**June 23-25, 1996**

by Dave Sholle

This was supposed to be a provisional "I" lead for me, with Barbara Cohen as co-leader, but we ended up making it private shortly before the trip began.

When I applied for a permit for the trip, I naively assumed that the phone in requests on the first day would be given the same priority as the mail in requests. Silly me. Instead of obtaining a permit for Whitney Portal to Guitar Lake with a return to the Portal, a substitute permit was issued for Horseshoe Meadow to Guitar Lake, with an option to return to Horseshoe or out to Whitney Portal. This is definitely not the short route to Hale and Young. So we decided to go over Cottonwood Pass and

out at the Portal. Most of those who had signed up for, or showed last minute interest in the trip, based on the published schedule information, were understandably not enthusiastic about the new longer route and car shuttle arrangements. We ended up with one participant, Eric Siering. Since he was going in early, and we were to meet him at Guyot Pass, it didn't seem right to treat this as a provisional lead, so I didn't

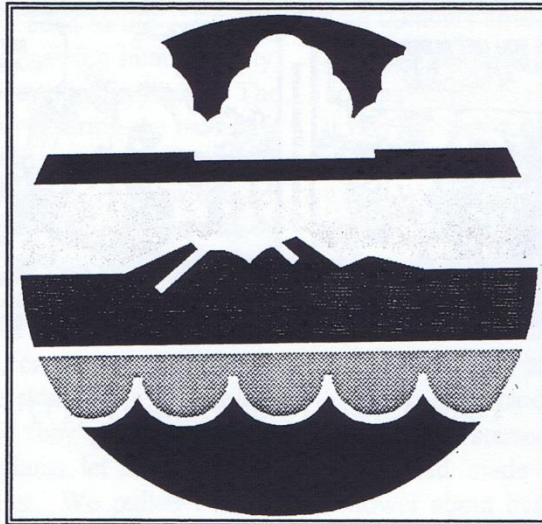
Barbara and I arrived at Horseshoe Meadow early enough Thursday evening so that we were able to go in four miles to Chicken Spring Lake, past Cottonwood Pass, arriving just in time to set up the tent and hang the food

before dark. On Friday we continued on and saw only two hikers going south until we ran

**We got the tent up just before it started raining moderately hard.**

into a ranger (Rob, stationed at Rock Creek) just below Guyot Pass. We chatted with him and mentioned we were to meet someone at the pass. Rob said, "Is his name Eric?", and told us that Eric was waiting at the pass. On Thursday Eric had climbed Joe Devel and Pickering, and on Friday had climbed Guyot and then waited at the pass for us. He had arranged with Ann Kramer to meet us Sunday afternoon at the Portal to give us a ride back to Horseshoe Meadow, so we were happy to hook up with him, thereby avoiding a long hike back to Horseshoe Meadow.

We continued on to Crabtree Ranger Station, and decided to keep on going further to put us in a better position to do the peaks Saturday, and to hike out Sunday. Since camping isn't allowed at Timberline Lake, we went a little past it and found a nice spot to the south of the trail, at about 11,200 feet. We got the tent up just before it started raining moderately hard for about a half hour. After backpacking seventeen miles that day, we decided that the next day climbing the peaks would be considered a rest day.



Saturday dawned with light clouds, which soon cleared out, and we headed up the trail, past some low cliffs to the north, leaving the trail before reaching Guitar lake, at a point where the cliffs petered out, at about 11,400 feet. We first went NW for a way, then NE up to a broad saddle between Young and the point marked 3879T on the Mt. Whitney 7.5 map, and then continued on up to the top of Hale. We had all day, and the morning weather was good, so we had no need to push the pace. The slope was gradual enough that it was never

a slog. Hale is in a spectacular setting, and the view from the top is exhilarating, with impressive cliffs to the north and east, with Wales and Wallace Lakes below, an unnamed peak (4245T) to the east, and Russell beyond that, and then the bulk of Whitney looming to the southeast. To the south, Hitchcock Lakes and Peak dominate the view, and numerous peaks were visible to the west and north. With powerful binoculars, you

might be able to see what users of the open fronted outhouse on Whitney were reading.

We lingered for a long time on Hale, then descended to the saddle between Hale and Young, and climbed about 400 feet up to Young. The route we followed wasn't class 1, as it involved some boulder scrambling, but you could easily drop down further and find a class 1 route if you were so inclined. We had lunch on Young and lingered for a long time, until we were driven off by the increasing clouds, which caused quite a chill when they blotted out

the sun. A quick descent down talus and sand and less than a mile back down the trail brought us to camp. The stats for the day were about 2,700 feet of gain and four miles round trip. Upon return to camp, Eric discovered some nice pools and a granite sundeck nearby, which we enjoyed. That evening, it rained lightly, with some thunder. The Kaweahs were really soaked in, and the top of Whitney was in mist.

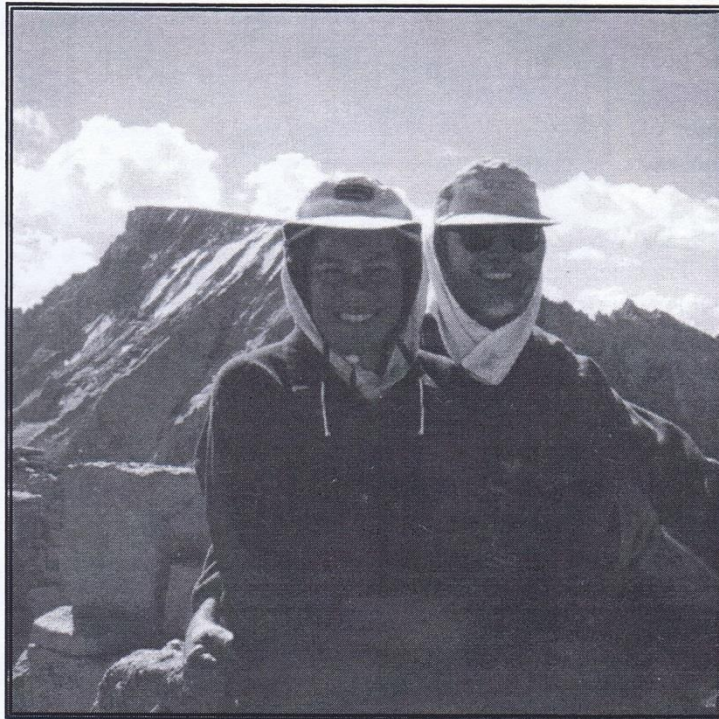
O n  
S u n d a y  
morning, Eric  
got up early and  
motored up  
Whitney, and  
Barbara and I  
left an hour and  
a half later. As  
we climbed  
above Guitar  
Lake, we  
wondered if  
there were any  
bass in the lake,  
and if so,  
should it be  
named Bass  
Guitar Lake,  
and if someone  
t h r e w  
nickel-cadmium  
batteries in the

lake, would it be known as Heavy Metal Guitar Lake? (You had to be there.) As we switchbacked up to Trail Crest we could smell the remains of a pack animal (actually two) which had been blown up after a mortal injury. The stench was overpowering, and pieces of hair and hide were splattered all over the rock for some distance. Apparently, dead pack animals are either cut up and carried out, or blown up for disposal (they do temporarily close the trail). This reminded me of the movie, They Dynamite Horses, Don't They? As we reached the

junction to the top of Whitney and Trail Crest, we saw Eric's pack, and left him a note that it was 10:00. We then ran into the usual horde of hikers coming up. A short distance after we had passed Trail Crest Eric caught up to us and said that the ink on the note was still wet, as he had arrived back at his pack at 10:05. He continued on down.

When we reached Trail Camp, and

smelled the all pervasive odor (which was not coming from the outhouse), we decided to rename it Urine Camp. P e r h a p s instead of the green Whitney Zone stamp on the permit, the USFS needs to affix a yellow Urine Camp stamp on the permit, giving permission to pee at Trail Camp. All kidding aside, this is a serious



issue. No one expects Trail Camp to be a wilderness experience, but it shouldn't have to smell like a bus station populated by winos. We continued on down and met Eric at the Portal store. Ann, who had been on a Kern Peak trip, came by at 4:00 to give us a ride back to Horseshoe Meadow. The stats for the day were about 2,500 feet of gain, 5,300 feet of descent, and thirteen miles. The three of us agreed it had been a successful trip, but it was certainly not the easiest way to reach Hale and Young.

## !!! List Finish !!!

### BALDWIN AND BLOODY

October 5 -6, 1996

Saturday, October 5, 1996, four teachers set out on a modest quest - not to identify potential Pulitzer Prize winning students, locate supportive administrators, discover a clean, air conditioned campus, but to celebrate the realization of a goal formulated 24 years ago with the 1972 climbs of Angora and Coyote: my SPS list finish!

Barb Cohen, Dave Sholle, and I met at the Convict Lake Trail head parking lot and departed for Baldwin at 7:00 a.m. Tina Stough, along for a day hike, caught up with us at our first break, shortly before the washed out bridge that once crossed Convict Creek. After we backpackers dumped gear off at our Mildred Lake campsite, Tina led us toward Baldwin's summit along a use trail which went south along the east side of Hildred Lake, then curved back to a small saddle that overlooked Bright Dot Lake. **From the** saddle, we headed east up Baldwin's flanks, following the trail to the summit. En route, we passed a mine which littered the area with glittering parallelepipeds of calcite crystals (Thanks, Barb, for the correct appellation of the geometric shapes that dazzled us). Shortly before summiting what resembled a desert, more than a Sierra, peak, Tina graciously stepped aside to allow me **the honor** of going first. On top, Barb and Dave surprised me with a SPS pin specially designed by Dave Dykeman and a Winged Victory with engraved congratulations for my triple list finish. Tina presented me with a card, and everyone produced goodies to celebrate, chocolate predominating. (One might conclude that students can get more mileage out of chocolate

than apples when trying to ingratiate themselves to teachers.) After basking in glory and taking photos, the group headed for camp, with Tina hiking out to work on her historic Jane Austin home in Independence.

**Sunday** morning we tackled Bloody, as Barb "needed" it. We got up at 6:00 a.m., left

camp at 7:00, summited at 11:30, reached camp at 3:00 p.m., and got to our cars shortly after 5:00. Dave gets credit for the following information: Starting from the campsite at the NE end of Mildred Lake, go around the north end of the lake across a footbridge at the outlet, and then go south along the west side of the lake toward the southern end; then start NW up the trail that ascends to the west of the lake. After climbing the hill, descend part way to Lake Dorothy and take the branch of the trail to the right. Climb slightly for awhile, then descend to Lake Genevieve. Contour around the east side of the lake near its shore; then cross the log

...more mileage out of  
chocolate than apples

clogged outlet at the NE end of the lake. Continue following the trail for awhile; then choose an obvious way up a gully to the NW up to the NE ridge of Bloody Mountain. (It is well over 2,000' of gain from the lake to the ridge.) Follow the bumps on the ridge to the SW up to the summit. Fortunately, the furthest bump is not the summit. Descend the way you came. The RT distance from Mildred Lake by this route is about nine miles with about 3,700' of gain,

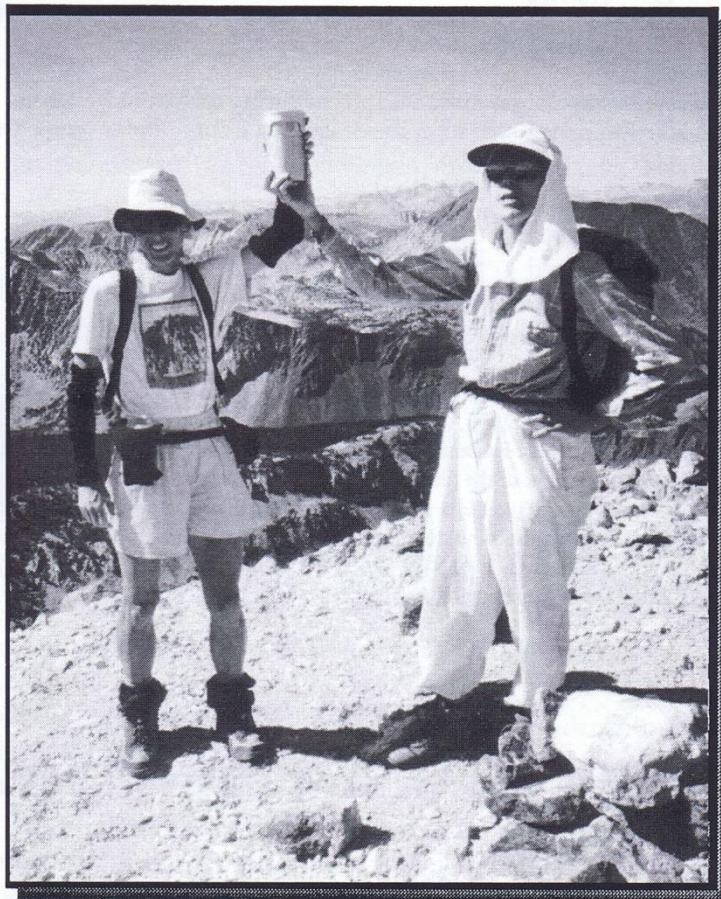
...the realization of a goal  
formulated 24 years ago...

including the climb out of Lake Genevieve up to Lake Dorothy.

Nancy Gordon, yet another teacher, recently honored this mountain with her list finish. However, none of us deemed it a favorite due to numerous false summits and irritating shale.

Like Tina and Doug Mantle, do I aspire to climb the list again? No, but I certainly think Californians are blessed with the finest mountain range globally, the Sierra Nevada, and hope to repeat many favorites.

**Mary Gyax Motheral**



#### **BEAR BOX NEWS**

**by Patty Kline**

In May of 1993 the SPS donated \$425.00 to Sequoia and Kings National Parks to purchase a large bear box for the Big Arroyo. This money was just for the bear box, made by prisoners in Porterville, not for the transportation into the back country. The bear box currently near the cabin site in the Big Arroyo hasn't been able to accommodate everyone. When I was there the end of August, it was stuffed with our food from Steve Thaw's "Pick A Peak Week," and the next group in probably wished we would leave.

When I talked to the Little Five Lakes Ranger, Erika Jostad, on August 26, she said many new bear boxes were being installed late this summer. After my conversation with the ranger, I learned that the Big Arroyo received our box in October. The box is a large bear box with doors, like they have at car campsites. Later this fall or next summer, the old box in the Big Arroyo will be moved to Lost Canyon at the junction of Big Five Lakes Trail. A new large box has also been placed this year at Pinto Lake, a third large box is scheduled for Crabtree, and the current small box at Crabtree will go to Wheel Barrow Camp. The small box from Pinto Lake will go to Kern Hot Springs to replace the box that is so badly broken it can't be used.

One who shall forever remain anonymous (unless it/she/he steps up and takes credit) has sent the generic trip report! It's perfect... it contains all of the elements we need, and none of the fluff like excitement and emotion that burdens a really generic report.

If I'd had this sooner, I could have saved a lot of time putting the Scree together this morning (or was it last night?). Just paste in the proper names and print it out.

Enjoy!

SRE

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Mount Frubush Trip Report

On the morning of October 24, 1996, Arnie Aardvark, Barry Bonds, Connie Chung and I (Izzie Iguana) set out to climb Mount Frubush. It was cold and clear. We went up the trail, past pine trees and boulders, to the base of the glacier. Roper is definitely crazy. He said Mount Frubush is only class two, but we wished we had a rope. I've never been so scared in my life. We all signed the summit register, admired the view, took hero photos and ate our lunch. After we came back down, we had dinner at Denny's. It was the worst meal I ever ate and I'll never go back there again. Thanks Arnie for organizing and leading this challenging and rewarding climb.

Izzie Iguana

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PS: HEY, THIS IS SARCASM, OK? IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY! I'm not attacking the articles in the Scree, just having fun.

Editor's note ... of Echo  
(these days, you can't be too careful)

Steve Klump, supervisor for the back country rangers, said that the large boxes take three trips to helicopter in because first a crew must be flown into the site, then the box is flown in a sling under the helicopter, and then the crew is flown out. The boxes are too big to fit in the helicopter.

It will be a little late this year for us to use the new bear boxes. Next season we can really appreciate them. The bears in the Big Arroyo seem to be less aggressive that I saw in August. There was no aluminum foil "residue," but digested berries in its place. The bears are learning to be natural again, and they are being saved.



## RETURN TO MT. MUIR

### THE BEGINNING by Steve Thaw

In the Autumn of 1873, after a two-week journey from Yosemite through the Range of Light, John Muir left his horse on a Kern River Valley meadow for old Mt. Whitney (now Mt. Langley).

"On October 15, with no equipment but a spirit level, climbing by way of the Hockett Trail, he gained the top of a mountain now known as Mt. Langley." This, according to Clarence King's

**"Muir made no secret of his faith in guidance by the not yet understood forces of nature either within or without ourselves."**

report published in the Geological Survey of California, was Mt. Whitney, the highest mountain in the range. But as Muir got there, he saw a few miles to the north a still higher peak. Using his spirit level, he found it to be about 500 feet higher. Without wishing to upset anybody's applecart, he knew a mistake had been made.

"He set off at once to reach the real Mt. Whitney. Night came on, and with it, a freezing gale. With food gone and no wood to make a fire, he went on climbing. Pain and fever from an ulcerated tooth made him less careful of his safety than he ordinarily was. About eleven o'clock, he reached the crest of a mountain -- now known as Mount Muir -- still several hundred feet below his goal. It was 22 degrees below zero, and he had neither coat nor blanket. Recklessly, he tried to scale the needle-like appearing projections that still lay in his way. But when an intense drowsiness overwhelmed

him, he decided to wait until morning.

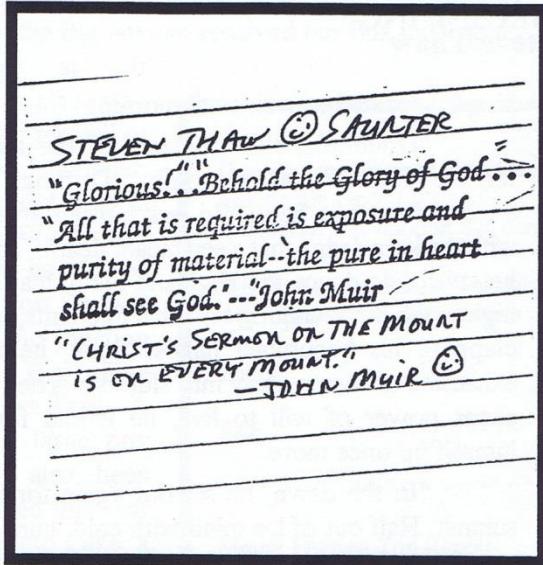
"Doubtless, this was one of the most terrible nights of his life. Drifting in unconsciousness, he would jerk himself awake with the knowledge that sleep meant death. Then he started to dance the Highland Fling, leaping high in the air, swinging his arms like flails, and clapping his benumbed hands. Soon, he fell exhausted to swoon away into slumber. Then by sheer power of will to live, he would force himself up once more.

"In the dawn, he set out again for the summit. Half out of his mind with cold, hunger, and the blazing pain in his jaw, he struggled on. Suddenly, he stopped and clung to the rocks with everything swimming about him. Then, as in previous emergencies, the other self took control. 'I felt,' he has related, 'as if someone caught me by the shoulders and turned me around forcibly, saying "Go back" in an audible voice.' So he went resignedly down the mountainside.

"Muir made no secret of his faith in guidance by the not yet understood forces of nature either within or without ourselves. In a published article, he said: '...we are governed more than we know, and most when we are wildest.' Among his notes he wrote, 'If a magnetic needle, a strip, or particle of iron be shown its way, shall the soul of a free man be left unguided?'

"Two days later, after making a careful study of the topography, he set out once more for Whitney, this time ascending from the eastern side and pushing up a canyon past the north shoulder. The survey people had said it couldn't be climbed from this side, and a mountaineer he met said it couldn't. But he went on, camped at the timberline, and on the

morning of October 21, stood on the helmeted summit of Whitney, the first man to have made the ascent directly from the eastern side."



Steve Thaw's "Summit Stamp"

"Wandering about the granite top of this highest mountain within the United States, he found in a yeast-powder can records left by those who had so recently preceded him, they having climbed from the south. In his little notebook, he copied them down: September 19, 1873. This peak, Mt. Whitney, was this day climbed by Clarence King, U.S. geologist, and Frank P. Knowles, of Tule River. On September 1st, in New York, I first learned that the high peak south of here, which I climbed in 1871, was not Mt. Whitney, and I immediately came here. Clouds and storms prevented me from recognizing this in 1871, or I should have come here then. All honor to those who came here before me. C. King

"Notice. Gentlemen, the locky finder of this half dollar is wellcome to it. Carl Rabe Sept 6th, 1873

"Muir replaced the records as well as the half dollar and went away without adding his own name. That night, he wrote in his journal this brief statement: 'I climb to the summit by 8

a.m., sketch and gain glorious views, and descended to the foot of the range.'

"John Muir returned to the Yosemite after 'a simple saunter' northward along the eastern base of the Sierra and by way of Lake Tahoe." From Son of The Wilderness, The Life of John Muir, by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, University of Wisconsin Press

"October 15. I left my horse on the meadow and set out for the summit afoot. Soon I gained the top of old Mt. Whitney, about fourteen thousand feet high. Found a mule trail to the summit. I leveled to another summit, five or six miles north and five hundred feet higher, and set out to climb it also. The way was very rough, up and down canyons. I reached the base of the highest peak near sunset at the edge of a small lake. No wood was within four or five miles. Therefore, though tired, I made up my mind to spend the night climbing, as I could not sleep. I took bearings by the stars. By midnight, I was among the summit needles. There I had to dance all night to keep from freezing and was feeble and starving next morning.

"October 16. I had to turn back without gaining the top. Was exhausted when I reached horse and camp and food.



Mt. Muir "The Beginning" Steve Thaw

"October 17 and 18. Set out for Independence and reached it at night. Ate and slept all next day.

"October 19. Set out afoot for the summit by direct course up the east side. Camped in the sage at a small spring the first night.

"October 20. I pushed up the canyon, which leads past the north shoulder of the mountain. Camped at the timber line.

"October 21. I climbed to the summit by 8 a.m., sketch and gain glorious views and descend to the foot of the range."

From John of the Mountains -- the Unpublished Journals of John Muir. Edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe, University of Wisconsin Press.

On October 15, 1996, I was found worthy to ascend Mt. Muir, hopefully the beginning of greater humility and respect. I have tried to saunter among the mountains and among other humans. My heart knows John Muir's advice.

"Saunter" was one of John Muir's favorite words. He used it in place of "hiking" which he considered a vile word. He told this story to a group of returning climbers. "You know when the Pilgrims were going from England to the Holy Land, the French would ask

them. 'Where are you going,' and they did not speak French very well, but they would say 'Sante Terre' (Holy Land). And that is where we get our word 'saunter,' and you should saunter through the Sierra, because this is a holy land if there ever was one."

Sauntering is walking in grace with compassion, faith, humility, modesty, hope, integrity, honor, trust, honesty, respect, beauty, and love. "Sauntering in any wilderness is delightful." -- John Muir

I dedicate my climb to Ursula Slager, Sarah Anne Taylor, Lula Anderson, Sherry Hanna, Galen Clark, and John Muir, to whom I owe so much, truly a brave heart. That is why I have signed each summit register with John Muir's own words: "Glorious ! " "Behold the Glory of God." "All that is required is exposure and purity of material. 'The pure in heart shall see God' . . ." "Christ's sermon on the mount is on every mount."

I thank all the fauna and flora for their friendship and wisdom. I look to Mt. Muir as a new beginning for many more saunters.

**Steven Thaw**

**Photo: Summit of Mt. Muir** Tim Blose, Linda James, John Dodds, Steve Thaw, Don Martin, Ben Loeser. October 15, 1996



## The Great Western Divide ♦ Peaks, Passes, Berries, and Bears August 30 - September 10, 1996

Scheduled SPS Trip lead by Larry & Barbee Tidball

I picked up our permit in Lodgepole early Friday morning while Barbee organized the group at the Crescent Meadow trailhead. We were joined at the start of the trip by Pete Yamagata, and Erik Siering. Brian Smith could not get away from work and would join us later on the trip. The bear talk at the permit station had warned about bears, and we saw our first one while still on the asphalt paved portion of the trail in Crescent Meadow. Our first day's route followed well-graded "High Sierra Trail" through Bearpaw Meadow and on to our camp at Hamilton Lake. The highlight of this long first day was sitting on the porch of the Bearpaw High Sierra Camp sipping lemonade (offered free by the cook) and enjoying the view of the Great Western Divide. Nearing Hamilton Lake, the trail passes beneath Angel Wings, a great granite wall. Pete took the opportunity to photograph this from a classic viewpoint beside the waterfall.

Saturday we were off early for the hike over Kaweah Gap. The interesting trail above Hamilton Lake was constructed by the CCC during the depression, and once sported a suspension bridge across a ravine. The bridge was swept away by an avalanche soon after it was constructed, and the CCC tunneled through a rock rib to bypass the location. This is the only trail with a tunnel I am aware of in the Sierra.

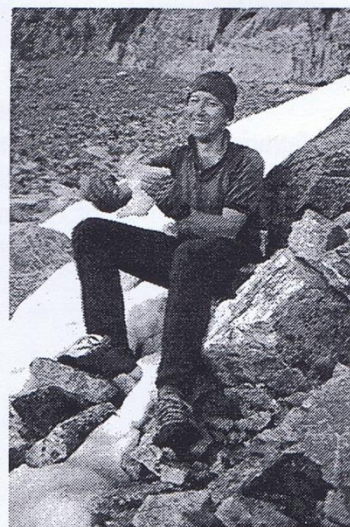
Once in 9 Lakes Basin, we started to set up camp and hang our food from the bears with plans to climb Eagle Scout and Lippencott. However, the local ranger came by and warned us about an aggressive bear. Since no one would remain in camp to guard the food, she asked us to move camp to the bench NE of lake 10,440'. After taking down the food and tents, moving camp, and re-establishing out camp, we decided that not enough time remained for our day's original objective. We then climbed Stewart via the SE slope rising directly across from our camp. We ascended the grass and flower covered slope to where the route divides. Pete went around to the left, while the rest of us climbed on ledges (class 2) up to the right and continued up an easy chute to reach the

summit area. The peak is the pyramid to the rear. The summit block is class 3 with some exposure.

Going with our altered schedule, Sunday we started early from our camp to climb Eagle Scout and Lippencott. Hiking past lake 10,440', we crossed the trail and contoured across the lower apron of the NE ridge and then ascended slabs into the basin South of the peak. The use trail found here heads for the saddle and then right to the top. The summit block overhangs the face above Precipice Lake, and has a great view. Pete had already done Lippencott, so he left us to head back to camp after we regained the Big Arroyo Trail at 10,000'.

Barbee, Erik, and I headed down the trail to about 9,880' and then contoured through forest, slabs and then forest again to gain the creek flowing from the north side of Lippencott. We passed some interesting blaze marks far off of any trail on our way. We ate lunch at 10,300' and pondered the view of the East Ridge route. None the past Echo articles I had reviewed mentioned anything about the route. Secor's book has only a brief description that; it is Class 2, it was Clyde's first ascent route, and to gain the ridge from high in the basin. The view with Erik's monocular confirmed what the 7.5' map indicated; the face between us and the East ridge was vertical, and in places overhanging (not quite class 2). Pressing on up the beautiful valley on slabs past the creek we headed for the only possible break in the defenses of the East Ridge, a saddle near the peak. Crossing talus blocks below the

**This is the only trail  
with a tunnel I am  
aware of in the Sierra.**



headwall, Erik scouted up a possible chute leading to the saddle. It was very loose class 3 and did not go at the top. Meanwhile, I found the class 2 ramp just to the chute's left. This ramp system inexplicably zig-zags (class 2 all the way) up through the vertical to overhanging head wall. From the saddle, the East ridge, or the SE slope is followed to the summit. The blocks below the summit turned out to be class 3. We really enjoyed this route. From the summit we watched as the week-old, lightning-started fire on the Chagoopa Plateau burst into the crowns of the trees and in a few minutes raced from tree to tree across a half a mile of the forested plateau. The red flames were clearly visible below the black clouds of smoke even from 3 miles away. We retraced our route and returned to camp where we were joined by Brian Smith in time for dinner of "Barbee's Goop" alias Hacienda Chicken.

Monday, Pete left to head back out over Kaweah Gap. The rest of the group started out from our 9 Lakes Basin Camp (never having seen the "aggressive" 9 lakes bear) and packed over **Pants Pass**. The snowfield below the pass on the West side was still hard early in the morning so we skirted it high, and came across a use trail angling up to the chute to the left. A large cairn marks the pass, but we could not determine why R.J. says the "Pants Pass" name is appropriate. Our objective peak for the day was Picket Guard, and we chose not to drop down into the Kern-Kaweah drainage to camp. Instead, we contoured past a series of tarns at 11,380' and then dropped down to camp at a large lake at 10,900' on the south slopes of the valley above the Kern-Kaweah River. After setting up camp in the trees above the east end of the lake, Erik, Brian, and I headed off for Picket Guard. From our lake we contoured East and ascended over a small nose extending out from ridge West of **Picket Guard**. Reaching the lake at 11,360' near the peak, we decided to try the undescribed West ridge instead of the normal routes from the East or North. We headed up the valley, gained the West Ridge at the obvious saddle. The ridge from here to the top was fun easy class 2/3. We

decided to descend directly down the North face to the lake and then headed back to camp.

Tuesday, we packed up camp (except Brian who planned on going back over Pants Pass) and hiked down the drainage from our lake to reach the Colby Pass Trail along the Kern-Kaweah River 1/4 mile West of Gallats Lake. Barbee waited here while Brian, Erik, and I climbed **Kern Point**. We hiked down the trail to Gallats Lake (Meadow/ Swamp) We angled up on slabs and easy slopes to the minute lake at 11,700'. We passed many current bushes loaded with ripe berries. The berries were not bypassed. From the small lake we headed up to the ridge which was followed to the summit. A notch on route has an interesting double chockstone, and we stopped to photograph ourselves standing on them. Upon returning to Barbee and our packs, we feasted on popcorn before saying our good-byes to Brian. He needed the peaks we had done earlier, and had already done the ones ahead. The remaining trio packed up the Colby Pass Trail to a camp at 11,000'. The route for tomorrow was to head over Triple Divide Pass, and we had been eyeing the route since the summit of Picket Guard.



Wednesday started out cloudy and stayed that way, with low dark clouds skimming the tops of the peaks. The route over **Triple Divide Pass** was up the nose of the ridge next to our camp, angling back left up a ramp system to the ridge crest at 12,000'. From here we could see our traverse to the actual pass 1.5 miles SW. Dropping down past a lake and easy terrain in this beautiful hanging valley, we eventually crossed a creek at 11,600' before heading up a ramp eventually leading to the main drainage east of the pass. A snowfield was passed on the north, and the rocks of the pass were soon attained. This pass is an interesting contact zone between the white sierra granite, and the red rock of the peak to the north of the pass. The red and the white are separated by a band of rotten black rock that has weathered to create the pass. Dropping our packs at the pass, we were in the clouds as we ascended the East ridge to the summit of **Triple Divide Peak**. Fun 3rd class

was had by staying on top the ridge, with class 2 available to the left. After returning to our packs, we descended past Glacier Lake, to about 11,000' in Cloud Canyon. The weather was looking more and more like a big winter storm. To make our escape easier, if it really snowed, we camped high in the canyon on a grassy bivi site just below a large snow field. The afternoon was spent in tent and bivi sack reading and dodging the hail stones. This brief bit of weather was all that came of all these ominous clouds, and the next day dawned clear.

Thursday was to be our big day with both Glacier Ridge and Whaleback scheduled. We descended further into Cloud Canyon before heading up the SE slopes of **Glacier Ridge**. The summit block was soon obtained with a belay from over the top. We descended towards Cloud Canyon for lunch. Various write ups and the peak guide had been studied to determine the best route for **Whaleback**. The guidebook and the trips reports did not agree, and it would appear the Cloud Canyon route described in R.J.'s book matches the Colby Pass Trail description in Bill T's 1979 write up. In any event, we ascended from Cloud Canyon up past the patch of trees to gain the South ridge about 1/4 mile South of the summit. From here we immediately dropped down 300' on the other side, and traversed a long way to a broad area that could loosely be called a chute. Up easy class 2 towards a Reddish headwall with a left facing dihedral forming its right edge. Just before the headwall we turned right around the corner to gain a bottomless chute that leads to slabs at a notch in the ridge 200 yards short of the summit. An easy scramble along the ridge leads to the top. We decided that it would have been easier to hike down Cloud Canyon and climb the peak from this side to begin with, so we decided to return that way. Barbee's feet and knees were giving her trouble, and the Colby Pass trail would make the going easier. We went back past the notch in the ridge, down the first chute, and cutting over to the broad face "chute" where easy class 2 leads all the way down to the steam east of the peak at about 10,200'. From here the reddish headwall is visible just below the summit ridge giving a good landmark for an ascent from this side. This route is class 2, with an occasional class 3 move. We saw no sign of the ledges ascending from right to left described in the guide as the route from this side. By now it was getting late in the day, and we were estimating what time we would arrive back at camp. Easy hiking down the Colby Pass Trail and the ascent up the use trail in lower Cloud Canyon was

accomplished before dark. All along this section we snacked on the many very ripe and sweet currents. The last 1000' of gain on snow and talus was done in the dark, and we arrived back at 10:30. This was our only long day of the trip, and a group not slowed by sore knees would have been back before dark.

Friday, we packed over **Lion Rock Pass**, dropped down to Lion Lake, and then followed the North side of the creek down to about 10,600'. Here we dropped our packs, and crossed the creek just above the waterfall. We contoured across slabs and then up the talus filled basin West of **Lion Rock**. We ascended the ledges to gain the southernmost of the two West ridges. The ridge was followed to the top of our 9th peak of the trip. We said our good-byes to Erik on the summit, as he was to race ahead to get well on his way home, and work Saturday evening. (In fact when we got out the next day, we had a note on our car, Erik had hiked all the way out that day) Returning to our packs, Barbee & I descended the South side of the creek on Slabs and talus to reach the swamp above Tamarack Lake. The 200 foot cliff above the lake was descended on an old well-engineered trail not shown on the maps. From the ridge above the lake, the trail headed West and switched backed down the slope to end up just West of the outlet of Tamarack Lake. Several downed trees at the top of the switchbacks make it hard to find, and the trail is overgrown in spots with flowers and grasses. We camped at Tamarack Lake. Saturday morning we hiked on down past Bearpaw Meadow to regain the High Sierra Trail. The upper trail from Tamarack has a discouraging uphill section in the middle. A very ripe Elderberry bush above Bearpaw was the first selected to make a contribution to our collection for Barbee's elderberry pie recipe. A few more select bushes on the trail back to Crescent Meadow completed the necessary amount. At one point along the trail out, I spooked a bear eating berries on the trail as I hiked along in the lead. He jumped up into the bushes, and I thought he was gone. However, as I waited for Barbee, he decided the coast was clear, and jumped back onto the trail just in front of her. I'm not sure who was more surprised, Barbee who screamed, or the bear who hightailed it back into the sticker bushes again.

This was an excellent trip with a lot off-trail backpacking, 3 class 2 passes and 9 peaks in 9 days. We had an great group, even if they could not all be with us for the entire trip.

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To continue your ECHO subscription and renew your membership for 1997, fill out this section. Your need to renew for 1997 is confirmed by the "96" digits appearing on you mailing label. RENEWAL DEADLINE IS MARCH 31st.

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**IMPORTANT REMINDER: EVERYONE MUST FILL IN THEIR CURRENT SIERRA CLUB MEMBERSHIP NUMBER TO BE ELIGIBLE TO PARTICIPATE ON MOUNTAINEERING TRIPS**

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I am renewing my SPS membership as an 'active' member. My section activity this past year was \_\_\_\_\_ (e.g., climb, program). Only 'active' members may vote in the section elections held in October.

Other SPS members residing at the above address are listed below. (Fill in this section if you wish to receive just 1 ECHO; otherwise fill out a separate application for each ECHO subscription desired).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ S.C.# \_\_\_\_\_ ACTIVITY \_\_\_\_\_

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I am renewing my SPS membership as an 'inactive' member.

I wish only to subscribe to the ECHO; I am not an SPS member.

After March 31st or a lapse in membership, I wish to be reinstated as an active member. My last year as an SPS member was \_\_\_\_\_. I have done the following activities to qualify me for reinstatement:

I hereby apply for membership in the SPS. The six peaks that qualify me for membership and the dates climbed are listed below. At least two of the peaks climbed were with the SPS. My Sierra Club membership number is listed above.

Peak Name	Date Climbed	With SPS?	If yes, Leader Name

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CLASS**

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Matthias Selke  
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 Los Angeles, CA, 90025

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- EDITORS:** Barbee Tidball & Barbara Cohen. Mailing Address 3826 N. Weston Place, Long Beach CA, 90807, Phone: (310) 424-1556. E-Mail: cohenb@laccd.cc.ca.us ECHO copy deadlines are the third Saturday of odd numbered months. Please send trip reports, photos, slides, articles, jokes or any other item of interest for publication. Computer Disks IBM format/MSWORD-WIN or Word Perfect are appreciated. If you would like your submission returned to you, please enclose a SASE.
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