



The Sierra Echo

Volume 58 ▲ Number 4
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Reflection Lake

Photograph by Tina Bowman

Story on Page 16



Echoes from the Chair

By Alexander Smirnoff

Hello all! It's been a dry couple of years in the Sierras, and with the lower water table the word on the street is that the Sierras have risen four inches. Painful as it might be to climb even higher, the mountains are still as beautiful as ever, and I hope you are all getting out and enjoying them.

We still have a month or so of beautiful weather as the climbing season winds down, and quite a few outings are booked on the SPS web site. Please contact the leaders and help make the group outings fun!

We are hard at work planning the next banquet. We put together a heavy-hitting banquet committee to plan the 60th anniversary celebration of the SPS; it promises to be a memorable one. We have the one and only Doug Mantle as our emcee, and we hope to showcase some of the history of the club as well as some of the people that brought the club to what it is today!

Another important matter is that we need people who want to run for the management committee and devote time to developing the club. A strong management committee is vital for the future of the SPS. As the overall age of the membership gets older, it's important to develop and implement new ideas so that the club remains interesting and viable to attract younger members. This may include a web-site upgrade, targeted outreach, and/or a new program for leader development. These are all projects that are very doable for the next motivated committee, and the club has the financial resources to make it all happen. I hope some of you will step up and run for office!

-Alexander Smirnoff (chair@sierrapeaks.org)

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Call for Nominations!

It's that time of year when the SPS is looking for people to run for the 2015 management committee! Think of all the SPS has done for you and consider running. Please contact Alexander Smirnoff if you're willing to be on the slate of candidates.

Send Articles and Photos!

The SPS will be celebrating its sixtieth anniversary in 2015. We'd love to have photos and reminiscences about peaks, outings, and people that stand out for you (past and present) for *The Sierra Echo*. Please send contributions to Tina at

<mailto:tina@bowmandesigngroup.com>

Cover photo by Tina Bowman—see page 16



60
Years in

Save the Date for the Sixtieth Anniversary Banquet: Sunday, January 25th

Join your fellow climbers in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary

of the SPS.

Doug Mantle

will be our featured

speaker, talking a bit about the history of the section and highlighting some of the outstanding SPS mountaineers through stories and images. If you've heard Doug speak before, you know you'll not want to miss this special banquet!



The banquet will be held at Almansor Court, 700 S. Almansor St, Alhambra 91810, and will begin with a social hour at 5:30, dinner at 7:00. Contact Rudy Fleck at rudy.fleck@gmail.com to make your reservations.

Call for photos—digital, print, or slide—for a slide show at the banquet! Please send your submissions to Bob Cates at bob.cates@att.net or 140 Healy Tr, Chatsworth, CA 91311-7026; prints and slides will be scanned and returned (please include a sase). Also, please include names, dates, and locations if possible. Your submissions will be great additions to the banquet.



Sierra Peaks Section **60th** Anniversary

Welcome Jonathan Bourne, New SPS Member!



Jonathan Bourne fell in love with the Sierra Nevada while in school in Southern California and joined the Sierra Club in 1980. Initially mostly backpacking and backcountry skiing, he gradually did more and more peak climbing. He moved to Mammoth Lakes in 1986. In the last few years he decided to attempt the SPS list and has climbed 194 peaks so far, also having climbed peaks in Canada, the Rockies, Central and South America, and Europe. He can't think of a better way to spend the day than climb a peak.

Welcome New Mountaineering Leader!



We're pleased to announce that Stephanie Smith has earned her M rating! The SPS is grateful for your leadership!

Congratulations!



Daryn Dodge (above left on the summit of Mt. Electra) earned his 2 x Emblem on Mt. Williamson on June 22nd.

Kathy Rich (above, center) earned her Geographic Emblem on Mt. Goddard on July 27th and Senior Emblem on Mt. Stanford (N) on August 10th.

Bob Wyka (above, right) earned both his Senior and Master Emblems on Split Mountain on July 26th.



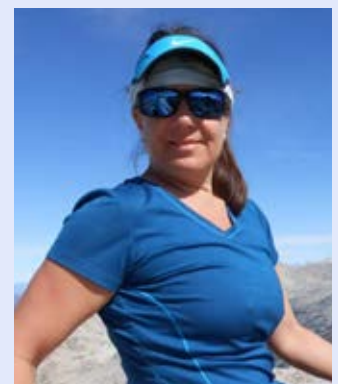
Keith Christensen

earned his Emblem on Mt. Williamson on June 22nd.



Tina Bowman

earned her 3 x Master Emblem on Mt. Starr King on August 1st.



Samantha Olsen

earned her Emblem on North Palisade on August 26th, 2006. [yes, 2006]

Bob Wyka Schedules List Finish

"WOW! I guess my list finish is on for 13 Sep since this peak is # 247 and I only have one more to go (Muah)!"



That is what I wrote in Giraud's summit register after day hiking it. Meet at 7:30am, Saturday, 13 Sep at the right bend in the road as you drive into Horseshow Meadow. This is where the trail to Mulkey Pass starts. Set your GPS to N 36 deg 27.0', W 118 deg 9.69'. The hike is mostly on trail, with a short xc section to the peak (13 mi, 2500' r/t). Bring treats to share on the summit. This is a private trip (not an official Sierra Club outing).

Spend Fri night either at Horseshoe Meadows CG or in Lone Pine. After the hike, we will drive to Independence for a list finish party and BBQ at the Livingston residence (short walk from Ray's Den Motel.) Party will start at ~5pm. Please



bring picnic tables/camp chairs and potluck item to share.

Please rsvp to Peter Christian at pjcmdr@gmail.com.

Bob Wyka

Bob scheduled his list finish to honor what would have been his mom's 99th birthday. They are seen together above (photo by Peter Christian. Background photo by Blair Pickett).

Lisa Finishes The List: North Peak, June 28, 2014

By Aaron Schuman

Lisa Barboza, surrounded by almost fifty friends and supporters, finished climbing every peak on The List, on June 28, 2014, at North Peak. It took her 10 years—faster than most, slower than a very, very, few.

The List is a compendium of 248 mountains in the Sierra Nevada that are deemed to be worthy climbs. A committee of the Sierra Club Angeles Chapter Sierra Peak Section, led by Andy Smatko, created The List in 1960. Since the original publication of The List, seventy-three climbers have climbed every peak, and now Lisa has become the seventy-fourth to climb them all. She is the twelfth woman to do so.

The peaks of The List have both famous names

and quiet obscurity; they have jagged granite tops and rounded forest cover; they have easy highway access and long approach trails; they are casual saunters and desperate struggles. The peaks of the List are only 7700' high (Tehipite Dome) and as much as 14491' high

(Mount Whitney). They are as





Above: Ascending North Peak (Photo by Kathy Rich). Preceding page: Lisa Barboza celebrates on the summit (photo by Kathy Rich), group on summit (photo by Bo Meng).

far south as Lake Isabella and as far north as Lake Tahoe.

To complete The List is an accomplishment of a lifetime. It requires skill, endurance, courage, and, most of all, unflinching dedication. A person who starts this project and sees it through to the end deserves honor. For this reason, everybody who could possibly be there assembled on a bright Saturday morning at Saddlebag Lake, just east of Tioga Pass and Yosemite National Park. We introduced ourselves one to another. SPS climbers from Southern California met PCS climbers from Northern California for the first time in a long time like at a class reunion. We identified the youngest member of our party (Viviane Lorvan, age thirteen) and the two oldest (Don Croley and Fred Kremerskotter, age seventy-eight). We had a group of forty-six start for the summit. Samantha Olson and her husband, Louie Kroll, decided to climb the East Ridge class 3 route. But with our group, we wanted to stay on class 2. We broke into three sections, depending on how fast people wanted to climb. Group 1 was led by Daryn Dodge, Kathy Rich, Bob Wyka, and Lisa. Group 2 was led by Ron Hudson and Aaron Schuman, your scribe. Group 3 was led by Dan Richter and Asher Waxman. After a milling crowd finished the "Hello and how have you been?" and after the mandatory Sierra Club Trail talk "Follow the In-sight rule, stay together, have fun, and take lots of pictures," we began to hike.

The route: We started by walking over the dam on a shiny new steel bridge. We followed a trail along the west side of Saddlebag Lake and stayed on the trail just to the south of Greenstone Lake, where the trail splits at a wonderful glacial erratic. Then we headed up the stream that feeds the lake. Gingerly we stepped across the stream on a scattering of exposed rocks. We climbed a small bench to the left of a waterfall, and then headed into the gully that was defined by the streams coming from Conness Lakes. There were various short use trails and some boulder hopping, but we kept it class 2. At the second of the three lakes, we turned north and left the faint use trail, moving up an even fainter set of use trails in sandy scree that led to the col between North and Conness peaks.

Now off the trail, we grunted up a long slope of scree and sand to the summit plateau. When the peak came into view, we could have just sprinted to the top, if not for the thinness of the air. We took a break at the

col, at 11,850'. According to SPS tradition, it is the list finisher who must climb the peak first and sign into the register. So off Lisa went. For the rest of us, we scrambled over granite blocks, and soon we were all crowded together on the mountaintop, 12,242' higher than the mean high tide.

We were worried that there would not be enough room at the top for forty-six people—and Sam and Louie were waiting for us—but North Peak is a great choice for a list finish. Sparkling wine from Napa Valley erupted from bottles. Speeches were spoken. Photos were photographed. History was made. Lisa was given a beautiful enameled pin to commemorate the moment.

Six climbers who had previously finished the list gathered at the summit with Lisa: Daryn Dodge, Steve Eckert, Ron Hudson, Corrine Livingston, Scott Sullivan, and Louise Wholey.

Down the way we came and back at the lake, we made a party for Lisa with elegant picnic potluck food, a bonfire, more speeches, libations, tears of joy, and even a cake, because, who knew, Sunday was the birthday that Lisa never will forget.

CONGRATULATIONS, LISA!

Gordon MacLeod's Ninetieth Birthday

By Mary McMannes

Lucky me to be in town to help celebrate the ninetieth birthday of a Sierra Club legendary climber and long time friend, Gordon MacLeod, on July 26, 2014. He's close enough in time (give or take a couple years) to be an SPS secondary founder with his best and special lady, Barbara Lilley; we'll call Gordon a Sierra Peaks Pioneer, Leader, Explorer Emeritus. And yes, Gordon, everyone should be so fortunate to have lived a life as adventuresome and vital as yours.

Sitting across the table at lunch with Gordon and Barbara on his real birthday, I wanted to know what makes this guy tick so wonderfully and be forever young at the newly arrived age of ninety. Starting at the beginning, Gordon was born in 1924 in Wichita Falls, Texas, to hearty, robust Scottish parents who had emigrated from Canada. They were in the printing and typesetting business but saw big opportunities in the Bay area, and with their two-year-old baby they moved to San Francisco. Tragically, Gordon's father died in 1926 (age twenty-four) from an abscessed tooth infection, which had originated with a baseball accident. The family now included brother Irvin, and Mom carried on being an extraordinary businesswoman raising these boys to love the outdoors. When the boys were old enough to walk, then run, then climb, she took them up their first peak, Yosemite's Half Dome. From then on, there was no stopping Gordon, who became an avid fisherman and outdoorsmen. Now we jump to 1959 when a buddy suggested that he and Gordon climb Mt. Whitney. Gordon's response, "Why?" As the fellows stood on Whitney's summit, a pair of female hands appeared on the ledge (Mountaineer's



At left: Barbara Lilley and Gordon MacLeod. Right: Gordon MacLeod (Photos by Mary McMannes).

Route), and then a gorgeous blonde head popped up. The guys gasped. It was the San Diego girl everyone was talking about, already a world-class climber named Barbara Lilley. The Gordon and Barbara story would eventually begin, and some 5,300 peaks later, including many first ascents, they are still going strong. (See many of Gordon's ascents on peakbagger.com.)

And continuing the saga in 1961, Gordon was hanging out with Ansel Adams, a friendship that began with a photography course, and Ansel was Gordon's enthusiastic sponsor, talking him into joining the Sierra Club and being his sponsor (members needed two sponsors in those days.) Gordon paid \$125 for a lifetime membership which is quite a bargain considering his membership of fifty-three years. Those were also the days of climbing peers Glen Dawson (eleven years older than G.) and Jules Eichhorn (Eichhorn Pinnacle), who traded piano lessons for use of Ansel's dark room in developing his own mountaineering photos.

Gordon is a real brain, an engineer and rocket scientist. Graduating from Cal Berkeley, his post-graduate work was interrupted by World War II, yet another story for another time, which includes something exciting about a secret mission in Paris. After the war and back home in San Francisco, Gordon chose Cal Tech for his post-graduate work (considering invitations from Harvard and M.I.T.) He became an icon in aeronautics, where he devised a remarkable new system where multiple jet turbines could be checked methodically daily instead of the original tedious schedule of only one engine per day. General Electric recognized Gordon with that year's outstanding scientific award and \$1800 for an innovation that forever changed the airplane industry. As I said, he's one brainy guy.

In looking back over his life, Gordon admits that peak bagging

and climbing lists were never a big priority. His passion was for canyons, so he says, and his best memories are of canyon explorations. Bob Greenwalt, past DPS chair and the fellow in the inimitable bow tie, led Gordon's two



favorite trips, the Telescope traverse and Grand Canyon's South Rim to North Rim. And he added, "And Bob really sold peak bagging to me, too." Obviously, the sale went well with Gordon and Barbara's 5,000 plus peaks.

It's not easy capturing the essence and magic of this wonderful man (in fact, amazing couple) sitting across from

me on a hot July day and a carrot cake on our table marking the big Nine O. He's done it all and more, and both were looking forward to the next couple weeks when they could get out on a road trip for some more easy peaks (easy peasies as Bob Sumner would say) and maybe a canyon or two. So what's the secret, Gordon? There's a twinkle in his eye as he tells me his mother lived to be 96, so is it the genes? Or could it be that John Muir tough Scottish heritage taking all of life's events in stride with Scottish fortitude, admitting nothing is that bad, "it micht hae been waur," ["It might have been worse"] (John Muir), "but warn't." I think the real secret is never giving up the passion of exploring that which is just around the next corner or next bump on the ridge.

Both Gordon and Barbara continue to warm themselves by the fires of memories from those eternal days spent in the mountains with the best of comrades. A

charmed life, a lucky life, blessings by the dozens for sure. And it doesn't hurt to realize that Gordon was the one who won the heart of the pretty girl who popped over the summit rim on Whitney. Happy ninetieth birthday, dear friend, and may you climb on and on with perpetual companions of health, happiness, and Barbara forever at your side. We'll look forward to your one hundredth and many more mountaintop and canyon experiences along the way.



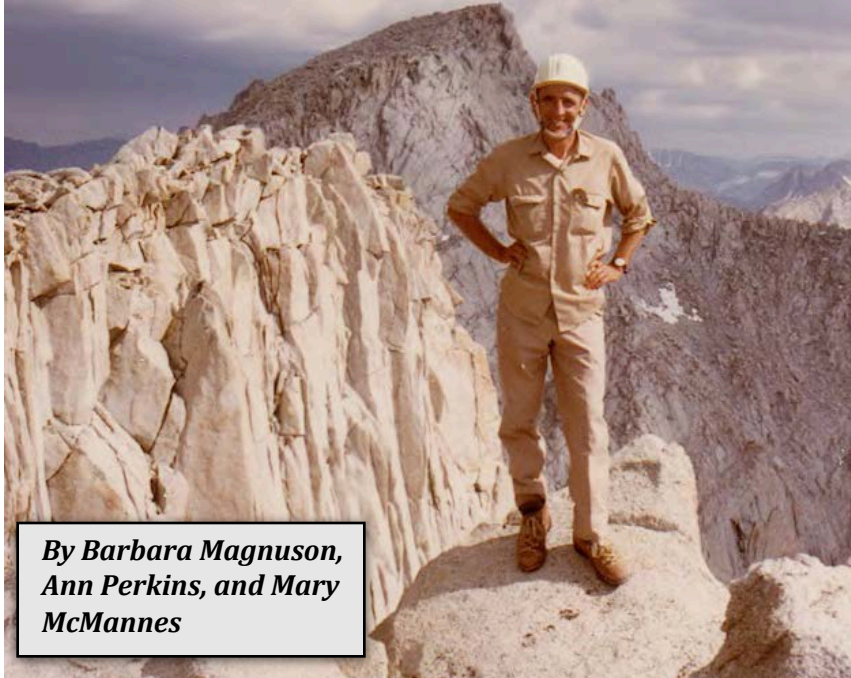
Roy Magnuson, long time Sierra Club member and triple list finisher, died in the Seattle area on April 24th, 2014, after a long illness. He was born in Seattle in 1926 to Norwegian immigrant parents, the youngest of ten children. Roy was drafted into the Army in 1945 just after high school and shipped to the Philippines just as WW II ended, but he served on a radar station until 1946 and became interested in electronics. Subsequently, he attended the

University of Washington, 1947–1950, and obtained a degree in Electrical Engineering, then spent thirty–five years with Litton Industries in Los Angeles, mainly in the field of guidance and control of aircraft and missiles.

Roy began hiking in his early 40's, around 1968, as part of an effort to improve his fitness, and was inspired to join the Sierra Club after attending one of its evening programs and participating in some hikes. After becoming stronger, he began mountaineering with the three peak–climbing sections and took what was then BMTC (now WTC). Only three years after beginning to hike, he ascended Mt. Aconcagua in Argentina with a small group that included SPS'ers Diana Dee and Frank Risely. In the Spring of 1971 he met his future wife, Barbara, on a snow climb of Mt. Morgan in the Sierras as part of the chapter's leadership training course, and they married in December of that year. This was the start of an active climbing partnership—as far as we know,

Roy Magnuson

By Barbara Magnuson, Ann Perkins, and Mary McMannes



they are the first married couple to finish the DPS, SPS, and SPS lists. The first foreign peak Roy and Barbara climbed together was about a month after they married, Mt. Chimborazo in Ecuador (20,564'), so their joint climbing career started out in a big way!

Their DPS list finish was November 4th, 1974, on Indianhead Peak, and they had carried champagne to the top, but then discovered that one of the participants, Phil Bruce, did not

imbibe. Having brought enough for everyone and not wanting to waste it, the rest of the small group finished the bottles and then decided they had better wait around until the effects wore off, so two hours later, they began the rocky descent! On April 24th, 1977, they

finished the HPS list together on Folly Peak. On August 27th, 1978, they both finished the SPS list on Roundtop in the northern Sierra, thus completing all three of the climbing section lists. Appropriately for the event, they had chosen Roundtop because it was a moderate day hike with a little third class summit scramble, and the group carried an elaborate feast to the summit. Among other things, there was a salmon mousse in a mold, ice cream (cooled by dry ice), freshly brewed coffee, and a watermelon carried by Dave Perkins (as mentioned earlier by Doug Mantle). They were amused when another group arrived and expressed astonishment at the spread.

After Roy and Barbara's great



Roy Magnuson

By Doug Mantle

"Rise and Shine," he would cheerfully bellow, rousting his group for the day's climb.

"He," of course, was long-time leader and list finisher Roy Magnuson, who recently passed away at age 89. I will recount some Roy stuff from 1975. Roy, a wiry, rather taciturn Nordic, with his close-cropped grey beard, was leading death marches such as the Hermit and Lamarck in two days and scrambling up the toughest of routes like the Middle Palisades to Disappointment traverse. That summer, he led an SPS group of nine—including Mark Goebel, George Hubbard, Maynard Brandsma, and Doug Mantle—up Mount McKinley.

Invariably, we think of Roy with wife Barbara, his "good gal," the love of his life; they climbed the SPS List together, were our "first couple," and remained together for more than forty years.

After the comic script Brumhilda. Roy liked to call himself "Hagar" to Barbara's "Helga."

Among their close friends are the Perkins. Dave carried a watermelon up Round Top for the Magnusons' List finish.

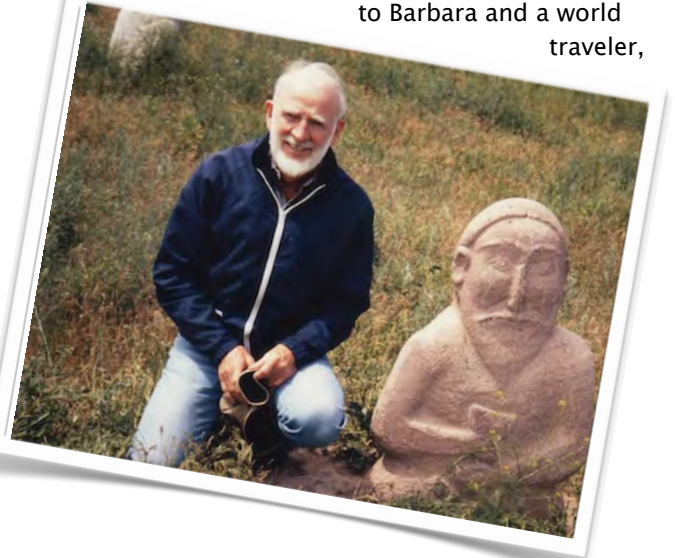
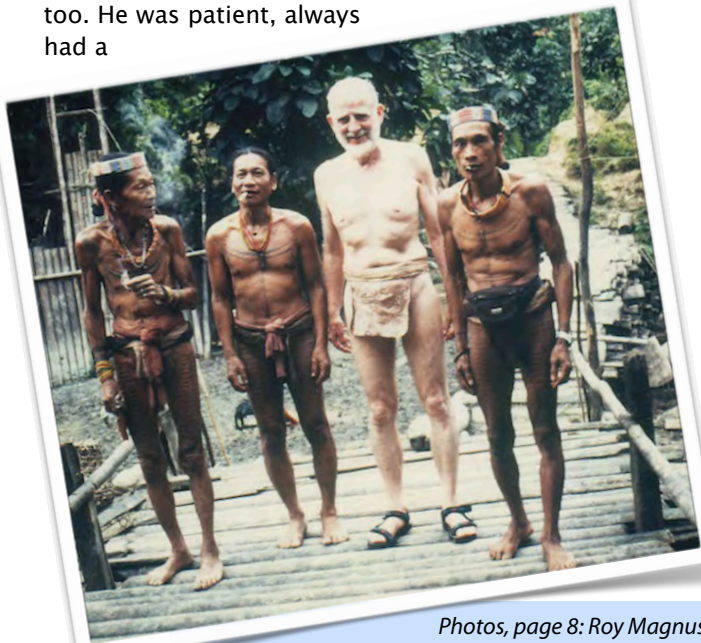
Roy was one of the engineers who dominated the SPS in the 1970's. He worked at Litton Industries then and mentored Dave Dykeman, among others.

In later years, Roy and Barbara bagged countries and bird-spotted, Audubon-style, eventually moving to Washington state.

Roy's favorite poem was "Far Away," about a gathering of old timers. He no doubt is much welcomed at that gathering.

accomplishment in being the first couple to complete the three major climbing lists (HPS, DPS, and SPS), Roy continued to lead others up the more difficult Sierra peaks in hopes they'd be SPS List Finishers, too. He was patient, always had a

smile on his face and some funny line to say, and rarely ever was angry or upset at anyone. Well, there was the exception on McKinley when the guys were in the tent for some twenty-one long days, but that's another story for another time. As a mountaineer married to Barbara and a world traveler,



Photos, page 8: Roy Magnuson at the top of Whitney's East Face. Center, Mt. Humphreys, September, 1971 (photo by Jerry Keating, who said, "It was always a joy to climb with the Magnusons"). Page 9: Newlyweds Barbara and Roy Magnuson on Superstition Mtn.; Roy in Siberut, Indonesia, and Turkey (Magnuson family collection).



Keats Hayden

Keats Hayden (Anne Keating Hayden), a former SPS member, passed away recently. See this link to the *Orange County Register* for an obituary:

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/orangecounty/obituary.aspx?n=anne-keating-hayden-keats&pid=172288068&fhid=9249>

(Photo taken by Jerry Keating at 2005 Horseshoe Meadow Oldtimers' outing)

Magnuson, continued from page 9:

unafraid of any big adventure, he loved life, every day of it.

In addition to the peaks lists, Roy climbed many other mountains, including the high points of the western states, plus Hawaii and Alaska. On Denali, he was with fellow SPS members, including Doug Mantle, whom he had helped on one or two of his very first Sierra Peaks. He and Barbara also travelled widely (Roy estimated that he had been to about one hundred countries), visiting all seven continents, and he climbed the high points of Africa, North America, South America, and Australia.

To sum up, Roy lived a long, full, and interesting life. He was kind, intelligent, and responsible and was noted for a good sense of humor. He died peacefully.

Choosing a Wilderness First Aid Course

By Steve Schuster

With a variety of wilderness first aid courses to choose from, how does one make a good choice? Here are some important considerations.

Recognition of Course Completion Certificate

Most people get wilderness first aid training (in part) because they are fulfilling a requirement or recommendation from some organization—Boy Scouts, Sierra Club, etc. If this is your situation, you must find out what first aid courses are recognized by your organization. The answer may be more complicated than you expected. If you are an aspiring I-, M-, or E-rated leader for the Angeles Chapter, you need at least a twenty-four hour course, although the National Sierra Club requires only a sixteen-hour course for mountaineering leaders, and leaders of restricted mountaineering trips can renew their WFA with a sixteen-hour course. If you have a strong course in mind, don't be afraid to petition your organization to accept it. The course or the instructor can probably provide you with a syllabus, examples from the text, etc. Do this, however, before rather than after you put down your money.

Staff Qualifications

These can vary all over the map. National organizations such as Wilderness Medical Associates have staff members who are required to have substantial patient care experience, have a strong teaching background, and have logged a lot of time in the wilderness. They are then required to go through one to two years of training and internship to become a fully qualified instructor. At the other end of the spectrum, the requirements to teach wilderness first aid for the Red Cross are a passing grade in the sixteen-hour course that will be taught and an additional class on how to teach effectively and on filling out Red Cross paperwork. This is not to portray all Red Cross instructors as minimally qualified. Many are EMTs or paramedics with extensive first-aid backgrounds and lots of hands-on experience. Don't be shy about asking for the instructor's qualifications before you sign up for the course. If you can't get a straight answer, try another organization.

Cost/Convenience Ratio

This is obvious but worth some thought. Get the costs up front before you sign up for a course. Tuition is a given but there will be others. The textbook may be an extra fee. If the course is multi-day and is not local, find out what meals are included (if any) and how much lodging will cost. If you are required to show up with a practice first aid kit or other skills materials, get the list in advance and estimate the cost. Throw in \$.50 a mile for any driving.

Is It Really WFA?

Some supposed WFA courses are really just urban first aid with a little window dressing. The giveaway is when, during splinting practice, they pass out pieces of lumber covered with foam and pink plastic and announce “in the wilderness you would do this with the materials you have in your pack.” Check the instructor’s credentials (how much time has he/she spent in the wilderness?) and try to find out if the skills practices use wilderness materials in a wilderness (outdoor) setting.

Do They Have a Top-Level Protocol?

Flip through the first fifty pages of whatever text your prospective course uses. Look for a top-level protocol that ties together all the lower level steps such as head-to-toe exam and ABCs. This is the single most difficult item for designers of a first aid course or textbook. A quality course that had someone knowledgeable in the field doing the course design or writing the textbook will have something like this prominently displayed. It won't be perfect, but it will be there. The weaker courses or poorer textbook authors writing under deadline pressure will just avoid the subject and leave you to figure out how the pieces fit together. The Wilderness First Aid Course hands out laminated cards of its (top-level) RWME protocol for the students to put in their first aid kits.



Would Ron Campbell survive your care? Take a wilderness first aid course and find out in simulated wilderness accident scenarios.

Website Links for Organizations Mentioned Above

Wilderness First Aid Course—www.wildernessfirstaidcourse.org

Wilderness Medical Associates—www.wildernessoutings.com

Red Cross First Aid—www.redcross.org/take-a-class (good luck finding their WFA offering)



Dare to Lead!

Fall Leadership Training Seminar Set for Oct. 25, 2014

Becoming a Sierra Club outings leader starts with curiosity and a love of the outdoors. What better way to step up and lead than by taking advantage of the training opportunities that the Angeles Chapter's Leadership Training Committee provides each year?

As home to one of the largest outings programs on the planet, the Sierra Club Angeles Chapter's many groups, sections, and committees sponsor thousands of trips ranging from beach barbecues to mountaineering expeditions. You can take the first step toward becoming a leader by attending a class offered on Saturday, October 25, at the Costa Mesa Community Center, 1845 Park Avenue, Costa Mesa CA 92627.

The seminar covers all the basics of leadership. Experienced leaders will tell you how to plan a trip, prevent problems on the trail and make sure that everyone—including you—has a great time. They'll also explain good conservation and safety practices. And they'll give you tips for getting your “O” rating quickly and then, if you choose, pursuing more advanced ratings.

The all-day class costs \$25. The application is on-line at angeles.sierraclub.org/ltc. At this same site, you can pore over more of LTC's upcoming offerings, which are also on the *Schedule of Activities* page.

Mail the application and check, payable to Sierra Club, to Steve Botan, LTC Registrar, 18816 Thornwood Circle, Huntington Beach 92646. You also can reach Steve by e-mail (lrcregistrar@hundredpeaks.org) or by phone (714-321-1296).

Applications and checks are due October 11, 2014. Scholarships are available for those with financial need. Apply to LTC Chair Anne Marie Richardson AMLeadership@gmail.com

This continues what we hope will be a series of brief articles contributed by SPS members who would like to share information about their favorite pieces of trail technology. For this issue Patrick McKusky tells us about a piece of technical equipment that makes his life better in the mountains. How about you? Send your proposal or article to Tina Bowman at tina@bowmandesigngroup.com

My Favorite Piece of Gear

By Patrick Mckusky, LTC Rock Chair

If you are going to climb mountains, you ought to wear a climbing helmet. If you are going to climb with a rope, you ought to wear a climbing harness. Remember tying the rope around your waist with a bowline-on-a-coil? Remember the swami belt? If you do, you are probably like me and remember not being all that confident about the safety of such minimalist gear. I remember how excited I was when Black Diamond came out with the Alpine Bod harness. Weighing in at around 14 ounces, it gave us a fully functional harness with minimal weight and bulk. And, priced at around \$40, it bought a lot of security. I once did a 160-foot free rappel off the Obelisk wearing one, and although it is not the most comfortable harness, I was happy to have it. Another fellow in our party was wearing a swami belt, and as soon as he rappelled off the overhang into free air his rappel device (six carabiner break) slid to one side and he went upside down. He needed a fireman's belay to be helped down. This is not a risk I am willing to take to save a few ounces or a few dollars.



http://blackdiamondequipment.com/en/climbing-harnesses/couloir-harness-BD651039BORGS_M1.html

Now, Black Diamond has improved upon the Alpine Bod (it is still available, however) with the Couloir



Photos: Left: Black Diamond Couloir Climbing Harness. Right: Pat McKusky wearing Black Diamond Couloir harness while teaching AMP.

harness. Considerably less bulky than the Alpine Bod, and weighing about 8 ounces, the Couloir can be balled up to about the size of a softball, small enough to be carried in your pocket. So, now we have a climbing harness with a belay/rappel loop rated at 15 kN that weighs about the same as a swami belt. It costs about \$55, and yes, you can make a lot of one inch webbing swami belts for that price, but it more than makes up the cost difference in speed, safety, and the security of knowing that you have a piece of gear you can trust. The Couloir harness is my favorite piece of gear. So now there are no excuses not to bring a climbing harness on a climb. Don't compromise your safety--if you bring a rope, bring a harness. Be smart and stay safe.

Mt. Humphreys (13,986')

By Jack Kieffer



Saturday and Sunday, July 26th and 27th, Tina Bowman and I led a trip to an Emblem Peak, Mt Humphreys. Our hard-charging climbing team consisted of Phil Bates, Amin Faraday, Jim Fleming, and Rod Kieffer. We started at the North Lake hikers' parking lot at eight in the morning, moved over to the Piute Pass Trailhead, and followed the trail up to Loch Leven. On the way, there was an abundance of flowers around the creek crossing: Indian paintbrush, lupine, penstemon, monkshood, Sierra lilies, and numerous others. The day was clear; the views were great. Upon reaching Piute Pass we ran into the marmot that guarded the pass and checked us out. He really wasn't sure about letting Jim pass, but he did

against his better judgment. We then went cross-country to the Upper Humphreys Lake, where we set up camp. I scouted the start of the route for the following morning.

Up at 4:15, we donned our helmets for a 5:15 start up the scree of the southwest slope, leading us to the bottom of the gully that leads to the deep notch southeast of the summit. From here we headed left up the gully to the notch. Once at the notch we put harnesses on and headed up the northwest face. Upon reaching the fourth-class section, I climbed ahead with Phil belaying me and Tina watching. Having built an anchor, I belayed the team up.



After signing the register and Tina's mentioning the storm clouds moving in, we quickly headed down. Three rappels later we were back at the notch.

The rain caught us coming down the scree slope, lasting about an hour. (Coffee time!) We packed up and moved out for an uneventful return trip.

While still in Humphreys Basin, we ran into a grouse and her brood. The marmot was still there guarding the pass and waiting for Jim.



Photos from top: Crossing Humphreys Basin to the base of the mountain (photo by Tina Bowman). Middle: On the summit ridge of Mt. Humphreys—Tina Bowman, Phil Bates and Jack Kieffe; camp is at the lake below (photo by Amin Faraday). Piute Pass marmot (photo by Tina Bowman). Left: Northwest Face of Mt. Humphreys (photo by Tina Bowman).

North Palisade and Thunderbolt Peak: West Approach

By Rudy Fleck

Turns out SPS banquets lead to more than just good conversations and calorie gain, in this case two 14ers in the Palisade Crest. Gary: "So we're thinking of doing North Pal this summer." Rudy: "Hey let me know when; I'd love to join you," not having any idea where North Pal was but always willing to spend time with the charming Gary Schenk and Mary Jo Dungfelder. So we nailed down a July date last spring, and having realized what I was up against, invited my hiking pals, Michael Gosnell and Brent Crookham, along.

Sometime during our June climb of Mount Humphreys which was supposed to be Michael's Emblem Peak, but wasn't, Doug Mantle decided he might be in the Palisade area that same weekend and might join us for a leg or two of our trip. Little did we know that Doug would host our group to the total vacation package: Three glorious days and two restful, and one not so restful, nights, not to mention the two fixed ropes he had placed on the two peaks preceding our arrival. One was placed on the challenging summit block of Thunderbolt Peak; the second at a crux 5th class chute of North Palisade. In the fine tradition of the SPS, we had decided that since we were in the neighborhood, we'd also attempt Thunderbolt Peak.

We started the trip at 7 am from the once mighty South Lake, now sadly a mere puddle at the bottom of a large dry bathtub ring area during this drought year. The rest of the approximate five-mile hike to the Bishop Pass proved to be exceptionally scenic and didn't gain much altitude until the many switchbacks on the final push to achieve the pass. Once there, we immediately made a left heading for Thunderbolt Pass, two miles distant. That two miles presents a challenging terrain puzzle, being broken up with ravines and boulder fields. We traversed mid-slope and toward the end ascended a wide creek bed, obvious on the topo, which offered some relief with easier passage and led us to the final talus traverse to Thunderbolt Pass. Once there, we descended 500 feet on the other side to be welcomed by Doug camped at the first water.

A 5:30 am start saw us traversing the base of the Palisades to find the LeConte route, which would start us up a broad gully to North Palisade. After passing a second set of slabs in a widened area and at the point where this route normally doubles back on the left side along a ledge system, Doug had fixed a rope in a narrow chute. His belay allowed us to by-pass the ledges and we continued our ascent, always angling left. This chute would probably be rated 5.6-5.8. We were able to climb around two chock stones in chutes with short snow patches. After negotiating two final blocks, we summited, and Michael and Brent earned their double emblems. The descent was uneventful, with Doug belaying a pitch to speed things up and everyone using the well-ducked LeConte ledges down.

Our third day saw another 5:30 start, as a rain chance was a concern, and we proceeded up what Secor describes as chute number one. This turned out to be a long, steep talus slog



angling to the right to achieve the ridge. By angling to the right along a ledge, we easily by-passed an ice patch and challenging constriction mid-slope. A large chock stone just short of the ridge was easily climbed under. Once on the ridge we angled down ten feet to the right, rounded a corner, and did the same

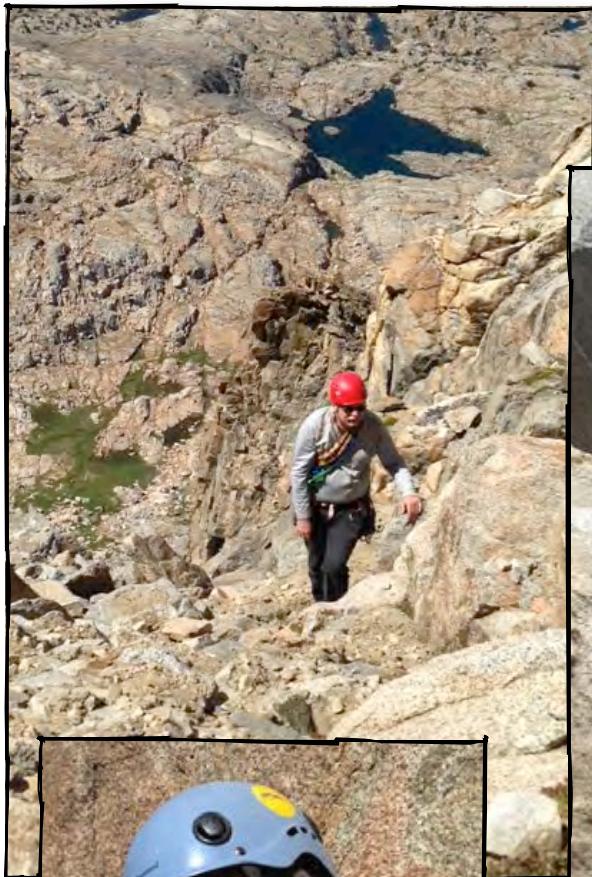


Photo page 14: In the Leconte Gully, left to right: Michael Gosnell, Doug Mantle, Gary Schenk and Mary Jo Dungefelder (Photo by Rudy Fleck). Page 15: Clockwise from top left, Gary Schenk, Rudy Fleck at top of ledges (photos by Mary Jo Dungefelder); Mary Jo Dungefelder (photo by Gary Schenk); Michael Gosnell (photo by Mary Jo Dungefelder).



again, dropping twenty feet. After we cleared the second corner, a short stretch up and across a short crack to the left brought us to the summit block, where to our relief and pleasure, hung Doug's beautiful blue rope. And so we were ready to try out the nifty ascenders he had brought along. After watching his demonstration, we successively summited, although with little of his alacrity and confidence, and the video evidence was quickly erased. Surviving video can be seen at YouTube: rfleck3 channel video. Back in camp by noon, we packed up, and part of the group hiked out, and the rest headed to an unnamed lake next to Bishop Pass to camp for an early next day start out. Did I mention that Doug ended up providing the ultimate vacation package? We are very grateful for his generous support and example in making our ascent of these two 14ers a relatively painless and thoroughly enjoyable experience.

An Emblem Peak Plus One: Mt. Brewer and South Guard, August 21-24

By Tina Bowman



Knowing that Jim Fleming, one of the nicest guys on the planet, is working on his SPS Emblem, I suggested we lead a trip to Mt. Brewer and South Guard. We opted to hike in from Roads End in Kings Canyon rather than over Kearsarge Pass to get to East Lake. I went up early enough on Wednesday, August 20th, to get our permit—and enjoy the Grant Grove of redwoods again on the way and relax in the campground—so that we were able to take off before the ranger station opened on Thursday. Jim, Mei Kwan, and Brian Scott joined me in the campground before nightfall.

Our group of seven was on the trail at 6:50 Thursday morning, on our way to the Bubbs Creek trail. The sand flats were cool and not unpleasant at that time of day, but I knew we'd have a different opinion of those first/last miles of trail when we were hiking out. Jim led the charge with participants Mei, Rana Parker, Tom Sakowych, and Ban Uong ahead of me. With Mr. Daddy Long Legs, i.e., Jim, in front, we made good time to Junction Meadow, where we had lunch prior to crossing Bubbs Creek and heading up the East Lake trail. The log I remember at the crossing apparently has been washed downstream—see Dave Sholle's article about stream crossings in the previous issue of the *Echo*—so we went downstream a short distance to where the water is a bit slower and shallower and forded the stream there. Going to the south end where the bear box and lots of spots for camping are, we arrived at East Lake about 3:30 and chose our spots. Across East Creek was camped the SPS group of Neal Robbins and Jack Kieffer, leaders,

and lone participant Amin Faraday. We had a modest happy hour and enjoyed dinner together.

Friday, August 22nd, saw us heading up Ouzel Creek and the east ridge to Mt. Brewer, leaving camp at 6:00 a.m. All went smoothly, with the group reaching the summit about 11:50, though there was a bit of uncertainty about which of three bumps was the high point. We settled on the eastern point, where a temporary register and a time capsule from 1999 were. I was quite delighted to leave an ammo box and hardbound book on the summit—that lightened my pack by four and a half pounds! Clouds blowing overhead shortened our summit stay, and down we went, retracing our steps much of the way, though we did eventually follow the drainage north of the east ridge rather than returning to Ouzel Creek. We waded the broad inlet of Ouzel Creek into East Lake and circled back to camp at about 5:00 for another happy hour and dinner together.

Saturday we were on our way at 6:00 again to Reflection Lake and South Guard via Longley Pass. Shortly beyond the lake I took over the lead for a change, going up onto the ledges and benches above the lake, a way I had returned many years prior. I tend to repeat my routes. Who knew there was a use trail closer to shore? Oh well. We had lovely views down into the lake! We were down to a group of five at this point, Mei having opted to stay in camp and Brian having a fight with his breakfast and deciding to go

Above: Brewer on the left and South Guard on the right (photo by Tina Bowman).



At left: On the summit of South Guard, left to right: Jim Fleming, Tina Bowman, Tom Sakowych, Rana Parker, Ban Uong (photo by Neal Robbins). Below: On the summit of Brewer, left to right: Tom Sakowych, Brian Scott, Rana Parker, Jim Fleming, Mei Kwan, and Ban Uong (photo by Tina Bowman).

back to camp when we were at Reflection. The route to Longley Pass went well. We had a nice break at Lake 3496m and another short one at Lake 3580+m before attacking the sandy slopes of Longley Pass. While at the upper lake, Ban spotted Neal's group heading toward the pass. We made a steady pull up the pass and summit slope to South Guard, rendezvousing with Neal's group on top at about noon. They soon took off, and we weren't long in following their tracks with great plunge stepping down the pass. They stayed high when we dipped to the larger, lower unnamed lake, where we enjoyed another long break. We were back in camp by 5:25.

Sunday we were on our way out at 7:00, taking few breaks, one of them enforced by a rattlesnake coiled on the trail perhaps half a mile upstream from the Sphinx Creek trail junction. The sand flats had me and probably several others hating life at the end, but soon enough that passed, and we were back at the cars, the end of the group reaching Roads End several minutes after 1:00, pretty good for thirteen and a half miles with a stream crossing. Statistics for the trip are something like forty-five miles and 13,125' or more gain.

Most of us celebrated a successful trip by having lunch in Cedar Grove at the BBQ in the picnic area and enjoying the showers before hitting the long road home.



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1987 vs 2014

Reflections on Hiking the John Muir Trail . . . Twenty-Seven Years Apart

By Barbara Cohen Sholle

Short version:

What stayed the same:

1. the exquisite beauty of the Sierra
2. the difficulty in getting a permit from Happy Isles

What changed:

1. wearing a merino wool shirt to keep from reeking after three weeks on the trail
2. use of bear canisters
3. ease of getting to Muir Trail Ranch for resupply and abundance of extra food available for taking left by others
4. rarity of external frame packs
5. titanium cookware and light-weight canister stoves
6. Thermarest NeoAir lightweight pads rather than ensolite
7. Steri-pen for water purification
8. hiking with older knees
9. a huge increase in the number of women on the trail, both solo and in groups

Long version:

In 1980, two of my colleagues at West Los Angeles College were planning a week-long summer Sierra backpack for the natural science club, and they thought that I might be interested in going. Irv Neder, a geologist, and Irv Tannenbaum, a chemist, gave me a list of gear to buy since I had never backpacked before. At that time, I lived a few minutes from the Torrance/Carson REI, and the store gave dividends on sale items! After purchasing the gear, the Irvs thought it might be better for me to try a three-day trip before committing for a week, so they planned a snow climb of San Gorgonio. I learned a few things from that climb: I cannot sleep in a mummy bag, I should not wear jeans in the snow, I should keep my sunglasses on to prevent snow-blindness. Despite these problems, I loved the feeling of sitting atop a summit and wanted to do it again. (This was long before I learned about the existence of the three climbing lists that I would eventually complete.) After three more summer

backpacks, I realized that I needed to learn more about wilderness travel and feel less like Cheryl Strayed in *Wild*, so I enrolled in BMTCC in 1984. After completing BMTCC, I started going on conditioning hikes sponsored by PV/SouthBay Sierra Club. It was there that I met so many wonderful people who were very knowledgeable about hiking and climbing. Among these people were Al Sattler and Jennifer Lambelet. (I later learned that Al took BMTCC in 1976 and was in the same group as Dave—what a coincidence!)

Jennifer, Al, and I decided to hike the John Muir Trail in 1987. We did a 3-day climb of Olancho Peak to see if we were compatible for more than a conditioning hike length of time. For the JMT we were unable to get a permit from Happy Isles, so we dayhiked from Tuolumne to Happy Isles, got a ride back to Tuolumne, and the next day started from Tuolumne with our backpacks. My memories are of wonderful weather throughout the trip. I also remember Jennifer surprising Al and me on Silver Pass by preparing chocolate pudding for us. Our evening's dose of entertainment was watching Al throw a rock over a "good" branch of a tree in order to hang our food. We had a device called a "bear-block," which used a pulley system in order to avoid counter-balancing the bags. (Twenty-seven years later, our evening dose would be Ibuprofen.) When we got to Mt. Whitney, it was Labor Day weekend, and we had the summit to ourselves. At Trail Camp, we met Hulda Crooks, who had a large entourage with her, including her great-granddaughter. It turned out to be her last ascent of Mt. Whitney, as she was already in her 90's. Heading down the trail, we were amazed to see people hiking up wearing flip-flops and carrying boom-boxes. We had a wonderful two and a half weeks.

Fast forward to 2014:

Dave's friend from undergrad and grad school, Will, and his wife, Wendy, got a permit from Happy Isles and asked us if we'd like to join them on the JMT. This turned out to be one of the most nostalgic and



emotional experiences of my life. From my previous JMT trip, I recalled marveling at all the mountains. Now, sixteen years after completing the SPS list, I marveled at the fact that I had climbed peaks in every area of the JMT. I was happy to get Caltech Pk #248, which was added after I finished the list, and Dave was glad to climb the peak named for his alma mater. The memories of so many trips and of my climbing companions came flooding back to me and overwhelmed me with emotion. I so fondly remembered the wonderful times spent with friends who have passed away—the two Irvs, Bill T. Russell, Duane McRuer,

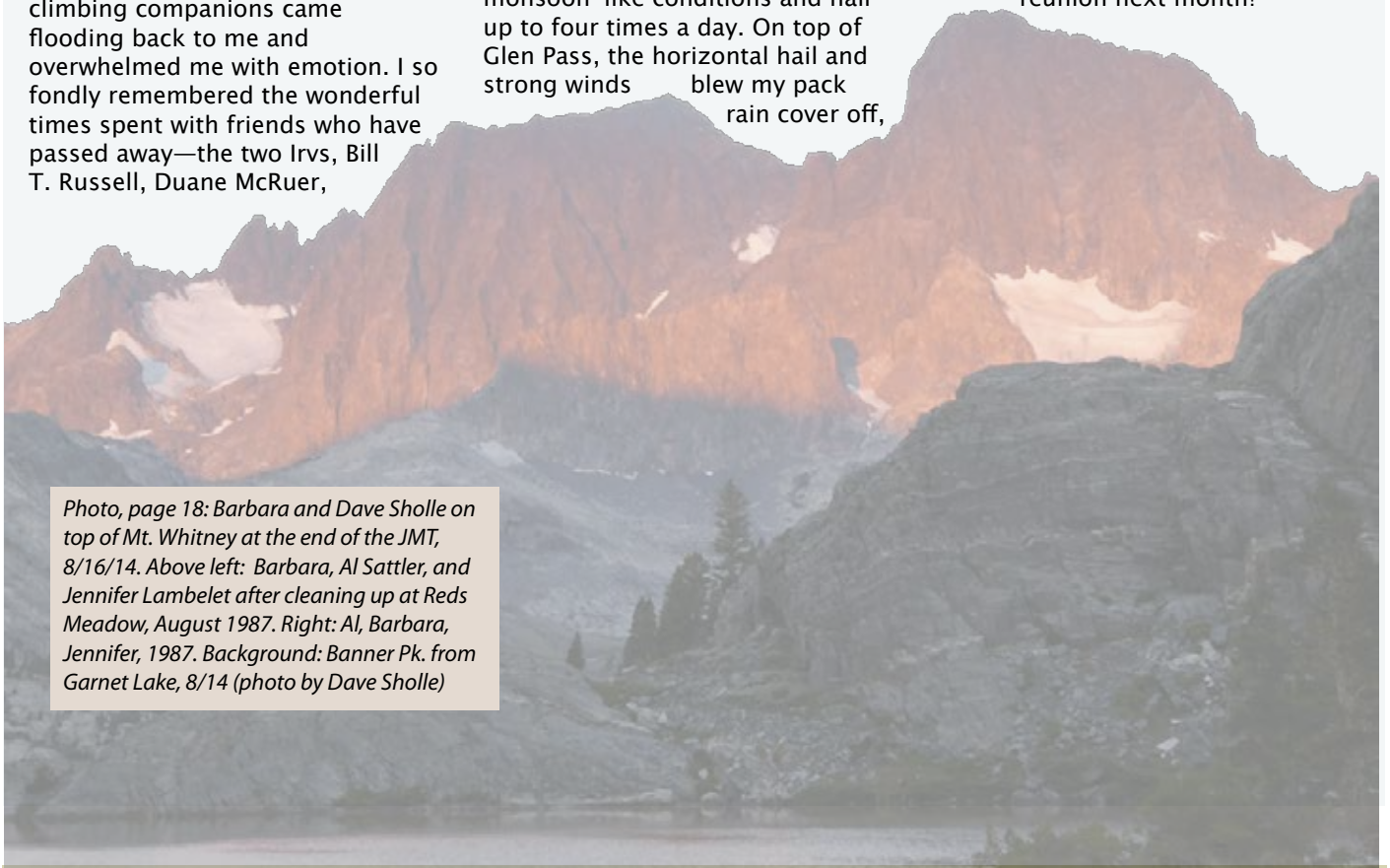
Dave Dykeman, Vi Grasso, Patty Rambert, and my dear friend Jennifer, who died on the summit of Kilimanjaro on January 1, 2000. At the same time, I rejoice in the fact that so many of my climbing buddies are still going strong in the mountains. Bravo to Doug Mantle and Tina Bowman!

Our weather on this trip was terrible a lot of the time—very smokey in Yosemite because of fires, then very rainy for days with monsoon-like conditions and hail up to four times a day. On top of Glen Pass, the horizontal hail and strong winds blew my pack rain cover off,

and we considered quitting at Onion Valley since our gear had been soaked and filthy for days. Then clear skies and sunshine prevailed, as well as Don Sparks bringing our resupply and our car to us, and we continued on to Whitney and finished the trip.

I am grateful to have been able to complete this fantastic hike for the second time. I am also grateful that I can wear a smaller size dress when I attend my 50th high school reunion next month!

Photo, page 18: Barbara and Dave Sholle on top of Mt. Whitney at the end of the JMT, 8/16/14. Above left: Barbara, Al Sattler, and Jennifer Lambelet after cleaning up at Reds Meadow, August 1987. Right: Al, Barbara, Jennifer, 1987. Background: Banner Pk. from Garnet Lake, 8/14 (photo by Dave Sholle)



The Top of Europe: Mt. Elbrus, Russia

By Tina Bowman

Sophie Cairns is an instigator. My tent mate from Denali struck again at the end of April to ask whether I'd join her to climb Mt. Elbrus in Russia (5642 meters or 18,510'), the last of the Seven Volcanoes for her project to climb the highest volcano on each continent in (unofficial) record time. I said yes, just as I had for joining her in January to climb Pico de Orizaba in Mexico (see *The Sierra Echo* 58.2), coincidentally almost as high at Elbrus. Not having previously thought about climbing Elbrus, I thought this would be a good opportunity to climb with a friend and travel together. Elbrus, like Kilimanjaro, is both the highest volcano and highest mountain on its continent.

We decided to go on a ten-day guided climb June 4-13 offered by Pilgrim Tours (pilgrim-tours.com), a Russian company Sophie had used four years before for another successful climb of Elbrus (she was repeating the climb for the sake of her record). If she was successful, Sophie would have climbed the volcanoes in five and a half months. She had actually been to Elbrus earlier in April, but very cold temperatures and

high winds precluded a summit attempt. Fortunately for her, Elbrus is the cheapest volcano to climb since it's the closest to her home near London. Pilgrim Tours was very helpful in supplying the information for getting a visa to enter Russia and gave a lot of help via payment information, equipment lists, currency conversion calculators, and the like.

My husband, Tom, was on his way home from a conference in India when it was time for me start the journey to Russia on the night of June 1st. Fortunately, Beth Epstein was kind enough to drive me to LAX, where I enjoyed seeing the improvements to the Bradley terminal prior to my British Airways flight to London's Heathrow airport. Though I had a good experience flying BA, I was still rather a zombie by the time I arrived Monday evening. Sophie was there to greet me, and we were soon at her home in the village of Denham, twenty minutes or so from Heathrow when there's no traffic. I met her husband, Douglas, and enjoyed dinner at a true village pub several hundred years old.

Tuesday, June 3rd, Sophie and I flew to Domodevodo Airport, the largest of Russia's commercial airports, and

stayed at the Aerohotel nearby that evening. It was 84 degrees when we arrived, and we enjoyed the long day with sunset at 10:15. The next morning we were back at the very crowded airport and on our way on Ural Airlines for the two-hour flight south to Mineralnye Vody. Here we began our first day of the Pilgrim Tours trip with a three-hour drive to the village of Cheget (2100m, about 6900') near the end of the road in the Baksan Valley and close to Mt. Elbrus. Here we checked into our room on the fifth floor of the hotel, unfortunately, with no elevator, a bit of an issue since we had heavy, bulky luggage. The hotel was new and quite nice inside, but the cement block exterior walls were unfinished. In Russia we saw many unfinished and abandoned

buildings, perhaps the result of corruption when the money moved on to other projects. Who knows? While the countryside was gorgeous, the unfinished and decrepit buildings and barns seemingly on the verge of collapse made for a strong contrast.

The next day we walked about two hundred yards to the first of two chair lifts up Mt. Cheget. The first was an ancient double chair; the second a single chair. Soon we were

above timberline and hiking with an assistant guide up the ridge for an acclimatization hike to 3450m or c. 11,320'. Our guide for the trip, Anna, was still on Elbrus on a summit climb. On this fine, clear day we enjoyed a spectacular view of Elbrus to the north across the valley and other peaks in the Caucasus mountain range like nearby Mt. Donguzorun to the south. Over the ridge between Cheget and Donguzorun lies Georgia. That evening before dinner in the hotel (all meals were provided by Pilgrim Tours) we met Anna, who came to our room to check our equipment. We were prepared and ready to go with no need to rent anything. Anna, back from Elbrus that day, was dressed in heels and fashionable clothes with her waist-length blond hair cascading over her shoulder. She was so serious!

On Friday we went to the end of the road and up an ancient aerial tram on Elbrus and hiked to 4100m or c. 13,450'. A single-chair lift wasn't running, or we would have ridden that also to just below the barrel huts and other huts at 3800m. When we took breaks, Anna would smoke. Back we went for a last night in the hotel in Cheget.



Saturday morning we took the tram and the lift to the huts. Fortunately, we stayed in the shipping container huts, warmer, more finished than the barrel huts, which are former fuel containers and cold. Once we had claimed our bunk beds in our container (no one else sharing it at that point), off we went on an acclimatization hike to 4500m or c. 14,750'. Sophie and I were doing well in adapting to the altitude, and we certainly were given lots of food to eat. We weren't too thrilled by the breakfast porridge with butter cooked in, but we had lots of fresh tomato, cucumber, and onion salads and orange and apple slices to counterbalance the fat in many other dishes.



Photo page 20: The south side of Mt. Elbrus from Mt. Cheget. The standard route ascends the south side to the saddle and then up to the higher west summit. Photo left: The single chair lift to the Elbrus huts; above: Sophie in front of our hut; below, left to right: Sophie, Anna, and Tina. (Photos by Tina Bowman.)



even had power—lights and a heater, which we used once—for a few hours each night. This second group had four Germans, a French man who was working in Russia, and two Indonesians, one of them working in Paris and the other in Qatar. Their group, which had acclimatized only to 4500m, would join with us on the summit day.

Sunday we had our last acclimatization hike, this one to 5000m or c. 16,400'. Anna said that only about 30% of the guided clients make it that far, but we were right behind Anna, so much so that she called me the Terminator since I marched right behind her. Had she not been a very aware and sensible guide, setting a moderately slow, steady pace, I would have been dragging way behind. Because I'm probably a good ten years older than her mother (Anna is twenty-eight and has been guiding for nine years), she most likely thinks I'm ancient and expected me to hike accordingly. Ha! Sophie was right there, so I called her Terminator II. It was nice to be a group of three women. Even our cook was a woman.



Monday was a rest day, but we did practice ice axe self-arrests. Though good practice and on a soft slope, the practice was scary because we were wearing crampons, something we'd never do in a Sierra Club practice or checkout. We went through all the permutations with ice axe in either hand—head first on back, on stomach, feet first, including starting with a barrel roll to simulate a tumbling fall. By now

we'd gotten to know Anna much better and talked and joked with her a lot. The seriousness we'd first seen had melted away, except when safety was an issue. I think she really took to us because we didn't whine, followed the acclimatization program without problem, and were prepared with our equipment.

That night an eight-day Pilgrim Tours group joined us, and Gitta, a German woman, joined us in our hut. With four bunk beds, we still had plenty of room. We

According to the plan, we were up and having breakfast at 2:00 a.m. on Tuesday, June 10th. Unfortunately, it was snowing, and there was lightning up above. Like most other groups, we had planned to



Photo above: The climb to the saddle - Anna, the guide, leading, Tina and Sophie next (professional photo). Below: Tina and Sophie on the summit.

splurge and take one of the many snow cats up to 4800m for 2600 rubles, about \$74 (the price depends on the number hitching a ride). Elbrus is a big mountain, and a climb from the huts would entail over 6000' gain and a distance of about thirteen kilometers. Instead, we climbed about 2700' and maybe about eight kilometers or five miles. Anna and Johnny, the guides, decided that instead of leaving at 3:00 a.m. we'd wait until 4:00 to see about the weather. By 4:00 the sky was mostly clear, so we piled on the snow cat for a ride straight up the mountain for about half an hour, hopped out, and soon were on our way. Surprisingly, two snow cats passed us and went to 5000m, the second one having trouble at one point and knocking hard balls of snow on some of us.

Contrary to many SPS snow climbs on which we zig-zag up the slope, on summit day and the acclimatization hikes the usual practice was to go straight uphill. Anna led the group and had Sophie and me right behind her; she said the other group had some weak members, so we'd lead the way. At about 5000m we started an upward traverse around the lower east summit to the saddle between the massive cones of the east and west summits. From the saddle, our combined group of eleven was down to six: one of the German men, the Frenchman, and the two Indonesians had turned around with their guide. Anna asked me to sweep as we left the saddle for the summit plateau. From the large saddle we went up and then traversed to the north to a fixed line over some rocks and firmer snow, putting us on the plateau. Of course, the summit was on the other side of



the plateau but wasn't a difficult walk with only a short steeper section at the very end.

Hooray for Sophie! She had reached the summit of her final volcano. We had a lovely, sunny day with some breeze, a bit windier at times on the way back. On the fixed lines and back to the saddle, Anna asked me to lead while she helped people clear the anchor points of the line and then swept. When we left the saddle, I was sweeping again. I was pleased to help and flattered that Anna had asked me to. Sophie also was helping with the leading and sweeping; we appreciated the confidence Anna had in us. Back at 4800m we hopped on a snow cat and were back to the huts about 2:30.

Wednesday and Thursday were reserved as summit days in case of bad weather. Because we'd been fortunate to climb on the first day, we came back to Cheget village on Wednesday and had a dinner feast. Boy oh boy, was the vodka ever flowing! Anna persuaded me to drink some—the tiniest of sips for me with each of many toasts.

Thursday Sophie was on the phone for job interviews, but the rest of us went with guide Johnny on a hike up a side valley to view a waterfall, many wildflowers of numerous types, and interesting geologic features—basalt columns like those at our own Devils Postpile. Anna was on the first acclimatization hike with her new group of clients. What a life!

On Friday morning we said goodbye to Anna and Cheget, taking the van back to the Mineralnye Vody airport at 7:15 because they had more clients to pick up at 11:00. Had we known that, Sophie and I would have flown that day to Moscow, but the information made us think the

van wouldn't leave Cheget until 11:00. Pilgrim had arranged for a taxi to Pyatigorsk and booked us into a huge hotel with an enormous, nice lobby and fine dining area—but decrepit room. We walked around town and past a statue of Lenin that dwarfed us, ate pizza, and walked along "Broadway," many blocks of restaurants, nightclubs, and shops.

Saturday we flew back to Moscow and stayed in the Pilot Guest House, a large, very nice new house about halfway between the airport and the city in a residential area. It was finished both inside and out and even had a swimming pool. Sunday we flew back to London and celebrated with Douglas once he was home from Scotland. Monday morning I was back at Heathrow for the flight to LAX. It was a great trip, especially since I could travel with Sophie and share in her grand finale, but, man, was I ever glad to see Tom, ready to whisk me away home.



Our early January Caribbean cruise had been long anticipated. It would be one of the few times that all eleven members of our immediate family would spend more than a day or two together. Considering the cast of strong personalities and wildly varying ages involved, however, would the trip be a hit or a miss?

My wife, Jo, and I had made prior trips to the Caribbean (see Crown Mt., American Virgin Islands, and Pic du Paradis, French St. Martin; *Sierra Echo*, July–September 2011; and Mt. Jamanota, Aruba, and Mt. Christoffel, Curaçao; *Sierra Echo*, October–December 2012). On this latest trip, I hoped to bag Mt. Obama, the 1,319' highpoint of Antigua, and Sage Mt., the 1,716' highpoint of the British Virgin Islands. Oh, yeah, and to spend time with my family.

Before relating our latest Caribbean adventures, I should explain my family. Jo and I, married for almost 57 years now, raised two sons and a daughter. Because I possess little or no athletic ability, I decided early on to pass on team sports in any attempt to bond with the boys. Instead, I became fixated on the idea that bagging Southern California peaks would be the perfect solution (in fact, Bret and Steve earned their Hundred Peaks awards before heading off for college). Furthermore, those early climbs were precursors to several more rigorous ascents we were to make in the Sierra, the Alps, Africa, and South America, many of which were written up in the *Sierra Echo* as “In High Places” essays.

Daughter Kimberly, eight years younger

than her brothers, didn't get the chance to join those seminal climbs. But she was born with a “where did that come from” athletic ability and turned out to be a league-champion tennis player in high school and a member of the ski team while in college. Our athletic bond, a good one, was based on our mutual passion for the O'Malley-era Dodgers.

After graduating from Berkeley, Reed, and USC respectively, all three kids married and eventually blessed Jo and me with four top-of-the-line grandchildren. And as our grandkids grew into young adults, again attempting to bond, Jo and I began spirited them away from their parents, arranging summer trips to far-flung destinations, always including a climbable mountain or two. For example, when the oldest two, Hayley and Nathan, cousins, were fourteen and twelve respectively, we bagged Japan's high point, Mt. Fujiama. The following year, when Angela, Nathan's sister, turned ten, we were in Italy, climbing Mt. Etna and Mt. Vesuvius. More recently, Hayley, Nathan, Angela, their parents, select friends, and I have spent a week each summer completing the John Muir Trail.

Kimberly and her husband, Scott, however, got off to a late start in raising a family. Their daughter, our granddaughter, Griffin, didn't turn seven until January 3 this year. And as good planning (okay, good luck) would have it, our cruise, on which a child had to be at

least seven to join, sailed from Philipsburg, St. Martin, on

Clockwise from top left: First three stamps, Sage Mtn., BVI (photos by Beth Epstein). View from Mt. Obama (photo from Mt. Obama NP). Burton Falk and granddaughter Griffin (photo courtesy of Falk Family). Mt. Obama, Antigua (photo from antiguaoutdoors.com).



Above: Falk clan atop Mt. Obama. Above right: map from antiguaoutdoors.com. Right: Mt. Obama from Cades Bay (photo from tusentakk2.com).

Saturday, January 4.

The next morning, Sunday, our ship, the 200+ passenger Wind Surf, dropped anchor at Yarmouth Harbor in Antigua.

From the air, the island of Antigua looks like someone dropped a green glob into the azure Caribbean, creating a 12-mile diameter oval blotch with a splattering of smaller blotch islands radiating outward. Lonely Planet describes the island thusly: "Its myriad craggy inlets and corrugated coasts hug scores of perfect little beaches, while the sheltered bays have provided refuge for boats from Admiral Nelson to pirates to sun-scorched yachties."

Catching one of the first tenders into the busy harbor that Sunday morning, we found our pre-arranged guide/driver, Sean Beazer, Managing Director of Scenic Tours Antigua, awaiting us at the end of the dock.

Given that the primary object of our day's itinerary was the ascent of Mt. Obama, we piled into Sean's small air-conditioned bus and began driving west along the south coast road. A little before 11 a.m., arriving at the base of a short but steep unpaved road leading to the peak's 1,319' summit, we were met by an associate of Sean's driving a golf course-sized flat-bed utility vehicle. Having doubts about the ability of all those in our group, ranging from 7 year-old Griffin to 78 year-old me—and probably including himself—to hike all the way to the summit, Sean had arranged a sag wagon.

Well, it took exactly an hour for us, unaided and surrounded by machete-thick vegetation, to hike to the fenced summit compound. Passing through an

open gate posted with a "No Trespassing" sign, we continued 100 yards or so to the base of a towering antenna, where we were treated to a magnificent 360 degree view of the island. Griffin and her dad, Scott, had bagged their first country high point; I had ascended my 37th.

Following our descent, we continued driving west along the south shore road to Turner's Beach, where, at a beachside restaurant, we spent as much time waiting for our lunch to arrive as it had taken us to climb Mt. Obama. Caribbean folks, it seems, operate on a different time schedule than we mainland folks.

Still later that afternoon, we visited the site of crumbling Fort Shirley (overlooking Eric Clapton's huge holiday complex), after which we continued a short distance to Shirley Heights Lookout, which, again quoting Lonely Planet, "is a dazzlingly located hilltop restaurant and bar, hosting (on Sunday afternoons) wildly popular barbecues that vibrate with a steel-drum band in the afternoon and live reggae and calypso after 7 p.m."

As dusk descended, our pleasant day on Antigua ended with a visit to the historic Nelson's Shipyard.

Sadly, the history of Antigua wasn't always so pleasant.

Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Sea, "discovered" and claimed Antigua for Spain in 1493,

naming it in honor of the Virgin of the Old Cathedral, La Virgen de la Antigua, in Seville, Spain.

Spain's claim to Antigua was tenuous, however, and in 1632 the English arrived, establishing the island's first permanent settlement and planting crops of indigo and tobacco, both of which were unprofitable. In 1674, Sir Christopher Codrington launched Antigua's first sugar plantation, an endeavor which was commercially successful. By the end of the 17th century, the island's valleys had been deforested, acres of cane had been planted, and thousands of slaves were working the fields.

First using indigenous Indians as slave labor, the plantation owners soon discovered that they succumbed easily to disease and/or malnutrition, dying by the thousands. African slaves, however, adapted well to the new environment and thus became the number one choice of unpaid labor.

By the mid-1770s, the number of slaves stood at 37,500, most of whom were living in wretched and overcrowded conditions. Even worse, slave owners were free to mistreat or even kill them with no legal recourse. To escape the brutality, fugitive slaves sometimes attempted to hide themselves in the densely forested Shekerley mountains, including the slopes of Mt. Obama, which was then known as Boggy Peak. In 1687, following a revolt, 27 runaways established a palisaded "maroon" camp on the peak. A militia force stormed the camp, and the following year the leaders were burned.

On August 4, 2009, the birthday of U.S. President Barack Obama, the Prime Minister of Antigua and Barbuda, Baldwin Spencer, officially changed the name of the peak to Mount Obama. Because most of today's Antiguanians are descendents of those first African slaves—including those who sought refuge on Boggy Peak—the renaming was not universally welcomed.

The following morning, Monday, January 6, the Wind Surf made its second port of call in Sopers Hole, at the west end of Tortola Island, British Virgin Islands, a haven for pirates in the 16th Century. As I was unable to make prior reservations for a rental car or a guide for a climb of 1,716' Sage Mt., it was a relief when the Wind Surf's accommodating travel director offered to make the necessary arrangements.

The history of the Virgin Islands (both American and British) extends, once again, back to Christopher Columbus, who, on his second voyage to the Americas in 1493, made the first European sighting of the islands. Columbus named the archipelago Santa Ursula y las Once Mil Virgenes (after Saint Ursula and her 11,000 Virgins), an appellation later shortened to Las Virgenes (The Virgins).

Although the Spanish Empire claimed the islands by discovery, they never settled them, and in subsequent years the English, Dutch, French, and Danish jostled for control of the region, an era during which the islands became a notorious base for pirates. The Dutch, in 1648, were the first to establish a permanent settlement on Tortola, but the English captured the island in 1672, and then also annexed the nearby islands of Anegada and Virgin Gorda in 1680.

Our driver/guide seemed taciturn and, between my suspect hearing and his Creole accent, his descriptions of the passing landmarks were difficult to understand. First heading east along the south shore road—beneath Sage Mt., in fact—we soon arrived in Road Town, the capital and commercial center of the British Virgin Island (BVI), home to approximately one third of the BVI's 28,000 total population. Turning left into the heights above the busy town, we began twisting our way to the top of Tortola's backbone ridge, where we made several stops to enjoy the views. A few miles to the southeast lay a smattering of smaller BV islands, while twenty-six miles to the east lay the much larger Virgin Gorda. To the west and southwest, Jost Van Dyke Island and the American Virgin Islands of St. John and St. Thomas rose up out of the sun-drenched sea. Even if a visitor doesn't intend to climb the mountain—hard to believe, I know—this is a worthwhile drive.

Continuing to the west end of the ridge road, we parked at the entrance to Sage Mountain National Park (aka Mount Sage National Park), a 64-acre site, ceded to the BVI National Park Trust in 1964 by Laurance Rockefeller.

We then began our hike up a steep, muddy trail, through a forest consisting of two species of mahogany, elephant ear vine (philodendron), fig tree, white cedar (not actually a cedar but a flowering tree), tree ferns, large patches of moss, and huge spider webs.

The true summit, perhaps a half mile beyond the trailhead, was surrounded by forest and offered no good



views. Continuing on a few yards, however, we reached a lookout platform which provided splendid vistas of Tortola's sinuous eastern end.

As we began our descent on another trail looping back to our van, "it" happened. Griffin, who was out in front at the time, discovered a small snake on the path. Stopping dead in her tracks, she calmly pointed out her find.

It was our driver/guide, instead, who panicked. Picking up a large rock, he began mercilessly pummeling the defenseless reptile. After a few minutes of solid rockwork, what was left of the snake looked like *pâté de foie gras*.

I have no doubt that thirty years from now Griffin will remember the snake incident, instead of the fact that her kindly, graying grandfather had just led her up her second country highpoint. Sigh.

The next day, the Wind Surf anchored off the small island (4 sq.mi.) of Josh Van Dyke, where in the 1960s a man by the name of Foxy Callwood, reputedly a descendent of freed Quaker slaves, established a beach-front bar, Foxy's, which, thanks to generations of thirsty yachties, has gained a world-wide reputation. After downing a Carib brew or two, I could only agree with another visitor who said, "When the Main Street is a beach, you know life is good."

During the balance of our cruise, we visited Virgin Gorda (good beach, excellent barbeque), and the ritzy port of Gustavia on the French island of St-Barthélemy. And although we bagged no further high points, all participants agreed, as we disembarked in St. Martin and headed off in different directions, it had been a splendid trip.

Postscript: A few weeks later, Nancy, one of our brilliant daughters-in-law, informed us that, out of curiosity, she had looked up "Snakes on the British Virgin Islands." What she found was that the BVIs had only a few species, not one of which was dangerous. In fact, with a loss of habitat combined with predation by domestic animals (and hyper-excitable trail guides), the rare creatures now face extinction.

The geologic and historic information in the italics, aside from that quoted from Lonely Planet: Caribbean Islands (6th ed, 2011), comes from a variety of on-line sources, including Wikipedia, the official guides to Antigua and Barbuda and the Virgin Islands, and Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus by Samuel Eliot Morison.—TB, from Burt

Outings



Mt. Humphreys (photo by Jack Keiffer).

Sept 21 | Sun LTC, WTC, HPS, DPS, SPS

I: Grinnell Ridge Navigation Noodle: Navigation Noodle in San Bernardino National Forest for either checkout or practice to satisfy Basic (I/M) or Advanced (E) level navigation requirements. Send e-mail/sase, contact info, navigation experience/training, any WTC, leader rating, rideshare, to Ldr: Robert Myers. Asst: Phil Wheeler. Note: Early (at least two weeks prior to the event) sign-up for all navigation checkoffs and practices is recommended. These outings require substantial pre-outing preparation work, including completion of both a comprehensive written exam and a route planning assignment that will be mailed to you prior to the checkoff. See Chapter 6 of the [Leader's Reference Book](#) for more information. Send contact information (including mailing address) and your qualifications to the leader as soon as possible.

Sept 20-21 | Sat-Sun SPS, WTC

I: Four Gables (12,720'): Fall backpack to Gable Lakes, a seldom-visited canyon of the Eastern Sierra full of mining history. Sat backpack from Pine

For the past year we have used an iconic ice axe image taken on Mt. Shasta by Hal Browder to accompany our outings section, and we've decided it is time to give another SPS member a chance to represent our outings. Jack Keiffer took the photo above on his E provisional to Mt. Humphreys (see story p. 15). If you have a photo you would like to see here, please send your submission as an e-mail attachment to: tina@bowmandesigngroup.com or via USPS to Tina Bowman.

OUTINGS

Creek trailhead north of Bishop to Gable Lakes, 4 mi, 3400' gain. Set camp and enjoy happy hour. Sun an early start for the summit of Four Gables, 3.5 mi, 3000' gain. This is a scenic, steep and rocky approach via the North Ridge. Return to camp and pack out. Total stats for the day 11 mi, 3000' gain, 6400' loss. Comfort on class 2 talus required. If interested, please send a resume of experience and conditioning to Ldr: Beth Epstein. Co-Ldr: Anne Mullins.

Sep 27-28 | Sat-Sun SPS

I: Mt Rixford (12,890'), University Pk (13,632'): Sat we will hike in from Onion Valley over Kearsarge Pass and set up camp near the Kearsarge Lks (5.5 mi, 3100' gain). Then we will climb up Mt Rixford's south slopes to its summit for beautiful views of the Rae Lakes Basin and many deep Sierra peaks (2.5 m, 2300' gain). Sun we will climb University Pk via its northwest side (2.5 mi, 3100'

The Schedule of Activities is now available as an e-digest, updated monthly. At the online archives here https://angeles2.sierraclub.org/southern_sierran_archives, not only can you check out the e-digest but also see the Chapter's monthly e-newsletter and the Chapter's quarterly print *Southern Sierran/Schedule of Activities*.

gain), then pack up camp and hike out. Total for the trip is 16 mi, 9800' gain. Send e-mail with recent experience and conditioning to Ldrs: Jen Blackie (blackiejennifer@gmail.com) and Jim Fleming

Oct 4-5 Sat-Sun WTC, SPS

I: Smith Mtn (9515') Jackass Pk (9240'), and Crag Pk (9480') : Join us for a moderate two-day trip through the

Wilderness Permit Info

In addition to the permit information described below, most reservations for the Inyo National Forest and the Desolation Wilderness up to 48 hours in advance of entry can be handled at: <http://recreation.gov>

INYO NATIONAL FOREST

Web site: www.r5.fs.fed.us/inyo
Pick up permit closest to departure trailhead.

Eastern Sierra InterAgency Visitor Center, Lone Pine, CA
(760) 876-6200

White Mountain Ranger Station, Bishop, CA 93514
(760) 873-2500

Mammoth Lakes Visitor Center, Mammoth Lakes, CA 93546
(760) 924-5500

Mono Basin Scenic Area Visitor Center, Lee Vining, CA 93541
(760) 647-304

KERN PLATEAU

Web site: www.r5.fs.fed.us/sequoia

Cannell Meadow Ranger District
105 Whitney Road
P.O. Box 9
Kernville, CA 93238
Phone: 760/376-3781 fax:
760/376-3795

Tule River Ranger District
32588 Highway 190
Springville, CA 93265
Phone: (559) 539-2607

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK

Web site: www.nps.gov/yose
Reservation requests for summer trips (mid-May through September) are accepted from 2 weeks to 24 weeks in advance on-line or by writing to
Yosemite Association
PO Box 545
Yosemite, CA 95389

By phone: reservations for summer trips are accepted by calling (209) 372-0740.

Obtain your free permit from the Wilderness Permit Station nearest your departure trailhead. Call (209) 372-0200 for permit station locations.

If entering park from Cherry Lake in the Stanislaus National Forest to

Kibbie Lake and Lake Eleanor in Yosemite, you must get your permit from the Stanislaus National Forest Ranger Station on Highway 120 in Groveland. Call (209) 962-7825. If entering the park from Chiquito Pass in Sierra National Forest, permits for the whole trip must be obtained from the forest Service in North Fork. Call (559) 877-2218

SEQUOIA AND KINGS CANYON NP

Web site: www.nps.gov/seki
47050 Generals Highway
Three Rivers, CA. 93271-9599
Phone (559) 565-3766 for permit & trail info. Fax (559) 565-4239

SIERRA NATIONAL FOREST (WESTSIDE) ENTRY

Web site: www.fs.fed.us/r5/sierra
Ansel Adams Wilderness-North Bass Lake Ranger District
57003 Road 225
North Fork, CA 93643
Phone: (559) 887-2218

Ansel Adams Wilderness-South John Muir, Kaiser and Dinkey Lakes Wildernesses
Pineridge/Kings River Ranger District
29688 Auberry Road
Prather, CA 93651
Phone: (559) 855-5355

OUTINGS

Leaders in this issue's schedule:

Jennifer Blackie blackiejennifer@gmail.com
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Robert Myers 310-829-3177 rmmyers@ix.netcom.com
Kathy Rich 323-256-3776 karich@usc.edu
Daniel Richter 818-970-6737 dan@danrichter.com
Linda Robb 714-478-0755 kingfisherfan1@cox.net
Gary Schenk 714-596-6196 gary@hbfun.org

lush forests and beautiful meadows of the southern Sierra. Sat we will hike in on the Hooker Meadow trail and set up camp in the area of the Aqua Bonita Spring (6 mi, 1500' gain) and then climb Smith and Jackass Peaks (5 mi, 1800' gain RT). Sun we will climb Crag Pk, using a second class route from the saddle between Finger Rock and Crag Peak rather than the traditional third class

Call for Outings

As summer winds down, it's time to pause and reflect on the passing Sierra climbing season . . . and time to start thinking about trips for next year! What did you wish you had climbed this year? Lead it next year! Don't forget about day hikes; there are plenty of possibilities and no permit needed.

We need trips, and trips need leaders. This coming fall and winter is a good time to work on upgrading your leader rating or getting one. A particular need is for intro trips for new comers. After all, getting newcomers into the Sierra is one of our main callings as a section. The easier snow and third class rock routes make for great introductory trips for rookies with the appropriate training.

And now a word on every Sierra Club leader's favorite topic: paperwork! Please send in your signed waiver sheets once your outing is over. Medical forms, too, if it was a restricted outing. The maw of the club bureaucracy is bottomless.

"Today is your day! Your mountain is waiting. So . . . get on your way."—Dr. Suess

Gary Schenk, *Outings Chair*
gary@hbfun.org

route (8 mi, 2000' gain RT) and then pack up camp and hike out (6 mi, 200' gain). E-mail leaders with contact info and recent conditioning. Ldrs: Jennifer Blackie, Kathy Rich.

Oct 11 | Sat LTC

Deadline to register for the Oct 25th Leadership Training Seminar. See that listing for more info.

Oct 25 | Sat LTC

Leadership Training Seminar: Become a qualified Sierra Club leader. Seminar at the Costa Mesa Community Center. For information, see the LTC website (<http://angeles.sierraclub.org/ltc/>). Deadline for receipt of application is October 11. No registration after this date or at the door. Next seminar: Spring 2015.

Nov 1 | Sat LTC, WTC, HPS

I: Beginning Navigation Clinic: Spend the day one-on-one with an instructor, learning/practicing map and compass in our local mountains. Beginners to rusty old-timers welcome, and practice is available at all skill levels. Not a checkout, but it will help you prepare. Many expert leaders will attend; many I-rated leaders started here in the past. 4 mi, 500' gain. Send sase, phones, rideshare info, \$25 deposit, refunded at trailhead (Sierra Club) to Ldr: Diane Dunbar. Co-Ldr: Richard Boardman.

Nov 15 | Sat LTC, WTC

M-R: Navigation: Workshop on 3rd-Class

Terrain: This navigation workshop is limited to individuals participating in the Indian Cove Navigation Noodle and is intended to explore special navigation issues that arise on 3rd-class terrain. Class 3 rock travel experience required. Restricted to Sierra Club members. Helmets and medical forms required/group size limited. Send e-mail/sase, SC#, class 3 experience, conditioning, contact info to Ldr: Robert Myers. Co-Ldr: Jack Kieffer.

Nov 15-16 | Sat-Sun LTC, WTC, HPS, DPS, SPS

I: Navigation: Indian Cove Navigation Noodle:

Navigation noodle at Joshua Tree National Park to satisfy the basic (I/M) level navigation requirements. Sat for practice, skills refresher, altimeter, homework, campfire. Sun checkout. Send e-mail/sase, contact info, navigation experience/training, any WTC, leader rating, rideshare to Ldr: Robert Myers. Asst: Phil Wheeler. Note: Early (at least two weeks prior to the event) sign-up for all navigation checkoffs and practices is recommended. These outings require substantial pre-outing preparation work, including completion of both a comprehensive written exam and a route planning assignment that will be mailed to you prior to the checkoff. See Chapter 6 of the [Leader's](#)

OUTINGS

[Reference Book](#) for more information. Send contact information (including mailing address) and your qualifications to the leader as soon as possible.

Nov 15-16 | Sat-Sun LTC

M/E-R: Rock: Indian Cove Checkout, Joshua Tree National Park: M- and E-level rock practice and checkout for LTC leadership candidates. Practice Sat, checkout Sun. Restricted to Sierra Club members with technical rock climbing experience. Climbing helmets and harnesses required. E-mail climbing resume to Ldr: Patrick McKusky. Asst: Dan Richter.

Dec 7 | Sat LTC, WTC, HPS, DPS, SPS

I: Navigation: Warren Point Navigation Noodle: Navigation noodle at Joshua Tree National Park for either checkoff or practice to satisfy the basic (I/M) level or advanced (E) level navigation requirements. To participate, send e-mail/sase, contact info, navigation experience/training, any WTC, leader rating, rideshare to Ldr: Robert Myers. Asst: Phil Wheeler. Note: Early (at least two weeks prior to the event) sign-up for all navigation checkoffs and practices is recommended. These outings require substantial pre-outing preparation work, including completion of both a comprehensive written exam and a route planning assignment that will be mailed to you prior to the checkoff. See Chapter 6 of the [Leader's Reference Book](#) for more information. Send contact information (including mailing address) and your qualifications to the leader as soon as possible.

The Sierra Echo

is a quarterly publication of the Sierra Peaks Section of the Sierra Club's Angeles Chapter. For more information, see the back of this newsletter. All questions, copy, and photo submissions should be directed to **Tina Bowman, Editor, *The Sierra Echo***, preferably via e-mail at tina@bowmandesigngroup.com. Refer to the SPS Roster for mailing address. The *Echo* will also be available as a PDF download at the SPS web site and via a link sent to all SPS members opting for this method.



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Jan 10-11 | Sat-Sun LTC, WTC, HPS, DPS, SPS

I: Navigation: Indian Cove Navigation Noodle: Navigation noodle at Joshua Tree National Park to satisfy the basic (I/M) level navigation requirements. Sat for practice, skills refresher, altimeter, homework, campfire. Sun checkout. Send e-mail/sase, contact info, navigation experience/training, any WTC, leader rating, rideshare to Ldr: Robert Myers. Asst: Phil Wheeler. Note: Early (at least two weeks prior to the event) sign-up for all navigation checkoffs and practices is recommended. These outings require substantial pre-outing preparation work, including completion of both a comprehensive written exam and a route planning assignment that will be mailed to you prior to the checkoff. See Chapter 6 of the [Leader's Reference Book](#) for more information. Send contact information (including mailing address) and your qualifications to the leader as soon as possible.

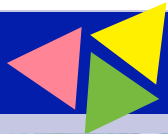
Check out the SPS web site for an even more up-to-date listing of upcoming trips at <http://angeles.sierraclub.org/sps>

Also, please check at summitregister.org whether a peak needs a register book or pencil before you go on a climb.

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Mystery Peak Challenge Winners!



**Photo 4
North**

Congratulations to Paul Garry and Ron Bartell, who correctly answered last issue's Mystery Peak Challenge: Mt. Ericsson is the peak from which the photos were taken.

This puzzle was supplied by Shane Smith, our SPS Eastern Sierra Rep. The photos are courtesy of Bob Burd www.snwburd.com.



**Photo 5
Northeast**



**Photo 3
Northwest**

This Mystery Peak Challenge:

You are standing on a Mountaineers peak. Visible in the 5 photos are North Pal, University, Brewer, Whitney, Split and Black Kaweah.



**Photo 2
Southwest**



**Photo 1
Southeast**

Check out the SPS web site if you have not visited in a while—the puzzle also appears there! <http://angeles.sierraclub.org/sps/>

Summit you are standing on is visible from Bald Mtn. Lookout on the Sherman Pass Rd. (47.5 miles away).

Trivia Contest!



We'll take a break this issue from the Mystery Peak Challenge—shake things up a bit— and present a trivia challenge suggested by Ron Bartell: name the Sierra peaks that are the highest SPS peak that far north, i.e., nothing farther north in the Sierra is higher than that peak. Clue: it is a SET of peaks. Please send your answers to Tina at tina@bowmandesigngroup.com



Bulletin Board

Wynne Benti sent the following items to share with our readers:

For SPS members who might be planning a climb of Kilimanjaro, Wynne offers this link: <http://lyimoexpeditionsskilimanjaro.com> She hasn't used him, but he's the first guide she knows who actually suggested a good petsitting contact site—and he's in Tanzania.

If you wish to purchase *Climbing Mt. Whitney* by Peter Croft and Wynne Benti, it's no longer available at REI; however, you can purchase it through Amazon, via the publisher (Spotted Dog Press), and through other sources.

SPS Income Statement 8-18-2014

	YTD 2013	YTD 2014	YTD 2015	YTD 2016	YTD 2017	YTD 2018	YTD 2019	YTD 2020	YTD 2021	YTD 2022	Final 2012
INCOME											
Echo Subscriptions	1,370	1,490	780	340	90	40	20	20	10	10	1,835
Banquet Income	2,940	4,610	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2,800
Donations	440	540	165	80	15	0	0	0	0	0	340
Merchandise Sales	27	122	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	39
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total Income	4,777	6,762	945	420	105	40	20	20	10	10	5,014
EXPENSES											
Postage	(4)	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	609
Printing	898	640	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	578
Merchandise	0	147	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Raffle	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Banquet Expenses	4,206	5,640	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3,216
Bank Fees	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Website	0	268	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Charitable contributions	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	400
	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total Expenses	5,103	6,703	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4,821
OVERALL TOTAL	(326)	59	945	420	105	40	20	20	10	10	193



The Sierra Echo

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Deadline for all submissions is three (3) weeks prior to the publication date, i.e., Feb 22, May 25, Aug 25, and Nov 24.

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Address Changes Send to the treasurer via e-mail treasurer@sierrapeaks.org

Peaks List Copies of the SPS Peaks List can be obtained by sending \$1 and a SASE to the SPS treasurer, 1701 Paloma St., Pasadena, CA 91104.

Missing Issues Inquires regarding missing issues should be directed to the section mailer at: newsletter@sierrapeaks.org.

Awards Send notification to Secretary Jim Fleming: e-mail secretary@sierrapeaks.org Awards merchandise is available through Patty Kline at 20362 Callon Drive, Topanga, CA 90290 and include emblem pins (\$15) and SPS section patches (\$5). Make checks payable to SPS. All prices include sales tax.

**Sierra Club, Angeles Chapter
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