CHAIRMAN'S CORNER, by George Shinno

With the ending of summer, the Section's period of intensive activity comes to a close. Our outings have been most varied, with snow climbs in the early part of the season, long trips, and climbs which have been stormed out. Emblem peaks, with their prominence and location in various areas of the Sierra, have been most popular. These emblem peaks are becoming known in other areas, for bagging them seems to be a pastime of other people as well as those of us in the Section.

We have had several close calls with nearly-lost persons, poor group control, and with injuries. Group control became a sore point with the various leaders, involving splinter groups, non-cooperative participants, etc. The Safety and Mountaineering Committees re-established and formulated a set of ground rules for leaders and for participants. With these, the later trips have been conducted without dissension and with less anxiety for the leaders.

Jerry and Nancy Keating will be established in Sacramento by the time this issue reaches you. The void left by them will be most difficult to fill, for they were dedicated to this Section and to the activities of the Sierra Club. Lots of luck and we do hope to see you on our various trips.

The November meeting will be devoted to scheduling of the spring activities and to the election of officers. Give us your trip suggestions and vote!

SECRETARY'S REPORT, by Miles Brubacher

Membership in the SPS has now reached 211. Of these, 150 are "active" members, and 58 proudly wear the SPS emblem.

Eight new emblem holders, as a result of this season's climbing activities, are: Tom Condon, charter member Ted Maier, Dave Hamren, Mike Raudenbush, Renne Julian, Steve Rogers, Arkel Erb, and our chairman, George Shinno. Steve and Arky each climbed 10 emblem peaks this season, and each climbed Sill and North Pal in a single day. Steve is hoping to get his wife
Bunny up two more emblem peaks this season so she can get her badge too. (This second feat is one that Arky is not likely to match, unless he has been doing some extra-curricular work that he has not reported, ed.) These are all peak-baggers "par-excellence" and we hope that they make their goals.

Hearty welcome to the new members listed below:

Renne S. Julian        Pacific Palisades
Roger Monroe           Sacramento
Roger Monroe, Jr.       Sacramento
Gwen Williams          Sacramento
Ralph Shankland        Rosemead
Mark Haberbasch        Los Angeles
Burt Turney            Glendale
Gen Turney             Glendale
Steve Fossett          Garden Grove

FROM THE EDITOR, Walt Wheelock

The Echo, as well as the rest of the Sierra Peaks Section, will suffer by the departure of our secretary, Jerry Keating. However, his new job as Special Assistant to Roy E. Simpson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, in Sacramento, is a well-earned opportunity for Jerry, and we are sure that he will fill this position in his usual capable fashion. (What is it that this area has for ex-chairmen of the SPS? With three, including Sanborn and Miller, up there, they will be soon forming a past-chairman's club.)

Miles Brubacher, long-time and long-active member of the SPS, has been selected to replace Jerry, and you will be seeing his "remarkably-clear-deathless-prose" in that corner of the Echo.

Your editor is almost ready to call "uncle." Several months ago he called for more articles to fill out the sheet. Such magnificent response is overwhelming. (We contemplated calling the last two issues the "Sierra Avalanche.") If your masterpiece is held up an issue or so, please be patient; we hope to wind up at the year's end with a clean slate, if our hard-working stenos and printer don't strike for time-and-a-half.

DEADLINE: The deadline date for the next issue is November 22.

--THE SIERRA ECHO--

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Editor: Walt Wheelock, 1129 East Palmer Ave., Glendale, California.
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A clear, beautiful weekend, inauspiciously begun by cold and winds, awaited the large group of hikers who showed up for the SPS scheduled climb of Mt. Lyell (13,114') over the Labor Day weekend.

The three-day trip to climb this prominent emblem peak was planned as a circle tour, with one party going in from Silver Lake and the other from Tuolumne Meadows. Camp was to be made at the Upper Lyell Base Camp. A party would also go out by each route so that hikers could come and go either way. This plan was successfully carried out, although the Tuolumne Meadows route was by far the most popular (and easiest). Ted Maier led six sturdy climbers past sparkling lakes up the Rush Creek trail over Donohue Pass (4,000 rugged feet above the roadhead), while I led some 35 others (including 2 from Sacramento) through the woods and wide open meadows of the long but pleasant Lyell Creek Canyon. Although both parties started about 8:00 a.m., the Rush Creek group did not arrive until nearly six, whereas the others were comfortably (?) in camp by 5:00.

During the afternoon, strong, cold winds drove most of the group into the sack quite early with some worries about the morrow. Freezing temperatures and wind speeds of at least 25 mph were reached.

By Sunday morning the winds had died down, and at 8:00 a.m., the group was under way. The route chosen was the conventional one - across the polished granite glacial slabs and across the glacier itself to the saddle between Lyell and Maclure, then up the ridge to the summit. Under a now warm sun, the glacier was quickly reached. In crossing the glacier, some inexperienced people encountered trouble with the hard, icy surface. In the future, ice axes and possibly crampons should be required on this climb. The interesting third-class portion of the summit ridge caused some people to want a rope for assistance, but by early afternoon everyone of the party of 42 was on the summit enjoying the spectacular view of Banner and Ritter, Yosemite Valley, and Tuolumne Meadows. On the way back, 11 people climbed Maclure in half an hour from the saddle.

The descent to camp was accomplished with a bit of repeated difficulty on the glacier. Four people who were going out over Donohue Pass went out the same day in order to reach a lower, more sheltered campsite in case the winds returned. But the now fine weather held, and everyone enjoyed the leisurely descent to the roadheads.
MT. GIBBS, by Frank Sanborn

This short weekend knapsack trip into the Tioga Pass area of Yosemite was a Mother Lode Chapter trip, but we were pleased to have seven Angeles Chapter members join us. It was much more "joint" than most of our official jointly-scheduled trips have been.

On Saturday, September 10, Frank Sanborn led the group of 16 a short two miles to campsite on a tributary of Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River, between Mt's. Dana and Gibs. Four high school students of Frank's carried their gear, including one suitcase; in their arms; it was their first introduction to knapsacking. Now they appreciate the advantage and meaning of a knapsack!

The leader and seven others climbed the very cruddy Mt. Gibs from camp up the west ridge, in the face of gale-force wind and driving sleet. It was soon decided to abandon all thought of climbing Mt. Dana, nearby. As the storm intensified, with heavy snow, sleet, violent wind and lightning, we vacated the exposed summit of Gibs, descended the steep, crumbling north ridge and returned to camp. Dave Evans was instrumental in leading us off the peak under marginal conditions. Without further ado, everyone broke camp, returned to the cars, and headed home on Saturday, damp and cold refugees from the season's first general storm in the Sierra.

TRINITY ALPS, by Frank Sanborn

Over the long Labor Day weekend, eight members from Sacramento, Oroville and Inyokern went on the Mother Lode Chapter's first scheduled knapsack trip into the Trinity Alps. We were surprised and pleased to have Polly Connable show up for the trip. Polly, a veteran Sierra Club climber and hiker, drove all the way from Inyokern, in Southern California. The small seasoned group, led by Frank Sanborn and assisted by Chuck Miller, knapsacked from Dedrick 9 miles up Canyon Creek (a scenic glacial canyon) to Upper Canyon Lake. On Sunday, seven of the group climbed, on third-class routes in places, Thompson Peak (at 9,003 ft., the high point of the range) and Wedding Cake (8,700 ft.). From the latter, a very interesting descent was made down dry waterfalls and ledges to the campsite.

The entire area strongly resembles the High Sierra, complete with glacial canyons, cirque headwalls, serrated ridges, granite peaks, glaciers, small glacial lakes, turbulent streams, and alpine, flowered meadows. Altitudes are lower than the Sierra, but the scenery is definitely Yosemite back-country or Evolution Basin. We commend the Trinity Alps highly to all Sierra-lovers!
MOUNT WHITNEY MARATHON, by Walt Wheelock

The second Mount Whitney Marathon, sponsored by the Southern Inyo Chamber of Commerce, was run on September 6th. While, at times, we all claim that the SPS is not a group of speed-burners (that is, except for Andy & Arky & Frede & Tom & Mike & some 205 others), we cannot help but be impressed with some of the times.

This marathon is a round-trip stroll to the top of Mount Whitney and back on the mule trail. Officials were stationed all along the way and no cutting of trails and switchbacks was allowed. The following are this year's times:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Cal Hansen</td>
<td>Pueblo, Colorado</td>
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<td>Mike Dragila</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dick Lyon</td>
<td>Glendale</td>
<td>4:54:30</td>
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Woman's best time:
Marita "Tex" Smith Arlington 7:15:30

It is hoped that by next year some of our SPSers may decide to enter and uphold the honor of our group (oh, not me, I meant you).
Climbing Davis and Rodgers in one weekend proved too much for the leader and most of the group, so all but the tigers substituted a scenic lake circuit.

Leaving Agnew Meadows Sat. morning, the view-rich high trail was taken to 1000 Island Lake. Everyone reached our campsite by shortly after noon; we were rewarded with a spectacular view of Banner Peak towering above the multi-island lake. Most of the group felt the 8 mile backpack was sufficient for the day, so only 8 ascended nearby Mt. Davis that afternoon. The ascent was via the steep northeast couloir and involved some ticklish snow climbing on the icy glacier.

Those reaching the summit included leaders John Robinson and Andy Smitko, Ralph Norton, John Del Monte, Rich Grady, Lucille Agee, and Arty Erb.

Sunday most of the group used their heads and followed Ted Haier in leisurely fashion along the lower trail, past Garnet and Shadow Lakes and back to Agnew Meadows. Those who did this enjoyed a weekend of unparalleled Sierran scenery.

8 stalwarts chose peakbagging. Carrying their packs over Island Pass to Rush Creek, 7 headed for far-away Rodgers and one (Arty) for Lyell. Only Rich Grady, Andy Smitko, and Tom Ross reached the summit of Rodgers after a lengthy up-and-down traverse. Arty stormed up Lyell via the 3rd class south ridge, on his way to his emblem in a single season. All 8 tired backpackers, only half of them with a peak under their belt, descended Rush Creek to the cars which had been shuttled to Silver Lake.

21 ENJOY INDIAN SUMMER WEATHER ON GOAT ITH., Sept. 30-Oct. 1

22 Sierra Peakers and guests assembled at the Kings Canyon roadhead on Saturday morning, the last day of September. Saturday's destination was Greuze Lake, reached by ascending the long, steep Copper Creek trail for 7 miles and one mile of cross country. 21 made it by mid-afternoon after a hot, tiring 5400 feet backpack.

All 21 reached the summit of panoramic Goat Ith. Sunday morning. The route involved some high 2nd class scrambling up the southwest flank of the mountain, over the slightly lower south summit, and along the narrow ridge to the north summit high point. The sky was clear and warm, and the superb view extended from Humphreys to Whitney with particularly splendid panoramas into the rugged Huero Blanceo and the Woods Creek Basin.

From the social standpoint, highlights of the trip included one of the first post-marriage appearances of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Dingham, and an unusually spirited campfire discussion period that helped to shorten the long evening.
For the Fourth of July holiday this year of 1961, the area near and beyond Taboose Pass was selected by Arky Erb, Tom Ross and Andy Smatko as an area for climbing a chosen number of peaks. Tom and I had climbed several of the peaks in the vicinity of the Pass, so after the grueling 6,100 foot climb to the Pass on Sat. July 1, Arky took off (literally) and climbed both Goodale Mt. and Striped Mt. and then we proceeded to camp at the junction of the Bench Lake trail and John Muir trail. Next day, starting early, we dropped down to the south fork of the King's River and headed for the east ridge of Mt. Ruskin. It was our intention to start right up this ridge and continue all along it to the summit. There was one very steep step to surmount but with Arky ferreting out the route and finding a fairly high cress 3 passage up this step, we had no real difficulty the rest of the way. Near the summit the ridge became a sharp knife-edge, not difficult, and we enjoyed an expansive view. As we still had a long way to go over to Marion Peak and because in the Climber's Guide it was stated that Bolton Brown experienced his most "airy" climbing on the south arete of this peak, we started down the south arete. However, we found an easy class 3 descent to a small saddle about 150 feet below the summit and from here westward down an easy wide chute into the basin just south of Cartridge Pass. From here we ascended to the ridge westward leading to Marion Peak. This peak was easily climbed after going over a few bums. The view northwards toward the Palisades was most thrilling and rugged. We dropped southward into the canyon of the south fork of the King's River at the base of the Muir Blanco and proceeded upstream on the north bank to the John Muir trail junction and from thence to our camp. This was a pretty strenuous day, and we had a few dampening showers on the ridge to Marion Peak. That night it looked threatening and a few sprinkles did fall, but we did not get wet.

The following morning it was still cloudy and on our way to Bench Lake it was sprinkling intermittently. Arky dashed up Arrow Peak and was caught in a snowball storm on the summit. Tom and I proceeded up the canyon southwards, hoping to find a chute up the headwall at the far end, and from there to traverse to Pyramid Peak. We were pinned down by the same storm that caught Arky and were soaked. We were able to find the only chute breaking the headwall and traversed to a saddle just north of the peak north of Pyramid Peak itself. We were now on a knife edge, wide in places but the granite was wet and covered by slippery lichen. The knife edge ahead, about 200 yards or more, was class 3 and because of the lichenized rocks would have required a rope all the way to this summit, and beyond this, we did not know. All in all it would have taken at least 3 more hours to reach the summit of Pyramid Peak. Looking westward we decided to try to go around the buttercup of Peak #1 and maybe gain the saddle N. of Pyramid Peak itself. So we dropped down about 150 feet west then traversed south and after a while went up a likely chute. Part way up this chute, in trying to negotiate a 10 foot chimney, Tom, near the top of the pitch, inadvertently dislodged a large flat flake of granite, weighing about 200 lbs. This flake skidded a short distance and wedged against Tom's ice axe and hand, imprisoning his hand against the wall of the chimney. Tom was absolutely helpless and agonizingly called for help. Fortunately, I was able to extricate Tom from his situation. It was impossible for Tom to have been able to free himself. The moral to be learned here is obvious—solo climbing is a hazard even to an experienced climber. One might argue that this shouldn't have happened if Tom was careful, and probably be correct in this, but nevertheless a situation like this could happen even with careful attention, and who is infinitely careful every second during a climb? Anyway, we went on to the top of the chute and found that we were still far away from Pyramid Peak and reluctantly retraced our steps back to our camp at the Muir junction.

On the last day, the three of us hiked to Pinchot Pass and from there ascended the west ridge of Mt. Wynne, Class 2 with short stretches of easy Class 3. From Mt. Wynne we climbed the ridge over to Mt. Pinchot is easy except for some formidable, abrupt
pinnacles closer to Mt. Pinchot than to Mt. Winnie. Again Arky's route finding ability came to the test and he twisted our way over good class 3 rocks over the summit of these rocky red pinnacles. Mt. Pinchot's summit is a large rounded hump of rubble, the highest summit in the immediate area. We found a practicable chute down the west face of Mt. Pinchot and rapidly returned to camp, picked up our gear and gained Taboose Pass again. The indefatigable Arky then scampered up Cardinal Mountain, his 8th of the trip, and then we trudged down the ankle-twisting rocky trail to our car. The Sierra at this time of year had the appearance of the Sierra at mid-August, so dry had it been. Let's hope next year is a really wet one.

A. Smatko

Seldon Climbed Peaks (At least by SP3'ers)

On Friday night, Aug. 4, Tom Ross and Andy Smatko arrived after dark at the boat-house on Florence Lake, anticipating the boat-ride next morning for the start of our trip. It rained during the night. In the morning we could hardly see any lake, it having been drained to bare recognition as a lake. Shoulderng 50-lb. packs, we dropped into the lake bed on the NE side and traversed over slabs on this side and finally caught the trail at the bridge over the San Joaquin. We took the steep short-cut trail to lower Sally-Keyes Lake (10,200'), dropped packs and hurried up Mt. Senger (12,271'). Three hundred feet below the summit we were caught by rain and during slight lulls climbed to the cairn. On the summit our feet started buzzing and without further ado we rushed downhill without signing in. No lightning struck anyway, but "quiets sabe"? It continued to drizzle for 3-4 more hours and we had to sleep in our polyethylene tubes.

Next morning, 8/5, dawned clear and heading north we reached Seldon Pass, dropped packs, contoured west just north of point 11,073' and reached the small lakelet 2-SE of the summit of Mt. Hooper (12,349'). From here we proceeded directly W up the slopes, reaching the ridge (33 ridge) about 200' above the saddle which was on our left. One could also easily gain this same ridge by going to the saddle itself. From here it is a Class 2 walk to the summit block and what a block! Someone had constructed a 7-rung ladder and tied a heavy rope further above the ladder in order to gain the top. Without these artificial aids it would be an exposed, difficult pitch. The register, however, is not on the top of the summit block (Someone should move it--blj). Less than half a dozen names were in the register.

We dropped over the pass, to beautiful Marie Lake, a real gem, and dropped packs again and headed for Seven Cables. However, we were 2,000 feet below the summit and 500' above Sandpiper Lake at 1:00 p.m. and a long way from Rosemarie Meadow where we wanted to camp. Besides, a storm was coming in. All this added up to an impossible situation. We would not have reached the top until 6:00 p.m., and the meadow until way after dark and would certainly be caught by the storm. Hurrying back we picked up packs and camped at Rosemarie Meadow and none too soon--the rains came. Another plastic tube night with brilliant lightening.

The next morning was clear again and we packed on, with summit packs, down the John Muir Trail to the junction of Bear Creek and Hilgard Creek. Going up the Lake Italy trail about 1/2 miles, we then turned N, gaining the ridge NE of point 11,338', went along same ridge NE to the low point, contoured still NE for 1/2 mile and dropped 350' to the wide valley SW of Recess Peak, 12,836'. To the east there is an obvious chute leading to the saddle between Recess Peak and Peak 12,692. One may ascend this chute (as we did) or one may proceed NE, gaining the west ridge and from here also reach the summit. Climb is Class 2 with some easy Class 3. That night was clear--no tubes needed. Stayed again at Rosemarie Meadow.
Morning of 8/8/61 was clear. From Rosemarie Meadow we again climbed to Sandpiper Lake and went E to the large saddle between the main summit of Seven Cables and the N. summit. From the summit of Seven Cables the view is one of the best in the Sierra—10 of the emblem peaks were visible. The E. face of the peak is a sheer drop for several hundred feet. The register contained well over 100 names many of them famous in Sierra history. Returning to the meadow, we packed up, came S. over Selden Pass and again camped at Sally-Keyes Lake. No rain this night.

On 8/9/61, the day was spent back-packing down the Muir Trail to Aspen Meadow, just below the junction of Evolution and Goddard Creeks. It rained intermittently and during the night—tube needed.

On 8/10 it was cloudy. We climbed Emerald Peak, sandwiching the climbing between rains. Three different storms caught us and it stormed that night also. Our route was the one recommended by the Climber’s Guide and it is the best one—Class 2.

On 8/11 we climbed Mt. Henry, also by the recommended N3 ridge route, Class 2. It rained this afternoon. Returning to camp, we packed and near French Creek we were hailed by Tom & Trudie Hunt who were camped near the trail. Continuing on we camped at lower Blaney Meadows.

Saturday we headed S with summit packs with Mt. Shinn as our objective, but we could not find a crossing over the San Joaquin, swollen now with the frequent rains. Mt. Shinn looks impressive from Florence Lake and Blaney Meadows, but from Mt. Senger it looked like a bump on the end of a long high ridge. Returning to our packs, we continued on to our car and on home.

Andy Svatko

ABOVE VIDETTE CREEK — Labor Day Weekend

After driving up with Andy Svatko Thursday night and picking Tom Ross up at the fish hatchery, then meeting Fred Jenson and Dave Oiler at Onion Valley next morning, Arky Sr. and I left on our own to pack over Kearsarge Pass. After a couple of hours we were over the pass and dropping down to Bullfrog Lake.

Leaving our packs, we climbed Rimrock (12,890'), then resumed our journey via Rubs Creek and up Vidette Creek to the highest of the Vidette Lakes. From here we climbed West Vidette (12,500'), then continued climbing along the ridge down toward Rubs Creek going over various high points looking for the names of Andy's party, but to no avail, so we started dropping down as it was getting late and reached camp about 7:00 p.m. after a rather strenuous day’s workout.

Next morning while we were preparing breakfast, Andy, Tom, Fred and Dave passed through our camp. After breakfast we caught up to them and enjoyed a most pleasant climb of Deerhorn, 13,265 ft., via the north face and northeast ridge. It was interesting 3rd class, with one 4th class pitch where a belay was used. Everybody was happy to achieve this fine peak. On the way down, Arky and I climbed the northwest peak of Deerhorn and then left the rest of the party to climb West Vidette which they thought they had climbed the previous day, while we went to climb East Vidette (12,350). Reaching the ridge about a quarter of a mile from East Vidette between it and the East Spur, we found some very interesting and exposed climbing on the slightly rotten knife edge ridge with a couple of 4th class pitches that had to be negotiated in surmounting gendarmes on the way to the summit.

John Robinson camped with us Sat. night having come in over Kearsarge Pass and climbed West Vidette while we were climbing East Vidette. On Sunday, Arky, John and I worked our way up the loose talus towards the Deerhorn-Erickson saddle where we veered left to approach Stanford (13,983'). We had some enjoyable scrambling to reach the summit.

From here we kept to the top of the ridge to traverse to Gregory's Monument. We found good climbing along the ridge, particularly one very exposed pitch of 4th class where we had to drop about 15 feet with complete exposure before hitting the Monument.

We then dropped down to Harrison Pass and climbed up Mt. Erickson (13,603'), an enjoyable climb. This was all for the day except for dropping down the steep and rather deteriorated trail on the north side of Harrison Pass and the climb up to the Deerhorn-Stanford saddle on the way back to camp.
Next morning, John decided to go out the easy way, over Kearsarge Pass. So Arkay and I packed down to Bubbe Creek and up into Center Basin just below Golden Bear Lake, where we met Andy and Tom who were preparing to pack out over University Col, having climbed East Vidette and Center Peak yesterday. Arkay and I started up the most prominent gully on the northeast face of Center Peak, 12,760', and then cut to the right but we met extremely rotten loose rock where it was hazardous to even draw a deep breath. We tried to climb up and out of it but it seemed to be getting even worse and steeper so we decided discretion was in order and now faced the worse part—of getting down again. After dropping down we traversed across the chute and tackled the left hand rib, which also provided some interesting climbing on loose rock before we gained the more solid rock near the summit. We descended via the easy southeast slopes to Golden Bear Lake where we retrieved our packs for the three hour haul to Onion Valley via University Col to meet Tom and Andy at the car.

Mike McNicholas

MT. HUMPHREYS & EMERSON

On Friday night, Sept. 5, Mike McNicholas and Arkay Erb drove up to Bishop to have another crack at Mt. Humphreys after being chased off by rain on the SPS trip. Next morning we met Dunny and Steve Rogero and Steve's brother, Gary Goldman, at North Lake. We finally got underway on this cold morning with one of our typical late starts somewhat after 9:00 a.m. In a couple of hours we reached the last trees just above Pinto Lake. Here we set up camp and then climbed Mt. Emerson, 13,225'. We returned to camp early and had an enjoyable dinner, steaks for those traveling luxuriously with "suitable" after dinner refreshments.

Next morning, Gary, Steve, Mike and I left camp at 7:30 with Mike setting a blistering pace over Pinto Pass so we reached the base of the climb in less than an hour. Here we began the climb and headed for the notch southeast of Humphreys, between Humphreys and the southeast Pinnacle. At the notch we scrambled up a couple of hundred feet of easy but exposed 4th class rock and soon reached the top of the southeast buttress. From here we traversed along the easy southeast ridge over "Harried Men's Point" to the summit for a very enjoyable climb.

This was Gary's 4th emblem peak in less than a month of climbing, having just come to California for a visit from the flat country in Georgia. We descended via the easy south couloir route and were out to the cars in early afternoon, returning to the city with memories of a fine climb and a most pleasant weekend.

Arky Erb

NORMAN CLYDE PEAK

On Sat. morning, July 22, Mike McNicholas and Arkay Erb packed leisurely up the trail along the South Fork of Big Pine Creek. We left the trail at a shallow pond called Willow Lake and took the right branch of the stream for a short distance where we stopped for an early lunch and dropped our packs. Here I restitched the soles of my rapidly crumbling boots with an aw.

We were soon on our way again heading for Norman Clyde Peak (13,956'). As we began to ascend the glacier on the north side of the peak we regretted our decision not to bring crampons as this glacier is much steeper than the Palisade Glacier, but the afternoon sun had warmed the ice and snow, so we only had to cut steps in the steepest part of the glacier. We crossed the bergschmunt on the left side of the face and soon reached the steep northeast ridge where we encountered some fine 4th class pitches. We reached the summit rather late in the afternoon. Here we spent half an hour where I again had to stitch one of my boots as I wasn't very pleased to be climbing with a big toe protruding from my boots. We hurriedly scrambled down what must be the regular route as we found a shredded black rappel sling on one of the pitches. We reached the glacier just as darkness fell. I spent the next two hours cutting steps in the dark in order to get off the glacier. There was a moon but it stayed behind Palisade Crest which didn't do us any good. A stumbling through the moraine and brush, we finally found ourselves on the wrong side of the stream about 2:00 a.m. So we sprawled out on top of a large bolder to get away from the brush and mosquitoes. We spent the next three hours shivering and now and then catching a few winks of sleep. As soon as there was enough light to travel we returned to camp for breakfast and a little sleep before packing out.

Arky Erb
WHITNEY-RUSSELL AREA

Having shared most of Arky's climbing chores this summer, he has now dragooned me into splitting his literary efforts with him.

We spent a very windy Friday night just outside of Lone Pine, in the course of which my sleeping bag and air mattress were blown away just as I was about to stop into my sack. We awoke next morning to a very blustery day.

We backpacked in from Whitney Portal on Saturday morning, Sept. 16, with the intentions of camping at Upper Boy Scout Lake, so as to be in an advantageous position to hit possibly Mt. Russell (14,086') and Mt. Carillon (13,552') on Saturday and the east face of Whitney on Sunday, but the wind being so boisterous and such a handicap, we decided to camp at Lower Boy Scout Lake in the timber to a small extent. So after an hour's backpack from the Portal we made camp and started out for Russell, a laborous approach thru loose scree, until we hit some decent smooth 3rd class ledges with some exposure, but nothing to worry about.

Despite the fact that I was wearing everything I had, woolen cap, parka, gloves, sweaters—even long pants on top of my shorts, I was just frozen stiff no matter how fast we moved. So with no delay on the saddle we dropped down to the saddle and climbed Carillon. From Carillon we found a nice steep and interesting vertical chute leading down to Tulainyo Lake which we skirted on its left side to hit Tunnabora (13,565').

The wind had been blowing steadily all day at least 30-40 miles per hour, gusts even higher and a new experience for me to see whitecaps on a lake in the Sierra Nevada!

From Tunnabora we dropped a little ways but kept close to the ridge to hit an unnamed Peak ("Cleaver Peak", 13,355') on the east side of Lake Tulainyo, quite the most picturesque and most climbable peak we hit all day. It was so cold on top of these peaks that our fingers were so cold to be almost unable to sign the register. This was also complicated a little by our having a pencil but after burning a few matches from my emergency kit inside Arky's summit pack because of the wind, we obtained enough charcoal or ashes to do the necessary. We hope future climbers will pardon us.

After climbing this unnamed peak, we dropped to camp again after a few futile attempts to drop down the steep coulciirs into the canyon between this peak and Carillon, instead of traversing over to the Carillon-Russell saddle and down, but eventually we proved successful.

After another cold blustery night which necessitated two powerful sleeping pills to put me to sleep, we awoke about 7:30 despite hitting the sack at 8:30 a.m., to a rather cold calm day. After 30 minutes we were back on our way again to reach East Face Lake at approximately 9:45. From here with a break to eat, change clothes and fill canteens, we started for the east face and First Tower.

Arky led the first pitch, the Tower Traverse, very exposed, then I led up the chimney above his head. From there it was easy going via the washboard, to the Shaky Leg Crack, which I led and was rather strenuous and cold but not technical.

From here it was quite easy but enjoyable climbing up the Giant Staircase to another narrow chimney which Arky led. On top of this we found the Sierra Club register and then continued to the summit and descended via the Mountaineers' Route, very cruddy.

Hitting camp at 4:00 and leaving there at 5:00 p.m. enabled us to reach Arky's battered Simca at 5:45 giving us plenty of time to have a fine dinner with suitable celebration in memory of a very satisfactory weekend.

Incidentally we did not have to use any hardware on the climb of Whitney, although we did carry it just in case.

Mike McNicholas

Tom Ross and Andy Smatko climbed Mt. Stanford (N) and Mt. Morgan (N) from Rock Creek Lake over the Rock Creek-Hilton Creek Divide in one long day. It is much easier to reach the Hilton Lakes from Rock Creek Lake than go up Hilton Creek to the Lakes. No problems on either peak—some class 3 on Mt. Stanford. Next day they climbed Mt. Warren in a snowstorm.

Andy Smatko
On Friday, Sept. 1, At Onion Valley met the old and new tiger-peak-baggers. The old representing Freda Jensen who sneaked away from his coming duties as Assistant Professor of French at University of Alberta in Calgary and by Arky Erb and Mike Melichar representing the new tigers. Worn out hass-beans were on hand in the persons of Tom Jose and Andy Smatko and later (next day), John Robinson. Freda brought a friend, David Olyer, a mountain lover and life member of the Sierra Club.

Arky and Mike ambled up Mt. Rixford on our way to the lakes in Vidette Creek Basin and while Freda, Dave, Tom and I climbed the "old" West Vidette (changed on the new map to what used to be West Spur Peak), Arky and Mike climbed the "new" and true West Vidette.

Next morning the six of us climbed Deerhorn Mtn. via a new route up the N. face of the SE horn so the ridge line and then along the ridge to the summit. Class was high 3 with one slight class pitch; exposure considerable in several places. This mountain is seldom climbed, this being the third ascent since 1910. The traverse to the NW peak is easy 3rd class and the descent down the E. ridge of the NW peak is also easy 3rd. That same afternoon Arky and Mike made an ascent of East Vidette from the West along a rotten lith class ridge. Freda, Dave and I were joined by John Robinson for the ascent of the true West Vidette.

On Sunday Mike, Arky and John climbed Mt. Stanford from the north and then went on to Gregory's Monument, Harrison Pass and up Mt. Ericsson and back over Deerhorn saddle to camp. Meanwhile Tom and I climbed Center Peak and East Vidette on this day. Freda & Dave had to go back out as did John Robinson.

Monday while Arky and Mike climbed Center Peak, Tom and I leisurely went over University Pass to the car and were joined later by Mike and Arky. Weather good but cool.

Andy Smatko

MATTERHORN PEAK

On 7/18/61, my son Don (age 9 but a seasoned climber) and I left from Mono Village Campground at 2:15 p.m. This camp is at the eastern end of Twin Lakes, approximately 15 miles east of Bridgeport, Calif. We climbed a well maintained Forest Service trail switchbacking up Horse Creek canyon past several beautiful cascades for about 1 1/2 miles where a fork to the left led to Cattle Creek. We continued on the trail up Horse Creek Canyon which becomes progressively less distinct, although it can be followed to advantage on the east or left side of the stream for about 1 1/2 miles more where one starts climbing talus. We arrived at a primitive camp at the 9300 foot level at 5:30 p.m. where we enjoyed supper and bedded down for the night. Large quantities of "Off" were required to repel bloodsucking insects.

Climbing started again at 6:15 a.m., still on the east side of the stream for approximately 1 mile where the creek was crossed, just below its apparent origin from a big talus slope leading up to the Twin Peaks glacier. Here we turned right (S) up the canyon leading to a pass over the crest at the head of Spiller Creek Canyon. (See USGS Matterhorn Peak Quadrangle 1956). By staying on the NW slopes of this canyon as we neared the crest, the going was easier and the route shorter. We then climbed along the Spiller Creek side of the ridge to the summit. The talus and slabs of this ridge made easier climbing than the scree of the SE face which we reserved for descent. Time from our outpost camp to the top was 2 hrs., 45 minutes. Descent to our car took 3 hours, not including a lunch stop and rest for our talus hopping feet.

Total distance was an estimated 11 miles with a gain of 5200 feet. The climb could be done without difficulty in 1 day, the added output of energy in one day would be compensated by not having to carry one's sleeping gear and food to 9300 ft. Our route on this satisfying peak was class 1-2 except for a short stretch of easy class 3 near the summit.

David A. Cubberley
Saturday, June 10, Bill Farrell, Irvine McQuarrie, Pete Rux, and I left from South Lake for a week of High Sierra fun. Sunday, North Palisade was ascended from Dusy Basin via the 12,400\(^\text{1}\) pass at the base of Thunderbolt Peak. Three reached the summit after some ice step-cutting near the head of the Route 1 chute. Two members of the San Diego RGS have preceded us to the summit on May 19. The Palisade Glacier was quite impressive and the bergschrund was well displayed from the summit. The view was obscured by threatening weather, which hastened the descent.

After a pleasant journey through LeConte Canyon, Muir Pass appeared as a winter wilderness. The snow pack was nearly solid from Helen Lake to Wanda Lake, and greatly enhanced the view from the pass. Mt. Darwin was ascended June 15, essentially by Route 1 over the so-called "knife-edge." All four reached the summit block, and three climbed the pinnacle. Surprisingly, we were the first party on top this year. The day was perfect—Goddard and Humphreys loomed especially large, and the snow brightened the scene from the Minarets to the southern extremes of the range.

The trip out was over Lamarck Col, where practically no snow was encountered. The week was very enjoyable for all, and everyone felt that the snow dress (although light this year) added considerably to the beauty for which this region is already known.

Charles House

MT. WINGHELL (13,768\(^\text{1}\)) AND THUNDERBOLT PEAK (14,080\(^\text{1}\)), July 29-30

Saturday morning, Ted Matthes, John Harding and I dropped over Bishop Pass to a pleasant campsite at the uppermost lake in Dusy Basin.

After a leisurely lunch, we elected to attempt an ascent of the sculptured west face of Winghell, rising immediately to the east. After leaving John about half-way up, Ted and I followed a series of chutes and chimneys to the summit. The rather obscure route (over-generalized in the Climber's Guide) involved four 4th class pitches and was a most enjoyable one.

Sunday morning the three of us followed the southwest chute (No. 2) to the summit of Thunderbolt. Except for the single 4th class pitch up from the notch between the twin summits, the route is quite tedious due to the large amount of loose rock in the chute. There are certainly more pleasant ways of climbing this peak, which affords spectacular views of North Palisade and Sill.

Jim Edser

MT. NEWCOMB AND MT. CHAMBERLIN, Sept 20-21

I left Whitney Portal and backpacked to Arc Pass then to Sky Blue Lake which is high above timberline, 11,600\(^\text{1}\), but yet I had a warm fire that night. Old trees used to grow near the lake and I found wood for a nice fire.

Next morning at 6:45 a.m. I left camp and climbed a high notch, Class 2, in the Newcomb-Pickering wall to the summit of Mt. Newcomb at 9:05 a.m., then along the easy 3rd class ridge to Mt. Chamberlin at 10:55 a.m. Both peaks offer good views of the Whitney area.

I then descended to camp, picked up my Kelty and was back at Whitney Portal at 7:35 p.m.

Tom Ross

NORTH PEAK, 12,256\(^\text{1}\)

On Sept. 13 I drove to Leevining and from there to Lundy Lake. Then I hiked to Lundy Pass and climbed North Peak from there. It offered close views of Mt. Conness, the Conness Glacier, and Mt. Lyell and MaClure. I then returned via the same route to Lundy Lake. Fall coloring was starting to show on the aspen trees.

Tom Ross
On Sept. 10 I hiked to Pinto Pass from my car at the end of the road at North Lake; from there to the beautiful Goethe Lakes, which are a green-blue color from glacier milk from the Goethe Glacier, and from there to Alpine Col. I then climbed the NE ridge, Class 3, to the summit of Mt. Goethe. I returned by way of the "keyhole" back to Pinto Pass and to my car that night.

Tom Ross

FOUR CABLES (12,760), MT. ROYCE (13,253) and MERRIAM (13,077), Sept. 5-7

From the end of the road I backpacked to a timberline camp below Pine Creek Pass and early next morning I climbed a chute above a Lake and climbed Four Cables by a Class 2 route. The NE face is a sheer drop.

Next morning I hiked to the Royce Lakes and via a saddle between the two climbed Mt. Royce and then Mt. Merriam. It was cold and windy but I enjoyed good views from both peaks. I then hiked back to camp and out to my car that afternoon.

Tom Ross

MT. RAINIER, MT. OLYMPUS & MT. ST. HELENS (Pacific Northwest)

Rich Gnaey, Barbara Lilley, Tom Ross and Dr. Sam Southwich at Travis AFB enjoyed a week's climbing in the Pacific Northwest. On August 20 we made the 17 mile back-pack from the Scott Gag Station in Olympic National Park to the Glacier Meadows Shelter. A bear was seen twice while there. Next morning while crossing the Blue Glacier to our surprise a ski plane landed there and took off again. A Survey Party was working on the glacier. We roped up on the glacier and used it for belaying on the summit pyramid. It was a beautiful clear day. We saw 3 forest fires from the summit.

On Aug. 23 we back-packed from the White River campground in Mt. Rainier National Park, crossed the Inter Glacier to the new Schuman Hut located on Steamboat Prow between the Emmons and Winthrop Glaciers. We climbed Mt. Rainier the next day through a maze of crevasses and through a beautiful icefall. It was cloudy and cold on the summit and a very strong wind made our stay short. We returned to the car that night. A bear left paw marks.

On Aug. 25 we climbed Mt. St. Helens from the Timberline campground over treadmill pumice and snow. We had a fabulous scree run below the Dog's Head on the descent. Next day from Timberline Lodge in Oregon we climbed about 1000' up Mt. Hood but rain started falling, fairly heavy at times, so we retreated. This was the first rain over 2 months and it had to come that day—"figures"—so we then drove home. New snow on Mt. Shasta as we drove by.

Tom Ross

MOUNTAINEERS' ROUTE, MT. WHITNEY

Most climbers are probably unaware of the potential hazard on the Mountaineer's Route of Mt. Whitney (Mt. Whitney Climbers' Guide). My son and I experienced the situation on the morning of July 2. What happens is that high up on the northeast shoulder of Whitney afternoon melt water refreezes at night. Then the next morning when climbers get well started in the chute, the warm morning sun melts the ice and it, along with small rocks, breaks loose; a couple of good bounces near the top and this stuff achieves near projectile speed with a free fall of 500-700 feet into the chute. Our hard hats were some comfort but really not much protection against rocks which were literally whistling. We got out of that chute in a hurry and on to the rocks on the north side out of danger.

Contrary to the Climbers' Guide, we now know and advise future climbers: stay out of the bottom of the chute. Climb up the class 3 rocks on the north side of the chute; this can be done all the way except for one short portion about 2/3 of the way up. When moving through this section, don't linger and keep an eye on the Whitney shoulder above. If you can see a chunk of rock or ice coming, you have a chance to dodge; but its too late to dodge after you hear the whistling.
The first faint fingers of dawn gently prised my eyelids apart and dimly revealed a 'scampered row of snoring climbers who appeared, to my still sleep-numbed gaze, to look strangely like the Whitney ridge cloaked in early morning shadows. There was Whitney himself represented by the long, sloping form of "Dad Gingham", one arm carelessly thrown out of his bag, looking not unlike, and approximately so, the north fork of Lone Pine Creek. A group of three "Skelity" packs, topped with crampons and ice axes, took care of Keeler, Day and Third Needles, while the gnome-like figure of our intrepid SPSA chairman "Red Skinnor" neatly outlined Muir mainly due to his legs projecting up and over a small boulder, making of his knees a very impressive summit. Looking south, other crumpled, ogre-like slumberers rounded out the group in the forms of tireless "Irpy Irvine" using his shredded German climbing boots as a pillow and planning, no doubt, how he would accomplish ascents of the complete Evolution group and be back to his car in one day, multihued "Mike Mo'fallory" whose colorfully decalaced bag, depicting his numerous and harrowing climbs, was in continual motion as he executed one thousand sit-ups in his sleep, lovable "Levy Leconte" who was undoubtedly dreaming, as he always does, of how to take the work out of peakbagging, and last but most assuredly not least standing apart from the crest wrapped rather loosely in a homemade, lumpy cotton mummy bag the northeast face of which was splattered with what appeared to be some type of blue dye, lay lonesome "Lone Pine Tom" who as usual had probably spent the night dreaming of his now famous albeit unsuccessful assault on the south face of the fabled Third Tete, where after twelve vicious hours of brutal, unmitting, 6,9 solo climbing he reached the top only to discover that an insurmountable summit block prevented him from claiming a first ascent. Although the latter was quite disappointing, the climb still remains a classic in mountaineering annals in that on his descent Tom chose to rappel "unroped" off the sheer, ice covered, nine thousand foot north buttress, nicknamed by the great French-Italian alpinist "Gaston Ruboffalo" as the "LeGrande blanch menace du tres taton.

Now as my gaze wandered fondly back over the down-covered summits I detected a change and to my dismay noticed that most of my companions had altered their positions, due I suppose to flattened air mattresses, until the once magnificent slumbering skyline had eroded, and collapsed into a poor man's conception of the Alabama Hills. Then, in a twinkling, the sleep drenched image was instantly dispelled forever as "Dr. Handy Paintcar", our trip leader for the weekend sleepily intoned... "One hour!"
(Humorously submitted by Dave Evans. Any resemblance to actual persons is purely intentional.)

HELP!

As subscribers no doubt noticed, the "Sierra Echo" was late in publication of this issue. This was due to the excessive length of some of the articles and the lack of time to edit them. All articles submitted are worthy of publication. To insure this and to avoid delays and increased publication costs, your cooperation is requested in seeing that each article is kept to a maximum of one-half page of single space typing. (See "Labor Day Laboring" by Andy Smatko for a good example of a short but factual and interesting article. Examples of lengthy articles are only too obvious.) Thanks from the "Sierra Echo" staff.

MT. MC ARTHUR, ST. ELIAD RANGE, CANADA

After walking 90 miles into the base of this peak, mostly on glaciers, and supported by 3 airlifts, SPSA's Virgil Ososky, George Wallerstein and Barbara Lilley plus Alex McDonald and Don Monk, accomplished the first ascent of Mt. McArthur, 11,000'. The climb involved the use of 2 high camps on the mountain, belays and fixed ropes. The peak had been tried unsuccessfully by two previous parties. The group then walked the 90 miles back to the Alcan Highway, with a pleasant interlude of celebration at Dr. Wood's Glaciology camp 30 miles from the peak. Weather ranged from oppressive heat to normal blizzards.

Barbara Lilley