The 1966 SPS climbing program is already underway. In our forthcoming schedule are a large number of weekend trips to many parts of the Sierra; of Emblem peaks, other peaks on the SPS list and new peaks not on the list. There are trips of varying degrees of difficulty and, on some weekends, more than one trip has been scheduled.

A program to upgrade Section members safety and climbing skills has been well launched by the Fourth Class Safety Committee. A tentative Safety Test for fourth class climbing has been drafted and the first practice session has already been held at Stoney Point. This program will lead to expanded climbing activities on both individual and scheduled trips and, most of all, safer climbing on all trips.

The SPS is composed of a large number of members, with widely varying levels of mountaineering abilities and experience, and with widely varying interests and goals. And there are many equally valid forms of mountaineering enjoyment, ranging from technical climbs through peak-bagging and death marches to easy walk-ins and even languid afternoons in base camp. The intent of the SPS climbing program is to make a wide variety of these types of enjoyments available to suit the SPS membership and guests.

The SPS activities also relate to the overall goals and purposes of the Sierra Club in a very important way. Every season, literally hundreds of people go into wilderness areas on SPS trips—many doubtless for the first time. And it is only by seeing and experiencing wilderness values firsthand that one becomes truly appreciative of their worth and of the need for preserving and defending them. One of the great strengths of the Sierra Club has been that its members have been active, outdoors people who knew what they were writing their letters about and what they were fighting for. By extending the wilderness experience to more people, the SPS is contributing to that strength.

In order to assure the success of the SPS program, co-operation and understanding between trip leaders and trip participants are essential, and a few comments are in order.
Leaders of SPS scheduled trips bear a great responsibility. Upon them more than anyone else depends the success or failure of the Section's activities. Leaders should remember that to the participants on a trip the leader is "Mr. SPS" for the weekend and their opinion of our Section may be largely formed by their impression of him and his actions. Hence, a leader should remember that his first concern should be his group and he should be considerate of it. Encouragement should be given when needed and firmness applied if required. If a participant is so obviously unqualified that his further presence will jeopardize the objectives of the trip, it does no good to let him stagger on for several more hours before suggesting he remain in base camp or turn back.

Responsibilities begin long before the group assembles on Saturday morning. An accurate (though frightening, if necessary) trip writeup for the Chapter Schedule must be prepared, and attendance requirements (if any) strictly enforced. This will save trouble later on the trip itself.

Trip participants also have responsibilities to leaders. All that random printing at the top of the SPS Trip Sign-up Sheet is a set of rules that participants are expected to obey, so they should be read. There are only 1 or 2 leaders and 10 or 20 (or more) participants, so leaders cannot be expected to watch or care for everyone individually. So it is up to participants to co-operate with the leaders and aid in accomplishing the trip objectives.

If there is any doubt of a participant's ability to make the trip in question, successfully, it should be resolved beforehand. That is what the Chapter Schedule writeups are for and why the leaders' addresses and phone numbers appear there. Please use them, and ask questions. Just because someone went out on a Moonlight Hike six months ago does not mean that he is qualified to try everything (or even anything) in the SPS schedule.

And lastly, there are the relations between the participants themselves--specifically between "old-timers" and newcomers. Occasionally, one hears it said that the SPS is a clique of insiders who are interested only in themselves and who ignore others. I'm sure this is not deliberate, and it is certainly natural for an SPS'er to gather with his friends on a trip, but it does make it a bit hard on a beginner or newcomer who is unfamiliar with the area or with our Section. So to active SPS'ers I would like to make the following suggestion. The next time (and any time) you are on a Section trip, introduce yourself to and make friends with someone you haven't seen before. You will make him feel more welcome, and you may meet someone quite interesting. And to the new-comers; those of us in the weird, old hats with Sierra Peaks Section Emblems on them are quite approachable, so don't hesitate to talk to us. We'll be happy to meet you!

To all of you who have stayed awake long enough to get this far, Happy Climbing!!

--DICK JALI--
EMBLEM HONORS

Bill Thomas of San Diego has finally achieved emblem status after nine years of peakbagging. Perseverance pays off! Starting with Mt. Whitney in 1947, Bill completed his obligation by climbing Mt. Humphreys last year. Bill climbed the following peaks: Olancha, Whitney, Williamson, Sill, Goddard, Humphreys, Abbot, Ritter, Lyell and Matterhorn.

FIRST AID INSTRUCTION

The Sierra Peaks Section first aid course will begin on Thursday, March 3, 1966. Classes will be held at the Red Cross Western District Headquarters, 1100 Veteran Ave., (one block east of the San Diego Freeway or Sepulveda; just north of Wilshire). Classes will begin at 7:30 PM sharp and last until 10 PM. The course will run for ten consecutive Thursday nights and will cover both the standard and advanced first aid curriculums.

AND WHERE IS THAT FIRST AID KIT?!!

The fourth SPS first aid kit is still missing. Whoever has it in their possession should bring it to the March SPS meeting, as it will be needed on future scheduled trips. All kits should be brought to every SPS meeting so that they may be given to the leaders of upcoming trips.

APRIL SPS MEETING ANNOUNCEMENT

At the April SPS meeting, Dr. Richard Ulery, noted orthopedic specialist, will discuss emergency care of injuries such as sprains, dislocations and fractures, that may occur while hiking or climbing. This is a special event supplementing that listed in the Chapter Schedule.

THE SIERRA ECHO: Published by-monthly by the Sierra Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club. Mailed to subscribers on even numbered months.

STAFF: John Holloway, Bill Hunt, Arkel Erb

SUBSCRIPTIONS: $1.00 per year. Subscribing to the "Echo" is a requirement for active membership in the S. P. S.

REMITTANCE: Must be sent to the S. P. S. Treasurer (1966 - Graham Stephenson).

*NEXT COPY DEADLINE: April 20, 1966. Articles should be typed double spaced and mailed to: John Thornton, P. O. Box 1532, Manhattan Beach.
SUMMER - FALL SCHEDULE

Preparation of the late summer-early fall (July-October) SPS schedule has been started. Anyone having any special craving about trips he would like to see led, or anyone desiring to lead a trip should contact Arkel Erb.

Leaders of scheduled trips who, for whatever reason, cannot attend the trip should 1) Find a substitute as quickly as possible, and 2) Notify Gordon MacLeod, Mountaineering Chairman, of the arrangements that have been made. This should prevent trips being lost because no leader shows up (this has happened), or prospective attendees being unable to find out about the trip because the leaders cannot be contacted.

1966 MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

The results of the election of officers for the 1966 Management Committee, as announced at the annual banquet, are as follows:

Management Committee:

Chairman: Dick Jali, 11928 Kicwa, Los Angeles 90049, Phone: 479-7952
Treasurer: Graham Stephenson, Suite 505, 12011 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, California, 90025
Secretary: Ken McKinnon, 6267 Jackie Ave, Woodland Hills, Calif., phone 346-8630
Vice Chair: Dave Scruggs, 5308 W. 140th St., Hawthorne, Calif., 90250
Member at Large: George Shino, 1592 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles 26, Phone: N84-1534

Committee Chairs:

Publications: John Thornton, Box 1538, Manhattan Beach. Phone: 373-1197
Schedule: Arkel Erb, 18447 Wakerose Dr., Malibu. Phone: 454-0730
Program: Tom McNicholas, (No address at present).
Phone: 874-2935.

4TH CLASS QUALIFICATION CLASS

The second SPS Fourth Class climbing practice will be held on Saturday, March 5, at Big Rock, Time - 9:00 AM. Climbers on the SPS Third Class List who want to learn rope-handling skills in order to pass the SPS Safety Test and to qualify for the SPS Fourth Class List are invited to attend. Big Rock can be reached from Hwy. 395 just south of March Air Force Base by turning east onto the Lakeview - San Jacinto Road and continuing about 4.3 miles to Antelope Road, a dirt road on the right which leads to the rocks, (1/2 mile). No water available.

KEILY PACK

Mr. A. I. Kelty is looking for a full-time employee to work in his Glendale retail store. Backpacking experience is considered more important than sales experience. Those interested can obtain more information by calling Mr. A. I. Kelty. Phone: (213) 243-8803.
TRIP REPORTS

RODERS PEAK (12,978'), AUGUST 28-29, 1965 .......................... Gordon MacLeod

Graham Stevenson's station wagon dashed into the parking space near the northwest end of Silver Lake just in time for leaders Gordon MacLeod and Bob Felgar to wave the assembled group of 3rd class of SPS'ers on to their appointed task for the day. Showing good spirit, Don Anderson, Harry Haire and Bob Michael scrambled up the first part of the Rock Creek Trail, while the other six climbers--Neko Celvins, Barbara Lilley, Eric Schumacher, Graham Stephenson and the two leaders debated whether to have breakfast before starting. They decided to resolve the issue in the Silver Lake Coffee Shop.

After 45 minutes of debate over breakfast, we six decided to overtake the Anderson trio before they got lost or something--what without leaders and all.

So off we went, soon encountering the first obstacles of the day--two horses. Taking a furious grasp on our Kelties, we sped past two rather disconcerted horsemen. A short way beyond Gem Lake, we overtook the three go-getters still on the trail. By 10 AM, we were resting comfortably at the junction of the Rock Creek and John Muir Trails, wondering what to do next.

Our problem was solved when we decided to concentrate on collecting a comely damsels trotting alone down the Muir Trail from Silver Pass towards us. We were a little chagrined when she recognized us for what we were--Sierra Peak types--and moreover, announced that she had come over from Thousand Island Lake to join us in our escapade on the morrow. She was none other than Mona Lewis, out of Lampoc. Didn't I remember her telephone call of Thursday night making arrangements to meet here? With as much dignity as possible under the circumstances, I quickly pointed out that today was only Saturday, and how could I possibly forget so important a matter in a day and a half?

With that settled, we could concentrate on what to do next. I forget who said it first--Bob Michaels perhaps--"Why don't we climb a peak?" Novel though the suggestion was, it was greeted with near unanimous acclaim. A careful survey of the map disclosed a suitable peak (it was on The List), namely, Davis Peak, and a strategic camp site so that both Davis and Rodgers would fall before long to our onslaughts. Unfortunately, some of the best strategists are foredoomed to failure because of inferior tactics--for example, going in the wrong direction, or temporarily misplacing a compatriot.

We were proceeding north along the Muir Trail, when it seemed to me our intended camp site surely must lie to the west of us. (Actually it lay a mile and a half to our southwest.....Editor's Note). Bob Felgar, the Assistant Leader was the first to point out that one of our number had fallen behind. We waited a few minutes until he came into view 100 yards down the trail. Then, with much shouting, we proceeded west across an open slope for a quarter of a mile before entering broken country. Shortly thereafter, we again missed a trail-mate. He was not to re-appear until Sunday night at the cars. It couldn't have been more than a few minutes between the time we entered the timber-line woods and Bob Felgar's announcement we had fallen below our required quota. Still, the misplaced
member didn't appear. We concluded that he had proceeded along the Muir Trail, not recognizing that we had left it, and would find his way to camp independently. In any event, we thought he could take care of himself.

We later found that our guesses were right. When the mosquitoes got to be too much for him in his no-insect-repellant condition, he did what any of us would do in similar circumstances; he turned around and walked out to the cars—only 15 miles or so away.

Settling into our alternate campsite—fortunately there is always an alternate site in the Sierras—we made our first order of business to determine where we were. It turned out that we were a half mile northeast of the lower Marie Lake, fifty yards off the branch trail to the lake from the main trail. This meant we were not in what one would regard as an ideal jumping-off spot for an ascent to Davis Peak somewhere to the south of us. So we proceeded to a point just east of Peak 12,037, when all of us lost all interest in Davis and developed a craving to climb Peak 12,037. We were the fifth party to climb the peak since the first ascent by Norman Cycle and five others in 1937. I would like to point out that we reached that camp without benefit of a flashlight.

UNIVERSITY PEAK (13,632 ft) and INDEPENDENCE PEAK (11,744 ft), October 23-24, 1965

..................................John P. Thornton

The crisp tang of early dawn still lingered in the air as the fourteen climbers assembled at the Lone Pine drinking fountain for the scheduled climb of Cirque Peak. Promptly at 7 AM, Graham Stephenson's Chevelle sped south on Highway 395 and soon after, turned off on the dirt track leading to the roadhead, where the group would begin their hike. However, the caravan soon ground to a halt in front of an ominous sign reading, "BLASTING OPERATIONS, Trespassers will be prosecuted". After reasoning that the warning applied to SP5'ers as well as more conventional-type citizens, and concluding that a weekend in the clean Sierra air was more desirable than the cramped confines of the Lone Pine hoosegow, the group decided to change its base of operations to the Kearsarge Pass area. Turning about, Graham's wagon lead the group north, leaving a trail of terrified California Highway Patrol officers in its wake.

Fifteen minutes after arriving at Onion Valley, the more anxious members of the group scrambled up the trail leading into Robinson Basin. Robinson Lake, the chosen campsite being only two miles away by trail (1,500 ft. gain), the rearguard managed to arrive in plenty of time to relax and wolf down their lunch before embarking on the afternoon's entertainment.

For most members of the group, that afternoon's activity involved Independence Peak. Nine persons scrambled up the talus slope directly east of Robinson Lake, reaching a point on the southwest ridge about 200 yards below the summit. A bit of low 3rd class rock climbing was encountered on the way to the summit, but everyone made it in fine style. Munching candy and other assorted goodies, all concerned relaxed and enjoyed the splendid scenery.
Directly to the west, University Peak furnished a spectacular view of sheer rock walls and ice-filled couloir. The leader viewed the sparkling ice with some trepidation; the normal route up to University Pass seemed impassable without crampons, ropes and ice axes. The only other alternative appeared to be an ascent via the northeast ridge, first scaled in 1947 and labeled class 3 to 4 by the climbers guide. From the summit of Independence Peak, however, the leader spotted a notch in the northeast ridge about 150 yards below the summit that could be easily gained by scrambling up a loose-talus slope. Although the entire route from the notch to the summit was not visible from Independence Peak, the group decided to try a cautious reconnaissance the following day. After having decided a path of honor, everyone leisurely returned to camp, the last members checking in by 4 PM.

Graham Stephenson, who had climbed Independence Peak previously, led a three-man team, consisting of himself, Neko Colems and Eric Schumacher, on a reconnaissance of the standard route to the summit via University Pass. They returned about 6 PM, having bagged the peak after a great deal of exploration and routefinding. All three confirmed our observations of the ice conditions, stating that the usual route was impossible without more equipment than the group possessed. While they had not climbed the peak via the notch on the northeast ridge, they thought that the route would "go".

Graham, who had to be back in Los Angeles on Sunday, backpacked out, taking Neko and Eric with him. The remainder of the group settled down to a good dinner and a campfire. The evening was clear and comfortable and discussion continued until 10 PM.

Starting promptly at 8 AM, 11 intrepid climbers left camp for the attempt on the peak. While loping along the upper part of the basin to the talus slope spotted the preceding day, the group encountered some hard blue ice on nearly level ground. Gingerly walking out on the ice, and the writer of this episode promptly executed a three-point contact. The rest of the climbers, preferring hardship to injury, concerned themselves with bouldering.

With the exception of having to dodge an occasional falling rock, the group gained the notch without difficulty. The route from the notch to the summit however, was a different story—being 3rd class with "occasional exposure".

Since several beginning mountaineers were along, we tackled the ridge with caution. The whole expedition was blessed by having willing climbers all of whom were in reasonable shape. Nearly everyone thoroughly enjoyed the climbing, feeling a greater sense of achievement than if they had walked up by the standard route. Ten climbers signed the register on the summit (one member decided to wait at the notch).

After soaking up the view for a while, the party returned triumphantly to camp via the same route. Stopping only for a Wyler's break and to collect packs, the group backpacked out in less than an hour, and was ready for the long drive home.
October 23rd two dozen SFS'ers gathered at Weldon and caravanned to the jumping-off place for non-qualifying Nichols P. ak. At one point the route crossed private property, and drivers of the lead cars found themselves facing a belligerent-looking rancher. He, however, proved very co-operative, and pointed out the route we sought.

Nichols Peak looked easy and the peak baggers began making ambitious plans to also conquer Pilots Knot that day. But the sloping ridge of Nichols proved to be covered with huge boulders. Dense brush made the going even tougher, and about half our members dropped out. It was after one PM before the assistant leader brought up the last mountaineer training candidate. Although the descent was rapid enough, there wasn't time to go on to Pilots Knot.

We camped on the new road being built into Lamont Meadows at the starting point of the trail. Although we had lost members from the previous day, others joined in before our early start. How Bailey had scouted the trail a few weeks earlier, and the trip went very smoothly. All twenty members or so, including some slow ones, reached the summit. By early afternoon we were back at the cars and heading for home.

The road being built into Lamont Meadows will someday cross the ridge up to Kennedy Meadows and will cut about a thousand feet of gain from the hike to Lamont. It will also bring in motorists, litterbugs, and hunters whose interests will be other than climbing mountains, and a great deal of the beauty and serenity of this area will be gone.

PRIVATE TRIPS

PEAK 13,242', May 22, 1965. .................................................. Tom Ross

On Saturday, May 22, I left the end of the Pine Creek roadhead, Union Carbide Nuclear Mill. At 12:15 PM the sky was completely overcast and there was no wind. Light snow flurries were falling. I reached camp at Pine Lake, altitude 9,942, at 3:30 PM. The snow continued throughout the night.

Sunday at 6:00 AM, the temperature was 23 degrees F., and snow was still falling from the overcast sky. When I left the lake at 7:45 AM, it was beginning to clear. I reached Royce Lakes (12,000') at 11:50 AM. From there, I could see the prominent Class 2 chute on the northeast face of Peak 13,242' that I was to climb. Class 3 climbing was encountered from the top of the chute to the summit, which I reached at 3:35 PM. There was no wind.

The best view was to the north, toward Mt. Gabb and Mt. Hilgard. Another storm was approaching from the north, and the peaks were surrounded by swirling mists. The view was spectacular! To the south, I had a clear view of Mt. Humphreys and Mt. Darwin. The White Mountains to the east were really plastered from last night's snowfall. The west was draped in low-hung cluds, and I knew
a storm would hit soon. I left the summit at 4:10 PM, and sure enough—-it snowed from the time I reached my skis at the top of the couloir at 4:50 PM until I got back to my car. The skiing was wonderful in over one foot of new snow down the 45 degree chute! When I came to Royce Lakes at 5:30 PM, the wind was whistling, and I found myself in a full blizzard! Visibility was poor. I arrived at Pine Lake at 7:20 PM and the roadhead by 9:40 PM—still snowing.

KAWEAH'S -- July 2, 3, 4 and 5..........................Andrew Smatko

Over the four day Fourth-of-July Holiday, six avid SFS'ers shouldered heavy packs for the double-pass climb into the Big Arroyo from Mineral King. On Friday morning, we went via Glacier Pass, Spring Lake, and Blackout Pass to camp at the ranger shack on the east bank of the turbulent Big Arroyo. Why this tumultuous stream, crossed by one of the most popular hiking trails in the entire Sierra, has no bridge over it, I'll never understand. Lesser streams in lesser traveled areas have strong bridges spanning them. Those many hikers who have braved the crossing of this stream in Spring and early summer know well the urgent need of a stout bridge over a likely crossed spot.

The following day, Mike Hiehle, Frank Yates, Tom Ross, Jerry Keating and I ascended to the lake (elevation 11,600 ft.) lying southwest of the summit of the Black Kaweah and headed toward the base of the prominent large chute coming directly down from the summit. Some difficulty was encountered at the junction of the snow and rock, but the chute itself presented no major difficulties, with the climbing a moderate Class III all the way to the summit. Having climbed this mountain previously by a different route (the standard southwest and west ridges) I would recommend our present route as the more direct and possibly the easier ascent.

On the 3rd day while Tom, Mike and Jerry climbed the Red Kaweah, Frank Yates, Ellen Siegal, Dave Henderson and I climbed the Great Kaweah, this being second ascent of this Emblem Peak for me. This same day saw us backpacking to a campsite in the Little Five Lakes basin at one of the lower lakes. Streams were high and some crossings required ingenuity for safe negotiating.

Our last day saw the group backpack out to the cars and head homeward. For Jerry and Tom, this "cleaned up" the area of the list peaks.

PEAK 13,242, August 7-8, 1965..........................Andrew Smatko

Over the August 7-8 weekend, Jim Backus, John and Terri Diefenback (husband and wife), Tom Ross, Ellen Siegal, Frank Yates and myself backpacked up the Pine Creek Pass trail to a campsite just above Honeymoon Lake. The lake again was crowded with Boy Scouts as it was almost a year ago to the day when the Julius Caesar trip was scheduled.

Next day passing along the north shore of the second highest (and largest) of the Royce Lakes, we ascended the steep chute between Royce
Peak and Peak 13,242. At the head of this chute the south-southeast slope of the mountain presented no obvious difficulties and for a while climbing was Class II. However, the last 250 feet of the climb was Class III of moderate degree with a couple of difficult pitches. From the summit, Tom counted 9 visible Emblem peaks.

The Royce Lakes were in a state of semi-solidity and as a consequence were most exquisite to behold. This area is so beautiful and readily accessible that more people (hikers) should visit and traverse it. Peak 13,242, although unnamed, is a more striking peak than Royce and it deserves a fitting name. Perhaps "SPS Peak" might start the ball rolling in the naming of it. Our section should have its "very own peak" - don't you think?

WINTER ASCENT (Well, almost) of University Peak....................Bob Michael

Driven by the common need to escape the atmosphere of Finals Time, three fellow Pomona Collegeites, Bill Katra, Peter Crane, Ken Wagner, and I decided to attempt University Peak this February 1-4 over Semester Break. As it turned out, we didn't get too close to the peak, but our labors went not unrewarded.

First stop on the way up was at Highland Outfitters to pick up some snowshoes for myself. The other three are more or less experienced skiers, but I (shameful to admit) am not, so a recourse to snowshoes was necessary. $3.00 plus $1.00 deposit got me snowshoes for a week. Wednesday morning we all got an Arky-type start at 10:00 up the Onion Valley road. The Highway Department had been most uncooperative in not maintaining the road past 7000', thus adding about 4-1/2 miles to our trek. We had lunch just outside Onion Valley, strangely quiet and deserted compared to its presumed Labor Day appearance. Then we headed south towards Robinson Lake in the cirque west of Independence Peak, where the snow became really deep. Evening caught us at 10,000' and found me very glad that Pete just happened to have an extra Terron parka. We (or some of us) rushed about building an igloo, or hemigloo, as we ended up with half of one. We excavated snow in a circular pit, sawing harder layers into blocks. The whole thing was roofed over with a tarp. Bill, ever the rugged individualist, dug himself a snow cave. (More about that later). When it came time to cook we were confronted with one of the many frustrations of the winter mountaineer-namely, water everywhere but nary a drop to drink. Here we were wallowing in conveniently powdered water but it was necessary to pursue the interminable Primus stove ritual before obtaining any in a usable form. This can tend to drag out mealtimes.

Amazingly, three managed to cram into the hemigloo to sleep (?) after a toast of Bénédictine, a note of culture in the wilds. While cramped, it was by far the best setup as I found the following night when it was my turn to be the cavelord. Namely, one generally managed to bring down part of the roof of the cave (a structure with an unpleasant resemblance to a coffin) when inching into the sleeping bag. Some of this debris invariably got into bag, where it invariably melted despite frantic efforts to sweep it out. At first, this was cold and wet, but later it warmed up to a nice-steamy hot moistness.
Next morning dawned with a violent burst of color on the snows of Kearsarge Peak. After resuscitating our frozen boots and forcing down some breakfast (ever try frozen yogurt? you haven't missed anything), we set out with high expectations. We followed the cirque south to about 11,500' where we turned west up the supposed side of the peak. As my snowshoes became more quickly useless than skis, Ken and I were a few hundred yards north of Pete and Bill. We roped up to climb a steep, at times surprisingly icy, snow slope. Gusts of wind, which we could have done without, blew stinging snow in our faces. We came out on top of a gently sloping ridge which we followed to the end of the line (understatement of the year, that). The ridge ended in an overhang with a dropoff of at least a thousand feet. Across from us the awesome north face of University Peak thrust 1100' above us. Ah well, just a bit off route. The view to the north took in a number of back-country peaks, a sublime, ragged mass of solid white. After absorbing this ecstatic sight, we headed down to meet the other two, who had been lucklessly trapped in a viewless 5th class cul-de-sac. On the way down we were treated to the sight of endless tiers of ranges-Charleston Peak, Mt. Jefferson, Arc Dome et al.- stretching across Nevada, each with its snow cap that flamed into life in the sunset.

Next morning (Friday), a wind chased fitfully through camp and thick gray swirls of cloud tore themselves to shreds on the peaks. I need not add that we lost no time in leaving the Frostbite-Hilton for lower and warmer ground. This was big hurt time for me as the rest glided effortlessly past while I galumphed along using about as much energy (it seemed) going down as up. Back in the Owens Valley we could see that a snow-laden raft of cloud had run aground in the granite needies of Mount Williamson, and a big black swell of the Pacific was soundlessly pouring over the Muir Crest. We had gotten out just in time for another blizzard to take over.