Photo by Tom Ross—showing the Range of Light from his Oak Creek home in Independence.

Left to right, Independence Peak, University Peak and Kearsarge Peak.

IRS

The Internal Revenue Service has turned down the Sierra Club’s appeal to reinstate its tax-deductable status.

Sierra Club president, Dr. Edgar Wayburn, says: "After each successive IRS ruling we are asked if now the Sierra Club will temper its actions. I want to emphasize therefore, as firmly as I possibly can that these repeated rulings have not and will not alter in any way our continued activities on behalf of the natural environment and the future generations who will wish to enjoy the environment."

And he adds: "The Sierra Club board will probably ask for legislative action on the national level so that whimsical actions cannot be made which effectively cut off large sources of funds of organizations acting solely in the public interest."

NOTICE

Dr. W. H. Thomas, a Sierra Club member and associate research biologist for the University of California, is planning a study of the algae which grow in mountain snowfields and color them red.

Before an intensive study can begin, however, Dr. Thomas must know the location of the "red snow." He is primarily interested in the White Mountains, the Sierra Nevada and ranges in Southern California.

If you have seen the algae and would be willing to help Dr. Thomas with his study, write to him for a simple questionnaire which can be quickly filled out.

His address: Dr. W. H. Thomas, University of California, Scripps Institution of Oceanography, P.O. Box 109, La Jolla, Calif. 92037.
ASCENTS

SHERMAN PEAK AND KERN RIVER, May 25-26 ............... Alan & Rosemarie Carlin

Twelve club members assembled almost on time Saturday morning at Limestone Cliff campground for a drive to the parking area at Johnsondale bridge. There, a car shuttle was arranged up Cherry Hill road to the start of Sherman Pass jeep trail at 6,400 feet.

We started hiking at 10 a.m., having fine weather with no clouds in sight. Unfortunately, the leaders did not follow the jeep trail far enough, but turned east onto mining roads which peters out after a short while although leading in the right direction. We then went cross-country straight up the lower west side of Sherman Peak around several of the pinnacles which can be seen when driving up the Cherry Hill road. The going quickly became quite hard because of steep terrain and thick brush. The group split into two, one wishing to go faster; then into three, with one member suffering altitude sickness and slowing still further.

All re-united later in the afternoon at North Meadow; the main group had climbed the peak, then their leader, having turned an ankle, had returned to the cars (by jeep yet!). Ultimately all but two climbed the peak, including the suffering but determined altitude patient. The view was indeed worth while. There had been a fair amount of snow on Sherman Peak itself and the higher Sierra peaks to the north were still well covered with snow. We made camp about a mile south of Schaeffer Meadow.

Starting early Sunday, we continued on the trail to Schaeffer Meadow to the junction with the Cedar Canyon trail. Up to this junction, the trail frequently is hard to follow, especially at Schaeffer Meadow—the proper route skirts the meadow on the upper (east) side. The advantage of the Kern Plateau area is that it is not overrun with people, which means flowers growing in profusion along the trails. It also means occasionally indistinct trails.

We turned south onto the Rincon Trail at the junction with Durwood Creek. This area is low, very hot, and the trail continuously climbs and then descends again, making the going rather frustrating. At the Kern River Trail junction we turned west. The trail then followed the river all the way to Johnsondale bridge, but it was badly washed out in several places and the group again had to do a great deal more than "backpack moderately." Fortunately, all members were good sports, and everybody was off the trail by 4 p.m., with the car shuttle completed by 5:00.

This is a very pleasant area to hike in, especially for trips early in the season. Sherman Peak offers an excellent view. There are many good camp sites along the trail to Schaeffer Meadow. It would be better to camp further north than we did, to cut down on the hiking the next day. Also, since this is relatively low country, early starts on both days are imperative—it gets hot! The bad condition of the Kern River Trail most certainly was due to flooding the previous year. Otherwise, this trail is spectacular since it follows the river all the way.

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MT. GODDARD, July 4-7 ...................... Fred Hoeptner & Bob Mason

Seventeen Sierrans met at the Courtright Reservoir Dam on Thursday, July 4, ready for the challenge of our most remote emblem peak. After successfully extricating a brand new car from a ditch, the group got underway at about 8:30 a.m.
Two members dropped out that first morning, but the remainder, urged on by clouds of mosquitoes and, in some cases, by assistant leader Bob Mason, arrived in camp at Disappointment Lake between 3:30 and 5:00 p.m. No disappointment scenically, this lake provided excellent group campsites. The first day's hiking totaled about sixteen miles.

Friday the group mounted Hell-For-Sure Pass and arrived at Martha Lake, a distance of about 10 miles, about noon. We were greeted by unbelievable carpets of above-timberline alpine flowers underfoot, soon followed by dark, ominous-looking clouds overhead. Ice axes were immediately put to use by those who had them--as supports for tube tents.

While most of the group took it easy, Bob Mason, Cy Kaicener and I started in the general direction of Scylla. Before long, discussion showed that there was definite uncertainty regarding the correct route up Goddard. With Scylla still about four miles off and a few snowflakes beginning to fall, we headed for Goddard's summit. Leaving the summit, we decided to explore the mountain for an alternate route on the west face. We were about 200 feet below the summit as it was enveloped in thunderclouds. We were able to find a high second class chute (unsuitable for a group, however, because of the rockfall danger) which cut the distance and time back to camp considerably. Rain continued until shortly after sunset.

Saturday morning the rain had ended and the group was up at the first light of dawn. All made the summit of Goddard. The round trip was made in about 4-1/2 hours including about 45 minutes on the summit to take in the remarkable view. It was generally agreed that the climb could not be called Class 1, mainly because of the traverse from the south summit (where the bench mark is located) to the slightly higher north summit (which holds the register). The traverse would have to be rated Class 11.

After packing up, it was back down Goddard Canyon and over Hell-For-Sure Pass, again to the accompaniment of thunder, lightning and moderate rain. Then back to Disappointment Lake to renew our friendships with the mosquitoes. Sunday all made the roadhead to Courtright by about 1:30.

The total trip distance via this route was figured at about fifty-four miles and the elevation gain at about 11,000 feet. This route visits a beautiful area which is seldom entered by the SPS.
A S C E N T S, Continued

MT. HITCHCOCK, July 27-28 .................................................. Jerry Keating

"It never rains at night in the Sierra."

Well, an SPS party can offer proof to the contrary and believes the adage should be
modified to: "It seldom rains at night in the Sierra, but when it does it really does."

Nineteen persons comprised the party in quest of Mt. Hitchcock (13,184') on
July 27-28--the same weekend which last year produced a wet fiasco and no Hitchcock. The
only difference this year was that the rain fell early Sunday morning instead of Saturday
afternoon.

Clouds formed Saturday morning but didn't appear troublesome, so after the group
had backpacked from Whitney Portal to Trail Camp (12,000'), Mt. Irvine was climbed by
three persons, Mt. Muir by three and Mt. Whitney by two others. In addition, three
participants explored the area near Pinnacle Ridge.

Although the sky looked no worse at dusk, tube tents and other contraptions were up
as everyone retired. A few sprinkles fell during the evening, but stars finally appeared.
At about 11:45 p.m., however, all hell broke loose and heavy rain--caused by a tropical
storm spawned in the Gulf of Mexico--descended for an hour or so, followed by moderate to
light rain until 4 a.m.

The author spent three hours on his hands and knees in a tube tent while half-inch
streams of water drifted by his 24X48" foam pad, while the other leader--John Robinson--
finally gave up trying to ward off the deluge with a poncho covering and settled into an
inch-deep pool. Other climbers, including Gary Bowen, fared no better and when the 4 a.m.
respite occurred, sleeping bags were loaded with up to 20 pounds of water. The sight of
a half-dozen climbers standing around a hissing Primus stove for warmth in the predawn
murk provided a moment of comic relief, but the humor faded as the clouds socked in the
crest again and drizzle resumed.

Hopes of climbing Hitchcock were abandoned, as was camp (at 5:45 a.m.), and the cars
were reached at 8 a.m. Heavy erosion was evident on the trail, and a washout in the parking
lot left one car with its front wheels down an embankment and its rear wheels suspended in
the air. Fortunately, it wasn't one of ours.

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(Editor's Note: Be sure to read Cy Kaicener's account of climbing this peak later in
this issue.)

WOMEN'S BACKPACK OF THOR PEAK, August 17-18 .......................... Barbara Sykes

One Saturday morning, 10 hearty women and six "accompanying males" set out to forge
the mighty Thor Peak via the interesting Ebersbacher Ledges. We had planned to leave at
8 a.m., but it seemed more pleasant to have a cup of coffee and sit around in the sun
awhile longer.

Thirty minutes later we commenced our "stroll" to Lower Boy Scout Lake and somehow
managed to get there 3 hours and "16 rest stops" later. John Thornton and Bill Hunt took
off (with? or without?) the leader's permission to do Thor Peak on Saturday (didn't want
their wives to get a peak they didn't have) while Dick Sykes gave those who were interested
a rock climbing lesson.
ASCENTS, Continued

Sunday morning, in spite of a valiant effort to get started at 8 a.m., 12 brave souls set out at 8:30 a.m. for an early ascent. Peak baggers Thornton, Hunt and Sykes (the Mr.'s, not the Mrs.'s) decided that Mts. Russell and Carillon were more challenging, and left their wives to run the show. Sans topo, compass, altimeter and other items of consequence, we used our best judgment (?) and 11 enthusiastic climbers (8 women and 3 men) made the summit at 11:30 a.m. In spite of ourselves, we were all out to Whitney Portal by 4 p.m.

The Women's Backpack seemed a good idea, and if we can find another easy peak for next summer, who knows...we may make this an annual event!!

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THOMPSON RIDGE PEAKS, August 24-25, 1968

On Saturday, August 24th, 16 SPSers left the South Lake trailhead at 7:30 a.m. At about mile .75 the right fork toward Treasure Lakes was taken to about the 10,200-foot level, where a gully and open benches led westerly over a ridge and on into the next basin. We dropped packs at about the 10,960-foot level above a small lake in scattered clumps of Pinus Albicaulis.

Eleven climbers left around noon to make the easy Class 2 ascent of Peak 13,323' via the east ridge. A superb view of hundreds of peaks rewarded these climbers. Three of the group elected to climb Mt. Thompson via the NNE ridge—mostly Class 3 with one Class 4 pitch.

On Sunday ten climbers headed along the stream for about a mile and then turned north along three beautiful lakes lying below the jagged peak southeast of Peak 13,000'. The wide sloping plateau was gained via a Class 2 chute near its southern extremity. Four of the group climbed the southwest summit, a first recorded ascent.

The entire group then proceeded to the slightly higher northeast summit, which was a spectacular monolithic block—or rather, sliver of granite—about 20 feet high and only two and a half feet thin and about 15 feet wide. Gordon MacLeod belayed Ed Lane up a Class 5.6 corner. Ed then pounded in a piton on top and belayed three others up the strenuous pitch. The three utilized Jumar ascenders and rappelled back down. This was a first ascent of this granite sliver. A cairn was present at the base of the sliver and was apparently made by Chester Versteeg whose register was found there. Others also had signed into this same register. We left a cairn and register on TOP of the summit block, leaving no doubt that it had been climbed.

Seven of the group then went on to climb the twin summits on the ridge to the northwest, one of which is numbered 12,993'. This summit, too, is composed of high Class 3 block of granite. A rope was needed for protection because of exposure.

The return to camp was uneventful, and we reached the cars in staggered intervals from 2:30 to 5 p.m. Rock climbing abounds in this readily accessible area. The NE and SW faces of Peak 13,323' are Class 5. The peak southeast of 13,000' is a series of needles on a ridge and is probably unclimbed. The northern wall of the Sierra Crest is a steep cliff from Mt. Gilbert to Mt. Thompson.

The scenic beauty and ease of accessibility of this area along with pleasant campsites, make the region along the eastern side of Thompson Ridge one that should attract future SPS schedule-makers.

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PRIVATE TRIPS

GRAND TETON, July 28-29

Elizabeth Cuadra

My daughter and I had planned to spend a week at a ranch on the western side of the Tetons, with no intention of doing any climbing. However, after seeing Mts. Grand, Middle and South, I was struck by that old urge. After hitchhiking around to the Wyoming side, borrowing and renting equipment, and finding a guide (Rick Horn of Powderhorn Mountaineering in Jackson), I signed out at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station at 1 p.m. Sunday to climb the Grand.

We started from the 6,750 foot parking lot and continued up past Garnet Canyon. There we waited out a small lightning storm under a boulder, climbed past a small waterfall with the help of a fixed rope, and finally arrived at the Lower Saddle (about 11,500'). This is the usual campsite for ascents of the Grand, and we took shelter in a cave just before the real storm broke.

A thunderstorm continued all night. We had planned to take the Exum Route, which is more technical and a prettier route than the Owen-Spalding, but changed our minds in concern for being blown off the rock. Only the top few hundred feet of the Owen-Spalding Route are technical—only a couple of points require a belay. However, a climber must carry two ropes, because of the 120-foot free rappel on the return.

We reached the 13,766-foot summit about noon, and there met a park ranger and Leigh Ortenberger (author of 'Climber's Guide to the Tetons') in the process of installing a new bench marker at the summit. A complete resurvey of the Teton Range is being made, which will provide for the first time a set of 7-1/2 inch series topos. From the summit looking eastward, we could see the Gros Ventre Range, and farther off the snow-topped Wind River Range.

We returned to the car without incident. As a final note of interest, on spending that night at the home of Mary Berger (who runs a girls' boarding house in Jackson), I learned that her uncle (Frank Petersen) was one of the party that made the first ascent of the Grand in 1898.
PRIVATE TRIPS, Continued

PEAK-BAGGING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

By Barbara Lilley

Flying to Seattle on August 2, 1968, Jess Logan and I were met by George and Marcia Wallerstein of that city, who had performed their usual efficient job of map reading, investigation, scouting (in their own plane, including taking air photos), and arranging transportation for a two-week trip to unclimbed 9,000-foot peaks in the Monashee Mountains west of Revelstoke, British Columbia. The assumption that these peaks had not been climbed before due to nearly impenetrable brush on approach routes was later confirmed.

After driving from Seattle to Revelstoke, we were flown via helicopter on August 3 to a camp in the Monashees just below timberline at the head of Bourne Creek. At the same time we deposited three food caches along our future route of travel. The following day we headed east across a glacier and up the easy south ridge of a 9,200-foot peak. On August 5 we continued up this glacier several miles before turning east and completing a Class 3-4 snow and rock climb up the north face of a 9,600-foot peak. Both were apparent first ascents—no cairns were found.

Leaving this campsite on August 6, we traveled south to the head of a glacier. In a snowstorm we climbed a steep, crevassed slope to an 8,200-foot pass and descended steep rock and snow to our first food cache. This placed our camp at timberline just above a semi-frozen lake (6,500'). From here, on August 7, we completed a five-mile glacier traverse and went up the west ridge of Frenchman's Cap via the south ridge—Class 3 and 4 rock. Both of these were apparent first ascents.

After a well-earned rest day, we crossed an easy 8,000-foot pass southeast of the lake to our second food cache, barely having time to set up our tents on a moraine at 7,800 feet before a spectacular thunderstorm began. After waiting out a rainy day, we crossed the glacier and traveled over an 8,600-foot pass, again searching out a route through crevasses. After making the apparent first ascents of two peaks, one on each side of the pass (9,200' and 9,000'), we descended to a grassy bench at 7,500 feet. Continuous rain for four days beginning August 14 ended the peak climbing, and on August 15 we picked up our last food cache (and drank the beer) at a pass at the head of the Jordan River, and began the descent of the Jordan River valley.

At first, we made good time along snow slides, but the alders—spiced occasionally with five-foot-high devil's club—got worse with every mile, and the wet brush saturated clothing and equipment with water. After two intermediate camps (the only level spots to camp were on the occasional snowslides—none of the climbing camps were on snow!), we reached the shelter of an old cabin Saturday night. A trail indicated on the map proved non-existent, so with time and food running out, we signaled to one of the helicopters ferrying men back and forth to the high mines in this area and were flown the last several miles to the Revelstoke heliport and the car. We were all back to work by Tuesday morning!

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SOLO CLIMB OF HITCHCOCK PEAK, August 21

By Cy Kaicener

I was almost convinced that Hitchcock was a jinxed peak. I had been on two scheduled SPS climbs led by the same leaders, and was rained out on both. So I decided to sneak in for a one-day ascent of the peak. I might still get wet—but I wouldn't sleep wet.

I arrived at Trail Crest at 11 a.m. From there one can either traverse south along the ridge, or drop straight down the canyon to upper Hitchcock Lake (Class 2). This route involves more elevation gain, but seemed straight-forward. I reasoned that if I got off route on the ridge traverse I would not have time to backtrack, correct myself and still bag the peak. This is another way of saying I was not looking for Third Class alone.
PRIVATE TRIPS, Continued

From the lake it was easy going up firm red scree to the saddle and then the peak. I was very surprised to find that only about nine parties had climbed this out-of-the-way peak in the last nine years.

Now came the strenuous part of the climb, hauling myself back up to Trail Crest. Thinking of this, I did not enjoy the fast descent down the scree back to the lake. The last 1,200 feet up was hard work, finished at 5:45 p.m.

Of course the weather was perfect on this day—just right for a leisurely two-day backpack. The 7,500-feet of elevation I gained made for very blood-shot eyes, but I chuckled as I thought back to the last scheduled climb of Hitchcock. It had rained continuously for four hours at night, and I had burst out into hysterical laughter at the pathetic hopelessness of the situation.

Maybe the adage should be: It never rains at night in the Sierra—except on scheduled climbs of Hitchcock.

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NEWS

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

The following members of the Third Class list have been selected by the Management Committee to sign Third Class qualifying forms. If you are trying to get on the Third Class list, remember: ONLY the following members can sign you off.

Don Anderson  Dick Sykes
Dick Beach    John Thornton
Bud Bingham   Bob Van Allen
Sid Davis     
Arkel Erb    
Wally Henry 
Bill Hunt    
Dick Jali    
Ron Jones    
Jerry Keating 
Ed Lane     
Barbara Lilley 
Glenn Lougee 
Ken McNutt 
Gordon MacLeod 
Ted Maier    
John Robinson
Norm Rohn    
Eric Shumacher  
George Shinno 
Andy Smatko 

We welcome the following new members to the club:

Alice Akawie
Barbara Akawie
Randolf Bernard
George Davis
Jon Inskeep
Steve Patchett

And the following members have earned their emblem:

Bob Bowen
Eunice Dodds
Ken Ferrell
Horace Ory
Bob Mason
Bill Rausch
Tim Treacy

Congratulations to all of you! We hope you'll enjoy many more climbs with us.
Plant pathologists say that smog is killing ponderosa pines in the San Bernardino and Angeles National Forests of Southern California.

Smog-weakened trees loose their needles and some of their bark, and become victims of the bark beetle.

Last year smog readings in the San Bernaridnos were only .04 parts per million less than it takes to call a smog alert in Los Angeles.

An important notice for SPS mountain climbers: doctors are now saying that many people struck by lightning can be saved if someone applies artificial respiration as soon as possible.

A dramatic case occurred in Baltimore, where a 10-year-old boy was struck by lightning. He was brought to a hospital 45 minutes later with his heart at a standstill, no pulse, lips blue.

Five minutes later doctors restarted his heart, and the boy fully recovered. He had been saved because a Boy Scout immediately performed artificial respiration. Ambulance attendants subsequently did nothing for him.

Doctors point out that shock from lightning is less likely to be lethal than shock from an electric current.

FOR SALE

Lowa Grosse Zinna Boots, Ladies Size 5. Germ-free, only 50 miles of gentle wear. Originally $40.00. No reasonable offer refused.

Contact Bunny Rogero, 1750 W. Lancaster Boulevard, Lancaster, 93534. Phone: (805) 942-8180.

Barbara Larkin and Gordon MacLeod are married, and have been honeymooning in the Canadian Rockies.

Along with sight-seeing they have climbed Mt. Rundle, Mt. Temple and Mt. Schaffer.

You sure surprised us, you two—but our very best congratulations!

'Makes A Guy Want To Hibernate All Summer, Too!'
Observation Peak had not been climbed at all in 1967. The best way to pick up the somewhat indistinct Amphitheater Lake trail is to cross the Palisade Creek at the "Deer Meadows" sign. Before reaching the lake, we left the trail and followed the west branch of Cataract Creek to the northeast ridge of Observation, contoured over to the east ridge and up easy slopes to the summit. (A more direct approach to the east ridge is blocked by steep snow chutes.) Return to camp, including a slippery log stream crossing, was accomplished just before dark.

Sunday we followed up Palisade Creek and over Knapsack Pass to the Bishop Pass trail, reaching the car at 2:30 p.m. just ahead of afternoon storms. An outstanding feature of this trip was the tremendous variety and quantity of wildflowers blooming at all elevations. Most of the snow remaining in the Sierra now is left from the winter of 1967. Total mileage for the trip was approximately 60 miles.

* * *

**NEWS**

We are pleased to announce a number of new members and emblem holders.

New members are:

Gerald N. Aikman
Jean A. Dykema
Ken Farrell
Al Flowler, Jr.
Jack Lamare
Gene R. Mauk
Carl W. Smith
Robert L. Smith

New emblem holders:

Eunice Dodds
Bernard Hallet
Steve Harding
Ron Jones
Bob Mason
John Thornton (Whew! ST)
Don M. Woods

Our congratulations to all of you.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we announce the marriage of Rosemarie Hornbogen to Alan Carlin on May 17th in Pasadena.

The Carlins will live at 1711 Ocean Ave., Apt. G, in Santa Monica.

Congratulations!

* * *

S.P.S. member Rich Gnagy of Sacramento reached the summit of Mt. McKinley, Alaska, on June 29, as a member of the 1968 Nevada Mt. McKinley Expedition.

It is hoped that a write-up of the trip will appear in a later issue of the ECHO.

* * *

Dick and Barbara Sykes, just returned from an expedition to Peru, report that while in that country they met a teacher from an Indian school in the Cordiera Negra.

The teacher sponsors an English club which is badly in need of books. Dick promised to send whatever books he could collect.

If you have new or used books of any kind—either for children or adults—the Peruvian school would greatly appreciate receiving them. Contact Dick Sykes at 373-1639 with your contribution.

* * *
LETTERS

On the July 4th weekend, during a climb of Mt. Shuksan, the Washington State climbers grew weary of hearing me describe what "tigers" some of our Southern California climbers are. So Max Junejo (Boeing Alpine Club) has thrown down the glove and challenged the SPS to send their best to join in a marathon climb of Mt. Olympus. The climb will be from the Hok Ranger Station 18 miles to the foot of Blue Glacier, to the summit and out again in 24 hours. It has been done in 21 hours! The Washington climbers are getting ready by doing a 24-hour climb of Glacier Peak—usually a three day outing.

Any three or more SPSers who want to try Mt. Olympus, choose any weekend before mid-September and I (472-8201) will put you in touch with Max Junejo. Naturally, Max expects the SPS to select any appropriate Sierra peak and return the challenge. Any takers?

-Liz Cuadra-