LETTERS

Those of you who are striving for that elusive SPS emblem may find comfort in this letter, written by R. Jay Davis to the SPS treasurer:

"Enclosed is my check for the SPS emblem. I have finally completed 20 peaks, 10 years after joining the section. This provides a nice average of one per year! I averaged two per year, however, for the first two years. Do you suppose I have set some sort of record for taking the longest time to complete the emblem requirements?

"But it has been a great experience -- or experiences, really. Some of these climbs required two or even three attempts before I found success. It would be interesting to have a summary of attempts from emblem holders. I wonder how many people have made all 10 on the very first try!!"

"In my case, many of these climbs were made with teenage boys on YMCA expeditions. I think the biggest reward in my work with these youngsters has been attaining the peaks with them and seeing the feeling of accomplishment and spiritual uplift as they strove for the summit."

TALES OF THE SUPERSTITIIONS

Superstition Mountain is on the Desert Peaks Section climbing list, yet it has been conquered by many SPS members.

If you are planning a trip to the Superstition, look closely -- along the rim of the western face you will see people turned to stone, frightened by the Great Flood.

The fangs of a rattlesnake are two tiny rays of the sun.

If the first coyote had followed instructions, coyotes today would be the color of bluebirds.

These are some of the revelations of "Pima Indian Legends," a new book published by the University of Arizona Press. The author, Ann Moore Shaw, is one of the Pima nation's best-known storytellers.

Mrs. Shaw was born "in the shadow of the Estrella Mountains in a lowly place among the bushes." Yet from such humble beginnings she went on to Phoenix College and Arizona State University.

She has passed on the tribal legends to her children. But Mrs. Shaw realizes that modernization sweeping across the reservations could destroy this heritage.

Hence, her little book. Among the fascinating tales, it includes the story of the building of Casa Grande, the Great House. For anyone absorbed in the heritage of the Southwest, this is "must" reading.
ASCENTS

TELESCOPE PEAK, DECEMBER 30, 1968

Don Williams and I started out from Shorty's Well (minus 250 feet) on Monday at 12:30 a.m. Since the moon was a little past full, it stayed with us until we reached 3,300 feet at four in the morning. Down jackets were a blessing by the time we reached Hannapah Springs (4,500 feet) at 5:30 a.m.

To our surprise we met three miners just getting up. They operated a mine at the 7,500 foot level, with their own private road to it. Unfortunately, it was on the wrong side of the canyon for us. We stopped for about 40 minutes because Don developed leg cramps, but were able to continue. Sunrise was an impressive sight across Death Valley.

At 7:00 a.m. we hit soft, dry snow in a beautiful lush, thick pineyon forest and thought we had it made. Little did we realize that our ridge would keep making a series of two to three hundred foot dips, which slowed us even more. Neither Don nor I had climbed since Thanksgiving, so we took full advantage of our numerous picture stops.

We found the snow much deeper than we had expected, but reached the regular trail about 1,500 feet below the summit. There we saw our car shuttle group only 500 feet below us. They gave us the bad news that we would have to walk an extra few miles, because they could only get their car to the Charcoal Kilns in Wildrose Canyon. Don and the other group were too tired to go on, mainly due to the deep snow.

At 2:30 I reached the top, took a few pictures, and came back via the summit ridge. We all got back to the car by 6:30 p.m. and decided to drive to Lone Pine that night. Tuesday we arrived just in time to help Ed Lane push Norman Clyde's car into Big Pine. After Telescope, I told Ed, we were sight-seeing for the rest of the trip. So we topped the tour off by spending New Year's at Mammoth, via gondola. We were the only ones on top minus skis.

* * *

WINTER ASCENT OF GOODALE MOUNTAIN, JANUARY 11-12

Apprehension over a snowy Sierran forecast caused me to give into a last-minute deluge of phone calls, queries and nervous contemplations. Nevertheless, I cast my lot with Art Wester and Ed Lane in attempting 12,700-foot Goodale Mountain (located southeast of Taboose Pass on the 15' Mt. Pinchot topo). Accordingly, Art picked me up at 4:00 p.m. Friday and together we traversed the bumpy road of optimism to the Lane abode in Big Pine.

After a good night's slumber there, we piled our equipment into Art's VW bus. Filled with foreboding over a menacing brow of clouds obscuring the heights, we began to thread our way to the roadhead via the poor road from Aberdeen Resort. Parking not far up the short length of road at the beginning of the Shingle Mill Bench trail, we shouldered our packs and climbed into the clouds.

Arriving at lunchtime, we quickly set up Ed's (leaky! -- but warm) four-man tent before the storm descended in a howling blizzard. Once inside, I settled down to a good textbook -- and promptly fell asleep!

After Ed and Art returned from their skirmdish with a Fifth Class boulder, we ate dinner and went to sleep. At least, we tried to. Art joined me in my insomniac reveries and even Ed sat up and took notice when I attempted to restage my textbook act of the afternoon by flashlight inside my sleeping bag.

We awoke to crystalline-turquoise skies, and ecstatically confirmed our ascent attempt. My joy was rather short-lived, however, when I discovered a short course to nausea -- instant Ralston with apples and cinnamon, prepared with some fairly strong lukewarm lemonade. Ugh!

-3-
PRIVATE ASCENTS, continued

My emergency vanished with the woods of Shingle Mill Bench as we cramponed up to ascend a wide, prolonged snow chute (probably rather bushy in summer), gaining access near the immediate end of a rough east-west axis ridge emanating from Goodale. Elevation was estimated to be around 11,000 feet at our first (later ruefully noted to be my last) snack halt of the day.

Our crampons now languished in our packs as we picked our way up the ridge. It presented a multitude of protruberances and a number of pitches quite uncharacteristic of a Class One mountain. One particularly stark and highly-fractured granite knob yielded a number of classic Class Three moves. One was inclined toward a jaggedy-rocky-ride—"to higher Sierras" (as Muir would have put it). Kicking myself for not having made out a check for $245 (c/o my friendly neighborhood funeral parlor), I deliberately slowed the mechanics of tying a bowline, and hesitantly entrusted myself to the whins of quarter-inch Goldline at the profuse insistence of those fretting above. As I am currently as nimble on Fourth Class rock as a no-tied sloth, brute strength was called upon to spirit the dumpwaiter out of unknown depths.

Haste was essential, for we witnessed a violent localized storm brewing. Art and I became the victims of non-acclimatization blues as an uninhibited wind threatened to carry us off our feet. It didn't slow Ed, though—he made the peak half an hour before we reached its icy, gust-buffed summit block at 2:30 p.m.

The effect of the growing intensity of the storm shot adrenaline through Art's veins. He fairly flew back to the rappel site, which Ed was busy rigging. Although I did my darnedest to stay with Art, he soon left me sprawled spread-eagle across several talus blocks. It was near here, I think, that my brand-new size 41 Grivel 12-point crampons blew off my pack. (The crampons are now for sale. Price: 7,000 feet of elevation gain and sitting through the million-odd talus blocks en route. Will sell to the bidder most off his rocker.)

We executed a hasty retreat, culminated by a 2,000-foot glissade into camp. After packing up, we made our way by starlight to the car and arrived there at 6:30 p.m.

***

SPRING SCHEDULE

Here are the activities scheduled by this Section for Spring. There is a wide variety of both easy and more difficult trips—so there should be something for everyone. Start planning your weekends now?

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<td>4th Class Rock Climbing Practice</td>
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<tr>
<td>July 4-6</td>
<td>Needham and Florence</td>
<td>George Shimo</td>
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INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL PLANS MADE

Barry Bishop, Leo Le Bon and Allen Steck announce the formation of a new business, Mountain Travel (USA), Inc. This conservation-oriented company is the sole agent in the U.S. and Canada for Lt. Col. James Roberts Mountain Travel Agency in Nepal. Mountain Travel also acts as travel agent for the Sierra Club Outing Committee for foreign trips.

In the first planning stages for this year are:


**Mt. Waddington Expedition**—In cooperation with Sierra Club. About 20 days in July. Cost $500 from Vancouver. Leader: Allen Steck.


Three treks to Nepal are planned with Col. Roberts:
- **Langtang Himal**, North of Kathmandu—Six weeks in the fall. Cost $1,850.
- **Dhorpatan-Sw Dhaulagiri**—Six weeks in the fall. Cost $1,850.
- **Mt. Everest Base Camp**—Five weeks in the fall. Cost $1,900. Air charter.

On the planning board for 1970 are trips to: East Africa and Mt. Kenya Base Camp, Nepal for birding and natural history, expedition to Mt. Logan in Canada, the wilds of the Karakoram, climbing in the French Alps, various treks to Nepal.

Reservations for 1969 and 1970 are now being accepted. You may also ask to receive progress reports on all other trips. Write: Mountain Travel (USA), Inc., Mr. Allen Steck, 6201 Medau Place, Oakland, Calif. 94611.
SIERRA PEAKS NAMED

Of particular interest to the Sierra Club are two peaks of the Sierra Nevada given names during 1968 by the Board of Geographic Names.

Andy Smatko gave an account in an earlier ECHO of his successful first ascent of a peak on which he had crushed his finger in a prior attempt. Andy stated that he was submitting the name Broken Finger Peak to the Board of Geographic Names, and now his finger has gained immortality.

The description of the peak is as follows: Broken Finger Peak: peak, elevation over 13,000 ft., 0.8 mi. E of Mount Morgan and 18 mi. WNW of Bishop; Inyo Co., Calif., 37°24’20” N, 118°43’00” W.

A description of the second peak, the naming of which has somewhat greater historical significance, is as follows:

Solomons, Mount: peak, elevation 13,016 ft., in Kings Canyon National Park, in the Sierra Nevada 2.5 mi. E of Mount Goddard; named for Theodore Seixas Solomons (1870-1947), who in 1892-1895 explored, mapped, and established a trail in the Sierra Nevada which now constitutes the northern half of the John Muir Trail; Fresno Co., Calif., 37°06’28”N, 118°40’28” W.

Solomons has stated that the idea of a high trail parallel to the Sierra crest first occurred to him when he was but 14 years old and tending cattle near Fresno. He became a charter member of the Sierra Club and accounts of his explorations were published in the Sierra Club Bulletin, Appalchian, Overland Monthly and The Traveler. In a 1940 article, Solomons estimated that he named about 17 mountains, the most notable of which are the Evolution Group and Soylla and Charybdis. The Board’s decision gives him a very appropriate resting place.

---Art de Goede---

GEOGRAPHICAL ODDITIES DEPARTMENT

Bob Michael writes: "For some time I have been intrigued by the name 'Terra Tomah Mtn,' which appears on a peak in Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado. The only 'Terra Tomah' I know about appears in the refrain of the beautiful 'Torchbearers' song of my alma mater, Pomona College. Out of curiosity, I wrote the Colorado Mountain Club and asked if they had any idea as to the name's origin. I received the following reply."

From HIGH COUNTRY NAMES, by Louise Ward Arps and Elinor Eppich Kingery, Denver, Colorado Mountain Club, 1966, pages 188-9:

"In the summer of 1914, George Barnard topped a rise in the rough country of the Gorge Lakes and exclaimed, 'Oh, there's the lake they told us about!' Turning toward his friends ..., he sang out his usual expression of delight — 'He ne terratoma, ne terratoma,' and the others answered with an echo.

"Since this lake had no name, James Grafton Rogers, president of the (Colorado Mountain) Club and chairman of the Colorado Geographic Board, assigned the name Terra Tomah to it. ..., 'Evidently we didn't write very plainly ... because, when the map came back from Washington with the names added, Terra Tomah was on a mountain, not the lake,' said Rogers. (The lake later became known as Doughnut Lake.) Since the name Terra Tomah had an Indian flavor, the Board let it remain on the mountain.

"The history of the name concerns the Coahuila Indians who lived on the slopes of the San Jacinto Mountains in southern California. The remnants of their band ... by 1902 only 159 members survived ... in 1892 held their last fiesta. Two youths from Pomona College, near Los Angeles, spent their vacation with these Indians and one night, from a hiding place, listened to a war chant accompanied by tom-toms and the low meaning of women around the fire."
"The young men . . . took the haunting melody back to Pomona College. There . . . in 1894, George Barnard . . . was a student . . . . The 'Ghost Dance' (later rewritten as 'Torchbearers') is still Pomona's college song.

"What do the words 'He ne terratoma, ne terratoma' mean? Dr. David P. Barros (one of the young men who brought the song to Pomona) asked some Coahuilla Indians. 'We do not know,' they replied, 'the words are archaic.' Dr. Barros surmised in 1936 that 'this may have been so, or they may not have wished to tell me . . . .'

"Today, old-timers of the Colorado Mountain Club still chant 'He ne terratoma, ne terratoma' across the high canyons, and listen for the echo."

* * * *

EVEN MORE ON MOUNT CORCORAN

Apropos to the recent discussions about the true summit of Mount Corcoran (ECHO, October and November, 1968) I found the following information in an article by Carl Heller in the ECHO of December 1958.

Carl states that Corcoran "looks like a ridge starting from a notch south of Le Conte and extending toward the saddle north of Langley. Of the various pinnacles the highest is the one nearest Le Conte -- not the third from Langley as stated in the 'Climbers Guide.'"

Carl climbed the ridge twice in 1958, scaled what he thought were the highest summits and "carefully sighted to determine their relative elevations. There is no doubt that the northern (summit) is higher."

Now the question might be raised -- did the 1958 group climb the same summit as that reached in 1968?

--Ron Jones--

ECHOES FROM THE PAST
Ten Years Ago in the SPS

SPS officers elected to serve in 1959 were: Bill Sanders as Chairman, Tom Amneus as Vice Chairman, Mary Ann Elde as Secretary, Charlotte Parsons as Treasurer and Chuck Miller as Alternate Officer. In addition, Tom Amneus was chosen Angeles Chapter Chairman for 1959.

The SPS membership list that year contained 130 members, including 30 emblem holders. (The 1968 list had 314 members, 107 emblem holders.) January, 1959, emblem holders and members of the SPS were: Bud Bingham, Paul Estes, Sam Fink, Chuck Gerckens, Richard Gnagy, Carl Heller, Jerry Keating, Barbara Lilley, Chuck Miller, Henry Mondolf, Charlotte Parsons, John Robinson, Jon Shinno, Andy Smatko and Tom Ross (who had just moved to Independence from the Glendale smog.

The SPS meeting place was changed in January of that year from the overcrowded Angeles Chapter Headquarters to the Silver Lake Playground Club House.

There were no scheduled trips during early 1959. However, John Robinson led an exploratory into the Lake Isabella area of the Southern Sierra. John was gathering information for a Southern Sierra Peaks Guide which was to cover the area from Mount Langley in the north to Bear Mountain in the south.

--Ron Jones, Secretary--
THE RISING COST OF GOING DOWN
or
FALL NOW, PAY LATER

From the "Pitch," the newsletter of the San Francisco Bay Rock Climbing Section, comes this estimate of climbing values by John Ward, who fell on a climb of Dana Glacier:

"On the way down I slipped on some ice and started a small avalanche, making an arrest difficult. Fortunately a pile of rocks stopped me about half way down. Rick Fairfield had two four-by-four bandages which covered most of my exposed hamburger. He almost started a little slide of his own bringing them to me.

"While the party started the slow, hard trip of bringing me down over the talus, Rick went over to the Ranger to ask for a helicopter. After some discussion about whether the accident was in the park or in the national forest, the Forest Service said that they required someone over 21 to sign for financial responsibility since the cost of renting one would be about $180 per hour. The Ranger, Bruce Moyle, came back with a stretcher. With the strong leadership of Les Wilson and many grunts by the stretcher party, we arrived at the road about midnight. Dr. Anderson felt it was a worthwhile effort since my blood pressure had dropped considerably.

"After major surgery, a week and a half in the hospital and a nauseating trip over the Sierra in an air ambulance, I have estimated cost of the accident. Hospital, $750; transportation (equivalent to helicopter service), $600; air ambulance, $90; length of fall about 200 feet. The 200 into $1,740 makes the fall about $8.70 a foot, and the cost is expected to go up. So do your falling now."

NEWS

We have a healthy list of new emblem holders to report this month. Belated congratulations to all of you -- especially Elisabeth Anderson, who reports she finally reached this pinnacle between bouts of . . . .

Elisabeth Anderson
Randolph Bernard
Donald Boelter
Gne Boelter
Jim Boelter
Hal Browder
H. Jay Davis
Douglas Hallet
Steve Harding
Lewis M. Hill

Jim Jenkins
Ron Jones
Kenton Larson
John Ripley
Frank Riceley
William Schuler
James Weitzel
Craig Williams
Don Woods

CORRECTION

Ron Jones has pointed out that the volume and issue numbers on the January ECHO were incorrect. Please change them to Vol. 13, No. 1. Sorry about that!

ANNOUNCEMENT

No, you did not miss your February ECHO. Due to the high cost of printing and mailing, the Executive Committee decided this year to omit three issues---February, April and June.

We're delighted to welcome 13 new members to the Sierra Peaks Section:

Lewis M. Hill
Thomas Cardina
George Davis
William Wickmer
Leo Bell
John Konwiser
John Irwin
Guyneth White
Tom Blackburn
John Skaglund
Vic Gleason
John Langford
William Hoover
Victoria Hoover
Bob Strommer
Bill Joyce

May your trips with us be many and merry!
If you want to visit a government-owned recreation area 10 years from now, you may find yourself rationed to one visit every five to 10 years.

This gloomy prediction comes from land developer Terence M. Ragan (LA Times, Dec. 15, 1969).

Ragan predicts that families wishing to visit the national parks by 1974 will probably have to make reservations three years in advance. By 1985, reservations will be needed just to have a picnic in a neighborhood park.

Ragan says: "While California’s population is due to double in the next 17 to 20 years, demand for recreation will increase four-fold and the recreation land available to the public is diminishing.

"In 1967 in California alone, 5,340 families were turned away from public beaches and parks on Labor Day. During that same holiday weekend, 86,630 families were refused admittance to camping sites in state parks."

"Take warning, conservationists! Each of us had better get actively involved in saving our recreation land -- or it will be too late.

ECHO DUES OVER-DUE!

It’s that time of year again -- time to renew your subscription to the ECHO!

Coming attractions include death-defying climbs, historic expeditions, news, cartoons and more. And still at bargain rates -- cost for a full year only $1.00.

Remember, too, that subscription to the ECHO is a requirement for active SPS membership. So don’t delay! Fill in the form below, send it with your dollar to Dick Jali -- and we'll all live happily ever after.

THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING. NO RENEWAL -- NO MORE ECHO!

To --

Mr. Dick Jali
4748-G La Villa Marina
Marina Del Rey, Calif. 90291

Dear Mr. Jali: Enclosed is my $1.00 for subscription to the ECHO for 1969.

My name________________________________________ I am currently an SPS member
Address__________________________________________

City________________________ Zip________

Trips I would like to lead in the 1969 season after July 4 ________________________________
"THE SIERRA ECHO"
2738 Montrose Avenue #17
Montrose, California 91020

"to explore, enjoy, preserve"