AUGUST 12       WEDNESDAY
"Marine & Mountain Wildlife of the Pacific Coast". Brian Smith's show includes glimpses of the Galapagos, whale watching, and Washington's Olympic mountains.

SEPTEMBER 9       WEDNESDAY
"Scrambles Amongst the Alps". Wayne Norman presents slides from his recent trip to the Zermatt area.

OCTOBER 14       WEDNESDAY
"Kamchatka Exploration". Jon Otter shows slides from a Soviet region closed to visitors until 1991.

NOVEMBER 11       WEDNESDAY
"Climbing in Nepal". Dave Jurasevich will tell us of his climb of Mt Mera (20 thou +) in Nepal.

DECEMBER 9       WEDNESDAY
SPS ANNUAL BANQUET. "Mt Everest: Peak-bagger's Delight". Randy Banta and Doug Mantle will share their expedition.

JANUARY 13       WEDNESDAY
"Broad Peak". R.J. Secor will show slides from this 26,400' peak in the Karakoram of Pakistan.

FEBRUARY 10       WEDNESDAY
"Mt Mera & Island Pk". Dave Petzold will present slides from his recent trip to Nepal.

Monthly meetings are held at the L.A. Dept of Water and Power Bldg at 111 N. Hope St in the L.A. Civic Center. Auditorium on Level A (1 floor below main lobby). 7:30 PM. Newcomers welcome!

PEAK INDEX

Angora Mtn   Mt Keith
Mt Barnard    Kern Pk
Cal Tech Pk   Olancha Pk
Coyote Pk     Mt Stanford #1
Frel Pk       Mt Tom
Junction Pk   Trojan Pk

THE SIERRA PEAKS SECTION

"FOREVER CLIMBING THE RANGE OF LIGHT"

The new SPS T-shirt (front)
ECHOES FROM THE CHAIR

High summer is upon us, and in spite of the weird weather we have been having, the membership seems to be having great success climbing peaks. So, go for it. There is still a lot of climbing ahead for us this season. Once again I'd like to thank all of the leaders for creating a full schedule of opportunities for us.

Due to the lack of response regarding revisions to the list, there will be no proposed changes on the upcoming ballot. Perhaps this is just as well as the current list is the result of many years of previous revisions. Perhaps there will be more suggestions next year.

Many thanks to Patty Kline for her efforts in bringing new T-shirts to the section. The shirts look great. Also, thanks to Wynne Benti-Zdon for her design.

Anyone interested in running for the management committee, or in nominating someone for the management committee, please contact Nominations Chair Vi Grasso.

That's all for now. Keep climbing and see you at the next meeting.

Dave Petzold

NEW SPS T-SHIRTS

About half of our 100 T-shirts sold out at the July 8th SPS meeting! Thank you for the wonderful response. Wynne Benti did a great job of designing the front and back. The front has a view of North Palisade and the back has the entire SPS list by geographic area.

I have ordered more T-shirts to be available for the August meeting to accommodate all of you who need large. We ran out of large at the July meeting.

They are priced at $12.00 in 3 colors: ash (sweat-shirt grey), fuchsia, and yellow. There are 3 sizes: medium, large, and extra large.

Buy them at an SPS meeting for $12.00. Mail order them through me specifying color and size and enclosing a check (payable to Sierra Peaks Section) for $14.00 ($2.00 to cover shipping).

Patty Kline
20362 Callon Drive
Topanga Canyon, CA, 90290

(H) 310-455-1956

Front of Shirt

On Page 2

COVER PHOTO:
Clyde Minaret, by Tom Ross.
Dear Editor,

The reference to Barbara Lilley's climb of Mt. LeConte in 1952, contained in Bill Oliver and Larry Tidball's account of an SPS trip in July, 1991 (Sierra Echo, May-June), reminds me....

In August 1952, my wife, 11-year old son, and I went on a two-week Sierra Club national burro trip, starting at Whitney Portal and ending on the floor of Owens Valley below Army Pass. Another participant on that trip was teen-ager Joe Fitchen, a name most likely familiar to some of your readers. Peaks, incidental to the trip, were Muir (solo), Whitney (the whole group), Tyndall, and Milestone (on both of which I led small groups).

The leader of the trip was Bob Braun, from the Bay area. This was, in fact, his honeymoon trip. He had married Eloel (sp?) in between leading two trips for the Club, the earlier one a knapsack trip in the same general area. Participating on both trips was a young Belgian woman. Perhaps because of jealous memories of the earlier trip, or maybe teased by Bob and Eloel, every so often she would pout, "Poo on Barbara Lilley." Whether it was Barbara's mountaineering prowess or her feminine charms that irritated the Belgian girl, I did not know. That was the first time the name Barbara Lilley became known to me, the first of very many. When I first met her a few years later, I concluded that it could well have been both attributes that brought on the outbursts.

According to the Climbers Guide, the climb of LeConte referred to was in September, 1952, and hence was not associated with the national Club knapsack trip, as I had supposed.

Sincerely yours,

Dan Popper

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The mountain that eats Koreans

ON THE afternoon of May 31st, four men inches slowly across an icy section of Alaska's Mount McKinley known as the Messner Couloir, 19,000 feet up the mountain. As a park ranger watched through his binoculars, one man slipped, and pulled down his companions with him. By the time they came to rest, 3000 feet down, all were dead.

Almost every week this year, rangers have struggled to bring back bodies from the tallest peak in North America. Since the climbing season began, in early May, II climbers have died. Ten have perished in falls; another, a Swiss climber, died of apparent heart problems caused by altitude as his wife brewed him tea in their wind-whipped tent. It has been the deadliest spring in the mountain's recorded history.

Mount McKinley (known as Denali, or "the high one" to native Athabascans) is a midget in the world of big-time mountaineering. But its vicious weather is unparalleled, and the exertion required to move supplies up the mountain leaves climbers weak and prone to miscalculations. Most deaths occur when they are making their way down.

Foreigners have been particular victims. Of the 28 climbers who have died since 1986, 26 were from countries other than the United States. A curiously large number are Koreans. Park Service officials have asked Korean climbing organizations to warn their members about the dangers of the mountain, but to little avail. One particularly treacherous spot, where a number of Koreans and Japanese have met their deaths after long, terrifying slides, has been dubbed "The Orient Express."

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Speed Bump

"I saw the bear, turned left, but hit it just behind the head. The whole thing took about one and a half seconds, but it's hard to estimate when you're flying through the air."

—Recreational cyclist Chris Gadbois after a recent 35-mph collision with an adult black bear on New Hampshire Highway 3 near Thornton. Gadbois and fellow rider Greg Peruzzi, who also hit the bear, sustained minor injuries. The bear, apparently, was unhurt.

from Outside Magazine, June 1992

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from The Economist, June 20th, 1992
Contributed by Mario Gonzalez
MEMBERSHIP REPORT
By Bob Wyka

Congratulations and thank-you to the latest SUSTAINING MEMBERS AND SUBSCRIBERS: MARK ADRIAN, JANE EDGINTON, DIANN FRIED, SIGRID HUTTO, MIKE KELLEY, RET MOORE, and VIRGIL TALBOTT (contributing at least $25.00 to the section).

New Members

ELLEN MILLER
11644 Nan St.
Whittier, CA 90606
h/213-965-8792
w/213-936-2800

JOHN MORRISON
988 Stearns Dr. #1
Los Angeles, CA 90048
h/510-827-9139
w/916-327-1087

New Members

MARK ADRIAN
5116 Park Rim Dr
San Diego, CA
92117-1044
w/619-280-0440
h/619-272-1265

RHETA SCHOENEMAN
4535 Alhambra St.
San Diego, CA
92107
w/619-222-9615

ERIK SIERING
5565 Canoga Ave #320
Woodland Hills, CA
91367
w/310-448-8417
h/818-346-6365

New Emblems

ROBERT J. WYKA #512 Olanche
RAT CHRISTIE #513 Split

New ECHO Subscriptions

JOHN DODDS
1505 Kirker Pass
Concord, CA 94521
h/510-827-9139
w/94140

BOND R. SHANDS JR.
P.O. Box 40788
San Francisco, CA
94140
h/415-821-1485

New Members

WANTED
Volunteer to serve as ECHO Editor beginning in January 1993.
Contact Dave Petzold or Bob Summer if you are interested in this coveted position.
SIERRA PEAKS SECTION ANNUAL BANQUET
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1992

PICKWICK BANQUET & CONFERENCE CENTER
1001 Riverside Drive
Burbank

No-host Cocktail Hour from 6:30 p.m.
Dinner at 7:30 p.m.

Come join us for an exciting evening

Program:
CLIMBING MT. EVEREST
THE SEARCH FOR EXCELLENCE

Presented by
RANDY DANTA and DOUG MANTLE

Tickets $24 includes tax and tip

Make checks payable to Sierra Peaks Section
Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to MARIO GONZALEZ
Indicating entree preference - chicken or fish
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(W) 213-614-2344

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(818) 845-5300
CONSERVATION

by Mary Sue Miller

Is a bookie parlor next? The Forest Service is considering a proposal by stock enthusiasts to allow a horseback endurance race on a popular hiking trail in the Twin Lakes and Buckeye Canyon areas of Toiyabe National Forest. The Forest Service preliminary analysis admits that portions of the chosen route traverse steep slopes and highly erodible soils. The trail would have to be widened for the safety of the horses, but there would still be potential dangers of high-speed encounters with hikers. The High Sierra Hikers Association has asked the Forest Service to deny this permit. They have asked that competitive riding events be restricted to existing roads. If you agree, please write a letter to Randall Sewick, District Ranger, P.O. Box 595, Bridgeport, CA 93517. State in your own words how you feel about competitive horse racing on hiking trails. Ask that your letter be included in the record for the Eastern Equestrian High Sierra Endurance event.

At this moment, the Forest Service has scrapped the 1979 Emigrant Wilderness plan. This plan had served as a model in that it made the Emigrant the first Forest Service Wilderness to prohibit campfires above 9,000 feet, and to restrict group size to 15 persons and stock animals to 20 animals per party. Wilderness Watch and the California Wilderness Coalition supported an appeal by the HSHA urging the Forest Service to keep the plan intact. The Forest Service has rejected the appeal on the grounds that they have to draft an entirely new plan according to the Stanislaus "Forest Plan" adopted in October, 1991. HSHA fears that the vacuum left with the scrapping of the 1979 plan will leave this wilderness wide open to harmful practices while the Service takes several years to make a new plan. In fact as of this writing, the Forest Service has already raised the stock limit to 25, and they have rejected HSHA's appeal.

There is some evidence that a new interpretation is shaping up regarding the extent of grazing permitted by the Wilderness Act of 1964. A recent decision by Deputy Regional Forester Joyce Munroka affirms that the Forest Service has the authority to curtail wilderness grazing where conflicts with specific resources are identified. This decision is expected to moderate the current levels of grazing that have been allowed in the South Sierra under the existing management plan.

PLEASE get in on the draft for the Forest Service management plan for the nearly one million acres of High Sierra that comprise the John Muir, Ansel Adams, Monarch, and Dinkey Lakes Wilderness Areas. How do you feel about the stock issues that have been discussed in this column? What other concerns do you have? Write Recreation Planner, Inyo National Forest, 873 North Main Street, Bishop, CA 93514.

If you did not read the May, 1992 issue of SUNSET magazine, rush to the library or borrow a friend's copy, turn to page 88 and glory in the descriptions of the Sierra Nevada treasures that you so well know, but also find there, codified into a well-organized but frightening litany, a convenient reference to the many threats that tear at its magnificent ecosystem. The article extends through page 114. Hopefully, the Sierra Now conference of August 7-9 to be held in Sacramento will establish guidelines that will begin to treat the Sierra as a bioregion. I hope that I can report this as an accomplished fact in the next column.

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Yosemite closes Tenaya Campground

The Tenaya Lake Walk-in Campground located at the west end of Tenaya Lake along the Tioga Road in Yosemite National Park has been closed due to damage to fragile wetlands.

The decision was made to permanently close the campground due to the sensitivity of lakeshore resources and the impacts of campers on soils, vegetation, wildlife and water quality — particularly along the shoreline, at the creek outlet, and in low, wet areas outside the campground.

In addition, the existing water system has experienced major problems and would be very costly to replace. Water and facilities at the picnic area at the end of Tenaya Lake will remain open for visitor use.

The 50 campites lost as a result of this closure will be offset at other locations along the Tioga Road corridor.

from The Southern Sierran, July 1992
This is the first of a series of newsletters which will be coming to you periodically. Our purpose in sending them is to keep you updated on the progress of the wilderness planning effort for the John Muir, Ansel Adams, Dinkey Lakes, and Monarch Wildernesses.

In March, 1992, more than 3000 letters were sent to individuals, agencies, and groups who we thought might have an interest in the wilderness planning process. We asked you to tell us of issues and concerns that should be analyzed during the planning, and to let us know if you wanted to remain on the mailing list. This newsletter is going to more than 700 of you who indicated a desire to remain on the list. Just a reminder...names can be added to the list at any time.

To date, 70 of you have written us with your "issues". Although we have not yet identified the "key" issues, it is obvious that there is great interest in administrative use/facilities, non-conforming uses, trail system/trailheads, the use of recreation stock, grazing of cattle/sheep, fire management, recreational use/impacts, and quotas/permit system.

The Interdisciplinary Team (IDT) has been selected by the Forest Supervisors. Team members are Dick Warren (Inyo National Forest, co-team leader, recreation); Wally McCray (Sierra National Forest, co-team leader); Mike Lefevre (Sierra National Forest, wildlife, fish, wilderness); Luci Mc Kee (Inyo National Forest, air, water); Dave Smallwood (Sierra National Forest, fire); and Nancy Schlachter, Sequoia National Forest representative). This group will be responsible for the preparation of the environmental documents and will recommend the management direction to the decision makers.

There will be additional opportunities for you to be involved in this planning effort. We will be working with a representative group of people to share in the preparation of the management direction. We are working out the details now and will share them with you at the public meetings. Our next newsletter will also have information on the organization and purpose of the "public involvement group".

If you have questions, please contact Wally McCray, Sierra National Forest, 1600 Tollhouse Rd, Clovis, CA 93611-0532; Nancy Schlachter, Hume Lake Ranger District, 35860 East Kings Canyon, Dunlap, CA 93621; or Dick Warren, Inyo National Forest, 873 N. Main, Bishop, CA 93514.

Contributed by Ron Jones

- More than a few folks enjoying the grandeur of Sequoia National Park's Mineral King Valley last summer returned to their cars to find nibbled-on wiring and radiator hoses. The culprits were marmos, which have been known to crawl into engine compartments of parked cars and unintentionally end up in other parts of California. Park officials speculate the furry ones were attracted to either the salty taste of rubber or the sweetness of antifreeze.

- Anyone who has had the pleasure of facing off against an irate skunk—and losing—never forgets the pungent consequences. Next time, forget the tomato juice, which has long been touted as the preferred way to rid yourself of the nose-numbing aroma. A chemist at California's Humboldt State University reports that laundry soap works best.

- A federal appeals court has ruled that the Park Service doesn't have to make "every possible effort" to protect people from backcountry hazards. Or launch a rescue effort at the first sign of trouble. The decision by the U.S. 10th Circuit Court of Appeals in Denver involved a Wyoming mountain climbing death.

According to legal experts, the verdict means wilderness users must be responsible for their own actions. If the decision had gone the other way, federal land managers might have been forced to close some backcountry areas because there would have been no way to protect the government from potential legal liability.

from Backpacker Magazine, Apr 91, Aug 91, and June 92
ECHOS OF OUR CLIMBS

OLANCCHA PEAK
June 6-7, 1992

Leaders: Patty Kline & Frank Goodykoontz

We met at 6:30 AM at the roadside for Olancha Peak, Sage Flat. Our group of 11 left about the same time as the Wilderness Travel group led by Harb Fiala and Virgil Bayless.

The roadside is as follows: Drive north on Hwy 395 to Little Lake. From there note your odometer and go 19.5 miles north to Sage Flat Road. Turn left (west) and go on this small road, keeping right at the road forks on the most heavily used roads to the end at 5.5 miles. There is a sign "Pavement Ends" at 3.2 miles. The end of the road is a large bulldozed area of reddish dirt. There is no water or trees, but it is very level for camping. The elevation is 5,800 feet.

We hiked 7 miles to our camp at 9,500 feet, arriving about 12:30 PM. There was no trip accommodating our group as well as the Wilderness Travel group. The camp is within sight of the trail. A nice stream runs between the camp and the trail. This dries up early in the season, although there may be small pockets of water which are spring-fed uphill later on in the season.

Olancha is far enough from other SPS peaks to make it hard to climb another one on the same weekend. There seemed to be a lot of thunderstorms going on in the distance, but we were spared. Our extended community happy hour started about 3:30 PM with such delicacies as cream cheese topped with jalapeno jelly from Ron Matson and homemade chocolate chip cookies from Terry Flood. The temperatures were cool and windy and Bahram Manahedgi built a big fire for us.

At 6:15 AM we departed for Olancha Peak, the most southerly of the emblem peaks. Here is the route description from the Pacific Crest Trail. From the highest point of the trail before it drops into Gomez Meadow, turn east towards the peak. It is about 1,500 feet of gain. Make sure to angle in a northerly direction over the large class 2 boulders.

Nine of us got the peak. This was a first ascent for everyone but me. It was my 6th. About 1 hour was spent on top posing for pictures and admiring the great view. Mark Adrian became a member of the SPS on this peak as I had done 6 years before in 1986. There is a sheer 3,000 to 4,000 foot drop off from the east facing chute right below the summit. The lower part of Owens Valley stretched out below the bottom of the peak. We could see as far south as Telescope Peak. It is interesting to note the top of Olancha Peak (12,123') is part of the original erosional plain of the ancient High Sierra range. It has a flat top like Mt Whitney, Mt Darwin, Mt Abbot, and others. The glaciers were never here. Olancha may have been named after the Olanches Indians (from Peter Browning's Place Names of the Sierra Nevada).

The group got back to the cars by 4:30 PM. We all had a nice weekend. Those in the group not already mentioned in the write-up were Erik Siering, Rich Gnagy, John Kurnick, and Howard and Barb Eyerly.

I want to thank Frank Goodykoontz for his usual great job of assisting me on this trip. Also thank you to everyone who came on the trip. It was a very enjoyable weekend.

Patty Kline
KERN PK
June 6-7, 1992
Bob Summer/Barbara Cohen

The seven participants met at 6:15 AM Saturday morning at the Black Rock Gap trailhead: Liz Kennedy, Mark Colopy, Wayne Norman, Don Westland, Randy Ragland, and the leaders. We were soon on our way to our campsite at Redrock Meadows.

The backpack in provided us with the expected spring Southern Sierra scenery: lush green meadows, blooming flowers, towering pine trees, and refreshing clean air. Only one thing was missing—blue sky. Grey swirling clouds accompanied us to camp, and continued to build as the day grew older.

By 11:30 AM camp was established and we were off to conquer Kern by the south ridge. Pine-needled slopes were underfoot and sweat was on our brows as we paused for a rest atop the ridge. The darkening and lowering sky hastened us northward towards our objective.

The thunder began a half mile from the peak. The sky overhead still looked reasonably stable so we spread out and continued. Soon we congregated near the 11,510' summit but took turns signing in: a metal structure on the very top deemed this wise. Quickly now we retreated southward but not quick enough: an enormous dark cloud was moving up the ridge towards us. Minutes later all hell broke loose. Thunder roared and lightning struck the ridge ahead of us and behind us, and also on the ridges on either side of us. Simultaneously a ferocious hailstorm ensued and in just minutes 2–3 inches of hail had accumulated underfoot. Our rain gear protected us from the pelting as we slid and sloshed our way downward.

The lightning and hail continued for the next two hours as we made our way back to camp. We traversed just below ridgeline to avoid the lightning, but had to stick close together due to poor visibility. The compass did its job and guided us right back to camp. We fairly well dove into our tents even though we were soaked. At this lower elevation (8500'), the once firm hail had degenerated into rain and slushballs. The rain and lightning continued, including one strike so close it shook the ground beneath us.

By 6:00 PM the clouds were breaking up, the rain had stopped, and seven heads cautiously poked out from their tents. John & Wendy McCully (& Chessie) had arrived during the day and joined us for our happy/dinner hour. Darn if that dog didn't find some dry wood for us! Good job Chessie. We dried our clothes and filled our bellies, and later snoozed with thunderbolts dancing in only our dreams.

The next morning the blue sky was back, the big yellow face shone upon us, and the (oh blaa!) mosquitoes were back. We were back to the cars by 11:30 AM. Congratulations to WTC students, Liz, Mark, and Don for completing a real experience trip. And of course, thanks to Barbara for assisting on this, my second "T" provisional lead.

CORRECTION

The article on page 3 on the May/June Echo stated that Doug Mantle and Randy Danta were there first SPS members to climb Mt Everest. We must also note that Ang Karma Sherpa of Nepal, also an SPS member, climbed Mt Everest in 1985.
Mount Tom
Sat, July 11, 1992

Eighteen of us met at 0700 at the aspen grove that is about 0.5 mi below the locked gate on the old mining road to Horton Lakes. We drove most of the cars to the gate and then hiked to Horton Lake by 1000 and made camp. We had planned to climb Basin Mtn on Sat and Mt Tom on Sun but because the weather looked somewhat threatening, Duane suggested and all agreed that doing Mt Tom first was better. One person remained in camp and the rest of us hiked up the old road to Hanging Valley and then up the SW ridge to the summit. We descended by the western scree chute to the Tungstar mine and then by the road back to camp. Bill Banks signed out to do his usual high speed climb and we then split into a fast group of eight and a slower group of eight. In the late afternoon, the weather deteriorated and we had some rain and very strong wind gusts.

There was some rain during the night and Sun morning, as we emerged from our tents, the clouds were low and threatening. All agreed that attempting Basin would be unwise so we packed up and hiked out with sprinkles on the way. The weather was part of tropical storm Darby that brought rain to Los Angeles. It rained heavily from time to time on the drive home.

Mt Tom has a SPS cyl container and a good SPS register book left in 8/87 that is 80% full. We left an additional new SPS book. Recently it was reported that there were several old full books and that the container could hold no more. I carried a large can to correct this situation but someone has removed the old books. I hope that they show up and are carried back to Mt Tom where they belong.

Participants were:

Bill T Russell  Patty Kline  Devra Wasserman  Gustave Stroes
Duane McRuer  Pete Dogget  Dan Richter  Steve Hiebert
David Russell  Paula Peterson  Greg Gerlach  Tom Rholoff
Steve Nardi  Bruce Peterson  Eric Siering  Don Croley

Gustave Stroes

UPDATE ON FREEL PEAK (10,881')

With the building of the Tahoe Rim Trail (TRT), it is now possible to do Freel by good trail and use trail. One begins by driving to U.S. 50 and the junction with Pioneer Trail, first stoplight approaching from Meyers Junction (U.S. 50 and Hwy. 89). Drive east on Pioneer Trail 0.9 mile to Oneidas Street, turn right and take the main, paved road 4.1 miles to the USFS gate with its "Private Property" sign. I am told that it is permissible to hike through. Stay on the main dirt road, ignoring the right fork that descends, and a left fork that cuts sharply up to the NE and shortly deadends. One will come to a meadow, where one follows a boggy track across, then crosses the main creek, and then resumes on a good trail up the right (west) side of the creek. About ½-1 mile from Armstrong Pass, one may wish to cut straight up through sagey slopes to intersect the TRT that contours along the west slopes of the Freel massif. One will certainly want to shortcut on the descent. Otherwise, stay on the trail which intersects the TRT at Armstrong Pass. Go left (NE) and one walks awhile above the canyon, then climbs and does two switchbacks to arrive at a col at 9680'. A use trail follows the right side of a small ridge that climbs to the west of the summit, and then crosses a bowl and climbs to the facility on the summit. This is about 10 miles and 3,000' gain round trip.

Pete Yamagata
COYOTE PEAK & ANGORA MTN
May 23-25, 1992

Leaders: Dave Petzold & Patty Kline

Twelve people met at 7:00 AM at the roadhead for Jerkey Creek Trail (Trail #32E12). We did a twelve mile rollercoaster hike with 4,000 feet of gain and 2,000 feet of loss to Deep Creek Meadow on Saturday. The drive in the night before was long, about 4-1/2 hours. It can be done via Bakersfield, which is shorter, unless you are with the Memorial Day crowd on Hwy 58 the way I was coming from Bakersfield. Regardless if you come via Mojave or Bakersfield, head north to Johnsondale. At Johnsondale take 22882 (the Lloyd Meadow Road) to its end at the roadhead for the Jerkey Creek Trail.

Here is the sequence of trails shown on the 1986 west half of the Golden Trout Wilderness Forest Service map. From the end of 22882 (the Lloyd Meadow Road), take trail #32E12, the Jerkey Creek Trail north to the intersection of 33E01 and go right on this trail NE to the Little Kern River bridge. At the bridge go S on the Willow Meadow Cutoff trail for one-third mile. Then go left on the Willow Meadow Trail where you are again heading NE for 1-1/2 miles to a 4-way intersection. Here turn left and head NW to the Deep Creek Trail. Go right on the Deep Creek Trail. We camped at the meadow on Deep Creek about 1 mile below the Coyote Lakes Trail. These junctions are pretty well signed.

We arrived hot, dusty, and dirty, at Deep Creek Meadow at 3:30 PM. Since there was water only on the middle third of our hike we were pleased to discover what Ron Zappen labeled "the cesspool" as our most conveniently located water source 300 feet below camp. The water didn't seem to flow in or out of it, but the water was good enough to filter if you skimmed the bugs, sticks, and algae off. This is a season with 70% normal snow fall in the Sierra. Ten minutes below camp was a small stream a few inches deep which provided a cleaner source of water.

The next day it was a long project to get Coyote and Angora. It took about 12 hours with 15 miles and 4,500 feet of gain. Coyote at 10,892 feet seemed more like a real 4-person peak with nice views to the north. There was a slight amount of snow on the ridge leading to the summit. The peak is on the boundary of Sequoia National Park and Sequoia National Forest. Coyote Lakes located to the east of the trail about 800 feet down looked great.

After climbing Coyote Peak and getting to the trail again, we took the ridge which went from the saddle on the trail above Coyote Lakes. We took this ridge south. This intersects the Coyote Lakes trail again, thereby cutting off 2 legs of a triangle and saving time. From here we were on the trail briefly before cutting off cross-country to Angora Mtn at 10,202 feet. This small talus covered summit didn't have much view. It was named after a sheeprman who had an Angora goat leading his flock according to Peter Browning's book Place Names of the Sierra Nevada.

After the trip was over about 2 PM on Monday, Dave Petzold said "This was a class B death march". I asked him to clarify and he said "A class A death march is where only the leader goes, and only the leader gets the peak". The participants were: Jennifer Lambelet, Erik Siering, Carolyn West, Ali Aminian, Kathy Price, Jim Adler, Don Westland, Vi Grasso, Gene Mauk, and Ron Zappen. Anyway, the trip was a lot of fun and a success with every participant getting both peaks. Thank you Dave Petzold for the route finding while I swept.

Patty Kline
LIST FINISHING TRIP
Aug. 18-23, 1991
Keith, Barnard, Trojan, Junction, Stanford(S) & Cal Tech
Charlie Winger, Jim Scott, Burt Falk

Jim Scott and I met Charlie Winger, a climber from Littleton, CO, during a 1982 mountaineering expedition to Ecuador. Each summer since then, Charlie has come to California to climb with us in the Sierra. In 1986, by climbing the east face of Mt. Whitney, he finished the list of the sixty-eight fourteen-thousand footers in the 48 contiguous United States (fifty-four in Colorado, thirteen in California, plus Washington's Mt. Rainier). This summer, by ascending Mt. Stanford (south), he finished a list of the one hundred highest peaks in the contiguous United States—a significant effort, especially since he may be the first person to have done so. The following is a description of our list-finishing trip:

Day One, Aug. 18: Grunted up the Shepherd Pass trail to the last flat area below the Potholes. Collapsed. Got to bed real late—7:15 p.m.

Day Two, Aug 19: Started off at 6:30 a.m. by contouring north toward nearby Mt. Keith. Reaching the southern slopes of the peak, we climbed the prominent right-sloping couloir, a route which leads almost directly to the summit block on the right (east) end of the crest. Back at camp by 1:30 p.m., we re-packed then hiked over Shepherd Pass to an unprotected campsite equidistance between Diamond Mesa and the low point on the ridge between Tawny Point and Mt. Tyndall. Caroused until the wee hours tonight—7:30 p.m.

Day Three, Aug. 20: This morning, we found and followed a use trail leading over the above-mentioned low point to the Wright Lakes Basin. Since we weren't sure about the feasibility of climbing the headwall located at the eastern end of the Basin between Barnard and Trojan (Roper doesn't mention it), and because we couldn't see it clearly (the sun was in our eyes), we opted to climb Barnard from the easy but out-of-the-way western slopes. We arrived on the summit around 11:30, signed the register—which dates back to the 1930's, then, dropping down on the gentle east side of the crest between the two peaks, made our way toward the summit of Trojan Peak, arriving there an hour later. Looking for a less time-consuming route back to camp (we didn't want to re-climb Mt. Barnard), we descended the steep, loose slope to the west of the saddle between the two peaks. This dicey shortcut works fine on descent., but I'm not sure I'd recommend it as a means of ascent. We arrived back at camp about 5:15 p.m.

Day Four, Aug. 21: Late start-6:45 a.m. Climbed the east corner of Diamond Mesa and proceeded on to its north corner, at which
point, according to Roper, the route to Junction Peak's summit involves following a "knife-edge ridge." In fact, however, after crossing the connecting ridge and climbing a couple hundred feet on the peak, Charlie and Jim found a ramp-like passage on the west slopes, below the ridge, leading directly (though not apparently) to the top. If, as I did, you stay on ridge, you'll find it broadens tantalizingly, then narrows down to a sharp fifth class ridge leading to the summit, a route which would be a pain even for a rope team. Eventually, I had to swallow my pride and drop down to the ramp to follow Charlie and Jim. After a pleasant half hour on the summit which we spent leafing through another 1930's era register, we returned to camp by means of a shortcut, descending SSE to lake WL3806T, thus avoiding the re-crossing of Diamond Mesa. In early afternoon we broke camp and hiked to a small, unnamed lake just south of Lake South America.

Day Five, Aug. 22: 6:15 a.m. start. The 7-1/2' Mt. Brewer quad shows a trail leading from Lake South America to Harrison Pass. Hah! After ten or fifteen minutes spent searching, like hounds on a hunt, we gave up and cross-countryed to a point just below the south side of the pass, where we started an easy climb, leading first east, then bending north, toward Gregory's Monument. Arriving on top of the Monument, we began our search for the purported 3rd class route leading toward the true, northern summit of Mt. Stanford. At this point, I'm sure that more than one party has turned back, as the first move to traverse the connecting knife-edge ridge requires dropping some seven feet from one smooth-face block to another, with plenty of heart-stopping exposure on either side. This obstacle wouldn't be so bad if you knew there was nothing more difficult beyond, which is true, and that you wouldn't have any real trouble in re-climbing the drop-off, which is also true. Unfortunately, psychologically, it comes at just the wrong time. We had a sixty-foot, nine mm rope and seat harnesses however, so we belayed each other down the drop, then began the traverse, mostly on the east side of the ridge, toward the true summit. Going, the crossing took us an hour an a half; coming back, because we were familiar with the route, we cut our time by two-thirds. The peak's register, again dating back to the thirties, makes the effort and adrenalin flow worthwhile, in my opinion. Two of the earliest entries were logged in by Sierra climbing pioneer, Norman Clyde, one of my all-time heros. What a thrill!

On our return, we attempted to traverse from the south side of Gregory's Monument to Cal Tech Peak, but discovered that it wouldn't go. Instead, we retraced our footsteps to Harrison Pass, then contoured along the west face of Cal Tech until we found a likely-looking couloir leading to the crest just south of the summit. We started our climb about 3:00 p.m., and arrived on top by 4:30 p.m. Cal Tech, 13,832', the 117th highest peak in the contiguous United States would, in my opinion, make a worthwhile addition to the S.P.S. list. Granted the south-eastern slopes are gentle, but the peak is well-placed and holds special significance for many local C.I.T. students and alumni. A handsome plaque commemorating the centennial year (1991) of the University has been
installed on the summit this summer. There is also a cache containing many items of Cal Tech memorabilia, including a deck of playing cards (Gin, anyone?), plus sheet music for the Alma Mater. Because it was a beautiful afternoon and because it was our last peak of the trip, we departed the summit rather reluctantly. Our return route took us south along the ridge until we were almost directly above our campsite, at which point we began our descent.

Day six, Aug. 22: Started off at 6:30 a.m., and reached the Shepherd Pass trailhead at 2:30 p.m. On the way, we met and talked to a National Park Ranger stationed at Tyndall Creek regarding the obvious difference in trail quality between the National Forest section (terrific from trailhead to top of pass) and the National Park section (crummy beyond the pass). He had no excuse, but stated that the opposite was true on the Whitney Portal trail, where the National Park section from Trail Crest to Crabtree Meadows is very good, while the east, National Forest side, leaves much to be desired. Sounds like there's a little rivalry between the two departments.

The following is Charlie's list of the fifty highest peaks in the contiguous United States:

--Burt Falk
I turned for a final look at the peaks behind me, gray parapets touching 11,000 feet. The high ramparts of the Sierra would be visible only a few minutes longer, for instead of roaming their upper reaches, I would soon drop into the depths of Tenaya Canyon. Slicing into the roots of the Sierra, Tenaya links their subalpine zone and the forested floor of Yosemite Valley, seven miles and 4,000 vertical feet down-canyon. Early Yosemite history wound down this stream—as well as a personal trail of memories.

Tenaya Canyon had intrigued me since I was a teenager poring through old mountaineering literature. I had memorized passages extolling the mystery and ruggedness of the gorge. Listen, for example, to John Muir: “A grand old mountain mansion is this Tenaya region!” After describing the role of the ancient Tenaya Glacier in carving the canyon, Muir implored: “Send all the time you can spare to see it.”

Just beyond Admonition Point I came to the first dropoff. Looking over this edge to the stream below, I knew my long-awaited pilgrimage was going to be memorable. Muir’s words came to mind: “The mountain streams sing the story of every avalanche or earthquake and of snow.”

Tenaya Creek’s song was gentle as it trickled quietly into Waterwheel Bowl, a grand basin comprising hundreds of acres of treeless slabs. Endless bands of cream-colored rock shot across the gray expanse, a child’s drawing of alien runways. Polished to gem smoothness by glaciers, these bands reflected so much sunlight that it hurt to look. And yet I could not avert my eyes.

I felt Muir could have been at my side.”

Into this sculpTed bowl I dropped, down to the basin’s floor, where the surrounding Sierra peaks are completely hidden behind the steep-walled canyon’s rim. I thought of the Hawaiian volcanoes, the highest peaks on earth if one considers the seabed their base. Here in Tenaya Canyon I too was underwater in a sense, groping among the geologic foundations of the Sierra’s giants.

Scientists in Muir’s day knew little of the origins of mountains. But it could have been from a ledge here in Tenaya Canyon that Muir first said to himself, “I’m finally convinced that glaciers formed this landscape.” It was a radical thought at the time, and it took Muir years of painstakingly accumulated evidence to convince the world that Yosemite’s features were not the result of a cataclysm. But to Muir, “Tracing the ways of glaciers, learning how Nature sculpts mountain-waves in making scenery-beauty that so mysteriously influences every human being, is glorious work.”

Even while attempting a straightforward description of the glacial process, Muir’s passion for the landscape he studied couldn’t be suppressed: “The action of flowing ice... especially the part it played in sculpturing the earth, is as yet but little understood... Glaciers, back in their white solitude, work apart from men, exerting their tremendous energies in silence and darkness. Outspread, spirit-like, they brood above the predestined landscapes, work on unwearied through immeasurable ages, until, in the fullness of time, the mountain streams sing the story of every avalanche or earthquake and of snow.”

I continued down the valley, maneuvering through talus until Lower Tenaya Canyon came into view for the first time, awesomely deep and mysterious. The stream rolled gently over an edge and disappeared. A turn-of-the-century writer got it perfect: “A precipice it proved to be, and a frightfully steep one... the sight appalled me.”

This was Pywiack Cascade. Some 600 feet in height, it is Yosemite’s unknown waterfall, visible from no nearby road or trail. Early explorers avoided the barrier by turning it far to either side. Muir doesn’t describe how he negotiated the problem, but he arrived on top, traveling upstream, “after some of the most delicate feats of mountain-riding I ever attempted...”

I paused for lunch part way down this cliff, in the shade of a twisted juniper. Below me, the slabs continued to tumble into the fearsome gorge. Three miles away, halving Half Dome guarded the lower entrance to the canyon. Again, Muir’s words came to mind: “When the sublime ice-floods of the glacial period poured down the flank of the range over what is now Yosemite Valley...[Half] Dome was, perhaps, the first to emerge, burnished and shining like a mirror above the surface of the icy sea; and though it has sustained the wear and tear of the elements tens of thousands of years, it yet remains a testimony of the action of the great glaciers that brought it to light.” Benign cumulus drifted by as I dined on my airy ledge. A red-tailed hawk idly harassed a golden eagle a few hundred feet above my head, and I felt that Muir could have been at my side seeing the same sights, experiencing the same sensations of peace and wonder.

The late-afternoon wind threw spindrift across the slabs far above. Chilled, I turned my back on the wind-ruffled pool and continued down the creek bed, sliding and jumping from rock to rock. Shortly, a massive granite rampart stretched across the canyon. Below it I could see the most resplendent sight...
in the canyon: Tenaya Creek gliding almost noiselessly down a tremendous iron-stained slab for well over 150 feet. The cascade, delicate as a lace curtain, pierced the gargantuan pool below with hardly a ripple. On a sun-drenched rock in this green and deepnessless pool stood a lone merganser. Two solo travelers looked at each other, then each moved on.

A short ways below this pool, a streamside grove of firs became a rest stop, then a foot-cooling stop, then a nap stop, and, finally, my campsite. I was halfway, after all.

The night was as quiet and dark as any I could remember. The creek was too languid to make even a murmur and not a breath of wind teased the firs above. It was scarcely imaginable that I was surrounded so closely by civilization. In my little pocket valley I had seen not a single footprint or carnir or gum wrapper. Yet four miles west, five-thousand people went about their business in the city called Yosemite Valley.

At dawn I slung on my pack, eager to see the remainder of the canyon. Ten minutes later a whisper broke the silence. I sensed a shadowed precipice, the Jumping-Off Place, as it was named eighty years ago. Here, a forty-foot waterfall plunges into a frigid pool flanked by glass-smooth sides. At the top of the Inner Gorge it marks the second and last major obstacle of the canyon. The fall is impassable, but fortunately, two ledge systems snaked along the wildly exposed right bank.

A short distance along the upper ledge I cached my pack and searched for the carved dates I had first read about three decades earlier. And there they were, almost hidden by a bush. I gently traced the weathered hieroglyphics with my fingertips. Soon these carvings, the only permanent signs of humankind in Tenaya Canyon, would vanish like the bones of S.L. Foster, the man who chiseled them. It was not that the etchings portrayed anything special; on the contrary, they were as modest as the calligraphy. Just Foster's initials and dates hammered into the granite: 1909 to 1937, with several missing years. Enigmas. Was Foster in the trenches of Flanders during 1917 and 1918? Did he acquire a bride during the summer of 1921? Or did he simply forget his hammer those years?

I live by the new and good ethic, of course: leave the wilderness alone. And yet...could I not discover some implausibly remote ledge of my own, there to carve not only the dates, but some lyrical statement for the ages? Some earthly version of the message Carl Sagan sent into infinity.

I had photocopied Foster's account of his first trip, and rereading it on the spot, I could sense him beside me, a ghost companion. During his week-long solo expedition, he had spent off days chasing butterflies. I saw him dashing down slabs in tweedy clothes, swishing his net at tantalizing flashes. He constantly worried about being struck by falling rocks. "Every once and a while," Foster wrote, "a missile from above would arrive in my small backyard...as if shot from a gun. I trusted to the Theory of Probabilities, but at intervals all through the night I was abruptly startled from sleep...."

I glanced around, trying to fathom his fear. At first I smiled a superior smile. Then I spotted sharp-edged boulders, untouched by glaciers or stream. I saw more of them. Why were there so many? A vague feeling of unease set in. With the arrogance of a rational man, I supposed it. And rose immediately to put on my pack.

Walking along the ever-narrowing ramp that shot beyond Initial Ledge, I marveled at the simplicity of the route. The shelf was the only unroped way to go: a natural funnel. Although the ledge had been inaccurately described by an early writer as "half the width of a man's shoe," it soon became scary enough that I balanced along carefully, aware that my pack was scraping the overhang above.

Some one hundred feet below, the stream rushed through a shattered gorge, dark and sinister. The opposite wall leaned at a terrific angle. It eased back from the vertical after a few hundred feet—and then rose in undulating waves of glistening granite four thousand feet to the summit of Clouds Rest, which Muir described as a "lofty granite wall, bent this way and that by the restless and weariless action of glaciers just as if it had been made of dough." Here, Muir theorized, the Tenaya Glacier had "poured its massive flood over the northeastern rim of its basin in splendid cascades. Then, crushing heavily against the Clouds' Rest Ridge, it bore down upon the Yosemite domes with concentrated energy."

Despite the spectacular location, I felt so remote, so absolutely removed from the fellowship of humankind that I paused to shake this unfamiliar feeling—and simultaneously savored it. Four miles upstream, I reminded myself, was a paved highway and my car. Four miles downstream lay one of the most popular spots in the national park system. And yet here I was utterly alone. Why did I feel lost in space?

Muir always reveled in solitude. Even at night, when he was all alone on the first traverse of Tenaya Canyon, his only thoughts were of rapture: "The moon is looking down into the canyon, and how marvelously the great rocks kindle to her light! Every dome, and brow, and swelling boss touched by her white rays, glows as if lighted with snow.... Do you hear how sweet a sleep-song the fall and cascades are singing?"

But it was far from here that Muir had taken the fall that knocked him senseless. He had just returned to Yosemite from a visit to San Francisco, and so upon recovering from his stumble he reproached his clumsy feet: "that is what you get by intercourse with stupid town stairs, and dead pavements." I proceeded cautiously through the house-sized boulders.

Ahead, Tenaya's Inner Gorge loomed narrower and steeper, darker and gloomier. Only a narrow band of sky was visible from this confined space, and the sun, it was clear, rarely illuminated the canyon's bottom. A gorge can't be evil, I thought, but if Tolkien had visited the place he surely would have seen frightful creatures lurking behind every boulder, gnomes actively engaged in undermining the massive mountains above. For here in the Inner Gorge I was truly in the underground bowels of the ethereal cloud-world that is all most people ever see or experience of the mountains.

After a formidable sloping ledge, the Inner Gorge ended abruptly, and the adventurous part of my journey came to an end as well. I suddenly became discouraged and tired, feeling a little on the soft and succulent side. This, I shortly found out, was not the proper attitude at this juncture. Ahead stretched two miles of brutally tedious terrain. Boulders and brush. Steep slopes covered with pine needles. Enormous talus with heartstopping dropoffs. Side hills with deadfall. Deer trails that vanished. Muggy air at 4,500 feet. I was no longer in the mountains; I had arrived in the lowlands.

Only the views kept me sane. Mt. Watkins, that little-known rival of El Capitan in sheer monolithic granite, loomed over my head. Half Dome changed shape constantly, finally becoming grossly distorted, wider than tall.

Footprints appeared, jarring reminders that I was emerging from the timeless wilderness. I had been so absorbed in the journeys of Muir and Foster that I had nearly forgotten who I was, or in what century I lived. For two days I had thought about little else except Tenaya Canyon and its history. My pilgrimage was physically ending, but my childlike memories and ambitions now had a coded attachet; I could never again think of the canyon the same way.

Rare it is to find a place that retains the qualities it had a century ago. Buffalo-covered grasslands have vanished, swamplands have become suburbs, and deserts show countless jeep tracks. Climbers and backpackers and fisherfolk blanket our mountain ranges. Footprints are easy to find; solitude is not.

But the traverse of Tenaya Canyon, in the very heart of overcrowded Yosemite National Park, is a journey into a unique mountain environment: true wilderness. John Muir, after all these years, would still recognize this rugged canyon; it's a place where the passage of a century has meant absolutely nothing.

From Summit magazine, Spring 1990
Fulgurite
IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

By
CHRISTOPHER A. LIBBY
Chief Instructor, Outward Bound
Mammoth Lakes, California

from California Geology, Nov 86

The term fulgurite was taken from the Latin word for lightning, fulgur (Bates and Jackson, 1984). Fulgurite is a crust-like structure consisting of fused silica or silicate produced by lightning strikes. It is usually a branching, often tubular or rod-like, structure. These structures may be formed in sand dunes, in deserts, or on lake shore areas, or on exposed mountain summits. Fulgurite structures may measure 40 cm in length and up to 5 cm to 6 cm in diameter. The heat required to create the fusion has been estimated at 1800°C (Challinor, 1978). There are two general types of fulgurite: sand fulgurite and rock fulgurite.

Fulgurite Types

Sand fulgurite has been found in beach and dune areas in Great Britain, along the Atlantic coast of the United States, and on the shores of Lake Michigan (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1974; Challinor, 1978).

Rock fulgurites are found mainly on mountain peaks, which act as natural lightning rods and receive repeated lightning strikes. However, it is not clear whether repeated lightning strikes are necessary for the formation of rock fulgurites, or whether mountain peaks are merely easily defined places in which to search for and find rock fulgurites. Fulgurite formations have been reported on Mount Thielsen in Oregon by J.S. Diller (1884) of the U.S. Geological Survey, on Nevada deToluca in Mexico by Alexander von Humboldt, and in the Caucasus Mountains by Otto von Abich (Harris, 1976).

Cascade Range of Oregon

It appears that the composition of many volcanic rocks is favorable to the formation of fulgurite. This hypothesis was reinforced by my observation of fulgurites atop Mount Thielsen, South Sister, The Husband, and Three Fingered Jack among the volcanic peaks of Oregon’s Cascade Range. Fulgurite occurrences in these areas appear as black or greenish, bubbly crusts on the dark volcanic rocks on the upper several feet of those peaks.

Sierra Nevada

I was surprised to find, in the summers of 1984 and 1985, that fulgurites are relatively common on the granite peaks of California’s Sierra Nevada. In Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks I found fulgurites atop the following granitic peaks: Thunder Mountain (13,588 feet), Sugarloaf (8,002 feet), Whaleback (11,726 feet), Mount Stewart (12,205 feet), Big Bird Peak (11,602 feet), Peak 12,416 (feet) on Glacier Ridge, and Peak 11,840 (feet) on Glacier Ridge. I also found fulgurite structures on volcanic rocks of Black Kaweah (13,765 feet). Nearby Red Kaweah had no fulgurites, but an aluminum register can placed there in the 1970s was melted (presumably by lightning). Mount Stewart had, in addition to fulgurites, a similar aluminum can which was pitted to a lesser degree. All of these peaks are located on the Triple Divide Peak and Mount Whitney 15-minute USGS topographic quadrangles.

The Sierra Nevada fulgurites are similar in appearance to those in Oregon—black, green, or white bubbly crusts on the surface of the rocks. The crusts appear on the topmost rocks as veins running down the summit blocks and in pockets below the topmost rocks. Fulgurites seem to be confined to approximately the top two meters of the peaks.

An update
from California Geology, June 88

During 1986 and 1987, observations of fulgurite were made in widely scattered parts of the Sierra Nevada. Fulgurites were noted on Milestone Mountain, Mount Shinn, Scylla, Mount Humphreys, Volcanic Ridge, Mount Bago, Kearsarge Peak, Dragon Peak, Black Mountain, and Mount Clarence King. Trained observers also reported spotting fulgurites on Mount Morrison (Sheppard and Schweizer, 1986). Milestone Mountain (13641 feet) is a granitic peak on the Great Western Divide of Sequoia National Park, just south of Thunder Mountain, Mount Shinn (11020 feet), another granitic peak, is located in the Sierra National Forest, south of Florence Lake Reservoir. Scylla (12939 feet) is a dark peak of metamorphic origin guarding the head of Enchanted Gorge in Kings Canyon National Park.

Mount Humphreys (13986 feet) is a towering granite spire on the Sierra Nevada crest southwest of the town of Bishop. Volcanic Ridge (11501 feet) is in the Minarets area northwest of Mammoth Lakes. Kearsarge Peak (12598 feet) is a granite peak west of Independence. Mount Clarence King (12905 feet), Mount Bago (11868 feet), Dragon Peak (12995 feet), and Black Mountain (13289 feet) are granitic peaks in southern Kings Canyon National Park. Mount Morrison (12268 feet) is another dark metamorphic peak located near the town of Mammoth Lakes.

Milestone Mountain was of particular interest to me, because initially I found no fulgurites on the granite blocks of this summit. During 1986, I discovered them among the rocks of a 6-foot-high, beehive-shaped cairn built by climbers to mark the summit of this majestic mountain. My first thought was that the climbers just happened to stack rock already containing fulgurites. But I noticed that all fulgurites were aligned vertically on various rocks of the cairn.

In other words, one could have dropped a plumb line down the cairn and all of the fulgurites would have lined up. Such an arrangement seemed highly unlikely to have occurred in a random stacking. This indicated the exciting possibility that the fulgurites were formed after the cairn was built.

The rare possibility of dating this unusual fulgurite formation reminded me of a study in Atlin, British Columbia. There a lichenologist developed growth rates for certain types of lichens in that climate by measuring their diameters on tombstones in the local graveyard. The headstones, of course, all had exact dates printed on them (Beschel, 1961).

Although there were no dates printed on the cairn rocks, a little research revealed that the first ascent of Milestone Mountain was in July 1912 (Repe, 1976). Therefore, if these fulgurites were indeed formed after the construction of the cairn, they were formed no earlier than 1912.

At this writing, it has not been determined whether the small fulgurite droplets, about a half-inch in diameter, were formed by one or more lightning strikes. Further investigation of sites like Milestone Mountain is needed to unravel this riddle.
RESOUNDING ECHOES
Bill Oliver
HPS CROSSES THE LINE
[The following news item, by then-chair John Robinson, first appeared in the April '64 ECHO.]

The extreme southern part of the Sierra Nevada, the relatively low section between Tehachapi and Walker Passes, is an area of rounded mountains, forested plateaus, and farmland valleys. Although geographically a part of the Sierra, it resembles the Range of Light only its granitic rock structure. The SPS has occasionally scheduled early-season beginners' trips into this pleasant area, but no peaks have been found that merit qualifying status.

The Hundred Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter has exhibited an interest in this area, and it is considering adding the 28 named summits over 5000 feet to their list of peaks. This would place the boundary between the SPS and the 100 PS at Highway 178, roughly a line stretching from Bakersfield through Lake Isabella to Walker Pass.

The SPS Management Committee has considered the request and welcomes the Hundred Peakers as prospective neighbors. We will gladly share this southern Sierra area with a sister section that relishes the easy, pleasant peaks of the type found in the region. - - JWR - -

[Evidently not content, the HPS now lays claim to ten summits north of Hwy 178, including two on the SPS list: Pilot Knob (S), our lowest, and Owens Peak, the high point of Kern County. Perhaps the HPS would consider adding some fine easy peaks at the northern end of the Sierra. Let's talk.]

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Published six times a year by the Sierra Peaks Section (SPS) of the Sierra Club Angeles Chapter

EDITOR:  
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