

TODAY'S WEATHER
Mostly Sunny
91° HI | 56° LO

SUNDAY
84° | 56°

MONDAY
86° | 57°

Recent Little League All-Stars win conjures memories of first team to take tourney championship **See page 19**

Bishop brother and sister graduate from University of San Diego **See page 7**



The Inyo Register

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 2015 | INYOREGISTER.COM | SERVING THE EASTERN SIERRA AND BEYOND SINCE 1870 | 75¢

Eastside mourns James Wilson

Entrepreneur, activist, community supporter dies at 67

By Darcy Ellis
 Managing Editor

The thoughtful and unassuming aren't generally known for making the history books, nor are they usually the ones whose exploits become legacy.

James Wilson is a notable exception - a man whose name may forever be synonymous with both Eastside recreation and conservation efforts, simply because he followed his passions, stuck to his principles and saw the wisdom in thinking ahead.

Thus it was a huge, collective loss and crushing blow when Wilson died Wednesday at Renown Hospital in Reno. He had suffered a stroke over the weekend and never regained consciousness. The longtime Bishop resident and former business owner leaves behind his beloved wife, Kay, daughter, Roseanne, son-in-law, Bay, and grandson, Ansel. He was 67.

At the time of his death, Wilson was a member of the Rotary Club of Bishop, where he was chairman of the International Service Committee; the Eastern Sierra chapter of the Audubon Society, which he helped found in 1983; and a board member of Friends of the Inyo, which he co-founded in 1986.

Wilson was a former longtime member of the California Wilderness Coalition and past member of the Bishop Chamber of Commerce Board of Directors.

Eulogies honoring Wilson and his contributions to the mountain sports culture, economy and environmental health of the Eastside are widespread in the wake of his death, and the grief being expressed is profound.

His passing comes not just as a shock to the close-knit Eastside community, but a punch in the gut; Wilson was a friend, mentor and role model to many who admire him for his honesty, loyalty, generosity, steadfastness, sly humor and grace.

"James was my brother in every sense of the word other than by blood," said decades' long friend and confidante Barbara Kelley, who also worked with Wilson on the Friends of the Inyo board. "He's everything good anyone can say about him."

See **WILSON** ► Page 8



James Wilson (l), a co-founder of Friends of the Inyo, mingles with good friend Barbara Kelley and her husband Derrick Vocelka at the 2014 open house of FOI's offices on Barlow Lane in Bishop. In addition to being longtime friends, Wilson, Vocelka and Kelley helped form the Eastern Sierra Friends of Machik in 2005.

Photo by Mike Gervais

The Inyo Register
OPINION

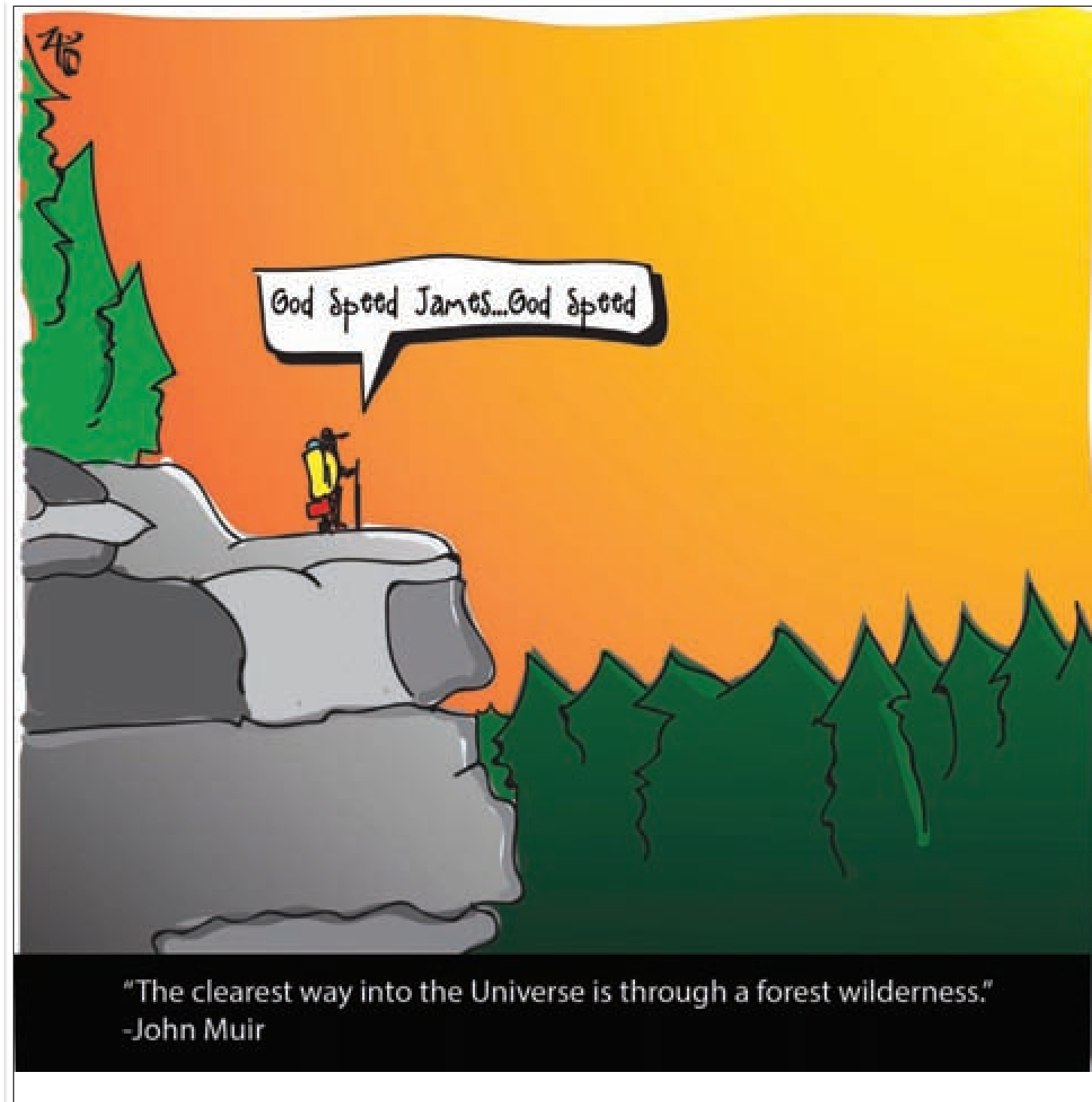
SATURDAY, JULY 18, 2015

4

RENA MLODECKI *Publisher* | DARCY ELLIS *Editor*

Political cartoons published in this newspaper – as with letters to the editor and op-eds – do not necessarily reflect the opinions of The Inyo Register, its employees or its parent company. These cartoons are merely intended to present food-for-thought in a different medium. The Inyo Register (ISSN 1095-5089) Published tri-weekly by Horizon California Publications Inc., 1180 N. Main Street, Ste. 108, Bishop, CA 93514. Entered as a Paid Periodical at the office of Bishop, California 93514,

under the Act of March 3, 1876. Combining Inyo Register, founded 1883; Inyo Independent and Owens Valley Progress-Citizen, founded 1870; and the Sierra Daily News. All contents are the property of Horizon California Publications Inc. and cannot be reproduced in any way without the written consent of publisher. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Inyo Register, 1180 N. Main Street, Ste. 108, Bishop, CA 93514. Phone (760) 873-3535. Fax (760) 873-3591



WILSON

Continued from front page

One of the things being said is that, in his own understated way, Wilson made Bishop and the Eastern Sierra a better place to live and visit.

The Businessman

Wilson is known across the country, and globe, as long-time owner of Wilson's Eastside Sports on Main Street in Bishop, a mecca for enthusiasts of outdoor sports once considered on the fringe but which now dominate the scene, thanks in large part to the foresight of entrepreneurs like Wilson.

He started out in 1977 with partner Rick Wheeler and a boot repair shop they called Wheeler & Wilson. The store evolved over time to Wilson's Eastside Sports and the shoe repair portion was purchased in 1999 by Tony Puppo, whose Rubber Room endures to this day.

Wilson's was the first full-service sporting goods store in Bishop, and probably all of Inyo County, that didn't carry a single jar of fish bait - of which Wilson was both amused and proud, said Dave Patterson, executive director of the Bishop Chamber of Commerce in the early 2000s. Instead, Wilson's catered to a different clientele, men and women following their wanderlust into the great outdoors to hike, bike, run, walk, climb and explore.

"James always called it self-propelled recreation," close friend and fellow Friends of the Inyo co-founder Mike Prather said.

According to Prather, Wilson blazed the trail locally for businesses devoted to this type of recreation, and he did it at a time when hikers and backpackers were disparaged as "treehuggers" and "dirty hippies" by a very rural, very conservative community, instead of respected as any other coffer-contributing tourist.

But Wilson, running a successful business that drew visitors to the area, demanded the respect of his peers and he got it, Prather said.

"James was a tremendous business man and he worked incredibly hard," he said. During the early 2000s he was elected to the Chamber Board of Directors, and Patterson tried to get him to serve as president. Wilson declined but was able to help represent a growing segment of the Bishop population and its business interests along with the rest of the community.

"When he was on the Chamber board he was not one of those people that had an agenda," Patterson said. "A lot of us make decisions based on self-interest a lot of the time but he seemed to have a broad perspective of this town and his role in it."

In general, he is credited with doing for the city and sports like bouldering what Wave Rave did for Mammoth Lakes and snowboarding.

"Bouldering is a significant recreational product here and it was James who put it on the map," Patterson said. "A lot of it had to do with the way people were received in his store."

He sold Wilson's to long-time friend and employee Chris Iverson and her husband, Todd Vogel, in 2012.

On the business' website, the couple notes they are "slowly dropping the use of 'Wilson's' and continuing to use the 'Eastside Sports.' Some will always know the store as 'Wilson's,' and that's OK with us."

The Activist

Prather first met Wilson in the early 1980s. The men shared similar interests, like hiking, birding and saving the planet. It was around the time the Inyo National Forest was drafting its Forest Plan. Age-old concerns about conservation, access and habitat inspired, Prather, Wilson, Frank Stewart and other residents to form Friends of the Inyo. Wilson remained a board member from Day 1, helping to guide the grassroots organization as it evolved from the ad hoc phase to requiring an actual office and staff.

"He served as president for eight years, having held most roles on the executive committee," said current President Sydney Quinn. "James was active on the board for nearly three decades! His dedication and passion for the Eastern Sierra will be matched by few."

"The passing of James into the ether has been a shock and loss to all of us at Friends of the Inyo," Quinn continued.

"He was an incomparable colleague, mentor, leader, sometimes father figure and above all the ultimate local champion for all things wild on the Eastside. Our family of staff and board is small and close. James' absence leaves a gaping crevasse in our hearts as well as our leadership. Our lives at FOI will, of course, go on but all of us as well as our members and supporters will miss him in ways yet unknown."

As a member of both Friends of the Inyo and the California Wilderness Coalition, Wilson advocated for and helped pass legislation for additional wilderness in the Eastern Sierra in 2002.

"This is a huge loss to Eastside activism for the environment," climber and author Doug Robinson wrote Thursday on the supertopo.com climbing forum. "I have always felt humbled and inspired by how active and engaged - and downright effective! - James Wilson was at pouring his entire life into strengthening the hold that the remaining wild places have on our overcivilized planet."

Wilson also spent 10 years on an effort that resulted in the first desert preservation bill, the California Desert Protection Act of 1994 that expanded Death Valley National Park.

Just last year, Wilson was among the prominent citizens who spoke out against the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power's proposed solar ranch east of Manzanar National Historic Site.

This past June, he wrote a letter to the editor in which he encouraged residents to attend an open house hosted by the Forest Service to update the public on a mandated effort it has undertaken to inventory possible additions to wilderness areas.

He wrote: "As California continues down the path of rampant population growth and sprawling, increasingly complete development across our landscapes, the wild lands of the Eastern Sierra become more and more valuable; to our local economy, for visitors seeking places that are unpaved and quiet, and to our collective souls, which need unspoiled and peaceful places to recreate and restore ourselves. And wild unroaded country is priceless for our wildlife, water and cultural resources. Quite frankly whether you are a fisherman, hunter, hiker, birdwatcher, the blank spot on the map is priceless."

The Voice of Reason

Wilson's June 6 letter offers a glimpse of the type of even-handed communication he was known for during times of conflict and controversy.

"James was passionate about defending wild places. He had a knack for uncomplicating complicated issues concerning protecting places, referring sometimes to 'critters and places' rather than 'species and habitat,'" Vogel said. "Though he was passionate about protecting and defending wildlands he was almost as equally passionate about working with opposing viewpoints to reach common understanding if not agreement."

A regular at public meetings where the topic of discussion was the environment and potential harm thereof, Wilson was never one to grandstand, raise his voice or derail the conversation. He was an effective communicator who calmly stated his case and said his peace - a habit that gave him the reputation of being a voice of reason, even as he stood by his own beliefs.

"James was a stillwater person - he was a very passionate person - (but in public) he was very calm and focused and always looking for ways to keep people in the room and work on things that were very challenging," Prather said.

Doug Thompson, owner of Whitney Portal Store in Lone Pine, remembers working with Wilson to form a "No-Name Committee" many years ago in an effort to secure a land transfer from federal agencies for the public good. It meant working with and alongside people whose interests and views were out of line with their own. Yet, Wilson was able to keep talks going when it appeared the experiment was about to fail.

"Near the bitter end of the second meeting I could see no



The Collaborative Action Team, comprised of concerned citizens and representatives of several community groups and the Board of Supervisors, developed Alternative 6 of the Travel Management Plan, which the U.S. Forest Service modified and adopted back in



James Wilson behind the counter of world famous Wilson's Eastside Sports, the first full-service sporting goods store in the Eastern Sierra that catered to hikers, climbers and runners.

File photo



Wilson showing a silly side over some dumplings in Taipei with his wife, Kay, and good friends Mike and Nancy Prather during a 2014 birding trip to Thailand.

Photo courtesy Mike Prather

give from either or all sides - the silo walls were built and snugly secured," Thompson said. "James said, 'I think we should try one more meeting.' I truly admired James for his ability to if not agree then listen and if possible take the middle ground."

Thompson and Wilson worked on a similar effort with the Inyo National Forest's 2009 Travel Management Plan, which designated a system of roads and trails for motorized vehicle use. To expedite the process and reduce friction among various stakeholders, the Forest Service formed the first-ever Collaborative Action Team, a collection of outdoor enthusiasts, motorized access advocates, businesspeople, elected officials and others tasked with making a recommendation to the forest supervisor.

Together, the parties were able to come up with a recommendation resulting in a decision that, while, displeasing to some, was widely lauded as an example of cooperative groundwork.

"That diverse group shaking hands and signing off on it - that was a huge accomplishment," Prather said. "James was a major player in that."

Today, the Collaborative Action Team is viewed as a model across the country for forest planning efforts.

Many of the same parties involved in the collaborative action team actually found themselves on the opposite sides of another issue recently when the Inyo County Board of Supervisors was asked to consider approving the ATV pilot project known as Adventure Trails.

Patterson recalls how at one meeting Wilson spoke against the project and he spoke for it, yet in the next issue of the newspaper was a photo of them at the meeting with their arms around each other's shoulders, smiling.

"I'm not the only person who had that kind of relationship with him," Patterson

said.

Randy Van Tassell, who first became acquainted with Wilson as his accountant in the 1980s and over the years grew to become one of his best friends, was often at political odds with Wilson.

"He was very aware of what was going on politically and socially in the community," Van Tassell said. "He and I had 180 views but we could always discuss things honestly and openly and could work together even though we were coming from different viewpoints."

When the Board of Supervisors did approve the Adventure Trails pilot project in January, James was asked for his reaction and responded from a gracious perspective: "I'm pleased with the deliberation. Whether I'm happy with the decision ... eh. (But) it's an opportunity for the OHV crowd to prove they're responsible."

The Philanthropist

For some, Wilson is best known as the man introducing the Banff Mountain Film Festival each night of its world-tour stop in Bishop. But more accurately, he's the reason the tour stops in Bishop, since he and his wife have been funding the screenings for the past 22 years.

Wilson and Brad Rassler, a friend and fellow outdoor enthusiast, organized the first festival in 1995 thinking maybe 100 people would show up; instead, nearly 300 people packed themselves in for the viewing. To date, more than 20,000 residents and visitors have attended the local Banff tour in its 22-year local run.

Since that very first year, Wilson has given Banff proceeds to the Inyo Council for the Arts in order to support the Millpond Music Festival, which was near and dear to Wilson's heart.

"He used to come in every year and I'd show him YouTube videos of all the bands we'd booked and it was fun to watch him get excited,"

said ICA Executive Director Lynn Cooper.

Wilson's contributions to the ICA total upwards of \$100,000, but according to Cooper, his faith in the Millpond Music Festival was invaluable.

It's impossible to calculate how much Wilson and his wife contributed to various other organizations, charities and fundraisers over the years.

"James loved the Eastern Sierra and did anything he could to help promote or support organizations in the Eastern Sierra or activities in the Eastern Sierra," Van Tassell said.

Much of his philanthropic efforts were through Wilson's Eastside Sports and Eastside Sports, Inc., but for the past 15 years or so, Wilson has also been serving the community with the Rotary Club of Bishop.

This community service, according to Van Tassell, who brought Wilson aboard, has ranged from handing out deserts to students being honored at the high school to serving lunch at the local soup kitchen each week.

But his passion and primary focus in Rotary were the international projects, such as helping to establish schools in Tibet, sending books to and making water available in villages in Africa and, most recently, sending the Mammoth Medical Missions team to Chiapis, Mexico to train nurses and midwives.

Van Tassell, Ramona Delmas and Tom Hardy joined Wilson on a needs assessment trip in December that preceded an effort to raise \$70,000 to send 29 physicians, who spent two weeks in Chiapis in May.

"He was very proud of his part in that and justifiably so," Van Tassell said.

Wilson's international charity efforts extended to the mountains of Tibet, where schoolchildren benefited from money he and other residents have raised on their behalf.

"James has been instrumental in a small group called Eastern Sierra Friends of Machik. He helped form the group after I came back in 2005 from teaching English at a school in Chungba, a remote village in the mountains of eastern Tibet," said his good friend Kelley. "He has helped raise money for the school for 10 years. The money goes to the nonprofit Machik (machik.org) in Washington, D.C., and then directly to support the school and students in Chungba."

The Retiree

When not trying to save the world with friends like Prather, Van Tassell and Kelley, Wilson spent a lot of time in retirement hiking and birdwatching in some of the very landscape he personally helped to preserve for posterity.

"He just loved being outdoors, climbing, skiing, road bicycling and especially birding," Vogel said. "Birding with him sometimes was like going to Disneyland with a small child. We'd see some cool bird and he'd start going off 'Oh, oh, oh, oh my god it's a Caspian Tern!' 'Oh oh oh! Todd! Todd! Get on this bird I think it's a Barrow's Goldeneye!'"

According to Van Tassell, Wilson's log book of sighted birds numbered into the thousands.

This past year he and Kay took a birding trip to Tierra

del Fuego and last year traveled with Michael and Nancy Prather to Thailand.

When not birding, he was either gardening - trying to grow that perfect melon or tomato, Prather said - or hiking with Kay.

"He could name the peaks from Lone Pine to Lee Vining and could tell you their height - and he probably climbed most of them," Van Tassell said. "And there probably is not a trail in Inyo or Mono counties that he and Kay have not utilized."

According to Van Tassell, what Wilson looked forward to most was being able to watch grandson Ansel grow up, which is what makes his death a true tragedy.

"He was ecstatic about his new grandchild," Van Tassell said.

The Friend

For all his many qualities and contributions, in the end, Wilson is being remembered as a true friend to a lot of people whose hearts are broken.

"He had so many friends, he was such an amazing person," Prather said. "He was such a rich person intellectually. It was to great to be around him, you could talk to him about anything."

Wilson also had a sense of humor that was as "dry as the desert," he said.

"... I always loved his playful, wry and subtle sense of humor," Robinson wrote on supertopo.com. "Sometimes you'd only be alerted to look for the joke by the way he'd crack half a smile followed by just the shred of a chuckle."

"He was a good person," Patterson said.

Part of that meant Wilson was willing to go above and beyond, especially for those he loved.

"I remember - I think it was his 40th birthday or thereabouts," Vogel said. "I had to climb the East Buttress of Mt. Whitney, which I had never done before but had to guide the next week. Somehow I convinced James that he and I should go do it in a day, car to car. We did it but at his birthday party neither of us could walk down stairs because our legs were so sore."

More stories and memories like Vogel's can be found at <http://james-kepler-wilson.forevermissed.com/>, where friends and acquaintances are also welcome to leave condolences.

Aside from an incredible legacy, Wilson leaves behind his many words, in letters both public and personal, in impassioned comments to legislators and federal agencies, and various essays, including one he wrote on the history and mission of Friends of the Inyo, first appearing in the *Jeffrey Pine Journal* summer 2011 edition.

In it, Wilson writes what could very well sum up his wishes for friends and strangers alike:

"(Exploration) is the greatest joy. Get out there, go see it. Get your socks dirty, and take someone new with you, take someone young ... If possible this summer introduce someone else to the wonders of the natural world. Inoculate them with the wild. Go walk, bird, backpack, do something with them outdoors ..."

"Give something back to the places that you love ... spend time cleaning or restoring a place you cherish. And, of course, take someone new with you!"

File photo

EASTERN SIERRA HISTORY



U.S. Geological Survey volunteer Clarence King explores an active glacier on Mount Shasta in 1870. In 1864 the California Geological Survey had declared Mount Shasta the highest mountain in the U.S., at 14,179 feet, but King had his doubts.

Photo courtesy USGS



During a survey in June of 1864, Clarence King and companions were astonished to discover a wall of 13,000- to 14,000-foot-plus peaks between them and the Owens Valley – including Mountain Whitney.

Photo courtesy U.S. Forest Service

The race to climb Mt. Whitney, pt. 1

In 1864 the California Geological Survey determined that the highest mountain in the United States, at 14,179 feet above sea level, was Mount Shasta. But a young volunteer with the Survey, Clarence King, had his doubts. He had spent his first winter in California, 1863-64, surveying the Mariposa mining district on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada. One day, following a January storm, he and Charles Hoffman, a topographer for the Survey, climbed Mount Bullion. From the summit, King later wrote, the two had a "distinct view of the High Sierra, ranging from the Mount Lyell group many miles south to a vast pile of white peaks, which from our estimate, should lie near the heads of the King's and Kaweah rivers."

King's obsession with high places worried Josiah Whitney, chief of the Survey; he was concerned that the young geologist did more climbing than working. But after King identified fossils in strata near Mariposa, his reputation as a scientist soared, and Whitney took him as his assistant on a trip to Tahoe and the Comstock. While they worked together, King convinced Whitney that the Survey should devote a few weeks during the summer to "explore and survey the new alps."

In June, 1864, men from the Survey, including second-in-command William Brewer, picked their way along the divide between the Kings and Kaweah Rivers, marveled at the depth of the canyon of the Kings, passed through a grove of Giant Sequoia, and visited with prospectors and hunters they met on the trail. On July 1 they established camp on the shore of a small lake at the foot of a great pyramidal peak, which Brewer estimated rose about 12,000 feet above sea level. Brewer decided to climb the mountain to get a good look at the terrain between the Sierra crest and the deep trench of the Owens Valley.

At dawn Brewer and Charles Hoffman started their climb. Twice the men scaled a slot that appeared to reach the summit, only to find themselves in an impassable cul-de-sac. Each time they had to scramble down and search for another



MARTY VOGHT
COLUMNIST

er route. After eight hours they stepped onto the summit block, gasping for breath, gaping in silence at the vista confronting them. Instead of glazing down upon the Owens Valley, they faced a wall of mountains, with at least a dozen peaks as high or higher than the one on which they stood.

Brewer consulted his barometer, and read an unbelievable figure: 13,400 feet above sea level. Sightings suggested the peaks to the east stood 1,500 feet higher. Brewer normally wrote with scientific restraint. Now he soared into poetry: "Such a landscape! A hundred peaks in sight over thirteen thousand feet – many very sharp – deep canyons, cliffs in every direction almost rivaling Yosemite, sharp ridges almost in accessible to man, on which human foot has never trod . . ."

Brewer and Hoffman had not set out prepared for a night on the mountain, so they had but little time to enjoy the view. After making a few sketches they slogged back to camp. King later described the return of the two mountaineers: "It was twilight of evening and almost eight o'clock when they came back to camp, Brewer leading the way, Hoffman following; and as they sat down by our fire without uttering a word, we read upon their face terrible fatigue."

After a meal of venison, bread, soup, and coffee, Brewer and Hoffman revealed their exciting discovery. The news elected King. Ever since the previous January his fellow scientists had teased him about his faith in the "highest land" lying to the east. Now Brewer had seen the white peaks, and Charles Hoffman

had sketched them. Who dared doubt their existence now?

Brewer tried to puncture King's ballooning excitement. None of the peaks, he opined, were higher than Mount Shasta. But King studied the sketches Hoffman had made on the mountaintop, tilting the pages to catch the light of the campfire. "I instantly recognized the peaks which I had seen from Mariposa, whose great white pile had led me to believe them the highest points of California."

As Brewer and Hoffman gulped their soup and bread, King pulled muleskinner Richard Cotter aside and asked him if he would go with him, "to penetrate the Terra Incognita?" Cotter answered, "Why not?"

Two days later, King and Cotter departed camp armed with new hobnails on their boots, barometers, compasses, a pocket level, wet and dry thermometers, notebooks, bread, tea, cooked beans and venison – about 40 pounds for each man rolled in blankets looped over their shoulders.

King and Cotter struggled through rocky canyons, teetered on knife edge ridges, always fighting the unbalanced loads that chafed their chests and backs. They made camp on a sloping granite shelf, barely wide enough to hold them both. After a meal of cold venison and bread, they whittled sprinters from the barometer case to kindle a tiny fire to make cups of tea.

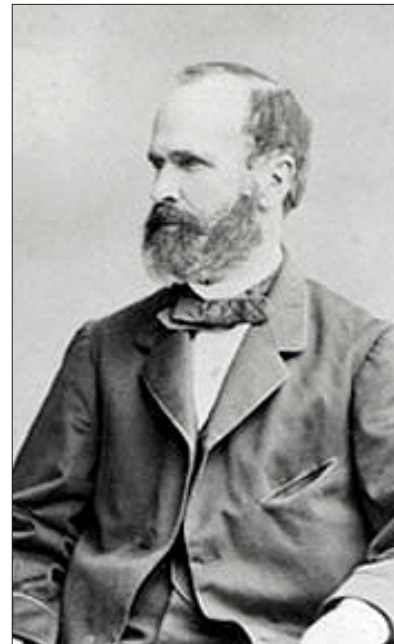
The next day, using ropes to haul their packs, and occasionally each other, they reached a spur jutting from one of the high peaks, a spur "so narrow and sharp . . . that we dared not walk, but got astride, and worked slowly along with our hands, pushing the knapsacks in advance."

They crawled onto the ridge just below the summit; to their shock and amazement, they found they had climbed the gentlest slope of the mountain. To the east the ridge seemed to drop straight down, 10,000 feet, to the Owens Valley. At noon they stepped onto the summit. King proclaimed the peak Mount Tyndall, in honor of British physicist and mountaineer John Tyndall.



After summiting Mt. Tyndall, Clarence King reported the success of the expedition and the almost unbelievable fact that mountains even taller stood nearby. He proposed that the highest peak be named Mount Whitney.

Photo courtesy npr.org



Josiah Whitney, chief of the U.S. Geological Survey, was worried about Clarence King's obsession with high places, concerned the young man did more climbing than working.

File photo

King swept the horizon with his level, and discovered two nearby peaks that seemed about equal in height, and two others definitely higher. "That which looked highest of all was a cleanly cut helmet of granite upon the same ridge with Mount Tyndall, lying about six miles south, and fronting the desert with a bold square bluff, which rises to the crest of the peak."

Five days after leaving their companions, King and Cotter hobbled into camp, and Brewer heaved a great sigh of relief. For three days he had feared them lost, and had been mentally composing the letters he must send to King's and Cotter's families, notifying them that their loved ones had disappeared in the wilds of the Sierra Nevada. Later Brewer admitted his compositions had never progressed beyond: "It becomes my painful duty to inform you . . ."

King reported the success of their expedition and the almost unbelievable fact that mountains even taller stood nearby. He proposed that the highest peak be named Mount Whitney, to honor the chief of the Survey. King wanted desperately to mount an assault on that peak, but Brewer refused to linger in the mountains. Provisions were running low. Worse, Brewer had a toothache. The men turned their backs on the pyramidal peak they already called Mount Brewer and headed for Visalia, fresh food, and a dentist.

After a few days of rest, King convinced Brewer that he should have a vacation from work so that he might head again for the high peaks. King enlisted two

soldiers from the local cavalry post to come along on the trek; cold and hunger drove him back after reaching an elevation of about 14,000 feet. At Visalia he found his Survey companions had already left for their next job, establishing the boundaries of the Yosemite Grant, the state park that preceded the establishment of Yosemite National Park. When that task ended, King was chosen to lead a federal expedition, a survey across the continent on the 40th parallel, and this project kept him busy for years. But even as he carried out his duties, he did not forget Mount Whitney.

Finally in 1871, heading east from California on the railroad, King seized the chance for another go at the mountain. He was no longer heading into unmapped territory, for Charles Hoffman had spent several weeks in the Owens Valley, establishing the exact position of Mount Whitney.

Unfortunately, on the day King set foot in the Owens Valley, a storm swept over the Sierra, blotting out the peaks and forcing him to cool his heels in Lone Pine for three days. Finally the clouds lifted. Paul Pinson of Lone Pine, and a boy referred to only as Jose, joined King in the adventure. They rode horses up the gorge south of the peak, until rocks blocked the trail. Jose remained with the horses, King and Pinson continued on foot, were drenched by a sudden thunderstorm, and spent the night under a rock overhang drying out before a roaring fire.

The following morning clouds roiled about the peaks, but King, no longer in the mountaineering trim of

his survey days, gritted his teeth and plunged upward. To his delight the peak turned out to be a rather easy climb, if one ignored the unstable snowdrifts. At one point King plunged through the crust, "looked down into a grotto of rock and ice, and out through a sort of window, over the western bluffs, and down thousands of feet to the far away valley of the Kern."

Approaching the summit, "dense, impenetrable clouds" closed in, obscuring the range. In his later essay about the climb, King could not describe a glorious view, but had to settle for a description of the summit. "Close beside us a small mound of rock was piled upon the peak, and solidly built into it an Indian arrow-shaft, pointing due west. I hung my barometer from the mound of our Indian predecessor, nor did I grudge his hunter pride the honor of first finding that one pathway to the summit of the United States, 15,000 feet above the oceans."

King scratched his and Pinson's names on a half dollar and concealed it in the cairn. Once back in Lone Pine he caught the stage north, then boarded the train heading home to Connecticut, happy and satisfied that he had been the first Anglo-American to climb Mt. Whitney.

(Marty Voght has, through a long life in history, written scholarly articles, film scripts, humor, and romance novels. She finished her master's degree in the history of Western America at Cali State Northridge, and has studied various topics in European history at University of Oxford. She lives in Aspendell.)



Clarence King and muleskinner Richard Cotter literally crawled to reach the summit of Mt. Tyndall, which King named in honor of British physicist and mountaineer John Tyndall.

File photo

MOUNTAIN REPORT

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 2015



Incredible Glacier Canyon and Dana Lakes from Dana Plateau.



Mount Dana and its glacier with one of the Dana Lakes below.

Photos by Craig Jackson

Sierra Sojourns

Three days, three hikes in and around Yosemite

(Hiked on July 5, 2015)

Day 2

Day 2's hike was the main reason my brother and I planned this trip. We found out recently from our cousin that his father, who passed away in 2006, loved Yosemite and especially the area around Mount Dana, Glacier Canyon and Dana Plateau. We decided to pay our respects to our dearly departed uncle and concluded that Fourth of July weekend would be perfect for this adventure.

It was pretty darn cold at "Camp 9K" on the fifth of July when I arose from a dead-sleep at sunrise. I fit perfectly in the back of my Explorer with the aid of a great sleeping bag and a few large pillows. My brother Mark, on the other hand, opted to sleep next to the creek in his tent and woke up to a dew-drenched canopy in the morning.

No worries, we just waited for the sun to pop up over Lee Vining Peak's ridge and soon thereafter, the tent was dry and we were on our way to the trailhead at Tioga Lake.

The trailhead is right off State Route 120 at the west end of Tioga Lake behind an information board area. The trail is not marked but easy to find as it immediately goes steeply downhill to Tioga Lake's shore.

Glacier Canyon and Dana Plateau offer some



CRAIG JACKSON
COLUMNIST

of the most scenic hiking available anywhere in the Sierra Nevada. The stunning gorge is actually a hanging valley created by a smaller tributary glacier. A half-mile northeast of Mount Dana (13,057 feet) over Glacier Canyon is the much-less traveled Dana Plateau. This is a huge high-altitude mountain mesa two miles long and three-quarters mile wide ranging from 11,400 feet at the north end to 12,600 feet at a high point directly across from Mount Dana at the beginning of the glacial-cirque. It is an impressive sight when driving up State Route 120, but the sight of Lee Vining Canyon and Mono Lake from the top is breathtaking.

We started hiking at 8:15 a.m. on a beautiful, clear and warm summer morning, eager to pay our respects to our uncle and see some beautiful scenery. We headed down from the trailhead, passed Tioga Lake's west shore and started moderately up the trail through the forest. Soon enough we

could here the enticing sound of Glacier Creek as the grade steepened the higher we went up the ravine.

We crossed Glacier Creek on a wobbly log then the grade eased at the top of the first canyon as we entered a gorgeous meadow a couple of miles into the hike. After crossing a creek that was descending from a rocky gully to the left, we stopped for a short break to admire the scenery ahead of us.

We knew the Dana Lakes were straight ahead but instead we followed the stream bed steeply to the left on a very faint use-trail for approximately 500 feet and reached Dana Plateau at roughly four miles from the trailhead.

After another short break, we hiked due east to a high point overlooking Lee Vining Canyon, Mono Lake and a great view of the Mono Craters. The granite wall drops straight down from here in a very dramatic fashion, not a good spot if you're afraid of heights. Here is where we officially paid our respects and shared stories we remembered about our uncle from our childhood.

It was 11:30 a.m. now and a very cool breeze started blowing along with some dark clouds appearing over Mount Dana. I had to hike the three-quarters of a mile west to the other side of Dana Plateau so I could see down Glacier

Canyon and below to Dana Lakes and let me tell you, I was not disappointed! The view from above 12,000 feet into Glacier Canyon, down to Dana Lakes and across to massive Mount Dana and its glacier was beyond words. I sat on a rock for a few moments and just stared; it was awesome!

The clouds were building as the temperature decreased so we decided to start heading back down the trail and before we knew it, we were back at the trailhead at 2:30 p.m. We drove back to "Camp "K," picked up my brother's car and headed directly for the Whoa Nellie Deli. Still early in the day, we left my car at the deli and took my

brother's truck for some four-wheel driving below Mono Craters and then a short hike on Navy Beach at Mono Lake. It was a memorable, spectacular day, to say the least.

Back at the very busy Whoa Nellie Deli, we had dinner at 7 p.m., again inhaling a chili-cheeseburger and a bbq chicken sandwich and then up to the Mono Lake lookout we went for our second night of car-camping. A lot of thunder and lightning was putting on a show over Mono Lake but fortunately no rain, which was good for my brother as he slept in the bed of his truck resting up for the third day of hiking in and around Yosemite.

- At a glance:**
- 8 miles round trip, 2,800-foot gain to Dana Plateau
 - Plenty of beautiful wildflowers in the meadow and near Glacier Creek
 - Unsurpassed views of Mount Dana
 - Plenty of mosquitoes, DO NOT forget repellent
 - Possible thunderstorms and cold weather higher up, be prepared

(Craig Jackson is a Bishop resident and avid hiker/backpacker who enjoys exploring his new backyard after having relocated here in 2013 from Southern California. Email him at Sierracj51@gmail.com.)



Name That Eastside View

Bill Bjorklund was able to correctly identify last week's View as taken from the top of Dunderberg Peak, looking down on the headwaters of Green Creek with Summit Lake and Hoover Lakes in the view. If you have a photo you'd like to share as the next Eastside View, by all means send it in! If you think you know this week's View, give the editor a call at (760) 873-3535 or drop her a line at editor@inyoregister.com with your guess. First correct respondent is the winner, and will receive two (2) free 25-word classified ads. It also comes with the satisfaction of knowing you're helping to sustain a much-loved feature of your local community newspaper.

Photo by Roberta McIntosh

Do you have an "Eastside View" you'd like readers to try and identify?
Email your submission to editor@inyoregister.com.
For more information, call (760) 873-3535.

BRIEFS

Backpacking with the Sierra Club

Advanced sign-up is required of anyone wanting to join the Sierra Club on an upcoming, multi-day cross-country backpack exploration of the Wrights Lake Basin.

The trip begins Monday, July 20 and concludes Thursday, July 23 and includes a pos-

sible hike up Mt. Williamson (14,375 feet) via Shepherd Pass.

The excursion will be strenuous, with a 12-mile hike on the longest day and a maximum elevation gain/loss of 5,000 feet per day.

For more information and to sign, contact Rob at baum99@gmail.com.



EASTERN SIERRA TRANSIT

MAMMOTH EXPRESS—NEW SCHEDULE

MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

North From Bishop (Kmart/Vons)

6:50am 7:30am 1:00pm 6:10pm

South From Mammoth (McDonalds)

7:50am 2:05pm 5:20pm 7:00pm



(760) 872 -1901 Ext 22

DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO HAVE 8 TO 5 WORK SCHEDULE IN MAMMOTH

www.estransit.com