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# BOULDER

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**motherlode chapter-sierra club**

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MAY - JUNE, 1984 / ISSUE #3

CHAIRMAN'S CORNER

Our current BMTC program is well on its way to completion with one class and two field sessions left to go. We've currently been averaging from 25-30 students per session. Everyone seems to be learning the skills quite well, but so too are we learning by offering this course.

The general consensus indicates that this course should be offered again next year; so in keeping with the popular demands, I am setting up a committee so that we can better develop the BMTC program.

We are quickly learning the strengths and weaknesses of our current curricula, but some changes are necessary to improve the program for next year. If you are interested in being on the committee then please let me know, or come to our July Peak and Gorge meeting because we will evaluate the BMTC at the meeting.

On another thought, we've been analyzing the monthly meeting structure of Peak and Gorge, and we feel it needs a change. We would like to see the meetings be divided into three specific categories: business and administration; outings planning and scheduling; and social programs and presentations. Each of these would meet quarterly and would be timed in accordance with seasonal deadlines, etc... such as would be the case for outings scheduling.

We believe such changes would enable us to better attend to the specific needs of our section without asking members to attend every monthly meeting. If, for example, a leader was interested in helping with trip planning and scheduling, then he/she need only attend the outings meetings. Likewise, persons interested in the other aspects of Peak and Gorge, such as business or social programming and entertainment need only attend those meetings that deal specifically with those areas.

Of course, right now this is just a concept, not yet to be implemented, so please let me know whether you think this idea sounds feasible.

Harry Erl

UPCOMING MONTHLY MEETING

JUNE 4th, 1984      TIME: 7:30 PM  
PLACE: 2520 Greenwood Ave. Sacramento CA. Ph. 481-3415

HIGHLIGHT: Jackie Stroud will present a slide show of her climbing expedition of Equador's Chimborazo (20,500 ft.) and other prominent Equador peaks.

- 1.) We will review summer schedules.
  - 2.) Business announcements.
  - 3.) Free lance trip announcements.
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JULY 2nd, 1984      TIME: 7:30 PM  
PLACE: Coloma Community Center, 4623 T St., Sacramento

- 1.) The fall schedule deadline is Aug. 1st, so leaders please bring your ideas and tentative schedules so that we can trouble shoot any trip conflicts.
  - 2.) We will review the BMTC program. Persons involved with this program are encouraged to attend and contribute your constructive ideas so that we can develop a successful program for next year.
  - 3.) First Aid presentation by John Horrell.
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ANNOUCEMENTS

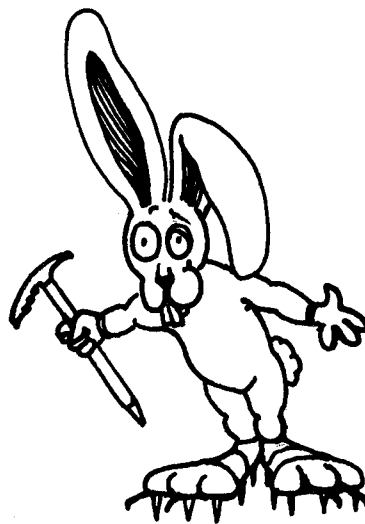
GRAND TETON CLIMB: Anyone interested in climbing the Grand Teton and nearby peaks in late August call Jackie Stroud. w/324-7836  
h/457-6338

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BMTC UPDATE: So far Harry and crew have conducted two classroom sessions and two field sessions. There were 26 persons who attended the first outing/conditioning hike up Red Mt. The following outing, a rock climb/orienteering weekend, had 34 attendants (leaders included) on Saturday's rock climb and 14 attendants on Sunday's orienteering session.  
Both field sessions reportedly went well.

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What did you do over Easter weekend? If you went on any interesting trips, why not write a short story about it and send in to us so we can print it here in the Boulder.



CLASSIFIEDS

FOR SALE: I'm selling my Bob Jackson bicycle. It is a 21" frame, has numerous Campagnolo componants and an extra set of rims. \$485.00. Call 481-3415 (Janet).

## TRIP REVIEW

MINERAL KING---ANGELES CHAPTER SMS OUTING

APRIL 21-22, 1984

There I was again, driving south on U.S. 99 on a Friday night, enroute to another weekend rendezvous with the Angeles Chapter Ski Mountaineers. Having left Sacramento at 6:00 p.m., I settled back for a 240 mile drive with the setting sun over my right shoulder. As I passed through the many burgeoning valley towns, I played some old tapes of Linda Ronstadt and Carly Simon (circa 1976). Ah, that music brought back memories!

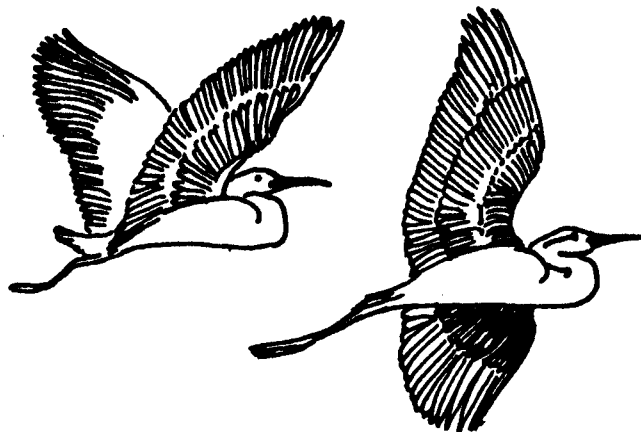
I remembered how after a long week of peak climbing in the Southern Sierra, I sang and hollered along with the lyrics as I headed home on U.S. 395. On that scheduled outing led by Dan Dobbins, I was the only participant. Being some what out of shape, it was hard trying to keep up with Dan in his prime---fresh from his conquest of Mt. Logan and a whole slough of Sierra peaks that summer. Dan said that he was going to do what he wanted to do, and that he didn't care whether I climbed with him or not. After bagging LeConte and Mallory, I limped back to base camp as Dan went on to climb Irvine. I could see his daring leaps from rock to rock on a third-class knife-edge, heedless of a thousand feet of exposure. I thought vaguely of Gollum's death on Mt. Doom as the Hobbit villain danced with mad joy on his possession of the ring of power. Dan continued on the next day, climbing another threesome of 13er's as I lay coughing sick from what was probably altitude sickness, trying to recoup with a tan at 11,000 feet.

Anyway, here I was Saturday morning, skiing through Sequoia groves after an every-car-for-themselves dash up the one-lane road with 6-8" of new snow and black ice pavement. A long haul with a pack for a man with a backache brought me to the regrouping at the Guard Station, where we set up camp amidst the picnic tables and an open outhouse. The group made a track up the valley towards Farewell Gap, which we reattempted Sunday morning. The leader ordered a retreat at 11:30 a.m. somewhere below the 10,000 foot level. We skied back in separate groups, with some barely negotiating the heavy, wet powder with many falls by those apparently unfamiliar with nordic gear.

I wished that I had stayed home as I carried pack and skis down the road; I skied 90% of the way up but only about 10% on the walk down, due to the rapid melting of the new snow on this warm day. Well, I thought, some of the others had not been able to drive up as far as I did, risking my car and wheel alignment from sliding on ice into a snowbank and cranking the wheel hard to steer back free. What a fiasco! I thought of the girl who had driven all the way from the Bay Area only to decide not to go at the last minute. She had been smart!

At least I was now familiar with the area so as to lead my scheduled summer peak climbs and also paving the way for some great fall climbs. What a price, I thought as the garage mechanic worked on my front end Monday morning. But that was Mineral King...it could have been worse!

Pete Yamagata



TRIP REVIEW  
ADVENTURE - NEVADA PEAK STYLE

By Tarjan

It was quietly relaxing to be in Nevada in the Shoshone Mountain Range over Easter weekend-especially when I imagined how crowded California must have been with her wild lands filled full of adventurers such as myself eagerly searching for solitude in the wilderness. It was relaxing to be in Nevada for in that part of the state there simply is no over crowding. The nearest big, little town to the Shoshones is Austin-- an old mining town on Interstate 50 at the pass of the Toiyabe Mountains - and Austin is a good thirty miles from where we were.

Our weekend adventure started Friday evening when Howard and Mike met Harry and I at the road head to the Ichthysaur site. It was a freelance trip, and our goal was to climb North Shoshone on Saturday and South Shoshone on Sunday.

The adventure, as I said before, started that evening because we had to combine our orienteering skills to find the road leading up Peterson Creek ( our intended campsite). After several "ah huh's" and "ah ahn's" we finally found the right road and headed up into the Shoshones reaching our destination at twilight.

The air was frigid that morning, but the sun broke early and thawed everything while we readied ourselves for the climb. Snow gear was in order for this climb with ice axe, gaiters, and rain gear all to come in very handy.

The snow covered road leading to the base of N. Shoshone peak wove in and out of numerous aspen groves, and the snow and sage covered peaks towered grandly above that narrow valley. The snow was approximately one to two feet deep and was quite solid, so "post holing" was not a problem. After walking approximately a mile and a half, we came to the base of the peak and ascended via the north ridge. The snow was deeper, and snow steps and ice axe were necessary in icy spots, but over all the climb was technically easy.

At the top of the peak we found a unique structure that we concluded must have been built for surveying purposes. It even had convenient benches that we rested on. There was no register, so we signed and placed an NAS register and descended.

The sitting glissades were fast and fun with the last glissade being a 600 yd. shoosh( I was the slow poke ).The hike from the base back was a "post holing" grunt, for the snow had softened by that time, but the scenery more than made up for it.

We had little time to rest at camp before we packed up and made our way down the bumpy road to the farmhouse at Highway 2. From there we went south and headed back up into the Shoshones via Sunnyside Creek Rd. ( this road was even bumpier than Peterson Creek Road ).

Sunday morning sunrise came up too early, but we nevertheless got up and grunted up to the summit via the south ridge. The climb was comprised of cattle trails, ticks, snow, and some ice. The peak was topped with a cairn, and much to our happy surprise we saw a few familiar names signed into the register, namely, Gene Markly, Bill Hauser and his wife, and Dan Dobbins.

The view from atop the summit was quite hazy, but we could easily see the Southern Sierras. Due east was Mt. Jefferson (11,949 ft.) of the Toiyabe Range and Arc Dome (11,788 ft.) and Bunker Hill (11,474 ft.) of the Toiyabes - all future climbable candidates.

The descent was fast with a few slushy, standing glissades and a lot of cattle trail sage brush wading. Upon returning to the cars we relaxed a short while, then we prepared for the long drive home.

Many miles and days away my memories of the Shoshone Mountains with her little mountain valleys; her aspen groves, sage, and snow; and her distant desert views; all these coalesce into an image of Nevada mountains. I don't question my motives for adventuring in those mountains for I know it is not the lure of thrill seeking that draws me to mountains like the Shoshones, but rather it is the replenishment of my sanity that I get upon every visit to the wild lands of the earth. It is a motive I know that is shared by many others.

## TRIP REVIEWS

SNOW MOUNTAIN (7056')

JUNE 4, 1983

Several calls to the Mendocino National Forest R.S. in Stonyford convinced me that the road was washed out well short of the intended trailhead, forcing a trip re-rating from a 2B to about double the original mileage and gain. This information was passed on to all of the phone inquiries along with the proviso that the road "might" be opened that weekend.

Naturally, after only three people showed up for the trip, the discovery was made enroute that the road was passable all the way to Summit Springs, the planned start.

The lupine were in full bloom adding a spring-like air to what was already summer in the Central Valley. It was interesting to note that the snowline was not very different from where it had been last year, considering the winter's record-breaking precipitation. Ben Stoecker and "Mac" McKenzie joined me in following the standard route on the trail to the summit. We were the second party to sign in this year, with one entry dated January. The views were as they were last year, with Shasta and Lassen visible, and the usual smaze in the valley. Upon the descent, rain clouds began to form to the west, and thunder began to rumble in the skies. This hastened our step as large raindrops soon fell. The cloud shadows made the rock outcrops and trees dark and silhouetted against the hot sun beating down on the hills and valleys around the mountain. The long drive home (3.5 hours one-way) was relieved by a stop at the convenience store in Williams for some cheap iced soda drinks and a few snacks. Home by dark.

WINTER ATTEMPT ON SIERRA BUTTES (8587')

JANUARY 29, 1984

With at least three ascents that I can remember, I had long sought to complete a full-fledged ski climb of this highly prominent peak. I got my chance on my own scheduled ski tour with three other participants on this fine Sunday. Meeting at 7:00 a.m. at CSUS, the prospects of success seemed fair enough to lead me to suggest that "we might not make it (rather than saying that we wouldn't)." However, delays at the second and third meeting places caused a late start after 11:00, which badly diminished our chances for a comfortable ascent.

Alternately carrying and putting on our skis, we traveled forth from the junction of Hwy. 49 and Gold Lake road. Upon reaching the dam on Upper Sardine Lake, we could see that skis were finally feasible. A rather nervous leader allowed the other participants to test the ice stability of the lake, even though a threesome were seen ice fishing about a hundred feet from shore. I believed on prior examination of the topo that the route I chose up the bowls formed by the Sardine Creek drainage would go. Although some steeper terrain was traversed (an announced angle of 33 degrees), I was pleased that my judgement proved correct. A quick lunch at about 6700' was ordered to stifle the ensuing summit fever. Upon reaching Young America Lake, the decision was made to turn back, as the summit was at least another 1300' above. The snow here was very hard and frozen, but would have made great skiing on a warmer day.

As the mountain shadows slowly crept over us, threatening to freeze or crust over the spring conditions below, we headed down with Andy Sawyer's daring telemarks providing confidence that we were not on a death slope. I found some old powder further over, and collected the group at the lake. Unfortunately, someone had set fire to an old snag on the shoreline and it was left to our impromptu bucket brigade to completely put out the smouldering wood. Skiing the intermittent sections of snow on the road, we were back to the car by 4:30 or 5:00. The three hour drive was completed with a stop at a gas station with some crazy name near Auburn. No dinner on this one!

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CORRESPONDENCE:

We encourage you to send articles and letters pertaining to Peak and Gorge activities. Please send single spaced copy to the Editor prior to the first of odd numbered months.

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