



BOULDER

motherlode chapter-sierra club

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1985 ISSUE #12

THE CHAIR'S CORNER

The end of our normal peak and gorge season has arrived and many of us are thinking of waxing skis for X-C and ski mountaineering trips in the months to come. It is also a natural time to assess this past year and to consider possible directions for the future.

There has been a great increase in the number of persons attending P & G meetings, subscribing to the Boulder, and participating in trips this past year. I believe meetings have been helped by publicizing specific programs in advance, having less business, and more entertainment. Roger Ehret has recently resigned as Meetings Coordinator due to business and personal reasons and Barbara Hinkle has volunteered to take his place. For our future meetings we will strive for: beginning more promptly, ending at a reasonable hour, allowance of adequate socializing time, and a better balance of slides, business, and training.

No other Mother Lode Chapter Section has involved itself in so many activities in addition to regular outings. Perhaps the very nature of our trips both enhances camaraderie and creates more risks so that social and additional supportive activities are desired. Hopefully, because we all have many demands on our time, the priority for activities will directly relate to our primary goal: to promote an active, safe, fun, and diversified outings program in the spirit of the Sierra Club. In the coming year there will probably be more outdoor training sessions, both in meetings and in the field. Doug Joy has volunteered as the new Training Coordinator and he will appreciate your help.

I believe that specific training sessions supplement, but do not replace, actual trip experiences, where conditions are not controlled, thus increasing the psychological as well as physical challenge, and where each individual must think and bear responsibility for his/her actions. Next year I would like to see the schedule contain more trips in the "easy intermediate" range to provide more opportunity for the beginning mountaineer or gorge scrambler to acquire field experience in a more gradual and thus safer fashion. Please come to the next meeting to share your ideas.

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

- Nov 10 Sun Deadline for trip & meeting write-ups for the Bonanza Dec 15- Mar 15 schedule. Send a few days earlier to Jackie Stroud.
- Nov 19 Tues P&G meeting at home of Jackie Stroud, 4617 Buckingham Way (near 47th St. and Folsom Blvd.), 7:30pm. Program will be a combination of business, a short slide program on fall trips, including the Shasta glacier climb, and a brief training program on hyperthermia, including a new recommended treatment.
- Nov 21 Thurs Leadership training program for persons interested in being future outings leaders or for current leaders wanting a refresher. CSUS Student Union, 3rd fl., 7:30-10pm. For more details call Debbie Bulger, 454-5140.
- Dec 18 Wed Holiday season potluck. Everyone is welcome so mark your calendar. Slides on winter mountaineering. Bring casserole, salad, or dessert and something to drink. Peak and Gorge will provide plates and utensils. 6:30 p.m. at Janet Wolfe's house at 10421 Ambassador Drive, Rancho Cordova. Phone Barbara Hinkle (332-5466) or Janet (635-8411).if you have questions.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE P & G SECTION has recently purchased a 9mm, 120 foot Mammut climbing rope which can be used on appropriate club trips. Contact Jackie if you want to use it. We also have one relatively new 11mm, 150 foot climbing rope which was purchased earlier in the summer. They have all been initiated.

If you have a Peak & Gorge trip signup book or a first aid kit, please call Jackie, 457-6338, or Linus Platt, 925-4982. We are trying to keep track of them for future use.

Bear Creek Spire - Aug. 10

The spire stands prominently above Little Lakes Valley, and as day broke we could discern the Northeast Ridge from the approach trail. Dawn is a pretty time of day in the Sierra. At the Dade Lake rendezvous, A.Adams and W.Monson completed the party, but J.Blaisdell stopped in camp with knee problems. A half-mile of talus and icy snow took us to the ridge toe. Andy Sawyer, J.Anton and W.Monson picked the route through the class 2 and 3 sections, but the climbing order reversed in the two belayed pitches to the summit ridge with D.Hoffman and me taking the lead briefly. An exciting and tremendously exposed traverse led to the base of the short face climb and squeeze chimney to the summit ledge and register. Two other parties joined us there via the standard route. The final block presented a ten-foot boulder problem, but with Andy's belay we all managed to stand (or crouch) on the peak, 13,713 feet.

All were glad for the short return to camp at Dade, few of us mustered the energy to cook supper before retiring despite the goodies to be had. And while some of us missed the hot springs Sunday, most tested Long Lake's temperature using the full immersion method. It's cold!

CONGRATULATIONS TO LLOYD BROWN (MORFESTO) WHO COMPLETED THE SPS LIST ON MT. MCADIE ON SEPTEMBER 7, 1985!!!!

DUES DUE SOON!!! FEEL FREE TO SEND IN YOUR \$4.00 FOR YOUR 1986 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO HARRY ERL (SEE BACK COVER FOR DETAILS) AND HELP TO KEEP US SOLVENT!!!

NEW NAS LIST (1985 REVISION) NOW AVAILABLE!!! CONTACT HARRY ERL (481-3415) OR PETE YAMAGATA (444-6319)

"The Devil Buys Tequila Shots For All"

March 3-6, 1985
by Howard Steidtmann

** Continued from September's Boulder **

A short ten minute hike up the canyon over large boulders and around patches of brush brought us to a few cairns. Striking off to the left (east) of the creek's upper bench, we found some clearings amid majestic cedars and proliferous scrub oak.

Surmising this to be our long sought after Campo Noche, we pinpointed our location, last night's campsite and the summit of El Picacho Del Diablo on an aerial photograph we had of the canyon.

Night Wash was our next objective and we were on that track within minutes of locating Campo Noche. Feeling the route out carefully, we climbed nearly one thousand feet above Campo Noche via steep, loose and heavily brushed slopes. At the top of this quasi-wash, the view opened up dramatically as we found ourselves supurbly positioned on one of Teapot Ridge's major spurs.

Looking east, we saw, for possibly the first time since we had started scrambling, the summit block of El Picacho Del Diablo. The summit region appeared to be totally inaccessible (which is usually the case for most quality mountains), being guarded by massive granite blocks that comprised its vertical looking west face. But the weather was too fair (warm and breezy), we had driven too far, I had been stabbed once too many times by the dreaded Tequila plant, and the nearest Big Gulp was too distant to allow us to cower in fear over the imposing climb -- besides the guide book said it was only class three.

It was two O'clock in the afternoon, and we were debating the immediate ascent of the peak and the probable bivouac that would follow. It was a very tempting choice since it held promise of adventure and we were uncertain what tomorrow's weather would bring. Being prudent or perhaps fearful as to whether the adventure would or would not be pleasant, we chose to return to our camp at the mouth of the West Face Wash and rest up for an early climb the next morning.

Arriving back in camp by three O'clock, we refreshed ourselves in the ice cold water of Canon Del Diablo. After this frigid experience, a fat lizard contest was held to see who could absorb more of the Sun's energy before it departed at four O'clock. With the contest unresolved in a tie, I built a nice, big, Sierra Club style fire and we ate our dinner while acknowledging that the tree we were burning was the true winner. Following this period of reflection, Paul constructed a nest of weeds to sleep on since he had not brought a sleeping pad for insulation. Thus with the possibility of his first good night's sleep since Golden, he engineered the mat to provide the maximum barrier between the cold ground and his thin down sleeping bag. A spectacular full moon rise over the west face of Diablo stalled the construction, while our senses worked overtime trying to capture all the physical detail of our surroundings. The electric feeling in ourselves as caused by the mountain environment was indescribable. Still uncertain of the coming climb, we desperately tried to fall asleep as the thin cloud cover drifted continuously over our heads.

The sun lit the sky as we drew our weary bodies out of their horizontal positions for a vertical day. Amazingly the sky was clear and the air cold -- we knew it was going to be a good day for climbing. The packs were packed and breakfast devoured in fast time and before we knew it we were at yesterday's high point

scanning the route ahead. Some ducks, surveyor's flagging, and good route finding took us to the base of the Slot Wash and a short rest stop in the cold morning air. Heading up the slot, we began to encounter easy bouldering moves on the rough granite. A patch of live water ice was negotiated which led to more friction climbing ala class two-three. The wash finally broadened out after a thousand or so feet, and we veered left on talus up a side trough. After a few hundred feet on this avenue, we turned right up Wall Street and met the chimney-like crux that we avoided on the right side of the chockstone via easy ledges. This crux was easy class three and was not, I feel, the hardest part of the summit climb. The scrambling continued afterwards and by eleven-fifteen we had reached the summit of the Devil and could now see the Gulf of California on one side and the Pacific Ocean on the other. The old registers had been removed and the new one was not too interesting since it contained no Peak and Gorge entries! A decision was made to leave the south summit unclimbed for another trip here in the future, and after taking panoramic as well as hero photographs, we descended back to camp.

The descent went smoothly until the Devil bought Mr. Reeves a round of Tequila shots in the night wash. My God!!!! you should have seen his pincushioned hand and arm. Back in camp we relaxed and planned our evacuation strategy as well as calculating the distance remaining to the nearest Big Gulp!

Breaking camp early the next morning, we had not been hiking more than an hour when a large Tequila plant lunged at my knee and left multiple stab wounds. Staggering on past a small herd of Bighorn Sheep, we reached the truck in midafternoon.

Everything was packed and repacked by dusk only to be rummaged through by customs officers when we reached the border around ten P.M.. "Welcome back to the United States drug runners- please step inside and empty your pockets while we ransack your vehicle." After determining that we merely looked like smugglers of the drug persuasion, we were allowed back into the land of the Gulp only to realize that our dependency on this fluid had vanished. OH WELL.... just pass us that thirty-two ounce jug of Tequila, you Devil, and we will be on our way back to Golden.

STATISTICS

Climbing Season: September to June

(Note that the east side is closed to climbing from roughly November to April for the Bighorn Sheep hunting that the Mexican Government runs.)

Climbing Route: east side (with hunters' permission)
Canon Del Diablo -- Slot Wash Route

Summit Elevation: 10,154 feet

Vertical Gain: 8150 feet

Milage: 36 miles round trip

Difficulty: Canyon- Grade 4 (S.G.S.)

Peak- Third class (The canyon was more difficult.)

Roads: Very sandy with high center- passable in 2WD auto in top mechanical condition

Maps and Guides: The Mexican topos are supposed to be quite worthless, John Robinson's book "Camping and Climbing in Baja" is fantastic!!

Time Required: Three days minimum for an enjoyable trip.
It might be possible to do it in a day if one knew
the route well, but you would miss so much!

Thanks: Ron Jones (D.P.S. / S.P.S.) for route advice, etc., as
well as information on theft and vehicle vandalism at the
trailhead.

NEW YORK BUTTE (10,668') AND PLEASANT MOUNTAIN (9690') OCTOBER 12-14, 1985

After cancelling my scheduled lead due to lack of participants, I signed on to this
DPS challenge to climb these two peaks in the Inyo Range near Lone Pine. Leaving at
noon Friday, I reached Lone Pine to camp by 9:30 p.m.

I met the Angeles Chapter group and we drove east on the Lone Pine Station Road
to a clearing, then carpoled to take the atrociously bad road up Long John Canyon.
We reached the Black Warrior Mine at 4800' to be stopped by a large washout. Despite
the leaders' inclination to cancel, we started out to do the revised 20 miles (it was
really about 16) and 6000' gain. We walked to the spring and mine at the end of the
canyon, found a faint trail that led up the canyon wall and finally to the Burgess Mine
on the main ridge.

The summit presented itself after a continued hike along the crest, hidden among
bristlecones and foxtails. The register dated to 1946 with just about every Sierra Club
Desert Peak bagger that ever lived. The precipitous view to the east was more than
matched by the panoramic display of the Sierra crest from Owens Peak to Bishop. The
total time for climbing came to about 5 hours keeping a brisk peak climber's pace. The
return hike was greeted by clearing skies and sunshine that brought out desert colors
in the flora and geology that I had never seen before. We reached our high clearance
vehicle by 6:20 p.m. and drove out from this terrible road by dusk. We enjoyed a Mexican
dinner in Lone Pine, then drove to Dirty Socks Hot Springs to enjoy tepid waters and a
good night's sleep.

Sunrise filled the skies with displays of reddish clouds with the orangish massif of
Olancho Peak to the west. We ate in Olancho town and drove to Cerro Gordo (8240') for a
short hike to Pleasant Mountain. We were greatly rewarded by dramatic clouds hovering
over the Whitney area with wide blue skies over our location. After a good scree run
down, we returned to the cars by 2:30 p.m. After thanking the leaders, Frank Dobos and
Lew Amack, for a great and well-led trip, I drove to Mammoth where my plans to camp out
were dissuaded by chilling temps and dark by 6:30 p.m., and then sought the comforts of
a motel and color TV. The drive home passed by a lack of good fall colors with dead leaves
on many trees, and aggravated by being caught in a 700-head cattle drive along Hwy.88.

MT. FILLMORE (7715') AND MT. ETNA (7163') OCTOBER 19, 1985

Spurred on by a lack of good trips in the schedule, Boris and Camille Nahlovsky and
Rex Smith met me at 7:15 a.m. for an exploratory hike to investigate this OGUL listed
peak. We drove through Marysville, Challenge, and La Porte on good roads through spec-
tacular displays of fall foliage--yellow big leaf maples, prolific red dogwoods, and a
smattering of other trees and shrubs, including a fruit orchard. After coffee and pie in
the grandiose Union Hotel in La Porte, we took a turn marked "Quincy," and then along
worsening roads to "Johnsville." We reached a saddle from where we began the hike to
Fillmore. Taking jeep roads up the north side of the peak, we found a faint trail leading
up the north ridge. After a short one hour climb, we found the NAS register with much of
the book filled but with many pages skipped. Many comments seemed to be directed, humor
injected, at Harry and Howard, the register placement team. Back to the van after an hour's
stay on top, we continued on to a 25 min. ascent of Etna, where I placed a register, too.
After a stop at a fruit stand and watching the big jets landing at Beale, we ate at Uriz's
in Marysville and I was home by 10.

Pete Yamagata

MT. CLARK - August 23-25, 1985 - LOST and FOUND

This 3-day trip developed into an emotional and learning experience for all 7 participants. Leader Jackie Stroud and Assist. Leader Doug Joy are writing this in order to share some lessons learned. Because of the closeness we all felt by the end of these adventures, we hope that no one will take offense at anything said here.

The backpack into basecamp on Friday was tiring. We hit the trail about 8:40a.m. and went 11-12 miles from the Mono Mdws. trailhead. Six miles were on trail and the balance cross-country. The weather was warm, the air slightly smokey, and water non-existent after the first 8 miles until near camp. There was a 3300' gross gain to camp at the headwaters of the Clark Fork of Illilouette Crk. at 9200'. Complimenting our personal gear were 3 climbing ropes and a rack of hardware which were rotated within the party. It was late in the day when we made camp. After dinner there was some time for rope management practice as darkness fell.

After some problems getting down the "bear bags", six of us left camp at 7 am. (Phil Silva decided the night before not to go on the climb--and that is another story!) We climbed diagonally up about 1300' in 1 mile to the NW ridge of Clark which we traversed to the beginning of the rockclimb. Although Barbara Hinkle had previously expressed doubts about climbing the peak, we had encouraged her to come this far to "take a look" at the climb. Then Barbara uncharacteristically insisted that she did not feel like doing the peak. She wanted to return to camp and believed she could make it alone.

At this point there were actions and decisions on the part of the leaders and Barbara which both helped and/or hindered Barbara's and the group's safety. We believe the following to be the most significant:

1. Barbara rightly recognized that she was having a bad day or days and did not want to endanger herself or others on the long technical climb ahead. The leader respected the importance of these feelings especially because of their contrast with Barbara's usual confidence.
2. We considered some alternatives, but overlooked others. Within the time constraints, we thought twice through most aspects of our decision. It was obvious that everyone else wanted to climb the peak. Perhaps for this reason the leaders did not ask someone to return with her. We knew the climb would be long and we did not expect to return the same route. So we did not ask her to wait for us.
3. We discussed our concerns about her returning alone -- possible injury or getting lost. It was about 9 am so there was ample time to return. The top part of the descent was 2nd Class talus, and since we knew she was tired the leader insisted that she rest often to prevent falling. She was given a whistle and compass and the whistle SOS call was agreed upon.
4. Barbara explained her intended actions if she became lost - that she would stay put. This information was valuable to the Search and Rescue personnel for estimating her preparedness for being alone in the woods. There seemed such a remote possibility at the time, that this discussion was brief, however.
5. All party members were prepared to bivouac if necessary, having been asked to carry rain jacket, rain pants, wool hat, food, and flashlight. On the other hand, we requested about half of Barbara's water. The weather appeared favorable.
6. We tried to prepare her for the return to camp but probably communicated poorly. The return to camp seemed simple: down the hill diagonally. Too many people gave too many suggestions too quickly. (It would have been preferable for the leader to have taken Barbara aside to provide instructions and get feedback. She could have shown us her route

and landmarks and her navigational problems could have perhaps been corrected before she was on her own.) She was generally advised to try to hit the creek above camp rather than below it. Jackie told her to use the compass as she dropped behind the trees but her ability to do so was not verified. Barbara later apparently kept too high for too long, until passing above the Clark Fork drainage.

7. We allowed our judgement to be swayed by our desires to trust Barbara and to make the summit. Realistically, it was a short distance back to camp. Jackie wanted to trust Barbara partially due to past interactions; Doug as a matter of policy. We were both perhaps more concerned about her getting hurt than getting lost but we were willing to take the chance. We were aware of our skewed judgement at the time, and perhaps should have doubted our decision or Barbara's preparedness more.

Whenever a party considers splitting, the leader must assess the capabilities, preparation and tasks for each group, double-check those assessments, remedy any imbalances between a group's resources and its tasks, set schedules for later contacts and plan for contingencies. That's a complex job which must often be done hurriedly. The process is far more critical for a "group" of one: the decision must be made deliberately and the leader prepared to act decisively on the contingencies....

The remaining five in the climbing party attained the summit, were joined by Phil, and descended via an easier but long route back to camp where we arrived after dark to find Barbara missing. Blowing whistles, calling, and shining lights from the ridge and dome above camp brought no certain response. Our actions were as follows:

1. We looked through Barbara's belongings and made a list of what we believed she had with her. The list was later provided to the rangers. Although they appreciated knowing what she had, some of them criticized us for disturbing her scent which a "wolf team" might later have needed.

2. We divided ourselves into 3 groups of two for actions the next day. Boris and Steve Thaw were to return a fast route to the trailhead and a ranger station after initially checking the first mile of creek below our camp, which seemed the most likely place for her to be lost and where we thought we had seen a light the night before. They were briefed on what to do when they arrived at the trailhead. We considered going to the Merced Lake R.S. since it was closer but there were more unknowns that way.

Doug and Phil were to maintain basecamp until Tuesday, if necessary, where Barbara or Search & Rescue could find them. Their main objective was to search the hillside above camp, particularly in the 2nd class talus below the ridge. The following day they would search into the area where Barbara actually had gone.

Jackie and Anne Adams were to follow the Clark Fork downstream through the woods to the trail, stopping to whistle, call, and listen.

3. Jackie marked the maps of the 3 subgroups to show our routes in, up and down the peak, and our planned routes out. The rangers later found this critically important in talking with us and in conducting their search.

4. We assessed our food, first aid and other supplies and divided them according to expected needs, considering where Barbara might be found, by whom and in what condition. One climbing rope was left in camp. Barbara's backpack and gear were taken out with the exception of her sleeping bag and pad, which could be useful if she were found injured.

Boris and Steve reached the trailhead at 12:15pm Sunday, left a note on Barbara's car as planned and went to the Glacier Point ranger station. The Park Service rangers mobilized immediately after a thorough interview with them. A helicopter was over basecamp by 5:15pm, and had located Barbara on dome 9141, one mile NW of basecamp by 7pm. Barbara was praised by the rangers for not wandering downstream and for returning to high ground. As some of us saw her alight from the helicopter at Badger Pass,

we were joyful and relieved that she was uninjured, well, and in good spirits. B. decided that treating us to breakfast at the Ahwahnee was a small price to pay for her rescue and her "intense" weekend. We hope that she will share her account of the adventure with you, for it is a wonderful one, full of self-growth and discovery as well as terror. We want to thank the other trip members for their full cooperation and critiques. We have all learned, and we were lucky. This time.

Jackie Stroud

Doug Joy

A WEEKEND AT THE RIVER - TWO GORGE SCRAMBLES
EUCHRE BAR TO GREEN VALLEY - North Fork - American River
Leaders - Janet and Harry Erl

As far as I know, the Euchre Bar to Green Valley scramble is an annual affair, put on by Janet and Harry Erl - it's a lot of fun and the people who have gone along the last two years (which are the only times I've been) have made up a really good group. People amble down the Euchre Bar Trail and arrive (speaking for myself, arrive thankfully) at the bottom where everyone stops in the middle of the foot bridge to watch the Sacramento Pike swimming about and the Sucker Fish cruising the bottom of the river. This year, most of the group took off up the other side to check out the old mining impedimenta and to see the mine, then went further up the river to get a really good day of scrambling in.

While awaiting the more adventurous group, those of us who stayed behind went swimming (water cool - almost bracing, - extremely swimmable), watched the snakes escape across the river (ever noticed how indignant snakes look while crossing water to get away from usurping humans?), soaked up the sun and babbled away at each other like happy children - gorges seem to have this effect on people who enjoy being in them. Janet showed us her newest helpful idea for those who tend to get cold while scrambling - while rumaging about at one of her favorite used clothing stores, she found and purchased a thin wool sweater vest - she wore it and said it did a great job of keeping her warm. (Janet always has tips and suggestions on how to survive in the wilderness, should it become necessary, like how to collect lichen and cure it for eating.) Later, Bill Wolverton was discovered to be wearing a Polypropylene shirt, which he said helped a great deal. I tend to favor wool liners under my socks - following the premise that if one's feet are warm can happiness be far away?

We finally gave up waiting around the bridge for the others and headed for the lunch spot, a short way down the river. The scrambling is easy all the way down from the bridge, the river is fairly wide, giving a feeling of open space, and the only thing we found to gripe about was the slippery rocks (always, always) and the small algae leaches, many of which decided we were just the ticket. We stopped for lunch at the old sand bar - there's a great rock for jumping into the water, lots of hot sand, and a convenient log to sit on in the river for the taking off and rinsing of sand filled shoes and socks. The others, showing perfect timing, arrived shortly after we'd finished lunch, and we all took off into the river again. There are some really nice pools to float through and a few fun but bumpy falls to go over - there's an especially pretty spot - a sort of narrow little gorge through which to float with a tropical type waterfall - ribbons of water falling and lots and lots of different plants growing out of the rock and, if you're lucky, a Canyon Wren will sing while you're passing through. Well, we floated and bumped and eventually reached the Green Valley Trail and had to get out and climb up the hill - ah, well. But even that has it's agreeable side - there are really great views of the gorge from various points along the trail at which one can occasionally stop to catch the old breath. And, of course, we got another survival tip from Janet, who tries to interject one or two per trip - she always laughs while announcing these, and we laugh with her, but we listen and learn from them, and I hope she keeps right following this practice - also hope that Janet and Harry continue doing this gorge every year.

Upon arriving at the shuttle car, we found and immediately set upon a cooler full of refreshing drinks (knowing this sort of thing is in the offing, of course, helps to make one's trek up the hill a bit easier), and spent the time waiting for the drivers to get their cars just talking, changing clothes, and wandering about - finishing up an entirely satisfactory day with the good food at the Alta Store's Restaurant.

TANNER POINT - Middle Fork - American River

Leader: Fred Fischietto

This day, being the second of two outing days, was supposed to be fairly easy going. Listen, this happened to me last year on the Middle Fork - I think perhaps I'd better leave the Middle Fork alone for a while, you know? The trip begins just below Ralston Power House and it's a jolly little trek down the hill - all dust, loose dirt, shale bits, leaves - slipping, sliding, etc. However, at the bottom is the river and it looks so good and one is soooo hot, one just has to jump right in, and guess what? It's so cold, one has to jump right back out! We spent the first part of the trip rock hopping, trying our best to avoid the numbing water - actually, it just seemed numbing; it couldn't have been truly numbing as one's body actually hurt if one stayed in the water for too long a time.

The canyon here is different from the one we'd been in the day before. It seemed more closed in and dark and, of course, the water is much colder - a plus was that we had no little leaches to pick off from this water. The going is a bit rougher, as there are many large rocks and boulders to climb over - I think perhaps it adds to the sometimes gloomy aspect of the canyon - but I found that just when I would start reflecting on how dim my surroundings seemed, I'd stop to rest on a rock, and looking back at where we had just been, see a really delightful pool bordered by those big plants with fan-like leaves and ending in a burbling little waterfall.

We stopped for lunch at a really sunny spot with water falling in two or three levels. Everyone picked a comfortable resting spot; I found a big flat sunny rock jutting out into the water on which to sleep - strange how a person can fall fast asleep right in the middle of a really noisy stretch of water - but then again, this being one of Fred's "suprise" trips, a person could probably fall fast asleep anywhere.

After lunch and rest time we set out to get down the river and find the trail. It was at this point that the water was discovered to be getting a bit warmer, being a section of river and rock that forced us to swim - just a bit, though, still pretty cold. You know, I love the way Fred and some of the others can find a trail in the middle of nowhere - I'd just go past and probably wind up in a reservoir or over some steep spillway, never to be heard of again... As it turned out, we didn't need to rely on Fred's trail finding capabilities - our way took us through the camp of three miners. Interesting folks, with a big mean sounding dog who turned out to be a real sweetie, even going so far as to give Barbara Beddow a big doggy kiss. One of them told us just to follow the yellow spots they'd sprayed on the rocks till we found another camp - that was where the trail out would start. By this time, the water had been discovered to be swimmable, if we didn't stay in too long, and as there are some nice pools in the area, we swam - how enjoyable, compared to the alternative. Actually, if you stayed in long enough, you became numb and therefore felt no discomfort whatsoever... Oh yes, on this day we saw more snakes than on Saturday... one (Garter Snakes, I think) just being fat and lazy on a sunny rock and another stretched out on a rock under the water - looked like it was attached. Fred almost stepped on a Rattlesnake, the situation becoming a stare-off, with, of course, the snake as winner.

Well, we crossed the river, ever mindful of the yellow paint spots, and eventually found the other camp - a really nifty little tent cabin - it even had a digital clock on the outside of it - nice deck to walk around back and get down the hill to a spring - someone really loves this spot. After a visit to the spring, we started up, up, up - oh my, it was only a couple thousand feet but most all of them were very steep feet.

Dear Fred, I know I tease you about your "easy" trips, but they are truly enjoyable - you can just keep telling me they're easy and I'll just keep following along, OK?

- Denise Sutherland -

MT. CALLAGHAN (10,187')

OCTOBER 12-14, 1985

It appeared that I might be the only participant on this remote peak but two friends from the Mother Lode Chapter called me Thursday night!! Hey--why not--let's go for it-- I'll meet you in Austin, Nevada at high noon Saturday the 12th!! I had another trip in mind with John Ingvolstad but Mt. Callaghan in all it's remote glory won the day.

I made it to my special campspot near Wadsworth, Nevada, by 12 midnight...sleeping in late until 9 a.m. I dashed off to Fallon and had breakfast at the Nugget by 10 a.m. Driving 80-90 mph across the salt flats of the Carson Sink and around the snow covered Desatoya Range, I pulled into the Wild West (Austin, 6575') at 12 noon. Big Rain Drops. Fall Weather. Snow on the Toiyabes down to 7000'. A transposed Brooks Range of Alaska right in my sub-tropical backyard!!

Right on schedule after a meaningless conversation with a sponsoring life patron of the Owl Club, we headed "up-town" for lunch. Roger Ehret and Boris Nahlovsky talked serious business about our climb amongst the "bells and whistles" of the one-armed bandits and local "Sagebrush Rebels." Roger and Boris made a bold move earlier and asked the nice BLM Ranger gal about Mt. Callaghan...to her it was unclimbable due to fences and high security Ranch lands (was this the ranch where Linda Lovelace disappeared to in the mid-70's???)

Well with all this mystery our appetites were up...a moonlight ascent??? A belly climb??? All these possibilities entered my mind to get around the secret ranch of Linda Lovelace. With the snow plume blowing on Mt. Callaghan we rode up highway 21 (first road north after Austin Summit--Called the Grass Valley Road).

We passed three ranches, tried an alternate route, and finally agreed on a road into camp. Soon we hit the locked gate to the mysterious ranch with its "TRESSPASSING FORBIDDEN" sign. This was possibly the fanciest "NO TRESSPASSING" sign I've ever seen in Nevada!! Roger and Boris found a good campspot up the hill from the gate. They also found two deer legs (fresh) chopped off at the knees plus part of a deer heart tubing (left ventricle I believe).

I hopped over the gate and decided to check out the Callaghan Ranch without being seen. Who knows...maybe I'd stumble on Linda Lovelace herself making an X-rated movie!! Dashing up to the Lombardy Poplars across the road I crawled carefully from one poplar to another. Beautiful Autumn colors of gold/amber/yellow and a rushing stream alongside the poplar trees. Such beauty amid all this ranch mystery.

Within 100 Feet of the ranch house I made a dash to the window of the living room. Not a person around!! I walked to the pretty sod-covered storage cabin and a tiny black cat came by...more on this bad omen later!!

Well, I told Roger and Boris it looked clear for a dash across the private property to BLM land. We had a giant fire, great conversation with the coyotes and went to bed.

Up 7 a.m. Boris said it was 20.6°F!! The sun was a brilliant star but still cold!! We were off hiking by 8 a.m. across the gate around the poplars and up to the black cat (more on this bad omen later).

At 6500' we encountered a big corral of bulls...yes, 15-20 bulls all looking right at us!!(more on this bad omen later).

With all my leadership charm I couldn't get Boris and Roger through that herd of bulls!! Whooa...before I could say "Jack Robinson"...a pickup truck zoomed up the road on the other side of the narrow valley. I yelled "Hit the Dirt"but Boris and Roger just kept walking--Lucky we weren't seen--this could have cost us our peak (more on this bad omen later).

Back to the ranch again, and the black cat again, we then headed to the peak more directly! Rising slowly up a canyon with a yellow grove of aspens, we see the same truck that zoomed past us earlier. There was no way around the truck now, we had to go for it in broad daylight. Arriving at the truck we see that it had British Columbia license plates on it and no one was in it. We all agreed; B.C. plates...boy this is getting stranger and stranger all the time (more on this bad omen later).

Pete Yamagata warned me about Mt. Callaghan--he said it was dangerous due to this private ranch. Now I was thinking maybe Pete was right...especially with all these bad omens...and now to top it all off--a truck with British Columbia plates! Well we were at 7500' now and we were a very solid tough bunch. I had to show Boris I was tough too. Soon we were above the tree line at 8500'. The last trees were mountain mahogany!! (3 or 4).

Otherwise the peak was a treeless dome. In fact this is the most dome-like dome I've ever climbed in Nevada, It reminded me a little of Mauna Loa on Hawaii (the highest mountain on Earth rising 35,000' from its base). I sure like domes once in awhile then no one can call me an old peak bagger!

Views of Mt. Jefferson, Toiyabas, Bunker Hill, Desatoyas, Mt. Augusta, North and South Shoshone--all memories of climbing these peaks during the last ten years..from Gene Markley's 40th birthday on Mt. Jefferson to the wind swept dome of Mt. Callaghan in 1985!! Memories of thrills and excitement in Nevada with the peaks and all my friends and ex-wife I climbed them with.

The summit at 1 p.m. was windy and cold. We walked on top of the snow. It sure felt good to hear the crunching on my feet. Boris was first on top. A damn fence went almost across the top. Boy that BLM has money to burn for cow people but none for us dome hiking people.

I carried over a wooden tripod to the top and filled the base up with rocks. We all took a lot of photos in our new wind pants!! Were we in Nevada or was this Aconcagua?? We signed a 3x5 card and put it into an empty film container and put it into the "puka" (hole in the cairn--Ed.)

A real old-magazine article that I read talked about "glaciated Mt. Callaghan." I glanced at my USGS topo map...sure enough on the N.E. side of the peak a real steep headwall! We all decided to traverse the peak, drop down along the headwall and see if there was an actual glacier on Mt. Callaghan, 10,187', in Central Nevada.

The top of the steep cirque headwall is a steep ice finger that drops about 800' down to the small U-shaped valley, This finger would be a good ice gully to climb in winter. If you've seen the glacier (real) on Wheeler Peak, Nevada, the glacial cirque on Mt. Callaghan looks just like it scaled down about $\frac{1}{4}$ the size of the cirque on Mt. Wheeler (13,000' plus)!! There are actually two cirques--one formed by a "valley" glacier and another formed by a "pancake" glacier. Below the Cirque headwalls are moraines of various sizes complete with flattened "alps" and glacial erratics!! These glacial features were good omens. Now things were looking good.

It seemed like a long way down--contouring through miles of sage. Oh, oh... The blue British Columbia Pickup again!! I suggested that we duck behind the pinyons; but Roger and Boris wanted to talk to the occupants. Luckily, they were prospectors from B.C.--all rather harmless, considering the bad omens we had. Anyway, the two prospectors hadn't seen Linda Lovelace either! Cars by 6 p.m. 10 Hour day. Boris and Roger blast off to Sacramento to save a day's vacation. I camped out myself and enjoyed a big fire, coyotes, badgers, quiet, and mystery thinking about all those bad omens and the fresh deer heart at camp.

Monday 8 a.m. Another cold night. An early morning fire. Plan to do Prometheus Peak. Hey, my car won't start! The battery dead. God Damn, it's 50 miles to Austin and about 15 miles to Linda's ranch!! More bad omens as the coyotes howled.

Hey, wait--I recall a hunting vehicle over a ways south. I grabbed my ten essentials and headed south to locate the hunters. Sure enough, they had a three point buck and were real friendly. We had a long chat about the wild horses and the secrecy of the ranch. I listened for about an hour to their "Buck Fever--Deer Story"--real nice guy and his son from Yerington. You guys climbed that peak--"all the way to the top"..etc. Well after a Battery jump I was off to Spencers Hot Springs out in the Big Smoky Valley!! While soaking I thought of moose stories in Alaska, Rhino stories in Africa, and now "deer stories" in Nevada.

Spencers is open again. Real nice tin shack with house and tub plus a real hot pool up the hill aways!

Great view of Mt. Callaghan, Toiyabe Peak, Bunker Hill, etc.

Great trip--as I set my cruise control on 80 mph, I wondered...man--how many people have climbed Mt. Callaghan??! We set up the first register and official Mother Lode cairn. The hunters talked about Piute camps as late as 1965---I suppose the indians climbed it...plus we saw those rock walls up on top--maybe they were deer blinds... then I thought does the University of Nevada know about "glaciated Mt. Callaghan??" How could I find out who owns the ranch?? Nevada is sure full of surprises (and omens).

Bill Hauser

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The massive eastern escarpment of the Mt. Whitney area looms high above the town of Lone Pine here seen from the vicinity of Pleasant Mtn. (9690'), a DPS peak in the southern Inyo Range.

