

THE



BOULDER

motherlode chapter-sierra club

JULY-AUGUST 1987 ISSUE #22

THE CHAIR'S CORNER

First off, I would like to welcome Charlie Smith to the editorship of the Boulder and thank him for stepping in while John turns his attentions to his new wife and his dissertation. On behalf of your friends in Peak and Gorge, John and Kathy, I extend our best wishes for your future together. With matrimony in mind, best wishes also to Anne and Preston, who recently tied the true lovers' knot. A brighter future in the form of a new job has lured Tobi away to El Cerrito, and I would like to offer her congratulations for her new prospects and thanks for her able handling of our treasury. As a consequence of all this good news, the contact addresses for Boulder articles and subscriptions have been changed considerably - please see this issue's mailing cover.

I wish to point out two upcoming events from the section calendar below: the Peak and Gorge picnic (July 21) and the due date for fall schedule trips (August 1).

The Mt. Abbott trip (June 20-21) demonstrated some of the limitations of technical climbing. It was an enjoyable trip overall: a convivial party, a lovely approach and scenic campsite, and varied climbing including cramponing, scrambling, roped climbing, a rappel and fun glissades. Less fortunately, only a third of the party made the summit. We chose safety over speed, and ran out of time. Sierra peaks are too big, and belayed climbing is too slow for the large groups we take up. To belay more than one or two pitches of a route will often put the summit out of reach, as it did on Abbott. We can move more quickly past the roped sections if we are quick at anchoring and tying in, communicate clearly, and try to anticipate what must be done next rather than waiting for the leader's instructions. Also, given the security of a belay and the inevitable delays before and after a roped pitch, the moving climber should expend the extra effort and take minor risks to climb quickly. (The section offers courses to develop and renew these skills, so they can be used instantly when needed. We must practice our technical skills before the peak climb, because waiting until the day of the climb is likely to rob us of the summit.) Despite taking all these measures, most roped teams will be slow compared with a group moving unroped. The unroped team, moving with care and exerting their skill, avoids the stop and go cycle that makes the belayed team so slow. But clearly they give up

some safety to attain such speed. It is in the nature of mountaineering to tread the fine line between the merely difficult and the dangerous. While each participant's first responsibility to the party is to climb safely, endangering no one on the team including himself, his second priority should be to move as quickly as possible, to help remove the party from the dangers of the mountain before they strike.

D. Joy

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

- Jul 18 Pks 9652, 9537 (Carson/Summit City area). Al Gutowsky 457-3338. Need assistant.
Jul 21, 6:00 pm. Picnic at East Portal Park, M and 52nd Sts. Will also teach prusiking (see Sep 2 listing). Details: call 927-9288 or 452-7126.
Jul 25 Pyramid Pk; cl.1/3D hike. John Sarna 429-8024 or Ellen Van Fleet 927-9288.
Jul 24-26 Mts. Gilbert, Johnson; cl.3. Bill Hauser (408)243-4566. Needs assistant.
Aug 1 Fall schedule trip writeups due: Doug Joy 570 39th Sacramento 95816, 452-7126.
Aug 1-2 Gabbro, Page, Epidote; cl.2. Al Gutowsky 457-3338. Needs assistant.
Aug 8-9 ? Sweetwaters/3 Sisters; cl.2. Camille Nahlovsky, (916)677-4600. Needs assistant.
Aug 12-16 Ritter Range; cl.2-3. C. Nahlovsky (916)677-4600 or J. Sarna 429-8024
Aug 14-16 Mt. Humphreys from west; cl.4. Doug Joy. Trip is filled.
Aug 15 Tells Pk., (Loon Lk area). Al Gutowsky, 457-3338. Needs assistant.
Aug 18 (August section meeting cancelled for vacation)
Sep 2, 6:00 pm. Prusik training at McKinley Park. Need Prusiks, harness, 2 slings, 2 carabiners. See Bonanza or call Preston (916)758-0374 or Doug 452-7126.
Sep 5-7 Ehrnbeck, Hawksbeak Pks (Yosemite). Al Gutowsky 457-3338. Needs assistant.
Sep 5-7 Shasta/Whitney Glacier: glacier training (may try summit). Preston Andrews, (916)758-0374 or Charlie Smith 454-3375. Must have Sep 2 class or equivalent.
Sep 12-13 Leavitt/Sonora Pass pks; cl.2, car camp. Camille Nahlovsky (916)677-4600.
Sep 15 Section meeting, see next Boulder for details. Probably summer slides show.
Sep 26 Duane Bliss, Genoa Pks; cl.2 (Tahoe). Al Gutowsky, 457-3338. Needs assistant.
Oct 10-12 Duffer Pk, Calico Pk (NV); cl.2-3. Bill Hauser (408)243-4566 or Howard Steidtmann 483-4597.

Traveler's Advisory: Due to the light snowpack this winter, hikers should keep in mind that some creeks may dry up this summer, especially in late August & September. Inquiries as to the availability of water should be made with the appropriate agency before setting out on your trip.

CASTLE PEAK (9103')

May 2, 1987

From the Roseville Square meeting place we drove up Interstate 80 to the Castle Peak/Boreal Ridge exit near Donner Pass. There was still snow on the ski trail to Castle Pass. At Castle Valley we decided that there was sufficient snow from the previous days' storms to warrant a climb up the south face. We leaped across the swollen creek and ascended the east side of the valley. The fresh snow made for better footing than the underlying scree and we reached the base of the rime-covered east tower just before noon. The rime had melted off the tower's east face sufficiently to provide a safe and enjoyable Class 3 ascent. We ate lunch on the summit and enjoyed views of the Donner Pass area, the Crystal Range, Black Buttes, Mt. Lola and the Sierra Buttes. After descending the tower we took a direct line down the south face, returning to the trailhead along the west side of Castle Valley. Participants on this beginning peak climb were Bob Buckles, Claude Hanna, Randy Scaghotle, Roger Rollins, Bob Maher, John Besbekos and Dave Martin. Anne Adams did the routefinding, with Doug Joy assisting as rear leader, and Preston Andrews tagging along.

Preston Andrews

The original objective of our expedition was bagging 5 HPS-listed peaks set around "Lake" Isabella, a reservoir constructed by the Army Corps of Engineers that lies along a picturesque section of the Kern River. Attaining the peaks was important to only 2 of the 4 constituents of our party, namely Pete Y. and myself. Of the 2 others, Bill P. was more interested in identifying the rare butterflies that cluster about peaks and ridges in the area; and Leslie B., a capable hiker who recently moved to Sacramento from Reno, rounded out our group with an interest in just about everything.

Peaks on the LA Hundred Peak Section (HPS) list vary substantially in difficulty from "Should I leave the car to find a register" (eg. Mt Wilson) to "Only the strong survive, and they'll want a mule" (eg. Rabbit Pk). In any case, doing the 100 peaks prerequisite to getting the HPS emblem is of similar difficulty to getting our NAS emblem. It's quite a popular sport down there, though, as I've inferred from their peak registers, finding a minimum of 10 HPSers signed in on every one of peak registers every year. In fact, I've often found a faint trail up HPS peaks, which is of great practical value when I'm deep in brush and without the route description the section makes available for \$.10 a peak.

Of the peaks we climbed this trip, only Nicolls (6070') didn't have a register on top, a absence which was immediately remedied by Pete Y., who simply pulled a spare out of his pack. Nicolls is at the tip of a nice class 3 spur protruding out almost over "Reservoir" Isabella, allowing some great views of the immediate area. This also makes Nicolls one of the most distinguishable landmarks observable from the reservoir itself.

The solitude on top of Nicolls was relished as, on the previous night, we had camped at a Corps campsite near the dam under terribly crowded conditions: blaring Mexican music interspersed with unintelligible shouts and the roar of an occasional passing auto; this continued well into the post 10 PM quiet period, almost till dawn. Our anticipated romp to our next objective, Heald Pk., several miles away, was abandoned due to fatigue, exacerbated by warm sun, lunch, and moreover, lack of sufficient water (we should have started with 5 qts minimum). Instead, after some steep downhill and refuelling at the nearest cantina a bit later, we opted for an evening climb of Aquila, 5 fingers (5174'), an unusual feature eminently viewable from Hwy 395. Leslie must have decided we were too peak-crazy to follow, as she opted to remain with the cars (It was only our 5th peak of the trip). As we hiked along side the needle-like fingers, Pete and Bill went on to the furthestmost finger while I choose to climb one of the closer ones. When the closer one revealed itself as the lesser one, it took me a bit more rockhopping to find the final class 3 crack that led me to the top, where Pete and Bill were already enjoying some wide-ranging views, including that of Telescope Peak in Death Valley far the East.

That was the second day, the first day had been even more successful (depending on your yardstick), with 3 peaks (and several butterflies) attained. Sunday (8,295') and Bohna (6800+') were done via a car shuttle - naturally set up to avoid uphill. On the way to pick up the "shuttled" car, the group decided to bag Black (7438') before retiring for dinner in the town of Lake Isabella. This first day took us through pines and a some mixed chaparral, in sharp contrast to the extraordinarily harsh environment surrounding Aquila, which lies in the rain-shadow of the Sierras. Both Aquila and Nicolls are true desert peaks set in arid landscapes, as evidenced by the cacti found around Nicolls and Joshua Trees found around Aquila.

On the last day of the trip, we climbed Scodie (7294'), a semi-desert peak and the highpoint of the Scodie Mtns, before leaving for home on Monday. It's high enough to gather some rain but looks down onto the driest region in the state to the East and South, ie. the Mohave Desert.

My recollection of the trip as a whole is of many varied ecosystems in almost as many landscapes. The experience of passing through these now means more than the individual peaks bagged, although time may make that memory simply fade into a name & date on a peak list.

SUMMARY: Sunday/Bohna: 1400' gain, 3500' loss, with car-shuttle, 6 mi rt. - Black: 1300' gain, 3 mi rt.
Nicolls: 3000' gain, 6 mi rt. - Aquila: 1500' gain, 2 mi rt. - Scodie: 2200' gain, 8 mi rt, some along
PCT

John Sarna

BEGINNING ROCK CLIMBING

April 26, 1987

Twenty-two students and 6 instructors spent a hot Sunday at the Cosumnes River gorge learning or reviewing rock-climbing basics. During the morning the basic knots were learned, webbing harnesses were tied, and the basic body belay was practiced. The afternoon was spent top-roping several short climbs up to 5.6 in difficulty.

The instructors demonstrated the proper movements and backed-up the student's belays. Instruction in the basic body rappel (dulfersitz) and carabiner-brake rappel was cut short by a threatening thunderstorm. Students included Jane Casa, Jim Hanley, Lindabeth Schmucker, John Sarna, Diane Heckman, Mike Neff, Steve Mathias, Bob Buckles, John Besbekos, Oscar Balaguer, Ed Vandercook, Wayne Wilson, Peggy Lehman, Ellen Van Fleet, Janet Farrar, Kim McMinnus, Terry Wenner, Anna Chaput, Lily Chaput, Steve Elias, Dave Martin and Claude Hanna. The hard-working instructors included Doug Joy, Charlie Smith, Anne Adams, Bob Maher, Roger Rollins and Preston Andrews.

Preston Andrews

INTERMEDIATE ROCK CLIMBING

May 16-17, 1987

Saturday was spent at Donner Pass practicing the technical skills necessary for safe rock climbing. A variety of rappels were done on North Star Wall including those with steep walls, inside and outside corners, and free rappels beneath overhangs. Everyone practiced the carabiner-brake rappel and most had an opportunity to rappel with figure-8 descenders. A prusik belay system was used while rappelling. One student quickly learned how to unweight her prusik loop when it jammed up beneath an overhang. Artificial protection devices and anchor systems were demonstrated, and the students experimented placing chocks. We spent a cold afternoon underneath the old bridge on the Donner Pass Road where a belay tower was set up. Everyone got an opportunity to arrest simulated leader falls and tying off an injured climber - a test of one's dexterity in tying a prusik knot one handed. The day's final exercise consisted of climbing a fixed rope with prusik loops - a self-rescue method little known by most rock climbers today.

After a hearty pizza dinner in Truckee, we caravanned south to Tahoe City and along the west shore to Sugar Pine Point State Park, where we car camped. Some of our group took advantage of the hot showers while the rest of us let the grunge build up.

We arose Sunday morning to clear skies, and after breakfast drove over Echo Summit to Lover's Leap. The group was divided into rope teams consisting of an instructor and 3 students, with the objective of practicing multi-pitch climbing techniques. One team climbed Knapsack Crack (5.3), another The Farce (5.4), and the third Pop Bottle (5.6). Everyone climbed well and only a couple of falls were caught at the cruxes on the harder routes. We had planned for each rope team to do two climbs, but a brief afternoon shower interrupted those plans. Two of the rope teams fortunately had not started their second climbs when the shower began. The third team, however, was on the second pitch of Deception (5.6), with the leader having just finished a delicate, unprotected friction traverse. He was able to safely reverse the traverse and rejoin the rest of the team at the top of the first pitch. A rock horn 30' below provided an excellent anchor for a low-angle rappel to the ground. This unexpected retreat was good experience, as such retreats often become necessary when climbing among the high peaks.

The students included Bob Buckles, Steve Mathias, Diane Heckman, Janet Farrar, Ed Vandercook, Howard Cole, Dave Martin, Claude Hanna and Ellen Van Fleet. The instructors enjoying this fine group were Doug Joy, Bob Maher and Preston Andrews.

Preston Andrews

DESERT PEAKS -- CHRISTMAS 1986 GRAND SWEEP -- PART III

29 DEC MT. TIPTON 7148' (Hualapai Range)

Up at 6:30-7:00 a.m. Boris said he had to take Camille back into Vegas for a medical emergency. He wanted 2 meeting places to catch us later. The first one was the Post Office in Kingman, Arizona 6 p.m. The second was Apache Junction 6-7 p.m. on Tuesday.

7:00 a.m. Howard and I blaze off for Mt. Tipton. I had no trip report for this one so the roadhead was a big mystery. We checked a ranch and the cowboy said this wasn't the road. He said go in from Dolan Springs. We headed out to Dolan Springs, a giant 1970 style 5-10 acre subdivision--gone partially flop. I saw a dirt road leading directly to a prominent saddle. I figured this was a good shot.

Howard and I left the cars at 9 a.m. Sort of a wind blowing and clouds but it cleared up later on. Parked at 3800' at the end of "7th Street" 3.8 miles from the highway through Dolan Springs to Lake Mead. We contoured S.E. and followed 3' white poles to the lower Indian Springs. Saw a few Piñons and oaks but another BLM over-grazed disaster area. We then followed the road up to Upper Indian Springs--another BLM cow disaster area. From here it was a tiring cactus/bushwack around a conical peak 5425' and up a 1000' gully with snow remnants and rotten rock. We popped out on a nice ridge at 6800' into a pretty forest of Piñons and ponderosa pines. An island of tranquility amongst a sea of yucca, catclaw, beavertail, prickly pear, Spanish Bayonets, and mesquite. We were on top at 1 p.m. Great views of the Northwestern Arizona desert. Register goes back to 1974. Cars by 4:30 p.m. Howard said, "The brush on Tipton was the nastiest of any peak he's ever done." Drive into Kingman, Ariz. to meet Boris and Camille and Rifka. Turns out there are two post offices in Kingman. After a while we figured out they were at the new post office!

30 DEC Wickieup, Arizona (Big Speed Trap)

Great camp spot last night. Saw our first Sahuaro Cactus this morning. Lots warmer now. Today we are going to find Kaiser Hot Springs 12 miles south of Wickieup. I asked a very colorful cowboy where it was.... he and his sidekick gave me directions. We set off to find another cowboy by a roaring fire conflict with previous cowboys directions. We took a chance on 2nd cowboy's directions and found the hot springs.... one of the few free open non-commercial ones in the state. Nice warm water, 75°F, like summer time. The water gushed out of a hole in the rock, we couldn't tell if it was drilled or natural. There is still a lot of wild open land between Wickieup and Wickenburg. The cowboy said his ranch has 100 miles of fencing.

Nice Mexican dinner in Wickenburg, Arizona, then off to Phoenix and put in a camp below Superstition Mtn.

31 DEC Superstition Mtn. (5057')

It was a maze of roads thru the King Ranch subdivision last night--luckily I had the DPS sketch map to guide us through them.

We got up at 6 a.m. Clouds. Very warm. Howard and I checked out the "old parking spot" and decided to head x-country over to the trail at 8:30 a.m. A giant new brown boxy house guided us. We parked at about 2000' so here comes another 3000' of cactus country. Nice trail up Hieroglyphic Canyon to a pool surrounded by dozens of nice petroglyphs. We headed up to the right toward the "Balanced Rock" on the skyline. Lots of cactus, rocks, slow going. Howard blazed the trails for us thru the class 3 cliffy sections and we were on top at 12 noon. We could see our cars from the summit. Boris, Camille, Rifka, Howard and I didn't sign in because there was no register to speak of. Let's send Harry Erl to put a nice one up there. Down to the creek by 3 p.m. Camille and Rifka went swimming. My ego and rear end were bruised from a barrel cactus I sat on.

You see it in the movies but I actually sat on a barrel cactus. I was lowering myself down a small chimney and lowered my rear end on a baby barrel cactus! It was well hidden according to Boris but my ego was bruised. Cars 5 p.m. Nice days. Cool

nights. Eat together in Apache Jct. Big farewell to Boris, Camille, Rifka as they head for Organ Pipe and Howard and I head for Weavers Needle.

Howard and I checked out the Peralta Roadhead but decided to camp a 2nd night at the King Ranch Roadhead because it was so quiet and no other cars.

1 JAN. 1987 Weavers Needle (4535')

8 am. at the Peralta Roadhead 2400'. Howard and I blaze up to Fremont Saddle at 3800'. We had heavy rucksacks due to ropes, chocks, biners, etc. From the saddle to Weavers Needle looks unclimbable. However, I tried to recall the story in one of the DPS write-ups about a dog making his first class 4 climb on Weavers Needle. We were headed for the westside gully just to the left of "N" in Needle on the USGS map. I was told it was class 2-3 to the saddle then easy 3rd to within 50' of the summit that was class 4 with big handholds. We got up in the gully on nice rock to within 100' of the saddle. All I could see was a blank wall and a giant chockstone. We rappelled off a big spike cemented into the mountain and decided to checkout the western cliffs. These cliffs were steep and heavy in cactus. After getting so beat on Superstition I wasn't up to the steep cactus bush. All three DPS writeups went in from the east. This contradicted the advice I got to go in from the west. We checked out the east gully and it looked far worse than the western gully. By now we were running out of daylight so we chalked it up to research. However, we did get to within 300' of the top. The western gully chockstone looked 5.2 to us---where is the 2-3 route to the gully? Oh well, we got 5 peaks.... time to take it easy.

Nice dinner in Globe, Arizona in a real 1956 style café!! Howard leaves for Colorado to check out skiing and mining. I head off to Tucson to visit my Earth First! friend Dave Forman and Ron Kezar. Big party in Tucson but the Earth First'ers weren't in a monkey wrenching mood so we didn't get to tear down any billboards or do any tree spiking or pull any survey stakes.

Great trip. Very cooperative group. Sleeping under the stars every night was great!

Bill Hauser, leader
408-243-4566

CROSS TIMBERS TRAIL, LAKE TEXOMA, NE TEXAS 15 miles April 12, 1987

"Cross Timbers" refers to two belts of stunted forest that once stretched north and south between Waco and Oklahoma and Abilene and Oklahoma. These broad tree belts, full of heavy undergrowth and briars, served as a barrier to the eastward expansion of the Plains Indians.

An hour and a half drive (Texas style) north of the Dallas/Ft Worth metropolis, I park at the Juniper Point trailhead. It is marked only by a symbol of a stick figure hiking, but I have directions from a trip leader from the Dallas Sierra Club. He has come up the day before (Saturday) to lead a beginners backpack, taking two days.

Lake Texoma is really a reservoir formed by damming (I almost wrote damning) the Red River. Alternately walking and jogging, I reach Cedar Bayou, three miles away, in an hour. Here is a resort, marina and restaurant. It is 1:00 p.m. I enter the restaurant and immediately see five people seated for lunch. I approach the one who looks like the leader. "You must be Niles," I say. "I'm Debbie." Sure enough, it's the Dallas Sierra Club, stopped for lunch.

Over a grilled cheese and iced tea I get to know them and explain what peak climbing is. "What do I think of Texas?" they ask. "Hot," I reply, grateful for the iced tea. "I especially like the wildflowers."

Indeed, as I continue on alone, I am treated to a lovely sight. Giant vetch, almost fuchsia in color is abundant. A few early dogwoods tease me. Salmon pink paintbrush screams for recognition. Small white flowers, delicate and star shaped, dot the trailside as do long stalked yellow blooms resembling asters.

The violets are at their peak. Some are deep purple, others lavender and some variegated. They must be a hybrid -- pale, pale lavender with dark purple accents. Exquisite!

As I round a turn in the trail, a legion of lupine march across my field of vision. Not the periwinkle of lupine I see at Pt Reyes, but deep blue like dark iris. And there are real iris, long-stemmed and pale, hiding in the brush just off the trail. I am reminded of Tennyson's poem:

Flower in the Crannied Wall

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies, --
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower--but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all.
I should know what God and man is.

---Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Why did he pick that flower? That man needs a talking to!

A brief attempt to hike cross country reveals the wisdom of the Plains Indians. There is brush and greenbriar (a nasty thorned vine) which join forces with poison oak and poison ivy to drive me back to the trail.

I pass Five Mile Camp and see where the Sierra Club spent the night. At Eagle's Roost I pause briefly to watch the water, then reverse my steps detouring for the two-mile loop at Lost Loop Camp. Nine miles after leaving Cedar Bayou, I reach the restaurant again. I stop for another iced tea. Refreshed, I alternately hike and jog the remaining three miles to my car.

I believe to fully enjoy life, one must appreciate the unique aspect of each element. Northeast Texas isn't the Sierra. But if you find yourself there is the springtime, put a piece under your tongue and savor it.

--- Debbie Bulger

PRESTON PEAK (7310')**HIGH POINT OF THE SISKIYOU MTNS.

JULY 4, 1987

With my ascent of this peak, I had completed one of my NAS goals--to have climbed at least one peak from each of the 31 geographic subsections that the NAS list is divided into. In some cases, such as the Siskiyou, there is only one peak on the list at this time--due more to a lack of information on other possible list candidates than probably anything else.

After glancing through the Sierra Club totebook Hiking the Bigfoot Country, I was encouraged to climb this summit at the end of a five day jaunt through Lava Beds, the Central Cascades, the Oregon coast, and Redwood National Park. Driving east on Hwy 199 out of Crescent City, we drove on Forest Service roads to the gate at the Siskiyou Crest about 2 miles northwest of Youngs Valley. A four mile walk on closed off dirt roads led us to the mine where a rough trail leads to Raspberry Lake. The ascent was easily made via the peak's NW ridge. The book indicates some class 3, but this is no worry! Time for the ascent was 4½ hours from the car. The hike back involves some uphill from the lake, and a 800' gain gradual walk back up the main dirt road. This is an impressive looking mountain from this direction!

Pete Yamagata

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND 1987

Continuing on the great Nevada traditions set by Gene Markley in the late 1960's, we all met at the "sacred Safeway" in Ely, Nevada at 8 a.m. We planned to do North Schell Peak (11,883') and Mt. Moriah (12,050'). Trip participants were Bill Hauser, leader, Boris and Camille Nahlovsky, Howard (Howard Hughes) Steidtmann, Tobi Tyler, Roger Ehret, and Dr. Rex Smith.

FALLON, NEVADA

While I was sitting at the counter at the famous "Nugget" in Fallon, Nevada, I just happened to strike up a conversation with the elderly man sitting next to me. Turns out he's a member of the Seattle Mountaineers and the American Alpine Club and he retired in Fallon, Nevada to get out from under the dreary Northwest rain. Since we belong to the same clubs; it's nice to know I've got a "friend in Fallon!" He owns the Kolhass Grocery Store on Main Street just south of the theater in downtown Fallon. So if any of us Sierra Clubbers need a climbing partner in Fallon then call Mr. Clint Harrington at 702-423-4612. He also said they've had more rain this past week (3") than they've had all year!! Heading East from Fallon I could see Mt. Grant, and the snow level was down to 8,000' or so. Mt. Grant looked like a Mt. Rainier or a Denali rising 8,000' above the great Carson desert sink.

FRENCHMANS

The famous "Frenchmans Cafe" and gas station is now totally gone... bulldozed 100% to make way for the military Naval Air Station supersonic dog fights. All that remains are 2-3 trees.

BIG SMOKY VALLEY

Tons of new snow and clouds all over Mt. Jefferson. Darrroughs Hot Spring is a great place with unbeatable views of Mt. Jefferson almost 12,000 feet high. Carvers must be experiencing a population boom. New Trailer Parks all over.

WARM SPRINGS, NEVADA

I couldn't believe it, but there he was, the famous woodcutter who gave us watermelons in 1985 after our ascent of Morey Peak. "Lloyd Seaman"... "servant of our Lord and all his people... I guarantee my wood." "For orders call 702-482-6880 Tonopah... discount for orders of three cords or more." as it says on his business card. Lloyd is also a minister and he gave me various pamphlets about God's love for us and surrendering to his will, not our will, etc. We had a long talk about food combining and diet. Lloyd is a vegetarian. We talked about opening up the Warm Springs cafe as a vegetarian health resort. Any other investors interested? Warm Springs is about an hour drive east of Tonopah. Real nice hot water. Lloyd wood cutting farm is way back in off U.S. 6 near Morey Peak. Give me a call if you would like directions... He really likes visitors and is a very inspiring man to talk to.

NORTH SCHELL PEAK 5/23/87 Sat.

The forecast was for rain and thunderstorms everyday through Memorial Day. It was clear at 8 a.m. in Ely but puffy clouds were building up over the high peaks to the East. After a short tour of McGill, Nevada and the 1930 style barber shop, we quickly drove through Gallagher Gap and up Timber Creek to the roadhead at 9,000'. We left the cars at 10 a.m. after a little Indian drum playing to prepare us emotionally for the 3,000' climb. More and more clouds. Howard and I raced to the summit. I felt good and used my "laser beam secret" to put me on top ahead of all the others in 2 hours. There was a false summit but only a small one. It was snowing pellets (graufel? grauphel?) on the summit. Very cold up in the clouds. We moved off quick wondering if any lightning would come. Snow all the way down. A real surprise Memorial Day Weekend! Limber pine and a rare grove of Englemann Spruce on N. Schell Peak!

MT. MORIAH

After the snow and clouds on N. Schell we had a mutiny. People decided against Mt. Moriah due to the weather, long 10 mile backpack to high camp, and a very late hike out on Monday. So we all opted for Mt. Grafton which received a big writeup in John Hart's Nevada Book.

MONTE NEVA HOT SPRINGS

This hot springs doesn't appear in any of the two hot springs books but I saw it on my old USGS map and we all headed out north of McGill to check it out. The "keep out" sign kept out one of our conservative members... but I explained that BLM land is not private and it belongs to all of us gringos. The hot water rushed out of a real nice spring "Ojo de Agua," into a nice small lake. We checked it out and the lake was only

6" to 18" deep. I jumped in and sank 6" in an oozy calcium mud, then I swam in 6" of nice murky limestone water over to the main pool--18" deep. I then did my famous Australian Crawl and racing side stroke in the deepest part of the hot lake. I looked around after my big "swim" and noone else was following me in! Finally Camille gave it a try. When she stepped into the 6" of mud on the bottom I had to explain to her about the exquisiteness of a natural bottom hot spring and that true devotees of hot springs will travel 1000 miles to have a "natural bottom" hot spring as opposed to the familiar "concrete bottom." After her initial fears only the rain, wind, and thunder made her leave the nice water of Monte Neva hot springs. Howard and Tobi went back a different way and saw two pronghorn antelopes!! There were 8 lightning strikes on the ridge above the McGill townsite.

ELY, NEVADA

It was Ely's 100th anniversary celebration with a big dance, cowboy poetry, and old-time movies of Ely. We ate dinner in the Copper Queen and everyone was too tired to go to the big celebration. Camille vowed never to eat in Nevada restaurants again because they "gross her out" every time. Well I did notice the moldy green peppers in the salad bar and the blackened cherry tomatoes but I didn't say anything for fear of upsetting the apple cart. Us California "L.A.-I.A.landers" are used to fresh salad bars...but I guess moldy peppers are a symptom of careless food handling. What topped it off was the used handkerchief I found under my chair. I delicately held it up by the corner and asked Camille if she wanted it but she said put it back under the table;...the waitress didn't want it either. This is the first time I've ever found a used handkerchief under my chair/table in a restaurant. We talked about the used handkerchief the next day on Mt. Grafton and Camille said she almost walked out of the restarant. Oh, well, we all got giant gene-spliced potatoes. Roger's potato was 12" long--amazing what science can do.

MT. GRAFTON 5/24/87 (10,993')

We drove in pitch blackness up the North Fork to a nice campsite along a roaring creek. All the thunderheads dissipated and we slept out under the stars. Parked our cars 7600' and left up a real pretty stream by 9 a.m. the next morning. Chokecherries, cottonwoods, aspen, white fir, junipers, pinons, pretty blue Forget-me-nots flowers, barrel cactus and violets. One old Basque tree carving went back to 1907! We actually did some bushwhacking on this trip! Yes, bushwhacking in Nevada. These northern slopes give one the feeling of being in the Rockies at about 9000'. The fir and aspens gave way to Limber pine and Bristlecones plus an ancient glacial cirque complete with lateral moraines. I have never seen Limber pines and Bristlecones growing in the forest together except on Mt. Dubois in the White Mountains. I gave in-depth seminars on how to tell the Limbers from Bristlecones and only one out of the six people picked it up. Rex Smith passed with an A+, the rest got a D- for trying. I can't see whats so hard about telling the differance between a Limber and Bristlecone!

Summit by noon. Howard was first on the peak. Nice rock. Very alpine lake. Only a few clouds building up today. Rex and I built a nice cairn--complete with an old white flag on a cross. I found an old rusty tin can, opened it up with my Swiss Army knife and put the register inside with a plastic zip-lock bag. Howard forgot to bring his last "Harry Erl" register. All 7 of us made the peak. Cars by 4 p.m. after a nice nap below the avalanche debris. Boy, a lots goes on in there north faces of Nevada Peaks. Howard and Tobi moved on to their Paria Canyon trip and the rest of us went to the Ward charcoal ovens--yes believe it or not--the Ward charcoal ovens. Big black clouds. Rain drops. Then stars. We all slept good and it didn't rain--it sure looked threatening though.

WARD MTN (10900)

Boris and Rex left the cars at 10 a.m. or so to make a stab at Ward Mtn. All the roads and bad weather turned me, Roger, and Camille off. Nice lunch by the old Ward mining town. cemetary. We talked about our own plans for a traverse of the new Great Basin National Park--76,000 acres--our nation's newest National Park. There are six peaks over 11,000' Wheeler, Baker, Pyramid. Mt. Washington, Mt. Lincoln, and Granite Peak. Camille also talked about her and Boris planned to the Alps and Dolomites.

Big snow storm between Eureka and Austin--Boy, the weather can change fast out here. Nice soak in Carson hot springs--home by 2 a.m. Great trip and fine people.

Bill Hauser
5/26/87

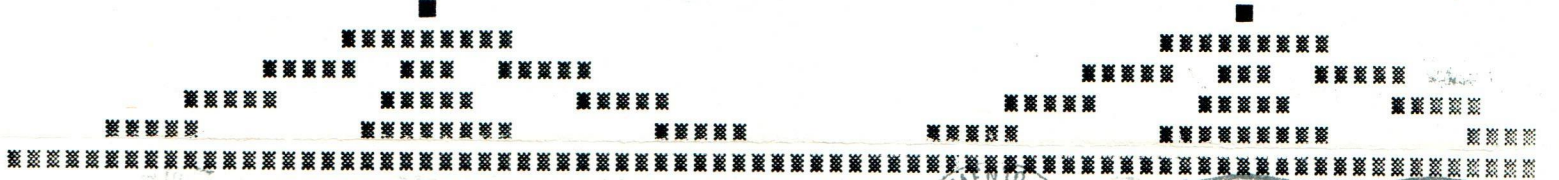
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EDITOR: Charlie Smith ---- 3962 "E" St. (916) 454-3375 Sacramento, CA 95819



PEAK AND GORGE, MOTHER LODE CHAPTER, SIERRA CLUB
C/O Charlie Smith
3962 "E" St.
Sacramento, CA 95819



John Sarna
12 Park Vista Circle
Sacramento CA 95831

Mt. Humphreys
Photo: es