

THE



# BOULDER

motherlode chapter-sierra club

Issue No. 55, July-August 1993

## CHAIR'S CORNER

For those of you who didn't attend the election, I won. "I" refers to Bob Buckles, who has been hiking with the Sierra Club for about seven years, leading trips for about three years, helping with editing the Boulder, and selling an occasional t-shirt. My main interests are hiking in the Sierras, climbing peaks with great views, and cross-country skiing. I got involved with the Peak and Gorge Section because it sponsored activities that I liked and I enjoyed socializing with like minded people. I accepted the nomination for section chair because I want to keep the section active for those already involved and others to come. So I got the job--I'm not sure I wanted it THAT much! Now what?

First, I am concerned that attendance for the monthly social meetings has been pretty low. I like meeting people interested in mountaineering, rock climbing, gorge scrambling, etc. I like to hear about what others have done, find out about places I haven't been, and compare notes about places where I have been. If that sounds good to you, come to the meetings. If you can't make it because of day, time or location, let me know. Maybe we can fix that.

Second, and closely related, I would like to get some better presentations for our meetings. I have noticed that a good program gets better attendance. This is where you can help me. If you have a good slide show, know a good speaker, or just have a good idea for a future program, let me know. My goal is for the programs to be fun and interesting.

Third, what do you want from the Peak and Gorge Outings Section? Though we don't have any formal rules about who are members of the section, I look to the readers of the Boulder as our INTERESTED membership. What are your interests? What can the section do for you? Don't hesitate to send me a letter, call me on the phone, or tell me when we meet on the trail or at meetings. The best time to reach me by phone is Sunday, Monday or Wednesday 6-9 p.m. See you at the picnic on July 27,

Bob Buckles, 6120 Rainier Ave., Rocklin CA 95677, (916) 624-3620



## "GORGE" VS. "CANYON?"

A past article in the L.A. Times reiterates for many of you "Gorge Scramblers" that most, if not all, of your listed "gorges" are, in fact, "canyons!" A gorge is defined as being greater in depth than in width, with a canyon being greater in width than in depth. Certainly, we may have had our fantasies about the local terrain, but this brings up another point of importance. Why are there no described beginning or end points to define a particular "listed" gorge traverse? How exactly does one know whether he or she has completed a "listed" scramble? It is easily determined when one has climbed a peak, but "traversing a gorge?" How has it been determined whether our 16 or so SGS Emblemholders did in fact do their 6-10 gorges?

I might have, surprisingly enough, qualified for a SGS Emblem a long time ago, but for the highly subjective criteria of what constitutes a "gorge scramble" that changes with the applicant as well as with the chief Gorge Honcho!

Certainly, the previous lists, with their heavy contradictions with the USGS REGARDING SPELLING, ELEVATIONS, AND GEOGRAPHIC PLACEMENTS, as well as the weird rating logic in addition to the inclusion of non-existent peaks, were not devised in a careful manner. And why have there not been any inquiries before this one? Obviously, the intent seems to be exclusionary, with only the "in(?)" people allowed to obtain their emblems. What criteria must have been used to let some people get their emblems is open to speculation, but, I think, after conversations and personal knowledge of the founders and persons involved, that their views are not too consonant with the 1990's (maybe with the early 1940's)! PY 444-6319

## THE CALIFORNIA DESERT, Photography by Kerry Drager, 1993.

While tramping through the City on an AMTRAK subsidized saunter, Rex and I stopped by the Sierra Club headquarters to put in an hour's volunteer time, and found, while looking through the store, this new, largeformat, coffeetable masterpiece on the California Desert.

This fine work records a balance of man's work along with the natural beauty of its scenic areas. The photography is in the class of Adams, Carr, Muench, and Rowell, well in the mainstream of outdoor artists who have put out similar works. This is our own Kerry's first venture into this field.

My only disappointment is that so many wilderness areas that are now being lobbied for in Congress are not included. Undoubtedly, most photos are not just "roadside" pictures, but I wish that I could have taken Kerry on my own many trips to climb the desert peaks and explore the wild and scenic areas.

However, for an overall view of our magnificent scenic resource, this is definitely the premier work, far outclassing every other book that I've ever seen. The price runs at about a standard \$38. PY

## I HEARD IT THROUGH THE PEAKVINE IV

Roger Barr and friends skied Mt. Goddard on April 28 while ski touring a loop over Piute Pass, Alpine Col, and Echo Col.

Pete Yamagata completed his 800th ascent on Jacks Peak on June 13.

Howard Steidtmann suffered a work injury this spring, keeping him and Tobi Tyler away from the peaks.

Boris and Camille Nahlovsky and Rex Smith enjoyed mountain biking in Oregon for a week in late May.

Alan Cooke took rock climbing lessons in preparation for a climb of Jeff Davis Peak (cl. 4-5) for an OGUL list completion maybe this year.

## FOR SALE CHEAP

Tire Chains, 2 sets, for 155R13 or close. \$5 each.

Barrecrafters locking ski rack; compacts, holds 4 pr. \$40.

Contact: Pete Yamagata 444-6319.



Okay, so it wasn't a peak, elevation gain of about 100' over 140 miles, not a hill in sight. I was in East Texas and I couldn't just stay home with my parents on National Trails Day (June 5.) So I decided to check out the biggest trail system in the Sam Houston National Forest. It was the land of the Big Thicket, a second growth forest of soft pines and oaks with an occasional magnolia or palm tree.

I started by driving from Willis (about 50 miles north of Houston) to Stubblefield Lake campground. My guide book had warned me that after 1 May, the trail was not generally used due to the heat, mosquitoes, ticks and red bugs. They could have added overgrown trails with blackberries and poison oak to the list. Yes, there is poison oak in our Southeastern woodlands. Armed with my long pants, insect repellent, and a stick to knock down the spider webs crisscrossing my trail, I set out. It really wasn't too bad at 8:30 in the morning. Temperature was about 85 degrees Fahrenheit, humidity probably 80-90%. Even on a flat trail, you warm up quickly. I headed south, carefully watching the trail markings to avoid any problems. I didn't have a good trail map and given how hard it was even to navigate on the back roads in a car, I certainly did not want to get lost. The trail markers were excellent. I did run off the trail a couple times when my attention was momentarily diverted. But with a marker every 25-50 yards, you know quickly if you are off trail. Surprisingly, there were a lot of alternative roads and pathways that you might make the mistake of choosing except for the markers.

Where the trees had grown to mature height and density, they were spaced about ten feet apart with a heavy leaf litter underneath and not much underbrush. Clearings were lush green with high grass, berry and other thorn vines, and small trees all competing for space. Without a well maintained trail, you would want a machete. Under the trees I found quite a few interesting fungi. They included everything from typical white or brown toadstools to some bright orange crinkled mushrooms (probably deadly as can be!) I could hear and occasionally see many birds including jays, mockingbirds, cardinals and one red peliatted woodpecker. I also spotted a large, 12" turtle and a small armadillo, neither of which would cooperate by posing for my camera. I also sampled some of the ripe blackberries along the trail. They didn't have the sweet taste of the Pacific berries and left a bitter aftertaste from the seeds.

As the morning grew late, the mosquitoes got more persistent, especially around the boggy areas on the trail. I was ready to head back to the car. After looking at the trail information I decided to drive over to the opposite end of the Lone Star Trail, at Big Creek Scenic Area. As I mentioned before, this Trail System includes 140 miles of trail, most of which is a single trail making a wide horseshoe pointing south. It took me almost an hour to drive across the inside of the horseshoe to my next destination.

Big Creek Scenic Area consisted of several very well maintained trails totalling about 3 miles in a series of joined loops. After eating lunch, I walked most of the trails. Here the underbrush was carefully cleared, bridges crossed the creek, and every intersection was carefully marked with signs. It felt a bit too tame after my earlier hike.

After finishing my hike I headed for Double Lakes Recreation area where,



according to a flyer at Big Creek, the Houston Chapter of the Sierra Club, was sponsoring some events for National Trails Day. Though already after three, there was still a table set up and I got to speak to a couple local Sierra Club members, one of whom maintained the portion of the Lone Star trail I had hiked on earlier. As he said, "I usually don't go on the trail after April." This was the end of their hiking season. I looked at their newsletter and saw that most of their summer outings involve bus or flying trips to Big Bend National Park, Colorado or New Mexico. A long weekend trip to Big Bend includes 12 hours on the road each way. Makes our longest drives from Sacramento sound pretty short.

*Bob Buckley*

SNOW MOUNTAIN 7056'  
SNOW MOUNTAIN WILDERNESS -- 23 MAY, 1993

Alan Cooke, Annie the dog, and I set out Sunday morning to the Mendocino National Forest north of Clear Lake to bag this NAS list peak. We navigated to the trailhead using a Hip Guide to Mendocino guide book. It had one mistake however, at the branching of forest roads 17N06 and 17N29, the book said take 17N29. This is wrong! Take 17N06. Although the majority of the roads are very well graded, as you get off on the smaller spurs there are some drainage ruts that make it tough for low clearance vehicles such as Honda Accords. Therefore we ended up stopping about 1/3 mile from the summit trailhead.

As we started out the trail was very well marked and we soon broke out of the tree line. There was a nice breeze and lots of sun. This hike could be a real broiler in the summer. Once we passed over the initial ridge and hit the backside of the slopes there was snow. It was frozen pretty solid so we didn't sink down when we walked over it. We of course lost the trail but were able to find an occasional blaze on the trees. Going up this wasn't a problem as we could see the summit. The snow did make it a little tough scrambling up the steep slopes, so we alternated scrambling on rock outcrops and snow fields.

The summit was free of snow and we had lunch and took in the views. On the way back down our outing became more of an adventure. To avoid going down steep snow slopes we tried contouring around and were unable to find our original footprints. We aimed up for a notch that we thought we came through. Annie the dog wasn't interested in doing any tracking to help us find our way back, only in sliding down slopes on her belly like an otter as she chased sticks.

After a while we ended up in the bottom of a very narrow, very steep canyon that did not look at all familiar. Time to bring out the compass! After careful study of the map and compass headings we decided to scramble up a steep dirt headwall to a ridgetop that we thought would have the trail. Tromping through the brush we stumbled upon a benchmark. Since we had a forest service map, this provided us with our exact coordinates. Minutes later we were back on the trail heading back to the car. ---John Besbekos

## Private Trip up North Pal

early July

Bill Hauser and I tentatively plan to climb North Palisade over the July 4th weekend. If you're interested and can handle ropes/belays, please give me a call.

John Sarna 916/429-8024.



## FOUR MOHAVE DESERT PEAKS ..... mid-February 1993

This was one of those desert car-camp trips where just about everything changed from one day to the next. On four consecutive days, we climbed four different peaks, each in a different location with varying participants, geography, environment, and geology. Though everyone hiked every day, we were separated into two or three groups, each with an individual agenda. Howard & Tobi did Smith and Old Dad while the rest of us did Stewart and Granite. Sheila did Stewart with us, but spent other days bird-watching after hiking in part way with us. Rex, Joan and I decided to stay an extra night, but were instead chased home by a rainstorm after a short climb of Butterbredt near Hwy 395, arriving in Sacramento only a few hours after the others did. Perhaps the only constant on this trip was the unavoidable long drive, Rex calculating a total driving distance to be 1400 miles. Such variability makes this trip difficult to describe, but these were the major points of interest:

### Hiking conditions:

- We had to cross a large, well-packed snow-field enroute to Kingston. There were a few patches of snow on Granite. There was no snow on Stewart or Butterbredt.
- We climbed some interesting dry waterfalls enroute to Stewart, but had to go around others. The one that turned us back dropped 30 feet and had no holds but was slick all the way. Crossing the sandy scree slopes coming down from the ridges was almost as difficult.
- Gusty frigid winds fought us all the way up Butterbredt, covering us in a cloud just below the summit. We went up the widest and dustiest trail I've ever seen (due to dirt bikes).
- Granite and Kingston had climbing over huge granitic rocks. Stewart had us climbing over large limestone ridges and following a dry creek made of basalt.

### Desert environments visited (in the Mohave and Colorado Deserts):

- Mammals seen near Kingston Peak: Whitetail Antelope Squirrel.
- Mammals seen near Granite Peak: Whitetail Antelope Squirrel, Bighorn Sheep, Desert Cottontail, Black-tailed Jackrabbit.
- Birds seen near Kingston Peak: Red-tailed Hawk, Common Ravens, Sage Sparrows, California Thrashers, Scrub Jays, Rufous-sided Towhees, Rock Wrens, Dark-eyed Juncos.
- Birds seen near Granite Peak: Common Ravens, American Robins, Scrub Jays, White-Crowned Sparrows, Golden-Crowned Sparrows, Northern Flickers, Black-Throated Sparrows, Loggerhead Shrike, Ladder-Backed Woodpecker, Gambel's Quail.
- There were heard owls whoooooing and wild burros braying at night at our campsite across from Old Dad Mtn.
- The wild-flowers were not out yet, and we didn't see any butterflies.

### Camping:

- Day 1) the access road to Avawatz was nice and flat but trucks kept noisily rolling into Death Valley until late in the evening.
- Day 2) Greenhorn Valley south of Death Valley was flat and scenic, but the desert pavement was a bit hard, especially on Joan whose Thermarest leaked.
- Day 3) the stock-pen a mile from Kelbaker Road, opposite the turnoff to Old Dad Mtn, between I-40 and I-15, made a nice camp, all but for a few cow-pies.
- Day 4) Spending the last night in Red Rock Canyon cost us \$10, even with Rex's discount for being a card-carrying member of the senior citizens club. It had great scenery, but the noise from the generators running TVs in those monster mobile homes was obnoxious. I had to tell one happy camper to shut his off at 7 am, even though camp regulations specified they weren't allowed on until 10 a.m.

### Diversions:

- Twice, after Kingston and Stewart, we took advantage of Tecopa (County) Hot Springs. The soak is free and was well worth the drive, though they tell some tall tales there.
- We ate out every night, though some brought food and choose to really eat out while eating out, i.e., in the parking lot. The best and only restaurant in Shoshone fed us after climbing Kingston and Stewart. The Sizzler in Barstow fed us the other days.

The participants were: Alan Cooke, Anna Chaput, Howard Steidtmann, Joan Kanimirir, Rex Smith, Sheila Balsdon, Tobi Tyler, and myself,

John Sarna



## LAVEAGA PEAK --- AMID WILD FLOWERS AND PROPERTY OWNERS

Mayday 1993 was a fine spring day and a great day to be out hiking. Since the Sierra was still smothered in snow, Fred Johnson and I turned to the Coast Ranges for an exploratory private hike. Meeting just before 5:30 a.m. on this Saturday, we left my car at Jerry's all-night restaurant in Hollister. Fred drove us to the end of a long, winding, one-lane, paved road called Lone Tree Road. After parking Fred's station-wagon under some trees (near milage marker 9.78 at 6:30 a.m.), we started up a dirt ranch-road, hiking generally southeast toward Laveaga Peak (3801'), which happens to be the high point of Merced County.

It was not a difficult area to enjoy. The spring flowers were everywhere, forming a virtual carpet in a few places which set them off from the lush green hillsides. It was rather sad to see the cattle munching on the flowers along with the long grasses, but at least the rolling hills no longer were covered in a dull brown as was the case in the four previous drought years.

We left the dirt road after a mile to walk over the thick green grass to find a junction of several other dirt roads on the south side of Henrietta Peak. The road toward Laveaga Peak led to a microwave relay station, one of three nearby. After getting our first good view of the peak from the station, where the road ended, we continued along the Diablo Range divide toward the peak, with Merced County on the left and San Benito County on the right. The views were great, from the San Joaquin Valley to the east to several other Coast Ranges lining the horizon to the west.

Although it's hard to believe anyone can "own" a peak, Laveaga is owned, lock, stock, and barrel, for miles in all directions. This is a *major* impediment to climbing it, as all good citizens must get permission from the owner to hike on their property. Without permission, one can be arrested, as Raoul Mocho discovered one fine day while relaxing at a hot spring further to the north. But, getting permission is not always easy. In the course of writing a book on each of these county high points, Gary Suttle from San Diego had once written to the owner of this property, but *could not* get permission to hike to Laveaga. Of course, we were there in hopes that a personal appeal would produce better results.

Both Fred and I had a great desire to climb Laveaga. First and foremost, it was one critical step in our individual quests to climb all of California's 56 county high points. Fred had 14 of these peaks left to climb, and I had 15 peaks left. We were encouraged by others on the same quest. Gary Suttle had sent us both a map on which he and Bill Broeckel identified a potential route up to the peak. It was this route, starting from Lone Tree Road, that we were on. Their map actually helped us more than Fred's 7-1/2" topo map of the area, since it identified where the locked gates and Radio Towers stood, in addition to highlighting the route.

The crux move of this hike for us was about half way to Laveaga. Out of the blue, a couple guys drove up to us in an old pick-up truck. We greeted them amicably, with Fred professing what a nice day it was to be out walking. After responding in kind, the driver of the truck asked where we were going, and Fred told him we planned to climb Laveaga Peak. The driver then said, "well, you know, I own that land," and asked how we got to be where we were. Fred responded slowly and cordially, mentioning that we had come over from Lone Tree Road and asking the driver if, since he owned the land, he would mind if we went on to climb to the top of Laveaga. Was I relieved when he answered, "well, I guess it would be okay, but let me tell you how to get up there, because you'll end up climbing way too high if you just follow this road." He went on to tell us to leave the road after reaching his hunting cabin, which was up the road a piece, and hike to the ridge. Coincidentally, this was identical to the route indicated on Gary and Bill's map. The man added that, when we got near the top, we should go around to the other side of the peak and get up from that side. He added that we'd find an old wooden (surveyor's) tripod on top. After talking a couple minutes more, we both graciously thanked him for his help, and Fred assured him we would respect his property. Without further ado, they drove on by and the peak was now within our grasp.

By 9 a.m., we came to the cabin its owner had mentioned. Being near the ridge, it commanded an excellent view of the entire area. But, the hiking got tough after that. The slope up to the ridge was steep with only a few cow-trails in the grass. Once on the ridge, we found it very rocky with many fallen trees and some brush. We had to pick our way through these obstacles and over several barbed wire fences. We climbed two false summits before seeing the real summit of Laveaga, covered by brush, trees, and large volcanic boulders. As



suggested by the owner, we went to its opposite (east) side, following cattle trails just south of the peak. Going up on the right (north) side of the ridge proved easiest, as it had a few grassy spots, but as we had seen from the north, all was brush and boulders near the top, and as a special treat, these were overlain by poison oak. It was psychologically impossible for us to turn back at this point, so we pushed up to the highest point, a sharp volcanic outcrop. We did not see the wooden tripod there, although we did find a USGS Benchmark which identified the spot as "Quien Sabe." These signs, and there being no other peak nearly as high in the vicinity, gave us sufficient incentive to conclude that we finally had reached the top of Laveaga Peak.

While taking the requisite hero photos of each other amid the poison oak, I noticed a rock cairn about 20 feet away through the thick brush. My first thought was that it was in the wrong place, since the boulder we had climbed was higher than anything except the trees over there. But not to be misled, I crawled through and under the brush toward it. Nearby was a large wooden tripod, so big one must admire the USGS surveyor who carried it up. Also, to my surprise, buried in the nearby rock cairn was a plastic bag with two film canisters. Inside one canister was a note from a couple who climbed up to this point in the 1970s. Inside the other canister was written the names of some others who signed in early 1991. Their names are not unfamiliar, and have previously appeared in this newsletter: Raoul Mocho, Popeye Iacocca, and Eddie the Eagle. A couple more groups had recorded ascents in 1993, including Bighorn Bill. But the truth must now be told: these are not real but bogus names. It was so written right in the register that they used fake names to protect their true identities, this peak being on private property. Holy imitation, Batman.

It is now obvious why so few people have climbed this summit, as recorded in the register, only eight of us in twenty years. Any approach takes one over many miles of private land, and few people probably have the luck to encounter the owner directly to get permission as we did. This makes Laveaga one of the most difficult county high points to climb. Personally, I don't expect to ever climb it again, though I am glad to have done it once. Nonetheless, I'd love to see that profusion of wild-flowers again.

Our day ended well. It was a long way back the way we came, but the prominent patches of wild-flowers kept our spirits up. We did take one detour, bagging Henrietta Peak at 3626', which involved a extra few hundred feet of elevation gain. Even so, it was probably the faster route back to Fred's car, since it was much easier to hike up and then straight down the steep grassy slopes of Henrietta than to contour around it as we had done on the way up. I estimate we did almost 4000 feet total elevation gain and hiked 10 to 15 miles total, but some were arduous since they were off-trail over difficult terrain. In all, it took us about 10 hours of steady hiking, including an hour on top, to complete the trek.

John Sarna

### HPS SOUTHLAND MOUNTAINS TOUR

MAY 7-15, 1993

Ticks, biting deerflies, stinging ants, thick brush, and low simmering heat---all these things would surely drive a MLC hiker to howling madness! However, Fred Johnson and I, assisted by stalwarts of the HPS, overcame these irritations to achieve a total of 16 HPS Peaks in a sweep of the mountains ringing the L.A. Basin.

We left Friday to drive to Temecula to join an HPS group led by Alan Coles, ably assisted by Frank Goodykoontz---possibly the most valuable Sierra Club leader there is---if you want a peak, he knows the ways! On Ca-huilla we encountered Doug Mantle on his way to 4X list completion, and also the man one peak away from completing the "Seven Summits," in addition to being the only "triple-triple" list finisher---3X on all three mountain-eering lists!

After the weekend, Fred and I started in the western Riverside County area and worked our way around to the Desert Divide, north to Big Bear, and then drove into L.A. to attend an HPS meeting. HPS'ers are very serious and dedicated, as well as being extremely fun-loving, and their management meetings are of a more formal and productive nature than any meeting that I've ever seen in the MLC.

We did one more peak in the San Gabriels, and then joined another week-end HPS outing to climb in the mountains overlooking the southern San Joaquin Valley. I am working on a 100 peaks emblem, which is represented by the most beautiful gold, blue, and white pin. 893 people to date have qualified for this emblem! When you talk Angeles Chapter, you're talking REAL PEOPLE!!! My stats for the trip were about 73 miles and 17,000' gain. PY



## HILTON LAKES SKI CAMP

MAY 1-2, 1993

Well, it gets 60 mpg and drives like a dream--no air either. I drove down U.S. 395 to meet the **Ski Mountaineers** at **Tom's Place**. The cafe was open at 6 a.m. and serves a generous plate of home fries (potatoes, onions, and bell peppers) for \$1.25.

We drove to the Hilton Creek trailhead at 7,600' and packed up the snow-covered jeep road and then up a moderate gully to reach a bench at 9,200'. The group took its lunch break while some of us dashed off to ski a nearby chute, with 10+ corn! We contoured over to camp at 9,600' when it became apparent that the group had not been sufficiently screened. We had doritos, salsa, chocolate-covered almonds, fresh bell peppers, smoked salmon and sardines for happy hour.

The next morning, only one other person besides me wanted to go for **Mt. Stanford** (12,838'), so we began at 8:30 a.m. to ski over to **Davis Lake**, and then up a drainage heading west. We soon came to a dubious section in the route, which entailed climbing up a 45-50° chute up to **Stanford Lake**. I opted to ski to 11,500' in another bowl to the right, and **Gene** took a steep traverse (he had self-arrest grip poles) to the top of the chute. I skied and waited around, and after a few hours, **Gene** amazingly skied down with "extreme technique teles," making several turns with one sliding fall. He had chosen not to go for **Stanford**, as it was an unskiable mix of talus and patchy snow, but went for a more appealing summit slope. We quickly skied down together, seeing beautiful arrays of S's made by the rest of the group lower down. We packed up camp in 40 minutes, and then followed the group's tracks out. Mushy snow caused a number of spills in trying to tele down what would have been a really nice gully. Some in the group ahead of us had decided to walk down.

On the drive home, I mentioned briefly a topic of some concern--why some persons don't use polypro or synthetic fabrics. Artificial fabrics generate hazardous wastes in production, and polypro ranks as one of the worse (the reason why Patagonia gives millions to environmental and earth causes?). However in "Reality Check," an article written by Yvon himself, it is pointed out that cotton and wool production also have adverse environmental effects.

Twenty years ago, "plastic skis" were verboten in the ski clique of the MLC. In my closet, I still have the "Sierra Club Special," Bonna Mountain skis with Silvretta cable bindings, which no one even wants now for firewood! Is there anyone out there who wants a 14 lb. pair of wooden skis with bindings accomodating rigid mountaineering boots? PY

### Special Dispatch to *The Boulder*

#### LES VIEILS ALPINISTES ONT FAIT DU SKI L'ASCENSION DU PIC PYRAMIDE

Le samedi vingt-quatre avril, au point du jour, le ciel au Sacramento fut clair. Ainsi encouragé, Les Deux Dépareillés, Albert G. et Jacques M. (Pere), prirent la resolution de faire l'ascension du Pic Pyramide. Sitôt dit, sitôt fait. Epaissses broussailles, en avant du neige, ils percerent rapidement. La neige eut ferme, et ils furent beau temps, L'ascension fut un travail facile, la descente plus facile. Albert G. ont dit, après G. J. Danton, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace." Jacques M. (Pere) ont dit, "Tout ce que brille n'est pas or."

J. M.



MT. AUGUSTA (9966'), MT. GRANT (8847')

MAY 28-31, 1993

Jim Moroney was good enough to drive his Bronco to meet the San Francisco Bay Chapter Wilderness Subcommittee/Backpacking Section outing led by SPS list finisher Vicky Hoover and Jim Catlin to climb these fairly easy peaks in the Clan Alpine Mountains north of U.S. 50 about 50 miles east of Fallon, NV.

Our group of thirteen explored Deep Canyon on the west side of the range on Friday, checking on the BLM's boundary proposal for the forthcoming wilderness. I noted two species of lizards that I had never seen so close before.

We day climbed Augusta Saturday via the War Canyon Road on the east side of the range. Vehicle tracks or old, washed out mining roads led close to the summits of the two peaks, formerly named "Grant," and "Lee." Sunday on Grant, I left a register and cans. Most of the group chose to stay at a backpack camp near Eagle Springs in Byers Canyon, also on the east side, while two of us chose to hike back to the cars.

Monday, we explored the Clan Alpine ruins, and I chose to stay at the cars due to approaching weather, a deep stream crossing, and the ever-present ticks. I nearly chucked after stuffing myself at Circus-Circus on the way home. Some of the roads or tracks we were on did not seem to fit the BLM's criteria for cherry-stemming them out of the wilderness, but the huge section in the middle deleting Railroad Ridge seemed to fit the BLM plan. PY

DICKS (9974') AND JACKS (9856') PEAKS 3X

JUNE 13, 1993

Well, I sure called enough people to see if there was any interest in this readily accessible snow climb after this winter's weather. Anna was insistent on Tohakum, and Rex was out biking, and everyone else? I guess the word for snow is "yuck!"

Starting from the new USFS trailhead at Glen Alpine Springs, I kept notes in case of some possible interest in my Tahoe Peaks Guide. The ranger at the USFS Visitor Center had told me that I wouldn't make it to Dicks Pass, and that some people had tried to hike to Gilmore Lake, with many turning around at the big stream crossing. I persisted, and jumped the swollen creek using a fallen tree trunk, and slogged up to my destination slowly. Alas, much of the south-facing Dicks Pass trail was snowbound, and my ice axe came in handy for all those steep traverses. Soon, I was climbing easy 3rd in following the ridge to my first summit. Checking for a register, I found none so placed a book and cans.

I was dubious about going over to Jacks, as it was already 2:30 p.m., but I figured that it was no good climbing one without the other, as then a repeat visit would be required. I reached Jacks in about an hour, and placed another register. I found a film can left by John Sarna with a note to write his name in a new register. I did a lot of plunge-stepping down to Half Moon Lake, as the snow was too soft for standing glissades.

I lost the trail under snow many times, but navigated sufficiently well and regained the trail for the descent back to Glen Alpine. This sure is the year for high water, as the trail was often inundated because the water bars weren't built high enough. Horsetail Falls was really going. I had my \$1.49 dinner at Carl's Jr. in Placerville, and found that I had missed a really good game in the NBA Finals.

PY

HAWKINS PEAK (10,024') 4X, THE NIPPLE (9342') 3X

JUNE 19, 1993

Assisting Anna Chaput on her OGUL list completion, and working on my own 3X, we drove to Hope Valley to do these summits. We drove up nearly to the Cal-Pine Mine and went cross-country, scouting out the routes, and placed a new register on top. We descended by a closed off track, and then drove over to a locked gate (about 7 mi. from 88) on the Blue Lakes Road. We hiked 1½ miles up the road, and headed over some snow to the SE ridge and again placed a register on the Nipple. A chewed up book to 7-91 was dried out and preserved. We had nice standing glissades coming down, and were home by dark. Total stats were 8-9 miles, 3,000' gain.

PY



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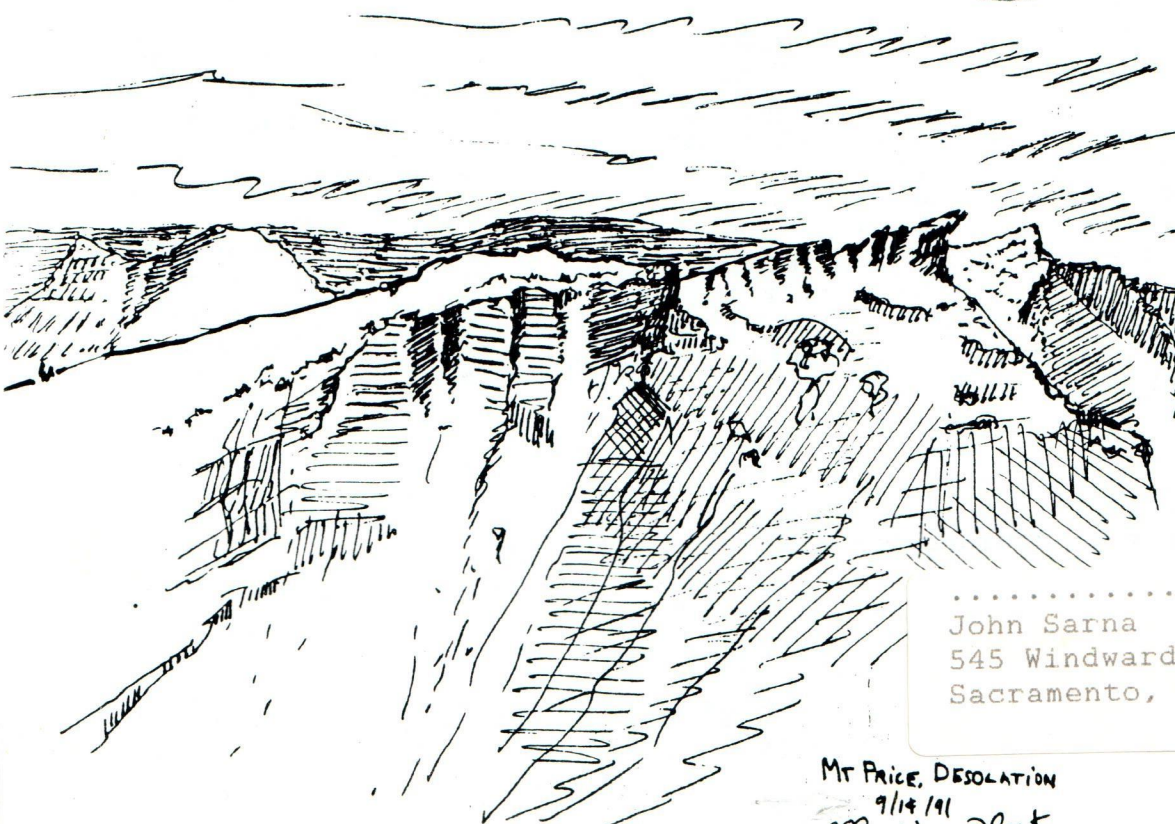
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Submittals: We encourage you to submit copy for publication. Articles,  
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Submittals will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-  
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DEADLINE: About a week before social meetings on even-numbered months.  
The next deadline is: 25 August 1993.

Boulder Editorial Committee  
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