

THE



BOULDER

motherlode chapter · sierra club

Issue No. 67 Aug - Sep 1995

Chair's Corner

So far this season has been a poor peak climbing season. I think most of the trips scheduled before the middle of July were cancelled due to snow. I know that I called numerous ranger stations trying to find a viable alternative for my July 4th backpack and ultimately had to cancel. Oh well -- what can you do about the weather?

Things seem to be picking up now that we can get into the mountains. We had a nice backpack in the White Mountains in early August, and one of our climbers was a new member of the section. We also have a number of dayhikes scheduled for the Tahoe area in the new schedule. Hopefully that will bring in a few new peak climbers.

Trip descriptions are already due for the new schedule, for October 15 through December 15. Leaders, please get trip write-ups in to me by September 4. If you would like to become a leader, and you need to do an Assistant Leader assignment, let me know and I will get you paired up with a leader.

You may have noticed that this Boulder is late. Contributed articles were scarce, to say the least. Hopefully that reflects the snow impacts on the season, and now that snow is no longer a factor the articles will start coming in to the Boulder. If you have an trip or a book or anything else that other Peak and Gorge climbers would want to hear about, please feel compelled to contribute an article.

Finally, those who like reading about the environmental movement should try Susan Zakin's *Coyotes and Town Dogs: Earth First! And The Environmental Movement*. It is about David Foreman and Earth First! in particular, and the environmental movement in general. It features histories of various skirmishes between the environmental movement and loggers, ranchers, oil companies, etc. It also features digressions into directly related subjects like the history of a particular individual, or tangentially related topics like Edward Abbey's books. Given that the author appears to be a journalist, the book is skewed in favor of Earth First! but on whole it is very entertaining and informative.

See you on the trails.

Alan Cooke

726 Adeline Place Davis, CA 95616 916/756-5083.



Calendar



Note: The outings and events listed here are items that may be of interest to our readers. They are a mixture of private trips and events of other organizations as well as Sierra Club trips. Unless noted all area codes are (916).

Sept. 9, Sat.	Level III Gorge Scramble (Sierra Club) North Fork Stanislaus River. Scramble through an alpine glaciated canyon from Ramsey Site to Sourgrass. Call Paul Plathe (209) 463-3466.
Sept. 10, Sun.	2B Day Hike (Sierra Club) Lyons Creek Trail to Lyons Lake. Meet CSUS Arboretum at 7:30am or Camino Ranger Station at 8:15am. Leader: Marilyn Jouini, 334-7293.
Sept. 15-17, Fri. - Sun.	Backpack/Peak Climb (Sierra Club) Triple Divide and Merced Peaks in Yosemite National Park. Approach from Chiquito Pass. Call Jackie Stroud, 457-6338.
Sept 16, Sat.	Mt. Mildred (Maidu Chapter, Sierra Club) From Talbot Campground. 14 miles and 2900' elevation gain. Call Mark Olson, 677-1010.

Sept 17, Sun.	Special Outing Notice: We have obtained permission to lead Jeff Davis Peak as an official Sierra Club outing. We did not receive permission in time to get it into the Bonanza so it is only being advertised in the Boulder. The trip description is provided below.
	Class 5 Peak Climb JEFF DAVIS PEAK (8990'). Climb the only Class 5 peak on the OGUL List. After an easy Gr. 1A hike to the base of this volcanic plug, we'll rope up and belay each other up some low Class 5 rock to the top. All participants must have training and experience in roped climbs, both of which can be verified by the leaders. Each climber must sign a liability waiver and pay the Sierra Club AD&D Insurance (probably \$10). Due to insurance restrictions, each climber must be a member of the Sierra Club. Personal climbing equipment will not be furnished. Each climber must bring their own climbing harness (or one properly made from slings), a locking carabiner, a belay device or 6 carabiners to make one, a helmet, and rock-climbing shoes or lug-soled boots. Call leaders for details. Leaders: Alan Cooke 916/756-5183 (Davis) & John Sama 916/363-9243.

Jan
Hazel Ave
PER

Sept. 23-24, Sat. - Sun.	Peak Climb/Backpack (Sierra Club) Mokelumne Peak (9332'). Hike in Saturday, Bag peak and pack out Sunday. For info call Bob Buckles, 624-3620.
Sept. 30, Sat.	Echo Peak (Sierra Club) 10.5 mile round trip in Desolation Wilderness, mostly on trail. Meet at CSUS Arboretum parking lot at 7:30am. John Besbekos, 729-2725.
Oct. 1, Sun.	Peak Climb (Sierra Club) Silver Peak from Noble Creek trailhead (east of Ebbetts Pass on Highway 4). 8 miles, 4,000' elevation gain. Meet Hazel Ave. park and ride in Sacramento at 7:00am. Leader: Alan Cooke (916) 756-5083 (Davis).
Oct. 7, Sat.	Cardiac Hill (Sierra Club) Short steep hike on the Maidu Trail. Meet at Roseville Square at 10:30am. Leader: Marilyn Jouini, 334-7293.
Oct. 21, Sat.	Peak Climb (Sierra Club) Snow Valley Peak (9214'). Meet at Roseville Square (Douglas & Harding) at 7:30am. Leader: Bob Buckles, 624-3620.



People with modems can E-mail trip write-ups and articles as either ASCII or UUE encoded binary files to JBDE@AOL.COM.

Congratulations to Annie Coledog for Ogul Emblem qualification!!! Alan Cooke's dog "Annie" has bagged enough Ogul List peaks to earn the coveted Ogul T- Shirt. 😊

Fred Johnson Finishes the California County High Point List

Congratulations to Fred for getting to the top of the highest point of each of California's 58 counties. Fred recently completed the list that Gary Suttle compiled for his book, California County Summits (1994) with a solo climb of Bear Mountain (6,411) on Aug 7, 1995. Bear Mtn. is the high point of Del Norte County. Rumor has it that Fred is the third person to finish this list, Gary being the first. Fred says this about his finale:

*Last Sunday I drove the 400 miles from home [Berkeley] to Doe Flat. Although it had been 94 degrees at Gasquet last Friday, chance of cooler weather was predicted. Sunday was a fine day until I left Crescent City, when the skies started to cloud up. Starting around 10:00P, it began raining, continuing through the night. Was I to be thwarted once again? Fortunately no. Luck was with me, and the rain stopped about 6:30A and the skies started to clear. I was on the trail shortly after 7:00A and proceeded to enjoy a perfectly lovely day in the Siskiyou, following the route to Devil's Punchbowl and Bear Mountain, a worthy peak indeed for my list finisher. Climbing up and down the talus/scree slope wasn't all that inspirational, but the rest of the hike was. The stay on top, with its fine views, was most rewarding. Only two people signed the register in 1994, and I was the fourth person this year. The other sign-ins didn't seem to be county high pointers. I had expected more wildflowers, but they were not at all abundant. however, I was impressed with a large group of Western pasque flowers (*Anemone occidentalis*) waving their characteristic seed plumes on the steep scree slope about half way up to the ridge. [personal communication, 8-95]*

Fred has been at this for a long time. He climbed his first county high point, Mt. San Antonio, in 1941, followed by Mt. San Jacinto and San Geronio in 1942. He climbed Mt. Whitney in 1943, Mt. Shasta in 1948, and North Palisade in 1967.

I first met Fred in 1988 on the summit of Big Pine Mtn, high point of Santa Barbara County. He was celebrating his 100th HPS peak with 25 other HPSers. A few years later, on Mayday 1993, I recall how his spontaneous reaction to a potentially irate land-owner who caught the two of us on his property enroute to the summit of LaVeaga Peak. Fred got to talking with the land-owner, and by the time they finished, he not only had given us permission to hike over his land, but had also offered us directions on the best way to get to the top of LaVeaga! In all, one couldn't ask for a better companion on any hike.

John Sarna



It was a June 17 Adventure.

Nine of us left Tragedy Springs (7900) and Highway 88 at ten o'clock. We were heading for Kirkwood. It was sunny with a few clouds in sky. Given the clear weather I wore shorts underneath my goretex pants and a cotton shirt. To protect my head and face from the sun I wore a bandanna and sweatband underneath my wide brim hat.

We skied up and down the south running ridge till the ridge bent northeast. From the high point (8400) I could see a spec that was the microweather tower on the saddle of the ridge that would provide us with access to Kirkwood. Our route to the saddle, a northwest running ridge was clearly visible. All we had to do was ski toward this ridge trying not to lose too much elevation. To the south snow covered Mokelumne Peaks appeared so close. However, the weather was changing. A cold wind was blowing and to the west a storm front with low ominous dark clouds was heading our way. I took off my cotton garments and put on a wool shirt and hat and windbreaker. I wish I had taken along the polypro under garments I left in Bruce's truck.

We skied a short distance along the ridge before having to drop 800 feet. The loss of elevation had at least one benefit. There was no wind and we proceeded to remove our cold weather clothing for something cooler. It was becoming increasingly cloudy and from time to time the sun shined on us. We skied past Hidden Lake (7700) and a couple of the summer cabins bordering the lake. From the lake we skied a drainage that would take us to the top of one of the numerous high points in the area that would give us a panoramic view of our route. Before reaching the high point we stopped for a brief lunch and again changed our clothing to something warmer.

The view from the top allowed us to see our route. However, the ceiling was falling. I could no longer see the weather tower or for that matter any of the peaks surrounding Kirkwood. The sun had disappeared. We dropped a couple of hundred feet into another drainage and contoured up and down the lower slopes of the ridge. We skied eastward and then north-northeast gaining elevation. From time to time we had to lose elevation. Finally, we reached the ridge.

The visibility was no more than 30-40 yards, if that. It was cold and the wind was blowing. All we had to do was keep on the ridge and follow it upward to the microweather tower. Skiing up you could either follow the skier in front of you or the tracks of those proceeding you. The two Marks, Bruce and Barney were in front of me. The rest of the party behind me. After a short time I could not see anyone behind me. As we skied upward we run into snowmobile tracks going in our direction. We followed the tracks and shortly met two snowmobilers. From them we learned that we were less than a mile from the tower.

Before continuing upward we regrouped. Again I was following the same people but it wasn't too long before the two Marks and Bruce disappeared into the mist. Barney and I skied alone. Thirty minutes after regrouping we reached our high point (9500). From thirty or so yards the tower was a blur in the clouds. I was glad there would be no more uphill. We had skied gained at least 2000 feet since Hidden Lake. The problem now was getting down.

Visibility was terrible; less than 30 to 40 yards. One was skiing in a world that was grayish white except for the blue or red parka wore by the skier(s) in front of you. We did not want to ski too low or we would end up skiing into the Emigrant Lake drainage. Nor did we want to ski too high and expose ourselves to the cornices on the north facing ridge we were skiing below. Within a short time our downhill routine was established. Barney lead. Each skier would follow the skier in front of them. Mark and I bought up the rear. Every 2 - 4 minutes we would regroup and start the downhill routine all over again. During one regrouping it started to rain. As Rita put on her rain pants I could only think of the polypro undergarments I had left behind. On another regrouping Mark who was skiing above me noticed that a cornice was 50 feet above him. We quickly lost elevation and contoured downhill. A few minutes later the visibility improved. We saw trees below us and then less than a quarter mile away the middle portions of the Thimble Peak Ski Lift. We were home free.

Less than an hour later we reached the Kirkwood Ski Resort and our cars. Who would have expected a ski trip like this in mid June. It had taken us seven and half hours to ski from Tragedy Springs to Kirkwood Ski Area.



AL GUTOWSKY

"Don't wander from the path."

Boundary And Montgomery Peaks, And Glass Mountain Ridge

Aug. 3 - 5, 1995

Due to the lingering snowpack I changed my scheduled trip from Mt. Goddard to Boundary and Montgomery Peaks. Both peaks are "Star" peaks on our NAS list. Boundary Peak is also the highest peak in Nevada while Montgomery Peak is one of the Desert Peak Section's (DPS) "emblem" peaks. The peaks are in the north end of the White Mountains. The peaks are sharply pointed on top and are set apart from the rest of the range by a deep canyon.

The group included Bob Buckles, John Besbekos, Anna Chaput, Henry Eggart (from Reno), and me (Alan Cooke). Bob drove since the White Mountain Ranger District Rangers said that road conditions required high clearance. Henry met us in Lee Vining on Thursday.

We approached via Fish Lake Valley in Nevada. We took CA Highway 120 to Benton, then took U.S. Highway 6 into Nevada and headed south on NV Highway 264. Roughly 14 miles south of Highway 6 we looked for two houses on the right side of the road – the first houses seen on the right. We turned right (west) onto a dirt road just north of the houses.

Suddenly Bob's Trooper stopped functioning. Henry and Bob discovered the throttle cable had come off the carburetor. They reattached the cable and we continued up the road.

The road followed Chiatovich Creek, west, towards the White Mountains. Chiatovich Creek forms an anomalous ribbon of green, water-loving brush trailing through the sage brush desert. People were camped all along the creek – fishing amid the sage brush.

After about five miles, we saw a sign saying Trail Canyon to the right, and turned right. Shortly thereafter we saw a junction the ranger hadn't mentioned. We (correctly) kept to the right since the left branch had a homemade "Dead End Road" sign on it. After passing a dam with a little pond we encountered another junction. We guessed right and were wrong. We had to backtrack and turn to the left. The road ended about a mile later.

Henry drove his BMW to within 2.5 miles of the road end. We left it parked near a cattle guard. The road had gotten too rutted for Henry's taste buds. When we reached the roadhead we saw a passenger car. Thus, with care (or craziness) a passenger car can reach the roadhead.

From the road end we backpacked up a creek almost due west towards Trail Canyon Saddle, a distance of about 2 1/2 miles and a climb of about 2000 feet of elevation. We journeyed through a marshy meadow that was completely trashed by cows. During our "spring" hike, the meadow was wet and muddy. Just walking, we kicked mud on our legs – mud laced with cow crap. Sage brush and wild roses predominated outside of the meadow, allowing us to buff our legs after the application of mud and cow flop.

We camped just below Trail Canyon Saddle. A nearby snowbank provided our water. From camp we saw three wild horses on the hill above us. They didn't run, but they watched us closely as they grazed.

We set up camp and were in bed by nightfall. Nobody slept well. Everyone spent the night sliding downhill. I used my tent so I at least had a bug-free environment. The other four spent the night fighting mosquitos.

The next morning we started hiking at about 6:30 am. We headed west to Trail Canyon Saddle then up-ridge to the south. Usage trails cover the hillside south of the saddle. We chose trails with switchbacks, to keep the grade down, but could have chosen usage trails of almost any grade.

Between the saddle and Boundary Peak you climb the northwest side of a bump at about 12,120 feet. This bump blocks the view of Boundary Peak. However, once you reach the northwest shoulder of the bump you get a beautiful view of Boundary Peak. Boundary Peak sports a jagged set of five or six volcanic points dropping off its north side. Very scenic!

The usage trail continues along the side of bump 12,120 and heads upwards towards Boundary Peak. The last quarter mile involves some rock hopping. Otherwise, the entire journey from the saddle consists of slogging through loose sand and scree. We summited at 9:45.

From Boundary Peak you can see most of the eastern High Sierras (Montgomery Peak obscures part of the range), the Sweetwater Mountains, Mount Grant, Arc Dome, Mount Jefferson, Mount Dubois and White Mountain Peak (in the White Mountains), Mono Lake and Pyramid Lake, and countless Great Basin mountain ranges. You can also see directly into the valley to the north and we watched someone, either our Armed Services or some mining operation, set off a series of explosions in the valley.

Phipps Peak

August 12, 1995

After a few phone calls and e-mails turned up nobody that wanted to visit Carson-Iceberg Wilderness, I headed there with Annie Coledog – then opted for a shorter drive. I ended up in Desolation Wilderness at the Bayview Trailhead. This was not my intended trailhead. I intended to start at the Eagle Falls Trailhead but I could not park within a mile (literally!) of the trailhead. So I started at the Bayview Trailhead. The Bayview Trailhead is reached by taking CA Highway 89 north for 7.7 miles from the intersection of Highway 89 and U.S. Highway 50 in South Lake Tahoe.

The Bayview Trailhead is at about 6800 feet elevation. The first two miles of the trail head uphill to about 8400 feet. After topping the ridge, the trail heads down to join the Eagle Lakes Trail, then continues down to the 8000 foot level at Velma Lakes. Along the way the Bayview Trail provides views of Emerald Bay, Cascade Lake, and the small but scenic Granite Lake.

After intersecting the Eagle Falls Trail the trail heads into the Velma Lakes area, passing through junctions with trails heading to Dicks Pass, Upper Velma Lake, Fontanillis Lake, and Camper Flat. Heading north as I was, the sign posts alternately read Velma Lakes, Meeks Bay, and Phipps Pass. Stay to the right at each junction.

After passing Middle Velma Lake, the trail veers away from the lakes and crosses a swampy area wherein it gets sketchy. Shortly thereafter it reaches the last major junction of interest. Again, stay to the right on the trail to Meeks Bay.

Shortly after passing the last junction Annie and I ran into six Sierra Clubbers from El Dorado County led by Mark Olsen and Barbara Manuel. After exchanging greetings we continued on up to Phipps Pass.

Phipps Pass is marked with a wooden post saying Phipps Pass. Stay on the trail a hundred feet or so north of the pass then head up the ridge to the left (west) to the summit. The ridge was a bit gnarly for Annie – I had to give her a doggie belay in a couple of the areas where the terrain fell away too steeply from some three-foot high boulders for Annie to be able to jump up. Other than that the ridge was an easy slog through sand, across a rock slab or two, and through a sparse forest.

The summit is a broken granite block. The sides have fallen away sufficiently to form easy Class 2 staircases to the top. I had to give Annie a lift, though, because the boulders provided precarious footing for dog feet (at least relative to my number 11 feet). We found four other people on the summit, bringing the number of people bagging Phipps Peak on that day to at least 12 (counting Annie).

Phipps Peak's views are constrained by Mt. Tallac and Dicks Peak to the south, Rubicon Peak to the east, and the northern Crystal Range to the west. Mt. Price, Mt. Agassiz, and Mt. Como manage to peek through a couple gaps in the surrounding ridges. Phipps Peak provides a nice view of South Lake Tahoe and Rockbound Valley.

It was a beautifully clear day for views. It was a terrible day for mosquitos! It was also a day for lost hikers. The rangers told people that there was serious snow at Phipps Pass. I met two groups looking for that snow. One group was lost and had spent two hours looking for the trail. Since it was 5:00 pm, they had 7 miles to go to the nearest trailhead, and they unprepared to spend the night, I thought they were nuts.

Total round-trip statistics: Total statistics are roughly 14 3/4 miles with total elevation gain of roughly 3,500 feet. Phipps Peak is a Class 2 peak.

Maps: Phipps Peak appears on the U.S.G.S. 7 1/2 minute *Rockbound Valley, Calif.* quadrangle. The trailhead appears on the 7 1/2 minute *Emerald Bay, Calif.* quadrangle. The U.S.G.S. 15 minute *Fallen Leaf Lake* quadrangle shows the entire trip. The U.S. Forest Service's *Desolation Wilderness* map serves well for this outing.

Alan Cooke

ICE-AXE CLIMB OF REYNOLD'S PEAK

Since the late June snows cancelled most scheduled Sierra Club outings, Bob Buckles, Jim Bily and John Besbekos decided to do a private outing snow climb of Reynolds. We drove down Hwy 89 to Hwy 4. Taking highway 4 a couple miles past the trailhead for Highland Peak we stopped at a plowed pullout. Our route was obvious, across and up the snow filled canyon.

We scrambled up the 5 ft. high snow bank and ice axes in hand set off along the sides of the gully. The traveling was fairly easy, the snow was firm enough so you didn't sink in and soft enough to kick step when necessary. We kept up a decent pace considering this was my first Sierra peak bag of the season. The angle of the snow increased as we neared the summit until finally we were on solid rock. We successfully negotiated the easy 3rd class summit block (however the exposure was a bit disconcerting to me in a couple places). Finally after two and a half hours from leaving the car, we were sitting on top, pulling out lunch from our packs.

The snow had softened considerably in the afternoon sun. As we stepped onto it from the rock, I did a short unplanned glissade as my footstep gave way. The ice axe arrest I attempted was useless as the snow was too slushy for the pick to take hold. My spreadeagled face plant proved to be sufficient to stop me. A couple more hours of uneventful downhill snow stepping returned us to the car and another Ogul List peak bagged. ----- John Besbekos

PANUM CRATER HIKE--- MONO LAKE SEA KAYAK

John Watters organized an interesting outing for the weekend of 30 June - 1 July. We would car camp in the vicinity of Mono Lake, hike around the area, and take sea-kayaks out on the water. This full adventure began on Friday night after work. One couple with an aluminum canoe, one guy with a small plastic rudderless kayak, and myself met with John W. and his 2 sea-kayaks. We decided we would rendezvous at Minden, Nevada at the traditional McDonald's / Arco gas station corner. After refueling our vehicles and downing some cheeseburgers we caravanned down to Mono Lake.

Arriving late at night we camped on the southeast side of the lake in the pine forest with a floor of volcanic ash. At around 6:30 am we were off to Navy Beach our launching point. The water was very still and glassy this early. We paddled around the tufa formations and then up the west side of the lake. Later in the afternoon the wind kicked up and the water became a little choppy. As more clouds rolled in and the water got a bit rougher we headed for shore.

After hauling the boats out of the water we headed for Panum Crater. This high point on the southwest shore is a rhyolite crater with some big blocks of obsidian. A trail led up around the rim of the crater to a highpoint overlooking the lake. As we neared the summit the wind became extremely strong. I had to cinch up the drawstring on my hat real tight. By now there were white caps on the waves in the lake. We had gotten off the water just in time. We stayed a few minutes more near the summit, watching other tourists struggling against the wind to peer over the edge. We then headed into Lee Vining for dinner.

We returned to our Mono Lake campsite and had just retired to our tents when several big wheeled 4X4 trucks came roaring up. John Watters investigated and it turns out we were in the traditional campsite of some gonzo women's kayaking group from the bay area. The next morning we did a short paddle up the other end of the lake to investigate some tufa formations there, and then headed home. We stopped in Bridgeport and the former Bodie Union Mine cafe (home of the giant Bodie Burger) had been turned into a sports bar. The end of traditional stopping place.

----- John Besbekos

CREVASSE DANGER IN THE SIERRA NEVADA ---- REALLY

I was once told **not to worry** about crevasses when climbing over snow in the Sierra, because **there aren't any glaciers in the Sierra**. Well, it's usually easy to find at least one **exception to every rule**.

Many of us, at one time or another, have found it necessary to cross a bergschrund -- that deep fissure which sometimes lies between the snow and a rockface. I didn't understand how easy it could be to fall into one of these until it actually happened a couple of years ago on a climb of Darwin. I was marching over the snow behind Oscar Balaguer, when he dropped out of sight only a few feet in front of me. I gingerly approached the spot where he'd been and looked straight down to see him sitting about 20 feet below on some gravelly scree. Luckily, he had fallen feet-first and was not hurt. Nonetheless, it was a notable lesson.

But there's also another type of crevasse in the Sierra that is less common. It is found near buildings instead of large rocks. Though never having seen one myself, I recently read a story in the *North Lake Tahoe Bonanza* on the danger of falling into one. It told of 9-year-old Seona Herail, who had come up from Corte Madera with her classmates to ski. She was staying at her parents cabin at Donner Lodge near Norden. A storm that morning had kept the kids off the slopes, but by afternoon, the skies had cleared up enough for the kids to go out and play near their cabin. Unfortunately, hidden in the powdered snow piled high against it was a narrow 20-foot crevasse, and sure enough, three kids fell in. Seona was the last to be pulled out, 10 to 15 minutes later. Since she was not breathing and had no pulse, she was given CPR. However, she never regained consciousness and was pronounced dead 2 days later.

So look out. Just after a snowfall, powder can pile up to create a very narrow crevasse near a building, and it's not a threat to take lightly.

-----John Sarna

BEAR MOUNTAIN (6,411')

August 7, 1995

A drive of just 400 miles took me from Berkeley to the Doe Flat trailhead at Siskiyou Pass (4,124') bordering the Siskiyou Wilderness. Doe Flat is approached via the Little Jones Creek Road, about 10 miles east of Gasquet on U.S. 199, just past the Patrick's Creek Resort. The first 10 miles of the road is paved; the last 5 miles well graded dirt, rough in a couple spots. There are several camp sites at Doe Flat with picnic table; no water.

Arriving at the trailhead the night of August 6, the day's fine weather turned for the worse, and it rained lightly but persistently most of the night. Luck was with me, however. The rain stopped by 6:30A, the clouds began to disappear, and the day held great promise as I started out at 7:15A. The Doe Flat trail begins at the Wilderness boundary and drops gradually 850' over 2.5 miles toward Clear Creek to meet the Devil's Punchbowl trail. Crossing Doe Creek, the trail switchbacks steeply up the hillside for about a mile, then levels out, contouring along a ridge and dropping to a creek, providing open views towards prominentg Preston Peak in back and Bear Mountain ridge ahead. In another 1.5 miles, the ducked trail took me down to a small lake, then up and into the bench that holds the beautiful unnamed 30-acre lake within the sanctuary of the impressive Devil's Punchbowl (4,700'). This gem of a lake is surrounded by cliffs over 1,000' high.

By the time I had made my way clockwise around the lake to connect with the talus slopes on the other side, it was 11:30. Then it was a bit of a "grunt," though not difficult, surmounting the talus and ever steepening scree slope to meet the Bear Mountain ridge (about 6,000'), just SE of Pt. 6,241'. About a mile farther SE loomed the prominent summit of Bear Mountain, gained by heading through chaparral to the final ridge, with more brush and deadfall. On top at 1:40P, I enjoyed the great view with Devil's Punchbowl straight down over 1,500', Preston Peak rising to the NE, and mile after mile of forested wilderness. The nesting coffee can register/NAS register book were placed by John Sarna when he, Dinesh&Joy Desai, Raoul Mocho, and Peter Rosmarin climbed Bear Mountain 10-2-93. There were only two sign-ins in '94; I was the fifth this year.

I retraced my steps slowly, returning to the car at 8:30. A rewarding day-about 15 miles r.t., 4,200' gain. Bear Mountain and the Devil's Punchbowl have much to offer any peakbagger. In addition, for me, the Del Norte County high point lies within a few yards of the top, and it became my final CA county summit. I had climbed my first one, Mt. San Antonio in Los Angeles County, in 1941.

Fred Johnson

SOUTH WARNER WILDERNESS: SQUAW PEAK (8,646') August 19-20, 1995
WARREN PEAK (9,710')
EMERSON PEAK (8,989')

Last August I made my first visit to the Warner Mountains in north-eastern Modoc County to climb Eagle Peak (9,842'), the county high point, with Pete Yamagata. I decided to return this year to see more of this appealing mountain range. The Warners are relatively unvisited and surely deserve more attention.

I had considered an overnight backpack along the Summit Trail to Patterson Lake (9,000') with climbs of SQUAW PEAK and WARREN PEAK. However, on further study, I decided to do the two peaks as a day hike. I started at 6:50A on Aug 19 from the Pepperdine trailhead and north end of the Summit Trail, which runs 22.5 miles south along the scenic crest of the South Warners to Patterson C.G. Pepperdine is 29 miles east of Alturas on paved ($\frac{1}{2}$) and good gravel ($\frac{1}{2}$) road called (but not signed) the Parker Creek Road (County Rd 56 and NF 31).

The trail soon leaves the forest, emerging into open country with views west across the Modoc Plateau and snow-clad Mt. Shasta looming in the distance. Also visible, but not as dramatically, is Lassen Peak to the southwest. In about 2 miles is the junction with the Squaw Peak Trail, where sweeping views of the Surprise Valley and the Nevada mountains appear to the east. I followed this trail to a point a few hundred feet below Squaw Peak, then headed up to the summit. The white PVC pipe register and original book, just now filling up, were placed 7-10-82 by Howard Steidtmann and Harry Erl. Rex Smith and Boris&Camille Nahlovsky had signed in on 9-9-89.

I strolled the short distance down the southwest slope of Squaw Peak to rejoin the Summit Trail. After a couple miles along the open crest, the trail climbs into forest, past shallow but attractive Cottonwood Lake, and soon thereafter arrives at Patterson Lake, a real alpine gem beneath the 700-foot cliffs of Warren Peak. Good camping is available in what must be the premier spot in the South Warners. From the lake, the trail climbs to Warren's east ridge, which is followed X-C along its crest or just below on the south, bypassing an imposing gendarme and encountering a couple of Class 2 passages. The views down the precipitous north face of the peak are quite impressive. A perfect day to be aloft. Great views to everywhere. Another PVC pipe register. The original book is gone. Quite a few visitors. Rex, Boris&Camille were there 9-9-89. After savoring my half hour on Warren, I retraced my steps to the Summit Trail, returning to Pepperdine (6,900') at 5:20P after a 14-mile day.

On Aug 20 I left Patterson C.G. (7,200'), 24 miles east of Likely via Jess Valley & Blue Lake Rds. The Summit Trail rises out of the forest into the open at about 8,000', continuing north and fairly level. EMERSON PEAK does not have a commanding presence, being a high bump on a long ridge above the Summit Trail. I just picked a random point to leave the trail, headed up through the trees and then open sagebrush to the top of Emerson. Though an unimposing peak, it offers great views, particularly of Shasta, Lassen, the Modoc Plateau, Eagle Peak, and Surprise Valley with its Alkali Lakes. Another PVC pipe register. Rex, Boris&Camille signed in 9-10-89. Emerson is not a great peak, but provides quick, easy access (7-8 miles r.t.) to this worthwhile wilderness area. I encourage all mountain lovers and peak baggers to go to the SOUTH WARNER WILDERNESS.

Fred Johnson

From Boundary Peak, the ridge to Montgomery Peak looks gnarly. The ridge is narrow and the terrain falls away steeply on both sides. Three rocky bumps give the ridge a sinister appearance. I gave everyone the option of waiting on Boundary Peak while we crossed the ridge and returned. Nobody wanted to stay so we all headed across to Montgomery Peak.

The ridge was difficult but not as bad as it looked. We climbed over the first bump. (Class 2.) This put us in the middle of the ridge where someone had build a cairn to mark the state border. We then tried skirting the second rocky bump on its eastern side before simply climbing up and over it. A usage trail appeared to go around this bump, but the trail disappeared beneath two snow banks that we clearly were not going to cross without gear. On the eastern side, getting to the top of the bump approached Class 3 climbing. The third bump formed a nice stair case leading to the summit of Montgomery Peak. We were on top by 11:45.

The view from Montgomery Peak was comparable to Boundary Peak's view except that the Sierras are unobscured. I looked for a peak register and couldn't find one. When John reached the summit, he bent over and pulled the register out of a rock pile two feet from my feet.

The return trip was much easier. We actually improved on our original route across the ridge and were almost able to simply walk across the obstacles that had approached third class climbing on the earlier crossing. We walked off Boundary Peak, packed up, and headed down.

Our return trip across the meadow was more adventurous – we waded a boot-top-depth swamp. Back at the road end we found a new Registration Box to sign in for wilderness travel. If the box existed when we passed through heading towards the peaks, nobody saw it.

When we reached Bob's Trooper, we found that someone had written in the dust on the windows: "Move the BMW. Cattle Drive 6:00 AM Tomorrow." It looked like they put a date on it saying 8-5 but that was unclear. We then realized that Henry's BMW was parked in the spot where they would drive cows around the cattle guard.

Driving out, we had to stop to allow a large family to move their picnic off the road near the pond. A little farther we found that the BMW was still there and without cow-horn holes.

Saturday we climbed Glass Mountain, a peak that dominates the eastern horizon along Highway 395 near Crowley Lake. Glass Mountain Ridge is an 11,340 foot peak listed by the DPS but not us. We approached from the east via the 11-mile, excellent dirt, Sawmill Meadow Road.

The route up Glass Mountain starts at Sawmill Meadow. Reviewing the map and our compasses, we decided to go cross country due west. From the meadow, we could see a false summit, behind which according to the map, was the peak. Ultimately, by taking the path of least resistance, we ended up in a bowl formed by the ridge and had to slog up and down around the bowl to reach the base of the peak. From there we headed directly up through scree and sand and were on top by 12:30, a journey of about 2 1/2 hours.

The view was grand. We looked straight across at Banner and Ritter Peaks. You can practically count the individual Minarets! The rest of the Sierras were equally spectacular.

Saturday, our only difficulty was gas supply. Neither Bob nor Henry fueled up in Lee Vining on Friday night and both ran low on gas. The situation made me resolve, as a leader, to command drivers to pay more attention to gas supplies on future trips.

It is spring in the mountains so we got a spring flower display. On Boundary Peak we saw columbine, lupine, Indian Paintbrush, buckwheat, alpine gold, and numerous flowering cushion plants. On Glass Mountain we saw mainly lupine, phlox, Davidsons Penstemon, and cushion plants.

Alan Cooke

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Boulder Editorial Committee
C/O John Besbekos
P.O. Box 417415
Sacramento, CA 95841



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John Sarna
9556 Appalachian Drive
Sacramento, CA 95827-1109

