

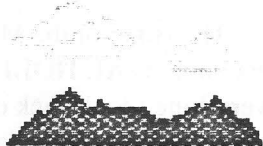
Hiking Horizons

"Taking you to new heights"

A Publication For Adventure Hikers of the San Diego Peaks Club

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JULY-AUGUST 1995



Views from the Top

FLASH!!! A NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE WITHOUT

MARK ADRIAN!!! Nineteen thrillseekers took to the rafts on the upper Kern River June 3-4. The flow rate of the river was more than double of what we experienced two years ago. It made for some adrenalinized rafting. Staying onboard can be tricky and the first two trips went well. By the third trip of the day I was still dry and getting cocky. My feet were wedged in but...er... I fell out at the first rapid. Ooo, the water was cold and the voice falsetto, even with a full wetsuit. After what must have been a decade they plopped me back on the raft. It couldn't have been ten seconds later when we hit another hole. Yowee! In again. This time I was able to grab the siderope as I fell out, but it was still another decade before they reeled me in. However we were still in the rapids and they were having trouble steering the raft with me dragging alongside. Thank God, they finally pulled me in the second time. But, about five seconds later, you guessed it, aaaaahhhh!!!! This was the monster hole and five of the seven rafters fell out as once again I managed to grab the siderope. Falling in might have started feeling like a baptism, three

MEDICAL CURE SAVES PRESIDENT!

I am finally on the road to recovery from my plantar fasciitis (an inflammation of the bottom of the foot) after eight months. It's a story that points to the sad state of western medicine in dealing with foot problems.

My problem began last year around Thanksgiving. The pain was slight at the time and I didn't pay much attention to it until January. After a visit to the MD it seemed to disappear and I went orienteering at the Valentine's meet in February. Big mistake. I not only reinjured the plantar fascia, but I created a secondary injury. It has been this secondary injury that has caused a ton of pain. Enter a surgeon whose specialty is the foot. He injected my foot with steroids and gave me a brace to wear at night. The brace helped quite a bit. The injection didn't. Exit western medicine. Enter Sue Frosolone, acupuncturist.

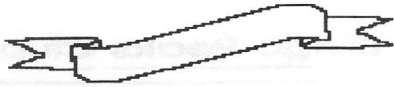
Sue had helped me with plantar fasciitis on my other foot three years ago. At the end of the second visit my pain had vanished. It took three visits to cure me of 24 hour-a-day migraines. Mark Adrian had a nagging back pain for six months. Six visits to Sue cured the problem. Sue's husband, Chuck, was one of San Diego's finest trauma surgeons for six years before deciding to switch to plastic surgery three years ago. They went to New York for Chuck's plastics residency. What a delight to hear that Sue was in town again!

It took seven visits this time, because of the secondary complication. Meanwhile, my medical plan has denied physical therapy to me. Thank God for eastern medicine, because western medicine sure failed me. Sue's number is 222-1416. She is located in Point Loma.

In this issue

Hiker of the Month.....	2
<i>Champion Leader</i>	
Foot Notes.....	3-5
<i>Mark Adrian's latest tale of survival</i>	
Calendar of Events	6-7
<i>San Jacinto dayhike and Gorgonio backpack</i>	
More Foot Notes.....	8-11
<i>Pichaco del Diablo and Hellhole--Names to Inspire</i>	

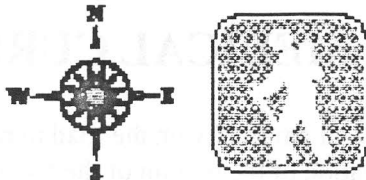
HIKER OF THE MONTH



The Hiker of the Month for July is **CHRIS LANDA**. See last issue.

The **ADVENTURERS** of the month for August are **PAUL FREIMAN** and **VOYTEK NAJGRODSKI** for their skill at falling out of the raft. I already told you my story in the View

from the Top column, but I have not described what hapen to Voytek. First of all, he was the only one to exit a raft on the first run. Second, he was the first one to get poison oak. Third, on the last run of



Sunday we hit a hole causing us to lunge forward, the guide flew over and landed on us, Voytek smashed his face into the noggin

of the guy in front, and Voytek ended up with a bloody nose. To recap, (1) overboard, (2) poison oak, and (3) bloody nose.

The Hiker of the Month for September is **AL HOLDEN**. Every June I look back over the year and see who has lead the finest set of hikes. Every year Al gets the award. He leds Monday hikes, Wednesday hikes, day hikes, backpacks, everything and to very fine places. Thank you, Al.

Raft continued

times in and out, but I was staring at a rapidly approaching rock aptly named "Tombstone." Without hesitation I jettisoned into a nearby eddy. Making it to shore, I climbed onto higher ground and worked my way downstream to where they could pick me up. Only one problem with that, I'm highly allergic to poison oak and walked face first into some.

My ol' bicycle-racing buddy, Ralph Elliot, fell out also and when *he* made it to shore realized the river had stripped him of his suit!

Speaking of poison oak, I'm itching to go rafting again. We could go in August when the water level is down. Anyone interested? (*Don't push your luck, husband. We'll need you for the fall harvest.—Ed.*)

Membership has been exploding. We are now up to 134 members. Welcome new

members Wendy Ricker, Mary Miller, Lou Scanlon, Yang Su Bland, Betsy Horgan, Dennis Grant, Aras Kriauciunas, Bill Kerr, Al Brenner, Jan Mask, Carol Snyder, Greg Anderson, Debbie Liang, Sue Holloway, Alice Dulgeroff and Kathy Slocum.

DON'T FORGET: DUES WERE DUE JUNE 1. A few of you have been forgetful!

We have a nice line-up of summer hikes. Summer, however, means trips to the Sierras and family trips, so we are a little thinner on our scheduling than usual. Let's spring ahead of summer and talk about the fall. We have great things planned! Jerry Higgins has requested an Aqua Tibia loop backpack (see Schad, old edition, p.92). In early or middle of October we are doing something which hasn't been done by a hiking group before; ie. to hike from Lower Willows in Coyote Canyon to Indianhead on an old Indian trail. October 28th will feature the Outlaw trail and its 8,000 feet of gain as we jointly hike with the DPS, and in November we will do a Recluse Springs backpack and visit some Pinto Canyon petroglyphs.

Live-in volunteers sought for parks

The County Department of Parks and Recreation is looking for live-in volunteers to help operate its parks, campgrounds and preserves.

Volunteers need a recreational vehicle. In exchange for working 20 hours a week, they will receive a free pad and utilities.

Duties range from maintenance to public relations.

Positions are open in seven locations: Felicita Park in Escondido; Lake Morena Park in Campo; Los Peñasquitos Canyon Preserve in San Diego; Mount Gower Open Space Preserve in Ramona; Pine Valley Park in Pine Valley; Potrero Park in Potrero; and Sweetwater Summit Campground in Bonita.

Applications are available by calling the county parks volunteer coordinator at 694-3044.

UNION-TRI-BUNE
6/6/95



TRAIL TREATS

(trailside chat)

Member **PAUL COHEN** and a few of his friends decided to spend the night on Morena Butte. Excellent choice. The view from the full moon they were expecting was ruined by rain, but they had a better view in the morning...snow! Six inches of snow at 3900 feet! (April)

We have another order for over 222 topo maps from the USGS. The total number of maps for both orders is now 885 maps. **WOW. SDPC MEMBERS HAVE SAVED BETWEEN \$1500-\$3000.**

The county supervisors, led by Dianne Jacobs and Bill Horn, voted to recommend the **SAN DIEGUITO RIVER PARK** be severely restricted in area. Only Supervisor Ron Roberts voted to maintain the Park as is. I thank him for doing so. Even Supervisor Pam Slater, a director of the River Park, voted with the majority to drastically reduce the Park's size by stopping planning east of I-15.

I would like to congratulate the Poway city council and the youth conservation corp for building the **IRON MOUNTAIN** trail system. Citizens appreciate the trail and use it by the hundreds daily! I'm serious, between 500 and 1000 people use it daily. One family had three generations using the trail. For those of you who haven't been there, go to the junction of highway 67 and Poway Road and follow the stream of people. It's hot this time of year, so make it a morning or an evening trip. It takes me 1 hour to reach the top. The signs say 3.5 miles to the top. It is probably slightly more than 3 miles, not 3.5. I would suggest planning to spend 4 hours RT, because you will want to see the wonderful views from the top. Someone even took a telescope to the top for your viewing pleasure. I wish Supervisor Dianne Jacobs could see the joy this little section of open space brings to people. (Kids, a lemonade stand be do big business here!)

I would also like to thank member **MIKE FRY** again for

continued on page 4



Foot Notes

Another near-death experience with Mark

April 13-16, 1995

Richard Carey planned this trip several months ago, but we were still anxious because of the forecasted warm weather. Nevertheless, we made the commitment and headed towards Ajo, AZ, Wednesday evening, April 12, 1995. Our caravan of four vehicles rendezvoused just off the Bates Well Road S of Ajo late Wednesday evening. Included in the group were myself, Charles Hummel, and Judy Ware in Carol Snyder's truck, Gail Hanna in Richard Carey's truck, Ken Olson alone, and Dave Jurasevich from LA. Thursday morning, we drove about thirty miles S to Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument headquarters. There, we each purchased \$4.00/vehicle permits to drive the Monument's dirt roads. As it turns out, you can write/call ahead to obtain these permits, which would have expedited events for those in our group continuing down Bates Well road at the N end of the Monument. Write ahead to:

Susan Hughes, Fee Collection Supervisor
Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument
Route 1, Box 10
Ajo, AZ 85321

or, call 520-387-6849 (note new area code for that area). Permits are \$4.00 for seven days. Make checks payable to National Park Service.

Everyone except Dave and me drove back N to Bates Well road to climb DPS's Kino Peak. Dave and I proceeded E from the visitor center along Ajo Mountain Drive to do a morning climb to the highpoint of the Diablo Mountains, an unnamed peak at 3372' just SW of the Ajo Range. This was a warm but short hike with some easy Class 3 moves en route. The views were sentimental for me as I recalled my first-ever bivvy on nearby Ajo Mountain with Rheta Schoeneman a couple of years ago. The register had few entries and was placed in 1988 by none other than Gordon

continued on page 4

Trail Treats continued

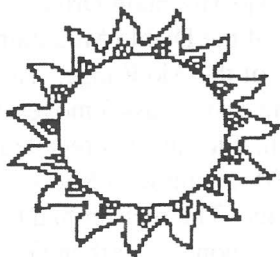
the Fry trail on the north side of Mt Woodson. It takes me 2 hours to hike up the road to the towers, then down the backside toward Poway Lakes until the intersection of Fry trail is reached, and back to the car. See Schad, *Afoot and Afield in San Diego County* for more info on either Woodson or Iron Mountain, or give me a call.

Guess what happened to **AL HOLDEN'S** hike scheduled for the **FOUR DAYS BEFORE SUMMER**. It was **SNOWED OUT!** They got up to Humber Park in Idyllwild and canceled the hike, instead doing a trip at a lower elevation. There was snow to 5500 feet. Three days before Al led a group from the tram to Humber Park and there was no sign of snow.

Good news. **TERRI ASTLE** has agreed to lead some PCT trail hikes in San Diego county in February and March.

I would like to remind members that my **INTERNET** address is pfreiman@ucsd.edu or hikerpaul@aol.com.

THANK YOU'S to Mark Adrian, Gail Hanna, Mary Mitts, Bob Pinsker and John Strauch for contributing to the newsletter... and, of course, a big thank you to my wife, the editor.



Foot Notes continued

Macleod and Barbara Lilly. From here we headed back to lunch at the picnic ground near the visitor center before climbing Pinkley Peak (See Beth Davis' article in Issue 23.—PF). Meanwhile, the others had gotten a 10:40 AM start (not too early) on Kino Peak.

After lunch, we drove N from the visitor center on Puerto Blanco Drive to climb 3145' Pinkley Peak, the highpoint of the Puerto Blanco Mountains. This was a very warm two hour (up) hike mainly on loose volcanic tuff with a few low Class 3 moves near the summit. The views towards the Ajo Range and the vast expanses of S AZ and northern Sonora, Mexico, are great. There was a good pipe register on top with many entries. We were able to make radio contact at 2 PM with Richard et. al., who were still en route to Kino's summit. We concluded we wouldn't see them until late that night. After a short break, we headed back to Dave's truck and completed the forty mile Puerto Blanco Drive which terminates near Lukeville, AZ. We decided to stay at a border campground on the U.S. side (in Lukeville, AZ) and wait for the group to show up later that night, which they did about 10 PM.

Friday morning we were all up early with anticipation of climbing Cerro Cubabi peak, just S of Sonoyta, MX. Unfortunately, Dave went to scout the drive in and encountered gates on private property. Furthermore, we "discovered" the summit was populated with antennas. Nevertheless, the peak still presents a formidable challenge, but the political boundaries were too intimidating. Still resilient, and armed with good topos provided by Richard, we "found" another small range that looked intriguing - the Sierra Cipriano, located in what my AAA map calls Parque Natural de Gran Desierto del Pinacate. So, we drove SW on MX 8 about fifteen or so miles from Sonoyta and found a good dirt access road to the W side of this small but intense range. Again, another warm, steamy day made this a slow but adventurous 1.5 hour hike to the 870m highpoint/summit. Baja mountains never cease to amaze me with

their ruggedness, and the Ciprianos were no exception. It was a beautiful hike with many flowers and dry waterfalls with the Gulf of California revealed as a thin sliver of blue on the western horizon. There was no register on top, but a variety of trash on the summit revealed we weren't the first climbers there. Also, from this vantage summit, we had a startling view to the SW of the Sierra San Francisco range, which looked even more awesome, albeit 200' lower. We left a register and proceeded back to the trucks and headed to the ranger's station for Parque Provincial Sierra del Pinacate. There, we picked up a park questionnaire and Charles, fluent in Spanish, chatted with the Ranger. She mentioned the Park was attempting to rehabilitate several of the campgrounds and recommended we camp off the road near the Sierra Suvuk, rather than at road's end at the Red Cone. Although she wasn't "strict" in her request and there were no warning signs or patrols, we complied with the request and found a great camp in a black sand wash. That evening, Dave, Ken and I decided to climb the 810m highpoint of the Sierra San Francisco on Saturday morning, rather than re-climb Pinacate (which, buy the way, means "small black bug").

Again, we were up early (6 AM) in the morning and after sharing Dave's three-day-old apple pastries, we were off, headed into the great unknown towards the Sierra San Francisco, SE of the Sierra del Pinacate. A twelve mile good dirt road heading S off of MX 8 led us into the "heart" of these mountains, where we found a two mile, faint dirt road/trail, which took us to the eastern base of the highpoint and a 1600' gain scramble up a rocky/bouldery wash. Some of the foliage in this

wash, to me, was downright stinky, although Ken thought it was an appealing scent. On the ascent I thought the stench was making me nauseous. It was a demanding two hour climb through lots of brush and bouldering with some mild Class 3 near the summit. On top, it was windy and a bit cold due to a high cloud cover. We were surprised to find Mexican BM "FRANCO" and NO register. This is the kind of peak I live for — remote, lonely, desolate, intimidating, no register and awesome views of RAW desert. Oddly, on top, I wasn't thirsty, nor was I feeling hungry. I took a couple of pictures and we left a register. About half way down the wash, I felt myself becoming weak and tired, stopping often for water and rest. I also noticed Dave slowing down a bit too, not to mention he asked me to lead the descent. By the time I reached the truck I was so tired I could barely stand up. I became suspicious, because this was out of character for me. Initially I attributed it to an early rise, but Dave started complaining of fatigue, nausea and chills too. OH BOY! what was going on? By the time we returned to Sonoita, I knew I was sick with something and had a fever. Dave felt wretched too, so he took off for home (10.5 hour drive back to LA), while I switched over to Ken's truck to head back W to meet the rest of the group after their ascent of Cerro del Pinacate. I barely had enough energy to sit up in Ken's truck as he toured through Sonoita looking for a quick meal. Meanwhile, my now-empty and nauseated stomach was growling at even the slightest mention (or smell) of food. I just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Finally, Ken got his food and we headed W on MX 2 to scout for the campsight at Sierra Hornaday in the northern part of Pinacate Park. By the time Ken and I found the road and the campsight, my digital first-aid thermometer revealed my temperature at 101.6 F. OK, I was definitely sick, no doubt. Dave and I concluded we had gotten food poisoning from his three-day-old apple pastries (E. Coli) I felt like s**t! (Actually, it was most likely Staph aureus, less likely Salmonella. But we appreciate the scat(tered) humor anyway, Mark.—Ed., RN) Ken let me snooze in his camper until Carol et. al. arrived from their ascent of Cerro Pinacate with my sleeping bag and I crawled to bed about 7 PM Saturday night.

After a good night's sleep, I awoke Sunday morning with my temperature back to normal, but still with a queasy stomach, poor appetite, and fatigue. Fortunately, the group decided to explore a couple of volcano craters that morning before driving home, rather than climbing a peak. We returned to MX 2 about noon, before continuing west with several vehicles now dangerously low on gas. Generously, Ken let Carol siphon a couple of gallons of fuel, but then Ken ran too low and we found a "local" who sold him \$10 worth to get him back to San Luis

where he and Carol refueled at a Pemex. From San Luis, Richard and Ken took off for home via Andrade (border crossing W of Winterhaven, CA), while the rest of us stopped for Chinese food which I was able to keep down. About 3:30 PM we left San Luis proceeding W on MX 2 weeding our way to Andrade, passing a toll station just E of the Colorado River crossing where the Mexican states change from Sonora to Baja CA and we paid a \$1.00 road toll. Andrade has a small, two lane boarder crossing. San Luis may be bigger, or at least would save you the \$1.00 road toll. Again, we stopped in El Centro to fuel Carol's "Mountain Horse" (actually, it's a 5,000 lb Toyota Land Cruiser), before plowing through the Easter Day snow storm on I-8 through the Lagunas. It's now Tuesday and I feel mostly better, but spent all day Monday in bed with an achy stomach. I've never had food poisoning like that before, but Dave told me it was "mild" compared to what could have been. Nevertheless, we got some awesome peaks in the bag and saw many new sights that need further exploration.

Mark

Yet ANOTHER near-death experience by Mark

I plucked this report off the internet as Mark is informing his e-mail buddies—Paul

HEY Dudes! I'm still here, just got back from a 12 day peakathon :
6-18-95 : Did a 16.5 hour death march in relentless, thick, hideous *&^%!!!ing brush up HPS's Hildreth. We started at 7:45 AM from Caliente Hot Springs, and unfortunately took a wrong (less than perfect) brush smothered ridgeline. After several hours, I decided this was futile, so we dropped off the ridge via some class three cliffs into a canyon and up through more brush to another (cleaner looking) ridge that led to a fire road. We arrived, out of water, at the summit, near 5 PM, with 4+ hours of daylight left. We came back down the undulating fire road to the brush covered ridge and decided to take a "easier looking" drainage back to the main river valley we had approached in on. This drainage supplied us with much needed drinking water and more moderate brush as we followed the water course and fresh bear paw tracks on the descent. About 8 PM I thought we were almost out of it all only to discover we had come upon a 200+ foot vertical waterfall. So, we had to upclimb to another ridgeline and follow it down, paralleling the waterfall's route, descending down to the main river's drainage canyon about 9 PM, totally in the dark, no moon and no trail. It took us three hours using all our map, compass and altimeter skills (note that Terry had left his brand new GPS at home) combined with level-headed deliberations and terrain analysis to find our way back

continued on page 8

