



# **BOULDER**

**motherlode chapter-sierra club**

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1985 ISSUE #11

## EDITOR'S NOTE

With many away on summer vacations there has seemed to be a lessening in Peak and Gorge activities aside from the usual weekend outings. Perhaps, this is a good time to simply rest and put aside strenuous climbing, which began for me early this spring. But then, the spirit weakens, and with it the strength that derives so much of its power from being "up there."

That is a function of this newsletter--to convey the energy that wilderness provides to the soul down to those that cannot escape from the steady pressures of work and business. The stories will remind us who can relate them to better times--high up on a spectacular mountain or camped by flowing streams and verdant meadows, far, far away from the troubles and stress somehow interconnected with big city living.

Then there are pressures, weak and enjoyable from the publication of this news-sheet. Deadlines have to be met, work spent trying to rush articles, then the mundane business of getting a good copy to the photocopiers. But these tasks bring joy--a flow of the happiness that wells out of the peace and serenity of the wild places that we so dearly love. Such is my position on having volunteered for this committee position; to control and edit the best that we can bring to you, the reader.

It brings so much gladness to receive my newsletters from the Angeles peak sections eagerly anticipating the latest stories, to see a trip written up that I had attended or to get a good description of that peak climb that has waited so long on my list of goals. The jokes and cartoons create a knowing laughter, related or not to the business of climbing news. I also anxiously anticipate the various outings schedules that I subscribe to--perhaps a trip that I always wanted to do or some new variant on a standard climb or hike. Adventure has such varied shapes and forms; it is absolutely infinite with endless permutations and combinations as is the universe open for exploration. I certainly hope that you, the reader, will gain as much as I derive from the mailing and reading of this paper, and the other newsletters from other chapters.

## CALENDAR

- SEPTEMBER 17 TUES PEAK AND GORGE meeting at the home of Janet Wolfe, 10421 Ambassador Drive, Rancho Cordova, 7:30 p.m. Bring ten slides to share at this end-of-summer get-together.
- SEPTEMBER 29 SUN ROCKCLIMBING PRACTICE AND REVIEW. Mountaineering rockcraft and rope management will be emphasized. Open to all. Leader: Doug Joy, 443-7564.
- NOVEMBER 10 Chapter deadline for trip write-ups for the winter outings schedule which will cover the period from Dec. 15, 1985 to March 15, 1986. Send write-ups (preferably typed and double-spaced) somewhat before this to the Peak and Gorge Chair. Leaders must have completed first aid basic training and attended the chapter's outings leadership training class.

## PAINTINGS OF THE AMERICAN RIVER PARKWAY

Sacramento isn't a city typically associated with beautiful scenery. To most people it is just another maze of asphalt and concrete, but meandering through its blocky core is an intimate scenic wonder-the American River Parkway.

Local artist, Janet Tarjan Erl, has captured some of the intimate scenes along the Parkway. Her watercolors are detailed representations of the various riparian habitats typical of this Sacramento Valley river.

Janet's paintings will be on display at the Effie Yeaw Nature Center, Ancil Hoffman Park, 6700 Tarshes Dr., Carmichael. In conjunction with Janet's work will be a showing of student artworks done under the tutelage of Sacramento artist, Ellen Van Fleet.

A reception for the artist's will be held Sat., Sept. 7th from 5-7pm. This event will also be the official commemoration of the Effie Yeaw Nature Center's new Riparian Habitat And Fisheries Exhibit. The public is invited to attend. The artworks will be on display through September.

The Kearsarge Pinnacles form an impressive view here sighted from the Kearsarge Pass trail. A full traverse has been made; each of the pinnacles forms a separate challenge of at least third class difficulty.



NORTH AMERICA'S FINEST DESERT PEAK  
March 3-6, 1985

by Howard Steidtmann

Suddenly I was awakened by a shrill gust of cool mountain air which had blown down inside my sleeping bag. This was no problem, I just simply needed to cinch down my down bag's hood, readjust my down jacket over my head and relax back into that perfect comatose state. Although steps one and two were quickly accomplished, step three was aborted by the all too familiar tinkling sound of rain drops splattering on ripstop nylon. Tearing my head out of my sleeping bag in order to view the sky, I was amazed to see that the clear blue sky at dusk had become a swirling mass of cumulus half-lighted by the full moon. Cursing at Odin while climbing out of my warm den, I grabbed my leak-tex bivy sack and stuffed all my exposed belongings, including myself, into it. The rain picked up momentum, and I heard Paul Reeves, my climbing compadre for this lunny trip, crawl into the Toyota pickup's miniature sized cab. Six hours of waiting for the first leak followed, during which time the thirsty desert received one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch of rain.

The morning dawned crisp and clear with fresh snow on the high ridges above us. Our goal, still firmly fixed in our minds, was the summit of Baja California's highest and possibly most spectacular peak - El Pichaco del Diablo. Ever since I first heard about the fine, mid-1970 Peak and Gorge outing into this beautifully rugged region, I have wanted to climb this devilish peak. My insane desire was easily imparted upon a climbing buddy of mine at school and before spring break could officially arrive, we were on the road. Such was the course of events that caused us to drive from Golden, Colorado, to some non-descript desert south of the border. Thus with 1500 miles and several Big Gulps behind us, we began the climb.

Once we had reached the mouth of Canon del Diablo after a short desert hike, we changed from boots to tennis shoes and charged upstream in search of the infamous entrance waterfall. Ahh... the entrance waterfall - a major obstacle, rugged, difficult, requires direct aid, even a ladder - such were the reports we had heard. The truth is that the fall is approximately four feet high, and falls into a pool of water roughly ten feet in diameter and six feet deep. The fall lies on a right angle bend in the creek, with the outside of the bend being formed by vertical and over-hanging cliffs. The inside of the bend is the weak point, a smooth 60 degree slab of granite. A steel cable is anchored at the top of this slab, which the climber ascends for fifteen feet and then pendulums towards the creek, thus reaching the top of the fall. Having completed this maneuver without even stopping to think about it, we both paused at the top just long enough to grin at each other and then proceeded to meet the rest of the canyon's obstacles.

The sun had passed, and we were separated and lost. I was dogging it the last few miles to base camp after the gorge work was done and we had switched back to long pants and boots, when I accidentally passed Paul on the inside of a bend in the stream without either of us knowing it. While I struggled to catch up, he had turned around and was looking for me down canyon. After a while, I was pretty sure of what had happened, but I kept struggling up the canyon trying to find Smatko camp. My wet socks and tennis shoes were starting to freeze as the night set in, and I heard Paul yelling for me down canyon. We regrouped and decided to crash for the night at the next possible place, continuing our search for Smatko camp (which I felt we had passed), Campo Noche and the route to the summit the next day.

Waking up the next morning, I could hardly walk. While scrambling through the brush on the previous evening, I had been stabbed by a broad-bladed cactus type plant, which had long, sharp, hard spikes on the ends of its leaves, in the back of the leg directly behind my knee cap (I have since been told that it was the plant that is used to make Tequilla.). The effect of this stabbing was a profound stiffening of my knee joint and calf muscle. Not being the type of person who would let a little pain stand in the way of a fine summit, I climbed out of the sack and built a fire to drive the chill out of the morning air. Paul was quick to stir, and we: discussed plans, looked at maps, and waited for the sun to reach us. The sun warmed us at 9:30 a.m., and we hiked off in search of the night wash.

**DON'T CANCEL THAT SUBSCRIPTION !!!**

Tune in to the Boulder's next issue for the dramatic conclusion of "The Devil buys Tequilla shots for all".

#### TRIP REVIEW

RED SLATE (13, 163')

JUNE 29-30, 1985

We met Saturday morning at 9:00 AM at the new overnite parking area at Convict Lake. There were seven of us; six were going to try to climb the peak and one was a basecamper. The hike up Convict Creek was relatively easy and we reached the shores of Mildred Lake by One for lunch. Afterward we followed the trail to and around the shore of Lake Dorothy before we took the first trail heading southeast and, instead of arriving at Bighorn Lake, we found ourselves at Lake Wit-so-nah-pak where we set up our basecamp. It was only 3:30 in the afternoon.

There are numerous camp sites along the lake and the view to the south encompassed our final destination, Red Slate. The view included not only the long snow couloir to the summit but also our class 1-2 route up the snow field to the saddle in the northwest summit ridge.

After spending a windy night in our tents, we left our basecamp at six AM for the summit. It was a clear, calm day. For awhile we hiked up the snowfield but as the snowfield became steeper we hiked along the sides of the snowfield since no one had crampons. However, once past the snowfield the terrain flattened out and it was an easy hike to the saddle where we rested before climbing the scree covered ridge the last 1000 feet to the top.

The view from the top was wonderous. After spending 40 minutes on top it was a quick descent and we were back at our base camp before noon. By five that afternoon we were back at the parking lot and twenty minutes later we started our drive back to Sacramento.

Al Gutowsky

## TRIP REVIEW

MOREY PEAK (10,246')

JULY 4,5,6,7,1985

The great wild expanses of Nevada beacons and the following hearty souls headed out to climb Morey Peak: Bob Wallace, Marge Ottenberg, Rosemarie Ulman, Dave Coldwell (assistant leader), Sam Washburn, Lee LeVin, Bill Rausch, and Seiko (from Japan), Howard Steidtmann (Mother Lode Chapter, student Colorado School of Mines), Lloyd "Let's Contour Around" Brown (Modesto), and Bill "Chugach Kid" Hauser (leader).

We all met at Warm Springs, Nevada on July 4, 1985 at 1 p.m. I was real surprised to see Howard Steidtmann pull up out of the blue on his way to Golden, Colorado. It was also a great thrill to see a long lost climbing buddy from the mid-70's--Lloyd Brown (Modesto). Most everyone enjoyed the hot pool and the exquisite changing rooms. The restaurant and motel were closed this year, but with the MX and military land grab this could end up becoming a "world class" resort!

After some Nevada style road routefinding we ended up at the mining town of Morey, Nevada. I sent groups out in all directions to find the "water pipe coming out of the ground" that we heard about from the woodcutter down at the hot springs. For a while, no water was found, then Lloyd Brown ran down past the willows and found clear water coming out of a pipe which came out of an old mine shaft. Hurray! Plus we didn't need any Iodine! (to the dismay of Bob "Polarpure" Wallace). Some of us went on a blazing hot hike to find the waterfall in South Canyon. The heat and brush turned us back.

Friday: Leave 7 a.m. Ferried hikers up to the roadhead in the 4-wheel drive trucks. Parked at 8800'. Very hot already. Following the new Sierra Club totebook "Hiking the Great Basin" by John Hart. We headed up to the saddle and onto the summit.

Lloyd Brown found an actual trail across the plateau. It looked like an old Piute Indian trail to me. The great fires of California were burning, and the whole central Nevada desert was all smoked in. We couldn't even see the 11,000' Troy Peak south of us. By the way, John Muir explored both Morey Peak and Troy Peak according to the literature.

Lloyd and I were first on top as others popped up on various false summits first. Howard, Lloyd and I built a giant cairn according to the Mother Lode Chapter specifications--complete with a "puka." A "puka" is Hawaiian for "hole in which the hand goes through." The plastic pipe and register both then go inside the "puka" inside the cairn itself. We all basked in the hot summit sun (probably over 100°F). Bill Rausch said it was 74°F at midnight down at the 7600' camp! The heat was getting to us as we talked about the Morey monkeys (very ferocious) being introduced by the BLM. These monkeys are only 3" tall special for sagebrush habitat.

Some of us went down 200' below the top to rest and sleep under the Bristlecone pines. One of our big objectives for this trip was to put a high camp under the rare Morey Peak Bristlecones; however, due to the heat we all agreed to day hike the peak.

Various groups sauntered off the peak and headed north to the plateau. We all re-grouped under some Limber pines for about one hour.

"Hey, where is Sam Washburn??"

"Oh, he's probably ahead with Bill Rausch."

We arrived down at the cars by 3 p.m.--waited until 6 p.m.--and no Sam Washburn. We all enjoyed the watermelon (all wrapped up in a towel) left by our woodcutter friend.

We all wondered what happened to Sam Washburn. I sent up an overnight bivvy squad to look for Sam around the summit (he was last seen on top). Dr. Lee LeVin and Dave Coldwell rapidly assembled packs, water, stoves and headed up to the summit pyramid to find Sam. Lloyd Brown, Howard and I scouted the nearby 9843' point looking for him. Bob Wallace ran up to a high point above the mine to look for him. No luck!!

By 10 p.m. I decided to go into town and ask the sheriff of the desert to help us out. I figured we couldn't get him out with the little manpower we had (as I recall it takes 18 people to haul a person out on a litter). While Howard and I drove into town we talked about Howard Hughes. Howard Hughes (the Nevada Billionaire) was picked up out on 95 way up by Alamo by a local cowboy. Howard then left billions of dollars in his will to the cowboy.

Just as Howard and I wrapped up the discussion (about Howard Hughes), we see this flashing lantern out ahead of us on the road--hundreds of miles from nowhere. A man walking around out here! By God it was Sam Washburn!! Turns out he got "disoriented" on the summit and dropped 4000' down a remote canyon to the desert floor. Luckily, he had puddles of fine water up in the canyon. Sam said he knew where he was now because he saw the crossroads with 4 stop signs!! Boy was I relieved!!

Saturday. Bob Wallace and Lloyd Brown went up to the summit again to tell Lee Levin and Dave Coldwell that Washburn was OK. Big thunderstorm that afternoon and we all headed out. Dave Coldwell's group returned the watermelon knife and towel to the woodcutter. We all got to hear a spiritual message from Lloyd Seaman the woodcutter.

Dave's group camped out near the Fish Lake Valley Hot Springs and we had a delightful thunderstorm that night and a great hot soak the next morning with dramatic views of Mt. Dubois, Boundary and Montgomery.

On the way home we climbed up Lembert Dome above Tuolumne Meadows and visited the Tufa Domes on Mono Lake, too!

All in all it was a wild and memorable Nevada adventure enjoyed by all (especially the two who got to camp up in the Bristlecones).

Bill Hauser  
7/23/85

P.S. We also visited Moores Station--a giant French like stone house with a spectacular green apple orchard.

EXPERIENCE REPORT: LOST  
ON THE MT. CLARK OUTING

AUGUST 23-25, 1985

Many of you may have heard about our Mt. Clark weekend in Yosemite. It proved to be one of the more interesting times in my Sierra Club experiences. It was a trip where I made some good decisions and some incredibly stupid ones.

The previous week had been one of disorganization and apathy. My daily running had been off and I was just very very tired. I chose to go because Jackie Stroud and Anne Adams were going to be there.

The trip in wasn't especially difficult when compared to previous trips, but that day it was totally exhausting to me. Carrying my share of the climbing equipment was an ordeal. I was able to keep up but my attitude wasn't the usual "high."

The next morning I made sure my pack was light because of the long climb ahead. The ten essentials were left at camp. The climb to the ridge on Mt. Clark was once again exhausting and I was having some problems with the altitude. The mountain was suddenly overwhelming to me. It was at this point I told Jackie and Doug Joy that I was frightened and that it just seemed like I had better get off. The leaders gave me a compass and a whistle and told me to be very careful. It should have been a simple, uneventful, easy walk to camp, but I hadn't noticed my surroundings packing in or climbing to the ridge that morning. I got into the trees and became totally disoriented. I spent Saturday walking along the wrong creek.

Sometime during that afternoon I decided I needed to get back to the place where things first seemed to be "wrong." There was a high dome nearby and lots of water. This was my camp for the night.

Expressing the sheer terror I felt that sleepless night isn't possible. I felt such an array of emotions: terror, anger, incredulousness, remorse, embarrassment, and finally gratitude with the arrival of sunlight.

During the night, I had decided that because of my lack of a map, adequate clothing, matches, and food I would have to think carefully about what would be the best thing for me to do. I decided to stay in the area and try to concentrate on some mundane chores that might lead to my rescue and survival. I spent my day drinking lots of water, making a bed of boughs for the second night, looking for things to eat--berries, grasshoppers, and cutting apart my climbing harness to make an X on the dome. This kept me busy and I was able to control the panic I was feeling at times.

Late that afternoon, I was spotted by a helicopter and taken to my companions. The other six people on the trip had acted quickly and rationally once they discovered I was lost. I am very grateful to all of them for making sure I was rescued as quickly as possible.

Getting lost in the wilderness had never been a possibility in my life because I was tough and could keep up with the best leaders. I will never again make that assumption. Next time you see me on a trip, ask to see my basic survival kit. I will have all ten essentials with me.

Barbara Hinkle

TRIP REVIEW

JULY 14-16, 1985

MT. WHITNEY

Seven of us met early Sunday morning at Whitney Portal after spending the evening acclimating at the Portal. At 7:30 the group started hiking upward toward Trail camp, six miles and 4,000 feet above the Portal. The trail climbs steadily upward toward a number of benches; past Lone Pine Lake, Outpost Camp with its solar outhouses, Mirror Lake, Trail Meadow and finally, Trail Camp.

Trail Camp lies in a flat area along a snow fed tarn bordered by glacier moraine and the east face of the southeast ridge that leads to the summit. There is no natural protection at the camp and the sun cooks everything. There were 10 to 12 groups and a population of 35 people at the camp.

Around nine o'clock that evening we were visited by a couple who had climbed Whitney by the mountaineer's route and were on their way down. Both were dressed in shorts and light wind breaks and possessed not one of the ten essentials. One was suffering from altitude sickness. They were planning to hike down to the Portal in the dark but neither one had a flash light (it was a moonless night) nor were they familiar with the route down. They left us. After a brief conversation among our group, Malcolm, with flashlight in hand, hurried down the trail to catch them and invite them to stay with us. Within ten minutes, the couple was back with us accompanied by another ill-equipped person and his dog. Donations of a tent and warm clothing were made to the three to equip them for the cold evening.

We got up at quarter after five and were away by six or shortly thereafter for the four and half mile hike and 2,500 foot elevation gain that would take us to the top of the highest peak in the Continental United States. Before leaving we left our sleeping bags with our overnight visitors. Upon our return there was a note scatched on the ground thanking us.

The trail from Trail Camp with its 94 (or is it 97) switch-backs climbs the east face of the ridge, however, upon reaching the top of the ridge at 13,700 feet the trail contours and climbs the west face of the ridge. It took me approximately two and half hours to reach the summit. I passed the ranger from Crabtree who spent the evening with a climber who broke her ankle on a fifth class pitch and had been helicoptered off the peak earlier that morning. This had been the third conservative helicopter rescue from the peak in three days. I was told that at least once a week the Forest Service has to mount a rescue of a Whitney climber.

The view from the top was enjoyable although it was hazy. A jet aircraft buzzed us coming within what seemed like rock throwing distance. After an hour on top Al and I enjoyed a slow and pleasant hike back down the trail reaching Trail Camp by noon.

By one-thirty the remainder of the group had returned. Concerns about the weather lead us to change our plans and we hiked down to the Portal. Less than three hours later Malcolm and I were back at the Portal and the last of the group reached the Portal before five-thirty.

Al Gutowsky

## TRIP REVIEW

MT. GODDARD (13,568') AND MT. HENRY (12,196')

JULY 4-7, 1985

Due to a communication foul-up, I had to wait in line at the USFS Ranger Station at Shaver Lake to pick up my permit for this four-day trip to explore the upper South Fork of the San Joaquin River area. Consequently, the three of us, Steve Thaw, Garth Ruffner, and myself missed the first boat across Florence Lake, with two cargroups of participants probably wondering what had happened to the leader of the trip, who had emphatically told everyone over the phone that catching the first boat was critical to the success of the outing.

We caught the second boat and began hiking from the upper end of the lake at 10:40 a.m. After a long, hurried walk, we caught Boris, Camille, and Rex Smith, who waited for us at the Goddard Canyon Bridge. We walked a short distance to a secluded basecamp in Goddard Canyon. The whereabouts of three other persons that had failed to meet us for breakfast that morning could only be speculated upon.

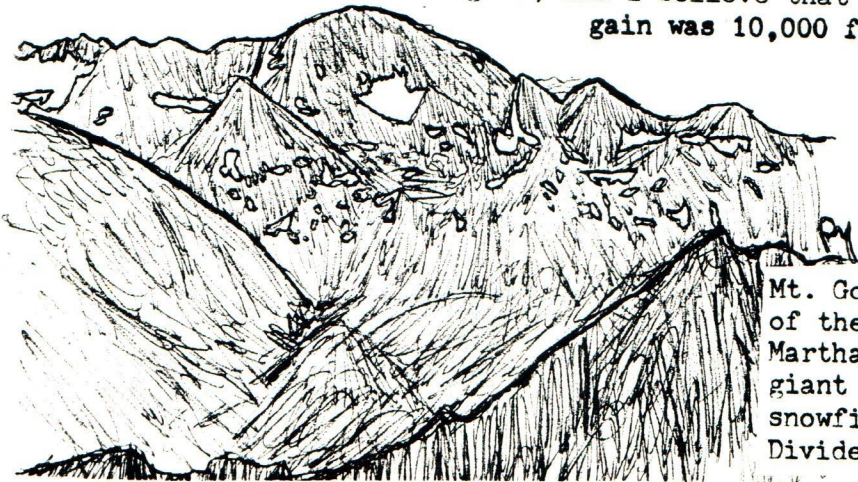
The next morning, we began moving at 6:40 a.m. for the long hike up Goddard Canyon to climb the big peak. Walking quickly, we reached Martha Lake at 11:10 and found the remainder of our party, who, having obtained their own permit, had gone ahead to camp here. The entire group, with the exception of Camille, started out for the round-about approach to the Class 2 east slopes of the peak. Frank Palmer, Steve, Garth, Rex, and Boris and myself made the summit at about 2:15. A few of us made the short, easy Class 3 traverse to the lower SW summit. A big fire near Ojai, we were told, had created a lot of smoke which obscured views of the more distant peaks. Supposedly, 13 SPS Emblem peaks could be sighted from this point, but Ritter and the Whitney group were not to be seen behind a curtain of haze.

Returning to Martha Lake, we picked up Camille and hastened back down the trail enjoying great scenery within Goddard Canyon. The topo map shows no green after a mile from the junction with the Muir Trail, but there were plenty of forested areas a good part of the way up to Martha Lake. We arrived back to basecamp at 9:20 p.m. after having to break out flashlights to locate our tents.

The next day, we moved camp to the Muir Trail junction. Boris, Rex, Steve and myself headed cross-country up a steep, rocky canyon wall filled with a delightful array of wildflowers to a lake basin below Mt. Henry. Dark clouds, light hail, and faraway lightning created some concern about the weather, but we safely gained the summit at 12:30. Our return to camp at 4:10 also saw the arrival of the three others led by Frank who had finished a cross-country route about Goddard that day.

The final day, we started at 6:15 a.m. to race down the trail back to Florence Lake to catch the 11:00 boat barely in time to load our packs and get aboard. The group then split up to make their own separate ways home. Despite the initial confusion from the separated cargroups on the way in, this excursion turned out successfully enough with two big peaks climbed. The distance from Florence to Martha Lake was given as 23 miles by adding up signpost figures. However, the time spent walking did not seem to corroborate this figure, and I believe that the distance was a little less. The total gain was 10,000 feet.

Pete Yamagata



Mt. Goddard rises hugely above the South Fork of the San Joaquin drainage that culminates in Martha Lake. Here is seen the north face of the giant from the summit of Mt. Henry. Permanent snowfields cling to the side of the Goddard Divide that faces north.



## TRIP REVIEW

MT. GOULD (13,005') AND GRANITE MOUNTAIN (8921')

JULY 21-22, 1985

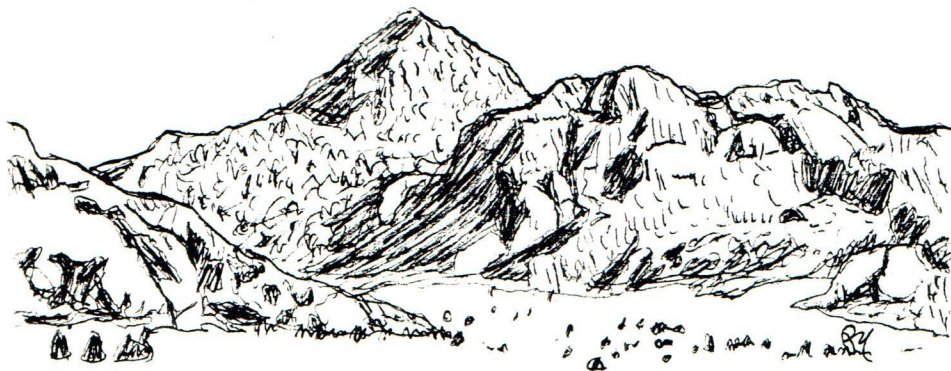
After two days of bad weather, I departed from the peak climb led by Andy Sawyer basecamped in the Sixty Lakes Basin. Their goals were Mt. Clarence King, a peak that I wanted very badly, and Mt. Gardiner. While the others enjoyed a partial success on C.K., I had stayed in basecamp with a sore throat, a slight fatigue, and wet equipment due to a heavy downpour on the hike in. I decided to go out and do other things.

On Sunday the 21st, I began moving at 7:45 a.m. over to Rae Lakes, Glen Pass, and Kearsarge Pass where I arrived at 1:50 p.m. The skies were mixed with dark clouds and occasional patches of blue. I left my pack above the pass and proceeded up a scree trail traveling slightly to the east of the ridge and then over and across to the left through one or two small gullies to a false summit. The third-class summit block of Gould was only a short scramble from here. Checking the final thirty or so feet of towering rock, I found the third-class portion that led upwards over three narrow ledges next to a good crack system. The final ledge had the register, although the actual high point was about 7 feet higher. One can nearly touch the high point by reaching up from the register ledge. On the opposite side of the summit boulder, a narrow ledge with a sheer fifty or hundred foot drop might allow for a well balanced move to hoist oneself up and stand on the actual top. I had to be content with the register, although I halfway considered making that airy move.

I returned back to my pack after about 40 minutes of leaving the summit. I arrived at the parking lot at Onion Valley by 6:00 p.m. While driving north on 395, I took various photos of the light streaming out from the clouded western horizon, then turning to a mellow orange-red as the sun set. After dinner in Bishop, I carcamped near McGee Creek at the economical BLM development.

The next day, I drove east on Hwy. 120 to about 5 miles past a hairpin curve where a sandy vehicle track heads north for Granite Mountain. I parked along the paved highway and proceeded up the right fork that obviously leads to the peak. Cars could drive up this track to a sandy turnaround about ten or twenty minutes walking time, but I chose not to risk getting stuck. I hiked up the deteriorating track almost to a small saddle then cut right up some sandy, pinyon covered slopes to a jumble of blocks and gullies requiring a little route-finding and third-class scrambling. I reached the top after about 1½ hours after leaving my car. Mono Lake was partially visible, and the Yosemite Crest, Ritter and Banner, and the Mammoth area peaks formed the faraway western skyline. Getting back to my car was a relief, as I worried continuously about rattlers, since many lizards were to be seen, as well as insects that would support snake habitat. Driving home was a chore relieved by stops for milkshakes and sodas to counter the midday heat.

Pete Yamagata



Granite Mountain (8921'), only two miles from the highway, offers a short, yet challenging hike and different views from its vantage point east of the Sierra Nevada and northwest of the White Mountains. At least three visits by Mother Lode Chapter climbers are recorded in the interesting register contained in a rusting glass jar.

PEAK AND GORGE BOULDER:

Published six times a year by the Peak and Gorge Section, Mother Lode Chapter, Sierra Club

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Dues are \$4.00 a year and are delinquent February 24. Subscriptions expire December 31. Send remittance, payable to Peak and Gorge, to Treasurer Harry Erl, 2520 Greenwood Avenue, Sacramento, CA 95821

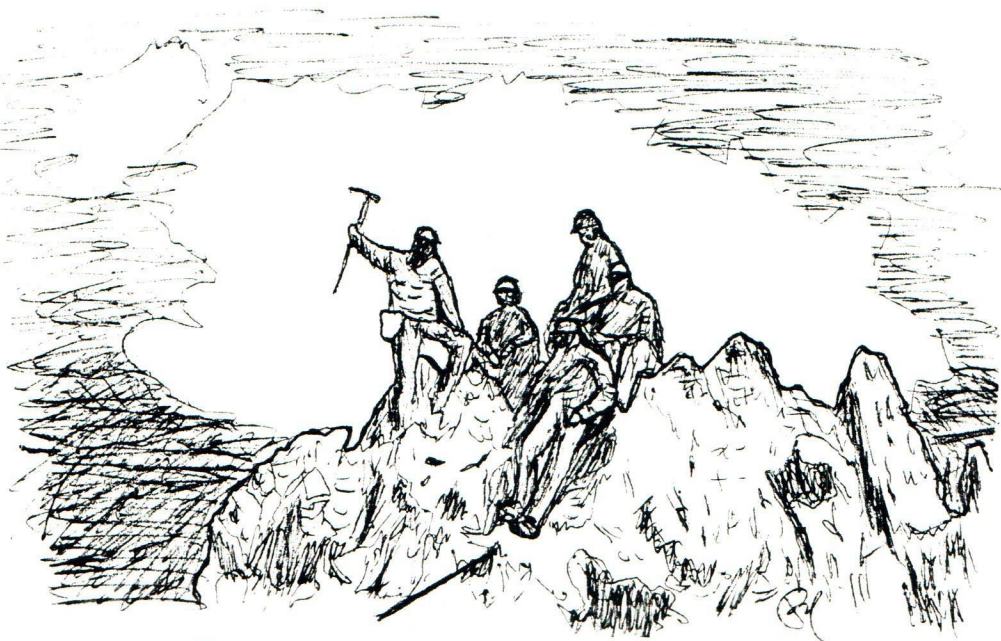
CORRESPONDENCE:

We encourage you to send articles and Letters pertaining to Peak and Gorge activities. Please send single-spaced copy to the editor prior to the first of odd-months.

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SUCCESS ON SHASTA! Here group members pose for summit photo taken by another climber on the craggy high point, on a Peak and Gorge outing run last June.