

THE



BOULDER

motherlode chapter-sierra club

November-December 1986 Issue # 18

THE CHAIR'S CORNER

If the grapevine hasn't reached you yet, the good news for the year is that the national Sierra Club has secured liability coverage for mountaineering outings. All climbing restrictions have been lifted, according to Larry Downing's memo. The most important paragraphs are included below:

730 Polk St
San Francisco
California 94109

→ from: Lawrence Downing, President *L. Downing* October 3, 1986
re: Insurance Restrictions--Mountaineering and Watercraft

I am delighted to inform you that the Sierra Club's new liability insurance policies, effective October 1, do not exclude coverage for mountaineering of any type. Accordingly, the restrictions on mountaineering activities described in Michele Perrault's memoranda of November 1, 1985 and April 21, 1986 no longer apply. I very much regret the mountaineering restrictions we have had to impose during the past year, and we will make every effort to avoid such restrictions in the future.

While all levels of climbing are allowed now, I expect that practical considerations will still limit our attempts on class-four and -five routes -- even a small party can afford the time to belay only two or three pitches on a long route. The greatest changes will take place in our training program, where we can again teach and practice all the skills we need to climb routes of any difficulty quickly, confidently, and safely.

I feel sure that the outcry we raised last winter helped motivate the Club to re-affirm its commitment to mountaineering. I am particularly grateful to Jackie for pulling the section's efforts together through a difficult year,

and her ability to find ways to make the best of the limitations. Hopefully, we can concentrate on organizing trips this year rather than politicking. If I may climb onto a soapbox briefly, let me express my hope that each of you will find a way to contribute to the sections activities: lead a trip, qualify as a leader, teach your special skill, write an article, host a meeting, read a poem, find a new member, whatever. We are a group united by a common interest in enjoying the challenges of wild places, but our voluntary participation is the section's only source of energy.

As you may have gathered, September's meeting was more than a slide show. This was an active summer, and slides from section and private trips to Mts. Baldwin, Bloody, Laurel, Leavitt, Cardinal, Goddard, Scylla, Split and Mokolume were shown, as well as pictures of one scramble along the American. After the show, four volunteers (arms twisted only slightly) filled the posts on the section steering committee which Jackie, Barbara and Harry have held down so well. We all expressed our many thanks to the departing trio - they have done much to build the section to its present vigor. The new steering committee met on October 7th, and worked out a division of responsibilities:

Doug Joy, 443-7564, Chair, trip coordinating, section development, Outing Guidelines liason, training
 Camille Nahlovsky, 1-677-4600, and Ellen Van Fleet, 927-9288, coordinators for meetings
 Ellen Van Fleet, 927-9288, coordinator for trip kits
 Tobi Tyler, 455-6133, treasurer, NAS and OGUL certification, T-shirt sales
 Preston Andrews, 1-758-0374, training coordinator, climbing equipment
 John Sarna, 446-6178, Boulder editor
 Debbie Bulger, 454-5140, Outing Guidelines liason, ExComm representative
 Roger Rollins, 331-5609, chair of Dan Dobbins Award committee

We are all committed to doing our best for the section, but we depend upon your active support to organize trips, and to attract and train new trip leaders and participants. Let's make it a great year for Peak and Gorge!

D. Joy

FOR YOUR CALENDAR

Nov. 7, Fri. 7:30 pm. Garden & Arts Center, 3330 McKinley Blvd, East Room. Introduction to winter sports and cross-country skiing; discussion and films. Al Gutowsky, 457-6338.

Nov. 8-9 Sat.-Sun. Hunewill Peak, (11,713', cl. 2). South-facing, but a lot of elevation gain, see description in Bonanza. Dave Vandershaf, 988-7374.

Nov. 18, Tues. 7:30 pm. Section Meeting at Home of Preston Andrews and Anne Adams (916) 758-0374, 947 Cypress Lane, Davis (see map on right). Come see Preston's slides of Canadian Alpine climbing; they are outstanding. Bring a snack to share.

Nov 22, Sat. Mt. Diablo (3849', cl. 1), North Peak (3557', cl. 1) - the fall views should be excellent. Limited. Rex Smith, 443-1312, and Boris Nahlovsky, 1-677-4600.

Dec. 2, Tues. 7:30 pm. Steering Committee Meeting at Ellen Van Fleet's. All are welcome. Call Ellen or Doug for details.

Dec. 16, Tues. Tentative Holidays social meeting has been cancelled for lack of a meeting place.)

Jan. 10-11, Sat.-Sun. Avalanche Training at Clair Tappan Lodge, instructed by Rodney Babcock. Enough reservations were received by Nov. 1, the class is on. Those who signed up: call Preston for details.

Jan. 20, Tues. 7:30 pm. Section Meeting - see Bonanza or January Boulder for location. Preston will present the essentials of survival, focusing on winter techniques. Sign-ups for Jan. 31 trip will be taken.

Jan 31-Feb. 1, Sat.-Sun. Winter survival field trip. Sign-up deadline Wed., the 28th. Call Preston, 1-758-0374.

Feb. 1. First day to get permit reservations for Yosemite.

Feb. 1, Sun. Strawberry - Cody Peak ski tour, moderate. Jack Rankin, 457-0776. Date published in Bonanza will be final.

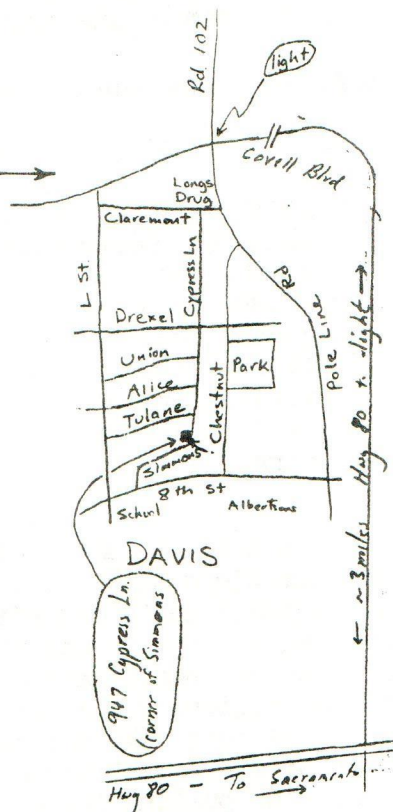
Feb 14-16, Sat.-Mon. Desert peaks in Death Valley. John Sarna 446-6178.

Feb 28, Sat. Cisco Grove-Old Man Mt. via ski, vigorous. Jack Rankin, 457-0776.

Mar. 1 Spring trip writeups due. Mail to: Doug Joy, 2410 Capitol #F, Sacramento 95816. Also, first day to get National Forest permit reservations.

Mar. 14, Sat. North Crystals via ski. Strenuous. Jack Rankin, 457-0776.

TBA - a presentation on mountain weather at an upcoming section meeting.



PRIVATE NON-SIERRA CLUB TRIPS

Pete Yamagata is organizing a number of DESERT PEAK CLIMBING outings over the various upcoming holidays (Veterans Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas and possibly New Years). Call for more details (444-6319).

Looking for experienced mountaineers in good physical condition to climb ACONCAGUA in Argentina during two weeks of this upcoming Christmas Holiday Season. Call Boris Nahlovsky (1-677-4600) for details.

AUTUMN IN THE SIERRA

Autumn is one of the most enjoyable seasons to be in the Sierra, but it is also the season when the weather can change suddenly with an increasing probability of snowfall.

Almost 100 years ago John Muir wrote in The Mountains of California: "The first general winter storm that yields snow that is to form a lasting portion of the season's supply, seldom breaks on the mountains before the end of November. The first heavy fall is usually from two to four feet in depth. Then, with intervals of splendid sunshine, storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on snow.

William Reifsnnyder writes in Weathering the Wilderness: "Fall is a delightful time in the Sierra Nevada, but somewhat risky in the high country. Long stretches of bright and clear October sunshine may end abruptly with a 2-foot snowstorm, or good hiking weather may persist into November....More often than not, however, there is little or no snow in October, even in the high country. November nearly always sees the onset of heavy snows."

"Storm frequency increases as storm tracks move south for the winter....Cloudiness also increases as moisture moves in from the Pacific. Three-quarters of September days are clear, but the percentage drops to near fifty in October and thirty-three in November."

"Temperatures drop rapidly as well. Daytime maxima fall to the fifties in the high country; nighttime minima will usually be below freezing. The second highest wind speed maxima occur in October."

"In every way, October weather is often ideal for late season backpacking; but equipment should be appropriate for the increasing likelihood of being caught by an early snowstorm or at least a cold rainstorm."

submitted by Preston Andrews

STUFF FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE PACK

(responses can be called in directly to 443-7564)

- Dan Dobbins nominations are coming up, know any deserving young conservationists or outdoorsy-types?
- would someone like to write a "Gorge corner" for the Boulder?
- your loyal chair would appreciate the services of a real typist, requires only a couple of evenings each three months. Volunteers?
- anyone interested in presenting tips on photography or sketching at a section meeting?

Peak Climb in Lassen Volcanic National Park on October 25 and 26

leader: Rex Smith coleader: Howard Cole
followers: Deborah Stewart, Dennis Kesselring and Ellen Van Fleet

I'm telling you we had a great trip to Lassen this October. On Saturday we climbed Prospect Peak(8338') and the Cinder Cone(6907') from the Butte Lake Campground, and on Sunday we got up Brokeoff Mountain(9235') from the Southwest Entrance Station. Rex Smith was a congenial excellent leader; he had every aspect of the trip well thought out including the weather. Prospect Peak is a shield volcano that is almost perfectly symmetrical, and we spent our lunch poking around in her indented summit. The Cinder Cone was one of the most fascinating shapes I've ever clambered over. It rivals some that I've seen in Hawaii and Death Valley for its curves and colors. And from on top you can go into the earth's navel and look out over black waves of lava half gobbling up the forrests below. Brokeoff Mountain is a fragment of rock left behind when Mt Tehama(12-13,000') blew up just before white men came to Lassen. The trail to Brokeoff climbs and winds around the mountain offering stupendous views to the South, West and North. At the summit Lassen suddenly appears to the East just beyond the gigantic cavity that was Mt Tehama.

This is an area I would like to spend more time in. It's geology is curious and visually delicious, and it is little traveled with air much clearer than say, Yosemite. Maybe a photographers', painters' trip to study the Cinder Cone and other geological phenomena next spring or fall. I also want to say that Rex Smith is a leader that I'm going to follow as often as possible.

Ellen Van Fleet

DOGWOOD PEAK (6107')

October 19, 1986

This point can almost hardly be called a peak, but the views north into the Plumas National Forest and down 3,000' into the canyon of the Middle Fork of the Feather are splendid in the fall. A great deal of either navigation or brush-whacking is needed to attain this well-worthy lookout. We approached from the S.E., following logging roads or simply heading straight through the dense manzanita. A faint trail leads through the brush on the west side of the summit ridge about 100' below the ridgetop. This will greatly assist in negotiating the dense brush that seems to persist on the more southern slopes. The trees were marked for cutting in the larger stands of timber, so if one is to enjoy this hike it should probably be done soon.

Pete Yamagata

A MIDDLE TO LATE SUMMER AND EARLY FALL PEAK CLIMBING REVIEW

August saw, for me, a definite lessening of off on climbs. After the sole participation of Rex Smith on one of my Eastern Sierra jaunts to the summit of Iron Mtn., Mt. Patterson and the bumps 10,789', (correction) 11,040', and 11,280', I had little choice but to turn back at Kearsarge Pass, feeling ill, trying to keep up with a SPS group bound for the peaks of the Kings-Kern Divide. I then undertook some mild activities along U.S. 395 such as taking the shuttle bus into Red's Meadow to hike to Rainbow Falls, seeing the Postpiles, then driving to Mono Lake to photograph the scenery at the South Tufa State Reserve.

Heavily discouraged, I could only manage to lead my Twin Peaks (8878') day hike and reroute my Labor Day outing north to climb Russian Peak, the aforementioned high point of the wilderness area, and Boulder Peak (8299'), the high point of the Marble Mtns, and a hike to the base of Castle Dome. It was my belief that this promontory was a fourth-class climb, but we saw two possibly expert climbers gain the top without carrying any ropes.

An enjoyable re-entry into the strenuous world of peak climbing was accomplished with the day hike to climb Deadwood Peak (9846') in the Blue Lakes area off Hwy. 88. Actually, we climbed the wrong summit according to a later check of my maps, so if anyone climbs it in the future, please correct the register placement. This misalignment can be rectified by probably a half hours traverse.

Thanks to Paul Gann, I was panicked into using some of my vacation time to undertake another Southwestern peak climbing extravaganza. Really, the initial plan was to drive to Colorado to bag as many 14'ers as possible, but the sudden, early snows of September convinced Howard Steidtmann and me to head south for good weather and relatively snow-free peaks. I pooped out at Poopout Hill (the trailhead for Mt. San Gorgonio, highest peak in the Southern California area) probably due to a) no wake-up coffee, b) cold feet contributing to a poor night's sleep, c) first attempt at altitude (over 8,000') since early August, or d) a long ride the previous day (about 500 miles). Howard managed to bag Gorgonio, Jepson, and Charlton by himself in quick time.

We both continued on to climb Mt. San Jacinto from Humber Park (the macho route that disdains the tramway climbing to within 2,200' of the summit from Palm Springs). The next day we made a short hike out of HPS peak Ryan Mtn., the scenic heartland of Joshua Tree National Monument. Driving to Las Vegas, we enjoyed the scenic Sheephole Mtns., Bristol Lake, the Providence and Granite Mtns., Kelso Dunes, the vast East Mojave Joshua Tree forests, Mountain Pass, and Clark Mtn. Bedazzled by the immense displays of flashing lights, I easily shot two rolls of film trying to capture the essence of the desert jewel of Vegas.

Snowed and rained out during our night camp on Charleston Peak, we proceeded to cruise North Las Vegas before deciding to head north for home. Howard then conceived the creative and brave notion of driving desolate dirt roads out of Death Valley to climb Last Chance Mtn. The Hikers Guide states "2 to 4 hours" for the time to climb to the top, but rushed by a mid-afternoon start, we achieved the time of one hour and 50 minutes. The dead snags and low level light made a desert vista that I will not forget--snow-capped Dry and Tin Mtns. and the Eureka Dunes to the south, and the grand massif of the White Mtns. to the north. Back by dusk, we drove to eat and camp at Big Pine, CA.

Despite lots of time on my part, it was decided that with the lack of maps and information that we should leave Waucoba Peak (highest point of the Inyo Mtns.) and other peaks to another time. We arrived back to Sac by early afternoon, ending a fairly short, but productive desert peak outing.

Pete Yamagata

A SIERRA STORM

The following excerpt from a classic work of American and mountaineering literature seems particularly appropriate this time of year. I first enjoyed it while snuggled cozily inside Ostrander ski hut after spending the day overlooking these landscapes.

"From every commanding eminence around the Yosemite no distant object rises with more inspiring greatness than the Obelisk of Mount Clark.... From the region of Mount Hoffman looming in most impressive isolation, its slender needle-like summit had long fired us with ambition; and having finished my agreeable climb round the Yosemite walls, I concluded to visit the mountain with Cotter, and, if the weather should permit, to attempt a climb. We packed our two mules with a week's provisions and a single blanket each, and on the 10th of November [1864] left our friends at the head-quarters camp in Yosemite Valley and rode out upon the Mariposa trail....

We camped for the night on one of the most eastern affluents of Bridal Veil Creek, and were careful to fill our canteens before the bitter night-chill should freeze it over...."

On the second day, after descending to Illilouette Creek, he writes, "We were all day in crossing and riding up the crest of a sharply curved medial moraine which traced itself from the mountain south of Mount Clark in a long parabolic curve, dying out at last in the bottom of the Illilouette basin. Late in the afternoon we had reached its [the moraine's] head, where the two converging glaciers of Mount Clark and Mount Kyle had joined, clasping a rugged promontory of granite."

King and Cotter made camp for the night near a patch of meadow surrounded by dense groups of trees in a depression of the forest-covered basin.

"For the first time in many months a mild moist wind sprang up from the south, and with it came slowly creeping over the sky a dull, leaden bank of ominous-looking cloud. The perpetually cloudless sky had banished all thought, almost memory, of foul weather; but winter tempests had already held off remarkably, and we knew that at any moment they might set in, and render the plateaus impassible.... At dawn we were up, and observed that a dark heavy mass of storm-cloud covered the whole sky, and had settled down over the Obelisk, wrapping even the snow-fields at its base in gray folds.... A strange moan filled the air. The winds howled pitilessly over the rocks, and swept in deafening blasts through the pines. It was my duty to saddle up directly and flee for the Yosemite, but I am naturally an optimist, a sort of a geological Micawber, so I dodged my duty, and determined to give the weather every opportunity for a clear-off. Accordingly we remained in camp all day, studying the minerals of the granite....

We ourselves made a deep inroad on the supply of provisions, and, after chatting awhile by the firelight, went to bed, taking the precaution to pile our effects carefully together, covering them with an india-rubber blanket.... In the morning we awoke quite early, and, pushing back the blanket, found that we had been covered by about a foot and a half of snow."

After a quick breakfast, they wrapped themselves from head to foot in their blankets, mounted their mules and set off. King continues, "I had taken the precaution to make a little sketch-map in my note-book, with the compass directions of our march from the Yosemite, and we had now the difficult task of retracing our steps in a storm so blinding and fierce that we could never see more than a rod in advance. But for the regular form of the moraine... I fear we must have lost our way in the real labyrinth of glaciated rocks which covered the whole Illilouette basin.... Warmly rolled in our blankets, we suffered little from cold, but the driving sleet and hail very soon bruised our cheeks and eyelids most painfully....

The snow gradually decreased in depth as we descended upon the plain directly south of the Yosemite. Constant use of the compass and reference to my little map at length brought us to the Mariposa trail, but not until after eight hours of anxious, exhaustive labor.... The poor creatures instantly recognized the trail, and started in a brisk trot toward Inspiration Point. Suddenly an icy wind swept up the valley, carrying with it a storm of snow and hail. The wind blew with such violence that the

whole freight of sleet and ice was carried horizontally with fearful swiftness, cutting the bruised faces of the mules, and giving our own eyelids exquisite torture.... We at last gave up and took refuge in a dense clump of firs which crown the spur by Inspiration Point....

We had been in this position about an hour, half frozen and soaked through... and determined to try it for a quarter of an hour more, when if the tempest did not lull, I thought we must press on and face the snow....

Suddenly there came a lull in the storm... Overhead, still hurrying eastward, the white bank drove on, unveiling, as it fled, the Yosemite walls, plateau, and every object to the eastward as far as Mount Clark.... A few torn locks of vapor poured over the cliff-edge at intervals, and crawled down like wreaths of smoke, floating gracefully and losing themselves at last in the bank of cloud which lay upon the bottom of the valley.

On a sudden the whole gray roof rolled away like a scroll, leaving the heavens from west to far east one expanse of pure, warm blue. Setting sunlight smote full upon the stony walls below, and shot over the plateau country, gilding here a snowy forest group, and there a wave-crest of whitened ridge.... Far below us the cloud stratum melted away, revealing the floor of the valley, whose russet and emerald and brown and red burned in the broad evening sun. It was a marvelous piece of contrasted lights... For half an hour nature seemed in entire repose; not a breath of wind stirred the white snow-laden shafts of the trees; not a sound of animate creature,... absolute quiet reigned until a loud roar proceeding from Capitan turned our eyes in that direction. From the round, dome-like cap of its summit there moved down an avalanche, gathering volume and swiftness as it rushed to the brink.... Next the Cathedral snow poured from its lighted summit in resounding avalanches; then the Three Brothers shot off their loads, and afar from the east a deep roar reached us as the whole snow-cover thundered down the flank of Cloud's Rest....

We soon mounted and pressed up the valley to our camp, where our anxious friends greeted us with enthusiastic welcome and never-to-be-forgotten beans. In anticipation of our return the party had gotten up a capital supper, to which we first administered justice, then punishment, and finally annihilation. Brief starvation and a healthy combat for life with the elements lent a most marvellous zest to the appetite."

This was but a lull in a storm which continued as does this adventure when King and Richard Cotter leave Yosemite and later unite with James Gardner and Galen Clark to brave their way to the lowlands via Wawona. The story is told in:

A Sierra Storm, Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, by Clarence King

Jackie Stroud

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*****
*          attention: TRIP LEADERS AND PARTICIPANTS          *
*                                                                 *
*   Spread the word! Let us know how your recent (or not so   *
*   recent, but memorable) peak climb or gorge scramble went  *
*   by writing up a summary for the Boulder.                    *
*   Say what you like before somebody else says it wrong for *
*   you!                                                          *
*****
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MERCED PEAK (11,726)

This is the highest peak of the Clark Range. One day in the autumn of 1871, John Muir was "following the footprints of the ancient glaciers that once flowed grandly from their ample fountains, reading what I could from their history." He approached the cirque under the north face of Merced Peak and, to his delight, found a living glacier, the first ever discovered in the Sierra Nevada. By 1949 this glacier was deemed a "fossil glacier."

Three routes have been done on this peak. The west arete is class 3; the northeast arete is class 2. The north face has a route rated III, 5.7. Climb loose rock to a ramp which diagonals up and right. A short class 5 section at the top of the ramp leads to easier climbing and the summit.

from THE CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO THE HIGH SIERRA

October 11: The Nipple

It was Indian summer in Sacramento, but it was winter in the CSUS parking lot, where leader John Sarna warned a dozen hikers of the dangers of the climb. He spoke of road closures, knee-deep snow and changeable weather. Okay, so he was exaggerating a bit. We were still terrified as we packed into the fleet of all-terrain imports.

At Carson Pass, John engineered an elaborate car shuttle maneuver. In complexity and time elapsed, it was roughly comparable to the Normandy Invasion. We started hiking at 11 a.m. and generally followed the Pacific Crest Trail. Hard snow covered part of the trail, a remnant of an early storm. The sun was bright and the view was clear. The wind, however, was cold. We hiked in jackets and sweaters and stopped only briefly for food.

At 3:45 p.m. we reached a false peak a few hundred feet from our goal. Some hikers were tired, but John somehow convinced them that the Nipple was //on the way back.// It was particularly windy at the top, which was 9,340 feet high. The descent concluded as darkness fell around 6:30 p.m.

The shuttle paid off when Reuben Negrete packed eight people into his van for the ride to the other cars. Ever eat at Chuck's in Placerville? It was clean, warm and well-lit.

by Ted Reed

Climbing Freel Peak 10,881'

Up here
The trees resemble barber poles
Twisted round and round
by the hostile elements.

Bare trunks bleached grey
by repeated assaults
struggle for a foothold.

Buffeted by blasts of wind
Roots cling to the sparse soil
Seeking nourishment.

Season after season of snows
Have bent them down.

Barraged by storms, some break
Others assume contorted shapes
before they resume their skyward stance.

Life has been hard for these peak dwellers.

Climbing higher,
I am filled with recognition.
Stress is universal
Crossing species.

Sisters, I salute you!

-- Debbie Bulger 1/86

Mt. Shasta (14,162')

October 4-5, 1986

Charlie Smith, Pierre Dery and myself car camped at Castle Crags State Park Friday night, on this non-Sierra Club climb of Mt. Shasta. As we drove north Saturday morning we were provided with magnificent views of Mt. Shasta - crystal clear with plenty of fresh snow from the previous week's storms. After breakfast in Mt. Shasta City we drove east to McCloud and followed the intricate maze of logging roads towards the Brewer Creek trailhead on the east side of the mountain. (The climber's guide/map is useful for this car approach, although the route is signed, mostly.) We were stopped by snow at about 6800', 1 mile short of the trailhead. By 11 AM we were off, heading west, alternately on logging roads and cross-country. Within 1½ hours we reached timberline. Continuing up the Brewer Creek drainage, we set up base camp at 4 PM at about 10,400' on the Wintun-Hotlum ridge. The snow shovel came in handy digging platforms for the tents. As we ate and melted snow for water we watched Mt. Shasta's immense shadow stretch across the Modoc plateau and into Nevada.

Only slight breezes rustled the tents as we dozed, awaiting the 2 AM alarm. By 4 AM we were cramponing up the snow slope towards the notch just below the lower headwall of the Hotlum glacier. We roped up here, crossed below the headwall and climbed by headlamp through the lower icefall, alternately on glacial ice and in fresh snow. A cloudless dawn met us as we approached the middle icefall at about 12,500', where Charlie began feeling symptoms of acute mountain sickness (AMS). We went up the center of the icefall, crossing several crevasses on narrow snow bridges. Only at one bridge did we use an ice screw belay. As we approached the upper headwall near 13,000' Charlie's AMS worsened and frequent rests were required. Discussing our options, it was decided that we would traverse off the glacier to the Wintun-Hotlum ridge where Charlie would wait while Pierre and I continued on. But as we traversed towards the ridge, Charlie, who was second on the rope, fell through a snow bridge into a crevasse. I held his fall and Pierre rushed up to the lip of the crevasse to provide assistance. After 20 min Charlie reached the lip of the crevasse using prusiks. Charlie can testify that it is useful to practice prusiking from a tree in the backyard before venturing onto a glacier, and that it isn't as easy to do in a crevasse. At 11 AM, Pierre and I left Charlie and our hardware, and continued up the Wintun-Hotlum route. Pierre led up 400' of 35° ice, making us wish we had brought a few ice screws along. From the top of this ice section we were able to scramble up the last 500' of mixed snow and rock, reaching the summit before 1 PM. The cold wind at the summit and contemplation of the long drive home made for a short stay. We rejoined Charlie and descended the long, monotonous Wintun-Hotlum route.

At camp Charlie was able to eat again. We quickly broke camp and postholed our way back towards the trailhead. After a few route-finding problems amid the logging-road maze we arrived at the car at 6 PM. After dinner in Mt. Shasta City we hit the road, arriving in Davis around midnight.

Preston Andrews

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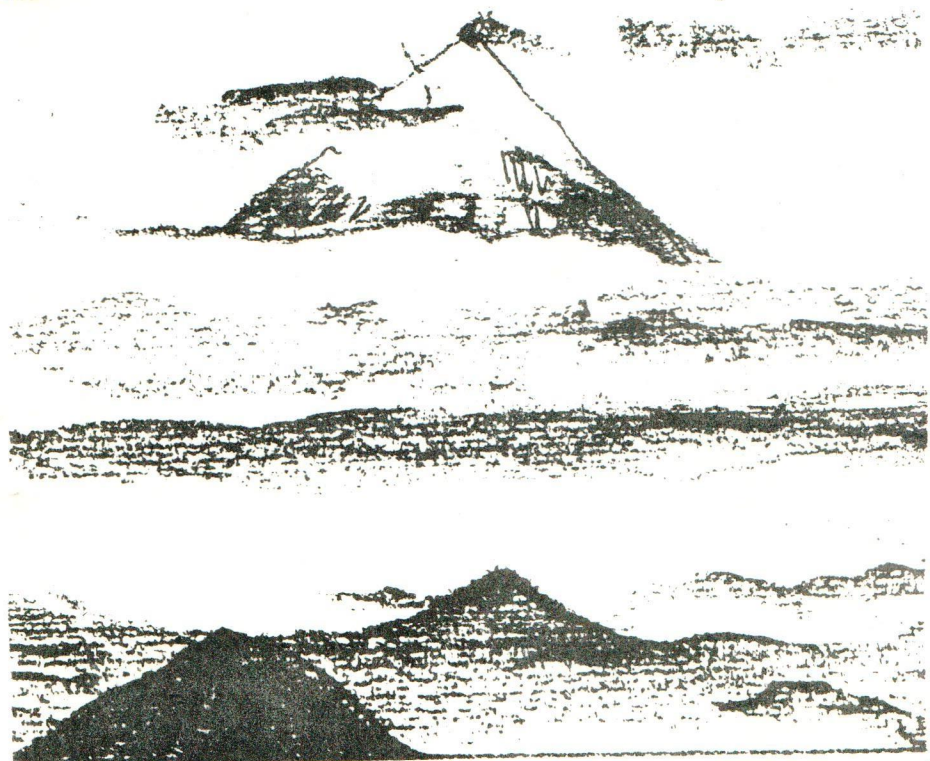
CORRESPONDENCE: We encourage you to send articles or other material of interest to the Peak and Gorge Section. Please type single-spaced on 8.5 x 11" paper and send copy to editor prior to the first of odd-numbered months.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please notify editor.

EDITOR: John E. Sarna --- 1500 7th St. Apt. 9D (916) 446-6178 Sacramento, CA 95814

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MT SHASTA