

CHINA LAKE MOUNTAIN RESCUE GROUP

TALUS PILE NEWSLETTER

Vol 132, September 2004

TRAINING SCHEDULE

Sep 10-12 Fri-Sun Palisades (from west side--Bishop Pass) Huey
Sep 13 Mon Meeting Westbrook, Castro, Renta
Sep 18-19 Sat-Sun Whitney Trail Myers
Sep 22-26 Wed-Sun OES search management class Yosemite
Sep 24-26 Fri-Sun Zion Narrows Renta
Oct 2-3 Sat-Sun
Oct 8-11 Fri-Mon Yosemite Valley Finco
Oct 13 Wed Stretcher hut night Training Committee
Oct 16/17 Sat/Sun Stretcher practice Training Committee
Oct 18 Mon Meeting Breitenstein, DeRuiter, Roseman
Oct 22-24 Fri-Sun
Oct 30-31 Sat-Sun Desert peak Finco
SUNDAY ROCK CLIMBING coordinated by Tom Roseman

FUTURE CRMRA EVENTS

September 18, 2004 Regional Meeting Hosted by BAMRU
October 8 & 9, 2004 SAR City Barstow, CA
November 5-7, 2004 ITRS Albuquerque, NM

Garland was a professional photographer in Sydney (Australia) until his partner, Lisa Menke, was appointed chief warden of Kinchega National Park up the road. He took a job as the regional tourism and development officer. His territory covered 26,000 square miles, an area half the size of England, but with a population of just 2,500. His challenge was to persuade dubious locals that there are people in the world prepared to pay good money to vacation in a place that is vast, dry, empty, featureless, and ungodly hot. The other part of his challenge was to find such people.

--Bill Bryson, In a Sunburned Country

OPERATION REPORTS

2004-06 26 April 2004 Search Tulare County Mike Myers

This was a search for Sybil Hilton in the Sequoia Crest area of Tulare County. Members participating in the search were Mike Myers (Leader), Sheila Rockwell (Coordinator), Linda Finco, Al Green, Bud Gates, and Dave Doerr.

The pager call came from the Kern County Sheriff's Office on 26 April. Tom Sakai returned the call and then handed off the operation to me. The initial call was for a 2-year-old girl who had wandered away from a campsite. Later, we were told that an 82-year-old female in feeble condition who couldn't walk more than a half-mile had wandered away. I called the Tulare County Deputy Sheriff in the Command Post (CP) and learned that the missing person was an 81-year-old female who was quite a mountaineer, a graduate of the Swiss school of mountaineering.

On Sunday, 25 April, the subject, a resident of Bakersfield, had gone for a short hike, about _ mile, from a Sequoia Crest Cabin to Hossack Meadow. When she did not return from her hike, friends contacted the Tulare County Sheriff's Office. She was wearing only light clothing and sneakers.

We were requested to be at the CP at 0530 the next morning. We met at the Hut at 2130 and drove through Johnsondale to the search area. Even though the road through Johnsondale was still closed, the deputy told me we could get through. We camped at a roadside pullout and drove into base camp the next morning. Kern County had approximately 30 searchers from various teams.

We were given an assignment to search both sides of a very windy dirt road that lead from Sequoia Crest to Camp Wishon, a stretch of about five miles. Our team was augmented by Daryl Crompton, Randy Glass, one other Kern County member, and Luc Nyguen, a Tulare County Deputy Sheriff. With a team of nine, we had difficulty staying together, so we decided on our own to break into two teams, one covering each side of the road.

Another team found the subject in a deep ravine that ran from Hossack Meadow to Camp Wishon at approximately 1245. The subject was reported as having a broken leg and needing medical attention. With about 30 searchers to attend the subject, all other teams were extracted from the field. The teams with the subject were having difficulty getting her to a place where a helicopter could do a long line extraction. As evening drew closer, the helicopter headed to Porterville for more fuel, but the incident commander thought they had the victim well covered and released us to return to base.

We got back to the Hut around 2100.

TRIP REPORTS

Whitney Trail incident

31 May-1 June 2004

By Bob Rockwell

No one signed up for my scheduled Memorial Day Weekend climb of Morgan and Stanford, so

I decided to do an overnight climb of Whitney by the trail. I picked up the permit early afternoon of May 31, left Whitney Portal at 1:30 p.m., and arrived at Trail Camp a little before 7:00 p.m.. I had just removed some things from my pack, getting ready for some dinner, when one of the others camped nearby came over looking for anyone with binoculars. A half-hour earlier, he saw someone fall high up in the chute below Trail Crest. The person stopped sliding after about 100 feet but had not moved from that spot. He had been observed waving from time to time. He was at the 13,400-foot level. I found Pout later that the person was "Venky," from San Jose. I estimated his age to be in the mid-20s.

Several thoughts passed through my mind. What was the problem? He could be injured. (Dislocated shoulder, like Walter when he fell a few years ago? Worse?) Perhaps he was uninjured but stranded or too frightened to descend. (By this time of day, the snow had iced up.) In any case, I did not know if he was sufficiently clothed for the coming nighttime temperatures, and I did not know how he was fixed for food and water. Uppermost in my mind was the certainty that, because of the time of day, we had to get to him soon, and there was no one but me to take charge. Of course, I also did not know if this was going to be an affair lasting a few hours or all night. It did not help that I was a little spent from the hike to camp.

I walked around to several other campsites stating that the fellow needed help. We could not wait to see if he would start moving on his own because of the impending darkness. I said I was going to start up in a few minutes and would be happy with a few others along to help. I was surprised that, of about 30 persons, only two others (Adam and Ingo from San Francisco) volunteered. A few said they were too tired because they had gone to the summit that day, but most just remained silent.

Adam, Ingo, and I started up around 7:15 p.m. Not knowing the nature of Venky's problem, we took warm clothing, first aid gear, bivy sack, rope and carabiners, crampons, ice ax, headlamp, food, and water. In addition, we had our own gear--sufficient to be comfortable all night. I was happy that there were three of us to share the load!

Soon after we started up, another person appeared at Trail Crest. He was wearing tennis shoes and shorts. He descended to Venky and spent quite a bit of time with him. Then, excruciatingly slowly, they began to descend together. This meant two things to us: (1) Venky, if injured, was at least mobile, and (2) we would not have to ascend all the way up to 13,400 feet.

We reached Venky about 9:00 p.m. at 12,700 feet. It had taken him and the other fellow over an hour to descend 700 feet on the snow slope. He was uninjured, but he had lost his hiking poles in the fall and had no crampons, so he was almost helpless on the steep icy snow. We put crampons on him and gave him hiking poles and a headlamp. He was dressed only for the day and was getting chilly, but he warmed up after walking a bit. He appreciated the water and food.

We walked him down to Trail Camp and got there just before 10:00 p.m. He reunited with friends at their campsite. I found it interesting that these friends had not made their presence known earlier. Some advance information about him (experience, clothing, equipment) would have been helpful.

Finally, I was able to have dinner and turn in for the night. Next morning, I got going a little later than usual, but I made the summit and was down to Whitney Portal in time for a hamburger and beer.

I got an e-mail a few days later in which Venky thanked us for saving his life. I don't know about that, but I do know he was a happy guy when we got him down.

Mt. Julius Caesar

12 March 2004

By Mike Myers

With last minute cancellations, we were reduced to only two, which is not enough for the scheduled winter trip. Bob Huey and I decided to go ahead for a day climb up Pine Creek Drainage to see what the area looked like. Switching from a multi-day trip to a day climb at the last minute created a small issue. I left my overnight bag at home and with it my socks and gaiters. Bob had an extra pair of socks, so we went on up the trail. We were on snowshoes from the parking lot to where we turned around, which was just short of Pine Creek Lake. We gained quite a bit of elevation, but without gaiters, my socks got wet quickly, so we turned around a little early. All in all, it was still a great day to be in the mountains and on the snow.

Mt. Tyndall

26-28 March 2004

By Mike Myers

Bob Huey, Mike Franklin, guests Brooke Hoem and Chris Sebastian, and I left Ridgecrest at 0600. We were on the trail by 0800 and at Anvil Camp by 1700 on Friday. On the way up, we were dazzled by an air show of two Marine Hornets who seemed to know exactly where we were. Funny, two Hornet pilots were supposed to be on our trip, but they had to cancel at the last minute because duty called, so we had no doubt who was piloting the two aircraft that were giving us the show.

The weather deteriorated the first day, with high winds and snow most of the night. About 10 minutes after we lit our stove Saturday morning, the wind stopped, and the

day turned out to be beautiful. Snow conditions couldn't have been any better for climbing Shepherd Pass, and with crampons, we were on top of the pass by 0900. The same was true for the northeast face of Tyndall. The last 1000 feet were steep and hard, but again with crampons, we were on the summit by 1300 after some mixed climbing across the summit ridge.

We didn't stay too long on the summit because we wanted to get back to the tent before dark. We made an uneventful descent and were back at the tent by 1630. Climbing Mt. Tyndall is a serious endeavor. Over the three days, we gained 9000 vertical feet of elevation, mostly in the first two days. This was my third winter attempt of this mountain, and I finally got the monkey off my back. It was great having Franklin lead the charge.

Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body, but rather to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming, "WOW, what a ride!"

--Unknown

SUMMARY OF PAST TRIPS

Date Location Participants Notes

Mar 14 Telescope Peak Bob Rockwell, Dan Bishop, Bob Huey Started at the charcoal kilns, got back well after dark. 4500' gain, 17 miles. Used ice axes and snowshoes a little.

Mar 20 Piute Monument Paul DeRuiter, Al Green, Carol Burge, Daryl Hinman, Walter Runkle, Tom Sakai, Mike Franklin, and 3 guests

Mar 21 Mt Alice Bob Rockwell, Tom Sakai, and guest Chuck Farris Nice climb up the couloir from SF BP Creek, long glissade down. 4100' gain, 6 miles. Ice axes, crampons, snowshoes.

Mar 28 Kid Mountain Bob Rockwell and Dan Bishop Really nice climb up the couloir from SF BP Creek, really long glissade down. 4100' gain, 8 miles. Ice axes, crampons. Took snowshoes but didn't need them.

Apr 2 Split Mountain Bob Rockwell, Mike Myers, Tom Sakai, Al Green, and guests Anne Bayer, Art Bayer, and Charlie Echols. Took the guests to the Jason Bayer helo crash site. Anne is Jason's widow; Art is his father; Charlie is Anne's father. Tough climb, lots of brush and rock scrambling, but everyone did well. About 3100' elevation gain and 6 miles.

Apr 10 Banana Jam at Owens Ridge Dan Bishop, Daryl Hinman, and Walter Runkle On the way down, we checked out the pictographs. For pictures, go to

<http://members17.clubphoto.com/walter784953/2208005>

Apr 23-25 Jepson Rockwell, Hinman, Bishop, Huey. Hiked in to camp (10,000') on Friday. Lucky to find a dry spot in plenty of snow. Climbed Jepson (13,390') Saturday via Scimitar Pass--a very steep snow climb, way steeper than the U-Notch--then back to camp. Came out Sunday. Used ice axes and crampons. Took snowshoes, but didn't need them. Stashed them at Willow Lake on the first day.

May 1-2 LeConte Huey, Sakai, and 3 guests Got to Upper Meysan Lake in afternoon. Sunday went up LeConte. Did Mallory, but didn't get to Irvine.

May 7-9 Whitney Runkle, Miles, Bishop Up the Mountaineer's Route; down the trail May 21 Heller Hinman Changed trip to Williamson & Tyndall. Three-day trip.

Camped below east side of Shepherd Pass. 1500-foot snow climb. Coming down at about 5 pm ran into two guys going up. Climbed Tyndall Sunday.

Date Location Participants Notes

May 23 Kern Slabs Runkle, Werner, Sakai Still nice temperatures.

May 26 Thor Rockwell, Sakai Up the SE couloir; down the E couloir

May 29-31 Whitney Rockwell No one signed up, so I did a solo overnight on the trail. *See the trip report above.*

Jun 4-5 Matterhorn Peak Runkle, Franklin, B. Niesen

Franklin and Runkle climbed the North Arête (5.7) of Matterhorn Peak. Climbed three-on-a-rope with Niesen. Climb was 8 pitches. Runkle led the odd-numbered pitches; Franklin led the even. Franklin led the crux pitch (6), rated 5.7. Climbed the 8 pitches in 5 hours. Franklin and Runkle also got in some glissading and a couple of ice axe arrests on return from the summit. The snow this year was perfect, not like last year, when it was all mush and not like 3 years ago, when it was really hard.

Jun 4-6 Kern Peak C. Burge, Finco, Renta, Green, Hinman 6000 feet of climbing

Jun 6 Cirque and Trailmaster Sakai, Doerr, and guest Sue Faris

Jun 11 Alabama Hills Runkle, Hueber Did climbs ranging from 5.7 to 5.10a.

? Edge of the World Botham, Finco, C. Burge

Jun 13 Owens Ridge Runkle, Hinman, Gates, Bishop Hinman and Runkle climbed "Triplet" and the Clove cracks. Gates and Bishop climbed "Right Side of the Block". Left at 0600 to beat the heat.

Jun 18-20 Mt. Whitney East Buttress Runkle, Bishop, Huey, Gates

Dan & I (Walter) climbed as one team, Bob & Bud as another. We hiked in on Friday and spent the night at Iceberg Lake. Most of the snow is gone from the chute, so ice axe & crampons were not needed. We started climbing shortly after 0600. Dan & I topped out at 1300, Bud & Bob a couple of hours later. We spent Saturday night again at the lake and hiked out Sunday morning. Dan & I swung lead for the first five pitches. I led the first, third, & fifth, and Dan led the second and fourth. After the 5th pitch (ending just below the Pee Wee), I wasn't sure of the route, so I led the last three pitches in case I led Dan astray. After the eighth pitch, we unroped and climbed a

short section of 4th class and then climbed mostly 3rd class the rest of the way to the summit. We used a 50-meter rope. I think Bob and Bud also used a 50-meter rope.

Jul 2-4

Mason Canyon Traverse Rockwell, Bishop, Hinman, Huey, and guest Lone Pine Peak. Some did LeConte. Mallory & Irvine. 6 peaks total.

Jul 5 Gould Peak Toler and Doerr

Jul 9 White Punks on Dope Runkle and Hinman Great day and a great climb (5.8).

Jul 10/11 Summer Class Trips

Trail Peak Breitenstein, Finco, Gates, and Green, and 7 students Six students made it to the summit. Nice easy day.

Dragon Franklin, Renta, Najera-Niesen, and 5 students Roped everyone across. Good glissading on way down.

Thor Sakai, Runkle, D. Burge, Doerr, and 9 students Everyone made it to the summit.

Remembering Russ Huse (1908-2004)

By Nick Bottka

Some people are born to climb mountains. Russ Huse, Honorary Member of CLMRG who died on May 1 at age 96, was one of them.

I first met Russ in the mid-1960s. I still remember following Russ and trying to keep up with him on the trail of Mt. Williamson. He was carrying the largest REI backpack ever made. I was 30-some years younger than he, and I admire the stamina of Russ going up that mountain to this day.

During the 1970s, Russ and I kept in shape by running up B Mountain (the local China Lake aerobics hill) every morning at 5:30 a.m. At dawn, we drove to the trail head, warmed up, and attacked that hill. At the top, Russ always placed a rock on a cairn to commemorate our ascent. Then we stretched and admired the sunrise over the Argus Range. Down we ran at full speed sometimes jumping over sleeping sidewinders along our path. Arriving back at our car, we were greeted on occasion by Naval Weapons Center security patrol headlights shining into our faces. B Mountain in those days was a restricted zone, and one had to call security the day before to get permission to hike or run up that hill. Numerous times, the call was forgotten, or the night dispatcher forgot to inform the morning shift that two crazy CLMRG members would be in that area. On those unfortunate occasions, we were escorted to headquarters and had to plead guilty to the chief of police.

The year 1976 was the 200th anniversary of our country's independence. Russ and I decided to celebrate that memorable Fourth of July on top of some exotic mountain. We opted for a mini-expedition to the Swiss Alps. Spring training that year meant hiking and climbing in the Sierra and doing some overnight bivouacs on high

mountain ledges. Our target mountains in the Alps included the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc.

We met at Saas Fe (a village in the valley east of Zermatt) and prepared to tackle the fabulous Nadelhorn (needle horn) peak. I must admit that we were rookies from California used to eternal sunshine in the Sierra and leisurely rock climbing on perfect granite. Inexperienced as we were, we wasted much time at the mountain refuge hut waiting for our perfect California weather. We soon learned that in the Alps, even in middle of summer, raging snow blizzards could be the norm.

We finally ventured outside the warm hut, roped up at the ends of an 11-mm rope and assaulted that cursed needle mountain. I will never forget the razor sharp ice covered ridge called Windjoch (wind tunnel) that led to the summit. The wind was so strong on this infamous ridge that we had to crawl inch by inch to avoid being swept off the mountain. Never before did I experience a 150-foot climbing rope arcing toward the sky. Only later we learned that in the Alps, nobody uses 150-foot, 11-mm rope under such icy conditions. The standard technique is to join two climbers with a short piece of rope.

Another thing we learned that idyllic summer in the Alps: Get a local mountain guide!

Russ retired in the 1980s, and I moved to Washington, D.C. We kept in touch in the interim for some time reminiscing here and there about past adventures. In later years, when hiking or climbing, never did I forget to place a rock on a cairn when reaching the top of a mountain.

Russ, I salute you! I promise to place a special rock on a cairn in your memory on my next climb.

NICK BOTTKA

Honorary Member and past president of CLMRG

Retired and currently residing in Charlottesville, Virginia.

TRANSITIONS

Dennis Burge reports:

Nick Bottka's story about Russ Huse reminded me that that Russ was one of the founders of the CLMRG. Also that he climbed Mt. McKinley (also known as Denali), Chinchey (20,400 feet) in the Andes of Peru, and Chimborazo (20,600 feet) in Ecuador on CLMRG expeditions.

Walter Runkle reports:

Former member Steve Florian of Ridgecrest married Dr. Jacqueline Subka of

Thousand Oaks on May 15, 2004. The bride is a dentist with a private practice in Thousand Oaks, California.

Members Mike Myers and Walter Runkle and former member Mark Lambert attended the wedding. Member Curtis Davis and former member Jerry Kong were in the wedding party. The bride and groom plan to reside in Thousand Oaks as Steve has taken a job at Pt. Mugu.

Debbie Breitenstein reports:

I'm back in action after some minor neck surgery.

Debbie Breitenstein reports:

Mike Myers's older brother, Bobby, suffered a fatal heart attack. Bobby (70) and their other brother, Wayne, were diving for abalone in Northern California. Bobby surfaced with his catch and went to a float to store it when he realized he needed help. Wayne was with him immediately and pulled him from the water but believes that Bobby had died within the first minute or two. Mike feels that Bobby was doing something he loved right up to the end.

Nature, as we know her, is no saint.

-Ralph Waldo Emerson

What nature delivers to us is never stale. Because what nature creates has eternity in it.

-Isaac Singer

MT. WHITNEY TRAIL CENTENNIAL

At Whitney Portal

By Loren Castro

The Mt. Whitney Trail Centennial Celebration started at 10:05 a.m. on Saturday, July 17, 2004 at Whitney Portal and enjoyed a thunderous ending about an hour later. Jeff Bailey, Inyo National Forest Supervisor, was the Master of Ceremonies. The Turner Barnes VFW Post #8036 presented the colors to start the ceremony. The following speakers talked about various aspects of the trail's history:

Lew Stults Field Representative for Congressman Buck McKeon, 25th District

Bill Maze California State Assembly, 34th District

Jack Blackwell Regional Forester, USDA Forest Service, Pacific Southwest Region

Dick Martin Superintendent, Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks

Michael Dorame Inyo County Supervisor, 5th District

Mike Martin Chair, U. C. Berkeley Department of Architecture

Mark Anderson Professor, U. C. Berkeley Department of Architecture

George Marsh Grandson of Mt. Whitney Trail Builder Gustave Marsh

In his opening remarks, Jeff Bailey acknowledged a long list of groups and persons who had participated in the history of the Whitney Trail. Among those he mentioned were Dr. Bob Rockwell and the China Lake Mountain Rescue Group.

Dick Martin spoke about the western trail from Sequoia National Park, which was constructed at about the same time as the eastern trail from Whitney Portal. Mr. Martin acknowledged the builders of the western trail, Colonel Charles Young and his Buffalo Soldiers, who had been stationed at Sequoia National Park. Colonel Young was the third black man to graduate from the Military Academy at West Point and the highest ranking black officer in the Army at that time in his career.

By the time George Marsh rose to speak, dark clouds had rolled in, a light sprinkle had started, and thunder pealed gently in the distance. Possibly because of the threatening weather, Mr. Marsh spoke briefly. He ended his remarks by thanking a few groups and persons. With exquisite timing immediately after the final "Thank you," a tremendous clap of thunder provided a proper exclamation mark to end that part of the ceremony. It was, literally, "Thank you KABOOM!"

After we recovered sufficiently from the thunderclap and stopped buzzing about its timing, Mr. Marsh and a dozen or so of his family walked to the ribbon for the traditional cut to open the new structure at the trailhead officially. So many family members and dignitaries were at the ribbon that I couldn't see who actually cut it. That afternoon, at Statham Hall in Lone Pine where we had our exhibit, Mr. Marsh talked about his grandfather and the construction of the trail. At the end of his talk, Mr. Marsh responded to several questions.

I asked him the final question: "Who actually cut the ribbon this morning?" He pointed in my direction and replied, "My youngest granddaughter, Hailey Schoenberger." Hailey, from Santa Clarita, was sitting right in front of me. She stood up, smiled charmingly, and bowed to the applause from the appreciative audience.

At Lone Pine

By Bob Rockwell

Events were held in Lone Pine as well as at Whitney Portal. The China Lake Mountain Rescue Group staffed a booth in Statham Hall for the weekend and displayed numerous items of specialized mountain rescue equipment. Members explained the use of this equipment, answered questions, and talked about the various educational programs offered to schools and to the public.

In addition, Al Green (on Saturday) and I (on Sunday) gave slide presentations on the various features of Mt. Whitney and related the history of mountain search and rescue (SAR) in Inyo County. We also reminisced about several memorable past rescues there.

Group participants were Linda Finco, Tom Sakai, Al Green, Bob Rockwell, Eric Toler, Elaine Riendeau, David Doerr, Loren Castro, Debbie Breitenstein, Dennis Burge, and Ellen Schafhauser.

Meanwhile, back at the Portal

By Loren Castro

The Los Angeles Times printed what I thought was a wildly imaginative description of conditions at the centennial ceremony. During the four hours or so that I was at Whitney Portal that morning, the threatening weather kept me from a semi-ambitious hike up the North Fork of Lone Pine Creek toward the "daredevil" Mountaineer's Route, but I experienced only a light rain that, at its worst, might have melted the three sheet cakes that were produced for the audience at the end of the ceremony. Now read what two members who were a bit higher on the mountain have to say.

On the Mountain (Part 1)

By Barry Niesen

Loren, you should have been at East Face Lake! Lightning worse than I have ever experienced in the Sierra; approximately 4 solid hours of hail and rain; the worst erosion of the North Fork of the Lone Pine Creek trail that I have seen in the 7-8 years that I've been doing it; people rapping off the Buttress to get out of the hail and lightning; Mike Franklin and me rapping off Fishhook to get out of the same; lightning striking Russell as we headed back to the col to get back to East Face Lake; Mike, Walter, me, and others huddled under a boulder at East Face Lake because it's raining and hailing too hard to get into our bivy sacks or pack our stuff to leave; and watching several of the needles and Whitney being hit by lightning and then bracing for the crushing thunder.

Descending from Whitney via the Mountaineer's Route looked a little dare-devilish to me during all that. When we were finally able to leave, the rocks that we used to tiptoe across the stream at Lower Boy Scout Lake one day earlier were a good 6 inches under water. I didn't read the LA Times fantasy, but I lived my own.

On the Mountain (Part 2)

By Walter Runkle

Loren, obviously you weren't up at Iceberg Lake that day! It was quite a display of lighting and booming thunder up there! Those of us who were out climbing that day saw the worst storm we had ever seen in the Sierra. I'm sure there have been worse. I'm sure Rockwell has seen worse. You probably have, too, but it was the worst storm *I* have ever seen up there. From the erosion of the trail (Mountaineer's Route), I

would say there had been flowing mud, too. And the North Fork of Lone Pine Creek was just shy of being a raging river and impossible to cross.

DONATIONS

Dave Doerr

CLMRG gratefully acknowledges recent gifts from the following friends:

Lyal D. Viers Thanks for the great work you do.

Denise Ann & Don Terry In memory of Robbie Dow on the occasion of his mother's birthday (Mimi Dow). Thank you for the important work that you do.

Dorot.//////hy Gould In memory of Milton.

PG&E

Marceleno Ortiz

SCREE

Werner Hueber reports that the "SHARE THE ROAD" with bicycles signs in memory of Robby Dow on College Heights Blvd. are up.

Check our web page at <http://www.clmrg.org>.

Check the California Region's web page at <http://www.crmra.org>.

Newsletters from other MRA groups, catalogues, etc. are available in the hut.

All telephone numbers in *The Talus Pile* are area code 760 unless noted otherwise.

The February issue of *Gripped* magazine contains Peter Croft's article on his climb of the 3rd class ridge on Mt. Carl Heller. Bob Rockwell reports that if "Mt. Carl Heller" becomes common enough usage for Peak 13,211, the name can be granted by the U.S. Board on Geographic Names.

A man said to the Universe: "Sir, I exist!"

"However," replied the Universe, "the fact has not created in me a sense of obligation."

--Stephen Crane