



Donner Summit Historical Society

February, 2011 issue #30

Newsletter

# Fong the Famous Snow Shed Cook

By Jim L White

Late at night, deep in the dark and cold snow sheds of the Southern Pacific Railroad near Donner Pass, Fong, the Chinese cook sat alone smoking cigarettes and reading his Chinese newspaper. The snow was deep on the sheds and as usual, Fong was waiting for the next train to stop on the nearby tracks, and the crew that would come in for dinner and the hot coffee perking in the pot nearby. Fong was the full time cook for the A.V. Moan Co. of San Francisco who operated the 24 hour commissary near Norden, California from at least the late 1940's to the late 1960's.

Out of the corner of his eye, Fong saw the light go out in the hall way outside of the door leading into this restaurant deep in the Norden snow sheds. He got up, went into the back room to get a new bulb and then walked thru the kitchen to the door going out to the long tunnel-ramp that led down from the tracks above. He reached up to un-screw the bulb and the light came on. The bulb was only loose. That was funny, Fong would say later, "how come bulb loose by self". He screwed the bulb in firmly and returned to his seat behind the stainless steel counter, his cigarette and newspaper. He turned the page and noticed the light in the outside hall went out again. It could not be vibration from a passing train that loosened the bulb since no train had passed by in some time. He got up, went out the door and found the bulb loose again." How come, how come " Fong would shout in his sing-song English and then suddenly, Fong was seeing stars in the light bulb with severe pain in his head and neck as the butt of a rifle crashed into his skull and caused him to fall to the floor. All Fong could think of to do was to scream in Chinese at the top of his lungs. In fact his screaming was so loud that it frightened his attackers who ran out a back door that opened out to the deep snow on the hillside below.



Fong Quong, S.P. Commissary Cook. Photo by D.T. McDermott from the book Donner Pass, Southern Pacific's Sierra Crossing, by John Signor, Copyright 1985.

Editor's Note: In our various correspondence we came across Jim White who graciously offered this article which he wrote for [Sierra Heritage Magazine](#) in December, 2008. His "bio" is on the next page.

Leaving a trail of blood, Fong made his way back into the kitchen and in broken English on the railroad phone got the dispatcher in Roseville to call the sheriff's office to report the robbery. The next morning the sheriff's officers found and followed deep foot tracks in the snow, heading toward Sugar Bowl. There were two of them,

# Jim White (Fong article author)

Jim White started skiing, fishing and hiking the high Placer County backcountry in 1944 when he lived in Sacramento. He started to learn to ski at the Soda Springs Ski Hill with lift ticket checker Carl Buek ( Dick Buek's father) often letting Jim's girlfriend Shirley (now Jim's wife) ride for free.

Jim became the Fish and Game Warden for the area in 1957. He later was promoted to Patrol Captain and in 1970 was put in charge of all Fish and Game training and safety statewide.

Jim conducted cold weather survival training, wilderness horse use and snow avalanche programs in the Donner Summit area for various State and Federal agencies, private hydro- electric companies and various colleges. Jim worked on the Ski Patrol at all the ski resorts in the Donner Summit and N. Tahoe ski areas retiring from the Alpine Meadows Patrol after working there for 12 years in the 1970's. Jim retired from Dept. of Fish and Game after 36 years of service in 1990.

Jim now works as a freelance photographer and writer for several West Coast magazines. Jim (83) and Shirley (81) live in Auburn and still ski, hike, fish and camp the high backcountry of Nevada and Placer Counties. He can be contacted at padhorski@wavecable.com.



## Interesting Summit Job 1950's.

## New Website in Town

Exploredonnersummit.com is a new website brought to you by the Donner Summit Business Group whose hope is to revitalize the economy on Donner Summit. The site, in progress, will aggregate all facets of Donner Summit to help both residents and visitors.

It lists all businesses, has galleries by local artists and photographers, includes hikes and bike rides, and lists other activities.

Take a look and offer your suggestions and content.

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Snowsheds protected the railroad from heavy snowfall and avalanche. They caused their own problems however as you've read about before in our newsletter's pages. See our August, 2010 article about snowshed fires.

The sheds required a lot of maintenance when they were made of wood. Crews of carpenters were kept on the Summit for repair and maintenance and crews of snow shovelers kept the roofs from collapsing. Even so, they occasionally collapsed and lives were lost. Track walkers walked the sheds looking for fires and of course there was the crew on Red Mountain keeping an eye on almost all the snowsheds from their high vantage point (see our July, 2010 newsletter).

Often on Donner Summit in the 1950's and before, a booming sound could be heard coming from the snowsheds. The booms came from another snowshed crew. Trains had been transporting automobiles from back east on open cars. Water dripped through cracks in the snowsheds and refroze at night creating large icicles which would damage the new automobiles traveling over the Summit on railroad cars.

Crews of men, armed with shotguns, would walk the sheds firing rounds into the low hanging ice.

Later metal hoops were put on the engines to scrape off the ice before the auto flatbeds got to the low hanging ice. Still later automobiles were put into enclosed cars and so improvements in technology dispensed with an interesting job on Donner Summit.

Mexican track hands that were caught hiding in the trees nearby.

I first met Fong Quong back in the late 1940's when I was working as a weekend ski patroller at the Soda Springs Ski Area. This was back when "Mad Dog Dick Buek" was the hottest skier on the summit and his father Carl, checked tickets and loaded skiers on the poma lift and rope tow at Soda Springs Ski Area.. I remember well since my girlfriend charmed Carl into letting her ride the lift without buying a ticket. I guess we were a rag tag group of college kids with our war surplus clothing and ski-trooper white skis. A chance to eat at a very low cost was too good to pass up. The word was out. All you had to do was enter the huge dark wooden snow sheds just east of Soda Springs and walk in the dark for about one quarter of a mile to where a lone light bulb above a door marked the entrance to the long covered ramp that led down to the S.P. Commissary.

The trick was to not get hit by a train that could come around a bend in the sheds with a terrible roar and noise while we clung to the walls of the shed, inches from the huge steel monster. One had to believe that there was enough space between the train and the walls of the snow shed for us to cling to life and survive this monster of a train. The noise was terrifying.



Cookhouse seen from the lower tracks.  
Norm Saylor Collection at the Donner Summit Historical Society



The train crew eating in the commissary. Picture from the "Norm Saylor collection at the Donner Summit Historical Society

I always thought Fong must have known how poor we college kids were because a complete steak dinner, fried potatoes, canned green peas, all the coffee you could drink, and a slab of pie always cost one dollar. That was one dollar for all of us. It did not seem to matter how many of us there were, since later, when my girlfriend and I went alone, it was still "won dallar". The pie was always a deep-dish fruit pie; each pie cut in four pieces and a piece a whole meal by itself. Years later after college and two careers later, my job led me to wander over old Donner Pass on highway 40 from time and I would stop on the edge of the highway just up the hill from the Sierra Club lodge, walk down the steep rough hillside to the small opening in the huge wooden snow

sheds and brave the dark, to walk towards Soda Springs and the single light bulb above the door leading down to the Commissary and my friend Fong.

After I read in the paper about the robbery and injury of Fong, I hurried up to Norden to hear the story from Fong himself. I of course had the wonderful steak dinner, fried potatoes, and this time canned corn, with one quarter of a cherry pie. Twenty years later it was still only "won dallar". I felt like I was home again! I asked Fong to tell me his frightening story himself and asked if he had recovered? I also wondered how he had been doing at the gambling tables in Reno. Fong's working hours were twenty-four hours each day, seven days a week. He was given ( or took on his

own) an afternoon each month when he would take the Greyhound bus to Reno to gamble. Sometimes he won which he talked about, but he never mentioned it when his “luck run out”. This time he said his “luck veery bad” and “he go home China”. I was not sure I heard him right so I asked again and he said, “ Fong luck veery bad, he go home China to die”. I heard him right this time a sat there in shock! I could not imagine Donner Summit with out my friend Fong. I tried to talk him out of it, but then he explained, he “ not want to die far from home”. He had been loosing at his gambling, and almost getting killed by the robbers was just too much. Time to go home to die.

Fong was always very polite to us, hustled around the kitchen to fix our meals when we were kids in college and years latter when we stopped by as working adults, was still very polite to everyone. The train crews that came in while we were there spoke to Fong as if he was dumb, and berated him for almost everything. A number of steaks were returned by the train crews and some nights the racial insults were embarrassing to hear. It seems that the abuse of the Chinese who worked on the railroad was not limited to the building of the railroad in the 1870’s but continued a hundred years later.

Somehow I think Fong must have been received in China as someone special, and found his peace at last. He was a good human being and I still miss him and the old wooden snow sheds which are now gone. They have been replaced by concrete snow sheds and the train crews are on their own when in comes to eating at Norden. I can’t even find a steak dinner for \$10.00 on Donner Summit now days.



Wooden Snow Sheds at Norden , California  
Photo courtesy of Norm Saylor Collection at the Donner Summit Historical Society



Copyright 2005 by Jim L White  
Auburn, California

Right: Today’s Concrete Snow Sheds at Norden. Taken on the tracks near where the old cookhouse was.

Photos here by Jim L white.



Left: Picture of a signal in the sheds just above the entrance to the tunnel that went down to the commissary.



Doing research on Donner Summit History leads our historical staff in different directions and we come across all kinds of interesting things. The following, by C.F. McGlashan comes from the Sacramento Daily Union January 6, 1876. Normally we'd edit out parts and insert ellipses (...) but this article was so poetic and dramatic it deserved to be reprinted completely. You will note that paragraphs in newspapers had not come into normal use yet. The format is as it appeared in that newspaper long ago, and less than ten years after the Golden Spike was driven in Promontory Point, Utah. The spike of course completed the Transcontinental Railroad which crossed Donner Summit.

## **MIDNIGHT TRIP IN A SNOW PLOW. A SIERRA SNOW TRAIN BURIED IN AN AVALANCHE.**

### **A LADY BRAVES THE FURY OF THE STORM ON THE TOP OF THE SNOW PLOW**

#### **THE GEAT STORM ON THE MOUNTAINS.**

**Truckee, January 4., 1376.** Snow and darkness and gloom. The air is a perfect mist of falling flakes. Silently, but rapidly, the pure white heavens are dropping earthward. Truckee's roofs are thatched with snow two feet deep. Porches and gables look like massive blocks of Parian marble. All this is seen in the darkness from the top of the old snow plow, for we are ready to start to Tunnel 18, to clear the way for No. 6. Close your eyes to the sunlight, and imagine the cold night wind, bearing in its arms a million tiny flakes, hurrying past you down the canyon. Imagine the great drifting, sliding masses of snow ahead, rendering the trip full of uncertainty and danger, and you have a faint conception of the position. Six powerful locomotives Shriek defiance to the storm, and we speed away into the night like an arrow. The white drifts are tossed up over the smoothly rounded mold-boards of the plow in feathery foam. The swift wild, accelerated by the marvelous speed of our flying train, hurls the sleet, keen and cutting, into our face:- and eyes. Frank Satterfield. the conductor on the snow plow, gives the bell-rope a couple of quick pulls, and each of the

#### **Iron Throated Monsters**

Screams out its readiness to push us ahead faster. Each throttle-valve is wide open, and the old plow bounds along with the speed of a thunderbolt. The track is full of snow that has drifted in, or slidden down from the mountains, and the swift apron strikes it and tosses it right and left, in billowy furrows, that on our right are hurled 500 feet into the canyon. Faster and still faster we go! And yet the speed must be increased. Just ahead is where the plow got stuck two years ago and laid all night. It seems impossible that any impediment could check the onward rush of the hot breathing, ten-wheeled engines behind us. But unless every pound of steam is being used the plow will come to a dead halt. We have reached the region of

the slow-slides. Above our heads tower the icy summits of the Sierras. Below us is Cold Stream canyon. This morning

## **An Avalanche**

Came rushing down just as the snow train was passing. The boys saw the sudden rift along the ridge, saw the whole face of the mountain dropping on them, and in another instant an avalanche of five thousand tons hurled all its fury against the train. It seemed as if the storm fiends were trying to wreak vengeance on the fearless men and powerful engines that dared invade their domain. The old plow and its train of engines struggled bravely, but it was impossible to bore through the great snow slide. Iron and steel, and steam, brave men, and plow and engines were all locked in the icy embrace of the avalanche. The face of the mountain is so steep that all the snow which well over the top of the train continued its headlong plunge into the canyon. A man went to tunnel 13 and telegraphed to Truckee for assistance. Seventy-five men came hurrying to the cue, with shovels and picks and axes, and commenced digging. It was 4 o'clock in the morn when the slide imprisoned the train, and 7 o'clock found it only partially released. The passenger engines came up and helped drag out the buried locomotives; yet with all the power of



## **Five Engines and Seventy-five Men**

it took four hours to clear away the snow and liberate the train. The avalanches will be plentiful and unusually terrible this winter. A few weeks ago a light snow fell, and after covering the ground to the depth of three or four inches, froze solid as ice. On this slippery surface a large quantity of very damp snow has fallen. Eight feet of new snow has been piled up during this last storm. Imagine an area of five or ten acres, eight feet deep, on a steep mountain side, suddenly skating into the canyon over a hard, smooth surface of ice, and you get me idea of a Sierra snowslide. Eagerly we peer out over the plow to see if we are to plunge into a fallen avalanche. Anxiously we look upward to see if there is any indication of the white mass slipping again from its foundations. If we pass this place we are comparatively safe. Yet why should we acknowledge any particular fear, for there is

## **A Lady on the Snow Plow!**

Miss Lida Munson stands boldly on the very top of the plow, as fearless and unconcerned as the Conductor himself. When the drifts are tossed over the plow she makes no effort to avoid their fury. Through all the sleet, and storm, and darkness she has unflinchingly watched the battle. Ah! And it is a battle! A curve enables us to look back at the army of giants that are straining muscles of iron and nerves of steel to hurry us onward despite the wrath of the elements. They pant, and struggle, and seem to be exerting all the marvelous strength they possess. Their hot labored breath comes in short, quick, labored puffs that could be heard for a mile. We are on a heavy up grade, and the snow has so filled the track that it is almost impossible to proceed. Satterfied again gives the bell-rope a couple of quick pulls. The head engine is like a wheelhorse, always ready to do whatever is bidden. Two loud determined whistles startle the echoes along the ridge, and in the depths beneath us. It sounds like a demon's war cry. Every locomotive must repeat each signal that is given by the bead engine, to show that it understands what is wanted. There is a marvelous power of expression in the

## **Voices or Engines.**

The first is determined and steady. The second Las been straining every nerve, and evidently has its lever clear back "around the corner," and querulous angry screams which burst from its brazen throat seem to say, "Go faster if you can; I'm doing my best already." The third is perfectly indifferent about the matter, but is quite willing to try, and like a sailor's "Yo heave ho," its voice cheerily responds. The fourth is utilizing every particle of steam, and cannot afford to whistle long; so it snappishlv demands, "'More work; less talk." The fifth gives a half-frightened cry, as if it could go faster but was almost afraid to do so. The sixth is reckless, whoops like a drunken Piute and gives a sudden bound

forward that breaks its coupling-bar short off. We are at Tunnel 13, however, and the mischief can be repaired. When danger is in the way an engine will snort so wildly that you are startled with horror. When there is fire, or the speed is too great, or an engine is running "wild," or is disabled, or in fact when any signal is given, the tone of the engine's voice conveys full half the meaning.

### **A Slight Accident.**

The rain is stopping. We have entered the sheds. For thirty miles ahead a continuous house keeps out the snow. The plow is to turn around and go back to Truckee. Suddenly there is a heavy quivering thud," and we stop instantly. The plow has struck the end of the huge turntable and something has given way. We scramble down off the top and find, as we expected, that the turntable is disabled and the plow all right. This forty-ton snow plow is not easily damaged. Once when a snow slide swept through the sheds and left a dozen heavy beams across the track, the old plow struck them while going at the rate of a mile a minute and scattered them like straws. She left the track one day at the Summit and cut off a row of posts a foot square as if they had been pipestems. This turntable affair hardly gives her a jar.

### **Through the Sheds.**

The telegraph runs the trains. In the Sacramento office they know that the turntable is broken, and the order flashes back, "Run to Summit to turn\*" and we are off like a rocket. There is no head-light on the plow, and as no ray of light can enter the snow covered sheds, we are plunging madly along in utter darkness. The rumble and roar of the engines is confined in the close covered way, and is echoed and reechoed until the sound is terrible. The huge posts that support the roof and its burden of snow flit by so swiftly that they can be compared to nothing but a tine tooth comb. Not a rod ahead can we see. If there is a broken rail, aye, or a flaw in a rail, if there is a fallen beam, or if a rock has chanced to drop on the track, we will land in Dormer Lake. If the plow leaves the track and runs into the bank, we will be literally crushed to atoms, for at the rate of speed we are going every engine would be hurled through all that are in front of it. Head-lights are abandoned on snow trains because the marvelous speed of the trains prevents any possibility of their being stopped if danger should appear within the short distance ahead that the light extends. Better go it blind, and if trouble is met with, run the risk of dashing through it. Poets who undertake to paint

### **A Trip to the Infernal Region**

Should take for one of their most telling scenes a night ride on a snow train, Through the icy sheds of the Sierras. The blackness seems to open to let you pass and to close again behind your train. The wet rocks, the pendant icicles, the chilly gloom, and, above all, the smoke and showers of sparks, and thundering din and frightful speed, makes one wonder if he is not literally taking a trip to Hades. There is no use to look ahead. You can see only what imagination conjures up; and boulders, broken beams, avalanches, and horrible deaths form the predominating characteristics of your imaginary views. We look back at the monsters that are harnessed together for

### **Our Team.**

Whoever beard of a six-in-hand that could compute with these black, sooty demons. Listen to their names. Are they not decidedly expressive of strength and power? Growler, White Bear, Piute. Gorilla, Terrible, and Bison. There is a limit placed on the speed of all trains except snow and fire trains. These last are governed only by circumstances. We are going at the rate of fifty miles an hour! The top of the plow almost grazes the sides of the shed. In places it does not miss them three inches. This morning it did touch the posts, and cutting off the telegraph wires twined them about its lofty head, and so carried them into Summit Station. At several places along our route we saw glimmering lights in the snow drifts that marked the location of wood choppers' cabins. There were no families, however, in these snow covered huts, and it seemed all well enough that men should bury themselves from the world if they chose to do so. But at Tunnel 13, and at the Summit, it was a surprise to see the faces of women and children. Kind Mrs. Glenn and Mrs. Thomas at 18, and Mrs. Hill at the Summit, doing all in their power to render our flying visit agreeable. T. S. Ford is an important member of our party, and in disposing of the elegant lunch spread by Mrs. Hill he proved himself especially efficient.

## New Year at the Summit.

After all, this dreary, desolate, snow-mantled summit is not considered so very bad a place. On New Year's Eve, Mark Hopkins, his wife and son, with a number of invited guests came, up from Sacramento, and switched off at the Summit. From Friday night until Monday morning their palace car stood on the side track, and the distinguished party enjoyed themselves in the deep snow and among the icicles. They brought along a cook, and had everything cozy, comfortable and convenient. What a proof of the progress of the age is afforded by the fact that wealthy Californians are enabled to leave their beautiful homes in the valleys, safely spend New Year among the storm clouds and snow drifts on the tops of the Sierra Nevada, and return home after having had a jolly, pleasant time. Ten years ago, nobody ever thought of being in the mountains in mid winter, unless it was some stormbound Donner party. Now, the trains run regularly, and it is not at all startling that a lad is not afraid to brave the terrors of a midnight trip on the snow plow, over the very worst of the road.

### C.F. CcGlashan

C. F. McGlashan of course wrote the History of the Donner Party. He was a lawyer and Truckee town booster, helped make winter sports popular in the Sierra, and superintendent of Truckee Schools and Truckee Republican editor. He had come to California as a boy in 1854



The pictures in this article on pages 5, 6, and 7 came from a diary donated to the DSHS

by Allan Lattaner of Truckee. An article with pictures appeared in our March, 2010 newsletter. The page 7 picture shows improvements on the snow plow snow trains. The two pictures below come from Snowplow a 1966 book about railroad

snowsheds, snowplows and snow in building the railroad. Left is a bucket plow, the first improvement in snowplow technology and probably what C.F. McGlashan was writing about. Note the extra engines. Below is a snow train with man engines hooked together as described in the story.





# The First Hotel on the Summit - Pt I

This article, by Margie Powell, first appeared in the Serene Lakes Property Owners' Newsletter in May of 1998. Next month we'll go on to part two which has not been previously seen and will not have been by Margie Powell.

In 1870, a year after the opening of the transcontinental railroad, the first hotel was built on the Summit. Located approximately 300 feet southwest of Tunnel 6, it was built by a Folsom man, named John T. Cardwell and not surprisingly, was named the Cardwell House. It was a long, white two story building, containing 78 bedrooms and number of public rooms, such as ladies' parlor, mens' sitting room, dining room and saloon. Caldwell sold the hotel to a Sacramento establishment, Booth and Company, which eventually closed it down. It remained closed for three years.



In June 1881, at the urging of the railroad officials, the section foreman at Cisco, Joseph Gowling and his wife Isabella, were persuaded to reopen the hotel. The hotel was reopened under the name Summit Hotel, and was open for business until February 7, 1893, when the building was destroyed by fire. By June of that same year, a larger grander structure reopened (obviously before building codes and inspections) as the New Summit Hotel, relocated about an eighth of a mile further west of the old site.

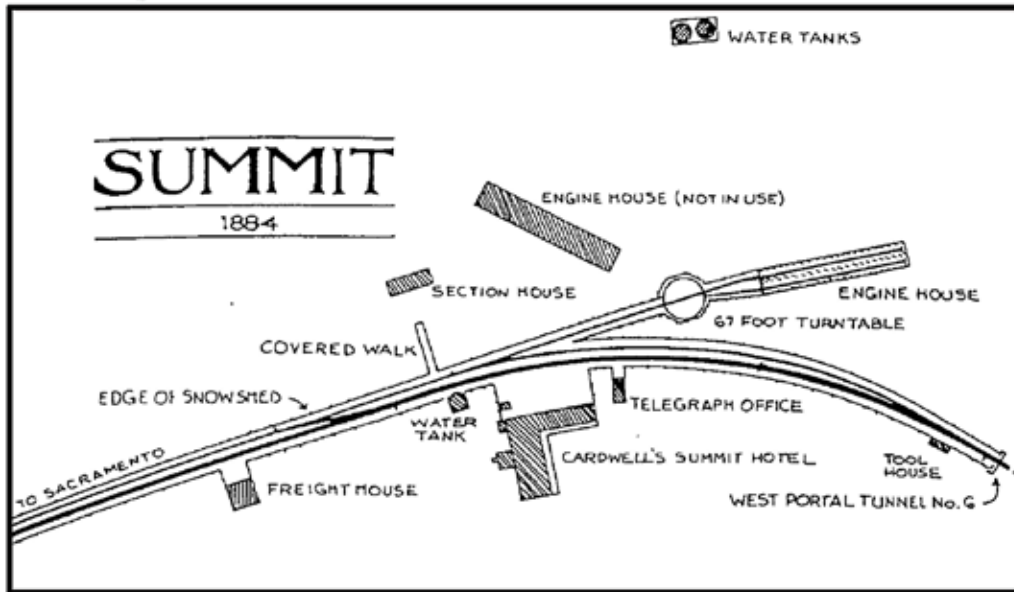
The new hotel was three stories high, and had a basement and an attic. There were 87 bedrooms, a dining room that could seat over 300 diners, a billiard room, club rooms, a post office called Donner, a grocery store and a meat market. A dry good store was also located on the premises, run by a James Cameron (who later moved to Blue Canyon and opened a store and managed a hotel there). Part of the basement was filled with 50 gallon barrels of beer, wine and whiskey. There was one bathtub, which was located in the laundry room, off the kitchen. An elaborate two story out-house provided toilet facilities; women on the second, men on the first. With no central heating, huge pot bellied wood burning stoves provided heat in the public rooms; bedrooms had small wood stoves. Electricity hadn't reached the Summit, so lighting was provided by coal oil lamps. Later on acetylene gas was manufactured by using carbide and water and these gas lamps were used in the common rooms until a Delco electric plant was installed .

A dairy in Summit Valley provided milk, cheese and butter, and a slaughterhouse, located near the dairy furnished beef and pork for the diners. Who filled these 87 rooms? First there was a huge crew of railrod workers, needed as extra crews and for snow shoveling in the winter months. Western Union, Postal Telegraph and Telephone Co. quartered its workers at the hotel also. In the summer tourists would arrive from the cities to stay for a week or two. It must have been a great place to stay; with summer dances held on a large platform outside. In winter, the dancers moved inside using the huge dining room as a ballroom.

There were other activities as well. Fishing in the Yuba River and adjacent lakes was phenominal by today's standards. A 50 fish limit was not unusual. And if you didn't mind the rattlesnakes there was abundant trout in the American River. There was a skeet club, where men practiced getting ready for fall quail and grouse season. Near the hotel, a small town emerged known as Summit, boasting a dozen or more houses and a voting registration of 70.

In 1913, Lincoln Hutchinson of Berkeley, who had learned to ski in Switzerland, introduced the sport to friends while staying at the hotel. His group later moved to Hobart Mills where the Sierra Ski Club was organized. The hotel was also used by Charlie Chaplin and the movie crew for *THE GOLD RUSH*, in 1924. It would be fun to rent the movie and see if you can recognize sites on the Summit and in Truckee.

In 1920, the Gowlings sold the hotel, and five years later it too burned to the ground, never to be rebuilt. By this time there were other hotels on the Summit, which will have to wait until the next issue of the newsletter.



Map showing railroad facilities , note Cardwell Hotel at center.

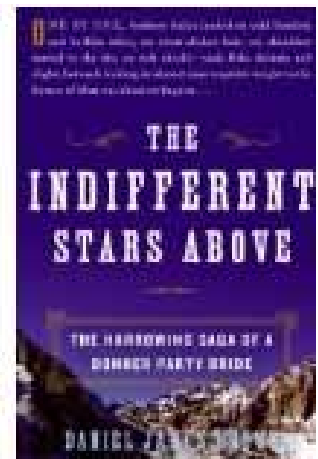
## The Indifferent Stars Above

### a book review

Recently I was browsing in the book section at the Donner Museum. A new book was displayed; yet another Donner Party story I thought. I try to read them all, as each author has something he or she thinks is special and has to tell it. So, I thought, here we go again, I'll have to read this one also. The title was intriguing, *The Indifferent Stars Above*, I was not familiar with the author, Daniel James Brown.

One evening I snuggled down in my bed, prepared to at least start the book. After a few pages I couldn't put it down. He made the whole Graves family come to life, and instead of just a name on the list of Donner Party participants they became very real. This story of the Donner Party also gives a new perspective of the Donner narrative . The journey is told through the eyes of Sarah Graves, so there is much more detail about everyday life for the women. By telling the story of Sarah Graves the author gives a woman's view of everyday life, crossing the prairie, the mountains and the desert. Sarah and her new husband, Jay Fosdick, were traveling with her parents and her eight brothers and sisters on what they thought would be a great adventure.

Margie Powell



**DONNER SUMMIT HISTORICAL SOCIETY**  
donnersummithistoricalsociety.org

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## Norden News 1941

# Art Clark Is Still At It

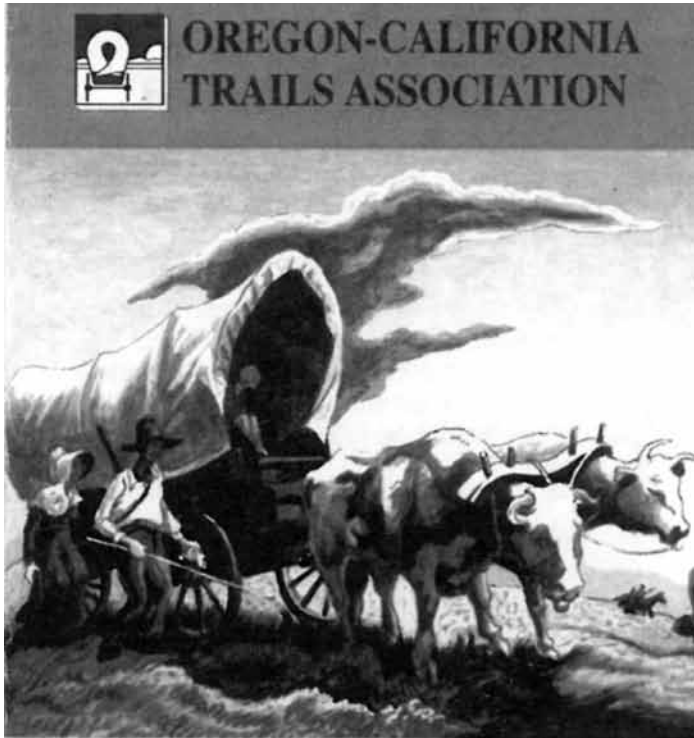
Art Clark is still searching for Donner  
Ski Trail signs as reported in our last two  
editions. Here are a few of his latest finds.  
The top one is about 1/4 mile west of where  
the Loch Leven trail gets to the top of the  
ridge. He also found a few more near Lake  
Angela.

The lower sign was found on another trip at  
a little pond northeast of Lake Angela.

If you've seen any, please let him know:  
clarkaw@syix.com



Matchbook cover from the Norm Saylor Collection at the Donner Summit Historical Society. See others from the collection in our September, 2010 newsletter.



*Dedicated to the  
preservation,  
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enjoyment  
of the emigrant trails  
of the West.*

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8880811-6282  
email: [OCTA@indepmo.org](mailto:OCTA@indepmo.org)

Their annual conference is interesting and fun. Last year's was held in Elko and included many tours and seminars.