

# MDIA PRODUCT ORDER and MEMBERSHIP FORM

(Profits from sales support the educational programs of MDIA)

		Qty.	Amount
<b>MDIA AND MDSP PUBLICATIONS</b>			
199-001	Mt. Diablo State Park Map	1.50	_____
199-002	Mt. Diablo State Park Trail Map	6.00	_____
199-016	Geology M.ap, Mt. Diablo 8-1/2" x 11"	2.00	_____
199-017	Guide to Common Trees, Mt. Diablo	1.25	_____
199-018	Hike Brochures: Easy, Moderate, and Demanding - Get all 3	1.25	_____
199-019	Interpretive Brochures: Amphibians and Reptiles, Mammal Tracks, and Geology - Get all 3	1.25	_____
199-020	Animal Lists: Birds, Butterflies, and Mammals - Get all 3	1.25	_____
200-B05	Mt. Diablo Guide	14.00	_____
<b>LAMINATED NATURE GUIDES</b>			
400-MO2	Bird Guide	9.00	_____
400-MO3	Rock Guide	9.00	_____
400-MO4	Butterfly Guide	9.00	_____
<b>PRODUCTS WITH MT. DIABLO STATE PARK LOGO</b>			
300-C13	T-Shirts: lt blue or lt olive; M, L, XL Circle size and color	15.00	_____
300-C14	Mt. Diablo Cap, adjustable size, olive	12.00	_____
400-MO1	Mt. Diablo Patch	3.75	_____
<b>TOTAL AMOUNT (prices include tax &amp; shipping)</b>			_____

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**Send to:**

Mount Diablo Interpretive Association  
P.O. Box 346  
Walnut Creek, CA 94597-0346



Thank you for your mail order.

If you would like to further support MDIA you might consider joining the association.

**Mount Diablo Interpretive Association  
Membership Application**

**Membership Dues are Deductible to the Full Extent by Law**

Membership Category (check one)	Make Checks Payable to "MDIA"
_____ Student/Senior \$15	Clip and Mail to: MDIA P.O. Box 346 Walnut Creek, Ca 94597
_____ Individual \$25	
_____ Family \$40	Donation in addition to membership fee
_____ Sustaining \$50	
_____ Contributing \$100	
_____ Lifetime \$500	\$ _____.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Entries From the Fall Diary of a Mt. Diablo Hiker

By Dave Holt, 2003

**September 23**

Passing by one of the feeder streams flowing into Mitchell Creek, we are struck by a most unusual sight. A coyote has managed to climb up through dense scrub covering fallen trees on the creek bank, to establish an uncertain platform in the thick brush. He is eating the wild grapes whose vines have climbed way up one of the cottonwoods. We watch fascinated from the trail. Finally when he can find no more fruit within reach, he clumsily backs out of the perilous perch into which the lust for the grapes has drawn him. We watch in disbelief as he tries to get back down, until he actually falls out of the thick growth, finally landing on firm ground somehow. We can't see whether he landed on his feet or not. If a coyote can look sheepish, he certainly does, and at that point, he quickly turns and heads up Uncle Sam Canyon. We catch little glimpses of his shape moving through the undergrowth until he disappears from view.

**October 13**

The sun sneaks over the range of hills, Olympia and North Peak, just opposite to the trail I'm on, as I am scrambling up to one of the rocky horns of Twin Peaks. The sun's arrival to the valley seems to stir a wind into motion that races over the land from an easterly direction as if a chariot really were beginning to make its run across the heavens. Calling kl-ee-yer from a nearby Coulter Pine is a lone flicker which I can't see until it darts out to catch a ride on the newly-risen breeze. Swoop, dip, it flies like it's rowing, skulling the air.

**October 15**

There is a strong cold wind blowing over the top of the world. Feeling the mighty weather engines of the planet doing their work as we hurl along in our earth orbit. As I sit on Mitchell Rock perusing the canyon below, I find a tick on my bare leg, which reminds me of one of the perils of the trails. Suddenly to my left, a Pigeon Hawk dives and carries off another bird in its talons. The bird's squeals bring me out of my meditative state. I watch the attack that is taking place below a stand of fire-blackened—or lightning-scarred tall Coulter Pines where a spill of sage cascades downhill to meet a thicket of California Buckeye below. The buckeyes are like a real life painting, gray limbs reaching to the sky, shed of their leaves, but dotted with yellowing husks, some still holding their brown chestnuts. I watch as the hawk's victim, now silenced, is carried off out of sight into the buckeye grove to be devoured. I can't see clearly, but it could be a quail that met its doom. Because then a bunch of them, skittish and dithery, go scooting over the top of Mitchell Rock, making plaintive sounds.

**October 24**

A large flying V of Canada Geese honks and squeaks as it wheels overhead then makes a turn northeast about a thousand feet above Mt. Diablo's peak. Perhaps they are heading out towards the rice fields of the upper Central Valley where the wetlands provided by the growers make for good wintering grounds. They must be flying at 5,000 ft, perhaps more, too high to see which species they are. They break rank as the lead goose makes the turn, some drifting into the center of the V, then finally, neatly, regaining their formation.

**November 2, 2003**

I'm the first one in the parking lot this morning. It's the last dry day of the year. Rain predicted this evening, and for the rest of the coming week. I'm the first on the trail breaking through the spider webs that have been strung across it in the night, brushing them from my eyelids. Birds pecking on the path fly up into scrub oak and call warnings to their neighbors. "First human of the day. Coming through!"

Soon, Spirit of the Mountain, I will not be traveling your muddied, rain-tortured paths, perhaps for many weeks to come. So I will say goodbye to you this gray day, as you settle in to sleep and dream until you awaken in your spring raiment of glory, entwined with blooms of brodiaea, poppy, larkspur and lupine.



**Chamise**  
(Adenostoma fasciculatum)