



Scree

Newsletter of the Peak Climbing Section, Sierra Club, Loma Prieta Chapter

August, 1991

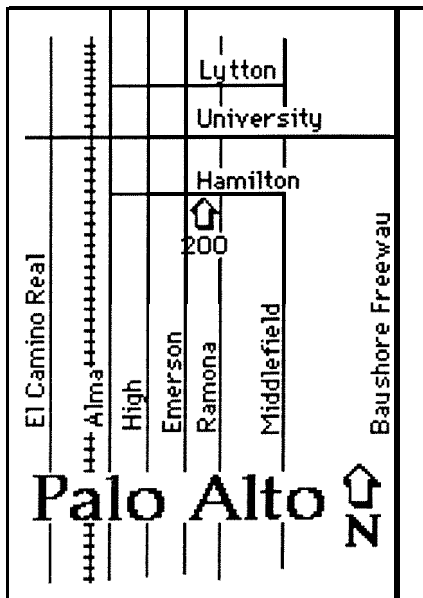
Vol, 24, No. 8

Next meeting

DATE: Tuesday, August 13
TIME: 7:30 p.m.
LOCATION:

Pacific Mountaineer
200 Hamilton Ave.
Palo Alto

PROGRAM: "Scrambled in the Sierra Nevada," by John Flinn and Kai Wiedman. Climbing in the Palisades the Butter-milks, Deadman's Summit and Tuolumne Meadows. For more than you probably want to know about their blunderings in the Palisades, see article at right.



Misadventures in the Palisades

Beasts of burden

B BETTER STAND back from Molly," warned wrangler M.A. Stewart. "She's not too friendly."

Molly, a rather peeved looking mule, eyed us suspiciously. Then she gazed over at the massive pile of climbing gear we'd just finished dumping on the loading platform and gave us a look that said: "Come within kicking distance of me, boys, and by the time you return to earth your clothes will be out of style."

We could hardly blame her. Our mountain of gear had swollen beyond all bounds of reason and now poor Molly was going to have to spend the day with most of it strapped to her bony back, lumbering up toward the Palisade Glacier.

Things had really gotten out of hand, no doubt about it. Knowing we'd have a mule to transport our gear, we'd gone wild while packing, resolving every equipment question in favor of the heaviest option. A gear freak's dream if I ever did see one.

Tent? Let's bring the big dome. Boots? Two pair ought to do, plus rock shoes. Crampons? Better bring two sets, just in case. Aluminum or titanium ice screws? Might as well throw 'em both in. And, hey, an extra rope couldn't hurt.

A sixpack of beer? Why not a whole case! Hell, why not two whole

cases!

We'd been told our mule could carry up to 150 pounds, so we figured we could take every piece of gear in the Mountain Tools catalog and still not go over the limit. But I should have known something was wrong when I couldn't lift the duffel bag containing my half of the gear into my trunk. We never got a final weight total, but it's pretty safe to say we exceeded the 150-pound limit by close to 50 pounds.

Stewart strapped some of the extra onto his horse, stuffed a few more items into Molly's packbag (if looks could kill, or at least kick...), and Kai Wiedman and I tossed the rest into our packs.

While Stewart and the long-suffering Molly ambled up the trail, Kai and I dropped into Norman Clyde's old hangout, the Glacier Lodge, for the proverbial hearty breakfast. Over heaping stacks of hotcakes we talked smugly about all those other poor saps on the trail who actually had to carry their own gear.

A few hours later we were strolling up the canyon when we came upon a sight that wiped the smirks right off our faces. It was our gear, neatly stacked near the bank of the north fork of Big Pine Creek. There had to be some mistake!

(please see page 6)

Upcoming outings

Aug. 16-18

MATTERHORN PEAK

12,262 ft. Class 2

Leader: John Ingvaldstad

(408) 259-3399

Most Matterhorn climbs originate at Twin Lakes. We'll be starting instead from Green Lake, crossing into Yosemite at Virginia Pass, which will give us an opportunity to climb Virginia Peak and Whorl Mountain (both Class 3) on the way. Three-day weekend.

Sept. 14-15

MT. HOFFMAN

10,850 ft, Class 1 and 3

Leader: Kai Wiedman

(415) 347-2843

We will attempt the true third-class southwest ridge (not the Caldwell variation). Bring an adventurous spirit, for this route has not been scouted. Co-leader wanted for the Class 1 route. Our group campsite will provide a festive atmosphere.

Sept. 21-22

RED SLATE MOUNTAIN

13163 ft, Class 2

Leader: Aaron Schuman

(415) 494-3299, h before 9:00 pm

(415) 3351901, w

Red Slate Mountain is very high, but relatively easy. From our trailhead near Mammoth, we hike about eight miles up to the McGee Lakes for our campsite. The summit is just one cross-country mile from McGee Pass. Because this mountain dwarfs its neighbors, the view should be memorable. Be prepared for the possibility of harsh late season weather.

Sept. 21-22

GOAT MOUNTAIN

12,207 ft., Class 3

KID PEAK

11,458 ft., Class 3

Leader: Butch Suits

(415) 964-4227

The peaks are the easy part of

this trip. From Kings Canyon we hike up Paradise Valley to Muro Blanco, then up, up and away--cross country to Kid Lakes (5,500 feet gain). The next day we do the peaks and cross Goat Crest, descending the Granite Pass Trail. Over 25 miles of hiking, lots of elevation, lots of views. Co-leader wanted.

Attention trip leaders: Please get detailed listings of any upcoming trips to Debbie Bulger, the scheduler, as soon as possible. These should include the name of the peak, the elevation, the rating, your name and number, and a brief but enticing description.

Private trips

Private trips are not insured, sponsored or supervised by the Sierra Club or the PCS. They are listed here because they may be of interest to PCS climbers.

Aug. 16-18

MT. CLARENCE KING

12905 ft, Class 5.4)

Leader: Aaron Schuman

(415) 494-3299, h before 9:00 pm

(415) 335-1901, w

From the Onion Valley trailhead, near Independence, we'll zigzag over Kearsarge Pass, then down into Sixty Lakes Basin for our base camp. Day two we'll climb long Class 2 and 3 slopes to the summit block. The climax of our climb is a highly exposed class 5.4 move to the tiny mountain top. To participate on this trip, you must be skilled at roped climbing, belaying and rappelling.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2

BUFFALO HILLS BACKPACK

Leader: Steve Tabor

(415) 357-6585

We may be the second group of backpackers to visit this area north of the desolate Smoke Creek Desert. A Desert Survivors trip 350 miles from the Bay Area.

Sept. 7-9

HIGH ROCK CANYONS

Leader: Bob Ellis

(415) 530-3850

The names of California-bound immigrants are still visible on the canyon walls we'll pass through on this three-day backpack in northwestern Nevada. It has been proposed as the Immigrant Trails National Conservation Area.

Sept. 14-15

**BODIE AND POTATO CREEK
CARCAMP**

Contact: Marty Dickes

(415) 482-4159

A study trip to assess actual and potential effects of open pit-heap leach mining in the Bodie Hills area. Car camp at Bodie Hills, with a Sunday climb of Potato Peak. Desert Survivor trip 260 miles from the Bay Area.

Sept. 21-23

"UTERINE" CANYON BACKPACK

Leader: Marty Dickes

(415) 482-4159

Petroglyphs and some rare A Desert Survivors trip. Trailhead is 410 miles from the Bay Area.

Mountain notes

Buffaloed

Thanks to Peter Nelson for passing along an article from the Jackson Hole Daily about the third buffalo goring of the young season at Yellowstone National Park.

It notes: "The fiit incident occurred so early in the season that employees had not yet set up their pool to guess when the first incident would occur."

New Guides

A new series of guidebook/pamphlets is out covering five Sierra climbs of interest to many of us in the PCS. Perhaps somewhat misleadingly called "Uncommon Climbs for the Common Man," they cover some of the most frequently climbed routes in the range. Presumably the "Common Woman" could also have a go at them, if she were so inclined.

The climbs are the Southeast Buttress of Cathedral Peak, the North Arete on Matterhorn Peak, the Swiss Arete on Mt. Sill and the East Face and East Buttress routes on Mt. Whitney.

Compiled by longtime Sierra guide Allan Bard, each pamphlet verbally covers the approach, the climb, the descent and the history of the route. Photos supplement the text.

The pamphlets also cover gear, although some of advice seems a bit odd. Bard must be the only Sierra climber who still carries pitons (other than Eugene Miya, that is.)

A couple of gripes: At \$4.95 apiece, the price seems more than a bit steep. I don't know how much Roper is going for these days, but it's probably no more than the cost of

three pamphlets.

And the ratings Bard gives the climbs seem awfully inflated. People have been climbing the Swiss Arete for 53 years without quibbling with its original rating of *II 5.4*. But now Bard has it rated *III 5.7* both routes on Whitney and the Matterhorn are also now 5.7, according to Bard.

The most sudden instance of ratings inflation occurs on the Cathedral Peak pamphlet, which is listed as

St., Bishop, CA 93514. (619) 872-1665.

High points

According to Outside Magazine, there is a new organization, the World High Points Club, dedicated to people with a compulsion to climb the high points of various obscure regions and countries. (For instance, the highest point in Yolo County.) The club,

based in Oshawa, Ontario, can put you in touch with those similarly afflicted. It also publishes a quarterly newsletter. For more information, call (4 16) 7286698 or (4 16) 728-7489.

Now you know

Q: Who is the youngest person to climb Everest?

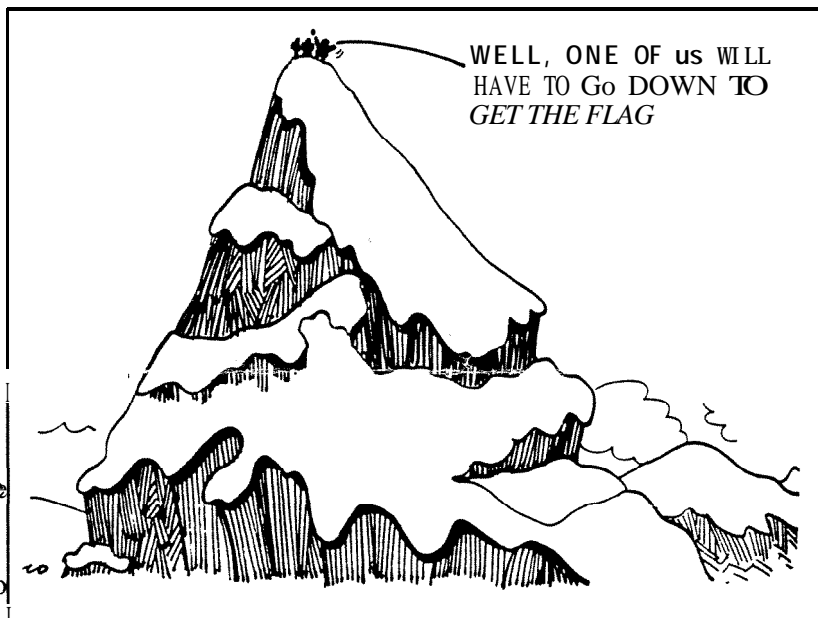
A: Bertrand "Zebulon" Roche, a 17-year-old French boy, summited last

fall with his father, guide Jean-Noel Roche, thus becoming the first father-son rope team to climb Everest.

Today's quote

"Inviting a lady to climb and inviting her to climb into bed have much in common. You are asking her to ignore her mother's warnings and do something both exciting and frightening. She must trust you in a private, hazardous, emotional situation where she wouldn't trust people she knows better than she knows you. Strangely, women sometimes accept."

-Joe Kelsey



5.6 on the cover and jumps a full point to 5.7 on the third page!

The problem is that the inflated ratings could scare a lot of modest climbers away from some reasonably easy, classic climbs. On the other hand, it could convince someone who cruised the Swiss Arete that he could similarly run up the Direct Exum Ridge on the Grand Teton (which, at *III 5.6*, is supposedly "easier.") This would be a mistake.

On the positive side, the inflated ratings allow those of us who've climbed some of these routes to feel like we've become more accomplished mountaineers-without ever having left our living rooms.

The pamphlets seem to be available at most climbing shops. Or you can contact Bard directly at 515 Sierra

How to get ready to leave camp in 60 minutes or less

ONE OF THE most frequent complaints we hear is about PCSers who have trouble being packed and ready to leave camp on a climb before the sun is high overhead in the sky.

Sometimes that's fine, but more often, on typical PCS weekend trips, it's important to be up and away reasonably early. There's no reason why we all shouldn't be able to go from sound asleep to leaving camp in one hour.

If you have trouble doing that, you might want to try some of these ideas that we've picked up over the years:

- Sort, distribute and pack all your gear before going to bed. If you have an extra water bottle, fill it and purify it then, too. Everything ought to be packed except your clothes and lunch (if you're in bear-bagging country.)

- Either sleep in the clothes you'll be wearing the next day or use them as a pillow.

- Avoid sleeping pills to avoid that grogged-out zombie condition in the morning.

- Bring some sort of alarm clock (the ones on digital watches work fine) and make sure you'll **be able to hear** it. I've overslept a few times because I couldn't hear my watch beeping down inside my sleeping bag. Leaving it out on the ground near your head is best.

- There are no snooze alarms in alpine starts. As soon as the alarm beeps, start moving.

- Forget the Colin Fletcher-in-sleeping-bag-culinary system. By getting out of your bag you'll wake up faster, and the chilly morning air will prevent you from lingering.

- If you're a ways from your water source, fill your pot the night before.

- Choose a breakfast that's quick to prepare and eat. No French toast.

- This isn't Denny's-no bottomless cups of coffee. Two ought to be the limit.

- If someone has to go to the bathroom, everyone ought to go. Don't wait until your partner is returning from the bushes to decide that you might as well go, too.

- Right before leaving, strip off a layer or two. Otherwise you'll have to stop 10 minutes later to do it.

- If, after following all these suggestions, your partner still can't get ready in an hour, set his watch back 15 minutes when he isn't looking.

--John Flinn

Check your jams to determine what size pro to place

NE TIP for technical climbers which I have used for about

16 years helps to select hardware on a gear rack. It's fastest to select gear by sight, but beginners frequently struggle to associate numbered and sized protection (e.g., Hexes and Stoppers) for a crack while standing on small holds.

A technique which has not appeared in any text book that I've seen is to graduate body parts with different sizes of protection. The second knuckle of my fingers take a Number 3-4 Hex (depending on "fit"). My fist is any S-inch pro: a #10 hex or a #3 Friend. You can associate these fittings by cleaning a leader's pitch and seeing the size of the emergent jam.

As always, the Sierra Club disavows any knowledge of climbing harder than Class 3. This article will self-destruct five seconds after reading.

— Eugene Miya

Camp Nine has been discovered; let's try to save it

I'TS CLEAR that too many people know about what used to be a favorite, secluded spot-Camp Nine. On a recent weekend, there were 12 cars there, just about filling the various levels.

Friday night, after missing an RCS contingent at Tuolumne, we didn't worry, we went to Camp Nine. Deserted. Slept next to the stream. Returning Saturday after a long semi-epic on Cathedral Peak, wheow: two cars at the top, five or so crammed into the wide spot the next level down, one and a fire at the secluded site with trees on three sides, and three at the very bottom. We got our same spot, but privacy was compromised.

It worries me to find a stone fire ring at the secluded spot. It worries me that a party left two tents standing after they left on Sunday morning. Campfires and tents left standing in the daytime are a sure way to attract more people, and perhaps official attention. Official attention could mean the loss of this prime site. Overuse could make sanitation a very big issue.

I was leashed that the place was at least clean of trash.

Something else: At the bottom, the road had been opened to Highway 120, and there was an engineering stake just outside. I haven't a clue to the significance.

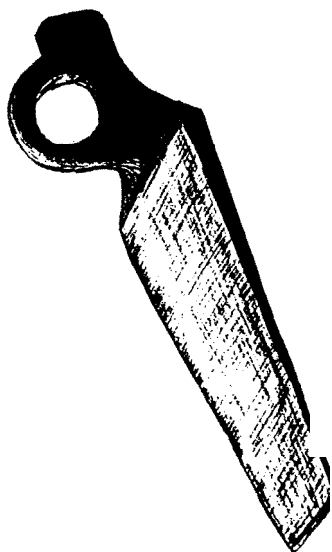
What to do? Be judicious in your use of Camp Nine. Regard it as a bailout option, not a regular campground. Let your friends know about the problem.

Above all, don't tell anybody new about it: you know, be a NIMBY.

-J. Peter Nelson

Trip reports

Mushy snow makes for a soggy day on Raymond Peak



A MODEST EARLY season warmup turned into a long and sloppy slog up and around Raymond Peak, a 10,000-footer near Ebbett's Pass. Eight PCS members spent nearly 12 hours on Saturday, June 16, on the approach, a 2,000-foot climb, and retreat. They managed to reach their cars at the Ebbett's Pass trailhead by 10 p.m., sans dinner.

Once back at the cars, one famished hiker bagged a nutritious meal of Rainer Ale and a sweet roll. Some people fixed chili back at the Crystal Springs campground, but most just crashed.

The participants: John Ingvaldstad (leader) and Kate Ingvaldstad,

Chris English, Kelly Maas, Mark Marks, Peter Nelson, Bob Suzuki and Judith Yarborough. Ebbett's Pass was chosen when lingering snow ruled out Virginia Lakes, the intended climbing area.

The trip was not difficult. It just turned out to be 18 miles long and plagued by little things. Some trips achieve length; this trip had length thrust upon it.

John Ingvaldstad's original plan was to climb the south flank of the peak to avoid snow on the north side. As usually happens in the mountains, the original plan wouldn't go, so over the ridge to the north face it was.

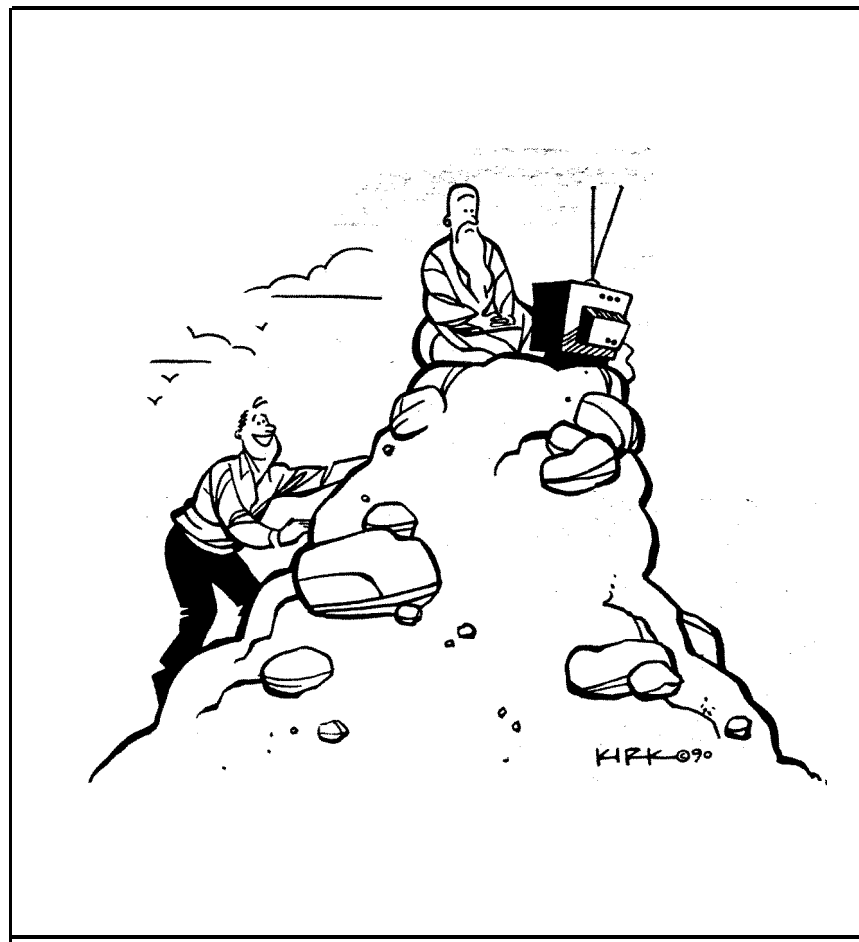
Snow-covered traverses and one vertical snow climb slowed the group, and terrain forced a virtual circumnavigation of the peak. The descent was complicated by sections of ball-bearing scree floating atop hard rock.

Snow patches big and small-no problem on the approach-slowed the party in the fading light of the return trip and increased fatigue.

The ordeal reduced the zeal of the climbers for doing a big peak the next day. Marks, Nelson, Yarborough and the Ingvaldstads started a hike, but aborted to pamper painful knees. They settled instead for a soak at Grover's Hot Springs and an early dinner at the newly renamed Rosebud's Cafe in Jackson.

Some of the crew had never before seen the Grover's Hot Springs area when it was not covered with snow. It's a favorite camp during the crosscountry ski season.

English, Maas and Suzuki went to Carson Pass, spend a windy hour getting up Elephant's Back, enjoyed the view of snow-capped Round Top, climbed down and went home. On the way out, they ran into a party of
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adventurers quipped with downhill ski outfits who claimed to have skied four or five routes on various sides of Round Top.

And Chris English made it back home in time for the Father's Day celebration his family had planned.

Menu notes: For breakfast muffins, last minute coffee, pie, etc., the cafe on Hwy 88 just past the turn to Markleeville is highly recommended. It opens around 7 a.m. The owner is quietly surly, but delivers the goods.

Kirkwood Inn, by the gas station at the ski area, has quite adequate food, including vegetables and oddly shaped and appropriately greasy French fries. The ribs (we didn't try them) looked huge. Caution: If you want white wine, make sure you don't get the blush. If you do, don't drink it.

(Editor's note: The Fussball table there has seen more than a few classic shootouts among PCS members.)

Rosebud's is the large coffee shop cum restaurant on the main street in Jackson, down near the hotel. The management is as new as the name. They're trying to offer a slightly more adventurous menu, but they're not there yet. Portions are good, though.

Topo: Ebbett's Pass 7.5 minute

Trailhead: Ebbett's Pass

Car campground: Crystal Springs-Hwy 88, west of Woodfords

Sign noted: "Borrow a Bull."

— Peter Nelson

Sneak Peakers scale Yolo County's Little Blue Mtn.

AAFTER SOME research in the map room of the USGS in Menlo Park, three of us sneak Peakers (SPS) set out to climb the true high point of Yolo County, Little Blue Mountain (3,081 feet).

Previous articles by "Mr. Itoo Mocho" of Sacramento said Berryessa Peak (3,057 feet) was the high point.

We set out to prove "Itoo" wrong.

All joking aside, though, it is very hard to find the high point of some counties in California. Oh, sure, it's easy enough for Inyo County (Mt. Whitney), etc. But in many counties, it's very tricky.

Our own Alameda County is a good example. For years, Rose Peak was thought to be the highest, but I discovered a higher point called "Deception Peak." Then a Mr. Popeye Iacocca discovered a higher point called "Discovery Peak." Today it remains the high point of Alameda county

We left the Bay Area on July 7 under a sea of clouds and fog. Soon we were traversing Lake Berryessa in hot sun and 100-degree temperatures. Popeye said: "Boy, I didn't think it would be this hot in Yolo County! Alegria Alta said it was so hot she felt she was melting.

Attempt # 1: Leaving the Morgan Valley Road at 10 a.m., we got lost in a small maze of subdivision roads. The road shown on the USGS map was gone, so we hightailed it back to the cars, picking foxtails out of our socks.

Attempt #2: At noon we ended up at the Yolo-Lake county line on a high saddle. A fire road went along toward "Twin Sisters" and "Butte Rock." We all were on our way toward the end of the ridge, dropping down to a saddle at 2,800 feet and then up to the 3,081-foot high point, when I saw that Little Blue Ridge was a long way away in the shimmering heat waves. Too far for a summer day. O.K. for winter, though.

Attempt #3: Again we took Reiff Road further east to another saddle (8.6 miles from Morgan Valley Road) Lo and behold, the road ran along the ridge toward Buck Island and right past our high point (1.9 miles from the junction). We built a cairn and left a film can inside a rusty V-S Juice can.

Great views of Sutter Buttes, Lake Berryessa and Mt. St. Helena.

— Raoul Mocho

Palisades

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Stewart had told me he could carry the load as far as "the stream crossing below the moraine," and I'd just assumed he meant the one in Sam Mack Meadow, a mile or two and 1,000 vertical feet above where we were now standing.

But here it was, and it slowly dawned on us that we were personally going to have to hump every ice tool, every Camelot, every can of spaghetti sauce, every package of Pepperidge Farm cookies-and, yes, every sixpack of beer-up about 2,200 vertical feet to our intended basecamp on the Palisade Glacier.

Well, we said to each other, this will be good training. Get us in shape for the week ahead Excellent for the character, that sort of thing. I crammed as much stuff into my pack as would fit, but when I tried to swing it up onto my shoulder it seemed as if the waistbelt had snagged on a tree root or something. It wouldn't budge off the ground.

It wasn't snagged on anything. I sheepishly unloaded a few items, tried to lift the pack and then unloaded a few items more.

"I got a *baaaaaad* feeling about this," I told Kai.

The problem with the Palisades is that the trail starts to get steep at precisely the same point where the air starts to get thin. Better Living Through Chemistry helped us fight off altitude sickness (paging **Dr. Diamox...**), but the behemoth packs seemed to be pounding our legs into the ground like pile drivers.

Just below the terminal moraine, at about 12,100 feet, my legs and willpower gave out altogether. There was a fairly flat spot for the tent nearby, so we pronounced it basecamp and dropped our packs.

We somehow managed to haul up a second load that evening, and it very nearly did me in. As I staggered into camp I announced that it had been the hardest day of my life. Little did I know that I would be updating that

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estimate after each of the next four days.

Snowflakes had been fluttering down all evening, and as soon as we reached camp all hell broke loose with the weather. We tossed everything into the tent, dove in and zipped up the door. Like the dragon Smaug sitting atop his treasure heap, we were flush with goodies. But we were too exhausted even to fix ourself a proper meal. Dinner that night was Hostess Cupcakes, washed down with a can of Coors.

It sounds ridiculous now, but our original plan had been to leap out of camp the next morning to mn up the Swiss Arete on Mt. Sill as a warmup, followed in successive days by the U-Notch, the V-Notch, Mt. Winchell, Thunderbolt, Agassiz, and the Moon Goddess Arete on Temple Crag.

It's funny how plans like these, made in your comfortable living room in February, can seem so reasonable at the time.

Instead of climbing, we spent the day checking out the route through the moraine onto the glacier. All of the ridges and faces of the Palisades were dusted with new snow, and on the moraine we conmntly punched through the crust into the powdery mush beneath. That evening we crawled back up from the dump site with our third and final carry to base camp.

The next morning found us at the bergschrund below the U-Notch, cursing the conditions. We had trudged through bottomless soft snow, and it hadn't gotten any better as we got higher. We could plunge our ice axes all the way up to their heads without hitting anything solid. All those fancy titanium ice screws were useless. And, for all we knew, the whole couloir could be one big avalanche just waiting for two over-equipped lunkheads to come along and trigger it.

We gave up on the U-Notch and slogged across the glacier toward Glacier Notch. We tried to walk daintily, like elves, but about every third step the trap door opened and we

sunk in up to our crotches.

That evening we trudged back to camp, exhausted, embarrassed and dejected. We'd managed to make it up Mt. Gayley, but the short ascent to Glacier Notch in bad snow conditions had us so unnerved that we considered going to ridiculous lengths to avoid descending it. At one point we even talked about descending the other side and following the south fork of Big Pine Creek all the way back to Glacier Lodge.

By late afternoon we were nervously sitting at the top of the notch, festooned with enough climbing gear to subdue the Eiger. Messner would have said we carried our courage in our mcksacks, but this would not have been entirely true. Some of it dangled from our gear slings and much of it was already employed on the mountain.

We were attempting to rig an unlikely rappel, and making a mess of it, when three chirpy young guys from New Hampshire came strolling past. They were wearing cotton hiking shorts, tie-dyed t-shirts and had those round, Boy Scout-type canteens slung around their necks. Without benefit of ice axes, they jumped into the snow leading down from the notch, and moments later emerged at the bottom on the Palisades Glacier.

Kai and I sheepishly coiled our ropes and followed their route down, although we both found it quite frightening. On our long return to camp, the trap door opened on us every two steps, instead of every

three.

The next morning we were wandering around the moraine, heading in the general direction of Winchell. But when we finally got a full view of our approach, my heart sank. It was another mile or two of trapdoor glaciers and snowfields. I just couldn't take it any more.

"Hey Kai," I said. "Why don't we get out of here and go to Tuolumne? We could climb Matthes Crest. Easy approach, solid rock, no snow."

"I don't know," Kai replied. "Maybe we ought to..."

Craaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack!
BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM !!

It was the loudest noise either of us had ever heard. Our first thought was that Thunderbolt Peak, directly above us, was collapsing like a house of cards. We looked around for shelter, but there was none.

"That's it," said Kai. "I'm outta here."

In retrospect it was probably a sonic boom, magnified and echoed off the granite peaks. But the timing could not have been beat.

We spent the next day and a half ferrying those 200 pounds of gear the 11 miles back to the trailhead. One of those days wins, hands down, as the most exhausting of my life. Somewhere, I'm sure, Molly was smirking.

We never got anywhere near Matthes Crest, but that's another story.

-John Flinn

Classifieds

SEE YOUR AD HERE: We will publish classified ads here free for PCS members or those wishing to advertise to them. Please let us know when you've sold/bought/connected with what you sought. Unless we hear from you, we will drop your ad after three months.

ROOMMATE WANTED. Watch the 49ers practice! Take Lite Rail! Walk to Great America (and save on parking)! Short drive to Alviso! Male/female, non-smoker, no pets, to share a 3-bedroom/2 bath townhouse in Santa Clara. Fireplace,

vaulted ceilings, private patio, pool, quiet, single story. \$400/mo. Phone (408) 970-0760 after June 15 (or 732-0814 before June 14) and leave a message. Tim Huh.

CLIMBING PARTNER WANTED. I'm in the Phoenix area for the next several months and would like to do some peaks or rock climbing with anyone who might be passing through and can stay for a Fri. Sat, Sun trip into the wilds of the Grand Canyon State. I have a rental car

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Please note new work phone number for the SCREE editor. Also, please note that the old fax number is no longer operable.

SCREE is a publication of the Peak Climbing Section of the Sierra Club, Loma Prieta Chapter. Subscriptions are \$10 per year. Checks should be sent to the treasurer, Debbie Benham. To ensure an uninterrupted subscription, renewal checks must be received no later than the last Tuesday of the expiration month.

For change of address, write or call Paul Vlasveld, 1.57 Kellogg Way, Santa Clara 95051. (408) 241-1144 h / (408) 257-7910 w. PCS meetings are held on the second Tuesday of every month. See SCREE for meeting location and program information.

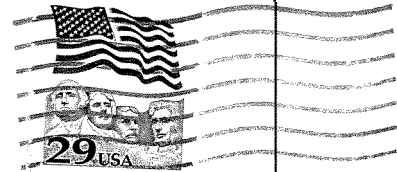
Trip classifications:

- Class 1: Walking on a trail.
- Class 2: Walking cross-country, using hands for balance.
- Class 3: Requires use of hands for climbing. A rope may be used occasionally.
- Class 4: Requires rope belays.
- Class 5: Technical rock climbing.

Deadline for SCREE contributions is two weeks before the next meeting. Mail your contributions to the SCREE editor.



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92/02
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**First Class Mail
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