



# Scree

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

December 1991

Vol. 24, No. 12

## The Night Before Christmas

**T**was the night before Christmas  
And all through the peaks,  
Not a climber was stirring  
(They'd been partying for weeks).

The moon on the face  
Of the Eiger North Wall  
Gave it a look quite ghastly  
A veritable pall!

Every hold was glazed  
With unclimbable ice  
Even Anderl Heckmair  
Would've deemed it "no dice."

When out of the scree  
There arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my  
barstool  
To see what was the  
matter

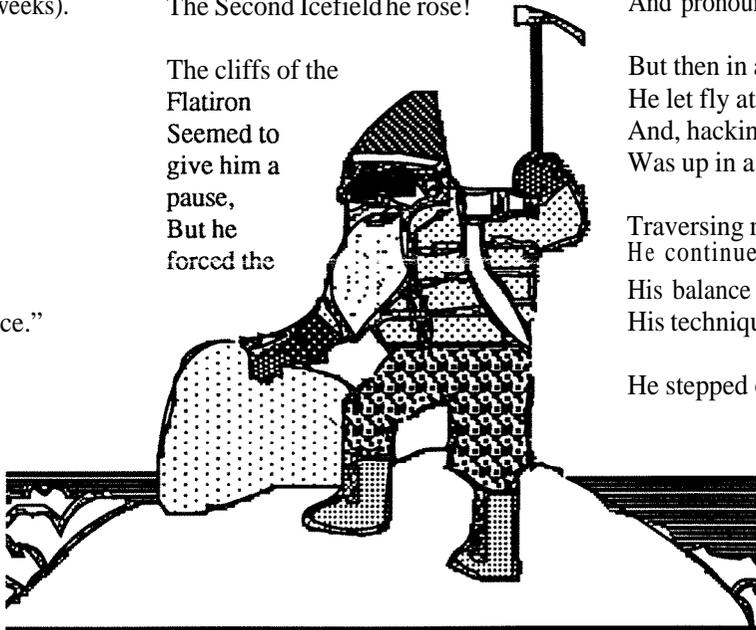
And what in the hotel's  
scope  
Should appear,  
But a fat little climber  
With a packful of gear.

His boots how they scurried!  
His axe how it flew!  
As he passed the First Pillar  
And the shattered one too.

The Difficult Crack had him  
Scrambling and cursing  
But soon the Hinterstoisser  
He was blithely traversing.

Up the first Icefield  
Up the Ice Hose  
Up and across  
The Second Icefield he rose!

The cliffs of the  
Flatiron  
Seemed to  
give him a  
pause,  
But he  
forced the



route quick,  
This climber named Claus.

To the top of the Ramp  
Up the Waterfall Crack;  
But as he reached the Ice Bulge,  
His figure went slack.

I was fairly glued to my 'scope,  
Tense beyond words,  
When I realized around me  
Was all Eiger birds.

They gasped as he clung  
To that impossible pitch,  
They oohed and they aahed  
And pronounced it a bitch!

But then in a frenzy  
He let fly at the ice  
And, hacking and picking,  
Was up in a trice.

Traversing most Godly,  
He continued the line.  
His balance was flawless!  
His technique very fine!

He stepped onto the Spider  
That avalanche chute,  
And we knew in an  
instant  
He'd learned well the  
route.

The weather held fair,  
The rocks iced in their  
place;

'Twas a record ascent,  
At a hell of a pace.

As he topped the last snowfield,  
We let out a cheer,  
And his answering words  
Returned faint but quite clear:

"This is more fun than rooftops,  
Than gifts or reindeer;  
Go get your own presents,  
I'm climbing Everest next year!"

-Bill Gentry  
Climbing Magazine

## Next meeting

DATE: Tuesday, Dec. 10

TIME: 7:30 p.m.

LOCATION: Graphic Gourment at Silicon Graphics, Inc.

DIRECTIONS: Follow map to Shoreline Technology Park. Your destination is the first building on your right., labeled "Building #1." Park and follow "PCS" signs.

PROGRAM: Christmas potluck and slide show.

Bring a dish as described below, and bring some slides to show. Food assignments, based on your last name:

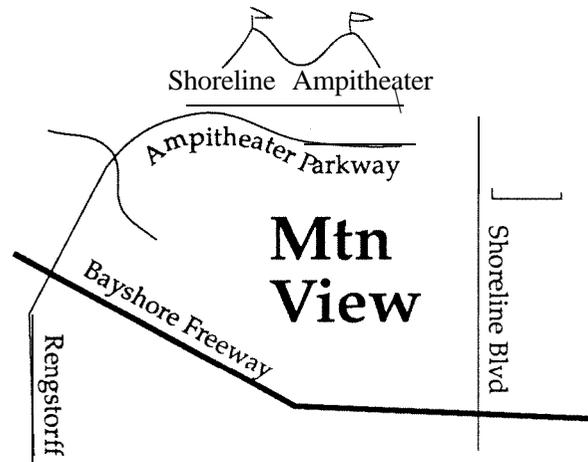
A-G: Snacks, appetizers or salads.

H-L: Drinks.

M-R: Main course.

s-z: Desserts.

Everyone bring your own plates, knives, forks and, of course, Sierra Cups.



## Upcoming outings

Dec. 14

MT. DIABLO

15 miles, class 1

Leader: Kai Wiedman

(4 15) 347-2843

This will be a "3-D" hike: the direct north face on Mt. Diablo, dinner at Chevy's; special glasses supplied.

Dec. 26-Jan. 1

CHRISTMAS DESERT PEAK BAGGING

Leader: Bill Hauser

(408) 243-4566

Meet at the Carlos Toto's Mexican restaurant on Main Street in Barstow at 7 a.m. on Dec. 26 to climb East Ord Mountain (6,181 ft., elevation gain: 2,000 feet). We will caravan and do Old Woman (2,200 feet gain), Spectre (4,400 ft.), Granite (4,331 ft.) and Rosa Peak (5,038 ft., 4,000-ft. gain).

Feb. 15-17

MONTEREY BAY

Leader: Debbie Bulger

(408) 457- 1036

Co-leader: Richard Stover

(408) 427-0249

The real wharf-to-wharf. Starting at 6 a.m. on the Santa Cruz wharf, we will hike the shore of Monterey Bay, ending with dinner on Fisherman's Wharf in Monterey. We will travel light, sans tent or stove, buying food along the way. Leader permission required for this very strenuous backpack of about 4.5 miles. Rain cancels.

## Private trips

**Private trips are neither insured, sponsored nor supervised by the Sierra Club or the PCS.**

Dec. 27-30

PANAMINT CROSS COUNTRY

Leader: Steve Eckert

(4 15) 508-0500

All climbs are cross country, with minimal trail use. Routes have been partially scouted, but expect some tough route-finding. Telescope Peak may have snow or ice, and we will try to climb from Surprise Canyon (not the traditional route from the charcoal kilns.) Also planned: Tucki Mountain from Mosaic Canyon and possibly Sentinel, Porter and Manly. Families and nonclimbing sightseers welcome. Co-leader wanted, or PCS leader to make trip official.

Dec. 29-Jan. 1

SKIING

Tim Huh

(408) 970-0760

In anyone interested in doing a "major" ski trip during this time period? If so, please contact me. I have no real plans, so call me if you want to kick around some ideas.

Jan. 11-12

SEQUOIA SNOW CAMP

Leader: Steve Eckert

(415) 508-0500

Join experienced snow camping leader who is new to this area in scouting a future trip (which will include both

**(continued on page 4)**

# Mountain notes

## Eleventh essential

Forget the map. Forget the compass. Next time you're lost, do what Walter Roden did: he pulled out his cellular phone and called for help. Roden lives in Los Angeles, as if you needed to be told.

Roden was hiking in the Big Tujunga Canyon area of the Angeles National Forest last month when he lost his way shortly before dark.

"I hike a lot and usually am prepared," he said. "But I never hiked this area before and didn't have a map. So I brought the phone along in case I went down the wrong trail."

He called his wife, who called the U.S. Forest Service, who called the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department mountain rescue team. Roden was home safe that evening.

"I don't think a cellular phone will ever replace a map, but I would recommend it," he said. "I'm glad I had it with me."

## Son of avalanche

The response to the proposed avalanche safety course so far has been rather underwhelming. It's true that the last five winters haven't exactly brought to mind the phrase "White Wall of Death." But that could change.

The dates and course have yet to be arranged. If you're interested, call John Flinn at (415) 9682050.

## Le gran joke

Ever since French Canadian trappers passed through Wyoming in the early 1800s everyone who knows a smattering of French has been snickering at the name they gave the most impressive peak: le *Grand Teton*.

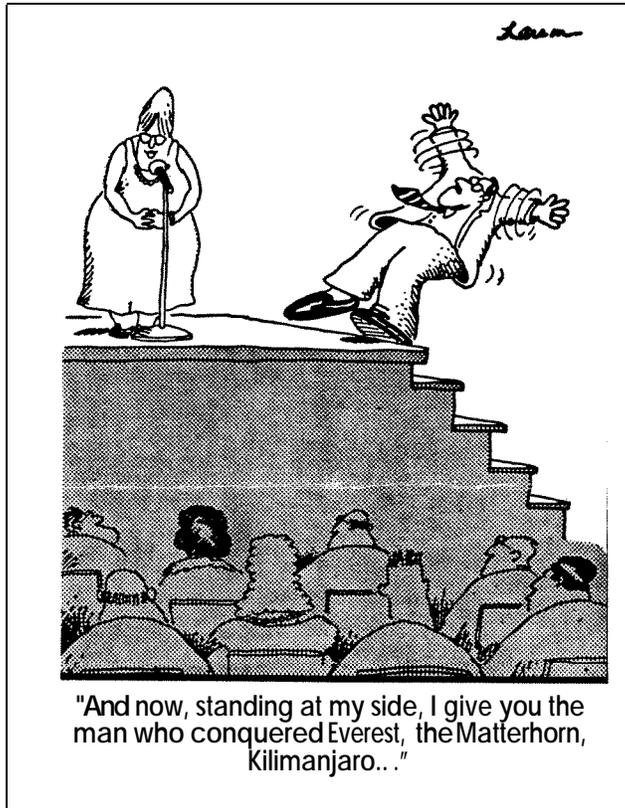
Not long ago the Department of

the Interior received a letter from a group calling itself the Committee to Restore Decency to Our National Parks. It wanted the name of Grand Teton National Park changed.

"Grand Teton...is actually a French phrase that means-and I apologize for

It turns out the committee doesn't really exist. The letter was a hoax from *Spy Magazine*.

"I'm delighted it's a spoof," said National Park Service spokesman George Berklacy, "because I thought, my, we're going to hear more from them."



"And now, standing at my side, I give you the man who conquered Everest, the Matterhorn, Kilimanjaro..."

this indelicacy, but this is the literal definition--'Big Tit,'" the letter said.

"Though a great many Americans may be oblivious to this vulgarity, hundreds of millions of French people around the world are not. How embarrassing that these spectacular, majestic mountains are reduced to a dirty joke overseas (and in parts of Canada)."

The Interior Department hemmed and hawed for three weeks, then finally drafted a letter telling the committee it was "sensitive to your concern" but that it couldn't rewrite history and create "needless offense" to a local citizenry that supports the name.

## High adventure

This has nothing to do with climbing, but we wanted to be the first to commemorate the 10-year anniversary of one of our most favorite things that ever happened. It was in early 1982 that a Los Angeles man named Larry Walters attached 42 helium-filled weather balloons to his lawn chair and took off for a wild ride over Southern California air space.

Startled air traffic controllers at LAX spotted Walters on their radar shortly before he descended by popping some of the balloons with an air gun. An unamused FAA fined him \$1,500.

## Now you know

Q: Who made the first recorded ascent of Mexico's 17,888-foot Popocatepetl?

A: Four members of the expedition of the Spanish conquistador Cortez. In 1522 Cortez was short of gunpowder, so he offered a reward for sulphur brought back from the top. Two of the four summiteers were lowered 90 feet into the belching, smoking crater. They filled sacks with 300 pounds of the precious mineral and returned to a hero's welcome.

## Today's quote

"The art of Himalayan travel-and indeed of all adventure-4 the art of being bold enough to enjoy life now."

— W. H. Murray

## Private trips

(con't from page 2)

Alta and Siliman.) No specialized experience or equipment is required, but be prepared for a fairly strenuous hike with winter-weight packs. The primary goal is to scout Tokopah Valley and the surrounding ridges. Depending on snow conditions, we will try for one peak. This will not be a formal snow training class, but if there is time and interest we will share ideas and techniques for comfort and safety. Co-leader wanted (or qualified PCS leader to make trip official.)

**Jan. 18-19**  
TELEMARKWEEKEND  
Ron Lingelbach  
(408) 253-8036.

Cost is \$40 for bunk and meals at Apres Ski Cabin at Kings Beach. Co-listed with Ski Touring Section. More details next month.

**Christmas 1992**  
ECUADOR CLIMBING  
Tim Hult  
(408) 970-0760

Anyone else interested in climbing one of the major Ecuadorian peaks (Chimborazo is 20,000 ft.) and doing some sightseeing in the Indian villages?

## A beginner's trip to Mount Hoffman gets no beginners

AFTER ASSEMBLING on a beautiful morning for a leisurely trailhead breakfast, our six-person beginnerless team proceeded up Yosemite's daunting Murphy Creek trail.

After reaching our noon checkpoint hours early despite efforts to walk slowly, it seemed reasonable to bushwhack to Polly Dome Lake, where we enjoyed lunch as the only party in sight. Our Indian Summer weather was warm and the lake idyllic.

We reached May Lake early after seven total miles. Consumption of our high-calorie dinners, designed for replenishment after a typical PCS marathon day, surely resulted in increased girths all around.

Our evening (fireless to conserve wood) was capped by a mind-boggling repertory of pseudo-raunchy jokes by Dave Caldwell.

Sunday was again brilliant and our gruelling class one/two ascent of Hoffman was actually quite enjoyable. After identifying most of the surrounding peaks and inputting yet more unneeded calories at the summit, a few members could not resist a lo-minute "private" trip to scale a good class III viewpoint of May Lake.

After safely reuniting and reaching May Lake, our intrepid team withstood a gnarly one-hour descent to the May Lake trailhead, triumphant but still unaerobic. All kidding aside, the beginner-style trip was enjoyed by all—maybe next year some beginners will actually sign up!

We did notice two cars at the parking lot with bear-smashed windows. The moral is "store it in the trunk."

Hoffman Peak 10,850' via Murphy Creek and May Lake

Oct. 5 and 6, 1991

Katie Beckett, Debbie Benham, Dave Caldwell, Anne Gaillard, Jonatan Naaman, and Rex Naden, scribe.

— Rex Naden

## Black Cone Trail in Ventana needs work

SINCE THE big fire of 1977, the Black Cone Trail in the Ventana Wilderness has become virtually impassable because of brush and deadfall.

The 9-mile long path, which runs from Pine Ridge to Strawberry Camp along the divide between Tassajara Creek and the North Fork of the Big Sur River, is an important link in the area's trail system. It makes possible a number of interesting loop trips.

The Carmel Valley Mounted Assistance Group has done much of the work, but has not completed it because of the job's magnitude and pressing needs elsewhere.

The group's president has ex-

pressed a willingness to provide packing and equipment support to volunteer groups working on the trail. The Sierra Club National Outings Service Trip Committee has scheduled a trail maintenance trip April 11-18.

The Bay Chapter Backpacking Section has scheduled a similar outing Feb. 14-17 (President's Day weekend).

Matt Hahne, who has taken an interest in this project, is urging the PCS to join in this project, either by scheduling an outing jointly with the Bay Chapter, or by running an independent operation.

Anyone interested is urged to contact Matt at (415) 969-5656 h, or (415) 604-6140 w.

## Here's your new slate of officers for 1992

WHITE SMOKE has been spotted rising from the chimney at PCS World Headquarters, and the gathered masses can rejoice: a new slate of officers has been chosen.

Nominated as chairperson is Ron Lingelbach, longtime PCS member, trip leader and *bon vivant*.

Nominated as vice chair and scheduler is Kelly Maas, a trip leader known from his interest in the more difficult and remote Sierra peaks, and for his teetotalling ascent of North Pal.

Nominated for treasurer is Charles Schaffer, a new but very active PCS member, and, more importantly,

someone who knows his way around money. He's a corporate financial planner by occupation.

For SCREE editor, the PCS College of Cardinals has chosen Steve Eckert. Steve has already created an electronic bulletin board for use by the PCS. His selection as editor is further indication that the PCS, situated in the world's high tech capital, is finally moving into the 1990s.

PCS members will be asked to approve the nominations at the December meeting.

The College of Cardinals is Chris Macintosh, Cecil Magliocco and Dinesh Desai.

## Water taxis and spaghetti enliven Ralston Peak trip

**I**F YOU like your car camping climbs with a mix of perfect moments, momentary confusion (but what about the cars??) and Chris Macintosh's more-than good spaghetti, you should have been on Chris' mid-August trip to Ralston Peak. Chris, Nancy Fitzsimmons, Mark Woolbright, JoAnn McDonnell, Susan White, Richard Asano, Marian Fort, Eugene Miya and myself, M2 Lewis, were there, and I think it's safe to say a great time was had by all.

After a slight race with old father time to make our 9 a.m. rendezvous at the Sayles campground trailhead, Eugene and I, who where where just getting back from stashing Eugene's bike at Echo Lake, discovered Chris' four-wheel drive on the road just behind us. A ha, so we weren't late after all. It took just a little getting ready, and the group started up the trail at **about 9:30** a.m., give or take a hair.

By 9:34 a.m., Eugene had disappeared in a trail of dust. This, we soon discovered, was to become a recurring theme of the weekend. Nancy was the next to round a bend and not be seen again for hours. She said she was getting in shape for an upcoming trek to Mt. Dana, followed by Whitney. Well, she sounded convincing enough, but we soon discovered the **real** reason behind her pace. Nancy is with the day hiking section.

The trail was long and steep, with occasional rocky ledges, and sometimes stretching into wide open meadows. There were plenty of wildflowers (amazing, I thought, for this late in the year) and enough wild corn lily to make you wish it were a cash crop.

About half way up we had our first encounter. This was with Julie. She was a lovely creature. The only problem with Julie is that she seemed to be shy. So shy, in fact, that the moment she heard our footsteps she stopped short and hid behind a tree. The friend she

was with called to her. We stopped and waited. Julie peeked out, then ran further up the trail.

After much waiting and much coaxing, we finally decided to head on up as carefully as we could, trying not to disturb Julie as we passed. So we walked, and Julie ran. But this time she ran in the direction of the man who was waiting for her. I'm glad they caught up with each other. You know how temperamental Dobermans can be.

As we rounded the peak, Eugene Miya came into view. He was propped against a rock, of course, and reading a book. It looked as if he'd been there for hours. At lunch we tried to match the mountain- and lake-dotted landscape to the lines on Chris' topo map, and we passed around the binoculars to gaze at the islands of the wilderness below, and at the tiny colored sailboats visible on Echo Lake.

Chris read a passage out of her guide-book that described the "punishing ascent" we'd just accomplished. We all seemed to have one thought: Really!?

Apparently none of us was feeling punished yet.

So lunch found us cooling our heels in the altitude breeze with one wily, well-fed chipmunk nearby, ready to receive any stray granola bar crumb or chunk of apple that might come his way. Then Susan White cracked open a can of iced cappuccino and someone brought up the Echo Lake ferry. The subject snagged all our curiosity. It wasn't long before we were gazing longingly from our perch above the Desolation Wilderness down onto the little trail in the distance that led to the ferry that could (shhhh) carry us across Echo Lake. Too tempting. But what about the cars?

Eugene had vaporized again with a promise to meet us at the trailhead some time later. And all our cars were

parked there anyway. Finally, after much discussion about who would be the lucky stiff to take the new trail and, hence, the ferry back, and who would backtrack for the cars to the original trailhead, we decided to hang it all, and all be the lucky stiff to go to Echo Lake (almost all, that is. Susan and Richard opted to take the Horsetrail Falls Trail.)

After much bottom-of-the-backpack scraping for water taxi fare for the crowd (a one-way ticket runs \$6), we headed down full of anticipation. The walk was long, meadowy and hot. At the bottom, as promised, we were rewarded with a nondescript sign pointing toward the water with one magic word: "Ferry."

Chris called the water taxi from the shoebox-sized cabin on site, and we lingeringly bathed our feet in the



chilly cold water until it came.

So we piled in and whirred off across the lake. But, windblown and without a care just moments earlier, on the other side we were faced with one problem: How to retrieve the cars. After much discussion about which pair of us would make the best hitchhiking companions, Chris managed to find a ride with a family visiting from West Virginia, complete with a chatty five-year-old in the back seat who collected "wheat" pennies.

In 40 minutes, Chris was back with the car. And somehow on cue, Eugene reappeared. We managed to meet up with Susan and Richard again and, foregoing last minute plans to head for the hot springs, spent the evening savoring one first-class spaghetti

**(con't on next page)**

(con't from last page)

dinner.

The next morning, for some reason, nearly everyone emerged from their tents wearing something Kelly green. It was an odd phenomenon, but at least we figured this way we could **not** get lost. We headed for Markleeville Peak, but upon arrival decided The Nipple, a jutting rock on a steep, scree-covered slope, looked like the more interesting climb.

The long walk up to the base of the Nipple was pleasant and a relatively flat jaunt along a stretch of the Pacific Crest Trail. Here again the **wildflowers** were abundant. An ascent of the relatively stable scree and one last quick hop to the top of the rocky nipple got us all on the somewhat close-quartered and comfortable peak.

We signed the register, read of windier and rainier times on the summit, dodged fue ants and caught one truly amazing view.

It was sometime after lunch that one of us spotted an interesting alternative hike back, one that **wouldn't** return us to our cars, of course. But, as much as we may have hated to see it happen, this time reason prevailed.

We summed up the trip with a cold, quick dip in Lost Lake, and ended with a rendezvous for fried cactus and other Mexican delicacies at El Lorito's in Livermore, then back through the windmills and home.

— M.M. Lewis

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***"Our present world is a world of remarkable civilization, but it is not very natural and not very happy. We need some snatches of the life of youth-to be for a season simply happy and simply healthy. We need to draw sometimes greta draughts of simplicity and beauty. We need sometimes that poetry should not be droned in our ears, but flashed into our senses.***

***"And man, with all his knowlege and his pride, needs sometimes to know nothing and to feel nothing, but that he is a marvelous atom in a marvelous world."***

— Frederick Harrison

## A short pilgrimage around the Great Western Divide

**F**ROM SEPT. 12 to 15 Leighton Nakata, Dan Tischler and I made a 60-mile excursion around the Great Western Divide between Mt. Brewer and Midway Mountain. We started at Road's End and followed the Bubb's Creek Trail to Junction Meadow, then went up to Lake Reflection.

From there we worked out way over Milly's Foot Pass, where we encountered some class 3 climbing near the top. On the other side of the pass we followed some small streams down to where we could pick up the Milestone Basin. After the trail disappeared, we continued on to the pass between Milestone Mountain and Midway Mountain. This pass is not listed in Roper's guidebook.

From the east it is a simple walk-up, but on the west side there is a 20-foot cliff. We got down this cliff by descending a class 3 chimney that is located about 200 feet north of the low point on the ridge. (Packs need to be lowered by rope here.) We proceeded down to Colby Lake, where we picked up the Colby Pass Trail.

We followed this down to Scaffold Meadow. After climbing up over Avalanche Pass, we descended back to Roads End via the Sphinx Creek Trail. Although we planned to climb several mountains en route, we only got up one-Mt. Geneva. Fatigue and insufficient time kept us from climbing more peaks.

A couple notes on the trip: 1) Apparently few people get into this area (including the Bubbs Creek and East Creek areas). We saw nobody for three days. 2) Colby Lake, or the higher lake above it, would make a good base for climbing Midway Mountain and Milestone Mountain, the latter via the pass we crossed.

— George Sinclair

## Triple Divide Peak climbed on a crisp October morning

**D**URING THE first weekend in October Warren Storkman and I went on a private trip to Triple Divide Peak in Sequoia National Park. We enjoyed beautiful weather throughout the weekend. The first day we hiked 16 miles, mostly on the High Sierra Trail, to Tamarack Lake. The maintained trail ends at the lake. We found a nice campsite near the shore of picturesque Tamarack Lake.

East of the Lake the steep cliffs above appeared to form a potential barrier. However, we were able to find a way through these cliffs, and after two hours we made it up to Lion Lake. Triple Divide Peak loomed above us. In another 90 minutes, after a long and tedious traverse of the peak's class 3 west ridge, I arrived at the summit.

From the top I enjoyed a spectacular view, which included portions of the Kern, Kings and Kaweah watersheds. Meanwhile, Warren attempted- unsuccessfully-to find an easier and more direct route up the west face.

Later in the afternoon we met back at camp. After a brief rest we packed up our gear and hiked the five miles down to Bearpaw Meadow. We camped on the balcony of the closed ranger cabin there. The next day, after an early start, we hiked 11 miles and arrived at our car at noon.

—George Sinclair

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***Something hidden-go and find it;  
Go and look behind the Ranges.  
Something lost behind the Ranges:  
Lost and waiting for you. Go!***

—Rudyard Kipling

## PCS gathers for annual convention in Tuolumne (not!)

**T**HE 1991 PCS Annual Convention was held in Tuolumne Meadows on the weekend of Sept. 13-15. Approximately 25 delegates gathered at the two adjacent group campsites to partake of the festive environment that included free-flowing spirit and spirits.

The Saturday night campfire was surrounded by personage two rows deep, where amongst the camaraderie voices raised on high to exalt the ant who whopped that rubber-tree plant in "High Hopes." For entertainment, the Main Act was to have been Blackie (the bear), however, Blackie was stoned during rehearsal at a nearby campsite, and was later seen pouting along the banks of the Tuolumne.

During daylight hours, guides Kai Wiedman and Kate Ingvaldstad graciously conducted conferences at Mt. Hoffman, Clouds Rest, and Shepherd Crest.

The delegates expressed their pleasure with this opportunity to get down to business. A handful of delegates chose alternate activities such as fishing (with some succbs), rock climbing, ambling, sleeping in, and a brand new sport called dome hopping.

How many domes can you hop in an afternoon? day? weekend? A brief feasibility study was conducted by a lone PCSer. Polly and Fait-view Domes were selected as the test subjects.

Each of these domes provided enjoyable climbs, with quick up-and-downs (round trip under two hours each) and third class routes. Polly had about 150 feet of easy third-class ledges just below the summit, while Fairview offered several hundred feet of somewhat more challenging friction. Neither had a summit register.

If dome hopping becomes popular, the PCS might consider forming a separate Dome Subsection. The chairman would be responsible for tracking ascent records and developing commercial application spinoffs: for

example, there could be a manufacturing facility for automobile accessories such as the dome light. Records could be kept for moonlight hops (dome lights not required), most hops in a whiteout, and most nights spent on top (called the domicile award). Our theme song could begin, "Oh give me a dome, where the buffalo roam..."

Back to the Tuolumne Meadows PCS Annual Convention: Once upon a time, as children, we all believed in Santa, the Easter bunny, and Raoul Mocho. Somewhere along the way, however, we learned the truths,

suffered and grieved through these disquieting revelations, and recovered to experience a greater bond with Ultimate Maturity.

While not as devastating in its consequence, this writer has none-the-less fabricated an untruth; there was no PCS Convention (in 1991). Perhaps next year? Lets view ahead to this gala event: There we are in a posh convention room at the Marriott, climbing ropes over our shoulder, ice ax in hand, first one to the top of the chandelier is the winner!

**-John Ingvaldstad**

## Goodbye from your faithful editor

**T**HESE THINGS always seem to happen in threes. First Abe Rosenthal retired as editor of the New York Times. Then Ben Bradley hung it up as chief of the Washington Post. And now, with somewhat less fanfare, yours truly is saying *adios* as editor of SCREE.

I'd like to thank two people without whom SCREE would not arrive in your mailbox each month. Paul Vlasveld reliably and efficiently handled the thankless task of keeping our mailing list in order and printing up the mailing labels each month. And Dinesh Desai cheerfully dealt with the drudgery and drymouth of licking and sticking 200 stamps and labels. Without

them, SCREE would have gotten no farther than the printer (which, some months, might not be such a bad idea.)

And I'd like to thank my wife Jcri, who had to endure more than a few late-night knocks on the door, rambling phone messages and evenings of neglect during the last year, and in my previous incarnations as editor.

Starting with the next issue, SCREE will be in the capable hands of Steve Eckert. I know you'll show him all the respect for deadlines, neat handwriting and careful punctuation you've shown me. God help him!

**-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.

**FOR SALE:** Perfect for winter backpacking--a Gregory "Cassin" internal frame backpack, size medium, color blue. One of Gregory's largest capacity packs. Excellent condition: used perhaps six times. \$180. Chris Macintosh (415) 32.57841.

**NURSE NEEDED:** Yosemite Medical Clinic, located in Yosemite National Park, is looking for RNs with ER or ICU experience, who would rather spend their free time hiking, biking, climbing or skiing

instead of stuck in freeway or city traffic. Limited housing in Yoemite Valley provided. Please call Cathy or Robin at (209) 372-4637 or write to P.O. Box 547, Yosemite, CA 9.5389.

**FOR SALE:** Asolo Yukon Sport mountaineering boots. Men's 11 med. Very little use. Perfect condition. \$125. Also, three-season, two-person backpacking tent. 5 1/2 pounds. \$100. Skip Perry. (415) 946-0766.

**HOUSESITTER AVAILABLE:** Frank King of the (in)famous RCS is available for housesitting for 1991. If you need someone to take care of your house, apartment, plants and somepets, please call. Days: (415) 926-2296. After 7 p.m.: (415) 2651710.

**CHAIRPERSON:**

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(415) 335-1901 w

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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, 157 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.

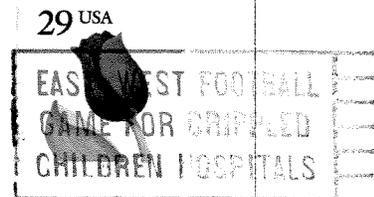
**Trip classifications:**

- Class 1: Waking on a trail.
- Class 2: Waking 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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