



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

July, 1991

Vol, 24, No. 7

## Next meeting

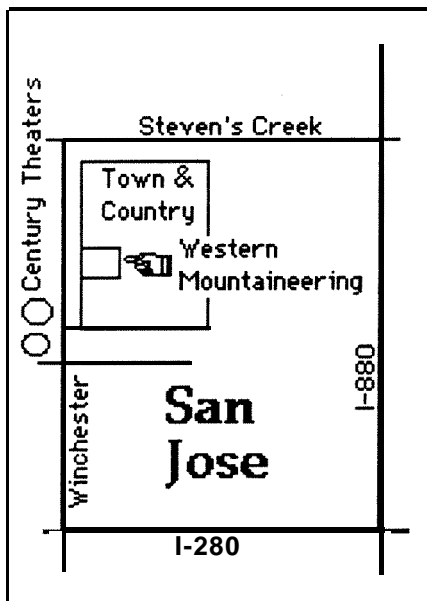
DATE: Tuesday, July 9

TIME: 8 p.m.

PLACE:

Western Mountaineering  
Town and Country Shopping  
Center, San Jose

PROGRAM: Climbing Aconcagua, by Steve Head. A trip to the highest peak in the Andes, in South America and the Western Hemisphere--22,800-foot Aconcagua. Along the way, Steve managed to save his guide's toes from frostbite.



# The dark side

## Bob Reid's book, "Mountains of the Great Blue Dream"

A FEW YEARS ago Kai Wiedman, Art Calkins, Bob Reid and I were high on Mt. Owen in the Tetons, within striking distance of the summit. It was decision time. A storm was gathering, we were a long way from camp, and we were facing the prospect of a nightmarish descent and possibly a wet, shivering bivouac. It looked like an epic-in-the-making.

Kai and Art decided to go for the top; Bob and I elected to stop. None of the rest of us knew it at the time, but this was a major decision in Bob's climbing career, and in his life. It was here that Bob, a longtime PCS trip leader, gave up serious climbing.

The incident forms the crux of the opening essay in Bob's new book, "Mountains of the Great Blue Dream" (184 pp. North Point Press. \$21.95). In it, Bob traces his love of climbing from his early attempts to impress girls by writing a book report on "The Conquest of Everest," to his first scrambles in the Tetons, to later climbs on Shasta, the Bugaboos and the Sierra, to his agonizing decision to give it up.

Along the way, he does as good a job as you'll ever find of describing the joys and attractions of our sport.

He even tackles the mystery of why so many of us are losing our hair. (From rubbing our heads against the sky.)

In one eye-opening passage, Bob compares mountaineers to mystics in their search for enlightenment through asceticism, austerity, endurance and denial.

"The Dominican Henry Suso," he writes, "submitted to extremes of self torture, bearing on his back a heavy cross studded with nails until 'God did gladden the heart of the sufferer in return for all his sufferings.'" Compare that to the mountaineer, who "toils upward hour after hour, day after day, bending low beneath an oppressive pack, bearing it all in silence."

Lots of other authors have covered this ground (although few as well), but Bob takes us past it, to the dark side of mountaineering. He describes all the friends he's lost to the mountains, including Art. He writes honestly about how he lost whatever it is that enables the rest of us to ignore the danger.

About that trip to the Tetons, he writes: "As I headed into the high country I understood as I never had before how utterly stupid and unforgivable it would be for me to perish in the mountains."

As we descended from Owen, we met two young climbers camped at

*(please see page*

# Upcoming outings

July 20-21  
 MT. DADE  
 13,600 ft. Class 2  
 Leader: Peter Maxwell  
 (408) 737-9770  
 Co-leaders Kelly Maas  
 (408) 279-2054

At over 10,000 feet, the Rock Creek trailhead gives a great start to this peak, which is located adjacent to, and only 115 lower than, Mt. Abbott the highest of the Sierra crest in this region. The walk in is only about five miles, making for a leisurely, exciting and not to be missed trip.

July 27-28  
 RED AND WHITE MOUNTAIN  
 12,850 ft., Class 2  
 Leader: Cecil Magliocco  
 (408) 9461238

We'll use the McGee Creek Trailhead on the east side for this moderate trip. Ice axes may be necessary, in which case this would become a private trip.

Aug. 3-4  
 CROWN POINT  
 11,346 ft., Class 2  
 Leader Judith Yarborough  
 (415) 854-9288, after 7 p.m.

We'll leave from Twin Lakes, up a moderately ascending trail to camp at beautiful Peeler Lake. Next morning we'll zip up Crown Point - a pleasant scramble to some terrific views - and then descend to the cars and home. Good beginner's trip. Co-leader wanted. Permit fee: \$5. Limit eight people.

Aug 10-11  
 SIERRA SMORGASBORD  
 Class 2  
 Leader Chris Macintosh  
 (415) 3257841

Ralston Peak, 9,235 feet (the FPCS's inaugural climb, eons ago); Fickett Peak, 9,118 feet; Hawkins Peak, 10,023 feet. We'll climb two of these (well, some may be content with

one) during this car-camping weekend. Peak climbs will be fairly strenuous but not difficult, and we have a reserved campsite at Hope Valley to recuperate in. Assistant leader wanted to help me in organizing a central dinner and in keeping track of climbers. Limit 16 people. Send SASE and \$15 (for two nights at campsite and one dinner) to Chris Macintosh at P.O. Box 802, Menlo Park, CA 94026.

Aug. 10-11  
 MERCED PEAK  
 11,726 ft., Class 2

Leader: Debbie Bulger  
 (408) 457-1036

The highest peak in the Clark Range, site of the first living glacier discovered in the Sierra Nevada (by John Muir himself). From the Mono Meadows trailhead, 15 miles and 4,000 feet of elevation gain to base camp. (We also lose 1,000 feet.) Sunday, another 2,700 feet to the summit and back out. Plan on rising early.

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  
 13,163 ft., Class 2  
 Leader: Aaron Schuman  
 (415) 494-3299, h before 9:00 pm  
 (415) 335-1901, 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. 28-29  
 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.

## Private trips

...are on page 4 this issue.

# Mountain notes

## Trip reports

From now on, how about including the names of the **trailhead** and the topo map(s) used in all trip reports? This will be a big help to readers who are so stirred by your prose that they want to go out and recreate your adventure.

## Electricity in the air

Your ice axe is humming a Hindu chant, your hairdo is doing a Rod Stewart and you're getting the sneaking suspicion that the mighty Thor is getting ready to give you the finger.

If there is a tree handy, you might be tempted to duck under it. But, according to *Outside* magazine, it pays to choose your hiding place very carefully. Certain kinds of trees, it seems, are fairly safe, while others are lightning magnets.

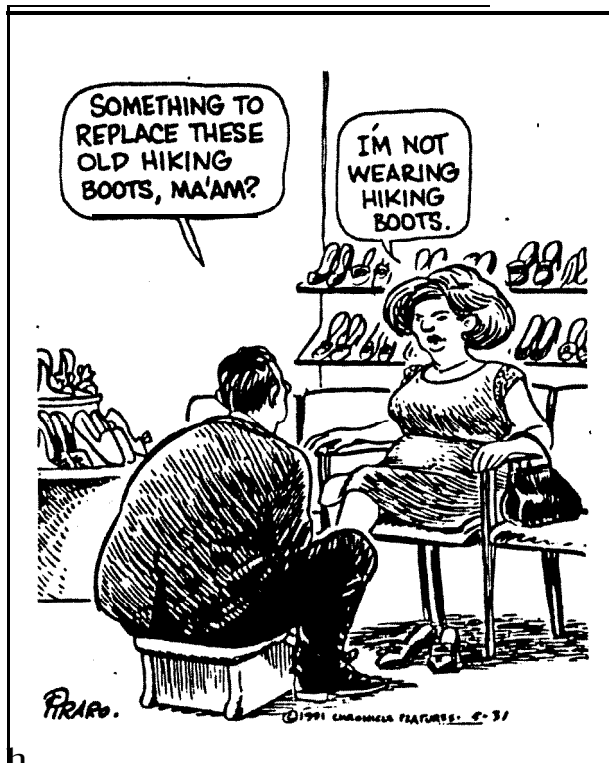
In general, avoid trees with far-reaching roots that tap into groundwater. Instead, look for a more dehydrated species. Beeches are considered safest, followed closely by spruce. Pines are **about average**. Worst, by far, are oaks, which are 45 to 60 times more likely to be zapped than beeches.

If in doubt, remember this: "Beware of oak, it draws the stroke."

## Kiwi burgers

This isn't a climbing item, but it will interest anyone who's ever visited New Zealand and had the shock of biting into a hamburger.

A friend sends a news clipping that the McDonald's in Hamilton, New Zealand has just introduced a "Kiwi Burger," and it's a apparently big hit with the locals. It's got the usual quarter pound patty, sesame seed bun, pickle, onion and the trademark of all New Zealand burgers, the traditional slice of beet.



## PCT

Even if you would never even consider hiking the entire 2,638 miles of the Pacific Crest Trail from Canada to Mexico, you might want to consider joining the newly formed Pacific Crest Trail Conference.

Based on the successful Appalachian Trail Conference, the PCTC is a part information center, part maintenance coordinator and part lobbying organization.

The Pacific Crest Trail is one of eight Congressionally-designated National Scenic Trails, but the boys in Washington are loathe to appropriate money for upkeep and right-of-way acquisition unless someone can keep up the lobbying pressure.

Individual memberships are \$25 a year. For more information, write to the PCT Conference, P.O. Box 2.5 14, Lynnwood, WA 98036.

## Techno-geeks

Thanks to Judith Yarborough for forwarding proof that mountaineering metaphors are all the rage in the world of technoid advertising. The ads come from a recent issue of *Information-Week*.

One shows a guy in what appears to be the same suit and tie combo rappelling down an icy mountainside with a fiber optics cable. "Why put your business on anything but the world's most reliable network?" asks the headline for AT&T's Accunet network.

The other shows an executive in blue suit and red tie, plus a

backpack and climbing helmet, sitting atop a rock spire in what looks like the Peruvian Andes. "Integrph. Because You Won't Be Stranded With Point Solutions," says the headline. The connection with climbing? Your guess is as good as ours.

## Now you know

Q: What local university is most over-represented among Sierra Nevada place names?

A: That would have to be Stanford, with at least four references. Roper lists two Mt. Stanfords (one in the Mono Recesses, one in the Kearsarge Pass area), a Stanford Col and a Mt. Jordan, named after an early president of the university.

## Today's quote

*If there are no famous hills, then nothing need be said. But since there are, they must be visited.*

— Chang Ch'ac

# 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.**

**July 4 - 7**

MONO PASS

Leader: Kelly Maas  
(408) 279-2054

Explore the Mt Abbot area at a fast pace, with climbing objectives TBD. I'm open to suggestions. Possibilities include Mills, Abbot, Gabb, Bear Creek Spire, etc. The high trailhead is at Rock Creek, and my permit is for two people-yes, that includes me. Lots of neat Class 3 and/or Class 4 climbing at 13,000 feet. Maps: Mt. Hilgard 7.5, and Mt. Abbot 15' and 7.5' quadrangles.

**July 4-7**

MT. DARWIN

13,830 ft., Class 4

Leader: Peter Maxwell

(408) 737-9770

Co-leader: John Baltiera

(415) 853-1921

"Darwin, the giant of the Evolution country," says Roper, "has no walk-up route, and has thus attracted the attention of many Sierra mountaineers." Including us. We will also explore quite a lot of the amazingly scenic Evolution Wilderness. Participants must be proficient with ice axe and crampons, which are necessary for the Darwin Glacier.

**July 4-8**

MT. INYO

'AT KEYES CANYON

Leader: Marty Dickes

(415) 482-4159

This is for strong hikers with plenty of resolve. It includes a one-day 5,000-foot ascent in hot weather, and that doesn't even include the climb of Mt. Inyo. A Desert Survivors trip 340 miles from the Bay Area.

**July 19-21**

CLAN ALPINE MOUNTAINS  
BACKPACK

Leader: Steve Tabor

(415) 357-6585

The Clan Alpines are an obscure range in west central Nevada. We'll cross them with a car shuttle. Twenty miles with 3,200 feet of elevation gain. This Desert Survivors trip is 330 miles from the Bay Area.

**Aug. 3-4**

MONO LAKE CAR CAMP

Leader: Steve Tabor

(415) 357-6585

A recent volcanic cone, the outlet of cool, refreshing Rush Creek, great vistas and strange tufa towers highlight this weekend Desert survivors car camp.

**Aug. 10-18**

THE PALISADES

North Fork of Big Pine Creek-The Palisades. I have a Holy Grail permit for six people for an entire week in the Palisades, and am looking for a few more climbers to fill it. You may stay for the entire week or just a long weekend. Would prefer persons who wish to do some serious rock and snow climbing with me and several others in this alpine playground. Please call Tim Hult (602) 732-2002 (in Phoenix M-Th 7:15 a.m.-6 p.m.) or Mike Sogard (415) 857-0415 in Palo Alto (before 10 p.m.)

**Aug. 9-11**

MIDDLE PALISADE

14,040 ft, Class 3

Leader: Aaron Schuman

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

(415) 335-1901, w

This three-day trip starts and concludes at Glacier Lodge, above the town of Big Pine. The first day we'll hike up the South Fork of Big Pine Creek, with a camp at or above Finger Lake. Day two is our long and challenging summit day. We cross the

Middle Palisade Glacier (ice axe recommended), then engage in a long continuous rock scramble to the summit plateau. The last day of our trip is the easy hike out and the nine hour drive home. Previous Class 3 experience and ice axe self-arrest training is required of all participants.

**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 me 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.

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the base of the East Ridge of the Grand Teton. For years, this route had been Bob's aspiration. But now, "I glanced up at the ridge, taking it not as a beautiful woman I had lost, but as a welter of problems I was relieved to have escaped."

None of us could know it, but the next day one of those two climbers, David Ryan, was killed on the East Ridge. Bob writes: "He lies there yet, high on the mountain's north face, amid the beauty and the bittersweet of the summing up which he, like the rest of us, selected for his own."

A sobering reality check for all of us.

This is only one of the seven essays in "Mountains of the Great Blue Dream." The others deal insightfully with following the route of the Walker Party across the Sierra, exploring the mountains of New Mexico, the hunt for the last wild wolf in the Colorado Rockies, his experiences in the Catskills with students and other mountain topics.

Bob's book has been getting rave reviews from Sierra, Outside, the Chicago Tribune and other publications. It's proof of what I always suspected: that on all those climbing rips, while Kai and I were prattling in about the relative merits of capilene versus polyester or the state of the Giants' pitching staff, Bob's head was soaring along on a much higher plane.

-John Flinn

## Carole Latimer's Wilderness Cuisine

Carole Latimer, author of "Wilderness Cuisine," will be sharing her secrets for back country cooking at the Pacific Mountaineer in Palo Alto at 7:30 p.m. on July 23.

Latimer, a mountain guide who has been leading trips for 12 years through her Call of the Wild school, is also an accomplished cook whose recipes highlight healthy, "California-style foods.

For more information call (415) 24-9009.

## Trip reports

### A sweet victory on Shasta for those who tasted defeat

**O**UR CLIMB on Mt. Shasta started with a judicious decision by Kai Wiedman on Thursday to change the route from the Hotlum/Bolam to the Casaval Ridge. This last-minute route change was based upon the poor approach conditions from the north side which could have added an extra day to the trip.

Our climbing group met at Bunny Flats (6800 ft.) on Saturday morning and started the climb to base camp at 8:30 a.m. The group consisted of Kai Wiedman, leader; Palmer Dyal, co-leader, Debbie Bulger, Dodie Domish, **Anne** Gaillard, Mike Harris, Peter Maxwell and Helen Redmond.

All of us put on snowshoes except Mike who had a lot of fun skiing with the normal heavy-high center of gravity winter pack. The day was sunny and absolutely perfect. We got to Horse Camp and chatted with the Sierra Club cabin caretaker about the snow and weather conditions. Everything indicated that we had a good chance to make the summit.

The climb up the jagged Casaval ridge allowed spectacular views during the entire day. We had a choice of class 3 to class 5 routes, since the ridge consists of bare rock towers and nice firm snow on the north side.

We stayed on the snow and arrived at our 10,700-foot base camp at 5 p.m. The slope was about 35 degrees and we decided to dig steps into the snow for the tents and cook, rest, etc. on the adjoining scree slope. It took about two hours to set up the tents and finish boiling water and eating.

The sunset was colorful and the wind reasonable. While observing Mike Harris crawl into his sleeping

bag, I learned an important new winter fact: Sleeping with down booties adds a lot of warm comfort and most people could probably use a two-pound lighter sleeping bag at 0°F.

Mike had his watch alarm set for 4:30 a.m. and we all got up and had hot chocolate, oatmeal, etc. and were on the route at 6:30 a.m. with ice axes and crampons.

The weather was cool enough to keep the snow crust in perfect condition for crampons during the entire day above 12,000 feet. We spread out a bit during the approach to Misery Hill and climbed past the nauseous sulfur vent to the summit (14,162 feet) by **about 10:30 a.m.**

We signed the register, took pictures and talked to other climbers who had reached the summit with icicles in their beards. There were lots of people climbing Mt. Shasta. On our way down Misery Hill, we met one fellow, known to Peter, who had started out from Bunny Flats very early in the morning to make a direct ascent, had vomited twice and was still climbing upward. We all wished him good luck.

The descent views of crevasses in the upper parts of Whitney glacier were impressive and the clear air allowed us to see snow-covered mountain ranges in all directions. All of us arrived at our tents by 2:30 p.m., after a grueling eight hours of hard physical work.

I suppose it is inevitable that a competitive-active group such as ours would then decide to tax or test our mental abilities by trying to *make* a big decision. Should we pack up and go down to Mt. Shasta city or stay on the mountain and descend in a leisurely fashion on Monday morning?

This turned out to be a mini-United Nations meeting with people in our group originating from New Zealand, France, Germany, and the USA trying to discuss the pros and cons under General Secretary Kai's chairmanship.

There were many eloquent speeches that ranged from "let us stay  
(please see next page)

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and look at the magnificent scenery”  
o “I’m sick and **want to rest**” to “I’m  
cold and want to warm up down  
below

**The ultimate vote was 7 to 1** for  
staying None of us regretted this  
nove since we had the rest of the  
afternoon to cook, chat and make  
each other more comfortable. The  
weather was intermittent, cloudy,  
sunny snowing, clear, etc.

We all got up at 5 a.m. the next  
morning cooked, ate, packed every-  
thing and were on the way down by  
7:30. The temperature was a nice  
15°F which kept the snow nice and  
nard. We **arrived at Bunny Fiats** by  
11:30 a.m. and drove to the Round  
Table Pizza in Shasta City to end the  
tip with giant herbivorous and  
carnivorous pizzas.

— Palmer Dyal

## Mount Tamalpais northward climbed by PCS stalwarts

**O**N THE first Saturday in May  
a small group of us hiked up  
the east peak of Mt. Tamal-  
pais and, also, the middle peak! We  
later joked that both peaks were  
roughly 700 meters.

We left out of Fairfax on the  
north side of Tam, which gave the  
mountain a whole different perspec-  
tive—more sun, manzanita and  
madrone—as opposed to coming in  
from the south end (Muir Woods,  
Mtn. Home).

All saw blooming wild irises of  
varying shades that were just lovely:  
enjoyed the afternoon sun by Lake  
Lagunitas; then continued out hike  
down the mountain.

We got ourselves mixed up on  
trails a few times on the way back.  
However, managed to find the  
trailhead without difficulty. A long  
day and a good hike. Participants:  
Debbie Benham, Joe Coxa, Dave  
Caldwell, Debbie Bulger, Richard  
(last name ?) and Paul Lockwood.

— Debbie Benham

## Insurance agents from Norway at Merced Lake

**T**HE FRONT had passed  
through a couple of days  
earlier, and the forecast was  
for a warming trend: we were bound  
to have good weather. The occasion  
was Kai Wiedman’s Merced Canyon  
backpack on the weekend of May 11-  
12.

The other pawns in this game of  
grinding up granite gulleys were John  
Flinn, Noreen Ford, Anne Gaillard,  
Alan Hu, Peter Maxwell, Charles  
Schaffer, Rochelle Gerratt and Petra  
Wiedman

The original intention was to go  
all the way to Merced Lake, but there  
were severely contradicting state-  
ments from different rangers about  
the conditions. These ranged from  
“knee deep snow” to “you  
can make it no trouble.”

And yet, earlier in the week, Kai  
phoned up and was told nobody had  
even been up there to find out what it  
was really like! It seemed as though  
we were on our own, using our finely  
honed PCS judgement to tell us how  
far to go. Years of experience were  
put into practice to result in the  
method of asking people coming  
down the trail if they had been there  
and what it was like.

As it turned out, the weather  
decided it for us. Yes, the “fine,  
warming trend” forecast had as much  
substance in it as the snowflakes  
that fell on us all Saturday afternoon.  
It must be acknowledged,  
though, that the rangers did tell us this  
was the current forecast,  
with showers continuing into Sunday.

Indeed, we had already had a  
foretaste driving up on Friday night.  
After the glorious day in the Bay Area  
Friday we ran into a blizzard around  
the Crane Flat area, rendering  
visibility almost zero and enforcing a  
straddling of the center yellow line on  
the road to avoid running off it. For  
me, the combination of night, snow  
and twisting road made for the worst

driving conditions I’ve ever encoun-  
tered. However, down in the valley it  
was dry and mild.

What with waiting for the  
backcountry office to open at 8 a.m.  
to get the permit, coupled with no  
parking at Happy Isles, we didn’t start  
walking until around 9 am. We took  
the John Muir Trail up to the  
top of Nevada Falls, rather than the  
Mist Trail to avoid starting  
out with a drenching. As the morning  
progressed the clouds thickened  
and the temperature dropped. At a  
refreshment stop near the top of  
Nevada Falls we saw our first few  
snow flakes.

As we were approaching Little  
Yosemite Valley we caught up to a  
very strange group of people. This  
was a huge number of hikers all  
dressed the same, carrying the same  
sort of pack, the majority smoking  
(ugh—just love that fresh mountain  
air!) and the wierdest thing of all:  
they were carrying two locked metal  
boxes, two persons for each box.  
When questioned, they didn’t know  
what was in the boxes, and didn’t  
seem to know where they were going.  
Further probing revealed that they  
were Norwegian insurance salesmen  
on some training mission.

The mind boggles. Were the  
boxes full of homeowners’ policies for  
the bears to sign? Will the Merced  
Lake bears be fully covered for  
comprehensive damage? Whatever  
their mission, they were a dour lot,  
and Kai later complained to a ranger  
that they should be cited for “failure  
to smile.”

By this time it had started  
snowing fairly heavily in large, fluffy  
flakes. We headed for some trees to  
get shelter for lunch and to put  
on our outer shells, which we were  
forced to wear the rest of the  
day. Snow showers occurred on and  
off all the rest of the day, with  
maybe three-quarters of an inch  
accumulating. The light dusting,  
coupled with the cloud and mist  
patterns, gave everything a mystical,  
fairyland character. This was not at all  
what we had been expecting, but

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beautiful nonetheless.

Because of the weather we decided to pitch camp at Bunnell Point, nine miles from the trailhead, rather than try to press on all the way to Merced Lake. The day was still young, though, so after setting up our tents we headed off on a "day hike" further up the trail to take advantage of the views. We met a couple returning from Merced Lake who gave us stories of how tracks of 12 bears had been spotted up there.

We didn't go all the way to see, because the trail started descending again after attaining a panoramic high point and we figured we'd seen the best of the scenery anyway.

Luckily for us, the showers tapered off and the worst we had to put up with was a little light hail at dinner time. This was great news for Alan and Charles, who had decided not to bring a tent and were regretting their decision. By coincidence it was Petra's birthday, so after dinner Noreen produced a token candle in the form of a lighter and we all sang "Happy Birthday."

The campsite provided us with **the perfect bear bagging tree**, one out of the book. This had a downsloping branch **about 25** feet off the ground and 10 feet away from the trunk. With the aid of a long branch gathered elsewhere we were able to get our bags about 15 feet off the ground. Several of us remarked that it was the best we'd ever seen.

Unfortunately, some of us discovered forgotten candy in our pockets at bed time and had to leave it out overnight in plastic bags (away from the tents, of course).

After dinner we started a camp fire and sat around playing the game of "Deprivation." This was initiated by John, and we did rounds, discovering how depraved, uh, I mean deprived, each of us was. The object was to make a statement like "I have never . . . ." and the more people who had done this thing, the more points one got.

During the night Kai and I heard a peculiar grunting sound, but both

of us admitted to being too scared to get out of our tents and look. I thought it was some ground animal, while Kai thought it was me snoring. After this comment about noises from my tent, someone else passed a wisecrack and asked if the grunting was rhythmic! Naturally, I was shocked.

A ranger we met later told us it was probably a bear, but if it was, it didn't even attack the candies left out.

The morning dawned cloudless and cold (30 degrees) - our prayers were answered. No alpine starts were necessary, and we were able to sleep in, although an unnamed trio of early risers ensured less sleep than desired by eating breakfast and talking in less-than-subdued tones right by our tent.

Alan and Charles, on the other hand, slept for so long that we were all wondering if they were ever going to wake up.

We departed around 10 am. and on the way back saw all the scenery transformed by the sun from the previous days stormy conditions. This was really the best of both worlds. Lunch was had at the top of Nevada Falls before descending down the Mist Trail.

There were mobs of people now,

and from the top of Vernal Falls to the valley there was a constant stream of people. There was even the fabled woman in high-heeled formal shoes on the trail. This whole latter portion was a rude reminder of the Yosemite summer crowds.

The final challenge of the trip was to finish the large-size lasagnas at Ferrarese's in Oakdale. Nobody was up to this, but we still had a good time. Despite stories to the contrary, the service was very good and we were filling our faces within a short time of sitting down.

The quantity of food moved John to pass derogatory remarks about Australia and all the expressions they have for throwing up, saying you can tell a lot about the people by their colloquialisms. Expressions like "the liquid laugh" and "the technicolor yawn" brought back memories of home.

A nice early return home capped off a great trip.

-Peter Maxwell

## 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 3bedroom/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 Hult.

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 and lodging. Phone me at (602) 732-2002 Mon-Thurs. Tim Huh.

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.

BACKPACK WANTED: Looking to buy a used internal frame pack in good condition. Am interested in something similar to a North Face Inca Trail that fits a .5-foot-6-inch woman. Lenore Cymes. (415) 857-0599.

**CHAIRPERSON**

Aaron Schuman  
3875 Park Blvd. #22  
Palo Alto, CA 94306  
(415) 494-3299 h before 9 p.m.  
(415) 335-1901 w

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*what kind of disk?  
list of names & numbers?*

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: 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.



**Scree**  
**Peak Climbing Section**  
**157 Kellogg Way**  
**Santa Clara, CA 95051**



92/02  
STEVEN R. ECKERT  
1814 OAK KNOLL DR.  
BELMONT, CA 94002-

**First Class Mail**  
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