



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

March, 1991

Vol. 24, No. 3

## A word to the wise: Never ever swear at a mountain

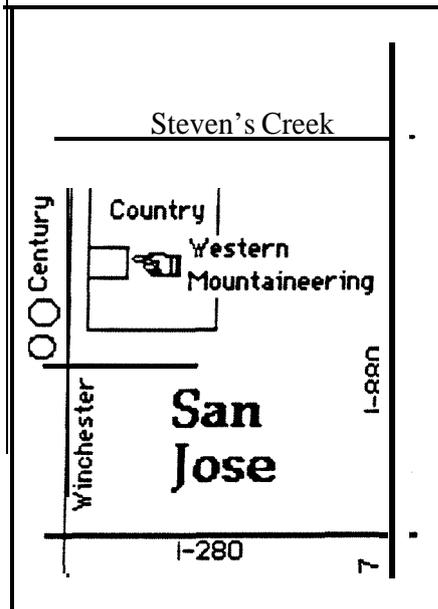
DATE: Tuesday, March 12

TIME: 8 p.m.

LOCATION:

Western Mountaineering  
Town and Country Shopping  
Center, San Jose

PROGRAM: Desert Peaks, by Bill Tabor. A member of the Desert Survivors, Bill will speak about hiking, climbing, surviving and conserving the lesert backcountry.



**F**OR CENTURIES, mountains have meant more than just a mass of rock and ice to people all over the world. Adams Peak in Sri Lanka is a sacred mountain to the Buddhists. Hundreds of pilgrims climb it every day of the year, making it probably the most climbed mountain in the world.

Closer to home, Miwok Indians believed Mt. Diablo to be the home of deities and worshipped it as the birthplace of man.

So my curiosity was considerably aroused when I heard stories about a mysterious mountain in the Diablo Range. Old timers in the San Antonio Valley talked about how on some days wooden stakes would suddenly appear on its summit and then just as quickly disappear a few hours later.

A man in his eighties, whom I ran into at the "Junction"- the watering hole for the San Antonio Valley-told me about his frightening experience on the mountain.

In his younger days he had once gone up there by himself. The day was calm and clear with great views in all directions. Then, suddenly, the whole mountain stated shaking and he was thrown to the ground.

Before he could get up, several stakes appeared near his feet and arms, making it impossible for him to get up. The ordeal ended many hours late when the stakes finally disappeared.

Well, I don't believe everything I hear, especially stories told by an 80-year-old with one too many drinks in him. but I decided to check it out anyway.

A little search resulted in my locating a peak called Mt Stakes, a few miles east of Mt. Hamilton on the Stanislaus-Santa Clara county border. Not having many clues, this seemed to be the peak to try first, just on the basis of its name.

Since Mt Stakes happened to be located on private property, I called the chairman of the SPS (Sneak Peak Section), Raoul Macho, and asked him for his help.

I told him that this could turn out to be a high-stakes climb and that I needed at least two more members to stake out the route. He said that should be no problem.

Soon thereafter, Raoul Macho, Eddie the Eagle and yours truly, Popeye Iacocca set out to climb the peak on a Wednesday morning. The theory behind doing the peak on a weekday is that the likelihood of ranch owners being away is greater on weekdays than on weekends. Most of the SPS theories are just that-theories. Nonetheless, Eddie the Eagle was happy to get a chance to goof off work for a day.

Since many ranches are leased by hunting clubs, an SPS climber has a basic dilemma: if he does not hide, he (please turn to page six)

# Upcoming trips

**March 16-17**

**MT.CARMEL**

4417 ft., class 1

Ventana Wilderness

**Leader: Aaron Schuman**

(415) 494-3299 before 9:00 p.m., h

(415) 335-1901 w

Normal people would breeze up the 4.7-mile trail **from Bottcher's Gap to this madrone-topped summit**, but not us! If I took you that way, I'd be depriving you of moat of the fun this trip offers! From Los Padres Dam, we'll head ourselves up beyond Big Pines and onto the top, a round trip backpack of 262 miles.

**March 30-31**

**ENGLISH MOUNTAIN**

8,373 feet

Class 2

**Leader: Chris Yager**

(408) 243-3026

(408) 243-3027 (msg)

As usual, Chris has provided no details of his trip. We can only hope that by "English Mountain" he doesn't mean Ben Nevis. Call him if you're curious

**April 6-7**

**DEWEY POINT SNOW CAMP**

Level: intermediate

Leaders: Ray Stafford

(415) 591-9348

Chris Macintosh

(415) 325-7841

Dewey Point is located on Yosemite Valley's south rim, across from El Capitan. Incredible views make it one of the most memorable and desirable camping sites available. Only a short distance from the Badger Pass Ski Area, the trip is ideal for beginners who have graduated from the snow camping seminar and for experienced snow campers. Call Chris sign up. Of course, storm cancellations permitting.

**Other spring and summer PCS trips on pg 5.**

**April 6-7**

**THREE SISTERS**

10,619 feet

Class I

**Leader: Chris Yager**

(408) 243-3026

(408) 2433027 (msg)

Another Yager mystery trip. We're pretty sure he means the Three Sisters near Fresno, not the ones in Oregon.

**April 13-14**

**ANDERSON PEAK**

4,099 ft, class 1

Ventana Wilderness

**Leader: Aaron Schuman**

(415) 494-3299, before 9:00 p.m., h

(415) 3351901, w

A short but grueling sprint (3.8 miles, 2600 ft.) up DeAngulo Trail brings us to the top of Partington Ridge. Another 1.3 miles brings us to Cold Springs Campground. From the camp, we have a 4.8 mile walk on the Coast Ridge fire road to the summit. One of the two days is going to be a real workout.

**May 4-5**

**ROUNDTOP**

10380 ft, class 3

El Dorado National Forest

Aaron Schuman

(415) 494-3299 before 9:00 p.m., h

**(415) 3351901. w**

Since it'll be early in the climbing season in the High Sierra, we'll make a short hike from Carson Pass and camp at Winnemucca Lake. Round Top should afford us with considerable technical challenge. If conditions are good, we'll try for some other peaks in the Carson area.

**May 11-12**

**MERCED CANYON BACKPACK**

class 1

27 miles

**Leader: Kai Wiedman**

(415) 347-2843

A trip into this broad river basin becomes an exploration of an ever-changing environment with waterfalls, huge domes, lakes, wooded canyon floors and glacier-worn walls. Assistant leader wanted

# 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.**

**March 15-17**

**TURTLE MOUNTAIN BACKPACK**

Backpack of 18 miles. We'll see red rock, pinnacles, wild flowers and mesas. Meeting place is 540 miles from Bay Area. For more info, contact Marty Dickes (415) 382-4159.

**March 23-31**

**SOUTHERN ARIZONA CAR CAMP & BACKPACK**

Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument and Pinacate Craters in Mexico. For information, contact Steve Tabor (415) 3576585.

**April 20-21**

**ALTA PEAK/MT. SILLIMAN**

**11,204/11,188 feet**

**Leader: Chris Yager**

(408) 243-3026

(408) 243-3027 (msg)

**May 25-27 (Memorial Wkend)**

**MT. SHASTA**

Hotlum/Bolan route

14,162 feet

**Leader: Kai Wiedman**

(415) 347-2843

"An enormous snow-capped volcano. It looms like a Himalayan giant over the surrounding landscape. Unlike many other mountains, Shasta stands by itself, awesome in its isolation." An ice axe will be needed for this private trip. Assistant leader wanted.

# Mountain notes

## Elders of the Tribe

Some of the elders of our tribe, the people who virtually invented the sport of mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada, will be guests of honor at the Loma Prieta Chapter dinner on April 27 in Santa Clara.

Jules Eichom, who participated in the first ascents of the east face of Whitney and Thunderbolt Peak, and who has both a main and a side spire named after him, will be there. So will Dick and Doris Leonard, who knocked off pioneering climbs in

Yosemite and elsewhere in the Sierra. The chapter needs a volunteer to help in the logistics of getting these guests to the dinner. If you're interested, call Chris Macintosh at (415) 325-7841.

## Cups

How about bringing your own non-disposable cup to future PCS meetings? Marj Ottenberg suggested that this would save lots of raw materials, energy and dump space. And she's right.

## Mr. Science

Every schoolchild learns that hot air rises and cold air sinks. So why, you may have asked yourself, is it hot in Death Valley and cold on the summit of Mt. Whitney? If our fourth-grade science teachers were right, shouldn't it be the other way around? The Mercury-News' Mr. Science recently tackled this stumper. The answer

"Rather than being heated directly by the sun, the atmosphere gets most of its heat from the earth's surface. Air high in the atmosphere is too far from the earth to directly absorb much of

its radiated heat.

"Air heated at the earth's surface rises, but rising makes it expand and causes it to cool. Air temperature in the lower atmosphere, or troposphere, drops steadily as you go up, reaching a low of minus 40 to minus 60 Celsius at an altitude of 30,000 feet."

(Higher, the article went on to say, is the stratosphere, home of the ozone layer or what remains of it. Ozone has the ability to absorb some of the sun's energy directly and be warmed. So once you reach the stratosphere, it

the lord of Dompjulian and Beaupre, one Antoine de Ville, to have the 6,900-foot Mount Aiguille, outside Grenoble, climbed just to see what the top of that soaring, prow-shaped, flat-topped mountain was like. The use of ladders and "subtle means and engines" gives de Ville a good claim to being the father of direct-aid climbing. Some 342 years were to pass before the climb was repeated, this time by a local peasant"

## Trash

The New York section of the American Alpine Club has established a "Mountain Environmental Fund," following a lecture by Reinhold Messner.

The fund is for expeditions whose main goal is cleaning up overused and damaged areas.

The first grant for \$1,000, has been awarded to the Everest Environmental Expedition.

Interested in cleaning up Little Yosemite Valley or Camp Four?

Apply for a grant by writing the New York AAC Section, PO Box 5475, Rockefeller Station, New York, NY 10185.

45 METRES OF ROPE AND  
YOU'RE FINDING FAULT  
WITH THIS LITTLE BIT ?



begins getting warmer the higher you go, at least up until 150,000 feet.)

## His story

Thanks to Kelly Maas for pointing out that next year marks the 500th anniversary of the birth of direct-aid climbing. (Five hundredth?) Kelly forwards the following blurb from Eiger: Wall of Death, by Arthur Roth: "In 1492, King Charles VII of France ordered his court chamberlain,

## Now you know

Q: How did the Nepalese peak Pumori get its name?

A: It was named by George Leigh Mallory, who first sighted it in 1922 on his daughter's birthday. In Tibetan, the name means "daughter's peak."

## Today's quote

"Nature will not be admired by proxy."

— Sir Winston Churchill

## They huffed and they Puffed but the mountain blew them down

**F**ROM SAN Francisco to Santa Cruz they came: the adventurer, the climber, eight of PCS's beat to implement the result of Kai Wiedman's challenge to Larry Sassler to co-lead a winter Shasta assault on President's Day weekend.

The group consisted of Debbie Bulger, Dodie Domish, Kelly Maas, Peter Maxwell, Stacy Ringelspaugh, Greg Schaffer and the aforementioned two notables. The route was to be Casaval Ridge so we all met at Bunny Flat.

Not surprisingly, the snow was pretty sparse, with minimal danger of avalanche even in Avalanche Gulch. At Bunny Flat the ground was covered but not by very much. The first of several other PCS encounters occurred at the carpark, where we met Tim Hult who was planning to take Sargent's Ridge.

His Coleman stove was flaming like a beacon, so much so I thought he'd set his car on fire and was ready to toss water on it I'm not sure they're supposed to do that . . . .

The morning was beautiful, the mountain clear and we headed off on schedule. No bailling out this time - we were going to do it! Kai was really wired - his irrepressible enthusiasm knew no bounds as he sang praises to the weather, the scenery, the group and his portable drug cabinet in which he'd cached aspirin, diamox, advil, sleeping pills and goodness knows what else.

"This is just like one of those adventure magazine photos, except I'm in it," he said. It was indeed spectacular, particularly with the snow-covered Trinity Alps as a

backdrop.

By lunchtime we had reached 9,800 feet and snacked with two other parties one being three Stanford students, inexperienced but young and strong, and the other a strange trio who were already on their second day on the mountain, having camped out lower down. At that pace they'd have taken a week to climb it, but we said that only behind their backs.

After lunch came a steep climb on a mixture of snow and rock to regain the ridge top, where we met the full blast of the wind. It had been strong in gusts before, but now was constant.

This is where the big break-up occurred Kai looked ahead and saw the Stanford guys on all fours having lots of problems staying high on the ridge, where it was steep, so he chose to drop a bit to pick up a more gradually sloping bowl.

As soon as I heard the magic word "easier" I followed blindly. Unfortunately, only Greg did likewise. Kelly and Stacy took a mid-path so as not to loose so much elevation but the other three, a few minutes behind, didn't descend at all.

In Larry's words, they made the "mistake" of following him. When Kai looked back and saw them making very slow progress his euphoria evaporated and turned to anguish, then anger.

"They're an hour behind us now! Look, I see Dodie is about to take a step. I don't believe it: she might be going to take another one!"

By this time Kelly and Stacy had rejoined us but the clouds had closed in and obliterated all sight of the others. It was not all that late (around 2:30 p.m.), but the worsening visibility higher up, coupled with the others being "at least one and a half hours &hind us" made us decide to camp there.

At around 10,500 feet it was virtually at the First Window anyway, which was our stated goal that day.

Bob Wallace's enormous snow shovel (which Kelly at first thought was gross overkill) made short work of digging tent platforms in the sloping terrain (no flat spots anywhere here). After we'd finished this there was still no sign of the others and it was really misty now and the wind was picking up.

Kai was without a tent having cunningly arranged for Dodie to carry it, and was negotiating with us to sleep in mine.

Kelly then made the first of his many selfless actions and climbed up to the top of the ridge to hunt for the others. By amazing good chance and p-severance he met up with them and guided them back down to our campsite.

By now it had started to snow, so all hopes of sociable outdoor cooking blew away with the wind, and it was a case of each pair to themselves, cooking and eating in their tents. All throughout this the wind got stronger and the snow heavier.

The elements raged all night (wind gusts to 60 mph we heard later), the wind blasting the snow against our tents. At around 10 p.m. I noticed our vestibue had all but collapsed under snow. and the side wall of the tent was noticeably further in.

Kelly got up and dug out what he could and then went and dug the others out as well, noticing that they were worse off than we were. Trouble is, by the time he got back another four inches or so had already accumulated so he pronounced it a lost cause.

By morning it was no better with the wind still howling, snow on and off and visibility frequently dropping to six feet or so. It was also very cold - eight degrees - which added to the danger.

Stacy and Greg suffered in their less-than-four-season tent which looked like it had collapsed even without any snow on it! So much for **(please see next page)**

(con't from last page)

the weather forecast predicting no precipitation! In such conditions discretion is the better part of valour, and Kai announced it was down, down, down.

The order was that there was no time for breakfast, just munch on a Power Bar, pack up and go. Needless to say we packed a lot of snow as well as clothes into our backpacks - it was clear a big dry-out job was going to **benecessary**.

Even though we had a pretty good idea of our route back, I remembered having heard sties of parties getting lost and even dying. I was glad we were "pros."

Shortly after regaining the ridge top we were amazed to see two other people in the distance, on their way up. In such conditions it seemed but perhaps they had time to wait it out.

We shouted greetings at each other and they assured us we were on the right track. The snow was in very good condition and not at all icy, even if it was pretty hard in spots. We Joked like Arctic adventurers by now, with ice encrusted on our eyelashes, eyebrows and (where appropriate) other facial hair.

As we descended the "worst" happened and it started clearing up. By the time we got to the Sierra Club hut at 8,000 feet the sun was shining and we were feeling pretty bummed that it hadn't done this a few hours earlier.

At the hut we had another PCS encounter of the meeting kind, and ran into Alan Hu, who was getting in some skiing.

Our final KS encounter occurred not far from Bunny Fiat, where we met Mike Meredith and Chris Kramer. At 1 p.m., they were on their way up to Helen Lake, to climb the peak the next day and drive home. We thought it was a late start, but at least it looked like they had good weather (grumble, curse).

At least it was affirmed that we weren't the only ones deprived of the climb, because we found a note on

Dodie's truck written by Tim Hult who had also bailed out.

We had a commiseration lunch at the bakery around the corner from The Fifth Season (very nice sandwiches there) before heading southward and home. The final view we had of the mountain taunted us with the spectacle of cloudless skies. We were already thinking of the next attempt.

— Peter Maxwell



## Here's a tentative list of spring and summer trips to help your planning

TRIP LEADERS gathered

recently and, amid much snorting and grunting,

managed to come up with a pretty full schedule of spring and summer trips.

What follows is a tentative list so you can start to block out your time.

As always, these are subject to change due to permit problems, leader availability, etc.

Detailed descriptions will appear in SCREE (hopefully) as the trip dates approach.

~~April 22-28~~ <sup>27-28</sup> Boundary Peak  
Leader: Kelly Maas

May 4-5: Mt. Tamalpais  
Leader: Debbie Benham

May ~~17-19~~ <sup>off (Memorial Day?)</sup> Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne. Leader: Kate Ingvaldstad

June 8-9: Matterhorn Peak  
Leader: Aaron Schuman

June 15-16: Excelsior Mt., Dunderberg Pk. Leader: John Ingvaldstad

June 22-23: Mts. Lyell and Maclure  
Leader: Eugene Miya

June 22-23: Vogelsang Peak, Mt. Fletcher. Leader: Butch Suits

June 29-30: Half Dome  
Leader: Jeff Klopotic

July 4-7: Mt. Darwin  
Leader: Peter Maxwell

July 13-14: Crown Point  
Leader: Judith Yarborough

July 20-21: Mt. Dade  
Leader: Peter Maxwell

July 27-28: "Historic Peak Climb"  
Leader: Chris MacIntosh

August 3-4: Mt. Conness  
Leader: Dave Caldwell

August 16-18: Matterhorn Peak  
Leader: John Ingvaldstad

Aug. 17-18: Mt. Henry  
Leader: Warren Storkman

Aug. 31 - Sept. 2: Mt. Brewer  
Leader: Chris MacIntosh

Aug. 31 - Sept. 2: Mts. Davis, Ritter and Banner. Leader: Debbie Bulger

Sept 14-15: Mt. Hoffman  
Leader: Kai Wiedman

Sept 21-22: Red Slate Mountain  
Leader: Aaron Schuman

Sept. 28-29: Goat Mtn., Kid Peak  
Leader: Butch Suits

*(con't from front page)*

**may be spotted and** cited for trespassing. **If he does hide, he may be inadvertently shot at.**

Raoul felt comfortable sporting his huge and tattered fluorescent orange pack, wherein, in my mind, all the leaves I had sewn on my clothing and pack were sure to protect me by making me indistinguishable from a tree. Eddie said the hell with the whole thing and instead decided to rely on his eagle eyes to spot danger.

We took a cross-country route along some creeks and past several duck ponds, though we did not see any ducks. So a little later, when Eddie said "duck!," Raoul and I got realexited and asked him where he saw one. instead, he pushed us to the ground and pointed to a pickup truck way in the distance. He said he meant for us idiots to **duck** for cover, not look for one! Fortunately we saw no cone else after that and had a most enjoyable climb to the top.

At the top, while Eddie and I looked in vain for those mysterious stakes, Raoul just sat there. He said he did not believe my stay. Since Mt.



Stakes at 3,804 feet is the highest point in Stanislaus County and since he knew I was trying to climb all the county high points, he was suspicious that I had fabricated the whole thing to get him and Eddie to come along.

Eddie was quite upset, too, since he expected to find "steaks" up there.

He got quite angry, threw his bottle of A-1 sauce and started cursing the mountain and everyone else. And do you know what happened next?

P.S. For more exciting upcoming SPS trips, call 1-900-SNEAK.

— Popeye Iacocca

## Sneak Peakers do scofflaw ascent of Laveaga Peak

**I**N KEEPING with the idea of climbing as many peaks on private land as possible, and Sneak Peak Section (SPS) philosophy that no one has the right to exclude other people from climbing a **named mountain peak, three** of us guerilla warfare climbers met at 6 am. at the underground bunker of Raoul Macho in San Jose, California del Norte.

Our destination on the Jan. 27 outing: Laveaga Peak, 3,801 feet.

Arriving at Tres Pinos and over to the famous Quien Sabe Valley we hit thick tule fog, allowing us to see only five feet in either direction, Luckily the gate to the San Benito Cattle Co. was open. Under cover of the fog, we drove right through the feedlot ranch complex. We drove up a

narrow road toward Potrero Peak and parked our car in a grove of sycamores totally out of sight of the ranch below.

The climb was nice. The fog cleared miraculously and the whole Quien Sabe Valley was opened up for us. it was like doing a wilderness peak-no signs and no trails. The sense of pioneering welled up within us. We explored a cave, debated where the summit was, did a nice ten feet of third class on the peak and got to the top by noon.

A register was found in a tiny film can. John Angie and Susan Sealy signed in Feb. 3, 1974! We signed in, took photos and marvelled at the view over the central valley fog, all the way to the Sierra Nevada range and west to Santa Ana Mountain and Henrietta Peak.

We came down the ridge, saw a natural arch and came back to the car. We saw a truck go right up our road, but they must not have seen us.

We were lucky to get through the ranch so easily in the tule fog, plus, it being Sunday... Without the fog and on a work day we'd be sure to have been approached by ranchers. The old stone house was really a historic thrill. I could visualize how the stone house would be it it was in a state park Fences. Parking lot. Ranger's mobile home. R.V. campground. etc.

Here, the old stone house was just sitting there in ail its glory.

We drove out, right through the ranch complex again. Saw one workers' truck, but no people luckily. Got to the main gate and it was locked! Here we were, a successful guerilla warfare climbing team, and locked in the ranch at 4:30 p.m.

We tried jimmy open the electro-hydraulic gate, but no luck. I carry a blowtorch and carbide tip saw and three-foot snips in my car. I was all ready to get into top guerilla warfare action when I thought "Hey, **(please see next page)**

(con't from Lastpage)  
let's hold off a while."

**Sure enough, a truck drove up.**

"Hey, what are you guys doing in here?"

We said we were geologists looking at the volcanic pinnacles and metamorphic pillow lava. We showed him rock samples we had collected, and he turned out to be a real nice guy.

Anyway, he let us out after a great conversation about ranch history, the draught ("See that hill over there? That grass should be one foot high, instead of bare dirt.") and cowboys. Little did he know he was talking to Raoul Macho, Popeye Ilacocca and Eddie the Eagle.

— Raoul Macho

Editor's note: Mr. Macho enclosed a detailed map of Laveaga Peak and his route. He obviously put a lot of work into it, but we don't have room to run it. If any mountain-eeering scofflaws wish to repeat the ascent, write to us and we'll send you the map

## Yes, Virginia, there are lots of more palatable peaks

**A**N EXCURSION to a far-off land, with a little peak bagging along the way.

"I don't know," said our leader, Gary Pinson. He was looking up at Virginia Peak (oh, were you thinking I meant the state?) and commenting that only a soft touch was needed to encourage almost any rock on its rather steep face and ridges to capitulate to gravity.

Rick and I nodded in agreement. Over the course of that morning and the preceding day, we had slowly approached and then flanked this peak, and were now viewing it from Stanton Peak Roper labels Virginia third class: R3.

"Well, maybe it is and maybe it isn't but I don't really care to find out."

Was it an accident that we chose first to climb two other peaks that morning before making a final decision about attempting Virginia? Certainly it was time to get back to camp and head for the car.

From the beginning, Virginia was more a rough destination than a summit goal. After all, quantity can always substitute for quality. With our Pinson-mandated light packs, we left the trail after a few quick miles and headed uphill. I was quick to note that our first summit Epidote Peak was 200 feet below the pass we had crossed a couple hours earlier, but delighted to find it R2 (i.e. third class).

The PVC register had been placed the previous summer by Robin Ingraham. In it was a water-logged register book with only his entry. We wrote in another notebook which was slightly less wet.

Back to our packs and up the slope, Virginia slowly came into view as we approached Slag Knob. Don't look for this peak in the Climber's Guide or on a map. It is a small mound of rocks on a large, flat ridge. But after scaling its heights and finding a register, we unanimously agreed that it counted as a bagged peak.

(Credit Gary with a double same-day ascent of this one.) This was the first of many registers we found that had been placed by Andy Smatko some years ago. While rather small, his aluminum film cans have held up well.

As we proceeded across the ridge toward Camiaca Peak, we entered a natural wind tunnel. While not a particularly windy day, it was windy enough. I pulled out my thermometer, proclaimed how cold it was to Rick and Gary, and didn't stop muttering about the temperature for the remainder of the trip.

Fueled by synthetic airline food, Gary was unaffected by the weather and later insisted that my thermometer must be broken.

Much can be said of the descent of Camiaca, but it can be summarized

as: either avoid the northeast gully or bring an ice axe. On this slope "so steep the scree fell off," an ice axe is probably as useful on the dirt as it is on the snow.

Despite being the highest and best-looking of the peaks, Virginia is loose-committing and potentially unstable. Stanton and Grey Butte, however, are very enjoyable, stable second-class climbs.

This was the first PCS trip for Rick Holmes

— Kelly Maas



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For change of address, write or call Patti Vlasveld, 157 Kellogg Way, Santa Clara 95051. (408) 241-1144 h I(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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Dated Material!**