

Scree

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

May, 1991

Vol, 24, No. 5

Next meeting

DATE: Tuesday, May 14

TIME: 8 p.m.

LOCATION:

Western Mountaineering
Town and Country
Shopping Center
San Jose

PROGRAM: The Ptarmigan Traverse, by Butch Suits. A six-day mountaineering cross-country route winding across glaciers over high cols and through beautiful, remote lake basins in the North Cascades. Along the way, Butch had a "semi-epic" on Dome Peak.



"Haven't we met somewhere before? Was it the Hinterstoisser Traverse? The Stovelegs Crack? The Hillary Step?"

Hidden corridors

THE CLIMBER on the summit of the Grand Teton looked vaguely familiar, and he thought the same of me. But neither of us could quite place the other's face.

We wracked our brains for awhile. Did we go to high school together? Nope. College? Uh-uh. Had we met somewhere exotic, like Kenya? No, we weren't there at the same time.

Finally a big grin lit up his face and I could almost see the lightbulb flashing. Had I ever been to Chamonix? Yea, a couple of times. Had I ever climbed Mont Blanc du Tacul? Why, yes...

"We climbed it together," he said. "We were partners."

At the time I thought this was a

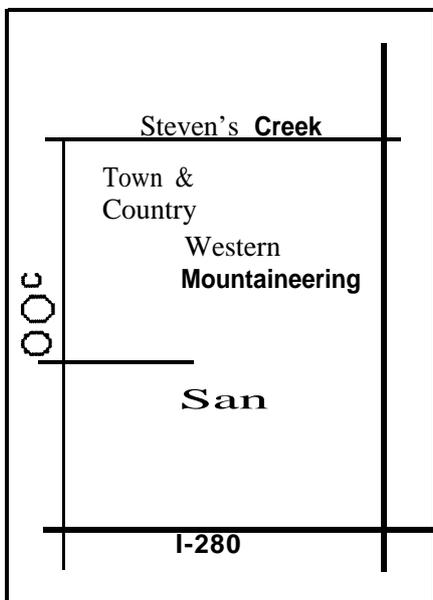
remarkable coincidence. But since then, from my own experience and from talking to other climbers, I have come to realize that these chance meetings happen all the time in the mountains.

In Yosemite Valley, PCSer Tim Hult once ran into someone with whom he'd climbed in New Zealand.

Speaking of New Zealand, Peter Maxwell walked into a grocery store in the town of Hokitika last year and bumped into PCSer Rob Rowlands. That wasn't Peter's only such encounter. Once, while hiking down past Nevada Falls in Yosemite, he passed a university colleague of his from Australia.

This sort of thing also happens pretty often to Galen Rowell. In

(please see page 5)



Upcoming outings

Note: There are many more trips planned for July and August. These are just the ones for which we've received a listing so far.

June 8-9

MATTERHORN PEAK

12264 ft, Class 3

Leader: Aaron Schuman

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

(415) 335-1901 w

Wear your paint-spattered beret and pack your sax - we're climbing the mountain that stirred the souls of the Beat Generation in Jack Kerouac's novel "Dharma Bums." We'll hike about five miles cross country up Horse Creek from Twin Lakes (near the town of Bridgeport), camp at the headwaters, and ascend the third class East Couloir to the summit.

June 15-16

DUNDERBERG PEAK

12,374 ft., Class 2

EXCELSIOR

12,446 ft., Class 2

Leader: John Ingvaldstad

(408) 259-3399

Early season conditioning trip. These are the two highest peaks in the Hoover Wilderness. We'll car camp at Twin Lakes.

June 22-23

MT. BALDWIN

12,614 ft., Class 2

BLOODY MOUNTAIN

12,544 ft., Class 2

Leader: Cecil Magliocco

(408) 946-1238

These two Class 2 peaks are in the Convict Lakes area, offering fairly easy access for an east-side trip. Anyone surreptitiously working on the SPS list of peaks should note that Baldwin and Bloody are indeed on the list.

June 22-23

VOGELSANG PEAK

11,516 ft., Class 2

FLETCHER PEAK

11,408 ft., Class 2

Leader: Butch Suits

(415) 964-4227

Fit beginners are welcome on this loop trip through Yosemite's Cathedral Range. From Tuolumne Meadows, we hike up the Rafferty Creek Trail to camp near Vogelsang Pass. After climbing the peaks, we hike out via Lyell Canyon. Twenty miles round trip. Co-leader wanted.

July 27-28

RED AND WHITE MOUNTAIN

12,850 ft., Class 2

Leader: Cecil Magliocco

(408) 946-1238

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.

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.

May 25-27 (Memorial Weekend)

GRAND CANYON OF THE

TUOLUMNE BACKPACK

Leader: Larry Hester

(408) 720-8833

A three-day backpack past lots of granite and waterfalls, starting at White Wolf and finishing at Tuolumne Meadows.

May 25-27 (Memorial Weekend)

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.

June 15-16

TENAYA CANYON

class 4

Leader: Dave Caldwell

(408) 945-8030

Co-leader: Kai Wiedman

(415) 347-2843

A day "hike" through the pristine canyon from Tenaya Lake to Mirror Lake. This cross-country ramble has the potential for making a PCS death march look like a stroll through the mall. Participants must be proficient at rappelling and have fresh headlamp batteries. Avoid the rush! Sign up early!

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 drive home. Previous Class 3 experience and ice axe self-arrest training is required.

Mountain notes

Bob Reid book

Bob Reid, a PCS alumnus now living in New Mexico, has just had published a collection of essays called ***Mountains of the Great Blue Dream***. Peter Matthiessen, author of ***The Snow Leopard***, called Bobs book "an insightful, strong, often lyrical mediation on great mountains." Roderick Frazier Nash, author of ***Wilderness and the American Mind***, said: "People who know wilderness--real wilderness-know there is a dark side to the moon. Robert Reid has taken a long look at it. This is a book about inner mountaineering." Bob will be in the Bay Area soon for readings and book signings. Hell be at Black Oak Books in Berkeley May 28 and at Depot Bookstore in Mill Valley the following day.

Love, honor and belay

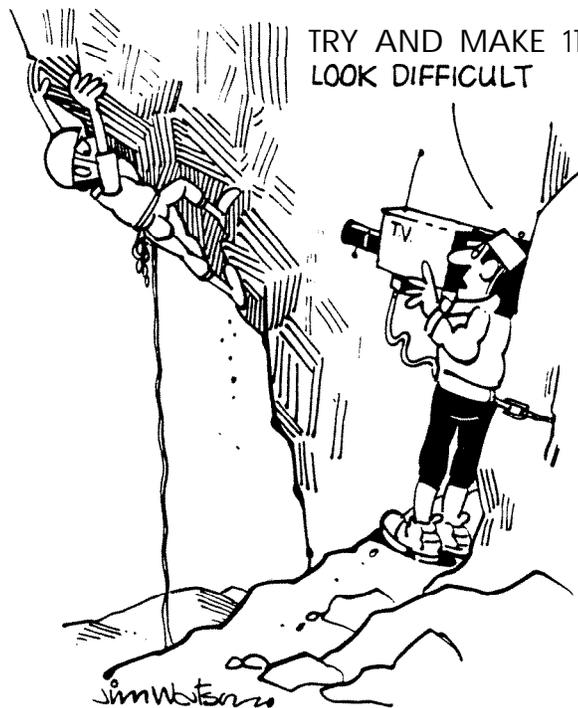
Thinking of tying the knot (in the matrimonial sense)? Now soon-to-be-betrothed couples can "register" at Pacific Mountaineer for wedding gifts. If you've selected Chouinard Stoppers over Wild Country Rocks as your chocks of choice, or prefer Friends over Camalots, your friends will know what to buy you. It sure beats getting three fondue sets.

Register help

The Sierra Register Committee needs a climber or party to carry the copy of a historic summit register back to the summit of Mt. Williamson (the 14,000-foot peak, not one of the others). Contact Eugene Miya at (415) 961-6772.

USGS Open House

Ever wonder how the U.S. Geological Survey arranges it so



every worthwhile peak is in an extreme corner of one of their topo maps, forcing you to buy three or four quadrangles? You can ask them yourself at an open house May 18 and 19 (Saturday and Sunday) from 10 am. to 4 p.m. It's at 333 Middlefield Road in Menlo Park There will be exhibits showing how maps are made, why earthquakes happen and how to identify rocks by mineral type.

Raptor closures

While climbing at Pinnacles recently, we were startled to hear a park ranger's voice ordering us down off South Finger. (Actually, it was somewhat more polite than that.) The ranger told us the area was closed to climbing for the season because it was home to nesting golden eagles and prairie falcons.

We knew other areas were closed, such as the Balconies, but didn't know the ban extended to some parts of the High Peaks. In fact, the ban extends to some of the most popular

climbs: North and South Fingers, Condor Crags and Long's Folly.

The closures, which remain in effect until July or August, include a large section of the Balconies area, parts of High Peaks, all routes in the Egg area, all routes in the Hand area and all routes on Yaks Wall. Discovery Wall, the Monolith and other reservoir-area climbs are open.

If you are planning to climb at Pinnacles, call (408) 389-4485 for more information and/or pick up a map of the closed areas at the visitor's center.

Now You Know

Q: Whatever happened to James Morris, the Times of London correspondent who covered the 1953 British Everest expedition from Camp III in the Western Cwm and raced to get the news home in time for Queen Elizabeth II's coronation?

A: After a sex-change operation in the mid-1970s, he is now known as Jan Morris, one of the world's most renowned and prolific travel writers.

Today's quote

"My wife says climbers are in love with death. Wrong. Climbers become in love with themselves every time they elude death. They have a narcissistic relationship with death, and preen in front of those dark mirrors. At each escape of a death-dealing threat there's a little infantile voice within that shouts gleefully: "Hey, look at me! I'm terrific!" Egos feed on that magic.

-from ***The Pornography of Death*** by John Thackray

The Armchair Mountaineer

Eugene Miya's reading selections

REGARDING LAST month's book reviews, I agree with some of John Flinu's choices and disagree with others.

Suggested readings:

Ditto Herzog's **Annapurna**, but for a good contrast follow this with Chris Bonnington's **Annapurna South Face**. It's the first in a new generation of books on Himalayan climbing. The late 1960s saw Nepal closed as Yosemite-style big wall climbing flourished. When Nepal reopened, climbers rushed into to attempt the first Himalayan faces. This 1970 ascent took place 20 years after Herzog's expedition and offers notable contrasts: matches versus Bics, diaries under failing flashlights versus tape recorders.

Mt. McKinley/Denali is a popular objective in North America, both for actual and armchair mountaineers. **Minus 148** by Art Davidson is one of the most enthralling books I have ever read (straight through on one Sun-&Y).

It's about the first winter ascent during 1967/1968. The title is the lowest temperature printed on wind-chill tables (-60F and >40 mph winds). I will not reveal some of the incredible conditions the author survived. Davidson is now an Alaskan resident and most recently written on the Exxon Valdez.

The Hall of the Mountain King by Howard Snyder is the story of perhaps the largest single disaster (summer 1967) on Denali. A team from Colorado loses a member and must join forces with a ragtag team. Eight members of the latter team perish. The one surviving member (the leader) wrote a counter to Snyder's book (**White Winds** by Joe Wilcox). "Hall" is an interesting view of what not to do on trips.

One author mentioned frequently by joking name in SCREE is Reinhold Messner. Messner is without question the greatest living Alpinist in the world. He was the first to climb all 8,000 Meter peaks; Everest twice (once with Peter Habeler, another time solo); the Rupal Flank of Nanga Parbat (the largest rock and ice face in the world, in 1970), Hidden Peak with Habeler in 1975 in only three days from base camp.

Any book by Messner is significant, but **The Seventh Grade was the** book which detailed his major fast alpine ascents (the 6,000-foot Eiger North Face in 10 hours with Habeler) and which he predicts fast alpine style ascents of Himalayan peaks.

David Roberts is generally acknowledged as one of the best American climbing writers. He is a man of strong opinions and wrote reviews for the Sierra Club's mountaineering magazine "Ascent."

One review summarized the basic format of all expedition narratives and a second review critiqued all beginner "how-to" books of that time.

Robert's own books include two Alaskan expeditions: **Mountain of My Fear** (about an ascent of the West Face of Mt. Huntington) and **Deborah: A Wilderness Narrative** (an unsuccessful alpine style ascent). Roberts has also authored **Great Expedition Hoaxes and Moments of**

Doubt with the latter a collection of his shorter writings published in magazines such as Outside.

The Vertical World of Yosemite by Galen Rowell was the author's first book, a collection of previously published stories (American Alpine Journal, The Sierra Club Bulletin, etc.) and a nice collection of photos.

No Picnic on Mount Kenya by Felice Benuzzi is perhaps the most unusual story in the history of climbing. The author and his Italian colleagues were World War II prisoners of war in sight of Mt. Kenya. They escaped with the sole purpose of climbing this 17,000-foot peak on the equator. They left a note saying they would come back, but not telling where they went.

One Man's Mountain by Tom Patey is a collection of articles published posthumously. They are serious and fun. Patey, a physician, climbed around the world and gives interesting insights on various climbs and climbers.

Numerous other excellent works by authors like Harrer are recommended and can be covered in future reviews. A public library is recommended to find these books, but rare mountaineering books are available through Michael Chessler Books in Colorado (ask information for the 800-number).

— Eugene Miya

St. Joseph's Seminary threatened

I'M SURE many PCSers were appalled when the Forum facility started going up next to Rancho San Antonio County Park.

Well, things could get worse if the developers have their way. In fact, 239 "luxury" homes at \$1 million to \$2 million apiece are planned for the 208 acres of St Joseph's Seminary land.

Those of us who hike, bike or just get away from it all at Rancho San Antonio can speak up against this development and push to keep the area as open space. The OAKS (Organization Advocating Keeping St. Joseph's as open space) is a broad-

based coalition devoted to maintaining the natural heritage of St. Joseph's Seminary property for future generations.

Help make it happen. St. Joseph's can be preserved as open space with your support. If you can help in any way please call Steve Haze at (408) 253-5470 or Phil Zeitman at (408) 255-2781.

-Joy Desai

They've seen Kuna Crest from both sides now

THERE WERE five of us who were undaunted by the word "bivouac" in Gary Pinson's Kuna Crest trip report: Roger Crawley, Ray Stafford, Jim Ramaker, Liz Harvey and me. It simply meant traveling light.

After tossing out the wine and imported chocolates my pack weighed about 25 pounds, as did most others. Only Ray seemed to have trouble doing without all those essentials.

Summer climbing in the Sierras is supposed to be a little more relaxed with somewhat predictable weather and temperatures. However, the recent afternoon thunderstorms were delivering a little more punch than usual.

In a few places Tioga Road was awash with gravel and debris. The thought of sleeping in bivy bags and pseudo bivy bags (tube tents) didn't sound very enticing. Friday night we crashed at Camp Nine, which was crowded, and enjoyed clear skies.

Saturday morning Gary, Jim, and I waited for the rest of the (leisurely breakfast) bunch at the Mono Pass trailhead in Dana Meadows. Some of us opted for lightweight tents instead of bivy bags, just in case.

After following the gradual Mono Pass trail a short distance the group headed south for Mammoth Peak. Roger led us up some fun second and third-class slabs which soon became boulder hopping farther up.

The clouds were gathering early so we hurried to the summit to enjoy the panorama and grab a snack. The thunder was booming regularly just to the north at Saddle Bag Lakes. Unfortunately nobody had remembered to bring a patented summit register opening tool.

The large white PVC easter egg didn't want to budge. Finally after 15 minutes of prying with my spoon I tugged the cap off and we all signed

in. The original plan was to continue up Kuna Crest, which was definitely doable and very scenic. Instead we descended to avoid being lightning rods, (which happened to some folks on Whitney) and headed up the valley again.

The hike across the lush valley was enjoyable with only a light drizzle falling. We camped under clear skies at Mono Pass near some old log cabins miners had built. That evening it was decided to attack Kuna Crest from the west end and climb Parker and Koip peaks on the way.

Ray almost had me talked into a jaunt down to the nearest bar in Mammoth. He had just climbed up Parker and wasn't hot on going back to that "scree pile."

Sunday morning we trudged up Parker Pass, soaking up the magnificent scenery. Jim and I summited first, finding Parker's register missing. Jim waited for the others while I hurried down the ridge to Mt. Wood whose register was gone except for a pencil.

By the time I regained Parker everyone had come and gone. I signed in a spare register container Gary brought (does he always carry a spare?). I saw Liz, Roger, and Ray below heading down the trail to camp.

Jim and Gary continued on to Koip Peak and Kuna Point, where I caught up with them. Retracing our steps, we stopped to scour the wreckage of a World War II plane which attempted the first Sierra glacier landing.

With the clouds threatening we headed back down the switchbacks to Parker Pass, where the thunderheads broke loose with a heavy downpour including hail. The weather broke before reaching basecamp and the gradual descent out was appreciated. Another memorable trip!

— Larry Sasscer

Encounters

(con't from page 1)

"Mountains of the Middle Kingdom" he wrote: "People who frequently travel to wild places are more closely linked than the public generally supposes. Such meetings are almost predictable. Climbers and other wilderness explorers travel the world through hidden corridors, which converge at the most unexpected times and places."

It makes sense. There aren't all **that** many mountains in the world or, for that matter, that many climbers and hikers. Add to that the fact that we tend to congregate in a relatively small number of classic climbs, popular trailheads and "gateway" mountain towns and you can see why these encounters happen so frequently.

A couple years ago my wife Jeri and I were sitting down to dinner in Kandersteg, Switzerland, when our waitress staggered us with a question: Were we in Christchurch, New Zealand two years earlier?

Why, yes, we answered, as a matter of fact we were. How did she know?

"I waited on you," she said. It turned out she followed the summer back and forth between the two countries. (But why do so many of these chance encounters have a New Zealand connection?)

Last fall, while traveling in Asia, I had three such meetings in a month. Stepping out onto an otherwise deserted beach on Koh Samui, an island off the southeast coast of Thailand, I walked up to the only other person to say hello. It turned out to be a guy who worked in my office, 15 feet from my desk.

A couple weeks later, while trekking through the village of Ghorepani, near Annapurna, I ran into my high school math teacher, Dick Irvin. Some oldtimers in the RCS may remember Dick, who now leads treks for Mountain Travel.

Not long after that, in Kath-
(please see page 7)

Another holiday weekend blowout on Mount Shasta

WWE HAD JUST started up from the Bunny Flat parking lot on Mt. Shasta when we met Kai Wiedman coming down with what he was now calling his “scouting party” of Casaval Ridge. After suffering through a brutal night of winds and awakening to white-out conditions at 10,500 feet, they were giving up.

Mike Meredith and I hoped for better luck with the weather on this President’s Day weekend. As it turned out, we were not to get it.

On the way up toward Avalanche Gulch, we encountered only one other person. He had a St. Bernard with him. The dog was carrying a saddlebag of his own and although the conditions were miserable, appeared not to mind. The dog latched on to Mike and this trip marked the first time Mike served as a windbreak for a St. Bernard.

After hours of exhausting climbing against a wind we estimated gusted over 60 mph, we approached a small level area about 300 feet below Lake Helen. At 5:30 p.m., with dusk fast approaching, we attempted to pitch the North Face Aerohead tent.

The wind was worse than on the way up. Because there was no decent cover big enough to shield the tent, we found ourselves setting it up in a 60 to 70 mph wind. As I was trying to secure the last pole, a huge gust came up and nearly ripped the tent from our hands. One of the horizontal cross-bracing poles broke, rendering the pole nearly useless.

We managed to stretch the tent out to a fairly normal profile with our two ice axes at the front and back stake-loops on the windward side. Even with this anchoring method, the tent appeared as if it would blow away, so I quickly tossed a pack inside to hold it down.

After dinner we tried to sleep, but found it all but impossible due to the

buffeting. We had placed Mike’s pack frame, and thrown all our clothes, at the foot of the tent.

We placed my internal frame pack in between our sleeping bags. I positioned myself on the windward side of the tent. The wind gusts were now truly extraordinary, and I was sometimes pushed sideways when a really huge gust hit the tent.

The tent would deform quite unbelievably, yet always return to its original form. It was not a question of whether the tent would hold up, but whether it would become airborne, as several times the tent floor did lift off the ground.

The wind was blowing primarily downslope, but would shift wickedly at times and blow in all other directions. Because M&E’s pack was at the foot of the tent, he had to position himself with his head in the leeward corner of the tent. During the night, as the wind shifted, he said he felt ice chunks hitting him in the head.

The pounding we were taking in the tent prevented us from sleeping. After a few hours, I realized I had to make a bathroom run. The thought of this filled me with dread. It was dark and howling outside. I put on my boots and went outside and stood under the crystal-clear, star-filled sky. Luckily it was not very cold, so even with the wind I knew I could survive the ordeal.

The experience was quite refreshing and many soothing metaphors came to mind Picture, if you will, standing in the back of a speeding pickup truck, in Nova Scotia, doing your thing. During the process, the wind would shift, of course. So I had to be careful about which direction I faced. Safely back in the tent after the bathroom ordeal, I tried to sleep.

At midnight Mike reluctantly made his bathroom run and reported a white out. The wind was now worsening. Around 1 a.m. a tremendous gust collapsed the tent on us. I volunteered to go outside and try to fix it. I discovered that the gust had broken the leeward side of the large spanning pole. Fixing it was useless. We would have to tough out the night

with the tent sides laying on us.

The battering continued throughout the night. As I lay in the tent, I began to think about just surviving until the morning. I felt like an Iraqi army soldier undergoing a B-52 bomber raid.

I asked Mike, “What would happen if the tent were to rip and tear off?”

“We’d be dead!” he answered without hesitation.

Somehow we managed to get some sleep over the next few hours. The alarm went off at 3:30 a.m., but there was still a white out, so we decided to wait until a little later. At **630** a.m. we heard voices. A few people came by our tent and asked if there was anything alive in it. They said they had attempted to climb the gulch route to Red Banks, but were turned back by high winds and the white out.

ONE OF the climbers told us the story we had been waiting to hear. A friend of his had a tent just like ours and had used it in a heavy wind. A pole broke, pierced the tent wall and the whole tent peeled off like a sardine can lid. This story was, of course, quite comforting to us. We were glad just to be alive this morning.

I went outside and looked at the weather. The summit was completely enveloped in clouds. I looked at the tent and said to Mike, “Well, it was a good tent.” Packing up the tent was an adventure in this wind. We were lucky to have climbed so light, so we had plenty of room in the packs to just stuff the tent without really packing it in any orderly fashion.

We packed up all our gear and headed down to the parking lot. The wind subsided as we descended and we found it quite pleasant at the car. Looking back we saw that the mountain, from the 10,000-foot level up, was completely obscured by clouds and blowing snow.

We were both glad that we did not try for the summit and lived to climb another day.

— Chris Kramar

Ortigalita Peak surreptitiously scaled by guerillas

THE UNDERGROUND bunker complex of Raoul Mocha was the meeting place for a small band of us guerilla warfare peak baggers at 6 a.m. on March 7. Our rebel band of Private Property trespass peak baggers consisted of Eddie the Eagle, Popeye Iacocca and a German girl named "Janina," from Stuttgart.

Evidently word of our Coast Range List and Sneak Peak Section (SPS) has travelled to Europe. The purpose of our trip was to climb Ortigalita Peak (3,305 feet), located west of I-5 and south of Pacheco Pass-in the heart of Guerilla Warfare climbing country.

We left I-5 at the Nees Exit just south of Los Banos. Weaving around the gas station and canals, we found Paul Negra Road. After going through eight gates (all open) and past a ranch house on a country road, we parked near some water tanks. We were 9.1 miles from I-5. We left the cars at 9:30 a.m.

We headed up a steep ridge, hopped over two to three barbed wire fences and in 1 1/2 hours we were on top, greeted by a cold wind, a tripod and perfectly clear skies. After signing in, we decided to traverse the whole Ortigalita Ridge over to Bonanza Point (3,721 feet).

The views were great. The freedom was great: no signs, no trails, only fences and ranch roads. We had more of a feeling of wilderness that once can get in overdeveloped local parks.

We were on top of Bonanza Point at 1:30 p.m. and a giant six-foot cairn greeted us. No registers were seen. We descended the very steep 2,000 feet directly to Wiseman Flat, then hiked out to the reservoir and our cars by 4 p.m.

It was a great day-cool and breezy, amid a carpet of green grass-giving us the feeling of being

in the high alps all day long.

Popeye was being molested by five semi-wild horses. I threw some stones at them, but they still were circling us and galloping around and behind us with a real scary-wild look in their eyes. Finally they left and we could breathe easier.

On the way out all went well past the ranch and through a few gates. But on the second gate, lo and behold-it was locked! And we were seven miles from I-5! Plus, we were without my carbide-tip saw, bolt cutters and torch. None of us wanted

Encounters

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mandu, I bumped into Bela and Mimi Vadasz of Alpine Skills International at Donner Summit. Many of us have stayed at their Spitzhutte, and Mimi taught me to ski.

But, in the PCS, all these stories pale in comparison to the ongoing saga of Rob Campbell. Suffice to say there have been more sightings of Rob Campbell than Eivis.

It was Rob whom I'd met in Chamonix and again on the Grand Teton. At a PCS meeting I was showing a slide of him and telling this story when Butch Suits and Tim Hult looked at each other and said, "That's the guy!"

Those two, it turned out, had had their own Rob Campbell encounter on Aconcagua. They were climbing the mountain with several others from the

to walk back to I-5, since we had just done 12 to 13 miles.

While we were driving back to the ranch, two Mexicans greeted us. I explained to them in Spanish that we were locked in and also explained that we were geologists looking at the rocks. "Buscando las rocas," etc.

Anyway, they were nice, opened the lock and we were freed. On the way home we stopped at Casa de Fruta, but unfortunately the "Cup Flipper" was off duty.

— Raoul Mocha

PCS, and Rob was climbing solo. While going for the summit Rob became sick and hurriedly evacuated himself off the mountain, leaving behind all his gear.

Tim and Butch packed it all up and hauled it out on their burros, intending to ship it to him when they got back to the U.S. One morning while on the walk out, Tim checked his duffel bag and noticed that Rob's gear had vanished. Butch opened his and found the same thing. Nothing else was missing, and no one ever saw Rob.

A few years later Butch and Kai Wiednran ran into Rob yet again at Joshua Tree, although, as I understand it, Butch forgot to ask him about the mystery of the gear. Anyway, for those keeping score, that's four Rob Campbell sightings on three continents spread out over eight years.

—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/connect with what you sought. Unless we hear from you, we will drop your ad after three months.

TREKKERS DESIRED to join PCS members Warren Storkman and Roger Crowley on a 28day trek in the Kanchenjunga area of Nepal in October 1991. Warren will book the trek through the reliable Nepal Himal Treks, Ltd. Land costs will be low because we avoid U.S. booking agent costs. Call Warren at

(415) 493-8959 or Roger at (415) 321-8602.

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) 265-1710.

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. Call Lenore Cymes. (415) 857-0599.

CHAIRPERSON:

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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.



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92/02
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