



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

November, 1991

Vol, 24, No. 11

Next meeting

On l'Haute Route is muchle *barfing*,

DATE: Tuesday, Nov. 12

TIME: 8 p.m.

LOCATION:

Western Mountaineering
Town and Country Shopping
Center, **San Jose**

PROGRAM: "Mammoth to r'osemite on Skis," by Tim Hult While the rest of you were doing your taxes, Tim was skiing this classic Sierra route. Also featured will be colorful slides of Guatamalan Indians some of the best people shots Tim has taken) and photos of Ancient Mayan ruins.

REMEMBER: Try to bring your own reuseable cup to the fleeting.

AST FALL Vreni
Amsbaugh (now Vreni Rau)
and I began to plan a hike on

the Haute Route, a classic high traverse of the Alps from Chamonix, France to Zermatt, Switzerland. While commonly done as a ski tour in winter, the route also presents an interesting summer hike through high alpine landscapes.

For about \$100 a day we were able to join a group led by three Chamonk guides, Gerard and Alain Cresson of Argentiere and Philip Robe of Servoz.

Enduring the usual marathon flight from San Francisco, I met Vreni and friends in Zurich and began the acclimatization to the new culture and time zone. July 19 found us detraining in Chamonix, greeted by machine gun-toting gendarmes who arrested one of the passengers heading into town. He would be one less person to compete with for a hotel room in the crowded town.

Several days and many French francs later, our group of 15 assembled and departed Chamonix by bus, later switching to a tram, before hiking to the first hut at 2,700 meters. Inside we found a niche for ourselves amid what seemed like hundreds of climbers.

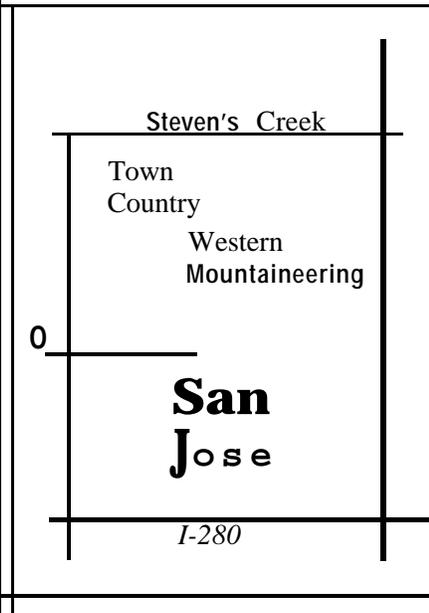
At 4:30 a.m. we awakened to a

flurry of activity. We and our gear somehow managed to flow out the door with the rest of the herd. A short time later we donned crampons and roped up, five or six victims and a guide per half rope. Our guide stuffed the unused portion into his pack, and began dragging US up the slope.

A large pocket knife swung from his harness, and later inquiries confiied my suspicion that if the need arose it would be used to quickly cut the cord between guide and clients. Tellingly, we were not encouraged to likewise have implements ready to separate ourselves from our "brave" guide should he find himself heading for the bottom of a crevasse with us in tow. For me this knife incident typified the less than cordial guide/guidee relationship that prevailed during our journey.

More trudging in the waning darkness led us to our first col and sunlight. Our three rope teams headed across and down the glacier and finally back to greenery, trams, and eventually Champex for lunch. Apparently to avoid a stretch of uninteresting terrain, we were loaded into vans and driven to the next hut-further dimming my vision of a European alpine experience. This drive, however, turned out to be

(con't on page 4)



Upcoming outings

Oct. 19

DISCOVERY PEAK

3,841 ft., class 1

Leader: Dinesh Desai

(4 15) 969-2695

You won't find this peak on the USGS maps, but it is the highest point in Alameda County. With 18 miles and a 4,000-foot gain, this trip should help keep you in shape. Meet at 7 am. near the restrooms in Del Valle Regional Park, south of Livemore.

Oct. 19-20

YOSEMITE VALLEY CAR CAMP

Leader: Gary Pinson

(408) 997-0298 9:30 to 11 p.m.

Theatre, Art and other cultural activities, as well as four-star restaurants and showers, await the more refined outdoorsperson. Hikes T.B.D. (possibilities include South Rim Traverse, El Capitan or Liberty Cap.) Limited space! Send check for \$6 per person (campsite and all-day limo service) to G. Pinson, 6601 Tam

O'Shanter Dr., San Jose, CA 95120.

Include phone numbers, time and place of departure, mailing address, etc.

Nov. 9-10

PYRAMID PEAK

9,983 ft., class 2

RALSTON PEAK

9,235 ft., class 2

Leader: Kelly Maas

(408) 279-2054, h

(408) 94-2078, w

Let's visit the high country one more time before the ski season begins. These peaks are in the Desolation Wilderness, southwest of Lake Tahoe. We'll do one climb each day, with a camp in Desolation Valley. This backpacking trip is not too strenuous, but is mostly off trail. Enjoy great views (I hope) and invigorating fall air. Be prepared for any weather. Heavy snow might cancel, but light snow will not. Co-leader-wanted.

Nov. 17 (Sunday)

CONDITIONING HIKE

Leader: Cecil Magiocco

(408) 946-1238

Rocky Ridge, Las Trampas Regional Wilderness, in the East Bay Hills, is the setting for this conditioning hike. We'll take a varied route across remote canyons and ridges. Eighteen miles; 4,300 feet of elevation gain.

Dec. 26-Jan. 1

CHRISTMAS DESERT PEAK

BAGGING

Leader: Bill Hauser

(408) 2434566

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).

Private trips

Private trips are neither insured, sponsored nor supervised by the Sierra Club or the PCS. There are listed here because they may be of interest to PCS climbers.

Oct. 12-13

MT. ABBOT AREA CLIMBS

Contact Steve Eckert

(4 15) 508-0500

Bill Donner and I are heading to the Mt. Abbot area on Oct 12-13 with objectives of Dade, Mills or Abbot, depending on the group. Call if you are interested.

Oct. 12-14

SEARLES VALLEY AND PANAMINT VALLEY CAR CAMP

A Desert Survivors trip

Leader: Dave McMullin

5 10) 549-2645

A three-day excursion following and exploring the chain of Pleistocene lakes and rivers that once dominated the area. This area contains North America's largest deposit of potassium and its best examples of tufa formations.

Oct. 18-20

UPPER COTTONWOOD CANYON BACKPACK

A Desert Survivors trip

Leader: Steve Tabor

(510) 357-6585

A moderately-paced three-day backpack trip at higher elevations of Death Valley National Monument. We'll start at 6,800 feet on Hunter Mountain and hike down a trail to Cottonwood Springs at 3,631 feet, then go back up. Cool temps, water every day.

Oct. 26 (Sat).

CONDITIONING HIKE

Leader: Steve Eckert

(415) 508-0500

One way in Ohlone: We'll walk 29 miles with 6,800 feet of elevation gain and loss as a day hike. Be prepared for a fast pace and few stops as we bag both Rose and Mission Peaks. Requires one-way car shuttle, so contact Steve Eckert in advance if you are interested.

Oct. 25-27

HOLE-IN-THE-WALL CAR CAMP

A Desert Survivors trip

Leader: Karen Rusiniak

(510) 778-1879

A highlight of this trip to the East Mojave Scenic Area will be visits to at least six petroglyphs and pictograph sites. Hole-in-the-Wall campground is a volcanic area of dramatic rock towers and cliffs like Swiss cheese. Wildlife is plentiful there.

Mountain notes

Leigh Ortenburger

It is with sadness that we report the death of Leigh Ortenburger, who died in the Oakland hills fire. He was 62

Mr. Ortenburger, a Palo Alto resident who had survived parts of five decades of climbing in the Tetons, Himalayas, Andes and Sierras, was ultimately the victim of a grotesque piece of bad luck. He had been running errands in Berkeley that day when on the spur of the moment he decided to visit his old climbing friends Albert and Gail Baxter, whom he had not seen in years.

The Baxters, for whom Baxters Pinnacle in the Tetons is named, lived in the path of the inferno. Mrs. Baxter also perished in the blaze.

Mr. Ortenburger is best known as the writer of "A Climber's Guide to the Teton Range;" he was said to be working on a third edition at the time of his death. In 1953, climbing with fellow Exum guides Willi Unsoeld and Dick Emerson, he completed the direct finish to the north face of the Grand, at the time considered the most serious alpine route in the country.

In 1961, Mr. Ortenburger was one of the climber-scientists to accompany Sir Edmund Hillary on an attempt on Makalu. The climb ended when one of the mountaineers became seriously ill and had to be evacuated. For his role in the rescue, Mr. Ortenburger was awarded the American Alpine Club's David A. Sowles Award.

Mr. Ortenburger worked until recently at GTE Inc., and gladly gave advice and tips to PCS climbers heading to the Tetons.

Three years ago Mr. Ortenburger gave a slide show on climbing in the

Andes to the PCS. It concluded with the front page of a Peruvian newspaper carrying the news of his death on a remote peak. He had been overdue returning, and the paper just assumed he had perished.

Mr. Ortenburger got a good chuckle out of that one, but in Oakland his luck ran out. He will be missed by all climbers.



Avalanche course

There are a couple of good reasons why PCSers should take an avalanche safety course. Most of us are dangerously ignorant about the danger from "white death." Whether it's a mid-winter ski tour to Peter Grubb Hut or an early season ascent of Shasta's Hotlam-Bolam route, the potential for trouble is always there. Also, avalanche training is necessary for becoming a winter trip leader.

We're looking into the possibility of arranging a course for PCS members. It would probably consist of a mid-week evening lecture and a weekend in the mountains. Costs are unclear, but we guess they would be

somewhere between \$100 and \$200, including lodging.

Please contact John Flinn and let him know if a) you're absolutely committed to going (i.e., really interested), b) really interested (thinking about it), or c) thinking about it (just wanking off.) Also, let him know if any dates are particularly good or bad for you, and how much you'd be willing to pay for the course. Plinn's address and phone number are on the back page.

Speed climb

A 29-year-old forest ranger recently set a speed-on-the-trail record that even Chris Yager or Eugene Miya would have a hard time equalling: he hiked and climbed from Whitney Portal to the summit of Mt. Whitney in 2 hours, 8 1/2 minutes, eclipsing the old record by 8 1/2 minutes. Marty Homick followed the

east face approach route up Lone Pine Creek to Iceberg Lake, then climbed the Mountaineer's Route to the top.

"I was mildly hypoxic at the summit," he said. "I was pushing beyond sanity at that point."

Today's quote

"I pointed out I was not quite in that condition yet. The only trouble I feel about it is that I will have to be respectable for the rest of my life."

— Sir Edmund Hillary's reaction to being chosen to grace New Zealand's \$5 bill, an honor usually reserved for those who are dead.

(con't from page 1)

spectacular, with waterfalls miles of tunnels, and finally breathtaking mountain scenery from some airy and dubious-looking roadway.

The more remote setting of Chanrion Hut meant fewer people and less chaos at meal time and bedtime. The next day started at the more civilized hour of 5:30 am, and our mute ascended by trail to snowline. It was this morning that microbes, probably in water consumed at a previous hut, decided to do some serious partying in our digestive tracts. Most of the day was to be focussed on just making it to the next hut.

Rumors of typhoid in this region seemed more akin to trekking in the Third World than in Switzerland. (An important travel tip: Do not trust tap water in Alps huts. Spend a few francs and have your water bottle filled with boiled water from the hut kitchen.)

We barfed our way to Cab du Valdes Dix, arriving well after midday, and spent the remainder of the afternoon and night doing battle with the disease.

We felt better by the beginning of Day Four, but for the rest of the trip I was unable to replenish the lost calories and strength. The guides decided to bypass a traverse of Pigne d'Arolla in favor of a lower route to Cab de Vignettes. snowfall and zero visibility later in the day proved their decision a correct one. At the hut we celebrated returning appetites by downing some pasta.

Day Five called for an early morning glacier traverse to Col Eveque, a descent down the Glacier d'Arolla, and a final long climb to Cab de Bertol. The altitude and the physical toll of the preceding days were felt as we struggled with the final exposed ladder ascent to the perched hut.

Downclimbing this 100-foot section of ladder was even more interesting in the blizzard conditions of the next morning. Our hoped for triumphal march to Zermatt was now out of the question, and we retraced

our route of the preceding day, wading down through the wind, clouds, and several inches of new snow to the Arolla Valley and the end of the guided trip.

Rather than return to Chamonix, Vreni and I left the group at Sion and **continued by train to Zermatt.** There we settled into Hotel Blauherd for some serious R and R.

The remainder of our Swiss stay was occupied with a pleasant visit with some of Vreni's relatives near Lucarno, and a colorful though rather subdued 700th birthday party for Switzerland in the town of Schwyz, home of the Swiss army knife. Our adventure ended with stay with friends in Zurich before returning to California on Aug. 7.

This left two weeks to prepare for our next Big Hike--down the isle of the Danville Congregational Church.

-Greg Rau

Key to North Pal: do ~~with~~ what the mules and beer

I HADN'T ORIGINALLY intended to write up our Aug. 10-12 Palisades trip, but after reading Flinn's then Huh's trip reports (in the August and September issues), I couldn't resist throwing another log on the fire while risking the wrath of Flinn.

After a change to our schedule, Balu Sharma and I arrived early Saturday morning at the Big Pine Creek permit issuing place, only to find the Tim Hult/Mark Malacowski/Mike Sogard (H/M/S) expedition in the adjacent campsite. Even before learning that he had duplicate permits, Tim generously offered us his permit. After breakfast at Glacier Lodge, the five of us started off on the trail together.

Our four-day trip to climb North Pal and Mt. Sill was somewhat less ambitious than either the Flinn/Wiedman or H/M/S expeditions, so Balu and I chose to pack in our gear ourselves, dispensing with beer and

hence, mules. The others snickered as they shouldered their (slightly) lighter packs.

Though our packs certainly weighed more than Mark's, Tim's or Mike's, they were still under 50 pounds and we were able to keep up. Admittedly, we did mis out on the wild flowers during the hike in, but certainly didn't miss Kristen, the cute SJ State student working as a forest service ranger.

We met her as she was working around the Lon Chaney cabin that she was living out of while on patrol. We all agreed that this cabin was the perfect setup and had a good laugh when she asked Hult for his permit, but didn't ask Balu or myself.

Light packs must lead to laziness because Balu and I arrived first at the packer drop point. While Hult's party had little choice but to camp the first night at Sam Mack Meadow, Balu and I kept going to the bottom of the glacial moraine. Here we found a nicely flat and sheltered campsite just off the trail, with water right at hand.

But the hike took its toll, and that evening we were both exhausted. A beer probably would have killed me. All I could do was lie down and hope it would pass. While eating a simple dinner, we discussed which peak to climb first. We finally decided on North Palisade since it was our main objective. We then organized our gear and I set my watch alarm for an early start.

By morning we were both feeling stronger and we left camp at 5:30 a.m. The Palisade Glacier turned out to be rather shrunken and quite consolidated. Certainly no post-holing this time. We put on crampons half way across to make things more secure. The V-Notch Couloir looked especially intimidating, so it was a good thing we were climbing the U-Notch.

Upon reaching the bergschrund we noticed that the couloir was icier than anticipated. **We** had hoped for firm snow so we could move quickly without the need to rope up. But just past the trivial bergschrund was the steepest and iciest part of the couloir.

(con't on the next page)

(con't from last page)

Balu immediately suggested that we rope up. I questioned if we wanted to since that would take time, and we didn't have any ice screws anyway. But then again, we only had one ice axe each. After a minute of silence, Balu started climbing- gingerly.

Once past the crux, things improved as we reached the right side rock wall. We carried on up icy snow and reached the U-Notch about 10 a.m., much earlier than on my two previous North Pal attempts.

At this point, Roper describes a class 4 chimney up to the ridge, or an alternate class 3 ledge found by descending the other side. We chose the chimney "because it's there."

Actually, "chimney" is not entirely accurate, since it is rather open and doesn't involve chimneying or much stemming. Two pitches of climbing got us 180 feet up to the ridge. Thii route actually has some easy class 5, and was great fun in our plastic boots.

The rest of the climb was class 3. Although technically easier, it was still a lot of work taking close to an hour to climb the ridge to the top. After the usual summit celebration and picture taking, we decided to get off quickly since the surrounding clouds didn't look terribly friendly. Traversing back to the chimney, I met the only other climber of the day, soloing from the south.

After two rappels down the we were back at the notch. We gathered our gear, hiked down a short ways, then began the first of many rappels down the couloir to the bergschrund.

With slings abundantly dotting the rock wall, we never had to use one of our own. If nothing else, we learned the value of dry treated ropes when climbing couloirs in warm weather. Our non-dry rope frequently lay in the path of water running off the snow and became soaked.

As if rappeling on an icy cold wet rope wasn't enough, the skies then opened up on us, dumping small hail. Well, better hail than rain.

Once out of the couloir, the hail slowed then stopped. Balu had more

energy and took the better route, beating me back to camp by an hour. Like the day before, I was exhausted from nearly 12 hours of climbing. We discussed Sill and realized that neither of us knew the details of either the ascent or descent routes beyond what was in the climbing guide. We were also unsure of the proper footgear for the approach, climb and descent. Suddenly, I wasn't so excited about climbing Sill.

And the weather didn't look promising. Although it had cleared in the afternoon, clouds were moving back in as the sun was setting. We watched rain and muffled lightning out in the Owens Valley and wondered. It rained once during the night and was still cloudy when we awoke at 3:30 a.m.. (Gotta love those alpine starts.) At sunrise we decided to bail.

We were both disappointed, but I was also relieved. We packed and hit the trail. At Sam Mack Meadow we were greeted by the H/M/S expedition, which told us its story of being Ropered on Aggasiz.

They also told us of the huge quantities of gourmet food they had to throw away at each meal because they couldn't eat it all. And would we be interested in a couple beers? Not needing the extra weight, we respectfully declined.

Their weather report supported our suspicions. We waved goodbye and began our wildflower discovery hike. Where did all these flowers come from? Certainly they weren't there on the hike in. Someone must have planted them while we were climbing. We stopped every few hundred yards to take pictures as we enjoyed the leisurely (read no 80-pound loads or multiple carries) hike out.

Aaron Schuman led a group up Middle Palisade the day before we climbed North Palisade. Like us, they left the beer and mules at home.

There's a moral to this story, but Flinn would probably delete it if I mentioned it here. Actually, we were just lucky to have good weather and conditions for one day.

- Kelly Maas

Good weather is found on the other side of Stateline

AS MY WIFE Joy and I drive through Bear Valley in heavy rain, I wonder if it may be snowing at Ebbetts pass. I, however, console myself that at least it should not be a problem finding a good campsite at the Silver Creek Campground, a few miles east of the pass.

Well wrong on both counts. It is only three in the afternoon and already the campground is quite full. Thanks to an understanding ranger I am able to wrestle away a big campsite (#7) from the campground host who had it set aside, illegally, for a friend. By the way, it is possible to reserve sites 1 thru 10 in this campground by calling the Forest Service's Mistix number (800) 283-2267.

Saturday morning the weather did not look good over our destination, Highland Peak, and so our group of seven headed east to Topaz Ranch Subdivision (elev. 5,600 feet) near highway 395 in Nevada.

Our fearless leader, Roger Crawley, pointed to a peak in the distance- across several ridges--and told us that we should go for it. We had no topos but after climbing one false ridge, we did hook on to a road that got us to within a mile of the peak.

After a crosscountry scramble thru the desert brush, we arrived at the peak and found that it was called Bald Mountain (elev. 9,020 feet). The weather, in true desert fashion, was fairly warm during the day and all of us were happy to return to camp and drink plenty of water. This was followed by a communal spaghetti dinner and the traditional PCS liquid accompaniment--Gallo Burgandy in gallon jugs.

The weather was clear on Sunday but there was still plenty of snow on Reynolds Peak, our second objective of the trip. So we decided to try Lookout Peak (elev. 9,584 feet), a few

(con't on next page)

(cont'd from last page)
miles east of the Pacific Grade Summit on Highway 4. Starting at the Pacific Valley campground we immediately took a cross-country route heading south to avoid the cliffs and eventually climbing up from a south-west direction.

(A trail from the campground skirts the west face of the peak and allows one to climb the easier south slope; we discovered this on our descent.) The peak, luckily, has no lookout tower but beautiful 360 degree views. Topos needed for this peak are 7 1/2" Ebbetts Pass and Pacific Valley.

Mark Holzmer, Dave LaPlant and Judy Yarborough headed home after the climb whereas Bill Hauser, Roger, Joy and I went to Grover Hot Springs for an enjoyable soak. We capped off the weekend with dinner at the Chinese-American Sammy's Restaurant in the old part of Jackson. We all had Chinese dishes there which were very good.

— Dinesh Desai

A Sherpa goes mountaineering in the High Sierra

WE WERE approaching the summit, but my heart was racing and I was gasping for breath. These oxygen-less ascents are sure a bitch, I thought. Just ahead I could see Dorje Sherpa sitting on a rock, waiting for me and smiling. The hardy Nepalese mountaineer seemed right at home in the thin air.

"How are you feeling, John?" Dorje asked. "Ready to go to the top?"

Where was this little scene taking place? Was it above the Hillary Step on Everest? High on the South Face of Annapurna? (Yeah, right. In my wildest dreams.) Actually, we were just below the 12,590-foot summit of Mt. Conness in Yosemite.

Dorje was just finishing up a year-long visit to the United States

and getting his taste of PCS-style mountaineering as he accompanied 10 of us on a Labor Day weekend trip. A native of the Solu-Khumbu District of Nepal, Dorje has been working in trekking and mountaineering for much of his life.

He swears he's not much of a climber, but he's overly modest. A graduate of the Manang climbing school founded by Tenzing Norgay, he has reached 7,300 meters on Kanchenjunga, can effortlessly crank off 5.9 bouldering moves high off the ground in tennis shoes and can literally run on typical Sierra Class 3 terrain.

Until his visa ran out Sept. 14, Dorje had been staying in San Jose with a friend of a friend of PCSer Rob Rowlands. During his stay here he had been working in construction and improving his English. (Of the six languages he speaks---including Hindi and Japanese---he says English is his worst, although it sounded fine to us.)

Many of us who have visited Nepal have built up a deep respect, admiration and affection for the Sherpas, so when Dorje asked to come on a PCS trip, we were eager to try to return some of the hospitality

we've received. There were no officially listed PCS trips over Labor

Day weekend, but Chris Macintosh worked hard to pull something together at the last minute.

Thanks to her leadership and the high spirits of the group---which included some grizzled old veterans and some enthusiastic newcomers---it turned out to be a delightful way to end the summer.

About half the group drove to the mountains Friday night and climbed North Peak on Saturday. The rest of us showed up Saturday night, and most of us climbed Conness Sunday. We had originally planned to try the Glacier Route, but the lower part of the route required crampons (which few of us had) and the upper part was devoid of snow or ice altogether. Instead we climbed the Carnegie Institute route, which was pleasant and long.

Apparently, you can take a Sherpa out of the Himalayas, but you can't take the helpfulness out of a Sherpa. Without hesitating, Dorje took some weight off the backs of those who were feeling the altitude and guided newcomers up some tricky sections. At the summit he pulled a dozen apples out of his pack and offered one to everybody.

While we were climbing, Bob Suzuki; my wife, Jeri; and our two Golden retrievers, Cody and Kansas, explored the lake basin north of Saddlebag Lake. The dogs couldn't resist swimming in every single lake, and by the end of the day they barely had the energy to do much but wag their tails weakly and accept sympathetic pats on the head from the group.

We camped at a really nifty place Chris had learned about. We had an entire meadow-lined valley to ourselves with a view of Mono Lake and a 30-foot-high granite crag that offered all sorts of bouldering and climbing possibilities. Since I don't want the place to suffer the same fate Camp Nine has, wild yaks won't drag the name out of me. If you really want to know, ask Chris, and maybe she'll tell you.

Chris supplied the communal dinner---her famous spaghetti. Many bottles of red wine were pulled out of car trunks, ranging from John Esterl's killer \$2.50 Merlot to an Australian cabernet that I believe at one time had belonged to Peter Maxwell. (Monty Python routines notwithstanding, it was quite drinkable.)

In the morning we were all grossed out by Sally Glynn, who exists on coffee and oatmeal for a one-cup breakfast.

Special thanks to Leike Vlaseld-Paul's sister---who helped me out greatly by giving Dorje a ride. Blackmail note to Paul: We know *your fullname*, and we're not afraid to use it.

Participants: Chris Macintosh (leader), John Esterl, Judith Yarborough, Bob Suzuki, Liz Harvey, Mary (Liz's friend; didn't get last name),
(con't on next page)

(con't from last page)

Sally Glynn, Leike Vlasveld, Dorje Sherpa, Jeri Flinn, Cody, Kansas and John Flinn.

— John Flinn

Several trip participants have asked for Dorje's address. It's Dorje Sherpa, P.O. Box 3949, Kathmandu, Nepal.

A not-so-ambitious PCS group takes on Merced Peak

THE SIX of us started the peak bagging weekend with big ideas (at least one of us, anyway) early Saturday morning. The one person's idea was to include Red Peak for a Saturday afternoon quickie.

What changed that was the 15-mile endurance test to our camp at Lower Ottoway lake. Three thousand feet and 15 miles later we arrived at the lake in no condition bag a peak that afternoon.

We did what any sane peakbagger does, which is relax in camp and enjoy the beautiful weather. Saturday night some of us witnessed a spectacular meteor shower.

Early Sunday morning we set out to climb the west ridge of the peak de Nuestra Senora de la Merced, or as the Indians called it in the 1860's 'Aux-urn-re'. This ridge was a true hird class route (Roper told us so).

Some of us turned back after realizing how difficult it was and spent that morning exploring the lake area. The rest of us continued on. By mid-morning three of us lagged the peak. We then took the easy third and second-class route past Jpper Ottoway Lake back to camp. Ne all arrived back at the trailhead Sunday evening.

The group consisted Laura Sefchik, Richard Stover, Debbie Bulger (leader), Bill Isherwood, Gary Pinson (the gung-ho character) and Paul Vlasveld.

Trip date: Aug. 10-11, 1991

Peak: Merced
Class: 2-3
Trailhead: Mono Meadows
Topo: Merced Peak
Route: west ridge

— Paul Vlasveld

Where did all these trip reports come from?

APOLOGIES TO M.M. Lewis, John Ingvoldstad, Geroge Sinclair and ~~das~~ whose trip reports still didn't make it in this month.

The unprecedented glut of trip reports continued undiminished this month, and we just couldn't fit everything in.

Because of time constraints and laziness, we gave priority to those submitted in an editor-friendly format (i.e., those that didn't need to be retyped by the two-fingered editor.)

If you've got a computer--any kind--and everyone submitting trip reports this month did, we can find a way to do this. We can accept all Mac disks and 3 1/2-inch IBM disks. If you have a modem you can send it directly to SCREE, or you can send it to Steve Eckert's PCS bulletin board.

Chicks dig SCREE editors; here's your chance to be one

THAT'S RIGHT, guys--womer lose control at the sight of a crisply designed page or well-kerned headline. And, ladies, the reverse is true, too: Guys turn into obedient lov slaves in the presence of a desktop publishing goddess.

That's why the waiting list to be SCREE editor is so long that even Teddy Kennedy has given up hope of ever getting the job.

But here's your big chance. The present SCREE editor has lost the appeal of his conviction on aggravated moral turpitude grounds, so the PCS has launched a nationwide search for his replacement.

The basic requirements: a few extra hours a month, a computer capable of at least rudimentary desktop publishing (some of me more advanced word processing programs do pretty well these days) and at least a nodding familiity with the English language. (The latter requirement was waived for the present editor, as you can see.)

Apply to either Aaron Schuman, the PCS chairson, or John Flinn, the current editor. Phone numbers for both are on the back page.

Apply early to beat the rush!

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.

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) 3724637 or wr to P.O. Box 547, Yosemite, CA 95389.

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 yc 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:

Aaron Schuman
223 Horizon
Mtn. View, CA 94043
(415) 9689184 h, before 9 p.m.
(415) 335-1901 w

VICE CHAIR/SCHEDULER:

Debbie Bulger
1808 Bay St.
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 457-1036

TREASURER:

Debbie Benham
1984 N. Star Circle
San Jose, CA 95131
(408) 945-8030 h

SCREE EDITOR:

John Flinn
133 Promethean Way
Mtn. View, CA 94043
(415) 968-2050 h, before 10 p.m.
(415) 777-8705

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.

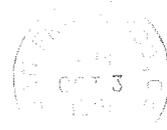
Trip classifications:

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



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



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

**First Class Mail
Dated Material!**