



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

October, 1991

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Next meeting

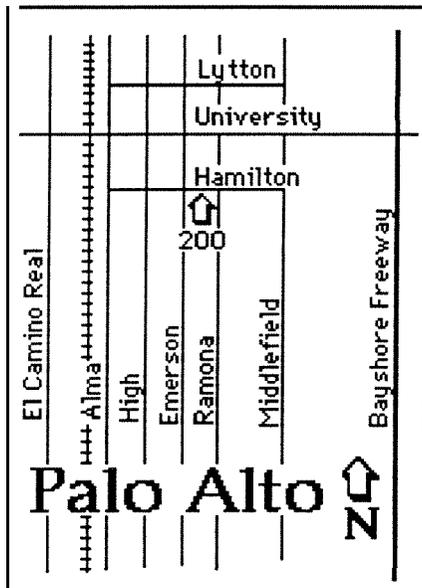
DATE: Tuesday, Oct. 8

TIME: 7:30 p.m.

LOCATION:

The Pacific Mountaineer
200 Hamilton Ave.
Palo Alto

PROGRAM: "A Visit to the Pamirs," by Nina Poletika. The Pamirs occupy that intrigue-filled part of the world where Marco Polo once passed and where Afghanistan and China butt up against what used to be the USSR. Formed where the Karakoram and Tien Shan ranges converge, the Pamirs boast 7,000-meter peaks, including two due for name changes: Peak Communism and Peak Lenin.



Matterhorn Peak the difficult way

IT WAS an ingenuous plan—instead of climbing Matterhorn Peak from nearby Twin Lakes, we'd approach it from Green Lake instead, and climb Virginia Peak (12,001) and Whorl Mountain (12,029) along the way.

And so six of us gathered on a sparkling Friday morning in mid-August—leader John Ingvaldstad and his wife Kate, Mike Hayden, Larry Sasser, Bob Suzuki, and me. After pattering with our gear, we hit the trail about 9:30 am., stopping for lunch at sparkling Green Lake.

The sky began clouding up as we crossed into Yosemite National Park at Virginia Pass, and from there we left the trails behind until Sunday, and headed cross-country toward the unnamed lake just southeast of **Virginia Peak.**

And then it happened—the moment that occurs on just about every PCS trip. Staggering through the brush in an obscure alpine valley, we came upon two attractive young ladies, who mentioned that they were camped nearby with 11 women from Mammoth, and would it be possible for us to drop by their camp this evening and share their campfire?

Well of course, we said, but first we had to go cheat death on the steep dark blade of Virginia Peak, towering above where we all stood. They

seemed impressed, and wished us luck.

We arrived at the lake about 3 p.m.—tired from the hike in, thunderstorms threatening, the girls from Mammoth camped below, and the east face of Virginia waiting above, looking almost vertical and very loose.

And so we did what any red-blooded PCSer would do—flopped on the grass for a few minutes, then stuffed raingear, water, and snacks into our daypacks, and headed up the scree toward the face above. Larry said he'd descended the face on a previous trip, though he was a bit vague about his exact route.

We climbed to the bottom of a large, dark triangular formation in the center of the face, and looked up some obscure, steep gullies heading to the left. But John recommended we bear to the right, and that proved to be the way to go.

(con't on page 5)

Correction

The number printed in last month's SCREE for Steve Eckert was wrong. The correct number is (415) 508-0500. This is number to call to sign up so you can log on to file or read SCREE articles on Steve's Apollo work station.

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) 944-2078, 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 PANAMANT 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

Doug Robinson night

Alpinist, adventurer and writer Doug Robinson will be featured guest at an event sponsored by the Black Mountain Grub to mark the Sierra Club centennial.

Robinson, an RCS alum who has become the Sierra Nevada's premier mountain guide, will present his acclaimed climbing video "Moving Over Stone," show slides and talk about his experiences in the mountains.

The event will be held at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 7 at the SecondStage of the Mountain View Center for the Performing Arts.

Tickets are \$5. To order, call (415) 903-6000.

Excellent sport, dude

Sally Glynn, SCREE's Yosemite bureau chief, forwards the following report from an internal newsletter. Never ones to oververify a good story, we offer no guarantees of its accuracy.

"The wonderfully dangerous sport of Winnebago Surfing was invented by rock climbers in a national park in the western United States. The surfer lurks in an overhanging tree, rock or output port of a tunnel, and hops a ride on the top of a slow-moving motor home driven by a tourist.

"The successful auto-surfer then waves at passing motorists, jumps up and down noisily on the roof, or hangs upside-down over the windshield and makes faces at the driver (while anchored securely with climbing equipment, since the panicking driver invariably hits the brakes!)

"Ideally, the surfer catches another tree or pre-rigged rope and disappears vertically before the old-timer (Winnebagoes are usually driven by those in their golden years) can dismount to investigate.

"Phew! Is anybody actually demented enough to do this, or is it

just another fabulous urban legend? An informant in the National Park Service says the Department of the Interior ordered rangers to deal harshly with Winnebago surfers, and to suppress all mention of Winnebago surfing in internal newsletters and publications, lest the practice become widespread"

If Winnebago Surfing becomes the next fad to sweep the nation, remember: you read it here first.

Bear truth #1

Tom Stienstra in the Examiner reports: A talkative bear, the second reported in Alberta, Canada, in the past four years, reportedly told a young couple to "get the hell out of these woods. This place is for bears." Responded witness/camper Bob Harmon: "'I only wish the microphone would have picked up the bear talking. Then everyone would know we aren't making this up."

Subjective danger

Here's a hazard they don't warn you about in Freedom of the Hills: murderous yahoos tossing rocks down on you from above. In Montana recently, a party of five climbers and a dog nearly died from such an assault.

For three hours, the climbers in the Bitterroot Range, near the Idaho border, said they dodged rocks the size of car hoods hurled at them from 1,000 feet above.

Some of the rocks shattered on impact; others dislodged more rocks, creating landslides that threatened to sweep the climbers off the wall. The climbers scrambled for cover and frantically rigged rappels to try to dodge the fusillade. One man wounded his knee and their dog was injured in a fall.

They had no doubt the rockfall was manmade-and intentional. "'They were yellign things like, 'We're going to kill you,' and 'How'd your dog like his fall,'" said

Alex Wallop of Missoula. "'It was a big war game. We were being hunted."

Authorities said they had several suspect, although no arrests were immediately made.

"This is definitely borderline stuff," said Sheriff's detective Jim Bailey. "It's borderline attempted homicide."

Bear truth #2

Draw your own conclusions: A family was recently camped at Bucks Lake in Plumas County when a bear made a raid on their food stash. All the chocolate chip cookies were eaten, but the Snickerdoodles had been spit out.

Bear truth #3

A recent Associated Press story from Calgary, Alberta: "'A Canadian doctor used blood-sucking leeches to help sew back a man's scalp after it had been ripped off by a grizzly bear."

Two observations: 1) The cure sounds only marginally better than the affliction. 2) The human scalp is apparently tastier than a Snickerdoodle.

Now **you** know

: Ama Dablam is a stunningly beautiful peak near Everest that is often mistaken for the world's tallest peak. What does its name mean?

A: In the Sherpa language, Ama Dablam means "mother's jewel box."

Today's quote

Think of everything you could possibly want on a climbing expedition, say, of 30 hours. Cut out from this all that you think might be fairly easily dispensed with. Take with you 50 percent of the remainder.

— Harold Raeburn quoted in "Climbing Ice."

Sierra register committee update

THE SIERRA Register Committee appreciates all of the cash donations and work done by PCS members, but I need to emphasize a couple of things.

First, it is extremely important to be thorough when handling summit registers. The SRC functions as a preserver of mountaineering history. Register maintenance is a secondary function. The SRC has a checklist, and it is important to follow a set of procedures so as to neither forget important information nor damage the existing register container and register book. A hearsay report can tell us **some information, but like all** "hearsay" reports, we need more information.

Our procedures include not only checking, tagging, replacing, and restoring books, but also placing and securing containers (boxes). This includes bolting down boxes to prevent theft, recording ascent information, or register contents

Assessment is a critical function, and SRC members must consider themselves students of mountaineering, and specially Sierra Nevada history. Helpers should read books by Clarence King, Norman Clyde, and others. This will help establish a baseline to understand people, place names, and specific historical significance (like ascents, routes, events such the passing of Walter Starr, Jr.) Study is important. Start your reading now!

For these reasons, the SRC has a set of priorities, since there are few of us right now. Our priorities are established on the basis of information held by the SRC given to us the the Sierra Club, U.C. Berkeley, the Parks and Forests, and the historic figures who did these ascents. Some information is not made public to prevent vandalism or theft.

In a previous article, I noted parallels to the character Indiana Jones. Remember that Dr. Jones was a professional archeologist, and in fact in one of his films, he lectures about

the problems of trying to preserve history.

Ours is a problem of real-world archeology so our checklists, photographs and good procedures are critical. We are accountable to the National Park Service, the Sierra Club History and Mountaineering Committees, and future climbers as well as ourselves and you.

It is not that we keep information secret, but that we maintain strict control of information and keep the scale down.

Maintenance of popular peak registers is more a providence of the Angeles Chapter Sierra Peaks Section. The SRC passes some of this information on to them, and we have a limited overlap of function, but they only cover the most popular 200-plus peaks. We will give out the SPS list as a means to denoting lowest priority peaks (mostly).

Remember that many of the peaks the SRC covers were unnamed at the time of their original ascents. Many peaks are still unnamed, and these peaks in some cases have only been ascended 2-3 times in the more remote cases.

Imagine making the third ascent (ever) of a Sierra peak. It can happen, but it is not likely that peak will be one of the highest peaks, nor may it have "a name." You have to make a choice: higher, more popular peaks or lesser, more obscure but less frequently ascended peaks. The choice is yours, but you can climb a mix of both like I do. But that is history.

Please, what ever you do do **not remove summit registers** without some authority.

If you are interested in helping out, please contact me at (415) 961-6772.

— Eugene Miya

Trespassing: It's the Sierra Club vs Raoul Mocho & Co.

FROM PHILLIP S. Berry, Sierra Club president, comes a warning against trespassing during any trips involving the club or any sub-entity of the club:

“Without prior written approval of the Board of Directors of the Club,” he writes, “no member or sub-entity of the Club has authority to trespass in the name of the Club or to take action by way of a “test case” which arguably might be a trespass, even if it is believed in all good faith that a trespass will not occur by reasons of actions contemplated.”

We're sure that last clause means something, although we're having a heck of a time figuring out just what. Anyway, the ever diplomatic Raoul Mocho, president-for-life of the Sneak Peak Section, weighs in with a response:

“Being fed up with the Adolph Bush, CIA, DEA-like tactics of Sierra

Club President Berry, we will continue to climb private property peaks on a **real** sneak basis, mainly to prevent FBI infiltration and to re-state our right of access to named mountain summits. The guerilla warfare climbers do not appreciate the unilateral decision-making process of Mr. Berry.

“No one has the right to exclude other people from climbing a named peak. Mountain peaks have rights! Let's climb as many private peaks as possible.”

The views of Mr. Mocho do not represent those of the Sierra Club, the PCS, SCREE, Pee Wee Herman or anyone else.

Trip report glut

We were buried under an avalanche of trip reports this month. If yours didn't make it in this issue, rest assured it will make it next time.

Matterhorn

(con't from page 1)

He, Larry, Bob, and I spread out horizontally on the face, each of us searching for the best way up. (Kate and Mike had stayed in camp.) Spreading out horizontally also kept us safe from the rocks we occasionally kicked loose.

The face was a lot easier than it looked from below—basically steep maze of buttresses and gullies, with the gullies easy class 3 and loose, and the buttresses hard class 3 and fairly solid.

The sky darkened but the thunder gods stayed silent, and it dawned on us that we were on a great fun climb. Almost too soon we topped out on the 1700-foot face, just one hour after leaving our camp.

From the top we took in a spectacular array of peaks under the dark clouds—from Tower Peak in the north to Ritter in the south, with every peak in Yosemite in between. There was no summit register, so we just took summit photos, goofed around, and yelled to Kate and Mike down at the lake.

On the descent, we circled to the north, down steep talus to an unnamed rockbound lake at 11,000 feet. A 30-foot cliff below the lake blocked the way, but I found an easy way down via a class 3 gully full of huge yellow flowers, while Larry of course climbed straight down the cliff.

Back in camp we washed up and cooked supper, and then Larry and John hiked a mile or so cross-country to the beckoning campfire of the women from Mammoth. They had a great time and returned with a couple of names and addresses, having told the women that they wanted to send them a copy of SCREE. (Now there's an original line.)

Saturday was our big day, and we got an early start and headed up the boulders toward Stanton Pass, the 11,200-foot notch south of Virginia Peak. We climbed some class 3 slabs just before the pass, and paused at the top to look across Spiller Creek Canyon to the granite knifeblade of

Whorl Mountain, and up the canyon to Matterhorn and Twin Peaks.

The west side of the pass is a cliff, but Bob found a way down on some steep class 3 slabs to the left. On the way back, Bob and Larry found an easier way through the cliff several hundred feet to the right (north). So the easiest way over this pass from the east is probably to head for the low point, walk several hundred feet right along the ridge, then descend to the highest part of the talus field below.

Matterhorn was our first objective, so we angled cross-country, dropping 1,200 feet into the grassy, flower-filled paradise below. We followed Spiller Creek upstream and were soon slogging up the tedious sandbox known as the southeast face of Matterhorn Peak, wondering what this mountain has in common with its Swiss namesake.

We tried to avoid the worst of the sand by keeping to the extreme right, next to some granite pinnacles there, and by climbing straight up the class 3 cliff at the top, instead of following the standard route at the left end of the cliff.

We topped out at noon, talked, ate lunch, read the register and enjoyed the spectacular summit, with vertical cliffs dropping hundreds of feet to the north and east.

Besides all of Yosemite National Park, we could see north past Sonora Pass, south past Lyell and Ritter, and east far into the Nevada desert. Just don't back up too far when posing for that summit photo. The soft sand came in handy on the descent, cushioning our legs as we jogged quickly down.

Larry and Bob split off part way down to traverse the ridge south toward Whorl, while Mike, John, and I retraced our route back across the valley to Stanton Pass.

When we reached the pass, the thunder gods started booming, and a wall of rain and hail swept in as we frantically pulled on our rain gear. About this time, Larry and Bob were nearing the northernmost of Whorl's three peaks, but class 4 climbing and

the worsening weather convinced them to call it a day.

They thought there may be an easier way up from the south, but it's still probably class 4, which would make Whorl Yosemite's hardest peak over 12,000 feet. John, Mike, and I got back to camp at 5 p.m., where Rate had spent the afternoon relaxing, after clambering around the Stanton Pass area in the morning.

Larry and Bob finally strolled in about 7 p.m., and all of us were tired but happy after another wild day in the mountains. Sunday morning we hiked out under cloudless skies, then met for lunch at the quaint Bridgeport Inn before heading home over Sonora Pass.

-Jim Ramaker

Inspiration comes at midnight for Cathedral Peak

IDEAS THAT burst upon you at midnight after two bottles of wine often don't stand up to the scrutiny of the next morning's light. But in Yosemite they sometimes take off without waiting for dawn.

I can't remember whose idea it was. Sally Glynn, Ron Lingelbach and I were polishing off the second bottle of chardonnay at Sally's home in Yosemite Valley, and someone suggested we climb Cathedral Peak the next day.

Before logic and rationality had a chance to rear their nerdy heads, Sally was on the phone to a friend at the Medical Clinic, rounding up all the gear we would need for the summit block: a rope, a harness, carabiners, slings and a couple friends and stoppers.

And what about those angry thunderstorms that had been crackling through Yosemite's high country every afternoon? Well, we told ourselves we'd just have to get an early start—easier said than done when you go to bed at 1 a.m.

It seemed like only minutes

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before our alarm clocks were going off, and I wondered if we would have been better off just staying up watching C-SPAN and infomercials on late-night TV.

We were all feeling a little fuzzy headed at dawn as we hopped into Sally's Isuzu Trooper for the drive to Tuolumne Meadows. But the excitement of our adventure soon took over. Sally was particularly stoked; this would be her first roped climb.

With nervous glances to the east for approaching thunderheads, we walked briskly up the climbers' trail along Budd Creek into the magnificent cirque formed by Unicorn Peak, the Cockscomb, Echo Peaks and Cathedral Peak.

Adrenaline carried us up the scree and talus slopes to the peak's north shoulder as the first beligerent-looking clouds appeared on the horizon.

Half an hour later, after a bit of traversing and scrambling, we were assembled at the airy notch below Cathedral's outrageous summit. tower. The breeze that blew through the gap felt as if it was carrying the charged ions of approaching trouble. Time to be swift.

We had only one harness, so Sally took it. Ron and I tied in with bowlines-on-a-coil and used hip belays. Sometimes it's handy knowing this old-fashioned stuff.

With Sally in a middleman belay (middleperson belay?), we each in turn tiptoed across the easy but vertiginous traverse to the steep parallel cracks that form me route up the block. The climbing wasn't particularly difficult, but the awesome exposure was enough to clear the last of the chardonnay cobwebs out of our minds.

Cathedral Peak's summit is one of the most airy and spectacular in the Sierra-about the size of a dining room table with absolutely sheer dropoffs on every side. Sally, continuing a tradition she started years ago on some nearby summits, shrieked as she peaked.

We thumbed through the register

for a few moments, noting lots of familiar PCS names, and then looked up to see the flotilla of dark-bottomed thunderheads closer than we'd prefer.

Downclimbing the summit block was harder than ascending it, but by flipping the rope over the top we could offer an upper belay to everyone. This was especially appreciated by me, since I was last.

It was a quick scramble back to the north shoulder, and then a combination plunge-step and glissade down the scree into the valley below.

Just as we hit the first scraggly trees, we heard the initial crackle-boom of thunder and felt the first raindrops on our shoulders. We grinned the grins of people who realize they've gotten away with something.

-John Flinn

Eight becomes two on an ascent of Mt. Clarence King

WE STARTED out with a group of eight signed up to climb Mt Clarence King over the Aug. 18 weekend, but one by one our numbers were reduced. A couple of sprained ankles, a law school acceptance, and simple fatigue brought the count down to two by the time the trip was actually underway.

Leader Aaron Schuman was among the casualties, worn out after a long week in the mountains, including an ascent of Middle Palisade. The two of us who remained enjoyed ideal weather and plenty of miles between the trailhead and the peak-worth every inch of the way.

Anticipating good weather, and wanting to reduce my load, I removed the bulky GoreTex rain pants I had been lugging around the mountains for so long. Then I noticed how perfectly a 22 oz. bottle of pale ale fit into the spot that the rain pants had occupied. With my boots and clothes stuffed inside, my pack weighed almost 40 pounds. So much for going light!

Kelly Maas and I drove up to meet Aaron and Charles Schaefer at the Onion Valley trailhead, west of Independence. With five miles to go, a squirrel darted in front of our car. Kelly, reacting swiftly, ran over it with both the front and rear tires. As a sickened look came over his face, I wondered if this might be some sort of omen.

Sure enough, at the trailhead we were greeted by two weatherbeaten figures looking less than excited about the prospect of trudging 35 more miles through the backcountry. Complaining about their tired bodies, they opted out for a couple of day hikes to Mt. Gould and Independence Peak, leaving Mt. Clarence King for just Kelly and me.

The four of us left the trailhead together and ambled up towards Kcarsarge pass on an exceptionally smooth and gentle trail. While gaining 2600 feet, it was a relatively easy walk and the view of the surrounding mountains, bathed in mist, was wonderful. Not content with our vantage point, we slogged up 1200 ft. of sand, scree and talus to the third class summit rocks of Mt. Gould (13,005 ft.), offering some nice scrambling and an even better view.

Since it was almost 3 p.m., Kelly and I left Aaron and Charles to enjoy the peak and we started off on the remaining 11 or so miles of trail between us and the Sixty Lakes Basin. Although we made excellent time, Glen Pass took its toll on our legs and we decided to camp at Rae Lakes and get an early start the next morning.

At 7:30 am., after stashing the beer in a stream, we headed past Fin Dome toward our destination. Four or five miles later, we stood at the base of Mt. Clarence King, reading and re-reading the route description: 'The saddle just south of the summit...class 2-3.' Hmmm, is that a saddle? Or a notch? It isn't second class....

As the loose third class turned to loose fourth class, I began to whimper for a belay. Kelly obliged and we climbed up to the ridge where we had

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a great view of the much easier saddle just south of where we had chosen to ascend. Fearing increased difficulties ahead, I began to wonder if I might be the next one to drop out of this trip.

Fortunately, the ridge offered solid rock and the climbing was just plain fun. About 150 feet shy of the top, we climbed a very short easy fifth class pitch, scrambled some more, and then roped up again for the summit blocks. A final airy move and Kelly was at the top; I followed him up, albeit a bit clumsily.

There was no register in sight, and a careful search of the area turned up only a plastic film cannister with a couple names scrawled on the backing paper of some Dr. Scholl's Moleskin. We added our names, a piece of paper and a pen, and headed down.

Arriving back at camp in the early evening, the stream-cooled beer was a delight. Maybe next time I'll leave my tent behind and take a second bottle.

We had an uneventful hike out the next day, back over Glen and Kear-sarge passes, stopping on the drive home only long enough to stuff ourselves on the buffet at the Bishop Sizzler.

Mt. Clarence King (12,905 ft., class 5.4)

Topo: Mt. Pinchot

Trailhead: Onion Valley (camp-ground nearby)

Elevation gain: 9,000 ft.

Suggested beverage: Earthquake Pale Ale

- Jim Curl

It was Red and White and black on the summit

HOPING FOR time to sneak in a second peak, we left the cars at 7:30 a.m. on a surprisingly warm morning. Despite previous grumbling, the heat and persistent mosquitos soon made it seem that a predawn start might have been better.

The McGee Creek trailhead (south of Convict Lake) is on the Mt. Morrison topo, but the bulk of our route was on the Mt. Abbot map.

The head of the group reached the campsite at Big McGee Lake (10,500 feet) around 11:30 a.m. When the tail of the group failed to show up, several went back to find that Mike Hayden had passed out (!) briefly, apparently due to altitude sickness. (He recovered later, and went on to bag the peak the next day.)

After a long wait and lunch, some of us attempted Mt. Crocker (11,800 feet) via the southwest saddle. Choosing a promising gully over the scree to our far right was a mistake: Having to choose between hard snow or class 4-5 rock, plus a few rain-drops, convinced us to turn around several hundred feet below the ridge. (Scree routes to the west would have worked.)

Aside from some good boulder calisthenics, all we got out of the afternoon was a chance to patch up a good size gash in Mike Meredith's arm (two down, six to go).

The fun part started the next morning, with a 6:30 a.m. start for our attempt on Red and White Peak: Too warm for sweaters but with a calm breeze pushing back the bugs. We went up the trail to just below Little McGee Lake, then angled just to the left of the 12,300-foot bump north of

the peak.

Bill Isherwood was on a roll, setting a good pace and route. A knife ridge lead to the darker summit mass, which has a number of class 3 options on the east side. Just over three hours from camp, we were rewarded with a calm, sunny summit.

By the way, Red and White is black on top.

Betting on the route, we dropped back down to the saddle northeast from the peak, then turned east down a scree-filled gully. Staying to the right of a rocky cleaver, we scrambled down onto a snowfield suitable for standing glissades. We picked up a trail near the small lake at 11,200 foot, and skirted around the north side of Big McGee Lake back to camp.

We broke camp and left around 1:30 a.m., with a cheap REI thermometer reading 80 degrees in the shade. Of course it got hotter during the three-hour hike back to the cars, producing our third casualty from either heat or dehydration (the author skipped dinner in Lee Vining, but recovered after Highway 120 took its toll).

Our group consisted of Chris Kramar, Steve Eckert, Mike Hayden, Bill Isherwood, Cecil Magliocco (leader), Mike Meredith, Charles Shafer and Paul Vlasveld (co-leader).

-- Steve Eckert

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, big climbing or skiing instead of stuck in freeway or city traffic. Limited housing in Yosemite Valley provided. Please call Cathy or Robin at (209) 372-4637 or write to P.O. Box 547, Yosemite, CA 95389.

EXPEDITION GEAR WANTED: Used down or synthetic expedition parka and pants; also down or synthetic mittens (size large or XL). Interested in renting or buying for Nov-Dee Nepal trip. Butch Suits. (415) 964-4227.

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.

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

CHAIRPERSON:

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

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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.

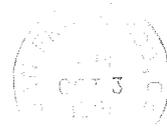
Trip classifications:

- Class 1: 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
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