



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

September, 1991

Vol, 24, No. 9

Next meeting

DATE: Tuesday, Sept. 10

TIME: 8 p.m.

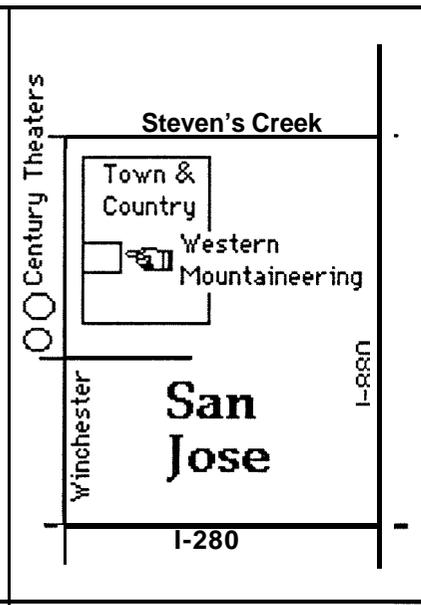
PLACE:

Western Mountaineering
Town and Country Shopping
Center, San Jose

PROGRAM: "A Novice in
Paradise," by Charles Shaffer.

(Charles, an accomplished
nature photographer and new-
comer to the PCS, will show
slides taken during his travels
in the Sierra Nevada during the
past year with our group.

Please try to remember to
bring your own cup and plate to
the meeting.



The Palisades redux: A hat trick minus three

FOLLOWING IN the auspi-
cious steps of John Flinn and
Kai Wiedman earlier this sum-
mer, Mike Sogard, Mark Malacowski
and me planned to spend a week in
the Palisades doing at least three (a
hat trick) technical climbs, plus a few
non-technical climbs for warm-ups.

Our mule was far less annoyed
with our load than F & W's as we
weighed in at just over 150 lbs, not
their 200. How did we plan such a
high adventure without taking as
much gear as the vaunted climbing
team of F & W? Certainly not by
cutting down on the amount of
technical gear, nor on the amount of
food.

No, we just figured that three
cans of beer apiece would be suffi-
cient, not one case (24 cans - or were
they bottles?) apiece. Some fast
arithmetic is called for here to see
where the difference lies. A case
weighs **about 20** lbs, two cases, 40
lbs. Maybe they hauled in chips and
salsa or perhaps peanuts for the extra
10 lbs.

Just how much beer is that
anyway? Twenty-four cans each
divided by six days (not 7; you can't
walk out smashed - "pissed" in Kiwi
parlance) is eight 12 oz.-or were
they 16 oz.?--cans a day. Now,
while F & W's drinking ability may
be legendary - aren't most climbers
legendary drinkers? - but, eight beers

a day consumed at 12,500 feet should
have left them unable to stand, let
alone climb anything but the nearest
rock to relieve themselves of their
borrowed beer.

*(Flinn responds: If Tim's col-
leagues at Lockheed are as baffled by
simple math as he is, it's no wonder
the Hubble Space Telescope works
about as well as a dimstore kaleido-
scope.*

*(Let's go to the chalkboard:
Twenty-four cans each divided by six
days is-please, let's not always see
the same hands-that's right, four
cans a day, not eight.*

*(And we actually planned to be
there nine days, not six, which works
out to a somewhat reasonable ration
of 2.66 cans per day. Risking my
reputation, I'll confess that I drank
only three cans total on the trip.)*

In truth of fact, we were lulled
into taking too many non-essentials
including the usual "we might need
this piece" arguments for bringing yet
another heavy piece of specialized
climbing gear, and the tendency to
bring too much food, after all, you
don't have to bring that down the trail
with **you**, just lots of toilet paper up -
which is another story.

Joined by Kelly Maas and Balu
Sharma, who were planning on a four-
day trip, we enjoy a robust Glacier
Lodge breakfast before hitting the trail
(con't on page 4)

Upcoming outings

Sept. 14-15

SHEPHERD'S CREST

12,015 ft., Class 3

CLOUDS REST

9,926 ft., Class 1

Leader: Kate Ingvaldstad

(408) 259-3399

Join us for car camping Friday and Saturday nights in Tuohunne Meadows. We'll be heading via trail for beautiful views from Clouds Rest on Saturday; Sun&y we'll climb Shepherd's Crest from Saddlebag Lake. Those with other hiking or climbing agendas are welcome.

Sept. 14-15

MT. HOFFMAN

10,850 ft., Class 1 and 3

Leader: Kai Wiedman

(4 15) 347-2843

We will attempt the true third-class southwest ridge (not the

Caldwell variation). Bring an adventurous spirit, for this route has not been scouted. Co-leader wanted for the Class 1 route. Our group campsite will provide a festive atmosphere.

Sept. 21-22

RED SLATE MOUNTAIN

13163 ft, Class 2

Leader: Aaron Schuman

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

(415) 3351901, w

Red Slate Mountain is very high, but relatively easy. From our trailhead near Mammoth, we hike about eight miles up to the McGee Lakes for our campsite. The summit is just one cross-country mile from McGee Pass. Because this mountain dwarfs its neighbors, the view should be memorable. Be prepared for the possibility of harsh late season weather.

Sept. 21-22

GOAT MOUNTAIN

12,207 ft., Class 3

KID PEAK

11,458 ft., Class 3

Leaders Butch Suits

(4 15) 964-4227

The peaks are the easy part of this trip. From Kings Canyon we hike up Paradise Valley to Muro Blanco, then up, up and away-cross country to Kid Lakes (5,500 feet gain). The next day we do the peaks and cross Goat Crest, descending the Granite Pass Trail. Over 25 miles of hiking, lots of elevation, lots of views. Trip is full, with a waiting list.

Oct. 5-6

MT. HOFFMAN

10,85 ft., Class 2

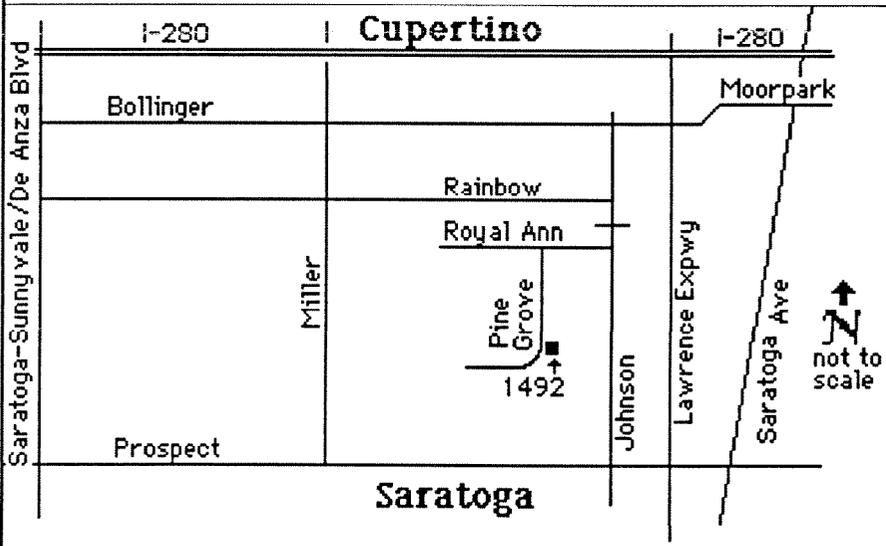
Leader: Debbie Benham

(408) 945-8030

Co-leader: Anne Gaillard

(408) 737-9770

A good trip for beginners and newcomers. This is a non-intimidating trip, an early fall stroll in the beautiful Yosemite high country with an easy peak ascent. We will leave from the Tuolumne Meadows area, backpack into May Lake via Polly Dome Lakes and climb Hoffman for breathtaking views of Yosemite. Ten people max. \$5 deposit.



Private trips

Sept. 14-15

BODIE AND POTATO CREEK

CARCAMP

Contact: Marty Dickes

(415) 482-4159

A study trip to assess actual and potential effects of open pit-heap leach mining in the Bodie Hills area. Car camp at Bodie Hills, with a Sunday climb of Potato Peak. Desert Survivor trip 260 miles from the Bay Area.

Fall and winter trip planning meeting

THE AUTUMN: it brings to mind the smell of burning leaves,

the joy of a touch football game on a crisp afternoon-and the inevitable thinning out of the PCS trip listings.

To try to counteract this (the lack of trips, that is), we have scheduled our annual fall and winter trip

planning meeting for 7 p.m. on Sept. 24 at Ron Lingelbach's house.

All leaders should plan to attend, or at least mail in a proxy. These are the seasons for backpacking in the coastal ranges, ski touring and ski mountaineering in the Sierra, day hikes closer to home and the traditional outings to Ridge Winery.

Mountain notes

Tying the knot ARTHUR IS A BIT OLD FASHIONED

Congratulations to PCSers Vreni

Amsbaugh and Greg Rau, who tied the knot (the matrimonial one, not the figure-eight) at an Aug. 25 ceremony that included walking under the traditional arch of crossed ice axes. Fellow PCSer John Ingvoldstad was best man.

Vreni and Greg had just returned from a pre-honeymoon in the Alps, where they hiked the Haute Route from Chamonix to Zermatt and suffered debilitating cases of Heidi's Revenge.

Take heart

If you just can't seem to acclimatise at higher altitudes, you might want to see your doctor. You may have an extra hole in your heart

According to a recent New York Times article, the hole occurs in the wall separating the left and right sides of the heart. The condition is known as patent foramen ovale.

A study of 12 climbers by the Denali Medical Research Project on Mt. McKinley found that those with the condition were more likely to gasp for breath and develop high blood pressure at altitude.

Apparently oxygen-depleted blood from the right side of the heart is forced through the hole into the left side and pumped to the entire body.

The heart condition, which causes few problems at lower altitudes, is more common than you might think. Up to one-third of all adults have it, according to the article.

Ferdinand in the news

Ferdinand Castillo, the Official Tioga Pass Entrance Station Ranger of the PCS, was recently profiled in

ABOUT PROTECTION



the Fresno Bee.

If it's mid-afternoon on a weekday and the line at the entrance station is 20 cars long, you can bet Ferdinand is manning his post.

Excerpts from the article:

Since 1954, he has served as the ranger atop 9,941 foot Tioga Pass, greeting many of the nearly 2,000 cars that make their way over the pass each day of the season.

"Hi there. How are you? Where are you from? Is anyone in the car American and 62 or over, or disabled?" he has often asked, making sure those who are entitled to free admission to the park do not pay.

One of Castillo's supervisors once observed that the most difficult task in the park was moving Castillo out in the fall, in advance of the winter closure of the pass.

"Getting Ferdinand out of there is more difficult than closing the road," said Ranger Bob Johnson. "He could always find another excuse for staying there."

Bear with us

It's conventional wisdom that black bears won't attack people. But combine a mother bear with cubs and an incredibly stupid human and all bets are off.

In late August, according to the AP, a Santa Rosa bow hunter and

photographer named South Cox was mauled by a mother black bear apparently protecting two young cubs in the Marble Mountain Wilderness.

"She chewed on me for about 30 seconds," said the 22-year-old hunter. "As soon as I hit the ground, I curled up in a ball, so all she had to chew on was my back. It sounded like chewing on chicken bones in your ear."

Cox said he had been stalking the bear with his bow when, from about 35 yards away, he saw she had two cubs. He

dropped his bow and searched in his backpack for his camera when the bear noticed him. The mother bear approached, and instead of backing off Cox stood his ground and began snapping pictures.

"She was being a bear. I was being a photograaaher-a dumb one," said Cox, who added: "I can hardly wait to get (my film) developed."

Now you know

Q: What Sierra peaks are named for old-time British Everesters?

A: Mt. Mallory and Mt. Irvine, two 13,000ers near Mt. Whitney, were named in 1925 by Norman Clyde in honor of the two climbers who disappeared high on Everest the previous year. Clyde also bagged the first ascents of both peaks. Of course.

Today's quote

"Early and provident fear is the mother of all safety."

— Edmund Burke

New computer resource available to SCREE contributors and readers

ATENTION ALL computer users and SCREE contributors: Steve Eckert has made his Apollo compute available for use by PCS members. You can now submit write-ups and articles for SCREE, search through old trip reports, etc.

This will be of particular interest to DOSers and other non-Mac users, who can dump their SCREE fodder onto Steve's system through their modems. The SCREE editor will be

able to retrieve them and convert them to Mac files.

This is not an e-mail hookup, so contact Steve at (4 15) 588-0500 if you want to try it out. Info sheets on how to use this account will Also be distributed at the next PCS meeting.

This is a very new facility, so comments and suggestions are welcome.

— Steve Eckert

NOW says SCREE quote was sexist and demeaning to women mountaineers

Dear John:

I was very disappointed to find Joe Kelsey's sexist quote presented in your August newsletter.

The quote undermines the ability of women and perpetuates the stereotype that women are not in control of their situation.

Why should it be strange for a woman to accept an exciting offer? Men do it all the time.

Please be more sensitive to your women readers who have enough obstacles to jump over in the male-dominated activity of mountaineering.
sincerely,

Bettina Kohlbrenner
State Board Representative,
National Organization for Women
and Sierra Club member.

Editor's note: For those who missed it, here is the quote that offended Ms. Kohlbrenner:

"Inviting a lady to climb and inviting her to climb into bed have much in common. You are asking her to ignore her mother's warnings and do something both exciting and frightening. She must trust you in a private, hazardous, emotional situation where she wouldn't trust people she knows better than she knows you. Strangely, women sometimes accept."

-Joe Kelsey

Our response to Ms. Kohlbrenner: Most climbers are men. No one deplores this more than the men themselves. You'd be surprised at how much time they spend trying to figure out how to coax reluctant women into trying the sport. Sometimes they are pleasantly surprised when they succeed. That's what the quote is about.

Sorry, Steve

Apologies to Steve Eckert, whose well-written trip report about Red and White Mountain didn't make it in this month due to space limitations. It will

appear next month--or those with modems can read it on Steve's computer system. (See above.)

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for the six-mile hike to Sam Mack meadow. I've done this hike some four times now, anniversary time, and I've felt like I've earned each mile with pain and deprivation due to the weight I carried.

Not this time, though, as the miles cruised by underfoot and fields of wildflowers flowed by, gracing the spectacular scenery of the North Fork of Big Pine Creek.

The miles melted away, until we stood at the Sam Mack turnoff gazing at our mule-load carefully stacked on the ground. After ferrying loads up to the meadow proper, an emerald oasis in the high country, we established a base camp of sorts from which we planned to acclimate and try a few easy peaks.

The biggest advantage of mules is the quality (not the number of brewed ounces) of food one can bring in, and we took full advantage of this feature, eating steak, corn-on-the-cob, mashed potatoes, and pudding all washed down by one mountain stream-chilled beer for our first meal, Now that's climbing!

Mt. Agassiz (elev. 13,891 feet) was the target for an acclimatization climb. Roper's guide says a class 2 route lies in the chute just east of the Agassiz Col. No problem, there's the col, the moraine, and an obvious chute leading to a ridge and the summit beyond

But wait! No mention of this 3rd class chimney, not anything about climbing an obvious 4th class ridge in a hail storm. Ropered again at 13,000 feet. Still, an enjoyable day's work and a chance to acclimate.

I have a lightweight multi-band (SW, FM, AM) radio that I take with me on longer trips to be able to pick up a local weather report and catch up on the news (helpful when you're in South America, the US has just invaded Panama and the natives are angry at you).

The result is that I can often tell what the weather in London, Moscow, or Washington DC is, but unless I am willing to wade through

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the an hour or so of local birthdays, anniversaries, community calendar announcements, and listen to country music's greatest hits, Radio Free Bishop is a dearth of information. Still, the occasional weather blurb gets through, and it wasn't good: "The forecast is for flash flood warnings in the Owens Valley and widely scattered thunderstorms over the Sierra range for the next several days."

Alpine climbers are a patient, preserving lot, especially when they have a lot of food to avoid carrying down the hill. So we wait, watch the rain, and eat.

Swirling, building clouds or no, we move all the climbing gear and most of the food up to a camp next to the glacier, take a few pictures, dismiss doing another warm-up climb (you can't climb what you can't see) and retreat back to our Sam Mack Shangri-La.

PCS readers of Flinn's account of their epic adventure in the August issue will be interested in knowing was the fate of the two- case beer stash left behind as an offering to the mountain gods (should they be beer and not wine drinkers as the Greeks believed).

Flinn had relayed to me how they had faced a horrible decision - hence forth known as the Flinn-Wiedman dilemma: to carry out valuable climbing gear, or transport out the remaining cases of beer (or other "non-essential," but dearly sought after commodity). Just as Flinn had said, a large prominent flat boulder (the size of a house) lay in front of glacier camp. It was here that I was told the beer was to be found.

Though the three of us searched around, near and on top of this huge glacial castoff for 1/2 hour, no beer or even a single empty could be found.

In fact, the only sign of human activity was a group of stones atop the giant bolder forming a Stonehenge-like circle with an offering of sun cream at their center. I imagined that this ancient symbol had been set up by F & W such that only on

Wiedman's birthday would there be the proper astronomical alignment which will cause a shadow to be cast by two of the stones pointing the way toward their stash of beer.

We weren't about to wait for Kai's birthday to drink his beer. It was probably cheap beer anyway.

Mark has run out of time, eaten his share of the food and extended his patience as far as it will go, so he leaves us the following day. A day Mike and I decide it's time to move up to glacier camp and try a class 2 route on Mt. Winchell (13,786 feet) via Glacier Notch.

(Flinn butts in again: Glacier Notch?! That's in the opposite direction from Winchell. Perhaps Hult & Co. were suffering beer withdrawal symptoms.)

Established in a bombproof site at glacier camp, and with the weather holding, Mike and I set out across the glacial rubble toward the notch. Acclimated now, our progress is rapid as we swiftly jump over piles of boulders and talus larger than cars, bringing us quickly to some unexpected class 3.5 difficulties on 'the route.

We're off route, and delicately balancing on shards of granite protruding from a mixture of consolidated mud and loose gravel. Dark clouds have suddenly from the frothy white ones there only several minutes ago.

A pelting rain makes this mud-based matrix more likely to shear off than hold the weight of an anxious climber. Our retreat is none too soon, as a flash and thunder clap signal the beginning of yet another soaking.

Ensnared in our tent once again, and undaunted, we make preparations for an early morning assault on the vaunted U-notch and North Palisade. Lunches are packed, clothes laid out, climbing gear sorted, and a hearty dinner made before an early bedtime and the news from London.

Five a.m. Up and dressed, a pot of hot water started, then a question from Mike: "What's the weather like?"

"Hadn't thought to look outside the vestibule," I reply.

Life was more fun before I looked. A thick layer of clouds obscures all the features 200 feet above our position. The notch, the peaks, even the glacier are gone. Back to bed and an English/culture lesson from the BBC: Americans are more self-effacing than Brits, and like to poke fun at one another through insults (big new for PCS intimates).

Also this piece of ill advice: "When questioned by the American emigration officer as to the length of your stay, tell him you're not really sure how long it'll be in a cheery wacked-out way." Bight!

The muck finally lifts at midday, by which time I've found a better radio station that gives more complete weather forecasts for the range. Bad news: 'The low pressure system accompanying the tropical storm will persist in spawning thunderstorms throughout the range through the range through Friday.'

Vacation days are a precious commodity for me, and as much as Mike and I both like reading and eating, we'd rather do it someplace where we can sit up properly, eat whole-not reconstituted-food, and don't have to smell each other's wet socks while looking at moisture drenched clouds. We bail.

To avoid the Flinn-Wiedman dilemma, we haul out 80-90 pound packs, and leave no offerings to the mountain gods. We do, however, avoid the "We're out of toilet paper!" dilemma.

That night we camp at Tom's Place and wake up to the best looking grey overcast sky I've ever seen. Our decision to leave is vindicated, the rain continues. Final score: Mountains 2, Mike and Tim 0. At least it wasn't a hat-trick.

One final note, what we want to know is what kind of beer was it that got the mountain gods so "pissed-off that they should give another group of PCSers such poor weather. Come on guys, if you're going to leave an offering, don't be cheap about it! Buy something better than generic beer and stale chips!

— Tim Hult

The evolution of a climbing trip to Mount Darwin

ON THE weekend of July 4, seven of us both escaped the 100-degree heat and missed seeing the fireworks from Crissy Field in the freezing cold and fog.

Instead we all headed east and spent the time camped at 12,500 feet in Darwin Canyon which, as its name suggests, is right at the foot of Mt Darwin. The participants were John Baltiera (co-leader), Debbie Benham, Dave Caldwell, Dodie Domish, Anne Gaillard, Allen Hu and Peter Maxwell (leader).

This was a private trip with a difference - so private that we didn't even have a permit. The "luck of the draw" was such that my mail-in permit application was unsuccessful (this is literally the case, as I found out from talking to a ranger: they put the huge volumes of letters that arrive at the beginning of March into a bin and draw them out one by one). In order to make the trip legal we had to obtain one of the "first come first served" permits.

We were seven and the quota for the trailhead we were going to use (Lamarck Lakes) is eight, so we had to be early in line.

As a side comment, they have a different quota system here compared to the trails from Agnew Meadows into Ediza and Thousand Island Lakes.

Firstly, they pay no attention as to the destination, only the starting point, so even though we weren't camping at Lamarck Lakes we were treated as if we were. Secondly, they have a maximum number of permits also, which is independent of the number of people. For this trailhead it is three, so if three single walkers turned up, that's the end of the quota.

For Anne and I, being early in line meant getting there the night before and sleeping on the doorstep. What a night! We arrived at the entrance station around 7:45 p.m. and

the line had already started: we were fourth, but luckily nobody else wanted our trailhead.

We slept on the ground and were treated to a night-long parade of cars, trucks and RVs passing by within six feet of us.

The entrance station itself was open until midnight, complete with two large bright external lights and a UV insect zapper.

By morning the line was about 50 people long. The station opened at 6 a.m. and all the quota permits disappeared in the first 15 minutes. Turning up at 3 a.m., thinking this was early, would have been a disaster.

Armed with the permit we could commence our trip. The cars had to be parked a little way from the trailhead and the mosquitoes took full advantage of the people waiting for the drivers to return. Once walking it wasn't too bad, though. It was hardly an alpine start, it being 10 a.m. by the time we finally hit the trail.

En route to Lamarck Lake we took a wrong fork without knowing it and ended up at Grass Lake. This was a tricky fork because we couldn't find it coming back on the correct trail. It offered no problem because there is a trail (not shown even on my Wilderness Press map) connecting Grass Lake to Upper Lamarck Lake.

There had been lots of advice given on how to find the route to Lamarck Col by people waiting in the line at the entrance station, so we didn't have any difficulty. In fact, it's a well-worn trail once it's picked up just south of the Upper Lamarck Lake outlet.

At 12,800 feet, and 3,700 feet up from the trailhead, the col is a substantial undertaking. The trail seemed unending, with one false crest after the other.

At one point we came across a very large marmot that seemed to be waiting for people to pass and feed. In fact, this same marmot was in the same place on our return journey also and helped to mark the route.

We finally made it to the col around 5:30 p.m. and were treated to

the magnificent vista of Darwin Canyon stretching off towards the Evolution Valley, with Mt. Darwin itself looming nearby.

We had to descend about half an hour before finding a camping spot with water. There were another nine people on the terrace below us, who warned us that our spot was wet and liable to be flooded from the melting snow.

It was OK at the moment and we figured that by this time of day we would be experiencing the worst so we pitched our tents anyway. Well, they were right, because not long afterwards streams started appearing and running right towards and under our tents, necessitating a hurried emulation of the Army Corps of Engineers to build trenches and dams.

The climb of Darwin started the next day with a 6 a.m. wake-up and a 7:30 a.m. start. As we were eating breakfast we noted the other party start off at 6:30 a.m. and I started wondering if we were early enough.

Consulting Roper, he indicates two Class 3 notches on the west ridge. "Head for either," he states. Being fundamentally lazy I chose the eastern of the two: why go further west only to have come back east again?

As it turned out this was a wise decision because the other party struck difficulties, had to rope up, and made it to the top of our notch just as we did.

After traversing around the head of the canyon, we angled across the glacier to the rock at the bottom of the couloir. With help from Allen we managed to negotiate some pretty interesting Class 3-4 scrambling until we couldn't go any further and had to get on the snow. The slope was probably around 50 degrees, although it seemed a lot steeper.

Apart Tom being a little scary it didn't offer much problem and we were soon on the ridge. From here it was a fun Class 3 scramble to the huge summit plateau, which we made in time for a late lunch around 1:30 p.m.

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Dodie was the most enthusiastic at making it, having been thwarted last year, and her cries of victory echoed around the High Sierra.

The true summit is a "hideously exposed" block which really does require ropes. When we saw it even Allen exclaimed, "It's f exposed. We sure need a rope."

We didn't have any since nobody wanted the extra weight, but the other party did. They were nervous even so and wanted somebody to lead up this block, so Allen offered his services.

The rest of us were content to stay where we were because (a) we felt we'd made it anyway, and (b) there were so many other people wanting to go up that we'd have been waiting for another hour just for the privilege.

To some, this sounds like the dreaded "weenie" bug striking again: any criticism should be addressed directly to the participants.

Going back down we had to find an alternative way out of the snow couloir, since very few of us would have been able to downclimb what we'd come up earlier.

This left us with no choice but to go all the way down this portion of snow and attempt to negotiate the rock at the end. This was very fortunate for John, for it enabled him to retrieve his glove, which he'd dropped down the chute on the way up and had given it up for lost.

Our first attempt at the rock was unsuccessful but brought some laughs at one point where we had to straddle a very thin rock (ouch) with one leg jammed into the crack between this flake and the main rock. There were several grunts and groans as people tried to move along this without ripping skin off.

An alternative route proved better. John led the way, and with the aid of a hand line tied into a rappel sling the rest of us managed to downclimb to the final stretch of snow on the glacier. The snow was perfect for glissading and we flew down on our bums with no need to

brake due to the long run out.

From there it was just a long slog back to camp, where we arrived around 7 p.m. It was unanimously agreed to be one of the hardest "couple of miles and 1300 feet" that we'd ever done.

We discovered that John and Dodie's tent had blown away in the wind during the day and had to be retrieved from the camp below us, undamaged fortunately. The floods from the melting snow were much worse ~~also~~, requiring more trench work.

The original plan was to proceed on the next day down Darwin Canyon and pick up the John Muir Trail in the Evolution Basin, but we were all old and mature enough to be able to admit to being bushed, so by unanimous agreement we stayed where we were.

Some of us went off to climb Mt Lamarck, but didn't look at the map and so went the wrong way. As a result we were soon faced with a decision to tackle either tricky rock or a snow trudge.

The decision was "neither, let's stay here." Dodie had energy for more but the rest of us wilted and saved our energy for lifting food to put in our mouths.

During our lunch we witnessed what must have been a huge rock fall off in the distance. It continued for some time and left a vast cloud of dust in the air.

We ate lunch and lazed for a bit to give the impression to those who'd

stayed behind that we were really doing something, then went back to camp and lazed some more.

Anne experimented with leaving water in a black plastic bag in the sun and succeeded in having a warm shower. This was considerably better than the freshly melted snow water. She was so rejuvenated that she prepared a flan for dessert and cooled it in the snow. Unfortunately it curdled and Dave was the only person too polite to refuse some. His accepting seconds made Anne feel a lot better about it.

Faced with a long drive home, we were away the next morning before 7:30 a.m. We wanted to get to Bishop for lunch with *real* food. We had recovered markedly from the day before and it took us no longer to get to the col with full backpacks than it had the previous day with only our light day packs.

Shortly before arriving at the trailhead we met a hiker on the way up who said, "Welcome to Mosquito City." * He was right. They were ferocious. I sure wouldn't have liked to have been at the North Lake campground that weekend.

The trip was consummated at the Bishop Sizzler, an excellent suggestion by Debbie. After four days of freeze-dried the food was magnificent, and bountiful. We staggered out afterwards, took the final group photo, and wistfully wended our weary way westward.

— Peter Maxwell

Classifieds

SEE YOUR AD HERE: We will publish classified ads here free for PCS members or those wishing to advertise to them. Please let us know when you've sold/bought/connected with what you sought. Unless we hear from you, we will drop your ad after three months.

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.

CLIMBING PARTNER WANTED. I'm in the Phoenix area for the next

several months and would like to do some peaks or rock climbing with anyone who might be passing through and can stay for a Fri. Sat, Sun trip into the wilds of the Grand Canyon State. I have a rental car and lodging. Phone me at (602) 732-2002 Mon-Thurs. Tii Hult.

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 some pets, please call. Days: (415) 926-2296. After 7 p.m.: (415) 2651710.

CHAIRPERSON:

Aaron Schuman
3875 Park Blvd. #22
Palo Alto, CA 94306
(415) 494-3299 h before 9 p.m.
(415) 3351901 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, w

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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.



Peak Climbing Section
157 Kellogg Way
Santa Clara, CA 95051



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

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