



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

**August, 1993**

**Vol. 26, No. 8**

## Next Meeting

**Date:** Tuesday, Aug. 10, 1993

**Time:** 7:30 PM

**Place:** The home of Marj Ottenberg and Bob Wallace on Foothill Lane in Saratoga.

Bring something to sit on and a sweater. From Interstate 280 in Cupertino, turn onto DeAnza Blvd (also known as Saratoga-Sunnyvale Road) and go 3.6 miles south towards Saratoga. Turn right on Pierce Road and go 0.3 miles. Where the road angles left, you make a right turn onto Foothill Lane, which is a private road. Head for the fourth house on the left, which should have a lighted lamp post and Christmas lights. Carp001 and come early since parking is limited. Their phone number is (408) 867-4576.

**Program:** This month's program features a slide show by Butch Suits, entitled *Peaks, Passes, and Pals*. Butch will be showing us highlights of his 12 years in the PCS.

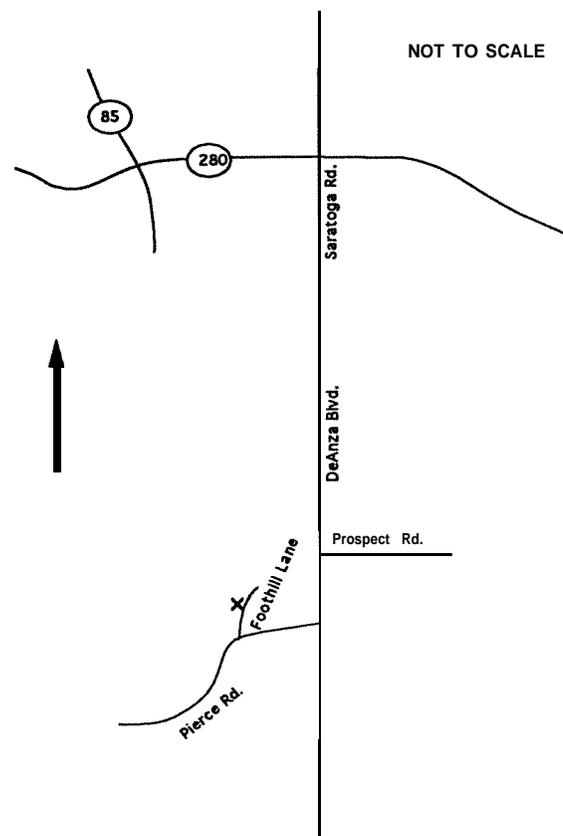
## July Picnic a Success

The picnic/meeting last month was a big success. We had good attendance and I think everyone had a good time. Special thanks go to Ron Lingelbach and Peter Maxwell (a busy man) for their help in pulling it off. We did a lot of socializing, shared good food,

saw the newest Maxwell, and played with a 14 oz GPS unit. At the swap meet, John Flinn filled up a whole table with gear. Some good bargains were had, with a pair of skis and bindings going for \$2. I ended up with all the stuff that people left behind.

---Kelly Maas

### Map to Marj & Bob's



# Official PCS Trips

## Loma Prieta Chapter Car Camping Weekend Outing to Loon Lake

**Date: August 6-8**

Leaders: Libby Vincent  
Chris Macintosh

Loon Lake lies at 6,378, just outside the spectacular Desolation Wilderness in the Sierra Nevada west of Lake Tahoe. Join us for a car camping weekend in a group campsite by the lake. We'll lead hikes into the nearby wilderness; you can also relax by the lake, try some fishing, enjoy beautiful mountain scenery, or just contemplate the infinite. Cost of \$35 includes fees, group breakfasts on Saturday and Sunday plus Saturday dinner, and a donation to the Loma Prieta Chapter. Limit of 25 people. For more information, send an SASE to Chris MacIntosh at P.O. Box 802, Menlo Park, CA 94026-0802.

## Mt. Conness Carcamp (12,590') Class 2

**Date: August 28-29**

Leader: Judith Yarborough  
Home: (415) 854-9288 (before 10 PM please)

We'll go up from Saddlebag Lake past the Carnegie Institute Experimental Station. After a short scramble that might include a little easy class 3,

we'll be on the plateau and from there it's across the plateau to the summit. Day 2 will be whatever the group feels like doing. Possibilities include a nice walk up the back side of Fairview Dome or a hike out to Mono Pass. Co-leader wanted.

## Virginia Lakes Carcamp Class 2

**Date: August 28-29**

Leader: John Ingvaldstad  
Home: (209) 296-8483  
Work: (415) 604-3156

Climb Excelsior Mountain (12,446') on Saturday and Dunderberg Peak (12,374') on Sunday. Excellent view of Lundy Canyon from Excelsior. Both peaks in Hoover Wilderness. Optional Saturday eve in Bridgeport for Travertine Hot Springs and/or dinner.

## Arrow Peak (12,958') Class 2-3

**Date: August 31-Sept. 5**

Leader: Debbie Bulger  
Home: (408) 457-1036

The view of this peak from Bench Lake is said to be spectacular. We begin backpacking in the desert about 5,400' and climb over 5,000' to Taboose Pass and beyond, taking two days to reach our

base camp above Bench Lake. Probable climb of Pyramid and Cardinal or Goodale before the week is over.

## Trinity Alps Backpack

**Date: September 3-6**

Leader: Dick Simpson  
Home: (415) 494-9272

This trip will cover some of the most spectacular terrain in the Trinity Alps. We start by hiking about six miles and 2,000' up from Swift Creek to Granite Lake. On the second day we climb another 1,500' to a pass near Seven Up Peak (optional peak bag at 8,132'), then drop 3,100' to Deer Creek and the Stuart Fork (about a 10 mile day). On the third day we climb the fabled 89 switchbacks to Caribou Lakes for our last camp (about 2,800' up and seven miles total). Exit is down about 2,000' over another eight miles to our car shuttle on the South Fork of the Salmon River. Modified central commissary for \$45; any surplus goes to support Chapter conservation activities. Send s.a.s.e. to Dick Simpson, 3326 Kipling, Palo Alto 94303 for further information and an application. Co-listed in the Loma Prietan and Backpack Section as a 2D hike.

**Knife Sitting on Middle Pal  
(14,040')  
Class 3**

**Date: September 4-6**

Leader: Peter Maxwell

Home: (408) 737-9770

Co-Leader: Charles Schafer

Home: (408) 378-9682

Map: Mt. Goddard 15 minutes

It's a long drive to the Big Pine Creek trailhead on the East side but the climb is worth it. We walk in as far as Finger Lake to make camp and ascend the next day, skirting the Palisade Glacier. According to Secor the summit is a knife-edge ridge 300' long, so there should be plenty of unobstructed views.

**Arrow Cirque Traverse  
Class 3**

**Date: September 4-6**

Leader: Butch Suits

Home: (415) 3254116

This is a very strenuous, ultralight trip to climb four peaks in Kings Canyon National Park Arrow Ridge (12,188'), Arrow Peak (12,958'), Pyramid Peak (12,777'), and Window Peak (12,085'). The approach on Day 1 is 13 miles, gaining 5,000' from Road's End at Cedar Grove to our Arrow Creek basecamp. The last two miles are class 3. On Day 2 we rise before dawn and attempt a fast, ah-day traverse of all four peaks of the Arrow Cirque. If we come up short, we'll climb one peak before we hike out on Day 3. Because of the rigors of this trip, participation is limited to strong climbers who have previously demonstrated their ability to cover class 3 terrain rapidly and at high altitude.

*meet road end SA*

**Royce and Merriam Pks.  
(13,253' and 13,077')  
Class 2-3**

**Date: September 11-12**

Leader: Kelly Maas

Home: (408) 279-2054

Work: (408) 944-2078

Co-Leader: wanted

Maps: Mt. Tom and Mt. Abbot 15' or Mt. Tom and Mt. Hilgard 7.5'

Views of these peaks from the Rock Creek area got me interested. **Gain 4,200' in 7 miles** from the Pine Creek trailhead to base camp at Royce Lakes. Should be beautiful country once we get past the Union Carbide tungsten mine. Expect great views of Humphreys Basin and Mt. Humphreys and Seven Gables and..

## Private Trips

*Private trips are not insured, sponsored or supervised by the Sierra Club or the PCS. They are listed here because they may be of interest to PCS climbers.*

**Graduation on Mt. Lyell  
Class 3**

**Date: August 14-15**

Leader: Tim Hult

Phone: (408) 970-0760

Email:

tim\_hult@qm.is.l~.lockheed.com

**Note: Due to a recent foot injury, Tim Hult may be unable to lead the Mt. Lyell trip. If any other potential leaders are interested in handling this trip, please contact Tim.**

Come celebrate the end of Tim's academic career with the ascent of one of Yosemite's most sought-after peaks. Permit is for five people only and a waiting list will be used. The hike in is a long one through the scenic

Lyell canyon (about 10 miles) and the return will take place immediately after the climb on Sunday. Participants must be in good shape, able to carry themselves on snow and ice using crampons and an ice ax (prior experience a must); be capable of scrambling over moderate class 3 rock and move fast and light. I will not be bringing a rope for protection. This is not a beginners trip !!

**Palisades Loop Trip  
Temple Crag (12,999') via  
South-East Face (Class 3)  
Mount Gayley (13,510') via  
Glacier Notch (Class 3)  
over Contact Pass  
(11,760') (Class 2)**

**Date: September 10-12**  
Leader: Daniel Lord  
Home: (408) 977-1176

Entry through North Fork Big Pine creek, cross the crest at contact Pass, and exit down the south Fork; beginning and ending at Glacier Lodge. Experienced mountaineers only - may need ice axes for crossing the pass, ascending the chute on the South-East face, and climbing Glacier Notch to ascend Gayley. Both Roper and Secor call the summit of Gayley a superb viewpoint of the Palisade Crest. Limit 6 persons including leader. \$3 deposit per person.

**Bear Creek Spire  
Class 3**

**Date: September 11-12**  
Leader: Tim Hult  
Phone: (408) 970-0760  
Email:  
[tim\\_hult@qm.is.lmsc.lockheed.com](mailto:tim_hult@qm.is.lmsc.lockheed.com)

Little Lakes Basin, aka beneath Bear Creek Spire. I have a permit for up to six people to visit what Galen Rowell calls his favorite place in all the Sierras. The current plan is to climb Bear Creek Spire via one of the 3rd class routes, but I could be convinced to do something else, if the group wishes. Experienced 3rd class climbers only!

**Cleaver Peak (11,760')  
Class 3**

**Date: September 18-19**  
Leader: Kai Wiedman  
Home: (415) 347-2843  
Co-Leader: Bob Suzuki  
Home: (408) 259-0772

Beginning at the Twin Lakes trailhead, traverse up and over the Sierra Crest and back again. This trip will entail many elements of mountaineering - navigation, crosscountry travel, route finding, snow climbing (ice ax may be required), and rock scrambling. Experience the charming Sawtooth Range, affectionately known as the poor man's Chamonix

**Mt. Ritter (13,000+')  
Class 2-3**

**Date: October 1-3**  
Leader: George Van Gordon  
Home: (408) 779-2320 (after Aug. 26)

Fairly easy route. Crampons and ice ax may be needed. Country should be beautiful (autumnal) and hopefully not crowded.

## Trip Reports

**A CURLY TALE  
The Northern Palisades 1993 4th of July Jubilee**

**F**riday July 2. Jim Curl (trip organizer), Steve Eckert, Carl Josephs, Chris McIntyre, John Kerr (SF Bay Chapter trip leader), Paul Magliocco, Jim Ramaker, Victor Anderson, and Penelope Peaks (my pink flamingo) met at South Lake trailhead at 8 AM. After what seemed like an interminable 'delay, waiting and watching as

Curl endlessly dithered about which clothing ("My purple hose or my jade tights? Which do you think?") and crampons to bring, we set off at 8:30 AM. We made the relatively snow-free Bishop Pass (11,972') by 12:40 PM and lounged around for over an hour. At the pass we met a solo hiker on his way to Yosemite, and also a pair of Yeti's from the

Vagmarken Mountaineering Club, whose trip leader never showed up at the trailhead; so they started without him. These two were also intending to climb North Palisade (14,242') and Mt. Sill (14,162'), so we agreed to climb the peaks on opposite days to avoid kicking rocks on each other. We thought we might also be joined for our North Pal attempt by a small group led by PCSer Bill Donner, but they opted instead for Thunderbolt

(14,003’).

After dropping a ways down into snow-filled Dusy Basin, we climbed up to T-bolt Pass (12,360’), where a small inhospitable party was perched for the night. Our original plan called for us to drop 850’ down to Barrett Lakes for camp, but it was a long way down (that would have to be re-climbed at the start of each day) and nearly frozen solid. Instead we traversed on packed snow to the base of the U-notch on the west side of North Pal. We made it to “Camp 12” (a dry camp at -12,000’) a little after 5 PM. Curl and Eckert, sporting only bivvy sacks, claimed the lone flat rock as their boudoir. The rest of the group set up tents on the snow, but then crowded back onto the 250 square foot rock to cook dinner.

We were treated to a stunning display of concave-bottomed thunderheads which glowed bright orange in the setting sun. And into this tableau in the sky arose the nearly full moon, in stunning brightness. As Steve said, gazing up at this dramatic dusk display, “This is a good deal of why I come up here.”

**S**aturday July 3. We left camp with our climbing daypacks at 7:30 AM and contoured southeast in crampons over to Potluck Pass (12,100’). The group split in two as we descended the pass. Steve, Chris, and John opted to climb down the rocks and ledges, while the rest of us hopped down the snow. As the snow-hoppers

reached the bottom of the pass, we heard a piercing scream, in what turned out to be the first of many for Chris (whom Fate had selected as our group’s Designated Pitfaller). John, an excellent rock climber, had selected a tricky ledge drop-off move that stymied Chris in a scary spot, which, after a lung clearing scream, she eventually conquered.

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**We cooked dinner again on the rock, and over the course of the trip despoiled the snow below the rock with food remains in ways indescribable to those not actually there.**

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We then walked up the gully and around toward the bowl southwest of Mt. Sill. Curl led us straight up the snow, and onto the rocks. Do not do this. Stay low and to the left, hugging the floor of the runout of the upper cirque. We paused for lunch on the rocks, before climbing a snow tongue that led right up to the summit ridge. Carl Josephs, whose broken left arm was in a cast, was faster than all the rest of us on both snow and rock and, I believe, summited first. Penelope Peaks recorded the first pink flamingo (a la Floridian lawns) ascent of Mt. Sill. We spent an hour on the summit, admiring the scenery from the vantage point of what is arguably the best view from any peak

in the Sierra, before heading down at 2: 10 PM.

Once again the group splintered, this time into three groups. One group went back the way we came, while the other two took differing routes down class 3 rock to steep snow tongues. Carl made it to the bottom of the cirque runout in about ten minutes, plunging fearlessly down the snow. I held up my splinter group of John, Chris and myself, as I stood atop the 40” snow tongue John had selected as our descent route. For fans of subliminal newscasting and Saturday Night Live, I offer the following description of my descent: I carefully surveyed the 40’ snow tongue before boldly plunge-stepping down its steep fall line (I wet myself, and down climbed face-in, wondering what I was doing clinging for dear life to the side of a mountain, instead of being home watching Wimbledon from my nice, safe couch).

Fortunately, for time’s sake, even I was able to glissade the soft snow into the lower bowl, and we made it back to Potluck Pass again by ten of five. On the traverse back to camp, Curl led us hundreds of feet too high, but recovered nicely by saying he was scouting the U-notch for tomorrow. Those with tired legs not-so-silently cursed Curl for making us climb extra. We made it back to camp variously from 5:30-690 PM.

We cooked dinner again on the rock, and over the course of the trip despoiled the snow below the rock with food re-

mains in ways indescribable to those not actually there.

**Sunda July 4.** The Fourth of July started early in the morning. Ramaker had just lit up his stove for his hot breakfast, when the little flame around the neck of the Svea (intended to prime the neck of the stove) began to flame higher and higher. As the flames grew in size, Eckert began clearing away all his gear from the area on the rock threatened by the flames. Our fearless leader, Curl, positioned all of us between him and the inferno, peeked around us and said,

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**Those of you who missed seeing Halley's Comet would have especially enjoyed the sight...a stream of flames poured out behind the airborne projectile, which appeared headed out over the snowy abyss.. .**

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"Those things can explode, you know." At this point the growing flames were so high they would have singed the short hairs of a standing Kareem Abdul Jabar. As we all began to dance around on the rock, saying things like, "Douse it with snow" and "Kick it off the rock, into the snow" a comment was offered by Paul, still readying himself in his tent (the nearest by), "Don't kick it onto my tent!" After an unsuccessful attempt by Eckert to smother the flames with a cook-

ing pot, Ramaker announced, "Stand back! I'm going to kick it into the snow." Curl, Eckert, and I thought that Ramaker would simply flick the stove off the rock with the toe of his boot, into the snow that completely surrounded the rock. Instead, much to our stunned amazement and amusement, Ramaker drew back with his steel tipped heavy boot, and let loose with a mighty kick. Pele would have been proud.

Those of you who missed seeing Halley's Comet would have especially enjoyed the sight: with the brass stove base as its nose, a stream of flames poured out behind the airborne projectile, which appeared headed out over the snowy abyss to the Barrett Lakes 850' below. Alas the flaming Svea alighted short of the precipice, but still a good thirty feet from the launching pad - I mean - flat rock. As it hissed and flamed impressively in the snow, Eckert, Curl and I fell down laughing. To solve our seemingly dangerous dilemma in such dramatic and comical fashion, just floored us (of course anything seemed funny to our oxygen starved brains). It took several minutes for me to recover from my laughing fit and whip out the video camera to document this momentous end to a nearly 20-year-old Svea. Flaming! Flame on!

We made a truly un-Alpine start at 8:20 AM and headed up the U-notch in crampons. Naturally Curl led us astray again, climbing above our intended ledge, where we get onto the rock. After downclimbing to the

proper catwalk, we all watched as John, belayed by Jim (who only took half an hour to untangle his climbing rope), set pro for the fixed rope the rest of us chickens used to cross the wet-in-places catwalk. (Carl and Ramaker decided to finish climbing the U-Notch (13,920' class 4). Around this time I proposed the first all nude ascent of North Pal (R-J. Secor, eat your heart out), but when the group contemplated the specter of Eckert in the altogether, the idea was summarily dismissed.

We climbed three snow chutes, moving right after finishing each chute. These produced some interesting crampon off/on changes as we kept switching between snow climbing and rock climbing. But eventually we made it to the bowl below the summit. I could continue to give Curl a hard time by mentioning that he then led us toward a false summit, but I won't. Curl is actually a fine leader, who I had to try hard to find fault with (and then spotlight in the Scree write up). He made everyone feel comfortable, accommodated those possessing modest climbing skills (such as myself), and kept the group sailing along on an even keel.

We summited at 2 PM, after one final (and as it turned out, unnecessary) 5' belay. After 45 minutes on top, we cruised back down to the catwalk. On the way down, Eckert accidentally dislodged a 200 pound boulder, which he was just able to prevent rolling down the chute (and likely crushing Chris, John, and

I), but he was precariously balanced as he held the boulder in tenuous place. Curl quickly downclimbed to Eckert and helped roll the boulder back to safety.

As we crossed the last little patch of snow leading to the catwalk, Chris managed to plunge in up to her neck, with her feet dangling below. This produced another of Chris' patented screams. Eckert made a gallant save in pulling her from this predicament.

As we crossed the catwalk for the second time, we all said how easy it was, and how we wouldn't need a belay rope now. Once Curl cleaned the rope, and stuffed it into his pack, we were off down the sun-softened U-notch snow chute. Eckert, a fearless-on-snow Alaskan native, did a standing glissade (including some nifty sun cup jumps) down the chute, and was back in camp before the rest of us had finished strapping on our crampons for plunge stepping down. We all arrived back in camp by 6 PM.

Shortly after we got back that evening, the two Vagmarken climbers ambled by our camp. The more outspoken of the two, a man whose smile communicated not only warmth and

goodwill, but also manifested that day's comestibles (his full set of braces were magnet to various and sundry food particles), related the salient details of climbing Sill and Polemonium. They told us that in the summit register for Starlight and North Pal (which they had climbed the day before) a climber had written a page-long tirade chewing out a trip leader who had no-showed, leaving the group to climb leaderless. It turned out it was the same leader who had no-showed these two Vagmarken climbers. They also noted from the summit registers that Peter Croft had done a day *hike*: Starting from South Lake Croft did Agassiz, Winchell, Thunderbolt, Starlight, North Pal, Polemonium, Sill, dropped down onto the Palisade glacier, traversed across and returned to South Lake via Jigsaw Pass. And, as usual for Croft, he did the day hike alone and the climbs free solo.

Before they left to go back to their camp, a quarter mile away toward T-bolt pass, we warned the Wanderweenies to ignore any strange noises our camp might generate in celebration of the Fourth. As dusk fell, we commenced the evening's festivities with a Piccolo Pete

imitator. We then oohed and ahhed over a sparkle cone, and finally finished with a number of ground bloom flowers, which spun feverishly in the snow in tiny circles of red, green, and blue. It is truly an odd sight to witness fireworks up at 12,000 in the snow. And what would the Sierra Club think, if it knew about our antics?

Monday July 5. Up at 4:30 ~~AM~~, we broke camp at 6:35 AM, and made T-bolt Pass by 655 AM. We split into two groups again (you take the high road, and I'll take the low road) as we traversed over to Bishop Pass. We binged on down the trail and were back at South Lake parking lot at 11:30 AM. And after washing up a bit, we capped off the trip with an expedition to the ah-you-can-eat salad bar at the Sizzler in Bishop. The combination of Curl as leader, and the mix of participants, as individuals, made the trip enjoyable for this author from start to finish.

Trip quote: "There are many things in life, that only make sense when naked." -Victor

"A. Curly Tale" is also available on video. Watch upcoming PCS meeting announcements in the Scree for the world premiere.

-Victor Anderson

**"AWAKE! For morning in the bowl of night  
Has flung the stone that put the stars to flight  
And look! The hunter of the East  
Has caught the Black Kaweah in a noose of light."**

.. this from trip leader Aaron Schuman started us from our much needed sleep after hiking

21 miles in two days. A poetic wake-up call was too much for our newest and youngest PCS

climber, Basil Hefni, who began deep uncontrollable retching. Luckily the experience of co-

leader Charles Schafer and the quick ministrations of Kai Wiedman helped Basil regain control. I, myself not a peak climber, was lucky to be a bit further from the recitation and barely recognized it as more than lunatic ravings but almost passed out when my tent mate Roger Crawley told me it was a poetry recital.

For the benefit of other PCS members who go on trips with Aaron, we made him promise never to wake anyone in such a cruel and heinous manner again before we untied him from the ant hill.

The trip began predictably enough. The six of us met at the Lodgepole Visitor's Center in Sequoia National Park at about 8:00 Saturday morning to attempt an ascent of Black Kaweah. After some quick repacking we left from the trailhead at Crescent Meadow on the High Sierra Trail. As we hiked along we talked to get better acquainted. Aaron told us about his work at Silicon Graphics. Surprisingly they do things other than dinosaur recreation. They are also doing genetic mapping. Aaron told us how they are combining medical technology with computer graphics to highlight genetic groupings. Different mediums cause different genetic strands to turn different colors thus showing certain genetic traits. He said that people who do a great deal of strenuous outdoor activity have long strands of blue genetic material.

By the time Aaron finished

we were at Bearpaw Meadow where ranger Bob Meadows (no joke) warned us of the difficulty we would have in an ascent of Black Kaweah. We were undeterred and marched on to Lone Pine Creek where we spent the night in a small and, according to Kai, dirty, campsite.

At 5:30 we began a new day. At beautiful Hamilton Lake (an excellent spot to camp in the shadow of Angel Wings, Eagle Scout Peak, Mt. Stewart, and Valhalla) we left part of our food and some unnecessary supplies in a bearbox to be recovered on our way back. Even with lightened packs the trip up to Kaweah Gap was long and difficult with the last mile on sun cupped snow. Kai and I arrived first a bit after 2:00 and watched as one by one each of our party would – fall into the Gap. And it was a good thing we did, because as we sat looking up at Black Kaweah towering before us, we knew that to get to the top of that monster we were all going to need new blue genes.

After some lunch, a nap, and a great deal of discussion, we turned west back across the Gap and camped on a small granite island in the snow. We decided that the Black Kaweah was too far and too long a climb for us to complete the next morning and still get back for our hike out, so we decided on an ascent of 12,040 foot Eagle Scout Peak. The evening was passed with good conversation, alpenglow and a game of hearts (I only mention this because I won so convincingly).

After the wake up terror described earlier we began our ascent. Rather than dropping into the Big Arroyo we stayed high on the east shoulder of Eagle Scout Peak and worked our way around to the south side and onto a talus Jumble that is Eagle Scout Peak. At the "Talus Phallus" we began our ascent scrambling and doing all those "moves" that I don't know anything about. Finally the truth hit me... "These people are insane. They are enjoying this."

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With that assessment, I sat down for lunch and told them to get me on the way down. Charles and Roger interrupted my repast with encouragement and I went out onto the snow and kicked steps to the peak (the correct way to the top). The others had continued their crazed scramble over the rocks. At 11:30 we all reached the top where those who had the stomachs for it ate lunch and I watched them.

We signed the book on the summit and fell back into the gap buoyed in the knowledge that we would never have to replace our blue genes. We returned to Hamilton Lake and

recovered our gear and took a break before continuing to Bearpaw Meadow. Oh, I warned them. I told them again and again that Bearpaw Meadow would be packed with people finishing up their long weekend and using Bearpaw as there Jump-off for the hike back to the trailhead.

There was one other party in our area at Bearpaw when we arrived after the 10-mile hike from Kaweah Gap. I lost all credibility and was forced to write the trip report

We took a late morning and began our hike back at 9:30 completing the 11 miles to Crescent Meadow by 2:45, and congratulated each other on a wonderful trip... which it was. Excellent company, excellent conversation, excellent adventure, and a peak conquered... I couldn't have asked for more.

*-Laurence Krumm, new member*

## Plan 6 (with chorus)

**T**he highlight and excitement of the Mt. Dana trip, planned for July 17 & 18, occurred before anyone even opened their front door. Eight AM Thursday, I received a phone call from a fellow mountaineer who explained that someone had shot a ranger three times, had escaped, that Tioga Pass road was closed, and campers at Tuolumne Meadows campground were being asked to leave! When I called Yosemite Campground reservations and asked about the status, they replied, "It's fluid."

When I saw the Channel 5 news that evening, with rangers carrying semi-automatic weapons, I at first thought of canceling. After discussion and pondering, we decided on a "Plan B" if the situation had not resolved itself by noon on Friday. VOILA - Mt. Tallac, 9,735, in the Desolation Wilderness area. This is a comparable hike to that of Mt. Dana - 3,000' elevation gain and roughly 10 miles round trip.

Our group consisted of Phyllis Olrich (co-leader), Debbie Bulger, Richard Stover, Greg MacDonell and his son, Sean, Mark Woolbright, Betty McMartin Jim Fehrle, and myself. The day was beautiful - crisp in the morning with full-blown blue skies by mid-day. We began our hike on a trail that paralleled Fallen Leaf Lake, and hiked back and forth for while trying to find the turn-off to Cathedral Lake (got a wee tense there for a second!). This portion of the northern trail is the steepest and the hottest. Snow lay in the bowl above Cathedral Lake, and rather than posthole our way via trail, we decided to ascend on the uncovered talus that was right in between the snowfields. On top of the ridge, we had a wonderful, panoramic view of many, many peaks and alpine lakes. Debbie Bulger named Dicks Peak, Crystal Range, Pyramid Peak, Jobs Sister, and several others that I can't recall right now.

With a mile and a quarter to go, and thinking the peak was the "...one with all the snow on

it" (can we map read or what??), we hiked fast towards the summit. In less than thirty minutes, we were there, and, of course, it had no snow on it because it was the peak to the right (I mean east) that we couldn't see from the ridge earlier. The summit views were spectacular and we enjoyed the sights at our leisure. On the way to the summit, Debbie Bulger ran into a hiker who had been on her beginner backpack trip, and, on the summit, Phyllis saw a woman from her aerobics class. It was like old home week. In hiking up and down Mt. Tallac, several of the men on the trip harmonized a variety of songs, and in keeping up the tempo, kept up the pace.

Thanks to Phyllis for picking the wonderful Mexican restaurant, Carlos Murphy, near stateline.

At the campsite that night, Mark, Jim, Sean, and Phyllis sang folksongs around the campfire, while the rest of us listened and enjoyed the evening.

The following Sunday, we hiked up the back of Lover's Leap to watch rock climbers. Greg and Sean have plans to climb sometime this summer, and this seemed a good opportunity to view the real thing. I think after watching, some of us became "warmabes."

Just a postnote: we stayed at Camp Richardson, a very expensive, privately run campground, that we would heartily NOT recommend (too cramped, too noisy, too dirty).

*-Debbie Benham*

**CHAIRPERSON:**

**Kelly Maas**  
2422 Bahue Drive  
San Jose, CA 95122  
(408) 279-2054 H  
(408) 944-2078 W  
Email maas@idtinc.com

**VICE CHABUSCHEDULER:**

**Peter Maxwell**  
1180 Blackberry Terrace  
Sunnyvale, CA 94087  
(408) 737-9770 H  
Email peterm@aomki.dtc.hp.com

**TRBASURER:**

**Brian Boyle**  
7678 Rainbow Dr.  
Cupertino, CA 95014  
(408) 973-0640 H

**ScREEEDrnR**

**Phyllis Ohich**  
750 Homer Ave.  
Palo Alto, CA 94301-2907  
(415) 322-0323 H  
(415) 725-1541 w  
Fax: (415) 723-2011  
Email phylliso@forsythe.stanford.edu

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For change of address, contact Paul Vlasveld, 157 Kellogg Way, Santa Clara, CA 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.

The following trip classifications are to assist you in choosing trips for which you are qualified. No simple rating system can anticipate all possible conditions:

- 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.

Scree articles and contributions must be received by the editor no later than noon on the last Tuesday of the month: email 3 1/2" diskettes (Mac or DOS), fax, or U.S. mail okay. Black and white photos welcome.

Deadline for the next issue is August 31!



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



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