



Newsletter of the Peak Climbing Section, Sierra Club. Loma Prieta Chanter

September, 1993

Vol. 26, No. 9

Next Meeting

Date: Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1993

Time: 7:30 PM

Place: Pacific Mountaineer
200 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto

Program: This month's presentation will feature slides of ascents of Yosemite's Lost Arrow Spire and El Capitan by a marginally competent under-achieving alpinist (AKA John Flinn). These slides should be particularly good since John didn't do the photography himself.

WINTER TRIP PLANNING MEETING

With Fall approaching, the trip schedule organized earlier in the year is coming near the end, and we need to plan trips for the upcoming winter months. This is a time of year when high peaks are inaccessible, but there are lots of interesting lower elevation trips that are possible. To put together a winter schedule, there will be a trip planning meeting at Peter Maxwell's place on Tuesday September 21 at 7:00 PM. As per usual tradition, bring your own drinks and money for pizza, which we will order in.

Please put on your thinking caps and come to the meeting, whether you're an official leader or not. We always welcome new faces and suggestions for trips.

If you can't make it to the meeting but have trip ideas, then please call Peter Maxwell at (408) 737-9770.

Directions to Peter's place at 14 17 Kitimat Place, Sunnyvale (this is a new address): find your way to Highway 85

between 280 and 101, and take the Fremont Ave. exit. Take the Sunnyvale direction (as opposed to Los Altos) and go about 1/4 mile to the next stop light at Mary Ave. Turn right and take the first right (Cascade - this is also the first stop light on Mary). Kitimat is the first left, almost immediately after you turn into Cascade. 14 17 is the third on the right.



Official PCS Trips

**Cloud's Rest (9,926')
Eagle Peak (7,779')
Class 1**

Date: October 2-3

Leader: Debbie Benham

Home: (415) 964-0558

Co-Leader: Judith Yarborough

Home: (415) 854-9288

On Saturday, we'll start at Tenaya Lake, hike up to Cloud's Rest, then continue down to Yosemite Valley on this one-way trip. Sunday, we'll go from the Valley floor to the top of the highest of the Three Brothers – Eagle Peak. Fall is a beautiful time in Yosemite – cool, crisp, and colorful. I've reserved one campsite in the Valley for Friday/Saturday night. \$5 deposit per person.

**Columbus Day Weekend
Jacks Peak (10,196')
Copper Mountain (9,911')**

Date: October 9-11

Leader: Bill Hauser

Home: (408) 243-4566

Come on to Northern Nevada and enjoy the fall colors in the Independence Mountains just north of Elko, Nevada. Saturday we will climb Jacks Peak after a short visit to Tuscarora. Sunday we will climb Copper Mountain in the Humboldt National Forest. Monday we will explore a remote and unknown hot spring, so be prepared for cold weather. Meet Saturday, 8 AM October 9 at the junction of highways 225 and 226 about 26 miles north of Elko, Nevada. No mountain bikers allowed. We will also try and see the rare Nevada River otter. Call Bill to sign up.

**Christmas Desert
PeakBagging
Class 2-3**

Date: December 27-31

Leader: Bill Hauser

Home: (408) 243-4566

Let's climb these desert peaks at the best time of the year. This year we will climb Edgar, Mitchell, Stepladder, Turtle, Mopah, Granite #2 (second attempt) and, as a grand finale, Rosa Point high above the Salton Sea. We will also visit "Oh My God" hot springs deep in the desert. We will be getting up early and moving fast due to the short days of winter. Be prepared for temperatures in the 20's at night. No mountain bikers allowed. Fill up your gas tank in Barstow, CA and drive east on I-40 116 miles to Essex Road. Meet at 7 AM, December 27 at the junction of Essex Road and I-40. These peak are all class 2 except for Mopah which is class 3. Call Bill to sign up.

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.

**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-

Polemonium and Starlight Class 5

Date: September 10-13

Location: North Palisade range

Leaders: Chris Kramar

Phone: (415) 926-6861 (day)

Mike Meredith

Phone: (415) 969-6773 (eve)

The first day we will hike over Bishop Pass to Palisade Basin. The next two days will be spent climbing both Polemonium and Starlight peaks. We hike out on the fourth day. We should have some nice indian summer weather for this late season climb. 5th class climbing ability required to attain summits.

Bear Creek Spire Class 3

Date: September 11-12

Leader: Tim Hult

Phone: (408) 970-0760

Email:

tim~hultt@qm.is.lmsc.lockheedcom

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) 347-5234 (new number)

Co-Leader: Bob Suzuki

Home: (408) 259-0772

Beginning at the Twin Lakes trailhead, we will hike a 24-mile trans-Sierra loop, with a 4,700' of elevation gain. This trip will entail many elements of mountaineering - navigation, cross-country travel, route finding, snow climbing (ice ax may be required), and rock scrambling. Hideous exposure may be lurking somewhere on our route. 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

Fairly easy route. Crampons and ice ax may be needed.

Country should be beautiful (autumnal) and hopefully not crowded.

Panamint Paradox Class 2

Date: November 13-15, 1993

Leader: Victor Anderson

Home: (415) 851-1090

Co-Leader: Steve Eckert

Home: (415) 508-0500

Saturday Tucki, 6,000' elevation gain up through Mosaic Canyon.

Sunday: Optional peak bags: Tin & Dry; otherwise: photography, dune skiing, Scatty's Castle, hot springs, moonlight dancing.

Monday: Attempt Telescope Peak (11,000'+), 7,000' elevation gain. If snow or roads are bad, will do Pyramid or Corkscrew. All peaks class 2. Call co-leader for details.

Trip Reports

MT>RAINIER'S LIBERTY RIDGE or "Buddy, can you spare a Handiwipe?" June 13-19, 1993

Yes – Handiwipes. It turns out that they're invaluable for mopping up the puddles that inevitably form on tent floors during heavy rains. Imagine waking up for the second morning in a row to rain. The Cascades are like that. As Dave Erskine said, "I haven't been rained on this much in ten years."

Along with Kai Wiedman, Dave and I were waiting at a camp on Curtis Ridge for a chance to climb Mt. Rainier's Liberty Ridge. We had hiked there two days earlier from the Ipsut Creek campground along the Carbon River on the north side of Rainier. As we had hiked in from the 2,300' trailhead, we tried to reconcile the fact that the weather forecast was for improving weather, yet there was also a cloudcap hanging over the summit. "Maybe it's a fair weather cloudcap," we mused. Though we reached camp that afternoon under generally clear skies, it wasn't long before the clouds moved up the valley and overtook us. We had few views of the mountain for the next two days.

Rainier is a very special mountain in much the same way that Shasta is. The native Americans of the northwest also revered Rainier and the other Cascade volcanoes, and Dave

read us endless Indian folklore as we lay in the tents. Rainier is an enormous peak from any angle, but even more so from the north. The steep snow and rock face is split by the Liberty Ridge which extends from the top at a continuous 45 degrees to the middle of the Carbon Glacier. The summit is capped by glaciers that dangle precipitously over the Willis and Liberty Walls, giving it the look of a serious Himalayan or Alaskan peak. Dave continually wondered aloud if one particular block of ice would break loose from the Liberty Cap Glacier and tumble down Liberty Wall. It didn't go while we were there, but if it had, everyone for miles would have known about it.

"Maybe it's a fair weather cloudcap," we mused.

Instead, we were more than content to watch small avalanches cascade repeatedly down the Willis Wall. Although the weather was warm while we were there (we never encountered freezing temperatures except on the summit), snow had fallen down to 5,500' just before our arrival. We heard these avalanches every day, but saw them best when we camped on

the ridge at Thumb Rock – with 11 other people. The two other groups with us made for a relatively festive occasion, but it was the view and location that really mattered. We had arrived at 1 PM after a quick climb across the glacier and up the first half of the ridge, and had all afternoon and evening to take in the 3,000' view down to the glacier. And while the avalanches went on around us, we were perched in a very sheltered position on the crest of the ridge.

We were glad to be finally climbing the mountain, since by now we were already several days into our trip. It had been frustrating to sit at our lower camp, watching the clouds swirl about, and wonder when was the right time to make a summit attempt. We didn't think the weather was really all that bad, but we knew it would be foolish to make a try at the wrong time since there were still two days of climbing to the top. So we waited as the rain waxed and waned, the foggy wrap parting only occasionally for a brief view of the other white world towering above us. When we could see Liberty Ridge, we only saw it straight-on. Without a view of it in profile, we could only imagine how steep it was. It looked really steep and our imaginations ran wild.

On our second morning at Curtis Ridge, we had reluctantly concluded that we overextended ourselves and should back off. Even if the weather suddenly cleared and we could climb, we would be short on food and – more importantly – we would be one or probably two days late in reporting back to the ranger station. If everything went perfectly, we could hike out, restock, return the next day, and do the climb with no days to spare. We left all our climbing gear (2 ropes, 6 ice axes and tools, crampons, harnesses, snow flukes and a picket, ice screws, biners and slings, helmets) at our Curtis Ridge camp and hiked out. The light packs made the 5,000', 8 mile hike out and return the next day palatable.

Finally the weather cleared and everything proceeded as planned. Carrying our packs the whole way (a descent of Liberty Ridge is not recommended), we made good time and had little trouble. Except for some loose rocks at the bottom and a bergschrund near the top, we climbed the whole ridge unroped. While we had a relatively easy time on the ridge on decent snow, it is possible that the climbing could be much more difficult or dangerous under different snow and/or weather conditions. The most technical parts of the climb were actually on the glaciers. Since crevasse danger is very real, anyone venturing off the trade routes should be well versed in glacier travel and rescue, and all the technical issues that they

entail. If asked what he did while on vacation, Dave vowed to reply "I went hiking on snow."

Liberty Ridge actually tops out on Liberty Cap. Getting to the true summit involves a descent to the saddle, then a climb of a few hundred more feet. Judging by our group of 14, most people don't go all the way. But Dave was determined to get to the top despite strong winds and cold temperatures. Fools that we are, Kai and I followed him and we were soon standing on the summit, trying to keep from being blown over. This was especially gratifying since on my first climb of Rainier, we had stopped at the lower east edge of the crater.

Though a long way down, the descent went smoothly and we spent a night at windy camp Schurman. In the interest of minimizing weight, however, we had kept food to a minimum. Maybe too much so, as our last dinner (which I supplied) was meager at best, and we had little more than a power bar left for our last day of hiking out (about 10-12 miles).

As we traveled an undocumented (but ranger-recommended) course down the middle of the Winthrop Glacier on that last and sunny day, we gradually felt more relaxed and at ease. When we stepped onto the moraine and unroped for the last time, we knew that the dangers were behind us and that the climb was a success. At about **6,000'**, we returned again to the land of green after three days on

a mountain of snow. The smells and the colors overwhelmed me, and the forest snow had melted considerably in those few days. If not as technically challenging as we had anticipated, it had still been worth the full week (and 17,000 feet of vertical) we spent on Rainier.

-Kelly Maas

Footnote for "A Curly Tale" from the August Scree

Victor forgot to mention the nasty beasts that visited: Being well above tree line and camped on snow, we brought no "bear bag" ropes or paraphernalia. While climbing the peaks, marmots still groggy from the long winter wandered into the (intentionally open) tents. Their choice of breakfast makes even a stout mountain stomach ache... One "Ridge Rest" pad was shredded, shirt collars were frayed, two zippers were mangled, a rubber strap made out of an old inner tube was cut in half, and a lightweight aluminum first aid kit had two rodent tooth holes in it.

The hot chocolate and oatmeal cookies were untouched.

- **Steve Eckert**

Flatiron Butte July 24 -25,1993

Flatiron Butte is a large granite mountain at the south end of Burt Canyon. We met for breakfast in Bridgeport and drove to the roadhead near the junction of highways 108 and 395. There were six in our party: Rochelle Gerratt, Karen Rusiniak, Bill Kirkpatrick, Linda Yazell, Diane Jakubowski, and Roger Crawley. Rochelle and Karen are trip leaders in the Desert Survivors. The weather was perfect. It's an easy hike along the Little Walker River. We stopped for lunch at the entrance to Burt Canyon where the Flatiron, Hanna Mountain, and Ink Rocks – all about 11,000' – come into view. Karen got out her fishing rod and caught a fish right away, but it was too small and there were no trout dinners.

There is still a lot of snow on the peaks and the canyon meadows are wet and green and full of flowers. We climbed about **2,000'** and over snow banks to Ana Lake which was frozen and then came back down and camped. In the morning we headed for the stream to the north of Flatiron with the intention of going directly up the steep snow fields to the ridge near the summit. That is a good route and a more daring group would try it without ice axes, but we took a safer and indirect route farther north to the ridge. We all got up there about noon (except for Karen who fished and painted while we climbed).

Flatiron is seldom climbed – once a year since 1988 when the summit register (a glass jar) was placed. Indeed, we encountered only two people after leaving the roadhead. We were impressed by the amount of snow in northern Yosemite. Tower Peak, about three miles to the west, looked awesome. We returned to our cars at 6:00. It was an uneventful (nothing bad happened) and satisfying trip.

-Roger Crawley

GRADUATION ON LYELL August 14-15,1993

In tribute to the man whose namesake trail along which we ventured forth to and fro our destination:

“Climb the mountains and get
their good tidings;
Nature's peace will flow into
you as sunshine into flowers;
The winds will blow their fresh-
ness into you and the storms
their energy,
and cares will drop off like
autumn leaves.”

-John Muir

A little pre-trip background is advised to set the proper scene for our eventual Saturday morning departure. Earlier in the week trip leader Tim Hult was asked if, instead of setting off at 8 AM Saturday as planned, three of us could drive up early Saturday morning and set off at 10 AM or so (thus precluding the

Friday after work drive up for a Camp 9 bivvy). Tim refused to countenance such doddling as it would “leave us feeling behind the eightball all weekend long.” OK, 10 AM **is** too late.

Saturday August 14. Tim Hult John Kigozi, Jeff Cottingham, Laura Larsen-Sufchuck, Ron Hudson, Andy Skumanich, Phyllis Olich, and Victor Anderson met at the Tuolumne Meadows permit kiosk at 8 AM. By 8:30 AM everyone was at the Dog Lake trailhead (8,592') just up the lodge road, ready to roll.. all, that is, except Tim (and his two carpoolers). At 9 AM we sat around and criticized other hikers' gear as they set off for their trips; but no sign of Tim. At 9:30 AM our tableau was that of five would-be peak baggers lounging and sun bathing on nearby slabs-o-granite; but still no Tim. After a quick search party reconnaissance, Tim was successfully located and guided to the trailhead. At what ungodly late hour did we set off? 10 AM. 'Nuff said.

The long undulating meadow leading up the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River canyon has a tranquillity and quiet grandeur that is particularly conducive to trekking conversation that seeks the major truths of mankind.

Personkind? Well, I'm still not sure, but the subject of Feminism has never received a more thorough trailside airing. Curiously, it was a man who was most Gloria Steinam-esque, and it was a woman who was the most determined critic of fema-

nazis. In fact, post trip, most participants were more intellectually and emotionally drained than physically taxed. As a group, we formed John Muir's answer to Sigmund Freud.

The scintillating aquamarine brilliance of the loess laden Lyell drew us inexorably up the flat canyon. Miles rolled by as we solved such questions as what men really (deep down) look for in women, and what the psychological underpinnings are behind the scathing discussions groups of women have vis a vis the male species. We have **all** the answers, and none of us are telling.

The 2,000' climb from the far end of the valley up into the Lye11 cirque was punctuated by discussions of matters culinary. During a food break, maxin' and relaxin' atop a bucolic wooden bridge, Phyllis queried Jeff as only a woman could, "Do you have the recipe for those (home-made) energy bars in your car?" Us guys just looked at each other as if to say, "Oh, yeah sure, I keep my 3"x5" index card recipe filebox in the trunk, right next to the jack." Laura, whose tongue was most finely honed, and who brooked minimal ribbing (so to speak) of female foibles, was first (and not the last) to tell this author to "consume feces and perish."

About 4:30 PM and just as Mt. Lye11 (13,114, class 3) loomed into view, we made the well developed campsites in the lower bowl. After much mosquito-avoidance campsite scouting, we settled upon an area

found by Andy on a previous trip. After carefully selecting each person's sleeping bag site for maximal post-Persiad meteor viewing, we began our meal ministrations. Ron discovered that he was missing an essential component of his stove, and thus his now superfluous white gas merely added to our vast overstock. As Tim put it, "We have a **pleth-ora** of gas.. .or is it **ple-thora?**" As each person chimed in with his/her personal pronunciation preference, this quandary was quickly and summarily settled by Jeff (our 6'10" tall, soon-to-be-ordained Lutheran-minister), "We have a shitload." Amen.

In fact, post trip, most participants were more intellectually and emotionally drained than physically taxed. As a group, we formed John Muir's answer to Sigmund Freud.

As the post meal discussion turned to the subject of machismo, it was acknowledged that at least we males were not sitting around discussing hockey scores and spitting. So it was most humorous to us men-folk to learn from Phyllis that, "Yeah, but you guys call each other up to get together and break wind." In the context of that night's cerebral conversation, and with Phyllis' somewhat more colorful language than herein para-

phrased, it was a poignantly piquant remark.

We finished the day with the testosterone-testing, hopefully bear-foiling, chore of treeing one's comestibles. Being the experienced mountaineers we were, this task consumed a mere hour and a half, and was completed in the dark by headlamp; all the while regaled by Tim (in his supervisory, but non-participatory role) about unbelievable tales of Antarctic survival.

Sunday, August 15. Up at a stenebrous 5 AM, we departed camp at 6:20 AM and toddled on up the trail to the upper cirque. As the thin lenticulars, altostrati, and other assorted white fluffies formed in the east, we left the trail and headed up an Alpine mix of granite, meadow and snow toward the glacier in the ever increasing and quite chilling winds. Sun cupping up toward the Lyell-Maclure col, we made a high-snow-year variation scramble up some icicle festooned rocks, and caught the summit ridge. After splitting into the rock scramblers and the snow cramponers for the final push, we were signing in as soon as 9:30 AM. After a healthful low fat, low sodium meal of cheddar cheese, summer sausage, and stoned-wheat crackers, we de-peaked in fairly rapid fashion to avoid the bone chilling winds and apparently imminently peak enveloping swirling clouds. Our option to do nearby Mt. Maclure (12,880', class 3) was dismissed for lack of interest and in deference to the

weather.

Phyllis led the way down on the glacier descent, glissading at breakneck speed and performing spectacular aerials off the tops of the sustained and interminable sun cups (. . . hey, you weren't there, it coulda happened). Back in camp at 1:10 PM, we packed up and broke camp at 2:05 PM. We pounded down the dusty, horse packer trodden trail back toward the cars. John, an MBA candidate friend of Tim's, who hails from Uganda, was experiencing his first taste of high altitude mountains. John hadn't climbed with us, and thus set off for Tuolumne Meadows some time before the rest of us. We

caught him near the Vogelsang junction, whereupon he flashed his usual infectious grin.

From there we made it back to the cars variously from 5:30-6:30 PM. After pseudoshowering at the High Sierra Camp, this author was driving back to the trailhead parking lot just as John ambled by; and thusly was he chauffeured back to the cars in style. And after making the usual see-you-on-the-next-climb, post-trip promises (sort of like how guys tell **chicks** at the end of a date, "I'll call ya."), we headed Bay-ward, fulfilled in the knowledge of another peak well climbed.

P.S. Kudos to Tim in recognition of his successful MBA matriculation.

P.P.S. **Scree** is presently edited by a woman. The likelihood is low that the story you just read contains the entire text submitted by this author (a man.. and a manly man at that),

-**Victor Anderson**

Editor's note: Eat s and die, Victor.



45 METRES OF ROPE AND
YOU'RE FINDING FAULT
WITH THIS LITTLE BIT ?



Mountain Notes

Whither Ferdinand?

Chris MacIntosh sends this note along to those of you who may have noticed that Ranger Ferdinand has been missing from the Tioga Pass entrance gate this summer (where he has been a fixture for "donkey's years"). Turns out he was assigned to the Hetch Hetchy entrance station for the summer - perhaps we'll see him again next year.

Phone Numbers for Yosemite Information

(415) 556-6030 - Recorded information from NPS/Western Regional Office.

Includes information regarding Yosemite, Sequoia/Kings Canyon, Lassen and Death Valley. As of this writing, includes fairly detailed information on trail conditions in Yosemite.

(209) 372-0200 - Recorded information for Yosemite National Park.

When your call is answered.. . Press 1 to bypass the introduction message; Then press 111 for "general information" Then press 1 for "Road & Weather: -or- press 2 for "Wilderness Information"

Then press 1 for "Permit Information" -or- press 2 for "Current Trail Conditions"

A reminder.. .that much of the Sierra high country is very wet and this will be a particularly vulnerable year for meadows and other fragile areas.

-Georgia Stigall

Camper's Rude Awakening

Redding Shasta County
Associated Press

David Semenero awoke in a Shasta Lake campground early Tuesday when he felt raindrops on his neck, even though it wasn't raining.

Semenero's wake-up call turned out to be a bear-a-500 pound drooling bear.

"I could feel its breath," the 32 year-old carpenter from San Mateo County recalled yesterday as he relaxed after getting stitches for a deep cut the beast inflicted to his head.

"I put my head back down and tried not to move," the Belmont resident said, adding that he remained motionless for a tense 15 seconds, staring at four furry legs he described as

"so huge they looked like huge tree trunks growing out of the ground." The bear then clobbered Semenero with its paw.

The bear ran one way and Semenero dashed in the opposite direction, finding safety inside the cab of his truck. He then drove to a local hospital for treatment.

State wildlife biologist Terri Wertz said the Department of Fish and Game has no plans to hunt down the bear.

"This is not a mad bear on the loose," Wertz said. "The animal was probably as startled as the camper was."

*-reprinted from the July 8, 1993
San Francisco Chronicle*

.....

Classifieds

Altimeter for sale

Casio altimeter/diving watch: measures 100 meter depth or 13,000 ft altitude; three alarms (in case of fire?); and graphic display of barometric pressure.

\$40 or best offer (about \$100 new)

Steve Eckert
eckert@netcom.com
(415) 508-0500

CHAIRPERSON:

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

VICE CHAIR/SCHEDULER:

Peter Maxwell
1417 Kitimat Place (new address)
Sunnyvale, CA 94087
(408) 737-9770 H
Email: peterm@aoraki.dtc.hp.com

TREASURER:

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

SCREE EDITOR:

Phyllis Ohich
750 Homer Ave.
Palo Alto, CA 94301-2907
(415) 322-0323 H
(415) 7251541 W
(415) 723-2011 Fax
Email: phylliso@forsythe.stanford.edu

Scree is a publication of the Peak Climbing Section of the Sierra Club, Loma Prieta Chapter. Subscriptions are \$10 per year. Checks should be sent to the treasurer. To ensure an uninterrupted subscription, renewal checks must be received no later than the last Tuesday of the expiration month.

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 September 28!



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



94/02
STEVEN R. ECKERT
1814 OAK KNOLL DR.
BELMONT, CA 94002-

**First Class Mail
Dated Material!**