



NEXT MEETING

FCSSBBQ and Swap Meet

Date: Tuesday, July 11

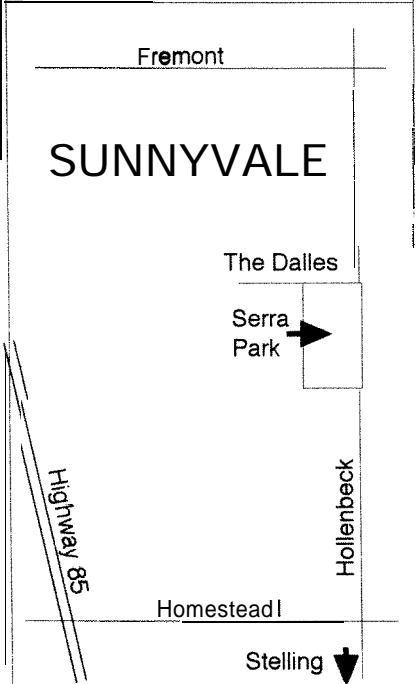
Time 6:30 p.m. start charcoal
7:00 p.m. start BBQ
8:00 p.m. start meeting

Location: Serra Park on Hollenbeck Ave. in Sunnyvale.

Bring your own main course to BBQ, a side dish for the potluck and your own drinks (alcohol OK). Electrical outlets at the table. Please bring a \$2 donation to cover cost of the picnic area rental and charcoal.

Bring your Plus gear for the swap meet, marked with your name and the price.

Park between the two sets of tennis courts. Picnic area is nearby.



No Luau at Lake Aloha

*Anyone for a
tas ty porcupine
popsicle?*

WE CROSSED seven different kinds of snow, beginning when we entered the Desolation Wilderness at the Echo fakes snow park, and continuing almost until we left the wilderness at Fallen Leaf Lake.

Everything in informal Desolation is known by first names (Dick's Peak, Suzie's Lake), so in keeping with this tradition, I'll just identify us as Ted, Noreen, Bob, Milush John, trip leader Kelly, and yours truly, Aaron.

Early along, on this June 10-11 trip, we saw how harsh the winter was in Desolation, as I discovered a frozen porcupine. We collected a few quills for show and tell, but we decided to leave the porcupine jerky for you to enjoy when you're next in the area.

We surmounted 8,646-foot Keith's Dome on our way to our campsite beside the frozen Lake Aloha. This lake is famous for its hundreds of lovely islands, but the snow lay so deep atop the ice that we couldn't see any islands at all.

Where snow had melted near a boulder on the shore, we could see that the depth was about 16 feet. In spite of the beauty of the lake and the nearby peaks enshrouded in smooth whiteness, we huddled in our tents

seeking refuge from the fierce wind.

Sunday morning we kicked steps up the long ramp to the south ridge of Jack's Peak, then walked the talus, swept clean of snow by the gales, to the 9,856-foot summit.

The first 1300 feet of our descent were a thrilling, ear-popping, sitting glissade. With temperatures above 50 degrees, there was tremendous melting taking place. The creeks were very high, and the waterfalls were stunning. In our downclimb, we needed to cross a swollen drainage with only a partila fog jam for a bridge.

A couple crossed, but it looked like it would be difficult for the others. Kelly earned the leader of the month award by wading in the freezing runoff to help the others over the river. The final kilometer of our journey should have been a gentle stroll on an unpaved road, but the massive melt-off had flooded the area, and we completed that leg of the trip calf deep in water.

Because the conditions in Desolation were so wintery, even at such a low elevation, in mid June, we can expect to find significant snow in any Sierra destination, particularly in the high country, all season. Take heed: plan to pack snow travel equipment such as waterproof boots and gaiters for every trip you go on in 1995.

— Aaron Schuman



EL CAPITAN

July 8-9

Class 2

Leader Judith Yarborough
415) 854-9288 (before 10 p.m.)

Those of us who don't aspire to big wall climbing need to be tricky if we want the same views. We will leave from Tamarack Campground on Saturday morning and hike as far as possible up the back side (sounds a bit prurient) of El Capitan. Limit eight people including leader). Campground or Friday night reserved at Logdon Meadows.

RED AND WHITE

July 15-16

2,850 feet, class 3

Leader Chris Macintosh
415) 325-7841

After June 30, contact John Esterl
510) 526-2216

Topos: Mt. Abbot, Convict L. 7.5'

Norman Clyde described McGee Creek as a good approach to this peak, but given his reputa-

tion for toughness, that could mean anything! The Northeast Ridge is said to have less loose rock than other routes, helpful for a group ascent. This is a lovely area to visit. Besides a good peak and great views, we should also enjoy wildflowers and other Sierran delights. Snow/water conditions in July: anybody's guess at the time of writing

UNIVERSITY, INDEPENDENCE

July 29-30

13,632 feet, class 3

Leaders: John & Kate Ingvaldstad
(209) 296-8483, (408) 996-7129

Topos: Mt. Pinchot, Mount Whitney

On Saturday, following a short backpack from Onion Valley to Robinson Lake, we'll climb University Peak. The Sunday climb of Independence is only a 1,200 foot gain, so you'll be on the road headed home early. Both peaks are class 3 with Independence on the "easy" side.

HAECKEL, WALLACE, FISKE,

HUXLEY

Aug 5-12

13,000+ feet, class 3

Leaders: John Ingvaldstad, Kate Ingvaldstad

(408) 996-7129, (209) 296-8483

Topos: Mt. Goddard 15', Mt.

Darwin 7.5'

From Lake Sabrina it is only one day in to Evolution Basin via the col between Mts. Haeckel and Wallace. Once situated, many Class 2 & 3 climbs beckon, including Haeckel, Wallace, Fiske and Huxley, all over 13,000. Deserving separate mention is Mt. Darwin, the highest peak in the area at 13,830, and arguably one of the best Class 3 climbs in the Sierra, featuring multiple chutes and route-finding, and very solid, clean rock. Don't miss this week of thrills!

Fifteen-minute topo maps still available through the mail

Bob Haxo told me about this place near Sacramento. I called them up, told them which maps I needed, gave them a VISA card number and got some 1.5 min topos in a day or two.

They charge \$3.25/map, plus \$3.50/order for shipping. Not all maps are in stock, but they had two thirds of the ones I wanted.

Ogden Surveying Equipment, Co.

916.451.7253

800.350.6277

fax 916.451.2865

(Their flyer also indicates they sell Wilderness Press books, forest service maps, topos on diskettes, etc.)

-- Steve Eckert

YODELS

POOR FLINN'S ALMANAC

Recently Aaron Schuman thoughtfully enough to dig up an old e-mail message your prescient editor sent him early last fall. It read

"I hope you're right about there being snow by November. But somehow I think it's going to be yet another dry winter. Hope I'm wrong."

ROBBINS AND THE HAND

Anyone who's ever tangled with The Hand, in Pinnacles National Monument knows that it's one of the spookiest and most intimidating 5.6 climbs in the country. Steep, fearfully exposed and sparsely notched, it has defeated many climbers including your humble editor

The time-honored ritual, upon returning safely to terra firma, is to shrug give your belayer a knowing look and say, "Well, even Royal Robbins backed off this one." Climbers have been reassuring each other with that statement since at least the early 1970s.

It would probably have been better to leave well enough alone, but when we were lucky enough to have dinner with Robbins before last month's PCS meeting we couldn't resist asking him about it.

"I thought about (backing off), but I didn't," he said, instantly wiping out an excuse that has salvaged the egos of a generation of climbers.

Considering that Robbins has climbed thousands of routes around the world, it was amazing how well he remembered this one. And his recollections alter some of the informal history of the route.

Legend has it that when John Salathe made the first ascent in 1947, he was unable to get in any solid protection. As one account had it, he pounded some of his hard steel pitons into the Pinnacles' notoriously unwelcome cracks merely "to reassure his nervous belayer."

But Robbins said that when he began to get concerned about the

runout, midway up the climb, he moved slightly away from the most obvious line of ascent. (Unfortunately, after a few glasses of Chianti, we forgot whether he said it was to the right or left.) Under a large knob Robbins found a very old and very solid Salathe piton. This piece of pro is apparently not mentioned in the guidebooks.

Robbins said that, as far as he knows, the valuable Salathe piton is still there.

NEW BYLAWS

There is a proposal on the table to adopt a revised Mountaineering Committee Policy in the PCS. The previous version was drafted in 1974. A vote on the revised Mountaineering Committee Policy will be held at the August PCS meeting. Paul Magliocco has offered to electronically mail copies to anyone interested (# on back of Scree). If you would like a paper copy, please contact Debbie Benham (also on back of Scree).

AN HONEST MAN

Bill Kirkpatrick checks in with proof that there are still decent people left in this world: "Driving to Mt. Shasta on the Memorial Day weekend, I realized I had lost my wallet. On the way back to San Jose after the climb, I visited the gas station where the wallet was last seen. No luck. Tuesday after Memorial Day I got a phone call from Mr. Mitul Patel, who found my wallet outside the Alpine Lodge Motel. He mailed the wallet back to me, complete with all the cash that had been in it. I want to publicize this and to encourage people to use Mr. Patel's motel at 908 S. Mt. Shasta Blvd. Mt. Shasta, CA 96067 (916) 926-3134."

PERMITS BY PHONE

Some good news for Yosemite back-country users: You can now reserve wilderness permits by phone. As of June 1, Yosemite has been taking phone-in reservations at (209) 372-4740. Up to to 50 percent of each trailhead's quota is being given out in advance, either by phone, by mail or by walk-up. Permits can be reserved up to 24 weeks in advance.

Have your credit card ready: Yosemite charges \$3 per person for each reservation, and takes all major credit cards over the phone.

Now YOU KNOW

Q: What is the first recorded ascent of a Sierra peak?

A: In 1863, three members of the California Geological Survey, Josiah Whitney, William Brewer and Charles Hoffmann climbed what is now known as Mt.

Hoffmann near Tuolumne Meadows. All three, it should be noted, later did all right in the peak-naming department.

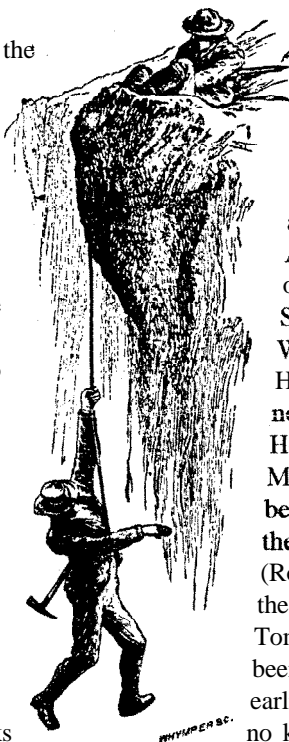
(Roper's Climbers Guide to the High Sierra notes that Mt. Tom, near Bishop, may have been ascended three years earlier. And although there are no known written records,

Native Americans certainly climbed many Sierra peaks before the arrival of Whitney & Co.)

THE LAST WORDS

"Let us stop here a little while longer! It is good to rest on the summit, and to dream amongst the clouds for a few short moments in one's life." — *Guido Rey*

"My grandmother started walking five miles a day when she was sixty. She's ninety-five now, and we don't know where the hell she is." — *Ellen Degeneris*



TRIP REPORTS

Climbing Crag and Smith peaks over Memorial weekend

THE SOUTHERN Sierra is such a beautiful area, and the Hooker Meadow trailhead is very special. Over Memorial Day weekend Richard and I decided to complete the trip we had planned to do in April but postponed because of the heavy snow year. We reached the trailhead about 12:30 p.m. on Saturday May 28 and began hiking at 1 p.m..

The gentle grade passed through open woodland following a branch of Jackass Creek. In less than two hours we reached the green expanse of Hooker Meadow (8,300 feet), aka Hooker marsh this year. We decided to set up our tent there amid patches of melting snow instead of continuing on to Albanita Meadows as we originally had planned. We barely had time to set up camp when we had to take refuge from the daily thunder storm.

At 4 p.m. all was clear, and since we had about four and one half more hours of daylight, we decided to go for Smith, the easier of the two peaks. Although there was plenty of snow above 9,000 feet, we didn't need the ice axes we had brought. At the summit we spent some time figuring out the route. We had left our guidebook back at camp, so were not sure which granite monolith was the summit block-so we ended up climbing both. The summit blocks are fun third class climbing.

It was almost dark by the time we got off the peak, and so we returned to our campsite by compass, stopping for conversation and banana bread at two campfires along the way.

The next day we took off cross country for Crag and managed to reach the summit block in time for the afternoon thunder storm. We spent about an hour under a huge boulder while the gprople fell around us.

Luckily most of the storm was to the south, so it wasn't particularly dangerous. The ascent of Crag was tedious because of the abundant manzanita. We followed the route described by Jenkins in *Exploring the Southern Sierra: East Side*. However, it would have been much easier and more direct if we had come up the manzanita-free talus directly under the peak.

The summit was exciting-a knife edge ending in a few feet of exposed third class rock. Richard learned to belay just for the occasion. I know some of you super climbers would have done it without a rope, but I want that insurance. I straddled the knife edge and bun walked across, set a piece of pro for safety then climbed up. I had to unrope for the very last part since we had brought only a 7 nun, 30-foot length of rope, adequate enough.

WC came down the talus directly to the south of the peak. However, we made an error by following too far south the old Albanita trail skirting Finger Rock. We should have retraced our cross country approach route from the Crag-Finger saddle. As a result, it was dark when we once again arrived at Hooker Meadow on a moonless night.

I have resolved to sew reflector tape on the top of my tents. You guessed it, we spent more than an hour looking for our tent among the trees and fallen logs. To top it off we discovered we had first arrived at Hooker almost exactly where our tent was-great navigation, lousy tent finding.

All in all a great trip with good sound granite and two fun climbs.

— *Debbie Bulger*

Serious Sphincters Scale the Sphinx on Memorial Day

THE THOUGHT occurred to me as I packed for yet another Memorial Day weekend in Kings Canyon: "Maybe we'll climb The Sphinx this year!" I'd had this thought before. This time, I wasn't nearly as enthusiastic. After all, I'd had knee surgery only six months before; the serious auto-graft kind of knee surgery. And there were tons of snow up there to boot. Probably not the year to try this climb, but I threw the rope in anyway, and added a few pieces of pro and five draws.

"That ought to be enough to vanquish any silly 5.2 pitches," I thought. I neglected to throw in an ice-ax, however. I just wasn't taking this very seriously.

On Saturday, everyone but a small group of Stork people did the traditional, usually boring hike up to Paradise Valley. It wasn't boring this year. The South Fork of the Kings was a raging torrent, making Mist Falls a wall of water. Water was everywhere, making small waterfalls on the sides of canyons that I had never seen before.

Little did I know that this was to be the driest part of the day! We didn't make it very far beyond the "lower" Paradise Valley before reaching a bog, and that was enough to turn the group around. After lunch almost everybody headed down for Happy Hour. I managed to convince a few people to have a short advenhne, and there was still beer left when we finally got back.

I was feeling my oats that evening. The hike down the hill, supplemented by a little ibuprofen, had left no residual soreness in my revamped knee joint, and had actually felt fairly pleasant. Discussion of various destinations for the following day flowed about me, and soon I

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heard that the Bubbler was hoping to climb some mountain called Palmer, a snowy walk-up whose main attraction was an elevation in excess of 11,000 feet. When the Stoic heard this, he assured the Bubbler that I had been planning to climb the Sphinx. Oops, I thought, this is getting serious.

Soon, it sounded like there was a group of four of us headed for the Sphinx tomorrow. Thus I fell victim to my own passing fancy. Our beneficent organizers, the Two C's, announced that they were going to lead a hike up toward Avalanche Pass tomorrow morning. The die was cast; we were all going up that creek; maybe my little group would come to its senses and start paddling back down before it was too late. But I knew I was in trouble.

The next morning we got a late start – the four of us were even later than the main group of hiker-types. But we soon caught up, and it was pleasant to have company on the lengthy switch backs up Bubb's and then Sphinx Creek. At about 7,400 feet, we took an early lunch break, and showing a complete absence of common sense, or even decency for that matter, started up the snowy canyon wall towards the Sphinx.

I had originally suggested that we cross over the creek a bit lower and work our way up on the rock slabs and dirt in between the snow patches. So up we went. I was immediately impressed by how the snow was nicely consolidated. The climbing was actually pleasant! (The Bubbler had graciously loaned me an ice ax.)

So, while B and S crossed over onto the dirt, I continued up the snow. Our fourth compatriot, Mark (I don't yet know him well enough to assign a stage name) stuck with me briefly, then decided to cross over to join the other two. I was convinced that the Sphinx was basically right at the top of my snow field, so I thought I'd just climb straight on up in the snow.

Well, I was wrong. About 400 feet from the top of my now rather steep hill, I got a view of the Sphinx off to my right and slightly

below me. Damn! Unfortunately, at that point the snow was rather soft, and careful route-finding was necessary to avoid a painful amount of post-holing.

I had no choice but to continue to the ridge top. I finished up as fast as I could, that is, slightly in excess of a banana slug's pace. I then quickly descended 500 feet to the base of the Sphinx's southern peak, and jogged (sort of) to the top to meet my friends who were now well rested and a little impatient after their 40-minute wait. I was more than a bit embarrassed!

The Stoic had scouted the start of the down climb to the notch between the two summits. He indicated that a rap would be necessary. I agreed, and quickly spotted a lovely rock horn that was God's gift to rappellers.

We dropped down the half rope length into the notch and considered our options. I don't quite know how it happened but somehow we decided that we needed to go down the east side of the notch. Why didn't we look west?

So we rigged another rap. I went first: and decided that we could easily climb down to what appeared to be the start of the climb by kicking steps into an unlikely looking fang of snow that protruded up the gully we needed to descend. I kicked happily on down, only slightly perturbed by the lengthy drop off below the base of our snow fang. I reassured myself that I could probably throw myself into the moat between the snow and rock if things looked dire. Probably. Mountain climbing is no fun if there's no exposure, anyway.

Everyone made it down to our stance safely, and I plugged in a bombproof anchor. The Stoic flaked out the rope, and up I went. The climbing was fun, probably not harder than 5.4 initially. I soon came to the ledge that I thought had been mentioned in the route description. I followed it to its end, an end that offered a nice view, lovely exposure, a stirring breeze, but was, nonetheless, a dead end. I backtracked, informed the crew of my findings, and proceeded up a likely looking

corner. Pleasant and stimulating 5.6 stemming and crack climbing ensued, leading to spacious blocks on the summit ridge. The Sphinx was ours!

Well, not quite. I brought up the Stoic, but we now had the amusing problem of getting the rope back down to the other two, a problem compounded by two intervening tree-like plants and swirling winds. But, with several mis-tries and much shouted information regarding wind speed and direction, the rope was twice slung down the 130-foot pitch, and first the B and then Mark came on up. The Bubbler talked almost non-stop during the entire pitch, discussing his lack of sufficient experience at technical rock, recounting previous experiences at rock climbing, and so forth, and so on, and so forth, and so on.

Everyone found the 5.6 crux to be a somewhat thought provoking effort when executed in mountain boots, but no one slipped. The view from the summit was pleasant but certainly not outstanding. This summit, the "nose" of the Sphinx, is actually the lower of the two. It looks better from below than it does from on top. A typical rock-climber's destination, I guess.

After the requisite summit photos and register signing ceremonies, our little group descended. By now, of course, we had discerned with keen hindsight the easy way up and proceeded to follow this route back down to the notch. To save time, I hoped, I set a very short rappel down a 20-foot drop off that would have been the only technical part of the ascent if we had been a bit more observant earlier. A few interesting fourth class moves then brought us back to the notch.

I eyed the low-angle but lichenous slabs that led up from the notch with deep suspicion. I asked the Stoic, who was carrying the rope, if he thought he could just "climb on up." "Sure," he replied casually. "Well," thought I, "I'm just being silly, then; just climb on up yourself." So I started on up. Naturally, halfway up, I

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answered that: a) mountain boots don't smear very well, b) lichen smears all too well, and c) there was a small bulge in my way. I didn't like it, but what can you do? I smeared my stiff boot soles, tried not to smear the lichen and pulled on over the bulge.

A few moves later I was back at that incredible rock horn. The rope was tossed up from below, of course, for the Stoic had repented on his earlier judgement about the ease of the lichenous slabs. I quickly brought the others up. We all were back on the south summit by 7 p.m.

The descent down the snowfield was just a joy. Conditions were perfect for just madly dashing down the hill. The Bubbler was ecstatic. He pulled out a plastic bag, sat down, and went whooping down the hill; his altimeter registered a maximum descent rate of 6,000 ft/hour.

Even for me, the descent was great fun. The soft snow cushioned every foot fall, even at a running pace. My more conservative style, however, didn't exceed a mere 4,600 ft/hour. but needless to say, we all got down to the trail in one helluva hurry.

Now, all that remained was the semi-infinite sequence of switchbacks back down to the Ring's Canyon, and, once again, the two flat miles out to Road's End. We hurried. There was beer at the end of the tunnel and we knew it.

The rocky switch backs on the Avalanche Pass trail fell behind us as Mark took a spill; we were all getting tired. But the going was easier now on the gentler forest dirt of the Bubbler's Creek switch backs.

Somehow, I ended up hiking the last two miles together with the Bubbler; the other two a few hundred yards behind. He talked continuously, and this time I was grateful for the distraction. My feet were screaming for relief. My right knee and groin were sore. My body just wasn't conditioned to this kind of workout yet. I would pay for this tomorrow, but right now I just wanted to finish.

But the usually horrible trail

through the Ring's Canyon was remarkably kind tonight; the ground was firm and air was sweet and not dusty. Through the fading glow of the day, I saw the rift of Copper Creek grow steadily larger as we approached. Gently carried by the flow of the Bubbler's words, we came to Road's End. Just another peak climb, just another day in the wild.

-David Ress

(Editor's note: Full credit for the headline should go to the author.)

Short steps on a weekend camping trip to Big Sur

BIG SUR was quite windy, but not cold during this June 10-11 weekend. As no peak was announced to be bagged, only a couple of people signed up. I must admit that Pfeiffer Big Sur is a huge campground that attracts mostly people who want to play music and chat until 2 a.m. around the fire.

Nevertheless, on the first day, we climbed up to Skinner Ridge Viewpoint (and some of us to Devils Peak) from Bottchers Gap. We enjoyed astounding views of the Ventana Wilderness mountains and the sea afar.

The trail was difficult to use at times, because of the new spring growth and lots of poison oak. The walk-in campground at Bottchers Gap does not have water, so it was almost completely deserted, yet open.

The second day, we took a shorter hike on the flat. In the Andrew Molera State Park, we followed the Bluffs trail to the Spring Trail, along the sea and onto the beach. The youngest person of the party, Tania Louise (2), did her debuts as an enthusiastic hiker (well, for 200 yards). The rest of the time, she was a 32-lb pack. No tick bites. Phew.

Participants: David Caldwell, Anouchka Gaillard, Peter Maxwell, Tania Maxwell and Debi Perry.

-Anouchka Gaillard

North Palisade ascended over Mermoial weekend

THE TRIP description in the Scree and on the e-mail broadcast generated responses from several people. On the trail we were four. I'd had very little luck convincing the other climbers (now they believe me) to leave early and pack in to Ion Chancy's cabin on Thursday evening. But I wasn't going to lose any sleep over it so I left Fremont Thursday morning and got to the Big Pine trailhead hiker parking lot after six that evening.

Reserved permits aren't required until June 29 this year so I filled out a self-issue permit with the campground host, dropped the pack at the end of the road, parked the car in the hiker parking lot and started walking back up to the pack. The trail which starts up from the end of the road is getting washed out and overgrown near the streams.

With this added bushwhacking it may be easier for the North Fork to just start up the trail from the hiker parking lot. Got to the cabin about eight and had a nice long restful night's sleep there on the porch while the rest of the group was driving the lonely highways 'til the wee hours of the morning and not reaching the cabin until nine on Friday.

Friday was a beautiful crystal clear sunny typical Sierra day. Past the cabin snow soon covered the trail. We trudged for a few hours trying to get our packs as high as possible for camp. Two of us stopped Around 11,800 feet at 2:30 p.m. and camped in the little tarn above Sam Mack Meadow.

The other two stopped an hour later at the meadow. The post-holing was particularly noticeable on the slope leading from the stream up to the meadow. We spent the next five hours melting snow, cooking, and gassing up for the next day.

There was no running water after

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crossing the stream at 10,500 feet, and then there we were digging down a few feet in the snow to find it.

Saturday was a grey overcast day with darker clouds that kept dropping lower. The two of us that had camped higher crossed the bergschmnd and took turns kicking steps in the deep snow up to the U-Notch.

The 'schrund wasn't a big problem with enough snow to walk across. We reached the notch about 10 a.m. and kept watching and waiting for the weather to give us a sign. The peaks were socked-in, with clouds blowing from the south through the notch.

To the north we could see several squalls below us. To the south we couldn't see anything most of the time. After about an hour and a half we got snowed off just as we were getting ready to go on belay. We'd thought we might at least go up the chimney while waiting for the weather.

The two pitches in the chimney had looked passably clear of snow, etc., with some ice in the first pitch. If continued snowing on and off as we went back to camp, where we found the other two waiting.

Later in the afternoon the sky cleared, mostly, with some clouds around the peaks and some snow squalls passing through. At times we wished we had stayed at the U-Notch and given it a try, but we had left some good snow steps for the next day.

Around camp we decided to forego T-bolt and take another run at North Pal on Sunday.

Sunday was mostly clear, with a few clouds around the peaks. We got back up to the U-Notch about 8 a.m., where some students from USCD soon joined us. The wind was chilly and the sun felt great when the clouds let it through.

We climbed slowly up the two pitches clearing snow and ice from some of the holds, making more work than usual. We carried our ice axes and crampons along-wearing the

crampons for the first pitch. In the past I've left both at the U-Notch.

By 1 p.m. four of us had climbed to the top of the 4th class chimney. One of the UCSD hopefuls had joined up with us and we went for the top. With the fresh snow everywhere we belayed much of the way to the summit, which is usually a scramble.

After a traverse we dropped down 80 feet on the south side of the ridge and then back up to the summit boulders. We got baked through this section, with clouds now widely scattered and the wind quiet on the south side.

The register was buried in a couple of feet of snow and eluded us despite a fair amount of poking around with an ice axe, but we have pictures for those who require proof.

We were back to the top of the chimney by 5:30 p.m., where we used two 120-foot, 8.5mm ropes tied together for two rappels. We were back to the U-Notch by 7:45 p.m..

Monday was clear and beautiful. We packed out to the cars by 11 p.m. and drove. Trip participants were Craig Clarence, Steve Shields, Tony Cmz, Jeff from UCSD, and myself.

— Joe Stephens

Split Mountain: the third easiest 14-er in California

RECENTLY I led a 3-day trip to Split Mountain, which was listed in Scree (but was postponed due to the long winter in the Sierras). One person accompanied me on the trip. We summited just after the noon hour on Saturday, June 10.

Driving in from Big Pine, we followed the Forest Service map and directions in a book called "California Fourteeners." We did not have the vehicle clearance to safely cross a culvert, so we had to park and bushwhack for a mile to get to the trail head.

Tinemaha Creek is high, but we were able to easily cross it. We did

not see another soul from the time we left Big Pine until the time we returned. However, there were tracks to the summit, which I estimate may have been left on Memorial Day weekend.

The trail is very steep and some route finding was required. Flowers were in exceptional full bloom everywhere including the trail itself, until we reached about 10,000 feet, where the snow cover was complete.

The snow was well consolidated all the way to the top. We camped in a wind-sheltered area next to Red Lake, at about 10,500 feet. The climb from Red Lake was completely on snow. There was a few-hundred foot class 3 section just before the summit slope that was the most exposed and dangerous part of the climb, although I would not consider it dangerous in dry conditions.

On the return, we carefully kicked steps and slowly descended this section. There were fantastic cornices near the route, between Split and Prater. The summit slope was a very pleasant march.

The view from the top was the finest I have ever seen in the mountains (I have climbed Whitney, Sill and Mt. Blanc in France). The back country was completely white except for protrusions of steep rock. Clear views of North Pal, Sill, Middle Pal, the Whites, the Inyos, Panamints... and a particularly impressive view of the Owens Valley were all part of a splendid panorama.

The view of the other side of Split was also wonderful. I have heard that Split is the easiest 14-er in California, next to Whitney. I would disagree; I think Langley is even easier than the Whitney trail, so Split should be no less than third easiest.

We found the climb was strenuous and I found it very much like my ascent of Shasta on April 1, 1994. Ideal weather made this ascent very enjoyable from start to finish.

— Tony Cruz



SPLIT MOUNTAIN

July 8-9

4,058 feet, class 3

organizer: Charles Schafer

Lo-organizer: Bob Suzuki

(408) 259-0772 h (eves)

topos: Split Mtn, Fish Springs

Saturday will be a routing adventure as we try to find our way to the trailhead, then the trail to Red Lake where we'll make camp. Sunday will be peak day, then we'll head on out. Since Split is at the southern end of the Palisades and right on the Sierra crest, we should get some rather spectacular views from the summit.

MT. HAECKEL

July 21-23

3,435 feet, class 3

Organizer(s) Phyllis Olrich

'50 Homer Ave.

Palo Alto, CA 94301-2907

(415) 3220323 (home)

thylliso@forsythe.stanford.edu

Debbie Benham

(415) 964-0558

Topos: Mt. Goddard (15') Mt. Darwin, Mt. Thompson (7.5')

From Lake Sabrina we'll hike up the Middle Fork of Bishop Creek to set up basecamp at Hungry Packer Lake on Friday. Saturday, we'll take the east ridge approach to the summit (bring a harness, just in case). If time permits, we'll also do Mt. Wallace (13,377 feet). All participants must sign a waiver. To reserve a spot, send \$3 (to cover permit fee) and contact information (name, address, phone, fax, email) to Phyllis at the above address.

MT. LYELL

July 29-31

13,114 feet, Class 2-3

with crampons and ice axe

Organizer(s): Debbie Benham

(415) 964-0558 h (until 10 p.m.)

Judith Yarborough

(415) 854-9288 h (until 10 p.m.)

Topo: Merced Peak

This peak is the high point of Yosemite National Park. We'll go up the regular route, cramponing our way up the Lyell Glacier, then proceed to the saddle between Lyell and Maclure. "From there to the top" (Roper). Snow gear required. All participants will be asked to sign a liability waiver. Eight on permit.

TEMPLE CRAG

August 5-6

12,999 feet, class 3

Organizer(s): Debbie Benham

(415) 964-0558 H;

dmbenham@aol.com

Charles Schafer

(408) 354-1545 H;

charles.schafer@octel.com

Topo: Big Pine 15'

We'll be climbing the southeastern chute which is 300' below the south side of Contact Pass. The chute leads to a large talus slope then a 50-foot section of Class 3 just beneath the summit. As we do not have a backcountry reservation, we'll try for either a N. Fork or S. Fork, Big Pine Creek, entry. Accepting four people for a total of six participants. All will be asked to sign a liability waiver.

DEERWORN, ERICSSON,

JUNCTION, EAST VIDETTE

Aug 10-14

13,888 feet, class 3 peaks

Hard class 2 cross country

Organizers: Aaron Schuman

(415) 390-1901 work;

schuman@sgi.com

Steve Eckert

(415) 508-0500;

eckert@netcom.com

Topos: Mt. Whitney, Mt. Pinchot

We enter Bubbs Creek on 8/10 and camp around East Lake. On 8/11 we move the packs to the lakes between Ericsson Crags and Mt Stanford, and climb Deerhorn if we have lots of time. On 8/12 we move the packs to the saddle, bag Ericsson, and drop around Caltech Peak to camp between Diamond Mesa and Caltech Peak. On 8/13 we move packs to Forester Pass and bag Junction Peak, then camp on the Bubbs Creek trail as close to East Vidette as possible. The last day we bag East Vidette and pack out.

To sign up, call or send email to Aaron for instructions.*

MT. RITTER/BANNER PEAK

August 18-20

13,157 feet, class 3

Organizer: Charles Schafer

(408) 3246003 W; (408) 354-

1545 H

Co-Organizer: Kelly Maas

(408) 279-2054 h; (408) 944-2078

Topo: Devil's Postpile 15'

According to Secor, Mt. Ritter is perhaps the most prominent peak in the High Sierra, and is located in one of the High Sierra's most scenic areas, so this trip promises to be nothing short of spectacular. We'll hike in on Friday to either Ediza or Nydiver Lake, then try for both peaks on

Continued on page !

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aturday. An ice axe will probably be required.

Eckert Note:

Each trip will require a \$10 appearance bond and your signature on a liability waiver. Different trips have different contact info, so read carefully! PCS members have reference until one month before the trip, when it is strictly first come first served. Your check will be cashed immediately (make it payable to the person you are Lending the SASE to), and you will receive a refund at the trailhead after permit expenses are deducted

CLASSIFIEDS

FREE PERMITS: 1) Sabrina Basin Trailhead 8 on permit. Entry date of 7/27, Thursday. 2) Upper Lye11 Canyon 8 on permit. Entry date of 7/29, Saturday. Please contact Debbie Benham, (h) 415196110558 for confirmation letter(s).

PARTNERS WANTED African Photo Safari and Kilimanjaro climb. Late Sept.-early Oct. We have a small party traveling to Africa to do the tourist route on Kilimanjaro then enjoy the "Out of Africa" experience in the game reserves. Interested? Call Tim Hult (408) 970-0760.

FOR SALE Wilderness permit for Kearsarge Pass. Aug 5, four people. I'm going to the Canadian Rockies this weekend and can't use it. Phone Tim Huh (408) 970-0760

FREE PERMIT Trailhead: Sabrina Lake. Party size: 8. Entry date: Thursday, July 27. Contact Debbie Benham (415) 964-0558 for confirmation letter.

FOR SALE: Stickers...4 x 11, white letters on green. HIKE TIL YOU PEAK and NATURE HAPPENS. \$2.00 each from Georgia, PO Box 2152, Sunnyvale, CA 94087-

Rope? Ice Axe? Not a problem with the California Mountaineering Club

T IRED OF not being able to go on Sierra Club trips with a rope or ice axe due to insurance requirements? Unable to find people who climb at your level? Here's another option: The California Mountaineering Club

The CMC, not to be confused with the Colorado Mountain Club with the same initials, was formed in 1990 as a small club of experienced mountaineers dedicated to promoting mountaineering throughout California, the Southwest, and Mexico.

CMC trips embody a spirit of independence, self-sufficiency, and fellowship. We want to share and nurture the love and skills of mountaineering in a small club, made up of climbing friends. To join, you are expected to be in good enough shape to do 3800 feet of gain and 20 miles "in good style, carrying all required equipment."

You should also know basic knots, belaying, and rappelling. You should be proficient at third class rock, crampons, using an ice axe for self arrest and glissading, etc.

The CMC is active in the high Sierra all year. To give you an idea of the offerings, here are a few of the trips the CMC has done or is doing in the early summer: June 17- 19 Langley, Corcoran, Cirque; June 22-25

Clarence King and others; June 24-25 Abbot and Starr, June 30-03 North Palisade, Thunderbolt; July 1- 3 Charybdis, McDuffie, Black Giant; July 1- 4 Whaleback, Glacier Ridge, Triple Divide; July 1- 4 Birch, Thumb, Bolton Brown; July 8- 9 Humphreys; July 8- 9 Prater, Bolton Brown; July 22-24 Three Teeth; July 22-28 Table, Midway, Milestone July 22-30 Gannett; July 29-30 Sill, Gayley

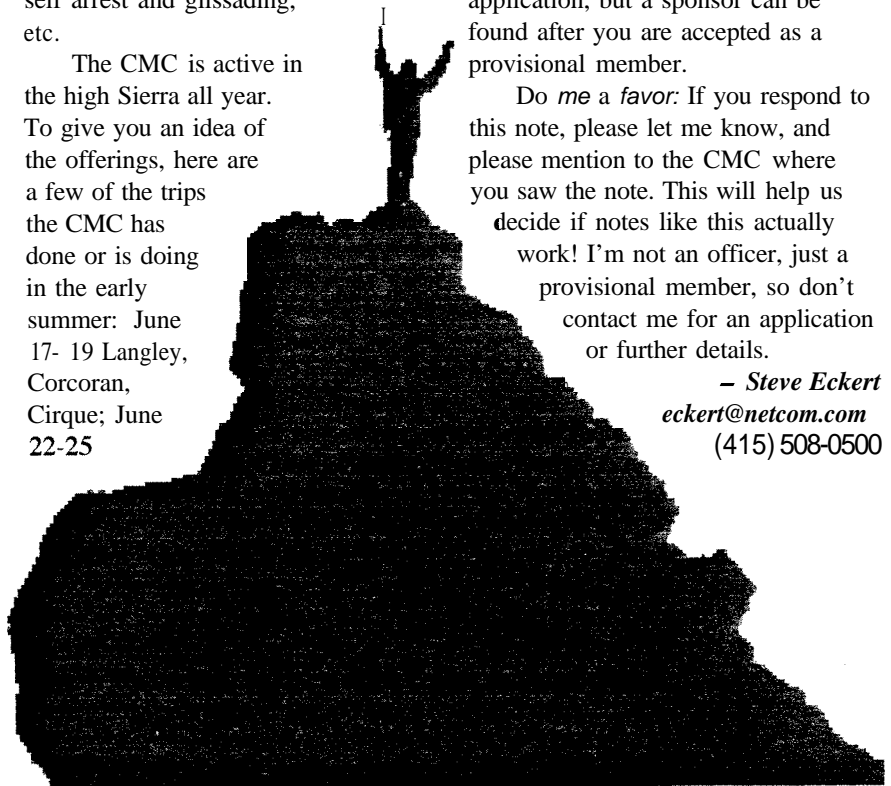
You get the picture - it's a full schedule.

To get a sample newsletter, with full trip listings, send \$2.50 to California Mountaineering Club, PO. Box 5623, Pasadena, CA 91117-0623. Membership is \$10/year plus a one-time \$10 application fee, but you must fill out a satisfactory application prior to admission.

Send a SASE to the address above if you wish to apply. The CMC requires that you sign a liability waiver, and does not allow non-members to participate in trips. You will need a member to sponsor your application, but a sponsor can be found after you are accepted as a provisional member.

Do me a favor: If you respond to this note, please let me know, and please mention to the CMC where you saw the note. This will help us decide if notes like this actually work! I'm not an officer, just a provisional member, so don't contact me for an application or further details.

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



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Scree is the monthly journal of the Peak Climbing Section of the Sierra Club, Loma Prieta Chapter. Subscriptions are \$10 per year. Checks, payable to the PCS, should be mailed to the treasurer, Phyllis Olrich. 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, 789 Daffodil Way, San Jose, CA 95117; (408) 247-6472 (h), (408) 257-7910 x3613 (w)

PCS meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month. See Scree for 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.

Deadline for August issue: Tuesday, July 25

INTERNET

PCS **email** Broadcast Information: eckert@netcom.com
General Sierra Club Net News: alt.org.sierra-club
General Sierra Club Web Page: <http://www.sierraclub.org>



**Peak Climbing Section
789 Daffodil Way
San Jose, CA 95117**



"Vy can't ve chust climb?" -- *John Salathe*

First Class Mail