



World Wide Web Address: <http://lomaprieta.sierraclub.org/pcs/>

## General Meeting



**Date:** Tuesday, Aug 9th  
**Time:** 7:30 PM  
**Where:** Peninsula Conservation Center  
 3921 E. Bayshore Rd.  
 Palo Alto, CA  
*(see below for directions)*

**Program:** *Trekking in Bhutan by Linda Smith*

I will be showing slides from a trek I took in the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan in April, 2003. Starting in the airport town of Paro, we viewed the Tsechu, a Buddhist dance festival, then walked over several high passes to the remote village of Laya – passing Chomolhari, as well as some unclimbed peaks, villages, and monasteries. This slide show is rated R.

**Directions:** From 101: Exit at San Antonio Road, go east to the first traffic light, turn left and follow Bayshore Rd to the PCC on the corner of Corporation Way. A sign marking the PCC is out front. Park behind.

## Seven Summits Training Camp

*[thanks to Kelly Maas who saw this tidbit in the American Alpine Club E-News June 2005]*

Snowbird resort in Utah is planning a five-day clinic in August for rookie mountaineers with cash to burn. For a mere \$8,400.00, Snowbird Expeditions will teach rudimentary mountain skills in a luxurious setting (gourmet meals, recovery in Snowbird's Cliff Lodge spas, helicopter approach to basecamp and climbs, etc.) and will feature 1-to-1 guide to student ratios with courses led by some of the most experienced Himalayan mountaineers, including: David Breashears, Apa Sherpa, Willie and Damian Benegas, and Amy Bullard. The first camp is August 12-16. See [www.snowbirdx.com](http://www.snowbirdx.com) for more information.

## Save Clair Tappaan Lodge!

At its May meeting, the Loma Prieta Chapter Executive Committee authorized a challenge grant to help save Clair Tappaan Lodge. \$100,000 must be raised by the end of September or the Club will begin steps to sell the property. Contributions can be either tax-deductible or non-deductible. Follow the instructions at [www.savectl.org](http://www.savectl.org). If you contribute via credit card, please advise [marybobcat@yahoo.com](mailto:marybobcat@yahoo.com) of your donation.

## High Route TransSierra: Shepherd Pass to Wolverton [~50 miles, +12,000']

By Stephane Mouradian

Dates: April 17-22 2005

This was a private trip. Trip participants were all proclaimed co-leaders: Andy Hudson, Denise Hart, John Cordes, Steve Stewart, and myself.

It all started with a long drive and a complicated car shuttle. We left one car at Wolverton and were fortunate enough to have a volunteer driver (Diane Gleason) drive our rented minivan around the southern tip of the Sierras to take us to Symnes Creek trailhead near Independence. Loaded with 5 packs and 5 pairs of skis, we easily filled up the van.

Day 1 Sunday April 17

We started up the trail (~6000') with 6 days worth of food and skis strapped to the packs. The trail quickly became run over by debris from a huge avalanche that had run down the Symnes drainage. An amazing sight but also fair warning of the power of the mountains. We skinned up for a while, and then walked again; we reached Anvil Camp (~10,000') around 4pm. Despite our best efforts we could not find running water and had to melt snow. This was not an encouraging sign for our first camp and it got some of us concerned. In the end, this was the one and only camp of the entire trip where we had to melt snow. Each person on the trip was carrying one liter of white gas; we shared 3 MSR stoves between the 5 of us. Nighttime temp felt cold, 10F or below.

Day 2 Monday April 18

We skied up in the direction of Shepherd pass (~12,000'), which we crested around noon. We kicked steps with ice axe (or ski in hand for some of us) over the pass. Only 2 of the group had ice axes; I would recommend taking one for this trip. John kicked a nice set of steps for the rest of us. We stopped for lunch in the warm sun while admiring Milestone Peak (the next day's goal) in the distance. We headed down the easy slopes toward the Kern drainage. We crossed the Kern River and skinned up the lower part of Milestone creek's drainage. We set camp at 5:30pm with plenty of running water. Another very cold night...

Day 3 Tuesday April 19

Another 2000' climb, this time toward Milestone Pass, the high point of the trip (~13,000'). While approaching Milestone, I chose the approach on the East Ridge (rocky ridge right of the gully) while the rest of the group zigzagged up the gully (we are all

co-leaders!). By luck I found a set of fairly recent steps approaching the pass, which made the steep approach to the pass easier and safer. Still, I found myself thinking about every step while traversing with full pack and skis. We reached Milestone pass around noon in deteriorating weather, light snow and strong, cold wind. A rewarding (too short?) ski down Milestone bowl brought us below Colby Pass. Andy grabbed a pack and all the water bottles and brought fresh water for all of us. The snow stopped around 6pm

Day 4 Wednesday April 20

We climbed over the prominent ridge extending South of Colby pass in the direction of Triple Divide. We then headed for a tedious "one leg" traverse around the bowl just below the Great Western Divide. This was a crystal clear day and the bowl was an oven. I suspect this is where I sun burned my tongue and the inside of my mouth. We reached Triple Divide Pass (12,200') by early afternoon. Some of us relaxed at the pass while Andy and Denise marched up the ridge toward Triple Divide Peak. They were making good time but reached an exposed section and eventually turned around. The rest of us had an easy ski down to Glacier Lake for a fairly high camp (11,700'). This amazing spot overlooked the entire Cloud Canyon. Andy called this one of the "mandatory yoyo" slopes. We enjoyed a beautiful run and fairly good snow. It did not take long to drop 1200' but it sure was fun!

Glacier Lake is a notorious cold spot because of the elevation. As the sun was setting, some of us aborted the outdoor dinner and retreated into Andy's Megamid. Although I had brought my two person Stephenson tent on the trip, I really came to enjoy the roomy Megamid as a place to spend a social evening. We were able to find snow melt (water) *under* the snow *on top* of the thick ice layer on the lake.

Day 5 Thursday April 21

Easy climb to Copper Mine Pass (~12,000') on skins for a change. Unlike the other passes, the steep access was on the West side. Andy scouted the best possible route. We decided to walk down a steep and narrow couloir following some fairly recent footsteps. Coming down with full packs and skis on our backs, we decided to shuttle ice axes for safety. All of us felt safer actually down climbing the steep part of the couloir. I went up and down 3 times shuttling the ice axes and know the place well now...

On the West side of Copper Mine, we contoured the giant 4000' bowl called Deadman Canyon. We visited Elisabeth Pass (11,400') on the Kings Kaweah Divide and headed down from there for the second "mandatory yoyo" down Deadman Canyon. Never skied such a huge bowl before; we probably dropped about 1500'.

We picked up our packs and skied up and over Fin Pass (11,300') toward Lonely Lake, our last camp with a view of the Tablelands. It felt noticeably warmer that evening, warm enough to eat outside. John recorded a balmy 17F...

Day 6 Friday April 22

All downhill from here! (almost...) We headed up the Tablelands and took the time to visit the corniced ridge above Big Bird Lake. We then followed the Kaweah for an easy and fun ski down the bumpy drainage. Rather than follow the up and down summer trail, Andy suggested continuing down the drainage below Pear Lake Hut to the gauging station and climb from there. This route made us lose more elevation but bypassed the up and downhill in the trees between Pear, Emerald and Heather Lakes. From the top, we skied down toward Wolverton. For the first time on the entire trip, we somewhat lost our way in the trees, ironically so close to our goal. As we reached Wolverton, the predicted weekend storm kicked in with a fairly dense snowfall (2 pm). Perfect timing! Some of us could not help but contemplate turning around for some fresh powder runs above Pear Lake though...

Andy retrieved the stashed beer from the bear box; we managed to fit the 5 of us in John's Volvo, and headed for Fresno's Chipotle restaurant (Andy's childhood hang out for fine Mexican cuisine, sort of ...).

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## Liberty Ridge, Mt Rainier

### Part 2 of 2

Date Climbed: May 13, 2005

By: Scott Edlin [edlins@yahoo.com]

*[This trip report was first published on SummitPost.org and is reprinted with permission from the author]*

We joined the ropes and picked a probably line about twelve feet high, at around 65 degrees, and I grabbed my alpine tool and the screws.

By this time it was around noon, the sky was mostly white, and a light snow was beginning to fall. Jim

built an anchor and belayed me over to the line. I placed one screw as high as I could, clipped it, and started up. I don't consider myself to be much of an ice climber, so my plan was to flash the line as quickly as possible without stopping to place any pro. The route was not very high, the landing was soft snow, I had a belay anchor, and one good screw in, so I attacked. About five minutes later I pulled over and collapsed into the soft snow above the ice. After catching my breath, I hiked up about twenty feet and set an anchor to bring up the rest. The snow was soft, so I placed a deadman picket, my axe, and my tool and equalized them before putting Jim on a munter hitch on the anchor (bad call). Jim started up and fell. The anchor held. He started up again and fell again. The anchor held. He started up one more time and fell one more time. Very quickly the entire anchor setup ripped from the soft snow and suddenly I was accelerating towards the edge dragging a picket, axe, and tool.

One foot from the edge, the pull stopped as Jim hit the soft snow below the route. "Nice arrest!" Jim said as he stood up and brushed off the snow. I opted to not tell him at that moment that I actually didn't arrest the fall. This time I built the anchor right. I placed a screw in the strong ice at the top of the 'schrund, built a similar anchor behind me (picket, axe, and tool, dynamically equalized), planted my feet solidly behind the lip of the ice, and belayed him off my harness. In this arrangement I was able to hold him on top rope without even weighting the anchor, leaving it as a backup. Jim climbed to the top with a few falls, followed by Jessica and then John, each taking several falls as well. Then we were up. It took too long, but we had only snow slopes and white skies above.

The snow was falling more heavily, the wind was picking up, and it was around 1pm. As visibility declined, we ascended. Fortunately, there were no great obstacles to overcome and before long we were standing on a local maxima. We were on Liberty Cap at 1:39 PM. Now we had to navigate in what was quickly becoming a whiteout to the connecting saddle between the top of Curtis Ridge and the summit craters. Jim pointed me in the general direction and we walked into the white. I could only see a few feet and avoided sharp drops by watching the bits of snow I kicked in front of me as I walked. When they started disappearing, I turned. I would walk for a while in a direction and when I got off the bearing Jim would tug the rope to get my attention and point with his axe. This seemed to go on forever in a white world without sight or sound. Between my obstacle avoidance and Jim's compass

navigation, we eventually got to a relatively flat area where my altimeter read 13800 feet. It was now 4:30 PM and we had been climbing for fifteen hours. Jim made the excellent call to end the march and setup camp before we were completely spent. At this point we were enveloped in a ground blizzard and put all our efforts into building shelter. Having read trip reports of disaster resulting from lost and destroyed tents, we worked together to minimize risk. We got the VE25 and the Trango 2 up without problems, anchored them with pickets, and crawled in. Having two stoves, we put one in each tent's vestibule and separately melted snow, made dinner, and went to bed. I was glad I had lugged my fleecy pants and down jacket all the way up as I wore them in my bag Friday night.

*As my pick scraped at the hard slab under sliding snow I felt tension on the rope. I slowed and the snow continued to pass by me. As soon as it had started, it was over and I was in arrest on the sliding layer, tied to a tensioned rope, with the sound of several tons of sliding snow dumping into the broken crevasse field below.*

Saturday morning I woke up to a headache, the sound of high winds and blowing snow, and a Jennifer Lopez lower lip. We were still in a whiteout. As I dug around for my Advil, Jim jumped out and started shoveling out the Trango 2. The vestibules had nearly completely collapsed from blown snow, and one side was drifted up pretty well, but both tents had held out. As I was getting my gear on, I heard "Blue Sky!!". Jim was seeing breaks in the weather and we would be able to confirm our location. I joined him as the clouds were intermittently breaking. As Jim, John, and Jessica broke camp, I hiked over to a saddle which turned out to be our destination from the evening before which we had missed by only a few hundred feet. Knowing that we might lose visibility again and still had to negotiate the Emmons-Winthrop Glacier route (which we had not ascended and were unfamiliar with), we got moving as quickly as we could. However, because we slept in after our long summit day, we didn't leave camp until 10 AM. I could see the clouds below, blanketing the region in growing cumulus threats. We roped into one team, headed for the saddle, and decided to head down a depression to the east (very bad call).

*"PUT IN A PICKET!! PUT IN A PICKET!!" I yelled as I grabbed one from the side of my pack, whipped it over my head, jabbed it in, and clipped it directly to my harness in about one quarter of a second. "ARE YOU OKAY!?! IS EVERYONE OKAY!?!"* was answered by three confirmations. We were okay.

The actual Emmons-Winthrop route descends to the northeast on a higher area between the two glaciers. We were descending into the crevasse field between the Winthrop Glacier and the Russel Cliffs. This is not a good place to be. All the while, visibility was coming and going, but never giving us a complete look at where we were headed. After descending from the saddle about 500 feet, we got a good look at where we were headed and it was ugly. Broken crevasses, old avalanche slides, cliffs and rockfall littered the depression. We had to work further east. We decided to cross cut the slope we were descending in order to get back on route (terrible call). I started the traverse and after maybe one hundred feet stopped to take a one minute breather. I kicked my feet in for a rest and that was when the entire slope cut loose. The break was deeper than an axe (two to three feet), maybe one hundred feet wide, and ran down thousands of feet into the broken crevasses. I had been very near the top, had slid about fifty feet, and had not been buried. Jim had seen the fracture shoot over to and above him and was caught in side of the slide. Jessica was pulled down a short ways and managed to get a good self arrest. When John heard the yelling he stabbed the spike of his axe as deep as he could and braced himself. Tension came on the entire rope, between all of us, and John had held it. He didn't end up weighting the axe but held the remaining tension with his legs. We had team arrested an avalanche that saved my life.

Rather than take any more chances, we climbed a couple hundred feet back straight up the slope above and to the right of the slide area until the slope mellowed to under the critical angle and became more stable. Again we cut across knowing that our only way out was by reaching the Emmons-Winthrop. This time we made it quickly and without excitement to the higher area on the northeast slope of the summit. We picked our way down the route in intermittent visibility and got our first glances at Steamboat Prow and Camp Schurman. On lead, I punched through several soft snow bridges but never sank deeper than my waist. Fortunately we never had to set up a rescue pulley. We made pretty good time going down, but knee deep post holing kept us at a modest rate. About halfway down I noticed a large (50 foot) crevasse lip/ice cliff off to my right and a similar one to the left. Ahead appeared to be a gentle convex slope but I noticed that the little snowballs coming off my feet were disappearing. I stopped about 50 feet above this point and realized we'd have to climb back up and make a long end run right. We reversed the team, John lead us around,

and onto safer slopes. The lower we got the better the conditions got. Eventually we had clear conditions and an excellent view of the rest of our descent.

We reached Camp Schurman around 6 PM and took a short break. Then it was up and over the pass to Interglacier. Below the safety of the Prow, we unroped and plunge stepped down the snow. There were fresh boot tracks and ski tracks all over. I fantasized about strapping on my Recon Riser and slopping out wet slushy turns all the way down.. Instead, we plunged knee deep about halfway until we ran into the first other people we'd seen in three and a half days. After chatting for a bit, we plunged down to the steepest section of the slope. Spotting a glissade path, I flopped down in it, pushed off, and enjoyed the most satisfying glissade of my natural born life. We dropped almost one thousand feet in minutes and the sheer joy was indescribable. We continued to Camp Glacier Basin, met another group, and chatted some more. A sweet angel among their group offered me a chocolate chip cookie, and it was the reward of the whole trip for me. I can't thank her enough for that simple cookie which I split with Jim. Three miles later we were back at the car at 8:30 PM. The whole ordeal had taken almost exactly three and a half days. On those days we had hiked nine and a half hours the first, nine hours the second, fifteen the third, and ten and a half the fourth. Forty four hours of climbing with a fifty pound pack and several very close calls left us fairly depleted, but we had survived.

When I first climbed the Kelso Ridge of Torrey's Peak in winter, I jokingly said "Now I am a man". After Liberty Ridge, I know I am just a child, and a foolish lucky one at that. I gained immeasurable experience and have new views on mountaineering and alpinism that will guide my choices and decisions for the rest of my climbing career. In the best of conditions, this climb might be grueling. In the worst, terrifying. I feel as though I have been taught very important lessons which I will remember forever, and I am grateful that my instructor was as forgiving as she was.

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### **North Palisade, 14242 ft**

U-Notch and Chimney variation; snowclimbing and rock climbing up to 5.5

By: Arun Mahajan

Dates: July 2-4, 2005

*[This report was first published on climber.org and is reprinted with permission by the author]*

"Go right, go right", shouted Rick Booth. It is always a good thing to get beta of this sort from someone who has been up a complex summit before and who happens to be climbing with you and you are staring at the summit area and wondering about the best way up. So, hearing Rick Booth shout instructions like these made us take the correct way. But what was completely unusual about this was that Rick happened to be shouting these instructions from the nearby fourteen thousand foot summit of Polemonium!

Rewinding back just a bit, Scott Kreider and I, Arun Mahajan, slogged up the four thousand feet plus on Saturday morning to get to the so-called Gayley Camp in about eight and half hours.

Big Pine Creek has a lot of water in this heavy-snow year and Sam Mack Meadow was under snow. It required a bit of route finding from Sam Mack to Gayley Camp and the soft snow and heavy packs caused a lot of post-holing. At camp, but climbing on separate permits than us, were our friends, Rick and Dee Booth, Rick's friend, Al Peery (1000+ climbs at J Tree!) and Robert Yang. It is a great campsite and despite the amounts of snow, there were enough bivy spots for all of us and even water dripping from the snow nearby.

Sunday morning, we started off early, with myself, Scott and Dee in the leading group at about 6am. Ice-axe/crampons were needed right away. We circled the glacier-bowl from the left and reached the top of the bergschrund at the base of the U-Notch at 7.45am. We tried to probe going over the schrund on the right but the bridge was too weak but we were able to carefully work our way from the left, first circling then over the lip onto a catwalk and then over the top lip. Even though there was a lot of snow, it was brittle. This is definitely a no-fall zone. After some careful and strenuous climbing, especially the last 100 feet below the actual headwall-like top of the notch, we were there and it was about 10am then. Right way, in unison, we decided that we would rather rap the U-Notch than downclimb it on our return. As we got set up for climbing the two pitch chimney, Rick and Al came up as well. Rick and Dee decided to do Polemonium and Scott, myself and Al, all of us who had not done North Pal before, decided to head for it. Scott took the first pitch and used his two-rope system (60m, 9.5mm) and got Al and I to the end of the first pitch (marked by slings). I took the second pitch. It is easier and probably correct, on this pitch to go right of the mid-way chockstone but since I did not know,

I went left. This was not very difficult either, maybe 5.5 or 5.6.

This got me almost to the summit ridge. After Al and Scott came up on belay, Al decided to trail a rope on the ridge. This is an excellent alpine setting with lots of snow and is on top of the higher, 'hanging' plateau of NP1 that one can see from the east side and is north of the U-Notch. Al led, staying on the right of the ridge most of the time and ended almost a full rope length away and then belayed us both simultaneously. There is a slab crossing in this section that has a high pucker factor because even though there is good friction on the slab, there are very few holds for hands and feet. After getting to Al, we went ropeless, now on the west side of the ridge, dropping a little below the ridgeline till the main summit area where we initially went left on a ramp and it was there that Al turned around and lo! we could see Rick and Dee on the summit of Polemonium. Al yelled out, "Rick, left or right?" and it was then that Rick shouted back, "Go right". Sure enough, after going right, we were at the summit blocks and a weird class-4 move was needed to get to the real summit.

Scott and Al, taller than me, could step into the chimney/crack and using their right arm and chicken-wing up but I had some difficulty but Al offered me a hand and I was soon on the top. Finally! The register was missing from the can. I wonder if it is the same cheeky beggar we read about on the mailing lists, who has been pilfering registers? There is an outstanding view from the top. We saw and even heard a couple of people on Starlight's Milkbottle. Al found a rap station just a little south and west of the summit and we rapped to the ramp mentioned above. This time, at the ridge traverse we did not need a belay and just walked across. It didn't seem as intimidating this time. Two raps got us down to the notch and we were pleasantly surprised to see Rick and Dee waiting for us there. We all started down together. They had a double rope system also. So, 4 ropes, 5 people. Plus, Rick volunteered to down climb the couloir...sounded like an ideal setup to get down quickly, but this was not to be. Smaller diameter double ropes tend to tangle quickly so we took an inordinate amount of time getting down. At one point, the absolute tip of one end of Scott's rope got stuck in the rap station and Scott had to climb up to retrieve it. We all rapped over the schrund. Due to the lack of sun and the cold wind, the snow in the couloir had hardened but the walk back to camp was painful because of the postholing as the snow in the glacier bowl, being in the sun so long, was softer.

Finally, we got back to camp just as it got dark, making it a really full day.

The next day, Monday, we woke up late and hiked out, splitting up as the carpools dictated.

*Gear notes: Ice axe/crampons/helmet mandatory.*

*Rock gear: Take a lot of slings and some throwaway ones in case the existing slings at the rap stations are worn but they looked good when we were there. We had taken a whole set of stoppers, some Aliens and Camalots up to #3 (single set).*

The description in Secor and Fiddler/Moynier is correct but details on the ridge traverse are sketchy. Once on the ridge, it is not too hard to find the way. The slab on the ridge is severely exposed. On the ridge, stay east after the 2nd Chimney-pitch till past the slab and switch over west when close to a tall gendarme and then squeeze through this gendarme and another slab on the west. Continue west and downward to a left going ramp and then turn right to go to the summit area. The two rock pitches could be rated 5.0 and 5.4 if going right or 5.5 if going left while climbing up). The Chimney which has these two pitches begins right at the notch, straight up. Don't go right or left.

*Thanks to Rick Booth for his report of the climb that he did with Dee in 2000 and for all the route beta and to everybody else for their fine company and assistance along the way.*

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#### Private Trips

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

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**Date:** August 5-7, 2005

**Mt Gabb (13,741') and Mt Hilgard (13,361')**

**Contacts:** Bob Suzuki, [suzukiR@sd-star.com](mailto:suzukiR@sd-star.com)

Dee Booth, [dlbooth813@sbcglobal.net](mailto:dlbooth813@sbcglobal.net)

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**Date:** August 12-28, 2005

**Huayna Potosi (19,974') and Nevado Illimani (21,200')**

**Near La Paz, Boliva**

**Contact:** Dan Tupper, 408-742-8693,

[Dan.tupper@lmco.com](mailto:Dan.tupper@lmco.com)

**Date:** August 12-14, 2005, Fri-Sun

**Mt Hooper (12,349'), Mt Senger (12,286')**

**Contact:** Kelly Maas, 408-478-5311, [kellylanda@sbcglobal.net](mailto:kellylanda@sbcglobal.net); looking for coleader.

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**Date:** August 27-29, 2005

**Mt Humphreys (13,986'), Mt Goethe (13,264')**

**Contacts:** Bob Suzuki, [suzukiR@sd-star.com](mailto:suzukiR@sd-star.com)

Bill Kirkpatrick, [wmkirk@earthlink.net](mailto:wmkirk@earthlink.net)

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**For the following 3 trip listings, please contact:**

Warren Storkman, 650-493-8959, [dstorkman@aol.com](mailto:dstorkman@aol.com)

^**Date:** October 1, 2005 (15 day trek)

**Trek/Climb in the Mt Everest area, Nepal**

^**Date:** January 14, 2006

**Kilimanjaro, Tanzania [optional safari following]**

^**Date:** May 2006

**Mt Kailas in Tibet, or, Meno Nani (7728m) in Tibet**

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## Glen Dawson: On the Sharp End

Glen Dawson, frequent climbing partner of Norman Clyde, Frances Farquhar, Robert Underhill, Jules Eichorn, and Walter Brem, agreed to an interview via phone and email several months ago. I was hoping to meet him in person this June, but, not to be and I was truly disappointed. I was hoping for a picture! Glen Dawson currently lives in Pasadena and is 94 years old. He began his climbing career in 1926 at the age of 16. Oftentimes, Glen climbed without rope, without equipment, BUT(!) he did wear tennis shoes: "I used tennis shoes, and many used basketball shoes. We had manila rope because nylon rope was developed during the war. With use, manila rope became more pliant."

Glen was a member of the first ascent team [Underhill, Clyde, Dawson, Eichorn] on Mt Whitney's East Face, and he remarked that while Underhill led the Fresh Air traverse, he was the primary lead for the entire climb. Additionally, a big fad back then (early '30's) was to downclimb challenging routes, and, this is just what they did. Their first ascent of Thunderbolt Peak (which they named, by the way, and can you guess why?) "...was one of the high points of my climbing," says Glen. Clyde led this group, along with newbies Glen and Jules, starting from Temple Crag and linking N Pal to Starlight to the last pinnacle, now known as Thunderbolt.

Glen climbed quite a bit with legendary Jules Eichorn. Both thought that '...a leader's real security

still lay in his or her stance, grip and fluid motion on the rock and by keeping within the limits of gymnastic security and rock quality.' [Ways to the Sky, Andy Selters, p.95, 2004 Ed.] Glen reported, "Jules and I were about the same age. He was from San Francisco and I, from Los Angeles. We first met on the 1927 Sierra High trip, but, really did not climb together until 1930. We considered ourselves coleaders. When climbing, we usually alternated leading to save time in changing belay stances. We met only a few times after 1935, but kept in touch by mail." When asked about climbing with the one and only Norman Clyde, Glen sort of chuckled, "Clyde was slow moving and deliberate. He carried a mass of equipment! Jules and I preferred to climb together with a minimum of equipment and move fast. Jules got along better with Clyde than I did and often, Jules hired Clyde to go along when Jules ran trips for boy's clubs to the High Sierra."

After a visit to Austria and Germany in 1935-36, Glen convinced the Sierra Club to adopt a set of rock climbing grades, adopted from the quasi-Welzenbach System, which we use to this day. Glen was quite humble when questioned about this and remarked several times that "...all I did was write a series of letters. I wrote an article for Francis Farquhar which was published in Sierra Club Bulletin [see SierraClub website for detailed reference on bulletins dated from 1927-1939]."

Glen stopped climbing in 1938. A good friend and fellow climber, Bill Rice, died while climbing Le Grand Teton that year, and, following this, Glen married.

Thanks for the time Glen and I know, soon, we'll meet ☺ --Debbie Benham, editor



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**Scree** is the monthly journal of the Peak Climbing Section of the Sierra Club, Loma Prieta Chapter.

Our official website is [http:// lomaprieta.sierraclub.org/pcs/](http://lomaprieta.sierraclub.org/pcs/)

## Subscriptions and Email List Info

Hard copy subscriptions are \$13. Subscription applications and checks payable to "PCS" should be mailed to the Treasurer so they arrive before the last Tuesday of the expiration month. If you are on the official email list ([lomap-pcs-announce@lists.sierraclub.org](mailto:lomap-pcs-announce@lists.sierraclub.org)) or the email list the PCS feeds ([pcs-issues@climber.org](mailto:pcs-issues@climber.org)), you have a free EScree subscription. For email list details, send "info lomap-pcs-announce" to "[listserv@lists.sierraclub.org](mailto:listserv@lists.sierraclub.org)", or send anything to "[info@climber.org](mailto:info@climber.org)". EScree subscribers should send a subscription form to the Treasurer to become voting PCS members at no charge. The Scree is on the web as both plain text and fully formatted Adobe Acrobat/PDF.

## Rock Climbing Classifications

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, rope may be used.

Class 4: Requires rope belays.

Class 5: Technical rock climbing.

Deadline for submissions to the next Scree is Wed, July 27. Meetings are the second Tuesday of each month.



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

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

**First Class Mail - Dated Material**