



Rock Rendezvous: Volume 13; Issue 7: July 2003

Rock Rendezvous

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June Meeting Notes

By Kevin Kachadourian

The June meeting of the Rock Rendezvous was at the stylish apartment of Ricardo Lagos in San Francisco. Our illustrious president, Simon was back at the helm (and not a moment too soon), and after the requisite remarks were made about the pussy, we got down to business.

Reports of recent trips included skiing at the City of Rocks. It seems there was a lot of snow there, which put a spin on the climbing goals of Craig, Sabine, and Pat. Meanwhile, it wasn't snowing in Yosemite, and 18 people squeezed into 1 1/2 sites. There was a small accident in the group, during which a camera was shattered, and a Motorola walkie talkie proved its worth by surviving the fall. Over at Lover's Leap, Carolyn battled the heat to lead Pop Bottle (which led to a long discussion about the 5.6 rating). She had such a grand time, that she was planning on going back the following weekend, so look for another trip report (Bear's Reach, Haystack, Corrugation Corner?)... [comment added later by editor Carolyn – no, none of those climbs (they are on my list) but whilst on lead I did manage to hand-jam a crack which was already occupied ...by a rattlesnake! I have to admit my response was somewhat feisty! I

am not sure which was the most scared – me on finding the crack 'moved' or the snake on finding my fist rather inconveniently invading its home! I always knew I hated crack climbing!]

In the upcoming trips department, Adan was leaving for France the weekend after the meeting for a Summer in Europe. Anyone wishing to climb with him, should email him to make arrangements. Bruce and Em are planning a trip to Cascade Creek, off highway 108 near the Sonora Pass, for the weekend of June 21-22 (maybe already passed [yes! I am putting this together on June 25th – Carolyn]). Potter's Rock and So So Slab are in their plans. They will be staying at the primitive campsites off a Forest Service road just past the standard campground. The second annual Fourth of July Courtwright Reservoir trip is being organized by Simon. If you have not already received notices on this trip, contact Simon.

With the discussion of trips finished the only business left was regarding the newsletter. Carolyn thanked all who contributed to the newsletter, and, as always, called for pictures and articles. The group took a short

break while Amy undressed and played with the pussy, after which Allen gave a fascinating presentation on chiropractics, and how it relates to climbing.

There is definitely something to be gained in considering the effect of posture, musculature, and the nervous system on your ability to cruise up those 5.11s (or in my case, those 5.5s). Allen's presentation was complete with a powerpoint presentation (managed by his able IT specialist, Mei), a spine (which apparently was not anyone we knew), and a copious

supply of muscle relaxant. Sadly, there were no free adjustments (at least none by Allen - there was some moaning from another room).

As with the last meeting, the evening ended with a video, which I missed completely, due to the siren call of my motorcycle.

Thanks to Allen for the informative presentation (everyone's posture improved vastly just listening), and to Ricardo for hosting.

and Introducing...

Unsuspecting potential new members interviewed by Kevin Kachadourian....

Sierra Boyd.

Sierra Boyd's evasiveness towards this interviewer's questions was well concealed under the cover of a warm and ready laugh. A friend of Adam's, Sierra denied being a spy for the Cragmont Climbing Club, and remained elusive for the entire interview. She climbs at Berkeley Iron Works, and outdoors, and is waiting for Summer and an opportunity to learn to lead. Sierra might

have moved to the Bay Area in 1990, before which she definitely lived somewhere else. She may also like to ski. Finally, Sierra admitted to loving kittys, and told me that she did take her mother and an aunt to Grand Canyon recently. Well, whomever you really are, Sierra, welcome to Rock Rendezvous, keep laughing (with this crew, you'll need it), and we expect to hear glorious tales of your leads later this season.

Shasta!

By John Lechmanik



On May 21, 2003 I drove up to Mt. Shasta for my first mountaineering trip in over 20 years. It was a very hot drive with

temperatures in Redding in the upper 90's. I hit Mt. Shasta around dinner time and found it covered in snow and found the snow level down to about 5,000 feet. It was a warm night at the parking lot (approximately elevation 6,920) and a hit of things to come.

The next morning my partner (Russ) arrived and we divided up the group gear and started the long walk. Due to the high snow fall (approximately 17 feet deep) snowshoes were the call. We started around 10am and worked our way up to the Sierra Club Cabin at Horse Camp (8,000 feet). The Sierra Cabin was completely buried under snow.

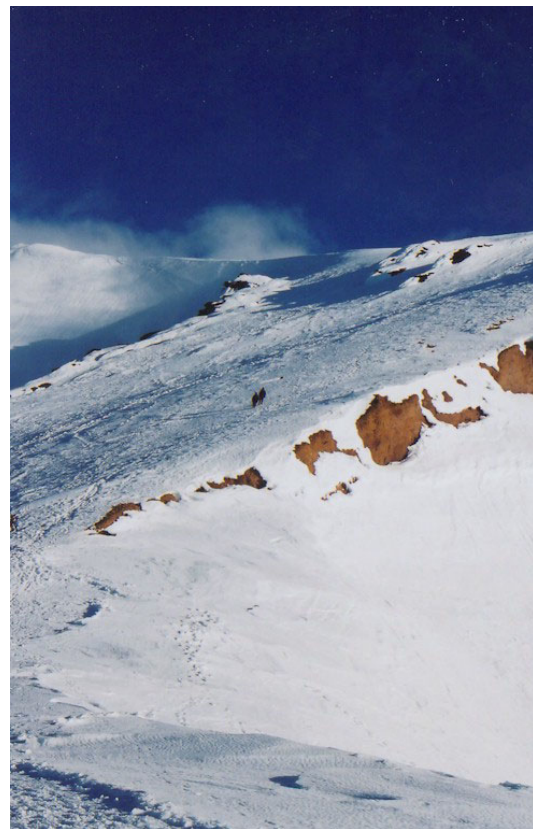
We made our way up to the edge of the tree line and set up camp.

We hit the sack around dark (9pm) and found it quite warm. We left the door to the tent open, and I pulled my -5 degree bag over me as a blanket. We figured it never got much below 40 degrees at night. A 20-degree bag would have been more in line. After an easy breakfast we shouldered our packs and started up to Helen Lake (10,400 feet). It was a long uphill walk, and we arrived around noon. The snow was quite soft most of the time and without snowshoes we would have sunk up to our knees. Despite the hot sun (and us being hammered by the sun) we dug out a space for our tent around the other visitors to the area (about 4 other tents). The sun was quite hot but due to the sunburn we already had received we decided to hide in the tent till the evening. Our temperature gauges read temps between 94 and 100 degrees in the tent. Around dinner time we came out of the tent, met our fellow townsmen, and started the long process of melting snow.

After speaking with the others in camp, we decided that we would be lucky to find consolidated snow, especially in the afternoon. It was believed the freeze zone was over 13,000 feet. With this knowledge we decided to push up our departure time to midnight instead of the planned 3am start time. This was in hopes of spending more time on solid snow and having more time to travel in case the snow caused us to slow our pace. Russ had doubts when he went to bed if he was going to make the climb due to a bad headache. The 12am wake up call came early. It seemed a bit warm still and I went with a light layer (medium weight Patagonia capilene, North Face micro fleece top, and Gore-Tex pants) and decided to leave my down parka in the tent. We also decided to go with our snowshoes. We started our long walk out of camp.

We walked for over an hour using the snowshoes up low angled (20 degrees?) slopes. Eventually the snow was getting steeper and with a moonless night, the headlamp wasn't lighting up our path that well which made me nervous about slipping on the slope. I managed to take off the

snowshoes, strap them on the pack and put on my crampons (first time other than in my room) while standing on the snow slope. Russ decided to keep his snowshoes (smaller, more climbing orientated) on. We continued our climb up the face while a pair of headlights caught up with us. I watched the coed team make good progress on crampons and tried to follow their path. I must have been heavier than they were since I broke through about every 4th step. This made for slow going and eventually they became a speck of light in the distance. I continued to climb, but slowly started pulling away from Russ.



Russ stopped to take off his snowshoes (about 1/2 way) and I also stopped while he completed his task. I had been slowly but consistently pulling away from him (later I found out that his additional weight caused him to break through much more than I did) and continued the long climb up the hill. I saw another group catch Russ and from the parts of their conversation I believed that he was considering turning back. With this information I decided to push on without him. I continued up the slope till I eventually

saw Thumb Rock a short ways away. Unfortunately this last distance was the slowest. I started breaking through the snow once again. Eventually I reached Thumb Rock (approximately 12,800 feet).



What a difference in temperature! The wind was blowing and it was quite cold. I immediately started to put on warm clothes. Eventually I was able to get on my pants, heavy pile sweater, Gore-Tex jacket, and heavy gloves. I placed my pack on the ground, sat down on it, and huddled against one of the rocks. It was still dark, but sunrise was coming soon. I had a great view looking down onto the Konwakiton Glacier. After warming up a little, I watched the sun come up. I got back up and started the long slow walk up to the base of Misery Hill (13,290 feet). The wind was blowing and despite the clothing I had on, I was cold again. I sat down to rest and to try to eat. Once again I discovered it near impossible to eat (despite now walking/climbing for over 7 hours). After trying to regain my energy, I realized that I didn't have the strength to continue, I was cold, and the clouds were starting to blow over the peak. So despite being about 1/2 mile and 900 feet of elevation from the summit I turned around.



I retraced my steps back to the saddle at Thumb Rock. I found Russ at the saddle. We hung out and I ate a few of his Pringles (good summit food) while we discussed plans. My drive to get to the summit wasn't there, although with the sun rising things were warming up, and he didn't care either way (not feeling well and had been on the summit several times before). We decided to call it a climb and descend. We plunge-stepped with crampons for the first half of the descent. From there we glissaded, but unfortunately with the snow covered in footsteps it was a slow bumpy ride.

We made it back to camp around 9am. It was now Saturday, May 24th, and the official beginning of Memorial Day weekend. People were already starting to arrive and make camp. We rested, broke down camp, ate, and then shouldered the monster packs and started the long hike down. The snow had developed into a mashed potato consistency, which made things slippery on my snowshoes. I had to remove my snowshoes and walk (sinking up to my thighs) down the slope directly below Helen Lake. There was already a VERY long line of people that extended from just below Helen Lake all the way down to the trailhead. Our entire hike out, the line of people never ended. Our best guess was over 100 people would be spending the night at Helen Lake. I found it faster walking in the pathway established by the long line of climbers than slipping and sliding on the snowshoes. I continued to hike down to the tree line. Once at the tree line I put the snowshoes back on and continued the downhill trek to the parking lot arrived around.

Nutcracker – Classic Yosemite Climbing at 5.9

By Peter Monks

G'day everyone,

With my old mate Steve in town until Sunday morning, we decided to brave the traffic, crowds and weather and head out to Yosemite to give him a first taste of magnificent Sierran granite. The plan was to have a lash at "Nutcracker" (a 5 pitch 5.8), one of the moderate grade classics in the valley and a route I'd been wanting to do for a while.

We managed to get off to a good start by leaving San Fran at about 3pm on Friday afternoon - by 9pm we'd reached the "secret" camping spot and by 9:02pm we were tucked up in our sleeping bags in the tent (the monster swarms of heat seeking, blood sucking mossies providing ample incentive to get the tent up fast!). Cars continued to arrive throughout the night, each one driving halfway into our site, shining their headlights through the tent and waking us up before slowly backing off to find somewhere else to set up camp (accompanied by a few choice words of "encouragement" from Steve and I).

Since we were still a good 30-40 minutes drive from the valley, the alarm was set for 5:15am - the plan being to drive straight into the valley, have breakfast at the carpark for the crag then walk in and (hopefully!) be the first ones there. Since the real carpark was still closed when we arrived we parked in what we thought was the nearest open carpark, ate breakfast then did a 20 minute warm up bush bash to get to the base of the "Manure Pile Buttress", venue for the day's adventures.

Amazingly, no one was at the bottom of the crag when we arrived, so we quickly racked up (the swarms of monster mossies yet again providing incentive to get moving) and got started.

Now Ray had recommended a 5.9 variant

first pitch, and from the ground it looked like a great little 20m warm up crack, so off I went. The initial unprotected slab went easily (with a dodgy wire as psycho-pro) and brought me face to face with the business - a 5m section of snot slick rock worn marble smooth by millions of thrashing feet. Higher up a good looking crack beckoned, but down here it was little more than a seam punctuated with piton pods every 3 to 4 feet. I crammed a bomber small cam into the only pod that would accept gear (which also happened to be the lowest one - I would have had to lie down for it to keep me off the ledge!) and got started. Shhhleeepppp! My first attempt ended before it began, with both feet sliding straight back down to the ledge. A bit more contemplation and I attacked again, this time managing to gain the next pod at full stretch and move my feet up before they lost traction. The rest of the pitch went a bit more easily, although it was both a lot less pleasant than it looked (due to the horribly worn and slippery rock) and a lot longer than it looked too (clocking in at closer to 40m than 20m!).

Bathed in the slime of a million dead mossies, Steve slipped and slid his way up the pitch, before launching into the second. This pitch heads up a rather wide left facing layback corner, complete with vegetation and even a hint of moisture here and there. Arriving at a tree just before the final difficulties, Steve decided to set up camp, having run out of big gear for the final bulge (mainly because we didn't bring any!).

I resumed the lead, pulled over the bulge and was faced with the original 2nd belay and the next pitch. With two guys now charging up the first pitch I decided to continue on up the next pitch as well (ah the joys of a 60m rope). An airy step right off the belay ledge gains a beeyootiful crack that leads up and through a lovely series of flakes and mini corners and

eventually reaches a massive undercling flake with some tricky face moves to gain the belay at a small tree. A fantastic pitch!

By now it was stinking hot, and having not climbed much in the last couple of months Steve decided to graciously sandbag me into leading the next pitch as well - the pitch that tackles a rather intimidating "5.8 bulge". Thankfully it was a lot easier than it looked, despite the best spot for a jam being gummed up with a manky old stuck cam. In fact the crux of this pitch involved ignoring the searing pain in my feet as I moaned my way up the sustained foot jamming above the bulge. This particular section of climbing has made me start to wonder whether my delicate wonder slippers really are the best thing for multi-pitch crack routes! :-)

Steve followed the pitch in great style, although the cursing on the upper sections as he repeatedly mangled his feet into the crack would have made a sailor blush.

The last pitch now beckoned, with it's infamous death mantle crux. After the first pitch I was a bit cautious about believing any of the other beta Ray had given me, but sure enough, there was a bomber small cam placement in the corner leading up to the mantle, just as he'd said. I even managed to get a dodgy micro wire in a surface placement just above it (although it wouldn't have held body weight, let alone a whipper off the mantle). At least the cam put the move into the ankle breaker category rather than the "slam into the belay ledge then bounce down the previous pitch" category.

Of course with the cam in the only slot available, you're then left with no hand holds, and after mangling as many of my digits in and around the cam as I could, I managed to just nab the mantling hold at full stretch. And what a thing of beauty it is too! The most glorious granite jug I've ever fondled (although a tad chalk encrusted for my taste). It's almost as good as the perfectly formed finishing jug on top of "Auntie Jack" at Mt York! Anyway, after all the build up and shenanigans just getting to it, the mantle itself was a piece of piss,

particularly given that there's another good hold you can grab halfway through.

At this point I have to admit to some disappointment. I'd been looking forward to that slow motion, sweaty, beached whale desperation that sets a classic mantle apart from the rest. And yet here I was, standing on top of one of the most famous moderate grade mantles in world famous Yosemite valley, and it had taken less than 20 seconds to dispatch! That's not a bloody mantle!! I remember back when I was a bumbly (or, to put it more accurately, more of a bumbly than I am now) spending 20 minutes on the mantle at the start of Tombstone Wall at Piddo, and finally pulling the move with the assistance of tongue friction!!!! Now that's what I call a mantle!!!!!!

Anyway, with all that jiggery pokery over with I tackled the runout final wall, which (having a lovely vertical crack running up it) wasn't runout at all. Steve followed the pitch in fine style, commenting that I should stop my bloody whining since the move up to the mantle jug was nowhere near as hard without that pesky cam jamming up the hold!

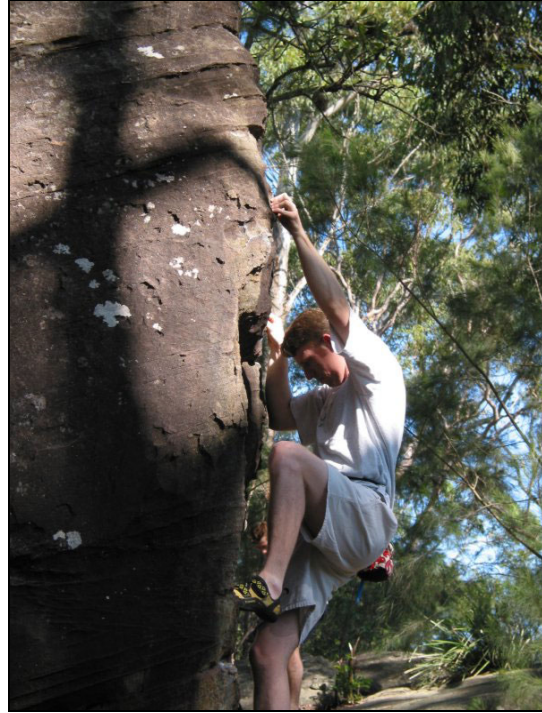
So we'd finished it, and with only one slightly sour note - I suspect the rock caught some whiff of my unfulfilled mantling desires since it decided to hold onto one of the wires I'd placed in the last belay - the first piece I've ever left behind. Even the dudes following us up the route (who were living in a broken down campervan, living off food scraps in the cafe and climbing on gear they'd scrounged from the base of El Cap) couldn't get it out, so I suspect it's there for a while.

With the temperature now in the upper 30s and big thunderclouds looming we decided to call it a day, and spent the rest of the afternoon doing our best tourist impersonations.

All in all it was a great day's climbing, and the route was better than I'd imagined (mainly because of the lovely third pitch). Definitely recommended!

Bouldering at Lindfield Rocks (Sydney, Australia) and Glen Park

Photo's from Peter Monks



Bouldering at Lindfield Rocks: The oldest and most well known bouldering area in Sydney, having been used as a training area since the early 1950s. It's made up of the same rock as the entire Sydney basin - a reasonably soft form of sandstone pretty similar to the sandstone at Castle Rock, only slightly coarser grained. It's pretty extensive (for Sydney), offering about 200m of climbable cliff line and reaching up to about 8m in height. The landings are quite variable and many of the harder problems are usually top roped.

Although there are a few cracks, the vast majority of the problems are thin crimpy vertical face problems that weigh in at up to about V5 or so. There are also a few steeper sections and overhangs that offer harder problems - primarily down the hill at the "Pipedreams Boulder" (the easiest problem there being a classic V3 traverse).

More information is available in the Sydney guidebook, which can be found at:
<http://www.sydneyclimbing.com/>



Peter Monks on Glen Park Crack

2003 – Proposed Trips

Updated trip list... As it currently stands, many of the trips on this list are not yet definite. It will take interest, organization and enthusiasm on the part of the organizer and Rock Rendezvous members to ensure trips will indeed happen...

If you wish to help out with any of the proposed trips, or have opinions on the locations and suggested times that trips should run, then please do e-mail me (carolynldent@aol.com) or one of the organizers listed. I can also help put you in touch with the organizer if you do not know their e-mail. If you wish to organize a trip to an additional location please contact me, with a proposed time (this does not need to be exact) and I can add it to the list. Suggested locations include...a Desert Towers trip, the Grotto, the Balls, Fresno Dome, Needles, CA, Goat Rock, Mt. Diablo, Consumnes River, Devil's Tower, Castle Rock, Mickey's Beach, Mt. Tamalpais, Indian Rocks, Golden Gate Wall, Pinnacles National Monument, and Mt. St. Helena, Napa Valley... The possibilities seem to be endless!!!

Date	Location	Organizer
Summer	Tuolumne climbing season. Check website for dates/sites:	http://www.rockclimb.org/rr/trips.html
27 th /28 th June	Tuolumne Meadows , campsite booked.	
4th July	Courtwright Reservoir	Simon K.
11 th -13 th July	Tuolumne Meadows , campsite booked	
25 th -27 th July	Tuolumne Meadows . campsite	

	booked	
August	Tuolumne Meadows. Check website for dates/sites:	http://www.rockclimb.org/rr/trips.html
Autumn	Back to Yosemite Valley. Check website for dates/sites:	http://www.rockclimb.org/rr/trips.html
September	Goat Rock	Adam or Nicole
September	Mt. St. Helena, Napa Valley	????
18 th /19 th October	Joint HMC/RR Valley trip, with UK visitors from the Hertfordshire Mountaineering Club: http://www.thehmc.co.uk	Carolyn
October/November	RED ROCKS, Nevada	Carolyn
November - Thanksgiving	Joshua Tree	join the feast!
Date	Location	Organizer

Next Meeting: Tuesday July 1st, 2003, 7pm

Our July meeting will be held at Joan Marshal's House in Redwood City.

Slideshow to be announced!

Hal Tompkins & Joan Marshall
3134 Oak Knoll Drive
Redwood City
650-364-8603

3134 is the house directly **BEHIND** 3132 (at the far end of long driveway)
Please park on Oak Knoll Drive as there is no parking available in front of the house.

Coming from 101:

Take Whipple Exit.
Right (if you are heading south) on Whipple. OR Left on Whipple (if you are heading north).
Follow Whipple to the end.
Left on Upland.
Right on Oak Knoll Drive
Look for 3132 Oak Knoll Drive on the right side of the street. (up the hill and down a short way)

Coming from 280:

Take Edgewood Exit.
Right on Edgewood (if heading north). OR Left on Edgewood (if heading south).
Right on Cordilleras (street sign is not easy to see)
Right on Canyon
Left on Oak Knoll. (four way stop)

