



# Rock Rendezvous



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## Where did the year go?

Welcome to the June newsletter. First, I wanted to give all you shoppers out there some good news: Marmot Mountain Works in Berkeley is giving us RR members 10% discount on any purchase over \$50 that is not already marked down. Just tell them that you are a member and they'll discount at the checkout. This is a great deal and we thank Marmot for giving us this discount. Since we don't have membership cards or anything that identifies us as members, Marmot is taking your word that you are a member. Please don't abuse the privilege Marmot has given us.

As usual, thanks for all those who contributed to this issue. We have a report of a canyoneering trip in the beautiful Zion National Park, the latest adventures of Brutus of Wyde and Old5Ten, a report of Hamid's new find of the Calaveras Domes, and an accident report by Etsuko II that everyone should read.

Scott has been busy this month booking yet more trips for us in the Valley and in T. Meadows. Check out the new dates on page 10. You can thank Scott personally when you attend the June meeting at the house of Leung and Johnston.

Have a fab Memorial Day weekend and speak to you next month.

-- Linda

## NOTES FROM THE MAY RR MEETING

*By Ricardo Lagos*

We had one of the largest turnouts for the May meeting that I can remember! All of us crammed into Kathy's living room for an exclusive slide show by Allen Steck of his ascent of Paju Peak in 1976.

There were a few people who admitted that it was their first Rock Rendezvous meeting. Jessie who just moved to the Bay Area; Sarah a friend of some of our RR members; Dave who is a friend of several of the RR members, and mentioned that he did a little bit of climbing, I think he's sandbagging us. Finally, Adan brought a new friend, Michelle who had just done her first outdoor climb the weekend before.

We quickly ran down the club business so that the slide show could begin. The **photo contest** is still on, and it was revealed that the prizes would be good, along the lines of **gift certificates to REI**, and in the amounts that you'd be able to get yourself at least one piece of new gear. (How much do carabiners cost now?). So far the only entry has been made by Scott's Pinnacles trip team, and we can't let them win by default. Send your submissions to Linda (llhleung@hotmail.com).

The climbing season is now upon us, and **the club has snagged reservations for the upcoming months**, check out the Web site and sign up for the trips you'd like to attend. There are trips to Sonora Pass at the end of May and early June, then we have sites in the Valley, and hopefully the Meadows will open up by July.

If you are not a member, you can sign up for the trips as a friend of a member (they have to sign up for you) or alternatively you can join RR for \$15. The annual dues are used to pay for our camping reservations, our Thanksgiving trip (which will be in Joshua Tree this year!), and our Christmas party. Check out the Website for information on how to register with the club, or talk to Noriko.

The crowd soon became restless of club business, so we moved on to the main event for the evening. **Allen Steck** took over the floor and **began to tell the story of his 1976 expedition to Pakistan to climb Paju Peak**. It was a rare event to see those slides, as we were only the 3rd group to have seen them. Allen is one of the best story tellers I've listened to, he captured the attention of the entire room as he recounted the events that unfolded with great detail. I hope that we can have him present another slide show for us in the future.

The weather is getting better, and there is lots of climbing to be done, so be sure to make it to the next RR meeting on June 7, where you can meet new partners, catch up of club news, enjoy a great slide show, and of course crack open a brew with good friends. We will be meeting at Scott and Linda's home in San Francisco (see the end of this newsletter for directions), and Scott will be showing us slides from his ice climbing trip to Norway.

*-- Ricardo*

# Climber of the Month



**Name / nickname:** Julien / Jules  
**No. of years climbing:** I started 15 years ago, but I didn't climb much during the last 5 years

**RR member since:** 2005  
**First climb:** Bouldering in Fontainebleau

**Favorite climbing destination:** Les Calanques de Marseilles

**Favorite post-climb eatery:** Au Cafe des Roches, Le Saussois

**Favorite climbing gym:** PG Belmont... Just because it is conveniently located between my work and my home in SF. I should also mention one of the first climbing gym in Paris (Murmur, Pantin). I started climbing there when they were still building the gym... That was special!

**Ski or snowboard?:** Snowboard. I started this year, and I love it!

**Other outdoor pursuits:** Backpacking, Hiking, usual suspects... and drinking a glass of wine under the stars

**Favorite travel destination:** Europe... I do miss my friends, my family, my cheese...

**Person most like to be stuck on a ledge with:** Laurent a.k.a. Bill, my best friend...

**Favorite climbing read:** Zenith, by Pierre Dalloz. A beautiful poem, a love song to the mountains.

**Climbing motto:** Ohlala!!! You may hear me say "Merde !!!" quite often when I climb... Forgive my French...

**Climbing hero:** Lily, dearest friend... going from 5.5 to 5.11 in a year is awesome!!! I am so proud of you!!!

*TRIP REPORTS:*

# A trip through the washing machine

*Canyoneering Keyhole Zion National Park, May 13-15*

*Words: Mitchell Yee*



Tania

I flew out from Oakland to SLC to meet up with Pat McLaughlin for a bit of fun at Zion. Because this was an impromptu trip (don't ask), we went

there sans permits. We met up with a friend of Pat's, Tania, who has minimal climbing and no canyoneering experience.



Because I get cold just looking at ice, I brought along my thick wetsuit (4 mm?). Pat rented a

farmer John thin-wetsuit and Tania rented a dry suit.

**Friday, May 13 – Keyhole Canyon**

**Conditions: Weather, sunny. Temps to mid 80s in the day.**

**Narrows flow rate: 1140 cfs**

**No permits were issued for any canyons terminating into the Narrows.**

Sweet and all too-short. Keyhole has the reputation as a very cold-water slot with the average water temperature usually about 40 degrees. This assertion was verified first-hand as true. Despite the cold reputation, it's also a great slot to take a newbie. The approach is no longer than 10-15 minutes from the parking pullout. The return brings you back to your car. With proper timing, you can have your wet fun and the warm sun at just about the same time. Just how much fun can that be?

First rappel drops you right into a pond where you have to swim. I didn't feel the cold until my arms went into the water. Then that all too familiar feeling of ten thousand needles being stuck into your arms all at once motivated to get my wet-self moving.

Tania did great managing her first rappel into water followed by a floating disconnect. She just loved being cocooned in her dry suit. More fun was had by all.

Macho man Pat decided he didn't need no stinkin' wetsuit. So what if Keyhole has a reputation or not? In he went into the pool. Out he went. No, it's not that cold. NOT! For further evidence, when he uploads the video, watch the quality. It starts out fine, but towards the end, even the compensating software doesn't quite balance out the shivering. This pool was followed by even more fun – a few wades, a few crawls.

The highlight of Keyhole is 30 meter swim in the exit hall. My swimming style was a delicate chug consisting of a sort of swimming stroke, sort of kickoff from the narrow walls that are only separated by a scant 3 feet. Tania came through like a champ. Gotta love that dry suit. Pat even managed to film Tania from above! No way was he going into that cold water (this was his plan from the start since he has been through Keyhole before), instead he was going to chimney across the whole darn hall. Well, that worked for about 25 feet of it, until he came to a

particularly slick section. In he went! Fortunately for us, he was fine and so was the camera.

**Wildlife note:** The canyon frogs/toads are out in force. They (to my mind) have a distinctive call that I would describe as a rapid, staccato croak. Their desert green coloring does a great job of camouflaging them against the Kaibab sandstone. No creatures other than the odd mosquito or two were harmed during the production of this trip.

**Keyhole conditions:** It's wet in Keyhole, but not flowing. The wet reputation of Keyhole is well-deserved. Bring a wetsuit or better yet a dry suit.



Pat



**Saturday, May 14 – Fat Man’s Misery (Parunaweap Canyon).  
Conditions: Weather, partly sunny. Temps to low 80s in the day.  
Narrows flow rate: 1440 cfs.**

**No permits were issued for any canyons terminating into the Narrows.**

We chose this slot because... Well no, there isn’t a noble reason other than because we technically don’t need a permit for Misery (it’s outside the park boundaries). We picked up one anyway to appease the permit deities. And the spouses.

**Planning:** All of the different route descriptions include a note that says that this trip will take at least 8 to 10 hours. Even iron-man Kelsey corroborates this time estimate in his guide. Believe it. To get to Misery requires a long hump into Zion’s backcountry and a long uphill hump out. This means proper planning is a must to avoid an overnight stay. You also have to trade off an early start against that afternoon walk out in the full sun.

Because fortune favors the foolish, we got lucky in everyway possible. Our original schedule called for doing this canyon on Friday. But because of a leisurely breakfast at Oscar’s Café, followed by an equipment fitting and rental (Tanya needed shoes and drysuit, Pat and I wanted to try out canyon packs), we ended up burning a bit more of the morning than we should have. When we finally pulled by the Checkerboard turnout, the clock said 11:00 AM. Pat and I decided not to force the issue and instead we rearranged our canyons to do Keyhole first and start earlier on Saturday for Misery. Yes, we also rearranged our NPS permits and equipment rentals at Zion Outdoors Company.

Our Saturday start at 9:30 AM or so later showed the wisdom of this postponement. Compared to the bright and sunny days of Friday and Sunday, Saturday was a partial overcast day, with scattered high clouds in the morning, followed by a few more in the afternoon. Nothing threatening, but the cloud cover was enough to take the edge off the heat and brightness during the walks in and out.

The start of the canyon starts off with a series of potholes, followed by a narrow slot and down into the first rappel. The canyon is broken up

into several stretches of narrow slot work (short swims, downclimbs, slides, etc.) followed by openings into washes where you can catch some sun and then back into the fun stuff. Some of the many highlights of this canyon for us include several slides into pools of not-so-chilly water.

A special treat for Misery canyoneers that should not be missed is the hot spring.

Misery Canyon exits into the east fork of the Virgin River. The route descriptions say river-walk downstream about 500 meters to a grassy bank to exit out. To our “surprise”, the river was running rather rapidly. Note the word “rapidly”. I looked at the river and said, oh. Wow (I used to guide river trips). That’s moving somewhat fast and furious for river-walking. Still clad in my wetsuit, I walked out into the river a comfortable distance. I could barely stand. Hmmm, ok, let’s go with the flow. Taking a deep breath and wishing I had a real PFD (I could have used my canyon pack and loaded the dry bag with air and wore the canyon pack on my chest), I sat down, feet first, and went for a ride.

Pat and Tanya just stood there wondering whether this was going to work. I found a shallow spot in the middle of the river a short distance later, hauled out and yelled back, this should work! So, after all of that grunting in the canyon, we were able to catch an express ride courtesy of the Virgin to the exit river bank. After we took a few snapshots of the Powell plaque, we grabbed a bit to eat and started the long haul out. Because we were one lucky group (good timing, high clouds going in, great canyon conditions, perfect temperatures, amazing river ride), the deities at large decided to continue to treat us to a few more high clouds that took the edge off the sun. And to finish off the canyon, we arrived at Zion Outdoors to return our gear some 10 minutes before they closed their door. The grand finale was burgers and Porter ale at Oscar’s right after returning our rental gear.



Pat (above), Mitchell (below)

**Conditions on the Virgin:** If you want the east fork Virgin ride, you'd better go now. The water is moving fast, but was shallow in spots. I don't know how much longer there will be enough water or velocity. The bruises on my butt, hips and legs prove that. Honestly, for me the water

was moving a bit too fast, maybe 5 miles per hour. There were a few itty-bitty rapids (class 1+) in places too. There, I was tossed around and rolled more times than I cared for, and banged me bum on one too many submerged boulders (think washing machine spin cycle with boulders if you are not careful). There were also too many places where I could not stand up. But the long stretches where you didn't hit anything were sweet and just a blast. Just be careful to stay on the right side as you get close to the grassy exit bank. Wear a helmet.

**Conditions in Misery:** Part of me says don't bring a wetsuit or drysuit for this canyon. The water isn't that cold (especially when compared to Keyhole) and those places where you are going to get wet are always followed by a wide open wash where you can quickly re-warm. On the other hand, the 4mm of neoprene cushion probably save me from acquiring a few MORE bruises during the ride. Pat says bring and wear your wetsuit.

As always, your mileage may vary.

**Wildlife note:** The canyon frogs/toads are out in force. They (to my mind) have a distinctive call that I would describe as a rapid, staccato croak. Their desert green coloring does a great job of camouflaging them against the Kaibab sandstone. Mature frogs as well as tadpoles are present in many ponds.

**Dead critter census:** 1 dead, mostly consumed cloved hoof creature. Probably deer. Only one leg surrounded by tufts of fur (backcountry behind Checkerboard); 1 freshly dead bird (Misery); 1 freshly dead lizard (Keyhole); 1 dead rodent, way past expiration date (Misery);

No creatures, other than the odd mosquito or two, were harmed during the production of this trip.



# Whodunnit?

**Words and picture: Old5Ten**



Brutus of Wyde and Old5Ten escaped heat in the low hinterlands, snow in alpine regions, and a flood in Yosemite Valley to climb at Tahquitz and Suicide for a few days. In prime conditions, we summoned all our reserves for the Tahquitz approach, Angel's Fright, Fingertrip, Left Ski Track, Whodunit, and Flower of High Rank. All of the climbs were first rate, but special kudos go to Left Ski Track and Flower of High Rank.

Thankfully, Brutus took the namesake pitch on Whodunit (see picture).





# Calaveras Domes

*Words: Hamid Aghdaee*

Last weekend (5/21 - 5/22), Mark Duffy (a.k.a. Duffman) and I (Hamid Aghdaee a.k.a. the Lean Mean Climbing Machine) made a trip to Calaveras Domes to check out what it was all about. Cal Domes is relatively unknown to most climbers that I've come across. Even ones that have been there have been somewhat vague in their description of it, they don't say whether it's good or bad. That's why when my friend Pierre suggested said he and his partner were going there, Mark and I could not refuse (the original plan for the weekend was Tahoe). I got the topos from Pierre, and we set to our clocks for 5 am Saturday, to drive to Cal Domes.

The drive felt so refreshing after making the same damn drive every weekend to Yosemite Valley for several weeks in a row. It's super straightforward (Ellis road IS open now by the way). We were climbing on Hammer Dome by around 10:30 am. Get this: Besides Mark and I, there was only one other party on the entire Hammer Dome, and that was Pierre and Scott.

## *Super-duper sweet cracks*

We got on Gemini Cracks "The most popular moderate route at Cal Domes" according to the guidebook and not another soul showed up for it till 6pm that afternoon. Super-duper sweet cracks the whole way, especially the last pitch. The 5.9 rating seems soft to me, but that was a trend the whole weekend, so maybe I was just climbing strong or it suited my style of climbing, I don't know. We rapped and met Pierre and Scott at the bottom. These madmen wanted to hike ALL the way across to the Cal Dome and get on Wall Of The Worlds; now, I wanted to do this climb badly, but there was another 4-pitch 10c route that was just calling my name. So we rested,

waited for the shade and got jumped on Smoke Screen. Mark led the first pitch, run-out 10a slab. It took a toll on his nerves so he handed the sharp end to me. I led the next three pitches: 10c (slab), 10a (slab) and 10b (finger crack). All went very smoothly. Some of the best pitches anywhere. I really wanted to climb more but the sun was itching to go back to sleep, and so we retreated along with the swarms of mosquitoes back to camp. The Mosquitoes were seriously the only downside to the whole Calaveras Domes experience.

## *Sands of Time*

The next day found Duffman and me at the base of Sands of Time. This climb would have lines waiting to climb it, were it in the valley, but not so on Cal Dome. Here, it was totally uncrowded. We jumped on it immediately following my comment that "I'd rather be on a 5.10 offwidth right now, than with these f\*\*\*\*\*ing mosquitoes". This is real "trad" route. It has a total alpine feel to it. Every pitch is nice and interesting. At 5.9, it has chimney, offwidth, hands, fingers, splitters, you name it; even run-out face. Most notable are the wet face moves to get into the offwidth of pitch 4, the AMAZING pitch 5, and the 190 foot pitch 6 with 2 bolts and a couple of pieces of gear protecting it. This much fun would probably be made illegal one day.

So, in short, Calaveras Domes sucks. It is mosquito infested and filled with poison oak. There are rangers, cops, rednecks and bad camping everywhere. The climbs are sandbagged, run-out and scary. Go to Yosemite Valley instead. Duffman and I will be cranking at the Calaveras. OH YEAH!!!!

# The first and last day of the climbing season

*Words: Etsuko II*

This year, winter was refusing to let go, endlessly dropping rain in the Bay Area and dumping fresh snow in the mountains; however, it unfailingly raised hopes with a few spots of sun and warmth. It was the first week of May and the weather continued to tease and taunt. My boyfriend, Misha, and I were keeping an anxious eye on the weather reports that week. Our first real climbing trip of the season together was depending on it and we were desperate to get out. Early to midweek, the weekend weather looked depressing. Suddenly on Thursday, it started to look promising, so we madly packed that night and dashed off after work on Friday to our "second home," Yosemite.

The weekend started unbelievably optimistic: traffic was extremely light for our commute to The Valley; we snagged one of the last spots in Camp 4; we found out that more friends than expected had made it that weekend; and Misha and I woke Saturday morning to clear skies and warm weather. Perfect! Misha staked out a new spot for us with Carolyn, Bonita and their friend TL. As we searched for empty space in the bear lockers, we immediately identified which held their things. The 3 bottles of wine were a pretty big giveaway. We knew that a campfire party was in store for the evening!! After a hearty breakfast at the trusty ol' cafeteria, Misha and I went to satiate our hunger for some climbs. We couldn't have asked for a better weekend (though fewer gawking tourists is always.)

## A difficult chimney

First stop, the base of El Cap. These first few climbs were uneventful. We did a couple of warm up lead laps on Pine Line, then top roped (half of) its next door neighbor, a 5.10d/5.11a face. Halfway up we both threw up our hands and said "Huh?!" So, then off to Church Bowl we scampered. First on our list was Uncle Fanny,

a 5.7 squeeze chimney. It looked a bit daunting from the ground, but hey! I am always up for a challenge. So, I optimistically started up the climb. The lower part of the chimney wasn't so bad, until things started to get serious...fast. Grunting, scratching, groaning, clawing, wiggling...body cam/hip wedge, rest (pant, pant, pant). Repeat. Somehow I was withholding the obscenities. This did not last long. Thrashing and moaning and, yes, cussing, I worked my way up on sheer stubbornness. Any sense of fun and wanting to be there had long since worn off. Every foot of advancement felt like an excruciating eternity. It would be so easy to blame it on the polished, greasy chimney, but, obviously, my squeeze chimney technique was seriously lacking. Humbling.

## Hanging upside down

Misha was doing what he could to advise me, but all that I could say in response was a frustrated, "why don't you come up and show me then!" I finally made it out of the chimney and was in the corner about 20 feet from the top. I placed my piece and oomph, made a couple of moves. Feeling exhausted and unstable, I placed another piece, a number 2 Camalot, and shakily continued on. Time for a third piece. I reached for an Alien and was working on placing it when it happened, so fast that it is hard to know exactly what and why.

I let out a yell as I started falling over backwards. The world was tumbling around me just as suddenly as it stopped...on the number 2 Camalot. I was hanging upside down as a throbbing, searing pain went through my right ankle. Uh oh. I heard a voice from above at the belay station calling out, "Get yourself upright!" which I promptly did. My ankle and foot were already madly swelling. I also heard a voice from behind, "Are you alright? Do you need to be



lowered?” Looking down behind me I saw Misha sitting on the ground, his break hand tensely gripping the rope and a young man casually FREE SOLOING nearly up to where I

was. Yikes. Yes, I was fine except for my ankle and yes I needed to be lowered...a mere 6 or so feet from the top. He asked me about the placement of the cam. I couldn't see it from where I was hanging, but remembered it being a solid placement (plus it held my fall, right?) So, as Misha carefully lowered me, the climber escorted and advised me all the way down. The climber who had called out to me from above, cleaned all our gear on his rappel down. How fortunate that both of those climbers were there to assist us, simplifying the situation.

### **Help on the way**

Luckily, Church Bowl has literally a one-minute approach from the road, so Misha brought the car around. I grabbed his shoulder and hopped to the car. On our way out, another climber insisted on helping. As we approached the road, we were eyed by a rescue helicopter and paramedics in the field across the road (I later found out that there had been a cardiac arrest there).

After affirming that I was OK and everything was under control, they let us go. Thanking the climber for lending his shoulder, I plopped into the car and Misha drove the few hundred yards to the medical center. I was rolled into the center and was warned that it might take awhile since there was the cardiac arrest patient, a little girl needing sutures, a man who had dislocated his knee and there had just been a 3-car crash.

### **Good news, bad news**

Waiting, waiting, X-rays were taken, more waiting... The doctor walked in with a lighthearted air and the first words out of his mouth were “The good news is that you didn't break your ankle!” Phew! Relief washed over me...until he continued. “The bad news is that you broke your foot. Your talus is broken” Damn! My heart sank as he told me he couldn't

tell the extent of the fracture. They put me in a splint, handed over crutches, charged nearly

\$800 and gave a bottle of Vicadin. They then sent me on my way with horror stories of personal experiences and strict orders to see an orthopedic surgeon right away. Being my first real injury, I was terrified.

So, back to Camp 4 Misha and I went. He went to explain to the girls what had happened and to clean up camp. I was dozing, trying to ignore the pain and dreaming of Vicadin. Suddenly a headlamp was shining into the driver's window and knocking on the window. Startled, I thought that it was a ranger who had come to scold me for our illegal parking. As I fumbled to explain the situation, Carolyn's friendly voice piped out. She climbed into the driver's seat and TL and Bonita quickly joined the “party.” They cracked jokes, lifted my spirits and brought wine that I swigged from the bottle to accompany my Vicadin. All too soon, I was fading and feeling anxious to get home. It was already late and Misha had a slow drive ahead to make it as smooth a ride as possible.

### **Feeling fortunate**

Although it is easy to feel like I had a bad stroke of luck that weekend, in reality, I feel that I was actually extremely fortunate: based on the location of the fall, it would have been easy to have a much more severe injury; Misha did an awesome job of stopping my fall; my pro placement was bomber; due to the shortness of the route, I was able to be lowered off of the route and the location of the climb couldn't have been more ideal for an injury; there were so many climbers anxious to lend a hand; I had a “cheer me up” squad at Camp 4; I had lots of Vicadin and, on Thursday May 19th, I found out for sure that I don't need surgery... and so far, I got away with a relatively small medical bill.

Finally, I am very lucky to have such a supportive boyfriend, mother and friends. Everyone, please climb safe and smart!



## UPCOMING TRIPS:

Scott has booked three more camping weekends in the Valley and one more in the Meadows. The new dates are the ones with an asterix. All dates will be added to the Web site a month prior to the trip date. Currently, you can sign up for the 6/17 and 6/24 Valley trips, and the 6/10 trip to Sonora Pass.

We are looking for leaders for these trips, so if you fancy leading one of these events, please sign up at the Web site (trip leaders get free campsite accommodation!). Thanks for the leaders who have signed up (see below).

As always, if you have an upcoming trip you'd like to open up to other club members, or if you'd like to organize another outing for the club, please drop me a line – Linda ([llhleung@hotmail.com](mailto:llhleung@hotmail.com)).

<i>DATES</i>	<i>TRIP VENUE</i>	<i>ORGANIZER</i>
<b>6/17 - 6/18</b> <b>6/24 – 6/25</b> <b>9/9 - 9/10</b> <b>9/30 - 10/1* (*new date)</b> <b>10/7 – 10/8 *</b> <b>10/14 – 10/15 *</b>	Upper Pines, Yosemite Valley	Ben Smith Noriko Sekikawa
<b>5/27 - 5/30</b> <b>6/10 – 6/11</b> <b>9/2 – 9/4</b>	Pinecrest, Sonora	Scott Johnston
<b>7/8 - -7/9</b> <b>7/22 – 7/23</b> <b>7/29 – 7/30</b> <b>8/12 – 8/13</b> <b>8/19 – 8/20</b> <b>8/26 – 8/27</b> <b>9/16 – 9/17*</b>	Tuolumne Meadows	

## NEXT ROCK RENDEZVOUS MEETING:

**When:** Tuesday, June 7 @ 7 p.m.

**Where:** 619 Missouri Street, San Francisco, CA 94107 (Scott and Linda's house)

**Why:** For meeting your fellow RR members and to see Scott's slideshow of ice climbing in Norway

**What to bring:** You, your friends and food/drinks to share

The address is 619 Missouri Street, located between Sierra and 20th Streets, in the Potrero Hill neighborhood of San Francisco.

The house is on the East side of the street and is painted gray and blue. Call Scott at 415-824-1767 if you get lost on the way to the meeting.

**From the East Bay:** Take the 5th/Harrison Street/Golden Gate Bridge exit, which is the second exit on the left after arriving in San Francisco. Take a slight left onto Harrison and stay in the two left lanes. Turn left onto 6th Street, at the next light. Go straight on 6th until it turns into I-280 South. Take the Mariposa/18th Street exit from I-280 South, which is the first exit. Stay left at the fork in the ramp and then turn right on 18th Street. Turn left on Missouri Street, which is the 2nd stop sign. Go through 2 stop signs and then start looking for the house on the left, towards the end of the 3rd block.

**From the Peninsula:** Take I-280 to the Cesar Chavez exit on 280, just after the 280/101 split. Go straight at the end of the exit onto Pennsylvania Ave. Turn left onto 22nd Street at the 4th stop sign. Stay on 22nd as it bends around and turn left onto Sierra, the first left. Turn right onto Missouri at the end of Sierra. The house is the second on the right.

**From the North Bay:** Take 101 into the City. Follow signs for I-80/Downtown SF. This will put you on Van Ness Avenue, going South. Turn left on Golden Gate Avenue, immediately after Turk. Take Golden Gate to where it meets Market. Take a slight right onto 6th street as you are crossing Market St. Go straight on 6th until it turns into I-280 South. Take the Mariposa/18th Street exit from I-280 South, which is the first exit. Stay left at the fork in the ramp and then turn right on 18th Street. Turn left on Missouri Street, which is the 2nd stop sign. Go through 2 stop signs and then start looking for the house on the left, towards the end of the 3rd block.

### Warning/Disclaimer

*San Francisco Rock Rendezvous is not a teaching organization and does not endorse or insure rock climbing. Trips advertised in the newsletter are private and are only listed to allow for the co-ordination of car pooling and camping. Each participant on a trip is solely responsible for his or her safety during the entire trip, including the transportation to and from the climbing area and site, and any necessary insurance.*