

# Rock Rendezvous

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[edit, 2004: the original picture that went here, of Sue and Inez on pitch 9 of Crimson Chrysalis, in Red Rocks, got lost and could not be retrieved for the archive version of this newsletter]

## 5th of May Meeting Notes

*By Tom Kidd*

(with apologies to Hunter S. Thompson.)

We were somewhere around the Presidio on the edge of the city when the tequila began to take hold... And suddenly there was a terrible roar all around us and the sky was full of what looked like huge bats... I dived out of the car to avoid them, coming to a halt nose first against the grass verge. "Goodnight Sue. Goodnight Peter. Thanks for the ride home." "Just as well I don't have to write the meeting notes this month," I thought to myself.

Little did I know that some mis-communication had already occurred. So, what follows is my rendering of the meeting based on the excellent notes of Laura Yee. Those of us who survived the bridge(s) and steep approach to Kristin's house for the Cinco de Mayo meeting were rewarded with a beautiful view, tequila shots (no-one will come forward about the "body shots") and appropriately, a great slide show of Latin American culture and climbing. Despite all this, the crowd took a while to

warm up, and some early attempts at humor based on Viagra and kneepads fell flat. Some folks have managed to work in some outdoor climbing in spite of the record-breaking El Nino year.

Eric Coomer is back in the saddle again (not my expression; especially in light of his kneepads comment), having just soloed Southern Man on Washington Column. Apparently it has been rebolted recently and is desirably uncrowded. Inez managed to round up some other members to join her during parts of a 2+-week trip to the canyons, which included Indian Creek and Red Rocks - see the trip report in this issue.

Tom Kidd, Craig Boyak & Denise Danielson also managed to get some climbing in at Owens River Gorge. It was Denise's first visit since a compression fracture of four vertebrae there, but you wouldn't have known this from her leading style. They were forced to mainly climb in the shade to combat the heat, despite the fact that it was raining in Yosemite: Sue and Kevin had some wet aiding practice... Of course, as it snowed there in the past week, it is no longer fashionable to be heard complaining about the rain.

Kristin, Anna Bezzola and Jeff Gorris made it to 12,000 ft on Mt. Shasta via the Green Butte Ridge before having to turn back. New faces included Julie, Adam, Andy and Rob.

Meeting business was kept short so that we would have time for the slide shows. Rudy Zamora was the "warm-up act" and shared his slides of the Bay Area and favorite climbing spots. Some great shots with plenty of local (RR) interest. Christian Santelices, mountain guide and one time resident of the Bates motel, shared his slides of South America and Mexico . Beautiful slides again, covering a huge range of scenery and people, conveying a sense of life in Chile and Patagonia. His father's ranch is in Chile and he had many shots of this, from dinner at the family table to branding, lending the show an unusual degree of intimacy. Trekking trips as well as highly desirable unclimbed peaks were shown. Rugged shots of Chris Breemer and Brad Jarret punctuated slides of a first ascent on the peak Escudo.

In this month's Climbing magazine, John Middendorf rates this climb as a significant Grade VII, because it was one of the first alpine-style ascents in Patagonia. What is Grade VII? I hear you cry. Well, in the interview, Middendorf rates a Grade VII as a Grade VI with an enhanced commitment level, which means remoteness, alpine-style climbing in an alpine environment, and a high technical standard. You won't find them in the Valley, but maybe on the backside of Castle Crags up near Mount Shasta... All round, an excellent meeting that left me with a warm fuzzy feeling inside, at least until those bat-like creatures attacked.

## Bonnie Scotland

By *Sue Edwards*

As we headed north from Edinburgh to Dunkeld, Stewart got on his cellphone to Paul. The clouds were rapidly rolling in and, quite frankly, weather prospects looked grim. "Damn! He's left already, or else he's on the toilet! I'll try again in a few minutes - there's no point in coming up in weather like this". It started to pour and my heart sank a little. The forecast for my brief, four-day climbing visit to Scotland did not bode well. I was trusting that my friends and guides would find a small pocket of sunshine and dry rock beneath the constantly changing Caledonian skies. That's the way the game goes

and we were trying desperately to increase our odds. Stewart and Paul had already exchanged several phone calls discussing the best venue and Craig y Barns had come out tops. The rock, however, a strange mixture of mica-schist, could be treacherous when wet!

As we pulled into the small turnout at the base of the crag, and flung open the doors, there was only a hint of dampness in the air and it even felt a little muggy. "I'm safe!" came the cry from a climber up on the cliff - an unusually confident British "overstatement" about the situation of a leader perched at his tenuous belay station. "We'd better hurry if we want to get a pitch in before the rain comes in again!" Stewart said grabbing the "sack" and heading up through the lush trees and rhododendron undergrowth...We were "abbing" off Hairy Gully just as Paul and his Hungarian wife, Ildiko (Ildi for short), arrived. They were an unassuming couple and I liked them instantly - Paul, who was a good climber, was telling me how the week previous, he had been on the Etive slabs in Glen Coe. These are granite slabs and the closest thing the Brits have to Tuolumne - the climbs are also frequently runout!

I learned the new climbing commands with difficulty. The fact that I was hanging out with a mixture of "old" school and "new" school didn't help. As an example, the old school, in a more realistic manner, never acknowledge that they might be "safe". Instead, after reaching a belay station, they set up an anchor, tie in and yell "On Belay!" Now that doesn't mean you are on belay, it means he or she is! Tied in that is. Their interpretation is debatably more accurate since the dictionary describes "belay" as "something e.g. a rock, to which a climber's rope is anchored." But maybe that was an English dictionary! Anyway, what follows after that command is that the second takes the rope out of the belay device and yells "Take in!" At one point I thought I had all these signals mastered so confidently yelled "Take up!" - Stewart who was standing by listening said, "Take up knitting, gardening or what??" It took a few minutes to register my mistake and then I collapsed in a heap of laughter, practically losing my grip on the belay!

Anyway, the day continued interestingly and we managed to climb five quality pitches, weathering two cloud bursts in the process - this made some of the pitches feel really tentative. I was seconding (thank God!) one pitch and was just beneath a small roof when the heavens opened. I was struggling to get a nut out of a crack while two of these kindly Scots, stood at the belay above. One was relaying instructions about the nut when I peeped over the roof to hear better - I received a mouthful of water and had a snapshot taken at the same time - they thought it a big giggle! I then had to do some face moves before reaching a more secure crack before I was able to repay them with the appropriate verbiage!

Ildi and I were pretty lucky the second time the rains hit. We had just completed a climb and rapped off to the base. Rushing to a nearby bush we crouched under it for shelter - then, began a long and involved gossip about our lives! Meanwhile the two guys, we later found out, were struggling above us for their lives - on a two-pitch climb that had turned into a river! When they had finally extricated themselves from their predicament we raced to the nearest coffee shop and raved over the joys of Scottish climbing!

That night we all returned to Edinburgh and had a mega slide show of the trips and climbs of the Scottish Mid-Week Mountaineering Club (the likes of which, at that time, I thought Doug Ward should have founded). This is the club my companions belonged to and whose newsletter, incidentally, looks pretty similar to ours. From the slide show I learned of the places I would be visiting over the next couple of days and was introduced to the club characters. Everything gradually became a blur as the

single malt began to affect the firing of my neurons! But one character still stands out in my memory. He's actually more a friend of the club, than a member, because he is so busy being a guide and serving as one of the main members of the Ben Nevis Search and Rescue team - probably the most prestigious in the country. His name is Mick Tighe and he's a very controversial character - I know because I have read about him. He is one of those ex-marine types and uses a martinet-style of teaching (I couldn't stand it!).

In one article I read, the author was actually a client of Mick's for a day. The author admits that he dresses a bit scruffily but when Mick, very early on in the course, yelled out to him and referred to him as a "scranbag" he was a bit taken aback. However by the end of the day his opinion had changed and he found that he not only respected and admired Mick's knowledge, but he liked him - in fact he said that the man was just a big pussycat! I wonder how he was with women? Anyway, the night of the slide show I saw pictures of Mick involved in a night rescue on Ben Nevis and also swimming the 30-ft sea water channel between the mainland and the Old Man of Stoer (N.W. Scotland). He then set up a tyrolean traverse for the team of 4's travel to and from the sea stack. The climb they did is rated HS (Hard Severe - about 5.7) and is one of the more sought after of Tom Patey's sea stack routes. Tom, incidentally, was a famous climber/singer/writer who adored the sea stacks and came to a very unfortunate end on one of them, the Maiden, when he somehow unclipped his rappel biners after they became stuck.

Amidst an assortment of gear, clothing, food and guidebooks, Stewart and I set off the next morning for the far N. Western coast of Scotland. On the way we had glimpses of such places as the Cairngorm corries (gullies). This area has interesting summer climbing but it is also known for its amazing winter routes - the type of thing for which Scotland is so respected. In fact I think it was in this very region that the crazy sport of "dry tooling" was invented.



That afternoon we climbed at Reiff, a sandstone sea cliff area. A short hike out across grassy knolls and I experienced, for the first time, the difficulty of picking out routes from above - and sorting out the descent routes! Finally we made our way diagonally down a ramp and then across a barnacled and seaweedy shelf to the base of a number of climbs. It was very sheltered down below, with the only unnerving part being that the waves lapping at the edge of the shelf seemed to be getting larger! We checked out the climbs and then bouldered up an easy corner to the top - and the full force of the winds! It was beginning to sprinkle but Stewart, ever the gentleman, said, "We'd better hurry if we want to get a pitch in before the rains come - tell you what, you go down there, I'll rig up a top rope and you can at least try a couple of climbs to see what the rock is like." I was really enjoying the second one that was steep and gymnastic and, as I had mentioned, quite

sheltered. But as I reached the top I realized I had been in another world - Stewart was having a hard time staying composed. The wind was much stronger now and the dark clouds above had fully opened their doors - it was quite exciting! I was nicknamed "Wild Susan" as I whooped and hollered while we rapidly coiled the ropes - after all, we were only 10 minutes from the car! It was unlikely we were going to die - today at least.

The coast south of Reiff, on down to Torridon - our next stop, was delightful. There are pretty little fishing villages, rich grassy hillsides, large rounded hulks of old mountains, long deep glistening lochs and many small, flat, uninhabited looking islands off shore. One of these days I'll use my book "Scottish Island Hopping" and go exploring them. Today this country looked gentle and benign but I know that, when the weather turns nasty, it can put hikers and climbers instantly into life threatening situations. But then it was hard to imagine.

One of my favorite mountains was Ben Eighe (pronounced Ben Eye). It's clean light grayish sweeping ridges looked familiar to my eyes - shades of the Sierras. This similarity was explained when Stewart told me it was comprised of Cambrian quartzite. Ben Eighe is on the North Eastern end of the Torridon chain and we were heading for the South Western end and a climb of Tom Patey's called the Sword of Gideon. It was the first climb to be put up on the terraced Torridonian sandstone cliffs of Sgurr a'chaorachain (pronounced Skoora Koorakan). The climb was rated a "two midge climb" - they go up to three! But Stewart assured me that we were too early for that rating to be in effect. Come July or August however, these horrible tiny black monsters can ruin your life and I was told of occasions when people climbed in netting hats to avoid the flies tormenting bites.

I was lucky to encounter these midges only once and it had been on the last night. Like mosquitoes they seem to congregate in the evenings. Stewart and I had gotten out of the car to photograph a sunset on a loch, when suddenly it seemed as if a black cloud had descended on our heads. "Quick, brush as many as you can aside and dive into the car!" We then drove off at breakneck speed with air vents and sunroof fully open, trying to force the little black devils from their venomous stances! Stewart knew the tricks well - it had worked!

As we drove up into Tornapass, where the Sword of Gideon was, the winds were so high that no midge could have stood its ground long enough to give me a good bite anyway! So that was one objective danger clearly out of the way! The one that did concern me though was the weather, which was beginning to look menacing. Stewart was non-committal about it saying, "Well, it's up to you, I can come back any time." I rushed off into the heather, with pre-climb nerves, for a procrastinating pee. Hurrying back with my decision I said to Stewart, "Let's just put lots of layers on and go for it!" There was a silence as we put all the gear together and I asked, "Do you think we are crazy?" - "Probably" was the only response, as we both continued with our preparations. Although the climb is only a short affair it had the air of an expedition as we set off in buffeting winds, with a pack containing gear for any and all impending conditions.

It was scary as I lead off on the first pitch with nasty dark clouds swirling behind me and the howling winds creating a sense of urgency. But once I got going I found it interesting, with placements not exactly straightforward and taking some thought. Too soon the climbing was over but in other respects the timing was perfect - the rain waited until we were well settled in a nearby cafe - what a relief! I realized why I regard the Brits as so tough - the weather is just unnerving!



Our journey was nearly ending as we continued on South, crossing the Caledonian canal (the one that practically cuts Scotland in half) and passing the "Ben". Ben Nevis, at 4,406 ft, is the highest mountain in Scotland and its summit is frequently shrouded in cloud, as it was the day we passed by. I realized I had been lucky when, several years back, I had hiked the West Highland Way from Glasgow to Fort William, and been able to see the top of Ben Nevis on my last day. The Ben is a very prestigious place for climbers - it has a variety of long routes on its north face ranging in length from about 300 to 2,000 ft. In winter, conditions can be very hazardous, yet the ice climbing is some of the best in the world.

A few more photo opportunities and a few more refrains from Dougie MacLean and we were back in Edinburgh. I didn't tell you about Dougie, who we had been listening to most of the trip. It had seemed really appropriate for our travels since he writes about his love of the land and rural traditions. His song, Caledonia, has become the "unofficial" national anthem of Scotland and here's the chorus:

Let me tell you that I love you  
And I think about you all the time Caledonia,  
You're calling me and now I'm going home  
For if I should become a stranger  
You know that it would make me more than sad  
Caledonia's been everything I've ever had.

Like the sound of the Scottish bagpipes this song seems to reach into ones soul and create a yearning - I wanted to keep on listening to it.

The day I left Edinburgh it was warm and sunny! Ildi and I had made plans to go climbing at Kyloe which is right in the heart of "Border country" (the border between Scotland and England & scene of many battles). It is south and east of Edinburgh and close to the home of the Coldstream guards - the ones with those tall busbys, who were poncing around at the Hong Kong ceremonies recently.

Anyway, this small but beautiful sandstone "edge" has a tremendous variety of climbs and several are regarded as classics. We hiked to it through grassy fields and bracken, which apparently would be chest-high within a month. I should, incidentally, tell you that I was gradually finding out about Scottish ratings - for some reason people laughed particularly about Scottish VS's. Now, Sword of Gideon had been a VS, which was supposed to be about a 5.8, but both it and the final climb we did at Kyloe seemed quite a bit harder. The start of the one at Kyloe was undercut and required a strenuous

and delicate simian-type move to get up into the beginning crack system - I think it was more like 10a. Ildi, who had lead the latter climb by the way, is a good climber - slow and deliberate and beautiful to watch because she climbs with such style. The quality that struck me most perhaps, was one of tremendous appreciation for what could be called the sensuality of the climb. She would, for example, frequently comment on a particular hold and how good it felt, or on the beauty of a move. But one particular incident that stands out in my mind was when, at the end of the last climb. Although we could have hiked off, she suggested we rappel because, "This is a great rappel!" I went first and just as I was gaining speed Ildi leaned over the edge and said, "Take a look at the wall, it's beautiful!" At that point I felt like a person with an eating disorder, who "gobbles up" climbs without really savoring the detail. Perhaps a condition I've developed in a world of such massive and plentiful granite - it was a lesson I wanted to remember.

I didn't want the day to end so, with the light of summer evenings lasting until 10:30 p.m., I decided to join Ildi in a quick tour of another more extensive sandstone edge, Bowden Doors. The evening boulderers were just beginning to arrive and I was totally impressed with the variety of climbs and the difficulty of some. I would have loved to have tried some but it was time to go and so, with great appreciation for the generosity of my new found friends, and with a strange and unexplained connection to

the land, I left.

## **Drixilla: Queen of the Desert**

Indian Creek, Castleton Valley and Red Rocks

April 15-May 3, 1998

*By Inez Drixelius*

If you remember the marvelous Australian flick "Priscilla Queen of the Desert" you will undoubtedly recall the classic line uttered when three female impersonators venture through the Australian desert in pursuit of a rocky desert ascent. "That's what we need: A cock in a frock on a rock!" That little rhyme followed me throughout my trip. Deserts have a special affect on me and I must say I love them. Life seems peculiar there, the places are peculiar and I feel peculiar, in an "at home" sort of way.

No two deserts are alike, however, what they all have in common is a unique type of population, human and otherwise. Like desert plants, the people are quite earthy, sturdy and robust. Utah's Canyon Lands and the Castleton Valley have an architecture that is haunting. The climate is as crisp as the sky is blue and a warm looking spring day can be as cold as a witches tit. The wind is never gentle. A curious mix of homogeneous Caucasians and shy Native Americans inhabit the area. As a child growing up in Germany I was mesmerized by movie images of proud feather and leather clad chiefs who looked like Jeff Chandler and rode off with emigrant waifs with long red hair. I so wanted to be such a waif. What I have become, however, is just another tourist who purchases a pretty handmade bracelet, listens to Carlos Nakai, marvels at petroglyphs and drives her rental car over fast modern desert highways. Dances with Dodges....

Nevada deserts are altogether different, specifically the one growing an enormous tumor, a city named Las Vegas. However, once you escape this modern-day Babel into the sandstone mountains of Red Rocks Canyon, a mere 20 miles due West, you find yourself in a remote and exotic place populated by wilting showgirls and creaking cowboys with a thousand broken bones who find obscure employment in obscure desert resorts. One such resort is Bonnie Springs, wonderfully unique in its quaintness and its tinge of shabbiness. I highly recommend it as an ideal place for lodging near Red Rocks. It is a place where folks still call you honey and sweetie and their cigarette smoking seems natural and non-offensive and you learn to enjoy American coffee and HBO TV. There is a little zoo where peacocks (\$25 bucks a bird!!) scream, llamas spit, smelly goats bleat and hugely fat pigs wallow in pathetically dry desert mud.

[Edit 2004: The original version of this newsletter contained a picture of Inez on pitch 4 of Fine Jade, The Rectory, Castleton Valley. This picture was lost and could not be retrieved for this archive version.]

## **Part I - Indian Creek**

I started out from SFO, laden with too much gear, too many ropes, too many clothes, many pounds of coffee, three bottles of wine in my pack and a round trip ticket via Grand Junction, Colorado and Las Vegas, Nevada. I boarded the air moped to Grand Junction and was met by Lord Slime, aka John Byrnes and Jeff "Mort" Elison. They packed me and my obscene luggage in Mort's Subaru and off we went towards Moab, where we stopped for beer and a bite, then heading out to Newspaper Rock at Indian Creek. We set up camp, caught up on some gossip and worried about the weather. It was cold! It was snowing!

Despite the bitter cold we got out of our tents early, decided to move them to a prize location where we settled for the next few days. Then it snowed. We went for a hike, in pursuit of wild turkeys and Indian artifacts. We found both. Suddenly the sky cleared, we raced to camp, collected our climbing gear and headed up to Blue Gramma Wall. We warmed up on one of the many Indian creek "**Unnamed's**" a pesky 5.9+, and despite the deteriorating weather, John decided to romp up another **Unnamed**, this time a pretty looking 10. It began snowing wildly. John did a fine job and was lowered to a snow covered ground. Mort decided to run up it, never mind that it was wet and freezing. I had trouble belaying because the snow was tumbling into my eyes as I looked up. That was it for day one.... Incidentally, the little guidebook doesn't go into detail on letter grades, it is either plus or minus, meaning the plus stands for 10c/d, the minus for 10a/b. Your guess is as good as mine. Indian Creek cracks are also very size dependent and what may be an easy finger crack for me, can be a murderous off fingers crack for you.

Next day we met up with Brent Ware, who had appeared sometime in the early morning, and went through our usual coffee ritual, a religious affair of pompous magnitude! Mort went on a bike ride and left Brent, John and I to our own devices, which meant anything under 10+ was out of the question. I was getting more and more warmed up and enjoyed our romps, such as they were. It was still cold and the weather didn't really permit much climbing.

That evening John and Mort headed out to the Castleton Area to meet up with more of the Fort Collins crowd, Brent and I stayed in town and headed back to Indian Creek the next day. Improved weather and more romping! Brent had his eye on **Supercrack** and did a marvelous job of leading it.

The following day, Brent and I climbed **Castleton Tower** via the **Kor-Ingalls** route, a memorable event. Below us was a party of 7 hauling up this classic South Face route. First I smoke a joint, then I smoke another joint, then I smoke one more. DhUUUude!! I was worried about a contact high 200 feet above them! Considering how loaded they were, they kept it together pretty well. I'd still be sitting there trying to tie a figure eight....That evening we met up with the rest of the group who were camping near the Titan. Exotic views make this campsite most memorable. Brent departed that evening to fly home to Pasadena.

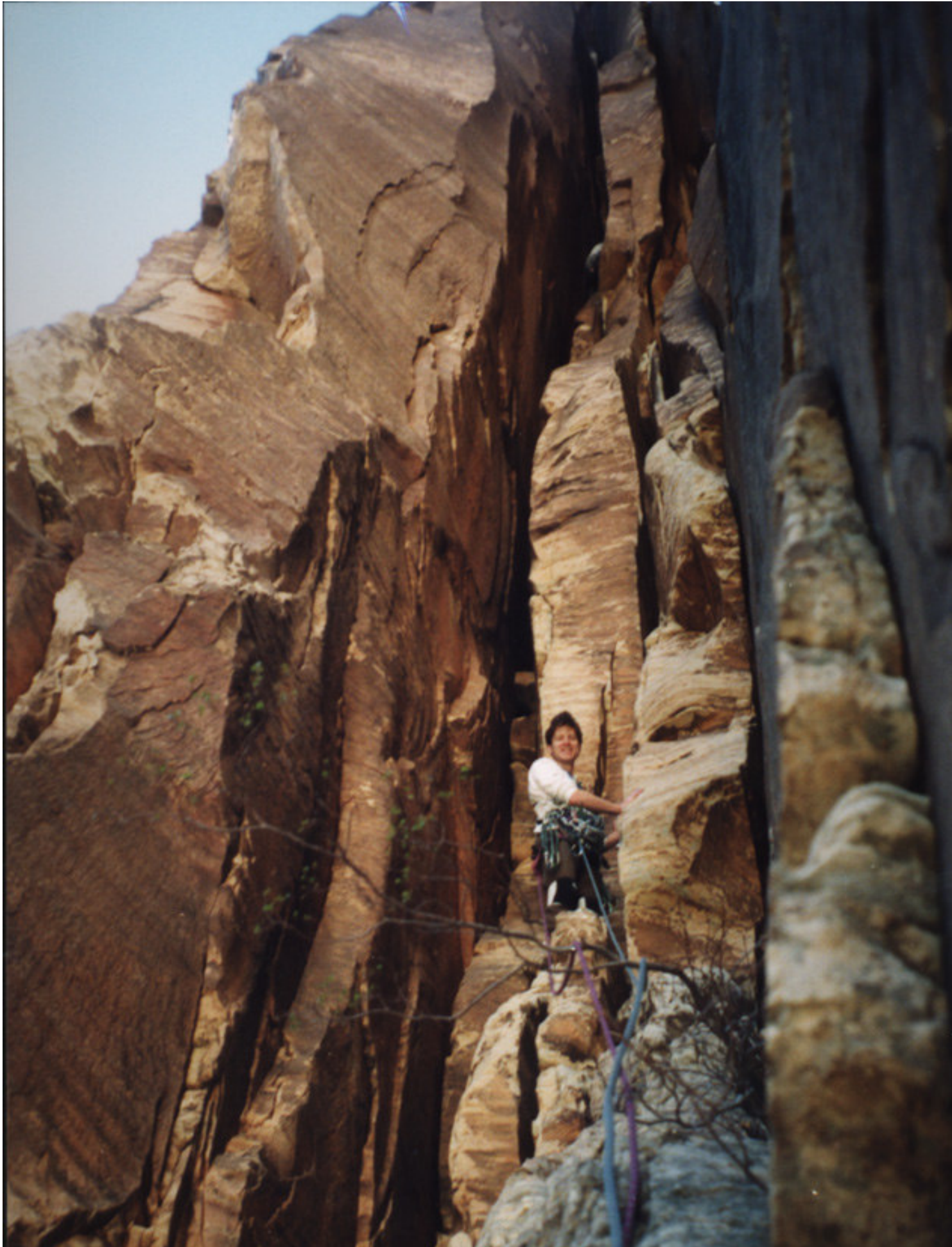
The following day, my last day in the area, John and I repeated our "final Utah climbing routine," which consists of cranking a heinously difficult route, racing down the Castleton Tower trail like billy goats and driving like fiends to the airport so I can make my plane with 10 minutes to spare. Two years ago it was the North Face of Castleton, this year it was **Fine Jade** on the Rectory.

### **Indian Creek Classics:**

Binous Crack 5.9  
Moongodess Revenge 5.11  
Unnamed 5.9+, Unnamed 10+ and more Unnamed (ha, ha!)  
Incredible Hand Crack 10+  
Super Crack 10+  
Generic Crack 10-

### **Castleton Classics:**

Kor Ingalls 5.9+  
Fine Jade 5.11



## People:

Friend-ship is a marvelous thing and when you find that a climbing partner remains loyal, despite other [relationships](#), a few states between the two of you, demanding jobs with little vacation, you are blessed with a valuable friend for life.

I would like to acknowledge John Byrnes, aka Lord Slime, who climbs ferociously hard, but seems to enjoy climbing with me as much as I enjoy climbing with him. "Hells Angels whine more than you do," he told me once and well, I suppose it is true. Thanks for **Fine Jade**, John, and many unnamed 5.11's at Indian Creek, as well as **Incredible Handcrack**.

A new friend has come into my life, introduced to me by John, Jeff "Mort" Elison. I knew Jeff from the net, but I had no idea that behind the clipped professional comments lurks a warm, generous and open human being. I took to him instantly and I hope to see him again.

Another net friend and new climbing partner eked his big quiet heart into mine and I thank you, Brent Ware, for a wonderful ascent of the **Kor Ingalls** as well as **Generic Crack** and **Super Crack**. What a line! I loved it, though it required steady forearm jams.

We all watched Hermann the Austrian, a minute, but hugely strong Austrian man, solo **Incredible Handcrack** and lead **Supercrack** with just 2 pieces of protection. Who says old farts don't rule? He's 54.

Thanks, Lizz Grenard, for a great meal. Lizz doesn't beat around the bush and I appreciate her raw and honest humor.

Tom Fyffe can tell a story and make it vivid with that flowery language and an eloquence only Southerners produce. Humor without sarcasm, observation without criticism. He and Slime had climbed **Primrose Dihedral** on Moses Tower and Tom 's account of this ascent had me rocking with laughter.

## Misc. Musings

### The Challenge

At the April meeting, Paul Minault threw down the gauntlet, and challenged Rock Rendezvous to come up with an idea for an annual service project of some kind, a way for the club to give something to the climbing community at large. Ideas are still being sought. Please bring suggestions to the next meeting or contact Pat McLaughlin at 415-647-2442 or Pat.McLaughlin @kp.org.

## **1,000,000 Thanks**

With the passing of the Dirty Dozen series an era in the history of the Rock Rendezvous newsletter has come to a close. Through his monthly series of twelve backcountry climbs, Bruce Bindner (a.k.a. Brutus of Wyde) has shared some amazing experiences with us, many of them were first ascents. While many members probably shoo their heads at the topos with their numerous references of "loose", "sustained", and (of course) the dreaded "OW" the featured climbs could not help but inspire even the most hardened gym rat to get out into the backcountry for a taste of adventure. Many thanks go out to Bruce for taking the time and the effort to share these climbs with us. Perhaps he'll even let us put them on the web site for posterity...

### **Trip/Trip Leader Policy (addendum)**

The policy regarding club trips were listed in the last newsletter. A few additional items worth noting or stressing were mentioned at the May meeting: Regarding trips with paid campsites (Yosemite) You are \*not\* signed up for a trip unless the trip leader has confirmed that there is space for you and any guests. Do not show up at the campsite and expect a space unless you have a confirmation from the trip leader. Visiting is definitely welcome, especially if you have beer or wine, but crashing is not. Standard Yosemite campsites allow only two cars per site. One is reserved for the trip leader. The other is available on a first-come, first-serve basis. Any additional cars must be parked in the overflow parking area outside of the campgrounds. Please respect this. You must provide your own equipment and climbing partner. While trip leaders may be able to give you the name of another climber on the trip looking for a partner this should be your last resort. The monthly meetings, e-mail mailing list, and member list (respectively) are your best opportunities for finding partners within the club.

### **Notable Website**

The American Safe Climbing Association (ASCA) is an organization promoting safety in outdoor climbing through the replacement of old, worn out bolts. Check out their website at [www.safeclimbing.org](http://www.safeclimbing.org). Among other things, it lists over 30 routes on which they've replaced ancient, rotten bolts or rivets. Founder, Chris McNamara, says they will be offering rebolting clinics this Summer, and they would also welcome suggestions on which climbs should be given priority for rebolting. And, of course, as a non-profit organization, the ASCA is looking to the climbing community for monetary donations. Donations buckets can be found at your local climbing gym. For more information, check out the website or contact Chris at [ccmcn@aol.com](mailto:ccmcn@aol.com).

[edit: The original version of this newsletter had some links to bonus pictures at web addresses that are now defunct and thus those links have been deleted for the archive version]

# Upcoming Trips

Yosemite, May 29-30 (2 sites- Upper Pines) - Jen Hanley 415/665-7007

Yosemite, June 5-6 (1 site - Upper Pines) - Inez Drixelius, 510/643-9948 or inezdrex@uclink.berkeley.edu

Yosemite, June 12-13 (North Pines) - Jason Ucker, 415/397-6620 or jason@lucasdigital.com

Yosemite, June 12-13 (1 site - North Pines) - Kristin Rains, 415/331-1424 or kjrains@aol.com

Tuolumne, July 18-19 - This is the first weekend Tuolumne will be open. We will be sharing a group campsite with the Cragmont Climbing Club. There are only 14 open spots. Trip leader: Pat McLaughlin, 415/647-2442 or Pat.McLaughlin @kp.org.

Tuolumne, July 25-26, no trip leader assigned yet..

Tuolumne, August 15-16 - No trip leader assigned yet.

## Next Meeting June 2nd

The June meeting will be held at 7 p.m. on Tuesday, June 2nd at the illustrious home of Jennifer Hanley. Jen lives at 1370 15th Avenue (directions below). If you get lost, the number is 415/665-7007. We should have a slide projector on hand, so bring a few of your favorite slides (no more than 10 a piece) to share.

*Directions:* The N Judah streetcar is the recommended transport option. Get off at 13th or 16th Avenue.

*From the east bay:* After the Bay Bridge, take the Fell Street exit. Follow signs for Fell Street, then take it all the way to the Panhandle of Golden Gate Park. Follow either of the two left lanes as they bear left just inside the park. Winding a little, they will lead to Lincoln Avenue which runs along the south perimeter of the park. Go through a few lights on Lincoln, then take a left onto 15th Avenue. 1370 15th Avenue is between Irving and Judah Streets.

*From the north:* Take 19th Avenue south through the park to Lincoln Avenue (first city street south of the park), right onto Lincoln, next left onto 20th Ave., next left onto Irving Street. Take Irving east 5 blocks, turn right onto 15th Ave. and look for parking.

*From the south:* Take 19th Avenue to Irving Street (two streets south of Golden Gate Park). Turn right onto Irving and right onto 15th Avenue.

## Warning/Disclaimer

San Francisco Rock Rendezvous is not a teaching organization and does not endorse nor insure rock climbing. Trips advertised in the newsletter are private and are only listed to allow for the coordination of carpooling 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.