

A six page issue. No. 598--October 19, 1982.

A newsheet published by and for the Ski Mountaineers and Rock Climbing Sections of the Sierra Club's Angeles Chapter since 1938. Send subscriptions & address changes to Dove Menkes, 2530 Coventry Circle, Fullerton 92633. \$5.00 per year due in October.

SUICIDE -9/25/82

In spite of the weather threat from Olivia, 22 climbers signed in on Saturday. The weather was good through the day, and much enterprising climbing was done. Margo put in a good day by climbing Revelation with Leroy and then swinging leads with Bob Harvy on Ten Karat Gold. Harvy and Baca later climbed Revelation. Mike's exclamations of anguish and joy could be heard at the base of the rock as he first encountered (apparently unexpectedly) and then surmounted the crux move on the third pitch. Bryla and Mastrianni had a busy day with Guillotine, Thin Man, and Serpentine; and Agnitch and Lindgren climbed Flower of Figh Rank. David, Yours, Graham Crackers, and Break Out were each climbed by more than one party, and a number of other climbs were done. The campfire went well with good musical entertainment, and all seemed well at bedtime. Unfortunately Olivia than made her move and dampened spirits as well as everything else. The leader canceled the climb early Sunday morning as he dragged his 50 lb. sleeping bag out of the campground. RGL

DEAR MUGELNOOS

We thought the treatise on "lie back" by Underground Grammarian (in the September issue) was hilarious. However, it did not treat on the historical aspects of the term.

In the early days of the RCS, and for part of its latter days too, the word was LAYBACK, which was used strictly as a noun and seemed to have no connection with the lay-lie horrors of grammatical construction. In fact, I noticed in the last edition of UP ROPE, Mugelnoos of Washington D.C. climbers, that they still say layback.

I have sometimes wondered if "lieback" isn't an affectation or corruption of the proper term -- just as in modern ski parlance mogul has replaced the legitimate term mugel (but fortunately it hasn't become Mogulnoos as yet!). What does Underground Grammarian have to say about this? Sincerely yours, RDM Historical Grammarian

WHITNEY EAST FACE -JULY 30-AUG 2

Friday saw 9 RCS'ers and a contingent of 4 young Germans from the German Alpine Club start the long steep trek from Whitney Portal to Iceberg Lake. Proficiency Card holders Robert Oelsner and Deborah Ivons burned out within the first hour and had to turn back for reasons of heavy pack with insufficient conditioning. Robert had mentioned at the trailhead that he was carrying two full sized ropes, raising my eyebrows to wonder what other interesting and extraneous items had found their way into his pack. I suspect he has learned a valuable lesson, and will screen backpack gear with a hawk eye in the future, to the extent of cutting his toothbrush in half like the rest of us. Also, the next time a curvaceous climber bats her long eyelashes and coos "Will big strong mans carry heavy items for poor itty bitty me?" he'll know how to respond!

Iceberg was gained that afternoon without incident, and preparations begun to put teams on the mountain early next morning. The plan was to send the Germans (Dorthea Rudiger, Petra Stangl, Gerhardt Shiver and Reinhardt Koch), who were not actually technical rock climbers, but competent on snow, up the Mountaineers route. Ron Mastrianni and Stan Kline were to attack the East Buttress route, followed by the team Nick Smith, John Peters and Tom Jeter. John Orange and Tony Bird planned to assault the East Face, and found themselves in competition (cont.)

MUGELNOOS STSFF
EDITOR for October ..TOM JETER
MUGELGRAPHER.....MARK COLE
MUGELMAILER.....DOVE MENKES
REPORTERS: Ruth Mendenhall, Bob Lindgren, Tom Jeter, Norm Kingsley, Donna Mroczkowski, Emory Yount, Leroy Russ, Margo Koss

NEXT EDITOR: Jackie Van Dalsem
4143 Via Marina #1120
Marina del Rey, Ca 90291
(213) 822-9668
NEXT ISSUE: November 16, 1982
DEADLINE: Wednesday, Nov. 10

C A L E N D A R

Oct. 23 SMS Potluck Crandall
Oct. 24 RCS Picnic, Big Rock, Shiel
Oct. 27 RCS Business Meeting
Oct. 30-31 RCS Owens Ridge, Perkins
Nov. 13-14, RCS Josh Tree, Russ
Dec. 19, Stoney Pt. 1st tng. climb

ADDRESS CHANGES

Iain Linn, 26 Middlepenny Rd,
Langbank, Renfrewshire, Scotland
tel. 0475-54-276
Jim Endo, P.O. Box 562, June Lake
Ca 93529. tel 714-648-7824

FOR SALE

L Troll singl. pt. hammock w/fly (new) \$90.
1 Jansport rockstander (sl us.) \$60 (cost 120 new)
1 pr. Carabu gators (new) \$10
Call 213-828-1685 (F)
213-488-7000(W) DM

1976 Datsun pickup King Crab/shell asking \$2850. tel 213-743-2629 day
213-257-2093 eve

MUGELNOOS FEE DUE IN OCTOBER \$5.00 is payable to Dove Menkes this month if you want to continue to receive Mugelnoos !!!!!!!!!!!!!

TRAINING COMMITTEE MEMO

RCS members and Card holders: For fun and profit in your spare time teach climbing to real people!!!! Circle these dates NOW
Stoney Point: Dec 19 and Jan 9 & 22
Rubidoux: Feb 6 & 20; Mar 6

Sierra Club Mountaineering Cmte meets 0930 Nov 13, AngChap HQ, at 2410 Beverly Blvd, LA 90057. tel (213)387-4287. Agenda: budget increase to \$900, select Sierrans to visit German Alpine Club hi-alps tour, get together for Ldrs that hosted Germans this summer. non-LA'ers, we pay 1/2 your fare. RSVP now to Chair: Kingsley, learn of 1/2 price SCMC gets on mtrng & ski gear.

Climbing magazine (Sept-Oct issue) has a full page article on the Stoney Point victory, authored by our own Tony Bird! This should give heart to others around the country attempting to preserve their climbing area! Good work Tony! Ed

RCS JOSHUA TREE NOVEMBER 13-14
Campground reservations are for Indian Cove. Sign in sheet for climbing will be in Indian Cove on Saturday; and at Intersection Rock in Hidden Valley on Sunday. Ed

RCS ANNUAL PICNIC-BIG ROCK-Oct 24
Sunday, 9:30 AM to dark. Great place for family, climbers, children, but no dogs. RCS will supply drinks, plates cups, hot dog & hamburger buns, and charcoal. YOU bring your preferred meat and other food. Ed.

SMS ANNUAL POTLUCK - Oct. 23, Sat.
Call Kathy Crandall to confirm attendance. Ed.

RCS ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING-Oct 27
Wednesday, 7:00 PM, Orange Room, Dept Water & Power, L.A. Come one come all for the fun and games. Have you ever wanted to give the thumbs up or thumbs down to your fellow members? This is your annual chance. Less important business will be discussed too. BE THERE! Ed.

MEMORIAL DONATION- JIM SHARPSTEEL
Anyone who would like to donate in memory of Jim to the Angeles Chapter legal/conservation fund, send check (tax deductible) made out to SIERRA CLUB FOUNDATION/ANGELES. Send to Mary Ferguson, fund raiser, Angeles Chapter, 2410 Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles 90057. Note: Jim's wife Mickey will receive note of your donation. MK

Leroy Russ requests volunteers to put together packets to mail to new RCS students. Contact Leroy by 30 Oct. Note: volunteers should come primarily from last years students. Ld

Those who neglected to pay campground fee at Yosemite last week (\$2.00 per climber or \$3.00 per family) should mail it in to Margo Koss, RCS-Sec-Treas. Leroy notes there are many of you! In the future, please pay when you sign the first day. Ld

RCS WOMEN

The Training Committee especially would like the women of the RCS- both members and proficiency rates to come out to the practice climbs and help instruct. Several of this year's women students have said that they were pleased to see that women had active autonomous leadership roles in the Section, and weren't just trailing along with the men. tng. Comm.

P.S.

We're talking about setting up an occasional "woman's day" at scheduled RCS climbs where any of the women who want to can make a point of climbing together, and/or a repeat of days like last years WOMANS EXPEDITION TO MT. RUBIDOUX. MK

WHITNEY EAST FACE (continued from page 1)

on that route with two other rope teams camped at Iceberg. The traditional game of cat and mouse ensued, with John and Tony plotting and scheming on how to be first team on the route next morning. Departure times kept escalating earlier and earlier (3:00 AM was mentioned at one point), until John noticed to his chagrin that the other two teams were preparing to bivouac near the rope up point in position to detect and intercept any attempt to sneak in ahead of them! Having obviously lost the game of cat and mouse, John decided to use the diplomatic approach, and hiked up to the bivouac to talk things over face to face. This tactic proved successful, as John's magnanimous offer to show the other climbers the route by leading the way was gratefully accepted (President Regan could use this man in the Middle East just now!). That settled, we all bedded down, thinking about the weather (thundershowers every afternoon the previous week); and the grizzly death only two weeks prior of a climber below the Fresh Air Traverse, dangling - dangling in the wind on the end of his rope, before being cut down two days later by China Lake Search and Rescue.

Sunday morning at a reasonable hour (5:45 AM), all teams assembled at the rope up point and proceeded in perfect weather under cloudless sky. The East Buttress route is rated 4th class except for one 5th class pitch, but both parties on it got off route as usual. We found what we were on was all 5th class except for one 4th class pitch. The obvious lines lead us into progressively harder climbing until we finally had to negotiate a 5.8 or A1 section, depending on whether you put your foot in the fixed sling (I did). Fortunately, the weather held, and our team met all the East Face teams on the summit before being hit by a few token hailstones. Everyone climbed with ice axes to negotiate the snow choked Mountaineers descent route, and were all back at base camp by 6 PM. The celebration that night was somewhat too subdued for my taste as no one had brought up so much as a bota of wine (where are the Real Men who can laugh at extra weight in their pack?) Tony Bird and Tom Jeter tried to get things going by passing around vials of brandy and 151 proof rum, but this proved insufficient to get the group roudy.

The trip back to the roadhead Sunday went pleasantly, with a stop at Lower Boy Scout Lake for swimming. At Whitney Portal I was astonished to find that a mouse had pulled a Harry Houdini act to get into my locked trunk and gobble up a bag of gorp! John Orange came over, said this was not unusual, and started telling mouse stories of other locked trunks and glove compartments. Be ye forewarned; as we must deal with "smart bears" in Yosemite Valley, now we must be prepared to deal with "smart mice" at Whitney Portal!! Plans were then made to drink some beers in town, but wouldn't you know, Asst. Leader John Peters, munching on a large slice of quiche, begged off and headed back to L.A. Imagine! Speeding back to the wife instead of whooping it up in the saloon with the boys!!! It's hard to say for sure whether this sort of thing is motivated by fear of the rolling pin, or joy of stepping into the welcoming outstretched arms of a beloved. Whatever the reason, we should seriously consider purging our membership of married climbers is this behaviour persists!! Anyway, we took over a bar in Lone Pine, linked arms with the Germans, and sang a few rousing choruses of "Bier her, bier her, oder Ich fall um - fall um" and other Octoberfest favorites. John Orange allowed he had come in solely to drink coffee, but when a frosted mug of chilled Michelob was thrust under his nose, he didn't refuse. John mumbled something about people over 40 not being able to booze it up and climb hard too, which got me to thinking. We don't need people in the RCS who can't carouse all night and climb all day; that hurts our IMAGE! (See treatise on image, November 81 Mugelnoos.) Therefore I propose we purge the RCS of all climbers over 40. Wait a minute..... my age is over If you don't mind, I think I'd like to retract that last proposal.

TJ

HUMBUG - BAH

Prior Mugelnoos Editor Kathy Crandall published my article (Tahquitz in July) last month, ending with an Editor's note that read "Unfortunately, this was cut slightly due to lack of space", and then leaves 4 inches of blank space below that comment !!!!!!! I want to inform you, gentle readers, that "lack of space" had nothing to do with that editing. Instead, like a surgen cutting very selectively, Crandal excised the spice, the gusto, the living material from the prose,

(cont.)

HOMBUG - BAH (Cont.)

leaving the readers a dead lifeless skeleton, like a water buffalo carcass stripped by piranhas. What's missing you ask? Everything that could be construed as a macho world view, that's what! So here we have a feminist conspiracy in the RCS of all places; this last bastion of "Real Men". I should have smelled a rat months ago when Margo Koss, acting as Editor, altered some words in an article I wrote substituting 'chairperson' and 'chair' for my original 'chairman'. This seemed like a small matter and I almost forgot about it, but NOW a terrible pattern is emerging. I must warn you about this innocent sounding 'Gang of Six'! Like an ameba, soon it will be a gang of twelve then a gang of twenty four, then forty eight, then ninety two, then... and WE, WE are going to get swallowed up by it all! worst of all, the libbers infiltrating our Section are not fighting fair. I could understand howels of protest in Mugelnoos when we men posture ourselves in the good old "Me Tarzan - You Jane" tradition. I could understand a bra burning protest around an RCS campfire, or even slipping talc into our chalkbags; after all, 'all's fair in love and war'. But CENSORSHIP? NEVER!!!! Our days are numbered unless we take action!!!

First, we must purge Mugelnoos of feminist Editors (not females).

Second, we must insure the propagation of our species. To this end I have drawn up a suggested recruiting poster for the RCS, appearing on the last page of this Mugelnoos.

Third, I will personally take on the task of the rehabilitation of Miss Kathy Crandall. She's too good a climber to lose, she just needs a little reconstruction.

Forth, a clarion call - HARD MEN ARISE - TO ARMS - TO ARMS
TJ

ODYSSEY

During the late fifties and early sixties the impecunious British and American climbers in Chamonix stayed at the Biollay campsite. It was close to the train station, the center of town, and, of course, the Bar National. Though the camping was free, it was a desperate place to live. There were no toilet facilities or potable water, and when it rained (and of course that was the only time we were in camp) the place turned into a field of mud and stinking garbage. None of the French climbers would go near the place; most of them preferred the Hotel de Paris. The daily routine was to sleep as late as possible, wolf down some porridge, and pad through the muck into town and the bakery. Afternoons were spent in the Bar National or, if it wasn't raining, sitting on park benches watching the unapproachable French birds walk by. Then it was back to the "Nash" for an evening of drinking. A stagger back to the Biollay woods completed the day's activities.

One morning during a fifteen-day stretch of rain and snow, morale was at an all-time low. I was morosely walking over to get some water when I stopped in my tracks. A beautiful girl, stripped to her underwear, was washing in the stream. I could hardly believe my eyes, for the only women that hung around the Biollay in those days were usually as wretched as we were. Since there was no avoiding at least a "good morning," we struck up a conversation. With a heavy Austrian accent she mentioned that she was here to climb but had been unable to find a partner. The next day dawned with blue skies, and off we went up to a hut. The following morning we set off for the Voie des Plaques on the Aiguille de Requin. The English guidebook deems it a classic and states that it's a good introduction to Alpine climbing. It's not difficult going (mainly low-angle slabs with an occasional section of Grade IV), but it is nearly a thousand meters long and involves a glacier approach. The French call this route the "Englishman's Bedroom" because so many British climbers come straight onto it from an apprenticeship of twenty meter leads on small crags and end up having to bivouac.

When we reached the base of the wall, there were four other parties already on the climb, and they were yelling out belay signals and dropping stones on each other. Annalee and I tied in together and shortened the rope to about fifteen meters. I picked a line off to the left of the others to avoid the rockfall, and we started up. Annalee had never done any leading, and though we climbed together, I went first, picking the route and making certain that I was never directly

(continued)

ODYSSEY (Cont.)

above her so that I could see how she was doing. I kept flipping the rope behind blocks, and once in a while I'd leave a runner over a horn. Whenever I felt that there was a section that might give her any trouble, I'd brace myself and give her a belay. By moving together we quickly outdistanced the others and were soon dropping rocks on them! Five hours after leaving the hut we were on the summit, having a cozy lunch in the warm sun. Down below on the slabs we could just make out the tiny dots of the others as they methodically belayed every inch of the way up. It was obvious they were in for a cold night.

Chuckling to ourselves, we took off down a gully on the west side, made a rappel, made another, and another, and..... Good God, had we screwed up! I hadn't bothered to check out the descent route! I had already left in all my slings and had used up my swami belt for rappel anchors. Now I began cutting up the nylon drawstrings on my pack. Next to go were my bootlaces. Then part of the rope. Well, we just made it back to the hut before nightfall. We weren't as smug as we'd been on top, but it was certainly warmer for us than it was for the others.

Story by Yvon Chouinard in his book Climbing Ice

RCS HARD MEN CONQUER CHARLOTTE DOME - Sept. 10-11-12

Intrepid Hard Men Bob Harvy and Tom Jeter set out for Charlotte Dome intent on following the footsteps of Bob Lindgren, Ed Evans, Miguel Rodriguez and Alois Smrz (see August Mugelnoos). In contrast to the latter, however, who came in over Kearsarge Pass, we chose to attack from the west. The Ranger at the trailhead in Kings Canyon informed us that five parties all season had obtained a wilderness permit to climb Charlotte, and that three of those parties, including us were going in that day!

We traveled fast and light up the Bubbs Creek trail, thence cross country up Charlotte Creek to the base of the Dome. The cross-country section is steep and gains about 2000 ft., but goes well and can be recommended. About 4½ hours from the trailhead Ranger Station we were standing at the base of the climb. There were no flat spots anywhere to camp, but 15 minutes of excavation work won us a reasonable tent site. This was a dry camp, but that problem was solved with a 20 minute traverse (one way) across the eastern flank of the Dome to the permanent north-south feeder stream flowing into Charlotte Creek. One round trip with day packs supplied us with enough water for several days. For these efforts, we were rewarded with the most magnificent campsite I have ever experienced in the Sierra! The view to the south across Bubbs Creek is awe inspiring, rivaling views in the Alps, and we also had a great view to the east.

While we were having dinner, congratulating ourselves, another party of two came in and an hour later still another party of two! Everyone bivied right next to us, and Bob and I realized we had yet another cat and mouse game on our hands. Early next morning we won the game by being first team on the route and remained so all day. However, this turned out to be not so important as usual, because Charlotte Dome boasts the finest rock I have ever climbed on, anywhere. I don't remember a single loose hold all day, the rock is unbelievably sound. I'm pretty sure we took the correct route as described in August Mugelnoos, but it seemed longer than expected, 11 pitches plus a couple of pitches of 3rd class at the base. The weather was perfect, and the climb super, a real classic as described in Steve Roper & Allen Stecks book Fifty Classic Climbs in North America. If you've ever wondered about EB's being made on French lasts for French feet, that question is now resolved. One of our newfound friends, an expatriate Frenchman working in a Napa Valley winery, said goodbye in a heavy accent Sunday morning, hefted his pack on his back and headed west toward Kearsarge Pass, wearing his EB's! On the hike back Sunday I had the time of my life limiting out on trout (up to 12 inches) in the pools along Bubbs Creek, using dry flies. Climbing and fishing of this quality on the same weekend is hard to beat! Need I say more to interest you in this area?

MEN

ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING A 98 POUND WEEKLING?

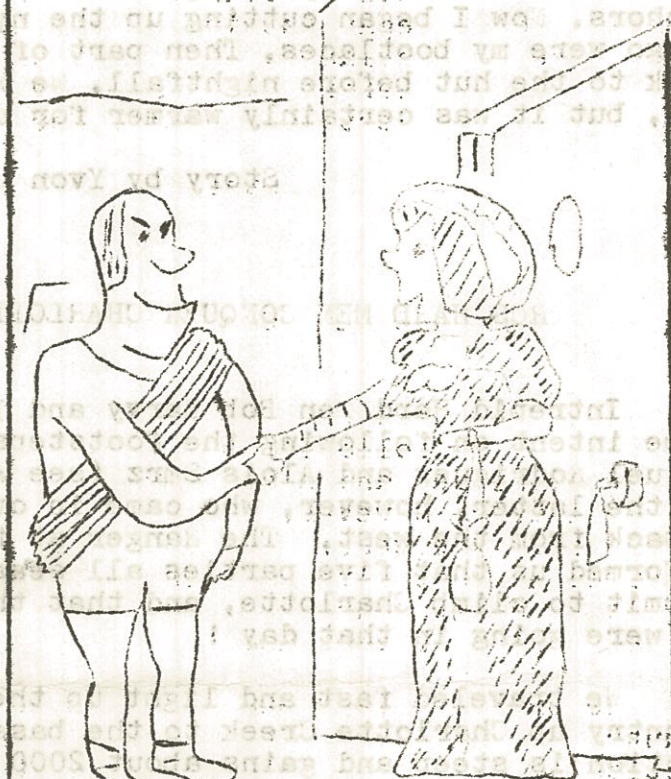
DO THE BULLY'S AT THE BEACH KICK SAND IN YOUR FACE ?

THEN JOIN THE RCS AND BECOME A

HARD MAN

BEFORE JOINING RCS

AFTER JOINING RCS



Well, goodnight Ralph. It was nice meeting someone so sensitive, aware and vulnerable. TOO BAD YOU'RE SUCH A WIMP.

Well Ralph, wouldn't you like to come in for a drink ? A HARD MAN IS GOOD TO FIND!!!

Editors note: Cartoon on the left was taken from Real Men Don't Eat Quiche, by Bruce Feirstein. Cartoon on the right is a modification by your Editor.

The Mugelnoos
 c/o Dove Menkes
 2530 Coventry Circle
 Fullerton, Ca 92633

DON PIES
 4619 W 130TH ST
 HAWTHORNE CA 90250