

THE MUGELNOOS

No. 629 - May 21, 1985. An 8 page issue

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. \$7 per year due in October.

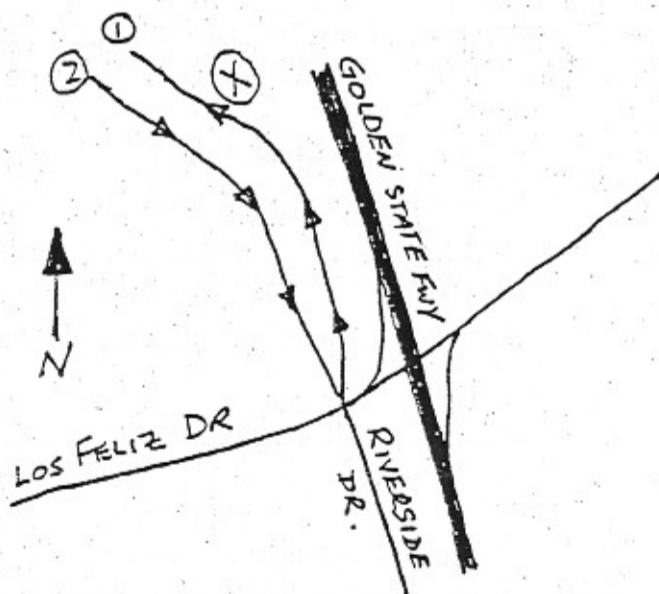
NEW RCS/SMS MEETING PLACE

Starting with the July 16, 1985 Mugelnoos meeting, the RCS/SMS will meet at a new location: the Griffith Park Ranger Auditorium at 4730 Crystal Springs Drive, LA.!! See the enclosed map. Internal needs for the auditorium and cafeteria at the DWP building has made questionable the availability of these facilities after June for outside organizations. In view of this uncertainty, the RCS/SMS (and other Sierra Club Sections) have reserved the Griffith Park Auditorium for future use. The May 21 and June 18 meetings will continue to be held at the DWP building.

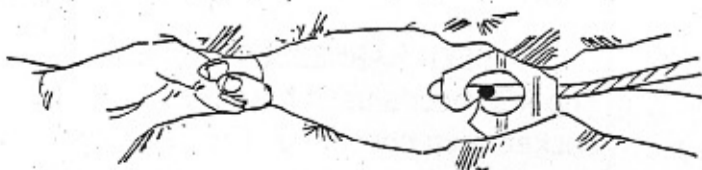
RBS

Simplified Map

From Golden State Fwy exit at Los Feliz Dr. Drive West to Riverside Dr. and turn right. Riverside Dr. turns into Crystal Springs Dr. (no street sign). If traveling East on Los Feliz, turn left on Riverside Dr.



- ① CRYSTAL SPRINGS DR. (ONEWAY)
- ② GRIFFITH PARK DR. (ONEWAY)
- ⊗ RANGER STATION 3/4 MI FROM LOS FELIZ.



FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!



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NEXT ISSUE: June 18, 1985
DEADLINE: Tuesday, June 11

MUGELNOOS MEETINGS: Third Tuesday of
each month, 7:30 pm, Dept. of Water
and Power Cafeteria (Orange Rm.),
111 N. Hope St., L.A.; parking free,
program, conversation - skiers,
climbers, guests welcome.

MUGELNOOS MEETINGS/RCS HOST

May 21, 1985- Alois Smrz- Ice Climbing
in the Sierra. Outstanding slides of some
of the choice ice climbing areas!!

June 18, 1985- POTPOURRI.

RCS'ers-Bring a few of your choice slides
of heroic, embarrassing, humorous, and
humiliating climbing adventures and
misadventures!!

RBS

CALENDAR

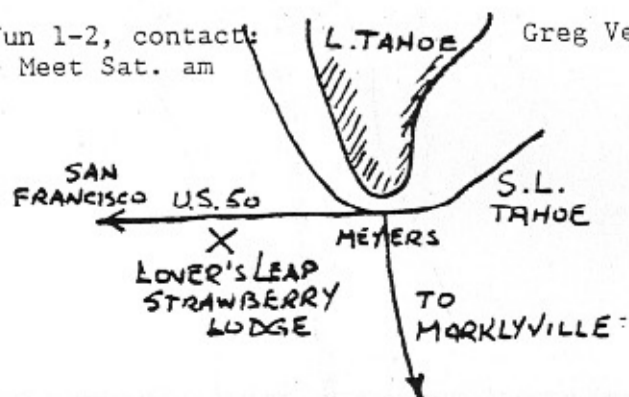
Rock Climbing Section:
May 25-27 Granite Mtn. Vernon/Fowler
Jun 1-2 Lovers Leap Vernon/Bagdon
Jun 8-9 Suicide Erb/Rutherford
Jun 22-23 Domeland Valkass/DeRusha
Jun 29-30 Tahquitz Houpt/Harris

Changes:

May 25-27 Yosemite Cancelled (nopermit)
Jul 4-7 Changed from Minarets to No.
Palisades L. Tidball

Ski Mountaineers Section:
Jun 1-2 Dunderberg/Mammoth Malloy/Hollema

Jun 1-2, contact: Greg Vernon
X- Meet Sat. am



NEW RCS PROFICIENCY RATEES

Dan Dunkle (I don't believe it)
2106 Manhattan Beach Blvd.
Redondo Beach, CA 90278
(H) (213) 371-1621 (W) (213) 536-3894

Elliot Gordon
65 E. Yule Loop
Irvine, CA 92714
(H) (714) 857-4887 (W) (213) 879-1834

Dale Mc Nulty
P.O.Box 2926
Newport Beach, CA 92663
(H) (714) 631-3021

Eliot Zaiken
427 1/2 Larkspur Ave
Corona Del Mar, CA 92625
(H) (714) 760-8690 (W) (714) 250- 8223

Change of Adress:
Suzanne Dallman and Rich Lake
AKA Evolution Alpine Equipment
P.O. Box 148
102 W. Summer St.
Oji, CA 93023
(805) 646-4429 Visitors Welcome!

Tom Jenkins work telephone is changed
to: (213) 590-2350. Home remains the
same (213) 439-3780.

We apologize Dione Didier for misspelling
your name.

For Sale - 5 1/2 lb 4 season Polarguard
sleeping bag with compression stuff sack
size for under 6', \$110. Greg Vernon

Hummingbird Ice Tool with Alpine pick, and
2 ice picks, Forest wrist loop. \$40. Vernon

FOR SALE

Three pair of fully assembled Vinersa
climbing skins in excellent condition!!
(1) 180 cm; (2) 180cm-never used; (3)
159 cm. Contact Robert Somoano-(818)
790-2123.

NOTICES

Claude Lane has 2 openings on his permit
for 4-7 Jul climb in Minarets.

According to GV, price of "Friends" is ex-
pected to increase significantly in July.

USED HARNESSES NEEDED

The RCS needs used harnesses for the
bucket drop portion of the Training
Program. Anyone having harnesses they
wish to donate, contact Margo Koss at
(213) 227-4973.

RBS

In the Foothills of the Andes

In mid-March on a recent trip to the Cerro Tololo InterAmerican Observatory George Wallerstein had a chance to join two young Chilean friends for three days in the Andes immediately east of Santiago. Since no one had a working car, they travelled to the mountains via subway to the bus station and then by bus to San Alfonso in the canyon of the Maipo River. Unfortunately San Alfonso was ten km. short of the trail; but a couple of hundred pesos (about \$1.35) resulted in the driver taking them to within 4 km of the trail. After an hour spent walking along the road between 2 and 3 PM (sort of like starting for Mt. Whitney from downtown Lone Pine) they reached the trail and started up at 3:30.

Erich Wenderoth, who organized the trip, had told George that there was water all the way. Fortunately the latter, an old ski mountaineer, SPS'er and member of the DPS had heard that song before and carried a canteen of Gatorade. The first water was found at 7:30 PM as they reached an old cabin used by sheep herders.

Next morning they moved camp to 3000 m and after an hour spent transferring lunch from overnight packs to day packs set out for Cerro San Lorenzo, 3900 m. The ascent was class 2 first over meadows amply endowed with "Andean Oysters" and then up a slope about as enjoyable as the upper slopes of Mt. Shasta in September. Some fresh snow helped to relieve the monotony. The feature of the trip was being buzzed by a condor while eating lunch. The views from the summit included several peaks of 6000 m and of every color in the rainbow except green.

Although located at the latitude of Los Angeles, 33^o, the mountains east of Santiago have no trees except in the river valleys. South of Santiago the rainfall increases very rapidly, and by the latitude of Portland you have reached the Patagonian ice fields. FitzRoy is at the latitude of Vancouver. Further north near the latitude of the Tololo observatory at latitude 30^o there are numerous peaks of 5500 to 6000m with snow at the higher levels. Approaches are absolutely dry one you leave the river valleys where dashing streams are lined by dense growth. Even further north roads penetrate the high plateaus and numerous volcanos dot the landscape culminating with Cerro Oyos de Salada, only 100 m lower than Aconcagua. It can be approached via the road from Copiapo to the 4500 m Paso de San Francisco. Plan on plenty of time and take plenty of gas and water.

G.W.

MINERAL KING AND FAREWELL GAP

April 13-14, 1985

Six Ski Mountaineers, all on Nordic gear, met at the junction of Calif. 198 and the Mineral King Road at 7 AM Saturday and drove to a large snowdrift just short of Atwell Mill Ranger Station. Cars were left there, and there was more walking than skiing about 6 miles to the summer trailhead in Mineral King Valley. After lunch, we attempted to reach Eagle Lake. Slushy snow broken by rocks and brush slowed progress and the majority voted to discontinue the effort. To find an easier way back, we searched upstream and found a ford to cross to the east side of the creek in Farewell Canyon, then made a leisurely return trip on the valley floor, scouting the crossing of Crystal Creek to have a more direct route to Farewell Gap Sunday AM. During dinner, Paul Kenworthy found a working pay phone and could not resist using it! After a good night's sleep, Bob Wright decided to enjoy the solitude of the valley while Tom Jenkins, Pat and Gerry Holleman, John Blumthal and Paul headed for Farewell Gap. The trip was so easy on the pre-scouted trail and firm morning snow that Pat and Gerry decided to forge ahead and add the summit of Vandever Peak to their list. They left their skis in the Gap, hiked up the peak and glissaded down while the others enjoyed the sun and scenery. All five skiers had a good run down from the gap to timberline, making many telemarks and a couple of shoulder rolls in the corn snow. We then encountered soft snow for the return trip on the valley floor. All reached the packs by 2:15 and all cars were off the Mineral King Road before dark. Thanks to Gerry for a fine job of assisting and much trailbreaking, to Bob for going up a day early for the permit, and for Gerry, Paul and Bob for driving the Mineral King Road. THJ

THE SKI RACE - 1985March 1-3

The 1985 SMS Ski Race was again held at Snow Summit Ski Area-Big Bear, and was memorable for a variety reasons. First of all, in contrast to sunny 1984, we raced on real snow, with a full-on storm blasting the area throughout race day.

Race headquarters was established Friday nite at Keller Hut where certain racers immediately started their pre-race liquid training program. About midnight the first signs of an approaching storm arrived, sounding more like rain, but following a hut rattling night, an inch of strange styrofoam like pellets covered the ground.

Arriving at Snow Summit Saturday AM, we were greeted by a full-on storm, but despite poor visibility, low temperatures and blowing snow the planned events proceeded on schedule. Some hoped to increase their chances and partook of either a race clinic or telemark lesson provided by the Mtn's Nordic Dept. Actually it is this reporters opinion that the Race results were more a matter of blind luck, since the weather conditions were rather blinding during the race. For example, the full length of the course was not visible, and often times neither was Kathy Johnson who was stationed at the course midpoint with the starters flag. The course initially soft, but quickly scraped down to a harder surface produced the expected thrills, spills and agonies of defeat. When it was all over, winning men were Paul Harris followed by Larry Bigler and Dan Pies. In the ladies division, Kathy Crandall edged out Pat Holloman.

Back at Keller, a group of about 20 gathered for a ham dinner, another famous cake (which read: Are you still lacing while others are racing?), and Don's ski videos from an earlier era.

Sunday dawned clear and those who were still able delighted in skiing the slopes of Snow Valley including some untracked powder. For Don's Video camera, "Team Telemark" (which included ^{everyone}) performed some group "Bullwinkles" and the famous ski snake formation. All in all, a very fun and memorable ski time was had by all.

MG

RCS/ICO JOSUHA TREE CLIMB

On April 13-14, the Inner City Outings Committee and the RCS cohosted an "introductory" climb for several teenagers from the inner city area. Three boys and three girls, average age of 17-18, plus two adult counselors participated in the activities. Sat. morning was spent "following the leader" doing bouldering and rock scrambling in order to allow the kids to get a feel for the rock and to demonstrate techniques. In the afternoon, we went to Quail Springs for extensive top rope climbing. Sun. morning involved rappelling in the Indian Cove area. A polaroid camera was used extensively to record many hero/embarrassing moments. This outing proved to be a lot of fun, and very rewarding, for everyone involved. All of the kids were enthusiastic and supportive of each other, and there was a considerable amount of kidding, teasing, and cajoling with the RCS'ers. Special thanks go to Andy Fried for initiating contact with the ICO many months ago, and to Mike Jelf, Steve Dawson, Virgil Shields, and Horton Johnson for their outstanding interaction with the kids. This type of successful and rewarding experience will hopefully serve as an example for future trips between the ICO and other Sierra Club sections.

RBS

PEAR LAKE TOUR

APR. 17-19, 1985

Our group included Kathy Crandall, Dick Smith, Mark Goebel, Paul Harris and Pete Matulavich. Following breakfast at Giant Forest Cafeteria, (don't order the pancakes) and a short drive, we departed from Wolverton Meadows with visions of skiing Pear's famous velvet corn snow.

Skis were withdrawn from packs shortly after Cardiac Hill, and we proceeded directly to a sheltered campsite east of the Hut. (the Park Service saw fit to close the hut early this year) Oh yes, we were followed by some suspicious low clouds moving in an easterly direction, but more on that later. Speaking of shelters, hardman Pete emulated the local marmots and burrowed into the snow, creating a semi-covered trench, complete with a mid-day drip shower, and kitchen counter. In the Pm, just as we were poised for our first dive down the glistening slopes, two dots appeared on the horizon and turned out to be RJ Secor and Ron Milnarik. They had taken the long way to Pear via Shepherd Pass and the Sierra High Route. After a few runs, the fog shut down further flights, and we retired to camp for appetizers by Ron and a rousing conversation with RJ.

Saturday we were surprised by falling snow, so a lazy morning was spent until the new snow accumulated to a skiable depth. We thus enjoyed fast spring powder and skied among the trees and moving clouds. Sunday we ventured up just short of Winter Alta, but had to feel our way back down as poor visibility and the storm continued. The trip out was noteworthy for excellent snow below Heather Gap, a fast pace, and skiing to within a few steps of the cars. Following pizza in Porterville, a generous helping of Olaf's ice cream secured us for the homeward drive.

MG

STRAWBERRY PEAK OF ANTIQUITY

Virgil Shields' article last month brought back quite vivid memories of a time in the distant past. On May 23, 1948 a private party visited the north face of Strawberry where fore-runners had said challenging rock climbing could be found. The party, as best I can remember consisted of Harry Sutherland, James Bonner, Chuck & Ellen Wilts, John & Ruth Mendenhall and the writer. On arrival, we divided into ropes. One consisted of Jim & Harry, another of Chuck and myself, and I'm not sure of the rest. Chuck & I took off straight up to the right of center. Bands of very loose rock alternated with semi-loose. Perhaps two-thirds the way up we ran into a blank and found we could go left on a unique traverse. The route was a horizontal chimney or shallow, roofed ledge along which we crawled and squirmed. The name Strawberry Squirm came from this pitch. At one point it was necessary to arch up over a void, like an inch-worm. At the end, it opened into a dihedral with a four inch ledge on which I stood tied to a piton. Chuck led up and out on a spooky pitch above this.

Sometime in the middle of the climb, we heard a tremendous rock fall. After Chuck and I had descended from the summit back to the base of the face, we were greeted by a head-bandaged Jim Bonner. It seems he was leading and was standing on a quite large ledge about ten feet above Harry Sutherland. Just as Jim reached up to place a piton, The whole ledge sheared off. He found himself airborne with his piton hammer floating in the air above him. Luckily Harry was off to one side. Luckily, He was tied in to a very good piton. The rope fell across Harry's hand and he sustained a deep rope burn between his thumb and fore finger.

We all hiked out to the cars and I took Jim to the emergency ward in Pasadena. Here the doc trimmed some of Jim's locks, washed his wounds and re bandaged. As he worked, the doc's remarks were cryptic: "You've got rocks in your head - - Literally" This seems to be true of rock climbers - and for all time.

George Harr

"WHERE'S INDEPENDENCE?"

I don't care what Card & Barter say. It is impossible to ski across the Sierra for a week with less than 40 lbs on one's back. Ron Milnarik and I agreed to strip down the packs before our semi-annual attempt on The High Route. Community equipment included the flashlight, the map, the compass, the camera, the film, and the Band-Aid. At the last minute Ron threw a roll of adhesive tape into his pack to supplement the Band-Aid. I carried 13 lbs of food for our projected seven day tour, which, as it turned out, was way too much for me. I didn't carry any "polypropylene accessories" and the only item that came from Early Winters were the wind pants. Ron trimmed the margin off of the topo map, but carried a tooth brush. But he didn't carry any toothpaste, and the reader should know that he is a dentist. Despite our efforts, both packs weighed 40 lbs. We didn't even carry any cubic inches, and any experienced sales person will tell you that that your pack has to have at least 3,000 cubic inches for a week in the woods.

Father John took our picture as we signed the register at the start of the trail to Shepherd Pass. He said, "I'll see you at Wolverton next weekend," we shook hands on it and Ron and I started our adventure at 8.30am on Monday, April 15. The stream crossings went well and the climb to the 9,000' saddle was made easier by hiking up the avalanche tracks. The snow went soft near the top, so we put on the skis and the skins for the first time. Ron had some skin trouble, and as he put it, the last 200 vertical feet wasn't any fun. We camped on dry ground at Mahogany Flat that night.

Late Tuesday morning we overtook a group of funny men in green suits. They were a group of NPS rangers/naturalists into the third day of their tour to Wolverton. One noticed our skis and bindings and asked if we were on a retainer from Ramer. I noticed their packs and asked if they were on a retainer from Lowe. We eventually became friends and they kicked steps over Shepherd Pass for us. We skirted Diamond Mesa and made camp just east of the upper Kern River at 11,500'. The snow on this section of the tour really sucked. Icy, crusty, with a few nieve pentitentes thrown in.

Wednesday started out warm and sunny. The Kern River had running water and it was pleasant as we approached Milestone Pass. The upper part of the pass was bare rock, and it started to turn cold and windy. It was snowing like mad on top of the pass and we descended to 12,400' in Milestone Bowl and made camp in a blizzard on a relatively flat boulder.

Thursday was clear and it stayed that way all day. The run down Milestone Bowl was nice with 4" of new snow on top of ice. The first real skiing of the trip. Beck says that the 12,000' pass south of Colby Pass is not as steep as it looks. He's right, it is much steeper. It is better to descend to the far side of the lake west of the 12,000' pass. We stayed to the east of the lake and wasted an hour screwing around on verglassed boulders. The climb to Triple Divide Pass took forever. But there was a beautiful ski run on the other side all the way beneath Glacier Lake. The climb over Glacier Ridge went well, with the help of some handy crampon (!) tracks. But the ski run to Deadman Canyon was something else. It was a super-steep chute that should have a NPS sign that says: "All hope abandon all those arrogant, self-righteous fools who ski on popsicle sticks." We side-slipped it with the skis that real men use. We made camp on another boulder on the west side of Deadman Canyon, just north of "Deadman Pass." We were treated to a beautiful sunset, followed by cold winds all night long and for a good portion of the following morning.

The wind didn't stop for most of Friday either. We climbed up to Horn Peak Pass in record time, had a pleasant ski run to the base of Buck Canyon Pass, and lunched at the edge of the Tablelands. The ski run through the Tablelands was easily the finest of the trip. Little wind, corn snow, and plenty of time for taking pictures. The clouds boiled up from the west, however, and we were soon in a white-out. It was a challenge finding the right pass that leads to the Pear Lake Hut. At the top of the Right Pass we saw the hut and some skiers. We yodeled, they shouted and we knew that we had found our friends. We skied down to their campsite. Ron made the run with short, tight Wedlen turns and someone was heard to comment that, "He skis pretty good with a pack." Kathy Crandall told me that she likes me as a man, not as a person-friend. Mark Goebel made a derisive comment about our "12 lb skis." I initiated a debate on the superiority of Alpine skis and won. All of the above is true. It was a nice evening and it was fun to share it with these fine people.

It was snowing on Saturday morning, so Ron and I decided to ski out. Ron managed a few turns on the snow that was littered with ice cubes. A half-hour after we arrived at Wolverton Father John appeared and drove us to Exeter for a fine meal. The waitress asked us what we had done in the mountains, and we tried to describe the trip in terms that she could understand. We said, "We skied across the Sierra, from Independence to Giant Forest."

"Where's Independence?," she asked. RJS

SAN GORGONIO

MARCH 30-31 1985

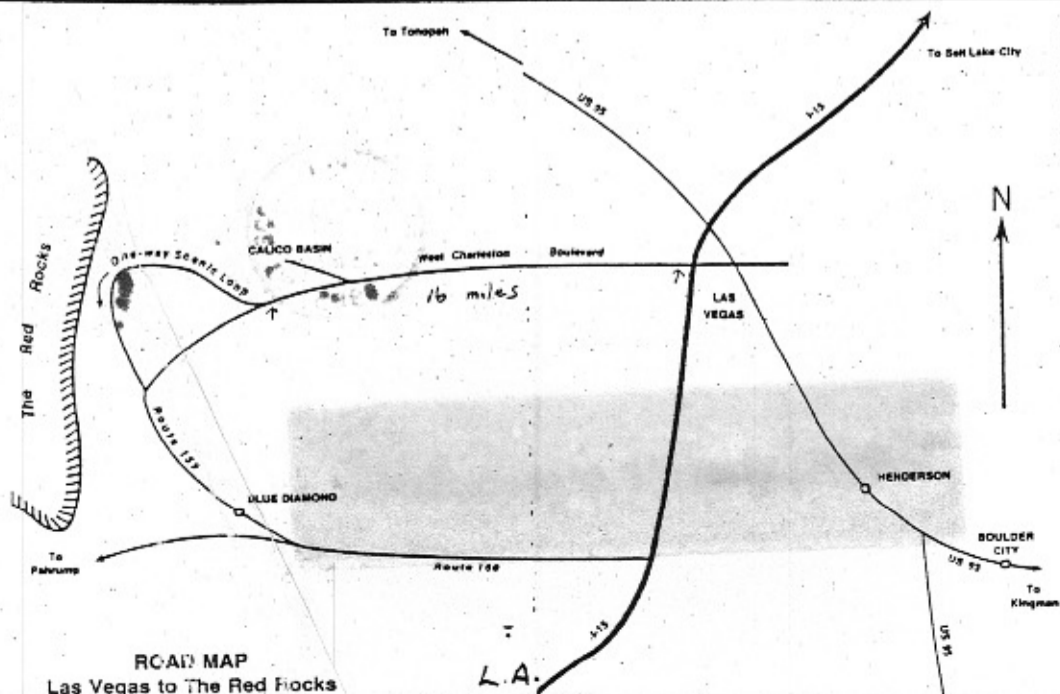
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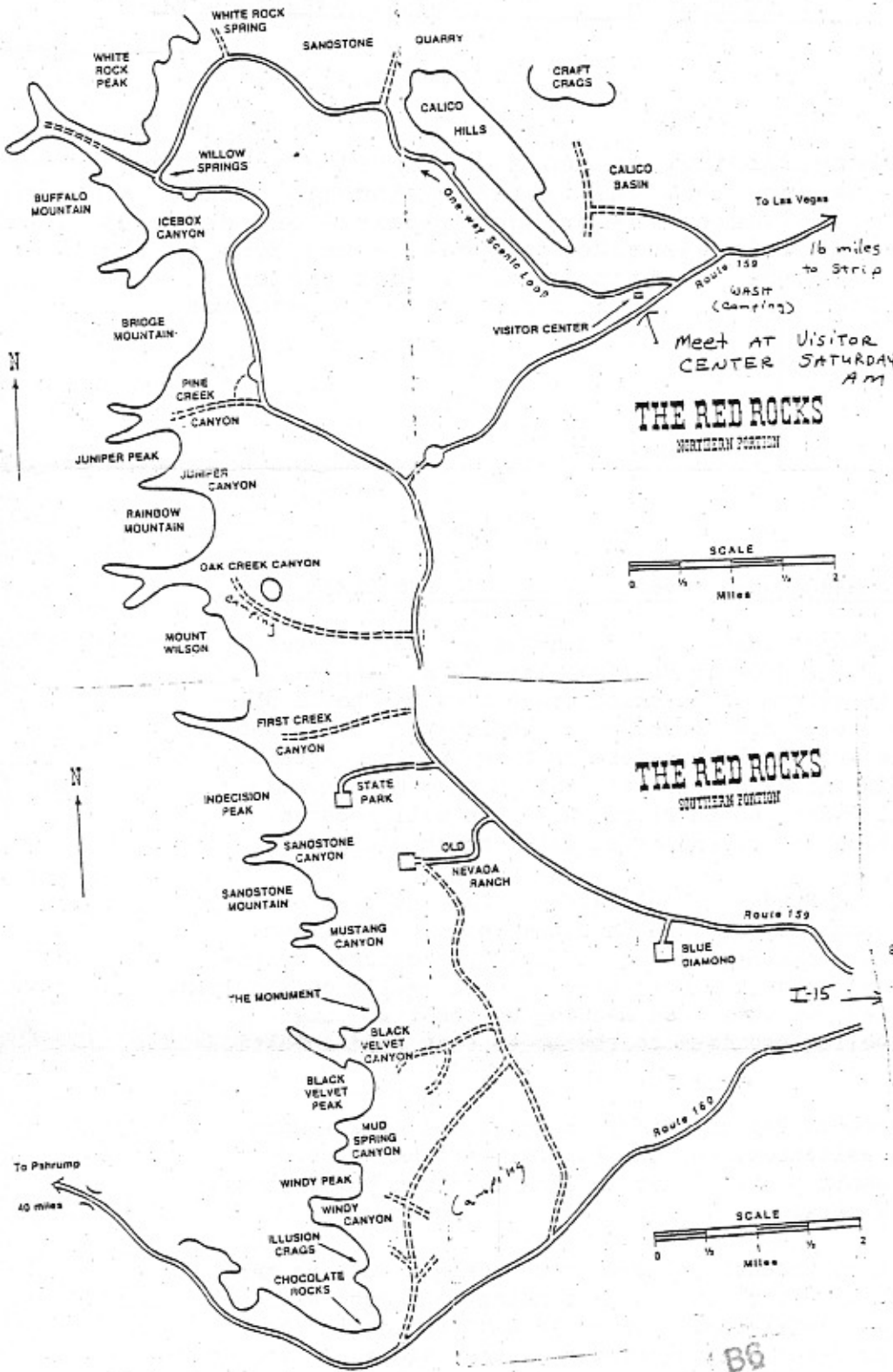
A small group of participants consisting of John Blumenthal, George Grover, the leader, and Pat and Gerry Holleman left Jenks Lake early Saturday am, March 30, in search of sunshine and bottomless bowls of snow. Using a treasure map of hidden ski runs, courtesy of Mark Goebel, the group covered 7 miles to Dry Lake before setting up camp. Aftnoon skiing was below par. Six inches of recently fallen snow had virtually melted off from Grinnell Peak's south slope while the well covered areas posed humbling skiing on icy and/or slightly breakable crust.

Camp was broken first thing Sunday to relocate our base of operations below the bowls between San Gorgonio and Charlton Peaks. The group appeared quite content with skiing the good snow in the central drainage area, but I had my eye on a prominent narrow, steep gully on Charlton. With mutiny barely avoided, we were soon heading up the fall line after I had made a few hollow promises to the group that good conditions were ahead.

It was then that peak baggers Pat and Gerry caught scent of a summit perched above. Without hesitation, the duo bolted past the others, shaming us all into a summit push. After an excellent run down, it was time to head back to the cars.

The retreat began with an unintentional off-route descent into no man's land. The more we tried to correct our route finding, the more we found increasingly difficult ski conditions. Now faced with skiing in the trees with full packs and 3-pin equipment down a steep slope, it looked like we were in for a true ski mountaineering adventure. Gerry Holleman started out with the statement "no way am I going to try to turn in that stuff, I am chicken". But marital competition prevailed when Pat cranked a series of tele-turns and sure enough, Gerry gained the courage to do the same. Except for a seemingly endless walk back to the cars, the area tantalized our interest to return again someday.





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- CAMP 7 North Col down sleeping bag, Regular \$230, long \$280
- MSR new Whisperlight stove \$35. Firefly \$30. X-GK \$34
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