


THE  ANGELES

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Jan 90

January 16, 1990 NO. 676

A Ten 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 and address changes to Pat Holleman, 1638 6th St., Manhattan Beach, CA 90266. \$7 per year due in October. **SUBSCRIPTION PAYMENTS ARE NOT TAX DEDUCTIBLE as charitable contributions.**

Sierra High Route -May 7-14, 1989.

Rock Creek Winter Lodge

Leaders: Dion Goldsworthy, Kevin, Scott, and Dory (Cook)

Participants: John (No Cal) John (Dana Pt) Scot (Claremont) Carl (Colorado), Mike (GB) Kirby (Orange County)

The following is a kind of outline of events for each day of this trans-Sierran ski trip:

Saturday, May 6. Group meets at RCWL to share a few beers and check on gear. Good dinner that night and a briefing on the trip-changing the trailhead from the fairly easy Kersarge Pass to the extreme Shepherd's Pass. We all slept on the news and still decided to continue.

Sunday-May 7. Up and off by 7:30 to breakfast at the Copper Kettle in Bishop. We continue down 395 to Independence, leaving 3 cars in the county seat's parking lot. We reach the trailhead at noon, and the ten of us start hiking from the 6400' start of the high route at 12:30. Our personal belongings are to be carted to Wolverton Ski area in 8 days for a clothes change and a few cold ones following the trek.

Even though the Sierra Club SPS (Sierra peaks Section) has been rebuilding the Shepherd's Pass trail, it is still one of the most relentless trails entering the east side of the Sierra. We gain 2200', then drop 600' into the Shepherd Creek drainage, and climb again to Mahogany Flat at 9200'. The first day's hiking is 3200' of gain and 600' of loss, about 7 miles total, and all this with packs weighing well over 50 pounds with a couple of skis sticking out the top. The weather on Sunday was fair, and fortunately, not too hot. We all reached Mahogany Flat by 7 PM. Camp consisted of 4 tents: John, Mike and John in one North Face Dome, and Carl, Scot and Kirby in another. Dion and Kevin shared a guide tent, as did Scott and Dorie.

Monday saw us leave camp by 9 am, heading for the pass. As we passed thru Anvil Camp, the weather turned colder, and hail and grollpel began to fall. Thunder soon followed, and a few hikers noticed that their skis were actually "buzzing", which meant they were carrying two lightning rods in their packs. We waited at the base of the pass for the weather to let up, and it finally did after lunch.

Scott kicked some great steps up the steep snow slope of Shepherd's Pass, and the group was on top by 5:30. We got to ski a little bit of downhill in the very disappointing snow patches of the Tyndall Plateau just beyond the pass, and we made camp on the edge of a snowfield just off Tyndall Creek. The gain for the day was 2800' with about 6 miles of travel. The weather was fairly dismal, with gusts of wind, some snow flurries, and lots of scary lightning and thunder.

Tuesday morning weather started out fairly clear, but the day had more temperature and weather changes than imaginable. We had hot sun, fog, grollpel, sun, wind, snow, sun, more wind, lightning, snow, fog, etc all the damn day. Our route took us across the Tyndall plateau, south of Diamond Mesa and the ridge south of Lake South America, and down into the

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 Nancy Gordon, and Greg Jordan

NEXT MEETING

February 20, 1990, will feature
 "SKI MOUNTAINEERING in The West"
 Rich Henke will present slides
 highlighting various long distance
 ski tours in the Sierra, the Tetons,
 and Wind River. As always, at the
 Griffith Park Ranger Station Audi-
 torium, 4730 Crystal Springs Drive,
 L.A. All interested folks welcome!!

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FINAL RENEWAL NOTICE!

If you have not renewed your Mugelnoos
 subscription for 1990, this is the last issue you
 will receive! To renew, send a check for \$7.00
 written to "Mugelnoos" to the Mugelmailer:
 Pat Holleman, 1638 6th St., Manhattan Beach,
 CA 90266.

Nepal Trek and Climb

Rich Henke is leading a Nepal trek
 which will combine a full service
 trek in a remote area, with a climb
 of several 19'000 ft peaks. 8-9 days
 will be spent in a base camp at Lang
 Tang. DATES: 12 April to 8 May, 1990
 COST: \$2900., includes airfare.
 Phone Rich at (213) 545-6491

SKI HUT SPRUCED. SAW IS SENSATIONAL, SAY SKIERS.

At the Oct 7 work party the Baldy Hut was primed
 for winter. An enormous wood supply was laid in,
 thanks to the use of our chain saw which in 3 hours
 did the volume of ten workers toiling 2 weekends, if
 you can overlook the noise pollution. Fifty years
 of mice dung was cleaned out of the attic by Juli
 Mastain (wearing a breathing mask). Several old
 mattresses, some with the names of the early Hut
 builders stencilled on them, were finally retired
 from service and carried down the hill. A mountain
 of junk was taken from the Harem, and the space con-
 verted to a nice utility room complete with work
 bench. The Alpine Ski Touring Committee is donating
 a couple vises for use in ski tuncups here.

Kudos go to the assemblage: Al Rothman, Russ Hansen,
 Craig Dostie, Dan Domancich, Vince DeRochers plus
 his two friends, Mastain, Greg Adams, Steve Hoffman
 plus his son & their 2 friends, Neil Gillam & friend,
 Leonard & Virgil Bayless, and Walt Davie. Hansen and
 Davie stayed overnight (Davie thru Monday) and were
 responsible for numerous carpentry and cabinet improv-
 ements, including the aforementioned Harem conversion
 and beefing up the cellar door. We're all awaiting
 winter's arrival -- the San Antonio Ski Hut is ready!
 (JW)

National Outing Subcommittee
 Seeks New Blood

While it may seem crass to speak of
 "new blood" in an article geared towards
 rock climbers and mountaineering skiers, I
 hope that the readership of Mugelnoos
 will not take this the wrong way.

My current area of service for the Sierra
 Club involves stewardship of a national
 outing subcommittee. National outings
 differ from chapter outings in that they
 generally are longer, cost more, and have
 more administrative overhead. That's the
 potentially negative side. On the positive
 side, participation in these outings allows
 you to meet Sierra Club members from all
 over the country, and to share your
 knowledge of the wilderness with others.

As a closet-SMS-person, and former
 Angelo to boot, I feel obligated to solicit
 some of your number for service in the
 National Outings program. While my
 particular area of involvement is the
 Basecamp/Highlight Subcommittee (our
 trips do not move daily like a knapsack
 trip), should any readers of this
 publication be interested in learning more
 about the leadership opportunities at the
 national outing level, I would be happy to
 provide you with the names and phone
 numbers of the appropriate person(s) to
 contact.

Having spent all my childhood, and
 the better part of my adulthood, as a
 member of the Angeles Chapter, I have
 great respect for the chapter's
 mountaineering training programs as well
 as for its mountaineers. The value of the
 outings program grows as we all share our
 experience and perspectives with one
 another.

For this reason, I ask some of you to
 share your wealth of knowledge with
 others by becoming involved, with national
 outings. My subcommittee could benefit from
 the infusion. I'm sure the same is true for
 others. If you are interested, contact me as
 follows: Bill Davies, 1721 Shirley Drive,
 Sacramento, CA 95822-3058. (916) 451-7080.

RCS-SMS VET CHECKS IN:

Long-time SMS-RCS member Dave
 Burdett writes from One Gavilan
 Court, Santa Fe, NM 87505:

"If any RCSers are in town,
 please stop by. We are listed,
 and please pass the word."

Central Committee Meets

The Ski Mountaineering Central Committee met twice over the summer, June 8 and September 12. Meetings were held at Rose Lynch's house, due to its central location. Thank you Rose.

Officers for this year are:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Joy Goebel, Chairman | Reiner Stenzel, Outings |
| Owen Maloy, Vice Chairman | Nancy Gordon, Programs |
| Greg Jordan, Secretary-Treasury | |

The following matters were discussed:

New Members

Eleven new members were officially voted into the section. Each had been checked out last season during our introductory trips. Congratulations to the following new members: Jasper M. Colebank, Ken Deemer, Dave Dykeman, Jim Farkas, Charles Field, Martin Hardy, Kris Hutchin-Bailey, Dana Pearce, Edna Rey, Rob Rizzard, Pam Wilman.

Meeting Dates

SMS Mugelnoos Meeting dates for the 89-90 season were established on the following Tuesdays: November 21, no December meeting, January 16, February 20, March 20, April 17, and May 15. Meetings will be held at the usual place, Griffith Park Ranger Station, 4730 Crystal Springs Drive.

Outings

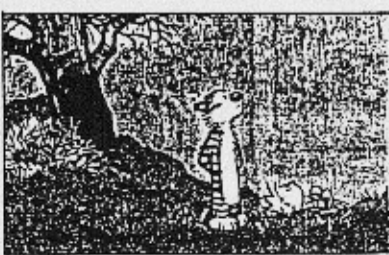
A potluck and swap meet was organized for October 14, and was held with great success at Andy and Diane Fried's house, thanks in no small part to their warm hospitality. Ideas and dates for ski tours were also discussed and leaders suggested. From all indications Reiner is putting together a first class schedule for 89-90.

G. W. J.

CALVIN AND HOBBS



BY WATTERSON



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beginnings of Kern Canyon. We skied and hiked into and over hills and valleys that were around the headwaters of the Kern River. Milestone Mountain was our direction, and we finally camped near a lake just north of Milestone Creek, with great views of Mt Ericson, Mt Geneva and Caltech Peak. We probably wound up with a total loss of about 1600 feet Tuesday, with about 8 miles traveled.

The next morning we woke up to nearly a foot of new snow. We packed up and were gone by around 10 AM. Our route took us up Milestone Creek and then on a huge talus slope to the pass, which is just south of the peak. This was a long steep grind, with near 2800 feet of gain. we skied a while up the basin, but lots of hard work was done gaining the pass. By the time we had crossed over into Milestone Bowl, it was late afternoon, and some of us found out what the term "breakable crust" actually means. In case it's a new experience for you, it is exactly what it sounds like. About a 2 inch crust over powder. Your ski breaks in under the crust and prevents any turning whatsoever. The pass was nothing next to the several suicidal attempts by me in attempting to turn. I wound up walking down to our camp on a "claw shaped" lake that I thought looked more like a dead baby. Our trip was at the half-way point.

The group made it down to Dead Baby Lake in the late afternoon, and the weather was pure rotten. By the time the tents were in the arousal stages of erection, the wind was shrieking and snow was seriously falling. A few of the very tired hikers and ski failures went directly to the sleeping bags and some didn't come out for dinner, which was prepared behind and under a couple of small, wildly flapping tarps. It was encouraging that water could be brought to a boil in that weather, and, when one of the guides actually served dinner "in tent" to those of us who would rather dine on a candy bar and remnants of a Barbara Bar than brave the miserable elements outside of the tent, life came back into a reality. (A Barbara Bar is a totally wholesome, almost unchewable, barely digestable little horror that we had each morning for breakfast) We crashed early for the night, trying to recover from the day's labors, which included about 2800' of gain, and about another 7 miles. We started looking forward to one of the "layover days" that were scheduled in this trip.

Thursday morning we woke up to lots of new snow and a new map was in order. The guides got up early and proceeded to shread the hill above our camp. Scott and Dorie made a couple of pretty descents down a nice hill, leaving lots of nicely executed telemarks in the fresh powder. We would depart the Mount Whitney topo this morning, and head into the Triple Divide quad.

Our route went from Milestone Bowl to a col just south of Colby Pass. We discovered the remnants of a camp left by Alpine Skills International's group, who had passed us by on Tuesday. They slept in Pyramid tents, and their party had met the west-to-east group in Milestone Bowl. The snow-block walls of their tent platforms looked out of place in all the fresh snow. We crossed the col with very little problem, having a nice lunch at around 12,000 feet. The lunch was nice, because it was the one I

(cont. p 5)

had carried, and I was glad to be rid of most of it. The day was nice and clear, and soon we headed down near the headwaters of the Kern-Kaweah River. The group contoured around a cirque, getting some very nice skiing in for the first time on the trip. We all got to do some great turns and falls, and my confidence in the ability I was sure I had on the boards was returning. I had been ready to walk from Milestone Bowl to Sequoia after the breakable crust of the afternoon before.

We gained another pass that afternoon--this one in the fog. We climbed to the pass between Triple Divide Peak and the ridge leading to the Whaleback, but we saw nothing. The fog was a total whiteout, and we waited for the group to bunch up before crossing the steep mountaineering-type pass. We descended in the fog down a steep talus slope that looked to be good for skiing, but we knew not which direction to go. Finally, Dion, who was the only one to have broached the pass before, led off down a ridge and onto frozen Glacier Lake, situated at about 11,650'. We made a camp there, finally building a decent snow-kitchen that would accomodate all ten of us. The evening dusk cleared the fog, and we got a clear view of the pass. We could have skied straight down the contours right into our camp, but we had cautiously (smartly) crept around the lake, not straying too far from the high points. It was actually a good thing, as the beginnings of Cloud Canyon were only a few hundred feet from our path, and the immediate descent would have entailed a 3400' slide.

The moon was about 1/4 that night, and we finally saw stars. As we picked out Arcturus and other bright spots in the evening sky, we all felt that the bad weather had blown itself out, and that the "good part" of the trip was at hand for the next day. The tally for gain on Thursday was about 1700' of gain and 1600' of loss. We had traveled about 6 miles.

Friday morning found us in tee shirts, lycra, sunscreen, hats, and smiles. The day was beautiful, and everyone was excited about skiing and not walking. Carrying those damn skis in our packs, instead of on the feet, where they felt better, is a less than fun thing to do.

Kevin led off, contouring around the bowl of Cloud Canyon, heading for the col between Cloud and Deadman's Canyon, which is located on the end of Glacier Ridge. We arrived at the ridge before lunch, and all gathered there to prepare for the particularly hairy descent from the ridge into the bowl of Deadman Canyon. The views of Triple Divide Peak, Mt Brewer, North Guard, South Guard, Thunder, and other peaks were exceptionally rewarding, and we hesitated to leave our perch on Glacier Ridge.

The trail set by the ASI group was still fresh, and we followed their cautious steps down over the steep snow-covered talus slope. At one point, the group had to stop and cross a very steep, rottenly loose slope that felt as though it could crumble apart with one misplaced step. We made a point of trying not to improve the previous steps, because the snow was so rotten and loose that a jolting kick in place of a gingerly step could send a person cascading down Deadman's Canyon, thus adding to an already dark history of the area. As it turns out, a certain guide from RCWL, John Monieir, is a descendant of the man responsible for the moniker of the

(cont. p 6)

canyon. He was a shepherd caught in a political battle over the water rights to the canyon, and his grave is marked on the topo, somewhere around the bend from our location.

As we slowly crossed the slope, John, who was waiting his turn to attempt the pitch, suddenly lost his footing, and disappeared down the hill. There were only two left to cross-Kevin had just finished his passage, and he saw John slip out of sight. Scott, the trail-sweep immediately dropped his pack and cautiously descended the miserable talus to John, who was fortunately not seriously hurt. Kevin made his way across the slope and together they helped John and pack back up to the starting point of the crossing again. If he would have kept his long-sleeve shirt on instead of being prodded into a tee-shirt by this member of the group, John would probably not have the scratches on his arms, and he would probably still have his wristwatch. However, he did fall, and it was 30 minutes before everyone in the group breathed easier when they saw him don his pack and begin skiing across the upper regions of Deadman's Canyon over toward our lunch site.

We lunched in very bright sun. The reflection from the light bounced off the snow and burned into skin with a ferocity I have never encountered before. More than a week after the end of the trip, my lower lip still resembled a grilled sausage. A smile brought cracks in the recovering skin that would break into rivulets of oozing blood.

Masks were put on for protection, and sunscreen was liberally spread every five minutes or so. The weather was doing what we had anticipated-being nice for a change!

Upon finishing lunch, we took off toward a col that Dion had named "Horn Col". It was beyond the saddle for Elizabeth Pass, and between peaks 11,830 and 11,602. We crossed this col just as an old friend, the fog, rolled in. It was very thick, and we gathered at the pass again, not wanting to lose anyone.

We descended the col into an unnamed bowl, keeping to the ridgeline, and following ASI tracks. We started climbing, doing switchback upon switchback, and gaining more altitude than expected. At one point, on a ridge, we could see Big Bird Lake-an unexpected sight. We had gone too high. In fact, we had climbed peak 11,598, and we had no real good way to get down. We took a long break, the guides scouting the area, and finally decided to tie the skis together with the pole straps and hand them across a delicate pitch. With the skis on the packs, the tips could have easily caught an overhanging rock, which could have shoved the bearer down an 1,100 foot void. We shuttled the packs the same way the skis went, and found ourselves on an upper lake basin that was at the beginnings of the Tablelands. It was Friday night, and almost 8 Pm by the time we found a camp with suitable flatness and water to sustain a group of 10 tired skiers. We had traveled about 8 miles, and over 1400' of gain, with about 900' of loss. The last 4 hours were spent in very dense fog.

We woke Saturday morning to bright skies and beautiful vistas. We were in the Tablelands-near the end of the trip, and we all looked forward

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to some truly fine skiing. We broke camp by 10:30 again, and crested the last 300' barrier into a skiing paradise. The land gently sloped down in various formations (all skiable) for miles. We headed northeast, into Table meadows, crossing wonderful bowls and broaching the headwaters of the Kaweah River. The river was no longer frozen, and beautiful pools were abundant. We stopped for lunch by the river, and we agreed that this was the best day so far.

We skied to the end of the skiable snow, and left the Tablelands just above the Tokopah falls, on the Kaweah River. We headed toward the Pear Lake area, intercepting the trail between the Ranger station and Emerald Lake. We headed down the trail, taking a break at Emerald lake. After gathering there, we proceeded on the snowy trail back into our friend, the pea-soup fog. Even a sharp-eyed Kevin could not keep us on trail forever in the fog, and we made a wrong turn at some point. When the trail would not show us its little yellow triangles or blazes any more, and we had descended past our Heather lake destination without seeing the lake, we finally stopped for the night. Kevin did find Heather a little later, but we had been trashed enough for the day, and we made a nice camp for the night well-off trail. It was a great dinner- because I was finally rid of the weight of it! My pack's weight would be my own stuff only for the last day of the trip-which was all downhill!

Saturday had been a great day-another approximate 8 miles traveled, with about 2000' lost.

We woke and rose early Sunday, breaking camp by 9:30. We hit Heather Lake by 10, and headed for Wolverton. We sighted Dion's Fourrunner at 11:30, and, after locating the hide-a-key, got into the cooler full of Miller Draft and the chips and salsa. We were a sight, sitting on the ground, gobbling the goodies, while parents and their small children took pictures and asked questions, not daring to get too close. Don't forget we had 8 days on trail, the last two of which had warmed up to where we became more than somewhat odorifious.

The group was finally together at the car by 12:15, and we piled into 2 vehicles for the trip back. Sunday had covered about 6 miles, with around 2,100 feet of loss. We had not skied at all that day, and we were glad to be rid of the packs and into fresher clothes.

Some of us went into Fresno in one car, and others headed back toward Rock Creek. We took a short-cut?? thru Glennville, Kernville and the Isabella area, and I can tell you that 4 in the front of a Suburban is not a comfy way to travel from 12:30 until evening. We arrived in Independence at around 8 PM, and I hopped into my Honda and headed out!

S.J.

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#### SENTINEL DOME SAUNTER JOHN MUIR STYLE

Travel from Badger Pass along Glacier Point road to Yosemite's Pallahchun snowcamp, with views of Kayopaha's Ahwane, Kompopaizes, and Tissiack. Send two large SASE's, experience, and phone number to Steven Thaw, 30 Woodside Drive, Moraga, CALIFORNIA 94556 (415) 376-3380  
Private Trip

**Ostrander** Dec 30 to Jan 1, 1990

Nancy Gordon and Tom Duryea

Having obtained an unheard of number of 18 hut reservations, we proceeded to make this trip one of the most memorable and unique SMS outings. It included a navigation check out, the SMS Ostrander Lake New Year's Ice Capades, and a wedding at 8600+' with the Clark Range in the background. But you ask, "What about the snow?" Well, friends, we got that too!

'Twas the night before Ostrander and all through Wawona Campground, everyone was shivering as the temperature dropped to the low 20's. We met at Badger Pass looking for snow and were pleasantly surprised to find Glacier Point Road skiable except for a few short places (those with rental gear found almost the entire road skiable). We opted for the Horizon Ridge trail because snow coverage was reported the best. We left Glacier Point Road with our snow antennas strapped to our packs and hiked through bands of forests and meadows and crossed a small creek before we put on our skis to ascend steep Horizon Ridge which commands views of Horse Ridge, Half Dome, and the Clark Range. The skis were again carried for a short distance just before the trail descends to join the Bridalveil trail where we put them on again for the last 1.5 miles of the trip up "Heart Attack Hill" and on to the ski hut. Despite all the pseudo complaints about being overweight and out of shape, this power pack made the 8.5 mile-1700' trip in six hours with several leisurely stops. Bounding out in front were Howard Schultz, Eddie Nunez (loaded with extra camera gear for the wedding), Anna Lisa and Norman Kingsley, Mark Angevine, and Debra Lerner (who attributes her excellent condition to keeping up with Tom for two years).

Day two: After a leisurely breakfast, eight of us headed for Horse Ridge. Debra Lerner and Tom Duryea were looking for their wedding location. Eddie and Howard displayed their compass and map skills. Annemarie Schober and Jim Valensi impressed the SMS members with their climbing skills on the 52 degree slope just below the ridge. Dave Dykeman step-kicked up the face regretting not having his skis on as he sunk knee deep in places on his route to the ridge. Howard powered up to the very top of the ridge with his skis on when most of the group took them off for the last few feet. After gaining the ridge, Debra and Tom took off to the East along the ridge. Eddie and Howard did map-terrain correlation, displayed great proficiency with their compasses, and all the other aspects of navigation that led them both to a successful navigation check out as LTC leader candidates. The rim of the ridge was delightfully skiable. We ate lunch at the point overlooking Ostrander Lake and watched Anna Lisa, Norman, and Mark skating gracefully on the clear, glassy smooth lake. When we arrived back at the hut, four of our group, who were delayed a day getting to Yosemite, had just arrived. Andy Fried and Bill Oliver were accompanied by two attractive sherpas. Sherpa Diann Fried packed in a gallon of beer! Sherpa Rosemary Lynch packed in a huge steamed pudding



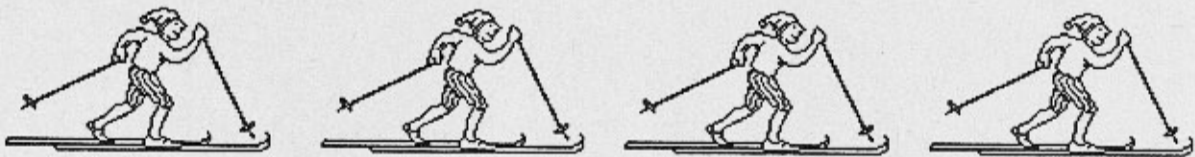
and two quarts of a delicious topping! New Year's Eve was memorable. An assortment of hors d'oeuvres graced the table. Beer and wine flowed freely. Tom and Debra dined on lobster (Tom's come a long way from his can of tuna dinners)! Dessert consisted of Eddie's chocolate truffles, Anna Lisa's chocolate waferrolls, and Rose's steamed pudding. Satiety was complete! Mark, Howard, Rose and Nancy donned ice skates for the SMS starlit New Year's Ice Capades on Ostrander Lake. 1990 was announced with firecrackers using Eastern Standard Time and plenty of champagne, prayers for snow, and good cheer!

Day three: The sky definitely boded snow. Nancy crept out of the hut at dawn to get one more glorious skating session in before breakfast. Rose joined her by doing an aqua sock slide on the ice. After a light breakfast, the SMS dressed in their finest Patagonia and formed a ski pole arch for Debra and Tom to ski through on the way to the wedding spot overlooking the Clark Range. (See separate SMS society section for a full wedding report.) The wedding brunch of bagels, cream cheese, Rose's smoked salmon, and champagne fortified everyone for the return trip down Horizon Ridge. Snow began to fall as we started back on Glacier Point Road. It snowed heavily enough to cover the bare spots on the road making it indeed skiable and quite a beautiful site. As we left the park, chains were required at Fish Camp.

For New Year's resolutions, I propose we consider the thoughts of Robert Fulghum from his All I Really Need To Know I Learned In Kindergarten which was quoted during Debra and Tom's wedding ceremony:

"Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Put things back where you found them. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Flush. Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you. Live a balanced life--learn some and think some and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work every day some. Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands, and stick together."

N.G.



**CALVIN AND HOBBS BY WATTERSON**



**WEDDING BELLS??**

The Ostrander Hut, with its 20 odd guests, was witness to only the second wedding in its 50 year history. New Year's Day, Debra Lerner and Tom Duryea tied the proverbial knot on a wintry knoll overlooking the Yosemite backcountry. This illustrious event not only coincided with the Hut's 50 anniversary, but the birthday of the guitarist as well. (Yes, live music!!) The ceremony was conducted by the wife of the Hut ranger, Lynn MacMichael, whose serenity and warmth made us forget the 28 deg. temperature. Leave it to Tom to make the guests hike in 10 miles and up 3000 feet to participate in his and Debra's wedding. The comment was made that this day was also celebrating the completion of Debra's two year conditioning program for life with Tom.



photo by Eddie Nunez



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