

THE



MAMMOTH NOOS

RfH
9 May 90

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A six 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 COST IS NOT TAX DEDUCTIBLE as a charitable contribution.

M-Noos Skiers Visit Mammoth Backcountry

The first weekend of spring saw SMS skiers meeting in Mammoth Friday through Sunday, March 23-25 for backcountry skiing and fun and fellowship at the Maloy condo (thanks Owen!). This was a provisional check-off trip for Leader Marcia Male who demonstrated grace and style in her shepherding of seven robust and unruly skiers. Her aplomb in gaining cooperation of trip members who tended to ski off in all directions was admirable, and her backcountry skill was obvious as she was observed continually checking the group's position (horizontal when stopped) and checking on the weather.

Saturday saw seven serious but saucy SMS skiers skinning shiny Sierra spring snow whilst savoring stunning sights above and below. Weather was spring perfect and after the first hour, most of the skiers had shed layers down to their tights and T-shirts. It bears observing that the colorful group looked like an advertisement for Patagonia or Tva and the frequent photo stops were probably just as much to photograph the skiers as the scenery (ie: Mammoth Mountain, the Minarets, Mt. Ritter, Mt. Banner).

One remarkable event which went unphotographed (the group was so awed) was heralded when two skiers noticed perfect dollar sign shaped tracks in a high, narrow chute. Someone had obviously taken a leisurely (if you can call 65 degrees leisurely) run and returned to the top for a fast run down the chute. Seconds later, the skiers noticed a figure with long sideburns who was wearing a white spangled polyester jump suit with his skis on his back making an extremely difficult mantle near the top of the col. The leader's attention was called just as the figure disappeared over the top of the col, but the sighting was confirmed. A section of the Loma Prieta chapter had earlier reported an Elvis sighting in summer, on rock, and at a lower elevation, but this is believed to be the highest skiing sighting under winter conditions. For a few moments thereafter, many an eye was wet and throat lumpy (or were the eyes lumpy and throats wet?).

The skiers returned to the more important issues of snow, skinning and skiing as they emerged from the treeline. Once in the clear sun, the climbing work began in earnest as the grade seemed to increase and the sun beat down. Stops became more frequent. Finally, most members gained the pass at lunch time and SMS animals Peter Green and Gene Serabyn skied 400 feet down the backside of the pass to Duck Lake before returning to the top for the ski back to the roadhead. The ski out was fun and somewhat difficult due to the "mashed potatoes" snow. Dian Gill Fried, who had skied up without skins, found it a little easier going out!

The skiers returned to Owen Maloy's for showers, jacuzzis, dinner, fellowship and ski films.

The next morning saw our fearless leader trying the training table recommended by Ned Gillette, as she was observed with pizza and beer before her at breakfast.

Sunday's destination was San Joaquin ridge and the number of skiers had dropped to four from seven. One skier whose name won't be mentioned but whose initials are Nancy Gordon, elected to go alpine skiing at an obscure nearby resort. One skier totally wimped out, saying (with a straight face) that an old hip injury had been aggravated the day before.

The four hearty skiers skied to Minaret Summit in still conditions, but the wind began to pick up (what else?) as they skied on up San Joaquin Ridge, passing the OC Singles group. One short peak short of Deadman Summit, the skiers met another Sierra Club group, then skied across a corniced saddle to the day's high point, a peak at 10,375 feet. The wind was picking up more, so out came the shells for wind protection during lunch. The wind picked up some more, so the shells stayed on for the descent thru fine spring snow and a yoyo or two back to the peak. Finally, the group skied back to the lodge road via Minaret Summit and another fine SMS weekend drew to a close with Marcia giving her wonderful hugs to anyone who was standing still (and some who weren't)!

- R R

MUGELNOOS STAFF

Editor.....Rosemary Lynch
Mugelprinter.....Leroy Russ
Mugelnoos Chair.....Dick Smith
Mugelmailer.....Pat Holleman
Reporters.....Norm Kingsley,
Greg Jordan, Reiner Stenzel,
Marcia Male, Ron Robinson.

NEXT MEETING

May 15, 1990 will feature a
"Slide Show Medley". Bring your
favorite slides to share.

At: Griffith Park Ranger Station
Auditorium
4730 Crystal Springs Drive
Los Angeles, CA

NEXT ISSUE: May 15, 1990
COPY DEADLINE: May 8, 1990
PHOTO DEADLINE: May 3, 1990
NEXT EDITOR: Rosemary Lynch
4075-C LaSalle Ave.
Culver City, CA 90232

UPCOMING TRIPS

Apr. 21-22, Ski Mtneers Peak
Gerry Holleman/Paul Harris
Apr. 28-29, San Gorgonio
Bill Oliver/Reiner Stenzel
May 4-6, Pear Lake
Kathy Crandall/Paul Harris
May 12-13, Mt. Dana/Mt. Gibbs
Tom Duryea/Nancy Gordon
May 19-20, Lamarck Col
Reiner Stenzel/Pete Matulavich
May 26-28, Tuolomne Meadows
Reiner Stenzel/Greg Jordan

*****IMPORTANT*****

Ballots for the election of
next year's officers will
be mailed with the next M'Noos.
Nominations should be sent to
Anna Zordan at 2975 Eucalyptus
Avenue, Long Beach, CA 90806
(213)-427-0681.

Also, Dick Smith is retiring
as Mugelnoos Chair and a
replacement is needed.
Responsibilities include
arranging for editors, getting
the Mugelnoos to the meeting,
and serving as the Chair of
Mugelnoos Committee meetings.
The Mugelnoos Committee con-
sists of the SMS chair, Mugel-
mailer, RCS chair, and the
Mugelnoos chair. Consider
serving your section as next
year's Mugelnoos Chair.

greentapping *noun*, a
method of automatically allo-
cating money to any of a group
of worthy causes during the
course of commercial transac-
tions, especially credit-card
transactions: "Greentapping is
the act of tapping the econom-
ic system for money to im-
prove the world" (*Card Couri-
er: The Newsletter for Practical
Idealists*, Working Assets Fund-
ing Service).

BACKGROUND: According to
Peter Barnes, the president of
Working Assets, he and his col-
leagues searched for "several
years" for a word to describe
cardholders' allocation of mon-
ey to causes such as the en-
vironment, human rights,
world peace, and the eradica-
tion of hunger. They came up
with *greentapping*. A customer
using a telephone credit card
might, for instance, allocate
one percent of the money

owed on a bill to a number of
causes by signing up for Work-
ing Assets Long Distance,
which uses the US Sprint sys-
tem. According to *The Boston
Globe*, *greentapping* "goes
against a flattening trend in
corporate giving, which de-
clined in real dollars last year
to \$4.75 billion, or 1.55 per-
cent of pretax profits, its low-
est level since 1982."

OBITUARIES:
Carl Sharsmith
(see p. 7)
Nelson Nies
(see p. 5)

MT SAN JACINTO, JAN 20-21, 1990

This was an introductory trip with snowcamping experience in
our local mountains under ideal snow conditions.

Six of us met at the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway to get a
5,000' lift from the desert into a skiers paradise with plenty of
fresh powder snow from a good winter storm. We skied toward
Round Valley, making some XC detours through forests loaded with
fresh snow.

We had to set up camp in the forest above Round Valley after
an eager Ranger considered our igloo to be too close to the
meadow. The next morning we climbed up Tamarack Valley past
Cornell Pk toward the saddle between San Jacinto and Jean
Pk. Although we did not quite make it to the peak we had a fine
skiing experience. Skiing down the narrow steep trails from Round
Valley with full packs was a good challenge. The survivors were
Robert Gould, Bardie Wolf, Gerry Olow, Ken McElwany, and Scot
Jamison who kindly assisted on a very short notice. Thanks,
Scot.

R.S.

WHITE MOUNTAIN (14,246')

MAR24-26, 1990

Greg Jordan and I decided to go on a 3-day private trip to the White Mtn. The ranger and the White Mtn Research personnel assured us of adequate snow. Equipped with nonwaxable metal-edged skis, plenty of warm clothes, a Bibler tent with hanging stove, and "light" (45lbs) packs we left Sat morning at 6:45am from the locked gate at Sierra Viewpoint. After an hour walk on the dry road we enjoyed the first skiable snow at Schulman Grove. Unfortunately, the conditions changed about every mile and we had to walk and ski alternately for the rest of the day. Touring in the Whites brings about a different sense for time and distance: The seemingly endless rolling terrain requires hours and hours of persistent motion to make a change. In the morning we saw the bristlecones near the Schulman Grove, 10 mi further we had lunch under bristlecones near the Patriarch Grove, and another 10 mi further at sunset we pitched tent in the tundra below Mt Barcroft. With increasing elevation the temperatures dropped and a steady cold wind blew so that life outside the tent was miserable. Low clouds rolled in. We enjoyed hot drinks and dinner inside the tent since we were tired of the 20mi, 4000'day. We were somewhat dehydrated since we had only one quart of water for the day. The only available fluids come from melting snow which requires an adequate supply of butane gas (at least 1 can/day for 2 persons).

On Sun morning the sky was clear. Our plan was to go for the peak and to return to camp. However, we decided to break camp in the morning just in case low clouds would roll in, requiring an impossible search for a small tent in a white out in the vast tundra. We left at 7:15am, deposited our main packs at the Barcroft Research Station of the University of California, and proceeded to ski with daypacks toward the White Mtn, about 5.5mi from Barcroft. In spite of the higher elevation there were large areas without snow, presumably carried away by the strong winds. The remaining snow consisted of hard slabs frequently with underlying depth hoar. It was a difficult survival skiing. We climbed the last steep face of the mountain since we would not risk an accident 26mi away from help. At 11am we reached the summit of the third highest peak in California. To the West lay the magnificent panorama of the Sierra Nevada, to the East the Great Basin, to the North the snow-covered Pellisier Flat leading to Boundary, Montgomery, and DuBois. We faintly recognized Telescope Peak near Death Valley which we had skied 3 weeks earlier. The peak register showed the last signature 5 months ago. The winter storms broke one of the reinforced windows of the research building on top of the mountain and snow covered the interior.

After a careful descent we were back at the Barcroft Station at 2pm. Since the weather was fine we decided to ski back until sunset. This brought us to the Patriarch Grove where we camped on a snowfield among bristlecones which may have sprouted at the times of Moses. Again, we enjoyed a warm tent, a hot meal, and a long night's sleep.

On Monday, our third day, we left at 7:30am to ski/walk out the remaining 15mi. We noticed how rapidly the snow had melted since we skied in. Furthermore, a snowcat had moved in from Silver Canyon and cleared the road of our precious white substance. Thus, it was time to leave. At 12noon we were back at the car. People looked strangely at us, perhaps because we had not seen anyone in 3 days.

This ski trip was more of an expedition than a fun telemark trip. The area is unique, fascinating and genuine wilderness off season. Because we had relatively good weather we could make the 52mi, +-6000' trip in 2 1/2 days. In bad weather, heavy snow, or with a large group much more time would be required.

R.S.

2/10-2/11: Avalanche Seminar with Norm Wilson at Rock Creek.

A gorgeous blue Sierra sky met 20 skiers who embarked upon a journey up Rock Creek road with the avalanche expert, Norm Wilson. We departed the roadhead at 0830 at a rather leisurely pace, skiing along the 5 mile road to Mosquito Flats, with barely a 1400 ft. of gain. This makes for a great first trip for new members in a non-threatening environment. At least this time, this heavy avalanche area was safe, as ground cover was thin. Norm utilized every moment to evaluate the surrounding terrain, for potential hazard. We could identify some recent slides and slabs up high, on the windward sides of slopes.

From 1200-1400, we set up camp, made lunch, basked in the sun, and set off for a short tour to Mack Lake for an overview of route finding. We all delighted in using his metal scraper and tiny magnifying lens to I.D. T.G.'s and E.T.'s. By performing a shovel test we could see three storm layers, with the bottom poorly developed TG (depth Hoar): 5 feet of new snow fell onto that the following weekend. By 1700 we were all back at camp to share dinners, laughs, and treats around the exposed picnic tables. While some drifted off to sleep, others stayed warm by snuggling, howling at the moon, and a constant refilling of hot water bottles as the temperatures 'soared' below zero.

Warmed by the morning sun, we headed out for another tour by 0830. At least most of us did: The "chute squad" from the Alpine Touring section decided to check out those slides up close and in person, to return later refreshed at making their tracks in rather inconsistent snow. The rest of us went to focus on rescue. After demonstrating search and safety with probes, Norm went on to tell us the gory details of various cases. Now that we were slapped by reality and incredibly motivated, we practiced searches with avalanche transceivers. The expediency in locating someone wearing a beacon, that is on, is remarkable. In about 5 minutes an inexperienced person can locate the victim. When you have only 30 minutes of "life-time" available, we concluded this piece of equipment is not something to afford later. In winter travel you cannot afford to be without one (actually two).

We were all back at the cars by 1530, on Sunday. I'd like to see the SMS repeat this basic avalanche course annually, and even consider a more advanced course. Norm Wilson was tremendous. His wealth of knowledge ought to be tapped some more. He sure was a delight to share time with in the wilderness.

Thanks to Reiner and Nancy G. for arranging a real good seminar.

-MM

Telescope Mountain
March 10, 1990

For several years a small entry in Becks' book (Ski Touring in California) has intrigued me. "There is an excellent alpine tour to Telescope Peak in Death Valley." Since the forecast called for unsettled weather in the Sierras, Reiner and I decided to try Telescope Peak. We camped at the Wild Rose Campground on Friday night, and drove up the road next morning to a locked gate at the charcoal kilns. There was not enough snow so we started hiking, carrying our skis, ice axes and crampons. The trail starts at Mahogany Flat which is 1 1/2 miles up the road from the gate and continues 7 miles to the peak. Unfortunately the snow was still spotty and we had to continue hiking. There are good views of Death Valley, but that weekend there were no wildflowers and hence no "Giant Persian Carpet". At about the half way point the Southern Sierras came into view. Heavy clouds capped the peaks as far north as could be seen, while we were in bright sunshine. The snow remained disappointing so skis were carried all the way to the top. From there all of Death Valley was visible to the East, including Badwater, the lowest point in the U.S. To the west the Sierras were clearly in view including Mt. Whitney the highest point in the lower forty-eight. We skied down about 700 feet starting in shallow powder and ending in hard pack.

All in all a very nice hike, but not a very good ski tour.

G W J

JUNE 21, 1911 --- MARCH 1, 1990
NELSON NIES
 (A GENTLE, RESPECTED, AND WONDERFUL MAN)

Members of the Rock Climbing & Ski Mountaineering Sections of the Sierra Club who were present at the funeral service in Newport Beach on March 6, 1990 were Chuck Gerckens, Dick & Adrienne Jones, Bud Halley, Bill Voss, and Glen Warner. The onset of Creutzfeldt-Jacob Disease apparently began to manifest its symptoms rather quickly after last summer. (He lost his voice and then the use of his limbs.) Should you care to make a donations in his memory, mail your checque to "The Natl. Org. of Rare Diseases--P.O.Box 8923, New Fairfield, Ct. 06812" specifying this disease.

His daughter, Nancy, and husband, Paul Gipe, phoned several friends to add their testimonial in the memorial service. Bud's commentary reflected the early years in "Trailfinders" to which several of our members belong including Bob Brinton & The Dawsons. Nelson was a tenor in an all-Germanspeaking Choir, and they sang four lieds. His days with U.S.Borax and citations of his research were very well presented. In recent years he has climbed on every continent with "The Canyon Explorers." The "Southern Sierran" has requested that specifics be forwarded to them for publication. Other "Trailfinders" present included Ivan Sherb, Marvin Blair, & Howard Stimmel. One "Trailfinder" not present, Carl Sharsmith, phoned the following eulogy from San Jose: "Nelson was my dearest friend--faithful to me through all of sixty-five years. Now he is gone, and it hurts more than I can tell. A lovable man--gentle & kind and absolutely dependable. And now my memories of him come crowding back.

They begin in the middle twenties. He was a young man--a boy of about fifteen years. I, a few years older, and the leader of a small but proud group of older boys with the "Trailfinders." Nelson was among them, and all of us together were strenuously exploring remote corners of the Sierra and climbing its peaks.

Yes, year after year in summer we climbed using only hiking gear that we had made ourselves. Nelson trudging along near me was the only one of the gang to keep a day-by-day journal of the trip. Yes, and at day's end, his wry sense of humor usually offered a riddle: One was, "Why, is the end of our trips always like a wedding?" The answer, "Because all we have left is rice and old shoes!"

How often since have been the happy hours reliving with him those wonderful years. And then, just a few days before his demise, he graciously came to visit me at my house. He was alone. I saw he was not well. Obviously, it was an effort for him to come. Then I thought, "Oh, the honor of a visit now!"

He is no longer with us, and yet with his passing I have come to realize through Nelson a great privilege--one of a friendship enduring uninterruptedly through all the years I've mentioned. Such a privilege is given to but a few!

B.H.

Selected by Bill Woods in memory of Nelson Nies

AN OUT-OF-DOOR SONG

Samuel Simpson

Come with me, oh, you world-weary,
 To the haunts of thrush and veery,
 To the cedar's dim cathedral,
 And the palace of the pine,
 Let the soul within you capture
 Something of the wild-wood rapture,
 Something of the epic passion
 Of that harmony divine.

Through the forest, never caring
 What the way our feet are faring,
 We shall hear the wild birds revel
 In the labyrinth of tune,
 And on mossy carpets tarry
 In His temples cool and airy,
 Hung with silence, and the splendid
 Amber tapestry of noon.

Down the pathway let us follow
 Through the hemlocks to the hollow,
 To the woven, vine-wood thickets
 In the twilight vague and old,
 While the streamlet, winding after,
 Is a thread of silv'ry laughter,
 And the boughs above hint softly
 Of the melodies they hold.

Leave the hard heart of the city
 With its poverty of pity,
 Leave the folly and the fashion
 Wearing out the faith of men;
 Breathe the breath of life blown over
 Upland meadows white with clover,
 And with childhood's clearer vision,
 See the face of God again.

SKIING THE WASATCH

Anna-Lisa and I decided to celebrate our 25th Anniversary far from the skimpy snow of Mammoth. Kananaskis' Engadine Lodge was too remote, too pure Nordic; Gmoser's Buga-boo heli-skiing too expensive. Goebel suggested the Wasatch so there we went.

Wasatch touring can be enjoyed in four regions, north to south: Millcreek, Neffs, Big Cottonwood, and Little Cottonwood Canyons. Millcreek tours are best done using a car shuttle out of Big Cottonwood; Neffs Canyon tours also often end in Big Cottonwood, and don't offer much snow in sparse years. So, we concentrated on the Cottonwoods.

First day we rode lifts at Alta in Little Cottonwood to "get the lay of the land". Next day, full of confidence and armed with new Karhu "Supreme's" (anniversary presents) we began the Catherine Pass/Albion Hut tour.

From Alta's upper Albion parking lot, climbed along the left side of Albion lift, and continued north traversing the flanks of Mt. Tuscarora. Well above Albion basin, nearing the flanks of Supreme lift, we encountered the Wasatch version of our "Chute Corps". These youngsters skid north from top of Supreme lift, and made wild runs down 40-50° flanks of Tuscarora. On easy slopes they Tele'd; most of the time it was sideslip and jump power-turns. Dostie would have been proud. Coming into Supreme's zone of fire we climbed up through schussing downhillers to gain the ridge and Catherine Pass. We gained 1400 ft. when we met a descending Patroller. Chatting with him while hugging a tree to keep from being blown away, we learned that wind force was three times as bad on the crest. He said, "forget Albion hut - it's only five minutes away. Enjoy some great Tele terrain down Supreme's runs". We did as told by the "native", and Tele'd our way back down.

Another tour beginning at the same point is Grizzly Gulch/Twin Lakes Pass. This one skirts left of Mt. Wolverine, up a narrow gully and on to a deserted mining town called Michigan City. From there, follow the power line up to Twin Lakes Pass, which overlooks the Brighton ski area in Big Cottonwood. At that point the realization hits you that Big Cottonwood offers better tours.

After a day Tele'ing the lift-served runs of Brighton, we attempted that same Catherine Pass, but from the Brighton side. But first a word about Brighton. Alta lift tickets are \$19. Brighton's are \$14 - and with our discount coupons that lowered to \$12! Climbed up along the right side of Mary lift, top of Mary lift skirt right into the woods and traverse up to Lake Mary. Cross the Dam, then the 60° terrible traverse, and climb knife-edged ridge overlooking Dog Lake on left. Veer right off ridge toward Lake Catherine trying to avoid avalanche slopes. Luckily we had two "natives" in front so followed their tracks. Lurching on a safe knob, we heard them in the bowl across from us, chortling as they did short Tele runs. They came back, told us not to continue (avalanche danger), crossed the ridge and did desperate jump-Tele's down the 50° slope to Dog Lake.

We finished lunch, looked across to Catherine Pass and watched skiers coming off the top of Alta's Supreme lift. Some skid off the crest, came toward us and set off large slides. Thoroughly intimidated, we decided not to continue to Catherine Pass. We too turned back, but decided we're forty years too old to try the down-run of our predecessors. Instead, we took a safe but laborious track down to Lake Martha, down to Mary and back to Brighton.

I won't bore you with more Tales of the Wasatch. All I know is, it beats the hell out of anything you'll ever find in the Mammoth area. So long McCoy; you'll never get my money again. (NK)

CARL SHARSMITH
(RANGER NATURALIST AT TUOLUMNE MEADOWS, YOSEMITE, CALIFORNIA)

Carl was a leader in the 20's of a group of boys then calling themselves "The Western Rangers." Harry C. James had come from Canada to the Los Angeles area where he founded the group, and he was drawn to Carl's leadership potential at the first meeting in what is now "Eton's Canyon." Now he is retired having been a professor of botany for many years at San Jose State. Nearly every summer for the past 67 years he has been the Ranger at Tuolumne. During World War II, "Trailfinders" spent several weeks with him climbing the nearby peaks and listening to his tales of the early days, entertaining with his songs and talent as a "squeeze-box" player.

"The Trailfinders" included a private school in Pasadena and later Altadena. Every week Harry was either camping with the boys from the school or the boys from "Councils" scattered throughout Hollywood, Santa Monica, Etc. Carl was Harry's "driver"--learned to enjoy opera and fine music. Then in summer he led the trans-Sierra backpack trips. At Big Pines there was a permanent camp not far from Jackson Lake, and each year Harry had a group following some "trail" in auto caravans--"Santa Fe, Kit Carson, Lewis & Clark." Much time was spent with the Hopi Indians of Arizona.

PBS T.V. on Oct. 21, 1989 did a segment of "AMERICAN ADVENTURE" showing Carl in Yosemite. There is also a recent biography "MOUNTAIN SAGE" which is available in Dawson's Book store on Larchmont in Hollywood. There will be a special campfire for us every night at the Tuolumne Ranger Station again this Summer from July 28 to August 5th. You are most welcome to join in the fun, singing some of Carl's Songs and hearing some of Carl's stories!

B.H.

**HIGH SIERRA
TRIP, 1930**

Party will meet at the Hollywood Library, (Hollywood Blvd. and Ivar Street,) at 7:30 Friday morning, August 15 and the return will be made on August 29. Total cost of transportation will be \$16.00. Mail check for the full amount to The Trailfinders, Swartout, P. O., California, not later than July 3. Bring \$6.00 extra cash.

Itinerary

Bishop's Pass, Dusy Basin, Agassiz Needle and Mt. Giroud; Mt. Goddard, Haeckel, Spencer and Darwin; Glacier Divide, Humphrey's Basin and Mt. Humphreys; out over Piute Pass.

Outfit

Packsack—2 or 3 wool blankets (or sleeping bag)—Toilet articles (soap, comb, toothbrush, towel, adhesive tape, mentholatum or cold cream, toilet paper; razor if needed.)
change of underwear
2 extra prs. woolen socks
cooking utensils — steel frying pan (8-in diameter,) 2 tin buckets about 1½ pints each and nesting if possible.

metal plate, cup, fork and spoon.
6 blanket pins (if blankets are taken.)
canvas 7-in.x8-in—8 oz. double filled (dispensable if covered sleeping bag is brought.)

Grub:

3 lb prepared flour
1 lb rice
2 lb sugar
1½ lb sliced bacon
small can lard or Crisco (tight cover)
½ lb dehydrated soups (Knorr's or Maggi's) can be purchased at Naumann's at 218 West 4th St., Los Angeles
1 lb shelled nuts
1 lb eating chocolate
¾ lb dehydrated baked beans (see below)
1 lb cereal meal (oatmeal, cracked wheat, etc.)
1 lb raisins
2 lb prunes
2 lb dried apricots, peaches
2 lb Cubbison's crackers
cocoa, tea or coffee
matches, salt
2 small bottles "Porto"
½ lb whole Klim (dried whole milk. Put in tight tin.)
Dehydrated Baked Beans—Procure canned baked beans (variety called "Bean Hole" beans are good.) Spread out on shallow pan and dehydrate in a slow oven.
All dry, loose grub should be

packed in muslin bags. Frying pan and cooking pots should also be put in muslin bags, dyed a dark color. Fishing tackle is worth carrying - trout line, split shot sinkers, a dozen hooks (nos. 10 and 12) and a few flies, (Brown Hackle and Royal Coachman.)

Heavy woolen socks must be worn. Shoes, not boots, must be stout and well fitting. Proper footwear is of primary importance. As this is to be a strenuous mountaineering trip, special care must be taken as to choice of footwear. Ordinary shoes, even if new, fall to pieces after a few days of mountain work. They should be of medium weight, but with double oak sole. Hobnailed, but not excessively. Heavy soles with medium weight Swiss edging nails are fine. Edging nails may be secured from Beebe Company, First and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon, @ 50 for \$1.50. Place about one inch apart singly or in pairs around edge of sole. Punch hole with strong awl and clinch protruding end of nail over and down and out the side. Bring few spare nails on trip.

Only boys of considerable camping experience will be allowed to go.

written by
Carl Sharsmith
1930

MAMMOTH-JUNE TRAVERSE VIA SAN JOAQUIN MTN. MAR31-APR1, 1990

This trip was originally scheduled as a two-day trip to San Joaquin Mtn (11,600'). Inspired by Rich Henke's stimulating slide show on mountain traverses (Mugelnoos meetg.3/21/90), by Owen Maloy's reassurance that "it can be done", and by Nancy Gordon's enthusiastic assistance (backed up by extra flashlight batteries) the trip was changed to a one-day traverse from Mammoth Mtn via San Joaquin Mtn to June Mtn. Steve Thaw and Pete Yamagata were the remaining participants from an originally sizable party.

Leaving Sat at 7:30am from Mammoth Mtn Main Lodge we skied up the road to Minaret Summit, then proceeded North along the ridge to Deadman Pass. Here, Pete decided to return. He had kindly offered to drive my VW bus to June Mtn to pick us up. Nancy, Steve and I continued to ski along the ridge via Two Teats to San Joaquin Mtn which we summited at 1:30pm. The views of Ritter, Banner, the Minarets, frozen Shadow Lake, and billowing clouds over the backcountry were magnificent. At 2:00pm we descended on the NE slopes of San Joaquin for approx. 1/2mi, then proceeded 1/2mi SE along Deadman Creek to an elevation of 3000m, and turned NE to peak 3009m (7.5' June Lke topo). After another mile NE along a forested ridge we reached the top of June Mtn at 5pm. We skied down Matterhorn run to the Chalet where we got a lift down to the road since the lower steep slopes were not skiable. Arriving at sunset we were greeted by Pete who got concerned about our 10hr, 3500'gain, 13mi day tour. It was an adventurous long day with skiing on many types of snow: windslabs, suncups, breakable crust, perfect spring snow, and freshly groomed slopes. There were a few icy slopes which required careful edging. After the car shuttle and a great dinner in Mammoth we carcamped at Shady Rest.

On Sunday morning we made a half-day ski tour to the Obsidian Dome. We decided to return to this area next year with more time and better snow to ski Glass Creek which has excellent slopes and a possible ascent to San Joaquin Mtn and Carson Pk.

R.S.

THE MUGELNOOS
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