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MUGELNOOS

March 19, 1991 - No. 684

A four page issue.

A NEWSHEET PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE SKI MOUNTAINEERS AND ROCK CLIMBING SECTIONS OF THE SIERRA CLUB'S ANGELES CHAPTER SINCE 1936. 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.

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!!!!!!! SNOW SNOQ NEIGE!!!!!!!

Eight feet of snow at Mammoth and three to four feet in the local mountains at press time and still counting! At last there's a spring schedule. At last we get to find out whether the outcomes of all those ski sales are going to improve our techniques! At last it looks like the shower may continue to win out over the deodorant as a social ritual. And the Mugelnoos editor may have trip writeups to enjoy.

Amid joy over snow reports came some very sad news.

Chuck Wilts

January 30, 1920 - March 12, 1991

Chuck died of a heart attack while hiking on the Echo Mountain trail in Altadena. A man always full of vitality and joy for life, he was still living to his capacity. As a Professor Emeritus of Electrical Engineering and Applied Physics at Caltech, Chuck still maintained an office at Caltech and had many plans for research, climbs, ski trips, and other projects. Chuck joined the RCS and the SMS in 1942. Two years ago he was snowcat skiing in the Selkirks and a year ago he climbed the Exum route on the Grand Teton. What kept him from doing even more in the recent past was a lack of climbing partners. Most of us knew him as a genuinely joyful man who wrote the book on climbing at Tahquitz and Suicide.

Until just a few years ago, Chuck was still a stalwart at RCS training sessions, gleefully dropping that bucket for quavering students to catch. Chuck leaves behind his wife Ellen and three children, Charles, Gail, and Janet.

A memorial for Chuck will be held at Caltech in April.

For information on exact date and time, call Jim Campbell (818-286-9751) or Kathy Crandall (818-790-9252) at end of March.

MUGELNOOS STAFF

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Matterhorn Peak

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Deadline: March 31, 1991

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Rose Lynch - May

NEXT MEETING

April 16, 1991
 Griffith Park Ranger Station
 4730 Crystal Springs Drive
 Los Angeles, CA

SCHEDULED TRIPS

MAR 30-31 San Gorgonio
 Marcia Male
 Mark Goebel
 (Call Mark for info -
 Marcia out of town)

Apr 5-8

Howard Schultz
 Reiner Stenzel

Apr 6-8 Mt. Baldy
 Pete Matulavich
 Don pies

Apr 7-12 Pear Lake
 Kathy Crandall
 Paul Harris
 (Call Kathy for info -
 dates and site may change)

Apr 12-14 Ski Mtneers Pk
 Gerry Holleman
 Paul Harris

Apr 20-21 Duck Pass
 Marcia Male
 Howard Schultz

Apr 27-28 Onion Valley
 Marcia Male
 Kathy Crandall

Due to concerns regarding current snow conditions, the Mt Shasta trip has been cancelled. See Howard Schultz or Kathy Crandall about a private trip to Mt. Shasta that weekend.

THE FOLLOWING IS A PAID AD

Mugelnoos readers are informed of and encouraged to subscribe to *Le Chronicle du Couloir* written and published by our own Craig Dostie.

le Chronicle du Couloir

To inspire & inform active & aspiring backcountry skiers.

Headline Flubs

Coach Suspended In Sexual Probe; Players Honored
Daily Press (Newport News, Va.) 12/15/81

**Man shot in back,
 head found in street**

Le Chronicle du Couloir
 est 1988
 A Couloir Publication

This rag is published monthly from October to June, plus or minus a month depending on snow conditions.

To receive *Le Chronicle du Couloir* send \$10.00 for a 1 year subscription to:

Craig Dostie c/o Couloir Publications
 6438A Penn St. Moorpark, CA 93021

Your comments are welcome

**Newspaper
 to receive
 seven awards**

Lewis Clark 1900 - 1991

Sierra Club members have been saddened by the passing of longtime club member and activist, Lewis Clark, at the home of his brother and sister-in-law, Nate and Joanne Clark. Lewis suffered a stroke in 1988, from which he never fully recovered. An electrical engineer, Lewis was introduced to the Sierra Club by his father, a friend of John Muir. He joined in 1928, in the days when one needed to be sponsored by a member. His (and Nate's) sponsor was Joseph LeConte. An active skier, Lewis decided a hut was needed in the Norden area, eventuating in Claire Tapaan Lodge. Lewis was a member of the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club for 36 years (1933-69) and was a member of the National Election Committee until 1986. He chaired the Winter Sports Committee, influencing many outcomes in favor of the good guys. He also was a leader of many National Outings Trips, including many foreign trips. Lewis Clark's conservationist and Sierra Club service credentials go on forever. We can only say that we must be very grateful for the fact that people like Lewis gave so much of their time and energy to preserve our wild areas. The burden is now on us. KC

Shades of summer.

While waiting for snow to fall (and wondering what to put in the Mugelnoos this month), I couldn't help but do some reminiscing. One of the wonderful things about traveling poor is that you stay at hotels where other budget travelers stay - and they are uniformly chatty, those others. Last summer, Larry Bigler and I wandered around Indonesia (a great place to travel with very little money) and met lots of people who told us of interesting places to visit. One of these places was Mt. Rinjani. Now, Carstens Peak is the highest mountain in Indonesia, being in Irian Jaya (which shares an island with Papua New Guinea). Carstens Peak is around 17000 feet - attractive, but so inaccessible that the few times it has been climbed, it has taken several month expeditions. Mt. Kinabalu on the island of Borneo is second, about 14000 feet, and very doable but needs to be approached from Malaysia. Mt. Rinjani didn't make the guidebooks for mountains of the world, but fellow poor travelers said it was a beautiful place and it was on Lombok, an island just \$22 away by plane (or \$5 by ferry) from Bali. Larry decided to pass but I was intrigued by the descriptions I heard. Also, under the theory that you never knew when there might be a mountain that needed to be climbed, I had brought hiking boots, long underwear, a sleeping bag liner, and some bits and pieces of mountaineering gear that was begging to be used.

I set off by ferry for Lombok and on the boat ran into a Canadian teacher who was being paid by his government not to teach. (Canada sounds more interesting all the time!) I told him about Rinjani and he signed on. I had been directed to a little guest house where we could get sleeping bags, tents, food, and directions - and there we did indeed find an enormously helpful man who set us all up and sent us off in the morning in a taxi to the base of the mountain with food, bottled water, Donald Duck sleeping bags and a tent of sorts. There we hired two porters to carry the stuff and head us in the right direction. They tied our stuff (ABOUT 60 LBS) to both ends of some sticks, put the sticks on their shoulders, put on their flip flops and headed up a steep trail. We followed with cameras and daypacks. The trail was lovely - rainforest, monkeys hooting, Spanish moss, and flowers in bloom. There were three designated camping spots along the way and unfortunately these were utterly filthy. The mountain suffers from overuse syndrome. Although not known here in the States, it is well known to Europeans and it is a sacred site for the citizens of Lombok. Thus, massive quantities of people tread the trail and the conservation/clean up effort is just not in effect there yet. We

trotted up 4000 feet the first day and made camp 2000 feet below a crater rim. Yes, like almost any lump in the Indonesian archipelago, this is a volcano. The next day saw us out early, as our guide/porter, Hari said we needed to reach the crater rim early for a view. When we hit the rim, we saw why this was a sacred site. We were greeted by a 2000 foot drop to a lake in a crater five miles across. At the opposite side of the crater rose Mt. Rinjani, 6000 feet above the lake. The crater maintained its 2000 foot walls all the way around the lake, except where it dipped steeply just below the mountain to the lake's outlet. Just over the shoulder of the mountain, near the lake's outlet, mists were pouring into the crater, giving the entire area an unworldly look. The lake was a deep, milky green, perhaps due to some volcanic sediment. In all, this was one of the most extraordinary views I have seen. The descent to the lake was uneventful since the weather was dry, but rocky enough to make one wonder about doing it in the rain!

We met a variety of people at the lake, from tourists with lots of porters to backpackers with no sleeping bags. (They were quite miserable because it got into the thirties at night.) There are lots of locals at the lake, making a pilgrimage to bathe in holy waters or just fishing. There is also a hot spring, where the locals stay (its warmest there). Unfortunately, it is very dirty at the hot springs so the soak is a little disconcerting. After soaking and enjoying the meals brewed up by our porters, we went straight to bed, because you must set out for the peak at midnight. We met a bunch of students at the lake who wanted to climb the peak but couldn't find the way, so they hitched on to us and our guide. Our party at midnight swelled to eight from the original two. Off we went with flashlights and a prayer that our genial guide did indeed know the way. He had traded his flip flops with another guide on the way in, and was now in bona fide sneakers - a good sign! (On the way out, he traded back with yet a third guide. Evidently, these were the neighborhood sneakers.) Luck was with us, and after trudging up stairs, through sand, gravel, and assorted volcanic debris - we were 1000 feet below the summit at sunrise - and on the peak at about 6:30 a.m. It was truly a stunning sight, with peaks from Bali rising above the clouds and the island of Lombok laid out below us. After we enjoyed the view for awhile, we started back and as we did so the mists began pouring over the shoulder of the mountain and filling in the lake - had we been later, we would have had no view. Indeed, our young hitchhikers, who were far behind us, got very little view when they finally got to the peak.

On the descent from the peak, we encountered some Indonesians carrying a body slung from one of those shoulder sticks. Evidently, someone had made his last pilgrimage to this sacred spot. We set off early the next day to climb back over the crater rim and down to the starting village. As we were leaving, it started to rain. The porters on their way in were slipping a lot in the mud in their flipflops, as were the tourist in their boots. We were very grateful for our good weather! A highly recommended trip!

KC

