

RFT
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MUGELNOOS

MAY 19, 1992

Number 694

SKI MOUNTAINEER'S PEAK April 11-12, 1992

Success at last! This fifth annual attempt at Ski Mountaineer's Peak—seventh if you count the bad snow years when we didn't even drive to the roadhead—succeeded in placing 5 SMSers on the summit. A register had been placed on top in August 1991, but none of the signers knew this was Ski Mountaineers Peak. An entry on one scrap said "Climbed by mistake, but the view is great."

Five of us met about a mile below Parcher's Camp at about 8:00 AM. A single lane was marginally plowed to Parcher's camp, probably by fishermen, but there was no space to park so we shuttled packs up and parked down below. As we set out along the shore of South Lake a strong wind was blowing with a forecast of a possible weather system on Sunday. At the south end of the lake we climbed the drainage that comes down from Treasure Lakes and camped in some trees near the Treasure Lakes outlet stream at about 10,500'. The weather was mostly sunny, but a cool wind kept us on the chilly side while we pitched camp and ate lunch.

For the first time since my initial lead of this trip in 1986, the 11,200' ridge on the route to Ski Mountaineer's Peak had good snow cover, so at 1 PM we set off to see the route to the peak. The east side of this ridge is moderately broken as you work through a few trees and then opens up into wonderful open ski slopes. The snow was softening in spite of the wind, so we proceeded to the crest of the ridge with great anticipation. Unfortunately the terrain looked better than it skied. The snow was almost crusty on top, but very mushy like mashed potatoes underneath. We tried the open slope a second time at a different location, but conditions weren't encouraging for Ski Mountaineer's Peak on Sunday.

Saturday night the wind continued, but Sunday morning it was 32 deg at 7 AM with wind gusts that weren't too bad. After a leisurely breakfast, we set out towards Ski Mountaineer's Peak at 9 AM not knowing whether or not we expected to go for the summit. Once we reached the 11,200' crest of the ridge there was no holding back, however. There were some high cirrus clouds with strong gusts every few minutes, but in between it was quite pleasant.

The route off the ridge drops a little as you enter the drainage coming from Thompson Ridge and then ascends over easy, open benches all the way to the 13,323' summit of Ski Mountaineer's Peak. The snow surface was crusty all the way, except for a shade-protected north slope that still had wind-blown powder. We left our skis at about 13,000' where the snow crust became thinner and more treacherous. From there we hiked to the top, occasionally encountering snow that was firm enough to require step kicking. By noon we were enjoying great views from the summit. The close profile of Darwin just to the west was especially impressive.

Easy plunge steps brought us quickly back to our skis and a crusty snow surface that tended to catch an edge whenever you shifted your weight. On the way back to camp we were led by Nancy Gordon, who was testing her shoulder before setting out the following Tuesday on a 6day trip in over Lamarck Col and out over Echo Col. Next came Assistant Leader, Paul Harris, who was warming up for a week trip up Taboose Pass, across the Monarch Divide to Bubbs Creek, and back over Kearsarge Pass. Third was Ken Deemer, who was training for a weekend blitz of Popo in Mexico. Pat and I, who weren't training for anything, brought up the rear. Apparently the Mammoth Marathon the previous weekend, and 50 miles of skinny ski skating the weekend before that hadn't done a thing for our snow-snake telemarks.

The thrill of success helped us navigate soft heavy snow as we donned our packs and headed back towards South Lake. Ski Mountaineer's Peak is a memorable trip that is highly recommended. It's probably been about 10 years since any SMSer has reached the top of our namesake peak. Don't let another 10 years go by before you try it! G.Holleman

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NEXT MEETING

FALL ,1992 7:30 PM GRIFFITH PARK RANGER STATION AUDITORIUM 4730 CRYSTAL SPRINGS DRIVE, LOS ANGELES, CA.

NEXT ISSUE: JUNE 16, 1992

ISSUE DEADLINE JUNE 12, 1992 ALL PHOTOS, SLIDES, AND ARTICLES SHOULD BE SENT TO: ANDY FRIED, MUGELNOOS EDITOR, c/o TEC GROUP 10727 WHITE OAK AVE. SUITE # 205, GRANADA HILLS, CA 91344. IF YOU WISH TO HAVE PHOTOS RETURNED AFTER PUBLICATION INCLUDE A SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR LOST PHOTOS.

UPCOMING TRIPS:

MAY 22-25 FRI-MON MT. RITTER-THOUSAND ISLAND LAKES LEADER: REINER STENZEL (310) 454-9787 ASST: OWEN MALOY

MAY 30-31 SAT -SUN MT. CONESS-SADDLEBAG LAKE LEADER: HOWARD SCHULTZ (818) 344-8313, ASST: REINER STENZEL

FALL 1992 SMS POT LUCK DINNER. DATE AND LOCATION TO BE ANNOUNCED.

PRIVATE TRIP-MT. SHASTA

TIM RYAN NOW LIVING IN THE BAY AREA IS LOOKING FOR SKIERS INTERESTED IN CLIMBING MT. SHASTA MAY 22-25. FLY TO BAY AREA AND DRIVE FROM THERE. CALL TIM AT (415) 324-6197

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UPDATE TOPO MAPS - HOW TO FIND THEM UPDATE

Bill Oliver

Recall, the original expose appeared in the 4/16/91 MUGELNOOS (#685). First, the bad news: the USGS Earth Science Information Center in the downtown Federal Bldg. was permanently closed last fall. This was a truly irreplaceable treasure. Bummer! I understand that the San Francisco and Menlo Park (largest) facilities are still open.

Another local alternative - Larry Tidball gets all his SPS, HPS and DPS (Cald.) maps at:

A.L.S.- Maps (Air-Land-Sea), 610 N. Azusa Ave., West Covina (1 mi N of 1-10). (818) 915-5165.

Mon - Sat, 9 am - 6 pm. Topos (7.5/15') go for \$3.23 each (+ tax = \$3.50).

As noted by Barbara Lilley, the USGS mail order operation out of Denver is currently taking 2-3 months in delivery. This time should improve as a new computer system takes hold (or it may get worse!). Consider: **Timely Discount Topos- Inc.**, 9769 W. I 19th Drive, Suite 9, Broomfield, CO 80021. (800) 821-7609. Mon - Fri, 8 am - 4:30 pm (Mtn time). Their Regular Service offers 7.5/15' topos for only \$2.25 (a quarter off the USGS rate) + P&H. Delivery will still take as long as your direct mail order, however. Their ASAP Service, on the other hand, provides next day map shipment: \$3.50 each + P&H. (They basically stand in line for you at the USGS window.) I have only recently learned of this firm, and I have no personal experience with it. Now that you, again, have your topo in hand - GO FOR IT!

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A SKI DESCENT OF MT. RITTER

"The next time we will bring crampons", Brian said for the third time as we side stepped our metal edged skis up the steep icy slope of Mt. Ritter. Although we were making good progress, I was wondering how we would ever get down if the snow didn't soften.

Years ago, a friend told me that Mt. Ritter was a good mountain to ski. On April 21-24, 1992, Brian Johnson and I decided to try it. We spent a day skiing from the Mammoth ski area parking lot to Lake Ediza, which at 9,200 ft. is about 4,000 vertical feet below the summit. Before the trip, I read Roper's description of the climbing routes on Mt. Ritter, wondering which ones were skiable. (I hadn't bought R. J. Secor's new book yet!) As Mt. Ritter came into view, we referred to the route descriptions no more; The ski route was an obvious line up the southeast side.

We left camp on 22 April at 6 a.m. with lunch and headlamps. (Recent experiences have taught me it isn't safe even to go to the bathroom at 10 a.m. without a headlamp.) It was cloudy, cold, and windy but there was optimism that the weather would clear. Climbing skins on our skis made the first 1000 feet of elevation easy but then the slope steepened. Side stepping was required to make upward progress; The snow was too hard to kick steps without crampons. This continued for about half of the next 2000 feet. Our skis were left at a steep rocky slope at 12,200 feet. We considered carrying our skis higher, but it was still windy and the chance of skiing higher slopes was small.

The summit was reached at noon as the weather improved. After searching in vain for the snow covered register, we returned to our skis, took off the skins, and made several tentative parallel turns. It was still steep and icy, but the temperature had warmed to the point where our edges were able to get a small 'bite' into the hard crust. Before descending, we had tested our Ramer self arrest grips (each of us had one) with success, but hoped we would not be required to use them. Careful controlled turns left no tracks for the next 1000 feet. Brian's Kazama Outback skis proved superior to my Karhu XCD's as they produced less chatter on the turns. The snow got better and better as we descended. At the steep lower section (the "where are our crampons?" slope), we linked continuous telemark turns until we were 20 feet from our tent on Lake Ediza. The descent took 2 hours, including 3000 feet of continuous skiing.

The following day, we did a ski circuit around the Minarets from Lake Ediza in perfect weather. Our route is on page 80 of Roper's Guide and can also be seen on the Devil's Postpile 15 minute quad map. We went clockwise as follows: Iceberg Lake, Cecile Lake, Minaret Lakes, Dead Horse Lake, Pass South of Pk 1 1319, Pass North of Pk 109 10, Dike Creek, Ritter Pass, and Lake Ediza. The only tricky part was staying high after Dead Horse Lake which required kicking steps up a steep rocky snow gully. There were also some steep traverses on the west side of the Minarets. The views on this tour, especially of Clyde Minaret, were fantastic. The loop took 10 hard hours of

skiing, climaxed by a continuous ski descent from Ritter Pass to camp.

Day 4 was used to ski leisurely back to Mammoth. Considerable melting had taken place during our 4 day trip which increased the amount of walking we did on the return. Although there is good snow cover above 9,500 feet, it is very patchy at lower elevations.

John Moynier's new backcountry skiing book lists 17 classic ski descent peaks in the Sierra. Perhaps more will be skied next year! Rich Henke

THE CIRQUE CREST TRAVERSE, AND THE LONG WALK BACK

APRIL 18-25, 1992

Thrusting the shaft of my ice axe, as deeply into the snow as possible with my right hand, planting a ski pole with my left, I cautiously shifted my weight and firmly planted my foot in the next step. Good, another position of security - now move two more steps. Each foot and arm movement must take place in just the right sequence to maintain balance and security. Although my concentration is focused on these movements, I am also very aware of the shear drop to my left. I continue moving, but all the while burdened by the weight of a pack loaded with a week's supply of gear, and skis. Yes, this was to be a trans-Sierra ski tour following the Monarch Divide - Cirque Crest high in Icings Canyon National Park. Yet, descending westward from this south ridge of Vennacher Needle, and as we were to discover at other spots along the way, this ski tour had quickly become a challenging mountaineering tour with skis. Except for our starting point we followed the route described in John Moynier's recently published, *Backcountry Skiing in the High Sierra*. He rates the High Route as harder, but don't believe it.

How quickly conditions can change in the mountains, be it the weather, terrain, snow or rock. We would experience all of this in the next week. Just the day before, Paul Harris, Alois Smrz and Mark Goebel skied into the Park via Taboose Pass following a long hike from the desert slopes of Owens Valley. Skiing westward and downward we, made easy turns on smooth fields of corm snow. However, once in the trees, the warm afternoon sun, and a thinner snow pack quickly slowed our descent which required kick turns, traverses, and serious obstacle avoidance.

The next day we were again on firm snow and although the final few hundred feet were steep, we easily skied onto the south ridge of Vennacher Needle. Imagine our surprise and depression when the view over the west side was a shear drop of rock and snow. Fortunately, Alois did not accept our cries to retreat, and scouted out a nervous but passible 3rd class rock and steep couloir route down. Once below the difficulties, we were again able to utilize our skis, and turned our way down 1600 feet to a campsite two miles down the Lake basin.

In the morning, we stated out under dark clouds and were soon at Marion Lake where we encountered signs of a seldom thought of hazard. BEAR tracks! In the deep tracks, we easily observed the critter's long claw marks. Our concern, however, was to gain back 1600 feet and cross Marion Peak Pass; but just above the lake, clouds closed in and it was soon snowing hard. Quickly we called a rest stop and erected the tent but fortunately the storm only lasted about two hours. We were then able to continue our climb now on a fresh inch of snow. Near the top we were forced to break trail on foot, punching sometimes bottomless holes in the crust. Once this struggle was over, and on the south side of the crest, we marvelled at the impressive walls of Arrow Peak and its southwest ridge rising thousands of feet from the South Fork of the Kings River. This route definitely rivals the High Route for remoteness and views.

The remainder of the afternoon involved descending over rock and skiable snow, but losing most of the altitude we had gained. Camp was situated in a cold basin on the south side of Marion Peak, just below some snowy ramps and cliffs that we would ascend in the a.m. on an icy staircase of steps. Once over the top we skied to the next ridge, which only slowed us with a steep 3rd class rock scramble down the far side. We then traversed the next basin to the second major crux of the trip. More cliffs and only a thin, steep and exposed snowy finger led to the top. Once again, Alois and his plastic boots kicked a secure ladder of steps allowing us to continue. Down the other side the tension of the recent climb was again released by an enjoyable ski down to lakes south of State Peak. After lunch, we skied up to a cirque north of Dougherty Peak, and switch-backed up slopes that had all avalanched during the winter. It was a cool day and the slopes luckily were stable, but again as we were forced to kick steps, the bottom often broke out. Sometimes the crust required blows from the axe, and other times it wouldn't support us at all. However, as we struggled to the top of Dougherty Peak, views to the north opened up and we were excited to see Mt. Goddard, the Enchanted Gorge, and the Devil's Crags.

Once at the summit, now late in the afternoon, we faced a 1400 foot descent down the Great South Bowl of the Peak. Luck was with us again, cool weather had preserved the snow, and like the snow our legs retained their strength as we made turn after turn down to a small lake below. Nearing the lake, we all wore grins like kids in a toy store. That run was a surprise dessert, and now we knew the hardest terrain was behind us. As the sun set, we marvelled at the great walls of Clarence King and Mt. Gardiner to the east.

In the a.m. after a short climb, we rounded a ridge and I wondered how we would ever get down to Cedar Grove. To the west I could only rows of rugged snowy peaks. But one lake basin led to another, and after following Paul's suggestion that we orient the map by compass, the next small pass became evident. This brought us to a great basin, and with a high traverse we reached Goat Crest Pass, the gateway to Granite Basin

and the Copper Creek Trail to King's Canyon. Once again we experienced backcountry skiing delight, and for over two miles we carved turns down 1500 feet to Granite Basin on rolling fields of silky smooth Sierra corn snow. The magical powers of such snow lifted the packs from our backs and for a few minutes we skied as though floating in a dream. Once down in the Basin reality returned and we faced a difficult chore of winding our way around, over, and up trees, rocks, creeks and cliffs to a critical pass from which the Copper Creek Trail zigzagged 5000 feet down to the floor of King's Canyon. Once at this point, we skied carefully down to 9200' and found the trail as it emerged from the snow. As we plodded downward the high peaks disappeared behind the rim, and the canyon walls closed around us. We ended the day at a trail-side bear box some 2600' from the bottom. The snow was now far above, the mild evening temperature relaxed us, and a nearby Creek lulled us to sleep.

We finished off the hike to roads end the next morning, and found that the Park was still closed. Our solitude was maintained, the road, parking lot and trails were all empty. After leaving our trash in a convenient container, we started the long hike eastward up Bubbs Creek with Kearsarge Pass and the car at Onion Valley our goal. The creeks were roaring, flowers blooming, it was hot, and our packs seemed as heavy as ever. In an effort to save some miles and to get back on skis sooner, we dragged ourselves up the steep incline of trailless Charlotte Creek and around the base of Charlotte Dome. Finally, after battling steep brushy terrain, boulders and soft snow patches, we reached level ground at 9300' and our bodies said, "camp here." We did.

The next morning, still tired and sore, but driven by our desire to finish the trip, we continued slowly on foot over larger frozen snow fields. Shortly before Charlotte like we were back on skis, we emerged from the canyon and again could see the surrounding snowy peaks; and more important, with each stride, the Pass grew closer. On and on, foot by foot, finally we were there. Another 6600 ft of gain was over. Following a good rest, we sailed down over the eastern slopes. Amazingly, we again were revitalized by the process of making turns down the slope. It's the excitement, it's the wind, the snow, the freedom of movement. It's skiing.

More than that, it's the sharing of exciting, adventure filled times with close friends.

Mark Goebel



THE MUIR HUT, BUILT IN 1931

In over Lamarck Col to ski Mt. Goddard and out over Echo Col

April 14 - 18, 1992

The North Lake loop to Lake Sabrina provides a wonderful ski mountaineering experience in the dramatic Darwin Canyon, the spectacular Evolution Basin, and the resplendent Ionian Basin.

Tuesday, April 14th: We met at the locked gate about 1/2 mile below the North Lake trailhead parking lot. The road was clear of snow, but "ours is not to reason why." Our group of strong back country skiers consisted of Reiner Stenzel, Peter Green, Marcia Male, Howard Schultz, and Nancy Gordon. At 0715, we hefted our packs with skis and started the long hike to North Lake (9,250'). We then skied to Grass Lake (9,900') and stopped for an early lunch on some dry rocks above the lake. When the clouds descended, we decided to set up camp at 1700 hours in the bowl just below Lamarck Col. During dinner, light snow fell. Five excited skiers were beginning a trip that would present fantastic scenic highlights and sensational skiing. En route to Lamarck Col, we encountered one other person whose progress was much slower than ours; he was hiking on snowshoes.

Wednesday, April 15th: Up at 0600. 17 degrees Fahrenheit. After we breakfasted and packed up, we ascended Lamarck Col (12,900') on very firm packed snow. The view of Darwin and Mendel from the col was awesome. Due to the mixed snow and rock terrain on the west side of the col, we again mounted our skis on our packs until we were at about the 12,200' level. Skiing Darwin Canyon was a joy; we were now over the crest and in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. At the west end of the canyon, there is a bench overlooking Evolution Valley which offers an absolutely breathtaking view! The Hermit

loomed impressive as we skied down to the John Muir Trail. Skiing on Evolution Lake (10,850') felt daring and a little eerie. At the south end of the lake, we stopped for a lunch break and hung out damp tent flies and miscellaneous gear to dry in the intermittent sun. Reveries of past summer climbs in the area lingered throughout our trip. After lunch, we continued along the John Muir Trail over Sapphire Lake, past Mt Haeckel and Mt Wallace on the crest, and Mt Huxley and Mt Fiske to the west of the crest. The clouds rolled in as we approached Wanda Lake (1,452'), and we decided to continue Muir Pass (11,955') in the white-out rather than Wanda Pass as we originally planned. Reiner had mentioned his desire to make Muir Hut, that amazing circular stone structure built in 1931, our base camp for skiing the Ionian Basin. Arriving at 1700, we found two skiers from the Bay area already there. When we removed our boots, steam exuded from our socks — testimony to our "hot" skiing? Not. Three of us decided to use the stone shelves in the hut for sleeping, and two decided to set up a tent nearby with a snow

block wall on the west. We also used the hut for cooking and strung two lines for drying our gear.

Thursday, April 16th: Up at 0600. 18 degrees Fahrenheit and not a cloud in the sky. This was definitely the day to ski Mt. Goddard! At 0715 we headed for Solomons Pass (12,450'), just west of Mt Solomons. From the pass, we skied into the Ionian Basin and down to take 11,592'. The Three Sirens and Scylla to the south prevented views of the Enchanted Gorge, a possible goal for a future ski tour. The weather was clear, and all of us eagerly awaited the first views of our destination, Mt Goddard (13,568'). As we



MARCIA AND NANCY, MUIR HUT DURING A STORM

headed west after crossing lake 11,824', our view of Mt Goddard to the northwest was breathtaking. The snowfield on its west slope beckoned as we skied down to the lower drainage before climbing up to the tongue lake (11,951') at the base of Mt Goddard. We wondered why this lake is not named Goddard Lake, since it is the largest of the lakes that flows into Goddard Creek. Peter and Reiner experienced mountaineers' trepidation at the sign of a slight breeze and a wispy cloud which created an adrenaline rush to the summit reached by noon. Howard, Marcia, and Nancy took a more social and serene approach to reaching the summit the same day. Among our many fascinating topics, we discussed being surrounded by the Painted Lady (*Cynthia cardui*) butterflies (dark brown with rusty orange and white patches) making their migration from northern Mexico to Canada. Being on the summit of Mt Goddard was definitely THE HIGHLIGHT of this trip. Peter's endeavors to shovel enough snow to locate the register were in vain. [Goddard was my SPS emblem peak (Aug '81).] We took enough photos to make any mother happy, but our real exhilaration was about to begin: a sensational ski descent down the ^{east} west slope! We watched in amazement as Reiner began his 160 perfect turns to a regrouping area 1000 feet below. Not to be outdone, Nancy jumped in to make figure 8's out of Reiner's turns. Not to be outdone, Howard and Peter jumped off the summit in a radical steep descent which linked up with the others' route. Not to be outdone, Marcia had her moment of glory in an exquisite ski run down the slope. Ahhhhhhhh!

This is what it IS all about! There was some debate over the round trip elevation and mileage from the hut; I figured just under 4,000' gain, and 8-9 miles. We arrived back at the hut at 1815 with plenty of sun light and much to be grateful for: good ski buddies and good skiing! That evening, however, dark clouds began to roll in menacingly.

4 Friday, April 17th: Buried in our sleeping bags, we listened to the ferocious winds howling outside. It was a total white-out! Howard popped in at 0830, surprised to find no activity. After breakfast, we crawled back into our sleeping bags. All of us sought the shelter of the hut during the storm. There were discussions such as Plans A, B, and C (we couldn't think of a Plan D) regarding our exit options from the Sierra if the storm continued, future trip plans, other peaks to ski, and how many rocks were used in the construction of the Muir Hut. Marcia's C.S. Lewis book got good use. We napped until lunch. Cabin fever struck Reiner and Peter a little after 1400 hours, and they proposed a ski ascent to Black Giant which had just emerged out of the clouds. Nancy hid in her bag rather than respond. Marcia started reading more intently. And Howard nodded an acknowledgement and decided to work on improving his snow block wall. The "tigers" made a speedy ascent of Black Giant among shredded Painted Lady butterflies and returned before Marcia finished her book. Quite an accomplishment since the fierce winds continued during their climb. The winds finally abated late that afternoon and the glow of the sun at the horizon in the evening gave us a mild

assurance that our original plan to exit over Echo Col may still be feasible.

SAT Friday, April 18th: I started the three MSR stoves at 0545. I wanted the opportunity to ski Black Giant (13,330') before heading over Echo Col. No other takers. I set off solo about 0715. The shady, icy west slope made for a slow, cautious approach. My skins weren't grabbing on the steeper sections of the climb, and the skis weren't edging enough in the ice to provide a secure platform. I took off the skis near some rocks about 100 feet below the summit. Kicking steps was not much better as far as feeling any more secure. I don't think I kicked in as much as an 1/8" boot edge hold on the ice. I moved slowly and with extreme caution and concentration, ready to arrest a fall at every step. At 0900, I arrived on the summit and was rewarded by the most spectacular views in all directions! Peter had requested that I take lots of pictures since their visibility was not good the previous day. Goddard looked magnificent. Echo Col and the Crest looked pretty intimidating. It was awesome no matter which direction I looked. I signed the register and took a panoramic array of pictures. Then I took a very deep breath and kicked my heels with great vigor as I descended the still shady, icy west slope. It was a definite project getting my skis back on; I ended up jamming them into the rocks to gain a more secure stance. It was a great, fast, icy run down the west face. I remember listening to my skis which were smooth and silent on the descent compared to my very audible breathing. There was no trace of my descent tracks when I looked back up the slope. Reiner skied over from the hut with warm congratulations; his face radiated visible relief. I picked up my pack, and we skied swiftly on to join the others headed for Echo Col.

Echo Col (12,450') is to the left of a large dark-colored rock mass just below Clyde Spires. We were able to ski up to within about 40 feet of the col. The rock scramble up and over was 3rd class. On the east side of the col, it was strictly a snow descent. Howard insisted on skiing the top part, and he used every trick in his book to make it appear skiable. The rest of us donned our skis about 100 feet below the col. The snow on the east side of the crest was breakable crust and lousy compared to the west side. We skied over Echo Lake (11,600') and Moonlight Lake (11,050'). Reiner and I made a slight error and headed for the Middle Fork of the Bishop Creek rather than Blue Lake. Peter caught up with us and pointed out the error of our ways. We proceeded to correct our direction and to regain some elevation in order to hit the trail out to Lake Sabrina (9,150'). Marcia and Howard decided to kick back and enjoy another evening in the Sierra. The rest of us decided to tough it out to the cars with thoughts of being home for Easter Sunday. This decision presented a great physical and mental challenge. The snow got ugly. Eventually, we



NANCY AT LAMARK COL 12,900'

had to put the skis on our packs as we lost visibility. There was a rather lengthy episode of head lamps, post-holing, and expletives. By the time we hit the asphalt, we were a bone-weary group. Dinner was shortly after midnight at Denny's in Bishop. We did, however, get home before sunrise Easter Sunday. I know the joy I saw on my daughter's face when she woke up was worth my effort. Reiner got to attend sunrise services with his wife. And Peter, who thought we were crazy, humored us by not commenting on any of this.

6 Sunday, April 19th: Howard and Marcia walked out to the cars from Blue Lake. They walked on top of firm. They smiled at the heavy duty post-holing of their compadres and said they still heard echos of our expletives bouncing off Table Mountain.

This is a glorious trip, highly recommended for experienced backcountry skiers of high intermediate ability. Opportunities for fine skiing abound in the area and the touring is spectacular. In retrospect, the trip might be better done starting out from Lake Sabrina going over Echo Col and coming out Lamarck Col or Alpine Col and Piute Pass to North Lake.



REINER ON SUMMIT OF MT. GODDARD 13,568'

THE MUGELNOOS

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