



# MUGELNOOS

JUNE 16, 1992

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April 11, 12

McGEE CANYON

Eight skiers met at Tom's Place for breakfast Saturday morning for this private trip above Convict Lake. The snow in McGee Canyon was practically nonexistent, so in scouting the area the previous day we had decided to ski up to the Mt. Aggie area.

Bob Meador led up the steep semi-trail to the bench above Convict, and we started skiing below the big whaleback ridge in a southerly direction. When we reached the canyon at the far side of this ridge, a fierce wind came down the hill and kept blowing for the balance of the weekend. We fought our way up the hill, and found a semi-sheltered campsite across from Mt. Morrison. The snow was only a couple of feet deep, so lots of postholing was in order. The wind appeared to want to take the tents to Crowley Lake, and we had to bury rocks in the snow to hold the tents down. Ellen Miller, Ken McElvany and I had borrowed Larry Tidball's 4 man tent, and at one point it looked like a jelly-fish in the air, even though it had 3 packs inside it! Bob Meador brought his Pyramid tent, and the surprise of the weekend was seeing it still there Sunday morning.

When everything was finally tied down as best as possible, we all headed up canyon to make some turns. Reed Moore, Don Button, Barbara Hoffman, Ken McElvany and I went up past Morrison, and found some slopes with lots of rotten snow that loved to swallow skiers in mid-turn. The wind was still shrieking, but it still didn't firm the snow well. We did find some firmer stuff in the gullies, but, since most of what we skied was facing east, there was no guarantee that you wouldn't crash thru anywhere you went. We headed back to the hills above camp, where we met with Larry, Ellen and Bob, who had been making lots of tracks in good snow! We added some tracks to their hill, and went down to posthole camp. The wind was fierce all night, so we cooked in the tents. You can feed 6 people in a 4 man tent if everyone will just let the leg cramps happen!

Sunday morning was still blowing, but some of us headed up toward Mt. Aggie anyway. Reed and Tom and I climbed up the slopes below Aggie, while Barbee and Ken went further up the canyon. We had a good time skiing the north-facing slope. Reed climbed almost to the ridge line before skiing down, and we heard a lot of whoops on his descent. The snow was still pretty firm from the night and the constant wind, so the ski back to camp was much better than the previous day.

We broke camp and headed back towards the cars. The wind made sails out of our backpacks, and it made some of the turns pretty tricky-especially for those who hadn't skied with backpacks before. Barbee had a frame pack that insisted on going its own way, which was usually not the way she wanted. At one point Reed took her pack and had the same results! We were at the cars by 3 PM. Ellen and Larry and I had spent the previous week in and around Humphrey's Basin, so we were pretty glad to be on the road.

Scot Jamison

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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: FALL 1992

ISSUE DEADLINE OCTOBER 1, 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:

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## Words of Gratitude from the Chair

Being the chair of the Ski Mountaineers Section has been a real honor. Six years ago, the SMS introduced this novice to the marvels of skiing. Those early, fledgling ski maneuvers meant that turning and falling were synonymous. After I received my SMS check-out card, following a horrendous ski tour of San Jacinto in breakable crust, my motivation synapses triggered and my determination to become a proficient skier never wavered. A quest of quintessential skiing is on; the best is yet to come. I am very grateful for all of you who encouraged and helped me learn to ski.

I want to thank our 1991-92 Central Committee for an outstanding job. Reiner Stenzel generated a fantastic outings schedule. Kathy Crandall, Vice Chair, maintained the true spirit and ambiance of our Central Committee. Howard Schultz provided us with a fine range of exciting and informative programs. And Greg Jordan, Secretary-Treasurer, balanced our books so competently that he has been asked to advise the State of California and L. A. U. S. D. on budget matters.

The lifeblood of the SMS is our newsletter. The Mugelnoos has a new and exciting format thanks to the effort and genius of Andy Fried. Andy, together with his Mugelnoos support team—Diann Fried, Pat Holleman, and Gerry Holleman—does an outstanding job!

The heart of the SMS consists of our outings leaders and training instructors—what an awesome group of skiers! Sincere thanks to: Walt Boge, Kathy Crandall, Craig Dostie, Mark Goebel, Paul Harris, Gerry Holleman, Pat Holleman, Scot Jamison, Greg Jordan, Marcia Male, Owen Maloy, Pete Matulavich, Eddie Nunez, Don Pies, Howard Schultz, and Reiner Stenzel.

Thanks, friends, it's been a blast! Ski heil!

Nancy Gordon



LARRY, BARBEE, STEVE, SCOT, & BILL HAVING DINNER AT THE RODGERS/BENNET SADDLE

## Telescope Peak. MAR 28-29

Jamison/Stenzel

Six of us met at the Wildrose Campground Saturday morning, March 26, for a week-end of skiing in the Panamints. Steve Hessen rode with me, Reiner took Bill Oliver, and Barbara Hoffman drove with Larry Tidball. Although this was a scheduled SMS trip, it was also a kind of shakedown for a trip the following week up into Humphrey's Basin with Bill, Larry, Ellen Miller and myself,

We drove as far as the Charcoal kilns, and started hiking the road around 8:30. We were soon skinning up the road to Mahogany Flats, where we decided to continue on the road which led to the radio towers on Rogers Peak. This road switchbacks up the eastern side of a long gully that Reiner was later to ski on the way back.

The group summited Rogers Peak, and we skied to the saddle between it and Bennet Peak, where we made camp. After we set up camp and dug a community kitchen, Reiner held a ski clinic, and we spent the rest of the afternoon skiing some of the lumps around the camp area. Larry and Barbee are fairly new on telemark skis, and Bill was trying to break in his new Randonne' skis, or visa versa, The happy hour was welcomed, as the snow had turned to breakable crust, and everyone was feeling a little crusty toward skiing by then.

Sunday found us with clouds coming and going rapidly, and the group climbed Bennet to decide what to do from there. Telescope was not visible from Bennet due to the weather, but Reiner and Steve and I decided to make a modest attempt at it anyway.

Barbee, Larry and Bill decided to stay on the slopes around camp, which proved to be the correct decision. We took the ridge toward the peak for quite a distance, but the peak just wouldn't show, and it was fairly windy and looked like weather was coming in, so we headed back to camp. We broke camp and climbed back to a saddle where we had lunched the day before. Reiner needed to get some turns in, so even though the snow was really soft and wet, he glided gracefully down the steep gully, while the rest of us took the switchbacks back down. We met Reiner at a switchback, and a couple of us joined him for the balance of the descent.

This trip didn't involve a lot of skiing, but the group had a good time, and Larry was taught by Reiner that you can make skins from rope or twine if you forget them, Bill had so much fun on his new skis that they may be for sale, but the trip did prepare us for a fine trip to Humphreys Basin the next week-end.

Scot Jamison

## THE EVOLUTION LOOP

May 2-6, 1992

Years ago I did a backcountry ski loop from North Lake to Lake Sabrina where our group had a magnificent telemark ski descent of the east slope of Mt. Goddard. For several years, I had talked to different people about repeating this trip. Last month's Mugelnoos described one variation of this great tour.

Earlier this spring, my friend Armando Menocal called me and suggested we do the Evolution Loop, a longer version of the earlier trip. The new route was described in John

Moynier's new book 'Backcountry Skiing in the High Sierras'. On the morning of 2 May, Armando, Brian Johnson, Jeannie Heltzel, and I (Rich Henke) met at the Lake Sabrina trailhead. There was no snow cover at the lower elevations. When we did reach snow we lost the trail from Lake Sabrina which required lots of bushwhacking. Hopefully, future ski trips will not start or end at Lake Sabrina. Near Dingleberry Lake at 10,400 feet, we started skiing and had good conditions all the way to Echo Col, We skied to just below the pass and used a previous party's footsteps (I wonder who they were?) to cross the pass. Our first camp was at the lake at 11,400 feet just south of Echo Col. Armando broke through the slush up to his knees while crossing the lake which made dry boots an impossibility for him for the remainder of the trip.

On day 2 we crossed Muir Pass and Solomons Pass to enter Ionian Basin rather than use Black Giant Pass as we did on my previous trip. We camped at two tiny lakes at 12,300 feet, on the east slope of Mt. Goddard, It had been cloudy most of the day so the afternoon snow on Goddard was still firm. We skied to the top and found the sign-in register which allowed me to sign in for this climb as well as for 1983 climb when we couldn't find the register. The continuous telemark run down the east slope to our waiting camp was great once again, It is hard to imagine a better ski descent in the Sierras that at the same time is very mellow and straightforward.

From this point in the trip, we would be covering new territory. On day 3, rather than return to the Muir Trail and the Evolution area, we continued west to Martha Lake, crossed Wild West Pass and skied north along the Le Conte Divide. We had a great descent down Hutton Pass, crossed Hell for Sure Pass (from west to east) and spent our third night just north of the pass along a bench high above the south fork of the San Joaquin. The weather had been threatening all day and snow and hail fell during the evening. I wondered what this would do to the red clister that Armando and I had put on that day, since we had forgotten our solvent to "get rid of that stuff".

On day 4, we continued north along the bench. Several of us fell on a steep icy section, but in general the bench is easy and is the key to making the Evolution Loop. The drawback of this tour is that eventually, one has to drop down to Evolution Creek at 8,500 feet and at this time of year, that involves lots of walking. From Evolution Meadow, we turned north and camped at a lake at 11,200 feet, just below Mathes Col. We had to wade the stream at Evolution Meadow, Isn't there a bridge somewhere around there?

The following morning, we climbed toward what we thought was Mathes Col. Moynier's description said there was an extremely sharp drop on the north side. That was very true! We gave Jeannie a quick ice axe lesson and spent 2 hours carefully descending the only couloir that didn't require a hang glider to get down. We descended to Piute Canyon and thrashed our way through the trees toward Piute Pass with minimal snow cover. In Humphrey's Basin, much time was spent on stream crossings; all the winter snow

bridges were gone. Brian and I later concluded that we had crossed the crest too far west coming out at Lower Honeymoon Lake rather than Lobe Lakes. We will probably never know since this is a tour I will not repeat.

We reached Piute Pass in the late afternoon on day 5. Armando and Jeannie decided to camp at the pass while Brian and I continued on. We skied down to Piute Lake at 11,000 feet but then walked the remaining 7 miles to our car.

The total elevation gain for this tour was about 15,000 feet. Although the Le Conte Divide area is interesting, the shorter Goddard loop keeps you high and is preferable. There are many variations, such as skiing Alpine Col, and there are ways of avoiding the Sabrina trailhead.

Topo maps required for the tour are Mt. Goddard, Blackcap Mtn., and Mt. Abbot. All are 15 min and Abbot is required only if you want to know where Mathes Col really is.

Rich Henke

## Little Lakes Valley      MAY 9-10

Jamison/Smith

Eight skiers and a dog met at the Rock Creek pack-station parking area Saturday morning for a hike/ski into Little Lakes Valley. This trip was supposed to be a Paiute Pass week-end, but the snow was nearly gone in the first of April in that area, Reiner brought Tatanka, his 1 year-old German Shepherd, who was to learn a lot about snow over the week-end. As the group was preparing to hike the snow-free road to Mosquito Flats, (which was to open the following Monday), Owen Maloy and a friend showed up in time to join us for the trek into the valley.

We avoided snow until around Heart Lake, where we skinned up and skied/carried to the gully below Treasure Lakes. The snow was good from this point on, and after reaching the Treasure Lake Basin, we headed up the southern ridge toward Dade Lake. We found a bench out of the wind between the lakes basins, and, after eating lunch there, decided to camp there also, It was a good decision, as the wind picked up, and my plan to camp at Dade would have been very unpopular that night, since Dade is very unsheltered.

Owen skied back after lunch, and, after setting up camp, we headed for the bowls above Dade Lake, Tatanka had learned, after a few hundred feet of paw-holing, to walk in ski tracks and in the shadowed areas where the snow would support him. On the steep slope between our camp and Dade Lake, he was very cautious, but quite suddenly overcame whatever fear was bugging him and he was an instant snow dog. We skied across to the far side of the lake and Reiner, Tatanka, Richard Smith, Mark Bailey and Jim Valensi and I climbed a steep section of the hill for our "break-in" run of the trip. It proved to be a pretty successful run (only a few of us telesaulted), and Ellen Miller took a couple of photos.

Mark had been to the jump-turn clinics, so we all pretty



SCOT AND TATANKA WITH BEAR CREEK SPIRE IN BACKGROUND

REINER STENZEL PHOTO

much watched him do some nice jump teles. The dog was right behind Reiner coming down, and he really seemed at home in the snow already. Since we were burning daylight, we went back toward camp and climbed the hill overlooking our bench. After a couple of attempts to find a good route to the snow field above our camp, we found a way thru the rocks and bushes to some excellent snow, and the group skied down, meeting Ray Smith on his way back up. He had elected to pass on the trip to Dade lake, and had skied the slopes around camp and the gully toward Long Lake. We all skied down to the Treasure Lakes basin again, and then climbed back up to camp.

Reiner built a neat little igloo for Tatanka, and even put a flap over the door so the pooch would feel at home. He was sure the dog would realize how practical the structure would be, even though the odds were put at 7-1 that Reiner would have a canine tent-mate that night. Rosemary Lynch even gave up an insolate pad so the dog would not have to sleep on the cold snow in the igloo. Sunday morning found Tatanka asleep outside near the tent.

We lazed around camp, waited for the sun to soften things up a bit, had breakfast, packed up, and some of us decided to try for the slopes below Bear Creek Spire. Ellen, Rose and Ray chose to ski the hills around camp. Reiner and his great snow dog led the way, and we eventually climbed to various levels of the huge bowl below the spire. Reiner went to the mouth of the gully just below the ridge leading to the summit. Richard, Mark, Jim and I watched as he skied beautifully down, with the dog terrorizing a great set of ski tracks down to a slight bench

where we waited. The descent to Dade Lake was really fine, and I think we were all satisfied with the ski down, Richard and Reiner decided to try the very steep chute down to Treasure Lakes from the Dade bench. Neither was very successful, as the snow wasn't that good, but they did get down with the aid of a couple of ski-pole arrests. This left the rest of the group on top-including Tatanka, who had sufficient survival instincts to not take the chute. Instead, he stayed at cliff level, watching his master disappear. This proved to be a little much for him, and he started downclimbing the cliff above Treasure Lakes. At a point where all he had left below him was a thin ledge and lots of air, he stopped downclimbing and started howling. Jim and I went after him, and I made my first snow dog rescue. I should have had a water-bottle full of kibbles under my chin, but instead, Tatanka and I did some nice high third climbing back up to the top, only after Reiner had ascended the steep slope again, carrying his skis up to where the dog could see him. You haven't lived until you try to talk a dog into following a crack climb up about 15 feet, with one hand around his chest, the other grabbing handholds and wearing 3 pin boots!

We broke camp about 12:30, and were to the cars by around 3 PM. It was a fun trip. My thanks to Richard Smith for a fine assist. Scot Jamison

## LISA AND REED'S MOST EXCELLENT ADVENTURE MT. HOOD AND MT. ST. HELENS MEMORIAL DAY SKI AND CLIMB

The San Diego SMS contingent consisting of Lisa Freundlich and Reed Moore, ventured to Oregon over Memorial Day weekend to extend the ski season. On the first day of our trip, we purchased lift tickets and skied the Miracle Mile and the Palmer lifts, open from 8am-2:30pm. The runs were long, slope moderately steep, no lines!

The snow was superb until approx. 1pm, when it turned slushy, but the ungroomed areas provided more deluxe snow. We stayed at the Timberline Lodge, at the base of Mt. Hood. Built in the 1930's, Timberline is renowned for its elegant woodcarvings and handmade wrought iron fixtures. Rooms cost between \$50-100/night.

On the 2nd day of our trip, we met up with another group, including 2 SMSer's sans skis, Nancy Gordon and Diann Fried. Lacking skis Nancy had severe withdrawal symptoms. They along with Bill Lingle and Todd Lomelino were the support crew for SPSer George Hubbard, who needed Mt Hood to complete the "high point of 50 states". This was his 3rd attempt, due to bad weather, to attain Hood. Mt. Hood at 3426 meters is the 2nd most climbed mountain in the world, 2nd to Mt. Fuji.

We dragged ourselves out of bed at 2am to begin



REED SKIING MT. ST. HELENS DIANN FRIED PHOTO

climbing the south route, as the rangers advised us that a later start could expose us to rockfall due to inordinately warm weather and melting.

The half moon reflecting on the snow guided our way until daybreak, no flashlights were needed. We were able to don our skis at the trailhead and skied to almost the top of the chair lifts then carried our skis to crater rock. We cramponed to the summit, passing numerous large parties of slugs, mostly Portland natives. When we passed the Devil's Kitchen and Hot rocks, we were overwhelmed with the smell of sulfur steam. As we climbed up and passed thru the Pearly Gates the sun crested the top of the mountain. It was a perfectly clear day, we were blessed with views

of Mt. Adams, Rainier, St. Helens, Jefferson and 3 Sisters.

The snow was ideal for cramponing but there were ski tracks from the top of Mt. Hood, and on our ski descent, the snow was still firm and bumpy, but skiable. We appreciated the excellent ski conditions on the lift to complete our descent and arrived at Timberline in time for breakfast and partied the rest of the day. The total elevation gain was 5300' vertical, 8 miles round trip. From Diann's perspective, the steep "hogback" section was 60 degrees, but Reed's scientific equation estimated 34 degree slope. The ranger told us a guy slipped and slid down the Hogback and had to be evacuated. Supposedly, the man slid at 60 mph and suffered severe skin loss.

On the 3rd day, we went off to climb Mt. St. Helens. We obtained our permits to climb Mt. St. Helens at Jack's restaurant in Cougar, Washington, the day prior to climbing, as required. There is a 40 person limit; we had no problems. We drove to the north side of Helens to witness the devastation that occurred in 1980. This side trip is highly recommended.

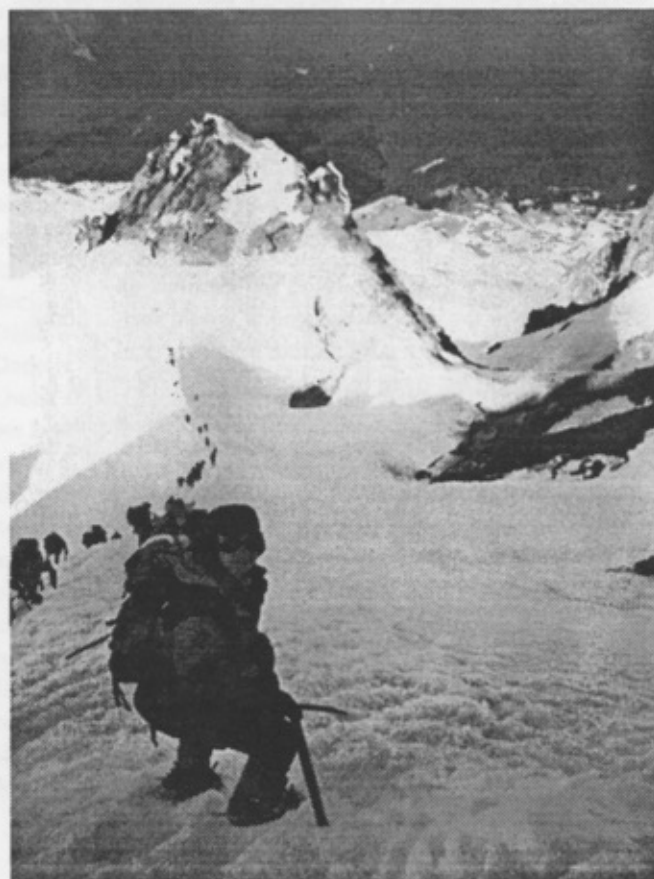
Day 4 we camped at "Climber's Bivouac", at the base of the south side. Our sleep was delayed due to some rowdy church group singing around the campfire (off key, I might add). We were rudely awakened at 4 am by someone's alarm clock that repeated about 50 times "wake up, it's a beautiful day", for the whole campground to hear. Fortunately, we had planned a 5am start. It was first light as we meandered up the lush, green, well maintained trail. We dressed in shorts and t-shirts. No crampons or ice axes were needed. At the last 500' we skinned up and skied to the top. We were awestruck by the view of the smouldering caldera a 1000 feet below us. One had the feeling that at any moment the sleeping dragon inside could awaken. Thunder boomed nearby, terrifying us. The sky darkened, giving urgency to our descent. We danced on the soft corn snow, reveling in every turn of the @ 30 degree slope. The snow was ash covered, but the coverage was superb. To maximize our skiing, we detoured west of our route up and had to traverse over 9 moraine fields to return to the trail. We skied 3,000 feet of vertical. Total elevation gain was 4,500 feet, @ 10 miles.

After the climb, we considered jumping in a nearby lake, but used better judgement and opted for a hot shower at a campground. As we drove back to Portland for our return flight, the rain pounded on our rental car.

This Memorial Day weekend surpassed our expectations and we look forward to shredding Mt. Adams next year.

Interested?

Lisa Freundlich



DOWN THRU THE PEARLY GATES

DIANN FRIED PHOTO



DESCENDING N.SLOPE OF "SNOW SPIRE" P. GREEN PHOTO

### "Sixty Five Miles on the Cob"

On April 25, Gene Serabyn and I dropped one car off below the South Lake trailhead and drove south to Onion Valley, to begin a leisurely tour along part of the Sierra Crest. In John Moynier's new book, this portion is called segment B, and we took his advice to travel south-to-north in a lean snow year. It was wonderful.

After our traditional late start, we walked the first mile or two and then skied up and over Kearsarge Pass. Figure 8's on the slopes of nearby peaks convinced us to plan on two nights camping above the first lake. There, we could acclimatize, and use up a little of our 10 days of supplies, before having to carry it over the next, higher, steeper pass. The next morning sun prepared the SE slope of Mount Rixford nicely, and we ate up a fine, long run of corn back to camp for lunch. In the afternoon, the north slope of 'Snow Spire' (just south of Kearsarge Pass) beckoned for a nice, though heavy, run. The few day-trippers glimpsed near the pass that day were the last people we would see on the trip.

Day 3 watched us haul ourselves up to a pass at 12,560' roughly mid-way between Mt. Gould and Mt. Rixford. The north side was steep and narrow but soft by the time we got there. We side-slipped and traversed most of the way to the bowl below before trying any turns. No need to let a heavy pack ruin a knee at the start of a long trip! Good corn led down to Dragon Lake where we debated whether to cross it or go around. It would be the last time we decided to cross any lake. The mild winter had led to a very early thaw and a rim of slush around the edges of even the highest, most shaded lakes. At the far shore, Gene broke through and went in to his knees. Fortunately, he could extricate himself fairly readily. We then had time to descend to the first Rae Lake for a warm camp. Gene dried before sundown, but he was mighty tired. Few people get close calls like that.

Following snow patches the next morning, and getting glimpses of the Muir trail, we made our way down to the turn-off for the Baxter drainage, only having to remove skis for a few yards a couple of times. After only a little uphill, Gene was beat so we made an early camp at the lake to let him recover. Lots of Doritos later, he was becoming himself again. A silver lining to a dry year is the comfort one finds with a dry boulder

or slab to camp next to, allowing stable cooking and room to sit and dry gear. The conditions almost always let us find running water, or at least slush, so our stove usage was very low.

In the morning, we worked our way up to the col between Baxter and Acrodeetes. As was typical, there was just enough snow for us to pick our way up the south-facing slopes, but relatively abundant snow for the northward descent. As the weaker telemarker, I appreciated having a lot more room to maneuver on the way down. However, the rather crusty snow early in the day on this, our steepest descent of the whole trip, called for walking. I was comfortable with my self-arrest poles and digging in my heels, so I left my crampons and ice axe on the pack. Gene had never used either of his before, so he tried them out. Soon enough, we were skiing again, and coasted on great snow halfway around the Woods Lake basin. Here, as on several occasions, we stayed as high as possible to avoid wasting elevation and the risk of walking. In the afternoon, we crossed the very pleasant pass between Colliseum and Cedric Wright, gazed longingly at some slopes nearby, and telemarked down to the next drainage. We made it all the way to the lovely little lakes and slabs east of Crater Mountain and eyed its slopes for a run the next morning.

Waiting for the morning sun to hit the tent took longer than expected. For the only time in the trip, we had some clouds. They parted before long, first illuminating the very slope we were dreaming of. Such a sign from the deity of corn was not to be ignored, and we were off. Grand views were found on top, of course, but the tasty stuff in which we munched our way down was the best. It didn't even need butter and salt. Not finding an appropriately oriented slope for an afternoon run, we moved camp up and over Pinchot pass. Again, the wonderful skiing down its north side went all too quickly, leading to weakly bridged streams, and eventually brief contact with dry ground near the south fork of the Kings River.

"Quitting time" (5 pm) found us back up near tree line entering the Upper Basin. We reached the foot of Mather pass by the following mid-morning. I was up for the north slope of Split Mountain; Gene went for certain corn on a south-east slope somewhat west of the pass. Wonderfully acclimatized,



DESCENDING CRATER MT. (MT. PINCHOT IN REAR) P. GREEN PHOTO

I breezed up to the peak over hard wind-pack and only a few rocks. My survival parallel technique enabled me to enjoy the descent. Fortunately the crust wasn't too lumpy everywhere. The afternoon saw us up and over Mather pass to carve up another superb descent. Late afternoon mush brought us to our knees, literally and figuratively, above upper Palisade Lake.

The mush re-froze overnight and we could coast over the last husks of snow to catch the Muir trail for nearly a mile of actual walking. "How pedestrian!" We kept to our boots for half of the dry (SW facing) ascent to Cirque col and then skied up and over to Glacier lake below the southern Palisades. Gene took a rest while I went up Mount Jepson. I managed the muck above 13,000' and then whooped down corn right to the tent. That night was the only one breezy enough to warrant zipping the door shut.

Our last day saw us traverse under the Palisades, again with just enough snow to make it.. Potluck Pass required route finding, caution and handholds, but nothing so hard as bad class 3 rock. At Bishop Pass we saw that Mount Goode was in fact bad, and our last intended side-trip was not to be. Gathering afternoon clouds, the first of that summertime pattern we had encountered, chased us down quickly before the corn dare harden. We found the cool afternoon was saving us from the daily mush and convinced us to press on out a day early. Remarkable gullies and meadows held the snow for us, at least intermittently, to within a half mile of South Lake. Baby, what a blissful tour.

The first people we talked to were carrying dead fish home and asked where we had been. They couldn't quite understand why we hadn't been doing any fishing. We, on the other hand, knew they wouldn't understand about the tremendous corn harvest we had experienced - as good snow for as many days in a row as either of us could imagine.

Stopping at a friend's house in Bishop for a beer, we learned about the LA riots we had missed. Never had calling what we were returning to 'civilization' seemed so wrong.  
Peter G. Green



ASCENDING TOWARDS CIRQUE-COL PETER GREEN PHOTO

1992



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