AUGELNOOS

APRIL 19, 1994

Number 710



Kaiser Wilderness Skipack April 2-3

By Tom Marsh

This unique tour started with a adventurous group of four ski mountaineers meeting in the Sno-Park parking lot a the northeast corner of Huntington Lake on Saturday (Howard Schultz, Don Buttons, Mike Rector and myself). Because the Kaiser Pass road was bare for three miles to our trialhead, we decided to take our chances and drive up the closed road until we could go no further. Luckily we were able to cut a mile off our hike. After walking the remaining two miles on the road, we eventually were able to get to consistent snow at the Potter Pass trail. The weather was quite pleasant and the snow was soft enough to allow us to easily traverse to Potter Pass (Three miles and 1,000 feet higher). Once at Potter Pass, we dropped our packs and skied up to the top of peak 9712 for spectacular views of the Sierra Nevada to the north and east, Huntington Lake and the central valley to the south, and Kaiser Peak to the West. We than ripped off our skins (ouch!) and enjoyed a mile of open downhill in relatively soft corn snow to the pass. Getting late in the day, we skied down the remaining one and a half miles to Round Meadows.

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NEXT MEETING

DEC. 21, 1993 7:30 PM GRIFFITH PARK RANGER STATION AUDITORIUM 4730 CRYSTAL SPRINGS DRIVE, LOS ANGELES, CA.

NEXT ISSUE: MAR. 15, 1994

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UPCOMING TRIPS:

	OI OOIIIIII	TITLE O.
Date	Location	Leaders / Program

April 19	G. P Ranger Station, "Ski Travers	se of the Monashees"- M. Goebel
Apr 23-24	Bodie Ghost Town Tour/ Snow Camp	K. Crandall / N. Gordon
Apr 30-May I	Lamarck Col	Don Pies/Eddie Nunez
Apr 30-May	South Mount Morgan (I 3,748')	Scot Jamison / Larry Tidball
May 7-8	Ski Mountaineers Peak	Gerry Holleman / Paul Harris
May 14-15	Mammoth Lakes Touring	Andy Fried/ Nancy Gordon
May 14-15	Hilton Lakes Ski Camp	Scot Jamison / Larry Tidball
May 17	Griffith Park Ranger Station	Members' Favorite Slides"
May 21-22	Cloudripper Peak, Inconsolable Range	O. Maloy /T. Marsh
May 21-22	Basin Couloir and Who Knows?	Craig Dostie / N. Gordon
May 28-30	Ritter Range Ski Camp	Reiner Stenzel / Eddie Nunez
Jun 4-5	Rock Creek R	einer Stenzel /Pete Matulavich
Jun 25-26	Mount Baldy Bash, San Antonio Ski l	

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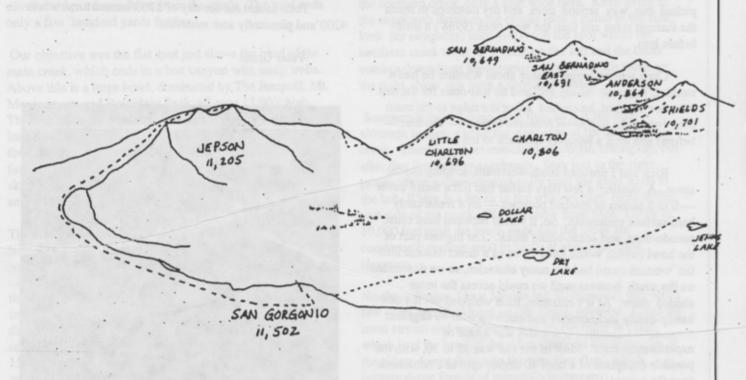
SAN GORGONIO THE LONG WAY (The Second Time)

It had been 9 years since I skied the San Gorgonio Divide. On March 30-31, 1985 Greg Jordan, Pete Matulavich, and I (Rich Henke) started at Angelus Oaks, skied the Crest to San Gorgonio Peak, and descended via the Jenks Lake trailhead. The 28 mile trip took 2 days and gained 7300 vertical feet. The sketch was drawn by Pete after that tour and was taken from Mugelnoos No. 628.

Alois Smrz, Brian Johnson, and I had planned a Nevada ski tour in late February but it was postponed due to lack of snow. The San Gorgonio Divide was our consolation prize. The trip was an exact repeat of the previous trip. We left Angeles Oaks at 8 a.m. on Saturday, February 22 (rather than 6:15 a.m. previously - we are mellowing) and had excellent snow for the 5000 ft climb to the crest. Before we meticulously went over the top of each of the 8 named peaks on the crest. This time we skirted past a few of them. We camped between Shields and Charlton peaks. The weather was clear and cold for the entire 2 days.

From the summit of San Gorgonio on day 2, we walked west and down until we could ski the east most gully leading to Dry Lake. It wasn't corn, but it was skiable! We reached our waiting car at the Jenks Lake parking lot at 3:30 p.m. on Sunday.

There are very few multiple day ski tours in Southern California. This one is the best! We wondered often during the trip whether anyone had skied it since 1985. Does anyone know?



KAISER cont.

Round Meadows had everything a good campsite in winter should have, a meandering stream, flat tent sites, walled in by beautiful snow capped peaks and plenty of visible firewood. Howard built a nice kitchen complete with table and chairs (with back rests) with his snow saw. We than had dinner before torching our dinner table with a warm blazing fire. Ski mountaineering tales abound along with the occasional joke. After retiring for the night under clear skies, a weather front arrived at about one a.m. in the morning with about two inches of snow.

On Sunday, Howard led the group up an interestin traverse up to the Potter Pass, after which, he convinced all but one of us to forgo our skins on the icy slopes and try the "side shimmy". It worked wonderfully, as we navigated through a sometimes dense forest in short order down to the trailhead. Once on the road, Howard demonstrated his ski skating skills for the remaining snow covered sections of road down to the cars.

The West Face of the West Peak of Baldy

This March 11, waffles at my place in Claremont put on us the road about 8:15am. After a 20 minute drive to the Baldy trailhead (6500') and a slow start getting organized there we began hiking at about 9. Rich Henke was in his old tele boots, young hot-shot Chris Kenyon (CBST) was in his hot shot day-glow randonee boots, and I was in sneakers (with Scarpa Invienos in my pack).

We were on the heels of a long hot, dry spell threatening to wrap up a dry winter. The trail was bare until just below the Baldy hut. We drank from the creek (admiring the algae already well grown in Chris'canteen) strolled a few yards and put on skis and skins. Ascending the wooded/shaded left side of the bowl (the right side had patchy coverage) and then heading into the (unfortunately south-facing) draw between the main and west peaks, we picked our way around trees and dry outcrops to reach the summit ridge and then the west peak (9988') a little before lpm.

Chris was no longer unsure about whether he had a stomach bug, and wisely declared he was done for the day. After we lunched, he cruised along the ridge to the main peak (which he had never bothered to bag' — shudder — before) and took a leisurely run back to the hut.

Rich and I prowled south-westward, scoping out the snow. A dusting a few days earlier had left a weird cover — 0 to 3 inches of mashed potatoes — on a remarkably hard surface undeneath. So, it varied between hard crust, pseudo-corn, and ankle-biting muck. The highest part of the bowl (which would have given us a direct descent into the western ewm) had too many obstacles, so we descended on the south buttress until we could access the more shaded draw. At it's entrance, Rich whipped out his new handy-dandy inclinometer and came up wan 40 degrees.

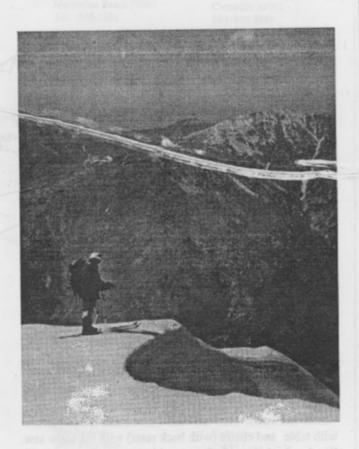
Rich's first fall was hard to arrest. When he did stop, but then tried to get up, he slid even further. When he finally stopped the second time, I got below him and with my poles helped hold his skis so he could stand. Tele boards are more 'slippery' than randonee because they can align with the slope (tails down). Also, we agreed he had wasting effort trying to use two self-arrest grips, where he should have dug in with both hands on one.

We proceeded to crank along the best lines, essentially obstacle-free, to the run-out and emergence of our middle-of-nowhere little fork of Coldwater creek at about 7200'. A net 2800' run that few if any people ever do. The reason is, of course, that after a drink and snack admiring the view up at Iron Mountain, it is 3pm and we face a 2200' ascent to a saddle to get out. Well worth it for vast, fine untracked snow in a drought year. Even though the bowl is plainly visible from much of the San Gabriel valley, there won't ever be many folks making this slog.

It took nearly 2 hours to skin to the saddle where we switched from aftenoon heat and slush to pre-evening chill and crust. Fortunately, the traverse back to the shoulder of the bowl had only one bare stretch. We found Chris' tracks, and prearranged rock pile message saying he had gone ahead (wisely preferring not to stumble down in the dark.) Despite the moonless night, we made the car just before failure of the last twilight would have forced us to pull out the headlamps-

Total ascent for the day of 5700'earned turns worth 4200'and pleasantly sore muscles.

-Peter Green



Baden Powell from just beyond the west peak.

APRIL 19, 1994 Number 710

White Mountain Exploratory Tour (it Sure Was), April 9-10, 1994

Five skiers met on Nevada 264 at the Middle Canyon turnoff at 7:30 AM for what was hoped to be skiing of the fabulous terrain at the northern end of the Whites.

When I left Mammoth at 5:30 AM there were 6 inches of fresh cold powder on my steps, and it was still snowing. Wes Naef and I drove to the trailhead in Fish Lake Valley, Nevada, via the Benton Crossing road and Benton, over Montgomery Pass, the fastest way from Mammoth. At the trailhead we met Eddie Nunez, Mike Rector, and Trav Zichlinsky. The view of the Whites with fresh snow was impressive, since this is the east, or snowcovered, side. We drove up the good dirt road and consolidated into high-clearance vehicles at the entrance to Middle Canyon. This road is fairly good, but has some rocky spots and one wet place where a track has eroded ac aly. Most people don't attempt the last two rocky spots; we parked below the first one where a pinoncovered ridge comes down from the north. The road ends only a few hundred yards further.

Our objective was the flat spot just above the head of the main creek, which ends in a box canyon with steep walls. Above this is a huge bowl, dominated by The Jumpoff, Mt. Montgomery and Boundary Peak, all over 13,000' high. There are a number of steep chutes off these peaks, but a long mellow run from the notch between Montgomery and the Jumpoff, and a long-lo-o-ng more gentle north-east-facing chute down from the crest. I have always wanted to ski this chute. One reaches Mt. DuBois by going a mile or so south on this crest.

The approach is tricky because of brush. Even on openlooking slopes one can easily get into mountain mahogany so in that progress becomes a crawl. Some of us did that last summer. We tried a route that I hat seen then, wasted a let of time, and eventually dropped down into a creek. The weather supposed to clear, but didn't. We lost a lot of time and set up camp well short of our goal at 3 PM after making only about 3 miles and 1500'. We did not really want to go on anyway, because the weather did not clear as forecasted. We spent a cold night with high winds and 4-6 inches of fresh powder in the morning, and it was obvious that there would be high avalanche danger farther up. Even in our camp there were 4-inch slabs. The next morning we bailed, and drove to Fish Lake Hot Springs, a convenient 7 miles on the other side of the highway on the same dirt road: just drive across and keep going. There is a stunning view of the Whites from the hot springs.

This leader is running out of steam because of age and was

the slowest member of the party, with various physical problems in spite of a conditioning program. Somebody else will have to lead this trip sometime.

Having been here many times, here is my advice. This is a very big place and only a strong party should attempt this trip. Meet at dawn in middle to late April, and aim for a camp at about 10,000' at the head of the box canyon but below, all the chutes. The best place is at the end of the east ridge of the Jumpoff, where there is a flat area protected from avalanches, and covered with pine trees, not too dense.

To get there, I suggest one of two routes. Both start the same way. At the end of the road, walk along the edge of the gully with the creek in it a few hundred yards until you find a clear path going down to the creek. On the map this is just below the intersection of the main creek and a smaller creek coming from a guily going south farther up. As soon as you cross the creek and scramble up out of the Gully, turn right and go through the easy willows to cross the southern creek, only a foot wide here. Keep going in the sagebrush between the creeks (don't climb to the side, look for cowpaths) until you reach the spot where the southern creek turns up a gully on the left and the creek coming down form Montgomery joins the main creek on the right. Now you have a choice of routes.

Southern Route - I have done this, so it is for sure, although longer. Go up the right side of the southern creek. There is a short stretch of mountain mahogany, but after that it is in easy sagebrush. Stay just to the right (west) of the willow-choked guily until the guily tends to the left. There is a break in the willows here, cross to the east side of the creek. We had snow from here. Go up to 10,000 feet until the brush ends and the pines are continuous; contour west to camp at about the same elevation.

Northern Route - Doug Mantle led Montgomery this way a few years ago, so it must go (for Doug, anyway). Cross the main stream and work your way up the ridge to camp, which is at the head of the ridge. Stay on the very crest of the ridge; do not drop into the tempting flats, which contain dense forests of mountain mahogany!

Last—Word—of advice - Climb here in summer first! The flowers are great,, the peaks nice, but in an area this brushy the routes must be memorized.

Attempt this only in a good snow year, or when there is no cold snap in January that provides depth hoar.

Owen Maloy

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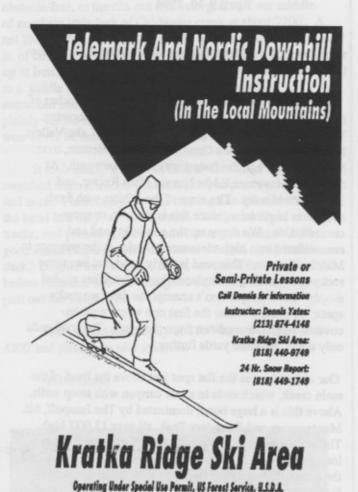
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This program highlights the career of one of America's outstanding climbers and adventure kayakers. Robbins' list of accomplishments is long and remarkable in its scope and variety. It includes many first ascents in Yosemite, among them: the NW face of Half Dome (America's first grade 6), four other new routes on Half Dome, and the three great faces of El Capitan. He has many other first ascents throughout the United States and in Canada, as well as major new routes in the Alps. He ran a climbing school, Rockeraft, for ten years, and has authored two books on climbing technique, Basic Rockcraft and Advanced Rockcraft, which have together sold over 500,000 copies. Besides inventing important new techniques in climbing, he has long been a powerful influence in the philosophy of modern climbing, linking that philosophy to the great climbers of the past who defined the craft of mountaineering. Robbins was the prime mover in the change in the United States from pitons to less destructive forms of climbing.

In 1978 the pain of arthritis forced him to give up climbing. He converted to kayaking and was soon again searching out the new. He has made first descents of more than 25 wild rivers in Chile and California. His recovery from arthritis and subsequent discovery of

the adventure of personal growth is a story in itself.

Royal and his wife, Liz, a key part of his adventurous life, own the company that bears his name. They define their product as, "Quality Clothing for Outdoor Living." The care and protection of the Earth is an important part of their company mission, as well as the health, personal growth, and professional development of their team members.

His biography, Royal Robbins, Spirit Of The Age, by climbing

author, Pat Ament, was recently published.

Royal's journey from high school dropout to world class outdoor adventurer, and to success and respect as author, teacher, lecturer, businessman, and environmentalist is an inspiring story. Along with the thrilling descriptions of his adventures, he shows that success is a state of mind, an attitude that anyone can use to climb the mountains of their choice, real or metaphorical. Join Royal for an enlightening evening, a quest for adventure spanning more than 40 years and continuing today. His is a memorable story, presented with power, conviction, and passion.

SCMA General Meeting

7:30pm, Tuesday, May 10, 1994

Crystal Springs Ranger Station Auditorium, Griffith Park

ROYAL

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irst Ascents & First Descent

Soo Vou Thora





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