

## ALMOST FALSE WHITE - SPRING DAY TOURS

MAY 12-13, 2007

Mike Seiffert and Lorene Samoska

This weekend was the scheduled "annual" Rock Creek Intro ski trip that Mike and I had been doing for the past couple of years. Due to this year's low snow, and complete lack of snow at Mosquito Flat at the end of the Rock Creek road, we decided to move things north. We were pleasantly surprised to find Tioga Pass road opened for the weekend, as well as the Lake Mary road, which makes the approaches for these day tours much shorter.

Mike and I drove up Thursday night and set up camp at the top of the French Camp loop near Tom's Place. It tends to be quieter there as fewer people bother to drive to the top. Plus, it was Mother's Day weekend so probably this contributed to fewer fishermen. The camp is warm compared to Shady Rest and not very windy, and has a lot of birds in the pinyon pine trees in the camp.

On Friday, before the rest of the group joined us, we drove to Tioga Pass and set out for False White proper. We started at the Saddlebag Lake road turnout, crossed a bridge, then crossed a shallow creek (Mine Creek) carrying our skis. From there we had continuous snow to False white. We climbed a route that Owen Maloy had taken us on several years ago which heads west from Bennettville up the Mine Creek drainage. It is a nice gully to ski up (and down as we later found out). We reached the upper meadows, mines and little lakes and continued climbing until we reached a saddle which led down below False White. We had to descend ~200 feet to avoid the rocks and the steep traverse to the False white ridge. The snow on the north facing slopes was not yet ripe corn, but had strange wind-formations and was pretty firm. On top of the ridge, the wind was howling and there were a lot of rocks and deep ridges in the snow in the False White bowl. We traversed into the bowl and picked our way around the bumpy snow down

to the slopes above Fantail Lake, where we finally had good corn for about 700' of vertical. Then the vertical run was over and we made a loop with the long slog out back to Bennettville and finished our tour. Bahram had turned us on to the idea of showers at the Mono Vista RV park, so we hit that place next to get cleaned up. The temps were in the 50s during the day with a cold wind on top, and the snow froze hard at night.

Back at camp, Bahram Manahedgi and John Anderson drove up shortly in the early evening. The next morning,

we attempted to get an early start, and were meeting the rest of the participants for the trip: Bahram, John, Fred Reed, Ruth von Rotz from Truckee and Tony Ramon from Carson City. Tony got his first initiation on backcountry skis on this trip, as Ruth had sold the trip to him by saying, "It's ONLY the Sierra Club!" which is fairly amusing considering the challenging trips that Ruth has participated in which were only the SMS after all. We all met and were on the snow around 8:40am, and then made our stream crossing of



Bahram on our favorite soul food: Sierra Corn.

Mine Creek. Having scouted the route the previous day, we got to the upper meadows above Mt Gaylor around 10:30am when the corn bomb was starting to go off. We continued climbing until a saddle which looked into the False White bowl, but decided that the snow was so much better on top than on False White that we would descend the way we came up. We did a run off of a small peak on the ridge (topping out around 11,500') while Tony relaxed in the rocks. We had some lunch and then started our descent around 1pm. We had very nice although slightly heavy corn snow all the way back into the Mine Creek gully. The gully was pretty fun - narrow but not too steep and just wide enough for

(Continued on page 7)

## MUGELNOOS STAFF

EDITOR  
MUGELMAILER

John Anderson  
Pat Holleman

### EDITOR'S NOTES

Back again for another ski season. Let's hope for more snow, earlier snow, and later snow. One more powder run in the trees in winter. One more bluebird day in May. You and your friends, sitting on the rocks, in tee-shirts, eating treats after a two-hour skin up on a windless morning. Some jokes, some Goldfish crackers. Quiet. Then the click of boots into bindings, jackets zipping up. Finally, the crackling sound of corn snow under your skis. One more indescribable feeling: joy-spirit-freedom as you head down that mountain.

*John*

### NEXT ISSUE

The January issue deadline is January 1, 2008. All letters, photos, slides, or articles should be sent to Mugelnoos editor, John Anderson, 21717 Evalyn Avenue, Torrance, CA 90503. Materials can be sent by IBM disc or e-mailed to [jay-deeay@yahoo.com](mailto:jay-deeay@yahoo.com). Electronic photos and articles are preferred and appreciated.

### MEETINGS

3rd Tuesday each month – November through May (except December) 7:30 PM, Griffith Park Ranger Station Auditorium 4730 Crystal Springs Drive, Los Angeles, CA. Newcomers welcome!

### SMS WEB PAGE

The link is: <http://angeles.sierraclub.org/skim/>  
*Check out the web page for the latest SMS news*

### Mugelnoos Renewals Due!

To renew, send a check for \$15 made payable to "Ski Mountaineers" to the Mugelmailer: Pat Holleman, 1638 6th St., Manhattan Beach, CA 90266-6347. Don't forget to update your email address in order to receive the most recent notices for programs and trips.

## OFFICERS

Chair: Scott Koepke	(310) 413-8087
Vice Chair: Steve Hessen	(562) 693-5012
Secretary: Randy Lamm	(310) 319-1947
Treasurer: Tom Marsh	(805)-498-9580
Programs: Keith Martin	(310) 316-7617
Outings: Heiko Knapp	(213) 385-8220
Mugelnoos Editor: John Anderson	(310) 503-2542
MugelSpinner: Thomas Johansson	
Conservation: Kathy Crandall	(661) 255-9661
Mugelmailer: Pat Holleman	(310) 374-4654
Asst. MugelSpinner; Reiner Stenzel	(310) 454-8787
Asst. MugelSpinner: Owen Malloy	(760) 934-9511

## SMS LEADERS

<b>SMS Leaders and Officers:</b>	Heiko Knapp Los Angeles 310-999-9538 <a href="mailto:heiko.knapp@web.de">heiko.knapp@web.de</a>	Lorene Samoska (I) La Canada Flintridge 818-952-3665 <a href="mailto:samsei@earthlink.net">samsei@earthlink.net</a>
Kathy Crandall (M) Newhall 661-255-9661 <a href="mailto:skimeup@gmail.com">skimeup@gmail.com</a>	Scott P. Koepke Los Angeles (O) 213-623-7820 (Cell) 310-413-8087 <a href="mailto:SPKoepke@aol.com">SPKoepke@aol.com</a>	Mike Seiffert (I) La Canada Flintridge 818-952-3665 <a href="mailto:samsei@earthlink.net">samsei@earthlink.net</a>
Andy Fried (E) Northridge 818-993-1891 <a href="mailto:andyfried@earthlink.net">andyfried@earthlink.net</a>	Randy Lamm (I) Santa Monica 310-319-1947 <a href="mailto:randy.lamm@yahoo.com">randy.lamm@yahoo.com</a>	Reiner Stenzel (M) Pacific Palisades 310-454-9787 <a href="mailto:stenzel@physics.ucla.edu">stenzel@physics.ucla.edu</a>
Mark Goebel (E) Huntington Beach 714-963-9384 <a href="mailto:Goebel.mj@verizon.net">Goebel.mj@verizon.net</a>	Owen Maloy (I) Mammoth Lakes 760-934-9511 <a href="mailto:owen.maloy@verizon.net">owen.maloy@verizon.net</a>	Alvin Walter (M) San Diego, CA 858-586-1982 <a href="mailto:awalter@pacbell.net">awalter@pacbell.net</a>
Leslie Hofherr (Prov I) Pleasanton 925-422-8255 <a href="mailto:hofherr2@llnl.gov">hofherr2@llnl.gov</a>	Keith Martin (M) Palos Verdes Estates 310-316-7617 <a href="mailto:kwmartin@verizon.net">kwmartin@verizon.net</a>	Jim Crouch (I) San Diego, CA 619-223-9084 <a href="mailto:jim@saraitlim.com">jim@saraitlim.com</a>
Pat and Gerry Holleman (M) Manhattan Beach 310-374-4654 <a href="mailto:patngerry247@verizon.net">patngerry247@verizon.net</a>	Tom Marsh (I) Thousand Oaks 805-498-9580 <a href="mailto:qrtmoon@aol.com">qrtmoon@aol.com</a>	
Thomas Johansson Newport Beach Thomasjohansson@sbcglobal.net		

The Mugelnoos is a newsletter published by and for the Ski Mountaineers Section of the Sierra Club's Angeles Chapter since 1938. Send subscriptions and address changes to: Pat Holleman, 1638 6th Street, Manhattan Beach, CA. 90266 \$15 per year payable to "SMS." Due in October. Subscription payments are not tax deductible as charitable contributions.

## Calendar of Events

*All trips sponsored Ski Mountaineers unless otherwise indicated.*

### Sep 07 - May 08 Fridays Ski Mountaineers

**Private: Conditioning bike ride:** Meet every Friday after work at 5.30 p.m. at the Nature Center in Burbank. About 1 hour up the fire road in the Verdugo hills, watch sunset, chat and drink a beer, ride down, go home or to your nightlife activities. Please call Heiko on Thursday or Friday to confirm the bike ride. Organizer: Heiko Knapp, 310 999 9538

### Nov 20 Tue Ski Mountaineers

**Monthly Meeting.:** Meet your ski friends, discuss trips and be entertained by a slide/video program. Newcomers welcome. 7:30pm Griffith Park Ranger Station Auditorium, 4730 Crystal Springs Drive, Los Angeles. See above for directions.

### Dec 1-2 Sat - Sun Ski Mountaineers

**O: Mammoth.:** Early season chance to brush up skills for the upcoming season. Two days of skiing Mammoth Mountain. Leader: Andy Fried, Asst: Gerry Holleman

### Jan 18-21 Fri - Mon Wilderness Adventures, Ski Mountaineers

**TI: Mammoth Ski :** Join us for 3 days of skiing in the Mammoth area. Stay in comfortable condo, ski mountain or join local ski tour. Includes 3 nights comfortable condo, 2 dinners, happy hour, breakfast, \$25 cancellation fee before Dec 15; entire fee non-refundable thereafter without suitable replacement; Send 2 sase, phones, \$210 with SC#/\$225 non-member (Ski mountaineers) to Ldr: Tom Marsh Co-Ldr: Randy Lamm

### Jan 26 Sat OCSS, Nordic Ski Touring Section, Wilderness Adventures I: Snow Valley Backcountry Ski Tour:

Moderate 4+ mile day ski in the San Bernardino Mountains. Beginners or novice skiers with some prior ski experience welcome! Route will depend on participants skill level. Part of route may be in pre-existing tracks, but recent snowfall, rutted trail, or aesthetics may require breaking new trail. Metal-edged, backcountry skis & backcountry boots highly recommended. Rental skis should be available at nearby Rim Nordic ski center. Bring winter clothing, water, lunch. No snow or likely blizzard cancel trip. Send e-mail (keithwmartin@sbcglobal.net) or phone leader w/experience level/conditioning for trip details in the 2 weeks before trip. Leader: Keith Martin, Co-Ldr: Mark Mitchell.

### Jan 26-27 Sat-Sun OCSS, Nordic Ski Touring Section, Wilderness Adventures O/I: Winter Weekend at Keller

**Hut:** Join us at our own Sierra Club cabin in the San Bernardino Mtns. Ski or Snowboard at Snow Valley located across the street. Guided XC Ski/Snowshoe if conditions warrant. Potluck Dinner Sat night. Includes free introductory snowboard lesson with Fran (equipment available for rent), lodging & Sat night Happy Hour. Send 2 sase or email, phones, \$20 SC#/\$25 non-member (OCSS) to Asst Ldr/Reserve: Dave Black, 28142 Soledad #J, Laguna Niguel, 92677. Ldr: Fran Penn, Assts: Virgil Talbot, Kim Breul.

**Feb 23 Sat OCSS, Wilderness Adventures, Ski Mountaineers TI: Mt. Pinos Backcountry Ski Tour:** Moderately strenuous 4+ mile, 500' gain to panoramic vista. Ski from end of Mt Pinos Highway to summit at Condor Point. Possible side trips to Inspiration Point, other destinations, or just playing may add a few miles + a few 100 feet elevation loss & gain. May ski lower on mountain if conditions warrant. Part of route may be in pre-existing tracks, but recent snowfall, rutted trail, or aesthetics may require breaking new trail. Intermediate X-C skills required & metal-edged, backcountry skis & backcountry boots highly recommended. Bring winter clothing, water, lunch. No snow or likely blizzard cancel trip. Send e-mail or phone leader w/ experience level/conditioning for trip details in the 2 weeks before trip. Leader: Mark Mitchell, Co-Ldr: Keith Martin

### Mar 14-16 Fri-Sun Natural Science

**O: Winter Ecology Workshop at June Lake:** Join us for two days of xc skiing, tracking, and naturalizing in the spectacular Mammoth-June Lake area. Intermediate ski touring ability required. This trip satisfies the Natural Science requirement for the I-rating. Fee of \$60 includes naturalist instruction, breakfasts and trail lunches, and accommodation at local Sierra Club members' homes on Fri and Sat night. Reserve a place by Mar 1st, by sending sase and \$60 check payable to Sierra Club Natural Science Section to leaders Ginny and Jim Heringer.

### Apr 4-5 Ski Mountaineers

**TI: Onion Valley Ski Tour.** Meet Saturday Morning for weekend ski at Onion Valley on Sierra Eastside. Camp at Upper Gray and ski Kearsarge and Sardine Canyon. Intermediate and above, climbing skins, metal edge skis, beacon, shovel, etc. Ldr:Tom Marsh, Co-Ldr: Randy Lamm

### Apr 25-27 Fri-Sun Ski Mountaineers

**TI: Rock Creek Introductory Ski Tour:** Car camp, ski slopes of beautiful Little Lakes Valley and surrounding area. Intro SMS day tours aimed at intermediate or better skiers with some backcountry experience. Metal-edged skis & skins required. Send experience, contact, rid share info to Ldr: Mike Seiffert. Co-Ldr: Lorene Samoska

### Apr 26-30 Sat-Wed Ski Mountaineers

**TI: North Lake Loop Tour:** Classic ski touring starting at North Lake, Paiute Pass, Alpine Col., Lamarck Col. Layover in Evolution Basin. Experience skiing with pack, climbing skins, metal edge skis, beacon, shovel, etc. Ldr: Tom Marsh, Co-Ldrs Randy Lamm, Reiner Stenzel

### PRIVATE TRIP REPORTS: SEND 'EM IN

"Back in the day" SMS group trips were the norm and massively well attended. Today, with inexpensive and extensive transportation and probably tighter time schedules, a lot of our backcountry skiing is done on private trips. If you take an interesting private trip, let Mugelnoos know about it. It's not much of an effort these days to type it up on the computer and email it and some digital pictures to me. We all need the beta.

## BOOK REVIEW

Ruth Dyar Mendenhall was the editor of the *Mugelnoos* from 1938 to 1978. She came to Los Angeles from Washington State after graduating from the University of Washington in 1934. In 1937, she and her cousin Phoebe Russell joined the Ski Mountaineers (which had formed in 1934), and four months later became the editor of the *Mugelnoos*. She then joined the ski mountaineers on their many outings to the local mountains and the sierras. She met engineer and mountaineer John Mendenhall early on, and with John completed over 21 first ascents of U.S. and Canadian peaks, including the Swiss Arete on Mt. Sill in 1938. The Swiss Arête climb was Ruth's first 14,000 peak. She was apparently a natural climber: she had been climbing less than a year at the time.

Ruth's daughter, Valerie Mendenhall Cohen, authored a book released this year by Spotted Dog Press in Bishop, CA, titled "Woman on the Rocks – The Mountaineering Letters of Ruth Dyar Mendenhall." The book is a must read for all Ski Mountaineers. There is a special legacy to the Ski Mountaineers: 73 years of skiing history, and all here is sunny Southern California! Ruth's letters and Valerie's commentary give us special insight into what it was like to ski in the pre-war years, to the experience of the local mountains, and the special joy the early mountaineers shared with one another in the days before TV, the computer, and the internet. Compared to most

dry mountaineering stories, where the difficulty and struggle is understated, Ruth's letters are full of descriptions of the people, the mountains, the camping, the driving...all things we Southern California skiers do today. Some of this uniqueness carries on today in the Ski Mountaineers. Other parts of the camaraderie seem lost forever in the fragmented ways of the modern era. If you were to visit the Baldy Hut "back in the day" as you hiked up on Saturday afternoon you'd hear an accordion playing, singing and dancing going on. In 1938, everyone was a backcountry skier. There were no lifts. This is a long way from today's young people with their iPod headphones or cell phone in their ear. These people knew how to laugh freely and entertain one another. They were young, probably most in their late 20's, and full of life, and daring for the day.

Be sure to buy the book. It is a wonderful adventure into a past that has special relevance to all of us Ski Mountaineers. You will find it a treasure of our history.

I have printed one of the letters from Valerie's book here. It is about the ski races at the Baldy Hut in 1938. I especially like the vernacular of the day. I love the line about "everyone standing in line for the gaboon (which I presume to be the outhouse), and yodeling heartily at each exit. Gil and Walt should think about putting a sign inside the door of the outhouse that says "Please yodel upon exiting."

### FOURTH ANNUAL SKI RACES AT MT. BALDY Ruth Dyar Mendenhall

Los Angeles, California  
March 20, 1939

Dear Maw, Paw and Chillun,

This weekend were the Fourth Annual Races at San Antonio-the best weekend since Christmas, I believe. Practically everyone went up Saturday morning, but I worked, dashed home at noon, got dressed in my newly patched and pressed ski pants and clean flannel shirt, ate my lunch.

Finally my transportation arrived around 2:30-Dr. Carl with even a worse patch on his ski pants than mine, made out of blue denim and most conspicuous. We

stopped at Harwood Lodge to see if all the central commissary food was carried up yet, which to our joy it was. Then we drove up to the falls, where a huge number of cars were parked, boding a full house at the hut. My skis were already up there, which I was very glad of. The others spent quite a time lashing their skis to their packs-straight up and down, or fancily crossed, and by and by we all started the grind up the trail. It was a hot afternoon. The woods had that lovely piney smell of thoroughly wet warm needles. The trail was nearly dry all the way so the climb took only a little over an hour. An appalling amount of snow had melted off the slalom bowl during the last week, which was very hot-where a week before it had all been white, now great gray rips of

*(Continued on page 5)*

*(Continued from page 4)*

rock and talus reached from the pinnacles on the skyline down into the bowl. And what snow was left was tattle-tale gray, and pitted and scarred and kind of used-looking.

Sometime between 5:00 and 6:00, I forget when, we reached the hut. It was once apparent that the crowd was gay, the weekend good. The bare space under the pines in front was filled with stacks of skis. Little specks of skiers were moving down from the slalom slope toward the hut.

Everyone was there, and others too that we didn't know very well. Oh, it was fun. Phil and another lad played accordion in shifts, and several of us danced furiously to its music in the dim light of a distant candle. There wasn't room on the dance floor for more than two couples at a time, if that many. The lockers were crammed with people-everyone likes to sit en masse anyway, so no matter. For some reason, I got a lot of Attention this weekend, which of course pleased me.

The table-setters, meanwhile, were getting thievery meager supply of tables set for thirty-five people, and presently we all made a dash for the best places, and were crammed together so tight we couldn't move an elbow, which called for much yelling and pushing, and bad manners. We had a fine dinner, as we always do as ski huts-Swiss steak, peas and carrots, pineapple and cottage cheese salad with trimming, baked spuds with lots of butter, hot rolls, violently strong tea, water, cookies, and absolutely divine Jell-O-nice and quivery, with thick masses of slopping whipped cream in which they had mixed pink ice-cream powder, and chopped nuts. We gobbled it like pigs, and later when Helen Hennies brought in a couple of extra dishes of it we pounced on it like a bunch of chickens leaping on a heap of grain or a twig of alfalfa. Phil Faulconer and I got a dishful between us, and since there were no spoons, gobbled it down on the edge of the cookies.

There is always such a fine atmosphere at the San Antonio hut-everyone acting insane, and not a single person who doesn't exactly fit. Goodness knows they are different enough, but they all get along so well. Every person seems to have a distinctive likeable character of his own, yet to fit in with the bunch. After dinner was over, the bodies settled in a great mass upon the lockers. Some people whose job it was did the dishes. Phil played the accordion at my elbow, and Louis played his mouth-organ in the really accomplished way he has, and everyone shrieked and joked.

A bunch got a hold of Phil's little notebook of songs, and gathered in a mass around the table. The howled "Row row row your boat" till the hut nearly fell down with sustained roar, and until some of the people in the room couldn't stand it and sat and screamed at the top of their lungs until they broke up. They sang with

fury until 10:00 o'clock when everyone decided it was time to go to bed. Sleepers were all over the hut, three in the harem, the lockers downstairs covered. Carl curled up in the cellar, and the upstairs full of twenty or twenty-five.

Actually getting to sleep upstairs was quite a process. They all love to act like infants. In the occasional beam of a flashlight a violent eviction went on where someone had annexed a bunk. Much joking, punning, and kicking the person up above one. Everyone settled down, then someone started to blow his nose and Wayland remarked in a deep voice, "All okay on track 7" which sent everyone into lengthy sieges of giggling. Everyone slept until 7:00a.m. when simultaneously they decided it was time to get up.

The day of the slalom had come. They couldn't have the Downhills from the top of Baldy due to the shocking shrinkage of snow.

Breakfast of grapefruit, oatmeal, gallons of good hot cocoa, cinnamon buns and toast. My duty of the weekend was the simple process of helping scrape and stack the breakfast dishes, this light task being arranged by some good friend or other.

Everyone was ready to ski. The front yard was filled with people briskly slapping sticky Klisters on their skis, while the jaunty notes of a Bavarian phonograph record, or of the accordion, blasted out the door. The day was warm but overcast and muggy. The place buzzed with skiers doing dishes, waxing skis inside and out, prowling into their lockers, getting drinks of water, brushing their teeth, standing in line for the gaboon and yodeling at each exit, fussing endlessly for their equipment.

About 9:00am people began assembling in the Slalom Bowl with their white cloth numbered bibs tied to their fronts. As there were about 45 of us by now, the slope was quite covered with skiers. Muir, Brinton and people like that skittered about the hill setting the gay slalom flags. The course was ghastly. It started far up among the pinnacles, on the icy perpendicular slopes at the far right hand edge of the slalom slope. I toiled half-way up it, and decided I'd rather live than try to run down the thing. DeDe, little RobRoy, and I, a blond boy who broke his ski, and one or two other happily chicken-hearted souls, sat on an out thrusting rib of talus, shivered in the wind, and watched the slaughter with glee (This was the Press Rocks). There was a long period of people setting flags, toiling up the hill on foot, scuttling down in practice runs, and saying ominously between their teeth: "It looks tough."

Everyone had drawn for places-about thirty-five entered the race. Many were disqualified for taking too long or getting off the course. A little knot of officials at the bottom timed the racers with a stop watch. At

*(Continued on page 6)*

(Continued from page 5)

the top a gyrating, and then descending red flag on a pole marked the start. The whole thing was hair-raising. We were in a fine place to watch the bet falls on the upper slopes, which were icy. Only four people made the run without falling. Once one tumbled on the upper slopes, they were so steep that the skier would roll and somersault down the slopes for hundreds of feet. The sky was overcast, the wind rather cold, and occasionally there would be a slight spitting of hail or snow. Sizeable rocks kept shooting off the pinnacles and hurtling down straight at people—Bill Davies was literally chased by one, and had to leap over it as it whistled for him, much to our amusement.

Brinton started the race, running down like a bat out of hell, much too fast, went head over heels near the foot of the course in the most magnificent spinning windmill of skis and poles and legs and arms that we ever saw—coming out with only a shattered pole (the equipment casualty rate was very high). Mary Helen gamely entered the race (only two gals finished), rolled down and down the steep slope, and landed in a rock pile. Earl Wallace took honors for the longest slide, and lost all the hide off one arm. Bud Halley spun like a top on his rump. Tow skiers crashed together. Some did a marvelous cartwheeling somersault, rolling onto his skis again and on down the hill. Larry Thackwell crashed headlong into a pile of rocks, leaped up, and tore on skis across the strip of talus, and rushed on down the course. People would fall down the hill so far they had to climb up again to get through the flags, losing much time. It was all very entertaining. Fuzz Merrit, slim, pleasant Pomona College football coach, took first place. Louis Turner second, then Muir, the Bob MacConaghy, then Hensel. Opal took first for the women, and Aggie, being the only other gal who could finish, Second.

About noon it was over, and we staggered home to the hut, leaving skis on the hill. They served a rather horrid central-commissary lunch, which we all enjoyed mightily. Soup, milk (dried kind mixed with water) and cocoa. Bread, butter and jam. We were overjoyed to find that some of the bread was moldy and when you shook it, bugs fell out. DeDe looked wistfully at the slice she had prepared lathered with butter and stacked with jam—shut her eyes and went on eating. Phil played his accordion.

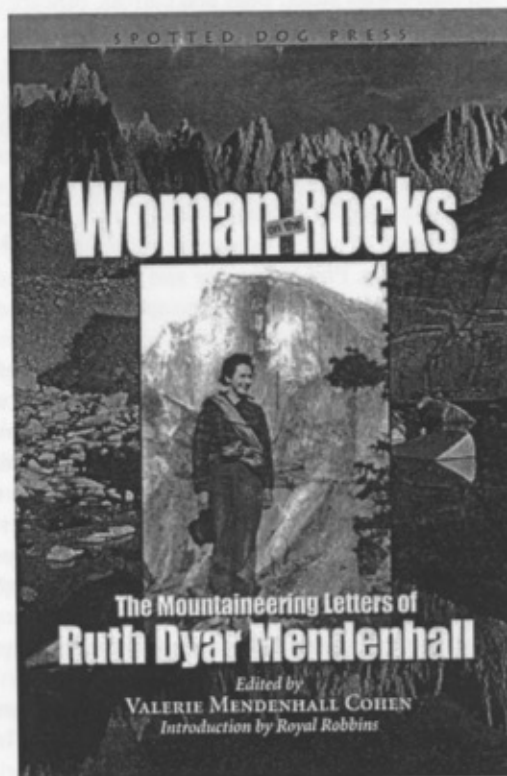
Afterwards, I managed to get back to the slopes. But the snow was slushy and I was tired and inadequate, and soon returned to the hut about 3:00pm to rest and eat tid-bits and read with pleasure "Lunn's High Speed Skiing." Lunn recommended the "Telemark Lunge" which pleased us, but we all felt we needed a book on "Slow Speed Skiing" worse.

Around 4:00, people began to pack up and leave. And so one's days, however good, come to an

end. Disorganized bunches of us filtered down the trail. The sky was overcast, the woods sweet-smelling. We had an awfully good time going home in our car. Coming out, not knowing each other very well, we had been rather prim. Going back, Louis, Seth and I settled down in the back seat to one long siege of wrestling, struggling, howling, talking, and screaming like infants with protest and laughter. The others sang intermittently.

At Dick's place in Asuza, no less than twenty-eight of us, nearly everyone who had been at the hut, crammed themselves at a table for dinner—we always have to sit at one table, no matter how many tables we have to push together. I was wedged in between Wayland and Seth, who alternately beat me and I beat them, and we yelled and played with the silver, and ate hot biscuits dripping with honey and melted butter, and complained of the service, and had a mighty fine time. (Then we always wonder why restaurants don't like us.) Then a mass of pushing out the door, and several people scatter through Asuza shrieking loudly, "Dyar didn't pay her check" in a shameful fashion, and back into our cars—and home.

All the snow is melting and our minds are already turning to climbing. Everyone I know is going to the High Sierra for a week in April.



*(Continued from page 1)*

swooping turns. We got back to the cars around 2, and then spread out all over the parking area with drying skins, coolers, beer, and snacks. From there, most of the group headed to the hot springs for a soak, but Mike & I had RV park shower tokens burning a hole in our pockets, so we went back for a hot shower instead and met up with the rest of the gang (minus Fred, who was staying in Mammoth) in camp.

We had a nice happy hour with guacamole, chips, veggies, dip, and then had a campfire and everyone cooked salmon with vegetables, wine and beer. It was a great day and great camaraderie.

On Sunday, 6 of us started out for Blue Couloir after packing up camp. We got a late start due to the slackers in the morning, having leisurely breakfasts. But, since Blue Col was a north facing run and the road was opened to Lake Mary, we thought we'd have plenty of time. We were wrong! It was no problem hiking with skis across intermittent snow to the top of Coldwater Campground loop, where the traditional route to Blue Col starts out from, but then we spent hours picking our way through the trees in search of continuous snow! We finally ended up in Gentian Meadow, crossed a creek, and then had a beautiful steep north-facing bowl above us with continuous snow. Tony was a very good sport, being his first weekend of backcountry skiing and dealing with the low snow and plenty of stream crossings, but he decided he would wait for us at the bottom of the run and take a nap in the meantime. The rest of us skinned up the steep bowl. Mike, Bahram, and Ruth arrived first, with John and I trailing in next. At the top of the bowl, to get to Blue Col we had to take off skis and hop over a 30 foot section of rock bands. Sigh! All of this skis-on-skis-off-stuff gets to be exhausting! We had continuous snow up to the base of Blue Col, but by that time the snow had started to soften. It was a warmer day with no wind, so we decided to just have lunch and ski the two nice north-facing runs back down to Tony. We had a lovely time in the corn with great views of Lake Mary and the bare south face of Mammoth Mountain. At the top of the final steep bowl, we each took turns, cautiously at first, but then let it rip as we got through the narrow crux. We met Tony at the bottom, who was beginning to wonder if we'd left him there forever, and then found our way out. Mike did an excellent job of navigating back to Emerald Lake, and then managed to loop around and have continuous snow all the way back to the Coldwater loop. It was a terrific weekend with great friends and new friends, and nice snow despite the low snow year. Thanks to everyone for participating!



*Future Playboy model,  
Backcountry Edition*

### **SMS Obituaries: Greg Jordan**

On March 3, 2007, Greg Jordan, a former SMS member and leader, passed on. Greg was an avid ski mountaineer until about 1993 when he was diagnosed with Parkinson Disease. He continued to hike in the Sierras and local mountains until 2007 when he died from a hidden aortic aneurysm.

Greg was a very strong skier and climber. He was patient, kind and helpful, an ideal leader and trip partner. But his trips were also demanding. I remember a ski ascent of the White Mountain in 2.5 days or skiing Shasta in a day. Some of his trip reports are on the SMS website. He also was a founding member of the California Mountaineering Club (CMC). Later he hiked with his eldest daughter and I once found his signature on a remote summit in the Northern Sierras (Adams Pk). Wish we had done some more trips together.

Greg will be remembered at a Commemorative Oak tree planting ceremony at Malibu Creek State Park on Sunday, January 20th.

Reiner Stenzel

**CHECK IT OUT: INTERESTING WEBSITES  
FROM Mark Goebel:**

**[www.bestsnow.net](http://www.bestsnow.net)**

"The most complete, comprehensive and objective guide to snowfall--and both prevailing and expected snow conditions--at North America's ski resorts ever published"--  
*Powder Magazine.*



## FUTURE MUGELNOOS ISSUES

- *Favorite backcountry food*
- *More Day Trippers (day tours)*
- *Book reviews*
- *General Mountain Stuff*



### **RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO MUGELNOOS NOW.**

**Help keep the longest running ski publication in North America going...**

To renew, send a check for \$15 made payable to "Ski Mountaineers" to the Mugemailer:

Pat Holleman, 1638 6th St., Manhattan Beach, CA



LOS ANGELES CA 900

23 NOV 2007 PM 6 T



Mugelnoos

Pat Holleman  
1638 6th Street  
Manhattan Beach,  
CA 90266

Richard L. Henke  
409 South Lucia  
Redondo Beach, CA 90277-  
SMS RCS R 2008