



Bardini

The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2001-2002 Issue

IRS Grants Bardini Tax-Exempt Status

In a letter dated March 12, 2002, the Internal Revenue Service stated "Based on information you supplied, and assuming your operations will be as stated in your application for recognition of exemption, we have determined you are exempt from federal income tax under section 501 (a) of the Internal Revenue Code as an organization described in section 501 (c) (3) ... Donors may deduct contributions to you as provided in section 170 of the Internal Revenue Code."

Finding Funding

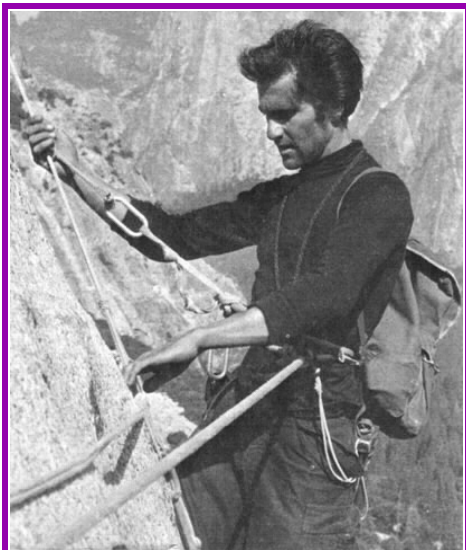
Donations to the Bardini Foundation are now deductible. So we may begin soliciting funding from individuals and organizations in amounts that are of advantage to both the donor and the foundation.

Writing successful grant proposals is yet another new capability required of those of us that donate our time to the Bardini Foundation and we need all the help we can muster from our readers.

The first goal is to establish funding sources and to filter out those most likely to grant funds to the Bardini Foundation. Then, of course, the proposal must be written. Anyone out there with any suggestions, experience, and/or time, may respond by post or email (see page-6 for addresses).

Warren J. Harding June 18, 1924 - February 27, 2002

Warren Harding, our long-time friend and frequent visitor to the Bishop environs, died at home in Anderson, California on February 27, 2002. His passing was noticed nationwide in obituaries in the L.A. Times, the N.Y. Times, Time Magazine, and on National Public Radio. Climbing Magazine's next issue will contain a full obituary written by the editor of this newsletter and reproduced herein.



Warren Harding on an early push up the Nose Route on El Capitan in 1957
photo by Dolt

Warren had been in failing health for years and in much the same way that he refused to be "rescued" from the Dawn Wall in 1970, Warren refused to be "rescued" from his inevitable fate. For the complete story see Semper Farcissimus on page-3.

Newsletter Sponsors Respond

In the Fall issue of The Backside of Beyond, we asked for our readers to consider sponsorship of coming issues of the newsletter. So far two sponsors have signed on: Paul Rudder, for this Winter issue, and Wayne Griffin, for the Spring issue coming in June.

For a donation of \$250 (the actual cost of publication) you may sponsor an entire issue of this newsletter. If you wish, you will be acknowledged as the sponsor on the front page of the sponsored issue. A group of you could chip in and be mentioned as co-sponsors.

Your cash donation is wholly deductible as a charitable contribution on both federal and California income tax returns in the year 2002. If you are interested please contact: don@bardini.org or see the back page for the postal address.

This issue sponsored by the Law Offices of Paul S. Rudder

Specializing in Sports Liability Issues and Injuries Mammoth Lakes, California

Paul stated that every time he started into the backcountry he would bump into Allan coming out. And when Paul was on his way out, there would be Allan on his way back in.

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Skiing Tenaya Lake by Dennis Miller aka Millis

Editor's Note:

Here is another contribution to mountain lore from Dennis the Millis ... there was no accounting for the limits to which Bard and Carter could push the needle on the funmeter.

I'm not certain if it was '82 or '83, my memory is kind of foggy on dates farther back than last year, but it was early in the 80's. It was a Tuolumne Meadows wedding, and I was an invited guest.

The drive from Jackson Hole can be done in two very pleasant days or one very long, grueling ordeal, especially in an old van with a bad muffler and no tunes! I chose the latter. Nevada can be a boring place if Nevada isn't where one wants to be.

I left the "Hole" at four in the morning and made it to Montgomery Pass just as the sun was setting over the Sierra Range. I managed to make it to the Tuolumne Meadows campground by midnight. I had no sooner got into my bag and fallen asleep when I was awakened the crunch of pine needles. Something, or someone was creeping upon my campsite in the middle of the night. Bears, raccoons, perhaps park rangers looking for a midnight bust.

And then I heard a familiar voice, it was Tom Carter. "There he is A.B! Allan answered, "How can you tell, it's so dark?" Tom replied, "Geez, look at that bag and that mop of hair, its Millis all right, no one else would be caught dead in that sleeping bag!"

True, I had a bad habit of keeping sleeping bags years past their dumpster due date. Taco sauce, burn holes, grease, pancake batter, poor patch jobs over even poorer patch jobs, and stains of unknown origins pretty much covered the outside and inside of my bags. Hey, it was my trademark! Anyway, Tom gently tugged on my hair, "Hey Minis, good to see you old pal, let's go skiing!"

"What the hell are you talking about pal, it's the middle of summer!" I could see Bardini's mischievous smile even in the pitch darkness. "No one said anything about snow Millis, get your ass up, now!"

We made our way down to the parking lot and found Allan's old faded-orange Opal hidden amongst all the shiny new pickups, sports cars, and yuppy mobiles lining the tightly packed lot. On top of the Opal was a single water ski strapped on with several lengths and widths of nylon webbing. "What the hell, you guys are nuts!", I mumbled.

"Right!" Allan replied, "and you're not!" We all laughed, it was going to be another epic adventure.

It was still quite dark when we got to the west end of Tenaya Lake. There were absolutely no cars on the road - the night was still and very chilly. Allan and Tom began getting dressed for the cold water while I tied the perlon ropes to the back of the Opal. Allan was first.

I drove while Tom hung out the window of the passenger side yelling reassuring words to Allan as he sat in the frigid water waiting for the rope to tighten up and snap him out of the near freezing water. After several near fatal headlong dives into the alpine water, Allan was up.

I watched the speedometer as Allan swung away from the shoreline. Ten, twenty, thirty miles an hour. When I hit thirty-two miles an hour, Allan screamed and disappeared into the murky depths. Just as suddenly, his head popped up from the water and he burst loose with a thundering scream. "Yahoo, skiing the high country!"

Allan grabbed the ski and managed to get to the shoreline as Tom pulled in the rope and I coiled it. Allan dried off as best he could. He was coughing up enough water to brew coffee for ten people, but still smiling and laughing. "Did you see that?" he yelled out. "The first water skiers on Tenaya Lake!" I said that it was probably illegal to ski on the lake, but Tom said it was probably forbidden to ski on the lake from a boat, but no one had said anything about using a car, right?

Tom was next. Once again I drove and, as Tom sat in the water waiting for the snap of the rope, all I could envision was me next. I don't think so, no way, Jose!

Now you must remember, Tom Carter was born with skis on his tiny little feet. His mother claims it was a difficult birth, but his innate talent became evident the second the rope came tight. Tom was up and shooting a rooster tail twenty feet into the air. There was no going back into the water for Tom- not until his ride was over. Ten, twenty, thirty, then forty miles an hour. "Crank it Millis!" Allan yelled.

I finally hit forty-five miles an hour when just ahead, that old dead Lodgepole pine loomed out of dim morning light - you know the one that sticks out of the lake about four fifths of the way up from the south end of the lake. "Damn, Tom's going to get creamed by that old tree!" I yelled.

By the time I stopped the car, just a few feet before the rope could tangle with the Lodgepole, Tom had let go of the tow line and was already swimming toward shore, ski in hand.

Just as we were packing the ski and ropes away, an old pickup truck stacked high with furniture and an assortment of children passed by, and from the cab of the truck we could hear one of the kids yell out, "Hey dad, they got water skiing here, I love Yosemite!"

Sunlight was hitting the tops of the surrounding domes and we was decided the skiing was over for the day. I let out a great sigh of relief. Saved by the sun!

Breakfast at the Tuolumne grill was superb. Later that day, Park Ranger Paul Cowan cornered the three of us and asked us if we had any idea who might have been water skiing on Tenaya Lake using an orange Opal sedan as a ski boat. "Got no idea, Paul, you know we're law abiding citizens just visiting this magnificent national park."

Yeah, like we would tell Ranger Cowan

- Millis

Get Your Newsletter Delivered Electronically

Now that you know it costs the foundation over \$250 in stamps and materials alone to publish one issue of the newsletter and that any donations generated by its publication must equal the cost or we lose, maybe those of you with **internet access** will use the website to obtain your copy of the Backside. Please **NOTIFY us of your email address** and your intent so that we can take you off the snail mail list and put you on the email list. **Address your response to:**

don@bardini.org

Important:

Some of you have misunderstood our intent. We merely email you a notification that the newsletter is now posted on our website. We do not email the newsletter to you. You must access our website and read it there or download it to your hard drive where you may read it or print it out.

Website Revisions Delayed

Regarding our website, www.bardini.org, we are recovering from the workload that accompanied our application for a special use permit in the Inyo National Forest and for tax exempt status from the IRS. Those tasks combined with the loss of Warren Harding and a trip to Sacramento caused us to postpone our well intentioned website work. The work begins when this issue is put to bed.

Proposed improvements include format upgrades, photographs, icon links, and online acceptance of donations and purchases. Primitive though it remains, the website still contains all the **back issues** and the **current issue of Backside of Beyond**.

Semper Farcissimus Warren Harding

"Warren Harding? Well, what can I say?"

That's exactly how Warren would have started his own obituary. His usual demeanor was self-deprecating: To the question, "Are you the famous Warren Harding?," he would retort, "Well, I used to be." He believed that people are never what they were. They all grow... older.

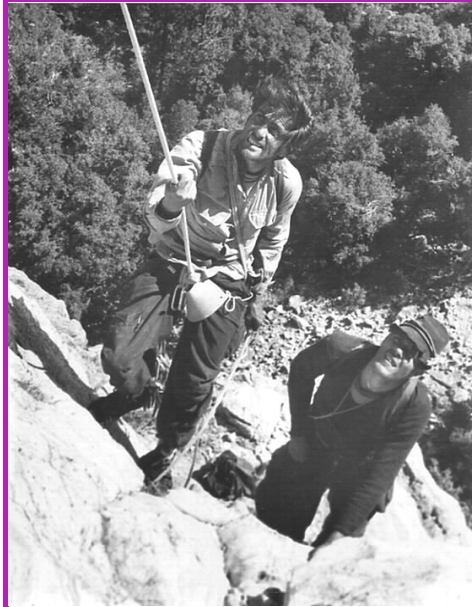
Harding died at home in Anderson, California, well aware that the end was near. He had been in failing health for over three years and refused to exchange his lifestyle for an extended life span. He approached his end with the same wit that he exhibited throughout his life. From his bed, just days before he died, he quipped that he was definitely never going to buy any more 50,000-mile-warranty tires.

Warren was introduced to climbing at the age of 27 in 1952 and within a year had found his niche in Yosemite Valley. Most of us remember Harding as the Yosemite pioneer -- the prime mover in the first ascent of El Capitan in 1958, via the Nose, a milestone that marked the first time a wall of such size and difficulty had been climbed anywhere in the world. His first ascents of routes on El Capitan, Middle Cathedral Rock, the Leaning Tower, Washington Column, Mount Watkins, the Lost Arrow, and Half Dome spanned the next two decades. In the Sierra Nevada his routes on Keeler Needle and the southwest face of Mt. Conness are both considered classics.

Beyond his groundbreaking ascents, Warren was characterized variously as a rebel, iconoclast, and rogue. In his outrageous book *Downward Bound*, published in 1975, Harding described himself as "an undersized individual ... [with] neither any outstanding physical attributes nor burning ambition. But I have a mind of my own and a love for the mountains." Despite this self-description, Harding was a dashing figure in his heyday, well known for his penchant for good-looking women, classy sports cars, and Red Mountain wine.

And he did have a mind of his own and used it in formulating his climbing philosophy. He looked upon climbing as "an individual thing, not some kind of organized religion." He was

unimpressed and refused to be intimidated by admittedly "better climbers" when they espoused certain "climbing ethics." Warren never hesitated to take on those whom he referred to as the "elite" of the climbing community and didn't mince words in his castigation of "these gentlemen who, in effect, presume to tell me how to do my thing." Climbing to him was something he did because there were no rules.



Warren Harding and Mark Powell working on the Nose of El Capitan in 1957. photo by Dolt

When he and Dean Caldwell completed their 27-day first ascent of the Wall of the Early Morning Light (the Dawn Wall) on El Cap in 1970, their placement of 330 bolts re-ignited a controversy that had smoldered in the Valley since Warren drilled his first bolt-hole. Was Harding putting up routes where no route existed or should exist? Excessive bolts and fixed ropes were being judged as "unethical." To that sentiment Warren replied, "Climbing requires many disciplines, not the least of which is plain old ass-busting work, which is what bolts amount to!"

Royal Robbins, in concert with a few other well-respected Yosemite climbers, decided that the route should be erased. Two months after the first ascent, Robbins and I started up for the second ascent, chopping the bolts as we climbed. On the first bivouac, after four pitches, the question of interfering with an established route -- especially one with some admirably difficult nailing -- began to eat at Robbins. By morning we agreed to quit chopping. Robbins

had written earlier that, "[It's] good to have a man around who doesn't give a damn what the establishment thinks ... Harding stands out as a magnificent maverick."

By the late 1970s Warren put serious Yosemite climbing behind him and dedicated his time to writing, lectures, slideshow tours, and the occasional sojourn into the mountains. Never giving up his union card, he worked off and on as a surveyor for the State of California. As he put it, "I'll just plug along. Climb, work, climb, have an occasional glass of wine." Into the 1980s there was a lot less climbing, a lot less work, and finally retirement -- and a lot more glasses of wine. He did, however, return to the Nose in 1989 to become, at that time, the oldest person to ever climb El Capitan.

Harding's affinity for Red Mountain wine was his eventual and inevitable undoing. By the time he reached his 70s, he had been warned that his liver would not last if he continued to imbibe. When the end was near and his body began to shut down, he became confused and a little delusional. He wanted to know what was happening to him. The conversation led to discussing the Buddhists' belief that the soul leaves the dying body and enters an embryo to emerge anew in a child. Harding pleaded weakly, "But how will you find me?"

During these last days, many of Harding's old climbing friends began to visit. On one occasion it was planned to videotape Warren and some of his friends while they swapped stories of the golden era of Yosemite climbing. When his friends arrived they spent an hour or so greeting one another. Warren became impatient and whispered to the cameraman, "Do they realize there's not much time left?"

During one of these story-swapping sessions, someone asked Warren which of all his bivouacs was the worst. He answered without hesitation that the storm-bound bivouac on Half Dome's South Face route was his worst. Immediately he was asked which was his best. He grinned, and almost in a whisper, answered, "You'll have to ask my girlfriends." Finally someone asked what he would do differently if he had it to do over again. He replied, "I would be taller, smarter, and less nasty."

Warren Harding? Have we said enough?

-- Don Lauria

From the Bardini House Log

"Thanks, we'll be back ..."

Jim Zellers
Truckee, CA

"Allan, sorry to have missed you this time around. All my gratitude for putting me up while my ankle heals ... soon I'll be in the Sierra la Sal at home. I look forward to making some tyums with you then."

Robi Pochapin
Moab, UT

"Thanks for letting me stay and experience the "Great Bardini". Love to stay again -please welcome me back."

Bey Hernandez
San Gabriel, CA

"It was a pleasure to stay in a humble and beautiful place. Thanks for letting us experience the amazing Sierra ..."

Tim & Jacinta
Soda Springs, CA

"Wow, now [we] can truly say and feel that BARDINI LIVES. What a great place."

Clark Freidgen
Tom Donnelly

"Thanks Great Bardini! Once again the Bardini House comes through and makes us very comfy ..."

Marcus Ainsworth
Flagstaff, AZ

"The Bardini [House] worthiness shall never be underestimated. Many thanks for the warmth, shelter, and good times."

Paul Patterson
San Diego, CA

"This is a great place, eh! Feels like home, doncha know. Thanks for keeping the Bardini spirit alive!"

George, Ian, Ro, and Heather
Seattle, WA Lancaster, PA

" ... questa bella casa... continua a vivere ... "

Roberto Fioravanti
Italia

I need someone fluent in Italian to translate the complete text of Roberto's note. It's legibility makes it difficult to recreate here without knowledge of the context. Help! ... the Editor

Bardini House Information

Use Donations

Stays are limited to 10 days except by special arrangement. We hope that our guests consider a **donation of \$20 per night for one person or \$15 per person per night for two or more people** to be an appropriate contribution to the maintenance of the house. These donations should be deposited **IN ADVANCE**.

General

Guests may use the kitchen, and bathroom facilities; the stereo, VCR, and TV system; the outside deck, BBQ, and lawn (tents on back lawn ONLY); the laundry washer may be used, but the freezer in the laundry is for Foundation use **ONLY**. If you need a freezer use the refrigerator's freezer in the kitchen. Heat is by wood fire or body heat conservation ... firewood is available at the local market... body heat is the guest's responsibility.

TV/Stereo/VCR

Guests are free to use the TV, stereo, and VCR. Videos of current and classic movies are on the bookshelves. Anyone wishing to donate videos or mountaineering/skiing books to our library should contact the hosts.

Monday Nights & Other Significant Occasions

Guests must be prepared to share the premises and the TV for Monday night football with the regular locals that wander in (usually about 4 to 5, but sometimes as many as 10). It's generally a painless experience and usually adds to the ambiance. Meals are prepared and guests are welcome to partake. Superbowl Sunday and New Year's Day sometimes require the same tolerance.

Ed Cereda is the Eastern Sierra's renowned ski mechanic. His mastery of the craft is legendary. If your skis need work, next time you are in Bishop, give Ed a call.

ED'S UNDERGROUND SKI SERVICES

760-A W Pine St, Bishop, CA 93514

(760) 872-1348

Mounting/Tuning

CrossCountry and Telemark Binding Mounting

3-Pin, NNN, SNS Profile, SNS-BC, & Pilot Bindings	\$20
Cable Bindings (All Except Rainey Designs Hammerhead	25
Rainey Designs Hammerhead Bindings	30
Releasable Telemark Bindings (All)	40

Related Charges

Climbing Heels, Tele Vates, Heel Locaters, Etc.	\$10
Binding Riser Plates (in addition to binding moun	10
Remove old bindings & plug holes (in addition to mount)	8
Additional Charge for Mounting Volant Skis	10

Randonnee Binding Mounts

Fritschi Diamir, Lite Tech, & Silvretta Bindings	\$40
All others	\$45/hr

Tunes, Repairs, Etc.

Hot Wax (Hand Ironed & Brushed)	\$10
Race Prep (Rilling, Brushing, Temp Specific Wax	25
Metal Edge Tune (Edges, Minor Base Repair & Wax)	30
Non-metal Edge Tune (Minor Base Repair	20
Removal of Grip Wax (In Addition to Ski Tuning	20
Pine Tar (For Wood Ski Bases)	40
Custom Repair Work (Major Base Repair, etc.)	\$45/hr

Statement of Purpose

The Bardini Foundation is a group of friends and relatives who wish to honor and commemorate their friend and brother, the late Allan Bard, fondly known as "The Great Bardini". The Foundation was formed to continue Allan's work and carry out his plans and dreams of exposing people to the total mountain experience. In Allan's memory, the Foundation will strive to provide the common man with Muir's inspiration to "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings".

The Bardini Foundation is providing:

1. Year-round backcountry guide services
2. Sponsorship of courses in avalanche safety, mountain emergency medical practices, rockclimbing/mountaineering skills, and wilderness appreciation
3. A guest house for itinerant climbers and skiers (Allan's residence)
4. Continued publication and distribution of Allan's Shooting Star Guides
5. A newsletter to promote mountain ethics, protocol, and safety
6. Publication of Allan's writings and photographs
7. Funds for search and rescue groups, for training and equipment
8. Slide shows and seminars on mountain sports, safety, and photography
9. Funds to train and accredit, in cooperation with the American Mountain Guides Association, mountain guides of Allan's quality
10. Support for environmental and cultural projects of community interest in Bishop, California

We are accepting donations from anyone interested in supporting our efforts. **Checks should be made out to the Bardini Foundation and mailed to the Foundation in Bishop.**

Bits & Pieces

This piece was written in 1997 by Brian Parks

I was one of Allan's clients. I met and climbed with him almost 15 years ago in the Palisade School of Mountaineering. I was with him for only four days, but he left an impression that has easily endured to this day.

I recall him as a jovial fellow with a serious passion for his sport in both a rigorous and fun-loving way. It was an August class in 1982 ... he carried his Kharu XCD comps up to Palisade Glacier so that he could ski and lay claim to having cut tele-turns for twelve consecutive months. He was of keen eye and care on route, yet relaxed and hearty around camp. His talent was awe inspiring. That guy could boulder a face in clunky stiff mountaineering boots better than so many wannabees with their top-o-the-line scarpa climbing slippers - it blew me away. And when the day was done, he could easily fill a night around a lantern or campfire with stories of his Yosemite adventures with brother Dale or the many other people he had climbed with in so many corners of the globe.

Yet, along with his great capacity to tell tales was a serious desire to listen to those that came his way. I am just one who deals in somewhat arcane questions in science, but he still wanted to know, and did what he could to follow me in my overly techno descriptions. I'd still love to know how in hell he kept that white quide hat so damned clean during our trip!

It is a bit ironic that one of my clearest recollections of him was at the end of our class. We were all at the PSOM main camp near the base of Temple Crag. We were tired and happy after four days of great climbing and learning. Allan, along with John Fischer, and Allan Pietrasanta had cooked up a storm over the campfire that we were now lounging around, enjoying the dim twilight while puffing on cigars and sipping some nice whiskey. I remember Allan silhouetted against the mountain sunset and quoting "Everything in moderation,...EXCEPT moderation!"

He was quite a fellow, and the world of mountaineering is victim to his loss.

Winter 2001/2002 Donors

The following people have made generous donations of money, time, or talents to the Foundation's cause. The list is incomplete ... for this we apologize. Many of you purchased shirts and mugs or stayed at the Bardini House. Our thanks to you all.

Individuals:

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Marcus Ainsworth | Brian Parks |
| Kelly Bartlett | Robi Pochapin |
| Tim Benne | Bill Stall |
| Roberto Fioravanti | TEAM Engineering |
| Tom Frost | Roy Tovani |
| Dan Goodwin | Paul Trester |
| Bey Hernandez | Jim Valensi |
| George Maffett, Jr. | Tom Volken |
| Jerome Meyer | |

Special Mention:

- | | |
|------------------------------|---------------|
| Kent Steele, Attorney at Law | Dave Weston |
| The DEW Foundation | Paul Rudder |
| Ron Dexter | Wayne Griffin |

Bardini Baseball Caps

These caps are brushed cotton, fully adjustable, in either navy or denim with gold embroidered logo



only a \$12 donation

Bardini Coffee Mugs

10-oz. white porcelain mug with the Bardini logo



only a \$5 donation plus tax (CA only) and shipping*

Send your check to the
Bardini Foundation
515 Sierra Street
Bishop CA 93514

*combine with a shirt to save



Spring/Summer Foundation Activities



Annual Bardini Climbing Camp July 29-August 2

This summer of 2002 the Foundation will be putting together another climbing camp in the Palisades. In addition to great home-cooked meals from our high country kitchen, climbing equipment, solar showers, your own personal tent, and a real commode, we can also provide sleeping pads and sleeping bags. You may also come self-guided, join us for a guided excursion, or opt for climbing lessons, as you wish. Guided climbs and instruction at all levels of rock, snow, and ice technique will be offered. It's a short time window afforded by the Forest Service, so don't delay, sign up early!

Support Foundation Efforts

Bardini BUMPER STICKERS



for a \$5 donation

T-SHIRTS POLO SHIRTS

get top quality preshrunk cotton t-shirts and polo shirts ash gray with burgundy lettering polo shirts have knit collar and cuffs with Bardini Foundation over pocket

Tee shirts have *Bardini Lives!* across back with *Bardini Foundation* on left chest

Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

T's only

\$12.00

Polo's only

\$15.00



plus \$3.90
US Priority Mail

California residents add appropriate sales tax

The Bardini Foundation offers guide services on a year-round basis. Backcountry treks and ski tours can be contracted throughout the year. Please call, write, or e-mail the Foundation at (760) 873-8036, (760) 872-4413, or don@bardini.org



Bardini Foundation

515 Sierra Street
Bishop CA 93514

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