



Bardini

The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2008/2009 Issue

Paiute Tribe Youth Climbing Again

Sixteen kids and four adults from the Bishop Paiute Reservation were busy on the rock at Iris Slabs in Rock Creek Canyon this past August. The Bardini Foundation once again set up top ropes, provided climbing harnesses, rock climbing shoes, and managed a full day of climbing for the group. This marks the fifth



year that the foundation has taught rock climbing technique to kids from the reservation. Each year we reach a new group and introduce them to the joys of outdoor recreation. Some return the following year—some take up rock climbing as a life long endeavor, but every one of them will remember what they learned.

More photos on pages 2 and 5

Backcountry Boy Speaks Out

We received the following unsolicited comment from one of the boys featured in our last newsletter:

Ethan's Comment

The Bardini Foundation provided learning experiences about camping, survival, safety, rockclimbing, and snow hiking. They also provided actual events for all of these. I have participated in all of these events. All of them are very fun and are great learning experiences. I have learned about myself through these experiences. I would recommend the Bardini Foundation to everyone.

Those of us involved in getting these kids out into a new and exciting world—people from the Inyo County Health & Human Services Department and the Bardini Foundation—are very proud of young men like Ethan.

Getting Friendly With Friends of the Inyo

In mid-August Tim Villanueva of the Bardini Foundation treated a group of eight to a rock climbing seminar at South Lake near Bishop. The group consisted of high school age youths who had acted as volunteers for the Friends of the Inyo.

Friends of the Inyo (FOTI) is a Bishop-based, non-profit conservation organization dedicated to preserving the Eastside's unique qualities: its diverse wild lands, scenic beauty, wild rivers, varied flora and fauna, and abundant opportunities for low-impact recreation. The FOTI youths spent last summer doing volunteer trail maintenance in the Sierra. The Bardini Foundation continues to financially support groups like FOTI and is always willing to donate services to them as well.

It's That Time Again Donation Time

Last year our fund raising drive was a tremendous success. This year, in spite of the national economic situation, we hope our donors will come forward again and make this year another winner.

Now is not the time to relax and think that you've done your part. Support for the Bardini Foundation is necessary on an annual basis - donations provide 50% of our gross income.

Once again the **Dale & Edna Walsh (DEW) Foundation** will be matching each dollar received through March 15, 2009.

Shai Edberg, the DEW Foundation director, has made this very generous offer of fund matching a recurring event. Every dollar you donate will be doubled.

Don't forget that the monies generated by our annual fund raiser not only finance our **liability insurance expenses**, but also enable us to maintain and renew the **mountaineering equipment** that is used in our youth activities and guide services—tents, ropes, hardware, sleeping bags, etc.

Your generosity on behalf of the Bardini Foundation is fully appreciated by those that receive our services. See the letter from "Ethan" on this page.



Don't forget that for tax purposes your **donation is 100% tax deductible**. If you require confirmation Bardini will snail mail or email you a letter confirming the date and amount of your donation .

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2008 Contributions

Individuals

- Benefactor \$1000+**
Paul Rudder
- Angel \$500+**
Gary & Chris Bard
Yvon & Malinda Chouinard
Peter Hackett
Brian Parks
Chrisopher Smith
- Patron \$200+**
Tom & Laurie Daniels
Wayne Griffin
Charles Grobe
Lyman Johnson
Todd & Alisa Lembke
Russell Tucker
- Partner \$100+**
Jeffry Alger
Molly Attell
Kenneth Blanchard
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Michael & Valerie Cohen
Bill & Sandra Crisafulli
James Garvey
Jon Gibson
Michael Graber
Clay Greene
Bob Harrington
Glenn Hirayama
Dave Huntsman
Jay Jensen
Bonnie Kamps
Tom & Norma Limp
Katie McCoy
Robert McElroy
Clark Trowell
David Weaver
David Weston
Gordon & Meredith Wiltsie
- Contributor \$50+**
Stu Alt
Tani Barbour
Dan Blackburn
Peg Caldwell
Vern Clevenger
John Eilts
Stephen Hessen
Ken Kerner
Jeanne & Dennis Oakeshott
John Rosendahl
Thomas Rossi
Stan Sanderson
Paul Trester
Jeanne Walter
Bob Woodward
- Sustainer \$25+**
Ralph Alcocer
Mary Canada
Joe Kelsey
Tom & Norma Limp
Joyce McKim
Frank Pierson
WH & CC Reed
Arlene Ustin
Richard Knox
Bill & Lauren Nickell

2008 Contributions

Individuals

- Member \$10+**
Scott MacBeth
John Wedberg

Organizations

- Angel \$5000+**
DEW Foundation
- Sustainer \$100+**
TEAM Engineering & Management Inc

Incoming

Please accept this donation in the memory of **Lewis and Lois Bard**

Ken Blanchard, Palo Alto, CA

Hi Don,

I love your stories that you have been posting. I have been working on our YCA website and started a stories button with the idea of having certain people's writing in one place. I am just getting started with Peter Haan's writings. Would you be interested in having your stories in one section of the site? The website address is <http://www.yosemiteclimbing.org/>

Ken Yager, Yosemite, CA

Don,

Good writing, good memories. This is the kind of thing I love to read, what made climbing good -- the people, the adventures at an adventurous time. I hope you are keeping and cataloguing these writings. They are valuable.

Pat Ament, Fruita, CO



Norman Clyde
College Graduation Photo



Way up in the air at Iris Slabs

My Life in Spire Repair

Chapter-I Norman Clyde's Favorite Story

Prologue

Spire Repair – An Explanation

One afternoon circa 1966 in Yosemite's Camp-4, a young Jim Bridwell accompanied by a young, but already bald, Chris Fredericks, came rushing up to me to announce he and Chris and others had just done a first ascent. It's only 5.7 (Yeah, sure. It's really 5.8) and it's an incredible climb. You gotta do it. We named it "The Braille Book".

Well, we sat down at a table broke out some beers and began chatting about life in general around the Valley. Jim said he was sick and tired of the incessant queries from tourists who would walk up to him and ask if he was a rock climber. This, while he was standing there with a huge hardware rack and two ropes draped over his shoulders. He and Chris were getting some tee shirts made up that stated plainly on front and back, "High Country Spire Repair Service". They hoped that this would eliminate any further inquiries.

I have used the label "Spire Repair Service" innumerable times since in formulating answers to the inevitable questions from the uninitiated tourist. I have chosen to use "Spire Repair" as the descriptor of my life in the climbing world.

Chapter- I

It was August in the late 50s. My brother-in-law, Bob, and I were hiking up the north fork of Big Pine Creek on my second backpacking trip- ever. We came upon a strange procession descending the trail. A group of eight military men in fatigue uniforms were bearing a litter with a black plastic bag – a bag we realized probably contained a human body.

One of the litter bearers with three stripes on his sleeve asked as we approached, "You guys going as far as Third Lake?" We replied in the affirmative and he asked if we would be willing to share some of our food with a guide that was camped there. Sure we would! He then explained that, yes, indeed, they were carrying a body - a person who had been missing for a week and had been just found the day before by the guide camped at Third Lake. The deceased had been discovered in a couloir near the base of Temple Crag. The sergeant threw in a little aside that sort of caught our attention – the guide found the body by listening for the buzzing of flies.

As Bob and I approached our proposed campsite at Third Lake an old man wearing a funny hat - an old campaign hat – came bounding out to the trail. "Would you fellas be willing to share

some food with me?," he asked. Realizing this must be the sergeant's "guide", we said we'd be happy to. He explained that he was expecting an air drop that afternoon, but if it didn't happen he would be hard pressed for food. We reassured him and he disappeared back to his campsite.

We set up our camp just above him, just off the trail, above Third Lake. We had camped in this same spot the prior year on our first Sierra backpack trip. We liked the site because it was next to a rock outcrop that jutted out into the lake allowing one to sit on its top, twenty feet above the lake's surface, and stare directly across at Temple Crag's north face.



Late that afternoon, we heard the drone of an airplane engine ascending the canyon. A single-engine Cessna appeared in front of Temple Crag. We figured this must be the old guide's airdrop coming up. We stood on top of the rock outcrop and watched as the plane circled in front of Temple Crag and then turned and headed straight at us. The pilot had descended to about 100 feet off the lake's surface and as he reached our perch, he cut the engine, opened his door and yelled at us, restarted the engine and banked around - headed back to the other end of the lake. I didn't quite get it all, but Bob figured he had yelled, "Did they get the body out?"

Okay, they did, but how do we tell the pilot? He headed back straight at us again. This time he cut the engine, opened the door and flipped a piece of paper out.

Now, get this. It was an 8 ½ by 11 sheet folded in fourths and it fluttered down directly into Bob's hands. Again, the plane restarted and retreated to the end of the lake. The note read, "If they got the body out, hold hands, if they didn't, wave." As the plane approached us on its third pass we were holding hands and the pilot waggled his wings indicating he understood. Now what?

Here he came again. This time quite a bit higher off the lake and he kicked out a small red parachute with a pack dangling from its shrouds. Down it came directly into the top of the highest pine tree in sight, right next to the trail. As we stood staring up at it, our brains still a little rattled from all the aerobatics, up the trail at an accelerated pace came the old guide. "Hey, that's my food! One of you young kids want to scramble up there and get it?"

Bob was already checking out the lower branches and immediately started up. He cut the shrouds and the pack dropped to the trail. "That pilot was Bob Symons, a superb bush pilot," the old guide yelled over his shoulder as he hustled back down to camp. I stood staring up at the chute, still draped over the top of the tree, and decided that it would be a great souvenir. So up I went. After a brief struggle managed to untangle the shrouds and returned to the ground with my nylon and red silk trophy.

We didn't see the old guide again that day and he was gone the following morning before we had our campfire lit. Five years later, after having been introduced to mountaineering and a rock climbing, and having read everything I could on the subjects, I realized "the old guide" was the legendary Norman Clyde.

Thirty years later, having moved to Bishop, I attended the first of a few annual Norman Clyde Birthday gatherings at Bishop's Mill Pond park. These were potluck affairs to honor the memory of Norman Clyde. The custom developed for those with fond memories to stand up before the crowd and relate their favorite Norman Clyde stories.

It was at this first gathering that I told my airdrop story—my favorite and only Norman Clyde story - and after the telling, a young man walked up to me and asked if I knew the name of that bush pilot. I told him, yes, it was Bob Symons. He blurted out, "I thought so. He was my grandfather!"

I told my favorite story again the following year at the gathering, and again, as I finished, I was approached - this time by a fellow high school teacher. He said, "You know I used to invite

Continued on next page

Norman Clyde's Favorite Story continued

Norman over for dinner about once a year in his later years when he was barely existing at Baker Creek. He really appreciated those dinners and he loved to tell stories. In fact, the one you just told was his favorite!"

At the third gathering, and regretfully, the last, I stood up when my turn came up and announced, "I'm not going to tell MY favorite Norman Clyde story this year. I'm going to tell NORMAN CLYDE'S favorite Norman Clyde story." And then proceed to tell the airdrop story again.



Years later, another teacher friend asked if I would help his new wife with a computer installation. I taught computer science at Bishop Union High School and was often asked to help people with computer problems. I agreed and when I entered their apartment I was astonished by the plethora of airplane photos that papered the walls. I asked if she was a pilot. "No, but my father was", she answered, "He was a well known bush pilot around here."

"His name wasn't Bob Symons was it?" I asked in disbelief. "As a matter of fact, yes it was", she answered. That initiated an immediate retelling of the 1958 airdrop. She was not at all surprised by the engine cutting and yelling at us. She said when she was about nine years old she used to fly with him and he would often use that tactic to communicate with the ground. She said it used to scare her to death.

Bob Symons died in a glider accident just a few years after he dropped that pack to Norman.

EDITOR'S NOTE Acts II & III My Life in Spire Repair

When this newsletter began its life back in the fall of 1998, it was our intention to feature articles written by Allan Bard. For six years we were able to print all of Allan's writings that we had access to. True, they were interspersed with occasional memoria to the likes of Warren Harding and Chuck Pratt, but for the most part we published Allan's stuff.

Well, it's probably obvious to regular readers that eventually we ran out of Allan Bard literature and that lately *The Backside of Beyond* has featured other authors on its page 3 spread. I personally have been so presumptuous as to feature my own stories to fill the gap on about four occasions.

I have been telling these stories for over 50 years and have been encouraged by friends and clients to get them down on paper before they follow me out of existence.

So I have begun to put finger to keyboard and get all these memories written. The Norman Clyde story included here is the first chapter in the story of my life in climbing—climbing mountains and climbing rocks. This chapter in my life got me started hiking in the mountains. Chapter 2, the story *John Hansen –the Original Vulgarian*, was published here in the Winter/Spring 2006 issue of Backside. Chapter 2 relates how rock climbing came into my life. The next issue will contain Chapter 3—the story of my first big Yosemite wall climb in 1965.

Chapters beyond Chapter 3 have not all been written, but are in formulation.



Norman Clyde — at age 44

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, mountaineering skills, and wilderness appreciation
3. Continued publication and distribution of Allan's Shooting Star Guides
4. A newsletter to promote mountain ethics, protocol, and safety
5. Publication of Allan's writings and photographs
6. Funds for search and rescue groups, for training and equipment
7. Slide shows and seminars on mountain sports, safety, and photography
8. Funds to train and accredit, in cooperation with the American Mountain Guides Association, mountain guides of Allan's quality
9. Support for environmental and cultural projects of community interest in



The hardest part for most of these kids is not getting them **UP** the rock, it's getting them to trust the rope and to back **DOWN** the rock.

Support Foundation Efforts



Bardini

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Send your check to the

Bardini Foundation

PO Box 1422

Bishop CA 93515-1422

*combine with a shirt to save on postage

Bardini Foundation Activities - Winter 2008/2009

Avalanche Courses

Our Level I course is now 3 days long. Trying to cram 3 days or even 2.5 days worth of info into 2 is not the responsible thing to do. We feel that the course information is more easily absorbed in 3 days instead of the rushed 2-day format.

Join us for your avalanche education courses.

Level - I Courses

Date: January 2-4, 2009

Location: Sierra

Date: February 6-8, 2009

Location: Rock Creek

Date: March 20-22, 2009

Location: Sierra

The Bardini Foundation offers guide services year-round.
Trek, climbs, and ski tours can be contracted throughout the year.

The Bardini Foundation is in partnership with the Inyo National Forest

Call, write, or e-mail the Foundation at
(760) 873-8036 or (760) 872-4413



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