



Bardini

The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2011/2012 Issue

Bardini's Youth Group Work

Reprinted from the Inyo Register:

During a beautiful day in the summer of 2011 the **Bardini Foundation** provided equipment, financial support, and education about rock climbing, equipment, and safety to three teenaged young ladies from Bishop.



The girls were accompanied by two female adult support staff and a female volunteer rock climber along with **Tim Villanueva** who took them up to South Lake for a trial run. The young ladies roped-up, practiced the appropriate climbing lingo, rehearsed their safety skills, and then scaled the rocks above them. They even talked the adult support staff into taking their turn on the rope. Some liked the

Continued ↗

Backcountry Boys Appreciation Letter

The Back Country Boys would like to thank the sponsors that helped make our annual camping trip a success.

We would like to thank ... Mac's Sporting Goods and ... [the Daniels] ... for their support each year on our annual camping trip, as well as, Rock Creek Lodge who provided their support this year.

We also wish to thank the **Bardini Foundation** for teaching us backcountry skills and rock climbing techniques. The foundation's volunteers, **Tim Villanueva** and **Don Lauria**, deserve an extra special thank you as they take a week out of their lives to take us into the back country and provide us with hands-on experience.

Each year we enjoy the opportunity provided to us to learn and grow and want to thank the above individuals, as well as Inyo County Health and Human Services, for all the hard work they put in to help us succeed.

Thank you again,
Tyler, Andrew, and Alex

challenge of the ascent and others found joy learning to rappel down the rock face. Whether acting as ground support or when actually climbing these young women were each others best cheerleaders in this new endeavor.

Over the years the Bardini Foundation and thus its many contributors have continually encouraged, supported, and provided the most marvelous educational opportunities to [Owens] Valley youth. The planned trips have allowed these kids to get out into the beautiful surrounds of the Eastern Sierra. Those of us that are called to the spiritual

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We're Back With Our Annual Fund Raiser

We are back with our annual plea for funds. Please

The **Dale & Edna Walsh (DEW) Foundation** will again be matching each dollar received through **March 15, 2012**. **Shai Edberg**, the DEW Foundation director, continues to make this very generous annual commitment of matching funds. Each of your donated dollars will be doubled.

Support for the Bardini Foundation is an annual need - donations make up 50% of our gross income. Your donations finance our **liability insurance expenses** and enable us to maintain and renew the **mountaineering and camping equipment** that is essential to our youth activities and guide services - tents, ropes, hardware, sleeping bags, etc.

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. Make your check out to: **Bardini Foundation**



Tyler and Andrew in Little Lakes Valley

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2011 Contributions Individuals

Benefactor \$1000+

Paul Rudder

Angel \$500+

Gary & Christine Bard
Yvon & Malinda Chouinard
David Huntsman
Jean & Brian Parks
Chris Smith

Patron \$200+

Wayne Griffin
Lyman Johnson
Todd & Alisa Lembke
Bob Nagy

Partner \$100+

Molly Attell
Michael & Valerie Cohen
Don Herbert
Rosalie Herrera
Glenn Hirayama
Russ McLean
Sydney Quinn & Dennis Schumacher
Bruce Russell
Clark Trowell

Contributor \$50+

Tani Barbour
William Crisafulli
Shawn Delahanty
Drew Dembowski
John Eilts
Kathleen & Michael Farrell
Tom Frost
Charles Grobe
Bob Harrington & Darla Heil
Bonnie Kamps
Valerie & David Powdrell
Paul Trester
Terry Walker
David Weaver

Sustainer \$25+

Stuart Alt
Rick Barker
Eric Cross
Lee & Susan Hughes
Joe Kelsey
David Peterson
Frank Pierson
Sarah Steck & Steven White
Jerome Tinling
Deborah Tomczik
Steve Vaughn
Gordon Wiltsie
Darrell White

Organizations

Angel \$5000+

DEW Foundation

This issue of Backside
is dedicated to the memory of

Roy Coats

1940- 2011



Roy Coats was well known to those of us that began our rock climbing careers in southern California at Stoney Point and Tahquitz Rock in the early 1960s. He was a fine rock climber and made as many as eight first ascents at Tahquitz in the company of such stalwarts as Mark Powell, Bob Kamps, Tom Higgins, Russ McLean, and Mike Cohen.

Roy was born in Albuquerque, NM and grew up there and in El Paso, TX; Denver, CO; West Covina and Long Beach, CA.

He attended USC briefly, then transferred to UCLA as a physics major. During his time at UCLA he developed a passion for rock climbing and mountaineering.

Roy was an avid bicyclist, an excellent climbing partner, a sincerely friendly person, and a great storyteller who loved to make people laugh - he managed this with his own infectious laugh.

Just don't climb the mountain, be the mountain

- John Fischer

Incoming



Fine article about TM. Very well done. Thanks for sending the newsletter. You send out a good spirit. It blesses us all. Here's some bucks to cover some of my future extravagant paper copies!

Tom Frost, Oakdale, CA

This check is a little late, but as you know, I've been gone a while. I just gotta tell you that Bard epitomizes everything that I fought for. See you guys soon.

Don Herbert, Reno, NV

Please accept this donation to further the Bardini Foundation's good work. Allan was a good man.

Tani Barbour, Mammoth Lakes, CA

Please accept this small donation. Be well and keep going upward.

Chris Smith, Honolulu, HI

Please accept my annual donation to the foundation ... I was very sorry to hear about the untimely death of John Fischer. He was the director of PSOM when I took [a course] and that is where I met Allan Bard and him at the same time. So sad.

Brian Parks, Madison, WI

Here's our check for 2011. I know it is a bother, but I enjoy reading the newsletter in hard copy. Therefore, please keep me on the snail mail list.

Lyman Johnson, St. Louis, MO

Here's my yearly donation. Seeing your "work" in the Inyo Register and hearing the "awareness" of out-of-the-area people when they see my Bardini cap is a good sign that Allan's heart and ways are still out there.

Clark Trowell, Green Valley, CA



If your lucky enough to be in the mountains,
you're lucky enough!

One for the Road

by
The Editor

In the Winter 2001-2002 issue of the Backside I wrote a memoir relating the life and times of Warren Harding – the Yosemite Valley climbing pioneer – the prime mover in the first ascent of El Capitan in 1958. I have managed to collect a few classic “Harding stories” through my long friendship with him – none necessarily complimentary of Warren, but I’m sure Warren would be amused by most of them – not caring a fig about what others thought. Here’s “One for the Road”.

In the years beginning in 1982 through 2001, I had been riding in the annual Death Valley to Mt. Whitney bicycle race – a two-stage road race between Stove Pipe Wells in DV and Whitney Portal out of Lone Pine, California. The first day ended after 80 miles in the town of Lone Pine and on the second day proceeded up, not very directly, 20 miles to the Mount Whitney trailhead at Whitney Portal - a total of 100 miles and 13, 000 feet of elevation gain over the up and down route.

Each year I would have someone accompany me to Stove Pipe Wells in order to have a driver to shuttle my car back to Lone Pine the next day. It was in the mid-1990s that Warren was visiting in Bishop. One evening over many glasses of Red Mountain, he volunteered to be my driver. I had some reservations about foisting the responsibility upon him – mostly because of his tendency to imbibe, but acceded and explained the details of his responsibility. He was anxious to do me the favor.

The next day he arrived at my doorstep with a smile, a cooler, and his luggage. Before departing Bishop I snuck a peek at the cooler contents – a few bottles of red wine, a fifth of cognac, and a variety of beers. He placed the cooler in the back of my pickup – close to the cab’s rear window within easy reach from his front seat perch.

Surprisingly over the 130 miles to Stove Pipe Wells, he did not even hint at getting into the cooler. We arrived at the motel and had a pasta dinner in our room over my propane backpacking stove. Warren opened a bottle of wine and we each had a couple of glasses and went to bed early.

The next morning it was necessary to be up and ready to go by 6 AM when the race began. I reviewed his responsibilities to him – leave Stove Pipe Wells any time after the race begins, just make sure you get to Lone Pine ahead of me and you have a cold six-pack in the truck. Okay, he got it.

During the 5 hour ride to Lone Pine I was vigilantly watching for my truck to pass me with Warren at the wheel. Finally, after about 50 miles, Warren raced past me with a wave. When I arrived at the finish line he was waiting with the prescribed six pack and all

was well. We went directly to our motel where I showered and we finished the six pack.

That evening we went out to dinner at the Seasons Restaurant instead of eating the picnic meal at the park with all the riders. Warren loved that restaurant and mentioned that the last time he ate there he had tipped the waitress \$100. She brought his check back and assuming he had made a mistake. “No, I appreciate service, especially from beautiful women” was his reply.

Our dinner order consisted of escargot, filet mignon Bourdelaise, Caesar salad, and a bottle of fine Zinfandel. I had two small glasses of wine, Warren drank the rest as well as a glass of white “to go with the snails”. During our dinner conversation, he barely touched his filet mignon and requested a doggie bag. After tipping the waitress \$50, Warren insisted on “treating” me to a thimbleful of Courvasier, for which he tipped the flabbergasted waitress another \$50 - by mistake - he thought it was a twenty.

He staggered ever so slightly as he rose from the table and we proceeded to the sidewalk in front of the restaurant’s large glass windows. I was in the driver’s seat as Warren attempted the high step from the sidewalk into the cab. I saw it coming but was helpless to assist. He lost his balance and careened backward toward the large window that separated us from the table we had



just left in the restaurant. It was a near catastrophic event that ended with him on his back and me rushing around the truck to retrieve him. As I lifted him from the concrete, the restaurant owner’s wife came rushing out with Warren’s doggie bag. “Mr. Harding, Mr. Harding, your dinner!”

Back at the motel I went over his next morning’s duties with him. Tomorrow, Warren, all you need to do is get the Toyota to Whitney Portal by noon with some cold beer. It’s only about a two and a quarter hour bike ride over the 20 miles with over 4000 feet of elevation gain, so I should be there about 10:30. It usually takes until noon for all the riders to finish and for the awards to be presented. “Oooo ... oh, I think I can do thaa....aat, Don.” We retired immediately at 9:00 PM - I was exhausted.

At 7 AM the next morning we arose. Warren was more alert than I expected he would be. He was sipping motel coffee as I dressed and reviewed his routine with him. As I headed for the starting location, I rolled my bike out the door and I glanced back to spot Warren pouring cognac into his coffee. Oh, oh, I thought.

Part of the second day’s ride is through a residential area off the main road to the Portal, so it was quite possible that he could precede me up the hill without me seeing him. I was, again, very vigilant on the ride, but did not see him pass me. When I crossed the finish line he was nowhere in sight. It was early – 10:30 AM. Since I came in second (in a field of two), I awaited the awards ceremony. An hour later, still no Warren. One of my awards was an unwieldy hibachi. Without Warren, I was anticipating a 4300 foot descent to Lone Pine on a bicycle with a hibachi under my arm – a suicidal thought. I found a friend and resident of Lone

Continued on next page

One for the Road - continued

Pine to carry my hibachi down.

The bicycle descent on the Portal road is always adventurous due to rocks on the road, the multitude of pot holes, and the steep terrain. I had the additional distraction of looking for Warren in every approaching pickup and scouring the sides of the road for my wrecked Toyota. As I approached downtown Lone Pine I had to think about where to go. The sheriff's station? The hospital? I opted for the motel - I'd go there first.

I rode into the parking area at Best Western to find my truck right where I left it. The maid's were busily refreshing the rooms and all the motel doors were wide open. I went into our room. Nobody visible. I called out, "Warren?" No answer. Again, "Warren?" This time a low agonized groan emanated from behind the closed bathroom door. "Warren, are you in there?"

The door knob rattled and finally the door swung open and out staggered Warren. He offered, "I over schlept!"

I put him up against the wall, hands over his head, and told him to hold it up while I packed my stuff and put my bike in the truck. When I finished I said, "Okay, let's go." He turned from his wall-holding position and tumbled into the dresser next to him. On the way down his head hit the corner of the dresser and opened a slit above his right eye that began to bleed profusely. I grabbed a towel from the bathroom and pressed it to his forehead. He was sitting on the floor dazed, but smiling.

"Here hold this against your eye. Do you have any first aid stuff in your luggage?"

He muttered affirmatively and I was able to retrieve a Band-Aid, cut it into a butterfly, stanch the wound, and lead Warren to the truck.

Warren began to sober up as we drove the 60 miles back to Bishop. He managed to converse intermittently and occasionally uttered complete sentences. When we arrived in front of my apartment all the parking spaces on the apartment side of the street were taken so we had to park across the street - right in back of Warren's car. My job ... get him across the street and into my apartment without the neighbors noticing.

At the rear of the truck and I asked him to assume the "wall-holding" position while I emptied the truck of bike and luggage.

In my apartment, after the last load, I turned toward the truck and my heart skipped a beat - Warren wasn't there. Simultaneously, I heard to door to the upstairs apartment slam and realized my neighbor - a wonderfully conservative woman - was on her way across the street headed for Warren. He had left my truck and was bent over, leaning into the back seat of his car rummaging through a cardboard box. I raced across the street to arrive just as my neighbor finished asking Warren what he was up to. He reared up, wheeled around and with his nose inches from hers uttered, "What the [expletive] do you care?"

Damn, just what I was trying to avoid. "Excuse him", I said, "He's a little drunk."

Warren continued his search through the box, mumbling something about an upcoming slideshow. My neighbor explained that she initially thought he was into her friend's car, but now realized that her friend's car was further down the street. She was very understanding of the situation and was not offended by Warren's remark. Relieved, I ushered Warren to my apartment where we

settled in and minutes later he was asleep on the sofa. It was about 3 PM.

Around 5 PM the phone rang. It was Allan Bard asking how the race went and how Warren had performed. After my long response, Allan invited us over to a backyard party at his place. Warren had regained consciousness, seemed completely sober and alert, and was all for going to Allan's party. So off we went. Hours later and many glasses of straight scotch later, Warren was again arm-in-arm with Morpheus being led astray once more - down the road.

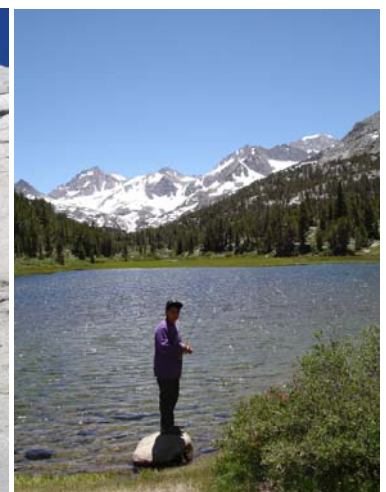
Support for Bishop Batting Cage

Tim Reid grew up in Bishop, was a three-sport high school athlete, was signed at the age of 19 with the **Chicago Cubs** as a pitcher in 1982, and is currently the head baseball coach at **Bishop Union High School**. His three year stint 1982-1984 with the Cubs ended due to his problems with drugs and alcohol.

He is currently an 18-year-sober recovering alcoholic. He says "I like the way my life has turned out. They say adversity builds character and I believe that. I love where I'm at, love coaching, love the kids, love baseball, love being in recovery."

Reid opened the **Broncos Bullpen batting cages** in July of 2010, "I've seen this place make a difference in kids' lives. They tell me what a great time they have here; how they can come here and not go to the river and drink all through the summer." Now he's looking for support for his business, one he's pretty sure could keep local kids from making some of the same mistakes he made. The interminable slow period during the winter months and the poor economy are things he didn't figure on and the cages are in danger of closing. Now he's in a hole and needs help.

Last May, the Bardini Foundation purchased a \$400 season pass for use by the youth groups we work with. It is our intention to continue our support of the Broncos Bullpen with additional season passes.



Girls at South Lake

Boys at Rock Creek

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 Bishop, California

Bardini & the Environment

If one is wondering how the Bardini Foundation "fits" into the category of environmental activist, one can go to Patagonia's website grant application guidelines where it is stated that "the battle to save our environment will never be won unless the public is informed."

The Bardini Foundation has three approaches to reach the goal of an informed public:

Recreational through guided treks, ski tours, and peak climbs.

Educational through rock climbing and avalanche courses

Conservationist through leave-no-trace classes.

All of our youth activities are conducted gratis. Our guiding and educational service fees are minimal--priced well below the market because we seek no profit and require no growth. We need only meet the immediate expense of the service. Our general operating expenses are covered through donations.

Muir wrote that the Sierra should be explored by everyone with "the right manners of the wilderness". In that vein, we strive to enlist the support and cooperation of our clientele, the common man, in preserving the forests and other natural features of the Sierra Nevada by allowing them to explore and enjoy the Sierra Nevada with specific attention to minimum impact use. Excursions of this sort, properly conducted, do an infinite amount of good toward awakening proper interest in the forests and the other natural features of the Sierra.

Ansel Adams said "the mountains are more to us than a mere proving ground of strength and alert skill. Rock climbing should be considered a thrilling means to a more important end." After all, rock climbing has spawned many environmental activists, Yvon Chouinard and David Brower being among the more prominent.

Brower implied that mountain outings are "the best source of the conservation warrior." Muir argued that travelers come back from the wilderness ready to fight for its preservation. The Bardini Foundation is dedicated to creating future warriors for the wilderness.

Bardini Baseball Caps

These caps are brushed cotton, fully adjustable, in a variety of colors with embroidered logo



only a **\$18** donation plus tax (CA only) and shipping*

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
PO Box 1422
Bishop CA 93515-1422

*combine with a mug to save on postage

Bardini's Youth Group Work

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experience of the out-of-doors and all of the glorious activities the Eastern Sierra Mountains and valleys have to offer may not realize that there are youth who live in this area who have never even seen one of the hundreds of lakes and trails that surround us.

The young women who participated in this day of climbing have come back together several times to review their involvement with the out-of-doors (and the video of themselves learning to climb and rappel). They may find themselves open to even further adventures after this successful day.



Bardini Foundation

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Bardini Foundation Activities - Winter 2011/2012

Avalanche Courses

This year we are co-hosting the avalanche courses with **Sierra Mountain Center**.

Refer to their website for more information: www.sierramountaincenter.com

Join us for your avalanche education courses.

Level - I Courses

Dates: December 17-19, 2011

January 14-16, 2012

February 4-6, 18-20, 2012

Price: \$365

Any custom course or ski tour can be arranged for your group

The Bardini Foundation offers guide services year-round.

Treks, climbs, and ski tours can be contracted throughout the year.

The Bardini Foundation is in partnership with the Inyo National Forest