



The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Summer 2000 Issue

Busy Summer for Bardini/JHMG Guides

This summer has been a very active season for Foundation guides working in the Inyo National Forest wilderness areas.

We began with Doug Robinson's Palisades climbing camp in early July when Don Lauria spent 8 days assisting Doug by leading a client up the Venusian Blind Arete on Temple Crag and the Swiss Arete on Mt. Sill.

In early August, Don, assisted by Oriol Sole-Costa and Jamie Anderson, led a group of six women, Delta Airlines executives from Atlanta, on a 3-day trek into Humphreys Basin. Four of the six succeeded in climbing a class 4 peak, Mt. Humphreys (13,986 ft.), in their first Sierra climbing experience. A late start on the peak resulted in a moonlit return to camp.

In late August, early September, during an interval of very wet weather, Don led a client from Chicago on a proposed 9-day loop trek out of Pine Creek. However, the combined problems of weather and the client's battle with chest congestion led to an snowy and early retreat.

In mid-September three "gentlemen", two from St. Louis and one from Washington, D.C., showed up for a 4-day trek into Humphreys Basin and a climb of Pilot Knob. Don, Dave King, Kurt Stolzenburg, Pookie

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Inyo County Youth Learn the Ropes

In two 3-day sessions, July 5-7 and August 15-17, the Bardini Foundation taught rockclimbing to groups of youths in Inyo County's Health & Human Services Department Male Involvement Program.



Each session began with a day at the City Park, where knots and belaying technique were practiced, followed by two days of actual climbing, one session held at Iris Slabs in Rock Creek Canyon, the other at South Lake.

A Nice Letter

I opened the letter in my front room and read it aloud to Tim. The more I read, the more I had to pause to keep the quaver in my voice from shaking loose the tears welling up in my eyes. When I finished, Tim said, That's a nice letter!

I took it over to Ed's house. He was outside sitting in the shade sipping a cocktail. I placed the folded letter on the table in front of him and walked away. Over my shoulder I said, Try not to cry when you read that letter. When I returned, Ed was sitting with his head in his hands, tears streaming from behind his dark glasses.

I e-mailed the writer of the letter for permission to print it and offered anonymity to whatever degree she wished. Permission was granted and she requested that we use her initials only. To read her "nice letter" please turn the

Cont'd on Page-2

Foundation Seeks Tax Exempt Status

In early September TEAM Engineering & Management, Inc., a Bishop-based firm, began the burdensome paperwork involved in applying for tax exempt status for the Foundation with the U.S. government. Walt Pachucki of TEAM is donating his staff's time on the Foundation's behalf.

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A Nice Letter

... from Page-1

page.

June 29, 2000

Hello!

Enclosed is a donation for the foundation and also a request to purchase a mug and t-shirt (size XL please!). Thank you for striving to keep Allan's dream alive - he is so deserving of this tremendous tribute!

I first met Allan in the summer of 1975 - I was nineteen and he was a handsome, reserved and serious twenty-two year old - when I was working in the Curry Gift Shop in Yosemite Valley. The Mountaineering School was based out of same shop because their old location had burned to the ground. Ned Gillette was the director; Loyd Price was the lead guide and Allan, Whitey, and Drone were the main guides (cut-ups). On our first 'date' Allan and I hiked up to Sierra Point - I remember he ran the trail the whole way down and I thought he was crazy! We spent the summer getting to know one another and I have wonderful memories of days off in Tuolumne getting to know everyone at the Mountaineering School, hiking, climbing, going to Tioga Pass Resort for pie and coffee, going to Nicely's in Lee Vining, and throwing our bags out on the ledge at Puppy Dome, talking all night long, and sleeping under the brilliant night sky in the Sierra Nevada.

Allan taught me so much about life, people, places, feelings and above all that it all comes down to love - love of family, friends, what you do and where you go. I will always cherish the memories I have of really being in love for the first time, of sharing and caring, of listening and learning - of experiencing the beauty around me in new and meaningful ways - all because of him. I have postcards from far-away places he traveled to, and letters and notes that were full of spirit,

adventure, love and frustrations.

Though we drifted our separate ways we always kept in touch in one way or another. The lessons I learned from him will remain with me forever as well as an image of him that is emblazoned in my brain. He touched so many lives in so many ways - what an amazing person!

Thank you for sending me the foundation newsletter each quarter - it is so tremendous that you are all able to forge ahead with so many projects in his name. This contribution is not nearly what I would like to be giving but please be assured it is donated with love and honor to him.

Keep up the great work!

K. M.

Editor's Note

The letter credits the Foundation with "great work", but our efforts here are merely more of the love referred to in the letter. We can't help it. It is a necessary part of our life. It is the only way we can reconcile Allan not being here physically. We can't elude his spirit.

Busy Summer

from Page-1

the wonder dog, and the group enjoyed four beautiful, cloudless days in the wilderness. Pookie also summited Pilot Knob with a little assistance on the 3rd class summit ridge.

Tim Villanueva divided his summer between guiding on the Whitney Trail, conducting a climbing camp in the Palisades, and supervising front country rockclimbing classes for local youths.

From the Bardini House Log

"I once said this place was almost like home, but actually the weather's better here and at home I've read all the books ..."

- Jim Herrington

"... I was getting 'road weary' but reading Bardini's words and sensing his obvious passion for the backcountry, I feel revitalized ... [with] a renewed sense of excitement to get out and climb high ... [that he] had friends ... to create this amazing space says volumes about what a great person he was."

- Alisa and Andrew

"Muy simpatico"

- Ed and Gene

"A great place to recoup ... no one around except the spirits of the mountains ... refreshed and content to enjoy this great house! Thanks, AGAIN and AGAIN!"

- Hillbilly

"We never met Allan, but judging from his 'family members' we've met, he must have been exceptional. Thanks for creating and maintaining the Foundation. It does him great honor."

- Mauri and Terry Kearney

"Yesterday's history, tomorrow's a mystery, today's a gift. That's why they call it 'the present'."

- quoted by Jim Valensi

"... I feel privileged to wake up here and feel the spirit of this place and again be able to give thanks for the simple pleasures of being alive and ... once again be heading for the mountains ..."

- Chuck Frank

"I cannot think of a more personal and meaningful gesture than what this Foundation stands for. Thanks."

- Stephen Trevisani

Allan loved this story and we thought something on rockclimbing would be appropriate for the Summer Issue.

The Tower

by Ken McNutt

The hanging, hissing lantern cast gigantic shadows as four men racked hardware, recoiled new Perlon, and gulped down mouthfuls of cereal, milk, and blueberry pie at 4 AM in a cold, quiet Yosemite Camp 12. We had just arrived from L.A. at midnight and were only half awake after about three hours of fitful sleep. It was two days before Easter and snow on the Valley rim made sure down jackets and foot sacks were packed first in the haul bags, for two bivouacs were possible. All the gear was loaded into the VW bus and the too brief ride to the Bridalveil Falls parking lot finally convinced me that apparently nothing was going to save me from my robot madness and I was indeed committed to a "no retreat" climb on what Roper's red book called, "the most spectacular overhanging wall in the world", THE LEANING TOWER.



The Tower from the north

As we loaded the crush of gear on our backs I stared upward in the still black morning, eyes straining in vain to see the Leaning Tower that I knew loomed almost overhead. We trudged single file up the boulder-strewn steep approach through ankle deep leaves and moss, silent except for the deep breathing that soon became rhythmic with our stride. With Don Lauria setting a rapid pace we soon lost sight and sound of our second rope team in the thick forest behind us. When we reached the edge of the Tower Traverse, I heard a voice call from the darkness below, "Dooohn- Hellooow, Dooohn." When I answered back a quavering voice floated

up, "Wee're noottt coooooommming." At that moment my eyes rolled up in their sockets, and in the first weak grey light the Tower leaned its intimidating profile over us, and I could readily see why the second rope changed its mind.

As I leaned backwards to identify the higher pitches, my throat and mouth became instantly parched as every drop of saliva drained in one flush toward my tense belly. Don's, "We rope up here," jolted me into automatic response and into a bowline entwined swami belt. With the admonishment, "Test everything, it's all rotten," Don disappeared out on the Tower Traverse. I soon followed, awkward and unbalanced with the heavy haul sack on my back, and joined Don at the base of the twisted tree from whose tip top branch the route started.

Don flowed up the bolt ladder, never pausing except to snap in the carabiner, clip in the slings, step high, clip in the rope, and climb up and up, The red haul line already hung six feet out from the wall and it was only the 1st pitch. Up I came, so engrossed in my deliberate activity and obsessed with not making any serious mistakes, I was oblivious to the sphincter-tightening exposure.

All day we climbed in the overhanging shadow; nailing, bolting, hauling, and cleaning until late afternoon when the sun finally bathed us with mild warmth. Bolt placements were just at the end of a maximum reach from top loops, the pin placements were acceptable and the rock was clean and firm. The strenuous nailing and Jumaring caused the first severe arm cramps I had ever experienced and until I forced myself to relax into better balance, they were unrelenting in their discomfort.

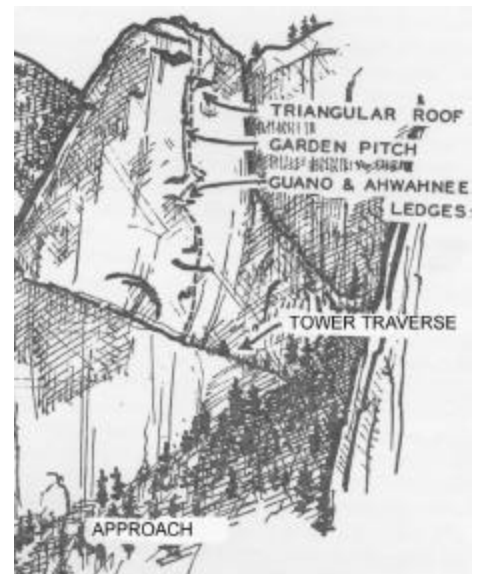
After four pitches Don was on Guano Ledge, and as I cleaned that pitch it was apparent we would not have daylight enough to complete the next two pitches and rappel back down to bivouac on Guano/Ahwanee Ledge. This rappel is possible only from the end of the sixth pitch and it leaves the rappeller many feet out from the wall trying to pendulum in and grab and hang on ... to something ... in the dark?? Since that maneuver held no special appeal to me, I strongly recommended we make the 5th class traverse from Guano to Ahwanee - in the daylight and bivouac - now! We traversed and prepared for our first night on the Tower. Don's upper ledge position established him as host/server and he opened cans and passed food and drink to my lower ledge. I smashed one can, dropped it from the ledge, and counted 32 seconds before it hit anything.

The cyclops eye of the Wawona Tunnel glowed dully on the far slope, and intermittently from its center the headlights of an arriving car would splash out and run down the winding road to the Valley floor. As we sought stretched out positions on our ledges, loud, hollering voices rose from the Bridalveil lot and we knew our friends were enjoying the Valley Happy Hour. Don philosophized briefly on the relative merits of doing SHORT, fierce climbs that allowed one to participate in the nightly Valley merriment, versus LONG, difficult climbs that hold the charm of controlled discomfort, stoicism, and no nightly socializing. My wise reply that some of both types offered the best

of all possible climbing worlds was wasted on Don's snoring. Sleep came late for me as I had caught a quick look at the next lead off Guano Ledge, and I knew some hard A4 would arrive with the dawn,.

Ahwanee Ledge slowly came alive at 4 AM the next morning and gear was repacked in the haul bag. Fortified with "Red Mountain" and salami the traverse back to Guano Ledge in the dark with the heavy haul bag was a warming way to begin the day (any day). It was my lead, but I was glad when Don stated, "I'll lead - stay alive cause I'll need some tension on these first pins." Up a polished slope to a bolt -clip in and traverse around a shoulder - into space - and struggle to hang on while pounding the first pin into a long right, then left, switch- back crack. Don's comments continued violent until easier nailing arrived. Cleaning this pitch advanced my dangling in space, double angle overhang, openbook rotten right- hand crack, rotten left- hand crack, Jumar technique!

The next two pitches were uneventful, but with the Garden pitch came the only series of really lousy pins on the entire climb. First was a bad pin followed by a worse pin until there were no pins, and while standing on a pitifully placed nut trying to place - quickly, quickly - two nested knifeblades that popped so hard when I half tested them, I damn near dropped pins, tie- off loop, slings, and my poise.



The Tower from the west

A tendon-tearing stretch required a knifeblade inserted into an absolute no-crack-at-all. How sweet the twang as I drove it to the eye; next, step up fast, with not even a thought of a test.

I was sooo happy with that knifeblade I ignored the next fixed bolt at the belay point and grabbed the small tree extending out from the vertical wall, pulled up out of my aid slings, wrapped one leg around the tree only to find

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THE TOWER from page-3

there was no room to squeeze my body between tree and wall, so there I hung like an armored sloth, my happiness turning to panic at my stupid predicament. As I struggled I heard Don shout from below, "Can't you clip in your belay seat?" Cursing my panic and hanging by my heel and one hand, I fumbled my belay seat out of my pocket-- around my butt- clipped into the slung tree and sat down. Whew, kinda close.

Up the pitch raced Don cleaning my bad pins with single hammer blows and commenting, "not much to that pin... that was a baaaaad pin ... no wonder you were in a hurry on that one, etc., etc."

Past my belay he climbed through the octopus branches of that demon tree-"I'm coming back with a saw and prune you into a damned ladder"- a mini bong under an overhanging block and he disappeared over the block.

Cleaning that difficult, awkward slanting pitch, unclipping and reclipping above each pin, remembering how disastrous it is to step into a Jumar that has not locked back onto the rope, going as fast as possible, and I was on the small ledge where Don was looking up at the 10th and last pitch.

Since the sun had set and night was rushing up the Valley walls, I was quite willing, even eager, to bivouac on that small ledge. But then Don said we were out of water (he had substituted the bottle of "Mountain Red" for one quart of water), I agreed we should try for the summit even though it was obvious we would complete it in the pitch black, moonless night. When Don asked me if I felt up to the lead, I alibied, "Sure, but you know how slow I nail in the dark!"

Without another word Don started to lead that pitch after cautioning me to be careful of removing the corner carabiner, since I would pendulum and might not be able to retrieve the pin. Darkness obliterated him after five pins and shortly after he called down, "You're tied off," I hollered for his flashlight and down it came on the hand line.

With the flashlight clenched in my teeth so tightly I expected the plastic case to shatter, I unclipped the rope from the corner carabiner and swung out into the black abyss. I missed grabbing the carabiner and sling when I swung back, but four tries later I made it, braced my feet against the wall, and struck one blow to remove the pin when the flashlight went out, my arms were tiring fast so I clipped the rope back in the sling/carabiner, took one double-rope wrap around my waist to hold me, and contemplated this ridiculous development. Finally, to hell with the pin, I'll cut the sling and save the carabiner, so out comes my very sharp knife and my fist plays braille along the rope. This is the rope - this is the sling -and this is my fatiguing fist. OK to cut the sling, try not to slice the fist, but NEVER cut the rope. The knife cut the sling and I was catapulted out from the wall. I started Jumaring before I quit swinging. Up on Jumars, bang on pin - unclip -reclip -and use braille to pound out the pins. I left six pins and three carabiners behind in the dark until the

Bardini House Information

Use Donations

Stays are limited to 10 days except by special arrangement. We hope that our guests consider a **\$10 per night donation** to the Foundation 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.

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. Questions on the operation of the equipment should be directed to either Kurt or Don.

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.

flashlight came back on so that light was available to finish cleaning the pitch and to set up the bivouac just below the summit.

Lovely pitch the next morning. Clear and cold. We dashed up the 3rd class summit then made two short rappels, followed by ledge scrambling that finally led to the base of the wall. We took a last look at the route, picked up our debris, and charged off for a gallon of orange juice, steak and eggs, and friends.

Editor's Note:

*Ken McNutt died of cancer a few years back. He was in his early seventies. We all respected the physical strength and mental acuity housed in the well-structured body of a man who was so much older than any of us. He was an aerospace engineer, a mountaineer, a rockclimber, a guide, and superb bicyclist. He was a member of the Rockclimbing Section of the Sierra Club back in the sixties and seventies and this story was first published in the Sierra Club Angelus Chapter's Rockclimbing Section **Mugelnoos** on June 17, 1970. This is what the Mugelnoos editor had to say:*

"The editors sincerely thank Ken McNutt for preparing this fine article at our request. Ken felt that the story was too long and overemphasized his impressions, rather than stressing the physical aspects of the climb; we [did] not agree, and we're certain you didn't either, now that you have read this highly persona, alive account of a challenging climb."

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*combine with a shirt to save

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. A guest house for itinerant climbers and skiers (Allan's residence)
2. Continued publication and distribution of Allan's Shooting Star Guides
3. A newsletter to promote mountain ethics, protocol, and safety
4. Year-round backcountry guide services
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
10. Sponsorship of courses in avalanche safety, mountain emergency medical practices, rockclimbing/mountaineering skills, and wilderness appreciation

We are accepting donations from anyone interested in supporting our efforts.

Shooting Star Guides

Shooting Star Guides are a unique set of five climbing guidebooks ... perhaps better described as route cards... printed on waterproof, tear-resistant ASCOT paper. Allan wrote these guides in 1991 and because of his intimate knowledge of the area, these guides give you the inside scoop on all the information needed to approach, scale, and descend these fine peaks:

- Mt. Whitney, East Face
- Mt. Whitney, East Buttress
- Mt. Sill, The Swiss Arete
- Cathedral Peak, Southeast Buttress
- Matterhorn Peak, North Buttress



The ASCOT paper is bombproof allowing you to fold and stuff the guides into your pocket making them accessible while climbing. Each route card contains quality photos of the peak, clearly mapping the climbing route and descent. In addition, each guide contains a brief history of the area and a sketch of a Sierra wildflower.

These guides are a valuable addition to any mountaineering library. The Bardini Foundation is continuing to distribute these on a wholesale basis to climbing shops and book stores throughout the western states and offers them to the public directly by mail.

Retail Price: \$25.00 for a full set of 5 (includes shipping)

Summertime 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. Our thanks to you all.

Individuals:

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| Alisa & Andrew | Karri Kimbrell |
| Jamie Anderson | Gene Kistler |
| Michael Arnold | Dawn Kish |
| John & Jules Barklow | Mark Limage |
| Peggy Beatty | KM |
| Ed Begoon | Lauren Nickell |
| Bret Bigelow | Walt Pachucki |
| Farrell Browne, Jr. | Frank Pierson |
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| Anne Keller | Tony Walsh |
| Brian Ketton | Gail Wilts |

Businesses & Organizations:

- Wilson's Eastside Sports
- TEAM Engineering & Management, Inc.

The Bardini Baseball Caps Are Here!

These caps are brushed cotton, fully adjustable, with tan crown and forest green visor and embroidered logo



only \$10

plus \$3.20 US Priority Mail
Calif. residents add appropriate sales tax

Winter & Spring Foundation Activities



Level III Avalanche Course

March 1-4

This is a course for guides, search & rescue members, and other professionals. You must have completed a Level I and Level II avalanche course



Spring Ski Safari

May 7-11

Guided Sierra ski descents. Locations vary dependent on snow conditions.

Bardini Ski Camp

May 21-25

The annual Bardini Ski Camp in the Palisades. Take guided day tours from our fully stocked camp near Third Lake. Tents, a cook tent, stove, solar showers, and fresh food are just a few of the amenities offered. You travel to camp with only your personal gear.

Bardini Foundation guides work as employees of Jackson Hole Mountain Guides of Jackson, Wyoming. Our commercial outfitter/guide services are authorized in the Inyo National Forest wilderness areas under the special use permit held by Jackson Hole Mountain Guides

The Bardini Baseball Caps Are Here!

only \$10 see Page-5

Support Foundation Efforts

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



Bardini Lives!

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



Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL

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plus \$3.20 US Priority Mail
California residents add appropriate sales tax



Bardini Foundation

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The Backside of Beyond

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