



Bardini

The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2013/2014 Issue

2013 Bardini Activities

The Bardini Foundation has continued its involvement with eastern Sierra youth groups this past year.

Last summer the foundation provided camping equipment for local youths on a Catalina field trip.

Tim Villanueva gave clinics to groups of kids on hiking protocol. The sessions covered trail etiquette, not getting lost (stay found), and lightning safety.

A recent (2012) Bishop High School graduate, Nick Schley, was granted funds to cover an avalanche course leading to an AIARE (American Institute of Avalanche Research and Education) Level 2 Certificate. See his letter on page-2.



L to R: Piute Pass, Humphreys Basin, Approaching summit of Mt. Humphreys

Thank You DEW Foundation

At the conclusion of last year's fund raising drive we received the DEW Foundation's check for the matching amount. Through the years, without their help, there were times we may not have been able to continue operations.

In the year 2001, the DEW Foundation issued us their first grant of \$5000 along with a letter from Shai Edberg, the foundation's executive director. In that letter she explained that her husband, Walter Edberg, knew Allan, had skied with him and had great respect for his talents and goals. Walter offered to continue to support our plans to carry on Allan's dream of exposing people to the total mountain experience.

This year, after 13 years of continued support, the DEW Foundation board has decided to phase out their grants to us in order to focus funding in other areas.

Over the next four years, 2014 through 2017, the DEW Foundation has pledged grants of \$4000, \$3000, \$2000, and \$1000.

The Bardini Foundation will forever be thankful to the Edberg's for their generosity and concern for our purpose.

THANK YOU



2014 Fund Raiser Better Late Than Never

Last year was the **best fund raiser** ever. This year we are late in asking for your donations mainly because of the editor's personal commitments, but also because of a new fund matching policy by the DEW Foundation.

The Dale & Edna Walsh (DEW) Foundation has found it necessary to modify their generous policy with regard to matching funds. In a letter from Shai Edberg, the DEW Foundation director, the DEW Foundation will continue donating to Bardini through the year 2017. See the letter on this page.



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**

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2013 Contributions Individuals

Benefactor \$1000+

Yvon & Malinda Chouinard
Paul Rudder

Angel \$500+

Anonymous
Michael Graber
David Huntsman
Lyman Johnson
Brian Parks

Patron \$200+

Jim Barbieri
John & Julia Barklow
William Crisafulli
Wayne Griffin
Bob Nagy

Partner \$100+

Molly Attell
Craig Connally
Gil D'Urso
John Ellsworth
Glenn Hirayama
Paul Trester
David Weaver

Contributor \$50+

Dave Bingham
John Eilts
Charles Grobe
Bob Harrington & Darla Heil
Bonnie Kamps
Joe Kelsey
Lawrence Nelson
Valerie & David Powdrell
Sydney Quinn
Stan & Ann Sanderson
Kent Steele
Tom Volken
Carolyn Walker
Bob Woodward

Sustainer \$25+

Alex Angelo
Rick Barker
Shawn Delahanty
Lee & Susan Hughes
Frank Pierson
Leroy Russ
Jerome Tinling
Deborah Tomczik
Red Tucker
Arlene Ustin

Organizations

Angel \$5000+
DEW Foundation

Nick's Letter

Hi, my name is Nick Schley. I am a recent 2012 graduate of Bishop High School who found a love for my wonderful Sierra surroundings at an early age. Skiing in these mountains, especially when covered with snow, has become my life's most passionate pursuit. The Bardini Foundation's chief ski guide, Tim Villanueva, has been integral to both my discovery of wild snow skiing and its practice in a safe manner.

During my sophomore year of high school, as both a class and teammate of Tim's daughter at school, I received my first formal introduction to avalanche education. Most of the classes were indoors on how to identify avalanche terrain and the factors that contribute the avalanche problem. Later, in Bishop Park, Tim taught us how to perform single and multiple burial beacon searches.

The following season Tim took me and some other interested youngsters into the backcountry for a refresher course on the Bishop Park lessons. We learned how to do snow stability tests like shovel shear and compression tests. We went over the classroom subjects of wind loading, obvious avalanche paths, and depth hoar formation in real world terrain. I still refer to the tattered notes I took that day at the beginning of every season.

Now as a sophomore at Western State Colorado University in Gunnison, Colorado, I continue my love affair with wild snow and winter wilderness. I ski in the backcountry 1 to 3 days a week and submit my observations to the Crested Butte Avalanche Center. While my tool box has grown tremendously with time, experience, and mentorship, I am eager to further my understanding of avalanche terrain and the dynamics of snow bonding.

For these reasons and with aspirations of becoming a professional in the snow science industry, I am asking for the Bardini Foundation's support in my continued avalanche education by funding an avalanche course leading to an AIARE Level 2 certificate of completion.

I hope to receive your sincere consideration.

Thank you, Nick Schley

Incoming



Keep up the great work. Allan was a great friend and climbing partner. I still miss him a lot!

Stan Sanderson, Nevada City, CA

Hope this helps a little. Way to go on #80 and keep the ball rolling.

John Ellsworth, June Lake, CA

As I said last year, "Trust all is well and keep up the good work." I think of Allan often and continue to miss him, his guidance, and his friendship.

Lyman Johnson, St Louis, MO

It was great seeing you last month [Dec 2013] for the party. Cheers.

**Michael Graber,
San Juan Capistrano, CA**

It is my profound hope that all is well out in CA (You certainly have a great snow-pack [January 2013 - didn't last] - Allan would be smiling at that!), and that you have a glorious year ahead.

Brian Parks, Madison, WI

Thanks for sending the B of B [Backside of Beyond], reminds me of Allan and life on the backside.

Red Tucker, Moscow, ID

Really enjoyed the stories in the newsletter. Read the letters on the website as well. I have many fond memories of TM and Warren.

Molly Attell, Redwood City, CA

We'll have a nice Christmas and keep up the good work with the youth. One can see that you have some years on you because your stories are all about the old days. I particularly liked the one when you met Norman Clyde. I wish I had met him also. I liked his attitude.

Dave Weaver, Los Olivos, CA

Keep up the good work.

Gil D'Urso, La Crescenta, CA

As usual, I forgot [to send a check]. Hope this helps a little.

Jim Barbieri, Onyx, CA



Monarch Divide 1985

By Gerald Barron
First published in LA Times
Sunday Travel Section
February 9, 1986

Cedar Grove, Calif. -

Dottie reached the top of the pass, her red hair was damp with perspiration and her expression was one of fatigue, fear, and determination. Carrying a 35-pound backpack and a pair of cross-country skis, she had just climbed 800 vertical feet of snow tucked steeply between two granite walls.

Not bad for a 51-year-old real estate broker from Los Angeles.

This was our third day on a trans-Sierra tour, an adventure that would take us from [the city of] Big Pine on the eastern side of the range to Cedar Grove in Sequoia National Park on the western side.

The route is known as “the Monarch Divide” after the ridge of granite that separates the south and middle forks of the Kings River system.

What made this trip special is that it had only been done once before by professional mountain guides, Tom Carter, Chris Cox, and Allan Bard.

Dottie and I were part of the first guided tour on this route.

The party was led by Tom and Chris from Alpine Expeditions, assisted by three of their friends. All were young, strong, and experienced mountaineers. The paying guests consisted of a ski instructor and bar manager from Snowbird, Utah; a French pastry chef from Newport Beach; Dottie and me.

The average age of the party was about 35. As a 56-year-old physician, I was the party's eldest.

As veterans of one winter tour and a few summer mountaineering trips, Dottie and I felt well qualified to undertake the trip. After all, the Alpine Expeditions brochure made it sound like a spring tour in the Sierra.

The only requirements were to be able to travel on cross-country skis with a 30- to 40-pound backpack and “not fall

down too much.” That and “a little winter camping experience” was all that was required.

No mention was made of other skills that we would need. The mountains were to dictate them.

The afternoon before we started, Tom and Chris checked all of our personal gear down to the last sock.

We were not required to carry any community equipment or food. The guides and their friends carried all of that—food for seven days, fuel, stove, pots, pans, and other essential items.

Their packs weighed 50 to 60 pounds and were half as high as the men carrying them. With my guest lunch sack, which contained food for six lunches, and without skis, my pack weighed about 40 pounds. (I carried both our lunch sacks.) We both carried packs that heavy before, but not across the Sierra.

The first day was spent climbing 2,500 vertical feet in four miles. Chris reminded us unnecessarily “it's all up on the eastern side.” Up it was.

First we walked up a summer trail, the skis tied to our packs adding about five pounds to our burden. Soon it was off the trail over the talus (fields of boulders) to view the first of a succession of passes to climb. As the trees thinned and became stunted, the snow patches joined each other, and we were at timberline. The sun had warmed the snow, and soon we were sinking to our knees. It was time to skin up and start climbing on skis. “Skinning up” means to take off your pack and skis and attach a long narrow strip of nylon carpet to their undersides, then put the skis back on, and finally the pack. Not a bad aerobic exercise when performed at 12,000 feet by a flatlander. Panting for breath, our un-acclimatized bodies finally reached the summit at about 4 p.m.

Before us was a 100-mile-wide view. To the north and south, rising 2,000 feet above us was the Sierra crest. To the west were bowls of snow big enough to put in 50 chairlifts. Below we saw frozen alpine lakes and heard streams of the middle fork of the Kings River drainage.

Dottie and I dropped our packs at the campsite and climbed up a little mound to take a look and to “put in a few turns” in the excellent corn snow. One of the young stalwarts pointed out our route for the next day. We decided not to climb up again, knowing that we would need all the energy we had.

Continued on next page

Monarch Divide - continued

The evening routine repeated itself each night: The guides would find a dry campsite in the rocks, get water from a partially frozen stream or from a hole that they chopped in a frozen lake. Soon we had hot soup. While waiting for the water to boil, they would set up our tent. The guides felt that Dottie, being the only woman on the trip, should have a little privacy. The others slept under the stars.

As soon as the sun went down, the temperature would fall with the speed of a brick dropped from one of the Palisades peaks.

So just before the sun set we would add layers of clothing, topped off with a mountaineering parka filled with down. A wool cap and gloves finished off the costume. Each person's dinner was served in a single container, a plastic cup, and eaten with a plastic spoon.

The fare was tasty, varied, imaginative, and loaded with calories. Hot drinks finished the meal.

After dinner the sky would remain light until 9 p.m., the alpenglow changing from pink to purple as the light faded. The nights were clear and crisp. The starlight of the Milky Way reflected so strongly that we could see the rock walls overhead.

For the next five days we climbed over 10 passes, including to the top of one mountain. It seemed that for every minute we got to ski down, we had to climb up an hour.

Under lapis-colored sky we kicked snow steps, climbed up steep boulder fields, and made graceful arching traverses to a point that seemed to be on the horizon. We paused frequently to drink, for, at that altitude, dehydration was a constant hazard.

The sun was so intense that its direction could be felt as a source of heat and would blister unprotected skin in a few hours. Dottie, who is fair-skinned, wore a southwester and used No.15 sun block on her face. The polypropylene underwear and walking shorts protected the rest.

With each day our acclimatization improved. We puffed less on the climb, but each day we had to cover more ground. We crossed snow deserts and frozen lakes.

Each pass presented us with a new panorama of peaks, canyons, and soaring granite walls. One thing we didn't

see was another human; only an occasional jet leaving its contrail would break the isolation.

Suddenly it was Friday, our last day in the high country. We had been above 10,000 feet since Sunday. It was to be our longest day on skis. We had to cross the Monarch Divide and camp at the top of a trail from Cdear Grove.

There seemed to be a never-ending succession of passes and traverses that day. When the sun set, the snow suddenly changed consistency to that of an ice-skating rink. Dottie and I were the last to arrive in the camp just as darkness fell. The rest of the party was cheering for us as we came in. That night, for the first time, we had a wood fire.

Saturday morning, after our usual breakfast of hot grain cereal laced with dried fruit, we crossed our last frozen lake and skied down until the snow ran out.

I took off my polypro long johns for the first time in seven days, and they almost stood by themselves. Outside of a simple 15-mile, 5000-foot descent through pines and firs and rushing streams, it was all over.

By midday we were standing in the parking lot. What a strange feeling we had, seeing cars and people, and walking around without "that thing" on our backs.

When asked by most of our friends in Los Angeles, who could never have dreamed of making such a trip, "Did you have fun?" Dottie answered, "Was the Bataan death march fun?" I answered, "Did Hillary have fun climbing Everest?"

The real answer is, we endured. We saw sights so beautiful that they defy description. We got to know ourselves and each other a little better. Depending on each other when the going got really tough brought a feeling of closeness and love that is rarely felt in everyday life.

Each, in our own way, will never forget the Monarch.

Editor's Note:

This trip was made during the first week of May 1985. I found the Los Angeles Times newspaper clipping amongst Allan's Alpine Expeditions files and thought that a little of what used to be should be shared with those of us who never experienced it. This sort of trip may become a real rarity if the Sierra continues to lose its snowpack.

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 Baseball Caps

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



only a **\$20** 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

A Blast from the Past

Dear Don,

Thanks for getting the t-shirt off to my pal, Scott Herrmann, in Nantucket.

Back in 1977 I was a college dropout. Scott and I were both bartenders at Sister Kates in Stowe, Vermont that year. We were flat landers from the Massachusetts coast. We would go up to the Trapp Family Lodge during the day as complete fledgling cross country skiers. We were square toe rookies. Total beginners.

Allan's memory has been alive in us since we met him in Stowe in 1977. He and Tom [Carter] were the Yeti Ski Guides at Trapp's back then along with Gillette, Dostal, and Wiens, to mention a few. Here were these guys that were world-class at what they did. Yet, they were approachable. In spite of their accomplishments - never arrogant.

Scott and I road tripped across the US that summer and made a point to look them up in Tuolumne Meadows. The fact that these guys would climb things like El Cap still kind of freaks me out. I am half way through hiking the Colorado fourteeners via standard routes. No comparison.

We would follow their exploits in Powder Magazine or elsewhere during the ensuing years. It is people like Bardini and Gillette from whom we take inspiration in life. Never take the backseat in life and aggressively pursue your dreams. «Ad-dressBlock»

I re-dedicated myself to finishing college that fall. I graduated from med school and began a life of active duty in the Army. When I reflect back, the inspiration from Bardini is there. Do what you love and you won't be a slave to anyone

Allan's influence has always followed us. Such good spirit, self-deprecating humor, and all round bonhomie. Allan's passing stunned us both, but his inspiration and memory truly lives on.

Enclosed is a check for the shirt and a small contribution to the foundation. Nice talking to you.



Happy canine client in Piute Lake



Bardini Foundation

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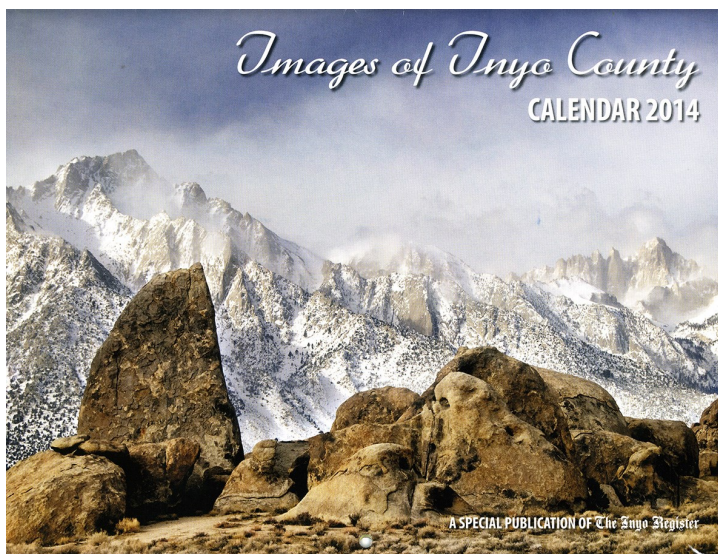
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Inyo County Calendar

Copies of the 2014 “Images of Inyo County” calendar are available for sale for \$5 each at



The Inyo Register Office
1180 N Main St, Suite 108
Bishop, CA 93514

The local Bishop newspaper, The Inyo Register, approached one of the foundation directors and offered to donate to the Bardini Foundation a portion of the proceeds from all calendars sold. The foundation gladly and appreciatively accepted the unsolicited offer.

Each month in the calendar has a beautiful color landscape or wildlife photo of the eastern Sierra.

The Bardini Foundation is in partnership with the Inyo National Forest