



Bardini

The Backside of Beyond

The Bardini Foundation Newsletter

Winter 2014/2015 Issue

2014 Bardini Activities

Early summer trips into the wilderness this year were put off into late summer due to Don Lauria's trip to Cedars Sinai for an afib ablation procedure. But in late August, Don led four clients on a 13 day trip over Lamarck Col to Darwin Bench, into Evolution Basin. From there to Wanda Lake, Lake Helen, Dusy Basin, and back out over Bishop Pass. Two of the clients were guided up Mts. Darwin and Goddard on the trip.

Tim Villanueva supervised a rock climbing session at South Lake for two Bishop youths. They learned how tie in, to belay, and to rappel. Kids don't need to be taught how to climb - they just need to learn how to do it safely.

Without sufficient snowpack, the Foundation had no demand for winter tours, but Tim did teach a couple of avalanche courses. He was also busy being certified in two areas - as a Leave No Trace trainer and as an interpretive guide. Graduates of the Leave No Trace course gain skills to teach Leave No Trace techniques and ethics to their clients and prepare to teach Leave No Trace curriculum in a variety of settings - such as schools, camps, parks, wilderness and front country areas. As a certified interpretive guide, Tim has developed the skills and knowledge to effectively communicate the unique local natural and cultural heritage of the Sierra wilderness to his clients.



The Buttermilks Gets Their Due Finally

In March, the Bardini Foundation was approached by the local chapter of the American Alpine Club for financial assistance in the Buttermilk pit toilet project.

The scenic and awe-inspiring Buttermilk Country has long been one of California's premier bouldering destinations with a long history of ground-breaking ascents and some of the proudest, boldest, and most aesthetic lines in the world. These massive glacial erratic boulders sit in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada under an impressive backdrop of high peaks - just a mere four miles to the west of Bishop..

The issue of getting a toilet in the Buttermilks has a long history. For years the American Alpine Club has worked with the Bishop community to raise funds to get a toilet implemented--around \$5,000 not including conservation grant money from both the AAC and the Access Fund as well as local donations. The issue was with the land manager, the Forest Service (not the BLM) and a lack of funding for maintaining the toilet (which could run between \$2,000-\$5,000 annually).

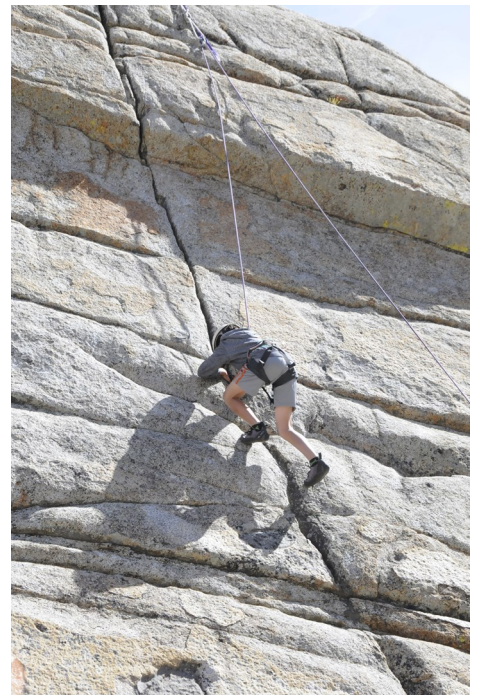
There was a desperate need for this resource and the Bardini Foundation presented a check for \$1500 to the American Alpine Club to show our support for the environmental integrity of this famous bouldering area. The local community in conjunction with the American Alpine Club, the Access Fund, and the US Forest Service worked together towards the eventuality of the toilet. And now it exists

Learning the ropes at South Lake

2014 Fund Raiser Not As Many Donors As Last Year

Last year's was a better than average fund raiser, but it came from fewer donors. We would like those of you that skipped writing a check last year to make sure you write one this year. And, of course, if you find your name on the donors list on page-2, you should make sure you're on next year's list, too!

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, PO Box 1422, Bishop, CA 93515**



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2014 Contributions Individuals

Benefactor \$1000+

Paul Rudder

Angel \$500+

Yvon & Malinda Chouinard
Michael Graber
Brian Parks

Patron \$200+

Jim Barbieri
Gil D'Urso
Wayne Griffin
Peter Hackett
Bob Nagy

Partner \$100+

Molly Attell
Jeff Dozier
Charles Grobe
Dennis Hennek
Glenn Hirayama
Ken Kerner
Bob & Annamaria McElroy
John Moynier
Paul Trester
Clark Trowell
Jeanne Walter
David Weston

Contributor \$50+

John Eilts
Jane Dulaney
Lee & Susan Hughes
Bonnie Kamps
Joe Kelsey
Valerie & David Powdrell
Sydney Quinn & Dennis Schumacher
Clifton Slade

Sustainer \$25+

Virginia Anderson
Stuart Alt
Richard Barker
Dick Dorworth
Frank Pierson
Richard Sykes
Deborah Tomczik

Organizations

Angel \$4000+

DEW Foundation

Another Letter From Virginia Anderson

Bardini Foundation:

The enclosed is a small token just to let you know that I still have fond memories of Allan when he was a student of mine in a couple of classes at Alameda High.

As I have told you, Allan was a delightful young man, a pleasure to have in class. He had a real talent for writing; When there was a stack of essays to read, I would put Allan's at the bottom of the pile, knowing I would enjoy reading it, and it would be a kind of reward for having waded through the others.

One day when I came into the classroom, I found Allan in a corner at the ceiling level, having achieved that height by elbowing and kneeing his way there. It was not unusual to see him scaling the walls of the Christian Science church across the street, or climbing two stories to get to the roof of the school gym. His brother Dale was often with him.

Anything that could be climbed was irresistible to Allan.

So much talent and charm lost so much too soon.

Thanks to the Bardini Foundation for keeping his work, plans, desires, and memory alive.

Virginia Anderson



Tim Villanueva with a novice belayer

Incoming



Hope all is well. I frequently think of Allan and Tom — Mexican volcanoes, Grand Teton, and various scrambles in the Tahoe area.

Wayne Griffin, Ketchum, ID

Sorry I've been such a slug about getting you a donation check. Loved seeing the "Monarch Divide" article - the cool thing was driving the van over and then skiing back!

John Moynier, Rocklin, CA

Well, last year I commented on your great snowpack. I hope I didn't jinx you guys. All the best for the coming year.

Brian Parks, Madison, WI

Thanks for keeping up Allan's love of the mountains.

Jeanne Walter, Bishop, CA

Hope this finds you happy and healthy and getting out. I flew over Mono Lake, Tuolumne, and Yosemite last week on the way to Santa Cruz — it looked pretty dry. Good skiing in Sun Valley on man made snow. All best.

Dick Dorworth, Ketchum, ID

I hope all is well with you. Sorry for the delay. I sure hope to get back to the Sierra before too long. Take care.

Peter Hackett, Ridgway, CO

Good luck this year and keep up the good work.

Ken Kerner, Valencia, CA

Sorry this donation is late. Meant to send it in January but [...]. Retired last March and hope to spend the summer at my cabin on Lake Mary. [Maybe] ... some sort of climber reunion/party at the cabin.

Molly Robinson Attell, Carmel, CA

Send us 6 mugs and a couple of hats if they are available. Thank you for your work with the kids.

Gil D'Urso, La Crescenta, CA



Eastside Story

By Allan Bard and Tom Carter

First published in Eastside Journal
Issue #1 Spring/Summer 1988

Night creeps slowly onto the Eastern Sierra. The range lies under the wraps of twilight, curling in the blanket of darkness, hidden in shadow and profiles against the last stray beams of a color flecked sky. The giant's distant rolling foothills stretch west to the coastal ranges at the tattered edges of its bed roll. As the land recedes into the shadows there is an intrigue, an anxiousness for the light of morning to reveal the Sierra's startling mass and power. But for now, the gray and purple hues of twilight profile this incredible range against the White Mountains to the east and shroud the valley between these two bookends of granite and snow. The slopes of the Sierra plummet into the silent trough as abruptly as the White Mountains rise out of the void between them. Ten thousand foot planes of alpine infinity joined by the deepest valley in North America. Above this prehistoric time-lapse scene a display of stars pepper the stratosphere revealing a sea of crystalline sky.

And then, in contrast to the scattered droplets of skyborn light, a string of twinkling pearls appears progressing northward defining the valley below.

The stream of headlights flows up the great Owens Valley towards Mammoth. Beneath mountains that rise two vertical miles above the desert sage, our '63 Nova convertible drifted on ancient shocks, like an overloaded galleon yawing up swells of rolling alluvium. The craft, commandeered by two bundled and beknickered nordic buccaneers, made way into the stream of headlights for perhaps its last voyage.

The great unexplored hinterlands lured us and we were involved, pedal to the metal, caught up in the current of a mass migration.

We shared much with our comrades of the concrete; the desire to recreate and the need to be free, skiing on the open slopes. But one thing was certain, it wasn't likely we'd share much of the same topography. Out in the darkness away from the glaring taillights lie eddies and backwaters out of the main stream. Mile of magical ski terrain line Hwy 395 with open bowls and quiet glades that most folks never see as they arrive in darkness Friday and return to LA on Sunday night.

However, for us there was no thought of returning. We were ski bums, marooned by design. Destined to poverty not to spend much time at Mammoth, we were intrigued by the dazzling array of adventures on the horizon. And what a horizon! Two hundred and fifty miles of superb alpine winterscape beckoned. Cut off from all traffic over the passes more than sixty canyons provide ski access to the Eastern Sierra's incredible crestline.

From Mono Lake to Mt. Whitney we bivouacked below skyline, vacationing in the sage and granite foothills, living in hovels, the backs of pickups and vans. For in its starkness some found nothing, a wasteland, while others saw a wilderness, the design of perfect time and place.

It was the beginning of a golden age in many ranges and there was a new generation of skiers that were defining ski areas in a novel way. Ski areas? What's that? An area for your skis? No! Ski-ing areas, new frontiers to explore the wonders of skiing. Not that we'd forgotten the randonnee spirit

that inspired the true pioneers of the sport. It's just that we felt lucky to be on the rising wave of newness.

We recall one of the very few days we were at Mammoth that first winter. After unloading from the gondola we stood with our backs to the swelling tide of humanity, while what unfolded before us lay the great expanse of the Sierra, quiet, without tracks, thousands of square miles in its totality. There it was, the undiscovered inland passages, the eddies, the backwaters and lagoons that led us out to the uncharted "nothing atolls".

Location, elevation, situation. That says it all. The L.E.S. found by some skinny skiing highlanders isolated them on the high plateaus where they hid out like indulgent cargo cults. While other zealots, when asked at roadheads of their plans or direction of travel, grinned like rum runners and pointed to the crest muttering about their annual homage to Valhalla. The winter's adventures took lives and saved lives and many were tempted, for it was worth the risk. We knew well enough that the ripened stage was set and on skis it was the best!

Cherished bits of information became the rudders for clandestine ski routes. Secret findings were swapped amongst friends like the reading of some ancient ruins. And when you happened along a lonely set of tracks adorning some magnificent bowl they read like a signature. Who it was and how long ago he was there? The thought of trading the independence of this skiing for a few hundred acres plastered with people wasn't nearly as appealing as a few adventurous lads wandering along the far ridgelines.

In the past few years skiing has gone full circle. With nordic track and backcountry skiing reintroducing skiers to their origins, the skiing community as a whole has experienced a renaissance. It's an exciting time in skiing. Armed with space age material and new ideas, inspired manufacturers are producing progressive gear: boots, skis, and clothing. While lifetime skiers from both nordic and alpine camps are crossing over, this blending of backgrounds, skills, and outlooks has contributed flavor and flexibility to a wonderfully tasty skier's fare.

This rebirth has not only brought new definitions to skiing, but has changed the definition of ski towns. On the Sierra's eastside, the lazy cow town of Bishop, California, forty miles south of Mammoth Lakes, has experienced an influx of skiers and mountaineers who recognize the uniqueness of this spectacular area. With its pleasant weather, down home family atmosphere, and ease of access to the mountains, Bishop has become an appealing antithesis of your typical destination ski area.

When the wind at the top of Mammoth Mountain is howling like Argentine Patagonia most local ski enthusiasts are relegated to holing up in their respective condos or wading through drifts in search of a big screen TV. Meanwhile, in Bishop, the most difficult choice is choosing from the multitude of alternatives: mountain biking, climbing, golf, tennis, fishing, tanning maintenance at the hot springs, or hiking in the desert. It's no wonder the storms bring 'em down in droves!

The high Sierra crest rising to 14,000 feet is a formidable barrier that wrings the precipitation from the storm fronts. Bishop receives approximately 10 inches of rain a year while Mammoth ... well, you know about the weather up there. Many is the time during phone conversations with buddies in Mammoth concerning the last night's snowy inundations, we opt for a bit of nordic track skiing. Why fight it? As testimonial to Dave McCoy's skill as a skier and snow surveyor, Mammoth Mountain boasts the longest ski season in the country. Dave, who skis on the mountain

Continued on next page

Eastside Story - continued

every day, has the snow situation figured, he and Roma live in Bishop!

The eastside offers more than alternatives to skiing, it offers alternative skiing! Backcountry ski lodges like the rustic Rock Creek Winter Lodge are not new to the eastern Sierra. These folks really know what it's like to be snow bound. They crave it! Their finely groomed set track starts at 9,000 feet and weaves three miles up the Little Lakes Valley along the creek and through a protected forest to their sumptuous dining hall filled with happy skiers.

From sleek-suited racing types to more traditional ski mountaineers and wool cloaked tourers, skiers regardless of styles meet here to share good times, great food, and casual apres ski ambiance.

Twenty miles west of Bishop the Parcher's Winter Lodge and the Bishop Creek Lodge are nestled beneath spectacular serrated ridges, glacial cirques, and snow filled bowls. These lodges are situated at high elevations rewarding them with their quota of cold snow and good skiing. If you are looking for a little more solitude or your dream is to enjoy the hinterlands most recent snowfall, one might consider signing up with one of the local guiding companies for a backcountry powder week or high country tours. During the spring, for example, the Alpine Expeditions guiding service offers huts and high alpine camps which connect a famous Sierra crest tour from Piute Pass to Rock Creek Canyon.

As if this isn't enough, Uncle Sam sets nordic ski track in some of the local campgrounds and helps keep the roadheads clear for backcountry skiers. With all these amenities it might sound like there's continual flow of traffic into the high country. Not exactly. We've noted this vast range has the unique ability to swallow up touring pilgrims. The magical open spaces and canyons seem to do a real number on crowd dynamics, usually leaving you with the independence to choose your own destination freely.

The situation is, there aren't any ski areas in the United States where you still have the ability to choose your own destiny. Here you can ski out of bounds, it's all out of bounds! And in the springtime, in this wild and uncontrolled expanse skiers sail and glide, skating, poling, turning, and screaming along on silken corn snow. The vertical harvest of an archipelago of "Bali Hai's" becomes a dance, the greatest expression of skiing. Skiing across this glorious cloak, the Sierra's mantle, laughter leaps forth at the thought of lifetimes you wished could be spent skiing all that you see.

Every mountain range has its wonderful attributes, its bewitching treasures, its alluring backcountry delights. But what is so phenomenal about the eastern Sierra is how it remains accessible from the mainstream and yet, isolated, an island in an eddy. Although each year the eastside is met with a migration of skiers who travel across the country past range after range to park at

Mammoth and ski the spring corn, the backcountry remains relatively untouched. The entire eastern escarpment is a vast landlocked wilderness, cut off by winter snowpacks so deep most roads aren't opened until around Memorial Day! For most, it's hard to visualize a range of such magnitude and variety as a single ski resort. Things could be worse!

Mix California sunshine with a boundless supply of alpine peaks covered in a perfect ski surface and you can come up with a magic elixir that would draw any skier to its magnificent heights. And there's more.

The best part is that it doesn't matter if you ski alpine or nordic, like a champ or a neophyte. Whatever your pleasure, be it scenic overdose, a little adrenaline rush, or a tour through a quiet alpine meadow, these incredible mountains have something wonderful for everybody.

Every season skiers partake of sumptuous desserts elegantly served up by this benevolent range. In spring the eastern Sierra's couloirs and bowls fill with skiers' laughter and howling, echoing off the walls, and ringing amongst the gendarmes like the yelps emanating from a local swimming hole.

Far above Bishop, the steep sweep of sage meets the lavender clouds rising lens-like and merging pearl at the horizon. Across the valley, above the White Mountains, black onion shaped cwms, turrets, and towers, exchange bolts and branches of blue streaked light.

The Sierra peaks remain dramatically silhouetted, as blades of rock stacked like swords and granite prows cut the horizons. Under the sheltering sky, beneath a great bowl of blue, skiers are lured to the crest, to the drops, to the gullies, to ply a balance in a frontier of planes and angles, and jutting crags, edging, turning, gliding ... skiing.

One spring day while overlooking such a sight, Tom Carter asked, "Do you remember that poem Bob Locke wrote?"

"Oh yeah, the one about the eternal beauty of this place. It goes like this:"

"The beauty of things was born before eyes and sufficient to itself; the heart breaking beauty will remain when there is no heart to break for it." - Bob Locke

Editor's Note

This article is sort of a patchwork of Sierra paean and ski guide commercial written using a river guide metaphor - not the best work of either author - but it does reveal their sincere love of the Sierra and the act of skiing its backcountry

It also reminds us of those great times in the backcountry ... the howling gaiety that seems lost now. Bard and Carter were superb together in their presentations as a team. Their slideshows were unique in their beauty and humor ... both masters of skiing and the telling of a tale.

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, and safety,
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

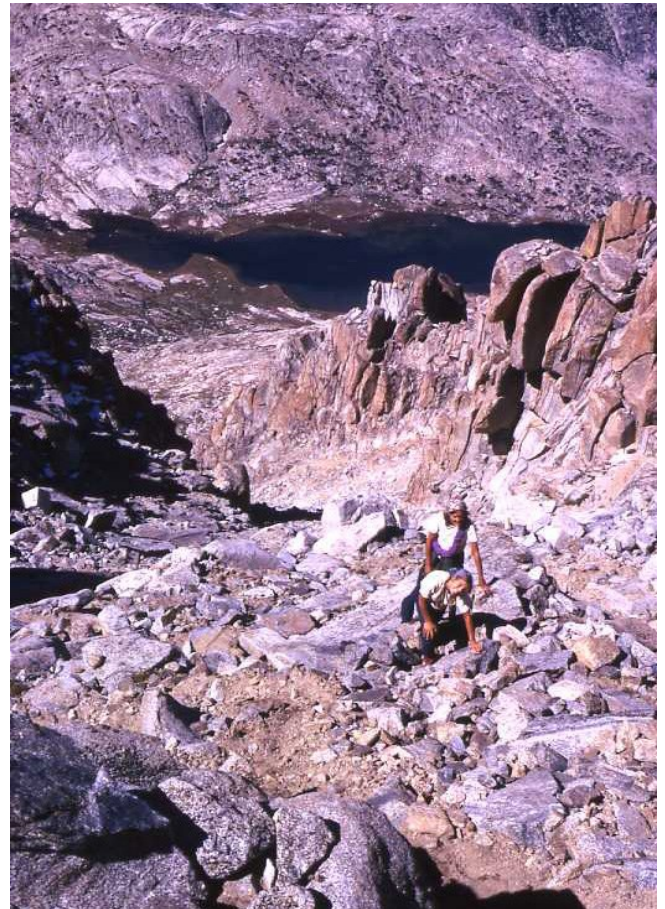


Four Bardini clients on their way up Lamarck Col.

Errata

In a letter in last year's Backside of Beyond, entitled "A Blast From The Past", it was found that some of the newsletters lost the last portion of the letter - the author's name. It was written by **Clif Slade, from Colorado Springs, CO.**

Our apologies, Clif.



Climbing Mt. Darwin



Sunset at Evolution Lake



Bardini Foundation

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