



"IT IS CHARACTERISTIC OF WISDOM NOT TO DO DESPERATE THINGS."

THOREAU

FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

1. One of our Section's November prayers is for an early significant rain so that the fire closure restriction can be lifted in our more-combustible lower mountain areas. Someone prayed too long and too well! At the present moment, as a result of continual record rainfall, our mountain recreation areas and the approaches to them are a shambles. It will literally take years for the Forest Service to restore the roads and trails to their former status.

I feel it is a duty and a privilege for our Section to aid in our local mountain recovery. We will schedule both trail maintenance and survey trips, under Forest Service direction, as soon as it is possible to enter the areas.

2. Many of our past and current trips have been and will necessarily be cancelled. We have done this reluctantly, but in your best interests. We are not particularly happy to be involved in fiascos and do not feel that you should be subjected to them. Realizing that climbing can be exciting but that driving to the climb can be downright terrifying, we feel road conditions must be reasonably passable before the "go" signal is given. Would you contact the leaders during the week of the hike to determine what their scouting reports are or if an alternate trip is planned.
3. The Lookout is the voice of the HPS. It is your publication, so send in your ideas and comments. We are trying to make the Section the best ever, and we feel you have the talent and the ability to do so. "It is not the deed that counts but the written account of the deed."
4. Your vote in the current Sierra Club election will be the most vital in the entire history of the club. The direction that is taken in 1970 could easily represent salvation or destruction of the club as we know it. An organization is only as effective as its leadership, and its leadership must present reasonable policies, attitudes and actions to strengthen its existence. Vote wisely and well!
5. In a recent trip write-up, I listed Laura Oard's age as 71. My source of information was unreliable - should I have asked Laura? I cannot apologize too humbly - Laura climbs like a 20-year old, looks like a 30-year old, and (as Pete Roien reminds me), is actually at least 10 years younger than 71!! Laura didn't complain, but I always like to keep the record straight, about an exceptional person for whom I have the greatest respect and affection.

6. I would like to present portions of a letter from Janis Hawley, Secretary, HPS, submitted June 1, 1965: "...It has been quite a task trying to list with any accuracy the Emblem Holders of Hundred Peaks Section. ...One problem demonstrated in this search is that while most Emblem Holders applied for this status and purchased pins, others did not purchase pins, and a few were listed automatically without having applied for emblem status. ...There are still other members who have 100 peaks but have not applied and were not automatically listed. ...Any Sierra Club member who has climbed 100 peaks on the HPS list, submits the list of peaks with dates, and subscribes to the Lookout, is entitled to emblem status."

Inasmuch as the Two Hundred Peak award was subsequently established, the same requirements would apply for its award.

I understand that since Shirley Akawie received publicity as the first woman to receive the 200 Peak Bar, evidence exists that other women in the Sierra Club have climbed 200 peaks prior to her award.

I submit that Shirley is still the first woman officially to have completed the requirements. I would be only too glad to add other women to the list upon receipt of their official request after becoming members of the Section and submitting the list of peaks and dates climbed.

LES STOCKTON

SCHEDULE CHANGES

As almost everyone knows, many of the mountain roads have suffered badly from the winter rains. A good deal of trouble with our Spring schedule can be anticipated, and many trips may have to be modified. Cuyama and Lizard Head have already been cancelled. Rattlesnake Peak has been tentatively re-scheduled for May 4. Smith and Monrovia will be cancelled.

We will try to keep to the rest of the current schedule; but, due either to shortened roadheads or heavy snow on the trails, it may not always be practical to reach the peaks. More than usual, it will pay to check ahead of time with the leader.

Writeups for the July-October schedule are due. Please send immediately to me.

HOW BAILEY

TRAIL BIKES

Recently, representatives of the HPS and Conservation Committee met with Mr. Thomas Neff of the Angeles Forest to review future plans and boundaries for the use of trail bikes in the forest. He presented the tentative outline of access areas developed by the Forest Service; to this we suggested a few added areas to be excluded which affect trails used by Sierra Club or other hiking groups.

The Forest Service believes that no use by vehicles should be permitted on the basin or south side of the Angeles Crest Highway and also exclude use on any established hiking trails within the forest. It is planned to set aside two areas for trail bike and 4-wheel drive use; these would be in the Mt. Emma area north of Santiago Cyn. road and in the area of the Juniper Hills.

Public hearings will be required in the future, and it is anticipated that we will elect to present our views at that time on the subject.

BRUCE COLLIER

3

a fictional mountaineering true story
by bob van allen

Entitled--

The injured climbers were confined to their shelters

Or

Subtitled--

The pain was in tents.

Once upon a time there was a little village nestled in the foothills of a beautiful mountain range.

The highest peak in the range stood at the head of the valley just north of the village. To the east, 5,000 feet above the valley floor stood West Peak. The highest peak (7,000 feet above the valley floor) to the north was named Red Mountain because it resembled a wine bottle.

The village was named Belay. The townspeople were very proud of their hamlet. Early in its history they established a Chamber of Commerce. Of course the Chambers' job was to promote the hamlet. They always claimed that their hamlet was the valley front runner in agriculture, commerce, education, and mountaineering. Being good promoters they came up with a slogan for their hamlet. Far and wide they spread the word, "Belay the Leader."

Two of the people in the town were sweethearts, about to be married. They first met in grammar school. He was lean and long, well built and strong--his name was Pete Ton. She was shapely, slim, and while she was generally quiet, she would occasionally open up--especially when she caught Pete's eye. Her name was Carrie Beaner. Both Pete and Carrie had become professional mountain guides since graduating from high school.

One night Pete and Carrie were sitting in the local pub drinking beer and eating gorp with their friend the proprietor--Ruck Sack. Ruck had bought the pub many years before. He, too, had been a guide before his accident. A young, inexperienced tourist had stepped on him with a crampon. While the doctors patched up Ruck Sack, he never regained his original strength. Ruck loved the mountains, but he also loved his mountaineering friends. In order to enjoy them and give them a place to relax and tell their tales, he felt they needed a place to slow down after a climb. That was when he bought the Brake Bar.

As they sat, enjoying the company of one another, the front door opened suddenly. There stood the three members of the Glacier Patrol. The patrol was not so much like the rangers we know; they were actually part of the local police. To many of the townspeople, they were known as the ice screws. The first one in was the dynamic of the group--Ed L. Rid--he had a knack for holding the group together. The second one in was Rock Hammer--he was the strongest of the group, but generally hard headed. The last member was Rip Stop--he was an all-around guy; nothing got him down; when well treated he seemed to shed trouble. Rip was completely devoted to his job and had no other love. Rock Hammer and Ed L. Rid were enthusiastic about their work. Both of them had another love and her name was Carrie Beaner. Ed L. Rid and Pete Ton were reasonably good friends and occasionally they both went out with Carrie Beaner. Sometimes Ed L. Rid went by himself, but Pete Ton was rarely seen without Carrie Beaner. Rock Hammer had a different approach. Instead of trying to win Carrie on his own merit, he was always knocking Pete Ton. Of course, Carrie did not like that; she considered Rock Hammer a dolt.

One month later, Pete and Carrie were married by their long time friend, Bishop Cal. Best man was Al Timeter. Maid of honor was Ann Orak. Pete and Carrie honeymooned at a delightful little resort called Cornice on the Ridge. After the honeymoon they returned home to Belay to continue their guide work. It wasn't long before they realized that Carrie was going to have to give up guiding. Dr. Red Cross informed Carrie she was pregnant. Carrie had a fondness for Dr. Red Cross, for he had come to her aid first when she was injured five years ago. Dr. Cross would not be able to handle her case as Red had committed himself to a convention in Geneva. The new oriental doctor, Dr. Kao Pectate, would be there in the end. Time passed quickly and Carrie had twins - a boy and a girl, Rurp and Fiffi. So that Pete and Carrie could once again climb together, they hired a nurse for the children. Her name was Gretchen Biotic. The children grew to love her so much they called her Aunty Biotic.

One day, while climbing Red Mountain, heading across the upper glacier for the area known as the handle, Pete stepped in a crevasse; Carrie was unable to effect a self-arrest and she was dragged into the crevasse. She had not caught him this time. She had caught him in marriage, but in the mountains she had failed as a Pete Ton catcher. Neither was seriously hurt. They both realized they must get out quickly. They wished they had some ice screws. Luckily, they had been wandering their route and the Glacier Patrol found them. Their wish for ice screws had come true. Rip, Rock, and Ed had one objective--to get the two climbers out. Ed L. Rid lowered himself into the crevasse. Pete and Carrie prussiked out, thanks to Ed L. Rid. Within minutes, all five were on their way to the Brake Bar.

Ruck Sack had hired a new barmaid, Polly Bottle, and a new bartender, Ed L. Weiss. Together they all drank and talked.

Just then Aunty Biotic injected herself through the doorway. She reported that Rurp and Fiffi had wandered toward the rock cliffs and had not returned. Immediately they realized Rip, Rock, and Ed L. Rid could not help. Everyone knows ice screws are almost useless on rock. Pete and Carrie were exhausted from the crevasse ordeal.

In the next episode, Polly Bottle the barmaid, Ed L. Weiss the bartender, and Ruck Sack the proprietor and once-upon-a-time climber, go to the rescue of Rurp and Fiffi. Who, if anyone, will be the hero or heroine? Who is Billie Can? Who is the mystery girl referred to only as the Sleeping Bag? Who called the HPS Search and Rescue Team?

---To Be Continued---

ANNUAL BANQUET

Many thanks must go to Vickie Duerr, Larry Salmon, Bruce Collier, Sue Gleason, Penny Markworth, and particularly Bob Van Allen for their important contributions to the success of our annual HPS banquet. The Banquet Committee directs appreciation to the following firms for prizes given at last January's banquet:

Alpine Ski and Sports
Dri Lite
Famos Department Store
Jonas Ski and Hike, Inc.
Kelty Pack

Pat's Ski and Sport Shop
Sport Chalet
Tex's Sporting Goods
Westridge Mountaineering

LEW HILL

PROFILES IN MOUNTAIN HISTORY

by
John Robinson

Introductory Note:

The writer is currently doing research on the mountains of Southern California with the objective of preparing a series of informal historical guidebooks to the Southland ranges. A massive amount of information is being accumulated, thanks largely to utilization of the voluminous Will Thrall manuscripts at the Huntington Library. I feel some of this material would be of interest to 100 Peak Section members, since knowledge of the mountains makes their ascent more interesting (with me, at least).

Beginning here is a series of short profiles on the history of the local mountains. Most of the early articles will be on the San Gabriels, since most of my research to date has been on this range. I hope to expand the series later to include all the Southland ranges.

No attempt is being made to produce literary masterpieces. In keeping with the character of the Lookout, the profiles will be short on words and long on facts.

By no means do I claim to have the last word on the subjects covered. There are gaps in my research which perhaps you readers can help fill. I ask your help in making corrections and additions to this mountain history project.

Profiles in the immediate future will cover the stories of Mt. Baldy and other peaks of the San Gabriels, the Great Hiking Era (1896-1924), Will Thrall and his "Trails" magazine, and many more items.

PROFILES IN MOUNTAIN HISTORY, NO. 1: SAN GABRIELS OR SIERRA MADRE?

Today the "San Gabriel Range" is almost universally accepted as the designation for the mountains north of the Los Angeles Basin. Such was not always the case. Until around 1930, "Sierra Madre" was favored and used by most of those who lived near and traveled into the range.

The title "Sierra Madre" was bestowed on the mountains north of the L.A. Basin, including the San Bernardino, by the Spaniards in the 1770's. This term, meaning "Mother Range", was used because the Spaniards, possessing inadequate knowledge of California mountain geography, believed the range was the "hub" from which ranges south and north, including the Sierra Nevada, radiated. "Sierra Madre" was a favorite and often-used term of Spaniards everywhere, and was often bestowed on main, rather than subsidiary, mountain chains.

For almost a century "Sierra Madre" was accepted and unchallenged. That was until Professor Josiah D. Whitney and his short-lived California Geological Survey appeared on the scene.

Whitney's field party passed through Los Angeles County in 1861 and attempted to explore San Gabriel Canyon, but heavy rains prevented them from entering the mountains. Four years later, preparing the official report in Sacramento on his geological survey of the state, Whitney found that he had no name for the range he so briefly visited. Evidently he had never heard of "Sierra Madre". In view of his short stay in the Southland, this is not surprising. So Harvard Professor Whitney, in his final report, spoke of "the San Gabriel Range, as we denominate it San Gabriel is the designation of the principal canyon by which the chain is traversed, and of the only stream of any size which heads it."

Southern Californians continued to talk of the "Sierra Madre" for many years. But "official" reports, though largely ignored by local citizenry, are often considered gospel by government. In the 1890's the first U. S. Geological Survey of the Southern California mountains used Whitney's term, and on their "Southern California Sheet No. 1" (1901) the range appeared with the "San Gabriel" designation.

But even though all government maps now showed "San Gabriel Range", Southlanders continued to use the old Spanish term. An informal poll of the Pasadena area in the early 1920's showed "Sierra Madre" favored 10 to 1. Charles Francis Saunders in his classic Southern Sierras of California (1923) used "Sierra Madre" exclusively.

In 1927, the U. S. Board of Geographic Names was asked for an opinion on the matter. On October 5 of that year the board "formally adopted the name 'San Gabriel Mountains' for the mountains lat. 34°10' - 34°30'; long. 117°30' - 118° 30' in San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties, California." In making the decision it was believed the board was influenced by the number of Sierra Madres already in North America (most notably in Mexico).

After this emphatic decision, the old term "Sierra Madre" died slowly. Over the years, Southern Californians have come to accept the term arbitrarily chosen for them by a Harvard professor who hardly knew the southern part of the state.

Next issue: Profile No. 2, The Saga of Mt. San Antonio (Old Baldy).

SAWMILL, BURNT,
SAWTOOTH

January 4, 1969

Leader: LES STOCKTON
Asst: SUE GLEASON

The weather was clear and brisk as 74 eager peakbaggers gathered at Three Points to attack the rarely scheduled Liebre Range. This car and driving test started at the roadhead where we "bunched up" in twenty-eight cars for the four mile caravan to the Sawmill saddle. The icy road (in spots) delayed some drivers but they all passed the test and from the saddle we made our way cross country to nearby Sawmill Mtn. After erecting a new cairn, we hurried back to the cars for the drive up to Burnt Peak. Our first car casualty occurred with an unchangeable flat tire, necessitating leaving one vehicle to bivouac until the morrow. The windy, chilly peak allowed minimum time for registering and we were on our way back to the saddle and two miles more of dirt road driving to the start of the two mile fuel break to Sawtooth. In spots the fuel break is steep and the group could be seen "strung out" along the entire ridge. With two exceptions, all reached the summit and had a leisurely lunch. Returning to the cars after climbing back (a fuel break trail is usually as difficult to descend as it is to ascend) we assembled at the paved road, and a 4th mountain was discussed. Thirty-six peak baggers proceeded hastily to McDill Mtn. as time was running out. A long drive up (11 miles) on sometimes wet dirt roads brought us to within one mile of the mountain, delayed by about 1/2 hour as a result of one car exhibiting complete exhaustion by running out of gas (figuratively) on a one way road! Quickly climbing the mountain in gusty winds, our delay was fortuitous, because the "climbers" viewed a most beautiful sunset. One of our newer female climbers (or female new climbers) stated it succinctly when she stated "It's so beautiful, I wish we were starting rather than finishing!" On the way out, we were greeted by the rising full moon. My timetable had been upset, as we came down in complete darkness, but the sunset and moonrise were certainly worth it!

LES STOCKTON

LIEBRE MOUNTAIN

January 18, 1969

Leader: JERRY RUSSOM
Asst: BOB AND BETTY LOVELAND

Seventeen climbers met in Horse Trail campground at 8:00 a.m., determined to prove that Liebre Mountain is more desirable as a walk-up rather than a drive-up. The climb was steady but not demanding, and the excellent trail led to the top in two hours. All 17 signed in and immediately dropped below the crest of the ridge out of the wind for lunch.

With a cloud deck at 6,000 feet, a strong current of wind at every exposed place, and a temperature of 53°, we were soon on our way down. Expert planning resulted in the group reaching their cars as the first drops of our subsequent 40 inches of rain began to fall.

This type of non-demanding single-peak hike resulted from an earlier evaluation of our overall climbing schedule. There must be many who prefer a low gear experience not associated with extreme fatigue or an extensive early-to-late period of time. There was time on this hike to discuss the trees and wildlife of the area and to evaluate climbing and resting procedures as well as to establish productive conversations with others in the group.

JERRY RUSSOM

MARTINEZ MOUNTAIN

February 8, 1969

Leader: CY KAICENER
Asst: LES STOCKTON

Twenty-nine fresh, eager hikers met at Pinyon Flats campground on a clear, sunny morning. We caravanned a mile to the start of the hike, which begins by dropping down to a trail next to an unused dolomite mine.

The Santa Rosa Mountains were completely snow covered and provided a spectacular panorama along the trail. After a brisk morning, the temperature soon rose and was comfortably cool throughout the day.

The trail continues for about five miles to Cactus Spring almost to the base of the mountain. At the base we ran into freshly fallen powder snow which added variety to the climb but was never more than few inches deep and, therefore, did not hinder progress.

The peak was attained just before 1 o'clock after climbing an interesting summit block which is high class 2. Twenty-nine people signed in the register which was highly satisfying for me. To my surprise, Fred Hoepfner suddenly appeared on the summit having left the cars after the group and taking another wash up the mountain.

The weather was delightfully warm at the top allowing us to sunbathe. Snow covered San Jacinto and San Geronio glistened in the not-so-distant distance.

On the descent there was a slight misunderstanding when Les Stockton took another canyon down and waited at the bottom for the group to come down. The group, however, did not come down because Les was not in sight so Ken Ferrel and Jay Frogel went back up to the top of the ridge to look for him. In the meantime, the group descended and found an apologetic assistant waiting. Somebody had observed a red demon darting around the bushes down below. It could only be one person. The descent was further slowed down because of the snow and took twice as long as the ascent.

Les Stockton offered to take a splinter group of energetic peakbaggers over to Sheep Mountain. This group grew to fifteen people including one eight-year-old youngster, and off they went despite the lateness of the hour. Everything went beautifully and we reached the cars just as darkness fell (6:20 p.m.). We were followed by the Sheep group only one hour later.

There was one side note that I told the group about only when we got back to the cars. It was that when I scouted the trip a month earlier, I got lost when darkness fell and only got out after midnight after losing the trail. I started hiking at 10:30 in the morning on that day.

The group kept together well and appeared to enjoy the aesthetic value of the surroundings.

CY KAICENER

SHEEP MOUNTAIN

February 8, 1969

Leader: LES STOCKTON
Asst: KEN FERRELL

At 3:30 p.m. after ascending Martinez and locating the assistant leader of that climb, 12 peakbaggers took off cross country to Sheep Mountain while the main body hit the trail to the campground. As time was running out, we wasted little time in reaching the peak where we enjoyed the view, drank most of our water and checked out our return route carefully as darkness would soon be upon us. We descended down deep canyons and fortunately reached the trail just prior to darkness. Using our limited number of flashlights (Why don't we always carry the 10 essentials?), we made only one stop. As we were nearing the cars, John Isaac felt uneasy walking along with his hands in his pockets and suddenly realized that he should have been carrying an ice ax in one of them. He had left it at the river (?) crossing, when we stopped for water. (Please return if you find it.) We reached the cars at 7:30 p.m., a short time after the main group. Without removing her pack, Vicky Duerr was asleep in the backseat before we could drive out and remained in that condition until we reached the San Geronio Inn where our energies were restored.

We were quite pleased with our exploit of accomplishing in one short day the normal two-day Martinez and Sheep trip, until the leader recalled that an eight-year-old boy accompanied us all the way!

LES STOCKTON

LIEBRE TWINS
(NON-SKED)

February 22, 1969

Bob Hawthorne obtained permission and the gate key from the Tejon Ranch for a scouting expedition to Liebre Twins and (old) Tehachapi--but only after producing a Sierra Club release signed by the chairman of the Angeles Chapter and promising to carry some oxygen! Twelve of us made the attempt despite the weather that weekend. A wet snow fell Friday night, so that the early morning drivers up the Ridge Route were rewarded with spectacular highlighting of the Piru Gorge area. There was snow on the pavement along #138, none on the first of the dirt roads, but up to 6" at the roadhead in Little Oak Canyon. Two 4-wheel drives got there, and one VW stopped 1/4 mile short.

The route goes directly up a trailless ridge (with a little bushwhacking) for 1600 ft., then picks up a jeep road and a short firebreak to the summit. However, this was a "winter ascent." We stirred up a couple of dozen deer and enjoyed the first 2/3 of the climb very much; but as we got higher and onto the exposed main ridge, it grew colder and windier. It was 24° F and blowing 30 to 40 mph on top. Nevertheless, the snow in a large oak near the top and the rime ice on the summit cairn were really quite pretty. The sun began to peek through the clouds intermittently.

A few of us were stubborn enough to try to go along the ridge to the high point and over to the old Tehachapi register (about three miles away); but the snow (1-3 ft.), the wind, the lack of visibility and the brush soon convinced us of our stupidity. So we left winter and came down to the cars where the snow was rapidly melting. For once, we arrived home early.

NOTE: This area can only be entered on prior arrangements with the Tejon Ranch as described at the beginning of this write-up. This means it must be an official or semi-official trip that is recognized by the Chapter chairman. We will vote in October on whether or not to keep these peaks on the list under such circumstances.

HOW BAILEY

TAHQUITZ, RED TAHQUITZ

February 23, 1969

Leader: LES REID

Asst: LES STOCKTON

9

Your assistant leader scouted this climb two Saturdays in a row without reaching the peaks due to unusual snow conditions. Snow-shoeing to the saddle on the second Saturday and utilizing the useless ice ax for balance (the ax would disappear in the snow and so would your elbow - four feet of powder), upon returning, I called the leader telling him of the snow on the freeway, following the snowplow that slid off the road, the continual snowfall and the deep powder, and that it must be a snowshoe climb. He cancelled the climb, but I decided to stay for the morrow in case anyone appeared. Dave Welbourn, with 94 peaks and emblem fever, Barbara and Tony Morel of Long Beach and James Melton appeared at 9:00 a.m., prepared to climb. After explaining the trip would be cold, strenuous, and miserable, they were still desirous of climbing anyway. As Dave had snowshoes and we could trade the lead, we left the cars at 9:30 a.m. Snowing continually, in a whiteout, we followed the trail I had made the day before. The trip was cold, strenuous, and miserable. At the saddle, the driving snow froze on glasses at 16°. The weather prevented even a hasty lunch, and we quickly returned to the lee of mountain. We were only too happy to move down the mountain in a hurry and said our hasty goodbyes from inside the comfortable VW's at 2:30 p.m. A day to remember!

Incidentally, I used the new (red, of course) plastic snowshoes and was completely happy with them. You forget you have them on. They are flexible enough to slide out if you step on one with the other, so even under the most difficult conditions no falls occurred.

Tony and James learned some snow mountaineering. Barbara climbed like the veteran she is. I didn't alleviate Dave's emblem fever, however.

Would we do it again? You know we would. After a climb like this, hard snow and a warm sun can really be appreciated.

LES STOCKTON

JUST IN

Ken Ferrell has been forced to reschedule the April 5 Eagle Craig and Morgan Hill trip because of private party non-negotiations. On the same day, meet at Scissors Crossing at 8:00 a.m. to climb Granite Mtn. #2. Bring water.

MONEY NEEDED

HPS Treasurer, Vickie Duerr, advises that a financial crises is clearly indicated in that too many individuals are sending 5 cents for a peak list which requires a 6 cent stamp to return, to say nothing of the \$.04973 cost to produce the peak list. A stamped self-addressed envelope should be included PLEASE.

PEAK BAGGER - MODERN STYLE, OR ODE TO A LEADER

The mountain climber is a noble breed. He may be a space engineer, an analytical mathematician, a graduate student, a doctor - quiet and thoughtful. But when the name of the game is peakbagging, the mild mannered man of science becomes a strange beast indeed.

He starts up his mountain before the sun pierces the horizon. He climbs like a wild animal is chasing him. His 2 lb. summit pack contains all the essentials - a miniature compass, a first aid kit or 2 bandaids and 2 aspirin, a partially filled canteen, a 5¢ candy bar, a pencil flashlight, a 3 ounce windbreaker, and a page torn out of a climber's guide. He'll climb solo the longest, hardest peaks on the list in record time. He is completely intolerant. He waits for no one. He refuses to turn back. He ignores the weather, always pressing onward. He scorns the trails, going direct through cactus, up ridges and frequently signs registers by flashlight. He goes with the club only if at least eight peaks are scheduled. He thinks 21 peaks in 24 hours can be exceeded.

With the club, he continually berates the leader for his tortoiselike pace. If given permission to go ahead, he storms up the peak, snatches a snack, hurriedly signs the register, takes a quick picture, and runs down the mountain so he can rush up another. Peaks in the area may be exhausted but he's not, so he furiously drives to another area and climbs until darkness forces him to stop.

His lawn is a foot long, his children rarely see him, his wife is frustratingly tolerant, his contemporaries and his boss think he has a death wish.

THEN HE EARNS HIS EMBLEMS AND BECOMES A LEADER - WHAT HAPPENS?

He writes up Mt. Sally as a 2 day backpack. He won't lead a group around the block without roping up. His summit pack is so full of emergency equipment it weighs 30 lbs. Beginning with Monday, he checks with the weather bureau daily - 30% possibility of rain keeps him indoors. He confides you can only go as fast as the slowest, so he lets him (or her?) lead. He won't go direct unless its a new fuelbreak on a 10° dirt slope. He believes low second class is too dangerous and he fixes ropes. He places ducks on the John Muir trail. He is worried about visibility in high light cloud cover. He is so careful he fords almost-dry streambeds with reluctance. During interminable stops he breaks out multiple maps, sights on all the surrounding peaks, discourses at length on their geology and the flora and fauna. He spends an hour eating lunch on the summit, takes a nap and a sun bath. He starts his climb at 10:00 a.m. and is back to the cars by 2:00 p.m. He deplores haste of any kind, abhorring a McNutt-Davis death march as cardiac.

He now mows his lawn regularly, is learning his kids' names, is expecting another offspring, is in line for a business promotion, and has gained 10 pounds.

So, always remember, you new breed of gung-ho peakbaggers, that pussycat leader with all the badges was the tiger of yesteryear. Let's see what happens when you get the lead and the status symbols!

LES STOCKTON

THE CENTURY CLUBS

Dr. Bob Funke recently became the 200th 100 Peak emblem holder. At about the same time, Steve Molnar qualified as the 25th 200 Peaker. Would you care to speculate who the 100th will be? You, maybe!

VITAL STATISTICS

New 100 Peak Emblem Holders

- Frank P. Riseley #195
- Alan B. Volkman #196
- Richard Jackson #197
- Brent Washburne #198
- Sue Gleason #199
- Robert Funke #200
- Mary Riseley #201
- Joani Riseley #202

New 200 Peak Bar Holders

- Forrest H. Keck #23
- Mary E. Keck #24
- Steve Molnar #25

Membership Applicants

- Milo Benes
- Vivian Jones
- Bruce Masson
- Sandra Petitjean
- Sue Petitjean
- W. R. C. Shedenhelm
- Frank W. Thompson
- Robert L. Thompson
- Ray Toensing
- Tom Wade

Mascot Applicants

- Bruce Jones
- Barney Mason
- John Petitjean

HPS MEMBERSHIP

Could be the direct means of making the Sierra Club more effective by providing motivation to otherwise quiescent Angeles Chapter members. They are a long way from the action. Identification with our program (or that of other Sections) and the people in them might be the only stimulation needed for heightened interest and productivity in our many programs and purposes.

Any club member can join with those in the HPS in one of two general classifications, member or non-member subscriber to the LOOKOUT. Check details on page 11 of the March, 1969 Schedule and be ready with the answers when the opportunity occurs.

EXCHANGE

HPS sends the LOOKOUT to many other specialized groups in the Sierra Club - about 40 spread over the entire country. Living It Up, the publication of the Knapsack Section of the Loma Prieta Chapter in the Bay area, in commenting on one-pot meals, suggests the innovative procedure of listing various categories of ingredients in columns such as:

<u>Base</u>	<u>Starch</u>	<u>Meat</u>	<u>Vegetable</u>	<u>Seasoning</u>
1. Onion Soup	Noodles	Dried Beef	Peas	Green peppers
2. Bouillon	Quick Rice	Tuna	Carrots	Dehydrated onions
3. Cheese Sauces	Mashed Potatoes	Canned Chicken	Tomatoes	Available Spices
4. Gravy Mix	Spaghetti	Vienna Sausage	Mushrooms	Salt & Pepper

↓
and preparing one-pot meals by dreaming up a combination. How does 2-1-3-4-1 and thickening grab you?

THE HUNDRED PEAKS LOOKOUT - Published bi-monthly by the Hundred Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club.

Editor and Publisher: Jerry Russom, Room G-328, Box 3307,
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SIERRA CLUB, ANGELES CHAPTER
427 WEST 5th STREET, ROOM 430
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90013

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