



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

THOREAU

FROM THE FRONT OFFICE

1. Elections are over. Someone wins and, tritely, someone loses - but the Club goes on, not by itself, but by your efforts. The one positive result of a hard fought battle is a more-aware membership. In the finest tradition of the Sierra Club remember the HPS motto, "Individualists, unite!" So be it.
2. The Forest Service must be commended for opening the San Gabriel Canyon Road so quickly. The destructive power of the rains can be seen in the road washouts. A Herculean task was performed by the road crews, even though some sections are dirt and only one-way. A drive in this area will result in pictures of rain devastation that I hope will not be repeated for another fifty years.
3. One of our most beautiful local areas (Trail Canyon in Big Tujunga) is completely washed out at the river bed level with large trees undercut and tree trunks piled up like kindling. Your normal timetables for climbing must be extended for almost all areas this year or the emergency flashlights may be called upon. Also climbing in the higher altitudes of our local mountains still requires Sierra type knowledge of snow conditions.
4. Within the last few weeks I have sponsored five new members, probably as a result of recent newspaper publicity. I suggest you carry page 133 of the current schedule in your wallet for anyone expressing a desire to join the club. We need the membership but we do not push too hard in this direction. The forms should be available when we do get the requests, particularly on trips or climbs.
5. Why does a Hundred Peaker climb? On a recent trip under light cloud cover, the last climber had reached the summit, when in the near distance a bolt of lightning struck below us and thunder rolled. In the shocked silence, one of our perceptive female climbers broke the spell with "It sounds like they are having a little trouble down on earth."

VITAL STATISTICS

New 100 Peak Emblem Holders

Alice Rosenthal #203
 Leslie Rosenthal #204
 Sandra Petitjean #205
 David Welbourn #206

New 200 Peak Bar Holder

Alice Akawie #26

Mascot Applicants

Sheila Mason
 Glen Rosenthal) all have
 Ellie Rosenthal) climbed
 Scot Rosenthal) 100 Peaks

Membership Applicants

John Isaac
 Evelyn Maxwell
 Martha Binsley
 Gillespie and Andy Marshall
 Bob McPherson
 Penny Markworth
 Mary Ferguson
 Charles Vernon

SCHEDULE PREVIEW

7/12	Thunder, Telegraph, Timber, Ontario, Sugarloaf	Van Allen
7/26	Pinos, Sawmill, Grouse, Abel	Lipsohn
8/2	Mt. Baldy loop	Bailey
9/13	Cache, Cain exploratory	Hill
9/20-21	Red Tahquitz, Tahquitz, Lily, Suicide	N R C
9/27-28	Granite Peak	Stockton
10/4-5	Cuyapaípe, Sheephead	Ferrell
10/9	ANNUAL MEETING	
10/12	Snowy, Black	Salmon
10/18	Eagle Rest	Russom
10/18	Ten Thousand Foot Ridge	Duerr
10/19	Thorn Point, Lockwood, South Guillermo	Reid
10/25	Emma, Old Emma	Shedenhelm
10/25	Suicide	McDaniel

PROFILES IN MOUNTAIN HISTORY, NO. 2: THE SAGA OF MT. SAN ANTONIO (OLD BALDY)

St. Anthony of Padua, a 13th century Franciscan priest and worker of miracles, is well represented in the Southland. His name crowns the San Gabriel Range - Mt. San Antonio. Just who placed his name on the peak is uncertain. One legend has the padres of Mission San Gabriel bestowing the name in the late 18th century. A more accepted story is that Antonio Maria Lugo, grandee of nearby Rancho Santa Ana del Chino in 1841, titled the mountain for his favorite saint and namesake. The explanation is plausible for Lugo, christened with St. Anthony's name by Father Junipero Serra himself, was proud of his saint and when given a provisional grant near today's Compton in 1810, he recorded it as Rancho San Antonio.

Early American miners, working in upper San Antonio Canyon from the 1860's on, dubbed the peak a more earthy "Old Baldy" for its barren, roundish summit. Many valley residents resent the nickname, and the U. S. Board of Geographic Names has formally banished it. Yet Old Baldy lingers on, even though all maps show Mt. San Antonio.

Who made the first ascent of Mt. San Antonio will probably never be known. Indians crossed the Lytle Creek Divide (Baldy Notch) centuries before the arrival of the white man and may have walked the short distance to the top, although Indians of that day appeared to have little interest in conquering mountain peaks. Perhaps an early miner at the Banks Mine just below the Devil's Backbone or at the Gold Ridge Diggings above San Antonio Falls scrambled to the summit. No one knows.

The first name associated with the peak was William B. Dewey, who made the ascent in 1882. Dewey reported no human trail up Baldy at the time, but bears were plentiful and many bear trails contoured the higher slopes of the mountain. Mountain lions abounded too, keeping the deer population within respectable limits, he said. Dewey spent most of his life in San Antonio Canyon. In 1886-87-88 he served as a mountain guide for Stoddard's Resort, leading many persons to the summit and back. About this time the Bear Flats and Devil's Backbone trails were both roughly hewed out. Parties would go up one way and come down the other. Dewey made a total of 133 ascents of Mt. San Antonio, probably a record even today. The last was when he was 71 years old. In the summers of 1910-11-12 he built and managed with Mrs. Dewey the Baldy Summit Inn, 80 feet below the top, called the most unique resort in the west. It consisted of two small stone buildings and several tents securely anchored against a wind that sometimes reached gale force. Saddle horses and mules brought guests up from Camp Baldy every day. Fire destroyed most of the camp in 1913, and Dewey never rebuilt it.

By the 1920's Baldy had become the most climbed mountain in Southern California. This was the great hiking era when every summer weekend saw thousands of outdoor enthusiasts crowd the mountain trails of the San Gabriels. In 1927 the Baldy Big Horns, a Pomona-based hiking club, began the tradition of annually hiking to the summit for Easter sunrise, regardless of weather or snow conditions. One of their by-laws stated that every member should climb Baldy for each year of his age. Several claimed over 40 ascents. (Wonder who holds the 100 Peak Section record for most Baldy ascents?)

In 1936 the Devil's Backbone Trail was extensively reworked. Guard rails were installed across the narrow ridge and the dangerous route over the rocks just beyond was eliminated by a new section of trail built around the south flank. With the Lytle Creek Divide Road open to the public and giving hikers a head start at 7800 feet, the Devil's Backbone became by far the most popular trail up Baldy, as it is today.

In 1952 the Ski Lift was constructed to Baldy Notch, and the hike to the crown of the San Gabriels became easier than ever. Forest Service records show that once again a great hiking era has hit Old Baldy.

The poet Laureate of Old Baldy was Dan Alexander, who once ran a resort camp in San Antonio Canyon. Perhaps we should complete our saga with one of Alexander's poems about the mountain he loved so much.

In the western, blue Sierras,
Capped at times with purest snow,
Rises high a kingly mountain,
Grand old San Antonio.

Unsurpassed it stands majestic,
Rose-clad in the sunset glow,
Noble with the snow eternal,
Brave old San Antonio.

When the clouds lie deep around it,
And the thunder sounds below,
Grander seems this mountain hoary,
Stern old San Antonio.

Other mountains, higher, fairer,
There are many that I know,
But there's none to me that's dearer,
Than old San Antonio.

- Dan Alexander (1914)

Next issue: Profile #3, Baldy's Guards of Honor - The Peaks Around San Antonio

JOHN ROBINSON

Dr. Ray Redheffer, HPS member, will be presented a "Distinguished Teaching" award at UCLA on May 24. The award is among only five to be made to the faculty at the 50th Anniversary observance on the campus. Ray's citation is a result of his surpassing prominence in the field of mathematics.

Climbing is defined by a purposed completion, the summit; yet the best of it is never that final victory, for after that is only the descent. The best moments lurk in the tension just before success.

- The Mountain of My Fear -

Then there was the HPS member who was stopped by a police officer who asked the peak bagger why he was speeding 66 miles per hour in a 35 mph zone. "But I saw a sign that read 66," was the reply. The officer patiently explained that that was the route number. The delinquent climber exclaimed, "My goodness, you should have seen me last week on route 133!"

JOSHUA TREE

March 15-16

Leader: BOB VAN ALLEN
Asst: KEN FERRELL

This was a different kind of weekend for many Hundred Peakers--and for many newcomers to the Sierra Club. No qualifying peaks were bagged, but a lot was accomplished.

On Saturday morning a crowd of about 50 people gathered for the 3rd class rock climbing session. I say about 50 because people came and left at various times during the weekend and it was next to impossible to keep an accurate count. Family participation was high. Additional assistance in 3rd class instruction was provided by How Bailey and Fred Bode. With such a crowd the leaders sure appreciated the help.

After lunch on Saturday we held the compass instruction course. We're not sure how much was learned but we're fairly certain that in the future none of the participants will get lost in Hidden Valley campground. We're also certain it stimulated interest in learning more.

After supper we had a very enjoyable campfire with the die-hards up until 11 p.m. After the children had gone to bed we hid the Easter eggs in preparation for the morning rock-climbing hunt. The children were most enthusiastic about the hunt and it seems worthwhile repeating sometime. But, we'll have to find a better way of hiding them than by night time rockclimbing. Not that it was especially dangerous - it's just that egg's that look well hidden at night become very obvious in daylight. Of 79 eggs placed, 5 were partially eaten by small animals.

Sunday at 9:30 a.m. we moved by car caravan a short distance towards the Wonderland of Rocks to begin our cross-country 3rd class trip to an unnamed peak under 5,000 ft! Thirty-two people started and all made the summit which we unofficially call Pine Tree Summit. We placed an HPS register to commemorate this historic event. We returned to the cars by an easier route and everyone was out by 3 p.m.

From reports I have received since the trip, this kind of event was well received and will be high on the list of requests to the schedule committee.

BOB VAN ALLEN

MT. WILSON
MT. HARVARD

March 29

Leader: CY KAICENER
Asst: FRED BODE
BILL WARNER

We had 21 starters on a warm smoggy morning. Two with tennis shoes soon turned back. The scheduled assistant leader was unable to make the trip so Fred Bode kindly bridged the gap and served as the Assistant.

Most of the elevation gain was in the first mile and a half, and soon two more dropped out. On a clear day the view of the city and mountains can be wonderful, but not this time. Our compensation was to leave the thick blanket of smog behind.

The fire break runs into the Mt. Wilson Toll Road where two-thirds of the elevation gain has been accomplished. At this point, Fred began to feel the effects of the grueling hike and turned back. Bill Warner took over as assistant and sixteen thirsty troopers headed for the restaurant where we got a good group rate on the entrance fee.

Eight of us bagged Harvard and took the ridge down under the television cable. Patches of snow still remained. The total mileage was ten miles (gain 4800'). The trails were all unusable according to the maintenance crew.

CY KAICENER

ALLEN PEAK
(Originally scheduled
for Kitching Peak)

MARCH 30

Leader: FRANK MCDANIEL
Asst.: JON HARDT

When the leaders originally scouted Kitching, it looked like a good trip with opportunity for some trail maintenance. In the meantime, the wettest winter in umpteen years came. Parts of the access road were washed out, and additional scouting one week before the climb showed that the road was still impassable. Allen Peak was then selected as an alternate.

A goodly group gathered at Griswold's in Redlands early on Sunday morning and consumed a hearty breakfast. The assistant leader then dashed over to Banning, the original meeting place and brought back seven or eight cars to the alternate meeting place, the Yucaipa off-ramp of the freeway. We caravanned several miles to the roadhead, and through persuasive talking by the leader, obtained permission to leave our large group of cars on the premises of the Yucaipa Gun Club. Thirty-one members and guests signed in, and the hike began about 9:30. The ascent was quite uneventful, the trail having been badly washed out in only one place, and the approximate five-mile trail was covered in three hours.

Everyone made it to the top where an hour was spent in eating, resting, and getting a different view of the San Gorgonio Ridge. The descent took about two hours and was marred by a slight injury - a guest was hit on the leg by a rolling rock at the previously mentioned wash-out. Some of the group left for a climb of nearby Constance Peak, but the majority had had enough for the day.

This is a nice climb and provides spectacular views on a clear day. There is a shorter, more direct route (mostly on a dirt fire road) up from Mill Creek Canyon, but we liked this more challenging way. We express our thanks to all who turned out, especially those who came from as far away as Ventura.

JON HARDT

WATERMAN MOUNTAIN
TWIN PEAKS

APRIL 12

Leader: DICK AKAWIE
Asst: RUSS MOHN

This was our annual joint trip with the Pasadena City College Highlanders. Because of all the snow on the north side of Waterman Mtn., the route of the hike was changed. As planned, we met at Three Points and instead of caravanning to Buckhorn, took the trail which runs along the south side of Waterman. There were 36 who started, with 26 ice axes and 2 walkie-talkie radios, all of which came into use. We walked for about 2 hours along the trail until we came to the most convenient place for climbing Waterman Mtn. At this point, the group split up, 10 going up Waterman, and the 26 with ice axes heading for Twin Peaks. The south side of Waterman was clear, but the north side of Twin Peaks had one or two feet of snow. Twenty-five reached the top of Twin Peaks (one turned back at the saddle) and the other ten reached the top of Waterman.

After lunch, the two groups started back. Four split off the Twin Peaks group, climbed Waterman, and came down the Waterman west ridge. The others joined forces and reached the cars by 5:15 p.m. The walkie-talkies came in handy when one hiker split from the Twin Peaks group without telling the leader and was picked up by the leader of the Waterman group. Contact between the two groups saved us from undertaking a search for him. Moral: Never leave a group without telling the leader.

DICK AKAWIE

SMITH MTN.

APRIL 19, 1969

Leader: LES STOCKTON
Asst: LARRY SALMON

It is inexcusable for a leader to fail to scout his climb, but a climb can be overscouted also. The Tuesday before this "beginner's climb" was scheduled, your leader found a roadblock at the mouth of the canyon, and a guard who stated that no time estimate for opening the road could be given. So as an alternate, I quickly climbed nearby Glendora Mountain - a greater distance but the same elevation gain. Giving out this information to the people calling and changing the meeting place to the roadblock, imagine my amazement on an early Saturday morning to find the road open to Crystal Lake, far beyond Smith Mtn. Our Angelus Forest has relatively precipitous slopes and the water from the greatest rainfall in 54 years had torn out many portions of the road but the highway department had bulldozed into the washes sufficiently to provide at least a one-way road to circumvent these irreparable breaks.

On the way in, it was apparent that reaching Monrovia Mtn. (our second peak) was impossible as the road was impassible just beyond the cable. But Smith Mtn. was climbable. Although the beginning of the trail was washed out, the 46 climbers, most of whom were tennis-shoed beginners, plugged up the trail at a comfortable pace. The high Class 1 washes were negotiated with trepidation by many and the full streams (which I had never seen before on this mountain) were welcomed on this warm, beautiful day.

We "lost" some climbers on the way up - one within 150 yards of the summit - but 42 assembled on the summit to listen to your leader explaining and displaying the ten essentials. By the time he finished with everything in his pack, he was up to 25 essentials. Larry reminded the group that most of these essentials were not too essential if "common sense" was essential number one.

Half-way down, a rushing stream provided drinking water and foot baths in that order and we were back at the cars and the ice cold beverages by 2:30 p.m.

The youngest climber was 11 months old and made the climb in a backpack on the back of mother Susan.

Devastation pictures were taken on the way out and future slide presentations will represent what the forces of nature can do to change the surface of the earth.

Even those who didn't make it to the summit enjoyed the effort and the beautiful day!

LES STOCKTON

14 PEAKS
PEAK BAGGERS' SPECIAL

APRIL 26, 1969

Leader: LES STOCKTON
Assts: KEN FERRELL
HOW BAILEY

Our intentions this year were drastically altered by extensive rainfall, so an expected 25 peak assault in 24 hours was impossible. Seventy-five individuals met at Red Box where the cars were consolidated (correction - the climbers were consolidated into fewer cars!). We drove to the Mt. Wilson saddle roadhead and quickly moved out on foot to Markham saddle. Mr. Mt. Lowe, Ken Ferrell, wound his way up a windy Mt. Lowe after which the group breezed up breezy Mt. Markham. The return from these two peaks represented the first attempt at scree running by many of the climbers and was, of course, enjoyed by all. (All?)

The trail to the saddle between San Gabriel and Disappointment was down to bedrock in the washed out areas and necessitated some careful steps. The presence of three leaders was particularly appreciated, as a leader could be left at a "difficult" area to direct the steps of the novice. We expected some drop-outs in a peak bagger's special, but we absolutely abhorred drop-offs. Fortunately we didn't have any! First climbing Disappointment and then Deception, the by now strung-out group proceeded up San Gabriel, the highest point in the area. Returning to Markham saddle by the direct route down the famous How Bailey ridge, we quickly returned to the cars where the chow-hounds demanded a lunch break (on a peak baggers' special?).

The weather by this time was beautiful, although our group was diminishing. We drove to the Mt. Wilson area and climbed Occidental, welcoming the shade and trees. The trail parallels the road far below, so rockfall must be avoided at all costs. Polishing off Occidental insured the climbers of six peaks. Driving to the summit of Mt. Wilson, we hiked down a dirt road to the saddle between Harvard and Wilson where the road-haters split out to the trail and raced the road-runners to the top of Mt. Harvard. (A dirt road leads virtually to the summit). We climbed Mt. Wilson on the way back from Harvard thus avoiding a drive-up label for Mt. Wilson! Fifty-four people were in the Harvard ascent.

Back at Red Box, we regrouped and proceeded up the Angelus Highway climbing Mt. Sally, Mt. Mooney, and Vetter in turn. A Ford Bronco decided Mooney should be a drive-up (isn't it?) and came within a couple of hundred yards of making it! Continuing on to the snow-covered higher elevations, (the group was now down to 14 stalwarts and 4 girls), Winston was hurriedly accomplished and a snowy Buckhorn climb in the moonlight lent an eerie finale to a fine day! We wanted to climb more but the highway was closed at Kratka Ridge so we descended on the Newcomb Restaurant where Mary Kemper livened the occasion by stocking-footed dancing. Have you ever tried dancing in mountain boots?

Anticlimatically we climbed (?) Barley Flats on the way home, bringing to 14 the total bag for the day. Maybe 25 will fall next year, but we did have more time this year to study the flora and fauna.

LES STOCKTON

RATTLESNAKE PEAK

MAY 4, 1969

Leader: JOHN BACKUS
Asst: DUANE McRUER

Your leaders scouted this trip early in January and found the planned route quite feasible. Of course, the rains came right after this and made not only the scouting trip useless, but the originally scheduled date of March 22. After conferences by telephone with the State Division of Highways, the County Road Department, and the Sheriff's office, the

trip was hopefully rescheduled for May 4. On April 19, the San Gabriel Canyon Road reopened to travel, so another scouting trip was in order. This showed that the original route was not possible because the planned stream crossing had been washed out, and with the East Fork running twenty-feet wide and several feet deep, wading across did not appear either inviting or practical. However, after some negotiation, permission was obtained from the Forest Service and the Sheriff's office to use the new road that is being built up the north side of the East Fork canyon; this made the stream crossing unnecessary.

Hence, on the above date, 13 people plus the two leaders assembled close by the Sheriff's Detention Camp on the East Fork road. It had rained the night before, and the sky was overcast and discouraging; however, everyone assured everyone else that the sun would soon come out so the deputy on duty opened the gate and we started out. The road is passable to passenger cars for about two miles, to a point where a large fill is being built; past this point, 4-wheel drive and dry weather appear desirable. We left the cars at 8:30, hiked up the road another mile, and then took off up a ridge. Here your leader discovered that the privilege of being first in line also gave him the honor of knocking the water off the brush as he passed through it, getting soaking wet in short order while the people following stayed reasonably dry. Curiously, this was one trip where no one seemed to be anxious to go ahead of the group. The route was lengthened considerably by your water-soaked leader wandering about trying to avoid the wettest brush; however, we arrived on top of the peak at 11:45.

The sun had remained hidden all this time, and now it started to snow. However, the weather was helpful in one way; Dave Welbourn made his 100th peak on this climb and the bottle of champagne he carried up stayed well chilled. When opened, the cork disappeared into the snowstorm (someone will probably find it on Iron Mountain next year), and the champagne served round, staying nicely cold by reason of the snowflakes falling into it.

After a half-hour of snow-seasoned lunch, the group decided it had had enough of the frigid mountain top, so it prevailed upon the leader (who had not had time to drink his beer) to get under way. This he did and led the way down the mountain with boots squishing all the way. The trip down was not quite as wet as the trip up, since by carefully watching for footprints, it was possible to retrace the course with some exactness and so go through brush that had already had the water knocked off it. However, about half way down the mountain, the snow changed to a light drizzle, dampening everyone impartially. We arrived back to the cars at 2:30 and drove out, having climbed the mountain but seeing none of the spectacular views of the San Gabriels that were originally advertised in the schedule.

On the drive home, as you might expect, the sun came out.

JOHN BACKUS

YUCAIPA RIDGE
GALENA PEAK

MAY 10-11, 1969

Leader: BOB VAN ALLEN
Asst: KEN FERRELL

Snow, snow, and more snow. In some ways the snow made the successful portions of the trip easier. It also prevented the trip from being completed "as advertised."

To begin with, we could only drive to the end of the paved road. Snow blocked the dirt road and we were unable to get to the campground. We started from the cars at 7 a.m. Saturday and proceeded up Mill Creek toward Galena. We crossed some spectacular avalanches.

Better than half the distance to the headwall, at the jumpoff, was on snow, covered with large amounts of debris. Rock fall is an ever-present danger in this area and we were all alert. Several were experienced but no one was injured although a less alert group might have been seriously depleted. To ascend the headwall we split into two groups to minimize time loss and the danger of dislodged rocks. From the top of the headwall it was a beautiful snow climb all the way to the summit. Thirty-seven people made the summit (in about $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours) at noon only to be greeted, while we were having lunch, by dark clouds, thunder, and a few sprinkles of rain. We left the summit at 12:45 and were back at the cars at 10 minutes to 3.

On Sunday, 14 climbers left at 7 a.m. for Little San Gorgonio. Shortly past the Vivian Creek Trail we headed up the unnamed creek to a ridge that joins the main Yucaipa ridge. Very steep snow slopes were the order of the day and due to very strenuous step kicking the lead was changed often. It was a beautiful, clear, warm day. All 14 made the summit at approximately 11 a.m. We basked in the sunshine for over an hour. We tried to locate the register but the snow was so deep that even probing with ice axes failed to locate the cairn.

The descent was one of the most enjoyable pieces of mountaineering many of us had experienced in a long time - some glissades and much "just right" plunge stepping. A traverse of the entire ridge was not practical; the snow there should last for a good many weeks yet to come. We returned to the cars about 2:30. Four of the 14 headed for Constance and the rest got one of those very rare early starts for home.

BOB VAN ALLEN

DACTYLIC TRIAMETER??

Sometime, when you're feeling important,
Sometime, when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime, when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room;
Sometime, when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction,
And see how it humbles your soul.

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it, up to your wrist,
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you enter
You may stir up the water galore,
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral in this quaint example,
Is do just the best you can
Be proud of yourself, but remember,
There is no indispensable man.

11

MOUNTAIN RECORDS COMMITTEE

This important 100 Peaks group has for the past two years, been heavily involved in the production of climbing guides for each of the peaks on our list. Currently, well over 100 have been completed. The coverage is largely in the Angeles and adjacent portions of the Los Padres and San Bernardino National Forests.

Each individual guide is a complete treatise of necessary background, approach, and essential climbing directions for a given peak. From time to time, lists of completed guides have been published in the LOOKOUT. The following compilation lists all of those which are available as of April 1, 1969. The numbers and letters are keyed to the official peak list of the Section, whereby a number indicates the area and the letter designates the peak. As an example, 11-F indicates that the peak is in the Mt. Wilson area and, specifically, is Occidental.

All completed climber guides are available at cost. For each copy, include 5¢ as well as a stamped self-addressed envelope. Requests should be sent to Warren Von Pertz, Committee Chairman, or Vickie Duerr, Section Secretary. Official peak lists are available for 10¢ and the stamped envelope.

3 A-B-E	16 B-C-D
4 A	19 A
5 C-F-G-H-N-O	20 B-I
6 A-D-P-Q	21 E
7 D	22 G-H-I
8 A-B-C-D-E	23 F-G-H-I
9 C-D-E-H-I	24 G-I
10 A-B-C-E-F-G	25 B-C-D-E-F-G-H
11 A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H	26 F-J
12 A-G	27 B-N
13 C-E-F-G-H-I-J	29 C
14 A-B-E-F	31 A-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L
15 B-C-D-E-H	

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