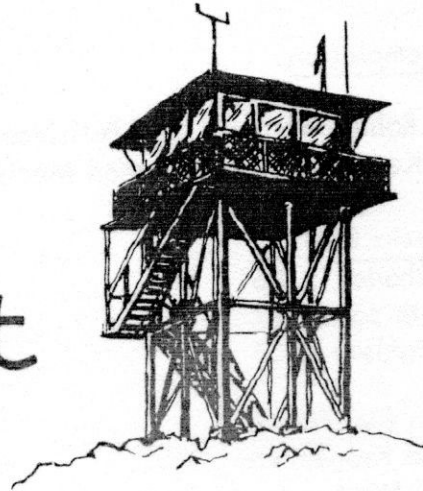


Lookout



WE WERE ALONE. DURING DAYTIME, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON, IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR ONE HUNDRED TO ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE TO BE ON THE SUMMIT. I HAVE SEEN THEM ON SOME OCCASIONS. TOWARDS EVENING THE IMPRESSIVE MOUNTAIN REGAINS ITS TRUE DIMENSIONS, ITS WONDERFUL SOLITUDE, ITS INCORRUPTIBLE SILENCE AND ONCE AGAIN MYSTERY DWELLS THERE. "

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH
GASTON REBUFFAT

RENEW NOW CORNER

* Renew that membership!! But send check or money order and put your return address on the envelope. Your Membership Chairman received an empty envelope, postmarked Anaheim, no return address. Some sad peaker thinks he/she has renewed his/her membership and we can't even notify them to try again.

JOHN HELLMAN

CONGRATULATIONS CORNER

We again honor our members accomplishments.

List Completion

Norm Rohn 36 Jon Petitjean 38 Frank McDaniel 40
Jerry Keating 37 Gordon MacLeod 39

200 Peaks Bar

Thea Rhodes 106
Kenneth Jones 107
Lois Fracisco 108

Emblem (100 Peaks)

Andreas Kronenberg 459
Marcia Harris 460
William J. Harris, Jr. 461

New Members

James E. Furniss Richard W. McHard
Clarice Lolich Linda G. Stocks
Linda M. McDermott
Vanessa McDermott

LIST COMPLETION LIST CORNER

Since Al Campbell submitted his list of "finishers", which was published in the March-April '75 Lookout, several corrections and additions have been reported. Several other persons have also completed the list. I would like to submit another tentative list, and again ask that you scan it carefully for any omissions or mistakes and let me know.

| No. | Name | Date | | | |
|-----|-----------------|----------|----|------------------|----------|
| 1 | R.S. "Sam" Fink | 12-7-50 | 21 | Debbie Kazlowski | 1-15-72 |
| 2 | Freda Walbrech | 8- 57 | 22 | Shirley Akawie | 12-17-72 |
| 3 | Peggy McLean | 7- 58 | 23 | Charles Jones | 6-10-73 |
| 4 | Harry McLean | 7- 58 | 24 | Al Campbell | 8-12-73 |
| 5 | Hazel Elbinger | 7-16-59 | 25 | George Hubbard | 10-28-73 |
| 6 | Forrest Keck | 6-25-60 | 26 | Bernie Petitjean | 3-3-74 |
| 7 | Mary Keck | 6-25-60 | 27 | Lu Petitjean | 3-3-74 |
| 8 | Clark Jones | 4-16-61 | 28 | Bruce Jones | 8-4-74 |
| 9 | Marjorie Jones | 4-16-61 | 29 | Duane McRuer | 10-6-74 |
| 10 | Bob Hawthorne | 1-1-67 | 30 | Phil Martin | 11-25-74 |
| 11 | * Andy Smatko | 2-13-67 | 31 | Carleton B. Shay | 4-27-75 |
| 12 | Harry Melts | 5-31-69 | 32 | Laura Jones | 4-27-75 |
| 13 | How Bailey | 10-9-69 | 33 | Jack C. Grames | 5-25-75 |
| 14 | Bob Van Allen | 10-9-69 | 34 | * Arkel Erb | 6-8-75 |
| 15 | Bob Herlihy | 11-23-69 | 35 | Paul Nelson | 6-18-75 |
| 16 | Dick Akawie | 5-30-70 | 36 | Norm Rohn | 10-9-75 |
| 17 | Paul Lipsohn | 4-4-71 | 37 | Jerry Keating | 10-9-75 |
| 18 | Fred Bode | 4-4-71 | 38 | Jon Petitjean | 12-7-75 |
| 19 | John Backus | 6-27-71 | 39 | * Gordon MacLeod | 12-26-75 |
| 20 | Joe Kazlowski | 1-15-72 | 40 | Frank McDaniel | 1-31-76 |

* Completed all 3 lists

ANNUAL AWARD BANQUET (Saturday, January 31, 1976) CORNER

The sight that greeted the HPSers who arrived for the no-host social hour at the annual awards banquet was one of cheerful noise and babble. Amid the sounds of clinking ice-cubes and spirited conversations, Mary Forbes, as reservationist, and Priscilla Libby, as banquet co-chairperson, were welcoming those individuals whose banquet tickets were being held at the door. The scene was sparked by the appearance of the mad raffer, Bob Cates, with rolls of raffle tickets dangling from his neck. He was joined in the intensive sales campaign by Frank McDaniel, who was hawking raffle tickets with obvious enthusiasm. Frank had just reason to be enthusiastic - he had completed the HPS list that very morning on Aquila Peak. When Master of Ceremonies Les Stockton issued the call for dinner, 177 revelers assembled in the Chalon Mart Restaurant banquet room. The tally of 177 set a new record for attendance at our annual banquets.

Following dinner, Les requested the presentation of emblem holders. All the 100 peakers, 200 peakers, list completers, and twice list completers proudly rose to their feet to sounds of jubilant applause. Excitement gripped the crowd when the raffle drawing was announced. Frank and Bob enlisted six year-old Eric Henry to draw the winning tickets. Eric gleefully proclaimed the winning numbers in his clear, piping voice. This year's raffle consisted of thirteen prizes purchased from Kelty Pack, three books donated by Walt Wheelock of La Siesta Press, and a pair of complimentary tickets to next year's banquet. Kelty Pack cooperated by providing us with \$100 worth of prizes at wholesale prices.

An expectant hush fell over everyone when the awards presentation was announced. The 1975 Leadership Award was presented to Frank McDaniel, a long-term leader, twice past treasurer-membership chairman, an always-willing worker within the HPS as witness his reaffirming duties that very night. The 1975 R.S. Fink Service Award went to Al Campbell for supporting the HPS in so many areas-leader, past secretary, past chairman, section historian, invaluable member of the mountain records committee. Al's name was added to the base of the permanent R.S. Fink Service Award trophy that is on display at Angeles Chapter headquarters. This trophy was presented to the HPS at last year's banquet by Bob and Vicki Van Allen. Created by the Van Allens in the form of a lookout tower, the trophy is their fond tribute to the Section.

Outgoing chairman, Bill T. Russell, tendered his thanks to the 1975 Central Committee members and to all others who had helped during the last year. Jon Hardt, the incoming chairman, introduced the members of the 1976 Central Committee.

To top off the memorable evening, Dick Worsfold entertained us with a "Spotty History of the HPS". As a former two-time HPS chairman, he has garnered many slides over the years. So through Dick's camera we stepped into the past for a nostalgic view of the HPS and the Los Angeles in which it started. As he brought us up through the years, oldtimers and newcomers alike were highlighted.

And so the annual banquet was ended. Another year must go by before we can again stare with amazement at the glittering assemblage surrounding us- and wonder - are these truly our hiking companions?

MAUREEN SCHMIDT
Banquet Co-Chairperson

Bob Cat, The mad Raffer? (Ed)

CHANGE OF MEETING LOCATION CORNER

BEGINNING MAY 13, 1976 OUR MEETING PLACE WILL BE CHANGED TO:

DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER
OFFICE BUILDING AUDITORIUM
111 NORTH HOPE ST. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

PARKING ENTRANCE # 6, JUST NORTH OF BLDG. ENTRANCE.

PHIL BRUCE

PERSONAL CORNER

STOVE FOR SALE
OPTIMUS 111B SELLS FOR \$48.00 ASKING \$25.00 SINGLE BURNER WHITE GAS WT. 2 1/2 lbs.

WANTED BACKPACKING TENT NEW OR USED WITH RAINFLY. LIGHTEST WEIGHT POSSIBLE.

FRANK • 474-0022 or 474-0029

LETTER TO THE EDITOR CORNER

Dear Les:

I must take issue with Barbara Lilley's letter in the Nov. Dec. Lookout, urging support of the position taken by Abe Siemens in his letter published in the Nov. '75 Souther Sierran. Personally, from a purely selfish point of view, I'd love to have jurisdiction over all of my favorite wild areas, so I could limit their use to levels I consider acceptable. Since this is not possible, I think it is important to have high levels of informed users in the wilderness. One of the best arguments for establishing new wilderness and to prevent development of de facto wilderness is to point to overuse and crowding in current areas. Conversely, while underused areas are great to visit, they support ORV users and timber industry public relations men in their claim that wilderness classification "looks up" land for the benefit of "a few hardy individuals." Granted, the MBTC could and should stress to a greater extent the letter writing, camp cleaning, and trail maintaining responsibilities of all backcountry users. However, the result of abolishing it would either be to leave future users uninformed, with a greater impact on the land; or to leave users' numbers smaller, with wilderness being shortchanged in land use management as a result.

Sincerely,
KENNETH C. JONES

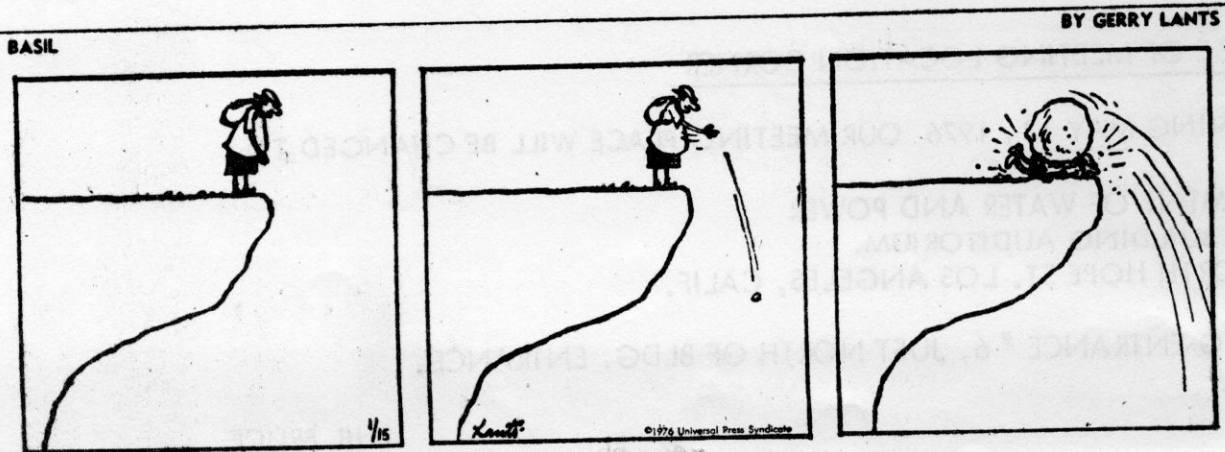
Dear Editor,

The most recent "Lookout" carried a letter from Barbara Lilley appealing to HPS members who support Abe Siemens position on BMTC to write to the chapter Executive Committee.

I too urge all active members to communicate their thoughts to the Committee, this being the only real way they can be made aware of your feelings with regard to the Mountaineering Training program. Personally, if BMTC only broke even it would still be a very worthwhile effort. We are trying to educate those participants to the hazards of the mountains and not, in my view, taking more people into the mountains that would otherwise go on their own. Many recent active members have little appreciation for the intent of either BMTC or LTC and have not participated in meaningful ways to support Sierra Club programs.

I ask that you analyze how better an untrained person can improve their skills at a reasonable price, the gung-ho peak bagging trips are certainly not the place.

Sincerely,
BRUCE COLLIER



HUNDRED PEAKS SECTION MARCH-JUNE SCHEDULE

MARCH

| | | | |
|-------|--------|-------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 6 | Sa | Thunder, Timber, Telegraph | Goodykoontz/Erdoes |
| 7 | Su | Constance, Pisgah | J. Young/Nilsson |
| 13 | Sa | Lowe | Bailey/Libby |
| 14 | Su | Ortega Hill, Ortega Pk. | Fracisco's |
| 17 | Wed | Lookout #2 | Walker/Thompson |
| 20 | Sa | Scodie, Black #6 | McDaniel/Lundquist |
| 21 | Su | Iron #2 | Andreasen/Matsumori |
| 21 | Su | Granite Mtn. #2 | Hellman/Bihl |
| 27 | Sa | Granite #1, Mineral, Tip Top | Frederickson/Blanche |
| 27-28 | Sa-Su. | Pyramid, Pine, Lion, Palm View, Spitler, Apache | |
| 28 | Su | Yucaipa Ridge | Backus/Bloland Brumer/Bartlett |

APRIL

| | | | |
|-------|---------|---------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 3 | Sa | Pleasant View Ridge | Campbell/Henry |
| 3 | Sa | Cobblestone, White #2 | McCosker/Zuzek |
| 4 | Su | Rouse Hill, Thomas | Washburne's |
| 4 | Su | Santiago, Modjeska | Collier/Von Pertz |
| 10 | Sa | Cajon, Cleghorn, Sugarpine, Mounument | Cabiners |
| 10-11 | Sa, Su. | N. Face San Jacinto | Lipsohn/Hubbard |
| 11 | Su | Monrovia | Jones/MacLean |
| 17 | Sa | Heald | Akawie's |
| 18 | Su | Pilot Knob | Backus/Russell |
| 21 | Wed | Iron #3, Rabbit #1 | Lutz/Rhodes |
| 24 | Sa | Kitching | Talbots |
| 24-25 | Sa, Su. | Joshua Tree Peakbagging | M. Schmidt/Cates |
| 25 | Su | Iron #1, via Baldy | Russell/Bailey |

MAY

| | | | |
|-------|---------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 | Sa | Tahquitz, Red Tahquitz, South | Bruce/McCosker |
| 1-2 | Sa, Su | Lamont, Morris, Aquila | Vasilik/Jones |
| 2 | Su | South Hawkins, Rattlesnake Pk. | Walker/Fleming, Thompson |
| 2 | Su | Sugarloaf Pk. | Black/Owens |
| 8 | Sa. | Waterman, Twin | Brown /Hardt |
| 8-9 | Sa, Su | Madulce, Fox #1 | J. Young/Holladay |
| 9 | Su. | Will Thrall, PV Ridge, Pallett | Vasilik/Manker |
| 9 | Su | San Gorgonio, Dobbs, Jensen, Charlton | Kablers |
| 8 | Sa | Peakbaggers' Special | Kesler/Bruce |
| 15-16 | Sa, Su. | Lake, Grinnell Backpack | Malin/Zamos |
| 16 | Su | Suicide | E. Young/Davis |
| 19 | Wed | Sugarloaf Pk | Carriel/Walker |
| 22 | Sa | McDonald, Sewart, Snowy, Black #2 | F. Smith/J. Young |
| 23 | Su | Lightner, Bald Eagle | Burdett/Lavengood |

JUNE

| | | | |
|-------|---------|----------------------------|---------------------|
| 5 | Sa | Big Bear Peakbagging | Goldbergs |
| 6 | Su | Wilshire Pk. Wilshire Mtn. | Fisk/Zancanaro |
| 12-13 | Sa-Su | Owen, Morris | Heusinkveld/Isola |
| 13 | Su | Cornell | Hardt/Schuler |
| 16 | Wed | Strawberry | J. Russell/Carriel |
| 19 | Sa | Baldy | Lees/Beverage |
| 19-20 | Sa, Su. | Cuyamaca Car Camp | Vogels |
| 20 | Su | Timber, Ontario | E. Young/Cain |
| 26 | Sa | Throop Loop & Ross | Cervenka/N. Schmidt |
| 26 | Sa | Thunder, Timber, Telegraph | Lees/Beverage |

CONSERVATION CORNER

In support of John Robinson's plea in the Nov-Dec 1975 issue of the LOOKOUT, the conservation issue advocated at the February 12 social meeting was the repeal of the abandonment of the lower Falls Creek Trail by the Forest Service. To quote John, "The beginning of the trail -where it starts climbing out of Mill Creek - passed along the edge of some private property. The owner has protested hikers passing too close to his land, and the Forest Service has succumbed to his wishes and abandoned this section of trail."

All HPSers are urged to protest this abandonment in writing to:

District Ranger, Mill Creek Ranger Station, Route 1, Box 264, Mentone, CA. 92359

MAUREEN SCHMIDT
Conservation Chairperson

ADDITION TO SCHEDULE CORNER

April 3 & 4 SAT - SUN. H.P.S.
CANNEL PT. 8314-ONYX #2 5200

Saturday Cannel & Sunday Onyx

Harry Brumer & Phil Bruce finish HPS list Onyx Sunday Plenty of the (Elixir) will be at summit

PHIL BRUCE

SIERRA CLUB SPONSORS ENVIRONMENTAL EXPO CORNER

Everyone is invited to the Sierra Club's second annual Environmental Expo on Sunday April 25, from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the Cheviot Hills Recreation Center (Rancho Park), 2551 Motor Avenue (south of Pico Blvd. and west of Century City). Organized by members of the West Los Angeles Group, the Expo has expanded into an exhibition of the Angeles Chapter's many activities. Sierra Club members from the Climbing, Conservation, Backpacking, Bicycling, Rafting and other Sections will have demonstrations, display booths, films and slide shows. Other local conservation groups have also been invited to participate. It's an opportunity to meet old and new friends, find out how to get the most out of the Club's activities, whether it be bus trips, hikes or meetings, and acquaint newcomers with the Sierra Club.

The Expo will include a Bake Sale and an Arts and Crafts Sale to defray expenses. If you can contribute baked goods or your handiwork, please contact Kathy Defani (Bake Sale) 559-3094 or Doug Silvestri (Art Goods) 392-7516.

PUF BAILEY 463-4588
EVELYN LEVINE 653-9589

LTC FIRST AID CORNER

The Angeles Chapter LTC has scheduled its next First Aid sequence for the following dates. 1-2 May, 15-16 May and 18 May. Attendance is required at both weekend sessions for Basic LTC plus the Mountaineering Medicine session for ALTC. The course will be conducted at the South Gate Chapter Red Cross facility. The recently proposed outing leader requirements included the need for the leader to have held a Red Cross First Aid card. Some of our leaders who qualified under the grandfather clause may not meet this requirement. The HPS committee urges these leaders to attend the upcoming classes. Priority will be given to present leaders. Contact Gene Olsen for details and reservations. Class will be limited to 50 attendees.

It was excellent going, and we soared up the uniform ridge. Then there were gendarmes, but nothing we couldn't cope with. Clyde continued to lag, and the thought of abandoning him crossed my mind repeatedly, but once having hooked up with a person, the code prohibits any such sloughing off. This was serious country, and to abandon anyone would be callous, if not downright cruel.

Up and up and up we went. This really was a mighty fine route, and the neighboring canyons and ridges looked harsh indeed. We found a pleasant shaded knoll, where we dropped ourselves for lunch and pleasant repose. How blissful the lunch stops as we gaze out across the charming mountains.

On and on we go -- not fast but the peak at last looms into view, and we trudge to the highest rock at 3:00 pm. The view may not be spectacular, but it certainly is gracious. The country side seems reposed. Of course Baldy is higher, but doesn't appear to dominate. We sign the register, and note that the Jones children, Bruce and Laura, have beat us to the peak, this very day. A tall sinewy man is at the peak with us. I think "How fortunate. He can lead us down by the standard route". I ask him, and he diffidently agrees. Immediately he sets a very brisk pace, and immediately Clyde falls behind. I tell the young man that he's leading too fast. He says, "You lead then". I proceeded to do this. He falls to the rear, and then gives up slipping. So we are on our own again. I feel miffed at Clyde for having caused us to lose this good lead.

We follow the same route down that we took up. I usually hesitate to slavishly follow our exact footsteps, since there are usually small improvements that can be made in the exact route. But then things go unfamiliar. I think, "no harm, it all leads back into the valley." Now we are in a thick stand of willow sticks or reeds. I walk sideways and glide through this thicket, very little slowed. But where is Clyde. "Clyde, Clyde, where are you." After an interminably long time he slowly emerges. The sun is setting now, and we just can't afford to putter. But dragels we do. Now it's another thicket. This one even denser, but animal paths here and there allow you to zig-zag through the maze. If Clyde would only stay behind me instead of getting hung up on blind alleys.

It is deep dusk now, and suddenly we emerge right onto the edge of the E San Gabriel River canyon. We look down over the edge, 150 feet almost straight down. "Oh my gawsh!" If it were just a little lighter we might try some third class rock climbing, but who knows what kind of a trap we might run into. I try one little gully about 30 feet down, but then I panic and so climb back up again. We skirt the rim for one-quarter mile until we find a promising looking gully. We see a good sized tree half-way down, which at least separates the elevation difference into two halves. I tell Clyde to stay put until I see how it goes. With flashlight on I skitter down the very steep dirt gully, glad to be stopped by the tree. Clyde follows successfully. The remainder of the gully was much alike, so we come spurting out to the very river's edge.

Since my two quarts of water had been consumed by mid afternoon, my mouth and throat were parched and cracking. Deep drafts of wonderful water was at first deeply satisfying, but too much led to retching and giddiness. Clyde and I poked into our summit packs looking for overlooked morsels for our evening meal, and were content with a few dried crusts. After a few moments of relaxing, our thoughts turned to our comfortable homes, from which we were separated by five miles of rocky river and two hour's car ride.

"C'mon, Clyde, let's tackle it", I say as I toss summit pack on my back, and stand up on weary legs. It is very dark in the canyon, large and small boulders, filled in between with white sand. In the dim light, we don't need flashlight for sand walking, but in the jumble of rocks, we need light to judge the sizes, and to know whether the drop off is one foot or three feet.

On Our trip up-river during the morning, we were forced to cross the river many times, but we could always manage to find a log bridge, or slippery stepping stones, so managed to keep dry feet throughout. Such artistry was now completely out of the question, so all of the river crossings would have to be by wadding. Each time we would hold hands, to prevent either of us slipping on the slick stones on the river bottom. It was even too dark to judge the shallowest crossings. We would simply cross, wherever it was necessary. Our first crossing we found the water half way between knees and thighs. The first crossing is a temperature shock, but after the first one, one is innured.

To save flashlight batteries I would turn the flashlight off after, each little murky place. After several hundred yards and about twenty turn-ons and turn-offs, the flashlight refused to turn-on again. Curse

these Mallory's. I'll never use them again. I still tried to proceed, but Clyde was doing such a slow shuffle, that he was closer to stopping than going. I would proceed one hundred feet ahead, turn around, peer into the complete darkness, and not even see him. "Clyde, Clyde, where are you?" After an interminably long time, a form would loom beside me. This pace was so exasperatingly slow, as to be impossible, "Clyde," I said, "This is hopeless. The moon will rise at 11:00 o'clock. We might as well sleep in the sand until that time." Then came the sad revelation. Neither one of us possessed a single match. And all about us was beautiful drift wood, that would have made a very cozy fire. I hope the BMTC moguls never hear of this boo-boo. So, wet to the hips, we curled up in the cold snow trying to get behind large rocks to keep the evening breeze off us. When thoroughly tired, it's amazing that one can sleep in spite of these discomforts.

The appointed hour arrived, and we knew that the moon was up, as we could see its light on the high mountains, but here in the deep canyon, the tone changed from black to deep grey.

We proceeded on our journey. It was very slow, and time and time again, we must make another river crossing. These weren't all that bad, and maybe a bond was forming between us, from the tightly clasped hands.

"Clyde, why couldn't you have been a pretty girl instead? If you were pretty enough, who would care how slow you were." But even so, the long hike through the gloom, and later through moonlight was quite enchanting. There were 16 wadings through the river, and then only a mile more, that seemed like an eternity, when we finally arrived at our beloved cars. By now it was about 2:00 am of the next day. We changed our wet shoes and socks, and were happy to say "Good-bye, Great Iron. You were a splendid host, and we accept your invitation for a re-visit." HENRY HEUSINKVELD

WHALE PK.

Jan. 17, 1976

Leader: BOB CATES
Asst. RON FRACISCO

A group of 17 Whale hunters congregated at Scissors Crossing on a morning brisk and clear and sunny giving indications it would be one Whale of a day. Leaving at 8:00 am, we caravanned to the start of the Pinyon Mtns. Road, consolidating there into the four sturdiest vehicles for the 6 miles of dirt road leading around to the north side of Whale. We began hiking at 9:00.

As usual, Whale was a delightful ramble through a maze of flats and slopes scattered with pinyons and an occasional juniper. The pace was minimized and the rest breaks maximized. Many of Jon Petitjean's magnificent rock sculptures, towering ducks that exhibit the line and form indicative of the primitive artist's inherent genius, have fallen into disrepair. Several of these were reconstructed by an up-and-coming artisan, Alex Fracisco, who, exhibiting his standard charming manners, was a source of entertainment and inspiration for all. It brought to mind a statement I once overheard while traversing the cactus-infested slopes of Mexico's Cerro Pinacate, to the effect that "Alex is the only person alive who could tangle with a cholla and have the cholla come out the loser". Well, that was a younger Alex, and how the passing years do change us! The destructive impetuosity of youth retreats before the development of nobler ambitions that come only with age and experience.

We eventually arrived on the summit plateau, where the lead was turned over to Lois Fracisco, To the shouts of "Back Alex". Lois with little Jessica on her back, fiercely led us to the summit of her 200th peak. Ron Fracisco soon appeared on the scene, backpack bulging with appropriate refreshments.

The celebration over, we staggered and weaved our way back to the cars, arriving around 2:00 pm for an uneventful drive out.

BOB CATES

As I was A-climbing on Whale

I spied a finely shaped tail.

Said I to Maureen,

'It's downright obscene.'

Said Maureen, 'Keep your eyes on the trail.'

ONYX, SUGARLOAF, PISGAHSept. 20, 1975 Leaders: JOHN BACKUS
DUANE McRUER

Thirty-three people joined the leaders at the Pomona carpool location on this perfect Saturday morning. We caravanned up to the Mill Creek Ranger Station to pick up an entry permit that had been promised by the Recreation Officer of the district, so that we could do Constance Pk. originally scheduled along with the others. Unfortunately, he had been overruled by the Chief Ranger, so Constance had to be scratched. We then caravanned up to Onyx Summit, where we found another large Sierra Club group also doing the peak. We managed to keep apart from them by driving part way up the peak and climbing the rest of the way. After signing in, we came out and drove in to Wildhorse Meadows to climb Sugarloaf, making the peak in time for a late lunch. Lane Backus made her 100th peak on this summit, so the champagne was passed around. Back down to the cars in the somewhat late afternoon, we caravanned over to Oak Glen. With the permission of the manager, we parked in the apple orchard at the start of the Pisgah Peak road, from where we climbed the peak. We were down by 7 pm, to drive out and find supper.

JOHN BACKUS

Constance who, John? (ED)

CUCAMONGA, ETIWANDASept. 27, 1975 Leaders: PRISCILLA LIBBY
EVELYN DAVIS

Eighteen hikers met at Icehouse Canyon Resort at 7:30 a.m. in the midst of a September heat wave and, after sorting themselves out from another group going up Sugarloaf, started up the canyon shortly before 8:00. Two hikers signed out at Icehouse Saddle. (one had helped the leader scout the peaks the week before so elected to climb Timber instead. It was the first day of hunting season, so we warned a group of hunters going up the ridge to Timber just after he had started not to mistake him for a deer.) Though it was hot and smoggy down below, we had a delightful breeze all day.

After a leisurely lunch on Cucamonga two hikers who had been to Etiwanda before elected to enjoy a nap on Cucamonga rather than continue on with us. (One who was going to stay with them changed his mind when he heard what Jerry Saulvester was carrying in his 60 pound day pack.) Jerry achieved his 100th peak on Etiwanda, and the fourteen hikers left helped him celebrate with four bottles of Cold Duck, which were still cold as he carried 24 pounds of ice along with them. All this, plus his 10 essentials, in a day pack!! (A friend who was planning to come along with a backpack to help him didn't show up, so Jerry carried it all in his day pack.) While Jerry was understandably a bit slow on the way up, he practically ran back down with most of the weight gone. All were back at the cars by 5:30 p.m. It was a pleasant place to be during a heat wave.

PRISCILLA LIBBY

JOSEPHINE PEAK

Jan. 14, 1976

Leaders: BETTY AND JOE McCOSTER

Nine enthusiastic hikers showed up for the moonlight evening hike up Josephine Peak. We climbed via the "fire road" that starts opposite Cold Creek Ranger Station. Alas, last year's fire had destroyed the vegetation on both sides of the road and the road itself with the lonely part of the mountain that was not black with ashes. Josephine Peak lookout had burned to the ground but happily the outhouse was still in first class condition, proving again that there is no construction like a brick outhouse. The group met at the La Canada basin exit at 6:30 p.m. and started hiking at 7:00. After a snack on top all returned to the cars by 10:30.

JOE McCOSKER

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

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Publisher: Bernie Petitjean 1560 W. 179th Pl. Gardena, Ca.

Mailer: Jerry Russom 3637 El Lado Dr. Glendale, Ca. 91208

SUBSCRIPTION - \$3.00 per year. Subscribing to the Lookout is a requirement for active membership in the HPS. Your expiration date is carried on the address tab of the mailing. Send remittance to HPS John Hellman, 9465 Wilshire Blvd. Suite 415, Beverly Hills, CA. 90212. Change of address to John Hellman also.

ARTICLES AND LETTERS - This publication is the official NEWLETTER OF HPS and as such welcomes articles and letters pertaining to the activities of the Section. Typewritten, double-spaced copy should be sent to the Editor prior to the 15th of odd-numbered months.

SIERRA CLUB, ANGELES CHAPTER
HUNDRED PEAKS SECTION
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