

100 PEAKS

Lookout

When walking in the meadows
Looking at the rich tapestries
Where beauty and colors show
In their superb mysteries
In your ecstasies remember
I'm there with you...in your excitement.

When on climbing true paths
Many times narrowed
Keep going for the peak
There I am waiting for you armored
With the uncommon treasures that you seek.

When in the bustling of everyday life
You hear a crystal fountain splashing
I am there with you for this is me singing
Come closer, relax and let go of all strife.

“You’ve reached middle age when all you exercise is caution.”

—Franklin P. Jones



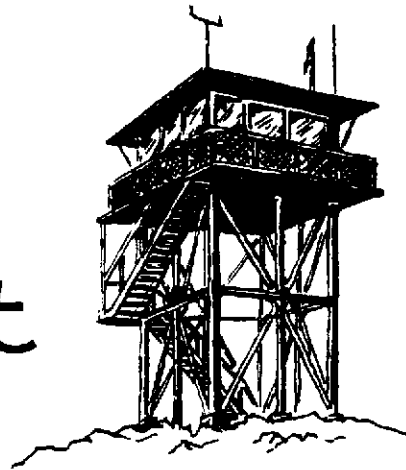
CONGRATULATIONS

100

Calvin J. Boyer	Folly	8/10/84	#671
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200

Arthur D. Smith	3 Sisters	8/04/84	#194
Bruce Arbuckle	Butterbredt	1/14/83	#195
Elsie Orhbach	Hawes	9/09/83	#196



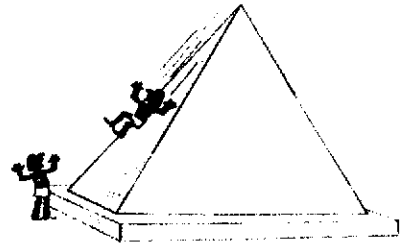
WELCOME

NEW MEMBERS

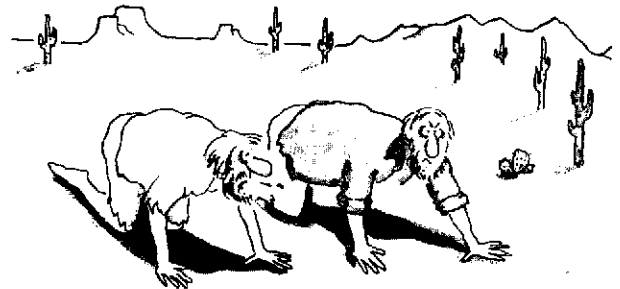
- David Anderberg
- Evan J. Samuels
- Erich Fickle
- Susan Volgstadt
- W. Harland Anderson
- Greg Gerlach
- Ed Kenney
- John & Karen Leonard



MOUNTAINS
MAKE GOOD FRIENDS ~



THEY'LL
WAIT
PATIENTLY,
EVEN IF
YOU
GO AWAY
FOR YEARS.



“Certainly you’re tired.
You’re using a completely different
group of muscles than when you walk.”





The Sierra Club is endorsing a Presidential ticket for the first time in history--Mondale/Ferraro. Jerry Patterson (38th CD, Orange) and George Brown (36th CD, Riverside/San Bernardino) have been targeted for defeat by the Republican National Committee, and need contributions.

There were 600 participants in the Environmental Caucus at the Democratic National Convention. As a result, the platform favored acid rain reduction, EPA budgetary increases, and hazardous dump cleanup.

The Clean Water Act, Clean Air Act, and Superfund legislation have not been renewed, so letters to your Congressional officials are encouraged.

Because the EPA refuses to acknowledge the link between sulfur dioxide and acid rain, petitions by several states for assistance in acid rain cleanup have been ignored. Furthermore, although the EPA regards groundwater pollution as its #1 priority, plans to reduce it are lacking. Yet an estimated 28% of US water supplies contain carcinogenic chemicals.

If you are curious about the toxic metals in your drinking water, call Betsy Reifsnider or the Chapter Office for a free booklet on this startling subject.

Bills worth supporting now before the California legislature:

AB 3270 (Campbell) would allow any citizen to nominate candidates for rare and endangered species lists.

AB 3309 (Costa), requiring state agencies to consult with the Dept. of Fish & Game if development threatens an endangered species.

SB 1611 (Mello) strengthens penalties for injuring endangered, rare, or fully protected species.

AB 3933 (Bates) funds bicycle safety programs.

Bill to kill: The Polluter Self-Regulation Bill (SB 2193, Dills) denies public access to information concerning hazardous and toxic products and their control.

In the village of Bahia de Los Angeles on the Sea of Cortez, Antonio Resendiz has maintained three small salt water pools for the past five years in a program to save endangered sea turtles--Leatherback, Loggerhead, and Hawksbill. Since the Mexican fiscal crisis of 1982, all funds have been cut off. Antonio needs pool supplies (Briggs & Stratton 3 hp motors, 1 1/2" PVC pipe, epoxy paint) and any donations will be graciously forwarded by Jim Harris, 429 Norton Ave, LA 90004. Please visit the project on your next trip to Baja.

Tamarisk Cleanup Workparties will go to Amargosa Canyon (Nov 3-4) and Saline Valley (Nov 23-5). Call Bill Neill h714/779-2099, w714/258-7201x2423 if you'd like to join.

Anyone wishing to take the "TRAIL BOSS" Training Course should contact Charlie Jones @ (818)352-9611. For information on volunteer trail work, call Chuck or John Robinson @ (714)968-5221.



A TREE IS A TREE.
HOW MANY MORE
DO YOU NEED
TO LOOK AT?



**PRESERVE
THE PEOPLE'S
RIGHT
TO THE LAND,**

AND THE
LAND'S RIGHT
TO BE PROTECTED
FROM THE PEOPLE.



**IF I'VE COME
THIS FAR
ALREADY,
THINK HOW FAR
I CAN GO
IF
I NEVER
DIE.**



The table below was first printed in the Sept.-Oct. 1983 Lookout. At the left I have added the acreages which were in the final version of the California Wilderness Bill. The Bill passed the Senate on August 9 after Senators Cranston and Wilson had reached a compromise of 1.8 million acres total National Forest Wilderness. The House approved this compromise on September 12 and Reagan signed it on September 28, 1984.

Our biggest losses are Fish Canyon and Granite Peak, which have been released for development. Pyramid Peak will be studied through four years of "further planning". Our biggest wins were San Mateo Canyon, the Santa Rosas, and the large acreage for Sheep Mountain. Many HPS members deserve credit, especially Ken Croker and Sally Reid.

Wilderness permits will be required within about three months. Ask the Forest Service for maps and further info.

Proposed Wilderness Acreages in the Southern California National Forests

Final CA
Wilderness
Bill Acreage

Forest Service
RARE II
F.P.=Further
Planning
HPS Peaks
(W)=Within
(A)=Adjacent to

Proposed Wilderness	Burton H.R. 1437	Wilson S. 1515	Forest Service RARE II F.P.=Further Planning	HPS Peaks (W)=Within (A)=Adjacent to
Angeles N.F.	32,900	32,900	26,400	Sawtooth(W), Burnt(A), Liebre(A)
Fish Canyon	4,400	4,400	5,100	Sugarloaf(W), Ontario(A), etc.
Cucamonga Add.	44,600	30,100	30,400	Iron #1(W), Ross(W), Dawson(W), Hawkins(A), Lookout #2(A), etc.
Sheep Mtn.				
San Bernardino N.F.	21,500	21,500	23,700	Kitching(W) ^A
San Gorgonio Add.	10,900	10,900	13,800	Spitler (W), Antsell(W)
San Jacinto Add.	10,600	10,600	11,700	Granite(W), Mineral(W), Tiptop(A)
Granite Peak	20,160		F.P.	Martinez(W), Sheep(A)
Santa Rosa	17,000	10,200	19,500	Pine #2(W), Pyramid(A), Lion(A), Palm View(A)
Pyramid Peak				
Los Padres N.F.	2,000	2,000	1,900	none
San Rafael Add.	2,750	2,750	2,500	none
Ventana Add.	20,000		F.P.	none
Machessa Mtn.	67,000	67,000	64,200	Madulce(W), Lizard Head(W), Cuyama(A), Big Pine(A)
Dick Smith				
Cleveland N.F.	5,900		F.P.	Hot Springs(A)
Caliente	5,200		F.P.	Cuyamaca(A), Middle(A)
Sill Hill	8,000		F.P.	none
Hauser	13,100	13,100	13,500	none
Pine Creek	39,500		No Study	none (near Camp Pendleton)
San Mateo Canyon				
zero	325,510	205,450		
zero				
8,000				
10,900(?)				
39,540				
248,850				

CLIMBER'S GUIDES UPDATING

John Backus

Check the dates on your Climber's Guides to see if you have the latest ones. For example, guides 1A through 1D were revised 5/26/84. Guide 1E is edition B, dated 6/24/84, in the lower l.h. corner. Guide 1G is original.

- X 1A, B, C, D-r 5/26/82
- X 1E-B:6/24/84
- 1F-A:4/9/84
- 1G-o 8/29/83
- 1H-A:2/10/84
- 1I-A:2/11/84
- 2A, B-A:5/27/84
- 2C-r 5/29/83
- 2D-B:5/24/84
- 2E, F-r 1/6/83
- 2G, H-A:5/27/84
- 2I-A:2/15/84
- 2J-A:2/16/84
- 2K, L-r 11/26/82
- 2M-r 5/29/83
- 2N-r 11/28/83
- 2O-r 11/29/83
- 3B-B:7/20/84
- 3D, E-r 9/6/83
- 4A, B-B:7/25/84
- 4C-o 7/21/82
- 4D, E-B:7/25/84
- 4F-r 7/19/82
- 4G-B:8/11/84
- 4H-r 8/11/84
- 4I-B:8/11/84
- 5A-B:10/5/84
- 6A, B-A:3/14/84
- 6C-r 5/4/82
- 6D, E-B:10/5/84
- 6F, G, H-A:2/13/84
- 6I, J, K, L-A:2/14/84
- 6M-r 4/11/82
- 6N- 12/23/83
- 6O-r 5/26/82
- 7A, B-r 10/14/83
- 7D-B:8/14/84
- 7E-r 10/18/83
- 7F-r 1/3/83
- 7G, H, I-r 6/4/83
- 7J, K-B:4/15/84
- 7L, M-r 1/10/83
- 7N, O, P-A:4/30/84
- 7Q-A:5/1/84
- 7R-B:8/14/84
- 8A, B, C-A:3/25/84
- 9A-r 8/18/78
- 9B-B:2/10/84
- 9C-B:2/9/84
- 9D-r 12/22/83
- 9E-A:5/2/84
- 10A-B-r 1/23/83
- 10C-B:7/2/84
- 10D-r 12/22/83
- 10E-r 9/6/83
- 10F, G-B:2/2/84
- 10H-r 9/6/83

- 10I-C:10/5/84
- 10J-A:2/25/84
- 11A-A:4/23/84
- 11B-r 12/23/83
- 11C- 12/23/83
- 11D-r 11/24/83
- 11E, F, G-r 7/31/83
- 12A, B, C-r 5/28/83
- 12D, E-r 7/5/83
- 12F, B:9/2/84
- 12G-A:4/25/84
- 12H-r 7/14/83
- 13A-r 7/25/83
- 13B-r 7/31/83
- 13C, D, E, F-r 5/26/83
- 13G-B:9/11/84
- 13H-B:9/10/84
- 14A-B:7/26/84
- 14B-B:8/11/84
- 14C-r 1/15/84
- 14D-r 3/18/83
- 14E-r 1/15/84
- 14F-B:7/26/84
- 14G-C:9/11/84
- 14H-B:9/11/84
- 14I, J-r 7/24/83
- 14K- 7/13/83
- 15A-B:7/30/84
- 15B-A:2/4/84
- 15C-r 4/18/83
- 15D-A:5/17/84
- 15E-r 2/14/82
- 15F-r 4/24/83
- 16A-B:4/8/84
- 16B-B:7/26/84
- 16C-D:7/26/84
- 16D-C:7/26/84
- 16E, F, G-B:7/4/84
- 16H-B:4/8/84
- 17A-A:2/4/84
- 17B, C, D, E-A:2/3/84
- 17F-A:2/4/84
- 17G-C:3/28/84
- 17H-B:3/6/84
- 18A, B-B:4/23/84
- 19A, B, C, D-B:3/6/84
- 19E-r 6/14/82
- 19F-A:4/1/84
- 20A, B, C-r 5/28/83
- 20D-r 1/5/81
- 20E, F, G, H, I-r 10/2/82
- 21A-B:8/14/84
- 21B, C, D, E-A:2/6/84
- 21F-A:5/20/84
- 21G, H-A:5/21/84
- 21I, 22A, B, C-A:2/22/84
- 22D, E-A:3/27/84

- 23A- 4/27/82
- 23B, C, D-r 5/28/83
- 23E-r 4/29/82
- 23F, G-A:2/5/84
- 23H-r 11/22/83
- 23I-A:3/28/84
- 24A-A:2/5/84
- 24B, C, D, E-A:5/14/84
- 24F, G, H, I-A:5/13/84
- 24J, K, L-A:5/14/84
- 25A, B, C, D, E, F-A:6/3/84
- 25G-r 10/30/83
- 25H-o 12/15/83
- 25I-r 6/26/83
- 26B, C, D, E, F-A:4/23/84
- 26G, H-A:4/24/84
- 26I-A:6/6/84
- 27A-B:7/8/84
- 27B-r 12/26/82
- 27C, D-B:7/8/84
- 27E-o 8/23/81
- 27F-r 7/24/83
- 27G-o 8/29/82
- 27H-r 7/24/83
- 27I-B:6/10/84
- 27J-r 1/17/84
- 28A, B-r 6/26/83
- 28C, D-R 7/4/83
- 28E-A:2/12/84
- 28F, G-B:2/13/84
- 28H-r 12/6/80
- 28I-o 10/14/83
- 28J-r 11/23/82
- 28K, L-r 12/6/80
- 28M-o 3/28/83
- 28N-r 5/25/80
- 29A, B, C-r 3/28/83
- 29D-r 6/28/83
- 29E-r 3/28/83
- 30A-r 3/27/83
- 30B, C-r 1/1/83
- 30D-r 3/28/83
- 30F-r 4/27/82
- 30G-r 1/7/83
- 30H-r 10/15/83
- 31A-r 1/26/84
- 31C- 9/11/84
- 31D-B:9/11/84
- 31E, F, G, H-r 1/25/84
- 31I-r 4/4/83
- 32A-r 4/3/83
- 32B-B:4/13/84
- 32D, E, F, G-r 4/24/83
- 32H, I-r 9/7/83
- 32J-r 9/6/83
- 32K, L-r 5/29/83



SUICIDE ROCK
-1974-

--Harvey Mudfoote

It was still very dark as my '56 Olds sputtered and clattered up the steep grade out of Hemet towards Mountain Center. Suddenly a new squealing and coughing put me into goose pimples. Surely, you're not going to die on me now, you venerable beast. You are the most venerated of all Sierra Clubbers cars. Only Paul Lipsohn's dilapidated faded, beat-up, but eternal VW bus has got more peaks, but then its on its third engine, whereas you, my beast are still ginning away on your original heart-beat. You've got to stay with me now for this, the most memorable day of the year--the gala Tahquitz Rock Climbing Annual Festival/Seminar. Miraculously the Olds kept wheezing and coughing all the way to Mountain Center. I was greatly relieved on reaching this summit, as now it was downhill all the way to Idyllwild.

I lapsed into delicious daydreams, playing through my mind all the glorious events of the awakening day. There would be Andy Smatko as Master of Ceremonies in his purple bloomers, burgundy shirt and Alpine hat adorned with peacock feathers, his imaginative costume from Agoura Renaissance Fair. There would be Randy Bernard at his side explaining how we do it in BMTC. There would be May Heishi quipping with Phil Bruce disrupting the decorum which is the due of this occasion. There would be all the other rock climbing greats: Fred Bode, Barbara Lilley, Bill Schuler, Maureen Schmidt, Sam Fink, R.J. Secor, Bob Funke, Gordon MacLeod and many others.

My car coasted to a wheezing stop in front of the Alpine Club, the meeting place. I had allowed an extra hour for possible Olds problems, so now could enjoy a leisurely breakfast. It was no surprise that none of my climbing buddies had yet arrived. Molly greeted me with her usual impish smile and coy wink. She took my order of rancho eggs and Polish sausage, and darted away. I dawdled a half hour over my breakfast, but the place remained exceptionally quiet, so I remarked to Molly, "Where is everybody? I thought the place would be buzzing for the big event." "What big event?" she responded. "Well, the Rock Climber's Festival, of course," I snapped testily. "Well, old pal, you're just one week late for that," she chuckled. "Everyone had a smashing time. I don't worry about their climbing - just their driving home afterwards."

My High anticipation suddenly drained through the floorboards. I was mortified, utterly crushed. So I had blown it. That's what comes of working all that overtime and not keeping track of what's happening in the real world. What to do! What do I do now? The fall weather was magnificent. The crisp mountain air was so invigorating. I was all set to flex my muscles on some new 5th class routes, but my training tells me that you just don't go out all by yourself.

Just then the door flung open, and in stumbled a familiar face and figure -- none other than a former climbing friend, Stiff Powell in his flashy red plaid shirt. A flood of embarrassment engulfed me, so, before he would see me, I quickly turned my back and became very absorbed in studying the menu again, trusting that he wouldn't notice me.

I felt very sorry for Stiff Powell, because expert as he used to be in rock climbing, he had suffered a bad fall in the Sierras three years ago, which left one leg unbendable at the knee. He tells of having an aluminum pin in his right leg, but I think they put it right through the knee cap. The accident had occurred while he was climbing with a small

6

party on Homers Nose. In fact, I was closer than most, as I happened to have been belay man. I had to admire Stiff Powell for his radiant composure, his rare humor and wit, and his persistent participation in rock climbing events in whatever capacity he could fit, which was usually on the side lines. He kept up the sham of being a rock climber, and kept boasting that he was good as he ever was. Yet his erstwhile friends shunned him, acting like he wasn't even there. When he persisted, they curtly turned him down. Being spurned, his happy disposition would fade, and his lips curl down at the corners. But he would always tag along hoping to get part of the action. He was continually recounting yarns of the past, remembering if not participating.

Molly poured me a third cup of coffee, which I just began sipping, when I was greatly startled as Stiff struck me a resounding blow across my back, sloshing the coffee all over Molly, and fairly choking me, putting me into a coughing spasm. "Harvey, you old son-of-a-gun. It's great to see you again," he ejaculated, as he slid onto the stool next to me. "How about doing a little climbing with me?" he continued. I flinched, then made much to-do about mopping up Molly, petting her a bit. This gave me time to recover my reeling thoughts. Since my chances of doing any respectable climbing were zilch, I replied laconically, "Why not?" Stiff brightened, and exclaimed excitedly that he had just the place, called Hanging Gardens, a part of the Suicide Rock massive. I knew the place vaguely, a very steep chute/crack that becomes an "open book" formation. Pondering this, I exclaimed sardonically, "How in h--- do you ever expect to climb that?" Stiff seemed deeply wounded by my remark, and muttered something unintelligible.

Then when Stiff lapsed into yakking about last week's gala event, I did some quick thinking, carefully considering Stiff Powell's qualifications, much depleted since the accident. His background was par excellence, he being a grandson of Baden Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts, and so steeped in every Boy Scout tradition. He had risen to the highest honors Boy Scouts could bestow. He had climbed his namesake peak, Baden Powell, innumerable times by every conceivable route, each time gloating on the Boy Scout Monument on the peak. But, amazingly, he also claimed that his mother's name was Powell, she being a granddaughter of Major Powell, explorer of the Colorado River a century ago. He built an analogy between himself and Major Powell who had scaled the vertical cliffs of the Colorado River with only one arm, the other one having been lost in the Civil War. This seemed to justify Stiff doing rock climbing with only one good leg. But I discounted the Major Powell lineage claim as an ego myth that he had told so many times that now it became true.

Neither of us had a climbing rope, and I wasn't about to expose Stiff to that precipice unprotected. Molly having climbing blood in her veins, and having cavorted about the rocks in her younger days, I popped the question to her, "Molly, you don't happen to have a climbing rope?" "Why yes," she said, "The Red Baron left a good 160-footer here last week, so I suppose if you're careful with it, he wouldn't mind." "But 160 feet is just twice as long as we need. Just get me a good sharp kitchen knife, and we'll make two ropes," I said seriously. Molly's countenance contorted to one of astonishment, pain and horror, so I quickly covered up with my hearty belly laugh, to pretend I was kidding. Oh well, carrying the extra 80 feet of rope shouldn't bother a skilled rock climber.



There was an Old Man on a hill,
Who seldom, if ever, stood still,
He ran up and down, in his Grandmother's gowns,
Which adorned that Old Man on a hill.

to be continued



RECENT TRIP REPORTS

7

Owens Pk (8453'), Aquila Pk (5174'), Morris Pk (7215')
April 7-8, 1984

Leaders: Dick Akawie, Frank Goodykoontz

After assembling Saturday morning at Powers Well in Indian Wells Cyn, the group of 21 drove carefully in 3 passenger cars and a pickup truck to the end of the road in the canyon. We hiked up the canyon to the major gully coming down from the north, and then followed a well-ducked usage trail up the gully and the talus until we got up above the gully. From there we followed a trail to the top of Owens Pk. After a while we retraced our path back to the vehicles and drove carefully back toward camp. We stopped a little short of Powers Well for the assault on Aquila. The weary leader pointed the way and then followed the rest of the group up the slope (this is a clever ploy to avoid having to make steps up the sandy slope; let the eager beavers do that) to the saddle just east of the peak, which is the westernmost of the Five Fingers. From there we went west on the north side of the peak to the proper chute and followed it up to the top. The descent proceeded around to the saddle on the west side of the peak and the group went rapidly back to the cars. The next morning the 17 remaining drove around on Hwys 14 and 178 to Walker Pass. From there we followed the Pacific Crest Trail, in desert-like country at first and then amid conifers. We left the trail at the saddle southwest of the peak and climbed up to the peak (not along the ridge). After inspecting the slopes of South Owens Pk, we went back to Walker Pass by the same route and dispersed toward home.

Dick Akawie

Monte Arido (6003'), Old Man Mtn (5525')
April 14, 1984

Leaders: Dick Akawie, Edna Erspamer

After a trip along this route 3 years ago, on which Edna led and I was the assistant, I decided that this route was better than the customary route to these peaks. While it is about 3-1/2 miles longer (25-3/4 mi vs 22-1/4 mi), it has at least 1500' less gain. We met at 6 am at the locked gate at the west end of the Matilija Cyn Rd (5N13) off Hwy 33 and shuttled the group of 13 north on Hwy 33 to Pine Mtn Summit, where the dirt road to Reyes Pk starts. We walked in the opposite direction on Forest Road 6N03, which eventually took us to the top of Monte Arido for lunch. It was a warm day, but fortunately there was a breeze blowing. We then continued on the road, leaving it to go up the ridge to Old Man Mtn, and on to Murietta Divide, Murietta Cyn, and the cars. We reached them at 7:15 pm, just after it got dark. The morning drivers were then taken back to their cars at Pine Mtn Summit, and the trip ended successfully.

Dick Akawie

Editor's notes: I recently performed a statistical analysis concerning the distances and gains of HPS peaks. Choosing the most common route where alternatives existed, the results were: Average distance, 4.545mi; mean gain, 1322'; greatest distance and longest climb, Eagle Crag (25mi, 5200'); greatest gain, Rabbit Pk (6600'). If anyone can shed some light on the figures for DPS or SPS peaks, please let me know.

In view of the difficulty in keeping registers on some peaks, especially drive-ups, maybe some registers should be hidden with instructions in peak guides. Hugh Baker has done a splendid job of supplying new registers. Nevertheless, perhaps there should be an HPS officer in charge of register maintenance.

Split Mtn (6800'+), Black Mtn #5 (7438'), Sunday Pk (8295'), Bohna Pk (6800'+)
May 12-13, 1984 Leaders: Frank Goodykoontz, Dick Akawie

When John Backus couldn't make this trip, Frank drafted me to help him. I agreed if Frank would lead the first 2 peaks above, while I led the last 2. So Saturday morning the group of 23 met at Wofford Hts on Lake Isabella, drove up Hwy 155 to Greenhorn Summit, north on Forest Rd 90, and east on Black Mtn Rd to Black Mtn saddle. From there we hiked east on trail 32E46 and continued eastward through the brush to the saddle west of Split Mtn, then up to the summit for lunch. The usage trail had been worked on since I was there last, and several of us improved it further with loppers, pruners, and a saw. We came back by the same route to the high point on the trail just north of Black Mtn, and after a rest I climbed to its summit. Then we went back to the cars and camped at Black Mtn saddle for the night. The next morning the diminished group of 21 drove back to Forest Rd 90 and then north past Tiger Flat Cpgd (which was closed) to the start of the hike to Sunday Pk, where a side road leads to the Girl Scout camp. There were occasional snow patches along the trail, which we followed to the peak. Here 2 participants, who were not drivers, left the group to hike west and south directly to Bohna Pk, as I had done on a climb in 1972. The rest of us went back to the cars and drove south to Greenhorn Summit, 5.8 miles west on Hwy 155 to Sandy Creek Fire Rd (24S07), then approximately 1.5 miles north and parked. We went eastward up to the main ridge, where we found trail 31E66, and followed that to the top of Bohna Pk. The two who had gone directly there from Sunday Pk had gotten there two hours earlier (we had stopped for lunch and a short snooze on the way up Bohna). There followed the sound of popping corks as we celebrated the climbing of her 200th peak by Mickey Sharpsteen. After a rapid descent to the cars, the group left for home, mostly through Glennville and Woody to Bakersfield.

Dick Akawie

Tehachapi Mtn (7960'+), Double Mtn (7981'), Black Mtn #3 (5686')
June 23-24, 1984 Leaders: Frank Goodykoontz, Dick Akawie

Twenty-nine climbers met Saturday morning at the highest campsite in Tehachapi Mtn Park for this trip. Starting about 8:15 am, we climbed up through the trees on the north slope by road and trail to the top of Tehachapi, which took about 2 hours. Then we went down the trailless south slope to the road which led us up to the top of Double. After lunch we followed the road back to the "cat track" which goes up to the ridge east of Tehachapi Mtn. From there we walked around to the north ridge of Tehachapi and back to camp. Some in the group were not staying overnight, so Frank was persuaded to lead them up Black #3 that afternoon. Sunday morning 21 of us drove to Black #3 and climbed it in about 1-1/2 hours. After that people left for home. The driving route to Black #3 is unnecessarily complicated in the climbing guide. From the Woodford-Tehachapi Rd, turn W on Country Club Dr, N (R) on Mariposa Rd, W (L) on Quail Spring Rd, and S (L) on Scout Point Court to the cul-de-sac. All of these but the last are shown on the ACSC Kern Cty map. After the hike, Frank and I continued north and west on the Woodford-Tehachapi Rd to the viewpoint for the famous Tehachapi loop on the Southern Pacific RR. Incidentally, there is a very eager collector of cpgd fees at Tehachapi Mtn Park (\$6/night).

Dick Akawie

Castle Rocks (8600'), Black Mtn #1 (7772')
July 7, 1984 Leaders: Dick Akawie, Edna Erspamer

After a long drive from Pomona to the San Jacinto Mtns, ending up at the trailhead of the PCT at the end of Forest Road 4501, some twenty-odd (really odd) hikers took off on the PCT to the new Castle Rocks. This objective was easily reached, and we returned to the cars for lunch. Then we drove back to Boulder Basin campground, just below Black #1. Most of us walked up the road to the lookout, and three vehicles laden with goodies were driven up so we could celebrate the COMPLETION OF THE LIST by

ROGER GATES!

It was a great party; too bad you weren't there.
Dick Akawie



Tahquitz Pk (8828'), Lily Rock (8000'+)
September 30, 1984 Leaders: Dick Akawie, Frank Goodykoontz

This was an addendum to the climbs of Southwell Pk and Red Tahquitz Pk led by Joe Young, on which I assisted in place of Sam Fink, who had been ill. After Red Tahquitz, Joe, who was recovering from the flu, decided to go back to Humber Park with a few of the group, and turned the remaining 13 over to us. Frank led up to Tahquitz Pk, and then I led to Lily Rock and out. The reason for writing up this trip is that I am questioning the directions in the peak guide. The guide advises leaving the South Ridge trail from Tahquitz Pk at the eighth switchback and then following the rocky ridge which leads to Lily Rock along its south side. This is what we did, and it involves a fair amount of slab travel and second class rock till you get level with the saddle above Lily Rock. In the past I have left the trail at the twelfth switchback, and it seems to me that the cross-country travel to the Lily Rock saddle was somewhat easier. In any event, as we got near the saddle we ran into a ducked route to the saddle, and then we climbed Lily Rock from there. Afterwards we went down a usage trail, which we left to follow a broad, relatively brushless gully down to the trail which leads back to Humber Park. Although the gully diverged from Lily Rock, the extra trail walking took only about ten extra minutes; I felt it was worth it.

Dick Akawie

ROSS MTN Sept. 22, 1984 Jack Trager, Luella Martin

We did this hike as a car shuttle starting at Dawson Saddle and ending at Vincent Gap.

Eighteen signed in at La Canada at 7:00 am and four others did not sign in as they wished to go on their own from Vincent Gap. We met them at various points on the trail and ended up together on Ross.

John Southworth and John Sheldon split off to do Throop while the rest went on to Burnham, Baden Powell and they finally caught us at the saddle before the final peak.

In the preceding weeks, I was much concerned with the heat but the day turned out to be beautiful for hiking with only a little windy chill and incoming fog at the return to Baden Powell and down.

Two BigHorn were sighted off the point of Ross and an altogether pleasant time enjoyed by all even the one member who complained that it wasn't a strenuous hike as advertised. Most were quite satisfied.

It was nice to have the company of cycling leaders Bev and Ron Van Cleave and I much appreciated Luella leading on the return trip and assisting in general.

Jack Trager

MONROVIA FROM MONROVIA, Private Climb, 16 June 1984, Dick Farrar

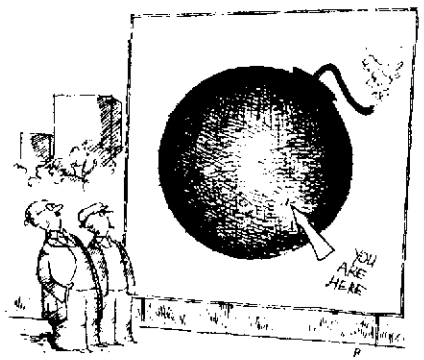
Since I have found the Rincon-Red Box Road locked on both ends most of the year, Monrovia Peak has been fairly elusive. I finally decided to take the bull by the horns and go up from the City of Monrovia. During an abortive attempt up the Sawpit Canyon Road, blocked by an elaborate fencing system, I met a local resident who described the Ruby Canyon approach. So, on June 16 Homer Meek, Bob Bunting and I drove north up Canyon Boulevard in Monrovia to the point where Ridgeside Drive forks off to the left. At the high point of Ridgeside Drive (about 1100 ft.) a sign indicates the initially paved lower Clamshell Truck Trail taking off to the left (Azusa 7.5' quad).

We started at 7:15 a.m., passing a few private homes before coming to a locked gate, beyond which the road was unpaved. For about a mile the road winds up Ruby Canyon. At a high point near a water tank (Mt. Wilson 7.5 quad) it meets a firebreak coming in from the northeast. Taking a sharp right, one encounters a faint trail up the firebreak. Soon the trail steepens, bearing generally northward, back onto the Azusa quad, and up past point 3165 where it turns northwest shortly before reaching Clamshell Peak (4360'). Midway between the southern and northern Clamshell Peaks a firebreak drops down 200' to the east to intersect the upper Clamshell Truck Trail. This road winds east and north and eventually connects with the Rincon-Red Box Road. Turning right on the latter we finally reached the point (4800 ft.) described in the Climbers' Guide for Monrovia. However, the southgoing firebreak up to Monrovia Peak soon disintegrated in excessive brush and we elected to go up another firebreak starting about a half mile east further along the road at the same elevation. This firebreak, running southwest, was unimpeded by brush and climbs 600 feet up to the Peak (5409). The climb took about 4 1/2 hours, primarily because of the long road hiking after Clamshell Peak.

Our return route, via Rankin Peak, was shorter by almost two miles. From Monrovia a firebreak runs south to a bump at about 5360, then turns west southwest to Rankin Peak at 5291. From there it drops southwest to intersect the upper Clamshell Road just at the point where it makes a sharp turn to the west (4600 feet). We then returned the way we had come, arriving at the car at about 3:00 p.m. The route down was very exposed to the sun and was much too warm in mid-June.

Unless one is careful, it is easy to go off the wrong ridge to the right at about 3500 feet, so particular care should be exercised in returning to point 3165. From there the route is straight forward. At that time of year, heat exhaustion poses a threat, so I would recommend avoiding this climb from late May to late September. The total gain is 5000 ft. Clamshell Peak is 3 miles from the start and Monrovia Peak via Rankin is 5.4 miles, contrasted with 7.2 via the Rincon-Red Box road. The long steep firebreak is tough on heels going up and tough on toes going down.

LAUGH AT THE COLD



MT. HILLYER MOONLIGHT MADNESS/PERSEID METEOR SHOWER HIKE

AUGUST 11, 1984

BOBCAT & JIM FLEMING

7 p.m. on a hot August night found 34 night crawlers loosely assembled at La Canada for our Annual Perseid Meteor Shower/Full Moon hike. Many of the Griffith Park Moonlight Maniacs were present, including Harriette Hangebacke & Harvey Mudfoote, Ione & Phil Bruce, Jim Fleming, Jane Martin, Laura Webb, Gary Murta, Emmanuel Molina and Robb Stewart.

We carpooled up to 3 Points for a split break and re-consolidation, and then drove up the dirt road toward Pacifico for about 4 miles. As we started up the trail, with Jim in charge of the rears, the full Moon rose in all its glory, throwing its silvery beams onto the trail ahead. A short but steep half-hour hike up the Northeast ridge of Hillyer brought us to her lofty summit by 8:30 p.m.

In between dodging moonbeams and occasional meteors (I wore my shower cap), we laid out a super banquet of moon munchies and Lunar liquids. Moonlight madness ensued until all the gourmet goodies were consumed. There was even an attempt made at singing, which scared all the bears away. I can't remember what happened after this. Somehow, we all (I hope) found our ways back down the trail to the cars by 11 p.m. and home for a short summers nap. See you all again when next the Moon turns full and the meteors begin to fall like teardrops from the sky.

Bobcat

Charlton Pk, Jepson Pk,
San Geronio Mtn

AUG 18, 1984

Leader: Luella Martin
Asst: Gordon Lindberg

For the third year in a row, we had cloud cover on our outing to the San Geronio Wilderness. A baker's dozen enjoyed an inexpensive trip to the Pacific Northwest. (Well, almost). The conditions were like Oregon. We had drizzle, fog, mist, distant thunder, and a 40 minute sleety downpour. Everyone brought some sort of raingear & so stayed at least partially dry. Everybody made all three peaks; however, the weather dampened my desire to do Dobbs.

We made a loop of it, hiking from Poopout to Dollar Saddle, picking off Charlton and Jepson on the way to San Geronio, then returning by way of Dry Lake. The misty views of Sugarloaf, San Jacinto, Big Bear Lake, Dry Lake, and Dragon Head were great. We would see something cloud-framed, then it would disappear and something else would be out. The foggy views were especially nice between the summit of San Geronio and Mineshaft, where the trail passes through a Limber Pine forest complete with snags. The real rain began after a clap of thunder while we were resting at Mineshaft, and lasted to just past Dry Lake. We had a great hike with a good group.

Luella Martin



SAN GORGONIO AND AREA

SEP 29-30

Elden Hughes and I led this backpack recently for the Orange County Singlas. Fourteen hikers in 6 cars met us Saturday morning at Poopout Hill and we got a casual 9:30 start up to Dollar Lake for lunch and on to High Meadow Spring for our mid-afternoon arrival at camp. Several hikers went on to climb Shields and Anderson that afternoon while others snoozed or started telling tall tales of hiking. An hour before sundown as the air was chilling we lit the campfire and Elden got out the guitar he had backpacked up. The hora d'oeuvres and refreshments made dinner unnecessary for many and the song and stories concluded about 11. The next morning we found a cold strong wind blowing enroute to our climb of San Gorgonio. Three hikers accompanied me to Jepson and Charlton in our return to Dollar Lake Saddle.



My purpose for this writeup is to relate that upon our return to the cars we found that 5 of the 6 had been broken into and at least 4 other neighboring cars had suffered the same fate with car windows broken and many items stolen, ranging from shoes to clothing, house keys, valuable papers, flashlights, tool boxes and naturally, tape cassettes. The San Bernardino County Sheriff had noted the breakins during an infrequent patrol but had not apprehended the thieves. When we reported our individual losses to the sheriff we learned that night-time breakins at Poopout Hill have become quite COMMON. It is suggested that vehicles should not be left overnight at Poopout Hill until the current state of affairs somehow changes! -- Ron Jones

Mt. Williamson August 19, 1984 Bob Kanne and Jim Fleming

Jim and I had such a good time on our "Beat-the Heat" hike last year that we decided to lead it again. This time it rained in L.A. on Saturday and the weatherman predicted more thundershowers in the mountains for Sunday. Despite this (and despite two other competing trips in the San Gabriels), fifty-one people showed up at 8:30 a.m. in La Canada.

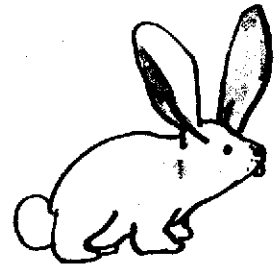
The trip write-up had said "suitable for new-comers", and they came along in droves! We followed the PCT up the west side of Williamson and had a leisurely lunch on top, enjoying fine views of the desert and surrounding peaks. The group patiently listened to my discussion of conservation issues related to the Pleasant View Ridge roadless area, and several said they would ask the Forest Service for a copy of this fall's Angeles Forest Plan (I hope that you will, too!).

We descended the trail under partly cloudy skies and twenty-three then continued on for the optional hike down to Little Rock Creek. Although the sun had disappeared behind clouds by this time, six of us opted for the exhilaration of total submersion in the cool creek water. A fine time was had by all; including such regulars as Gary Murta, Ray Riley, Donnica Wolf, Herb Dotzauer, and also Excom candidate Dave Czamanske. A special thanks to my assistant, Jim Fleming, who kept track of all 51 participants.--Bob Kanne



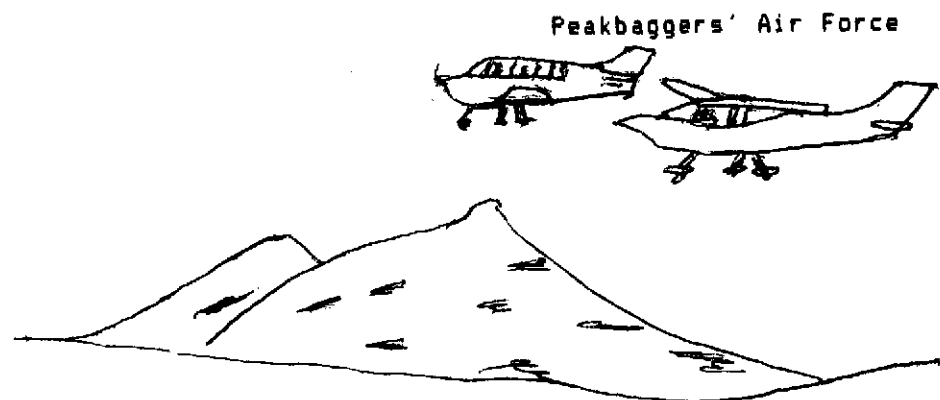
RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

<p>WEEKLY INVENTIONS</p> <p>PROTECTIVE MEASURES FOR THE RAINY SEASON</p>	<p>INGENUOUS PAIR OF JACK-UP SHOES FOR WALKING THROUGH PUDDLES.</p>	<p>EXTRA HANDLE FOR UMBRELLA WHEN IT BLOWS INSIDE OUT.</p>	<p>SPECIAL PIPES TO DRAIN WATER OFF BRIM OF DERBY.</p>	<p>MACHINE FOR BLOWING MUD BACK INTO FACE OF THOUGHTLESS MOTORIST.</p>
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MT. SHASTA AND MT. LASSEN Aug. 31-Sept. 3

Having tired of the numerous dirt piles, scrub heaps and drive-ups on the HPS list, 6 climbers + a second pilot and co-pilot joined the Peakbaggers' Air Force (or Farce) and flew to Redding by private plane on Aug. 31, thereby avoiding the traffic and idiot drivers that abound on the highways on holiday weekends. We then drove by rental car about 65 miles to Mt. Shasta City. On Saturday we got up at 4:00 AM and drove up to Panther Meadows, starting the climb of Mt. Shasta (14,162') at 5:30. Because it was still dark and because of the confusion of roads and trails in the area, we missed the intended route up the ski bowl and reached Avalanche Gulch about a mile below where we intended. Finally regaining the proper route, we soon started cramponing a long and rather steep snow couloir. The gulch did not live up to its name, but we were subjected to a rock barrage due to loosening of the rocks after a snowfall two days earlier. At Red Banks, about two-thirds of the way up, Leslie Lederman and Arthur Shain became intimidated by the sight of some nasty-looking bergschrund and crevasses at the top of Konwakiton Glacier and turned back. This glacier and several others approaching Alpine quality make Shasta the glacier king of California. Bobcat Thompson and Poindexter, one of our pilots, started down from the summit, which they reached at 2:00 and 2:30 respectively, met Herb Dotzauer and Joe Young about 200 ft. below and celebrated their feats and feets with Shasta Cola. In order to find the right route and get back before dark we headed down and reached the car in only about 3 hrs. due to several sitting glissades. Meanwhile, Ilse de Vries and Roy Brown (the other pilot and co-pilot) tried their luck at fishing and caught a mess of tire carp and rock fish. Sunday we drove over to Mt. Lassen, and passing up throngs of tourists in every conceivable manner of dress and undress we reached the summit in 1 hr. 5 minutes. On the way back to Mt. Shasta City we stopped at Burney Falls, which was a very pleasant side trip. Monday, following another night of revelry at the Spinners Arms English Pub (featuring good food, especially roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, four excellent British beers on tap, and a congenial genuine Brit owner), three of our troop attempted to rouse the others and were driven off by a wild naked man wielding an ice axe. (The man resembled Joe Young but was probably a local Sasquatch that had wandered into our motel during the night.) On the way back to Redding, we stopped off at Shasta Caverns and tormented a tour guide and bus driver while touring the caverns. We then boarded our planes and returned to L.A. to hear our favorite composer, Shastakovitch, vowing to return next year. The weather was excellent the entire weekend, a rare occurrence for the Shasta area. We are also considering more Peakbaggers' Air Force trips. Special thanks to Joe Young for rounding up the pilots, rental cars and motel rooms.



PEAKBAGGERS! AIR FORCE AND MT. SHASTA



Inevitably, their affair ended: Howard worried excessively about what the pack would think, and Agnes simply ate the flowers.



A HOLIDAY IN THE SANTA LUCIAS: JUNIPERO SERRA PEAK (5862'), CONE PEAK (5155')
by: John Robinson

The majestic Santa Lucias possess a mystic aura in California history and literature. It was sea captain Sebastian Viscaino who marveled at these "mountains which rise from the sea" and gave them their present name during his famous voyage along the California coast in 1602. These green-clothed mountains form a poignant backdrop for Robinson Jeffers' starkly beautiful poetry and John Steinbeck's tales of poverty and struggle. Big Sur, a notch in the oceanward face of the Santa Lucias, is excelled in beauty by few places in the world.

Desirous of exploring these emerald mountains that rise abruptly from the ocean, I headed north one Saturday afternoon during the Easter holidays. My first objective was Junipero Serra Peak, highest in the Santa Lucias. Next to me on the car seat was the Ventana Chapter, Sierra Club's Trail Guide to Los Padres National Forest, an excellent guidebook that covers all the trails and major peaks of these mountains.

Junipero Serra Peak lies well east of the main crest of the range, so the approach is from US 101. You leave the highway just north of Bradley, head northwest on Jolon Road to Jolon, then left to San Antonio Mission. There are a maze of roads around the mission, causing difficulty for anyone not familiar with the area. The correct route turns west about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south of the mission and has a sign indicating "Santa Lucia Memorial Park." You follow this road west, then northwest, through the training grounds of Fort Hunter Liggett, to Indians Campground and Ranger Station, starting point for the climb.

The trail begins about 100 yards south of the Indians Ranger Station and is prominently signed. It is six miles and 3800 feet gain to the summit. You ascend eastward through open oak forest and grassland, then turn northeast, crossing several small creeks, and in $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles leave the forest cover and zigzag steeply up to a divide. Here is an unmarked trail junction; you go right and climb the ridge via a number of long switchbacks, with sweeping vistas westward to the main crest of the Santa Lucias. You finally gain the welcome shade of tall pines on the summit ridge and steeply zigzag up to the abandoned fire lookout tower. Junipero Serra Peak actually has two summits, about 200 yards apart. The lookout tower is on the north peak, the foundations of a previous lookout on the south peak. Both summits have bench marks. Since it's difficult to determine which is higher, better walk to both of them. The panorama in all directions is splendid, since no mountain within a hundred miles is as high. Westward is the main crest of the Santa Lucias, with the ocean fog visible through several low gaps in the ridgeline. To the east, you peer across the broad Salinas Valley to the Diablo Range and the distant yellow haze above the San Joaquin. On the clearest of days you can supposedly make out the Sierra Nevada 200 miles east, but I had no such luck.

From the summit of Junipero Serra, one peak stands above all others on the main oceanward crest of the Santa Lucias--Cone Peak. The appropriately named conical summit was my next objective.

To reach Cone Peak, you drive one of the most scenic and spectacular highways in California, the Nacimiento-Ferguson Road from Jolon over the crest of the Santa Lucias and down to Highway One on the coast. You leave this breathtaking thoroughfare at Nacimiento Summit and drive north on Forest Road 22S05, following this narrow dirt road 5.2 miles to the signed Cone Peak trailhead.

It is only two miles with 1,100 feet gain to the summit of Cone Peak, but what a spectacular trail! Your trail follows the crest, or just below it, the whole distance to the peak, with magnificent views of the mountain rampart plunging

(continued, top of page 15)

John Robinson's Santa Lucia Holiday, Con't.

steeply to the sea. You catch glimpses of Highway One snaking along the cliffs far below. Even 5,000 feet up, the ocean breeze crossing the mountain crest is refreshing. Just before the final zigzag to the top you reach a trail junction. You turn right and climb quickly to the fire lookout on the small, airy summit. Although not as high as Junipero Serra Peak, the view from Cone Peak is better, thanks to the sweeping ocean view and the abrupt western rampart of the range.

The final two days of my vacation were spent exploring the coastal and foothill trails in and around Big Sur. I returned home enriched by my wilderness experience in one of California's most beautiful mountain ranges.

The Gentle Art of Freddy Peeking

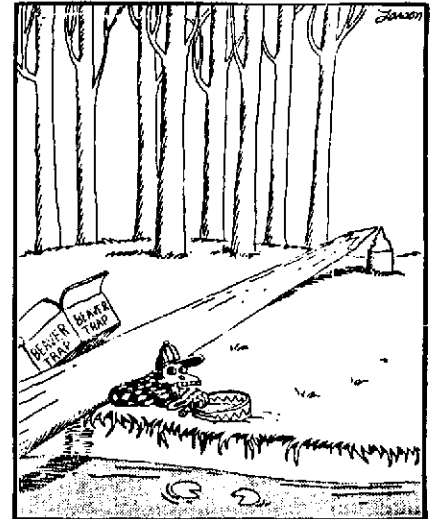
What are you on here in the winter if you hate skiing but still want to get out in the mountains? The project I have set for myself, now nearing completion after six years and about 270 peaks, is the ascent of every named winter-accessible summit in the Front Range between the Pikes Peak region and the Wyoming border. Since the summits comfortably accessible in the off season are the smaller, below-timberline ones in the 6- to 10-thousand-foot range, as opposed to the more famous High Peaks, I have coined a term for this category in honor of another person who shares my zeal for climbing every bump and my companion on many winter trips, Prof. Frede Jensen of the CU faculty and the Boulder Group.

Human nature being what it is, every game must have its rules, and Freddy peeking is no exception. Of course, in such a free-form activity, everyone is free to make their own rules. Mine are adopted from the Los Angeles chapter of the Sierra Club, with whom I began climbing. Standard reference material are the USGS 7.5' (or 15') *Topo maps* which cover the entire Front Range. First of all, *only named peaks are climbed*. Obviously, there are many fine-looking points without names, and I confess to having been up a few. I will also add that there are some named summits so *undistinguished* as to hardly be worth the gasoline to get there. However, with such a prodigious plethora of points as exists in the Front Range, I feel that there has to be some method of discriminating climbing targets so as to give some illusion of progress toward a stated goal. Otherwise, you could spend nearly forever *bagging* every point surrounded by a closed contour line on any one of the topo sheets. Only certain classes of named features are "fair game", and "count" towards the total. As we are mountain-geers, we only climb Mountains, Peaks, Boires, *Needles*, and *Crags*; hills and knolls are considered beneath our dignity. *Ridges may* offer a fine route to a peak, but ridges are by definition *subsidiary parts* of Mountains, and do not in themselves count. Rocks are a twilight zone. *Some* Rocks are certainly nothing more than minor formations on the *sides* of mountains, and don't count for much. Other Rocks are *fine peaks* in themselves (Kruger Rock east of Estes Park; Lone Rock on the Bailey gund).

When all peaks, etc. on a topo sheet have been climbed, that map is considered "cleaned out". At first, it's fun to see the quads bite the dust; but, *as more and more of the Front Range gets wiped out*, it's sad

to see there's less and less to do (Unless, of course, you want to start all over again).

Stay tuned for the next episode, coming next issue



"Aaaaaaaaal Murray! ... A spider was in my shoe!"



Exercise knowledge

Here's a short quiz to test your exercise knowledge. Answer true or false.

1. You have more energy when you exercise.
2. You get the same benefits from all exercises.
3. Exercise can help you lose weight.
4. Regular exercise is associated with lower blood pressure.
5. You have to be athletic to exercise.
6. The older you are, the more exercise you need.
7. If you exercise vigorously and regularly you are more likely to cut down or stop smoking.
8. Exercising takes too much time.



10. Sudden mountain storms are common, especially in the afternoon and evening. During lightning storms, stay off ridges, away from open meadows and away from isolated trees. If possible, find shelter among dense, small trees in low areas. If this is not possible, lie down on the ground.

11. Sign all trail registers. The register will help others find you if you become lost. These trail registers are also used to determine which trails receive the most use and should have priority for maintenance.

Travel Hints

1. Enjoy the adventures of a Wilderness experience, but do not take unnecessary chances. An illness which is normally minor can become serious in high elevations. If you get sick, try to get out of the mountains, or at least to a lower elevation, while you can still travel.

2. Know the location of the Ranger Stations near your route of travel. Leave word with friends as to where you are going and when you expect to return. Take a detailed map with you.

3. If you think you are lost, take it easy, keep calm and don't panic. Sit down and figure out where you are. Use your head, not your legs.

4. In fog, in a storm, or when night comes, stop at once and make camp in a sheltered place. Gather plenty of fuel and build a small warming fire in a safe place. (Be sure it is out when you leave.)

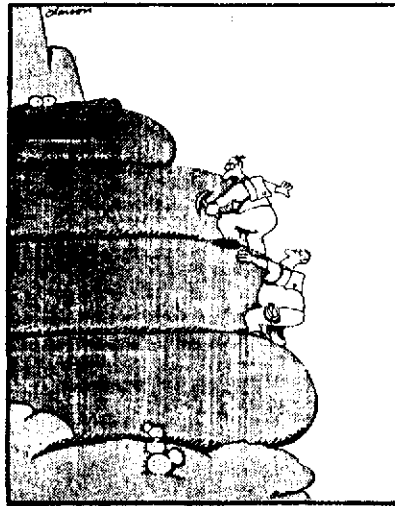
5. Three of anything (shouts, smokes, fires) are a sign of distress. If seen or heard, help will soon be on the way. (Use these "three signals" only in emergencies.)

6. It is never wise to travel alone, but if you must, stick to frequently used trails in case you become sick or injured.

7. Carry a lightweight ground cloth or plastic material which can be used for a tent if it should rain.

8. Bring sunburn lotion, insect repellent and ointment for chapped lips. It is advisable to have dark glasses.

9. Be alert. Poison oak grows to about 5,000 feet elevation, and rattlesnakes are found up to 9,000 feet and occasionally higher.



"Freeze, Earl Freeze! ... Something rattled!"



"It's true, Barbara ... You're the first woman I've ever brought here."



"Sandwiches!"



Answers to EXERCISE KNOWLEDGE.

1. True. Most people have found that they have more energy when they exercise on a regular basis. Exercise can also help you resist fatigue and stress.
2. False. Only exercises such as brisk walking, jogging or swimming can burn off a lot of calories and improve the efficiency of your heart and lungs. Other exercises can't give you these benefits but may help you increase flexibility or muscle strength.
3. True. Exercise can help you take off extra pounds or maintain your ideal weight.
4. True.
5. False. You don't have to be a super athlete to be able to exercise properly. There are many forms of exercise that do not require any special athletic ability.
6. True. The older we get, the greater is our tendency to cut back on the amount of exercise we receive. Middle-aged and older people need especially to make sure they get enough exercise.
7. True.
8. False. Exercising as little as 25 to 40 minutes, three times a week, is all that is needed by the average person. Once an exercise program has been established and is done on a regular basis, it becomes a natural part of your life.