

MAY - JUNE 1988

HIKING SHORTS

National Results

Elected as members of the Sierra Club Board of Directors, this April, were: Freeman Allen, Richard Fiddler, Susan Merrow, Michele Perrault, and Denny Shaffer. The other members are David Brower, Lawrence Downing, Ruth Frear, Robert Howard, Vivian Li, Sally Reid, Shirley Taylor, Sandy Tepfer and Edward Wayburn

Mea Culpa

Sincere apologies are extended by the LOOKOUT to one of our senior members, HPS List Finisher William T. Russell. He has provided us all with much valuable service by compiling our HPS Peak Lists for so many years. His name was unintentionally (but carelessly) excluded from this year's printing.

Party!

Ruth Adler invites all peakbaggers and baggettes to join her on Saturday, June 18, for her last two peaks of The List. First, an easy, pleasant hike up Mount Hilyer through Jeffrey pines, incense cedar and some jumbo sized granite rocks. Then drive to the top of Pacifico Mountain for the List Finishing and Potluck Party. Meet at 9AM at the La Cañada car-pool point. Lack of Champagne cancels. Leaders: Ruth Adler, Jon Sheldon, Evan Samuels.

To be or not to be

Recently your management committee received unusual news from Mike Sandford and Gary Murta. It seems that in terms of membership we're going backward. Last year at this time we were 466 strong. Usually at renewal time one or two dozen people find other things to do. That's fine since we continue to get a steady stream of new members each month. Once in HPS always in HPS. But this year the unheard of happened: 106 members haven't renewed. In a stroke this shrinks our section by a fifth to 420. It reduces us in so many other ways too. A lot of us are wondering why?

Owe it to ourselves?

Proposition 70 would mean, in the simplest terms: enough money for Californians to save some land from exploitation, and some species from extinction. Upon passage of the initiative, half of the funds would be spent in Southern California. Of that, Los Angeles County would get 115 million dollars from specific grant programs and 43 million from grants based on area population. Among the vast but necessary sums already earmarked (in millions) are such needed statewide restoration projects as: Inland wetlands (\$25), Urban creeks (\$5), Urban forestry (\$5), Trails (\$6), Historic preser-

vation (\$11), Coastal Conservancy (\$30), Natural areas (\$50). Locally, money is targeted for Anza-Borrego State Park (\$5), Brea Heights Regional Park (\$5), Chino Hills State Park (\$7), Riparian Habitats (\$10), Baldwin Hills State Recreation Area (\$10), Indian Canyons State Park (\$19), Santa Susana Mountains State Park and the Rim of the Valley Trail (\$20), and the Santa Monica Mountains State Parks (\$30). It will be on the June 7 ballot. Please vote: Yes!

First Women's Double?

High atop Winston Ridge, this April, Susan Carter Moore and Eleanor Moore doubled their pleasure, doubled their fun, and believe they completed the first Mother-Daughter double bagging of a 200th HPS peak together. Congratulations! Congratulations!

Source

The Annual Environmental Sourcebook is available, free, from the Center for Resource Economics/ Island Press, 1718 Connecticut Avenue NW, Suite 300, Washington DC 20009, or by calling (toll free) 800-628-2828, extension 416. The book is a catalog of 76 environmental books on issues ranging from agriculture to wildlife. It also contains a listing of reference materials, and the official report of President Reagan's Commission on American Outdoors.

Yikes! Bikes!

There are some of us who look upon the prospect of sharing trail space with mountain bikers with about the same anticipation that we would have if invited to a convention of Vandals, Arsonists, and Housing Developers. Oh well, sigh, we'll just have to try to grow with the times. The Sierra Club, Public Lands Committee has now adopted a new draft revision of its policy on ORV's. For those of you that are too distressed to read any more, indulge me. The hope is to work with good mountain bikers (such few as there are) for common goals, and not to make them feel as though they are being thrown into the pot of social debris occupied by other ORV wahoos, hooligans and neer-do wells. If we force them into bad company, so the current reasoning goes, they'll be more likely to continue to do strange nasty things. Like leaving deep gouges on wet trails after the rain, or cutting switchbacks, or obliterating a graded curve on a newly finished pathway. If we all become friends they might stop zooming past us at about 60MPH on a downhill and shouting Hi! as we dive for the bushes. Better we try to reform them before they tell all their friends and family what fun they're having. Otherwise there soon won't be any

peace left in the world. The prospect is too horrible to contemplate. It's far better to bite the bullet now and bring them (provisionally) into the fold. May John Muir have mercy on us all, here are the ground rules we're proposing: "OFF-ROAD USE OF VEHICLES. (I) USE IN OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED WILDERNESS. The Sierra Club reaffirms its support for the Wilderness Act's prohibition of "mechanized modes of transport," including non-motorized vehicles, from entry into designated wilderness. (II) USE OF VEHICLES ON OTHER PUBLIC LANDS. (A) Trails and areas on public lands should be closed to all vehicles unless (i) determined to be appropriate for their use through completion of an analysis, review, and implementation process, and (ii) officially posted with signs as being open. (B) The process must include (i) application of objective criteria to assess whether or not environmental damage can effectively be prevented or repaired, and whether the safety and enjoyment of all users be protected; (ii) a public review and comment procedure involving all interested parties; and (iii) promulgation of effective implementing regulations where vehicle use is determined to be appropriate. (C) Trails and areas designated for vehicular use must be monitored periodically to detect environmental damage, or user interference inconsistent with the above criteria. Where this occurs, the trail or area must be closed to vehicles unless effective corrective regulations are enforced".

I never said we had to make it easy.

Tax stuff

Most of us still think that lobbying to save the Grand Canyon was worth losing our tax status. Effective immediately, all written fundraising appeals, including letters, pamphlets, cards, or brochures must state that contributions to the Sierra Club are not tax deductible. This applies to fundraising campaigns which reach ten or more people in writing. It does not apply to oral communications, but does apply to any accompanying written materials. This new Federal law applies to all entities of the Club, including Chapters, Sections and Committees. Fines of up to \$10,000 can be imposed for violations.

Sic transit

April 22, 1988, the Age of Aquarius died. The LA County Regional Planning Commission voted 3-2 to OK the sale of the Renaissance Pleasure Faire site in Agoura, adjoining SMMNRA lands, to developer Brian Heller to build 160 luxury homes on the 320 acre site. Sales will be restricted to certified Blue Meanies.

FEATURES



REGISTER BOX

by Jim Adler

REGISTERS NEEDED:

- Antimony/ 4D:** decrepit
- Lizard Head/ 6E:** half-missing
- Mt. Lukens/ 9E:** missing
- Roundtop/ 10H:** missing
- Barley Flats/ 11D:** decrepit
- Mt. Hillyer/ 10I:** missing
- Mt. Sally/ 11E:** missing
- Vetter Mtn/ 11F:** missing
- Kratka Ridge/ 14K:** missing
- Chalk Pk/ 16H:** decrepit
- Buck Point/ 17G:** missing
- San Sevaire/ 17H:** missing
- Hawes/ 20I:** missing
- Delamar/ 21E:** decrepit
- Gold/ 21H:** decrepit
- Silver/ 21I:** beer can
- Onyx#1/ 23G:** missing
- Constance/ 24A:** half-missing
- Birch/ 25B:** half-missing
- Cedar/ 25C:** decrepit
- Kitching/ 25I:** cola can
- San Ysidro Mtn/ 31I:** missing
- Garnet Pk/ 32I:** missing

If you are climbing any of the above peaks, please consider bringing a new register can and book. If you discover a peak which needs a new register can, please let me know by mail addressed to Jim Adler, 10726 Woodbine Street #3, Los Angeles, CA 90034, or by phone at (213) 838-0524.

Also, please advise if you have replaced any of the missing or deficient registers or discover that any of the above reports are erroneous or out of date. Since register books and pencils are so easy to carry all the time, peaks where only books or pencils are needed will not be listed.

During the last period many reports of both missing and deficient registers as well as replaced and located registers were received.

I also received three reports on where hard to find registers are located.

☛ **CHARLES KNAPKE** reports that he has hidden a new register on heavily used Stonewall Peak in the rocks at the base of the stone stairs to the peak.

☛ **DAVID JENSEN** reports placing a new register on Ryan Mountain, 50 feet east the summit rock pile on the east side of another small rock pile.

☛ **BOB GREGG** reports locating the register on Mount Mooney.

☛ See the little map at right to find where it is.

MONEY

by Mike Sandford

BALANCE: Savings Checking Cash Total
2/29/88 \$1977.03 \$1845.47 \$32.20 \$2695.36

RECEIPTS:

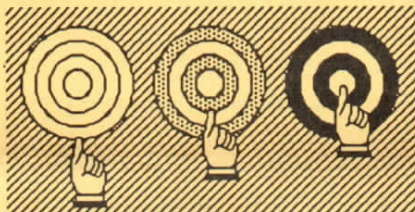
Invent. Sales	0.00	42.50	1.50	0.00
Members	0.00	420.00	6.00	0.00
Donations	0.00	0.00	3.41	0.00
Credit	0.00	0.50	0.00	0.00
Interest	24.76	0.00	0.00	0.00
TOTAL	24.76	463.00	10.91	487.76

DISBURSEMENTS:

Office exp.				
Refunds	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Postage	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
Printing	0.00	446.77	1.25	0.00
Refreshments	0.00	43.79	0.00	0.00
Bank chrg.	0.00	6.40	4.56	0.00
TOTAL	0.00	1294.43	5.81	502.77

BALANCE: 3/31/88 \$2001.79 \$1811.51 \$37.30 \$3639.69

*Note: Above figures include advance payments for the LOOKOUT of \$1002.00 (167 subscriptions)



GUIDES

by John Backus

The following guides have been revised;
the latest revision dates are listed.

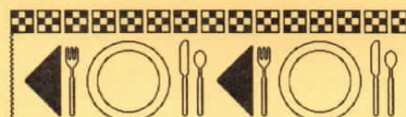
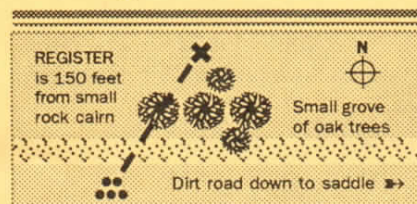
Minor revisions:

2D	Red Mtn	C:03/13/88
32F	Stonewall Pk	C:03/13/88
32E	Cuyamaca Pk	C:03/13/88

Important revisions:

5A	Caliente Mtn ♦	D:03/28/88
9B	Iron Mtn#2 "	D:03/24/88
9C	Condor Pk "	E:03/24/88
9D	Fox Mtn#2 "	C:02/15/88
29A	Rouse Hill ≈	E:03/28/88

- ♦ New Information on obtaining permission
- " Hiking information updated
- ≈ Hiking route added



PEAK AND CHEWS

AN HPS RESTAURANT REVIEW

When you come across a restaurant that you feel is worth comment, during your peak bagging travels, please write to us that your review may be included.

■ **JULIAN CAFE:** Main Drag (Hwy 9), Julian. This is a pleasant homey restaurant with quick service. The menu is highly varied including steak, prime rib, halibut, snapper, vegetable, swiss cheese quiche, liver and onions, roast sirloin of beef, and chicken turnover pie. Prices ranged from about \$5.25 to \$10.95 for dinners. Dinner included soup or salad, potatoes (baked or mashed) or rice, rolls and real butter. The "minestrone" soup was OK but not necessarily what is usually called minestrone. The roast sirloin of beef was rather dry and appeared to have been reheated in a skillet. The chicken turnover pie was very good with plenty of chicken and a good flaky crust. The small helping of mixed vegetables was slightly overcooked. The green salad was OK. The apple pie, however, was outstanding! In short, order pie.
—JIM ADLER

■ **TIFFANY'S:** Wagon Wheel Road (off Hwy 15), Devore. Not for those who have always wanted to have breakfast at said same. It's about what you'd expect next to an abandoned car lot at the end of a small road in the Cajon Pass. Which it is. A sign on the doorway warns "No shoes, No shirt, No service". Despite this, it was more than half full at 4PM with a mix of families and bikers who looked half filled. The menu is basic coffee shop. Prices ranged from \$3.50 to \$8.75 for dinners. I had a "Giant Burger". I requested it medium rare and got medium blech. It was composed of stale bun, two thin patties, a not too special russian dressing, and a bunch of dry almost cold crinkly type processed potato thingsies. My heartburn cost me \$4.25. I tried to swallow it down with a beer. They have any kind you want as long as it's Bud, Miller, or Coors. At least it's served in an open bottle. My friend had a "Tiffany Deluxe" sandwich. It consisted of "roast sirloin of beef, zesty cheese and tomato slices on grilled sourdough bread, with potato salad". The bread was toasted OK. But the potato salad wasn't home made. This was \$4.20. If your car gets hauled next door, try it, but don't forget your shoes and shirt.
—LOUIS QUIRANTE

Up for Grabs

Proposition 70, the California Wildlife, Coastal and Park Land Conservation Act must pass. It's the bond act initiative that will help preserve and protect wildlife and conserve open space to assure a better quality of life for everyone. It will accord protection to many endangered lands and natural communities and provide guarantees for recreational opportunities in the future. It is the largest park bond measure in California history, and the first such issue to be placed on the ballot in 74 years. Proposition 70 will insure that at least a few more of our irreplaceable natural treasures will survive.

The need for the measure is apparent: California is growing at the rate of one new city the size of San Francisco each year. That growth projects urban and suburban sprawl squarely into areas previously wild, and in so doing critically endangers our unique natural heritage. For example, some 31 plants and 20 animals once native to the state are extinct or no longer reside here. 47% of the state's known 380 natural communities, "micro-ecosystems" are threatened with extinction. Proposition 70 would work to remedy this.

Additionally, it has been made necessary by the ineptitude of our state legislators, and the anti-environmental bias of Deukmejian administration. Proposition 70 has been backed by the Sierra Club from the start. This has been in the hope of undoing some of the very real damage wrought by recent political priorities based on the expediency of the moment.

Senseless growth and sprawl have already grabbed off and destroyed so much of value. It's time for us, the people, to get up and politely grab back. Proposition 70 will help us to reclaim, preserve and cherish what is ours. The land we love most, the portion of the light and the green we call home. In our hearts we may know the right. But it will not be won with goodwill alone. Proposition 70 will pass when you vote: Yes. Only then.

Golden Rule

Vote Yes on Proposition 68, the Common Cause Initiative limiting campaign contributions. Your Sierra Club urges you to do this because environmental concerns in the legislature are often overwhelmed by the need for large corporate campaign contributions.

Governor Deukmejian, Assembly Speaker Brown and Senate President Roberti, in unheard of agreement, have formed an unholy alliance against Proposition 68. The LA Times believes that their arguments "defy reason and credibility". These three have good cause to fear any change in a formula that now allows them and their supporters to buy almost permanent tenure. The State is breaking down while they exclusively court and satisfy the desires of "fat cat" backers. Government in the "Golden State" has devolved to a situation where the rules are made by whoever has the most gold.

Proposition 68 will go a long way to leech away some of the corruption in the byzantine world of current Sacramento "good old boy" do-nothing politics. It's time again for us to assert our right to rule ourselves.

FROM THE CHAIR

by Patty Kline



Now that Spring is well underway and the snows are melting, a lot of us have made progress in our peakbagging. One thing I have noticed is that the more peaks you get on the list, the farther you have to drive to get any single one. I don't want to sound discouraging. It adds to the fun. For example, on March 12th of this year, I started off one day with Craig Estes and Ellen Holden to do Fox Mountain#1. We took off in my car, one of the most useless vehicles ever made for rough roads. When we had driven about three hours, taking the scenic route through Ojai, we stopped for a picnic lunch amid the spring wildflowers. We went up to the peak in less than two hours. The flowers were beautiful. So were the views from the top. There are many other peaks on the list that I haven't done in Santa Barbara County. After this, I just can't wait to bag some more in the area.

Alan Coles responded to the appeal in the last Lookout on the "Adopt a Trail" program. Every year, he has been leading HPS hikes in Spring to Eagle Crag in San Diego County. He has maintained the trail as part of the hike. Alan thinks this trail definitely needs help. He thinks that the Forest Service would be appreciative of our prearranged efforts in the future. Thank you so much Alan. If any of you have any other suggestions for trails to adopt, please call me.

A very important issue is coming up on June 7 on the State ballot. It is Prop 70. This is for a bond act to purchase and protect \$776 million worth of vital natural areas. The Sierra Club is one of the groups that helped to get it on the ballot. We can really win now by all voting Yes on this, and urging all our friends to also vote Yes.

CONSERVATION

by Ruth Lee Brown

Election Day is Tuesday, June 7th for Proposition 70, our California Parks and Wildlife Initiative.

This bond act was the idea of the Planning & Conservation League. They were joined by the Sierra Club, and dozens of other state-wide and local environmental groups to form "Californians for Parks and Wildlife". Many of us in the Sierra Club, and in the HPS, worked together to get the necessary signatures on the petitions to get this initiative on the ballot.

This effort was necessary because the Deukmejian Administration was opposed to the acquisition of new parkland. Also, three similar bond acts that had broad legislative support were defeated due to Republican opposition at the end of the legislative session.

The Sierra Club supports this initiative. Now let's all get out and vote for it so it passes on June 7th.

The Sierra Club also supports the Desert Protection Act (S.7, and H.R.371) to preserve and protect the environment. It needs and deserves our help. Please write today in support of the Mojave National Park and the elevation of Death Valley and Joshua Tree to National Park status.

All we need to do, if we have any doubts concerning this bill, is to visit the desert under BLM care. It simply doesn't have the protection necessary to preserve its fragile environment. As a Ranger at Red Rock Canyon State Park so aptly put it: "practically anything goes, on BLM land, you can get away with almost anything there".

This is an extremely important bill. It will continue to be a top priority of the Sierra Club in California because the desert is fragile and important. It is not protected effectively. If we don't fight to save it, who will?

ADVANCE NOTICE



HPS TRIPS: JULY - OCTOBER 1988

Compiled by Dick Akawie

Jul	10	Williamson, Pallet, Pleasant View, Will Thrall: Young, Thompson
	16	Islip, Middle Hawkins, Hawkins, Throop, Lewis: Martin, Trager
—	16-17	San Jacinto, Folly, Jean, Marion: Estes, Kline, Benti
✓	20	Islip: Machen, Douglas
—	24	San Geronio, Jepson, Dobbs: Riley, Webster
	30	Henninger Flats Potluck: Lum, O'Sullivan
	30	San Geronio: Thayer, Barthoumes
Aug	06	San Jacinto: Thayer, Geissinger
	17	Lookout#2: Backus, Thayer
	28	Throop, Burnham, Baden-Powell, Lewis: Waxman, Aronson
Sep	04	Sunset: Curtis, Rabinowitz
	10-11	Tehachapi, Double, Black#3: Henderson, Cheslick
	17	Throop, Burnham, Hawkins: Lindberg, Trager
	17-18	Marion, Jean, Cornell, San Jacinto, Folly: Jones, Breechen
	17-18	Little Bear, plus: Young, Brown
—	24	Ten Thousand Foot Ridge: Russell, Goodykoontz
	24	Wright, Pine, Dawson: Martin, Wright
	25	Barley Flats, Lawlor, Strawberry: Brown, Rabinowitz
Oct	01-02	Wright, Pine, Dawson, Circle, Gobbler's Knob: ✓ Breechen, Jones
	01-02	Mc Pherson, Peak, Fox: Cheslick, Henderson
—	01-02	Butler, Grays, Little Bear, Delamar, Artic, Bertha, Gold: Kline, Benti
	08	Chief: Kline, Conant
	08	Ortega Peak, Ortega Hill: Martin, Lindberg
	08	Shay, Deer, Ingham, Little Shay: Akawie, Goodykoontz
	15-16	Onyx, Aspen Groves: Waxman, Beuermann
	15-16	Peak, McPherson, Cuyama, Lizard Head: Kline, Dobos
	16	Waterman: Nilsson, Libby
	19	Barley Flats: Sutherland, Goldberg
	22	San Antonio: Kline, Estes
	22	San Antonio: Sheldon, Adler
	22	Timber, Telegraph: Brown, Thompson
	22-23	OKTOBERFEST
	23	Sunset: Armbruster, Quirarte
	29	Eagle Rest: Martin, Wright
	29-30	Double, Tehachapi, Black#3: Bleiberg, Curtis

SEE: ANGELES CHAPTER SCHEDULE NUMBER 248 FOR FURTHER DETAILS



FRANK DOBOS

**Granite Mtn#2 and Whale Pk
1/9-10/88**

**Leaders: Bob Henderson,
John Cheslick**

By Bob Henderson

Twelve people met at Blair Valley in the Anza-Borrego Desert on a beautiful warm day. The meeting place, Blair Valley Ranger Station turned out to be an assembly of old porta-potties.

After moving to the south of Granite#2, we started up over a good route, making the peak in three hours. The route description in the guides for both peaks is excellent. We were enjoying a great view when we saw three more people coming up our route: Jack Haddad, Frank Dobos, and Ruth Lee Brown. They had been delayed by the dense ground fogs near Lake Elsinore. Shirley Akawie was slowed somewhat on the rough terrain on the way back by severe cramps in both legs, but determination kept her near the group. We all stopped at the old mine works on the way back and enjoyed a much smoother walk back down to the cars.

Our car camp was near the turnoff to Whale. The campfire had to be placed in a wastebasket since the Anza-Borrego rules prohibit leaving fire remains in the desert. Fred Johnson provided lots of extra firewood. Musical instruments were provided by Roy Stewart and Karen Nikisher. Dick Akawie entertained us with tales of driving to peaks in reverse gear.

We had enjoyed perfect hiking weather, but the clear desert night got cold, as those few of us who slept outside or left water out noticed the next morning.

Whale was a quicker hike. We started our drive at 7:00AM and were back at the

cars around noon. Jack had left us the day before, so fourteen of us followed lots of ducks, and a group of backpackers to the summit. The top even has an old sign on the largest rock. Other participants were Magdaline Quinlan, Bob Sumner, Alice Cahill, Dave Welbourne and Tom Neely.

After the hike, the group scattered for other pleasures, such as dipping their bobs in the hot springs. But five of us drove up to Hot Springs Peak. There, we saw a very big pig guarding the gate, ice on the road, and a hang glider diving onto us on the peak.

**Mt Lukens
1/16/88**

**Leaders: Bob Thompson,
Stag Brown**

By Bob Thompson

Our Eighth Annual ascent of "Sister Elsie" began on a cool winter day at La Cañada. We carpoled and caravaned over to the top of Haines Canyon Road in Tujunga for the start of the hike. Twenty-six people started hiking at 8:45AM. Hi ho, Hi ho, it's up the trail we go. We hike up, and then on down, followed closely by Stag Brown. Hi ho! Hi ho!

Following a beautiful trail, mostly on the east side of the stream, we hiked up Haines Canyon, crossing the fire road a mile into the hike. And then further up canyon where the trail splits—Haines Canyon trail to the right, and the Old Sister Elsie trail crossing the stream to the left. We headed north up canyon. We made a fast switchback on the Haines Canyon trail, took out the trail clippers and saws we had brought and proceeded up the trail, clipping and sawing our way through the overgrown trail. This is a beautiful trail in the spring and fall. It

would be my choice for our "Adopt a Trail" program when it gets going. Between the lead cat's trail saw, Mike Baldwin's "Cindy" lopers, and the other clippers along, we managed to saw and clip our way for about a mile and a half through a beautiful and seldom visited area of the San Gabriels. Then up to the Mount Lukens fire road where the trail continues up a steep overgrown ridge, crossing the fire road once more to the top of Lukens. We then headed east about a third of a mile to a secondary high point just north of the road where the register was hidden, and had a nice lunch on top.

After an hour atop the high point of the City of Los Angeles, we descended westward on the fire road, picking up the Stone Canyon Trail on the northwest side of Lukens, and followed it down for half a mile, then west on the old ridge trail to connect with the Old Sister Elsie Trail meeting us in a low saddle. We descended this fairly well maintained trail, crossing the stream in two miles, and meting our upward path again. Back down to the cars by 3:00PM, we headed for the Sport Chalet, and thence to Lloyds Restaurant where we began our day at 7:00AM. Same time next year, and bring your clippers!

**Monrovia Pk
2/6/88**

Leaders: Alan Coles, John Radalj

By Alan Coles

An unusually large group of 33 showed up early on this Saturday morning trek and managed to find the starting location despite a map with incorrect street names. Nevertheless we got going very quickly on a cool morning that was turning very warm, very fast. Despite warm-

ings that there are easier ways of doing this peak, all pushed onwards and upwards to the ridge given as the alternate route on the peak guide. I allowed some tigers to go ahead, while allowing the slower ones time to catch up and have a break. Some interpreted this as permission to go all the way to the top and were not seen for the remainder of the hike—except for a short time on top when they signed out. Allowing for some breaks along the way, the rest of the group reached the summit after noon. The weather was quite warm. Some snow near the summit was a welcome relief for some who underestimated the amount of water they needed.

After a nice break, enjoying the fine views on this clear day, we descended the same way tediously going down the steep and rocky parts. Our knees rejoiced as we regained the Clamshell truck trail and followed it back to the cars. We arrived back around 4:30PM. Thanks to John for helping out on this one.

Brown Mtn

2/7/88

**Leaders: Stag Brown,
Bob Thompson**

By Bob Thompson

Stag's Annual Birthday Hike ascended Brown Mountain this year, since Twin Peaks was too icy and dangerous to lead a group up. We met at 7:00AM at La Cañada, took out 14 hikers up Chaney Trail to Millard Canyon Campground, and took the beautiful trail up-canyon to Tom Sloan Saddle. Then Stag led the final one mile grind up the steep ridges and firebreaks to the top of Brown Mountain. It's one of the peaks on the new "Lower Peaks" list, and it's one of the best, too!

After an hour of Cat-napping and nibbling, Bobcat led the hikers down the south ridge of Brown Mountain, through some very steep terrain and back to Millard Canyon Campground to end a great day. Now, if everyone who climbs Brown Mountain would bring a couple of rocks to place on the summit, in a few hundred years, we can put it on the HPS list! See you all next year, when Stag will celebrate his 39th Birthday.

**Monte Arido, Old Man Mtn,
Lizard Head, Cuyama Pk LO
and Fox Mtn#1**

2/13-14/88

Leaders: Bob Brecheen, Ron Jones

By Lou Brecheen

The success of this trip hinged on the weather and the cooperation of the Ranger at Ojai. The weather was fine, but the Ranger said there was too much snow

along Potrero Seco Road and would not allow us to drive it. That alone made it impossible for us to get all the peaks—but then when we opted to drive up to Santa Barbara Canyon and climb those peaks, we found that the gate at Cox Flat (the entrance into Dry Canyon and the roadhead for Cuyama and Lizard Head) was now permanently locked, making Cuyama Peak a 14.5 mile roundtrip along a road. So we had a really nice hike up the trail to Fox Mtn #1 from the Peak Guide starting point. Seventeen hikers enjoyed the climb and the fine views. Originally, 34 had signed up for the weekend, but the prospect of hiking Monte Arido and Old Man via the "normal" route discouraged almost half the party.

Norm Rohn knew a property owner (an old hiking buddy) who owned the ridge which runs up to Cuyama Peak Lookout from the east. He led us across the property after lunch on Saturday and we tried for the peak that way. A combination of thick brush along the lower portions of the route and slick snow at the last mile and a half prompted the Leader to turn back before attaining the summit. This allowed us to return to the cars in the daylight and drive on to the Rancho Nuevo Campground which would be camp for the night and allow us a very early start along the "alternate route" for Lizard Head.

It was cold in the canyon and the wind was fierce, still, we had a nice campfire using wood we had scrounged before leaving the Cuyama area. Norm thought it would be damp that night, and it was—damp and cold. The people who slept out had frost on their sleeping bags on Sunday morning, but this didn't deter us from setting up the canyon by 7:00AM. It is a beautiful canyon. There is an excellent trail heading leading six miles to Upper Rancho Campground. Well, excellent for the first two miles to Deal Junction, then pretty good from there, if you select the correct trail options. There is a need for brushing out some parts of the trail, and I'm pretty sure this will be done if this route becomes the primary route for Lizard Head as seems likely with the year-round closing of Dry Canyon. Frozen stream crossings (numerous) were no problem, but they were muddy upon our afternoon return.

We followed Luella's description as closely as possible and I believe we went up the ridge she described, but there was plenty of dissenting opinion about that. The ridge was disagreeably brushy, but the other ridges we viewed looked much worse. There is a ridge which leads di-

rectly from Upper Rancho Nuevo Campground to Lizard Head, but when we tried the upper section of that ridge on the way down, we found it to be impenetrable. Of course, a trail can be cut by a determined band, and possibly should be.

The summit of Lizard Head is a slanted rock outcrop—an interesting final 30 feet. Everyone climbed it and we had a slightly late lunch there, among the bird-dung. When we reached Upper Rancho Nuevo Campground we found Charlotte Ekback, Karen Fiore and a friend who had elected to attend a Patagonia sale. The balance of the return was uneventful and a nice weekend was completed. We didn't get all the peaks, but we really hadn't expected to without a miracle. Some were disappointed about our not trying for Monte Arido and Old Man—but we had to forego some and they were the hardest. Trip participants were Roy Stewart, Karen Nikisher, Mike Fredette, Gerry Van Deene, Cindy Okine, Pete Yamagata (from Sacramento), Dick and Shirley Akawie (it's nice to have the legends along), Karen Leonard, Bob Wyka, Jim Raiford, Tom Momblow, together with Frank, James, Betty and Austin Stirratt. Thank you all for a nice trip and to Ron Jones for the assist.

Lizard Head

2/20/88

**Leaders: Alan Coles,
Martin Feather**

By Alan Coles

As luck would have it, this trip followed another one led the previous week going up the same route. I planned to use this route because of the high scenic values along the way—but it turned out that it was the only feasible way due to the Dry Canyon Road closure.

Fifteen people showed up on a windy, cold morning at the Rancho Nuevo Trailhead, including one (Mike Fredette) who had done it the previous week. The frozen mud made the stream crossings easier as we walked briskly up the beautiful canyon with the many sedimentary layers exposed by the erosion of the stream. The terrain is more like the "Four Corners" area than like Southern California. There are spruce and pinons clinging on the steep slopes between layers of rock and numerous small caves. Everywhere you look, there are surprises, bizarre formations that don't seem quite real. There is much to take in, one that our rather fast pace didn't allow full time to realize.

We met one school group camping out at Deal Junction surprising them and us. They were heading up toward Upper

Rancho Nuevo Campground for the weekend. When I inquired of their leader, I wasn't surprised to learn that Jim Blakley, the famous historian of Santa Barbara backcountry had recommended this location to them. Jim and Dick Smith, for whom this area is now named, spent much time in this area before Dick's death from a heart attack several years ago. (You can obtain information and publications about this region from the Los Padres Interpretive Association, PO Box 3502, Santa Barbara, CA 93130. One good source is the Santa Barbara Overview by Jim Blakley.)

It took just over two hours to go the six miles and 500 feet of gain to the upper campsite where this nice trail ends (the campground unfortunately is not as nice, nor is the stream from which you would not care to collect water). We hiked cross-country over the first oxbow and walked around the second before leaving the canyon at the location recommended by the peak guide. The topo is not clear here. It shows two gullies where there is only one. The entrance to it looks too brushy to be the right one but it soon works out and the ascent to the ridge is quite straightforward. After a steep climb up to the ridge, the rest of the way is rather painless (little brush). We reached the summit around noon and enjoyed the fine views from there.

Like fire and ice, the summit was rather warm and a little breeze would have been nice. But when we were in the shade it was cold. Snow, still frozen, remained. Except for one change, we retraced our steps. We crossed over the second oxbow and found it brushy but shorter. Once back on the trail, we made good time getting back to the cars by 5:00PM. Thanks to all participants for making it a good day and to the group who did it the previous weekend, making it easier to find the way and to Martin Feather for bringing up the rear.

Mt Lukens 2/21/88

**Leaders: Ruth Lee Brown,
Frank Dobos**

By Ruth Lee Brown

Nineteen of us met at 7:30AM at the intersection of Mount Gleason Road and big Tujunga Canyon Road. We proceeded on Big Tujunga to Doske Road, where we parked due to the fact that a locked gate blocked the gate down to the campground, past a steel barricade to the trail along the east side of the stream.

We continued on the left side of the wash until we came to the wide rocky canyon coming down from the moun-

tain, across from us. At this point we crossed the creek, boulder hopping to avoid the water, as the stream was running fairly well at this time.

We cut diagonally up toward the mountain to pick up the Stone Canyon trail as it starts up Lukens, just east of the rocky Stone Canyon wash. It is a good trail all the way with 3300 feet gain, and 3.5 miles to the top. The group started hiking at 9:00AM and we were all on the top having lunch by 11:15AM. After lunch, Frank led us to the register at the Sister Elsie benchmark about a quarter mile east of the Lukens summit. We signed in and some of us spent some time exploring the mountain top—full of radio relay towers and buildings.

It was a beautiful day, the temperature was just right, blue skies and no wind or smog. We walked down from the mountain in 1.5 hours, to our cars by 2:30PM.

A good group of hikers we were, made up of DPS Chair Randy Bernard, Bill Banks, Bob Emerick, Richard Fritzen, Jeff Wilson, Donica Wood, Jack Haddad, Don Lum, Ron Powell, Susan Linder, Matt Mc Bride, Bob Liddell, Bob Hess, Paula Vargas, Leslie Pitts, Nancy Artis, and Bill Martin. Thanks to all who joined together to make this the success it was.

Chuckwalla Mtn, Cross Mtn, Mayan Pk and Butterbredt Pk 2/27-28 and 3/5-6/88

**Leaders: John Sheldon,
Frank Dobos**

By Jon Sheldon

For awhile I thought this trip would never be led. First, Don Tidwell, the scheduled assistant backed out due to the Chapter Banquet, and then we had to postpone the trip due to rain!

When we left LA at 5:30AM we were surprised to find it raining. We knew, of course, that it would not be raining at the meeting point 20 miles north of Mojave at the intersection of Highway 14 and Jawbone Canyon Road. Much to our surprise, the northward moving storm met us at the meeting point with seven other cars. We considered our options and decided to wait 30 minutes to see how the weather progressed. At 8:30, Frank and I made the decision to postpone. Wouldn't you know it, after I had gone around to each car informing the occupants of our decision, a patch of blue sky opened up. So we decided to try for Butterbredt, the shortest of the hikes scheduled. We caravanned to Jawbone Canyon Road but when we reached the trailhead, the rain was the heaviest yet. So, we again postponed the outing. Nine of us reconvened at White's Cafe in Mojave for brunch and

we went home early.

The next weekend found us again at Highway 14 and Jawbone Canyon Road at 8:00AM—this time with good weather predicted but it was quite windy. We set up a car shuttle and left two cars at the Cross roadhead and used the remaining four cars to take the eleven of us to the Chuckawalla trailhead. An hour later the entire group was on the peak after a pleasant 1400 feet of gain through lots of flowers. We then proceeded crosscountry toward Cross. We stopped for lunch at a great spot in the canyon southeast of the peak. An incredible display of poppies and other flowers, as well as a warm sun, made for a memorable lunch. Up the remaining 1000 feet and on top of Cross at 1:40PM for a leisurely break. Then the fun part—down the character building scree! Wheel! We undid the car shuttle and settled down for a community salad and campfire in Jawbone Canyon.

On Sunday morning, we drove to the now dry Butterbredt trailhead and met Karen Leonard, Delores Holladay, Doty Rabinowitz and Donica Wood who drove up for the day only. It took us less than an hour to climb up the 1200 feet to the peak. Back down and over to the Mayan trailhead where we took another hour to climb the steep 1800 foot slope to the peak. After a break we headed down (in 20 minutes) and were back at the cars for an early ride home.

Nine of us stopped at Graziano's in Mojave for pizza (lots of anchovies) and we all stopped at the California Poppy Reserve in Lancaster (15 miles west of Highway 14 on Avenue I). A real treat. Lots and lots of poppies on the hillsides. It was breezy but worth it.

Thanks to Frank Dobos for filling in as assistant and for the "I"-level checkout and to a great group: Ruth Adler, Spencer Buckner, Alan and Janet Coles, David Jensen, Cindy Okine, Evan Samuels, and Hoda Shalaby.

Mt Hillyer 3/16/88

**Leaders: Harry Sutherland,
Jack Goldberg**

By Harry Sutherland

On a beautiful spring day, 35 Wednesday hikers, mostly retired seniors, left Three Points for the four mile hike to Mount Hillyer. Crossing through the Horse Flats area where the notorious bandito, Tiburcio Vasquez used to drive his stolen horses, we climbed among huge granite boulders amidst an oak and pine forest to the summit. There is some dispute as to the actual highest point on this mountain. The register is found on an outcrop-

ping just north of where the trail ends. Some of the less ambitious drove to the point where the Santa Clarita road hits the north ridge and hiked from there to meet the main group.

**Rabbit Pk#1, Granite Mtn#1,
Round Top and Iron Mtn#3
3/19/88**

**Leaders: Walt Kabler,
Mary McMannes**

By Walton E. Kabler

Twelve hikers met us in La Cañada. At first we thought we had about fifty participants, but most of the mob turned out to be BMTC groups on their way to ice axe practice. We wondered why everyone had an ice axe. Had the goons come after being warned away? We carpooled over to Monte Cristo Campground. Then we walked up mining and power line roads to the summit. After a short break, we ran the ridge to Granite, just the way we said we would do in the write-up.

Caller#1: Do we really run the ridge?

Walt: Actually we walk.

After lunch on Granite, we followed a road over to a Round Top, then down a steep ridge to the saddle between Round Top and Iron.

Mary's machine: Hi...leave a message.

Caller#2: Mary, I think it's rude to put that stuff about goons in your write-up.

We climbed Iron, came back to the saddle, and dropped back down to the campground via road and steep ridge. We had met at 7:00AM, and were back to the cars by 4:00PM.

Walt: ...and two quarts of water. Anything else?

Caller#3: Yes, what's a goon?

Well, if you have to ask. Maybe that anonymous caller who complained was one. The people on the trip certainly weren't.

**Quail Mtn, Queen Mtn, Ryan Mtn,
Bernard Pk, Little Berdoo Pk, Lost
Horse Mtn and Inspiration Mtn
3/19-20/88**

**Leaders: John Sheldon,
Bill T. Russell**

By Jon Sheldon

Some confusion began this trip as I was unable to reserve a group campsite. I elected to stay at Jumbo Rocks Campground since it is the largest in the Monument and I hoped that we would be able to reserve sites close together. It worked out just right. Bill T. had driven up late Friday afternoon and had found a spot in someone else's site. It turned out that

they were leaving Saturday morning so we were able to take the whole site.

There were 26 of us that met just outside the campground and we caravanned to the Quail trailhead where we met John Strauch from San Diego. We hiked Quail in 3.5 hours round trip, and we had lunch in the shade of the cars. It turned out to be quite a warm day. Three participants signed out and we had 23 for the climb of Queen. A hot afternoon slowed us down a bit, and we questioned whether we should try for Ryan. Those "needing" the peak went for it, while others went back to camp. We had a great "happy hour", a community garbage salad and campfire to end a nice day. Bill T. shared with us the joys of climbing Big Iron each year as a backpack, and tried to convince us to join him this Memorial Day. I'm not sure he was persuasive enough!

Sunday we drove in to the Bernard-Little Berdoo trailhead and we made short work of the loop. Nice flowers surprised us in the canyon. We again found shade around the cars and had lunch. On to Lost Horse where we visited the mine, after climbing the peak, and then Inspiration to finish the weekend.

All in all it was a great weekend with a super group of experienced peakbaggers. The participants were: Pat Russell, Ruth Adler, Evan Samuels, Marc Rattner, Hoda Shalaby, Larry Monzon, Dan Skaglund, John Southworth, Cindy Okine, Roy Stewart, Karen Nikisher, Art Schain, Lou Brecheen, Jon and Betsy Lutz, Daniel Bleiberg, David Jensen, Eivor Nilsson, Alice Cahill, Don Henderson, Bob Sumner, Roy Magnuson, and Spencer Buckner.



**Martinez Mtn and Sheep Mtn
3/19-20/88**

**Leaders: Frank Dobos,
Bob Thompson**

By Frank Dobos

This was a backpack we planned for some of our friends. Ten of us met at 7:00AM at Pinyon Flats campground

for the drive down to Dolomit Mine where we found plenty of space to park. We then packed into Cactus Springs with four quarts of water each. We found water in the spring and set up camp. We headed out to climb Martinez with the temperature around 80 degrees—and did a lot of sweating along the way. The trail is an easy one to follow, with many signs and ducks. We left the trail, following the way round the hill at elevation 5088 feet. It is not as bad to go due east (crosscountry) as it is to walk in the sandy marsh.

We were on top by 1:00PM. We had fun climbing the summit block. On the way down we took the northeast gully. It's not too easy to come down this one, even though it takes you closer to Sheep Mountain. But we decided not to go for it, since we wouldn't have enough daylight. We walked back to our campsite. The night was pleasant and all the stars were out. Bobcat gave us some instructions on how to read them.

Next morning we went for Sheep, contouring around to the left and climbing in the heat. We were on the peak early and celebrated Terry Astle's 25th peak. Bobcat led us down through a wide wash that intersected the trail. We packed out in 2.5 hours to Dolomit Mine in temperatures around 90 degrees. We then saw with horror that Gary Murta's truck had been robbed of all four tires and wheels. We scrapped Asbestos and headed back toward LA. Gary got new wheels and tires the next day and got his truck out OK. Now there are lock lugs on his wheels.

Other great participants were Ruth Lee Brown, Dotty Rabinowitz, Mike Baldwin, Al Holden, Shamus Fleming, and his little bear, Laura Webb and Spots. Thanks to Bobcat for the non-stop entertainment and assisting.

This was a birthday hike for both leaders.

**Malduce Pk, Big Pine Mtn,
West Big Pine Mtn and Samon Pk
3/24-27/88**

**Leaders: Rick Anglin,
Bob Henderson**

By Richard Anglin

Mission "Big Four". Nine stalwart souls accepted the challenge of 48 miles and 8000 feet of gain. They enjoyed what turned out to be a truly remarkable trip.

The trip began Thursday evening, March 24th, at the locked gate in Santa Barbara Canyon. Bob Henderson, Rick Anglin, Karen Nikisher and Roy Stewart arrived at about 6:30PM to find Bobby Dubeau already there. Bobby had climbed

nearby Fox Mountain#1 that day just to stretch his legs before beginning this trip. John Fredland soon arrived to join the hike up to the campsite at the inter section of Big Pine and Sierra Madre Roads, about 4.5 miles and 1760 feet of gain away. Fortunately, the moon was bright and the road could be walked comfortably without using a flashlight.

Bobby and Jon shouldered their packs and disappeared into the night. Bob Henderson had brought his golf cart to carry his pack up the hill; Karen and Roy had a four wheeled trash cart. Unfortunately, what appeared to be good ideas from the comfort of the living room couch did not quite work out as planned. One wheel on Bob's cart kept collapsing because of the load. About half way to the campsite, Bob shouldered his pack and pulled his now unladen cart behind him. Needless to say, the wheel did not collapse once Bob was carrying his pack—and they say that machines have no soul!

Meanwhile, somewhere in the darkness, the axle bushing on Karen and Roy's trash cart shattered. Fighting the "wobble, wobble, wobble" for only a short time, the cart was soon stashed over the berm under the brush to be retrieved in a few days. Now that the HPS "natural order" had been restored (heavy packs and a long way to go), the group marched on into the night.

About 9:30PM, Karen, Roy, Bob and Rick found Jon and Bobby at the campsite bundled against the cold. The temperature that night fell to around freezing. As we all threw out our sleeping bags, Don Holmes, David Busdeicker, and Bob Beach walked into camp to complete the group.

Early the next morning we set out for Chokeberry Springs. For those who have not visited this spa in the mountains, it consists of a holding tank (a jet engine shipping case) and a watering trough. Water runs, and I use the term loosely, from a pipe to the trough. On Friday it took about three minutes to get a gallon of water from the pipe. No one, perhaps not even the animals, would take water from the trough.

Everyone loaded up on water, some carrying as much as ten liters. We then staggered the 1.75 miles and 700 feet up to the saddle near Maduce Peak, our Friday evening campsite. After eating lunch in the noonday sun, we set off with day-packs for Maduce.

The trail to Maduce Peak drops down into the trees (800 feet) before climbing up to the summit (1150 feet of gain). The group made the 6.0 mile round trip and the 1950 total gain in good time. We

were back to our campsite by 4:00PM. As the sun dropped below the horizon, we were all soon in down parkas and gloves. One of the most amazing parts of this trip were the daily temperature swings of 40 to 50 degrees. Up to the 80's during the day and down to the 30's at night.

Soon after sunrise, Saturday morning, the group set out on the 16 mile round trip to Big Pine and West Big Pine Mountains. From the saddle we descended 650 feet to Alamar Guard Station before heading west toward the summits. Walking under the trees in the cool of the morning was delightful. We found patches of snow, some still rather large, across the road at several points.

On the summit of Big Pine Mountain we faced a choice of going back to the main road, the way we had come (an easy walk), or of dropping down the west slope directly to the road, thereby saving about a mile of walking. We had all heard stories about the brush on the west slope. However, daring won out and down the slope we went. The forest bed was soft and moist. This made the walking quite pleasurable. About 200 yards from the road we were in densely packed poplars. Bob Henderson and his large loppers were in the lead so the rest of the group had a fairly clear path to follow, a compass bearing of due west leads to where we went). We soon reached the road, changed into shorts, and marched on to West Big Pine Mountain.

The view from the top of West Big Pine is truly spectacular. The sun was warm; the sky clear. We could see the Santa Inez Valley, the offshore islands, the snow capped peaks of the southern Sierras. Visibility was over a hundred miles in all directions.

Still dazed by the view, the group walked back to Alamar Guard Station to have lunch before facing the climb back to Maduce Saddle in the hot sun. It turned out not to be as bad as everyone expected. Soon we were all at the saddle and hefting our big packs to head back to Chokeberry Springs. Everyone was back to the Springs by 1:30PM. In the midst of refilling water bottles, the decision was made: we would go for Samon Spring this afternoon so that the group could hike out to the gate in the cool of the morning. By this time, the Spring was delivering a gallon of water in about five minutes.

We started up the steep scree and boulder slope about 2:30PM. Although only about 500 feet high, it seemed to take forever since everyone had to take time to be sure of his or her footing. At the

top of the chute, we all donned brush clothing and headed up to the ridge. This route had not been clipped in three years and it showed. Bob Henderson's loppers got quite a workout, along with several pairs of clippers. In some places the brush was over eight feet high, with new growth intruding into the trail for over two feet. The group cleared a tremendous amount of brush, but those of you who follow us should be prepared to clip more.

The sun was quite low by the time everyone reached the summit of Samon Peak. For Don Holmes, Samon had special significance—bagging Samon left him with only one peak to go to finish the HPS list. Don bagged four of his last five peaks on this trip (and finished the List on Arctic Point on April 9th).

The leaders would especially like to thank Don for his help in route finding on Samon, and for his vigorous attack on the brush monsters.

Daylight was long gone by the time the group got back to the head of the scree and boulder chute. Fortunately, the moon was bright enough that the chute could be negotiated safely without flashlights. We climbed down in two smaller groups to minimize the rockfall danger. Everyone was back to camp by 7:00PM, safe but tired. Saturday had been quite a day. 19 miles and 3,750 of gain. 1600 feet of which had been through brush. We had hiked over 11 hours, not counting breaks, summit time and lunch. The camp was soon quiet as everyone bedded down for the night, snug in the knowledge that the "Big Four" had been bagged and all we had to do was walk out.

Early Sunday morning we did just that. Although the breeze was quite cool, the sun was warm. The group hiked the remaining 11 miles out in 3.5 hours. We were all eating the watermelon which had been stashed in Jon's truck by 10:30AM.

On the way down, Bob retrieved his golf cart. As you might expect, it carried his pack downhill just fine. Karen and Roy retrieved their trash cart and lashed it to Bob's golf cart for the trip out.

The leaders would also like to thank all of the trip participants for joining in their insanity. The group was extremely strong and bagged in good style with great companions.

Such a great trip needs nothing further. But, Jon, Bobby, Karen, Roy, Bob, and Rick drove up to Cuyama Peak Lookout before dining at the crossroads taco stand in Maricopa—good value for the money but no Michelin star.

PATTY KLINE



Mr and Mrs B celebrate a perfect day atop Old E.

Mt Emma and Old Emma 3/26/88

**Leaders: Stag Brown,
Bob Thompson**

By Stag Brown

Six early-early birds (Bobcat, Joe Young, Mike Baldwin, Stephanie Accornaw, Nami Brown and myself) wormed our way into Lloyd's Restaurant for breakfast. Then we met with the rest of the early birds, 38 total, at the nearby La Cañada carpool point. There we gave the car shuttle instructions. Then we caravaned to Mill Creek Summit, for water and necessities. Then we continued to our final destination.

We started hiking at 8:30AM. In our first few minutes we encountered wildflowers all over the mountain. White, pink, purple, and multi-colored flowers were to be seen. And to top it off, the weather was perfect. We, however, had entertained other notions about the weather because the previous Friday had been a real scorcher.

We stopped along the way to absorb the wonder of the beautiful flowers, to engage in good conversation and eat snacks. When we got to Emma, we looked at Cole Point, and some of the other mountains around. After more snacks, lots of pictures were taken. We headed for Old Emma. Wildflowers were still prevalent on the hillside forming a carpet of yellow and gold hues.

One hour later Bobcat and the tigers reached the top of Old Emma. The weather was still nice. In fact, we didn't realize that down below the weather was scorching. We were fortunate to have a nice breeze. When we all got to the top, the party began. Mike Baldwin brought some "nasty" Asti. Bobcat and Joe brought Champagne. There was also beer and juices. Spirits overflowed as we all toasted the 100th scheduled HPS hike led by Bobcat and myself. Nami presented chocolate bunnies (white for Bobcat, and

brown for me) in behalf of this climb together. Pictures, and more pictures were taken. Many people were surprised to know that two leaders could stand to hike with each other this many times. Bobcat and I have worked out a mutual respect pact where we both can head up a mountain. Working together, respecting each other, and thinking of the total group has made it work all these years.

At 1:15PM, we headed back down after much partying and resting. We went down through a path of golden flowers. When we reached a canyon, we headed down it to our cars. For fun we walked through a drain tunnel under the highway. The weather started to get hot. It was surely a beautiful day and everyone seemed to have fun.

Mt Lowe Railway Loop 4/10/88

**Leaders: Stag Brown,
Bob Thompson**

By Bob Thompson

On a beautiful Spring morning, at 8:00AM, we found 35 eager hikers assembled at the top of Lake Avenue in Altadena for this 14 mile, 4500 feet of gain, day trip to the top of Mount Lowe.

Stag led the troop up the Sam Merrill Trail to Echo Mountain, with Bobcat switching leads with him halfway up to confuse the participants. There was a nice 15 minute stop at Echo Mountain, for history, water and views as far as Catalina. Then we continued on the Castle Canyon Trail, up to Inspiration Point for a short rest. Then we hoofed it over to the Mount Lowe Trail Camp where we left three hikers to relax, while Bobcat led the rest on the trail made by the JPL Hiking Club to the west ridge of Mount Lowe and thence up to the top for a noon lunch. We need a new register and book for this peak.

After lunch, Stag led the unknowing troops down the south ridge of Lowe through some rocks and brush (a typical Stag shortcut) back to the east trail. We descended back to the Mount Lowe Campground where we picked up our missing hikers and continued down via the Sam Merrill Trail to Echo Mountain and down to Lake Street to end the hike at 3:00PM.

Fifteen hearty hikers re-convened at the John Bull Restaurant and Pub in Pasadena for some good English pub fare and spirits ("Old Peculiar" on tap—Joe Young was in Heaven!). We shall return again. A great group, a great day and a great hike through history, travelling the same routes and ridges that John Muir must have trod nearly 100 years ago.

OVER THE HILL

AN ANECDOTAL HISTORY OF HPS HAUNTS

By Louis Quirarte

Griffith Park is the largest urban park within a city in the world. But whenever anyone asks who it was named after, the answer is often silence. The truth is not, as most assume, D. W. Griffith—who filmed "Birth of a Nation" on this site in 1912. It was named after a nearly forgotten Angeleno. A quixotic patrician about whom most historians and civic leaders prefer to remain silent. The park was named in honor of its creator, Griffith Jenkins Griffith (1852–1919).

Griffith emigrated to the U.S. in 1866 from southern Wales, and began a short career as a newspaper reporter in San Francisco. Inside tips and good luck allowed him to amass a fortune through speculation in Real Estate and Mining properties. He enjoyed being addressed as "Colonel". But there is no record of his ever having achieved this military rank.

In 1882, at the age of 30, he purchased 4,037 acres of the old Spanish land grant Rancho Los Feliz. The land included the large Gabrielleno Indian site noted by the Portolá expedition in the Fern Dell area (Mocohuenga), as well as a waterfall, a rock quarry and an old Spanish iron mine.

The land is mostly hilly and forms the eastern end of the Santa Monica Mountains. It's primarily composed of Middle Miocene marine and volcanic layers. It's flanked on the north and east by the Los Angeles River—at that time, it ran year round and trout fishing was still good.

Today, most of this area's higher points provide what Reyner Banham called "one of the world's great urban vistas, and one of the most daunting". These include the recently completed Bandini Hill (920'), Mount Bell (1585'), Mount Chapel (1620'), Cahuenga Peak (1820'), and of course, Mount Hollywood (1625') which is not the place where the world famous "Hollywood sign" (1923) is located. This 50' x 450' sign is on the side of Mount (Thomas G.) Lee (1590'). But there is no Mount Griffith.

On December 16, 1896 Griffith offered 3,015 acres of Los Feliz to the City of Los Angeles. Perhaps because the property was proving too great a financial drain. But mostly because he sincerely believed in civic charity and felt it was his duty to help improve society for his fellow men. He wrote "No man is entitled to honor or respect for what he possesses—only for what he achieves". He believed the highest achievement was the philanthropy that "helps men to help

themselves".

For his age, he held very unique views as to what form that help might take. After having observed the human condition by traveling around the world, he concluded "Among the means to a higher civilization, I unhesitatingly declare that the deliberate cultivation of public amusement is a principal one". He added, "There can be no good work, no hard-work, without good play and the opportunity for hard play. Sunlight and air are the first requisites of sanity and health. Things that grow in the dark are unwholesome, and lives lived in dark tenelements are abnormal. Public parks are a safety valve of great cities and should be made accessible and attractive, where neither race, creed nor color should be excluded...Give nature a chance to do her work and nature will give every person a greater opportunity in health, strength and mental power".

This move brought to the surface some of the envy and malice of his contemporaries. For example, Major Horace Bell (Bellflower, Bell Gardens, BelAir) publicly snickered that it was merely a scheme to avoid paying back taxes.

Perhaps reflecting the general mood, the city was slow in accepting Griffith's park. But one must remember that at the time there was a glut of available land in the area. That same year, while shooting from a window on a moving P&E red line car, Teddy Roosevelt remarked that "Los Angeles has the best rabbit shooting inside of any city in the nation". The term "recreation" had only recently been coined. The city demurred citing such reasons as the supposedly unclear title to the land, and that the proposed park was outside of city boundaries.

But by 1898, Los Angeles was waxing expansive. The surrounding areas were annexed to the city. The land was offered again, and this time it was officially accepted. The City Council proudly named it after Griffith.

His princely gift should have secured his memory, but life was about to take a sudden lurid turn. While outwardly a man of high moral purpose, Griffith had a secret vice. In private, he could consume bourbon by the case. Dr. Hyde frequently became Mr. Jekyll. One night the Beast took control.

In 1903, Los Angeles was rocked when Griffith was indicted for attempted murder. After a weekend of excess, while on vacation at the Arcadia Hotel in Santa Monica, he accused his socially prominent wife, Mary Agnes Christina Griffith (1864-1948), of "conspiring with the Pope" to have him poisoned so she could give his money to the church.

Deep in his cups, he made her kneel and swear her innocence. He accused her of faithlessness; then thrust a revolver to her temple while she pleaded "Don't kill me darling...don't kill me, please!" After considering it for a moment, he shot her anyway. She had just turned her head so the bullet lodged in her eye socket. Injured, and madly frightened, she jumped out from an upstairs window. Luckily, a balcony (two floors below) saved her from the full consequences of both the leap and her choice of husband.

She survived with a broken arm, and cracked ribs that healed. The eye was lost, and a hollow permanent red scar replaced it for the rest of her life. There was no pity anywhere in Los Angeles for the husband and lynch mobs formed.

His plea was "alcoholic insanity". With the practice of psychiatry still in the future, it was the first time such a defense had been heard. But the all male jury was lenient in the sentence: a mere two years in San Quentin for "corrective therapy".

Unsatisfied, and thirsting for vengeance, "Tina" Griffith later climbed high atop Bee Rock in the park. There the wronged woman swore a mighty curse over her husband and his park, eternally damning it and all of its users.

Public ostracism was even more painful to Griffith. With time off for good behavior, he was released in a year. The state pronounced him sane. His bankers pronounced him still very rich. Griffith beamed "Prison helped me, it don't help most". Upon his release, he sought to resume his lost place in local affairs. In a gush of public spirit, as though nothing had happened, he offered \$100,000 as a Christmas present to LA for the erection of an observatory atop his park. This time the grumblings turned to howls of outrage. The gift was described as a thinly disguised bribe by Griffith to "buy an honorable place in this community". Newspapers published letters on their front pages that touted LA as being "neither so poor nor so lost to a sense of public decency that it can afford to accept this money." Los Angeles Park Commissioner Henry O'Melvany fought the acceptance of the gift by the city all the way to the Supreme Court—and won. Griffith kept his cash but not his status for two more decades.

The city continued to grow and of course there were more and even juicier scandals to distract the public mind. When he passed on, Griffith's will contained a bequest for \$700,000 slated for the expansion and development of his park. This time, false motives could not be leveled.

Griffith's will allowed for the eventual completion of projects that he had personally conceived and planned for: the 4,000 seat outdoor Greek Theater (1930), the Obelisk (1934), and the Observatory and Planetarium (1935). The architects were Austin and Ashley, who also designed the LA City Hall. There was even money left over for many other assorted amenities we enjoy today.

On October 4, 1933, old memories of Mrs Griffith's curse were revived during one of the city's worst disasters. A fire occurred in the park shortly after noon. At that time the park road and trail system was being constructed. 3,000 CCC workers, with shovels, were quickly diverted to build a fire break. The wind changed and a wall of flame raced toward the volunteers. It burned alive 36 men trapped in the cul de sac of Mineral Wells canyon. It was the single greatest loss of life in city history. For awhile every mishap in the area was attributed to the curse. But today it is scarcely remembered.

Griffith Park now surpasses 4,043 acres, with over 40 miles of CCC built hiking trails—most of which are familiar favorites of HPS members for midweek conditioning hikes. Today the only evidence of poor Mrs Griffith's curse is the occasional oath when poison oak is encountered, and the strange belief on the part of the legendary Bobcat Thompson that he and Stag Brown have been "cursed" to roam these hills, every Wednesday night, having fun, forever.



LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS

CHALK IS REALLY OK

I have read with interest Letters to the Editor from Louise French and Dale Van Dalsem suggesting the de-listing of Chalk Peak once again. Since I pioneered the new "safe route" and was instrumental in getting Chalk relisted, I may be considered prejudiced but I really feel their concerns to be largely groundless.

Our San Geronio Chapter friend refers to the fact that it was de-listed previously due to danger. I was on the last scheduled hike previous to that de-listing and I am in full agreement that it was dangerous at that time. The route in vogue was due west across a shooting range and up the exposed east side of Chalk and our descent was definitely scary! It is true that one has to drive through the "plinking" area to arrive at the new trailhead but so do the many who drive through Stockton Flat, the North Fork of Lytle Creek and the 3N33

road to Gobbler's Knob and Lone Pine Canyon. The shooting area is clearly marked and the firing ranges are east from the road against the hillside and west from the road across the Lytle Creek wash area.

The new trailhead is a full 0.7 mile beyond the end of the shooting area, and there is an intervening ridge between them. The trail trends southwest around the north end of the mountain and up the west side of Chalk so that the whole mountain is between hikers and shooters. If anyone is unduly concerned, it is possible to approach from farther up the road and due west so that even more ridges separate the shooting area.

Granted, this is only a moderate peak with a mile and a half of rough road going in—but that is not unique. I respect Dale's judgement, but I think that he has gotten carried away in this case. Chalk is no more smoggy than other 6000' peaks in Southern California; a bushwhack only if you get off trail; lethal...not in my opinion; a turkey...maybe. I've seen bighorn sheep and many wildflowers on it and enjoyed the views, but if the section feels insecure with Chalk on the list, it is OK with me. — Jack Trager

BOTH SIDES NOW

The conservation representative has an obligation to keep the HPS informed on conservation issues, and the right to express support for those actions which he/she thinks are right, but the HPS should also allow dissenting opinions.

Death Valley and Joshua Tree are already large enough to protect their unique features, and the expansion of their size will only be an unnecessary government expense. Changing them from National Monuments to National Parks will only attract more visitors rather than less, and is a counter productive action for the Sierra Club's goal of protecting the true wilderness.

The Eastern Mojave is a vast area, now under the care of the BLM, which has designated certain areas for protection, certain areas for ORV's, certain areas for mining, etc. It is traversed by interstate highways and railroads, unlike any national park or monument. It offers freedom, within broad area restrictions. Lack of water insures that there will be no commercial development away from a few centers, like Baker, which serve primarily interstate traffic. The desert wilderness will remain with the BLM restrictions, the creation of a National Park out of the Eastern Mojave will, again, only cost money and be counter productive.

Please urge our senators to vote against S.7, and our congressmen to vote against H.R. 371. — Brent Washburne

LOST

Lost on Aquila Peak: wool glove, gray, five fingers. Please find it and call (213) 221-8301. Thank you. — Ruth Lee Brown

GRIN AND BARE

For those of you who like to hike in shorts, please note: the alternate route to Occidental Peak, (12F) as given in the Peak Guides, was brushed out on March 26, 1988 by the "Sons of the Desert Hiking Club". It is now safe and enjoyable to hike this route with bare legs. Happy peakbagging! — Marky Finebridge



100th Hike

JOE YOUNG

Continued from Page 1

summon forth at any time. For example he estimates that he and Stag have led "about 5,277 people, more if you include the Griffith Park hikes, that's 50

times a year for twelve years plus at least four or five hikes in every schedule. The first one together being to Mount Lukens on May 27, 1977".

His middle name is Eccentric, but you nonetheless get the feeling that he enjoys facts, bad puns, and people equally, and each for their own sake.

Stag, suggests that the reason why they have been "doing this thing is that we care about people". There is a sense of ease and kindness in the man that is immediately apparent to all who meet him. But he is most renowned (and to a few, infamous) for leading the "Immoderate" hikes, every Wednesday in Griffith Park, on evening forays into the unknown. They are usually off-trail, the pace is close to a dead run, and you can always spot the group by the screams. But they always are flat-out fun. Typically, he married Nami Brown, atop Dante's View, high in their beloved park in 1985.

Stag joined the HPS in 1973, gaining his emblem in 1974, and serving as Chair in 1978. He has been honored by the group with a Leadership Award in 1976, and the Special Award for Motivation in 1984.

His greatest contribution to us all has been his energy. He has contributed powerfully to our growth. Beginning with his tenure as Program Chair in 1976, he has reinvigorated the group. Among his obvious effects are the tight comradeship and numerous hikes (and parties), both scheduled and impromptu, that are so typical of the HPS today. For example, Joe Young's "Hundred Peaks Olympics" (30 peaks in a 24-hours).

Stag and Bobcat's hikes themselves have become almost celebratory in their significance for a broad cross section of the club. The Annual Hikes. The Birthday Hikes. The "City Lights" Hikes. The Hike-a-thons. The unknown. The companionship. The stories told afterward to eager ears. The experience.

Despite the nagging certainty that the intensity, and sheer joy of living represented by the HPS may end someday. All such cares are transcended on the trail. As Weldon Heald answered, when asked about his plans after his 100th peak, "I'm going to climb any peak I please—just for the pleasure". Stag and Bobcat have shared with a great many—just that pleasure.

But how we can hate them when we feel our hearts banging through our ribs, and then hear, "OK, now that we're all rested—let's really go for it". Somehow we do. That's why we're HPS. That's why we love them.

1988 HPS MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

Compiled by Mike Sandford and Gary Murta

SYMBOL KEY: * 100 PEAKS ** 200 PEAKS Δ LIST COMPLETION

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