

Hundred Peaks Lookout

BI-MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE 100 PEAKS SECTION



VOLUME XXVI, NUMBER FIVE, SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1989

OLYMPICS III: 5 BAG 32 IN 24

**JOE YOUNG, BOBCAT THOMPSON,
ROY STEWART, MIKE BALDWIN
AND WAYNE WURZBERGER
DO IT AGAIN JUST "FOR FUN"**

By Louis Quirarte

The idea to lead the gut-grinding marathon that we marvel to describe as the HPS Olympics originated in Joe Young's mind during his intro to the HPS in 1971. His first taste of our Section was billed as a "Peakbagger's Special". He did 20 peaks but remembers it only as an "absolutely miserable day". But like a lot of us, he survived and has continued to tempt fate ever since.

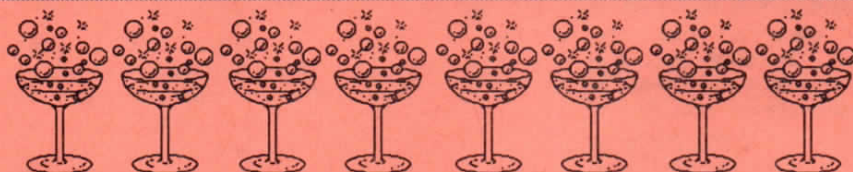
In 1984, Lew Amack led the first of his HPS Olympics and some hikers bagged up to 29 peaks. After co-leading the Olympics with Lew, Joe decided to try it on his own with the able assistance of Bobcat Thompson in 1986. Joe describes their first try however as "a disaster—nothing worked right".

I can attest to that. Beginning in the afternoon on Keller Peak the trip degenerated into a blur of misadventures. It was a very large group and not everyone had a clear idea of what they had gotten themselves into. Some failed to bring sufficient gear, some even failed to bring water. We left Lloyd's in La Cañada on time but our "Road Warrior" fleet made lot's of unscheduled stops along the way and this made for a very late regrouping in the Big Bear area. On our fourth peak I admit to making a beginner's worst mistake—I got lost! I caused an hour's loss in a tight time-table. To make up for it, Joe attempted to drive up to the top of Little Bear Peak in a rented van with nearly bald tires. The van got stuck on the uphill and I still remember the solutions we tried, and tried and tried for another hour before we finally got the van rolling again. Then a blur of peaks. To save time after bagging Little Hawes at dusk we took a shortcut and (surprise) this time we all got lost together in the dark in some ravine filled with yucky things that tore at you. But we eventually found the trucks again. It was even more fun in the dark.

We rolled and then pitched and then half flew through the night to more peaks. (I was soon to regret having let myself be found.) I recall bouncing in back with five other equally miserable bodies plus their equipment, and their

Please turn to Olympics page 21

CONGRATULATIONS



100 PEAKS EMBLEM

Thelma Whisman	Jean Peak	06/07/89	800
Jim Fujitomo	Allen Peak	06/10/89	801
Arlene L. Hiatt	Mt San Jacinto	07/28/89	802
Sandy Houston	Liebre Mtn	11/03/85	803

200 PEAKS BAR

Allen Holden	South Mt Hawkins	06/04/89	256
Laura Webb	Frazier Mtn	06/24/89	257

LIST COMPLETION

Charlie Knapke	Birch Mtn	06/10/89	139
Ron Bartell	McDonald Peak	06/10/89	140

SECOND LIST COMPLETION

Martin Feather	Frazier Mtn	06/24/89	14
Alan Coles	Frazier Mtn	06/24/89	15

THIRD LIST COMPLETION

Carleton B. Shay	Birch Mtn	06/06/89	4
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WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Edmond Bergeron
Daniel J. Hall
Sandy Houston
David J. Murray
Bill Whities

HPS UNCLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT

Your HPS Administrative Committee
Again Invites You to try out in our

1989 DUBIOUS TALENT SEARCH

★ BECOME EDITOR OF THE ★
HUNDRED PEAKS LOOKOUT

High visibility position available 1990!
On the job training! Growth Potential!

You have access to a computer/printer?
You own a camera and type at ±15wpm?
You love to labor long hours for duty's sake
and fondly dream of someday earning
the thanks of little children; high glory and
eternal fame? You were born yesterday?

RESUMES ACCEPTED IN CONFIDENCE.
IMMEDIATE APPOINTMENT POSSIBLE. REALLY!
WRITE OR CALL LAURA WEBB: 213/436-6618

HPS SOCIAL MEETINGS

PROGRAMS :

September 14

POETRY READING

Members are requested to bring
their own favorite selections

October 7-8

OKTOBERFEST-89!!!

OOM! PA! PA! OOM! PA! PA!

Fun At Harwood Lodge

Reservationist Nami Brown

October 12

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

"California's Native Americans"

By Alice Spring

November 9

"Gray Whale Migration off Baja"

By Howard Stapleton

MEET SECOND THURSDAYS AT 7:30PM

GRIFFITH PARK RANGER STATION

4730 CRYSTAL SPRINGS DRIVE

Refreshments Served

HIKING SHORTS

Oktoberfest!

October 7 to 8, again at Harwood Lodge! Social Chair Joe Young announces the Annual HPS Fun Weekend for its members and guests. There will be several hikes to choose from on Saturday, followed by a lazy afternoon at Harwood. A great dinner is followed by music, dancing and more fun. Early Sunday breakfast, then more hikes. Members \$16, non-members \$20. Limited space (100 maximum), so reserve early. Sleeping bags required. Send SASE, check and Sierra Club number to Reservationist Nami Brown.

Let 500 trails grow

The Sierra Club supports the concept of "500 by the 500th". We're calling for the establishment of 500 trails along old railway rights of way by the 500th Anniversary of Columbus' Discovery of America, October 12, 1992.

Paper Tigers

A new subcommittee has been designated by the Management Committee. To be headed by Louis Quirarte and to be responsible for coordinating HPS printed materials and other graphic aspects of the HPS. If you are interested in helping on this or other projects, call Louis at 213/222-2620.

Amen

President Bush, speaking before the Boy Scouts at their recent International Jamboree, announced his belief that "whatever you love to do—whether it's hiking, hunting or kayaking—hang on to it [such hobbies will provide] a source of relaxation and replenishment that will never fail you."

Hopeless

Once again on lands owned by ex-comedian Bob Hope, the LA County Regional Planning Commission voted 3-2 to rape 339 acres of coastal hillsides sought by the NPS for the SMMNRA. The mouth of Corral Canyon adjoining recently acquired Lower Solstice Canyon parklands will be emasculated into an 18-hole golf course with clubhouse, 60 homes, two restaurants, a swimming pool and underground parking. This will require grading 5 million cubic yards and filling-in the canyon mouth. The use of pesticides and herbicides needed to "landscape" the property are expected to endanger local flora and fauna as well as contaminate the water table. It will also greatly increase traffic congestion on the PCH. The developer billed his future links as "public recreation" since the public (at least some select portion of it) will be allowed to join it.

Native

At long last! Desert Tortoise added to endangered species list! Under the new status, people who harm the desert tortoise could be fined up to \$20,000 and face one year in prison, according to a biologist with the Southern California field office of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. It will be illegal to kill, harass, harm or remove a desert tortoise.

Lock out

"Friends of Caballero Canyon" (comprised of elements of the Sierra Club and Earth First! and headed by Jill Swift) were engaged in a violent shouting and shoving match at a hearing this August by pro-development goons from an ad hoc "Encino Hillside Traffic Safety Organization". A public community meeting was called to discuss the widening and extension of Reseda Boulevard to Mulholland Drive and as the "Friends" fear also into the canyons abutting State Parklands to the south. LA City Councilman Braude showed how far he has "rethought his support for this project". Opponents of the road were locked out of the meeting, while Braude was inside, and later dispersed by the police.

☞ HPS members in area are advised to carry gloves.

Request

Please write to one of our National Directors, expressing support for (or making constructive suggestions on) the work of Mountaineering Policy Task Force.

The Task Force is headed by Bruce Knudtson, an active mountaineer who ran for the National Board last Spring. Bruce bagged peaks in Southern California until last year, when he moved to San Francisco. He can be reached at P.O. Box 6643, Santa Maria CA 93456, 805/736-8468.

Knudtson's group has proposed restoring mountaineering to the Club by (1) running all mountaineering outings under the aegis of a national Club group, (2) carefully defining several words that describe mountaineering, so all can know what's being said, (3) reducing risk by (a) requiring participants to sign a carefully drafted waiver, (b) requiring standardized training and registration for mountaineering leaders and participants, (4) running independent fund raising, and asking fees of mountaineering participants, (5) possibly setting up the national mountaineering effort as a separate group, something like the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund, that would be controlled by the Club, but legally distinct from it.

The Task Force found that our history of losses makes us an unattractive risk to insurers. But most suits have come from new members and non-members, on training outings. By exercising national control of risky outings, we can reduce accidents, and make ourselves more attractive.

I think we'll get mountaineering back in the Club, if we keep after it with the same care and tenacity we apply to the summits on our List. Please write.

#*%@!!!

Angeles Chapter Ombudsman Ernest Kirk is asking for help in the set-up of a regional network of volunteers willing to take complaints from Sierra Club members. This would help reduce everyone's phone expenses and help relieve his load.

Our Policy

Sierra Club Policy Fact Sheets are available on a number of environmental topics of interest. For more info call Public Affairs 415/923-5665

Wilderness!

On October 19-22, the 1989 California Wilderness Conference will be held in the Visalia Convention Center. Speakers will include Rep. Mel Levine, sponsor of the Desert Protection Act. There will be workshops, speeches, networking, entertainment and fellowship. For more info contact Bob Barnes at 209/784-4477

OKTOBERFEST HIKES SATURDAY

Mt San Antonio (10064') from the Village. Annual HPS tradition for super conditioned only—toughest climb in the San Gabriels. 11mi rt, 5600' gain. Strenuous. Meet at 7AM Mt Baldy carpool pt. Leaders: Patty Kline, Frank Goodykoontz
Ski Hut. (8400') 2200' gain, 6mi rt. Leave Harwood 11PM. Easy-moderate warm-up for the party. Leaders: Paul Winter, others
Lookout Mtn#2 (6812') 8mi rt, 3000' gain. Meet 8AM Baldy Village Rd and Monrovia Rd. Moderately-strenuous. Leaders: Stag Brown, Bobcat Thompson
Sunset Peak (5796') 5mi rt, 1500' gain. Meet at 8:00AM. Pomona carpool pt. Easy. Leaders: Joe Young, Bridgette O'Sullivan

SUNDAY

Timber Mtn (8303') 3300' gain. Meet at Harwood at 9AM. Moderately strenuous. Leaders: Frank Dobos, Ruth Dobos
Leader's choice (200') Join new leaders on an easy ladylike all-girl hike to the waterfall and perhaps further. Well behaved men allowed. Meet at Harwood at 9:30AM. Leaders: Nami Brown, Betty Quirarte



MOUNTAIN MERCHANDISE

■ IVY SHIELD

"Skin protectant cream. Helps prevent Poison Ivy and Poison Oak" Net Wt 1.25 fl oz. \$4.95
Mugwort has never worked for me. So I've always dreamed of some magic remedy. I even remember considering the use of Ice Blue Secret spray deoderant, since I had heard that if used before exposure it's clay base would provide protection. But I never tried it, since it's an aerosol. So imagine my joy at finding a squeeze bottle that "Helps prevent...Poison Oak". Wow! I bought it on sight.

OK I admit I wanted it to work. So the following "test" is maybe a bit less than rigorous or scientific. But on the other hand (or leg) I'm especially reactive to any contact with poison oak. If it's in the air I break out. Despite this, I still prefer to wear shorts when hiking, and I love to tramp through Griffith Park on Wednesday nights, so I've had it a lot—Ray Riley's Upper Zuma oak forest once earned me a week in an oxygen tent. But so far, after my first trial (and I know I brushed against some oak) I'm still unscathed.

"Ivy Shield" lists its active ingredients as TEA stearate and steramide MEA. It goes on like a thick white lotion but it spreads easily, dries quickly and invisibly. It leaves the faint odor of stop bath on your body, but you probably won't notice it.

I'm delighted to report that the only unusual feeling is having legs without perspiration after a workout. I make no guarantees that it will work for you, but until there's a rash on me, I'll continue hoping it does what it claims. —Louis Quirarte

■ TECNU POISON OAK-N-IVY CLEANSER.

"Long lasting relief. Removes poison irritant. Promotes natural healing. Professional strength formula. Doctor recommended" Net Wt 4 fl oz. \$4.95

Since I bought the Ivy shield, I haven't had any need for this stuff, and I hope I never do. But it's a comfort to have some sort of cleanser beside soap and cold water—which have never worked for me.

Tecnu claims its cleanser is formulated to "remove the rash causing oily irritant (urushiol) from the skin". To do this they offer two strategies (1) If you know you've contacted the "hikers bane" but have no symptoms, you may effectively apply their lotion as directed to unwetted exposed skin—if you do so within six hours, (2) If a rash has begun, you may minimize the damage by washing with their cleanser in hot water.

Tecnu claims their cleanser will remove any remaining (unabsorbed) irritant and promote healing within 6 days. If anyone in the HPS has tested this stuff let us know. —Louis Quirarte

MONEY

By Mike Sandford

	BALANCE:	Savings	Checking	Cash	Total
6/30/89	\$2130.81	\$820.30	\$75.10	\$3026.21	
RECEIPTS					
Inv. Sales	0.00	24.00	00.00	0.00	
Members	0.00	160.00	00.00	0.00	
TOTAL	0.00	184.00	0.00	184.00	
DISBURSEMENTS:					
Bank debit	0.00	(12.86)	0.00	0.00	
Refreshments	0.00	0.00	20.00	0.00	
Bank Charges	0.00	6.00	0.00	13.14	
TOTAL	0.00	(6.86)	20.00	816.18	
BALANCE:					
7/31/89	\$2130.81	\$1011.16	\$55.10	\$3197.07	



THE REGISTER BOX

By Jim Adler

REGISTERS NEEDED:

- Nicolls Peak/ 2C: deficient
- Mayan Peak/ 2I: missing
- McKinley Mtn/ 6F: missing
- Round Top/ 10H: missing
- Josephine Peak/ 11A: decrepit
- Barley Flats/ 11D: decrepit
- Kratka Ridge/ 14K: missing
- San Sevaine/ 17H: decrepit
- Delamar Mtn/ 21E: decrepit
- Bertha Peak/ 21G: missing
- Onyx Peak#1/ 23G: missing
- Lily Rock/ 28A: missing
- Tahquitz Peak/ 28B: missing
- Eagle Crag/ 31A: missing
- Stonewall Peak/ 32F: missing

If you're 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 phone: 213/838-0524. Also, please advise me 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, Peaks where only books or pencils are needed will not be listed.)

▲ Carleton B. Shay reports that he has replaced the Register Can on Cedar Mtn. He also reports that the Register on Birch was not "half-missing" but that the Register on neighboring but unlisted Oak Glen Peak is.

▲ Frank McDaniels has called me twice to get the word out that he has a large number of matched pairs of large Register Cans to be painted. I never seem to get this information to a meeting so I'm putting it here. Anyone who would like to take some off his hands should act quickly or he'll have to discard them. His phone number is: 805/252-1493.



PEAK AND CHEWS

HPS RESTAURANT REVIEWS

If you come across a restaurant you think is worth note please write to us so that your review may be included.

THE JOHN BULL

RATING: ★ Almost OK; you might even like it. 958 S. Fair Oaks Ave, Pasadena CA 91105. 818/441-4353. Weekend hours: Noon to 11:00PM Saturday, Noon to 9:00PM Sunday.

Try this place when you're in the mood for some loud fun after a good hike in the not too distant Angeles NF. To find it, proceed from our La Cañada carpool point, and take the 210 south to California, turn left and you're there.

The John Bull offers a wide range of excellent British beer, stout and ale such as Mackeson, Newcastle, Bass, Fullers, Guinness, Devenish, Steinlager. They also serve Joe Young's favorite "Old Peculier"—all under \$3.00. That said, you may correctly assume that this is reason enough to try it.

But additionally, they have a menu—of sorts. It promises a complete "Afternoon Tea", daily specials, sandwiches (\$4 to \$5) and eight choices for lunch and dinner (\$6 to \$8). These include comish pasty, york-shire mixed grill, sausage rolls, steak and kidney pie, bangers and mash, and steak and mushroom pie. I had fish and chips billed as "the very best icelandic cod, deep fried in beer batter, with chips, peas, tartar sauce and lemon slices". I got one lemon slice, and the three tiny fishlets left a rather acid after-taste. This was \$6.50. Betty had shepherd's pie sold as "seasoned beef covered with mashed potatoes and topped with crumbled cheese, baked golden brown and served with vegetables and gravy", this was \$5.95 and she's says it was very good. Both servings were ample, and served very quickly. I feel mine deserves to be forgotten as quickly.

It's a large place and it's just peachy for (you guessed it) a game of darts, or lounging in the patio. It's lively and a bit noisy inside but you can get lost and read a book in a corner if you don't mind doing so under yellow lights.

My quibbles are (1) they also push such awful swill as Bud-light, and other abominations too horrible to name, and (2) their "pub decor" is of the same overbearingly cutsey variety that might be found in any local theme park. It could almost be a real pub if they didn't try so hard to look like some pimply kid's idea of one. But apart from this, it's friendly (that always helps) and the service is excellent. —Louis Quirarte

Our Game

Our founder, Weldon Heald, a fervent conservationist, provided us with a nearly forgotten caveat as he created our group: "it's only a game". So many of us have received so much from his "game" that it is sometimes difficult to place the limitations of this term on our experiences. Games are meant to be played for fun. Games can be won, and then mastered. Thereafter subtleties may even be explored; the rules made more complex; the involvement more intense—great games have that quality. Just consider the possibilities if we were to try: **NEW PEAKS.** For this we need more exploratory hikes. To that end, what would be most needed would be to identify "worthy" peaks (let's worry about the definition later) and thereby create an open list of candidate summits. Many leaders would be willing to help fulfill the old dream of at least one such hike per schedule if only they had a better idea of where to expend their energy. This is where the knowledge of our "old hands" could prove vital. Let's consider participation in at least one exploratory hike as a criteria for List Completion status.

NEW ROUTES. The expected passage of this year's ballot measure for a "Pathfinder" Award should go a long way toward reinvigorating our zest for some of our favorite listed peaks. "Route-bagging" has long been one of our just-for-the-fun-of-it customs dating back to Sam Fink. Why not grant it legitimacy? This would give our List Finishers a new challenge and provide incentive to remain in the Section. Think of the fun of pioneering routes. While we're at it, why not acknowledge all of our currently non-recognized activities?

OLD ROUTES LIKE NEW. All of us trim trails at need and some even enjoy the break and change of pace that brushing-out provides—the chance to pause and look. What's needed by the HPS to keep all our trails open is purposeful light brush work that doesn't preclude bagging a peak. A reasonable approach for us might be: (a) Form a sub-committee of Outings to contact the USFS and collate our own information so that trail needs could be published prior to each scheduling deadline. Thus forewarned, work could be evenly divided. Also why not do this with a bit of sugar? (b) Instead of trying to make trail work a requirement preceding an Emblem, why not let it be a laurel after its acquisition? Why not an "HPS Trails Award" for a few happy hours spent for the common good?

NEW MEMBERS. Active recruitment of members has never been part of our Section's priorities. It's believed that "people find us on their own when they're ready". OK, so what's wrong with helping them to get ready? One obvious benefit from this would come from the Club's Field Recruitment Incentive Program (FRIP). It works like this: we get new members into the Club, it turns around and gives us a direct kick-back per member. Those interested may now distribute our new HPS Info Sheet with application attached. A collateral idea would be to lead more "HPS Intro" hikes. Recent trials at potluck picnics have been wildly successful with pleas for more. If planned properly, and led to moderate destinations, such trips would allow for an influx of members and revenue.

MORE WILDERNESS. Currently, we've just agreed to "adopt" two wilderness areas to help further the Desert Bill. There are a number of other areas needing the same support, such as Mt Piños-Cerro Noroeste. Our founder bagged his 100th Peak (Grouse) there. Member Sally Reid is heavily involved in the battle for it. The Club is seeking a new name for it. Heald Wilderness? It's one of our favorite areas. Let's claim it and lots more like it. To coordinate such efforts an expanded role for our Conservation Chair would be proper, as well as more advocacy from us all. Could there someday be HPS Conservation Patches?

MORE TREES. Years ago when one of our founding members died the HPS planted an evergreen, a symbol of eternity, in the Angeles NF in his memory. It was a nice gesture that never became a tradition. No one is even quite sure anymore where the tree is located. This year, with Dick Akawie's passing the HPS is reviving this lost tradition. But why do it on a small scale? How does an Akawie Memorial Grove sound like to all of you? Why not an Akawie National Forest? We could plant it. Why not raise funds for trees and consider reforestation in addition to our other purposes? I think Dick would have liked the idea.

MORE FUN. Never lose sight of this one—but with the above how could we?

FROM THE CHAIR

By Tom Armbruster



Four proposed By-Law changes will go on our Fall ballot. The HPS Management Committee met in special session at Bobcat Thompson's July 24, and endorsed these changes without opposition. Three other changes were informally postponed, and four met with no support.

★ **Proposition 1** deletes the requirement that proposed peak additions involve 1000' of gain from the trailhead and the nearest peak, and be at least one mile from the nearest peak. Peaks would still have to be 5000' high and within our geographical boundary, and they would need a majority vote on the Fall ballot to get on the List.

★ **Proposition 2** creates a "Pathfinder Emblem", an award to anyone who has climbed 100 peaks twice, each time by different routes.

★ **Proposition 3** drops members completely after they have been on inactive status for five years. (The way we're set up now, when a member stops subscribing to the Lookout, the Membership Chair must keep him on inactive status until he dies.)

★ **Proposition 4** requires that a person be a member of the section for one year before obtaining emblem status.

The Management Committee agreed to study an "Explorer Emblem," for 100 peaks climbed by three different routes, a "Senior Emblem," for 200 peaks by two routes, and a "Leadership Emblem." Similar consideration will be given to a trail-work requirement, and to a proposal that three appointed Committee Chairs and the Editor be granted Management Committee voting power.

There was no support for suggestions that our boundary be expanded to include Monterey County peaks, that the Mountain Records be permitted to revise Climbing Guides without Management Committee approval, that the Vice-Chair not automatically be the Outings Chair, and that the by-laws reorganize and more tightly define the Administrative and Publications Committees.

★ **Skinner Peak** in the Southern Sierras will be on the ballot for addition to The List. We approved Alan Cole's request. We did not endorse Jon Sheldon's request that Pilot Knob be de-listed due to its access problems.

Any member can submit a written argument for or against any of these propositions, and on Skinner's addition on the ballot. The same goes for Pilot Knob's deletion, provided Jon gets 20 signatures for the Fall ballot.

CONSERVATION

By Wynne Benti

HPS Adopts-a-Wilderness! Becomes first Angeles Chapter climbing section to do so. On July 13, we approved adoption of the proposed Santa Rosa Mountains Wilderness Area additions and The San Gorgonio Wilderness Area additions. HPS peaks in the Santa Rosa Mountains area are: Rabbit, Martinez and Sheep. The ridge that runs between Toro Peak and Rabbit will also be protected by wilderness designation. Peaks in the San Gorgonio area include Kitching, Galena and Chaparrosa. These areas are sponsored by the California Desert Protection League (CDPL) and other supporters of the Desert Bill.

The idea behind adopting a wilderness is to get people to visit their adopted areas, write about the experience, take photographs and generally amass a body of written and photographic evidence in support of that particular area. I have personally adopted three areas: The White Mountains, Middle Park, and Saline Valley. I've written about my climbing experiences and taken B/W photos.

✓ Mail yours to: Earl Giddings, 35240 San Carlos, Yucaipa, CA 92399-5427. He is compiling all of the collected information into a book which will be used as physical documentation to support the bill in Washington. Support HR780! If you have questions contact me at 818/840-4791 or Earl at 714/795-1075. If you are leading a scheduled HPS trip into one of our two areas, you'll be contacted about writing a brief trip synopsis.

James Cason is close to being appointed as the next Assistant Agriculture Secretary for Special Services. He would supervise the U.S.F.S., the Soil Conservation Service and other conservation programs. All major environmental groups oppose his nomination because of his poor record in the past. While serving as deputy to Interior secretaries Watt and Hodel, Cason played a leading role in undermining environmental protection for our public lands. He worked with Watt to eliminate 1.5 million acres of BLM wilderness study program lands; improperly pressured the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service to not list the Northwest's spotted owl as an endangered species and ordered the destruction of BLM documents on the bird. Cason attempted to have the Interior Department block the USFS from enacting regulations controlling oil and gas exploration and development in the national forests. He authorized the infamous "mining in the parks" rule, which would force the government to pay coal companies millions of dollars to buy out their mining rights in areas Congress has already protected.

✓ Write letters against the nomination to Pete Wilson, Senate Office Building Washington, DC 20510 or call 202/224-3121

ADVANCE NOTICE



HPS TRIPS: NOVEMBER 1989—FEBRUARY 1990

Compiled for Richard Akawie, HPS List Finisher⁶

Nov	04	Reyes Peak: Cahill/Feldon
	04-05	Middle Peak, Cuyamaca Pt, Oakzanita Peak, Cuyapaibe Mtn, Sheephead Mtn, Monument Peak#1, Garnet Mtn, Garnet Peak: Kline/Goodykoontz
	05	Waterman Mtn: Nilsson/Jones
	11	Josephine Peak: Lindberg/Ruiz
	11-12	Santa Rosa Mtn, Lookout Mtn#1, Asbestos Mtn: Brecheen/Jones
	11-12	San Rafael Peak, Thorn Pt, Lockwood Pt: F.Dobos/Kline
	15	San Gabriel Peak, Mt Disappointment, Mt Deception: Bailey/Lindberg
	18	Rosa Pt: Martin/Eisenberg
	18	Mt Wilson, Mt Harvard (BIKE-AN-HIKE): Thompson/Schain
	18	Twin Peaks, Waterman Mtn: Kline/Hartunian
	19	Smith Mtn: Feldon/Sheldon
	19	Lookout Mtn#2: Weldon/McMannes
	19	Rattlesnake Peak: F.Dobos/Wheeler
Dec	02	Rouse Hill: Martin/Fickle
	03	Mt Lukens: R.L.Dobos/F.Dobos
	09-10	Combs Peak, Beauty Peak, Iron Springs Mtn: Young/Kline
	10	Hines Peak: F.Dobos/Cohen
	16	Condor Peak, Fox Mtn#2: Coles/Goodykoontz
	16	Winston Peak, Winston Ridge (NAVIGATION NOODLE): Russell/others
	20	Josephine Peak: Davis/Carriel
	23	X-mas LA at Night: S.Brown/Thompson
Jan	06	Mt Lowe: S.Brown/Young
	06	Santiago Peak, Modjeska Peak: Martin/Fickle
	06-07	Little Berdoo Peak, Bernard Peak, Bighorn Mtns: Brecheen/Jones
	13	Mt Lukens (10th Annual): Thompson/S.Brown
	14	Black Mtn, Red Mtn: F.Dobos/Wheeler
	17	Waterman Mtn: Machen/Douglas
	27-28	Butterbredt Peak, Mayan Peak, Onyx Peak#2, Aquila Peak: F.Dobos/Cohen
	28	Mt Wilson, Mt Harvard: Eisenberg/Kline
Feb	03	Caliente Mtn: Coles/Feather
	03	Monrovia Peak: Sheldon/Goodykoontz
	09-11	Valentine's Party at Harwood: Ward/Boothe/B.Quirarte
	10	Brown Mtn: S.Brown/Thompson/Young
	10	Lizard Head: Martin/Eisenberg
	10-11	Granite Mtn, Whale Peak: Jones/Brecheen
	17-18	Iron Springs Mtn, Beauty Peak, San Ysidro Mtn: Coles/Goodykoontz
	21	Mt Lowe: M.Brown/Cordell
	24	Monrovia Peak (BIKE-AN-HIKE): Thompson/Schain
	24	Monrovia Peak: Eisenberg/Martin
	24-25	Martinez Mtn, Sheep Mtn, Asbestos Mtn: Goodykoontz/Kline
	24-25	Villager Peak, Rabbit Peak#1: Waxman/White

SEE: ANGELES CHAPTER SCHEDULE NUMBER 252 FOR FURTHER DETAILS



Mike "Roadrunner" Baldwin, Wayne Wurzbarger, Bobcat Thompson, Joe Young, Roy "Froggie" Stewart.

CHRONOLOGY: HPS PEAK-BAGGING OLYMPICS III / JUNE 17-18, 1989

Peak	Start	On Peak	Returned	O III RT (minutes)	O II RT (minutes)
1 ◦Cajon Mtn		11:15AM	11:40AM	25	—
2 ◦Sugarpine Mtn	Drive-up	11:50AM	—	—	—
3 ◦Monument Peak#2	12:00PM	12:00PM	12:01PM	1	—
4 ◦Mill Peak	12:54PM	12:57PM	1:00PM	6	18
5 ◦Slide Peak	1:16PM	1:16PM	1:50PM	34	—
6 ◦Keller Peak	Drive-up	1:55PM	—	—	—
7 ◦Little Bear Peak	2:43PM	2:44PM	2:46PM	3	5
8 ◦Delamar Mtn	2:56PM	3:12PM	3:22PM	26	29
9 ◦Little Shay Mtn	4:00PM	4:27PM	4:24PM	24	29
10 ◦Ingham Peak	4:27PM	4:44PM	4:44PM	17	20
11 ◦Shay Mtn	4:44PM	5:28PM	6:18PM	94	95
12 ◦Rattlesnake Mtn	6:45PM	7:02PM	7:16PM	31	35
13 •Round Mtn	7:02PM	8:09PM	8:09PM	28	37
14 •Gobbler's Knob	9:47PM	9:59PM	10:06PM	19	28
15 •Pinyon Ridge	Drive-up	10:53PM	—	—	—
16 •Mt Lewis	11:14PM	11:27PM	11:38PM	24	27
17 •Kratka Ridge	11:55PM	12:16AM	12:29AM	34	38
18 •Buckhorn Peak	12:37AM	12:57AM	1:08AM	29	56
19 •Winston Peak	1:11AM	1:29AM	1:41AM	30	32
20 •Mt Hillyer	2:02AM	2:22AM	2:38AM	36	37
21 •Mt Mooney	3:00AM	3:09AM	3:16AM	16	15
22 •Mt Vetter	3:25AM	3:39AM	3:50AM	25	24
23 •Mt Sally	4:00AM	4:21AM	4:39AM	39	36
24 ◦Barley Flats	4:53AM	5:03AM	5:11AM	18	—
25 ◦Mt Harvard	5:40AM	6:04AM	6:31AM	51	84
26 ◦Mt Wilson	—	6:31AM	—	—	—
27 ◦Occidental Peak	6:46AM	7:24AM	7:24AM	38	29
28 ◦Mt Markham	7:45AM	8:25AM	8:25AM	40	45
29 ◦Mt Lowe	8:25AM	8:51AM	8:51AM	26	—
30 ◦San Gabriel Peak	8:58AM	9:53AM	9:53AM	55	60
31 ◦Mt Disappointment	10:00AM	10:18AM	10:18AM	18	—
32 ◦Mt Deception	10:00AM	10:42AM	—	24	23

◦ DAYHIKES • NIGHTHIKES *During Olympics II Hawes was hiked: time 57 minutes

O II* Total: 23hrs 38min Hiking: 15hrs 6min Miles: 37 Gain: 12,700' Peaks: 30

O III Total: 23hrs 27min Hiking: 13hrs 31min Miles: 34 Gain: 12,000' Peaks: 32

Ephemeris: Sunrise Sunset Moonrise Moonset

Saturday 6/17 4:41AM 7:10PM 6:13AM 2:50AM

Sunday 6/18 4:41AM 7:11PM 7:13AM 3:34AM

Recorded by Roy Stewart

**Mt Lowe
12/13/87
Leaders: Stag Brown
and Bobcat Thompson**

By Don Tidwell

On a crisp, cold morning the HPS met at Lake Avenue at 7:00AM for this extraordinary hike. It has historical significance, I believe, for it was an unusual day.

It was a *cold* morning. The wind was blowing. The leaders moved their car, and spent extra time getting their extra clothing. They weren't ready until 7:15AM, or so it seemed.

Three people didn't wait. One well known leader said he knew the route and started up the trail. Two people followed. Then Stag said, "hold on a minute, we might not be going that way". How clever. By a simple maneuver (stalling), the leaders had disposed of that slowpoke How Bailey and two other turtles.

Parenthetically, when Alan Coles and I hiked up Baldy in three hours on August 1, 1982, we passed How Bailey, on his way down already. Another time, on Pine Mountain on July 29, 1984, Bobcat recognized How, on his way back from Dawson already, by his yellow shirt and the red bandana in his belt. When he was a hundred feet down, on his way up, we all yelled "Hello, How" at the same time, and he heard us, but didn't know who we were until he hiked up.

That day we went on to Dawson and came back, same as How. We talked to him about the Whitehorn route to Baden-Powell and Ross, and he did Baden-Powell from Whitehorn the same day, I found out later. The trailhead is shown as Whitehorn on old maps, not shown on new maps.

It was an unusual day also. There were thunderstorms all over, except we got out of there before we got wet. Driving back it rained hard near Vincent Gap, we saw How's car at Whitehorn and wondered about him. How said, when I saw him later, that he didn't get wet. Driving down the Angeles Crest there were scattered areas with heavy downpours. Around Barley Flats it was raining hardest. Then around Red Box it was raining even more intensely, pouring buckets so no one could see out of the windshield. Bobcat continued driving, without seeing the road, and we suddenly popped out of the rain into bright sun. With the windshield wipers still going, we saw a young woman in a sports car with the top down going the other way, not knowing she would be

drenched two seconds after she first felt rain. Then, four motorcyclists with short sleeves, plaid Bermuda shorts and dark glasses were on their way up the road. They stopped about 100 feet before the wall of water. Several motorcyclists had been up on the Angeles Crest and didn't return in time to avoid being soaked on the return. In La Cañada, it was 100 degrees. The hottest days in La Cañada are the best days for thunderstorms.

To continue the Mount Lowe Report, we went north up the ridge and in the distance we saw the three rejects on the trail, for a time, and then they were not seen for the rest of the day. It was cold and we all wanted to ascend quickly from the shadow to the sunlight, to benefit from solar energy by the most direct means—absorption—plus we wanted to warm up by physical exertion. It was too late to try to keep warm. The time spent standing at the trailhead chilled everyone.

We were not long in shadow. The steepness of the ridge allowed us to reach a better operating temperature after just a few minutes. Most of us wanted to be warm thought, comfortably, not tolerably, so we increased our speed near maximum. The fitter hikers moved to the front and the rest spread out.

High up, the ridge became very steep, and there were deep gullies running down, with loose footing. The group spread out, and Nami Brown was looking at all of the other hikers up above her with a unique perspective.

You, dear reader, would have been the slowest person in the group had you been there. Stag valiantly deflected dirt clods raining down. The infrequently falling loose rocks, he caught and returned to their natural resting places, of course.

We came out on Chaney Trail road by the Cape of Good Hope and regrouped. Then we walked very briskly up the Mount Lowe railway past the longest stretch, the Dawn Mine Station, and then went around the bend in the shade. Brrr. Up long switchbacks we went through sun and shade and sun and then a long shady part where we stopped to look at the thermometer. It was 29 degrees. With 25 mile per hour gusts, the wind chill factor made it zero. We sped up to reach the sun again.

Mount Lowe campground was soon at hand. Just before we reached it we met a group of Boy Scouts hiking down from their overnigher—they looked miserable. It was about 9:00AM and most of the city was just beginning to think about breakfast, but the Scouts were already packed up and on their way home. We

didn't tarry either. We went up a gully past the cottage sites and an old litter receptacle, crossed the road and went up the trail on the west side of Mount Lowe.

This side is a little rockier than the west. We were sheltered from the wind by some beautiful trees, and much of the way was sunny, but then we came near the summit ridge. The trail abruptly went out into the full force of the wind at the Brown Mountain Ridge. It was strong. We bent over and appreciated live oak clumps as we hurried toward the summit. At the last live oaks, just below the summit, were piles of pots, pans, utensils, aluminum plates and aluminum cups. In the clearing were several tents which were staked out, poles removed, with large rocks holding them down. Some unfortunate souls had elected to camp out right on the summit, exposed to all the elements. The wind was especially ferocious right on the summit. It absolutely was the least sheltered place to camp. We didn't stay. We went down the east side at about 10:15AM.

Stag didn't take the shortcut down. Possibly he was concerned about the person in shorts rubbing plants the wrong way and getting all scratched up. Instead, he led a shorter short cut that met the trail much higher up. The east side trail was very sunny, and we all knew it was a beautiful day in Los Angeles. It was even becoming pleasantly cool where we were. At a nice spot, we made a meal stop, out of the wind.

We then continued down to the junction by Mount Lowe campground, and hiked the rest of the way out under warming skies. What a beautiful day. We reached the cars at around 12:45PM. We drove to the Sport Chalet and then to Pepe's for lunch.

The next day the LA Times recorded the temperatures for Mount Wilson on Sunday. A low of 18 degrees heated up to a high of 28 degrees. I think it was one of the fastest Sierra Club hikes of all time. We took a circuitous route and still did the round trip well under six hours. Plus, it was probably the coldest HPS hike for several years.

☞ Time for a warm bath, a hot toddy and Vaughn-Williams Seventh Symphony, the Antarctica.

Throop Peak, Mt Burnham and Mt Lewis

5/21/89

**Leaders: Dotty Rabinowitz
and Wilma Wheeler**

By Wilma Wheeler

Even though the weather was great for a hike in the San Gabriels, we were sur-

prised by the large turn out for the hike—sixty brave people were at the La Cañada meeting place at 9:00AM. After introductions and sign-in, we carpoled to Dawson Saddle to start the hike at the "new trail" just beyond the saddle. I led, and Dotty swept 58 people, as two had turned back at Red Box, deciding that they did not have sufficient gas in their car.

There were a couple of places where snow covered the trail on the north side of Throop. As we reached the first snow covered portion we met two women who had started up the trail on their own earlier. One had fallen and scraped her leg, which her companion had bandaged. They had enough snow travel, they said, and were headed back to the trailhead. At this point, two very inexperienced hikers with us decided to sign out and go back to their cars. Ray Riley signed out to go and climb Baden-Powell and then join us later.

We had an uneventful trek up Throop, enjoying the wilderness experience with our army of hikers, one of which decided to stay on the main trail and not ascend Throop. Reaching the first peak around noon, with another one to climb, we decided to have a snack on Throop and have our real lunch on Mt. Burnham. The first hikers had a long break while waiting for the last ones up. Typically, soon after the late-comers, we had everyone ready to start down the trail, where we picked up the waiting hiker.

Somehow our group still seemed as large as an army as we skipped or trudged to our second peak experience, where Ray Riley awaited us after his conquest of Baden-Powell.

As a reward for their perseverance, I offered a cool refreshing strawberry to each as they reached the top of Burnham. Three hikers were so refreshed that they decided to sign out and go do Baden-Powell, which they did. The rest of us had a late lunch and relaxed awhile before starting down the north side of Burnham to the Pacific Crest Trail for our return. Lucky for us, we hit the trail just ahead of a large group of Boy Scouts.

Betty, Louis and friends joined us when we reached the junction turnoff for Throop and Dotty led us swiftly and safely back to the cars. With everyone signed out, and those who had enough heading home, nine die-hards climbed Lewis in 14 minutes which seems like a good time to me.

Thanks, Dotty for sweeping and leading us back on the last leg of the trip. Congratulations on two more peaks! We had a good group of hikers.

Iron Mtn #1

6/3-4/89

**Leaders: Bill T. Russell
and Frank Goodykoontz**

By Bill T. Russell

The 17th Annual Routebaggers adventure to "Big" Iron was via the north gully and ridge. It was a duplicate of trips made in September 1986, November 1983 and October 1980 and completes four cycles of my leading trips that ascended the east, west and north ridges in succession. The other five annual climbs ascended the south ridge.

On Saturday we hiked up the East Fork to the Fish Fork and up it and its south branch to elevation 4140 feet (UTM 34149608) where we had a very pleasant evening. On Sunday we climbed the brush-free gully that starts where we camped and ends at about 5900 feet on the north ridge, the one just east of Falls Gulch. We then went on up the steep, narrow ridge to the summit. The gully and ridge gave spots of easy 3rd class climbing. At 7200 feet we saw seven bighorn sheep on the adjacent ridge to the west.

We ate lunch on top and descended the standard south ridge route. The USFS has brushed out the trail from Allison Saddle to Widman Ranch and survey stakes and ribbons are placed along the Heaton Flat Trail, so maybe it is scheduled for much needed treatment.

It was a good outing with nice cool weather and fine people. Participants were: Ron Barbour, David Eisenberg, Hans Lehman, Amon Friedman, Ellen Holden, Frank Goodykoontz, Karen Leonard, Pat Russell, Bill T. Russell.

Alamo Mtn, McDonald Peak

and Sewart Mtn

6/3/89

**Leaders: Charlie Knapke
and Patty Kline**

By Charlie Knapke

22 Hikers drove through the early morning rain early Saturday to the town of Gorman wondering if the hike would even go. Just before Gorman we broke out into the sunshine. After the preliminary introductions, we sorted ourselves into a few high clearance very long road through the Hungry Valley State Vehicular Recreation Area. We saw very few motorcycles here. I suppose since it was raining in the city everyone thought it was raining here too. We made one wrong turn in the middle of the valley but soon had it corrected. We were glad to leave this area behind as we entered the beautiful Los Padres National Forest.

About six miles later we reached Ala-

mo Campground. When everyone was ready, we followed the fire road up Alamo Mountain. Here we stopped for what seemed like a thousand pictures before returning to the cars.

We then drove the few miles to the parking area for McDonald Peak. We stopped for about half an hour while everyone enjoyed lunch. We spent some time deciding how many of the HPS Peaks can be seen from this excellent vantage point.

The road to Sewart Mountain is no longer maintained. When it became rough, we abandoned the vehicles at a convenient spot and proceeded the rest of the way on foot to the summit. From the top of Sewart we had a good view of Black and Snowy.

At this point three hikers left our group to continue toward Snowy Peak. While the rest of the group proceeded back to the cars for the return to Gorman.

Oddly enough, as soon as we started south from Gorman, the weather closed in again. It seemed like we had found the only good weather around.



Martin Feather/ Alan Coles do it again together

Tecuya Mtn and Frazier Mtn

6/24/89

**Leaders: Martin Feather
and Alan Coles**

By Martin Feather

A large number of vehicles gathered at the Sylmar carpool point, where Alan pointed out that it might be unwise to leave our cars in the "No Stopping any Time" zones (watch for those). From here was carpooled to Frazier Park, re-assembling at the area behind the Fire and Sheriff stations.

Hordes almost too numerous to count

(52—that's way more than my fingers and toes) strolled up the bike and hiking trail that makes its way into Cold Spring Canyon, and onward to meet the dirt road running along the ridge leading to Tecuya—if you go the right way. A scenic approach!

The weather was quite cooperative (it pays to order well in advance), sunny but not overwhelmingly hot—a few days beforehand the heat would have been unpleasant. Frank Goodykoontz had taken a cross-country route and was waiting for us on the top, even though he hadn't thought he'd make it.

There, the group enjoyed lunch, generally clustering in the shade, until eventually we'd had our fill of relaxing. Frank and Asher Waxman volunteered to take those who wanted to go cross-country back down the ridge directly south from Tecuya, while Alan and I retraced the on-trail and road path.

Thereafter most of us drove over and up to the top of Frazier Mountain, where Alan and I simultaneously Finished The List the second time, and Laura Webb completed her 200th Peak! After the arduous drive it was necessary to rest the vehicles for a while, giving us time to consume a variety of celebratory goodies and to assume dignified poses for the traditional (and populous) List-Finishers photograph, and the (less populous) Second Time List-Finishers photograph. Thanks to all the participants for making this a delightful outing, to Frank and Asher for the additional leading and to Alan for leading on this and many, many other hikes.

This occasion of Second Time List-Finishing and 200 Peak attainment is an opportune time to consider the travails of hiking the HPS peaks, so I'd like to float some propositions that are intended to ease the task of future would-be finishers:

Proposition 368: That the HPS List be "rolled back" to the way it was 10 years ago, and a further 20% of those peaks be removed from The List. This would result in a major saving of time and effort.

Proposition 371: That all drive-ups be removed from The List. Drive-ups consume unnecessary gas and entail much wear and tear on automobiles, so adoption of this measure would reap enormous benefits.

Proposition 374: That all non-drive-ups be removed from The List. Non-drive-ups require hiking, and thus entail much wear and tear on boots and people, so adoption of this measure would reap enormous benefits.

Proposition 381: That an upper limit be placed on the allowable expenditure

for climbing any single peak—while it is true that Mount Hillyer is a remote and difficult peak, this does not justify the use of a helicopter. Such a limit would slow the escalation in the monetary costs of finishing The List!

👉 Congratulations Martin! Congratulations Alan!
Congratulations Laura!

Tahquitz Peak and Red Tahquitz 6/24/89

Leaders: Tom Armbruster, David Eisenberg, and Paul Weinstein

By Tom Armbruster

Four people showed up at the flag-pole in Idyllwild, on a crisp, clear morning, for our out and back trip up the South Ridge Trail. Four was quite a drop from last year's 28, when we ran the trip through the wilderness in two platoons. Attendance was down, understandably, because Alan Coles and Martin Feather, ran their double-List Completion on the same day.

Bridget O'Sullivan, our scheduled sweep, was out with the flu (as were her daughters Jackie and Jenny), so Dave Eisenberg stepped forward.

Wilderness permits were easy to get. Although the sign at the Idyllwild Ranger Station says that they're put out in the morning, they're available the evening before. And, there's no limit to the number of trips going up the South Ridge Trail.

This year, the dirt road to the trail head seemed to be in better shape than in past years. With a smaller group, it seemed that we talked more and got to know each other better. As it turned out, each of us had a teaching background, worked a lot with computers, and had graduate educations.

Bruce Gubersky, a former elementary teacher turned attorney, gave us a lucid and detailed discussion of liability law. We talked about the Club's legal exposure (that's different from climbing exposure), and the options available to it. In particular, he thought that carefully worded waivers would reduce our risk. Bruce practices in Anaheim.

We had a snack at the Tahquitz lookout, and had lunch on Red Tahquitz. It is one of my favorites. Its red color makes it so easy to spot, and I also like semi-level walking at the 8,000 to 9,000 foot level. The summit offers a peek at the desert floor, near sea-level.

On my way back, Dave and Bruce signed out to drop down to Lily Rock. Paul Weinstein became the Assistant Leader. After ice cream in Idyllwild, I drove around to Humber Park, picked up Dave and Bruce, and took them back to their car on the South Ridge.

Mt Hillyer, Mt Mooney and Vetter Mtn 7/22/89

**Leaders: Betty Snow Quirarte
and Louis Quirarte**

By Betty Snow Quirarte

At 9:00AM it was warm and sunny and tummies were full from a good breakfast at Lloyd's as we headed for the carpool point in La Cañada. I was surprised to see the bunch of seasoned HPS'ers such as Bobcat Thompson, Jim and "Sheena" Fleming, Cathy Thody, Bridgette O'Sullivan, Georgina Burns, Harriet Edwards, Mike Baldwin and Sandy Houston plus about 40 others raring to conquer the wilds of historic Mount Hillyer. I announced a change in the scheduled hike; adding some other peaks and making Hillyer a car shuttle from the top, with a picnic at the bottom. Everyone gathered their party goodies, boots and sunscreen and we headed for the Visitor's Center at Chilao, where we left several cars full of the party goodies, had a break and did a final carpool change for the trip to the trailhead.

The birds were singing and butterflies winging as we headed up the maintained trail at 10:30AM to the summit.

Along the way we were able to show some of the new hikers and some others as well, a blossoming example of the dreaded *poodle-dog* plant; it's really quite lovely with a small lavender trumpet-shaped flower growing up a stalk covered with spiked, knife-like leaves. But this plant is far worse for those sensitive to it than poison oak. I know of at least one HPS'er (Dottie) who took about six weeks to recover from a bout with it after the Ortega's—she was understandably pleased to hear of a recent fire there.

We quickly reached the summit in a half hour, after a mighty 200 foot gain. We all scrambled up the "summit block" and signed the Register. There was time for more socializing and frisbee tossing and some soap bubbles wafting through the air. This was the very first peak for five people and the very first hike of several more. I hope they join us again and again in the future.

On one of our stops, Louie was able to furnish the group with some history about the area and how Vasquez used Chilao for his headquarters while he was (1) off fighting for freedom and reunification with Mexico (latino version), or (2) shooting; pillaging; rustling; theavin' horses; chasing saloon-girls an' raisin a ghawd-awful ruckus (official version).

The trail was clear and clean, the sun was moderate and a slight breeze rustled

the trees and brush, keeping the temperature pleasant. The boulders on the trail would make a great place to play and snoop around in; the temptation was strong, but we stayed on the trail. We breezed past Horse Flats and reached Chilao Campground again at 12:15PM. We all walked a short distance to a group campsite and everybody arranged the picnic lunch and kicked back for a bit, socializing and enjoying the good company we always seem to have on an HPS hike. Ron Chenaud decided to sign out as usual and led a group of five of his friends to Vetter, where we again met them.

After lunch we gathered the driver's together and headed to the trailhead to get the cars and returned to pick up passengers many of whom waited inside the Visitor Center examining the old CCC relief map of the Angeles, and enjoying the exhibits. A Ranger gave a short talk on the area, but seemed a bit crestfallen when we all knew the answers to his questions.

We then drove to mighty Mount Mooney, which we reached in about ten minutes. We took the graded dirt road to the trailhead and those of us who chose to hike the peak started up the trail, which has plenty of room for a nice chat with your neighbor while you walk; since the summit is only 250 feet up we were quickly there and enjoyed the view. I noticed that Sam Fink had been here recently (his 35th time), we jumped back in the cars and drove across the Angeles Crest Highway to Vetter and managed to lose a car in Charleton Flats but we all found each other again. Up, up, up we trekked another 300 feet of gain to the summit of Vetter Lookout. We enjoyed the view of our next planned peak, Mt Sally but nobody wanted to finish it that day. So I managed to finish my Leadership hike at 3:30PM to a bit of slightly prompted applause and a big hug from Bobcat.

Nobody got permanently lost, no injuries, a great party lunch and lots of newcomers who wanted to do more of this kind of low-stress HPS hiking in the future. It was such fun, we just may have to do more in future months.

Thanks to my able sweep and new hubby Louie; I couldn't have done it without his patience, consideration, knowledge, love and support; nor could I have done it without the good humor and backing of all those who joined us on this great day of hiking and picnicking.

Oh yes, I almost forgot, it was a really beautiful and memorable day. What a great way to start out as a leader!

Not bad, if I do say so myself!

👉 Yessir folks, that's my baby now!

**Shields Peak, Anderson Peak,
San Bernardino East Peak,
and San Bernardino Peak**

7/29/89

**Leaders: Jon Sheldon
and Ruth Feldon**

By Jon Sheldon

Fourteen crazy peakbaggers met at 7:30AM at the Forsee Ridge Trailhead on Saturday. Of course, it was a beautiful sunny day—just as the leaders predicted.

We had no mishaps on the way up (or on the way down): purple lupines, yellow lilies (Alan Coles spotted them), red monkey flowers, yellow monkey flowers...the flowers make the tedious and steep climb interesting.

We hit the ridge at about 11:00AM and took a long refreshing break at Trail Fork Springs. Then we set off to do "bouldery" Shields. Alan Coles, Evan Samuels and Carleton Shay decided to head down the north ridge from San Bernardino Peak to John's Meadow and then back to the cars.

Apparently, it's a semi-viable route—they got back to the cars at about the same time as us, but with more scratches. They hit BRUSH! Alan, (whose idea it was) said it was worth the effort, because the rest of us missed a lot of wildflowers in John's Meadow, including many that Alan had never seen before. Alan also said he wouldn't do it again—so hike at your own risk.

The rest of us went down the usual way at our own pace. We all got back within a half hour of each other. The earliest by 5:30PM, the latest by 6:00PM. It was kind of a strenuous day (15+ miles, 5000' gain), but most of us finished with a grin.

The participants were (besides the leaders): Evan Samuels, Daniel Bleiberg, Darcie Miller, John Southworth, Rocky Morton, George Pfeiffer, Carleton Shay, Marc Ratner, Karl Kraues, Jim Peterson, and Bob Ferguson.

Footnote: Frank Goodykoontz, Dave Welbourn and Georgina Burns got their own permit, started a little earlier, and did the peaks in a different order. We kept running into them. The last we saw of Frank and Georgina was at about 2:00PM when they were on their way to do Anderson and Shields and then Charlton and Dobbs and return via Vivian Creek. Dave Welbourn (who has a lot more sense) decided to return to his car. We hope that Frank and Georgina made it back before dark, but we doubt it!

They bagged all their peaks and got back OK that same day. Another truly heroic HPS hike! Congratulations all!

TRAIL UPDATES

Yucaipa Ridge

By Carleton B. Shay

Two "new" old routes: how would you like to get to Little San Gorgonio by a route that is 2 1/2 miles shorter, 800 feet less altitude gain, and does not require anyone's permission, as compared to the southern route given in the climber's guide? I used that route today (June 6) when finishing off the HPS List for the third time.

This route starts at Falls Camp at the end of the road in Mill Creek and ascends Camp Creek. It is described in John Robinson's book *San Bernardino Mountain Trails*, hike number 54. I don't know why this route is not in our guide, since its attributes speak for themselves. It is steep, and requires going around one waterfall, but is not at all difficult.

Since I had heard horror stories of the high fence across the road at the foot of Birch, I tried the trail shown on the USGS topo map which starts near the summit of Cedar Mtn and goes down the south ridge to Oak Glen. It is also described in Robinson's book, hike number 58. It went extremely well—it is in much better shape than the trail on Yucaipa Ridge, which isn't saying much since that one has practically disappeared. But the Cedar Mountain-Oak Glen trail is very well defined, there are plastic arrows on many trees showing the way, it is well-clipped in the lower brushy section, and is obviously used. I definitely would not recommend going up it, but descending is quick and easy. It comes out on the property of the Pilgrim Pines Church Camp, just west of the Ranger Station in Oak Glen.

For those who are willing to do Allen separately, I would recommend these trails highly for the traverse of Yucaipa Ridge from Little San Gorgonio to Birch Mountain.

LOWER PEAKS

This article is offered for the Lower Peaks Committee. Not having a newsletter or membership list, the Committee needs help to communicate. I believe all the interested people are HPS members, so I am publishing this report in the Lookout. Other Lower Peaks climbers are hereby solicited for articles—if it is to be a regular feature.

The Southern Verdugo Mountains

By Don Tidwell

The Verdugo south summit is a double peak shown as elevation 2960'+ on the

topo. There is an excellent view from Frazier Mountain to Hines and Monte Arido, Old Man and Santa Paula Peak in the Los Padres direction. Boney Mountain and the expanse of the San Fernando Valley are seen even from the low flanks to the west. The Santa Monica Bay, Palos Verdes peninsula, Catalina and harbors surround the basin. The Santa Ana's, San Jacinto's, Toro Peak, and San Gorgonio are visible to the south east. On the clearest days, such is the view. Mount Baldy is hidden.

During the summer, the summit is usually above the smog for the morning and evening hours. To keep cool, evening hikes on the east are good, or morning hikes to the west. In the winter, hikes during mid day are excellent. Three to five hours is plenty of time for a moderate to strenuous hike, there is short driving time for locals, and most of the day is saved for housework. Chaparral flowering currant brings Spring in December. Buckwheat, pentstemon, lilies and fuschia bloom in the Summer. I have drunk one quart on the way up alone and I usually change to a dry T-shirt on the top to stay warm, or don't change to cool off.

The Thomas Brothers Los Angeles map-book shows some fire roads on pages 17 to 18.

PRIMARY ROUTE

The primary route is the abandoned fire road to the west. I call it Verdugo Via Montagna. The street is spelled Via Montagna with a squiggle over the ñ [ñ A tilde (~) alters an "en" sound to and "enyeh"]. It's washed out at top and bottom, there is buckwheat to massage your legs, there are deep holes in the ruts and there are frequent landslides eroding the route, leaving unstable footholds around the washouts.

Park at Via Montaña and Tujunga Avenue, go across the yard at 310 Via Montaña to the fire gate in the back. After the first wash out go uphill—the road deteriorates. Above the upper wash-out, the road is maintained, by a tank and meets top just south of the south summit. Around a bump to the south is the Brand Fire Road junction. Following the ridge or the road north leads to elevation 3129 feet and the plantation.

BRAND PARK ROUTES

Brand Park routes include two roads, two ridges and a firebreak. The road goes past the Doctor's House, past graves, past the dump, to the fork behind the dump. The main road goes left, up a steady grade to the top. The right hand leads to a fire break at a water tank. The short cut behind the library (park below) is a burned-out picnic area and cul de sac. A trail at the right hand side at the end goes

to the fire break. It passes a water storage tank one third of the way up. You can cross the road to the microwave station (class 2) or go left then right on roads. The Doctor's Ridge: humoral prescription is the strenuous, steep workout, gaining 2200 feet in 1³/₄ miles, flushing your vasculature with carbonic and lactic acid to the max. Since construction of a house, you hop a fence to get to the ridge, brushy at first, which leads directly to the south summit. Near the top go directly across the road.

VERDUGO PARK ROUTE

The southern end is reached from Verdugo Park. Take Glendale Avenue to La Cañada Boulevard, go left on Colina—it becomes Sunshine, go right to the cul de sac and the start of the fire road. The road goes around the west side of the microwave—past the Brand firebreak. A side road on the right ends at a water tower, where the ridge continues cross country to the south Beaudry fire road which goes up to the microwave from the southeast.

BEAUDRY CANYON ROUTE

Beaudry Canyon is one of the best trailheads. Take La Cañada Boulevard north from Verdugo Park until it bends right, turn left on Country Club then left on Beaudry Boulevard. Where the median ends, go a block to the fire road on the left. The dirt road goes up the side to a fork. The south Beaudry road is steeper and goes to the microwave. The north Beaudry road contours up the side of the canyon, with excellent shade on Spring and Summer evenings, and works up to the top just north of the seven transmission towers. Firebreaks parallel the south road.

Whiting Woods is further north on the east side. The road is uphill at a steep grade and reaches the top near elevation 3129 feet. A firebreak parallels the road.

DE BELL GOLF COURSE ROUTE

Further north on the west side are the DeBell Golf Course Trailhead and the rest of Hollywood Way. From La Tuna Canyon there are several trailheads. Just recently, some park signs were put up along La Tuna Canyon Road.

The south summit does not have electronic sites. To the south there is a bump before the Brand fire road, then ridge and road go to the saddle north of the seven towers. Then the ridge and road diverge and come together several times before the microwave at the south end. North from the south summit the ridge and the road go to the 3129 foot high point and the Tree Plantation. Happy Hiking!

♣ The HPS is happy to aid the LPS. We look forward to contributions from members.

PRIVATE TRIPS

Galena Peak

5/27/89

Private Trip

By Bob Sumner

This hike started out with George Pfeiffer and myself independently heading for Galena. I met up with George at the base of the Mill Creek headwall. We decided to do the peak together and then go along the ridge to Little San Gorgonio. The headwall was very loose and we observed several rock-slides occurring on the left side.

An alternate route may exist to the top of the headwall. From the 9900 foot level on the Vivian Creek trail, we descend a small rocky chute about 1600 feet to a point 100 yards east of the Mill Creek Saddle. Then go west up 100 feet to the saddle.

The weather was sunny and breezy, but the ridge up to Galena was warm. Two backpackers were atop the ridge. After signing in on the east peak, we took in the excellent view of Mill Creek from the west peak.

The ridge to little San Gorgonio was brushier than we expected. After my legs received three ample gashes, I donned long pants. Future parties would do well to bring clippers. There were a couple of spots of easy class 3 to down-climb, and much loose rock.

We set of several small rock-slides, but fortunately not on each other. By the time we got halfway along the ridge, it was hot and very smoggy. Even the view of San Gorgonio was hazy.

Atop the last bump before Camp Creek Saddle (9000 feet+) we discovered a "ridge traverse" register. It had been placed a few weeks earlier and three people had signed in. We signed it and descended to the saddle.

By now our lungs were feeling the effects of the thick smog. We elected to skip Little San Gorgonio (we both had the peak) and descend Camp Creek. The descent had one section of dense brush and some gain to avoid waterfalls. We agreed there were more boulders and debris in the lower section of the canyon than in previous years.

One note of interest. George stopped by the Mill Creek Ranger Station before the hike to ask if there were any restrictions concerning Galena. The Ranger said that Galena was on private property and off limits. We saw no landowners.

Little San Gorgonio Peak, Wilshire Mtn, Wilshire Peak, Oak Glen Peak, Cedar Mtn,

Birch Mtn and Allen Peak

6/10/89

Private Trip

By Roy Stewart

As List Completion gets nearer, there are always a few problem peaks. Having resolved most of them, I was left with six peaks on the Yucaipa Ridge.

Attending the HPS meetings gives one a chance to learn about trips and to talk to some trip leaders. In discussing the Yucaipa Ridge, Jon Sheldon, a veteran leader of many trips, suggested doing all six peaks in one day.

The next problem was who was going to lead. Charles Knapke, with whom I have gone on a number of trips, kindly volunteered.

In February, we set the date and started sending off for the permission necessary to enter private property. Three separate parties had to be contacted. But luck was with us, and all three necessary permits were granted.

A group of 23 met at 6AM at Hwy 38 and Valley of the Falls Road. From there, a 17.8 mile car shuttle was set up to the trailhead of Little San Gorgonio, and, at 10:55AM, the main group made peak number one for the day. Frank Goodykoontz commented, "This is the first time I've made this peak before noon." I believe this was Frank's seventh assault on this peak.

The two Wilshire's were bagged by 12:05PM. Jim Fujimoto did his 100th on Wilshire Peak. Alan Coles suggested a nice shady spot five minutes from Wilshire Peak to stop for lunch. After lunch we set off for Oak Glen Peak. This peak is not on the HPS List, but according to bobcat Thompson, is on the "UPS List"? You ask what is the UPS List? Well, I was told it stands for "Unwanted Peak Section" — call Bobcat for further information.

The highlight of the day came at 2:55PM on Birch Mountain. This was Charlie Knapke's List Finisher. The champagne cork popped, and I presented Charlie with his List Completion pin. Pictures were taken of the List finishers; there were nine present. In reading the Register, we found that Carleton Shay had finished the List for the third time on Birch on June 6, 1989. We made the last peak of the day, Allen, at 5:30PM and were back to the cars at 6:45PM. After the car shuttle, we parties until dark.

Charlie and I want to thank Jon Sheldon, Dick Akawie, Bobcat Thompson, Alan Coles and Frank Goodykoontz for their assistance in making this trip come off trouble-free. Thanks also to the participants for making the trip a family affair.

HPS LIST COMPLETIONS

1	R. S. Fink	12-07-50	58	David Welbourn	06-21-78	115	Sandra Potter	02-16-87
2	Freda Walbrecht	08-00-57	59	Joe Young	09-17-78	116	Ron Zappen	04-12-87
3	Peggy McLean	07-00-58	60	Vern Frederickson	11-05-78	117	Paul Freiman	05-30-87
4	Harry McLean	07-00-58	61	Ivan Stenerson	05-12-79	118	John Vitz	06-20-87
5	Hazel Elbinger	07-16-59	62	Steve Langley	06-09-79	119	George Tucker	07-19-87
6	Forrest Keck	06-25-50	63	Fran Smith	12-02-79	120	Micky Thayer	11-14-87
7	Mary Keck	06-25-50	64	Ed Lubin	11-08-79	121	Evan Samuels	11-21-87
8	Clark Jones	04-16-61	65	Wesley Shelberg	05-16-80	122	Harold Price	11-21-87
9	Marjorie Jones	04-16-61	66	Cuno Ranschau	10-07-79	123	Charlotte Bourne	12-13-87
10	Bob Hawthorne	01-01-67	67	Thea Rhodes	06-29-80	124	Don Holmes	04-09-88
11	Andy Smatko	02-13-67	68	Doug Mantle	06-21-80	125	Thomas Moumblow	05-22-88
12	Harry Melts	05-31-69	69	Keats Hayden	03-29-81	126	Gordon Lindberg	05-14-88
13	How Bailey	10-09-69	70	George Smith	05-17-81	127	Robert Dubeau	05-30-88
14	Bob Van Allen	10-09-69	71	Jack Goldberg	06-07-81	128	Burton Falk	05-15-88
15	Bob Herlihy	11-23-69	72	Simone de Miguel	06-21-81	129	Jim Scott	05-15-88
16	Dick Akawie	05-30-70	73	Barbara Reber	11-15-81	130	Art Schain	09-10-88
17	Paul Lipsohn	04-04-71	74	Alice Goldberg	12-05-81	131	Ruth Feldon	10-01-88
18	Fred Bode	04-04-71	75	Vic Henney	01-03-82	132	Kay Machen	10-16-88
19	John Backus	06-27-71	76	Dave Burdett	01-23-82	133	Jon Fredland	10-30-89
20	Joe Kazlowski	01-15-72	77	Pat Lavengood	01-23-82	134	Ron Jones	11-19-89
21	Debbie Kazlowski	01-15-72	78	Ron Young	11-07-82	135	Lou Brecheen	11-19-89
22	Shirley Akawie	12-17-72	79	Renee Spargur	12-11-82	136	Ken Croker	11-26-89
23	Charlie Jones	06-10-73	80	Edna Erspamer	01-30-83	137	Wes Veit	11-19-89
24	Al Campbell	08-12-73	81	Gene Olsen	05-16-81	138	Jim Adler	05-06-89
25	George Hubbard	10-28-73	82	Terri Sutor	03-26-83	139	Charlie Knapke	06-10-89
26	Bernie Petitjean	03-03-74	83	Dale Van Dalsem	06-05-83	140	Ron Bartell	06-10-89
27	Lu Petitjean	03-03-74	84	Richard Smith	06-05-83	<i>SECOND TIME</i>		
28	Bruce Jones	08-04-74	85	Tina Stough	09-18-83	1	R. S. Fink	08-09-73
29	Duane McRuer	10-06-74	86	Rick Potter	10-16-83	2	Dick Akawie	08-11-73
30	Phil Martin	11-25-74	87	Pat Jump	11-13-83	3	John Backus	10-04-75
31	Carleton B. Shay	04-27-75	88	Hugh Baker	11-12-83	4	Frank Goodykoontz	12-19-82
32	Laura Jones	04-27-75	89	Lew Amack	05-28-84	5	Doug Mantle	11-24-84
33	Jack Grams	05-25-75	90	Betty Stirratt	05-27-84	6	Terri Sutor	01-21-85
34	Arkel Erb	06-08-75	91	Luella Martin	06-16-84	7	Carleton B. Shay	05-25-85
35	Paul Nelson	06-18-75	92	Jack Trager	06-16-84	8	Jack Trager	08-23-86
36	Norm Rohn	10-09-75	93	Don Tidwell	06-16-84	9	Edna Erspamer	01-21-87
37	Jerry Keating	10-09-75	94	Roger Gates	07-07-84	10	David Welbourn	06-25-88
38	Jon Pettijean	12-07-75	95	Ray Borun	10-22-84	11	Don Tidwell	10-02-88
39	Gordon MacLeod	12-26-75	96	Tom Armbruster	09-08-84	12	John Southworth	10-29-88
40	Frank McDaniel	01-31-76	97	Larry Hoak	11-03-84	13	Shirley Akawie	10-29-88
41	Harry Brumer	04-04-76	98	Allan Coles	11-04-84	14	Martin Feather	06-24-89
42	Phil Bruce	04-04-76	99	Mary Brooks	11-04-84	15	Alan Coles	06-24-89
43	Bill T. Russell	11-14-76	100	Martin Feather	11-04-84	<i>THIRD TIME</i>		
44	Mike Fredette	03-12-77	101	Eivor Nilsson	11-11-84	1	Dick Akawie	10-31-78
45	Brent Washburne	03-12-77	102	Carol Murdock	11-17-84	2	John Backus	06-08-80
46	Gerald N. Aikman	04-17-77	103	Barbara Raab	11-17-84	3	Frank Goodykoontz	11-04-84
47	Roy Magnuson	04-24-77	104	Stan Icen	03-30-84	4	Carleton B. Shay	06-06-89
48	Barbara Magnuson	04-24-77	105	Adrienne Knute	05-12-85	<i>FOURTH TIME</i>		
49	Paul Bloland	09-25-77	106	Gail Hanna	06-01-85	1	Dick Akawie	10-17-82
50	Alice Hawkins	10-02-77	107	John Southworth	08-10-85	2	John Backus	10-27-83
51	Barbara Lilley	10-17-77	108	Joe McCosker	10-12-85	3	Frank Goodykoontz	12-10-88
52	Frank Goodykoontz	10-01-77	109	Frank Dobos	03-08-86	<i>FIFTH TIME</i>		
53	Larry Machleder	01-07-78	110	Arthur Smith	04-05-85	1	Dick Akawie	07-28-85
54	Bobcat Thompson	01-08-78	111	Jon Sheldon	05-31-85	2	John Backus	00-00-00
55	Priscilla Libby	01-14-78	112	George Pfeiffer	06-22-86	<i>SIXTH TIME</i>		
56	Jim Erb	05-20-78	113	John Blanche	06-21-86	1	John Backus	12-13-87
57	Ron Notestine	06-01-78	114	Herb Dotzauer	10-12-86	2	Dick Akawie	12-11-88

TRIBUTE

RICHARD AKAWIE

1923-1989

☛ I speak for all those who have been with Dick Akawie in the mountains.

I first met Dick in 1969 on my third Sierra Club outing on an HPS trip to Se-wart, Snowy and Black. Dick took over the lead from the tired leader; he impressed me and I have remembered the incident ever since. In subsequent years, I was on many trips with him in our three peak bagging sections, the DPS, HPS, and SPS. He was a deputy leader on my HPS List Finisher in 1976 and on my DPS List Finisher in 1985. We led several DPS trips together in the early 1980's.

Dick was a superb leader. He put the needs of his participants first. He was friendly and comfortable to be with. He made people feel good about themselves. He was strong, steady and knowledgeable; he made people feel secure. A Dick Akawie trip was a good trip.

He was an excellent alpine navigator and one of the finest instructors in our leadership training program. During our many navigation noodles, he taught a lot of leaders how to find their way in the mountains.

Dick started leading in 1967 and, at least from 1970 when my records start, he led one or more trips in each of the triannual schedule periods. He was to have led two trips with Frank Goodykoontz in the current period and one with me in December. He probably led over 100 trips in the 22 years. This meant well over 1000 participants that he enabled to have an enjoyable mountain experience. Dick was one of the giant leaders of the Angeles Chapter.

Dick was quiet about his feelings toward the mountains but we sense how much it meant to him by how much he did. He climbed well over 100 sierra peaks, completed the DPS list of over 90 desert peaks and finished the list of 270 Southern California peaks six times. May of these climbs were made with his wife, Shirley; in fact Shirley has finished the HPS list twice. They were a great couple.

Dick had courage and spirit and kept climbing in spite of the leukemia. I visited him in the hospital just a week ago this very hour. He could not talk but I could see the Dick Akawie spirit in his eyes. As I said good-bye he raised his hand and gave a thumbs up sign.

What are some of the things that we shall remember about Dick Akawie? His puckish humor and remarks at meetings. His raunchy army equipment belt with two army canteens. His tennis hat. His map in hand. The VW bug that told us that



BOB CATES

the Akawie's had arrived at the roadhead. Above all, his total being, his warmth, concern for others, honesty, modesty. He was a wonderful man.

Dick Akawie enriched us. We admired and respected him. His life was consequential. He made a difference in the world. We loved him. We miss him. We shall not forget him.

—Bill T. Russell

Remarks at the memorial service for Dick Akawie on Aug. 20, 1989

☛ Richard I. Akawie died on August 17th at the age of sixty-six, a victim of leukemia. Despite the debilitating effects of the disease, Dick, with his usual dedication to duty, had once again edited the Angeles Chapter's outings schedule, as he had done, single-handedly, for the past twenty-three years. His death marks more than the passing of an era, for Dick Akawie embodied the Sierra Club ideal of volunteer service, and his demonstrated capabilities combined with a gracious unassuming manner endeared him to all with whom he came into contact.

Born on June 11, 1923, Dick grew up in New York where he helped his parents with their grocery business. In college has took a degree in chemistry, and would have been the youngest doctoral candidate in the history of UCLA had not World War

II temporarily interrupted his studies. Dr. Akawie eventually ended up at Hughes, where he spent twenty-seven years as a researcher in organic chemistry until his retirement in 1988.

Dick was a devoted family man, and he and his wife Shirley raised their three girls to successfully pursue professional careers while raising families of their own. The "flying Akawie's", as Dick and his family were sometimes called for the way they seemed to fly up the trail, became a regular feature on chapter peak-climbing trips, and many old-timers can recall watching Alice, Carol and Barbara growing up and going off to college.

The Akawie's joined the Sierra Club in 1965, and a year later Dick found his niche as Editor of the Angeles Chapter outings schedule. No person could have been better qualified for this task, for in Dick was combined the keen and meticulous mind of the scientist with an unparalleled enthusiasm for mountaineering. The highest compliment that one can bestow upon the Akawie years is to realize that we always took the schedule for granted. Year after year, barring unforeseen technical difficulties, it appeared like clockwork, with all the misspellings and most of the errors of fact submitted by thousands of Leaders laboriously corrected by our Dick.

The Hindus have a saying that "going to the mountains is going home", and for Dick this was a truism. His mountaineering exploits did not include first ascents nor did they embrace any of the extreme technical climbing disciplines, yet they were legendary. He was not a fast hiker, but he possessed great stamina and determination. And it was just these qualities that enabled him to become one of the greatest "peak-baggers" in the history of the Sierra Club.

For an average "peak-bagger," if there is such an animal, the ascent of 100 of the 260 plus peaks on the Hundred Peaks List is counted as a noteworthy achievement which earns one the cherished Emblem pin. the acme of success, however, to climb all the peaks on "The List", is a goal that eludes all but the most dedicated of hikers. Dick completed the List, and then he did it again; and again and again, until he had "done the List" six times over. Add to this, his completion of the Desert Peaks Section List and the attainment of Senior Emblem status in the Sierra Peaks Section, and you realize what a remarkable hold the mountains had on him.

But Dick was not selfish with this love

affair. He gladly shared his mountains through the hundreds of chapter outings that he led. An Akawie trip was not a macho adventure, rather it was a carefully planned and conducted event accomplished so expertly that most participants never realized that their activities were being surreptitiously observed and managed by their Leader. Dick's knowledge of navigation was truly superb; it was rare indeed to catch him without a map in hand.

In Dick Akawie was blended strength with compassion; expertise with self-effacement; knowledge with a sense of wonderment. Yet for those of us who knew him closely, this man's most endearing quality was his puckish sense of humor. Nothing more tickled his funnybone than to turn a good phrase or to proffer an awful pun, especially in situations he felt were somewhat pompous. Thus it was always a joy to sit near him at chapter and climbing section banquets. He also frequently put this talent to good use to uplift the fading spirits of fellow mountain travelers when fatigue or poor weather or some other adverse event was in the offing.

Although he rarely spoke out on such issues, Dick was a strong supporter of the Club's conservation policies. For many years he served on the management committee of the West Los Angeles Group, where he raised funds through the sale of Sierra Club books and calendars. In fact for a while he alone was the chapter's publications committee, carrying the entire chapter inventory around in his car to hawk at various meetings.

For his many contributions, the Angeles Chapter bestowed one of its highest honors, the Phil Bernays Service Award, upon Dick Akawie in 1976, and again in 1988, the only person twice acknowledged thus. He also received the chapter's highest outings leadership award (1977), as a well as recognition from his beloved Hundred Peaks Section.

Dick's efforts were appreciated and known at the national level, too, as is shown by the following message received by Shirley Akawie:

The Club mourns Dick's passing. He was the recipient of the Oliver Kehrein Award in 1984 for outstanding achievement in the outings program. His contribution to the outings in the Angeles Chapter enhanced the Outings Program for the whole Club: as a hike leader, six time 100 Peak list finisher, editor of the activity schedule and committed conservationist for over twenty-four years, he will not be forgotten. His was a remarkable achievement. We share your sorrow.

—Richard Cellarius, President
for the Board of Directors of the Sierra Club

I can recall grumbling to Dick on several occasions about some so-and-so going

contrary to Club policy—or at least the way I interpreted Club policy. If he agreed with me he might acknowledge it with a bemused smile, but he could never bring himself to say anything disparaging against the party in question; for Dick dearly loved the Sierra Club and all who belonged to it. Those of us who were privileged to know this gentle man reflected this love back on him as best we could.

—Robert B. Cates

☞ Dick Akawie was already a senior HPS member with about two List Completions when I joined in 1977. I remember when we were driving near Alamo one night after Sewart, Snowy and McDonald. We found a man wandering on foot the wrong way around the Alamo Mountain summit road. It turned out that his motorcycle had broken down on an illegal cross-country run. While Shirley and I fed him chips and dip, Dick volunteered to drive him back down the mountain to his friends at the river crossing. Although he claimed later, "I didn't have any sympathy for him at all," he clearly did.

I first noticed something was wrong in 1982, when he suddenly ran out of steam on the first uphill pitch coming back from Split.

He brought out our chapter schedule year after year, on time, reliably, without making a big fuss about it.

I miss him. —Tom Ambruster

☞ I will miss Dick very much. He was a lot of fun to hike with. Of the any hikes I did with him, his sixth List Finisher comes to mind first. A lot of us had champagne and christmas cookies on that chilly December afternoon in the San Gabriel mountains. Shirley gave him a kiss on the summit while pictures were taken. Dick was always there when I called on the phone to ask him for routes up peaks I was about to hike up.

—Patty Kline

☞ I first met Dick Akawie on a trip he led in June 1984 to Tehachapi and Double. I was a novice peakbagger and very much in awe of a celebrity like Dick. His accomplishments as schedule editor and multiple List Finisher has me wondering what he was like.

What I quickly learned was that Dick was not superhuman—just special. He proved to be a kind, thoughtful, gentle man. As the years progressed I began to look forward to going on Dick's hikes. In fact, I made a special effort to go on his hikes. His trips were always well-planned and safe, and attracted a good group of participants. Somehow we always made the peak and also felt it safely back to the cars. I also felt honored when Dick chose to participate on one of my hikes. His pres-

ence either as a leader or participant lent a special quality to the outing—we could not get lost! and we would have a good time!

I will miss Dick. Even though I didn't know him very well he was special to me. I will remember a lot about Dick—his tattered canteen holders, his always wearing a white short sleeved shirt and blue pants, his yellow "buttercup" hat, his bushy eyebrows, his unique style of napping at each stops (sometimes I would think he was part contortionist), his always having a map of the area with the known routes carefully marked. But what I hope to remember is his determination and gentleness. Even when he was ill, he always showed the will to finish what he started. He never complained and was always a resource to others. And he never lost his special sense of humor.

I will miss Dick—I wish him well on his journey. I know he knows the best route and will make it safely.—Jon Sheldon

☞ Dick was my instructor in navigation on a Navigation Noodle in 1981. His quiet confidence and authority impressed me. He was always willing and eager to help and to teach others.

It was always a pleasure to go on a hike led by Dick, holding a topographical map of the area in his hand. His thoughtfulness and consideration for everyone insured a safe and enjoyable event. Often he quietly and diplomatically helped other leaders correct navigation errors to keep them from going astray and, thus, saving them embarrassment.

Hundred Peaks social meetings won't ever be the same without Dick and his wry comments. We are going to miss him very much.

—Wilma Wheeler

☞ I liked Dick Akawie. With his bushy eyebrows under his buttercup hat, white shirt, battered belt and pack, and with map in hand, Dick was a reassuring and welcome sight. He was a good leader. when you went on one of his hikes, but that you would come out alive—before dark, before dinner-time, and all done at a moderate pace. Dick was sensitive to the group and would carefully watch over his flock. He was a warm, wonderful man with a wiry sense of humor. Usually silent, he would come out with one of his pithy one sentence liners that made you laugh. Dick was much more than a good leader, he was a good man.

Not only did I like Dick, but I liked Dick and Shirley. They were warm and wonderful together—I took to them. I spent many enjoyable hours hiking and talking to Dick and Shirley. They were always fun and interesting. They were also caring. When I was recovering from my bout with mono,

they were solititious and encouraging.

I shall miss Dick, but I look forward to continuing my relationship with Shirley, who still has many List Finishings to go.

—Ruth Feldon

☞ I started hiking with Dick almost 25 years ago. My first specific recollection of co-leading with him was to Big Iron from the north in October 1967. Since we both lived on the Westside, we spent many hours together driving, in either his VW bug or mine, to far flung HPS, SPS, and DPS climbs. He was a marvelous friend, widely diversified in his interests, and utterly dependable as everyone knows.

His hiking and leadership records, his list of awards, and his stupendous and absolutely unique contribution in getting out the Chapter schedule for all these years, are well known and will undoubtedly be chronicled elsewhere. I like to come back to some of his more personal characteristics. He was gentle, but solid. He had a marvelous sense of humor, sometimes tinged with sarcasm, but never with rancor. He was probably the most widely known—and universally loved—member in the entire chapter. His passing is a severe blow to all of us, and his loss will be felt for a long time.

—How Bailey

☞ There is no one who has been more instrumental in my being an HPS leader than Dick Akawie. His advice and route suggestions were invaluable on many of the trips that I led. He had carefully and meticulously drawn each route he had hiked on his topo map along with natural features such as heavy brush. I called him anytime I wasn't sure about a certain route or when I wanted to try something different. He would always send me a photocopy of his topos with his routes and notes scribbled on it. As always, I found his direction and notes to be very accurate.

Dick loved to go on Sierra Club outings, especially wit the HPS. He not only led trips but was a frequent participant on other leaders' trips. One could wake up early on a Saturday morning somewhere in the mountains and see a rust colored Toyota Tercel with a head sticking out of its small trunk, the sight of which assured me and everyone else that we would definitely get the peaks. Whether he was leading or following he was always congenial and never dominating. He knew the routes but never tried to get the leader to do things his way even though there were sometimes easier routes.

Dick had a very dry, almost subtle sense of humor. When I told him about my interest in growing native plants such as manzanita in my yard, he would point to some god-awful thorny yucca or ceanothus and suggest that I plant it in my yard also to

"keep in practice" for HPS outings. But later I found out that he grew some native species at his home too.

One of my fondest memories of him was when Frank Goodykoontz and I joined him on a private outing to do Cobblestone, Snowy, Black, White and others. It was a typical mid-April weekend with freezing nights and warm days. We camped along the Sewart Mountain road where a fallen tree had blocked the road. After doing a long day hike on a very quiet day, we arrived back at the cars around dark and quickly ate dinner. It was a very cold evening and we all gathered in my car and listened to Garrison Keillor on Priarie Home Companion. As usual, we talked about peaks. Dick swore this would be his last time, the 5th, for doing these peaks even if John [Backus] went for a 6th List Completion. Of course there was no competition between the two.....

Dick never let the disease get to him. He continued leading and going on HPS outings. On a difficult climb of Heald and Nicolls in the Fall of 1987 he told me "You get five stars if you can get me to the top." Needless to say he made it, but he certainly didn't need my help. He never complained or even mentioned much about it. His spirits were always high and his enthusiasm never wavered. *That is the man I will always remember.*

—Alan Coles

☞ I didn't know Dick Akawie well at all—but what I did know was awe-inspiring. He, along with John Backus, was a legend in our Section. I saw Dick and Shirley at monthly HPS meetings and on the trails; a pair—they shared equally. I guess that was my sense of Dick—he shared his mountains equally with those who climbed them. His daughter Alice, told us a story about his VW: it seems that on one of their hiking forays the transmission got stuck in reverse, and the only way to go home was backwards! They made it back safely. Alice laughed as she told us of the adventure she shared with her father. I wish I'd had a chance to know him better. But I do have a chance to get to know Shirley. I'm looking forward to it—she's a wonderful lady.

—Betty Snow Quirarte

☞ I appreciate all the hard work Dick did for the Sierra Club, but particularly his acceptance of Schedule trips that were late and would not have been led were it not for his extra effort and hard work. His sincerity made the HPS the number one in trips led.

—Stag Brown

☞ The world and those of us remaining are poorer for his passing as we are richer for having known him, both as a companion on the trail and as a fighter for the light. With humility and pride we may say that he was family. We like to think we knew

him as one of us. In truth we knew him only so far as we know the best within ourselves.

—Louis Quirarte.

☞ Dick Akawie and I seemed to hit it off from the very start especially after we became better acquainted and started leading HPS trips together. I admired Dick's skills as a navigator and organizer and I tried to pattern my own capabilities after his. I enjoyed his sense of humor and his knowledge on so many subjects. We often traded off leading trips both scheduled and private but I knew he was the real Leader and I was more comfortable as the sweep. However, when I did lead, I had confidence knowing that I could confer with him at any time and he wouldn't let me go too far astray. We did enjoy good times together at many List Finishings and other Peak celebrations. With John Backus, we enjoyed being somewhat competitive between ourselves.

I did become very close friends with Dick and Shirley as we participated in activities and worked on the HPS List together. This was especially true when Dick was working on his Sixth and Shirley on her Second List Completion. Even though Dick didn't feel all that great, he was a fighter. I missed Dick later when he had the leg surgery and therapy and couldn't hike—but in the back of my mind it was only a temporary situation. Most mountains I attempt now are ones I last climbed with Dick as co-leaders of an HPS trip—or just a private trip with Dick and Shirley.

Now that Dick is gone, the memories are good but there is an emptiness especially in the mountains.—Frank Goodykoontz

☞ DICK AKAWIE—A name that is immediately known by almost everyone in the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club. What can one say about this great man. Dedicated to service to the Sierra Club—editing the schedule for 23 years. A great Leader for the Hundred Peaks Section. His love of the mountains and in sharing his love with others over the past 23 years of leading trips into them. His great family—Shirley and the ABC Girls who also shared his love of the mountains.

In the 17 years I have known and hiked with Dick, he has inspired me and countless other leaders to continue his sharing of the "wild places" and peaks with others, and instilling a deep respect for them. Dick's love of the "100 Peaks Game" is evident in his six-time List Completion, a truly remarkable feat. His was a labor of love and we will all miss him. Dick has finally climbed his hardest and greatest mountain and he will live on in all of our memories, especially when we enter the wilderness he loved so much.

—Bobcat Thompson

PEOPLE

PEOPLE N' PLACES

By Dottie Rabinowitz

There sure has been a rash of weddings lately in the HPS. Is there something in the air? Too thin on those high peaks? Or maybe a love tick has burrowed under the skin of some of our members and caused "Tie the knot disease"!

Well, whatever the reason, Louis Quirarte, our prolific Lookout Editor, and Betty Snow, our very capable Membership Chair are the latest to reach the pinnacle of matrimony. The legal ceremony was on June 21st, but the HPS doesn't recognize it until there's a Peak Party!

There was a blast of a one on July 8th. Thirty hikers and special friends gathered on Pacifico Mountain for a fun wedding reception. There was even some Pacifico to drink! Stag Brown officiated the "ceremony", here comes the bride was played on combs and wax paper.

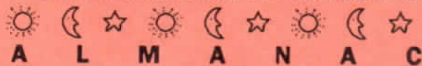
Wild birdseed was lavished on the couple. A lovely touch was added when each guest said something nice (or otherwise) about Betty and Louis. We danced and had a delicious potluck. Many happy peaks and trails ahead to a terrific duet.

CLIFF NOTES

Donica Wood had a trip to Oahu, and hiked to Sacred Falls where there are thick, lush rain forests. Legend has it that this is a sacred place and that when entering it, you must put a stone in a tea leaf beside the trail to ward off evil gods. She also hiked a trail cut through some very tall bamboo in Honolulu.

Got a card from Sue Palmer from Tuolumne Meadows. She took a class called "Life at the Top". She's been hiking, learning and enjoying all of the creatures.

Joe Young sent a card from Alaska. "There's no place like Nome", writes Joe. He also spent two days in Barrow, saw the midnight sun, and did a backpack and a canoe trip and drank beer on the shore of the Arctic Ocean.



Labor Day	09/04/89
Full Harvest Moon	09/15/89
National Board Meeting	09/17/89
HPS OKTOBERFEST!	10/07/89
HPS OKTOBERFEST!	10/08/89
Yom Kippur	10/09/89
Full Hunter's Moon	10/14/89
Leadership Training	10/14/89
Leadership Training	10/15/89
HPS Scheduling Party	10/23/89
All Hallow's Eve	10/31/89

Peak Bagger's Lament

The rain begins,
 And I feel the summit recede,
 What must I do now to reach the top?
 My legs know too well;
 Untold, they beat harder against the earth.
 Entering a world of stunted trees
 And thick-stemmed bushes,
 I walk bent and sometimes crawl
 The slight paths shaped by cattle
 And other less-fragile creatures of the wild.
 Worse is endured when these paths end;
 Only where tenacious roots cannot penetrate,
 Are left narrow avenues of smooth granite,
 Mottled with pools of slick wet leaves,
 And fenced by clinging wet branches.
 The way turns steeper, footing less secure,
 As I scramble on to ledges of broken rock,
 And I break through thorny brambles
 To reach yet other ledges, over other avenues,
 Up and over, on and on, up and up.
 One slip sends me tumbling, clutching air,
 Crashing square onto a scrub oak,
 A bed of pointy leaves and hard branches,
 More welcome than the rocks below,
 Less doubtful than the path ahead.
 So there I lie, cold and wet,
 Muscles quivering, heart fearing,
 Skin scratched to bleeding,
 Hearing whispers to continue on,
 However the path, whatever the cost.
 But the rhythm of the rain is stronger;
 With sudden resolve, I acquiesce
 And begin the downward flight,
 Flailing through the reticent brush
 With newborn downhill momentum.
 Mocking my choice, the rain subsides,
 Allowing the seeds of regret to grow,
 And the whispers to begin anew,
 'Next time, Next time to the top!'
 Ah, 'but for the rain, but for the rain.'

— John Sama

Author's note: Pilot Knob. Editor's note: We hope to hear lot's more of the above at the September meeting.

M I L E S T O N E S

DON TIDWELL	09/06/89
BETTY QUIARTE	09/12/89
JOE KAZLOWSKI	09/21/89
CAROLYN WEST	10/10/89
SUE PALMER	10/23/89
RUTH DOBOS	10/24/89

If your B'Day is coming up let us know by 10/1/89

LETTERS

Norm Rohn (1919-1989)

I was very sorry to hear of Norm Rohn's passing on August 20th. R.J. Secor and Norm were leading a week long Sierra Peak's Section trip into Lakes Basin out of Taboose Pass when Norm died of an apparent heart attack the day of the trip while hiking.

Some of you may have heard of him and others not. He finished all three Lists of the HPS, DPS, and the SPS. The most recent List finished was the SPS in 1985. I remember the September day in 1985 when Duane McRuer and Bill T. Russell celebrated with him. Bill T and Duane finished all three Lists three weeks after Norm did. All three fellows had a party with 75 in attendance in a campground above Bishop which I went to.

Norm had helped out with BMTC for many years. He was the deciding factor in my signing up for the class in 1986 when he told me "I think it's a lot of fun".

—Patty Kline

Miles Of Smiles

Greetings from San Diego, with some thoughts on the completion of my first 200 peaks. The HPS has got to be the best idea since peanut butter! What a great group! What a marvelous activity for all ages, and especially for me in retirement, when I can have all these mountain ranges to myself in midweek. HPS has taken me to many nooks and crannies of Southern California that I never knew existed and would never have visited except there was a peak out there I had to bag. I joined in January 1988, completed 100 on July 4, 1988, and 200 on June 4, 1989. Now I see the end of The List in sight, but I know it is going to be bittersweet; happy to reach that goal, but sad to see this great adventure end. But then I know that I will want to visit all these peaks once again, using alternate routes and different combinations whenever I can.

A question. Is it the policy of the HPS to maintain a Register on all 270 Peaks? I suggest a new heading on the Peak Guides names "Register". If no Register is kept on that Peak, say so, and if there is supposed to be one, give us a few hints on its location. It is fun looking for the can, but only up to a point. It can be exasperating when after a long tedious and fruitless search, an old hand informs you that no Register is maintained on that Peak.

The lack of trail markers presents no problem for those who already know the way, or for members who get their Peaks

in official groups. For the solo hikers and small buddy groups, it would really help to have more ducks at strategic points to reassure us we are on the right track. Please, old-timers, think about this. As for clipping, may I suggest we first learn the correct route up to the Peak, and then clip our way down. Some of our Peaks are heavily clipped at the base, but this peters out at the top as the clippers get tired.

Regardless of access, when a private property owner controls the access to a peak, he in effect owns it and we the public are shut out from our own land. We should demand that public agencies secure us access routes so that we won't be subject to the whims of cantankerous ranchers for permission to enter our own land. Carleton Shay's experience with Sheephead is a good example of this. The route does cross a corner of private land. It should be easy to walk around that ranch, but they have signs posted on trees outside their fence line, making it difficult for us to find the public land boundary. Is there someone in the HPS who looks after these things? The present Sheephead route is the one to keep, and we should not give up on it without first demanding our rights to our own land.

We have a great peakbagging gang here in San Diego County, and we do appreciate the open-arms acceptance of the Angeles Chapter.

Now, if someone could only show me how to get to Buck Point, San Sevaine, and Pilot Knob, I could finish up next Spring.

—Allen Holden

✎ The idea of an HPS "Route Master" who would coordinate efforts to maintain access open to all of our Peaks is just begging for someone to step forward and launch this very much needed position with his or her own energy. Allen has volunteered to do all he can along our southernmost peaks.

Road blocks

✎ Yesterday I found the Forest Service has installed a locked gate at Guffy's on the Blue Ridge Road. This looks permanent and adds 2.1 miles each way to Pine, Wright and Dawson.

Also, there is a gate across the road between Lightning Point and Indian Ben which the Forest Service told me is permanent. This adds about 0.8 mile to Iron #2, Condor and Fox.

—John S. Marsh

Reseda Boulevard

✎ The Department of Parks and Recreation granted an easement for a short segment of this extension last year. This easement was granted in exchange for the addition of a major portion of Caballero Canyon to Topanga State Park. It also allowed the relocation of the Reseda Boul-

vard extension to a less environmentally sensitive area. We believe the new easement is in conformance with the park's approved general plan. It is now the City's responsibility to decide on whether the road will be paved or left as an unpaved roadway, possibly only used for emergency access.

The new easement includes a condition that requires a full study of the Reseda Boulevard easements lying south of Mulholland Drive before any connection is made. The study would be reported to the City Council and no construction would occur prior to a public finding by the council that the study sufficiently addresses the alternatives.

—Henry R. Agonia
DIRECTOR, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, DEPARTMENT OF
PARKS AND RECREATION

✎ The next move will be to wait and see just who pushes first for the "easements" south of Mulholland, and then see how hard we can push back.

By the way have you all heard Agonia's views on Established Religion? He favors it and thinks all parklands should become State churchlands. Really!

Trail Update

✎ Having recently used the HPS Peak Guide for Sewart Mountain (71) dated 5/18/87, I have a few suggestions on the main driving instructions shown, as follows: 1. "At 1.1 mile, turn left onto a narrow paved road which becomes Gold Hill Road as you bear towards the right." 2. "At 7.2 miles, there is an iron pipe gate, which may be open. If not, drive around it. At 7.5 miles, there is a second iron pipe gate, which may be open." As of 6/3/89, these conditions were as above.

—David F. Jensen
To Bruce Knudtson

✎ This year I'm Chairing the Hundred Peaks Section of the Angeles Chapter. The HPS maintains a list of 270 peaks in Southern California. We sponsor about 100 outings per year, climbing these peaks. Several of our members have asked me to write to you, expressing support of the Mountaineering Policy Task Force's Proposed Policy and Organization for a Sierra Club Mountaineering Program.

While few of our peaks involve mountaineering skills, we think an active mountaineering program binds the Club together. Conservation and Mountaineering are like two poles of a bar magnet, each doing its unique job attracting members and strengthening the whole.

I favor the program discussed in your June 28 draft. My only suggestion is that the individual fees be reasonable. \$20.00 per person seems like a good upper limit. I promise to give \$25.00 to your first fundraising effort.

—Tom Ambruster

San Rafael Wilderness Update

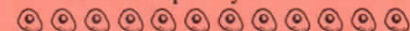
By Alan Coles

On Tuesday July 18, 1989, a hearing was held before the Congressional subcommittee on National Parks and Public Lands for the Sespe Wilderness Bill (HR 1473) introduced by Rep. Lagomarsino. The bill proposes to add 16,516 acres to the San Rafael Wilderness and creates two new wilderness areas—the Sespe (197,047 acres) and Matalija (30,017 acres).

Sally Reid and I gave testimony before the committee opposing the bill as it currently stands. The principle objections are: (1) the bill only recognizes the lands within Rep. Lagomarsino's district. Almost all wilderness bills pertain to the entire forest or the state. The bill omits the forest service recommended wilderness areas in the Santa Lucia district (Garcia Mtn) and the Big Sur area, (2) the bill leaves the Johnston Ridge Trail open to motorcycles for a two year period while an environmental assessment is made. The trail cuts right into the very heart of the wilderness and many motorcycles continue onto hiking trails that connect with it, (3) the wild and scenic protection for Sespe Creek leaves open the possibility of two dam sites; one at Oak Mountain near Fillmore and one at the Cold Spring site near Beaver CG—along Hwy 33, (4) the bill does not include adjacent roadless areas such as Little Mutau Valley, Santa Paula Creek, the La Brea additions (San Rafael Wilderness) and other logical and contiguous lands that were recommended for non-motorized recreation in the Final Forest Plan.

Lagomarsino scheduled the hearings on very short notice so that his supporters would be ready and prepared. Fortunately, Sally found out on short notice that the hearing was scheduled and informed all other conservation groups including Keep the Sespe Wild, American Rivers and Friends of the River. The primary supporters of the bill are the water and farming interest who favor building the dams. No ORV groups were represented at the hearing.

You can write to Congressman Bruce Vento, Chair, Public Lands Subcommittee, 812 House Annex 1, Washington, DC 20515 to express your views.



From the Oktoberfest Kitchen!

By Joe Young

✎ The following is a condensed version of a complete report that Joe Young passed on to future Oktoberfest cooks in order to assist them in maintaining the high standards set in previous years by Joe, Bridget and the others.

Since Oktoberfest is approaching, I thought it appropriate to give those folks new to the Section or who have volunteered to assist with the cooking this year a peek at what they have in store for them!

In 1983 Bridget O'Sullivan and I teamed up for kitchen duty at that year's HPS Oktoberfest, having no thought that we were beginning a string of Oktoberfests. But on October 22-23, 1988 we concluded six consecutive years of cooking. At this time we are hanging up our chef's hat to allow fresh blood [his words, folks!] to assume the duties. But we feel that our patrons deserve some notes on the details of cooking as a reference for future cooks.

SHOPPING:

Believe it or not we probably spend more time shopping than we do cooking! The canned goods and other non-perishable items can be bought ahead of time. The quantities we use permit us to buy in bulk, and I have gone to Smart and Final stores to do this, although Price Club or other bulk discount stores would do as well or better.

Harwood Lodge does not necessarily stock cups, plates, and other staples, so these must be purchased. Also required are paper towels, small bowls, and napkins. Other items that can be bought ahead of time include coffee, tea, creamer, canned foods, sugar, sweeteners, snack foods, potatoes, onions, cereal, condiments and any special herbs and spices needed. Saturday morning has always been our time for purchasing of perishable items. Produce required usually includes cabbages, vegetables and fruits. I obtain milk, frozen juices, bread and other items also at this time. Bridget also purchases most of her dessert ingredients on her way to Harwood on Saturday.

For all six years one of the most enjoyable tasks has been my annual trek to the Fred Reich/ Hickory-sweet German Deli on Main Street just south of Manchester. This store has been in business since 1925 and the founder (now 87 years old) still works six days a week. This is the place for Bratwurst or any of the other 55 varieties of wursts! we have been given a bulk discount each year; we also purchase cold cuts (Westphalian Ham, German Salami, Swiss Cheese) and freshly baked rye bread here. They slice the bread, meat and cheese as you request.

Mike Sandford has in recent years brought the kegs of beer and other bottled beer to Oktoberfest, in addition to the ice, soft drinks, wine and cider.

SNACKS:

Along with the drinks, we've usually

offered cut veggies, pretzels, and other munchies. If the weather gets nippy, people usually like hot cider.

DINNER PREPARATION:

I've been blessed over the years with an abundance of hard working volunteers to help in the kitchen, and their first chore is cutting veggies. I have made a veggie salad of broccoli, green onions, green peppers, and pimentos, with an Italian dressing. Chopping onions was made easier with Nami Brown's food processor. Various other dishes require the chopping of onions, cooking of potatoes, chopping of cabbage, etc.

We found it helpful to parboil the bratwurst in the early afternoon. This accomplishes two things: less cooking time and it reduces the salt content in the Bratwurst. Sauerkraut is expected with a German dinner, but some people do not like the usually tart flavor of sauerkraut. Over the years we've come up with a great concoction including apples which everyone seems to enjoy. I also like to include red cabbage with my meal; it adds color and a different flavor. This last year we added cabbage rolls—Betty Snow's contribution. We had both cabbage rolls both with a meat mixture and with a rice and dressing mixture for those vegetarians in the group. Mike Baldwin has been our Bratwurst cook, joining us in the kitchen after his hike in the afternoon.

Dinner is served anywhere from 5:30-6:30PM, depending on cooking time, cook helpers, etc.

Breakfast over the years has been varied with a couple of years of eggs, bacon, leftover wursts, then a year of pancakes, and the last two years with a Swiss style of cold cuts, cheese, bread, yogurt, muesli, corn flakes, fruit juice, fruit compote and melons.

COOKING FACILITIES:

Harwood's kitchen has a large short order grill, two gas ovens, plus an electric range with four burners and two ovens, and a microwave! The kitchen is stocked with many large pots, metal mixing bowls, heavy duty can openers, lots of knives in need of sharpening, serving implement, and a chopping table large enough for several to work at simultaneously, two sinks and lots of counter space. The storage room has two refrigerators and there is a plentiful supply of storage room in the cupboards also.

PEOPLE:

As I said earlier we have been blessed to have lots of assistance over the years from our HPS members and guests. Every year Mike Baldwin has handled frying duties, and one year Mike also prepared pancakes for breakfast! Each year Stag Brown has added his creativity to break-

fast; one year he took over when I cut my hand chopping onions and Nami Brown has always been there every year handling any chore asked of her in and out of the kitchen. For several years Herb Dotzauer worked hard helping Mike on the grill and assisting others in the kitchen who needed it. We still miss Herb.

Others who have helped over the years include Sandy Houston, Laura Webb, Sue Palmer, Micky Thayer, Simone DeMiguel, Carol Thomas, Tom Armbruster, Nadine O'Sullivan, Eivor Nilsson, Carol Gibbs, Lois (Francisco) Banda, Jessica Francisco, Susan Castelan, Henry Horner, and many, many more. For those I missed, I apologize!

Special thanks to Bridget O'Sullivan for six years of conscientious, reliable, hard work in putting out desserts that everyone loved.

☞ We'd all like to thank Joe Young and Bridget O'Sullivan for all their hard work over the last six years of cooking at Oktoberfest; sometimes we forget that those who are preparing the meal cannot do the things we can as celebrants. Cooking means no hiking, less socializing (unless its over chopping veggies, stirring pots, and such), and that it means responsibility for the success of the meal and keeping everyone happy. I've accepted the responsibility at Oktoberfest this year so wish me luck. Our helpers thus far are Laura Webb, Monalisa Ward, Sandy Dennison and more to come. We're still open to suggestions for making this Oktoberfest as successful as it has been in the past. So if you have any suggestions, or would like to join the kitchen staff this year, please contact me at 213/222-9258. Happy hiking!—Betty Q

OLYMPICS

cont from page 1

old socks and squashed bananas, and empty sardine cans and M&M wrappers in ziplock baggies, and warm coke cans that none dared open, and eating dust in the dark thrown about like dice in a shaker driving at top speed over unknown fire-roads, with no time for food, and no appetite for any (I still remember Jo Solomon's kindness in handing me a plastic shopping bag to empty my stomach into. But I couldn't.

I just prayed to survive. I'd never hike again—I swore. Things couldn't get worse, just hang on I thought. I hung on. They got worse. Sometime around 1:00AM, after Gobbler's Knob, we all got really lost. An hour later we found ourselves back at the same stupid dusty USFS sign we had been at an hour before still pointing to the back side of nowhere.

What more could happen? How about no gas? They don't have any all night stations in Wrightwood? Nope. By that time we all realized that making our goal was now utterly impossible. With that the fight went out of everyone. So it was at 3:15AM on Mt Lewis that a less than homogeneous group broke out in open mutiny and that was it for 1986.

Joe remembers it as "a humiliating experience". If so there was plenty of it to go around. I know I wasn't too proud of my performance. But I didn't care. I just wanted to sleep or die and I didn't much care which. It was finally my turn to drive and the driver's seat was the first soft thing I'd felt in 19 hours. My one success that night was to coast to La Cañada on a gas tank that read empty all the way.

Whatever else the 1986 attempt was, we all learned a great deal, while providing everyone else with a lot of object examples.

Joe's final words to the disintegrating group on Mount Lewis were we'll "do it right next year". Although at the time few took him seriously, fewer still were in any shape to care. However, Joe makes promises only when he means to keep them. In 1987 he did three scouting trips and led two scheduled "practice trips" to ferret-out any problems. This was the deciding factor, in the opinion of all of the participants, that turned humiliation into triumph.

His final, and now legendary, group consisted of himself and Bobcat, together with Wayne Wurzburger, Mike Baldwin and Roy Stewart. People learn from their mistakes in different ways. I stayed home. These were the five that went on to do 30 HPS Peaks in 24 hours!

Besides planning, the trick seems to have something to do with being in a single vehicle and not eating dust for an entire day. This time Joe bought a new GMC "Jimmy" 4WHD specifically for its ability to do Little Bear. It worked! No dust! Padded seats! Sweet luxury!

All five took turns at driving a casual 30 mph along such glass smooth roads as 3N14 in the San Bernardino's and even fed each other along the way. It went like clockwork. Starting with Slide at 10:45AM they bagged Deception with 22 minutes to spare. The awe this achievement inspired is measured by the fact that no one has risen to challenge their record.

By late 1988, Joe admits, "the pain had subsided" so that there was some loose talk of a repeat attempt. Bobcat recalls "I wanted to wait until someone had broken the previous record, but they didn't so we had to break our own".

This became a fixed plan when Joe received the Section's highest honor—the R. S. FINK SERVICE AWARD at the Chapter Banquet in January. Chair Patty Kline announced her hope of "32 in 89". Joe admits that with this, "the gauntlet was down" and so this year's trip was scheduled.

And then came more planning and fine-tuning of the list of peaks to be attempted. Then the getting together a potential group willing to endure the utter pain and misery of another attempt.

For the sake of not just repeating themselves, Joe's new plan allowed for a potential addition of two more peaks over their previous success. Bobcat went for it, "Joe asked me, and I'm a sucker for 32 peaks, after all the work that Joe did I couldn't say no".

After more scouting trips, and the two scheduled preparatory trips, there were these changes in the line-up: delete Hawes and add Cajon, Sugarpine and Monument for the net gain of two peaks.

But first Joe had to undergo a spiritual rebirth, a year and a half of "easy living" had to be worked off. Joe vowed to take off 30 pounds before he attempted his 30 peaks again—and he did so by methodically imagining himself doing each of the peaks while working out on a "stairmaster" at the Y. He was "fit" by his own standards with a week to spare.

For one reason or other, only a few HPS members were willing to be considered as candidates in 1989, and their numbers had dwindled by the time of the final cut. Joe decided to try it in a single vehicle for the sake of easier logistics and there was only room for five.

It wound up being the same five as before. Roy put himself in this situation because "I'm goal-oriented and there was a challenge there, besides I'm mentally deranged". But then adds "If Joe does it again, then I'll do it again". Each of them seems a bit unsure why they went for it but each feels it had something to do with "comradarie", the "challenge" and (as in Huizinga's homo ludens), just "for the fun of it".

While on the road, they listened to a variety of Joe's arcane musical favorites including Harry Belafonte, Spike Jones and the final recorded words of HAL the computer. They even had time to take a half-hour food and rest break with a complete clothing change—on purpose—in Hesperia at dusk. This was their midpoint.

This time there was even the possibility of improving on success. Roy Stewart came up with the idea for their secret weapon. They tried using a bunch of green light "bio-sticks" to mark the way on the sometimes tricky returns in the middle of the night.

Roy had discovered that they're handy during power outages, "you just shake and break them and they glow brightly for 12 hours." Since the moon didn't rise until 1:00AM that night they

were to prove invaluable from Gobbler's Knob to Winston Peak. They were used them with curtain rod hooks along the way and retrieved them on the way back. This saved about one half hour by not getting lost again on the return from Buckhorn.

By the time they reached Eaton Saddle (near San Gabriel Peak) it had become a triumphal procession, and each peak became a slam dunk.

They were met by Jim and Jane Fleming, Laura Webb and Don Tidwell. Laura giggles "I doused them all with water, then Don and I squirted them with our water guns". Also, there was fresh orange juice for some while Don shared his special beer with others. But more importantly, there were new drivers for the final leg.

This year everyone enjoyed such niceties along the way as Mount Wilson being a complete drive-up thanks to Roy being able to acquire the keys to the summit gate.

They finished again on Mount Deception but this time at 10:42AM with time to spare. Bobcat thinks that if "there had been anymore peaks planned we would have done them." Roy chokes at that thought and instead remembers that "I almost didn't make it at the end, I was extremely dehydrated and exhausted".

Perhaps this is but a sly inducement to others who might try to better their achievement. It conceivably is possible, assuming anyone can replicate their example of meticulous planning, iron will, and unlimited stamina. But consider the rewards! Bobcat recalls "we held hands climbing that last mountain—it was great!"

Roy thinks the difference between 1986 and 1989 was that this time there was no lack of focus, "no errors in either navigation or driving, no errors period."

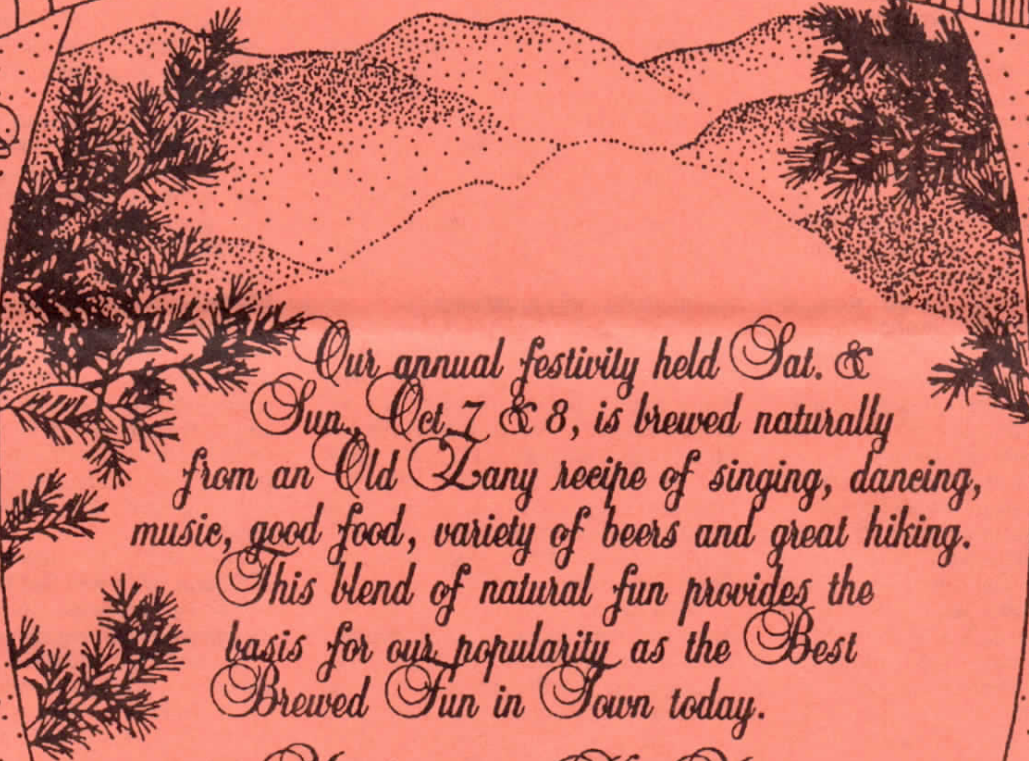
Joe seeks to explain it all, with a paraphrase of "all these world's are yours, except Europa"—the final words of his favorite poltergeist HAL the computer:

*All these were ours,
We made no attempt
to hang around on any of them
We bagged them together
We bagged them in fun.*

If they did it in fun then it was a very high form of it. They proved that 1987 was no fluke. But they did something else that we all seek for ourselves. When it was over they had done the job right. For one moment they were the best in us all. For that moment they satisfied the nameless part in each of us that lusts for and exults in the glory of achievement beyond the point of caring.

OKTOBERFEST

Soddyng, Tust Dams, Tust Souse



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