



"THE OUTSIDE OF A MOUNTAIN IS THE BEST POSSIBLE THING
FOR THE INSIDE OF MAN."

-Unknown-

SO CANCEL YOUR VACATION

A well known HPS member (former Section officer, former Mt. Records chairman, present intrepid leader) has nearly completed plans for a July 19 HIKE-IN. The chosen site is a local major mountain top whose elevation is higher than massive Mt. Lukens, is featured in either a past or future John Robinson PROFILE and is clearly and definitely located between Baldy and Pinos.

Look for promotional brochure, watermelon and option to participate in the May LOOKOUT. Only those who are 200 peakers, emblem holders, expect to be emblem holders or never expect to be, are eligible to attend.

PSALM OF A SIERRAN

Come with us, O city dweller, and thou shalt be transformed; thy nails shall be broken and thy hands shall become grubby and thine immaculate clothing shall be as the beggar's rags; thy beard shall grow apace and thy pride therein shall be ill-concealed; thy nose shall glow as a beacon in the wilderness.

Thine oatmeal shall mingle with thy prunes, and thy coffee shall be flavored with the dregs of thy soup for thou wastest not thy cup between; thou shalt shiver in the frosty nights and thou shalt long in vain for one chocolate soda, one juicy steak, one hot shower; thou shalt roll up thy bed each morning and pray that thy dunnage exceeds not the weight limit.

Thy muscles shall become as bands of steel, thy skin the hue of copper; thine eyes shall sparkle as the stars and thy smile shall be free and frequent; thy heart shall thrill to cassiope by a waterfall, to the morning light on the peaks, and to moonlight on granite walls; thy troubles shall be as phantoms of a forgotten life; thou shalt without surprise or disappointment find and expect beauty everywhere as one expects the coming of day and night; thou shalt know how divine can be a pause for rest on a log by a tumbling stream; thou shalt find in every moment food for thy hungry soul; cold mountain water shall be nectar, and hardtack ambrosia, and camp shall be heaven at the day's end.

ETHEL SEVERSON, Southern Chapter

VITAL STATISTICS

New 100 Peak Emblem

Carol Miller	#224
John Isaac	#225
Ronald Barnes	#226
Gillespie Marshall	#227
Alvin Campbell	#228

Members

Cliff Black
Michael Inskeep
Wendy Inskeep
Kathleen Kennedy
Christopher Olsen
Pat Reese
Charles Wymore

WHAT I'M DOING AND WHY NOT

Larry Salmon

About 150 miles north of San Francisco on an 800 acre farm two miles down a dirt road (with a locked gate!) and about ten miles from the seacoast town of Mendocino as the vulture flies is where I presently reside. My time is about equally split doing farming chores, organizing my writing, and just plain goofing off among clumps of second growth redwoods and on green grassy hillsides. (Very little of the farm is under actual cultivation.) In three weeks, we have had about five days of consistent rain. Other than that, days have been sunny and warm, nights crisp and clear, occasionally freezing.

Life is a combination of pioneer days and perpetual camping as we attempt to achieve self-sufficiency in an otherwise highly specialized society. Logs are split and hand hewn for cabin rafters. Shakes are split from redwood rounds for roofing. Virtually all building and maintenance is done by the six male residents. There is an ample supply of down redwood and madrone for the building and for the cooking and heating fires. Not one bit of concrete is used anywhere. Kerosene lamps are used for lighting. However, I have a Coleman Lantern for night writing.

Don McGeein, an old-time Sierra Club member, answered my request in the previous LOOKOUT for a tent and I bought his 9 x 9 umbrella tent. But luck was with me and there was a cabin here, just vacated by a couple. It is 10' x 15' and split level. About one-third of the floor is a raised 'bedroom' area with rough closet and wardrobe space. The rest of the cabin contains the ice-box water tank from my camper, a cable drum table 3' in diameter, a circa 1930 chair, a circa 1910 wood burning stove, and my files (circa 1969).

The pressure here is terrific (almost 15 pounds per sq. in.) since altitudes range between 400' and 1200'. The air is so clear, you can see to the nearest fog bank which is five feet away before the sun burns it off in the morning. A little more seriously, it is a delight to climb to the top of a ridge and view endless other ridges solid with redwood - mostly second growth (100' to 150') since this area was heavily logged about 75 years ago.

Incidentally, there are also three women here, and they do a top flight job of baking and cooking. The diet is mostly vegetarian supplemented by locally caught fish and an occasional chicken which we butcher. In addition to the garden, 14 assorted fruit trees, and dairy goats, hopes are for a milk cow, horses, and more laying hens. About 300 head of sheep with their young lambs roam most of the hilly 800 acres - the result of a grazing lease.

If any of you 100 Peakers are ever in this area (and can stand the low level pressure), I expect a visit. However, write first so I can tell you where the key is hidden; and also, to give us a chance to put some clothes on.

Many are the hikers who make the short scramble down the old Mt. Wilson Toll Road and up Mt. Harvard, high point of the prominent spur jutting south from Mt. Wilson. Few, if any of these peak baggers, as they ramble across the Harvard-Wilson saddle enroute to the summit, are aware that they are treading over the site of old Martin's Camp, once one of the most popular trail resorts in the San Gabriels. This is the story of the mountain and its forgotten nearby hostelry.

Few mountain peaks anywhere have experienced such a multitude of designations as Mt. Harvard. In Spanish and Mexican days it was known as "el Picacho" (The Peak) because of its prominent appearance from valley ranchos. During the 1870's many valley residents know it as "The Hogback" - for obvious reasons. In the '80s some Pasadenans called it "South Gable Promontory", imagining it as a giant gable on the south end of an imaginary Mt. Wilson roof.

By this name it was known in 1889, when to take advantage of the notoriety caused by the installation of the Harvard Telescope on Mt. Wilson, young Pasadena restaurateur Peter Steil started a tent camp in the saddle between Mt. Wilson and South Gable Promontory. He initially called it "The Eyrie," but it soon came to be known simply as Steil's Camp. For three dollars, a tourist was provided with round-trip transportation by burro (via the old trail from Sierra Madre), overnight lodging, and meals. Almost immediately it became a popular mountain resort. During the summer of 1890 an estimated thousand persons enjoyed the hospitality of Steil's Camp and nearby Strain's Camp on Mt. Wilson.

In 1891 Steil sold out to Clarence S. Martin of Pasadena. Martin built a frame dining room and added small cabins and sufficient tents to accommodate fifty persons at one time. To bring running water into his camp (previously brought up on burros from Little Santa Anita Canyon), Martin constructed a water tunnel deep into the south buttress of Mt. Wilson to tap an underground spring, then laid a pipeline from the tunnel entrance down to the saddle. Martin called his resort Camp Wilson, but most visitors knew it simply as Martin's Camp.

Later in 1891 the Pasadena and Mt. Wilson Toll Road Company constructed a four-foot wide toll trail from the mouth of Eaton Canyon to the mountain-top, passing right through Martin's Camp. With this new well-graded pathway providing easy access, the resort became more popular than ever, and seldom passed a summer weekend when the camp was not filled to capacity.

To provide his guests with opportunities for exercise and exploration, Martin constructed a series of trails to nearby points of interest. One of these new footpaths went the short distance to the top of South Gable Promontory, and soon the mountain became known as Martin's Peak.

On April 7, 1892, President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard University, during a visit to the abandoned site of the Harvard Telescope on Mt. Wilson, was escorted to the top of Martin's Peak. As a tribute to Dr. Elliot, the peak was christened Mt. Harvard by the escorting party of distinguished Pasadena citizens. This designation soon appeared on government maps, and the mountain of so many names finally had an official one.

Martin's Camp became the property of the Mt. Wilson Toll Road Company in 1896. It continued as a tourist resort until 1905, when the first Mt. Wilson Hotel was built. In 1907 many of the cabins were removed from the camp to make way for the widening of the toll trail into an automobile road.

During World War I, the camp and nearby Mt. Harvard were leased by the U. S. Army for use as a signal station in conjunction with the army balloon school at Ross Field, Arcadia.

The last use of abandoned Martin's Camp occurred in 1925-26, when it was used as a construction camp during the building of the Mt. Wilson-Red Box fire road. Shortly thereafter the Forest Service removed all the remaining buildings, and old Martin's Camp became but a bygone memory.

Today, little remains to suggest that a popular resort once stood in the Harvard-Wilson saddle. But to the eye of the discerning observer, three signs of the old camp can be detected. First are the remains of the low stone retaining walls built by Martin in 1892. Second are four full-grown Monterey Pines planted in front of the dining room in 1894. Third is Martin's old trail up Mt. Harvard, still passable. To locate the latter, proceed up the Harvard spur road from the saddle about 200 feet; on your right a black arrow painted on a rock points out the beginning of the trail. One hundred feet up the trail is a small flat with three power poles where the path appears to terminate; scramble up to your left about 30 feet to regain the trail, follow it to the summit.

JOHN ROBINSON

Next Issue: Profile #8 - The Rejection of Sister Elsie (Mt. Lukens)

A "BOAT-IN"

The Loma Prieta Paddlers will sponsor a "boat-in" on the middle fork of the Eel River in early May, to demonstrate to the Department of Water Resources that free flowing rivers provide recreation and wilderness experience for a lot of people. All white water boaters who are capable with kayak, canoe, foldboat, or raft are urged to join this two-day outing which will cover the 29 miles between Covelo and Dos Rios. This section of the Eel is runnable by boaters of modest ability, yet it provides plenty of white water excitement and spectacular wilderness scenery. The exact weekend for the event cannot be selected until April, because it requires a forecast of the date when the water level will be suitable for the different kinds of boats and the capabilities of the participating boaters.

Last spring the Sierra Club and other conservation groups averted construction of a Dos Rios dam which would have flooded the Round Valley Indian Reservation and the town of Covelo. Now, this part of the Eel is again threatened by a proposal to build one or more dams. Planners generally justify the cost of dam construction by assigning values to (a) sale of water, (b) flood control, and (c) recreational use of the resulting reservoir and its surroundings. The sum of these values is compared with the "worth" of the river in its natural state. The results of this calculation can be unfair if the planners do not realize how many people boat on, and otherwise enjoy, rivers in their natural state. A large turn-out for the boat-in will remind the planners and the public about the recreational and scenic values that are found only in free flowing rivers.

If you have the requisite equipment and experience, you can arrange to simultaneously (a) demonstrate for an important conservation principle, and (b) enjoy an early summer weekend of boating fun.

For information, contact Dick Schwind, Route #2, Box 324, La Honda, California 94020

SUICIDE PEAK

October 25, 1969

Leader: FRANK McDANIEL
Asst: VIVIAN JONES

Fifteen eager amateur peak baggers gathered at the State Park headquarters in Idyllwild this crisp and sunny Saturday morning. This was especially rewarding after the foggy, dreary, typically "lowland" weather on our drive out. The four leaders got everyone to the trailhead and signed in, leaving many Sierra Club arrows along the complicated route.

After many "What kind of a tree is this?", "Isn't this a great view!" and "How much farther is it?" stops along the way plus a very pleasant three hours of leisurely hiking on the excellent trail, everyone had signed the register and turned to tigers as they tore into those lunch sacks.

We spent a wonderful hour sunning ourselves, eating lunch and enjoying the great view from the rocks just below the summit. It was here that another couple caught up with us and joined the group making 21 in all (11 men, 10 women).

A quickened pace and two hours of hiking had everyone out to the cars by 4:00 a.m. Everyone seemed to enjoy this beginner's hike, even our one casualty (a wasp sting). Hopefully, we will see many of these new faces on future 100 Peaks hikes.

FRANK McDANIEL

CROSS MTN., BUTTERBREAD,
MAYAN PK., NICHOLS PK.

January 17-18, 1970

Leader: HOW BAILEY
Asst: LEW HILL

This trip managed to go as scheduled, miraculously sandwiched in between two storms just as if it had been planned that way. There were some light drizzles on the way up Cross, and it was a little raw on top as we were just at the base of a cloud, the view fluctuating rapidly between sunny hillsides and a white-out. The 500-ft. scree-run down is almost worth the trudge up. With the weather greatly improved, Butterbread was uneventful, except for the arrival of Paul Lipsohn who had hitch-hiked from Robbers Roost. We camped in a oak grove at the site of Sageland; whereupon a couple of tigers charged up Mayan, and seven of us in a couple of bugs drove around via Walker Pass to rescue Paul's orange monster from a sandpile.

It was frosty in the morning and pretty nippy for the exploratory up Mayan, so without dilly-dallying, 22 of us made the 1700' in 1:05 to 1:15. The recent rains made the sandy slope firmer than usual, but the view of snow in the Domelands-Olancha area made us even colder, so we ran down in 15 minutes! We behaved ourselves on Nichols, the hardest and most interesting of the four peaks. There is a bit of rock on top, and a very picturesque view of Lake Isabella. Temperatures under a high thin overcast were ideal for hiking, and a good time was had by all of a very congenial group.

HOW BAILEY

KITCHING PEAK TRAIL MAINTENANCE MIKE

Leader: Frank McDaniel

February 7, 1970

Our leader couldn't make it but eighteen eager shovelers, clippers and loppers met east of Banning on this beautiful winter Saturday. We had been advised that a Forest Service Trail crew would repair the trail from "BIG TREE" to the saddle enroute to the White Water River. We narrowed our maintenance efforts to the area between the Saddle and the peak and it needed it! In many places the manzanita and scrub-oak had almost overgrown the trail. In several places the trail was indistinct due to slides and washing.

The most significant single event was that Bruce Jones (11 years) attained his 100th summit! Every one congratulated Bruce and he in turn plied the group with bottle after bottle of champagne.

We returned as a group reaching the car an hour before sundown. It was a great day and a great celebration.

FRANK MCDANIEL

SANTIAGO PEAK,
MAINTENANCE PROJECT

February 14, 1970

Leader: WARREN VON PERTZ

This trail maintenance activity was cancelled on the spot, since the manager for the new owners of Glen Ivy denied our small party access to their property, a necessity for gaining the trailhead.

A letter of inquiry has been sent to the owners of the Temeseal Ranch Corporation regarding their policy, and explaining our position. Meanwhile, to avoid disappointment, I would suggest that written permission be obtained before attempting to gain access. Note - there is no sign at the highway entrance to Glen Ivy warning of no trespassing policy. Suggestion - use the Holy Jim Trail only.

WARREN VON PERTZ

MT. SAN JACINTO

February 14, 1970

Leader: SID DAVIS

Saturday morning, February 14, St. Valentines Day, 10 of us rode the Palm Springs Tram up to the mountain station.

There was no snow, but a few patches of ice here and there; and as the main trail had lots of ice, we went cross country.

We hit snow at about the 9,000 foot level, but not enough to get any ice axe practice.

Everyone made it to the peak, where we had lunch; and on the way down, a few did some sitting glissades.

A good time was had by all.

SID DAVIS

A chill, strong wind greeted the on-time participants at Hidden Valley Campground. Such a wind made a change in plans necessary. It was far too cold in the campground to start our instruction in 3rd class climbing.

We began the morning by taking a 1/2 mile walk across the desert to an area on the SW edge of the Wonderland of Rocks. The route we found to the top of a large rock area was warming but not too strenuous. There we set up rappel practice. Wind pants, down parkas, and gloves were the order of the morning. By lunch, everyone, including some late arrivals who had difficulty in finding us, had had a chance at rappelling and we returned to camp.

After lunch, we divided into several groups and progressed with the 3rd class instruction. The weather turned delightfully warm and calm, permitting concentration on climbing technique rather than how to keep warm. In the evening, we enjoyed another of our regular Joshua Tree roaring campfires along with birthday celebrations for Tom Van Allen and Ken Ferrell. (It was over 1 1/2 years ago Tom climbed his 100th now he can wear the emblem.)

The wind returned for awhile during the night but the morning was perfect for our cross-country 3rd class trip. Forty-one people joined in for the 2nd annual climb of Little Pine Tree Mountain. Again we followed a devious but enjoyable route that gives the opportunity to climb a few easy 3rd class pitches.

After a short break on top we descended to the main wash where we split the group. All but 18 returned to the cars. The rest of us proceeded on an exploratory to attempt a nearby ridge. We tried a number of routes but all blanked out - at least for such a large group on a 3rd class practice. A few of the climbers expressed a desire to return with a smaller group and some equipment to see if we can find a feasible route for next year. Having not made the intended ridge (and time was running out) we set out for the cars and decided to return by crossing a small secondary ridge hoping for a good rappel on the side toward the cars. We found it. Although there was plenty of opportunity to set up a longer pitch, we picked a spot that gave about a 65-70 foot rappel. For some, this was their first real live rappel, having had their first practice the previous morning. A few down climbed a nearby chute in order to speed things up a little. All were back to the cars and returned to camp for a starting home time around 3 p.m.

Again this year, this seemed to be a popular and well received trip. Most participants (from the last 3 years) seem to agree that the best time would be mid to late March. Anyone for the last weekend in March, 1971?

BOB VAN ALLEN

CLEGHORN, SUGARPINE,
MONUMENT, CAJON

March 8, 1970

Leader: DUANE McRUER
Asst: JOHN BACKUS

We now have a new class of mountain to describe those on the HPS list, the "push-up." A "push-up" is a "drive-up" with so much snow on the road as to require a great deal of pushing of cars (by the passengers, of course) to get them up the mountain. Some forty-two people gathered at the non-existent town of Summit for an advertised climb of Cleghorn and drive-up of the other three. The roads had been scouted two weeks before, and were in good shape; however, considerable snow had fallen in the meantime, and the north slopes of the mountains looked forbiddingly white. The Cleghorn road from Cedar Springs is on the south slope of the ridge, so everyone (loaded into nine cars) made it up to Cleghorn Saddle, from which the peak is a 45 minute, 700 foot gain scramble up a brush-covered ridge and then along a fire road.

After conquering this mighty 5,333' peak, we drove up the Powell Canyon road (not shown on the 1965 San Bernardino National Forest map) to road 2N49 along the next ridge to the south. Being mostly on the north side, this road had up to a foot or more of snow on it in places, and here is where the pushing began; to get to the parking area below Sugarpine Mtn. required two hours instead of what should have been 15 minutes. The 150 feet of gain to the summit of Sugarpine was negotiated without incident; however, with a higher summit visible a half mile to the east, considerable skepticism was expressed concerning the bump we were standing on. These doubts were quelled by the leader's firm statement that if the opinion of the party was that Sugarpine was not much of a mountain, wait until they saw Monument. So, after a quick lunch, the party (with cars) mushed on toward Monument, hoping that snow conditions would become better as they went farther south. They did not; they got worse, and finally the cars were abandoned and the last mile (down!) to Monument done on foot. Then back to the cars, where a car-turning-around operation was engineered; then the drive back down to the road out to Cajon Mtn. was negotiated. Two cars tried the drive out to the lookout tower, and finally made it; the rest of the party felt that they had done enough pushing for the day and walked to the peak.

This was Randy Bernard's 100th, so champagne was served. (Unfortunately, by the time I arrived, it was all gone; I don't think the rule about not preceding the leader is taken seriously enough.) Finally, at 5:00 p.m., the intrepid group emerged from the mountains, having conquered a hike-up, a push-up, a push-along-and-hike-down, and a walk-up, for a total of four so-called peaks for the day.

JOHN BACKUS

FIRST AID KITS

Every HPS trip leader is required to carry an adequate amount of essential emergency supplies. In most instances this means one of the three official HPS kits. At the March Central Committee meeting, Paul Lipsohn, schedule chairman, reported that the kits were actually inadequate in many respects and needed updating.

Section Chairwoman Vicki Duerr made the deficiency known to Bob Loveland, one of our fine medical HPS members and he accepted the assignment to revise the operation. Dr. Loveland is the ranking medical officer in the California Interscholastic Athletic world and his knowledge of sprains, strains and emergency pains is encyclopediac.

CAHUILLA, LITTLE CAHUILLA
LOOKOUT, AND ROCK POINT

February 21-22, 1970

Leader: BRUCE COLLIER

Thirty-six hikers met on a beautiful morning to caravan into Juan Diego Flat for a cross-country ascent of Little Cahuilla, led by Bob Hawthorne (his sixth climb of the peak). Following lunch, a quick trip down and short drive brought the group to the base of the Cahuilla Mtn. trail. This wide, gradual route was followed to the saddle where a route was found which avoided most of the brush. Upon reaching the summit, several containers of an effervescent, bubbly substance were utilized in observing ritualistic procedures relating to Ron Barnes moving into a very select group.

Campgrounds were crowded, but spaces were located at Oak Grove and on Sunday morning 20 persons climbed Lookout followed by a pleasant hike to Rock Point. The schedule ended early which allowed others to ascend high points nearby or enjoy a leisurely meal in Idyllwild. Some remained to enjoy Monday beneath clear blue skies.

BRUCE COLLIER

MOUNTAIN RECORDS COMMITTEE

March 3, 1970

Currently, the "Peak List" has been revised and is being reproduced. It will soon be available to members.

The new additions to our Hiking Guide, 18 at present, are being typed and are expected to be ready for distribution by the end of this month. These cover a broad cross-section of our peak list and obviously increase our total coverage appreciably.

Meanwhile, the all-out effort for publication of Volume One, Angeles National Forest, has brought us closer in several areas to completion of our rough draft booklet, which is certainly encouraging to all concerned. We could use the services of a skilled photographer with a darkroom. If you are interested, or know of someone who might be, please have them contact me for details.

W. E. VON PERTZ

MASCOTS

The Section has about 25. The count is approximate, since they keep reaching that twelfth year and are eligible for emblem stakes. The classification was established in 1966 as a means of interesting and challenging younger children of members.

In the past, there have been several strange and interesting suggestions. Les S. wanted an HPS mascot membership for his car because it had "climbed 25 emblem peaks" and Les was prepared to pay for the LOOKOUT subscription even though the car was a non-reader (but it was not a non-reader). Infants have been carried up 25 peaks and are eligible for the HPS and it has been suggested reliably that several infants had been eligible prior to their birth. Currently we have several mascots who have been admitted to membership (for climbing 25) but may not wear a ring around their patch (for climbing 100).

No thing is perfect. A committee of three has been formed to evaluate the by-law regulations pertaining to Mascots and to make recommendations if needed.

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Editor and Publisher: Jerry Russom, 3637 El Lado Drive, Glendale 91208

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

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