

Hundred Peaks Lookout

BI-MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE 100 PEAKS SECTION



VOLUME XXV, NUMBER FOUR

JULY - AUGUST 1988



MIDSUMMER



By Louis Quirarte

This is a very good time for us all. We've been successful in promoting necessary environmental legislation. We're growing and financially healthy, with a full and exciting social and activities schedule. We're comprised of a large and diversified body of peakbaggers that are also remarkably close and mutually supportive. It seems we really are on to something. Since so much of our active enjoyment of our mountains traditionally occurs during this season, and if the next few months only continue as they are now, then we may look back someday and remember these days as one of the best years of our lives. It seems a perfect moment to petition the spirits of seasons past to inspire our hopes for the future.

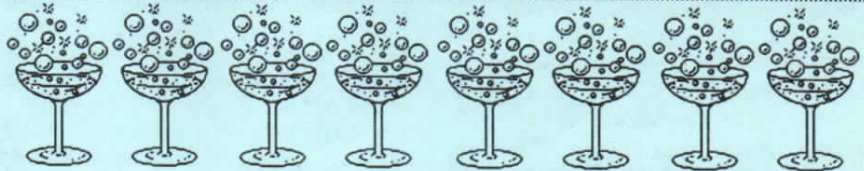


Earl Selzwedel
Reprinted from the SOUTHERN SIERRAN, August, 1946.

Just 42 years ago, Weldon Fairbanks Heald, our founder, finished his 100th Peak in July. The first scheduled hike of the new "Hundred Peaks Game" was listed that month in the Southern Sierran. Back then at the beginning, Heald's competition included Jack Bascom (later to become Emblem holder #3) at 78 peaks. Next in line were Kasper Casperson with 71, John Banks with 63, Sam Fink (#2) with 62, Niles Werner (#5) with 61, Bob Sturdevant with 60, Luella Todd (#6) with 58, and Fred Johnson (#773) with 54. There would be a 39 year hiatus for Fred until 1985 when he returned to the game he helped found. Believe it or not, that's him in the "Congratulations" corner just now having attained his Emblem after what, to some, is a lifetime. Well begun, and well completed Fred!

Please turn to MIDSUMMER PAGE 14

CONGRATULATIONS



100 PEAKS EMBLEM

Patty Kline	Smith Mtn	05/01/88	772
Frederick Johnson	Big Pine Mtn	04/30/88	773
Phyllis Trager	Mt Gleason	04/30/88	774
L. Ellen Holden	Smith Mtn	05/04/88	775

200 PEAKS BAR

Jon Fredland	Birch Mtn	04/30/88	246
Roy Stewart	Reyes Peak	06/04/88	247

LIST COMPLETION

Thomas Moumblow	Bonha Ridge	05/22/88	125
Gordon Lindberg	Pinyon Ridge	05/14/88	126
Robert Dubeau	Heald Pk	05/30/88	127
Burton A. Falk	Mt Gleason	05/15/88	128
Jim Scott	Mt Gleason	05/15/88	129

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

John K. Greening
L. Ellen Holden
Gudrun Howell



OKTOBERFEST

By Wilma Curtis

Oktoberfest time will soon be here. Plan now to celebrate at our lovely Harwood Lodge on October 22-23.

Hike Saturday on trails in the Mount Baldy area. Short or long, easy or difficult, you will find a hike right for you.

The annual celebrating starts in the late afternoon with an abundance of imported beer; fantastic food by our great chefs; music; dancing; balloons; games; prizes; fun and socializing all night long (or until you drop) with peakbagger friends both old and new!

Sunday try another HPS hike.

All this can be yours for a mere \$15.00 for Sierra Club members. Others may join us for \$18.00. Buy your tickets from Nami Brown, 1001 Welton Way, Inglewood, CA 90302. Reserve early: this year there will only be 100 tickets and absolutely no sales at the door.

HPS SOCIAL MEETINGS

PROGRAMS :

July 14:

"HPS Anniversary Potluck"

A-G bring beverages or dessert,
H-Q appetizers or salad, R-Z main dish.

August 11:

"Climbing the Grand Tetons"

by Bryce Wheeler

September 8:

"Climbing in Switzerland"

by Bob Thompson and Joe Young

October 13:

"People on Peaks"

by Frank Dobos

November 10:

"China—highlights of our visit"

by Gordon and Doris Lindberg

December 8:

"Secrets of Animal Tracking"

by Jim Lowery

MEET SECOND THURSDAYS AT 7:30PM
GRIFFITH PARK RANGER STATION
4730 CRYSTAL SPRINGS DRIVE
Refreshments Served

HIKING SHORTS

New HPS T-shirts

Mike Sandford, HPS Treasurer, reports that a huge new shipment of Official HPS T-shirts, in three (very) bright new colors, are available (see the Order Form in back), they're Garish Gold, Yucky Yellow, or Tweaky Tan, and are presently available in all sizes. Made by Hanes, they're very long-wearing, top-of-the-line, 100% cotton. Hey hikers, stand out in a crowd—in fact, be seen for miles! Dress up as a lemon on Halloween! Do order yours today (please!), but don't be surprised if someone tries to squeeze you by mistake.

Outings

Micky Thayer, HPS Outings Chair, is busy conferring with John Backus, Frank Goodykoontz, Dick Akawie, and a representative from the Chapter's Safety Committee to assign "O", "I", "M", and "E" ratings to each of the common routes, under typical weather conditions, up each of our peaks. We look forward to her epochal report in the next issue.

This has been a dream since the Section began.

More Trails

The Sierra Club supports the concept of "500 by the 500th". 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.

Ugh!

Beware of the Poodle Dog (bush)! *Turricula Parryi* (formerly called *Nama parryi*). It is a member of the waterleaf family (hydrophyllaceae). The commonly recognized plant Yerba Santa is another harmless member of this same family. This shrub is a coarse perennial that may grow in excess of six feet tall. The herbage is glandular, ill smelling and can cause a severe case of dermatitis in some persons. The base of the plant has a woody character. This odd looking shrub is seen blooming from June to August. The flowers are typically tubular and lavender. The leaves are lance-shaped, slightly toothed and arranged alternately in crowded fashion along the stems. They appear somewhat like a poodle dog's fur as they die and begin to droop. The species is particularly common in the San Gabriel Mountains and in areas that have been recently burned. It is responsible for the outbreak and rash of certain HPS hikers foolish enough to hike in shorts on the Ortega's. For more information contact Dottie Rabinowitz, Randy Bernard or a dozen others.

Thanks to Frank Dobos and Ruth Lee Brown for this slightly tardy warning. Joe Young claims hydrocortisone applied quickly after exposure saved him.

Rustic bliss

Lou Brecheen and Frank Dobos recommend the Guymon Lodge (a San Diego Chapter, Sierra Club facility on the Sunrise Highway, north of Laguna), as a good place to stay overnight when hiking in or around Cuyamaca State Park.

It consists of two buildings in a woody setting, and is open to club members and guests. Bring your own bedding and food. Contributions of expendables are always welcomed. The facility comes fully equipped except for showers. For groups of ten or more, the larger building may be rented with an advance deposit of \$100 or \$15/person—whichever is more. For reservations contact the Lodge Scheduler, Larry Choate at 714/274-9837.

Individuals are welcome whenever a host is present (usually from 10AM Saturday to 3PM Sunday), and are asked for \$3.00/person, with a maximum of \$8.00/family. For further details contact the Lodge Chair, Steve Rieden at 714/266-0110.

LETTERS

PILOT KNOB

I urgently need information about HPS'ers experience getting from State 178 to the National Forest land south of Pilot Knob.

In May, Mrs. Smith asked us to no longer cross the land she lives on, across from Cottage Grove Cemetery, land owned by Jim Neukirchner of Onyx. We had used Mrs. Smith's access since Oscar Rudnick, also of Onyx, stopped allowing us to use his land. That access started by the bridge by the "Mile 15" point on the Onyx Quadrangle.

John Backus and I have each driven to the Kern County Assessor's office in Bakersfield, exhaustively listing property owners south and east of Pilot Knob, and scouting accesses from the road. My trip was the Friday before Memorial Day. My plan is (1) to write the one landowner left that we haven't dealt with, (2) to contact the SPS for information (they also list Pilot Knob), and (3) to contact the Sierra Club Chapter for Kern County, to see what light they can shed on this.

Meanwhile, I would like to hear from anyone who has climbed Pilot Knob in the last year, or who has had any dealings with property owners or residents in the area.

I understand that coming down on Pilot Knob from the north is out of the question, due to the severe brush and rock climbing exposure.

—Tom Armbruster

DESERT BILL

I would like to respond to the points raised by Brent Washburne in his letter concerning the California Desert Protection Act (S7/HR371), in the May-June Lookout.

Creating Mojave National Park and expanding and upgrading Death Valley and Joshua Tree National Monuments would not necessarily entail much additional government expense. All the land involved is already in federal ownership; it would simply be transferred from Bureau of Land Management (BLM) to National Park Service (NPS) control. And if management costs increase under the NPS that tells me the previous BLM management was inadequate and not equal to the task of protecting these lands.

It is not true that "Death Valley and Joshua Tree are already large enough to protect their unique features". The existing Monument boundaries do not include the contiguous lands of national park caliber—lands with significant natural, ecological, geological, cultural, archeological, historical, and wilderness values.

The expansions would follow natural ecological boundaries, enhance management of Death Valley and Joshua Tree, and provide buffers from incompatible uses. (In fact, the proposed additions to Joshua Tree were part of the original National Monument established in 1936; these areas were removed in 1950 for mining operations, now defunct.)

The existence of Interstate highways and railroads in the East Mojave National Scenic Area (EMNSA) certainly does not disqualify it from National Park status. Even the BLM agrees that this area is of National Park quality—a BLM report to the NPS in 1979 concluded that "cultural and natural resource values of the East Mojave Study Area are so diverse and outstanding that the area readily qualifies for National Park or Monument status".

The main reason for creating a Mojave National Park is that the "diverse and outstanding cultural and natural resource values" cited by the BLM are not being adequately protected. The EMNSA has been poorly managed by the BLM, which has allowed many incompatible and even damaging activities to continue, and even increase in the area.

The BLM has not sought wilderness designation for all lands that qualify, nor has it offered the area the maximum protection under its administrative authority. The BLM multiple-use manage-

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FEATURES

PEAK AND CHEWS

AN HPS RESTAURANT REVIEW

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

☘☘☘ **JAN'S RED KETTLE** 54220 North Circle Drive, Idyllwild. Eams my bottom marks for the thinnest most over-boiled coffee I've ever been served. But it was better than the service—there wasn't any for over 20 minutes. I noticed the place was filled with people in polypro, in fact it had been recommended by climbing friends, but when I said I had to meet my group within the hour, the waitress shrugged and said "sowhaddayawan-metado". I asked for the check after waiting for food that still hadn't come after 43 minutes. I can only commend the manager's free advice: "hey, ifyawanamil 'n ahurry ya shut rive fordy miles teh tuh McDonald's in Banning". —LOUIS QUIRARTE

☆☆☆☆☆ **THE TAM O'SHANTER INN** 2980 Los Feliz Blvd., Atwater. This fine institution is more than just another restaurant, it's our unofficial HPS "clubhouse". For me, it's attractions are multiple and varied. It's the closest thing to a real pub in town. I've met a lot of new friends here. The service is always efficient and friendly, and it just keeps on getting better each time I go there.

The Tam usually has a nice piano bar, that attracts a lively crowd in the evenings (an interesting mix of couples and singles of all ages), but on Wednesday nights it's special. That's when Ronnie Mack on guitar and Saul McCormack on drums, back up the very gifted and popular "Fats" Mizzel on piano. They can move with great ease from Steven Foster to Stevie Wonder in a single set. "Fats" can mesmerize you with his delicacy in a Gershwin, Ellington or Carmichael song. Then he'll let loose his "almost-famous" singers to do some good old screaming R'n'R.

You never know what's next. It could be time to Bunny-hop or Conga, or line up with the Tam's HPS "rockettes" to do "L.A., L.A." (just try to out-kick Stag), then join Bobcat's "Mailman" song, or pretend you're Jolson, or Kate Smith. And since it's always a night to celebrate a friend's birthday, anniversary or HPS achievement, you'll join in—and love it.

But the Tam has many other inducements and restoratives. It offers Watney's or Bass (on tap!), available in pitchers (\$6.00), mug's (\$2.50), and special "half-yard" flagons (\$4.50). Plus 25 other brands that are almost as good. A beer lovers paradise! There are generous turkey or roast beef sandwiches, chili, beer-battered shrimp, half rack o'ribs and other tasty yummys at the bar for under \$7.50.

MONEY

by Mike Sandford

BALANCE:				
	Savings	Checking	Cash	Total
4/29/88	\$2001.79	\$1898.02	\$48.60	\$3948.41
RECEIPTS				
Invent.Sales	0.00	177.50	57.10	0.00
Members	0.00	0.00	6.00	0.00
Donations	0.00	5.00	5.09	0.00
Pk.Gde.Sales	0.00	0.00	261.75	0.00
Chks.Undpst	0.00	0.00	105.16	0.00
TOTAL	0.00	182.50	435.10	617.60
DISBURSEMENTS:				
Office exp.	0.00	0.00	4.77	0.00
Banquet	0.00	171.76	0.00	0.00
Postage	0.00	0.00	5.56	0.00
Printing	0.00	73.49	0.00	0.00
Refreshments	0.00	0.00	15.15	0.00
Bank Chrgs.	0.00	6.40	0.00	0.00
Pk.Gde.Print.	0.00	0.00	0.00	0.00
TOTAL	0.00	251.65	25.48	277.13
BALANCE:				
5/31/88	\$2001.79	\$1828.87	\$458.22	\$4288.88

Note: John Backus reports that there are no revisions in the HPS Peak Guides for this month. His column will continue in the next Lookout.



For more serious diners, traditional British staples of high quality are served. Friends swear by the "Toad in a hole". I'm fond of the rare roast beef. These are enhanced by a fine list of Scotches and wines. Complete dinners in any of the main dining rooms can range from expensive to moderate. Reservations are always advised—call Manager Mark Chernis at 213/664-0228.

The "Bonnie Prince Charlie" main room has richly upholstered throne-like chairs, draped gonfallons and a huge fireplace. Like the rest of the Tam, it has dark wood paneling decorated with quaint portraits and period prints. There are framed scots plaid swatches in the bar, old photos of the Tam's history in the foyer, stained glass, engraved quotations on most of the (odd but pleasing) exposed beams, and subdued but ample area lighting throughout. While the larger areas invite interaction, there are cozy booths, a hearth in the foyer, and leather lined nooks that allow the feeling of privacy.

Opened in 1922 by Lawrence Frank (of "Lawry's") and Walter Van de Kamp, it's the oldest original-owner non-chain restaurant in town. After two thirds of a century it has well learned to provide an ambiance rich in delight, tradition, and ease. The Tam was conceived by Hollywood Set Designer Harry Oliver to be a Highland dream, but like its many joys, and the friend in your arms, it just may feel like the real thing. —LOUIS QUIRARTE

THE REGISTER BOX

by Jim Adler

REGISTERS NEEDED:

Nicolls Pk/ 2C: deficient
 Antimony Pk/ 4D: decrepit
 Lizard Head/ 6E: half missing
 Alamo Mtn/ 7G: burned
 McDonald Pk/ 7H: missing
 Stewart Mtn/ 7I: missing
 Mt. Lukens/ 9E: missing
 Pacifico Mtn/ 10C: missing
 Round Top/ 10H: missing
 Barley Flats/ 11D: decrepit
 Mt. Hillyer/ 10I: missing
 Mt. Sally/ 11E: missing
 Vetter Mtn/ 11F: missing
 Winston Pk/ 13A: missing
 Kratka Ridge/ 14K: missing
 Chalk Pk/ 16H: decrepit
 San Sevaire/ 17H: decrepit
 Rattlesnake Mtn/ 20C: missing
 Hawes Pk/ 20I: missing
 Delamar Mtn/ 21E: decrepit
 Gold Mtn/ 21H: decrepit
 Silver Pk/ 21I: beer can
 Onyx Pk#1/ 23G: missing
 Constance Pk/ 24A: half missing
 Birch Mtn/ 25B: half missing
 Cedar Mtn/ 25C: decrepit
 Lily Rock/ 28A: missing
 Tahquitz Pk/ 28B: missing
 Stonewall Pk/ 32F: missing
 San Ysidro Mtn/ 31I: missing

If you are climbing any of the above peaks, please consider bringing a new register can and book. If you discover a peak which needs a new register can, please let me know by mail addressed to Jim Adler, 10726 Woodbine Street#3, Los Angeles, CA 90034, or by phone at 213/838-0524. Also, please advise if you have replaced any of the missing or deficient registers or discover that any of the above reports are erroneous or out of date. Since register books and pencils are so easy to carry all the time, peaks where only these are needed will not be listed.

I've had numerous reports of missing, replaced, and corrected-status registers in the last two months—but I didn't tally them.

FRANK DOBOS reports that a new Register has been placed on Garnet Peak, 25 feet east of the summit.

Frank also suggests that everyone try to bring a nesting pair of Register-cans (it would be ideal if they could be painted red) to our monthly meetings. They could then be for distributed to those who are planning to be the next to visit any of the peaks listed above.

Note: Great Idea, lets can all those peaks!

Return to the Garden

"If delight may provoke men's labour, what greater delight is there than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered worke, set with Orient pearles and garnished with great diversitie of rare and costly jewels?" —John Gerard. Herbal.

Proposition 70, the California Wildlife, Coastal and Park Land Conservation Act has passed. We may all breathe deeply, but shouldn't yet count our blessings and go to sleep. A few battles remain at hand. For example, no money will be allocated until California can decide who is to be its next Treasurer. Furthermore, Governor Deukmejian, who opposed this measure, may try to delay as long as possible before getting down to the business of selling the park bonds. In a typically mean hearted gesture, he has already threatened to veto many of the funds specified as grants for agencies such as the Mountains Conservancy in an effort to void acquisition of lands that are now very much at risk.

When money does become available (some hope as early as January of 1989), parcels earmarked for immediate acquisition are both walls of magnificent Malibu Canyon, Deer Creek, Wilacre Park adjoining the Tree People Headquarters, Lower Zuma Canyon, the middle portion of Solstice Canyon connecting Malibu Creek with the Ocean, the unspoiled upper portions of Sullivan Canyon and Rustic Canyon including the ineffable Blue Gorge adjoining Topanga, expansion of parks in the Santa Susana's, natural protection including work on the Rim of the Valley Trail System, and additional facilities throughout our area.

Meanwhile, on the national scene, the Senate Interior appropriation sub-committee has just voted to allocate \$6 million for the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area. The House sub-committee had already allocated \$13 million. The final figure will be negotiated by a joint conference committee, which could meet as early as next month.

It appears that the blows Los Angeles has experienced in recent months have been sufficient to raise just that sort of response, from an aroused electorate, to which legislators must respond. Informed sources state that over 20,000 letters were received concerning the intended rape of the Renaissance Faire Site alone. Representative Sidney Yates, the House Committee Chair, is to be congratulated for reversing his earlier position. Now it is in the hands of Senate Chair Bennett Johnson as to whether an area of national significance will be saved, or in large part lost forever. At issue is National Park Service protection for the Paramount Ranch, the completion of Middle Zuma and Upper Trancas Canyons, plus the final connection of the SMMNRA Backbone Trail through bucolic Arroyo Sequit and the Triunfo Pass.

These are the missing parcels that will begin to tie the existing parklands together and give some cohesion and sense to this area as a public preserve. Today the news is good. We again may hope. But remember it was your HPS letters; your HPS bodies at public meetings; your HPS petitions that have begun to turn the tide. Now is the moment of decision. The Senate must hear from us. The moment is right to complete the job. But we must act together one more time now or perhaps again fear to lose a garden to which we have almost returned.

✉ Write to: Hon. Bennett Johnson, Chairman, Senate Energy Committee, Attention Don Knowles, U.S. Senate, Washington, D.C. 20510

FROM THE CHAIR

by Patty Kline



November is not only Presidential Election time, but HPS election time too. We will elect our new Management Committee for 1989. Soon the nominating Committee will be forming to nominate volunteers to run on the ballot. If you are interested, please give me a call or write me a note. It really is a lot of fun!

✉ Our deadline for HPS Peak addition/ deletion requests, and for any by-law changes is August 11, at our monthly meeting. We already have some requests. But if any of you have more suggestions, please let us know now.

✉ Oktoberfest is coming up soon. If you would like to get involved in the planning call Wilma Curtis at (818) 783-5785. It will be at Harwood Lodge again. Most of you know how much fun it is. But this year tickets will be very limited. Advance sales will be available in August and Nami Brown will be in charge of them. Write her today with SASE at 1001 Welton Way, Inglewood, CA 90302.

Be sure you don't miss out!

✉ After careful consideration, your Management Committee has decided to slightly raise the price of our newsletter. As of November, the subscription price for our Lookout will go up to \$7.00.

If you wish to pay for 1989 at the old rate, before this date, you may.

✉ Finally, I would like to thank our Editor, Louis, for the really great job he's been doing for us.

CONSERVATION

By Ruth Lee Brown

The Desert Protection Act (S7/HR 371) is still pending.

The Sierra Club considers this bill as a current top priority. There would be very limited impact on those of us that hike in these desert areas. But there would be permanent protection for our fragile desert ecology.

The bill will create Mojave National Park from lands that are currently administered by the Bureau of Land Management. While other lands will be transferred from the BLM to the National Park Service to enlarge Joshua Tree and Death Valley National Monuments and upgrade them as National Parks.

There will be eighty-one Wilderness Areas created within these new national parks. These areas would be created so as to remain roadless. Congress defines "roadless" as "the absence of roads which have been improved by a mechanical means to insure relatively regular and

continuous use. A way maintained solely by the passage of vehicles does not constitute a road". Vehicle routes that do not qualify as roads under this definition may be included in the wilderness and would be closed to vehicular travel.

When routes that do qualify as roads are included in the wilderness, the boundary has been changed so these roads are no longer within the wilderness. "Cherry stems" have been included—thin strips of land that contain the road and are surrounded by wilderness. I know of no roads that are still included in the proposed areas.

Public input will be solicited during the drafting of management plans. The public review process would give us a chance to get any undesirable provisions removed from the management plans.

I feel the economic impact on the government, and us, will be very minimal in light of the severe financial restric-

tions the National Park Service is facing at this time.

Our California desert areas are threatened. There is an ever increasing danger of overdevelopment and overuse from housing development, ORV use, mining interests and the grazing of domestic livestock.

We must work to save the desert areas that are still relatively unspoiled for ourselves and future generations. How many of us remember the fight for the San Geronio Wilderness that the Sierra Club waged? And how many of us remember the fear of the ski lifts and other developments that would have taken place, if it were not for the efforts of the Sierra Club.

The Desert Protection Act may not be perfect from everyone's point of view, but it will protect the desert for us to continue to enjoy and it will preserve it for future generations.

JOINT RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS

TO DESIGNATE APRIL 21, 1988 AS "JOHN MUIR DAY".

WHEREAS April 21, 1988, marks the 150th birthday of the great American conservationist John Muir, heralded worldwide for his dedication to the preservation of wilderness in this country;

WHEREAS generations of Americans have reveled in the wonders of Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and other parklands set aside by past Presidents and Congresses at the urging of the Scottish-born naturalist;

WHEREAS a system of natural, cultural, historical, and recreational national parks which John Muir helped pioneer has grown in size to almost 80 billion acres symbolizing the stewardship Americans demonstrate for their precious public resources;

WHEREAS John Muir was the co-founder and first president of the SIERRA CLUB, an organization which contributes in making this Nation a leader in the global environmental movement;

WHEREAS John Muir National Historic Site, in Martinez, California, one of 337 units of the National Park Service, was set aside by Congress in 1964 as a monument to the wildlands crusader and was the site from which Muir wrote books celebrating the natural beauty and wildlife of the United States, books that are still widely read and treasured by people of all ages; and

WHEREAS the important role of an ecologically sound environment in the quality of life for all people was proselytized by the tireless voice and pen of John Muir: Now, therefore, be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That April 21, 1988, is designated as "John Muir Day," and the President is authorized and requested to issue a proclamation calling upon the people of the United States to observe such day with appropriate ceremonies and activities.

Introduced by Senator Alan Cranston
Unanimously approved by the 100th Congress

Signed by President Ronald Reagan
April 7, 1988



Luella Martin

Convention of HPS List Finishers assembled to honor Gordon Lindberg's completion atop Pinyon Ridge.

**Pilot Knob
11/21/87**

Leaders: Alan Coles, Dick Akawie

By Dick Akawie

This unscheduled trip was washed out at the end of October by a heavy rainstorm. Conditions did not seem better the night before this climb, but the rain hit the area Friday evening and the heavy clouds dissipated early Saturday morning, giving us a beautiful day for the climb.

The large group (over 20, the exact number has been forgotten, and there was no sign-up sheet) assembled at the Walker Pass CG. We drove west on Highway 178 to the Smith ranch at the bend in the highway (north side), about 0.1 mile west of the Cottage Grove cemetery, east of the community of Onyx.

Even though permission had been obtained by John Backus, I walked over to the occupied house further west along the highway to clear the trip with the owner. The cars were parked in the easternmost fenced area accessible from the highway.

From there we went past the north fence to an irrigation ditch a short distance to a tree trunk which lay across the ditch. We crossed over, and walked northeast to the south fork bank. If you go east far enough, all the divergent channels become just a shallow wide one with rocks to walk across on; there is a vehicle crossing here too.

Once we were across the river, Alan took over and led us up to the peak by the customary route. We hit the ridge at about 5120+ feet, then followed it to the last saddle at 5220+ feet, and climbed

through the tree near the top as usual. There wasn't enough room for everyone at the top. After lunch, we had an uneventful trip back to the cars, arriving a little after 4PM—I had cautioned everyone to take a flashlight along. There we had a great party to celebrate completion of the list by Evan Samuels and Hal Price. Congratulations to them, and kudos to Alan for a beautifully led climb.

☞ Belated congratulations Evan and Hal!

**Rosa Point
2/27/88**

**Leaders: Frank Goodykoontz,
Dick Akawie**

By Dick Akawie

We met at the roadhead along Highway 522, 14.5 miles west of Highway 86. Most of the party had driven in the night before; a few got up quite early Saturday for the drive. It was a cool enough day for pleasant climbing with partial cloud cover; it had even sprinkled for a few minutes around 6AM.

The group of 26 started out at 7AM across the flats into Palo Verde Canyon. Frank took over and led us up the ridge just west of Palo Verde Canyon, across the canyon at the 3200 feet level, northeast to what I call Salton View, which is just over 3600 feet on the ridge south of Rosa Point, and then north on that ridge to the peak. We reached the top for lunch.

Then down we came, along the same route, back to the cars, which we reached at 4:40PM. When we stopped for a break while crossing Palo Verde Canyon again some of the women encountered a fairly large rattlesnake, which the rest of the

group came over to admire.

Everyone in the group made the peak because of Frank's great lead. On the way back Joe Douglass dropped off the ridge into Palo Verde Canyon a little south of the waterfall, at 2400 feet, to examine it; he thought it might be climbable, but I think the ridge route works well and is safer. On the trip, Mike Fredette unveiled his new cholla remover, fabricated from a couple of forks with curved tines—it was in great demand.

**Morris Pk, Mt Jenkins
3/12/87**

**Leaders: Dick Akawie,
Frank Goodykoontz**

By Dick Akawie

The group of 26 left Walker Pass on Highway 178 at 7:30AM on a cool-to-cold day. We followed the Pacific Crest Trail northward through the deserty area into the higher forested area. We left the trail at the saddle just below 6600 feet southwest of Morris, and headed up to the peak.

We went down the slope on the north side of Morris, joining the PCT again at 6500 feet. The ground on this north slope was frozen, which made the descent thick. Then we hiked north on the PCT until we reached the east-northeast ridge of Jenkins, a little below 7000 feet. Here Frank took over and led us up the well ducked route to Jenkins—which was Cindy Okine's Hundredth Peak!

After lunch, we came back down to the trail, and I led the group all the way back along the PCT to the cars, which we reached about 4:20PM. Everyone climbed both peaks. One signed out when we reached the PCT after Jenkins, intending to continue north to climb Owens Peak; I hope he was successful. At the cars, we had a great party to celebrate with the new emblem holder.

☞ Belated congratulations Cindy!

**Sunset Pk
4/23/88**

**Leaders: Eivor Nilsson,
Renee Spargur**

By Eivor Nilsson

A nice day for a Spring hike—right? Wrong. This turned out to be more of a winter hike than I have been on in a long time. I informed the participants at the meeting place, that morning, that we might have some rain judging by the clouds in the sky. We carpoled to Cow Saddle and started up the dirt road. It was cold but not windy or rainy. About halfway to the peak it started to snow, very light at first, and it did not last on the

ground. The snow increased as we got to the peak, and by then it was no longer melting on the ground. A few people, who were on their first Sierra Club hike were not adequately dressed for this kind of weather. So Renee and I dug into our packs and came up with extra clothing (mittens, hats, etc.) for them to use. We could see absolutely nothing, the visibility was about 30 feet, so we decided on a quick 15 minute lunch break, and before anybody got cold we started down again. It was snowing heavily all the way back down to the cars. The trail was completely covered by an inch and a half of snow, and so were the cars. We started back down on Glendora Mountain road at 12:30PM and it was several miles before the snow turned to rain. The participants all seemed to enjoy this unusual hiking weather and some said that it was a real thrill to be hiking in falling snow. Those brave people were: Mary Marketto, Valerie Armand, Joaquin Valadez, Jan Hartsell, Bill Tryon, Nancy Hedlund, Anne Handbury, Sharon Levin, Shelly Martin, Sharon Rust, Arlene Waller, Mark Ackland, Neal Pendleton, and Renee Spargur.

**Maduce Pk, Big Pine Mtn,
West Big Pine Mtn, Samon Pk
4/29-5/1/88**

**Leaders: Dick Akawie,
Frank Goodykoontz**

By Dick Akawie

The prediction of rain for the first day of this three-day backpack did not hold up, and Friday turned out to be a beautiful day, with a clear sky and mild winds. The group of 25 (plus) who would be with us only until Saturday morning left the cars at 7:30AM. We had lunch at Chokecherry Spring, where the water conditions surprised us. The plumbing has deteriorated since I was there last, with only a dribble coming out of the pipe at the trough. There was a very slight flow coming down the rocks also, so most of the water was obtained from the drain coming under the road (and treated or filtered) or from the top of the storage tank. We each added one gallon of water to our packs and hiked up the road to Maduce saddle, where the Maduce trail takes off. After setting up camp, the group hiked out to Maduce Peak. A count showed that ten of the 26 had been there before. We got back to camp by 6:30PM for dinner and then bed. When it first got dark, the sky was still clear. But by 10:30PM the clouds were blowing over the saddle about 50 feet above the ground, and by midnight they were blowing through at ground level. I could just make out a tent about eight feet away.

Saturday, we were up at 6:30AM, with the temperature at 31° F. The clouds were still blowing through, but about 50 feet up again. As we hiked out toward Big Pine Mountain, the clouds disappeared, but the wind didn't. Big Pine was Fred Johnson's 100th Peak, and he was duly congratulated by all. Frank G. led us down to the road by a route that avoided most of the brush, and we walked out to West Big Pine for the great views. We found a spot out of the wind for lunch, and then started back. When we reached Big Pine Road below Big Pine Mtn, we were surprised by a large pick-up truck, which was towing out a trailer with an ATV which we had seen along the road earlier that morning. We continued back to Maduce saddle, and encountered a Forest Service truck which had come from the south. The rangers were very interested in our story of the other truck, and got its license number from Mickey Thayer. We were passed by a bicyclist who was pedaling 92 miles from Santa Barbara to New Cuyama that day. We picked up our packs and walked down to Chokecherry Spring for our Saturday night camp. It was still blowing hard that night.

Sunday we were up at 6:00AM, temp 27° F, still windy. We went up the chute just north of the spring; one person, Betty Stirrat was hit on the thigh by a falling rock. From there we proceeded by way of the meadow and the ridge out to Samon Peak, clipping and clearing the trail as we went. We read the old entries in the register, including one that said you had to be crazy to climb Samon a second time. Then it was back to the chute, which we descended carefully in four small groups, with no casualties. After a late lunch in camp, we packed up and hiked (limped?) to the cars. On the way I convinced a motorcyclist to turn around and go back by threatening to report him if he didn't do so. It was a successful trip, with everyone in the group hiking 46 miles, over 9800 feet of gain, and climbing all four peaks.

Great Congratulations to HPS Founding member, Fred Johnson. Well done!

**Mt Wilson and Mt Harvard
4/30/88**

Leaders: Craig Estes, Patty Kline

By Patty Kline

We met at 7:30AM at Chantry Flat for this 17 mile, 4900 feet of gain hike. The hike was led at a fast pace, by way of Big Santa Anita Canyon up the beautiful stream that feeds Sturtevant Falls to the top of Mount Wilson (5710 feet), where we had lunch. Then we went down to Mount Harvard (5441 feet) via the old toll road. After everyone signed the regis-

ter, and had some more to eat, we headed back down the road to catch the Winter Creek trail for our descent. The weather was great. Everything was lush and green (including the poison oak). We were back down to the cars by about 5PM. A good time was had by all. Craig did a great job of leading this hike for his "O" rating.

**Mt San Gabriel,
Mt Disappointment
and Mt Deception
5/1/88**

**Leaders: Don Lum,
Bridget O'Sullivan**

By Bridget O'Sullivan

Unprecedented late-season storms closed the road to Mount Pacifico, Round Top and Granite Mountain #1. Therefore, last minute scrambling resulted in a change to Mounts San Gabriel, Disappointment, and Deception. At the morning meeting, surprisingly, the substitute peaks were well-accepted, and twenty-five hikers took off from the saddle. Starting out at 9:00AM, we were all but blown up to the top of San Gabriel by a fierce wind. The view was worth the extra effort, as I have never seen it as clear. Off to Mount Disappointment and then lunch on top of Deception, where we met up with Sam Fink who, as usual, charmed many of the women with his tales and gave out his personal "pen-nies". Seven of the hikers were on their first HPS trip and were quite happy to bag three easy but enjoyable peaks. Special thanks to my Co-Leader, Don Lum, who always remains unflappable and good humored regardless of last-minute changes.

HPS Founding member and Double List Finisher Sam Fink, enjoys distributing his fabled gifts to lovely ladies—he personalizes the coins with his name after smashing them flat.



Patty hoists the can and makes the grade on Smith.

Smith Mtn
5/1/88

Leaders: Patty Kline, Craig Estes

By Patty Kline

This was the day I had been waiting for. My Hundredth Peak! This was a private trip. The one I had planned for (Pacífico) was cancelled because of rock slides. Ten people joined me in the celebration. We got on top of Smith (5111 feet) after 3.5 miles and 1800 feet of gain, well before Noon. Stag and Nami Brown brought Champagne and Brandy. Betty Snow brought chocolate covered strawberries. Louis, our Editor, brought an unknown quantity of booze. All in all, we had 11 people consuming seven bottles. Craig was the "official" photographer. He recorded my first step on the peak.

After "lunch", when we were two-thirds of the way down, Mike Sandford came walking up to say hello. We celebrated back at the cars with more to drink and eat that Mike brought.

Thank you, everyone, for making my Emblem climb a success.

☞ ♡XOX

Iron#1
5/1/88

Leaders: Ray Riley,
Ron Webster

By Ray Riley

We led 28 enthusiastic, yet well mannered hikers to the summit of "Big Iron" on the 1988 version of our perennial stroll from Heaton Flat. Gross gain from Heaton Flat to the summit and return is placed variously between 6300 feet and 7000 feet, depending primarily, I suppose, on how many off-route adventures are attempted and how ably the split breaks are managed. With experience, I believe we're improving on both accounts, as this hike seems to be getting easier with the passing years.

We met first at Azusa at 6:00AM, collected our mutual resolve, caravanned to Heaton Flat, and began to attack the level section of the road leading from the Flat to the trailhead about 6:45AM, attempting our first off-route variation about five minutes later. Nonplussed nevertheless, we recovered the trail with aplomb and led onward and upward in refreshingly crisp weather to Allison Saddle, arriving in plenty of time to rest awhile. Soon sensing an uncertain restlessness in the group, Ron assumed the lead, setting a straightforward and vigorous pace from the saddle to the summit, reaching the summit shortly before noon in emerging warm sunlight. The trailsweep straggled in about a half-hour later.

At length, having lethargically lunched and lazed on the summit until a new sense of easy restlessness began to rise within the group, they lithely lofted their lightened loads and left. Ray led a flawless descent to Allison Saddle, where a few eager hikers were acquiescently signed out, as the group was now beginning to stretch out significantly. After a brief respite, we continued on, descending to the firebreak saddle above the Flat for final sign-outs. Last in at Heaton Flat arrived, in good spirit, about 5:30PM.

Kratka Ridge
and Waterman Mtn

5/7/88

Leaders: Stag Brown,
Bobcat Thompson

By Stag and Nami Brown

Once upon a time, on a cold and foggy morning, three happy hikers met for breakfast at Lloyd's. Their names were Bobcat Thompson, Stag-a-pooch Brown and Nami "Thumper" Brown. They were planning a trek to conquer the infamous Kratka Ridge and Mount Waterman.

They were not to do it alone, however, for at 7:00AM, or thereabouts, 17 bold hikers had come to join them. Together they journeyed to their first stop at "Three-points"—pointing left, pointing right, and pointing to the restrooms. A place known among many hikers for its aroma which can kill the sense of smell-for-life if breathed-in too deeply.

Having left behind two vehicles, they made their way to the beginning of the trail. Chilly wind engulfed them and they were forced to bundle—making travel difficult. But these strong peakbaggers were not easily deterred. Suddenly, out of nowhere, another peakbagger joined them. There was murmuring and discussion among the hikers. But realizing he was more friend than foe, he was welcomed with enthusiastic ahhs.

Their travel was slow as they climbed in elevation. One hiker had to stop to fight for breath, but his strength came back to him after a little rest.

The bold hikers reached their first destination, Kratka Ridge. One fearless hiker was weary and losing her strength, but kept up—not allowing the climb and obstacles to beat her down. What a trooper!

The tireless group started up, up into distant terrain. Off the trail, they were forced to use born instinct. The first in command, Stag-a-Pooch, successfully led the way dodging "apache" snow—a patchy here and a patchy there.

All too soon the group made their way to the top! (By the back way.) They conquered "the great one", Mt. Waterman!

The troop celebrated the climb and restored their energy with liquid refreshments.

The battle, however, was not over. The trip back would prove to be challenging and more difficult. They started down a steep ridge. Suddenly, fog swept in and swallowed them up, their vision becoming difficult. Lost and confused in direction, they headed eastward rather than northward. The fearless peakers kept on. None too soon, a distant trail was spotted. Gathering their bearings, they corrected their mistake and headed in the right direction. The fog lifted. Nothing but beauty was to be seen.

The trip back was pleasant. Crossing the land of wildflowers they were surrounded by flower children. Attacked by their beauty, the hikers were blinded by color. Soon creatures and insects escorted them and birds entertained them with their songs. All too soon they reached their cars and ended the shuttle. They completed their trip entering La Cañada/La La Land. A few ended the day with a meal at Lloyd's. Everyone hiked happily ever after.

Special thanks to all the other fearless hikers: Roger Allen, Tom Garcia, Jim Kilberg, Marty Magaddino, Robert Williams, Johannes Zorrell, Stephanie Accornero, Kenneth E. Kramer, How Bailey, Maurice Giter, Doug Hansen, Jeff Wilson, Lisa Glatman and Asif Ahmed.

Pinyon Ridge
5/14/88

Leaders: Luella Martin,
Jack Trager, Gordon Lindberg

By Luella Martin

This was Gordon Lindberg's List Completion party. We almost had 71 to help Gordon celebrate 271 peaks on his 71st birthday.

By the time all the celebrants had driven to Vincent Gap, Jack Trager still had not appeared. he, along with Kay Machen, drove their trucks and party refreshments to the top of Pinyon Ridge early and he was to hike back to meet the group. So Gordon got to sweep for the early portion of the hike.

We met Jack about a half mile from Vincent Gap, and I took drag, Gordon was allowed to mingle and Jack took point. Except for a shortcut it was all road hiking. We passed a Forest Service employee and invited him to the party, but he didn't come—his loss.

All celebrants were on the summit by 11:30AM. Then picture taking began of Gordon and the other List Finishers: Betty Stirratt, Jack Trager, John Backus, George Pfeiffer, Charlotte Bourne, Lucl-

la Martin, Dave Welbourn, How Bailey, Keats Hayden, Bill T. Russell, Pat Jump, and Mickey Thayer (order taken from various sign-in sheets). Gordon and his wife Doris; sons Eric and Mark, Mark's girlfriend Dorina Martinez. Gordon's cousin, Beverly Hansen and her daughter Kristine, and the son of another cousin, Jim Cronk. This is possibly the best showing for a family I've ever witnessed at a List Finishing party.

We then moved under the trees to the north of the summit where Doris, Phyllis Trager and Kay Machen had spread out goodies on card tables. The celebrants added more goodies and we began to party. Needless to say, I did not touch any of my lunch. Art Shain and I sipped sparkling cider, the rest you know—champagne.

For some reason Jack had me lead back—he said he wanted to drive his truck home. Although there was room in Jack's truck, Doris hiked back. Nobody wanted to ride. The hike back was hot and uphill. As Gordon pointed out, Vincent Gap is 54 feet higher than the "summit" of Pinyon Ridge. We waited for the last of the group on a switchback in the shade. I discovered the reason Mike Sandford carried a chair both ways. He sat in comfort while we sat in the dirt. All were back at Vincent Gap by mid-afternoon. Several climbed Mount Lewis on the way back.

I was impressed by a variety of groups represented at Gordon's party. He has been the Outing's Chair for the Rio Hondo Group for the past eight years. Beside Jack and me, Bob Wright, Gene Pinel, and Katie Pelton represented the Rio Hondo Leaders. We appreciate Gordon's willingness to assist when nobody else can be found. I think this delayed his own List Completion by several years.

The Orange County Wednesday hikers were represented by Keats Hayden and by Gordon's neighbors, Thelma and Walt Whisman. Gordon often leads for the Wednesday group.

The HPS was represented by a cast of about 50 people, including Micky Thayer, Outings Chair. Gordon has been a willing assistant on many HPS trips. He still plans to continue.

Thank you Gordon, for your help.

☛ Congratulations Gordon!

Mt Williamson 5/22/88

**Leaders: Monalisa Ward,
Louis Quirarte**

By Louis Quirarte

Everything went just fine. A group of seven beginning hikers left La Cañada at

9:00AM and all made it to the trailhead by 10:30AM. We proceeded up the pine shaded trail slowly, as advertised, but we were on top long before noon. The endless view that surrounded us was framed by the desert below and by snow speckled Baden-Powell above. It was so nice that we just had to take pictures, blow soap bubbles, and dawdle a good long time.

After a while we witnessed a seemingly endless line of overburdened Sierra Club backpacking students clanking past us. Unable to even smile as they passed, the poor things were determined to drag their loads up to the next summit at nearby Pleasant View Ridge no matter how much fun they weren't having. They reminded me of my first climb (my next one was better because I left the six-man tent, extra boots, Webster's Third International, and the Coleman cooler at home—but not the beer!).

This trip we had all the luck. Throughout the day we encountered a good deal of deliciously fragrant Spanish Broom. The trail was festooned with snow plants and pine cones. Even the weather was perfect with little puffy clouds in a clear deep blue sky, a warm sun and a gentle breeze. We were singing *doo waa ditty*—both up and down. We all need one of these every now and then.

Winston Ridge 5/21/88

**Leaders: Tom Armbruster,
John Backus**

By Tom Armbruster

Ten eager party-goers mounted the summit of Winston Ridge to celebrate Shirley McFall's completion of the Hundred Peak's List. For the party menu, Shirley prepared two sour cream dips with killer salsa, uncorked Korbell and Martinelli's cider, and handed out giant strawberries, some of which were laced with Grand Marnier.

Shirley is a native Californian, a Sierra Club member since 1974, and an HPS member since qualifying on Granite on January 1, 1978. Her 100th peak was Thorn Point in May 1980. Number 200 was Garnet Mountain. Shirley holds two masters degrees: Library Science and Public Administration. She is senior systems analyst for the City of Newport Beach.

John Backus honored Shirley by coming out of retirement to be the sweep of record. John, emeritus professor of physics and music at USC, has completed the list six times, and has led a scheduled trip up each peak as well. He is the nation's authority on the acoustics of musical instruments.

As the leader, I contributed a magnum of 1982 Mumm's Brut. As at each of her parties, Shirley asked each of us to sign the bottle. All in all, a grand feed.

Our most distant members, How and Gudrun Howell, made the climb as well. They were here on vacation from West Germany. Ned had celebrated his 100th gleichzeitig with Shirley on Thorn.

The temperature at 7003 feet seemed much warmer than the 78 degrees predicted for Mt. Wilson. The "winds to 30 MPH" didn't arrive. Nonetheless, we had a sharp view to the north, to Rosamond Dry Lake near Mojave, the destination of the Little Rock Creek drainage around Winston Ridge.

The Angeles Chapter is working for wilderness status for the Winston area.

After finishing, Shirley exclaimed, "Now I can hike for fun!" Shirley is rumored to maintain a list of peaks she won't ever climb again.

The party atmosphere was unhampered by access problems with Pilot Knob. Shirley was denied permission to climb Pilot Knob by the Onyx area resident who has granted permission before. So, Shirley's official "List Finisher" awaits a resolution of the Pilot Knob issue. See my letter to the Editor in this issue.

☛ Congratulations (unofficially), Shirley!

Oakzanita Pk, Middle Pk, Stonewall Pk, Monument Pk#1, Garnet Pk and Garnet Mtn 5/21-22/88

**Leaders: Lou Brecheen,
Ron Jones**

By Lou Brecheen

Twenty-five persons signed-up; nineteen showed up for a letter-perfect weekend of leisurely hiking in San Diego County. We met at the entrance to Paso Picacho CG (where several spent the night) at 7:00AM and caravanned 5.5 miles south to the Oakzanita roadhead.

It was a cool, delightful stroll up the road with abundant wildflowers on every side. It appears that someone has clipped a trail from the dirt road, directly up the west side of Oakzanita, but it is my opinion that it would be used only by the most hardened, single-minded peak-bagger.

To miss the show that nature exhibits along the broad, open mesa on the normal route would be a shame. There is an open stand of conifers; the carpet of varied flowers and the hawks and other wild creatures to be viewed.

Upon our return we caravanned north to the Middle Peak roadhead, arriving about 11:00AM where we were greeted by Frank Atkin and Carol Smetana for that

nice hike. We hiked up the Milk Ranch Road a mile or so, to the point where five roads (trails) come together, then walked back a hundred feet and took the Middle Peak fireroad to the point about 100 yards past the unsigned junction where we turned left and went up through the pines to the summit. The bark on the trees is the only view to be had from the summit.

Upon our return, we caravanned to the paved parking area .5 miles north of the Paso Picacho and walked along a good trail to intersect the broad mail trail up little Stonewall Peak. Some of our party elected to stay with the cars, since they already had bagged this monolith. Excellent views were enjoyed by us.

Then we returned along Hwy 79 to the Sunrise Hwy (S1) (John Sarna surprised us all with a large bottle of champagne, celebrating his 100th on Stonewall) and drove about 15 miles to the Sierra Club's Guymon Lodge for the night.

We had anticipated using the stoves and other facilities in the two lodge buildings there, but they had a Sierra Singles work party going and the kitchens were at minimal work capacity—so we used our own camping stoves to prepare a fine, Mexican fiesta meal of varied composition.

Of course, Don Weiss prepared his world-class guacamole, Gerry Fittig fixed quesadillas for everyone, plus serving most of us a "fuzzy navel." Joe and Betty McKosher provided salads for all. Ron Jones and Leora Stoler furnished a pot grande of albondigas. Everyone brought something and there was a festive air throughout the evening. Still, most were in their sleeping bags (Outdoors!) before 10:00PM.

The three Sunday peaks were all short. Therefore, to allow the group to get some exercise, the leader took them about a mile out of the way to bag Monument #1. On this day we were joined by a couple of San Diego Chapter climbers: Paul Freiman, an HPS list finisher, and Wes Shelberg, a veteran desert peaker who signs DPS registers "The Desert—a land above all others".

The caravan then led to Garnet Peak Road and a one mile, 500 feet, gain hike up road and good trail to the peak overlooking all the desert badlands to the east (Anza-Borrego State Park and the Highway S2 country). Here, Frank Dobos placed a new, red can and register. He hid it in the rocks fifteen feet below the north tip of the summit, on the north side.

The next short caravan took us to the Kwaymii Point paved road, where we parked and hiked all the way to the summit block—about one third of a mile. It was interesting. There were 10 to 15 hang-gliders launching from the point

and several of our group stayed after the end of the hike to watch.

Besides those already mentioned, others who enjoyed the sterling weekend were: June Burdett, Jon and Betsy Lutz, Bill Lien, Frank James, Kern Leonard, Larry Monzon, Giselle Plantier, Ruth Brown, Patrick Butler and Judy Ware. Thanks to all of them for making it fun and memorable. Thanks to Ron Jones for a superlative assist.

☞ *Congratulations John!*

Iron#1

5/28-29/88

**Leaders: Bill T. Russell,
Carleton Shay**

By Bill T. Russell

The 16th Annual Route Bagger's Adventure on "Big Iron" ascended the west ridge. We hiked through the Narrows to the confluence with the Iron Fork. Carleton counted 26 stream crossings; the water was six to 20 inches deep. We ate lunch at the Iron Fork and each got five liters of water for the coming 26 hours. We then climbed the hillside where the trail to Stanley Miller Mine is shown on the map, but where there is no trail! There is poison oak at the bottom of this slope but only one of our party came down with an attack. The terrain is steep with several places of scrambling up through rock outcrops. We reached the cabin site shown on the topo and visited other ruins including the Stanley Miller which has some machinery.

We then continued up the slope and reached the west ridge, which has some moderate brush at elevation 5000 feet. From there we went up the ridge past point 5948 to the fine flat area at 6200 feet where we spent the night. We climbed through a cloud for the last 1000 feet, and just barely broke through into blue sky at our camp spot. However, by 8:00PM, a gusty wind came up, the wet fog thickened and we had intermittent drizzle. Some of us became quite damp.

By the next morning, the cold front had moved on to produce sunshine and crisp air. We went up the ridge to the summit and then descended the south ridge to the roadhead which we reached at 2:30PM. Two of us had clippers and did our duty, including a good haircut to several large cacti, but there is still plenty to be done by future clipping climbers or climbing clippers.

It was memorial day weekend and there were a lot of people along the East Fork and several parties climbing Iron by the south ridge route. It was a good outing with good people and a lesson learned was to carry a plastic ground cloth for emergency protection.



Sue Palmer

Joe Young measures wind velocity on Chief Peak.

**Reyes Pk, Haddock Mtn,
Ortega Pk, Ortega Hill,
Chief Pk and Hines Pk
6/4-5/88**

**Leaders: Joe Young,
Stag Brown**

By Joe Young

On Saturday morning, 45 hikers met at the Woodland Hills carpool point for a drive through Ojai on Highway 33 to Beaver CG, about 15 miles north of Ojai on Highway 33. On the way, I stopped off at the Forest Service Ranger Station in Ojai to pick up the combination to the lock at the Nordhoff Ridge Road gate at Rose Valley CG. When we assembled at Beaver CG, claiming about half the sites for our campout that night, some of the hikers had gotten lost. We reorganized into carpools for the drive to the roadhead for Reyes.

At 10:30AM we began the caravan, joined by one latecomer. We were flattered by the presence of two of the Angeles Chapter's hiking legends, Randy Bernard and Bill T. Russell. At 11:35AM we began the hike to Reyes (Stag leading) and gained the summit in a half hour. We celebrated Roy Stewart's 200th peak on Reyes. We then followed Stag to Haddock, picking up an additional hiker en route who had become lost while driving but had found her way to the roadhead and had started hiking on her own.

Hiking in very pleasant weather, we arrived at Haddock for a brief rest, returning to the cars at about 5:00PM. Some of the group checked out immediately; others returned to Beaver CG and left the group

there. After some more shuffling around, about twenty of us drove down to Ojai and picnicked. Then we attended the Ojai Music Festival's evening performance at 8:00PM. After the concert we paused for libations at the Firebird restaurant.

After a pleasant evening we rose early and left camp at 7:30AM, heading north on Highway 33 to the turnoff to the Ortigas, where we collected a couple of hikers. At the roadhead, we added Laura Webb and then twenty-nine of us proceeded to brushy Ortega Hill, which has not yet fully returned to its pre-fire inpenetrability. After a brief stay we headed back up the road toward Ortega Peak. We traveled through some brush and over a narrow ridge to arrive at the summit in mid-morning. We returned to the cars at about 11:45AM.

At that point we returned one last time to Beaver CG and partied for about an hour. We then headed to Rose Valley CG and shuffled bodies into the fleet of four-wheel and/or high clearance vehicles.

The gate at the beginning of the Nordhoff Road was open, but when we tried out the combination provided to me by the Forest Service, it didn't work. We were concerned that although we could get onto the ridge road, on return we might be locked in. Luckily a ranger came by and changed the combination to a new setting and told us the correct combination to use later on. So the fleet headed off to the take-off point for Chief. Along the way we encountered Frank Dobos and Ruth Lee Brown hiking back from Chief.

We followed John Backus' write-up, but I found that when hiking towards Chief, one should hike over the first

bump and almost to the base of the rock outcropping, then scramble through light brush to the right where the outcropping is easily reached. There are ducks leading (south) to a point below the outcropping which takes one unnecessarily out of the way.

After a brief stay on the chilly, breezy summit we returned to our vehicles and proceeded to the bonus peak: Hines. Twenty-five hikers then edged their way over the narrow ridge at the base of Hines and scrambled up the steep slopes to the summit, the first arriving in about 35 minutes. After a short stay Stag, racing with Bobcat Thompson, led the group quickly down the slope to the cars, the last arriving after 5:00PM. Everybody proceeded out to the Rose Valley CG and many reconvened after I locked the gate. Twelve of us met at a restaurant in Ojai for even more post hike revelry.

It had been a long weekend with a lot of starts and stops, packing and repacking, driving and hiking. Most people seemed to have fun and I think the music festival attendees enjoyed themselves at the concert. The idea of sandwiching cultural activities between hiking events is a bit unusual, but some participants expressed interest in doing something like this again sometime. Perhaps Stag and I will consider this when we plan next year's "Eighth Annual First Sunday in June Hike with Stag"—doo dah, doo dah.

Thanks to Joe and Stag for an outstanding idea that (minus the Ortigas) deserves repeating! Thanks also to Sue Palmer for the many siren-whistles and the warnings about the awful poodle-dog plant, to Betty Snow for her yummy rum cake and soap-bubbles, to Nami Brown for the flowers on the tables, to Mike Sandford for having a birthday to celebrate, to Roy for sharing his 200th with us, and to everyone for the non-stop goodies and, good cheer= one of the all time best HPS trips!

REFLECTIONS UPON FINISHING THE HPS LIST

By Gordon Lindberg

Cuts, scratches, bruises, abrasions, sunburn, leg cramps, sore feet, blisters, aching muscles—Rain, snow, lightning, hail, wind, ice, mud, cold, heat—Cholla cactus, yucca spikes, cat claw, poison oak, stinging nettles—Rattlesnakes, mosquitoes, hornets, bees, ticks, flies, ants—Impenetrable chapparal, scree slopes, no-handhold rock faces—Motorcyclists, hunters, irate property owners—Fear of Giardia—Deeply rutted, steep, winding, oil-pan puncturing, sometimes muddy or icy Forest Service roads—Crossing streams by hopping wet slippery rocks—Joshing some non-hikers—Getting lost—Getting stuck in the snow, mud and sand—Sleeping on the hard, cold ground and getting up before dawn—Extracting cholla needles during and after Rosa Point—Running out of water on the way down from Rabbit—Eating at greasy-spoon restaurants on the way home from climbs—Disrupted social life.

Was it worth it?

Learning more about Southern California mountains and deserts—Being on the lookout for deer and bighorns—Blue skies, clean air—Distant snow capped mountain peaks, colorful rock formations, forest covered slopes, the scent of pine and sage, spring wildflowers, Fall foliage, sparkling streams, listening to songbirds in the morning and evening—The desert with its infinite vistas, spectacular sunrises and sunsets, starry nights, unique wildlife, flowering cactus, yucca, agave, and ocotillo—The admiration of other non hikers—Establishing new friendships—Considerate landowners—John Backus' recitation of "The Walrus and the Carpenter"—Sharing other people's gorp—Napping on warm, sunny spots during peak-top lunch breaks—Joining other peakbagging celebrations—Attending HPS Banquets—a sense of accomplishment—Getting to know leaders like Dick Akawie, John Backus, Randy Bernard, Wynne Benti, Bill Bradley, Lou Brecheen, Stag Brown, Phil Bruce, Harry Brumer, Bob Kanne, Bob Cates, Alan Coles, Frank Dobos, Edna Erspamer, Frank Goodykoontz, Pat Jump, Patty Kline, John Klinepeter, Frank Long, John Mallory, Luella Martin, Eivor Nilsson, Barbara Reber, Carleton Shay, Jon Sheldon, Betty Stirrat, Bobcat Thompson, Don Tidwell, Jack Trager, Brent Washburne, Bob Wright, and many others—Finishing "The List" with my family and friends.

Yes! It was worth it!



Sue Palmer

Innocent virgin limbs getting ready for the Ortigas, before discovering that they were ready and waiting for us.

ON LIST COMPLETION

By Burton A. Falk

This afternoon I'm mailing my completed HPS list to the section Treasurer. The odyssey that I embarked on nineteen years ago is finished at last. As I typed out the names of the 272 mountains and dates of their ascent, a flood of thoughts came to mind. Some were pleasing; others sad.

My first peak was San Gorgonio, on July 19, 1969. It's an easy date to remember, because man first landed on the moon that day. I made that first climb with Jim Snapp, a friend and business associate. Two or three weeks prior to our ascent, Jim and I had gazed out at the peak's friendly, rounded profile, bathed in the warm, late afternoon sunlight, on a return flight from NYC. Because it had been a successful business trip, and because we had had a couple of drinks on the flight, we decided to climb it. San Gorgonio was the highest peak in Southern California, and, after all, no order was too tall for us. The evening after the climb, as I limped back to my car at Poopout Hill, my feelings were of a radically different nature. In addition to being totally exhausted, my left knee was inflamed and couldn't be bent. Jim had to drive home because I couldn't push in the clutch pedal. Fortunately though, the experience didn't discourage me...rather, it spurred me on. I learned about the importance of conditioning too.

My next two peaks were climbed with my oldest son, Bret, who was then eleven. On two bright, crisp Fall Saturday's that same year, Bret and I conquered Tahquitz Peak and Mount Baden-Powell. Those climbs were so enjoyable that I decided to take my eight year old son, Steve, on the next outing. The peak I selected was Mount Williamson, which I thought would be easy for someone so young. Unfortunately, Steve tired after a short distance. Thinking hard, I told him that there was a McDonald's on top. My ploy worked. At the summit, we feasted on McSardines and crackers. Nineteen years later, he's still not forgiven me for taking advantage of his tender age. Shortly afterward, the three of us joined the Sierra Club and the HPS. I had read about the section in an article in the Long Beach Press-Telegram.

As I continue typing, I realize that those early climbs are the ones most vividly etched in my memory. Later in the game, the peaks began to run together. I had to think hard as to the locations of Chapparossa Peak and Monument Peak#2.

On April 20, 1975, I bagged my 100th

peak—Fox Mountain#2. In May of that same year, Bret and Steve each bagged their centuries—Mount Waterman for Bret, and Tecuya Mountain for Steve. In 1976, Bret matriculated at Berkeley, and his climbing days came to a screeching halt. Steve left for Reed three years later, at which time his climbing days also diminished drastically. By that time, though, Jim Scott, whom I had known since we grew up together in Torrance, had also taken up the HPS challenge. During the succeeding years, on both HPS-led hikes and our own independent trips, Jim and I climbed all the remaining peaks together.

On Sunday, May 15, 1988, Jim and I, along with Bret, Steve, my wife, my eighty-year old mother, and twelve others, celebrated our List Completion on the drive-up summit of Mount Gleason. After several of the party clambered up the heli-pad, located on the peak's flat top, the champagne corks popped. Later, in a six-car caravan, we drove east along the Angeles Crest Highway, then down to Ontario where we stopped at Vince's Spaghetti Restaurant, an after-climb tradition for all these nineteen years. What a nifty, mouth-watering way to top off a great day!

In retrospect, Jim and I think that Deer Mountain, in the San Bernardino Mountains, is the ugliest summit on the list. The day we climbed that miserable, burned-off peak, it was hot, ants attacked us on the summit, and the Forest Service was borate bombing a nearby fire. As for the prettiest peak, I tend to favor Mount San Jacinto, although Mount Jenkins, a recent addition to The List, is no slouch. Good weather and wildflowers tend to bias one's selection.

We spotted our first deer on Oakzanita Peak, then another on Big Pine Mountain, and a herd of seven on Tehachapi Mountain. We saw a fox on both Asbestos Mountain and Chief Peak. Regarding rattlesnakes, we found only two in all the years—one coming off Lizard Head, and another on the road near Pacifico Mountain. One afternoon, our car got locked into the Cahuilla Indian Reservation while climbing Beauty Peak and Iron Springs Mountain. In order to get it out we had to take the hinges off the gate, first posting a guard to watch for flaming arrows. Only the year before, an almost similar event occurred. After the traverse of Cornell, San Jacinto and Folly, beginning with an ascent on the tram, we returned late that same night to find our car locked in the parking lot. We removed the hinges. We recommend that a full tool box be added to the list of "ten essentials". On a climb of Black Mountain#4,

East of Big Bear Lake, Jim and I were threatened by a snarling homeowner who told us that he would shoot us if we crossed any of the land in the immediate vicinity. We found an alternative route.

In the nineteen years that have sped by, I've learned that Southern California contains a surprising number of beautiful, untrampled mountains, which can be any climber's pleasure just for the hiking. It's not to say that there aren't more beautiful mountains elsewhere, but because our List peaks are so close and so wild they're hard to beat for short trips. Those climbers who look down their noses at the local mountains are missing a darn good bet. A climb of Rabbit Peak#2 or Big Iron, or any of the long Santa Barbara County climbs will take the starch out of a climber just as surely as a big peak in the Sierra or the Cascades or the Rockies.

I've also learned that time flies, folks. My two tow-headed boys are now grown men, and I've got a lot of gray hair and wrinkles as compared to that young face that smiles out of those first summit photos shot nineteen years ago. That's the part that makes me sad.

Advice? Just heed the message on my license plate, fellow climbers. It reads: "So many mountains, so little time".

MY SYMPATHETIC HEART (A Private Trip)

By Stan Icen

It's amazing how a person's entire life can change in a split second. We can go into the wilderness for 20 years without incident, bicycle thousands of miles, and walk the streets and trails, happily unaware of our destiny.

My "split-second" of destiny didn't occur on a peak, a trail, or a city street on my bicycle. It came in a doctor's office when I had just completed my first stress EKG. I thought I had done fine. I stayed on for a full ten minutes. I was rather proud of myself. Then, the doctor, a highly recommended cardiologist, asked "When did you have your heart attack?" My lifestyle flashed in front of my eyes. Right away, I suspected a way of life was coming to an end.

I was stunned. "What heart attack? I don't recall having a heart attack." He described the symptoms for me and I honestly did not ever recall feeling them. Then he told me that 25% of all heart attacks go undetected. It was a blow to my ego. I had climbed over 400 peaks, bicycled thousands of miles, and didn't even have high blood pressure. I was overweight, and the cholesterol level could have been better.

He recommended that I have an angiogram as soon as possible. This is a pro-

cedure that requires two days of hospitalization. I went with the attitude that there must be some mistake. Maybe it was a faulty EKG. Maybe they're going to find nothing wrong. During the angiogram a dye is injected into an artery using a local anesthetic. They view the progress of the dye through X-rays, and the patient has to be awake through the whole show. They told me I had to cough at various times. The coughing helps the dye to move, apparently. So when they said cough, I coughed and I tried not to look at all the "living color" TV screens showing my insides. (I *did* say this was a private trip!)

Everything went just fine until I was told to roll over on my left side and cough. I did and I coughed. They said cough harder. Instead, I went bye, bye. I went into a beautiful deep sleep, with beautiful dreams and beautiful feelings. But, I don't remember what the dreams were about. I remember that I dreamed; that it was wonderful; that there was nothing to fear; that I was in good hands.

When I woke up, I saw all these friendly faces, and I said, "Hi, everybody!" Then I realized where I was and saw a nurse with defibrillator paddles standing over me. I found out I had been zapped four times with the paddles. I had only been "gone" for 30 seconds. They then removed the catheter, put a binding on the wound along with a ten pound sandbag to keep the artery from opening up. Then, they moved me to the Coronary Care Unit. I wore an oxygen mask, an intavenous tube, and about eight electrodes taped to various parts of my chest. Somehow I got the feeling I wouldn't be going home the next day.

Indeed, I would be there for five days.

The second day my cardiologist visited me with the results of my angiogram. I had two completely blocked major arteries. Luckily, their function had been taken over by two smaller "sympathetic" arteries. Nature's bypass? I was stunned and almost passed out. Sometime in the past I had had a heart attack. It was almost impossible to say when. It could have been last month or years ago. He told me that all of my peakbagging and exercising had prevented it from being a major, fatal heart attack. He also told me that the aspirin I had been taking every day had probably saved my life. Luckily, at this point, he feels that my cholesterol problem can be treated with medicines. It was important to keep the "sympathetic" arteries from blocking.

Before I left the hospital, I was given another stress EKG. This time, after five days of medication, diet, and close super-

vision, I did better. I went 12 minutes. I also had a thallium procedure done, which takes radiation photos of the heart. This showed a large scar on the surface of the heart that appeared to be about a year old.

When I went home, it was Easter Vacation, and as a result, I had some time off from my teaching job. It took me a while to get used to my medications. At first, I had terrifying headaches and sleepless nights. I started moderate walking and bicycling right away and this helped. And everyday, I take ten pills in the morning, three at noon, three at dinner time, and two before going to bed. I'm grateful. They seem to be working and the headaches seem to have gone away.

I'm not writing this to make anyone feel bad. I don't want to frighten you. I don't feel frightened at all. But I know that most peakbaggers engage in a terribly strenuous activity. I know most of us are professionals, with sometimes stressful occupations, and that we tend to be middle-aged. I also know that my doctor listened to my heart for years and said that everything was fine. I didn't even have high blood pressure. I had given up drinking and smoking decades ago. There are only two ways my condition could have become known, a stress EKG or eventually, a massive, possibly fatal heart attack.

In a way, it explains something I've always wondered about. I was always a slow hiker. Regardless of conditioning, I tended to bring up the rear. I really believe now that I have been hiking a long time with my condition. The "sympathetic" arteries are only one half to one quarter the size of the main arteries. That means that regardless of how hard I worked, my heart only pumped one half to one quarter the amount of blood I needed in my muscles, lungs and cells. It was like a car engine running on only a few of its cylinders. I find myself marveling at this and realizing that all of those peaks made my heart stronger and made the "sympathetic" arteries stronger also.

I still intend to hike. But, my cardiologist says that the strenuous climbs are out of the question for now. So, I shall limit myself to the easy to moderate local peaks until I'm running on all cylinders. To all my friends, if you see me on the trails, say "Hi." I feel that's where I belong. To everyone, a stress EKG should be mandatory part of your yearly physical, especially if you are exercising as hard as mountaineers must. It's been quite a trip. It's not over yet, but my heart is sympathetic.

GUDRUN HOWELL: NEWEST, MOST DISTANT MEMBER

By Tom Ambruster

Gudrun Howell, our newest member, is also our most distant. Actually she's tied for the honor with her husband, Ned—they live in Bergisch-Gladbach, near Cologne, West Germany.

Gudrun saw three rattlesnakes during her first 25 HPS ascents: on San Gabriel, Allen, and Indian. This is surely an HPS record. Germany has no rattlers, so each snake encounter produced a wild-west story for the folks back home. She qualified for the section on Frazier, the Tuesday before the May HPS meeting.

Gudrun works by the Rhine in Cologne's Harbor Department. Those familiar with German lore will smile at her description of her job: "I play Lorelei!" Her name is an old form of "*Gute Runen*", meaning "good runes", that is, "good news". Her original last name was Muth, meaning "courage". She certainly needs it considering her snake record.

Gudrun works on the HPS List during the four weeks a year she's here with her husband. Ned has been climbing the HPS List since 1977, frequently with Tom Ambruster and Shirley McFall. He has climbed about 241 HPS peaks.

Ned had lived in Germany for a few years, and in the Spring of 1984, he got to know Gudrun during a vacation trip. He moved back to Germany that summer, and they were married in October. This year marks Gudrun's fifth trip to the United States.

✉ Gudrun and Ned welcome correspondence from HPS members. They live at Ackerstrasse 49, D-5060 Bergisch-Gladbach 1, West Germany.

LETTERS

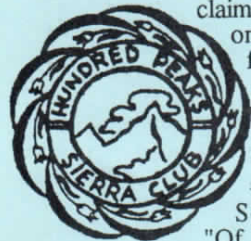
ment plan simply cannot provide the integrated protection that would be afforded under the NPS. It is important to remember that what protection the BLM provides is wholly administrative, and hence impermanent. What the BLM gives today, the BLM can take away tomorrow. It has already deleted nearly 50,000 acres from the Scenic Area, and continues to consider deleting more.

The East Mojave Desert needs and deserves permanent, congressionally mandated protection. Establishment of the Mojave National Park would provide this protection.

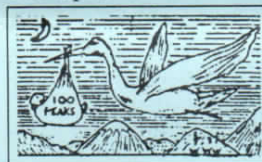
The California Desert Protection Act deserves the wholehearted support of everyone who loves the desert and wants to see it preserved for the protection of future generations.

—Bill Faulkner

Forty summers ago (1948) Seven "Hundred Peaks Knapsacking Game" players had earned their 100. Our official emblem was designed that summer by Toni Gamero (Emblem #7) in time for those first qualifying members to acclaim it. Toni was to go on to become our first "Super Leader", with a total of 27 trips led.



Of those days, Louise T. Werner #8 wrote in the Southern Sierran, "Of course the hike's the thing. All day they toil up a mountainside, perspiration streaking their dusty faces, hair windblown or sticking in wisps from under hats. The way they look they wouldn't be caught dead anywhere but on a mountain. If they had to put out such physical effort on cleaning house or digging a ditch, they would feel terribly abused. The harder they toil, the more elated they become, and when they reach the summit, each is a hero unto himself, and everyone else, and goodwill abounds. You don't have to be crazy to experience these things but it helps". That summer she completed her 14th Sierra peak climb over 14,000 feet.



34 summers ago, a strong new Section was being formed by 30 Club members led by Weldon Heald and our "Second Founder" Walt W. Wheelock #24. As the first Chair of the new era, Walt was largely responsible for establishing our style with elegantly brief By-Laws. These were later signed by 16 "Hundred Peakers" and accepted by the Chapter Executive Committee September 14, 1954.

Thirty summers ago (1958), Tom Hunt was Chairman. 49 peakbaggers had earned their Hundred Peaks. Peggy #10 and Harry McLean #40 became the first husband and wife to complete the 204 peaks on the The List. The only other list finishers were Sam Fink and Freda Walbrecht #9. Sam led a memorable cross-country romp to Grinnel Peak and Lake Peak. The Tehachapis were suggested for inclusion in the List by Walt Wheelock after a pleasant exploration of Double Mountain.

The "Lookout" was given its name in the July issue of Volume I, 22 years ago. It was suggested by Linda Frost #155 in a section wide contest, and just barely won over other close favorites such as "Centi-Peak", "Skyline", and



"Hilltop Trails". Linda was given a thermos jug as her prize. It was purchased with donated trading stamps since our Section had only recently achieved self-sustaining life for its Treasury.

In 1966 the little known HPS Memorial Program was begun to honor past Emblem Holders. Trees were to be planted in the Angeles National Forest. Our first was dedicated to Niles Werner.

Twenty summers ago (1968), Bob Van Allen #113 was Chapter Chair. Bruce Collier #93 was Chairman of the Section, four years later he too would head the Chapter. 181 members had earned their Emblem. 18 had gained 200 Peak status. Peak criteria was established. A collation of List Completions was begun by Editor Les Stockton that was to show 11 finishers. It was his custom to begin each Lookout with a reminder from Thoreau: "It is characteristic of wisdom not to do desperate things". Mountain Records Chair Warren von Pertz #85 had the total number of Peak Guides up to 75. A policy was undertaken to list at least one trail clean-up trip in each Schedule. The Guides were reorganized into their present form using lettered peaks grouped into 31 numbered areas. A "Peakbagger's Special" led by How Bailey #81 established a new record of 21 peaks in one day. He came right back the next year to bag 22. How also led the first HPS exploratory of 10,000 foot Ridge. On August 24, Pete Roien (81) #74 and Laura Ord (71) #104 hiked from Poopout Hill to Camp Angeles via the High Altitude Trail (which for 8 of the 20 miles is above 10,200 feet). John Backus #177 earned his HPS Emblem. And then Shirley Akawie (Bar #13) became the first woman to do her 200th peak. That same year we would see 41 HPS scheduled outings for a total 111 climbs.



1969 was the year John Robinson #51 began giving us the great gift of his much admired "Profiles in Mountain History" in the HPS Lookout. In 1970 the "Annual HPS Picnic" was held on a BYOB basis with "Unselected Spontaneous Diversities". By 1972 such affairs required a new full time sub-chair for Social Programs. In 1972 Sam Fink bagged 200 peaks, but a quest for a new single-day peakbagging

record ended that year, amid numerous difficulties, at only 19 peaks. How's 1969 record would remain unbroken for 16 more years. In 1973 Sam became the first to complete The List twice.

Ten summers ago (1978), Ray Riley #530 earned the HPS Emblem, 144 had done 200 peaks, and 58 had completed The List. While Dave Burdett was Chairman, Bob Cates was leading numerous hikes, and revitalizing the HPS as Editor



of the Lookout with energy, wit and probity. He was also busy hosting, with his new wife Maureen, an HPS "painless/ fun" Letter Writing party. Most of

the wilderness areas cited by Bob as being in need of public support, in his long crusade, have since become part of the public trust in no small part due to such Sierra Club members.

It was in those same months, that "Old Baldy" was scaled for the hundredth time. by Jack Bascom. Sid Davis did Mount San Jacinto for the 468th time. John Backus was within 49 of leading every peak on the list. "Bobcat" Thompson had just completed a homeric 42 mile hike in 24 hours, and an urban "Hikeathon" with Stag Brown that went from the City Hall to the Pacific half a year later, Bobcat punctured a lung and cracked ribs while he was



"moonlighting" in Griffith Park, and then drove himself to the hospital. Sam Fink established a new HPS total peaks record at 1,935.

The Akawies spent the summer touring France and Italy. Duane and Betty Mc Ruer visited Moscow. Walt Wheelock spent the summer in Mexico. John Robinson was backpacking in the Golden Trout Wilderness. Eivor Nilsson visited friends and family in Norway, while Simone de Miguel did the same in Paris and Normandy and became the 144th to earn a 200 Peaks Bar. Nate Clark toured Europe. How Bailey trekked Kashmir. Meanwhile, Milt McAuley was reported to be running one of the "finest closet wineries in Canoga Park".

Last year, Joe Young broke all club records in leading his third HPS Olympics to 30 peaks in 24 hours, and John Backus completed The List six times.

This year write in and tell us about the things you did this summer so we can add them to our continuing story, and print them in a new "People" column to be devoted to what each of us is up to.

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ORDERS

Bob Thompson: P.O. Box 633, Montrose, CA 91020 **Please send me the following HPS Peak Guides:**

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ONE TO THREE GUIDES:

Enclose a business size SASE & one 1st class stamp.

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HPS-5	HPS Official Peaks List (SASE 45 cents)	•	\$1.00 each	
HPS-6	HPS List Completion Pins		\$8.00 each	
HPS-10	HPS T-shirt(s) Small (Gold)		\$7.25 each	
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NOTE: HPS-6, 7, 8, 9, (HPS Green) and HPS-14 (Oktoberfest'87) T-shirts are presently sold out.

• SASE is REQUIRED. All T-shirts: Add \$1.25 postage for one, \$1.50 for two, or \$2.00 for three or more.

Enclosed \$

Gary Murta 1400 Fifth Street, Apt E, Glendale, CA 91201

Please renew my membership in the Hundred Peaks Section. I enclose \$_____ at \$6.00[†]/year for _____ years.

[†]This price will remain effective until November, 1988. It will then rise to \$7.00 per year. Renewals may presently be made at the current rate of \$6.00 for 1989. The date by which my membership must be renewed will appear in the upper right hand corner of the mailing label on each issue.

Please enroll me as a new member*. Sierra Club Membership Number _____

* MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE NOT TAX DEDUCTIBLE AS A CHARITABLE CONTRIBUTION.

I am enclosing my list of twenty-five peaks climbed, and my \$_____ at \$6.00 per year for _____ year(s).

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Hundred Peaks Lookout



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