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 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.

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
**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 confering 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.

**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.

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**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 woodsy setting, and is open to club members and guests. Bring your own bedding and food. Contributions of expendables are always welcomed. The facility is 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 5PM Sunday) and are asked for $3.00/person, with a maximum of $8.00/family. For further details contact the Lodge Chair, Steve Riden 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 Washburn in his letter concerning the California Desert Protection Act (SB 371) 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, archaeological, 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 a 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-
FEATURES

PEAK AND CHEWS
AN HPS RESTAURANT REVIEW
When you come across a restaurant that you feel is worth commenting, during your peak bagging travels, please write to us that your review may be included.

XX.XX JAN’S RED KETTLE 54220 North Circle Drive, Idyllwild. Earns 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 was been recommended by climbing friends, but when I said I had to meet my group within the hour, the waitress shrugged and said “sowhaddayawan—metaro” I asked for the check after waiting for food that still hadn’t come after 43 minutes. I can only commend the management for their “quickly” n’ ahurry ya shut rive fordymiles teh thuh 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/Astaire number. 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 John 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 Waterboy’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 yummies at the bar for under $7.50.

MONEY
by Mike Sandford

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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.

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/ 10L: missing
Mt. Sally/ 11E: missing
Vetter Mtn/ 11F: missing
Winston Pk/ 13A: missing
Kratak Ridge/ 14K: missing
Chalk Pk/ 16H: decrepit
San Sevaine/ 17H: decrepit
Rattlesnake Mtn/ 20C: missing
Hawes Pk/ 20L: 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/ 311: 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 have 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 appareled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered warke, 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, the copper connection of the SMMNRA Backbone Trail through bucolic Arroyo Sequit and the Trumfo 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.


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 restrictions 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 these desert areas that are still relatively unspoiled for ourselves and future generations. How many of us remember the fight for the San Gorgonio 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
FOOTNOTES

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.

Rosa Point
2/27/88
Leaders: Frank Goodykoontz, Dick Akawie
By Dick Akawie
We met at the roadside 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 curled 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 desert 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 thickly. 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.

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.) to 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 Mt, West Big Pine Mt, 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 Stitt 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 to 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-
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 (Pacifico) 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.

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 back 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 6:00 AM, 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 6:45 AM, 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 staggered 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 lethally lofted their lightened loads and left. Ray led a flawless descent to Allison Saddle, where a few eager hikers were accordingly 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 5:30 PM.

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-pooh 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 7:00 AM, 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 peakbagger were not easily detered. 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-Pooh, successfully led the way down the "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 swollowed 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 surrounding 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 Accornor, Kenneth E. Kramer, How Baily, 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—but lost.

All celebrants were on the summit by 11:30 AM. Then picture taking began of Gordon and the other List Finishes: 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 Hanson 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 thank 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.

Mt Williamson
5/22/88
Leaders: Monalisa Ward, Louis Quiarate
By Louis Quiarate

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 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, uncorcked Korbel 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 oaks; 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 fire road to the point about 100 yards past the unsigned junction were 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 (51) (John Sarina 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 Lora Storer furnished a pot of rice and black beans. 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, a HPS list finisher, and Wes shellberg, 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 82 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 Kwamii 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 36 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 clipping clippers.

It was memorial day weekend and there were a lot 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.

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 Northhoff 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 and drove to the roadhead for Reyes.

At 10:30AM we began the caravan, joined by one latecomer. We were flatter 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 on 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 Ortega, 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 ineratability. 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 parted 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're 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 Ortagas) deserves repeating! Thanks also to Sue Palmer for the mary-sire-whistles and the warnings about the awful poodle-dog plant, to Betty Snow for her yummy rum cake and soap-bubbles, to Nani 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-slob goodies and, good cheer—one of the all time best HPS trips!

Innocent virgin limbs getting ready for the Ortagas, 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 Poopeut 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. Myploy 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 among 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, with an ascendent on the trail. In 1976, Bret matriculated at Berkeley, and his climbing days came to a screeching halt. Steve left for Reed 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 eighteen-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 boroze bombing a nearby fire. 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 Oakaznia Peak, then another on Big Pine Mountain, and a herd of seven on Tehachapi Mountains. 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 ascendent 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 intravenous 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-

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**GUDRUN HOWELL: NEWEST, MOST DISTANT MEMBER**

By Tom Armbruster

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 Armbruster 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.

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**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 by Tami 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 wrote in the Southern Sierra, "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 Grinnell Peak and Lake Peak. The Tachachapi 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 Memori- al Program was begun to honor past Em- blem Holders. Trees were to 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 reminiscence 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 Rohn (81) #74 and Laura Ord (71) #104 hiked from Popout Hill to Camp Angeles via the High Altitude Trail (for which 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 of 111 climbs. 1969 was the year John Rob- inson #51 began giving us the great gift of his much adored "Profiles in Mountain History" in the HPS Lookout. In 1970 the "Annual HPS Picnic" was held on a BYOB basis w/peakbagging and rock climbing and 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 broken 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 hal 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 McRuer visited Mexico. Walt Wheelock spent the summer in Mexico. John Rob- inson 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 Normanby and became the 144th to earn a 200 Peaks Bar. Nate Clark toured Europe. How Bailey trekked Kashmir. Meanwhile, Milt McCauley 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.
ORDERS

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

The Complete Set of Official HPS Peak Guides.
Unbound & pre-punched, including 4th class postage. For 1st class postage, add $1.25 to the price.
$25.00

Separate Individual HPS Peak Guides.
To order cite peak number from the HPS Official Peaks List.

ONE TO THREE GUIDES:
Enclose a business size SASE & one 1st class stamp.

FOUR TO NINE GUIDES:
Enclose a business size SASE & two 1st class stamps.

TEN OR MORE GUIDES:
Enclose a 9" x 12" SASE & one 1st class stamp for every five.

Mike Sandford PO Box 5488, Mission Hills, CA 91345
Please send me the following Official HPS items:

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NOTE: HPS-6, 7, 8, 9, (HPS Green) and HPS-14 (Octoberfest '87) T-shirts are presently sold out.
* enclosed SASE is REQUIRED. All T-shirts: Add $1.25 postage for one, $1.50 for two, or $2.00 for three or more.

Gary Murta 1400 Fifth Street, Apt E, Glendale, CA 91201
Please renew my membership in the Hundred Peaks Section. I enclose $____ at $6.00 each year for ____ years.
†This price will remain effective until November, 1989. 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).

Name
Address
City         State         Zip
Home Phone
Work Phone

Please make all checks payable to the "Hundred Peaks Section"

* 2010
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