San Antonio Canon — "Old Baldy" in the distance. From a painting by Thomas Hill, circa 1888.

"Old Baldy" or San Antonio Mountain, is snow capped during most of the year, and stands upon the line dividing San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties. Dispensing his lights and shadows and his radiant alpen-glow impartially, he feeds Pomona to repletion with artesian and brook water and leaves Ontario to gather its supplies from his tributaries. The San Antonio Canon leads into the heart of the range, where one finds the best of hunting and fishing, and the richest stores of rocks and waterfalls. What Shasta is to the northern counties, this noble mountain, along with its loftier neighbors, Grayback, San Bernardino and others, is to the south." John Muir

From West of the Rocky Mountains, edited by John Muir, 1888
CONGRATULATIONS!
Compiled by Betty Qutarte & Patty Kling

SALSA & SANGRIA CELEBRATION!
ARRIBA! Join the Cinco de Mayo fun at Harwood, Friday through Sunday, May 4-6. $25. includes two nights lodging, beautiful shirt, Saturday dinner, breakfast, salsa/chili/ taco/guacamole/sangria contests and evening games and dancing AND bikes in the beautiful surrounding mountains! To reserve a place call Julie Rush or Betty Snow Qutarte! ARRIBA! DON'T MISS IT!

Ray Wolfe celebrates his 100th peak on Mayan.
PHOTO: Patty Kling

1st Time List Completion
NONE TO REPORT

200 Peaks Emblem
#268 Sid "San Jac" Davis 12/20/89 Lockwood Pt
#269 Cristy Bird 11/4/89 Garnet Peak
#270 Patty Kling 3/31/90 Rouse Hill

100 Peaks Emblem
#813 Ray Wolfe 3/10/90 Mayan Peak
#814 Cristy Bird 5/21/88 Grays Peak
#815 Bruce Peterson 4/1/90 Pyramid Pk

Pathfinder Emblem
#1 Bob Thompson 8/19/89 Monrovia Peak

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!
Andy Anderson
Keith Martin

UPCOMING HPS MEETINGS By Joe Young
May 10
Ending Hunger
A representative of the Hunger Project discusses prospects for ending hunger in the world.

June 14
Explore the British Isles on Foot with hostess Diaphne Starrock.
Meet on the second Thursday of the month at 7:30pm at the Griffith Park Ranger Station, 4730 Crystal Spring Drive
Refreshments served

REGISTERS NEEDED:
Cole Point/10: missing(1-90)
Josephine Peak/11A: decrepit(11-88)
San Sevaine/17H: decrepit(5-88)
Bertha Peak/21G: decrepit(1-90)
Onyx Peak #1/23G: decrepit(1-90)
Lily Rock/28A: missing
Tahquitz Peak/28B: missing
Little Cahuilla Mtn/29B: deficient (2-90)

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

A controversy of sorts developed among my informants as whether Mayan had a register. I consulted with Frank Goodykoontz who led that peak on the weekend of March 10, 1990. He stated he wasn't positive whether it had a register when he got there but he was sure it did when they left. Hence Mayan has been removed from the registerless list.

Ken Jones reports that the register on Little Cahuilla is a "Rag" jar and hence is deficient.
FROM THE CHAIR  By Stag Brown

Hello fellow HPSers:
Peaks greeting to you all! I hope you are off to a
good start hiking and leading people to the mountain
peaks.

Spring is here. The grass is green, birds are sing-
ing and wild flowers are in bloom. Of course, the
swallows have come back to San Juan Capistrano
and it is time that we get out into the mountains,
desert and valleys to see the wonder of spring.

Let's do what we do best and as "Fats" would say, take a friend with
you. I know you will be all over the mountains this spring and experi-
encing the beauty and wonder. I will be seeing you up there so grab all
the peaks you can and, remember, take a friend.

And, also remember, we are at the top,
and we can't be stopped,
so keep on hiking until you stop, not drop!

As I climb the many mountains here and there, I think of my heroes
and people that I love and trust. Jesus is number one in my life. He
went to many mountain tops. Mt. Gethsemane and Mt. Calvary. Moses
went to the mountain top to experience the burning bush and to get the
Ten Commandments (law). Martin Luther King, Jr. went to the moun-
tain top and saw the Promised Land saying, "...that if I die, I am not
afraid, I have seen the glory and have been to the mountain top. Now I
am free."

The mountains have long been a place for solace and inspiration.
There is plenty of room at the top. Let's tell the world about this!

We HPSers care a lot about our planet earth, which we love a lot. We
try to explore it, enjoy it and preserve it. We lead many people up to the
mountain tops, trying to take the time to point out the wonders, beauty
and sharing this with many others, as often as possible.

I am proud to be a 100 peaker and I know you are too. I see you
leading trips, signing petitions and giving your time and money to
protect the planet and the animals on it.

You are doing well, so keep it up. It makes a difference and it counts.
You are Number 1 HPSers.

Let's plan a day to get away,
In the mountains where we can play.
To see forever and a day,
the mountain peaks and valleys below,
and listen to the soft wind blow,
and smell the mountain sweet air flow.
Maybe see Indian snow,
where the red flowers grow.
Over there a mountain stream,
in the meadow, a brook it seems.
Wild flower galore all along the stream.
Up here we see,
the flower and fauna growing in perfect harmony.
The mountains are big and the sky is blue,
I feel so small and insignificant too.
The air is sweet and the view is far,
It feels so good to be alive and free.
This great feeling is all inside,
so I share the feeling and continue to smile.
I hope that you, too, have a perfect day
each time you go to the mountains to hike and play.
Stag Brown
3/21/90

WHAT! You haven't renewed your Lookout?
You better send $7.00
ASAP to Betty Quirarte,
the HPS membership
chair, or this will be
your last copy of the
Lookout!!
Schedule #254, July 5 - October 31, 1990 Compiled By Ron Jones

Leader Frequency List
53 leaders and # of trips:

Frank Goodykoontz 8
Nami Brown 2
John Chisolm 2
Ruth Lee Dobos 7
Jim Farkas 2
David Eisenberg 7
Leora Jones 2
Jim Kilberg 2
Barbara Cohen 6
Frank Long 2
Dotty Rabonowitz 2
Frank Dobos 5
Maris Valkas 2
Vieve Welldon 2
Sieg Brown 4
Minor White 2
Alan Coles 4
Ron Young 2
Ron Jones 4
Steve Zoschke 2
Charlie Knapske 4
Gordon Linberg 4
Don Borad 1
Jack Trager 4
Lou Brecheen 1
Asher Waxman 4
Jacques Brousseau 1
Joe Young 4
Bill Crane 1
Carolyn Doran 1
Tom Armbuster 3
Elfi Erle 1
Terri Astle 3
Erich Fickle 1
Martin Feather 3
Lucella Fickle 1
Patty Kline 3
Flora Johnson 1
Mary McManigal 3
Jerry Keating 1
Elvor Vinson 3
Nancy Keating 1
Terri Sutor 3
Darlene Kurtzweil 1
Bob Thompson 3
Igor Marmeladine 1
Bob Wheatley 3
Bob Michael 1
Gabriel Rau 1
Bill T Russel 1
Pat Russell 1
Art Schain 1
Suzanne Thomas 1

Peaks that are scheduled for trips in Schedule #254

Anderson Pk 8/11-12, 9/29-30, 10/13-14
Antimony 10/13-14
Apache 8/18
Aquila 9/22-23
Arctic Pt 7/7-8
Baden-Powell 7/14, 8/4, 8/18, 9/30, 10/10
Bald Eagle 10/13-14
Bertha 7/7-8, 9/15-16
Black #1 9/8
Black #5 7/14-15, 10/13-14
Bobra 10/13-14
Brush 7/28-29, 10/13-14
Buckhorn 7/8
Burnham 9/18, 9/30
Bueter 9/15-16, 9/29-30
Cajon 9/14-21
Cannel Pt 7/14-15, 9/22-23
Cerro Noroeste 7/28-29, 10/27-28
Charlton 9/8, 10/13-14
Circle Mtn 8/9
Cleghorn 9/22-23
Cornell 7/14
Crafts 9/4-5
Cucamonga 7/14, 8/25
Dawson 7/22
Delamar 9/29-30
Deception 10/7
Disappointed 10/7
Dobb's 7/28
Eagles Rest 10/13-14
Etowanda 7/14, 8/25
Folly 7/14
Galena 8/11
Gleason 7/28
Glendora 10/20
Gobbit's Knob 8/5
Gold Mtn 7/7-8
Granite Pks 7/4-5, 9/15-16
Grays 9/29-30
Grinnell 7/21, 8/4-5, 9/8
Grouse 7/28-29, 8/19, 10/27-28
Harwood 10/6
Hawes 10/6-7, 10/27-28
Hawkins 8/4
Hciad 10/27-28
Heart Bar 7/7-8 (2), 8/4-5, 9/15-16
Ingham 10/27-28
Iron Mtn #1 10/20-21
Istip 7/22, 8/4, 8/26
Jean 7/14
Jenkins 8/25-26, 10/6-7
Jepson 7/28
Keller 9/15-16
Lake 7/21, 8/4-5, 9/8
Little Bear 9/15-16, 9/29-30
Little Shay 10/27-28
Lockwood Pt 7/7
Lowe 10/13
Lukens 10/14
Marion 7/14
Markham 10/14
Mary Louise 10/21
Meeks 7/7-8
Middle Hawkins 8/4
Mill 9/15-16
Mineral 7/7-8, 9/15-16
Monument 2 #9 22-23
Morris 8/25-26, 10/6-7
Mt San Antonio 7/22, 10/6, 10/20-21
Nicolls 10/27-28
Occidental 10/17
Onyx 10/27-28
Owens 8/25-26, 10/27-28
Pilot Knob 10/27-28
Pine Mtn #1 7/22
Pinnacles 10/21
Pinos 7/28-29, 8/19, 10/27-28
Pine Lookout 10/13-14
Pinyon 9/22-23
Pleasant View Ridge 10/14
Ross 8/18, 9/30
San Bernardino 8/11-12, 9/29-30, 10/13-14
San Bernardino E 8/11-12, 9/29-30, 10/13-14
San Gabriel 10/7
San Emigdio 7/28-29, 10/13-14
San Gorgonio 7/28
San Guillermo 7/7
San Jacinto 7/14
Sawmill 7/28-29, 8/19, 10/27-28
Scoddie 9/23
Shay 10/27-28
Silver 10/6-7
Skinner 10/13-14, 10/27-28
Slide 9/15-16
Snow 9/29
Sorell 10/13-14
South Mtn Hawkins 8/4
Spiller 8/18
Spli 7/14-15, 10/13-14
Sugarloaf 7/7-8 (2), 9/9, 9/15-16
Sugarpine 9/22-23
Suicide 9/9
Sunday Pk 10/13-14
Sunset 10/7, 10/20
Teewau 10/27-28
Telegraph 7/14
Ten K Ridge 7/21, 8/4-5, 9/8
Thomas Mtn 9/22
Throp 8/18, 9/30
Thunder 7/14
Timmer 10/7
Tip-Top 7/7-8, 9/15-16
Vetter 7/14
Waterman 9/15
White #1 10/6-7
Wild Thrill 10/14
Winston Pk 7/8, 10/28
Winston Ridge 7/8, 10/28
Wright Mtn 7/22, 8/5, 9/22-23

(Continued next page)
HPS TRIPS, JULY 5 - OCT 31 1990

68 Trips, 119 peaks
Trips listed below are for advance notice only. Please check with the Angeles Chapter Schedule for actual trip details or call the listed leaders for more information.

JUL 7 SAT
San Guadnerro, Lockwood Pt

JUL 7-8 SAT-SUN
Sugarloaf Mtn, Heart Bar Pk, Bertha Pk, Arctic Pk, Gold Min

JUL 7-8 SAT-SUN
Granite Pk, Tip Top Mtn, Mineral Mtn, Meeks Mtn, Sugar Loaf Mtn, Heart Bar Pk

JUL 8 SUN
Winston Pk, Winston Ridge, Buckhorn Pk

JUL 14 SAT
Cucamonga Pk, Ediawada Pk

JUL 14 SAT
Mt Vetter

JUL 14 SAT
Mt Baden-Powell

JUL 14 SAT
Thunder Mtn, Telegraph Pk

JUL 14 SAT
Cornell Pk, San Jacinto Pk, Folly Pk, Jean Pk, Marion Mtn

JUL 14-15 SAT-SUN
Black 6, Split Mtn, Cannel Pt

JUL 21 SAT
Grinnell Mtn, Lake Pk, 10 K Ridge

JUL 22 SUN
Pine Mtn #1, Dausson Pk, Mt San Antonio, Wright Mtn

JUL 22 SUN
Mt Blyp

JUL 28 SAT
Mt San Gorgonio, Jepson Pk, Dobbs Pk

JUL 28 SAT
Mt Gleason

JUL 28-29 SAT-SUN
Mt Pinos, Sawmill Mtn, Grouse Mtn, Cerro Noroeste, Bush Mtn, San Emigdio

AUG 4 SAT
Mt Isip, Mt Hawkins, Middle Hawkins, So Mt Hawkins

AUG 4 SAT
Mt Baden-Powell

AUG 4-5 SAT-SUN
Grinnell Pk, Lake Pk, 10 K Ridge, Heart Bar

AUG 5 SUN
Wright Mtn, Circle Mtn, Gobbler's Knob

AUG 11 SAT
Culebra Pk

AUG 11-12 SAT-SUN
San Bernardino Pk, San Bernardino E Pk, Shields Pk, Anderson Pk

AUG 18 SAT
Throop Pk, Mt Burnham, Mt Baden-Powell, Ross Mtn

AUG 18 SAT
Apache Pk, Spitzer Pk

AUG 19 SUN
Mt Pinos, Sawmill Mtn, Grouse Mtn

AUG 25 SAT
Cucamonga Pk, Ediawada Pk

AUG 25-26 SAT-SUN
Morris Pk, Mt Jenkins, Owens Pk

AUG 26 SUN
Mt Isip

SEP 8 SAT
Chariton Pk

SEP 8 SAT
I0K Ridge, Lake Pk, Grinnell Mtn

SEP 8 SUN
Suicide Rock, Black Mtn #1

SEP 9 SUN
Sugarloaf

SEP 15 SAT
Mt Waterman

SEP 15-16 SAT-SUN
Mill Pk, Keller Pk, Slide Mtn, Crafts Pk, Little Bear Pk, Butler Pk, Bertha Pk

SEP 15-16 SAT-SUN
Sugarloaf Mtn, Heart Bar Pk, Granite Pks, Mineral Mtn, Tip Top Mtn

SEP 22 SAT
Thomas Mtn

SEP 22-23 SAT-SUN
Clegborn Mtn, Sugarpine Mtn, Monument Pk #2, Cajon Mtn, Wright Mtn

SEP 22-23 SAT-SUN
Aquila Pk, Scoodie Mtn, Cannel Pt, Pinyon Pk

SEP 29 SAT
Snow Pk

SEP 29-30 SAT-SUN
San Bernardino, San Bernardino E, Shields, Anderson, Butler, Grays, Delamar, Little Bear Pk

SEP 30 SUN
Ross Mtn, Throop Pk, Mt Burnham, Mt Baden-Powell

OCT 6 SAT
OKTOBERFEST Mt San Antonio

OCT 6 SAT
OKTOBERFEST Mt Harwood

OCT 6 SAT
OKTOBERFEST Ski Hut

OCT 6-7 SAT-SUN
OKTOBERFEST Party

OCT 6-7 SAT-SUN
Morris Pk, Mt Jenkins

OCT 6-7 SAT-SUN
Hawes Pk, White Mtn #1, Arctic Pt, Silver Pk

OCT 7 SUN
OKTOBERFEST Sunset Pk

OCT 7 SUN
OKTOBERFEST Timber Mtn

OCT 7 SUN
OKTOBERFEST Waterfall special

OCT 7 SUN
San Gabriel Pk, Mt Disappointment, Mt Deception

OCT 10 WED
Mt Baden-Powell

OCT 13 SAT
Mt Isip

OCT 13-14 SAT-SUN
Chariton Pk, Shields Pk, Anderson Pk, E San Bernadino Pk, San Bernadino Pk

OCT 13-14 SAT-SUN
Split Mtn, Black Mtn # 5, Sunday Pk, Robna Pk

OCT 13-14 SAT-SUN
Skinner Pk, Plateau, Lookout, Sorrel Pk, Bald Eagle Pk

OCT 13-14 SAT-SUN
Antimony Pk, Eagle Rest Pk, Brush Mtn, San Emigdio Mtn

OCT 14 SUN
Mt Lukens

OCT 14 SUN
Will Thrall Pk, Pleasant View Ridge

OCT 17 WED
Occidental Pk, Mt Markham

OCT 20 SAT
Sunset Pk, Glendora Mtn

OCT 20-21 SAT-SUN
Mt San Antonio, Iron Mnt #1

OCT 21 SUN
The Pinnacles, Mt Mary Louise

OCT 27-28 SAT-SUN
Shay Mtn, J. Shay, Ingham Pk, Hawes Pk & more

OCT 27-28 SAT-SUN
Heald Pk, Nockils Pk, Skinner Pk, Onyx Pk

OCT 27-28 SAT-SUN
Pilots Knob, Owens Pk

OCT 28 SUN
Winston Pk, Winston Ridge

TRAGER, LINDBERG
R DOBOS, COHEN
KILBERG, ZOSCHKE
J YOUNG, S BROWN
VALKASS, PARKAS
S BROWN, THOMPSON, N BROWN
RAU, WHEATLEY
BROSSEAU, SCHAIN
GOODYKOONTZ, LONG
EISENBerg, F DOBOS
COLES, GOODYKOONTZ
WAXMAN, NILSSON
R DOBOS, RABINOWITZ
COLES, FEATHER
CHESLICK, KNAPKE
R DOBOS, RABINOWITZ
GOODYKOONTZ, JOHNSON
S BROWN, J YOUNG
WHITE, EISENBerg
R JONES, I JONES
VALKASS, PARKAS
B & P RUSSELL
GOODYKOONTZ, LONG
TRAGER, LINDBERG
MICHAEL
F & DOBOS
KNAPKE, CHESLICK
J & N KEATING
ARMBRUSTER, EISENBerg
ZOSCHKE, THOMPSON
R & F DOBOS
ARMBRUSTER, EISENBerg
LINDBERG, KURTZEIHL
EISENBerg, R DOBOS
WAXMAN, COHEN
E & L FICKLE
SUTOR, ASTLE
COHEN, KNAPKE
KNAPKE, GOODYKOONTZ

KILBERG, CRANE
WAXMAN, COHEN
KLINE, GOODYKOONTZ
J YOUNG, THOMPSON
R & J JONES
J YOUNG & CREW
SUTOR, ASTLE
WAXMAN, WHITE
ARMBRUSTER, EISENBerg
R & F DOBOS
N & S BROWN
WELDON, McMANNES
LINDBERG, WHEATLEY
NILSSON, ERTL
FEATHER, COLES
KNAPKE, COHEN
BREECHEN, R JONES
KLINE, GOODYKOONTZ
WELDON, McMANNES
R YOUNG, McMANNES
TRAGER, WHEATLEY
TRAGER, DORAN
MAMEDALIN, THOMAS, R JONES
F DOBOS, COHEN
ASTL, SUTOR
COLES, FEATHER
KLINE, GOODYKOONTZ
EISENBerg, BORAD
R YOUNG, McMANNES
opinion

THE CLIPPING CONTROVERSY
By Alan Coles

If you ever fly to the southwest, chances are you’ll go over the mountains south of Anza. On a clear enough day you can see many of our listed peaks. If you are good at recognizing the summits, look down at Iron Springs Mountain because you can see a faint line heading due west of the summit. That line happens to be the clipped route to the peak. I’m not sure if Weldon Healde would recognize many of the mountains on the list he instigated. Gone are they days of crawling and thrashing though heavy chaparral. Now anyone who can follow a cookbook can climb a peak. Just follow the peak guides and stay on the clipped and dropped path.

I don’t think many of us really envy those days when Split Mountain and Samon Peak had such nasty reputations. Now both of those are relatively straightforward hikes and can be done in shorts. All of the brushy peaks have well clipped paths to the summit and some, such as Beauty seem to have several parallel paths on the same ridge.

Clipping live plants for the purpose of maintaining a route is usually not allowed in national forest and on BLM land unless it is a designated trail. It is especially illegal in state parks (San Ysidro, Combs, Granite, Oakzanita and others). Furthermore, many hikers rarely know the plants they are clipping. Some may be endangered such as the rare cypress on Bald Eagle. All of which leads to one question. What is the official Sierra Club/HPS policy on the cutting of live plants for maintaining easy access to peaks?

The answer is, technically, none. It isn’t supposed to be happening. My own feelings have been that if a large group of people are going to climb a peak by a certain route over and over again, it is better to concentrate the activity on one area to minimize damage. To that end, a minimal amount of clipping of small branches may be appropriate. Most of the chaparral covered peaks on the list have naturally clear areas with some brush in between. When we climb peaks, we tend to follow the route of least resistance, pushing through as little brush as possible between these clear areas. Most of the routes originated that way. To save time and to be able to do these peaks with shortens, larger and more numerous branches were clipped. Now it is not unusual to see branches, even small trees more than an inch thick cut down. On Iron Springs I saw Red Shank over 2 inches in diameter cut down at the base. On other peaks I’ve seen bushes cut just so that hiker didn’t have to walk around it.

I believe the time has come to give the clippers a rest. Let’s think more seriously about the routes and how they can be improved to minimize damage. I’ve mentioned Iron Springs before. There is a good route to the summit that is very straightforward and passes through little brush. Yet the peak guide points to a notorious brushy ridge.

There are going to be some in the HPS who aren’t going want to retire their clippers yet. But one day the proverbial excrement will hit the rotating air circulating device. The Sierra Club has many enemies who could and would use this issue as a ploy against us if they found out about it. We better get our house in order before that day arrives.

In the meantime, clipper crazy hikers are more than welcomed to assist Ken Croker in building trails in the Santa Ana Mountains. He could really use your talents.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO “TAKE ONLY PHOTOGRAPHS, LEAVE ONLY FOOTPRINTS...?”

Dear editor:

In December, I sent the following letter to the Hundred Peaks Section Chair and to the Angeles Chapter Chair...with no response. Is there anyone in the Sierra Club that actually practices what they espouse?

My wife and I went on a weekend trip with the Hundred Peaks Section to climb three peaks in San Diego County. Though we had originally met on a HPS hike and have hiked countless times in the interim, this was our first HPS outing in over two years. We were angered and saddened by the experience.

I was first disappointed that no attempt was made to encourage or accommodate carpooling, even though the trip required a two-hour drive. As a result, we had 12 cars (mostly trucks, actually) for 16 participants. About a third of the group was from the Pasadena/ Glendale area, and another third from the Westside/South Bay.

Why not distribute telephone numbers and encourage people to arrange their own carpool?

We stayed in a Forest Service campground Saturday night. It was suggested by the assistant leader—a former HPS Chair—that we shouldn’t pay for the campsite; that was standard practice. Most participants agreed.
The Sierra Club is continually appealing to the USFS for land acquisition, protection, regulation, and services—yet we’re not willing to pay a couple bucks for the facilities we use? In the end, we paid because another participant indicated that there would be a serious fine if we were caught.

Things got worse when we got on the trail. Leaders and other participants littered, which was done in full view of the group and sometimes with a comment of explanation. Sure, apples, oranges, and bread will eventually disintegrate or get eaten by animals, in the meantime, I don’t like finding other people’s garbage when I hike. We certainly can’t count on the animals to take care of the candy wrappers and the nylon cord, which was carefully placed on the ground with the comment “I think I’ll let this biodegrade”). Whatever happened to “pack it in, pack it out”?

I knew we were in trouble when some of the Saturday night discussion centered around lopper construction, capacity, and brushcutting techniques. At the trailhead Sunday morning, loppers, clippers, and saws were distributed to most participants who didn’t bring their own. We climbed the first peak without resorting to cutting, for a previous expedition had cut a trail through the thickest sections of brush. (This didn’t stop one enthusiastic member, who continually widened the existing path—except when he got off route, which necessitated cutting a new one.)

On the second peak, we encountered some thicker brush (though ribbonwood and the other brush we found certainly wasn’t impenetrable). Over my repeated objections implements of destruction were unholstered. I couldn’t believe the vengeance with which the group began attacking the brush. As the leader paused at the front to attack with loppers, all the followers stood by with clippers to widen the swath up the mountainside. Sometimes, an existing path was followed, but new parallel routes were often created (sometimes our group would create two or three parallel routes).

The leader, who had been an excellent routefinder enroute to the first peak, was transformed. Instead of using the map, skillful observation, and a routefinder’s intuition to proceed to the summit, he concentrated only on the limbs and branches directly in front of him, looking for the best place to cut. My wife and I repeatedly passed him by finding the easiest route through the brush (sometimes by following some other leader’s cuttings) and then calling him over to the best route. He was always grateful for our assistance, but the obvious never sunk in.

The trip down from the summit was depressing. Even as we walked through the wide swath amid the carnage, the leader and others continued to cut—and continued to get off route by looking for branches to cut instead of the obvious routes already extant. Again, we had to help by finding the correct route on numerous occasions. My objections to the decimation were answered with “this is good; this is for the people hiking here two years from now.” Whatever happened to “take only photographs, leave only footprints”? Sincerely,

Carl Sieichert

Editor’s note: Last year, litigation which was the result of a car accident during a “voluntary” carpool on a scheduled Angeles Chapter hike, made activity sections think twice before encouraging carpooling at meeting places, from an insurance liability standpoint. And yes, there are many people in the club who are dedicated to saving the last of this earth’s wild places. Your point is well-taken, however. The best place to start saving the wild places is our own backyard.

If you have a subject pertaining to the activities of the Hundred Peaks Section or would like to express your view, send your opinion to:

opinion

attention: Lookout editor
The hike to Twin and Waterman started off on the wrong foot when I was ten minutes late to the carpool place and "Potty" Kline bestowed upon me, her best snarly smile. She whispered something about getting even and using dental tools while I'm asleep. We abandoned introductions and proceeded to drive rapidly to the trailhead on Angeles Crest Highway. Along the way, Patty drank her breakfast and deftly flipped the cranberry juice container out the window. She dumped the cigarette butts out of the ashtray, leaving a nice marker for others to follow.

As trail sweep, I tried to get an accurate head count of hikers, somewhere between 15 and 20, but then again, who cares! When someone complained about the pace, Patty sped up and left the complainer behind to fend for himself. At the rest stop, a few pesky squirrels stole food from my pack but, luckily, left the pistol behind. So, I sent them to Valhalla with just three shots. Some wimpy turkey didn't bring enough water and collapsed on the trail. It took two of us to push him over the edge, just to keep the place clean. It was amazing how fast the fire could spread from just that one cigarette thrown into the needles. Patty got some good photos of the burning trees for her next Christmas card.

There was no register on Twin so the spray can I happened to bring along saved the day. We were able to proudly spray our names all over the rocks. On Waterman, there were still enough trees (not yet torched by the fire we started) for everyone to carve their initials. Patty set a new personal record for pee stops. The T.P. hanging on the bushes could probably be seen from the air.

Three of us made it back to the cars by twilight. The rest of the group must have decided to spend the night in the woods. We could hear them calling as we drove off for a beer. My thanks to Patty for leading a really good trip!
Calliente Mine Backpack & Snowcamp
February 3-4, 1990
Leaders: Martin Feather & Christy Bird
By Martin Feather
When Alan Coles informed me of the need to dayhike Calliente the I-on-g way, I remembered the previous time I'd done that, and suggested to him that a two-day backpack might be the preferable way to do the peak. Alan (undoubtedly by the thought of a 26-mile hike starting at 5:00am) decided to offer both options and let the participants have their choice. The result: 17 out of 20 'typical' HPSers picked the dayhike.

Thus it was that at 7:40am, only David Eisenberg, Christy Bird and I shouldered our backpacks and began following the footsteps of the long-departed dayhikers. The weight of our weekend's worth of water made the ascent up the ridge somewhat strenuous, but not intolerable (unlike the dirt road thereafter). As we ambled along the undulating road, the cool breeze kept our brakes brief. We decided that a good strategy for selecting our campsites would be to hike until we met the dayhikers on their return, since this should we estimated, place us between 3 and 6 miles from the peak. Sure enough, when we met the campers we were approximately 4 miles back from the summit. This, coupled with news of more muddy road ahead, made the nearest level and not too damp ground seem a more appealing camping site, so we set up our tents, happy with our rate of progress in getting that far. Camp established, we dayhiked from there to the peak—the forecast of rain for Sunday had motivated us to try for the peak on Saturday if at all possible. We enjoyed a scenic stroll (sticky mud notwithstanding), with surrounding ridges casting elongated shadows. Even the breeze diminished to almost nothing. After signing the register and enjoying the views to the edges of the outer beyond, we turned around and headed back. By just after sunset we were at camp, our snug sleeping bags, and dinner. Evening brought calm, the stars peering through wispy layers of cloud. Why would anyone want to dayhike back to their cars when they could spend an evening like this out in the quiet solitude of the wild?

The answer came in the middle of the night, when the forecasted storm arrived. wind (LOTS of wind), rain and snow. Dawn revealed several inches of the stuff all over everything. Fortunately, the storm appeared to have ended, although being inside the middle of a cloud didn't exactly seem ideal. At least it wasn't freezing. We packed up fairly rapidly, and were off before 8am, our vacated tent spaces the only bare spots in an otherwise Christmas card like landscape.

Snow rather than rain was actually a good thing, as miles of walking along that dirt road would have been awful in the mud. So, for once I'm glad the snow level was several thousand feet below that predicted. Occasional animal tracks in the powdery snow crossed the road. Visibility fluctuated as clouds formed and dissipated, rose and sank. Finally, they cleared as we got to the end of the road portion, and the end of the snow. The ridge was muddy. Very muddy. With sliding slipping steps we slithered slowly down. Finally, we made it to the somewhat drier ground of the easement trail, our boots caked with mud. By 1:30pm or so we were back at the cars, mission accomplished.

My thanks to Cristy and David for coping with the varied conditions so well! I'm sure that the 17 dayhikers must be so disappointed that they missed this experience. The first two miles were along fairly level dirt road. We passed the disputed mining claim just before the road forked for the drive up towards Iron without incident. If nothing else, the legal challenges have encouraged them to clean up the site. For variety, we hiked around the west side of Rabbit and climbed the steep slope, arriving at 10:25.

From the summit of Rabbit, we continued plodding up the steep firebreak to the summit of Granite. We were the first climbers in the 90's to sign in. As a reward, the weather got warmer, the breeze stopped and a sunbow formed for our lunchtime enjoyment. Shortly before 1:00, I led the group off the peak, chased by growing masses of clouds moving over Gleason, Fox and Condor; and by a snowball thrown by an anonymous participant.

The hard part over, we made good time to Round Top. It was hard for us to believe that the standard route for the loop is up the steep ridge we averted down!

The clouds rolled over us and the temperature dropped as we held a tiger race up the final slope to Iron. We shivering signed in and quickly descended the ridge trail to the campground, startling and amusing the campers with our appearance. The weather continued its excellent cooperation by holding off on the rain until the last car had driven off. END

(Continued next page)
Four Peaks for the Price of Five: Josephine Pk, Strawberry Pk, Lawlor Pk, Barley Flats, Lawlor Pk
March 10, 1980
Leaders: Stag Brown & Joe Young
By Joe Young

Six early bird hikers met for breakfast at Lloyds of La Canada at 6:00am, and these were joined by five more at 7:00 for the drive to Clear Creek Ranger Station at the intersection of the Angeles Crest Highway and the Angeles Forest Highway. There was a short wait as Bobcat Thompson and Jim (Shamus) Fleming shuttled their vehicles to Red Box, where we would be ending the hike. The weather this day was not the best as temperatures were cool and skies were generally overcast with lowering ceilings and a light breeze. However, at no time did it rain on us.

We started hiking shortly before 8:00am with Stag leading a mostly cross country route generally up the south face of Josephine, occasionally intersecting the road, then ascending by the southeast ridge leading to the summit. This "Stag route" was followed to attain Josephine by a pathfinder non traditional route. (The pathfinder concept was practically made for Stag routes.) We arrived at the summit shortly before 10am, and after signing in left for Strawberry which we climbed from the west via the rock scramble ridge. We arrived at the summit of the Big Berry at 11:45am and lunched for about a half hour. We enjoyed the oranges and cashew nuts shared by Stag and Nami.

Stag led us down to the Strawberry/Lawlor saddle, where we arrived at approximately 1:00pm. I then led a swift ascent of Lawlor via the west ridge arriving at 1:20. This was a fast group as the first arrived at the summit in 18 minutes (2300' per hour ascent rate) and the last in 25 minutes (1700' per hour ascent rate). After a brief stay on the summit, I led the group down the east ridge to Barley Flats, arriving at about 2:20pm. The clouds had descended on us to such an extent that we could not see the water reservoir near the high point of Barley until we were within a hundred yards of it. At 2:40 we began the pathfinder ascent up the east ridge to the summit of Lawlor, the first arriving at about 3:20pm. Three people had checked out at Barley Flats and took the unmaintained and reportedly badly deteriorated dirt road back to Red Box. After a short stay on Lawlor we followed Stag down the south face of Lawlor, looking for the Bridget O' Sullivan commemorative yucca as we approached Red Box (Bridget had injured her hand here a couple of months earlier). We arrived at Red Box at approximately 4:30pm. We estimated our day had entailed 4000' of gain and fifteen miles.

After the short shuttle back to Clear Creek, we drove back to La Canada and a number of us reconvened at Pepe's Mexican restaurant for some post hike revelry and warming up.

Thanks to Stag for his customary creative leadership.

Mt. Lukens
K-9 Hike
Wynne Bentley & Mark Stephens
March 11, 1980

The four participants decided that it would be a nice day to walk up to the top of Lukens via the Haines Canyon Trail. Two of the participants, the black one with four legs (k.d.) and the tan one with four legs (Brandy) were especially excited by the prospect of doing Lukens. We walked up Haines Canyon to the trail with everyone on leash, past the horses and sleepy dogs catching the morning rays, and the reservoir which is now almost dry. Once on the fire road, leashes were put in packs and all were free to enjoy the freedom of the hills.

It always amazes me how clean and peaceful this route up Lukens is, considering the close proximity to the city. We have Bob Thompson, who adopted the Haines Canyon Trail, and his group of trail workers to thank for the cleanliness.

The Haines Canyon Trail goes up the middle of the drainage basin for a huge wash coming off Mt. Lukens. In the early 50's the city built a series of small dams along the year-round creek that flows down the center of the canyon, to reduce the flood potential in heavier rainfall years. This part of the canyon is very lush and green, with a variety of trees from native sycamores and oaks to eucalyptus, alder and pines. The trail finally crosses the very impressive large wash and continues up the massive southern ridge of the peak.

At one point, our four legged friends took off ahead of the leaders, so we decided to hide off the side of the trail to see how long it would be before they noticed we weren't behind them. We found a great spot, slightly below the trail and in some bushes. A minute or two passed and we could hear the quick pitter of paws and see the tops of two K-9 heads go speeding by. downhill. We watched them go back up hill, then downhill again. We gave them a hint by whistling and they ran downhill, uphill — stopped on the trail to listen. Finally, as they were speeding by us on the downhill again, the black one caught sight of us out of the corner of her eye and slammed on the brakes. They were so happy to be reunited with their friends that for the rest of the trip, they never let us out of their sight.

The weather was beautiful — blue skies with a few white wispy clouds. We all made it to the top, had lunch and caught some rays.
On the way down, we decided to follow a ridge trail, visible from the fireroad. This is a nice alternative to the fireroad and ends up back at the reservoir at the beginning of the trail. All participants enjoyed the trip and look forward to doing their next K-9 hike.

Mt San Antonio from Baldy Village (12 mi rt, 5600' gain).
July 22, 1989
Leader: Asher Waxman
Assistant: Joe Young

By Asher Waxman

We met at 7am at Baldy carpool pt & were on the trail at 7:40—and already it was quite warm. Our start was none too early. After about an hour two participants dropped out. Another young man valiantly pushed on most of the way, but developed leg cramps (this was his first hike!) & waited on the trail for our return.

From the time we attained the ridge at about 7000', we had fresh breezes and milder temperatures. At 9000', finding that the front group was considerably ahead, I suggested that if we went over West Baldy it would slow us down & we wouldn't have to wait as long on top of Old Baldy for the rest of the group. So eight of us took off through the patchy brush on fair use-trail, leaving the main trail at 9600' (no bushwacking required), then descended directly towards Old Baldy.

West Baldy is a charming, quiet peak—free of the heavy traffic that assaults the main peak. Approaching the summit of O.B., I was hailed by Pepi Westhal, who was ascending from the Village for the first time (with her friend Rosemary Boland). They had left at 6 am. Pepi had just celebrated her 70th birthday July 6th with an ascent of Baldy via the Ski Hut. (Congratulations, Pepi!)

At the very top we were greeted by Dotty Rabinowitz & Donica Wood, arrived from the ski lift. The 22 who made the peak in our group were: Diane Jo Harman, Nelda Chambers, Judy Hedges, Chuck Rulon, Don Croley, Jack Haddad, Raquel Carvallo, Flo Van Volkom, Elke Barauskas, Alice Cahill, Doug Demers Hal Rice, Martin Donabedian, Austin & Betty Stirratt, Carlos Olivaras, Marc Spigelman, Ray Wolfe, Pete Doggett. Ruth Armentrout served as second sweep coming up & kept company on the way down, for which great thanks. Special thanks to Joe Young who swept Up & led Down & was wonderfully patient. The last of us, descending at a very comfortable pace, were back at the cars at 4:40 pm.

The many faces of Asher Waxman, as trip leader in Joshua Tree and shopper in the desert town of Shoshone. PHOTOS: WB

Queen & Quail Mtns
Oct. 21-22, 1989
Leader: Asher Waxman,
Minor White

By Asher Waxman

In planning this trip I decided to reverse the typical HPS procedure of doing the more difficult peak(s) Saturday, which usually requires a very early meeting, which means either getting up painfully early or leaving Fri pm. Instead, with Minor’s agreement, we set our Sat meeting time at 10am at Quail Springs Picnic Area, whence we immediately proceeded to Jumbo Rocks Campground & claimed our campsites. Then we went on & climbed Queen (6 mi, 1500') in a brilliantly sunny late morning. Some of us climbed the 3rd classy left side, the rest swung around to the right for the usual(?) finish. Moving at a moderate pace we yet arrived back at our cars so early & the afternoon was so superb, we all decided to go on & do Lost Horse Mtn, not on our original agenda, but "needed" by most of us.

Back at Jumbo Rocks it got windy & cool, probably in the low 50's. For Artur Cezar Benvenuto, an exchange student from Brasilia, it was the coldest he'd ever been.

Sunday, when we gathered at 7:30 am (again at Quail Springs), we were joined by Leslie McCalfe & Laura Webb. Overcast & constant light drizzle, not cold. Good cheer reigned.

(Continued next page)
Monrovia Peak
2/24/80
Leaders: David Eisenberg and Frank Dobos
By David Eisenberg
The ascent of Monrovia was scheduled in February to avoid the hot LA weather. Instead we were hit with a rare heat wave with temperature going up to 80 as we were going up the firebreak. Fortunately, there was no smog.

The trip started off quite pleasantly with a drive through Monrovia via Myrtle Avenue has been transformed into a pleasant landscaped shopping area. It may help to know that the house number at the trailhead is 873 Ridgeview.

10 of us met at the Clamshell Truck Trail at 7:40. The truck trail continues for 1 mile before meeting the firebreak. The air was particularly clear allowing continuous views of Monrovia, Arcadia, and Pasadena.

With one slow slogging step after another, we toiled up the ridge watering the chaparral with our copious sweat. We arrived at Clamshell Peak at 10:30. At this point, a mild Santa Ana brought us relief from the heat. (Rubbing our faces with melting snow helped too.) We took a brief rest period as we signed the register.

The clear skies provided views of almost all of the Angeles Peaks including Monrovia which was finally visible just behind Rankin Peak.

We dropped 250' down the road where we hiked over many surprisingly deep snow patches to the firebreak over Rankin, arriving at 11:30. We neglected to bring a flag to pledge to, but passed the time reading the American Legion and Boy Scout plaques as we signed in.

We arrived on the snow covered summit of Monrovia at 11:50. Views included Santiago, Toro. (possibly Rabbit but it could have been haze) San Jacinto and the Desert Divide, San Gorgonio, Baldy, and most of the Angels peaks. We waited until 12:30 for the Bike and Hikers but they never came. We had to content ourselves with eating lunch and putting snow in our water bottles to stretch the supply.

We returned to the cars by the same route, arriving at 3:30.

Particular thanks to Frank Dobos who took over as assistant when Luella Martin came down with the flu.

Butterbreadt Pk, Mayan Pk, Onyx pk.
January 27-29, 1990
200 & 100 Celebration.
By Frank Dobos.
Twenty-six hikers met 9am at Jawbone Canyon in spring like weather and drove to the Butterbreadt trailhead. The nearby peaks were covered with snow, however the southern slopes were clear, and the hike was pleasant and short.

After this we drove to Mayan, had a short lunch break and attacked the steep hill of Mayan, climbing it in an hour. The view was infinite, we named all the known HPS peaks and newcomers were impressed, promising to come back. Then the real fun; to run down from the peak on the soft sandy hillside.

Some people wanted to climb the peak and do it again. Back at the cars Barbara announced that she climbed 300 peaks, so let's party! After some discussion some hikers signed out. I led the caravan to the Auxiliary Campground but most of us didn't like the wind and the humming noise (the pumps were working at the dam). Tili Creek was the next choice.

They then insisted on driving in, complaining that her Dodge Caravan was stalling.

Charley Knapke volunteered to keep an eye on her (and the car) and we all drove in and invaded the empty campground. We started a fire. Barbara provided champagne for her 200th, red-white-green bottles.

John Gibba and Barbara Beber were telling good stories. Keith Martin had his 8 inch telescope fixed on Jupiter giving great details of the big -

(Continued on next page)
planet and its moons. The frost made Sunday morning long. Some people went for breakfast at a restaurant, so it was after 9 when we started to drive to Onyx. 16 hikers started out. I chose the first canyon which is more rocky, but solid ground. Dr. Ruth signed out after a while, feeling a relapse of the flu. When we reached the ridge, I turned the lead to Paula Peterson and she got us on the top where her 100 Peak made her a new emblem holder. When the time came to go down, we enjoyed running down the steep sandy hillsides.

Back at the cars we didn't find Ruth who was supposed to be there reading a book and waiting for us. After some scouting for foot prints we decided to go back and find her. As we spread out the search party and started toward the canyon, Charley saw someone with the binoculars. Sure enough, it was our lost soul. After some questioning she confessed, she decided to do some exploring, seeing an inviting ridge and climbed the peak solo. One more Peak for her Pathfinder emblem. We quickly forgot the incident and drove over Walker pass, stopping occasionally to wait for Barbara whose car still kept stalling. By then I made a decision not to climb Aguila Peak as the North side was icy with snow. So we headed to Mojave, where after a dinner at French's restaurant we drove home from a fun weekend. Thanks to Barbara for assisting and congratulations to her and Paula for their achievements and thanks to the participants for being such a fun group. See you on the hills!

**Lizard Head**
**February 10, 1980**
Leaders: David Eisenberg and Don Borad

By David Eisenberg

Eleven intrepid hikers met at the Rancho Nuevo trailhead at 6:30 on a frosty morning. By 6:40, we were shivering our way up the trail. There were numerous stream crossings which were made easy by the frozen water and mud. We were joined on the trail by 2 latecomers making a lucky 13. Because of the ideal conditions, we hiked the 2 miles to the Upper Nuevo Campground in 2 hours.

Unfortunately, we wasted this time advantage by climbing the right hand ridge, the crest of which was solid third class rock. This forced us to descend and take the left hand ridge which was mostly clear. In spite of the extra gain, we arrived at the Lizard Head shortly after noon. Most of us preferred to eat the snow along the way instead of throwing it.

The lunchtime views through the cloudless sky were incredible. Most noticeable was the snow covered Madulce Pk. On the way down, we missed all of the 3rd class rock encountered on the way up, arriving at the cars at 5:03. Thanks to Jim Fujimoto, Pete Daggett, Mike Fredette, and others who helped carry the loppers and cut brush; and to Don Borad who took over as assistant leader.

**Caliente Mtn**
**Feb 3, 1980**

**Alan Coles & Martin Feather**

By Alan Coles

About a month before this trip was to take place I received a phone call from Frank Goodykoontz. He had recently tried to do the peak when the landowner of the Shelby Ranch confronted him and his small group. He made it clear to Frank that no one was allowed to cross his land.

Actually, no one recently has ever had permission to cross the Shelby Ranch. The private land issue has been with this peak for many years. Since the landowner has seldom been around to chase off hikers, groups have continued to use this traditional route up the peak from the Cuyama Valley. John Backus justified the continued use of this route in the peak guides because according to the state trespassing laws, one could legally cross private land if signs not posting so to the contrary were not posted at regular intervals.

The peak and most of the rest of the range is BLM (Bureau of Land Management) public land. But to get to it, one has to cross private land from either the Cuyama Valley to the south or the Carrizo Plain to the north. A few years ago, the BLM built an easement trail into the public land through adjacent private land some 12 miles to the west of New Cuyama. Evan Samuels contacted the BLM regarding public access to the Caliente Range and was told of this route. However, it is 13 miles one way to the summit. In the meantime the much shorter route through the Shelby Ranch continued to be the primary route on the peak.

Martin and I have both done the peak from the BLM easement route and were both willing to do it again. Martin preferred to do it as a backpack so I offered participants a choice of either a single long day hike of 26 miles, 4000, gain starting at 5 am or a more moderate backpack led by Martin. Most participants opted for the longer route especially when a winter storm was forecast for Sunday (see the accompanying article by Martin).

Seventeen people met in total darkness on Saturday morning. It was cold but the air was incredibly still and quiet as we quickly got everyone signed in. At 5:20 am we started off with flashlights up the trail in the eerie darkness almost totally unable to recognize (Continued on next page)
our surroundings.
Carleton Shay, who had volunteered a week before to be co-leader, quickly took up the rear. Here and there birds fluttered out of bushes upon our arrival, it being the only sound besides that of our steps. A string of lights like that of an electric serpent seemed to crawl up and around the lunar landscape.

Two miles and one hour later the first sign of dawn arrived as the outline of juniper bushes and distant ridgelines became visible. We had arrived at the end of the trail which marked our entry into public land. At this spot is a map with a familiar sign, "You are here" (in case you weren't aware). The trail and its numerous guidepost along the way only takes you here. After that, you're on your own. Where we wanted to go was still another 11 miles away.

From the end of the trail, there is a fairly good use trail that more or less follows a ridge to the east then north to meet the main road on top of the Caliente Range. There is a large telephone pole that is your navigational beacon. Once there, the steepest and most difficult part of the hike is over. We reached the road around 7:40 and sat down for a belated breakfast. From this spot you can see the peak which is still 9 miles away. What you also see is that you have to walk in the opposite direction for a few miles first to go around the big horseshoe that makes up this unusual mountain.

After the break our spirits and pace picked up as the warming sun came out. It was a clear day with some high cloudiness and we could see all the way to the high Sierra. As we came around the big bend the Carrizo Plain with Soda Lake (nearly dry) came into view. Much of this land is being purchased by the Nature Conservancy and the BLM as a wildlife refuge. The Carrizo Plain is similar to the San Joaquin Valley before it was altered by agriculture. Many of the native plants and animals that had been more prevalent throughout the state are found here with few elsewhere.

After 6 miles we came to a newly installed gate placed by the BLM. It stated that no motor vehicles were allowed beyond that point. In the other direction was a new sign stating that there was no vehicle access to highway 166. On it was a phone number to call for information (see below). There seemed evidence that people had been driving up to that point from the Soda Lake side and as we continued I watched a truck drive down the road into the Carrizo Plain without having to open any gates. Obviously there was some access to this area other than the way we came.

All was going well for a while when suddenly we came into mud. It wasn't something you could walk around because everywhere you went, it caked up on your boots. No matter how hard we tried, the damage was done. It was impossible to sustain an even pace and we were all wearing leg weights on the bottom of our feet. On and off it went for miles. In some shady places on the north side there was enough snow to walk on which was a small relief. Gradually we gained the false summit where more rocky conditions made the tread easier.

Finally the old cabin on the summit came into view. I noticed immediately that the old distinctive cupola that had served as a lookout for Japanese invaders during WWII was gone, a victim of age and vandalism.

The first group reached the summit before noon, nearly 6 1/2 hours after starting. Within 15 minutes everyone was on top enjoying lunch. Not much remains inside the old building—just a few broken pieces of furniture. The building itself is leaning to one
side and looks like it will soon topple over during the next big storm. What I find most fascinating about the top is that almost every rock there contains old fragments of sea shells.

A strong cold wind came up prompting everyone to move into the leeward side of the structure. No warning about leaving time was necessary as everyone began putting on their packs. Before Carleton and I were done discussing who would lead the way down, the anxious group started off on their own. This was the last I saw of them until we were back at the cars. Only Ruth and Frank Dobos and Janet remained in the back.

The trip back was otherwise uneventful. The mud had dried a bit making walking much easier. We ran into Martin Feather and Cristy Bird and their single charge about 3 miles from the summit at a flat spot where they had begun to set up camp. The wind continued cold but bearable and we managed to arrive back at the spot where we met the road on the way up at 4:45, 15 minutes ahead of my targeted time. We were back on the trail before dark and walked the last mile out under moon light arriving back at the cars around 6:30 pm (Carleton’s group got there before 6).

About half the participants went over to the Guyma Buckhorn for dinner. I think most everyone was so tired that they hardly noticed what they ate. Anyway it was warm and nice and we were all glad we made it out. Later that night it began to rain and I thought about Martin and his group....

Thanks to Carleton for helping to lead a very difficult trip.


I called up the BLM a few days later and obtained some information from them over the phone. I requested and received a few weeks later brochures on the Carrizo Plain. The road up to the Caliente ridge from Soda Lake is open from early spring (when the wet season is over) until the next heavy rains or until the last Sat in Nov. Call them at (805) 861-4236 M-F 7:30 am — 4:00 pm or write to them at BLM, 4301 Rosedale Hwy, Bakersfield, CA 93306. If the road is open here is how to do Caliente: Take Hwy 166 to Maricopa. From Maricopa, continue west on 166 for 9 miles, then turn right onto Soda Lake Road. Go 29 miles on this oiled/dirt road then turn left onto another dirt road just before coming to Soda Lake. Follow this road (not shown on the auto club map but it connects around where Richard Ck is shown on both Kern and San Luis Obispo maps) for about 7 miles to where it connects with the main Caliente Ridge Rd (keep south at junctions and bear right when approaching the Shelby Cow Camp, now being converted into a BLM campground). Just before this junction is a large parking area built as a trailhead for hikers and riders. From this spot it is about 7 miles and 1500, gain due east to the summit. The Los Padres National Forest map shows this road. There was also an article in the Nov. issue of Sunset magazine on the Carrizo Plain which I recommend you read.

Beauty Pk, Iron Springs Mtn, San Ysidro Mtn
March 3—4 1990
Leaders: Alan Coles & Frank Godoykoontz
By Alan Coles

This trip was originally scheduled for the weekend of Feb 17-18 but had to be postponed due to a heavy storm and snow at the 4000, level. Ironically, I had scheduled the same trip a few years earlier and the same thing happened. For a while it looked like another storm would arrive at the time of the rescheduled trip but this time it dissipated before causing us any more problems.

Joe Young told me about the access problems on the south side. Apparently the easement used by the now defunct California Riding and Hiking Trail is being shut off (if someone has time, they might check with the BLM in Riverside about the legal access to this area). So I asked and received permission to pass through the Powers ranch and climb these peaks using the standard northern route.

Even with the postponement, a fairly large group of 15 met at the intersection of Cary Rd and Hwy 371 near Anza. We drove through the Cahuilla Indian Reservation to the Powers Ranch and started hiking around 8:30 am. The first thing I noticed was a new all season road built at the southern end of the ranch. We crossed it and more or less followed the ducked route to Beauty reaching it by 11. It was a windy day with clouds blowing over and around the peaks but it never threatened to rain. It was cold on the peaks but once out of the wind it was warm enough for shorts. Next came Iron Springs and since Frank had told me that the route listed in the peak guide was "cleared out", I decided to try it instead of the other route which has almost no brush and is more direct. As promised, it was cleared out. Red Shanks cut to the very bottom, large amputated Manzanitas and other mutilated plants made it easy to reach the peak on this route although I will never

(Continued next page)
understand why this route was chosen (see my accompanying editorial). We returned to the cars around 4:30.

Frank and I decided to see where that new road went so we drove back on it heading in a generally eastward direction. Just as I thought, a new subdivision of 20+ acre "ranchitos" called "Silver Saddle" was being developed. The price was around $4500 to $5500 per acre which means around $100,000 per lot (pretty high). The sign near the incomplete gate advertises a "private gated community." I'm not sure if the land we pass through to do these peaks is part of the development or not (there were no signs there). It looks like it might be possible to go west on this road to Hwy 371 and come out near L. Riverside. Someday, it seems that we will be starting all our peaks along subdivisions.

We went over to Oak Grove and camped there. Some of us went over to nearby Maggie's for dinner. I had the fried chicken and wouldn't recommend it. Janet had the liver and onions and wouldn't recommend it. Georgina Burns had the Hungarian Goulash and definitely would not recommend it while everyone else had the spaghetti dinner and all wouldn't recommend it.

Only 7 showed up at the Anza Borrego State Park Boundary on county road S22 at 8:00, the scheduled meeting point for San Ysidro. We waited the standard 10 minutes for any others but since none came we took off on a very windy and partly cloudy day through the state park to do this peak. I chose this route since I did not have permission to pass through the private land that is listed as the primary route in the peak guide. After reaching the summit of bump 5326', we saw 3 people following us and decided to wait for them since this route is a difficult navigational exercise. They turned out to be Mike Fredette, Georgina and Molly Beset. Apparently, they had either misunderstood or didn't have the trip write-up which gave the time and meeting point for the hike. All 3 also thought that bump 5326' was the peak and were quite disappointed to know we weren't half way yet. A difference of views between Frank and Georgina resulted in her turning back while everyone else continued on for the summit. I wasn't as successful as previous trips in circumventing bush and rocks which slowed us down a bit but we eventually reached the summit by noon. It was cold and windy so nobody wanted to stay long. Frank and Molly hadn't arrived yet but we decided to turn back anyway. I asked Frank when we met him on the way down to take Molly back through the private land since this was much easier and she was having problems on the rock.

The trip back went very smoothly and we were back by 2:00. Short while later Frank and Molly arrived and had no problems A getting down.

Participants: Martin Feather, Bill Lien, David Jensen, Evan Samuels, George and Ann Covalieri, Georgina Burns, Jim Fujimoto, Jim Peterson, Barbara Cohen, Molly Beset and Mike Fredette. Thanks to Frank for co-leading.

TRAIL UPDATES

Lower Peaks Committee Report By Bob Wheatley

Two additional peaks - Glendora Mtn. (3322') and Slide Mtn. Lookout (4631') have been scouted and added to the list which now numbers 46 peaks under 5000'. Glendora was scouted and written up by Jack Trager; Slide by Jack Grams.

Works is progressing on clearing the extremely brushy trail to 3743' Harrison Mtn summit in the San Bernadinos. A work party of eleven led by Jack Trager cleared trail to within 600' of the top on 1-6-90. An other task force is planned for the final assault in March.

Jack Grams is out there nearly every weekend scouting lower peaks in the north area and has come up with Castro, Redrock, Soledad, Norhoff, Cramm, Gaviota - and about a dozen others! All, of course, will be considered one by one by the L.P. Committee and, if accepted, write-ups will follow.

In the south Gordon Lindberg, Gerry Fettig and I are making scouting forays into the Agua Tibia check for the new S.D. Chapter has its own ambitious program which at last count lists 49 under 5000' and 22 over 5000' including of course, many HPS peaks. Lower Peaks write-ups can be obtained from Gordon Lindberg - 96 for the packet of 46 postpaid, or just the list by sending Gordon a long SASE.

LOST!

Lost article due to brushy trail to Harrison Mtn. on Saturday March 24, below 5250' level on normal route back to Salton Sea. A mesh bag containing Swiss Army knife and other small items.

Contact Patty Kline
Mount Akaawie
March 25, 1989
Leaders: Stag Brown &
Louis Quiarte
By Louis Quiarte
An early HPS tradition has been reestablished.
As we once did long ago in memory of cer-
tain founders of our Section, we have just
planted a new grove of trees in the Angeles
National Forest in honor of Richard I.
Akaawie (1923–89).

The sky at La Cañada was gray and
drear, but it was deep blue and cloudless at
the trailhead. Here the sun was bright, but
there was still the delicious tang of early
spring in the air.

Nearby Waterman
Mountain was covered
in snow, but there
were only a few white
patches visible near
our destination: a
summit known at vari-
ous times as BM 7283,
UTM 157014, Pine
Mtn#3, and Buckhorn
Peak.

At Dick's passing
there were many plans
laid to evidence the res-
spect and tremendous
sense of loss we all
endured. This day was
simply one of the last
events to finally hap-
pen. The HPS had to
labor through official
channels (and no little
resistance) before USFS
Ranger Terry Ellis fi-
nally gave approval. I
asked Elden Hughes to
intercede on our behalf
and I believe that this
did the trick. Even so,
we had to wait nearly
a year for the right
planting conditions im-
mediately after snow
melt. Since this win-
dow of time varies
annually we couldn't
schedule this hike and
instead had to trust to
last minute phone
banking. Jon Sheldon
and Ruth Felton de-
serve our gratitude for
their aid in this.

Supervisory Forester
Richard Hawkins gen-
erously provided us
with 75 Pinus jeffreyi
to plant in his Oak
Grove District. These
trees, native to our
area, were named after
John Jeffrey a 19th
Century Scottish bo-
tanical explorer who
first collected their
seeds.

Jeffrey's prefer dry,
sunny and rocky
slopes at elevations to
8,000 feet and hence
were a perfect choice.
Our plantings were
specially grown from
seedlings gathered
near our site. We may
hope that in 2089,
Dick's great-grandchil-
dren will see his
mature trees standing
80 to 130 feet tall.

Jeffrey's are
everyone's delight for
another reason: both
the needles and the
dark provide an exquis-
itive aroma described as
something like that of
apples, violets, pine-
apples, lemons or
vanilla. The fragrance
may be ambiguous in
description but not in
its effect: it always fills
you with a sense of
well being. It pleases
me to think that this
too is most appropriate for
our purpose.

At 10:00AM I gave
planting instructions to
the group and we were
then led up the slope
by HPS Chair Stag
Brown. Before gaining
the peak, most partici-
pants dispersed to find
their own favorite
spots.

The actual planting
was a spiritual experi-
ence—I still recall an
unalusual clarity and
focus, as well as the
certainty of doing
something I wouldn't
soon forget. But in
keeping with HPS
tradition, it was also
great fun. Each of us
had to dig many
exploratory holes in
the snow because the
rocky soil seemed to
be mostly solid bed-
rock a few inches
below the surface. But
eventually (after a few
playful snowball
fights), we all managed
to dig down to the
required depth. Then,
under a waxing moon,
we carefully deposited
our offerings to the
future and hoped for
the best.

Those of you who
wanted to be there still
can help. It would be
wonderful if you could
make it a point to take
a few canteens of
water to the site some-
time soon. Forestry
Technician Don Gilli-
and (who supervises
planting in this area),
informed me that de-
spite marginal soil and
limited rainfall, there is
an 85% (or better)
chance of our trees
surviving. But he urged
that we give them
some attention soon. If
they survive this very
dry coming Summer,
they'll very likely make
it to maturity. It might
be your care that
makes the difference.

At high noon, the
group reconvened on
the summit. Stag
allowed me the honor
of making a surprise
announcement. I
reminded the group
that this peak was the
site of Dick's Sixth List
Completion, and was
the setting for our
Commemorative hike
for him last year.

Additionally, it was
always very special for
him and his family.

I explained that
recently, some mem-
bers of HPS Manage-
ment had been re-
 minded by Bobcat
Thompson that this
peak was not officially
named by the USGS
and that it had only
been given an unoffi-
cial use name by us. In
the absence of direc-
tions in our Bylaws
covering this, we had
decided among our-
selves to suggest that it
be renamed on this
day in Dick's mem-
ory—rather than wait
the minimum of six
years it normally takes
to get a peak name
officially listed. With
Shirley's indulgence,
we'll still endeavor to
have it listed by Ernest
Berringer, Chief of the
Board on Geographic
Names, but until this
occurs there is nothing
stopping us from
calling it whatever we
wish among ourselves.

After consideration
of peak, point, or
mountain, those as-
sembled quickly
agreed to henceforth
and evermore refer to HPS Peak 13B as MOUNT AKA WIE and to request that the entire Sierra Club do so as well.

Thercupon, many bottles of champagne magically appeared and we all toasted our proud "new" HPS summit. Later on we descended for a tailgate potluck with views over Buckhorn camp to Mt. Williamson to forever.

Present were Shirley Akawie, daughter and granddaughters Carol, Anna and Lisa Schneider. Stag and Nami Brown, Lynda Kennedy and Tom Armbuster (who contributed a new Register book), Georgina Burns, Frank Goodykoontz, Barbara Miller, Erich Weinsteir, Dottie Rabinowitz and Mike Sandford (congratulations on your recent engagement), Marci Sandford, Cindy Okine and Mike Runyan, Jack and Phyllis Trager, Micky Thayer, Alan Coles, Donica Wood, Andy Anderson, Art Schain, Carol Geissinger, Julie Rush (with her super-dog Rushie), Louis and Betty Quirarte.

We all thank Shirley and her family for permitting us the joy of this day.

May 6, Sunday
100 Peaks
CINCO DE MAYO HIKE

O: SUNSET PK (5796)

After Cinco de Mayo at Harwood, work off that chill on an easy 3 mi rt 1500' gain hike. Meet 9am at Cow Canyon (off Glendora Ridge Rd.)

Bring water, hugs, lunch—dogs ok. Leader: Julie Rush; Assistant: Bridget O'Sullivan.

CONGRATULATIONS! To Erich Fickle and Luella Martin who tied the knot in April

MILESTONES

Compiled by Louis Quirarte

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jim Adler</td>
<td>5/27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shirley Akawie</td>
<td>6/11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mark Allison</td>
<td>5/11</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tom Armbuster</td>
<td>5/07</td>
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<td>Wynne Bent</td>
<td>6/19</td>
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<td>Gary Cohen</td>
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<td>Sid Davis</td>
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<td>David Eisenberg</td>
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<td>Frank Goodykoontz</td>
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<td>Gail Hanna</td>
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<td>Allen Holden</td>
<td>5/22</td>
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<td>June Hopkins</td>
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<td>Walt Kabler</td>
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<td>Paula Peterson</td>
<td>5/14</td>
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<td>Julie Rush</td>
<td>6/30</td>
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<td>Richard Smith</td>
<td>6/06</td>
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<td>John Straugh</td>
<td>6/06</td>
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<tr>
<td>Monalisa Ward</td>
<td>6/10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annick Wolf</td>
<td>6/10</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Just in case you missed the first reminder to renew! You better send $7.00 ASAP to Betty Quirarte, the HPS membership chair, or this will be your last copy of the Lookout!!
# HPS Merchandise & Membership Order Form

**Bob Thompson:** P.O. Box 633, Montrose, CA 91201 *Please send me* the following HPS Peak Guides:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Complete Set of Official HPS Peak Guides.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Unbound &amp; pre-punched, including 4th class postage.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For 1st class postage, add $1.25 to the price.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>$25.00</strong></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Separate Individual HPS Peak Guides.**
To order, use peak number from the HPS Official Peaks List.

**20¢**

**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"x12" SASE & one 1st class stamp for every five.

---

**Patty Kline:** 20362 Callon Drive, Topanga Canyon, CA 90290 *Please send me* the following Official HPS items:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Quantity</th>
<th>Size</th>
<th>Unit Price</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tr>
<td>HPS-1</td>
<td>HPS Membership Patches</td>
<td></td>
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<td>$2.00</td>
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<td>HPS-2</td>
<td>HPS Emblem Patches (Outside Wreath)</td>
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<td>HPS-3</td>
<td>HPS Emblem Pins</td>
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<tr>
<td>HPS-4</td>
<td>HPS 200 Peaks Bars</td>
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<td>HPS-5</td>
<td>HPS Peak List (SASE 25 cents)</td>
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<td>$1.00</td>
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<td>HPS-6</td>
<td>HPS List Completion Pins</td>
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<td>$8.00</td>
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<td>HPS-7</td>
<td>HPS T-shirts/Small (S), or X-Large (XL) (Blue)</td>
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<td>HPS-8</td>
<td>HPS T-shirts/Medium (M), Large (L) or X-Large (XL) (White)</td>
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<td>HPS-9</td>
<td>HPS T-shirts/Medium (M), Large (L) or X-Large (XL) (Silver)</td>
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<td>HPS-10</td>
<td>HPS T-shirts/Small (S), Medium (M) or X-Large (XL) (Gold)</td>
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<td>HPS-11</td>
<td>HPS-T-shirts/Medium (M), Large (L) or X-Large (XL) (Turquoise)</td>
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<td>HPS-12</td>
<td>HPS T-shirts/Small (S), Medium (M), Large (L) or X-Large (XL) (Yellow)</td>
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<tr>
<td>HPS-13</td>
<td>HPS 1989 Oktoberfest T-shirts/Small (S), Medium (M), or Large (L)</td>
<td></td>
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<td>$5.00</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Use these lines for additional orders.

SASE IS REQUIRED WITH EACH ORDER. Each T-shirt add $1.30 postage

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**Enclosed** $
ARTICLES AND LETTERS
This publication is the official newsletter of the Hundred Peaks Section and welcomes articles, letters and B/W photographs pertaining to the activities of the section. Mail submissions to the editor: Wynne Beni, 10036 Haines Canyon, Tujunga, CA 91042. Mailer: Julie Rush, 2432 Hidalgo Street, Los Angeles, CA 90039.

DEADLINE FOR PUBLICATION
Please send B/W photographs, drawings, ASCII disks, or typed single-spaced copy to the editor. Handwritten articles will not be accepted. The deadline for receipt of materials is the first day of each numbered month. Include an SASE if you would like your submissions returned to you.

PEAK ACCOMPLISHMENTS
Send list of first 25 peaks for qualifying section membership to Membership Committee Chair Betty-Snow Quiarte.

One year membership in the HPS is required for emblem status. Emblem status accomplishments (100 peaks, 200 peaks and completed peak list) should be sent to the Treasurer: Patty Kline, 20362 Callon Dr., Topanga Cyn, CA 90290.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
Subscription to the Lookout is a requirement for active membership in the Hundred Peaks Section. Dues must be paid before March 31 to avoid delinquency. Renewals and new members should send remittance payable to the "Hundred Peaks Section" to: Betty Snow-Quirarte, Membership Committee Chair: 4219 Berenice Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90031. Non-Members may also subscribe by sending $7.00 to Betty Snow-Quirarte indicating subscription only.

ADDRESS CHANGES
Changes of address should be sent to the Membership Committee Chair, Betty Snow-Quirarte.

The Lookout is produced on a Macintosh IIX computer using Aldus Pagemaker, Aldus Freehand and Microsoft Word.