

BEAR TRACK

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB

APRIL 1962

COE MEMORIAL PARK, 1961

by Helen McGinnis

On November 4 and 5, Art Knoebel had planned to lead a back-packing trip in Cle Memorial Park, in the Coast Range south of San Jose. Several people signed up, but as is often the case in the UCHC, no one with a car came forth. Nevertheless, four especially determined hikers---Art, Sy Benton, Bob Jacobsen, and Helen McGinnis---operating in the grand UCHC tradition that neither foul weather (or lack of transportation) stops a scheduled trip, met with their packs amidst the stared of curious people in the Oakland Greyhound Bus Depot.

At Morgan Hill we disembarked and began a 13-mile walk up the road to the boundaries of the park. Fortunately, soon after we had reached the hills and were taking our first real rest stop, the park rangers drove by and gave us a lift the rest of the way.

A crimson sunrise woke us the next morning. We had time to look around while breakfast was being prepared. Car Camping sites were located on the top of a ridge near the rangers' quarters (formerly Henry W. Coe's home). An interesting collection of horse-drawn buggies and wagons was housed in a nearby farm. At first glance, the park seems to consist mostly of hills covered with grass-land and oaks, the type of country one drives through on his way to someplace else; but we soon found that it offered a variety of other kinds of scenery. It was a former ranch, recently donated to the State Park System by Coe's heirs. The trails once used by the cattlemen are vague; few new ones have been constructed. Access to the "back country" is by jeep roads; the rangers hope to eventually close them off to motor vehicles and reserve them for hikers and horsemen. Probably we were the first group ever to backpack in the area.

The first order of the day was to climb up over Pine Ridge and go down the opposite side. It was an interesting experience to walk through the tall grass in a type of country that is generally well grazed and manured by cattle.

A nature study session began as we started down the other side of the ridge. At the Deerhorn Spring watering trough, Sy took first place for catching the most mosquito wrigglers in one cup of water. Nearby was the ruin of an old cabin; as we came closer, a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick rattlesnake took refuge under the found-

ations. Since the last High Trip, when an unfortunate individual in Tehipite Valley wound up in a frying pan, rattlesnakes have come to mean "food" to the author, but this specimen was content to buzz at us from its retreat.

Continuing downward, we stopped for lunch at the bottom of the canyon on the shady Middle Fork of Coyote Creek, now dry except for a few pools. Near one of them, clinging to the vertical face of a boulder, was a large groggy tarantula-like spider. His rock-climbing ability was admired by all, and he was photographed from various angles. A flaw in his technique and the value of a good belay was revealed, however, when he was accidentally pushed off into the water.

After lunch we began a steep climb to the top of Mt. Sizer, 3216 feet, which is merely a high point on the same ridge that holds Mt. Hamilton farther south. Then, leaving the pines on top of the ridge, we came down again, crossed a dry creek bed, and arrived at the "lake", our night's campsite, well after dark.

Morning revealed we were camped at a small reservoir formerly used by the cattle, but now visited only by deer, an occasional wild duck, and other wild animals. The water here is to be noted for its nutritious quality. Although one could generally avoid the larger water insects, it was almost impossible to get a cup of water completely free of visible mobile life. Halazone tablets put these remaining critters out of commission, and one was left with a protein-rich drink.

We then hiked down the main fork of Coyote Creek for a while. It too was dry except for a few pools; several large fish had taken refuge in the largest of them. Then we went up to Soda Springs, now dry, and then up Soda Springs Canyon, full of brilliant yellow-leaved maples and sycamores. The dried carcasses and skeletons of deer that had died the previous spring of a hoof-rot disease littered the roadside and streambeds in this general area, but there were plenty of live ones left.

Reaching the paved highway, we walked the longest two miles of all (we hiked at least 25 miles that weekend) back to the ranger station. While we did so several cars went by and soon returned; the people never realized what beauty lay a short distance from the road. The rangers kindly gave us a ride out to Morgan Hill.

If you are looking for a new backpacking experience, or a good day hike, try Coe Memorial Park this spring.

THE CLAIM

by Eugene Joseph (Nature, 1932)

He who has beheld the south-bound flocks
Winging silver through the autumn smoke;
Who knew one sun shower's sky-lit paradox,
Or tramped a snow-packed wood and knelt to drink
Beside a pond that held the moon's bright yolk,

He who has stood poised upon a hill,
Inveigled by the strategy of spring
To breathe the green and bend his rigid will
To Nature's own, who, in the swift-swept rain
Felt swifter rhythms of the blood and brain,
Or heard with honest ears the skylark sing,

Has more of claim to life than merely breath,
And twice the right to dread the dust of death.

At an open meeting of the Club on March 21, 1962, University biophysicist William E. Siri showed slides of a 1952 trip to the Peruvian Andes, and told of the forthcoming American expedition to Mt. Everest in May, 1963.

Siri, deputy leader of the Everest assault, said that costs of the expedition are estimated at \$186,000. Royalties from proposed magazine and television reports of the expedition, grants from such groups as the American Alpine Club, and private donations (readers please note!) will finance the trip.

A portion of Dr. Siri's lecture was devoted to discussion of some of the high altitude physiology problems which can plague all mountaineers who venture above the 10,000' level for any length of time. Club members were especially interested in the condition now known as pulmonary edema. According to Dr. Siri, this "disease" has been responsible for the deaths of 50-100 mountaineers in the last ten years, and the administration of oxygen is the only effective treatment for it.

About 70 persons had the privilege of hearing Dr. Siri's interesting lecture and seeing his excellent color slides. We hope the Club will have the opportunity to hear from him again.

* * * * *

Sondra Gynkiss, famous UCHC backpacker and peakbagger, let it slip that she was switched from teaching dramatics and producing Thornton Wilder's "The Match-maker" to teaching five classes of English after it was discovered that she was teaching the kids to rappel from the rafters.

* * * * *

BY AN ANONYMOUS UCHC'er

as told to Bill Marquardt

Between semesters, while many of us were in far-away places, I was sweating it out for a long night on the edge of a cliff just above the ocean in Lincoln Park in San Francisco. On this occasion I had climbed on a shale rock face which, at that time, appeared to be a short cut around a section of trail which was washed out by water racing down a gully which the trail crossed.

From below the "short cut" which by-passed the missing segment of the trail appeared to be a very easy climb and traverse. After climbing about 75 feet, the rock began to be wet and rotten, but further on things appeared better. Others would have turned back (the cowards!) but as for me--Onward and upward!! By now the rock was very rotten, but I kept going. The foot steps and the hand holds which had appeared so attractive from below now were but little piles of rotten shale. I tried to go on; the foot steps wouldn't support my weight--neither would the hand holds; the rock was too rotten. I then looked for other routes. They all looked easy, but the rock crumbled whenever weight was put on it.

What should I do now? Go back? Looking back, I saw that one slip might mean a drop of about 30 feet if I were lucky, 150 feet if not so lucky. By this time it was getting dark rapidly. After examining the possible ways to get to either trail, up to the top or down to the beach below, I came to the conclusion that it would be quite hazardous to attempt them in the dark--I had no light and

there was no one else near by. Weighing the possibilities of getting down by myself in the dark against the other alternatives, I decided to stay put where I was--until morning if necessary. At first ten minutes seemed to drag by like an hour; later in the evening ten minutes seemed only like twenty minutes.

I spent the night on the combination gully-ledge. During the night one could hear what sounded like rocks cracking above where I was. In the morning--after some 15 hours on the rock--I

In the morning--after some 15 hours on the rock--I got down by sliding into a gully, climbing down a dry waterfall and then back onto the trail.

Thus I escaped with some cuts and scrapes and lost a couple of topo maps. By this episode the potential hazards of climbing alone were re-emphasized in a dramatic fashion.

EX COM ACTIVITIES

by Christie Sucek

Jan. 18. Officers were elected: President--Tom Aley, Vice-president--Al Kaplan, Executive secretary--Christie Sucek, Corresponding secretary--John Fitz, Treasurer--Eric Beals, Reps-at-large--Bill Noble, Krehe Ritter, Marcia, Rotträn, and Tim Taylor. \$20 was appropriated for maps. Pennington was made temporary publicity chairman and publicity committee given \$25. The president, veep, and caving and mountaineering section chairmen, as well as the corresponding secretary, are to have library keys.

Jan. 23. The spring schedule was approved. We voted to reserve Senior Men's Hall for Mondays. Sturgis was made quartermaster.

Feb. 13. Joe Maxwell was appointed folkdance committee chairman, and John Fitz was appointed Bear Track Editor.

Feb. 20. Christie Sucek was appointed publicity chairman. \$10 was appropriated for a map case. We voted to subscribe to Summit magazine. Our phonograph is missing.

Feb. 27. Mel Bernstein offered us the remainder of his subscription to Summit. Bob Baron was appointed Hiking Committee chairman. We voted to play the tape of the Mandel-Schwarz debate, moved by Krehe Ritter and passed after considerable debate.

March 6. Bear Track got an appropriation of \$20. We will buy a copy of Manual of Ski Mountaineering for the library. The Mandel-Schwarz tape will receive no publicity, again a compromise after considerably more debate.

March 13. One of the more exciting meetings of the semester with lots of discussion about folkdancing, membership declination and the responsibilities of trip leaders, but no conclusions.

March 20. Bear Track got an additional appropriation of 15 dollars. A motion by Tim Taylor on a suggestion by one of the Loughmans led to lots of discussion with the result that it is recommended that on climbing trips advanced climbers be requested to take out beginners.

March 27. We will buy \$6 worth of copies of "Relaying the Leader" for the library. The Library will be opened at noon. Considerable debate over who should have keys to the library.

Policeman (overheard talking to lady tourist at the picket lines at the Charter Day mob scene): It's OK to drive along here, lady, but if you hit someone be sure to hit one with a sign.

Afternoon of the day following our trip into the Escalante River canyon found nine of our party lying around under what shade we could devise on the barren mesa that overlooked the hot desert from which two of our party had failed to return the previous evening. We had given up the smoky fire which we had burned all morning hoping to guide them to the cars. A small plane had flown low overhead earlier, but our attempts to get them to land were in vain so we arranged a large SOS in weeds on the end of the runway. Sufficient time had elapsed to walk many times the distance from the Escalante canyon to the cars, and canyons impossible to cross would force the missing pair to either return to the Escalante River or pass where we should be able to see them. Finally, the airplane returned and landed. It was a Park Service plane patrolling the region having returned to ask us to move our cars from the end of the runway. When they had heard what was wrong, one of us went up to look over the area where Jim and Marcia might be -- on the Escalante River, near the jeep road we had returned on, or perhaps they had fallen into one of the canyons. They were not found. The plane radioed for search parties which started up the Colorado River on power rafts and then returned to Park headquarters at Paige.

Finally, late in the afternoon two deputy sheriffs and John Faust arrived from the town of Escalante, and with them was Jim whom they had found resting by the roadside several miles away heading toward Escalante. Jim informed us that Marcia was stuck on a wide, sheltered ledge, not far away, overlooking one of the canyons, waiting for someone with water. Following his directions a party went out to find her -- in vain. Meanwhile, the plane had returned, several more sheriffs and deputies had arrived, and Marcia was spotted from the air on a different canyon. They had gotten off the jeep road that evening, found themselves confronted by an impassable canyon, but had misinterpreted the map and had been trying to cross this canyon when Marcia decided to wait on the sheltered ledge. Unfortunately, the direction they were trying to go was away from, not toward, the cars.

But finally, after dark, we were again united, and in the morning were on the way north (not realizing the rather thorough coverage of our troubles in the newspapers). Returning over the 65 miles of side road we picked up the main gravel road between Escalante and Boulder. This road winds through narrow canyons, over razorback ridges, and across pine covered plateaus to get to the verdant little community of Boulder where we stopped to pick up a few supplies. From Boulder the road goes up from the hot, dry plateaus over the 11,000-foot, densely forested Boulder Mountain, covered with many small lakes and cool streams. Oak Creek Campground, on Boulder Mountain, gave us an opportunity to wash off the desert dust in a cold, refreshing stream cascading through a stand of quaking aspen. From many points on the mountain, we could see out over the Colorado plateau -- the nearby Henry Mountains, a salient 11,000-foot range surrounded by desert; the Waterpocket Fold, a precipitous hogback ridge uncrossed by a road for over 150 miles; Capitol Reef National Monument, the northern end of the Waterpocket Fold; and the southern part of the colorful Wayne Wonderland and the weird Sinbad Country; and vast regions of canyonland, stretching hundred of miles to the north, east and south.

Descending Boulder Mountain, we were soon back to the desert heat and in Capitol Reef, an area with the majestic formations of Zion and the delicate colorations of Bryce. Passing through the narrow Capitol Gorge -- over a road frequently washed out by flash floods -- we were once again in the badlands of the Colorado plateau. Soon, after a brief aborted attempt to take a "shortcut" (sandtrap) north of Hanksville, we were overlooking the unworldly forest of Nature's modern sculpture known as Goblin Valley.

Here is nearly two square miles of flat desert -- atop a low mesa and surrounded by walls of rock and mud -- filled with seemingly impossible red sandstone, and wind-carved rocks. That evening and the following morning was spent wandering among these "hoodoos", which were sometimes clustered in small groups like delegates to a political convention, sometimes gathered in some small area found at the end of a devious maze of corridors. Many capped spires 20 feet high were seen, and there were several thin rocks cantilevered many feet horizontally, seeming about to break off at the slightest breeze. Although many of these rocks are obviously about to fall over, one must look thoroughly to find any broken ones lying on the ground, as though a fallen goblin is buried by his fellow goblins.

The next day we went to the remote Dead Horse Point and Grandview Point, both overlooking the Colorado River in areas much like the Grand Canyon. From Grandview Point is seen, immediately below, the Valley of the Standing Rocks, a round valley of thin sandstone spires hundreds of feet high. And across the river is seen the Needles country, in this person's estimation the most intriguing region of the Colorado Plateau. The Needles, part of which hopefully may someday become Canyonlands National Park, is composed of hundreds of square miles of highly colored rock towers, hoodoos, ribs, domes, and vast mazes of canyons. Interspersed are verdant, grassy parks and dense forests. The area is accessible only by very poor jeep roads, and local experts on the region tell of very experienced and capable people getting hopelessly lost there for days. From Grandview Point we spotted one especially remarkable group of banded spires perhaps 600 feet high which we determined to be in the neighborhood of Chesler Park.

After spending a beautiful night camped in the very edge of the cliffs overlooking the Valley of the Standing Rocks, we went back to Moab and up into Arches National Monument, checking out with the Park Service to explore the Devil's Garden, a less frequented and extremely rugged part of the Monument. Walking up the two-mile trail to the well-known Double-O Arch, we passed several spectacular arches, the most impressive probably being Landscape. Stretching a few feet under a hundred yards from one end to the other, Landscape Arch is only 6 feet thick at one point.

The Devil's Garden part of the Monument is composed of parallel vert-



THE DEVIL'S GARDEN--ARCHES NATIONAL MONUMENT

ical ribs of rock often one or two hundred feet high and but 20 or 30 feet thick. Wind and sand have carved out hundreds of holes in these ribs and it is these holes that enlarge to the magnificent natural arches like Landscape. From the end of the trail we dropped into the thin corridors between the rocky fins, coming across many unnamed arches and many blind alleys. We eventually took a route back to the parking lot that went up onto one of the ribs to the edge of the Devil's Garden. That evening we enjoyed a magnificent sunset at the famous Delicate Arch (known to the cowboys as the Old Maid's Bloomers) high above the surrounding country and with a view of the snow-capped Manti-La Sal Mountains to the east.

After many days exploring the dry, hot desert, we found the snow to look inviting, and the next day we traveled into Colorado, up over the Uncompahgre Plateau, with its pinyon forests and higher ponderosa forests, then up into the cool San Juan Mountains around Lake City, county seat of Colorado's least populated county, and finally up a rugged dirt road in deep canyons filled with blue spruce and the tall Englemann spruce. When the road, typical of Colorado's old mining roads, became impassable, we camped by the ice-cold, roaring Nellie Creek, a tributary of Henson Creek and the Gunnison River. In the morning, we followed the remnants of the mining road and were soon past the last stands of limber pine and in the alpine country with the majestic Uncompahgre Peak -- the Ute Indian word for Leaning Tower -- before us rising to 14,306 feet. An easy but steep walk across an occasional remnant winter's snow patch led us to the summit which has a large flat top, but with a startling sheer north face. From the top, the highest point in the extensive San Juan Mountains, can be seen much of the most rugged regions of Colorado. The San Juan--Rio Grande wilderness to the south is the largest wilderness area in the state, and is characterized by dense forests, deep canyons, and jagged, highly colored groups of peaks -- the Needle Range, the Vermilion Range, the Grenadiers, and many others. This region differs from the Sierra in that it is largely sedimentary and volcanic, has denser forests, more abandoned roads and mining communities, and afternoon photogenic clouds. However, another characteristic of Colorado mountains is that these beautiful cloud formations almost always water the forests in the afternoon -- briefly, but thoroughly. We soon found our warm sunny weather cold and snowy (it never, never rains above 12,000 feet in these mountains), and we were soon dashing down. There is a saying in the Colorado Mountains, "if you don't like the weather, wait a minute", and by the time we got off the summit the sun was out, and we were treated to first class glissading down to timberline.

That night, spent at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument -- the only campground under the NPS that is filled with grazing cattle -- was to be our last in the country carved out by the Colorado River, and on the next day we were driving back across Utah, over the Wasatch Mountains and into the Great Basin deserts. On the next day, the hottest of the entire trip, we were back in Berkeley.

During these two weeks we had seen a good sampling of the magnificence of the Colorado Plateau. A little we were able to see in detail; there is much we only saw from a far or didn't even expect existed. It is the Glen Canyon, however, that held the most interest, for these beautiful canyons will no longer exist after January 1963 when the waters of Lake Powell will begin to back up into the Escalante, Moqui, Nava' Bridge, Lake, Labyrinth, and

hundreds of other such incomparable canyons, known to those who have boated down the river as among the most beautiful in the world. This summer will probably see thousands of people taking the last trips through the Glen---there will even be jet-propelled boats making daily trips all summer. These crowds will be swallowed up by the immense grandeur of the Glen Canyon . . and then its unique features that also make it ideal for flooding will submit to progress.

NEW MAPS

by Phil Pennington

The Hiking Club has recently enlarged its collection of USGS topographic maps to include most California areas of interest to club members and many areas located out of the state. These maps will be kept in Room C, and should be a great help to those planning trips, deciding what maps to get for their own collections, or just drooling over. Areas included are::

1. 15-minute coverage of the entire High Sierra from the Donner Summit region on the north to the Olancha Peak region on the south.
 2. 7- $\frac{1}{2}$ and 15-minute coverage of much of the Mother Lode
 3. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -minute maps of the Big Sur and Santa Lucia Mt. regions.
 4. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -minute maps of the Redwood state parks in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Coe Memorial State Park, and Mt. Hamilton.
 5. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -minute coverage of Point Reyes region, and Mt Tamalpais
 6. 15-minute maps of Lava Beds National Monument
 7. 15-minute maps of the Marble Mtns and Trinity Alps wilderness areas of northern California
 8. 15-minute maps of some of the more interesting parts of Death Valley.
 9. Lassen Volcanic National Park
 10. Mt Shasta and Castle Crags Regions
 11. In the Cascades: Mt Jefferson, Three Sisters, and Mt Rainier
 12. Zion NP, Grand Canyon NP, Grand Tetons NP, and Glacier NP.
- In addition, there are numerous older 30' and 60' maps of much of the bay area, the Mojave Desert and several miscellaneous areas scattered throughout the state.

* * * * *

THE BEAR TRACK

Published monthly by the University of California Hiking Club
Room C, Eschlerian Hall, UC Campus
Editorial Wheel: Goblins and Goosepimples

Articles on trips, providing an interesting, informative, and useful record; on natural history such as will be interesting and useful to hikers, climbers, and spelunkers; about climbing, hiking, ski mountaineering, equipment, political issues; and especially letters to the editor are invited.

Also we would like for any and all of you who have done some creative writing to allow us to publish it. All for a more colorful, interesting Bear Track.

Disagreement with the editor will be cordially tolerated, and we can have a duel at Pinnacle Rock or at prysiadkas.

This is the first of a series of articles about folk singing. Any of you are invited to write articles for future issues, whether about a specialty, an enthusiasm, or even an ideological attitude.

It is difficult to make any general remarks about folk music, because there is such a wide range of taste and interest involved. For each of us, singing and playing has its own meaning and memories. Last summer I met a young man from Scotland who played guitar and sang very well. He didn't sing Scottish songs at all. He sang American blues. He'd worked hard on his American accent and it was pretty good when he sang. But he didn't really have the feeling right. Yet I have never heard anyone sing "Greensleeves" with such feeling as he did. Perhaps there is a point to this story, but you can draw it yourself.

I've been asked to say something about Bill Briggs, and so I shall. Bill is from Maine. He started playing and singing in college back East, when he was about 18. He says the best advice he ever had from his roommate, who started him playing, was: think about your right hand. That is, get the timing and the strum first, and the fancy fretwork later. He says he would tell this to anyone starting to play.

Bill has done many kinds of work, but his main vocation is that of ski instructor. He has also done some fine mountaineering in the U. S., Canada, and Europe. Bill believes that his singing has a message. His kind advice and his example of dedication have had a deep influence on the many young folk musicians who have met him.

Last summer he conducted a crusade in Grand Teton Park to save the Climbers' Campground there (a fine institution that we should hope to see duplicated in Yosemite). The crusade succeeded, for last season at least. It was Bill who invented Teton Tea, and his famous parties in the Tetons have drawn young traveling singers from all over the country. Last fall he brought out a songbook, which you can get by writing to him.

To close, here are some words I like from "Jug o' Punch":

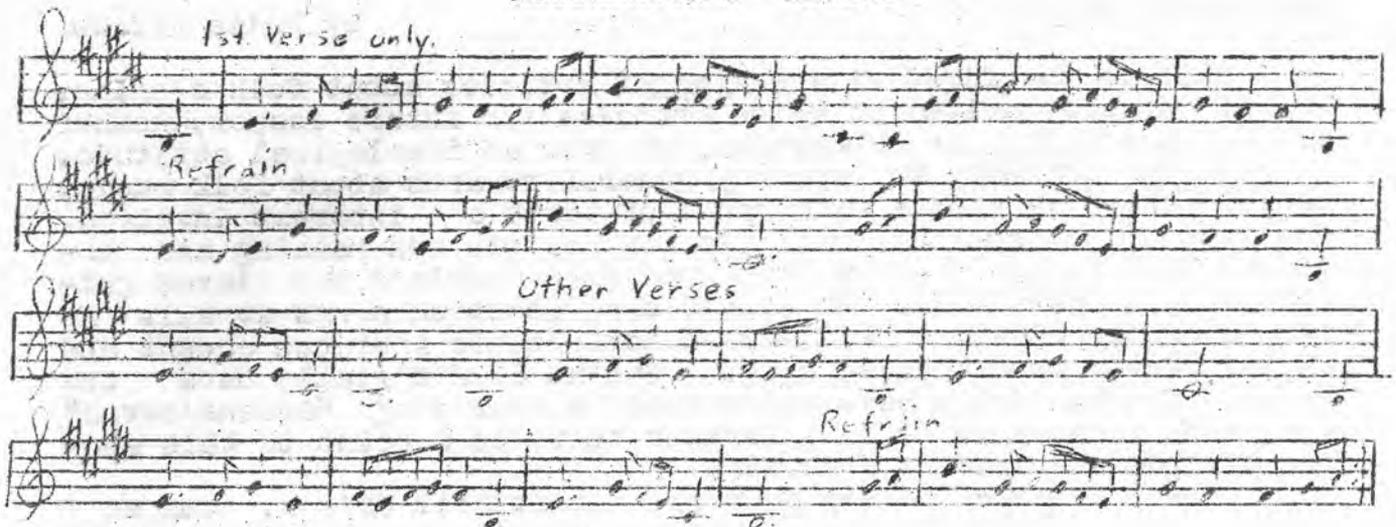
I'll tune my fiddle and I'll rosin my bow,
And I'll be welcome wherever I go.

P. S. For those of you who are interested in Bluegrass music, the Redwood Canyon Ramblers from Berkeley may be playing on the San Jose State campus Friday April 6. Watch for publicity for details.

MacPHERSON'S LAMENT

Details concerning the hero of this fine ballad have been colored by time and popular imagination has given him a reputation far beyond that deserved by the free-booting activities for which he was hanged on November 16, 1700. Report has it that when brought to the gallows, he asked to be allowed to play his fiddle for the last time. He then proceeded to play the stirring tune he had composed for the words of this song. He then offered his fiddle to any member of the clan who would play the tune over his body at his lyke wake. When no one accepted, he is said to have dashed the instrument to pieces over the executioner's head and to have flung himself from the ladder, thereby hanging himself. Robert Burns wrote a memorable version of the song, but it has never superseded the original among the singers in Northeastern Scotland.

MacPHERSON'S LAMENT



Fareweel, ye dungeons dark and strang,
 MacPherson's day will no' be lang
 Upon the gallows tree I'll Hang

Refrain: Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, and sae dauntingly gaed he,
 He played a tune and he danced it roond, below the gallows
 tree.

It was by a woman's treacherous hand that I was condemned to dee,
 Below a ledge at a window she stood, and a blanket she threw over
 me.

The Laird o' Grant, that Hieland sant, that first laid hands on me;
 He played the cause on Peter Broom, to let MacPherson dee.

Untie these bands fra' off my hands, and gie tae me my sword,
 And there's no' a man in a' Scotland, but I'll brave him at a word.

There's some cam' here to see me hanged, and some to buy my fiddle;
 But before that I do part wi' her, I'll brak' it through the middle.

He took the fiddle into baith of his hands, and he broke it ower
 a steyn,
 Says, "There's nae ither hand shall play on thee, when I am dead
 and gane.

O little did my mither think, when first she cradled me,
 That I would turn a rovin' boy and die on the gallows tree.

The reprieve was coming ower the brig o' Banff, to let MacPherson
 free,
 But they pit the clock at a quarter afore and hanged him to the tree.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB SCHEDULE--APRIL 1962

Check in Room C for Details and Signups

- Sat April 7--FREMONT PEAK State Park near San Juan Bautista, Gilroy, Salinas, we will spend the day hiking, exploring small caves in the limestone summit, visiting interesting and extensive mine tunnels, and enjoying spectacular views of the valley 3000 feet below. San Juan Bautista and Hollister Quadrangles.
Leader: Dave Rottman, IA 5-4647
- Sat April 7--INACCESSIBLE NORTH COAST Car camping for the adventure-
Sun April 8 some. The beautiful stands of redwood and lush Douglas fir make this trip unforgettable, even if, as on the last trip, it rains. This is a primitive section of the Coast Range south of Eureka. We will camp on one of the large redwood groves, then go exploring in some of the most beautiful unspoiled scenery left in Northern Calif. If the roads are too slick and gooey from rain, we'll take an alternate route down the coast highway.
Leaders: Christy Sucek, IA 5-9342, and Dick Scheible, TH 5-1910
- Sat April 7--SNOW MOUNTAIN Change in plans! As we already have two
Sun April 8 other scheduled trips offering day-length-type hikes on this weekend, this trip has been changed to a two day backpacking excursion. We scouted the area between semesters and found pine forests at the top and 3 feet of snow and a wonderful view taking in a good part of Northern California. The outing will initially be planned to accommodate the more ambitious hikers--about 25 - 30 miles and a 5000 foot climb. However, if the majority rules, we can easily take a shorter route. Lake Pillsbury and Stonyford Quadrangles.
Leader: Helen McGinnis--TH 3-3159
- Sat April 14--YOSEMITE VALLEY Check in Room C for signups and details. Leaders: Christie Sucek and Roger Ulrich.
- Sat April 14--ADVANCED CAVE TRIP This trip will go to Lost Soldier's
to April 17 Cave in Sequoia National Park. As this is an advanced trip, be sure to check your qualifications with the leader, before signing up for the trip. If you would like to go on this trip, it would be advisable to go on the Cave Section trips this semester.
Leader: Eric Beals--TH 1-3676
- Thu April 19--LAVA BEDS Check in Room C for signups and details.
to April 22
- Sun April 22--MARIN COUNTY HIKE Check in Room C for signups and details. Leader: Helen McGinnis
- Sat April 28--PRACTICE CLIMB For those of you tired of the Indian Rock-Cragmont-Cragmont-Indian Rock routine this trip offers you the possibility of a wild goose chase. If we're lucky we'll find a practice area somewhere south of San Jose which is rumored to have some good jam-cracks.
- Sun April 29 TIDE POOLING Check in Room C for signup and details.
Leader: Howard Wright

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB SCHEDULE -- APRIL 1962

Check in Room C for signup and details.

Sat May 5
Sun May 6

YOSEMITE--MT HOFFMAN Backpacking Whizzing over the new highway to Tuolumne Meadows we don't generally notice the large high mountain mass that separates the Merced and Tuolumne Rivers north of Yosemite Valley. Here lies Mt. Hoffman with its spectacular north wall, Hoffman Thumb, numerous high lakes and views of much of Yosemite National Park. We will camp a few miles from the Tioga Pass Highway and climb Mt. Hoffman and Tuolumne Peak overlooking the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, and perhaps explore the Ten Lakes region. Be prepared for some snow on the ground; if the road is not open we will climb Mt. Hoffman from the Valley floor. Hetch Hetchy and Tuolumne Meadows quadrangles.
Leader: Tim Taylor Th 5-1910

FLASH! from Helen McGinnis on the April 7-8 trip to Snow Mountain! On March 24 the snow line was at 3000 ft., and there was 10 ft. of snow on the summit. Hence we will camp out on snow in one of the club's new tents Saturday. You will need skis or snowshoes (if you can't borrow a pair of the latter, you can rent them from the Ski Hut for \$2.50 plus a 50% deposit for the weekend). Boots are highly recommended.

SLIDE SHOWS every other Friday night at Senior Men's Hall by Phil Pennington, before folk dancing.

HIKE LEADER RESPONSIBILITIES

1. Responsible to scout the trip in advance or to know the area thoroughly.
2. Secure necessary property rights.
3. Write article for Bear Track preceding hike. (!)
4. Post sign up in Room C 7 days preceding hike.
5. Provide some method of introducing all hikers.
6. Bring first aid kit and UCHC arrows.
7. Have all hikers sign registration sheet before hike.
8. Make sure all hikers know about the drivers' compensation policy.
9. Fill out trip roster sheet and put it in roster book. (This has been sadly neglected of late.

* * * * *

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How you wonder who I am
Up above the sky so low,
You're higher than I am, Old Black Joe!

* * * * *

MAY SCHEDULE IN NEXT ISSUE OF BEAR TRACK

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB MEMBERSHIP LIST SPRING 1962

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Sy Benton	2550 Haste St.	Th 5-6091
Sandy Brown	6699 Telegraph Ave.	Th 1-0842
Howard Cohen	1734 17th Ave., S. F.	Lo 6-6449
Timothy Doyle	2623-A Parker	Th 5-1480
Bill Engs	2620 Piedmont	Th 8-3920
John Faust	477 2nd Ave., Crescent City	
Bill Gardiner	Yosemite National Park, Calif.	
Kay Hershey	1721 Grove, Apt. 2	Th 3-0175
Tom Juster	2020 Delaware	Th 5-2673
George Kan	5378 Miles Ave., Oakland	Ol 5-1733
William Loyd	2139 Pierce St., S. F.	
Joe Maxwell	1129 Spruce	Ia 4-5762
Genevieve Potochick	526 11th Ave., Apt. 4, S. F.	
Dave Rottman	1820 Berryman	Ia 5-4647
Dick Scheible	2406 Grant	Th 5-1910
Anne Schorske	46 El Camino Real	Th 5-4491
Stuart Tregoning	825 Cherry St, Santa Rosa	

UNDERGRADS, GRADS, EMPLOYEES

Tom Aley	1811 Berkeley Way	
Jim Anderson	2520 Durant Ave	Th 5-9120
Jim Baldrige	2404 Dana	Th 3-9468
Bob Baron	2406 Grant	Th 5-1910
Bob Baumann	2511 Hearst, Apt. 31	
Eric Beals	1810 University, #6	Th 1-3676
George Bergman	2600 Ridge Road	Th 5-4710
Robert Bernick	2427 McKinley, Apt 1	Th 1-7527
Mel Bernstein	Gone round the world	
Diane Binneweg	2250 Prospect St	Th 5-9415
Bob Brooks	2735 Regent, #14	Th 1-6124
Jonathan Butler	3039-B Deakin	Th 8-9033
Steve Cafferata	2315 Dwight Way	Th 3-6551
Karin Carter	2650 Haste, 307 Cunningham	Th 1-7622
Helen Chester	2939 Dwight Way, 313 Peixotto	Th 5-4780
Roberta Christy	2250 Prospect St	Th 5-9415
Kathy Connell	1721 Grove	Th 3-0175
Steve Dautoff	2122 Dwight Way	Th 1-4398
Jim Diehl	2936 Domingo, #6	
Mike Eaton	74 Hillcrest Dr. Orinda	Ol 4-3003
Dave Elvin	1810 University Ave	Th 1-3676
John Fitz	2645 Shasta Rd	Th 5-7406
Chris Fredericks	2939 Dwight Way, 211	Th 5-4780
Keturah Gashwiler	1729 Grove	
Anna Jane Gey	2939 Dwight Way	Th 5-4780
Sam Greene	2639-A Fulton	
Mike Grenko	2646 Dana	Th 1-7322
Luke Haag	Bowles Hall	Th 8-4010
Al Hartmann	2633 Etna	
Keith and Jean Howard	2206 Dwight Way	Th 8-9155
Werner Hollstein	2315 Dwight Way	Th 3-6551
Sue Jacquot	2522 College Ave	Th 5-9622
Brian Johnson	2315 Dwight Way	Th 3-6551
Sid Kau	2525 LeConte	Th 5-5497

Al Kaplan	2972-A Adeline	Th 9-1878
Art Knoebel	2122 Acton	Th 5-4962
Charlotte Krause	2522 College	Th 5-9622
Sonja Landess	2939 Dwight Way	Th 5-4780
Ed Leeper	1731 $\frac{1}{2}$ Francisco	Th 3-4559
Helen McGinnis	1807 Cedar	Th 3-3159
Dick Mariscal	International House, #761	Th 8-6600
Bill Marquardt	350 4th Ave, S. F.	Ba 1-6790
Helen Maurer	2014 Channing Way	Th 5-7018
Paul Nebel	Bowles Hall	Th 8-4010
Dottie and Bill Noble	2206 Woolsey	Th 5-2871
Jim O'Loughlin	257 Miramar, S. F.	Ju 7-2596
Dean Pasvankis	2650 Haste, 503 Ehrman	Th 1-7622
Phil Pennington	2645 Shasta Rd	Th 5-7406
Barbara Phillips	2542 Durant	Th 5-9398
Anita Pitz	2542 Durant	Th 5-9398
Bert Puchtler	2713 Parker	Th 8-9373
Anthony Samar	117 Purdue Ave	La 4-7572
Alan Rebensdorf	3912 Hanly Ave, Oakland	
Marshall Reed	2650 Haste, 707 Ehrman	Th 1-7622
Wally Reed	1993 Ashby	
David Rhodes	1733 Dwight Way	Th 3-9689
Dennis Rhodes	1733 Dwight Way	Th 3-9689
Bill Rittenberg	1412-A Spruce	Th 5-0320
Krehe Ritter	1130 Spruce	La 4-5762
P. Ross	International House	Th 8-6600
Marcia Rottman	1820 Berryman	La 5-4647
Ann Rumble	2159 Vine	Th 1-4251
Sandy Selders	2522 College	Th 5-9622
Dave Smart	527 Anita Lane, Millbrae	
Pete Stevenson	543 Mount Ave, Richmond	Be 4-9347
Harold Stark	1494 Solano, #13, Albany	La 5-3889
Don Stickers	2140 Oxford	Th 8-1030
Howard Sturgis	2307 California	Th 1-7436
Christy Suczek	1432-A Milvia	La 5-9342
Mike Sudborough	2140 Oxford	Th 8-1030
Mike Tansey	1608 Cedar	La 6-6104
Nancy Tate	2522 College	Th 5-9622
Phyllis Tate	1432-A Milvia	La 5-9342
Tim Taylor	2406 Grant	Th 5-1910
Tina Toft	2701 Durant Ave	Th 3-9280
Anthony Tomasello	2527 Channing	Th 5-9428
Roger Ulrich	2600 Ridge Road	Th 5-4710
Don Vance	2728 Belrose	Th 3-0491
Shela Varrentzoff	2650 Haste, 307 Cunningham	Th 1-7622
Julie Verran	2338 $\frac{1}{2}$ Grove	Th 1-7361
Russ Weitzel	2701 Benvenue	Ext. 3637 Th 5-6000

President	Tom Aley	Hiking Comm.	Bob Baron
Vice-Pres.	Al Kaplan	Publicity	Christie Suczek
Exec. Sec.	Christie Suczek	Program	Roger Ulrich
Corr. Sec.	John Fitz	Entertainment	
Treasurer	Eric Beals	Folk Dance	Joe Maxwell
Reps-at-large	Bill Noble	Bear Track	John Fitz
	Krehe Ritter	Membership	Karin Carter
	Marcia Rottman		
	Tim Taylor		



the Editorial Wheel

WHAT IS OUR PURPOSE?

Some of the members of the Club seem to be two-faced. On the one hand, there is a great lament about the decline in membership during the last few semesters; on the other, when there is a large signup for any of the trips, shouts arise that trips should be small, that twenty people is too many, and so on. This last weekend more than twenty people signed up for the intermediate cave trip and all we heard was bitching and remarks that some of these people should stay home, that future trips would be restricted, and so on. All of this seems to us to be unfortunate.

There are two philosophies of trip leadership. One of these we will call the "unled" or "achievement" trip leadership theory since such trips are characterized by hikers and climbers just getting together and deciding to go somewhere, and that the places usually constitute a greater challenge and require more skill or experience. The second we will call the "social" trip theory, since it combines the exhilaration of hiking and the lure of the wilderness with the spirit of the large campfire, with just being together with friends. We think that a lot of difficulties about trips are a result of not having this dichotomy in clear focus.

It is true that with regard to caves, much greater knowledge and care about conservation is necessary; with regard to climbing, more skill is necessary because of potential danger; and with regard to difficult hikes more ability is necessary, more endurance, more experience with the wilderness. But in order to gain these various attributes a person must start somewhere, and can they if the prevailing philosophy is one of limited trips and restricted attendance? The attitude seems to be that people do not know how to judge their ability. We think that if a trip is announced as difficult, those who cannot make it will not sign up; we think they will sign up for trips which offer them a chance to learn about the wilderness, or to get into better condition for harder trips.

We believe and urge that the primary function of Hiking Club is to schedule "social" trips, for the breaking in of new people, and for the maintenance of a social atmosphere where those who love the outdoors can meet each other. Certainly the Club should provide activities of a more advanced nature; but they should never be allowed to usurp the social function, or the membership will continue to drop because newcomers see what appears to them a closed-group atmosphere. Leaders of trips which are scheduled and for which signup sheets are posted should not grumble because their trip receives an enthusiastic response, as last week over the intermediate cave trip. Caving should be offered to everyone who thinks they would be interested, and not made a closed activity. We are glad that other leaders were found for the trip last weekend. Likewise trips into remote, inaccessible, spectacular areas should not be solely a secret trip function of the ingroup just because they can hike faster than anybody else.

So what we suggest is that the difference between the two types of trips be recognized, and that the main purpose of Hiking Club be to introduce people to the mysteries and wonder of caves, or exposure, of deep woods and quiet lakes, not to have select groups of us going off on trips which require a training or experience which we do not offer to those who wish it.



