



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB

OCTOBER, 1962

GLEN CANYON-1962

by Sam Greene

The Glen Canyon is a heartbeat of red stone; Jurassic twilight frozen in red dunes; a wingbeat of desert preserved through 300 million years. Through it like a tortuous file a river runs, and from high hills at sunset fire falls in guttering silence over red-lit pools. There was little life here, long ago, when massive sandstorms whirled over a desert running a thousand miles. Pterodactyls, maybe, flew from the Mesozoic swamps and saw the desert running endlessly, in a red haze at sunrise or black under great winds at sunset; they wheeled over sand-strewn pools and returned. There was only the desert, red desolation, and sun. The sands piled deep, cross-bedded by the winds; became rock, iron-infused 3000 feet thick.

Into this Jurassic desert a river cut a curved slash, wherein nowadays drop narrow canyons with thousand foot walls, with gigantic alcoves and staircases carved by running water. On these red walls the light is a flickering chameleon; at dawn or sunset cold and menacing, at midday bands of vermillion splashes where the sandstone glows in reflected light. At dusk, when the walls grow dark below, they flash above in the red fire of the sinking sun, and this fire glances from the red-green river which in spring is a mighty flood, but in late summer glides stilly over a quivering moon and stars. There is the sound of frogs and crickets, while along the river the sandbars fall, piece by piece. At sunrise fire comes into the canyons, and at midday only lizards move over burning walls, and streams that ran at dawn vanish in hot sand.

There came this summer into this red sandstone wilderness in Southeastern Utah 18 members of the Hiking Club, in two expeditions, one in June when the Colorado was a roaring flood, and in late August when the river was a peaceful, but moving, lake. Both expeditions were organized by Phil Pennington, veteran Hiking Club member with a long familiarity with Southeastern Utah but with a total lack of experience in river running. Members of the June expedition were Phil Pennington, Ed Leeper, Sy Benton, Roger Ulrich, David Rhodes, Christy Suezek, Barbara Tihen, and Sam Greene. The latter two used fiberglass kayaks which they had built from Sierra Club molds just before the trip; the others used two-man (Japanese-made) rubber rafts. The kayaks rode beautifully and were a pleasure to operate (it was even possible, by paddling hard, to

remain stationary in the main current in June, which was running about 10 miles an hour). The rafts by comparison were bumbling paralytic beetles but they did serve their function of taking their operators and equipment down (and occasionally, across) the river. Phil, Ed, and Sy left early to explore some side canyons of the Escalante river, one of the larger tributaries of the Colorado River in the Glen Canyon. They met the rest of the group at White Canyon, Utah, the put-in point where all boats and supplies were left, after which the three drivers, Phil, Barbara, and Sam, drove 300 miles to Kane Creek, the take-out point near Page, Arizona, and then flew back to White Canyon to rejoin the others.

After a night spent listening to the mighty Colorado rushing past in flood, the group (and not without some trepidation) launched forth upon the river the next morning. The late launchers saw the first group, their oars idle, rushed rapidly down the 300 yard wide, sucking and gurgling river and whirled out of sight around the bend. A few minutes later they also came around that bend, and upon their ears sprang a vast and ominous roar. It was the first real rapid anyone on the trip had run, and so looked much more menacing than it was.

After everyone had safely negotiated the first few rapids, rapid running was considered a fine sport, particularly by the kayakers, who thought nothing of paddling completely across the river to go over a single rock, the while being watched enviously by the rafters, who were pains of the current. (This practice later brought some people to grief.) With no effort at all, merely being swept along on the powerful current, the group that first day made 25 miles. Since all sandbars were covered by the flood, a good camping and boat-mooring spot was hard to find. The first night was spent at Smith Fork. Behind the camp reared a massive sheer wall, looming grandiosely in the moonlight while in front ran the river, and all around great walls were dark under the moon; upstream a pale green slash showed where the river came. The next day they found petroglyphs, abstract and representational patterns pecked into the sandstone with stone hammers by the Moqui Indians, who inhabited these canyons 800 years ago. The group received its first intimation of wonders to come on short hikes up Smith Fork and Hansen Creek. There they saw prototypes of the gigantic alcoves and immense walls which characterize the narrow side canyons of the Lower Glen Canyon.

After camping at Moqui Canyon, and after a night spend wondering whether Dave Rhodes, who was seized with severe stomach cramps, would live or die, the group explored Moqui Canyon, and (except for Dave, who was sick, and Phil, who was far ahead up the canyon) climbed a couple of hundred feet up the canyon walls on Moqui steps, which are handholds for hands and feet hacked by the Moqui, using stone hammers, out of the solid rock. At the top of the steps were Moqui ruins and a Moqui open air outhouse. The rest of the day was spent looking briefly into side canyons between Moqui Canyon and Lake Canyon, the latter being the site of extensive Moqui ruins. Barbara and Sam in their kayaks concentrated on running rapids, and, scorning maps, ran right past Lake Canyon and after realizing their mistake, spent the night by themselves several miles downriver. They explored a side canyon behind their camp and found two Moqui chipping sites and a magnificent alcove.

On the following day they passed the Rincon, where the earth was upfolded, exposing the Kayenta, Wingate, Chinle and Moenkops formations below the Navaho, and Barbara and Sam went far up Bowne Canyon, a tortured geological marvel cut through the Kayenta ledges, with vertical faults running from rim to rim across the canyon floor, large lenses of purple variclay, and interesting rockclimbing around waterfalls.

While Phil went ahead to the Escalante, the rest of the group camped that night at Oil Seep Bar, lulled by the roar of good rapids below.

The next morning was cloudy, but that day was Cathedral in the Desert day, and Barbara, Sam, Roger, and Dave hiked 5 miles up the Escalante River and Clear Creek to see a masterpiece. As they rounded a bend in Clear Creek Canyon the walls suddenly closed in overhead while opening out below and they stood in a vast nave of red stone, 300 feet across and as many high. Opposite them the canyon ended in a sheer wall, below which was a crystal pool ringed at a height of 15 feet by maidenhair fern, whose rich green contrasted perfectly with the red immensity of the walls. At this moment the clouds opened and across the red sand floor of this stupendous and barbaric cathedral fell a white flash of sun. They stood still in the solemn grandeur of red stone, in the cool shadows of the red Jurassic twilight, watching for a wing-beat, the splendor carved in sandstone by water and 30 million years. The vast arch of the ceiling was lost in shadowy gloom; far below they were small avatars lit for a moment by an ancient sun, listening for the frozen screams of long-dead pterodactyls.

Returning to the Colorado, they camped that night below the San Juan, on the stone floor of Cottonwood Gulch, which they explored next morning. They found great alcoves, and far upstream, a narrow canyon a few feet across with deep pools of cold water above which loomed 500 foot walls, glowing soft red in the early morning sun. That afternoon they ascended Hidden Passage, a very narrow canyon with thousand foot walls, chilly gloom, deep, cold water pools and waterfalls which required some rock climbing.

They camped before Music Temple, a smaller and less awesome version of the Cathedral in the Desert. They sprawled inside next morning while Phil played ancient music on his recorder. The music bounded from wall to wall, reinforced, sonorous, magical.

Downstream was Mystery Canyon, so-called from a flight of Moqui steps which ended half-way up a sheer wall, and part of the group pushed off into the foaming river. A few minutes later Sam, in his kayak ahead of those who had remained a little longer, headed toward a large roaring wave just below Music Temple. Upstream he was not able to see that it was a reverse fold, which was formed by a very large boulder, into which a five foot wave curled backwards from downstream. He did not see this until he was almost on it; and although he was not able to miss it, he managed to go through the side rather than the middle, and avoided turning over. At this moment he heard a faint cry from his left, and saw Barbara standing precariously on a ledge at the edge of the large whirlpool below the reverse fold. She also had headed for the wave, had tried to miss it and as a result had gone in broadside, and turned over. In the maelstrom below she was sucked under for some time, but eventually had escaped to the edge of the whirlpool. At that point, looking back, she saw her \$250 camera, in its water-tight bag, floating in the whirlpool, and so galvanized by this sight was she, that in spite of being exhausted she swam back and retrieved her camera. Just as Barbara called to him, Sam saw Sy and Dave coming in their rafts and Sy was able to take Barbara downstream of Mystery Canyon, finding her kayak paddle on the way, floating in a backwater. Sam meanwhile went downstream looking for Barbara's kayak, and found it and Dave Rhodes waiting on the bank not far below. Dave, it turned out, had been turned over in the same hole, and had seen Barb's kayak go by and rescued it. Sam then paddled back upstream to give Barbara the good news. Except for the fact that Barbara and Dave lost their shoes, and Barbara her glasses, as a result of which her visual efficiency was somewhat impaired, all was well.

(continued next issue)

KANAL REVISITED

It was a Friday night when a group of Hiking Clubbers left for a very unmoonlight type hike. About fourteen of us started out from Senior Mens Hall around 11:00 o'clock and headed down campus in a rather unorganized and grubby appearing group. Necessary equipment for the trip included disposable clothes, a flashlight and an affinity for being miserable. What were we? Why, a group of sanitary engineers on a field trip.

We entered a well-known creek and were quickly swallowed up by a curiously rectangular cave. People carefully jumped from side to side of the water to keep their feet dry. This didn't last very long. About the time people began getting wet a number of the Hiking Clubbers decided that they were lacking in the last of the above mentioned necessary equipment and so retreated. Those left (nine) continued on at a fairly fast rate. A tenth mammal was spotted and quickly trapped and identified as a rat. As we went along we noted the different shapes of the walkways which were caused by the various ages in the city's geologic history. Several of the very interesting things we saw included some calcium carbonate deposits and a beautiful mold.

Quite a ways in the cave opens out into a channel and the water gains slightly in depth. The warning crys of Berkeley's watch dogs sounded overhead as we fought through the undergrowth and back into the cave again. In this lower section the walkways took on the shape of inverted teardrops. Many crawlways led off to the side and up. After a long ways the current became very slow and the water became steadily deeper. . . deeper. After about 250 yards in water up to mid above chest deep with bubbling gases all around people began wondering just how many of the last of the equipment items they too had with them. The indefatigable member of our group said he had to look around a corner and then with shouts of "I'm swimming" and then "I'm outside" he emerged into the bay. The rest of us followed.

It was a very sorry-looking group which appeared outside the Durant Avenue bus. The driver, however, let us aboard and after taking our wet money started off. The expressions on the faces of the other passengers as they got on (holding their noses) were at the least amazing. Our trip ended successfully after a short talk with one of the University's uniformed employees who claimed he had a report that people in various stages of undress were running across Berkeley.

PROBLEMS OF CLIMBING

by Roger Ulrich

People often wonder why some climbers are considered better than others. Rather than answer this question directly I will explain the considerations that I take into account when searching for someone to do a climb with me.

First of all is the difficulty of the climb. If it is all of such difficulty that I can be quite sure of being able to climb everything with very low probability of a fall or if it is so short that we are never more than 2 or 3 rappels off the ground then it doesn't much matter who I climb with. In either of these cases I won't mind leading the whole climb and we can always get down in a hurry in case of trouble.

If on the other hand the climb is long and difficult then it matters who I climb with. In this case my weak heart cannot stand the strain of leading every pitch. It is very nice to be able to relax with an upper belay every other pitch. This is due to the tremendously greater responsibility of the leader. If he were to fall far enough to

get badly hurt or into a position under an overhang several hundred feet off the floor then the second is faced with very grave problems which are easy enough to imagine. For this reason the leader must be either absolutely sure that he will not fall or have in enough solidly placed pitons that he will not be badly hurt or be in an awkward position in the event of a fall. Since it is frequently difficult to place good pitons, leading requires both skill and judgment to maintain a balance between speed and safety. Speed is necessary since climbing or descending in the dark is unpleasant and an unprepared-for bivouac is equally bad.

In writing this I am by no means implying that I excel in the skills mentioned or that my judgment is the best possible. I have ample room for improvement but these are the things that I think about both when leading and when trying to find a partner to climb with.

A FEW REMARKS AND OBSERVATIONS

by Allen Kaplan

I have been around the U. C. Hiking Club for about six years. It has been by continuing observation in that time that the club functions in a manner very close to an anarchist conception of an ideal society.

It has, to be sure, an organizational structure--committees, mountaineering section, caving section, and a governing body patterned after the ASUC Executive Committee as it was formerly. Happily, the wranglings and other activities and inactivities of these groups rarely ruffles the course of club events.

Planning, the birth and development of ideas for trips and other activities, takes place at the permanent floating town meeting at Room C, practice climbs, parties, trips, etc.

Events take place when a member (or groups of members occasionally) takes the responsibility for them on his own initiative. Let me point out here that one needn't always be an old experienced hand in order to initiate some desired activity; one thing that is freely and copiously available is the advice and tales of the past experiences of older members.

If no one actively takes the initiative, nothing happens despite any moanings and wailings and heated Ex. Com. debates.

I present these observations for the edification of new members and the enlightenment of old ones moaning about trips that didn't go.

Despite a few notable flops among scheduled trips, many interesting and well-liked trips did go during the past year. Some of them, as usually happens, were unscheduled.

At least a partial solution, which I have attempted to institute this fall, is a more careful selection of what is printed in the schedule: i. e. no trips without willing leaders.

During the past two years of "stagnation and apathy" there have been two highly successful trips to the Grand Canyon, three to Southern Utah, and some more leisurely backpacking trips in the Sierra. Each Christmas and semester break has seen snow trips, easy ones into huts and rugged ones using tents designed and constructed for the club by members.

There has been a spate of do-it-yourself equipment construction among members. This fall promises a revival of the staggering mountaineering section with a broader interest in general mountaineering and snow and ice work in addition to the strictly rockclimbing interest of the section's heyday three or four years ago.

That is to say, in its usual uncoordinated, half-organized way the club continues to flourish which is to say the people in Room C are still going hiking, camping, climbing, etc., and don't seem to be about to stop.

Philip--a lover of horses
 John--God is gracious
 Timothy--one who honors God
 Thomas--a twin
 Robert--bright in fame
 Peter--a rock
 William--will; what is desired; protection
 Phyllis--little green leaf; a country maiden in Virgil's eclogues; so
 hence, a) any pretty girl; b) a sweetheart
 Helen--a torch
 Anna--grace
 Nancy--variant of Anna
 Sandra--from Sandra from Alexandra from Alexander, hence, a defender
 of men
 Dorothy--gift of God
 Charlotte--a pudding or dessert made of fruit, gelatin, etc., in a
 mold of bread, cake, or graham cracker crumbs
 James--a supplanter
 Samuel--his name is God
 Roger--famous with the spear
 Christopher--Christ-bearer
 Howard--meaningless
 Julie--feminine of Julius, also meaningless
 Catherine--pure, unsullied
 Karin--Swedish form of Catherine
 Chela--disciple (especially of the Lord)
 Ruth--companion
 David--beloved
 Raphael (-ito, i.e. Lito)--God was healed
 Charles (i.e. Chuck, i.e. Pratt) strong, manly
 Carla--feminine of Karl, German of Charles
 Paul--little
 George--a husbandman
 Susan--lily
 Richard--strong like a ruler, powerful

FOLK SONG SECTION

by John Fitz

Last Saturday night at Janie Taylor's house Bill Briggs led a folk sing, if led is the proper word for someone who sang about one-fifth of the time. It seems to us that Briggs exemplifies what is best in the folksinging tradition, and what is seldom if ever seen at the group sings which occur at intervals sponsored by local liberal organizations, by the ASUC at the Bear's Lair, by the Commuter's-Independents, etc. This is a deep spirit of sharing of the beauty, philosophy, and experience of many songs, many styles, many moods, especially that it is a sharing, that the floor is open, that no one dominates because he has a large repertoire or great technique or a fine voice. At other folksings one sees and has seen one instrumentalist or groups of them rattle off songs one after another as fast as nuts fall in a high wind, like the railroad train a thousand coaches long, and very little singing; or group songs, loud, fast, common, and no variation from one sing to another, the political song, the grammar school group song, the lamentations of labor, and endless repetitive identical blues; or one person getting a throttlehold on the floor. These are noticeably absent from a Briggs Teton Tea Party, and intentionally absent;

for somehow the spirit there transcends the others I mentioned, is somehow better, of more value, lasting and intrinsic, individual and social, than the others I mentioned. We wish to quietly take notice of this; it is not something we wish blared out, but something we appreciate and would like to see more of.

On this subject, our major criticism of the Folk Music Festival which occurred in June was exactly on this point; it was concert after concert, all good performers, Jean Ritchie, Jean Redpath, Sam Hinton, Slim Critchlow, Bessie Jones, but there was no participation by the attenders, even at the after-party sings at the terrace and the Bear's Lair, where the same few songs were sung each night, and one person dominated and would not give up the floor. We hope that this can be changed, and more opportunity for attender participation with the staff can be provided.

Lastly, we wish that others would write articles of interest for publication in the Bear Track; much material could be discussed, such as bluegrass music, histories of different traditions, stories of particular songs, portraits of Hiking Club folksingers, contrasts of different traditions, etc. So let us hear from you or we will tap you on the shoulder.

CORRECTIONS TO DAILY CAL STATEY ON SEPT 21

by Bill Marquardt

Roger Ulrich said, "Some of the ladies are better climbers than I am right now," NOT "better than I'll ever be."

The select few became notorious for the getting caught on the BAY bridge in the Spring, 1959.

The phrase "well-positioned publicity men" refers to the picture in the January 6, 1958 Berkeley Gazette.

The Easter Bunny affair was in the papers from April 19 to May 2 1955, not just May, 1955.

HIKING CLUB SCHEDULE FOR OCTOBER

Check in Room C for details and signups

- OCT 4 Thursday, 8:00 PM. Rm 390 Hearst Mining Building: "The Last Days of Glen Canyon" a slide show of the Colorado River and Glen Canyon trips; presided over by Phil Pennington.
- OCT 6-7 Weekend Peakbagging trip to Banner (12,957) and Ritter Peak (13,157) both in the Ritter Range. Leader, Roger Ulrich.
- OCT 13 Practice Climb--Cragmont, after-climb dinner afterwards.
- OCT 14 Day Hike in the Santa Cruz area--abandoned mine, ghost town, etc. Leader: Nancy Tate
- OCT 20-21 Dardanelles Cone: A short easy four-mile class 1.9 vigorous hike up this prominent peak in the Northern Sierra. Leader: Phil Pennington.
- OCT 26 Halloween Party at Senior Men's Hall
- OCT 27 Beginning Cave Trip--check Room C for signups and details.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB BEAR TRACK

Published monthly in Room C, Eshleman, Hiking Club Office

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ON FOLK DANCING SPONSORSHIP

Folk dancing is primarily done by the Hiking Club and others who come on Friday nights for fun. And in a unique way this distinguishes the Hiking Club Friday night dances from dancing elsewhere; in most of the California Folk Dance Federation and the rest of the U. S. the accent is on three things: costumes, accuracy and correctness, and providing a service in that to folk dance anywhere will cost you from 75¢ to \$1.50. Being as you all know a long-time folk dancer who has danced many places and seen many teachers and folk dancers, I prefer the freedom from those three considerations which is present on Friday night, which is the most fun group anywhere, and the richest variety of folk-dances, and the most intense period of dancing.

However, as you also all know, the Hiking Club has been seeing an intense battle over whether or not they should sponsor this popular activity; because so many people come who are not members, because the group is beyond Hiking Club control. So last year the folk dancers moved over to the Women's Gym to try to end the bickering in Hiking Club. However, this ran into great difficulty with the Administration who did not wish to permit non-students and employees to come; as a result of which the folk-dancing has moved back into Senior Men's Hall. At the beginning of the semester the Hall was reserved for the U. C. Folk Dance Club, who have now decided that they, especially Mrs. Bloland, their advisor, do not want the responsibility of the program. So the problem is back into the lap of Hiking Club, and all of the old arguments are raised.

It is said that Hiking Club should not sponsor a group most of whose members are not Hiking Clubbers; that Hiking Club is an outdoor activity; that if the folk dancers need and want sponsorship they should form a separate group; that it is not really a Hiking Club program but instead dominated by John Fitz. On the other hand, everyone wants the Friday night program to continue, since it provides everyone with an activity on Friday night, and part of that activity includes all the watching and climbing rafters; it is in nature and spirit an organization-less activity, and to introduce constitution and membership and officers would require more than those who come want to give, or have to give; it is something which is there for everyone to come to, to which Hiking Clubbers do come, and which does not hinder the Hiking Club to sponsor, and which is in the free spirit of Hiking. But the arguments become repetitive, and I would like to get from behind all the dogma and feeling, and look at the real benefits and disadvantages to both Hiking Clubbers and folk dancers. Does Hiking Club gain? Does the setting up of a new group help anyone, change the situation any? Does Hiking Club gain? We know that our answers to these questions are just as full of opinion as anyone's, and we don't wish to over-use the position of Editor, but we think that it is clear that we feel that Hiking Club, should, and can without disadvantage sponsor the folkdancing.