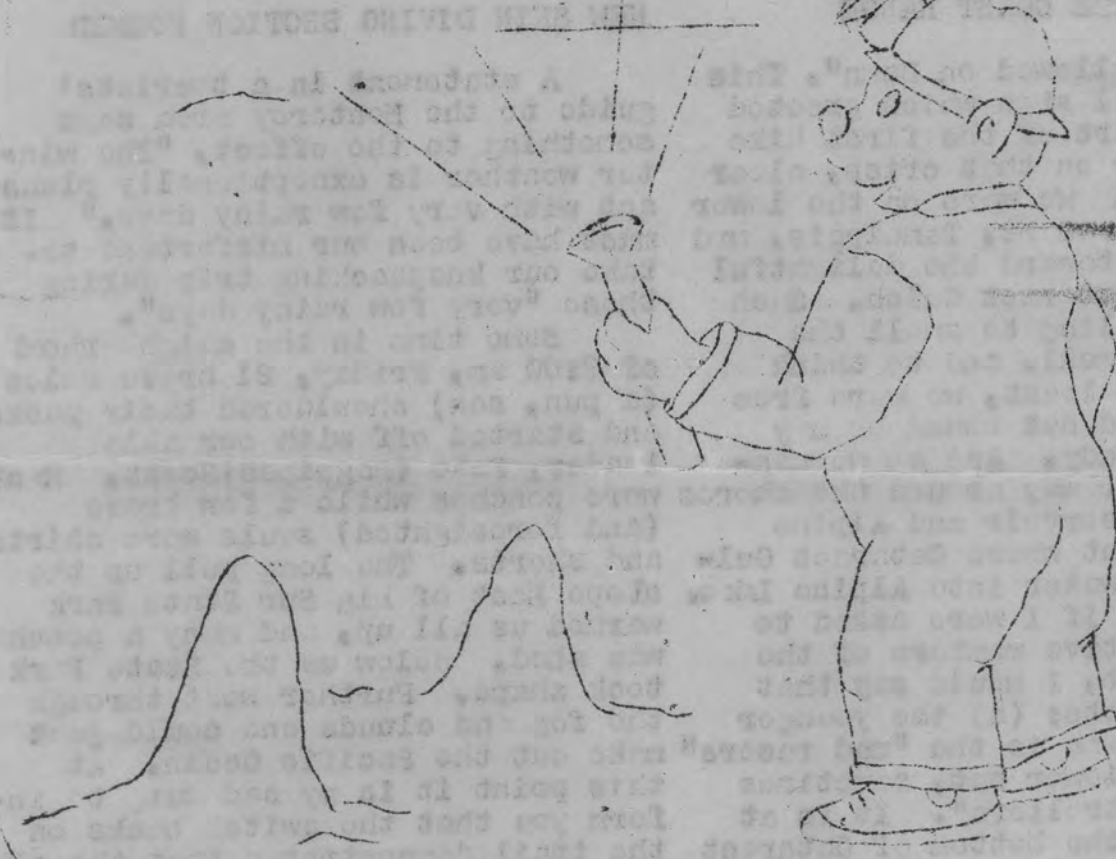


WORLD

UCN



TERRACE

Vol # 17 No. 1 March '57

SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DOWN MEXICO WAY...BAJA CALIFORNIA TRIP

Wednesday, January 23, 1957

Having duly paid 20 dollars into the trip treasury, we loaded board the trucks at the University West Gate at about 6:30 pm. The trucks consisted of two large 14-foot GMC's and a Chevy pickup. Having been packed in and had the tailgates shut upon us, we were all set for our trip south on Route 99. Stops were made every few hours for generally recognized purposes plus tanking up on gas, and once a snack (candy bars) was served.

Thursday, January 24, 1957

Found us en route, and by dawn we were in the outskirts of Los Angeles and moving fast. Stop was made for breakfast at Doheny State Park just south of San Juan Capistrano. Here we filled 12 cans with one gallon each of water, henceforth known as "Doheny water". Then into Tijuana. There we wandered around, taking pictures and ogling, before returning to our conveyances to head south to La Mission Valley. The route was through dry hills, which were much as those in California. After a few miles our road came down toward a rather algal but pleasantly wet stream, flowing through fields and pastures, and here we made camp and about a group of trees that might be called a grove. The kitchen was set up and put in operation, supper was served, and a fire made in an open space by the stream; and while we sat around singing songs, it began to rain. Hence there was not much delay before sacking out. pp3

A DAY IN THE COAST RANGE

"No cars allowed on Damn". This is the official sign which greeted us near the start of the first hike of the semester on that crisp, clear Sunday morning. We were on the lower northern slopes of Mt. Tamalpais, and taking our way toward the delightful canyon called Cataract Gulch. Such a wonderful feeling to smell the fresh morning smell, and to think that for now at least, we were free individuals, and not bound by any necessity to study. And so we managed to make our way around the shores of Bon Tempe Reservoir and Alpine Lake to the point where Cataract Gulch empties its water into Alpine Lake.

I think that if I were asked to classify the active members of the C. Hiking Club, I would say that there are two sets: (a) the younger set, known to some as the "mad racers" and (b) the mellow set, sometimes known as the "strollers". It is at such places as the bottom of Cataract Gulch that the division between sets (a) and (b) begins to be most sharply defined. At any rate, set (a) disappeared in a cloud of dust up the trail, and were not seen until almost lunch time. Cont. pp 4

NEW SKIN DIVING SECTION FORMED

A statement in a tourists' guide to the Monterey area says something to the effect, "The winter weather is exceptionally pleasant with very few rainy days." It must have been our misfortune to take our knapsacking trip during those "very few rainy days".

Some time in the neighborhood of 9:00 am, Friday, 21 brave souls (a pun, son) shouldered their packs and started off with our able leader, Peto (Bagpipes) Scott. Most wore ponchos while a few brave (and foresighted) souls wore shirts and shorts. The long pull up the slope East of Big Sur State Park warmed us all up, and many a poncho was shed. Below us the State Park took shape. Further west through the fog and clouds one could just make out the Pacific Ocean. At this point it is my sad duty to inform you that the switch backs on the trail demonstrated that the club has a number of that breed of creature only one step below the litter bug--namely the "trail cutter". Much seemed to have been done out of ignorance, but remember how hard it is to build and maintain such trails

Cont. pp 4

ONE TWO THREE, HOP!

CAMPFIRE SING

On Friday, February 15, the first folk dance of the semester was held in the Senior Men's Hall. The people began arriving around 7:30, and as the evening danced on, still kept arriving. In fact, the largest turn-out in a long time had the hall reverberating long into the night. Things started out rather calmly with a Circle Schottische - one two three hop, one two three hop, hop swing, hop swing, hop swing and Mayim; then the pace increased to include Marklander and Millertaler Landler. From this point on, cries such as "Irma, how does THIS THING go?", "NO, with your RIGHT foot" and "I've lost my wife" were heard throughout the evening.

At the Inn, Senftenberger, and Vienna Two Step had their moments of glory; and some one, with an evil gleam in his eye, put the record of Troika on twice in succession and left half the club dripping from the walls or flattened on the floor. Refreshments were the next order of the evening, and welcome they were. Bread, crackers and a dime in the cup were followed by more pas de basque and polka-stopping. More than one hiking clubber learned once again how easy it is to get out of condition.

Marcia Lightbody

 LIVES OF THE MOTHER LODGE-

A Layman's Point of View

Sunday morning February 17 was grey and drear as 13 hiking clubbers met at West Gate for a Trip to the caves. Many more were signed, but perhaps they were scared off by a possible shortage of cars. As it turned out, we had five cars available to carry 13 people. One car went to Cave City, and is bespoken elsewhere. The seven more intrepid polunkers piled aboard one car for trip to Camp 9 Road Area. (Actually we started with 6, but we managed to stalk Anne Dacey using elephant techniques.) Aboard were Ray de Guessey, leader, Anne Dacey, Sam German, Tom Aley, Joan Walker, Al Aplan, and Eric Gerstung.

By 10:30 we were in Sonora, with

It rained- That's is the first thing that happened- All over the place, including Eucalypt-Grove. So we all went over to good old Irma's house.

And we sang, and sang, and sang because this was a folk sing. Really, Pete Scott did a great job as official song leader and banjo strummer. Also we introduced ourselves and gave our majors or occupations. And it can be generally assumed after that, that we have our quota of unemployed.

The turnout was very good in spite of the rain, and there were many new members. All was well including the refreshments.

All those who weren't there just missed out, that's all.

Don Wainwright

CAVES- Cont.

a short stop for gas and carbide. At 12, we stopped for lunch at a natural bridge 1/4-mile below the road. After a little hiking around the bridge, we moved on to our jump off point. There was some griping over the fact that my car wouldn't go over twenty on the upgrades, and wouldn't go over twenty going down, but we got there all the same.

The cave was on the canyon of the Stanislaus River, some 5 miles from the road. Going there was sort of cross-country, but we found a beautiful trail that led directly back to the road. (A mile below where we parked the car.) The cave was not too big, but it had beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, interesting crawl ways, and bats. Some kind gentleman had left ladders around to ease the climbing problem.

Tom and Al spotted a cave entrance up the cliff a ways. After a 1/2 hour climb, which they said was 8th class, they found the cave to be a foot wide and eight feet deep. It was discouraging to see how far the rocks rolled when they were knocked loose. People below were also unhappy when-

BAJA TRIP- Cont.

Friday, January 25, 1957

We awoke slowly with the rain gone, mostly, and a patch of blue sitting tauntingly on the western horizon. After breakfast there were hikes to investigate a graveyard, the local hills and geography and the cows. Then, into the trucks and off to the beach. The men succeeded in coming out for a little while, but it remained cold, and the water was also chilly. After eating lunch we piled into the truck and roared south to Ensenada. Here we spent the evening and bought supper "on the economy", bought items, sent post cards, fixed bands, and finally reconvened about 9:30 pm to find a camp spot in the hills.

Saturday, January 26, 1957

This was to be the day. It began with rain. It showed also, that there was a way to get back to the road to Ojos Negros. On the way we had our second taste of mud, and the first for which we had the "all men out" call. Having used manpower and sagebrush to get up that ruddy hill, we camp upon a gas station at Ojos Negros. Here we filled everything in sight with gas (unless it already water in it), and called out Ann Marie to interpret. Through Ann Marie we determined to spend the night in Laguna Hanson and proceeded. The road across a sandy plain at, perhaps 2-3000 feet, and finally reentered the hills, going from time to time into regions in which there might or might not be a pine tree. The cold and the wet and the wind were, by this time, taking their toll of morale. After making wrong turns and losing our way several times, fortune, in the shape of a dry cabin, was found and camp was made.

Sunday, January 27, 1957

Dawn found us under one half inch of snow. A truck filled with three men from Mexicali, came past and offered to lead the way to that city, and camp was shortly broken, the trucks loaded, and the trip was underway once again. Sunset found us in Mexicali, having supper "on

the economy", and 9 pm found us on paved road headed south for San Felipe, 120 miles south on the Gulf of California. Here we camped by the dunes, looked up at the stars, and considered the difference 24 hours made with respect to mud, weather, and general outlook.

Monday, January 28, 1957

After an early breakfast the process of drying out, sunning, cleaning the trucks and luxuriating in the unwonted sunlight began in earnest. Then into camp walked Carlos. He sat in the middle of an interested group, telling of his days in the United States, his university days (spent in jail in Stockton). Others, during the morning, had begun that most popular of all pastimes, exploring San Felipe. The afternoon was spent, if anything, even more variously. A few went hiking. Some went swimming. Some indulged in a little geology. The evening was highlighted by a gathering at the hacienda of the father of Carlos. There were singings and swiggings until much later!

Tuesday, January 29, 1957

The morning of this day was unusually sunny. However, the rain had just been saved up for a rainy day, for in the afternoon began the first rain in that region for what was reputed to have been six years. With a wet night in prospect, a command decision was made to abandon camp after supper and head for the north country. Midnight found us once again in the U.S., dodging snow, which fell and had fallen quite generously, and had closed most of the applicable passes.

Wednesday, January 30, 1957.

About dawn we proceeded to startle a Los Angeles restaurant with our presence, 50-odd strong, and smelling stronger. Lunch was served at Morro Beach. 7:05 pm saw the last truck park at the University's West Gate in Berkeley.

Tom Creese

SKIN DIVING- Cont

P

without the added problem of human caused erosion.

Once we had gained enough altitude the trail traversed the slope and was swallowed up by the mouth of the Big Sur Canyon. We went our way along the South side of the canyon. Below, the Big Sur roared through its narrow and precipitous gorge. Around us was the lush growth of a coastal Redwood canyon. Succulent ferns, towering sempervirens and a host of Coastal Live Oaks. Into one side canyon and then out again. Across the canyon one could see Spanish Bayonet and cut old friend manzanita: all looking rather strange with fingers of fog and mist slowly drifting over or just hanging above them.

Lunch was eaten in haste (it was cold) on a ridge above Terrace Creek (Now Creek to you). All arrived at Barlow Flats in the mid afternoon. Arrival was followed by the construction of all manner of ingenious shelters to protect sleeping bags, people etc. Many structures were of basically good construction and design. Unfortunately two unknowns, (a) between two and four inches of rain, and (b) winds approaching gale intensity played havoc with these well planned domiciles.

Highlights of the night included most shelters being leveled by the wind, a small Redwood limb weighing approx. 200 lbs falling and missing the community co-op shelter by 15 ft, and a rather rapid rise of Ye Olde Big Sur stranding 5 campers (not UCHO'ers) on the other side. The pass word during the night was, "How long before dawn? My sleeping bag is soaked." Morning came and brought with it a slight rise in spirits. After breakfast a few departed for the cars while the rest stayed around and explored until 2:00 pm. Then all hoisted their 25 lb sleeping bags (water, you know) and squished off towards the cars.

A dinner at Lorie's and Daco's for the purpose of disposing of extra food was held Sunday night.

Dick McIntosh

COAST RANGE- Cont

Meanwhile we of set (b) (the mol-lower set), of whom whom most have at some time been members of set (a), and hence can appreciate their philosophy, strolled peacefully and pleasantly up the canyon, enjoying the water cascading down the mountainside, and exchanging tales of past experiences as sometimes members of the mol-lower set are wont to do.

Soon the trail opened onto a large meadow called "Laurel Dell" and here was our lunch spot. Cheers were given for the strollers; they had finally made it. Cheers were given for the strollers; they had finally made it. Chomp, chomp. Lunch was good.

After lunch we completed the loop of our trip by picking our way back down through the confusing network of roads. As we strolled along, two cyclists beamed and skidded past us, screeching gripping their brakes with all of their strength. I don't understand how anyone could enjoy such a thing.

Eventually, after a couple of hours of pleasant strolling, we thought we were back where we started, but soon realized that all of weren't. One person, a fellow stroller named Lou, with whom we had walked in the morning, was not there. And so Vince, Joe and Howard went looking for Lou (they never found him; Lou arrived back while they were out looking) the rest of us drove back to Berkeley, where several of us enjoyed eating left-over Baja Food at Linda's house. Have some tomato juice.

This little article was written by a 23 year old stroller who would probably be a real raker were he in shape. Long live the stroller.

Pete Scott



SPELEOLOGY

CAVE CITY

For awhile it looked as if scarcely anyone was going to go because of a car shortage. As it was, we had sufficient transportation but hardly any bodies. (Don't become that discouraged people.)

There were six that went in our group. After spending some looking for the road that led to the caves and a bit more time looking for the caves, we came upon a rather obvious looking entrance almost at the level of a small river. This opening proved to be the lower entrance with the other one about 30 feet and directly above on a shelf, looking somewhat like a crack in the rock. The third opening is about 20 yards to the south of the lower entrance and I understand that any two openings can be reached via the remaining third opening. One problem though. It seems that the caves have wet and dry (???) periods. Our group was halted from doing extensive looking around because of water because the majority of the group did not wish to become soaking wet when we were halted by a knee deep pool under a low ceiling and thus end with the face in the water, and the top of the main tunnel was blocked with what seemed to be a waist-deep pool. As it was, we did get to look around in some accessible chambers and tunnels. Unfortunately, most of the area around and in the caves was littered with papers, cans, carbide "droppings", and what someone probably thought was a neat joke - the remains of some paper skeletons. There was also the usual carbon-on-the-wall-writing as well as the damaging of ceiling formations. We did find a chamber that apparently is not visited too frequently because the damage to the room was not much, and it was starting to look as a well preserved cave should look. A point of interest to those who went. The entrance that said, "Two killed

here", according to De Saussure was entered the last time the group; and at that time it was not dangerous, although under the conditions we encountered it would be a bit treacherous in coming back out. As he remembers it, it would be a bit difficult coming up through all that ooze.

One of my regrets was that we did not have a caver who knew the history of the area and could explain to us how to properly explore a cave. It seems that caving is not a *veni, vidi, vici* affair; and in spite of the faults I have mentioned, I will go back to that area when it is drier and satisfying my curiosity.

Jorge Bogart

CAVES OF THE MOTHER LODE

Sunday, February 10th, the Mother Lode limestone attracted the first cave trip of the semester. Since relatively few caves can accommodate more than two carloads at a time, the trip was split into two sections.

The second section of seven members, led by Ray deSaussure, reached the Mother Lode in time to spend a pleasant hour eating lunch and investigating the upper Calaveras Natural Bridge, an enchanting travertine formation. Gours (rinstone pools) and pear-shaped draperies were examined with interest by the members. The usual calcite-coated twigs and leaves were again found at this site.

Leaving the Natural Bridge, the party made its way to Crystal Stanislaus Cave, a small tubular system with a double exit. The speleothems (cave formations) were found to have been dissolved extensively by a small stream, and many intricate effects have re-

USE OF THE CARBIDE LAMP

Since many UCHC members are turning to carbide lamps for the first time, a few helpful tips are offered for better use.

A standard lamp should be obtained with a 4" or 7" reflector (list \$2.44, \$3.66); wind tip and special lenses are not normally needed for underground use. The Justrite lamp is recommended, and is obtainable from the Smilie Co. (536 Mission St., S.F.) or direct from the factory (Justrite Mfg. Co., 2061 No. Southport Ave., Chicago 14). Lamps are also obtainable at almost any hardware store in a mining region such as the Mother Lode.

The Auto-lite, which is almost the same quality, is obtainable locally from the Ski Hut (1615 University Ave., Berkeley) which also stocks spare parts for carbide lamps. A small sliding cover tip cleaner (list 25¢) should be permanently attached to the lamp.

To operate, fill the base of the lamp $\frac{2}{3}$ full of $\frac{1}{2}$ " lump carbide, and fill the top compartment with water. Clean the orifice, open the top lever clockwise a few notches, and ignite the lamp. The valve should be adjusted to give a steady $\frac{1}{2}$ " flame. Continuous adjusting will rapidly burn out the carbide load. For optimum use, the lamp should not be inverted or shaken. Normal handling should give 2-3 hours of constant cave use.

When use is completed, empty the water from the lamp. If not to be re-used immediately, the spent carbide should be emptied; if in a cave, it should be carefully buried. Empty the lamp by knocking the base of the lamp, NOT the threads. Most lamps will slowly leak water from the upper compartment if allowed to stand; therefore, if it is desired to salvage a load which has been used only a few minutes, pour the water out of the top. A completely spent load, if not emptied, will set inside the lamp. After removal of water, the acetylene fumes will cease in about five minutes.

Available from the company, the

the larger Justrite model 2-50D (\$5.42) carries a half-pound carbide charge, and will burn up to 18 hours on a single load, thereby eliminating recharging within the average cave.

Calcium carbide may also be utilized to start a fire in rainy weather as follows: place a handful of carbide beneath wet wood at the base of a sloping surface such as a slanted rock. Pour water onto the sloping surface so that it runs onto the carbide. Light the resulting acetylene, taking care not to blast the entire campfire into the next campsite. If the wood appears reluctant to burn, pour on more water.

In general, a carbide lamp is preferred to a flashlight because of its more diffuse illumination, and also due to its longer life. Flashlights are generally not suitable for a cave of more than a few hundred feet in length, although they should be carried for emergencies and for periods of carbide change.

R. deSaussure

MOTHER LODE- cont.

sulted. A third cave requiring a moderate amount of rope-work had originally been scheduled, but was postponed due to lack of time.

We are happy to note that members are gradually profiting from experience and bringing a spare change of clothing. Driver morale is reputedly increasing.

R. deSaussure

Mountainering

CRAGMOUNT CLIMB

Our program of Saturday events was initiated with a practice rock climb at Cragmont Rock on Feb. 16.

This was our second practice climb of the semester, so after a short review of knot tying, most of us set to work rappelling, belaying, and climbing while Mike Loughman gave preliminary instruction to a small group of rank beginners who missed the Indian Rock climb.

A rope was run through a carabiner at the top of an overhang. Dick McCracken, followed by a few other brave souls, tied themselves to one end and fell from a 15 to 20 foot height for the benefit of beginning students of the lower belay. Fortunately, all were good students.

There was an abortive attempt at a practice rescue operation. An injured man was supposed to be brought down a sheer cliff by a rescuer on a rapell rope. The injured party got left on the brink of an overhang, and, after a Houdini-like escape from his bindings, got himself down. The traditional after-climb dinner was held at Pat Hochberg's house.

Allen Kaplan

PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT

On the 23rd and 24th of March there will be a weekend trip to Pinnacles National Monument. This will be a car camping trip, and consequently will not entail any back packing. For hikers there is an excellent system of trails through quite interesting country. The rock climbing is very good and easily accessible. It is also customary to have a torch lit night hike through the caves. Due to the location, the weather should be relatively warm and fair, excepting

INDIAN ROCK

A large group of us rock-climbing-type people went out to Indian Rock the other day. As a matter of fact, it was really quite a while ago. The purpose of the whole thing was to demonstrate and teach some of the techniques of rock climbing to the large group of unsuspecting newcomers and old-comers who came on the climb. This was done, and as far as I know, nothing else very remarkable happened that afternoon. When it was all over we trooped over to Toad Hall for a dinner of rigatoni, tossed green salad, and garlic-buttered French bread. We went home sort of full and contented. But don't be fooled by the unimposing atmosphere of the whole thing. The insidious effects have been observed already. Why, you can't tinkle a piton or rustle a patch without bringing down a horde of eager people who have thrown down their books with hardly a second thought. They're hooked! David Eggleston

LOST LEVIS!!

Somewhere at Indian Rock I lent a pair of levis to a young lady in an acute distress. Do not know said lady's name nor she mine. Could she please return them to:

Louis Franklin
Th 5- 9463

PINNACLES- cont: for the possibility of a little rain.

CAVES- Cont.* the rocks came down and some old friendships were broken

We left the cave about 4, and in Sonora we stopped at a 19¢ burger place, where my handsome straw hat got a little too much attention from the local young gentry, and we were obliged to leave a little hastily, almost leaving the door behind. We arrived at West Gate, tired, perhaps, but filled with joie de vivre.

Sam Berman

Letters to the Editors

To The Editor

Have you ever found yourself sitting at home on a Saturday or Sunday and wishing that you had signed up for the hike? Or that there was a shorter one than the one scheduled? If you have, then you might be interested to know that it is possible to take several short but enjoyable hikes or climbs in this immediate area. For instance, there is some excellent hiking along the trails which cover the watershed of Strawberry Canyon up behind the Stadium. Starting from Sather Gate, one can make a round trip to Grizzly Caves in about three hours and can spend an hour of this time climbing on the rock.

Since no one likes to hike alone, it is customary to go to the Hiking Club and call any of the names on the mountaineering section sign up sheet entitled "Mark Those Days When You Would Be Available For Climbing". Since the present sign up sheet is out of date, it seems that we should have a new one posted which would include a column indicating whether a person likes to hike, climb or both.

With an up to date list posted it would be possible to go to Eschelman Hall, which is open Saturday 8 AM - 12 PM and Sunday 2-8 PM and call someone who might be interested in a hike or in a trip to Indian or Cragmont Rocks.

For your convenience in organizing trips, there is a phone booth located just down the hall from the club office. Tim Kaarto

Editor: 27 February
As a member and officer of the UCHC I wish to register a protest against the short notification of Executive Committee meetings given we members. In particular, I refer to the meeting scheduled for the 26th of February. Notice of this meeting was posted one day previous to the meeting. Because

of a previous engagement I was unable to attend and therefore was unable to perform the duties for performance of which I was elected to ExComm. If I had had sufficient notice I should have foregone this engagement and therefore have been able to represent the members of the UCHC in a proper manner.

I suggest that notices of Ex-comm meetings be posted at least 5 days in advance of the scheduled event in order that representatives of and interested members of the UCHC may make plans to attend.
A. Dacey

HELP!!!

I need leaders for the Cedar Mountain, Pope Valley and Pine Canyon hikes. If interested or if you know of someone who is interested, please contact me.

A. Dacey

GENERAL MEETING- Mar 21

We are going to have our first general meeting of the semester on the 21st of March at 7:30 PM in Room 159 Mulford Hall, the Forestry Building. As usual we will have refreshments. Since the next week end will be spent in Pinnacles Nat. Monument, I would like to show some slides of this area. If YOU have any slides, please inform someone in the Program Committee. We will probably have a touch of something else in the program in addition to Dave's business. Tom Aley, Prog. Chmn.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB
ROOM C, ESHLEMAN HALL
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4, CALIFORNIA



McGinnis, Helon (Ed. of Bear Tr
555 Grizzly Peak Blvd
LA 4 3446

Local

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HUNTING CLUB

MEMBERSHIP LIST**SPRING 1957

Abbott, Ann
121 Maiden Lane
Oakland
KE 2-22736

Adams, Jon
1756 Euclid
TH 5-9267

Afler, Jack
2208 Lurant
TH 5-0155

Akobjanoff, Lev
2726 Millogass
TH 5-0075

Aloy, Tom
1240 Cedar
LA 5-3046

Alred, Grover C.
162 Oxford
TH 5-3128

Armstrong, Richard
5326 Thomas
Oakland
OL 2-0138

Arp, Margaret
2119 Hearst
TH 8-1308

Arp, Vince
2119 Hearst
TH 8-1308

Baisley, Ora
2250 Prospect
TH 5-0415

Barry, Robert
2140 Oxford, Apt. #7
Th 5-9429

Batchman, Donl
2700 Dwight Way
AS 2-0707

Bentel, Lavo
2635 Channing Way
TH 5-4435

Berman, Sam
2420 Ridge Road
TH 5-9159

Bernstein, Mel
1666 Leroy
AS 3-7184

Bogart, Jorge
2611 Lurant,
TH 5-9593

Boudreau, Eugene H.
2315 Dwight Way
TH 3-6551

Bradley, Roberta
3211 Fairview Ave
Alameda
La 2-2415

Bryant, Herb
2306 Parker St (TH 3-6670)

Candau, Genie
1210 Guarnero
San Francisco

Curtis, Lloyd
2306 Parker
TH 3-6670

Dacey, Ann (Vice-Pres.)
2470 Telegraph Apt #6
TH 3-6459

Dalis, Jim
2140 Oxford St
AS 3-9700

Davis, Mark J.
2600 Ridge Road
Room # 26
Clayton

Lewitt, John B.
2954 Milligass Ave.
TH 5-6695

Lorwart, Ann Marie
1302 Leroy St.
TH 3-2702

Drake, George

Eggleston, David (Pres.)
956 Sonoma St.
Richmond 9
RE 3-5699

Enwright, John B.
1811 Vinc St.
LA 6-4999

Esildsen, Gustavo
1030 Cragmont
LA 4-2470

Finnila, Charles
Bowles Hall, U. of C.
AS 3 4010

Fahs, James
1406 Euclid Apt #4
TH 3 7192

Felbusch, Miryam
2509 Stuart St
TH 8 3917

Gershenberb, Irving
2217 1/2 McGee
TH 3 9700

Gerstung, Eric
2315 Dwight
TH 3 6551

Gertung, Karin
2250 Prospect
TH 5 9460

Goodrich, Don C.
2306 Parker St.
TH 3 6670

Gonzales, Mrs. Lillian
2236 E Roosevelt
TH 3-3350

Gonzales, Vidal Jose
2236 E Roosevelt
TH 3 3350

Gray, Jerry
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TH 3 2793

Gruenig, James
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TH 3 6854

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TH 5 6276

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Harper, Al
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TH 8 6506

Hawley, Larry
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TH 5 4780

Henry, Ellen
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La 5-7954

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1940 B Hearst Ave
TH 3 5359

Hubbell, Bob
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TH 5 7875

Hunting, Jack
2030 Grove St
AS 3 9709

Huskines, Bob Eric
494 Vincente Ave.
LA 5 4773

Iwamura, Tom
2405 Bowditch
TH 5 9023

Johnson, Gordon V.
2508 Haste Street
TH 5 9116

GUSTAFSON, ARNE
P.O. BOX 22
2025 HASTE #3
TH 3 2187

Johnson, Winona
2722 Durant
TH 5 9070

Jordal, Gary
2560 Hilgard

Kaarto, Timothy
2452 Bancroft
TH 5 9293

Kaplan, Allen
2337 Channing Way
Th 8 7718

Kent, Pattie
1715 Hopkins
LA 5 8283

Kim, Yongduk
2310 Bowditch
TH 3 4045

Klitgaard, Chris
2933 Lincoln
Alameda
La 3 8379

Kollmann, Oliver J.
128 Beverly Ave.
San Leandro
TR 2 5988

Leviey, Emi
1284 18th Ave
San Francisco
LO 4 4090

Lewis, Robert
1822 Francis
Berkeley
AS 3 2425

Leippo, Harry
1641 Berkeley Way
TH 5 5448

Lightbody, Marcia (Corros. sec)
757 Spruce,
LA 4 2971

Long, Dan
2315 Dwight Way

Lord, Philip
2140 Oxford St Rm. 2
AS 39700

Loughman, Mike
2029 Delowere

Lucas, Ray
1431 Oxford
TH 8 7617

Malone, Pat
2013 Lincoln St.
AS 3 4952

Marley, Ray
2430 Bowditch St.
TH 5 9313

Matteson, Bill
2600 Ridge Road
TH 5 4710

Means, Bob
360 Panoramic Way
TH 1 3677

Moro, John
1639 Oxford
TH 5 3128

Monson, Raymond
1917 Stuart St.
TH 5 6799

Moso, Leonora
I House
AS 3 6600

Muhlbach, Walt
2127 Ashby
TH 36538

Munir, Zuhair
2955 Regent
TH 5 4184

Murai, Aron
2600 Ridge Road
TH 5 4712

Murray, Suzanne
2250 Prospect
TH 5 9460

Myers, Marfory
Hillside and Dwight
Oldenburg Hall
TH 5 4 780
McCracken, Dick
2282 Union

McCracken, Jacqueline
2282 Union

McGinnis, Helen (Ed. of Bear Track)
555 Grizzly Peak Blvd
LA 4 3446

McIntosh, Dick
1829 Delaware St
TH 3 1828

McKinstry, Jim
2621 Ridge Road
AS 3 1428

Norvelle, Annette
1646 Bancroft Way
TH 3 6769

Orme, Frank
1955 Dora Ave
Walnut Creek
YE 4 5079

Orser, Bob
2715 Dwight Way
Toad Hall
Th 1 2821

Packer, Bernard
1684 Scenic Ave.
TH 1 325

Parnley, Jack
2424 Ashby,
TH 8 4502

Pect, Richard
2401 Hillside
TH 12772

Perrin, Bill
2731 Grant
TH 5 9505

Pierce, Reed
1700 Walnut St
TH 3 8265

Prathnadi, Somprasongk
2427 Dana
TH 3 6904

Price, Adrienne
2013 Lincoln
As 3 4952

Pucui-Chong, Lum
2427 Grove
Oakland

Quinn, Don
2429 Dana St
TH 30188

Ramos, Gloria D
103 Richards Hall
Hillside & Dwight
Th 5 4780

Raven, Peter
2640 Durant
TH 5 9095

Reese, Richard
2619 Parker St
TH 3 1532

Reesor, Moira
1177 Keith Ave.
Th 3 9967

Richards, Don
1922 Walnut St
AS 3 8483

Rottman, David A
2600 Ridge Road
TH 5 4710

Russel, Robert
2420 Ridge Road
TH 5 9430

Sandretto, Joyce
2519 Ridge
TH 5 9094

Scott, Pete
2337 Haste
TH 3 0154

Shine, Ward
1001 Laurel Dr.
Laffayette
AT 3 2734

Shonle, John S
1715 Dwight Way
TH 1 2831

Shugart, Howard
I House
AS 3 6600

Smith, Stanley
2527 Channing
TH 5 9428

Solomon, Ben
2315 Dwight Way
TH 3 6551

Speelman, Jean
2728 Durant
TH 5 9037

Sproles, Allan
2336 "A" Carleton
TH 3 3327

Stanchfield, Alan D. (Tros.)
821 Craft Ave.
El Cerrito 7
LA 6 2646

Stricker, Louis
105 Santa Fe
El Corrito

Sullivan, Dan
Bowles Hall
As 3 4010

Targovnik, Jerome
2829 Forest
TH 1 1653

Tarver, Frank
1559 Sonoma
LA 6 8353

Toubal, Miguel
2613 Durant
TH 5 2471

Towster, Edwin
2309 Vine St
TH 6 5632

Turner, Norman
~~2330 Rose~~
~~TH 8 7817~~

Twight, Pete
1114 Anador St
LA 4 0606

Ulene, Mari Anne
2250 Prospect

Voigt, Lorie
2478 Telegraph Ave.
Apt. # 6
TH 3 6459

Voss, Nancy
525 Cragmont
LA 5 8032

Wainwright, Don
2332 Grove
TH 5 2947

Walker, Joan
2347 Prospect
TH 5 9504

Wang, Fiore
2250 Prospect
Sherman Hall
TH 5 9415

Watson, Al
2138 Dwight Way Apt.5

Watson, Pete
1666 Le Roy,
AS 3 7804

Webber, Herbert
UCHC

Webber, Irma J. (Ex. Sec.)
500 Arlington Ave.
LA 6 9664

Wenzel, Joseph
971 Gill Court
Albany

Wilmerth, Francis
1087 Euclid Ave
LA 6 0509

Wilson, Lee
2725 Haste
TH 5 9196

Yang, Stephen
Smithe Hall
293 Dwight Way
TH 5 4780

Young, Judy
1153 Garfield, Albany
LA 5 0353

Yunkers, Madlain
112 Glen Drive
Seausalito

Zonlight, Martin
11 Latham Lane
LA 4 2461

Zonlight, Deona
11 Latham Lane
LA 4 2461

If any corrections should be made to this membership list, please leave a note to that effect on the bulletin board in Room C, Eshleman Hall. A new list will be in the next issue of the Bear Track of members who pay their dues late.

LATE ADDITIONS.

Mike Appleman
2315 Dwight Way
TH 3 6551

Mabie, Iris
2501 Prince
AS 3 1945

Stone, Brinton
1117 The Alameda
LA 6 1734