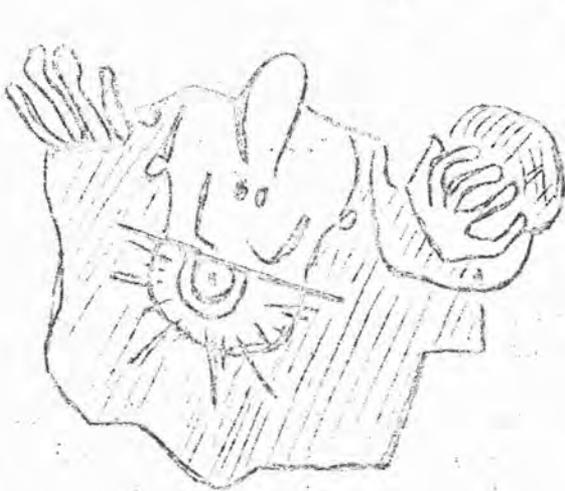


BEAR  
TRACK



UC Hiking Club  
April 1965  
Room C Eshleman-  
Moses

WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO THE WILDERNESS?

or Probably neither You Nor I are Worth 50¢ a day (to the Bureau of Reclamation)

by Chuck Washburn

"This method provides for monetary evaluation of the benefits to the individuals visiting the area. On a national basis, the evaluation has been determined to average 52 cents per visitor day for general public use, including picnicking, swimming, and sightseeing; an additional 55 cents per visitor day for boating and water skiing; and an additional 50 cents per visitor day for camping." Quoted from page 6, Bureau of Outdoor Recreation Appendix to Pacific Southwest Water Plan, U. S. Department of Interior, Jan. 1964.

So goes the wilderness when all forms of "recreation" are lumped together under the mass-consumption category and the planning crank is turned to maximize the "benefits". The above quotation is in reference to calculation of the "recreation benefits" which could be derived from the dams of the Pacific Southwest Water Plan, including Marble Canyon Dam in the Grand Canyon. Actually in the case of the Marble Canyon Reservoir, a large reservoir is created where "... scenic boating will be of such unusual and unique quality as to require special consideration in selecting a benefit value for this activity. Accordingly, a relatively higher value of \$5.00 per water-borne sightseer is considered a reasonable estimate for such use at Marble Canyon Reservoir." (Ibid., p4) The annual benefits for Marble Canyon Reservoir are set down like this: (Ibid., p5)

Activities	Visitor Days	value per day	total
General Use	100,000	\$0.52	\$ 52,000
Waterborne Sightseeing	50,000	5.00	250,000
Camping	25,000	.50	12,500
			<u>\$314,500</u>

This averages \$3.14 per visitor day.

The planners refrain from using the same method on Bridge Canyon Reservoir because it "... will utilize the lower 13 miles of the Colorado River within the Grand Canyon National Park as a reservoir... The third project effect (reservoir invasion or encroachment within an established National Park) gives rise to intangible considerations....

These "recreation benefits" are added to the other benefits—real or imagined—in the areas of power, irrigation, river regulation, flood control, fish and wildlife, area redevelopment, etc. which result from building the dams and the total "benefit" is then divided by an average annual cost of the project. This quotient is the famous "benefits-to-cost ratio". The idea is that if the ratio is enough greater than 1.0, let's build the dam; if it is smaller than or near 1.0, let's assume more people will take the boat rides and enjoy the \$5.00 benefit so the ratio will become great enough. In this way one form of recreation use competes against the others—as long as such decision principles are followed, the mass-consumption uses (sight-seeing roads, ski lifts, reservoirs golf courses, tramways, lodges, supermarkets, etc.) of what was once wilderness will continue to displace the forms of wilderness recreation which you and I are more familiar with.

## *the AVALANCH*

gap

'Twas evening, and the setting sun  
Did on the far horizon play.  
The climbers, having had their fun  
Around the smouldering embers lay.

"Beware the avalanche, my son  
Whose painful death is snowy white!  
Beware the Yeti's curse, and shun  
The furious blizzard's bite."

He took his ice-axe in his hand  
Long hours the steep ice slope he fought.  
Then rested he upon the scree  
And sat a while in thought.

And as in tired thought he sat  
The avalanch without a name  
Broke from a cornice just like that  
And thundered as it came.

The best! the best! is self-arrest!  
His new ice-axe went snicker-snack.  
He stopped his slide and with a glide  
He came glissading back.

"Hast thou survived the avalanch?  
You are a man, my daring boy!'  
I like the way you've done today."  
He clapped his hands in joy.

'Twas evening, and the setting sun  
Did on the far horizon play.  
The climbers, having had their fun  
Around the smouldering embers lay.

## *WHY IS IT THEN*

Brian Johnson

The summit is past, the slope is down  
Each step leads lower.  
Where once there was but one  
Now two tracks cross the snow.  
The sun declines behind.  
Our feet step into blue shadows  
And below the orange of the  
Tent flaps wildly in the wind.  
While the shadows lengthen,  
While the sky pales red-purple,  
We go down.

The land was seen  
The wild wind heard  
And over us the cold grew.

Why is it then  
That we so few  
Come here to go down.

# NOTICE

Dick Nelson

The record of this year's trips has been peppered with incidents of individuals separated or lost from the main parties. The most serious of these occurred several weeks ago in the Santa Lucia Mountains. Yet, only the next weekend on a cave trip another potentially dangerous situation occurred. In spite of the fact that one person on the trip was well acquainted with the details of the Santa Lucia search and rescue, one beginning caver left the main party on his own, and wandered through the cave, fell or tumbled down one pitch, and finished the day by climbing a long ladder free.

One fact has become increasingly clear to me: it is not necessarily the persons or personalities involved that are to be blamed; it is the attitudes that are displayed and fostered on Club trips. I would hardly claim that rules can change attitudes. However, as long as proper attitudes do not exist, rules must be instituted to provide a minimum of safety for Club Trips. Therefore, the following rules are in immediate effect and pertain to all official UCHC trips.

## I. On all trips the leader shall:

- 1) Provide sufficient information on the sign-up sheet for each person to judge whether he should go on the trip: projected time, miles travelled, and altitude gain; special activities such as climbing; equipment required; experience required (e.g. none, one practice climb, one snow trip, etc.); estimate of trip difficulty (hard, easy, beat-out, etc.)
- 2) Provide sufficient organization of essential activities—e.g. tents, stove-groups for snow trips, etc.
- 3) Provide as community gear first-aid equipment commensurate with the expected types of accidents. In two or three weeks a standard UCHC first-aid kit will be available on loan from the General Equipment lockers. The Club presently has two wire splints for loan. (Note: Try Parks and Davis inflatable splints. People might even carry them.)
- 4) Leave a final list of trip members in the office or with roommate. (Editor's Note: what happened to the former practice of maintaining a permanent register of all Club trips?)
- 5) Make sure either in Berkeley or when you leave the cars that everyone knows where the trip is headed and how to get there—what trails to take or not to take.
- 6) Where a considerable number of beginners (or unknowns) are present, provide an experienced person in the front and rear (or damn close) to make sure that everyone keeps on the right track.
- 7) Make sure beginners know who is experienced so they will know who to trust. (Note: Give all persons who are experienced signs saying: "I am experienced.")
- 8) Require that people wishing to take side trips notify the leader of their intent.

II. In addition, on all caving, climbing, and mountaineering trips, the leader shall provide set climbing parties with leaders (and first-aid equipment if the parties are to separate). People are not to separate from their parties and those not assigned to parties are not to climb. (This will have to be pointed out to some people.)

III. If a leader is not willing to accept the above minimum responsibilities he has three choices:

- 1) Take the trip but make it clear (on the sign-up sheet) that it is not a UCHC trip.

- 2) Get a new leader.
- 3) Fink out and cancel the trip (in which case I will probably try to find someone else.)

These rules are temporary. A Committee to investigate all phases of safety on Club trips is being formed; your suggestions to this committee are solicited.

## COMMENTS

(Editor's Note: There were several pages of comments, of which I have selected these.)

The key to safe practice on trips is for the experienced people on the trip to be familiar with, and solidly back, safe practices. For example, on Sierra Club trips I have frequently heard an experienced man mention to a racing novice, "It's poor practice to go ahead of the leader." And the novice could see that this rule was, in fact followed by the others on the trip. The purpose of rules is to codify those situations in which it is proper to make the horrible social blunder of remarking something like the above. Whether the rules work depends simply on whether the experienced members consider them important enough to put into practice. Personally, I think they're important. Most of the UCHC trips I've been on have lost people. And it's just a matter of time before the lost person is lying unconscious somewhere, possibly bleeding to death.

--Lew Iscol

"The Rule of Law is that liability follows negligence. Every individual is personally liable in damages for his own negligence, whether occurring in his private life or in his professional capacity. Negligence is any conduct which falls below the standards established by law for the protection of others against unreasonable risk of harm. The standard of conduct the law demands is measured against what a reasonable man of ordinary prudence would have done in the same or in similar circumstances.

"Negligent conduct may involve action or a lack of action, with foreseeability as the test to determine proper or negligent conduct. In situations where a reasonably prudent person could have foreseen or anticipated the harmful consequences of his action or lack of action, an individual who disregards the foreseeable consequences may be liable if his conduct results in injury to another."

--NEA Journal, March, 1965

"Crouching children intelligently has much in common with mountain climbing. In mountain climbing, the guides usually distribute themselves ahead of and behind beginners and less skilled climbers. Placed in the center of the group with people who have learned both the skill and the teamwork required in mountain climbing, the beginner is likely to learn quickly and well.

"If, however, all of the good climbers are put into one party, and all of the poor ones in another, the second group is likely to fail miserably or perish altogether."

--Dr. Bruno Bettelheim, March, 1965, NEA Journal

## RE THE RULES

The nonsense of "Emperor" Nelson's Rules (not passed upon by the people's democratically elected Ex-Com) was firmly established over the weekend (of March 13) as a near tragedy occurred on the Hiking Club's semesterly midnight hike.

Due to the recent controversies with regards to the lack of leadership and responsibility occurring on Hiking Club affairs, both newcomer and oldster alike were intimidated into making an attempt to practice the unilateral rules of Emperor Dick, and near tragedy struck (only saved by the natural weakness of good UCHC'ers when it comes to obeying such rules).

The trip almost got off to a good start as the trip leader and followers started off in different directions, but remembering the Club's new commitment to responsibility, the trip leader decided to come back and actually lead the people who were going on the trip. So off they went, single file, keeping track of the person ahead of them and acting like big brothers all. The leader, making a vain attempt to create some spirit within the new responsibility, led the hikers up the Strawberry drain tunnel, an obvious place to begin the concept of close personal contact that has made the Hiking Club so (in)famous on campus. But what did your correspondent see when he emerged from that dark and pleasant tunnel? Twenty people sitting in a row, straight backed and faced forward, making vain attempts at being the Good Samaritan and waiting to make sure that no one had gotten lost in the tunnel, straight as a pipe for 400 yards. Once the group regathered, off they set single file with the prescribed three paces between, like the redcoats off to fight the Indians. Since there were only about five women in the group, one wonders what the much larger group of males were doing walking so close to the ones in front of them.

An intelligent person would be inclined to think that mature people would soon get tired of such a boring march, but he would have overlooked the tenacity with which UCHC'ers are capable of holding on to such a new concept as "responsibility". Yes, indeed, it is really true, I am telling the absolute truth, the brigade marched for another twenty minutes and sat down to wait!!! For people who had decided that there were better and more interesting ways to go. Impossible you say? Unheard of? I blush to think of it.

Fortunately for all concerned, this was to be the last serious attempt at such in-pain trials. Soon the tempo picked up. Voices were heard calling from all directions. People were enticed into apparent trails that had unexpected dropoffs or into thick tangles of brush that on close inspection turned out to be poison oak. Groups became smaller, more comfortable plans were made for emergency bivouacs, agonizing cries were heard. In short, we returned to normalcy. Unfortunately it was near a major fire road so that beginners had an easier time than they should have expected, but then there was still the possibility of trying to go down without the trail for the stupid and hearty, so it was not a complete loss.

The moral is clear. Rules signify the abnegation of personal responsibility and values. But what is worse, it signifies the sacrifice of spirit, at least the amorphous spirit that has led the Hiking Club for the past half decade. Males who don't have it should leave. We have no use for them. Women have two choices, they can either attach themselves or go on the same terms as the men. Aid and help must always be a matter of personal interest, and people who are spastic deserve help but once. Few people mind helping a person in distress but such people have a reciprocal responsibility to maintain themselves. Let the cry of the Hiking Club be "PAIN IS JOY" and those who do not like it may.....

--p i e

re 16, 8, II etc. Smacks of Boy Scouts. Perhaps good "official" Hiking Club policy but cannot (should not) be implemented. Those who want real "security" should look at slides and stay home. Have a severe survival hike 1st wk/semester, anyone returning to be qualified for later trips.

---A. W.

I think the level of nursemaiding indicated in these rules is too god damn high. I don't want people telling me who to climb with or assigning me to either herd others about or be herded by someone else. If someone is not confident of their ability, they can easily find someone who is more experienced and ask for help. No one refuses direct requests. I also think an attitude of helpfulness should be developed in the experienced members of the Club. They, particularly on beginning trips, should keep an eye open for people in difficulty and help them. They should not foster the attitude of climbing and caving and ski-ing with only other experienced individuals. They should not continue in what seems to be the current attitude that beginning trips cannot be enjoyable. In other words, a trip is as good as you yourself make it.

But nursemaiding individuals is not within the ideals of this Club. We foster individuality, not dependence. If people don't display or soon learn good judgment and respect for the rest of the party, perhaps they should be bluntly told "until you learn some judgment, don't expect to be climbing again." Next time they go to sign-up, they'll have to talk their way into the trip. It is, I imagine, a sobering experience to be told this.

6

## POSTSCRIPT

Dick Nelson

The introduction to the above set of rules was of necessity somewhat brief. As a postscript, I would like to amplify two points.

First, I may have been a bit unfair concerning the cave trip which followed the ill-fated Santa Lucia trip. After talking further to the people who were on the trip, I admit that the leaders were managing the trip reasonably—at least reasonably within the framework of the tradition of the UCHC. It is mainly the tradition with which I disagree.

This brings up the second point concerning attitudes and traditions. The attitudes and traditions present in the Hiking Club do not make for safe or even reasonably safe trips. This was made abundantly clear to me as I noted above when a dangerous situation occurred only 2 weeks after the rescue of a UCHC member which was well publicized in the daily newspapers. If I needed any reassurance I got it 2 days after posting the rules when a long-time UCHC member said, "Your rule about the first-aid kit is ridiculous. Who ever heard of a first-aid kit on a Hiking Club trip?" And I could tell by his laugh that HE WAS DEAD SERIOUS!

I feel that the Hiking Club cannot afford to sponsor unsafe trips; therefore I request: Where proper attitudes do not exist, rules must be set up to take their place and insure reasonable safety on UCHC trips. The minute proper attitudes come into being rules can be forgotten because they will have passed their usefulness.

(Editor's Note: Probably the discussion which has taken place over this question has been better for the Club than either the imposition of rules or lack of any rules.)

# "NINE HUNDRED MILES"

by Charlie (Brown) Artman

Well, I'm goin' down the track, got those tears in my eyes;  
Tryin' to read a letter from my home;  
If this wheeler runs me right, I'll be home Saturday night,  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home....  
How I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

On my way at last! New York, here I come! LA behind me—Leonard is 4 years old now, and he has a sandbox to play in that I built for him—my ride to New York fell thru, cause what's-his-name had an accident and had to stay in LA to work to pay for his father's car. So I caught a ride with a friend to the end of the freeway above San Bernardino, and quickly caught another ride into Reno, and now I'm walking past the passenger station towards the freight waiting there, carrying my banjo, autoharp, climbing rope, pack, suitcase. Here comes an overalled brakeman with a walkie-talkie on his back—"Where you goin'?" "Salt Lake City." "Better hurry up; she's about to leave."

Well, this train I ride on, is one hundred coaches long;  
You can hear the whistle blow a thousand miles.  
If this wheeler runs be right, I'll be home Saturday night;  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home....  
How I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

They're almost all about 100 coaches long—usually have about 6 road units on the front. You look up the line of cars as she rounds a curve, and there in another open boxcar door, you can see another couple hoboes. Fast ride on this stretch of the Southern Pacific—there isn't much between here and Salt Lake except barren mountains covered with sagebrush. 22 hours from LA—868.3 miles—the fastest time I made all summer.

I was on my way again in a few days, but this time with a friend who had just escaped from the hospital at Provo—his friends thought they were helping him when they committed him—they couldn't understand him—he was a little too far out for them.

Dawn was beginning to break—the Teton Tea Party had gone all night—the best time to leave, right after a good Teton Tea Party. It took us a while to find the train. You sort of have to be careful on the Southern Pacific. The brakemen, the trainmen are asshelpful as any other line, tho you find an occasional gruff one, but the bulls (yard detectives, dicks, special agents) will sometimes give you a rough time. If you have student identification, and if you are polite and co-operative, they will rarely do more than tell you to leave the yard. In Decatur, Illinois, we were told to get out, and laid awfully low until the train left, behind some stuff in the car, hoping that the bulls wouldn't check the train before it left, or we might go to jail. Well they didn't, and we were safe on our way.

Number 7 had a wreck; killed my baby I expect.  
Hear the conductor holler, "Lord, oh Lord."  
If this wheeler runs me right, I'll be home Saturday night;  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home;  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

Going thru Missouri—a bunch of wrecked cars down in a pasture smoking, man working on this with a cutting torch, salvaging what he can. In thousands of miles of rail travel, I've seen a few wrecks, most of them old, but some of

them recent. I've wondered if I might end up in one sometime, but I suppose a train is really safer to ride across the country in than an automobile. Still you hear about some gruesome accidents--someone doesn't watch, and he gets cut in two by moving cars in the yard. Usually its a yard worker, but often it is a hobo. A bull showed me pictures of a couple once, to try to convince me I shouldn't ride the freights. The railroad has to pay for the funerals, you know, if they can't find any relatives--costs them money and time. Besides that, automobiles on car carriers are sometimes broken into; and, the Federal Government sometimes has classified (secret) freight. That's why there is a Federal law against riding the freights. Still, Joe Hill, the man who built the Great Northern, when he died, said the bums must be allowed to ride because they were the ones who built the railroad. So, the Great Northern is a good line to ride. You can ride thru many small towns, and wave at the station master and yard workers, and they wave back. But don't look like you are trying to hide, and above all don't do anything dangerous, or your friendly brakeman may turn you in. Talk to them--they're usually interesting and friendly. Don't take their information on the freights as The Word, tho. Ask more than one--usually they'll tell you a bit different, and sometimes you find out that the last one you talked to was completely wrong. A real friendly bull on the Wabash in Detroit saw us and pulled us off, and a good thing, or the customs men would have found us and jailed us when the train is put on barges to be taken across the lake. He showed us where to get cleaned up, and we talked about society and changes in this world, and how much they're needed because of how badly things are screwed up. Then I sang him a couple songs, and he told us how to find another yard where a train could take us down around the bottom of the lake.

I looked at myself in a mirror after riding the Nickel Plate Road thru the Allegheny coal fields, and I was as black as an African. We were riding in a gondola full of slab steel, and boy was it rough. But it was the only empty we could find and we just endured the Clang, clang, clang, bone and gut shaking, bouncing, until we got closer to New York. It took three washings in the shower to get the black off.

Heartbreak in New York, and after a few weeks living in Manhattan (what an incredible place, New York. Millions of every human condition and race and belief crowded into one dingy apartment house called Manhattan) got a ride thru the Southland to Austin, Texas, where there are, surprisingly, around the University of Texas, a bunch of folksingers and a few climbers who have get-togethers every Thursday night like Teton Tea Parties without the Tea. Then, after a couple weeks making sleeping bags, John Clay and I took to the freights again, headed, at last! for the Tetons. We caught the Hot-shot that leaves St. Louis, and 52 hours later is in LA. Since it was fast, and since we couldn't find a way north until San Bernardino, we rode it all the way there.

Got caught in Reno by a young punky-assed bull who made us buy tickets to Salt Lake or go to jail. I thot it was like paying a \$15 fine for riding the rails thousands of miles thru the summer, and getting a free passenger train ride to boot.

Got kicked out of the Tetons then, and I rode back to Berkeley with Sally and Dave (and especially Dave's 12-string guitar--that's where I really got turned on to the 12-string), Jim Anderson, Carol, and Debby had gone on before. Got off the freights in Oakland Saturday night, found a phone booth, called to find out where the Teton Tea Party was, and surprised everyone there, and then left about the next Tuesday with Nancy, Bill, Sally, and Paul, and one Siamese cat called "groovey-cat" who didn't like riding freights too well, and jumped off in Wendover when all of us were asleep. Up the Feather River

Canyon we went, a beautiful stretch of country, lying stretched out on the boxcar floor of a great line, the Western Pacific, throwing sticks into the water behind the dams. Nobody cares if you ride the WP, and all the workmen are friendly and helpful, and the trains are all carrying their quota of hoboese. The Northern Pacific is like that too, and I rode their trains to Oregon in the fall.

Oh, I'll pawn you my watch, I will pawn you my chain;  
Pawn you my gold diamond ring.  
If this wheeler runs me right, I'll be home Saturday night,  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home....  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

Watch, chain, gold diamond ring—the most these hoboese have is some old overcoat they got at some Starvation Army place back up the line. How they keep from freezing to death going over those mountain passes at night, I don't know. Some of them don't make it. They are the castoffs, the rejects, the shipwrecks of humanity. They know every line in the country, cause they've rode them all—to Southern California to pick grapes, to Oregon to "work in your orchards of peaches and prunes" (now whoever heard of a prune orchard?). To the grain belt to work in the wheat harvest: North, East, West South. They've always got that wine bottle, and usually have few teeth, their bedroll often made out of a tattered blanket, and paper they get out of cars where it has been used for packing. I wondered why they were so familiar to me and why I was so drawn to the freights, but then I remembered the memory I had had of freezing to death in St. Louis, in March of 1939, when I came to be born in this body; a freight riding hobo who reached the end of the line in a snowbank on a deserted street.

You meet all types--everything from college students to winoes to minister's sons. Most of them are too caved in to ever get physically violent, but a few do steal.

If my true love says no, I won't railroad no more;  
Sidetrack my shortline and go home.  
If this wheeler runs me right, I'll be home Saturday night,  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home.  
And I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow.

True love may say no, but whenever I hear that lonesome whistle blow and hear the sound of steel wheels on steel rail, I have the most incredible urge to just run out there and jump on and ride, "ride them long red-balls, wherever they go."

You want to join me? Then call up the railroad of your choice, and ask for the yardmaster's office. Tell whomever answers that you wish to ride a freight, and ask him when the next fast freight is leaving for your destination, where the yards are, and from what rail it will leave, and where to start counting rails from. Call again one hour before it is scheduled to be "called" and check on the time again (they almost always leave late). Then go to the yard, and start looking for brakemen and ask them about the train. Then, I'll see you....

Goin' down the track, got those tears in my eyes,  
Trying to read a letter from my home.  
If this wheeler runs me right, I'll be home Saturday night,  
Cause I'm Nine Hundred Miles from my home,  
How I hate to hear that lonesome whistle blow!

# "THE" CLIMB

RWH

Accelerando

No  
no  
no  
no  
that is off route  
there at your boot  
that is off route  
that's obviously intuit-  
ively really off route  
no  
no  
no  
no  
please don't dispute  
that's also off route  
you're hard to suit  
if you try to repute  
that that's on route  
no  
no  
no  
no  
you still don't do it  
that is off route  
I can't refute  
the question is moot  
but you're still off route  
no  
no  
that is off route  
that is off route  
only a coot  
quite destitute  
would try to put  
that on route  
no  
no  
you're still off.....OUCH!

\* \* \* \* \*

WRITE to your congressman protesting the construction of dams on the Colorado River at the Grand Canyon. The Bureau argues that the encroachments are in inaccessible portions of the Park, which seems rather a justification for their preservation; and furthermore the Bureau seems willing to inflate recreational values in the case of Marble Canyon Dam but not willing to inflate scenic costs in the case of Glen Canyon Dam. See the Sierra Club Bulletin, March, 1965.

IS Hiking Club (as an organization) defunct? Trips seem to go, and a rollicking spirit is present among old members, but the structure which allows new members to join and learn seems to be disappearing. I hate to keep harping on this, but doesn't anyone care? Elections are coming up, and committees should be activated; posters, publicity, general meetings, slide shows, parties.....