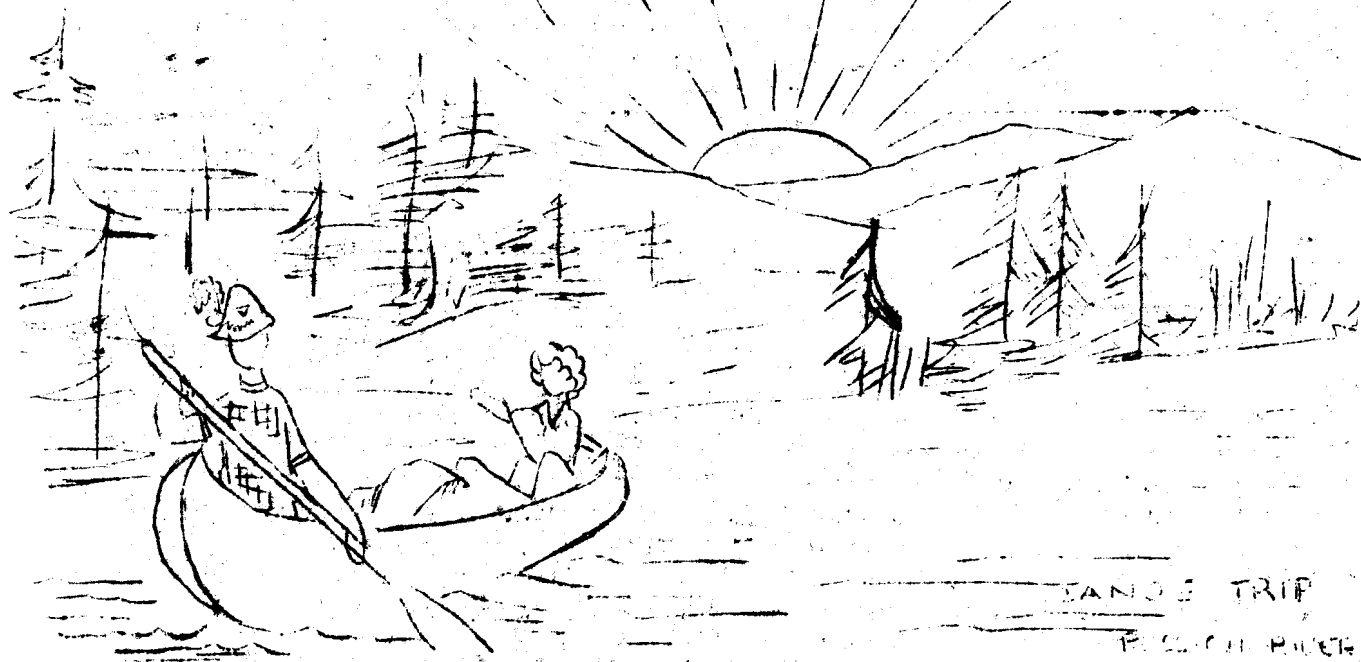


# BEAR TRACK



CANOE TRIP  
P. 20-21 PAGES

VOL. 19, NO. 3

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
HIKING CLUB

APRIL, 1958

## MT. SHASTA, SPRING, 1958

Saturday morning, about 9 AM, ~~six~~ of us left Berkeley in two cars, and headed up U.S. 99 toward Siskiyou County, and Mount Shasta. The six were Bob Orser (leader), Don Stickers, Al Sproles, Bill Hooker, Bill Gardner, and Mary Ann Dooling. We car-camped that night about half way between Dunsmuir and Mt. Shasta City, at Mott Camp ground, in about a foot of snow and a rain storm. We stretched ponchos between the two cars to produce a semi-protected cooking area, and slept in the cars.

Sunday morning at about 7:00 we gave up trying to sleep, ate breakfast, and sorted out the food for the packs, while the sky started to clear. In Mt. Shasta City (el. 3500) we informed the police of our plans (where we were going, and when we expected to be back), and started out on the Everett Memorial Highway toward Mt. Shasta. About half a mile out of town we came to a barrier, but as the road was plowed beyond it, we drove on through, closing the barrier behind us, and intending to bring the cars back after we had unloaded all the gear. We drove on for about four miles, until we came to McBride Springs (el. 5000). From here, using skis and snowshoes, we were to follow the logging road that takes to the hills. While we were getting ready to take off, the plows came down Everett Memorial Highway, and cleared a place for us to leave the cars. The drivers told us that they cleared the road about every other day -- unless they were needed in town. By 11 AM we were on our slow, though determined, way toward the Sierra Club Lodge at timberline (8000 ft.), a distance of three miles (as the crow flies!). By sun-down it was storming again, and we were still going. Just before dark, when the dismal prospect of having to bivouac was becoming a near reality, Bob finally noticed a short, square, beick stump. Eureka! The Cabin! It was after a couple of hours of frantic and futile digging with snowshoes that we finally broke a window to get in. We felt justified in this as the shovel that used to hang under the eaves was not there. There was wood inside, so we got a fire going, at the fashionable hour of midnight, and retired to our down-bags-on-cot-frames around 2 AM.

Monday morning we arose about 9 to wiggle out of our entrance way, one at a time, and hunt a bush that was somewhat out of the cold, driving mud and snow, but not too far from the Lodge in order not to get lost coming back. We spent the day patching the broken window, digging out another window for light, and trying to clear the doorway so we could at least close the door. According to original plans, this was the day that four of us were going to back-pack on up to Lake Helen, and bivouac, attempting to conquer the peak the next day. Something changed four minds.

Continued page

Tuesday about 9 A.M. THE FIRST MAN OUTbush-hunting found the entrance almost completely blown in again, and a few short-lived spots of blue sky. We spent most of that day digging into the wood pile, and finally reached it through a fifteen foot tunnel. By the time we finished, it was storming again, and the window we had cleared for light was filled in entirely. We kept an ear to the news and weather reports from the only station we could get on the little transistor radio, and decided to pull out on Wednesday, instead of Thursday, as originally planned. We listened with due reverence to the story of the rescue of the Stanford party.

The first man out Wednesday morning around 6:30 had to have had a really good reason to struggle through the now completely filled in entrance way. By the time we were ready to leave we had to pull the packs up on a rope, and belay each other out. The last one out cleared the door well enough to shut it, and left a bucket hanging where the shovel should have been. We left in a mild blizzard, tramping through three feet of fresh snow on top of the near 30 feet that were there when we arrived. The first third of the way, down to the logging road, was through dry, though deep snow. But as soon as we hit the logging road, the snow turned wet, and the rest of the trip down was real work for the trail-breaker, a job at which we all took turns. When we finally reached the last rise, from which we could see where we had left the cars, we could also see that the road had not been plowed, and that the cars were out of sight. When we got down to them, we found only the end of an aerial showing on one, and the ski rack was visible on the other. So we tackled the last four miles into town, arriving there about 7PM. We got a hot supper, arranged for a plow to dig us out in the morning, and spent the night in jail, courtesy of the county.

Thursday morning we were up at 6:30 again, and being escorted by a plow and a rotary out to the cars by 10AM. By 2PM we were out, and headed for town again, where we collected our gear, and purchased a fifth for the three plow operators who dug us out. We told our story to two reporters, (one from the Associated Press), left it in the police files in Mt. Shasta City, and left our autographs with the plow drivers (the first party to be dug out since that road was paved). Our story was known by everyone in Mt. Shasta City. In fact, had we not shown up by Thursday, the forest service was prepared to send a sno-cat in after us.

Back in Davis for supper, we found our fame had spread before us as far down as Woodland. Pat Sproles had contacted the forest service there to find out what had happened to us, being slightly worried, as Al was to have been home the night before. We had supper at the Sproles' and returned to Berkeley that night, getting here about midnight.

The trip was great fun, in spite of blisters, drastically changed plans, and the fact that none of us ever saw the peak the whole time we were in the area. After all, it isn't every day you can sit toasting yourself by fire, insulated by 30 feet of snow, miles from civilization (where all sorts of people are worried about you), while a blizzard blows above you.

M. A. Dooling

#### SAN ANDREAS CAVE TRIP

After a refreshing five hours' sleep under the stars at Cave City, near San Andreas, on Saturday night, April 12, an unruly mob of ten set out with ropes and ladders to explore the depths of Skull Cave. All morning and part of the afternoon we spent investigating the various rooms and crawlways of the cave, which contained three ladder drops. Some of the side passages were reported to be quite well decorated, and cave pearls were found in the lowest chamber. Another cave, appropriately named Water Cave, was located nearby, and was reached by wading down the middle of the creek or by wading through the poison oak. It was entered by traversing a small lake just inside the entrance by means of a slippery slanting log. The cave was mostly horizontal and contained several small pools, one of which had a strong affinity for carbide bottles. The day was enjoyed by all of us, and the area seemed promising enough to warrant a return trip.

Dave Rotzman

## SPRING VACATION CAVE TRIP

No vacation would be complete without a cave trip. This was the opinion of eight UCHC cavers as they headed north after the Friday night folk sing at the beginning of spring vacation. Although the original destination was Paradise, a small town near Chico, where caves were rumored to be found, the group decided to head for a supposedly known cave near Quincy. Due to an excess of snow and a lack of good directions (we can't blame Ray de Saussure for the snow), a retreat had to be made to another area farther south, where it was only raining.

After a good night's sleep and two hearty meals at Keith Howard's house near Sacramento, a home is rapidly becoming an established base camp for UCHC cave trips, the cavers spent most of one morning reconnoitering in raincoats, finding no more than a couple of pieces of quartz. In desperation, the group finally headed for Volcano, where limestone was known to abound. Since it had stopped raining, the only way people could get wet was to visit two wet caves, one containing a waist deep lake and the other involving a crawl through a small puddle, just big enough to get one completely soaked.

It was now Monday night, and one carload decided to head for Berkeley. The other four stayed an extra day, sleeping in a friendly rancher's unoccupied cottage, complete with hot water and an electric stove. The next day was spent reconnoitering another limestone area near Volcano. A good vertical cave discovered on the previous weekend was visited and a pretty, new horizontal cave was found, much to the chagrin of those who went home early. For once, it didn't rain until everyone was back at the car. Then it rained all the way home.

Dave Rottman

## CAVE TRIP MARCH 23

Begins the story. We met at West gate in the rain. Since we were not fair weather people but rather, great outdoors men, we decided where we would camp overnight during the storm. We arrived early Sunday morning at Apt. 36 in that hideous green apartment house in Davis, and we all slept on the floor, except for Al and Pat who claimed that they lived there and should not be forced to sleep on the floor. After a cramped night we all left for Volcano to begin the caving.

We rigged several fissures on a hill near the town, and at about noon or a little after, we made a very nice discovery. Pat had found a deep, black hole under a pile of rocks, and after removing some of the excess stones, we entered it. The initial drop was about 35 feet and put the explorers in a short fissure. There was a small hole leading off one end of the fissure, and it went down into a nice series of fissures. There were many nice formations in this section, and also another hole leading to an even lower chamber. After exploring this cave thoroughly, and also following and underground stream, we eventually headed back for the cars.

We counted noses; good grief, someone lost his nose, "HOBERT!" By now it was raining, and darkness was approaching, "HOBERT." Up and down the limestone hills and through areas that had been hydrauliced years ago. "HOBERT!" (I was getting hoarse.) At last he was found, and all of us, just a little wetter for the little excursion, left for home.

See you next cave trip, people.

A Muddy Mudlunker.

\* \* \* \* \*

CONSERVATIONISTS: Of some interest might be the section on the subject of conservation in the Handbook for Boys prior to about 1950.

\*\* Citizens for Active Conservation

Selected gems from a trip taken by four climbers named Chuck, Charlie, John, and Mike;

ARE YOU A FAIR WEATHER, SOUND ROCK, 5TH CLASS CLIMBER? "If no one else can get a car, we can take mine (cough)."

"Horse hearts! Good heavens!" -- "We could just stick it in a mail box and run."

"My sling rope! Quick, catch that mail truck (nothing to do with horse hearts)."

BANG! "Do you have any recaps?" -- "Sorry." -- "Well, we just about have to buy a new one." -- "\$16.50." (groan)

"Weather looks like it might hold." -- "Let's hurry up and finish dinner, so I can get over to the lodge." (next morning) Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. "It never rains at Tahquitz (cough)."

Bang! "Do you have any recaps?" -- "I can give you a used for \$2., but the tread's a little thin." (damn little thin tread)

SSWUSSSH! (groan) "Damit, I'll bet he did a bum job of patching that old tube he gave us." -- "This tube's completely shot." -- \$5.00. (groan)

"Why would anybody want to live here?" (driving through LA)

"GOOD GOD!" (driving down the wrong side of the freeway in Banning)

(sound of gentle snow flurries) "There's always fair weather at Joshua Tree (cough)."

Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. Drip. (at Joshua Tree) "What's the latest weather report on the radio." -- "Let's go home."

(hysterical laughter while driving out of Los Angeles toward Ventura)

(sorting out the car in Ventura) "What's that?" -- "The horse hearts."

faithfully recorded by Mike

### HUNTER'S HILL CLIMB

During a break in the weather on March 27, five drenched climbers dashed from the cars to the rock and began to climb. Chuch Pratt and I were kept from completing the Bloody clutch by the returning rainstorms. Earle Alexander, Ron Harrison, and John Landers contented themselves with beginning instruction and the Eagles Nest. Bill Loughman and the Bryants showed up about the same time as the neat rainstorms. It was a wet afternoon.

John Fiske

Editor's note: Drip - Drip! No Comment...

*****		The Bear Track Staff	
* The BEAR TRACK is the official	* Editors: Bill Gardner		
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* Berkeley 4, California.	* Doena Zonligt		
*****			
			Mary Ann Dooling
			Mimeographers: Dave Rottman
			Mary Ann Dooling

While it seems that most of the Hiking Clubbers who ventured outside of the Berkeley City Limits--and even those who stayed at home--during the week of Spring vacation spent their time in rain and snow storms, three club members--Dave Rottman, Hobert Kennedy, and myself, Marcia Lightbody, spent three warm, sun-filled days between Thursday and Saturday at Joshua Tree National Monument. Upon getting down there, we were SUPPOSED to meet other Hiking Clubbers who had gone down earlier--earlier in the week. They and the rain arrived simultaneously, however, and in the ensuing endurance contest, our club members were perfectly willing to yield in the Berkeley direction. A day after they left, we arrived and spent three wonderful days in the blooming desert.

Our trip down on Wednesday was enlivened by the additional presence of Jackie Mc Cracken, who was going to her home in Los Angeles. Since Dave's car was being used, he decided we should leave Berkeley at 5 AM, a decision which had us out of town at 5:30. The first couple of hours were spent in drowsy yawns, but after we got through Tracy, things livened up all the way to Los Angeles, simply because Jackie announced that she knew what a "flywheel" was. During a gas station stop, the "flywheel" was mentioned concerning Dave's chevy. Jackie immediately popped up with an explanation, which I can't remember, of the "flywheel's" use in a car. Her explanation satisfied Dave, despite Hobert's comment that she undoubtedly thought that the thing caught flies. Hobert's fears were justified a few miles later, when Jackie further announced that Dave's horn undoubtedly worked by a Doppler effect.

Coming off Tejon Pass, Dave found out his car could go one mile faster than he thought it could, and a little farther on Jackie discovered she'd forgotten the way home. We finally arrived at the right house in Tarzana, and piled out of the car after eight hours of driving. It was good to stop, but we didn't stay long for we were sure that we could make Tahquitz (our theoretical destination) by early evening at the great rate we had been traveling. We may have been making good time then, but the time we took from the moment we left Jackie's house until we got out of Los Angeles exactly equalled half that required for us to get from Berkeley to L.A. If you don't think this little feat can be done, you either don't know the Hiking Club or Los Angeles. Let me explain. Although we were but three people, we each had, it seems, at least half a dozen friends or relatives, which we hadn't seen in ages, living in the Los Angeles area. A further point to be considered is that when we reached Los Angeles, my turn came up to drive. Now, I had not driven a standard shift car for four years, and what resulted was a cross between The Comedy Hour and I Search for Adventure. Dave's Chevy, it must be added, is a rugged individualist and not quite one to go along with the crowd--especially after stopping for stop signs, red lights, policemen and the like. One must remember that although Dave can shift it from low to high, directly, without using the clutch, visitors are not accorded such privileges.

We first stopped at Hobart's home in L.A., then Hobart guided us to the place where his mother works, the Southern California Automobile Club. Well, maybe it was because the hour was 4:45 p.m., maybe there was some other reason, but just then it seemed every automobile in southern California had business at the club. I was peacefully gazing out the window at the sidewalk, when I heard the car door slam and saw Hobert running into the building, having left the motor running, me in the front seat, and 2,000 mad drivers on all sides. The Los Angeles driver at 4:45 p.m. is a specie unique, and only hope is that he stays in Los Angeles.

Hobert's mother told us we'd never be able to make any time on the freeways until 7:30, and she insisted we come to their home for dinner. We had a wonderful dinner and some hilarious moments investigating the intricacies of a heat producing, vibrating chair. We still had thoughts of getting to Tahquitz that night, however, and so we were soon heading east via the most complicated freeway system I hope I ever meet. "Now get in that lane two to the right over there, this road splits pretty soon." "Don't follow that truck he's probably following the one ahead of him." "There, follow that truck." "Maybe you should have gotten in that lane two to the left...no don't move now..." "There, break in now! Whatsa matter, you chicken or something?" These little gems were all contributions made by the two people in our car who understood that fool

freeway system to the one who was meeting it the first (and last!) time.

Dave's home is in Pomona, and we soon stopped there. Hobert's sister lives in Hemet, and of course we stopped there. Then, too, Hobert had some friends in San Jacinto with whom we not only visited, but spent the night. Hobert and Dave felt sure it was going to rain, and by golly it did!

It not only rained, but at Idlowild, directly beneath Tahquitz rock, it snowed. We saw Tahquitz all right--on a post card!

Dave was certain that everyone who was supposed to be at Tahquitz had retreated to Joshua Tree, where the climbing and hiking are out in the middle of the desert. What started out as a retreat from our planned destination turned out to be one of the grandest trips I've ever been on. The desert was beautiful. The flowers and cacti were everywhere, and so was the sun. The day after we arrived we hunted up a climb Dave had done there previously called "The Meatgrinder", and although Hobert and Dave stayed intact during its ascent, when the climb was over, I looked like a candidate for a sausage factory. Instead of rappelling down the climbing route, Hobert and I went off the backside of the rock, down a rappell rope anchored Dave. Dave then rappelled off a string rope on the climbing route. It sounds funny to say we three came off two different routes, but we just wanted to see if we could figure out some route getting down other than the one we came up, and rappelling off Dave seemed to be the answer!

We then climbed on a lot of the rocks further out in the desert from the Hidden Valley campground, and had great fun in seeing how steep a slope we could trot around on via friction, without slipping. The seats of several pairs of pants were somewhat thinner following these experiments. We then hiked off further to a large rock which overhung on all sides. After throwing a rope over the top, we prussiked up. We called the rock The Whale because from one side it looked like one rising from the ocean. There was one jam crack which Dave thought might possibly be a 5th class route, but we had had enough jam cracks for one day after that Meatgrinder thing.

Then we headed back to camp and dinner. The next morning Angeles section rock climbers of the Sierra Club started to arrive during breakfast. They visited our camp thinking we were fellow section members because we were the only people in the campground without a trailer. This day was our day to tour Joshua Tree, however, and we soon took off to Salton View and points east. Indio, date stands, avocado stands, coke machines, San Bernadino, reckless drivers, and Cahon Pass all came and went! The Mojave desert, Four Corners, Tahachapi Pass and dinner outside Bakersfield did also. Finally we were on the last lap: the flooded San Joaquin, Argall's, a lively discussion on why and what kind of people climb rocks, another on what kind of people cannot open bottles, "If you want me to drive, wake me up" from the backseat, Walnut Creek, and home. It was a memorable trip, one of the happiest on which I've ever been.

Marcia Lightbody

\* \* PREVIEW \* \* \* \*

A canoe trip is coming up real soon. Yes, the weekend of May 17 - 18 will find a jolly bunch of UCHC'ers paddling down the Russian River in many canoes. Most observers of this caravan will think that there is a new uprising among the Indians. ---We will by a happy bunch, though---. Just think of the fun. A weekend of water fights, swims, sunbathing, and general horse-play typical of the UCHC. If you have a guitar, you will be able to serenade the girl of your dreams in the most romantic setting of all; the moon shining on the water, with the sound of the stream rushing by.

Some of the basic information concerning the trip is the following: An early morning (possibly 6) departure from Berkeley on Saturday May 17, to drive 72 miles to Healdsburg. The cost of each canoe will be \$5 a day, \$10 total, plus a \$2.50 canoe transportation fee. The canoes will be transported from Del Rio by the renter. The other expenses will include about \$3.00 for food and transportation.

Be sure to plan ahead in order to make this fine yearly spring trip of the UCHC.

In order for the leaders of this trip to plan for the canoe rentals there will be a sign-up sheet posted on the bulletin board in room C this coming monday. Please sign up this next week if you intend to go.

Soon you'll be able to count the remaining weeks of classes on the fingers of one hand. Then, before you know it, summer will be here... ..and High Trip time. What's the High Trip? Only the biggest (and always the most memorable) event of the Hiking Club year....two weeks of backpacking fun and adventure in the Sierra high country.

Well, when are we going? During the two weeks preceding the fall registration, from August 31 through September 13. And where? To the Ritter Range, a ragged crest of peaks and pinnacles, southeast of Yosemite National Park. Starting from Reds Meadows we will ascend to the headwaters of Minaret Creek, and then northward again to Shadow Creek. From Ediza on Shadow Creek we will cross the crest of the Ritter Range to the North Fork of the San Joaquin and swing northward in a great arc to Rush Creek. And finally from Rush Creek we will travel south high above the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin to Agnew Meadow. At Agnew a car shuttle will be arranged for the seven miles back to Reds Meadows.

The route is high and trail-less most of the way, but it misses very little of the most spectacular country in one of the Sierra's finest scenic regions. The campsites are located by lakes or streams right at timberline, with magnificent vistas of the high peaks. A layover day is planned for all but one of the campsites--for hiking, climbing, fishing, loafing, of what have you. The possibilities are numberless. And to keep packs light for crossing the four rugged trail-less passes on the route, half of our food will be cached in advance at Ediza Lake. This summer we'll carry no 50 and 60 lb. packs!

The itinerary will be leisurely and packs will be light, but the terrain will be rugged, so good physical condition and previous backpacking experience are strongly advisable. Commissary will be broken into several groups in order to facilitate varied interests and tastes. For detailed information concerning the mechanics of the trip, commissary, and the itinerary, as well as information on what to take and what to expect, consult the bulletin board in Room C. Sign ups for the trip will close August 1, but if you plan to go, please sign up as early as possible to facilitate commissary arrangements. For additional information contact:

MIKE LOUGHMAN  
NOONS IN ROOM C

MARIN COUNTY HIKE--MAY 4

On May 4, 1958, the UCHC will again invade Marin County. According to tentative plans, we will hike alongside Alpine Lake on a shady trail bordered by many redwoods and large pines, and up Cataract Creek, with its many picturesque waterfalls--- weather permitting. If we have time, we may "conquer" the 2586.0 ft-high summit of Mt Tamalpais, which offers an excellent view of the whole Bay Area. The originally planned hike to Stinson Beach has been abandoned in order to give relief from the overly familiar Pipsea Trail-Muir Woods routine. So everyone, especially newcomers, come and see the wealth of natural beauty lying just across the bay.

Bring your lunch and meet at West Gate at 7:30 AM.

HELEN MCGINNIS--TH-5-9165

NOW HERE THIS\*\*NOW HERE THIS

CHANGE\*\*\*\*\*

FOLK DANCING WILL BE HELD IN ROOM 251--HEARST GYM ON MAY 9-- AND MAY 23.-----

SAME TIME: 7:30-11:00

SAME DANCES: --(EDITORIAL COMMENT)\*\*\*\*("Have you, P., bought "TROIKA" yet? HMMMMM?")

LOTS OF FUN\*\*\*\*\*

SEEU YOU THERE

LORIE AND PETE

.....  
We'd like to see everybody at the General Meeting next TUESDAY, APRIL 29

Controversial proposed amendments to the club By-laws will be introduced and there will be 1 or 2 Sierra Club movies. Refreshments too Whoopee!

WORDS FROM THE PRESIDENT  
Why not VOTE ?????

Who, me? Vote? In an ASUC election? Well, why not? As students we have no choice but to pay three bucks a semester to belong to ASUC. As Hiking Clubbers we are part of an organization that is subject to ASUC rules and depends on the ASUC for its office facilities. If Hiking Club is your main interest, as it is mine, then that is enough reason to care how the ASUC is run. This year there is considerable choice of candidates and platforms. For once it might make some difference who is elected. Perhaps it would be worth our while to consider which candidates offer to do the most for us as students and as Hiking Clubbers; perhaps we should even discuss it with our friends ----Then, finally, why don't we actually go so far as to TAKE THE TROUBLE TO VOTE ???

R.D. ORSER

PROPOSED BY\*LAW AMENDMENTS

There are now five amendments proposed and posted on the bulletin board in room C. These amendments would recognize the Quartermaster, clarify the term of office of Ex Com, alter the quorum required for general meetings to a practicable size, separate program and conservation functions, and provide for the establishment of any special committee by Ex Com or at request of 10% of the membership. You are invited to read these amendments and make your own comments--(in person or by note). In order to pass amendments, there must be two general meetings at which there is a quorum, once to introduce, and once to pass the motion. This means about 40 members, so please attend the meetings and have a voice in the government of the club.

R.D. ORSER

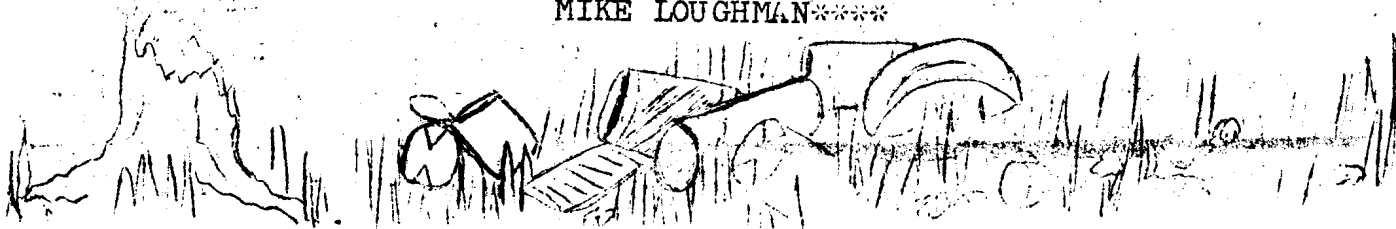
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN TO YOU?

Just about everybody enjoys the action and excitement of a football game in a crowded stadium. Why a crowded stadium? Well, think about it. Take away the crowd. Imagine yourself sitting alone in the stands, watching a game. See what I mean? The crowd is an important part of a football game; it lends an essential quality to the game.

Just for a moment imagine yourself lolling in the warm, moist grass of a sun-drenched mountain meadow, gazing at a distant peak and the vastness of the blue sky overhead. Think about the qualities of such a place and such a sky--such an experience. Now picture yourself sitting on the grass of a city park on a crowded Sunday afternoon, looking up at the telephone poles and television antennae, and listening to the noise of the passing traffic. Quite a difference, isn't there? The city park may be pleasant, but the mountain meadow is sublime. Why the difference in quality? Well, what distinguishes any natural area from the city park? That word "natural" is the key, although "pristine", "primitive", and "wild" are better words. Wilderness is an essential quality to the mountain meadow, just as essential as the crowd is to the football game. Take away the wilderness and see what happens. Put in a parking lot, picnic tables, and trash cans in the meadow. Is something lost? Now how different is the meadow from the city park? And how different is the experience?-----

And what does it all mean to you?

MIKE LOUGHMAN\*\*\*\*\*





UCHC AFFIRMS AN ACTIVE INTEREST IN CONSERVATION-  
EDUCATION

As a result of answers received so far to a questionnaire sent to the membership by Mike Loughman the UCHC Ex Com adopted a policy of taking a more active interest in conservation by forming a sub-committee of the Program committee of the club whose functions will be primarily dealing with conservation-education.

At present there is still a certain amount of indecision as to whether the club by-laws should be changed to permit establishment of a Conservation Committee. Some people believe that conservation is such an important function that it should have recognized standing as a committee. The belief of this school of thought centers around the idea that programing and conservation-education, although closely interrelated are separate functions and that the current by-laws which provide that the function of conservation-education fall within the duties of the programing committee should be amended to provide for a separate committee.

Another school of thought believes that the present structure is adequate to allow an active conservation program. Tom Aley has wisely added two questions upon which you, the membership, will decide which of these two methods of operating an effective and active conservation program is the best one. It will be up to all of you to decide and at a general meeting of sometime in the near future to vote upon this organizational aspect of the Hiking Club program. Bear in mind especially the relative importance you personally believe conservation should have in the club's program.

At present Mike Loughman has been appointed chairman of the Program Committee following his resignation from Ex Com. Now that smoke and controversy have cleared the path for action, the program committee with its conservation sub-committee can actively begin a program to inform people within and outside the club concerning matters of conservation interest. This program will begin following general lines. Recommendations and ideas from anyone are welcome. Any suggestions for improvements on the program are also welcome.

The committee will plan conservation programs for the club general meetings. These programs will consist of talks by noted speakers in the field of conservation. Sometimes the programs will show movies of good conservation practices and on how conservation practices can be improved. The subject of the programs will not be conservation as such because as a subject conservation sounds very dull. The programs will try to show how important good conservation practices are to our economy and to our enjoyment of the outdoors. Special emphasis will be placed on wildland conservation and on Recreation Conservation which are two of the most interesting conservation fields to people who enjoy the outdoors. Some nature talks and walks will be initiated in cooperation with the hiking and caving committees to interest the membership in the scientific as well as the recreational values of our outdoor areas. The importance of conservation will be emphasized along with the walks and talks.

The committee will help people in the club learn what constitutes good outdoor conservation in terms of fire prevention, garbage disposal and protection of the beauty of nature. The members of the committee will study different aspects of present recreation practice and help inform everyone in the club on specific recreation conservation issues. If possible the committee will try to initiate an active program whereby we can help locally to educate the public about the importance of protecting and preserving our areas of scenic beauty. The programing committee's sub-committee will also try to obtain more publicity for the club and for conservation locally on campus.

On matters of national importance the conservation sub-committee will attempt to study current conservation problems and to inform the membership as to how each person can act as an individual to influence national legislation which would put good recreation conservation into practice. The committee will act as a general information body on conservation to all those people interested in learning more about what can be done to better manage and preserve our outdoors.

Anyone in the club may join this committee who is interested. Even if you can only devote one hour or less a week to this activity you are still welcome. If you can only attend committee meetings and learn more about conservation you are more than welcome. Those of you who have a sincere interest in active conservation are now asked to pitch in and help get a really active program filled with interest and enthusiasm going. All you need to do is sign the program committee sign up sheet in rm C, Eshleman Hall. Do it today!

April 22 / 1958

John B. Dewitt

LETTER TO THE EDITOR April 20

Within the next few days all of the UCHC members will get a letter from Mike Loughman dealing with the Club's conservation policy. You will be asked in this letter to check one of three blanks. The first blank reads "I think the UCHC should take an active interest in conservation and that a committee should be established to implement this." The second blank reads "I think the UCHC should not take an active interest in conservation." The third blank reads "I am apathetic."

Probably the chief reason that the motion by Mike Loughman was defeated was that WE ALREADY HAVE A CONSERVATION COMMITTEE. Yes, it is quite true that it is merged with the Program Committee, but does this make any difference? It seems rather illogical to set up another committee that would have the same functions as the committee that is already provided for in the UCHC By-Laws.

It has been quite some time since anyone joined the Program Committee to work in conservation matters. Why this is I cannot say, yet the fact remains that nobody has been really interested in trying. Does it seem logical then that another conservation committee with the same basic functions would accomplish anything? Perhaps the Conservationists feel that a joint Program-Conservation Committee would not work well.

In this letter I have tried to clarify Ex Com's decision, and if you should read this before you have returned Mike's form, would you please consider two additional "write in" choices?

\_\_\_\_\_ I think we should use the Program-Conservation Committee which is already set up.

\_\_\_\_\_ I think the Program and Conservation Committees should be separated by a By-Law amendment.

I think with these additional choices we can make the form more usable and more helpful to the Ex Com.

Tom Aley, member of Ex. Com.

MEMBERS OF EX COM IN AGREEMENT; Bob Orser, President  
Bill Gardner  
Mary Ann Dooling

DEAR EDITOR:

RE: Mike Loughman's questionnaire to the membership.

Under the existing by-laws of the club, Conservation-Education is delegated to the Program Committee. I feel that this is unfortunate to the Program Committee. I feel that this is unfortunate because the program committee's primary responsibility is the planning of General Meetings. I am in favor of amending the by-laws by deleting Conservation-Education as a function of the Program Committee and by placing a clause in the by-laws allowing for the establishment of a conservation education committee if 10% (plus or minus) of the membership designates its interest in conservation education. It is unfortunate that Conservation for many years has taken a secondary place in the interests of the club membership.

Until this change is made in the by-laws, I am in favor of establishing a sub-committee of Program Committee whose total responsibility would be Conservation Education. Ex com in setting up a Conservation Education committee under the present by-laws would be disregarding the by-laws under which the club is governed and which the Ex Com is supposed to interpret and uphold.

I wish to point out that the by-laws cannot be amended until May and that therefore if Ex Com takes no action now, organized Conservation Education will be dead until the Fall which would be unfortunate to say the least.

Sincerely,

Martin J. Zonlight

--some filler from the light side --

Q: What do women have in common with pianos?

A: Some are upright, and others are simply grand.

Q: What do women have in common with postage stamps?

A: One is a female, and the other is a mail fee.

## POPE VALLEY HIKE

Hot was the day and oh so cool was the water! This was the feeling of twenty-two hikers on Sunday, April 20, 1958 as we swam in Putah creek. This hike was the annual Pope Valley Hike through Spanish Valley. This area is north of St. Helena in the middle of Napa County. We were hiking on private property and a fee of 50¢ a piece was required.

Actual hiking started about 10:30AM with a little uphill walking. About fifteen minutes later upon reaching the crest of the hills, the terrain opened into the beautiful Spanish Valley. The valley was alive with wild flowers and the oh-so green grass looked like a soft carpet. (The cows present were the only suspicious objects). We walked the length of the valley and upon its termination we were faced with a nice high fence conveniently strung with barbed wire. After everyone had conquered this objective successfully we hiked about an hour more and stopped for lunch amid a nice grove of big shade trees.

Hikers seen enjoying their tasty morsels were: Brint Stone, Harry Leipre, Bob Brindiri, Dieter Kroonlein, Dottie Gasser, Pat Tomlin, Janos Kirz, Joan Bruhns, John Mero, Elizabeth Wierzlianska, Dobbie Barth, Larry Donelan, Adrienne and Herb Bryant, Mel Bernstein, Rory Alliver, Cecil Alliver, Antolin Loper, Elsa Huenta, Nelly Lopez, Gustave Eskildsen, and Lev. (who also took a dip).

After finishing our eats and resting temporarily we hiked about an hour more and reached a wonderful place on Putah Creek for swimming. The current was swift and the rides down the current were most enjoyable. After a considerable time spent swimming and sunbathing (and after a camera happy Mel Bernstein had finished taking pictures) we hiked the last two miles to the cars.

Our hike was seven miles long and it encircled the HM Ranch.

The day proved perfect as we had very nice weather and no mishaps. Our thanks to a swell leader Brint Stone for an invigorating and pleasurable day.

Joan Bruhns

## NEW MEMBER

Perry, Adele C. 2527 Ridge Rd. Berkeley AS 3-5900

## CORRECTIONS

Betts, Richard (not Botta)  
Gasser, Dottie TH 5-9415  
Wainwright, Don c/o Pat Murphy

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