

BEAR

TRACK

MAY 26 1958



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
HIKING CLUB

MAY, 1958

Russian River Canoe Trip : May 17-18

Twenty-eight persons met on the bank of the Russian River at Healdsburg at 10:00 am Saturday morning, and after the normal period of getting organized, shuttling cars, and carrying canoes down to the river, we began our two day trek down stream to Monte Rio. Along the way many comments were made, followed by exciting events (or preceded by the same). Some of the first of the day's quotes to reach my ears were: "Ho, ho! Look, there are John Toohoy and Ed pushed against the brushy bank by the current! . . . Turn, Bill! We're going to hit them!" . . . Klunk! L. Bill Gardner, turned alright, turned right into them and hit them broadside! Many others were having similar troubles getting used to handling their canoes during the first part of the trip.

Our caravan consisted of 12 aluminum canoes, one home made wooden canoe, made by Byron Hansen and his friend Fred Dies (from Stanford), and a kayak made by Gordon Beal. Gordon took the lead the first day, with the rest of us lined out for quite a ways behind him, moving at various speeds.

The sun was quite hot, and most of us got burned (proving we were red skins). The most spectacular coloring was developed by Lorie Scott. She had put a towel on her lap, sun tan lotion on her legs, and arrived at Hacienda with a red ring about her knees.

There was a lot of good swimming the first day on many of the fine sandy (and some stoney) beaches. The water was quite refreshing. It was so refreshing that there were a few water splashing escapades that day. It seems that Iris Mabie and Dave Marsh weren't paying much attention to the river in one spot and didn't notice a rock approaching, barely sticking out of the water. However, they were soon brought to their senses by a sudden dunking in the river. Luckily, others were nearby, and rescued them and the canoe, although Dave is still missing one white tennis shoe. Another couple, Cruz and Joannene Reynoso, also tipped over when their canoe hit a log. And again, someone was nearby for the rescue. There were always overhanging limbs and trees that I couldn't seem to steer clear of, but Joan always managed to shrink down into the canoe and thus escape with only a few scratches.

And then there was the scow by the name of Vagabound I, which was salvaged by Tom Aley and Mary Ann Dooling, and towed on down stream by them. It became a source of much hilarity at one lunch stop when Keith Howard tried to herd it around in the quiet water, only to find

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RUSSIAN RIVER CANOE TRIP (Cont. from Page 1)

that it would rather turn in dizzy circles until it had shipped so much water that it sank blissfully to the bottom. It was later used for the worthy cause of carrying wood for the evening campfire. However, several hours later, and just short of the Hacienda Bridge, Vagabond I sank again with the load of wood, trying viciously to pull the canoe down with it, but the quick thinking Tom cut the string before disaster struck. Tom and Mary Ann were the last to arrive at the camping place where everyone else had eaten except those in Tom's car group. The Reynosos were cold and wet from their spill, and Keith, with a hungry look in his eye, managed to mooch several plates full of food, and thereby kept from starving.

That night there was a campfire and singing on the beach at Hacienda. The evening breeze died down and the night was warm. We sang until about midnight, and heard songs by Pete Scott, Tom Aley, Richard Bruhns, and Mary Ann Dooling. Then we threw about six tires on the fire (collected from one of the gravel works passed on the way), and moved a respectful distance away from it while it burned down, after which we retired for a night of rest on the beach. Those who didn't have air mattresses looked for sandier spots, while some of those who did were only to wake up in the middle of the night, feeling sore, to find them deflated.

End part one : by Bill Gardner

Sunday morning dawned warm and sunny, only to become overcast by the time people started to get up, crawling carefully out of their sleeping bags as they rediscovered sunburns. Everyone ate a hearty breakfast, some of us choosing to start our day with roasted marshmallows, left over from the night before, plus grapefruit, and snicker snacks, of course. We then reloaded the cars, secured our lunches, water pistols, and other gear in the canoes with strings, and applied stiff muscles to paddles as we once again headed down stream. On this day we had the last 11 miles of the original 30 to cover, two dams to get around, and, as it turned out, several power boats to contend with.

We reached the first dam without mishap, and found it passable, so each team showed their skill as they successfully aimed their canoe between two pilings and into the white-water below. At this point there was only one canoe, with ~~Oscott and Rory~~ ~~Alleis~~, unaccounted for, but we went on anyway. We later learned that they had stopped to fish.

The second dam we came to proved to be a little more exciting, so we spent some time there, some people being ambitious enough to carry their canoes back up and try it again. After the first look at the various channels through it, we decided we would go on through, in spite of having been asked not to. So the experiments began, and we found three places where it was possible to get through, although only two of them were deep enough to float the canoe with both paddlers aboard. One of these was no harder than the first dam, as it only involved aiming between two pilings and dropping with a splash (after hanging a breathless moment one foot in the air) into the white-water below. The other passage required more skill, as there was a third obstruction between the two pilings which had to be passed on the right, as Pat and Al found out when they tried to pass it on the left, and were flipped over, Al getting pinned between the canoe and piling until Pat could set him free and get herself caught instead. They both finally got free, unhurt, and someone caught the paddles while four others helped to right the canoe. And then Al had to try it again, this time with Pete. They got through the hard part fine, and then tipped over down-stream while turning to come back to the shore. Oh well.

After eating lunch at the second dam, we took off again, still with our fishermen unaccounted for. And then water began to fly, as Tom and I found everyone willing to take us on, and then join us to ambush the others as they came along, unsuspectingly. Water pistols became sadly outdated, as Byron and Fred hauled out a bucket, and things commenced to get pretty wet. When we were all tired and about to sink, we called a mutual truce, and pulled up to the beach to dry-dock and make repairs. Then we slowly shoved off to complete the re-

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C O B W E E S O N T H E T R A I L

On a hot July day last summer I went for a hike in Tilden Park alone. The fresh air, the dry grass, and the clumps of thick shrubbery on the hillsides were refreshing after I had been cooped up in summer school all week. Walking around the fence which blocked the road at the entrance to the Nature Area, I started off down the trail to Jewell Lake. At the lake I passed a dozen children playing with the lakeside cattails, and their parents reading on the grass. I crossed the dam at the bottom of the lake, headed up the Wildcat Peak Trail, and slowed down considerably. That trail was steep! Suddenly, less than a quarter mile up the trail, my face felt a funny, tickling sensation. I looked up, and there dangling from a tree branch was half of the biggest and most beautiful cobweb I had ever seen. Down at my feet a few broken threads were floating about a foot. That cobweb had extended with its dozens of inner corridors from a seven foot high branch on the left side of the trail to a ground-level root on the right. Examining its fragile beauty, I all but wished I hadn't broken it. Some determined spider must have worked weeks on what was to be his grandest flytrap yet.

It was this business of some enterprising spider having that trail to himself for such a period of time that made me think. I hadn't anything against spiders, but I couldn't help wondering where the two-legged traffic had gone. This trail was the only one in this end of the park, and apparently even in the middle of summer it hadn't seen use in a long time. Despite a weekend influx of thousands of people, apparently no one was willing to leave the roadside very far. And the spiders were loving it!

Now at this point the nature lovers will divide into two camps. One will say, "Hooray for the arachnids," and the other will query, "Where are all the people?" "Ah," you say, "I know which camp the Hiking Club patches reside in. Those guys complain if they meet even one foreigner on the trail. And two strange faces qualify the route for highway status!" Strange as it may seem, a great many Hiking Clubbers are in the camp which would put people on the trails. They would love to see families leave the jam-packed meadows and crowded Lake Anza and travel the trails teeming with wildlife. Besides, if these clubbers were in the camp which would leave such wild places to the arachnids, they'd have to be down in the meadows themselves!

But now the person who would like to see more people enjoy their parks' innermost recesses is faced with a problem. Tilden and the three other Regional Parks have a board of five directors as a governing body, and a manager who carries out the policies of the directors. These men have done much in the line of public relations for the parks, but there is good reason for the belief that certain aspects of wilderness information and the Park District's purpose have been slighted or questionably treated. Take the matter of trail information. If a family drives into Tilden with no previous knowledge of the park and desires to know about the trail system, there is hardly any chance that he will end up with the free map which shows the trails and ought to be readily available to all visitors who want it. In order to get this little pamphlet, you have to drive to the far west corner of the park to the Nature Area gate, get out on the presumption that someone in something called a "Nature Area" must have maps of the trail system, walk about a block down the road, and hunt down the NA's attendant. You have to find her, because the free maps are in a drawer in an assembly building, and you could hardly find them alone. At Redwood Regional Park the only way to get this same pamphlet with the trails of the parks in it is to knock at the door of the Skyline Gate stone house which belongs to the ranger and ask whoever answers the door for the pamphlet. If the maps are to get the wide distribution they should have, this way certainly isn't the best. Tilden and Redwood are the two parks with extensive trail systems, and yet if you are new to either area and by some means do happen to get ahold of one of these trail pamphlets, the thing is of limited use because, despite very painstaking, professional drawing, and a legend for roads, trails and developed areas, not one of the maps has a mileage scale which shows what distance of trail or road equals any measurement. A ten mile hike represented by a series of dots on the

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It was amazing, absolutely fantastic! Mother Nature finally smiled on a climbing trip to Yosemite Valley. Four climbers arrived at the Valley on April 25th and found clear skies, dry rock, and warm weather. Don Goodrich, Charley Raymond, Chuck Pratt, and I were overwhelmed by our good fortune, and so we made drastic plans to take advantage of the unexpected turn in the weather. The Higher and Lower Cathedral Spires were conquered on April 26th as was the direct route on the Washington Column on April 27th. Another car group consisting of Fred Bartels, Marcia Lightbody, and Ray D'Arcy, enjoyed fine hiking along the Yosemite Falls Trail. It was a memorable weekend for the simple reason that everything worked smoothly and all we did was climb and hike.

John Fiske

Girls, have you noticed that your battered UCHC heroes have been sporting burns in odd places? 10 to 1 they have been practicing with the newly constructed UCHC belay rig consisting of a weight (130 lb. cast iron) and a pulley (both courtesy of Norm Turner). To date, many of the active members of the Mountaineering Section have held over 50 falls ranging from 3 ft to over 13 ft. The weight has been "killed" only about four times. Four belay positions have been used quite effectively and a great deal has been learned from these practice sessions. I urge all climbers and cavers to get out and use this system as a great deal can be learned from it.

John Fiske

COBWEBS ON THE TRAIL - continued from page

map could be any length the reader guessed it to be.

And then there is the matter of park purposes. Because the Regional Parks belong to the people of seven East Bay cities, facilities have to be available for a great many park visitors. Ric Richard E. Walpole, the parks' manager, has said the parks are "natural playgrounds" which "offer... natural types of recreation in native California countryside surroundings." It is in this business of accomodating large numbers of people and still retaining the "semi wildwood" values that Walpole describes that problems for thou thought arise. From 1934, when the Park District was created, until the late nineteen-forties, recreation centered mainly at such places as the meadows and the picnic areas. Recently a host of concessions has been built in the parks, especially at Tilden. There one can find pony rides, a train ride, a merry-go-round, and a man-built fish pond. How far this policy should be carried is a good question. That fish pond could make a Hiking Clubber who has ever caught anything in the mountains really wonder what's happened to his world! A large sign informs the prospective fisherman that "High Sierra trout" are "brought in fresh every week," and another sign alongside has pictures of five native western fish - the Dolly Varden, Cutthroat, Rainbow, Steelhead and Golden! The club's fishing contingent may as well schedule its high trip to Tilden!

All these problems and questions that have been raised lead to one more query. "I have an opinion about these things," you say, "but what can I do about it? What does the park district care about me?" It cares enough about you and your opinion to open its meetings to you. On the last Tuesday of each month at three in the afternoon the directors and manager meet at the District's main office, 6500 Broadway, Oakland. You and your opinion can attend and find out first hand the reasons and thoughts that govern park policies. These meetings are open to everyone. I think that if the Hiking Club is going to be actively concerned with problems of people in wild areas, here is a good place to begin. It has been said by men who know the problems of the far-flung wilderness areas that conservation begins at home. These hills of the Regional Parks rise up from our campus. Today they might be covered with housing developments if but twenty-four years ago foresighted men hadn't thought we future users would enjoy their paths and meadows. Why don't you come to the meetings of the Program committee's conservation subcommittee and work on those cobwebs on the trail?

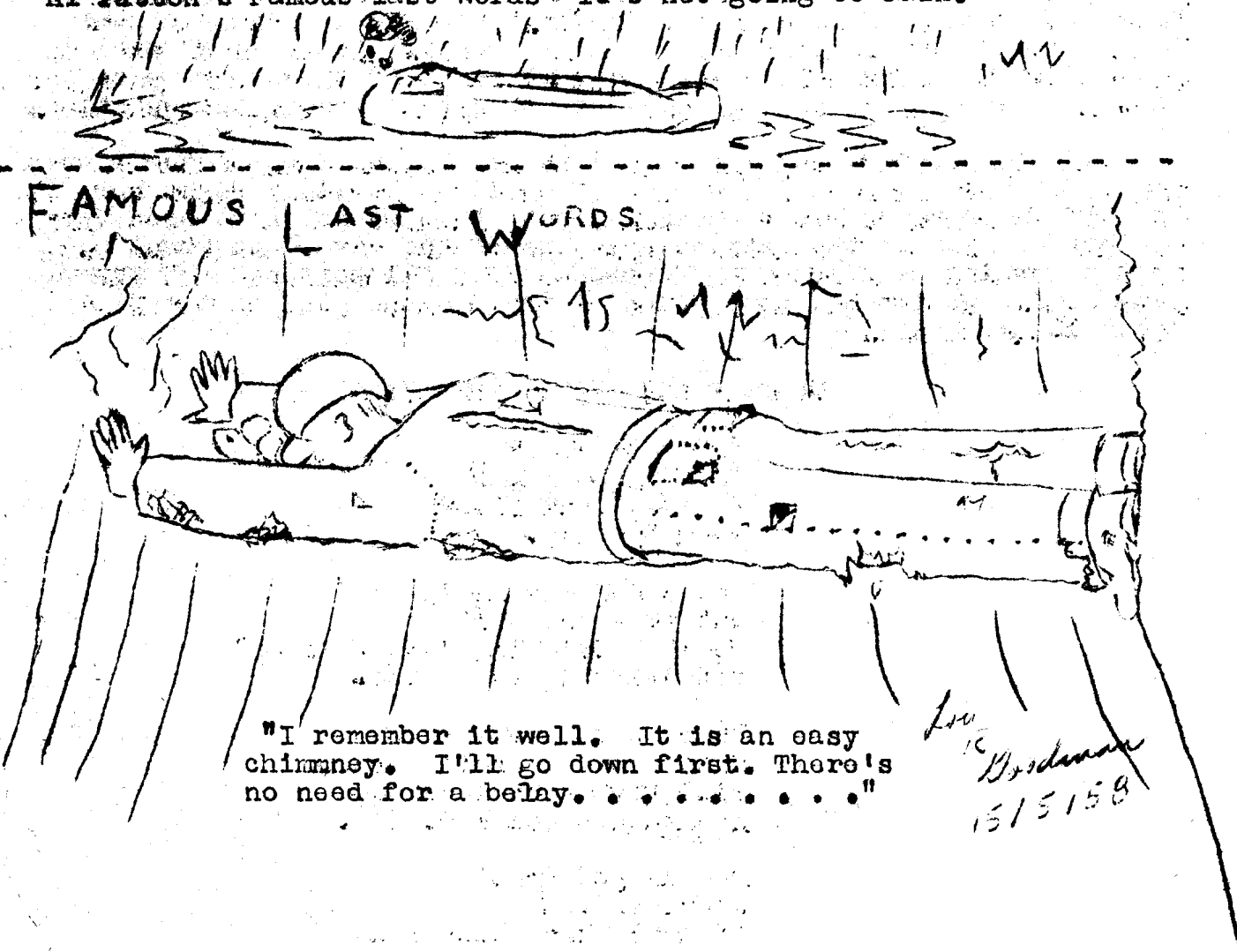
Marcia Lightbody

Another Blankety Blank Cave Trip Article

The last scheduled cave trip of the semester took place on the weekend of May 10-11. Having done my homework early, I left Berkeley Friday night alone, planning to meet the others Saturday night. As I approached Tracy, I suddenly remembered that I was supposed to call Ray de Saussure and get directions to the cave. Ten minutes and \$1.50 later I was in possession of the following valuable information: "Ask the owner of the property where the cave is." I spent Saturday reconnoitering the area around the town of Murphy's and came up with two good caves. One was a known cave, mostly horizontal, with some pretty rooms in the upper levels. The other was apparently virgin and involved a 35-foot vertical climb down to a ledge on the side of a large, well-decorated room. I had to go back to the car to get a ladder for the 20-foot overhanging drop to the floor of the room. I called my discovery "Dave Cave," a name I had been saving for such an occasion. I camped at Cave City near San Andreas Saturday night and met two Sierra Club families from Berkeley there. After taking them on a guided tour of Cave City Cave and doing a quick reconnaissance of the area before dark, I sacked out in an old shed, since it was threatening to rain. About 11:00 p.m. Hi Patton, Pat Spreles, Terry Tarver, and Roger Newell arrived. "It's not going to rain," said Hi, preparing to spend the night under the stars. Terry and Roger fell for this line and slept out too. By morning, Pat and I were the only ones who weren't completely soaked, thanks to a tin roof and a poncho. Pat did get wet, however, when she put on her clothes, which had been in the pack she left under the part of the rock that was missing. Everyone explored the two caves Sunday, while I covered the area within a ten mile radius looking for new limestone outcrops. Since I was unable to find anything more for us to do we decided to leave for home at 3:30. After stopping for something to eat at the Foster's Freeze place in Altaville and then meeting again in San Andreas, Hi and Terry took Pat to Davis, while Roger and I left for Berkeley, arriving there at the ridiculous hour of 8:00 p.m.

Ye trusty scribe,
Dave Rottman

Hi Patton's Famous last words-"It's not going to rain."



"I remember it well. It is an easy chimney. I'll go down first. There's no need for a belay."

L. R. Rottman
10/15/58

Between The Sheets
An Unscheduled Cave Trip To Soldier's Cave in Sequoia Natl. Park

Rub a dub dub
Six people in my tub
The seventh couldn't make it
Could my poor car take it?

"Hmmm, do we need this much gear? No, we have two guitars and a banjo uke, we don't need another guitar, Jackie. Maybe we could just wind the rope ladders around the car rather than putting them in the car: Lou, take off your helmet; i'm a good driver."

"Whew, we're out of Berkeley. Look at that bird in the top of the tree, the one that the headlights are picking up now. All right, who's the wise guy who's breathing out of phase." Aside from small tidbits of humor, things were going fine. Then it happened.

"Let's sing Down By the Old Mill Stream, and after each line say, "between the sheets"."

For the next half hour any passing motorist would have heard nothing but laughter coming from our car. Finally Jackie, with tears rolling down her cheeks, managed to blurt out a plea.

"Oh, I wish I had taken a Greyhound."

"Between the sheets?"

"Look, here comes a double headed one now."

Poor Jackie!

Chapter II The More Serious Portion

We finally arrived at the park, and after a forty mile round trip in the morning to check out with the Park Service, we were on our way to the cave. The first ladder drop was about fifteen feet, and from there we worked our way over to the top of the second drop. This hole went down sixty feet into the main break down room. In this area we spent quite a while exploring, and some people left the cave after seeing this extensive area.

Not me, though; I'm a die hard. Hi Patton and I rigged another drop of about sixth feet, and soon found ourselves exploring beautiful passages. With the aid of two "guides" who could never agree which passage to take, we reached the "pools." Here was a chain of three lakes that we had to traverse above or around. At the last pool we gazed into the ultra clear water and wondered if there were passages beyond. For many reasons we did not attempt to answer the question.

Our "guides" having long ago left us, Hi and I began our return trip. We both mentioned how nice it would be to sleep right here in the old underground river channels, but it would not have been very comfortable due to the extreme coldness of the cave. At about 3:15 in the morning we reached the entrance with all personal and Hiking Club gear. We two had stayed longer than anyone else; a total of about 15 3/4 hours.

Chapter III The Return Home

Cheek to cheek
And mug to mug
We six drank Cider
From the jug.

The cidor was hard,
But what the Holl
We were drinking "sweet cidor"
Not drinking the smell.

There were three bugs
That drowned in the brow,
Till Dave took a drink,
And then there were two.

We six got home
About eleven
It would have been fun
If there had been seven.

Ye trusty register signer -- Tom Aley

maining short distance to Monte Rio, and the Bruhns' dock, where we sat and sunbathed (as if we needed it!) while the car shuttle swung into operation again. What with convincing strangers to change flat tires so they could move out of the way, and getting Peto unstuck, the whole mission took quite a while. But even so, we were still missing our fishermen by the time we were ready to head for home. So one car, Tom Aley's, stayed to wait and the others left. We got some supper and ate it on the dock while we were waiting, and it was only about a half hour before we spotted them coming wearily towards us. We hailed them, and listened as back across the slow moving river came the tired reply, "Thank God!" They had also capsized, to add to their troubles, and lost a shirt in the process.

So ended another memorable trip, well planned and carried out (up to and including the weather) by our leaders, Joan and Bill.
End part two ; by Mary Ann Dooling

MARIN COUNTY HIKE***MAY 4, 1958

We started our short trek at approximately 9:00 am, Sunday, May 4, in the vicinity of the natural amphitheater, nested on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpias. From there we proceeded in an easterly direction along the side of Mt. Tamalpias, till we hit the Miller trail. We then traveled up the Miller Trail to the top of the mountain; arrival time was approximately 11:00am. At 11:00 we left the summit and proceeded in a northeasterly direction down one of the unshaded fire trails toward the Alpine Lakes region. Upon reaching the first lake we proceeded to eat lunch. At 13:00 hours, we started our walk along the 3 reservoirs in the Alpine Valley. Water was very plentiful and frequent use was made of it, as it was a warm day. The trail proceeded in a southwesterly direction till we reached the last of the reservoirs. From there the route led in a southerly direction up an easy, shady slope toward out starting position. We reached the cars at 17:00 hours.

The happy group of hikers included; Mike Bialos, Helen Mc Ginnis Bernard Cooper, Harry Lipko, and Nancy English.

Mike Bialos

NEXT SEMESTER'S OFFICERS

- PRESIDENT: Ann Dacey
- VICE-PRESIDENT: Tom Aley
- TREASURER: Bill Loughman
- EXECUTIVE SECRETARY: Mary Ann Dooling
- CORRESPONDING SECRETARY: Marcia Lightbody
- REPRESENTATIVES AT LARGE:
 - John Fiske
 - Bill Gardner
 - Bob Orser
 - Charles Raymond

MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND IN YOSEMITE
FRIDAY through Sunday, May 30-
June 1, 1958.

Be sure not to miss this vacation before the onrush of finals. There will be lots to try and do. It will be geared for hikers as well as those domineering mountaineers. It's good to get away from school once and a while so plan to make this weekend in Yosemite.

THIS SUMMER IS BOUND TO BE A good one for everyone. If you happen to be in the bay area during this summer do stop by the Hiking Club office and see just what's cooking. And if you have any ideas write it on the bull board in the office and you are sure to get some takers from other club members in the area.

ATTENTION! HIGH TRIPPERS

The Tiny Jewel Mountain-
eering Equipment Company (Mike
Laughman, president), innovators
of equipment for mountaineers,
explorers, hunters, backpackers,
and campers-is making a special
introductory offer to UCHC High
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For only 70:00---seventy
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history of most of the world
also included. This handsome
set will come to you complete
with a convenient, waterproof
carrying case if you don't delay.
SEND RIGHT AWAY*TODAY*****

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

LAST FOLK DANCE*****

Doedle dee dee dum dum HUP!
Dum dum dum----HUP!----dum doedle
doedle, dum dum---That's right,
It's CACAK! Remember, we meet in
ROOM 220 HEARST GYM, on MAY 23---
from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m./

It is rumored that a UCHC
membership card will get you and
your children in to the building.

SEE YOU THERE*****

PETE AND LORIE

FUN IN THE SUN

A real outdoor, sand-in-your-
hair beach party is coming! Yes,
the Sunday, May 25, orgy will be
the last chance to live it up
before finals. There will probably
be tide pools to explore, crud to
climb, acres of sand to romp in,
and, of course, lots of ocean to
swim in. A bonfire that night will
top off the affair.

So grab your sun tan lotion and
swimsuit and come on out to the
last party of the semester. Details
(such as location) will be posted
in Room C.

Bill Bohn

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