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VOL. 20, NO. 2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
HIKING CLUB

APRIL, 1959

TIDE POOLING AT BODEGA BAY
Sunday, April 19

On Sunday, April 19, Lev Akobjanoff is leading a trip to Bodega Bay, the first for the UHC. The actual hiking will start at the fishing village at Bodega Bay. After hiking along the shore for a half mile, the hikers will cross extensive and very beautiful sand dunes in order to get to Arched Rock Beach, the beginning of Sonoma Coast State Park. From the start of the park to the turning point of the trip at Duncan Beach, the coast consists of numerous, small coves, some with sandy beaches, some with rocks and tide pools. The road back has a nice view of the water and of Mount Tamalpais in addition to beautiful scenery along the roadside.

Since there will be an extremely low tide at noon, there will be ample opportunity to observe many forms of marine life. In particular there will be a great many starfish of all sizes and colors clinging to the rocks. There will also be spiny, violet sea urchins and beautiful, light green sea anemones with their tentacles waving in the water. Hermit crabs will almost certainly be present, living in abandoned turban snail shells, as will the larger purple shore and green kelp crabs.

It might be interesting to look for rock boring clams; usually they can be discovered in their holes in the sides and undersides of rocks, only the tips of their shells visible in their burrows. There will probably be many limpets clinging to the rocks; they are about the size and shape of a dime, and they look like miniature mountains. Limpets are often found together with chitons, which are also more or less flat and which cling to rocks. They are oval in shape, being about four inches or less in length, have a "shell" consisting of eight overlapping plates.

Fastened to rocks which are under water only part of the time are acorn barnacles, goose barnacles, and mussels. Along the shore one can find many beautiful shells, such as the brilliantly colored turban snail shell which appears very frequently.

Usually there are small, purple jellyfish, again oval shaped and four inches long, with a single sail on each of their backs. These hit the beaches in great numbers and soon dry up into transparent shells. Other larger, bell-shaped jelly fish with long, trailing tentacles are often washed ashore. Nudibranch, brilliantly colored golf-ball-sized blobs of protoplasm, abound in Tomales Bay and probably can be found in Bodega Bay.

Tide pools will contain small shrimp and fish (gobies or sculpin) which can be detected by stirring up the water, and of course there will be clumps of bright green Eel Grass trailing in the water. Many other plants and animals in addition to beautiful scenery are sure to make the area a new favorite. Information about what to bring, what to wear, and where and when to meet will be posted on the bulletin board in Room C one week before the trip.

Bill Bohg

RUSSIAN RIVER CANOE TRIP
May 2-3, 1959

May is the month for our annual retreat to the emerald green water of the Russian River for two full days of splashing and swimming. The trip will begin at Healdsburg Saturday morning, May 2, when we pick up the canoes which cost \$12.50 for the weekend. Leisurely paddling down the river we will wind through redwoods and pass sandy beaches, until we reach our first night's destination, Hacienda. You'll find that it takes no real talent to handle the canoe; however, you must try your skill or else be ready to dodge an occasional branch or suffer an occasional dunking. Seriously, though, a beginner will have no handicap. After a stove-cooked meal, folk-songfest, and a night's rest upon the pebbles of the beach, we will take up the canoes for the second day's trip to Monte Rio -- a distance of ten miles.

Sunday at Monte Rio will conclude the trip. After shuttling the cars, (the most involved maneuver of the trip,) we should be ready to return to Berkeley almost in time for supper.

The trip leader is Al Sprolos of Davis; however, Joan Bruhns, (TH 5-9041) or Bill Gardner (TH1-4840) will be able to answer all of your questions.

Since the canoes must be rented, (you are encouraged to bring your own kayak or homemade canoe if you have one,) sign-ups must close this Friday, April 24.

Bill Gardner

CALENDER OF EVENTS

- FRIDAY, APRIL 17, Folk Dance - Senior Men's Hall 7:30 pm
- SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, APRIL 18 & 19 - Yosemite Practice Climb (see pg 1)
- SUNDAY, APRIL 19, Tide Pooling - Bodega Bay - West Gate 8:00 am
- TUESDAY, APRIL 21, General Meeting - 2nd floor lounge, Stephens U. 7:30 pm
- FRIDAY APRIL 24, Folk Dance - Senior Men's hall 7:30 pm
- SUNDAY, APRIL 26, Cave Trip - West Gate 7:30 pm SATURDAY
- FRIDAY, MAY 1, Folk Dance - Senior Men's Hall 7:30 pm
- SATURDAY AND SUNDAY MAY 2 & 3, Canoe Trip, Russian River (see pg 2)
- FRIDAY, MAY 8, Folk Dance - Senior Men's Hall 7:30 pm
- SUNDAY, MAY 10, Pope Valley Hike - West Gate 8:00 am
- FRIDAY MAY 15, Folk Dance - Senior Men's Hall 7:30 pm
- SATURDAY AND SUNDAY MAY 16 - 17 - Yosemite Overnight (see rm C)
- THURSDAY, MAY 14, General Meeting - 2nd fl lounge, Steph. U. 7:30 pm
- FRIDAY MAY 22, Final Fling Party - (see rm C)
- SUNDAY MAY 24, Bike Hike (see Rm C)

NOTICE

* The last General Meeting of the semester will not be held on the evening of May 19 as shown in the schedule, but rather it will be held Thursday, May 14, at 12:15 in Room C, Eshleman Hall. The main order of business will be the installation of the new club officers and Executive Committee.

The BEAR TRACK is the official publication of the University of California Hiking Club, published in the Club's office, Room C, Eshleman Hall, University of California, Berkeley, 4, California.

BEAR TRACK STAFF

- * Editor: Dottie Gasser
- * Artist: Ron Harrison
- * Typists: Mary Ann Dooling
Marcia Lightbody
Bill Bohn
Helen McGinnis
Marcia Gaines
Ann Rumble

Mimeographers: Keith Howard

THE DARWIN, MOUNTAIN, AND KNOWLES TOUR

We had one car, Mary Ann Dooling's Ford Ranchero, in which the six of us were to travel 400 miles to Bishop. Reluctantly, Dick Scheible, Keith Howard, and Charlie Raymond allowed themselves to be tugged into the truck bed along with the duffle. They looked so cute--three heads sticking out with the flap folded neatly back at their chins. We then started out, with Mary Ann at the helm, and Marcia Lightbody and myself, Bill Gardner, as navigators.

Early that afternoon, we checked into Bishop with my Aunt and Uncle who invited us to spend the evening with them at the trip's end. Then we headed up towards North Lake to spend the night, but two miles short of the lake was as far as we were able to progress, so we camped by a stream running through a thicket in which horses or mules obviously spend much time in the summer months. Charlie's and my plastic air mattresses worked fine, (this time), and the challenge of a new stove, the Aida, was met and finally conquered.

With the morning sun almost upon us, we headed up the road towards North Lake with skis in hand and snowshoes on back. At the end of the road above North Lake it was necessary to don our footgear and from this time our trail was marked by 3 pairs of snowshoes and a deep track obviously left by 3 pairs of skis.

Marcia learned on the first slope just how snowshoes aren't supposed to behave, while it took windpacked or icy snow to point out the main limitation of snowshoes to Dick and Keith! On trudged the skiers!!

Beyond Grass Lake, after a steep, packed slope, it was time to think of a snowcave and supper. The "engineers" of the group, Dick and Charlie, with Keith as aide, planned and constructed the cave lean-to combination which was to be our home for two nights. Mary Ann, Marcia, and myself search out a likely water hole and dug four feet to where a water hole slowly formed after much coaxing. The water came in handy for the preparation of supper in our comfy cave. Too comfy, I must confess, since some of us had to wait until the other had climbed into their bags before we could finally claim a plot of snow for our own. The next day found our lean-to roof covered with a foot of snow in most places, and with the wind and snow blowing too hard for us to move on to Darwin Canyon. We spent the day lazily enlarging and modifying our cave.

The following day was clear and sunny as was the remainder of the trip, and we decided to push on to Darwin Canyon, by way of Lamarck Col, 3 or 4 steep chutes away. The view of the High Sierra from Lamarck Col was almost indescribable; Darwin and Mendel were in the foreground and many other magnificent snow covered peaks were in the distance. Darwin Canyon looked fairly level and the snow coverage was decided not sufficient to warrant carrying the skis and snowshoes down 1000 feet of rack to the uppermost lake of Darwin Canyon. We left out skis and snowshoes at Lamarck Col and clambered down among the rocks and snow patches to the lake below where we were to spend the next 3 nights. About this frozen lake were bursts up to 20' in diameter of ice 18" thick made when the slab of ice gradually fell upon predominant rocks in the lake bed as the water in the lake drained from the lake.

Next day, Charlie, Keith, and myself hiked down Darwin Canyon to its mouth which overlooks Evolution Lake and the whole Evolution Valley as far as the San Joaquin River. The view was wonderful as we were able to see Mts. Goddard, Fiske, Huxley, ~~Heale~~, and Spencer, as well as the valley floors in the area. I wished then that I had brought my skis for the Darwin and Evolution country was covered to a great extent with snow good enough for skiing.

While the 3 of us explored, the remainder sunned themselves in the rocks overlooking our campsite. Man!! You'll shoulda' seen them ther' sunbathers the next mawnin'!! Incidentally, there is a marvelous view of the sunset in the evening from vantage points among the rocks. In fact, sunset watching was an important part of our day while camped at this lake.

Early the next morning found 3 hearty climbers, Charlie, Dick, and Keith, off to the summit block of Mt. Darwin. The conquest of the peak was made after glacier climbing and four 4th class pitches where the view extended from Mt. Whitney far into the north. The 3, after reading through the register, found that their climb was the earliest in the year for the history of Mt. Darwin (The next earliest was in June.). They also came up with the observation that their climb was the first of the 100th anniversary of Darwin's Origin of Species.

(cont. next pg)

It was the end of our stay in Darwin Canyon, and the following morning found us up early and on the way back to the Ford Ranchero. The snowshoers walked without their snowshoes much of the way, putting them on when the snow became very soft. The skiers, however, had various other ideas on the proper way to come down the slopes. Mary Ann skied fancy curves down even the most difficult ones, while Charlie walked down only the steepest slopes if they were wind packed and rough. I, due to loose bindings and thoughts of a fate near death, followed the snowshoers down, only putting on my skis when the snow became so soft that each step made a 4 or 5 foot hole. But in our varying ways, we all managed to reach the Ford and throw on our gear in preparation for the long-awaited milk shake in Bishop. Then a stop at my Aunt and Uncle's home for the promised dinner and lodging for the night. We all ate so much spaghetti, sheepherder's bread, and salad, that we had to wait 2 hours before we could accommodate desert.

The final day we devoted to driving to Berkeley, with a stopover at Keith's parents' home out of Sacramento for a pizza dinner. Again we ate until we bulged, and could hold no more. I'm sure that we put on more weight those last few home-cooked meals than we ever could have lost in the Mt. Darwin ski and snowshoe touring the past week.

Bill Gardner

MOUNT DIABLO HIKE

Sunday March 8th found 12 hearty UC hikers economically heaped into two cars winding their way toward Mt. Diablo. After the usual confusion the group started up an easy trail in a brisk stride, warmed by the early morning sun shining from a blue spotless sky overhead. After 1500 feet or so and several miles, the group arrived at Devil's Leap. Here half of the group enjoyed a very long rest and the view while several of the more ambitious and energetic members explored a ridge.

When the energetic ones had returned, lunch was put to a vote, successfully passed, and consumed. With the sun high overhead, the group headed for the peak just a few hundred feet above. After a few drinks and a little disgust at seeing people there who had ridden up in cars, the group headed down the steep north ridge over loose rock. This section was aptly named "Perils of Pauline", no more being said. Several of the more fleet and sure-footed rested quietly at the bottom under a shady oak while the others carefully threaded their way down.

After leaving Mt. Diablo, the group noticed how strange their surroundings seemed to be, no people, no tin-cans, no papers on the trail--they were away from civilization. On the peak behind them the tower appeared as a castle on the Rhine. Pine cones bedecked the stubby pine trees in a peculiar sort of way.

Some delightful rock scrambling that pleased most everyone was encountered on the last 150 yards of the trail. On North peak the register was passed around; one individualist, Lev, ate his belated lunch, and two or three went over a ridge to look at the swimming pool 3500 feet below, as if the view to Mt. Hamilton, the snow-capped Sierra, Mt. Tamalpais, and up to Napa Valley wasn't enough.

On the return a soft grassy slope was tested for its recuperative powers and found to be highly refreshing. Here an orange rolling down the slope broke the solitude, and everyone laughed while its owner scrambled after it. Later when about a mile from water, a suggestion was made to skip down the trail. Only the three most thirsty had this much energy, and they found the water well-worth the effort. A faucet beneath an oak tree was the site of one of the most refreshing rests of the hike, the group having been without tap-water for three hours. From this point it was a short jaunt to the cars and a "Frosty!"

A lot of UC potential hikers missed a terrific outing. A unanimous vote by the 12 hikers that made the trip suggest that it be a twice a year hike like the regular trips to Tamalpais and Big Basin. It's as close as you can come to the solitude of the Sierra when you walk the North Peak trail.

Bill Gardiner

*** Kinographers: Nayer Elkain, Dave Rottman, Marcia Gaines

THE "CONSERVATION CORNER" **

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WILDERNESS and POPULATION

At the recent 6th Biennial Wilderness Conference, sponsored by the Sierra Club, the most exciting development was a new concern on the part of conservationists with the basic sources of the pressures that can destroy wilderness. In an address titled "Population Pressure and Natural Resources" Professor Raymond Cowles of U.C.L.A. demonstrated the menace to wilderness inherent in an expanding population dependent upon a diminishing resource base. Likening humanity to a cancer that is invading and destroying the carpet of life that has covered the Earth for so long, he pointed out that if man succeeds in destroying this biosphere, he will destroy himself, just as does the cancer which kills its host. Most of the 200 delegates, including several from UCHC, were apparently convinced of the validity of Dr. Cowles' arguments, for they adopted a resolution, with only three opposed, to urge that appropriate agencies give immediate attention to the development of desirable population controls.

This problem, however, while inextricably linked with wilderness preservation, goes far beyond it. It is basically the key to the survival or extinction of mankind. This is the time for a searching reappraisal of the popularly held notion of the "expanding economy" with its exploding population and growing demands upon non-renewable resources. This myth is held most dearly by many of those who lack real contact with the base of their subsistence, who believe that water comes from taps, milk from bottles, and natural gas from pipes, all in unending supply. In short, they are the people without ecologic awareness; they have no concept of man's place in the biotic community. To an ecologist, remembering the Kaibab Deer Herd disaster, the "expanding economy" must resemble a great soap bubble. No one can be sure just how big it can get before it bursts, but the more it grows the nearer it approaches its inevitable collapse.

- Bob Orser

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SIERRA CLUB CONSERVATION CONFERENCE

Nine Hiking Clubbers, Marcia Gaines, Tom Aley, Dick Scheible, Charlie Raymond, Susan Twight, Dick Armstrong, John DeWitt, Bob Orser, and Marcia Lightbody, attended sessions of the Sixth Biennial Wilderness Conference, held March 20-21 in San Francisco. Along with some 300 other people, we trekked over to the Fairmont Hotel to hear various problems of our wilderness areas discussed during the Sierra Club-sponsored conference. Speakers included Daniel Beard, Superintendent of Olympic National Park, Stanley Cain, Head of University of Michigan's conservation department, Luna Leopold, the Geological Survey's Chief Hydraulic Engineer, Robert Rausch, of the Public Health Service in Alaska, and Ian McTaggart Cowan, University of British Columbia zoology professor. Others speaking were Raymond Cowles, UCLA "zo" professor, and Frank Darling of the New York Zoological Society.

One of the best features of the conference was the series of resolutions drawn at the last afternoon session. Eight resolutions were voted on and recommended by the conference-goers.

1. The passage of the Wilderness Bill without further delay.
2. The agencies administering public lands, especially the National Park Service and U.S. Forest Service, should have budgets adequate for scientific research of all types on their lands and for public education for the protection of lands dedicated to recreational and scientific uses.
3. The passage of the Wilderness Bill as an aid to the program of the Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission.
4. Appropriate action for the preservation of adequate shore

(continued on page 6)

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** (In their enthusiasm, the conservationists in the UCHC have suddenly become articulate; I think they deserve a special page. Ed.)

CONSERVATION CONFERENCE (cont.)

areas, and the extension of jurisdiction of agencies administering existing shoreline parks beyond present boundaries at high-tide to include an adequate portion of the underwater plant and animal community.

5. Concerning Alaska:

- a. Establishment of the Arctic Wildlife Range.
- b. National Park status given Katmai and Glacier Bay National Monuments.
- c. Legislative protection for polar bears, walrus, wolves.
- d. Establishment of the Tracy Arm-Fords Terror Wilderness Area, and wilderness areas within Tongass and Chugach National Forests.
- e. The study, by the people of Alaska, of wilderness resources within their state.
- f. Protestation of the experimental atomic blasting of an artificial harbor at Cape Thompson in 1961 without consideration of the natural marine and shore communities affected.

6. Increase of research on human population problems and urgent attention to the development of desirable population controls.

7. The preservation of wilderness in the context of over-all land use planning and zoning by appropriate governmental agencies.

8. Congress, the Forest Service, the Bureau of Land Management, and other land-administering agencies to put more emphasis on tree planting, reseeding, and other techniques for restoring maximum production on degraded lands available and appropriate for timber production, forage production, or intensive recreational use.

-- Marcia Lightbody

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EXPLORATION OF TITUS CANYON CAVE AND OTHER EXPLOITS IN DEATH VALLEY

Between semesters seven UCHC type people went to Death Valley for a multitude of purposes, among which was the exploration of Titus Canyon Cave. The cave is located in beautiful Titus Canyon, near the ghost town of Leadfield. Not only is there the interesting and beautiful cave to visit (providing that you can convince the Park Service that you are competent* but also there are very interesting mines in the area.

After obtaining the key to the cave from the Park Service, and spending the night camped at the ghost town and holding a folk sing in a mine, we entered the cave. The most difficult portion of the cave was right at the entrance where we had to squeeze through the tiny door. This feat accomplished, we moved further back into the mountain-side. The cave, by the way, had been intercepted by a mine, so the first portion of our trip was through a mine tunnel. Outside of a fifty foot pitch where a rope came in handy, no rigging was required. The cave was quite warm, and although some vandalism had occurred, the formations were still very beautiful. We spent about 3 hours in the cave, then left for more adventures in other parts of Death Valley.

Some crud climbing was done further down Titus Canyon, then we spent a while acting like tourists. The next real high point of the trip was the climbing in the Alabama Hills. A number of pinnacles were climbed, and after two days in the area, we headed back for Berkeley via Rt. 395. The weather was clear enough that we could see the Sierra all the way up.

A stop was made in Citrus Heights for another in the series of wonderful dinners at the Howards' home. Thus ended another wonderful trip of the UCHC. If you haven't been coming on trips lately, why don't you? They're LOTS of fun!

-- Tom Aley

A Momento of the Death Valley Trip:

Dave: "Tom, what is a fat caver?"

Tom: "Eh?"

Dave: "A roolly holer."

AS THE POET HAS SAID

Certain literary efforts have made their sudden appearance around Rm. C, and with the hope of inspiring further self-expression, we would like to print them. The first piece is anonymous, but we felt that such a noble undertaking should not go unheeded.

* * * * *

As the poet has said (in the notable translation by V.S. Holden):

"Whatever wind wafts o'er silver strand,
Whate'er sea sings o'er silken sand,
Whate'er the height of the tumbling sky,
The orange at noon is puppy belch."

This pretty well sums it up, I think.

Now, I may as well be honest with you (I have nothing to lose). I'm not writing this because I enjoy writing. And I'm certainly not writing it because I have anything to say to you. Get that straight right off.

The plain and simple facts of the matter are that I was forced* -- yes, forced -- to write this. So don't feel you're obliged to read any further (God only knows why you've gone this far--I can think of several reasons, none of them very flattering).

So read it or not as you like -- I was through with the foal thing as soon as I finished writing it.

Now if you're still reading, let me clear things up a bit. This article is about birds. Birds.

Now will you stop?

Rimbaud has told us:

"As tubercular by whales when the burning of success,

But the frightening of the porpoise bellows guppy belch."

The apparently non-grammatical structure can be explained by the fact that the verse is written in French. The obvious parallelism to the first passage cited is all the more interesting because it is written in English (written in English, that is, except for the fragment "o'er" which is meaningless and found only in poetic usage.)

The point here is to point up certain congruities of a psychological nature, between bird-watching and climbing. Let me elaborate. (I hope you're not still reading this mess). For the practically-minded person perhaps the most significant part of climbing is that one get higher. Conflict enters in when other people also of a practical bent inquire "Why get higher?". Now consider chickadees (Chickadees, by the way, are named for their call: "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, grsrs." The shortening of the name is not a deliberate distortion, but is done just for convenience). Chickadees are small, flitteringly erratic, spherical things. Chickadees have no known use, except, of course, that they do occasionally copulate with other chickadees. Whether or not this can be considered useful depends, again upon the bent of one's mind. It will be noted by the observant reader that this discussion occupies exactly one side of an average piece of paper.**

The bulk of this discussion was taken from a conversation led by Ann Rumble in the Hiking Club Offices, who giggles. I can only thank anyone who has troubled to read it, and giggle reproachfully.

Anonymous

* * * * *

DARK AT YOUR LUNCHEON

(Sung to the tune of "Dark as a Dungeon")

Come all you young cavers so young and so brave,
And seek not misfortune in the dark dreary cave.
You will squirm as a habit and creep in the slime,
Till you never again will be white as the lime.

Chorus:

Where it's dark at your luncheon if your lamps plugged with goo,
Where the climbing is trouble and the footholds are few,
Where the pain never fails and no one ever shaves,
It's dark at you luncheon way down in the caves.

It's many a man I have seen in my day
Who loved just to lay for his whole life in clay
Like that fiend with a rope or a ladder, named Dave,
A man must be nuts for the lure of the cave. (Chorus) (cont. pg. 8)

*Ed. note - The author obviously has a persecution complex.

**Ed. note - As the Bear Track is not printed on average size sheets of paper, the reader would indeed be observant.

DARK AT YOUR LUNCHEON (cont.)

I hope when I'm gone with the passage of time
 My body will whiten and turn into lime.
 Then I'll look from the door of my Hellish abode,
 And pity the caver in that foul Mother Lode.
Chorus

-- Dave Rottman

UCHC ELECTIONS ARE DRAWING NEAR

This week the President of the UCHC has chosen the 5 members of the Nominations Committee. The Nominations Committee will nominate from the club membership at least 12 candidates for the UCHC Executive Committee. The list of candidates will be posted Monday, April 19, in the Club office for a full week during which time more nominations may be made. The nominee must be an active member of the UCHC (Cal student or employee) and must be nominated or supported by 3 members of the UCHC. As you may know, there are also associate members in the Club (those who are neither Cal students nor employees) who have no office-holding or voting privileges.

At the end of the week, the list of candidates is removed, and the Nominations Committee prepares the ballots, complete with background information for each candidate. The ballots are then mailed to the active members of the UCHC within a few days.

It is then the responsibility of the Club membership to vote for 9 of the candidates to make up the "Ex Comm" of the UCHC for the fall semester. After being elected, the "Ex Comm" will elect from among themselves the President, Vice President, Executive Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, and 4 Representatives-at-large.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS TO MEMBERSHIP

- | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Amon, Albert..... | 1651 Oxford..... | TH 5-6097 |
| 2. Bialos, Miko..... | 2703 Stuart..... | TH 8-0651 |
| 3. Bohn, Bill..... | 2420 Bancroft..... | TH 8-2078 |
| 4. Dacey, Ann..... | 1993 Ashby, #5..... | TH 1 0050 |
| 5. Dierauf, Ed..... | "I" House..... | TH 8-6600 |
| 6. Fitz, John..... | 15021 Cedar..... | LA 4-5524 |
| 7. Gagnun, Ralph..... | 2420 Ridge Rd..... | TH 5-9430 |
| 8. Hall, Pete..... | 2140 Oxford..... | TH 8-1030 |
| 9. Hattie, J. Cabmoreal..... | 25270 Hearst..... | TH 3-0306 |
| 10. Kim, Chul..... | "I" House..... | TH 8-6600 |
| 11. Kooy, Peter..... | 1145 Walnut..... | |
| 12. Kuistad, George..... | 2709 Channing..... | TH 5-9317 |
| 13. Lee, Martin..... | 2420 Ridge Rd..... | TH 5-9430 |
| 14. Lucas, William..... | 1944 Berkeley Way..... | |
| 15. MacMullen, Roy..... | 2431 Dana, #1..... | TH 5-6672 |
| 16. Noble, Bill..... | 2511 Dwight Way..... | |
| 17. Rios, Ayala..... | 2519 Ridge Rd..... | TH 5-9094 |
| 18. Scott, Philip..... | 2028 Bancroft..... | |
| 19. White, Geoffrey..... | 2323 Farmer..... | TH 8-7389 |

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