

# BOZAR ZARZAR

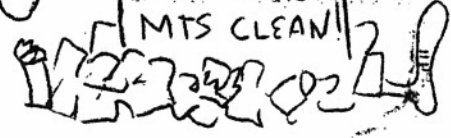


ETWAS ÜBER ALLES!

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KEEP OUR  
MOUNTAINS CLEAN!



## Rain-Touring in the Sierra

by Ed Leeper

Early Sunday, Dec. 20, we left Berkeley for Peter Grubb Hut in the face of a Highway Patrol "travelers warning" for high winds and snow. We started from the new Donner Pass freeway, leaving our cars at a dandy parking spot they had plowed out on a road under the freeway. The snow let up partly while we hiked in, so that went easily, for the most part.

The only difficulty on the trip in to the hut was with some "independent women" (Pris Chapman, Louise Levi, and Pat Billig) who were still simmering over having been done out of a heroic trip from Squaw Valley (across wind-whipped ridges, perilous avalanche slopes, and threatening cornices—unaided by any member of the more cautious and dependent sex). They decided that starting from the new freeway would be but child's play. So, loaded with more than their share of group food (scoffing at lighter loads), they struck off into the blizzard from the old highway.

With cool courage and deliberate scorn for conditions that might have struck fear into the heart of a timid male, they approached the final wind swept ridge. Methodically and relentlessly they pushed forward as darkness and the storm closed in. Were they deterred when the wind whipped the very (and only) topomap out of their hands? Were they bothered when they couldn't remember which side of the ridge the hut was supposed to be on? Never! With perfect composure they prepared a bivouac shelter as the blizzard raged. When a haggard and battered rescue party of timid males located them a few hours later, they were sitting by a roaring fire regaling one another with accounts of the 27,000 foot bivouac on Everest. Only promises of lamb chops could tempt them to the hut at that point.

The next day it rained. Several ski-touring expeditions returned to the hut completely drenched very soon after they started. We amused ourselves by bailing the chemical toilet, arguing over whether there were 20 or 21 of us, reading stories of the Hobbit, and eating. My own feelings about the warm rainy weather brightened when somebody reminded me I'd forgotten to put the anti-freeze in my car. But nobody else really seemed to mind either. A crowded hut is really very cozy. Pat Hoadley and Sigrid Wheelis left for Berkeley in the rain, and John Storer arrived very wet. We looked at him and thought about skiing out the next day, and then tried to forget about it.

That night and the next morning it rained. Even in Oregon, I have never seen it rain so steadily. We packed up, and then sat down to wait while we read some more. It didn't seem to want to stop. At least it was warm and the cars were down hill. So we waxed up and made a dash.

But our troubles were not over when we got out of our drenched clothing. The outside world had given (\$35 worth of parking tickets) and taken away (\$80 worth of things stolen from a car) while we were gone.

As we drove home, it began to dawn on us that still other things had been happening in the outside world, as we saw a once quiet little stream doing its best to carry away roads and houses.

# A Climber's Guide to Good Eating

Julie Verran

We came out of the restaurant depressed and disgusted. All that money for a case of indigestion! We resolved never to eat there again, and to write it down to make sure. As we drove on we recalled that many years ago the UCHC used to keep a little black notebook with good places to eat on trips, and bad places to stay away from. Too bad it had been lost and forgotten! We decided to start a new, up-to-date list. So far we have a pretty good list, but not nearly enough. We want to print it as a supplement to the Bear Track, something like the membership list, that could be saved and referred to throughout the semester. Therefore, we want it to be good and long, as useful as possible, when we print it. Our goal is the NEXT Bear Track, and we need YOUR help. If you know of any good cheap places, or good expensive places near roadheads, anywhere in the West--also rotten places to keep out of--get in touch with Dick McCracken or me. Leave a note in the office, call TH 1-1387 (preferably around dinnertime), or drop a postcard to P.O. Box 1093, Berkeley. Include as much information as you can, including the approximate date of the last time you ate there. THIS MEANS YOU.

## SEQUOIA SEMPERVIRENS

John Fitz

California has in fact the world's only redwood trees. Two species once flourished here: the Sierra Redwood or Sequoia Gigantea, which has been protected in the Sequoia National Park and several State Parks; and the Coast Redwood, or Sequoia Sempervirens, 102,000 acres of which have been preserved in State Parks. The Save-the-Redwoods League was organized in 1916 by Aubrey and Newton Drury in an effort to stop the ruthless logging which had removed three-quarters of the original two million trees. Since that date the League has collected funds and carried on education and lobbying programs to get the remaining redwoods into the protection of parks; their collected donations, matched by State contributions, has preserved many virgin groves. Its goal is to preserve the scenic majesty of the redwoods for ourselves and for future generations. Ironical that man must come to the aid of the world's oldest living things to prevent their destruction at the hands of man.

The Save-the-Redwoods League would like to enlarge the existing parks to cover full watersheds and to include many adjacent groves which are not now inside of parks. They, the Sierra Club, and the State Division of Beaches and Parks have been fighting a showdown battle with the State Division of Highways over the cutting down of hundreds of virgin trees to build freeways and the splitting of parks and scenic areas, in Jedediah Smith State Park and along the Gold Bluffs beach and Prairie Creek State Park. The State Division of Highways has unlimited right of condemnation over State Park lands, an inequitable situation as far as the Division of Beaches and Parks is concerned, and a tragedy as far as preservation of scenic areas is concerned. Governor Brown has said that no redwoods shall be cut down to make way for freeways, but in his latest letter to the Sierra Club he indicates that he can or will do no more to prevent the Highway Division from cutting down trees in Jedediah Smith State Park. The League has always maintained that the State cannot violate its trust obligation to the many donors who have contributed to the establishment of the memorial groves.

The National Park Service and the National Geographic Society have recently revived the idea of a National Redwoods Park in northern California; the Coast Redwoods are a national asset, they insist, and grants-in-aid have been suggested from the Federal Government to help establish such a park. One of the principal advantages of Federal ownership is that National Parks are not subject to condemnation by State agencies; furthermore there is more money available from Federal funds.

Professor Emanuel Fritz of the Forestry Department, in a discussion entitled To Cut or Not to Cut, at the Forestry Club meeting January 6, gave his arguments against the proposed formation of parks. He argued that the proposal was too indiscriminate in preserving all sorts of trees; that only the most superlative stands should be preserved. In his opinion it was far better to have small but matchless groves than to have large mediocre ones.

He argued against developing parks for principally recreational purposes. There is too much danger from falling trees and branches, he said; there is too much danger on the other hand to the trees from people who are the most destructive agents to Nature; there are too many people already coming to the Redwoods for us to encourage more. Parks are needed nearer to the centers of population; and the economic benefits to the area are not going to be greater due to increased recreational use.

He dwelt on the high cost of establishing the parks: \$5000 per acre which figures out to be about one to one and one-half million dollars. He pointed out that in addition many sawmills would have to be bought, as their source of supply would be gone. He expressed his doubts that either adequate compensation would be given to the State for any State Parks absorbed into the National Park System or that the promised grants-in-aid would be forthcoming.

He defended logging as essential both to the economy of the region and to the resource management which he as a forester was interested in. The industry also serves to keep the already too dense population centers from being more crowded. It was his feeling that logging is not carried on in such a way as to destroy all the old virgin trees.

He was critical of the proponents of the Park; the National Park Service by its suggestion of a National Park suggests that State management is not good enough; he was particularly hard on the Sierra Club and the Save-the-Redwoods League, accusing them of putting out "false", "dishonest", "purposely misleading", and "brainwashing" literature, especially the recent photographic documentary, The Last Redwoods. I felt that his remarks in this vein were an unwarranted attack on the integrity of the conservation groups.

Dan Lutten, Professor of Geography, then gave an answer to Professor Fritz's arguments. He started by drawing a picture on the board of the Campanile, at 301 feet, and the recently discovered tallest redwood at 367 feet. He emphasized his concern for our living standards, cultural and aesthetic, which take a decline if we ignore the scenic values in the natural condition of the forests. We must be thinking of the preservation of scenic values for our descendants, not only ourselves. He gave an illustration of the size of the demand for new parks: 50,000 acres out of 250,000 are proposed

for inclusion in parks, and the remaining old growth will be gone by the year 2000. If all of the remaining virgin trees were cut, they would all be gone by the year 2010, for a difference of 10 years. He also suggested that the less efficient a resource extractive industry is, the more prosperous the area is; he cited West Virginia coal mining industry as an example of a depressed area due to excessive operation. He pointed out that only 3% of the tax base would be affected by the land being put into Parks; he thought that the depressional effect would be felt mostly among the stockholders rather than in the areas themselves.

He brought out the principal, most important and conclusive argument in favor of enlarging the parks. Complete watersheds must be included in order to protect the trees and ecology of the region. Logging and clearing tremendously increases flood damage, besides disrupting the life of the region. Professor Ed Stone, speaking during the discussion, said that for ecological reasons as well as conservation reasons the entire vegetal range of life must be preserved, not just the largest trees. Professor Lutten suggested that reforestation of redwoods must be thought of in 1000-year cycles, not 100-year ones. The Mill Creek region above Jedediah Smith State Park is an area where flood damage due to extensive logging threatens to seriously destroy groves within the Park.

Professor Lutten hoped that the Legislature next year would consider an amendment to the charter of the Division of Highways limiting their right to condemn State Parks. I urge all Hiking Club members to write a letter to your legislator asking action on this inequity in California's government: Assembly Edwin L. Z'berg, Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Natural Resources, Planning, and Public Works, Capitol Bldg., Sacramento; as well as the legislators from your district: State Senator John W. Holmdahl, 1111 Jackson Street, Rm. 1015, Oakland; Assemblyman Byron Rumford, 1500 Stuart Street, Berkeley; Bon Mulford, 2150 Franklin Street, Oakland. Such letters need only be brief but to the point; write one now.

It is our feeling that the cutting of redwoods should be stopped now, and the current groves of trees should be preserved at their present size. As far as the logging industry is concerned, physical and ecological maintenance of the regions is far more important; and there are other lumber trees available. The idea that limits on sizes can be set arbitrarily for scenic resources is preposterous; should we preserve only one-quarter of the Grand Canyon, and build docks, industrial plants, and commercial plants in the remaining three-quarters? should the Division of Highways run a freeway through Yosemite Valley, and up Tenaya Canyon, and chop off part of Half Dome if that route is cheaper and shorter? should mining interests be allowed in Carlsbad Caverns so long as the first 1000 or 2000 feet are preserved for spectators? These are not problems of economics and pragmatics; but deeper problems of aesthetics and philosophy; not even a pebble or a wild-flower should be picked from the beach or meadow, in my opinion. The arguments about how many logs or how much money are all trivial compared with these transcendent questions of values.

So I urge you first to write the letter as above concerning the rights of the Division of Beaches and Parks over its lands; and more important, write urging that redwoods constitute a scenic resource which is priceless and irreplaceable, that all further destruction should stop immediately;

and more specifically, urge that existing State Parks be enlarged to include complete watersheds for ecological reasons as well as protection of the redwoods, mentioning Mill Creek; and urge that the Gold Bluffs beach be made an integral part of Prairie Creek State Park.

I conclude here with the song which my brother Franklin wrote about the situation which is more eloquent about the Redwoods than I can hope to be: *Sequoia Sempervirens*.

(To the music of the Titanic)

It was many years ago that the seeds began to sprout,  
And along the foggy coast, Redwood trees grew all about,  
Then the highway engineers said, Those trees we've got to clear,  
It was sad when those great Trees went down.  
Oh, it was sad, oh, it was sad,  
It was sad when those great trees went down,  
they were victims of the  
Chainsaw, bulldozer, and highway engineer,  
It was sad when those great Trees went down.

Oh, the people held in trust and presumed it would be saved,  
In those dedicated groves, thought they never would be paved,  
But a breach of trust and taste laid those ancient trees to waste,  
It was sad when those great Trees went down.  
(Chorus)

Now, highways come and go, and will soon grow out of date,  
And the builders of those roads, tis quite plain could relocate,  
But giant Redwood trees are not moved with such great ease,  
It was sad when those great Trees went down.  
(Chorus)

Did the people ever give them the right to desecrate  
In the name of building roads, all the beauty of the state?  
This usurped authority pays little heed to you and me,  
Our environment lies in the hands of the engineers.  
(Chorus)

Prairie Creek stood proud and fair, and adjacent to the beach,  
Till the two were split apart by the freeway that did reach,  
And the Coastline Bluffs of Gold lost their pristine state of old,  
It was sad when that wild coast was lost.  
(Chorus)

So the Redwood trees went down, and will never be rebuilt,  
And the engineers move on, ne'er quite feeling any guilt;  
To "Develop and Progress", and invade all wilderness,  
Till our world ends up in one God-awful mess!  
(Chorus)



