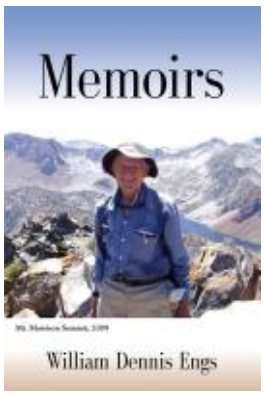
Memoirs

Mt. Morrison Summit, 2009

William Dennis Engs



William Dennis Engs assembled 110 short memoirs, each highlighting a subject or event drawn from his life which followed two paths. The first path, about half of the memoirs, follows familiar stages of life: education, military service, career, marriage and retirement. Memoirs along this path relate to unique happenings. Memoirs from the second path describe his extraordinary experiences while in engaging in outdoor adventures.

Memoirs

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MEMOIRS

William Dennis Engs

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First Edition

2. Adult Experiences

Memoirs about this phase of my life, after graduation from college, begin with the loss of my brother just before I left for army service. Other memoirs cover my first summer in the mountains and my employment as a recreation planner.

The next memoir is about how Ruth and I acquired and refurbished an old house when we moved to Eugene, OR. Additional memoirs relate unexpected annoyance with the sawdust furnace and a bad smell in the neighborhood.

More memoirs in this group cover various pursuits through the years: calculating, running, folk dancing, telephoning, working at a thrift shop and some short term problems such as dealing with mice and coping with a lengthy power outage.

Memoir 17 describes significant volunteer activities, a typical search during my service with the San Bernardino Sheriff's Search and Rescue Team and my service with the San Bernardino Mountains Land Trust.

Two memoirs were written to commemorate friends important in my life, Dick Arnold and Barbara Hochrein.

My Brother, Mar

Memoir 66

I returned home from work one warm August afternoon in 1954 to learn that my brother was missing and presumed dead. It was an awful time for us.

The first time I saw him was when he was a few days old. My mother carried, my brother, Martin, down the steps to our Estates Drive house in Piedmont, CA. It was May 1937. I was five years older, and I did not pay much attention to the addition to our family. As we grew up each of us had our own worlds, so we had little contact. By the time we had begun to share interests, I was away from home, at college, most of the time.

By 1950 we were teenagers, and we lived in Rye, NY. I was intensely involved in amateur radio, and Mar caught the bug. It wasn't long before he had his radio license to operate station W2EVM. In those days you had to know the code and receive and send 13 words a minute, and pass a written, essay examination, just as I had done. He did it at age 13. I didn't realize it at the time: this was an outstanding achievement. I was away from home most of the time, so I don't recall any of Mar's radio activities. I do remember loaning him my 10 meter 'phone transmitter to use in the summer of 1951.

Concurrently, his interest in music was growing. He wrote to a friend that in November 1951, he played in concert, the first movement of Grieg's piano concerto and that he was even getting interested in popular music.

By 1953, Mar was away at school, himself. He wrote home that radio was "not my game" and that he was shifting his interest to other activities, such as classical music. I believe I understand his

motivation. When I went away to school my mind opened to an array of more meaningful activities than radio.

My impression was that he was more "well rounded" than I was from observation of his activities--he played baseball and acted I in school plays--and the friends he had. I was wrong.

By 1952, my parents had moved to Lewiston, NY, near Niagara Falls where my father assumed a job as a chemical plant manager. That year Mar went away to Phillips Exeter Academy in NH. We saw each other when we were home from school. I remember learning that things did not go well for Mar at Exeter. Was the school too large or too impersonal for him? Was the adjustment too difficult? The next thing I knew he was enrolled at Governor Dummer Academy (GDA) starting in 1953. It was a small school, the same one I attended for my senior year before college. I think it was when we were home in December 1953, I found out Mar was unhappy at GDA. I didn't know why. Only this year, I learned from a letter he had written to home that in the spring he had decided to return to Exeter. In fact, by summer he had transferred to a third school, Choate Academy.

His unhappiness was not related to academics: he had no problems here. There was something else. What was going on? I was never sure why he was having difficulty. I had not experienced any difficulty at boarding school. I don't remember him and me discussing his unhappiness when we were together in Lewiston. I did not discover what I believe to be the root of his unhappiness until I read his letters in 2007.

To me his problem appears to have been a lack of adequate socialization. But why? He was a likeable person. Mar's letters indicated that he was frustrated by not being able to participate in activities. At Exeter, he tried out for track, but had the slowest time trials. He didn't get to play baseball. He couldn't play tennis. He wanted to do these things, he said, because he did not want to be a

nerd, sitting in his room working on math problems or spending his time at the radio club. The next year at GDA things were not any better. He said he was "depressed." He expressed regret that he was not involved in drama or the glee club. He didn't mention sports—the policy there is that every student, no matter how unskilled he was, played a sport fall, winter and spring. That's what I had done.

Then, in his letters, I found specific statements of unhappiness: "I want to have some fun, I can't do anything, there isn't anyone to play tennis with, I have no chance of a sports letter (like my brother), I am not with the gang. I am not with the crowd." He said he felt inferior. For some reason, he was unable to take the initiative. He turned to playing the piano and listening to music to deal with unhappiness.

In a 1954 letter to the GDA Headmaster, Mar said that he had read Link's book, *The Return to Religion*, and concluded that he was an introvert (like me) and realized what he had to do to be more outgoing (and, presumably, to resolve the unhappiness he had been feeling).

Mar revealed in another letter that he "loved to be outdoors and he loved nature. These are my values, too! If I had known it at the time, we might have shared more.

In the summer of 1953 Mar attended Camp Keewaydin, where teen age boys experienced canoe adventures in the wilds. (I have no report from that summer, but I know he wanted to do something different in 1954.) He returned to camp in 1954. This time he found what he was seeking. The climax of the summer was the "long trip." The group; 8 boys, a guide and a headman; set off in canoes in the wilds of Quebec. On the last leg of the trip, they would be away from civilization for three weeks as they traveled 300 miles down the Harricanaw River to James Bay.

Before they started down river from Amos, Quebec, Mar had written, "The guys on the trip with me are a lot of fun, and we really have a

great time." I think, at last, he felt he was "in with the crowd" instead of looking from the outside.

The accident occurred a few days after they started down the river.*

In August my brother, who I did not know well, was gone forever. I feel sad because, even in 1954 (before I saw his letters) I saw signs that he was coming out of his unhappiness and that he was going to make it in life just fine.

The Summer of '54

Memoir 23

Events during the summer of 1954 changed our family forever.

In June, I graduated from Harvard College and received commission of second lieutenant in Artillery, USAR. As a graduation present, I received the family car, a yellow 1950 Chevy convertible with "Power Glide."

In that year my father changed jobs and moved from Niagara Falls, NY, where he was a chemical plant manager, to New York City to assume duties as a vice president at Stauffer Chemical Company. The family returned to Rye, NY, and in the summer all--father, mother and sister, Betsy, age 8, and I--lived at Blind Brook Lodge apartments, before settling in a house. My brother, Martin, was away at Camp Kewaydin, in Canada, a wilderness canoe adventure camp for teen age boys.

* Memoir 23, "The Summer of '54"

In Rye, there was an amusement park, Playland, which had a full sized roller coaster, and a host of other typical rides. I sought a summer job there and was offered work as a refreshment stand manager. The job was supposed to last the entire summer. When I was hired, I told the boss that I was going to have to leave to go into the army "sometime." (Already I knew I would be reporting for active duty in early August.)

Dressed in a white shirt and apron, I dispensed hot dogs, drinks and ice cream on a stick. All summer throngs of people came by ferry, by bus and by car from New York City and Long Island for a day of fun at the park. I encountered all sorts of people. One afternoon, a man dressed in a t-shirt, shorts, and sneakers strode up to the stand and announced, "Hey Mac! How 'bout a frank? Eh?" He was so unlike me, I thought, as I filled the order. I tend to remember incidents like that.

I had orders to report to Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, to attend the Field Artillery Officers Basic Course. My mother suggested that I caravan there with another officer, he in his car and I in mine. (When the time came, we did.)

One day in July, when I returned to the apartment, I was stunned to learn my brother was missing! He was attempting to retrieve a duffel bag that had fallen into swift flowing river and was swept away, down-stream.

We were devastated. It was one of those situations where you do not have complete information. It was as though the boy was "missing in action." We could not help but think the worst. My father arranged a search by helicopter. Day after day passed without news.

Martin Engs, age 17, was never found and is presumed dead.

The tragedy was not made easier for my mother to bear. Her other son was, in a few days, going off to serve in the army, and he could be put in harm's way.

The Underground Powerhouse

Memoir 2

In summer of 1958 I discovered the mountains.

At age 26 I was attending the University of California, Berkeley and was half way through my MBA studies. That summer I was employed by Pacific Gas and Electric on a hydro-electric project on North Fork of the Kings River in the Sierra Nevada. The project called for building dams, generating stations and related facilities on the river. I was stationed at Haas Power House—consisting of two turbine units housed in a room hewn from granite 500 feet underground. The water for the hydro power was piped 7 miles from Wishon Reservoir, upstream, dropped below ground surface through the 760' penstocks to turn the generator turbines and then discharged through a 2,000 foot tailrace tunnel to the Kings River.

Life on the Project

I was one of five Field Clerks who constituted a company presence among the contractor and subcontractor personnel. Our job was to keep track of things, perform inspections of work done and other duties as assigned.

We lived at Black Rock construction camp, a short distance from the construction site. We spent our days at the construction office near the mouth of the tailrace tunnel. At camp we slept in tents. The mess hall provided a great variety and quantity of food. Everyone was well fed! It was pleasant being in the mountains at about 4,000 feet

elevation. The air was clear and beauty was everywhere. The river canyon was vast.

Life on the job was not very exciting, but there were interesting things to see, such as the arrival of large items of equipment to be installed. I recall wondering if the huge generators would fit in the tailrace tunnel for movement into the chamber. Of course, they made it OK.

All the skilled workers and laborers walked more than a quarter mile through the tunnel to get to the work site inside the mountain—except the electricians. When the electricians arrived at the project, they demanded to ride in. After a brief work stoppage, they rode into the powerhouse in every day standing in the bed of a truck.

The tunnel provided access to the power house during construction. There was a vertical shaft rising from the power house to the ground surface above. When the powerhouse was in operation, the shaft would provide entrance for maintenance. One night after the workers had left the chamber, I climbed the 400 feet of stairs up to the permanent access portal. Why? Because it was there. I had a look around.

At the time I was in the Army Reserve, and had been attending meetings in the Bay Area. I'm not sure this action was economically justified. While at Black Rock, I attended some reserve meetings in Fresno, a 2-1/2 hour drive one way! I never got paid for those meetings.

The Back Country

Our location provided a base for excursions to the High Sierra. These trips were the real opportunities the job offered. I got away to somewhere every weekend. Although I drove to the Bay Area a few times, my mountain outings provided lasting memories. It was not enough to explore the local country around the Kings River Project.

My first outing was a car camp in Sequoia National Park. I hiked into the back country and climbed my first mountain. I couldn't get enough of it.

My next trip, (my first Sierra Club car camp), was to Granite Creek Campground (at the end of 30 miles of dirt road). On a day hike I was thrilled to see Banner, Ritter and the Minarets, peaks on the Sierra Crest. (The leader signed my application as second sponsor for club membership.) Before leaving I solo climbed Madera Peak. I remember stumbling on the summit and my sun glasses flying off. I paused to reflect on my need to be more careful. Later, I experienced a moment of panic when I was afraid my car might get stuck in Granite Creek on the way out.

The outstanding trip was a visit to Yosemite's Tuolumne Meadows. This time I was accompanied Pete, a field clerk who was a petrologist. We stayed at the campground. We hiked to Waterwheel Falls and climbed Mt Hoffman. On this and other high country trips I experienced varying degrees of altitude sickness.

The Expedition

On Labor Day weekend Pete, Craig, another field clerk, and I decided to mount an expedition to climb Mt Whitney. This was to be my first overnight backpack. We drove over Tioga Pass and down US 395 to Lone Pine. As we drove up that last steep grade to Whitney Portal, the engine temperature of my '53 Chevy sedan rose to the red zone. My companions encouraged me saying, "Don't stop…don't stop!" I didn't stop, and we arrived at the top without delay.

Soon we were on the trail. I carried a rucksack I had purchased in France—not up to today's standard. We trudged up the trail passing everyone, but the last 1000 feet of elevation gain were exhausting. Finally we landed at Trail Camp Pond (11,500'), near Consultation Lake. (Dinner included a 1-1/2 pound can of beef stew for each of us

cooked on Sterno cans.) That night I remember being in my sleeping bag and experiencing strange, heavy breathing, but I slept OK. There was a full moon, and the moon light transformed the entire mountain side into moonscape.

In the morning, I snapped a picture of the full moon setting on top of Mt Muir. (Our breakfast included canned grapefruit.) Soon we were on our way up the trail. We passed nearly everyone, but there were at least 50 people on the summit when we arrived. That day, I estimate 500 people started for the summit, and 200 of them actually made it. There was a marmot on the summit. Someone was feeding it a piece of apple. I hope it wasn't we. (These days I never want to see anyone feeding wild animals!)

On the way down, I "skied" (glissaded) on the snow for about 1,500 feet, a fun way to descend and a way to "cut" trail switch-backs without damaging anything. My two companions walked down the trail. The expedition mission was accomplished.

On Monday we were back near Tioga Pass, Yosemite National Park. The three of us set off to climb Mt Conness, west of Saddlebag Lake. This time we traveled cross country over rocks and snow fields. We got to the base of some steep spires, too difficult to climb. We retreated and tried another route. This time I was able to climb up to a plateau from which I could see the 300 foot summit of the peak about 1/4 mile to the north. By this time it was 2:00 PM, too late to continue. Besides I was alone and it was getting cold, so I abandoned the climb and went down. (I climbed the mountain the next year.)

It may have been a few days later that I realized what we were doing was risky. I had had very little experience walking and climbing cross country. (With subsequent experience, from that day to the present, my judgment and skill has greatly increased.) A second, more serious realization was that Pete was a potential liability: he was subject to epileptic episodes. To regress, when he was boy, he was hit in the head with a baseball. The injury affected his brain. He

never told anyone, but one day earlier in the summer, while on the job, someone found him lumped on the seat of a company truck. I don't know exactly when I learned it. I suspect I knew it before the expedition.

Last Night

Summer was drawing to a close and I would soon be returning to my studies in Berkeley. By this time, the generators had been installed. For my last night on the job, I was assigned to stand guard all night in the powerhouse chamber. The contractor's relations with the electricians were not the best, and there was fear that the electricians might sabotage the generators. I was selected to see that it did not happen.

I stayed on the job all night. Nothing happened. The next day I left camp and drove across the mountains to be with the Engs family at Lake Tahoe.

Recreation Planning

Memoir 60

The other day I was working intake at the Mountains Thrift Shoppe in Blue Jay. As I was sorting through a paper sack filled with outdated highway maps someone had donated, I lifted out a brochure entitled, “Your 1967 Guide to PG&E Campgrounds and Picnic Areas.” Immediately my mind flashed back the time when I was a recreation planner for the giant utility in northern California. I worked in that capacity for about three years.

In 1960 I was employed by PG&E in San Francisco. I was Purchase Analyst in the Purchasing and Stores Department. The job was interesting at first. I was charged with finding ways to reduce costs of

the many items the company bought. This included finding the best item to serve a given function and the most efficient means of buying and stocking an item. For example, the company purchased a large number of padlocks each year—always the same kind. I determined that they could save money with a less expensive lock that functioned just as well. The buyers were usually too busy to perform such studies.

After about two years the initial excitement had worn off and my work became boring. Also I didn't see myself moving to other positions in the department. Furthermore, I lived for the weekends. I couldn't wait to be off on some hike. I had done some exhilarating climbs and backpacks. My boss, being aware of my flagging interest in the work and knowing that I spent my weekends on wilderness outings, suggested that I follow my interest in the out of doors by looking into a program to provide public access to company lands that the Forestry Section of the Land Department was implementing.

It turned out that the Forestry Section could use some help, and I transferred across Market Street to work as a recreation planner. The section consisted of a chief forester and three other professional foresters. I worked under Jim, the forester in charge of the recreation program.

Why was the company involved? PG&E was made up of many predecessor companies. With each merger the utility acquired more wild lands. Some of land was part of developed hydroelectric projects, some of it had future potential and some of it appeared to have no specific use. Much of it was forest land. All the land had to be managed, and that was the responsibility of the Forestry Section.
For various reasons, management decided that it would be advantageous to provide public facilities on some of these lands. We saw, on field trips, that the public had already been occupying choice sites on the shores of project lakes. They had erected ramshackle tables and cabinets, and the same people would come back to the same places each year. We called them "squatters." We wanted to

eliminate such casual uses and provide safe, clean, dignified sites that would serve more people. There was another reason. The Federal Power Commission, which licensed power projects, began to require operators to provide recreational facilities when a new project was planned or an old one re-licensed.

My job promised to be ideal. I would work in the field part of the time and the subject matter would parallel my outdoor interests.

Working with Jim, I helped select potential campground and picnic area sites, made field studies to determine how a site could be developed, then in the office, prepared formal proposals for management to approve. When a project was funded, we supervised construction and we provided for maintenance of the new facilities (by the operating divisions who were not thrilled by the added responsibility). My work also included inspecting company recreational facilities that were in service.

Within the scope of the job, I learned new things like "timber cruising" to inventory a plot of land and reading aerial photos stereoscopically.

My supervisor, Jim, was an ex-marine officer who was a perfectionist. He was detail oriented. He was demanding, and he supervised me closely. (I wonder if he wound up getting ulcers.) It wasn't long before I detected some tension between us. I felt that he was distancing himself from me. He seemed to have some unspoken resentment of my being there. Was it because I was not a forester? Was it jealousy of my having a graduate degree? Or was it a personality clash? It was hard to put my finger on it. Adding to my discomfort, there may have been some resentment in the Forestry Section. Loyalties of the other foresters were to Jim. Imagine, if you were a forester, how you would feel about having a non-forester inserted into your domain?

The relationship problem grew. There were events that made me feel I was not a player, that I was not valued as I should have been. For example, when Jim met with counterparts from other organizations, such as the U. S. Forest Service, I was not included. I felt disrespect.

The work was interesting at the start. Over the months I made several field trips some with Jim and some on my own. On solo trips I took a company car and drove up to the mountains to work at places like Silver Lake in the northern Sierra. During these long, all day trips, it slowly dawned on me that I was so busy assessing sites or traveling from place to place that I could not take the time to enjoy these beautiful places that I loved. My job experience was turning out to be different than what I had envisioned.

Finally, in 1966, contrary to my original expectations, I reached the point where I could no longer tolerate the environment in the office or the duties I performed, and I asked to be moved out of the Forestry Section. (A person does not just move to another position because he does not like what he is doing. There needs to be a job opening for which a person is qualified.) In this case, Personnel found a position for me in the Records Section of the Land Department. I went to work researching land issues using old documents. It was not glamorous work. (There were no office computers in those days.) I should add that, by this time, I had squandered my prospects for advancement in the company, so the next step was to leave. I lasted six months in the Records Section.

I got a job with Kaiser Engineers, across the Bay, as Office Systems Analyst. The job turned out well; the work was interesting, I had my own area of responsibility, I felt I was making valued contributions and I had the respect of the people I worked with. From my experience in the new job, now, I know I am a project person, and I work best when I can contribute my part on my own initiative.

How could such a move, like the one I made to the Forestry Section, have been done differently to avoid the misdirection and

unpleasantness? It is only by getting out and doing the work that the true nature of the work becomes apparent. I believe a trial period, like an internship, for the recreation planning job, would have acquainted me with the work and with the behavior of my supervisor. When a "try out" is not possible, advice from those who do the work might provide guidance.

Footnote: The PG&E bankruptcy in 2001 resulted in company watershed lands being preserved under the management of the Pacific Forest and Watershed Lands Stewardship Council, a land trust, for public benefit; however, the PG&E web site reveals that company campgrounds, fishing access and picnic areas that I worked on continue to be operated by the company as they have been since the 1960's.

Our Old House—The Project

Memoir 62

In the summer of 1968 Ruth and I moved from the San Francisco Bay Area to Eugene, Oregon to attend the University of Oregon. We had purchased a small two story house on 20th Street in walking distance to campus. We had kitchen, dining room and living room and a "half bath" on first floor, and 2-1/2 bedrooms and a bathroom on the second floor. It had a full basement.

We moved ourselves from Oakland, driving a U-Haul truck and trailer. (After we had spent seven hours loading, we had filled the truck, but we still had furniture and other things to load. At the last minute I had to rent a trailer to accommodate the overflow.) When we arrived in Oregon, we moved our belongings into the house, and we took stock.

Our old house was built in the 1920's and was in good condition. We decided that with some interior painting, we could live comfortably with one exception. The bathroom was grim. It was painted sickly

blue. The hand sink was bolted to the wall, the kind with two awkward faucets, and the bathtub, set in a recess, had no shower. Ruth was determined that the bathroom be upgraded (by me). I had to agree that it was a dismal room. And that's how I came to do an unexpected remodeling job the summer before I started graduate school. Little did I know what I was getting into—I spent the next five weeks on the bathroom project. There would be no chance to go backpacking that summer.

Any doubts about being a "do-it-yourself" practitioner were extinguished by a sense of urgency. I had learned the skills I needed on prior jobs. In the beginning, I had absorbed carpentry, plumbing and wiring by watching my father at work. It seems that every place my parents lived provided them with remodeling opportunities like knocking out walls, installing showers, and putting up shelves and cabinets.

Ruth had definite ideas about what needed to be changed. My first task was to upgrade the hand sink. I was able to disconnect the water pipes and unbolt the sink from the wall, but the connection of the drain pipe to the wall was frozen. Before I was able to unscrew the pipe, I strained my back. I ordered, custom made, one of those Formica counter tops with a hole for the new sink. The counter formed the top of a "vanity" cabinet with louvered doors which I constructed below. I struggled to make hot and cold water connections to the new mixer faucet carefully so there would be no leaks. Next I replaced the dim light over the sink with a modern fixture. Fortunately the medicine cabinet was usable as it was.

The shower presented the biggest challenge. I had to install a shower head above the tub. That meant I had to break into the plaster and lath wall to extend the pipes and add mixer faucet and shower outlet. I remember being worried at this point. I needed to do it right. I even had to seek advice from our neighbor about installing air chambers (to prevent "water hammer"). How was I ever going to finish this job? I kept at it and managed to install the shower head, pipes and the

faucet and to replace the section of wall I had removed. I was relieved, when I turned on the water, that everything worked as it should.

Then I tackled the shower walls. Because plastic coated Masonite was rather ugly, we had agreed to cover the plaster walls above the tub with tan colored, one inch tile squares. Fortunately these tiles came in square foot sheets that could be glued on. I covered three walls with tile up to about four feet above the tub. I applied grout to fill in the cracks.

Finally I installed the sliding glass door, which I had ordered from Sears, on the edge of the tub that enclosed the tiled shower compartment above the tub. I sealed the cracks around the metal door frame. I applied paint to brighten up the room. We put rug on the floor. Finally, I was finished.

When I began working on the project, I had no idea how complex and time consuming it would be. I had no time to relax. I could think of nothing but getting the project done.

When I finished, I felt glad that I was able to do all the heavy work myself. The results were just what we wanted. We had just enough time for a weekend camping trip before classes started. That's how I spent the summer of 1968

Sawdust Furnace

Memoir 36

Ruth and I moved to Eugene, Oregon in 1968 to attend graduate schools at the University of Oregon. At the time, sawmills dotted the countryside. The signature feature of a mill was a conical structure with a sheet metal skin and a wire mesh opening at the apex. It was

about 30 feet high, and often we saw smoke issuing from the top. These were called, "wigwam burners." The mills produced great volumes of sawdust, so the burner was an essential device to dispose of the waste. By the time we arrived, wigwam burners were being phased out, and later, most of the small mills closed.

Sawdust was more than a waste product; it was a byproduct, too. It was a fuel. I remember seeing huge piles of sawdust in Eugene. It was collected from mills and used to fire boilers of the university power plant. It was also a home heating fuel.

We purchased a small three bedroom house within walking distance of the campus. It had central heating provided by a sawdust furnace in the basement. There was a sawdust bin, like coal bins I had seen, for fuel deliveries. When the furnace was operating, according to the former occupant, it produced a cozy, constant, gentle (or something like that) heat. Also, he added, the furnace had to be banked properly.

I spent the month of August remodeling a dismal upstairs bathroom. In September we started attending classes. It became chilly in October. Soon it was time to begin heating the house. One day, I successfully fired up the furnace: all was working as expected when we left to go to the campus.

When Ruth got home that afternoon, she found the house full of smoke! I guess I didn't have the furnace banked properly. (Ruth recalls that we had to wet the sawdust, too. I don't remember that part.)

The former occupants were; a professor, his wife and their small children. He spent his day on campus while his wife stayed home, where she could take care of the children—and bank the furnace.

For us the situation was intolerable. We were unable to leave for the day without the certainty that we would return to a smoke-free house.

It didn't take long for us to decide to switch to a furnace that burned a different fuel, natural gas. The gas distribution pipes were already in the street. Within a week we had a new furnace installed, and the smoke problem was gone. We had no regrets about giving up sawdust fuel.

Today there are all sorts of schemes for using unconventional substances as fuels; used cooking oil, bio-mass, used crankcase oil, etc. The sawdust furnace episode was our early introduction to using waste products as fuels.

That Smell

Memoir 37

It was 6:15 PM on 17 September 1968. A foul smell had just invaded our neighborhood. We couldn't figure out what was going on. This intrusion was to be a frequent occurrence.

That summer Ruth and I had moved to Eugene, Oregon, home of the University of Oregon. I was enrolled in the Ph.D. program at the Graduate School of Management and Business, Ruth was enrolled in the Health Education and the Counseling Master's programs.

Our home was a few blocks from the campus. The foul smell, we found out, had drifted over from the Weyerhaeuser Company Kraft pulp mill in Springfield, to the east, about two miles away. When the wind was right, everyone in Eugene was subjected to the smell. The odor was unpleasant, but not unbearable. Others thought differently. That year a U. of O. professor sued Weyerhaeuser for trespass. The case was dismissed.

The Kraft paper making process produced waste gases and particulates which were vented to the atmosphere from a tall stack.

Among the gasses are hydrogen sulfide and methyl mercaptan which have a reputation for being odorous.

The following year, when my in-laws visited us, I took them for a tour of the area. When we drove past the plant in Springfield, I commented about the disagreeable odor. My father-in-law responded, "Don't knock it. It's the smell of money!"

As I worked my way through the program, I needed a research topic for my dissertation. I was interested in environmental protection as well as organization and management. A Marketing professor, John Wish, who had published an article on industrial pollution I had written, inspired and encouraged me to combine my interests in a study of the pulp mill odor problem. Water and air pollution were prominent issues at the time, but no one had investigated the effects of pulp mill odor. I decided to pursue the project. My proposal was accepted, I passed my comprehensive examinations, and I began work.

As I worked on the project, I came to realize that environmental activists tend to be narrowly focused. As a researcher, I needed to view the problem from several perspectives. Thus, I was describing and explaining as opposed to advocating.

My investigation included odor complaint data, state regulatory agency records and Kraft pulp mills operations. After about a year of work, I made an "oral defense" of my Ph.D. dissertation, "Plant-Community Conflict over Kraft Pulp Mill Odor in Three Oregon Communities."

One of my findings gave support to the theory that a role regulatory agencies (e.g., the state department of environmental quality) is to enable business organizations to do that which they could not do on their own. In my study, paper companies were motivated to act when the government established industry emission standards and dates for attainment.

During the time I was in residence in Eugene, the plant made progress in reducing emissions (which caused the smell) so that the frequency and severity of odor experience by Eugene residents was markedly reduced. I finished in June of 1972 and was awarded the degree.

In academia, the usual doctoral student model, as I understand it, is to study in an area of a faculty member's expertise, to add to knowledge by investigating some dark corner not previously studied. Then, after receiving the Ph.D. degree, the scholar should be able to publish a few journal articles the from the dissertation work. I did not follow that course. After leaving the university, I did not continue the study, nor did I publish journal articles based on what I had done. I did, however, produce a case (study), accepted by Harvard Business School. It was entitled, "Continental Forest Products Company," and it was based on my study of that smell from Kraft pulp mills.

Slip Sticks

Memoir 8

My father was an engineer. I might have been an engineer if I had not had an unpleasant encounter with first year calculus in college. I knew engineers used slide rules, graphical calculating devices. On the college campus, you could tell who were the science and engineering students; they had side rules in scabbards dangling from their belts.

Right after college, in 1954, I spent six weeks at the U.S. Army Artillery School at Fort Sill, OK. All we officers learned how to perform fire control calculations. We used special slide rules to calculate the elevation and deflection of the howitzer tube using factors such as wind velocity and direction, and air temperature. That was my first use of a slide rule.

After military service I was in graduate school at Cal, Berkeley. We students in the M.B.A. program were given business finance problems that required calculation of ratios and percentages. I remember being in a room with a table full of large, all metal, "number crunching" machines with names like Friden, Marchant and Remington. Students sat at the table and pounded away for hours. The machines would sound off, "ker-plunk, ker-plunk, ker-plunk," and an answer would appear in the window.

I had a better idea. I acquired a cheap, plastic slide rule and taught myself how to multiply and divide. Why not use it to calculate the required homework? Slide rule accuracy was sufficient. I completed all my assignments using the slide rule. I was quite proud of myself. (I don't recall sharing my discovery with anyone.)

Fast-forward to 1974. I was teaching a large 80 to 100 student class in Production Management at Washington State University. At one point in one of the lectures, I advised students to learn to use a slide rule to facilitate computing quantitative problems, such as inventory control.

Perhaps it was as soon as the next day that I found out that no one was going to follow my advice. I discovered that the students were "one up" on me. They were using those hand held electronic calculators! How "out of it" I must have appeared! There was no going back.

(Inspired by a recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* about slide rule collectors.)

Running

Memoir 80

In high school, we had daily "Physical Education" (PE) class (Memoir 9). During that morning period, when we were outdoors, we were ordered to play softball. When team captains chose their players, I was so unskilled that I was usually the last one to be selected. The PE event I shall always remember was the "endurance run"—each 10th grade boy was expected to complete a run of 10 laps around the quarter mile cinder track. I don't recall my feelings, perhaps a bit of fear, but I could sense that the other boys certainly did not anticipate the hideous event with enthusiasm. On a sunny spring day in May, we changed into our shorts, t-shirts and sneakers, and we plodded along the track as directed. I ran the entire distance without stopping, and I recall feeling relieved that I survived the event. This was my first running experience, and, strangely, it may be that this test, part of the PE program which I found disagreeable, was the spark behind what happened later.

The next year, 1949, at age 16, I decided to "go out for" track. I had never tried a team sport before. Understand that I had no informal sports background that would have given me those skills, and I just wasn't interested in participating in sports, although I watched the school football and basketball games. Now, having survived the endurance run the year before, I realized that there was a sport I might be able to perform—running.

I joined the track squad. It was March, as I recall. The first workout was a "cross country" type run of at least 3 miles, up and down hills, through the streets of the city. It was hard work. My throat burned from heavy breathing. That introductory experience left me with sore leg muscles for several days after. From then on, I got into shape. That year I breezed through the endurance run. One day, in practice, we were directed to do wind sprints from starting blocks. On my first

attempt, I pulled a muscle in my thigh. I was out of commission for a few days. Lesson learned: warm up.

Distance running was where I seemed to fit. After weeks of practice, such as, run a 440 yard lap, jog a lap, run another lap, jog a lap, and so on, I was ready to compete. I ran the half mile in all the meets that spring. I did not "place", but that was OK. I was pleased with what I had done. Looking back, the decision to run track was great for building my self-esteem and for gaining respect of my classmates.

Since college preparation was not going well in public school, in the fall, I went away to a private school for my senior year. The policy at my new school was that everyone goes out for sports—fall, winter and spring. So in the fall, I learned soccer and played in JV games. There was plenty of running in that sport by the way. In winter, I ran track—the 1,000 yard run. I recall that some of the meets were in the chilly outdoors, where we wore special spikes on board tracks. I did reasonably well. In spring, I was back on the cinder track, doing the half mile. I did so well that I earned enough points from placing at the finish line for a school "letter."

When I got to college, there was no question about continuing running. Right away, I went out for something new—cross country. I joined the Harvard freshman squad and ran (3 mile races) in all the meets. For the next three years I was on the varsity squad and ran (5 mile races) in all the meets. One year we ran in the snow in a park near New York City. By my senior year I had a spot on the team (first seven finishers) and earned my "minor sport" letter, a small "H." With that recognition, I joined the Harvard Varsity Club. (I went out for winter and spring track also. But, whether it was motivation or just plain lack of speed, I never reached the level needed to compete, so gradually faded from track. Another factor was the time daily workouts required to pursue a varsity sport. I found myself falling behind in course work during the fall cross country season.)

After graduation and military service, I thought (for a reason I can't explain) I wanted to run again, so I trained for and ran in an AAU indoor meet in New York City. The mile race was difficult, and I thought, "Why do I want to experience such pain?" Right then, I decided that event was going to be the end of my competitive running.

I continued regular recreational running to stay in shape in the following years when I was living in the Bay area of California and at my postings in Oregon, Colorado and Washington. Where there was a track to run on, I used it, otherwise I ran on city streets.

When I landed in Southern California, in 1976, in Crestline I had an ideal situation for running, a 2.7 mile circuit around Lake Gregory. I ran the route on as many days a week as I could. Then, 1982, I staged a brief return to competition: I entered the 10 K Lake Gregory Run. The following year I ran the race again. This time I placed first in the "50 and over division" and took home a huge trophy. My finish wasn't that much of a deal as I only had to beat two other runners in my age category.

After that event, I began riding my bicycle, as well as running, to keep fit. By 1985, I faced a dilemma. My body was aging and my knees were hurting from the pounding of running (and running was aggravating lower back pain I was experiencing then). The alternatives were clear: I could continue running and ruin my knees for doing any other mobile activity OR I could quit running and still be able to hike, backpack and climb. I chose the latter, switched to bicycling and walking, so I was still backpacking in 2009.

Running, while it lasted, had served me well. In addition to the camaraderie of other runners and the peace of mind I experienced, it had helped to keep me in shape for mountain hikes and climbs. I believe it may have given me some long term health benefits as well.

Dancing

Memoir 59

Learning to Dance

My first memory of dancing was when I was at elementary school in Rye, NY. It must have been about 1945. On the 4th floor of an old brick building, I was in a class of 12 year olds, and was introduced to social dancing.

What had lasting impact, though, was my enrollment, when I was about age 13, in Miss Covington's formal dancing class, which was held in the church auditorium at 4;00 PM on Friday afternoons. The boys wore dark suits, black shoes and white gloves. The girls wore formal type dresses, black shoes and white gloves. The elderly woman taught us the basic, traditional dances; foxtrot, waltz, rumba, etc.; and drilled us in formal dance etiquette. I still remember the finer points: to keep that left elbow elevated, and to plant the right hand firmly on the girl's lower back.

Those Friday training sessions prepared us for future events, events that I'm sure our parents eagerly anticipated. As a dancing school student, I was put on the list of those to receive invitations to formal dances to be held in the area. These events, however, were not on my personal agenda. I would have rather been doing something else! But I felt strong parental pressure to participate, so I complied.

Sometime around age 15 I entered the formal dance scene. The boys and girls here attended boarding schools or private day schools. I never made friends with any of this crowd, in fact, I didn't like them. I preferred to be with my high school pals. During the winter holidays, when the kids were home from schools, there were parties before the dances. The dances were held in country club-like locations and featured a live band playing Lester Lannin-type music—quite danceable given our repertoire. Typically I danced with

several girls. If a girl were big (fat), I found it difficult to reach around to her back and hold her firmly. My dancing skills were adequate. My partners' skills were not always so.

There was a lot of smoking at the dances. When I arrived back home after a dance, my clothes reeked of smoke smell. One time I brought home part of a pack of cigarettes, and I one night I proceeded to smoke three, one right after the other. Immediately, I didn't feel well! That's the only time I have smoked.

Dancing school prepared me well for the social occasions where dancing was on the menu. I could do the traditional dances, but never learned the "lindy hop" and some others well enough to be confident. As the years went by, new dances, like "the twist," popped up then faded from popularity. I never did any of them.

Then, I think it was in the 1970's, I observed that the dancing everyone was doing seemed to require no skill at all. It looked like all a couple had to do was stand in one place without embracing and bounce up and down to the beat. In contrast, it's interesting to see, in recent years, the resurgence of some people's interest in learning all kinds of traditional dances, the ones I had learned in dancing school.

I became an adult. While formal dancing school gave me the skills to function in a dancing situation, that did not mean I sought out opportunities. You would never hear me say, "Hey, let's go out dancing." The idea of going to a dance struck me as boring. In contrast, my parents thrived on going to dances.

A Discovery

My attitude toward dancing changed when I was in graduate school about 1957. The U. C. Hiking Club at Berkeley offered Friday night international folk dancing at a small lodge on campus. The students came together to do circle and line dances from Eastern Europe and the Middle East. I was fascinated by what I saw and enthralled by the

music. I remember the rock climbers doing the most difficult dances. I tried out some easy dances, but I didn't really learn any of them.

Later, when I was out of school, I joined a folk dance club and received instruction. I did not like the club because their repertoire was too inclusive—for example we had to learn a weird South African dance, and we had to do squares. (Note; do not confuse Square Dancing with Folk Dancing. Square dances require a caller: To enjoy folk dancing, you have to know the entire dance. Also, do not confuse folk dancing with "Line Dancing", which I view as really dancing on a grid, or "Round Dancing". I wanted to dance from the Hiking Club's repertoire.)

My Break Through

I never followed up. Then we left the Bay Area for graduate school in Eugene, Oregon. There was folk dancing on campus, but I did not explore the possibilities. I guess I was too busy. It was not until 1974, when I was on the faculty at Washington State University, Pullman, that it all came together. I joined the folk dance club and over about twelve l weeks completed the beginners' class. We learned 40 dances (nearly all Balkan and Middle Eastern, of course). As a result, I was well prepared when the club hosted a folk dance festival in the spring. The dance lasted from 8 until about 12 PM. I was pleased that I could do many of the dances. When the dance ended, we went to someone's house and danced for the rest of the night. I remember walking home as it was just getting light. I could hear the Robins singing.

Most "international folk dancing" is done in lines or circles with participants holding hands or linking arms or holding shoulders. Some of the steps from one dance, for example, "the grapevine," show up in other dances. So there are some basic steps which, when mastered, make it easier to learn new dances. (When I had learned several dances, I found that I could even improvise dancing to outside music using folk dance steps I had learned.)

Soon after I completed the beginners' class, I volunteered to participate in a stage performance of folk dances. "Why not?" I thought. Several members of our club were going to perform for a faculty wives club (or something like that) on campus. After several rehearsals, I found myself dressed in costume, on stage, executing about six dances with fellow club members. I was the least experienced performer, and I did not have an easy time of it. I recall making some missteps. I don't think the audience noticed.

What about Square Dancing?

While at WSU, I was approached by a fellow professor with a proposal. His divorced sister needed a partner to square dance. I figured I would give it a try. I escorted the young lady to a number of dances that season. (People arrive at square dances with partners, while most folk dancing is done individually, in lines or circles. If there would be a couples' folk dance, I would choose a partner.)

All in all, I did not like square dancing. I found it too stressful. Each dancer needed to be able to learn and execute about 60 "Basic" steps on call. If one person fumbled a step or couldn't remember it, the whole set of eight people got fouled up. When that happened, some thought it amusing, but I didn't think it was fun. I was serious about the dance and wanted to do it right. To add to the stress, later in the evening, the caller threw in some "Advanced" steps, unfamiliar to me, presumably to make the dance more challenging. In contrast, when folk dancing I was on my own. If I made a mistake, it did not disrupt the line. When I find that I can't do the dance, I drop out of the line and try to learn the steps by following from behind.

Life Long Joy

In 1976 I joined the faculty at Cal State San Bernardino. Immediately I struck out to find a folk dance club. Soon I found the U C Riverside Folk Dance Club and joined them. Now, as a veteran, I was able to join in and do all the easy dances and many of the intermediate ones.

I could even lead some of the lines. My favorite dances are from the Balkans, such as Nebesko Kolo, from Serbia.

I danced every Friday night that I could. Sometimes we would have pot luck dinners and live bands which played the same music that we usually played from recordings. We hired teachers to come in and show us dances that they had discovered. I even went with club members to festivals held in places like Pasadena.

Now, the UCR club is no longer on campus, but it is alive and well, though attendance is not what it once was. I find it difficult to dance there because my business no longer takes me down the mountain from Crestline. I attended the Christmas Dance Party in 2006. I don't think I had danced with the group since December the year before—but I (my body) remembered the dances, and I could do almost all of the ones we played from the tapes. I felt the same thrill doing those dances as I did in the early days.

Now, if you ask me to go out FOLK dancing, I won't hesitate to go!

Telephoning

Memoir 24

The telephone has always been there for me; only the technology has changed.

When I was growing up in the U S A, the phone was a reliable convenience I took for granted.

In 1959, when I was living in Paris, France at age 27, I was participating in an exchange student traineeship. I had an unforgettable encounter with the telephone. Friends of my parents,

the Hansens were in town, and I wanted to meet them. The Hansens were staying at a hotel, so I set out to contact them.

First, I had to find a telephone. I discovered that a public phone, so common on the street in the U S A (at the time), was a rarity in Paris. You had to go to a bar or to the "PTT" (post office) to make the call. (You pay a 20% premium to use a phone in a bar.) I went to the nearest PTT.

First I had to buy a "jeton" (token). Then I stood in line, becoming over-warm in my overcoat in that over-heated building, to wait for a free instrument.

That was just the warm-up. To make the call, I put the slug in the "automatique" and dialed the number of the hotel. Next I heard in the receiver the tinny sound of a woman's voice, "Allo…Allo…Allo…" Then the line went dead. By now, I was feeling frustrated and more conscious of being too warm.

I dialed again. This time I reached the hotel, but, apparently, I the answering person could not hear me. I had to ask the attendant for help. I was told that when the person answers, I had to press a button (so that the slug would drop into a compartment inside the instrument) and I would be connected. On the next try, I managed to reach the Hansens. Later, we met, and I had a fine dinner with them.

Years later, in 1981, I had another encounter with the telephone. I was an independent trainer and had developed course materials to train to supervisors in manufacturing businesses. I didn't know how to market my programs, so I hired a local training company (contacted through ASTD, my professional organization), to teach me how to sell my services.

The consultants gave me two days of instruction; how to package my materials, how to develop a sales brochure, how to compile a

prospect list…and what to say over the telephone. I was introduced to scripts on 3 by 5 inch cards.

On the afternoon of the last day, my teachers directed me to go into one of the office rooms and get on the telephone. I was told, "You can't come out until you have an appointment!" Here it was, without warning, I was about to experience the dreaded "cold call." If you know anything about my personal behavioral style, you can imagine how terrifying it was to make that first call!

I called the first company on my list. The process is to somehow get beyond the telephone "guard" and speak to a decision maker. I made more than half a dozen calls without making contact with a decision maker. I sweated it out for two hours. Finally, I got an appointment! It was time to celebrate.

During the following months, I made calls to sell my programs. I always disliked these telephone cold calls, but they were effective in getting me business. Fortunately, by then, the technologies of "touch tone" pads and "speed dial" buttons were available to make the cold calling process more bearable.

Now, years later, it was 2003. I was sitting in the boarding area of America West Airlines at Ontario International Airport, CA. It was hard to find a quiet seat. It seemed like everyone was chatting on cell phones. The talkers acted as though no one else was around. Telephoning technology had accelerated. I didn't have a cell phone.

About twenty minutes after we boarded the flight, we were told that we had to disembark. People began to make cell phone calls. The malfunction of an instrument led to the cancellation of the flight. Everyone was rebooked on other flights. My next flight would leave six hours later. I had to call my sister in Chatham, MA, to give her my new arrival time. Public phones were not hard to find in the terminal. Now, some instruments took coins, and some took credit cards. Since I had no coins, I inserted a credit card and easily

completed the call. A month later, when I received the credit card statement, I was stunned to see that the charge for that one minute call was $12.00!

Will I join the crowd and embrace a cell phone technology? Not for now. I won't use a credit card, I just carry a hand full of quarters.

Later, I "saw the light," and I now carry a pre-paid cell phone when I travel.

A Day at the Thrift Shop

Memoir 79

I am a volunteer with the Mountains Thrift Shoppe, a charitable enterprise, in Blue Jay, a fifteen minute drive from my home in Crestline. Nine organizations, like the hospital auxiliary, the Humane Society and the Sierra Club staff the operation. Each organization provides volunteers to work, usually a 3-hour shift one day a week. The monetary proceeds are divided among the groups according to the number of hours worked. I work for the San Bernardino Mountains Land Trust. The thrift shop provides a steady income for organizations, and alleviates the need for bake sales, raffles and other less efficient fund raisers. The shop's mission is to serve the public by accepting donations of a variety of household items, select the more salable items to display, and sell them. We recycle.

I was assigned to intake. I receive the loads people drop off. I sort the loads and move the rummage to where it can be processed, and, in some cases, I place items on shelves for sale. Donated items range from high value (antique teacups) to trash (stained bed pillows). When intake is slow, I work on shelves or as directed.

I want to tell you about my typical day at the shop. The following took place between 9:50 AM and 1 PM.

Monday, 9:50 AM. I park in a slot behind the Blue Jay Mall and walk toward the side door of the shop. Right away I notice that someone has left next to the door in the alley, an over-stuffed couch, a double bed mattress with the parts of a wooden headboard, a 20 inch TV set and six white plastic bags stuffed with clothing. The bags have been torn open and clothing is spilling out on the asphalt. People are supposed to drop off donations during the hours we are open, 10 AM to 4 PM, but a few resort to stealth—they just can't be bothered to conform to open hours. Had these items arrived during open hours, I could have explained we don't accept large pieces of furniture. Sometimes I think we are seen as a substitute for the solid waste disposal area (the dump). And we don't accept TV sets. In the case of the torn open bags, it seems that marauding bands regularly sweep through after hours and hack into anything left by the door. A sign next to the door which lists items we do not accept seems to go unnoticed. I ring the door bell, and I greet Heather, our Monday supervisor.

10:00 AM. The store is open for business, and the first customers pass through the front door.

10:10 AM. I have cleaned up the mess by the door, and I have made arrangements for a volunteer with a truck to take the furniture to the dump. I stick a "Free" sign on the TV set. I move the clothing inside. Now I am able to attend to what is inside.

The initial sorting area, the "Lattice Room," is an alcove 5 feet by 7 feet with shelves on one side, and when I arrive, the entire space might be filled with black plastic "leaf" bags stuffed with clothing which is often mixed with other items. When that happens, I have to pull the bags out into the hall and dump them out on the floor for sorting. Another alcove is used for trash, but today the space is full of corrugated boxes, which we recycle, left by Sunday's crew. (I'm told

they are not strong enough to break apart the boxes.) I have to cut and fold these and slide them into a large box to be carted to the supermarket next door. If the trash area is full, I check out in the parking lot to see if there is space in the "Dumpster," before I cart anything away. (I am told Mountain Disposal recycles the Dumpster contents.)

Next to the trash area is another alcove, a bit smaller than the intake area. The thrift shop picks out the best items for sale: the remainder is transported down the mountain to the Salvation Army depot. We pile up bags of rejected items—except trash—in this area. When it is full, Carl, a volunteer with a truck, arrives, and we load the truck bed, passing the bags up in fire bucket brigade fashion. Sometimes this opportunity for extra exercise occurs on my shift.

10:40 AM. I begin sorting the donation bags piled up in the Lattice Room. The bulk of the intake is clothing, with over half if it being women's clothes and shoes. You'd be amazed at what I find. Some items have the price tags still attached. The next largest volume is children's clothes. (I wonder if any of it is handed down to younger siblings as mothers did in the past.) I spend time bagging clothing and placing it in temporary storage for the people in the work room in the back to go through later. They will pick out the best items, price them and hang them on the store racks for sale. The remainder is bagged up to go to the Salvation Army.

Shoes are often mixed with clothes, so I have to throw shoes in to a separate area. Sometimes I create a pile of shoes that reminds me of those photos from WW II, in Nazi concentration camps where the arriving inmates have been stripped of their belongings.

Occasionally I get bags from people who appear to have been in a hurry. The take clothes out of the closet and stuff bags with garments still on hangers (possibly thinking they are helping me). This slows me down—one by one the items have to be removed from their hangers. I say to myself, "What are these people thinking?"

There are boxes and bags of non-clothing items to sort. I find it fun to assemble the books and take them to a storage area for the book specialist to sort through. We get bags and boxes of plastic toys, often broken. These are not fun to sort. Also we get wads of artificial flowers and frizzy stuff (not fun).

Some items, such as a CD player in its original box, apparently brand new, are true prizes. .Some items, such as a broken statue, are absolute junk, and I wonder how the donors thought we could sell such things.

10:45 AM. The buzzer at the intake door sounds. I open the door and see the tail end of a huge SUV. As the driver opens back hatch, I see that the space is stuffed with black bags and corrugated boxes.

A smiling female face says to me, “How are you?”

I reply, “Good morning. What do you have for us?” (I’m usually in a pleasant mood when I am not overwhelmed by donated stuff.)

She takes out the first bag and hands it to me. I ask if it is clothing. She says it is. And so it goes until the vehicle is emptied.

I give her a signed donation receipt, with the date, for tax purposes. It’s her responsibility to fill in the description and value.

Fortunately this donation does not include furniture, an exercise machine or other unwieldy items. We can display goods that do not take up too much of our limited floor space. We might take a chance and accept a large item, such as a set of matching wooden chairs in good condition, if we think it will sell quickly.

Sometimes, while the shop is open, people will drop off donations outside without ringing the buzzer. This is against the rules as it makes the exterior look like a dumping site, and valuable items sitting out there have been pilfered.

That was the beginning of a tidal wave of deliveries. One by one cars and pickups stopped by the intake door to unload. Before long the "Lattice Room" was brimming with stuff. Then, it overflowed into the hallway (which we are supposed to keep clear to maintain a path to the fire exit).

11:15 AM. Finally I had to set up in the alley a large free standing sign that reads, "We are not accepting donations today" etc., so I could get caught up. We don't like to discourage donations, however there are limits to what we can handle.

Back in the work room, volunteers have lighter moments: frequently someone will lift up an unidentified item from the "pick and save" bin and say, "What's this?" Then we try to figure out what it is.

Then there are frustrations: a missing shoe, a jigsaw puzzle that has spilled out of its box.

An advantage of working on intake is that occasionally I can spot an item I would like to purchase, like a rice cooker. As a volunteer, I can get it for half price. I've seen some great stuff pass through my area. Customers get great bargains, too.

We receive all kinds of stuff. At one time we had six bread making machines on the appliance shelves! Then there is the iced tea maker, a salsa maker and scores of other special purpose machines that I have never heard of. When people redecorate, the thrift shop is the recipient of the old ponderous drapes, venetian blinds, wall lighting fixtures; chandeliers, medicine cabinets, pipe fittings and so on. Once, ceiling fans took up all the floor space in the Lamp Department. Christmas decorations come in all 12 months of the year. I guess people get tired of the old ones.

On Memorial Day weekend we get leftovers from yard sales. I can tell the origin because the price stickers still on the donated items.

While I am sorting, I can often take an item, such as a toaster, directly to its display shelf. I try to plug in such items to verify that they work. Items like this are priced using our pricing guide, but others need to be priced case by case.

When it is not as busy as it is today, I can tidy up the shelves in Electronics/Household Goods or Office Supplies/Picture Frames/Hardware aisles, where items seem get misplaced. For example, what is a notebook doing in Electronics? I'm unsure whether the customers or workers on other days are to blame. When vacuum cleaner bags end up in Sporting Goods, instead of household goods, I know a staff person put it there. It's a habit, I guess. It's difficult to modify behavior like this because a different crew is on the job each day. Communication between Sunday and Monday staffs regarding the placement of vacuum cleaner bags is nonexistent. I anticipate that next Monday the bags will be right back in Sporting Goods!

12:10 PM. There are about 20 customers in the store, now. Some are in line at the checkout counter with their finds. I see familiar faces of the regulars, like Bob, John and Ray, who shop on Mondays. Many customers are Hispanics, young men as well as young women with babies.

People donate lots of electronic gear. Most of it is obsolete. Although officially we don't accept computers, monitors, TV sets and microwaves, somehow peripheral items; printers, scanners; fax machines and satellite boxes get taken in and put on our shelves. One of my tasks is to pull this stuff off the shelves and send it to Salvation Army (which, thankfully, accepts it).

Our Monday crew is productive. We work well together and we help each other. If there is a problem in management, it is lack of communication between groups that staff the store on different days. After communication, all volunteers need learn and follow standard procedures, e.g., where to display the vacuum cleaner bags.

The time flies.

1:00 PM. My shift is over. Jack has arrived to relieve me. I have managed to stay even—the bags are piled up in the Lattice Room about as high as when I arrived. I sign the book—3 hours credit for the San Bernardino Mountains Land Trust. I wish the workers in the back room a fun afternoon, and I head for home.

Camping at **Home**

Memoir 102

It is March 2012. I'm at home in Crestline. As I sit at my desk watching the snow fall, I recall my experiences in another late season snow storm 21 years ago—in March 1991.

I live in the San Bernardino Mountains of Southern California at 4,650 feet elevation, high enough to receive precipitation as snow several times a winter. It is not unusual to get snow during the spring right up through June. I tell people that in Crestline, spring begins in April, not March. The Daffodils in my garden, however, have their own program: they are always in full bloom by mid-March, often bravely sticking up out of the snow. We have had substantial snowfalls at the end of March. 1991 was one of those years.

On Sunday, March 24th the weather report posted a "Winter Storm Warning." Snow began to fall that night. In the morning I measured six inches of snow on the ground. The tree branches became weighted down with snow. Snowfall continued throughout Tuesday. It was still snowing on Wednesday. I was glad not to have to leave home.

Early Wednesday morning, at 2:00 AM, the electric power went off. Power outages usually last a few hours causing minimal disruption.

This outage lasted all day. My rooms began to get cold. My gas heater does not operate without electricity. No power, no heat. The temperature indoors, normally 60 degrees, dropped to 48. I have a fireplace, but I had stopped using it because the small amount of heat it provided was not worth the trouble. The fireplace was inefficient and messy. (I believe a fireplace insert would have done a decent job of heating the living room).

Sometime in the night I had heard cracking sounds. In the morning, when I was out on a shoveling mission, I found an Incense Cedar tree lying across the street. It was 7 inches in diameter at the base. I had to deal with it so the snow plow could do its job. I cut it into pieces with a bow saw and left the pieces at the side of the road. Young Cedars do not handle the snow load well. Several trees were bent over the driveway. I knocked off the snow and they straightened themselves.

During the day I went outside three times for shoveling sessions. I hit different portions of my driveway. This activity seemed the one thing I could do during the day to keep warm, and it provided the benefit of cardio vascular exercise. Even with the driveway cleared, I couldn't go anywhere because the street had not been plowed. The snow was still falling. The snow accumulation rose to 18 inches.

Back inside, deprived of heat and light, I moved into camping mode. Indoors felt like a cold winter night in the open desert. I bundled up in two sweaters and wool cap and put on vapor barrier sox (on each foot two wool sox with a plastic bag in-between). On the floor I laid out my winter down sleeping bag and I set up candles to provide light when darkness fell. Fortunately the kitchen gas stove was available for cooking and I admit to having lighted the oven and to opening the oven door for 15 minutes to raise room temperature a few degrees. Under these circumstances, it seemed to me there were two choices to keep warm; keep moving or retreat to the sleeping bag. Since my usual diversions, TV and the computer were not available, and candle light is not conducive to reading, I was

motivated to sleep 9 hours. If needed, I had contact with outside; a battery operated broadcast radio and an operational land line telephone. There was a benefit from this enforced change in living. I read, wrote and enjoyed quiet. The situation was not unlike camping in the wilderness.

On Thursday morning the inside temperature had fallen to 43. Outside it was 30 degrees, and the sun came out. There was still no electricity The street, covered with snow, had yet to be plowed, so I was still snowed in. I walked down the street on top of the snow. At the lower end of Zell Court, I found the cause of the outage. A tree branch had fallen and snapped a power distribution line.

On Friday morning, 29 March, the sky was clear. I could hear a snow plow roaring in the distance. Still there was no power, but the indoor temperature was up to 45, and rose to 52 by afternoon. At 12:40 PM the power was restored. Hurrah!

After three days without heat, my life could return to normal. I believe people fail to appreciate the benefit of electricity until they are forced to spend time without it. Finally at about 5 PM the snow plow cleared the street. I was liberated at last.

Lesson Learned. My camping experience helped me cope with this unexpected situation.

Post Script: Subsequently, to deal with future power outages, I acquired a portable electric generator which I can run on the porch. Rated at 1 KW, it provides enough power to run a heater in my office, so I at least I can be warm in one room and power the refrigerator and a lamp or two.

The Unwelcome

Memoir 57

August 2006. It was dark outside. I sat in the living room, in dim light, with my eyes fixed on the TV screen. Suddenly I sensed movement, for a fraction of a second, in my peripheral view. Was I imagining this? I shifted my gaze to the fireplace where the movement had occurred. I saw nothing. I turned back to the screen. Soon, there was movement again at the fireplace. Something is in the room, I thought. I scanned the fireplace again but saw nothing. My attention returned to the TV. Seconds later, I just happened to look back at the fireplace and saw a tiny blur. It was a brown and gray colored blur. The intruder moved so fast across the hearth, it was almost impossible to see. From the evidence I concluded what I had begun to fear: it was a mouse!

I had had experiences with mice before. Mice are nocturnal, so I have rarely seen them. The first encounter I remember was when I was living in the BOQ at Fort Bragg, NC. One night, in my darkened room when I had settled in bed, I heard a crackling sound coming from the bureau. I didn't think much of it until morning when I recalled that I had stored some crackers in the bottom drawer. When I slid the drawer open, I saw damage to the packaging, and I concluded that a mouse had found them.

After that incident, my mouse encounters were in the wilds. On backpack outings we would be concerned about bears making off with our food, so we devoted considerable energy to hanging food so that a bear could not reach it. I have been successful, and I have never lost food to bears, It's been the mice that have given me trouble!

Years ago, on a backpack trip in Olympic National Park, WA, we stopped for the night at one of the wooden shelters along the trail. The structure was a simple three sided affair with a floor. We cooked

dinner and hung the food, then "sacked out" on the floor. As soon as our flashlights were out and we had stopped flailing around, and it was quiet, I heard a mouse scampering over my sleeping bag. It must have been great fun for the animal. I didn't care much for it. Soon, the frantic exploration ceased, and I was able to sleep. In the morning when we lowered the bags of food from a tree, we found that something had gnawed a hole in a plastic bag of cereal. Somehow a mouse had climbed up the tree and down the parachute cord from which the bags were suspended. I was amazed.

The same thing happened when I was backpacking in Glacier National Park, MT. This time there was no trail shelter, but the campsite had been used by others. Both times the food was safe from bears, but not from mice. I didn't realize that mice had the ability to climb up and down the 1/8 inch diameter cord. Later I learned, after seeing wires hanging from the rafters at Shasta Alpine Lodge, that mice are unable to climb wire, and I started carrying a two-foot length of coat hanger wire to suspend my food bags and thwart the tiny animals.

The lesson is that mice inhabit sites where backpackers stop frequently, spilling crumbs of food, making these places perfect homes for them. I learned to camp away from heavily used sites if possible.

But sometimes I had no choice. The Park Service provides storage boxes at sites frequented by bears. On the last night of a Sierra Club National (backpack) Outing at Franklin Lake, in Sequoia National Park, CA, we stowed our food in a brown steel box the size of a large footlocker. There breakfast food and lunch bags would be safe from marauding bears. In the morning when I went to retrieve the food, I found cereal spilling from a hole in one of the plastic bags. We had had a visitor. "How was this possible?" I thought. The door fit the box snugly without gaps. Then I saw what appeared to be a couple of drain holes in the bottom of the box. They were ½ inch in diameter. I found it hard to believe that a mouse could pass through that small

space. (Now, I know that for a structure to be mouse proof, openings should be no larger than ¼ inch.) I had been so focused on possible bear raids, it never occurred to me that mice could enter that tightly closed box. This raid in the wild was the key to solving my mouse in the house mystery.

In the morning, after the blur incident, I was startled to find tell-tale mouse droppings on the kitchen counter. I washed all the surfaces and implements that I supposed the mouse had touched. Then I found evidence that the animal had traveled across the stove to the top of the fridge: it had been every place where there was a crumb. I closed up and put away all food containers—anything that a mouse could get into—hoping that my actions would solve the problem.

That night I caught sight of the blur, again, below the back door, on its way to the kitchen. The mouse was back. The next morning, again I found mouse droppings on the kitchen counter. The situation was intolerable. Mice carry diseases. Some mice carry the deadly hanta virus. Now what? I considered mouse traps. Fortunately, the animal wasn't taking up residence in the house.

Then I realized I had to figure out how the mouse was getting into the house. In 30 years of living in the place, I'd never had a mouse in the house. The structure was tight, without holes or cracks. What was different now? Then I remembered that on warm nights I leave the front door open with the security screen door closed. There is a ¾ inch gap at the bottom of the screen door, large enough to admit a mouse. The screen door entrance explains how the mouse could make its long journey; climbing 14 steps up to the porch, moving along the bases of three walls (including the fireplace), to the kitchen. Perhaps I should not be surprised considering my experience with mouse behavior in the back country.

I blocked the opening at the bottom of the screen door with scrap wood. It was a success. Since then, there have been no further intrusions by the unwelcome visitor on warm nights.

A Search

Memoir 17

The beeper went off a 2:11 AM. It was a "call-out." I stumbled to the 'phone to check in with the sheriff's substation. Somebody was reported missing since 5:00 PM yesterday. I said I would meet the team in a few minutes. I donned my olive pants, orange uniform shirt and mountain boots. It took me 10 minutes to get to the Twin Peaks "county facility," our base station. Team members hurried to their lockers to retrieve backpacks and equipment before the start of the briefing.

It was November 1983. I had been a member of the Rim of the World Search and Rescue Team (RIM-SAR) for about three years. RIM-SAR was a one of several Sheriff's teams in San Bernardino County, Southern California. Each member was a reserve deputy sheriff, having passed a law enforcement course, a fired pistol and a shotgun on the range. We were required to attend training one Saturday a month and a monthly business meeting. In addition we were expected to march in parades and other public relations events. Each member was obliged to outfit himself with such clothing and equipment that he could stay out all night in any weather condition on the mountain. We were on call "24/7."

The briefing informed us that a young male, age 23, clad in shorts, a T-shirt and running shoes had left home shortly after noon to go on a hike and had not returned. Nighttime temperatures had been dipping into the 40s. The situation did not bode well. The family had informed the dispatcher about places where the subject might have gone. The commander issued maps covering these areas.

I climbed aboard the team's Chevy Suburban ("The Cow") with Squad 1. We drove through the village, heading north; then turned off on a Forest Service dirt road. After 15 minutes of bumping up and down, while twisting and turning, we stopped at a sign indicating the

trail to "Fisherman's Camp." It was a dark night. We put on our headlamps and started hiking down the trail into Deep Creek canyon.

On the descent, every few minutes someone would call, "David!" At one place, as we looked down the length of canyon, we could see a point of light far in the distance. Someone remembered a mission in the past when a lost pair of hikers tried to descend a mountain believing a light they had seen was not more than a mile away. In reality it was over 20 miles away!

When we reached Fisherman's Camp, at the bottom, there was still no contact with the lost hiker. We checked out the camp area and marched back up the trail.

About 5:20 AM we reached the vehicle. We were able to make radio contact with the command post. (There was no radio communication from the canyon.) The CP called off the search, and we returned to the substation.

This search was a typical mission. Frequently we did not find anyone. Sometimes the subject was found dead. In this case, like many others, we learned, at 8:00 AM, that the subject had spent the night at a friend's house and never bothered to tell anyone!

A Friendship

Memoir 71

Many people we with whom we associate we call "friends," but they are, in reality, acquaintances. A true friend has certain qualities, among these are sharing interests and experiences and caring. A quality I value is sharing in depth what is inside us.

Suddenly, in 2007, I lost a friend.

I met my friend, Dick, in 1968 at University of Oregon's Graduate School of Management and Business. We were in the Ph.D. program and attended some of the same classes. Our shared interest at the time, however, was not academics.

In the afternoons we would run on the streets of Eugene. (The city is known for its runners.). When it was raining or when there was snow on the streets, we would run inside McArthur Court. We continued this activity for four years.

We finished our studies, at about the same time, in 1972. At the end, I was pleased that Dick asked for a copy of my Ph.D. dissertation. His request made me feel that I had done something worthwhile.

After graduate school we went off to join faculties of colleges in different states, but we kept in contact. When I was at Washington State University, in Pullman and he was at Eastern Washington State at Cheney, he arranged for me to give a talk on "The Future of Work" to the personnel society at Spokane. On another occasion when I visited, he invited me to give a lecture on organization theory to his class. I felt flattered. Of course, we ran on the roads when I visited him at Cheney

Years later, Dick had left academia. He worked for the federal government in Washington, DC and later landed in Minnesota to work for Honeywell. Subsequently, with his wife, he started and ran a computerized service business from his home.

While Dick was working in Organization Development (OD) at Honeywell, and I was teaching a graduate course in OD for Chapman University, Dick volunteered to be a guest in one of my classes. The problem was that he would not be "at" the class. For the designated class meeting, I rigged up a speaker phone so that, by long distance, students could question a real practitioner and get live answers. The setup worked fine.

Through the years, we exchanged documents for comment, but for the most part, it was oral communication that I found most meaningful. We rarely spoke by ‘phone.

The communication that I valued most was via audio cassette tapes. You might have heard of the practice of exchanging tapes by mail. When people said they are going to swap audio tapes, I imagine they had been captivated by the technology, and when the novelty had worn off, they lost interest and abandoned the practice. With us the outcome was different. Our once-a-month tape exchanges went on for about ten years! Recording was not a chore for me. I found it convenient to have a hand held machine in the car, to listen and to record, while was driving the freeways to and from classes.

We talked about everything on tape. We traded training and consulting ideas, but we brought up other topics for comment. One of our favorite rants was excessive corporate CEO compensation. Among the topics, as you might guess, was our interest was in health and physical fitness. For example, since I was six years older than Dick, I could report the physical changes I experienced (and that he might anticipate) after age 60.

You need to know I have been described by others as a “private person.” I guess that’s true. I do not share much about myself with others. With Dick, I felt freer to offer things about myself than I did with other friends.

Now that Dick is gone, I realize how reassuring to me it was to be able to share some of my more private thoughts with him. Always willing to assist, he offered ideas for my business, and I adopted many of his concepts. One of the fruits of Dick’s influence was a customer satisfaction survey I conducted for Arrowhead Credit Union. Dick supported me in other ways. He sent me unneeded software programs when he upgraded, and he sent me a color monitor he no longer used. For me, the monitor was a most welcome enhancement at the time.

During leisure time, Dick liked to run and to go on bicycle rides. Dick had never participated in wilderness outings, as I had, but I was pleased to learn that, in later years he had taken up hiking and snowshoeing in Minnesota. On my last visit, when he was living in North Carolina, we did daily hikes. He invited me to work out with him at the local fitness club. I'd never been to a fitness club.

The big event, one that drew us together, was the annual Memorial Weekend "sore butt" bicycle ride. Each year Dick, Ida (his wife) and their friends spent the long weekend on a three day bike ride. I was pleased to be invited to join the outings. Each year we would visit a different area of Minnesota or Wisconsin, and one year we went out to South Dakota. On the rides, we would stay in a motel at night. The objective was to ride the planned distance, but part of the fun was to stop at interesting places to eat. I was with the group on nine of these annual weekend rides.

I have now realized what I'm sure other humans have experienced: I didn't know how much I would miss a person who has departed. I miss having a person, like Dick, with whom I can share things.

Dick Arnold died while in Mississippi on a bicycle ride with his wife and friends during April 2007.

My Time with the Land Trust

Memoir 110

When I joined the Sierra Club in 1958, my main thrust was outings. My interest in conservation gradually developed as time passed. It seemed inevitably I got drawn into management of environmental organizations wherever I landed: Treasurer of the Sierra Club San Francisco Bay Chapter, Vice-chair of the Eugene (Oregon) Group and President of the San Juan Ecological Society (Colorado). Later I

was elected to the Sierra Club, Mountains Group Executive Committee. “Ex Com” members were obliged to fill an office or to support the Group in other ways. Although I care deeply about conservation issues, I did not have the inclination to take a direct role in conservation advocacy, so I sought other jobs. I became Outings Chair. Later, when the need arose, I volunteered to be Group Treasurer.

When I was invited to join the San Bernardino Mountains Land Trust board of directors in May, 1997, I immediately realized the land trust way of conserving land without advocacy, conflict and controversy, was right for me. Using a take-off on the old TD Waterhouse TV commercial, I like to say, “We preserve land the old-fashioned way; we buy it”. That sums it up

The work of our land trust consists of finding eligible private land to purchase, negotiating with a willing seller, closing the sale, and managing the land until it can be sold to the U. S. Forest Service. In addition to these basic functions there are many other tasks that need to be performed if a land trust is to be a viable and effective organization.

We have a paid staff of two: the Executive Director and the Projects Manager who are charged with performing the key duties needed to achieve our mission. They must rely on volunteers fill the gaps. I find we never seem to have enough volunteers to support organizational needs as the land trust organization has matured; its performance and efficiency have improved.

In the early days, when our land acquisitions were few, some Board members contributed little or nothing, and some directors missed too many Board meetings. In recent years all Board members attend all meetings and perform land trust work between meetings. Board meetings have improved, and volunteers have taken on tasks the Executive Director was unable to perform. Still, there is more work than volunteers available. For example, fund raising was unpopular

with the Board until we inducted a person who had and interest a talent for same. Then donations began to increase. We have carried on despite not having volunteers to do work such as publicity, fund raising and website maintenance.

As soon as I took my seat on the Board, I sought ways to utilize my academic knowledge and experience. The Organization Committee was created, and I was appointed the one-man member. In this position I have been able to take on tasks that needed to be done and that no one else was going to do.

I accomplished the following: produced a reference manual for directors, inaugurated an administrative calendar to keep all informed of due dates, wrote policies and procedures, instituted a records management program, acted as insurance overseer, set down organizational goals and yearly objectives, set up budget process, participated in preparation of Board agendas and minutes, and set up initial processes for eventual accreditation.

In addition I observed the Board tended to spend too much time discussing peripheral matters or emphasizing details that should have been considered outside. Some directors felt the need to tell stories that had vague connections, at best, with the meeting agenda. To improve efficiency, I advocated a process wherein committees would do most of the work on a problem and, ideally, bring recommendations to the Board. As President I had some control over Board behavior, and I realized the positive effect of allowing some socializing. Now each director works outside in an area of interest and more land trust work is done in committees. Board use of time has improved.

After 7 years as President I became Secretary. The Secretarial functions have not been a burden; I had been performing many of these for years.

I have participated in extra-curricular activities too. I volunteer at the Mountain Thrift Shoppe four hours a week (provides income for the land trust) and I lead a team to clean the SBMLT portion of a local highway (the roadside signs advertise the land trust). I have donated tools and equipment needed for stewardship work on our land parcels

During my 19 year Board tenure I have been able to make contributions that enhanced the effectiveness of the land trust. Today the San Bernardino Mountains Land Trust is proud of participating in protecting over 1,200 acres of wild land. Service with the Land Trust has provided me with a worthwhile focus during my "senior" years.

Barbara—Remembrances

Memoir 77

Barbara and I first met around 1981 at a Sierra Club event; a hike, a Sierra Singles pot luck of something like that. From then on we went on outings, attended events and spent time together for the next ten years.

With the children gone, Barbara had had two extra bedrooms in her Riverside house, so I had a room to stay in when I was in town, as I did when we went folk dancing on Friday night and joined a hike on Saturday. It was a 45 minute drive to my place at Crestline. In time, her house became my home away from home. This arrangement turned out to be handy for me as a home base when I was teaching in the off-campus college programs in Orange County, Riverside and Redlands. She eventually rented the other bedroom to a foreign student at U C Riverside, so she had company. But an important reason to have someone living in the house was so that he could feed the cats when she was away on a trip.

Barbara loved adventures and was a world traveler. Being a teacher, she was free to travel in the summer. Memories of the many places she visited were preserved in numerous photo albums which she laboriously and conscientiously kept up to date with prints from her latest trip. (I recorded my trips on film, and she convinced me to switch from slide film to print film, so that I could easily show pictures so someone. To date, I have not put the prints in an album, though.)

She visited many far-away places while I knew her; The Alps, Poland, China; and she had many stories to tell. My favorite is the tale of her and her daughter travelling (illegally) behind the Iron Curtain.

When Barbara was not away on a long trip, she and I enjoyed activities closer to home, such as hikes, car camps, backpacks, pot lucks, international folk dancing, and holiday festivities.

Cats

I enjoy cats (other people's, that is). So I was fond of Barbara's two cats, Mitzie and Feliks. Mitzie was the homey cat. Early in the morning, at 6 AM, Barbara used to sit in the darkened living room with a cup of coffee. I remember seeing Mitzie ensconced on Barbara's lap before she turned the TV on.

Feliks was the adventurous one. When let outside, he developed the habit of (somehow) scaling the seven foot tall, cinder block wall which enclosed the back yard. One day Feliks failed to return after one of his excursions. Barbara contacted neighbors, and someone suggested she try the pound. Sure enough, he had been caught and brought to the pound, without our knowledge. We felt fortunate as we imagined that Feliks would be euthanized by the pound after a few days. It turned out that the culprit was a certain neighbor, on the other side of the wall, who was upset by the presence of Feliks in her yard, allegedly tearing up the garden, so she had set a trap and had

caught Feliks. That was a close call. We decided to enclose the back yard so that Feliks could not get out. I strung chicken wire along the top of the wall and even across the roof of the house, blocking every possible exit. After all that work, Feliks still got out of the yard. Later, others advised me that any such efforts were futile—cats will find a way out. We resigned ourselves to check the pound if Feliks went missing for long. Then he disappeared for several days. Barbara checked everywhere he might be. He was not at the pound. No one had seen him. One afternoon, I happened to go out to the detached garage for something. In the dimly lit interior, I saw him curled up on a box, whimpering softly. Somehow his face had been smashed. Barbara took him to the vet who wired his jaw. In time, he recovered. We never found out what happened to him.

Years later, when Barbara prepared to move to Arizona, she faced a dilemma: what should she do with the cats? She realized that they were attached to the Riverside house, and moving them would be awkward. The solution: she sold the house with cats. The new owners were happy to receive the cats. Ah, cats!

Meals

Often, after finishing coffee and viewing the news on TV, Barbara would say, "Let's go out for breakfast." So we would walk to Carl's Jr., Coco's or some other restaurant within striking distance, for a meal.

When I was around at dinner time, we would cook in the kitchen and eat in the dining room. The meals were simple. After we set the food on the dining room table, Barbara observed that I could not settle down to eat: I kept making trips out to the kitchen to pick up items I had missed, and remarked, "Now Bill, be sure you have got everything so you don't need to keep getting up so many times."

My most memorable meal was a Thanksgiving dinner at Barbara's. Barbara liked to invite foreign students and their friends so that they

could experience the traditional American event. I don't think either of us was enthusiastic about cooking: cooking over a camp stove was what we liked. Nevertheless, she and I cooked the meal together. It was demanding work. To make sure the turkey and many other dishes came to the table on time, I constructed a flow chart that showed the time that we had to start preparing each item, like mashed potatoes. It worked beautifully, and the dinner was a success.

Maintenance

Because I was present, I did what I could to help with home maintenance and yard work, especially on things for which I had "experience" (electric, electronic, plumbing, and painting tasks).

The lesson I learned from these endeavors was to know, before I got into trouble, when a job was beyond my abilities. For example, I successfully replaced the commode and the sink faucet in the bathroom off the kitchen, but when Barbara asked me to replace the old style kitchen sink faucet with a modern one, realized I had neither the tools nor the skill to effect removal of the old faucet. I abstained, and she called the plumber.

Outings

Barbara and I shared adventures; hikes, backpacks and car camps, sometimes on our own, sometimes with others. These are my most memorable times being with her. Hikes ranged from short excursions in Riverside's Sycamore Canyon Park (Barbara was Involved with the establishment of this new park.) to day-long trips in the San Gorgonio Wilderness, less than an hour away from home.

One year we were staying at the Sierra Club's Laguna Lodge, near San Diego. After we got settled in one of the cabins, we went over to the main building and found some young people gathered around a youth who was playing a guitar and singing. After a listening for a while, Barbara asked if the soloist knew any of the traditional songs,

e.g., "I've Been Working on the Railroad," his reply was something like, "What's that?" We found out that none of the people gathered around knew any of the songs we had grown up with. We were stunned. Further, I supposed, no one knew the words of the song the performer was singing. (I suspect the tune not very sing-able, anyway.) We observed that everyone who had gathered around just sat and listened. There was no active participation.

From 1983 to 1990 we joined longer trips including car camping excursions to Utah's National Parks and to Baja California led by Dennis Kucera.

Best of all were the adventurous, multi-day backpacks in Grand Canyon N. P. (Clear Creek and the Tonto Trail), in Zion N. P., and in the High Sierra (Sawmill Pass, Pine Creek Pass, Gardiner Basin, Mineral King, and Dome Lands). On all these trips there was much to see and experience. I do not recall the details, but there were a few happenings that stand out in my memory.

One of these occurred in the Grand Canyon. As planned, we descended to Tonto Trail via Grandview Point and climbed out on the Kaibab Trail. The views were spectacular and constantly changing. The Tonto Trail contoured about 1,000 feet above the Colorado River. About mid-way, after three days on the trail, we met a ranger who told us about a short cut through Cremation Creek to avoid the longer trail route. We followed the cross country route, and it led us into a box canyon. As we started climbing up the left side of the canyon, I remember Barbara saying, "Bill, are you sure this is the right way?" I was pretty sure. We continued climbing, hiked across the top and met the trail not far from the next camping place. This was a moment of stress remembered.

On these trips we had a ritual—coffee and a snack. When we would arrive at a camp site, Barbara would get out her small Roberts stove and pan, and we would heat up water. We got out our cups and spooned in instant coffee. Then we sipped the drink and ate granola

bars. Sometimes we would stop on the trail in the afternoon before reaching our destination and perform this ritual.

Barbara had an independent streak. Sometimes when we were in the back country, she would go off exploring alone, as she did one time, at Zion N. P. Four of us were on a three day backpack to see Kolob Arch. (Memoir 26). When we made camp the second day, Barbara took off up a dry creek bed and disappeared for an hour. I'm sure she didn't think anything of it, but I get quite anxious—I need to know where people are!

Barbara continued backpacking until around 1991. One day she car pooled with someone heading for Havasu Canyon. The car went off the road and her back was injured. Following that she said, regretfully, "My backpacking days are over." After that we went to folk dancing, but did not do as much before.

About 1993, Dick, her old friend from Minnesota, arrived and proposed that she join him in Prescott, AZ. Barbara had wanted to leave Riverside, and Dick provided the incentive to sell the house and move. She had a large two-car garage that was packed with stuff. For years she had talked about doing something about the garage. I don't think she ever did anything about clearing the garage until Dick came. They prepared the house to be listed. I was no longer staying at the house, but one day I stopped by and saw that the garage had been cleared out—amazing.

Together, we had seen a lot of country and had many good times.

7. Backpacking Experiences

To have a meaningful wilderness trip you must backpack in. Most of my backcountry travels have been on foot with pack on my back with the plan to stay overnight. My backpacking memoir content is from a variety of experiences.

Don and the UCHC

Memoir 3

When I began my MBA studies at the University of California, Berkeley, I started going on outings with the U C Hiking Club (UCHC—now caled "CHAOS," Cal Hiking and Outing Society). This is when my outing life began.

We did some memorable hikes in and around the Bay Area. Sometime these would end with a spaghetti dinner at someone's "pad." On Friday nights UCHC ran folk dancing, and I remember the rock climbers doing the most difficult and most strenuous dances.

On Thanksgiving 1957, I joined Don and other club members on a car camping trip to Yosemite Valley. We stayed at Camp 4. (There were no marauding bears roaming through the campgrounds in those days, and the invasion of camper-trucks was to come later.) I was with a group that hiked to Glacier Point. After a spectacular trek, we descended in late afternoon carrying wood for our fire back at camp—that's what we did in those days.

For a Thanksgiving dinner, Don planned to roast a turkey on a spit over the campfire. Needless to say, the bird did not cook, but I must credit him with the inspiration. It was a memorable time for me to camp and hike in the Valley.

The next summer, while working for PG&E, in the Sierra, I got hooked on weekend outings and went on my first backpack.

My second backpack, January 1959, was with Don and the UCHC. Below, (with minor changes) is an account of the trip I wrote for the club newsletter, *The Bear Track*.

“Tween Semesters in the Santa Lucia Mountains”

"Seven UCHC members, Don (leader), Mike, Pat, Art, Sandy, John and I hiked, camped and scouted in the Santa Lucia Mountains (in what is now the Ventana Wilderness) after exams.

"The plan was to hike from Los Padres Dam, in Carmel Valley, to the sea in three days. This necessitated a car shuttle. Upon arrival at the dam, the main party set out for the first camp near Rattlesnake Creek, and the drivers, Bill and Mike, left for the sea coast. Unfortunately, the spot selected for the car to be left was inaccessible due to a large padlocked gate with 'Keep Out' signs. Three hours and three tries later, the drivers found a safe parking place and headed back to the dam.

"By the time Mike and Bill started their 5 mile hike to camp, it was 6:30 PM and dark. They tried following the trail using 'night vision' (in order to save Don's flashlight) but missed some UCHC arrows and got off trail. After a grueling down-hill-up-hill detour, which cost 1-1/2 hours, they got back on the trail. They decided it would be better to use the light and managed to reach camp by 10:30 PM, too tired to eat. While this endurance contest had been going on, the main party was telling stories around a cozy fire!

"The second day was beautiful. We awoke with glorious sunlight warming us (a rare privilege). After a leisurely breakfast of 'sludge' (or was it 'goop?'), we hiked to Big Pines and stopped for lunch and rest. In the afternoon we continued westward. There were spectacular views of the ocean beyond the dark green mountains and of the Santa Cruz Mountains across Monterey Bay.

"Finally, when we reached Devil's Peak (4,150'), we knew it would be down-hill from there on. As we descended into the valley the wind blew harder and harder. Our second camp was located where Turner Creek crosses the trail. Don read us a story, Pat read some poems and John began reading *Rally Round the Flag Boys*. It was here that UCHC members acquired a new taste; a taste for unsweetened cocoa (it's not bad when you get used to it!)

"The third day was clear, cool and windy—perfect. We continued our march to the sea. On the way we stopped for a bite to eat ('Hunger strikes again!') at a point where we could view the sea. The mathematician, the physicist and the civil engineer attempted to determine how far out we could see. On the way down we could see as many shades of green as there are, all concentrated in small areas.

"We reached the car in early afternoon, exactly as planned. Don, Sandy, Pat and Bill took the car to find a camp site on the beach. There was not exactly any beach, but they got permission to camp in a sheep pasture. Since sanitation problems were overwhelming, the scouting party decided to camp at Pfeiffer Big Sur State Park. The group found this to be considerably less interesting (e.g., Presto Logs); the place was altogether TOO CIVILIZED for us! In spite of the handicap of rules and regulations, we had fun listening to John read to us as we sat around our "fire place" camp fire. John finished the book.

"On the fourth day the weather continued to be perfect. We reshuffled the cars and headed for home. 'These trips don't last long enough'.

"The scouting we did on this trip will enable the UCHC to have even better backpack outings to the area in the future."

Now that I have been leading trips over the last 50 years, I still admire Don's philosophy of leading. While my leading has been more task-oriented, Don's was relationship-oriented. Without realizing it, he was applying what I now see as principles derived from social psychology. For example, trip planning was to be team effort; different people were responsible for scouting, for arranging transportation, and for buying and packing food. Don saw that meal preparation was central commissary—a group effort. He believed that camp fires were essential to provide a focal point and a place for everyone to gather. When a fire was not possible, he said a couple of carbide lamps could form a centerpiece for people to gather around.

Don hiked the entire 200 mile John Muir Trail, in the High Sierra, and, as far as I know, without re-supply. I remember some his inventions to save space and weight, things like; a huge stack of peanut butter and Ry-Krisp sandwiches and instant pudding mix plus powdered milk in Baggies. (These were the days before freeze dried foods.)

Later, before becoming more active with the Sierra Club, I participated in other UCHC trips, but the early trips led by Don made a lasting impression. He started me on my path. Don's path took a different turn. By the late '60s he had stopped leading trips. "Why?" I asked him. He replied, "Oh, I was just doing it to meet girls."

My First Backpack with the Sierra Club

Memoir 14

It was Labor Day weekend 1959. The destination was Pioneer Basin in the High Sierra of California. We would be hiking in to the mountains from the Owens Valley, the steep, eastern approach.

Saturday. Two women ("the girls") and a man, who had signed up for the trip, rode with me from the Bay Area. We arrived at the trailhead, Mosquito Flat on Rock Creek, elevation 10,000 feet, at about 10:00 AM. My riders were also my cooking group. My notes indicate that we were part of a group of 38! That figure seems too large, but it was not uncommon to see large groups hiking into the Sierra in those days. Now, thankfully, the group size is limited to 15 under the Wilderness Permit system.

My equipment included a gray rucksack and left over Army boots. We packed up and were on the trail by 11:05. It was a hard climb. We crossed Mono Pass, 12,000 feet, and reached Summit Lake, about half a mile beyond, at 3:30. There is no vegetation up there. I started getting a headache from the lack of oxygen at the high altitude.

We continued on the trail. Now it was down, down, down to cross Mono Creek at 9,000 feet. We were back below tree line again. By this time it was apparent that "the girls" were out of shape. My headache was becoming severe and I was getting nauseated. Then it was up, up, up on the trail. I felt like I was going to throw up. I kept stopping. I was proceeding on sheer guts. Finally we felt relieved to come to Lake Number 1. But that was not where camp was to be. We had do continue up the trail, gaining more elevation. I waited for the others. I didn't feel like moving at all. Some others were really dragging also. We made it to Lake Number 2 at 8:15 PM.

We found a camping area, but I wasn't much use to my car group in setting up. All I could do was to lay out my ground sheet. I conked out and slept for about an hour. When I awoke, I felt OK; no headache, pulse rate near normal, AND I had an appetite. I ate more food than anyone in my group.

Human impact on the wilderness was not as widely understood as it is today. We knew that anything you packed in, you packed out. The Sierra Club was running trips to clean up popular camp sites in the

back country where people had buried or otherwise just left cans and trash.

On this trip, I distinctly remember our people having five or more wood cooking fires all going at once! This would never happen today. None of us realized that it took perhaps 100 years for the dead wood to accumulate, and it would never be replenished at this rate. These days we cook on backpack stoves (wood fires are no longer allowed at this elevation) and we seldom have campfires, even where it is permitted.

Having wood fires was not the only practice that was different then. We didn't use tents in those days. I had one 7'x 9' coated nylon fly to rig above me if rain came. We drank right out of the streams as there was no fear of contracting the *Giardia Lambia* protozoa. The bears had not yet learned to raid camps, so we never had to hang food.

That night I was so tired I slept on my back for four hours. Looking back, after 45 years of experience, I still think the nine mile hike to Pioneer Basin in one day is very strenuous for most backpackers.

Sunday. I was up at 7:20. I felt fine. We had stewed fruit, oatmeal, Canadian bacon and coffee. "The girls" cleaned up. I explored around the area, had lunch and at 1:40 started to climb nearby Mt. Hopkins, 12,308 feet elevation. I reached the summit at 3:10--there were three other people from our trip up there, too.

Then I did one of the most memorable things in my life. On the east side of the mountain there was a slope of sand extending three fourths of the way down. I skied down it. That is, I did a standing glissade all the way down the sand. What tremendous fun! It had taken me an hour and a half to climb to the summit, and I got all the way down to the bottom in 23 minutes.

I cleaned up at a pothole lake and returned to camp for a "John Collins" (whatever that was).

After the sun set behind Mt. Hopkins, I could see the fish jumping out of the water. This time we had dinner in the day light. Later there was a gathering at a central camp fire.

What a beautiful, great day it was!

Monday. We were up by 7:00. Last night the leader, Walt Oppenheimer, offered the opportunity for a few of us to finish the trip via a different route. The plan was that four or five of us would hike cross country to the north, cross the saddle and descend to McGee Creek canyon. I wanted to go for it.

Our contingent started hiking at 8:00. It was another beautiful day. We reached the saddle, about 11,300' elevation, by 9:00. We looked down the steep slope and saw at the bottom a huge boulder field. It extended north for a mile. Our descent wasn't a problem. Various sized rocks were embedded in sand. We managed to get to the bottom without rolling big rocks down. Then came the hard part, we had to cross the boulder field. We climbed over, around or under the rocks, slowly making our way across. Some boulders were as big as an SUV. After another slope to climb down, we finally made it to Steelhead Lake. (In the 1990s, I led two Sierra Club National Trip parties across this route. My later experiences with this stretch seemed even more difficult than I remembered from 1959.)

No sooner had we arrived than one member of our party—a woman—was shedding her clothes. Then, into the lake she went. (I have never figured out what motivates people, especially women, to do this.)

We left the lake at 12:30, and were on-trail for the remainder of the descent. We arrived at the trailhead parking area (about 8,000 feet) at 2:35. Immediately I saw my car, (which had I left Rock Creek, our starting point, 45 minutes before) coming up the road to meet us. The timing of the meeting was perfect! "The girls" brought us some beer, too.

I'll always remember my first Sierra Club backpack.

My First Week Long Backpack

Memoir 16

1961 was my fourth summer in the California's Sierra Nevadas, and I had completed 29 backpack trips, but I had never been out more than two nights. It was time for a week-long trip.

In July 1961, I teamed up with Bob D, whom I met through the UC, Berkeley Hiking Club, to do a backpack loop in the high country. Our trip was planned to start and end at Big Pine Creek trailhead, gateway to the Palisade Glacier.

In preparation, I had to replace my gray rucksack, good for three day trips, with a new, high tech Kelty pack to carry the multi-day load. It weighs only 4 pounds empty. This pack is so slick; I have used it for 50 years. We carried no stove, fuel or tent, so we were able to carry the extra weight of climbing gear and food.

Day 1. We had slept at Sawmill Campground east of Yosemite's Tioga Pass, stopped at Bishop to buy Sheepherder bread and a half pound of butter, and proceeded to the starting point. We polished off the bread with butter and jam. Then, Bob's pack broke. Somehow we managed to revive it, and started up the trail at 2 PM.

We arrived at Sam Mack Meadow camping area, just below the Palisade Glacier, by 6 PM. I put our Canadian bacon in the stream to keep it cool. Our water supply contained "glacial milk," (fine sediment created by the glacier's grinding of rock on rock), so we had to let water stand in a pot overnight so the solids could settle on the bottom.

Day 2. Larry Williams (the only licensed mountain guide in the High Sierra at the time) stopped by our camp to say "Hello." He was on his way to his high camp near the glacier. (Sadly, a few years later, Larry was killed when a small plane he piloted to bring in clients crashed in the Owens Valley.)

We assembled our ice axes, crampons, hard hats and 80 feet of 3/8 inch Goldline nylon climbing rope, and headed up to the glacier. We explored the glacier and got up to the bergschrund (the large gap where the moving glacier pulls away from the stable ice sheet above) and inspected numerous crevasses (big cracks across the glacier).

We decided to climb Mt. Winchell on the north side of the cirque. The climb was rated as Class 3. (That means, "Handholds and footholds are used. The exposure is such that many climbers may wish to be belayed."). The climb involved "high angle slabs" and is one of the most enjoyable I have ever done. We reached the summit and descended via the south slope to camp. On the way, we huddled under some rocks as light rain fell for 45 minutes.

Day 3. On our second day at the glacier, at 9 AM we started off to climb Mt. Sill from the guide camp. We reached the notch between Sill and a minor summit. It was Class 3, but this time there was falling rock, progress was slow and we were off route. The weather was deteriorating. At noon we turned back. (Lessons learned: start early and study the route prior to climbing.) At 1:40 PM at thunder storm brought rain and hail, on and off for three hours. We were ensconced in Larry's tent. It sounded like all of nearby Mt. Gayley was falling down at one point.

Day 4. We were off at 7:30, descended to Fifth Lake then climbed cross country toward Jigsaw Pass. It was a 2,000 foot grind up the east side to 12,622 feet. We were never certain we were on the route. Finally we were on the pass at 11:45. We found a register book, placed in 1932 by Hervey Voge, David Brower and Norman Clyde. Various entries described the route down the west side ranging from

Class 1 to Class 3. (When we got to the bottom we described it as "dangerous Class 2," at best. I wrote, "If they ever put a trail across this pass, they'll have to blast half the mountain away.")

Near the bottom, Bob slipped and fell in between some large talus blocks. He landed up-side down with his head between two boulders. Fortunately, he got only scrapes on his arms. His pack wedged in the rocks and saved him from head injury.

We proceeded cross country to Bishop Pass; then we took the trail down into Dusy Basin. Today's storm hit at 4:30, but we had set up camp in time. Before sundown two park rangers came running up the trail, past our camp. That's difficult at 10,000 feet elevation. What was going on? We did not find out who they were chasing.

There's a saying, "It never rains at night in the Sierra." We had sprinkles at 9:30 PM, but I can say it seems to be true most of the time.

Day 5. We were up at 5:50 and off by 7:30. We followed the trail 2,000 feet down to the bottom of Le Conte canyon. We saw lots of flowers and noted that the species observed changed as the elevation decreased. We had coffee with the rangers at the backcountry station. Then it was off up the trail to Muir Pass.

We passed a crew of college boys working on the trail. Here it's above tree line, and it's all rocks.

We arrived at a stone hut (Muir Hut) standing all by itself on the pass. This is no place to camp, but undoubtedly, through the years many have welcomed the refuge during storms. The weather was holding, so we didn't need shelter.

We continued on the trail down past the lakes of Evolution Basin. There were views of Mt. Goddard on the way. My feet hurt today: Bob's feet "felt great."

We left the trail below Evolution Lake and went up to Darwin Bench, a valley extending east. Fortunately, we found a campsite near the top at 7:00 PM. There was a roaring stream. The sky was black all around, but we escaped rain. We walked 19 miles today.

Day 6. We decided to layover and recover. I had a complete bath. After lunch we went up Darwin Bench canyon and visited all the lakes on the bench. We met a Sierra Club trip of 20 led by Bill Colvig. I observed it was a friendly group and they were having a great time. At 6:30 we had a solid "rain of ice" that nearly washed away dinner. We managed to keep the fire going and feasted on Sierra Salad, eggs and bacon, and fruit cocktail.

Day 7. We were up at 4:30 and off by 6:30. We passed the Sierra Club camp and picked up two people who would climb the head of the canyon with us to Lamarck Col. It was a real bash. We reached the top at 9:30. It was tricky as a climber had to pick the right notch at the top to avoid ending up at the top of steep ice field on the other side.

We went through a gap on the south end of the crest, and made a tedious descent. We passed Bottleneck, Fishgut and Dingelberry Lakes. Travel was all cross country until 3 PM when we found the trail. We passed the cut off to Lake Sabrina. Then it was up, up, up the trail, a tough, sweaty grind. When the terrain leveled off, there was not camping place, so we continued on to George Lake (6:45 PM). It was a stagnant lake with an abundance of trash. What a dump! We cleaned up some of the mess. (In those days, people left trash at campsites often attempting to bury it. Now, I am pleased to say, we find very little litter anywhere.) This was the absolute (psychological) low point of the trip. There was no storm today.

Day 8. We ate the last of the Canadian bacon. It had kept well. We continued south on the trail, past Tyee Lakes, hiked on two miles of paved road to South Lake. Finally, we were back in the beauty of the Wild Area again, heading up the trail toward Bishop Pass. We

stopped for lunch at Long Lake. At the pass, we found a ducked trail leading to back to Jigsaw Pass. It took us 1-1/2 hours to get to the top. Descending was a rough go. We camped by a stream near Fifth Lake. It was a delightful spot in spite of wind and cold. After dark, a full moon lit up everything.

Day 9. I slipped in the stream and hurt my back. Luckily I got only bruises. When we hit the trail, we could see the pea green color the lakes and had great views of the Palisades. It was one hour hiking down to Fifth Lake and two hours back to the car.

At the car, we took "hero" photos and immediately retrieved from the creek the six pack of beer we had stashed there when we left. We had canned beans for lunch.

Back at home that night, after eight nights in the wild, it felt strange to be indoors and to use electric lights.

This was backpack number 30 for me. I kept on doing backpack trips, and by the fall of 2002 I had completed 357!

Snow Camping Training

Memoir 63

By the end of 1960 I was enthusiastic about backpacking. It followed that I wanted to continue during the winter. In California, there are places to go, such as the Ventana Wilderness, by the coast, where we could hike in the winter. But the mountains were covered with snow. Why not snowshoe backpacking? Snowshoeing to Sierra Club huts in the northern Sierra, where we would sleep inside, was an established activity. I did not want to be limited to hut destinations: I wanted to be able to go anywhere.

The crucial test was to be able spend the night sleeping comfortably ON the snow.

In the late '50's I enjoyed down-hill skiing. I would stay a weekend at the Sierra Club Clair Tappan Lodge (CTL), near Donner Summit, and ski at Signal Hill, about a quarter mile beyond. The Sierra Club had a rope tow and a warming hut, and I could ski all day for about one dollar. A skiing instructor was available, too. The atmosphere at CTL was friendly, and at meal time, it was fun to swap stories. Some days we would walk from CTL, across Highway 40, to the upscale, Sugar Bowl ski area. The lift tickets were $5.00 for the day. The crowd there had fancy equipment and wore stylish clothes, like pastel colored stretch pants. They could always tell who we Sierra Clubbers were when they saw the comparatively shabby, war surplus clothes we wore.

On one of those weekends, after skiing Signal Hill all day, I had dinner at the lodge, but when it was time to go to bed, I went down to the front of the lodge where I had earlier set up, on the snow, my yellow cotton (REI top of the line) tent. I had placed inside it my home made foam pad and my 3-1/4 pounds of down Bauer sleeping bag. Could I really sleep on the snow without getting cold? I slipped into the sleeping bag, and passed the night in comfort. In the morning I realized that I had passed the test.

The next step was to load all the camping equipment into my Kelty backpack and do a trial run. On another weekend, instead of staying at CTL after the day's skiing, I deposited all my skiing gear in the car, picked up my loaded pack and walked back up to Signal Hill. (The trail through the snow was a beaten "cow path," so I carried my snowshoes). I set up my tent and sleeping gear. I cooked dinner in the tent. (The cotton tent provided better stove ventilation and was less likely to burn down than today's plasticized tents.) Again, I slept comfortably. The camping experiment was successful.

Snow Camping Training.

I wanted to share the experience with others, so I planned a "training" session to do with others what I had done by myself. On the appointed weekend, after the day's skiing had ended finished, I met the "students," all self-contained with their loaded backpacks, up by the warming hut. They had to show up with all the items they would need. The training method was learning by doing, and the objective was to build confidence in camping on the snow.

The first thing we did was to stamp down the snow to provide firm floors for our tents. The initial mashing was with snowshoes on. This was followed up by stamping with boot soles. Tents were erected over the platforms we created. Then we moved in sleeping gear and prepared to cook dinner. When preparing, the stove provided some heat inside the tent. Candles used for lighting added some heat.

During this and later sessions, participants managed to handle the new tasks, such as melting snow to get water. The group setting provided emotional support. The less experienced could see how the more experienced people did things. We could discuss problems.

One problem was cold feet. I remember the morning when it was two degrees below zero outside the tent (15 degrees inside) at 8 AM. It was the coldest I have ever encountered while camping out. None of us had proper boots for such cold. We wore leather hiking boots. We did not have the insulated boots that are available today. At night, I put my boots in a bag and placed it under the foot of my sleeping bag to keep them from freezing. If they froze it was difficult to get them on in the morning. (A better strategy would to place them inside the sleeping bag.) On this morning, they were not warm enough, and my feet suffered frost damage. For a week after the training, my toes hurt.

Having become comfortable with the snow camping process, the next step was to do a snowshoe backpack trip. I and some of the people I

had met during the training executed a short backpack in the area. We snowshoed from the warming hut about an hour to a sheltered location and set up camp. The excursion went smoothly, and the weather cooperated. We had learned well. This was the first of several snowshoe backpacks for me.

But there were minor mishaps. One night I was cooking dinner (Lipton's Chicken Noodle Soup) in a pot on a Primus stove set up in the center aisle of my ("2 Man") tent. The whole thing toppled over and liquid ran down the floor of the tent between two sleeping bags. Fortunately, nothing got damaged, but it was a mess!

When the weather was stormy, we would wake up in the night and beat the snow off the sides of the tent to keep it from pressing in on us. We learned to keep any gear that was not in the tent piled in one spot because, with several inches of new snow, it would be lost or difficult to find when we emerged from the tent in the morning. When it was clear and cold, ice crystals would form all over the inside of the tent fabric.

Freezing (in addition to frozen boots) was often a problem. Fresh fruit and vegetables, such as raw carrots, if left out, would be spoiled by freezing. When plastic bottles of water froze they were useless, so we had to remember to insulate them. The surest method to avoid freezing was to secure threatened items in sleeping bags. That applied to wet sox, too.

The unusual feature of snow camping training was that it wasn't a class with an instructor. People experienced an unfamiliar process together. The site was a safe environment. A person could retreat to the warming hut if something went wrong. It wasn't long before we applied what we had learned as we expanded our outings to winter backpacking and climbing.

Kindness

Memoir 13

It was February 1963. Mike and I drove up old US 40 toward Donner Summit in California's Sierra Nevada. The plan was to snowshoe to the Sierra Club's Peter Grubb Hut and spend the night. There had been practically no snow in the mountains that winter. We saw bare ground, so we decided to walk the four miles or so to the hut. It was not until later that I realized it was risky to be in the back country in the middle of winter without snowshoes.

We spent the night at the hut and returned to the car while it was still daylight. We loaded my forest green 1960 VW "Bug" and started west down the highway. About two miles below, I rounded a curve. Suddenly, the car began to spin around, out of control. The WV engine is in the rear, and the heavy weight there contributed to instability in such situations. Apparently I hit some wet pavement. That started the slide.

This section of highway is cut into a hillside above the Yuba River. There was no guard rail. It had been removed—for construction.

Before I knew it the car teetered for a moment on the edge of the road bed, tilted backward over the edge, bounded 40 feet down the steep slope toward the river. The VW came to rest with its rear with the engine sitting in the water.

After we recovered from the shock, I saw that Mike was not hurt, and I had only a small cut on my chin. The seat belts I had installed kept us in our seats. The car was in the river, and we couldn’t open the doors; we escaped by climbing through the sun roof opening.
Before I started thinking about how we were going to get out of this mess, a station wagon stopped on the road above. A man got out, peered down at us and offered to help! It was a truck driver and his wife returning from a weekend in Reno, NV.

While we were carrying loads up to the road and placing our gear in the station wagon, the California Highway Patrol unit arrived at the scene. The dialogue went something like this:

"Were you speeding?"
"No."
"Well you must have been going too fast (for conditions)."
"I guess so."

That was all. Two days later I received a summons to appear at Placer County Justice Court. The charge: “Unsafe Mountain Driving.” (How insulting!) Bail was $25.00.

When the CHP Officer was done with me, the truck driver took me to the hospital emergency room at Placerville for stitches in my chin.

(Although there was no damage to be seen, other than a cracked windshield, the car was "totaled" for insurance purposes, and for no cost to me, I got a new 1963 VW with a synchromesh transmission that the old car lacked.)

When we got back to the Bay Area, the trucker delivered us to our homes. When he dropped me and my equipment, I said, "How can I pay you for your kindness?" He responded, "Never mind me. Just remember to help when you find someone stranded on the highway."

The Narrows

Memoir 56

When I saw in the Sierra Club outings schedule an announcement of a two day backpack trip through the Zion Narrows, I was excited and was eager to sign up.

In Zion National Park, Utah, the north fork of the Virgin River winds through the upper reaches of Zion Canyon. Through the years the river has carved out a spectacular gorge, known as a "slot canyon," with steep wall towering to 2,000 feet above the water and narrowing to as little as 20 feet in width. I didn't know at the time I signed up that the 16 mile hike through the Narrows is considered the most outstanding hike in the national park system and one of the top ten in the U.S.A. One characteristic that makes it different is that there is no trail in the usual sense. Here, the river is the trail.

Our leader, George Shipway asked all of us to attend a "pre-trip" meeting at his home. We were briefed on the route, schedule and equipment requirements for our two day trek. Backpacking gear and food were standard, but there were a few critical additions, however. Clothing should be waterproofed in plastic bags. George required that we have two pieces of gear for walking in the river; a hiking pole to maintain balance and old boots to protect our feet and to get a firm purchase on the smooth stones under water. He warned that running shoes and the like would disintegrate and would fill up with sand. He specified old boots because they wouldn't be good for much after being beat by the rocks and water.

Our group met at a campground in Zion N P on 2 October 1980. There were thirteen of us led by George and his son, Doug. We all had a chance to meet one another as we cooked dinner.

Why October? The "season" for hiking the Narrows is May through September, however summer rains bring flash floods. October offers least chance of dangerous high water from which there would be no escape when hiking deep in the canyon. Earlier in the year the water, from snow runoff, is too cold, and wet suits would be needed. Above water, the air is chilly—little direct sunlight reaches the bottom of the Narrows at any time of year. In any event, the Park Service issues permits for the Narrows only a day before the hike after checking the weather report to be sure there is a "window" of fair weather.

That night I slept on the ground. In the morning we arose at 5 AM, in the dark. It had been a warm, windy night (I saw a film of dust on my ground sheet when I began to fold it.) By flashlight, we quickly prepared and consumed a cold breakfast, and packed our backpacks. We loaded our gear in two vans and by 6:30 we were on the road for the long ride north, to Chamberlain's Ranch, 5,500' elevation, the start of the hike.

At the end of a dirt road, we left the vehicles and shouldered our packs. It was 8:30. After hiking about one mile through Pinyon Pines and Junipers, in arid "cow country," we met the river. I was surprised. It was not much to look at! It couldn't have been more than five feet across or more than eight inches deep. We would be following it for the next sixteen miles, and I didn't know what to expect.

We started down the river. Here we could walk along the bank, crossing the stream when the passable ground ran out. When I first entered the water, I had some difficulty with my balance, but I soon adjusted. I was thankful for the hiking pole I carried, my "third leg." What I remember most about that morning, as we made our way down the stream, was crossing the river form one side to the other countless times. Gradually the stream widened and became deeper, while the banks became steeper. We encountered more obstacles such as rock walls extending from the stream bed. The crossings became longer, and we plunged deeper into the water. Still, most of the walking was on land.

At mid-day we stopped for lunch, admiring the fall colors. The red leaves of the Vine Maple contrasted with the bright green of the Douglas Fir and the blue of the sky.

As we continued our hike in the afternoon, the banks of the river became steeper and we began to spend more time in the water between the points where we could climb out.

About 4 PM, already in full shade of the canyon walls, we reached a point of crisis for the group (so I thought). Before us, stretched across the width of the river was a waterfall producing a drop of about 15 feet. I knew we couldn't go forward. (The river was about 20 yards wide and still below knee depth.) The banks rose steeply on each side. I began to feel that we were trapped on the river. How were we going to get out of this place? I should have known that the leader had anticipated the obstacle, and had a bypass route he had used on prior trips. My tenseness was relieved when I saw George make his way out of the water and up on a steep bank. I hadn't seen the route. He led us out of the water, through the woods around the waterfall and back down to the river.

The canyon walls were now nearly vertical and rose above us for hundreds of feet. We were deep in the Narrows. Only if I looked straight up could I see a speck of sun-lit rock far above.

We spent more and more time in the water. The volume of water and the rate of flow had increased. The river bottom was not sand, but rocks, so I was again glad I had my walking stick and sturdy boots.

As the daylight began to fade, we arrived at a sand bar," our camp for the night. It wasn't like a sand bar on the ocean. It was a collection of small boulders planted in some sand. With fifteen of us, the camp site was crowded, but each managed to find a bed site. For human waste disposal, a latrine was established behind a large bolder next to the canyon wall. We had an occupancy signal, a bandana tied to a stick. When the facility was occupied, the flag was raised to indicate that it was busy and that no one should approach.

I felt "wiped out" from the day's exertion. It was great to warm up my feet by trading my wet boots and socks for running shoes and dry socks. While I made dinner, someone built a fire. There was plenty of drift wood to burn. As soon as people had eaten, they moved over to the fire. About the same time that I arrived in the circle, someone brought out Sierra Club song books! (In all my 22 years with the

Sierra Club I had never heard of such books.) So we were obliged to sing. (Note: now, singing around campfires has pretty much died out. Why? My theory is that few people know the songs, and people prefer to listen to songs, songs that are so complex that they would never be able to sing them anyway.) I was disappointed that we did not have a chance to talk about the day's adventure.

When the fire was extinguished, it was pitch DARK. Though I could see nothing, I could hear sound of the river passing by. I slipped into my sleeping bag and stretched out. Something caught my eye. High above me I saw a triangular patch of dark gray. (If I raised my arm straight up, it was the size of my fist.) It was the sky dotted with stars! It was not until now that I realized how far down, how confined, in this narrow canyon we were. The canyon blotted out everything but a small bit of sky. I have been many places and, I have never experienced a sight like that.

In the morning, when it was light enough, we ate, packed and continued our hike down the river. While we were still in the shade, the light became brighter, and I had a chance to view the walls with red, cream, brown and gray tones in the sandstone. There were various crevices in the eroded rock, like grottos that supported a few green plants, which I had not noticed the day before.

We spent the morning walking IN the river nearly the entire time. We were constantly wet, and being out of the sun's rays, I was on the verge of being chilled. Fortunately, the leaders found a patch of sun for our lunch stop.

Back in the water we came to large rocks that we had to work our way around. As we continued the river presented ten to twenty yard long deep stretches where I had to walk with the water up to my hips. Again, the hiking pole proved its usefulness. Then we encountered the pools, deep spots in the river that had "holes." The bottoms of the pools were not visible. There was no way around them: we had to cross them. As instructed, I left my pack on a large rock sticking up

above the surface, and waded in. Soon the water was up to my neck. Then I couldn't feel bottom: I had come to a hole. To get across, I swam a short distance to where I could wade to shallower water. Someone handed my pack to a person on rock at the other side. That's how we got through the pools.

During the afternoon we continued crossing back and forth as we proceeded down the winding bottom of the Narrows. We passed Orderville Canyon on the left, a signal that we had about two hours of hiking to the end.

Finally, at 6:30 PM, we walked out of the water and landed on a real trail at the Temple of Sinawava.

Back at the campground I felt relieved to get out of my wet boots and socks. (Later, back home, I deposited the beat up boots in the trash.) After cleaning up and changing we celebrated our achievement with dinner at "Grandma's," including the famous blueberry pie.

It had been a great trip with many new experiences. It exceeded all my expectations.

The Evacuation

Memoir 68

I awoke when I heard a voice outside my tent. It was pitch dark. It was Fran, saying, "Mary has been sick all night." We had been backpacking for 8 days in Kings Canyon National Park in California's High Sierra. I rolled out of my sleeping bag and padded over to Mary and Ben's tent. It turned out that Mary was suffering from something other than an upset stomach. Although she was an R.N., she could not identify the cause of the pain to her mid-section.

She took some Tylenol. There was nothing we could do before it got light, so Fran and I went back to our sacks. I was surprised that I was actually able to get back to sleep after this disturbing event.

On Labor Day weekend, 1982, Ben, Mary, Fran, Sheryl and I got together to do a 10 day backpack trip in some of the highest and most beautiful areas of the Sierra. We met at the Shepherd Pass railhead, on the eastern side of the range, Fran and I coming from the south and Ben, Mary and Sheryl from the north, and spent the night there.

The next day was Day 1. We hiked up the trail, exposed to the sun all the way to Mahogany Flat where we found some trees, and camped there. On Day 2, we hiked above the tree line and continued up to Shepherd Pass (12,000 feet). I remember seeing that during the last few hundred feet of elevation gain the trail was severely damaged from erosion. We set up camp at a lake near the pass. There was no vegetation: the lake shore consisted of granite slabs. We had ascended 6,400 feet in two days.

Day 3. We hiked west over to the Muir Trail and followed it to a point where we could take off east to Wright Lakes (11,500') which were contained in a separate basin south of Shepherd Pass. We established camp at one of the lakes. Since there were no trees for hanging food, I was concerned about protecting the food from animals, specifically Marmots. My solution was to rig cords running from the tops of six foot high boulders to the ground, and suspend food bags, on short lengths of cord above the presumed reach of the animals.

Day 4 was a layover. Sheryl and I climbed Mt Tyndall (14,065'). It was a non-technical climb up what seemed to be a long ramp for the most part. The views from the summit were spectacular, and I took many shots with my camera.

Day 5. We retraced part of our Day 3 route, going north. We left the trail heading west to camp at Lake South America (12,250'). We

were in a relatively open area, well above tree line, with splendid views of distant peaks all around.

Day 6. The first sunlight lit up the mighty peaks of the Great Western Divide: Milestone, Midway and Thunder. On the Kings Kern Divide, close to us; were Mt. Genevra, Mt. Ericsson, Mt. Stanford and Cal Tech Peak. We packed up, moved back to the Muir Trail, continued north and made camp at a lake below the near vertical slope that leads to Forester Pass.

Day 7. I looked up at the wall we had to ascend, and I did not see any sign of a trail. As we started upward, sections of trail, carved into the face, began to appear. We forged upward following the route unfolded until we reached the top, Forester Pass, At 13,200 feet, it is the highest point on the Muir Trail as well as the Pacific Crest Trail.

We welcomed the chance to rest and have lunch. Then we began our descent. The drop turned out to be three times the elevation we had climbed in the morning. As we neared the tree line, we discussed where to make camp; in the trees, where there might be bears, or above. We opted for the trees and made camp at 10,300'. For the first time on this trip, there were trees big enough to support the weight of the food we needed to hang. I used a new device called a "Bear Block" that seemed to do an adequate job.

That night Mary was stricken.

When Day 8 dawned, Mary was still hurting. We had a conference about what to do. In the end, we decided that Mary needed to be evacuated and that we needed to go for help. Sheryl and I would walk out to civilization the shortest way, via Kearsarge Pass. Fran would help Ben prepare for Mary's trip out. Sheryl and I packed our gear, along with some food, and were walking out by 10:00 AM.

We had been on the trail about two hours when we saw a park ranger coming toward us. His name badge identified him as Randy

Morgenson.* What a relief we felt. We explained the situation to the ranger, and I clearly remember that he said he would do nothing about getting help until he had assessed the victim. He said he had encountered too many situations where reports of an emergency turned out to be inaccurate or even phony. Soon the ranger headed up the trail, the way we had come. We followed at a much slower pace, stopping for lunch on the way.

Meanwhile, back at camp, Ben had to pack carefully, so that in case he could not be lifted out with Mary, he would have what he needed. After the ranger evaluated Mary's condition, he radioed for help. Fran was surprised at how soon the Helicopter arrived. It was able to land right next to our camp. The craft was able to accommodate Mary and her pack, and Ben, but without his pack.

By the time Sheryl and I made it back to camp, in mid-afternoon, Mary and Ben—with their packs—had been air lifted out to Visalia. We "debriefed" the operation with the ranger before he left for Tyndall Creek. Then we began to re-group. We decided to finish the last two days of the trip as planned, but it was going to be more difficult because we had to take all leftover food and group gear with us.

In the morning of Day 9, carrying heavy packs, the three of us headed north on the Muir Trail. We turned off on an un-maintained trail to Center Basin to hike south up over Junction Pass. This route is parallel to the section of trail we followed down from Forester Pass on Day 8. We enjoyed the late summer wildflowers, but felt sad that there we only three of us now. The trail passes east of summit of Junction Peak (13,888'). The route up to the pass was not easy. What remained of the trail was in poor shape. As we neared the pass, I

* Randy Morgenson disappeared in the back country in 1996, and his remains were found five years later. The cause of his death is believed to be accidental. For details, see the excellent account of the mystery by Eric Blehm, *The Last Season*, 2006.

remember Sheryl emoting about the extra weight she had to carry, something like, "this (expletive) food!" We got over the top (Junction Pass, 13,350') and descended. We stopped for lunch, and dropped our heavy loads, among the rocks on the south side, above The Pothole. Later, when we were well below this spot, I realized that I had left my "MOUNT WHITNEY" quadrangle, topographic map behind. Fortunately, we no longer needed a map as we could easily find our route. We reached the Shepherd Pass trail and hiked down to Anvil Camp to spend our last night. I remember that some water from a canteen that had been treated with iodine, was heated to make my after dinner coffee. The coffee tasted like medicine.

By the evening of Day 10 we were back in civilization, Lone Pine. Sheryl called the hospital in Visalia and spoke to Mary. The diagnosis: a ruptured diaphragm. Sheryl drove Mary and Ben's Volvo station wagon to Visalia. Fran and I headed south.

Now, Ben and Mary, and Sheryl have passed away. Fran lives far away. Still, the memory of our adventure remains with me.

A Memorable Memorial Weekend

Memoir 28

My companions, Tom, Deanne, Barbara, and I decided to backpack in Zion National Park, Utah. We would visit the Kolob Arch, possibly the world's largest natural arch, a feature that can only be seen by those willing to take the trails into the back country.

We scheduled the trip for Memorial Weekend, 1988. It would turn out to be a memorable weekend for us.

On Thursday night, my companions picked me up in the high desert city of Victorville, California after a class I was teaching. We

traveled in two cars and proceeded north on I-15. About midnight we pulled off on a dirt road to sleep on the ground before reaching Las Vegas, NV.

The next morning we traveled through the desert and reached the outskirts of St George, UT. Barbara and Deanne were to meet Tom and me at a roadside rest near there. Tom and I waited for a long time. Deanne and Barbara did not show up. Finally I drove to St George. I saw no sign of them. I drove about 25 miles to the National Park entrance. Still there was no sign of them. By the time I returned to the rest, the two had shown up. They were 1-1/2 hours late! I learned they had been deep in conversation and drove right by the roadside rest. They had continued all the way to Zion before they realized they missed us. (Deanne related that just before they got to the rest, she had said to Barbara, "Tom and Bill are going to be mad." Whereupon Barbara countered that it was true about Tom, "…but Bill doesn't get mad.")

We were somewhat behind schedule. After reaching the park, we had to pick up our Back Country Permit and drive up to the Hop Valley parking area. We met Mr. Higley, who Deanne had engaged to drive us to the starting point. At the ending point we loaded our packs in his van and climbed in for the ride to Kolob Reservoir (8,100'), the start of the trail. I observed that the country here features Aspens and grassy fields. It reminded me of Sweden. The oaks were just leafing out.

The route began on private land and passed through cow pastures. We followed a dirt road, uncertain whether this was really the trail, and we feared that we had missed the point where the real trail leads from the road. Finally, after hiking about three miles and dropping to 7,300 feet, we stopped to camp at a stagnant lake. I remember seeing green algae in the surface. There were "cow pies" on the shore. Fortunately we had a water filter.

It was sunny on Saturday morning when we got back on the road. We passed more cow pastures. After an hour we found the point where road joins the trail. We turned off and by 11:00 we had entered Zion National Park. We followed the trail down into the canyon of Willis Creek. I saw the two needle variety Pinyon Pines (Pinyons are usually single needle).

We dropped into the canyon and hiked about two miles along Willis Creek to the point where it joins La Verkin Creek. Here we found a campsite up on a hill at 5,750'. When we were set up, I explored up La Verkin and found a viewpoint from where I could see across the canyon. Meanwhile Barbara went off exploring on her own and was missing for over an hour. I was concerned about her absence.

That night for dessert we had cheese cake to celebrate the birthday of the Sierra Club, 28 May 1892. When we retired, the temperature was 70 degrees! It was windy and dry. Lots of flies were active. The wind blew all night. Deanne, in her tent, stayed up late to read, by the light of a headlamp, photocopies of articles for her doctoral course work.

By Sunday morning there had been a change in the weather. The sky was overcast. Soon after we started hiking down the trail it started to rain. We had to wade across La Verkin Creek many times. Waterfalls began to flow over the red canyon walls! Most travelers never see such a sight because most of the time it is clear and dry. When it rains on the high country the water collects in streams that expand as they flow downward, so large volumes flow into the bottom of canyon. The creek began to rise.

As the creek collected water it became wider and wider. At one point, as I was wading across, with water nearly up to my knees, I noticed that the stream was the color of coffee with a lot of cream in it. When I could not see my boots under the surface, I began to feel disoriented and dizzy. It was strange!

By 11:30 AM we had gone about two miles. Barbara and Deanne were feeling very cold. They wanted to stop. Tom wanted to continue. After considering the situation, it was clear that we needed to stop without delay. Barbara and Deanne were in danger of developing hypothermia. We found a camping place up on the north bank of the creek and erected our tents. The rain was mixed with snow. Once in her tent Deanne put on dry clothes, got under her sleeping bag and began eating. She shuddered and shivered for about an hour. Finally she was able to warm up. I shared a tent with Barbara, and I helped warm her with direct transfer of my body heat.

About 3:00 PM the rain and snow tapered off, and we eventually emerged from our tents. We put up a clothesline to dry our clothes. That night we stayed up as long as possible. The rain started again.

On Monday, I awoke to the song of a Hermit Thrush. The sky was gray, and it was cold. We cooked at the openings of our tents so that we could remain inside.

We started down the trail. There were more stream crossings. Our feet became wet. As we moved along the trail, we saw that above the stream bed a blanket of snow covered everything. All we could think of was to get out of there. There would be no chance of seeing Zion's Kolob Arch on this trip.

Soon we were walking in snow. At 5,300' elevation, we came to a trail junction. We took the trail out of the canyon and followed the switchbacks, in snow all the way up to Hop Valley. At the top we were once more in cow country. We made a long, five mile hike through the valley, and we reached the cars (6,300') at 3:30 PM. By then it was partly cloudy. Our spirits rose.

It was a memorable Memorial Weekend. On the way home we learned people all over the southwest had experienced stormy weather not anticipated.

From Campfires to Stoves

Memoir 81

An essential tool for wilderness outings is a means to boil water. When I began camping in the back country, I used a wood fire for cooking. It was only when I began to camp in the snow that I was compelled to use a stove. Then, later, the backpacking stove became my only heating source.

In the late 1950's, when we camped in the mountains, it was standard procedure was to cook on a small fire. The thought of lugging (the extra weight of) a stove and fuel never occurred to us. If it had, we would have been thinking in terms of Sterno stove technology which used jellied alcohol.

When we camped at high elevation locations, where there was little down wood, often we would "scrounge" for fuel over a 30yard radius from camp. I clearly remember the day, when we set up camp at Upper McCabe Lake, at the northern boundary of Yosemite National Park. I found the remains of White Bark Pine tree and dragged its weathered trunk down a sandy slope to the camp site where were we could burn it. Years later, I still feel guilty about what I had done. I realize that the old carcass should never have been moved; I had contributed to the destruction of down wood that would never be replenished in my lifetime! What I did not realize then was that those dead trees were part of an ecosystem, that they were destined to provide habitat for wildlife and create soil up on the mountain.

My first stove was a Primus, a five inch high metal box with a top that flipped open and a side that dropped down. A small amount of gasoline was burned in a cup on top of the fuel tank to vaporize some gasoline. Then the gasified fuel issued through a jet to be ignited to produce a blue flame for cooking. After the initial priming, the heat of the flame kept the vaporizing process going: it was self-pressurizing.

These stoves did a nice job of melting snow and boiling water. On snow camps, I set it up inside the tent. (In today's plastic fabric tents, it's a thing we are warned by the tags never to do. My tent was cotton.) A further risk, the threat of carbon monoxide poisoning never occurred to me. My interior cooking procedure worked well. The only problem I remember was the time the Primus stove tipped over while I was boiling a pot of chicken noodle soup on top. Fortunately the liquid ran down the center of the tent floor between our sleeping bags. No harm was done. The stove ran on "white gas" which I procured from gas stations. Before long I encountered a stale batch that would not burn in the stove. After that I used only "Coleman fuel" or equal.

Then I acquired a Svea stove. Compared with the Primus, it was smaller and lighter, and worked on the same principle. It packed nicely inside my small diameter pot set. It was a neat unit. But there were problems. The Svea was subject to exploding under certain conditions, such as when the tank got too hot. This never happened to me, however, I remember on a Sierra Club High Sierra trip, another person's Svea blew up and rose from the ground to height of six feet.

After years of reliable use, my Svea began to die. The flame started to weaken and after a while I was unable to pressurize the tank. All it could muster was a sooty, yellow flame. I replaced all the parts except the tank, itself, but I never got the stove operating again.

Rather than buy a new Svea (the price of a new one had become outrageously high), in 1976, I purchased the original model of the MSR stove. This stove, designed with a separate tank (an aluminum fuel bottle with a pump inside) and a burner, has proved to be more durable, more efficient and more reliable than the Svea. I have used the MSR for over 30 years, and it has never given me trouble. The problem with this stove is noise. When the stove is going full blast, the roaring sound drowns out all attempts at conversation in the vicinity. MSR subsequently developed units that are quiet.

In the early 1980's I began leading Sierra Club National (Backpack) trips. The preferred stove was the Optimus, a large brass tank with a burner mounted on top. It ran on kerosene, which is safer than gasoline. The stove operated on the same principle as the Primus and the Svea, but it had a hand pump to maintain pressure in the tank. In addition, it offered more control of the flame, e.g., for simmering, not possible on the gasoline stoves I had used.

The Optimus worked well when properly maintained and when set up and operated according to specific directions. That is why I never let trip participants run the stoves. Typically we had three stoves on a trip with 15 people. But, typically, at least for me, after a day or so one stove would "konk out," I in spite of routine maintenance, and be useless for the remainder of an 8 day trip. On my first national outing, I was assistant leader, and my job was to run the kitchen. One stove became inoperable, then another. The pump would not function. I was pleased with myself, though, because I figured out how to keep the sidelined stoves going. I cannibalized, that is I found out that I could pump one stove, start heating a pot of water, then unscrew the piston from the tank, and screw into the other stove to pressurize it so that I could have at least two stoves operating.

Sometimes there would be flare-ups—the whole stove would become engulfed in bright orange flames as a result of liquid kerosene, instead of gasified fuel, coming out of the burner orifice. The standard procedure in that case was to place an upturned cooking pot over the whole stove to snuff out the flame. On one trip we had set up the kitchen, and I had to leave camp to search for a participant who had not yet arrived. When I got back from searching I found a blackened stove! One of the trip members assigned to cook, had not been able to wait for me to return and took it upon himself to light the stove. It was insufficiently primed, and when lit, burst into flames that nearly started a fire in nearby dead wood. He had not executed the pot snuffing routine. (The missing person showed up at breakfast the next morning, having camped out by herself.)

The Optimus stove was too problematic for some leaders. One complaint was that they did not like to handle kerosene, even when deodorized. So a gasoline burning replacement option was devised; Coleman camp stoves, modified for backpacking. Each unit consisted of a red tank and a burner, from the Coleman stove plus items fabricated by the Knapsack Subcommittee; a pot support and a wind shield. Together these components were heavier and more bulky than an Optimus. Generally, the "Coleman conversions" worked satisfactorily when they were in properly maintained and they were less likely to cause problems. But I experienced pump failures on these, and switched back to Optimus.

During the 1990's and early 2000's the Knapsack Subcommittee searched for a suitable gasoline burning stove that had high heat output to cook meals for a large group and was reliable and light weight. My last national trip in 2003 was equipped with three Nova stoves, and these met the specifications. Finally, after years seeking, a solution had been found that satisfied leaders who preferred to use gasoline stoves.

Today, technological developments have given the individual backpacker compact, light-weight stoves, so carrying them is not an issue.

Now, on all my backpack trips, I use a stove for cooking, and, despite the lack of warmth and cheer, we almost never build a fire.

Outings and Human Behavior

Memoir 86

Do people behave differently when they venture into wild places? Though I had insights about that possibility over the years, I had

never thought about it much, but I have done so lately. Now I have some thoughts to share.

Beyond my enjoyment and excitement of walking on a trail or climbing a mountain, gradually I have become aware of behaviors, mine and others', that I had not known about. Excursions to wild places can impact people's behavior.

On outings, as I appreciated the beauty and wonder of the country around me, I learned the survival essentials such as setting up a shelter, avoiding rock fall while climbing a steep slope, or keeping my feet dry and warm. I believe that people who have experienced outings in the wild would be better able to cope with an emergency such as an earthquake, when services we expect to enjoy—electricity, gas and water—are cut off. They have skills, like purifying water, maintaining sanitation and setting up shelter because they have used these skills before, they have the competence and confidence to recover, while others may flounder. In addition, they would have an appropriate psychological disposition to cope.

Now I have become aware of a more subtle dimension of the back country experience—learning about myself and others. Normally I do not think about such knowledge, but as I look back, I can identify what I have learned.

A Different Person

My earliest remembrance of self-awareness, occurred on a beginners' backpack trip, led by Ruth and me, to Fourth of July Lake, in the Sierra Nevada, in the 1960's. We packed in about five miles and set up camp at the lake. In the afternoon, we all had some free time to explore or socialize. It was then and there that the realization struck me. I saw that I was a different person out there compared with the person I was at the office, or at any other setting back in civilization. I saw myself as more relaxed, more open, more cheerful and more authentic. Since that day, while on trips into wild country, I have

continued to become that person. I have found that in my different persona, away from the trappings of civilization, it is easy to travel with new people and to get to know them. I believe other people can be affected the same way.

Experiences on trips enhanced my getting to know others. Most of my lifelong friends are people with whom I have had adventures in the wilderness.

Travel to the Trip.

I discovered that getting to know others is a process that begins on the way to our starting point. Sometimes we are "cooped up" together in a vehicle for as long as the 5-1/2 hours it takes to drive from Crestline to South Lake, in the High Sierra. We learn about each other in a way that does not seem to happen in other settings, where conversation is constrained and guarded. We are all anticipating the experience we are about to have. Perhaps some are apprehensive about the unknowns that await them. Perhaps they are seeking reassurance from others.

On The Trip

As soon as we start down the trail, we have committed ourselves to an adventure. I have come to the realization that in the back country, almost everything we do is motivated by survival. Much effort is expended satisfying our basic physiological needs. For example, I need make sure my clothing keeps me warm and dry to avoid hypothermia. When I have assured my survival, safety and security concerns emerge. I think of bears homing in on my food or what they think is food, so I store food in my bear canister away from camp at night. Thus I satisfy my security needs.

Group Dynamics

When my physiological and safety and security needs have been mostly satisfied, social needs emerge.* While some go to the wilderness alone, I find the company of one or more companions to be rewarding. Being a member of a group is fun, and it enhances my enjoyment of nature through sharing. (A group consists of two or more people with a common purpose.) A group experience in the back country is cooperative. If we are backpacking, a degree of teamwork; such as fetching water, helping people with tents, handling first aid emergencies and cooking meals, is expected. As a group member, I feel safer and I am able to satisfy my social needs.
Under Stress

Years ago I was on a Sierra Club backpack trip up Avalanche Falls in the Desolation Wilderness. When our party reached the top of the falls and sought a place to camp, a thunder storm was approaching. There was a flash of lightning and a crack of thunder nearby. All of a sudden one of the backpackers announced, "I'm leaving!" He shouldered his pack and immediately hurried down the trail, leaving the group. No one had any idea this would happen. The storm soon abated. It was fortunate for him that he was only an hour or so away from his car. Had this occurred two travel days in, there would have been no opportunity to retreat.

At times our behavior is unpredictable. When Nature presents difficulties—there might be a difficult stream crossing or a section of trail missing because it has fallen down a steep slope—and the going gets rough, people can experience stress and respond in different ways. Unanticipated, hidden aspects of their personalities emerge. A long steep climb up a hot dusty trail might cause a person to complain, cry, revolt; behaviors of a perfectly pleasant person who,

* Abraham Maslow, *Motivation and Personality*, 1954. The lower needs of an individual, psychological, safety and security must be satisfied before higher needs, such as Social, emerge.

when stressed, reacts in an unexpected manner. Everyone needs to be supported and reassured by others. In such trying circumstances most members of the group just "take it in stride" and follow the leader.

In other situations, a person might feel uncomfortable because his/her social needs are threatened. Interpersonal clashes, hurts and disagreements (like which direction to go), occur. On a Sierra Club National Outing, when we had hiked three days into the High Sierra, my assistant leader suddenly announced that he was going to leave the trip! The problem was that he had overheard some trip members complaining about his supervision of the kitchen. In my view, he was in a funk, feeling unappreciated. Leaving the trip was not an option, so I reminded him he was a key person and explained that others depended upon him. He needed to stay. He stayed, of course, and nothing more was heard of the incident. Back in civilization, a person can escape by retreating to his car or going home, but in the back country, there is no place to "hide."

Solitude

Out there we are able to shed the clutter in our lives and see how simple life can be. There are no distractions from cell phone calls, email, Twitter or Facebook. I had not realized the effect civilization had on me until I had experienced the sense of mental release, the freedom from cares that being in the wild country had produced. For me it takes three days in the back country to really "unwind." When I reach that point, I find that I cannot even think about anything going on at home. I am totally "there."

Being there can be a meditative experience. When I am at home I meditate two times a day where I try to spend time not thinking about anything. But when I am in the backcountry, I don't feel the need to meditate in order to attend to the "now." When back at home, I find that, a few days of wilderness experience has a lasting effect for me trip. I feel "filled up" for weeks after I return home.

My Role Has Changed

After having done these hikes and backpacks for over 35 years, I perceive my leadership role evolving. I continue to be a planner and facilitator of trips, but now I have added roles. One is that of interpreter. On a hike I cannot help but to point out the trees, plants and birds I see and hear along the way—"that's a Black Oak, that's an Indian Paintbrush. Does anyone know what this is?" In this spirit, I have added "Here and Now" hikes to help people to see and hear what is around them without the distraction of constant chatter ("there and then") on the trail.

The other role is being a mentor. In 2007, I had the satisfaction of introducing a fellow backpacker to the High Sierra. He had never visited there. I showed him places I had been as well as hiking, climbing and camping skills, and it was a pleasure to do so. He returned home "filled up." Now, when I backpack with anyone less experienced than I, I slide into my mentor role, that is, point out ways of seeing and doing that have served me well

Through long experience, I have observed changes in the behavior of myself and of others while in the field, as I have related above. Hopefully some of the learning from these changes will carry over to our civilized lives.

Back Country Huts

Memoir 98

Backpackers like me who enjoy exploring the Sierra Nevada in the warm months find we can continue to make overnight trips the back country in winter when it is blanketed with snow.

In winter we walk on snowshoes or skis. We can camp almost anywhere on the snow. Snow camping is rewarding, but compared with conventional backpacking, it requires more preparation at home, greater pack weight and more energy to set up camp on the snow and the ability to function in the cold environment during the long hours of darkness. (Memoir 63).

A backpack alternative to snow camping is to trek to one of the Sierra Club back country huts. There are four; Ludlow, Bradley, Benson and Peter Grubb, all located on the Sierra crest in the vicinity of Donner Summit in Northern California. The huts are about a day's travel apart and each is located a few miles from a plowed road. (In Southern California there is one similar hut, San Antonio, on the slope of Mt. Baldy.)

Winter hut backpacks have the advantages of lighter pack loads (e.g., without tents, sleeping pads, stove, pots, shovel,). The huts provide shelter, wood burning stoves, cooking gear, and mattresses. Relieved of some pack weight we are better able to enjoy the winter sights and sounds of the wild country in winter as we make our way.

With no trail on the ground to follow and not being equipped to camp in the open, it is essential we find the hut. Often we see markers, orange triangles, nailed high up on trees to guide us. Weather is frequently unstable or stormy in winter and at times makes the route to the hut more difficult to follow.

In the 1960's, a group of friends, being unable to find Peter Grubb Hut, were compelled to bivouac. For this group, snow camping was possible with the minimum shelter they carried, but the eating wasn't. They had brought meat, eggs, and other food that needed to be cooked! They subsisted on the next day's trail lunches.

I travelled on snowshoes and so did most people I trekked with, but a few were on skis. The advantage of snowshoes is that they function under almost any snow condition, while the skiers can get bogged

down in new snow and then depend on the snowshoers to break trail. I never attempted to reach a hut on skis.

When we arrived at our hut, we notice something unusual; there is a door on the second floor for use when deep snow covers up the ground level entrance.

Once inside a hut, we need not hurry to get set up as when snow camping in the open. We make a fire in the wood stove to warm the interior. We melt snow to produce hot water for tea. When it is dark outside, we can cook, eat and sit around in the cozy living room, sharing stories instead of having to retreat early to our sleeping bags

My favorite destination was Peter Grubb Hut, elevation 7,600'. It was constructed of wood in 1937, later upgraded with stone walls. It accommodates about 20 people.

My most memorable trip to Peter Grubb Hut was in 1965. My group of four was on snowshoes and we travelled five miles north from Clair Tappan Lodge, on US 40. After crossing under Interstate 80, which had been constructed by then, we had a difficult time finding the hut in stormy weather. After a period of searching, we managed to find it. White snow on the roof had caused the hut to blend with the white landscape. Two skiers behind us were fortunate to have been able to follow our tracks. Grateful to get out of the snow fall, we entered and settled in enjoying the warmth of the stove and hot drinks. Three people were already inside.

Then I suffered a personal blow. When I climbed the ladder to the loft sleeping area on the second floor, my treasured, compact Kodak Retina 35mm camera slipped from inside my anorak where I had placed it to keep it warm and dry, and crashed on the concrete floor! (The damaged camera never functioned properly after that. It was beyond repair).

I experienced another unpleasant outcome from that trip. A day or so later I discovered crab lice on my body. I could only conclude that the vermin came from the mattress I slept on in the loft.

I well remember an earlier trip to Peter Grubb. In February 1963 two of us arrived by car at the starting place, Clair Tappan Lodge. We saw no snow on the ground! It was a strange winter. There had been almost no snow in the Sierra. (I might have climbed all sorts of mountains, but missed that opportunity.) Figuring we could hike to the hut in boots, we left the snowshoes in the car, and reached the hut in what was probably record time for winter access. It was not until the next morning that I realized the decision to leave snowshoes behind was not a wise one. If a storm had come in during the night, we might have had a hard time getting back to the car on Sunday. (It was on that trip, by the way, while driving home, my car skidded into the Yuba River. [Memoir 13].)

To make winter hut trips possible, the Sierra Club ran work party trips into each hut in November to lay in a supply of fire wood, to service the toilets, to do structural maintenance. I participated in some of these trips and found fall visits to the huts were quite a different experience than when snow was on the ground.

The ski huts give many backpackers the opportunity for winter outings in the back country without having to expend the extra energy required to snow camp. This option makes it possible to experience the relaxed sociability of summer backpacks when snow is on the ground.

Gardiner Basin—What Was I Thinking? 1985

Memoir 103

Gardiner Basin in the High Sierra of California is a remote place I had heard about. It sounded attractive, so I decided to plan an exploratory backpack to reconnoiter the area for a Sierra Club National Backpack Outing I would lead in 1986. Some Outings leaders are able to lead their trips without scouting them. There can be surprises however, and in this case I was fortunate to preview the new area.

In August 1985, Dennis, Barbara and I made an eight-day backpack trip to Gardiner Basin. The first day on the trail, the three of us entered the Kings Canyon National Park from Onion Valley on the East side of the Sierra. The route took us over Kearsarge Pass (11,825'), and we descended to Kearsarge Lakes to camp for the night. To get there hikers must turn off the trail. When Dennis and I arrived, Barbara was missing. We dropped our packs, walked back to the trail, and walked most of the way down to Bullfrog Lake, where camping is not allowed, until we sighted a man coming our way carrying Barbara's pack, and then we saw Barbara. She had not seen us turn off, continued following the trail and reached Bullfrog Lake.

At the Kearsarge Lakes site, stood a vertical twelve foot metal pole with what resembled coat hooks at the top. It was a rig for hanging food bags out of reach of marauding bears. Campers were supposed to use an aluminum wand with a finger at the end to raise food in stuff bags to the pole top. Normally, the movement would have been doable, but this wand had become bent, making it difficult to transfer food bags to a hook. The maneuver was frustrating. (Eventually the Park Service came up with a more sensible device. They installed a steel bear box on the ground.)

On Day 2 we took the trail north and crossed Glen Pass (11,980'). North of the pass, we descended to camp at "Lake Number 6" one of

the lakes not far below. From camp we had a fine view of a peak called Painted Lady.

On Day 3 we continued our hike down to Rae Lakes, a favorite destination for Boy Scout trips. The lakes had splendid photography potential. After lunch we followed a lateral trail past Fin Dome up to Sixty Lake Basin. We ran out of trail upon reaching the first lake and moved cross country to the highest lake, at the south end, to make camp. Once we were established, we explored to find the route that would take us to our objective, Gardiner Basin. There was no trail to follow; only a ducked route. (A duck is a trail marker, usually a stack of three rocks.)

On Day 4 we followed the route we had scouted; up rock ramps, over rock slabs, across sandy and grassy patches. It was an enjoyable climb. We stopped for lunch on the rocky rim at 11,600', well above tree line. On this saddle we had our first view of desolate Gardiner Basin. Most of what we saw was bright granitic rock. Below us lay the first of the Gardiner Lakes. We headed down to the largest lake (11,400') and paused to decide which side to follow around it. What looked like a faint use trail was visible on the east shore, but we followed the west shore which seemed to be a more direct route to our destination at the far end. We encountered numerous boulders. It was difficult travel and seemed to take hours. At the north end we found a flat area large enough to set up camp. We would stay there two nights. We had a spectacular view of Mt. Cotter.

On our layover day we explored the area. Just above the big lake we discovered and scouted the faint "use trail" we had seen the day before. It now appeared to be an ancient trail around the north side. It might have been used by pack stock at one time. Had we known about this route, our travel would have been much easier than the south shore route we used the day before. In the afternoon we explored above camp reaching 11,690' elevation. From there we could see Mt. Clarence King towering above us.

On Day 6 we packed up and descended west into the lower Basin following “the trail”. Although the topographic map (USGS 1953) showed a trail, there was nothing left of the trail on the ground, only ducks indicated the route. Immediately we were back among the trees. Navigation, easy above tree line, can be difficult in the forest because landmarks tend not to be visible. The ducks marking the route were intermittent and fewer the lower we got, but we were able to follow Gardiner Creek down to where we wanted to go.

The altimeter is a useful navigation tool. On a stream I can measure the elevation and, using the contour lines on a topographic map, determine where I am standing. My map indicated the trail we were following would turn sharply at about elevation 9,100’ and run up hill to take us south, out of the basin. When my altimeter registered 9,200', I began looking for the place where the trail turned uphill. I saw no indications of a trail. On the other hand, the ducks indicated a continuation of the route we had been following. So we followed them down and west.

Soon we were out of the forest, still hiking west. The ducks became even more intermittent. We crashed through an open area, climbing over and around large talus blocks interspersed with abundant aspens and willows. When we had been scrambling for close to two hours, the ducks petered out. There were still indications of use, so we continued west. Where did the trail turn south? At 8,800' elevation we crossed a stream and stopped to study map and terrain. I left the others to scout the lower part of the valley.

I came a point where the route suddenly dropped steeply into a canyon. I could see far below. (The bottom, I determined later, was 5,700') The altimeter read 8,500’. I started down a steep slope. I had descended only about twelve feet', when I, finally, realized something was wrong. There was no way continuing west was going to get us on the trail turn indicated on the map. The turning point should have been at 9,100'. I was on the way to making a serious mistake. I had not heeded the altimeter reading that indicated we

were too low for any possibility of finding where the trail turned to the south. What was I thinking? Fortunately I stopped. I climbed back up. I was glad the others had not followed me.

We decided to go back up the valley without having found where the trail was. We retraced our tedious route, crashing through the vegetation, up and around the talus blocks. By the time we reached the edge of the forest at 9,100', it was getting dark. We set up camp on a bench not far from the creek. Dennis and I went searching farther up for the old trail. Just before dark, about 100 feet east of camp, we found shallow drainage with ducks leading up hill and vague indications of a trail. The trail was where it was supposed to be, at 9,100' on the map. What a relief! We were back in bear country, and I did a superb job of hanging our food for the night.

We were half a day behind schedule, and Day 7 would be a long one. Following the ducked remnants of the trail we made a 400 foot climb out of "the hole". When the slope had leveled out, we stopped at the first lake and had breakfast consisting of lunch food. There was no trail, only ducks. Progress was slow, so I decided to forget the ducks and follow the terrain. The trail appeared again at 10,400' and after a tough climb, it led us over Gardiner Pass (10,700'). From there on a poor trail took us directly to Charlotte Lake. The day's hike was about six miles, but it took us 11 hours to complete.

The camp site at Charlotte Lake was loaded with backpackers. Being there was like being back in civilization. The area had received heavy use. I shall always remember the ground. It was covered with a fine gray dust from the ashes of many fires. I was thankful I could hang our food on the overhead cable that had been erected there. We were visited by a bear at 3:15 AM.

After briefly contemplating staying another day to recover, we exited the Park via Kearsarge Pass on Day 8.

Lessons Learned: How did I get that far down the valley without my internal alarm bells going off? What was I thinking? I should have known better. Hadn't I heard of aircraft pilots, not believing their instrument readings, and then crashing into mountains? Now I have learned to rely on my altimeter (or GPS unit) instead of blindly following what seems to be the right way.

I also learned to research routes more thoroughly—not to rely on old maps that show old trails. Because a trail appears on a map does not mean it is maintained by NPS. Scouting a trip pays off.

My exploratory mission was accomplished. My 1986 National Trip was a success. Based on what I learned in 1985, my group did not descend into lower Gardiner Basin.

Animal Encounters on Outings

Memoir 104

While on a hike in the wild backcountry, I stop for a snack. I sit on a log and bring out a food bag. As I start eating, a ground squirrel approaches. The animal is obviously attracted by the prospect of food. It gets no food from me.

That's one of my encounters with animals in wild places. When most of these meetings occur, the animal flees. It seems humans and animals choose to keep to themselves. When animals, motivated by the possibility of acquiring food from humans and stay on the scene, then I experience what I have thought are intrusions.

The most serious intruder has been the Black Bear. When I backpacked in the High Sierra in the 1950's and 1960's I can't remember ever seeing a bear. Then things changed. In the 1970's there was a surge in backpacker use of the High Sierra back country,

and bears learned food from humans was easy to procure. Stories of bears raiding camps abounded. During those years I remember meeting a couple of backpackers on the trail. They asked if we had any extra food. They explained, "The bears got all our food."

By the 1980's Wilderness Permits were required to enter many areas, and the agencies required backpackers to protect their food from bears. Protecting food was a challenge. You didn't just toss a line over a branch, haul the food up off the ground and tie it off. Bears could easily get to the food. You had to discourage them by employing the "counter balance" method. Proper counter balancing was difficult work.

Typically, when a backpacker was issued a permit, it was accompanied by a page of "how to" sketches showing proper storage of food out of reach of bears. The objective was to hang and balance a pair of food bags, connected by a cord, over a tree limb. The procedure was easier to show than to do. (I wondered whether those who drew the pictures ever had ever counter balanced bags themselves.)

To make food safe from bears, you had to find the perfect tree. It needed to have a perfect branch—at least 4" in diameter where it joined the trunk and 20 feet off the ground at its end. The camper was expected to rig lines so that the food ended up in two bags, at least 12 feet off the ground, on the branch ten feet away from the trunk. Violate any of these requirements and a bear will be able to access the food bags. You had to figure out how to emulate the result shown in the final picture. Adding to the frustration, you seldom found a suitable tree with a usable branch in the vicinity of the camping spot. Sometimes the trees were too small. Often there were no trees at all.

Nevertheless, I took up the challenge and adopted a hanging system that optimized all the details of slinging, tying, hauling and retrieval. Assuming there was a suitable tree, I was able to hang multiple bags.

No bear got to the food. Still, I am told that bears are smart, and even my system could have been defeated. It worked for me, but I found the hanging process, beginning with the frustration of throwing a line over the high branch, to be tedious and difficult. The whole food-hanging diversion was unpleasant.

My hanging system, described above, was intended for 1 to 4 people. On Sierra Club National Trips we did the best we could with loads exceeding 100 pounds the beginning of a trip. At least we managed to raise the food a few feet off the ground. Here is how we managed one bear intrusion.

My 1986 Gardiner Basin Sierra Club National Trip in the High Sierra, camped at Sixty Lakes Basin. After dinner we rigged a climbing rope between two snags, laid pairs of food bags across it and hauled the load as high as we could, about six feet off the ground, as I recall. About an hour after dark we spotted a bear climbing one of the dead trees, heading for the food. People yelled, banged on pots and threw rocks at the animal. Finally the bear gave up and retreated. About 20 minutes later we heard yelling and saw light flashes from the next lake to the north. I concluded the bear had hit another camp. Later we heard shouts from a bear attack at still another lake. To guard our food against a return visit, we mounted a "bear watch" for the night.

By the 1990's, agencies began to require backpackers to pack food in bear-proof canisters when entering critical bear areas. This change alleviated the need to hang food. Although individual canisters weighed 2.7 pounds empty and packing food in them was tedious, the switch from hanging was most welcome. Now canisters have been adopted by Sierra Club National Trips.

Bears are not the only animals who intrude. I have observed food seeking behavior by smaller ones; marmots, ground squirrels, chipmunks and even birds. Here are some instances.

Ground Squirrels. As we enter the High Sierra over Kearsarge Pass, there is a place to sit down and rest at the top. At that spot I vividly recall catching a ground squirrel gnawing on someone's pack. The animal had learned it could reach packs they were lowered to ground level.

Marmots. No encountered as frequently, our food has also been threatened by Marmots (relatives of ground hogs) inhabit many places above tree line. When climbing on the open slopes of Mt. Langley, we became aware of marmot activity. We knew they would take human food if found. There were no trees, so to protect food from the animals we hung our food bags from an overhanging rock. An alternate method would be to encase the food in a cage constructed of rocks. We had no food loss.

Ring Tailed Cats. We were car camping at Huachuca National Monument, in Arizona, one winter. At bed time I heard, from our tent, some thud sounds coming from the vicinity of the car. I wasn't worried; the car was locked. The next morning as soon as I opened the car door, an animal shot out. We learned it was a Ring Tailed Cat. The animal had been trapped in the car. During the night it had eaten most of the breakfast bagels and had urinated on my post cards.

There was even a bird encounter. We camped at Cottonwood Lakes prior to backpacking over Army Pass. Not long after we hung our food in a tree, Clark's Nutcrackers swooped down and began pecking on the plastic bags with their long bills. There was no food loss, but I was surprised to find such behavior so far away from campgrounds.

Then there are mice. I have never lost any food to animals in the back country—except in Glacier National Park, where, instead of a Grizzly Bear encounter, mice ripped into a bag of oatmeal I had hung out of reach of bears.

The common thread linking the intrusions is human food. Now I have realized whenever I experienced an intrusion, it was motivated

by animals seeking food. I can't recall any other instance where animals approached us for another reason. Over the years more people in the back country meant more food opportunities for animals. It appears in some places animals have associated people with the availability of food. (I shudder to think any human visitors might have been feeding wild animals.)

As the years have passed, my thinking about animal intruders has changed. I can understand how, we humans might think of the intruders as "the enemy." Now that I have learned more about wild animals, large and small, and their habitats, I have concluded I am an intruder in their space! It has been proposed there be wilderness areas that no humans can enter. If that is unrealistic, we should at least temper our backcountry behavior and attitudes.

Backpacking in the Desert

Memoir 105

In November 2014 I completed my 392nd backpack trip—this one was in the desert.

When I moved to Southern California in 1976, I discovered the enhanced potential for year around outings for people like me who engaged in "muscle powered sports" such as hiking, climbing, and backpacking. Of these modes, backpacking has always given me the most rewarding experiences. I see and hear only what nature provides. In the back country I soon become detached from the concerns of home and feel totally "there".

In prior years, when I lived in other parts of the USA, I had been able to stretch my backpacking season into winter by travelling on snowshoes, but Southern California offered an additional option, overnight trips into the desert back country during the cold, snowy

months. Consequently, I have done only about six snowshoe backpacks in our local mountains, but I have backpacked in the desert many times. My favorite destination is Joshua Tree National Park (JTNP).

In the desert backcountry backpacking is different. One is thrust into a different kind of terrain and is likely to travel on wide expanses of flat, sandy ground dotted with plants widely spaced to adapt to dryness of the soil. In April, cacti and other plants are in bloom and color is everywhere. One also sees the holes of burrowing animals and one sees occasional lizards and horned toads. The animals, too, have adapted to the scarcity of water.

The principal difference between mountain and desert backpacking is water availability for humans. In the mountains I can find water; but in the desert, I carry it in. About 100 years ago there were springs scattered throughout the desert, but now, with a few exceptions, these sources have dried up. My overnight load is 12-13 pounds of water, so my pack is heavy compared to a similar pack in summer. For backpacks longer than overnight, one or more water caches must be placed along the route in advance.

I never want to run out of water. On a warm day in the desert my water consumption due to exertion can easily exceed my normal level. I have managed it well except on a couple of peak climbs from camp when I ran short. Those were unpleasant experiences. On a warm April day I actually ran out when I finished a strenuous climb of Pinto Peak in JTNP. Fortunately I was only about a mile from the trailhead parking where my car had back-up water.

Although the water load is heavy, I am relieved from having to pack my food in a bulky bear canister (2.7 pounds, empty), standard equipment for our mountain trips. Attraction of animals to food has not been a problem, though once we suspect a packrat carted off a scouring pad.

While it's possible to backpack during any of the cooler months, I usually plan trips for April and November when the air temperature is usually agreeable.

JTNP has designated "Backcountry Boards", parking areas for trail or cross country access to the back country. At night Park visitors can only park in campgrounds or in Board parking areas. I like the arrangement because I feel vehicles are reasonably secure. Also the system seems to enable the Park to prevent random camping. Overnight hikers sign out at the Board. One year my companions and I were on the trail, well on our way to camp, when I remembered I had not signed out. At the parking area my attention had been diverted to other matters. When we returned to the parking area the next day, awaiting me, affixed to my windshield was a summons to Federal Court. The bail was $50. It was a lesson learned.

Typically we pack in three or four miles by trail or cross country and set up camp. Sometimes I carry a GPS unit so I can be sure our camp is outside the Park's "Day Use Area" designated on the topographic map. We camp just off trail or in sight of a landmark. A person can easily become lost in the wide expanses of relatively flat terrain.

My JTNP trips usually have a goal, such as a peak to climb[*] or a side trip to unique places like Carey's Castle (a dwelling) or Samuelson Rocks (carvings). One trip featured an all-day hike through a labyrinth called the Wonderland of Rocks (Memoir 87).

After completing the climb or a side trip and after consuming dinner, it is time to sit and converse. By then it is dark and often chilly. We pass the time gathered around the "campfire" (to protect the fragile desert, conventional campfires are not allowed). Our fire emanated from what I call the cat-food-can-candle. It is an open can of wax

[*] JTNP peaks climbed on backpack trips: Eagle Peak, Keyes Peak, Eureka Peak, Pinto Mountain, Lela Peak, Queen Mountain, and Quail Mountain.

with a coiled cardboard wick sticking out of it. The flame lasts at least an hour and the light provides a focal point for some cheerful exchanges. I often provide additional light with what I call a "turkey-bag-light"—a variation of the candle standing in paper bag. This lighting device has a candle standing vertical in a stiff white plastic bag.

December and January days are short. On my only December backpack our party of three had camped along the California Riding and Hiking Trail in JTNP, south of Ryan Mountain. We finished dinner at 6:00 PM. "What do we do now?" I said. It was too early to retreat to the tents. (If we had been car camping we would be sitting around a fire.) Fortunately, there was a full moon, and we were able to hike for a mile or so along the trail ahead. Walking in moonlight gave us a new perspective on the desert, but I planned no more December backpacks after that trip.

We camp in the open, usually next to SUV sized rocks, if available. Although the weather is usually mild, most of us sleep in tents. There have been times when we appreciated the shelter. One November we were camped near Lela Peak. Before going to my tent, the sky was clear, but I noticed a small cluster of clouds far away in the west. I woke up about 4:00 and noticed the sides of my tent bulging inward from accumulated snow! When it became light I got up and found one member of our party, sleeping without a tent, had about an inch of snow covering him. I remember bringing him a cup of tea to have before he emerged from his bag.

I am fortunate JTNP is less than a two hour drive from where I live. Day hikes and car camping are popular, but a backpack trip in the wild country is what frees me from home cares and busy routines and again puts me in contact with nature.

Unintentional Mentor 2007

Memoir 106

Paul was a member of a group of us who have backpacked overnight in the California desert each spring and fall. He had never backpacked in the High Sierra. We talked about doing a multi-day Sierra backpack in the summer of 2007. He was enthusiastic. He shared with me one reservation; "What if something should happen to Bill?" I was 74 at the time, and I had been making High Sierra trips for a long time and was in top shape. I guess I convinced him I would be fine. Paul was 47.

I planned a trip to Upper McCabe Lake on the east side of Yosemite National Park. We would go in from Saddlebag Lake. The route would take us from the north end of Saddlebag Lake, through Twenty Lake Basin, up over an escarpment and down to the lake. It was a backpack I had done twice before, in the 1960's, 45 years earlier.

When the trip date arrived, we drove to Saddlebag Lake Resort. We loaded our packs on the water taxi (a convenience I had not used in the 1960 trips) and were dropped at the north end of the lake. Within an hour we were setting up camp at Greenstone Lake (10,130'). We found no usable campsites; the ground was all sloping, however we managed to find a couple of spots level enough for our tents.

When we had set up tents, we took a hike up toward Mt. Conness Glacier and reached the first of the Conness Lakes. Paul was surprised to see the lake had an unusual color: turquoise. The color was caused by fine powder from glacial grinding of ice on rock, above. The whitish powder had washed down in the stream feeding the lake and had become suspended in the water.

The next day we set off for Upper McCabe Lake. Leaving the trail, we crossed an area that had been scoured by a glacier long ago,

creating glacial polish on portions of the granitic bedrock. We proceeded up a slope on a trace trail to Secret Lake (10,880'). Thus far we were "on route". All we had to do was cross over the rock ridge in front of us and descend to Upper McCabe.

When we reached Secret Lake, I checked the published directions for crossing the ridge and found them useless. What I saw on the ground did not match the instructions. Where the route was supposed to be we saw what appeared to be a steep, featureless rock wall.

Instead of attempting to climb the rock wall above Secret Lake, we decided to climb a diagonal ledge farther to the south that seemed to lead to the top. Part way up, we dropped our packs so I could scout ahead. After climbing higher, I decided the route would take us to the top.

At 3:30 PM light rain began to fall. We decided to descend and set up camp at Secret Lake. Later, when the rain ended, we emerged from our tents and hiked around the lake taking in an expansive view of Twenty Lake Basin below us. We were awed by what we saw: towering peaks, great sweeps of glaciated granite, over 25 lakes in the basins below and multi-colored rocky slopes all around. Our unplanned camp, surrounded by white bark pines and mountain hemlock and nestled in granite outcrops, turned out to be a delightful spot.

The next day we left camp with day packs and climbed back up the ledge we followed the day before. We were able to follow it all the way to the top, 11,200 feet. When I looked over to the other side, I saw barren Upper McCabe Lake spread out 600 feet below us. The next task was to find a way down. There were cliffs below us that offered no route down to the lake. We moved southward along the ridge. Then I spotted a use trail near the base of the cliffs. It appeared to start on the ridge and to run all the way down to the lake. We made our way south to the start of the route (marked by a rock duck), but we decided not to follow it because we were three quarters of a

mile away from where the actual route down should be. We were able to make our way to the south end to the ridge and easily walked down a wide ramp back to camp. Paul had seemed reluctant to follow this route, but we encountered no impediments to our descent

As we were having a snack back at camp, a pair of backpackers walked around the north end of the lake and started up the face where the published direct route was supposed to be. This was fortunate for us. We watched their progress up the face all the way to the top.

We set off to ascend the route. The key was to climb up a twisting crack in the rock-not visible from below. (This crack would be a challenge to a person carrying a heavy pack! We carried day packs, so it was fun.) From there we followed narrow ledges and scrambled over broken rock to the top. The problem was solved. The whole climb from camp took about 20 minutes. We found the trace trail leading to the lake and, passing the Yosemite National Park boundary sign, followed it down about half way. (Now we were on the route I had used in the 1960's) There seemed little point in going all the way down to the lake. Paul descended a portion of the trail. Once again the sky turned dark, and we heard the rumbling of thunder. We decided to "high-tail it" out of there and get back to camp. Paul wasn't even winded after running back up the trail. (From the start of the trip, both of us seemed well acclimatized to the 10,000 foot altitudes.)

As we descended the crack we had climbed, two new backpackers approached from below to start up. Paul handled the down-climbing without difficulty. Near the bottom Paul spied five White Tailed Ptarmigans about fifteen feet from us. Some were juveniles. What a thrill! Over the years, I remember seeing them only once before. Paul stalked them with his camera, almost losing his hiking poles in the excitement. The day's explorations had been successful.

About 3:30 PM, as we were having tea, a marmot ventured into our camp. Then, three backpackers arrived south of the lake. Gathering

in a clump of White Bark Pines, they became engaged in a conference that seemed to go on for about 30 minutes. Finally, they started up the long, half mile ramp we had come down that morning. We figured they might be planning to go down the use trail we had found that morning. We watched them climb all the way up the sky line. Then, to our surprise, they began to wander all over the area as though they were searching for the trail down. This activity went on for about an hour. Meanwhile, we took a hike up toward a crater like spot north of the lake to get a better view of the basin below. We concluded the party of three backpackers had been unable to find the route down. An hour later, the party suddenly popped up on the top of the ridge at a point well north of where we had found the use trail in the morning. Later, after sunset, we saw figures silhouetted against the sky, 360 feet above us. They had progressed about two thirds of the distance along the top of the ridge and appeared to be bivouacking for the night. Paul said he could see one individual throwing up, probably sick from the altitude. We wondered if they had carried enough water.

In the morning, when the sun hit the ridge we saw two figures on top, at their bivouac site. We broke camp and followed our previous route back to the first night's camp site at Greenstone Lake.

Since it was early in the day, we decided to follow the "five mile loop" that begins and ends just north of Saddlebag Lake. The loop took us over Lundy Pass and by several lakes and waterfalls. Unlike the light colored granite of the area to the west, the rock encircled by the loop is all dark red or brown colored. When we reached Spearhead Lake, we saw isolated, large white granite boulders sitting on top of a black rock base. How did those get there? I figured they are "erratics", rocks deposited by an ancient glacier.

Farther along the trail we came upon a campsite. We stopped to have a long conversation with Russ, an 80 year old solo backpacker. He said to look for 3 people on the summit of North Peak (12,242’). We looked through his binoculars, and there they were.

We completed the loop and returned to camp. After dinner, we hiked down to the taxi ramp at sun down. On the way back we stopped to talk with another lone camper, Ricky from Utah. He was waiting for his friend to arrive from California.

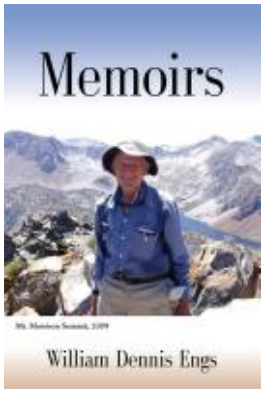
On the morning of the last day, Paul discovered his “Pocket Rocket” stove had run out of fuel. I had planned a food bar breakfast, but there would be no hot drinks. Adding to the problem, the water filter ceased to function. All we could do was to pack up and head out.

We dropped by to see Ricky. After a chat, Ricky said he needed to get coffee going. Paul asked if we could have some hot water for coffee in celebration of my birthday. So we had coffee. My day was off to a good start after all. We made it to the boat dock by 8:45 just as they were preparing to cast off.

On the south end of Saddlebag Lake we dropped in at the resort café for breakfast. We celebrated my 75th birthday with pancakes and coffee. It was a great end to the trip.

Paul performed admirably on his first High Sierra backpack. He looks forward to when he can take his daughters on a Sierra backpack.

We never actually made it to Upper McCabe Lake, but I think we had a better time doing what we did. We never got "stressed out”. As always there was much to learn.



William Dennis Engs assembled 110 short memoirs, each highlighting a subject or event drawn from his life which followed two paths. The first path, about half of the memoirs, follows familiar stages of life: education, military service, career, marriage and retirement. Memoirs along this path relate to unique happenings. Memoirs from the second path describe his extraordinary experiences while in engaging in outdoor adventures.

Memoirs