

ONWARD  
AND  
UPWARD

THE STORY OF THE  
'58 MIWOK LAKE TREK

BY  
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ERNST

THANK YOU:

To all the members of MIWOK '58, the best one yet, to Messrs. Anderson, Skinner, and Zografo who organized and moderated the trip, to everyone who has helped me write, edit, and duplicate this account, and to all the members of the Oakland Area Council.

DEDICATED:

To Doctor Robert Adams, who suggested I write this account at the end of MIWOK '58.



## NO WATER IN THE RAIDIATOR

As we all stood around the office in the hot sun we wondered what was ahead of us. This was to be the culmination of our two week's training on the NIWOK course of 1958, the best one yet.

It had all started two months ago when our scoutmasters, friends in scouting, and our own desires had prompted us to sign up for the training at Dimond-0, and I guess that each of us had in mind some special job we wanted to train for, in order to work on the Dimond-0 staff.

In a few weeks, we received a letter from the Scout office telling us that we should come to an interview for all the applicants of the course. At this interview we were all screened by previous members of the staff, trained Scout Executives, and members of the adult administrative staff of Dimond-0.

Presently the names of the boys who had passed the primary test for NIWOK appeared in the newspaper, and we all knew a little more about what was going on. We got instructions on what to bring, what to wear, and learned something of what we might expect of the course.

Upon our arrival at camp, we set up our tents, beds, and facilities in a special area reserved just for MIWOK training. This was the first time we got to know each other well. Working together under the hot sun, all for the common good really makes you feel good, and makes good friends. After everything was set up, we elected our Senior Patrol members and prepared to form into the patrols we would be in for the first week of the course, and I think that it was a new experience for some of us who came from units which did not use the patrol system. Many of us were just a might leary about the system for the simple reason that it was something new and different. We got over the uneasiness in a few hours, as we took pride in developing our patrol song and yell, and in making our patrol's camping area the best and most modern (?) in camp. It is wonderful to look at something you and your buddies have built with your own hands--with no help--and to clearly see that it is the best; no one could possibly have a better one.

As the week rolled on we learned many things about camp that we hadn't thought of--things that go on behind the scenes, things that you aren't even aware of, but are necessary for the efficient operation of the camp.

Yes, we learned many things, but during the whole time the thing that was foremost in our thoughts was the impending trip to MIWOK Lake, the lake that only persons



who took the MIWOK course could ever see. This was the thing that kept some of us going when we got writer's cramp from taking notes, and when some other patrol (there are others, you know) won some contest that we were sure of winning.

Now the big day is here. This is the day we have all been waiting for. Everyone is packed and checked out. All the food has been taken care of, and all the good-by's have been said. There is nothing left to do but go. But something is wrong; where is Sid with the truck that is to take us to Hetch-Hetchy? He took the burros in the truck at least two hours ago, and he hasn't returned to pick us up. What shall we do? Everyone is worried that something happened and we cannot go. Eventually the apprehension rises to such a point that we are imagining all sorts of things.

"Sid took the wrong cut-off!"

"The road has been washed out!"

But all of these theories had no scapegoat, no one that the blame could be placed on. Then someone came up with the bright idea that one of the maintenance boys had forgotten to put water in the radiator of the truck, and that it had overheated. No one knew just who had started that rumor, but it was a good one. Soon all of us were saying we heard so-and-so say that he had heard what's-his-name say that he hadn't put water in the radiator this morning; that was most certainly the trouble...

Ah, but then we heard the familiar rumble of the exhaust, and were suddenly saying that we had known all along, nothing could possibly happen to hinder MIWOK '58. We were on our way; nothing could stop us.

#### ONWARD AND UPWARD

Quickly we loaded on the truck and took off. Ron Collier, a staff member, came along with us. He said he wanted to help, but I think he wanted to remember the time when he had done the same thing we were doing now. He wanted to go along with us and relive the exciting and unforgettable experience of the trip. At the time, some of us laughed at him for being so sentimental, but now I will bet there are many of us who would do anything to make the trip again.

We sang all the songs we knew over and over again and had a wild time. But there were dangers lurking in every bend of the road--trees with low branches that could smack us in the face if we were not careful. If that was danger, we all liked to live dangerously, for we had a great time calmly looking the other way until someone yelled at us to move our fool head before it was knocked off.

We got another chance to yell when we passed Nather and the Green, where many persons were looking out windows wondering what was coming down the road. Up high in the



truck, with the wind hitting us in the face, and looking down into the valley far, far below, we forgot our heretofore mentioned anxiety and just had fun. I know that I just let myself go and did not worry about anything.

We stopped at a road-side rest station, which was about 1/10th of a mile from the dam. We packed our food on the burros that were waiting for us and made final preparations for the first day's hike. We didn't know what was just around the corner of the road, but we were all anxious to see what it was, so we got off with a minimum of wasted time. As we marched down the road toward the bend that separated us from the valley and the dam, we watched the truck drive away. We watched the last contact with civilization move away from us. Could it be that some of us were just a little bit homesick?

As we rounded the bend, we forgot home for a moment when we saw the first breathtaking view of the valley and dam. It was magnificent. The deep wide valley spread out before us, swooped off into the distance, and melted into the clear blue sky, miles and miles from where we were standing. Of all the views on the trip, I think that that first one, while we stood on the top of the dam, looking at the rushing water, was the one that we will remember for the rest of our lives.

The dam itself was quite high although I don't remember exactly how high, and it was built in a gentle curve

from one side of the valley to the other. Perhaps it is not the biggest, highest, or most capacious dam in all creation, but it is the one I will always think of when dams are mentioned.

On one side of it the water is about four feet from the top and is dark blue-black from the great depth. On the other side the water reshes out from two giant pipes, and shoots several hundred feet out into the valley before it touches the floor with a monstrous roar and a gigantic spray of wispy mist that dampens the surrounding mountains eternally with its delicate fingers.

However we must hurry on if we are to reach Bee Hive before the day is over; we have nine miles to hike before reaching this distant objective. We marched (well, we tried to march) across the top of the dam, while all of us spent as much time at the edge of the railing as we could. I remember thinking at the time that we must look funny, dressed in different uniforms and pieces of uniforms with our packs on our backs and all trying to hold onto the side of the rail, to look, and to walk in a straight line at the same time.

On the other side of the dam there is a tunnel that goes through the mountain which separates us from the trail which takes us half way to Bee Hive. As soon as the burros got into the tunnel they started acting up, feeling their oats so to speak. They first ran, and then they stopped,



never being reasonable. This was the first time that I was sincerely happy that I was not one of the boys who had asked for the job of burro management. There would be others, however. On the other side of the tunnel, we saw the first real hiking leg of our venture: the famed switchbacks. This winding road goes for three miles right up the side of the valley wall. As we looked up, we could see the top of the mountain. It did not seem as if it could be true that we would go to the top of this monstrous thing. We did it though.

The road was paved with gravel, and although we didn't know it at the time, this was to be one of the things that we would wish for on the other trails we would follow on this adventure. It was wide enough for a jeep, and all the way up we mumbled this to ourselves. We thought that we should have been allowed to bring the camp's machines up with us. Maybe this was not in the true spirit of the occasion, but this was the first long part of the trip, and we didn't know the right way to do things yet. The road was discouraging, because just as soon as we thought that we were on the last part of the switching, another bend would come up, and we would see more and more climbing ahead of us. All during this time, Skinner, our assistant scoutmaster, was yelling at the ones who were tempted to fall by the wayside: "Onward and upward!" This was to be the slogan of MIWOK '58 for the rest of the trip.

When we finally reached, to a certain extent, the top of the mountain, we found two things of interest. One was a truck that belonged to a forest ranger (some were in favor of driving it back down to the dam), and an old tin shack, which was filled with old timer, mountain money, and other various items.

This was the end of the road literally. From there on, we were to go over strictly foot trails. Some of these were suited only to the feet of the burros, or so we thought. We also thought that we should be riding these burros, since the trail was obviously made for them. We rested for about ten minutes here, and talked about the mountain we had just conquered. By this time we were getting kind of dirty, but even I, who had earned a reputation for constantly washing, was not worried about the dirt; it was good clean dirt, the kind that comes with wholesome exercise.

Shortly we were on our way again, and this time we had to hike in single file, for the trail narrowed way down. Sometimes there was not even a trail. In these places, we had to go over expanses of rock. This was where we appreciated--for the first time--the fact that Messrs. Zografos and Skinner know the path well, and had no trouble in finding the proper route.

Just about this time we were running low on water, and to make it worse, the trail was getting extremely dusty. The patrol in the rear could just barely hang on and blindly drag along. Then Skinner revolutionized hiking



new deal: every 20 minutes he would yell "Shift," and the first three patrols would move to the right flank, and the patrol in the rear would double-time up to the front. This way we all managed to sustain ourselves on the 20 minute breathers we received.

#### COKE MACHINE

As we neared Bee Hive, we all began to think about something mentioned to us many times before we left on the trail--the Coke machine at Bee Hive. By this time we were all pretty thirsty, and even though we really know that there was no such machine there, it was a happy thought. There were some things on the trail, however, that made us think that there was something at Bee Hive. All the way from the top of the switchbacks the trail had been marked with old automobile license plates. Just about all the states were represented in these old plates. Some of us kept ourselves busy by looking at these plates and trying to see who could spot the largest number of states. I think that the final number was 33, and that the oldest date was 1934. Getting back to the subject of the inhabitation of Bee Hive; we had seen signs advertising candy-bars, Coke, and potato-chips all the way up. We got to

wondering what we would find when we arrived.

As we got into the last stretch before reaching camp, we discovered how the signs got there. It seems some of the boys had been to Bee Hive previously, and had brought up their own signs to decorate the place. In fact, some of them brought signs along this time--for Milkey-Way candy bars--and planned to put them up.

But now we weren't thinking about food as much as we were thinking about our feet because the camp-site was in sight. When we got there we found many interesting things. There was a rainfall measuring device out in the meadow, along with the spring of cool, crystal-clear water. There were also the remains of an old log cabin, which had been there for I don't know how many years.

We got busy right away and made fires on which to heat dinner. About this time a ranger came riding up to claim his dog that had been with us for the past hours. The ranger was on a large horse, and his size--small--made him seem strange to our tired eyes. He looked somewhat like Teddy Roosevelt with the metal-rimmed glasses and the round, strong features. As I sat there, exhaustedly listening to him, I expected him to say: "We must speak softly but carry a big stick!" It is funny how your mind thinks of such ridiculous things when you are tired.

After eating a good dinner (even though it came out of cans), we did not waste much time in rolling out our



sleeping-bags and hitting the sack. All the way up the fellows had been kidding me about carrying my prized air-mattress along, because of the added weight. But when I was able to sleep in relative comfort, I felt that I had the last laugh.

When everyone was in bed, and all was quiet, I had a chance to review the day's activities. In the review an interesting item came to mind: the ranger had said something about bears. Bears have sharp teeth. Hope we don't see any. Just then I heard a growl. I first thought it was the dog, but then I remembered the ranger had taken him away. I began to worry. I didn't move, lest I anger the bear into biting me. I don't know how long I lay there, scared stiff, but finally the growls moved off into the distance, and I ventured a look. Did I ever feel sheepish! It was the dog after all! Feeling somewhat demoralized, I went to sleep resolving to mention this episode to no one. I think this is the first anyone has heard of it.

In the morning we were all rarin' to go, and we lost no time in getting on the trail. This "trail" out of Bee Hive is not in the least dry and dusty. To the contrary it is a damp swamp, despite what you may be told. In face, it was darned right risky. I sure wouldn't want to go over it in the dark.

The country, however, was cool and beautiful. Everything was green and alive, and it made us feel green and

alive too. Green because none of us had ever staggered through a swamp before and were having a tough time of it. Luckily some kindhearted person had scattered some planks where they would do the most good. This saved most of us from the murky depths...

We had previously decided on eating our cold breakfast at Frog Creek, thinking we would enjoy a restful meal before moving on to Morain Ridge. We were all looking forward to the breakfast with gusto. It seems that being in the great out-of-doors gives you a hunger quite different from the habitual type of hunger you get when cooped up in the city. Out here our bodies were earning their food, and we were happy to pay them.

The scenery was beautiful as I have said; it was somewhat like a jungle. The trees and vines all but covered the trail, and one could not see for more than 200 feet off the path. The whole place had a sweet damp smell, which cooled us all the way through. Hiking here was not a chore; we looked forward to eating, and felt the great expanses around us. Here, coming out of the swamp, you can see for miles; you do not see the nothingness of the great plains as you do in some of the states. You see the work of God's hand. Work that has not been touched by human hand. Work that has been there for millions of years, but nevertheless looks brand new in the cool light of early morning. Yes, this is the life, and California is the

state.

### MOSQUITOS--BAH!

This was (slap) the spot (slap) where we were to (slap) eat a restful meal? (slap, slap, and again slap) We decided the name of this place should be Mosquito Creek, not Frog Creek, for the former were in abundance, and the latter in extinction.

There were mosquitos by the hundred-thousands. They were all over the place. The mosquito-repellent they peddled at the trading post was not worth the 10¢ it cost. I firmly believe that the repellent attracted rather than repelled the insects. I also firmly believe that the mosquitos there live from one year to the next just on the flesh they bite from the members of the MIWOK trek.

The food was good though.

Now we started on what I think is the most wonderful part of the trip: the Morain Ridge trail. This trail goes right along the top of Morain Ridge, and one can see everything for miles--all of it completely free from humans. As you go toward MIWOK Lake, on your right is a deep, deep valley, completely covered with evergreens. To the left is the top of the ridge, which is just on the timber-line, and so is partly covered with trees. The trail is not too



marked because it is solid rock with just a shallow covering of soil that has blown there over the countless centuries.

Looking down into the valley we can see thousands of evergreens mixed with mountain misery and all kinds of other foliage. All are mixed together to make a carpet of rick green which is not even approached by the blacks and greys of the cities. This must be the country that Kathrine Lee Bates was thinking of when she wrote: "...beautiful for spacious skies...for purple mountain majesties..." for this was most certainly the scene described in the poem. Even the hardest, most callous, and worldly-minded (ha) of us was over-awed by the sight. Not one of us had ever seen such abounding beauty.

Soon, for hiking in such country is fast, we were at the apex of the ridge, on Inspiration Point. We all rested here, and Messrs. Skinner and Zografos took many movies and pictures of us. Skinner put his hat on one of the burros, and someone said: "That hat has never rested upon more intellect."

Standing on the point we could see everything. Up, down, and to all degrees of the compass could be seen the wonder of nature; the wonder of God.

We all thought that from here on out the going would be easy, for Mr. Zografos pointed out the spot we were to head toward. Once an objective is in sight it seems much

nearer and gives impetus to the movement toward it. We started down for the first time since we left Dimont-O, and were happy about it. The trail was steep and winding, and I remember momentarily dreading the thought of having to climb back up later on. That was in the future, and things at hand were too good to allow us to think about anything unpleasant for long. Down near the bottom of the trail we saw water for the first time in some time, and we knew we were close to some source of water. This gave us new power to rush on. Also at the bottom was the end of the trail; from now on we would be directed solely by Mr. Zografos.

I don't see how he followed anything over this ground that was covered with branches, pine needles and the like, but he did it. Soon we were clambering up a sheer rock slope, shaped like an amphitheater, with a bowl like stage of trees down at the bottom, and the smooth rock enclosing this stage in a semi-circle. It was on this rock that we had the most exciting experience of the trip--we saw a rattle snake in a "V" in the strata of the rock. The first of us to go past the snake didn't see it, and we might have passed unknowing of Jerry Thayer hadn't observed it. When he saw it he quickly picked up a large rock and threw it at the snake. That got it, but good. In fact, it was got so good that the head and tail were smashed beyond recognition, so now there is nothing to show for the encounter but the impression on our minds.

At the top of the slope we started over some of the wildest country we had yet come accross. At the first there were boulders about the size of automobililes scattered all over the place. They progressed in size until they were as big as a house. I don't see how the trail was ever discovered through here because there is nothing but rock, and they all look alike. Even though there was no trail it was fun to go cross-country for a change. We climbed over the top of everything in our way.

About this time we had to leave the burros behind until we found a route into the lake that would be easier for them to use. As it was now we were sort of wandering about until we found the right way to get into the valley.

#### THIS IS IT

Finally the right route was determined, and we started on the home stretch. Along the way we saw many small lakes that were formed by melted snow. Around these lakes the mosquitos were especially thick. We did not pay much heed to them as we were too excited about who would see the lake first. Hiking through here we could see why the lake is so hard to find for someone who has not been there before. The lake is surrounded by mountains, and if one



does not know the proper pass, he will ~~get~~ hopelessly lost.

Now, as we came over the last hill, we were really thinking about the lake proper; would it be small, large, clear, muddy, or what?

We soon knew. It was quite large, so large that all of it could not be seen from the high point we were standing on. There was an island near the right shore which was covered with foliage. All around it the trees came right down to the water line. They had not been cleared by park rangers or the like. This was just as it came from the factory.

When we got down in the camp-site we found no can, bottle, or anything to indicate that persons had been there many times before us. We were determined to leave the camp the same way. Down at the shore, we found that the water was amazingly clear, and some of the very successful fishermen--and some that weren't so successful--claimed that they could see the fish in the water; they knew where to throw their lines.

Mr. Zografos and Skinner and "Del" went back for the burros, and we were content to make our campsites. We were so busy we hadn't noticed that there were rain clouds gathering in the sky. Just about the time that our campsites were all set up, and all our gear removed from its waterproof packs, it started to rain. Hard. Immediately the membership was divided into two groups: those who were going

stand pat, knowing the rain would stop, and those who were going to build waterproof shelters. A heated argument ensued. The standpatters simply wrapped their gear in waterproof groundcloths and prepared to wait it out. The it'l-rain-all-nights started to put up all sorts of shelters. Jerry, Harry, and Rich dug away some of the hillside and made themselves a lean-to out of branches, groundcloths and anything else that would shed water. Things began to settle down for awhile, and the weather remained status quo for the time being. Soon things took a turn for the worse. It started to hail! The stuff came down by the proverbial buckets, and covered the ground like snow. Everyone thought this would keep on all night, and I must admit, I lost a little faith in the standpatter regime.

Ah, but the tables turned, just as suddenly as they had previously. The sun came out! Perhaps it is the high altitude that enables the clouds to move rapidly, or something, but there was certainly a fast change for the better. The sun came out just in time so that we could have dinner in the sun, and so that our gear could dry.

Dinner was especially good for it was the first real cooked meal we had had since we left Dimond-0. All the meals we had on the trail were obviously trail

lunches, and did not have much hot food. They are made with the good tasting and energy giving foods that you want on the trail, but they are not hot. We ate quickly for we were anxious to go into the other events planned for the evening. There was to be an Order of the Arrow calling out ceremony, and we were all wondering who would be elected. Also there was to be a song session; this would be a relief from the toil of the trail.

We sang, and as the evening wore on, we were all more and more aware of the complete cleanness and freshness of the lake. There was no feeling that you were in something that was tired of having people come to it, tired of having tons of rubbish dumped on it, and just there for the purpose of letting kids tear up the flowers and grass, and letting adults drive their cars onto the lawn and ruin it. This is the real thing, not marred by the human hand. During the singing, the members of the course that were already in the OA went to prepare the area for the calling-out. This area, we are told, is the same place that has been used for all the MIWOK courses in the past, and is quite traditional. Not meaning to degrade the OA in any way, shape or form, I must say that the site could stay traditional too, and I would not have to see it. We were to march up to the site with no flashlights, so as



to preserve the feeling of solemnity. This was all right for the first few yards, but when we started to go up things got bad. No one could see where he was going, and so he relied on his buddy to direct him. Thusly we wandered around, fell on the rocks, and did other things that didn't help to preserve the solemnity one bit!

It was an impressive ceremony, and I don't think we will forget it for a long time. Harry was the one elected, and we were all proud of him for he deserved it.

It was getting late now, and we were anxious to go to bed. It promised to be a cold night, and we were in a hurry to go to sleep so we would not be bothered by the cold. Brother, it was a cold night too. Most of us had tried-and -tested sleeping bags and were prepared to have a good night's sleep. Many of us were surprised. I, for one, was surprised because I had never before been cold on an overnight, and when I worke up in the morning my feet were forzen (sic). I should have worn my socks as suggested, but I thought that I knew too much for that, and did not. However, my feet were the only part that got cold because I did follow the scout truism that one should sleep in nothing but his underware. This is true because the regular clothes are bound to be damp from the day's activities. This really works,

too, and I think that anyone who sleeps up there should follow that advice, no matter what he thinks.

The morning was bright and clear, and the lake was very clam. You think you have seen mirror-like surfaces on other lakes? Well you havn't seen anything until you've seen this. Mr. Zografos took a photograph from the campsite, and when it was developed, you could not tell the top from the bottom, because the reflection of the sky and trees was so clear on the lake. It was truly a wonderful sight.

After a breakfast of pancakes the fishermen wanted to try out their luck again. No one blamed them, for in the first 15 minutes of our stay the day before, John pulled out a ten inches that was really a beaut. Now there was a gentlemen's wager on between John and Skinner as to whom would bag the biggest today.

Mr. Zografos wanted to organize a trip to the top of Mayham Peak, to put a note in the bottle in residence there for MIWOK '58. He had many who wanted to go, among whom were the fishermen, who thought that there might be some good fishing in one of the **other** lakes on the way to the peak. We soon started, and Mr. Zografos brought along his old (sic) bird book to identify and recognize and birds we might see. When he was asked about the doubtful condition of the book, he said he would rather have this book than any other since he had had it as a boy. No more questions were asked. To get to the



peak you hike to the south of the lake and follow a rudimentary trail to the other lake, Berrup. As soon as we left we ran into a lot of snow which was fun to play with. We had to hike straight up the side of the mountain; it was rough going for those of us who were used to working in the much denser air down here at sea-level. On the way up we saw many springs that made small creeks down the side of the peak. This water made the grass very slippery in some places, and we had to watch out step.

Every step we took would allow us to see new wonders of the area we were in. There was nothing but mountains, valleys, and evergreens for as far as you could see. There was not a sign of anything else. This gave us a feeling that we were just a small part of the big master-plan; just one piece in a gigantic idea: creation.

We soon passed the timber line, and the way was more rocky and precarious, with more precipitous pinnacles than ever. We neared the top (pant!), 11,392 feet above our homes in the Bay Area, and two miles above the sea. It was a wonderful feeling. The top was fairly level, and you could look way down to the valley on one side, and down to Berrup and MIWOK lakes on the other. It was surely impressive. We located the cairn that marks the bottle, and were solicitous to open it and see the notes from the boys of the



past. After digging for some time we found the bottle, one previously used for syrup, if I'm not mistaken.

We opened it and found some notes from long ago. Unfortunately, the ink on some of them had faded and we would not make out what they said. But there was one from Jim Campy and Ron Collier placed the last time they were there. We wrote a long note and put it in as Mr. Zografos took movies of us. I hope our ink doesn't fade, so that others can share our happy moment. We replaced the bottle, thinking of it staying there for another year, day and night, rain or shine, until the MIWOK '59 group opens it. It makes you feel funny to realize that that bottle is way up there at this very moment.

We took a last look around and headed down to camp, strangely quiet for the time...

On the way down, something bad happened to some of us: we didn't watch our footings--as good scouts should--and therefore fell into a stinging-nettle bush. Wow! those things sure hurt for a long time.

At Berrup we picked up the fishermen. They had not had any luck, and had decided that MIWOK Lake was the lake for fishing in these parts.

Back in camp we enjoyed our last lunch at the lake and made ready to leave after dinner. Before leaving some of us wanted to climb to the top of a small nearby hill, to see what we could see. When we

got to the top we had a shock. There was a jacket up there--but no owner! We got over the shock when a snowball sailed past our group. Red had jumped about two feet over the side and landed in some very deep snow, then hid when he heard us coming. He sure had a good spot. The snow was about three feet deep, in a big slanting patch of about 20' by 100'. We jumped down on it and sank in. We soon found out that you must walk very carefully, or two things would happen: first, you might be lucky and just sink in up to your waist; or two, you might be unlucky and slide on the hard icy surface all the way to the bottom of the patch and not be able to get back up. Anyway we had fun with snowballs, which we could throw at each other or could throw over the side. The ones thrown over the side would come very close to the camp, located below.

Sadly, we had to go for dinner and pack to leave. It was a quiet dinner, and we were sad when it was over, but all good things must come to an end, as the book says.

The gear was packed on the burros and we took one last look about to make sure we left the area in the same good condition we found it in. While we said good-bye to this spot, we secretly vowed to come back some day when we could stay for much longer. No matter how long



one stayed there would never be time to explore the innumerable places there that had never been touched by foot; the places not yet discovered; the unknown.

We slowly filed off into the sunset...

#### HOMeward BOUND

The evening hike from the lake to Bee Hive was spent pretty much in reflecting the past days, with the satisfied feeling of something accomplished, something acquired.

We passed the spot where the snake was killed, we passed the splendid view of Morain Ridge, we passed the nosquitos of Frog Creek, and we remembered the things that happened seemingly so long ago.

We had planned to get into Bee Hive at about 10:30, but at the time we planned that, we hadn't given any thought as to where we would be at about 9:30, just after darkness had fallen. You guessed it! We were in that miserable swamp again, this time with no light to help us. Skinner insisted that we not use our flashlights, because they would ruin our night vision. I won't argue that point, and it's not my place to say what is right and what is wrong, but I couldn't help wishing for a light while we stomped around in the muck. You know the sound a boot makes when you pull



it out of thick, gooshey mud? Kersuck-squish--kersuck-squish, like that. Well, when 31 of us were doing it, it made quite a midnight serenade, with an occasional scream and splash for proper effect.

It was like this: as I mentioned before, there were some (and I use the word "some" loosely) planks here and there, but they were mostly there, because the left or right directions from the leader somehow got mixed up as they came to us in the rear. Instead of going safely to the left, we were told to go to the right, with disasterous results, as you can imagine! And here you could not stop to remove something from your boot when it got in there, because on either side of the trail were the mud pits, full of vile marsh gas and python snakes. I wonder how many we lost that night?

Eventually we made our way to Bee Hive, only to find that the choice sleeping spaces had been taken by another scout troop that had come up to fish. Well anyway, now that we were out of the swamp the moon came up and the sky was nice.

We slept late into the next morning, for obvious reasons, and decided to spend part of the day working on our notebooks and fishing. The fishing was wonderful at Laurel Lake, just one mile from Bee Hive. John, Skinner, and others caught their fill. Meanwhile, the rest of us thought of Diamond-O and home, and made ready to move out.

The hike from Bee Hive to Hetch-Hetchy was sort of automatic, with not too much talk. There was, however, a contest for the last mile of the switch-backs, to see which patrol that cared to enter, could make it to the bottom first. That was fun?

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It was great to think of all we had done, and to think of all we would have to tell when we got back. For the first time in some of our heretofore commonplace lives, we had really accomplished something; really attained a high goal with a minimum of help from others. We, as individuals, as a patrol, as a troop, had accomplished something that we would not have done alone: this teamwork is one of the primary principles of scouting.

This trek had given direction to some of us; some now knew where they were going. This, then, was not the culmination after all--it was just the beginning.