



UChC High Trip 1952 - Evolution Basin

Participants, back row: Alice Jensen, Harry Krueper, Peter Scott ?, Roger Lowe ?, Don Matteson, Jerry Smith, Bill Matteson; front row: Lillian Pissot, Paul Hance ?, Herb (Moose) Webber, Roman Bystroff, Tom Colby.

For the story behind the picture, see page two below

Comments on the Photo, the Trip, and the Origin of Peanut-Flavored Malts

I'm sorry but I can't offer any light on the missing names in the Kings Canyon photo [above]. I can, however, offer a comment on the back drop of the photo. Several days into the hike after another hearty meal of dehydrated carrots and etc. the conversation around the campfire not unreasonably turned to food. A topic that generated a lot of interest was consideration of common foods that might make interesting combinations even though they were not usually associated together. Someone suggested peanut butter flavored malted milk shakes and the consensus was that this was an inspired idea. As the days and meals of dehydrated carrots and etc. wore on the concept of peanut malts sounded better and better. It was agreed that when we returned to Berkeley we would all celebrate the successful completion of the trip with peanut malts. Someone suggested a soda fountain on Shattuck Avenue near University Ave. and on our return we gathered at the shop. At first the owner was skeptical about a group of scruffy young people asking for a strange concoction but after we assured him that we would pay up front he relented. The next question was how do you make them? One of our more technically inclined members said that of course all he had to do was to make a regular malted milk shake and add a scoop of peanut butter. And thus the concept became reality. It was readily agreed by all that we had given birth to a culinary triumph. It was a fitting end to a great trip and also a bit of a farewell party since many members of the trip were leaving town for various graduate schools and jobs. As a momento of the occasion we had our picture taken in front of the soda fountain. The story didn't end there. One of the members of the group passed by the soda fountain a couple of weeks later and spotted a sign in the window. It proudly proclaimed "now featuring peanut flavored malts".--*Tom Colby, 2015*

UHC High Trip – 1952, Evolution Basin

Organized by Jerry Smith, the trip was advertised in the [Bear Track, v. 7:6, June 1952](#)

Trip write-up by Roman Bystroff in the [Bear Track, v. 8:1, September 1952](#)

Tom Colby comments “The trip ended in a snow storm which aborted the planned route and we exited the mountains on the east side, near Lone Pine as I remember. It caused a bit of a scramble to get back to our cars which were on the western slope of the Sierras but certainly made for good stories later.”

More trip recollections on the following page.

September 7, 2015 email from Don Matteson to Peter Scott: “Kay Loughman found my Washington State University e-mail address and reconnected me to the UCHC, asking me to identify myself and my late brother Bill in the picture of 1952 high trip participants. Being Montana natives, Bill and I were pretty freaked out by the snowstorm in Dusy Basin, September weather in Montana mountains being a lot meaner than what was expected in California, and we agitated for the quick exit over Bishop Pass. I remember that you just had a heavy shirt for protection, and that really worried us. We were experienced at being too cold.”

October 8, 2015 email from Peter Scott to Don Matteson with copy to Kay Loughman: “Yes I saw that photo that Kay sent around. I don't think I'm in it. However I do recall, pretty vividly, that 1952 trip, my first UCHC high trip. There was indeed lots of conversation about peanut butter malts, but I did not go down to University Avenue afterward to get one.

Climbing Mount Darwin was wonderful, following that Climber's Guide route up from Evolution Lake, getting to the knife-edge ridge top where I could stick my head through a hole and look straight down a thousand or so feet, then walk over the sandy unglaciated plateau toward what I at first thought was a hut but soon realized was the summit pinnacle, which we only managed to climb because there was a block of hard-packed snow that provided a step.

And then, coming down Goddard Creek to Simpson Meadow on the Middle Fork of the Kings River, ten cross-talus miles with no trail at all, we were exhausted, and the next morning Moose Webber and I were scheduled to make two large pots of Cream-of-Wheat mush. We burnt the mush. Not good.

Finally there was the part you mention, of getting caught in a snow storm in Dusy Basin. I recall that we decided that if it did not stop snowing by 10:00 am we would hike out over Bishop Pass, which of course is what we did. You are correct in that I got pretty cold coming over that pass with just a long-sleeved shirt, and, I seem to recall, one of those army surplus ponchos. That poncho did not provide much warmth. I recall huddling over the Franklin stove in the store at South Lake, trying to get warm again.

My memory may be faulty, but even if it is, it is still pretty vivid. Thank goodness we got back to Berkeley safely, thanks to Roger and Jerry.”