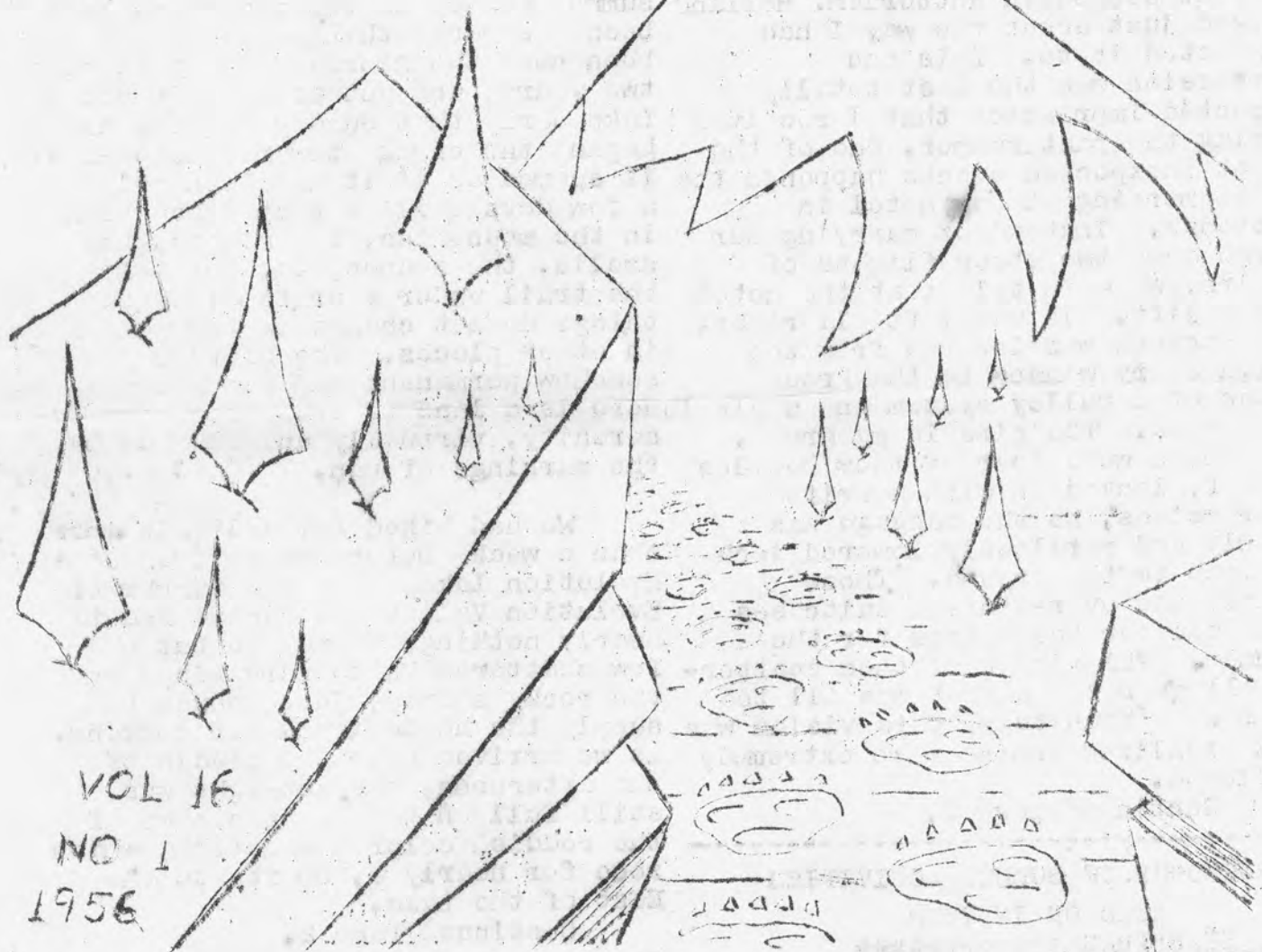


THE OCTOBER

BEAR TRACK



VOL 16
NO 1
1956

WELCOME BACK U.C.H.C. MEMBERS!!

THE 1956 HIGH TRIP TO EVOLUTION VALLEY

Our 1956 High Trip go off to a glorious start on Saturday, August 25 when everyone (all twenty) arrived at North Lake by sundown. People arrived from all directions, from L.A., S.F., and even from Chicago, Ill., but most important of all was the fact that Herb Bryant with his food truck made all the grades over Sonora Pass, and upto North Lake before one of his tired tires gave out.

When all heads were counted we found that Lorie Vogt, Dot Ellis, Herb Bryant, Martin Zonlight, Aron Muiri, Russ Sanborn, Mike Appleman, Bill Matteson, Jackie Hand, Pete Scott, Irma Joan Webber, Al Caparro, Gene Gustafson, Adrienne Price, Charlie Finnilla, Roger Lowe, Ann Abbot, Bob Babbs, Lev Akonjanoff, and myself, Bob Adams, were all accounted for.

After a short but high spirited campfire that night everyone eagerly hit the hay (rocky ground) for a good night's sleep before the tough grind of the coming day.

Continued on page 4.

ACROSS THE WILD BLUE YONDER

Margie Voigt

It was a bright sunny day when my boat docked in Rotterdam. Holland looked just about the way I had expected it to. This one impression was the last totally expected impression that I received during the past summer. One of the first unexpected events happened the first morning at our hotel in Rotterdam. Instead of carrying our baggage down two steep flights of stairs, we were told that the hotel had a lift. It was lift all right. Our baggage was lowered from the third story window to the ground by means of a pulley system and a single rope. The girls in my group, and there were four of them besides myself, looked on with horrified expressions, as the baggage was slowly and perilously lowered inch by inch to the ground. Those flimsy and over-stuffed suitcases held all our belongings for the summer. The vision of them scattered all over the street was all too plain. Fortunately, this vision was not realized and we were extremely relieved.

Continued page 2.

ROUND*UP OF SUMMER ACTIVITIES

READ ON IN YOUR

*BEAR TRACK*****

ON CLIMBING DARWIN

BY PETE SCOTT

Somewhat these two weeks of summer hiking in the mountains have been a strange thing. I had not been near the Sierras for at least two years, and yet as we left North Lake early that Sunday morning and began the climb toward Piute Pass, it seemed as if it had been only a few days earlier that I had been in the mountains. The sights, the smells, the sounds, the feel of the trail under your feet; these things do not change as they do in other places. The Sierras are somehow permanent and unchanging. Here is a land of true peace and serenity, virtually undisturbed by the markings of man.

We had hiked for a little more than a week before we arrived at Evolution Lake. Here the timber of Evolution Valley has diminished to nearly nothing. There are but a few scattered White Bark Pines on the rocky shores, just enough to supply the needed fuel for cooking. As we arrived near the middle of the afternoon, the sunlight was still full on the steep slopes of the reddish colored mountain, which rose for nearly 3,000 ft. to the East of the Lake.

Continued Page 2.

THE WILD BLUE YONDER

Continued from Page 1.

Actually I spent most of the summer in the South East corner of Austria with a group of 11 college students as a part of "The Experiment in International Living." We spent the first month living with a family, and, of course, speaking German. The family I lived with consisted of a mother and father, a grandmother, my adopted sister, Irmgard, and a brother. My sister was 25 and a student at the University of Graz, working for a Doctorate in Psychology and Chemistry. The town of Feldbach, where we stayed, had never had an Experiment group before. It is a small town of about 3500 people, which made 11 Americans very noticeable on the streets. The town had one of the liveliest summers it has ever had, what with the innumerable parties and outings our group held. A typical party consisted of about 24 people gathering at 8:30 in an inn on one excuse or another, and drinking wine, singing, and dancing all evening. Parties were not the only way we occupied ourselves. We visited castles and museums in the area under the guidance of our Austrian brothers and sisters.

We even had a private reception with a member of the Austrian Royalty. He showed us a health resort which his ancestors had founded and which includes, among other things, a beautiful garden made up primarily of American trees. His pride and joy among the trees was a Sequoia Gigantea, which had been transplanted from California about 1870.

After our home stay of about a month, we toured Northern Italy, and parts of Austria. We visited Venice, Florence, Pisa, the Italian Riviera, and Verona. In Austria we were fortunate enough to see part of the Alps as we spent some time at Innsbruck and Salzburg. I managed to climb with two boys of our group, a "small alp." This, upon my regret was all the hiking I got in during the summer. continued Column 2.

CLIMBING DARWIN

Continued from Page 1.

Around the campfire that evening, we planned our route for the next day: The climb of Mt. Darwin. The Climbers' Guide gave us fairly explicit directions. When the dawn came, clear and sunny, the next morning and breakfast was over and done with, 5 of us started down to the south end of the lake, where we were to begin climbing. Then up. At first there were little streams tinkling down through pretty little rocky meadows, with clumps of purple shooting stars in some of the moistest spots. Every so often a marmot would give its whistle and scurry into a hiding place. Soon we were out of the small basin, and we picked our way up some small talus to the foot of the chute we had planned to climb. By now we had climbed perhaps 1500 ft, and already we had a beautiful view of the peaks to the south and west of us. But on up the chute we went, following a route which previous climbers had marked with "ducks" or piles of stones. The going was a little slower now, for only 2 of us moved at a time in order to avoid the danger of any falling rocks which we might dislodge.

Near the top of the chute we had a splendid birds-eye view of Evolution Lake, and one could make out the channel which cut its meandering way through the lake's bottom. When finally we arrived within a few feet of the top of our chute, the rocks along the knife-edge ridge were so loosely piled that one could actually look through the ridge, and there, on the other side, the mountain side was a nearly vertical cliff.

***-----
 except for tramping around the cities. At the end of the summer I visited Vienna, a wonderful city, and shortly thereafter I travelled to Belgium and Holland where I met Bob Huskins, shortly before I sailed for home.
 ***-----

SUMMER ADVENTURES IN YOUR
 BEAR TRACK READ ON*****

GREAT DISSONANCE

The traditional Hiking Club Sing was held September 20 at the Senior Men's Hall on Campus. "Song Fest", "Pink mimeographed sheets" and "Burl Ives Song Book" were the order of the day as the sing began. Deena Zonlight and her auto harp, Dave Eggleston and his guitar, plus a harmonica played by P. Willmarth to the sixty and some odd voices cutting loose with such old favorites as "On Ilka Moor Baht Hat", "Ricketty Tickety Tia", "Foggy Foggy Dew", and "Drunken Sailor."

As the singing progressed it got a bit warm in the room, thanks to Howard Morrow and other loyal Hiking Clubbers who had raced out at the last minute and "gathered" wood (fenceposts, etc. No tires unfortunately) for our would be fire. After "Little Willy", U.C.H.C. President, introduced the officers of the club, a small select group of H.C. Folk Dancers performed various German, Yugoslav and Russian dances to everyone's great enjoyment.

Thanks to Al Stanchfield's bringing in the soft drinks, and Mel Berstein's hauling in a cake, refreshments a plenty were to be had. Afterwards the group broke up; some folk danced; some started a "Hoot," i.e. a folk song session, and some chattered in the corners.

At the time the author left, the fire still burned merrily and the rhythmic strains of "Take This Hammer" could be heard drifting softly out of the hall into the clear evening air.

Dizzy

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THE BEAR TRACK is the official publication of the University of California Hiking Club. Published four times each semester in the club's office, Room C, Eshleman Hall, University of California, Berkeley 4, California
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REMEMBER SUMMER? READ ON ...

DARWIN CLIMBED!

Cont. from Page 2.

Perhaps 1,000 feet below lay the Darwin Glacier, which gradually fanned out to reach a small lake which was filled with a sort of Blue colored ice. From where we were there were only minutes of picking our careful way along this knife edge until we were on the huge, safe summit plateau of the mountain. Here, nestled in the rocks and sand and not far from the patches of snow were small clumps of blue flowers. Some call them "Sky Pilots", but whatever they be, they are a delightful reward for having climbed so high. However, they are but a part of the reward, for now, as we sauntered to the top, we could view the country for miles around. Indeed, here lay nearly the full length of the Sierra: From Lyell and McClure on the north to Whitney on the south. And on such a beautiful clear day, with not a breath of wind stirring, we found that the mountain top was a grand place to eat our lunch and bask in the sun. Oddly enough the true summit of the mountain is not part of the plateau, but consists of square pinnacle of granite which is separated from the rest of the mountain, and which resembles a stone hut when viewed from a distance. After lunch 2 of us decided to see if we couldn't clumb this extra 10 feet or so, and sure enough, we managed to scramble up to the top. But it was soon time to go; the afternoon was fleeting, and back down the mountain: knife edge, chute, talus slope, grassy basin....all the way.... and then, as if to boast of our conquer, we managed to break in to a run as we came into camp. Whoopeeeeeee!

The next week quickly flew, and as we were hiking over Bishop Pass, I stopped to glance back at the country over which we had come...; and there were the rocks, the switchbacks in the trail, and above all were the mountains, framing a rugged world of their own.
.....

HIGH TRIP - Cont. from p. 1

SUMMER: CLUB PROGRAM EXPANDS

The next morning at the crack of dawn twenty bright shining faces were eagerly preparing a breakfast of bacon, cantaloupe, cocoa, eggs, toast, jam; fixing lunches; assorting cartons of food and eagerly getting their packs in order. The fellows started out with 30 lbs. of food plus personal gear while the weaker sex struggled with 15 lbs. By 9:00 am everyone was ON the trail, most hiking, but unfortunately a few just sitting. By early afternoon everyone made the top of Piute Pass and was off for a few miles of downhill to our first camp at Golden Trout Lake - 10,900 feet. Everyone survived the first day of 7 miles and 2,200 feet of climb under heavily laden packs. The next day was an easy 3 miles to our new camp at Hitchison Meadow, so some of the more energetic individuals went for a 5 mile hike up to Muriel Lake and back to the lake and some to Desolation Lake in the morning. On Tuesday which was a layover day, Jackie, Irma and Lorie took off on a very secret mission and climbed Pilot Knob, 12,237, while most of the others hiked varying distances up French Canyon. Herb, Dot, and Roger spied Mount Merriam and attempted to climb it but by the early afternoon a rain and lightening storm closed in on them and forced them to retreat under showers of rain and snow. Six of us reached Pine Creek Pass for lunch and returned just in advance of the ensuing storm. On Wednesday we hiked down Piute Canyon over some very rough trails to the junction with the Muir Trail and then 3.6 miles up stream along the South Fork of the San Joaquin to the Goddard Canyon trail. It was on this day that Martin developed two of the biggest blisters on his heels that I have ever seen, but made it into camp O.K. following a laborious job of taping. (Excellent job...your editor). It was also on this day that rumors were spread through the rocks that Tony had been approaching all Florence Lake found pack trains inquiring about the possibilities of getting a ride.

Continued Page 5

Summer of 1956 saw another expansion of U.C. Hiking Club activities--a summer program. The first trip, June 24, was a hike from Muir Woods to Stinson Beach and return. It was a beautiful, sun-shiny day. The trip from the cathedral-like redwoods to the blue waters of the ocean pounding themselves against the shore was more beautiful than ever. On the weekend of June 30 to July 1 we had an overnight camping and hiking trip to Yosemite Valley. Time spent in the Valley itself was kept to a minimum to avoid the "visitation", as the rangers call it. Almost every member of the three-car expedition conquered Half-Dome. While not actually scary, the trip up the cables gives one, shall we say, "food for thought". After standing on the edge of the face and looking straight down several thousand feet, however, the trip down seems quite tame. Some of the group carried their gear to the top of Nevada Falls and spent the night there. Due to some recent thundershowers and a very wet Winter, the Mist trail was more than misty. Generally one expects to get his glasses wet on this trail alongside Vernal Falls but we got SOAKED TO THE SKIN. Art Woodworth of our party, who had recommended this trail, nearly got himself pushed off the top of the falls because of the unexpected amount of water. Sunday, July 15, we had a beach outing to Mc Clure's Beach. Eventually the sun even came out. A sheltered place behind a rocky point was found where we ate lunch. Exploration of the point revealed a tunnel through the rock. We spent some time looking at anemones - tiny crabs, mussels, etc. There was a very beautiful pool of water inside the tunnel. When the tide started to come in, we headed back to the beach, where the most remarkable bunch of freeways and sand castles this side of Los Angeles were constructed. The last trip was a hike

Continued p. 7

On Thursday we started up Goddard Canyon leaving Martin and Tony behind at camp with our excess food, Martin to heal his blister, and Tony to straighten out her back and just plain rest. Goddard Canyon is a very beautiful canyon containing a rapidly flowing and cascading stream with many spectacular waterfalls and interesting rock formations. Our hike took us past Hell-or-Sure Pass trail by about 1 mile where we made a base camp for the ascent of Mount Goddard on Friday. Herb, Pete, Roger and Charlie were the only ones to successfully reach the summit over a very difficult exposed third to fourth class route on rotten rock. Russ, Ann, Adrian and myself turned back within 500 feet of the top. But even from there the view was excellent permitting one to see much of Goddard Canyon, Martha Lake, Mt. McSe, Mount Darwin and Wanda Lake. The following day returning down Goddard Canyon we picked up Tony and Martin plus our food and headed for Colby Meadow. However in Evolution Meadow we had to ford Evolution Creek which was about 6 feet deep but 50 feet wide. For some strange reason Irma, Lorie and Adrienne and finally Jackie too got soaked to the bone, clothes and all. Ask them about the details! That night a specially prepared dried ham dinner with pudding and coffee cake for dessert was promptly consumed by all. On Sunday while part of the group set out to climb the Hermit, I set out with Pete, Herb, Charlie and Lorie for a seven mile jaunt up to Mc Gee lakes where we went swimming and ate lunch. In the afternoon we returned to camp, packed up our packs and started up the switchbacks, headed up to Evolution Lake where we were to make a base camp. There we were joined by Howard Morrow. The next day found me pretty much split up, some were climbing Mount Spenser, headed by Russ, while I, Roger, Arnie, Charlie and Pete tackled Mount Darwin third class which was a very enjoyable climb climaxed by one of the greatest views of the Sierra. It was equal in every way to the view from Mount Sill.

(climbed later) and University Peak (climbed on last year's High trip). From the top we were able to see Howard and Adrienne on top of Mt. Mendel which they alimbed third class but descended fourth class when Howard couldn't find the correct routedown. Others in our group just spent the day basking in the sunshine. That evening when everyone reported back it was discovered that Jackie had left the seat of her pants on top of Mt. Spenser.

The following day, Tuesday, was our longest day as we hiked from Evolution Lake up 1100 feet over Muir Pass which had considerable snow on it down on the other side to Big Pete meadow, a distance of nearly 13 miles. Two members of the party also climbed the Black Giant that day while others madly climbed snow banks for the thrill of glissading and to burn up excess energy. To top the day off right Jackie and Arne even hiked a mile past camp before realizing they had gone too far and had to return up hill from Little Pete meadow. The next day took us further down Le Conte Canyon to the junction with the Bishop Pass trail which we climbed for 3.6 miles uphill for 2,500 feet of elevation to Dusy Lake Basin. On Thursday at the very first signs of dawn a small party of climbers was busily cooking breakfast and making lunches. Within an hour 12 noses were counted including a stray mountaineer we met in Dusy Basin, and we were off over Knapsack Pass to climb Mount Sill. After frequent stops to check the wording and interpretation of the Climber's Guide and for map orientation, we started climbing a mountain which we hoped was Mt. Sill, as the summit is not visible from below. By about 1 o'clock Roger and I reached the top and fortunately found a register labeled Mt. Sill, 14,162, but to our disgust, no pencil. Finally one by one all 12 people reached the summit from which we all enjoyed an excellent view and a few scattered snow flakes which were falling. By sunset everyone

Cont. next column.

HIGH TRIP * Cont. from page 5

MARIN COUNTY HIKE

returned to camp dead tired after covering about 16 miles and close to 4200 feet of climbing.

The next day took us over Bishop Pass 1200 to Timberline Tarns Lake where we devoured a delicious dinner spiced up with lettuce cabbage, carrots, and onions, which we recieved from the Wampler group as we left Dusy Basin.

Saturday we all hiked out to South Lake where we had cars parked to transfer drivers to North Lake to pick up their cars. Saturday found most people in a hurry to get home except for Russ and Aron and passengers. Both cars drove to June Lake and we found a camp at Silver Lake where we stayed over night. To complete the trip we went to the movies in June Lake to see "Dumbo". Sunday we all returned home.

The milage covered on the trip was about 56 miles for those who took no side trips and who did not go up Goddard Canyon. The elevation climbed was approximately 500 feet. The more energetic souls climbed about 25,500 feet, and hiked about 130 miles.

I wish to thank Dot Ellis for the wonderful job she did in taking care of the food and transportation, and all of those who gave her love support and assisted in purchasing and packing supplies. I enjoyed this trip immensely and hope everyone else did likewise.

Bob Adam

A bright clear Sunday morning, and a not too hard hike in Marin County with the UCHC.... sounds good, doesn't it? It seems like 43 old UCHCers, new UCHCers, and visitors thought so too, for that is how many appeared at West Gate for the first hike of the fall semester.

After the usual h to start: from Berkeley and a wit at Muir Woods Park Headquarters, our "little" band began its journey. First it was through Muir Woods and then up UP UP---puff---up---have YOU ever led 42 hikers, all of whom seem to hike faster uphill than you?---up and up the Boot Jack Trail to Van Wyck. Here sweat-ers were shed, water was drunk and Ray Lucas played orang-utan, as he swung in the limbs of an oak. The it was off again along the CC trail, with its welcomed levelness, to the Stapelveldt Trail and its careful upishness. The top and Summit Meadow found the crew ha ing lunch, with some sitting at tables, some on the ground, and Howierd Morrow with his foot in a clump of poison oak.

After eating it was down, down, and more down as we scampered along the Steep Revine and Dipsea Trails to Stinson Beach. Here Ray, who had found a different trail to the beach, met us and told us that the Dipsea cross country race was run just before we had come over the trail. Here also Lev Akobjanoff, Mike Appleran and others enjoyed swimming in the cool Pacific. Jackie Hand, Dick McCracken, and Howierd took in some rock climbing, Marge and Lorie Voigt, Eric Huskins, Russ Sanborn, and Mel Bernstien goofed off in the sand, Dace found a sea animal which she lost before she found out its name, and everyone just a soaked up the sun's warmth ...!twas fun.



CRAGMONT ROCK (CLIMB)

PROGRESS IN THE UCHO
by the proxy

On September 23 over forty
climbers swarmed on Cragmont Rock
to learn the intricacies of rock
climbing. Included in the day's
activities were knot tying, freely
falling bodies alla lower belay, and
one pumping contests between Ann
and Al Stanchfield. Besides
these activities, the techniques of
climbing, rappelling, and climbing
were demonstrated for the beginners
and most of the newcomers took part
in the above activities.

Instead of the customary
article welcoming people back, I
have something else to offer.
Newcomers have been better
welcomed by the members they have
actually met and talked with, and
oldtimers don't need my say-so to
know that the Club is glad to have
them back. Rather, I'll use the
space to tell you what has been
done, what is being done, and what
we hope to do this semester.

The highlight of the afternoon
was the jump of Jackie Hand and Ray
Lucas off a 45 foot cliff for
recreation (they had belays for
less jumps). Needless to say, the
sight of this demonstration of low-
belay falls was slightly unnerv-
ing to many of the beginners.

The membership expansion pro-
gram laid out by last semester's
Ex. Comm. has been put into effect.
A slight handicap caused by short
funds seems to have made little
difference, for we now have more
members than at any time in the
last few years. Efforts to further
expand membership, and to further
our public relations in general,
are still being made, largely
through extensive use of posters
and University and ASUC bulletin
boards. Wider use of other media
is hoped for. Well-planned trips
and meetings are going to help us
hold our newly increased member-
ship.

After the climb about 20 climb-
ers went to a dinner. There they
enjoyed a delicious dinner of
spaghetti, after which Ray Lucas was
introduced into service serving ice
cream. By the way, Ray, just how
many half gallons did you save for
yourself? Singing and etc. climaxed
this grand day of climbing.

A. Fallenclimber

SUMMER - Cont.

through Tilden Park. Starting
from West Gate, we entered the park
via Shasta Road. Then it was
down, down, down and past Lake Anza.
Then back up, up, up to the Til-
den Park, South Gate, and Pacific
R. for a couple of rides and lunch.
The route back to West Gate was
via a trail and fire road along the
southern rim of Strawberry Canyon
reached from Grizzly Peak Blvd.

Our financial system has
been completely revised. We are
now handling our funds in a way
never before tried by the Club.
Some advantages of the new system
should be: ease of book-keeping,
tighter control of funds, and a
BIG balance at the end of the
semester!

The summer program, was a
definite success and should be
repeated next summer. (A
rearranged schedule listings trips
out every other weekend, however,
could be preferable to the sending
it of postcards for each event.)

The Vice-presidential powers
and duties have been increased and
broadened, as have the powers of
most other officers and committee
chairmen. More freedom in planning,
resulting in a better over-all
program, is the hoped-for result.

Art and Evie Woodworth

A Handbook for Officers and
Committee Chairmen is in preparation
and should be by the end of this
semester. This booklet will list
duties of officers and chairmen,
and will give many helpful hints
to the newly elected or appointed
officers and chairmen. Thus, a
measure of continuity of action,
with a bonus of efficiency, is (p80)

PROGRESS IN UCHC - CONT. FROM
PAGE 7

SCHEDULE OF COMING EVENTS

expected.

A departure from the "slides-and-cokes" general meeting is planned, and you'll see the results soon. The "New Look" is planned to increase interest in, and attendance at, our General Meetings.

Of course, any ambitious program is only as good as its implementation, and this means the YOU have to help. Your elected officers, and all the appointive Chairmen, are capable people, but they cannot do the job alone. When talent is needed for some phase of the Club's work, answer the call! If everyone steps wherever and whenever they can, this semester will be the best the club has seen.

A final reminder: Most Club business (and therefore YOUR business) is conducted in EX. Comm. meetings. They are usually open to any member and urge you to attend. Agendas for most meetings will be posted, and if you have suggestions to make, either come to the meeting or contact one of the officers. Remember, it's OUR Club, and YOU can make it better than it already is!

-Willie

LOUGHMAN PRESIDENT

William Loughman, who plans to take only UC extension courses on the UC Campus this semester, was therefore unsure of his UCHC membership status at the ex. comm. meeting of September 12, and presented his resignation. Following a discussion of membership in the UCHC, and after consulting the club By-laws, it was decided and voted that Loughman be considered a registered student. This was moved and unanimously approved and Loughman's resignation not be accepted.

The B&R TRACK is the official publication of the University of California Hiking Club. Published four times each semester at the club's office, Room C, Eschman Hall, Berkeley 4, California.

- Friday, Oct. 12...UCHC birthday party-SM's Hall
- Sunday, Oct. 14...Bike trip
- Friday, Oct. 19...Folk Dancing SM's Hall
- Sunday, Oct. 21...Rock Climb
- Thurs. Oct. 25...General meeting
- Saturday, Oct. 28-29, Feather River (overnight)
- Friday, Nov. 2...Folk Dancing
- Sunday, Nov. 4...Mt. Tamalpais (Hike)
- Friday, Nov. 9...Costume Party (SM's hall)
- Sunday, Nov. 11...Cave City, Spolunking

PROGRESS REPORT...

One thing's dead sure: UCHC lubbers can never be accused of inactivity! Ho-hum, here we go:

MARRIED: Wm. D. Loughman, and Linnet Goodrich

ENGAGED: Bob Huskins and Margie Voigt

Vince Arp and Margaret Wood (wedding Dec. 22)

PROGENY: Robert Alan, son of Harry and Alice Krueper

ACCIDENTS: Broken neck, Larry Hawley (also skull fracture, punctured ear drum, broken ribs (4), collarbone and shoulder bones broken, blood clot in vein after 4 weeks. On hold.)

Pete Scott, Irma Wobber engaged

Sprained, ankle s(2) - Margery Wood

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October 1956

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1715 Dwight Way
TH-1-2831

Shriver, Duward
2317 Ward
TH-5-9078

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TH-5-9428

Solomon, Ben
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