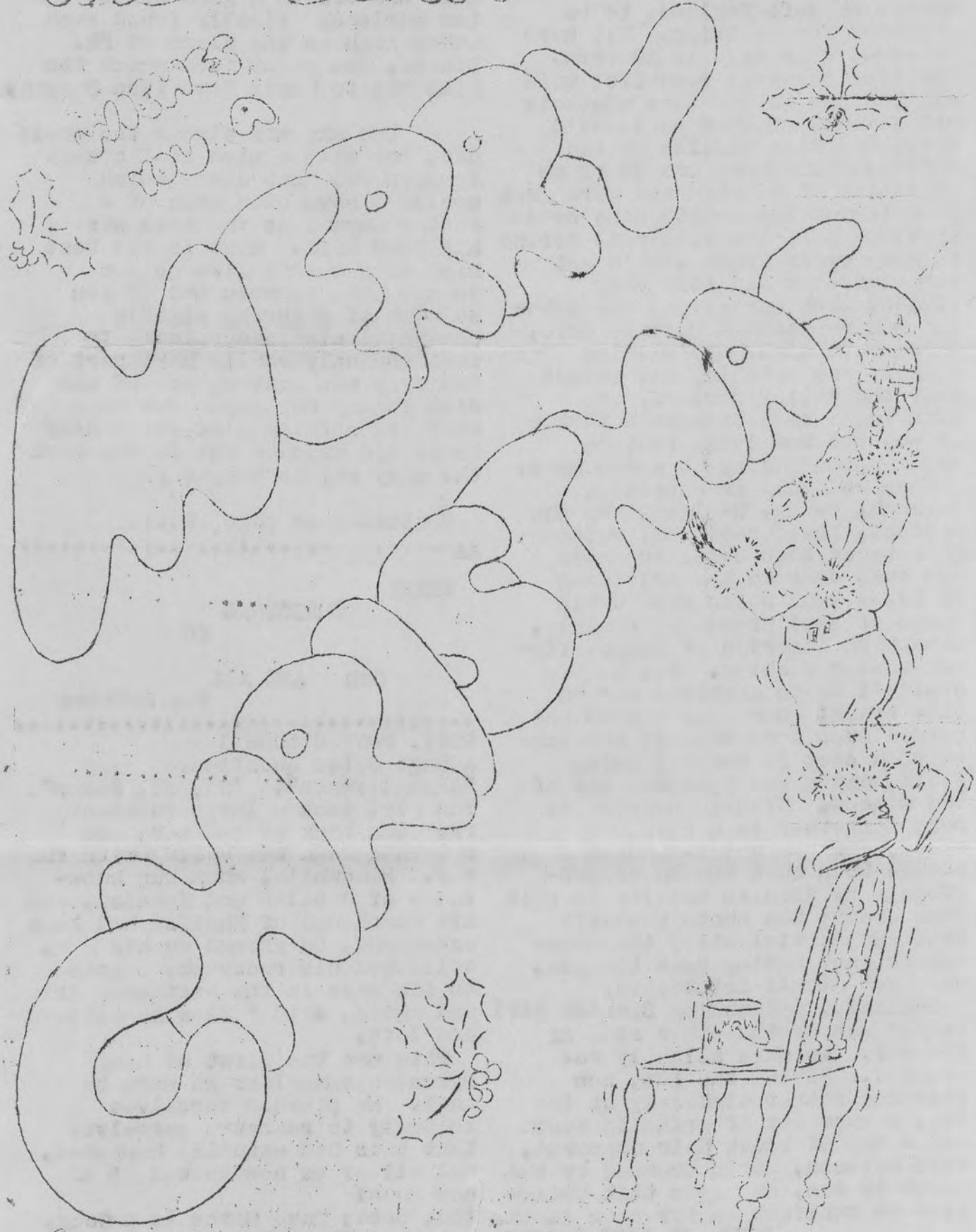


# THE BEAR TRACK

WISHES  
YOU A



Vol. 14 No. 3 December, 1956

by Dave Watts

We were warned, the five of us, before we left England, to be prepared for anything. Yet here we were, four days in Andorra, the tiny Pyrenean republic; we'd climbed one 10,000 foot mountain and several smaller ones. We'd tried speaking Catalan to the natives, but there are 12 or so varieties of Catalan and ours must have formed the thirteenth; we'd survived a nation-wide rail strike to get across France, we'd got very sunburnt and felt very pleased with ourselves, but nothing had happened. Here we were, 5,000 feet high, one washing dishes, one watching the sunset over the valley poplars, one climbing a tree to take a photograph, the two lying flat on their backs gazing at a new moon.

When suddenly it happened.

G-runch, B-ang, W-allop. Up the ancient, boulder-strewn, rutted mule-track that ended opposite our tent door in the adjoining field, a loud noise with a big cloud of dust proceeded rapidly, almost in a series of jumps, flying-saucer fashion. No, it couldn't be an American car on this track! Our eyes popped and popped even more when it screeched to a stop in the adjoining field, and a gun appeared out of the window. Dishes and sunsets were forgotten in a rush for cover, for had not two English people been shot two weeks previously by Spanish bandits in this same area?; the photographer's tree swayed violently; the moon-gazers, not having seen the gun, were not at all interested.

Suddenly, a dazzling Spanish girl jumped out of the other side of the car. We were slightly reassured. Behind the **gun**, now pointing rather aimlessly at the sky, a huge set of grinning teeth and a mop of black hair appeared, with between, skin browned by the mountain sun, and eyes that twinkled as sunlight on Pyrenean lakes.

CONT. IN NEXT COLUMN

When the inevitable mixup occurred, it was certain that the hike was off to a good start. The two carloads finally found each other high on the slope of Mt. Diablo, the point from which the hike was to begin down Pine Canyon.

The sky was clear the whole day, but with a nice cool breeze to keep the heat down, which wouldn't have been much of a factor anyway as the hike was ALL DOWN HILL. That is the best kind of a Sunday Hike as you do not have to work out of you so much of Saturday night's deconditioning exercises. In fact the only really hard part of the trip was getting out of the sack Sunday Morning. But then there is nothing like stretching those old muscles out in the open the easy way as theynsay.

Continued on page 2....

MERRY

CHRISTMAS

TO

ONE AND ALL

The Editors

.....  
CONT. FROM COLUMN I

A huge voice questioned "Aeenglisches". "Si, si, Senor". The girl took a large rucksack from the back of the car, and returned down the valley with the car. Meanwhile, when our knowledge of Catalan and Spanish, and His knowledge of English had been exhausted, he showed us his gun, collected his rucksack, pointed to the pass in the distance, grinned again, said "dios Aeenglisches" and left.

This was the first of many Pyrenean smugglers we were to meet. We pinched ourselves solemnly to reassure ourselves that this had actually happened, and all of us now looked at the new moon!

(Ed. note: Dave Watts is a Goog. student from England.)

## WEEKEND AT YOSEMITE

After signing up for the Yosemite trip during the week before Thanksgiving, most of the people who signed up gathered in room C Eshleman for car assignments on Tuesday, Nov. 20th. When the assignment for our group was made up it was found that we didn't know whose car was to be taken. In fact the driver of our group didn't find out that he was the driver until Wed. morning. Little did we realize that this was just the beginning of our hectic start.

On Thursday evening after a big Thanksgiving dinner we began to gather together. One of the persons was to meet us in Walnut Creek along the way. This person told another of the persons in our group that he would be waiting at 6 o'clock, but the driver didn't know this until Thursday evening. When we got to Walnut Creek we could not find hide nor hair of our missing member for we had started from Berkeley at 8 o'clock. The most logical conclusion was that he got tired of waiting and operating on this assumption we began to try to track him down. Just before 11 o'clock we decided it was fruitless to try any further and we left for Yosemite.

Our arrival in Yosemite was early or was it late? Well anyway, it was 4 o'clock in the morning. We were in Yosemite and it was my first visit.

Hiking in Yosemite was lots of fun with the scenery and the dry leaves to crackle through. Because of the diverse interests of the group each day found many small groups going hither and yon. For me the hikes to Snow Creek Falls and Glacier Point were very enjoyable. I finally got to see those Yosemite Valley sights that I previously had seen only in photos. Yosemite Falls was a disappointing trickle until someone pointed out to me that this was a dry year and the tourist photos are taken in the spring.

## PINE CANYON

Continued from Page 1.

We quickly dropped through tress and, of course, chaparral. The pace was a leisurely one with much idscussion on the topics of interest. It was interrupted by lunch beside a rancher's pond, but took up again as we climbed into some interesting rock formations afterwards. After a long look around these rocks, we continued on down the canyon, stopping only to have a minor war when we ran into a chestnut tree surrounded of course by Ball en chestnuts, which make great throwing. Then a short walk and we were down to the road and the waiting cars.

One car then took aload up to the top of Mt. Diablo to see the country: Mainly one sees growing subdivisions and smog; then it proceeded back to Berkeley.

Alan Sproles

## PROGRESSIVE DINNER OH LA LA!

U.C.H'ers had a real progressive dinner December 14. Without street maps the hikers combed the hills. Irma had the aperatif, Deena, the soup, Marge the salad, Marcia, the main dish, and surprise of surprises Bob H. had the desert and .....

The meal was terrific, even for the stragglers. The party

Continued on Page 5

## CONT. FROM COLUMN I

photos are taken in the spring-time when there is more water.

Packing up to leave on Sunday wasn't too enjoyable for me for I began to think of leaving the beauty of Yosemite for the smaze of the Bay Area. That evening found us back in Berkeley tired but happy and refreshed after spending a weekend away from books. (and slide rule)

Aron Mural



Our little band of eight took off from West Gate bright and early Sunday morning (a half an hour late). Everyone arrived at Tomales Bay State Park safe and sound. Marching along dirt roads, and tramping (and crawling) over some long-forgotten trails, we reached our destination, a pretty little beach. Here we ate our lunches and basked in the sun. While we were there, Martin Zonlight, armed with his birdbook, watched a flock of horned grebes, Mike Appleman found a couple of little jellyfish floating in the water, and another member went swimming in the bay. Our day was climaxed by an excursion to the Point Reyes lighthouse. For a while it seemed as if Jorge's car was going to stay at the light house indefinitely, but somehow he finally got it started. Altogether it was a very enjoyable day.

.....  
 BAJA CALIFORNIA

The club will be taking a trip to Baja California between semesters. We will have one week and still be back for registration.

Because of the disastrous effect on cars when we were in Baja two years ago, this trip will be made by truck. Last year truck transportation was used in Death Valley and it was very satisfactory.

We expect to visit Tijuana and Ensenade, then go inland to the mountains and pine forests.

A sign-up sheet will be on the bulletin board immediately after Xmas vacation. Sign-ups will be closed before the first day of finals. Please sign up early.

For further and more extensive information see the bulletin board after Xmas vacation.

Ray Lucas

Tired of burning to a crisp under that hot old California sun? Like to wallow through good clean muck in pitch blackness? Well, you may soon have your chance in the Hiking Club Speleological Section.

For those persons who have their heads buried -- good potential members, all of them -- speleology is the study of caves. The purpose of the Speleological Section will be, in the words of its proposed by-laws, "the enjoyment, investigation, and preservation of natural caves, and the study of speleological methods and techniques."

No trips will be scheduled during the current semester, since the group is still being organized, but it is reasonably certain that cave trips will be held next semester.

At present, the sign-up sheet in the club office has 24 names, but since this merely represents a sixth of the club, the sheet will remain posted for procrastinators.

Remember: we guarantee that during each trip, at least 50% of the members will return to the surface.

RD



GENERAL MEETING - DEC. 6

The General Meeting was held on the evening of Dec. 6, with about 25 people in attendance. The program consisted of two movies about wild life in California. Ray Lucas told us something about the forthcoming Baja trip, and also discussed the method of travel he hopes to use. The proposed route will take the travelers inland as well as by the coast. Memories of the last trip and also the requirements for entry into Mexico were discussed. The meeting ended at 9:30.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE EDITOR: In addition to the present overnights, I think that the club should schedule a local overnight that would start Saturday afternoon and end Sunday afternoon.

Overnights have a very special quality that one day hikes lack. A local overnight would give beginners, members with Saturday classes, outside jobs or studies, a chance to enjoy one of the finest experiences of our club.

My suggestion is a beach overnight to Point Reyes.

Don Wainwright

BULLETIN! BULLETIN!!

Election: Thursday of the week of return to school after Christmas ballots will be sent out to the membership.

Nominations are posted on the bulletin board. Nominations are open until 4 p.m. January 2, 1957.

The Bear Track is the official publication of the U.C. Hiking Club. Published four times each semester at the club's office, Room 6., Eshelman Hall, Berkeley 4, California, U.S.A.

BAJA I., BAJA I...END OF SEMESTER...

TO THE EDITOR: To attract members, the UCHC advertises it provides opportunity for the uninitiated to learn to rock climb. One assumes this means learning to climb proficiently. The UCHC doesn't provide this opportunity. Present UCHC policy of scheduling hardly allows beginners, on UCHC climbs, to progress beyond the Sunday practice pitch. Nor does it allow development within the UCHC of climbing leaders. Both novice and expert must seek climbs outside the UCHC or perhaps lose interest in climbing. This policy has resulted in the present, rather pitiful vestige called the Mountaineering Section. If the Mountaineering Section is ever to progress, it must be free to plan an effective program. Some UCHC'ers think hiking is the principal activity of the UCHC and all other activities should be subordinate to it. However, the club constitution clearly sets forth that this isn't so. It is entirely consistent with club purposes and intuitively logical that the UCHC should provide all members opportunity to participate in the club activities that interest them. Present policy promotes disinterest, forcing some club members to participate in something which doesn't interest them or not to participate at all. If the UCHC fails to provide an outlet for interest in mountaineering in the university, it will certainly be found elsewhere.

Sincerely,

Mike Loughman

GOOD TIME? NOON HOUR JITTERS? ROOM C.....IS THE PLACE,,,,,IF YOU CAN STAND IT...THAT IS.....

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Mimeographing: Al Stanchfield,  
and volunteers  
Typing: Jackie Hand  
Larry Hawley  
Eat Malone  
Marcia Lightbody

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SCHEDULE UNTIL END OF SEMESTER:

January 4 Folk Dancing  
(last one of the semester) P.M.  
January 6 Climb: Hunter's Hill  
January 11 Final Fling Party  
(Note the change in date)  
January 13 Hike Portola State  
Park

Art Work: Al Stanchfield

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

(Cont. from page 2.)

at Bob's was great even the gifts.  
We found that Grasshoppers (fried)  
~~and~~ INDEED a ~~great~~ delicacy. Irma's  
gift.....which was mostly paper  
.....and paper....and scotch  
tape.....and confetti....and paper  
was...well, it was mostly that-  
that it was, yes sireebob. There

Baja Trip: Leave evening of  
last day of finals (Come one  
come all... See January Bear  
Track for further details.)

.....  
was Dace smoking her ceegar and  
blowing four smokerings in a row  
and Ina not smoking her pipe for  
some obscure reason. Oh, by the way,  
-Errata-hors d'ouvres, not apera-  
tifs, were served at Irma's. We  
beg her PARDON! HAH

.....  
*Maell*  
.....

U.C. Hiking Club  
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PRAY FOR PEACE



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*Calif*