

UCHC

BEAR



TRACK

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UCHC

APRIL 1957

PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT TRIP \* MARCH 23-24

Well, it seems that nearly everyone got here before the illustrious author of this piece. Our car arrived after the big freeze was over. (We heard reports that the temperature had gone down to 29° the night before.)

Present were Lorie Voigt, leader; Pete Scott, banjo virtuoso; Mel Berstein, Shakespearean fan; Pat Hochberg; Gloria Ramos, mountaineeress supreme; Tom Schoyler, a new face; Jim Fahs, gambler par excellence; Iris Mable, the warmest sleeper around; Ann Dacey, chairman of the Hiking Committee and renowned for dropping "R's"; Mike Bialas, another new face (but I've heard he's been around the UCHC longer than some of the old faces); Tom Aley, an old face; Alton Kaplan, our famous folk song fiend; Harry Loippo, still another new face; Don Wainwright, Berkoloy's answer to Arthur C. Doyle; Jackie and Dick McCracken, the two

most likely to leap at Lover's Leap; Dave Rottman (I don't think I even know him. He must be another new face.); Ray Lucas, guide to the caves, the Omar Kayam of California, and man about the reservoir; Norm Turner, voted most likely to be fricassoeed; Judy Byers, a good listener; Bob Orser, a good talker; John Shonle, the one with the green sports car; Marcia Lightbody, the one with the green face who rode in the sports car. All were there, freezing. So were Al Sproules, whose mother cooks a superb meal; Pat Malone, whom everyone knows; Brint Stone, storyteller; and Roger Lowe, the Army's newest weapon.

Everyone went down early Saturday morning (yawn). By the time we arrived (9:00 south face Campanile time), almost all had departed to scale the peaks.

So many people climbed so many different things that I don't think I'll be able to tell about them all. But realize, all of ye unmentioned, that you did brave, brave things and that the glory doesn't really matter. Jackie and Dick M., Ray Lucas, John Shonle climbed the machete and the Elephant at old Pinnacles, and then the three brave men climbed the Heffelump. (You see, women do have more sense.) Lucas didn't climb Sunday, complaining of a slightly upset stomach (He said to be discreet!)

Bob Orser, Mike Loughman, Tom Scholer and Judy Byers conquered Salathe, Sliver, and Condor Crags. Pete Scott, Lorie Voigt, Ann Dacey, Tom Aley, Allen Kaplan, Don Wainwright and Dave Rottman scaled the most difficult pinnacle



of all, the fire tower. Gloria Ramos and Norm Turner "fooled around" on Long's Folly. Then Gloria and Tom Schöyler scaled Mechanic's Delight, and then as if she ~~she~~ hadn't done enough, she and Tom, along with Allen Kaplan and Judy did H and L. Roger Lowe Climbed something with someone, but I'm not sure what ~~he~~ did, and since he's now at the other end of the world, I didn't want to run over and find out. This is all the data I have on the climbing. (Of all the lousy reporters. Four people I know very well climbed the North Finger and darn near fell off the top, it was so small. typist!)

We had beautiful weather and in the evening we made a huge tire fire. We sang songs for a while, and then Ray Lucas led a flashlightless tour through the caves. (Some people cheated and used lights; these shall be nameless.) A few hardy souls went swimming in the reservoir; there are lawbreakers in our midst. On Sunday most of the climbers at High Peaks went climbing.

The country is beautiful. Most of the rock formations have fungus and lichen growths on them. The garish orange and dark and light green colors gave the impression that a maniac with a paint brush had been turned loose in the monument. There's a lot of grass and trees, too. Other things that caught my eye were the little red, three-leaved plants that seem to grow everywhere. They were so lovely I could hardly resist taking a few of the bushes home with me, but I believe in conservation in our national monuments.

About four o'clock Sunday afternoon most of the kids left and went to Hollister for dinner in the "world famous" New China Cafe.

The trip was enjoyed by all. We had no serious injuries; there were only a few blistered feet and one singed blond head with a few minor cuts still in evidence below the singe (That will teach you to go saving in the dark, Lucas!) All returned bright eyed and bushy tailed ready for another happy week at school. Annette Norvelle

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CANOE TRIP

The UCHC has answered a request from its members for a canoe trip during the present spring semester, and the Planning Committee has agreed to schedule one on the Russian River as an additional overnight on Saturday and Sunday, May 4-5. (Make a note on your schedule of this.) Norm Turner and Gloria Ramos have consented to lead the trip. Address your queries to them about the route, experience necessary, Cont. p. 6

UCHC's second hike of the semester took place Sunday, March 17. Three cars left West Gate at 8:30 a.m., their destination being 3798-foot Loma Prieta, located about 15 miles south of San Jose. The hike began from the end of the paved road and followed a large stream, lined with plenty of trees and occasional outcroppings of rock which were somewhat tempting to the climbers in the group. After a mile of dirt road and another mile of trail, all visible routes of travel came to an abrupt halt, forcing the hikers to strike out on their own. Thirty minutes of uphill trail-blazing through patches of poison oak proved to be too much for five members of the group, who decided to turn back at this point. The remaining seven, including two girls who didn't complain once during the entire expedition, pushed stubbornly upward, stopping for lunch beneath a pine tree in one of the few existing clearings. At this time it was discovered that Jorge Bogart had accidentally (?) forgotten to bring a lunch, a situation which was soon remedied by the generosity of his companions. After lunch the hikers decided to try to reach the top of a ridge, from which a road led back to where the cars were parked. Toward the top, the brush was so thick that the only way of getting through was to crawl underneath it or walk on top of it. After two hours of unsuccessful bushwhacking, the group looked at their watches and decided to surrender, descending by way of a small stream back to the main stream, which led to the trail and the road. Returning to the cars at 6:00 p.m., bruised, scrapped, and muddy, but nevertheless with high morale, the hikers agreed that it had been quite an experience, but that they would stick to trails in the future. Dave Rottman

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"I THINK HE CLIMBS SO WELL BECAUSE HE'S GOT HANGNAILS."

## HUNTER'S HILL

*Mountaineering*TRIP TO LIME ROCK BY THE U.C.R.C.  
(U.C. RAIN CLUB)

Four cars left West Gate on Sunday, March 3, en route to Lime Rock. After we had passed Sacramento and forded a stream or two, our fearless leader, Ray Lucas, led the way along a narrow muddy pig path to Lime Rock (By the way, we were still in cars). We reached a small clearing and left the cars, taking a short hike to the rock. (It started to rain then.) There we branched out for climbing or hiking until noon.

At lunchtime some of us crawled under a ledge and had our vittles. (It was still raining.) After lunch the hikers set out again and found some very beautiful hiking country in spite of the rain. A few daring climbers (I say daring because I was scared to death; the others seemed a bit bored.) did the 150 foot rappel that had set the second Sierra Club record. (It was still raining)

After the rappel some of the climbers and other interested people ventured into the cave below Lime Rock. (It was raining yet.) We had to rappel down about 40 feet through the mud, and upon reaching the bottom, I asked myself, "How does one get out of this hole?" The cave wasn't very large but had some interesting stalactites and a small side chamber. At about 4:00 we decided to adjourn to the surface. That's when I found out how we were to get out--either prussik out or climb up the rope hand over hand. I decided to try the latter method but ended up being pulled out hand over hand by my belayer.

When everyone finally surfaced, we slushed (It was still raining.) back to the cars. Ray again led the "voyagers" back along the pig path, and eventually we landed back at the port of Berkeley. A good wet time was had by all. (It was still raining)

Pat Malone

## DINNER PARTY

On Friday, April 5, a party will be held at Woodminster Park. Hot dogs, potato salad, soft drinks, and dessert will be served. A charge of 25¢ will be made to cover expenses. Sign up in Room 6 and meet at West Gate at 5:30 pm. Come and have a good time!

It seems that as the rocks get bigger the climbing group gets smaller, since only a handful showed up for the Hunter's Hill climb. These were rewarded, however, with one of the few clear days of the year, although it began to get a bit cooler later in the afternoon.

The party left West Gate at 8:00 a.m. Sunday, and on arrival, some small climbs together with a belay school, were set up by the group leader, Howard Morrow. With this to wet our appetites we turned to the highest rock and decided it was time for lunch. After lunch a few headed underground while those remaining set up a long rappel on the high face. After rappelling down, we decided to try the climb up by the route known as Eagle's Nest. This route was attempted earlier in the day by another group which was unsuccessful. Of course, several members of the hiking club reached the top with no trouble while the other group looked on in admiration.

Some 6th class work was next on the agenda, but as it was getting late and cold we headed home instead.

One car load stopped and ate dinner Mexican style, with Antelope Al helping those not familiar with Mexican dishes get the most out of the menu.

Bob Lewis

CONDENSED EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE  
MINUTES \* MARCH 6

The meeting was called to order at 12:17 p.m. in the Art Bureau of Eshelman Hall.

Under old business, Tom Aley, program chairman, reported that three general meetings had been planned for the semester. Dick Leonard and Dr. Leopold were mentioned as possible speakers.

Al Stanchfield presented a list of budgets presented by committee chairmen. After discussion, the committee approved the following budgets:

Folk Dance Committee	\$15.00
Entertainment Committee	\$35.00
Program Committee	\$35.00
Publicity Committee	\$12.00
Quartermaster	\$20.00
Mountaineering Section	\$28.50
Miscellaneous Expenses	\$75.00

Check official minutes for details.



# SPELEOLOGY



## PINNACLE POINT CAVE

The semester's second cave trip took us to Pinnacle Point Cave, high on a steep hillside in the Mother Lode area.

The entrance passage of this cave has formed along a steeply tilted bedding plane; thus we were provided with our first experience with rope ladder work. From the opening at the base of a limestone pinnacle there is about a 12 foot drop to a ledge some six to eight feet wide. From here, there is another drop of approximately 35 feet.

A few stalactites were seen from the ledge, and two short columns stood next to the entrance to a crawlway leading to an opening high in the wall of one of the cave's larger chambers.

Upon reaching the ledge we hung the rope ladder down the long drop and made the descent. From the bottom, we entered the chamber mentioned above through a crawlway having one dead-end side passage.

No dripstone deposits were seen in the lower parts of the cave, but there were several interesting effects due to solution by quiet water, which must have entirely filled this cave at one time. The most striking feature of this chamber was a thin layer of a dark colored mineral projecting from the wall. This was produced when carbon dioxide-bearing water dissolved away the limestone on either side, leaving the more resistant impurity. In some places the layer of impurity protected the limestone on one side while solution bit deeper into the wall on the other.

After ducking through a hole in the wall, we found ourselves on the shore of an underground lake. It was necessary to cross this lake in order to see the rest of the cave, so 11 of our group of 12 stripped to varying degrees of nudity and waded in. As one sinks quite a way into the muddy bottom, the effective depth of the lake proved to be greater than it appeared from the shore. We waded across between long slabs of perilous country rock until we passed through a tall narrow archway with just head room above the water. I am told that there are times when the water is higher, and one must suck beneath the surface to get through this opening.

Incidentally, I might point out that we have here a good reason for carrying independent light sources. Naturally, a carbide lamp will be extinguished if splashed or dragged under water,

whereas many good flashlights continue to operate satisfactorily under these conditions. On the other hand, a carbide lamp is better for general cave use.

From the archway we emerged into another fairly large chamber with a sloping muddy floor. There were extensive fluted areas on the walls, and several deposits of cave coral were found. Several short side passages led from this room. One of these led directly into a grotto with a low ceiling in which the directions of the joints and bedding planes were clearly revealed. There were also a number of stylolites projecting from the roof. These are chips of rock shoved into this position by adjacent large blocks as they slide against each other. The nature of their origin is revealed by striation running along their faces.

Another short crawlway led to an approximately rectangular room some 25 feet in length. A wall ran down the middle of the room for about half its length. More intricate flutings were seen, and there was a vein of a red iron-bearing mineral running through the wall.

When we arrived, the entrance to this room would admit only the more slender members of our party, but several heaves of a he-man chest broke out a chunk of wall, thus making way for the portly.

It took over an hour to get everyone back up the now muddy and slippery rope ladder. The last of us emerged shortly after dark, and after quick changes into dry clothes by the more foresighted, we scrambled back down the hillside to the cars.

Allen Kaplan

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## SAME TRIP - ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

This was the slitheringest trip yet. On a beautiful sunny Sunday afternoon, we entered a small opening far up on the hill. One by one, 11 of us climbed down 30 feet on a rope ladder we had brought along. Then we crawled along a small tube to a big chamber. This is where the best part began. We entered a subterranean lake up to our necks and waded or swam to the next chamber. When we stepped into the water our feet settled into a muddy, oozing nothingness. As a matter of fact, the mud in this cave was just great. The second chamber was all mud. We laughed and slithered here and there exploring our lit-



### GAMBLIN' PARTY IS BANG UP SUCCESS

On a recent Friday evening, March 8 to be exact, a rough, tough crew of cowpunchers, horse-thieves, gamblers, and other assorted western types descended upon O'Leary's Saloon (formerly the Senior Men's Hall) for a gay evening of gamblin', square dancin', eatin', and hard drinkin'. Sheriff Lucas kept things kinda peaceful like, though occasionally a few wild shouts and shots would ring out. Betting was heavy at roulette, blackjack, craps, and poker, and you would have thought the pink and white slips of paper were real greens tuff to watch the eager gamblers. Quite a few big spenders went broke, but no suicides were noted. Apparently "easy come, easy go" is the notion most prevalent in this outfit.

Bartender Appleman dispensed some mighty powerful drinks, such as White Mule Whisky, Blunt Screwdrivers, and Gin Fizzlos, to the gang of thirsty cowpokes and their womenfolk. After gobbling some cake (yums), Gaming tables were pushed aside and the floor cleared for some dancing. Our own UCHC dance band (we got everything in this club) provided music for a hambo, Zillertaler, and several more dances. Then John Mitchell arrived to call a whole string of lively square dances and the Virginia Reel. These were great fun, and there were as many as three squares going at once. Finally, (Don't these people ever get tired?) we ended up with some clever little spontaneous games like "shoe on the rafter", "hat toss", and "broomstick joring". Certainly we can say that "a good time was had by all."\*

A rousing cheer is due to the Entertainment Committee, and especially to its chairman, Annette, whose presence was missed because of a previous engagement (with poison oak).

That's all, padners.

\*(A traditional UCHC Expression)

-RDO-

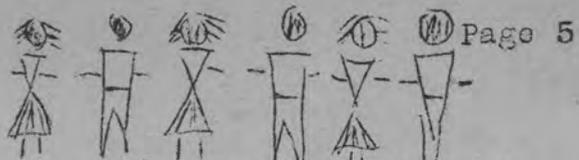
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### CAVE TRIP . cont. from pg 4

the kingdom. Later several of us slithered off on our stomachs on a side trip to a smaller chamber.

Altogether, it was a really mad, muddy Sunday sport.

Don Wainwright



### FOLK DANCING, MARCH 1

Starting at 7:30 the crowds began to gather at one of the most popular every other Friday night spots in the Bay Area. The crowds were not quite as great as they had been the previous time this joint was opened, but plenty of people were there, enough to make things mighty interesting. The record player began to turn, and obediently people took their places on the floor and began Hamboing, Zillertaloring, Marklander, Hopaking, and Gustav Skoaling. I think that everyone had a good time meeting each other and gossiping about everyone who wasn't there. At least I did. Refreshments were served by that notable bartender, Mike Appleman, assisted by that notable assistant, Irma Webber, and the refreshments were notable. We were joined by an outsider now dwelling in Arizona, Moose Webber. It was enjoyable evening. See you all there the next time.

Marjorie Voigt

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### MEMBERSHIP LIST

#### CORRECTION:

Lum, Pucy-Chong (instead of Pucui-Chong, Lum)  
2837 Grove, Oakland  
TW 3-5930

#### ADDITIONS:

Clark, Bon  
2703 Stuart, Apt. #3  
TH 8-8109

deSaussure, Raymond  
2457 1/2 Marin  
IA 4-2076

Thrig, Sandra  
2478 Telegraph, Apt. #6  
TH 3-6459

Landers, John  
2628 College  
TH 5-3550

Lee, Ann  
2337 Haste

Voigt, Marjorie  
1019 Middlefield Road  
AS 3-8679

- .....
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- .....

CANOE TRIP cont.  
commissary, et cetera.

At present the plan is to run the Russian River downstream from Healdsburg to Monte Rio. This is not a difficult river to run, and I urge novices to sign up. The river at no time will be excessively deep or fast. For those who feel they should have some knowledge of the techniques used in the propulsion of a canoe, it is possible to rent a canoe for an hour or so at Lake Merritt in Oakland.

If you cannot contact the leaders, you can speak to me in Room C, at TE 3-6439, or at 2478 Telegraph. #3.

A. Dacey, Hiking Committee  
Chairman

The following is a suggested list of equipment:

- | TO TAKE                             | TO LEAVE IN CAR           |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| Bathing suit (wear)                 | Sleeping bag              |
| Tennis shoes (wear)                 | Stove (Primus or Coleman) |
| Suntan oil                          | Cooking utensils          |
| Dark glasses                        | Warm sweater              |
| Towel                               | Shirt                     |
| Lunch                               | Long pants                |
| Hat (opt.)                          | Flashlight (or carbide)   |
| Camera (opt.)                       | Shoes or boots (opt.)     |
| Waterproof container for all above. | Dry socks                 |
|                                     | Food                      |
|                                     | Anything else you want    |

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BEAR TRACK STAFF

GENERAL MEETING - APRIL 11

Editor: Helen McGinnis  
Artists: Al Stanchfield, Marcia Lightbody, Don Wainright  
Typists: Marcia Lightbody, Martin Zenlight, Helen McGinnis, Jorge Bogart, Ray Lucas  
Mimeographing: Tim Kaarto, Jorge Bogart

For our April eleventh general meeting a film about Makalu, the fourth highest mountain in the world, will be shown. It will be narrated by Richard Houston, a member of the California Himalayan Expedition. As usual, the meeting will be held in 159 Mulford Hall. Be sure to come.

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MEMBERSHIP LIST

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Voss, Nancy  
2732 Durant Ave.