

# BEAR TRACK



Vol. 4, No. 1 Oct. 4, 1950 U C HIKING CLUB Rm. C, Eshleman Hall, Berkeley

## STEP RIGHT UP, LAYDEEZ AND GENTLEMEN...

...And let us introduce you to the most amusing, peculiar, startling collection of characters ever gathered together under one roof: the Bear Hikers.

These Bizarre Bears are led by a group of nine oddities known as the Executive Committee:

President: Rayne Motheral  
V. President: Ron Smith  
Executive Sec'y: Shirley Lewis  
Corresponding Sec'y: Herb Petschek  
Treasurer: Al Wheeler  
Members-at-Large (or Reps at Large):  
Eugene Harlamoff  
Gary Lundberg  
Lee Monroe  
Larry Williams

One and all are invited to see them perform at the UCHC Executive Committee meetings, or business meetings, held every other Monday as announced in the Daily Cal.

The more planned performances are known as General Meetings, and feature a minimum of business with a maximum of entertainment, usually slides or movies. They are open to the Public as well as members.

Other rare critters do their bit in the 6 club committees:

**THE COORDINATOR:** "A single appointed officer who supervises preparation of the next semester's program and sees that the committees function smoothly."

**CONSERVATION COMMITTEE:** "Conducts a program of education in, and appreciation of, the Outdoors, and cooperates with other clubs in Conservation projects."

**ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE:** "...is in charge of the club's social activities. They plan and conduct the dances and parties."

**HIKING COMMITTEE:** "...is responsible for the day hikes and overnights which make up the greater part of the club activities."

**OUTINGS COMMITTEE:** "plans and supervises the longer trips held during vacations."

**PUBLICITY COMMITTEE:** "handles all publicity and publishes the club newsletter, the Bear Track."

**TRANSPORTATION COMMITTEE:** "operates a car pool for private car trips & arranges bus charters or truck rentals when necessary."

There is also a special group of characters who call themselves the MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING SECTION, but who are obviously closely related to the fabulous rock-climbing baboons of mysterious Arabia: "The section has been established primarily to promote safe climbing methods, instruct beginners, and organize and coordinate climbing trips. (cont' next col.)

## SCHEDULE CHANGES

Because of conflicts with football games and other University activities, the U.C.H.C. schedule for Fall, 1950 has been partially changed.

The entire schedule, as it now stands, is printed below. Hikes and activities which have been changed are marked with an asterisk.

Two more day hikes will be scheduled for this fall later in the semester. Details will appear in the Bear Track.

### New Schedule:

- Sat. Oct. 7: Annual Birthday party.
- \* Sun. Oct. 8: Rock Climbing - Pinnacle Rock.
- \* Sat-Sun Oct. 14-15: Pinnacles National Monument.
- \* Sun. Oct. 22: Mt. St. Helena, hike.
- \* Sat. Oct. 28: Treasure Hunt.
- \* Sun. Oct. 29: Rock Climbing - Pine Canyon.
- \* Sat.-Sun. Nov. 4-5: Calaveras Big Trees hike.
- Sun. Nov. 12: Marin County, hike.
- Sun. Nov. 19: Conservation project.
- \* Sat.-Sun. Nov. 25-26: Yosemite, hike.
- Sun. Dec. 3: Rock Climbing - Hunter's Hill.
- Sat. Dec. 9: Christmas Party.
- Tue.-Sun. Dec. 26-31: San Jacinto Wild Area, hike.
- \* Sun. Jan. 7: Rock Climbing - Miraloma Rock.

## PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT

Oct. 14-15

Although it is scheduled under rock climbing trips, the Pinnacles expedition this weekend will include hiking for UCHCers who don't wish to try their luck on the famous "unsound rock", and (we hope) plenty of fair autumn weather for those who would like to just lie around. Sign up now in Room C.

(cont' from Col. 1)  
In the interests of safety, certain basic requirements for membership in the section have been established. Although section membership is limited to those who fulfill these requirements, any club member is welcome to participate on local climbs."

All of these unique specimens hang out in an exotic, sub-tropical habitat, known among them as Room C, Eshleman. There they all congregate to hear the latest news about hikes-done and hikes-to-come, to borrow books and pamphlets from the club library (which always includes Daily Cals from several weeks back), use the almost-complete File of California Maps, and frighten innocent co-eds who wander by on their way to the Social Bear's office.

So come one, come all; wander into Rm. C any time and get to know our fantastic collection of characters!  
(L.R.)



SKIP STEGMAN:

THE MOUNT ST. HELENA HIKE  
Sunday, Oct. 22

Transportation for the Mt. St. Helena trip will be by truck or automobile. Meeting place and transportation assignments will be posted on the club bulletin board in Room C.

The jaunt begins at the old Toll House on Mt. St. Helena. After leaving our cars, we take the Old Wood Road and drop down into the "Craters". Lying in a south-easterly direction, the "Craters" are dry and forboding, but contain interesting formations. One such formation we shall pass is called Elephant Rock. Wide patches of bare lava and tall lava spires can be seen. Elephant Rock, where we'll have lunch, is honey-combed with holes big enough to sit in.

After lunch we shall have to journey back the way we came, but some of the more ambitious hikers can take a steep trail down to Calistoga to make a total of fourteen miles instead of eight miles for the hike. The fourteen-milers will pass Old Russian Village and Cinder Cone, besides having a view of the Russian River Basin and the Napa Valley. The drivers will pick up the fourteen-milers in Calistoga.

Included in our route is a hot spring with sulphur water. The water isn't extremely hot or strong-flavored; brave souls can take a drink. Strange as it seems, there is plenty of water on our route, if you know where to look for it, but it is still advisable to take a canteen.

After the hike, energies permitting, we'll see Stevenson's Tablet, the place where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote Silverado Squatters. Also, the Silverado mine itself can be looked into.

The hike will end in time to get the tired and triumphant Bear Hikers back in Berkeley by 5:30...that is, if your trusty guide doesn't get lost!

See you there,  
Skip Stegman, leader

CONSERVATION COMMITTEE:

THE CONSERVATIONIST'S GREATEST MENACE

A new problem in the protection of wilderness areas has arisen in the past few years. It may soon prove to be the conservationist's greatest menace. This is the cutting of the budget of the Department of the Interior and the Forest Service, as well as the State Park and Forest Services.

While park areas may be guaranteed in the by-laws, they are free for exploitation unless properly managed, and the appropriations for these services have been steadily cut for the past few years.

The whole problem of budget appropriation cuts will be discussed at length in the next Bear Track.

(F doS)

LAURIE RICHARDS:

LITTLE GEMS FROM THE RITTER TRIP

On every big outing, the gang always develops a series of jokes and by-words which they repeat again and again.

The Ritter crowd, with its almost daily contact with thundershowers, Sierra Club burros, loose rocks and sun-pitted glaciers, soon had a large repertoire of wry little gems which they quoted at every appropriate moment. Out of pure maliciousness, we print here some of the best, with the hope that they will be preserved for posterity:

SHIRLEY LEWIS'S DEFINITION OF A PASS:  
That point in an uphill trail where you pass out when you see it going downhill.

JOHN WILSON TO NANCY CRENSHAW AFTER HER SUDDEN SITTING GLISSADE ON RITTER GLACIER:  
How's your fanny, Nanny?

FRANK DESAUSURE: I can't understand it.. My pack couldn't weigh 90 pounds!

LARRY WILLIAMS, SITTING IN HIS VERY WET SLEEPING BAG: But it never rains at night in the Sierra in the summer time!

ELAINE GRANT, CONTEMPLATING HER PACK:  
It reminds me of a girdle...it's so nice to take off.

HALF OF US, SUPERVISING THE OTHER HALF AS THEY TRIED TO BUILD A FIRE WITH WET WOOD:  
Blow, don't whistle!

LITTLE BOY AT SILVER LAKE LODGE, LOOKING IN MAC FRASER'S DIRECTION: Mama, is that a wildcat?

OUR FAVORITE SONG, ESPECIALLY ON THE LAST FEW DAYS: "Oh, Isn't It Grand To Be Bloody Well Dead?"

But despite the small inconveniences of uphill trails, wet wood and little boys who didn't know a two-week's beard when they saw one, we had an exciting and often hilarious time. For proof, why don't you read Larry's "RITTER TRIP, 1950" on page 4?



MINIMUM EQUIPMENT

Wonder what to wear, what to carry on day hikes, overnights and full fledged outings? UJHC MINIMUM EQUIPMENT LISTS, AREA suggestions for all three kinds of hikes, are available in Room C.



IN THE LAND OF THE KEE-BIRD \*

(\*For further information concerning this rare species, see the author.)

Under the eager leadership of John ("Boy Sprout") Tinley, 20 unsuspecting Polar...er, that is...California Bears wended their way to Lake of The Woods, one of the coldest spots in a refrigerator known as the Desolation Valley Wilderness Area.

While trudging their frostbitten way into the aforementioned supercooled area the Bears were constantly entertained by one of the more frolicsome of their number, one "Loose" Webber. This gay cub was in possession of a gas can funnel which his diabolical little brain conceived as a horn. It sounded like a cross between the moan of a dying turtle and a lovesick dive bomber.

Certain other of these Bears (who shall remain unknown because it's better that way) were suffering the after effects of a certain very potable beverage known to some as Dago Red, to Omar Khayam as the Juice of

the Grape, and to the Gallo family as Burgundy. These far-sighted Bears had anticipated the bitter cold of the night before and had wisely fortified themselves against it. Needless to say, they did not appreciate Br'er Webber's musical efforts in the least.

Upon arrival at camp the Bears built a huge, roaring fire and huddled over it silently for the rest of the day.

Toward evening, four of the Bears could stand it no longer and departed deliriously muttering such things as "hot toddy" and "going to Los Angeles." These were Br'ers Harlamoff, Jensen, Whooler and Petschok.

There were a few half-hearted attempts at singing that night, but everyone soon gave up and went to bed. What followed was a nightmare of frigidity. Someone later swore that he was sleeping in an ice cube. Another had put his canteen into his sleeping bag (God only knows why) and the water was frozen the next morning. Br'er Rogers, to his everlasting credit, got up at 4:00 A.M. and rebuilt the fire.

About 9:00 A.M. the Bears began a mass emigration back to Borkoloy for a winter of hibernation.

At the present time the matter is in the hands of the Secretary of the Interior, pending his decision on the Forest Service's recommendation, which was not made public.

But San Jacinto itself is only one case of a very large issue which is becoming increasingly alarming. Let us view the general case:

(1) San Jacinto is a prime example of a public-owned recreation area with a potential dollar value if the area is slightly modified. In this particular area, the modification was the building of a tramway into a Primitive Area.

Well, so what? Yosemite Valley has roads and resorts, and it isn't ruined... or is it? In the case of Olympic National Park, the modification was the selective lumbering of trees. What possible permanent damage could that do? No harm at all...except the loss forever of the wilderness aspect of the out-of-doors, the thing which is most important to people who have been into the back country. We could go on quoting examples ad infinitum.

Let's see what can be done to stop this sort of thing.

One suggestion is to try to put through legislation which will protect these lands forever. This is all well and good. However, the same legislature which reserves these lands can revoke their sanctity, and as a matter of fact, they frequently do.

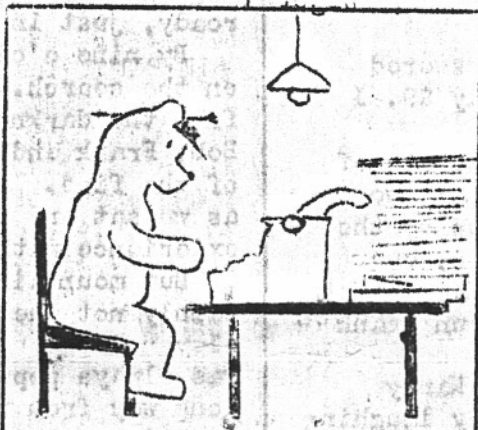
A second plan calls for educating the younger generation so that they will appreciate these areas and help protect them. Here we are faced with a triple-headed threat: (1) How will we educate them? (2) What will we do in the meantime, and (3) How do we know that taking them into areas like these won't make them

want roads and resorts?

There is always the "fight fire with fire" school, who propose to build a Conservation propaganda machine to oppose the exploiters' propaganda machines. At the present time most of these issues come up in hearings conducted by the Park or Forest Service or specially-appointed boards. The hearing makes a recommendation to the President or Governor which usually is the plan adopted. Conservation propaganda would become another unpleasant but hardly irresistible pressure which the board would have to put up with.

Last but not least, there remains the present system of horsetrading, which, while sometimes repugnant, still gets results. The drawback is that to gain something, you must sacrifice something.

In the last analysis, the only way to keep your parks and forests preserved is eternal vigilance on the part of the conservationists. There is no other absolute way to keep our natural features free from exploitation.



THEY ALSO SERVE....

...who only sit and type. If you like to write, draw, mimeograph, or keep abreast of everything that happens in the club, join the PUBLICITY COMMITTEE.

FRANK DESAUSSURE:

SAN JACINTO, A RETROSPECT VIEW

While I was talking to a friend the other day, the conversation turned to conservation in general, and very soon he asked me a question which has been put to me several times in those past few months: "What happened to San Jacinto?"



## RITTER TRIP, 1950

I rolled over and groped for my boots through half shut eyes. I found one, stuffed it under the head of my sleeping bag, and comfortably laid my head back. I could hear ripples of the lake water lapping against the shore as I felt the cool dry air blow lazily in my face. The morning sky was dark with heavy clouds. This was the last morning at the end of the summer hike in the Yosemite-Ritter Range country of the High Sierra. I looked at the grey ashes of last night's fire and thought about the adventurous days that were coming to a close. Just then I heard a murmuring and realized that someone was already up: 13, 14, 15, 16... It seemed as if someone were counting. I thought nothing of it until a minute later I again heard the muttering: 65, 66, 67 (pause), (sigh) 68, 69... I couldn't imagine who in our party could find anything or any reason to count. I was soon greeted by John Van Peenen's familiar "Good morning!" As always he was the first up, had built a fire, and was even cooking breakfast.

"Ah, prunes," I observed.

"Yes, you got eleven," he answered precisely. "There are exactly 99. I counted them."

If not by the interesting habits of John V., our guest from U.C.L.A., we were constantly kept in good spirits by the delightful humor of John Wilson, our guest from the University of Maine. Not to mention the merits of our own Frank DeSaussure's morbid humor and the hystericality of Alice Jensen and Nancy Crenshaw. With Alice and Nancy laughing at every joke, there was never a dull moment.

Nine people formed the club's central commissary, supervised by Laurie Rhoda; four others brought their own grub along. One of these, Frank deS., a believer in eating, had a 90 lb. pack, most of which was food. But the rest of us "commoners" were content with only three meals a day and lighter packs.

One of the most hair-raising episodes of the trip came on the Mt. Lyell climb. It was on the descent, storm clouds gathering, that Rayne fixed a rappel from the rock slope down over the glacier. With as much care and speed as possible the ten of us started down. As soon as the first ones were on the glacier, they were to quickly continue on down to avoid loose rocks knocked down by the others above. All but Alice, Mac Fraser and I had gone down the rock slope. Two others were just ready to go on the rappel. Jerry Smith had reached the end and Laurie was on the rope. After our experiences with falling rock on the ascent, no one had loosed a pebble.

Suddenly, about 50 foot away, I saw two large boulders topple. I looked below and saw Laurie getting off the rope and Jerry slipping around on the ice. I yelled. The rocks were on their way toward them in an instant. Jerry frantically treadmilled over the ice to his left, away from the rocks as they bounced crazily toward Laurie. She hit

boulder missed her by a few feet and ricocheted on past.

The most anxious episode happened at Lake Ediza. It had been a stormy day. Rather late in the morning John Wilson and I set out to climb Jenson's Minaret. As we went up over the first slopes, we saw Rayne Motheral, Bob Cogburn, and Frank deSaussure about 45 minutes behind us. John and I went up a chute that ended between Leonard and Jenson Minarets. Here at 13,000 feet we waited about an hour and a half for a lightning storm to pass. The remaining 300 feet of the peak took about an hour and a half. I recorded the ascent in haste (it was apparently the third) and gave a loud yell. A faint answer came from the three, who, as planned, were on the south side. In the distance dark clouds were booming. Hurriedly we descended. As I hit the bottom of the last rappel, lightning flashed overhead and sleet and snow swept down on us. In our chute we were safe and we descended rapidly. It was 8:30 and completely dark. The three others were not in. By the fire light we had gathered emergency equipment. Climbing gear, first aid, food, sleeping bags and flashlights...everything was ready, just in case.

By nine o'clock we were ready to leave on the search. Then came a faint call from the darkness. After a minute or so Bob, Frank and Rayne came into the glow of the fire. Everyone felt much better as we sat and listened to their interesting experience with lightning on the mountain.

But mountaineering escapades were certainly not the only activity during our eleven days on the trail. Camp cooking was always popular and we progressed a long way from the burnt bacon and half-cooked tomatoes of the first part of the trip. With fine cooperation we turned out some very good meals and some marvelous specialties, such as fresh baked cookies and a delicious apple pie.

Alice and Jerry, on more than one occasion, blessed our frying pans with fresh trout, neatly cleaned by Shirley Lewis. The warm lazy days and the refreshing rain showers never kept the vigorous UHCors from a busy schedule, until, at last, the rain became too refreshing and we shortened the trip by ending at Silver Lake on the eastern slope of the Sierra.

But we still remember the warm bright campfires and the folk songs that went with them...the frolic moments, such as when Elaine Grant stood holding our delicious Maple-Coconut-Nut double-layer Gingerbread cake while we posed for a picture.

And of course none of us can forget the many times we saw the mountains with the sun streaming through the dark thunderheads above us.

\* \* \* NOTICE \* \* \*

IN CASE THIS BEAR TRACK COMES OUT BEFORE NEXT SATURDAY, REMEMBER THE PINTACIES TRIP  
HIKING AND ROCK CLIMBING FOR ALL  
OCTOBER 14 & 15