

CLIMBERS' FLIGHT

During the club's last overnight trip to Yosemite valley, John Landers, Charlie Raymond and myself were caught in a climbing situation that was--to be as conservative as possible--most unusual. The situation was such that an explanation is due. Therefore, I shall recount just what did happen Sun. Nov. 3.

Over the weekend the weather closed in, bringing snow, rain and cold winds. On Sun. those in camp 4 awoke to find the valley cliffs wet and slippery, and some of the higher valley peaks had a light covering of snow. The sky was still overcast and chances of clear weather were poor. Nevertheless, several parties decided to go out on climbs, which would last only 4 or 5 hours. Seven climbers, including John, Charlie, and myself set out to climb Lower Brother, a fairly easy class 5 climb, providing the climbers know the route of descent.

We three were the last to leave camp 4, and by the time we had reached the climb we were already a pitch behind the lead party. Since we were 3 on 2 ropes we were climbing much more slowly than the others. Consequently, by the time we had climbed 2 more pitches, the other climbers were completely out of sight.

Since we did not know the route of descent and since we had also told the park ranger we would be back by 4 we should have gone back as soon as we lost sight of the others. Unfortunately we continued climbing, finally reaching the summit about 4. Starting down we could not find the correct route of descent; nor could we find any trace of the route the others had taken. It was growing dark rapidly, but we did have some moon light. After wandering downward for another half hour, it was completely dark, and still no route was to be found.

cont. p

A SUNNY SUNDAY NEAR BOLINAS

Sunday, November 3, a small group of U.C.H.C. members who could not make it to Yosemite, tried the weather at a spot near Dutch Bay Reef close to Bolinas. On the way we stopped on one of the grass covered cliffs south of Stinson Beach to enjoy the peerless view on a cloudless, fogless beautifully bright Sunday. The Farrallons were all clearly visible as well as the headlands along the coast.

The weather was fine, the tide was out and everyone was in good humor. There were a variety of things to be done; laying in the sun, exploring the reef, and looking at marine life; or hiking up the beach. Roaming the reef we examined the many kinds of sea life to be found there and learned something about them from Jerry Connors. Some of us just got soaked in the spray from the breakers, or from stepping into deep holes. Most all were later found sprawled on the sunny strand, spifflicated by salt air, Sunday sandwiches and dolce far niente.

Firewood was gathered for cooking supper, which we had in a cove in the high cliff. Lev brought in a three-foot leopard shark he caught on the reef--he said--and cooked the head. We all tasted it and thought it good, something like salmon. The tide had been coming in steadily while we were eating and so after everything was eaten a fairly hasty retreat was made back up the beach to the car. A bright moon favored us by lighting our way back and bringing to a close another perfect U.C.H.C. function.

Liz Morel
Brint Stone

CLIMBERS PLIGHT cont from p 1

I have since learned that the key to the descent is a place called Micheal's Ledge. From a short way along this ledge the route down is an easy, class two walk. Either we missed this ledge entirely or we rappelled off the wrong end of it, for presently there was nothing below us except six hundred feet of the smooth, moonlit south face of Lower Brother.

At this point the thought of spending a cold, cramped, ego-crushing night on the cliff filled me with desperation. By looking down the valley I could see the large, warm bonfire dancing brightly in the lodge and I could imagine all the campers sitting comfortably around the fire, warming their cold feet and toasting marshmallows, while the three of us were stranded six hundred feet up in the cold Yosemite air.

Soon I became desperate enough to rappel down the south face in an attempt to find ledges from which we could rappel to the bottom. Charlie and John set up a single-strand rappel and I started down, belayed by John. The technique I used to find ledges was nerve-racking. I would lower myself down a few feet and begin swinging; if no ledges were to be found I would go down farther. By the time I reached the end of my rope I was swinging across the south face in arcs of a hundred feet. Finally I found a ledge big enough for the three of us and yelled for the others to come down. Using our two ropes tied together, John and Charlie reached the ledge I had found, and then, by placing pitons and using sling rope, we were able to rappel down to a very large tree-covered lodge from which we could walk down for a short distance. John scouted ahead trying to find another rappel point, for a good part of the south face still lay below us.

Finally we reached a point where there was no more walking down and there were no more ledges visible on the face below us. This time Charlie went exploring by climbing down to a large shelf, in order to get a better view of the lower part of the face. There being no adequate rappel points to be seen, he clambered back up. We could still see the lodge fire going strong and we were more desperate than ever. Once again a belayed rappel was set up and I went dancing down the cliff trying to find ledges. This time, however, there were no ledges and I was forced to climb back up the rope. I managed to reach the large shelf that Charlie had explored. By now it was as much a challenge

to get off Lower Brother as it was to climb it. In fact, by now it was a necessity to get off for there was no climbing back up the part we had already come down and to spend the night where we were would have been extremely uncomfortable.

Charlie joined me on the shelf and another rappel was set up. Once again I started down the cliff, praying that this would be the last. Instead of swinging I followed a shallow trough, finally reaching a group of very small ledges and starting placing pitons. John then rappelled down to join Charlie and then Charlie rappelled down to the small ledges where we made preparations for one final rappel to the bottom.

It was now about 11:00 at night. We had been on the descent nearly eight hours. It was at this time that one of the park rangers came to check on us, worried, as we were seven hours late. I was busy placing pitons when we heard a voice from below, "hello up there". I was still busy with pitons so Charlie began to yodel and John answered the ranger with, "hello down there." The ranger yelled "are you all right?" and from the darkness above us John answered, "yes" and so the ranger raced back to his truck and sped down the highway.

The final rappel having been set up, we continued down the face. I went first and found that I couldn't tell for sure whether or not the rope reached the ground. Not wanting to have to climb back up if the rope was too short, I got off rappel at the lowest ledge I could reach and waited for the others to come down.

It was almost exactly midnight when all of us were off the south face. We had been on the climb a total of thirteen hours, and another half an hour of scrambling down a talus slope brought us to the highway and to our car. After explaining the situation to an amused ranger, we drove out, reaching Berkeley about 5:30 Monday morning. John and Charlie were able to rush home and catch a few hours sleep, but unfortunately the key to my room was in one of the other cars, so there was nothing to do but wander around Berkeley until classes started. To my horror I realized that I had forgotten about the condition of my pants. It was after two hours of walking around in crowded streets that I discovered that my pants simply did not have a rear end. After I finally got my pants, I rushed home for another pair of pants and after classes were over I rushed to the ski hut and bought a rappel patch.

MOUNTAINEERING

Page 3

MOUNT SAINT HELENA CLIMB

Three dozen hikers and climbers showed up at West Gate and were distributed between two vehicles, a 14 foot stake bed truck and Brint Stone's nine passenger automobile.

The truck was covered over with a tarp and filled with straw, which kept us warm and reasonably comfortable. Entertainment was provided by Ted Melbin and his accordion.

We stopped at the Charles Krug winery, where we were given an interesting and informative tour of the grounds and buildings. Before we left, the kind gentlemen presented us with two gallons of their product, one of white and one of red.

After parking near the highway, the group proceeded on foot for about a mile and stopped for lunch. The little wine which wasn't consumed replaced water in canteens and we continued on.

The climbers halted, after another mile, at Elephant Rock, where they spent the rest of the day. This rock, apparently unused for climbing before, offered good practice in technique and climbing varying from easy to extremely difficult. One fifth class pitch was led by Tim Kaarto, and both Dick McCracken and John Landers successfully completed exceptionally difficult routes. Many easier climbs were done also, and a rappel was set up for practice as well as a means of descent.

This trip was planned, scouted, and led by Tim Kaarto. It was an excellent job and turned a trip that normally is almost boring into a most enjoyable day. The general scheme and hiking area is one that can be profitably used in the future.

Ray Lucas

Climbers Plight, cont. from page 2

Someday the three of us will climb up the south face just for the experience - - and to retrieve \$4.00 worth of pitons which were left during the course of the descent.

Chuck Pratt



RED SLATE

LATE SPRING'S POST-SPRING CLIMBING TRI

Shortly after finals last spring the high Sierra was invaded by a motley U.C.L.C. crew consisting of Mike Loughman, Marcia Lightbody, Dave Eggleston, and myself, Richard Armstrong. Our itinerary included 4 days out of Tuolumne Meadows and 4 days in the Convict Gorge behind Convict Lake. The latter area is about 15 miles south of the Mammoth Ski Area on Highway 695. We packed in to Budd Lake the first evening and the next morning we set up camp there. We set out immediately for the West face of Cathedral Peak. This face turned out to be a nice 4th class climb including one maximum 4th chimney pitch. The next day Echo Peaks 1, 5, 6, 7, and a new route on 8 fell to Eggleston and Armstrong, while peak 6 was climbed by Loughman and Lightbody. The third day we packed our gear and hiked out in a snowstorm. After leaving Tuolumne Meadows we drove over Tioga Pass to Pinaret Summit where we discovered that it was not feasible to go in to Lake Ediza as we had originally planned because of a new snowfall. The first day at Convict Lake the weather was bad, but about 1:00 clock as we were all walking near the lake Mike glanced up at storm covered Laurel Mt. and said jokingly, "Shall we climb it?" Whereupon Armstrong said "Shall we?" with more than just a hint of enthusiasm. Mike and Dick then turned to Dave with the query "Well?" As a result fifteen minutes later we three bivouac prepared climbers started out in the storm with ice axes in hand toward the summit of the mountain, which towered 6,000 feet above us. We were back in camp triumphant at 7:00 after witnessing a beautiful sunset and enjoying some 5,000 feet of fabulous glissading and rock and dirt sliding. The climb took 6 hours, 5 for the ascent and 1 for the descent. The following day we hiked up the Convict Gorge and camped there two days. Mike and Marcia climbed 13,163 ft. Red Slate Mt. while we were there. Dave and I made an abortive attempt on the northwest arête of the same mountain. We were turned back by bad weather and ice on the rocks. The entire trip was well worth while and very enjoyable in spite of the few days of bad weather.

CLIMBING AT ELEPHANT ROCK

The fourteen climbers who went to Elephant Rock had the experience of employing climbing techniques that are not used very often on the practice rocks in the Bay Area. Several chimneys on the rock provided excellent practice in chimney technique, while the rounded character of the hand and footholds demonstrated the importance of learning to use friction properly.

Although the back side of the rock is an easy "walk-up", the front is steep and long, and in many places overhanging. The average length of the climbs is sixty feet.

Due to the nature of the rock very little leading was done. According to Roger Lowe the rock is a rhyolite. It has a texture similar to that of sandstone but is generally firmer. There are very few cracks and for this reason the placing of pitons is difficult. Tim Kaarto led a climb which involved placing pitons by first driving an angle piton directly into the rock and then removing it and driving a horizontal piton into the hole!

Since the rock is two miles from the highway and in an area not familiar to climbers, it seems likely that this was the first organized climbing to take place on the rock. Consequently, we may have made several first ascents; some of them nearly as difficult as any climb on the practice rocks in Berkeley.

The main disadvantage of climbing at Elephant Rock is that it is eighty miles from Berkeley.

Dick McCracken

THE LOWER BROTHER

Having all been rained off our respective climbs on Saturday of the Yosemite weekend, Dick McCracken, Roger Lowe, Ray Lucas, and I settled on the west face of Lower Brother as a short and probably rain-free Sunday morning climb. After a 45 minute bushwhack up the gully west of the Lower Brother, during which I tried unsuccessfully to instigate an immediate assault on the lower part of the wall with the argument, "If this junk keeps up we'll be most of the way to the summit before we get a chance to uncoil." con't. next column

THE LOWER BROTHER

(continuation from left col.)
our ropes," we arrived at the angle between the Middle and Lower Brothers, and commenced to bushwhack back out along a scrubby ledge on the face. On emerging from the shrubbery we found ourselves a rather steep 300 feet up from the valley. Dick led off, after anchoring his belayer, around a corner, up onto a friction slab and across about forty feet to a bushy belay. Roger, after a couple hectic attempts on the corner, then followed our ledge along to a swinging step just below the bush, then up to Dick. After a false start on the corner, I then led around it onto the slab, bolstered by the excellent support of my belayer, Ray Lucas, who then followed Roger's route to the bush. A short scramble from there brought us to the others who were starting up a moderate inside corner. Ray led the corner, slightly ticklish because of still wet lichen. A couple of easy leads above the top of the corner brought us to a dripping high angle wall, the steepest part of the climb. I coozed up the wall, following the other pair's cleared spots in the slime. After about 50 feet the wall eased off and a short stretch on tall but firm footholds brought me to a rather awkward stance from which Dick was belaying Roger up the next lead, still fairly steep. Six more leads brought us to the top, four hours and twelve leads after leaving the gully. Being fresh from New England cliffs, I was impressed by the length of this "short Sunday morning climb" in Yosemite.

Ray D'Arcy

K E L T Y P A C K

nearly new

for sale

Mountaineer model

\$ 24

Used only two weeks on '57 HighTop
Lloyd Curtis



CAVING

page 5

CAVE CITY CAVE TRIP

On October 13 we had our first cave trip of the semester. We left Berkeley at 8 A.M. It was raining. When we reached the Mother Lode we discovered a very strange thing. It was raining. In San Andreas we discovered a very delightful place to eat lunch, and none of the cars leaked. Finally we reached the dirt - correction - mud road into the cave. For safety reasons we parked the cars at the top of a mile long hill and walked to the cave at the bottom. It was still raining. Several of the members of our expedition got lost and were discovered back at the cars. Finally they too made it to the cave.

The cave was quite muddy in places but since we were already wet and somewhat muddy from the long rainy walk to the cave, we had few qualms about getting dirty. After several hours of exploring the cave, we all moved outside. Here I was surprised to see a fire in the process of being built, though the truth of the matter was that it had been in the process of being built for about an hour. Wet wood just does not burn very well. Before we left the bottom of the hill all of our muddy mudlunkers looked at each other in an endeavor to decide just who was the muddiest. It was not really a good contest, for I am well known for my great skill of getting dirty. Dave Rottman, at least I think it was Dave under all of that mud, ran a distant second.

We had one mild disappointment on the way back to Berkeley. The 19 cent hamburger stand in Stockton had upped its prices to the outrageous sum of 24 cents per hamburger. I fear we may have to re-route our trips in order to eat at minimum cost.

This here account has been written by the muddiest muddy mudlunker, Tom Aley.

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.....

BEAT STANFORD ! ! ! ! !

WOOL HOLLOW AND MUSIC HALL CAVES

The second scheduled UCHC cave trip of the semester took place on the weekend of October 26-27. One car containing the club's most avid cave enthusiasts, including Trip Leader Tom Aley, left Berkeley Saturday night, while a second car with two new cavern-crawlers arrived at the Columbia area of the Mother Lode late Sunday morning. The first cave visited was Wool Hollow Cave, in which one main room having some interesting side passages was reached by means of some careful vertical scrambling. Although many of the formation were broken, there was still much to be seen in the cave. Most of the earlybirds spent the rest of the morning fruitlessly reconnoitering the area for new holes, while the latecomers explored the cave. After lunch, the group moved to another limestone area which was full of vertical fissures. After an afternoon of poking in and out of every crack in sight, we finally hit the jackpot, accidentally stumbling upon (fortunately not into) a deep vertical hole, complete with wooden ladder, which Ray De Saussure recognized as Music Hall Cave. Tom Aley and Keith Howard each went down to a depth of about 60 feet, belayed by yours truly, and reported that the bottom of the cave was nowhere in sight. They found many unbroken formations, some of which lived up to the cave's name. Since it was now as dark outside the cave as it was inside, we reluctantly decided to hang up our carbide lamps and complete the exploration some other time, using rope ladders for the lower part. Let's hope it will be soon!

Dave Rottman

RESULTS OF

CAVING ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

On November 7 the cavers of our club held a meeting to organize a proposed caving section. There were thirteen persons present, and it was decided that we should attempt to form a cave section. A committee was formed to write a constitution, and a brief format was decided on. After an acceptable constitution is written, a motion will be put before a General Meeting to establish a cave section.

H I K I N G

OPERATION SPUTNIK

Sunday, October 20, was the date, and the expanse of beach to the north of Point Reyes lighthouse was the place. The day got started at the West Gate a little after 8, and a leisurely drive through Marin County and really beautiful scenery followed. The cars (4 in all) were parked on the road looking down at the beach, and after a brief spell of discussing the various lichens and plants found on the nearby rocks, everyone began the hike down to the beach. About halfway down came the much spoken of cliffs.

36
36
139
216
They were sandy, seemingly almost straight down and were descended by most after the first few feet in a seated position. Screams and yells accompanied the slide down but many on reaching ground wished they could do it again. (Without the climb back up, that is!)

Then the hike up the beach commenced. A few of the U.C. H.C.ers ventured into the foamy brine, and some (including yours truly) were surprised by a sneaky ol' wave that kind of sneaked around behind and got you when you weren't expecting it. All kinds and shapes of driftwood, bottles, and light bulbs were found along the shore not to mention a pair of sandals, a raft and a metal tank, christened Sputnik, which now resides in the junior Museum of Marin.

Lunch didn't take up much time since everyong seemed eager to keep going and poking around, looking for something unusual to add to his ever growing pack. By the time we returned to the cliff that was used for the trip down everyone had a pretty good load. That made the ascent seem even easier. Not quite as fun as going down but that's the way with hills like that.

When we reached the cars at last, someone said, "Let's go look at the seals" so down the cliffs on the south side on the road we went. Some of the wiser and less energetic stayed closer to the top, but those who did go thought the trip down was worth it. Although we didn't go too near the seals (they numbered about 300 and filled a small cove almost entirely) the marine life among the rocks was simply terrific. Everything from Grebes to Sea Urchins. A rope that had been left by previous hikers aided in the climb back up, but it was generally agreed that it would have been nice if the rope went all the way up instead of just about one fourth. What a climb!

cont.

Despite the encouraging prophecies written up in the activity sheet of "sand in your food, octopi wound around your legs and a pack of driftwood on your back" the beach hike was a thorough success, and true to all U.C.H.C. activities "enjoyed by all."

Elizabeth Morel

PART II HIKING AROUND MT. ST. HELENA

After lunch, on the first ridge-top, the climbers took off at a fast pace with Tim Kaarto for the cliffs beyond the next saddle to the southeast. The hikers burned the trash and then filed down into the vally to the northeast, to circumambulate the cone shaped mountain on the opposite side. Equipped with Tim's sketch map, made when he scouted the area earlier, the hikers were to look for rock "ducks" marking the trail. Some of the ducks may have squatted in the brush, or may have flown away, or maybe the deputy leader just couldn't see well through his fogged-up glasses, so there were occasions on which several people fanned out to find the best way through the chaparral, over the outcrops of volcanic rock, or across the brushy stream beds. But the objective was reached at the springs up Bear Vally, where Lev Akobjanoff bathed in the picturesque natural bathtub under the cliffs there. Ask him what he has in common with the late Aga Khan now.

The strange rock formations in this area are fascination to see and unusually easy to climb, with their corrugated surfaces. There are gullys full of potholes in some places, hoodoos, and pleasant open meadows. It was a good hike, with plenty of places to drink from cool, clean brooks or refreshing mountain water.

The hikers could see the climbers through gaps in the hills while still several miles away. Upon reaching the cliffs on the return trip, they watched the rope artists descend the precipices with skill and aplomb, after climbing them with daring and miselo and patient determination. Darkness arrived before we all reached the truck and car again, as we came down the dirt road from the ridge top to the highway.

This was a well-planned jaunt appreciated by all three dozen of us.

Brint Stone

"Some land beyond conception of
the man who loves his rut
Is the land that tempts this
drifter when the other gates are
shut."

All the gates were shut and the
fences were backed by NO TRESPASS*
THE signs. So, after seeing a
house trailer from a runaway roll
off the light house turn-around
paving, we drifted out over the
moors north of the headland of
Point Reyes, through the brush
and down the seaward slope to the
top of the high earthen cliffs.
There we shoe-skied down the crumb-
ling bank to where we could take
giant steps and race down the last
half of the drop-off thru the soft-
er material to the sand of the long,
straight misty beach.

"There the low, moan of the ocean
tone as it rides on the wind
from far

Doth make one think that he standeth
on the brink of a sea on another
star."

White-plumed Pacific rollers were
steadily charging the beach.
Scattered over it were the tossed as-
sortment of wood, glass and metal
containers, and odd articles that
make beachcombing worth the sand-
slogging. We slogged and combed
the beach for an hour or so.

As always, some of us were
caught by splashes or fast waves.
One camera man took close-up photo-
graphs of tiny insects. Later
we ate out lunch by a giant strand-
ed redwood trunk, went on up the
beach another mile and then return-
ed the way we had come. After re-
gaining the ridge more than half of
us went down the south face of
the headland almost to the sea
again, over the crumbly rock that
rises from the beachless waterline.
The others watched the 3 score or
more of sea lions basking in the
sun out of reach of man, farther
east beneath the cliffs.

"Yonder the long horizon lies,
and there by night and day

The old ships draw to home again,
the young ships sail away;
And come I may, but go I must,
and if men ask you why,

You may put the blame on the
stars and the sun, and the white
cloud and the sea."

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California.

TODAY'S CHUCKLE has pulled
Mountain climbers rope themselves
together because there is safety in
numbers; also, it keeps the
sensible ones from going home.

Our little celebration this year
became a gourmet's delight. We
enjoyed a full course meal, - serv-
ed full course meal, in fact.
Each member brought something; meat
loaf, salads and salads, potatoes,
drinks, bread, etc. plus 20 tons
of spaghetti from Pat Malone.

There were folk singing and games,
one game in which 2 teams tried to
push a balloon toward a goal with
hot air, a natural for some. The
other game was called Lobby Trap.
This consisted of one team finding
its way in the dark thru a mass of
tables, tin cans, and bottles set
up by the other team.

Don Wainwright.

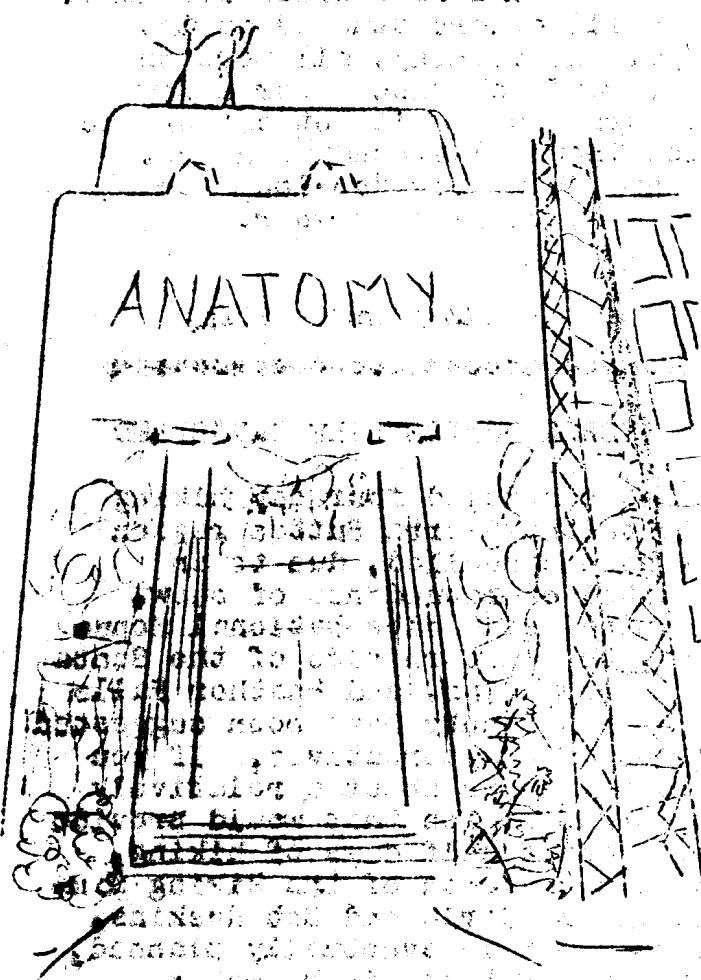
2215 HOURS, 12 Nov. 1957

The first campus ascent of the
semester has been made. Two
daring young men felt that L.S.B.
had rested unmolested long enough.
The scaffold looked perfect. As
we few timid souls watched from
below 2 figures ascended and were
soon lost among the beams and the
fog. While the 2 made their way to
the top we were busily trying to
explain to passers-by that we
were merely watching for the moon
to come up--that supposedly ex-
plained our up cast eyes.

Soon 2 familiar heads, for I'm
sure no one else was up there,
peered down at us over the edge
of L.S.B. We applauded, and were
answered by a familiar "jodel".

The ascent was uneventful, but
successful. And so we come to the
end of another U.C.B.D. first.

Vibeke Hadsen.



Yosemite

Friday evening, November 1, found the first members of the U. C. Hiking Club preparing for a cold night at Camp 4 in Yosemite Valley. More members arrived throughout the night, and the last few pulled in at breakfast time Saturday.

Although the sun did shine for a while around sun-up, the sky was overcast and brewing a storm by the time we were ready to hike and climb. It began to rain on the hikers as we were on the trail to the top of Vernal Falls. At the top of Nevada Falls it was snowing quite heavily, so we found a shallow overhang where we ate lunch. On the way back we found the snowline to be at the foot of Vernal Falls, with rain below. Back at Happy Isles, we warmed up at the Nature Center before we drove back to camp. The rest of the day was spent drying out by a fire under Columbia Rock, or drinking coffee and singing at the Lodge.

After supper, when the rain had stopped, and we had a good big fire going, we had a folk-sing. As the sky cleared, the light of the moon displayed the snow-covered, craggy mountains to good advantage. By the time a bear started his rounds, most people were in bed.

We kept a fire going all night which was much appreciated Sunday morning, as the night had turned cold enough to leave a sheet of ice on the water. Some people undertook some climbs and hikes while some others started for home, and still others studied at the Lodge. By evening, all were on their way back except for a few climbers who didn't get off of the mountain until around midnight.

And so, we say "so-long" to Yosemite, until next year.

Mary Ann Dooling

SIERRA BUTTES HIKE CANCELLED

The scheduled four day hiking trip to the Sierra Buttes region has been cancelled, due to an expected overabundance of snow. Yosemite, Pinnacles National Monument, the eastern side of the Santa Lucia Mountains, and Feather Falls in Plumas County have been suggested as possible alternatives. If you have any ideas about a relatively snow-free region that would provide three and a half days of hiking, see the chairmen of the Hiking Committee, Marjorie and Bob Huskins. To see what is eventually planned, consult the bulletin board in Room C.

LET'S HIKE

The Sunday after next, that is, the 24th, the ridges, glades and glens of nearby Redwood Canyon are going to feel the paw of the UC Bear Hikers. Starting from the ranger headquarters of Redwood Regional Park, we'll head down the East Ridge trail, which is banked on one side by deep, green grass and on the other by the canyon drop-off. Next we'll cut across on the Mill trail and pass close to the site of the first saw-mill in Redwood Canyon. The mill was an early-day structure built in 1856. But we'll turn in the other direction, eat lunch, and hike into deep redwoods and high ferns. The contrast from the open East ridge is surprising; we'll then trot up Redwood Peak - maximum 7th. The homeward route will be along the West Ridge, with expansive canyon views. Rain or shine, meet at West Gate at 10 am, and come out and get some fresh air.

Marcia Lightbody

ATTENTION ALL!

GENERAL MEETING

TUESDAY NOV. 19

SECOND FLOOR LOUNGE

STAPLING UNION

THIS WILL BE A MEET FOR ALL CLUB MEMBERS. BE SURE TO REMEMBER THE DATE.

BEAR TRACK STAFF

Editors: Bill Gardner
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Mimeographers: Dave Rottman, Art & Evie Woodworth
Stapling and Addressing: Volunteers
Miscellaneous chores: Liz Morel

WE'RE LOSTED

"We're losted, we're losted, we'll never be found," are the words of some immortal bard in describing his immediate location on some ill-fated, long-forgotten UCHC expedition. This little lyric, sung to the tune of the Salvation Army Song - "We're coming, we're coming, our brave little...etc." - has been the UCHC cry of despair since any UCHC-er has despaired in living memory. And so, for the benefit of those with rusty lungs, those with sticky glottises, those who do not bathe, and, above all, those who get lost, we print the following. The author will kindly come out of hiding, wherever the years have taken him, and once more raise his voice with that illustrious company of those who do not carry maps.

I We're losted, we're losted, we'll never be found.
They'll find us next spring on the hard frozen ground.
They'll send out a party,
They'll look all night long,
But they never will find us because we turned wrong.

CHORUS:

We'll smell, we'll smell, we'll smell like hell,
We'll smell like hell, we'll smell like hell.
We'll smell, we'll smell, we'll smell like hell,
That's the song of the good old Bear Hikers.

II

We've hiked and we've hiked on for hundreds of miles,
And if we aren't found soon, we'll drop dead in piles.
The more we go further, the more we all think,
of the glories of spring time and how we'll all stink.

III

The night's long and weary; it'll never get light.
And we hope it doesn't, for we're sure a sight.
The most we can hope for is it always be said,
That the good old Bear Hikers were never misled.

Now then, he who comes forth with the biggest hint toward the author, we'll donate a red badge of courage, but to him who confesses his sins, a big box of soap.

AND WE CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN NUMBERS.....

Arp, Margaret and Vince.....	2010 Hearst Ave.....	TH 8-1308
Bignami, Louis.....	512 Masfield Ave., Pleasant Hill...	YE 4-6162
Bruhns, Joan.....	2521 Channing Way.....	TH 5-9041
Connors, Jerrold.....	2428 College.....	TH 1-9849
Dooling, Mary Ann.....	2629 Dwight Way.....	TH 5-6309
Engstrom, Barbara.....	2925 Regent.....	TH 3-5974
Fermi, Guilio.....	2222 Dwight Way.....	TH 1-2289
Howard, Keith.....	2600 Ridge.....	TH 5-4710
McElvenny, Alice.....	2542 Hugard.....	AS 3-4075
Papike, Ronald		
Pearson, Don.....	2839 Forest.....	TH 5-4317
Shluker, Bob.....	2353 Prospect.....	TH 5-9215
Smith, Brian.....	2717 Derby.....	TH 3-4713
Smith, Peggy.....	2717 Derby.....	TH 3-4713
Turner, Norman.....	2330 Rose Street.....	TH 3-5681
Watson, Pete.....	1666 LeRoy	
Yates, Sue.....	2521 Channing Way.....	TH 5-9041
Zonligt, Martin.....	11 Latham Lane.....	LA 4-2461

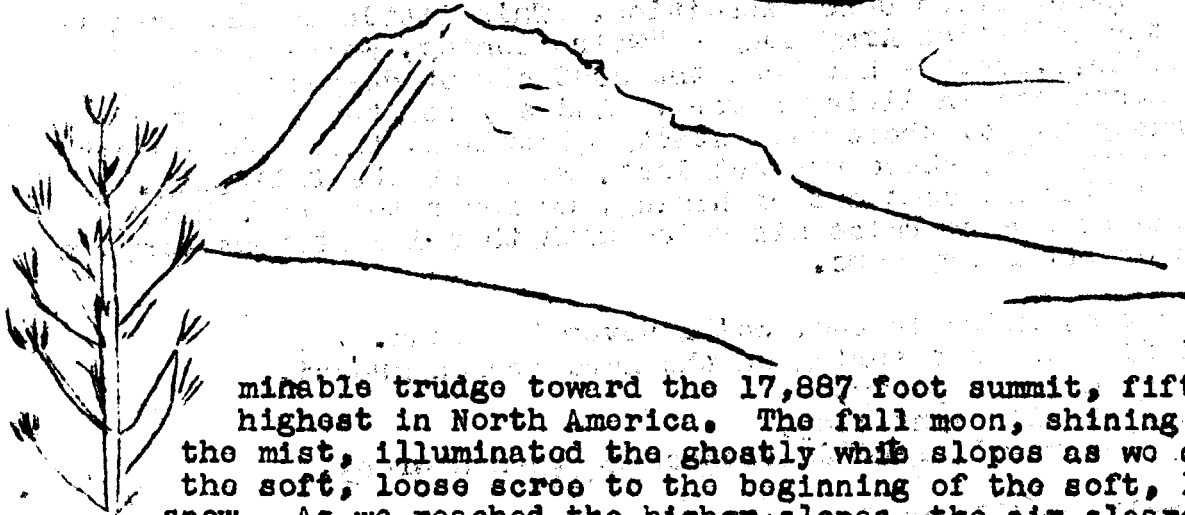
CORRECTIONS
LAST MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Mable, Iris.....	2501 Haste, Berkeley, Cal.....	
McCracken, Dick and Jackie.....		TH 8-5594
Sanborn, Russ.....		BR 6-7684
Stearns, Barbara.....		TH 5-9094
Webber, Moose.....	500 Arlington Ave.....	LA 6-0664

POPOCATEPETL - JULY 1957

It was my good fortune to spend a part of last summer climbing and wandering about in central Mexico. Having joined the "Club de Exploraciones de Mexico", I set off one Saturday evening for Popocatepetl in the company of twelve other members of that group. After driving to timberline at 12,500 feet, where the government maintains a lodge, we sat around a crackling fire waiting for the daily rain to cease.

Finally, at 9 PM, the thirteen of us began the seemingly inter-



minable trudge toward the 17,887 foot summit, fifth highest in North America. The full moon, shining through the mist, illuminated the ghostly white slopes as we climbed the soft, loose scree to the beginning of the soft, loose snow. As we reached the higher slopes, the air cleared, making visible the distant lights of Mexico City and Puebla, and revealing the form of Ixtaccihuatl, the Sleeping Lady, just across the Paso Cortes to the north.

It became very cold, but that meant a reduced avalanche hazard, this being the principal reason for climbing at night. Summer is the dangerous season on the volcanoes and Popo has taken quite a toll in past years. Breathing became increasingly difficult in the rarefied atmosphere, with the usual headache and nausea beginning to be felt. The ascent of the long, steep final slope was a process of a stop, followed by several gasps for breath while leaning heavily on the ice axe, then another stop, and so on for a seeming eternity. The urge to stop, to lie down, is almost overwhelming, but the summit is just up there and one cannot stop; one must go on. 116

Finally the strong smell of sulfur fumes indicated the rim was near, and then, with unbelievable relief, I found myself looking down into the mist-shrouded depths of the crater. 120

We were 17,000 feet above sea level, but the highest peak was on the far side of the crater, a two-hour circuit that only four of the climbers still had the strength to negotiate. The desire to go on was intense, but I was shivering uncontrollably with cold and exhaustion and felt violently ill, so my only justifiable decision was to join the other eight who were descending immediately. 70

The longest glissade of my life and a long walk down scree slopes brought us back to the lodge by dawn. As I gazed at the lofty peak glistening in the morning sunshine, I could not deny my disappointment, but knew that it was only the beginning, for I would surely come again.

Bob Orser

University of California Hiking Club
Room C, Eschleman Hall
University of California, Berkeley 4
California

26/1/6

Bil Gardner
Bob Orser