



YOSEMITE HIKER' OVERNIGHT
NOV. 29-DEC. 1

Yosemite Valley, in late autumn colors--crimsons, browns, and golds, and sprinkled with pre-winter frosts--was the site of the UOHC hikers' Thanksgiving trip, Nov. 29 - Dec. 1. From a campsite at Camp 4 the six hikers climbed to Little Yosemite Valley on Saturday, then to Yosemite Point and into the region beyond Mirror Lake on Sunday.

The first day's trek began with the ascent of Vernal and Nevada Falls, via the rapidly ascending Mist Trail, with a stop at the top of Nevada Falls for lunch and photographs. We continued to Little Yosemite Valley, where the Merced-River was lightly frozen over; pine cones and withered leaves covered the ground, and the trees, with bare feathering limbs, made an interlacing pattern against the deeply blue sky. We couldn't resist the yen to slide skate-like on the cakes of frost, and we discovered a crumbling log cabin. Some of the hikers went ahead and found the site where camp was made one night on last summer's High Trip. The woods were wonderfully serene, especially to those of us who remembered the roar of the gushing falls, that echoes through the area in early summer.

Saturday night we returned to camp for a supper of turkey, mince pie, yams steamed in hot coals, and other amazingly good food. Beginning while the turkey roasted and continuing on far into the night, we sang our favorite folk songs, accompanied by the guitar of Don Wainwright, leader of the trip. As on Friday night, we slept in our sleeping bags and arose at 7:30 to find frost on the ground beneath them.

Sunday morning at 6:30 for a pre-Yosemite Point. Donors of a cottage from Government rest of us hiked beyond Mirror Lake. ped to view the gla- the granite cliffs trating mountain

We left the clock Sunday after- kept together 'till reviewed the trip and milk shakes, reaching Berkeley by 8 PM.

GENERAL MEETING	
YOU CERTAINLY WILL WANT TO BE AT OUR NEXT GENERAL MEETING EVEN IF YOU ARENT A GENERALYET	
JANUARY 7	7:15 pm
SECOND FLOOR LOUNGE STEPHENS UNION (see Article)	

one hiker left camp breakfast hike to did some water col- and peaks viewed Center, while the far into the region On the way we stop- cial polish where shown in the peni- sunlight.

valley at two o'- noon. The two cars Modesto where we over hamburgers then continued home,

Refreshed in mind, body, and emotions, we were acutely aware of the great beauty waiting for hikers in wilderness areas. We slowly resigned ourselves to the routine of classes, and we agreed to repeat the trip over Christmas vacation if that were possible.

Pat Murphy

General Meeting
Tuesday Jan 7, 7:15 pm

We are fortunate to have Professor Herbert G. Baker, Director of the University Botanical Gardens to tell us about his trip through West Tropical Africa. Dr. Baker has traveled extensively and has studied in England and the United States. He was head of the Department of Botany and Director of the Botanical Gardens at the College of Ghana. Ghana, as you surely know, is the newly formed nation in West Africa.

Dr. Baker's slides will show how the people and plant life change as one travels from the coast, and heavy rainfall area, to the northern border of Ghana which is near the Sahara Desert.

Also, you will want to meet the new club officers who have been elected to serve you next semester. They will be introduced to you.

Remember the new time 7:15 pm, and the place is Stephens Union, Second Floor Lounge. There will be plenty of free refreshments.

See you there,
T. K.



Cavers Go Bushwhacking

We, a party of four namely Bill Gardner, Chuck Pratt, Dick Armstrong, and myself, Vi Madsen, left Berkeley at 7:00 P.M. Sat. Dec. 7 heading for the Mother Lode Country. We hit fog, and I mean fog, about 15 min. out of Berkeley. After that we were in and out of it about every 5 min., finally reaching our campsite about midnight. It didn't take us long to unroll our sleeping bags and crawl in as it was cold and we were tired.

After a restful night we arose with the sun about 7:30 A.M. upon which Bill grabbed his camera and proceeded to snap pictures left and right of sleepy heads peeking out. It took some persuasion to get Dick to emerge from his sleeping bag, namely three determined persons ready to dump him out.

After a varied breakfast of (and this is the truth) fruit cocktail, oranges, rice crispies, cheerios, milk, Nestle's crunch, pumpernickle, cheese, cookies, candy, we headed for Crystal Cave. We parked the car off the road and headed down the trail. After what seemed like hours of walking, we stumbled upon the cave. We spent an enjoyable morning going through it twice and to add a bit of tang, Dick tried it without a light. He made it! It was the second time through that Chuck decided to join the "hobblers" and fell while trying to "chimney". He came down a bit shaken up including one bad foot.

After lunch we headed back to the car, whereupon I promptly dropped my helmet down the side of the mountain. Dick, being very thoughtful, went down to where it hung suspended over the river and retrieved it. We then headed for Wool Hollow Cave. Ha!

We followed the directions given to us by TOM ALEY which said, and I quote, "1,000 yds. from the road, directly off the creek bed". We followed these instructions exactly! As a result we found ourselves scouting up and down both sides of the creek bed. There isn't a rock in that canyon that the four of us doesn't know personally! We found more cracks and holes which went nowhere; we crawled through more poison oak than you have ever seen; we were plagued by brush the entire day, and consequently we acquired more scratches and bruises than anyone should have. We spent four hours looking for what we had begun to refer to as that d--- cave!

Chuck, after freeloading most of the afternoon because of his ankle injury, volunteered to check a hole in a cliff above us. We were quite amused by his caustic comments when he discovered that the hole was merely a dent in the difficult 4th class face which he had to climb in order to investigate this prospective cave.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we decided there was either no cave or we were in the wrong canyon. So we headed back to the car. That is, Chuck, Dick, and I did. Bill proceeded to explore down by the creek. A few minutes later he yelled he had found it. Not being too hopeful, as a matter of fact not believing him, we told him to take a look inside, which he did. When he came out he told us to come on, he wasn't kidding us.

We lifted our tired bodies off the ground and went approximately 100 yds. to where Bill was. There he proudly pointed at a hole which looked too small for anyone to get through. Bill said he had started to lower himself when he decided to drop a rock in first. The result caused him to change his mind rather fast, as he could not hear it hit bottom. While they were trying to get Dick down through the same hole, I scouted around and found the entrance. We later found out our first opening was about 40 ft. off the cave floor. I promptly removed Dick from it. We had a most enjoyable time going through Wool Hollow Cave

(cont. on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)
 with no serious incidents except for Chuck's setting fire to my hair with his carbide lantern. He heard it hissing however, and slammed his hand down on my head, scaring me to death. (This was the second attempt on my life. Earlier, Bill had sent a large boulder down the mountain in my direction. I, however, being a quick thinker, jumped out of its path.)

When we began to run out of water, carbide, and light in general, we banged out way out. The car and clean clothes were a welcome sight, as was a large can of tomato juice which we finished off rapidly. Upon leaving, we found a minor obstacle in the road. A cow which finally moved after threatening looks from Chuck, who had gotten out of the car. (I still don't know if he had planned to push it out of the way?) Coming back, we again hit fog, but it wasn't quite as bad. Chuck, Dick, and I slept most of the way, as we were rather exhausted, and the weather meant nothing to us whatsoever.

We all felt it had been a wonderful trip, and was certainly worthwhile, though we swore we would get Tom for making a small mistake amounting to a difference of 792,000 sq. yds. which we now know inside out. Thanks, Tom.

Vibeke Madson

THE CAVER'S FOLLY

The U.C.H.C. cavers decided to explore some of the caves on Shasta Lake over the Thanksgiving weekend. When all of the plans were finally made only four of us were able to go: Dave Rottman, Ray DeSaussure, Ann Dacey, and myself, Tom Aley.

Wednesday Night -- We had planned to leave at six o'clock in the evening; we finally managed to get out of Berkeley at about 11:30. Reasons for the delays had been many. Ray had forgotten half of his gear in San Francisco (even with only half of it he had twice as much as anybody else), we had managed to convince ourselves that we had left the turkey sitting on a sidewalk near campus, and I had spent a lot of time getting the boat and trailer ready. By the way, we had the turkey all the time.

Thursday -- We camped at Salt Creek near Shasta Lake at 4:00 a.m. After a short sleep we got up. Dave amused himself by breaking the ice on the mud puddles until we were ready to go. Eleven o'clock found us driving on a Forest Service road along the lake. Eleven o'clock found us gloomily viewing the trailer which now only had one wheel. The other wheel had passed us while we were driving through a mud hole. Ray, Dave, and I had the interesting job of looking for the wheel bearing, one washer, and one wheel bearing nut. We found them lying in the road about half a mile back. We cleaned them up with gasoline (I think this is the reason we later ran out of gas) and put the assembly back together. All the time the trailer was parked in the mud hole different people kept stopping in the same goopy spot. We always carefully covered it over after stepping in it so that the next person could enjoy it.

After repairing the trailer, we finally got to a place fairly near the lake. We spent about an hour carrying everything to the lake, and at about 4:00 the boat pushed off with about half the gear and everyone but me. The motor finally started after a certain person finally turned on the gas. At 6:00 I was sitting in the dark beside a little fire when I saw the dim outline of the boat returning. Ann was rowing determinedly upstream, the motor having stopped quite a while before. She was making very slow progress against the current, and at one place landed the boat and tried to pull it along the shore. But the mud was soft, and Ann sunk in about knee deep at every step. I almost fell into the fire I laughed so hard. After giving this up, she rowed to my side of the lake, and after touching shore, the current lifted the oar and oarlock from the boat. They floated quickly downstream, but Dacey, gondoliering with great dexterity and a form of boatmanship, finally caught it. He loaded the rest of the gear on the boat and went down to Samwel Cave. I tried the motor a few times, and it finally started, so we rode to the cave in style. We ate Thanksgiving dinner in Samwel Cave, thus ending Thursday.

Friday we explored Samwel Cave. The best day we had--nothing
 (Cont. on page 9)

CLIMBING

MOUNTAINEERING AS A SPORT

There are actually people who do not realize that mountaineering is a pure sport, one of the purest known to man. All too many, because of a narrowness of mind inherent in our highly organized, highly specialized culture, think of sport only as games in which two players or teams of players compete against one another, usually watched by hordes of spectators. Such people cannot conceive of a sport in which it is not necessary for someone to lose in order that someone may win.

Yet is it not the real purpose of sport to serve to improve the participant in mind and body, to build character, to teach teamwork? Certainly mountaineering can achieve these ends to a high degree; to a higher degree, perhaps, than most other sports.

Few sports demand so much of a man. The mountaineer pits his skill and endurance not against other men, on a field where there is a referee standing by to prevent excessive roughness and help for the injured player is immediately at hand, but rather against the forces of Nature itself, the rock, snow and ice, and the ever-unpredictable weather. The climbing party must meet every emergency by its own means, the life of each member depending upon the teamwork and collective ability of the entire team.

Although mountaineering has had its greatest development in the past century and a half, there were a few who, much earlier, realized its true position and value. In the year 1555, Conrad Gesner, of Zurich, wrote, "Give me a man tolerably tough, liberally educated, not given over to ease and luxury and also appreciative of the beauties of Nature; what greater enjoyment can he find than in mountaineering? Hardship will strengthen his body as well as elevate his soul."

R. D. Orser

CASTLE CRAGS

After driving most of the preceding night, Chuck Pratt, John Fiske and myself - Charlie Raymond - awoke on Thanksgiving morning to a clear day, an inspiring array of granite spires and crags, and an imposing view of Mt. Shasta. We were rarin' to go! However, one minor technical problem confronted us. We couldn't start Chuck's car (I title it as such with reservations). After a mile and a half walk, and the enlistment of the Park Ranger's assistance, we soon got the buggy on the road again. After a quick breakfast we drove to the end of Kettlebelly Road, which winds up toward the Crags from Highway 99. Shouldering our packs, we started up a very good trail to our proposed camp, 3 miles distant, high in a saddle between Castle Dome and the main ridge of crags.

On arriving, we set up camp, then set out to explore the area and climb Castle Dome. Castle Dome has 3rd class routes in addition to some relatively long 4th and 5th class routes on the north and east faces.

The next day, after a very windy night, we set out to try our luck in the crags which are seen on the left skyline from the highway. The only notable ascent of the day was Hybris Tower. Our route, a first ascent, was in a narrow 5th class chimney on the west face. The lower part was almost narrow enough to use cross pressure between back of head and tip of nose, and the only way to climb it was to get inside. Three pitches got us to the top of the chimney, and one more pitch on a face brought us to the summit. Since the chimney was Chuck's idea and it was his climb, we named our new route Pratt's Passion.

We spent Saturday in less ambitious enterprise. Desiring to leave for home that night, and being too lazy to walk up to higher and longer

(continued on next page)

climbs, we decided to concentrate our efforts on a group of crags which were on the way back to the car. We thought possibly there might be some good first ascents. However our conquest of first ascents was one of sheer frustration. While two of us would be contemplating a route on a crag, which was "surely" unclimbed because of its difficulty, the third member of our party who had gone around to the other side to look for another possible route, would appear on the top -- having walked up. Nevertheless, we did manage some good climbing, involving several interesting faces negotiated on small holds, a friction slab, and some cracks on on pitch crags.

As we walked back toward civilization in the growing twilight, with the crags silhouetted against a red sky at our backs, the green valley of the Sacramento River at our feet, and the majestic shape of Mt. Shasta to the north, Chuck, John and I all agreed that our vacation time had been well spent in a beautiful and varied region, which not only presents many challenges to the climber, but also offers many splendid hiking possibilities.

Charles Raymond

THE LAMENT OF OLD DAN

I know that country well,
And it's flat as the sea;
In a dozen square miles
There's scarce even a tree.
But old Dan always talked
Of a terrible climb
There in that empty place,
He had to try sometime.
One day I joking said:
Well, let's go there and see,
I will never forget
How strange he looked at me.

I knew we were crazy,
Trekking across the sand
With our ropes and hardware
In that godawful land,
But Dan seemed so intent,
And I wanted to know
What sort of a devil
Had hold of the fellow,
So I followed him on,
Peering always ahead
For any sort of peak,
Till I was nearly dead.

It had just become dark,
When right out of nowhere
A mighty rock tower
Stretched to the stars, I swear.
We made camp, Dan and I,
In the sand at its base,
Lay in our sleeping bags
And stared up at that face.
Dan didn't say a word,
But somehow I knew well
For him that tower stood
Between heaven and hell

I awoke with a start,
The sun already high
And all around nothing
But flatland and the sky.
Old Dan and his tower
Had vanished in the air,
And the whole, frightful thing
I'd have thought a nightmare,
Except Dan's sleeping bag
Lay open at my side,
His rope and iron were gone;
It couldn't be denied.

That long, terrible day
I waited around there,
Wondering what to do,
Beginning to despair.
Night was blessed relief
From the day, hot and dry,
And once more I lay still,
Looking up at the sky,
When I heard very clear
In the quiet, cold air
A piton hammer's ring
And muttered a prayer.

If ever you should pass
On a calm winter night
Through that desert country
Within the border's sight,
Listen close for the ring
In the quiet, cold air
Of a piton hammer
And pause to say a prayer.
For on the shadow cliffs
Of a phantom spire
A gallant climber clings,
Inching ever higher.

-- Mike Loughman --

***** A WORD OF THANKS

A word of thanks to Roger
Lowe for his donation of ten rap-
pel patches to the Hiking Club.
Patches have been an expensive
item in the past and this donation
is greatly appreciated.....

H I K I N G

Big Basin Hike

Sure and it was a fine Sunday, Dec. 8, when twelve intrepid hikers met at West Gate, ~~Big Basin~~. Undaunted by the fact that fog followed by cloudy weather was predicted and the discouraging evidence that some people bound for Miraloma had already departed an hour earlier the party set about lowering Roger Lowe's and John Landers' cars a few inches and settled back for the two-hour plus trip to the basin.

Arrival at 10:30 in the chilly and damp but otherwise pleasant confines of the camp headquarters area was followed immediately by the taking of a group picture engaged in willingly by nobody. The route followed the Opal Creek Trail to Maddock's Cabin thence to Trail Beautiful which featured late Autumn sunlight on the redwoods and tan bark oaks and brought us to Stippery Rock.

There two favorite pastimes occupied the next hour or so -- eating and sleeping. The solitude of the breather was interrupted only by vigorous chewing and the picture taking antics of Tim Kaarto, and some redwood tree climbing by the same, ostensibly for more picture taking. Ray Lucas whiled away the milliseconds watching a $\frac{1}{2}$ "inch worm" wend his way across a moss-covered rock.

A short stretch to Sky Meadow and Union Creek Trail was followed by a long and pleasant jaunt to Bloom's Mill site featured by sunlit moss and fern covered trees and ably led by Mary Donnelly. At Bloom's Mill site, an early 19th century redwood lumber mill, the outlay was roughly reconstructed in the mind's eye. A few remaining artifacts served to enlighten the imagination. The Bloom's Creek Trail brought us to Park Hdq. but not before a pseudo-cave was explored and at which, strangely enough, nothing happened.

The combination of congenial people and tops in weather and hiking area made this a memorable trip. And to those who kept their heads heads while some of us were temporarily losing ours --- congratulations.

John F. Landers

* * * * *

Coming Mendocino Coast Overnight Calls All January 11-12th

If you like the outdoors, you will want to be along when the U.C. Hiking Club journeys one hundred and fifty miles north of Berkeley to explore the rolling foothills of the Coast Range.

The trip includes a scenic drive through California's main grape growing area, after which we will enter the heart of the Redwood Empire. The beautiful Mendocino coast with its many rivers and stormy seas tearing away the slopes of the Coast Range is well worth seeing.

A pleasant hike is planned which will take us by some remnants left from the old logging days of the early part of the century. Several large logging companies had moved into the area and ruthlessly removed the lush growth of virgin redwood timber which had taken perhaps a thousand years to grow. Now the deep canyon walls have recovered themselves with a dense growth of Redwood, Hemlock, White Fir, Red Fir, and Douglas Fir. The underbrush has all died, leaving a clear hiking area under the trees.

The scenery along the trail will include an old steam donkey, a railroad bed, a slaughter house, a skid road, a logging dam, and if our timing is right, we will have a chance to see salmon spawning.

There is challenging rock climbing available along the high coastal cliffs as well as several ocean caves which require equipment and have thus never been explored.

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Sprinkles of rain, a bike permanently stuck in high gear, and the neglect of the Charles Krug Winery to donate a free sample (particularly the latter) dampened the spirits of the seven persons on the bike-hike-winery-tour of Napa County, November 10.

But anyone who has tried cycling thirty five miles in showers (especially myself, who had the difficult bike) must admit the inherent pleasure of such an undertaking. And anyone who has sniffed his way through thousands of gallons of burgundy, sauterne, port, etc. etc, must must admit the ~~inherent~~ pleasure of that, too.

Our appreciation of the beauty of Napa Couty, which consists of rolling hills, green valleys, brush, and many shade trees, was in itself worth the trip.

Starting at nine in the morning, Jerry Connors and Larry Frank drove a truck containing the bikes from Berkeley to Oakville, while the rest of us traversed the same distance in a car, with some lively conversation.

We rode our bikes from Oakville through St. Helena to Calistoga, where we bought food and lunched in a field nearby until rain broke up the party.

Returning from Calistoga through brisk moist air and under a darkened sky, we stopped our bikes at St. Helena and toured the Charles Krug Winery, the oldest winery in California. Here we learned the chemistry of making and aging wine. A little ways farther on, we stopped at a deserted old mill, and joined the sightseers poking about the ruins.

The group ended the cycling with hot tea brewed in the back of the truck by our leader, Lincoln Aske. Then, climbing into the vehicles, we rode home to Berkeley, singing folk-songs and rounds, and arrived at West Gate at 6 pm.

* The good companionship, the exhilaration of strenuous exercise, and the picturesque qualities of Napa County made the trip most enjoyable and memorable for all.

Pat Murphy

* * * * *

For Whom The Bell Tolls

It is generally known that the U.C.H.C. does not give up easily -- as a matter of fact, it never gives up! This could be seen, when, after the last General Meeting, about 15 members were still going strong and a very nice janitor in Stephens Union felt it necessary to escort us out as he was closing up the building.

This action, however, did not dampen our enthusiasm in the least. We retired to the base of the Campanile accompanied by 2 guitars, 1 banjo, 1 accordian, and one carton of dripping tomato paste.

We started the gay evening off with the ~~folk~~ ~~dance~~ and from there progressed through every folk dance and song we could remember. Of course, on cold clear nings, sound travels, and sure enough, it didn't take the campus police but 5 minutes to find us. We discussed the matter with them; they found us to be an organized, well mannered group, and not being able to recall anything prohibiting folk dancing around the Campanile, we were left to continue. We invited them to join us, but

Around midnight someone suggested pizza, where upon we all marched over to La Val's, never ceasing our singing. Pizza was enjoyed by all, and those who could prove themselves indulged in suds.

By the time we broke up, we were all hoarse, full, tired, cold, warm, happy and sad that such an enjoyable evening had to come to an end. But as everyone keeps telling me, "unless you study (?) and stay in the University, you can't stay in the Hiking Club" -- so back to ye old grind.

Vibeke Madsen

(Continued from page 4) THE CAVER'S FOLLY

went wrong. Saturday we left Samwel Cave for Baird Cave (about 10 miles away) by boat at about 10:30 AM. By 11:30 we pulled into shore to look at something that had interested Ray. While we were there, I discovered a cave that we knew nothing about. We explored it, and at 1:30 PM we were back in the boat heading for Baird again. We had trouble with the motor and lost about half an hour because of it. When we were nearing the cave, the motor stopped again. We should not have washed the wheel bearing off in gasoline! Dave rowed into a dock and we bought gas. We left the dock at about 4:00 PM, and I was beginning to think about the dinner we had left back in Samwel. Just at dark we finally reached the cave and entered it. We had three climbing ropes, and we used all of them in the cave. It was a very nice cave, but somewhat larger than we had expected. Saturday ended somewhere deep in the bowels of the earth.

Sunday--the day of rest? We left Baird Cave at 1:30 AM (7 1/2 hours underground). We stumbled back to the boat and went up lake for about an hour. Finally at 3:00 AM we ran out of gas, and rather than refill it and move on, we went into shore and built a fire. We decided to remain by the fire for the rest of the night rather than continue the frigid boat ride. 7:00 AM we pushed off from shore again, arrived back at Samwel about 9:30. We ate our first meal in 10 hours and went to bed. At 1:30 PM Dave got up and went into the cave to rig the 90 foot pit. Don't ask me how, but he got lost. Ray went in later and belayed him down. At about 4:00 AM and I went in to watch the ascent from the pit. We just missed seeing the rope tangle 15 feet above the floor. We finally left the cave at 6:00 PM, went across the lake, loaded everything back on the trailer, and left the lake at 10:30 PM.

Sunday Midnight we were somewhere near Redding. At 3 A.M. we ate supper. We returned the boat to Tim Kaarto at 6 A.M., and I just made my 8 A.M. class. A.. my notes were on the page crooked, but I made it. Thus ended our folly, the five-day four day week end.

Tom Aley

COMING OVERNIGHT, continued from Page 7

Perhaps we will have folk dancing Friday evening in the Van Damm Park Lodge at Little River for the energetic.

This will be a good chance to see this unique section of Northern California, so study hard Christmas vacation so that you will have some free time for this weekend. We will probably leave from West Gate Friday evening, January 10. However, if there are enough people who would rather leave Saturday, this can be arranged. See the Room C bulletin board for further details. Leader: Tim Kaarto

TO REMIND YOU OF COMING EVENTS

Jan. 11-12 Sat. & Sunday, 4p. overnight along the Mendocino Coast.

Dec. 14, Saturday - Hike to Chabot Observatory. An evening hike which gives you a chance to see the twinkling stars, the moon, and time to swoon.

THE BEAR TRACK STAFF

Dec. 19-Jan. 1-Something spontaneous. Stop by Room C to plan a trip anywhere anytime with fellow UCHCers.

EDITORS: Bill Gardner, Helen McGinnis
ARTISTS: Cover: Vibeke Madsen
Lettering: Don Wainwright
TYPISTS: Dick Armstrong, Bill Gardner, Mary Ann Dooling, Marcia Lightbody, Irma Wobber, Martin Zonligt, Helen McGinnis

Jan. 3, Friday - First folk dance of the year, still at Senior Mens' Hall at 7:30.

Jan. 5, Sunday - Climb at Miraloma Rock in Twin Peaks area.

MIMEOGRAPHING: Dave Rottman
STAPLING AND ADDRESSING: Volunteers

also
Jan. 5, Sunday - one more adventure-filled cave trip to the Mother Lodge area.

Jan. 7, Tues. - The last general meeting of the semester.

Louse Song (Tune: Old Kit Bag).

Wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch!
Don't stop a second--if you do, by heck,
Your troubles start to hatch.
What's the use of sulphur salve?
It never was worth much!
So wrap both your elbows up around your neck
And scratch, scratch, scratch!

Fingers and Toes (Tune: Blest Be the Tie That Binds)

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have eyes than a nose,
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's still there;
I'll be sorry as hell when it goes!

Chiggers (Tune: Coming Through the Rye)

The chigger is no bigger than a little grain of sand,
As a digger he is quicker than Houdini's slight of hand.
When the chigger jabs his jigger where your hips and haunches
blend
You can gigger that the chigger gets you in the end!

The Medic's Chant (Tune: Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet)

Get out that broken tibia
And hitch it to the fibula (*fibula*)
And put the whole damn works in a cast;
And on an old Stoke's stretcher,
They will come and fetch yer
And you'll be pushing daisies through the grass!

The U.C.H.C. Boys (Tune: The Ramblin' Wreck)

Oh, we're the U C H C boys,
We're not so very neat,
We seldom wash our hands,
We never wash our feet;
We're nuts about the women,
We're crazy about the booze.
Oh, we're the U C H C boys,
Now, who the hell are youse?

Oh, we're the U C H C boys,
And we don't give a damn;
If you've got a mountain you can't
climb,
Get away, because we can!
We're nuts about the women,
We're crazy about the booze.
Oh, we're the U C H C boys,
Now, who the hell are youse?

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Hall, University of California,
Berkeley 4, California,
.....

TSSSSSSSSSS.....

Hi! Just want to stick my big
nose in here and say a word or two
about Folk Dancing! It's been
really swell to see so many people
having so much fun on those gay
Friday evenings. Want to join the
fun? Come on along, and bring your
friends. Next time, Jan. 3, just
after Christmas Vacation. Whoopee-
eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.!! SKEETER

ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

- DeSaussure, Ray.....2756 34th Ave., S.F. 16.....OV 1-6556
- English, Nancy.....1734 Blake.....TH 8-1890
- Engs, William D.....2511 Hillegass.....
- Kenline, George.....Bowles Hall.....AS 3-4010
- Papike, Ron.....1755 LeRoy.....
- Shine, Ward.....1062 1st St., Lafayette.....AS 3-2734

