



BEAATRACK

ESCAPE TO THE

Tired of the humdrum routine of studies? Feel the four walls of finals closing in around you? Want to get away from it all? We offer you an escape, the UCHC Between Semesters Outing. Escape with us to the far corners of the California desert, to bits of yesteryear lost in intricate canyons, to breathtaking panoramas from isolated summits, to breathless nights on moonlit playas.

Panamint Mountains

This year we will explore one of the most fascinating desert ranges, the Panamint Mountains, which form the western wall of Death Valley. We will visit the RACETRACK, where huge stones have been dragged across a playa by an unknown force, and wonder at one of the most puzzling enigmas of nature. We will trek to the summit of TIN MOUNTAIN, northernmost summit of the Panamints, to experience a spectacular desert and mountain panorama. We will play in the snow on TELESCOPE PEAK and perhaps reach its summit for an unequalled view from Badwater to snow-capped Mt. Whitney. We will discover why SURPRISE CANYON got its name. We will turn back the pages of Death Valley history and explore PANAMINT CITY, one of the most remarkable and seldom visited western ghost towns. Ubehebe Crater, Mosaic Canyon, the Sand Dunes, and Skidoo are just a few of the other possibilities for a planned flexible itinerary. On the way down we will have breakfast in colorful Red Rock Canyon. On the way home (road conditions permitting) we will see the entire grand eastern escarpment of the Sierra under its winter mantle.

The emphasis will be on hiking; however, there will be opportunity to see some of the many points of interest in Death Valley proper. For the adventurous of spirit and rugged of constitution, several back pack trips will be possible, -- to the crest of the Panamints for a never-to-be-forgotten sunset and sunrise, up any of a dozen rugged canyons, or just for a night in Panamint City.

This will definitely be a COLD weather trip, so adequate WARM clothing and a good sleeping bag or extra blankets will be essential. Plenty of snow will be encountered at the higher elevations, so water-tight boots and darkglasses or goggles are recommended. We must carry our water wherever we go, so a canteen is another essential. Transportation will be by truck as it was last semester, and commissary again will be planned and organized centrally, though flexibly to accommodate backpacking groups.

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PANAMINT MOUNTAINS, HERE WE COME!

Continued from page 1.

We will leave Berkeley at 6:30 p.m. on Wednesday, January 29. In order to facilitate the truck rental and purchase of food, sign ups in Room C will close Friday, January 24. ~~\$15.00~~ toward the trip's costs MUST be paid by then. The remainder of the costs should be paid by the end of the trip. If previous years are a good indication, these costs should not exceed much over an additional \$5. for a total of approximately \$20. We expect to return to Berkeley by 6 P.M. on Wednesday, February 5, in time for late registration (without payment of a late fee) on the next day, but???! The trip is open only to UCHC members. For additional information see the sign-up sheet in Room C or contact Mike Loughman, AS 5-4976 (days, 4:30 to 6:00 p.m.)

Mike Loughman

SKI TOURING NEAR DONNER PASS

The morning after Christmas found Norm Turner, Dave Eggleston, Bob Taylor and myself loading skis and packs into Dave's car and heading for Norden. Four hours later we were pitching our tents near the Sierra Club lodge, where we enjoyed an evening of folk dancing. The next morning we set out for Peter Grubb Hut, five miles to the north. We were equipped for snow-camping, for the weather looked threatening, and the hut is not easily found in a blizzard. After crossing Boreal Ridge, we began the long climb up Castle Valley, where we met three Air Force survival instructors. After a conversation on mountaineering and related subjects, we pushed on over Castle Pass, from where a gentle traversing descent brought us to the hut, situated in Round Valley, just below Castle Peak.

The following day was one of above-freezing temperatures accompanied by low visibility and the falling of wet snow. A couple of hours skiing left us all soaked and our plans to ascend Castle Peak had to be abandoned. But a warm stove soon dried wet clothes, and then, after a whole evening of feasting, we climbed up the ladder to our warm, soft bunks for another long night's sleep.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, and so we quickly packed up, cleaned up the hut and began the short climb to Castle Pass. From there we had a long run down Andosite Ridge, another short climb to the top of Boreal Ridge, and then a beautiful run down the south side. Two and a half hours after leaving Peter Grubb Hut, we four raunchy mountaineers arrived at the warming hut on Signal Hill, where we joined the crowd of neatly dressed people for an afternoon of downhill skiing. Then down to the car, where we loaded up and headed home. This trip was over, but memories of ice-draped conifers, of spectacular views over snowy mountains, and of the snug, warm solitude of the hut lingered on, and we began to think of trips yet to come.

R. D. Orsor

SPRING 1958 OFFICERS CHOSEN

UCHC officers for the spring semester are as follows:

PRESIDENT: Bob Orsor

VICE PRESIDENT: Ann Dacey

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY: Helen McGinnis

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY: Martin Zonlight

TREASURER: Tom Aloy

REPRESENTATIVES AT LARGE: Bill Gardner Mike Loughman
Dave Rottman Dick Armstrong

THINKING

DEC. 28, 31 SCOUTING TRIP TO THE SANTA LUCIA MOUNTAINS

What's that? This time of year? brp-b-r- . I'll bet its nothing but scrub brush and little drab hills. Besides it looks like rain. Nevertheless, I found myself starting off with five others and a Saturday morning. We drove south to Salinas, through Carmel Valley and up a winding road to Los Padres Dam. There we assembled our packs and started off, passing the dam at about 2:00 p.m. We climbed rapidly up a road and then a trail for several miles. Looking behind us we saw the hills to the west and they were impressive. The scrub brush we left behind, and scenery changed as we went higher. As I arrived at a trail marker a council was being held, at which time we decided to descend to Rattlesnake Creek and find a campsite.

We were very quickly set up and having dinner as the daylight left our area. Then, Don pulled a uke out of his cavernous pack and we revived our spirits with songs and small talk. The following morning came very gradually to me and after pulling myself together, breakfasted on pancakes as large as dinner plates, which Don kept making until we were quite well filled.

After an hour's climb upstream we intersected another trail to Big Pines and followed it for a couple of hours to a small stream with a benchmark of 3501. Here we had another meal and enjoyed the cool water. Upon seeing a round open hill bathed in sunlight with the tall pines reaching up to the blue skies and soft layers of pine needles underfoot, we removed our packs and resolved to spend the afternoon rambling along the trails. We later returned convinced that we had picked the most beautiful campsite for several miles, and relaxed with a most enjoyable dinner and songfest. We tried to get better acquaintance with each other so let me give you my impressions of our little band.

Pat Murphy--always smiling and making the best of situations;
 Charles Finnilla--a very methodical camper and generous person;
 Mike Bialos--who out-ghosted us with his little game and always seemed to be at the top of the next hill;
 Holan Mc Ginnis--a very easygoing likeable person;
 Don Wainwright--out imperturbable leader;
 Gordon Beal, myself--brought up the rear and enjoyed scenery from a sitting or prone position.

The following day while on a hike to Ventana Lookout, which Charles alone reached, we saw much of the beautiful scenery of the trip. We passed in rapid succession from vistas of the ocean below and to the west of us to scenes of the whole Santa Lucia range and Monterey Bay in the north.

That evening, with the campfire shining more guardedly and rising winds we again enjoyed the fraternal bond of the fireside. Certainly, it was most enjoyable. Someday we'll have to play "Capture the Flag" with slingshots and marshmallows as Don had planned for us.

Gordon Beal.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR----

At the last General Meeting there were two amendments to the UCHC by-laws introduced. One of them deals with adding a duty to the office of Corresponding Secretary. If this can be passed, then the Corr. Sec. will be in charge of maintaining the club library. The second proposed amendment would set up a Cave Section in the UCHC. At present there is posted in the club office, Room C, Eshelman Hall, a copy of the proposed by-laws of the Cave Section. Why not come into the office sometime and take a look at them? In order to pass an amendment we must have a quorum present, which is 25% of the active club membership of the club. A date has not been set for the next General Meeting, but this business is to be taken care of at the first meeting of the new semester.

We always have a program and refreshments in addition to a touch of business at our meetings, so come and help us get a good turnout for the next General Meeting...

Tom Aley

CLIMBING

CLIMBING AT TAHQUITZ

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Over the Christmas holidays Dave Rot and I joined Roger Hope and Jim Mack of Ventura for a few days of climbing on Southern California granite. The first 2 days were spent on Lily Rock at the San Jacinto mountains, popularly referred to as Tahquitz by climbers. This thousand-foot dome supports over fifty routes of all lengths and difficulties. We climbed interesting routes with such diverse names as the Trough, Finertip, Climb with no Beginning, Orange Peel, Ski Tracks, Jensen's Jaunt, and Switchbacks. An easy traverse to the Climb with no Beginning puts the leader and belayer fifty feet above the ground. Twenty feet of severe 4th class puts the leader in a simple trough that leads to the top of the rock. We concluded the climb had a very interesting beginning, but not a finish. Our evening at Tahquitz was not spent huddled around a campfire, but of all things, working up a good sweat bowling and pin setting at the Idyl Hof, the most strenuous part of the trip.

The second night Jim and I got lost in Hidden Valley in Joshua Tree National Monument. After hiking for several miles through the intricate maze of boulders and giant monoliths that form the valley we emerged unexpectedly on the flat, open desert floor. After a lengthy discussion as to which direction we should go, we rather dubiously struck out across the desert. Fortunately, twenty minutes later we hit the road which led back to camp. The next day the infamous "Meatgrinder", a difficult jam crack in very rough surfaced granite drew blood from us all.

Mike Loughman.

PINNACLES TRIP FIRST DAY

Recounted in the following columns is one of those U.C.H.C. type trips that stand out as a conglomeration of seemingly unrelated events that somehow occurred together or nearly together and constituted another memorable trip.

The event mentioned was a climbing trip to Pinnacles National Monument on Dec. 26-31 inclusive. The trip actually started with a practice climb the Saturday before, grocery purchasing and firewood procurement, "en trilar", on Monday preceding Christmas. All plans solidified (like butter) the main body Chuck Pratt, Charlie Raymond, John Fiske, and myself, John Landers, after some delaying stops at Tim Kaarto's mans on for more equipment, and groceries.

The ride down more than half over with the arrival at Gilroy, Calif., we embarked in search of food. What should catch our eyes but "Garcia Poll Hall". This was summarily dismissed as a place to eat and greener pastures sought uptown. The repast completed, topped off by Chuck's consumption of an order each of hotckes and of French Toast, we rolled into Pinnacles and Old Pinnacles Campground. About 1:00 thru the caves of Chalone Creek's West Fork to Elephant Rock. At first glance the rock is a striking point in the rubble and appears to be rough going. The Southeast side, however, presented easy 4th class climbing and a good warm-up. Here several articles were dropped by yours truly; a comb, piton, and sunglasses. Thereafter the butch hair-cut was combed with a piton.

With Elephant Rock crossed off, we descended to tackle the Machete Ridge. An easy 4th class brought us to the top of the first tower. Ridge-hopping by a gendarme to a rappal point above a saddle near the second tower required some few minutes, and we saw the third tower near at hand. With amoderate and short 5th class pitch we attained the summit but with the sun descending and cold wind blowing didn't stay long. Rappalling proved to be difficult to keep from swinging out onto the exposed west face of the tower from which return would have been difficult. The Machete thus conquered it remained to reach Old Pinnacles campground and do an easy 1st class motor traverse to New Pinnacle campground.

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motor traverse to New Pinnacle campground.

Thence followed supper of various things which seemed to satisfy none, the most violent objectors being Chuck and myself expressing ourselves with the oft repeated phrase, "Anything more to eat?"

Earlier in the day, at Pat Malono's and Al Sproles' wedding, Tim Karto had ably represented the club and then excused himself (they throw him out) and took the bus to Soledad, Calif., where the local population furnished him with numerous sets of conflicting directions and thus instructed he set off about 7 pm for our camp. Running out of steam he camped about midnight on the side of the West Chalono Creek caves.

Meanwhile, back at the camp, Charlie and the boys were whooped it up. Yours truly made a trip to King City, supposedly to study and buy groceries. Having a flat on the way plus the groceries and gas left us flat broke upon our return.

Charlie, Chuck and John did some after hours cave exploring in the Bear Gulch caves, initiating John into the Order of the UCHC Bats.

That was the first day (and night). John Landors

PINNACLES TRIP - 2nd. DAY.

After a late awakening on a frosty morning, the four of us directed our thoughts toward Tim. We decided he would probably be over at Old Pinnacles where the road from Soledad ends, so John Landors and Charles Raymond drove over to Old Pinnacles and left messages so Tim could find us. We then ate a hurried breakfast and hurried off to climb. The first stop was the Monolith. Charles Raymond and John Fiske did the direct route, and Chuck Pratt and John Landors did the left hand traverse.

From the Monolith we proceeded to the High Peaks. We ate lunch under the tree at the base of Long's Folly and after launging around for awhile, Chuck decided it was time for him to lead Long's Folly. Just as he was about to step on to the rock about 30 girls emerged on the scene (they said they were Y.M.C.A.) and sat down to watch. The audience was tensely quiet, gripping their seats, as the brave and courageous Pratt inched his way up the terrible precipice (5.6, bolts every three ft. on the difficult part - very terrible indeed-). The climb went with ease - to bad though, since it ruined the supreme dramatic possibilities of the situation. It was about this time that Tim arrived. We were really glad to see him. To finish the climbing day we climbed a small shaft (1st. ascent) at the N.E. junction of the Lower and Upper High Peaks Tra il.

Our endeavors for the day were not complete, however. We were yet to be led through the Bear Gulch Caves by the able and much too willing Tim Kaarto. The four of us (John Landors had wisely stayed behind to study in the naturalist's office amidst an assortment of pickled rattlesnakes rather than follow Tim) roped together by Chuck's versatile 6th class slings, proceeded into the cave. After sloshing up the steps Tim lead us over the railing and nearly pulled us over the brink of a forty foot steep slide which culminated in a 15 foot overhang. Finally we got back on the steps and it was smooth sailing from there on with the exceptions of a few bumped heads.

Charles Raymond

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