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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
HIKING CLUB

FEBRUARY, 1958

DEATH VALLEY
1958

The UCHC caravan, consisting of a five ton truck and a pick-up, with Mike Loughman at the helm left Eshleman Court on the night of January 29, headed for the Panamint Mountains on the west side of Death Valley. As is usual with UCHC trips it rained continuously until we crossed the Tehachapi Mountains. Memories of that night include crushed feet, accordion-style sleeping, a leaking tarp, and rest stops a la Greyhound bus.

Bright and early January 30, we stumbled into the sunshine at Red Rock Canyon, which failed to live up to the reputation it gained on the previous Death Valley trip of being the coldest place in the United States. Head cooks Mike Loughman and Marcia Lightbody and their crew pumped up the Coleman stoves and turned out the first of a series of delectable breakfasts. The trip continued via Wild Rose Canyon Station and Stove Pipe Wells Hotel. Thirty gallons each of water and gasoline were taken on at Stove Pipe Wells Hotel for the trip to Tin Mountain and the safari over Hunter Mountain. We made a side trip to Grotto Canyon, where the uninitiated got their first taste of rock climbing. A forty foot vertical chimney of the type that Chuck Pratt specializes in conquering brought our hiking and rock scrambling to an abrupt halt. 4:00 found us back at the truck and on our way to Ubehebe Crater, a one half mile wide, 800 foot deep depression formed by a series of explosive eruptions. Upon departure from Ubehebe Crater, we left civilization behind for the next two days. As we wheezed our way over a graded dirt mining road toward our campsite at the base of Tin Mountain, we passed a mining road crew equipped with a truck and bulldozer. They were looking for the standard gold, silver and copper. (In other words they were looking for anything they could find, according to Mike L.)

At the crack of dawn, our hardy band of climbers split into several groups for our assault on 8,900 foot high Tin Mountain. Mike Loughman, joyfully looking up, confidentially predicted we would all easily reach the summit by noon. We scaled ridge after ridge, and at 3:00 seven of the original 24, Mike Loughman, Al Kaplan, Helen McGinnis, John Toohy, John Fiske, Dick Scheible, and Charlie Finnilla, finally reached the top. After a long scree run down the mountain and a six-mile-an-hour walk down the road, this hardy group reached camp at 7:00, just in time for supper. We had camped three miles short of the jumping off point. The only casualty was the seat of Deena Zonligt's britches.

The naturalists in the crowd, headed by Martin Zonligt, noted the appearance of pinon pines at the 7,500 foot level, below which only cacti and scrub grew. The most beautiful cactus we saw was the organ barrel cactus with its large pale pink and yellow spines. Tom Aley, our stalwart forestry major, tagged the pinon pine as a red fir! TOM!!

(Continued on Page 2)

On February 1 we were on our way to the Race Track, a two by three mile dry lake bed covered with smooth, dry, cracked clay. Certain rocks on the bed of the Race Track presented an interesting geological puzzle. We looked at tracks of rocks that had made turns, zigzags, and right angle bends in the clay bed.

We stopped for lunch at the "Grandstand", an outcropping of rocks standing in the midst of the lake bed like an island. The naturalists investigated pack rat nests, the climbers practiced belaying and rappelling, and Don Wainwright and Pat Murphy, good conservationists to the bitter end, buried tin cans.

A flat tire only slightly impeded our progress toward Hunter Mountain. We camped that night at Goldbelt Spring, a small mining camp which even had out-houses --clean, too! This was the night for corned beef and cabbage - fresh corned beef, that is - which required four or five hours of cooking before it could be used. Needless to say, we did not have corned beef that night. During the stampede following the call for seconds for soup, Dave Rottman's uke was exterminated. That night we composed hoary songs extolling tire fires - AND, three cheers, we fired an Atlas!

The next morning, February 2, the trucks were to climb Hunter's Mountain. Miners at Goldbelt Spring had warned us previously of a stretch of ice which we would have to cross, and sure enough we had to dig our way through. If the passenger truck had slipped it would have gone down the mountain - no passengers were on board during the attempt. An hour later were on our way again. After eating lunch at Rainbow Canyon, we headed for the charcoal kilns in Wild Rose Canyon. The snowy, icy, impassible road prevented us from reaching Mahogany Flat for Don Wainwright's much desired snow camping, so we camped behind the kilns, being careful to cover up the "No Camping" signs. That evening Bob Orser, Mary Ann Dooling, Bill Gardner and Midge Roberts joined our merry gang, bringing news of the Explorer I.

Our adventures of February 3 started at 3:15 a.m., when a party of eight - Marcia, Mike, Helen, Dick, Nancy English, Martin Lee, John Toohy, and John Fiske - began their attempt to climb Telescope Peak, 11,000 foot high. It had begun to snow by the time the party had reached Mahogany Flat, and by the time they had reached the top of the ridge, 40 -mile-an-hour winds blowing stinging particles of snow into their faces made even the indomitable Miko state that it would be sheer madness to go on.

Back at camp some deep sleepers woke in the morning with six inches of new snow on their bags. Returning Telescope Peak climbers found the entire group holed up in a smoke-filled kiln, in which they were slowly being transformed into charcoal. During the day many individuals hiked to Mahogany Flat, enjoying the many beautiful snow scenes.

We pulled out at 2 P.M. that afternoon heading for Lone Pine and the Alabama Hills, planning to go North later from Lone Pine, skirting the eastern escarpment of the Sierras.

The Alabama Hills were composed of large, orange, crumbly granite rocks eroded into weird shapes by the wind; natural bridges and caves. That evening we had our biggest and best tire fire. (cough) The wind direction shifted constantly, enabling people to warm up just by running out of the way of the fire. The penalty imposed for staying put was a black face. The most natable black face belonged to Al Kaplan, who looked like a prison escapee. That night it rained; those who found caves were saved.

Tuesday, February 4, some climbed the many pinnacles around camp, some visited Lone Pine and civilization, and others explored Movie Flat, so called because many westerns have been filmed there. It was possible to imagine the beat of hooves, the whooping of wild Indians, and the stealth of the bad hombres who were lurking just around the corner with drawn six shooters.

Marcia put on the "fresh" corned beef at 2 P.M., and that night we decided that that cow must have been a pretty tough old gal in her lifetime. Report filtered back from Lone Pine that U.S. 395 North was blocked except for cars with chains.

That night the clouds lifted, and we were able to drink in the beauty of the white Sierras towering in the West and the almost as

The next morning, Wednesday, February 5, our last day out, we were rudely awakened at 4:30 A.M. by wild screeching supplemented by truck horns. The no packing - no breakfast ultimatum assured our 6 A.M. departure for civilization via Tehachapi and U.S. 99.

In the valley near Fresno the Highway Patrol stopped us and informed us that we were a bus and not a truck and were to stop at all railroad crossings.

In our wake our raunchy band left rain, snow, the Highway Patrol, and horrified waitresses at Argall's in Merced.

Telegraph Avenue resounded to our raucous singing of Cal songs as we pulled into Eshleman Court at 9 P.M.

Total cost of trip - \$21.71 plus .65 for one badly punctured tire and a holy canvas repair. (Dave Rottman will never forget the night of February 5.)

Martin Zohlig & Helen McGinnis

* * * * *

A Message Especially For New Comers
(But you old-timers can read it too if you like.)

Now that you have paid your two bucks, maybe you are wondering just what you are going to get out of it. Well, that depends entirely on you. If you keep telling yourself, "I'd like to go on that trip, but I have to study," why you won't get anything out of it. But if you realize that everyone must have some leisure time and plan your studying accordingly, you will find that our Hiking Club activities offer a maximum of enjoyment and mental relaxation for the time you put into them. There is no greater cure for the strain of studies and the rush of urban civilization than the combination of vigorous physical exercise and the serene beauty of the mountains and the forest. Not only will it strengthen the body, but it will refresh the spirit and give new meaning to existence.

More and more students have come to realize this, and therefore our activities have steadily increased in number and in scope since the founding of the UCHC in October 1948. Our newly-formed Cave Section has explored many limestone caverns and discovered some new ones. Our Mountaineering Section has grown into a very strong and increasingly active group. Folk-dancing and folk-singing have become ever more a part of our program, and, of course, our hiking and backpacking trips ranging from Sunday strolls to 15-day trips with a sixty pound pack are as popular as ever.

"But", you say, "the old members tend to form a sort of clique, and do not readily accept newcomers." If this seems to be the case, remember that these old-timers have shared many adventures and hardships and form a very close-knit group, a "hard-core" to whom the UCHC is a way of life. But if you participate actively in the club, before you know it you too will be part of this "hard-core". The only prerequisites are a love of the outdoors and the ability to do without excessive comforts. Conformity is not required, in fact is vigorously avoided, in this highly individualistic group.

But merely attending activities is not quite enough. You should help plan them. Any active member may sign up for any of the seven standing committees (Hiking, Bear Track, Folk Dance, Program, Entertainment, Membership, and Publicity). No experience is required. Many of our members gather every noon for lunch in our newly-expanded clubrooms in Eshleman basement. Most committee meetings are held at this time. So come into room C this week, sign up for a committee or two, and sign up for next weekend's trip.

See you there,

Bob Orser

Many people today who enjoy recreation are unaware of the necessity of recreation conservation. What is conservation? Well, it is often defined as wise use of natural resources. This pat definition is good, but it really says nothing. A timber operator believes that the wisest use of a peice of land is to harvest the timber on a sustained yield basis. A civil engineer will tell you that the best conservation of a piece of land is to make maximum use of the waters of the land for irrigation, flood control and other consumptive uses of water. An oil industrialist will tell you that conservation of oil means the maximum utilization of all oil reserves in the country. The grazing and cattlemen's association will say that the wisest use (conservation) of the land is to permit grazing in state parks and national parks, because this would allow maximum use of resources.

We members of the University of California Hiking Club join this organization for many reasons, but we all have a common bond. We enjoy outdoor recreation, such as hiking, fishing, mountain climbing, cave exploring, river touring, outdoor photograph, folk dancing, etc. Why, then, should we have an interest in conservation? We may not realize it, but we are conservationists. We are part of a vast group of over one hundred million people who, in some way, enjoy the values of recreation on the public lands of the United States each year. When we take a trip to the state parks, national parks, national forests, regional parks or wildlife refuges, we are enjoying the recreation of the outdoors. We, as recreationists and people who enjoy the outdoors, all probably agree that recreation activities are an improtant and valuable part of our lives and therefore we would say that parks, wilderness areas and other especially dedicated public lands are wisely used and conserved for the benefit and enjoyment of recreation conservationists if they are damaged as little as possible by other uses.

When we visit Yosemite National Park, we often take for granted that the park will be a beautiful scenic gem for ever, but we often forget that it took a great battle to preserve Yosemite Park and other parks. Today we would all oppose a proposal to place a dam in Yosemite Valley from Bridal Veil Falls and Cathedral Rocks to El Capitan, but only forty years ago, a valley of equal beauty also located in Yosemite National Park, called Hetch Hetchy Valley, was dammed by the City of San Francisco for water supply. This valley, because it was not as well known and there were not enough outdoor recreationists to oppose the building of this dam, was lost forever. Today, ~~one~~ ~~recreationist~~ for every one thousand visitors to Yosemite, visits Hetch Hetchy. Nothing can be done to rectify this mistake, but we can take a lesson from this error in conservation planning. Here a water conservationist claimed that the wisest use (conservation) of the resource was for water storage, but time has shown that actually, the wisest use would have been to preserve Hetch Hetchy Valley for the recreation for future generations. The Hetch Hetchy water could have been conserved as efficiently in another location.

Today, public land recreation policy, which will influence recreation conservation for the next fifty to one hundred years or longer, is being developed. Therefore it is imperative that we as recreation conservationists in the UC Hiking Club take an active interest in the present national policies as they are formed, to insure that the beautiful scenic lands upon which we camp, hike, fish, and climb will be there for our children and for ourselves to explore and enjoy in the future. Other interests such as the mining, grazing, water and timber interests often seek to subordinate our recreation conservation use to their own ideas of wise use. Our use of the public lands is equally as improtant as are those other uses.

Of course, someone will say, "How can I do anything in a small club like the UCHC, to see that recreation conservation is sustained as a recognized use of the public lands?" In this session of Congress legislation has been presented, which, if passed would give congressional protection to our present and future recreation needs. In the next issue of the Bear Track, I will discuss these important legislative proposals and try to answer the question of how we Hiking Club members who love the outdoors can help to improve present recreation conservative policies.

John B. Dewitt

Though the weather reports weren't very favorable, we took off Friday night, Jan. 10, our spirits high. Our leader was Tim Kaarto, a native of Mendocino County.

Since we were the first car to arrive, this luck gave us a choice piece of damp ground upon which we pitched two mountain tents and one shelter. Just as we were finishing up, the second car arrived - filled with Don with all the girls! We greeted them at the Lodge, talked for a while, and as usual, some one said, "Let's folk dance." Oh well - by the time we finally crawled in we were all rather tired.

After breakfast, we packed our lunches and set out on our all day ten mile hike, which took us through some of the most picturesque forests we had ever seen. We were lucky to hear some of the logging history first hand from Lorne MacDonald, and many other stories, with which Tim was familiar.

On the last part of the hike, along the upper part of Little River we were able to observe salmon spawning.

By late afternoon we returned to camp where we were greeted by one late arriving car and Ann Dacey, who had been busy studying Swedish all day in the Lodge (My, my, what a studious child!!) Cooking dinner was a joy on the new UCHC Coleman stoves! By about 7:30 PM we had all managed to gather in the Lodge and someone had started a fire - a warm one at that. And after much to-do, the girls, who had disappeared, reappeared all decked out in their folk dance skirts etc. etc. etc. So we lived it up, and when our feet finally gave in, our voices carried on as we sang all the old favorites.

In the meantime, the sky had begun to drip just a bit, but we were all still optimistic. However, we had hardly crawled into our respective tents, shelters and "out in the open" sleeping bags than it started slowly - leaky-teaky, leaky-teaky! increasing slowly but steadily.

Next morning, it was still raining and everybody slept rather late. The first encouraging words I heard were "Want me to put up a sail so you don't float away?" At the time I wondered about this comment. However when I finally crawled out I realized Bill had referred to the small lake in which our tent was pitched! Leave it to us! Having had first choice of ground, we had picked a spot where the largest puddle would form and there we were - right smack dab in the middle of it!! It took two of us to wring out my sleeping bag. During the night the "out in the open" people had retired to a cement floor, walls on the side and roof above - a chicken house!

We all had breakfast in the Lodge. Ann continued her studying, and Roger Lowe took a dip in the Pacific, diving for abalone.

As soon as the dishes had been cleared away, we again took off - this time for the coast to look at a number of sink holes. Finally we came to one, which had a passage leading out to the sea. When Tim said no one had probably been down there before, everybody stampeded like a mad herd of cattle. Here was a challenge! As a precaution, however, a rope was let down, and this safety valve proved very helpful on the return trip up.

We had quite a time daring the waves which came through the cave-like passage. Each time we would go just a little further, and as a result Dick Armstrong didn't quite make it once! There he stood in his parka, dripping salt water from head to toe. Finally he cried, "Ok, H---!", took off his parka and dove in. At last we climbed out again and headed back to camp for a change of clothes. Dick, being rather wet, volunteered to run back while we drove, thinking it might restore circulation.

After lunch, and a change of clothes, we departed and headed still further up the coast, stopping off in the town of Mendocino for a cup of coffee, etc., and then we were off again, Berkeley bound.

Of course we had our usual share of minor mishaps: one lost pot, one traffic ticket, one lost cave, which a party led by Tom Aley spent all of Saturday looking for, and one carbide lantern-singed head of hair (Vi Madsen's), but it all went into the making of a wonderful weekend.

Viboke M. Madson

Third Day, Dec. 28, 1957

The Third day (Dec. 28) had already been set aside for climbing the " Block " . Charlie Raymond, on a previous trip, had discovered this unclimbed rock, and we had planned the attempt on it during the week prior to Christmas. Chuck Pratt had invested in some bolt equipment because it had been obvious to Charlie that it would take a few bolts to climb this smooth rock.

We broke camp around ten o'clock (we weren't brave enough to get up any earlier) and headed up the Chalone Peak Trail. Across the canyon from the block , John Landers, Tim Kaarto, and John Fiske climbed a small spire twenty feet high on loose friction holds while Charlie and Chuck went on ahead to look at Kaspaseck's Delight. The small spire (Chuck and Charlie called it the " Come ") offered no belaying anchor on top, so a technique similar to that of the "Pencil" was used. Kaspaseck's Delight consists of one fifteen foot class six pitch and a scramble to the top. John Landers climbed the sixth class pitch without direct aid an upper belay. By then we were warmed up enough to try the " Block ".

While the rest of the party observed the front of the " Block " from a distance, John Fiske came around behind it and climbed up a thirty foot tree that was growing about six feet from the " Block ". From the top he believed that he could step over to the " Block " but wanted a lower belay through the tree for safety. Then Charlie also climbed the tree and with Tim Kaarto belaying, John did a shoulder stand on Charlie out of the top of the tree and was able to step onto the rock. A short muscleup brought him to the top, and Charlie followed suit off of Tim's shoulders. The two were able to descend by the same route. The day was still young so we decided to hike up to the Yaks to find some more difficult climbs. The West Yak looked like a long hard fifth class strain and Chuck still had his unused bolt equipment. Therefore we looked at the East Yak and saw a route that had two bolts already in it and places where three had been removed. Chuck led, pounding new bolts into the old bolt holes. These proved to be quite stable, although Chuck was very relieved to reach the top. The rest of us followed except for Tim, who took pictures of the whole operation. One more interesting chimney finished the climbing for the day, and we headed back for at sunset. On the way back Tim lost his wallet in the dense bushes and didn't discover its disappearance until the next day.

John Fiske

The Fourth Day
Dec. 29, 1957

Bright and early on the fourth day, while an angry Tim Kaarto stormed up the hills looking for his wallet, the rest of the climbers headed through the leaves again on their way to the Hand. The lead on the Hand is 100' long and it starts 100' off the ground. The climbing is not too difficult, despite the exposed vertical face, and Chuck Pratt and John Landers spent an enjoyable ½ hour climbing, while John Fiske and Charlie Raymond took pictures. As the latter 2 prepared to climb up, the two climbers on top heard Tim pounding his way across the country side through the brush. After a quarter of an hour of shrieking and clawing, he joined Charlie and John at the base of the hand and climbed up with them. Meanwhile Chuck and John Landers had rappelled down and were enjoying a welcome lunch break. When the others joined them, it was suggested that several climbers should start back early in order to set up a "tourist climb" somewhere along the trail. Pratt, Fiske, and Landers started back and upon reaching a good spot on the trail set up a tension climb up an overhanging crack, directly blocking the trail. Several tourists were caught in the trap and remained to stare and offer the typical comments, "Why?", "Are you one of those?", and "Crazy."

Presently Tim and Charlie returned. And after a frustrating attempt to set up another tourist climb. the five returned to camp, packed, and started home. Passing through Gilroy, the climbers, completely equipped with rope, hardware and icy stares marched into Garcia's pool hall to look for youtes. Momentslater, out on the street, both Tim and John Landers were accosted by a senorita from "Garcia's" who for some reason

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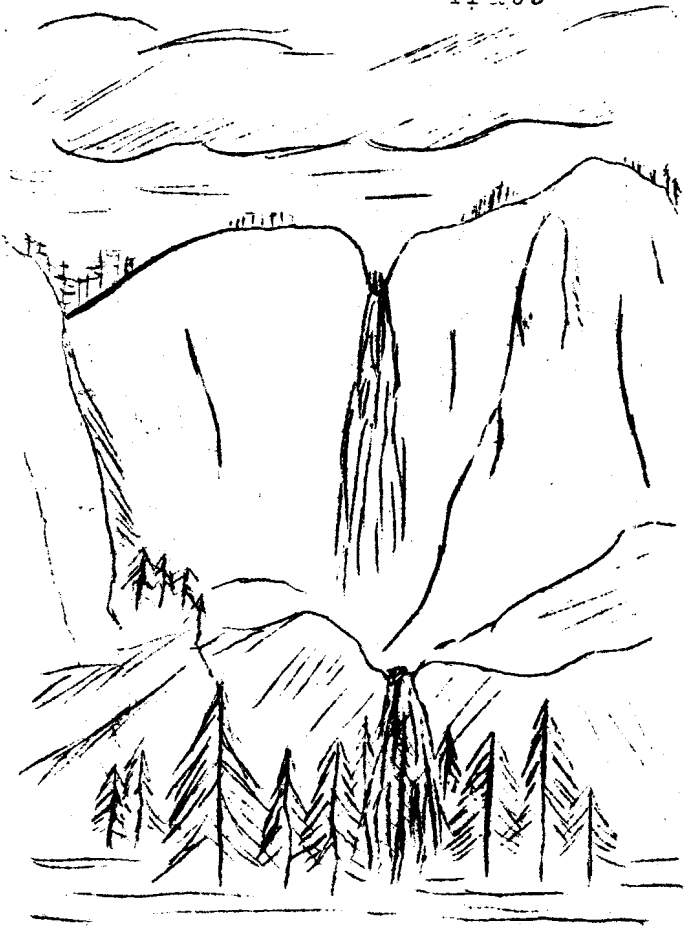
wanted their ropes. They never figured out why. A crowd was gathering so the five went elsewhere for dinner and then continued towards Berkeley. They finally got home but only after the Oakland police picked them up and questioned them for burglary as well as for possessing stolen property. All in all, the trip was another typical, enjoyable UCHC venture.

INDIAN ROCK PRACTICE CLIMB

Despite the torrential downpour of Feb. 8, a dozen climbers gathered at West Gate to go practice climbing at Indian Rock. It was felt it would be too cruel to subject the beginners to the water slick slopes of Indian Rock and consequently verbal instruction was given at Tim Kdarto's and Bill Gardner's house. After a period of knot tying and a discussion of the basic techniques of climbing we discussed the use of pitons. Later, the flash flood receded and the group headed for Indian Rock after all. Among the basic techniques taught were rappelling, belaying in various positions, and rope management.

After the climb the hardy rock-climbers ate their fill at Tim and Bill's. As befitting tradition the main course was spaghetti. The dinner was preceded by slides, and followed by more slides (of the screen variety).

Chuck Pratt



COMING YOSEMITE OVERNIGHT
March 15 - 16

Climbers: Thrill your friends with your blue hands obtained from knocking ice out of cracks of Yosemite's South wall. Be the first on your block to get out on those climbs. Have no fear of the weather. The storms are over and there are blue skies ahead, perfect sub-zero climbing weather.

The north wall offers many varied climbing possibilities of all degrees of difficulty.

Hikers: If cold hands don't appeal to you, come out and get cold feet hiking through one of nature's paradises. The scenery at this time of year is breathtaking and can be enjoyed from viewpoints along easy hiking routes.

Come to the sunny Yosemite Valley, March 15 - 16. See Charlie Raymond (AN 1-7838) for information.

John Fiske & Charley Raymond

FEATHER FALLS TRIP MAR. 8 - 9

Feather falls, located in the scenic and rugged plumas National Forest, is the area for the next UCHC overnight. Saturday we will backpack four miles to our campsite atop Feather Falls (the second highest waterfall in the state, according to the Forest Service). Then for all the ambitious people, we will hike into the Bald Rock Canyon and up the box canyon to the base of the falls. It will be a cross country hike, and we will be right along the river a good part of the time. Saturday night we'll have a roaring campfire beside the rushing Fall River. Folk singing too!

Sunday after a lazy morning we'll pack back out to the cars and return to Berkeley by about 6 in the evening.

The weather may be cool, but I don't expect snow. Signup for the trip will be between Monday and Friday noon of the week immediately before the trip.

Tom Aley

BIG BASIN or RAIN TREE FOREST

On Sunday, the 9th of February the UCHC Happy Mud Sloggers sallied forth on the first hike of semester. There were several hazards encountered, one a group of mud bespattered motor cyclists who were out for an outing on the fire trails of big basin.

Pete and Lorie led us up to ocean view point where we ate lunch and gazed out to where the sea should have been. After lunch we watched back to the park center via slippery rock (well named) and Sequia Falls. Once back in the Park we tempted the deer with an orange peel into coming up for a close up. Tiring of this subterfuge, we studied the museum with its wonders of the area. We then piles ourselves and muddy boots into our cars and headed for home. No, it didn't rain very much.

Herbert Bryant

AND WHAT HAS BEEN HEARD AROUND?

It seems that Irma and Mike are now married and leaving for Seattle this Saturday. Herb and Adrienne are also in the clutches of togetherness as are a couple of old UCHCers by the names of Frank Barber and the former Mary Kay Pottinger. Between semesters Pat (the Barber) became Mrs. Al Sproules and now they both attend the Davis Campus of this fine university.

Looking in another direction, has anyone noticed that Marge Huskins is turning out those little squares of yarn much faster than she used to. And it seems that Jackie has taken lessons from Marge and is now turning out many little squares in anticipation -- or is it that she wants something to do while Dick is in the Army camp this March 31st.

And still another talk of the club has been the approaching marriage of Pete Scott and Lorie Voigt came 40 days or is it 39, Pete? Don Wainwright even came storming into the office this evening demanding to know the whereabouts of a girl named Nat Murphy, -- where are you Pat??? This is Don's only night out!

Another new activity of room C has been the new and unique art known as telephone nook squirming. Have you added your name to the long list of worms who have squirmed through the telephone nook? If so how many telephone and receipt books did it take you?

ONE, TWO, THREE, HOP!!

"Good grief! I couldn't remember this dance if I'd invented it," growled on frustrated, long-standing UCHC-er as his wife pulled him into the whirling mass of dancers, last Friday nite. But he soon exhumed the steps from his memory, or caught on all over again. With similar determination, new-comers to folk dancing tried out steps and were soon pas de basquing left to right, hoping their partners were not doing the same, right to left.

As the evening flew by, it was noticed that the Senior Men's Hall had not increased in size, but that the UCHC folk dancers had. (No weight was gained individually, you understand).

The Arps, Vince and Margaret, had made and brought, the punch, which undertook a rapid disappearing act. One could watch a thirsty dancer carefully place his little blue cup high upon a window ledge, leave, and a dance later return to a whole window ledge of little blue cups.

And so the session progressed. ~~Outside in the cool evening~~ air, passing people paused and looked in the door of the log cabin. There in the brightly lit room fifty dancers whirled, stamped, and sang, while little Robert Arthur Woodworth, representing the coming generation of Hiking Clubbers, slept through his first folk dance.

Marcia Lightbody

THE BEAR TRACK STAFF

EDITORS: BILL GARDNER,
DEEMA ZONLIGT
ARTIST: VI BEKE MADSEN
TYPISTS: MARY ANN DOOLING, IRMA
APPLEMAN, HELEN MCGINNISS
BILL GARDNER, DEEMA ZON-
LIGT, MARCIA LIGHTBODY
PHOTOGRAPHING: DAVE ROTMAN
DEEMA ZONLIGT, MARY ANN
DOOLING.

TUNE: Salvation Army Song #1 "I was lying in the gutter---"

1. There's Atlas and there's Royal
And B.F. Goodrich too,
But we all know that only Riverside will do.
OH--Damn those little foreign cars
They make such puny fires---
Let's liberate a ten-ton truck
And burn those God Damn Tires.

CHORUS

Sing Hallelujah, sing hallelujah
Throw a tire on the fire
Watch the flames grow higher and higher
Sing Hallelujah, sing hallelujah---
Throw a tire on the fire and you'll be singed.
(expire, perspire)

2. Your Xmas list's no longer short
If you give them all a tire
Wrap each one up with a bow
What more could they desire??
Some tires go real slowly, and
Others go like HELL
But Holy Moses--Gosh! oh gee--
Do those tires ever smell!

CHORUS

3. The answer to your backyard
barbeque is through--
And you will find that any good old tire will do.
Your hot dogs and your marshmallows will be vulcanized--
Glory-glory, hallelujah--my what a surprise.

TIRE SONG #2

(Tune: "Samuel Hall")

1. OH my name is B.F. Goodrich, B.F. Goodrich, B.F. Goodrich....
OH my name is B.F. Goodrich--
And I burn as black as pitch
And you'll find me in a ditch--
God Damn your eyes!
2. OH--Atlas he came too, he came too, became too--
OH Atlas he came too
With his sidewalls painted blue--
But I knew he'd never do
God Damn his eyes!
3. OH--we had a flat 'tis said--so'tis said--so- 'tis said--
OH we had a flat--'tis said--
But we now have fuel instead
"What the Hell", the driver siad--
"We don't need tread!"
4. OH--they're sometimes used on cars, used on cars, used on cars--
OH--they're sometimes used on cars--
But they make such good cigars--
That the smoke reaches the stars--
And sometimes Mars.
5. OH we all leapt over the fire, over the fire, over the fire--
OH we all leapt over the fire--
And Dave caught his pants on fire--
OR--I'm a liar!
6. OH--an Atlas here was fired, here was fired, here was fired
OH--An Atlas here was fired--
One by one--we all perspired
To the bushes we retired--
And there expired!

PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT TRIP

"Is it going to rain at Pinnacles?" This was the big question on our minds as we climbed into the cars to begin our trip on that stormy Friday evening. Fortunately, the weather turned out fine for the twenty climbers and six hikers.

Our first evening's entertainment was climaxed by Bill Gardner's leading a group through the cave in the dark, a traditional initiation for the first-timers at Pinnacles. The brave souls who were tied into Bill's rope were Dick Scheible, Soewarsono, and Tim Kaarto. Bill led us through water holes and narrow crawlways, over shim-breaking rocks, and through a passageway that we couldn't find later. After an hour and a half of groping around in the dark, we finally arrived at the reservoir at the other end of the cave. We all had wet feet and bumped foreheads, but we somehow had escaped more serious catastrophe.

Saturday, we all hiked up into the High Peaks. Dave Rottman, Bob Orser, Bill Gardner, and Tim Kaarto climbed Salathe's Sliver. Dick McCracken, Dick Scheible, Dave Rottman, Bob Orser and Tim Kaarto climbed Long's Folly. Herb Bryant, Dick McCracken, and Mike Bialos climbed North Finger. Charlie, Chuck and Bill Bend climbed West Yak.

Sunday the hikers explored the caves at Old Pinnacles while the climbers hiked up to the Hand. The Hand is one of the hardest climbs at Pinnacles. On a recent trip, Mike Loughman had noticed in the register that someone had climbed it from the side opposite from the normal route. After a few hours of examination of the new route with binoculars, Charlie and Chuck started up. They were soon followed by Ray Darcy and Ray Lucas, Dick Scheible and Dick McCracken. Bob Orser and Dave Rottman climbed the old route while Tim Kaarto was busy instructing practice climbing to five beginners. Later Ray Lucas and Tim Kaarto climbed the Monolith.

Pinnacles National Monument, with its fine hiking and climbing again proved to be one of the best areas for a club overnight.

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