

Bear Track



"THE GREAT PUMPKIN HAS FALLEN"

VOL. 22, No. 2

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
HIKING CLUB

NOVEMBER, 1959

CASTLE CRAGS, NOV. 26-29
and SEVEN LAKES BASIN

For a brief look into some new and exciting country join us in a car camping expedition into the Shasta-Siskiyou area.

Base camp will be made beneath the pines beside a rushing mountain stream. If it storms it may rush right through camp! Called Castle Creek, it has its sources in nearby Castle Crags and the rugged Trinity Alps. The Crags are close to Highway 99, 50 miles north of Redding. A short (2.9 miles) but rather steep walk will get us right into the middle of these jagged granite spires and rounded domes. Climbers may climb to their hearts content. This area is full of history from tales of the last battle between white-man and Indians, in which bows and arrows were used, to lost gold caches. Also planned, depending on the weather, is a longer but less steep hike into Seven Lakes Basin which is exactly what the name implies. An eight mile round trip will display a good sample of the Trinity Alps. This country is unpredictable weatherwise in November so everyone will have to be prepared for the possibility of rain and/or snow. Those taking cars should have chains although chances of snow are slight. Lava Beds National Monument (an hour and a half drive from base camp) may serve as an alternate trip if Seven Lakes is too full of snow.

There will be a good opportunity for numerous and varied photographs so bring cameras. Cars will leave starting Wednesday afternoon and will return Sunday.

Susanne Twight, Leader...Th 5-9041

ATTENTION***** CLARIFICATION OF UCHC SCHEDULE

Nov 21-22 Cave Trip. This trip is scheduled for this weekend, not for Nov 26-29 as is noted on brown schedule.

Dec. 15 General Meeting. Date is correct but position on pink schedule is out of order. Please note this correction so that you will not miss this fine meeting.

Jan. 8 Folk Dancing. This nite will be folk dancing only. The party is scheduled for Saturday nite as is in the schedule.

Jan. 15 Folk Dance is added for those who wish to dance away their "Final" problems.

An Open Letter to the Mountaineering Section

It hardly seems necessary to point out that the Mountaineering Section has a gain deteriorated to its sorry state of three years ago. Of late its by-laws and qualified leader system are virtually ignored, its chairman is a chairman in name only, and its committees scarcely function at all. The responsibility for "leadership" (if it may be called that) of its scheduled climbs is customarily stuck upon some generally unwilling and uninterested, but more or less experienced person who happens to be going. There are a number of experienced and capable climbers in the MS, but for the most part these people only grudgingly climb with the seemingly ill-begot and even contemptible "beginners." Thus the even larger number of less-experienced MS members and prospective members generally must instruct and climb with each other (a practice which is not particularly conducive to their own safeness) or else lose interest. Three years ago this sort of situation led to a reorganization of the MS. For awhile it seemed again to be an organization with a purpose and a future. Indeed, many of the present more-experienced MS members realized substantial benefits from that revitalization. These same people, having received the ball, so to speak, should have carried it forward, but they failed. Now what little gain was made three years ago has been lost.

Any organization, supposedly, exists for the mutual benefit of its members. When it ceases to benefit them, then there is no reason for its continued existence. This is the present state of the MS. There seems little reason for its continued existence. Either it should disband or it should again be revitalized. Some may say that there is no interest in "revitalization." Apparently, the present "leadership" is not interested; however, the attendance and enthusiasm at scheduled climbs (as poorly organized and led as they are) indicates that quite a few people ARE interested. Some may say that most MS members prefer its present "informality." But "informality" and haphazard conduct of affairs are two different things. Allowing scheduled climbs to go without experienced leadership is not "informality." And allowing inexperienced persons to use unsafe MS equipment is not "informality." It is gross negligence on the part of MS leaders (i.e. its experienced members.) Obviously, these "leaders" do not wish to accept the responsibility of their position. Yet they HAVE NOT relinquished that responsibility. And they have not trained new "leaders" to whom they can relinquish it. This being the case these "leaders" should accept their responsibility or they should act quickly to disband the MS. They can allow the "status Quo" to continue--- until an inexperienced person is hurt (or worse) on a scheduled climb. If this happens, then they will be morally and perhaps legally responsible.

As it stands, MS climbers are among the most accomplished (if in a curiously one-sided sort of way) in the country, but the MS as an organization is worse than pointless.

Mike Loughman

Song for Returning from rock climbing
(to the tune of ???, in a Cockney accent)

Take the ice axe out of me kidney,
Pull the pitons out of me brain,
Wrap the rope from around me neck, boys,
And let's try that last pitch again!

Stand by with your wine-glasses ready,
This world is a world of lies;
We'll drink to the dead already,
And here's to the next man that dies!

Originated by British Alpine Club

Contributed by Paul M. Krasno

FEATHER FALLS FIASCO, or, TOM ALEY LEADS ANOTHER TRIP

"Come on, let's go! That's enough folkdancing," and so we tore out of the Halloween party at 10:15 and were off.....so we thought until Tom said, "Stop at my house. I still have to pack." But finally the partygoers (Tom Aley, Mel Bernstein, Frances Black, Kathy Connell, Ann Morton, and Art Weston) were packed and moving. The non-partygoers (Barry Brown, Phil Scott, Kay Hersey, and John Frankel) had left earlier with instructions to meet us at the Feather Falls garbage dump and Tom said, "Ha, ha! There they are.....we'll go on to a better camp spot.

After a cute little dirt road we parked and began packing late the next morning. At Tom's scheduled camping place we found the Spring had dried up and we decided to camp at the top of the Falls. Most of us were going to hike down to the junction of the Feather and Fall Rivers, but first some wanted to deposit their packs at the campsite while others rested. This was a waste of time, for then the fun began. It would have been such wonderful screeing except for the bushes and trees which got in the way. Ann and Frances found it quite "helpful" (though they didn't plan on it) to travel on their seats. And every time they fell in a cloud of dust there was Mel gaily taking pictures. At the bottom it became "dip your feet in the damned cold water" time. Tom decided to ford the river and made elaborate preparations, and so slowly, testing his way with a long pole Tom inched his way across. Phil Scott watched this for awhile and then went hop, skip, balance in, balance out, do-si-do, and he was across while Tom stood there contemplating. Oh yes, he did make it across.

Later six of us embarked on the purpose of our trip. After much scrambling and hopping from boulder to boulder across the Fall River back and forth we came around a twist of the canyon and beheld Feather Falls, a beautiful 650 foot drop supported by a gorgeous, arching rainbow across the bottom.

The climb back up inspired us to call the trip "I hate Tom Aley" weekend. In the deepening twilight it was three steps up and two slides back, then two steps up and grab a bush, dig in the knees and elbows and craawllllll.

Mmmmm, but the best part of the trip was yet to come. Tom bought the breakfasts and dinner for our car group# (fortunately we provided our own individual lunches). Spaghetti (meatless) and pudding was all that was planned for dinner. Fortunately again, the other car group brought too much and so we dumped beans (chili), corn and weenies into the "stew". And in the MORNING.....GROATS!!!!

The biggest disappointment was that in spite of chorus after chorus of "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More", the skies stayed perfectly blue.

Corrections and additions - membership list

- * associate members
- ** special members

Corrections:

- Aley, Tom.....1340 Cedar.....LA 5-3046
- **Buddmeier, Bob.....see card file
- ~~X~~*Ford, Roberta.....567 N. Second St, San Jose (Apt 1)
- X*Harrison, Ron.....25007 E Prospect, Loma Linda
- Krasno, Paul.....LA 5-4364
- Kaplan, Allen.....1315 Grave St, Apt 10.....
- Ludwigsen, Ann.....TH 5 5413
- Maksymowicz, Alex.....OL 4-4038
- Means, Bob.....1839 $\frac{1}{2}$ Berkeley Way.....
- Morton, Ann (not Marton)
- *Ritter, Krehe.....LA 4-5762
- Robertson, Elizabeth..1745 Highland Place.....TH 1-0283
- Tregoning, Stu.....2140 Oxford
- Weston, Art.....2930 Magnolia

New Members:

- *Armstrong, Dick.....452 Dover Way, Campbell, Calif
- *Armstrong, Vi.....452 Dover Way, Campbell, Calif
- Einstein, Eva.....1090 Creston Rd.....IA 4-1405
- Goodman, Paul.....1607 Milvia.....TH 8-5005
- Hall, Nancy.....213 Freeborn Hall.....TH 1-6313
- Hanson, Tom.....2610 Derby.....
- **Haseltine, Chas.....see card file
- Heinsohn, Doris.....1163 Laurel Ave.....AS 4-2958
- Howe, Nancy.....209 Freeborn Hall.....TH 1-6313
- Ikeda, Margaret.....2927 Wheeler.....TH 3-1144
- Knobel, Art
- Livanos, Kathy.....2632 College.....
- MacMullen, Ray.....2431 Dana St, Apt 1.....
- Marsh, Dave.....2603 Fulton.....TH 8-5666
- Marsh, Iris.....2603 Fulton.....TH 8-5666
- Ritchey, Glenn.....2633 Durant.....TH 5-7606
- Robinson, Gene.....1723 Parker.....TH 8-1663
- Romm, Jeff.....2520 College.....TH 5-9481
- Roumasset, Cathy.....2334 Bowditch.....TH 5-9180
- Tejada-Flores, Rafael..1130 Spruce.....TH 4-5762
- Vott, Fred.....317 San Carlos, Piedmont.....OL 5-2706

Please let us know of any further corrections...

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