



Vol. 18, No. 1

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
HIKING CLUB

October 1957

THE '57 ANNUAL HIGH TRIP  
by Moose Webber  
1/Lt. SIGC

The High Trip this year took some 22 members of the Club into the North-Eastern areas of Yosemite National Park. Much credit for the scouting of the trip goes to the Arps, Vince and Margaret, who went over the routes in early August and gave our leaders very valuable notes to ease the way for us.

I would like to say here that our leaders, Lorie Voigt and Pete Scott, deserve much gratitude and thanks from us all for the best High Trip yet.

A brief synoptic (good word, eh?) review of the first half of the trip is now in order. After all of us met at Tuolumne Meadows Organizational Camp on the night of the sad demise of August, we

Continued on Page 2.

EXPLORING THE CATHEDRAL RANGE  
IN YOSEMITE PARK

We had a gorgeous October weekend in the high northeast corner of Yosemite Park; one to remember for a lifetime. Visibility through the crystal air was unlimited, a friendly sun warmed us by day, and later moonlight glinted off the massive ledges polished by vanished glaciers. At night camp fires kept us from shivering in the sheltering grove beside Cathedral Lake--if we stayed close--and Ted Melbin entertained us with his guitar, finally getting all to sing with him.

Everyone had a good preliminary workout on the way up the smooth granite slope east of Tenaya Lake, where we started our backpacking Saturday morning. Mike Loughman, our leader, and many of the more than two dozen campers tried a slow, unceasing ascent in single file, keeping stop. After unloading our packs at the campground and having some lunch, we set out to reach the heights or to

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HIKING CLUB VISITS MOUNT  
SHASTA AGAIN

Over the Fourth of July weekend, a group of Hiking Club members visited Mount Shasta. This 14,163 foot peak is situated between the Sierra and Siskiyou ranges, lying about 300 miles north of Berkeley. Its wild life is said to resemble that of the Sierras more than that of the Siskiyou. Because of its height climbing it has always been a challenge for climbers who come directly from the Bay Area without first spending a few days at higher elevations becoming acclimated.

While en route to the mountain, the climbers made a side trip to Shasta Dam, which is located on the Sacramento River. The dam is 602 feet high, second highest in the world, and stores 4,500 acre feet of water. Five large generators generate power which is stepped up to 230,000 volts and sent down to the Bay Area. The dam was provided with

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## HIGH TRIP (cont)

awoke to the first breakfast of the trip. A real treat--this breakfast, fresh eggs and cantelope were the high points, and there were left overs, something that was soon to be almost unheard of.

We all put on our packs, loaded on the average at 35# for the she-males, 50# for the fellows, and 75# for Don Wainwright. The day's hike, a nice downhill one to get us accustomed to walking, started from Soda Springs (great place to get blech fuel) and ended at Glen Aulin, some 6.3 miles away.

The next day we celebrated Labor Day by laboring some nine miles up Cold Canyon, down into Virginia Canyon, and out again to the campsite along Spiller Creek. It was on this day that blisters began to show up on the feet of a few of us. It was on this day that one Pat Malone announced that while going up Return Creek to find a place to swim, she found two fellows swimming in mother nature's attire, but she saw them in time so she didn't see them.(???) Also during the evening one Al Sproules managed to cut his eye while collecting wood, an event that put a bandage on his face giving him the appearance of a roughneck personality for most of the trip.

Tuesday morning we arose to the first blood curdling scream of the kind that was to plague us for the remainder of the trip--it was Scott's unimitatable mode of announcing that cocoa was served. The day's hike took us up over a couple of small passes to Miller Lake, down into Matterhorn Canyon and up the Burro Pass Trail some four miles to our campsite. The hike took us past a small peak, which most of us climbed to get a good view of the mountains in southern Yosemite (Lyell, Banner, Ritter and north to Echo Peak). Some of the brave souls stopped for an in and out splash at Miller Lake. An interesting note is that about eight of our party followed the author on the wrong trail down Matterhorn Canyon instead of going up the canyon as they were supposed to do. Of course I insist (no one believes me) that I just went that way so I could have lunch down in the meadow there.

Wednesday was a layover day, so a few layed over. However, at the head of Matterhorn Canyon lay a magnificent view of the Sawtooth Ridge terminated by Matterhorn peak. Representatives of the mountaineering section found themselves drawn to a pinnacle called the Doodad, which they spent the day climbing.

Hill walkers such as I climbed Matterhorn Peak to see the world about us. Today one Tim Kaarto joined the party after a quick 1 1/2 day hike from Tuolumne Meadows. All in all, the day was a good one--the sunset was very pretty that night, in fact sort of eerie. Oh yes, I almost forgot, it rained that evening--hail was seen on the ground up to 3/4 of an inch deep and remained overnight.

Thursday we hiked over Burro Pass down into Slide Canyon, some four miles. Some of the people who didn't climb Matterhorn the day before did so on this day. At the conclusion of the day Mel Burnstein reported to me that he was just managing to keep ahead of one Pat Malone on the trail. So Pat took her shoes off and passed him bare-footed so fast it took half an hour for the dust to settle. Mel further states he then took his boots off and a snail could then have haled him as a slow poke, which must have been something?????

Friday was another layover day, on which again some of us layed over, some explored down Slide Canyon, and the climbers tried to kill themselves on a few adjacent rocks. Tim left us that day to go to Bridgeport and home.

Saturday we hiked over Rock Island Pass to Kerrick Canyon to a point about four miles below Kerrick Meadows. To me this was my hardest day, and the campsite with a large swimming pool in the stream was really a terrific thing. In fact there was talk by a few, of a layover here (we didn't, but most all of us were bushed).



By the second week of the high trip, we were all marked people: Al Sproles had his eyepatch, Moose Webber his weather-predicting helmet, Tom Aley his appetite, and all of us a generous coating of the trail. The first week such remarks as "THIS trip is the one I'm going to stay clean on," had been heard, but by the second, the battle to keep the supply of soap and water on par with that of the dirt appeared to be a losing one.

Sunday morning we left our camp by the natural swimming pool in Kerrick Canyon, where we'd indulged in sand castles and sunken shoes, and headed off toward Benson Lake. The descent from Seavey Pass was like tramping through a garden: blue, red and yellow wild flowers lined the path everywhere. It was also on this descent that a number of snakes were seen by some, and determinedly avoided by others. Jackie McCracken saw two blue racers plus a crawler of unknown parentage, while Dick McC. drew a circle in the dust around a paw print of a member of the cat family. Which member, was a topic of conversation for the next few miles. Lunch time found us at Benson Lake, where a few went swimming, more waded, and most just drank the water. It was also the first body of water we'd stopped at and not been able to tell the exact temperature. Lloyd Curtis' thermometer had been broken back in Kerrick Canyon, and no longer could he lie dry on the shore and exhort whoever was shivering in the melted ice to hold it under just a little while longer in the interest of science.

Slowly we got up and shouldered our packs. The trek between Benson Lake and Smedberg Lake, that night's destination, was 4.2 miles of continual up grade and switchbacks, and made one think of every escalator he'd ever ridden on. The 4.2 wouldn't have been so bad, if the trail had gone past water just once in its ascent. As it was, the only liquid was in our imagination, but there whole soda fountains bloomed. Smedberg Lake with its many islands was finally reached, camp placed the usual two times, and a wonderful ham dinner prepared. After dinner a group went frog hunting with Don's frog prong, and the legs were announced, by those who tasted, to be just like chicken.

The next day was a layover, and everybody scattered. Bob Orser climbed Volunteer Peak, Pete and

Lorie hiked to Sister Lake, many went swimming, and most everyone joined the laundry brigade at the lakeside. The lake was less than luke warm and those who planned to swim mostly sunbathed and talked of swimming. It was about this point that Don Wainwright, who'd left his pipe home in the interest of weight, decided he could live no more without tobacco. That nite a curious combination of Pete's pipe tobacco wound with toilet tissue made its appearance to the amusement of all and hearty praise of Don.

The following day's hike found us climbing up and up over Benson Pass, down one side of Matterhorn Canyon and up the other to Miller Lake. We'd just begun the afternoon's washing ritual, when someone spotted a duck swimming out in the middle of the lake. This sight was rather odd, and a spirited discussion ensued on why the duck didn't have a tail, why it dove under water for such long periods, and what it was doing all alone in Northern Yosemite. All conjecture was disqualified when Zoo student Bob Orser arrived and announced it wasn't a duck, but a grebe, that it was food-hunting under water, and that grebes undoubtedly took High Trips. Then the talk turned to various ways of having roast grebe for dinner, but the bird must have heard us, for he promptly disappeared.

The next night around the campfire at McCabe Lake a new American, ex-Czechoslovakian, Cal grad student we'd met that day on the trail told us about his experiences in escaping from the Russian sector of Austria several years ago. Perhaps the idea of such a confined life as existed for him behind the Iron Curtain was unusually painful to us who had been travelling for days in the unbounded freedom of the mountains, for his words set off a night of impassioned talk. Starting with Arne Gustafson, the Democratic Party's best--and at times it seemed only--friend, the topics ranged from the current situation of Russian satellite countries to the remaining supply of hot jello. We talked on, the stars grew dim, some people left, and the fire died down. It was a memorable discussion, unhemmed by walls or roof.

Cross country hiking between McCabe and Young Lakes occupied us the next day. The route was easy contouring along the side of a ridge, Continued on Page 8

The end of the High Trip brings--  
THE DYING DAY AND DISASTROUSLY  
DELIGHTFUL DINNER

Gone from the city seekers  
To nibble on Nature the last little  
bit;  
"Moose" - stepped the reaches of  
Conness,  
Looked out, over,-- not again  
awhile;  
Scree, snow, scree-ee-ee-ee,  
Down.

Dinner.  
Soup, macaroni, coffee cake,  
Coffee cake, macaroni, macaroni,  
coffee cake,  
Macaroni, macaron, maca-maca-ron-  
ron-i-i.  
Starved stomachs; no void enough.  
Down, down, more, more--have some  
more.  
Ugh! Roll me over that way.  
Then the intrepid three,  
Up Ragged Peak to see.  
"Would someone kindly get me some  
water?  
I think I'm going to be ill."  
RS

---

EXPLORING THE CATHEDRAL RANGE  
continued from Page 1.

walk to upper Cathedral Lake.  
About half of us went to the top of  
Cathedral Peak, which is just under  
11,000 feet in elevation, and next  
day many were up top around the  
Echo summits. Veteran climbers  
led the first-timers who had never  
before stood in the High Sierras,  
whence they could look down on dis-  
tant Half Dome in Yosemite Valley.

On the heights the wind spanked  
and chilled, the altitude and ef-  
fort lightened the head and shor-  
tened the breath, the voids below  
appalled, and achieving the sum-  
mits was an adventure to remember  
with pride and self-confidence.

As always, there were repre-  
sentatives of half a dozen countries  
and many states. Steve Gentry of  
New Zealand rendered a touching  
ditty at the campfire entitled "Go-  
liath of Gath". John Meek of Aus-  
tralia intoned "Waltzing Matilda"  
with the aid of friends. Then we  
were suddenly enveloped in a thick  
cloud, and for a few moments it  
looked as though we might be caught  
up there above those long, smooth,  
steep-sloping granite faces by a  
snowstorm. But very soon the  
bright stars and oldtime moon were  
with us again. We didn't see Sput-  
nik, which took off for the high  
places about the same time we did  
at a somewhat faster pace.

Between climbs we had the usual

discussions concerning the rela-  
tive merits and costs of various  
kinds of sleeping bags, back packs,  
footgear, the slow preparation of  
cooked food and the cleaning of  
cooking kits versus easy, ready  
to eat rations. We marveled at  
Geoffrey Adams' special camp  
equipment. We didn't bathe in the  
lakes---it would start your teeth  
rattling just to wash your hands  
and face.

We enjoyed being together,  
and we enjoyed being alone wan-  
dering in the wilderness or sun-  
bathing in the lee of a granite  
slab. We could be as silent as  
Balboa on his peak in Darien,  
gazing out over the rugged moun-  
tains, far from non-hiking humans,  
yet realize that nowhere in the  
world today is one unlikely to  
hear or see a plane overhead.  
We were beneath an air lane.

Though Jim Harker's car broke  
an axle on the way out over the  
Tioga Pass road, we all reached  
home safely that Sunday night,  
probably a bit more appreciative  
of the comforts of civilization.  
We will expect to meet again in  
the back country,

"For he that hath in his rest-  
less blood  
Some ancient wandering strain,  
May dwell content for a season  
of peace,  
But it will rise again."

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A NOTE OF THANKS to Brint Stone  
for giving the club a topo map  
of California.

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HAY YOU CHARACTERS!!!!

Contrary to popular belief,  
there will be folk dancing in  
Senior Men's Hall on Friday, Oc-  
tober 25, at 7:30. Y'all come!  
Pete Scott

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HELP!

Can you paint, draw, cut out  
paper or do something? The UCHC  
Publicity Committee can use your  
talents now. Drop in Rm. C at  
noon for more details.

.....  
• The BEAR TRACK is the official .  
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• C, Eshleman Hall, Berkeley 4, .  
• California. .  
.....

(Mt. Shasta, continued from page 1 one)

guided tours which began each half hour. Parking was allowed on top of the dam near an elevator which took the group deep into the interior of the concrete structure.

The trip continued from the dam to the Sand Flat parking area which is located in heavy pine timber at the base of Mount Shasta.

The elevation here is 6,000 feet. After leaving the car and trailer there, the camping equipment was back-packed to the Sierra Club Lodge, where first camp was made. The lodge, built of stone in 1923 by the Sierra Club, is at timberline and at an elevation of 8,000 feet.

The following day was started with a real bang when most of the group was awakened by a road construction crew blasting in the distance. Any remaining sleepers were awakened by Al Sproles' announcing that he had just seen the bright flash of a bomb test. The morning was spent climbing with loaded packs to the last level spot between Lake Helen and the Heart at ten thousand feet elevation. Having arrived at this point in good shape, it was decided to don crampons and ice axes and after a little practice at ice axe belays, to start the long traverse to the Mount Shasta saddle. John Landers and Jan Nordin (Jan is a high school student from San Jose who persuaded the group to let him join them) climbed most of the way to the top of Mount Shastina, which had not been climbed for eight years. A severe cold wind hampered the climb, and Jan's feet were nearly frozen before he could return to camp.

The next day the climbers began their ascent to the top of Mount Shasta, which was still 4,000 feet up. Were they adequately acclimated? Well, after a late start, part of the group started up the route around the right side of Red Banks, while others found it relatively easy to climb straight up through the middle of it. This was possible because the heavy snow had a soft surface easy to climb on and covered most of the treacherous spots. Red Banks is a steep red cliff of crumbly rock at about 12,000 feet elevation, and it stretches across the ravine which climbers usually follow. An old story reveals that its steepness had stopped the "Old Path Finder", John C. Fremont.

Misery hill, the last steep stretch of talus before the top,

was climbed with only slight misery. Finally the last steep pitch up the rocky face to the very top was also conquered. The air smelled of sulfur from the nearest sulfur springs. It had been a long hard climb, but it was a rewarding thrill to look down upon the Sierra Club's register signifying the top! The view from the top is breath taking! The peak is much higher than the surrounding country in every direction; therefore, mountains like Black Butte appear like mole hills. It's easy to just sit for hours in one spot and view nature's remarkable landscaping...

Those making the trip were Al Sproles, Pat Malone, John Landers, Bill Swansen, Jan Nordin, and Tim Kaarto.

Tim Kaarto

#### A COLUMN OF NOTHING

Lt. Herb "Moosa" Webber will be in town for two months. He is attending transocean airlines instrument school in Oakland.

Paul n' Ellie Sorenson became parents the 29th of Sept. Lynn Marie, 7 lbs. 10 oz.

Ray de Saussure back from Canada. How long will he be here? "Quien sabe?"

Ray Lucas back in town from wandering the Earth. How long will he be here? Note above.

Mel Bernstein is not yet a father.

Some of you people may not realize this, but there is a section of the bulletin board in Rm. C put aside for Wanted and For Sale notices. It's loaded now. If you want to buy or sell a sleeping bag, tent, dehydrated food or-ahem-a guitar, look to the board.

Ann Abbott and Bill Matteson were married during the summer.

Marge Voigt and Bob Huskins ditto.

#### ENGAGEMENTS:

Helen McCune and Dave Eggleston

Pat Malone and Al Sproles

Ray Monson and Ray Cravene

#### CHILDREN DUE-INCLUDING LONG RANGE PLANNING:

Marge and Mac Fraser

Art and Evie Woodworth

Marlise and Will Charter

Bob and Marge Huskins

Mel Bernstein?



## La Tour de Farce

The well-defined lower south buttress of Liberty Cap, which rises from the Mist Trail to the prominent ledge that traverses the face 600 feet above, offers a varied and remarkably continuous climbing route. The first attempt of this buttress was made on April 19 by Keith Anderson, Dick Armstrong, Tim Kaarto, and me. Beginning in a clump of bushes, Keith negotiated the first, difficult, unprotected 50 feet of the split which leads to the top of the buttress. Two enjoyable 4th class pitches brought us to the point where the angle and difficulty of the buttress increase appreciably. I led up the next 150 feet of moderate 5th and 6th class climbing, just able to get into the shallow cracks the necessary pitons. Then Keith carefully worked about half way up the 50 foot, three inch wide, rotten crack that is the crux of the climb before threatening weather forced us to retreat.

Dick and I hitchhiked into the Valley after eight days in the Sierra high country and renewed the campaign on June 15. Alternating leads we quickly reached the base of the rotten crack. Balanced on barely adequate foot-holds protected by Keith's highest piton and another driven beside it, I drove two pitons into the rotten rock and used them for limited direct aid to reach a point from which I could traverse left a few feet and place a third piton behind a loose flake. The lowest of these pitons Dick retrieved with his fingers. Above, several more pitons enabled me to negotiate two slightly overhanging projections and crawl thankfully into an alcove underneath a third overhang. The lead up the rotten crack is of the type which give a certain satisfaction but which one would never repeat. Dick led the final, difficult 5th class pitch to the cluster of manzanita at the top of the buttress. The ascent took five hours and required 17 pitons.

It is possible to traverse down the ledge to the base of the southwest face or up it to the lower end of Little Yosemite Valley, but neither would be simple. Probably the easiest descent would be rappelling down the climbing route. As the day was young, Dick and I decided to tour the south face of Liberty Cap, making a series of traverses and rapels climaxed by a 100 foot free rappel off the great overhang above the

trail 100 yards east of the buttress. Six pitons were used to establish belay and rappel points on "La Tour de Farce". This means of descent is entertaining, but if it is taken prussik slings and bolts should be carried, as the route is critical and placing sound pitons difficult.

Mike Loughman

## Marin Hike Starts Off Semester

Fifty-two Bear Hikers got the fall semester's program rolling with a pleasant ramble through the hills and dales of marvelous Marin. Leaving West Gate at 8:30 A.M. in a truck and three cars, we reached Mountain Home at ten o'clock, from where we started up the long, sunny south slope of Mt. Tamalpais. Comments overheard divided sharply into two groups, with beginners muttering between gasps for breath something about how tough a hike this was, while grizzled old high-trippers strolled along discussing the pleasant sensation of hiking without sixty pound packs. Finally, everyone reached the saddle between the East and West peaks, from where a short descent brought us to a shady lunch spot at Collier Springs. From there we circled around the west side of the mountain, past Rifle Camp and Potrero Meadows to Mountain Theater. After a little rest, we headed down past Bootjack Camp and ended up with a pleasant stroll through the redwoods to our vehicles, which had been brought down to the Muir Woods parking lot. As we piled into cars and truck, it was generally agreed that, in traditional UCHC style, a good time we had by all.

- R. D. Orser -

## Attention All ! !

The hours of the club office are as follows :

Monday - Friday	8 A.M. - 11:30 PM
Saturday	8 A.M. - 12:30 PM
Sunday	2-8 PM

Also, remember that as a member you can use the club phone for local business calls from 8 AM to 5 PM M-F and 8:00-12N Saturday.

Tim Kaarto

HAIRCUTS--FREE  
(50% tax)

By appointment

Monday thru Friday-2:00 to 6:00PM

By Pat Malone-2013 Lincoln AS34952

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Page 7

COMING MT. ST. HELENA HIKE  
AND CLIMB... SUNDAY, OCT. 27

To the editors of the Bear Track:  
The recent UCHC overnight in Yosemite's Cathedral Range was a thoroughly enjoyable experience--despite the cold. However, an unpleasant note must be suffixed to the record. Before leaving the campsite, I found it necessary to cleanup the litter thoughtlessly left behind by other UCHC'ers, including: two spoons (one belonging to the club), a pair of socks, a bar of soap, two chamois girls, a sack of sugar, a quarter pound of margarine, several paper bags, and miscellaneous scraps. It must also be noted that two fires were left still smoldering by those who had used them. It is fortunate that everyone does not leave a campsite with as little concern for what they leave behind them as did some on this trip, for wilderness in these days is a scarce and easily perishable commodity.

Mike Loughman

## FALL SING

Despite the threat of rain from the powers that be, the semi-annual campfire sing and get-together of the UCHC was held down in the darkness of the Eucalyptus Grove. With a blazing campfire for light and Pete Scott leading off with his 5-string banjo, the music (music?) got on the way--rounds first, but where were those voices, wailing off key--accidentally on purpose--coming from? Surely not from Irma's bench--OH, NO?

Guitar plunkers Dave E. and Dizzy Z., banjo picker Jim F., and bass uke-r Don W., Ted M. and ye old accordion were there, all trying to do their bit along with the singing crowd, who seemed to prefer "Poor Old Tom" to all other songs. It is understood that the above-mentioned refers to the ghost of one UCHC member--name withheld to avoid prosecution. After refreshments---(thanks Charles F. and Irma W.) various groups formed together in corners to gab and sing--and drift away homeward. The clouds hung heavy, but still there was no rain....

Dizzy Z.

## LAST MINUTE ADDITION TO MEMBERSHIP LIST

Murata, Masahiro  
International House, Room 713

Mount St. Helena is a 4,344 foot mountain located eighty-six miles north of Berkeley. Our jaunt will begin at the Old Toll House near the summit of Mount St. Helena. After leaving our cars, we will take the Old Wood Road to the spot where the trail turns off to Elephant Rock. There the hikers and climbers will separate; climbers will take the trail to the rocks, while the hikers will continue clockwise around the mountain which lies between Table Rock and Bear Valley. As the hikers return around the south side of this mountain, they will see the climbers who will be climbing adjacent to the trail. Together we shall return to the cars.

This area is called "Oat Hill Country" by the local people. It is characterized by many interesting rock formations, some of which are honey-combed, while others are smooth, high spires. The trail will pass by the Craters and by the Sulphur Springs. The reason of the name of the latter is immediately found after one tries to drink from the sparkling water hole along the trail.

The sign-up sheet will, of course, be in Room C, Eshleman. It is recommended that you bring a lunch, canteen, wind-breaker, rappel jacket (climbers), camera and a good pair of tennis or climbing shoes if you plan to do any rock work. Climbers bring your gear, please -- see information on checking out equipment on Mountaineering Section bulletin board.

Tim Kaarto

## NEW EDITORIAL POLICY

Do you want to put an ad in the Bear Track, where it will be read by everyone in the club? You can put one in absolutely free, just by typing one column of the next Bear Track. See Bill Gardner or Helen McGinnis if interested.

YOUR QUARTERMASTER in cooperation with Helen McGinnis has just completed an inventory of general hiking club equipment. You want it, we have it, maybe? Your Q.M.'s hours are:  
Tues. 12:15-1:00  
Thurs. 12:15-1:00 Room C  
Fri. 12:15-1:00

# THE SECOND WEEK, continued from page 3.

down one side of a valley and up the other. We arrived at Young shortly after noon, and it was not until dinner time, when the thirds line seemed one shorter, that we realized Don Wainwright was still somewhere between McCabe and Young. We waited and waited. Finally into camp dragged Don, after having taken a bushwacking tour of Northern Yosemite, aided and abetted by the geological survey's latest topographical revision. From McCabe Lake the two had trotted south until "I looked, and ye gods, there was Glen Aulin!" But that didn't end the tour. Determined to head for Young Lake, they then traversed until they came out even farther off the route on the Glen Aulin-Tuolumne Meadows trail. Turning north at last on general principles, they bushwacked to the Young Lake trail at dusk.

That night after dinner, the men were seen gesticulating and exchanging hushed remarks on one side of the fire and the girls doing the same on the other. Finally the verdict was announced. Voted scroungiest, dirtiest, messiest, etc. for the boys was Tom, with two runners-up, while a certain long-haired, dark-eyed, red-sweatered female ran off with some sort of similar honor.

The following day Jim Fahs, Moose, Russ Sanborn, Helen McGinnis, Mel Bornstein, Pete, and Lorie climbed Mt. Conness.

And then it was over - the High Trip of 1957. We would go out to civilization leaving only footprints in the dust, but the mountains would remain where they had always, serene and inviolate.

## BEAR TRACK STAFF

Editors: HELEN MC GINNIS  
BILL GARDNER  
Artist: VIBEKE MADSEN  
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ZONLIGT, PAT MALONE,  
PHOEBE CHAPMAN, BARBARA  
ENGSTROM, MARCIA LIGHT-  
BODY, HELEN MC GINNIS,  
AND BILL GARDNER.  
Mimeographing: DAVE ROTTMAN  
PHILIP LA CIVITA

AND

The Editors would like to thank all those who have contributed articles to this publication.

\*\*\*\*\*

# HIKING CLUB HAS VERY ACTIVE SUMMER

The past summer was probably one of the most active in the club's history. Included in the busy schedule were the following trips:

1. Nine day trip to the Minarets
2. Beach hike to Bolinas
3. Four day trip to Mount Shasta
4. Local hike up Strawberry Canyon
5. Beach hike to Duxberry Point
6. Overnight to Fort Bragg--  
North Coast
7. Big Basin hike
8. Overnight to Saw Tooth Ridge--  
Yosemite
9. Moonlight hike to Mount  
Tamalpais
10. Overnight to Philbrook Lake--  
Lassen County
11. Mount Diablo climb
12. Two local practice climbs
13. Three day weekend for Labor  
Day back packers in Yosemite
14. And the 15 day High Trip into  
the High Sierra.

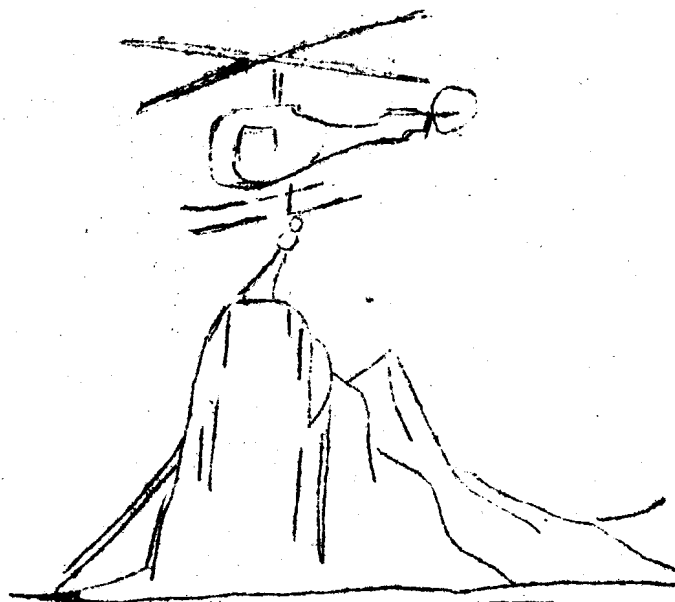
All outings were well attended and good times were had by all.  
T.K.

## CAVING ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING

\*\*\*\*\*

ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN FORMING A CAVING SECTION OF THE UCHC ARE REQUESTED TO ATTEND AN ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING ON THE 7th OF NOVEMBER, 1957. THERE WILL BE A SIGNUP SHEET POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD IN ROOM C WITHIN THE WEEK TO ASCERTAIN THE APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO WILL ATTEND THE MEETING.

A. DACEY



Mind Over Matter



# MEMBERSHIP LIST OF

UCHC

FALL 1957

Aaron, Babab A. 2620 Bancroft Way TH 5 09347	Chapman, Phoobo 530 Kenmore Ave. Oakland GI 1 3359
Akobjanoff, Lev 2726 Hillegass TH 5 0075	Chernoff, Ralph 1451 Oxford TH 8 7817
Aley, Tom 1340 Cedar LA 5 3046	Chonglum, Pucy 2437 Grove Oakland
Adam, G. 1904 A Bonita	Collier, Boyd 2727 Hearst TH 3 0320
Abegg, R. L. 1816 Scenic TH 5 9328	Conrad, Dale 1909 Francisco St
Appleman, Michael 1432 A Milvia St	Cooper, Bernard 1530 Arch St. TH 5 4799
Arbuckle, Susan Stern Hall AS 3 2886	Cooper, Dale 2845 Bowditch St.
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