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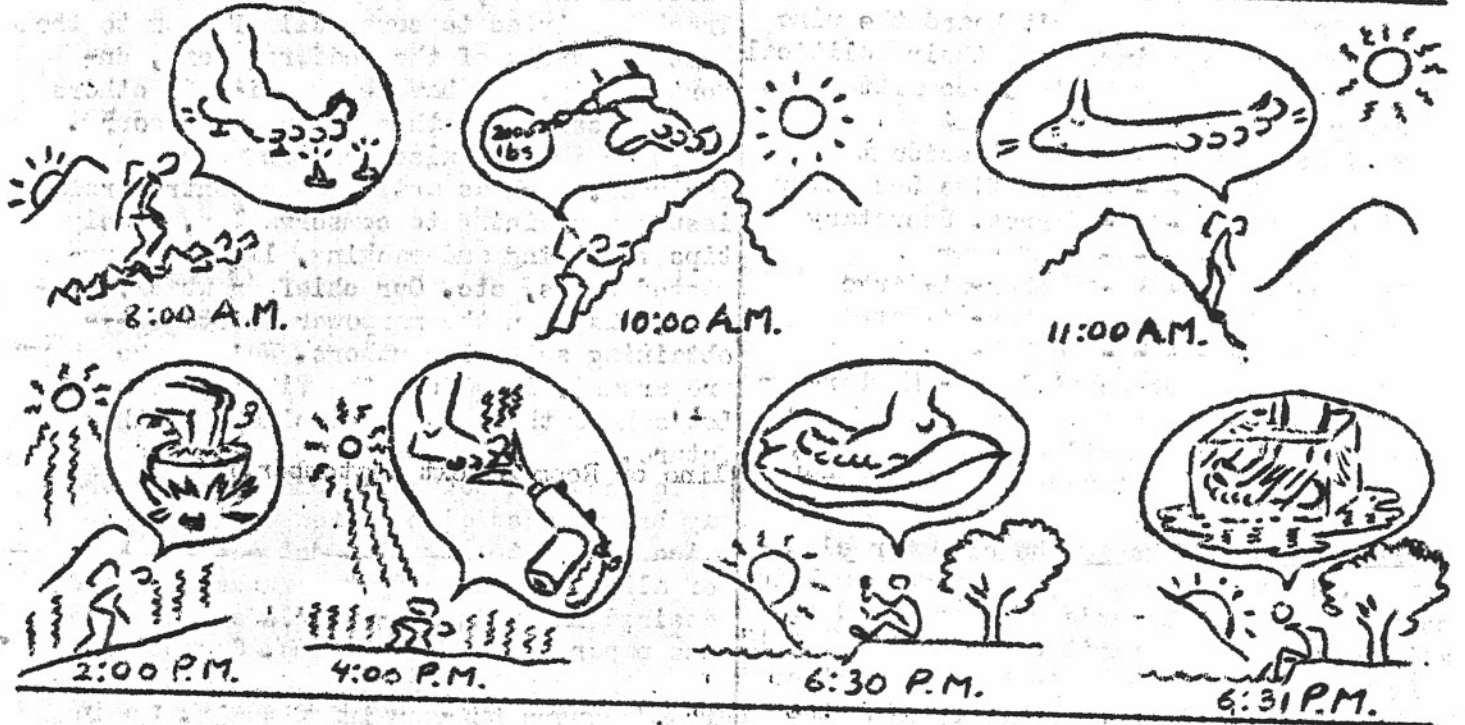
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Leaflet Track

SUMMER
EDITION

VOL. 7 NO. 6 JUNE 5th, 1952 U. C. HIKING CLUB ROOM C, ESHLEMAN HALL, U.C.



ANNUAL SUMMER HIGH SIERRA TRIP PLANNED FOR EVOLUTION BASIN

The biggest glacier in the state. Miles of bare granite. Sources of rivers. Virgin territory. Gem-like lakes. Good fishing. Campfires. Mountain trails -- the High Trip! All this for those who will be among the UCHC High Trippers this summer. In case anyone doesn't already know, the trip is in the northern part of King's Canyon National Park, is an annual club affair, and runs from August 31 to Sept. 14. We will do our own cooking, packing, and maybe even route finding. Here are the details for all the fortunate ones.

We start hiking on Sunday morning, August 31st. This means that everyone must be at the meeting place by the 30th. Dinner on the 30th is included in the trip commissary. We will be back in Berkeley late in the evening of the 14th of Sept. The meeting place is the lower end of Florence Lake. Exactly where is not known yet, but probably near the end of the road. There will be arrows, signs, etc.

By The Silvery Moon

With the pressure of finals now present and the long summer evenings blending into warm nights, the temptation to roam the hills and enjoy the out-of-doors after many hours of study prevailed and the women have won their way. Yes, the full moon out June 7th, the date set for our Moonlight Hike.

Where? What's wrong with Tilden Park? Lots of room. High and dry above the fog! Free from poison oak!

For those planning such an expedition, the group plans to leave West Gate at 7:30 A.M., travel by auto to our area, and start out. Bring along a little food if you care to join in the fun at the campfire. Also-

(Con't. Pg. 6, Col. 1)

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To get to Florence Lake, go to the town of Clovis (which is near Fresno), take highway 168 past Shaver Lake, past Huntington Lake, to the very end of the road at Florence Lake.

The commissary will be on a group basis, with everyone eating the same food and taking turns preparing it. In order to eat it is very important that the necessary \$20.00 for food be sent to Alice Jensen, 1907 Milvia St. Berkeley, 4 by Aug. 15th at the

(Con't. Pg. 6, Col. 1)



WHAT'S UP?

ELECTION RESULTS

Yes, spring is going according to schedule - this year. The Ground Hog looked for his shadow, it rained in April, young men's fancies turned, girls looked at silverware catalogues and the UCHC Fall Elections (occurring in the Spring) were held. The last ballots were cast on May 22nd and 23rd. The ballot "box" (actually a can) was opened and this semester's Ex-committee counted the ballots. An election was then held by the nine candidates with the most votes, and the club officers were chosen from this group.

In case you haven't seen the results posted in Room C or haven't heard the nine lucky members bragging about their political abilities, next semester's Ex-committee is:

Jerry Smith - - - President
 Paul Sorensen - - - Vice President
 Ellie Robison - - - Executive Secretary
 Jeanne Maltby - - - Corres. Secretary
 Will Charter - - - Treasurer
 Tom Buckingham - - - Member-at-large
 Dick Searle - - - Member-at-large
 Herb Webber - - - Member-at-large
 Al (Williams) Stanchfield - - Member-at-large

Next semester's President, Jerry Smith, made the following statement at his first press conference:

"My sincere thanks to the club for electing me. I will do everything in my power to continue this semester's good work and to maintain the true spirit of our Hiking Club."

As chairman of the nominating committee, I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who helped with the details of this year's election. Your cooperation was wonderful.

PS

TIDINGS FROM OUR PAST PRESIDENT

Come June marks the completion of the 8th semester that the UCHC has been a going concern. The trips have provided a lot of good times and have given us the opportunity to see the most scenic parts of Calif. Best of all, the UCHC has provided abundant material for campfire reminiscing whenever old UCHC'ers get together and it has given us a chance to know a few people on this campus just a little bit better. I'd like to thank everyone for their cooperation in keeping the UCHC solidly in its own 2 boots through the semester. All the committees were considerate in their budget requests and it's helped an awful lot. As the treasury stands now we have apparently gone over the hurdle. Thanks everyone -- to all the committees, Ex-Comm and fellow officers. Special thanks to Publicity, Bear Track editors and Treas. and Sec. for jobs well done. Good luck to the new Ex-Comm and to the future of the UCHC. - - from an old UCHC has-been.

"Truck, tank, Wabash, Cannonball, an Alice"

AMJ

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The old and familiar new-reporters symbol for "finis" on his copy is accompanying this edition of the Bear Track. It is with great reluctance that certain of the staff members will retire from such an honored and cherished position. Where else in the Hiking Club could anyone else receive as much in the way of suggestion and criticism? Seriously though, the present staff have enjoyed putting out this paper and appreciate beyond words all the help and swell suggestions that have been rendered by the members.

But, since all things must change, next fall the Bear Track will be under new management. The past three semesters has seen 'lots in the way of events, and the Bear Track has tried to cover all of them to the best interests of the readers. Some, unfortunately, may have been omitted, others overstressed. For this we are very sorry.

There is much also we wish we could have included, such as articles on controversial issues pertaining to conservation, timely tips on hiking and packing, lists of suggested trips, etc. Our chief drawback, however, has been the manpower shortage -- obtaining suitable authors. We're sure they are around, it's just the finding of them. Let's hope these can be included in the future.

To the next editor, whomever he or she may be, we pass along a few words of advice to try to make the job easier. First of all, don't specify the number of words desired in articles--that'll surely make the paper 8 pages each time. Secondly, give the monster and the Moose enough ink. They're very thirsty individuals. Lastly, try to please everyone perfectly -- a sure way to Cowell.

To the people who have been so kind and overly enthusiastic in helping, a million thanks. To all the staff members, ten million thanks for all the assistance. To the membership at large, a hundred million thanks for your swell support. We're sure nowhere else could such a newspaper have flourished as well as the Bear Track has without the help of its readers. Good luck in the future -- Here's to better hiking, climbing, entertainment and Bear Tracks.

Ed. HK

THE BEAR TRACK

Published every three weeks by the University of California Hiking Club, Room C, Eshleman Hall, for all those members and friends interested in the great out-of-doors.

Editor - Harry J. Krueger

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Artist - Al Williams

Typists - Alica Jonson, Ellie Robison, Ilse Kirchhofer, Lillian Fissott, Herberto Petschek.

Printers - Herb Webber, Don Goodrich

Reporters - Members of the club.

(Due to the Summer Vacation, no Bear Tracks will be published until the Fall Semester. Obtain your next copy at the Registration line or Room C next September.)

PINE CANYON CLIMB

On Sunday, June 8, the climbers will journey to Pine Canyon. This site is reached by a short hike over a ridge from the parking place on the North Road to Mt. Diablo State Park. Bring water and/or fruit juice or you will get very thirsty before the day is over. This site offers long rappels, sixth-class leads and long climbs on good and bad holds. Come try your skill on the Pagoda, and the "Dime Traverse", a terrifyingly exposed and difficult traverse at the end of which one leaves a dime (or steals one previously placed there by richer climbers).

Meet at 9 AM at West Gate for car pool. Remember: lunch, water, money for transportation (or preferably a car). The cars may have to stay together unless there is one person per car who can find the parking place.

RDO

MAY LAKE YOSEMITE

When you get distraught over the thought of your final exams, don't give up, just think of the club's first vacation trip to the May Lake area of Yosemite. (If there is too much snow there we can definitely go to Desolation Valley) The trip will last three days from June 20 to 22 inclusive. This date will mean that even if you plan to go home for the summer you can go on the trip and be home on the Monday after finals. Commissary will be by car or individual. For details see the Room C Bulletin Board. Trip signups are being taken now.

-RFS

MT. ST. HELENA

Those who think that a 4 person hike cannot be fun are very much in the wrong. Our last Mt. St. Helena hike proved that! It also proved that carefully laid out plans don't always work out the way the planners intended. But who could foresee that a dangerous sign with "trespassers will be prosecuted" would bar the way of brave but law-abiding hikers, to the Quicksilver mine on top of the mountain.

A little mad and already slightly warm (I can swear the temp. was 120), we changed the course and instead of "up", we went "down". There was no trail and poison oak ranged all the way from the shortest to the longest, but the stream was there all right and so were the promised moss-covered boulders - for luck. After we got back to the car, we all agreed that water never looked so good before, but then we found out that Neal's sister's home-brewed beer looked still better. But all in all, the hike was a success and all four of us enjoyed it.

AM

FLASH !! NEWS RELEASE

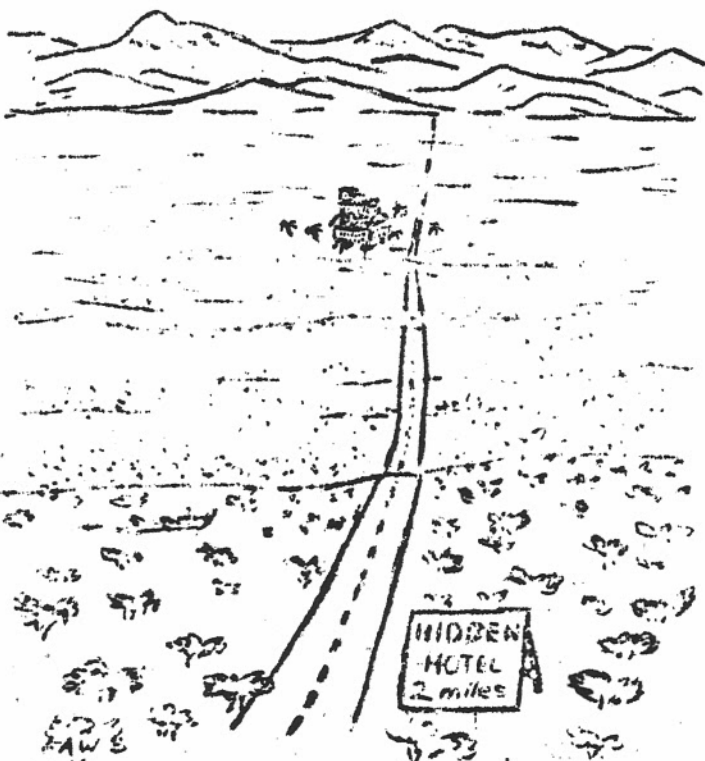
(U.C. HIKING CLUB - Thurs June 5th) Announcement was just made today of our complete schedule for next semester including all proposed trips, outings and climbs. Drawn up with the cooperation of numerous committees and many individual suggestions, the schedule includes a variety of events, from Bike Trips to Sings, from Moonlight Hikes to trips out of state. Every weekend is chucked full of activities. Here's hoping you'll be able to tag along and enjoy the fun.

SCHEDULE - FALL 1952

- Sun. Sept 21 Mt. Diablo, hike & climb
- Tues. Sept 23 Campfire Sing, Eucalyptus grove
- Sun. Sept 28 Mt. Tamalpais, hike & Climb
- Sat-Sun Oct 4-5 Russian River Canoe Trip
- Sat Oct 11 UCHC 4th Birthday party
- Sun Oct 12 Climbing, Lovers Leap
- Sun Oct 19 Bay Area Bike Trip
- Sat-Sun Oct 25-26 Calaveras Big Trees Hike
- Sat-Sun Oct 25-26 Climbing, Yosemite
- Sat Nov 1 Moonlight Hike
- Sun Nov 2 Rock Climbing
- Sat-Sun Nov 8-9 Mt. Madonna, hike
- Sun Nov 16 Little Carson Falls, hike
- Sat Nov 22 Ice Skating Party
- Sun Nov 23 Climbing, Pine Canyon
- Thurs-Sun Nov 27-30 Mt. Shasta, Skiing
- Thurs-Sun Nov 27-30 Yosemite, Climbing
- Sun Dec 7 San Mateo Memorial Park hike
- Sat Dec 13 Christmas Party
- Sun Dec 14 Climbing, Pinnacles
- Dec 28- Jan 4 Ventura Mts. hike
- Sun Jan 11 Mt. Hamilton hike
- Jan 30 - Feb 8 Mt. San Jacinto & Baja California.

Not mentioned are the numerous General meeting and Ex Comm. meeting which will be spotted through the year. Also, additional events may be added as the semester proceeds.

HK





AND A
GOOD TIME
WAS HAD
BY ALL

PUTAH CREEK CAPER

Everything started off peacefully with the separate cars leaving at different times and arriving similarly. Even the time around the fire was fairly quiet, and bedlam broke out when the hikers retired. It seems that some members (we won't mention names as it won't be necessary), decided that sleep was old fashioned and not for them. They then proceeded to keep the rest awake by loud chattering and even a few yells. Along toward daybreak, it was discovered that some luckless souls had gone to sleep anyway. This situation was soon remedied by the use of a few dozen pinecones, sticks, etc. Since the "peaceful" night had been rent asunder, nothing was left but to arise and partake of breakfast. This was done speedily, taking only about 2 hours longer than usual, but due to the early arising, morning had just arrived.

After waiting for the arrival of those who stayed home to rest, the hike was begun. It led back down the road, along a stream and through patches of wild flowers. This took longer than usual because nearly everyone had cameras and of course shots had to be taken from every angle. Once this obstacle was over we began to climb a slight incline called a hill. It seems that the owner of this area didn't like intruders so he sent out escorts to guide us through the woods. One of our members, being a horse-lover soon tamed these wild beasts, only to find they were friendly anyway.

Ignoring the threatening signs about trespassers we traveled through more wild flowers, down to a stream and up a hill once more. (We had property permits.) Following this stream was quite exciting at one time as we ran into a boy scout camp which was unprepared for girls to enter. Then we got tired of the path and began to scramble over the hills in an attempt to get back before we were burnt to a crisp. We made it in time to plunge into icy cold water for a short dip. It was so pleasant we stayed quiet a while and then had to lay in the sun to dry out. Then for entertainment some members wrestled and others had a orange peel fight. By then the sun began to look suspiciously like it may set sometime in the near or far future, so we all packed up and took off for home, thus ending our capers for the weekend.

The Bouncing Check's.

HEY!! ALL YOU PEOPLE REMAINING AT CAL THIS SUMMER. CHECK ON THE BULLETIN BOARD FOR TRIPS AND HIKEs DURING THE SUMMER SESSIONS. IF YOU ARE AROUND, WE'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALONG

OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN

Departing from the usual land (and air) activities, a group of U.C. Hikers invaded the wilds of the Russian River to challenge the spring current and the sun! Instead of canoeing down from Healdsburg as planned, we went upstream from Guerneville for approximately five miles. Canoeing, on the whole, was easier than last fall since the water level was higher. The warm atmosphere made frequent dips necessary.

Hours later we finally selected a sandy beach for our lunch spot. Lunch consisted of warm apple cider and melted cheese. We wolfed the rest of our lunch down - bread, and proceeded leisurely upstream once more. Here the rapids presented interesting challenges. Several people got separated from their canoes, but no tip-overs this time! Late in the afternoon sore and sunburned backs got their rest, we arrived at camp! Dinner progressed in the usual, unhurried fashion aided by ornery Primus stoves. Steak was served by carbide light. The evening was spent relapsing around the campfire and passing a mysterious jug!

The sun, oh my sunburn, greeted us early next morning and after a hasty breakfast, swimming was soon in progress. We decided to head downstream again after one canoe got slightly(?) damaged during a wild ride by a few underwater experts. A hot, but exciting ride was us returning safely (all except the canoes) to Johnson's Beach. A fast ride down the coast brought us to Mean's S.F. flat where we replenished empty stomachs with food!!

The memories of this trip will linger long, as long as the sunburns stay that is!

JMM

TILDEN PARK PICNIC

Tilden Park provided the site for the recent Hiking Club picnic and barbeque. The afternoon was spent enjoying various sports activities. A hardy group of five invaded Lake Anza for a short, rousing swim, while a less fortunate member cruised in a rowboat. Next time borrow a swim suit that fits, Bob! Soon all bedraggled swimmers were manning the rowboat while the lifeguards watched anxiously. A near collision, one lost ear, and narrow scrapes with bushes provided the thrills and chills for the afternoon. The less ambitious contingent wore themselves out with softball and a rousing game of horseshoes ended in a 2 - 2 tie.

At five thirty we all met for a fine barbeque. Several new faces appeared on the scene and soon all were busy roasting frankfurters, examining an interesting(?) salad, eating everything in sight and topping it off with root beer and ice cream. Not to be outdone by our neighbors,

Cont. pg. 5, Col. 1

SANTA CRUZ TRIP

Beginning early Saturday and lasting all day, numerous cars were seen on the highway heading in the general direction of Santa Cruz. This motley group was none other than the Bear Hikers, heading to the beach for their beach party and accompanying festivities. The Means' Mansion was as usual the central meeting place and all activities radiated from there. Upon arrival at said place, clothes were promptly changed for swimming suits and a treasure hunt began to find the advance guard at the beach. After roading numerous loads at different places, this group was located at Twin Lakes Beach, and a very enjoyable afternoon of games and swimming ensued. The games consisted of a spectacular demonstration of Keep Away, where the object was to throw a ball to somebody else without having anybody inter-



cept it. At about six PM stomachs started growling, so we adjourned to the Means' Mansion for a delicious spaghetti, salad, wine and rum cake food. The rest of the evening was taken care of by folk-dancing, noise-making and scaring people, specially Ellie, with a suddenly "come to life" bear rug.

Sunday, as soon as breakfasts were consumed, we invaded the boardwalk and proceeded to attract customers to the bump'um cars. Bob Means tried unsuccessfully to get somebody to accompany him on such violent vehicles as the roller coaster, while the rest of the group entertained itself in the Pirate's Cove, throwing darts, and similar pastimes. After lunch we went back to the beach to attract some more sunburns, play baseball and more Keep Away, and go swimming. Towards evening the group started disintegrating, but most of us returned along the coast and met for a final week-end reunion at Red's Cafe in Half Moon Bay. Thus ended a very enjoyable trip.

The bouncing Check's

PICNIC (Cont. from pg. 4, col. 2)
several ropes improvised for a volleyball net and a game was soon in progress. Whether it was the food, the sun-in-our-eyes, or what have you, the Jensen fireballs were really hot while the other team was cold. We put up a good fight, however the umpires changed sides frequently. After three torrid contests, it was agreed to adjourn and meet at Senior Men's Hall for folk-dancing.

The folk dance sessions have really been worthwhile for several new dances were tried with good results. Frequently Bear Hikers invaded the kitchen of Faculty Men's Club for water and after three or four such trips, the kitchen crew really got alarmed. The folk-dancing continued.
(Con't. Pg. 6, Col. 1)

A NEAR VIEW OF MT WHITNEY IN EARLY SPRING

There, it was all brown. The ground was sand which trickled, and was blown too, from the grotesque round boulders. Only those large bubbles of stone hid the towering wall. Occasionally a bubble would burst, through the gap rose a dark shape which gradually faded into the mist; scattered fingers of snow roached down this dark wall, as if trying to join the brown with the clouds. Now the boiling Alabama Hills (apily named by some southern sympathizer, denoting his troubled local) were behind us. The arrows of snow now beckoned, now pointed us away toward the dry valley. But their whiteness most attracted us to the grey above.

We crawled into the narrow Lone Pine Creek Canyon where cliffs suddenly fell from the sky and we only could look up. The brown of the sand turned to a grayish slabby rock, and there was green too, for trees now showed themselves. At first there was only an intermittent murmur of the wind swaying the firs, but this soon gave way to a more persistent growl, which, as we moved on, became a roar. It was the river.

The sun shone on those fingers of white as on the attached hand, arm and body. All began to move. The snow flowed; water seeped and trickled and there was a roaring river. Mushy patches of white were under foot now and would squash apart with each step. Soon the white patches turned to spots of black and grey on a white field. The walls were there too, for we were now on the nail of one of those fingers of white and with strapped on skis, were climbing toward the grey above. The snow was soft. The slope rose sharply while trees were sprinkled with amazing regularity. They seemed to tell the snow and rocks to stay put. The rock was very steep, led smoothly into the snow. Every now and then a block of ice would dislodge itself from a inhospitable cranny, tumble down to the snow below, which itself would flow, slowly, but with turbulence sending a few messenger snowballs ahead to warn us. We waited. Then quickly we slid through a thickly forested patch, up into a steep gully which looked quite peaceable.

Every now and then the grey above would part, showing the divine blue above, letting all about us sparkle. The coarse crystals of corn snow became points of light; grey rock, on a closer look, was transformed to specks of white, black, brown and silver each reflecting with its polished surface.

Our gully was now less steep. The cliffs on either side spread and there were tall trees, through which, half obscured by scudding mist, we could make out the main eastern wall of Mt. Whitney. Our inspiring surroundings must have felt our presence, for the sky now cleared. The sun beamed with full glory on the glistening spires, silver rimmed with hoar frost against the deep blue. Deep notches were cut into the magnificent wall making the face a series of, almost separate, 3,000 foot towers.

(Con't. Page 6, Col. 1)

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HIGH TRIP (Con't. from Page 1)

absolute latest. No money, no food.

The route is approximately as follows: Florence Lake to the Muir Trail, up Goddard Canyon, climb Mt. Goddard, into Blackcap Basin, from Blackcap to Goddard Creek, then to Simpson Meadow on the middle fork of the King's River, to Palisade Creek, to Palisade Basin (here a basecamp with opportunities to fish, hike, climb, loaf, explore Palisade Glacier, on anything else) Next, onto the Muir Trail, over Muir Pass and into Evolution Basin and Colby Meadows. Climb Mt. Darwin and finally back to the Piute Trail and Florence Lake.

Necessary club equipment will be provided, and personal equipment has been discussed at the High Tripper's meeting.

In past years the club trips have covered various parts of the High Sierra and have always been remembered by those on the trips as weeks never to be forgotten.

For any further details see Jerry Smith and/or Alice Jensen. (We can perhaps arrange some transportation so ask about it when you send in your \$20.00.)

JS

MOONLIGHT HIKE (Con't. from Page 1)

don't forget the songbooks.

P.S. - This is in place of the scheduled Hayride; the hay being out of season.

HK

TILDEN PARK PICNIC (Con't. from Page 5)

until the weary picnickers could dance no more and when Harry finally returned, we all headed for home.

Too bad if you missed the fun and food of this picnic for all nineteen who went, we really had a terrific time.

JMM

VIEW OF MT. WHITNEY (Con't.)

To the south the spires gave-way to a slender jagged ridge, aptly called Pinnacle Ridge, which wandered down to our narrow canyon. The most northern tower, the most massive of all, approximated a crude triangle, and rose 300 feet above its brothers. This was Mt. Whitney. To poor city dwellers that we were the overwhelming attraction and awe of these magnificent peaks was tremendous. Our spirits soared. Lightly, rapidly we pushed on to a bench whose back was Mt. Russell. We were now revelling in the grey above which was grey no more.

BF

"INSIDE ROOM C"

Do you have rats in your vats? .. mice in your rice? Well don't be confused. This is just a lead statement to subtly get to the subject of weddings. (Rice - weddings.) ... and speaking of weddings...

There is a young girl named Elaine, Who is planning to change her last name From Grant to Kilgore,

And so, once more, Don't you think Cupid's arrow's well aimed?

That is to say, Mr. Bruce Kilgore and Miss Elaine Grant will become Mr. and Mrs. on Aug. 31 in Pocatello, Idaho. Congrats!

September will also be a month to extend congratulations. It seems that a certain couple, namely Nancy Crenshaw and Ron Smith are planning a wedding -- conveniently set for sometime in Sept. Although things are tentative as yet, all you folk dancers better sharpen up your latest steps, for you may have a chance to "hop to it" at the reception. What's more, invitations will be printed by Smitty on his own reliable printer. Best of wishes, you people!

What's this the mountaineering section has posted on their bulletin board? The Adventures of "Nylon Roper", a comic strip full of hair-raising episodes which has been slightly altered to fit the mountaineering section's idea of the Sierra Club. Don't miss tomorrow's exciting episode!

It seems the Means' Mansion at Santa Cruz houses a certain polar bear rug--the object of much attention. The story goes: Walt Hale was sitting quietly in a chair, reading a Mammoth book and completely unaware of the bear breathing down the back of his neck. (Al Williams acting as undercover man) Suddenly, Walt leaped from his chair with a fearful expression of horror on his face. Then, with spilt second timing, he choked the bear till the body (not the skin) retreated, tailless and furless.

If you've ever wondered how it feels to be collapsed in a collapsable bed, just ask Marge Fischer. This position resulted from in which the leading opponents were Bob Means and Dave Dows. The folded bed left Marge on the inside, hands and feet a-wav- ing.

ER