

U.C. ... US ...

YOW!

# U.C. HIKING CLUB

YOW!

# TRIP LOG

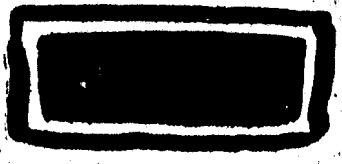
RECORDED  
UNIV. OF CALIF.  
LAW LIBRARY

Compiled by I resent this!!  
- NH

Norman N. Nobody

AND  
ELSA E. EVERYBODY  
ET AL.  
Norman N. Nobody  
Probably resent you.  
- D.L.

U.C. ...



3.28  
x 3  
9.84

3.2808  
x 7.00  
22965.6  
- 9.8  
22955.8

If lost  
return to

Rich Perry

U.C. HIKING CLUB  
300 East ...  
U.C. Berkeley  
Calif 94720

U.C. Hiking  
300 East ...

U.C. Berkeley  
California

Thank

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY  
ABOUT "U.C. HIKING CLUB  
TRIP LOG"

# THE HIKING CLUB

"A landmark in literature."

- Rex Reed

"A lot of fun."

- Zippy the Pinhead

"The U.C. Hiking Team Trip Branch costs only \$5 and is available to all Western U.S.A. citizens. As future resident Robert Akk says, 'you can't go right with this book.'"

- Jim Carson  
the Daily Californian

"Viscious stuff"

- Vic Spewage

"Ought to be banned"

- The Moral Majority

"Sacrilege"

- Pope Jean-Paul II

"I haven't read it"

- anonymous

Forward: This Trip Log is dedicated to the tree that died to make this book.

Backward: This Trip Log is dedicated to the spirit embodied in the Direct-Direct-Direct-Direct route on the Southwest Face Direct route on Mount Smatko.

11/12/76 2:14 PM - 2:14, 20 sec. PM

And then there was the  
all women trip  
- that didn't go...

11/12/76

WHAT ALL WOMEN TRIP?

1/30/79

Beginners Rock Climbing Instruction

Nov. 21 1976

leaders: Mike Scherer

Nick Peterson

Jerry Dimsdale

SOMETHING BEGINNING WITH  
A "D"

Internals: Steve Donelan

Alain LeCogniec

(Beginners): Frank Muennemann

Susan Schrieber

Susan Hugaborn

Ken Macklin

Stewart Chang

Kevan Jensen

Teran Druy

Lisa McGimsey

MIKE SCHERER

# PINNACLES NATIONAL MONUMENT

LEADERS: ROBERT BELLMAN, JR  
MIKE SCHERER

TRIP  
MEMBERS:

MARILYN ALLEN  
STEVE DONELAN *(something beginning with a D)*  
ALAIN LECOQUIEC  
JERRY DIMSDALE  
SANDY MCCLYMONT  
FRANK MUEHNEMANN  
NICK PETERSON  
JULIE ?  
CHRISTIE ?  
DAHWEENY CHU  
MARK ?  
MIKE SLOAN  
ANTHONEY ECKUH

THE TRIP TURNED OUT TO BE AN EXCELLENT ONE. THE WEATHER WAS MODERATELY WARM WITH LITTLE OR NO WIND BLOWING. MARILYN, STEVE, BOB, MARK AND JERRY TRAVELLED DOWN FRIDAY NIGHT. ~~AND~~ THEY SPENT THE EVENING IN SLEEPING BAGS VERY COMFORTABLY. FOR FUTURE PARTYS IT IS HIGHLY DESIRABLE THAT ONE DO THIS AS YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING AT FIVE AND YOU AVOID PAYING THE DOLLAR GATE FEE.

MARILYN PINE TS WEST C V T

TRIP. ALAN SAW HIS FIRST 5.8 LEAD  
MIKE ~~AND JACK~~ SAW ~~THEIR~~ HIS DREAM  
OF A 5.9 FACE ROUTE ON FLY-BY  
ACHIEVED, AND HIS HONOR RESTORED.  
OF COURSE, A TOP ROPE WAS FURNISHED  
BY BOB DUE TO LACK OF BOLT PLACEMENTS

FRANK CLIMED <sup>BY</sup> THE EAST CHIMNEY  
ON THE FROG TWICE AND REPORTS IT  
TO BE RATED 5.4 CONTRARY TO THE GUIDE-  
BOOKS FOURTH CLASS RATING.

BOB SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING A  
\$2.50 EIGER USA. OVAL CARIBIENER, ON  
A PIDDLING 10 FOOT FALL, NO LESS. A  
WORD OF ADVICE HERE: DONT BUY EIGER.

ALL MEMBERS LOOK FORWARD  
TO THE NEXT PINNACLES TRIP, SOME TIME  
NEXT QUARTER.

Jan. 29

hort stroll

Karl,

nice

ad

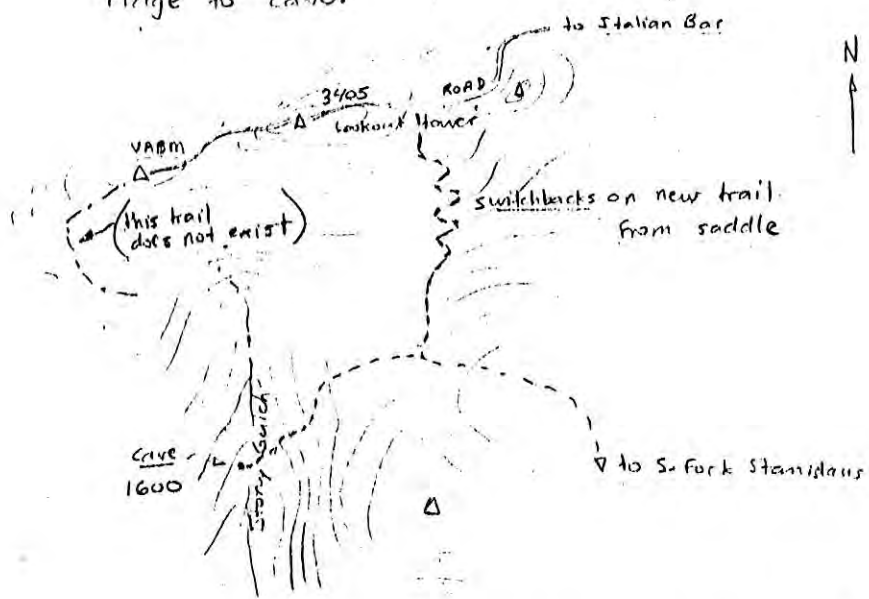
For Sale  
19 ~~20~~ oval carabiners  
hardly used 10¢ ea.  
Phone Bob Beltman  
how about 7¢?

Crystal Palace Cave - Jan. 29

People who showed up for this short stroll to a hole:

Gail, Robbie, Cass, Lew, Frank, Karl,  
Dean, Rich

located on W. side of a small gully a short distance north of the S. fork of Stanislaus R. Columbia Quad  
Note: 1920 data completely wrong on trail down from American Camp Lookout. New trail starts from saddle ~ 1/2 mile before Lookout and drops straight down ridge to cave.



cave is immediately below grey rock outcrop and is near the bottom of the gulch.

- 1) cave itself was dry (everything is this year) and accessible to 67 foot level. Most of spectacular formations near entrance are vandalized, but those near lower reaches are relatively untouched.
- 2) Altimeter is very useful for locating entrance if trail is obscured by leaf fall. NSS notes list 1700 ft. but corrected Thommens showed 1610 ft. (Latter may be used as corrected elevation was at bench mark on five lower steps)
- 3) Rope may be useful for center (lowest) passage as beginners may have difficulty climbing out of one section near the bottom, especially if they (or the route) are wet.



# Cross Country Skiing at

Tahoe-Donner.

1/29, 30/77

Peoples: Mike Scherer  
 Sami Wilkie  
 Joan Ploettner  
 Rob Weiner  
 Eric  
 Marty Shankland  
 Kevan Jenson

Sandy McClymont was scheduled to go but he ignored his alarm clock at 5:00 in the morning (he had gone to bed at 3:00).

We-all (us'n) went to lake Van Norden and putzed around starting at around 12:00 (noon) The lake was, naturally, covered with snow, a lot of which was icy. The tracks put up by Royal gorge ski center were absolute shit on the lake - they were icy and uneven and were huge. Later we went to a much nicer track that runs along ~~the~~ the ridge. Wax was red klister and it worked beautiful. Toward the end of the day we drove around

to try and find a place to camp. Eventually we ended up on the Hobart Mills road 7 miles north of Truckee. Next Morn, Kevan's van wouldn't start. After much time consumption we got back to Royal Gorge and were able to ski for 1/2 hrs before we left.

All in all this was (a):

Directions:  
 Those that  
 went may  
 vote for  
 one and  
 one only  
 well, maybe  
 two

- Hyperbolic super-spliferous trip
- ...  Excellanté
- ||  Fictional PDD (Pretey damn good)
- ...  Better than I expected
- ...  Fucked
- 1...  Worse than I expected
- ...  Hyperbolé Ego-maniacle extra shit-fit plus type trip

# Ascending Expedition of Certain Select Campus Eminences [Nocturnal Version].

Assenders: Mike Scherer Esq.  
Bob Bellman Esq.  
Nick Peterson Esq.

Assendees: Etcheverry Hall  
Wurster Hall  
Hearst Gym

## Log of Events:

Event One - Etcheverry Hall

Location: Prime. Situated in joyous seclusion on wrong side of Hearst Ave. Easy parking, accessibility: excellent.

Description: Large rectangular prism of monumetous dimensions ( $\approx 70\text{ ft.} \times 200\text{ ft.} \times 80\text{ ft.}$ ). Various frame like protrusions dot East and West faces forming gloriously straight narrow slots of finely tolleranced with wooden frame work affixed in said outcroppings affords easy access to summit in conjunction with a series of ledges (Route Rating: 5.3). However, the more ambitious might prefer gaining their potential energy through more aesthetic means. For such souls a stiff 5.7 chimney is afforded, by the ~~room~~ slick, cement



Thus inspired, Bob produced his spanking new Chouard Super Rope, freeing it from the confines of his climbing pack. Unleashed, it stithered and slipped along the ground twisting and turning and filling the air with random flashes of green ~~flashes~~ and showering sparks so that Bob had to raise his voice and use harsh words to quiet its dramatic gyrations. Mike proceeded to establish a suitable anchor as, out of the gloom of the night, appeared the lithe form of Nicholas Peterson. The three were now united, and a wholeness of comradeship permeated the air.

The veil of darkness was drawn closer around the bulk of Etcheverry as packs and coats stifled the visual din of the bench lights. All was ready, the ascent was eminent. Mr. Scherer attached himself to the end of the rope and the spectacle began. A quick scramble up the wooden frame work brought him immediately to the summit, three points of protection with a directional chock placement at ground level were all the security he needed. Like a fly on a wall Mr. Bellman followed, long arms moving methodically he was soon on top. From below one could hear the glee in his voice as he rejoiced with Mike. It was now Mr. Peterson's turn. Selecting the chimney route he ~~scram~~ dashed up to join his freinds ~~at~~ above. Rapells provided a fitting anticlimatical finale.

### Event Two - Wurster Hall

Location: Obvious. Squatting blatantly between Klobner Hall and the Law School, this inflated

movie projector attract all who behold it, usually inspiring one to scribble on its walls, urinate in its corners, and just generally defile it.

Description: Obfuscating, revolting, obscene, grotesque, et cetera, et cetera... Jumbled collection of huge, rectangular, cement boxes punctured through with regular openings (windows) which (on the south & west faces) sport nifty, cantilevered cement visors. The dauntless assender can find numerous routes on this brutal structure including a 5-11 layback, a 5-7 chimney and a outside balance problem (5-9 mantle) but if attempting the uppermost reaches of this sprawling grey mass one would be well advised to "take the stairs": a long climb composed entirely of mantle/squeeze moves (maybe 3-5, 3-6 [?]).

P Rating: Relatively high as one is highly visible during the day and well lit (by strange nocturnal glows emanating from within) at night. Proceed with utmost care and beware the self-proclaimed guardians (i.e. inflated fuddy-duddies) of the University. Building also has 24 hr. security.

Commentary:

Do not write here

oh please? can I?  
LETS NOT START  
THAT AGAIN, OK?

Do not  
write  
here

Ivans Hall Camp-Out

the cast:

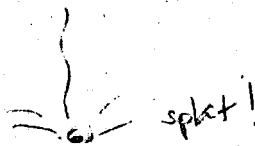
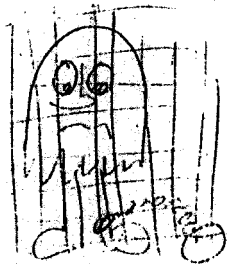
- Michael Scherer
- Micole Neri
- Greg Williams
- Barbara Greene
- Richard G. Poiry
- Cassandra Franco

boy; what about Pat Boling?  
yeah, what about him?



There was a great trip  
except 1. that we lived in  
constant fear of being arrested

2. We had to camp by the  
sewer vents!

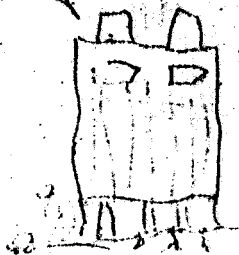


But at least we didn't have to  
worry about flies.

on film which  
time is it? (BNU  
BCAIG)

Nick Peterson

(an event doomed to become  
semi-annual)



...the place where  
...with the  
...of light of the  
...making the night  
...to see all  
...of the building was  
...155 ft  
...middle of it

# UCLC Beach Party

July 3, 1977

way out on Tamakes Point with  
18 people:

Mike Scherer  
Frank Muenemann  
Chris Mexcalfe  
Joan Ploettner  
Ann Benninger  
Lev ~~Wald~~ Akobjanoff (guide)  
Bill Walzer  
Bob Bastasz  
Kathy  
Nikki Nedeff  
Kathy Regin  
Nick Peterson  
Mary Ann Aoki  
Ken

15 Dina

(Ann's room mate)

16 Leslie

17

18

Note: No account of this trip will  
be given by Bill Walzer. Oh wait!  
a change of heart(?) he says, "It was  
pleasantly windy on the ridge and  
sunny (as opposed to Berkeley which was  
foggy). The pelicans were numerous."  
also mumbled sum thing about tunnels and  
somebody getting stoned.

what? stoned!?!?

OUTRAGEOUS!!!

"Lyell-in-a-day" trip,  
Loulumne measures July 10.

Mike Scherer, Ltd.

Frank "H" Muneman

Chris Metcalfe

Steve <sup>something</sup><sub>beginning</sub>  
<sub>with a 'D'</sub>

Left camp at 7<sup>am</sup>, on  
summit at 12:30pm, back at  
camp 8pm. New route --  
N. Buttress (divides Lyell  
glacier) start at left side  
of buttress, cross nose to  
right on arcing open-back/  
ledge system, stiff 4<sup>th</sup>  
class. Rest is easy 3<sup>rd</sup>.  
Follow top of buttress to  
E. Ridge, then to summit.



do the pinnacles, they're  
neat and give progressively  
better "picture" views  
of the summit as you  
near it. Descended via  
W. Ridge & wild glissade  
down headwall of W.  
lobe of glacier (no ax.)  
Nice people at summit:  
they feel me! (as I took  
no food.) Very tired on  
return to camp. Thanks  
for the popsicle stuff  
Mike -- never would've  
made it without!

Equipment Notes: (for Mike)

Addidas SL-72's

2 pair socks

Frank's sun-glasses (thank)

beggar's outlook on life

many cool, refreshing streams  
music by Genesis

Other accounts to follow —

Chris M.

no they aren't ... you filled up all the  
room, MJS

YOU AREN'T ANY HELP EITHER.

WHY BOTHER? NOBODY ELSE MADE IT  
ANYWAY.

"10 Lakes trip"

August 26<sup>th</sup> to August 28<sup>th</sup>

Hikes: Rick Davis (organizer),  
Kathy Stone, Rich Perry, Dan Lanolis, Mark  
Bailey, Don Esten

A fine (mostly uphill) hike through  
five miles of Pine + granite from Yosemite  
creek parking lot. The water was  
almost nonexistent - Gr. crt. was dry. The  
pass above Ten Lakes is incredibly breathtaking.  
You can see about 200° from north of Tour  
peak to Lyell (?). What a view!  
10 lakes was crowded - Grant lakes are almost  
as nice (and swimming at lower Grant) and  
less crowded. Pos. nice hike from May lake  
to 10 lakes. Some interesting climbing  
above the 10 lakes basin.

Equip:

Bear lines  
Compass  
Worms

Rick Davis

Would someone please tell the tale  
of Boobin on Shastina?

Once upon a time..... there was a  
dork named Nick Peterson (?) (aka "Boobin").  
Let him tell you the story.

ed. note: aka = also known as <sup>Bob Rubin</sup> aka Boobin

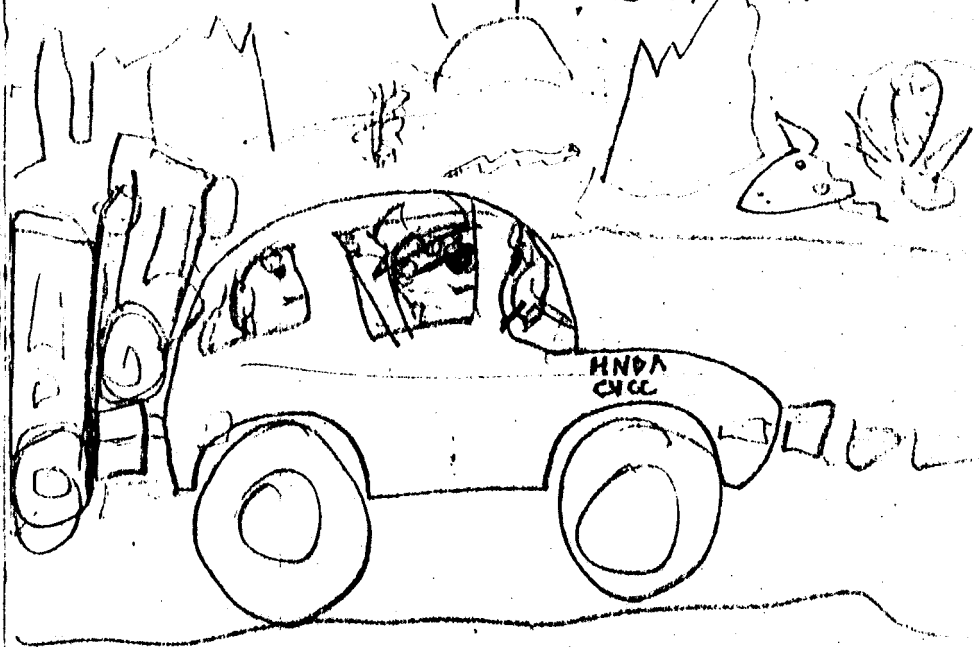
Ahem: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
I was not on this trip - ~~pt~~  
(Editorial comment)

Once upon a time, not as long ago as you'd  
like to think, there were two bears and one over-  
the-hill peakbagger (no pun intended). Now unlike  
any other story you've heard the two bears and the  
peakbagger actually got together and went on a trip  
to SHASTA. As the trip progressed along highway  
(5) it became apparent that one of the bears, by the  
name of Bill Pilling really didn't ~~like~~ <sup>want</sup> to go to  
shasta at all but dreamed of lolling in the fabled  
Toulumne Meadows and sucking the dum-dum plant.  
Bill's distaste of the "mount of Shasta" soon  
spread to the over-the-hill peakbagger named  
Boobin who would guffaw and make deadpan  
noises about shasta. This worried the only  
character whose name you don't know as he really



The portly commentator with the poor spelling + bad grammar has not taken complete leave of his senses. Shastina is a sunghesp, strictly a smatko peap. Don't waste time on it. And the peapbagger is over the hill.

Hiking & Camping & Driving in  
Grand Canyon & Zion & Death Valley  
Easter 1978



With:

Bill "Could you roll down your window I gotta take a picture" Crevier

Robert "I wanna see Las Vegas" Akke

Rich "Hey try not to go too much faster than 90 and dammit we aren't going to Las Vegas" Perry

Paul "Hey man how bout some shrooms" Drake

and Cathy "Where's the purple crayon?"  
Brewn

Mt. Shasta Christmas, 1977

Leader: Mark Young

Participants: Cathy Brown  
Ross  
Frank Muenmeman  
Paul Ronnie  
Mark Young.

Drove up to Shasta 27/Dec/77.  
Slept in the snow next to the cars  
in a parking lot. About 6' Powder  
was on the ground, snowing steadily.  
Went to Sierra Club Hut at Horse  
Creek, lost interest in the summit  
soon thereafter - ~~but~~ the hut was  
quite cozy, and made an excellent base  
for X-country. Cathy and Frank were  
X-Cing for the first time. About  
3' ~~fall~~ of snow fell before we left 24 Dec. 1977.

Frank.

Desolation Valley (Almost) Trip. 29 Dec - 2 Jan 77

Bob Bellman

Diane Kent

Frank Muenmeman

Mike Scherer.

MIKE AND BOB FELL IN THE LAKE, WE LATER CALCULATED  
THAT A FULL MOON RAISES EARTHLY TEMPERATURES BY  $\frac{1}{8}^{\circ}$   
AND THAT A SALAMI HAS 10,000 CALORIES (OBVIOUSLY  
ONSET OF HYPOTHERMIA). NEXT DAY I MADE IT ALMOST  
TO LAKE ALOHA. MALOH.

Zion trip (cont.)

We wandered up Coalpit Wash (← Eastern dialect)  
a delightful narrow fast-rushing stream, with  
packs on our backs we precariously clanced a  
bullet from one side of this marvel, then back  
to the other. In such backwoods country  
one feels the presence of nature. The staring  
eyes of cougars, panthers & tigers (the few wild  
cats left on this side of the Atlantic) as they calculate  
your every move. The constant chirrup  
of the wild African frog who migrated here  
in the late Pliocene. And one can never  
forget the omnipresence of the powerful  
RAZLE SNAKE. The hiss of this ponderous  
predator will long remain the winds of those  
fortunate enough (or unfortunate as the case may  
be (the it is hardly likely those unfortunates will  
remember anything)) to catch a glimpse of this  
inwardly proud. Zion will be Zion!

Honeywell Ranch December 1977

Mike Schum

Bob Bellman

Bob Akka

Jennifer Scott

Brian O'Reagan

Laura Benninger

Micki Nedeft

Mark from U.S.A.

(WRITTEN NEARLY 2 YEARS AFTER THE TRIP:)

Great Trip! Hi-lites of the trip included experiencing the Ghost Town Bodie covered with snow, drying out from a snow/rain storm at the Honeywell Ranch (Pronounced "Honeywell") and thawing out a bottle of wine (and ourselves) in a heavenly hot spring that we had skied out to. ~~that~~ <sup>(Buckeye Hot Springs)</sup> ~~MIKE~~ BECAME "COMFORTABLY NUMB."

(Near Bridgeport, CA.)

Squaw Valley

Allison Keefe

Elizabeth L.

Frank

Leslie L.

Bob B.

Mark from France.

(STILL NOT WRITTEN NEARLY 2 YEARS AFTER THE TRIP)

NOTHING  
HAPPENED.

ACTUALLY, WHAT DID HAPPEN IS NOT FOR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION TO THE MASSES.

BOB.

LeMarch Cal

Washington's Birthday 1978

Bob B.  
Milce Sch.  
Pat Carr (1/3)

NO COMMENT

Yosemite Valley

Easter 1978

Jennifer S.  
Milce Sch.  
Frank M.  
Bob B.  
Bill Walzer  
Chris Metcalf  
Alan Nelson

SINCE NOBODY ELSE WANTS TO SAY ANYTHING I SHALL JUST HAVE TO IMPRESS EVERYBODY WITH ALL THE 5.9, 5.11 AND 5.10 CLIMBS I DID ON THIS TRIP.

- LOST ARROW 5.10, A3
- LOST ARROW TYROLEAN A1 (WELL EXPOSED)
- SERENITY CRACK 5.9, 10D
- MAXINES WALL 5.9, 10A
- GREASY BUT GROVEY 5.11 (THIS WAS A SECOND ASCENT)
- COONYARD PINNACLE 5.9
- BISHOPS TERRACE 5.8 ~~A1~~
- BISHOPS BALCONY 5.8, A2
- CHURCH BOWL TREE 5.10

YOU MAY <sup>why didn't you do porcelain wall</sup> CLAP NOW while you were at it.

YOU MAY HEAR EXCLAMATIONS OF PRAISE UPON ME NOW.

EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT ALL ASPIRING ROCK CLIMBERS

Squaw Valley

May, 1978

oh really?

Ahem...  
**CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?**  
WE ACTUALLY WENT CROSS COUNTRY  
SKIING IN LATE MAY. THE PACK WAS  
THICK, WEATHER WAS WARM AND THE  
SKIING WAS TERRIFIC.

The swimming was great too!  
We had such a good time x-c skiing, nobody  
ever noticed there wasn't any snow.

↑  
**NOTE:**

THIS PERSON DID NOT  
GO ON THE TRIP.  
I SUSPECT IT IS  
THE SAME BOZO WHO  
USES A FOUR COLOR  
PEN AND IS PARANOID  
ABOUT SNOW QUANTITIES.

~~Bob, R~~ Four color Pen, alright.  
oh Really?? But I'm not the one who  
started the thing about snow  
quantities.  
-R

↑  
**ADDITIONAL NOTE:**

THIS PERSON IS ALSO  
HIGHLY TURNED ON BY  
WASTED SPACE.

BOB BELLMAN  
CATHY BROWN  
BARBARA GREEN  
FRANK MUENEMAN

Bob, R

Marin Bike Ride - 21 May 78

Bob Akka

Ginny Sink

Stewart Chang

Jim

Paul

We loaded up the old U.C. Renta  
Van, and in a large puff of smoke, we  
were gone. We cycled from the northern  
part of the Tiburon Peninsula to Sausalito  
under the Golden Gate Bridge, and over to  
Rodeo Beach where we examined light bulbs  
and ~~juice~~ juice bottles from all over the  
world, in a Ranger Station display case (these  
bulbs & bottles had floated all the way across  
the ocean(s) to Rodeo beach). Then, we went  
back to Sausalito via a long dark tunnel.  
Then ~~the~~ Mill Valley then Corte Madera th  
Paradise County Park (on glorious Paradise Drive  
then Tiburon then back to the Van.



# Attempted Attack of Mt. Shasta (North side)

6/30/78 - 7/3/78

"In dreaming of a white 4th of July"

with

Bob Akka

Bob Bellman

Frank Muenneemann

(Let's forget about that trip)

They really  
kicked Shasta's  
ass

# Successful Attack of Mt. Shasta (South side)

- the following month -

with

Bob Akka

Bob Bellman

Frank Muenneemann

and Cathy Brown

"Shasta was awesome"

~~Other members of the trip but how?~~

"Shasta was shitty" & written by someone  
who was not on the trip.

# Half Dome Trip

October 13-15, 1978

Bob Akka

Karen Lewis

Doug Trotter

Doug Wright

John Pennucci

Beth Hendrickson

Paula Rosener

Anthony Lomax

Mike Kennedy

Bob Toxin

Steve Hart

Anne Kersting

Wendy Bents

George Estes

(...and 5 others)

(19 people total)

Ever heard of a Masquerade Party on top of Half Dome? Neither had we, until we got there and saw all sorts of people, with unusual things hanging out of their packs.

Sunday morning, 5 of us down-climbed 3rd Class to Ahwiyah Point. The close-up view of the face was amazing. Some of the climbing involved was class 4, although it wasn't as bad as the Manzanita (ouch!)

QUARTERLY PINNACLES NATIONAL  
MONUMENT TRIP

FALL 1978

LEADER BOB 5.2 BELLMAN, JR

(A MAN)  
AMEN  
AMEN  
(A HAM)

10 PEOPLE WENT ON THIS TRIP. WEATHER  
WAS PERFECT ONCE THE FOG CLEARED.  
MOST PEOPLE WENT HIKEING, OR CLIMBING.  
CATHY, BARBRA AND 2 UNKNOWN<sup>MARK GENG</sup> COMPRISED  
ONE CLIMBING PARTY, BOB BELLMAN AND  
STEVE <sup>CAME THING</sup> <sup>BEGINNING</sup> WITH COMPRISED THE OTHER.

MY PARTY BEGAN WITH A RATHER  
EASY ASCENT OF FLYBY (5.9), & AMPLY ENJOYED  
THIS RATHER TRIVIAL LEAD WHILE STEVE CRANIED  
AND SWEATED AND FINALLY PENDULOMED OUT  
ONTO THE SHEAR FACE. HALF AN HOUR LATER  
I HAULED HIM TO THE RIM.

WE FOLLOWED THIS FIASCO WITH A HIKE  
TO THE HIGH PEAKS AND AN ASCENT OF  
PHOTOGRAPHERS DELIGHT (5.1)

WE NEXT DID LONGS FOLLY (5.7) WHICH  
WAS A RATHER NEAT THOUGHT BASILALLY EASY  
FACE-CHIMINY CLIMB.

THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE TRIP WAS THE  
PYROLEAN FROM LONGS FOLLY TO SOUTH  
PINGER AND PLACING SIX PEOPLE ATOP  
THIS TERRIFYING NEEDLE WHEN OUR  
TWO ~~PEOPLE~~ PARTIES MET

FURTHER COMMENTS FROM OTHERS IN THIS SPACE

Wow, I wish I went

BEGINNERS' ROCK  
CLIMBING

OCT. 7, 1978

- M. SENEKER



OR "WELL BOB, YOU'VE ONLY  
GOT ONE PAGE"  
OR "SITTING HERE IN THE OFFICE  
AND NO BUSINESS"

What's with these ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup> ~~does~~ <sup>does</sup>, anyway?  
I didn't lead this trip, plan it, or even  
pay my son to go on it. Mike did  
actually do the ~~farmen~~ <sup>farmen</sup> of these, though, and  
nineteen people went along to find out why.  
It was a great time had by all.

Clear about four hours on Saturday morning  
we tenderfeets learned basic belaying and  
scrubbing around. Everyone had a chance  
to rappel and fall as well. The sun came  
out (total fog on the Pt Reyes trip of  
the same day) and people left wanting  
to know more about climbing. The \$  
collected helped pay Rich Perry for  
refreshments at the quarterly meeting.  
Our best rope (champion) got through  
the day untouched. Good!

FULL MOON  
MOONLIGHT HIKE  
STRAWBERRY CANYON, BERKELEY

OCTOBER 16, 1978 - Leslie (Leader); 19 people

Typical Berkeley Poetry

Fog

Mist

MOON

Basket

(???)

POINT REYES DAYHIKE

SEPTEMBER 24, 1978

7 people; Leader: Rich

This one-day expedition included a direct ascent of Mt. Wittenberg (1500', a staggering 10° incline!) with neither ice-axes, crampons, nor oxygen tanks. We also went to the beach and crashed a few waves. Returned via Bear Valley.

ANOTHER POINT REYES DAYHIKE

OCTOBER 8, 1978

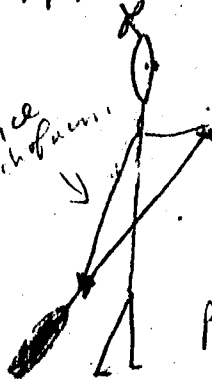
17 People; Leader: Lev

One fine day, seventeen people led by Lev ~~Alte~~ went hiking to Point Reyes, but no one ever bothered to write <sup>even</sup> a brief account of the trip in the UCHC trip log. Well, heyyyy! If you don't want to write up your trip, that's your problem! Exceuvvssse  
Mooooooooo!!!!!!

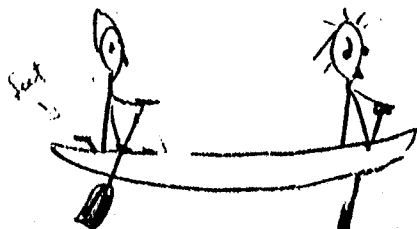
Lessons Learned on Canoe  
Fall, 1978



Proper Forward stroke



Proper backward stroke

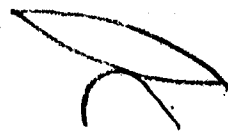
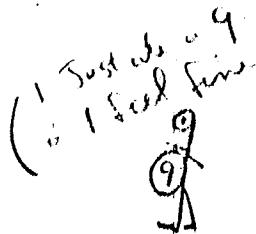


Proper position in canoe



Proper way to dodge rock

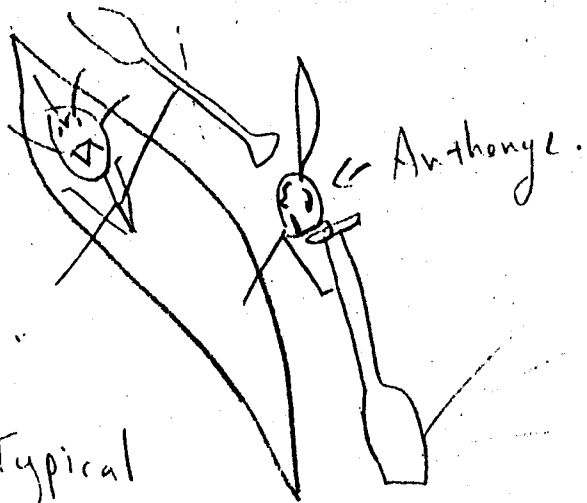
COURTESY OF CATHY BROWN  
WHO IS JUST LEARNING  
TO WRITE.



Improper way  
to dodge rock

Just as an  
I feel great

Notice  
stretch of arm



Typical  
was party

← splashing  
water

Proper way to  
deal water fight

Improper way to  
deal water fight



← scrunched  
up  
in case  
one is not  
wearing his  
glasses

↑ water

NOTE: When sensing  
an approaching water fight...  
Grab the bailer!!



Cathedral Peak's Picture Taking Trip  
179

Mike Stoh.

Marc

Sharon Haggis

Laura Benn.

Emily Su

Nobody brought a camera but

Mike.

So poolie on youie. MS

Sharon and I did the regular climbers  
route on cathedral at a dead run.  
It was a great route except that I dropped  
my good polarized and didn't have my zoom  
lens and got a \$10 ticket for parking  
at Tuolumne meadows and we didn't get to  
keep the 15 odd biners and misc. slings left  
by some turkeys who got caught by dark  
after some 7 hours of climbing and had to  
rappel the route after not making the top.  
(we took 3 hrs).

ACTUALLY, TO HEAR SHARON'S SIDE OF  
THE STORY IS QUITE DIFFERENT BUT  
I WON'T EMBARRASS YOU, MIKE!

# PT. REYES NATIONAL SEASHORE

## BEGINNERS'

## BACKPACK TRIP

LESLIE LEFFINGWELL  
 DANIEL MEYEROWITZ  
 ELLEN JOHNSON  
 STEVEN MOSS  
 BRIGIO McCONVILLE  
 MARGARET WORDSWORTH  
 VIRGINIA UNTALAN  
 RUBIN  
 GARY WARREN  
 RONIT DORI  
 TAMI MOROG  
 PETE LINQUITI

Nov 7, 8, 78

DANIEL &

LESLIE

LESLIE'S A JOURNAL '78  
 "L... OR SHE CAN WRITE/7

UP

Daniel 50-

We spent Friday night at Shag Camp which has a fabulous view of the coast. We pitched the night before. A camp since few people were around. There are plenty of raccoons though. They just wait for you to turn your back and zap. There was no dinner. This time was a whole loaf of french bread disappeared. Super filling. After Daniel's (dishes + pots + stick + the ribs (dishes + pots + stick) macaroni and cheese (jars)) we took a hike. Before dinner, we took a hike. Before dinner, we knew it we had hiked 8 miles to the Pt Reyes Youth Hostel and returned to camp past midnight.

Daniel was throwing a fit. After all we are beginners. I guess it was just beginners' bad time or some thing. I have never seen as many climbing stars in one night. I'm glad we went Saturday we hiked on to Wildcat Camp. It looks like a VFO Land-use field as you approach it from above. This camp is definitely for families or large groups who don't mind kids running around screaming at 7 a.m.

Unfortunately my strongest memory of this particular camp is that my running shoes disappeared. The ranger had assumed we things just didn't get ripped off by the bears. Ha!

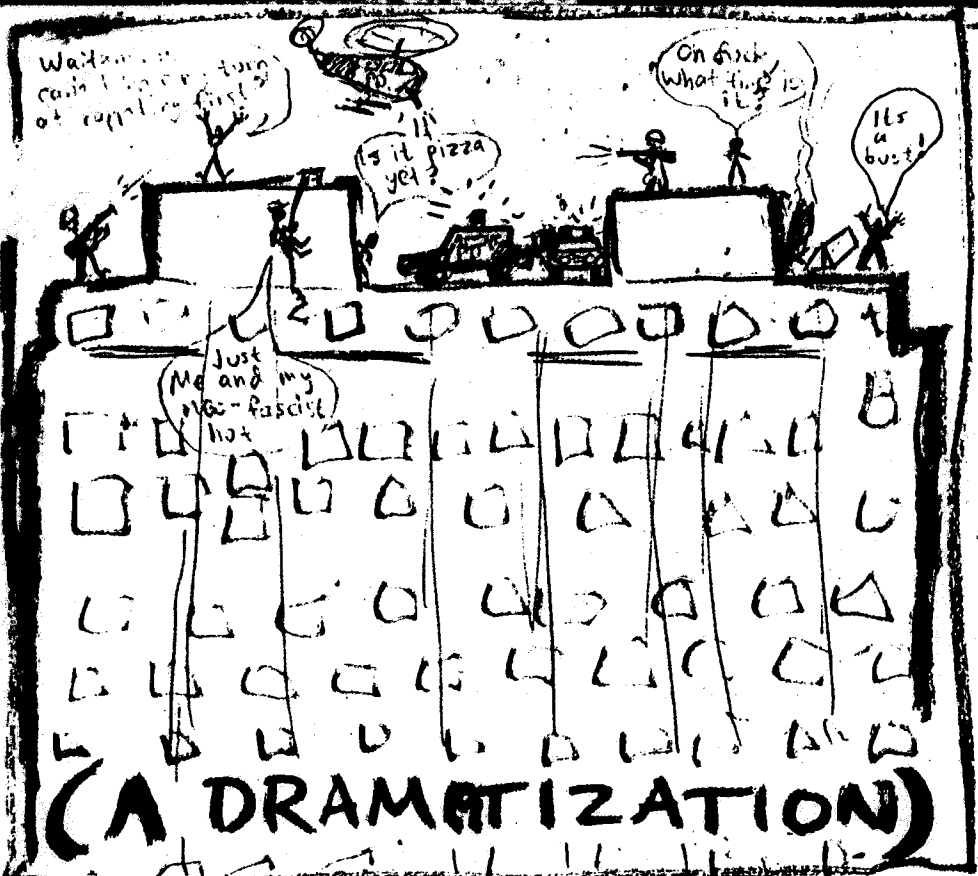
We took Bear Valley trail on the way past Sunday. The closer we came to headquarters the more out of place we looked in our heavy coats, dirty clothes + backpacks. Sunday afternoon. Strollers, cyclists, dressed in black eating shorts + leather head rosette/poppers. Ah, civilization.

COMMENT:

Daniel = morning journal  
 Daniel = morning journal

Desolation Valley  
October 1978

VERY DESOLATE!



# EVANS CAMPOUT

10 NOVEMBER 1978

- (NAMES CHANGED TO PROTECT THE GUILTY)
- Bob Aidca
  - Mike Sch.
  - Cathy Brawn
  - Rich Perry
  - Jennifer Scott
  - Nikki Nedoff
  - Daniel Meyerowitz
  - Brian O'Regan
  - and 3 of Mike's friends with wine.

## The story:

ACCOUNTS TO FOLLOW WHEN EVERYONE IS RELEASED FROM PRISON.

Ah, parole finally! Actually, from what I've heard, the cops were not all that bad. Of the "hikers" they actually managed to find, they only took down four names. Clearly, the UCPD officers were quite impressed at the imagination it took to plan and execute a camping trip to the roof of Evans hall.

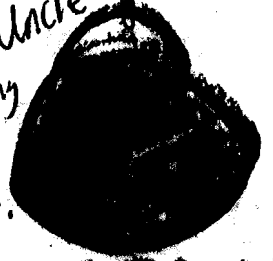
The evening began at about 6:30 with a charcoal ~~bbq~~ barbeque. Of course, steaks were not enough, so we <sup>thought about</sup> calling LaVals and asking if they could deliver to the roof of Evans. When we realized that they couldn't, we instead borrowed a Humphrey Go-Bart, which delivered us to from

WHEN THE COPS ARRIVED, THE INDOOR REFLECTING SURFACE ACROSS THE BAY WAS REALLY STRIKING (1:30 AM). THEY WERE STRUCK SILENT WITH THE REST OF US WHEN WE SAW THE PIZZA PALACE FOR THE MERE FEE OF TWO SLICES.

Then, we started to rappel down "the shaft", and somehow the evening turned sour. After the cops left, the evening turned from sour to alkaline, as some stupid dumbshit unwittingly dumped bleach all over the place, and on our ~~sacred~~ Chouinard rope. Previous to such dumping, this dumbshit of the stupid variety almost drank the bleach, but unfortunately, Mike stopped him. However, Mike should be forgiven for this mistake of stopping the dumbshit from drinking the bleach due to his quick thinking & quick action when the cops arrived, that resulted in five of us never being seen during the bust. Thanks, Mike!

I don't know about you guys, but I still want to camp out up there, and I still want to rap down the shaft (through out necessarily on the same

Gather round kiddies!! Uncle Arby is going to tell you.



# A PUMPKIN STORY

© 1978

Atens:

Once upon a time, seven little pumpkineers decided they wanted to do something out of the ordinary. So they went hoppity-hop-hop, and their carabiners went clangity-clang-snap, as they set off to sing Halloween songs at the California School for the Deaf.

One very mischevous little pumpkineer was named Bob B, Another mischevous pumpkineer was named Mike. Another was named Cathy. Hell, they were



all mischevous. And they didn't want to go sing for deaf people, they wanted to go PUMPKINEERING.

Bob B. was scampering along slightly ahead of the other little pumpkineers (just in case anyone suddenly declared the outing a race). All of a sudden, Bob B. saw a crane. The crane was very very big. Bob B. looked at the very big crane and sang:

♪ Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere,  
Awesome heights we will dare, ♪  
♫ Shall I put a pumpkin there?  
Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere, ♪

Before the other little pumpkineers knew what had come over him, Bob B. was on top of the big crane

(or within <sup>ACTUALLY FIVE!</sup> ~~ten feet~~, anyway), and tying a big smiley pumpkin to the big big crane. And before all the little pumpkineers could say "jump", Bob B. was already down with the others, scampering along, and prepared for more PUMPKINEERING,

The little pumpkineers bounced along until another little pumpkineer named Christy saw a campanile. The campanile was very very big. It was the biggest campanile Christy had ever seen. But Christy was not happy because the big Campanile was very smooth, and besides that, 5.13. However, Christy's smile became as big as a pumpkin when she saw the big statuette next to the big

campanile, as she sang:

♪ Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere  
♪ Look at old Abe Lincoln stare  
♪ Shall I put a pumpkin there?  
♪ Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere.

Within seconds, Christy was on top of Abe Lincoln. <sup>(THAT'S WHERE HER PLACE IS)</sup> And before Abe Lincoln could say, "Ahhhhhhh," he had a great big pumpkin on his head, and Christy was already gone, hopping happily along, and looking for more PUMPKINEERING.

Only a few hops and scampers down the road, yet another little pumpkineer named Bob A. saw a big big liberry. "They have books in there," said pumpkineer Mike, knowlidgeably. Bob A.,

being a university student, had heard of books, and he marvled at the bigness of the big big liberry, as he sang:

♪ Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere  
♪ Holy shit that ledge looks bare  
♪ Shall I put a pumpkin there?  
♪ Pumpkins pumpkins everywhere.

Before all the other little pumpkinees could join in the chorus, Bob A. was on top of the big big liberry, and placing a big happy pumpkin on the ledge. And before a little policeman passing by could throw a book at him, Bob A. was back with all the other little pumpkinees, Bob B., Mike, Cathy, Christy, Sharon, and Eiway, as everyone wished each other a

happy Halloween and walked off into the once-again calm night, all of them looking forward to next year's PUMPKINEERING.

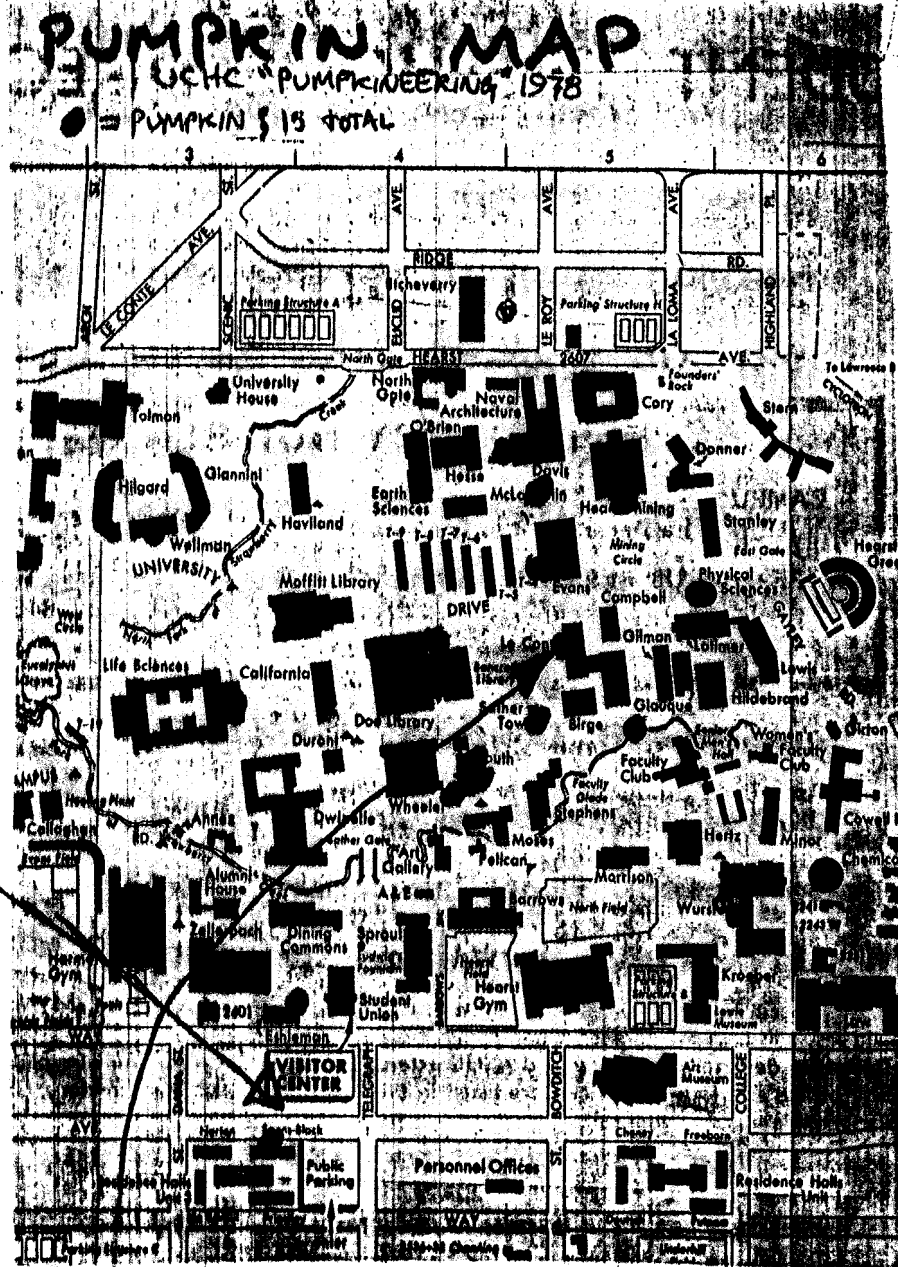
**— THE END —**

5 years later, on the day of the 50 pumpkins, this pumpkin is still there!

If any of y'all wud lak a copy of this here story, copis weel be available naixt ~~month~~ month!

COURTESY OF CATHY BROWN WHO IS FINALLY BEGINNING TO LEARN HOW TO SPEL X

SPELING



the 100th pumpkin is still there

# Climbing at Craymont

Nov. 12, 1978 - Bob Akka, leader

seventeen people including:

Mark Comenzind

George Estes

Sharon Hengus

Me

Daniel Meyerowitz

Steve SOME THING  
BEGINNING WITH  
A "D"

Karen Den Braven

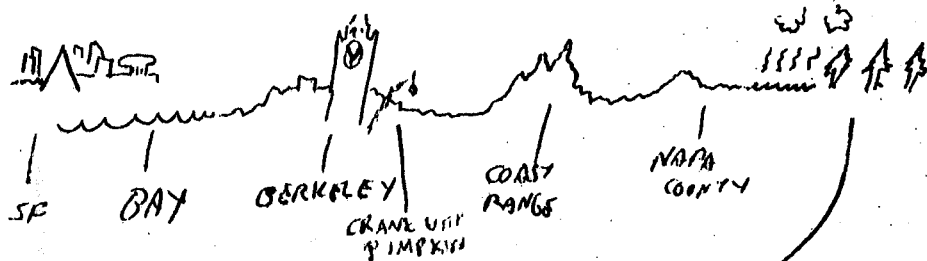
# DONELM

...and many more,

rode bikes and cars up to Craymont Rock in the Berkeley <sup>hills</sup>, where they started climbing amid lots of ropes, biners, slings, and questionable weather.

Routes include a class 4 scramble on the right, (and moving to the left) a 5.8 face, a 5.6 pitch that adopted the name "Jam-Crack", a 5.4 pitch, and more. Unfortunately, the ultimate answer to the questionable weather was "rain".

However, everyone got at least about 3 good pitches in, and went home satisfied with a good couple of hours rockclimbing behind them.



# MARBIN NOT SPRINGS TRIP

THIS WAS A POST-MIDTERMS, PRE-FINALS, POST-FALL, PRE-WINTER CHANCE TO SOAK AND SOOTH THOSE FALL QUARTER NERVES. WE GOT 9 SIGN UPS AND 7 SHOW-UPS. THE TWO OTHERS EITHER DID OR DIDN'T COME UP IN THEIR OWN CAR, AS PLANNED. SO THE U.C. STATION WAGON HAD

PATRICIA

ELLEN JOHNSON

ANDY W/ THE

NATALIE

DANIEL MEYEROWITZ

ACHING BACK

GARY

DAN LANDS

I DROVE THE BOAT THE LONG WAY (UP 29 FROM ~~VALE~~ VALLEJO) AND THE WAY GOT EVEN LONGER AS WE WENT THROUGH WINE COUNTRY PICKING GRAPES & TASTING DU VIN.

MARBIN WAS BEAUTIFUL & PEACERFUL DESPITE 70 PEOPLE FROM SEMINARS AT THE PLACE. THE "HEART CONSCIOUSNESS CHURCH" HAS BEEN SLOWLY RENOVATING THE PLACE OVER THE SUMMER. TWO OR VS WORKED ON THE STRUCTURE FOR TWO HOURS IN EXCHANGE FOR STAYING FREE. WE PITCHED

TENTS BY A VOLLEYBALL COURT AND TOOK TO THE WATER.

THE TRIP, BY COMMON CONSENSUS OR OPINION, LASTED FOUR OR FIVE DAYS THOUGH

WE WERE AT HARBIN LESS THAN 24 HRS.  
THE SPRINGS WERE WONDERFULLY RELAXING,  
EVERYONE WAS FRIENDLY & LAZY, AND NO ONE  
HAD REMEMBERED TO BRING A WATCH. A  
YEAR - FULL MOON ROSE OVER THE NEARBY HILLS  
THAT NIGHT. FROM THE WARM POOL MIST  
WAS RISING, PEOPLE WERE CHANTING, AND  
"MYSTIC" WAS THE WAY PEOPLE DESCRIBED IT  
THE NEXT DAY. SOAKING, SNACKING, FLOATING,  
MASSAGE, BRIGHT STARS, RELAXATION.

IT STARTED RAINING AT 4:00 AM  
AND THE MCKINLEY GOT IT'S CHANCE TO  
SOAK AS WELL. THE THREE PEOPLE INSIDE  
STAYED THERE & "IT ONLY GOT WET WHERE YOU  
TOUCHED THE WALLS." WALLS: IT'S A BIG TENT.

MORE SOAKING THE NEXT DAY; TALK  
OR PHILOSOPHY & MEDITATION WITH OTHER PEOPLE  
THERE. A MAN HURRIDLY WALKED UP AT  
ONE POINT AND ASKED:

DO YOU KNOW WHERE  
THE POLARITY SEMINAR  
IS BEING HELD?

NO. ARE YOU  
IN IT?

NO, ~~AND~~ I'M  
LEADING IT

US

HIM

SOME PEOPLE HIKE AROUND THE 1100  
KRE VALLEY OF HARBIN.

HOPEFULLY WE CAN DO THIS  
TRIP AGAIN W/ THE DISAPSO STUDENTS' UNION.

WINTER  
1979

(LOTS OF SNOW)

# BIG SUR BACKPACK

KENT PEASE  
 PAUL CRAMER  
 GEORGE ESTES  
 BETH HENDRICKSON  
 KAREN DEW BRADEN  
 GARY WARREN  
 DOUGLAS WRIGHT  
 BRIGID MCCOYVILLE  
 CUREY BROOKER

JAN 13-14

CAMPED AT PAT  
 SPRINGS 6 1/2 MILE  
 HIKE FROM DUTCHERS  
 GAP. 1-10 DIFFICULTY 4-  
 WINDY ON RIDGES  
 RAINY NIGHT & SUN. MORN.  
 TRACE OF SNOW.

WHAT? - You say the weather was predicted  
 rain for tonight? Look is IT RAINING <sup>NOW</sup> RIGHT NOW?  
 NO, OR WAS IT RAINING AN HOUR AGO?  
 NO. THEN IT WON'T RAIN TONIGHT! <sup>WHY?</sup> BECAUSE  
 (0 + X) = 0 is NO RAIN + (NO RAIN) X ANY  
 NUMBER) = NO RAIN. OH! you say you want  
 hunting today and didn't get any birds  
 and who ever that happens it rains that night.  
 LIKELY EXCUSE. Tents? OF COURSE WE HAVE  
 TENTS - I LIKE MY PRIVACY. ~~WHAT WATERPROOF?~~  
 DON'T KNOW - I NEVER WENT SWIMMING  
 WITH ONE. No or you tell me that a man  
 killed his horse and put his son inside  
 to keep him from freezing when he got  
 20" of snow one night? THAT JUST  
 PROVES THAT THE ONLY GOOD HORSE IS A  
 DEAD ONE! IN SPITE OF THE MANS  
 WARNINGS & PESSIMISMS, AND THE SMALL  
 AMOUNT OF SNOW WHICH FELL EVERY ONE HAD

SUNDAY

FEB 4

MARIN



HEADLANDS

## DAY HIKE

PRETISS WILLIAMS  
 GEORGE ESTES  
 SUSAN DEBY SINGH  
 ELLEN JOHNSON  
 DEBBIE COGAN

MARK CHANG  
 STEPHAN HART  
 MARK MEHLNEM  
 RICH PERRY  
 DAN LAN OIS

MEHDI MADARI  
 RICK MEHLNEM  
 &  
 DANIEL MEYEROWITZ



By god, people really go for day  
 hikes. Thirteen people signed up for  
 this trip in one day, six dropped  
 out over the weekend, and six more  
 took their places... a lot of cars,  
 a sunny day, what could be  
 better?

I'd been to the Headlands for  
 the WHOLE EARTH JAMBOREE and was  
 amazed to find a wonderful  
 hiking area that was totally  
 under-utilized. Sure enough,  
 when we got there we found

HISTORIC-LINGUISTIC NOTE:  
 "OO FOR" MEANS "ARE  
 AVIDLY INTERESTED IN  
 PARTICIPATING IN..."

two sedate ornithologists and had  
the trails pretty much to ourselves.

The problem was that the  
"PACIFIC COAST TRAIL" IS AN OLD HIGHWAY  
AND NOT MUCH FUN (I.E. NOT VERY  
"NATURAL") IN SUCH A NICE AREA. BUT,  
THE TRAIL LED US TO SOME FINE  
HILLS, OTHER TRAILS, AND VIEW OF SOME  
TMDI HANG GLIDING.

WE WENT ON TO KIRBY'S COVE,  
WHICH IS A SMALL, GRUBBY, BUT PICTURESQUE  
BEACH. IT'S A FINE PLACE TO WATCH  
THE BIG SHIPS (TANKERS, CRUISERS, &  
MILITARY BOATS) PLOW BY UNDERNEATH THE  
GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE & HONK THEIR  
GOODBYES TO SAN FRANCISCO.

— Daniel



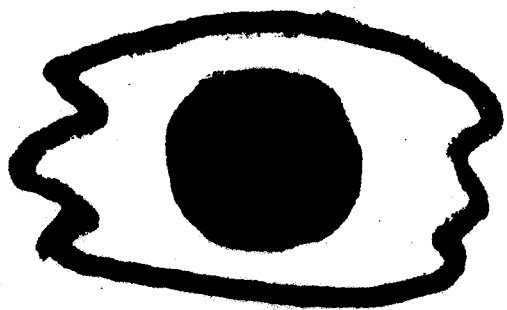
# ECLIPSE

— '79 —

Bob Akka	Louise Taylor	Mark Chang
Mike Scherer	Anne Kersting	Bob Fraser
Cathy Brown	Susan Debysingh	Mark Peterson
Bob Bellman	Lynn Befu	Bruce Hokanson
Rich Perry	Jan Strich	Lorna MacIver
Laura Benninger	Bob Toxin	Tracy Hoberman

It was a cool winter day on a hill in Washington just north of the Columbia River. The hill was scattered with camping gear, and many people. On one part of the hill stood a tripod with a six-inch reflector





telescope. As Mike Scherer carefully adjusted the direction of the telescope, others eagerly gathered, in impatient anticipation of what they would very briefly see through that very telescope. The surrounding people were about to witness a sight that they had never seen before. Many would probably never see such a sight again, for what were once familiar ordinary objects had taken on a vision that was very unusual, indeed. Everyone looked at the phenomenon. One commented on how strange it was. Another commented on how it reminded her of a certain science fiction movie. One witness ~~was~~ of this phenomenon.

however, was ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> impressed. He said it just looked like a bunch of upside-down cows.

Of course, this phenomenon is very easy to explain, you see, Mike's telescope turns everything upside-down. Boy, those cows sure did look funny!

THEY WERE NOT COWS, THEY WERE THRESHING MACHINES.  
On the previous day, eighteen crazies from a Hiking Club in California traveled 650 miles to the Columbia River. This ride happened very quickly, since someone brought along some special "Eclipse Brownies." By the time the caravan reached Northern Oregon, several people had experienced Total Eclipse of the Brain. Those who only had one brownie had to settle for an 86.5% partial phase.

Aside from the UCHC caravan, there was another place that claimed to be "Eclipse Center," namely, Goldendale,

Washington. One store was selling glow-in-the-dark eclipse tee-shirts. Another was selling "canned darkness". Another was selling Eclipse Fan Club membership kits, complete with an autographed photo and a secret code ring. Everyone else was selling mylar.

We quickly fled to a location about 25 miles due east of Goldendale, which was within ten miles of the eclipse path's center, and set up camp. That night there were numerous parties among the 50 or so people on our hill. The owner of the property, badly outnumbered, never showed up.

The eclipse was awesome. Among the layers of clouds above us at the time, the thickest one left a break between us and the

eclipse, allowing us a two minute and 19 second vision of Totality, although somewhat diffused by a <sup>very</sup> thin remaining cloud layer.

Hawaii, July 11, 1991. I'm going.

(-ISN'T THERE A HIKING CLUB ECLIPSE SONG TO GO ALONG WITH THIS NARRATIVE?)

Ahem" THE ECLIPSE

Oh glorious was the trip to see,  
the Sun, cut off, eclipsing me,  
"The hiking club had so much fun,  
I want to watch another one,  
The one that comes in "Amery one".

but by that time, I'll be thirty three,  
how will the club remember me?  
I write these words for all to see,  
and to carve my name for posterity,  
be seeing you in Hawaii, ee.

Buy Robert Arthur Bellman, Jr.

~~ROBERT ARTHUR BELLMAN, JR.~~

## OTHER W-79 TRIPS

Jan 19-21 : X-country Skiing at Yosemite

Jan 26-28 : Ditto

Mar 3-4 : Pinnacles Weekend

Spring Break: Death Valley

Spring Break: New Mexico Mountains

~~Jan 19-21 : X-country Skiing at Yosemite  
Jan 26-28 : Ditto  
Mar 3-4 : Pinnacles Weekend  
Spring Break: Death Valley  
Spring Break: New Mexico Mountains~~



# Pinnacles National Monument

Steve Donelan, leader

2 trips 17-18 March  
6-8 April

We camped both times on the Soledad side. On the first trip, Sharon Vargas and I did Derringer on Machete Ridge (3 5.7 pitches and one 5.2 pitch), then traversed the top of the ridge (old original), which involved a few rappels, some short climbs and some ridge walking. Rappel into the gully behind the ridge and walk off. Recommended. No hardware except binets needed. Allow about half the day, if you want to do all the little climbs on top of the ridge. <sup>HO HUM</sup>

On the second day, we all (6 people) followed the High Peaks trail and did many short climbs. On the second trip, we spent both days on the High peaks trail, again doing many short climbs near the trail.

Recommended - Long's Folly, a 5.7 face climb which goes into an overhanging squeeze chimney (be sure to get into it facing right - then you'll have enough holds to make or less to face climb it).

Right next door - South Finger, a relaxing 5.5 face climb.  
Perfect weather on both trips.

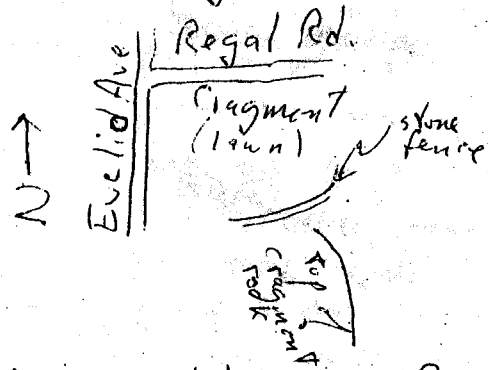
HEY! WHAT ARE  
-- THESE --  
STAPLES DOING  
HERE?!

TO HOLD THE SNOW, OF COURSE!!

LOLS

HEY! WHAT IS IT WITH THE SNOW?

Beginner's Rock Climbing  
 Saturday 14 April, 10 AM  
 Meet at Cragmont Rock, Berk.



Go N. on Euclid Ave. to Regal Rd.  
 Turn right. Cragmont Park is abt.  
 1 block up, on your right.

Bring climbing shoes or hiking boots,  
 and a rope (if you have one).

Note: If it's raining, no trip.

Steve Donelan (SOMETHING BEGINNING  
 WITH A "D")  
 [sign up below, so I'll know how  
 much gear to bring]

IS THIS A SIGN UP LIST?  
 IN OUR LOG BOOK?

W west abc def  
 W east abc def  
 W east abc def

1. Michael Sheard 848-2242
2. JOHN LAMMB 848-2242
3. Douglas Wright 652-5636
4. Jim Eller 848-7170
5. Meredith Story 849-2197
6. Harvey Grosser 525-8015
7. Mark Chang 841-8821
8. Stephen Hart 845-4770

YOW  
 (SHU LOTS UP  
 SNOW)

WATCH IT BOZO!  
 GETTING CARRIED AWAY!  
 YOU'RE

YOW!!  
 Who's calling  
 ME BOZO??



# Yosemite Valley Rock Climbing

Steve Dore (an - leader  
18-29 April (something beginning with a 'D')

On Saturday 3 of us (Sharon Hargus, Bob Bellman and I) did Snake Dike on Half Dome. We camped near Glacier Point <sup>APRON</sup> and started up the Nevada Falls Trail at 6 AM. Past Liberty Cap we cut across country toward Half Dome (swamps at bottom of valley, but many tree trunks to cross on), then worked our way up slabs

from one bushy ledge to another to the start of the climb, which is near the left side of the face you approach from Liberty. The start of the climb is <sup>no longer</sup> ~~marked~~ marked by a 4 ft cairn (~~not visible from below~~), there are 2 "5.7" pitches (some

friction traverses, one of which might be protected with very small wedges (1-5), then 4 or 5 5.4 pitches on the dike (wide spaced bolts, and an occasional chicken head which could be tied off), otherwise, only <sup>(DON'T BOTHER)</sup> ~~(NOT NECESSARILY)~~ biners needed, and not many.

we reached the start of the climb at 10 A.M. were on top of the dome by 2 P.M. and, cutting across the valley toward the trail above Liberty Cap,

got down to Glacier Point about 6:30. The second day we did some climbs around Glacier Point. The other 2 climbers stayed in the valley both days.

Snake Dike is highly recommended. Experienced climbers in good shape can easily manage it in one day, including approach and return, but should start early (camping near Glacier Point <sup>APRON</sup> as we did) and keep moving. Bring a good wind breaker and something warm for the climb. Work gloves are useful for walking down the cable route, especially if the cables are down, as they were on our trip.

IF YOU WANT TO GET DOWN MUCH QUICKER CONSIDER DOWNCLIMBING THE SLABS AND 4TH CLASS AND THEN RAPPEL THE ROUTE LEAVING BEHIND SOME SLINGS. ITS ONLY 4 OR 5 165' RAPS (you will save an hour at the most, so why bother??) (if you are fast that is, <sup>even</sup> ~~you might save~~ <sup>whole hour</sup>) THE NORTHWEST FACE IS QUICKER THAN THAT!

May I suggest camping near Little Yosemite Valley, and stashing your camping gear. Not having to hike 2000 vertical miles is a lot easier. -PA (Its a fun climb!)

IXL Cave  
(Mantrap Cave)

April 28, 1979

Bob Aleka

Viviane Afandary

Bryan Bashin

DANIEL MEYEROWITZ

Jim Eller

Dan Jones

Jana Self

& Dwight

A pretty bizzare trip to the underworld. We spent about 9 hours or so down there, crawling, repairing carbide lamps, doing the "Hip-Squeeze", and singing songs like "we all live in a Yellow Sub-Terrain". Not recommended for people much fatter than I am. We used



a belay (and recommend it) for one  
50' portion. And beware the abyss!!

There is a register at the bottom of  
the cave in a room decorated by  
clay sculptures of skulls, and other things.  
Among other things written in the register,  
was a sonnet:

Dark and wet stained hole of mud,  
gimme grease, dirt,

Old sweat socks, silver crystals, close-  
kept walls,

All the notes that seem so lately  
scribed,

We all wish for something else:  
Not to get hurt,

But what's the point? You take your fall  
and hope

that some one else had brought your  
water, food,

Whatever there is that'll do any good;

A piece of twine, a sandwich, a long rope.

Never mind! Do it by yourself, worry  
over nothing; if you die, no one cares.

(cont'd) →

So do it all yourself. Their envious  
stares

will be your reward where out they  
hurried.

Let's stay down a time - measure out  
a day

And show the world we're stupid  
anyway.

- Signed only "SV"

IN MANY SMALL WAYS WE WOULD BE REMINDED  
OF THE SOLID LIMESTONE AROUND US + THE  
PARTICULAR PROPERTIES OF BEING UNDERGROUND.  
AT A COUPLE OF POINTS WE TURNED  
OFF OUR LIGHTS AND SAT OR STOOD VERY  
STILL. YOUR SENSES - EYES, NOSE, TONGUE,  
EARS - WOULD SEARCH AND SEARCH, STRETCHING  
THEIR ABILITIES INTO THE PROFOUND DARKNESS  
AND SILENCE. THE ROOF TWO INCHES ABOVE  
OUR HEADS CEASED TO HAVE ANY REFERENCE  
POINT IN OUR SENSES EXCEPT IN MEMORY.

AS THE REALITY OF ROOF AND WALLS  
BECAME LESS SURE, THE IMPRESSION WAS OF  
BEING IN A VAST CHAMBER, AND THEN A  
HUGE BLACK FIELD... ~~WAS~~ A BREATH IS  
DRAWN AND THINGS FLOOD BACK TO  
HUMAN + CAVE DIMENSIONS. SOON LIGHTS  
ARE IGNITED AGAIN, AND OUR LITTLE TANK

(Yosemite "Do-it-yourself"  
trip)

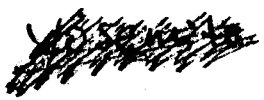
the Trip Non-leader, Mike Scherer really wouldn't know what happened on his trip, because he was climbing, and neither would (I) <sup>who? ME! WHO'S ME?</sup> for that matter. Nor would anyone else on the trip, since the Hiking Club group of "do-it-yourselfers" never really found each other once they all drove in to the valley.

INCONSISTANT: STEVE <sup>start who?</sup> SAYS IT RAINED. Since the weather was okay, I guess everyone had a good time. <sup>"OKAY" does not necessarily mean "HOT AND SUNNY" ALL THE TIME.</sup> would anyone like to add anything to this "trip account"?

Our group Tony Brake, Joanne McHugh, Steve Donelan, Nigel — didn't meet up with the rest of those on the trip. Only additional remark was occurrence of rain Sat. afternoon & evening. I had a good climb.

Mike Scherer

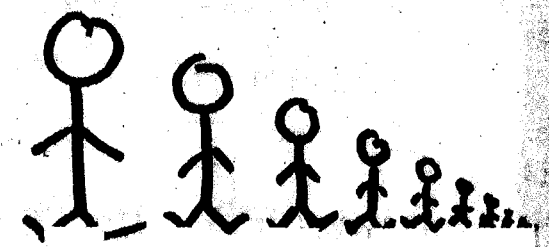
INCONSISTANT: STEVE SAID IT RAINED.



# Point Reyes Weekend Backpack

- Bob Atka
- Tracy Hoberman
- Bill Walzer
- Douglas Wright
- Louis Torregrossa
- Pat
- Jude
- Sarah Pomer

One eerie Saturday morning, ~~an~~ an unsuspecting group of five students set out on an adventure that would alter their lives immeasurably. Little did any of them know that, ~~one~~ one by one, the group would mysteriously diminish in size.



The adventure began climbactically, with a staggering ascent of the Mount of Wittenburg. Everyone survived and five remained. But wait! There were eight people on the trip! If no one had yet disappeared, ~~why~~ how could only five have remained? ??? How, indeed! The other three were busy combing the hills, mountains, beaches, and even the fir trees looking for the "gang of five."

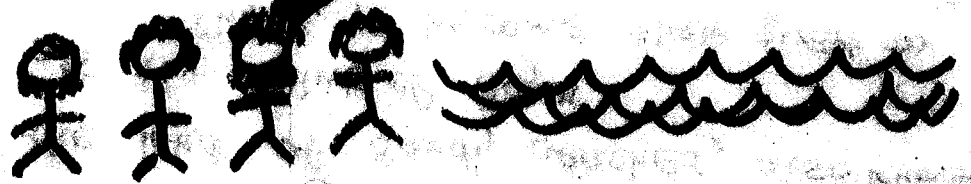
In the meantime, the not-yet-diminished group of five encountered the dreaded SINGING NETTLES!!!



Their song was not at all sweet! In fact, it prophesized the fate of the group.

Not at all worried, the seemingly unconcerned band of adventurers set off for the land of sculptured beaches. Some brave souls ventured into the trecherous surf. But where was Pat???

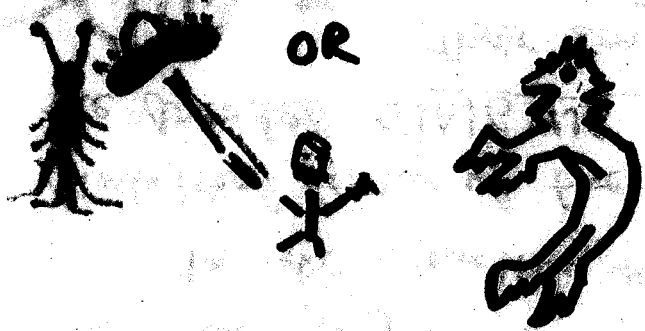
~~\*\*\* AND THEN THERE WERE FOUR \*\*\*~~



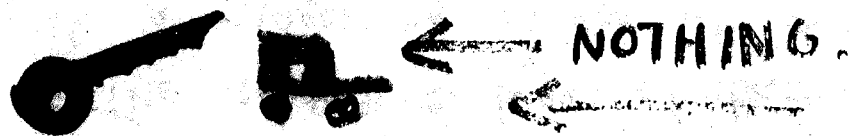
The remaining four returned to their camp by sunset, where they were joined by the "lost three", who became the "found three." That night there was a full moon. Werewolves were not seen, but, no doubt, they were there, for the following morning, Doug was no longer part of the group!

~~\*\*\* AND THEN THERE WERE THREE \*\*\*~~

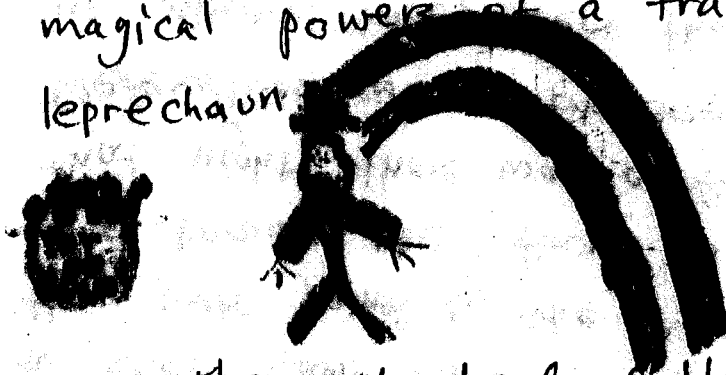
Why had Doug disappeared? Could it have been the werewolves that were angry at Doug for turning his flashlight on during the moonlight walk? Or was it merely a UFO?



The following morning, the remaining band of three returned to the "lot of parking." There is much debate and mystery about what had actually happened to the group in the following three hours. But, the truth remains clear: NOTHING HAPPENED. **Bullshit.**



Then, a miracle occurred. SOMETHING HAPPENED! The car had started without a key!!! This miracle was attributed to the magical powers of a traveling leprechaun.



Then, the band of three took their suddenly magical vehicle to the land of sandy beaches, also known as the Point of Reyes.

There, it became their quest to find the most beautiful, precious, and unique grain of sand in all the land. ~~After, it was found.~~ After many moons of searching, it was found. Then, the leprechaun turned evil and force-fed raw oysters upon the others. The grain of sand

Suddenly was lost!!! ~~the~~

~~the~~ Then, the leprechaun  
blinded the other two and made  
them wander all over salvation with  
neither their eyesight, nor their  
precious grain of sand.



But, miraculously, the ~~two~~  
two blind wanderers found the precious  
grain of sand, and regained their  
eyesight in the process. But, then they  
lost the sand. They had lost it for  
all of eternity!

Then, ~~the~~ the evil leprechaun  
disappeared!!!

~~AND THEN THERE WERE TWO~~  
And then they went home to  
Dante's. THE END.

(Timbering at Craymont Park - June 3

A) good afternoon... 4 of us went.

That's It???

## EAGLE PEAK MEADOWS

### WEEKEND BACKPACK

---

(...or... AN 80° WINTER WONDERLAND  
IN LATE MAY IN WET TENNIS  
SHOES)

---

Bob A., Dave Moore, & Gareth.

The weekend began with a 2-hr. hike up the Yosemite Falls Mist Trail, Friday night. Yes, believe it or not, the mist of the upper falls does rain on the trail around now!

The next day we encountered snow at elevations as low as 6500', as we hiked up Yosemite Creek & then up left along Eagle Peak Creek. At elevation 7000' snow was as deep as 4 feet, and very unsafe to walk over because of rocks & stuff under the soft ~~stuff~~ snow. In places where the trail wasn't covered

over with snow, it was usually the bed of a stream. For this reason, we abandoned Eagle Peak Meadows, and cross-countried over Boundary Hill towards Eagle Peak, near which we set camp. From there we day-hiked to the top, & then to the edge, of El Capitan.

The scenery was nothing less than spectacular, and, surprisingly, we didn't see ~~any other people at~~ ~~any other people at~~ all except around Yosemite Falls. Who says Yosemite Trails are like Highways??

NOTE: 1 1/2 hours before the trip left Friday Afternoon, Rich Perry informed me that he wanted to go and could drive 2 others. ~~No further comment~~. How did your trip go, Rich?

# MT SHA STA

24, 25, 26

R. BELLMAN

D. GENTON

STEVE (SOME THING BEGINNING WITH A "D")

EMERSON

A VERY GOOD TRIP BY  
ALL ACCOUNTS. ALL REACHED  
THE SUMMIT, STEVE GOT  
THERE FIRST. I SKIED DOWN!

(There was still  
lots of snow!)

(Ahem)



VARIOUS LITTLE TRIPS

- PT. REYES DAY HIKE SAT. MAY 26

BILL CREVIER

- STANISLAUS WITNESS + ENCAMPMENT

RIGH PERRY

JUNE 2-3

- Harvey Grosser

- Mushrooms

JUN 80 JUL 80 AUG 80

SUMMER  
1979

(yep, still lots of snow)

## GRAND CANYON OF THE TUOLUMNE

— just after finals. —

Bob A.  
Sheldon White  
Jane Adams  
John Pennucci  
Ken Chew  
Doug Wright  
Mark Chang  
Larry Dickey

The 4 days of hiking that we allowed from White Wolf to Tuolumne was just about right. On the first day, we descended down into Pate Valley, famous for mosquitoes, bears, and rattlesnakes.

This fame was supported by passing ~~at~~ people who described how they were ripped off, by an ingenious mother-cab team, despite their "ingenious" food hanging jobs. ~~They~~ Others told of rattlesnakes that they

saw, and one group actually had their packs riddled for food when they left them near a trail for only 20 minutes in broad daylight. Aggressive bears.

Thus, we decided to make the most of the situation by preparing our cameras and electronic flashes, ~~in~~ and a bag of pots hanging by an obvious and easy-to-cut cord, as a warning system. We were unfortunately disappointed, and the bears, still stuffed after the previous night's party, didn't come around. Two of our group did, however, see a rattlesnake.

The next day, it started partly cloudy. On one trail stop near ~~in~~ one of the first of many fine cascades, someone made the mistake of putting on sun tan lotion, ~~and~~ before the break was over, the clouds thickened, and it started raining. Fortunately, everyone put

on ponchos which immediately caused the rain to stop. Of course, since ponchos are uncomfortable, ~~the~~ people finally had to take them off, ~~and~~ causing the rain to return. The rain turned to hail, and eventually, snow, (at only 6500' elevation, in mid June, this was highly unusual). Needless to say, it did not last long. We picked the first campsite we could find, just north of Muir Gorge, where there were several "caves" under rock formations, and other flat areas to pitch tents. Everyone had shelter of one kind or another, which of course guaranteed a clear starry night.

Day three, we encountered ~~the~~ many fine cascades and the first official waterfall since the view of waterfalls over Hetch Hetchy on the first day. Water wheel, Le Conte, California, and other falls were all enjoyably violent.

the next day, we passed through  
Glen Aulin and hiked in to Toohamne  
Meadows. Ahhhh...

FALL  
1979

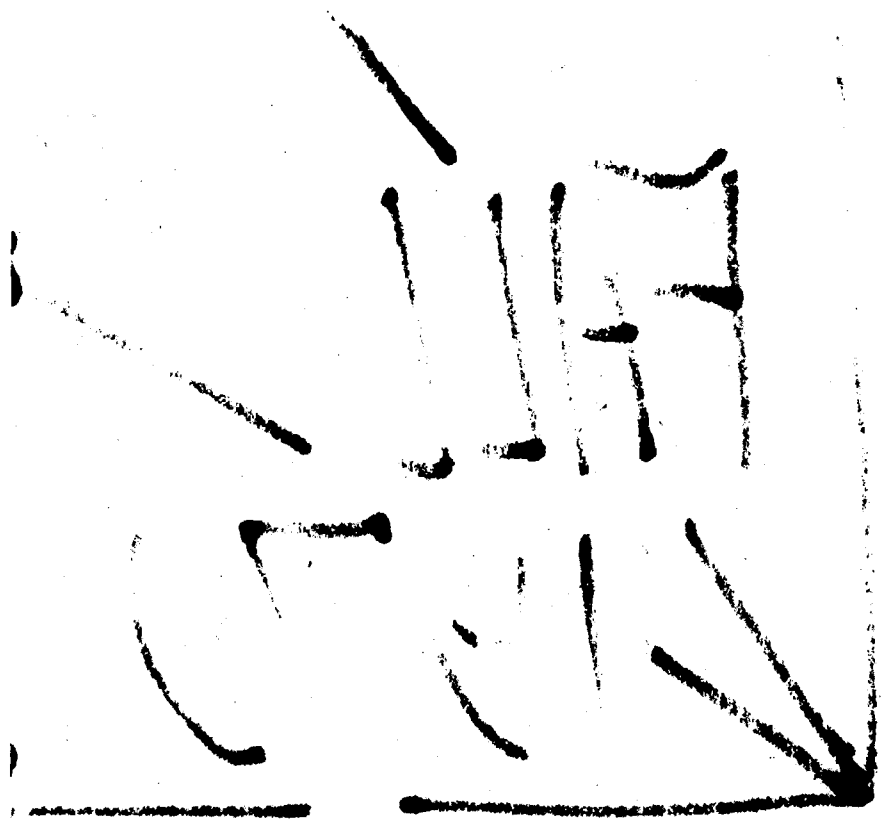
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SNOW?

lots of it probably melted!

Ahem ~~see~~ ~~mommy~~! where did  
it go after that?

IT WAS SENT DOWN TO LOS ANGELES.

can we go see it? Sure, just go check out  
my pool



# Wildcat Beach (Point Reyes) Dayhike

We departed from the Palomarin trailhead (south end of Pt. Reyes N.S.), somewhat pessimistic about everything, since the cloud cover was thick & the visibility low. But, upon reaching the beach, we were pleasantly surprised! Sun! Blue Sky!! Blue sea!!! And two people brought wine!!!!

Incidentally, we reached the beach via a trail that was marked by a sign, "trail closed". This trail turned out to be a worthwhile shortcut, and the obstacles involved were minor. (This trail begins just a little ways north of Pelican Lake, and ends at Almere Falls.) After a few hours of Frisbee, swimming at a very enjoyable high tide, and lunch, we departed to the north a mile upshore to Wildcat camp, & then returned to the cars via the coast trail.

DID ANYBODY GO ON THIS TRIP?  
NAMES?

I did.

MEE TOO

I think I was there

I FORGOT

yeah, that was a good hike.

huh? Wha?

I WENT. And you spelled Went

(No, seriously:  
Pamiss Williams,  
Norman Horton,  
Elanor Phipps,

Louis Ridgill, Steve Folkner, David Spener,  
Michelle Greenwood, Margaret Goodworth, Leanne  
Gary Francis, and Bob Akke.)

NT's 1st Club trip  
17-11-11



It snowed particularly hard while they pitched the tents. Then it let up a bit as everyone searched for firewood, and ~~for dinner~~. Dinner was comfortable, as snow lightly fell while the fire roared. Wine circulated and everyone was happy. To contrast the curses of the previous night, there was nothing but optimism around the fire ring that night; While some were not sure that they could ascend the Mountain in the snow, everyone agreed that it would be quite a sight through the ~~the~~ season's first snowstorm.

The group retired to tents early, and ~~the~~ listened to the gentle sound of falling snow on the ~~the~~ rainily, until it lulled them to sleep. ~~the camp, however,~~ ~~the~~ About an hour later, one of the campers was awakened by an uncanny silence that ~~was~~ suddenly surrounded the campsite. He opened the tent door and peered outside at a starry sky; one that was so convincing that he immediately pulled

his sleeping bag out of the tent, and slept under the stars. Until the following morning, no rain, no snow, only meteors ~~the~~ ~~the~~ showered above.

And a beautiful following morning it was! Not a cloud in the sky, and a ~~the~~ fantastic snow scene below, indeed the first of the year for that region.

The cable route to the top of Half Dome was icy in places, but safe. The Summit commanded a view unlike ~~any~~ ever seen by those who had been to the summit before. The spectacular scenery was enhanced by the lack of crowds, who all <sup>had</sup> stayed home and played monopoly or something, no doubt.

They had lunch atop Nevada Fall, and returned to Berkeley much inspired by a unique trip to a special place... the summit of Half Dome.

Note: Earlier in the quarter, there was another Half Dome trip led by Mark Chang which was not written up in the trip log.

# ANOTHER POINT REYES TRIP

This ~~was~~ 1 was after finals.

A very relaxed kick-back trip

1st night at Glen Camp

2nd night at Coast camp

In speaking just for myself I did nothing of any importance to anybody - oh wait a minute yes I did: The green rock formation above, and south of coast camp is green because of a moss that grows on it. This formation is a good location to watch birds (big birds) soar on the up drafts. Maybe I didn't do anything of any value or interest to any one.

Other members of the trip included. Please sign in.

1 NORMAN FLERTERICH

2 KENN PLASE

3 MARTA

4 JADL

5 RHONDA

6 JEAN

7 BOB ZOGG

8 DOUG

9 ZIPPY

who ~~did~~ had equally exciting adventures

which are described in detail below.

The Clangbird is a large metallic airborne creature that flies in ever-decreasing concentric circles until it eventually disappears into its own anus with a loud resounding CLANG, SIR! ... oh, point reyes?



CHRISTMAS, 1979

VELL THE HALLS  
WITH TRIPS OF  
POLLY!

DESOLATION VALLEY

MIKE SCHERER  
ANNIE Kersting  
ANN BENNINGER  
PRENTICE Williams...  
JENNIFER SCOTT  
BOB BELLMAN }  
SHARON HARGUS } LATE ARRIVALS



and "REX" WHO SHOULD HAVE STAYED HOME.

AHEM...

THIS "SKI" TRIP WAS MASTERMINDED BY THE INFAMOUS MIKE SCHERER, WHO ELSE?

ANY-WAY HE MANAGED TO TALK Louise Taylor INTO LENDING HER PARENTS

CABIN AS A HABITATION FOR THE TRIP.

A HAPPY GROUP CONSISTING OF MIKE ANNIE, ANN, PRENTICE, JENNIFER AND REX (leave behind next time) LOADED ALL ~~THEIR~~ THEIR SKIS INTO THE CAR AND HEADED INTO THE SIERRA WINTER WONDERLAND AND DISCOVERED... DIRT! ROCKS MUD, A FEW TREES BUT, NO SNOW (RHYMES)

UN-DAUNTED, MIKE PROBABLY SAID, "OH, DONT WORRY, NO PROBLEM, ALL

WE NEED TO DO IS CARRY OUR SKIS UP TO THE SNOW. ITS PROBABLY NOT TOO FAR AWAY, AND THEN WE CAN START "SKIING", WELL EVERY ONE LOADED UP THEIR SKIS AND CARRIED 50 LB PACKS UP OVER 8 MILES UNTIL THEY FINALLY DISCOVERED... ICE!, MORE ROCKS, DIRT, A FEW MORE TREES BUT, NO SNOW!

only fucking trees

UN-DAUNTED, MIKE PROBABLY SAID, "OH, DONT WORRY, NO PROBLEM, ALL WE <sup>we used our poles in our</sup> HAVE TO DO IS TAKE ~~OFF~~ <sup>the</sup> POLES OFF ~~WHOLE~~ <sup>whole</sup> OUR PACKS AND USE THEM FOR BALANCE, LIKE THIS!" AND MIKE TOOK OUT HIS POLES FOR BALANCE AND ~~THE~~ DEMONSTRATED THIS STRANGE MODE OF LOCOMOTION OVER ICE. OF COURSE, HE FELL <sup>as expected</sup> IMMEDIATELY AND SAID, "I SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MY CRAMPONS, HUMMINGBIRDS AND ICE SCREWS." AND SIMULTANEOUSLY THOUGHT, "AND I BROUGHT THESE \$100 GAITERS FOR NOTHING."

~~ANY~~ TO MAKE A LENGTHENING STORY SHORT, THEY ALL ARRIVED, BRUISED AND BATTERED, LATE THAT NIGHT AT THE CABIN.

ACTIVITIES DURING THE ~~STAY~~ STAY AT  
THE CABIN PROBABLY DID NOT  
INCLUDE <sup>true-true</sup> SKIING. ICE IS DIFFICULT  
TO TRAVEL OVER SO I'M SURE <sup>sort of</sup>  
HIKING WAS THE MAIN THING DONE.  
~~LAKE SKATING WAS ALSO POPULAR.~~  
RUMOR HAS IT THAT A STRIP

POKER GAME WAS PROPOSED BY  
MIKE? LOOK AT THE <sup>TRIP</sup> ROSTER. ~~HOW~~  
EITHER WAY, HOW COULD HE LOSE?!

AFTER 3 DAYS ME AND SHARON  
WANDERED IN. I HAD TO SPEND SOME  
TIME FINDING THEM SINCE MIKE LEFT  
ME NO INSTRUCTIONS <sup>since bob said he</sup> AS HE HAD  
<sup>wasn't coming up</sup> PROMISED. ~~AT~~ ANY RATE, I WAS TERR-

IBLY EMBARRASSED BY A SURPRISE  
BIRTHDAY PARTY AND AN ENORMOUS  
YELLOW <sup>with much smoke</sup> CAKE COURTESY MIKE & ANNIE.  
<sup>Hey! you didn't mention the incense.</sup>

ALL IN ALL, THOUGH CRUMMY SKIING  
I THINK EVERY BODY HAD A GOOD  
TIME. THANKS FOR THE CAKE! <sup>(WAIT TILL YOUR NEXT BIRTHDAY)</sup>

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS IN THIS SPACE.  
I wished I had brought my crampons  
and Ice axes. I should have gone  
to the Valley instead. Shit.  
Mike

ZAYE FOR R...UT.. =

What rebuttal?

# THANKSGIVING ~~1978~~ 1979 DESERT TRIP

## STARRING:

Daniel Mejerowitz  
Lani Way  
Hilary Davis  
Norman Hertenich  
Bob Akka

They were the pioneers of a new age. They had come from all corners of the world, over land and sea, to unite in search of a common goal. Many say that they had come in search of gold. Some historians link their adventures to the Schpielvogel treatise of neo-expansionism (1861). However, these brave men and women knew of a higher law, for what they were

searching for was a state of mind. And above all, they lived ~~under the firm~~ every moment under the firm conviction that it is better to explore new frontiers than to stay home. Yes, they were the



In our last episode, we left our fearless friends careening into the great valley of Eureka in a covered 'wagen without brakes!! The road was rough, and they had very little cooking oil. However, the ~~&~~ Desert Rats knew no fear, and so they pushed on into the evening until they reached Big Dune, and set camp.

At the base of big dune, the Desert Rats found themselves surrounded by the wonders of a new frontier. On the following day, they set out to behold these wonders further. Lani explored Big Dune. Bob & Dan & Hilary  
that was it this day.

explored a valley in search of the legendary Marble Baths. Norman explored ~~the rim of the~~ one of the walls of the valley. That night, they all celebrated their oneness with the great valley of Eureka with a grand banquet of ~~food that I do not recall~~ some kind of "food."

However, ~~they~~ little did they know that they would soon have a close encounter with



I built this thing as a hobby!

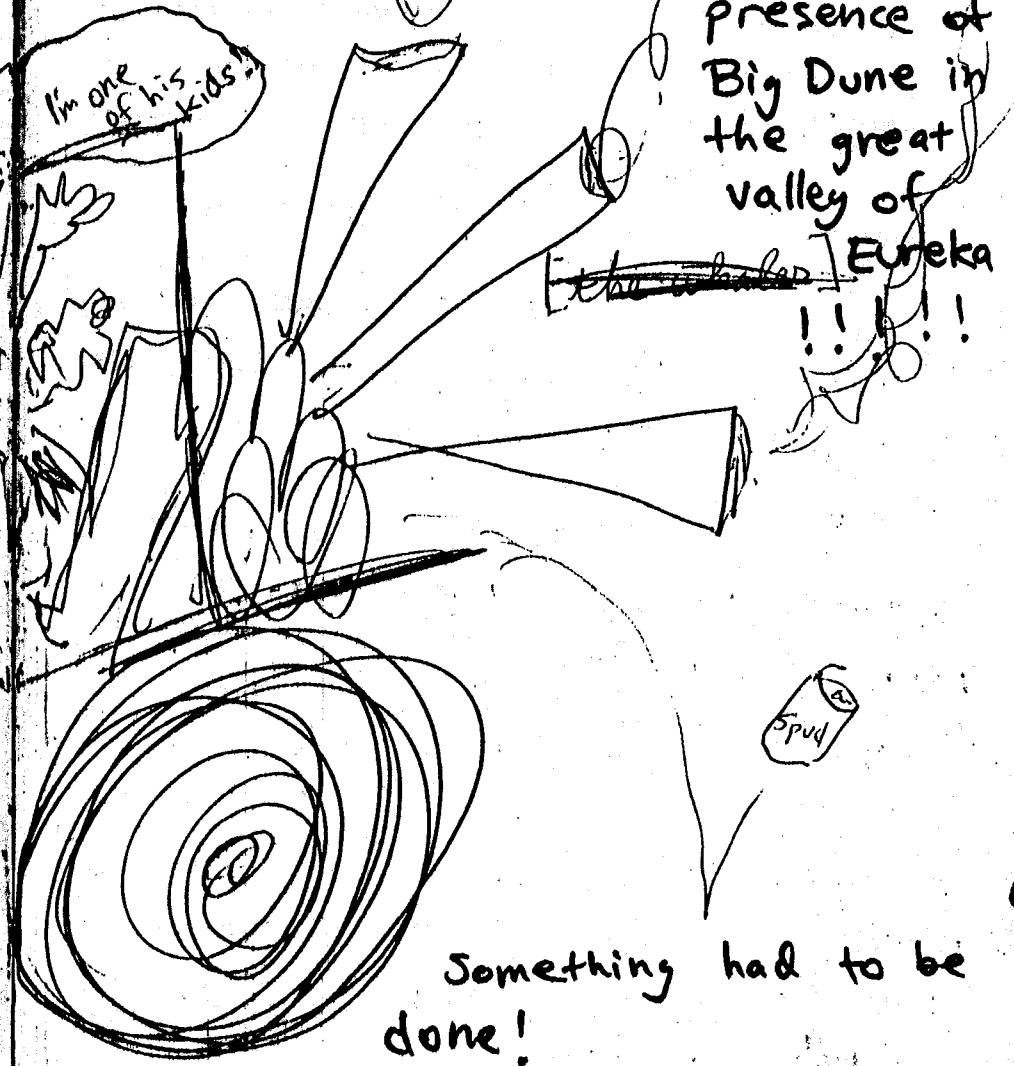
I'm his wife!

I'm one of his kids!

Oh hi, we're from Berkeley

the dreaded ~~to~~ dune buggy space invaders!! Daniel had to inform them that they must have landed on the wrong TV series, so they left.

Nevertheless, this bizzare meeting of the third kind had had a profound effect on all of them. Suddenly, our rustic adventurers began singing songs by Devo, and tried to re-enact scenes from the "Dead" while in the holy presence of Big Dune in the great valley of Eureka



"Down of Big Dune in the great valley of Eureka

~~Extra~~ Eureka !!!!!!

Spud

Something had to be done!

(The Desert Rats will return after these unimportant messages)

ATTENTION: THERE ARE ONLY 112 PAGES LEFT IN OUR LOG BOOK. USE THEM WISELY.

wisely like this

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE LOG BOOK RUNS OUT OF PAGES?

ATTENTION: BRILLIANT IDEA! IF NOBODY WRITES IN THE LOG BOOK WE WONT RUN OUT OF PAGES.

### THE DESERT RATS

continues!

yes, something had to be done! So, they climbed aboard their covered 'wagens in search of a sign! These promised signs would surely lead them to peace, happiness & contentment. Unfortunately the locals had torn down all the signs. But, the fearless Desert Rats stuck to their <sup>noble goals</sup> ~~goals~~ found the oasis, and soaked happily ever after.

AM

Bob Alka, Bob Bellman, Mike Scherer, Kent Pease, ...

## The Fourth Annual Evans Hall Camp Out

29 February 1980



Ahem...

Once upon a time back in the early 1700's there occurred a month of February of a leap year that came and went without the occurrence of a full moon. Sir Isaac Newton was alive at that time. So was Napoleon Bonaparte. Even Peter the Great, Not to mention King Edward the 7<sup>th</sup> and Benjamin Franklin's Dad. Since that time, war has ravaged our planet. Empires have risen and fallen. The moon has circled the earth approximately 3279.05 times but never did a February ~~part~~ of a leap year pass without one full moon.

Until February 1980. Kent Pease was among those who climbed Evans Hall to pay his respects upon this important month of <sup>full</sup> moonless Deep February. He was well aware that such a phenomenon would not occur again until the year 21982, as he bounced against a wall trying to synchronize himself to the chimes of the bell tower. <sup>(Jupiter, Mars)</sup> The other heavenly bodies also paid their respects on this momentous occasion by aligning themselves in a co-linear fashion with the great one itself.

AH, I will remember that fine day 265 years ago when a lovely full moon WAS NOT above my head in February. EDDY and Peter told me "BOB", they said, "IT WON'T BE TILL FEBRUARY 1980 THAT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO <sup>NOT</sup> SEE THIS FINE SIGHT."

BACK THEN ~~EXIST~~ EVANS HALL WASN'T EVEN IN EXISTENCE SO WE ALL CAMPED OUT ON TOP OF AN INDIAN TEEPEE THAT OLD NAPOLEAN HAD CAPTURED. I'VE BEEN CARRYING THE TRADITION FORWARD ALL THESE YEARS. US IMMORTALS NEED SOMETHING TO DO WHILE ALL YOU OTHERS ARE DRIPPING LIKE FLIES FROM ROBES AND THINKING ITS SMALLPOX WORDS OF WISDOM? RICH PATTYS

dad changes his spark plugs every 1.5 years and apples are not oranges.

The great orb has no longer lined up with the two planets and IT IS NOW MIKE ~~SCHAEBS~~ TEN TO WRITE MIKE SAYS "YUHK", "YUHK", "YUHK" -3

Let me fill you in gentle reader. Blub blub. That's a little joke. Ahem.

The intrepid would be clam bakers looked puzzled. Where were the clans? they thought. The man at the crossroads had been most helpful and sure of himself. Nevertheless the view was excellent and so the party

pa. d. i. f. r. ... or the edge. They scanned the navy blue sky for some sort of sign. There was none. Suddenly the gravel behind them uttered a muffled grinding, scraping sound. Noone stirred. They did not hear it. So Rich sat down unnoticed. This <sup>then</sup> is the Saga of Just HOW RICH SAT DOWN!!

He did it with a graceful ease that belied the horrendous nature of the feat. His lithe body folding ~~between~~ <sup>beneath</sup> his massive frame. His joints let out the smallest of squeaks and his lungs exhaled slightly with the effort. The position in which he came

to rest was not unlike that used by the ferocious tribes of the Amazon [It is now the upper reaches of the Amazon basin.]

His balance was perfection itself with his weight distributed evenly over his feet; neither too far forward nor too far back.

The stars shown in his tearfilled eyes as the realization of what he had accomplished soaked his brain.

Thank you.  
He wrote:  
No, He Slept. (read his big sur write-up.)

What of fact  
of Q's time is  
Q's hona Es  
hear st x i i

ATTENTION: WASTE FULLNESS SUCH AS THE PREVIOUS THREE PAGES WILL ONLY USE UP VALUABLE SPACE!

P.S.: A SIMPLE: "OH FUCK" WHAT TIME IS IT " WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT. DO NOT WASTE PAGES.

→ Oh, got a job!

Other trips that happened  
Fall '79 or Winter '80:

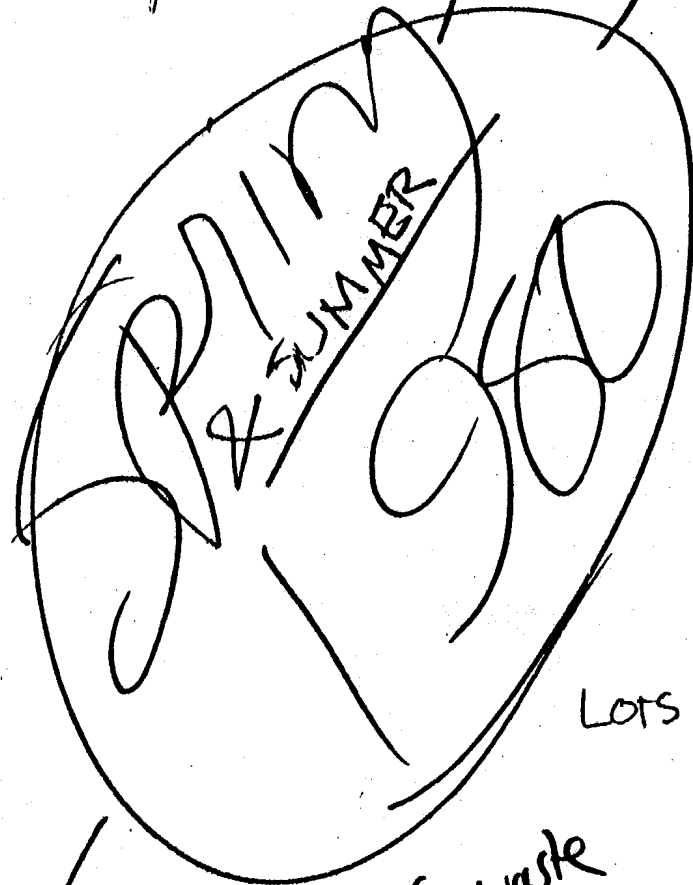
- The UHC Gourmet trip in Wawona
- XC skiing.
- Rich Perry's Desert trip  
Lots of driving for dubious rewards - NH
- Pinnacles trip

Lot's of Gorp.

MEHA...  
DID YOU KNOW THAT "GORP"  
SPELLED BACKWARDS IS

"PROG"

It's "rgop" spelled  
sideways.



LOTS OF SNOW

Lots of waste

LOTS OF SNOW  
LOTS OF WASTED

WASTES  
SNOW

# 1<sup>ST</sup> ANNUAL U[HC] MOON

TRIP (LOTS OF  
SNOW  
TOOT-SHUFF-BOOT-SHUFF)

Feb. 30, 1980,

otherwise stardate 3211/67UN.

After an eventful takeoff (retrograde exhaust blast-clogging, invertebrate psychosis, cheese glop smeared on the controls, someone put gasp in the super-duper rocket fuel, etc.) the MOON BUMS were off. Our fearless astronauts are:

JOEY Greencheese

Luna Rocketblast

Moon Martin

Joyful Lee

Johnny Astrogas

and that fearless daredevil rocket pilot,

BOB AKKA

A little too daredevil, perhaps. After slaloming a couple asteroids a couple of our sacks came loose and we lost two. Mellow out, astro bob!

Flying through empty space, gliding this way and that to the sound of Bob's terrible tapes, wasting UCHC trip log space as we go, we suddenly come, quite suddenly, upon the moon, and crash-land. However, with the help of somebody's straps and shoe-laces, and a few dabs of UCHC Quick-Hardening ~~Epox~~ Epoxy Glue<sup>TM</sup> (in a handy-dandy tube available everywhere, also ~~comes~~ conveniently doubles as food on longer (and some shorter) trips) our space-shuttle was rendered serviceable again.

We had landed in the Sea of Tranquility. Bouncing along in reduced gravity, we hiked 200 miles our first day, up the nearest crater. There's a beautiful view of the sea about 2 miles south of the hot springs. Don't go in the hot-springs, though. Bob tried it and was eaten by the slimy Ovalintention that jumped out from behind a big gran Havarti. We left a set of faulty brakes at the site as a memorial to Bob. Disheartened, leaderless, and covered with moon-dust, we bounced back to Bob's VW spacebug and returned w/o him back to Berkeley, which wasn't far. Farewell, oh Bob.

~~Bob's VW spacebug~~ I did



And now for something totally different. (Ahem)

DUE TO SPACE LIMITATIONS, THE FOLLOWING RESTRICTIONS WILL BECOME EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

1 ONLY APPROVED VEHICLE TRIPS MAY BE WRITTEN UP. APPROVED TRIPS MUST HAVE A SIGN-UP LIST.

2 THERE IS TO BE NO MORE WASTE-FULL BANTER [TWO PAGES]. REMEMBER: WASTING SPACE IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SILENT. BE SEEN BUT NOT HEARD.

3 WRITE SMALL. THE APPROVED MAXIMUM HEIGHT OF LETTERS WILL HENCE FORWARD BE  $\frac{1}{8}$ ". TRY TO GET 20 WORDS PER LINE. TRY HARDER.

4 YOU MAY USE PAGES ACCORDING TO THE FOLLOWING RELATION:

$$\int B dh = \text{INT} \left[ 1 + \left[ \frac{L}{N} \right] 2 \right] \neq L.75$$

B = WIDTH OF PAGE

h = HEIGHT OF PAGE

L = LENGTH OF TRIP [DAYS]

N = # OF PEOPLE WHO WENT

but what in hell is P ???

ALSO IF  $L > 75$ :  $\int B dh = 3$   
 (P) <sup>What's P???</sup>

NOTE: THE ABSOLUTE MAXIMUM NUMBER OF PAGES IS THREE! (3). UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES IS ANY WRITE-UP TO EXCEED THIS LIMIT.

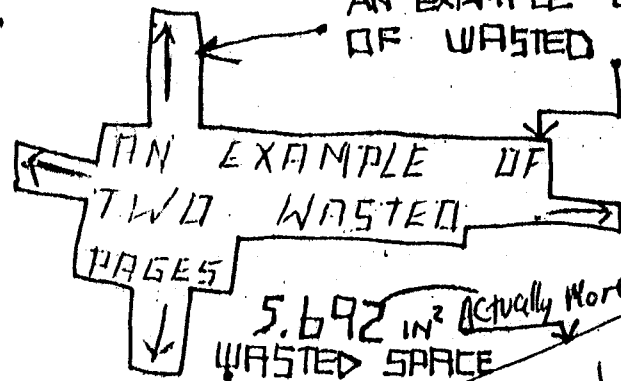
5 IT IS HOPED THAT THESE EASILY FOLLOWED RULES CAN BE FOLLOWED TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL. YOU CAN SAVE A TREE BY YOUR EFFORTS. PLEASE COOPERATE. MANY THANKS.

The space-waster strikes again!!

Another real dull office hour, Bob?

AN EXAMPLE OF 2.863 in<sup>2</sup> OF WASTED SPACE.

Actually Less



P is an undefined variable!!  
 this "equation" therefore makes no sense.  
 this entire trip Log therefore makes no sense.  
 NO REWARD, YOU MAKE NO SENSE



16.51Z W<sup>2</sup> WASTED SPACE

(Please skip this page to allow for further instructions on how not to waste trip log space) Please ignore this request.

Club officers are hereby admonished not to waste log space warning other members to waste log space, as, for example, the last 2 pages.

DON'T EAT AT THE KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN IN NEWARK. THEY DON'T SERVE ENOUGH CHICKEN WITH THEIR GREASE. BETTER TO GO FOR BANANA SLUGS AND SLIME. Good supply of THESE AT

84 BASIN STATE PARK. Please do not waste this space

DON'T BE 'FOOLED' BY THE ABOVE COMMENTS. THEY WERE ACTUALLY WRITTEN BY ONE PERSON ATTEMPTING TO DECEIVE US BY USING A 4 COLOR PEN!

SAVE FOR SOMETHING IMPORTANT

No, actually I didn't write the one in blue, but you're right; it is a four-color pen. But how did you know I wasn't using 4 different pens?

↑ This? Important??!

LCS / Ram pas Dayhike <sup>OF SNOW</sup>

(Near Walnut Creek)

WHAT IT IS, BOZO!

Our Cosmonauts on this one were:

Norman Hertzich

Charles Rank

Yev A kob; an off

Nice hike on a picturesque, steep ridge. Nice views of The Creek, the bay, Marin, a teeny bit of ocean, the delta, Diablo, and the moon. Trail gets a bit steep in places, where it gets precariously slippery when it gets wet. Mud is terrible after a rain. Don't let the cows fool you: they ~~may~~ may look quite harmless, but at the slightest provocation they will turn their backs to you and release their excrement for you. Looks really gross. Be careful: their turds are all over the place, and this is not a lot of bull shit. COOL IT NORM

Frozen Bullshit? Several nice meadows along

the ridge-top, suitable for lunching, fishing, etc.; they're free of the otherwise omnipresent turds.

A poison oak on the hillsides, but are tons of it along the trail at the ridge top. Frequently it will extend forth a branch in gracious welcome of you into its realm. Do not shake its hand!

The "Sulphur Springs" are a trickle (flowing through a pipe which goes into the ground) which empties into 3 consecutive ~~bathtubs~~ bathtubs. The water tastes of a dilute mixture of sulphur and cow-turds.

If you go down the Trapsline trail, seeing a hard to ~~find~~ right when the trail abruptly ends at a sand ~~stone~~ stone ridge, and climb up along this "spine". This "spine" is the trail; it took us a while to realize that.

Please note that your banana-slugs with slime tails better with a liberal sprinkling of cow-turds.

P.S. PLEASE DON'T WASTE ~~ANY~~ SPACE THIS SUMMER

Atten.  
**SUMMER**  
**\*1980\***  
Lots of ~~the~~ SUN

July:

Mt Diablo

Anlerie Reiss  
Lev

Words of advice:

Valerie Smith

Don't go to Diablo

Tim Lee MIT

in July, Lev usually

knows where he's

going, but not always.

So stay on obvious

paths and avoid going downhill

cross-country thru poison oak.

The top of the 2<sup>nd</sup> highest peak is a good place to study suburban planning, but other than that it was fun!

Fall '80 Oct 10-11 (Fri-Sat)

Beginner's Rockclimbing at  
the greatest Yosemite.

Sang Choi <sup>Birthday boy</sup> Mike Churken  
Bob Akka Bob Bellman  
Ahmad Zuchi, Mark Amenzind  
Joe Sciallo, Mary Chapman  
David Hobby, Valerie Smith  
Ingmar Oldberg, Linda Riddle  
Steve <sup>Donelgn, Rose Anne?</sup>  
which starts with what letter?

Gear: U.C. highking club's

Bunk Rock gears (Hard  
ware) and two good ropes,  
with many personal  
climbing gear.

We arrived at night of  
Oct 11 at Sunny Side Camp  
Highking club?

50¢ per each, we slept  
without much Romance  
Speak for yourself.

Next day we climbed  
Apron (Glacier point) -  
Cow (5.7) and Grack (5.6+)  
with a little confusions.  
But relatively everything  
goes really smooth.

For next rock climbing  
trip. Trip leader should  
plan climbing route, ~~and~~  
time and number of  
climber more carefully.

= Pizza & Beer are  
one hell of part of climbing  
trips. S.C.

# QUESTION: WHAT CAUSED IONIAN BASIN?

"In the beginning God created Heaven and Earth. He made the mountains and the deserts and the oceans. And it was good. And the Lord said 'What shall I do with all this extra rock?'

All this black talus garbage and red crap that's all over the damn place and this other junk which I wouldn't even deface Mt. Darwin with? And the Lord created Ionian Basin and He dumped all His Heavenly rock garbage there in large shapeless piles. And it was rugged."  
-Genesis 1:1-2.

# QUESTION: DO WE BELIEVE THIS?

In August of 1980, three great scientists from the University of California decided to travel to Ionian Basin to formulate their own hypotheses. What they discovered would later shake the worldwide scientific community. Their momentous journey shall be remembered as the

# EVOLUTION -

(vs.)

# GODDARD BACKPACK TRIP

27 AUGUST - 8 SEPTEMBER  
1980

with ~~Bob~~ Robert Akka (famed Geologist),  
Prentiss Williams (influential ~~to~~ biologist), and  
Norman Herterich (who eats his peanut butter and  
currantly jelly right out of the Gerry tubes (!!))  
spellcast

MUCH OVEREMPHASIZED

norman... why don't you continue  
this fiasco?

"Later that same day God saw the  
Basin Ionian She had created, and  
She saw it was incomplete, and She  
said, 'Let this place be of deep  
gorges and hi passes, of a bitter  
cold which freezes lakes all the  
year, and let these Lakes be surrounded  
by steep cliffs, so's any idiots who  
come here must go miles out of  
their way to go around, and let there  
be talus, shitloads of talus, so's  
some destroy' (Cont.)

FALL '80 . OCT. ~~19-17~~ 3--5

# Young Lakes & Mt. Conness (Almost)

## Participants

Mark Chang

Steve

Karla

Jane Windsor

Bob Nau

Sulin

Chung

## Damages

Loss of lubrication  
in left hip joint

Malfunctioning ankle

Thank <sup>God</sup> for only 1 blister!

2 huge matching  
blisters

Unsatisfiable hunger!

Total and devastating  
exhaustion

ARCH Fatigue.

(Continue after page for Bob/Norman)

Despite injuries, everybody had a  
fantastic time! Recommendations: never  
camp at the 1st two Young Lakes.

Proceed to the uppermost one. 2:  
Don't use the saddle for ascent to -

~~... [scribble] ...~~

... dare intrude upon it and that these wires  
may suffer for their intrusion. Oh, and  
let there be a slick spot in the snow where  
Man shall slip and break his <sup>ankle</sup> ~~leg~~. And  
God also tossal in a bush and an ice case.

And it came to pass our 3 scientists  
entered upon the Basin, and, Lo, they beheld the  
talus and terrain God had wrought, and they  
said "Oh Shit." "Magnificent talus" said one  
amongst us, but he was probably quite mad,  
and went around muttering <sup>about</sup> something or other  
called a "fox tail pine", when it was obvious that  
weren't any trees for miles. He also kept Goasting  
about a 15-pound pack. (We think he stole some  
of our food at night.)

One of our other batty scientists brought  
2-3 dozen cameras with him. This enormous  
weight, in addition to the terrain + thin air, drove  
him to taking pictures of tennis shoes. He  
was usually several miles ahead of us on the  
trail, so we ~~well~~ didn't have to concern ourselves  
with him, and had only to humor him when he pretended  
to break his legs.

Our third member was totally rational and  
didn't do anything much writing about.  
Some sick lights: got disoriented, almost hit  
by lightning, and soaked in this hot ~~cal~~  
tub which she had also wrought.

Who for the 2 fools stand still  
every ten minutes!!! And ~~cook~~ <sup>took</sup> pictures  
gave food to Norman. ~~Bob/Norman~~ and  
who, being totally uninterested. ~~... [scribble] ...~~

continued from Save Somy Bob / Norman:  
use the left side gully  
Mt. Conness. 3: There should always  
be a "reunion" after the trip so  
everyone can tell stories about recoveries  
from injuries. We did - plus a slide show  
and lots of wine and beer!

---

Other summer trips:

Leavitt Meadows → Tower Peak

Mosquitoes

Norm Henri Kim

Alex Finch

Norman Herterich

Sylvia Herterich

Pinecrest → Tilden Lake

NORMAN HERTERICH

EUGENE SERABYN

↑ checked out 4 days in  
EVEN MORE MOSQUITOES

---

divided for four (four for gods sake!)  
(which he assumed would feed him for  
four days.) Gimme a break, guys, I'd  
never used the stuff before. Luckily you  
guys brought enough food to feed Tom.

# CLOUD'S REST



## WEEKEND BACKPACK

OCT 17-19, 1980

Bob Akka  
Mark Chang  
Daniel Meyerowitz  
Prentiss Williams  
Ahmad Zuchi  
Asa Bradman

Lev Akabjanoff <sup>incorrect</sup>  
Norman ~~HERTICH~~  
~~HERTICH, Goddammit!!~~  
Anthony Loman <sup>correct</sup>  
& Vida

They woke up in Yosemite Valley.  
They beheld the wondrous cliffs and the  
expansive valley. And one starry-eyed  
nature-lover said to the other "Where  
in Hell is Norman?" And the other  
replied:

Norman certainly is not here  
He probably stopped to drink a beer  
or maybe they forgot to wake up.  
Norman.  
Which would mean that he's still  
dormant.

Then, they decided to depart  
their journey without Norman. Cloud's  
rest was only 10.5 miles away, but  
the altitude gave them pause and much  
trepidation. One skeptic queried "can  
we really do 6000' in one day???"  
Why sure, replied the intrepid trip leader  
as he sauntered off with 5ft strides.  
Not to be outdone, the rest of the group  
scurried along eager to reach their destination.  
Not forgetting the 3 who had never shown  
up, a few members of the party carried  
pencils and then along the trail hoping to  
catch a glimpse of Norman et al bringing  
up the ~~rear~~ rear. But it was to no avail.  
Norman never showed his smiling face and  
the group had to content themselves with the  
hope that Norman's change of venue was  
affording him as much pleasure as they  
were getting from their own trip.

Thus the group hurried on, stopping  
not infrequently to admire the magnificent  
terrain around them.



As Cloud's Rest gets nearer  
~~and nearer~~, excitement grew stronger  
and there wasn't any doubt in almost  
everybody's mind that we can make it.  
Drawing from his most inner strength,  
deeper than where he found his five  
feet strides, our fearless leader achieved  
his second wind... and off he went,  
way to the top. But "Oh No!" said he,  
"It's a false summit! I feel like Mr. Bill."  
One among us,  
a brave soul, <sup>that</sup> bless, <sup>person</sup>, dared to ask:  
"Are we lost, have we been misled? Does  
Mother Nature fool us because we make  
marjamine that fools her? What, my  
friends, is THE FALSE SUMMIT?"

SPACE

MUSIC

IN THE CAR DRIVING BACK FROM THE  
AWAHNEE HOTEL: PACK WEIGHT STILL  
LINGERS ON OUR SHOULDERS  
→ GRANITE

CLIFFS / LATE, BRIGHT, SUNLIGHT...

WE WERE NOT VERY GOOD  
CONTERFEITERS IN THE AHWANNEE: THE  
WAY WE WOULD YELL TO EACH OTHER,  
GROAN HAPPILY WHILE SITTING IN  
A CUSHIONED CHAIR, AND CONTEMPLATE  
TRYING TO SNEAK INTO THE EVENING  
TEA.

GRIPPING THE STEERING WHEEL  
WITH HIS TEETH SO HE CAN GET  
A CLOSER LOOK, BOB PUTS HIS NOSE  
AGAINST THE WINDSHIELD AND  
MUTTERS, "OH BOY! EL CAP!" DANIEL,  
CONFIDENT THAT HIS WORDS WILL  
LIVE ON FOR GENERATIONS, PUTS DOWN  
PHRASE AFTER PHRASE OF HIS IMMORTAL  
LITERATURE. PRENTISS, KNOWING  
SHE'LL BE RUN OUT OF THE COURTS  
IF SHE DOESN'T MAINTAIN HER G.P.A.,  
STUDIES REVERISHLY IN THE DIM  
6:00 PM LIGHT.

THE VEEDUB BUG BECOMES A  
SPACE MOBILE, EASING US OUT OF  
OUR SUNNY MOUNTAIN WEEKEND  
ON THE POWER OF A SOFT SUNSET  
AND CALMING MUSIC. THE LAST COUPLE

OF WIND, SUNSHINE, STORY-TELLING,  
AND PANORAMAS. LOTS OF STORIES!  
ANIMAL STORIES, CLIMBING STORIES,  
LOTS OF FOOD STORIES, AND NO END  
OR TALES ABOUT BACKPACKING EQUIPMENT.  
YOU WOULDN'T THINK THERE WAS SO  
MUCH TO SAY ABOUT CAMPING GEAR!  
FOOD WAS DEFINITELY A POPULAR SUBJECT,  
AS WAS DEBU.

WE WENT A GOOD WAYS, ABOUT  
ELEVEN MILES + 6000 FEET EACH  
DAY, BUT THERE WAS PLENTY OF  
TIME FOR ENJOYING THE SUN RISE  
AND SPOTLIGHT HALF DOME.

BOY! EVERYONE IS LOST IN  
THEIR OWN THOUGHTS WITH THE  
SHIMMERING MUSIC AND EVENING  
SCENERY. I KEEP TAKING LONGER  
AND LONGER BETWEEN EACH LINE

♪ ♪ ← ♡ ♡ → ★ ★  
MUSIC FROM <sup>THE</sup> HEARTS OF SAGE  
and a fine weekend!

harvest history H...  
no comment I guess Oct. 24th

### Cloud's Rest Trip (cont.)

Feverishly and in great haste, and quite  
quickly too did we speed into the  
night, when come upon an entrance  
gate to a great and noble Yosemite did  
we ~~and~~ ask unto ourselves: "Where  
the ~~hell~~ <sup>heck</sup> the snow is?", and lo, enter  
upon a ranger station did we asked there:  
"Hey ranger, where the ~~hell~~ <sup>heck's</sup> the snow?"  
Ranger respond: "There aint no, my son", and  
lo, did he profound unto us the Tioga road  
was open once again, contradictatorially to  
what leader ours, brave and true - the  
Bob of Akka, had preached unto us. Aha!  
leave we did a note, clung unto the  
gate of entry unto this Yosemite, that we  
proceed evermore to cold and mysterious Lake of  
the Tenaya and proceed therefrom unto the  
resting place that is the Clouds', furthermore that  
they should followup and there we meet.  
Lo, there comes the morning next,

and Bobs are very scarce, because ask ourselves we do, "Where the hell is Bob?" Realize upon ourselves <sup>we did</sup> on that juncture at, the Bob of Akka ripped through the gate unto the great and noble Yosemite and had looked upon our message not.

So head off did we the short and easy way, and took in upon ourselves a mellow, easy day. Many rests we took. Sunset near, reached our goal, and standing Rest of Clouds atop, spy we the Bob of Akka, fearless leader ours we did, and then get stoned and drunk as the sun did set she did, and then did part our ways again wedid, and so met we. Then follow did a mellow day, civilization return, and drive towards Berkeley, mystic place that is, there people are who funny grammar use. - Norman

Point Reyes Sat., Oct. 25, 1880.

Norman Herterich  
Jean - Mark \_\_\_\_\_  
Ingmar Oldberg  
Frances \_\_\_\_\_  
Dave \_\_\_\_\_  
Simon Lee  
Barbara \_\_\_\_\_

Ah yes, the inevitable Pt. Reyes trip. Left Five Brooks, climbed Fir Top, getting lost on the way, fisher at the beach, Glen Camp, got lost again (Route-finding in a poison-oak patch), and return. Overcast, too cold for swimming, rained briefly, rather pleasant.

This here is an official record of the  
Tuolumne Meadows, Merced Lake  
Echo Valley backpack trip. The  
participants were: Tim Ingham,  
Liz Levesque, Ann Keller,  $\frac{1}{2}$  (Peter  
Coates). The original destination of  
this trip was the Tuolumne Meadows  
vicinity. The road, however, was closed.  
(well, strictly speaking it was open) ✓  
after an extraordinary amount of confusion  
I decided that we would visit Merced  
Lake: 14 miles east of, 2500 above  
Yosemite Valley. It turned out that  
we had bitten off more than we could  
chew, however, and we ended up at  
some place called Echo Valley. That is  
to say, everyone except Peter who had

been knee-deep; so he went by himself to  
Clads Rest. Basically we had a nice time.  
The weather was really fine. (by the way,  
I should mention that this trip occurred  
10/17 - 10/19 1980) not too cold, not  
too hot, clear skies; in spite of ~~the~~ the  
fact that the stupid ranger told me on  
10/10 over the phone that it was snowing  
and that there were several inches of snow  
on the ground (there was not - well maybe  
 $\frac{1}{16}$ " in a few places). Therefore my  
advice to you is: Never believe what the  
rangers and the other authorities tell you, go  
anyway and if you freeze to death or  
something else happens to you then blame it  
on me. Tim

# ANOTHER PUMPKIN STORY

Pumpkinengineering 1980  
30 October 1980

very good. Bob,  
you're showing  
marked improvement

## the Guests:

Bob Akka	Sung Choi
Mark Camenzind	Norman (Herterich)
Kent Pease	Godclammit
Arlene Reiss	Rich Perry
Mike Churkin	

(Not Necessarily their real names)

## the Hosts:

Abe Lincoln Bust on South side  
of Pumpkinile →

"1910 Arch" over Strawberry creek

East Face of Main Library

Sather Gate

Hearst Mining Entrance

East Entrance O'Brien/Hesse Engineering Center

West Entrance Evans Hall

West Face of Latimer Hall

Northeast Entrance Life Sciences Bldg.

Plaza Entrance Wurster Hall

Atop DNA sculpture, Beditel Engineering Center

South of 4 Corners atop South Hall

and

The California

Hall

Flaypole.



What in hell  
is this  
flag?

Flaypole's  
Learning  
there,  
Mark!

the story: Shakespeare's  
THE OKTOBER'S TALE  
(to be read aloud, with appropriate accent.)

Enter ~~SANG~~ KENT

~~SANG~~: A message from the galleys, sir.

Enter BOB

BOB: We must not think the cops so unskillful  
to leave those pumpkineers alone which concern  
them  
In this hour of idle cause.

No, but for myself before God shall I  
Like the Pontic sea  
Quest for the utmost ledges for the pumpkins  
those are mine.

For in due reverence of a sacred vow  
Have I to-night to ascend the halls of  
human learning  
with pumpkins overflowing with the spirit  
of uncompromising futility.

KENT:

Is this Englishman ~~an~~ expert in his drinking?

~~SANG~~: Nay, the gentleman of spirited delusions does indeed seek  
to enlist our action upon this eve of pumpkinengineering.  
Are these, I pray you, called pumpkin instruments?

KENT:

Aye, sir, such ropes and bountiful myriads of biners  
Are in the service of our forces  
to meet those heights upon high with pumpkins.

The Golden Gate Bridge

DCP

Hark! A delegation joins upon our shore!  
Be they of better judgement,  
or shall they enlist themselves with us in foul pranks?

Enter MARK, ARLENE, RICH, NORMAN, and MIKE

KENT:

Art thou foolish or fair?

NORMAN:

We art both,  
witness the degeneracy upon our thoughts  
And accept our bounteous noble nature  
In this quest of pumpkineering.

BGB:

Dost thou say so?  
Long live you to place pumpkins with our help!

ARLENE:

O monstrous occasion!  
Take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest is not safe,  
To be safe and ground-bound is bland,  
To be bland and tranquil is to  
Not gape upon the sight of pumpkins upon high!

RICH:

For nothing can cast damnation upon those  
who trespass upon the gate of honourable lunacy.

~~MARK:~~  
MARK:

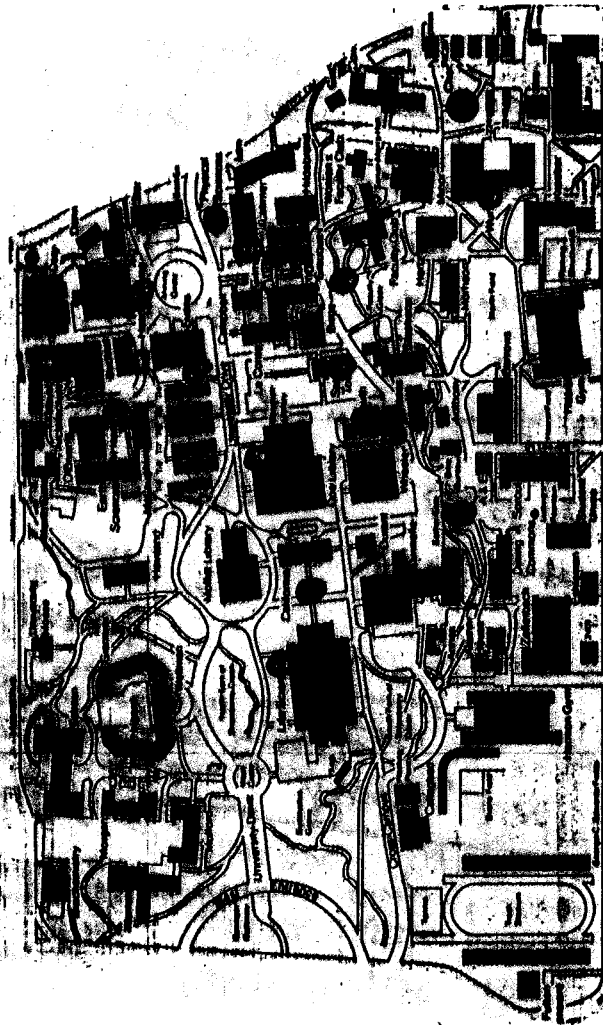
Such is the playpole of life.

~~MIKE:~~  
MIKE:

Away, I say! Delay is on!

EXIT BGB, MIKE, MARK, ARLENE, KENT, NORMAN, and SANG, and RICH.

EXEUNT.



PUMPKIN MAP  
1980

PUMPKIN CARVERS:

LEDA SCHULAK  
MARY CHAPMAN  
MARK CHANG

~~SANG:~~  
& Virtually all of the PUMPKINEERS  
& others who shall be nameless.

But, he decided not to be so business as usual.

With the...  
dillo for me...  
... ..

The Second Annual UC Hiking Club

# Gourmet Trip

At Samuel P. Taylor Park on Nov. 1<sup>st</sup> 1980

## Participants:

Mike Scherer

Bob Bellman

Bob Akka

Mark Chang

Frank Muennemann

Jeff Curtis

~~Geoff~~ Jeff Faraghan

Jennifer Scott

Jean-Mark Lang

Mary Chapman

Leda Schulak

Nick Peterson

Sheila Nixon

H O R S D'OUVERVES  
Spell d by ~~Mike~~ 'v' g'g  
as dictated by Mike Sheer.  
; ~~something~~ not 40

French Bread with (cucumber and  
5 Cheeses: Brie, <sup>de la d'ile</sup> Pâtes, Tappi, Petit Deline de France, <sup>Pat Salut -</sup>  
Pumpernickel Bread + Veggies ad infinitum

Conti-Royale Ruby Cabernet

Sierra Vista Zinfandel  
Banana slugs & slime & liberal cow turds  
Punch with vodka, Hawaiian

This was  
written by  
someone not  
on the trip.

~~Adobe California~~ Punch, Red wine, and  
~~California Burgundy~~  
Pepsi. Future recommend  
ation: Leave the Pepsi behind.

## Comments:

"Dirt" - Mike Sheer

"Faded Elixer" - Geoff F.

"Something you might wash horses with"  
- Nick

"Interesting" - Bob A.

"Aight to be buried in Love Canal"  
- Mike again.

"I think that's some punch I can do  
without" - Frank

"Toilet bowl cleaner" - Mary

"Unique" - Leda

"It's probably very sterile"  
Bob B

Upon recovering from the above described concoction, dinner preparations consumed the energies of all and sundry.

Geoff combined the best of Chinese ingredients to present us with a delightful little soup. Mary & Leda complemented this with their delectable salad topped with Bluecheese dressing, and a home-made dressing variously dubbed white/green goddess, "the only dressing besides green goddess that Bob will eat", though Mary contends that it's

In spite of a "minor design flaw", i.e. Bellman's rotating spit produced 8 scrumptious, stuffed game-hens, one of which got up towards the end of the meal and danced a jig across the table. Unfortunately it was rather drunk having helped us consume our collection of fine dinner wines;

Carnus Vineyards Pinot Noir Blanc

~~and~~ Moodavi Calif. Vin Rosé

Boeger Cardonnay

Sebastiani Burgundy

Conti Royale Spanish Red

Sainte Clare French Colombard

Fetzer Blanc de Blancs

and one fine bottle of celebration;

André Cal. Pink Champagne

and our aperatif;

Triple Sec Orange Liqueur

So it tripped on the Vodka (oh, I forgot to mention that), slipped and fell into Mark's plate and met a sorry fate.

"The Sament of the Cornish Game"



"Hen" here follows;

They stuck a shaft through my  
body

Oh mamma i'm hurting

Put me over a fire

They roast me and smiled, just  
waiting me fry.

They put me on a platter

Oh mamma i'm helpless

Stuck a fork in my chest

Decided i wasn't the one that  
was best.

So i danced 'cross the table

Oh mamma i'm a shittily dancer

I slipped on the Vodka

And got munched by Mark Chong

A turkey roasted in a dutch oven  
was outrageously wonderful -

AND HERE, IN SMALL PRINT WE RECORD THE FAILURES  
OF MICHAEL'S SOUFFLÉ AND JEAN-  
MARC'S MOUSSE - Actually,  
dishes like that are a myth

created by me of course  
will try them and, of course, fail,  
which makes everyone think the  
punch as marvelous cooks because they  
assume such dishes are regularly  
consumed in France - Clever eh?

I would like to add that there  
was a small river which was not  
lined with cups, and that the punch  
was really quite flavorful.

Yosemite Photo Trip

NOV 7-9, 1980

Leader Mike Scherer

Total Attendance: 1

Trip Roster: Mike Scherer.

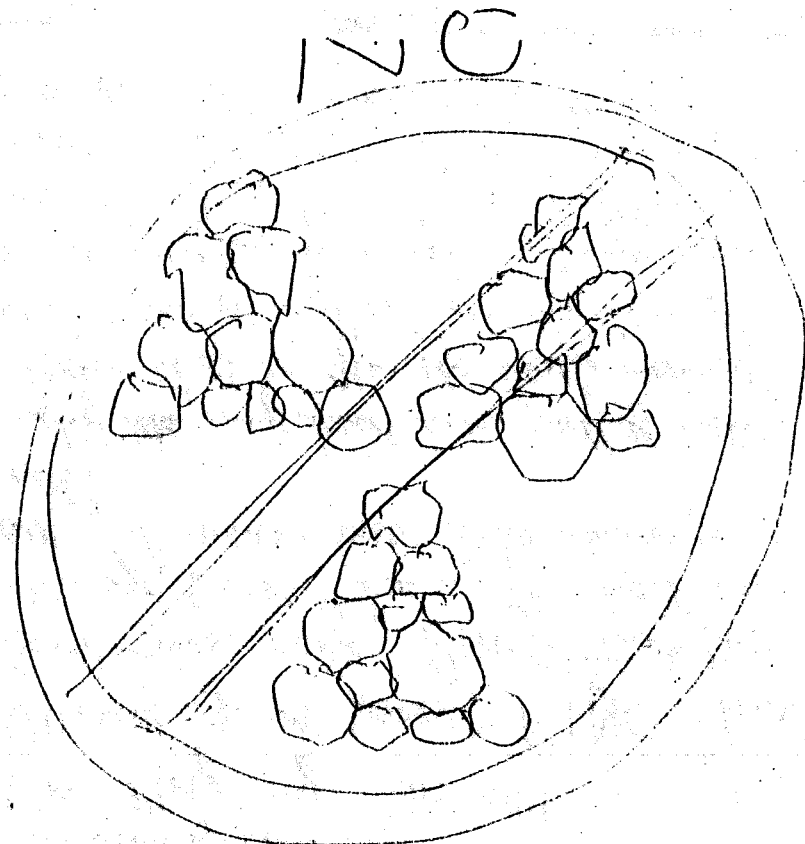
(No one brought a camera but Mike)

Actually the above "trip" joined forces with the "Grant Lakes trip," and went on, ready?, DAYHIKES in the valley.

Anyway, all & all there was Mike, Camille, Rich, Bob A., and Valerie and Inyuar.

We did the Panorama trail from Nevada Falls to Glacier Point (very fine! ~~is~~ highly recommended as a spring ski tour!), returning with only starlight down the G.P. 4-Mile trail. Others went up Snow Creek anyway instead of going on the Pan trail.

On Sunday, 3 of us hiked the El Cap → Big Oak Plats trail (used to be a road), which was enjoyable & scenic but there were too many DUCKS! However, they're all gone now so you should check it out. (God, I hate Ducks)



DUCKS

-RA

Dec. 4, 1980

Evans Hall

5<sup>TH</sup>

ANNUAL

Daniel's Birthday

End of Kent Pease Era

Cast

Rick Perry (Hi on dope) (A first)

Kent Pease

Rene Setels

Warren Batso Harding "Climbing Stud"

JR

Arlene Reiss

Gene Am

Sully Smith

Bob ~~AKA~~

Valerie Smith

Daniel Meyersonitz & Rebecca

(R)

Warren Harding: Blaaaaan... aad...

JR: I thought I heard an Owl

TI SI EMIT TAHW

KCU= HO

(LAER NEEB STE

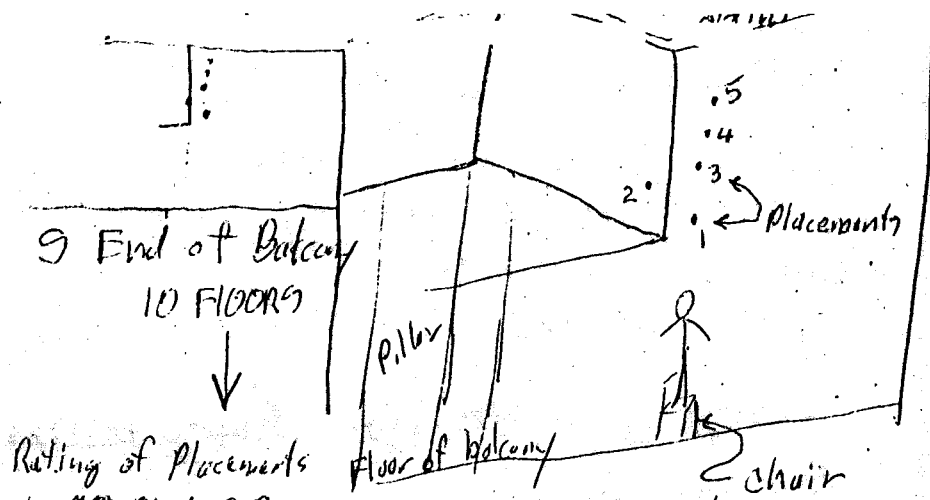
This fine adventure didith begin at the fine hour of 5:59'59" PM. Let it be commonly known that the dormer ~~more~~ room is locked at 6:00'00" PM. Three of the cast (RS, KP, RP) ventured out on the balcony far above the the ants, swimming about below. Upon the exit of RP, a janitor ~~locked~~ <sup>locked</sup> us on this ledge of doom. "Hooker says ~~ed~~ - but holes there are not. Oh shit he must of been crazy" (in reference ~~to~~ to the infamous Mr. Scherer of course.)

Uh Ping Uq - "oh hell!"

Uhning grunt (easy) PING "Fuck"

Grunt-sway-eeee. PING "God Damnit that crazy SOB" how the hell was it done - I mean-man like where is the howt?

Finally ~~the~~ my head was full of holes-hook holes that is. Yes the route goes ① ② ③ ④ ⑤ Grunt - ah. For the benefit of those unlucky souls who attempt this adventure for the 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup>, and all subsequent expeditions I am giving a topog of the route. copyright reserved.



Rating of Placements

- 1 ~~A 2-B~~ A-2B
- 2 A 3 b
- 3 A 2-a ← hard fun suckers
- 4 A 2-a
- 5 A-1

The Party then commenced in a grand ~~frantic~~ fashion. (so what; I know I can't spell)

Peace, Brothers! Finals are finally out so I'm having a cool party. Best Party I've been to in a couple of wild years. I'm starting to like hiking club trips although, I usually prefer Molson Ales. As an engineering student I feel privileged to enjoy the company of so many derelicts upon this pinnacle of technology. Tomorrow we embark upon the Yosemite Valley rock training camp for beer drinkers. Bob Atka likes to drink wine. Of course everything is funny and mellow and this is my first night without studying for three months. Good Party tomorrow at 12040 Meads Springs Ct. Los Altos Hills, N. Cal.

Jump for Joy → Curtis party survivor and First Class Jerk, Mike Churkin

P.S. will drink during vacation while climbing. May not live till next meeting, so, best wishes !!

Date: 12/5/50 12:07 AM

43 brownies have been consumed now. Test people are still alive. We will attempt to finish all 100, and keep from piling off the building.

An owl has been stopping by for a few drinks. Not as high as we are now. A few more minutes, + brownies, + when the cops arrive we won't notice.

12:16 AM

The Transamerican building just disappeared into Mike's mouth. Don't this lovers leap or is Daniel + his friend, no

12:36 AM

Just for the record, "this is A good time! I know from experience!" Daniel just at his pink bicycle, and there are blurry circles above us someone called them stars, Oh well, I guess I'm not illiterate, Greetings from space!

When I was told that I would  
be climbing on Thursday night on  
Evans rooftop, I ~~wasn't~~ certainly didn't  
plan on being locked out on the 10th  
floor balcony. Nor did I plan to learn  
to climb in one fast easy lesson.  
My fellow climbers ~~were~~ said to  
be "hey, come it's simple, don't  
worry about." I on the hand, did not  
feel so confident. I'm well, decided  
to ~~be~~ ~~myself~~ successfully climb  
to its roof. There is only one thing  
more I have to say about this trip.

~~Robert Perry~~, ~~Edgar~~ Let's throw  
Richard Perry off the roof for falling  
so early. This is Michael Lawrence  
signing off for the December fifth on the  
eleventh construction level of Evans  
Theoretical Existence building.

DEC. 05TH 1400, For Fians  
Mike Churkin, Sang Choi and Robert Akka (Bob!) will today  
seek an incredible beer drinking feat of 8,000 in  
consequence, one hundred stars planets and moons  
are visible over seventy percent of the global hemisphere  
the atmosphere still reeks of petroleum combustion  
products. I'm going to work in Siberia. No, help!!  
Yah!!

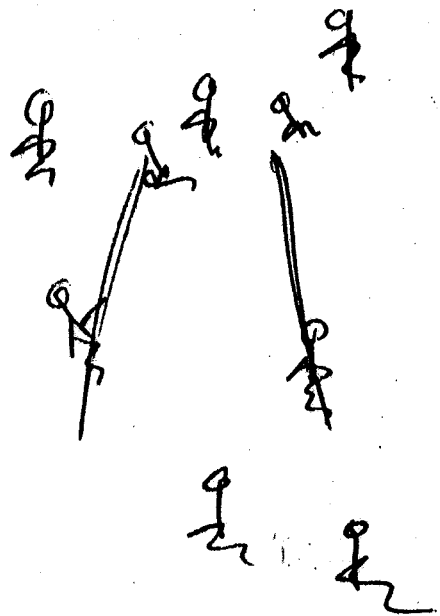
Jan 31, (Cont.)

## Beginner's Rockclimbing at Berkeley Pinnacle

Sang Choi, Mike Churken  
Boh Akka (showed up for Pizza  
and beer)  
Mary Chapman, Loretta  
Jakey, Iren, Mike  
Phillip, Margaret

Gears, U.C. Hiking Club  
J(P)unk ropes,  
disappearing hardware.

I'm getting tired to climb  
the shitty rock like  
Berkeley's locals (Indian  
Cragmond Pinnacles)  
I want to go to Yosemite,  
maybe next time we'll  
have beginning class at  
Yosemite.



"We need more good-looking  
G's for our <sup>instructors</sup> students."

Mike Churken.

Yes, I think so, too.

S.C.  
B.A.

Winter '81, Feb 14-16..

CROSS-COUNTRY SKI TRIP (Yosemite)  
Where else?!?!?

Note: ok Mary, it's 5:00 and this is getting written.

us:

Bob Akka

Diane (same as above)

psle 03'8

Maple UMMAM

update:

Feb 14, we left Merced.. "KRAK" go to the Egghouse & buy furniture" for Bob's cave... we arrived.

I can't believe it's Valentine's day, Saturday night, in Yosemite, and we're watching a bug slide show eating rageaux, noodles, & thousand islands dressing, as directed by Bob we slept in Bob's cave, and it was really nice and we didn't tie his legs together. (His cave was cozy (cramp), and comfortable.. except Bob kept climbing over us to commune with nature (and we thought it was rain...))

DARN! we didn't go to the 10(?) Kodak picture-taking spots. Gee wiz, we missed 'em.

oh yes, we did go skiing (or is it skiing or skeeing) whatever it was... we did it! CRANE FLAT. TIOGA ROAD.  
↑ general                      specific →

SPRING BREAK - YAN SIEMSKI TRIP



with

MIKE CHURKIN ("I wish there was a store here")

BOB AKKA ("Its too dangerous to go anywhere")

BARBARA GREENE ("I don't care,

Right again, Bob, you're the leader")

and NORMAN (HERTERICH ("God Bless Me"))

The route was quite simple: Snow Creek trail to Tioga Road (with some variations near the Road), and Tioga Road to Lee Vining (occasionally leaving the road to avoid avalanche conditions). There was very enjoyable Klistor skiing up to Tuolumne Meadows, and a super-duper-splendiferous light-powder-Blue&Green-wax-skiing from Tuolumne East. Absolutely the best snow I have ever experienced. Skiing on Tenaya Lake was neat, and was discovering a warm ski hut at Tuolumne Meadows at our longest-yet day of skiing. I recommend that you instead make your Tuolumne ski tour from East to East.



thus getting<sup>n</sup> colder (better) snow, and  
(best of all) no one will have to take  
a bus from Lee Vining → Reno → Sacramento →  
Merced → Yosemite to pick up his car like Mike did.  
Oh well, I'll leave the rest of the page for Norman  
to be humorous. ~~RA~~ - RA ("we should have <sup>gone for</sup> ~~longer~~ longer")

TO BE FILLED WITH NORMAN'S  
HUMOROUS RAMBLINGS

Spring '81. Apr. 18. (Sat)

Rock-climbing at  
Yosemite N. Park.

Climbers (Apron)

Song Choi, Kelly,  
Fian, Steve Keating  
Mark Chang, Peter Laar  
Ahmad Zanchi, Mary Chapman  
Ying-Tsung Kao.

Gears

5 ropes.

two full racks.

Thank God, it was  
rained <sup>snowed</sup>. ~~GC~~ (C)old,  
Wet. hungry. but fun.  
Everybody had great  
experience with patience.

We want to do a little  
hard climb next time.

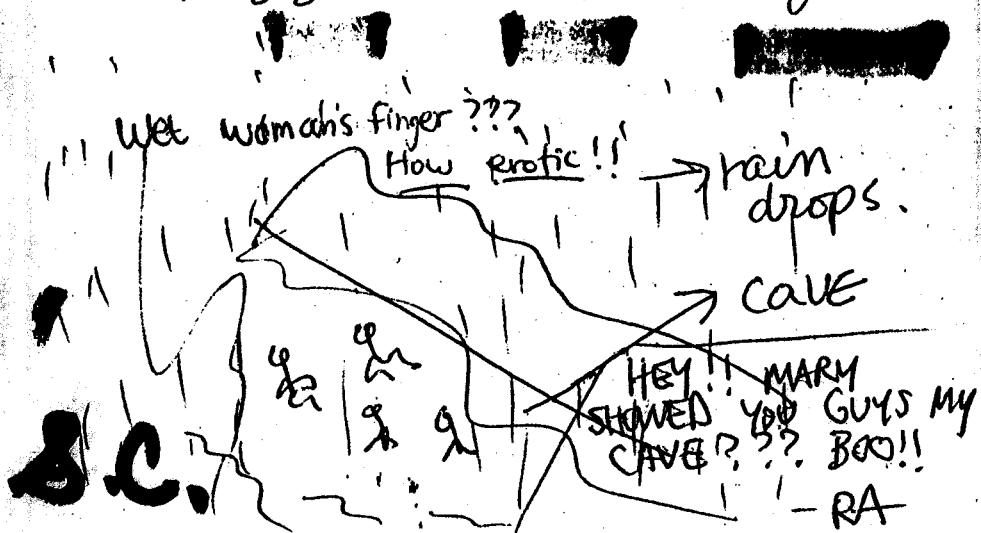
Rain mad 5.7 climbs to  
5.10+ I had to aid -  
finish comple climbing.

Rock was very slippery  
like wet woman's finger.

Next time I'll do  
warm lazy summer

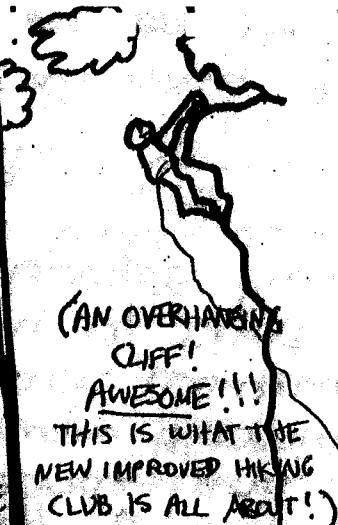
- semite Rock climbing.

Oh! on the way home  
at the Round Table, beer  
and Pizza was real good.



SIGN UP NOW!

ITS THE ALL NEW



WITH AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

TO **MUIP Woods!**

\* on the weekend of April 1 \*!

**ONLY \$118.-**

!! THIS INCLUDES!

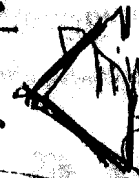
- Two incredible days of rugged backpacking
- A professional wilderness guide
- All land use fees!
- Super dinners, breakfasts, and lunches
- Bring your own food
- Transportation by carpool !!!
- Camp out overnight !!!!!!!!

**HURRY!** SPACES ARE LIMITED!

You won't want to miss this expedition with the **NEW**

On Sunday April 16 there was  
a dayhike to Smol Regional  
Wilderness. Fifteen people  
were in attendance. The weather  
was ideal and we had a good time.

Did  
squirrels  
eat  
the  
nuts



Ingham

Lots of squirrels!

Founding  
retreat of



April 18-19



Full Mooners

Arlene Reiss  
Bob Akka

Steve Glaeser  
Norman (Herterich)

Sorry Norm, the credit goes  
to Arlene.

Martin Kahaw  
\* you're getting  
it down pat.  
WHO'S PAT?

A wild + wet, wonderland.  
(It rained). Lots of flowers blooming.  
Campfire on the beach warmed  
the spirits\*. Speaking of that,  
there wasn't any booze\*. Fun  
time anyways. \* Brandy doesn't  
mix with  
wylers.

P.S. It was Easter.

P.P.S. The moon was not visible  
\* and burned the pants

A NON Annual - yet the  
4<sup>th</sup> one anyway...

## Gourmet Trip (with food!!!)

Featuring:

Bob Akka

and: Mike Shaw

with a generous helping of Steve  
Glaeser

NO banana slugs  
with slime &  
cow-turds on  
this trip

Steve, of course, whumped out,  
and took Humphrey up the hill, but  
Bob + Mike walked up after a wretched  
stop at Berkeley Market. Huff-huff.

Steve got there 10 minutes before  
Mike + Bob, and got paranoid at a land-  
leveler that was making lots of noise in  
the same manner as a cop.

None the less, everything became  
mellow when Bob + Mike showed up  
and our three intrepid Hill-heads  
proceeded to drink 1.25 liters of  
wine while eating their stomachs  
to a satiated oblivion. Now is time  
to open the...

• ANARETTO - the -sherry  
and the Brandy!

beers before hand.

Pleasantly buzzed, Bob +  
Mike look for a route into the  
forbidden headwaters of Strawberry  
Creek, but are unsuccessful, alas.

NOTE BOZE! (Steve has not been  
altogether unsuccessful in corrupting

u.c.H.C.!!!) then A Jaunt up to  
the upper Deer trail for Mike's  
edification, and with no sight of  
Arleen (and thank good that  
Jack of a shit head whose talk  
Steve previously implicated  
the Blue Oyster Cult logo -  $\frac{1}{2}$  -  
up on with rock salt and gasoline  
and speak) we ate some more  
and drank more booze

After reading the above, one might  
be under the impression that it was  
an orgiastic pagan ritual. On the  
contrary, it was a highly informative  
- read as many if not too much

) and educational experience for  
the junior member (singular). In  
particular, I discovered that Amaretto  
is hot shit. Also, I'd like to add that  
without the fearless & intrepid  
leadership of our leader (one Bob Akka)  
we would have had a good time.  
(note: Steve & Bob were both trip leaders on this  
outing)

Actually, after scaling sheer cliffs, &  
fighting back Amaretto-crazed jiggers,  
we managed to gorge ourselves on  
lots & lots & lots of victuals.  
Also, we copped a cool buzz.

2 (count 'em, sucker, eight)  
of good food!

And, the ORIGINAL  
PAPER RITUAL  
OF THE RIGHT SO  
OR 30

SPRING

BUT THE GOITHEAD, A CEREMONIAL  
MOMENT SHOWED UP, AND SOME  
WONERED WHO PUT THE AC-T IN  
THE ONIONS --- KALACAWATIONS  
(WRITTEN MUCH LATER, IN FACT, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY:)

Huh, wha... where am I? where  
did all these bats come from? My body is  
shaking uncontrollably. It seems that there  
must have been a gourmet trip yesterday, but  
I do not recall a thing. Bad craziness! But wait...  
yes! I do in fact believe that I consumed  
substantial quantities of food in the past 24 hours...  
Either that, or gravity is extremely strong today... maybe  
both... OH NO!!! It's a time warp! Agggghhhhhhhhh

Ah hello there! Our meal consisted of the  
following: French bread with cheese and wine, followed by  
several splendid omelettes made with mushrooms and cheeses,  
everyone had a serving of steamed spinach, which was followed  
by a mushroom and sautéed onion beef stew (Mikalstere) and  
by a tossed green salad with all the extras (for Bob). An "oriental"  
dish was then prepared, consisting of Tofu, Asparagus, mushrooms,  
zucchini, green beans, tomatoes, green onions, soy sauce, cream cheese,  
monterey jack & cheddar cheeses, and more. From the bar, there was  
one particularly popular drink made from Amaretto & Coke & lemon,  
although some preferred to sip the Almond Liqueur undiluted. Also,  
Christian Bros. sherry, and some brandy were popular. We finished

UHC trip to . . . .

# ASUC SENATE MEETING

May 20, ~~86~~  
81

In attendance: Norman, Sam, Tim, Bob, Val, Barbara,  
& Mark.

The Story: Following a pre-trip meeting in the Tan Oak Room where we carefully planned our route, our strategy, food, supplies, etc., we immediately launched this adventuresome expedition. We rappelled down 2 floors in a remarkable new piece of climbing equipment, made by Otis, inc., and traversed slick floors to the east until we had safely passed The Glass Doors. Swinging first South and then <sup>west</sup> east we made an unaided descent of a set of stairs, followed by a short traverse to the east. There it loomed above us. Eschleman Pk. We entered from the South, veering West and entered the dreaded Senate Chambers. There we met the hostile natives. Ronald Reagan, James Watt, hell they're nothing against these people.

We originally thought this would be an easy climb. An hour at the max. But now, oh boy. Looks like a 5.11, possibly 5.12. We

5' tall off on the main summit. Climbers can't spell. I'm sorry.) We ascended to the Heights of Boredom, then proceeded via the Meadows of Discontent and Peaks of Anger until we arrived at the Pinnacles of Restlessness. We found the ASUC Senators assembled in the Depths of Ignorance. Apparently we had not been the first to make a pilgrimage to the Temple of Budget Matters and The Shrine of Our Lady of the Sacred Dollar. Some less fortunate derelicts were being devoured by the Natives. We patiently waited our turn.

Afterwards we all went out for a nutritious and nourishing snack of banana slugs and slime, with a liberal sprinkling of cow turds.

## The Second Full Mooners outing

Monday May 17 to the Berkeley Hills (Chaparral Hill)

In attendance were:

Martin  
Steve Glaesser  
Daniel Heizerowitz  
Ellen  
Bob Akka

David Akka  
Tom Kritzik  
Ira

Once again we were victimized by the "Curse of the Bear Wolf," which causes a thick fog followed by light rain to occur on the night of a full moon, whenever the Mooners are celebrating, or hoping to. We sat in the meadow and chatted & speculated the historical & current meanings of the word "spewage", Bob, Tom, Ellen, & Dan camped out there. Bob says "It was an aesthetic experience and we had breakfast at Cafe Med."

Fortunately there was enough **WOLF BANE** and **Quicksilver**, of the carbonated type, to keep everyone in control.

## Hetch Hetchy Backpack Trip

Memorial Day weekend 5/23 - 5/25 1981  
in attendance were

Tim Ingham (leader), Dan Jones,  
Bill DeJager, Steve Huskins, Rayme K.

This trip visited Lake Vernon and Laurel Lake. The trailhead was O'Shaughnessy Dam.

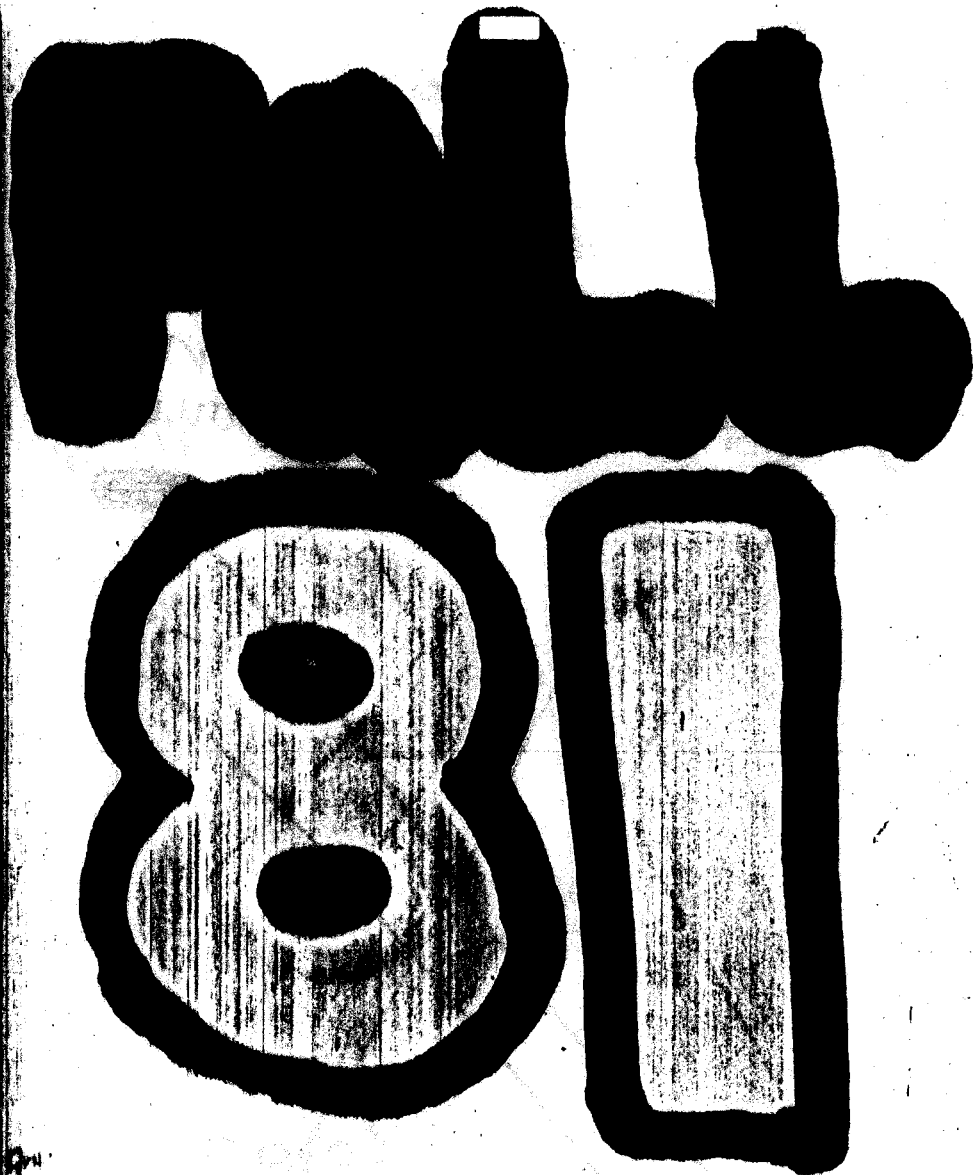
Here are some tips for those of you who choose to visit this fine region of the Sierras: The best campsites at Laurel Lake are on the SE side of the lake near the outlet. At Lake Vernon try camping in the forest NE of the lake. Here are some fine spots near a deep green stream; & a ~~few~~<sup>1/2</sup> miles north this creek falls from Moraine Ridge in a beautiful, mile long cataract (don't fall in).

The 3<sup>rd</sup> Full mooner's  
outing:

only 5 people showed up  
2 of whom were not even  
students! (Godhell, isn't this  
trip log stagnating! (?)) Steve  
had to relieve his stomachache after  
some peach + amaretto. Next  
Time, however we get eclipsed!



are  
disturbed  
stuff  
the 5<sup>th</sup>  
week  
Bob now has  
the full mooner's  
sign, + you can  
see what the  
new Hiking club  
sign looks like



(Um... it's still summer)



18

~~Fall~~

(OOPS)

~~18~~

Cathedral Peak & East Face of  
MT. WHITNEY

Bob Akta & Carl Wings

AUGUST 1981

(over)

## MT WHITNEY, cont'd

Not much to say about that one, really, except that the climbing guide description of East Face of Whitney should not be taken literally!

True: the hardest pitch was probably around 5.4+. However, there are more than <sup>min</sup> two class five pitches, (2) Fresh Air Traverse ain't the end of it at all, (3) ~~most of what~~ Almost everything that isn't class 5 is Class 4, (4) Plan on spending a full day from Iceberg Lake to summit to Iceberg Lake (via Mt. Innes. Route).

Fresh air traverse, by the way, was among the most beautiful & aesthetic pitches I've ever done. (Placing pro. here in a manner that minimizes rope friction is critical on this pitch) •

probably the least-climbed 14000' peak in California. It was an enjoyable Class 3 ~~climb~~ from Upper Boy Scout Lake, and good altitude preparation for the Whitney climb too. - RA

## ~~(double tops)~~ ELECTRIC <sup>EPIC</sup> TABLE LAND

Aug 81 - Bob Akka & Prentiss Williams

Aside from being one hour away from a helicopter rescue, disintegrating boots, taking a wrong trail on our longest day, car trouble <sup>in Fresno</sup>, and poor planning in general, I somehow recall through it all that the TABLELAND (Northern Sequoia N.P.) was a real neat place, and not that rugged either.

# A MIGHTY IMPORTANT CRUSADE!

the Great western Divide and  
the Cirque Crest

Bob Akka

Norman Henterich

Daniel Meyerowitz } First half only

Ben Meyerowitz } very misspeaks, Bob.

Louis Torrey } second half only

27 August to 19 September 1981

Aug 27: Our only bear incident, while waiting in the parking lot for Norm & Ben to do the shuttle, a bear gallops toward the four backpacks (containing 100 lb. food, altogether). Dan & Bob jump on picnic table and do the pogo, puzzle bear bark.

A Aug 28: By late afternoon, we arrive at Bearpaw Hotel, and continue.

M Aug 29: to Kaweah Gap... our first of many crossings of the Great Western Divide.

I Aug 30: to Lion Lakes via Cross-country. Norman complains about talus.

G Aug 31: Arriving at Colby Pass trail via ~~the~~ Upper Cloud Canyon (beeeautiful), we find a Mill file, a grille, and plywood.

H Sep. 1: Colby Pass is nice and rugged (well, for a trail anyway)

T Sep. 2: Norm & Bob do Milestone Mtn (class 3, as rated), but the official register is 100 feet below, via vertical cliff, where it had been for the last four years. Bob rappels, only to find that the wall is unclimbable (oops). One hour later, following an ugly, unorthodox & reckless aid & rope climb, Bob & the real register are safely on top.

Y Sep. 3: The group does Milestone Pass, 13000'. A medicine bottle on top left by previous hikers ~~wishes~~ contains a message wishing us  
one or more. "Norman complain" at

Sep 3: Just after dinner, Bob decides that it is a good time to climb Table Mtn, and to camp out on top. With only two hours of light left Bob dashes for the summit... and misses. Camps on a narrow ridge-boulder 1/4 mile from the broad summit plateau.

I Sep 4: Daniel has a Thai-stick for lunch and goes for a hike.

Thanks to three-whistle-blasts, he finds someone to return to camp with. The group has fresh Trout for dinner.

M Sep 5: We hike to Lake south America and camp just off coast of Chile.

P Sep 6: Harrison Pass is our worst so far. Ben, newly initiated talus-head actually enjoys it!

O Sep 7: Hike to King's Canyon. We meet Louis. Bob eats most of a pound of M&M's.

R Sep 8: Daniel & Ben depart. It is our first day of rain. "My brain hurts," says Bob.

T Sep 9: We meet central valley resident on trail who tells us "It can't possibly rain today. I looked at a weather map and there aren't no fronts off the coast anywhere." It is our second day of rain.

A Sep 10: Lay-over at Granite Lakes. No one does anything whatsoever.

N Sep 11: We ascend two passes, (crossing the Cirque Crest for our first two times), and arrive at State Lakes. Bob, a certified talus-head, has to listen to complaints that "we could have taken a trail here. By the way, no matter how you get there, State Lakes are gorgeous."

T Sep 12: It is our fifth day of rain; our third crossing of the Cirque Crest. We name our campsite "Roach Lakes."

C Sep 13: Layover at Roach Lakes. Bob & Norm do Marion Pk.

R Sep 14: The trio climbs Red Point, near Marion Lake. Aren't you impressed? Our route ~~is~~ is rated in the Guidebook as Class 1. Norman does the entire climb with hands in pockets. It ~~is~~ rains pours ~~at~~ half the night.

U Sep 15: We leave Lake Basin via Vennacher Col (class 3, if you don't do it right). Norm did it right. <sup>(class 3)</sup> We arrive at the John Muir Trail. We wait for traffic to let up, then we signal a right turn, ~~and~~ and find ourselves on the Muir trail. ~~It~~ only sprinkles.

S Sep 16: We hike 15 miles to Rae Lakes, via Pinchot Non-Pass.

A Sep 17: Louis walks to the top of a hill to get a view. He startlingly finds a note: "First Ascent, Andy Smatko, 1975." Smatko named it "Muir-rama." Dozens of people have "climbed" it since and signed Smatko's register. Bob climbs Mt. Clarence King, and agrees, for once, with Guidebook description. It is our tenth day of rain.

O Sep 18: We hike to Paradise Valley via woods creek.

E Sep 19: The three of us purchase three all-you-can-eat salad bars at Wendick. Wendick loses money on the transaction.

# 1981 WRONGWAY

## EXPEDITION ©1981

June 16, 1981 - August 20, 1981

### The Actors

DAVE GORDON  
NORMAN HERTERICH  
CHUCK DELWICHE  
SANDY GRABOS (last 2 weeks)

### The Scene

The High Sierra, from Lake Tahoe to Mt. Whitney. Numerous lakes, ridges, valleys, peaks, etc!

### The Time

Summer of 1981

### The Plot

Predictable

### Supporting Cast

Obnoxious horsepeople, assorted Los Angelines, marmots, chipmunks, a bear, innumerable clericals.

Directed by Fred <sup>son</sup> ~~son~~  
Produced by Sheer Lunacy  
Set design pod  
Norman's Wardrobe provided by

Absence of washing-machines  
Color by Kodachrome

Kay-Drip & Daffer huh?

---

Yet another picnic in the hills  
5 people showed up at 4:00, and  
we had a nice omelette before the  
sunset, but 2 dogs + 1 bottle of wine  
were not enough. Sufficient but not  
enough  
Fri 10/16/81

---

Sept 27, 1981

## Proposed Day Hike to Mt Diablo

due to unforeseen circumstances (namely 1 VW for 7 people) we ended up trekking through Redwood Regional Park.

Leader: Tim Ingham

The rest: Diane, Pam, Sue, Andy, Debbie, Judy.

Weather turned out to be foggy, windy, and occasionally misty, but we managed to survive the elements.

The only near fatality was when we went crashing down a hill from the 'peak' into an archery range!

Had a good time and  
[ 'There were seven if you count the men,' quoted by Judy. ]



Diane (writing for Tim)

Oct 4 1981

## Day Hike to Point Reyes

Me again, this time writing for Rich, who is bus. keeping his apartment clean.

This time made it to Pt. Reyes as Hans turned up with a truck.

leader: Rich Perry

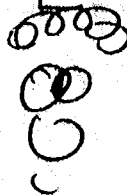
The Rest: Me (Diane), Andy, ~~Hans~~ <sup>Doug</sup>, Lisa, Jeanene, Hans, Dan, Cory

A chilly ride up for those in the back, but other than that perfect weather, saw some albino deer and heard the political views and wonders of L.A. from Cory.

A good crowd and variety of people. Got back around 6pm and then I had to walk 2-3 miles home. Life isn't fair!

Happy Tramping!

[ New ~~to~~ term for Zealand hiking ]



Diane

# NISENE MARKS

Oct 17-18, 1981

Oh Glorious Leader: Diane Imus  
The Troops: Steve Huskins, Rick  
Perry, Dan Landis, Larry  
Rob Reidy, and Neil

Started out as a Beginner's  
Trip, but as everyone was ex-  
perienced, we'll scratch that.  
Weather was ace, as we  
waltzed through the Redwoods  
and poison oak.

Sunday, Oct 25, 1981  
Fearless Leader: Harvey Grosser

## HEY JOE... J. Hendrix

(Where you goin' with that pumpkin in  
your hand)

CODE NAME FOR  
**PUMPKINEERING 1981**

The conspirators: Steve Grosser  
Harvey Grosser Valerie Smith  
John Hyde Dave Church

**WY EJLVVAG**  
**WURSTER**

Le Conte (above west entrance)  
Wheeler tree

Wurster

LSB (northeast entrance)

Sather Gate, of course (2, count 'em, 2  
pumpkins)

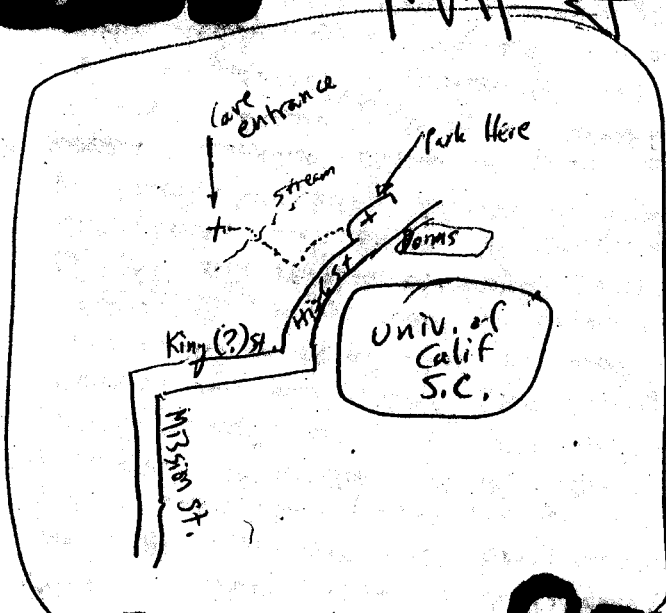
ASUC Mall (a Rolling stones tongue pumpkin)  
and TWO on Dee, with candles inside,  
and 5 cops viewing 'em, too! (North entrance)

not to mention (Cover)



# TONTW

MAP



# STONW

# STONW

AKA MONTW  
**LXL CAVE** : Bob Akka  
 & Diane Imus  
 Nov 29, 1981.

(or) A neat day of squirring & snallowing in the subterranean intestinal tracts of Santa Cruz

**FORWARD** This writeup is dedicated to those dedicated students who could not make this trip because of multi-term projects, massive essays, etc, and because the previously planned trip date was changed due to multi-weather (?!) and massive rain.

**BACKWARD** Scott's Valley Cops are assholes. Vandalize this town if you ever go there! Take Hwy 17 south to the Santa Cruz area, and follow signs to U.C. Santa Cruz. You will find yourself on Mission St. Turn right on King (?) St, which will take you to the ruralish entrance to U.C.S.C., then turn left on High Street and go a mile or so until you see dorms on your right. To the left there will be a turn-out parking area (it is just across the street from one near-by dorm.) Park Here. Hike on the trail that parallels the road for 500 feet or so, in a direction opposite to that you just drove. Pretty soon the trail kind of ends (after 500 feet or so). Now... Head down

until you hit the creek. Notice how the creek disappears & becomes dry slightly downstream. Guess where the water goes? Ha! Ha! Ha! You'll find out!

Go uphill from here and look around for the cave opening (it's in the vicinity of lots of rocks, and you can see the creek if you stand up at the cave entrance.) Cave entrance is small, and at foot-level, so look sharply! What it's like

muddy, narrow with a few rooms between the various tubes, quiet & dark.

**Question Time:**

Q: How much time did you spend in there?

A: 7 hours



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

Q: Is this cave ~~fun~~ great fun?

A: Do you ~~often~~ often pause at dinnertime to envy your food?

Q: How many muscles of mine will be sore at the end of the day?

A: How many you got?

Equipment Notes:

- this is a shirt, jeans, and overalls cave. you won't need much else, but bring an extra sweatshirt just in case (in a plastic bag so you won't have to wash it if you don't use it), tennis shoes.
- Carbide lamps are a big pain in the butt. Even more so are the UCHC blue caving helmets, I recommend a helmet that fits well and is easily removable, if you want to bring a helmet. As for light, 2 reliable flashlights, extra alkaline cells, extra bulbs will do ya. A c-cell headlamp would be ideal. Don't bring AA-cell flashlights.
- ~~A~~ A confident climber or caver will not need a rope. Otherwise, bring a 100-foot rope or take 40' of goldline (9mm) or something that you don't mind getting muddy. You will only need it in one section. Don't bother with other climbing gear.

The Route:

Forget it. I won't even try to describe it. Some passageways are ridiculously narrow, some nearly vertical, some seemingly illogical compared with other (incorrect) options. Explore, and if you are lucky you will go as deep as time will allow. Swirm in a group of 2 or 3 only, otherwise bad congestion will occur. Bring 20' of nylon cord for dragging packs thru.

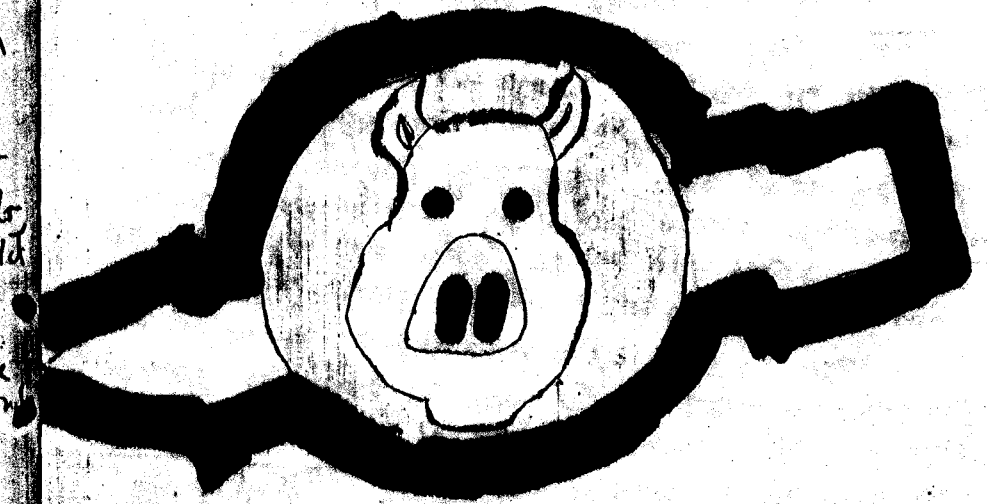
I wish I had a camera

ugh!

where the creek goes

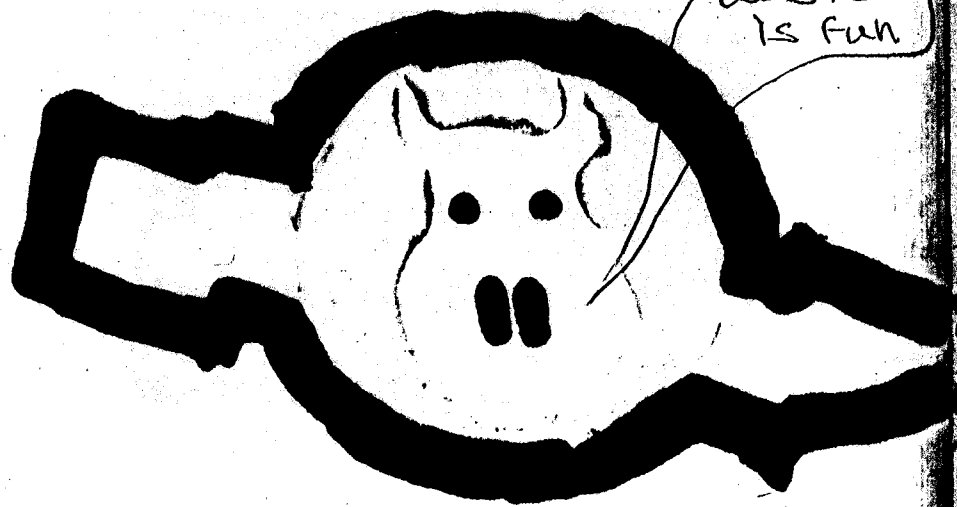
lets waste the rest of this Testimante Before the year is out and get a fresh "New beginning" for next year.

# PIGS IN



# SPACE

W1 2219



2219

THANKS GIVING  
DUNDE RHEAD Good, NORM. you can spell it too. Must have learned from Bob.

This trip was Murphy's law. Originally scheduled to leave Wednesday Night, we (Norman Hexterich, Mark Chang, Richard Kohl) didn't leave 'til Early Friday Morning. Norman had a bad stomach-ache, which he thought might be stomach flu, and he almost cancelled the trip because of it, but it was probably indigestion (this was, after all, the morning after Thanksgiving). Norman's car had a strange way of jacking back and forth in 4th gear, so we drove very slowly. At placerville the oil line gave out, and in the next 30 mins, while we were searching for a VW place, we lost 2 quarts of oil. It turned out a cylinder was gone. Norman's mom ~~came out~~ came out with with his car, and the trip continued. By that time it was so late, going to Conway Summit and Dunderberg wasn't quite feasible, so we skied into Desolation instead. The weather was miserable Friday and Saturday. Snow cover was thin - most of the bushes and some of the rocks were covered. This made it conveniently easy to find hidden rocks while skiing. Richard

lost a Sierra Cup, and Norman lost part of his binding, but after thorough searching, both were eventually found. Sunday was clear and cold - a nice day. We skied across Tamarack Lake, climbed a ridge, and climbed Keiths Dome, and had some nice vistas. All in all, despite the problems, we enjoyed ourselves.

## ARTHUR HOPPE

### A New Fun Sport

I WAS TYPING away in my 37th floor office when there was a tap on the glass. Another building climber.

I opened the window a crack and snapped: "No, you can't use the men's room!" (I really don't see why I should have to be bothered half a dozen times a day just because these urban alpinists don't take proper precautions before leaving the ground.)

"No, no," he said, "I'm lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, I became separated from my group, The Pop's Pizza Building Goats. Could tell me how to get to the top of the north face."

"The north face? Boy, you sure are lost. This is the east face. Traverse eight windows to your right, bridge the lightwell and take your first left."

"Thanks very much. Could I use your phone to tell the Rooftop Rendezvous Bar & Grill I'll be a few minutes late for lunch?"



"No!" I shouted, my patience at an end. And I want to say right here that I'm genuinely sorry I slammed the window on his fingers. But this new plague of building climbers is driving me bonkers.

I have asked my old friend, Buck Ace, who now teaches advanced rappelling at the Tippet-Top School of Buildingneering why anyone in his right mind would want to climb a building.

"Because," he said simply, "it is here."

**T**HE POPULAR new sport of building climbing owes its existence to a plugged-up carburetor, according to Buck.

The well-known daredevil, Spurgeon Nitley, set

out one Saturday morning from Colorado Springs to make an unheard-of solo climb of the dread Crunch's Crevasse on Pike's Peak," Buck explained. "But his car wouldn't start."

Frustrated, he took his ropes, pitons and jumars ascenders out of his trunk and scaled the three-story Bon Ton Emporium instead. It was only a class 5.1 climb at best. But he was home in time for lunch, which made his wife, Emmaline, happy.

From such humble beginnings, building climbing has, of course, swept the nation. Its major attraction, as Buck attests, is that buildings are handier than mountains.

"Why fight traffic for hours on end in order to sleep on the hard ground, be bitten by insects and freeze your ice axe off," he says, "when in any city a challenging climb is just around the corner? Moreover, you meet much more interesting people climbing a building than climbing a mountain."

Consequently, "Buildingneering clubs," as they are called, have sprung up everywhere. And publications such as "Buildings, Ho!" now rate the difficulty of different climbs on a scale of 1.0 to 5.12 based on such factors as handholds, weather exposure and the friendliness of building occupants.

Not to mention "Platinings" relating to the chance of getting buried.

The convenience of buildings allows devotees of the sport to scale a few stories on their lunch hours or even coffee breaks. As a result, the number of stories one climbs daily is fast replacing the number of miles one jogs as the most boring subject produced at all cocktail parties.

**N**ATURALLY, Buck, being a professional, has wider horizons than the corner bank. He has already conquered the Chrysler Building, the Washington Monument and the difficult underside of the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

"But the one I've got my eye on," he says dreamily, "is the dangerous, wind-swept, sheer, unscaled west tower of the World Trade Center. Only King Kong has ever made it to the top and he took the easy route up the east tower."

When I shook my head in disbelief at such a prospect, he gave me a testy glance. "But what do you do," he said, "to spice up your humdrum urban existence by stimulating primordial fears to get the old adrenalin pounding through your veins?"

I looked at him with a touch of bemused contempt as I flaunted my macho courage. "I read the morning paper," I said.

presents a sign...  
in our country, and that  
sic counteraction is required.  
But I wish... quite as  
sure... might have been then.

**S.F. Chronicle**  
Correction Dec 15, 1981

Editor — We all enjoyed  
Arthur Hoppe's column about  
"Buildingneering" December 11.  
He wasn't exactly serious — but  
we are. And, the sport, in its most  
popular form, is known as "Build-  
ering."

DARRYL LICKION, officer  
The Berkeley Builders  
Berkeley

Old Bi  
Edit  
the me  
Randy  
water  
his  
co

# THE COSMIC SAGA OF DRAWBRIDGE

It was, by all stand-  
ards, a mediocre morn-  
ing that the ~~four~~ <sup>five</sup> intrep-  
id travelers set out for  
the only existing ghost town  
(boo!) in the bay area.

Steve, Dave, Bob, Valerie, and  
Miss X<sup>301</sup> all hopped into the  
Celica and headed down to  
the shitlands which await-  
ed them in the south bay.  
After a brief, uneventful  
ride, they arrived in El  
Viso which was a mere  
two mile hike (along railroad  
tracks) from their goal. When  
they arrived, it was easy  
for them to figure out  
why Drawbridge had degen-  
erated to a mere shadow  
of its former self; the  
floors of all the houses  
lay 2-3 feet under mirky,  
disgusting, off-green bay water!

# Campus trying to bar suicides from tower

By DAVID LAZARUS  
STAFF WRITER

Work began yesterday to install a cage of bronze bars around the observation platform of the Campanile, intended to prevent suicide attempts from the tall campus tower.

The bars replace large panes of glass that were removed in 1979 because they obstructed the sound of the tower's carillon. Due to the construction, the Campanile's observation platform will be closed until Friday.

The glass was originally installed years ago following suicide jumps in 1959 and 1961, the latter by a UC Berkeley student.

"The new bars are not only for potential jumpers," a university spokesperson said, "but also for people who climb up there for

prank-like purposes."

The hexagonal bronze bars will be approximately six inches apart and 13 feet high, according to Richard Clayberg, a private architect in charge of the project. He said there will be decorative "artichokes" at the top of each bar.

"We're trying to make it more of a decorative thing than a prison feeling," Clayberg said. "The bars are beautiful."

He estimated the cost of the project to be upwards of \$50,000.

Campus architect Florence Baldwin said the bronze bars were chosen because they would stand up to the Bay Area climate well.

A university spokesperson said the six-inch spacing of the bars should not interfere with the magnificent view offered by the Campanile. He said the bars will be comparable to grill-work on bridges and tall buildings.

such as  
The strategic  
yet drunk  
placing of  
innocent



## Update of IXL tower trip:

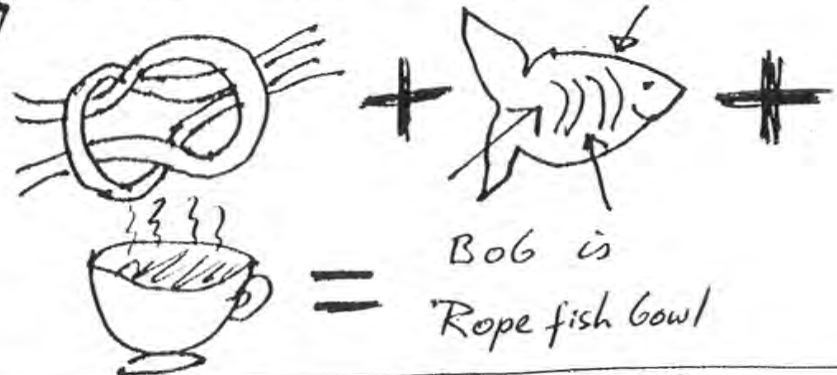
2/4/82: Bob appeared in court to contest the moving violation he received in Scotts Valley, CA. for "failure to drive on the wrong side of the road" or something like that.

Exerpts from the trial: "My passenger was another participant in the UC Hiking Club outing, a student from New Zealand. Your honor, she could not believe it..." [referring to the circumstances of the citation]. Etc, etc.

The verdict? well, solve the puzzle

Daily Californian wed. 1/13/82

What was the verdict in "The People of Calif. vs. Robert Aaron Akka"?



ANSWER: (Don't peek)

the verdict was

KNOT + GILL + CUP =  
NOT GUILCUP



January 23, 1982

Dayhike to Briones Regional Park

Participants: Tim Ingham (leader),  
Steve, Danny, Barry, Jody, Sarah,  
Lisa, Jan-Michel, and Mr. X.

All agreed that Briones Regional  
Park is very nice. I would definitely  
suggest that you (and I do mean you)  
make an effort to go there. Be  
advised that the park is not large  
and that it is possible to see the  
entire thing in somewhat less than  
a day. This trip took place  
a couple of weeks after the  
severe and destructive rains of  
Jan 3-4 1982. We saw several

small landslides which had occurred  
during those rains. In addition we  
saw one massive slide which had  
partially destroyed  $\approx$  200 feet of the

trail. To be precise, this was the  
situation: a large portion of the  
hillside had fractured and ~~was~~ moved  
several feet forming a jumbled mass  
of blocks of earth. The trail passed  
over this jumbled mass of earth.

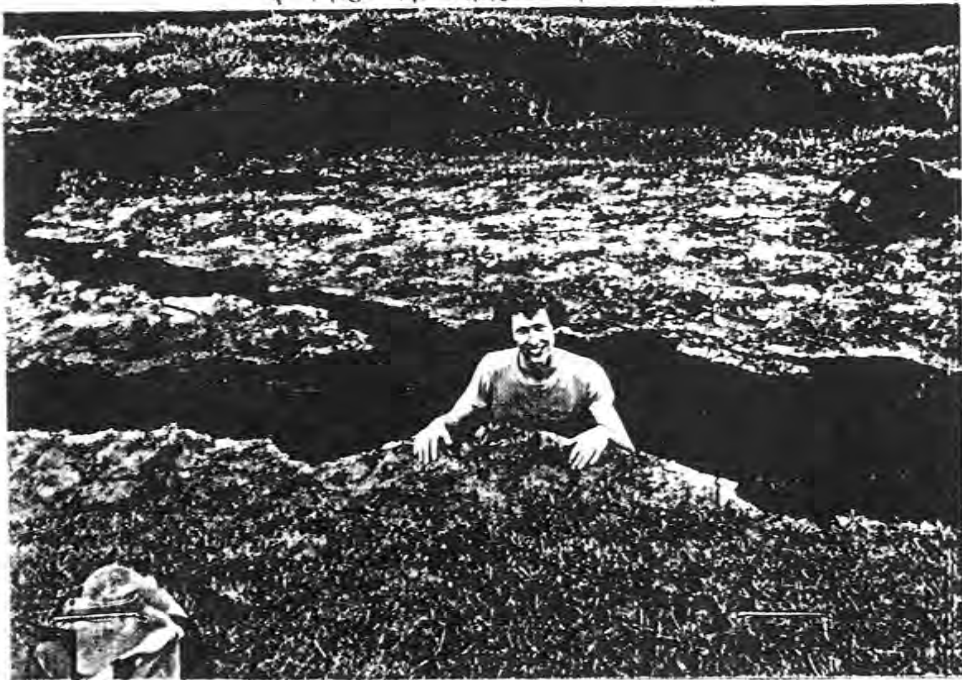
Naturally, being diehard environmentalists,  
and not wishing to walk on the fragile  
~~the~~ grass, we left to the trail. That  
was a bit risky, but so.

Tim Ingham

over: Tim and Zippy (figure out for  
yourself who is which). (The one in the  
crack is  $5-6'$   $2''$ )



↓ the infamous "Talus" ↓



February 6, 1952

Daycycle to Briones Regional  
Park and back.

Participants: Tim Ingham, John  
Hyde, Dunny, Jimmy.

This ride was ~38 miles and  
moderately<sup>(+)</sup> hilly. Since all participants  
were surely good riders we completed  
the ride in 4 1/2 hours including a  
very leisurely (?) lunch at Briones.

Route: Berkeley → tunnel road →  
pinehurst road → moraga → Lafayette  
→ happy valley road → Briones →  
bear creek rd. → wildcat canyon road.  
→ tilden → Berkeley.

Tim Ingham



# Party at John's place

Dianne

Chuck

Bob

Rich

Norman

Steve G

Steve H

John's friends

Chuck's friends

Steve's friends

BYOB is NOT Terrible  
conducive to severe drunkenness  
Nor is poker.

I won, peanuts + toothpicks with a full house. Make of it what you will !!

Lady D.

PS. To Lady D: Drink more alcohol!

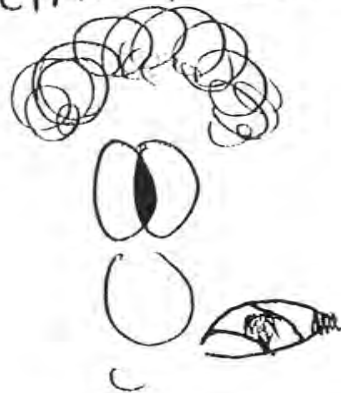
Various miscellaneous comments on

Party: 1) Be sure to have plenty of

almost

# The End of the Third Testament

PREPARE YOURSELF...



Pink Floyd sound. (2) 12 six packs, small bottle of rum, 2 bottles of wine, 1 bottle of bourbon, some G&T all <sup>+ Tequila</sup> went to the cause. (3) I don't know about you, but I was fairly wasted. (4) Special thanks to Steve Huskins for his brownies. (5) Those who slept over or came by in the morn (Norm & Rich) got some French Toast. And good was this toast.

# BIG SUR

(ACTUALLY LITTLE SUR)

President's Day Weekend  
Darryll & Lincington's Birthday

## Members

Rick Perry (Perpetrator)

Steve Huskins

NORMAN Hesterich

Nadia Tchao

Jim EDWARDS

Steve \_\_\_\_\_

Mark \_\_\_\_\_

## LOTS OF RAIN

Generally miserable weather.

Trip got off to a very late start on Saturday, because Rick, Norm, & Steve H. were recovering from the previous night's activities (see previous 2 pages). Car-

camping, a nice (if wet) dayhike, lots of drinkables & smokeables.

Party at Steve H's afterwards.

# THE END

MY ONLY FRIEND, THE END

(Driver, Where you takin' us?)

(Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore!)

Before I slip into unconsciousness...

This is definitely not  
OMAHA!

† hereby, order everyone to wear  
BERMUDA SHORTS

Which dimension is Omaha in,  
anyways? And who cares?

# CREDITS:

Layout by PARRILL UCTION  
 Book held together by DUCT  
 TAPE  
 color by VIC SPEWAGE  
 Music by PINK FLOID & KALX  
 YOW!  
 Unusual Expressions by ZIPPY  
 THE PINHEAD  
 Zippy the Pinhead by BILL  
 GRIFFITH  
 cows trained by NORMAN  
 HERETICH

incorrectly  
 spelled

OH FUCK  
 WHAT TIME IS IT

YOW!

YOW!  
 waste  
 is fun!!



YOW! I  
 AM HAVING  
 AN ETHNIC  
 EXPERIENCE!

WASTE  
 WASTER  
 WASTES

AND STILL, THE

ALL WOMAN TRIP NEVER  
 WENT!

9/23/83

LOTS OF WASTE

but there was still lots of snow

P.S. AREN'T YOU SORRY  
 WASTED ALL THE SPACE?

W. space is infinite;  
 So is reality

Two under the Testament Third. Sequel coming soon.