



Bear Tracks



Journal of the U.C. Hiking Club

August 18, 1989

Golden Trout Wilderness Trip

Just after graduation, Rex, Sean, Bio-Mike, and Mike Garcia (who shall now be referred to as Bike-Mike) headed south to search for the elusive GOLDEN TROUT. Not sure how big this fish may be or where we might find it, we packed supplies for an extended stay and headed out in Sean's recently acquired all-terrain pickup. We entered the mountains south of Fresno and followed several wrong turns (graciously supplied by Bio) until we reached a trailhead that we weren't looking for. We started on the trail late in the evening, hiked downhill past a spring and arrived at the Little Kern River just before sunset. The river crossing was difficult, but some previous backpackers had left a 40' suspension bridge to help us out. That night, before we feasted on burritos, we discovered that Bio's stove was in great need of a tune-up. It seems the last trip the stove made was the Dart Trip (dinner on the beach, lots of sand). Since this was our only stove, it became very important to try and repair it. After several hours of disassembly and reassembly, it became apparent that the chamber below the jet was filled with sand and would have to be opened and cleaned. All that was needed was a wrench of the right size. Lots of gear with us, but no wrenches. So Rex decided to make a wrench. With extra spoon and Swiss Army file, Rex went to work. Meanwhile, the stove burned intermittently as long as we cleaned the jet often.

The second day we searched the river for any sign of the GOLDEN TROUT, but unable to find it we hiked out of the Little Kern River valley and up to a ridge covered in various pines. We lunched at a very pretty meadow before descending into the Kern River canyon (not the term canyon instead of valley). We camped near a very fast moving portion of the river. All evening we hung out around a campfire and did nothing (except Rex, who continued to work on building a wrench, and Bio, who bitched about bitches).

Day three we headed north along the canyon toward a likely home of the GOLDEN TROUT, Little Kern Lake and Kern Lake. We searched each body of water despite to cold temperature, but alas all we caught was a good chill. In the afternoon we decided to begin the climb out of the canyon. Switchback after switchback the trail led us away from the Kern River toward the Great Western Divide. In the late afternoon we stopped to discuss the chance of not finding the big fish way up here. But before we made camp we noticed how close we were to the snow line. "Just a little higher" became the cry as we continued our climb almost until sunset. Without a campfire and surrounded by snow patches. Rex completed the spoon wrench, Bio cleaned the jet and the stove burned wildly.

The fourth day we crossed a sunny, snow patchy, alpine meadow following the trail toward a ridge. The snow patches became larger and closer together as we started up toward 10,000 feet. The last 500 feet to the top of the ridge was one solid patch of snow/ice. Crampons? Ice axes? Who needs them? We had Sean, instead, who led us up a step at a time by kicking and punching holes in the snow one at a time.

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Mono Lake in August

Welcome, welcome to another world-famous cruise upon Rexus Insaneus' Indecision Bus! Come aboard? Stay home? Can't make up your mind? Well, you're on the right cruise! The cruise of the century, of the year, or just of the day. You decide. It's not my job! Get the idea? Lost the clue? Related to Desolation Dave? Or just plain stupid? Great! This cruise is perfect for you.

Hello, everybody, my name is Don, but you can call me Bastard if you have an English accent. I will be your host upon the indecision bus. Our driver is Rexus Insaneus, the best chauffeur in the universe. Is everybody here? Sound off. Diana here, Bones here, Kendall here, Dave's lost in space. Good let's be off.

Our first stop will be Rainbow Pool. A nice swimming hole 15 miles past Groveland on Highway 120. Exit just before a straight bridge. Here you will be able to swim in a waterfall and dive off a 20 foot cliff. Should I jump? Should I dive? Should I do a 1 1/4 flip with a 1/4 twist side flop? How long shall we stay? Should we stand around all day while Don drowns? Where should we change? Just a few indecisions to get you rolling!

Everybody got the hang of things now? Great! Where shall we camp? What shall we do? Camp in the sticks? Camp next to RV's? Should we hike or sleep on the beach? Should we soak illegally in the Hot Springs? Should we ignore Diana's Hic-ups? Should we get naked in front of tourists? I don't know? You decide. It's not my job.

(Time has past. The trip is over. Diana is back in England. Dave

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Abi's Slug Story

If you were a slug, sitting on Abi's hot tub (This is a perfectly plausible hypothesis; slugs love beer.) on the night of July 8, 1989, you might have heard some fellow beer-lovers speaking and singing thusly:

"What is wrong with this dog's tongue? It's black!...grilled Jaws...shall we barbeque the cat?...what kind of a hot tub is this?...how do you get into this thing?...quiet down or everyone will want in...cold beer...you can get anything you want, at Alice's Restaurant...peek and I break your face...cold beer...we're all going to Denver...can I sit on your knees?...of course there's room, we only have 10 people in here...come on, take me to the Mardi Gras...cold beer...Bio, what are you doing in that kiddie pool?...the Pope joke has to be told by someone who knows it. Do you know it? No, do you?...has anyone seen my underwear?"

The line that you do not hear is "Oh, yuck! I just stepped on a slug!" Your squashed corpse is not found for three days because it (and that of another unfortunate gastropod) somehow ended up in the tub, where they were permitted to slowly cook to a fragrant, opaque broth that was on the point of evolving intelligence when it was discovered and drained.

Canoe Trip Announcement

Canoe Trip down the Russian River. August 25-27, 1989

The trip will be from Alexander Valley campground to Healdsburg. 14 Miles. 5-6 hours of paddling through oak-covered hills and around Fitch Mountain. Great sport fishing and swimming. Best scenery of all trips. Watch for the Great Blue Heron rookery.

Lead by:

Don Christensen 828-5682 (h) or (408)720-7469 (w)
"Bio" Mike Childress 843-1521 (h)

Please call us and let us know if you're going!!! We have to have an exact number by Wednesday to make reservations. You can leave a message on either leader's answering machines.

We will leave after Frisbee Friday night the 25th at about 8:00. We will arrive at Alexander campground around 10:00 or 11:00. We will spend all day Saturday canoeing, swimming and playing around. Sunday, we will have all day to goof off at the river before we head home. The cost will be \$24 for two nights camping and rental of canoes, etc. Please bring \$45 cash to cover canoe rentals, food and gas. We will leave all camping gear at the campground.

Things to bring:

Suntan lotion, water bottles, beer, sunglasses, Hawaiian shirts, river shoes, small rope to secure stuff, ice chests, hats, swimsuits.

Directions:

Take 101 North to Healdsburg. Exit at Healdsburg ave. exit. Go north to Alexander Valley road. Turn right (east) and travel to Alexander Valley campground and you're there!!

Mono Mayhem

(cont from page 1) is still lost, and all indecisions have been made. What did we do, you ask?

Well, let me tell you! We camped at Aspen campground next to RV's. We built a big campfire and had the best damn Cajun fish you ever tasted. I garontee!! We shook outhouses, and took midnight hikes. We drank and sang and played Ha Ha in the middle of the road. We hid from cars, and curled up close and watched the stars. We celebrated the 200,000 mile birthday of the Indecision Bus. Dave got caught by the Hot Springs Police. We floated in Mono Lake with 4 trillion brine shrimp and climbed in the fissures. We ran out of fuel but not food. Diana took pics in the nude (available for a modest fee). We swam in lakes and pools and waterfalls. Don started the campfire with only one blowtorch. Dave pushed the window out of the Indecision Bus. Bones broke the lantern. Don broke his camera. Kendall fell down a rock face when she was climbing. Diana got rained on. We all almost died when a car could not decide whether it wanted to hit us or not. But we survived and had a great time!!!!

Quotes:

Don: "She's female so far."
Diana: "Please part to accommodate me, hic."
Rex: "Hide! A car's coming!"
Dave: "Shocking."
Kendall: "Shocking."
Kendav: "Shocking."

Seven Dwarfs Get Syked

Sylke's Hot Springs Repair Trip -- July 29, 1989
Don Christensen

Hi ho, Hi ho, it's off to Syke's we go.
We'll hike all night, by candle light.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Bio is along also.
He's on the beach, fast asleep.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Astro is along also.
He'll soak all night, 'till the morning light.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Irene is along also.
She'll soak all night, with Astro-Mike.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Don is along also.
The springs he'll fix, with a natural mix.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Annette is along also.
She's no fluff, playing volley-puff.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Steve is along also.
He'll catch some fish, for our dinner dish.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Brett is along also.
He loves this place, no more Rat Race.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Jason is along also.
He's no dork, from New York.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Jessica is along also.
She loves to hike, with Astro-Mike.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Jason and Ann along also.
They're our friends, from far away lands.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, Frobenso will never show.
They went back home, to be alone.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Hi ho, Hi ho, it's off to Syke's we go.
We'll sing Mickey Mouse, and watch for snakes.
Hi ho, Hi ho, Hi ho.

Golden Trout Quest

(cont. from page 1) Rex suggested that we don't look down toward the rocks below us. Once on top, we carefully scanned the horizon for the prize fish. We hiked down a small trail between the peaks to the secluded Coyote Lakes. Each of us sat around the lake the rest of the day waiting for the GOLDEN TROUT but he would not reveal himself.

Day five began with scrambling pancakes and syrup and the scrambled climb down from the ridge to the Little Kern River valley far below. We lunched at a stream meadow but the GOLDEN TROUT didn't join us. The afternoon hike was relaxed as we headed downhill across oak-lined knolls to find the sandy beaches for Rex at the Little Kern River. We camped, enjoyed a fire and wondered about the bear tracks so close to camp.

The final day we hiked out of the Little Kern River valley, down, across, and up another river valley toward the trailhead and the pickup. Almost to the ridge we came upon a Ranger on the trail. He asks us for our permits (the ones we were supposed to get before we started). He said to us, "Well, I guess I'm going to have to give you a...(hold breath)...wilderness permit." Relieved, we ask him about the GOLDEN TROUT. He said, "You should know him well by now, you just spent a week inside him." And that's how we found the big fish.

UCHC Office Cleanup Party

Editor's Note— I wish to extend a hearty "thank you!" to all the UCHCr's who helped out last Wednesday with the office cleanup party. Many hours were put in to protect the UCHC office from the ASUC yuppification designs. Boulders were relocated, orange peels were located, maps were moved and furniture piled all day by these generous folks. Thanks to: "Nola" Mike, "Bio" Mike, "Bones" Mike, Sandy, Tracy, and Jessica!! Good job!!