

# BEAR TRACKS

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Could it be? A real Bear Tracks? (accept no substitutions)

## Huck Finn Float II

by Nola



This now annual(?) adventure was pulled off successfully for the second time on Saturday, September 16. Fourteen people made the voyage: Don (Coy), Steve, Marcus, his roommate Frank, Mark, Sina, Randy, Miles, Karen, Ben, Wiley, and three veterans to the Huck Finn: Chris, Ricky and Nola, originator of this Central Valley escapade.

The Huck Finn float involves gathering up a sufficient number of floating objects and heading out to the Sacramento River. The Sacramento River, for those who are unfamiliar with it, is a large river which runs down the middle of the state, eventually joining with the San Joaquin from the south and flowing into San Francisco Bay. The river, where we were, is big, slow, with no rapids—kind of

like a small version of the Mississippi (hence the name of the trip).

This year's flotilla consisted of two large rafts, two small rafts, and a kayak. Those who were interested got instruction from Coy on operation of the kayak.

After strategically staggering the cars along the river, one about 3 1/2 miles downstream, the other about 8, we put in at Miller's Landing, about 20 miles north of Sacramento, as the crow flies. Once in the water, we floated merrily down, cloudless sky, swimming, watching out for the occasional water-skiers, eating, playing dunk-the-driest-person, dunk-any-person, throwing a frisbee between boats, and ever on the lookout for the coveted rope swings. Inattention at the outset of the voyage led to the tragic passing-by of one prime rope swing, but luckily, another great one appeared right near the end of the voyage, yielding, for the bravest swingers, about 20 feet of air before plunging into the river. A nice, soft muddy bottom made the occasional shallow-water landing no problem. Nola, however, narrowly avoided a *serious* case of fishhook-in-the-toe.

Some parts of the river had lush, wooded banks, while others parts were, well, plain.

A few practical notes for future floaters: Anything you do not want to get wet or muddy, such as maps, lunches, etc., needs to be in at least 2 tightly closed

plastics bags, preferably more. My radio did survive, but the map book is looking mighty tattered and warped.

We all got home around 9 pm, plenty of time for the energetic to go to the party on Keith St.

"I reckon it'll be some time 'for I ever gets again to enjoyin' a day as I did on the UCHC Huck Finn Float II"— M. Twain, special guest floater.



## "Assignment" of September 8th

Another amazing tale for me to tell my cell-brethren back on 'Xzzy\*thth. It almost makes me wish I could stay in my remote-operated body electric. But imagine not dis-"r.o.b.e."-ing, how foolish!

The trip was a complete success, though. I captured more raw "fun" than available on our entire planet. There were, however, times when I wasn't sure my form would survive the experience.

I did my initial research under pressure, and only by glancing at the wall map did I discover that Point Reyes lies to the north. Now I could fake like I knew what I was doing. In my position of responsibility<sup>1</sup>, I had a lot of experience doing that.

The trip to the coastal region in their primitive vehicles was, for the most part, pleasant. Excitement, and the strange earthly side-effect, really began

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<sup>1</sup>Footnote to be edited from final report: True, it is only a small backwards club with a limited number of responsible members, but this gives it the unnaturally high quotient of "fun."

after a few miles when we reached Arch Rock. This natural formation was a hollow in the solid rock that waves crashed through, and we needed to wait for the waves to recede before dashing past the water to the beach beyond. Not wishing to get our feet wet, we removed our shoes. This proved a foolish act. Immediately following Marcus' inaccurate toss of Mike's Aerobie into the ocean, which caught it in a single-handed wave, Matt managed to somehow lose his shoes. Fortunately, this loss does not greatly hinder natural bipedal movement along Earth's coastal regions.

A bizarre ritual accompanied our lunch, when we stopped in an apparently safe alcove by the sea. Alcohol may have played some small part in this, but for some reason I cannot exactly remember. Along with their need for fun, human's seem to need something to believe in and worship. Before my sensory organs, the rounded end of a piece of kelp was transformed into a sea-hag, eyes and nose carved under the long strands of seaweed hair. Some members believed the highest respect for the god could be shown by sacrificing rocks to the deity at high-speed. Unfortunately, the god did not last long.

Walking and playing the rest of the kelp like musical instruments, a truly ominous sound reminiscent of glink's performing their annual egg-licking under the gulla buds, we ran into a rock wall. After realizing the rock would not give way before our heads, we started up the face of the cliffs lining the beach. A fascinating part of the trip were the sounds constantly emanating from Matt with each step on the rocky slope. I still am not sure exactly what "ouch" is meant to communicate.

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## A bizarre ritual accompanied our lunch...

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Clambering up a loose dirt slope nearly straight up, with only dead immobile organics to anchor us, nearly meant the end of myself and others. The blood, scrapes, and tears in Matt's socks and all our bodies attributed to the

difficulty of the climb. In answer to one of Earth's wisest men, we were having "fun" now.

After an hour of tiring climbing, we all subconsciously decided the experience, however painful, was well worth repeating as we started down yet another ravine. This one, too, was a dead-end, a beach completely filled with water. I must compare this to the definition of ocean later.

We finally reached a trail, and I think we were all greatly relieved. Earth, however, seems to have some fascinating gravitic anomalies. We climbed to the beach, and then climbed back to the cars, always uphill. Finally, the last mile had a wonderful stretch of trail where we all simulated the experience of down-hill skiing, absolutely destroying our knees and lungs. For a finale, as we rested and waited for others to catch up, we utilized the human method of scientific confirmation by eating berries we were not definitely sure were not poisonous.

All of this was very "fun." With my earlier research, I thought I had an idea of what that was, but after nearly destroying my r.o.b.e., I am beginning to equate risking all with having fun. I must engage in more activities to confirm my growing suspicions, that one can never have enough "fun." And I resent the implication in your last detail that I am keeping all the "fun" to myself. You are all welcome to come, heh-heh.

## Chris's Dream

September 22-23  
by Matt Austern

*"And Pharaoh awoke, and behold, it was a dream. So in the morning his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt and all its wise men; and Pharaoh told them his dream, but there was none who could interpret it to Pharaoh."*

The dream our Pharaoh (Chris) had in Yosemite may stump even Joseph.

By the time we arrived at Ten lakes (The name is a vicious deception, I might mention: we saw at most four lakes. They were admittedly gorgeous, but this is nonetheless a grave violation of truth in

advertising.) we lacked the energy to explore [and maybe find the other 6 lakes?-ed.] and we spent the night in our own innocent amusements.

Chris left the fire for a few minutes while we ostensibly made up a dream for him to have that night. Really, though, the dream came entirely from the murky depths of his subconscious (or conscious, whichever), as determined by his questions.

The first question Chris asked was whether the dream had to do with women ("No."), and the next was whether it had to do with money ("Maybe.") From then on, things became progressively more bizarre.

In the end, the dream involved all of us doing cruel things to Chris, culminating with hanging him naked from a tree (but wearing his hiking boots) and returning to Berkeley without him. He was found by another group of hikers, but instead of rescuers they too turned into tormenters.

Can anyone interpret this??

## Wilderness First Aid (or how to put a band-aid on in the Great Outdoors)

For some a B.A is enough, others go for Masters and Ph.D.'s. But the true test of one's abilities, as we all know, is in achieving a degree in Advanced Wilderness First Aid. (Certification good for three years.)

For those willing to pay the price, it's just been lowered by the Oakland Red Cross to \$70. Financial aid is available for all worthy students (i.e. everyone).

Classes will start January 8, 1991 every Tuesday and Thursday 7-10pm for a total of 54 hours. Further updates to follow.