

BEAR
BEAR
BEAR
BEAR
BEAR

TRACKS
TRACKS
TRACKS
TRACKS
TRACKS

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE U.C. HIKING CLUB / A.S.U.C.

Fall semester Issue #2
1990
Carolyn Fairman, editor

31 October

Bradley Hut: Chainsawing in the Wilderness

by Nola



You're joking, right?

October 6 & 7, A group of 7 Hiking Clubbers joined a group of 4 Sierra Clubbers to work on the Sierra Club's Bradley Hut, located just inside the Granite Chief Wilderness in Tahoe National Forest. The hut is a simple A-frame structure with a loft sleeping area and small iron stove. The idea was to stock the hut with wood for the winter, make repairs, and get it ready for the ski season. Ed, the Sierra Club work party leader, guided the operation, including the use of a chainsaw to cut the wood with. The chainsaw proved to make short work of the dead wood needed for the hut, but tended to attract any authorities within earshot. There turned out to be three of them. After some heated discussion, it was agreed upon that Ed was

mistaken and was, indeed, slightly inside the Wilderness boundary, and the chainsaw was a big no-no. A while later, the rangers left amiably.

So, handsaws from now on. Much preferred, in my view.

There was lots of singing around the Saturday night campfire, even without the help of the Official UCHC Songbook. (See announcement elsewhere in this issue).

Some of us were a little concerned at how Hiking Clubbers & Sierra Clubbers would get along, but it turned out to be a non-issue.

We also took a hike up to the top of KT-22, right on the boundary of Squaw Valley Ski Resort. Kind of weird, looking over the brown landscape as the chairlifts squeaked in the wind. Beautiful view of the lakes the hut is next to, as well as Lake Tahoe.

The hut is now in prime shape for the winter. The hut is probably going to be the destination for a UCHC beginner's cross-country ski trip this winter. If you're interested in trying XC skiing, you should stay tuned. This may be the last winter for Bradley hut, as it's scheduled to be torn down (No permanent structures in wilderness). This is being appealed, however.

One of the best things about the weekend was that the Sierra Club provided all meals, as well as lodging Fri. night at their Clair Tappen Lodge. Total cost for weekend: about \$5!

Bradley Hut Work Party Trip 10-6-90

By: Coy Christensen

Morals, morals, morals. Does anyone have any morals these days? Or is there such a thing as a true moral? Must all morals be self-serving, self-centered lies made up to benefit no one but ourselves? Can a cabbage know when a fellow cabbage is being shredded into salad particles? Do all Norwegians know as many drinking songs as Ulrick? Is Elvis really dead? Are cats simply animated doggie toys? Is low impact camping really low impact? I don't know! Do you know? I don't know! Do you know? I don't know????????????

Well in a feeble attempt to solve these issues before my mind turned to peanut butter and oozed out of my ears onto my pre-made salami sandwich. Which I might add would cause the salami to stick to the roof of my mouth which I find rather unpleasant and thus motivating me to avoid the whole situation if at all possible. I rallied together a team of the finest moral dilemma solvers ever seen on this side of an illegal chain saw. By name they were Nola, Miles, Tina, David, Grady, and Ulrick. So together we piled in to our two petroleum consuming, carbon monoxide producing, Hydrocarbon emitting cars and drove toward Tahoe on large slabs of asphalt that wound through even larger slabs of concrete in search of a place untouched by man.

After a short break to reinforce our arteries with Brazilian beef fat burgers and fries we drove to Five Lakes Basin; a small piece of wilderness nestled between two very large ski resorts were nature loving people come to swill beer, eat processed animal particles, and sleep in luxury condos while constantly saying " gee honey, Isn't it so beautiful here." Our quest was a small rustic wood cabin on the edge of one of these lakes . So together we loaded down our packs with individually tinfoil wrapped packages of hot chocolate and 12 oz. cans of barley residue and yeast piss and headed for the cabin.

continued p.4

Steaming on the Beach

by David

As initiated by Steve, eight of us met Monday evening to drive out to the Hot Springs south of Stinson Beach. There's a tidepool with a hot spring in it. Normally, cold waves wash over it, but during low tide, the waves break a hundred feet out and the hot water remains in a 15 feet long pool which is 6 feet wide near the ocean and narrows to about one foot back in the rocks. Most of us (sans Allen and Chris) arrived at the pullout on Highway 1, 1.0 miles south of the intersection of the Panoramic Highway with Highway 1. There we waited. And waited. We wondered if the motorcycle duo was all right. We wondered if they had gotten lost. The mosquitoes started to come out. The mosquitoes started to feed. We stopped wondering and started hiking. But not before courteously leaving thorough directions and a flashlight behind for the latecomers.

We settled down to some serious soaking after a brief discussion on hot spring dress codes...

Down the slope we hiked, skidded, and slid; down to the beach. Then we headed south from one cove to next, with most people choosing to scramble over the dividing rock walls and two less soluble hikers wading around each projecting rock peninsula. As the six of us approached the hot springs, some of the ten people already there decided it was time to leave. (Does our reputation precede us?) We settled down to some serious soaking after a brief discussion on hot spring dress codes. The voting was 1 to 5 to wear or not to wear, respectively, with voting following strict Michigan/California party lines. It being California, everyone did their own thing.

continued p.5

Low-Cost Lantern

Conceived & Tested by Coy
Illustrations by Nola

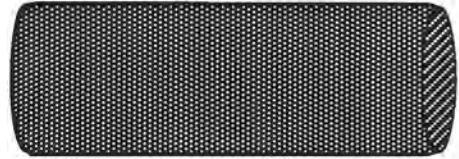
Step 1:

Obtain one medium Duroflame® log



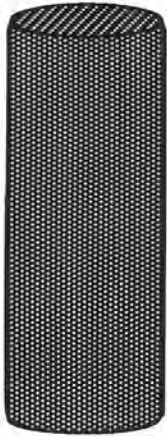
Step 2:

Remove wrapper



Step 3:

Place log on end, on top of picnic table



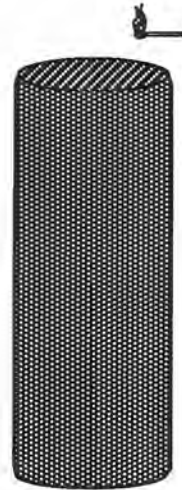
Step 4:

Determine that park officials will not be driving by that night



Step 5:

Ignite top of log



Enjoy hours of gold,
green, & blue flame.

Continuation of Bradley Hut...

We spent the weekend debating the morals of man kind while stomping on defenceless plants, scarring the earth with the remains of our camp fire and producing rubbish that would be carried out only to be buried in some other once natural spot. But never fear! All of this was not in vain! We did come to some conclusions. 1) It is no more morally wrong to rock climb than it is to cow climb. That is because the rock feels no more pain when a piton is driven into its side than a cow would feel. 2) We are visitors in the mother nature's wilderness and we must learn to enjoy her beauty in such a fashion that we do not alter or disturb it in any way! As far as the other question go, I'll have to leave them up to you to answer and as for me, I'll just add more jelly to my salami sandwich!

A special thanks to my crew that helped me clean up the cabin and stock it with wood for the upcoming winter season. I hope to see all of you on a cross country ski trip this year taking advantage of your efforts.

The UCHC Song Book Project



Glen & Nola are in the process of creating a Hiking Club songbook, to be printed in pocket-size version sometime soon. We have about 100 songs so far. If you have any favorite songs you would like to have included, just tell one of us. If you have the lyrics written out, great. If you have the lyrics on disk, fantastic. Bring whatever you have, even if it's just a title, to one of the meetings.

Great Hot Springs Pilgrimage

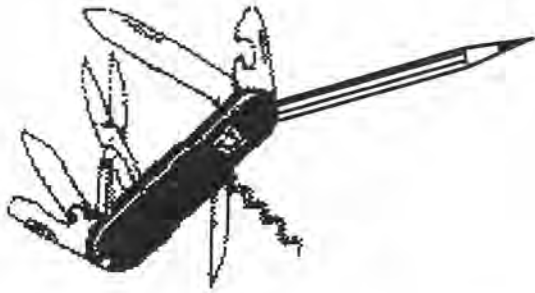
by Megan Jewett

When the great hot spring guru (Steve) consulted his mystical tidal charts, the message was clear... a pilgrimage was necessary to appease the full moon gods of the hot springs. The makeshift band (Steve, Allan, Brett, Karen, Megan, Marty, Chris and Dave) assembled at the west entrance (mistakenly referred to in the scriptures as the West Circle) and the trek commenced as the sun began to set. Two cars successfully made the dangerous, winding trip to a parking lot near Stinson beach, but one motorcycle with two of the hot springs worshipers aboard, Allan and Chris, failed to arrive. It was decided that these two wayfarers had either lost their lives en route (in which case they were assured a direct trip straight to hot spring heaven), or else they were simply lost souls who had gone astray. We left a map and a flashlight for them, in case they were still alive, and began the perilous journey in search of the legendary hot springs.

Steve's map made the journey look easy and straightforward: simply go down a path, around a few big rocks, and there you have it. However, pilgrimages are meant to be challenging, so that only the brave and hearty (or "foolhearty") ever reach their destination. Our bans proved to be both. We climbed down a path which grew ever steeper, until it threatened to become vertical. At that point, we began climbing up and over ledges which were much too large to qualify as "rocks". It seemed that Steve was leading us using some psychic connection with the hot springs gods, and that the gods were mighty confused. Nevertheless, the gods pulled through, and suddenly the air was full of the smell of sulphur and voices were heard coming from the earth.

Upon our arrival, most of the people at the hot springs decided that it was a good time to leave (they were

cont. page 7



The Trip Journalist for Bear Tracks

On each trip, be sure and remember to designate a "Trip Journalist". This person will write a paragraph or two about the trip you went on, for the Bear Tracks newsletter. We want this newsletter to be a digest of past trips, among other things. Anyone else on the trip is welcome—no, *encouraged*, to write an article as well; our publishing criteria is pretty minimal: Write in English (and exceptions can be made to that.) In fact, writing anything about club-related stuff pretty much assures publication in our distinguished newsletter, so go for it! Submit articles, blurbs, cartoons, memorable quotes, trip announcements, equipment for sale, and other material to Carolyn at each meeting. (If you have a Macintosh, and can submit on disk, do so! Otherwise, paper is fine.)

Continuation of Steaming.

And now... for the rest of the story... The two stragglers had found the parking spot but not the directions or the flashlight. Undaunted, they pressed on through the moonless night, down hillsides, through chaparral, and onto the beach. They opted to wade through the surf from one cove to the next, with Allen cleverly following behind a certain (nameless) hiker, who is long on courage, charisma, and leadership skills but short on height. In this way, Allen could deduce the proper route to take. When his companion's head disappeared under the waves, it was not the way to

go. With this guide service, Allen was able to keep his knees dry and arrived at the spring in dry, wearable clothing.

In the meantime, we were all getting an education. Somehow, in the vast amount of natural and physical science courses we had collectively taken, no one had told us of the curative effects of hot springs, much less the proper medicinal use of vegetables. Apparently, from what "John" (of Berkeley) told us (sincerely); to heal a particular organ, one must eat vegetables that resemble that organ. Hence broccoli and cauliflower will cure lung problems because they have similar shapes. John had successfully treated himself in this way! For heart trouble, one should eat strawberries (same shape, you see) and so on. Some wondered, but didn't ask, what the effect of carrots would be.

About midnight, as the waves started breaking closer and closer, we got out and those of us with dry clothing got dressed. The person with dripping wet clothing had to improvise. A parka and beach towel were loaned and a skirt of sorts was effected. When it is someone's first time in a dress, rock-climbing takes on new dimensions. For instance, all the helpful people who shine flashlights up (so you can see your way - safety first!) while descending vertical rock walls.

Arriving back in Berkeley about 2 a.m., I'm sure everyone slept soundly. Three days later, and we're still sweating out sulphur. A great trip, a wonderful, scenic place. Thanks for putting it together, Steve (And, Chris, there's no rush in returning my towel.)

The Vice Squad

By: Coy Christensen

Yes, the vice squad is back and we're in search of the perfect vice. You know who we are and you know what we want. We're always craving something different or new. Something absolutely great or just totally devastating to mind and body. Something that will make us one with ourselves or one with someone else.

The weekend of the 20th we gathered together in a large open space with green below and blue above. A small group we were but a well trained group we are. We started our search with the indulgence of air and energy. Could these be the vices we're looking for. For hours on end we filled our lungs with nitrogen and oxygen and forced our bodies to metabolize at abnormally high rates. But to our sadness it was soon decided that this was not the ultimate vice, no matter what rubber footed concrete explorers say. So on to the next vice we went. Could the ultimate vice be a mixture of twice mutilated plant seeds and oriental wet land products rolled into a disk made from a cousin of pop. Did someone not pay for their vice. Oh, we all did but someone didn't so enjoy but don't understand. This was a pleasurable experience to the inner being of energy but was not the ultimate vice. What could it be? Where did it exist? Could it be in the mountains? I don't know but let us look.

So off we went. To the mountains in search of the ultimate vice. Loaded down with the necessities of a vice monger we braved the chilled morning air as we climbed our way to the top of a mountain. From the top we could look down on the world. Our eyes were filled with fabulous visions that lifted our souls to the heavens. Could this be it? the ultimate vice? The only way to tell was to find all other vices and compare the effects upon the mind and body. So off we went along a wind swept ridge in the

incredible views from all sides. Our bodies were light with joy and splendor. But behold, a taller peak stood in front of us. So up we climbed to

the top of the top of the world and here we found our leader. The ultimate god of vices. He came to us from the frozen land of the north and in his presence he had three vices acclaimed the world over. He lead us down a stony path to the door of a small mountain cabin in which we would spend the night.

The first vice to come forth from his hands was that of combustion. The sign of the devil some might say but to us only another vice in the giant pot. We all indulge in filling our lungs with the by product of the combusting matter. Many were pleased and none more than the newest member of the team. To others this was not the ultimate vice. So on to the next. From the air was produced the second vice. We filled our inner souls with the remains of a colony of organisms. We drank in their waste both liquid and gas. Our minds became slow our bodies loose. Our pleasure flowed in song. How could we judge such a vice with our lowered intelligence or is that the definition itself. In a stupor, we gathered around a table for the third and final vice. The vice of competition and humiliation. Each man for himself. One by one we took pleasure in climbing the ladder of success as we shat upon those of us below.

All went blank, I awoke the next morning with little to no memory of the night before. Did we find the ultimate vice. If so what was it? Could it be the warmth that I dreamed with through the night? Or could the ultimate vice be only the mere search for the ultimate vice?

I hereby declare that the vice squad will reassemble to answer these questions! Time to be announced.-

Continuation of Pilgrimage...

probably only pseudo-worshippers who grew faint at the sight of the real thing). A while later, the two errant motorcyclists arrived, without the aid of either Steve's flashlight or the map, which they had not seen. The next few hours were spent going in and out of the ocean to body surf and cool off, going in and out of the cave in the back of the hot springs, and randomly shuffling people and soaking positions in the hot springs. Amaretto was drunk in the honour of the gods, and we listened to the wise words of John, the local hot spring prophet. According to the words of John, "The shape of a food determines what it is good for. So, broccoli is good for the lungs, strawberries are good for the heart, etc." He didn't mention carrots but I guess they must be good for something other than the eyes.

When the ocean's approach threatened to change the hot springs into cold springs, we decided that the time had come to leave. At this point, Chris mentioned that all of his clothes had gotten soaked. rather than force him to make the trek back naked (although this possibility was discussed), a towel "skirt" and jacket were produced. This provided for an interesting view when Chris chose to be the last of the group to climb down from the top of one of the "large rocks".

The group made it back to the cars just as the full moon was rising. In the next week the scent of sulphur that hung in the air wherever we went informed those around us that we had recently payed our respects to the gods of the hot springs.

. . . So singularly clear was the water, that where it was only twenty or thirty feet deep the bottom was so perfectly distinct that the boat seemed floating in the air! Yes, where it was even *eighty* feet deep. Every little pebble was distinct, every speckled trout, every hand's-breath of sand. Often, as we lay on our faces, a granite bolder, as large as a village church, would start out of the bottom apparently, and seem climbing up rapidly to the surface, till presently it threatened to touch our faces, and we could not resist the impulse to seize an oar and avert the danger. But the boat would float on, and the boulder descend again, and then we could see that when we had been exactly above it, it must still have been twenty or thirty feet below the surface. Down though the transparency of these great depths, the water was not *merely* transparent, but dazzlingly, brilliantly so. All objects seen through it had bright, strong vividness, not only of outline, but of every minute detail, which they would not have had when seen simply through the same depth of atmosphere. So empty and airy did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat excursions "balloon-voyages"

Mark Twain, describing Lake Tahoe in his book, Roughing It.