



Bear Tracks

Would The Gentleman Prefer Grey Poupon?

Gourmet at Point Reyes

by: Bryce Nesbitt

The sky burst with slivers of red-orange as the sun's last glowing coals wafted slowly into the sea. The coals of our own cooking fires, now well established, yielded delightful treats at a dizzying pace. Sautéed shrimp, vegetarian stroganoff, sea bass in lemon with basil, pasta with pesto, brie, fresh fruit, and a selection of cheap port and fine wines. Everyone brought a treat and a toy. We feasted 'till full, then had dessert.

Dinner dress was, of course, formal. A selection of waltzes and tangos started the better dressed twisting and turning. The music shifted to rock and the party shifted to high gear. The weather had seemed foreboding early Saturday, but the night was ideal: a light breeze, slivers of cloud, moderate temperature. We harassed Boy Scout Troop 76 mercilessly: trolling about in formal dress (on unicycle or on foot as you prefer), at one point inquiring after some "Grey Poupon" mustard, and bringing Nikki, an alleged "virgin", to be roasted on their fire. A tad wild, you might say. Especially when Madeleine-was-dessert, and with everyone on air-guitar, Lloyd took the table for the strip tease.

Nighttime saw us on the beach. Running, splashing, and exploring the waterside brought an unexpected pleasure; phosphorescent algae glowed with every touch. Each footstep resulted in a halo of

glowing light, the waves glowed an eerie green, and each swish in the sand brought a streak of color.

Our single Duraflame™ log seemed a bit skimpy; fortunately our permit allowed burning of driftwood. Soon a campfire glowed and laughter flowed. Marshmallows were roasted, as usual, and Simian brought a treat from Australia; *twisties*, roasted bread on a stick with butter and maple syrup, horrible actually, but still fun to make fun of. A spare bottle of champagne came forth, and fireworks lit up the sky. Efforts to collect more wood resulted in a tumbling, giggling distraction. Steve, Nikki, Don and I ended up on the top of a dune. Before long we were at the bottom of the dune and racing back to the top. End-over-end, tandem barrel rolls, dive n' tuck and (oh, well) very little firewood.

Breakfast was omelette and fruit and rice and beans and leftovers and, of course, the Easter egg hunt. A spire of rock jutting from the rolling green coastal hills provided the perfect setting. The eggs were well hidden by the able climber Madeleine and compatriot Simian.

The race was on to find the most obscure crack, crevice, and the "big prize" egg (hidden, we were told, on or near the ground). We searched and licked (the sun was hot) and ate 'till the mere thought of more was out of the question.



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Now it was back to the beach for a quick dip (Au' Naturale, to the shock of average beachgoers), sand castles, pyramids, tossing frisbees and footballs, people buried to the neck, feasting on lunch, and roasting 'till well done. ■

Spring Break '93

CHAOS In Canyon Lands!

by: Lloyd Connelly

We planned to meet Sunday evening in Delta, Utah. Since the drive to Delta would take about twelve hours, we planned for an early start. Remembering the "complications" that delayed this year's mass exodus for the cabin trip, we decided to reduce our CHAOS factor¹ by avoiding a group departure. Instead, we subdivided into four separate groups of three or four people each and managed to leave Berkeley by 6:00AM, CHAOS time.¹ A truly un-CHAOS-like performance! Even more remarkable, all four cars found each other in Delta within an hour of the first car's 7:00pm arrival. Having successfully herded in Delta, the first priority in everyone's mind was dinner.

The stage is set. Fifteen CHAOS members caged in small glass and metal boxes for 12 hours are unleashed at a small diner in Delta, Utah. Did we sit down to a quiet meal and respect the calm atmosphere of the sleepy diner? Well, let me leave the reader with one small token of advice. If you ever manage to end up at the Delta Diner, and they ask you where you are from (a popular question in the middle of nowhere), lie. Tell them you are from Moab, or Brooklyn, or Kathmandu. Anywhere but Berkeley. Dave, Suzie, Jim, Brian, Jessica, Giles, Madeleine, Erin, Matt, Greg, Jenny, Lloyd, Carol, Eric, and Grace descended on the Delta Diner and raised utter havoc. Our 90 decibel discussion about mormonism, stories

about non-university sanctioned activities on past CHAOS trips, and less than polite table mannerisms (have you ever watched caged baboons at feeding time?) were openly shared with everyone in the small diner. We laughed until we were purple and just short of vomiting everything we had ordered right back onto the plates. We did, however, exercise enough restraint to keep our meals where we originally put them. We didn't want to be rude. Unfortunately, the menu wasn't exactly up to Berkeley standards. We couldn't even find humus or tofu. So, we settled for cheese nachoes, salads, chocolate shakes, lasagna, and piles of baked potato(e)s, (sorry, no broccoli).

After terrorizing the Delta Diner, we piled back into the cars and drove another six hours to Moab, the mountain bike capitol of the U.S. The stay in Moab observed classic CHAOS procedure: 1:00AM: arrival, 1:07AM: sleeping bags unstuffed next to cars, 1:24AM: asleep beneath the stars, 8:something AM: back in the cars for the final three hours of driving to Canyon Lands. Although the hills between Moab and Canyon Lands were relatively insignificant, everyone in Dave's car had to flap their arms out of the windows to create additional lift.

Upon arriving at the Canyon Lands visitor center, we received an introductory course in low impact camping. The ranger taught us not to walk on cryptogamic soil (alias: cryptonite soil, cryptostuff, or gammocryptic soil depending on who you ask) less we should leave CHAOS foot prints in the crusty, black dirt for ten thousand years. The packing and car shuttling activities which followed were carried out with typical CHAOS coordination and efficiency. Highlights included the two speeding "warnings" we received from a somewhat too happy park ranger, and the group picture, which consisted of accosting an unsuspecting tourist with five cameras thus allowing him to record the occasion again and again and again. We stuffed everything that wasn't permanently affixed to the

¹ Chaos time is determined by taking real time, adding thirty minutes, and then adding the number of minutes corresponding to the number of people departing from one location (the "CHAOS factor") squared. For example, if six people are planning to leave Berkeley at 6:00AM real time, they will actually depart sixty-six minutes later. Thus, in this scenario, 6:00AM CHAOS time means 7:06AM real time.

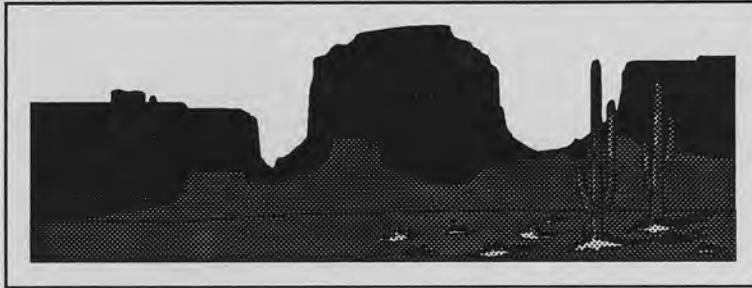
cars into our backpacks and divided ourselves into two groups, each starting at opposite ends of the six day hike. With plans to meet in Cyclone Canyon three days later, we started our journey.

As with any CHAOS event, some activities discussed below would not be formally recognized by the university as hiking club activities and therefore did not officially occur.

Eric and Grace were the only ones brave enough to carry on last year's tradition of turning themselves into mud creatures on the shores of the Colorado. Most everyone else managed to test the freezing waters amidst much procrastinating, screaming and gnashing of teeth. Just for the record, we were fully clothed in our UC Berkeley jim suits during all swimming exercises.

Eric's group was the first to hike to Druid Arch. Having heard stories of large water pools on the way to the arch, they set out with empty water bottles and filters in hand. They didn't get far, however, before receiving discouraging council from two fellow explorers. "Don't go that way if you want water." they warned. "There's no water between here and the Colorado River!" So, with this dark omen of gloom hanging over them, the brave CHAOS group trudged onward. They hiked and hiked. They must have journeyed fifty, maybe even seventy five feet before sighting the first of many water holes. I could still see the satanic couple of gloom sitting on their small rock when Matt turned to me and exclaimed, "They must be on drugs!"

A couple of days later, the second CHAOS group hiked out to the arch. Same hike, same arch, but completely different impressions. Ask anyone in Eric's group about



Druid Arch, and you will hear stories of the arch's stoic beauty and ominous presence. Ask anyone in Dave's group about the arch and they will probably say, "What arch? Oh, you must mean that outcropping near 'Penis Rock'". Yes, it's true. Madeleine, Giles and the rest were far too enamored by this nearby phallic monument to even take notice of the arch. You can depend on CHAOS to see through the tourist traps and discover the true beauty of Canyon Lands.

The two CHAOS groups met near Cyclone Canyon but did not camp together as planned. Instead, we bartered ace bandages for Tang and decided to meet Saturday, 3:00pm, CHAOS time, at the visitors center.

We all had a bit of rain the last day. It would have been much worse, however, if Giles hadn't woken that Sunday morning and immediately told the sky to "Stop bleeping raining!" When

he wasn't communing as such with the forces of nature, Giles made sure that Madeleine was kept in stitches. At least, that is, when he wasn't hassling her about the tea. "Is the tea done yet?"

Greg and Jenny managed to bear the bulk of the trip's mishaps. Greg was sick to start and Jenny followed suit by developing conjunctivitis (pink eye) the second day in. They ended up hiking out and driving back to Moab for antibiotics. Two days later, they hiked back in and joined us at the Colorado River.

This year's top five Spring Break ailments were:

5. *gastral intestinitis (damaging to inter-group relations, no names will be mentioned.*
4. *everybody's sunburn*

3. *Greg and Erin's worsening colds*
2. *Jenny's pink eye*
1. *Jenny, Greg, Carol, and Brian's sore knees*
(definitely the injury of choice)

Despite our various ailments (and the early departure of Jim, Brian, Jessica, and Dave), the remaining CHAOS group, by some freak accident, met at the Visitor's Center at (exactly) 3:00pm, real time. We piled into the cars and drove all night back to Berkeley. Suzy, Lloyd, and Madeleine almost convinced Carol to stop for some skiing on the way back. The snow storm didn't strengthen our argument. Skiing will just have to wait until next weekend.

The trips's top ten quotes are:

10. *Everyone, "Is that cryptogamic?"*
9. *Waitress in Delta, "Are you all from Brooklyn?"*
8. *Everyone, "Where are you going with that orange shovel?"*
7. *Giles, "Is the tea done yet?"*
6. *Jim, "Well, its time for me to go."*
5. *The too happy park ranger in Canyon Lands, "Excuse me, Hi, we'all have a little problem here with your speed. I'm gonna hafta taka a look at your driver's license... Thank-ya."*
4. *Brian, "Can someone hike up to Devil's Kitchen and bring my wallet?"*
3. *The apocalyptic couple from hell, "There's no water between here and the Colorado."*
2. *Suzy, on her driving, "What was I supposed to do, he was in my way!"*
1. *Dave, "We're going to wait here until it gets cooler." ☹*

YOU BROUGHT THE MATCHES, RIGHT?

by: *Madeleine Schultz*

The first time we got lost, we were still in Berkeley. Those freeway on-ramps are hard to find! We did finally manage to get underway and made it to where we thought the trailhead was by about 11:00pm. Upon arrival, we realized that two things were missing: the trail head and our map. But no worries, the people we were going to meet at tonight's campsite would have a map.

With the help of a local, we found the elusive trail head. Without delay, we donned our packs, hiked in about four miles and set up camp at the proposed meeting place. The campsite was there, but the others weren't.

And they still weren't the next morning when we realized we had no matches. I finally hiked back about three miles and found some hunters who gave me matches. After I returned, Giles and I decided to set off by ourselves without a map. The hike was fun and we kind of knew where we were and had fire for the next two days. We found two huge cans of refried beans and kept one, just in case.

Luckily! On the last night, none of the matches would light, Giles was really mad ("Madeleine, you're really starting to wind me up!"), we were lost, it was the shortest day of the year, and I ended up laying on top of a rock in the cold and dark for 16 hours after a dinner of cold refried beans waiting for morning. Which came eventually, as it always does. ☹

Madeleine returns to Australia on the 27th of May...

But I don't want to leave! Thanks to CHAOS, it has been an amazing year. It started at the first slide show, followed by the dessert party that Friday, climbing the next day, and the night hike later that same day! Suddenly, my life was full of fun and great people and being

outdoors.

Some of the highlights of my year have been Joshua Tree, Utah, and the gourmet trip this semester. But the point is not the individual trips; its the people and the meetings, and always having something to do. I had pretty bad expectations of the US, and its been wonderful meeting the CHAOS people and realizing that you're not all bad! In fact a lot of you are damn good and I'm going to miss you like anything. Come visit me!

The address at my parent's place in Australia is:
91 Webster St
Nedlands WA 6009
AUSTRALIA
(09) 386-7159
I'd love to have anyone anytime.

Excerpts from: "My Spring Break"

by: Josh Holden, king of tandems and CHAOS

Sunday: *Familiar roads, nice beaches, awesome tail winds, warm beds. 65 miles*

Well, time to finish packing, eat a BIG breakfast, and head out the door. It's about 10:00AM by the time we get going. We head up Old La Honda, which is probably the tallest hill we'll see the entire trip. So much for easing into it. The climb is slow and steady, and we get to enjoy a beautiful descent toward the beach on SR84. Because we know we'll have plenty of time to enjoy the traffic, oops, I mean view, on the coast highway, I suggest a detour over Pescadero road, doing an extra hill but avoiding one on the coast.

Pescadero has always been one of my favorite roads, and late March is the best time to ride it since there's so much in bloom.

Trillium is everywhere, and Carolyn always points them out for me just after we pass them. I do manage to catch glimpses of a couple nice flowers, though.

We reach the coast and start heading south over rolling hills. With the fabled tail winds at our back, we manage to climb some of the hills at 20mph. We coast down one hill at about 53mph! After one more lunch in Davenport, we arrive in Santa Cruz.

Monday: *Great scenery, perfect weather, illegal camping, and vomit. 95 miles*

We leave Santa Cruz at about 8:00AM in rush hour traffic. After about ten miles, I realize how far toward the north end of town we were, and have to pick a more realistic destination. We follow the Pacific Coast bike route, described in Kirkendall & Spring's book. There's some nice side trips paralleling highway 1, which is nice because there's lots of traffic on this stretch. A couple hours later, we rejoin SR-1 at a nice fruit stand, where we do some shopping and eating before heading towards Monterey.

We cruise south, with mostly cross winds, past Carmel and down towards Big Sur. The scenery is great, cars are scarce, and there's lots of lovely cliff-top views to choose from for our next lunch stop. We climb one last big, big hill, and finally start looking for McCay Canyon's "environmental" walk-in campsites. At the park, we find signs reading "Day use area only" and "No overnight camping". Finally, we see the sign explaining that there are "environmental campsites" by reservation only, but that it's only a short ten-mile drive (over the huge hill) back to the ranger station where we can make reservations.

With no intention of pedaling back to the ranger station, we hiked down the trail to the first well hidden picnic table, ate dinner, and set up the tent. In the middle of the night, I woke up feeling queasy, and a few minutes later got the tent door open barely in time to put my vomit on the dirt instead of in the tent.

I spent the rest of the night outside the tent, mostly because the cool air felt better, but I can remember each constellation that passed through the small patch of sky overhead.

Tuesday: *German tourists, nice riding, what castle? 85 miles*

The day begins with a lovely, long, steady climb. Near the top, at the town of Lucia, we encounter two separate cars of German tourists, heading opposite directions along the coast. One batch is friendly, and we talk a bit about California. The other batch starts videotaping us! They have many more bike tourists in Germany, but maybe not so many Cannondale tandems.

The San Luis Obispo flat-lands supposedly contain a Lighthouse and, up on a hillside, Hearst castle. We manage to see the light through the fog, but the castle was completely invisible. We cruise on down the coast, take a grocery detour in Cambria, and end the day at Morro Bay State Park. Those last few miles are pretty unpleasant riding on PCH. The campground is nice, has showers, and we find a couple dry towels somebody left behind!

Wednesday: *Rain? Bridge closed? Hilly alternate? The Lompoc Motel. 60 miles*

It rains a fair bit during the night, but stops just long enough for us to eat, pack, and depart. As soon as we leave camp, it starts again. And so we ride in the rain through the Morro Bay rush hour traffic, thankfully paralleling highway 1 a few miles to the west.

As we head south, the rain lightens and things are starting to look nice as we pass a private campground with a natural hot spring. We then come to the spot where we have to choose between riding down the road with the "Bridge Closed" sign or getting back on a wet, hilly, busy freeway. After much deliberation, we try the closed bridge, figuring we can carry the bike a bit if we have to.

When we come to the bridge, we find that it spans a WIDE stream. We look at the bridge ... carefully ... and don't see any reason for it to be closed. And the poles they put across it, well, there's a gap that looks just the right size for bicycles to go through. They must have designed it that way, yeah, it's just closed to car traffic. Right. So, we ride across it. I try not to push too hard on the pedals for fear of breaking the bridge under us. Just after we finish crossing it, two cyclists with SLO team jerseys riding the other way cruise across the bridge without a second thought.

We ended up at the Lompoc motel that evening. Our room is in the back corner and has a window facing out toward an alley. There's a hole in the safety glass of the window, patched poorly with duct tape. The bathroom ceiling is missing a big piece over the tiny shower, and pipes covered with dust are exposed. The door has no deadbolt, just a security chain ... and the doorjamb is pulled partway off the wall where the chain attaches, as though someone had tried to break the door down!

I'm tired, and don't want to deal with it, but Carolyn finally convinces me that we should, so we just move into an upstairs room. Still pretty icky, but at least livable.

Thursday: *Hoping for a change in the weather. 25 miles... or 150?*

We awake early to pouring rain. Really pouring. I go to the grocery store and bring home a newspaper, which says, "Rain. Rain tomorrow, turning to showers. More rain the next day, leading up to the really big rainstorm behind it." Well, as long as we're going to have to ride in the rain, might as well start now.

As we finally get going, the rain is much lighter. We opted to stick to the coast where the campgrounds and towns are more frequent, just in case the weather became unbearable. One mile later, the weather becomes unbearable. Huge head-winds and stinging rain as we struggle uphill. No fun at

all. Maybe even negative fun. Finally, exhausted just from the effort of keeping the bike upright in the gusty winds, we arrive at the top.

Much to my surprise, we survive the descent without crashing even once. The sign says rest area, one mile. We're almost there! Soon, the rear tire feels a little funny, but I ignore it. Ten seconds later, Carolyn says "the rear tire feels funny." Sigh. We stop, and find we have a flat. I REALLY don't want to sit around and change a tire.

Before long, a van stops, and backs up. "Hey, you guys stuck? Want a ride?" We accepted gratefully. They drove us to Ventura and dropped us off at *Sizzler*, where we slowly dried out while we ate and ate and ate. I called my sister in LA and asked her to come pick us up. Eventually she did. No, really, bike touring IS fun. Usually. 🚗

Telemark Skiing & Back Yard Barbecues at Lake Edison

by: Lloyd Connelly

Following the inner voice that tells me to keep classes and research prioritized at best on par with living in the present, I gave another weekend to CHAOS adventure. Friday evening, Murray and I left Berkeley and drove to where the road ends below Edison lake, just south of Yosemite. We arrived not long after midnight and actually could have arrived earlier, but we decided that would have been entirely un-CHAOS-like. To resolve this dilemma, we got lost on the way. Marty, driving up from Los Angeles, pulled up just as we were climbing into our sleeping bags. At 1:00 in the morning, after a long drive, a "Therma-rest" on asphalt feels like a feather mattress.

Although as many as seven people were anticipated, only three of us locked our boots into the skis and started the climb to the 9,500 ft. pass above Edison Lake. Marty's

thermometer read eighty degrees when we started the 2,500 foot climb. We skied no more than 100 yards before our first major stripping session. Naked skiing was seriously considered but not attempted. Where's Coy when you need him?

The journey to the summit was beautiful but did bring unexpected company. Fellow skiers? No. Perhaps Dale, looking for a hot tub or Bryce, on his unicycle? Again, no. Instead, we were accosted by evil demons from central California. Yes, it was the snowmobilers from hell. We watched them buzz by pulling everything from ice chests to backpacks. Not too impressive, I thought. We fared far better than that on the last gourmet trip! But I must admit, when the last snowmobile zoomed by pulling a four foot tall propane barbecue, I knew our own gourmet excesses had been outdone!

We reached the pass by early afternoon and set up camp in a shallow canyon. Before starting dinner, we made the short climb to the top of a nearby peak. The view was breathtaking. The snow covered peak of Mt. Isacc Walton was the highest of the more than twenty peaks blanketing the horizon. These were the ranges of the Southern Sierras, crossed boldly by the John Muir Trail.

A storm brought two inches of snow during the night but surrendered soon after dawn. We would be telemarking under clear skies! Or perhaps I should say Murray and Marty would be telemarking, and I would be, well, tele-almost-ing. We dumped the packs near the summit and planned our attack. We were determined to carve S-turns in every slope within half a mile. The snow was packed hard under a thin layer of powder from last night's storm. Translation: you WILL go fast regardless of your intentions. Murray and Marty flew gracefully down the slopes leaving beautifully carved S-turns behind them. Unfortunately, their artistry was short lived. I did manage to complete a few turns amidst several falls, my frequent, thud, faceplants scared their immaculate tracks.

The nearby slopes sufficiently carved, we donned the packs and enjoyed the relatively

effortless ski back to the cars. But no trip would be complete, without a chance to sit down, share an evening meal, and compare sunburns. So, before heading for home, we stopped in Fresno and planned our next trip over a vegetarian pizza. 🍕

Bear Tracks is a monthly publication of the U. C. Hiking Club (Cal Hiking & Outdoor Society). If you would like to write a story for *Bear Tracks*, please send text in ASCII or other Word Perfect compatible format to:

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CHAOS meets weekly on Wednesday Evenings to share stories and plan future trips. For additional information, please call Josh Holden at 649-8078.

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