



## A Message From The President

*By The High Lord Almighty, His Most Stuffy Excellence, Michael Bio Mantis Shrimp Childress, Guardian of the Most Sacred Hot Springs [Who's he BSing]*

December 6, 1989

I just want to abuse my executive privilege by making a few remarks as this fall semester comes to a close. The U.C Hiking Club has always had an outstanding core group of "officers" that have made things happen despite failing grades and adverse conditions and I would like to thank them for their efforts. To Michael "Bones" Black who single-handedly produced Bear Tracks this summer and put an incredible amount of effort into launching the club this fall. To Terri "Wizzardress of Finance" Sullivan who has fought our never ending bureaucratic battle against the ASUC. To Michael "Burner" VanLoy who has provided us with our phone-interest list. To Kati Lewis and Don Christensen who have worked hard on T-shirt designs. To Glenn McElhoe and Michael "Astro" Brown for their leadership and persistence in keeping track of our scattered gear. To Michael "Nola" May and the many others who participated in the office renovation / destruction. To Tracy Matfin and Jenny Daniels for the spectacular fall slide show. To "Desolation" Dave Chalfant, Sean Eagan, Joe Scott and Rex Frobenius for their guidance when we first entered the Club. But most of all I want to thank each and every person who has participated on any trip this fall for without your support and enthusiasm we would cease to exist. Remember "a trip a week is all we ask" and "thank you for your support."

## Waist Deep In Snow

*November 24-27, 1989*

*By Don Christensen*

Hey sonny. It's mighty chilly out there. Knock that snow off your boots and come in by the fire. Sit down and let Grampa tell you a story.

Yes sir, that snow outside reminds me of when I was just a young feller. I used to go looking for trouble out there in that snow. I remember one time back in 1989 when my buddies and I got caught in a nasty blizzard. That was almost sixty years ago, long before the global warming trend

---

*In fact I remember seeing snow flakes so big that just one would cover up an entire car...*

---

started. Yea, we sure had some mighty big blizzards back then. They sure don't make them like they used to!

Well anyway, my buddies and I headed out to do some backpacking up near Silver Lake. It was a beautiful little lake sitting off the side of the highway five miles from a ski resort named Kirkwood. It's a shame they drained that old lake to build a nuclear waste dump. But it sure was pretty back

*continued on page 2*

**Spend 3 Days and 2 nights in the high country with Astro Mike\* for only \$35.**

*See UpComing Events on page 2*

*\*and the rest of the Hiking Club*

KEVIN FLYNN 231-9597 (w)  
236-0814 (h)

### *Continuation of Waist Deep in Snow*

then. We had the best time hiking through the snow covered forest and sitting around the camp fire as the fresh snow fell softly to the ground. Little did we know we were in for one of the biggest blizzards ever to hit the northern hemisphere.\*

The next morning I got up early and started a pot of tea, eager for a little adventure. the skies were gray and the winds blew as the snow fell harder and harder. So off we went, mother nature staring us in the face. We trudged through the elements to Kirkwood where we skied and drank and pretended to forget. But one could hardly forget as the gray skies churned and the snow fell by the buckets. In fact I remember seeing snow flakes so big that just one would cover up an entire car.\* Yes sir-e, them were some damn big flakes. I do believe we got at least 10 feet of snow that day.\* Some might question the safety of sleeping outdoors, but we were a roughed crowd so off we went to find camp in the dark. Through the night we traveled, but the roads were

all closed do to an avalanche that was so big it could have buried a small striving metropolis!\* So we were forced to spend the night in a primitive little shack with no heating or water and none of our gear or food.\*\* In the morning, that shack was

#### **Editor's Note**

I take no responsibility for typos or other errors. I entered everything as it was handed to me and put it on the pages. I didn't have time to check anything.

Tom Baginski

plumb buried by the new snow. I had to climb onto the roof through the chimney and dive 200 feet down a cliff just to get out.\*\*\*

In a situation like this you have to pull all your resources just to survive. So half our group braved through the elements to get back home, while the remainder of us struck it out another day.

Let me tell you, that was pure hell. Nothing to do, freezing in the snow, just plain miserable. \*\*\*\* But we were tough.

Monday morning came and the skies cleared to let the sun shine on twenty feet of new snow.\*\*\*\*\* The time had come for our search and recover mission to start. So on went the snowshoes and off we went. We trudged for miles through the new snow with the speed and grace of a herd of turtles in peanut butter. But when we got to camp, there was nothing to be seen. Yes sir. The entire camp was buried but still standing. So Astro, Brian and I tied all the gear into sleds and dragged it all out behind us through

waist deep snow. And that's how we survived the blizzard of 1989.

\* Denotes small to total lies

\*\* The primitive little shack was a condo at Kirkwood with a jacuzzi

\*\*\* Really eight feet off the back balcony

\*\*\*\* Really another night in the condo and two more days on the slopes

\*\*\*\*\* Really about 3-5 feet of new snow

## **UPCOMING EVENTS**

January 16-18 (Tues - Thurs.) CABIN SKIING TRIP

This annual U.C. Hiking Club Trip is a favorite. We have rented Cal Adventures South Lake Tahoe Cabin for two nights. We will drive up Tues. morning and return late Thurs. evening. The total cost of the trip for food, beverages, lodging, and gas should be about \$30-35. Ski rental and lift tickets are extra. Cabin is in prime cross-country ski territory and close to Sugar Bowl(?) for you downhillers. Bed space is limited (but floor space is not) so to reserve your spot contact Michael "Astro" Brown at 527-8440 or 643-8594 to pay your \$20 deposit. The pre-trip meeting will be Monday January 15 at 6:00pm in our office 605a Eshleman. If you can't make the pre-trip but still want to go contact Astro.

# Mud, Sweat, And Gears (And The UC Police)

By Lacy Burnett (listed as Larry on the phone list)

October 6-7

Nine people headed toward South Lake Tahoe the weekend of October 7 and 8 to go car-camping and mountain biking. It was an exciting prospect; the weather was idyllic; we slept under the stars, waking up to the smell of instant coffee and oatmeal cooking. The campground wasn't crowded, and traffic was tolerable. The mountain biking was ideal: the trails were fairly deserted (although it is deer season and we saw and heard our share of guns), and despite some technical riding, everyone, for the most part got to do some good hard riding. And we had canned chili.

In a nutshell, that was what the trip to Carson Pass was like. But let's face it. This is the U.C. Hiking Club. We are human beings, and our bicycles are man-made. Here is what really happened.

Saturday morning, very early, everyone met at Willard Park. One person who was to drive was sick and couldn't make it. Everyone looked at Rex. "No! No! Please, no," protested Rex on behalf of his Volkswagon van. John then went to get his car, and Rex and his van were off the hook. But we were all stuck with the canned chili....

Enough gear and food for a hungry, cold, wet army went into Mark's truck and all the bikes—eight of them—went into my truck. The bikes had to be disassembled and bungie-corded, and fitting them all into a small pickup is like putting together a puzzle, which takes a while, as anyone, especially Joe, will tell you. And we were off—two trucks and one car, with one stop in Davis to pick up Joe's sister Julie. I HAD to have my coffee, so Joe and I

stopped at Bancroft and Telegraph. And four UC Policemen stopped there too. And all four stayed there until we had unloaded every single one of those bikes so that the serial number could all be checked.. What's so suspicious about eight mountain bikes, two people, no luggage, no paperwork at the crack of dawn next to campus? You tell me. Yes, the coffee was good. yes, the bikes were all clear. 250 bike thefts in one month on campus, most of them mountain bikes—lock 'em up tight, y'all.

The rest of the road trip went without incident, and after lunch we went on the first ride which followed the Carson-Mormon Emigrant Trail. It was immediately clear that Chris' bike was going to deep us all from getting separated from each other. The squeak his bike emitted could probably be heard by men and dogs all the way back here in Berkeley. Later the derailleur bent, and the brakes went out. What a gem Chris' bike is (was). Luckily a ranger drove by and gave Chris and his Wonderbike a ride back to camp (no, Chris did not get into the canned chili, but we all know he wanted to).

"Keep a nose out for a hunter that disappeared around here a coupla weeks age," a friendly ranger chuckled, "Ya probably won't see 'im, but ya might smell 'im." Fortunately for all of us, we did not see or smell the missing hunter.

Many photographs and one twisted ankle later, the group rolled into camp, salivating at the thought of a canned chili dinner. Don was especially anxious to have chili. And I'm sure it was way beyond his wildest expectations—slightly burned, nice and greasy, with

*Continued on page 7*

## New Year's Resolutions For The UC Hiking Club

By Ansel Adams and John Muir

- 1) We will strive to protect our natural wilderness areas.
  - 2) We will minimize our impact each time we visit sensitive habitats.
  - 3) We will teach others to respect our natural surroundings.
  - 4) We will support others who work toward these common goals.
  - 5) We will always have hope that we can change the damage already done.
- (Editor's Note: Earth-week 1990 is coming up April 16-22, 1990. U.C.H.C. should participate as much as possible. Be thinking of ways we can contribute to this important event. Thank you.)



# How Get Undergraduates To Do Graduate Work For You

By Bio-Mike Childress  
September, 1989

I have recently discovered that with a little persuasion that undergraduate friends will do a considerable amount of slave labor for you without asking why. Let me explain to how this worked in my particular case.

One day at work I discovered that my quantity of frozen snails was very low. Not wanting to let my smasher shrimp go hungry I needed to develop a plan to get abundant quantities quickly and inexpensively. I checked the tide table to find out when low tide would be on the weekend. Much to my dismay the only low tide was at 1:00am. Without a car I knew I needed to convince (with emphasis on the C-O-N) someone to drive me to the coast. So here is the plan that developed:

- 1) I announced that I was leading a weekend trip leaving on Saturday and returning home early Sunday.
- 2) I said it was a beach trip and we would start in Santa Cruz.
- 3) From there we would "explore the coast" northward.
- 4) Finally we would arrive at some hot springs only exposed at low tide.

Here is the trip went:

1) We left at noon on Saturday and drove to Santa Cruz. We played volleyball on the beach, built a sand castle, walked along the boardwalk, rode the roller-coaster, devoured dinner, watched a parade of old and fancy cars and left town about 10:00pm.

2) We then drove north along the coast to Pillar's Point. We found a place to park along the marina and we set up a midnight picnic on a table overlooking the water. We had bread, wine, cheese, wine, apples, wine, dessert and wine. We also took an after dinner walk (to look for snails of course). The walk was short (we found few snails) so we loaded the car and headed north along the coast.

3) We arrived at a protected area of coast near Bolinas about 1:30pm. Some of us went for another post-midnight walk (others waited in the car, perhaps wine before curvy roads was not such a good idea). We found a

beautiful spot (that is to say thousands of snails). We wandered the beautiful shoreline until we had taken in all we hold (about 600 snails).

4) We then drove to the Environmental Camp nearby. After a short hike down to the beach we searched for the inviting intertidal hot springs. We soaked and we swam and we got too cold and we got too hot and we were just right. So sleepy but content (especially because of the load of snails we collected) we headed home for an early Sunday morning arrival at 6:00am.

And that my friends is how to get undergraduates to do your graduate work for you!

## Gourmet's Delight At The Point

By Don Christensen  
November 4, 1989

Stylin' Packing and Rad Ventures into the Wildlife Zone!

Puff the magic dragon was built by the sea, and frolicked in the autumn mist a sand city called Honelee.

That's right folks, the U.C. Hiking Club was at its best this weekend on the gourmet trip. To the onlookers of student backpackers from Santa Cruz, Sacramento State and Davis; we showed off our stuff! We built a giant sand city called Honelee and a giant dragon called Puff. And for an encore, we built a gigantic pit in the sand where at least 30-40 people gathered for a traditional U.C.H.C. campfire.

Here are a few other things that made this weekend special: guys in suits and ties, gals in

dresses, smoked salmon, jumping spiders, lots of wind, a cookie monster, chicken cordon bleu, mike our matradee, beautiful weather, a boomerang, a sock sperm ball, wet suits and snorkle gear, long walks on the beach, short tromps in the brush, Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters, blasted people, 1000 gallons of spilled salt water on Bio Mike's lab floor, total confusion, folding chairs, balls, wine, candles, survival of the fastest, ice cream with cherries jubalie, fruit fritters, new people, swims in the sea, out of key singing, hot apple cider, corks in our ears, more wind, 60 pound packs, kites, peanut butter on cucumbers, tambuli in pita, a paddle ball, lots of hats, fake mustaches, skunks, tents that would not die, more wind, teddy bears and one hell of a great time.

# Helpful Sheriffs To The Rescue On The River

M. Twain

September 24, 1989

We take off from West Circle at 6:30 or so. Luckily, there were enough cancellations the night before to deep the whole trip from being cancelled; raft space was very limited; a close call, planning-wise.

Introducing the flotilla:

Big grey raft, 5 person

Little yellow raft, 1 person

Little orange canoe, 1 person

Floating platform, 2 person

Floaters: Nola, Rick, Laura, Abi, Chris, Stephanie, Hans, Mike, Ron, M. Twain.

Well, I reckon there hasn't been a trip like this in this here club for years. And it's quite a tale. Now, I've heard some tall tales, and this particular tale may sound like the tallest of the tall, but, I swear, and I don't swear often, that this here is perfectly the TRUTH.

I'd say it wasn't but 45 minute into the trip when these river authorities come a'trollin' up to our flotilla. Now, the reader should take care to carefully note the following account for it's like no account I'd hazard to tell again, as I got a reputation to keep. Now, one of these sheriff characters I'll call the quite one, on account of he didn't talk much. Now, the other sheriff guy was perfectly hospitable, and, thanks to him we ends up getting towed up the river, being that, below, it just gets too dangerous. Now, some readers may feel I'm putting 'em on, but,

I say, I wouldn't change the story if I's tellin' it to my grand mother, and she don't stand no lyin', or sit for it either. Anyway, these sheriffs, of the Sutter County persuasion, ends up towin' us a good 45 mi up the river, past the put-in point, up to a little place called Knight's Landing. A downright honorable thing, these sheriffs did. And

*Nobody Knows What Happened...*

## Mike's Mystery Backpacking Trip

*author unknown*

*date unknown*

Eight of us set off that chilly Friday evening, heading east toward the Sierras to face we knew not what. This was not a trip for the feeble-hearted who cling to security, for, as its name implied, it was a journey which, from its beginnings, was steeped in uncertainties. Who dew whether we would find the turn-off of no name. Who knew whether Mike would catch enough fish for our dinner. Who knew whether we would ever find the damn trailhead. And would Jeff and Peter be able to make pancakes for breakfast with no frying pan? Happily, we were all hardy, flexible sorts and easily adjusted to the ambiguities of our situation.

Once on the trail—a trail we walked in circles for 15 minutes to find—the trip became one which was also unsuitable for any but the most laid back

with a parting salutation, they were off, leaving us to our own devices for the remainder of the day. And so we commence to float down again, throwing frisbees, eatin', and otherwise engaging in a downright good time. I reckon the rope swing and mudfest at the end of the day was a mighty fine way to end this river trip.

and lazy souls. We, of course, all fit that description quite aptly. The hike in and out was not very long. How long was it? It's a mystery to me. But we used all of the free time not needed to reach our destination (Fourth of July Lake—yes, we found it!) to sit in the sun, munch on our edibles, look at all the fantastic views, sleep, sleep, and sleep. And fish, too, of course, but the fish must have also been lazy, or just smart, and they weren't biting. So it was noodles for dinner, but there were also plenty of marshmallows and even more chocolate, and nobody was complaining. A few of us kept the fire burning late into the night baking potatoes and defying those who would wish to slumber with our some what deficient repertoire of campfire songs. Amazingly, in keeping with the general spirit of the trip, I suppose, nobody complained at that, either.



## Snow in September???

# Yosemite The Way It Was Ment To Be

by Karen Laitt

September 15-17 ?

A backpacking trip into Yosemite—sounds great—so what if I've never backpacked before, I've been to Yosemite, and I'm a qualified hiker—I'm ready. [ed. I'm not even going to try to correct this sentence.]

I met up with our happy troop—led by Astro Mike in Willard Park Corner of Derby and Hillegas. (Not to be confused with People's Park—corner of Dwight and Hillegas.) We left for Yosemite late Friday night and arrived at Tenaya Lades camp ground somewhere around 2 AM. 1st objective—sleep? No, not according to Asto Mike and Tom—what we all really wanted (leader knows best) was a night hike—a short one out to view the lake. The view was worth the lost 1/4 hour sleep—a beautiful full moon was illuminating Tenaya lake and the surrounding hills.

Finding a place to sleep was an entirely different matter. We located an unoccupied spot (after tiptoeing through several campsites full of sleeping campers), and layed our bags down.

Saturday Morning—11:00 brunch—Quaker Instant Oatmeal, bananas, hot chocolate, coffee, and Old Crow—what gourmets. After dividing up the food and equipment for the rest of the trip, (I had to carry two salamis, one shoved inside each spare tennis shoe) and a short drive, we were off for our destination—Ten Lakes [ed. I only counted 6] The hike was an 8 mile long endeavor, through forest areas, up hills, across rocks, and through meadows. A distance which seems quite a bit longer with a 30 lbs. pack on your back.

We were getting neat the end of the hike when mother nature turned against us—it started to rain, it continued to rain—harder and faster. By the time we reached the site Wolfgang had deemed "home" we were cold, and quite wet—I have never seen tents set up so fast.

The rain kept coming down, and the temperature was dropping. We were just below the 10,000 ft. fire line. So yes indeed we were building a fire.

Dinner was Fettuchini ala Astro. Tim sup-

plied the cooking stove. Amy, Tessy, Kanj, and I ran for water, and everybody took turns emptying the leftover water from the noodle into our designated "water hole" to insure minimum impact on the environment.

Standing around the campfire, eating dinner, I realized one thing. When it comes to staying dry—anything goes. Astro Mike wore a hefty garbage bag (the height of fashion). Larry wore a sleeping bag sac, and I, out of may utter desperation, wore the plastic bag from the fettuchini noodles over may head. But the important thing is that we stayed dry!

After dinner drinks (an essentiality to keeping warm) consisted of hot chocolate with Old Crow, hot chocolate with peppermint schnapps, hot chocolate with rum—anything and everything for that feeling of warmth.

Sleeping was another adventure. My sleeping bag was soaked. I thought maybe I could endure it, but around 3 AM I woke up and realized my feet were in puddles of ice cold water, nearly numb. I was shivering. I couldn't fall back asleep like this. It was time to set aside all modesty. I tapped the other occupant of the 2 man tent, Tim, on the shoaled and asked, "Is your bag dry inside?" "Pretty dry. Why?" "Mine's soaked, and I'm freezing. Would you mind sharing your sleeping bag?" It was a mummy bag (not much room for two people), but it was dry. We made it through until Sunday morning.

Looking outside, we realized why the tent had caved in. Snow! It was everywhere (about three inches thick). Oh boy it was cold outside. We actually manage to get a fire going out of wet wood. (Where there's a will there's a way.) Enough of a fire to deep 13 people relatively warm and happy.

Breakfast was another issue. The person responsible for Sunday morning hadn't come on the trip. Lesson number two—when you're really hungry, *anything* makes a good breakfast. I started out my morning with a healthy handful of chocolate covered peanuts, followed by half a package of oat-

*Continued on page 7*

## Continuation of Mud, Sweat, and Gears...

cheap white wine to wash it down—MM-mm! It's enough to deep you up all night. We did, however, eventually get to sleep, and it was warm enough to sleep outside, and thank goodness because nine people in the circus tent after a canned chili dinner is the stuff nightmares are made of.

Sunday seven people went on a ride from Caples Lake to Highway 50. The going was technical but beautiful and fun. Lots of photo ops, and crashes too. Mark went back early so six people finished the ride. I and my bike suffered the most damage (next to the Wonderbike), having crashed the most and arriving at Highway 50 with no seat.

John's going to be OK,

although his ankle was a little black and blue... Julie and Chris (not Wonderbike Chris but Grad Student Chris) proved strong first timers... Don is responsible for dinner next trip (and it better be good, B-A-B-e)... I'm sure we will all have

***Never stop for coffee  
with eight mountain  
bikes at the crack of  
dawn on Bancroft  
Way...***

food left over from this trip whenever we take our next one... but we will never, NEVER, NEVER have canned chili like that again.

Lessons to be learned from this trip:  
—NEVER stop for coffee with eight mountain bikes in your truck at the crack of dawn on Bancroft Way.  
—NEVER bring homework with you. You simply will not do it.  
—Maintain your bike. You'll

## The Ballad Of Don And Gang's Island

*(Sung to the theme from 'Gilligan's Island')  
August 28, 1989*

*By W.C. Bob Trowbridge*

Sit right back and you'll here a tale, a tale of a fateful trip That started from a river port, aboard a tiny ship.

The mate (Bio) was a mighty sailing man, the skipper (Don) brave and sure,  
One passenger (Serena) set sail that day for a three hour tour, A THREE HOUR TOUR!

The weather started getting gray, the tiny canoe was tossed, If not for the drunken fearless crew, the cookies would be lost, THE COOKIES WOULD BE LOST.

The boat set down on a beach of this uncharted river bank, with Bio-Mike,  
Don and Booze, Serena and her Life, a Bag of chips, harmonica and soggy shoes, here on the Russian River Isle.

So join us here each year my friends, you're sure to get a smile, From three drunken castaways that know how to canoe in style.

## Continuation of Yosemite...

meal, and a pita with cheese. Oh, but it tasted great!

Was it my imagination, or was it actually warming up [ed. I think it was her imagination], my hands were thawing out. We got the campsite cleaned up, out out the fire, packed up our gear and headed out.

The eight miles felt so much easier on the way out. Just maybe because it was all downhill. We stopped at the top of the peak to take one final look at our snow covered campsite—beautiful, serene— and with that we headed back to civilization.

**Blank Space  
(Your Writing  
Could've Been  
Here)**