



February, 1989

### Cabin Ski Trip Jan. 18-20, 1989

It would be difficult to completely describe the experience of going on a Hiking Club cabin ski trip in the span of two or three pages, but nonetheless, we must try to describe some of the highlights for the benefit of those who did not go. For example, imagine being part of a human train with eight other people, skiing down the slopes. Then imagine crashing with eight other people on top of you. Or imagine being part of a three person "high speed" train that took the express route down the intermediate slopes (no stops, no turns). It was always easy to spot the Hiking Club skiers coming down the last run of the day: they were the ones screaming, "Toot, toot! Choo! Choo! Get the f\_\_\_ out of the way!"

Or imagine seeing one of your comrades ("Bio" Mike Childress) on the slopes. He's down. He's lost a ski. He's fed up. It's a perfect time to speed by him and spray him with a 6 ft. wave of snow. You know you've done the right thing when someone on the lift calls, "Hey, frosty!" But it's all in good fun.

You could always find someone to ski with, no matter what your ability was (provided you were looking on all the black diamond runs!). But seriously, we did some blue squares, too. Some of us ("Granola" Mike May and Oliver) skied cross country all three days. Oliver left his day pack on a ridge, which was an incentive to return the next day. Dave and Miles skied downhill in Telemark skis.

We all decided that we wanted to ski as well as "Electro" Mike Bruns, but that we did not wish to be as insane as Miles, who skied "The Wall" in Telemark skis. (We wouldn't mind having his skill, though.) We all had some spectacular crashes. Among the more notorious ones were Ethan's high speed collision, Tracy's fall on a *beginner's* slope, and Jen's "almost" fall at incredible speed (but she pulled it through). Electro Mike broke a pole, I broke my

sunglasses.

And what do Hiking Club members do after a day's skiing? They have a raging party! (Or they fall asleep in front of a raging fire, depending on which night you're talking about.) On the first night, people, including myself, wasted no time in getting themselves into a festive mood with the aid of delicious mixed drinks. By the time Don arrived, we were all very much in a festive mood and he had some catching up to do. Some of us (including Joe, of all people) went bar-hopping. We hopped over the bar. Sean tried to maintain order, but to no avail. Then he tried to sleep, but Joe and I politely informed him that there was joy and merriment still happening, so he decided to join us again. I remained sober the whole evening (just kidding). By the time Don had caught up to our level of merriment, we all passed out.

The second night we just passed out right away, but not before the southerners, "Astro" and "Bio" Mikes, showed us how to drink wine from a jug. "Pseudo" Mike Dimmick went on a gambling spree in South Lake Tahoe.

The cabin was recently remodeled in a "70's" motif. Brown, rust, orange, 8-track player. Also, a unique second floor bathroom that is slowly becoming a part of the first floor kitchen. There was a host of entertaining games, four decks of cards to throw, and a songbook, which wasn't as good as Glenn's.

On the way home we stopped at Wendy's and met Wendy. None of us had cameras for this chance-of-a-lifetime event, so no one will believe us.

The Green Bug and the Green Bus had a duel on the freeway. We reached incredible speeds (67 1/2 MPH) and many passengers were turning white from the excitement. Although the Bus dominated the event, the Bug got home first.

It is a remarkable accomplishment on Joe's part that things went so well, especially with the number of variables involved in a Hiking Club trip of this magnitude. I'm sure that anyone who has led a trip will agree that he deserves to be congratulated for getting us all back to Berkeley without any hellish experiences to talk about. All in all, the cabin trip is a great way to forget that school starts when you get back.

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### Last Night (Join the Hiking Club)

by Sandy Wisch

Last night was a whole lot of fun. Starting around 5:00 PM, 14 of us congregated at Willard Park, a.k.a. Ho Chi Minh Park (at the corner of Derby and Hillegass), for our first weekly Ultimate game of the semester. It was really excellent, and we had a perfect number of people - not overcrowded or under-teamed. If you like Ultimate, or even remotely enjoy running or throwing a frisbee or thinking up silly insults to yell at the other team, you should come and join us sometime. Some of us are pretty good, some are beginners, but we all have a lot of fun together, so don't worry if it's your first time. We do it every Friday evening, without fail.

Following Ultimate, we usually pick some poor soul at random and invite everyone to their home, to demolish their kitch- I mean, cook a nice dinner there. That's great fun, too, and if you're lucky, one of our gourmet chefs will happen to be there and make you something simple like Dijon Chicken. (If not, we've sometimes sunk so low as hamburgers and frozen french fries!) Sometimes this comfortable atmosphere and good food (maybe the occasional after-dinner cordials) degenerates into a group back massage. Or a group discussion on what the latest Cosmo survey says, something intellectual and stimulating, like whether what women really like most about men is INDEED the buttocks?!? (Come to a meeting to share the shocking and thought-provoking conclusions we reached!)

And last night, these near-insurmountable heights were even followed by a really awesome party at Mr. Rex Frobenius' house!

### Rex's Party Tips, an excerpt:

a.) *What to do with those leftover Christmas tree lights filling your closet? A little ingenuity, and you'll have them strung up on the ceiling; keep your guests entertained indefinitely with your intricate design and blinking patterns!*

b.) *What color is the absolute must for a margarita?*

**GREEN!!!**

c.) *How to really wow friends and acquaintances with your superior elephantfighting skills? Private lessons from Don are available, not to mention necessary; he'll teach you the complete "how-to," with an exquisitely unique style of his own!!!*

d.) *If a guest should ever become so intoxicated that he walks straight into your glass patio door, thinking it's open, the graceful thing to do as a host[ess] is to quell your burning desire to laugh (despite that all your other insensitive guests are doing it).*

e.) *Try to reduce the casualty rate as much as possible, especially keeping an eye on newcomers, so as to not let their eyes be poked out within the first five minutes of the festivities. Keep in mind your responsibility as a "person in charge," also your chances of being sued.*

f.) *Make a special effort to remove articles of any importance to you to the "lower risk" areas, i.e. posters should not be left on oh-so-obtrusive walls, where there is an almost-certainty of them*

*getting in someone's way.*

*g.) Encourage creative dance movements from your guests. This is often a source of fun and "positive energy flow," also the cause of much laughter (not to mention rolling around on the floor or 'dogpiling'), and may possibly serve to better acquaint your guests with one another.*

*Ta ta for now! Buy the book (buy it!) for more exciting (buy it!) tips, trivia (How many Mikes?, match the nickname to the face!), and (buy it!) other thrilling party etiquette (buy it, I say!) and miscellany.*

So, it was an enjoyable time (fun was had by all). At long last we left his humble abode, all raged-, danced-, back-massaged-, and partied-out (not to mention "drank-," in some cases). The last anyone saw of Rex, he was allegedly sprawled out on his living floor, bewilderedly asking, "The party's over?" (A tip Mr. Frobenius fails to mention in his bestseller is that slight importance may be attached by some to the ability of the host[ess] to see guests to the door at the conclusion of the party, leaving them without fear of his passing out unattended in the middle of the night.)

So join the Hiking Club. (Was this convincing, or what?)

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## UPCOMING TRIP TO THE VENTANA WILDERNESS FEB. 18-20 (PRESIDENTS' WEEKEND)

The Big Sur/Ventana Wilderness backpacking trip is always a favorite among Hiking Club members. The Ventana Wilderness is a beautiful portion of the Los Padres National Forest just south of Monterey in the Coast Range Mountains. The trip will be a three day hike across the wilderness, from the coast inland and upward into the mountains. The trail is moderate to challenging and you can expect to hike 10-12 miles each day. Highlights of the trip include camping near the beach the first night, Sykes Hotsprings the second night, spectacular Pine Falls the third night, and beautiful scenery all three days. The expedition will leave Berkeley Friday night, Feb. 17th, and return to Berkeley Monday night, Feb. 20th. Good physical condition and backpacking experience is recommended but not required. The entire trip cost (food, gas, etc.) should be no more than \$25. For more information contact Michael Childress 843-1521. If you plan to attend this trip you must come to the pre-trip meeting Wednesday, Feb. 15th, at 6:00 PM in 605A Eshleman.