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

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Last issue for Fall semester  
Carolyn Fairman , editor

## Lumpity-Lumpity East & South of Mono Lake

**WARNING:** This narrative depicts dangerous activity which could result in serious bodily injury, including bent bumpers, scraped fenders, and crushed undercarriage components. Also, psychological damage can occur to the owner of the vehicle undergoing said bodily injury. DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME! (Go out to Mono Lake, dummy)

Seven of us began this adventure: Dave, Nola, Markus, Chris J., Brandon, Nola's bug and Brandon's truck. The first night we camped out in the pumice sand among the pine trees near the south shore of Mono Lake. In the morning, everyone wandered into the trees or up a crater slope. The whole basin was incredibly still & quiet; I could hear Marcus TALKING on the crater slope, yet much too far away to pick out visually, among all the boulders & trees. Start walking, and the crunch of the sand under your feet was all you heard.

Later that day we began the trek around the lake via 4WD roads. The fact that neither I nor Brandon had 4WDs only made the trip that much more exciting a prospect. And exciting it was. Perhaps

Dave put it best, while "high on adrenaline": "Lumpity, lumpity, fuckin' lumpity"

It started out no problem, smooth & plenty of traction. Having had previous experience with Mono's pumice sand roads, I was very aware that if the road got a little soft, and we started bogging down, that was it. So I made sure I kept up a decent head of steam. When we started into the bumpy sections, things got pretty wild. A couple of times, a wave of dust, kicked up by the nose of the car plowing into the ground, would instantly cover the entire windshield. Other times, the undercarriage of the car would literally ricochet off the ground as we kept the speed up in rough sections. I felt like I was piloting a boat through rough waters: Whump, whump, WHUMP! whump...God, it was fun.

If it wasn't for the soft sandy nature of the soil, I'm sure my car would be lying out there today. As it was though, I smashed in the grill on the nose, and the car now has a slight steering wobble @ 45-50 mph. I realize more than ever now one of the great advantages of owning a cheap car: stuff like this doesn't cause you to feel depressed for the next month and a half. So what if things are a little tweaked; we had a great time.

Brandon's truck made it through with no problems, apart from a bent brake component. He gets the trip award for calm under fire, as I'm sure he paid a lot more for his truck than I did for my bug,

but he remained good-humored and let out a joyous whoop upon sight of pavement.

Along the way we came across some cool rock formations not unlike Devil's Postpile, though not as well developed.

So, the rest of the trip included canyon exploration, a rock throwing, tumbling and exploding contest, hiking up part of Glass Mountain ridge (excellent ski potential, if the snow is there), and a soak in some killer hot springs.

## **Who forgot the Kitchen Sink?**

By Marty Isaacson

Ah, a gourmet trip--one of the few trips where excesses are not frowned upon but are envied. This year's trip lived up to the tradition. Starting early Saturday morning, we, about 20 of us, loaded up the cars and headed to Point Reyes. We all arrived at the trail within minutes of each other, except for Glenn's car. As it so happened, Glenn was abducted by three sex-starved women who used and abused Glenn to their pleasure. After that we started on our hike to the beach with all of our toys and gadgets (a group of boy scouts headed to the same place were jealous). The most fun or obnoxious (depending on if you had it or not) toy was a set of nuclear powered water pistols. Unfortunately, these were no match for the nuclear bomb (a water balloon).

Once we arrived at camp, lunch was served and promptly devoured. Down at the beach, a fashion show of the latest in foam pad towel wraps was featured until a determined spectator tried to rush the stage and declothe the unsuspecting model. The excitement was too much for some and they headed into the water to cool off. Other more timid spectators were persuaded (oh just say it. Ok, they were dragged) to enjoy the pleasures of the ocean. This was followed by games of frisbee, beach volleyball, and walking down the beach to a waterfall.

After a gorgeous earthrise, it was back to camp for more food. Everybody dressed up in costumes ranging from a grub to president Bush (NO they are different). Dinner and alcohol were soon served which culminated in ice cream and chocolate sauce. The after dinner activities started out with the creation of a multi-person amoeba. The amoeba had the sole goal of absorbing people, preferably those who had alcoholic drinks, into its grasp. After the amoeba tried to absorb the scoutmaster from the scout troop and the advent of a campfire, the amoeba disbanded and headed toward the warmth.

Around the campfire, the pre-release UCHC Songbook was passed out and various songs were sung (most being out of tune and off key). As the night grew thin, the fire and faces faded.

Morning broke, with a shattering sun beating down on the lifeless sleeping bags. The full moon was just setting. For some it came way too soon! After being served up a King's or Queen's style breakfast, the preparations for the pilgrimage home was made. Some decided to resist the homesickness and stayed at the beach playing volleyball and lounging in the sand. The final group made their way out with the sun setting on the horizon.

## **Upcoming Trips over Winter Break**

Most planned trips are in the new year. Crater lake ski trip is planned for the last week by Marcus. Contact him at 486-0465. January 16-18 is Coy's cabin trip. He can be reached at 596-9251. The trip may be followed by cross country skiing (as a trip or as a concept, I'm not sure). Chris would like to go to the Grand Canyon over the last two weeks of Break.

These are all the trips mentioned last meeting.

-editor

Joyous Winter Solstice!