

BEAR TRACKS

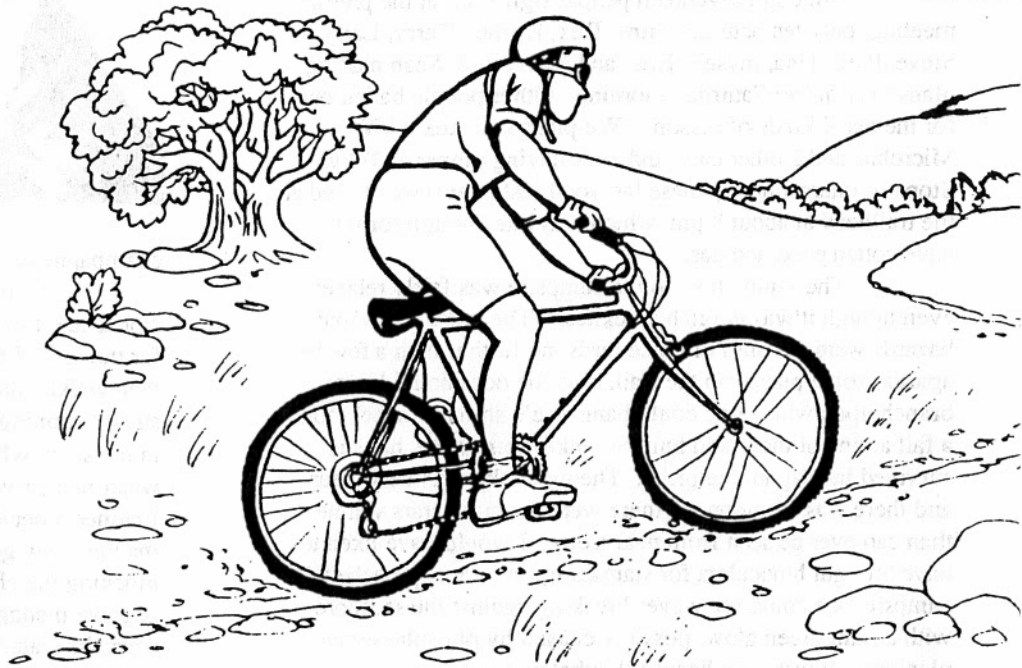
The Newsletter of the U.C. Hiking Club

November 1987

ASUC

T-Shirts!!!

We will be trying to come out with t-shirts for the Hiking Club. So far the proposed design is the same as the sign on Sather Bridge, in black, on a beige shirt (unless one of you has a better idea). The cost will be between \$6-\$7 each, and we will probably start out printing a minimum quantity (36-50 shirts). So, if you're interested in getting a shirt, you should let us know now. We really could use some help in this project. All that needs to be done is the art work. I've already checked into which company to use and all that stuff. If you want to help, stop by one of the meetings and let us know.



MOUNTAIN BIKING, ANYONE?

—Upcoming events—

Nov. 15: Drunk in Charge of a Bike

An idyllic day of cycling in the serene (gak) Napa Valley countryside is planned for November 15th. No experience in touring or wine tasting are necessary; bikes are required, cars helpful. Beginners are welcome! For info, call Nick Field at 527-5726.

Nov. 20: Snow climbing

A snow climbing expedition to Round Top Peak is planned for Nov. 20th. This will be a loosely organized trip for experienced climbers; there won't be a sign-up sheet outside the office. Come to a weekly club meeting if you're interested in this trip.

Thanksgiving trip?

Several people are interested in doing something during Thanksgiving break. Proposals have included going to Joshua Tree, mountain biking in San Luis Obispo, backpacking on the coast, or a one-way trip to Guyana. Sign up on list outside the office (605 Eshleman) with your ideas and suggestions. Come to a weekly meeting sometime before Thanksgiving if you're interested in this, if you can.

Mountain Biking

There is now an established group of avid mountain bikers in the club who do weekly rides. If you want to get in touch with them, stop by one of the meetings or call Margot at 527-9318 or Rex at 549-3791.

— 'Trip Reports' —

Gourmet Trip

This year's Gourmet trip was once again at the Wildcat campsite on Pt. Reyes. This time we left Berkeley on Friday night and came back on Saturday so that we could spend Sunday recovering for classes. It was my first Gourmet trip, but I think it went pretty well.

Although seventeen people signed up at the pretrip meeting, only ten actually came: Rex, Rachel, Terry, Larry, Steve, Pam, Tina, myself, Eric, and Mike, with Sean making plans to come up Saturday morning. Other people bailed out for the usual kinds of reasons. We piled into Rex's VW Microbus and 2 other cars, and after having dinner at Tokyo Stop (an interesting Japanese fast food restaurant) we arrived at the trailhead at about 8 pm, which was late enough for it to have gotten good and dark.

The 7-mile hike to the campsite was fairly relaxed even though it was in pitch blackness. The most obnoxious hazards were the piles of horse turds, no further than a few feet apart at some places on the trail, plus the occasional log or branch upon which one could bang one's shins. Rachel took a fall at one of these and hurt her ankle somewhat, but she survived the trip in one piece. The night sky was very clear and there was no moon, so there were far more stars visible than can ever be seen from near a city. I would have liked to have brought binoculars for stargazing. As we approached the campsite, we could see waves breaking against the seashore with a faint green glow, possibly caused by phosphorescent plankton. It was very beautiful, whatever it was.

We set up camp around 11 PM and then walked to the beach, which was a few hundred yards away. On the way we crossed a streambed which in the darkness gave us an opportunity to fall about six feet onto some nasty rocks. Someone happened to turn on a flashlight a second or two before we got to this point so we were able to pass up this opportunity. On the beach, we discovered that when we stamped our feet in the damp sand, tiny spicules of light would sparkle through the sand around them. I remembered the word "triboluminescence" from somewhere. "It's like dancing on stars!" somebody else said. It was too cold to swim, so we went back to camp and went to sleep.

Morning was cold and foggy. Rachel and Terry took a quick swim very soon after dawn. They said that it had been too cold to stay in for more than a few seconds, but that it had felt great. Everybody else wimped out. We then tried to make omelettes and crepes for breakfast. The omelettes ended up being scrambled eggs (perfectly good, with mushrooms, peppers, and onions) due to lack of a spatula. The first few crepes were soggy because there wasn't enough heat, but then somebody got the idea of putting two Blueuet stoves under the big Teflon frying pan, and after that they came out very well. Their filling of yogurt and fresh fruit had chilled during the night and was especially delicious. We also opened and quickly finished off the first of the two bottles of



champagne we had brought.

At around 11 AM the sun came out and all the clouds and fog vanished very suddenly, leaving perfect weather for the rest of the day. We hung out on the beach for a while, then walked about a mile up the coast to a waterfall fed by a stream running off the mountain. The waterfall filled a pool in the sand, which ran off through a channel that the moving water had carved down to the ocean. The UCHC Corps of Engineers decided that this river (whose flow amounted to maybe a few gallons a minute) had to be redirected, so by blocking the channel with sand and rocks while digging a new one, we managed to move it a few feet. I found that water from the waterfall tasted much better than the tap water available at the campsite (the tap water being oily and sulfurous and generally yucky) but we didn't drink any because of possible Giardia contamination. Filtering or boiling it might be a good way to get drinking water on the next trip. (When the tap water was used for cooking or making orange juice or lemonade, its taste was far less objectionable than when drunk undisguised, though still noticeable).

We returned to camp around 4 PM and Mike made felafels from felafel mix that he had brought. This was intended to be a snack to hold us over until dinner, but it turned out to be such a good idea that we had dinner immediately afterwards. (This was just as well: the second bottle of champagne was finished off during the snack). Before dinner, those who had brought suitable attire changed into it: Rex and Larry into natty suits that made them look like game show hosts, Mike into a surrealistic cyan bow tie and matching short pants, and Rachel into a frilly black ballroom dress with red spike heels and hemoglobin-colored lipstick, tastefully set off against a beat-up leather biker jacket. A flock of Boy Scouts who had settled in a nearby campsite came over and saw us and were suitably freaked out.

The main course of dinner was Shish kebab, which was very meat intensive because all of the people who had signed up at the pretrip meeting to bring meat actually came on the trip, while many of the people who were going to bring cheese, vegetables, etc. didn't make it. This caused a slight problem for vegetarians, but (thanks mainly to Pam)

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The Big Sur Weekend

The trip to Big Sur happened, as planned, despite the fact that many of us really should have been studying. The plan was to be very delinquent and experience car camping on a first hand basis. So we bravely set out on the road on a brilliant Friday afternoon, having agreed to meet at the Saturn Cafe. I must say, Dave, this was a truly bizarre place, even by Berkeley standards. (Ask David Kuperman). After this strange experience, we drove bravely on into the darkness. Arriving at Pfeiffer Big Sur, we discovered that the campground was full and that we didn't have reservations, so we spent the night at the overflow campsite. This was probably to our advantage, since the campsite was situated right near the beach. Needless to say, some of us went swimming in the moonlight (whereupon our feet encountered harsh rocks which lay beneath the surface of the water).

The next day, after a hearty pancake breakfast, we secured our camp at Pfeiffer Big Sur. Having done this we all went swimming in the nearby swimming hole, which was thoroughly impacted with people. Then the more adventurous ones went on a hike while the rest of us attempted to study. Studying was difficult because we were constantly being attacked by small flies.

At night, instead of the usual cold coastal weather, a hot dry wind blew through the campground. Again, the more adventurous ones were inspired to go to the beach, although, having learned their lesson from the night before, they didn't swim.

The next day was spent at Point Lobos and at the Monterey Bay Aquarium (not everyone went to Point Lobos). The Aquarium provided the adventurous ones with many opportunities to experience the local marine life. After several encounters with the stinging bat rays we all decided that it was time to head back to the serenity of Berkeley, our home sweet home.

Overall, this was a highly successful trip, and looking back I enjoyed myself thoroughly, despite the fact that I really should have been studying!

—Rex

Pt. Reyes Mountain Bike Trip

We met at the Pt. Reyes Bike Shop late in the morning after having driven there from Berkeley. Some of us took longer than others, so many of us had to wait. (For future reference, taking highway one from Mill Valley to get to Pt. Reyes is not the fastest route). Some people had to rent mountain bikes, so that took even more time. This went very well, considering the plethora of problems that we might have faced. When everyone was ready, we rode off along highway one to the visitors center. Some people got lost—actually they took another route. But we all met at the visitors center eventually. We got maps and found out that we weren't allowed to ride anywhere. In reality, though, the Bear Valley trail was open, so we took it. It was way too short, and crowded as well. We weren't even allowed to go all the way to the beach (bummer!). We whizzed along the very

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Desolation Weekend

(Transcribed from *The Wrist*, official trip log of the Hiking Club)

Laila, Larry, Mike, and Rachel braved the flames of—er, where were we going exactly? (Destination chosen at the very last minute as first Stanislaus, then the Dardenells, then Mendocino went up in smoke.—hof hof—)...

...The Sierra looked strange...all was soft focus & far reaching views fading off into the mist. Mist?...

The small female...compadres...plunged into every icy lake available....The water was so *appetizing* that Rachel filled her bottle from one lake (fully intending to boil it) but then absently took a thirsty swig—then promptly spit it on the ground and spent the next week dreaming of Giardia.

Aloha Lake...

Mike's spaghetti...

...God-awful Halloween stories...

Notes on returning to civilization: we spent more on pizza and beer than on the whole rest of the trip...(assorted drinking statistics follow)...Mike drove.

—Rachel


Note: If you want the details of this exciting trip, drop by the office and have a look at the Wrist!

—Rex

The Mt. Whitney Weekend

The trip to Mt. Whitney (Sept. 25-27) worked extremely well. The weather was, surprisingly enough, *superb*—as clear and warm as when I climbed Whitney two years ago in August, with much less windiness on top of the mountain. All 10 of us were delighted with the hike, though exhausted at its conclusion! (After 18 miles in one long day, only hardy Chris Klingebiel ate a real dinner Saturday night). Most of us made the summit; the few who didn't came close, enjoying views only slightly less sweeping than the one from the 14,494 ft. top. The pristine wilderness of Sequoia National Park's vast backcountry stretched before us as we walked along the back (or west) side of the 12,000 ft. ridge leading to Whitney's summit. The sparkling brilliance of the emerald green lakes at the base of this western ridge was especially striking. This hike was all I hoped for and more—a resounding success!

—Dave Leeking



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there were lots of peppers, mushrooms, etc., so nobody starved. Several bottles of wine were also consumed, with a number of people getting pretty drunk. Just as we were finishing dinner, Colin arrived on a mountain bike carrying a bag of charcoal that Sean had intended to bring (Sean never made it). Colin unfortunately couldn't stay for dinner, but we used the charcoal to make s'mores (chocolate and marshmallows melted on Graham crackers) for dessert.

After dinner some people impulsively decided to go watch the sunset and made it to the cliff overlooking the ocean just in time to see the last parts of the Sun disappear. Everyone then hiked back to the trailhead at a leisurely pace, except for Rachel and Terry, who shot off ahead and then waited in the parking lot for the rest of us for about an hour. We piled back into the cars, and after a shame-ridden stop at McDonalds along the way, got back to Berkeley at around midnight.

—Paul

Mtn Biking (from page 3)

flat trail to the border of the wilderness, where there were bike racks. But we did not have bike locks, and no one wanted to get their bike stolen, so we whizzed back up to a picnic area, where we had lunch. It was warm and sunny. Yow!

Moving right along, everybody felt that we ought to try something more radical. So we rode to the Five Brooks trailhead (just a hop and a skip away) and took the trail that we found there (I don't remember the name, but it went all the way to the top). Unfortunately, we had to ride on the pavement to get there because the stupid park people would not allow us to go along the trail (woo! Margot is getting political!). Anyway, we rode up the Mt.-something trail. We encountered several people on horses and their accompanying dung (she's getting political again). O.K. They were very nice. The trail wound up the mountain through beautiful trees and creeks.

Twelve people showed up for this momentous occasion: Margot (check it out!), Pierre (Western States man), Rex (KING), Sean (demon on a road bike), Scott (from Colorado), Rachel (thrasher), and Diana (Princess?).

We huffed and puffed up the trail. Pierre and Margot decided it was time to go back, especially since Pierre had the bonk. They sailed down the trail, only to come across more horses. The person on the lead horse told them to slow down, although they were only going 2 MPH.

The others (after several moments of false hope) finally reached the top, where there was a spectacular (non) view. Then we turned back, since most of the people had to return their bikes (we never reached the beach). Sean had a last minute flat tire, but otherwise everyone thoroughly enjoyed the descent.

After returning the bikes, most people went home, but some of us were inspired to have random violence on the beach. Sean built a raging fire, which was an amazing feat. We had wine and cheese (with gourmet mustard), chicken, french bread, jelly beans, and, of course, roasted marshmallows. New members were thoroughly initiated into the tradition of random violence by thrashing in the dunes. Needless to say, we were all quite sandy. Overall, a total success!

—Margot and Rex

Weekly Meetings

Members of the Hiking Club have decided to hold meetings on a weekly basis. This provides people with a chance to keep in touch with each other, as well as check up on what's happening in the club. At the meetings, people can offer suggestions for future trips, or just tell about trips they have done in the past. We usually set up a slide projector so that people can share slides as well. (This is a prime opportunity to see slides from recent club trips.) The whole thing is really informal, so feel free to drop by and join us (and bring some slides)! The meetings are held **WEDNESDAYS at 5:30 p.m.** in our office, 605A ESHLEMAN HALL. See you there!

Club Rosters

Club rosters are now available to members. The rosters are intended to help members get in touch with each other, either before or after club events. We've also listed people's interests so that people can see what types of activities members are most interested in. To get a roster, stop by the office either during lunch or better, at the weekly meeting.



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