



January 95

Issue 1

CHAOS at Hutchinson Lodge! Cabin Ski Trip '94

by Lloyd Connelly

The CHAOS began as usual about a day before we left Berkeley. In the final 24 hours before our departure, about fifteen people - including five drivers - decided they would not be able to come. By the time I called King Dave on the evening before our departure, we were about 6 spaces short in car space. I implored our benevolent and generous King for his advice: "Oh, King of CHAOS releasith me from this dire predicament." After consulting his advisors and magicians, our mighty (and benevolent) King beon me his excellent and perfect advice: "Maybe you should call Steve Jones."

With this jewel of knowledge to sustain me, I was renewed with strength and hope. I called Steve who told me that Matzi, who was already coming, had a car that he

intended to bring but which I never knew about (No comments shall be made at this time t my superb capabilities of organization!). I also called Don who was coming but didn't want to drive and informed him that he had two choices: drive, or face the wrath of our all powerful (and benevolent) King! Don, not wishing to know what form of wrath King Dave might conjure up decided he should drive.

With everyone informed of our 8:00AM departure, I was pleased to see the first of our group arriving at about 8:30AM. Due to my superb organizational capabilities (which shall Not be discussed at this time) we departed the West Circle by 9:30AM sharp!y the way, does anyone remember the formula for calculating CHAOS-time, the estimated time of departure which can be calculated as a function of group size?)

When we arrived at the lodge, we found ten feet of snow, the exasperated manager of the Claire Tappan Lodge (Jeff) who told us (incorrectly) that he knew nothing about our reservations, and a group of 17 people from Arizona who insisted that they had rervations

for the very lodge we intended to stay in. Well, after discussing the matter with several people in our group, I decided that we needed to resolve this predicament in a democratic fashion: we would challenge the other group to a massive snowball fight - winners keep lodge! Needless to say, with the guidance of our omnipotent (and benevolent) King we smashed the opposition and claimed the Hutchinson lodge with time remaining to go cross country skiing, build two snow caves, construct an eight long snow tunnel/slide, play several rounds of Shit Head, cook (and consume) massive quantities of chili, and assemble a 500 piece puzzle.

The next day, we separated into numerous groups. Lloyd, Steve, and Doug snow boarded. Doug broke the sound barrier. Kendra and Dave skied at North Star. Bryce and several others skied at Sugar bowl, and several other others explored the territory e cabin on cross country skis. The skiing and snow boarding were excellent that day (due in part to the blessings we received from our holy (and benevolent) king that morning) but all of us faced heavy snow, hail, wind, sleet, and brimstone.

This fine whether put us all in a good mood for an evening of relaxing in the sauna (interrupted of course by several naked trips to the snow), playing bridge (is that what it was?), assembling a 2,000 piece puzzle (almost, well not really almost), car several snow ball skirmishes (nothing compared to the great battle of the previous day), sliding down the 75 degree slope of the northern roof, and constructing the mighty tunnel of death: a snow slide starting at the crest of the lodge's roof, tunneliway down to nearly 8 feet beneath snow level. For further details on this engineering feat, speak with Don and ask him to show you his scar.

Late that evening as I lied on my mattress, I remembered that we all had forgotten to offer our great (and benevolent) King the usual evening offerings. As a result, we all awoke the next morning to a torrential down pour (of rain, not snow). Nevertheless, in a magnificent display of total CHAOS we managed to clear out our mighty piles of stuff from the bowels of Hutchinson lodge and distribute it randomly between our four cars. To this day, the list of missing stuff and missing people remains far ong to mention here. But needless to say, with the wisdom of our fine (and benevolent) King shinning upon us, we shall recover our lost belongings and ready ourselves for next year's cabin ski trip that our beloved (and benevolent) King has offered to I
Long live the King!

Disclaimer: Everything mentioned above is true (almost, well not really almost).



Yosemite Snowshoe

by James Genone

On Wednesday Jan. 11th, myself, Eric Brown, and Kathryn Brown left from Berkeley for a "few days of leisurely backpacking in Yosemite". As it turned out we ended up snowshoeing for five days through all sorts of weather and had several servings of high drama to boot.

Our first days hiking actually began just as the sun was going down, but since we had only to go three and half miles to reach Dewey Point, we figured we be there in about an hour. Wrong. Snowshoeing occurs at about the same speed that UC tuition decreases. At around 11 that night we reached the point, and we were rewarded with one of the worst meals ever recorded in history: tepid yet mushy spaghetti, with ice cold sauce. We even got to drink the water the noodles were cooked in!! Fortunately, the view was worth it. A few days later we were rewarded once again with great views as we reached glacier point. The weather and our meals had been good to us, and with the exception of a camp stove that primed like Chernobyl and nearly set our top of the line Eddie Bauer tent on fire, the days were without incident.

We hiked back from Glacier Point in one day, but decided to stay another night. This was an excellent choice, because that evening we got the blizzard we had been hoping for. I'd say that waking up every two hours with Eric's alarm in my ear was a highlight of the trip. My piercing screams were enough to wake the other two up and let them know that it was time to knock the snow off the tent.

When all was said and done, it turned out to be a great trip. We had a lot of fun clearing the snow off my car, and narrowly avoiding two accidents on the drive home as well. So if on a winters day you find yourself sitting with nothing to do, I

personally recommend snowshoeing in Yosemite for five days, its enough action to last at least a month or two.



Winter CHAOS

by John Kuo-Sheng Su

I spent the break bored sh*itless, anxious for something to do. So I decided to drag my butt down to LA and see my new girlfriend. First I had to beg my parents, convincing them our close-to-the-turn-of-the-century gas-guzzling wreck of a car would make the 300 plus mile journey. "of course I'll keep it under 60 on I5".

So off I went, with my buddy Gavin "gas money" in tow. After meeting her parents and spending all night crackin' jokes about the LA news anchors "gee he's even tanner than the other guy," Gav decides to visit a friend at UCLA, while I decide me and my girl are going to Disneyland!

So on "wacky wednesday," the "great flood day" I went to Disneyland. Luckily she had one of those Disneyland ponchos, so I spent the day wandering the amusement park, in amusement over the sea of "yellow people." Driving home was the funnest part, as we hydro-planed into the drive way (must've saved a ton of gas).

Thus, was my trip to LA.



“Well, I went on a CHAOS trip over xmas as an ex-CHAOS-member, meeting some still-CHAOS-members and some others.”

by Matthias

In the beginning, I went to the airport. The only good news was that after waiting two hours at the airport for the plane to arrive and to start again, the pilot told us that we would not have to wait over London for another hour to land. So I was only two hours late, but Dave, reliable as usual, who had just arrived 3 hours earlier totally jet lag from San Francisco was still there. I consoled him by telling him that I had brought some German beer for him. So instead of heading to a pub in London city for lunch (I had intended to browse some bookstores afterwards to buy nice christmas presents for myself) we went to a McDonald to get some junk food. I almost felt like being home again.

After this acclimatisation we started visiting old friends, got some beer and some cookies which went down very well after the McDonald and eventually managed to drive to Dave's parents place in Bedford. I should have told already: It was christmas eve.

I don't quite remember whether we had dinner or not, at least we had some wine. After getting drunk we went to bed.

Next day was very relaxing. We spent the whole day eating and drinking. Dave's father

who earns money by hypnotizing people and telling them to give him money or so was quite entertaining to listen to. Maybe this sentence has to be corrected when I'll have seen the balance of my checking account.

We spent the next day visiting some of Dave's ex-girl-friends. They apparently don't have much in common, up to one thing: They all have a bad back. I can only speculate about the reasons. Even stranger, some of his male friends also have a bad back...

But this might just come from the fact that they seem to have relationships with some of David's exs, and maybe they didn't know better. Anyway, the evening again was spent with lots of eating and drinking.

Next day I tried to get away to do some sightseeing in London. I got the last bit of culture of 1994 in the National Gallery and then again tried to get some nice christmas presents for myself in the most fancy London bookstores.

Unfortunately, the british people are not very fond of books. Even their classics exist only in shitty pocket book editions, and there is only one series of books, hardcover with nice thin paper, called Everyman's Library. The name says everything. Well, I agree, I am a snob, but I thought the british people have invented this species. So it turned out that the german translations of R.L. Stevenson are more complete than the available english editions. Maybe someone should retranslate the books and land a bestseller...

Another day, Wednesday, was spent with driving to the Lake District and picking up another ex of Dave with a bad back on the way. The Lake district was nice. No snow, but mud (<- short poem). We went on two energetic hikes, the second one really

nice up to a lake (well, there had to be at least one) and then up to a mountain to have a nice view. Unfortunately the wind was so strong that it was virtually impossible to move up there. As if gravity had changed in a horizontal direction. So we crawled down again, had some food and some beer. Spending time was very easy.

After seeing the pub where Dave and his gang intended to spend New year eve I decided to go to Scotland and see Shirley and her gang. This is not true, but I had to say something nasty about the pub.

So I went to Scotland by train, and this was definitely one of the nicest train rides I ever had. While there was a terrible snowstorm over northern England, just behind the scottish border it cleared up and the train went through a deserted hilly snowy landscape.

When I arrived in Fort William, somebody whom I didn't know was there taking me to some place with other people I didn't know. Luckily enough, a couple of hours later Shirley came back from a dog-walk. And a bit later Sue&Hugh turned up, who were on the Desolation Trip, so I knew them also. And they hadn't forgotten me because I had carried 2 liters of wine on this trip. They had just before tried to climb one of these snow covered hills and had to turn back, because they didn't have any crampons (though they had ice axes). Sounded quite impressive. I tried to tell them about the wind we had in the Lake District, but that didn't impress them, so I stopped after an hour or so...

Then we tried to celebrate New Year. There seemed to have been some kind of family trouble with Shirley and others, so the people were somewhat unrelaxed. Fortunately we had two separate apartments fitting all of us without sharing

beds, so everybody could stay away from most other people. After going to a pub which happened to close shortly before 12 I was sober again (the whiskies didn't last long enough) and I tried to overcome this by drinking some wine and champagne, with not too much success. Eventually we went to bed to get up without hangover next morning at 9 to go hiking. We were four, besides Sue&Hugh and me also some Clare who was quite nice. We went up some of these little hills through a mixture of mud, snow and ice. The views were impressive, like in the alps 3000 meters higher. The wind was also pretty strong, but we still could move. In the evening I tried again and told them, that the wind in the Lake District had been much worse. This time it sounded a bit impressive.

The next two days we had some more whisky and some more hikes. I started enjoying the whisky quite a bit. The hikes too, ofcourse.

Then I went with Sue&Hugh to Edinburgh and stayed there for two days sightseeing. The Scottish people are almost as unfriendly as the Germans, so I almost felt like being in Germany. After successless trying to get some nice christmass presents for me in Scotlands biggest bookstore I spent the money on whisky. Five bottles are quite heavy...

Everybody is welcome to come to a whisky-tasting seminar, but hurry!

Matthias



Announcements

Lloyd is looking for a used snowboard and snowboard boots. Does anyone have one to sell? Any suggestions on how to get one? Call Lloyd at 528-9251

Lloyd also has several lost and found items from the cabin ski trip.

Basic Info

Pronouncement from the King: CHAOS shall meet in room 024 Wheeler on Wednesdays at 6pm.

Fridays:

Ultimate Frisbee, Willard Park, 7 pm, followed by dinner.

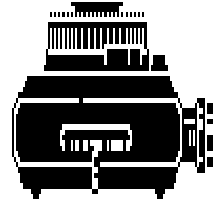
Other weekday events: Climbing, biking; come to a meeting and find out!

Mailing List : Send mail to hiking-club-request@soda.berkeley.edu

Random Events in The Future

(come to meetings for events in the present)

Feb 8 Slideshow! Come see what we've done over the last few months/years! Excellent slides set to music; do not miss this audio-visual extravaganza!



May 14-20 Bike-a-thon SF-LA. AIDS Fundraiser, lots of ride support ie. free massages. information in Missing Link Bike Shop

Marmot Mountain Works Events

Adeline Street at Ashby

•• Free gear is given away at each slide event. ••

Cho Oyu, Aconcagua & Alaska Slides and tales

Colin Lynch, member of the Everest North Col Expedition
Berkeley Maromot Mountain Works
January 31 7:00 pm There may be a fee?

Trekking in Nepal

by Kathryn Levenson
Discussion of trekking options, on and off beaten path, mountain biking, rafting, horseback.
Tuesday, February 7 7:00 pm
FREE

Winter Ski Traverse—Sierra High Route

by Robert Mackinlay, photographer for Outdoor magazine.
Hour slide show on ski mountaineering in the High Sierra.
FREE! February 14, 7:00 pm

