



March 95

Editor: Nola

Issue 2

Eric's Excellent Adventures in Australia

by Eric Renger

I spent the last half year living in Sydney, going to university and having a lot of fun, in spite of school. Of course, the first thing I did when I got there was join the Bushwalking and Mountaineering Club. I met lots of cool people there, though the club wasn't on par with Chaos. I did a lot of climbing in the Blue Mountains, near Sydney, and on the sea cliffs. It was all steep sandstone with big holds- some climbers didn't know what to do when we climbed at a granite area for the first time. While the sandstone in the mountains was excellent quality, the sea cliffs were a fright.

First, in order to get to the base of the climbs, we used descent routes that had been put together by fishermen. Needless to say, these fishermen had no concept of personal safety. They carved hand and foot holds into the sandstone, and when it was too dangerous for that, they pounded in rods of metal, which immediately rusted to half their original size, due to the salty air. Occasionally, a ratty old rope was strung along the rock, but who knows which hardware store it had come from, and how many years had it been sitting in the sun? Besides, who could trust the bolts that it was tied to? When the fishermen deemed the

climb too dangerous for simple ropes, they resorted to ladders—rickety old wooden things, with missing rungs, and pieces of rope tied here and there to hold them together.

By the time I got to the climb, I was so freaked, there was no way I wanted to go back up that way, which added much more incentive to the climb. In spite of the suicidal approaches and terrible rock, there were a few decent routes, and the setting alone made the climbs worthwhile.

A Weekend at Tahoe

by Lloyd Connelly

About two weeks ago, Carol and I spent a weekend with some non-officially-CHAOS-but-chaotic-nevertheless people near lake Tahoe. Following ancient CHAOS tradition to the letter, we left Friday evening not too soon after our planned departure time and made it to the Sierras late Friday evening. On the way, I - being the driver - learned a very important lesson that I would like to share with you in case you find yourself in a similar situation. If you ever find yourself waiting at the red light of a left-hand turn lane and decide instead that you want to turn right, before - not after - you put the car in reverse and disengage the clutch in an effort to back out of the left-hand turn lane, it is important to look behind you to see if

there may be a car there. To avoid further digression from the intended topic of skiing (and to save myself further embarrassment), I'll not delve into the details of this incident. If you don't want to hear more about it, don't talk to Lloyd.

On Saturday morning, our group of about twelve people exhibited typical CHAOS organizational techniques and managed to get all our gear together

by about 10:00. After (nearly) hours of deliberation during which every ski resort in Northern California (and several in Utah as well) were discussed,

we finally decided to go to North Star. I can assure you the only rational basis for this decision was the strong desire by many of the members of the group to stop discussing ski resorts and start skiing. Since the resort being discussed when this desire presented itself was indeed North Star, this is where we ended up. In the morning, we confronted lift lines that could fill a football field and endured twenty minute waits. As the day went on, however, the lines shortened and we managed to get in some good skiing. I tried my luck with a snow board and managed to do all right (i.e. I'm still walking) with the exception of one incident in which a large tree actually up-rooted itself and - in a blatant act of cruelty - threw itself in front of me. The tree then proceeded to re-root itself (only to wait for the next unsuspecting snowboarder, I'm sure). I escaped with only a bruised leg, but the next time I go to North Star, I'm bringing an ax and a vile of salt.

That evening, Carol guided the preparation of an excellent pasta dinner. After dinner, we plowed through several card games, read books, etc.

The next morning, half of the group skied at Squaw Valley and the other half - the half

that I was in - went for a back country ski trip through a small canyon near the meadows beneath Mount Rose. This group included Carol and myself and Steve and Erik (two non-official- CHAOS-persons). The snow was crusty in the morning - but by the afternoon it was perfect for turning. For lunch, we stopped near the north ridge of the canyon. We could see the crest of the ridge

and on it a small microwave facility.

Steve and I decided to try and ski to the ridge before heading back but didn't get too far before we realized that the "small" microwave

facility was easily 60 feet tall and it would be a good three hours ski to the top. So, putting the crest in the back of our minds for future a trip, we joined Carol and Erik and headed back to the cars stopping to attempt some telefalling along the way.

**CALIFORNIA RECORD FOR SNOWFALL IN ONE SEASON: 884 INCHES: 1906-1907, TAMARACK, ALPINE COUNTY
US RECORD: 1122 INCHES, 1971-1972, RAINIER PARADISE RANGER STATION, WASHINGTON**

The Rocky Mountain CHAOS:

A report from our branch to the east, The Colorado Hiking and Outdoor Society

by Nola Mike

In January I spent 10 days visiting our CHAOS outpost in Boulder, and am happy to report it is one thriving group. A couple years ago, one of Berkeley CHAOS's more active members, Coy Christensen, decided to relocate and ended up in Boulder, Colorado. Finding no suitable outdoor group to join, he started his own, placing an ad in the local paper. With Coy's leadership, the group has developed well. The recent 1 year anniversary potluck/meeting/ slideshow was held, with over 50 people in attendance. Coy styled the group closely after Berkeley CHAOS, with the notable exception that the group is not part of the local university. This means a larger portion of the membership

are working stiff. Activities planned and behavior exhibited are sufficiently juvenile that the age range attracted to the group is around 21-35. Regular activities include group breakfasts and dinners, checking out the local music scene, guitar night, and meetings every other week. Trips run the CHAOSian range from XC skiing to hot springing to mountain biking to sand dune climbing. While I was there I joined 2 overnight XC cabin skis, 1 XC day ski, and one day of downhill skiing.

MORE PAST MEMBER NOTES

The Berkeley influence remains strong, as four Berkeley CHAOS members now reside in Boulder and take part in CHAOS trips: Coy, Marty Issacson, Bill Krause, and Thomas Doerr. Coy was successful in convincing Marty to relocate from Southern California. Marty and Coy live in a house with a couple other CHAOSians. That is, until Marty bought a house! Yep, Marty is in serious settle-down mode, and Boulder is the place. He no doubt has a need for housemates, so if you've always wanted to check out Boulder....

While I was visiting, Coy changed jobs, and now works for Unique Mobility, the same place Marty works. The company is designing a high efficiency, flywheel and electric powered vehicle.

ADDRESS BOOK PROJECT

Coy is creating an address book of UCHC members from the years '88 to '92. If you want to know where everyone from these years is now (i.e. where in the country you can crash while travelling,) contact Coy.

COFFEE CAKE
(AS PRESENT AT THE MARCH 1ST MEETING)

preheat oven to 325 degrees F
grease a 13"X9" pan

2-1/4 cups all purpose flour
1 cup brown sugar
3/4 cup white sugar
1 tsp cinnamon
1/2 tsp salt
1/2 tsp cloves/allspice
1/4 tsp ginger
3/4 cup veggie oil
combine in bowl until mixed
remove 3/4 cup of mixture to make streudel

to streudel, add one more teaspoon of cinnamon and chopped walnuts to taste (about a cup)

to the remaining mixture add:
1 beaten egg
1 cup of buttermilk
1-1/2 tsp baking powder
1/2 tsp baking soda

pour batter into baking pan and make batter even in pan spread streudel over top of batter, covering as much area as possible

bake for about 45 minutes

Coy's e-mail:
bf822@freenet.hsc.
colorado.edu
Marty's e-mail is:
bf252@freenet.hsc.
colorado.edu

Coy welcomes visitors, so if you are heading to the Boulder area, let him know.

Bushwalking in the Snowy Mountains (Australia)

by Eric Renger

I joined up with two other Chaos members to go bushwalking in the Snowy Mountains for nine days in late November. Suzie had come to Australia to travel and work for six months, and Madeleine,

the crazy Australian, was just finishing her chemistry honors degree. In fact, we left two days after she submitted her thesis, and she had her oral defense the day after we returned.

On the first day, we were dropped off at one end of the national park, and over the nine days we walked across most of the park, without seeing anyone for the first 7

days. We had spectacular weather for the first half of the trip, while we were in the low-lands. For the last three days, we traversed the Main Range, which has Mt Kosiusko, the highest peak on the Australian continent. So, of course, it had to be these three days, not the first six days, that the weather was bad. Actually, it wasn't bad, it was awful. We were hiking through alpine tundra, without a tree in sight, and there was rain, hail, thunder, and lightening. We were also walking in a solid bank of clouds, which made navigating rather difficult. In spite of the weather, we persevered (because Madeleine's boyfriend was going to pick us up at the other end of the range, and there wasn't any better way to get there).

We spent one cozy night in Madeleine's two-person tent, and then the next day we did two day's worth of walking, and made it to a hut, which was warm, dry, and pretty close to paradise, as far as we were concerned. From the hut, we hiked to the top of Mt Kosiusko the next day. Even though the peak is the highest in Australia, and famous mountaineers have ascended it in pursuit of the seven summits, I think it would be harder to find the top of Grizzly Peak. There is a wide dirt road all the way to the top, which used to carry bus-loads of tourists to the summit. The smart Australian Parks and Wildlife people put an end to the busses when they discovered that the summit had eroded so much that it might not be the tallest peak in Australia any longer. So, now the tourists have a six-mile walk along a dirt road to the top (or a 60 mile approach if you take the route we did). We made it to the top with zero effort, and had lunch in a magnificent cloud that reduced visibility to 30 feet. We decided to descend as we heard the thunder coming closer, but we were only a few minutes off the summit when the storm hit us. There was thunder all around, and we were pelted with hail that really hurt when it

hit us. Fortunately, no one got BBQ-ed by the lightening, and we made it safely back to the hut and civilization the next day.



Announcements

Write articles for Bear Tracks! No experience necessary!: e-mail articles to:

mmay@uclink2.berkeley.edu

Trip reports, recipes, gear for sale, events, etc...

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 request to hiking-club-request@soda.berkeley.edu

Next Issue:

- To-Bring gear lists
- More local stories!



White Snow

