

# BEAR TRACKS

NOVEMBER ISSUE, 1988

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

*Digitally enhanced imaging reveals*

**ELVIS** on HIKING CLUB Trip to  
**Yosemite!**

Inside...

Exciting stories

Revealing  
Pictures!

Revealing  
Stories!!

## Yosemite Trip, Fast Group: Mt. Conness and Young Lake

Sept. 16-18

Yow! What a trip! After getting acquainted in a parking lot, taking a group picture ("before"), and learning necessary information (each other's favorite ice cream flavors), the "fast" group headed off for Young Lake. Our first diversion along the way was Lambert Dome, a beautiful mound of rock that looked like it had been poured there and frozen. We had a great view from the top, of mountains and glacier, and we also saw our first marmot. (Chad verified this in his handy reference.) We stopped for lunch in a barren field and filtered some water, then proceeded to our goal, Young Lake. Quite a way to end a trek, with the jagged peaks rising above the lake. The braver of us

(about 5?) went swimming in the sub-zero water. (Editor's note: Sandy wasn't one of the brave).

We had an interesting dinner, watery pasta and burnt burritos, and a short night's sleep because half of us woke up at 5 a.m. the next morning to embark on a climb of Mt. Conness. We hiked through pathless woods and fields, some of it like frozen swampground - it was VERY cold, and we wore all our layers. We saw lots of lakes then climbed a series of mountains. The view from the top was incredible. Sheer drops from all sides, stunning rock formations, lakes in the distance ranging from deep blue to light aqua. There were glaciers and immense patches of snow. It was a little like being on a ski lift, over a terrifying but thrilling set of slopes. There was a register at the top which 8 of us signed and left our pithy sayings

upon. Probably the pithiest of all was Dave Chaffant's, "Gnarly mountain, dude!".....And so goes the UC Hiking Club down in history.

We thought getting up there was a blast, but getting down was almost equally great. The slopes were incredibly sandy and had been pretty hellish while ascending. But we got to SKI the whole way down! It was exactly like skiing, complete with the rock moguls and even some real snow! Our toenails had dirt under them for a week later, but it was worth it. Finishing our day was a bit tedious, for me anyway. We had just gone on this breath-taking excursion and now we had to trudge 6 more miles, through sand, but horizontally. The view of the trail did not compare, especially with fresh horse manure and riding tourists who didn't even return our hellos. Then we had to drive ALLLLL the way home. But it was a beautiful weekend.

Sandy  
Wisch



Glenn gets water in Yosemite

### Yosemite: The Mellow Trip

After we left the other group (distance addicts) we headed towards Glen Aulin. We stopped for brunch at about 10:30 in Toulumne Meadows (2 miles from the trailhead). We stopped for lunch by a huge, raging waterfall. Sean and Rex braved the

cold water and went swimming. Lunch was a great feast of cheese and crackers, and animal cookies.

We camped at McGee Lake and there was no one within 1/4 miles of us. In the afternoon we sat around in the sun and made like lizards. We also did some rock climbing. Dinner included Mac and Cheese, Cheese Vegetables, and carrot sticks. After dinner, Joe tried to teach us the Cal Drinking Song, but since we had only one flask of \*&^%\*, people didn't learn. The next morning, some of us climbed a nearby mountain, and others swam. The non-drivers walked out to Tenaya Lake. The drivers hiked back cross country along the Tuolumne River back to the cars. Survivors of the trip were: Sean, Rex, Joe, Bonnie, Jens, Ulrike, Barbara, Petra, Mary, Kurt, Erica, Lucy, Aristotle, Curvin, Hilde, and Julie.

Yours Truly, Sean Eagan

### Moonlight Hike on Mt. Tam

Sept 24

We met, as usual, at West Circle. The longer we waited, the more people showed up! By the time we left for Mt. Tam, our group numbered about thirty people. At least, for once, we had more than enough drivers.

It wasn't quite dark when we arrived at Mountain Home Inn, our starting point somewhere near the bottom of the mountain, but the wind was already blowing strong. Luckily, our thoughtful leader, Sarah Phipps, had brought along an ample supply of coats and hats. Bundled up to keep warm, we began our ascent up a very steep fire trail, immediately got too hot, started sweating, and peeled off all those layers of clothing. Of course, every time we stopped to wait for people to catch up or to look at the view we started freezing again and put all the clothes back on, only to go through the whole process again when we resumed the climb.

And it was steep! Pretty steady uphill for two hours or so... but it was so beautiful. We had an absolutely full moon guiding us, so we didn't need flashlights at all (didn't have them anyway), and there wasn't even any fog over the Bay. There were also lots of new people to meet. I met some really great people— unfortunately, I couldn't see them

very well and might not recognize them on campus.

We stopped at a lookout point very near to the top and shared the food that everyone had brought. The walk back down was much faster and, of course, easier. Back at the bottom, some people headed to Berkeley, while the rest of us invaded the Mountain Home Inn and had coffee. Around midnight, hoping that all had made it safely down the mountain, we headed back.

Ellen Frankel



## Yola Boly Wilderness — Mendocino National Forest

October 1-2

Glenn and I led yet another trip to unexplored areas of California wilderness. (That is unexplored by us in the past 10 months.) Rex drove the band of six enthusiastic club members in his VW van. To remain true to hiking club tradition, one of the vehicles got lost inside the forest. Since the entire group was in that one vehicle, it perhaps set a club record for embarrassment. It wasn't until morning when we determined where in the forest we had camped the first night. We hiked north along the Smokehouse Ridge into the wilderness boundary. From the trailhead (5100') along the ridgetop the name Smokehouse Ridge seemed appropriate due to the large fire which had leveled much of the valley below many years before.

Around lunch we found ourselves on Small Peak (6600') from which we could see the cloud of smoke rising from the fire burning the northern portion of Yola Boly. By this time we had also noticed our low supply of water. Following the directions given us by a passing hunter we found a spring (6800') just off the trail. Our final camp (6400') was at French Cove along a narrow fork of the Rattlesnake River. Oliver demonstrated a unique priming technique for whisperlight stoves which sometimes resulted in collective stomping of nearby grasses which had been involved in the lighting process.

Glenn and Rachel put on a fine dinner including an amaretto cheesecake (practicing for the gourmet trip no doubt.) After dinner Mike gave us the Astronomy grad student's tour of the star filled sky. The second day we clattered up to Hammerhorn Mountain (7567') and had an extensive photo session then hiked out along Sugar Ridge to English Camp. We lunched by a spring then hiked cross country down along Pony Ridge, back to a road near the trailhead. The drive out of the forest was about 25 miles of bad gravel road and just a BIT dusty. Rachel wins the trip's most memorable moment with mustard on chocolate pop-tarts for lunch.

M. Childress

## Mt. Tamalpais Rock Climbing and Stinson Beach Dayhike \*

October 9

There were four cars and nine hiking club members who met on this beautiful Sunday morning. After following Sean to Lothlorien to return the fourth car we headed out to 101 and Marin's Mt. Tam. But...quick detour ...Safeway, for nourishment. After a lot of deliberation we came away with a strange assortment of food which we planned to eat later that evening at Stinson Beach. (a watermelon, Cherry Coke, cheese, french bread, o.j. concentrate, nacho chips, salsa and tomatoes...and Sandy picked out the fudge cookies) Munching in the parking lot, we climbed in our cars and drove

the road up to the top of the mountain. We parked the cars then climbed up to the fire lookout tower. There was a blaze burning that day, across the valley on a ridge. Occasionally we could see the flames leap up bright orange. On top of the mountain a warm wind was whistling through the pines and the view was incredible. We could see the East Bay, the Marin Hills, the bay and all the sailboats filling it, and a thick fog with San Francisco jutting up out of the thick, billowing clouds. Dave had brought his climbing gear, so while the rest of us wandered around the mountain top and watched the fire, he searched the rock outcrops for a good place to set up a rappel. After a short time he had it ready and people were going down. Dave was a great teacher for those who had never tried it before. He always had a calm "No problem!" voice. Newcomers were a little nervous at first, but when they realized that the rope would hold them they wanted to try it again. Petra and Ulrike were hiking the trails and Sean was bouldering off to the side of everyone rappelling. I admit...I didn't try it, because heights scare the daylight out of me. I could barely watch everyone else, so I left and went hiking on the surrounding trails.

We met back at the cars around 5:00 and seven of us braved the cold and made the drive to Stinson Beach. We were all a little green around the edges after the curvy drive down. It was a bit chilly but we wandered out onto the beach and immediately started throwing our french bread up at the seagulls. They hovered like helicopters to catch chunks of bread in their beaks from about 15 ft. up. Before we knew it we had a swarm of seagulls surrounding us. Sean sat down, making a firm decision about where we would eat. Bruce had brought along his small black and white tv to continue watching a Met's game. He had on a Met's hat all day and kept pulling out the tv to stare wistfully and get excited over the home runs and good plays. (a true New Yorker, a true baseball fan, and decidedly NOT an A's fan). We ate heartily, finishing off almost everything but the watermelon.

Then it was time to go and we packed up and started walking to the cars. But first...we tried to satisfy Sandy's craving for an open fire at the beach by crowding around a barbecue pit someone had

left the coals burning in. (Ah ! the great outdoors) After a few pictures of this picturesque moment, we headed home!

Sarah Phipps

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## Crystal Basin Mountain Biking Trip

October 15-16

Five of us went, Mike Brown, Mike Bruns, Mark, David and Sandy, or should I say four and a half, since one of us spent a lot of time sleeping. (She shall remain nameless). We cruised out Saturday morning and made great time. We were eating lunch at the campsite by noon. Crystal Basin is an area of some National Forest in the Sierras west of Lake Tahoe and just north of Hwy. 50. Enough of geography.

We camped at Loon Lake, a dammed up reservoir, is more exposed lake bed than lake. After lunch we foolishly followed Joe's advice and started out on the "Loon Lake Death Ride". A little explanation of the name is warranted. You have to be loony to go on the ride. Two of us made it back 2 hrs. after dark and risked death by exposure, as they almost didn't make it back. Calling it a ride is a misnomer since we had to carry our bikes most of the time. The three wise ones who made it back in time for a dinner of killer burritos did so, because they wimped out, before they got to the part marked quote, "10 times worse than what you just did." Don't worry we did feed the hardcores when they straggled in around nine. After their dinner, we went out to the beach for some informed stargazing, courtesy of the astronomer in our midst. We all know about Pleides and Heides (except for Sandy who was sleeping). She did wake up when we got back to tell us a hilarious bedtime story about "Vindow Viper". Huh, what?

On Sunday, after a gourmet breakfast of oatmeal, (Thanks Mike the best we ever had), we drove to Robb's Peak to ride on jeep trails. Good place to do some winter camping--there is an old lookout building and bunkhouse on the very top



that can be rented for fifteen dollars a night. We rode to the top and had lunch. Then we had an exhilarating descent to two "year-round" springs, (but not this year). Actually it was too exhilarating for one of us, (Moi) who went airborne and then groundborne. I survived minus some skin but the rear wheel was history. Then we came out...

JUST A MINUTE! So I slept on the ride there. So did Mike Brown. It's because WE, were such party animals and such loyal hiking clubbers, fraternizing with our fellow members till the wee hours of that morning. Here I'll say a quick word in favor of Ultimate and the spontaneous dinner parties afterwards. They're REALLY fun, and everyone should come: Every Friday evening at five, at Willard Park, which is at Hillegass and Derby. That's why WE (plural) were tired.

(Editor's Note: see Sandy for additional comments.)

Mark and Sandy

## Ventana Wilderness Los Padres National Forest\*

July 30-31

A brave and somewhat silly group of Hiking Club members embarked on a weekend hike into the drought stricken Ventana Wilderness just south of Monterey. The hike began at about 4800' and followed the scenic Pine Ridge to Pine Valley (3200'). Pine Valley is a beautiful meadow dotted with conifers and wildflowers, it also has an outstanding spring which serves as the headwater for the Carmel River. The valley was an excellent lunch spot both days. Not far from Pine Valley is Pine Falls, a hundred foot drop along the Carmel River which was completely dry when we visited in July. We camped at Round Rock camp (1950') along the Carmel River.

The cool river was very welcome after a long and hot hike downhill. Dinner at Round Rock attracted a swarm of flies, which prompted Rex to discover that wet articles of clothing (shirts, shorts, underwear) when placed upon the head are the most effective bug repellent. (Rex is currently testing his discovery in hopes of selling more Hiking

Club T-shirts, which do seem to work the best.) The second morning someone made the startling discovery that we were indeed over 10 miles and 2850' lower from where our cars were parked. The extreme heat, thick underbrush, lack of water, and continuous climb inspired series of trail activities such as singing, story-telling, and strange wanderings of individual imaginations.

Upon reaching the cars, Glenn, Rex, Mike, and myself collapsed, leaving the driving to Ellen and Diana. They weathered the long drive home expertly. In honor of this trip the Hiking Club office now has the single giant marshmallow.

M. Childress

### For Sale

Several pairs of metal edge X-C skis  
1 step ski \$30  
1 Lowe Expedition pack \$50  
Call Soo-In 848-9038



*Coming next month:  
The Galloping Gourmets!*



Have a fun Semester

Important!

\* = Trips with an asterisk are not official Hiking Club Sanctioned activities.

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Finance Committee Meeting

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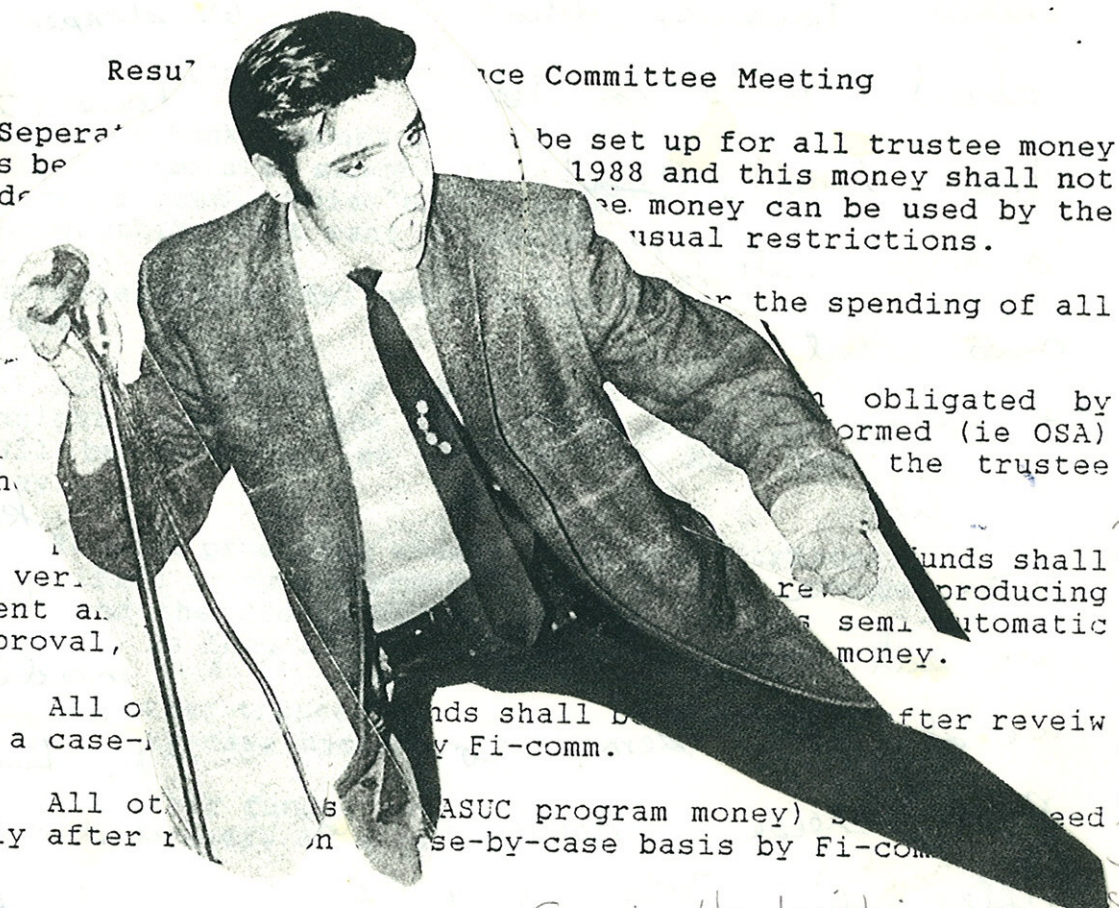
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Pizza sauce

Important H.C. Business

Sarah Shipped



Vow!

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Editors:

Sean's Handwriting

My ~~President's~~ message

As a hiking club member you should be doing one of two ~~things~~ things at all times. Planning a trip or going on a trip. Do not worry if you plan 10x times more trips than you have time for, I do it all the time anyways this year is going great. Keep coming on Trip Sean

P.S. ~~Reading~~ Partying + Ultimate and bike riding

Sean's Spelling (shining example) are exceptable activities, but studying (unless absolutely necessary) is not.