

BEAR TRACKS BEAR TRACKS BEAR TRACKS

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CARSON PASS - A LONG SYNOPSIS OF A LONG TRIP

By Sandy Wisch

Did you ever try to "hold it" for a whole weekend, so you wouldn't have to take off eight layers and expose your genitals to snow? Or break your legs trying to get up, rather than falling down, while cross country skiing? Or drink "wood tea" (melted snow which tastes heavily of smoke, and has nice chunks of dirt and wood floating around, like loose tea-leaves) for three days, with every meal, as the closest approximation of water available? If you enjoy fun challenges like these, you would've been a natural on our X-C Skiing and Snowcamping trip to Carson Pass over Thanksgiving weekend!

Really, we had a marvelous time, and even managed to put our heads together for exciting new solutions to old snowcamping problems. The collaborators included: Rex, Natalie, Glenn, Don, Tracy, Sean, Joe, Chad, Mike Childress (The only Mike out of all TEN of us!!), and Sandy. Soo-In also popped up here & there, mostly to help us with the driving and make sure we hadn't died unreported in the middle of the woods.

Don has got to be given a lot of credit. Not for his creative use of Pepto Bismol (it solved his #1 problem for the whole weekend), but for his insistence upon and adeptness at building a FIRE. In the middle of the 5-feet-of-snow wilderness, he was a determined man. Soon we had a huge pit of warmth (not to mention smoke), with quite a large radius, and strong enough around the edges that we could sit there and dangle in our poor frozen appendages. (To say we only heated our legs would be far too limiting...) (Have you heard of gluteal frostbite?) It was also the idyllic scenario for Glenn to bring out his everpresent songbook and for us to officially begin the holiday season with a few rounds of Jingle Bells, etc. (We have a slide of this that we considered blowing up for Season's Greetings Cards.) Of course, it was also the site for creating the infamous Wood Tea, but then we can't really complain... it was either that or dehydration, hypothermia, and a number of other beautiful multisyllabic words. (After all that, wouldn't "dead" be pretty anticlimactic?)

Gosh, I'm just realizing how much the fire really meant to us... it was the center of our activities for the whole weekend. Funny how such basic things like fire and food are the prime concerns and memories of trips. Our meals all turned out pretty wonderful... especially dinners... like Don's Chili and Mike's Fettucini. (All capitalized - someday we'll open a Hiking Club Diner, and they'll be listed on the menu like

that.) Then there was Tracy's Purple Porridge, which will never be forgotten. Or consumed... we had to abandon most of it (guess where - in the fire! Is this going in circles or what?). Don't get the impression it was BAD or anything - she just made a whole hell of a lot! (And such an interesting hue.)

But NO! We didn't spend all our time eating and being around the fire (and if we did, I refuse to admit it)! The skiing was great. The first day we skied into camp with our backpacks on. This was an interesting experience for those of us who had never cross-country skied, period, before. We all enjoyed it enough, though. Some of us were practicing "Banzai!" techniques while others were happy enough to simply make it to camp.

The next day we all skied to Roundtop, sans most of the packs, and that was amazing. It was all uphill at first, all the herringbone maneuver (We left some lovely tracks.) (Luckily, we were also able to leave behind the interesting waddles that we developed due to the activity!). Around half of the group weren't content until they had taken off their skis and climbed all the way to the tip of the peak. Even though this included crawling at points, because the wind was so intense that it was physically impossible to stand. I'm not sure what the consensus was, about how they all felt in reaching the top. I think they were basically happy, proud, and pretty damned cold. While they did that, some others skied around on lower Roundtop, perfecting (or beginning to learn) their telemarking techniques. Some of us tired of both activities pretty quickly and simply sat down on an insulite pad and tried to conserve our warmth. Then we had lunch up there. The wind was pretty hellish, and whatever had to be done without gloves (taking pictures, slicing cheese, etc.) was done extremely quickly. We were basically happy chomping on the cheese and salami, whole, and passing them around.

Then we made it back to camp, very slowly, since it was all downhill and very few of us could telemark successfully. Those of us who had skied downhill before tried our reliable snowplows, but it was fairly difficult. Glenn made a number of impressive jump-stops, although his landing technique left something to be desired. This inspired controversies as to whether he was approaching the problem at all from the right angle - i.e. whether what he was trying to do was theoretically possible. Of course, he kept trying. (Us Hiking Club idealists; To dream... the impossible dream...)

And by the time we had rolled down the hill (someone claimed that at any given time t there were x number of bodies lying immobile in the snow), we were ready for - yes, more Food and Heat. Also Joe and Tracy took some stunning night photographs, available for perusal in our slide collection. Tracy and Sandy developed (and then perfected) an effective clothes-drying method which was soon utilized by everyone (Again, we've got pictures!). A few people scared everyone else to death by ALMOST falling into the fire, REPEATEDLY. And it was fun. We told a lot of stories. And then we went to bed really early, since the weird schedule of the sunrises and -sets was really screwing with our bodies.

It was much warmer the second night. Some of us actually slept. Unlike the first night, Sean didn't have to pull the strings on Rex's sleeping bag (all of them, even those around his face) so tight that he couldn't move an inch. (Instead, his tentmates kept him awake in other unpleasant ways, like making fun of Rhetoricians, asking him questions just as he was dozing off, giggling a lot, etc.)

And, alas, the next morning it was time to leave. We slowly packed up camp, destroyed our beautiful fire circle, discovered that our 'kitchen table,' the log we'd been doing all the cooking on, was covered with old animal droppings that we'd been oblivious to (or that maybe we were subconsciously blocking). Discovered that we weren't as hungry as Tracy had expected us to be. By a long shot. And departed. The snow was melting and very sticky. There were a whole lot of trails, and we had no idea which to take. But Mike's attitude, "They'll all go back to the parking lot eventually," prevailed. And was probably true, as we ended up converging from different directions.

Then 6 people skied a few more miles downhill, on an old and unused highway, while Rex, Natalie, Chad, and Sandy ended their adventure early and drove the cars down the new highway to pick up the others. On the way home, we reconvened at Mel's Diner for some Peanut Butter and Other Flavored milkshakes

(Yes, they attempted to create a "Reese's Flavor," by mixing drinks)(You got your chocolate in my....) and some hefty nourishment (Miner's Special?!?!), and then we went home.

We've discovered that Joe's House is a wonderful trip beginning and ending place, since (almost) everyone lives near there and doesn't make Rex and Tracy ship them home.

And that's about it. Kinda long, eh? Well, it was a long weekend.

Snow Camping by Mount Lassen

Oliver Sharp

12/5/88

4:00 A.M. Alarm goes off... what the hell... oh yeah. The trip. I stagger out of bed and head for the shower. The refrain from Mr. Roger's Neighborhood runs briefly through my head — yes, I'm a little punchy.

We all met at West Circle to distribute gear and people between the two cars. Luckily, Chris has a ski rack which holds all six pairs, so we don't have any trouble. Off we go, heading north as dawn breaks the horizon. Anticipating days of dehydrated food, we stop off at the Pantyhose Junction Truck Stop (I hear they are planning to open a branch in Berkeley soon) to get a last fix of cholesterol. Pancakes, eggs, bacon and coffee. Yum. Then onwards to Lassen.

I am lured away from the path by the siren song of Chico, but fortunately my fellow passengers seem immune and tactfully point out that we are supposed to be going to the mountains. Oh, right. As we get closer to the parking lot, we worry about whether we will have enough snow. "I think we'll have enough snow. Is that enough snow? That looks like enough snow. Gee, I hope we have enough snow." It snowed the entire first day and night, dumping three feet of snow on our camp to add to the four feet that were already there. We had enough snow.

After a very helpful discussion with a ranger ("the guy with the beard"), we put on our packs and skis and headed off to the backcountry. The first few miles were fine but then we hit the hill from hell. It was very steep and had two feet of powder covering a tightly packed base, making it difficult to get up. Eventually we all made it (some of us (me, for example) taking longer than others). It was already late and the overcast was showing sign of turning into darkness, so we decided to camp on the top of the next ridge.

Between the cold, darkness, altitude, and gloves, somehow everything took much longer than it should have. We (well, okay, Mike) made the Thanksgiving dinner... and what a dinner! He had cooked a turkey at home and heated it up using two nested pots as a double boiler. Cranberry sauce, gravy, ...incredible. Everybody was tired and we crashed immediately after dinner and slept for 12 hours or so. All night it snowed hard and the next morning dawned cold, overcast, and gloomy.

After digging (most of) our gear out of the snow, we strapped on skis and headed off for some telemarking. When we got back, Kurt decided to build a snow wall for a windbreak. At first skeptical, everyone finally got into the act and we built a wall all the way around the center of camp. We carved out a square table in the middle with space for people to sit around it. This helped a lot when we were making meals because we didn't keep losing kitchen utensils, and we were mostly sheltered from the wind.

Everyone was ravenous when we sat down for our macaroni and cheese dinner. The first batch was great but ... well ... nobody was paying too much attention to the second and there was too much water and the stove wasn't pumped up enough so the macaroni went in before the water was really boiling and ...oh well. After throwing in tons of cheese, the mess was edible but only just. I selflessly abstained, leaving more for my fellow victi... um ... campers. Cleaning up was really brutal, too. No more macaroni and cheese.

We staggered off to bed, some of us forgetting to screw the top on our water bottles and waking up the next morning awash in a quart of water. At least that's what we were told. We won't speculate on alternate explanations for the... um ...liquid in the tent.

The next morning was spectacularly clear, the billowing clouds of wind-blown powder on the surrounding peaks lit up by the alpenglow. A forest of sleeping bags, pads, and VBLs soon sprouted on skis and poles. After breakfast we split up into two groups and went for some more skiing. Both groups had lunch at Lake Helen, which had a convenient rock near the shore to keep off most of the wind. Back to camp and a more successful dinner this time — a soup/rice/vegetable mixture that tasted good and was easy to clean. Back to bed.

The last day was gorgeous again. Four of us packed up and headed up the road to try a cross-country traverse. Unfortunately the nice weather had spurred a melt/freeze cycle and left the steep slopes covered with ice. Since we were all supposed to meet at the parking lot while it was still light, we had to forego the interesting route and stick to the beaten track. Just before we got to the cars, we met Dave and Mike coming down from the slope above us ... perfect timing.

We said goodbye to the man with the beard, the non-drivers got wasted on about two beers apiece, and we headed for home. We had a rowdy dinner at the Golden Corral (I think they lost out on those all-you-can-eat deals). A brief encounter with a friendly CHP officer (oh well, I deserved it) cooled my eagerness to get home quickly and we proceeded sedately down the highway back to Berkeley. Back to civilization, back to real food, back to ... phew ... showers.

The end.

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Sarah Phipps	845-7024	Newsletters
Mike Childress	843-1521	Ice Skating/Broom Ball/Bio 1



NO BITCHES !!!! Mt. Lassen Trip *

Who went: Dave "Too Obnoxious" Chalfant
Kurt "Fuck my butt" Vogel
Mike "Fuck you" Brown - shit "latrine"
Mike "Arnold, Your Avalanches, Give them to me now" Bruns
Oliver "I'm not a yoda wimp" Sharp
Chris "What the hell am I doing here?" Vasilikiotis

"We gotta paint these tents red."

"But it will look like hell."

"I know."

Waa Waaaaaa Waa -KRV

"ICE ROCK HARD" -KRV

"Shred the gnarly moguls, duuude." -DC

"If it makes you happy, it makes me happy." -Waitress at the Golden Corral

"AMS is good stuff." -KRV

"I almost got barfed on, you should have seen my eyes." -DC

"Pmmmpf, ploooof, ugmmnf, nrff." -Oliver, face down in the snow

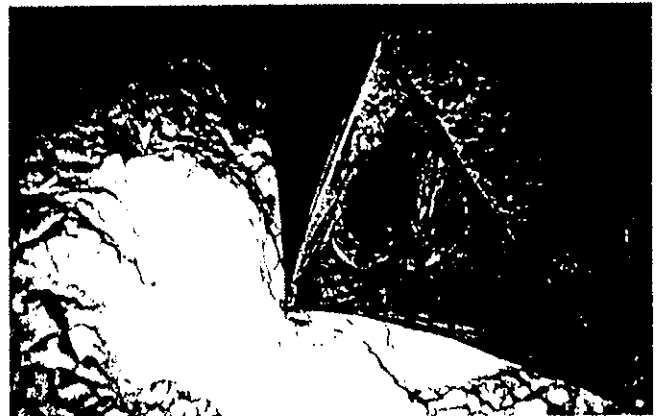
"I want my 3/4 of the tent!" -DC

"Shit" -Oliver, after being stopped by the Highway Patrol Man and getting a \$75 ticket.

"From a rock field." -MB after the aforementioned Highway Patrol Man asked him where he got his rock.

(Notice the singular, he lost his other one to his "girlfriend.")

*Views represented in this article are not necessarily shared or endorsed by the Hiking Club/A.S.U.C.



Poetry in the U.C. Hiking Club

Cloud's Rest Trip

(A Cultured Organization)

10/7-9/88

by Jenn Daniels and Tracy Matfin .

What weekend did we go?
I don't know
Many weeks ago.
The trip coalesced
At the top of Cloud's Rest.
Did it snow?
I don't think so.
We thought it would be cold
But the men were strong and bold.
Oliver, Franco - Eric, Mike - Dave and Dave
However, we don't know about brave,
Because Danielle, Heather, Tracy and Jenn, who were
remaining
Were wild women who needed no taming.

Now we shall digress:
We had two vehicles; no more, no less.
We met at Papa Luigi's
(which gave us the heebi geebi's)
This was around nine o'clock
And not too far from our beloved rock.
After dinner we were ready for bed
We drove off with Oliver, racing ahead.
The truck lagged behind
Which put us all in a bind.
The one that came before
Missed the turn, and took a tour.
This is according to Hiking Club tradition, no doubt
Not everyone is capable of following a selected route.
Eventually we made it to Tenaya Lake
Where a campsite we did take.

We started hiking around "11:15"
And began the formation of a sweaty sheen.
After our eighth mile
Jenn collapsed in a pile.
A few took off bouldering

While the rest sat around loitering.
The sky was perfectly clear
that 360° view we shall hold dear.
After a sunset of orange, violet and red
We all decided to set up "our" bed.
On top of the rock, out in the open
Not to freeze, is what we were hopin'.
With an astronomer in our midst
A knowledge of the heavens, we all did get a gist.
The question of the Heiades or the Pleiades needs to
die
Let's just leave it, let it lie.
The Andromeda Galaxy is over there
Where? To my left, to your left, to their right - Oh shit!
I don't care.
Ooooh! Aaaah!
Look it, Ma!
Another shooting star!
Boy, that one traveled far!
In the beginning we saw Mars
And many others 'till there were no more stars.
Such were the amazing sights
We hope to see on other nights! (Hint! Hint! MIKE!!)
One by one we crawled out of bed
Most of us were half dead.
The major theme was to depart.
Not all of us took this to heart.
We arrived back at the lake
Took a dip, which made us shake.
Heading back home is what it was
Stopping at Budd's Frosty for milkshakes, why? Just
'cause.
We wanted to leave
But two blocks was all the truck could achieve
So we called up "Butch" from AAA
Who came to rescue us, and save the day.
For this you can thank Dr. Seuss
Our mentor, who turned us loose.