



# Bear Tracks



## Journal of the U.C. Hiking Club

### Man Eaten by Necktie

THE DEATH BY OVERCONSUMPTION GOURMET TRIP  
April 29 & 30, 1989

*Splish, splash, I was taking a bath, sleeping out at Point Reyes. What a trip. We went to Wildcat Camp at Point Reyes in Marin, CA. We hiked, swam in the ocean, played on the beach, ate great food, wore ties and dresses, sang around the fire, drank too much, slept in the rain, got soaked, and had a great time.*

Here are a few things that made the trip so special: Pogo sticks, cookie monster, a beach ball, a 3-foot crayon, a football, a frisbee, squirt guns, water balloons, pop guns, dead people, a mule, a flute, a squash racquet, rain, birthday people-hats-horns-cakes, suits, ties, dresses, nerds, beautiful women, handsome men, flowers in our hair, salmon, ribs, stuffed chicken, baby mice, sloppy Joes, roast beef, Boy Scouts, stir fry, pineapple, rain, watermelon, Elvis, strawberries, bagels, kiwi, Turkey, animal cookies, gorp, grapes, Tabouli, 7-Up, Coke, apple cider, exploding donuts, honeydew melons, Pangalactic Gargle Blasters, Jim Beam, wine, peppermint schnapps, Kalua, lost people, sandy beaches, sun, clouds, rain, dead people, a campfire, songs, drunks, horny people, male revelry, wood nymphs, beach baseball, beach football, beach blankets under the stars, wood nymphs, surf, a waterfall, whale watching, flute playing, late people, streakers, hickies, wet sleeping bags, rain, wet clothes, wet packs, one dry sock, cold wet girls, cold wet guys, warm wet couples, table dancing, Yoda, new members, old members, GQ dudes, and a great time !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
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### Ruff, Tuff and in the Buff

OR

What on Earth Could Make Ten People Get Up at Four AM?

"In that great hedonistic center of civilization, Sausalito, ye can find a buried treasure beneath the sand, matey... 'Tis difficult, and the moon must be in the right phase or yer hunt will be for nothing. Let me tell ye of my search, my discoveries, and all that resulted..."

We had heard some word of this buried treasure from the Bolivian Intelligence Agency, or some unreasonable facsimilie thereof, at Sykes Hot Springs. The treasure, of course, is a sufficient quantity of hot water to accomodate a large number of naked Hiking Club bodies. (This appears to be the object of many Hiking Club quests.) When the tides are extra-low, as they were the morning of May 27, one (or more than one) can walk barefoot onto the exposed sand in one certain place and find it hot to the touch. Then one digs an impromptu hot tub and sits in it. This, anyway, is the theory.

The reality, as we found, is that this has the consistency of a mud bath and the temperature of a tepid bathtub. Fortunately, on the other side of some rather large rocks are pools hot enough to cook lobsters in (If one doesn't mind a trace of sulfur in one's lobster), so the day was saved. Then there was the "giveaway", announced by another soaker, (Don't ask, Don) (He did) where, since "Our Mother Earth gives us so much here that we should try to give something back..."

How much can you say about hot water? It was hot, the ocean we waded through to get back to the cars (the tide was coming in) was cold. Brain-dead from so much heat, we went back to the cars, ate a few "Health Nut Muffins", and came back home, our quest satisfied.

"I can sell ye a map fer a few gold pieces, or ye can risk yer life wi' these nutty Hiking Club people when they go again in August..."

# Heathens Ski Amok

SLUSH CAMPING IN DESOLATION WILDERNESS  
APRIL 8-9, 1989

Call us crazy, call us mad, or just call us foolish; but Granola Mike and I (Don) set out on another death skiing trip with Desolation Dave. We were fully prepared to ski to exhaustion, sleep through a raging blizzard, wreck a car, and shell out major bucks just to spend some time with our good buddy Dave.

But the gods must have been with us this time, for there was no blizzard, no death ski, no cars in the ditch, and the entire trip cost me \$16. Instead, we had the most beautiful weather one could ask for. The days were severely sunny with highs in the 70's and the nights were just below freezing. It was so warm you could SKI NAKED!!!!

(editor's note- photos available upon request)

We left late Friday night and crashed at the Cal Adventures cabin in Myers. Saturday morning, we skied across two frozen Echo Lakes and up the base of Rolston Peak. Sunday, we skied up Rolston Peak and back and left the way we came.

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## Dreaming of Fresno

THE DART TRIP TO MONTEREY BAY  
May 6, 1989 By : BALDYLOCKS

A time warp. Yes, it must have been a perverted time warp. Or was it a bizarre dream. I just don't know, Doc. You see, I was participating in a Berkeley Hiking Club scavenger hunt last Friday night. We were looking for clues hidden in straws. Everything seemed so normal!! But then, the next thing I knew I was transported to a small perverted world ruled by REXUS INSANEUS on the back of a hypergalactic Devo cycle driven by a thrasher bitch.

There I was tormented by cold spaghetti and Burgie Beer and forced to slam dance to the music of the "Sex Pistols". Doc, I thought I was going to lose my marbles! Then came the darts. The natives gathered

in a frenzy of excitement. I was to be the main player in their demented games. Blindfolded and backwards I was to choose my destiny by throwing a dart. Would I freeze in the mountains? Would I have to sleep with thousands of tourists in Yosemite? Or worse, would I have to go to Fresno?!!! The dart fell, the natives went wild, my destiny was chosen. I was to spend two days in complete fog with nine aliens. They were: BIO-DEGRADABLE, the leader of chaos and entropy. LOSTABI, "She just doesn't get it". FRESNOMARK, one wrong dart and he would send you to hell!

DOUGLUTIS' GHOST, he moves with the silence of the midnight air.

TESSA THE TEMPTRESS, always disrobing in front of her unsuspecting victims.

KATYASTROPHE, the cook from hell.

RASTRO, the K-nine male bondage fiend.

SERENOID, a peed on Princeton refugee.

REXUS INSANEUS, the king of this twisted planet.

The nine aliens turned to me with devilish smiles on their faces, as BIO-DEGRADABLE forced me to snort a hallucinogenic drug called "Smurf Berry Crunch"! Everything became strangely distorted. I floated through space in REXUS INSANEUS' green time machine. I saw a beautiful waterfall that poured into the ocean. It was like I was in a dream. I reached out and could not touch it. Then out of the woods came the mating call of the wild chugalugabrew, a primitive psychotic creature that wanders blissfully in the drunken forest. It went like this: "COLD BEER COLD BEER COLD BEER". So I followed the car. The next thing I knew, I was floating through the outer reaches of time in FRESNO MARK's small brown space craft participating in an ancient mating ritual known as "male bondage". The rituals leader was RASTRO, a mutant space dog, who led all the chugalugabrews in the drinking of spirits and the shouting of chants about the opposite sex. I was soon to learn that these aliens were little more than stomachs and reproductive organs.

When the ritual was over, I found myself on a beach. There I was offered the specialty of the planet, prepared by KATYASTROPHE, the cook from hell! It was an entree of chicken in a delicate white silicon dioxide sauce, served with bugs, bugs, sand, and bugs. LOSTABI filled my glass with the blood of a wandering sea creature, which she had captured and killed in a nearby stream. Just before I could

endeavor in this treat, TESSA THE TEMPTRESS summoned the tides to rush upon the beach and the fires to cease their light. She cheerfully watched as I was forced to disrobe and flee across the turbulent "River of No Bridge".

I was then taken to a large open field where I was to rest for the night. Little did I know that I was the main player in the second stage of RASTRO's sex rituals. I was placed in a huge yellow body condom, where I tossed and turned all night long in an eerie cloud of condensing gasses. The next morning, I awoke wet and sticky.

The second day of the trip was perversely perverted, for it almost seemed normal. I walked for hours on the beaches of REXUS INSANEUS' world and marveled at their beauty. Then I was fed dead things on bread and chauffeured to an aquarium where I was allowed to study the marine life of his planet.

But not all was sane. For when FRESNOMARK's space craft exceeded its two hour parking limit, the REXUS INSANEUS Pelican Parking Squad left its fine on his windshield.

By REXUS INSANEUS' orders, I was then taken back to FRESNOMARK's space craft, where I was physically held down and returned to my own world and time.

So Doc, what do you think? Did I really have a close encounter? Am I sane? Does Elvis live in a UFO? Was it a bad dream? Is Fresno really hell? Or am I just mad to hang out in Berkeley?

NOTE: THIS ACCOUNT IS PURELY FACTUAL. DISBELIEVE AT YOUR OWN RISK!!!

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## Revenge of the Hatchbacks

THE UNWASHED PHENOMENON  
April 15 & 16, 1989

"So, Abi, what did you do last weekend?"

"Well, I went to the beach with some friends...went in the water...laid out on the beach...went back to the cars...came home."

Let's examine that statement in a little more detail, shall we?

*"I went to the beach with some friends..."*

The word "beach" in this statement refers to the Lost Coast, a mere 200-plus miles from the Bay Area, and "some" means seventeen. We left on Friday afternoon, in six cars, four of them mostly spacious\* hatchbacks, and one of them the only Pontiac Fiero on the road wearing a backpack.

We got to our campsite, slept, and in the morning divided into two groups, Alpha and Beta (Tell a friend). Alpha headed south, Beta north.

On the map, the north road was marked "4WD vehicles only", so naturally we knew that we would have no trouble with it. Too bad about the rocks in the middle of the road... Necessity breeds solutions, and thus the office of "Rock Tart" was born. A Rock Tart (in this case, me) has the sole mission in life of leaping out of cars, running (up-hill) ahead of them, and chucking huge rocks off the road. If she's very lucky, her car will stop before she hops back in.

Only after we reached the top of the hill and began to descend did Rolf's car begin to tell us that it was empty - even when we looked while parked on a flat spot. We didn't believe Rolf's claim that he "never ran out of gas" until he miraculously made it out on fumes.

Beta's walk in, after minor worries about roads and cars, was nothing short of lovely. The wildflowers along the trail and on the grass behind the beach were in bloom. We saw flocks of ducks migrating and a whale blowing water from its blow-hole. The air was clear and warm (a rarity, according to Ben, a Humboldt native and friend of Rolf's who came on the trip), the sand was black and warm, the sea was blue and cold. Which brings us to:  
*...went in the water...*

Not always on purpose. The creeks (that's pronounced *cricks*, folks) that crossed the beach were sometimes small and surrounded by mushy mud, sometimes large and bridged only with frail, thin boards and driftwood. Either way, someone always got wet, and we all envied Mats his Wellies at some point or other.

Then there was the ocean, of course. After we met up with Group A, Bones, and Glenn decided that swimming would be fun (Rumor has it that some A Group people went in with BioMike's wetsuit before

we arrived. So they claim.) So they, Bio (in the wetsuit, looking like a seal), Doug, and I all went in. Amazing how cold water can be without freezing.  
...laid out on the beach...

...only after a delicious dinner of chili (Don was there in spirit) and a rousing sing-along with the first few copies of the (UN) OFFICIAL HIKING CLUB SONGBOOK (Thanks, Glenn!). In the morning, Bio devised a new dish...Cream of Wheat with hot chocolate mix in it. Don't knock it till you try it.  
...went back to the cars...

The first obstacle to that plan was the creek ( *crick* ) that ran right by our camp. But the Hiking Club Corps of Engineers (Mats, Glenn, and Bones) quickly devised a driftwood and rock bridge that saw almost everyone across safe and dry.

Next we hiked along the beach and over the flowery grassland. Again, the air was clear and warm, the sand was black and warm, etc. There were waterfalls flowing down the bluffs and a seal that was promptly named Mike. The fog rolled in and out. Glenn made a bugle from seaweed, which he carried all the way up the Mostly Downhill Trail from Hell.

The Mostly Downhill Trail from Hell rose 3100 feet in 2.5 miles of trail. The less said about it the better.

...came home."

The plan was to meet Group Alpha in Briceland. We went to Briceland only to find a significant lack of A members, notes, or information. We of course thought in horror of the "empty" reading of Rolf's gas tank and began to make arrangements to go back and bring him some gas. Then a native told us about another group of people who had come in three cars (that matched the descriptions of A's cars) and played frisbee, then left a few hour earlier. We decided to go home, but by this time it was so late that we had to offer a bribe to a gas station attendant in Garberville to stay open until we could get there and get gas.

We said goodbye to Ben in Willits as he turned off toward UC Davis.

*A note on the fate of Group Alpha* : They arrived in Briceland much earlier than we did, and waited for us. Concluding that we were late, they went on to Garberville for dinner, leaving Rolf to wait for us. After a few bottles were thrown at him, Rolf decided that Briceland was not a healthy place and left.

\* a note on the use of "mostly" – "mostly spacious" = some spacious parts, etc.

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From a mind which thinks  
swimming in icy water is fun...

There comes an all-new stupid  
attempt at outdoor recreation...

## **Anachronistic Camping!**

For years I have been toying with the idea of forming a group which would fill in the empty gap such as exists between the U.C. Hiking Club and the Society for Creative Anachronism. The time has come to try to create such a group.

What I would like to do with this group is:

1. Arrange monthly (or so) weekend hikes to remote areas.
2. Hike with a minimum of technological aids: no stoves, tents, hiking boots, flash lights, packs, etc.
3. Keep up a "period" air about the whole affair: appropriate costuming, meals, manners, music, dancing, etc.
4. Have fun and let our imaginations soar!

The first few trips will be small and experimental in nature (erring on the side on hi-tech) until feasible strategies for future trips can be worked out. I will avoid over-defining such trips, so as to see where the spirit and imagination of the group leads.

The first trip will hopefully be on the second weekend of August (11-12-13), or depending on people's schedules. It will be to a forested area, either along the coast or in the Sierras (as yet undecided), but in either case the weather will hopefully be moderate.

If you are interested, get in touch with me, Michael "Bones" Black at Ultimate or at 849-9784 (home-leave message) or 845-0333 (work 9-5 M-F).

Sound-proof valley, 100+ capacity, resident Ultimate field, and with many a scenic swimmin' hole.

The hike out found the cars to be covered in white ash from the fire. As we drove home past Andrew Molera State Park, we found the same to be mostly burnt to the ground (in the conventional definition of mostly). Back in the Bay Area, we said our goodbyes and a faint spectre-like echo could be heard coming from Don, "My hot spring—it has a leak..."

## Psychic's 1989 Predictions

Events to look forward to:

- Van Damme State Park Backpacking Trip
  - Organized by Bones and Abi
  - Today—July 21-23
  - Show up at Ultimate with Pack
- Sykes Hot Springs Improvement Project Trip
  - Organized by Don
  - July 28-30
- Bungie Cord Bridge Jumping
  - Organized by Don "Don" Christensen
  - No firm dates
  - Cost—about \$80 for lessons & two jumps
- Russian River Canoe Trip
  - Organized by Don "My hot spring has a leak" Christensen
  - Before the Big Fall Trip
- Fishing Trip
  - Organized by Bio & Astro Mikes
  - No firm dates
  - No place in mind
  - No fishing poles or equipment
- Lo-Tech Anachronistic Hike
  - Organized by Bones
  - August 11-13??
  - Some forest somewhere
- Electro Mike Goodbye Sierra Trip
  - Organized by 'Lectro Mike
  - August 18-19?
  - No firm place
- Dig-n-Soak Part II
  - Organized by Bones
  - No firm dates
  - Marin County
- The Big Fall Trip
  - Organized by the UCHC mob in general
  - About 4th week of classes
  - No firm place

## Call for Designs

We are looking to get T-shirts printed up before The Big Fall Meeting. The general consensus is that a new design and new colors are needed. Suggested so far:

- Support Wildlife--Hike Naked with the U.C. Hiking Club
- Take off on Banana Republic T-shirt with an engraved scene showing typical (i.e. he donistic) UCHC activities

Artistic, creative, and/ or inspirational people are needed to get the ball rolling. If interested, get in touch with Bio Mike or Bones.

## Missed it by *that* much

Looking forward to the next issue:

- Yosemite Trip
- Shasta Trip
- Lassen Trip
- Syke's Repair Trip
- Van Damme Trip
- etc., etc., etc.