

# BEARTRACK



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA HIKING CLUB  
ROOM C, ESHLEMAN HALL  
May, 1965

## GENERAL MEETING ON RULES

Have a few ideas of your own regarding the rules put forth in the las Bear Track? Yah! I thought I heard you mumbling in the corner over there. Don't just talk to yourself about it, you're the easiest to convince. Come yell and pound your fist at the rest of us. Got any classes noon Thursday? That's too bad, no one else does. That's when we're going to have the meeting, so come if you can to 310 Hearst Mining Building. Nobody wants rules for trips, yet most people feel that they're necessary. Strange dichotomy, eh? That's one problem we can't work out in the short hour we have; so have your ideas all organized and be prepared to defend them.

We will start with a panel of members who wish to state their views concisely and forcefully: Dick Nelson, Heather Stokes, Tim Taylor, Maureen Mates, Pris Chapman... The meeting will be moderated by John Fitz. Since this is such a short meeting, the result will be that a million ideas will be presented and no one will be convinced of anything except that we should have a longer meeting sometime. However, we have to see what the interest level is. If interest is confined to the directly involved people, Ex-Com, and the people who were in the Santa Lucias, the semi-private meetings can be continued, but we would prefer that some other ideas were presented and some other people got into the act.

THURSDAY, MAY 20  
NOON  
310 HEARST MINING BUILDING

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A GOOD HOPE, SUCH AS IS HOPED HUMBLBY BY OTHERS IN A VERY BOLD WAY.

The FS  
M - tiddely pom  
Has now and  
THEN - tiddely pom  
Has now and  
THEN - tiddely pom  
Been  
Giving

The students'  
VIEWS - tiddely pom  
We shall not  
LOSE - tiddely pom  
We shall not  
LOSE - tiddely pom  
While  
Living.

# OH, DEAR

-- Glyxt

What's that you say, my love,  
That Mountains turn you on?

Yes, unfortunate for you, it  
Nevertheless is true;  
They really turn me on.

So what am I to do  
With tender looks, kitchen hooks,  
With golden bands and dishwasher hands,  
With sailing away in a sieve...  
When mountains turn me on?

O innerfoam and Saniflush,  
Casseroles of tunafish,  
And mountain climbs of  
Bargain basement crags,  
...cans for ashes...  
Very nice I'm sure;  
But Mountains turn me on.

But, my dear, it isn't reasonable,  
It...it isn't...CLEAN!

And so, let us use reason...  
Can chlorine, fluorine,  
Taste like free,  
Diapers, cabbage,  
Smell like winter storms,  
When mountains turn me on?

O answer this, my city love,  
And I no more will roam.

\* \* \* \* \*

# A SWIM UNDER THE SUN

-- RFA

And then there was the group at Point Reyes. And a girl. This one agile and a fine hiker, a match for many males, though she doesn't look it. They were playing in the sand, running, running, running; jumping. And they came to a great log, feet in diameter, which was good for rolling, so they rolled -- right to the sea. But the sea thought rejection, and as they floated it off, a wave came, as to refuse their present; and they ran, and splashed. But one unsuspecting, not fast enough, it was her . . . and the sea set the present on her arms, but she, not as strong as the sea, became the present to the sea, with the log enforcing the gift. By the time they had found where the sea had hidden its true desire, she was ready to become a present to the earth. Much fear, and fire; and an effort at life. A smile, response. Joy.

She insists she was born that Saturday, but somehow knew 21 years. So now she will have one candle on her cake in April of 1966.

## FOLKSONG AND PARODY SECTION

The following is offered as a more realistic and appropriate version of a well-known song by a well-known folk-song composer played by other well-known artists.

### Don't Think Twice

Well, it ain't no use in putting in that pin now, (for chela — gap)  
'Cause that crack flares too wide,  
An' it ain't no use in putting in that pin now,  
It won't hold you if you slide;  
When your handholds fail and your piton's gone,  
I'll look above me and you'll be gone,  
A bad pin's the reason you're traveling on,  
Don't think twice, it's all right.

Well, it ain't no use in screaming out my name gal,  
Like you never done before,  
And it ain't no use in screaming as you fall now,  
I can't help you anymore;  
I'm thinkin' and a-wonderin', watchin' you fall,  
Why I didn't tie the rope, didn't pick it up at all,  
I just had to heed nature's old call,  
Don't think twice, it's all right.

There ain't no use in stickin' in your pins, boy  
For all the rocks bin sold.  
Tain't no use in scrapin' up your shins, gal,  
When (somehow) you can't find the hold;  
Don't sweat the sweatin' all the way up the wall,  
We'll sure have a par'dy if ever you fall,  
But a rope's a goddamn funny institution for it all,  
Don't think twice, it lasts all night.