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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Sara Chatterton

Issue 2: March, 1960

AN AFTER CHRISTMAS STORY

And in those days between Christmas and the New Year there went out a letter from Lee Larson and Bill Worthington saying all the world should come to their house to go skiing. And all those who could, went skiing. They came from afar in their cars, hearses, and the Mighty Might, to Norwich, Vermont where they found signs pointing the way. And when they came there they found them oiling the One-Armed-Bandit and keeping the fire going in the Franklin stove. Their home was an old farm house, because it was cheaper than staying at the college.

And the guests stayed a long time, skiing all day, and doing other things at night. New Years came and went, and along with it Max, home brew, and T.P.'s GINGERALE glass. And being warned in a dream that the dean might be angry otherwise, the wise men and women returned on the fourth day to school.

-----Pete Achorn

WINTER CARNIVAL

In the beginning of February, a good-sized group was involved in the atmosphere of "Sno-Bound". The festivities began with the crowning of the queen, Roberta Randall. Following the opening, a masquerade dance took place in the gym. Howie Lavison, the popular caller of previous Sadie Hawkins dances, provided an evening of both square dancing and ballroom dancing. Concurrent with the masquerade dance was a songfest held in the outing club room. With a pleasant background of firelight and guitars, there was singing of traditional folksongs.

The Highway Men, an international quartet from Wesleyan University, presented an informal program of Calypso rhythms, sea chanties, and traditional ballads. This performance, along with the jazz concert of Arvell Shaw, was one of the outstanding indoor attractions. The music of Freddie Sateriale, in the romantic setting of the "Ice Palace", led the dancers away from campus, into a world of fantasy.

A few ambitious souls clinaxed the weekend with a day on the slopes of Sugarloaf. The crew returned tired and happy. So endeth another successful carnival, thanks to the co-chairmen - Judy Sternbach and Jim Carignan.

A STRANGE DISEASE

A certain disease seems to have attacked several members of the Bates campus in general and of the Bates Outing Club in particular. Its symptoms vary according to its stages. The first stage of the disease appeared on campus late in November. In this stage its victims could be found clustered in small groups. Strange words came from their mouths...words like "Kneissl"..."camber"... "nogel"...wedeln"...etc. Unusual sporadic activity seemed to characterize this period - its victims rushed to the nearest window whenever a passing cloud darkened the scene.

The second stage of the disease appeared around the middle of January. Victims at this stage were found walking rather gingerly around campus and could be seen comparing sprained ankles and twisted knees. New words such as "powder"... "6:30 A.M." and a peculiar moan of "have you found a ride yet" could be heard frequently.

The last and by far the most serious stage of the disease appeared around the first of March. At this stage the victims were characterized by frantic activity during the week as such typical campus activities as thesis, exams, and lab reports were abandoned on weekends.

The only cure for a disease like this seems to be a pair of skis and a trip to Sugarloaf.

A typical day's trip to Sugarloaf Mountain in Kingfield, Maine generally starts at the early hour of 6:00 A.M. At this hour, one wonders if he is a complete fool but with Al Pollock's hearse or Dr. Wright's "mouse" waiting impatiently, one cannot back out! After a two hour ride of bumpy roads and occasional flat-tires, one keeps on wondering. Yet a hearty breakfast at Herbert Inn and the thrill of again strapping on skis at the base of the mountain make it all worthwhile.

It is perhaps impossible to explain to the non-skier the thrill of an ideal day of skiing. For to completely know the joy of skiing, one must experience himself the sound of the tow and the click of bindings and the feel of the rhythm of quick turns. Unless he has experienced himself the thrill of manipulating the upper trails and of working on parallel skiing, he can never know what the skier at Sugarloaf feels when he stands at the top of the mountain for the last run down. The mountains clearcut against the blue sky... the trail stretching out sparkling white in bright patches of sunlight...the powder spraying lightly from the turning skis...the rhythm and beauty of parallel turns...the complete joy of being alive on such a day can never be his.

These are the delights that belong only to the skier. These may partially explain his complete devotion to the sport.

-----Jan Baker