

1962

Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Issue 2, 1962

Editor: Linda Corkum

ADVANCE

T'was a good un! Arriving spasmodically to Jack Leader's isolated peninsula in Denmark came the OCers for the serious rehashing of past events. All work and no play puts an O Cer out of it, and no one was out of it!

Frisbee, vollyball and canoeing occupied the interests of the early-comers. The war canoe was still there, along with remnants of Sampson's streamlined water pump, which made quick work of Corky and Kay. Jack Leader soon arrived to open up the camp. The main hall was used for storage of equipment and the cooking facilities were soon under charge of the cook, Pizie Norlander.

Jack McPartland, Gray Thompson and Lee Pollock made a handsome trio as they started a songfest-equaredance combination. Gray was his usual colorful self with his pipe and his washtub bass fiddle. When people began to fall from exhaustion, the mattress hunt began. There was a mad scurry for mattress lots nearest the fire. When most of us had retured, some such as Carroll Goodlatte and Paul Ketchum, not daring to pick their way through the dark room full of bodies, played cards with

Jack Leader and his friends.

Saturday morning came all too soon for the unfortunate ecology students, who had a field trip that day. Later on the canoes set out for their excursions and the war canoe almost met with disaster, finding an enemy canoe on either side.

All of a sudden it seemed that a vision of the Lord had come upon us, but at a second glance we saw that it was only Carl Ketchum standing on a flat rock in the middle of the lake. Finding that he could not walk on the water (little too heavy?) he was rescued by a passing canoe.

After clothes were dried out and the delicious steaks, cooked by Jack Leader and Mr. Steele, were consumed, the evening meeting was called. Neale Shuman leads a very impressive meeting, which he did that night around the fireplace. We discussed such subjects as our economic attitude, mountain climbs, OCers' responsibilities, a ski cabin near Sugarloaf, and advisors. Mr. Steele and Dr. Walsh were voted honorary members of the OC Council. Dr. Sampson and T. P. Wright will continue as our advisors when they return in September. Al Pethick brought up the idea of the council's purchasing a vehicle for transportation, but it was deemed unnecessary. After a brief recess for hot chocolate, Cliff Baker discussed plans for the A.T. work trip. Discussion resumed on various topics, and at 11:00 Neale adjourned the

meeting.

We awoke to the splash of rain on Sunday morning, making the trips to put the canoes away rather wet ones. Inside the lodge food flowed steadily for at least 3 hours. A slight excess of spaghetti was made for lunch! One person, Newt Clark, was almost left behind! On our trips to replace mattresses, we found him still sound asleep in one of the small cabins at 1:30. Soon all cars, loaded with weary but fun-saturated OCers, headed back to civilization. It was over but never forgotten because, "It was a good run!"

P OPHAM

The blanket brigade started just after sunrise headed for the equipment room. Winter never ends at Bates! As we marched along we first came upon George Beebe propelling pebbles at a Cheney window trying to get his date out of bed. Next we came upon Lee Pollock leaping as gracefully as a ballerina over the fence on Rand lawn. Many blanketed figures were milling about the OC room loading cars and remembering the suntan lotion back in their rooms. Breakfast was served in back of Commons by our smiling chef.

When the singing cavalcade arrived at Popham, fire building and wood hauling was started. Bob Peek instructed a few of us in some gymnastics, which led to some riotous pictures. Frisbee, volleyball and softball games filled

the beach as the arrivals from campus tried to keep warm.

Efficiency plus! An ingenious system of setting up 2 lines for serving was put into operation, doubling the serving capacity and cutting time in half. Our past vice-president John Follet supplies bushels of clams and crates of lobsters, which were cooked under the direction of Carl Ketchum and Gray Thompson. With the addition of new pots the efficiency of the cooking equaled that of the serving. The freshmen seemed to be scarcer than hen's teeth when clean-up time rolled around, but our efficiency continued.

When we started singing "Three Cheers for Miss Jones' Junior High" the fireside was the scene of a huge laughing spree, which continued all the way back to the grind.