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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Peter Mendall

Issue III May, 1964

The I.O.C.A. Conference

On Friday, April 17, nine OCers piled into Dick Kelsey's and Skip Vollans's cars and were on our way to Cape Cod to the annual Intercollegiate Outing Club Association Conference. We arrived at Camp Monomoy at 6:30 and were the first group there. We walked down the beach so that Kelse could breath some "home air". Starving, we next located a pizza place and ate outside on a picnic table. Back at Monomoy, OCers representing many Eastern and Mid-Western colleges were registering, singing and folk dancing. We joined the fun with a game of Booby Trap.

In the morning we had a general business meeting where nominations were made for the positions of Executive Secretary and Bulletin Editor. We then broke up into small seminars to discuss the problems of running an outing club or Regional and National organizations such as IOCA, and the problem of conservation. From these groups came suggestions and resolutions that were brought before the whole conference. We passed a resolution which limited IOCA's voting members to only Collegiate Outing Clubs and another which supported the Wilderness bill which is now before Congress.

After this we had a second hour of discussion groups which centered around different aspects of outdoor living--whitewater canoeing, winter mountaineering, spelunking, and rockclimbing. In these groups we learned of the provisions of IOCA and AMC for trips of this sort for both the experienced and the inexperienced.

After lunch we sunbathed on the beach until it started to rain. Some of us went out in Kelse's kayak, and Kelse went waterskiing. We all went to the square dance that evening. Sunday morning brought the ^{mm}su/ary meeting and voting for new officers. We make a picnic lunch and started back for Bates. We stopped for a short while at

a herring run, and ate lunch at an old Indian tower which Kelse knows lots of legends about--just ask him! We got back exhausted but it was great fun.

Karen Gulbrandsen

ADVANCE

Flash's car, loaded to the shackles, pulled up to the main lodge at Camp Wabunaki the Saturday afternoon of Advance. The OCers who had arrived earlier greeted us somewhat unenthusiastically due to the cold wet weather, but, leaving the cozy little group by the fire, we set out for the canoes, the sailboat (that was well-nigh becalmed in the thickening mist) and the adventure of bass fishing. Kind of a hairy experience finding them (the bass) lying in the sink however.

Presently the dinner bell clanged out across the water to bring hungry outdoorsmen to a tasty steak supper prepared by Gail, Linda, and Penny in the kitchen, and Cliff, the chef, using Ray's excellent charcoal fire. Starting at 8:00 PM we had a "short" business meeting until 12:15---"Wait a minute, Ketch has a question!"

Then, back to the ping pong round robin for some. A vanguard made up of Pete, George, Nina and Sally transported wood by canoe across the lake to a secluded beach while another vanguard bearing an assortment of musical instruments came the long way via the road. Charlio sang, Lee strummed, Pote told a few stories about happenings in Carratunk, and Skogs did a solo.

Early to bed (4:30 AM) and early to rise (well, some of us) found all of us suffering from the black flies in a wild volleyball game. "Hey, Sampson and Newsham, you're on the same team!"

Sunday was a beautiful day despite the flies. Aqua activities were carried on throughout the day, and some tried to catch up on lost sleep. Hamburgers and ice cream (where were the straws?) were served for lunch, afterwhich small groups began to pull out for campus. Contented but sad Advancers looked back at what could be their last glimpse of Jack Leader's camp.

Reddy Fox

Under Parker Hall

Yours for the taking! Due to a shortage of space for beer cans, of which we hope to get still more, the equipment room is giving away, absolutely free, skis, poles, and bindings. Some of our goods--skis without edges, bamboo poles (picture frames or tent poles anyone?), and a pot of bear-trap bindings may be sadly out of date, but we also have two fine hubcaps (see Kelsey for more info), an enormous pair of sneakers, and a few pairs of dilapidated ski boots (small charge).

After the nails are settled in the beer cans and the space problem solved, there should be some room for the twenty-one pairs of ski boots and ten new English bikes which Ray has now finished assembling, in spite of missing bolts and bent thingamabobs.

The plans for the year so far include having the sleeping bags cleaned, reconditioning snowshoes and skis, discovering the whereabouts of various and sundry items, and stocking up on essentials (like pickles for OC meetings).

No unfortunate accidents have happened--that we know of, that is. One day all the bikes had been signed out but one. The next time the room was open, the bike was gone, and a professor's wife had left a note stating she had taken it. Neither she nor the bike has been back since. What we often wonder is, when did she discover the bike has no brakes?

Liz Frangedakis



Charlie's Notes On Coming Fall Expeditions

The Bates Outing Club will make their first climb of the fall to the top of Mt. Washington on the first Sunday in October. Each weekend in which there is no athletic activity on campus, there will be either a canoe trip or mountain climb, or both. Depending on campus interest, there may be a bike trip or two, a football beach hike, or perhaps an overnight climb somewhere. The policy of signups will be the same (concerning refunds).

BOC POT-HELLION

The purpose of this new feature can be expressed in the idea of an old fashioned Maine pot-hellion; it is a stew, in which tasty tidbits of news, (anything refreshing or savory) will be tossed into the pot, and served by the editor for your consumption.

Dick "kelse" Tracy and the lost OC cabin of '28 in Albany, Maine!

...Anybody up for a trip and a little detective work?

Sir Edmond "Charlie" Hillary is requesting "sherpas" for the ascent of Lewiston's challenging quarry.

NOTICE: Helpful hints on "sherping" can be found in OC's mag, Summit,

Make a trek to the libe--you OCers just might enjoy both new and old issues.

Aid for Directors! Frosh apprentices will be tagging along--Tagging Along?

They'll be pushing! Do a good job teaching and Directing, Directors.

Good luck to ya, Freshmen.