

Fall 1952

Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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CAT-TRACKS

OF THE BATES OUTING CLUB

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Editors; Carol Magnuson - Paul MacAvoy

its magnitude both in numbers participating and in miles hiked, rather than spoiled.



SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN CLIMB

Freshmen in beanies and bibs, upperclassmen in plaid shirts and jackets, and faculty members with liniment in their knapsacks made up a total of 127 people who boarded the busses at 7:30 A.M., October 5, and headed for the hills of the Rangely region.

We arrived at Sandy River Ponds at 10:15 after a ride through the unusually beautiful autumn scenery. We stopped at Eddy Pond to eat our lunch; this was the last place at which the whole group was together.

Snow, 6-9 inches deep was found in abundance on the upper slopes, the wind having created drifts six to nine inches deep some three days before. The traveling coming down was rather difficult, with snow and ice for the first quarter of a mile and mud following for quite a distance. Though many were badly soaked by the time we reached the "snow line", spirits remained high and nobody was hurt. Only one sprained ankle, contracted on a dry spot of the summit, caused any serious concern.

The last of us stumbled out of the woods at dusk, ten and one half miles and seven hours from the starting point. Supper at Rangely and the ride home required another four hours. Most agreed that the trip had been improved by

FRESHMEN OUTING

This year's Freshmen Outing at Thorncrag drew rave notices simply because the Freshmen were so eager to have a good time. After the usual hike to the cabin where they were greeted by an amazingly large number of upperclassmen, the frosh coupled off via the "shoes in a pile" ice breaker. Animal crackers had been strewn along the path to the plateau rather than the traditional peanuts. The frosh were told to go find the animals and they did--mice, bugs, spiders and toads. Prizes were finally awarded for the most cookies found as well as the largest live animal found. The rest of the afternoon was spent playing games and consuming cider and doughnuts.

EQUIPMENT DISPLAY HELD

Everything from mountain tents to bicycles was spread over the area in back of Parker Hall the Saturday of October 11, as the B. O. C. held their annual equipment display. The display, under Equipment Directors Judy Angell and Frank Hine, was divided into three sections: Fall, Winter, and Spring.

Under the fall section came

most of the mountain climbing equipment: sleeping bags, packs, machetes, bush clippers and axes. On the winter section were skis, snow shoes and tobaggans, and in the spring section were bicycles, canoes and tents. All was seen to be in perfect condition.

The purpose of the display was to acquaint all students, particularly freshmen, with the equipment that is at their disposal free of charge. The attendance was smaller than in previous years due to the freshmen work project being held the same day, but everyone attending was surprised and enthusiastic over the amount of equipment available.

PREVIEW OF COMING ATTRACTIONS

The Bates Outing Club has already swung into its operations with both barrels blasting. The program for the rest of the year should be even more impressive with all departments building up momentum and strength, led by expert and experienced directors.

To make sure that the function of each department and their respective leaders are recognized by the student body, the Outing Club will take over all chapel duties Friday, November 7. All directors will be introduced and there will be short informative speeches by Fred Russell, president, Gynn Parsons, secretary, and George Bateman, co-director of Carnival. By this time plans for Carnival should be formulated to some extent. This should prove interesting considering the fact that Carnival is one of the most outstanding events of the year.

To represent Bates and to get new ideas, twelve members of the O. C. Council will attend an all state conference November 15.

In the latter portion of November when there is a lull in many things because of the cold and snowy weather, the Outing Club will run its first of two roller skating parties at the Fair

Grounds on Main Street, Lewiston. The first will occur November 22 and the second will come January 17 after our Christmas recess. These parties are usually highlighted by the fine stunt and trick skating of those who are on wheels for the first time.

If not the best, Carnival is definitely the longest event of the year. The Carnival this year should be greater than ever with the fine talent and leadership of the unbeatable team, co-directors Carol Greene and George Bateman. You can be sure that everyone will be pitching in to make this Carnival the "best". No doubt new ideas will be patented this year along with the new faces which always appear on this grand holiday, beginning February 6 and coming to its magnificent closing February 8.

On May 24, the Outing Club Clambake will shut the door on Outing Club activities for the year. Steamed clams dipped in butter melt deliciously in the mouth along with those infamous Hines Huge Hamburgers, the taste of which usually lasts through Finals.

These are the main events of the O. C. through this year, but between these activities many good times are had on the ski trips, canoe trips, bike hikes and other activities made possible by the Outing Club equipment and "know-how".

IN OR OUT

Give me the outdoor life! Unfortunately, that's just my own opinion. To many college students the rigors of outdoor activities are practically worthless. For example, the rugged football player who is completely disgusted at the thought of exerting himself to climb a mountain on Sunday, the only day of rest in the week. Another is the sociality who

arvels that there are people who could submit themselves to the torture of trying to sleep on the hard ground. Also, there are some individuals who hold to a classic Chinese saying about skiing. "Skiing is very foolish. It's just swish....long walk up hill. Lastly, there is the poor Chemistry genius who, when battling the smoke from a wet wood fire, always seems to have his hot dogs reduced to their basic carbon. Yet I have pity on all such poor, unenlightened souls, like those who would never think of going to an ordinary clam bake but would just love a beach party.



THE GREAT INDOORS

The brisk fall air, the brilliant foliage, the writings of many famous outdoorsmen,--all passed before my mind as I thought of the next morning and my first O. C. trail-clearing trip. I had been waiting for this trip for weeks, it seemed, although it had been just a few days since I had been told to be ready at five o'clock, Sunday morning. Not even the idea of getting up that early could dampen my enthusiasm!

I jumped out of bed at five with none of the usual 7:35 dragging-of-the-foot; fifteen minutes later I was eating breakfast at our meeting place. Immediately after, we were off in the freezing morning air for the rugged north!

Before we knew it, the hills turned into snow-topped mountains and we were at the bottom of our 4,000 foot mountain. Out came the paint cans, signs, tree clippers, double-edged axes, and knapsacks with quiet efficiency. Each of us took one or two items and started off up the trail. The Cabins and Trails Director and four others

(all clad in coats and mountain boots) were in the lead, and I, in my low walking shoes and athletic sweater, was bringing up the rear.

We started off fairly slowly until we were all together; then the leader started a killing, long-legged pace up and down the small hills, over streams, and around huge rocks and trees. Long before we even came to the lower slopes, I was tired; and then when we came to a wide stream which everyone hurdles easily, I fell right in the middle. The water, to say the least, was at freezing temperature.

Tired and cold, I struggled on alone (the others had long since disappeared, climbing like mountain goats). Soon I reached the snow line, and not too long after that I began to feel very, very hungry. However, I kept climbing higher and higher; for there just had to be food at the top! Three-quarters of an hour later, the crest came in view, and with it food and shelter. I ate like a man that had just spent twenty-eight days at sea.

After all had been eaten, we started down the mountain (I never did get to work on the trail), cold but reasonably content. I, myself, was feeling a bit disgruntled about the pace set on the way up, etc., and was telling myself on this journey back down that in order to succeed in B. O. C. work trips one needed the ability to live on hardtack, two weeks of cross-country running, and the disposition of a bobcat. Give me the great indoors!

However, on the way home, after a good supper and a warm ride, I rescinded these thoughts and soon decided that it would not be long before I was on another such trip. But I did learn my lesson. Next time, I would have proper clothes and boots on, I would go to bed early the night before, and most importantly I would be in good physical con-

dition, free from any "cold" whatsoever. With that to start with, maybe I will set the pace!



BALDPATE MOUNTAIN CLIMB

"He who laughs last, laughs best" is an adage which applies in full to those who laughed at the snow topped mountain publicizing the Baldpate Mountain Climb. Two bus loads of us left the campus at 8:30 A.M., the morning of Oct. 19. We started out with the sun shining brightly, but by the time we had arrived at the bottom of East Baldpate the sky was dark and foreboding. The enthusiastic mountain climbers started up with all the usual energy displayed at the beginning of every climb; but this energy began to wane as the trail grew steeper. All were ready for a rest when the one mile mark was reached. The group advanced about another mile; at which time we came to one of the infrequent streams and made this spot our eating place. As in the previous climb, this was the last place where the group would gather in its entirety.

Snow had begun to fall after only one hour on the trail and by the time we were on our way after lunch it was really coming down in full force. We reached the peak of East Baldpate after 2.2 miles

of steep uphill climbing, only to discover that we had another peak to go before Baldpate itself was to be realized. By this time hands were numb, feet cold and wet, hair was caked with ice and all clothing pretty much soaked through. But in spite of the physical discomfort no one could help but notice the beauty of the snow clad mountain.

The first group to reach the top of Baldpate had some trouble in finding the trail over the rocky summit, and by the time the remaining groups approached the top the trail conditions had become quite serious. People began feeling for dry matches "just in case". It took much concentrated effort to stay on the trail, to say nothing of finding it.

The trail down was slippery, steep, full of deep crevices and drop offs, but in spite of the many difficulties encountered all but six of us were able to make it up and over.

A bad nose bleed and general exhaustion were causes for two girls to go back after one mile of climbing. The first bus picked them up along the road where we had approached the mountain. The remaining four who never got to the top of Baldpate because of the impossibility of finding the snow covered trail, retreated over the once traveled portion to the highway where a kindly farmer drove them to his house where they had a chance to warm up before hailing the second bus.

All breathed a sigh of relief and thanked the powers that be for our safe return. Bad weather and poor trail conditions had made the trip a hazardous one, but all are glad to have been a part of it and in future years will enjoy retelling its exciting story.

