

Spring 1957

# Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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# Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

1956?

1957

VOL. V NO. I

SPRING ISSUE

LEWISTON, MAINE

The following lines were written by Dr. Fairfield, Bates Outing Club advisor for nine years.

Making the decision to resign from Bates was one of the most difficult times of my life. And my association with the Outing Club since 1948 made it just that much more difficult.

I shall be everlastingly grateful for all that I have learned from the weekly Wednesday meetings, the many trail and mountain trips, the committees for solving problems pertaining to Carnival, canoeing, and Spruce-up. Some of these meant trying hours; but in retrospect they were happy times. I also have a vivid recollection of the hundred-plus people who have comprised the Council over these years. Possibly I remember some of your problems almost as well as you? Both Mrs. Fairfield and myself have been honored that so many of you have felt like "dropping in" upon so many occasions, have felt like writing to us since graduation. We hope that in the years to come you will feel equally free to visit us at Ohio University, Curtis Cove (Biddeford), or wherever we happen to be. There's always time for talk and tea.

The essence of a college campus is the relationship existing between the people comprising it. And it is my sincerest belief that the Outing Club has done much to foster genuine relationships here at Bates...by helping to initiate the Campus Relations Committee, by inviting faculty members to attend its functions gratis, by working in co-operation with other student organizations, by struggling to maintain the spirit of democracy in the weekly meetings, and by many other means. I feel confident that the Club is still committed to further this growth process.

Most of you deserve this praise: "You maintain a critical loyalty to the Outing Club while recognizing the potentiality of your peers."

To those who have graduated, thanks for the many insights about life. To those left, thanks, too, and good luck in the maintenance of "esprit de corps," high standards of self-evaluation, and the Appalachian Trail! We've just begun to conquer the Everests.

## A LOOK AT NEXT YEAR'S O. C.

Officers: President...Jim Dustin  
V. P....Ken Lynde  
Sec....Kay Johnson  
Treas....Barb Madsen

Board: Hikes and Trips  
Fred Zeigler and Joan Engels

Cabins and Trails  
Dave Harper and Jody Purley  
Equipment  
Lee Larson and Dean Crossy  
Publicity  
Ben Getchell & Marilyn Miller



## WINTER CARNIVAL 1957

Held on January 31st. and Feb. 1, 2, and 3rd, the Winter Carnival this year was a success due mainly to the long and careful planning of co-chairmen, Kay Johnson and Ken Lynde. This article is a bird's-eye view of events that weekend. (A very imaginative bird wrote it.)

In a small Himalayan village called Shangri-La, a Bates crew participated in the annual Winter Carnival festival during the first weekend in February.

The beautiful queen, Sally Smith, escorted by her court, was crowned in the midst of the traditional dance of the skating village girls.

On the cold and snowy mountain ranges the daredevil young people vied with each other in feats of skill and courage. They tore recklessly down the steep hills on skis and skooters. They defended their generation against the rough and rugged faculty who proved formidable opposition until the umpire noticed an outfield Math Prof. sneaking off to his car.

The weekend passed quickly. The happy visitors modeled snow sculptures, including a bloody dragon, a green octopus, and Elvis Presley strumming his guitar. A frostbitten crew regained circulation with some "cool" jazz. The entire village came together on Saturday night in their best attire to dance to the music of Herbert and Bacheldor. They danced in the Karakal Courtyard adjoining the palace, in the middle of the snowy Karakal mountains. As a last fling the more hardened of the outdoors type stumbled blinking out into the slopes of Jackson to spend the day skiing.

A happy and relaxed Bates crew returned to its campus. The snow changed to rain as the profs poured forth new assignments. "And when it rains, it pours."

The little bird responsible for the preceding article was Kay Johnson.

## 1957 SPRING SPRUCE-UP

Spruce-Up seemed doomed. The weather had been touch and go for weeks (as what Maine weather isn't?) and now, three hectic days before the glorious event, we were wading our way through five inches of new snow. But, on Thursday, worries evaporated with the snow, and Friday, April 12, dawned warm and dry. Snow shovels were again put in mothballs and rakes were brought out of hibernation.

In an attempt to add variety to the usual Spruce-Up program and to arouse pre-work enthusiasm for this waning weekend event, co-chairmen Margie Harbeck and Dave Harper took a gamble and extended the schedule to include a Friday morning chapel program and fire-side song fest that night. Very well received despite the compulsory attendance, Bill Briggs, intriguing folksongster and head of the Sugarloaf ski school, yodeled and sang through a wide variety of folk songs in chapel.

A total of nearly a hundred students and faculty members gathered around the fire in Chase Hall Friday night for three informal hours of group singing led by Bill Briggs. (Note: having a fire in Chase Hall on a week night set a precedent.) A most enthusiastic response to this affair, unique to Bates, was heard, and several rather "un-Bates" songs resulted. It was this pre-Spruce-Up warm up, combined with Joan Engels and Ben Getchell's eye-catching publicity, that was responsible for the good turnout on Saturday.

Saturday: a perfect day for sprucing-up--brisk and a bit breezy. After a frantic morning of trying to round up last minute transportation to work areas, and tying other loose ends together, somehow--miraculously--the parade got under way. George Pickering



kept spirit high and over 100 workers "jumped on the hay wagon" as it rolled around campus.

Bruce Perry organized the group of workers staying on campus and distributed several to each of fifteen faculty homes, with Mark Schwarz and George Pickering in charge. No one complained of a lack of work, or of refreshments, both supplied by the professors, despite the fact the O. C. snacks weren't able to catch up with most of them.

Arriving at Thorncrag well jostled, but jolly, after a rough ride by hayrack, a small but industrious crew led by Dr. Higgins, Mr. Wait, and several other Stanton Bird Club members, and Alan Kaplan and Bob Raphael, made some much needed improvements in the area. An old trail was cleared and re-blazed from the plateau down toward the beaver brook, and two or three other trails were worked on. Also, the cabin area was spruced-up, the fireplaces raked and cleaned up, and road drainage improved. A welcome sight was Barb Madsen's car loaded with punch and cookies.

The greatest attraction of the day proved to be far-off, mysterious Sabattus cabin, where fifty or sixty "eager beavers" finally arrived via an efficient, impromptu shuttle system of cars. Under Dave Lemieux's supervision a masterpiece of an engineering project developed: a sturdy bridge of split logs spanning the stream across the trail. Dozens of sophisticated college students could be seen wallowing happily in mud up to their knees.

Other projects at Sabattus of real note were the sinking of a tile pipe in the spring under Al Ziegler's direction; a good deal of trail trimming and blazing both above and below the cabin, led by Lee Larson and Ben Getchell; and Jody Perley's supervision of cleaning and caulking up the cabin itself. The only casualties of the afternoon occurred when five workers were trampled to death in the stampede for refreshments brought in Jim Dustin's "Dustmobile."

All in all, everyone with enough gumption to come out and flex a few muscles, returned to campus quite exhausted but well satisfied and a good deal happier.

Taking advantage of a special concession of the administration, about twenty workers exchanged dining rooms and enjoyed supper co-ed. Those workers who had a little energy left (and a lot who didn't) managed to reap their reward: a choice of the C. A. movie, the English comedy "Brandy for the Parson," or for the more ambitious, square dancing in Chase Hall to the lively calling of Bill Ryall,...or both. In any event, this was a perfect topping off to a well enjoyed, unique weekend.

To sum up: Spruce-Up was an exhausting success.

-----Dave Harper

#### SABATTUS CABIN

The Bates O. C., Cabins and Trails division, maintains two log cabins for the use of students. One of these is located about a mile to the left on the Sabattus-Monmouth road which crossed Route 202 out of Sabattus. The cabin, built near the top of one of the highest points in this area, has a fireplace, two beds and a sleeping-loft. Overnight chaperoned trips (blue slips necessary, of course) may be held there. Prof. Wait's ecology class has used the cabin to provide access to the wildlife of the area, and in the fall and spring students can make use of it to escape these sometimes confining "halls of ivy." If one is ambitious and has a free afternoon (who does?) a partially developed ski trail on the western side of the mountain is good for an afternoon bike ride--or for the more energetic, a day's walk.

-----Jody Perley



## BALDPATE

It was a rather hazy morning on the 19th of October when we started off from Commons for Baldpate Mt. I don't know what has happened to the great Bates outdoor enthusiasm of the past, but only twenty-eight students signed up for this trip. With the exception of a few seniors, Sally Smith and Mary Lou Townley, who finally went on a Bates mountain climb, all the others were vigorous but inexperienced Freshmen. The crew was divided into fast and slow groups which kept quite close together on the way up. Although it was slightly hazy at the top, it was a beautiful day and quite warm. There was no snow, sleet or wind, just the excitement of following the white blazed trail down, in place of the bloody trail that Miss Chesebro and Dr. Fairfield had followed four years previously. Coming down we stopped to admire a chattering brook and especially the flume. All made the downward trip safely to end a perfect day.

-----Judy Svirsky

## SADDLEBACK

On a beautiful September morning 42 students gathered in front of Rand to leave for Saddleback. This was a very small trip considering the 130 students who made the trek four years previously. The crew was divided into the traditional fast and slow groups for convenient climbing purposes and everyone shot forth with true Outing Club vigor. Jim Dustin and Ben Getchell should be getting Boy Scout badges, or rather the Wm. Reid Pepin, Jr. award for the extra miles they covered traveling between the speed demons and the stragglers, seeing that everyone kept on the right path. After courageously tackling many false peaks we reached the final summit, 4116 ft. above sea level. There was a slight breeze at the top but nothing serious--no one

was blown off. Although the conveniences of the Den weren't provided atop the mountain, Mother Nature accommodated us with a spring which was enjoyed by everyone, especially some of the Freshmen who had devoured their oranges hours earlier. One lad approached me rather pathetically and asked if there were any more lunches. Frantically I said, "No, didn't you get one?" "Oh yes," he replied "I ate that one two hours ago; I thought we got another one now." I hated to disillusion him but... The foliage was really at its best so that the view from the top was breath-taking. Everyone got down safely with no mishaps to mar an excellent trip. -----Judy Svirsky

## TUCKERMAN'S RAVINE

On Sunday, April 14, the Bates cats made TRACKS up into Tuckerman's Ravine. Thirty-four people, including Prof. and Mrs. Reid and Prof. T. P. Wright made the ascent to the little headwall mid strong winds and snow. Unfortunately the mountain was fogged in and a view of the ravine was only afforded our climbers just before they started down. The many skiers on the mountain thought the idea of just walking up was quite hilarious and the red berets and sun glasses worn by several members of the Bates crew were viewed rather dimly by several frostbitten skiers. A few skiers who laughed too hard found themselves in a friendly snowball fight which ended in a truce due to the fact that we were soaking wet. On the whole it was a beautiful trip and our climbers enjoyed the blue ice at Cascade Falls. Running downhill soon turned to rolling, due to the icy trail. It is hoped by all who attended, that a trip to Washington will be made a yearly function of the Bates O. C.

-----Joan Engels



## NEW FRESHMEN MEMBERS

Heather Taurel--Fred Turner  
 Jan Baker--Bruce Manning  
 Sara Chatterton--Joe Oliver  
 Judy Sternbach--Bob Cornell  
 Martha Chase--Charlie Cook  
 Rita Bentley--Dave Nelson

## CALENDAR

May 4 & 5--O. C. Advance--Held at  
 Charlie Leaders camp in Douglas,  
 Maine.

May 19--Popham Beach

The Maine A.T.C. held a meeting  
 on the Bates campus on April 28.  
 It featured an afternoon meeting  
 and an evening illustrated lecture  
 by Marion Bradshaw.

## BEMIS WORK TRIP

October 13 dawned as a fairly  
 average day--weather-wise and  
 Saturday-wise. At noon we--Dr.  
 Fairfield, Prof. Fjelstad, (new  
 Physics prof.) Joan Engels, Dave  
 Hessler, and myself--started out  
 and by 2:30 were on the Appalachian  
 Trail south of Bemis Mt. near  
 Andover, Maine. There we met  
 Louis Kazempa, Dave Harper, and  
 Fred Zeigler. The few scattered  
 rain drops did not dampen our  
 spirits. Dr. Fairfield and Mr.  
 Fjelstad wielded hefty axes to  
 clear the first blowdown. We  
 followed a mountain stream along,  
 crossed it near the remains of a  
 former logging sluice, then  
 climbed up through hardwoods and  
 into evergreen country. More  
 blowdowns were hefted, pushed,  
 tossed and chopped aside clearing  
 the trail to the Elephant Mt.  
 lean-to. At the lean-to we met  
 Floyd Flagg, Maine guide, who had  
 packed in his chain saw to clear  
 out the bigger stumps. After an  
 appetizing meal of beef stew,  
 tea, and hermits, we sat around  
 the campfire and talked with our  
 boots smouldering in the flames.  
 The next morning not too early--  
 we had breakfast and climbed to  
 the top of Bemis, working on the

trail with Floyd's saw. Mr.  
 Fjelstad and Dave cleared. Joan  
 clipped, and Dr. Fairfield chopped  
 trees. Floyd and I marked the  
 trail ahead clearing out brush and  
 rotten logs. At the top of the  
 mountain we assembled for lunch,  
 mashed sandwiches and melted  
 chocolate bars. We cut more trail  
 down one side from the top where  
 Louis' trail ended.--Then through  
 a thick area of blowdowns. Then  
 we followed the already blasted  
 trail until we met Louis, Fred,  
 and Dave clearing from the  
 opposite direction. At last,  
 success in joining and finishing  
 this trail. Back we all went to  
 the lean-to for a "tea party" and  
 fortifications for the trip down.  
 We piled into our cars happily  
 for the ride back to the civilized  
 world. -----Jody Perley

## CANOE TRIP: MILLIKEN STYLE

Ten lively Milliken girls,  
 braved the rigors of an early  
 spring canoe trip, April 14. Our  
 greeting at the stream--ten  
 Mitchell men wrapped in blankets  
 on the road side--now we felt  
 cold. We quickly shoved off. The  
 ripples seemed like waves and the  
 wind made our indoor faces tingle  
 with its April iciness, but we  
 paddled on; under bridges, around  
 curves, and finally into the ice-  
 laden Cold stream. Tumbling out  
 on shore we fed on sandwiches,  
 donuts, oranges, and Spruce-sop  
 punch. It snowed a bit while we  
 were eating, but it could have  
 been the Blizzard of '88. The  
 afternoon passed, singing and  
 paddling. Famished for a fire we  
 stumbled stiffly out of the canoes,  
 warming ourselves on the first  
 feeble flames. All dined on hot  
 dogs, beans, and cocoa before  
 starting out, abandoning the fire  
 for the paddle home. With a few  
 tie-ups in bullrushes, a call on  
 a beaver's home, and nearly frozen  
 hands, all was a success.

-----Pat Carmichael