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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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CAT TRACKS

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Editors: Bonnie Richman,
Sandra Johnson

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FEATURE DR. THEODORE P. WRIGHT, JR. SERVES B.O.C. AS FACULTY ADVISOR

Graduating with a B. A. degree from Swarthmore College in '49, Dr. Wright came to Bates three years ago as an assistant professor in government. Last year he and Mr. Sampson of the math dept. took over the faculty advisorship vacated by Dr. Fairfield who left for a teaching position in Ohio.

When questioned about his camping activities at Swarthmore, Dr. Wright replied he had been a "casual member of a casual Outing Club". Since the Swarthmore club has no access to a Student Activities Fund as we do, it is very loosely organized on a pay-as-you-go basis, with a core of interested students acting as officers for the nebulous membership.

Dr. Wright said square-dancing held priority over song-festing as the favorite indoor sport, and that the Pennsylvania lowlands are much more suited to cycling than mountaineering. A cabin similar to ours was maintained for student use, but it was located 50 miles from campus-- think of that before you complain about the hike up to Thorncrag!

Having camped extensively in the Rockies and Adirondacks during summer vacations, Dr. Wright has whole-heartedly supported the B.O.C. hikes and trips, boasting nine mountains climbed in his three years at Bates. He spent a summer youth-hosteling in Europe during his undergraduate days, and is planning a trip to the Near East in June, "if they don't start a revolution first."

Recently elected officers to serve next year's B.O.C.:

PRESIDENT: Lee Larson
VICE-PRESIDENT: Dave Harper
SECRETARY: Deane Cressy

HIKES AND TRIPS: Bob Pinnie, Joan Engels
CABINS AND TRAILS: Ben Getchel, Pris Schummerick
EQUIPMENT: Fred Ziegler, Rita Bentley
PUBLICITY: Sara Chatterton, Tom Lee
CARNIVAL: Iave Nelson, Heather Faurel
CAT TRACKS: Bonnie Richman

We wish them lots of luck in maintaining the high standards set by their predecessors.

THE BATES HICKORIES

This year's innovation of incorporating the Hickories ski club with the B. O. C. was discussed with the former president of Hickories, Larry Beer, who shed a great deal of light on the subject concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the merger.

Larry felt that in a great many ways the cooperative efforts of the Hickories and the Outing Club has been a great help in the success of the Ski Club this year. The affiliation of the Ski Club with the older organization whose long standing carries weight with the administration did much to better the Hickories' reputation with the college officials. Larry feels that it is a good thing to have a stronger body behind a newer and weaker one if the latter are to have any difficulty.

Although for the most part Larry thinks the combination will work much more smoothly than the two separate organizations, he feels there is some room for improvement.

In the first place, one of the main reasons for wanting to combine was the opportunity to expand facilities and run more varied and better trips. This year's trips proved to be about on a par with the preceding year's activities and did not show much improvement. Larry feels that closer integration and better relationships between the members of the two clubs would help this situation.

One of the originators of the Hickories as a college organization, Larry is very proud of the club. In its fourth season this year, it is one of the largest of all the Bates organizations, carrying 150 members. He thinks that much can come of the B.O.C. - Hickories combination in the future, a topic that will be discussed at the coming Advance.

---Marty Chase

IOCA SPRING SPELUNKING TRIP

A new sport added to the Bates roster--mountain climbing, upside down, at midnight--better known as spelunking. Spring vacation 1958 saw eleven completely green enthusiasts (Gail "Wendy" Emerson, Pete Achorn, Ray Liebfried, Tom Lee, Leo Rosano, Dick Wait (Dartmouth), Bill Earle, Bob Cornell, Dave Hall, Dave Harper, and Al Ziegler) heading for the limestone catacombs underneath West Virginia, and returning four days later, triumphant, and saturated with mud (or bat guano, as the case may be).

But back at the beginning--at 3:30 a.m. the day of Sunday 30 March began in Palmer, Mass., when Ziggy's indestructible hearse pulled out and headed south. Every single connection along the way was made within ten minutes of the assigned time as one by one the crew was picked up, and Dick Wait's car added to the caravan. Exactly at the predicted hour of 8:00 p.m., we arrived at Franklin, W. Va., in the midst of a blinding snow storm, had a quick meal, and some much needed sock-out time in preparation for things to come.

The next four days we saw much of the subterranean part of the state, and were really impressed by the great variety of caves. Some of the best caves you can find, so they told us. To mention some of them:

Mystic Cave--a gradually descending, large, single tunnel with a stream underfoot and a few bats "hanging in there" overhead. At the end an optional trip through a narrow tunnel shoulder-high and water thigh-high. An excellent breaking-in cave....

Sinnit Cave--larger, ~~more~~ intricate, more interesting, and completely dry and chokingly ~~stuffy~~ misty. Many chimneys and crawlways weaving about but all ending up at the "ailc," a nearly vertical shaft leading

and into the "big room", 300 feet long and 100 feet wide...

Trout Cave--with an entrance hanging high on a steep cliff face overlooking a meandering stream valley in true cave-man style. Laid out like city blocks with a couple of parallel "subway tunnels" crossed by several perpendicular side passages. Many large fractured rocks on the floor over which to climb....

And Breathing Cave--fifty miles south of Franklin, in Virginia--topping all in extent and variety--a little of everything; running streams, beautiful cathedral-like limestone formations, rope climbs, a "laundry chute" and other mud slides, narrow squeeze-throughs, foot-high crawlways half full of water--and above all, and under all, and oozing from every crevice--slippery, slimy, brown mud.

A few other striking impressions during this exciting week: . . . It seems odd at first thought that spelunkers operate any time of day or night, leaving for a cave at midnight, for instance--"But how can you see in a cave at night?". By the way, carbide lamps are fabulous little machines. The helmets were much appreciated too, after the many head-contacts with overhanging stalactites. . . . On rare occasions above ground, we took in the beauties of West Virginia's daylight spring scenery--precipitous little snow-covered hills and mountains, and green valleys full of woolly sheep and scattered farms. Real easy-goin', friendly cawtin-pickin' natives, too, friendly even to a bunch of Damn Yankees like us. . . . And the prices down there are unbelievable. Without trying to economize, we ended up spending 95 cents a day apiece for food (eggs at 34 cents a dozen)! Some of us had our first fling at hominy and syrup ("hominy crits do you want?").

And so we each chalked up another experience on the record and tore ourselves away from the land of hominy and hospitality with deep regret, looking forward to returning next year.

With many, many real thanks to Bert Raphael of Brown who "taught us the ropes", guiding us through all the caves, and Dwight Deal and Zig, who arranged things so we could go in the first place.

-- Dave Harper

EDITORIAL: "Spirit Plus"

"So you're a member of that gung-ho group, the Outing Club? I hear they actually go out and do things like chopping down trees and sleeping in bags on the ground. Are they ever out of it. I can't understand why you ever joined a group like that."

This kind of sarcasm with its implied criticism and obvious bias in favor of indoor living is in definite favor with many students at Bates. It is difficult to be a member of a great organization, one which has proved its value in many hundreds of ways, and let the criticism go by unnoticed. Of course, one can rationalize and say that all of the larger and more powerful organizations on campus, Stu-G, Stu-C, C. A., are ridiculed and scoffed at for one reason or another. The most common motive for the scoffing seems to be that of jealousy mixed in with a lot of misunderstanding. Let's see what can be said for Outing Club in answer to our local satirists.

First of all, the opportunity to belong to the decision-making inner circle of an all-campus organization--the O. C. Council and Board--is open to all. Students accuse us of exclusiveness, but with

interest and enthusiasm on their part, they could well be or have been members of the Council. Politics have nothing to do with choice of member but genuine interest in O. C. does. The qualifications are easy to meet Opportunities, once you're in, for personal, responsible leadership and creativity are unequalled by any other organization.

What makes people enjoy the kind of activities that the Council prepares and organizes? Perhaps the best answer to that question is that the enjoyment comes from the sense of working together, of belonging to the group, of participating in common with other people. We set up tangible goals together and we work together for the achievement of those goals. The intangible aspect of the work is the satisfying sense of O. C. spirit that accompanies it.

And yes, we are gung-ho! If unlimited enthusiasm and pride in the job that O.C. does is to be condemned, it cannot be stopped. Certainly we have made mistakes--no large group made up of so many different kinds of people can be perfect. But we can print with pride to the visible signs of much hard work and many hours put into projects such as Winter Carnival or Popham or Spruce-Up.

O. C. has not remained static and self-satisfied. There are constant changes being made in policy and scope. These changes are based on what the student body as a whole wants, but within the framework of O.C. traditions and long-range objectives. No, we have not stagnated. If the alumni were to look over the records of the past few years, they would find both the familiar and long-standing projects and many which O.C. has instituted after careful discussion and analysis of current student needs.

Perhaps the best answer to our critics lies within each one of us. O. C. allows every member to fully realize his own need to be creative. Making posters, building fires, climbing mountains, planning trips and meetings: all of these outlets make full use of individual talents and energy. O. C. members learn responsible methods of handling large groups of people, planning budgets, and just getting along well with others.

And finally, we can return again to that intangible quality called over-all spirit. The experiences, people, projects, and opportunities are all bound together with that spirit, the O.C. badge within, of which we are most proud.

--Sandy Johnson

SPRING SPRUCE-UP

Spruce-up was a traditional success this year under the leadership of Pris Schummerick and Dave Nelson. A song-fest in Chase Hall Friday night was followed on Saturday by the work projects to Mt. David, Sabattus, and Thornerag. Go-ed dining was an added attraction to would-be sluggards, many of whom regained enough energy to show up for the square dance that night. For the truly young in heart and limb, the trip to Tuckerman's Sunday morning was a treat. What a marvelous "Slippery Slide" that Little Headwall makes --not one dry pair of socks in the crowd!

CAT TRACKS welcomes a brand new "column" to its pages:

PUSSY FOOTIN'

Last year's Margie Harbeck supplied the MITOC boys with hand-knit stocking caps, and Mare Miller is carrying on the tradition with matching mittens. Applications for next year's scarf-knitting may be obtained from Mare.

We now have a rhyming directorship. How about it, Zig and Twig?

Mr. Sampson has been elected President of the Snoring Club. When notified of his new post, his statement for the press was: "I shall endeavor to raise the standard of cocoa parties and song fests, and intend to remodel the Parlor Games directorship into something of which we can all be justly proud."

We have re-hearsed! Fred Siegler's sleek black Persephone has replaced Kirk Watson's wagon as official club car.

A CAT TRACKS editor has been seen sporting her own red beret, the B.O.C. badge recommended for frightening away predatory animals encountered on the [redacted] and Hughes Dept. Store on Lisbon Street, children's Dept.

Bill Worthington has received the annual marksmanship award, flying chip department, for his performance at Spruce-Up.

What tall, blond, junior gal was recently "planted" in the drifts outside the Lodge at Tuckerman's??

Thank's to Mare, the Betsy Ross of the B.O.C., we have a flag to rally 'round. Red with a green pine tree emblem, it first saw duty in the spelunking expedition.

We were happy to hear our favorite punster and former O.C. advisor via tape recorder. Thanks for Keeping in touch this way, Dr. Fairfield.

Gerard Manley Hopkins, a nineteenth Century Jesuit priest and poet, expresses the Outing Club's creed in these lines from his poem, Inversnaid:

Degged with dew, dappled with dew
Are the grains of the braes that the brook treads through
Wiry heathpacks, fitches of fern,
And the beadbonny ash that sits over the burn.

What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet;
Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.