

2-1959

Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Recommended Citation

Bates Outing Club, "Cat Tracks" (1959). *Cat Tracks Newsletter*. 8.
<http://scarab.bates.edu/cattracks/8>

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Walter, maybe you might enjoy some aspects of this.

Cat-Tracks

John Peterson

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Printed 2/27/59

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Bonnie Richman

Issue 2: Feb., 1959

WE GAVE YOU FEVER . . . BY M. J. Mears and Dave Nelson

The Klondike Fever was a time of glory, hardship, bitter cold, starvation, heavy snows, excitement, adventure, and pure primitive living. While Carnival was based on this theme, it did without a few of these things, notably the bitter cold and heavy snow. The whole schedule is planned around snow and ice, so it is hard to say that a winter carnival was put on, when winter refused to cooperate.

Seeing as how this sort of thing happens every year, either the lack of snow or ice, we had planned accordingly and rounded up entertainment to counterbalance outdoor activities. Well, we had plenty of ice, so we had ice games. Carnival started off with a day of rain, and this rather dampened spirits on campus, and no games were really popular. Late afternoon and evening activities pulled more of a crowd, 400 or so in Chase Hall for Oscar Brand, and for the King's Men jazz concert.

Except for the non-cooperation of the weather, events were successful, due to the cooperation of the Council in running down details, even if some were caught at the last minute. The Queen arrived Thursday night via dog-sled and was crowned by Prexy. Then everybody crowded into Chase Hall to listen to the songs of Oscar Brand, who did not sing his Bawdiest Songs (much to the relief of a few.)

Friday's activities were called off due to rain, so the day started with a rip-roarin' variety show in the early afternoon, followed by a student-faculty basketball game, won by the faculty with a margin of one point. That night the King's Men played jazz, hot and cool, and even played for an extra half hour because of the response they had.

Saturday dawned bright and clear, and was heralded with ice games and skating. After lunch, four sets of honest-to-goodness dance-hall girls gave a demonstration of their choreography in a kick-off; this was followed by a hockey game at the Lewiston High rink. Last, but not least, came the Carnival Hop with music by Freddie Sateriale. The "Northern Lights" was presided over by the Queen and her court.

Carnival was planned to sell itself; if the program appealed to the campus then we would not have to push it so hard. Our publicity campaign, both by posters and word of mouth, was

successful. Even though the price was raised to five dollars, ticket sales were high enough so that the budget was covered and even had some left over. All in all it looks as though pay dirt was struck with "Klondike Fever" for it paid off moneywise, and more important, funwise. Largest thanks to everyone for making Klondicitous a catching disease.

MR. SAMPSON SERVES B.O.C. AS CO-ADVISOR

Before coming to Bates as math professor in 1951, Mr. Richard Sampson had a varied and interesting education. He doesn't mention the name of the school from which he graduated, "but it's not far from Bates and begins with a B." He studied meteorology at M.I.T. and in the U.S. Air Force Institute of Meteorology at Chanute Field, Illinois ("Hello, Ken!") Then, after giving up the guessing game, he studied math at B.U. and education at Tufts.

Brought up on the ocean ("but not on a raft"), Mr. Sampson comes from a sea-faring family that included captains on a commercial steam ship line. Perhaps his feeling for the ocean stems from a great-grandfather who imported European goods in the days of the winged clipper ships. "I LOVE THE OCEAN," says Mr. Sampson in capital letters, "for it represents a free way of life and at the same time leads one to think of the infinitization of space and mind."

His second love is the Appalachian Trail, which he believes may become the last outpost of wilderness in the U.S. since Maine is such a "backwoods" state. He thinks the unspoiled natural beauty of the Appalachian Trail should be ever more appreciated in these days of super-civilized state and national parks.

When questioned for opinions about the B.O.C., Mr. Sampson said, "I think the Outing Club has an outstanding collection of young people. As for the chief objectives of O.C., I would list first the acceptance of responsibility." He cited the example of our Carnival directors who had the courage to tackle such a huge job. "A person assumes responsibility as soon as he joins a club; personal growth is the primary objective. The O.C.'s second goal should be to foster appreciation for a simple way of life. If the club doesn't stand for these things, I don't want to be in it."

Mr. Sampson sums up his views on this year's club: "After sweating through this Carnival, the present O.C. realizes it can't rest on the prestige obtained by former classmates. We had to assert ourselves about a week before Carnival when the chips were down, and we look forward to a good year ahead."

VINTAGE' ONTO
A BUNCH OF PAGES
IN' BOX 5' BENTON


Dave Harper found this unique description of what must be a fairly old winter sport; it was printed in the Kornungsskuggjd (king's Mirror) in Norway, 1250 A.D. --

"But it will appear a still greater wonder to learn that there are people who can so tame pieces of wood or boards that someone who is no swifter than others when he is only wearing shoes or is barefoot, as soon as he ties under his feet boards eight or nine ells long surpasses the birds in their flight or the greyhound, which is the swiftest runner, or the reindeer, which is twice as fast as the stag. . . Now this will be difficult to believe and will appear marvellous in all countries where people do not know by what art and skill it is possible to bring mere boards to such a speed that up in the mountains there is no earthbound creature which can hope to escape by speed from a man, as soon as he has the boards on his feet. But as soon as he takes the boards from his feet he is no swifter than others. But where people are not used to it, it will be almost impossible to find a nimble man who does not seem to lose all his swiftness as soon as pieces of wood, such as I have described, are tied under his feet. We, however, understand this matter well and every winter, as soon as snow lies on the ground, have the opportunity of watching plenty of people who know this art."

PUSSY FOOTIN'

We've noticed lots of ski parkas sporting those pretty blue and white Hickories-B.O.C. badges.

Jacques Istel, that enthusiastic parachute diver who spoke at Bates two years ago, is the subject of an article in the January 24th issue of The New Yorker.

The beard contest for Carnival was a great idea. But what makes the fellows think the addition of a beard will necessarily "frontierize" them? True, the two Daves looked pretty klondikish, but Gerry looked like something out of the Old Testament, and Pete could have passed for a 17th Century French cavalier! No kidding, though, they were all pretty impressive. 

Carbide lamps are being dusted and waterproof boots gotten out in preparation for another spelunking trip to the West Virginia caves. Seniors, you've just got to get that thesis done before spring vacation!

Thanks to various people (Ken Lynde, Marc Miller, Dr. Fairfield, etc.) for keeping in touch with us. 1