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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Sara Chatterton

Issue 1: Nov., 1959

FROSH WEEK WORK TRIP

"Don't put all your eggs in one basket," the saying goes, so we didn't. We put them in two baskets, one on Pixie's back and the other on Trish's, and we didn't loose a one, unless you count the two cracked ones and the half of one Trish poured on T.P.'s head. That story all happens during the middle of our play, however, so let's start at the beginning.

It was Sunday morning, the 17th of Sept., that Al Pollock pumped enough gas into his hearse, Moriah, and we weaned enough milliliters of petrol into Ray Liebfried's little Simca, to get most of us there. Two hours and no difficulties (except for missing a rendezvous for lunch in the town of Peru, which wasn't there) later we arrived at the A.T. Four and a half more miles of back packing supplies brought us to Elephant Mt. shelter. This was home for three days.

As we started the long pack in, Lee (Lūc) Larson roared up in a jeep with his dog, Max. He had come from Dartmouth that morning.

The traditional beans, brown bread, and hot dogs were for supper. Max, after finishing his own meal, sat around looking hungry while we ate. He got nothing, however, for the sage Lee spoke up and said, "Please don't feed him beans. Remember you have to live with him, too!" The dishes done, the stars and northern lights showed us the way to bed. About midnight, Ray gave up fighting for his one-ninth of the six man lean-to and went out doors to sleep.

The next day Lee, Candy Oviatt, Paul Burnham, and Sharon Fowler worked down the valley trail, while the rest worked back out the four and a half miles and Trish was drafted to stay and clean up camp. Prexy Lave Nelson and the rest of the "ocifers" showed up for lunch. They had come from campus that morning after a breakfast of cider and donuts which were left over from the Freshman Thorncrag open house. Gung-ho Dave and Fred Turner started working right after lunch, leaving Trish, Carol Gilbert, and Jan Baker to dream up something for supper to take the place of the meatloaf Pete Achorn had forgotten. All but Dr. T.P. and Pixie Norlander were on time for dinner, and since starvation was not in the line of duty, we ate without them. At sundown, as a rescue party was formed, a KA-OO-WA was answered from down the trail. The "lost" ones arrived, and were fed.

Tuesday morning woke very ill with a case of ground level clouds. Lee flipped pancakes, and, a few at a time, the crew flopped out of bed. Nelson took a small crew to finish the trail in, Larson took most of the gang up over Bemis, and Achorn walked out the valley trail and back the Bemis route. The upper trail was thick with blow downs. When Lee finally met Pete on second Bemis, he had this story to tell:

All along the ridge there was no water to be found. Normally the trail is riddled with little streams, but even the place where SPRING was blazed on a tree was dry. Then, coming up a small wooded slope before second Bemis, Max, who believed that the straightest distance between two points is a circuitous route through the woods, suddenly darted around a large rock out-crop and proceeded to make splashing noises. Rushing after him, they found Max cooling himself in a large spring. The water was too muddied to drink, so they moved on, hoping the water would settle when they came back.

Lee insisted that the dog would not be able to find the pool again; you can guess what happened. As we rounded the bend, --splash-- the dog was swimming in our only water again! Shortly thereafter, Candy showed up with the lunches. Hungry and thirsty, we sat down to eat and let the water settle.

Wednesday was the day of trouble. The sole chore for the day was to pack up and go home. Dave did the honors as breakfast cook, and he did fine until he reached the last egg-in-shell. No one wanted the last egg.

"What will I do with it?" asked Dave.

"Throw it at Trish," suggested T.P. "I absolve you beforehand." So Dave did, at which Trish picked up a frying pan with cooked eggs in it and chased him down the trail. She retaliated on Dr. Wright when she returned by dumping part of a raw egg on his head. Thus endeth the fude.

Fred's car wouldn't start when we got out, so the hearse towed it to Andover where it was quickly repaired. From there, it was back to campus.

Oh yes, I meant to tell you. If you are ever in to Elephant Mt. shelter, and notice a nice log bench there, it is thanks to Trish. She spent most of her time on the work trip barking it, chipping the top side flat with an ax, or sitting on it.

-----Pete Achorn

MT. WASHINGTON CLIMB

Getting out of a warm bed at 5:00 in the morning, a steaming cup of "nut" coffee, the first awe-inspiring view of the Ravine, the exhilarating feeling of reaching the summit - these are the memories of our annual fall Mt. Washington climb. For the person who climbs Washington for the first time there is always that wonderful "con-

quering-the-world" feeling; for the veteran climber there is the familiarity of remembered trail markers and the unique experiences of each trip. And this trip, like any OC trip, had its unique moments!

On Sunday, September 27, at the early hour of 6:00 AM, two busloads of students left the campus for the Pinkham Notch base camp. There we enjoyed the typical "hut" breakfast before starting out on the trail. Climbing the trail to Tuckerman's Ravine, we caught glimpses of the surrounding mountains against a bright blue sky and the warm sun soon had us shedding our extra jackets.

Pausing to collapse quietly at the "Howard Johnson's" at the Ravine, the group divided into the advanced, the intermediate, and the "perhaps-I-don't-want-to-make-the-top-after-all" sections and set off for the summit. Spectacular views of the Ravine could be seen all along the trail. Just at the moment when we wondered whether we would survive to the summit, suddenly we were there. But did I say "we"? Not all of us made it at the same time. Mr. Sampson still claims his frequent stops along the way were merely to enjoy the view.

Fortunately the summit was unusually clear and we were able to leisurely recuperate and enjoy the view before starting the long descent. Memories of the climb down include those of Candy Oviatt, Paul Burnham, Tom Vohr, and Jan Baker sliding down the Lion's Head, Sally Larson being carried down from Tuckerman's with a "broken" leg, and Dr. Wright and Mr. Sampson indulging in a quick swim along the way.

For those who went on the trip, Mt. Washington now means tired muscles and aching feet, breathtaking views, and above all - a memory of that intangible something called OC spirit.

-----Jan Baker

OLD SPECK

On the fourth of October, a busload of energetic students headed for Old Speck Mountain, near Bethel, Maine. Our Sunday stroll began with a walk down a smooth, dirt road. The levelness did not last for long; when we came to the trail, the route appeared to go straight up. Any one of the climbers will tell you it was not a completely false illusion. At certain places, Paul Burnham's clothesline rope served a good purpose.

The summit had a clearing, surrounded with trees. Those who scampered up a nearby firetower were able to see the neighboring peaks and a few scattered lakes. Some were a little hesitant as they glanced up the seemingly unsteady structure, and choose to forfeit the view. After we had a sufficient amount of food and rest (although more of both would have been enjoyed), we marched downward.

Descending down over the rocks, we had two things demanding our attention: the beautiful patchwork of colors in the valley and the problem of keeping from sliding. When we paused to observe the scenery more carefully, Joe Oliver expressed, "Oh, I wish I could put it in a bottle and take it with me!" But his camera had to act as a substitute.

At the foot of the mountain, we rested at a brook and waited for the reunion of the tired, but happy hikers. A stop for cider, on the way home, concluded the day.

-----Sara Chatterton

MT. CHOCORUA

Mt. Chocorua with its bare and craggy summit marked the end of our mountaineering adventures for the fall season. On the morning of October 11, we left a cold and drizzly campus in hopes of finding better weather in New Hampshire. Several in the large group of freshmen, undaunted by typical Maine weather, even optimistically brought cameras.

At the base of the mountain, we found the foliage to be at its height of color but the weather to be at its worst. Upon reaching the summit we were gusted by fog and cold air. However, suddenly out of the mist loomed strange and mysterious figures - Fred Ziegler and a large group of MIT and Wellesley students. Zig's hearse is still surviving and has been adopted by the Wellesley girls as their mascot.

After lunch and a songfest we descended via the Piper Trail and were ready to conclude that certain days could be successful despite the weather.

-----Jan Baker

THIS IS US

Reprinted for an old IOCA Bulletin

We are commonly known as a pretty odd group of people..who climb mountains because..well..because we like the view from the top...who go out hiking because we like the sun on our backs or the rain on our ponchos...when night comes we square dance or sit around the campfire singing the old songs that campfire squatters have sung always...loving the sight of pine-light on the faces of our friends...we boast the weirdest hats in the nation...faster fire builders than the Boy Scouts...though perhaps not with a single match ...and undoubtedly the most perverse sense of humor since Joe Miller let loose his humor on the unsuspecting multitudes...We don't tend to couple on our trips because...well, we like the give and take (as in food) of a group...and we like to carry the idea off... Individuality within a group...into all phases of our program..and even into our personal philosophy...Many people think we're crazy... we are sure of it. This is for you who knows...like this page... we lack much formal organization...but still...

this is us...