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# Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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# Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Julie Gillispie

Issue 1: Nov., 1960

## FROSH WEEK WORK TRIP

" Yes, I was there. I saw them come straggling in. About thirteen of them. Survivors .... straight from the New Hampshire hills. Tired... muddy, but all were sporting secret smiles. Why? Well, out of curiosity I approached one dizzy blond ( who looked fairly intelligent ) to get the story first-hand. This is what she said-- or as near to it as I could figure out. You see, she was a bit disorganized ..... mentally. "

" Why, we've been on a grub trip - a work trip , I mean. At least I think we got some work done. Anyway, we sure had fun. We left campus Sunday morning and headed for the Appalachian Trail somewhere in Maine - or maybe it was New Hampshire. But it doesn't matter. Right away there were problems. First, it took us four and one half hours to get to the lean-to which was but a half mile from the road. Sort of forgot the directions, you see. So what did we do? Got lost. Then Al Pollock and I got lost again near a lake. I think it was Sabbath Pond. Yes, it was because that was where I dropped all the eggs. Right into the pond. They sank. Finally we all arrived at the lean-to. At least, I think we all got there. Anyway, "Noki" - that's Scandinavian for messenger god - was there. He's a dog. Lee Larson's. What a dog! ( Remember Max! ) It seems that Noki sleeps on people .... he and nine others all in that six man lean-to. Ha! And the floor collapsed right in the middle under Lee. The others slept in tents. Guess Noki didn't like tents. He slept on me.

" T.P. was there. And Sampson and Irish too for the first day. T.P. was a sketch in his long - johns plus blue bathing suit. His first thought and decree was, "One side of the lean-to for men and one for women!" and so it was.

" But I should tell you what we accomplished. Well, I can't tell you much about the work except that we sure did it. ( Lee, do people really like to clip? ) we cleaned from the shelter to the road in one direction , and from the shelter to route 17 and

beyond in the other direction. It was a pretty good job and won't need to be done again for about four more years. The rest of the time we just enjoyed ourselves....as usual. Like Monday night when we started a B.R.O.C. ( Back Rub Outing Club ) .

" Nancy Levin did most of the cooking - she was good, really! And we all goofed off a lot. Mr. Sampson, T.P., Neil Newman, and Holly Milius even went swimming. In spite of the "cold, cold water", Sampson got " all wet " and " said " he enjoyed it. but we knew.

" The weacher wasn't good, and our clothes were around the fire most of the time - just our extra ones, of course. But those matches! I dunno. It said that they were waterproofed and would even light under water, or at least they must have been able to because they sure wouldn't light when they were dry.

" All told, the whole trip was a hellova lot of fun and I'm going for sure next time! Oh! I just remembered what we forgot. We left the .... well, you know, the bathroom stationary in the woods. And that stuff costs money!"

" At this point she stopped quite out of breath and lit up a hand-rolled cigarette ( which actually looked more like a fat sausage ) so I restrained further questions in order to let this choice bit of " local color " totter off to a well-deserved rest."

#### OTHER WORK TRIPS

As there was other hard work to be done, Gray Thompson and Candy Oviatt organized a trip to Squirrel Rock on October 30. In spite of miserable weather, trail was cleared as far as Clear Water Pond. About a dozen went with good participation from off-council members of O.C.

The second work trip was on November 12, when the freshmen went out to Hank Stread's to burn brush. The report goes that the freshmen did most of the work, and did it well. Mr. Stread sent an amusing note of thanks.

#### Mt. WASHINGTON

Stumbling out of bed in the way early hours of the morning to enjoy nature in the raw has become traditional for the Mt. Washington climb. On September 24, the ritual was once again performed and produced forty-three bleary-eyed but game hikers. All but Mr. Sampson, that is.

When Professor Sampson finally showed, the caravan started out. Destination : the highest peak in New England, Mount Washington. Once the trek had begun, there was no stopping the enthusiasm of the first and fastest group spurred on by T.P. Past cascades, bright foliage, waterfalls, and Howard Johnson's ( what mountain could do without one? ) they pushed on to the

top. Then there were the other, slower groups which Professor Sampson encouraged until all but a few ( who got lost in Ho Jo's at the half way mark ) made it to the summit wherethe breath-taking panorama and the the sensation of detachment from a confining earth rewarded aching muscles and exhausted bodies.

On the return trip, the group split up with one party returning by way of the Lake of the Clouds, another by Lion's Head, and the third by way of Luckerman's Ravine. Upon reuniting, tired smiles spoke of the success of the trip.

#### SADDLEBACK MOUNTAIN

Saddleback mountain was the scene of confusion on October 9, when climbers started the long hike to the top only to discover that they were " headed for the hills " but not the peak. Reversing direction, the summit was gained by all but a few ( who remained hopelessly lost at the bottom ) where the climbers were greeted by blasts of icy wind and reports of recent snows which sent everyone scurrying back down below the timberline.

#### BALDPATE MOUNTAIN

The third and last climb of the season was to Baldpate mountain where the sixty-odd hikers got a taste of Maine's winter as they huddled on the top of the first peak in the freezing air complete with snow and ice. After much effort, some talented soul managed to start a fire for a partial unthawing before the long trip down. Here again was exhibited the general enthusiasm which prevailed on other trips keeping spirits high.

Spring will feature the last climb of the year when Mt. Washington will be revisited and the under classmen initiated by the infamous ritual of snowball fights and "so forth".

#### NEW MEMBER

On October 12, the council welcomed a new junior member- Carol Goodlatte. Carol was chosen from a group of seven to replace Sharon Fowler who had previously resigned to become head proctor in the New Dorm.

Carol's interest in outing club had remained strong since freshman year. She had attended many of the meetings, readily volunteered for many jobs which came along, and contributed a great deal of time and effort to last year's carnival. Carol often went on hikes, worktrips, and ski trips. And she was responsible for last season's songiest being the largest and most spirited in years. In short, Carol well deserved this recognition by Outing Club.

## ALUMNI REVISITED

The following article is the first of a series on Outing Club alumni. While the information will certainly not be a complete catalogue of their activities since the time they "busted out", it is designed to keep in touch with some of our more elusive former members. Addresses are supplied for writing purposes.

The three featured this issue have in common one thing..... all three fled the country. The first is Dave Harper who wound up in Mexico in September of '59 where he is working out his two years of government service as a conscientious objector sponsored by the American Friends. Harp is presently with a crew of men drilling water wells for the villagers who previously had to have all their water brought in by truck. The nature of this job brings him into close contact with the Mexicans to whose ways and ideas he is being exposed. On occasion, Harp and other crew members join a Mexican family for a meal which offers greater opportunity for exchange while enjoying warm hospitality. Until September of '61, Harp's address is:   
Comite De Servicio de Los Amigos  
Ignacio Morisco 132  
Mexico 1, D.F.

Bonnie Richman is another former J.C.er who crossed our borders and then she set sail for Europe. This past summer Bonnie was seen in a work camp in Germany which she squeezed in between time spent in Paris (mostly on bike) and hitch-hiking with a French girl down through Southern Germany, part of Switzerland, back through France, and finally up to England where she hopped a boat to India. Sounds like the same unpredictable Bonnie in a new element—knapsack on her back, thumbing through Europe. Lacking details, her experiences will have to live in our wildest imaginations.

At present, Bonnie is teaching the blind in Dadar, India; this job was obtained through the Perkins Institute in Boston. At address there is:   
c/o Dadar School for the Blind  
160 Dadasahib Phalke Road  
Dadar, Bombay 14, India

The other refugee is "frisbee king" Fred Zeigler who was last seen in England by Peter Achorn this past summer. Zig is studying for his PhD in paleontology at Balliol College which is part of Oxford University. It seems that this plan was hatched when Zig met a geology professor from Oxford on his Nova Scotia trip. Except for the language problem, Zig seems to be doing all right. In addition to assistant teaching, he has (in the old tradition of J.C.ers who make at least an attempt at the "sound body") joined Oxford's rowing team.

The next three years will be spent at the university with ready access to Europe and summers free for travel and research. Zig's address is:   
Alfred Ziegler  
Dept. of Geology and Mineralogy  
University Museum  
Oxford, England

## PUSSEYFOOTING

Thanks go to Louis Winkler and Nancy Levin for taking charge of the Thorngraig Open House over Back-to-Bates weekend.

It's good to see that many freshmen are taking advantage of the council's open door and attending the meetings.

From very reliable sources, the report is that Mr. Sampson had quite a trip! Next year we may expect some freshmen who were taken in by his persuasive powers and headed Maineward.

The theme for carnival this year is "Folk Fantasia" with folk music, singers, and jazz on the schedule.

Karl Ketchem's voice accompanied by his, Professor Walsh's, and Howie Reed's gee-tars led about forty in a Thanksgiving ( ? ) songfest resulting in good fun minus the "spirits" of former pre-Thanksgiving eve's.

New face - old face : both seen on the Mt. Washington climb, Dr. Lee and Trish. Trish with that glorious smile has been around several times - seems she just can't keep away. Must have left something behind.

Recurrent face - Dave Nelson was caught revisiting his old haunts earlier in the semester. Rumor has it that he was working on having all his credits transferred from Bates to Harvard so as to graduate from there upon completion of his thesis!

A couple of council members have started a monthly square dance club on campus. Current interest being high should make it quite a success.

## EUROPE NEXT SUMMER??

The following is an invitation reprinted from the IOCA Newsletter concerning a trip to Europe being organized by Jack Smith of Cornell and open to all IOCA members.

"One of the prime causes of strife in the world today is that people in different countries, particularly in the self-righteous U.S.A., do not understand each other. The path to understanding lies in closer personal associations with other peoples. We must try to meet and talk with people of other national backgrounds and not treat them as animals in a zoo as, I fear, many American tourists do.

" I would like to think of the IOCA trip to Europe as an attempt by IOCA to further mutual understanding between ourselves and our neighbors as well as a way to see Europe for as little as possible dollar-wise. Many of you will make extensive use of the Hostels abroad and will thus have an opportunity to meet others.

" I urge any of you who are interested in this trip to contact Jack Smith, c/o Cornell Outing Club, Willard Straight Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York."