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# Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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# Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

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Editor: Linda Corkum

Issue 2: May, 1962

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## Thorncrag Open House

The freshman week open house at Thorncrag this year as usual was mobbed with innocent freshmen, young and eager. As soon as peace settled and the last few stragglers wandered in, the president started the traditional dissertation on the glories of the BOC. When everyone was sufficiently bored, the procedure for the shoe throw was outlined and the first aid kits were brought into view. The mass slaughter started and the preceding half hour was spent finding the partners to the ragged, ripped, and battle scarred sneakers. With all of the Batesy couples finally set, the long tedious climb to the summit of Thorncrag Mountain started.

At the summit the youngest Batesy generation was forced to form small friendly coeducational groups. Each group was then handed a fresh, orange orange. The object of the game--to pass the orange around the circle without using hands or feet. Many colorful scenes! Fantastic! The games will be blue-slipped next year. More color was added when the whole process was speeded up by the suggestion that the first group finished would get, free of charge, fresh cold cider. Oh, for a camera! In the end cider and doughnuts were served free of charge to all, and all lived happily everafter.

-----Carl Ketchum

## Appalachian Bound

Twass the 17th of September in sixty-one  
That was the Sunday our work-trip begun..

Yes, that was the day all right! We started off bright and early in good O.C. fashion. We headed out to the trail, stopping on the way to find a flipper-lifter--a scarce commodity for you see they thought that all the summer folk had gone home. Finally the trail and those wonderful woods, our home away from home. Since it was

only a couple of miles into Elephant Mountain lean-to, Nancy glibly suggested we wait on lunch and, there being a little argument, off we went. The first couple of miles were wonderful--following a stream up a gradual slope, but then straight up; I swear even the level part at the top of the hill was sloping upward. Four and one half miles and five hours later (that is from the starting point) I staggered up to the lean-to clearing. Some of the group had arrived before and others stumbled in after me. Lunch was consumed rather informally from crushed loaves of bread in unbelievable configurations with peanut butter and jam (that wasn't the bottle dropped along the trail).

The rest of the afternoon was spent setting up camp and recuperating--back rubs were in order around the campfire that first night. The water was a lovely shade of yellow--straight out of the near-by bog. But apparently all organisms blanched and died under treatment with Zerex, Tang, or boiling--or a least there were no ill affects felt by any of the group.

We split up into three work parties on Monday morning to cover the approximate twenty miles of trail: one for the trail we had come in on, one went over Bemis mountain, and the third along Bemis Stream. I can only report for the Bemis Stream group as far as the actual work goes. It should be reported that a definitely blue bracket fungus was found along our portion of the trail. (I've never seen anything like it--about the color of, let's see, very much like secondary trail paint!!) The trail was cleared of fallen trees and potential windfalls--TIMBER--as well as repainted for ease of traveling. Bemis Mountain required a lot of hard work and offered little water, but revealed some beautiful panoramic views. The rest of the trail looked really great when we hiked over it on the way out. The last of the group joined us late Monday afternoon--one shoeless--and all bitten by the AT-bug!

Have you ever gone hiking at dusk without a flashlight in a dark spruce-fir growth? It was a beautiful night--clear and starlit--and I felt very small and alone in a big, wonderful world. As I turned to start back to the group and the campfire, strains of the Limbo song floated across the marsh. Silhouetted against the fire were dancing figures weaving and grimacing under a stick, accompanied by singing and shouts of encouragement and jeers at futile attempts!! This soon settled down to the normal evening's entertainment of stories and singing and gradually the group dwindled until the last ashes fell and all of us drifted off into dreamland.

Tuesday was another work-day. Wednesday was Miscellaneous Day--hiking on parts of the trail we hadn't worked, putting new boughs in the lean-to, cleaning up the area

generally, trail work, decorating our Christmas tree, and playing Concentration. The crew seemed a little reluctant to let the day slip through our fingers--we knew we'd be off to campus the next morning, but somehow it was hard to believe we had to leave our "home" in the woods.

Packs were much lighter on the way out!! By Thursday we were really a grubby looking crew. We probably looked as though we belonged in the woods. Yes, I remember the Bemis work-trip--it's but one of those many unforgettable B.O.C. work-and-fun projects.

-----Nancy Levin

Paul Bunyan

This year's Carnival "Blue Snow" was ruled over by 30 feet of wood, newspaper and snow in the form of Paul Bunyan. The giant woodsman, complete with ax, stood for the weekend between Roger Bill and the Bobcat Den. So commanding was his presence that he acted as a tourist attraction for many of the town's people, especially after his picture appeared in the local paper.

The idea that the council build a central snow sculpture came up during a council meeting before Christmas vacation. Doug Smith volunteered to take charge, and a lot of credit for Paul's success belongs to him. Using Sampson's garage for a workshop, he constructed a framework of plywood. This was stuffed with newspaper and covered with chicken wire.

On the Tuesday before Carnival, Paul's skeleton arrived on campus. Scaffolding from the construction project was erected so that the snow cover could be applied. Then the call for help went out to the whole campus.

There was lots of man and woman power for the work, and Paul quickly took shape. At this stage of the game, the sculptors looked like so many ants, since snow was being put on at four different levels. Some people were grounded and kept all the levels supplied with snow through a system of buckets, ropes, and pulleys.

There were a few bad moments when a warm spell attacked, but by Thursday there was enough snow on Mr. Bunyan to call for the master sculptor to carve in the details. Finn Wilhelmsen did this job, and he did it well. When the last detail was done, the scaffolding came down to show the finished project.

Paul Bunyan stood all during Carnival, illuminated at night by several spotlights. Everyone who worked on the gentleman was justifiably proud of the result, which added a great deal to the atmosphere of Carnival.

-----Pixie Norlander

## New Members

Fitting right into the council's Spring activities are six energetic guys who, like the rest of us, are trying to let their OC spirit run free in order to forget about the books.

Brad Wyman, from Storrs, Conn., has started right in repairing the canoes. Last Saturday we found him directing a bevy of girls in the OC equipment room, in the fine art of wielding a brush and sandpapering. All were in favor of testing the canoes, for leaks, on the puddle. The adventure was voted down in the light of the high degree of cooperation which the OC gets from the administration on canoe restrictions.

Working with Brad we find Doug Findlay. Doug comes from that lost paradise of the leisure class, Athol, Mass. Lost, because no one knows where it is. Of the leisure class because of the 11,000 people there, no one can find anything to do. Doug has brought out many good ideas for the OC and has shown the initiative to carry them out.

Jeff Willig, from Andover, Mass, has been a packer for the Appalachian Mountain Club during the past few summers. His knowledge of mountaineering will be very valuable to the club. Ginny occupies most of his time, but every once in a while he sneaks away to the meetings.

While walking across campus you may bump into a studious student known as the Flash. His real name is Irwin, not Purple. Irwin Flashman comes from Dorchester, Mass. He is always ready to discuss the pro's and con's of any subject related or not to campus life. We have yet to get him wound up in a meeting, but the day will come.

Newt Clark comes to us straight from Hampton, Conn. with beaten farmers hat and an irresistible musical talent. I haven't heard him play yet, but the work is that East Parker has set aside a practice room for him, with form fitting seats, so that he may develop his musical abilities.

Last of the new freshmen men, but not least, is George Beebe from West Hartford, Conn. George is a tall specimen who can be seen from all reaches of the campus. George was under the impression that meetings were too long, but then we told him about election nights.

-----Paul Ketchum

A late night. Definitely a late night. Was it the longest Council meeting on record? Could be, but it was well worth the time. We got the ones we wanted, and what a crew, these six women of the class of '62.

Penny Barbour claims she came to Bates because our O.C. fame had spread all the way to Abington, Pa. Penny has done a lot of camping and has experience working on dances. As just about all of the rest of those interviewed, she has a bit of the European touch. (Is it becoming an O.C. prereq.?)

Cilla Bonney seems to have a hand in everything--tho she was the frosh rep. to W.A.A. Board and was on the Stu-G nominating committee, her interest in the O.C. (???) finally won out. Sailing near home (Stratford, Conn.) takes up most of the time during the summers. Cilla seems to have a large dose of the ability to organize. Maybe it's that smile of hers--work trip, mountain climb, Council, on campus (where it usually interferes with her "communication" with other Council members!)

Where does one start with the next one? Bambi Brown just about ran her high school (Classical, Worcester, Mass.) Her abilities and talents are many and varied. The excellent job she did planning and executing the ice show returned to opening night of Carnival some entertainment and fun that have been missing for the past few years. Bambi also is an excellent canoeist. Her particular specialty is canoeing is falling out while remaining perfectly motionless and hanging onto a landing.

You don't hear too much from Jani Downing, but from the way she gets a job done, you know a lot of ability lies under the "Vermont conservatism". (Or is it Maine conservatism?) Jani spends her summers as a camper and now a counselor at the Aloha Camps in Vermont where she has developed a strong background in the outdoors.

Mary Beth Perkins, from Northhampton, Mass., brings to Council a lot of experience hiking and back packing (might come in handy on a frosh week work trip--I wonder.) She's also at home (???) in or on the water with Red Cross Instructors certificates in both Water Safety and Small Crafts. A natural and competent leader, Mary Beth has a lot to offer the Outing Club.

Last but not least Sue C. Smith from nowhere in particular--everywhere in general. Right not she calls New York City home. She's done a lot of camping and hiking in Europe as well as the U.S., but her real love is skiing. (A certain Council member just "can't do anything" when she's skiing in the area. Of course this is due to the fantastic skiing Sue does--everyone looks poor beside her!)

-----MVIIMM!!!!

When proctor lists came out it became known that Stu-G had bribed two of the sophomores to lower themselves from their exulted positions on Outing Club Council to serve a year's term on the Stu-G Board. Chosen to replace

these two were Lee Drury and Lynn Parker. Lee's interest in Outing Club has remained high from the very beginning--council meetings, trips of all sorts, Carnivals, Lee has helped on each and all with enthusiasm and enjoyment.

Lynn has been on numerous hikes and ski trips. Summers she teaches swimming. Sometimes she tries to combine her mountain climbing and her swimming.

Another new Outing Clubber is Bob Peek, who was elected to fill the gap in the Sophomore representatives. Bob is from Wellesley, Mass. and has taken part in many outdoor adventures. Three summers ago he took a trip down the Allagash River in the height of the white waters. Last summer he went to Minnesota, sponsored by a church group, to take an instructors course in canoe trip leading and planning. Bob has written a resume of this course and it is now distributed to church camps as a guide for canoe trips.

We all welcome all of these new members and know that they will add their many valuable traits to our organization.

#### Directorships 1962

Carnival	Holly Milius
Cabins & Trails	Paul Ketchum
Hikes & Trips	Nancy Levin
Equipment Room	Cliff Baker
Publicity	Judy Bradshaw
Hickories	George Hunter, III
Cat-Tracks	Marion Schanz
	Jack Mc Partland
	Penny Morse
	Lee Pollock
	Nancy Conway
	Al Pollock
	Corky

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