

1963

Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

ISSUE III Linda Corkum, editor

1963

Appalachian Trail Work Trip

On September 16, 1962, at 6:30 a.m., twenty of us embarked on a wilderness mission which brought us into the world of soggy sleeping bags, peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and aching deltoids. Our purpose was to clear approximately a 15 mile section of the Appalachian Trail around the Andover region. We arrived at the take off point in good season, and without listening to Nancy, decided to wait for lunch until we made camp at Squirrel Rock. We divided up canned goods, toolsm gear, etc to be packed in; some, however, ended up with more than their share to carry. One of our seniors acquired the name of "Commissary Jack"---his 4'x3' cardboard box contained EVERYTHING. We started the muddy trek about 10:00 a.m. and arrived at the lean to quite ready to eat lunch. Among the very first items on the agenda was the apportionment of the, well...as advisor TP put it, "Men to the left, women to the right." Grampa Doug then sang his original "Three Shiny Leaves, Let Them Be, Let Them Be" song as an astute woodsy reminder that all substitutes for civilization are not acceptable. The remainder of Sunday was spent unpacking the kitchen, chopping firewood, gathering the boughs for the lean to floor, and digging a garbage pit (George's garbage pit was indeed a commendable contribution to our temporary civilization for it acted not only as a dispose-all, but because of its vastness, it made an excellent trap for dangerous wild animals). By nightfall we had become quite accustomed to the grubby woodsy life and had already reached the "May-I-borrow-your-toothbrush-for-a-minute-please" stage.

Sleeping arrangements were fine the first night as many of us slept under the stars. The lean to theoretically provided us with sleeping space for eight. There is one notorious rainy night, however, when fifteen claim to have slept there. Across the creek there was a flat spot where several tents were pitched. A neat path of stepping stones bridged the creek, but by the second mornig the rain had managed to wash this away, thus those who had slept across the creek had a cold walk to breakfast. T.P. was the first one up, and after carefully lacing his boots, he set out to be the first one in line for pancakes. When he reached the creek, he uttered a mournful cry for the creek had risen during the night making a dry crossin impossible, for anyone except TP, that is! He hates cold water and refused to take his

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boots off, or to get them wet. But he solved his problem by felling a few young trees and made it to breakfast early as no one else gets up at 6:30.

After breakfast we divided into work groups: Marion, Jack, Flash, and Nancy were to clear the three miles from the lean to to the road. Cliff, Brad, Mary Beth, Genie, and Judy started from the other way to work on a five mile stretch to meet the Frye Brook group. The latter consisted of the bachelors four: Neale, Lou, Doug, and George, who, as they trooped, had much better living conditions. They left Monday and drove down to work in from Frye Brook---why?--no women! They didn't have to eat corned beef, could take advantage of civilization by visits to Andover, and they even had an excellent cook who whipped up some fresh applesauce. The rest of us, T.P., Bob, Paul, Leader Paul (woops, we tried to get him in their once to often), leader Lee, that is, Suzi, Jani, Gray, and Cilla B. worked 2. five miles from camp to the 'C' pond then up the blue trail. There were big blow downs to be chopped away, brush to be trimmed, and much squa work in the form of blaze scraping and painting, and using the weeders and clippers. We found the trail to the Bluff impassable in spots as it hadn't been cleared in at least 8 years. This particular trail follows a number of waterfalls and has numerous sections which have to be forded. The crew enjoyed constructing bridges by falling trees at these places.

Our menus demand some attention. Nancy did most of the supper cooking, including the notorious Tuesday night New England Boiled Dinner which we had all refused to eat. However, I noticed that George's garbage pit didn't fare too well even so. We had trouble with pudding which refused to pudd, but the next night we had better luck with jello that jelled quite rapidly when we tossed the kettle into the cold spring. Paul and his flipper-filter--woops, flipper, took charge of morning mess: brook trout and French toast. For lunch it was invariably penie-boo and jelly sandwiches with that yummiest of all yummy drinks, ZAREX!Q

Commissary Jack took over to serve us some tea at "Tea Time". The crumpets had disappeared after the second day, so we made out with raw carrots. It was surprisingly easy to find dish washers, but we soon realized that the reason was due to the dish water. Dishpan hands became the thing, for the only way to get clean hands was to wash the dishes in that nice warm water.

Evenings were spent around the fire singing, toasting marshmallows, and watching Brad carve 'scrimshaws!! We all were introduced to Lee's new hit, "Riding in my Car," though very few of us perfected making the correct noises.

We finished our trail work by Wednesday morning and so had an afternoon off. Some scattered in various directions to explore, to climb 'C POND BLU P', or to wash hair, or go boating (no cars), or brook trouting. Thursday morning we left for campus tired, happy, and grubby. We noticed the trail was quite a bit easier to follow on the way out (so did Genie and Neale) and were pleased by the work of the "Frye Brook Bridge Construction Co.'s" work which made walking a bit drier.

For some of us the first taste of civilization was found in a pizza joint. It had a sink, soap, unfortunately a mirror, a flush, and loud rock 'n roll. We arrived at campus about 4:00, and went to check our mail. We were used to seeing each other grubby and were quite accustomed to the woodfire smell. Apparently some of the new frosh weren't. "So this is Bates." Yes, and to the twenty of us grubby BOC'ers, this is one of the most important things about Bates.

Jane Downing & Cilla Bonney

Mount Washington Climb

You betcha! There was actually snow in September and frost in the air as the participants of the Mount Washington Climb made their way in attempting to identify themselves with the higher things. However, even with such an altruistic motive, it was soon shown that such an aspiration could only be achieved by reverting to the lower stages of evolution...At least if it is generally agreed that quadrupedal locomotion is reserved for the lower vertebrates.

The group arrived at the base of the Tuckerman Trail to find not only that a meal had been prepared on their behalf, but also that a banquet was at their disposal. The three courses offered by the lodge were to be carried with much discretion for upwards of about a mile...complaints were limited only to the quantity.

George then separated the group into three divisions which were to set out at different paces. Those in the slower category were to begin fifteen minutes before the next group. And so started a climb which was to last several hours. It was interesting to note how well the various divisions kept together on the constant pace which was supposed to be predetermined. For instance, I understand that someone lost his "cookies" which I do not believe were in his pack. On the other hand, was one particular girl who found that she was just not ready for the pace set by the immortal "Cliff of the Loud War Cry." Homer would have turned over in his grave, but our feminine friend would like to have joined him. Also, noteworthy to mention, were the incessant missiles which proceeded from the higher precipices of the sacred mountain. Some said that the gods were displeased with our venture, but the wise upperclassmen knew it was some form of the hexagonal ice crystal. These dangers encountered along the way were not successful, however, for no one missed the beautiful bowl which had been carved out of the mountain. So spectacular was the Ravine, that the only reactions which really adequately expressed the experience were hushed ooh's and ah's. The multi-colored leaves and relected snow crystals contrasted with the ever-changing fog are memories not easily forgotten. Yellow hallmarks of progress became more difficult to achieve and the pace began to dwindle. Thoughts of turning back became more difficult to ~~ignore~~ ignore, but they subsided to the fresh challenge of the unknown. More than humility was taught along this trail which seemed to lack the terminal point of truth. It was through this timeless media of God's creation that we came to grips with ourselves. To say that the trip was a success would be to cheapen the essence of the experience itself. It was a tired but happy group that finally made its way to the busses at the bottom of the mountain.

Bob Peek

Winter Carnival

Starting with a bang, literally and figuratively, Winter Carnival began on January 24 with Pete Heyel "running" in the torch. Pete's performance was followed by the crowning of the queen and then an ice show entitled, "Ban's Drinker and his C.C.M. Skates." The show was skated to the strains of such music as, "Little Brown Jug," "The Tales of Hoffman," and "Swan Lake," and you can be sure they were strains to which it was skated! George Beebe performed admirably in his role as Bans Drinker, a swaggering, staggering, speed skater. The square

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dance was a success and the Dippers pulled through with flying colors. Tom Brown should certainly be grateful for their 'colorful' entertainment after all his struggle to have them as a part of Carnival.

Too early Friday morning, we loaded the busses with skis, poles, boots, lunches, and tired people, and took off for the King Pine Ski Area, for an eventful day of almost everything. While most of the people attempted the slopes on skis or cardboard, our illustrious president could muster up only enough energy to sit in front of the fire and keep warm. In the mean time Bob Peek and Bambi Brown were shuffling figures trying to make ends meet, and somehow or other, they managed to come out right. The day was packed with fun and more, and after an evening of dancing and entertainment, the busses were again loaded and we set out for a quiet trip home.

Saturday morning a real blizzard hit the gym. With eyes half-open most O.C.'ers appeared at the gym laden with staplers, scissors, and SNOWFLAKES! Lou Winkler and Cilla B. won't soon forget that day with all its crossed wires, sudden snow 'Falls', etc., but the result was a delightful chateau atmosphere during a sparkling snow storm. After a hockey game at St. Dom's which Parker and J.B. won, a program of close harmony was held in the afternoon. With Jack McPartland at the helm, all went along smoothly. Although the Maine Steinners were almost declared to the "Missing Persons Bureau," after a police chase and eventually escort, with speeds reaching 90 mph, they trooped into the gym with a repertoire most pleasing.

After the newly instituted Carnival Banquet (one of the better meals Bates has served us) held in Commons, most Carnival-goers trooped through the receiving line at the dance, into the fantasy world of chateau country, and spent an evening of dancing and merry-making not soon to be forgotten. One catastrophe almost occurred when an over-enthusiastic "merry-maker" tried to steal a snow flake and the whole ceiling almost came down. But the evening was a success, and after an open house at the Women's Union, about 200 couples walked slowly home in the crisp January air, tired, but glowing with the end of a perfect day.

The next day we awoke to about two feet of fresh snow. It looked like a perfect day for the snow games, but upon climbing Mt. David, Tom Bowditch found it impossible to turn on his skis. WATCH OUT FOR THOSE TREES! The slalom race had to be canceled, but everyone enjoyed themselves in spite of this. After a few close calls on the toboggans, we tested our balance on those little contraptions consisting of a seat on top of a single ski. Many legs were flying and faces were covered with snow.

In order to play our softball game, we stood buried up to our knees in the snow. Not only could one get a homerun by distance, but also by most effectively driving the ball into the snow. All in all it was a beautiful day, and no one could complain (for once) of the lack of snow for Carnival.

Bambi Brown