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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 Rolfe

Issue II December, 1963

FRESHMAN WORK TRIP--OCT. 19th

One of the many beautiful Saturday afternoons this fall numerous girls and a few scattered males were to be found milling around outside the O.C. Equipment Room. They all looked really up, for going to Sabbatus that is. When Cliff announced he was taking three guys in his bug to go up to Sabbatus and the rest would go to Thorncraig, there was a general cry of dismay. (No, Pat, you don't count as one of the guys THIS time.) All cheerfully trudged to Thorncraig though, those who didn't catch a car somewhere along the way.

There was much work to be done. A willing Junior Birdsman with yellow plumage (a crash helmet) helped us out, with the cider and donuts, that is. As, per usual, tools were scarce, we had a team of five on the broom to sweep the cabin. But, everyone found things of one kind or another to do: Marion M. and Linda R. took two groups of anxious workers (?) off to gather wood, clear trails, and explore, Linda managing to lose herself for the afternoon. The guys took up the few hammers and with their crews of sidewalk superintendents and helpers handing them advice and nails, the porch was patched up and most of the windows shingled over. Cilla with the tar bucket and Newt with roofing paper attacked the roof with vigour. First the collection of folk singers that had gathered up there had to be relegated to the ground, to entertain the masses that were now gathering for cider and donuts. The activity continued for a while longer. Slowly people left by foot or by car and the last group cleaned up after the clean-up crew. All in all, I don't think it too presumptuous to say a good time was had by all, and 'twas another successful O.C. event.

Sincerely yours,

A GUNG-HO WORKER

MOUNTAIN CLIMB--OLD SPECK, OCT. 20th

We were going to Chocorua--all set for "a leisurely climb" on what promised to be a magnificent day. But the New Hampshire woods were closed because of the forest fire danger, so we "picked a mountain--any mountain" and wound up at Old Speck! "Old Speck"--kind of affectionate sounding, isn't it?--reminds you of a friendly dog, sort of. Now why would anyone feel affectionate towards "one of the most uniformly steep mountains in the East"?

Within our group of about thirty-three ambitious climbers, there were several volunteer pack-carriers and able trail leaders. Dr. Goldat had his ice-filled canteen and a sheaf of sketch paper, and our own pair of bipedal mountain goats was already halfway up the hill so we cautiously approached the trail marker and prepared to conquer the mountain.

The isolated ranger cabin was stocked with a quarter-pound of butter in the cupboard; the wild, surging stream was a little soap-sudzy; and there were people in the shelter at the base of the fire tower who had a rock-'n-roll blaring portable radio.... Such disquieting effects on the ideal of back-to-nature, but then, all you had to do was wander out on the "blue trail" to be assured that there was plenty of untamed nature around. (I had the uneasy feeling that the red squirrels' squawks could be roughly translated to "TOURIST!"

We reached the top.... And then we climbed down that uniformly steep mountain, stopping here and there to pick up a jacket hanging from a white birch or a pebble collection from a slab of rock.

Newt calls the whole thing "a howling success!"...

P. Dehle

It was on a warm fall day in October of the year 1963, when the six white canoes were slipped into the water. Eighteen pioneers had just finished the long haul overland from Cobbesseecontee Stream to Lake ????. Hot, dusty, and a bit tired after the strenuous portage, they eagerly pushed off onto the water where cool breezes removed beads of hot perspiration from their bodies. The water was lower than usual, as there had been a drought that year.... Most of the leaves had already taken their journeys to the Happy Hunting Grounds, creating a

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carpet of red, yellow and gold along each side of the lake. Evergreens stretched their heads heavenward in hopes of catching the first drop of water as it fell. But none came. And so, as the trees watched for water, each bowman watched for heads of rocks seeking more water, too.

As these brave, courageous, and bold pioneers entered more wilderness, their spirits rose. No smell of smoke and exhaust fumes, no sound of automobiles and their demanding horns, no gibbering of magpies to distract a thought; and most of all the soft silence of Nature...dripping of paddles...a leaf falling crisply on others...a hungry woodpecker...yellow legs sifting the mud for insects.... Suddenly a loud rushing noise is heard: RAPIDS! Some of the group managed to shoot the rapids, others walked, and still others portaged. Onward downstream, enjoying the eager help of the current to show the deepest spots for safety. With destination in mind, the other half of the trip seemed long; around a huge mud flat that was once a lake bottom, through a few more little rapids (bailing required by sneaker), and a near tip-over.

Destination in sight! A quick step off onto solid ground... Then why did half the length of the leg sink in??? MUD MUD MUD But nothing could stop them from reaching their destination...so the glug, slup, gluorp, slourg of legs pulling against mud became a familiar sound as the canoes were grounded. Another successful voyage was completed by the BATES PIONEERS.

N. Day

CARNIVAL

WE MADE IT! At last the campus was called upon to prove their interest in having "big name entertainment" at Bates. Advanced ticket sales--\$3.00 per person--is enabling us to bring The Journeymen to entertain us on the Sunday afternoon of Carnival.

Have you ever been to a palace? No, silly, I don't mean a real palace. What I should have said is a CRYSTAL PALACE. If you can't say that you have, then you'd better be on campus the first week-end in February. We're going to have a Crystal Palace! See you...

Ginny & George

Handwritten notes: "Clear on your letter", "Transfer to", "Carnival", "Ginny & George"