

10-1965

# Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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## Recommended Citation

Bates Outing Club, "Cat Tracks" (1965). *Cat Tracks Newsletter*. 20.  
<http://scarab.bates.edu/cattracks/20>

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# Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Carol Reed

Issue I: October, 1965

## THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS

Larry Brown

Bates Outing Club... BOC... best kept section of the Maine Appalachian Trail... bigger and better Carnival... more outdoor activities... more cabin parties... great clambake... more activities... more fun... more people.

The BOC means many different things to many different people. To some it is a weekend outlet of energy in a mountain climb, a canoe trip, beach walk, ski trip, you name it. To some it is a social gathering at a cabin or a friendly and different type of meeting on Wednesday nights, a nice break. To some it's two good meals a year, clambake and carnival. To others it is a source of equipment for fun times; to approximately 40-50 people a year it is a volunteer service which pays for time spent with fun, friends and fine feeling of satisfaction.

To participate in all BOC events would be a full time job. This is a sign of accomplishment-- of success. However, this very familiarity with success, an old friend of the BOC, breeds its own type of contempt-- an acquaintance many OC's have met in the form of "in groups." If nipped in the bud, it becomes one of the more important successes of any club. Our record is proof enough of our success. Now let us beware of the contempt. Our one fear is that we loose sight of the "B" in BOC, and become an OC council interested only in its own small affairs, and oblivious to its obligations.

Some outing clubs are simply a group of people interested in outdoor activities, self-supported, needing only their own drive and resources to be successfull. The BOC is not one of these groups. As our name implies, we are an all-campus service organization. Our interests and activities are similar to those of other OC's, but our resources, drives and obligations are to our club members, through our activities.

Outdoor activities-- a wide variety of them-- available to every Bates Student-- that service is our continual goal, activity and obligation. So far-- so good, let's keep the spirit of the BOC, the Best On Campus.. for the campus.

APPALACHIAN WORK TRIP  
Brent Costain & Bruce Wilson

Appalachian Trail trips are expeditions on which 20 or so Outing Club members attempt to prove that 3000 years of Western civilization is all wrong, and in so doing, manage to clear 8 miles of the Appalachian Trail.

The expeditionary force that trudged up to Peazza Rock lean-to on September 3 resembled a band of Chinese peasants out peddling their wares in the woods. Leading the expedition was Joel Davidson, who in his role as quartermaster had ordered a supply of bread that could have solved the world's food problem if he had sent it to India. Everyone proceeded to dump their gear all around the shelter, thereby making the woods look like a disaster area-- and appearance never lost in the five days we were there.

Joel's plan was to clear the trail in about two days and then just hike around for three days. In the first afternoon the trail was cleared for about a mile on either side of the lean-to. That evening after supper everyone climbed into the six man lean-to, leaned back against a wall or whatever else was handy and proceeded to sing the repertoire of folk songs and off color college tunes supplemented by snide comments on the nature of the food, and humorous stories averaging twenty minutes in length. Then everyone scattered into the woods hoping he could locate the spot where he had set up his sleeping gear.

The person lucky enough to be the first one up had the privilege of beginning breakfast. What were really needed at this point were skilled firebuilders of which there were approximately two on the trip, and who usually got up last. So actually each morning began with an extended staying-in bed- contest with everyone hoping someone else would get up and start the fire. The average breakfast consisted of Tang(hot or cold), coffee with floating pine needles, oatmeal and various things that float therein, two-tone pancakes, and eggs with shells; all generally eaten in one tin cup and supplemented by stewed prunes, balogna sandwiches ( The Appalachean Trail special), and various things that drop out of trees and land in cups. The dishwashing crew consisted of those who couldn't run back into the woods fast enough. Those not washing dishes or sharpening axes would sit on rocks and logs and make balogna sandwiches. THEN JOEL WOULD GET UP !

On September 4 the main group headed for the lowlands and ended up in a delightful swamp. The other group consisting of Steve Cutcliffe, Brent Costain, and Pete Andersen reasoned that there would be no trail to clear and a much better view up in top of Saddleback Mt. and immediately headed up. After a day of slashing through the brush and of strolling around the top of Saddleback Mt., both groups returned to camp tired out in one case from swinging axes and in the other case from hiking 10 miles.

The second half of the work trip was heralded by the arrival of Ted Hall and Bruce Wilson Sunday morning, and by Joel waking

up at 7:30 AM. Needless to say, those who were up that early witnessed a phenomenon never to be seen again. Breakfast got started soon after, and after a short meal, make shorter by the introduction of chocolate in several people's oatmeal, the various vrews set out for the swamp. Joel hadn't scouted the swamp, but the day before someone had mentioned that it was dense, 4 miles of it. So he sent two crews to the heart of the swamp, one from either end and put two crews on the extreme ends of the trail. About 2:00 PM advance scouts for the inner crews met. An approximation of the conversation follows:

Pete Andersen: How far is it to the swamp?

Bruce Wilson: You mean there's no swamp up ahead?

Pete: Nope.

Steve Cutcliffe: Well, there was a mud puddle

I stepped in...

Ted Hall(staggering out of the thicket): Where's the swamp?

Pete, Bruce, Steve: What swamp?

Axes were used for brush whips and grass cutters, and so were clippers, and at the end of the day there was a mile of trail that was still covered with much brush. But Joel was determined to finish the trail. So amidst the confusion of people trying to find a place to sleep in the dark, we bedded down for a much needed sleep.

Monday saw the "swsmp" finished, the sides of Saddleback cleared, and the top cairned. Blueberries were in season so the cairning crew got back late.

Tuesday morning at 5:00 AM, Hildy Spooner asleep in the middle of the trail got the "word" from Bruce Wilson, "Don't walk on the Appalachian Trail in your bare feet." After breakfast, the ceremonial burning of Joel's split pants and the zucchini squash that someone had packed in, we "sanctified" and fumigated the campsite and then trickled back to the cars and the end of the trip. Amen

#### WASHINGTON CLIMB

Judy Marden

Early on the morning of September 12, two busloads of Bates climbers arrived at Pinkham Notch for the annual assault on Mt. Washington. Splitting into three groups, we started up the trail: one group keeping on the Tuckerman Ravine Trail all the way, another branching off to ascend Lion's Head, and a third group, considerably smaller, heading for Huntington Ravine.

Joining this last group were rock-climbers, Love and Pfirmann, complete with ropes and plans to scale some of the cliffs along the ravine. The sun was warm, and there was talk of a mid-hike skinny-dip--- spoiled by the group's only female member. "Should we have Judy go on ahead, or let her come in with us, or just let her swim?" Needless to say, we kept on climbing instead, and, for the second time since BOC has used the Huntington Ravine Trail, experienced a challenging climb

with some fantastic views of Wildcat and the Carters.

When Pete Andersen, chief leader and pace setter of the Huntington group, arrived at the summit, he expected to see the summit house crowded with Batesies who had taken easier trails-- but we were surprised to discover that ours was the first group to arrive en masse at the top. Slowly, the tables began to fill, and by the time everyone got there, it was time to start down again.

Breaking the tradition of using three trails for ascent, but limiting descent to the Tuckerman Trail, a group of us decided to go down Lion's Head, and found it an interesting change from the familiar Tuck Trail. Others, too, tried a new method of descent: the auto road for six miles, and then a Cadillac for the rest of the way. On reaching the bottom, chaperones Sampson and Cummins announced that they had successfully descended the Bootspur Trail and suggested that as a possibility for next year.

Everyone returned to Pinkham present and accounted for, despite the remors of a mystery student seen clinging to the headwall and shouting for help. Must not have been one of ours ! After birch-beer, backrubs, and a few minutes of sunbathing at the bottom, we piled on board the buses, thus ending another successful and enjoyable Washington Climb.

#### "POPS" FROM POPHAM

Charlie Love

With the Outing Club's traditional luck, they packed up most of Ray's hoard, and rattled off to Popgan beach on the only cold, clammy, overcast day out of seven, September 19. Although sixty of the 360 people coming to Popham did not show up due to the weather, the clam bake went off just as well with everyone served in less than an hour. Slaving away through clouds of steam and smoke the cook crew, headed by Andersen and Cutcliffe, brought us the best lobsters ever, and Sampson didn't even help. Continuing with the work breakdown, everyone worked and Don Bean took tickets, Larry Brown watched him, and Sampson wandered around keeping out of trouble. Mr. Cagle was his usual self, always working where the largest quantity of exposed food was and keeping people from taking two soda pops. The waether didn't dampen anyone's spirits and Sampson started his usual free-for-all with the football.

Eventually came that so often heard bellow, "All-right, we need some people to help load the trailer." After Raymond finished loading the trailer and the truck, most of the OC wandered over to see what he had been hollering about. By the end of the foray, it looked like the Outing Club had won the day. A new tradition, Popham in September, was off to an auspicious start

Next issue, last of November or the first  
of December ! 😊

Editor