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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Faith Ford

Issue III

November, 1966

WINTER CARNIVAL 1967

With less than two months until Winter Carnival, plans are progressing well. The co-chairmen and their committees are working on plans that will bring a tropical paradise to the Bates campus. Next week tickets for entertainment will be on sale. "The Critters", who sing "Younger Girl" and "Mr. Dyingly Sad" are to appear on Sunday afternoon. Week-end Carnival tickets which will be sold after Christmas vacation include admission to most of the activities of the week-end.

Winter Carnival of 1967 will begin on Thursday night, January 26, with the traditional crowning of the queen. This year Al Howard and Nancy Harris plan to construct a snow throne, with all the attending ceremony of a royal coronation. The scene may be moved this year from Lake Andrews to the steps of Hathorn Hall, as was done some years ago. After this, the campus will have a choice of activities, Robinson Players have planned two excellent films for the weekend. The first of these, The Prize, starring Paul Newman, will be shown right after the opening ceremony. If a movie doesn't appeal, people may go to Chase Hall for a rock'n roll dance sponsored by the Chase Hall Dance Committee.

Early Friday morning buses will leave for Sunday River ski area in Bethel, Maine. Martha Tillson and Don Searles have ordered an ample amount of snow to make the trip a success! In order that students may return to campus in time for the basketball game in the evening, buses will leave the ski area earlier than usual. Following the game Colin Fuller plans to change the pace with a folk-sing in Chase Hall.

On Saturday morning the queen and selected judges will determine the winner of the snow sculpture contest. All day Saturday we have the opportunity to see the Bates Ski Team compete with other colleges in a slalom meet of New England Colleges at Sunday River. At the Lewiston Youth Center the Bates College Hockey Club will play another member of the Central Maine American Hockey League. Before the game begins there will hopefully be a performance by the new Bates Capades.

With the help of Mr. Cagle and Bonnie Brian, and her committee, we can return to campus for an evening banquet "par excellence". The setting of the feast will be in keeping with the theme, "Shipwrecked", and Commons promises to be rendered unrecognizable.

Chris Powers and his orchestra, who played for Pops last year, have been contracted for Saturday night's ball. Penny Butler and Dave Hanson plan an underwater setting for the shipwreck. Materials for

decorating are gathered and the committee has formulated their basic design. After the introduction of the queen and her court, people may move to Chase Hall, to the security of a desert isle. Molly Anderson and Ellic Master are industriously working with their committee to create a serene atmosphere for those who visit.

On Sunday morning the Campus Association will provide a service in the Bates Chapel. After that, people may again watch ski competition at Sunday River for the day. They may participate in out-door activity themselves by tobogganing down Tim Reed's "Down the Hatch" run on Mr. David. Entertainment will take place in the Alumni Gymnasium soon after dinner. Then the fine film, "The Guns of Navarone", in the Little Theater will conclude the activities for the Winter Carnival this year.

Dave Burt and Both Krause

EDITORIAL

To those who care and especially to those who don't...

There has been a great deal of talk and several articles which seem to be complaining about the fact that we - the College Community - aren't being given enough responsibility. Perhaps this is true - I don't happen to think that this is entirely so! It could be the fact that my definition of responsibility is not only centered around "my own car, my own money, my own liquor, my own fun..."; it includes my own job, my own obligations, my own realization of the fact that responsibility is not my own pleasure.

If you who so desperately want some of that which you call responsibility, then look around - see that there are plenty of opportunities for responsibility and accept some of them. It is very rarely easy to do this and often next to impossible but at least there should be an honest attempt at acceptance.

Responsibility is an individual interpretation of what needs to be done and what you are going to do.

Those of you who want some - make sure that you are doing what should be done - and those of you who don't even care - wake up and start caring!

F.F. - Ed.

ACADIA TRIP

Surrounding the town of Bar Harbor and running over the hills of Mt. Desert Island is Acadia National Park. Here the coastal mountains drop off into the sea and the surf rolls in over some of the most scenic shoreline on the East coast. Acadia provides all the aesthetic essentials for an O.C. trip: beaches to play football on, mountains to lose the trail on top of, ocean to fall into. Ah nature!

In late October when the tourists are gone and Indian summer has come down to the coast, the quiet serenity of Acadia beckons to Lowiston.

On the morning of October 23 the fog lifted from the coast revealing a tranquil scene: one large bus somewhere on Mt. Desert Island. Contents of the bus: 40 Outing Club members - asleep. Sign in the bus window: "Judge Crater Search Expedition." Condition of the bus: lost. The local people know from the start - this bus was something special.

In addition to this very special bus, somewhere else on Mt. Desert Island, were two cars containing 10 O.C. members - awake but confused, one dog, and two venerable drivers, also lost. The bus driver, unperturbed by having made 5 wrong turns on the way up, finally managed in an epic of navigational prowess, to drive the bus to the foot of Champlain Mt.; and the two stalwart drivers, having located the ocean and having identified it as the Atlantic, next proceeded to find the bus. Of such precision are great trips made!

At this point those who were going mountain climbing removed themselves and their lunches from the bus, and bid farewell to the beach walkers who roared off to the Cliffs of Otter down the road a piece.

Champlain Mountain is not a very high mountain. It is the type of structure Superman would be likely to leap in a single bound. However, as those people who stood contemplating the mountainside were quick to note, the seaward side of Champlain Mountain tends to verticality. As a matter of fact the trail goes straight up the cliffs; and if one wishes to reach the top, one must first climb up over a series of iron rungs and tree roots: much like climbing up to the attic. Up on the roof the view was beautiful! The mountains at Acadia are bald on top for the most part, affording a clear view out over the ocean and allowing the top-dweller to look right down to the shore 1200 ft. below his feet.

Meanwhile back at the bus, the beach walk was maneuvering its way under the Cliffs of Otter, around Monument Cove, and heading for the Thunder Hole. It was soon noted that this event was less a beach walk than a rock hopping tournament. But with the rocks on one side and the ocean on the other, the beach walk at least knew where it was going.

Not as much could be said for the mountain climb at that moment, the members of which stood contemplating the trail which lead directly into a beaver pond. O.C. maxim: "When lost or confused, eat lunch." Done! Thus inspired, the mountain climb backed down the rungs on the other end of Champlain Mountain to Sand Beach and met the beach walk coming in from the other direction.

Sand Beach is a beautiful little crescent of sand in the rocky massif of Mt. Desert Island. Some people look at Sand Beach and see a place to relax - an area to swim or stretch out on the sand. Others see a beach as a place of beauty and serenity - an area to explore and enjoy. Then there are those people who look at a beach and see a football field. The Outing Club is saturated with such individuals.

Sand Beach football is played with a sweatshirt stuffed into a canteen case. The size of the teams remains in a state of flux as do the rules. Basic strategy: put the girls in the line, send the pass receivers toward the rocks, and run all the plays around the other end into the ocean where you are less likely to get tackled. At 4:00 PM Sand Beach was abandoned to the ocean.

It is difficult to predict what people will interpret as a successful trip. The majority of individuals who have mashed their knecaps cliff climbing, been tackled into the ocean, and lived for a day on peanutbutter sandwiches will decide that they have had a wonderful time. If Acadia can create satisfaction from such chaos, it might bear repetition.

Brent Costain

THE OVERNIGHT CANOE TRIP

'Twas early on the afternoon of the 22nd day of October that the first overnight canoe trip in the modern history of Bates set forth on its voyage up the Cobbosseecontec Stream to the lake which also bears this impossible name. Nature smiled upon our expedition and granted us a day, warm and fair; even the local hunters did not mistake us for sitting ducks and allowed us to paddle safely by with only a disgruntled stare. Up from the bridge our procession came, across the shallows and through the woods, around the rapids of the Oxbow and around the dam, 'til we came to that stretch of white water which marked the last obstacle into the lake - or so we hoped. As our mighty leaders stopped and conferred on what to do, some there were who led their brave vessels up the rapids on foot, reaching the still waters above at the precise same moment that our leaders below designated a point down stream as our campsite.

Never was a lonely settler greeted with such a campsite as were we - high and dry, ample firewood and fireplace stones ready waiting, a soft field nearby and certain "other facilities" which most clearing in the middle of the wilds lack. Could the lake have offered more? And never was a settler served as unique and as satisfying a meal. What could it be called but Hildy's Creative Goulash; yet even this can not begin to describe the manner in which our hamburger, celery, peppers, onions, and catsup were served that night. The darkness fell a soft blanket of blackness, and we gathered in closer around the fire, munching on fried cookies and listening to wonderful tales of Larry's bootcamp. Then one by one, each abandoned the fire in favor of the most comfortable gully the soft field could offer and sleep. By morning we discovered that Nature had carried the "blanket of night" a bit too far by adding a heavy quilt of fog and a sheet of frost. But these were quickly dispelled by the rising sun and Dr. Dillon's luxurious fire.

After breakfast, in which not a few were initiated into the rites of drinking hot Tang, a small excursion set forth on foot up stream. The purposes of this expedition were three: to find the fabled channel around the rapids, to gaze upon the lake which a certain few believed to be found just above the rapids, and to return to camp just in time to miss the breakfast dishes. The third mission met amazing success;

likewise, the first, although the channel found was too shallow to be of use. However, as to whether the lake was found or not will remain forever a mystery to all but those who were sure we saw a narrow part of the lake and also those who know we saw but a wide part of the stream.

Back in camp, a conflict had arisen as to which of the canoes contained the fastest and most skillful crew. A race proved Larry and Joel to be the champions, and yet the trip back leads one to wonder. The excitement began at the Oxbow rapids. "To the right!" shouted Joel as they started down, whereupon the canoe went to the left and landed high and dry, Larry, Joel, Dr. Dillon, and all. Suddenly the next canoe was on its way down, but its trip proved not quite as successful. In a burst of momentum, it leaped into the air and landed on its side, crossways of the stream, its crew and gear all very, very wet. With the speed and efficiency for which the O.C. is famous, the two canoes were freed and carried to the smoother water below. The excess gear of the damaged second canoe was wrung out and redistributed; likewise, the unfortunate crew. Joel turned out to be the hero of the day by subgke-handedly paddling the punctured canoe back to the bridge, without sinking once.

As all good stories must have a happy ending, I am glad to report that the canoe will be fixed!!

Judy Mitchell O.C. Member at Large

HOW TO REPAIR A CANOE

Since we of the equipment room have been doing the same things as usual, we have decided to have a canoe patching lesson for this issue. To start with you need fourteen people on an overnight canoe trip and a set of shallow rapids. This immediately means wet clothes, damp cameras, soggy packs, at least one broken canoe, and two unhappy equipment room directors.

With three holes in our canoe, we were a little puzzled as where to start. After a little herring and hawing and a conference with a boat-building gnome, we went ahead with the work, adopting a "follow-your-nose" attitude. After removing several lengths of broken cedar planking and replacing them, we got out the fiber-glass cloth only to discover we had only enough for one patch. We still haven't found out where to get more cloth, so you'll have to tune into the next issue of Cat Tracks to find out how we repaint and revarnish the canoe.

Anyone wishing to learn more about canoes please feel free to drop into our official Old Town Canoe Shop. We're located under East Parker.

Anyone who would like an I.O.C.A. songbook may pick one up here in the Equipment Room for \$ 1.40.

All visitors welcome!

Steve Cutcliffe.

HICKORIES

We all know that winter is approaching. Some people are waiting patiently, some impatiently, for the first snow to fall. Some are hopeful that we won't get any this year!

The most impatient group of all are the skiers. They'll all be glad to see the snow on the ground.

The Hickories Directorship is looking forward to a big year, with a lot of new ideas and a lot of snow. We have films scheduled throughout the year. The first will be on Jan. 5 and will be Jim Farnsworth with his film, Mostly Skiing. There will be a ski clinic on the first Friday after Thanksgiving at which we will have several experts on hand to help any interested people who need help in dusting off their skis, sharpening edges, adjusting, refinishing, and so on.

Elections for Hickories Board will take place at the second film, Jan. 19. This year we have at least two ideas for the Board!

And most important of all, we'll be running ski trips from the first Sunday after the snow falls to finals. They'll be bigger and better than ever this year, with spills, thrills, and excitement galore!

Sign ups for the first ski trip will be Jan. 5 at the movie and every other Thursday night thereafter both at the films and in the Co-ed Lounge.

See you at sign ups!

Don Searles

BEECHER'S BIBLES

Things are progressing very smoothly with excellent results! We have a large turnout every week and people seem to be enjoying themselves! We shoot every Monday night at the Lowiston Armory from 6 PM to whenever we decide we are done. Anyone is welcome to join us, regardless of their experience. If you have the time and want to try we meet at the Common's Bulletin Board at 6 PM, Mondays. Watch for the sign.

SOME THOUGHTS...

Last weekend as I returned once again to the beloved hills of Vermont and home, I was forced to realize that nature waits for no one in her march through time. I woke to find four inches of snow covering the ground and began to think that there are only four weeks left in the semester. Looking back at the semester made me aware of the great number of O.C. activities which have taken place since September. I wish to congratulate each director for his part in making the first weeks of O.C. scheduled activities a success. Special recognition

should go to those initiating a flavor of newness to our activities. I understand the Acadia trip was a great success and the overnight canoe trip will be remembered by both the chaperone and our Vice President. The rifle club "Beecher's Bibles" has affiliation with NRA and is standing on its own feet. Last Friday a sky diving film was presented and from talk around campus there might be a group headed for Orange, Mass. before the year's over to make their first jump.

The snow also reminded me of last year's skiing season and O.C. ski trips along with Carnival which tops off the winter season. Things are well under way for Carnival thanks to the extensive preliminary work of Dave and Beth and Committees are hard at work planning details. Ski trips as always are under capable hands and are simply waiting for snow. Good Luck Everyone!

Frosh elections are coming up and I look forward to them with mixed emotions. We've got a good group of frosh to make selections from and there's nothing but an encouraging outlook for the future, election time represents for me, and I'm sure I can speak for all seniors, the sentimental realization that our O.C. days are all to quickly drawing to a close.

A major part of the council's work remains to be done in the last weeks of this semester and the next so let's continue the tremendous work I've watched since September.

Don Bean

ATTENTION THOSE WHO TRAVEL ON A "SHOESTRING":

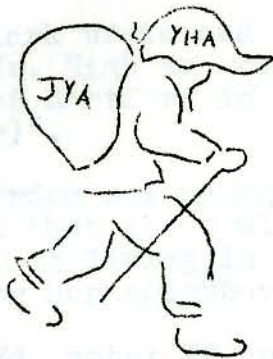
After an unintentional, unextensive survey of the youth hostels of the world, the JYA'ers have concluded that there is only one way to travel in Europe - youth hostelling. The YHA operates throughout Europe to provide SIMPLE accommodations. Some facilities are simpler than others, of course. The accommodations usually consist of separate dormitories for men and women (even in Sweden), a kitchen area for cooking your own meals except in the more posh hostels, where the warden provides 2 meals a day. Most of the hostels are closed during the day, and each hosteler is expected to do a morning chore before setting off. For use of the facilities, one needs only a membership card (obtainable in the U.S. for \$4), a sheet sleeping bag, and from \$.50 - \$1 a night.

All hostels are different: wardens vary, rules vary, and structures vary. In fact one of the greatest challenges of this sport is figuring out what kind of a structure you are looking for. Dutch and Scandinavian hostels seemed clean and honey. In Stockholm - would you believe - the hostel is a Clipper ship anchored in the harbor. In Great Britain, they don't even allow any travellers by car. (Some beat the game and park around the corner.)

The Germans have probably the best hostel system with clean, often new, and fastidiously well ordered institutions. We couldn't even find the castle accommodation in Nurenburg for the massive protective wall! Word has it that the Mediterranean hostels operate at the other extreme - quite primitive and liberal. In some places the only things

running are the bugs. Sureness, a Parisian hostel, would make Thornerag look like a Hilton. In Italy, Spain, and Greece the hostel systems are as undeveloped as the countries are in general. But exceptions make the rule: Chartre's hostel is modern, while at the same time it is adapted to the Medieval town with stained glass windows and on the Spanish coast, there's one great resort-type hostel which sleeps 400 and practices the liberality the rest of Spain ignores.

Any disadvantages that Youth Hostels may have are more than compensated for. Here is the meetingplace of youth of all nationalities where you learn the "ins" and "outs" of travelling. This is where you learn the important things that museums and cathedrals don't teach!



Karen Gulbrandson
Elaine Beede
Molly Anderson

DRIVEL

It has been suggested from various quarters that I would do well to write an article for this issue of Cat Tracks. Upon gleeful announcement of my undertaking to my fellow compatriots, I received, along with their good wishes for a splendid success, statements to the effect that I would, of course, be writing on a discussion of policy with regard to demolition of Thornerag cabin. Or a description of our last work trip. Or a statement of the condition of our section of the Appalachian Trail. Or an explanation of why our directorship is broke (this suggestion was obviously a hot potato tossed my way by some malevolent character out to undo me. I'd like to say that we are still in the black. However, I would not like to take our funds down to the Den and try to buy a Fruit Doodle with them.)

Noóó... Rather, keying my topic to a statement of Faith Ford's, "I don't care what you write on. Just write!" I have chosen the above title for my article and I will attempt to keep my subject matter well within the strict confines that the title implies. First of all, it is 2:30 Sunday morning, and I have just finished making 20 some odd million quarts of root beer down in the Equipment Room, which puts me in a mood to do anything except make root beer. In the Equipment Room. Secondly, it is raining out. Thirdly, I sat through the Robinson Players' presentation of the movie Shane over in the Little Theater and didn't think I wasted my 25¢. Fourthly, I'm petrified of what Faith will do to me if I don't give her an article.

(Ed. note: Bruce manages to go on for some 300 words about the art of making root beer, a discourse on Prof. Sampson's piddles, rhetorical thoughts on films for Bates, thoughts on in-depth news coverage or not at all, a joke that only he understands, suggestions for Beth

to stop being so stingy with typewriter ribbon and use last names as well as first ones when typing up the minutes, comments on Steve Pederson's agility with his camera, and an expression of appreciation for being given the "golden sword award" for a demonstration of the Law of Gravity on the football bleachers.)

(Bruce, I hope you notice that I didn't cut out everything but I certainly tried hard! F.F.)

ALUMNI NOTES

Newt Clark wrote and said "I am now teaching Science (9th Grade) at Plant Jr. High in West Hartford, Conn. Finished requirements for M.Ed. at U. of Hartford in August, '66. Am now learning how to fly (through the air)".

Judy Hardon has managed to convey to all that things are going well for her but that she would rather not be studying, that her cat has fleas, and she is living in a haunted house similiar to a funeral palor except for her neighbor who builds and plays organs at all hours.

(Ed. note: If anyone wishes address please contact me and I will see what I can do, so far I have not received too many, but I do aim to please.)

The arrival of 1967 will begin on Thursday night, January 23, with the traditional evening of the queen. This year Al Edward and Nancy Harris plan to construct a snow throne, with all the attending ceremony of a royal coronation. The scene may be moved this year from Lake Avenue to the steps of Hathorn Hall, as it was some years ago. After this, the couples will have a choice of activities, Johnson Players have planned a excellent film for the weekend. The first of these, The Prize, starring Paul Newman, will be shown right after the opening ceremony. If a movie doesn't appeal, people may go to Chase Hall for a rock'n roll dance sponsored by the Chase Hall Dance Committee.

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On a Sunday morning the queen and selected judges will determine the winner of the snow sculpture contest. All day Saturday we have the opportunity to see the latest Ski Team compete with other colleges in a slalom race at Mt. Mansfield College at Sunday River. At the Lewiston Youth Center the girls called the Hockey Club will play another round of the Central Maine American Hockey League. Before the game begins there will hopefully be a performance by the new Bates Capades.

With the help of Dr. Craig and Laurie Brink, and her committee, we can receive no scores for an evening banquet open excellence. The setting of the feast will be in keeping with the theme, "Unapproached", and no good produce to be rendered unrecognizable.

Chris Power and his orchestra, who played for Japs last year, have been contracted for Saturday night's ball. Jimmy Butler and Dave Hanson plan an under-rear setting for the ship-race. Materials for