Fall 1952

Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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CAT-TRACKS
OF THE BATES OUTING CLUB
Vol. 1. No. 1. Fall 1952
Editors: Carol Magnuson - Paul MacAvoy

CADDYBACK MOUNTAIN CLIMB

Freshmen in bennies and bobs,
upperclassmen in plaid shirts and
cottons, and faculty members with
luminaent in their knapsacks made
up a total of 127 people who
boarded the buses at 7:30 A.M.,
October 5th, and headed for the
hills of the Rangeley region.

We arrived at Sandy River Ponds
at 10:15 after a ride through the
unusually beautiful autumn scenery.
We stopped at Eddy Pond to eat our
lunch; this was the last place at
which the whole group was together.
Snow, 3-9 inches deep was found
in abundance on the upper slopes,
the wind having created drifts six
and nine inches deep some three days
before. The traveling coming down
was rather difficult, with snow
and ice for the first quarter of a
mile and mud following for quite
distance. Though many were badly
rocked by the time we reached the
"snow line", spirits remained high
and nobody was hurt. Only one
sprained ankle, contracted on a
dry spot of the summit, caused
any serious concern.

The last of us stumbled out of
the woods at dusk, ten and one
half miles and seven hours from
the starting point. Supper at
Stapely and the ride home required
another four hours. Most agreed
that the trip had been improved by
its magnitude both in numbers
participating and in miles hiked,
rather than spoiled.

FRESHMAN OUTING

This year's Freshmen Outing
at Thorncrag drew rave notices
simply because the Freshmen were
so eager to have a good time.
After the usual hike to the cabin
where they were greeted by an
amazingly large number of upper-
classmen, the fresh coupled off
via the "shoes in a pile" ice
breaker. Animal crackers had
been strewn along the path to the
plato floor rather than the trad-
tional peanuts. The Fresh were
told to go find the animals and
they did--mice, bugs, spiders
and toads. Prizes were finally
awarded for the most cookies
found as well as the largest
live animal found. The rest of
the afternoon was spent playing
games and consuming cider and
doughnuts.

EQUIPMENT DISPLAY HELD

Everything from mountain tents
to bicycles was spread over the
area in back of Parker Hall the
Saturday of October 11, as the
E. O. C. held their annual equip-
ment display. The display,
under Equipment Directors Judy
Angell and Frank Hine, was div-
ded into three sections: Fall,
Winter, and Spring.
Under the fall section came
Most of the mountain climbing equipment: sleeping bags, packs, insulated, bush clips and axes, on the winter section were skis, snow shoes and toboggans, and in the spring section were bicycles, canoes and tents. All was seen to be in perfect condition.

The purpose of the display was to acquaint all students, particularly freshmen, with the equipment that is at their disposal free of charge. The attendance was smaller than in previous years due to the freshman work project being held the same day, but everyone attending was surprised and enthusiastic over the amount of equipment available.

PREVIEW OF OUTING ATTRACTIONS

The Outing Club has already swung into its operations with both barrel-blasting. The program for the rest of the year should be even more impressive with all departments building up momentum and strength, led by expert and experienced directors.

To make sure that the function of each department and their respective leaders are recognized by the student body, the Outing Club will take over all campus duties Friday, November 4. All directors will be introduced and there will be short informative speeches by Fred Masson, president, Cynn Persons, secretary, and George Esteman, co-director of Carnival. By this time plans for Carnival should be formulated to some extent. This should prove interesting considering the fact that Carnival is one of the most outstanding events of the year.

To represent rates and to get new ideas, twelve members of the O. C. Carnival will attend an all state conference November 15.

In the latter portion of November when there is a lull in many things because of the cold and snowy weather, the Outing Club will run its first of two roller skating parties at the Fair Grounds on Main Street, Lewiston. The first will occur November 22 and the second will come January 17 after our Christmas recess. These parties are usually highlighted by the fine stunt and trick skating of those who are on wheels for the first time.

If not the best, Carnival is definitely the longest event of the year. The Carnival this year should be greater than ever with the fine talent and leadership of the unbeatable team, co-directors Carol Crane and George Esteman. You can be sure that everyone will be pitching in to make this Carnival the "best". No doubt new ideas will be patented this year along with the new faces which always appear on this grand holiday, beginning February 6 and coming to its magnificent closing February 8.

On May 21, the Outing Club Clambake will shut the door on Outing Club activities for the year. Steamed clams dipped in butter melt deliciously in the mouth along with those infamous Hines-Hugo Hamburgers, the taste of which usually lasts through Finals.

These are the main events of the O. C. through this year, but between those activities many good times are had on the ski trips, canoe trips, bike hikes and other activities made possible by the Outing Club equipment and "know-how".

IN OR OUT

Give me the outdoor life!

Unfortunately, that's just my own opinion. To many college students the rigors of outdoor activities are practically worthless. For example, the rugged football player who is completely disgusted at the thought of exerting himself to climb a mountain on Sunday, the only day of rest in the week. Another is the sociality who
orvols that there are people who
would submit themselves to the tor-
ture of trying to sleep on the 
hard ground. Also, there are some
individuals who hold to a classic
Chinese saying about skiing.
"Skiing is very foolish. It's just
sush... long walk up hill. Last-
ly, there is the poor Chemistry
geek who, when bottling the
smoke from a wet wood fire, always
seems to have his hot does reduced
to their basic carbon. Yet I have
pity on all such poor, unenlight-
ened souls, like those who would
never think of going to an ordinary
clam bake but would just love a
beach party.

THE GREAT INDOORS
The brisk fall air, the brilli-
ant foliage, the writings of many
famous outdoorsmen—all passed
before my mind as I thought of the
next morning and my first O. C.
trail-clearing trip. I had been
waiting for this trip for weeks,
it seemed, although it had been
just a few days since I had been
told to be ready at five O'clock,
sunny morning. Not even the idea
of getting up that early could
dampen my enthusiasm.
I jumped out of bed at five
with none of the usual 7:35 drag-
ging-of-the-foot; fifteen minutes
later I was eating breakfast at
our meeting place. Immediately
after, we were off in the freezing
morning air for the rugged north.
Before we knew it, the hills
turned into snow-topped mountains
and we were at the bottom of an
8,000 foot mountain. Out came the
paint cans, signs, tree clippers,
double-edged axes, and knapsacks
with quiet efficiency. Each of us
took one or two items and started
off up the trail. The Cabins and
Trails Director and four others
(all clad in coats and mountain
boots) were in the lead, and I,
in my low walking shoes and ath-
letic sweater, was bringing up
the rear.

We started off fairly slowly
until we were all together; then
the leader started a killing,
long-legged pace up and down the
small hills, over streams, and
around huge rocks and trees.
Long before we even came to the
lower slopes, I was tired; and
then when we came to a wide stream
which everyone hurdles easily, I
fell right in the middle. The
water, to say the least, was at
freezing temperature.

Tired and cold, I struggled on
alone (the others had long since
disappeared, climbing like moun-
tain goats). Soon I reached the
snow line, and not too long after
that I began to feel very, very
hungry. However, I kept climbing
higher and higher; for there just
had to be food at the top! Three-
quarters of an hour later, the
crust came in view, and with it
food and shelter. I ate like a
man that had just spent twenty-
eight days at sea.

After all had been eaten, we
started down the mountain (I
never did get to work on the
trail), cold but reasonably
content. I, myself, was feeling
a bit dismaturated about the pace
set on the way up, etc., and was
telling myself on this journey
back down that in order to succeed
in O. C. work trips one needed
the ability to live on hardtack,
two weeks of cross-country run-
ing, and the disposition of a
boobeat. Give me the great in-
doors!.

However, on the way home,
after a good supper and a warm
ride, I recinded those thoughts
and soon decided that it would
not be long before I was on anot-
er such trip. But I did learn
my lesson. Next time, I would
have proper clothes and boots
on, I would go to bed early the
night before, and most importantly
I would be in good physical con-
condition; free from any "cold" whatsoever. With that to start with, maybe I will set the pace!

**BALDPEATE MOUNTAIN CLIMB**

"He who laughs last, laughs best" is an adage which applies in full to those who laughed at the snow topped mountains publicizing the Baldpate Mountain Climb. Two bus loads of us left the campus at 8:30 A.M., the morning of Oct. 19. We started out with the sun shining brightly, but by the time we had arrived at the bottom of East Baldpate the sky was dark and foreboding. The enthusiastic mountain climbers started up with all the usual energy displayed at the beginning of every climb; but this energy began to wane as the trail grew steeper. All were ready for a rest when the one mile mark was reached. The group advanced about another mile; at which time we came to one of the infrequent streams and made this spot our eating place. As in the previous climb, this was the last place where the group would gather in its entirety.

Snow had begun to fall after only one hour on the trail and by the time we were on our way after lunch it was really coming down in full force. We reached the peak of East Baldpate after 2.2 miles of steep uphill climbing, only to discover that we had another peak to go before Baldpate itself was to be realized. By this time hands were numb, feet cold and wet, hair was caked with ice and all clothing pretty much soaked through. But in spite of the physical discomfort no one could help but notice the beauty of the snow clad mountain.

The first group to reach the top of Baldpate had some trouble in finding the trail over the rocky summit, and by the time the remaining groups approached the top the trail conditions had become quite serious. People began feeling for dry matches "just in case." It took much concentrated effort to stay on the trail, to say nothing of finding it.

The trail down was slippery, steep, full of deep crevices and drop-offs, but in spite of the many difficulties encountered all but six of us were able to make it up and over.

A bad nose bleed and general exhaustion were causes for two girls to go back after one mile of climbing. The first bus picked them up along the road where we had approached the mountain. The remaining four who never got to the top of Baldpate because of the impossibility of finding the snow covered trail, retreated over the once traveled portion to the highway where a kindly farmer drove them to his house where they had a chance to warm up before bailing the second bus.

All breathed a sigh of relief and thanked the powers that be for our safe return. Bad weather and poor trail conditions had made the trip a hazardous one, but all are glad to have been a part of it and in future years will enjoy retelling its exciting story.