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Cat Tracks

Bates Outing Club

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Cat Tracks

of the Bates Outing Club

Editor: Linda Rolfe

Issue I October, 1963

ADVANCE

The weather was beautiful, the OCers were up, and Jack Leader was ready for one of the greatest Advances in OC history. (... Alumni?) As each car arrived at Jack Leader's camp it was greeted by the new addition, an adorable little St. Bernard puppy (weighing 50 pounds!). We discovered early Friday night that her favorite sport was volleyball, but that she made the game a little treacherous when she went bounding for that ball!

The evening meal was delicious as usual, due to Nancy's cooking, and many worked off their extra helpings by canoeing under the stars. One had to be careful when walking around the island that night, as everyone decided to sleep outside. The morning found bodies rising from every corner of the island to consume all the doughnuts for the whole week-end in one meal. By noon extra doughnuts and more people had arrived from campus. Newt and Dick managed to secure transport from the half-way mark when their Whippet broke down.

The winds were blowing, the sails were up, and Paul, Al, Cliff and a few others were out for an afternoon on the high seas in their sail boat. They managed to fight the wind and waves with success, but Sampson with his water pump was another story. I've heard tell that a captain is supposed to sink with his ship. Captain Paul tried to live up to that story, but he sank... without his ship.

In a quiet little lagoon about a quarter of a mile from camp, nine of us were relaxing, soaking up the sun. We got a little panicky when we saw that WAR CANOE approaching, but with a little fast movement, we were ready for the battle--that is, after Genie and Judy had taken out gear around the island to a safer place. The four little canoes set out to meet the WAR CANOE, and the battle was short lived. Of course, we rescued the drowning survivors before we went back to camp. Wasn't that water a little cold, T.P.?

Before long the smell of the delicious steak, being prepared by Jack and Mr. Steele brought sunburned bodies to the supper table from all directions, and soon the business meeting was under way. Charlie Love and Lee

Pollock with their guitars and banjos and Pete Mendell with his Down-East stories kept the entertainment at a high pitch later that night. We sat on the shore of the main land with canoes set up around the fire to keep out the wind until we were too drowsy to sing anymore. The island was soon scattered with sleeping bodies once more.

Sunday proved to be another beautiful day and many lingered to canoe and sail for the afternoon. It was a happy, healthy bunch of grubby OCers who returned to campus that day! L. Corkum
admiration rose for the crew of '61, who did some heavy panting over those rocky coverts to paint, whip, chop, and clear. A few of us made it to the summit, but most were content to gaze -- admiration at the foliage and in amazement at the distance we had come!..

FRESHMAN WEEK WORK PROJECT

Sabbath Day Pond

September, 1963

Dear Mum & Dad,

I know you'll never believe it, but I'll risk your disbelieving indulgence anyway. When we woke up the first morning--coeducationally, that is, 'cuz the guys had come a day earlier--of our work project IT WAS SNOWING!!! Boy, enough understatements couldn't have been made about frozen extremities before our obliging "fire man" emerged from his slender, appropriated part of the lean-to to gaze at the falling crystallized raindrops. (The nicest thing about breakfast was being able to stand around the fire!)

Unfortunately, there wasn't an awful lot of work to be done on that section of the Trail. When the coeds and Mr. Warye pulled in near the beginning of the AT, some fellow told us that there was about a half a day's work to be done.... Well, we succeeded in stretching it to more than a full day. (How does that sound for efficiency?)

By the time the girls got to the shelter--Sunday--(2.5 miles from the road, and no comparison with the ascent to the Elephant Mountain lean-to...) the four guys had split up and were doing some "preliminary investigation". That first afternoon was spent organizing supplies (Everyone sends a hearty thanks to Cilla B. for the baked beans the first night....), "re-boughing" the lean-to, and woodsing it. The real work began Monday morn, as part of our intensive thawing out campaign!! Paint crews, whipping sections, chopping gangs, clipping teams, and helpful "follow & clear uppers" were sent out on the frozen trail with those sticky stand-bys--peanut butter and marsh-mellow sandwiches (the latter of which had to be put over the fire in order

to be spreadable!). We were duly impressed with the fresh imprints of our wild neighbors, and scared by the rustlings off the side of the roadway (our precious Bates men!!). Unfortunately Pat D. forgot her moose-scarer....

Tuesday, it had been decided, we should pack up and pull out, in order to get to the Elephant Mountain shelter (8.5 miles from Sabbath Day Pond) for some heavy hiking--always checking conditions, of course.... However, by noontime some of our gung-ho-ity had waned and after due democratic procedure the decision was taken by our Lee-der to get to Bemis and back by nightfall, so the girls could make that 11:00PM deadline. As we climbed, our admiration rose for the crew of '61, who did some heavy panting over those rocky summits to paint, whip, chop, and clear. A few of us made it to the summit, but most were content to gaze in admiration at the foliage and in amazement at the distance we had come!...

Back on campus, outside the Equipment Room, we unloaded the car trunks--full of candy bars & empty jars, margarine & meat sauce, carrots & cucumbers, and, of course, our gear-- and headed for the Den for that usual cup of coffee (new styrofoam cups keep the coffee temperature so hot that a ten minute Den break is going to, of necessity, be quickly altered to twenty-five minutes!). Then, mustering all our efforts, we headed for our respective domiciles to shake our souvenirs of the AT around our rooms, and to crawl between clean sheets, with the assurance of not waking up with frostbite!

Hathorn is due to chime soon; must "get organized". Crummy buttons!-- Oh, that's our new expression of exasperation, thanx to Anne C.

Sunday, October 20--mountain Love, to Chocorus
Your OC Amazon

SPECIAL NOTE TO ALUMNI: It has been suggested that we revise our mailing list. The mailing list of OC Alum will be

MT. WASHINGTON CLIMB

On Sunday, October 6, 1963, sixty-three Bates students headed for the summit of Mt. Washington on foot. Sixty made it!

Yes, we were mountain climbing! It was the most beautiful day with only 55mph winds on the top and visibility of at least 60 miles. At 6:30AM, we boarded two buses in front of Rand with our chaperone Dr. Goldat and started for Washington. Sleep overtook most of us on the way up (TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT ON THE WAY BACK!) after we enjoyed a typical OC-type-Batesy-bus breakfast. Arriving at the Pinkham base camp of the A.M.C. we split up into three groups.

One was to go by way of Lion's Head, one by Tuckerman's Ravine, and one to the Lake of the Clouds. The ascent was BREATH*TAKING. The picturesque waterfall presented Dr. Goldat with some "valuable sketch material".

All groups were to leave the top of the mountain by 1:30 so as to return to the buses in time to eat supper in Commons. However, some people don't hike down mountains as fast as others. Only half of the hikers made it under the 6:15 deadline. ...then there are those people who don't hike down mountains, such as Dr. Goldat, whom we picked up at the bottom of the auto road on the way home. Your guess is as good as mine as to how he happened to be there.

Nevertheless, it was the greatest. The conditions were perfect, the company good, and the beauty of nature was at a peak. --Except for the fact that there is another way up, I might do it again!

FURTHER FALL FLINGS

Sunday, October 13--successful canoe trip

Saturday, October 19--projected, and potentially successful, work trips to Thorn-craig and Sabbatus

Sunday, October 20--mountain climb to Chocorua

SPECIAL NOTE TO ALUMNI: It has been suggested that we revise our mailing list. So, the next issue of CAT TRACKS will be sent to all of you--Do we have your correct address?--graduates of '59-'63. If there are any others of you, having left our "hallowed halls" before 1959, who would still like to receive a copy, please let us know. We're mighty obligin'.

HIGH

CARNIVAL HOPES ARE . RIGHT, GINNY & GEORGE?