



The Bates Outing Club

Winter/Spring 2007

Legend

Semi-Annual Newsletter and Magazine



A word from the President:

It is a distinct pleasure to have the opening words in our revival and expansion of the long-standing Bates Outing Club newsletter tradition. As the oldest coeducational outing club in the country and one of the precious few that remains completely student run, it is long past time we dedicated ourselves to this revival, and a publication like this is a way to embody the passion we at the B.O.C. have for the outdoor lifestyle. The motivation that the members of the club show has always astounded me: everyone brings their own flame to the collective fire, spreading the inspirational light of outdoor recreation to everyone on campus. Our pursuits are as numerous as there are active members in the club. From the coast to the mountains, we have members indulging in every aspect of what nature has to offer. Our ranks travel the world in search of new sights, new experiences, and new realizations. I hope that in this issue, the first of many, you will get a taste of our ferocious desire to get out of the box and fill our lungs with the breath of the outdoors. We hope that this publication will invoke the same feelings you felt on your last adventure, or maybe inspire you to take your first.

- Nate Eichelberger '07



Editor's Notes

The BOC... means mountain climbs in the crisp fall air, ski trips, the council meeting before Carnival weekend, Popham and the last bushel of clams. It is not merely an organization but a group which has come alive through the memories of the sight of firelight on the faces at an Advance meeting... Above all BOC is the people which comprise its membership. It is fellows sporting colorful hats on a work trip and girls with paint on their dungarees. It is a group playing frisbee. It is an advisor calling to you from across a ski slope at Sugarloaf or challenging you to a swim at Advance. With these people you have shared four years of fun and color, and that intangible thing called group spirit...

-*Cat Tracks* of the BOC Issue 3, May 1960

We assume the person who wrote the above passage at the end of that issue of *Cat Tracks* to be the editor that year: Julie Gillispie '60. Since she typed those words, on a manual typewriter no doubt, little seems to have changed.

While the gear we use may have evolved since then, the spirit and the activities have not. We still take out big hiking trips every fall to peaks across New England, and we still ski every chance we get, often when we should be going to classes. Winter Carnival and Clambake are still our two biggest events of the year with hundreds of students turning out for both. Advance is the third meeting of the year, and I can picture in my mind the three Advances I have been a part of, and the quiet - and occasionally loud - faces of many, many BOCers reflected in the campfire's glow, just as Julie did forty-seven years ago. And lastly, I can see two fellow BOCers through the window of the computer lab right now: the man is wearing a bright, hunter orange baseball cap, and the woman, Carharnts streaked with paint.

The last issue of *Cat Tracks* that we have on record in the E-room is from May of 1970. Although it may have been published for a short time after that, its death appears to have been imminent. The idea to revive this newsletter tradition came in the summer of 2006, in the stern of a canoe in eastern Maine. I was struggling to express to my campers the type of pleasure that can come from hard work in the out of doors. Failing, I wished then that I had my more eloquent BOC



The Editor in a portage Race, Winter Carnival 2007

friends to aid me. Upon returning to campus in the fall, I called on them, and this, our *Legend*, is the result.

The word 'legend' has many meanings. In some cases, it means a collection of stories about an admirable person or group. In other cases, it is a chart that explains the aspects of a map. In this case, it is both. Within you will find many stories and reports, but more generally you will find a chart - or guide - to the metaphorical map of Maine and the Bates Outing Club: where we go, what we do, and most importantly, I hope; why.

Students spend untold - and unpaid - hours working on Outing Club business, whether it be in preparation for the fall clambake, in weekly E-room office hours, in leading trips, or in any one of the myriad other tasks that keep the Club running. The question must be asked: Why do we do it? What does the Club give us that inspires us to commit so much time and energy to it?

For me, the BOC has given a great deal in my time at Bates. It has given me tents and stoves for hiking trips, canoes for paddling trips, and skis that allowed me to learn to telemark. To many, this is what the BOC does - facilitates outdoor experiences. Still, I know that the BOC has given me much more than tents or skis. It has given me some of the best experiences of my life, and through them, my best friends.

This is an exciting time in the BOC. The collective fire that Nate mentioned is raging with new projects being announced every few days and a large core group of students committed to seeing them brought to fruition. This map - all 46 pages - is a symbol of that.

Here, then, is a *Legend* to the out of doors in New England and the world, BOC style.

Cheers, and Get Outside!
Zand Martin '08

Winter 2007 Officers and Directors:

Nate Eichelberger '07, President	Brodie O'Brien '09, Hickories
Zand Martin '08, Vice President	Carrie Piper '09, Hickories
Bennet Leon '07, Secretary	Maura Foley '09, Hikes and Trips
Peter Klein '08, Treasurer	Jack Murphy '09, Hikes and Trips
Zach Risler '08, Cabins and Trails	Ben Reilly '08, Watersports
Elise Walsh '09, Cabins and Trails	Maria Jenness '07, Watersports
John Leavitt '08, E-room	Mike Pickoff '09, Environment
Amelia Harman '10 E-room	Greg O'Donnell '09, Safety
Ben Motley '10 E-room	Kitty Galloway '09, Climbing
William Loopesko '10, E-room	Zand Martin '08, Alumni Relations
	Lincoln Benedict '09, Publicity

Legend Staff:

Zand Martin '08, Editor-in-chief
Charlotte Bair-Cucchiario '09, Editor
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Ben Reilly '08, Editor
Greg O'Donnell '09, Copy Editor
Ben Speyer '09, Copy Editor
Lindsay Thompson '10, Staff
Jay Bladon '10, Staff
Graham Jones '09, Staff
Melissa Jones '08, Staff
Will Gardner '09, Art Editor
Lincoln Benedict '09, Art Editor

E-Room Office Hours: 4PM-5PM,, Mon., Wed., Fri.
in Hathorn Basement

B.O.C. Meetings: 6:30PM, Wednesdays in the
basement of Alumni Gym

All are welcome!

Website:

<http://abacus.bates.edu/people/orgs/outclub/>

One final paragraph of advice: Do not burn yourselves out. Be as I am- a reluctant enthusiast. A part-time crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save the other half of yourselves and your lives for pleasure and adventure. It is not enough to fight for the land; it is even more important to enjoy it. While you can. While it's still there. So get out there and hunt and fish and mess around with your friends, ramble out yonder and explore the forests, encounter the grizz, climb the mountains, bag the peaks, run the rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air, sit quietly for a while and contemplate the precious stillness, that lovely, mysterious and awesome space. Enjoy yourselves, keep your brain in your head and your head firmly attached to the body, the body active and alive, and I promise you this much: I promise you this one sweet victory over our enemies, over those deskbound people with their hearts in a safe deposit box and their eyes hypnotized by desk calculators. I promise you this: you will outlive the bastards.

- Edward Abbey, at a 1987 Earth First! Rally

Get Outside!

by Zach Risler '08

Here it is Bates College, BOC members past, present, and future: the essence of outdoor life at Bates. Enjoy the White Mountains, the Appalachian Trail, Moosehead Lake, Katahdin. Ski mountains. Paddle rivers. Go climb, ski, surf, snowshoe, hike, canoe, kayak, and bike. Breathe the sweet air of New England. Build a ski jump, get attacked by a moose, portage the West Branch in flood, and get whipped by the winds on Katahdin. Be the first to see the sunrise on Cadillac Mountain, ski Sunday River at dawn, canoe across Lake Auburn, explore Thorncrag, ski Morse Mountain at midnight, be a Child of Midnight, do a work trip, play stump, hang-out in the E-Room, hike a Notch, conquer peaks, lead an AESOP, win a canoe race, surf in the middle of winter, go streaking, eat three lobsters at Clam Bake, Puddle Jump, run a leg of the torch run, tell a story, slay the gnar, get first tracks, ski Tucks, ski the east, lead a trip, clear a trail, build a new cabin, attend meetings, go to Advance, become a council member, become a director, get certified, learn, get van certified, lead. Hike with your friends, hike with people you don't know, carry everything you need for an entire week on your back, forget about work, even for a little, and be a BOC member. Edward Abbey had it right: let half of yourself live for pleasure and adventure. GET OUTSIDE! ♦



Maria Jenness '07 on the Maine coast

Photo: J. Dykstra

Notes from the B.O.C.

Will Gardner '09 was recently named one of three winners of the Rossignol Create It contest. From a field of over ten thousand entries, Gardner's freestyle ski design reigned supreme. Look for his ski, the Sage Cattabriga pro model, in ski shops this fall.

Elise Walsh '09 will be hiking the Pacific Crest Trail this summer in support of the Himalayan Light Foundation, a non-profit that provides renewable energy systems to rural Nepal to decrease their dependence on dwindling wood and petroleum fuel. To learn how to support her fundraising effort, e-mail Elise at ewalsh@bates.edu.

Lincoln Benedict '09, the BOC's resident events photographer, has gotten one of his photos onto the cover of "Ski Racer Magazine". Check out the April 2007 issue to see his work.

Kitty Galloway '10 has been named an Otis Fellow for the summer of 2007. She will be traveling across Europe on the pilgrimage trail to Santiago de Compostela, Spain

Ben Reilly '08 and Zand Martin '08 have been named Otis Fellows for the summer of 2007. They will be paddling across the northeast, from upstate New York to northern Maine on Northern Forest Canoe Trail.

Drew Stowe '06 was named a Watson Fellow last year, and is currently wrapping up his year-long study of the arctic tern. He has traveled from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and to over a dozen countries on four continents.

Maria Jenness '07 and Bennet Leon '07 were the 2007 recipients of the Goodspeed/Sawyer awards for career-long commitment to the Bates Outing Club.



Photos: Mary-Carson Saunders '08

Nostalgia from 1966

by Judy Marden '66

During my years at Bates, first as a student and then on the staff, I've collected files and scrapbooks of Bates Outing Club memorabilia, which will soon become part of Bates archives. The last issue of Cat-Tracks in my file is dated April, 1966, just before the Class of 1966 (mine) graduated. Bates was adjusting to an annoying new calendar: a 6-week innovation called "Short Term" had just been put in place. Commencement for my class moved to April, and we bemoaned the elimination of Spring from the BOC'S schedule.

The Hikes and Trips Directors and Cabins and Trails Directors, eager for one last exciting overnight event, jointly planned a winter camping trip to Mount Blue State Park on March 26 and 27—forty-one years ago to the day I'm writing this! Back then, an overnight involved finding a faculty chaperone (my task, as H&T Director—and Mr. Havers, from the French Department, agreed to brave the cold). We borrowed an enormous and heavy canvas tent from our faculty advisor, Professor Sampson, and picked up boxes of food from Commons. The original party of twelve dwindled to six, but the intrepid six hauled gear on toboggans into the snow-covered park and set up camp.

Photos below from the Into to Winter Camping Trip, 2007

Photos: Amelia Harman '10



We froze. No Thermarests, no down bags, no Goretex, no insulated boots. The only way we were able to keep warm was by putting on all our clothes, and snowshoeing around Lake Webb on our huge and heavy rawhide and wood snowshoes, with the famous leather bindings. They fell off constantly. Struggling in the snow to reattach them kept us plenty warm, as well as soaking wet! And at night, since we had forgotten any air-mattresses the E-Room might have supplied, a layer of plastic, blankets, and newspaper kept some of the cold from coming up through...but not much.

Somehow we survived; we returned to campus and gave back the snowshoes for their annual spring varnishing. Bruce Wilson '67 observed that "no one complained of a miserable time," and it was true! Surviving the frigid cold just made it a better story—if not a better adventure. In the weeks that followed before Commencement, bikes and the sun came out, fifty of us in two Greyhound buses made the annual assault on Tuckerman's, we partied at Sabattus Cabin, shivered through Clambake, and I finally finished the Katahdin painting before graduation.

Who would have guessed that forty-one years later, I'd be completing a 38-year career at Bates, and ending my 25th year as a Bates Outing Club Advisor! As a former Hikes and Trips Director, I know about trips—and what a wonderful trip this has been!◆

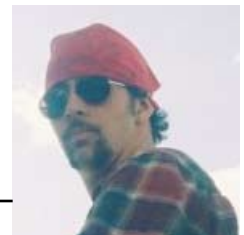
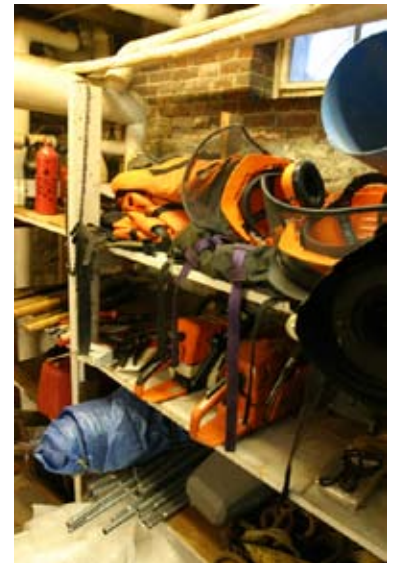
Officer Reports

Treasurer's Report

by Peter Klein '08
Treasurer



This has been yet another fiscally invigorating year for the Outing Club. We continue to be one of the best funded groups on campus, and again this year we received an increase in our yearly allocation. This provides us with the means to send out more trips, buy the gear that we need, and continue to organize the great events that are a tradition of our club. If there is something you would like to see the Outing Club do, or that you feel that we should purchase, come to a meeting and share your idea. Even if our budget is a little tight at the moment, as it tends to get at this time of year, having good spending ideas makes it a lot easier to put together the next year's budget. We spend money on reasonable ideas, whether it is only a few dollars for some much needed tent bags or a few thousand dollars on a ski grinder which looks kind of cool even if it might not work. The decision to build a new BOC cabin is likely going to be the most expensive undertaking in the long history of our club and will require funding substantially beyond what is available in direct funding from the school. However, this demonstrates our willingness to seriously consider a great idea no matter what the scale. It will be great to see how the club handles this over the next few years. It has been an honor and a privilege to serve as treasurer for the Outing Club over the last two and a half years and I will be a little sad when I no longer have to write budgets and carry around a folio of reimbursement forms. ♦



The E-Room Round-Up

by John Leavitt '08
Senior E-Room Director

The E-room remains the Bates Outing Club's pride and joy, what with our plethora of rusty tools and our limitless fleet of telemark skis. The semester has been very busy for us, but we mainly ignore most of our customers by playing stump. We are not short of enthusiasm with our three first-year Directors. They work tirelessly at both attempting to defeat me in stump as well as servicing the E-room. Our frosh line up includes Amelia Harman '10, a great lover of the north woods, Ben Motley '10, his mastery of mounting skis is only matched by that of his abilities as a slacker, and a one Dots Loopenko '10, easily the most dangerous E-room Director in the BOC's 86 year history.

We have recently purchased five new pairs of alpine skis, our hottest product of the season. Dots has managed to get the ski grinder to work. That said, it is much better at smelling like rotten vegetables and destroying skis than it is at grinding them. One thing it does extremely well is take up space. We have been getting more Bates faculty and staff coming in as well, a trend we would like to continue. Five new pairs of telemark skis have been added to the E-room fleet, and they have been serving the telemark PE class well. A new creeking kayak has also been added to our stock, we hope to get it out on the Scogg when the pollutants in the river stop melting plastic. Amelia and Ben Linder '09 are currently spearheading a tent cleanup and stocking process, a serious undertaking. We're looking forward to dusting off the spring gear in the coming weeks; lend us a visit. ♦

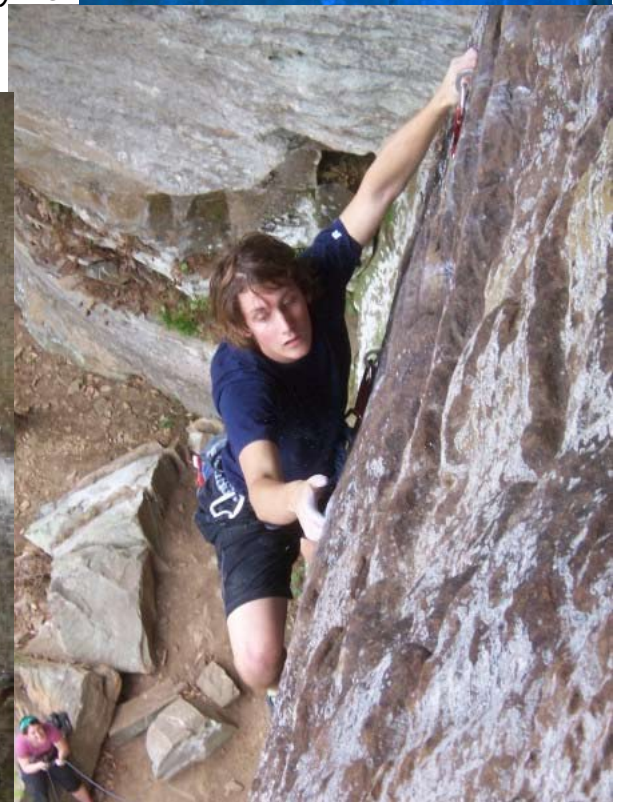
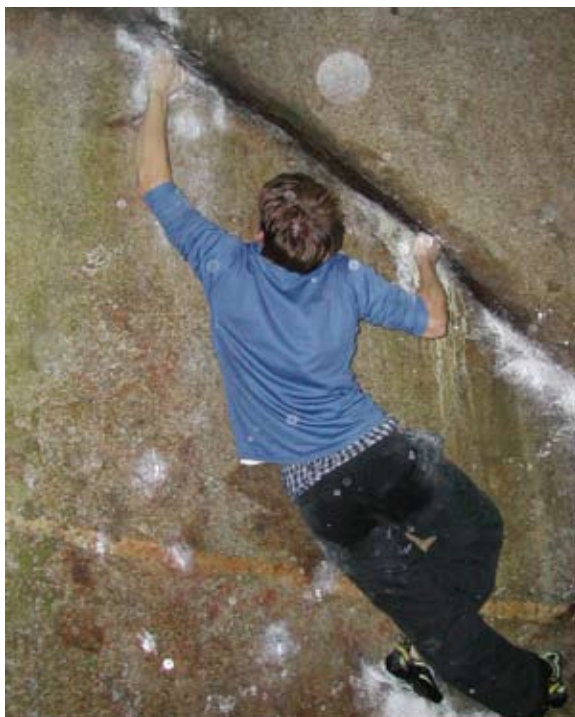
Climbing Report

By Kitty Galloway '10
Climbing Director



The climbing program this year has begun to take off. I must say I am a bit biased: as a freshman, this is my first year at Bates. I hear stories of the previous years' indoor "climbing wall," and I know enough about Pete Marsters '08's epic work to get our new small section of wall that I am both impressed by and grateful for. With this said, the enthusiasm for the sport has been huge and growing and a good group of regulars who previously never had the joy of squishing their feet into shoes two sizes too small or appreciating the smell of dirty feet and chalk have started frequenting our little haven. We've been meeting regularly on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and have an open invitation to anyone hoping to learn to stop on by, an invitation that many folks have happily accepted.

In terms of the Winter Semester, there sadly have not been as many ice climbing trips going out as in past years. I for one do not know the art of ice climbing and currently there seem to be few on campus with the time to pass on their knowledge. Hopefully we will get more ice trips out next year! However, plans are in the works for more real rock trips when the snow melts (sorry skiers!). ♦



Watersports Annual Report

By Zand Martin '08

It has been a fairly busy year in the Frye Street Boat Barn, with plenty of trips going out on the great water Maine has to offer. While we don't have as huge number of 'water people' in the club as in years past, there is still plenty of interest and we have been working to cater to that with roll classes and variety of introductory trips like sunset paddles on Taylor Pond or Lake Auburn. Last season saw the purchase of several quasi-new canoes and several helmets and spray skirts for whitewater paddling. Just approved last week was the purchase of an almost brand new creek boat that will fit our sub 145-pound paddlers perfectly. Our canoe paddle collection was doubled last spring in preparation for the hopefully soon to be annual BOC Flatwater Canoe Race, in which 43 teams in several heats competed on a straight and slalom course set up on Range Pond. The winner of the C-2 (Mens) was Brooks Motley '06 and Brian Dupee '06, while the C-2 (Womens) was Kat Dexter '09 and Britany Clement '08. No one really knows who won the C-2 (Mixed), though I think its fair to say that Zand Martin '08 won the C-1 (Mens) as he was the only solo paddler in the race. However, everyone emerged victorious in the barbeque and party that followed.

A variety of bigger trips also went out this past fall, among them William "Dots" "Boomer" "Bill" Loopenko '10's Fall Break trip to Flagstaff and Nels Nelson '07's sea kayaking trip on the Maine Coast, described in the Trip Reports section. The reversing falls on the Sheepscot River were poached often, as was Dresser Rips on the Androscoggin, just outside of L/A and the Nezinscot River's fun Class I-III stretches between West Sumner and Turner- all about 20 mintues away. Playboating and surf kayaking in the ocean swells was the place to be this year, however. The weather was gorgeous and warm late into October, and the constant battering of big southern storms sent gorgeous waves our way all Fall semester. Our dedicated surfers took out beginner trips and good waves were had by all. We now all look forward to melt-water season and toasty drytops as we take advantage of spring's bounty. One of our current Watersports Directors, Ben Reilly '08 and our current Vice President, Zand Martin '08, will be using their Otis Fellowship to paddle the Northern Forest Canoe Trail this spring, from its start in Old Forge, NY to its conclusion in Fort Kent, ME. In short, watersports are alive and well at Bates. ♦



Fall Break trip to Flagstaff Lake

Photo: Ilya Kashtelyan '10



Greg getting his balance on

Photo: Greg Goodman '08



Brodie O'Brien '09 at Clambake, 2006 Photo: I-Hwei Warner '09



Brian Dupee '06 & Nick Martin '05 working Clambake, 2004

Cabins and Trails Update

By Zach Risler '08 & Elise Walsh '09
Cabins & Trails Directors



The Cabins and Trails department is up to big things this semester. After seeing the BOC cabin in winter, we are looking to upgrade. The cabin has been condemned and will soon be torn down. The boulder rising from the center of the floor boards gives the ambiance of rippling waves, and we are starting to get sea sick!

After a productive meeting last week, we have laid out our grant proposal for the new Bates Outing Club cabin! We are looking to build a cabin in western Maine in close proximity to the Whites and to the large ski mountains, and, if we are lucky, a lake or river. The first stage of our plan will be to get college support and raise funds through the college and alumni. Our dreams are filled with visions of timber framed mansions and mountain vistas on land owned by the College, though we are interested to see how it will turn out. The cabin will be open to all students, faculty, and alumni year round. It will be a comfortable and convenient spot from which to launch trips and more generally as a place to hang out, cook, relax, and spend time with other BOCers. We are looking forward to getting the ball rolling on this long term project and at our five year reunion to be able to live it up with current and past BOC members. ♦

Vice President's Notes

By Zand Martin '08
Vice President

It has been a busy semester for the BOC in the big event department. Winter Carnival 2007 went quite well, with a few hundred students participating in the puddle jump, and many more watching. Our torch run crew, headed up by Carrie Piper '09, ran from Augusta, ME to the Puddle, and lit our bonfire to help warm up those that had taken the plunge. The following day saw the first Winter Olympics in years, as four Bates Outing Club teams and one Colby Outing Club team competed in a variety of events. Canoe portage races, Nordic skate races, toboggan pulls, three-legged snowshoe races, tug-of-war, ski boot hammer throw, in addition to several others were all held, with the lead BOC team taking the prize.

Gabby Voeller '07, our Vice President in the Fall organized one of the best clambakes in recent memory. The weather cooperated, as did the surf, and several hundred lobsters met their doom at Popham Beach. ♦



Trip to Mt. Abraham

Photo: Aubrey Nelson '08



Helon Hoffer '08 & John Leavitt '08 at Winter Carnival, 2007 9

Hickories Annual Report

By Zand Martin '08



Tuck's assault, 2006 Photo: Lincoln Benedict '09

Elsewhere in this newsletter, you will hear people talk about the ski season of 2006-07 as having started a bit late. Not true. On October 24th, eight dedicated BOCers rose in the wee hours of morning to drive to Sunday River. You see, snow had fallen: real snow, and the first of the season. We booted and skinned up Jordan Bowl with our rock skis, arriving at the summit just as the sun began to rise. While the conditions were probably the worst any of us had ever seen and almost no knees were dropped, it set the tone for a wild season.

Spring skiing started in November, lasted until mid-January, and then took a hiatus until mid-March. During the hiatus, we had a pretty solid winter. Several powder days in Maine and Vermont punctuated the season, and a variety of adventures occurred throughout. Long will we all remember the Valentine's Day Storm that brought 32" to Sugarloaf and over 70" to Jay Peak, and the variety of other dumps that kept things moving in February and March. Cross country ski trips went out across Maine, including a storied midnight trip to Morse Mountain. Ski vans regularly shuttled eager skiers to the big mountains in Maine, and a tremendous amount of shredding occurred.

Five brand new pairs of K2 Telemark skis were added to the ski room this winter, along with five pairs of new tele boots. Two new snowboards, one split board, and five new pairs of alpine skis also were purchased this year as we update our gear inventory. In all, much gnar was slayed this year, and we look forward to trips to Tuckerman's Ravine in the coming weeks!♦

Below: Midnight ski at Morse Mountain



Above: Jess Perrie '05 & Brodie O'Brien '09 in the Chic Chocs

Below: Midnight ski at Morse Mountain



Left: Peter Marsters '08 at Tuck's. 2006



Right: Ben Reilly '08 at Tuck's 2006

Surfing in Maine

by Nate Eichelberger '07

Sometimes things just work out. Surfing is one of those things, in that it's highly conditions dependent. You can't surf if the ocean is flat, you can't surf if it's too big for the break, you can't surf if the wind is howling offshore. Patience is also a critical part of surfing. Sometimes it seems as if you dedicated the same amount of time you spend watching marine weather reports and waiting for sweet conditions as you did to world peace, you'd have at least 3 Nobel Prizes by the age of 30. But then again, if it was that hard to get good waves, no one would surf. But they do. I do. And I wouldn't trade surfing for a Nobel Prize (unless it was like those gold coins filled with chocolate). So what keeps you hooked on surfing in Maine? There are the epic fall hurricane swells that you see coming weeks in advance. There are the nor'easters in the middle of February that make you wish you surfed in Mexico, but keep you coming back for more despite the temperature. And sometimes- just sometimes- things seem to work out. Ignore the reports, head to the beach, and



Jack Murphy '08 dropping in at Higgin's Beach Photo: Chris Morrell '08

find salt water gold. This is a story of one such day.

Ever since I'd gotten bit by the surfing bug while living abroad in New Zealand, I'd looked forward to exploring the Maine coast. I was excited to go back to beaches I'd been to previously and see them through the fresh eyes of a surfer. Even better, I was stoked to introduce a group of other Batesians to such a wonderful passion. Clambake seemed to be the perfect opportunity to go dink around in the water with friends, maybe score some decent waves, and eat great food. We had no idea if the swell would cooperate, but this was more about a chill Saturday afternoon at the beach than anything else. So after a week of planning for a Learn-to-Surf trip, we hopped into two vans too early on one of those hazy late-summer Maine mornings, and rocked on down to Popham.

Spirits were high in the van, everyone anticipating their first day in the waves. At the beach, the weather couldn't have been better. The haze had lifted and the sun shone down on the 12 of us as we went through the usual dry-land instructions on paddling out and standing up. Best of all, there was a light offshore breeze and the waves were rolling in. We had completely lucked out. It was like winning the lottery. Our excitement to get in the water pretty much overpowered any of the first-timers' trepidations about the chilly water or the waves. We paddled out like children chasing after an ice cream truck, in a mad dash for sweet, sweet waves. There was still some hesitancy in the group about being tumbled around in the surf, but once everyone had caught and wiped out on at least one wave, that hesitancy was replaced by sheer excitement. Wave after wave saw small victories for each surfer, providing the tease to keep going and push through the breakers for another go. Once the beginners had their fill, a couple of friends and I who had been teaching the class headed over to what looked to be a slightly faster wave. Once we got over there, we were surprised to find head-high waves with glassy faces, a hidden playground that kept us going all afternoon. It was unreal: perfect waves for teaching and perfect waves for shredding. Somehow the stars had aligned and everyone got what they were looking for. No one could have predicted the waves we saw, things just worked out. So even in a sport where you have to wait, sometimes just going for it can pay off big. ♦



Nate getting in the line-up, Popham Photo: I-Hwei Warner '09

Features



Presidential Range Relay Race: Comin' in Hot

All Photos: Mary-Carson Saunders '08 & Naate Eichelberger '07

by Ben Reilly '08 & Zand Martin '08

Originally printed in the Bates Student, October 2006

The scene in the Crawford Notch Highlands Visitor Center parking lot was not what you might call 'high-energy' or 'fun' at 6:30AM on Saturday October 14th. It was about 20 degrees out, dark, and the lot was filled with angry and cold New England college students in Patagonia puff jackets huddled around camp stoves and thermoses. The whole place stank of fun-hating. It did, that is, until the Bates Outing Club came to town.

They came in hot at an undisclosed speed described as "high" with the megaphone siren blaring and enough enthusiasm to give Richard Simmons a seizure. The silence of the early morning was pierced by the techno beats emanating from the speakers of the U-SAV stallion as its doors burst open and motley crew exploded out. Adorned in cut-off jean shorts, commonly known as 'jorts', head bands and various other heinous neon garments, twenty Outing Clubbers piled out of the rented van. The racers from the other schools could not help but stare as the Bates team warmed up using the rather unorthodox dance party method.

The Bobcats were, of course, warming up for the first annual Tufts' invitational, Presidential Range Relay Race. A grueling foot race over the entire Presidential Mountain Range, the course runs 21 miles over nine peaks, and includes over 10,000 vertical feet in elevation gain.

The Bobcats fielded two teams in the P.R.R.R., one in each of the major divisions. First on the trail were Nels "The Viking" Nelson '07, Jeremy "I Need a Haircut" Porter '10, Nate "The Alaskan" Eichelberger '10, and Stuart Ryan '09. This team, headed up by Nelson, competed in the "thru-hiking" division, where the team covered the entire course in one sweep. After a brutal day of hiking, the Bates thru-hiking crew finished in second place to the MIT team. There was some controversy involved, as the MIT team was accused by multiple parties of actually being robots built by real MIT grad students. After some discussion, it was determined that that such advanced technology was not actually





explicitly banned in the competition's rules; a gross oversight on the part of the Tufts' Mountain Club.

The second team, competing in the three leg race and headed up by Zand Martin '08, was comprised of Demian "Stinky" Von Poelnitz '08, Kat Farmer '07, and Ben "2.0" Motley '10 (First Leg); Will "Landfill" Gardiner '09, I-Hwei "Bad Decisions" Warner '09, John "Jack" Murphy '09, and Jason Godsell '08 (Second Leg); and Andrew "Mitch" Toplyn '08, Brodie "The Bratch" O'Brien '09, Mac "The Burger" King '09, Ben "Clown" Reilly '08, and Zand "Old Man" Martin '08 (Anchor Leg). Rounding out the crew was the equipment and medical support team headed up by Zach Risler '08, consisting of Mary-Carson Saunders '08, Melanie Leard '10, and Clara Finley '10. The support/medical team deserves a great deal of thanks for helping the racers not die in one of the most extreme alpine environments in the world, especially considering they were wearing hot pants.

The Bobcat relay entry finished nearly 40 minutes ahead of their closest competitors, easily crushing Dartmouth, Tufts, Colby, MIT, Castleton, Plymouth, and Green Mountain. The Bobcats promptly offered all of them transfer applications.

established the Bobcats on the field, getting up to elevation and then passing off the flag to Warner, Godsell, Gardiner, and Murphy at the summit of Mt. Eisenhower. Leg two came in even hotter, humping it over the ice-covered rock slides and past three opposing teams. The anchor leg met up with them at the summit of Mt. Jefferson where the flag was passed and the lead was lengthened. By the time Martin, Reilly, Toplyn, O'Brien, and King reached the summit of Mt. Adams, their last peak, the enemy was no-where in sight. From there it was all downhill to the parking lot.

Von Poelnitz, Farmer, and Motley 2.0 came in hot and established the Bobcats on the field, getting up to elevation and then passing off the flag to Warner, Godsell, Gardiner, and Murphy at the summit of Mt. Eisenhower. Leg two came in even hotter, humping it over the ice-covered rock slides and past three opposing teams. The anchor leg met up with them at the summit of Mt. Jefferson where the flag was passed and the lead was lengthened. By the time Martin, Reilly, Toplyn, O'Brien, and King reached the summit of Mt. Adams, their last peak, the enemy was no-where in sight. From there it was all downhill to the parking lot.

After the race, the Tufts crew invited all the teams to their swank "Loj" for a dinner and post-race party. Originally underestimating the Bates crew, the Jumbos knew they had to bring their A-game if they had any chance of winning the party. Consequently, the Lady Jumbos "came in hot," so to speak, and treated all the racers to quite a spectacle as they entered the dining hall. Certainly a bold move. However, they failed to pace themselves and the Jumbos were quickly out-partied by the B.O.C. The Bobcats, though not normally known for their capacity to seduce, stole the heart of their competition after employing the "Banana Cheer." Completing the sweep and with bellies full, the Bates crew took to the Kanc' and returned to the Twin Cities. ♦



The 'Climb Every Peak' Challenge

by Brooks Motley '06

There comes a point in every Batesie's career when the pull of the mountain becomes irresistible. At such a juncture the thirst for alpinism can only be quenched in the ascent of the most revered of peaks in Bates tradition. It is then that the day comes for every Bobcat to climb the peak we know and love: Mt. David. For many, though, once the blisters have healed, the muscles have recovered, and the triumph of victory has faded, the fire is ignited once more; this time with a goal higher than 300 feet. And so it was in the fall of 2005 that the Bates Outing Club challenged the Bates community to put at least one person on the summit of every peak in Maine and New Hampshire whose elevation is at least 4,000 feet. With a completion date of December 31st, this meant ascending 62 peaks, totaling 275,294 feet, in only 18 weeks.

The adventures were many, more than a few of which occurred before even reaching the trail-head. The prowess of Larry Stewart's fleet of U-Save vans was tested again and again. One learns to question the importance of a ten passenger limit in a fifteen passenger van when said van is driven up washed out, boulder strewn dirt roads, over bridges used so seldomly that they are described in the guide books as having reached a point of "critical decrepitude," and through snow and ice covered parking lots leaving the unmistakable signature of high-speed doughnuts behind.

With northern New England's weather in classic wait-five-minutes form, the array of hiking conditions seemed infinite. From bluebird skies, howling wind, torrential rain, driving sleet, sparkling snow, skin raising drizzle, pea soup fog, wicked scorching hot, freeze your ass off cold; Mother Nature dished it up. In other words, pretty standard. The list of unclimbed peaks quickly grew smaller and smaller as the last gasps of summer ended in fall colors. Done were almost all the Presi's, the Bigelows, and many of the classic hikes beginning in various New Hampshire "Notches." A group of almost thirty found Katahdin leading the charge into winter in mid-October.

In his senior fall at Bates, Brooks was the Hikes and Trips Director. The Challenge was his idea, and its successful completion can be attributed in large part to his organization and motivation.



Photo: Rachel Sorlien '06

With what a less daring White Mule might call bad judgment, a contingent of about ten questionably clad Bobcats crossed the Tablelands and gained the mile high summit in a dead run through torrential sleet and hurricane force winds. Such is life when there's a goal to be met and Baxter is only open for a few more days. One notable duo taught the untamed Pemigwasset wilderness a thing or two about peak bagging, while the Pemi gave them a lesson in surviving hypothermia, two to a sleeping bag. Progress was so encouraging that by the end of October the five 4,000 footers in Vermont were added to the challenge, bringing the total to 67.

While most peaks were climbed on the first try, there were a select group that took as many as four attempts to attain victory because of various obstacles: A lesson in "you cahn't get theyah from heeah" on the trail-less Redington, a mountain called Sugarloaf on the way to Spaulding, pesky stream crossings, closed roads, and double-digit negative temps on South Twin, the sheer remoteness of Owl's Head, a guy named Brooks failing to realize until after the park closed that North Brother is in Baxter, and, of course, the endless, snowy, swampy slog to Isolation.

We would have been mistaken to call our goal a challenge if it weren't for these peaks, which were reminders that hiking in New England is the real deal. But so is the BOC, which has been a fixture of these mountains since 1920. With some good old fashioned stick-to-it-iveness the last peaks were checked off the list. The final triumph came just three days shy of our deadline when a truly frosty beverage was cracked atop South Twin to toast a semester on top of New England. ♦

East Coast Reflections

by Ben Motley '10 (Motley 2.0)

There were still 15 minutes until the Cannon Quad at Alta started loading powder hungry skiers, but the day had long since begun. There was a mix of excitement and envy in the hoots and hollers of skiers from lift line as the patrollers came down completing their morning "sweep". After 16 years of skiing on the east coast I was finally getting my chance to ski the snow that made college students into dropouts and made successful New York brokers leave their wives and money for small cabins and lonely nights.

After four days of skiing champagne powder in open bowls and steep chutes, it would all start to make sense. I was ready to leave Bates and buy a one way ticket to the Wasatch. Sitting on the plane on the way home I felt like throwing a temper tantrum in the hopes that the airline would postpone my departure until I was in a better frame of mind to ride on a plane; perhaps sometime in the Spring when I would not be torn away from forecasts of endless powder. After realizing the hopelessness of my situation, the only thing I could do was to find comfort in the fact that I was finally the one with stories to tell

and a goggle tan to match.

The skiing had been so good that I couldn't even imagine returning to turns on East Coast concrete. Maybe I would skip the rest of the season and get that knee surgery that I had been putting off with the lethal combination of Vitamin I and denial.

My first night back brought with it two inches of sweet east coast corn, that in some places threatened to creep up over ski sidewalls and hit boot buckles. I couldn't resist getting out for a few turns on the fresh blanket of loose granular mixed with boiler plate, promising myself that this would be the last time and after that day I would think about going under the knife. Three runs turned to ten and then fifteen. Riding up on the last chair of the day I realized that surgery would have to wait for another winter and so could my career as a ski bum. Anyone can be a skier when powder is plentiful and the sun is warm, but real skiers are made on the East coast. On days when there are more snow guns on the slopes than people, the thermometer is hovering around zero with a wind-chill to match, and you are still smiling, that is when you have become a skier. ♦

Top Ten Reasons You Know that you ski at Sunday River:

- 10.) You think every storm will hit Maine directly, and will always drop 36-56 inches, despite forecasters predictions of a dusting to an inch.
- 9.) The beginning, middle and end of every trail are not merely sections of the same trail, but three separate trails, and the top of every lift brings you to a different peak.
- 8.) Any time the snow breaches the sidewalls of a ski is a powder day, and face shots come from snow guns.
- 7.) Snow bunnies are most commonly found in the form of a fury woodland creature.
- 6.) Ski Patrol are people who stand at slow signs and cause unnecessary confusion.
- 5.) If you don't see at least one grouping of condos at all times than you are clearly out of bounds.
- 4.) Ice is only ice if you can clearly see your reflection in it and even still it is probably packed powder.
- 3.) A cheeseburger isn't a cheeseburger unless you paid at least \$11 for it and another 25 cents for the cup to put your water in.
- 2.) White Heat is probably the steepest slope in the world and falling on it will almost definitely result in death because of the insane incline and mandatory cliff drops.
- 1.) You have studied at the University of Gnarria (UofG) and have problems with your knees to prove it.



Jon Duchette '06, Jess Perrie '05, and Ben Reilly '08 at Tuckerman's Ravine, 2005

Photo: Brooks Motley '06

Jay Bladon '10: Emerging Shred Machine

by Lindsay Thompson '10

When Jay Bladon snowboards, he compares the feeling to floating on snow. "I'm boarding on a heavenly cloud," he explains. Except that Jay is far from angelic, and he isn't floating, he's shredding. Jay has been snowboard racing since he was nine, and has been winning competitions for as long as he can remember. Most recently, Jay, who is coached by the legendary... place ,,, in ,,, race. The following interview shows Jay's methodical and levelheaded approach to the fast-paced and high-tension sport of racing, an approach that has brought him great success.

Lindsay Thompson: When did you start snowboarding?

Jay Bladon: I started boarding when I was nine years old with my best friend, his mom, and my mom.

LT: Did you ski before? Why did you switch?

JB: I used to alpine race, but I picked up boarding as a J5 [note. 9 years old] At first I split my time between the two. I'd ski one day on the weekend, and board the other. After two years of that I switched over to boarding full time. I switched because I liked the kids I road with more than the kids I raced with, and I had more freedom to do whatever I wanted when I was on the hill. With boarding, I didn't have to train on a course everyday.

LT: A lot of people who race at the level that you compete in claim that boarding takes over their lives. Do you feel that way?

JB: Definitely. I guess I would say it happened freshmen year of high school. I was still at the Cambridge School in Weston, MA [note. Sophomore-Senior year at The Holderness School in Holderness, NH]. One of my coaches proposed that I spend the winter semester up at the Academy [note. Mt. Mansfield Academy], and everything kind of fell into place. I ended up living up in Vermont and going to the Academy for two months. When that plan finally got worked out, and when I was leaving Mass to go up to Vermont, I realized that snowboarding had become a huge part of my life.

LT: Did you feel like you were giving anything up to spend your winter training and boarding?

JB: Sure, just not academics. They were pretty much the same in both places, but I felt like I was giving up something social. I couldn't talk to my friends, didn't have the Internet. I didn't get to talk to my best friends for two months. But I realized that snowboarding meant enough to me that I was willing to let some people go. I wanted to be friends with the kind of people who understood the love I have for the sport, and who took it as seriously as I do. Those were the kind of people I wanted to chill with.

LT: When or how did you realize that you had a future in racing?

JB: That would have to be four or five years ago, at Nationals in Mammoth, CA. When I finished the first race, Bud Keene came up to me, and congratulated me [note. Keene now coaches the US Olympic Snowboarding Team]. Later that day, all the coaches were hanging out on the deck outside the lodge, discussing the race. I walked by and they all told me I'd done a great job. It was such an awesome feeling for them all to congratulate me, together. I felt like I could be really good at this sport. I felt like I could do it for a while.

LT: What do you feel like at the bottom of a course?

JB: Like I'm going to implode. I can't breathe, my legs are twitching from the strain, my eyes are bugged out, but I always want to do it again. No matter what happens on the course or in the race, I always want to do it again.

LT: What is it about racing that makes you just want to keep coming back? What do you feel like when you're racing?

JB: I feel like I'm going a million miles an hour when I'm racing. I feel like I'm defying gravity and I'm resting millions pounds of pressure on about an inch of snow. I can't really explain it but I feel like I'm the most athletic I'll ever be when I'm racing. I feel really strong, kind of... burly. It's definitely the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I really have to work for it. But it's not like academic work where you can't enjoy the process. I get immediate enjoyment out of boarding, it gives me a sense of personal success.

LT: What's next for Jay Bladon? The 2010 Olympics perhaps?

JB: Well, I'll be on the world cup circuit, racing FIS and USSA events for the next three years. If I start placing well at those events [note. FIS- Federation International du Ski, and USSA- United States Ski and Snowboard Association] then I'll start thinking about the Olympics or maybe the XGames for boarder cross. But I need to finish college before any of that happens, I need to be able to train year round. I would definitely be willing to do that after college though.

LT: Why did you decide to go to college now, instead of putting it on hold?

JB: I'm too young for all that. It wouldn't be as fulfilling for me at this age, and I don't want to race against these guys until I know I'm the same caliber and as strong as they are. I think that all these young kids, who are fourteen, fifteen, and are winning these half pipe and boarder cross competitions, I don't think their success will last long. They just caught the sport at the right time. They're winning now because they're more flexible and acrobatic, but the pipes we're riding just keep getting bigger. Soon enough it's going to be about who has the strength to ride them, and that's when the true athletes are going to emerge. I also believe it takes a lot of time, and dedication to get the right moves, to really amaze people in boarding. It takes a lot of planning to win. I plan a lot. And hopefully I'll win a lot too. ♦

Photo of Jay shredding

My "Happy Place"

by Carrie Piper '09

We woke up to another white out. Anticipation mixed with apprehension as our last powder day looked like it was going to be unskiable. Zero visibility coupled with huge snow drifts on top of bullet-proof ice threatened to keep us off the mountain. Things were different above the clouds, however, and when we got to the top of the mountain we knew this day would be different. The sky was cloudless and three feet of untouched snow blanketed huge expanses. We stood speechless at the top, not even knowing where to start. We were among forty other skiers that had all of La Parva, Chile to ourselves for two hours before the mountain opened to the public.

I looked over at Rich, my coach at the time, and his only instructions for the day were to "ski until you can't walk". We lapped the poma lift until Nate found us, telling us he wanted to "show us something". We followed him out through endless snow fields, eventually we approached a sloping valley, and the side we were on was one long cornice. Butterflies filled my stomach as I peered over the edge- a giant white comforter awaited. I hiked back up the slope and the first jump off was nearly orgasmic: I guess I was in "the white room" when I landed. Because this valley was sloped, if you did not ski all the way down you could arch a turn up the hill to get back up onto the cornice and hurl yourself off again. This is what I and five of my best friends did for hours. We were all smiles, we could not stop talking about the day. After seven hours I had reached Rich's goal. I had never been so hungry, dehydrated, exhausted and sun burnt at the same time. It was the best day of my life, and it's where I go to when I'm seeking my



Brooks Motley '06 skinning up Mt. Albert, QC

Photo: Jess Perrie '05

Ready

by Maura Foley '09

Feet emerge from the covers
Early and sluggish
Onto the hardwood floor
Where boots are waiting
Sleep weighted eye-lids
Feel out the hazy distance to the
Straps of a backpack
Fat with polyblend layers of
Turquoise and Mauve
And summer green
Out the doors
And into the wild, eyes blink
Exposed to the gold morning rays
The white doors of a van
Slide open
Piling in to storm the horizon

Take off to the ever-watching mountains
Take off to the lakes that linger through their hazy valleys
To ridges where hard rock pokes through crystal snow
Eyes wide open
Now they twinkle
Reflecting the sunlight
Off these portals to ecstasy
Ready to take the trip. ♦

Breathe

by Gretchen Grebe '09

Breathe.
Left foot forward-transfer weight.
The laminated wood sinks through the fresh snow, carving deep into the hill. Pole.
Wax and snow repel and the ski glides forward.

Breathe.
Right foot forward-transfer weight.
Pole and GLIDE.
The skiers climb the hill;
steps short and quick to avoid sinking
in.
The morning's dusting of snow has
grown deep,
rendering the hill soft and slow.

The snow grabs these 180 cm planks
in an attempt to claim them as its
own.
Spectators scream from the top of the
hill.
"Faster, Quicker, Ski Hard!"
Ski faster or risk losing your ski to
the snow
and the hill below,
to the earth where the tree once grew
that was so gracefully molded into
the ski
that you now trust to carve this hill
and glide
through the snow with your left foot
forward.

BREATHE.

The flakes fall harder now;
giant frosted flakes of snow
that cover the spectators,
melting as they hit the hot sweat of
your face
and run into your eyes.
The scene becomes blurry
and an encompassing white sepa-
rates
the mind and body.
Cold, windy, wet screams the body!
Pain, fatigue, suffocation screams the
mind.

The encompassing white unites the
ski and the soul.
Existence, raison d'être, perfection
screams the ski!
Existence, raison d'être, perfection
replies the soul.♦

My Love/Hate Relationship with Wildlife:

by Melissa Jones '08

Growing up in New Hampshire I have grown quite accus-
tomed to interacting with my share of wildlife. Sometimes I have
trouble distinguishing wildlife from one another, like when I was five
years old and I thought the moose in the driveway was a horse. Still,
I have always thought that the fauna in New England and I were on
good terms. This all changed last fall when I flew around the world
to New Zealand, home of the kiwi bird. For those of you have never
seen a kiwi bird, just think a ball of fur with a beak, no arms, and
short legs. Most people, upon first seeing the kiwi, think they are
cute. In truth, they are anything but cute when they unexpectedly
decide to jump two feet in the air and proceed claw you with their
feet of death.

Of course there was plenty of NZ wildlife that was cute and
would stay on the ground. The seals were cute as they would just
loungue about, basking on the rocks. And so were the penguins
that would emerge on the beach after feeding early in the morn-
ing. With the help of these down under creatures, I was beginning
to regain my love of wildlife, that is, until a kiwi bird decided to do
a kamikaze dive right into my windshield when I was coming back
from the ski hill. Who would of thought that in a place as beautiful
as the South Island, you would have suicidal birds?

I proceeded to leave NZ a few months later bound for Aus-
tralia and determined to find wildlife that wasn't out to kill me. It
was on the beautiful Gold Coast that I received my affirmation that
despite my attempts to love wildlife, they are all out to get me. Lone
Pine Koala Sanctuary is the place to go to see koalas on the Gold
Coast. All day this cute little Koala has been forced to cuddle with
people, but decides it's me it wants to poop on. They told me it was
a sign that it liked me but I just don't buy it. Despite all of troubles
experienced down under, I can't help but hold a special place in my
heart for all those cute, cuddly, and sometimes suicidal wildlife.♦



Above: Drew's Duck

Photo: Drew Stow '06

Confessions of a Flatlander

By Ben Reilly '08

In my Anthropology 103 course I have been studying the rites of passage of several different cultures. One day in class, Professor Danforth put together an exercise that encouraged us to think about the rites of passage that we have gone through in our own lives. I don't belong to any religious or social group that embraces such customs, so my ascendance into manhood went uncelebrated. So, instead of reflecting on a bar mitzvah or confirmation, I thought about something entirely different. I thought about what I consider to be my most recent rite of passage, and quite possibly the one I'm most proud of: induction into the esteemed ranks of the Jay Peak 'localdom.'

For the past three years, I have had the greatest ski posse that any young, knee droppin' whipper snapper could ask for. Bates has a wealth of great skiers and riders, and most of them happen to be good timin' guys and gals, too. In my book, that's a recipe for lifelong friendship. For the past three seasons we have slayed every kind of snow that Maine can throw at us. Everything from hung-over Saturday mornings on early season, man-made, boilerplate at Sunday River to occasional Maine powder days at Sugarloaf. I've had some of the best days of my life skiing with the strapping young lads and lassies of the BOC. Yet, when it comes to ski areas, my heart isn't in Newry or Carrabasset; it's in the Jay Peak tram in North Troy, VT.

For several seasons now Jay Peak has been my home resort. It's the kind of laid back hill where the people are more interested in skiing double black diamond glades than sporting the latest fashions and shopping après ski. Jay doesn't offer the tourist-attracting amenities found in a place like Stowe and, for that matter, it doesn't actually have any double black diamond trails, either. However, I dare you to ski 'Valhalla' and tell me it's an easier run than White Heat. Yeah, Sunday River grooms that one.

Jay prides itself not on its snow-making capacity, but on the 355 inches of natural snow it averages every season. With sparse lift lines and even less pretense, Jay is a skier's mountain, through and through. Thus, when my parents' decade-long search for a second home in Vermont finally ended in Sheffield(1), less than an hour from Jay, I was elated. I was to become a Jay Peak season's pass holder.

(1) Our immediate neighbors include a sled dog tour guide, a young couple who just finished building a house without the assistance of electricity or gasoline-powered machines, and an ex-military engineer who lives in a cement silo on several dozen acres of exquisitely managed forest with a welcome sign that reads: 'Al's Magic Kingdom'



Photo taken Thursday, after the big storm

Photo courtesy of Jay Peak

With this new access to the area, I felt compelled to learn every trail the mountain has to offer. After memorizing the trail map and lapping every trail, even the greens, it was time to take the next step. It was time to learn the area's out-of-bounds skiing. For years I had heard talk of the legendary back side of the mountain. I'd heard tales of the powdery riches and endless chutes to be found waiting in the fabled lines of Big Jay. I had to know if there was any substance to the stories I had heard. The first stop on my quest for this knowledge was the local telemark shop in Montgomery, First Trax. Nestled into the backside of Big Jay, just west of the resort, Montgomery is a quaint Northern New England town where the locals all know each other and where the skiers among them gather at The Snow Shoe pub soon after the lifts stop running.

On my initial visit to First Trax, I had two agendas. First, I wanted to introduce myself to the technicians, who I knew I would turn to for help during the coming weeks and seasons. More importantly though, I needed advice on how to get to Big Jay.

Immediately upon entering the store, I knew that First Trax was my kind of ski shop. In the main room, which resembles an uber-gear head's living room more than a ski shop, were two brahs sitting

on a couch watching the newest film release from Powder Whores. The two guys, obvious locals, were each nursing a beer from the Trout River six-pack nestled between them. At first it seemed as though they were shooting the breeze with some imaginary third person, until it became clear that they were conversing with the owner, who was in the process of mounting a new pair of skis in the adjacent workshop. His wife sat behind the register flipping through the pages of Couloir magazine. Nobody approached me.

This clearly wasn't the type of shop that was going to try to sell me a new \$500 ski boot just because my current ones made my feet sore. They knew that if I needed something, I would ask; so I did. I wandered over to the work bench. The owner, all smiles, asked me what he could do for me. Immediately upon telling him that I was interested in skiing Big Jay, his countenance dropped. I was no longer a customer, but an outsider infringing on his territory. He told me that it was dangerous to head there without someone that knew the area well and he mentioned that he runs guided tours back there for the small fee of \$200. It was an overture of peace, but he knew that the college age guy he was looking at didn't have any intention of paying \$200 for a guided tour.

I swear I saw him glance at the parking lot, his eyes fixed on my out-of-state plates before telling me that I would be silly to go there without the direction of a local. I wanted to say, "Brother, I pray to the same snow gods you do. And just like you, Jay is my temple. Don't keep this sacred knowledge from me just because I'm not a local."

I wasn't about to bore him with these details, but not being a Vermonter has always been a sore point for me. My mother, a Vermonter from a long line of Vermonters, had intended to drive from Baltimore, MD, to Burlington, VT, a week before her due date just to ensure I was born in her home state. Unfortunately, I wrecked those plans by arriving several weeks ahead of schedule.

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Photos taken Friday, Thursday, after the big storm
Courtesy of Jay Peak

The hike to Tuck's, 2006
Photo: Lincoln Benedict '09

Time Out

by Kitty Galloway '09

Solitude,
the moon above me, the road ahead
the spoken splendors of our
questionable country spreading out
beneath my wheels and under my feet.
I left for time alone,
not to find myself but to remember.
It's harder to find than imagine
this quiet:
There are always friendly faces,
minds ready to speak through their voices,
their bodies.
My friends, you're on my mind.
I'm thinking of you, is what I'm trying to say.

It's evening.
Even as the sun sets, the moon rises in the sky
the expanse above me still unsure of
what color to turn
unsure of what is coming or going
rising or falling,
whether what's being lost compares
to what could soon be found.

The rocks glow yellow around me
Shadows defining every curve and jut
so that even the stone looks sad,
too beautiful for words.
A cactus waits patiently close to my foot
And far off a bird twitters,
the branches of a dead tree shudder.
The winds picks up in gusts,
blows the Nag burning
on my picnic table in crazy directions
--the wind that descends on this desert every night,
reminding us of its power. People are packing,
taking down their tents and starting their cars.
They have a habit of leaving late here
eager to suck up the last moments of the day
the strange displaced land
before night hits hard and tomorrow dances
and they must get in their cars and go home,
returning to whatever it is they left
even if that is nothing.
We're all like that.... must return, in the end.
And the wind is picking up.

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Mountaineering in the Alps

By Alberto Means '10

Millions of invisible ice swords penetrated my skin as my lungs contracted, expelling all of my breath at once. My bare feet rubbed against the bottom of the rocky cove as all of my thoughts turned to my numbness. I catapulted myself to the nearby inlet of the glacial lake. The crisp sun of eight thousand feet thawed me from the inside out. I cut a generous chunk of salami with my Swiss Army knife and ripped off a piece of French baguette.

This lake was the halfway point of the twenty-mile hike that my friend Tim, my dad, and I had begun earlier that morning. We had started our hike at La Thuile, a small Italian village that my grandparents had taken me to since I was young. At the start of the hike, purple wildflowers lined a roaring stream at the base of the Ruitor Glacier. Eventually the scenery changed to towering trees and fierce waterfalls that beckoned us higher up the mountain. I tried not to look at the endless abyss to my right as I continued the vertical climb. The hike steepened as we approached an untouched glacial lake.

After a quick swim and lunch break we left, looking up at what was supposedly a "trail." I swallowed hard and kept telling myself we were almost there. I could already taste the polenta that awaited us at the "Rifugio." A warm shower and thick wool blankets also appeared in my imagination as I turned what seemed to be the hundredth switchback. My daydream was interrupted by the startling thunderclaps. Soon, the sun vanished, and the sky was black, ready to explode onto me. I started feeling lightheaded from dehydration, hunger, and altitude.

Cold sweats of anxiety poured down my spine in between my back and soaked t-shirt. The sideways rain made the trail nearly invisible. My friend Tim had been out of sight for over an hour and I could barely distinguish my father hundreds of feet below me. Finally, I caught a glimpse of Tim's red rain jacket. I could faintly hear my name being called in between the thunder. His arms flailed, reassuring me that I was almost there. After nearly running towards him I could finally make out the refuge through the clouds. After washing away the sweat from my face, and thawing by the fire, I sat down for a rewarding meal with a group of German mountaineers. ♦



Above: Ruitor Glacier

Photo: Alberto Means '10

Left: Tuckerman Ravine, late Fall 2005

Of Cabins and Lean-tos

by Judy Marden '66

Though the Thorncrag Cabin was on its last legs and progressively dismantled during my years at Bates from 1962-66, our BOC cabin on Sabattus Mountain was a popular destination for cabin parties, dinners, and overnights. It was within easy biking distance (out Route 126 and turn left on Route 132); always a welcome opportunity to get off campus and away from the confining life of Bates dormitories.

The cabin was severely vandalized in the mid-sixties, and during a particularly dry year, neighbors were so worried it would burn down and set the surrounding woods on fire that the landowners and the Outing Club decided to take it down. Our beautiful little log cabin, with its fieldstone fireplace and comfortable loft, joined Thorncrag as a warm memory and an empty space.

But the Outing Club knew that students needed a getaway—and in 1973, Dr. Gilbert Grimes '54 allowed the Outing Club unlimited use of his 155-acre parcel of land, called Fisher Farm, on Williams Road in Sabattus. Council members cut cross-country ski trails, built bridges, and in March 1975 hauled lumber and shingles to the site. The lean-to was sturdy and well-used; by that time chaperones weren't required, so its overnight use escalated, and it became the site for important annual traditions, like Advance.

Time went on, and Dr. Grimes decided to retire...to Florida. He wanted to sell the land to Bates, but the College said no. Builders bought the Fisher Farm acreage instead, and while they first said they would let the Fisher Farm lean-to remain, they kept subdividing and building houses closer and closer. At last, the privacy once enjoyed at the lean-to was no more; when it came time to invest in repairs in the mid-nineties, the Council decided to explore other sites and perhaps build a replacement.

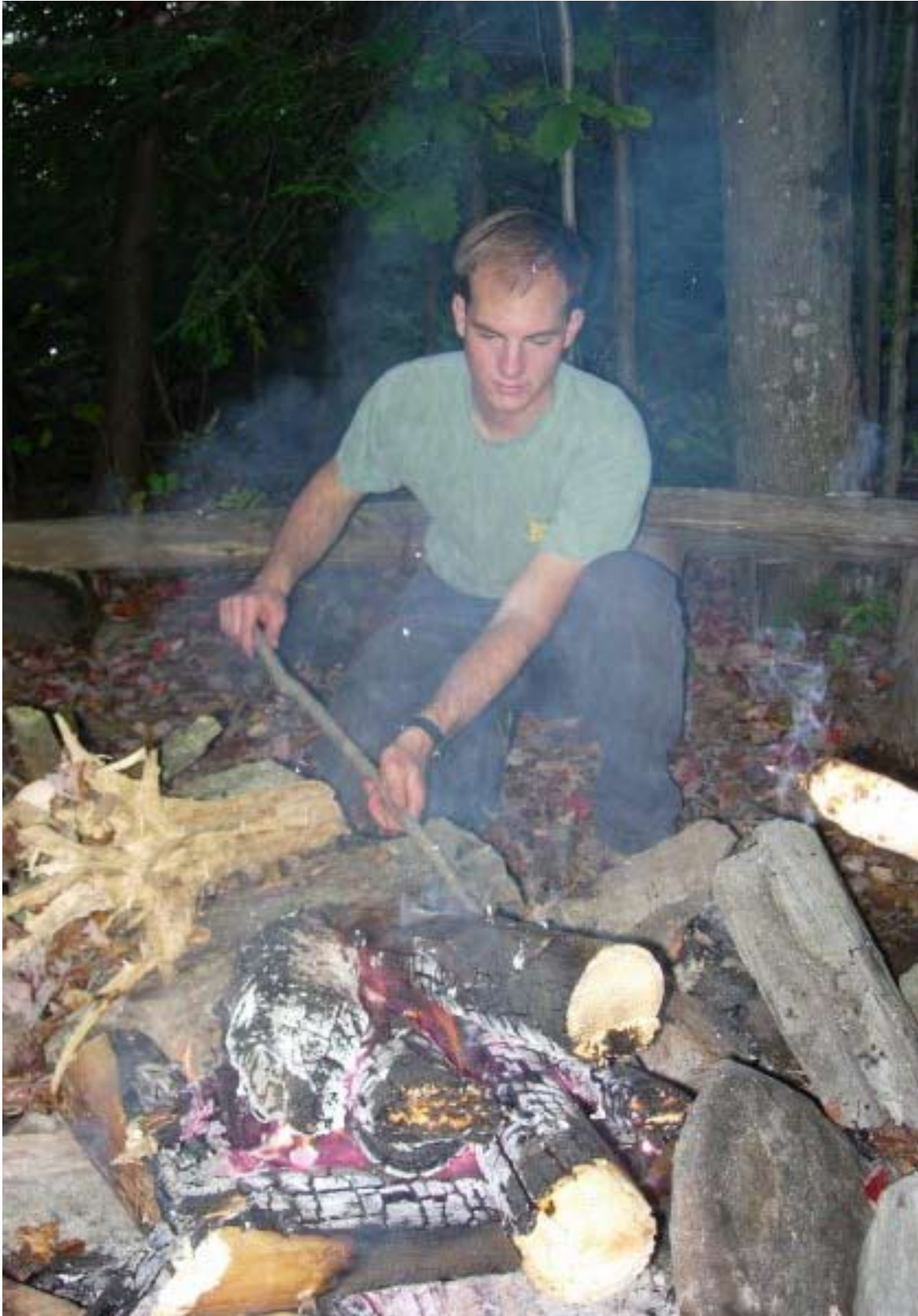
At the same time, I had been trying to acquire more land around my house in Greene, about twelve miles from Bates. Though I had bought the old brick farmhouse in 1975, and it was surrounded by miles of wooded acreage, I owned only 4 of those wooded acres. I kept in touch with the surrounding landowners; agonized through some heavy timbering and threats of subdivision in the mid-90's, and finally was able to buy the acreage up the hill. It seemed like a pretty good place to put a lean-to.

BOC President Tim Leach, '99, thought there should be a new lean-to as well, and came to Greene to tromp through the woods with me looking for a suitable location. In March of 1998, we chose a site, and began to identify and cut trees to be used. Everyone came to help—carloads of students from campus, the football team, Don and Ann Harward, everyone shouldered webbing harnesses, moved great logs, applied preservative, cleared the site, and hauled rocks. Much work was accomplished that spring, more the following fall, and by April 1999, the materials were assembled for construction. Ben Ayers, Brad Morse, Eric Thompson, and John MacKay spent their senior Short Term raising the walls. Sean Cranmer and Andrew Watterson, Class of 2000, masterminded the roof and floor in the fall of 1999. Laura Greene, Ali Maynard, and Andrew Watterson completed "Flora (and a little fauna) of the Lean-to," a field guide to the area, in the spring of 2000 as their senior independent study project. And finally, Kerry Maloney, the Chaplain, blessed and dedicated the space that was the combined accomplishment of so many people. The project was done...well, not quite.

Remembering what had happened with the structure on Dr. Grimes' land, I wanted to keep the same thing from ever happening to this lean-to. Nevertheless, I was wary of contributing my home and land to the College—what if a later administration decided to sell it to augment a capital campaign? I meant to live out my years in this home, and hoped for visitation by generations of Bates students in the future.

As an officer of the Androscoggin Land Trust, I knew about Conservation easements, which can protect pieces of land in perpetuity. The landowner can specify what activities are permitted—and not permitted—on the land under easement. I knew I didn't want the land I had so painstakingly put together subdivided or developed in any way, so I put my 200 acres under easement, to prevent that from happening forever. At the same time, a provision of the easement allows the Bates Outing Club perpetual access to the lean-to, and the ability to maintain, repair, or replace it at any time.

As long as Bates remains an intense, undergraduate liberal arts college, its future students will need a place of refuge just as much as my class did—a place to get off to the woods, for solitude and reflection, a place to gather in good comradeship around a fire, a place to tell stories. As the campus, and the city of Lewiston, grow more crowded, retreat places on campus and nearby will only become more scarce. Now, the BOC will always have the lean-to—a place in the woods, not too far away—but far enough. ♦



Bennet Leon '07 stoking the fire at the lean-to

Photo: Maria Jenness '07

TRIP REPORTS

Katahdin Rocket Fuel (KRF)

by Zand Martin'08

Katahdin is a big mountain. Peanut butter contains a lot of calories. Calories help one climb mountains. Therefore, vis a vis, ergo; Katahdin demands peanut butter. It was with this timeless assertion that I began trip planning for the annual fall Katahdin assault. If I was going to be leading upwards of forty people up the largest mountain in Maine at the very end of the season, BOCers of wildly different hiking experience and conditioning, I would need to bring a ton of peanut butter.

And so I did. Twenty-four pounds, to be exact. However, I knew from cooking on trip with and for children all summer that peanut butter is very hard to ingest without the aid of some other consumable. Something more must be done, some other element must be added... and then I hit on it. I was going to make peanut sauce over pasta. It is simple, easy, tasty, and most importantly, carb and calorie intensive. In short, the perfect bush recipe. I'd been making this dish in the backcountry since I was twelve, and knew its wonders. Over time, I had experimented with recipe variations and hit on one that I could easily assemble from the limited selection at my trip camp's food pack-out room.

Some people call this dish 'Gado-Gado', but I think its called 'Katahdin Rocket Fuel' or KRF for short. Plus, traditional gado-gado has vegetables, and everyone worth their weight in wool (or Capilene) knows that vegetables have no place in a mountain-climbers grub box. Not that most mountain-climbers carry grub boxes. In short, we were ready for the biggest trip of the fall semester, heading out in the last days of September.

Friday, September 29th saw much activity in the E-room in Hathorn's musty basement. Furious tent checks and med-kit inspections were the order of the day, and before long the USAV mini-van and its complement of Katahdin advance team members was complete. We jetted up to Chewonki's Big Eddy campground just south of Baxter, enjoying both the town of Millinocket (we didn't Milla-nock-it until we Milla-tried-it) and the moose that galloped beside our van at twenty-five mph for four miles. We arrived after dark, and set to work setting up a dozen or more



Group #1 on a rock scramble

Photo: Courtney Stachowski '09



Photo: Peter Setarini '10

tents and a couple of beautifully strung tarps. We then fired up four Coleman Twin Burners, the workhorse of any BOC kitchen. We were ready for the invasion of BOCers tired and hungry from a week at Bates and the four hour drive, and as soon as they rolled in, we began dishing out pot after pot of the stuff to mostly rave reviews.

After three hours of sleep, the thirty-four of us arose and broke camp in the chilled darkness. The West Branch of the Penobscot groaned beside us as wet tents disappeared into stuff sacks and three van loads of groggy college students packed up their kits for the day.

The weather was not supposed to be good, but as we crossed the boundry into Baxter State Park

at 6AM, the false dawn revealed an almost cloudless sky. We were lucky on all fronts: two cars behind our caravan they shut the gate for the parking lot.

We split into three groups of eleven, each with their own leaders, and staggered them so as to not overwhelm the trail. Hours later, we all met on the summit amid the alternating pattern of brilliantly clear sunshine and a landscape that could be seen, crystal-clear, to the horizon, and the first snow flurries of the year. Several intrepid souls mounted the rockpile in the nude, an interesting sight for the bearded and tearful thru-hikers completing their trek. In all, everyone that started the climb summited with no injuries, and the weather cooperated brilliantly. We ran into Bowdoin and Colby near the summit, and, I am happy to report, we are much more attractive than either other Outing Club. The trip was a success, but was it my meager skill as a trip leader? The cooperation of the weather? The people on the trip? No one will ever know, but I'd like to think it had something to do with the twenty-four pounds of peanut butter I packed, some of which, interestingly enough, is still on top of my refrigerator.

To get yourself a stomach full of power so you can hike like a BOCer, here is what you'll need:



- water (very important ingredient)
- 2½ lb. pasta, preferably rotini
- 1 cup brown sugar
- 1 huge heaping can of cream of mushroom soup, preferably from Marden's
- ½ cup hot sauce, preferably Frank's Red Hot
- ½ cup vinegar
- ¼ cup oil
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ¼ cup garlic powder
- 2 cups peanut butter

diced onions, peppers, peanuts (no shell), sunflower seeds (no shell), and black pepper all make it better, but aren't vital.

Get your water up to a ripping boil, dash some oil in, and then the pasta. While its cooking, mix together all the other ingredients. The trick is to balance the sweet parts (peanut butter, brown sugar) with the spicy/sour parts (soy, Frank's, vinegar). Taste often as you add ingredients to keep one side from overpowering the other. Once the pasta is cooked, drain the majority of the water and drop in the sauce. Mix well, eat, and climb something. Serves about 10 college students. ♦

Keep Your Boots Under Your Butt

By Graham Jones '09

I have had my boots for three and a half years now. No piece of footwear has a longer life span than the good boot. The good boot is the boot you bought once right before a big trip and cost you a very pretty penny. The good boot is the boot that you only wear on special occasions, like an extremely muddy day or a day when you feel like going outside and chopping some logs. The good boot is the kind of footwear that when you are telling stories with your buddies you will stop and say things like "... but it was alright, I was wearing my good boots." And everyone nods their head in approval, as if thinking, "Oh yeah, of course, his good boots. Nothing bad would happen to him while he's wearing his good boots." The good boot is the only time you'll get emotional when it comes time to replace the laces.

Trying to branch out, I signed up to go on the BOC's annual Introduction to Winter Camping Trip. I am from Kentucky, where the winter brings alot of overcast skies, rain, and fog, but no snow. I have friends from Vermont though, so I thought I'd be fine. I learned a lot on the trip: I now know why man invented the snowshoe, why man invented the -20 degree sleeping bag, and why God invented delicious ingredients that make up Honey Buns, the world's greatest trail food. Winter camping is fun, beautiful, and at times extremely cold. But I also experienced one of the scariest events of my camping career on that trip.

We camped for two days and one night in February in Grafton Notch State Park. On the second morning when I woke up ready for a day of hiking, I found my good boots frozen. True story: frozen. No, they weren't just really cold, and they weren't just covered in snow. They were frozen. They were twice as heavy, hard enough to knock a man out, and if you had a cup big enough, you could use the boots as ice-cubes. I was standing on my sleeping pad with just socks and long underwear holding my good boots, about to cry. But it was a beautiful snowy morning nonetheless.

The trip leaders pointed out that I could not leave until I figured out a way to stick my feet in the boots. This was a keen observation. It was also noted that I would not be able to get my feet into boots unless they became a little less frozen,

and there was no microwave for miles. Wise words. And just to be a punk, the trip leader asserted that just before I fell asleep he told me I should put my boots under my butt so they wouldn't freeze. I felt like an idiot, but who knew boots could freeze? And who gets a good night sleep when they are sleeping on top of boots? No one, but I guess they do have thawed footwear at sunrise.

I have not gone winter camping since, and my only other interaction with snow and I since then was when I threw a snowball at a friend last Saturday night. I did make it out of Grafton Notch alive and on foot, in my boots. They still function and fit fine. Camping is always better when you have your good pair of boots, but next time I'll keep them at least as warm as the Honey Buns: frosted, not frozen, and still functional. ♦



Above: Bennet Leon '07 & Chuck Rodda '05



Trip to Bald Rock Mountain, 2006

Photo: Ellen Sabina '09

Peaks Weekend- Austrian Style

by Lincoln Benedict '09

October 14th rolled around as a grand day for Bobcats everywhere. The 14th, you see, was Peaks Weekend, the time every fall were the BOC tries to put its members on as many peaks as possible, all over the world. As little as hiking Mount Washington, as great as submitting the great George and Helen Ladd Library stairs: it all counts. Myself and a few other BOC'ers were on the Vienna FSA in Austria and decided that we too would participate. We'd wanted to do Schneeberg but our German revealed that the name, "snow mountain", did not lie. To get up it, we would need crampons; we had running sneakers.

So we settled on a lesser peak nearby. Our next stop was transportation. Trains would not work and unfortunately U-Save doesn't have a Vienna branch, so we were forced to acquire a small Mercedes A Class from Hertz. With the small diesel churning we rapidly left Vienna in our wake on the A2 Sud. After an hour, we drove out of the Vienna area fog and mountains started to appear, stunning us with how absolutely gorgeous they were. We were not quite in the Alps, and the mountains where we were felt a bit like the White Mountains, so the hike was quite pleasant. To make it feel even more like home, some trees had color to them. While not the startling hue of New England, it was enough to make you think, relax, and breathe. It was made even more relaxing by the fact that none of us had really been outside Vienna in the last month. It's funny the things you notice and realized you've missed so much, wind in trees, crunch or gravel, and simply quiet without people and their machines.

After two hours of steady hiking we reached a hut and we were elated- the summit was only a stones throw away. It may have been, but we never got there. A shame to navigation, we took the completely wrong path and after an hour of walking down paths that led us nowhere, we decided to have a late lunch. And what a lovely lunch it was: Manner Cookies, good Wurst, cheese, and of course some Gruner Veltliner, Austria's most famous wine. In some sense it was the American dream transported to Austria, the freedom to drive and the freedom go where and do what we pleased in the mountains ♦

In This Way

by Gretchen Grebe '09

We hike in by sunset,
The sun's pink hues outline the western ridge.
We climb fast,
Digging our toes deep in the snow.
Breathing hard,
Blood pumping through veins;
"It feels so good to feel my heart again," she says.
I too am grateful to rediscover this place that
so holds my heart captive.

Higher we climb as the pinks begin to fade.
The trees stretch, reaching high for the moon
sliver above.
We reach the bluff,
Overwhelmed by the immense valley below
us.
"This is it," he replies and pees into the wind.

Blueberry bagels with salami and cheese,
A contemplative game of scrabble;
Ductape letters replace the lost originals.
Anxiously snuggling into our bags for a quick
nap.

We hike out by sunrise.
The sun crawls down the tree trunks and slides
across the windblown snow,
Brushing across a few stale leaves;
Skeletons witness to the long Maine winter.
Yes. ♦



AESOP Trip planning

Photo: Ellen Sabina '09

Chic Chocalicious

by Brodie O'Brien '09

Detailing a Bates special forces mission to the Chic Choc Mountains of Quebec to battle fierce local moose, infiltrate backwoods hospitals, and ski the gnarliest lines in the East

At the conclusion of final exams this past April, BOCers Jess Perrie '05, Brooks Motley '06, John Leavitt '08, Ben Reilly '08, Zand Martin '08, and Brodie O'Brien '09 traded in textbooks, Nietzsche, and Redbull for fat boards, beacons, and Redbull, driving eleven hours north of Lewiston to the Gaspé Peninsula and the Chic Choc Mountains of northeastern Quebec. After a week of all-nighters and caffeine the passengers were largely subdued until reaching the Canadian border, at which time the younger members of the crew reveled in the benefits of lax Canadian liquor laws and 12.9% high gravity Canadian lagers. Energized by sharing in the freedoms of life as a Canadian and only beginning to realize the potential of the trip, the final seven hours of driving flew by.

Our group stayed at the Gîte du Mont Albert-run huts in the Parc National de la Gaspésie, a cluster of small bunkhouses about ten minutes from a trailhead that would lead us to some of the steepest and softest spring slopes on the East Coast. We settled in to our bunks that first night with a wood fire burning and stars bright overhead, nearly 600 miles north of Bates.

The next four days would begin with hastily made coffee, breakfast scrounged from among the previous night's leftovers of guacamole hamburgers and pasta, and the requisite blaring Crazy Frog CD on the drive to the trailhead. We skinned to a new location each day and were met with a variety of terrain all with a delectable buttery corn shell once mid day sun and 60-degree temperatures had softened the night's freeze. From the sloping bowls of Le Grand Cuve to the steep chutes and narrow couloirs of the Le Mur des Patrolier, we found skiing far better than we'd ever imagined existed in the East.



Group shot in the Grand Cuve

Photo: Brooks Motley '06



Zand on a wide line

Photo: Brooks Motley '06

The skiing and boarding went without a hitch until a few days before the trip's conclusion, John was maimed by an *Alces alces* (Eastern Moose) in a tragic attack that was ended only with a skibooted curb stomp rescue on the part of Ben and Brodie. Bleeding profusely and with a mysterious white, stringy material hanging from his knee, we drove John north to the "city" of Sainte-Anne-des-Montes where we sought knowledgeable medical counsel. Met with a decisive lack of English skills and on the part of the hospital staff and equally dismal knowledge of French on our part, we struggled through insurance and treatment that eventually provided a bandage and prescription cream for a measly credit card bill of \$700. With an uneasy suspicion that more treatment might be needed, John and Ben left two days early for a hospital in Maine where John was promptly hooked up to an IV and after an hour of cutting out antler and skin was told that he

had risked losing the lower part of his leg if he hadn't come back early.

Undeterred, and perhaps even brazened by the moose attack, the remaining members of the group continued slaying the gnar until we were forced to pile into the car and drive back to reality. With such a great week behind us we began planning for this year's trip on the ride home, which, according to 2007 mission member Luke Hasselbeck '09, will provide him the opportunity to "Totally twister-spread the crap out of Canada with my brahs, brah. Wicked pissah". ♦

Creeping Red on the Bigelow Range: A Tale of Forewarning

by Charlotte Bair-Cucchiario '09



Brodie stepping on the gas in the Gaspé

Photo: Brooks Motley '06

The rosy-nosed girls with their minds in the pines and birch-bound boys began their ascent. Gleelessly one of them, I tottered out of the van, where we had rolled and pummeled to the sounds of "Take me to the River", each silently praying we were not responsible to carry the Tupperware of tomato sauce or the incessantly-heavy-when-they're-on-your-back-for-too-many-days silver pans, lead-like in the wilderness. We began hobbling up the spruce-spritzed start of Little Bigelow—a seemingly friendly mountain, with a name like rabbits drinking tea. We relished the pre-pain ease of a backpacking excursion's start. Before fully immersing ourselves into the ebb and flow of our day's amble however, our leader spoke:

"Everyone remember your mole skin, nobody wants to feel the rub...but if you do, like your palms rubbing together hard, that's when you know..." He gave us that northern gleam, like he's been there before, like as trip-leaders ourselves, this was a laughably elementary reminder, but a vital one nonetheless.

"Put it on your problem areas," a girl with doe eyes reminded. Problem areas? Do I have a problem area? What if I slap it in over the wrong place? God, you'd think I never hiked before. But no, I never get blisters when I hike. I hiked the entire Mahoosucs last year, blister free. I trusted the brown of my boots, their ruddiness, their pompous air. Their tongues providing a safe chrysalis, supporting my ankles. But wait...I hadn't led an entirely blister-free existence before these boots.

How could I forget the good old summer '05 situation, the outer edges of my feet pierced with the creeping red, the demise of my salt-caked sailing shoes. To be safe, and to avoid an embarrassing situation, I helped myself to a little of the toffee-hued sticky stuff, slapped it over the sides of my feet and like that we threw ourselves into the Bigelow range.

I was immediately captured by my ambience: the wonderfully refreshing little streams, dancing and laughing down the trail—sprinkled with the freshness of the early morning sun—the boldness of the rock terraces, providing us a deliciously carved pathway. So submersed was I, that I my mind ignorantly brushed away the droning rub, like two sticks starting a fire, slow and hot down my heel.

Tuckered-out and sweat-festooned, we perched ourselves on a grainy rock ledge to liquefy. My core was slightly hunkered down with the stress of the first few hours. We were not quite comfortable as a group yet, all feeling the need to race up the mountain, striving hard to impress each other with long, quick leaps and fast feet—long, jagged swiftness even over the steepest uphill. As with almost all hikes, the wilderness seemed changed with this level of stress—the usual feathery lightness of a pine turned bristly and grizzled,

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Thirty-Six Bog Bridges

by Amelia Harman '10

Keep on working I told myself as I pitched the blunt end of the Pulaski into a root that was in my way. It was a damp, squishy root, and it didn't want to break despite my efforts. But the challenge just made me hit harder. I was frustrated now. I had beef with this root.

I was working on the Ethan Pond Trail in the White Mountains – it's the trail that goes by Zealand Hut. It's a simply gorgeous trail with breathtaking views and a great swimming hole just a few miles down the trail from where we were working. I was on a volunteer trail crew with the Appalachian Mountain Club (AMC) with seven other members of the crew and two crew leaders named Ian and Corndog. It was our second week of work and we were really working well together. Each one of us on the crew was working our hardest, vying for the respect of our fun and slightly crazy crew leaders, who represented everything we wanted from life – getting paid to live in the woods. Our leaders had taught us the pleasure of eating Twix bars wrapped in bacon, showed us up in Frisbee Golf back at Camp Dodge, and in general had introduced us to the joys of AMC life. They encouraged and inspired us to physically work harder than we had ever worked before.

This is why I was going after this root with such passion. By now I had finally broken through the root and was in the process of ripping it out of the ground to make way for the log I was about to lay down for my bog bridge. To build bog bridges, you have to hike down the trail about a mile from the helicopter drop site to the work site carrying one or two twenty five pound end logs, then make another trip carrying the stringers (the long slats of wood that make the part of the bridge that is walked on). Then you dig in the mud to make cone shaped holes for the end logs, and put the end logs into the holes. Then its time for my favorite part: topping. To top the logs you make shallow, diagonal chops into the top of the log, and then try to chop sideways to shave off the roundness of the top of the log so the stringers lie flat. I made it into an art form – I topped almost half of the bog bridges we made that week. It was very satisfying.

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Above: Maria Jenness '07 and Peter Klein '08 hiking in on a trailwork trip

Below: Bennet Leon '07 clears a blowdown on a BOC trail-work trip



Mt. David on Valentine's Day: A Heart Shaped Box of Snow

By Ben Speyer '09

If you live in Northeast, then you'll know that the beginning of our winter this year was not up to par in the snow category. The comments and language used to describe people's feelings on the situation are not appropriate for this publication, but they all had the same sentiment; WHERE THE #\$\$%& IS THE SNOW?!?!?! This is Bates, right? We had not taken I-95 South instead of North on the way to school and ended up in Maryland, did we? As a sophomore, this would have made my second consecutive year of lackluster snow in Maine, and I was starting to think I'd done something in a past life to offend this beautiful 'Vacationland' state. I was almost ready to give up on this long staring contest with the weather. Several false snow reports projecting big dumps had taken me on an emotional rollercoaster. I felt as unfulfilled as the football team.

I had started to actually enjoy getting a full night's sleep on Friday, instead of trudging to the BOC van at 7am on Saturday. Maybe I was just tempted by the prospect of chicken patties for lunch rather than sal-tines and oyster crackers with ketchup-not sweet and sour sauce, it's no good. Post 11AM hauls to the "Rivah" for a half-day were replaced by laying around on the mats in front of our mini-bouldering wall in Merrill Gym. But then it happened: February 14th. Rumors of 18" to 24" at the mountain and at least a foot in Lewiston ripped across campus faster than if the Robinson Players and the Brooks Quimby Debate Team were having a Jets and Sharks style rumble on the quad over who got dibs on Schaefer Theater.

Everyone schemed about skipping classes to "slay the gnar," but it was only those who were smart enough to drive up the night before who got a taste of the magical cold fairy dust that had just buried everything. The next morning was Valentines Day, and this fluffy frozen water was better than any box of chocolates or chalky heart that I could have asked for. I was one of the unlucky ones, in that I had an inescapable geology lab in the afternoon, but as soon as class got out, I ran home and changed into my most accessible and reliable snow gear: quilted Carhartt overalls. I was missing the rip required to satisfy my powder-starved soul and it was time to quench my thirst.

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Flirting with Mt. David

by Greg O'Donnell '09

Last year it did not snow very much. As a first-year student, I was regaled all fall about how much snow Maine gets with stories my newfound sophomore friends told about how they had skied on countless days at Sunday River or Sugarloaf in two feet or more of new snow. I was inclined to believe all of their stories, and so I took them as fact. They were all older and wiser people, after all, and because I had done much the same thing the winter before, only two states west. I was quivering with anticipation for the winter to begin, for that first heavy frost that turns the grass white in the morning, for that first snowflake caught on the tip of the tongue. My skis were waxed, the bindings dialed in, the boots ready to be attached.

And then it didn't snow. Rain came out of the sky. Sometimes snow would fleetingly appear, only to melt upon contact with the still warm ground. It was December, and the ground was still not white. What's a boy to do? I tried appeasing myself with ski movies, or reading trip reports online from a telemark forum, but that only served to further my desire to go skiing. Had global warming finally produced a noticeable effect on our world? Finals were approaching, and there was no snow on the ground. Those were both very scary thoughts for a first-year student. But then Ullr relented, and the white stuff finally fell from the sky.

And I did what any self respecting skier would do: I grabbed a buddy, and went skiing. But it was late in the day, and neither of us had cars. The snow had fallen unexpectedly. One logical place to go skiing appeared in our minds: Mount David. It's the highest point at Bates, and it is called Mount David after all, like Mount Snow or Mount Mansfield or Mount Washington. The icy precipice lay before us in all it's glory, awaiting the first ski runs of the year. Skis on my shoulder and poles in hand, I began the hike up. By this time it was getting dark out, but I was not going to let the darkness stop me. I had snow under my feet, and a vertical drop of at least seventy feet before me. I was ready to go. I stepped into my bindings, grabbed my poles, and started downhill.

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Climbing El Misti

by William Loopesko '10

The call of a summit must be experienced first hand. Though some stare at mountains all their lives without feeling the compulsion to climb—others merely glance upon a summit, submitting themselves to the unwavering urge to the 'call of the summit'. These people are climbers.

Over 20 volcanoes rise out of the earth in a north-south chain in the highlands of Andean Peru (resulting from the continued subduction of the Nazca tectonic Plate below the South American plate). Arguably the most beautiful and undoubtedly the most famous volcano of this rugged chain is the spectacular volcano El Misti. El Misti's near-perfect cone-shaped silhouette rises to a height of 19,101 ft. and looms nearly 11,000 ft. over Arequipa, Peru's second largest city.

Millions of visitors a year flock to gaze upon the three volcanic sentinels that Arequipa: Chachani, Picchu Picchu, and El Misti. El Misti, however, holds a special place in Peruvian hearts as a symbolic depiction of Arequipa, and is deemed most beloved of the three. However, Chachani, El Misti and Picchu Picchu form an inspiring backdrop to this gorgeous city, beckoning climber and adventure lovers of all facets.

Growing up in Colorado, I am no stranger to the "call of the summit"—climbing and exploring mountains as much as possible. Upon learning I would be going to Peru, I reveled in my awareness that I would now be climbing to new, unbeknownst heights.



Misti seen from just outside Arequipa

Photo: William Loopesko '10

Once I got to Arequipa, I began teaching English and athletics at a school located on a plateau high above the city, in a slum considered to be the poorest—it did, however, have the most amazing view of the loft heights and surrounding giants. Through each day at the dusty playground with my students, the mountains listlessly beckoned to me. I had to go. Soon.

A quick tour through the many tourist agencies downtown landed me in the front office of Inca Adventure tours, who generously took me to El Misti's summit for a mere fifty dollars—gear included. I planned to climb the mountain from the southeast, by way of the popular Grau Route. My adventure began on a hot and beautiful Saturday morning, as I grabbed a

cab to the downtown agency headquarters and met up with my group.

Our guide, Roy, was a native Arequipeño who had first climbed the mountain with his father when he was nine years old. We outfitted ourselves with some heavy cold weather gear, hopped into the jeep, and soon started our way up the road to the trailhead. The short half hour drive to the trailhead ended at 11,200 ft. on a high plateau at the base of the volcano.

We set a good pace as we followed the trail up wildflower-choked gullies and canyons on the sprawling mountain's lower flanks. Despite the weight of our packs, the approachingly steep climb to the 1,500 ft. base camp a half-mile away, and the thinning air—our spirits were high.

Soon, however—the talus slopes grew even steeper along the edge of precariously crumbly cliffs. I'll put it this way: I was elated as the tents came into view after trudging up the last couple hundred yards into the base camp: Piramides. Our fearless leader, Roy got started on our dinner as the rest of us got acclimated, relishing the captivating views. Following a spectacular sunset, a cold wind took hold of us, calling us to retreat to our tents. Arequipa, resting below us, glimmered nearly as much as nature's lightshow above us—made even more breathtaking (literally) by the thin, dry, Andean air.



Photo: William Loopesko '10

Cocooned in my sleeping bag, I did some reflecting: I was now at 14,500 feet, a full 6,500 feet above Arequipa far below, and higher than any mountain in the lower 48 states. If I stopped here I would already have beat my previous elevation record on Colorado's highest point, but my true goal still lay 4,500 feet above me, ominously calling me and waiting for the next morning's assault. At 1:30 the next morning, we crawled out of our tents, greeted by a cold slap of wind. We strapped on our headlamps, downed some hot cocoa and started up the trail in the dark—all our senses of the grandeur landscape surrounding us were completely lost to the black abyss. Our only sights were the stars above, lustrously gleaming out of our headlamps, as we appeared to climb through empty space. At around six o'clock we were surprised to see that we had climbed up to nearly 17,000 ft. in just over four hours. Above, however, still loomed a lot of mountain

and the sight was anything but encouraging: a magical barrier above which the human body may never intend us to venture. I felt this through my fluttering heart, my spurted breathing, and slowly lumbering pace. Upon reaching a once snow-covered elevation, a sense of dismay loomed as we experienced global warming's effects first-hand.

Nearing the top, we visualized our goal: climbing into a saddle on El Misti's crater rim along the foot ridge to the summit. At an elevation of 18,700 ft. we left the firm buttress on which we'd been climbing and traversed a slope that consisted of loose volcanic debris sloped at forty degrees—due to our feeble breathing abilities, this took us about three times as long as it should have.

We eventually reached the saddle, exhausted and content. Arequipa was far in the distance, a patch of green in a sea of brown badlands and low hills. Even an hour after sunrise the enormous mountain's shadow stretched several miles into the valley below, the cast-iron cross on the summit less than three hundred feet above us. It was already eight thirty in the morning and the saddle was brutally cold.

A large part of mountaineering is recognizing your limits, and being able to accept failure. Despite my impaired mental state, I was able to recognize that I was in no shape to climb the icy, narrow ridge to the summit. Barring an eruption, this mountain would always be there for me to come back to—stronger, fitter and wiser.

I was disappointed that I did not reach the summit, but as a consolation, we traversed the plateau to the opening of the volcano. Pale yellow gas plumes pored from the crater and a smell of sulphur permeated the air as we peered into the volcanic murk below. Due to the active nature of the volcano, we were told to snap only a few pictures before immediately continuing on our descent.

We were soon greeted by a wide strip of endless vertical beach, oxygen and our tents. As my strength doubled, I felt myself wanting to begin climbing again by the time I reached camp. Roy had bid us farewell early, in a rush to pick up the next group of climbers. It was then that I realized the kind of Roy-like conditioning required to enter the world of high altitude mountaineering.

Mountains, whether real or imaginary, are only climbed through hard work and perseverance. Bumping down the road from El Misti to Arequipa without regrets, I knew I would return: now I have an excuse to climb higher. Such is the spirit of climbing—unfinished mountains have an obnoxious tendency to stay in your head until you've conquered them.◆



El Misti's enormous shadow stretching over the valley 11,000 feet below

Photo: William Loopesko '10

Rockland to Friendship Bay by Kayak

By Nels Nelson '07

In September of last fall, Kitty Galloway '10 and I strapped two BOC sea kayaks onto my quintessential Bates buggy, the '98 Subaru Wagon, and drove off Friday morning to Rockland, Maine, to begin an unorganized journey of crazy proportions. I was returning from a summer of white water guiding in Alaska, and Kitty entered Bates after sea kayaking in Chile with NOLS. We thought we had the entire experience knocked before we even started.

A cement landing behind a little lobster shack in Rockland was our starting point. We filled the fore and aft cargo bays with an untested 2 person tent from the BOC, a few bagels from Commons, some pasta, a pot and stove, bananas, a 5 gallon jug of water, and a sleeping bag each. I strapped my plastic-wrapped Maine Gazetteer on the deck of kayak, for a heads-up-display of coastal Maine. The only plan was to head south, and hopefully survive.

We pushed off into the murky fog of a rainy morning. The lobster boats gently rocked back and forth, emerging like ghosts as we cut through the mist. From the very onset, it was apparent that nature was not going to be easy on us—we were greeted by a strong headwind upon rounding our first point in the harbor. Haphazardly, we navigated the complex island systems that make up Maine's coast, trying to stay in wind protected areas, away from the open ocean.

Lobstermen worked around us, pulling up their colorful pots strewn along the seascape. I remembered from living in Bar Harbor that sea kayakers are generally referred to as speed bumps by the workers, so we were sure to keep our distance. We paddled through the morning, rafting together every half hour or so to scan the bleak, rainy horizon, trying to make any sense of our location on the map from hazy island shapes. A statement like "I think that island over there is this island on the map, which would put us right here" would usually be retorted by, "No, if you look closer, that point over there is definitely this point on the map." "Oh, yeah, well, if that is the case, where is this island on the map?" "Ohhhhh...." Most of the time, we were completely lost. A couple of wide open channels and confusing island systems kept us on our toes. Around three o'clock the rain finally started to lift and we reached an open ocean crossing at the mouth of a channel. We had the option of veering back towards the mainland to stay close to the shore, or go straight across the channel (over a mile away from any protective, non-windy inter-coastal island groupings) to cut off a long bit of travel. The day being young, I convinced Kitty that cutting the corner would be wise, considering the frustratingly little progress we had made thus far.

Of course, we were greeted by a malicious headwind soon enough—as kayaking morphed into a struggle against waves and wind—a fight to keep the boat moving forward. Our only shields were the sun and each other as we struggled across the channel. Our salvation came around the next corner in the form of a quiet, wind protected bay, with a speck of an island poking its head out of the center: a perfect place to set up camp for the evening, make some dinner, and rest our weary muscles. After pulling our boats ashore, we realized that my boat felt far heavier than Kitty's, especially in the aft.

She mentioned that she noticed that my stern had been sinking lower and lower into the water as the day went on, but she thought nothing of it. When I opened the hatch to discover the issue, I found that the entire cavity had filled with water through a leak in the cap that sits behind the cockpit.

The tent and my sleeping bag were thankfully in the front bin, but all of our food and my extra clothes had been soaking in seawater for upwards of six hours. The cardboard boxes that



Photo: Nels Nelson '07



Photo: Nels Nelson '07

contained our precious macaroni had fallen apart, releasing salt-water logged pasta into the cargo cabin. We picked through the water and reclaimed as much pasta as we could and attempted to dry out the bagels.

After a hearty struggle to get our poorly designed tent to stand upright, we persuaded it to stand meekly half-way up, then proceeded to boil some water to heat our salt-water pasta. Reveling the feel of our limbs on land, we proceeded to pass out, expecting to wake early to catch some of the morning calmness before the afternoon wind storms. We were asleep for a long, long time. Sixteen hours long.

By the time we packed up and gobbled a delicious breakfast of soggy bagel and saturated banana and peanut butter sandwich, it was eleven o'clock. I spent some time with my Leatherman shaping a washed-up foam buoy to shove into the hole in my kayak to keep the water out, and duct taped it into place.

For the next few hours it was clear as we coasted by beautiful Maine fishing communities—we were pleasantly accompanied by glassy water and a bright sun. We submersed ourselves in a quiet meditation: propelling the sleek craft forward, creating strings of spirals with our paddles, each one a water tornado. The path ahead of us consisted of inter-coastal travel: our view of the landscaped dotted with thousands of lobster traps, a few mansions lining the coast, and the occasional lighthouse. The breeze was slightly against us, but nothing that a couple of seasoned paddlers like ourselves couldn't handle. Around four, we came to a point extending out to the open ocean that we had to round. Caught in the moment, I pushed forward unthinkingly, pulling Kitty along with me.

This point had a mile-long nose into the open ocean; a massive granite forty-foot outcropping that survived erosion where everything else had fallen into the sea. We had not made it a quarter of a mile along our path across the point, before Poseidon hit us with everything he had: enormous waves, a stinging wind, and a dismal rain.

Behind me, Kitty was only to be seen when we were synchronized on the crests of waves. The wind was a fearful element that battered us with spray and rain, but the real threat lay in the white-capped frothy waves that seemed to come at us full speed, all the way from Britain like a punk rock band. Waves soon crashed over our entire boats, flinging our kayakers over crests and slamming us down trough by trough; we pushed on, gasping for breath through an unending train of elements' indomitable force. At one point I then looked back to see Kitty holding her paddle above her head, the sign of distress in kayaking. I slowed my paddling to a point where I just maintained control of the craft, and floated backwards to her. The direness of the situation was reverberating in each of our heads and bodies—our panic was real, but all we could do was push ahead. I dejectedly explained the demerits of turning out kayakers around to head backward (we would be whisked doubtlessly into the ocean with no escape, the current flipping our light boats like pennies). She knew this as well as I did. Thus, we pushed forward though the gale, directly into the storm. Looking to the coast, we used an American flag posted on the precipice of a cliff to judge our progress.

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Doubtful Sound

By John Klumpp '07

In an effort to escape the academic rigors of Bates and have some new adventures, I spent the second semester of my junior year on the south island of New Zealand. I was enrolled at the University of Otago in Dunedin, but my real purpose there was to explore and enjoy the outdoors. To that end, when I found out about a four day trip to one of the most remote and untouched areas of New Zealand, I jumped at the opportunity. Our trip leader Adrian, an Otago alum, had a boat. This was a good thing, because our destination, Doubtful Sound, is four day bushwhack from the nearest road. Our goal was to locate the caves atop a mountain ridge above the sound, as these caves had been located by an aerial geological survey, but to our knowledge they had never been explored by human beings. After an unsuccessful trip the year before, Adrian was determined to find them.

After a six hour drive and three hours on the boat, we finally reached the beaches of Doubtful Sound. I, along with the half-dozen other adventurers, immediately began hauling our packs and gear to the shore. In the meantime, Adrian undertook the difficult task of mooring our boat. By that time the sun had set, and the darkness and cold made our tasks particularly unpleasant. When we finished, we built a large fire, which we used to make mulled wine (from box wine and fresh oranges) while our dinner cooked.

The next morning we repacked, evenly distributing the food and gear among ourselves. Adrian, who believes in eating well on trip, included a large supply of fresh vegetables, and it was my misfortune to draw a particularly large squash, which bulged out of my pack, poking into my shoulder blade, for the rest of the day. By the time we reached the cliffs and were ready to start hiking, it was 11 AM. We weren't too worried about time, because, according to Adrian, the climb was only about a kilometer.

The climb was a kilometer: up. This was steep enough to require use of handholds, but shallow enough to allow this vines and other plants to grow. These plants proved to be our worst enemies and our best friends: they shredded our clothes and hides, but we could not have climbed the ridge at all without using them to pull ourselves up. On one occasion we had to traverse a 75-degree bluff to reach a slope shallow enough to be climbed. Towards the end of this traverse, the narrow ledge which was supporting our feet ended. The man in front, Tim, a 6'4" computer scientist with a knack for finding the most difficult possible route, made it across this last obstacle with an adrenaline-fueled, berserker style leap to the shallower slope beyond. Those behind swung Tarzan style on a dead vine to Tim, who would haul them by the wrist to the other

side. I was last in line, and when I came to the vine, which looked like it had been dead for a very long time, I told myself that it had already successfully borne the weight of my other companions. As luck would have it, as soon as I put my full weight on the vine, it snapped. I immediately took off down the bluff, clawing at plants and dirt in a vain effort to slow my fall. After sliding/falling about 50 feet, my feet hit some vines jutting out vertically from the bluff, breaking my fall. Amazingly, I was uninjured, and I proceeded to make my way up to the group by a much easier route.

Naturally, the climb took considerably longer than we expected. The sun started to set around 7, and the slope was still much too steep to even consider stopping for the night. We turned on our headlamps and continued climbing. From time to time, Tim (I still don't understand why he was allowed to lead the entire climb – apparently no one else wanted the job) overcame obstacles with his patented Herculean stunts, requiring the group to stop as he helped us over it one by one. Around nine o'clock, during one of these stops (this time he was hauling us up a ten-foot dirt cliff), Claudia, the only woman on our ten-person team, burst into tears. "This is about where my girlfriend started crying the last time I was up here," Adrian remarked. I shared their sentiments. Finally, at about ten o'clock, as we rose out above the bush line, the slope began to ease, and we were able to set up camp. After dinner, which included the cooking of the squash which had tormented me all day, we collapsed, exhausted and in our tents.

After sleeping in the next day, we began our search for the cave. We fanned out on top of the ridge, finding the cave after several hours of searching. The mouth was a spectacular hundred-meter crater. Following the stream which flowed through it, we came to the first of the cave's many chambers.

This was an eerily lit cavern about 200 feet long and 50 feet wide. At the back of this was a small crack, which led to another cavern nearly as big as the first. Battling claustrophobia, we followed an endless string of such caverns deeper and deeper into the cave. Without our headlamps, the cave was darker than a cloudless night, and our eyes were unable to adjust – there was simply no light whatsoever. There were several instances where the cave branched into multiple passages. These we marked with arrows made of pebbles, which we prayed would still be there when we returned.

To us, these risks were worth taking because of the spectacular beauty of the caves. Many rooms contained beautiful and ancient stalactites and stalagmites, and the walls sparkled with minerals and gems which shone magnificently before our headlamps, and which, reflected on the wet floors, looked like the night sky at our feet. We walked through this beautiful alien world as if hypnotized, eyed wide with wonder and filled with gratitude to have been granted this rare privilege. After what seemed like an eternity of exploring, our sense of wonder was finally overcome by our sense of fear, and we made our way out of the caves.

Back at the campsite, we got a weather update via Adrian's short-wave radio. The forecast was

rain with 60 to 100 mph winds above the tree line in Doubtful Sound the day after tomorrow. We had initially planned to spend another day further exploring the ridge, but it was obvious that we needed to get off the ridge before the storm hit. Back at camp, we unmoored the boat and drove it to an old hunting cabin which Adrian had found on the map. The storm hit late in the evening, and we spent a very warm and cozy night in the cabin.

The weather was still awful the next morning, but Adrian decided it was safe to take us to the mouth of the sound to see a seal colony. The seal colony was an enormous rock island located right where the sound met the sea. Although it rose about 100 feet above sea level, some of the larger waves were breaking completely over it. In spite of this, we saw dozens, maybe hundreds of seals lounging on the rock like sunbathers. We spent some time enjoying the view, reflecting on how lucky we were to be on this wonderful adventure. Eventually, though, the time came for us to turn the boat around and head for home. The weather steadily improved as we drove deeper into the sound, and after an hour the sun had come out. As I enjoyed the view on the final stretch of the voyage, all I could think was, "I have to come back here." ♦



The water from up high

Photo: John Klumpp '07

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My throat was hot with a little lump of discouragement. Am I truly in this bad of shape? I cursed my summer internship in New York City, its indoor-ness. Hiking had always been second nature to me, what was making this so difficult? It was then that I peeled my smartwool sock away from my skin. There it was: the imminent protrusion. The squirming toil of the bubble. The pinkness of the boiling mound. My hair stuck newt-like to the back of my neck, stinging my body with dismay. I ached at having to tell my leaders, I ached at their response:

“Shit. Ouch. Well, I guess all we can do is cut up someone’s sleeping pad to make a donut, and stick it on you with some surgical tape.”

My leader took me under his wing, tending smothering the scoured back of my heel with tape and I gritted with anger at the betrayal of my boots. How could they do this to me? How could this happen so quickly, and why now? Would I seriously have to be that girl? Would a white van have to come and get me, its drivers armed with remedial Neosporin, teatree oil and disgruntled disapproval? Would this simply become a situation soon to be discussed over Asian soup bowls in commons, like the general AESOP-per who couldn’t carry her pack last year? The girl who complained about a fake arm injury and had to be evacuated? The leader on the leadership trip who was too stupid to know her own ‘problem area’?

The pleasantries of outdoor pranks and kinship proved a delightful distraction to my boiling heel, but still it loomed—the leathery red, creeping fast—still lessening my ability. My pride. My ability to ‘haul ass’. Furthering my dire craving for eggs benedict and fruit snacks.

I toiled on, welcoming Jack’s riddles and jests as we hiked—“A man is found dead with a puddle of water under him, what happened?”

A pleasant distraction, perfectly matched with the sugary grittiness of crackling oats, as I ate and breathed the bran to prevent myself from complaining aloud, from the heart-sinking knowledge that the duct-tape and sleeping-pad apparatus around my heel was ebbing away, slowly sliding under my oozing sock. Yikes. With each advance I tried to muster some wild buck will, as the leathery pink canyon in my boot grew tenfold, a tiny fire growing with each step.

An even more fulfilling blister-diversion was provided by sweatshirt-clad Tufts orientation students we shared a site with one evening—who we figured to

be silly, engineer-y. They chirped about the oatmeal, the new science wing at their school.

The incredible Szechwan food in Somerville. At dusk, they shocked us with the non-subtle chaos of the prank they played on us—their moon-soaked bodies gleaming and stark naked as they ran over to our tarp, howling an indecipherable fight song:

“T IS FOR TUFTS AND U IS FOR US AND F IS FOR FFF...”

The real glee lay in our retaliation however, as we chose a select few of our crew to wait until the real dark of the night—until they had dozed off, cocooned in their sleeping bags. I-Hwei, Jack, and Charlie stealthily slunk over to their campsite with their own sleeping bags, climbed onto their platform and hunkered themselves on down, snuggling and burrowing amongst fellow Tufts strangers—even going so far as to stroke a girl’s blonde hair. A seething roar came from the realization of an actual Tufts student,

“WHAT are you doing we have to wake up so early!”

“Shh,” muttered I-Hwei. “I’m trying to get some sleep.” Tufts was not likened to this form of reply, and barred his teeth as he consulted his fellow Tufts cronies,

“What do we do, punch them?!”

* * *

Our final peak merrily overlooked Sugarloaf mountain, as well as the Jurassic backbone of the tumbling, rolling profile of the Bigelow ranges we had nearly completed. We reveled in our closeness, taking photographs as we ‘squashed’ Sugarloaf’s profile in between our index finger and thumb. The heel-related complaints in my mind melted and cooled with the glassy luster of the surrounding lakes, Sugarloaf’s snow-less Snowfields, a companion stuffing marshmallows into their mouth, oozing them out through the cracks in between their teeth. My complaints continued to thaw through the wooded platforms that led us across a mossy bog—through the sweat-matted, knackered nap in the van. Finally, they seeped into the yolk and pool of hollandaise sauce at a Diner in nearby Paris, Maine—all the way down to my flip-flop laden feet.♦

Bog Bridges

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It was Friday though, and we had been working every day that week. I had a knot in my back in a group of muscles that I didn’t know existed. Every

hour or so I would have someone near me give the knot a sound rub to quell the pain a little, but it was really getting annoying. I threw the log down into my hole and started to pack the mud in around the log when I saw Ian running down the built bog bridges muttering to himself and counting on his fingers. "Keep going my pretties, you're working slow today, I've seen trail crews finish twice the number of bridges you've finished in the same amount of time! Ha ha!" he said, smiling, and bounded off. He seemed unusually pleased, despite his words. Something was up.

Before long Corndog came up to us, the quieter of the two, saying to himself (but just loud enough so we could hear), "This is the slowest dang trail crew I've ever seen." They were obviously trying to get us to work harder, and their scheme worked. I did my best to ignore the pain in my back, topped off the logs I had just placed, and nailed down my stringers. One more bridge was done. I ran up the trail to see where I should work next, and found Ian taking a large rock out of the middle of the trail. I grabbed a mattock and helped him out, then followed instructions to build another bridge there. I built four more bridges that day before we decided that it was time to start the hike out. Ian and Corndog gathered us together after the last bridge was done and said we were going back to camp to pack up and hike out. But before we did, they had some news for us.

"Despite what we said," said Ian, "you guys worked really hard this week." We looked around at each other and couldn't suppress smiles of pride. But Ian wasn't done. "You guys broke the record for the number of bog bridges built by a volunteer trail crew in a week," he said. "You built thirty six bog bridges, guys. That's awesome." A tired but still enthusiastic cheer went up amongst us, and we knew we had done well. This would be a story we could tell for years to come.

Now if you ever hike on the Ethan Pond Trail, and get to the section after the lookout onto Zealand Hut over that boulder field, about 2 miles past the section that goes by the river, there is a section of trail that has some fairly new bog bridges on it, one about every few yards. The first thirty six in that section were built by me and my trail crew during the summer of 2005 – a summer to remember. ♦

Flirting

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It seems that between April and December I had lost most of the technique I used to possess. The turns were sloppy, and I could feel myself getting a little out of control. Just a quick dog leg to the right, and down the final section and I would be in the clear of Rand Field. But when I pressured that inside toe to initiate the turn, I felt something underneath my foot that didn't quite feel like snow. There was the sound of metal scraping, and I learned later from my friend that there were also sparks flying out from under my skis, which stood out in the rapidly falling dust like fireflies.

The grace of Ullr was with me, and I made it around that corner, bombed down the last stretch, and finished out the run in some untracked snow on Rand field. I skated back to the base of the hill to wait for my friend come down, and took off my skis to survey the damage. Burning p-tex has that very distinctive plastic-cancer-causing smell to it that we all know so well. When I flipped the skis over to actually look at the bottoms, the normally grey bases had strips of blackened p-tex splotched onto them. Amazingly, there were no core shots, not even a blown edge. Nothing major at all. My friend came down from his run, and we decided that once was enough. We had satisfied our yearn for turns, if only temporarily. It was back to the dorm, back to that pre-finals work crush, and back to life as normal. There were no more sparks that night coming from my skis, but that will remain one of the most memorable first runs of the season. ♦

Box of Snow

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With no transportation of my own and the roads being uncooperative anyway, I grabbed my roommate and two of our friends, and we set off to the only shreddable place we knew of within walking distance, the mythic Mt. David. Now, Mt. David is not the most optimal skiing in the world given that it has zero snow pack and is only about seventy feet tall and should probably never be attempted on less than a foot of snow, though God knows it has; but that being said, these had to be some of the most satisfying two runs of my life. Hiking up, we were waist deep a good portion of the time and it was starting to get dark, but those ten turns were all I need to boost my enthusiasm and to assure me that this great state and I were going to be just fine. It turns out that it was just waiting for Valentines Day to show me how much it cares. ♦

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My search for the inside info didn't end at the ski shop. I tried ski patrollers, the kids working in the rental shop, even random guys on the ski lift. I got the same responses everywhere. People told me of the deadly cliff bands that I would encounter if I traversed too far to the right and the "black hole" to the left. Once, I even attempted to tag along with a group of guys heading out there. They feigned sympathy when they told me they didn't feel comfortable taking someone to Big Jay without knowing their skiing competence. I endured this for two seasons, heeding the warnings of everyone I spoke with.

This past winter, however, it became increasingly clear to me that I was going to have to disregard all of the "advice" and replace a local's knowledge with a map, a compass, and my own wits. The day finally came in February of this year when the now-famous Valentine's Day storm hit. After Jay received more than 80 inches in one storm, I knew this was the time to hit Big Jay. So, when February break came, my good friends and classmates, Zand Martin (the editor of this rag), Demian Von Poelnitz, and I headed to Jay. For two days we pillaged inbounds favorites like Valhalla, Green Beret, Beaver Pond Glade, and the Orchard. By then, the lift-accessed trails were finally tracked out and the sky had cleared, but we were still thirsty for freshies. We decided it was our time to hit Big Jay. There we would find, among the steep shoots and tight trees, the deep we still craved.

On a gorgeous Monday morning, Demian and I(2) set out as men on a mission. With our bags carefully packed, we began the skin across the ridge from Jay resort to Big Jay. I'll spare you all the details of the actual skiing, however I will say that it exceeded our expectations. We were treated to the deepest and most rewarding lines I have ever encountered in New England. Face shots were aplenty on that afternoon. Now, East Coast skiers, as you know, are hardly a pampered bunch. When Sunday River gets more than 6 inches, we are often inclined to call it "epic." This usually amounts to mere hyperbole. However, on that day at Big Jay, we found the "white room." What's more, we made it to the bottom without a hitch. And our good karma continued: the very first car we

(2) Unfortunately, Zand was unable to attend the backcountry mission because he ended up chasing a young Colby (gasp!) co-ed back to Maine on that day. It was a noble cause, but we all know he regrets the decision.

encountered on Route 242 picked us up and drove us back to the resort.

The truth of the matter is, and I'm only willing to say this here because all of you readers out there and I are connected by the special bond between BOCers past and present, the warnings I had been given about the dangers of Big Jay were mostly bunk. If you are a strong skier, with a decent sense of direction, and a well-stocked day pack, you are more than capable of skiing Big Jay. Just bring a friend or two. Nevertheless, I do understand why so many locals deterred me from going; they want it for themselves. And why not? It is an amazing place, still relatively undiscovered.

Later that week, after calling it a day, I paid the ski shop owner a visit. He had recently helped repair my half-broken binding at no charge. I brought a six pack along to show my gratitude. I told him that I had finally tried out Big Jay and we swapped our stories from the week. I felt a sense of respect that was not there before.

The next day, as my brother and I hiked back to Jay resort on Route 242 with our thumbs outstretched, we were picked up by a couple driving a car with Connecticut plates. "You guys coming from Big Jay?" they asked. "Yeah," we said. "Well hop in," the driver replied enthusiastically. They pried us for details on how to get to Big Jay and where the good lines were. I told the guy that if he ever ran into me in the lift line I'd be happy to take him with me. But, I left him with one piece of advice, "You really would be silly to go out there without a local who knows his way around." ♦

continued from page 22 - Time Out

Little figures sit on the rock towers
in the distance,
making the weird scene ever weirder.
They're watching the sunset,
and one stands up as if to leap,
jump off this cliff that isn't quite
the edge of the world,
But close enough;
same consequences for him.
The yucca trees look green in the light,
tropical almost in a land
quickly turning pink and orange.
The wind picks up and my feet are dirty,
Legs covered in the brown residues of
desert sand.

It's the mark of traipsings and
a shortage of water.
A person could go insane in the desert:
The sky turns into a dream
the yucca trees a mere figment in a play,
and your voice sounds cracked, inhuman,
displaced in a world where nothing else lives.
"Run faster little lizard... the sand is hot."
I see the flash of a camera a mile away:
People gather to watch the sunset.
"Gee-zuz..." A cowboy exclaims.
He wanders past my campsite,
face turned up.
They all stop to watch the sun set.

The cold is setting in now,
A coolness I dreamt of as
I wandered the desert today.
I sit alone in solitude I sought
and the moon is becoming bright
the sky finally deciding.
The cowboy's face is still turned up to the sky,
words struck silent by the vastness of the night.
The little figures sit on their rocks still,
watching the mountains fade to dark.
Maybe I'll cry now,
Because the sunset is an ending.
Or maybe I'll just sit and absorb this moment
because the wind is playing
with the pages of my notebook
and my incense is done with its burning,
and the rocks breathe awareness
and my feet are still dirty
and those tiny people far away are
finally going home.
The sun is gone and night has started
And the wind is picking up. ♦

continued from page 37 - Rockland to Friendship

Like snails we struggled past each of the series of flags on the cliff, moving only feet at a time, sometimes moving backwards. There was absolutely no moment of rest in the entire endeavor, any relaxation against the waves and wind would mean a death sentence into the dark water, as there was no escape to the shore, where the waves exploded onto the granite cliffs. Finally, we made it past the point to a calm cove that lay beyond the granite outcropping. Like something out of a fantastic dream, there was a sandy beach on the far side, perfect, protected from the

wind.

We let our arms relax as we gently paddled over, and dragged our wet and miserable bodies out of our boats onto the sand. The last of the sun's rays filtered through the trees down onto our little abode as we cooked more water-logged pasta. Soon after, a New Jersey-plated Jeep pulled into the driveway nearby and discharged an angry middle-aged woman with ill-intent. She marched over to us to see what was disturbing her vacation.

As our luck had it, we had landed ourselves into a gated community of exclusive renters. They have never had to deal with outsiders, due to the large metal fence that protects their perfect Maine experience, but they were unprepared for a water assault. After listening to our wild, heart-wrenching explanation and our pleas to please just tent here for the night and go back with the sunrise, she informed us that as much as she wanted to kick us off, she was not sure of legality...so, she was forced to comply-so long as we cleaned up everything.

The next morning was crisp and clear. We portaged our boats across the beach and grass, over the narrow isthmus, and into the water on the far side. The morning sun delightfully played off the water, and the winds were strong at our backs. We made amazing progress through the small islands, gently propelled by nature, who seemed to finally accept our passage (but only post-trial).

Even the tides seemed to carry us along our way though narrow channels and between islands. We traveled until about two, and then decided to make our final destination the town of Friendship: another working harbor, set deeply within the inter-coastal region. The harbor was bustling with activity upon our approach. We pulled our kayaks out at the public landing and stashed them behind a supply house. Smiling big over our satisfying day and unforgettable adventure, we ambled into town in order to thumb our way back up to Rockland to recollect my Subaru. Thrilled to see the old Sub', Kitty discovered a gem—a water bottle laying in the trunk (we had run out on our voyage!) She drank about a quarter of the bottle and gagged; it was Orloff, Lewiston's finest multipurpose liquid: paint thinner, nail polish remover, and vodka. We found our kayaks untouched where we stashed them, and as we drove off with them strapped to my roof, an earth-shattering thunderstorm swept the coast. ♦



Officers, Directors, and a few friends of the Bates Outing Club, 2006

Photo: Lincoln Benedict '09



The Bates Outing Club

Winter/Spring 2007

Legend

E-Room Office Hours: 4PM-5PM,
Mon., Wed., Fri. in Hathorn Basement
B.O.C. Meetings: 6:30PM, Wednesdays
in the basement of Alumni Gym
All are welcome!