

the Bates College Outing Club Magazine Spring 2009

# the Legend

Bates College

The BOC:  
Nearly 90  
Years Later  
and Still

**PLUS:**  
Outdoor  
Adventures  
Just Minutes  
From Bates

# GOING STRONG

The Outing Club 1920 – Present



# GET OUTSIDE

## The Legend 2009



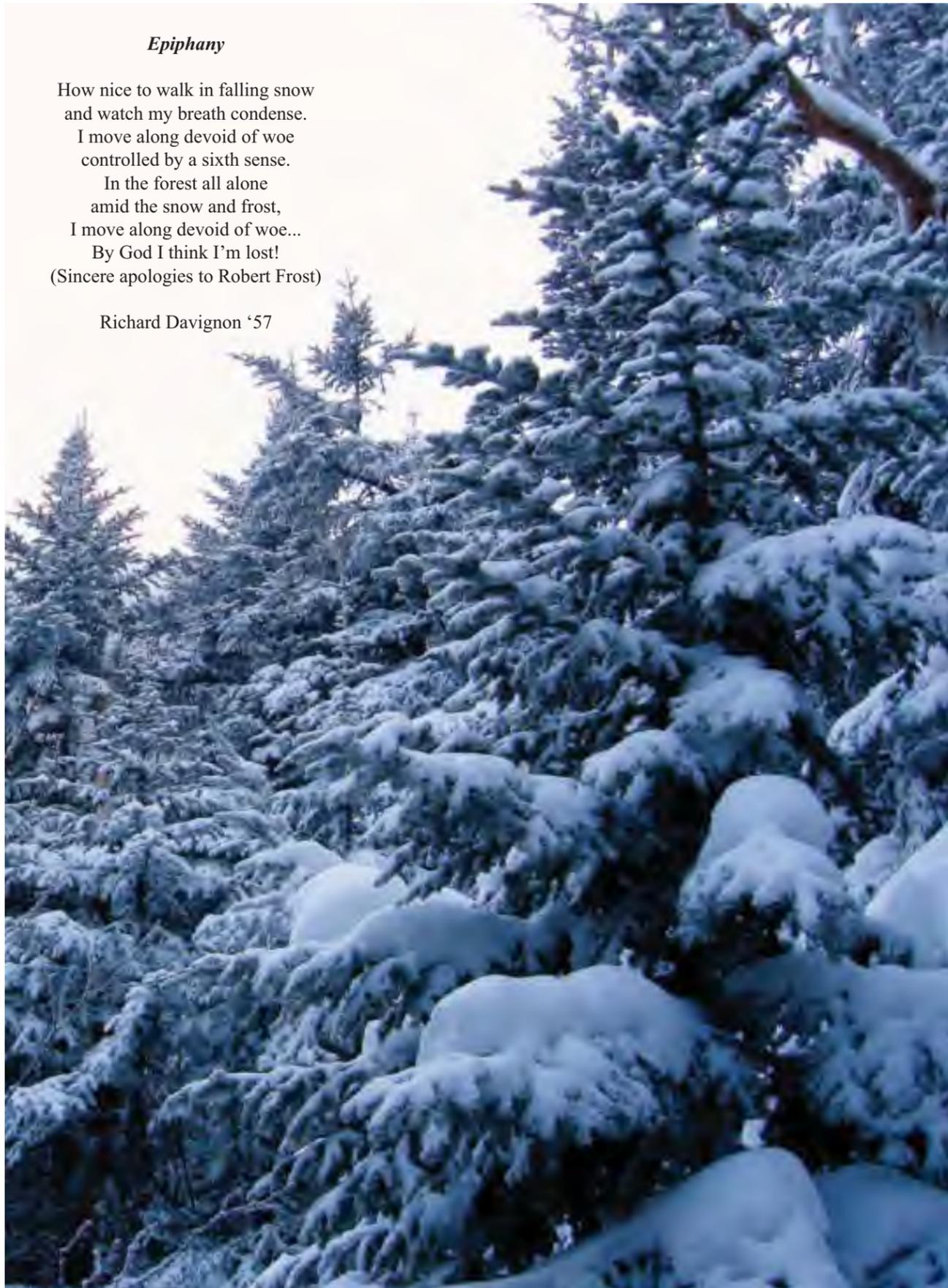
*The Legend* was first published three years ago by Zand B. Martin '08 as a revival the Outing Club Newsletter, "Cat Tracks." *The Legend* features stories from different Batesies' adventures abroad and here in Maine as well as notes from alumni, gear reviews, places to go, and much, much more. As an annual publication, we are always looking for more submissions. So get outside, and share your pictures and memories with us when you return.

**Send Questions and  
Submissions to:  
[thelegend@bates.edu](mailto:thelegend@bates.edu)**

*Epiphany*

How nice to walk in falling snow  
and watch my breath condense.  
I move along devoid of woe  
controlled by a sixth sense.  
In the forest all alone  
amid the snow and frost,  
I move along devoid of woe...  
By God I think I'm lost!  
(Sincere apologies to Robert Frost)

Richard Davignon '57



*When Owls Become Roosters*

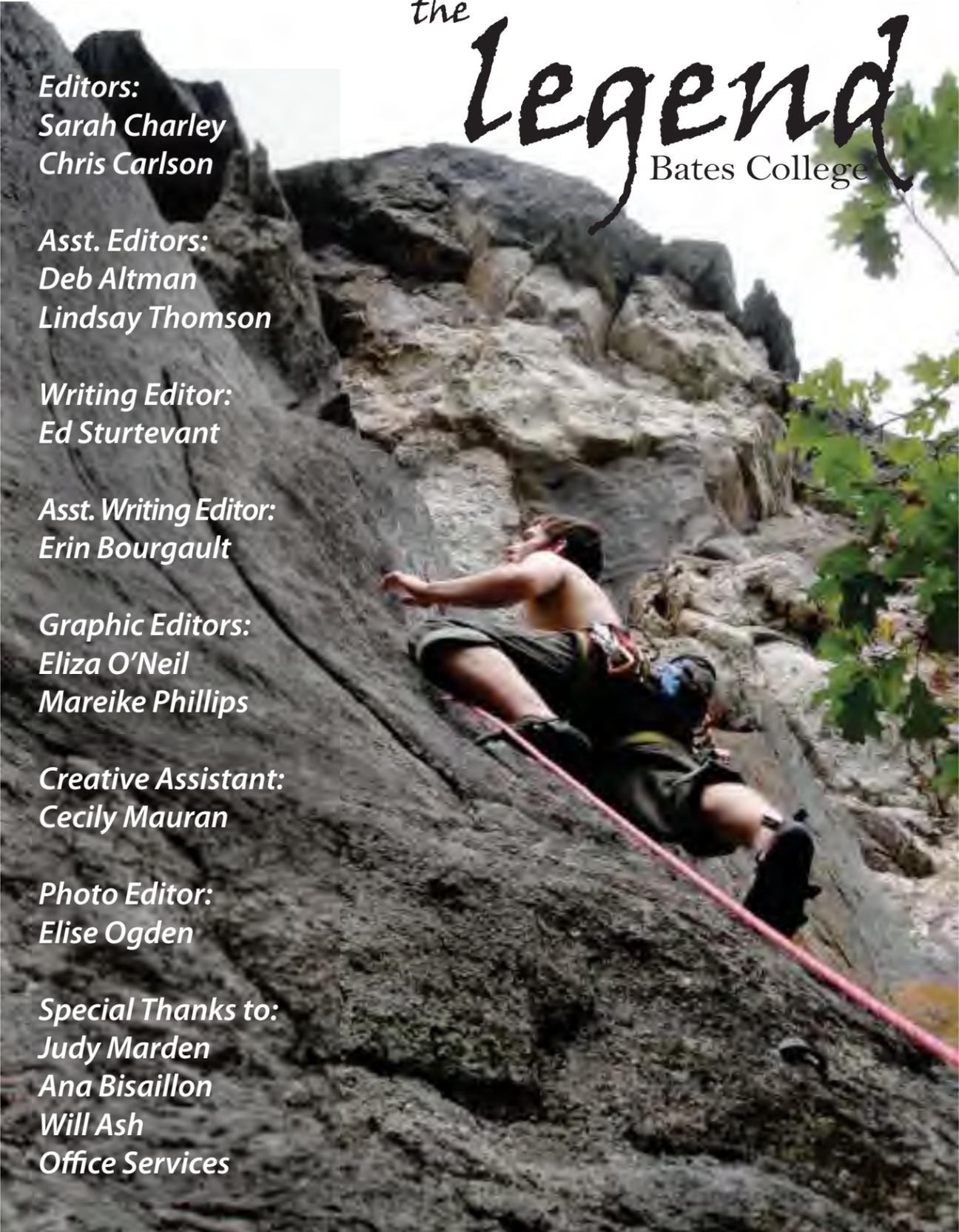
When owls become roosters  
All dreams will take flight  
Morning comes singing  
As dawn swallows night.

When owls become roosters  
Stars draw back their light  
Foxes go hungry  
The moon says good night.

When owls become roosters  
Clouds pinken to white.  
Diamonds crown grasses  
A new day's delight.

Sandra L. Shea '75





*the*  
**Legend**  
Bates College

**Editors:**  
*Sarah Charley*  
*Chris Carlson*

**Asst. Editors:**  
*Deb Altman*  
*Lindsay Thomson*

**Writing Editor:**  
*Ed Sturtevant*

**Asst. Writing Editor:**  
*Erin Bourgault*

**Graphic Editors:**  
*Eliza O'Neil*  
*Mareike Phillips*

**Creative Assistant:**  
*Cecily Mauran*

**Photo Editor:**  
*Elise Ogden*

**Special Thanks to:**  
*Judy Marden*  
*Ana Bisailon*  
*Will Ash*  
*Office Services*

## *Letter from the Editors*

During the pre-production phase of this year's edition of *The Legend*, there was a nagging fear in the back of our minds that we had exhausted our wealth of stories and all our material in last year's edition. The initial excitement that encircled last year's revival of *The Legend* was considerably lacking as we campaigned for support and stories earlier this year.

It was immediately apparent that this was not going to be an easy task. A beautiful, flawless, and elegant magazine was not just going to magically appear in our sleep, nor were the gems we received last year once again going to fall from the sky. This year we were going to need to do more digging and a little bit of excavation work.

But as we all discovered, a little persistence goes a long way in the publishing world. Just when we thought our reservoir of material had dried up, we struck a geyser hidden right under the surface. We had barely tapped the talent, experiences, and recollections of our students and alumni. Our search for a few good stories led us to a repository of ninety years of Bates students' outdoor knowledge, experiences, and BOC memories.

We found ourselves mulling through boxes and files buried deep in Muskie Archives where the rich history of the Outing Club lay hidden. Alumni who had been leaders and legends in the Outing Club almost 50 years ago were excitedly recounting their achievements and adventures with the BOC. Students who had previously remained tacit were coming forward with their own amazing stories.

The results of this search are presented before you as an amalgamation of nearly ninety years of outdoor experiences and outing club memories. Our goal is that this magazine will bridge the generations, connecting current Bates students with our shared past and ubiquitous love of the outdoors. We hope that this magazine will serve as a repository of the lost knowledge and buried traditions; that it will aid in the continuing spirit and perpetuation of the strong outdoor community at Bates College; and that it will encourage further exploration outside the classroom and into the great outdoors.

As the Bates Outing Club nears its 90th anniversary, it is important that we take a moment to pause and reflect on the past, present, and future of one of our campus' biggest and most beloved organizations. I hope that you as readers get as much pleasure from mulling through the pages of this magazine as we did producing it.

It is with great pride and repletion that we present you with the 2009 edition of *The Legend*.

With Much Love,

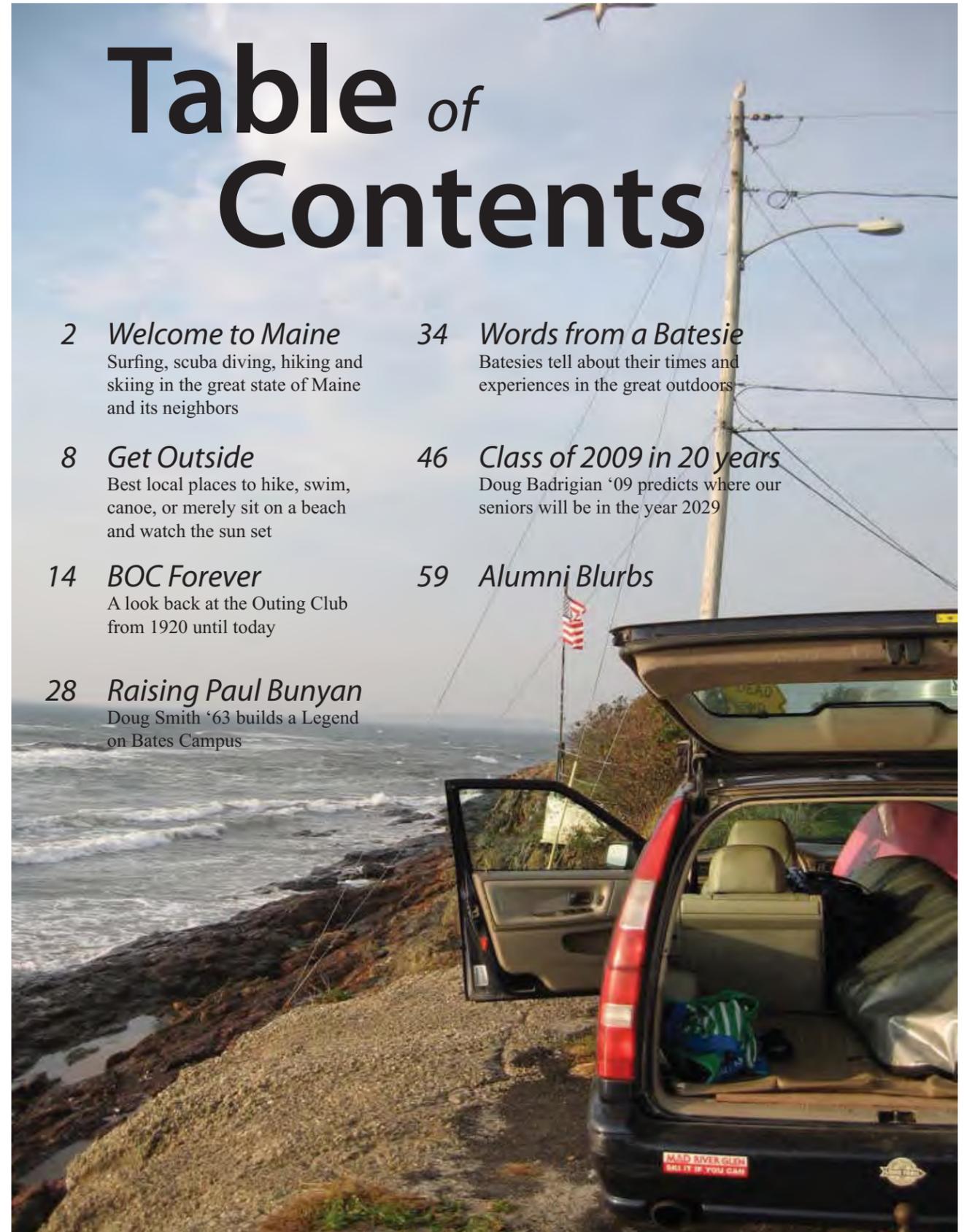
Sarah Charley & Chris Carlson





# Table *of* Contents

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 <i>Welcome to Maine</i><br/>Surfing, scuba diving, hiking and skiing in the great state of Maine and its neighbors</p> <p>8 <i>Get Outside</i><br/>Best local places to hike, swim, canoe, or merely sit on a beach and watch the sun set</p> <p>14 <i>BOC Forever</i><br/>A look back at the Outing Club from 1920 until today</p> <p>28 <i>Raising Paul Bunyan</i><br/>Doug Smith '63 builds a Legend on Bates Campus</p> | <p>34 <i>Words from a Batesie</i><br/>Batesies tell about their times and experiences in the great outdoors</p> <p>46 <i>Class of 2009 in 20 years</i><br/>Doug Badrigian '09 predicts where our seniors will be in the year 2029</p> <p>59 <i>Alumni Blurbs</i></p> |
|--|--|



# Maine's Surf



I certainly wouldn't consider myself a surfer in the conventional sense of the word. My speech is rarely graced with words like "tubular," "pipe," or "glass," nor have I ever styled my hair with sexy wax. Rather, you'll more often find me in a button-down oxford than tanned and shirtless. For that matter, I burn too quickly to bare my chest hair for the world to enjoy (even if Maine weather didn't average negative 10° Fahrenheit and cloudy last week.) I would, however, tell you I surf—a fact that startles most people not familiar with the growing Maine surf scene. If you ask around at Bates you will find a surprising number of people who have caught the surf bug.

Unfortunately, Maine is not graced with the warm water and sunshine conducive to aqueous recreation. Surfing in Maine is a different animal from its distant cousins that inhabit coastal climes South of Mason Dixon and West of the Rockies. In Maine, hooded wetsuits are a must for braving water temperatures that are often twenty degrees warmer than the air, yet just barely break the 40-degree mark. Six-foot waves spaced four seconds apart are far more com-

*There are few things in life as satisfying as...the magical experience of sitting with friends in perfect silence and bobbing on glassy swells as the sun rises over Portland.*

mon than twelve-foot tubes (though every once in a while the stars align and the waves are as good as anything in Hawaii). Portland Maine averages 222 cloudy days annually. Honolulu claims just 94.

Despite the meteorological downsides of surfing in the Northeast, there are many reasons a select group takes to the water in Maine. There are few things in life as satisfying as feeling the acceleration of a perfectly-timed takeoff, the water blurring beneath you, or the magical experience of sitting with friends in perfect silence and bobbing on glassy swells as the sun rises over Portland. Likewise, there are few things more confusing for my housemates than seeing me heading out the door at four in the morning with a surfboard under my arm as they stumble back in for the night with a new best friend under theirs. The camaraderie that comes from membership in a small, some-

what insane group of people brings surfers back to the Maine waters each fall as the winter waves begin to build again.

This fall surfboards were an increasingly common around the Bates campus. Boards are piled on cars on Frye Street and stacked against the walls of the BOC boat barn. Snatches of conversation about the latest surf report or the day's session are frequently overheard in Commons. I have forty-two emails with "surf" in the subject line in my sent messages folder. Though Higgins Beach will never rival its southern cousins for waves and global warming is our only hope for warmer water (coupled with the unfortunate side effect of submerging Maine under water from melted ice caps), surfing is growing phenomenon in Maine.

*Brodie O'Brien '09*



## The Scuba Frontier

In the midst of the calm awe that engulfed my body as I sank into the ocean equipped scuba gear for the first time, I discovered I could never get water up my nose while breathing underwater. If this seems trivial to you, think harder. Remember all those underwater handstands and spins you had to cut short in your childhood because you forgot to pinch your nostrils? Or that glory of feeling like a fish brutally interrupted by a terrible burning throughout your sinuses and the inability to breathe? Well, our scuba diving respirators allow us to spin for as long as we like in any different

*...I offer this testimonial: a scuba dive will always leave you feeling superhuman.*

direction. If you wonder what it's like to be an aquatic creature, know that you will never feel more genuinely aquatic than when you spontaneously employ your backward spin to catch a double take of a passing shark.

I don't think I was the only five-year-old who answered, "I want gills," to anyone who asked what superpower I would wish to have. If this is too

presumptuous, I am sure that plenty of us also hoped for wings that would let us fly. Yes, skydiving may be the closest substitute for the latter, but scuba diving is a great compromise that incorporates both superpowers. While traveling in three dimensions, into canyons, over masses of animals, and in between crevasses, you can more or less assume that you know how it feels to soar through the air.

When I first learned of scuba diving as a youngin', I didn't realize that it could substitute my impossible dreams. I thought of it as a desirable opportunity to see marine life, but never considered its potential as a physical activity. Only after I breathed painlessly through my first backward

spin 20 meters below sea level did I realize I had accomplished what I had thought unachievable. Now, every time I sink into the ocean, I fall back into the familiar rhythm of slow breathing and steady flipper kicking and feel proud of the human race for finding a way for us to pretend to be aquatic.

Like any sport, scuba diving also offers some less-than-dreamy opportunities. There was that dive in murky San Diego waters guided by a man who addressed our 12 inch visibility with a cool, "Yeah, uh, don't worry about it, if I lose ya just stick around and I'll find ya." He did lose me, and didn't find me until he surfaced and saw me swimming the ¼ mile back to shore, an all around diving faux pas. I dove off a Fijian shelf, where I spotted my first shark and explored extraordinarily pristine coral canyons, only to be interrupted by two ultimately harmless but frustrating realities of diving: floating into a mat of stinging plankton and being forced to ascend early because of a jockey diving partner who gulped down his oxygen twice as fast as I ever could. Alas, these are some of the quirks of diving that are just endearing enough to keep us suiting up for more.

Any freshman arriving at Bates for the first time knows within hours that these outdoor adventurers do not waste their time. Anyone on campus would be hard pressed to go a week without hearing a story of a Maine mountain skied, cliff climbed, lake canoed, or surf surfed. The sum of these stories forms a great illustration of most of what Maine has to offer an outdoors person. But there lies one Maine environment that seems to have been neglected. I'm thinking about deep within our armpit, the Gulf of Maine. I can't illustrate a diving-eye-view of that frigid lobster empire just yet because I have never seen it. But, in hopes that we can pull together a Bates diving community that could soon relate some eyewitness accounts of our neighboring abyss, I offer this testimonial: a scuba dive will always leave you feeling superhuman. So, let us bind together and explore the abyss that is our armpit, our Gulf, a new frontier for the Bates Outing Club.

*Laura Poppick '10*

# Beyond Skiing

## Exploring Maine's Wilderness in Winter

\$30/night for members  
\$33 for non-members

Check conditions and availability/book reservations with the AMC at [www.outdoors.org](http://www.outdoors.org)

For those few BOCers who don't spend their winters on the slopes of Sunday River, and otherwise having pow pow nar nar fantasies, there's winter hiking. Local Maine climbs – such as Pleasant Mountain and Tumbledown – are great for day-hikes, but if you're looking to spend a night or weekend in the great outdoors and don't feel invincible enough to pitch a tent in a snowdrift, head to the huts. From mid-October through May, the Appalachian Mountain Club's Lonesome Lake, Zealand Falls, and Carter Notch Huts are open for self-service. The hikes are moderately difficult – Lonesome being the easiest, Carter the hardest and Zealand somewhere in the middle. Frequently traveled, the trails are boot-packed and filled with friendly passers by, especially on weekends.

Each hut provides visitors with mattresses, pillows, and access to their kitchen. All you need to do is throw a sleeping bag, some extra layers, and a raw steak in your backpack, strap snowshoes on your feet, and the rest will be taken care of. Even during the quieter weeknights, the ragged yet friendly (and oftentimes bearded) hut caretaker is there and highly willing to talk your ear off about their philosophical musings on a short-tailed weasel affectionately named Spike who lives just outside your bunkhouse. At night, guests gather in the glowing and cozy main building and toast their toes by the woodstove, engage in pleasant conversation, and sometimes play music and sing as the wind whistles outside in below-zero temps. The scene is beyond compare and the characters unforgettable.



After having slogged our way through another week of classes, Carrie Piper '09, Amelia Harman '10, Brian Quarrier '09 and myself trekked our way up to Zealand last Halloween to visit fellow Batesie and caretaker at the time, Helon Hoffer '08. We had a blast cooking and catching up, and hiked up to Zeacliff the next morning for a spectacular White Mountains view that we'd all

craved since summer. After stuffing ourselves with massive egg sandwiches, we headed down the mountain and back to school, refreshed and ready for another week. The huts offer a spectacular escape from the everyday, and an innovative way to enjoy the outdoors during the winter months.

*Eliza O'Neil '09*



Listen up all you radical shred 'cats and kittens: there's a (kind of) new club this year. Some of you may have heard of it, some of you probably haven't. We once masqueraded as the elusive "snowboard club," but now we have a new name, and a brand new club (more or less).



Jay Bladon, the brave president of Snowboard Club, handed the crown over to Greg "Butter-Steeze" Flynn and myself while he was down gettin' his shred on in the Southern Hemisphere. It was then that we realized that "Snowboard Club" was not inclusive of some related, equally sweet activities, all which involve shredding. Sick. Now, for all of you shred-illiterate out there, the term "shred" can be defined many ways. It has roots in all sorts of extreme sports: surfing, skateboarding, snowboarding, and scootering, and can be used in an even broader sense. Literally, you can shred almost anything, if you put your mind to it! Paper shredding is an easy choice, as well as guitar shredding for all you musicians out there. More abstractly, shredding can apply to everyday activities, such as "yo dawg, did you see how shreddable that probability distribution is?" "yea, wicked", or even "Hey, have you seen Elliott Mor-

gan lately?" "Yeah man, he used to shred on his skis, but he shreds those crutches pretty hard."

Anyways, Shred Club for Men and Women's goals are this: to spread the art of shredding to the Bates campus, so that everyone may live a more wholesome, radical life. So far, we've held a meeting in the Ronj where we showed the epic shred-flick "That's It That's All" and got stoked on some pizza. Look for more meetings coming up. Short term is looking to be a big time for Shred Club, as the snow is melting, allowing one to land shred, as well as snow shred. We're hoping to get the mini ramp, which we spent a few days this fall building, up and running, but we're still trying to stick it to the man on that one. If that goes down, look for some serious shred-b-q's, complete with music, shredding, and dope food.

*Ben Latham '11*

# The Dungeon of Hathorn

The low ceiling, giant stump with nails in it, and multitude of people sliding strange objects up and down pairs of skis can make the E-room intimidating for anyone who is unfamiliar with the Bates Outing Club. But there is a common misconception that the e-room is the dwelling of only the most intense and rugged of mountain men and women. While it is true that passerbys late at night may catch a glimpse of various BOC officers congregating in the dungeon of Hathorn after hours, the E-room is not exclusive to people who are planning five day vision quests in the woods or setting canoeing records. You are more likely to bump into faculty checking out snow shoes and random students milling about while an E-room officer tries to find them ski boots. The E-room has a lot to offer students who want to get outside but are lacking the proper gear and guidance. Here are some of the services it can provide.



## Essential & Local Gear For the New Mainer

### Ragged Mtn. Sports Intervale, NH

Just up the road from the Limmer Boot Company, you can find this outfitter that specializes in skiing, camping, and climbing. This is a great all-purpose store, but their real draw is their own line of clothing. Cut and sewn in New Hampshire, all of their clothing is reasonably priced and good quality. Their coats are particularly nice because they come in a wide spectrum of colors and materials. So if you want a good deal on that chartreuse Elmo jacket you've been dreaming about, go check out Ragged Mountain Sports.

If you come from a warmer climate with predictable weather patterns, this article is for you. New England is famous for its harsh, long winters and rapid weather changes, leaving many newcomers underprepared. To make matters worse, most of the well-known gear companies are based in Utah, where winters tend to be warm and dry. They just don't understand. So if you want to bundle up in some New England-worthy gear, check these out:

### Wild Things North Conway, NH

Whether you are terrified by the prospect of a Maine winter or are considering doing Annapurna over spring break, think about heading to Wild Things. Expensive, yes, but they are world renowned for the quality and durability of their Alpine gear. They make a variety of gear from bivy sacs to backpacks, with all sorts of jackets and pants in between. Trusted by the U.S. Military, Wild Things can probably handle the occasional snowy hike to class as well.

### Limmer Boots Intervale, NH

The Limmer Boot Company has been hand-making boots in New Hampshire since 1919 and their design has not changed much since. Bomb-proof leather uppers are tacked onto classic Vibram soles, making for the most seriously durable boots available. If you can't shell out \$700 for a custom pair, check out their Tyrolean walking boots imported from Bavaria, or go to their store and browse the consignment section.

### L.L. Bean Freeport, ME

The obvious. Time tested boots and any sort of clothing or gear you can imagine, and a massive home base only half an hour from Bates. Best of all, they're open 24/7, so you can head down to Freeport the night before that big nor'easter and get some hand warmers for the walk to class.

### Hiking, Camping, and Snowshoeing

If you find sliding down a steep hill tied to two thin pieces of plastic absolutely terrifying, but don't want to spend all winter cramped inside, check out the collection of snowshoes, sleds, and camping gear in the E-room. For trips during the fall and short term, there are tents, sleeping bags, stoves, and virtually anything else you need short of synthetic quick drying underwear. Search more and you can find sleds, great for riding down Mount David or that hill behind the president's house during Maine's long, dark winters. There's also an extensive collection of cross-country skis for those partial to flat land. For winter camping, there's a new canvas tent complete with a wood-burning stove that will keep you at a comfortable 70 degrees Fahrenheit even if it's -10 outside.

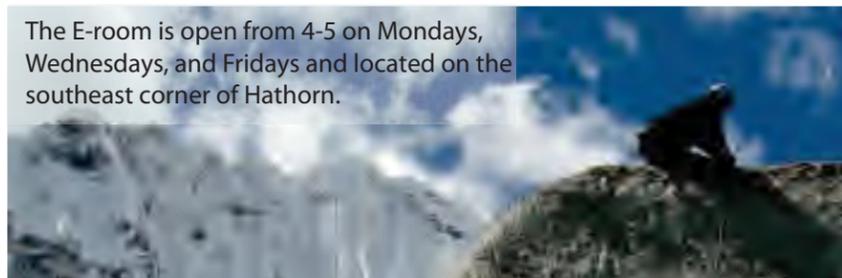
### Climbing & Mountaineering

If you like scaling sheer rock faces, clinging to walls of ice, or just really like holding ice axes, the e-room can equip you with ropes, crampons, rock climbing shoes, and all the other gear you need to plan a great hardcore adventure. However, if you've never done any of the aforementioned activities, we recommend that you wait for a BOC trip before you try a do-it-yourself expedition.

### Skis and Snowboards:

If you crave the exhilaration of launching yourself down a snowy cliff, the E-room can equip you with your very own pair of vintage neon skis, poles, and boots. For those partial to a single board, there are snowboards of various sizes, as well as brand new boots you can try out. Don't know the first thing about skiing or snowboarding? Just ask the E-room staff, and they'll gladly help you out with all of your shredding needs.

The E-room is open from 4-5 on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and located on the southeast corner of Hathorn.



# GET OUTSIDE!



***Hiking, Swimming, and Canoeing Hot-Spots That are Closer Than You'd Expect***

The state of Maine holds vast areas of beautiful wilderness just waiting to be explored by those willing to go out and find it. Some great places to hike and adventure are closer than you may think. Here are some destinations near Bates that are worth checking out. Get Outside!

## ***Thorncrag Bird Sanctuary***

Just a twenty minute walk from Bates you can find over 300 acres with walking trails, fireplaces, and views of Mt. Washington. Take Central or East Ave north and enter at the end of East Avenue or at parking lot on Montello Street. Owned by the Stanton Bird Club.

## ***The Rancourt Preserve***

These 14 acres on the Androscoggin River, with a trail and carry-in boat launch, provide access to the area between Great Falls and Deer Rips Dam. Off Main Street, take Northwoods Road (next to Marden's) and then a left on Tall Pines Drive. Parking along the road. Owned by the Androscoggin Land Trust.

## ***Gulf Island Pond***

The impoundment of the Gulf Island Dam on the Androscoggin River, this large body of flat water provides good canoeing and kayaking, as well as wildlife watching and island camping. Access is from Center Bridge Road between Greene and Turner, Cherry Pond on the south end of the North River Road in Greene, the Bates Boathouse on the North River Road in Greene, and Waterman Road in Turner.

## ***Hooper Pond Preserve, Greene***

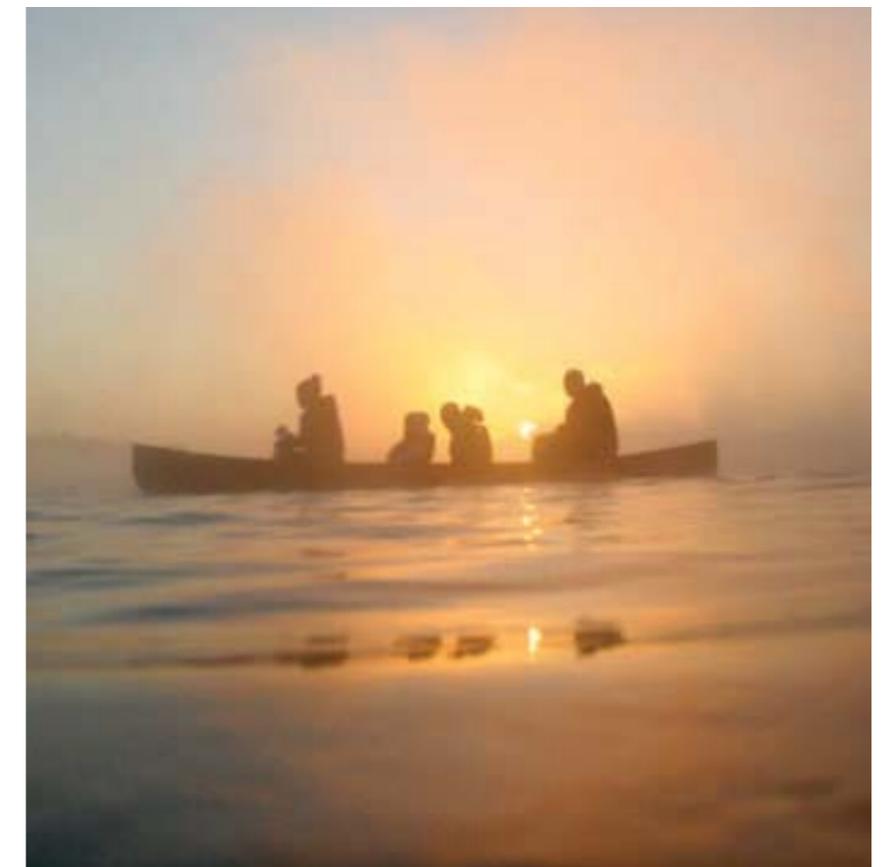
Here you'll find 195 acres surrounding an undeveloped pond and wetland with a channel winding through the marsh and a non-motorized boat launch. Take Route 202 North to Greene. Turn left at flashing yellow light to Allen Pond Road, then right on Hooper Pond Road. Boat launch is about .25 miles on right.

## ***The Androscoggin River, Lewiston***

The Androscoggin River, which divides Lewiston and Auburn, is recovering from years of substandard quality. It provides several nearby preserves with hiking trails and boat launches within an easy drive from Bates:

### **Boat Launch Locations:**

- Durham boat launch on Route 136 (where the rowing team practices).
- Behind Gritty's, in Auburn: paddle downstream to the trestle, upstream to Great Falls.
- North River Road in Auburn (behind Wendy's): paddle the area between Great Falls and Deer Rips Dam.





### *Salmon Falls, Buxton*

Located at the Hwy 202 Bridge on the Saco River, Buxton, ME. The Saco River is nearly 50 feet deep, making it the perfect place to jump and ropeswing off the bridge and multiple surrounding cliffs, all up to 40 ft. high. Start at the east end and walk up towards the bridge, hitting all the sweet spots along the way and ride the current back to your car. Make sure you get to Salmon Falls at least once.

### *Crooked River, Waterford, ME*

The 17-mile stretch between east Waterford and Scribners Mills features a great mix of flatwater and rapids with several Class II-III stretches and drops. A beautiful and remote river that will offer paddlers a little more of a challenge. Take ME-177 onto Temple Hill Road and follow until you get to the bridge.

### *Streaked Mountain, Buckfield, ME*

This short but strenuous summit is great for those who want a quick but satisfying jaunt to a higher elevation. The trail is a mere half mile but it goes straight up right from the start, providing stunning views at the summit even your most “indoorsy” friend can appreciate. Take ME-4 onto ME-117 which becomes Streaked Mountain Road. Once you spot radio towers on top of a mountain keep your eyes peeled for a trail head off to the left.

### *Range Pond State Park, Poland, ME*

About a 20 minute drive from Bates, this picturesque little lake offers a substantial sandy beach as well as picnic tables and basic facilities. Perfect for a relaxing afternoon in the sun, or a refreshing swim if you don't mind the cold. Frequenting by countless Batesies during short term.

### *Bradbury Mountain State Park, ME*

Conveniently located about halfway between Lewiston and Portland, this 610 acre park offers a multitude of trails and scenery for hikers. Horseback riders and snowmobilers will find great trails here. The park has several campgrounds, and rents out snowshoes in the winter.



### *Sabattus Pond, Sabattus, ME*

Not too far down the road from Bates, Sabattus Pond offers floats for water access. It is also home to some bass and white perch, as well as a decent amount of Northern Pike, making it a prime destination for those interested in fishing. Take Sabattus 20 minutes east and it's hard to miss.

### *Bates Outing Club Lean-to, Greene, ME*

Built on land belonging to Bates alum and Outing Club advisor Judy Marden '66, the lean-to is a great

destination close to campus to build a fire and sleep in the open air. A conservation easement ensures it will be there until it rots. Take a night away from your stuffy dorm room and enjoy some of the comforts and thrills that mother nature can provide. About a 20 minute drive from Bates, it's located off of Gagne Road. Take a right when the road splits and at the end of the road is the trail to the lean-to and parking.

### *Riverlands Preserve, Turner, ME*

On the historic foundations of a flooded community (see Homestead Trail brochure) you'll find over

2,000 acres with trails and waterfront on Gulf Island Pond offering good hiking and mountain biking. Parking is at Center Bridge or in a parking lot a few hundred feet up the road towards Turner.

### *Baldface Circle Trail, Evans Notch, ME*

Located in the White Mountains, this is one of the best hikes Maine has to offer. Baldface features rugged mountains, panoramic views, alpine ridge walks and a great swimming hole. The total loop is about 9.8 miles.

*Edward Sturtevant '11  
(Contributing Editor)*



# The Scenic Androscoggin



Living in Lewiston-Auburn, it's easy to hold a somewhat negative perception of the Androscoggin River. It smells a bit. Especially on warm days. There's more trash lining the riverbanks and drifting downstream than in most landfills. Ambitious paddlers weave through an urban jungle of junkyards, unmarked dams, and random pipes vomiting suspect liquid into the river. For those brave enough to take the plunge (or clumsy enough to fall in), I will tell you with authority, it does sting. More than you'd expect. And neither you, nor anything that went in the drink with you, will smell normal for several days. For those living in the city, the Androscoggin is more a historical relic than a place for recreation. It's a symbol of Lewiston-Auburn's heyday, that now listlessly chugs along, waiting for its chance to rise to importance once again. What was once one of the most important and beautiful waterways in Maine seems largely forgotten by the Bates community; few realize the scenic, clean, and unspoiled headwaters of the 'Scog are less than a two hour drive northwest.

The source of the Androscoggin is Umbagog Lake, just east of Errol, NH. Situated at the northern end of the Mahoosuc range, Umbagog is a large, shallow lake that straddles the Maine/New Hampshire border.

The lake's shores are dotted with dozens of rustic campsites, many which offer the lucky outdoorsman a chance to watch the sun melt behind the Mahoosucs while perched atop an open privy. The Androscoggin draws from the western shore of the lake, separated from the mouth of the smaller Magalloway River by a large bald eagle nesting area. The Bald Eagle reserve is part of Lake Umbagog State Park, which has kept the area largely unpopulated and well protected. From the lake, a morning's paddle meanders through scenic wilderness and past old logging settlements until reaching the Errol Dam. A 200-yd portage readies boaters for a short Class II rapid below the dam, followed by a longer Class III-IV rapids running directly under

*...few realize the scenic, clean, and unspoiled headwaters of the 'Scog are less than a two hour drive northwest.*

the Rt. 26 bridge. Home to a branch of Saco Bound, the Errol rapids are a popular spot for paddlers and spectators alike. Below the rapids, a quiet 4 or 5 miles of river winds its way to Mollidgewock State Park, stretched thin along a few miles of riverbank. In between Mollidgewock

and the Pontook Reservoir, about 10 miles downriver, is a collection of class I, II, and III whitewater. It's a fast, exciting, and beautiful day's paddle, finishing just north of Berlin, NH.

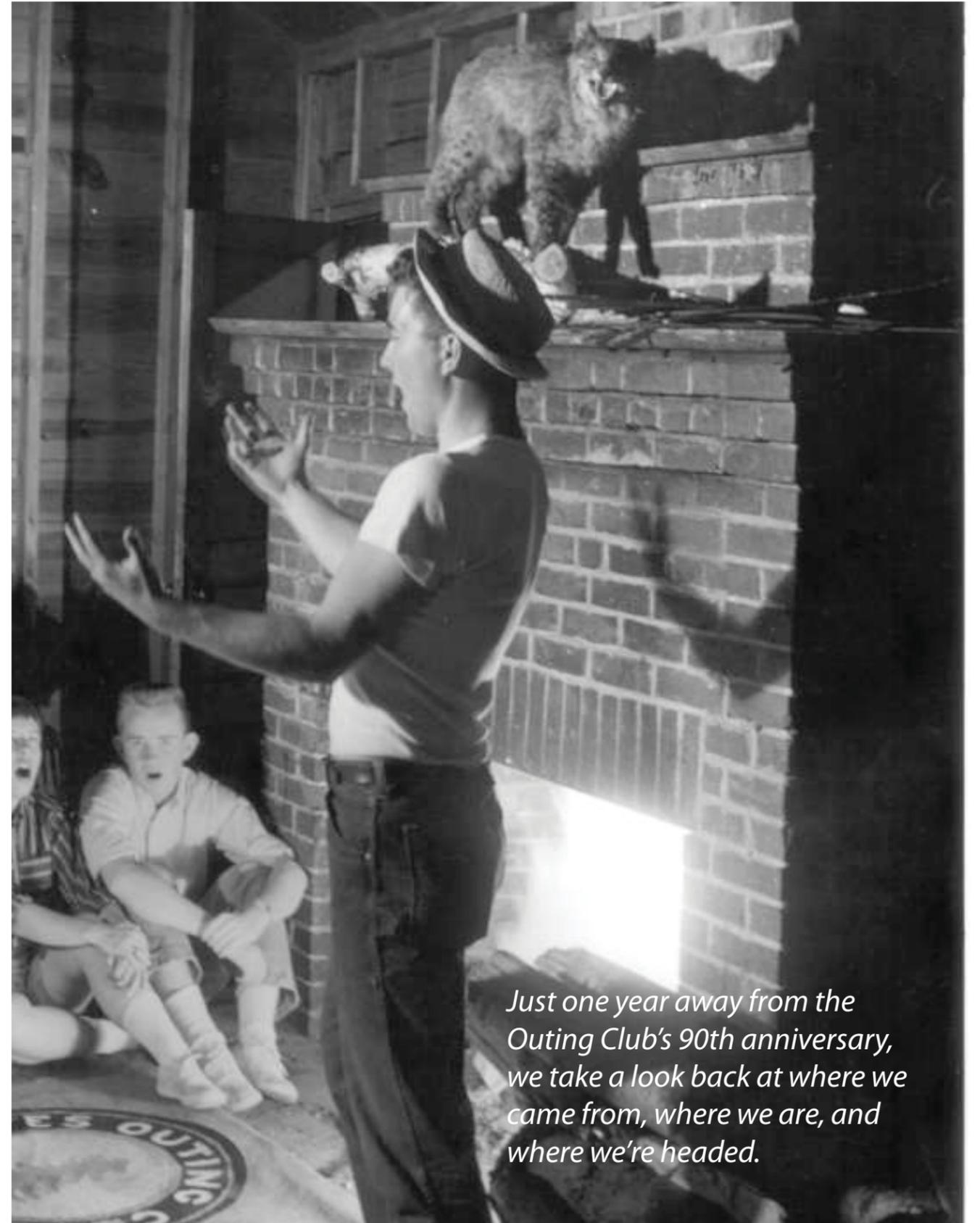
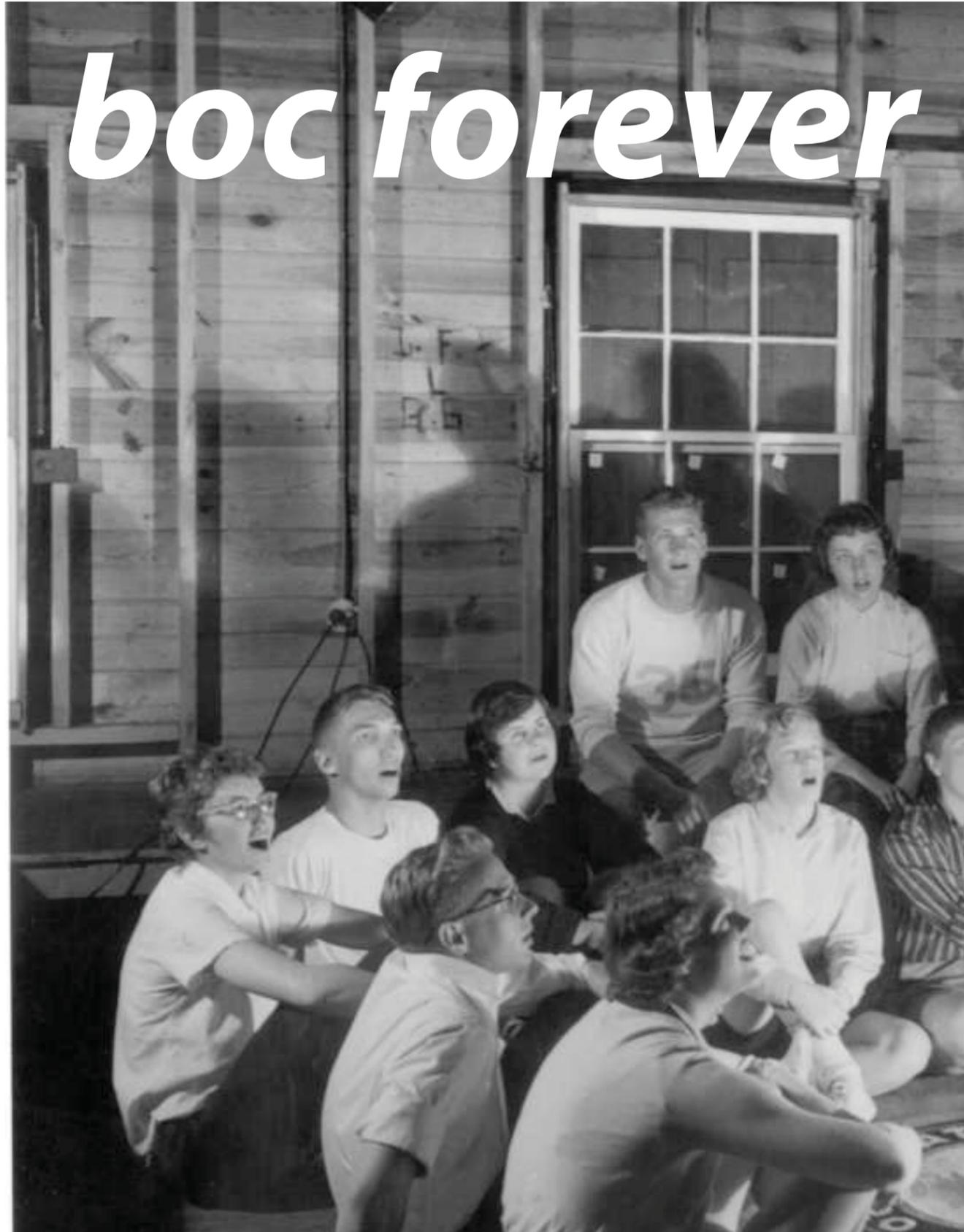
A weekend on Lake Umbagog and the Upper Androscoggin will leave visitors with a different sense of what the river has to offer. Try spending Saturday exploring, fishing, and relaxing on the lake, and then camp at one of the numerous maintained sites. Wake up early Sunday and enjoy a full day's paddle to the Pontook Reservoir, or take the day to play on the Erroll rapids. An appreciation for the pristine water, natural beauty, wildlife, and exciting rapids upriver may lead to greater efforts to protect, clean up, and enjoy the waterway

where it cuts through our city. Or in very least, it's nice to jump into the 'Scog and for once emerge cleaner than you went in.

*Luke Hasselbeck '09*



# *boc forever*



*Just one year away from the Outing Club's 90th anniversary, we take a look back at where we came from, where we are, and where we're headed.*



*The Winter Carnival has been a main event on the Bates campus since the BOC's conception in 1920. The weekend features time-honored traditions including the crowning of the Carnival Queen and her court, an intense snow-sculpture contest, ski trips, and the Torch Run. Although the Winter Carnival has changed over the years, events such as skiing and sledding down Mount David and the famous Puddle Jump are a continued tradition.*

*Tobogganning down Mount David, 1981*



*Puddle Jump 2009*

*Torch Run 1958*

*Carnival Queen Ruth Potter 1952*

*Winter Carnival 1934*

*Snow Sculpture outside Parker, 1939*



"Fire Water" 1956



"Sphinx" 1957



Robert Ireland '40 Ski Jumping 1939



"Paul Bunyan" 1962

# Cat Tracks

Outing Club Newsletter, Winter 1962

## Paul Bunyan

This year's Carnival "Blue Snow" was ruled over by 30 feet of wood, newspaper and snow in the form of Paul Bunyan. The giant woodsman, complete with ax, stood for the weekend between Roger Bill and the Bobcat Den. So commanding was his presence that he acted as a tourist attraction for many of the town's people, especially after his picture appeared in the local paper.

The idea that the council build a central snow sculpture came up during a council meeting before Christmas vacation. Doug Smith volunteered to take charge, and a lot of credit for Paul's success belongs to him. Using Sampson's garage for a workshop, he constructed a framework of plywood. This was stuffed with newspaper and covered with chicken wire.

On the Tuesday before Carnival, Paul's skeleton arrived on campus. Scaffolding from the construction project was erected so that the snow cover could be applied. Then the call for help went out to the whole campus.

There was lots of man and woman power for the work, and Paul quickly took shape. At this stage of the game, the sculptors looked like so many ants, since snow was being put on at four different levels. Some people were grounded and kept all the levels supplied with snow through a system of buckets, ropes, and pulleys.

There were a few bad moments when a warm spell attacked, but by Thursday there was enough snow on Mr. Bunyan to call for the master sculptor to carve in the details. Finn Wilhelmsen did this job, and he did it well. When the last detail was done, the scaffolding came down to show the finished project.

Paul Bunyan stood all during Carnival, illuminated at night by several spotlights. Everyone who worked on the gentleman was justifiably proud of the result, which added a great deal to the atmosphere of Carnival.

-----Pixie Norlander

*Alumni and friends of the Outing Club share their time in the BOC*

# *Nearly 90 Years of Outing Club Memories*



*Women waxing skis in the 1920s*



This is a photograph I have in my family's photograph album — it was taken in October 1959, and shows my father, Richard Sampson, and T.P. Wright, holding some sort of animal hide in front of a sedan filled with Bates Outing Club members. My father (on the left) was the advisor to the Outing Club for many years, and T.P. (Ted) Wright was a co-advisor for a period of time.

The Bates Outing Club was a huge and happy part of my life, as I had the good fortune to be a son of Richard Sampson, adviser to the Outing Club throughout my childhood and beyond. As a son of Sampson, I was able to tag along on countless Outing Club trips in the late 1950s and early 1960s with my brother Caleb and mother Jean. The students invariably welcomed us as members of the Outing Club family, happy to have the 'Sampson kids' along and

involving us in their activities. Trish Morse, Ray Danforth, Hildy Spooner, Jody Pearly, Ken Spaulding, Colin Fuller, and Lester Kenway are among those I remember fondly, along with co-advisor Ted Wright. Particular excursions that stand out in my memory include: the bus trips to Sugarloaf, with box lunches and nights in a small cabin, heated by a wood stove, near what was then Sugarloaf's bunny slope; hikes in early spring up to Tuckerman's Ravine, with a stop for

lunch at Howard Johnson's at the base of the ravine; canoe trips on the Cobbosseecontee River; the clam-bakes at Popham; and short hikes up to the cabin on Sabattus Mountain to fix up that remote outpost. A particularly fond memory is that of my father heading out the door after dinner every Wednesday night with a jar of pickles under his arm, off to another Outing Club meeting in Hathorn Hall. Which leads to my most enduring memory: year after year, seeing how much my father loved those Outing Club trips and being with the students, many of whom remained in touch with him throughout his life.

*...my father loved those Outing Club trips and being with the students, many of whom remained in touch with him throughout his life.*

*Stephen Sampson*



*Snow sculpture outside Pierce House, 1981*



*Bates Outing Club, 1920*

Aside from the three Thanksgiving weekend trips to Katahdin, I think one of my best trips with BOC was a spring vacation spelunking expedition to West Virginia in about 1958. It was done jointly with the University of Virginia OC which luckily had detailed maps of the caves, which were in limestone formations along the Virginia/W.Virginia border. A number of carloads drove down and we camped out at state campgrounds. We used carbide lamps on our helmets so our hands would be free.

One cave was dry and included chimneys in which you had to stand on the shoulders of somebody below you and had somebody else's feet on your shoulders. I moved down too fast and the one above me shouted, "Hey prof, move back up, I'm dangling in space."

*I moved down too fast and the one above me shouted, "Hey prof, move back up, I'm dangling in space."*

The most exciting cave was decidedly wet; in fact, a stream went through it and we were lowered over a waterfall with ropes and slogged down the stream up to our knees in water. Then, the water disappeared down a whirlpool and we were assured that if we held our breath, we'd come out in a small, domed chamber with only our heads above water and had to swim downstream before we could stand up again. The reverse trip back was even more harrowing as we were moving against the current. Needless to say, we were a cold, muddy crew when we emerged. I should

have said above that the temperature in the caves was a steady 58 degrees, if I remember.

The trip down and back was a blur of interstates, but my new Morris minor, "Mighty Mouse," did yeoman service on the back roads of West Virginia. As always, I was greatly impressed by the camping and "learn-by-doing" spelunking skills of the BOC council.

*Best wishes, "T.P." Wright, former co-faculty advisor, BOC, 1957-65.*

*I fell in love with the BOC, and from that day on, my weekends revolved around Outing Club trips and Outing Club activities.*

The second weekend of my first semester at Bates was coming up, and I was already reeling from the amazing social whirl of Freshman Year. Not only were there orientation activities constantly planned for us, and hazing by the sophomores (remember, this was September 1962), but we could actually be out until 9:30 at night without telling anyone where we were going! I was nearly overwhelmed with the freedom!

My freshman roommate barreled into our double in the basement of Page (the one with the private toilet and the bunk-beds, I think people live there still) and said, “There’s a

mountain climb on Sunday—want to go?” And I said “sure!” Never having climbed anything taller than Big Blue Hill near my hometown of Hyde Park, Massachusetts, a thickly-settled Boston suburb, I knew little of what I was getting into.

We piled into a bus, and were introduced to the Bates Outing Club, en route to Tumbledown Mountain. It was a gloriously blue, brilliantly foliated fall day in Maine—the kind you see on calendars and in college catalogues. We hiked up Tumbledown, probably in sneakers (because I remember begging my parents for enough money to go to Bean’s and

buy some ‘real hiking boots’ soon afterwards) and were having so much fun we decided to bushwhack to Little Jackson. Our Fearless Leaders (Doug Findlay and Cilla Bonney, ’65, perhaps?) were welcoming and encouraging, even though we didn’t have good equipment and had no experience. The upperclass members were friendly, seeming to want new enthusiasts, no matter how initially inept. The “nice” sophomores of the BOC (Newt Clark, Sue Huiskamp, Carol Bishop, Brad Wyman, Cilla and Doug, and many others) were a pleasant contrast to the “mean” sophomores of Page. I fell in love with the BOC, and from that day on, my weekends revolved around outing club trips and outing club activities.

In the early ‘60s, BOC Council members were elected to Council, six men and six women from each class. The competition was tough, and the



*BOC Tumbledown Trip, Fall 2008*



*BOC Clam Bake, Fall 2008*

first real heartbreak of my college career was not being elected to Council as a freshman. Despite the disappointment, mountain climbs and canoe trips continued to be my passion, and I finally became a Council member as a sophomore. What I lacked in popularity, I made up in tenacity—once I got on Council, I never let go!

By going on outings with more experienced leaders and learning from them, being involved with the BOC gave me the confidence to run for Hikes and Trips Director. I was thrilled to be elected along with Pete Anderson ‘67 (because each Direc-

torship had to have one male and one female director). We were both avid outdoors people, so many weekends found us leading four trips—each of us going in separate directions, both days.

From time to time, I wonder how many Bates students and graduates have a similar story...perhaps they came from families who didn’t spend much time outdoors, or weren’t campers, paddlers, bikers, climbers. Perhaps they, like me, lived in the city or the suburbs, with little opportunity to explore the wild. Perhaps they came to Bates with no equipment, not even

knowing what they didn’t know. And perhaps they had a chance encounter with the BOC—maybe at the Activities Fair—and tried a trip as a beginner. Perhaps they borrowed gear from the E-Room, following good advice about what they would need from a helpful mentor...and fell in love with the outdoors as a result.

I hope so, because the BOC enriched my life and made it take paths I never knew existed before coming to Bates.

*Judy Marden ‘66*



## Thank you Bates College. But really, thank you BOC

As President of the BOC (1964–1965), I learned that to get anything done, an organization accomplishes its goals through people, not by what the leader does directly. My people skills, honed by many Council Meetings and practiced during a wide range of outdoors activities, knocked off many of the rough edges I initially brought to Bates. Getting along with all kinds of folks proved to be the key to being a successful leader.

A comeuppance was a most valuable learning experience. I had championed a particularly innovative measure and wanted the Outing Club Council to approve it. An ally on the council made the motion as I proscribed; it was duly seconded and debated. Much to my surprise and dismay, the motion was defeated. Perhaps it was an idea whose time had not yet come. From that experience, I learned to listen to the needs

of the members of the group and to get them invested in the idea before I introduced a matter initiating change. I learned to count the votes in the room before calling for the vote.

Our hikes and trips seem tame compared to the outdoor activities that Bates students experience today. With Professor Sampson, I remember leading a touch football game on a trip in early December to Ogunquit Beach, believe it or not, a rather innovative trip at the time. While only a limited number attended, all had a great time and it created quite a buzz on campus. When you think about it, playing touch football on a Maine beach in December is a little aberrant. This experience taught me to take chances and think outside the box.

Norm Ross (then the Bursar and known for his extreme fiscal prudence) taught me to be more cautious with money. I learned to have the cash in hand from student ticket sales before a band was hired for a particular function. I would have tapped into the BOC treasury and become a speculator. Since not enough tickets were sold to cover the cost of the band, it

wasn't hired. Being fiscally conservative with other people's money has served me well to this day.

Long before Bates had rock-climbing walls inside the gym, Charlie Love brought rock climbing to the Outing Club from Jackson Hole, Wyoming. His Saturday forays to the local quarry with eager outing clubbers to learn rappelling gave me the confidence to try just about anything. And so, while Dr. Woodcock taught me physics, which served me well when I started my career as High School Physics teacher, it was the Bates Outing Club that gave me incredible opportunities. It helped me to acquire the skills to survive and succeed in the practical aspects of life in the working world, particularly serving as a school administrator for many years until I retired in 2006.

Thank you Bates College. But really, thank you BOC

*Newton Clark '65*



## Jolly Times and Good Fellowship in the Out-of-Doors: BOC to Celebrate 90th next year

In December of 1919, a group of Bates students and professors who loved the outdoors gathered as a self-appointed committee to create an organization to promote “jolly times and good fellowship in the out-of-doors.” At the opening of the year 1920, the Bates Outing Club became an active unit, with special committees to look after skating, tobogganing, hiking, and a winter

carnival.

Now nearly 90 years later, there is much to celebrate. Thousands of Bates alums and students are linked to the College by their strong ties to the BOC, by the friends they made during outdoor activities, and by the special locations in Maine, New Hampshire, and elsewhere they experienced through BOC adventures. Many alums say that their BOC ex-

periences influenced their later lives and careers even more than their choice of majors.

The BOC's 90th Anniversary in 2010 deserves a huge celebration—and planning has begun! We sent out a survey to the mailing list as it existed in the fall, with the purpose of determining what kinds of activities and programs would bring BOC people together for a celebration. After compiling the results, and having an initial planning meeting at Homecoming in October, the plans are developing and underway.

And what DO people want? Trips and food, of course! Both on-campus core events, with meals, stories, and networking, combined with outings, day and multi-day trips, some during the core events and some at other times. In short, we discovered that it will take an entire year to properly celebrate the BOC's 90th!

To get involved in the planning and organization of the 90th anniversary celebration contact Judy Marden ([jmarden@bates.edu](mailto:jmarden@bates.edu)) or check out the BOC Forever page on BatesConnect: (<http://www.batesconnect.net>). There's also an e-mail list anyone can join ([boc90thvolunteers@lists.bates.edu](mailto:boc90thvolunteers@lists.bates.edu)) to put in their two cents about the planning of this huge celebration.

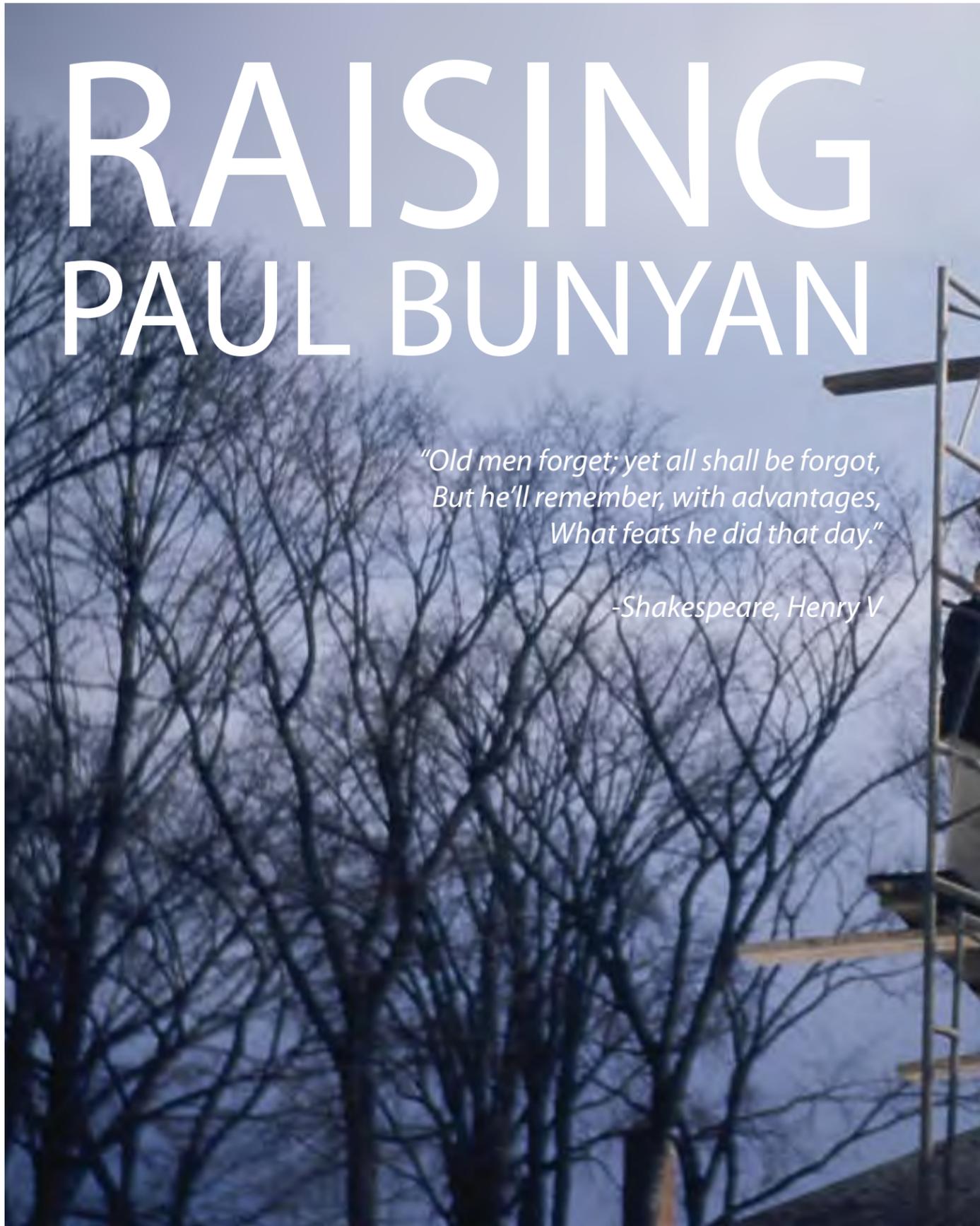
The BOC has had a large impact on many people's time at Bates and influence over their lives and decisions after graduation. The anniversary is bound to be a huge celebration and 2010 will be here before we know it!

*Judy Marden '66, BOC Advisor  
[jmarden@bates.edu](mailto:jmarden@bates.edu)*

# RAISING PAUL BUNYAN

*"Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day."*

*-Shakespeare, Henry V*





*In the winter of 1962...*

In the winter of 1962, we few, happy, band of future surgeons, physicians, school teachers, scientists, ministers, security analysts and even a future hotel manager built Paul Bunyan—a towering snow sculpture in celebration of the Bates Outing Club Winter Carnival. Over the years, Paul Bunyan’s visage has graced the cover of the alumni magazine, several annual calendars, and was most recently highlighted in the alumni slide show pep talk delivered around the country. How Paul Bunyan came to stand tall on the campus in 1962 is part of the rich history and traditions of the Bates College Outing Club.

Inspiration for the construction of Paul Bunyan came from a visit to Dartmouth in the winter of 1961 where a friend made the suggestion that Paul Bunyan was a traditional staple of the Winter Carnival at Dartmouth. From old scrap books, I learned that snow sculptures were once a Bates’ campus tradition dur-

ing Winter Carnival festivities. Determined to revive this tradition, I convinced Outing Club council leaders Lou Winkler ‘63 and my roommate Neale Schuman ‘63 that one big snow sculpture would give new life to this long lost tradition. For technical support, I knew I could count on George Hunter ‘63, a student I got to know well while clearing brush on the Appalachian Trail each fall before classes started. Many others, both men and women from the BOC Council and some not involved in the Outing Club, stepped up to help. My roommates Ed Belden ‘63 and Bob Livingston ‘63 and my friends Dale Spencer ‘63, John Farr ‘63, Janice Nelson ‘63 and Nancy Levin ‘63 are remembered with warm thoughts as

among the many who helped raise Paul Bunyan.

Armed with a sketch furnished by an artist friend, I transferred the outline of Bunyan onto squares I had drawn on building paper on the floor of the family garage. Four years as stage manager in high school building scenery and many summers spent at a Marblehead boat yard provided me with the basic carpentry skills to build the framework of the statue. After covering the framework with chicken wire, I was ready to transport the creation to campus. Paul Bunyan arrived at Bates College tied to roof of my ‘47 Buick.

Once on campus, the most daunting challenge was to stand the framework in place and cover it with snow.

*Paul Bunyan arrived at Bates College tied to roof of my ‘47 Buick.*





My theory of using a framework instead of merely piling snow to create a figure was a time-saving device. Norman Ross, long-time Bursar of the College, quietly ordered full cooperation from the grounds and maintenance staff of the college. Thus we furnished staging, ropes, pulleys, buckets and concrete mixing troughs and the work began. Almost instantly (and to my shock) the framework theory was put to the test, and, unfortunately, failed initially. Snow packed on the framework fell through and did not stick

to the chicken wire. This instigated a momentary freeze in the work effort and a conference was called. After tossing around multiple ideas, the solution evolved to stuff crumbled newspaper into the interior, thus provide backing against which the snow could be packed. The word went out: hundreds of old newspapers were gathered, the interior was stuffed, and work was able to resume. Unexpected challenges, such as sunny days and inconsistent snow consistency, were met and quickly resolved.

Paul Bunyan was the focus of that year's Winter Carnival and occupied a place of honor for a short time. All those who worked long hours on his construction went back to studying and taking exams as life resumed. Soon a warming trend with rain came, and all that was left of Paul Bunyan was the wooden frame covered in chicken wire. To my regret, snow sculpturing never was revived, but Paul Bunyan still stands as a challenge to future generations of Bates students.

*Douglas G. Smith '63*



*"Every Man Dies; Not Every Man Really Lives."—William Wallace*

# WORDS from a BATESIE

## **Bates College and the Great Outdoors**

It's 6:15 AM on a cold, clear fall morning in the White Mountains in western Maine, and the sun is about to rise. On a small ledge just off of the Baldface Circle trail, fifteen Bates students are huddled for warmth, waiting for that radiant orb to show its warm face. One is passing around a thermos full of hot chocolate, while another is snapping away pictures with his camera. Soon they are awed as nature's greatest ritual unfolds in front of them, and as the first rays of sun illuminate the peaks on whose summits they had trod a few hours earlier, they feel their sleepless night has been justified. Though they are tired from a rugged but beautiful full-moon hike on one of New England's finest trails, on this Tuesday morning, there will be no rest for the weary; everyone has class in a few hours. After a quick jaunt down the few remaining miles to the trail head, and a cold but refreshing dip in Emerald Pool on the way out, these students will spend their days in lecture or lab, fighting

*Here, from the very beginning, students are taught how to do things for themselves from experience, and as a result become better leaders and outdoor educators.*

off the urge to nod their heads and drift back to dreams of the magical night they just had.

The fact that more than a dozen students are willing to derail their sleep and homework schedules in order to spend a full night hiking in the moonlight shows that at Bates College, we have our priorities straight. From the enthusiasm shown at the Outing Club's annual booth at the activities fair to the large number of trips



to nearby mountains, lakes, rivers and beaches, it's readily apparent that a large portion of the students at Bates have the outdoors on their mind. The Bates Outing Club is the largest student run organization on campus both in terms of budget allocation and active members. Nearly every weekend, BOC vans head out to all corners of Maine and New Hampshire for hiking, camping, canoeing, and surfing

when it's warm, while snowshoeing, downhill and cross-country skiing, and winter camping when its not. It is the primary means by which students engage in outdoor recreation and has remained a focal point of campus life since its inception in 1920. As it approaches its 90th year, the BOC remains the only student run college outing club in the country, a tradition to which it firmly clings. The club has introduced generations of students to joys of outdoor recreation and turned

experienced outdoorsmen into competent leaders.

The outdoor experience at Bates is unlike any that you can find at any other college. While many rival schools run their outdoor program like a glorified summer camp, we learn for ourselves—by doing, and from our inevitable errors we stumble our way towards competency and mastery of all things outdoors. The BOC continues to be the largest fully student run collegiate outing club, and AESOP defies odds by being the only completely student run freshmen orientation program in the country. Here, from the very beginning, students are taught how to do things for themselves from experience, and as a result become better leaders and outdoor educators.

Because of the exuberant outdoor spirit inside nearly all Bates students, chances are you'll be more madly in love with the mountains, rivers and beaches that surround us than you could have ever imagined. And when thirty years from now you're still spending as much time outside as you were in college, you'll have only your school to blame.

*William "Dots" Loopesko '10*



## A First Moose

Being hearing-impaired, I have always relied on others to alert me to fainter sounds of significance. When I was a little kid riding my bike to the beach, my parents made sure that I knew whenever a car was approaching. Likewise, when backpacking in the White Mountains, my boyfriend Matt makes sure that I know if there's a bear outside the tent. One June evening this past summer in the Pemigewasset Wilderness, Matt was especially alert for big creatures. We would be inside the tent, talking, when he would suddenly stop and

say, "Shhh...I think there's something outside the tent." His still, tense expression would cause me to immediately freeze. Matt would go outside and investigate...and find nothing. This happened a few times. So, when Matt later announced that he thought he heard a moose, I didn't believe him. I thought it was just another one of his false alarms. As always, he stepped outside to investigate. Then he dashed back into the tent and told me to get out as quickly as possible. Frantic, I jumped up and jammed my feet into my boots as fast as I could, not stopping to lace them up. About fifty yards off, there was a moose walking along the rocks in the river,

nibbling the brush. It was a young moose whose antlers were still fuzzy. Matt spoke in a quiet, urgent voice, telling me to stay calm and to take my jacket and spread it open over my head in such a way as to make myself look big. Flapping his own jacket like elephant ears over his head, Matt chanted, "Moo-sie, moo-sie" in a low voice. This, he said, would make the moose notice us off in the distance and reduce the chance of it getting startled and charging us. Then Matt informed me that if the moose should in fact charge at me, I should not move until the very last second, at which point I should jump out of the way.

"But how do I know when the last second is?" I asked nervously.

"I'll tell you when," Matt replied. "Wait—no. I'll just shove you out of the way," he declared. The image of this possibility was not very reassuring. Yet, amidst the anxiety and thrill of the situation, it all seemed rather comical—here we were, two hikers flapping our jackets over our heads and calculating the exact moment we should dodge from the moose in the event of a worst-case scenario.

Thankfully, our visit with the young moose passed peacefully. We were even able to snap a few photographs. Unfortunately, because it was dusk, the pictures came out rather dark. In one picture, however, you can faintly see the side profile of the moose, with a white dot as the eye shine from the flash. Although Matt and I could see the moose, we knew that people back at home would probably not be able to see it and therefore would not believe our story. It was then that I understood how the people who take those obscure pictures of UFOs and the Loch Ness Monster must feel. However, at the end of the day, all that matters is that we know we saw a moose, and lived to tell the tale.

*Diane Brackett '11*

## Deer Tracking

A faint cough zipped through snow tufted branches. I froze, tense and listening with my entire being. Had I really heard the noise, or did I imagine it in my eagerness to see its wearer? No sound aside from the smallest wind tickling the branches of snow tufted trees entered my auditory capabilities. If I stood there much longer, the makers of the sound would be putting distance between themselves and me. I started moving again, tenderly testing each step, hoping the snow would absorb the sound of my walking, and wincing at every unnecessary crunch of a twig giving out underneath my cross-country ski boots. I cursed the packs of snow that clumped up between the bars and had to be shaken off every few yards.

The cough, if so it was, had come from precisely the direction I would have expected a group of deer to be hanging out at 6:00 in the evening. The shape and pattern of their tracks, scattered and erratic, but sticking to the same idea of direction, had been leading me quietly through a swamped out streambed in the woods around my house in Elkins, West Virginia. I had made a slow, careful



climb out of the muck and on to an overgrown old apple orchard when I was stopped by the noise.

I had been tracking this particular group of deer for three days now, developing a sense of their patterns and habits. I had ran into them a few times after unexpectedly catching up to them; four brown bodies each with a poof of white fur alarming on their behinds as they bounded gracefully through the trees and leapt over fences and briar bushes. One clumsy human in a green park service jacket

*I could almost feel the warmth of their unsuspecting bodies penetrating my flesh as I crawled hands and knees through the snow and mud.*

trailing after them getting stuck in the briars and covered in mud, only occasionally surprising them just to be left in the dust again. I had chased them a few miles the first day until I hit the private property of some seriously territorial West Virginians.

This was the first day I had looked for them after dark. It is always a toss up whether to follow the tracks quickly and risk startling the

group, or to move slowly in the hope that they are just around the corner and won't notice the human until it's on them. Tonight, after the cough, I went slowly. If the cough was an alarm call, they would probably have vacated the area pretty fast, but something kept me wary. I thought I'd see if they had changed their minds and stayed. I came to a multi-flora rose and honeysuckle thicket. The deer had taken a small path through this mass of vegetation. Had they intended to bed down in the safety of the

thorns? Maybe, but that wouldn't be as safe as in an open area with more options of directional escape.

I could almost feel the warmth of their unsuspecting bodies penetrating my flesh as I crawled hands and knees through the snow and mud, every now and then stopping to widen the reception in my ears. The edge of the thicket came in to view, a small thorn framed window to a world of possibilities. I held my breath in anticipation, expecting the animals to be searching for food or beds, knowing I would see them when my range of view increased. I popped out of the thicket and looked.... nothing. No movement, no still inquisitive stares. I had been detected, left and forgotten about probably half an hour ago. I walked home along an old logging road in pleasant defeat, piecing together their patterns as I had discovered so far, preparing for tomorrow's hunt. Surely by morning they would have passed over the next hill and bedded down near the old bus stop. I would wish them a good day after we all had rested the night.

*Barbara Byers '10*



## My Greatest Achievement

It was a very odd feeling—like returning to a place lost in an ancient memory...a place that was familiar yet strange...like I had been there before in some distant dream...

Oh wait...

Yep, it was the same place, and very little had changed during my six year absence: same cabins, dining area, lake, ropes course. The only thing different was me—well, to an extent. I first stood at the threshold of Mountain Camp ten years ago—a nine year old girl not yet aware of the benefit of deodorant or bras, and much more interested in hiking and foosball than lip gloss and the Backstreet Boys. My blue duffel was twice my size and I stood shaking at the prospect of living in a cabin with ten strangers for a week.

I attended Mountain Camp for four years as an adolescent, and despite the promise of adventure inspired by the name, I found myself immersed in one of the harshest and

most unforgiving environments one can be in—a cabin full of preteen girls. I was a foreigner to Nsync and padded bras, even flip-flops and scented soaps evaded me until high school. Needless to say, it was often a vain struggle to fit in. And after four years of struggling I absconded from Mountain Camp in search of bigger and better adventures...

...And my adventures had led me right back to this same spot. I must be crazy. Once again I was going to be immersed in cabins full of bickering preteens. Suddenly I could hear my nine-year-old self yelling, “turn back now before it’s too late!” But this time, it was different. I wasn’t a preteen. I was a counselor. True—I was still an avid hiker and foosball champ, and admittedly somewhat lax on my deodorant usage from time to time, but I had found that the quirks which had made middle school miserable for me actually aided in establish a firm sense of self and identity later on in life. Yes, I was back, but this time I was ready. All I had to do was make sure my campers weren’t being too loud or making out with any boys. I was ready for anything.

But then something happened I

had not anticipated. One night, I took my girls down to the lake front for some star gazing. Instinctively I began reiterating creation stories I had heard while trekking in Yosemite and random facts I remembered from Gene Clough’s Lunar and Planetary Science class. And to my surprise, my girls listened—not just listened, but were fascinated. They began asking questions, contemplating their natural environment, and bringing me to the brink of my knowledge. That night we came back to main camp late. I assured my frightened campers that there were no bears, and that even if there was a bear I would fight him off. And as they clung to my battered jacket I knew they had the utmost faith in me.

I never anticipated how much I had changed during those six years since my childhood with Mountain Camp. At the start of my last session working there, I slept on my cabin’s deck so I could stare at the stars before I drifted off to sleep each night. Over the course of their two weeks, my campers gradually began venturing outside the cabin and laying down their sleeping bags down next to mine. By the last day of the session, only my co-counselor remained inside. I was amazed at the amount of influence I had over my campers’ lives and decisions, even if it was for just two weeks at a time. Just by setting an example, I could inspire adventures outside the typical teenage Hannah Montana and Jonas Brothers realm into a world of acoustic guitar, hiking, and windsurfing. I’ve accomplished many things in my life, but inspiring a sense of wonder and adventure in the hearts of my girls I consider to be one of my finest achievements. And of course, I pride myself on tacitly convincing all ten of my campers to sleep outside just so that they could see the stars.

*Sarah Charley ’11*

## In the Shadows of the Death Road

“This car fell from the road about four months ago,” our raft guide remarked over the din of Rio Corroico’s gushing torrent. I glanced over to the right-hand shore: amidst the boulders and stones lay a rusted heap of metal, its four tires and underbelly faced upwards towards the sky. About forty feet above the riverbank, cars traversed a dirt road carved out of a precipitous cliff. Only grass separated the road and the fatal drop. “You can’t drive drunk on the death road, or else this happens!” Our guide laughed. I looked at my three other travel companions with a degree of awe and disbelief. This marked the first time we saw proof of lives claimed by Bolivia’s fabled Death Road.

In December of 2008, three other American students and I are traveled across Bolivia, a landlocked, highly indigenous nation nestled amongst the highest Andean peaks. Our story began in the Rio Corroico, a river that cuts straight through a mountainous subtropical region made famous for its coca fields (the derivative of cocaine and target of DEA coca-eradication efforts) and roads that force travelers to defy death and bite their nails around every turn.

“Okay, all forward! Vaya! Vaya!” Ours eyes couldn’t fixate on the rusted remains for too long, the rising waters required our constant vigilance. We paddled forward. Our guide gave his commentary on every village we passed, and assigned fearful-yet-comical names to seemingly every bend in the river. The tropical sun pierced through the rising mists from the running water, creating colorful spectra as we roared forward. We picked the perfect day to raft. Recent downpours had created high water flow. Adrenaline pumped; we were stoked.

Off on the right hand shore, we saw another seemingly unnatural

obstacle. I squinted to see, but soon enough I realized that another sedan lay submerged beneath the waves. “Oh...no. This is a new one,” our guide uttered with disbelief. A sense of urgency overcame us as we heeded our commands to paddle ashore. As we drew closer, we noticed one meager rope tied from the car to a tree, keeping the wreckage from floating downstream. “One rainstorm,” our guide remarked, “and that thing is a goner.” He hopped ashore, we followed. We checked for bodies, none could be found. Nor could we find signs of distress. If someone tied a rope to secure the car...then someone must have helped them out. I comforted myself with such thoughts. They probably survived. I looked up towards the road. I looked back at

the rocks. The smashed windows and contorted frame of the ten-seated van served as telltale signs of the sheer force of the drop. Surely, I thought to myself, no one survived this fall. Again I leaned over and peered inside to look for bodies. I saw none. Someone must have dragged them out earlier.

Suddenly an unidentified object fell from the sky and hit me straight on the shoulder. In my already heightened state of shock, I flinched out of pure panic. Something is falling! I looked upwards and braced myself for another falling van, passengers and groceries in all...

I heard only laughter. “You should have seen your face! Absolutely priceless.” Dan Sandberg’s goofy grin let out a few more guffaws as he

*Patrick McAnaney let out a blood curdling scream. Suddenly this wreckage got a lot creepier.*

the submerged car. I looked for bodies, blood or any other sign of life in the car, but the river had long since washed away any traces. Our guide recorded the license number, make and model in a small notebook he kept in a waterproof satchel. Clearly this was not his first time reporting such wrecks to the local authorities. “Well, I guess we’ll just keep going.” We all took a long stare, then took our seats back in the raft. We pushed off.

“Holy shit, another one?” Our guide expressed his disbelief. No more than two hundred yards downstream, another automobile carcass lay on its side beneath the formidable cliff, surely a fatal drop. We drew closer and again paddled ashore, despite the rushing current. We pulled our raft ashore and inspected the second wreckage. Upended bags of groceries lay strewn about, potatoes and rotting tomatoes basked in and amongst

reached for another potato to throw at me. I grabbed one and hurled it at him. I missed.

We circled the wreckage once more as our guide recorded the necessary details in his notebook. “Two in one night? What the hell was going on?” We shared his sternation. Patrick McAnaney let out a blood curdling scream. Suddenly this wreckage got a lot creepier.

I couldn’t believe it until I saw it for myself. Sitting atop one of the tires, a pair of dentures glistened in the tropical sun. Dentures.

To this day, I have no explanation for their existence. I’d like to think an elderly rescuer simply forgot to put them back in. We hopped in our raft and floated downstream.

*Will Field ’10*



# Suicide Gorge

I had arrived in South Africa just a month before my friend met a “guy” who offered to take her and her friends “kloofing.” We knew that the place was called “suicide gorge” and that kloofing was Afrikaans for something like cliff jumping (The ever reliable wikipedia says that kloofing is actually “an adventure that typically involves the descent of a deep ravine or watercourse that may be dry or wet...” and that “All manner of walking, scrambling, climbing, swimming, plunging, jumping, bumslides or abseiling rappelling could be involved.”) My friend said I should come, and despite the sketchy circumstances, I was too eager to get into the wilderness and out of the bustle of Cape Town and thus I agreed, knowing that I had no idea what I had

*The cliff jumps looked sketchy, like if you miscalculated the jump slightly you would break yourself.*

gotten myself into. We arrived on a bright March morning at a designated parking lot at the University of Cape Town to meet the boys we would be trusting the day to. Our only instructions had been to wear sneakers we could get wet and to wrap anything we wanted to keep dry in lots of plastic bags. The group of boyfriends that greeted us that morning seemed nice and responsible; they had done the trip every year together. After some introductions we hopped into the cars and, after an hour and a half of driving north of Cape Town, we were sur-

rounded by huge, rugged mountains that I did not expect in South Africa.

We finally arrived at some sort of park where we signed our lives away...or at least, recorded our names so someone could come looking for us if we went missing. We commenced what would turn out to be 17 kilometers of hiking to get into the river gorge; a gorge that we would descend by ten cliff jumps. As we began hiking, it was immediately apparent that what we had heard was correct: you needed someone who knew the area, as there were no trail signs; only ar-



rows pointing to various, barely recognizable paths. After hiking through gorgeous fields scattered with exotic flowers, we arrived at the first pool, where we were informed the first activity was to climb up the side of the gorge to where we could “bum slide” down a mossy water slide and drop four meters into the first pool. Hesitating, I completed the first mission, and soon learned that I would have to put my full trust in these boys. The cliff jumps looked sketchy, like if you miscalculated the jump slightly you would break yourself. But each time they reassured us that we would be okay (and of course, they were

*Each jump brought a new wave of endorphins and adrenalin.*

right), so we continued to make it through the next ten cliff jumps and pool swims. I don’t mean to depict this experience as absolutely terrifying. Each jump brought a new wave of endorphins and adrenalin. We were on a continuous, glorious, natural high and surrounded by incredible natural features. The gorge itself was beautiful. The water was that brownish ice-cold silty water that tends to come out of the high mountains. The day was perfect. But with each cliff we came to, a state of sheer panic would set in. There was no way to go back up and no way to get down without jumping up to 18 meters into

a pool that, in some cases, you had to land in just the right spot to ensure safety. After 10 jumps we were not only physically exhausted, but also emotionally exhausted from denying everything our mind was telling us (don’t jump!) over and over again. After 8 hours of descending the gorge I was beat, sun burnt, and sore from landing a bit wrong on some of the higher jumps. But as we started the hike back to the car, I was exalted—I had just done one the coolest thing I would do in South Africa and realized how fortunate we were to participate on such a glorious day.

*Carrie Piper '09*

# The Time I Biked Across the Country



It was a test of will and determination. Into two bags totaling no more than 3,000 cubic inches, we were required to fit the clothing and supplies we needed for the next six weeks with the full realization that we would carry every ounce of it up every hill and mountain between Tybee Island, Georgia and Santa Monica, California. With this in mind, I cut my toothbrush in half.

Meeting for the first time at the Savannah Airport, the fourteen of us participating in Overland's "American Challenge" traveled for the last time by car to the Atlantic Ocean at Tybee Island. We had a miserable first night camping in a thunderstorm. The next morning we woke up at 5am to get our last view of the Atlantic Ocean and sprinkled a tiny bit of its corrosive salt water on our back tires before heading west.

Traveling throughout the southeastern United States, we encountered logging trucks, humidity, thunderstorms, evangelical billboards, hundreds of dead armadillos, one live armadillo, and rumble strips. For

the first time, I saw the prominence of Southern hospitality and its existence proved to be an essential to our success.

It was our second day of biking and the people of Cordele, Georgia were having a hard time finding us a place to stay. A cop pulled over and told us to stay in a middle school gym where we were treated with showers and air-conditioning. He and his wife later brought us cookies, ice, and drinks, and the following morning at 6am, he gave us a bag of homemade sausage biscuits. Throughout the trip we would receive more hospitality, including one man buying us a barbecue dinner. The mayor of Myrtlewood, Alabama let us use a bridge not yet open to the public, cutting 20 miles off of our day.

The routine of waking up every morning at 5am, repacking our bikes, eating breakfast and leaving again by 6 was hard to get used to, and throughout the trip, we would receive very little privacy and almost no time to ourselves. Even our four days off were filled with doing laundry, re-

stocking supplies and making repairs at bike shops, mailing things home, and getting everything ready for the next day. Due to these frustrations and homesickness, Brad, Hilary, and I began our nightly tradition of marking off the distance we had traveled for that day on my map. It helped us take the trip day by day and provided us with a sense of comfort in knowing that we were making progress.

We crossed through the long and monotonous state of Oklahoma and as we got further west, the towns became fewer and farther apart, and the outside temperature increased along with the demand for water. Without the proper balance of salt and water intake, you would experience more pain, and feel dizzy, weak, tired. In biker's terms you would "bonk." One particular incident of dehydration left me unable to bike for the day.

Riding from Shiprock to Keyenta, Arizona, we caught a tailwind that sent us cruising effortlessly at around 25-35 mph for over 20 miles.

Unfortunately, as Keyenta grew closer, our tailwind slowly reversed

and we began to experience "the curse of Keyenta." On flat land we struggled to stay at 10mph. I ran out of water before we reached Keyenta at 6pm. I drank ridiculous amounts of water, but the next morning, after 20 miles of feeling weak and nauseated, Keren suggested I hitchhike with Will to the hospital in Tuba City and get an IV. The group rode away and Will and I unsuccessfully looked for rides at the gas station for an hour before testing our luck by hitchhiking, thumbs out. We weren't there for 5 minutes when two Navajo Indians in a new white pickup truck pulled up and offered us a ride. We climbed in, and for the next 50 miles across the In-

ing through car washes. We were sweaty, smelled horrible, and we were black with dirt and bike grease, but it was in this condition that I gained twelve new friends.

As the end of the trip drew closer, pure adrenaline propelled us forward. Climbing mountains was easier when we knew that it would all be over in a few days. We had already sent our tents home at Taos, and most of us had long ago limited ourselves to one shirt, 1 or 2 pairs of biking shorts, and 1 pair of socks. We had already crossed through Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona, and we were almost finished with California.

## *The routine of waking up every morning at 5am, repacking our bikes, eating breakfast and leaving again by 6 was hard to get used to*

dian Reservation, we learned firsthand about Navajo culture. They were two medicine men (actually a man and a woman) who had lived on the reservation their entire lives and witnessed drastic changes in their homeland. They pointed out and told stories about sacred rock formations, a mountain that appeared to move up and down, sites where they had recently found dinosaur prints, the tension between the Navajo and Hopi Indians, and to our left, they showed us a uranium plant that's testing procedures devastated the lives of thousands of Indians. They also suggested certain plant leaves that would eliminate and prevent any dehydration, and when we arrived in Tuba City, and offered to show us their reservation if we returned. For the first time, I was able to see that the importance of our trip had little to do with the bicycle riding.

In our dirty spandex outfits, our group cleaned out Pizza Hut and Chinese buffets, stretched in people's driveways, and cooled down by walk-

Our travel size bottles of Pert Plus were still decently full eight showers later between June 24 and August 3. Most of our parents watched, filmed, or ran with us as we threw our bikes down, removed our front tires as fast as possible, and dashed into the corrosive waters of the Pacific Ocean tire and all. We hugged each other, hugged our parents, hugged other people's parents, and talked with confused onlookers who had been

trampled in our stampede. I didn't actually realize I was crying until a man asked me where we came from and I had to struggle before choking out Savannah, Georgia.

In telling people about my plans that summer, the most common response was to the effect of how it would be a life-changing experience. I would return more disciplined, more determined, ready to take on any life challenge that lay before me, more in tune with nature, and more appreciative. I saw myself returning as a nature-obsessed hippie destined to wear dirty clothes and hemp necklaces for the rest of my tree-hugging, rock-climbing life. I returned pleased to find out that I had not changed in the ways I feared but instead I had gained insight, knowledge, and skills I would not have gained otherwise. I learned about geography, how to follow road signs, what a mountain pass looks like, what the grade of a hill really means, that food really is energy, and bike seats are not comfortable. I also learned about small town America, when to shift gears on the bicycle, how to change a flat tire, all of the lyrics in the Footloose Soundtrack, and that there really can be miles and miles of nothing. It was a feeling of accomplishment that I will always remember and strive for with every challenge I undertake.

*Katelynn Bell '09*



# How I Came to be a Part of the BOC: A Tale of Morse Mountain and Moonlight at Midnight



I was still in the “I-only-hang-out-with-the-people-who-live-in-my-dorm” stage of my freshmen year when, on a cold Thursday night in January, a certain e-mail changed the whole course of my Bates College career. Before you think about doubting the magnitude of this e-mail’s impact, please consider (the rather embarrassing fact) that I have saved it for so long in my inbox. It contained the following information:

**What:** Night-time trek to Morse Mountain for a moonlit, midnight cross-country ski (all levels) adventure up and down the trail to the beach.

**When:** This Saturday, 1/29/05, leaving Bates after dinner (7:30 pm), coming back Sunday morning (spending the night in the Bates-owned Shortridge house on the coast, bring a sleeping bag, breakfast provided).

**Weather:** It’s Maine, dress warm.

At first glance, this adventure seemed too good to pass up, but... but... I didn’t know anyone who would be going on the trip! To make matters worse, the message had been sent by Andrew Stowe, who was a junior at the time, and every good, college-hierarchy-abiding freshman knows that juniors are only one year away from being seniors (a.k.a. demigods)! And it was sent out through the “BOC,” which was code for “Big-dogs On Campus.” I was more than a little intimidated, and sure that the other trip-goers would scoff at my vain belief that I was good enough for high and mighty Morse Mountain “BOC” ski trips...But moonlit! At midnight!! To the beach!!!

Fortunately, my adventurous side triumphed, and dragged me out into the unknown worlds of the upperclassmen, Shortridge, and the BOC.

Now, judging by my knowledge

of the fancy, upscale facilities we refer to as the E-room and the BOC meeting room at Bates, I expected no less of this Shortridge “house” in the woods, and made sure to bring my warmest sleeping bag, a sleeping pad, a poop shovel, my tent and hard hat just in case. For those of you who have not been to Shortridge, I will not ruin the delight of exploring its plush and cavernous depths, but let’s just say that I was very pleasantly surprised by a lot of things on this trip. The ski was spectacular, through lots of new powder, lit only by the moon; Drew Stowe turned out to be way more into bird watching and eating Skippy peanut butter than staring down or devouring freshmen; and the Big-dog On Campus members I met seemed to have acquired their powerful posts and followers through herbal popcorn and silliness rather than intimidation tactics.

And thus, my very first Outing

Club trip became nowhere near my last. Soon I was leading my own trips, calling those senior demigods my friends, and even going to weekly meetings with those Big-dogs. And soon, the winter of my own junior year was upon me, and as the snow fell one afternoon, I knew that it had become my turn to lead an adventure to Morse Mountain for a midnight, moonlit ski.

Unfortunately, I was not quite the Big-dog, demigod that Drew had been, and the lords of luck worked against me. Shortridge, I found out, had been closed because it wasn’t up to fire code (even though it is by far the fanciest house Bates owns). We decided to plow ahead anyway, to prove how hardcore we were, and just drive back to Bates that same night after our adventure. Two vans worth of happy skiers/snowshoers arrived at the Morse Mountain parking lot to discover that, rather than snow, the past few weeks had delivered freezing rain to the coast, turning it into more of a parking rink. Again, we plowed on and slip-slid our way to the beach and back, and the trip was still magnificent. Lincoln Benedict took amazing photographs of our antics on the beach, Jack Murphy decided to run around naked, and the rest of us penguin huddled and drank hot chocolate from thermoses while enjoying star-



## Directions to Morse Mountain

From Lewiston, head towards Bath via U.S. Route 1. As you approach Bath, exit Route 1 onto Route 209 South (High Street) towards Phippsburg/Small Point/Sebasco/Popham Beach.

There is a ramp on the right, just after an Exxon station and before you get to the bridge or the Bath Iron Works crane. Turn right onto High Street at the end of the ramp. Follow Route 209 South for 11.6 miles. Where Route 209 turns

sharply left to Popham Beach, continue straight ahead on Route 216 for .4 of a mile.

Turn left on Morse Mountain Road. Drive about 350 feet to the entrance of the parking lot on the left. Vehicles may not park on Morse Mountain Road or on Route 216.

A two-mile hike leads through woodlands, salt marshes, up 180-foot Morse Mountain to an overlook, and on to Seawall Beach.

filled sky and the strange textures of the frozen sand. Even sans skiing, I had a blast, but part of me was still nostalgic about the glory of that very first trip.

Last year I graduated from Bates, but I have not yet left. I am working as an Americorps VISTA at Bates, and still denying my entrance into the post-college so-called “real world.” As the winter months arrived this year, I heard some news which, once again, tugged at my (now deeply rooted) adventurous side: “Shortridge is open once again for overnight stays!” With the lots of snow in the forecast, I set about picking a good ‘moon date,’ and decided that,

graduated or not, I was going to take at least one more Morse Mountain midnight ski in the moonlight!

And so we arrived, with a vanload of ten, and quite a few freshmen (or at least never-before-Shortridge/Morse Mountain-goers) among us. Of course, I’m still no demigod, and the lords of (bad) luck froze the pipes at Shortridge, burned some of the popcorn, and made me forget the pancake mix so we all had to eat stale oatmeal for breakfast, but I still felt that the trip returned to its full glory. As we unloaded into the house and I saw the looks of bewilderment, as we skied through the dappled light of the moon and I heard whoops of joy, and as we scuttled around on the beach spinning until we were dizzy and chasing each other in circles, some part (the corny part) of me was hoping that someone would feel the need to continue this tradition...

And maybe, just maybe, that for someone it was such a meaningful experience that they will save that silly e-mail announcing their Morse Mountain Midnight Moonlight Cross-country Ski and Snowshoe to the Beach, even after they’ve graduated.

*Aubrey Nelson ‘09*

# The Class of 2009 in 20 Years

By Doug Badrigian



When faced with the difficult task of recounting a story from my past experiences in the “wild,” I immediately quivered as telling stories is something that I often find intimidating. I suppose I often struggle to articulate emotionally/physically charged events and I usually end by saying something like, “well it was sweet but... I guess you had to be there.” Although I often can entertain myself with a yarn or two, when retelling my tails I often suffer from desperate brevity, comical delusions of grandeur and or long and ominous pauses that have nothing to do with the moment of climax. Therefore instead of digging into my tired vault of sleeping bagless nights, long fasts on river banks and remote beaches, and electrolyte depleted ski adventures, I decided to go from zero to infinity and make some presumptuous predictions pertaining to the phuture (that’s pomo for future) of the BOC’s class of 2009. Although not claiming to be divinely prophetic I hope y’all can find jejune humor, irony and truth in my attempts at foresight.

## Brodie “Broderick” O’Brien

Where in the world is Brodie O’Brien? Seattle? Ski Town, USA? D.C.? Boston? Vermont? No... Bhutan. Bwah? Yes it is true, although he may not know it now Bhutan is will beckon

Brodie back. After some years of working in environmental firms and even getting a Law degree Bhutan will be Brodie’s port of call. Years of service in Bhutan will result in Brodie becoming the environmental guru in Asia, his face may make it on a few billboards, and he might have a town in India or Bangladesh named after

him. After changing the carbon emissions and pollutant laws all over the continent, he will move to the states and after getting significant amounts of environmental legislations passed he will become the general council to the AMC and live happily ever after in hut 227. I mean seriously did you expect something else in the end?

## Carrie Piper and Eliza O’Neil

Carrie and Eliza together? Truth! For a few years, Carrie will find herself teaching history at Holderness, leading back country skiing trips in the Chocs and Banff Alberta Canada, and hiking all over South Africa but then she will realize how lonely life is without her friends from Bates. After grudgingly working in Boston in a lab right after college, Eliza will experience debilitating BOC withdrawal as well. After a long gurl talk

on the phone, she and Carrie will make a successful bid at joining the AMC Board of Directors. The two will work their way up the ranks and eventually become co-presidents. Their first order of business will be to close the auto road on Mt. Washington to civilian use. They will then build their own high mountain hut called “Hut duce-duce seven.” They will summer there and invite all their friends to join them for BBQs and dance parties.

## Lawrence Graham Jones

After being sequestered to coordinate AESOP 2009 (sorry Billy I thought was witty a month ago) Graham will move to the Sinai Peninsula where he will lead SCUBA diving trips and charm Arab women with his rugged good looks and Southern charisma. After a decade or so of this Graham will wind up in graduate school and find himself going by the name Lawrence. He will continue to be the object of affection of more women than he will ever know but his true calling will be as a Religion professor in an open air classroom in India. He may or may not have hair down to his knees at this point.

## Ben Speyer

After a few years of mastering every route at Rumney and living in “75” as a “post grad” Ben will form a clothing optional commune in Greene or maybe South Paris. His organic baker shop will rival Nezinscot’s and he will always have a line of very satisfied customers. Frequented by Ben Linder and Chris, the three will form a blue grass band and entertain all the “hippies” in Northern New England with goodies and tight jams, Greg will be there a lot too. From this success they might also buy the rights to PBR.



## Luke Hasselbeck

After a summer of showing tourists a “good time” on his raft in Alaska Luke will become compelled to star in his own real life ski movie, “Hot Dog: True Lyfe” After years of spinning flawless cork 7s, 9s, 15s and sowing his extra wild oats all Whistler, Park city, and Aspen he will retire from the life of killing the kill kill and thrilling the thrill thrill and teach English in Rowley, coach skiing at Cranmore, and during the summer he will also coach sailing. When asked about why he turned down all those big contracts from Line and Match Stick, and GQ he will say simply “I never saw myself saying this but... my heart is in Rowley, I just love Massachusetts and I just can’t hide it any more.”

## Chris “Gnarlson” Carlson

Years of ski bumming, leading hiking trips, doing first assents on all seven continents, and working on trail crews and in the huts will give Chris a lifetime of stories, and experiences. He will move in with Ben in Greene and write a best selling autobiography titled “Chris Carlson: The Adventure of a Nutmegger.” His name will become synonymous with the likes of Hillary, and Coombs. Furthermore he might very well become the next Sanford Freeman of Bates College. He will also receive a lot of fan mail.

## Lincoln "Linc" Benedict

Linc, Linc, Linc. O where o where will the BOC and Bates' favorite shutter bug be and what will he be doing over the next twenty years or so? I bet he will spend some time to himself in Alta photographing skiers and bringing a new meaning to the phrase "you got the shot." Lincoln will also become a champion half marathoner and develop his own courses that will become instant classics. Ultimately he will work as a free lance photographer for the NY Times, his ghost photographer name will be Humphrey. He will also claim 6 Pulitzers by his 40th birthday. If all else fails I read an article in the Economist that claims porn is recession proof (I'm not perverted and I don't usually read capitalist publications but this is no joke). Any way I'm sure they will be looking for photographers with some field experience for their jungle scenes.

## Leah Dembinski

Leah will find herself coming back from her Fulbright fellowship in Peru craving frisbee and skiing. She will immediately move to Colorado and become the President of the Ultimate Players Association, and from there she will find a job teaching skiing to Spanish speaking children. After a few years of this she will start a farm with Aubrey and continue to snowboard, alpine and tele-ski and kick people's asses in foosball.

## Alexander William Scott

You know Daniel 'D-Day' Simpson from "Animal House?" What about Animal from "The Muppet Movie?" Now you see what I'm saying? Alex is the only person I can't really seem



to predict even though I've known him since the first days of Freshmen year. The wearer of many hats, I mean I could even see this guy being a male fashion mogul in 20 years (check out the pics from Gala sophomore year). I suppose this spontaneity is a strong quality of his, but if I had to bet the farm I would say that he would be doing something related to white water paddling, or at the very least something in the "film industry." Maybe he will develop his own line of razors. I can't wait to see if any of these come to fruition.

## JeanMarie "Jeanie" Gossard

Where do we start here? How 'bout graduation some 16 months from now. Yes it is true Jeanie will not be joining the class of 2009 in May as we make our teary eyed walk down the aisle, but nevertheless she is so dear to us that her story must be told. After graduation with the class of '10 Jean will continue to be a mover and shaker just as she has been for the past five years. After saving most of the strife stricken world with her smile and laugh Jean will get her PhD in science and medical technol-

ogy; her dissertation will break down the knee stabilization technology she pioneered that has ridded the world of knee injuries. After years of starring in ski films and working with the US Ski team as a medical advisor she will suddenly quit, leaving a baker's dozen of puzzled co-workers in her wake as she follows her heart back east. She will accept a professorship at MIT and periodically telecommunicate with BOC and serve as their guest secretary. During the summer time she will live with Carrie and Eliza and work on her small business developing a line of ski shots.

## Ben "Ben Linder" Linder

Ben will coach the woodsman club at Bates and turn them into a log cutting and climbing juggernaut. He will do this while simultaneously earning his PhD in European history from Harvard. After a stint of living with Chris and Ben Speyer, Ben Linder will come back to Bates and chair the History department after defeating Mike Jones in fencing dule. Later he will become the faculty advisor to the BOC, and still will not have shaved

his mustache that he started back in junior year.

## Gretchen "Gretch" Grebe

Gretch will follow Chris Sharma around from comp to comp for a year or two. After "dinoing" into his arms during a climb the two will marry and have several children who are climbing 515s by v12s by their 13th birthday. Sorry Jake I met you a few weeks ago and you seem cool but this is written.

## Greg "Geg" O'Donnell

Upon graduating Greg will catch the first bus out of Dodge (or Simsbury, Connecticut) and arrive in Bozeman, Montana. After years of turning the domes of many West coasters with his East coast flair and absurd skills in a mogul field Greg will return to Mad River Glenn and become chairman of the MRG Co-op. When asked about why he returned from the mighty mountains of the West to the mole hills of the East he will say, "I just got bored skiing at Bridger and Big Sky, and Mad River will never bore me...ever, the trees are just that good."

## Alex "Nando" Hernandez

After successfully developing his own line of canoes called "Scooter Bombs" and pioneering a canoe trail from the Chesapeake to the Puget Sound called "Nando's Great Adventure," Alex will return to Bates and be a permanent fixture in The Nancies. He will also continue to monitor the carbon foot print of Maine's second district, and be an on and off again member of the Batesie blue grass band formed by the Ben. If all

else fails I am sure he will be able to broker a 50:50 deal with the Goose to share profits from the sale of "scooter bombs" (the drink not the boats) after he perfects the recipe. No seriously Nando is a great guy and is going to make some serious moves after graduation (next winter), and most likely we will be reading about his self titled aquatic adventures in some outdoor magazines, or at the very least "The Legend."

## Douglas "Dougie Boi" Badrigian

After years of masquerading around Arabia as an English teacher/diplomat, flirting with a conversion to Islam, and a few near brushes with death I will find myself back in Newton, MA. Cognitive dissonance and

too many years of liberal arts mental masturbation will prevent me from choosing a set career. I won't know if using my sophomoric moniker in my email address is cute or just plan juvenile, and I will take every job I have too seriously. But when I least expect it God or hopefully the woman of my dreams will walk into my life and slap some sense into me. From there I will start an NGO dedicated to rebuilding social capital in America and hopefully at the end of this twenty years we will all be holding hands around the camp fire. Along with this I plan to ski and play ultimate...a lot...Jean's new knee chip will make this possible (you can see I have conveniently invented things to help myself as well). Working as the ambassador to Oman would be a pretty nice gig too.

Our current "lookout" on the trail of life is providing us with a pretty good view, some might even say this is the best vista we will ever have. But college is one of life's many false summits. Our perspective on life is certainly delightful; we don't have to deal with the thunder heads of lay offs, trying to make ends meet, or struggling to really find meaning in life beyond how we can puddle jump through the challenging yet seductively simplistic grind of Academia Batesian. Our rain clouds are bad exams, not being able to attract that special some one, or trying to figure out if what you did last night was regrettable or fun, or regrettable and fun. I hope and I think life after Bates will force us to mine for the zest of life in a much more diligent and at times desperate way, but this will hopefully make the rewards things to savor and cherish more than an 'A' on a Psych exam, a fun night of house hopping on Frye Street, or even feeling like you have things "figured out" (as if you should or do when you are 22 or even 42). So like all false summits we still have some work to do before reaching life's pinnacle, the conditions may be harsh, we might have to wait for the wind to die down, and we will all certainly be going at our own pace. In this hiking trip speed is really not a virtue, we should all take time to relish each step of the journey, find a nice flower (wink), fix the cuts and blisters the path will give us, look back down and appreciate where we came from, and look forward to when we will all meet again at the summit. I feel like I was at base camp four years ago. I love you all and may all your dreams come true.

BOC 2009 Comin' In Hot To The "Real World!"

Ma Salama~Peace Be With You,

Dougie Boi, '09

# Outdoor Cooking



## The Outback Oven

The Outback Oven, made by Backpacker's Pantry, is a lightweight camping oven useful for all sorts of baking, steaming, and frying. About 10" in diameter and weighing maybe one pound, this oven consists of a nonstick frying pan, aluminum lid, thermometer, heat shield (similar to those used with MSR camp stoves), flame deflector, and fire-resistant heat-trapping hood. The Outback Oven is designed for use with all ranges of camp stoves, provided the gas canister supplying the stove is not attached directly below the stove's burner (sorry, Primus just will not cut it).

Assembling the oven is as simple as screwing the thermometer into the top of the lid and inserting a se-

lect batter for baking into the oven. A wide range of delicious baked goods can be produced, and they all tend to turn out the same as your mother's recipe, though temperature control can be a little iffy at times. Without a high-end, heavier camp stove like the MSR Dragonfly, the burn amount on the stove is difficult to adjust. The thermometer on the oven does not read out actual temperatures; it is instead divided into three sections that approximate important temperatures in baking. The sections are labeled so as not to confuse outdoorsy types: Warm Up, Bake, and Burn.

In order to bake perfect gingerbread, brownies, cakes, or any other deliciousness in the Outback Oven, the goal is to read the packaging and essentially twiddle with the camp

stove so as to push the thermometer into the Bake zone (but not past it) and keep it there for as long as the packaging claims the item should be baked for. The heat-trapping hood and heat shield are unique to this oven and allow for consistent baking temperatures throughout the oven. The baked good produced by this stove are far superior to those produced using a traditional top-fired pan. No mushy uncooked centers, no burnt crust, and certainly no ash from a fire. There is really no end of possibilities as to what you might bake in this oven, and once you start baking in the wilderness, you will not want to stop! There are many creative and delicious things to bake: Focaccia, cinnamon rolls, double-layer chocolate ganache cake, upside-down pineapple cake, and bagels are just a few of the more exotic recipes.

If you consider yourself a backpacker, you may think that an Outback Oven is an unnecessary extra weight. While the oven may be unnecessary, Backpacker's Pantry also produces an 'ultralight' 8" diameter oven that weighs a slight 9.5oz. When one takes into account the usefulness of the oven as a frying pan as well, though, the weight disadvantage virtually disappears. Those too hardcore to ignore the space or calories needed to transport this extra gear will still find wilderness baking a luxury, and because this is the case with many longer backpacking expeditions, I must insist that such individuals go canoeing more often and allow themselves the liberty of lugging along whatever gear they please – perhaps Backpacker's Pantry could contrive an Outback Wafflemaker?

**Outback Ovens are available at most local gear stores for around \$40.**

*Carter Kindley '11*

## An Introduction to Freezer Bag Cooking-Trail Food

In 2005, I set out to improve my trail menus. I started by looking into the freeze-dried food found in hiking shops. I was instantly put off by both the label information and the cost. After evaluating what was out there, I began to think there had to be another way to have good tasting nutritious meals on the trail. The tin can alcohol stove has come to largely dominate the approach of heating meals on the trail. What has been missing, until recently, was an equally sensible and low cost trail menu alternative. The simple concept is called "Freezer Bag Cooking" or "FBC," for short. I first learned about FBC from a post by Sarah Svien who goes by the nom de route "Sarbar." Sarbar is truly the grand Poobah of trail cooking. She has published a book called "Freezer Bag Cooking-Trail Food Made Simple. It is available for \$12.95 at [www.freezerbagcooking.com](http://www.freezerbagcooking.com).

Sarbar's book, "Freezer Bag Cooking-Trail Food Made Simple" is 89 pages and crammed full of 160 interesting, practical and flavorful recipes. Major chapters center on breakfast, drinks, soups, salads & vegetables, lunch, dinner and desserts. There is also a good introduction that discusses the "how to" of freezer bag cooking. Sarbar apparently hikes with children in tow, so readers will find she has some authority on what appeals to youngsters.

Probably the most valuable insight to be gained from Sarbar's book is the degree to which simple spices, dried vegetable powders and dried mushrooms can enhance the meal experience. Sarah convincingly leads the user to prepare both nutritious and good tasting meals that make the end of day meal something beyond mere sustenance. One of my favorite

recipes is clam chowder made from a base of instant mashed potatoes, dried milk and a 3 oz pouch of clams. To this Sarbar suggests ½ tsp dill, ½ tsp black pepper, ½ tsp thyme, ½ tsp granulated garlic and ½ tsp salt. The chowder is finished off with 2 packets of Parmesan cheese.

"Travel Light-Eat Heavy" by Bill McCartney is also about FBC. I am sorry to say this book recently went out of print but the author, Bill McCartney, assured me that the second printing would come out in late spring of 2009. Watch for it on Amazon.com or your local hiking shop.

There is a lot of emphasis on nutrition in this book, but not to fear—McCartney boldly finds a place on the menu for Snickers Bars, Little Debbie Brownies, Pop Tarts, Fig Newtons and other guilty pleasures. Most ingredients on the various menus are practical and available at reasonable sized grocery stores. At the end of the book, there is a helpful table of equivalents and table

of ingredients listing the calories of many food products. Overall, this is a very practical, applicable guide. While Sarah Svien's book may have more inspired and tasty menus, the

*"Not all 'food' is food"  
—Ray Jardine, Beyond Backpacking*

menus McCartney presents work well enough for most hikers' needs. Both books are helpful and users would likely benefit by reading McCartney's book first due to the more detailed instructions on technique and the nutrition discussion.

Nutritious Freezer Bag Cooking provides the perfect compromise between travelling light and eating right with the good information available from both Bill McCartney and Sarah Svien.

*Douglas G. Smith '63*



# Shoot and Capture

## The Art of Outdoor Photography

Soooo... you just got that fancy dSLR (you know, one of the digital cameras that has interchangeable lenses and looks like a film camera) you've been pining after for so long and you want to go out and photograph.

First word of advice, actually get out there! Many people are worried about bringing their camera on a hiking trip or to some exotic destination because it might get damaged. Well, yes it might, but on the other hand it will never get used. A camera is not meant to be looked at; it's meant to look out on the world and capture it. This is not to say that sometimes it's better to consider taking a smaller (and less expensive) camera but remember you didn't buy it to sit behind glass, you bought it to record your awesome adventures that you want to remember.

So, you finally decided to go somewhere cool and bring your spankin' new dSLR along. But before you go, make sure you know how to use it. For me, this is accomplished by using it as much as possible before hand. The better you know your camera, the easier it will be adapt to the different shooting positions that pop up. Most cameras these days, even point and shoots, have various manual settings, which can really make or break a photo. If you stick to auto all of the time you might get caught out when you least expect (or want) it. One of the major features that helps hugely is the ISO setting- it's like film speeds in the old days. The higher the number, the more sensitive the sensor is to light, but also the grainier image. Use this to your advantage and don't



be afraid to get grainy as flash usually makes pictures absolutely horrific.

If you do have to use your flash though try as hard as possible to "bounce" it when you're indoors. This means that you aim the flash up in the air so it reflects off the ceil-

ing and gives your subject a nice soft look instead of the unflattering deer and the headlights look. Don't have a separate flash unit? Consider getting a Lightscoop (just google it). It's cheap, simple, and makes photos look much better.

For sports photography a dSLR really is the best choice, especially with a 55-200 lens- though for a little extra money one can buy a fixed 200 f2.8 for not much more (f2.8 = more light, a blurrier, prettier background). Once you have a zoom the best thing to do is make sure you take advantage of your camera's "servo focus" mode, allowing it to track the subject. This is often activated in the "sports" setting that most cameras have but you can also activate it yourself (in most cases) with an aperture priority mode and run your camera on the largest aperture (wikipedia "aperture" if this

is confusing, it will help a lot!).

Remember that you can attain some really cool angles as well, think about holding the camera above your head or really down low to show something different. Also remember you aren't wasting film if you take a bunch of photos from different angles and sides. Just make sure you edit them when you get back!

I can't stress editing enough. I know you want to show people your pictures (picassa and flickr are great for that) but make sure you have good photos, not just a huge quantity. No one wants to sit through 300 pictures

of very similar things. A good exercise is to see if you can limit an album to a roll of film (i.e. 36 pictures) and most people will be a lot more inclined to look and keep coming back. It's also good to shoot with this in mind. While you may shoot hundreds of images, see how few you can edit down to tell the complete story.

So get out there and take some photos! Photography is one of those things where practice makes you better no matter where you start, so start shooting!

*Lincoln Benedict '09*





# Bates and the Environment

## Powershift '09

On Election Day this fall, a great change was brought to the White House as more young people voted in this election than ever before. Although this was a great victory, change has not happened immediately within President Obama's administration, and therefore we need to keep fighting for the changes we want. During the first one hundred days of Obama's presidency, 12,000 students from around the country came together to rally on Capitol Hill and to lobby their Congressmen and women for more progressive policies on climate change during the biggest Lobby Day in US history. With the help of the BOC, the Bates students who went to DC stepped outside of the "Bates Bubble" and realized that we have the power to make a difference—to make the power shift. Keynote speaker Congressman Ed Markey told us that the green generation needs to rise up and demand an end to CO<sub>2</sub> emissions in the same way that young people demanded an end to the Vietnam war, fought for suffrage for women and minorities, struggled to end the South African Apartheid, and knocked down the Berlin Wall. This is the time and

the chance to step up to the incredible challenge of climate change.

Congresswomen Donna Edwards envisioned March 2nd, Lobby Day, as a day to go down in history as the time that "Powershift was in the halls of Congress and Powershift made a difference." As the primary contributor of green house gas emissions that induce climate change, the US needs to cut carbon emissions dramatically and immediately, we need to relieve the economy by creating green jobs and investing in clean, renewable energy, and we must lead the world towards a strong global climate treaty in Copenhagen December 2009. It is

also our responsibility to assist developing countries lower their emissions and thus mitigate their impact on climate change.

We spent our incredibly busy weekend listening to inspiring keynote addresses from incredible activists such as Bill Mckibben (speaker at Bates on March 12), who told us that the Copenhagen Treaty will be the last good chance for us to decrease carbon dioxide emissions to below 350 parts per million in the atmosphere. According to the most recent scientific reports, if we don't lower levels to 350, "we will cause huge and irreversible damage to the earth."

Bates College is consistently ranked as one of the greenest schools in the country, and "greenness" is encouraged in nearly every department. Conservation minded clubs and those who promote environmental stewardship such as the Environmental Coalition and BEAM (the Bates Energy Action Movement) are seeing a rise in membership and environmental studies is one of the most popular majors. In Commons, unused food scraps are fed to pigs instead of being thrown out, and napkins and other food service items are recycled. In many departments, classes are appearing discussing climate change, human ecology, and environmental protection and stewardship. The school has realized the student body's involvement in the natural world and has used this interest in its mission to be at the forefront of environmental liberal arts education.

He is campaigning for an international global day of action for 350ppm CO<sub>2</sub> on October 24. (visit 350.org for more information). Adam Gardner of musical act Guster also spoke about founding the non-profit environmental organization Reverb. There were almost 200 panels and workshops to choose from, such as "The Future of International Climate Change," "Taking on Big Oil from Tar Sands to Refineries," "Gardening for Climate Justice," "Environmental Racism," "Greening your School," and "The Dual Fight for Health Care and Climate Change." With great performances by the Roots and Santigold, as well as documentaries about coal in America, insulation in homes, and the effects of offshore oil production, it was overall an incredible weekend.

Surrounded by 12,000 determined students who decided to put their lives on hold for a weekend, I have never before felt so moved. In 2007, when the first Powershift Conference came to DC, everyone was excited that 5,000 students came together, let alone the more than doubled figure for this year. Jessy Tolkan, the Executive Director of the Energy Action Coalition (the coalition that planned Powershift) told us, "it is going to take a lot more than the impressive 12,000 students who came to Powershift to bring change." She asked each of the 12,000 students to find 10 more to become involved, and those 10 people each need to find 10 more if we want to change the climate legislation in the US. The climate treaty in Copenhagen next De-

cember is crucial to combat climate change before it is too late and US involvement will determine its success. Think about where the environment will be in 2050, when some of us might have grandchildren.

Starting now, we need to hold our leaders responsible and get involved. As Majora Carter states, "A crisis is a terrible thing to waste." Involvement can be as simple as signing letters to your Congressmen and women or coming to the Environmental Community Dinners at 6:00 on Sundays at Fry Street Union. We welcome everyone, and those of you who enjoy spending time outdoors will take this opportunity to protect and defend what you love.

Erin Bourgault '11





## A Word From the President

Sure, headlines are bleak and the economy has taken a dive steeper than Sunday River's White Heat. Cheer up! The Bates Outing Club is having one of its most exciting years yet. Less than twelve months short of the Club's 90th anniversary, the country's oldest co-educational outing club continues to provide the Bates community with exposure to new places, unparalleled experiences and bonds that last a lifetime.

The thriving BOC has done much more than lead trips all over the East Coast. Armed with talented and enthusiastic members, we have taken the steps to create a Club endowment fund. We've created more trip opportunities with the lease of our own full time BOC van, and we have established a BOC Historian position. Through momentum and dynamic participation, we will accomplish great things in the coming year.

As readers of The Legend and members of the BOC family, I invite each of you to become a part of the Club's future. Our 100th anniversary is not far away; join our dialogue about the Outing Club's future. What do you envision for the Club in an ideal world? What was great and what can be better?

Anything is possible. Email us your ideas or stop by a meeting; they're still 6:30 Wednesdays in the basement of Alumni Gym, all are welcome.

Brodie O'Brien '09

## Vice President

Aside from filling the role of Batman's Robin, the shorter, pre-pubescent and slightly more awkward sidekick to the President, the Vice President's official responsibilities include the organization of two clambakes and the Winter Carnival. This year's fall semester VP, William "Dots" Loopesko put on an exceptional clambake whose lack of sea, sand and sun didn't seem to dampen the spirits of anyone besides the lobsters. Chase Hall proved to be a more than adequate venue with the clambake serving as the first student event to christen its floors with buttery drool.

We owe the success of Winter Carnival 2009 to this year's snow gods and Rusty Milholland '10's sacrificial offering of his virginity to their cause. The gods' response was a snow dump that allowed for the architectural structuring of two ski jumps, one sled jump, and a three-foot layer of ice blanketing the Lake Andrews Puddle.

With a spring clambake at Popham beach, a BOC spring talent show, a snowy-shoed walk to the lean-to, and a Winter Olympics competition against Colby and Bowdoin still around the corner, there is much to look forward to in the coming months.

JeanMarie Gossard '09

*What do you envision for the club in an ideal world?*

## Secretary

Boi! I have loved my life as BOC secretary. To me being secretary takes only the desire to be creative, a little funny, and some decent listening skills. An understanding and appreciation of the "campiness" (no pun intended) of outdoor lingo, coupled with pop cultural references has been something I have enjoyed to imbue the minutes with as well. I have also enjoyed the feedback many of you have given me, so thanks for reading, I truly appreciate the laughs. I hope I have been able to elucidate the true events of each meeting for those who have not been present, and that my personal spin has also led to some laughs that have allowed you to get through long mid week nights of work in Ladd Library, or P-Gill. I think anyone that likes to play around with words, literary devices, and or youtube would love this officer position. I don't mean to insinuate that my job is frivolous through this description, but I do believe that it is a fun and very personalized position. There are no rules (just no four letter words), but you need your poetic license and a desire to churn something out every week and try to educate and entertain your audience. Jester, or Puck like character? No! I like to see the secretary as the BOC's soothsayer, although not totally prophetic. You can't function without me but I need your stories, announcements, input, and shenanigans to be relevant. I hope the next secretary sees and enjoys themselves as such.

Dougie Boi Badrigian '09

## Hikes and Trips

This year we've maintained some strong Hikes and Trips traditions. Katahdin Summit Assault was a fantastic way to kick off the fall, with a gung-ho group of kids and bluebird skies all the way. A smaller, more boast-worthy group decided to start early and attack the Knife Edge, while the rest of us took our time on the summit. Also this fall, Bates sent another thru-hiking team to the Presidential Range Relay Race and discovered that Tufts is slow, chili tastes better post-peak-bagging, and Bates kids are capable of having way more fun than all the other teams combined. Since AESOP and a sprinkling of fall hiking trips, the BOC is still working on nailing down all the 4,000 footers in New England, a feat that we anticipate being accomplished come the end of Short Term. This winter, kids have been skiing and snowshoeing all over the place, but we're itching for that first spring trip up Tumbledown.

Eliza O'Neil and Chris Carlson '09



## Water Sports

Coming to Bates as a freshmen, I was really excited to become an officer in the Outing Club. When I heard that the whitewater kayaking program was lacking interest and equipment, Alex Hernandez and I decided to fix that. The winter started with an inventory of equipment and a list of what the club needed. With the new the gear, the first ever roll clinic at Bates College has been scheduled for March 15, 2009. The interest is huge and so more will hopefully follow. This spring Alex and I are looking forward to whitewater kayaking and canoeing, a swift water certification course thanks to Alex Scott, cliff jumping everyday, and more and more interest in our new whitewater kayaking program. The water sports program is changing for the better at Bates College, and the Outing Club is the reason why.

Colin Barry '12

## Publicity

As publicity director I am responsible for getting the word out around Bates about what's going on with the outing club. Our best show recently was the BOC Winter Carnival poster, utilizing a photo of myself jumping three cars in a row on a narrow New Hampshire road. This will be appearing on the back of the spring issue of the Bates Magazine. The Web man, otherwise known as Rob Friedman, has been working on a new web site which will definitely improve our very old and outdated one. Hopefully this will help us spread the gospel to even more!

Humphrey L. Benedict '09

## E-Room

After thousands of years of residence beneath the floors of Hathorn, the Outing Club Equipment room remains an integral part of the Bates community. The year has been extremely busy as staff and students flock to the E-Room to get fitted for various types of gear, ranging from climbing harnesses to mono-skis. This year's staff includes Robert Friedman as senior E-Room czar, as well as Priscilla Motley 3.0, Alex "Huck Finn" Barton, Michael "Goldie Locks" Dorfman, Erik "Sloppy Joe" Barth, and Deb "Chronically Absent" Altman.

During short term we plan on giving the E-Room a much-needed facelift, which will include brand new benches and shelves to help us keep our gear organized and in tip top shape.

**How to Check out Gear:** Swing by the E-room between 4 and 5pm on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays and come see what we have to offer. A \$5 deposit is needed to check out gear and is returned if gear is brought back by its due date. The E-room is open to all students, staff, and faculty.

Robert Friedman '11

## Cabins and Trails

This fall was a good one for the Cabins and Trails division of the BOC. On a beautiful October day, we made our annual trek out to the lean-to perched on the side of Bemis Mt. that marks the end of our club's jurisdiction on the Appalachian Trail. As the head of Cabins and Trails, our responsibilities are to maintain our section of the AT, educate members of the BOC in trail maintenance, and to generally have fun with the more dangerous items in the club's equipment room; our job requires the use of chainsaws, axes, Pulaskis, and all manner of other risky apparatus. As the founder and president of the Bates Woodsmen team, I have no objection to wielding these tools for trail work or in competition. This fall, we also sent a delegation up to a section of the AT near Moscow, ME to help the University of Maine-Orono's outing club do some trail rehabilitation, including the construction of a retaining wall, rerouting drainage, and placement of several rock bridges. This spring, we plan to send an expedition to the mysterious BOC cabin on Mt. Abraham, and we hope to rebuild or repair that cabin. As the snow melts, we are itching to get out the axes and chainsaws for another season of dirty, rewarding work on the trails of Maine.

Ben Linder '09 and Lauren Levanovich '11

## Hickories

Like the past two winters I've spent in Maine, this one was full of snow and cold temperatures. Though the most substantial amount snow came somewhat later than most shredding Batesies might have liked, the slew of almost weekly storms in January and February put us back on track. As always, students have showed no lack in creativity or energy for finding ways to enjoy the winter wonderland in which we live. The Winter Carnival, Bates' annual celebration of cold fun, was a great way to kick off the winter semester. The Outing Club organized a phenomenal puddle jump and constructed a mega booter on Mt. David, off of which daring skiers and riders could strut their stuff during the big air challenge. The PVC rail has also seen its fair share of use. All assortments of the Bates freestyle scene can try their luck at sliding down our very own rail at breakneck speeds. Finally, vans have been going out to ski areas on a nearly bi weekly basis, assuring that everyone gets plenty of riding time in. As I'm writing this it's currently snowing, but the warm weather reminds us that spring is approaching. We now get to look forward to big April blizzards, bottomless corn, pond skims, Tuckerman's, and working on the goggle tan. You can be sure that here at the Outing Club, snow is always on our minds, and we will do our best to get you out on the slopes on straight, skinny, neon skis and boots that don't fit. Just hop in a white van and join us.

Luke Hasselbeck '09 and "Dots" Loopesko '10



## Engaged in Nepal

I was in Nepal this past summer for dissertation research, and my boyfriend met me there to go trekking in the Annapurna range in the Himalayas. One morning in the middle of the trek we woke up at 3:45am to hike up a hill and watch the sunrise. On the way up I was pretty grumpy, but it was worth it not only for the spectacular views of the sun hitting the Himalayas but also because he proposed! So as to not travel in Nepal with a real diamond, he proposed with a large plastic light-up ring. We had no phone or internet, so for two more days afterwards the only person who knew we were engaged was our Sherpa.

Cynthia Macht '00

## Dave and the Long Trail

I finished hiking the Long Trail for the second time this summer. The Long Trail predates the AT and was the inspiration for the creation of the AT way back when. It runs the length of the state of Vermont and is 275 miles. I also personally adopted a shelter on the AT to maintain. It is Goddard Shelter on Glastonbury Mountain, near the town of Bennington, Vermont. I do three trips up per year to clean the place up, do routine maintenance, etc. It is one of the highest and most remote shelters in Vermont and I'd love some Bates support if anyone is ever interested.

Dave '99

## Toenails on Katahdin

When I was a student at Bates in the late 70's, I took a Geology course that entailed a field trip to climb Mt. Katahdin. I enjoyed the climb and the view, and I don't remember any discomfort getting up or down. But what I will never forget is how, after the trip, my big toenails turned black and blue and then came off! New ones grew back, but it sure was weird. I figure my footwear wasn't adequate for the downhill trek.

Jane Thickstun '79

## People of the BOC

With the fantastic winter snow of the past two years, I have tried to ski as much as possible. I mostly go backcountry skiing. In early January of 2009, I went out for a long ski with Noah and Emily (both '03) and my fiancé, Jenny. We skied the upper Nanamocomuck ski trail with a side trip into Sawyer Pond which is North of the Kancamagus Highway in New Hampshire. We ended up skiing for 11 hours, half of that with headlamps on. Many ingested calories and the excellent camaraderie in our group was what kept us going, and we were all glad that each other was on the trip. All the wonderful people that I met and continue to meet through the Bates Outing Club – that is what I am most thankful for.

Scott Betournay '01



# The Fastest Bike Ride of My Life

While in Hawaii in November of '05, I signed up for the "Maui Downhill Bicycling Adventure," a rapid descent down the world's largest volcano. The trip down the side of the Haleakala Volcano, 10,000 feet high crowned with a crater 9 miles across, is billed as the "downhill bicycle cruise of your life". First we went across Maui to the Haleakala National Park. I was the oldest of about a dozen of us in the van with the bikes in a trailer behind us.

Bill, our guide, handed us a form (an "Aloha sheet") to sign, and added: "May our lawyers never meet." Then he made at four points: 1. You don't have to ride a bike; you can stay in the van! 2. Please pay attention. If you stare at the view too long, you may become part of it! 3. Follow the leader. You don't want part of the road named after you! 4. If you want to go faster, rent a Harley Davidson! After entering the National Park, we started climbing up Maui's steep "road to heaven" covered in misty clouds. It is said to be the world's most rapidly ascending road. It has over thirty switchbacks with exquisite scenery,

which is why you really have to pay attention to the leader. Overlooks provide panoramic vistas with varied landscapes and colors passing under billows of clouds. At the Kalahaku Overlook we could see the valley with its reddish cinder cones, black lava, and unique silversword plants with silvery dagger-shaped leaves, particular to this region.

It was getting noticeably cooler. The summit is usually about thirty degrees cooler than the coastal towns. The summit was very foggy with poor visibility, so we had to come down a bit before starting our bike trip. We decided to extend the finish line to make up for lost distance.

It was now time for us to read a laminated list of do's and don'ts. One was: "Slow down before hairpin turns; then, let up on the brakes. Don't brake on the sharp turn or you could flip over." After we read the whole list, Billy said, "If you're nervous, that's good; and if you're scared, stay in the van." I didn't tell him that I felt halfway between nervous and scared.

We each put on a bright red hel-

met and a canary yellow rubber suit. Being neither the shortest nor the tallest, I was happy to be in the middle of the pack. Once we were all in line, Billy was on a roll, and so were we. Whoopee!

As we descended down the side of the volcano, we went through 4 different ecosystems. After the alpine section with lava boulders in the fog, we went through subalpine shrub land, dry forest, pasture land, and finally enter rainforest as we neared the bottom. The spectacular scenery kept changing, especially with all the switchbacks. What was once way off in the distance kept getting closer.

Long stretches of gardens with nothing but birds of paradise and forests of eucalyptus trees on both sides of the road provided beautiful scenery and rich fragrances. This bike trip was fantastic! In my life I have cycled over 25,000 miles, but this bike ride down the side of the Haleakala Volcano—25 miles in about an hour—is without comparison.

*Dwight S. Haynes '59*

Map courtesy of the University of Texas

