“I’d rather live on the side of a mountain than wander through canyons of concrete and steel.”

~ John Denver
It is with distinct pleasure and pride that we write to announce the second annual edition of The Legend, the outdoor magazine of Bates College. What you hold in your hands is much more than a magazine; it is a guide, a compass, a map of the outdoor adventures of past and present Bates College Students, Faculty, and Staff.

In these pages you will discover the joys of hiking Katahdin, read about the best places to explore in Acadia, learn how to fish the mighty Penobscot River, follow the adventures of a student in Nepal, and a Professor hiking Anapurna. Through generous contributions from alumni and current students, we’ve weaved together stories to create a saga of outdoor adventure that spans five continents and nearly thirty years.

Originally founded in 2006-2007 by Alexander “Zand” Bailey-Martin ’08, The Legend is a revival of the original Outing Club newsletter, Cat Tracks. In this second edition of the Legend, we have worked to build on the strong foundations Zand set forth, and have produced a magazine that we hope will appeal to the entire Bates community, not just the Outing Club. This magazine is for anyone who has ever admired the beauty of a mountain, felt the rush of a river current against their legs, or enjoyed the freedom of unfettered wander. We hope to echo the original intent of Cat Tracks, and offer this magazine as a tribute to the hard work and dedication of the Outing Club Members who came before us. The Bates College community is blessed with a tremendous variety of wonderfully skilled and experienced outdoor enthusiasts, who have come together on these pages to share with you their stories and skills.

Though compiling this magazine has not come without its obstacles, it has been a rewarding experience for all those involved in a way that few endeavors can equal. We’ve been in contact with some remarkable Batesies who have told us extraordinary stories, all of which we only wish we had enough room to publish. We’ve seen our extremely devoted and professional staff work together with unsurpassed diligence towards a goal that often seemed unattainable. To this end we’d like to thank all of those who have contributed to the Legend both through submissions and through long hours of editing and layout. We only hope that this magazine will do justice to the work you’ve put into it.

Finally, after reading and editing dozens of outdoor stories, photos, and articles, we’ve confirmed something we’d only hoped to believe before: that the outdoors has the power to touch and inspire us in ways that we may never fully realize, and that through the discovery of nature and time spent time within it, we learn more about ourselves than we ever could otherwise. John Muir once said, “But in every walk with Nature one receives far more than one seeks.” We hope that this publication inspires you to go out into the wilderness, where we are sure you will reap rewards unimaginable.

May the peace of the wilderness forever be upon you.

Epically,
William “Dots” Loopesko ’10 & Lindsay Thomson ’10

The Legend Editorial Staff
2008

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President’s Note:

When I revived the newsletter tradition and started the Bates Outing Club *Legend* last year, I had many objectives. Chief among them was inspiring a younger, more talented and harder working group of outdoor enthusiasts to take on the project after me and in the years that followed. The magazine that you hold in your hands is proof that I found just such a crew of underclassmen foolish enough to take on such a mammoth project. They are to be commended for their hard work and dedication.

As a graduating senior, I have now seen the club through many seasons, and almost eight semesters. That’s 314 E-Room office hours, 105 Wednesday meetings, seven clambakes, four Advances, and several hundred trips. It has changed little in this time. The faces are different, sure, and the things we love to do as individuals might have shifted slightly, but what brings us together as Batesies and as BOCers has neither changed in all the years since I arrived on campus, fresh from AESOP, in September 2004; nor, for that matter, has it changed in the eighty-eight years since the Bates Outing Club was established.

The Club, open to all, continues to be a place to gather around a shared love of the out of doors. We remain dedicated to facilitating for the student body a fulfillment of the other side of a liberal arts education - the one beyond four walls - that is so necessary in our modern times. The Club remains an entity whose sole purpose is to make possible the easy enjoyment of the woods, the mountains, the lakes, and the ocean - everything contained in our beautiful state and world entire. And for all that, it is a special organization indeed.

It has been a pleasure serving the Club in my time at Bates, and especially this semester as President. We have had an eventful year; fifty-five people on Katahdin, races in the Whites, sunrise paddles, and alpine ascents. The tears that come from woodsmoke have been felt in half dozen counties, and the sound of rain popping on a tight tarp or tent fly has been heard in twice that. We have seen the retirement of our long time friend and advisor Judy Marden ’66, but after over forty years with the club something tells me she won’t disappear for good. We have seen the sun rise on Cadillac and set on Moosehead; we have breathed the bitter air of the North Woods in winter and felt the wind in a gale on Washington, and through all of it walked or paddled with a smile.

So take a look inside. We hope it will make you get a few more days out of our skis and maybe even start looking for your hiking boots: the warm months are just around the corner. Thank you.

Zand B. Martin ’08
President

BOCers on top of Katahdin during the annual pilgrimage to Katahdin.
The Take Away From Outdoor Adventures: 15 Years Later

Ice climbing in Huntington Ravine, winter camping at forty below in a December winter ascent attempt of Mt. Katahdin, a winter traverse of the Presidential range, a wilderness kayak of the Allegash Wilderness Waterway, a thru-hike of the Appalachian Trail — these are all adventures made possible as part of or because of my involvement with the Outing Club. After graduation, I went on to work with NOLS, the SUWS adolescent program, Trails Wilderness School, before I started a business that I hoped would help me stay out of doors.

While at Bates I became addicted to outdoor adventure.

Fast forward 15 years later.... I now work as a Financial Advisor for Smith Barney. If you had told be I’d be here 15 years ago I would have laughed. I had made a promise to not make more than $20,000 a year when I graduated; well, I’ve long since broke that promise. I had long hair and was the guy that everyone considered the eco-nazi. “Don’t tell Garesché you didn’t put that in the recycling bin,” was a comment I over-heard my own advisor, Dyk Eusden, tell a fellow prof. Now, I have short conservative hair and wear a suit and tie everyday. I was certainly an idealist.

But I still am an idealist.

Now, I have a three-year old little girl, a beautiful wife, a house (with solar-panels on it) and a mortgage. I can afford a Prius - decked out with GPS, Bluetooth and the high-end sound system. I walk to my office and to the Farmer’s Market, and ride my bike to the grocery store. I want my little girl to be able to go to Bates, which will cost $140,000 a year by the time she’s ready (and you thought $45,000 was bad). I want to be a part of the rejuvenation of my adopted home town, Kingston, NY which is sandwiched by the Catskills and the Hudson River. I am a director on several non-profit boards, and contribute to many local organizations. I have easy access to great biking, hiking, skiing, kayaking, kite-flying.

Someday, I hope to take my little girl on some great adventures like I enjoyed while at Bates.

So what did I take away from my time with the Outing Club? Here are some of my analyst responses: lessons in how to work together and work as a team toward a goal; leadership skills in coalescing a team and encouraging best effort; and planning and decision making skills. Most of the day, I work with numbers, but it’s funny, in planning an extended outdoor trip, there are a lot of numbers — pounds of food, distribution of weight, possible miles to travel, distance of protection placement, calculation of escape routes and comparing optional routes (distance, elevation rise and fall, speed over varying terrain). Now adays I have to try and forecast the unknowns and make a subjective estimate as to the best course forward; in dealing with leading a group up a mountain, you are constantly doing the same. My job requires a lot of planning and quick decision making, which was required as a trip leader as well. Although my life seems far away from where I was in college, my adventures in the Outing Club led me to where I am.

In the end, I took away a desire for adventure, for a taste of life, for a true “Joi d’Vivre”.

John Garesché ‘93

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**Bates Outing Club Officers and directors: Winter 2008**

Zand B. Martin ‘08: President
Peter Klein ‘08: Vice-President
Justin Faurer ‘10 Treasurer
Lawrence Graham Jones ‘09: Secretary
John Baxter Leavitt ‘08: Hikes and Trips
Zach Risler ‘08: Hikes and Trips
William “dots” Loopesko ‘10: Sr. E-room
Bennett Flanders ‘10: E-Room
Robert Friedman ‘11: E-Room
Nick Silverson ‘11: E-Room
Lauren Levanovich ‘11: E-Room
Nick Silverson ‘11: E-Room
Alex “Nando” Hernandez ‘09: Water Sports
Carter Kindley ‘11: Water Sports
Jason Godsell ‘08: Cabins and Trails
Barbara Byers ‘11: Cabins and Trails
Eliza van Heerden ‘11: Safety
Ben “Wildcat” Motley ‘10: Hickories
Melissa Jones ‘10: Hickories
Jack Murphy ‘08: Environment
Meghan Schleck ‘11: Publicity
Robert Friedman ‘11: Climbing
Melissa Jones ‘08: Climbing
Lawrence Graham Jones ‘09: AESOP
E-Room Scorpion: Mascot

**E-Room Hours:** Monday, Wednesday, Friday 4-5 pm.
**BOC Meeting:** Wednesdays at 6:30 in the basement of Alumni Gymnasium
**Check us out online:** http://www.bates.edu/people/orgs/outclub
Treasurer’s Report

The 2007-2008 academic year brought exciting changes to the allocation of funds to the over 60 recognized student organizations at Bates College. The single budget distribution implemented this year made advance planning crucial for large purchases and trips. Yet again, the Outing Club received one of the largest portions of all student organizations. With these funds, the Outing Club was able to sponsor bi-annual clambakes, the Winter Carnival and other all campus events. Furthermore, the Outing Club was once again able to send numerous “ski vans” to Sunday River and Sugarloaf for skiing and riding opportunities throughout the winter, despite rising oil and gas prices.

The Outing Club continued to expand and improve our gear inventory. We recently updated our collection of cross-country and Nordic skis. Additionally, we are now proud owners of a winter “hot tent” with a wood-burning stove for use on pulk winter camping trips. This being my first year as Treasurer, I have learned a lot from my mentor Peter Klein ’08. He has graciously taught me the art of budget writing, check requests, and cash advances. While many say being the Treasurer is one of the most difficult positions of all BOC officers, I actually have enjoyed it. I found it fun and challenging to call up companies such as Backcountry.com and represent the Bates Outing Club in the purchase of 4 pairs of “strap on” crampons. We even got a discount for that one! So next time you want to purchase a cool piece of gear that you think others might enjoy as well, stop by one of our meetings and present the idea. We LOVE to approve reasonable gear purchases.

Justin Faurer, ’10
Treasurer

Vice President’s Notes

The position of Vice President has a fairly consistent set of responsibilities, ranging from organization of the fall and spring clambakes to Winter Carnival. John Leavitt ’08, the Vice President during the fall semester, organized a great clambake that unfortunately saw low attendance due to air show related traffic, despite the beautiful weather. It took many people more than four hours to make the drive to Popham beach, which normally takes less than one. We were, however, able to share many of our extra lobsters with a group of French photographers who were in the middle of a photo shoot.

It was my honor to organize this year’s Winter Carnival—one of the most unique and coveted of all Bates traditions. For once in my Bates career, we had great weather for Winter Carnival with a combination of fresh snow and moderate temperatures. The week began with a combination of truly epic sledding and traying down Mt. David and a cookout at the base in the courtyard of the new dorm. Physical plant plowed the Puddle, allowing for a wonderful afternoon of skating and hockey. As always, the Puddle Jump was a highlight of the week and drew a large crowd of both participants and spectators. Ben Flanders ’08 organized this year’s torch run from Augusta. Despite a successful conveyance of the flame back to campus, we had no luck getting the bonfire started due to the waterlogged nature of the wood we had purchased. Luckily, the temperature that day was in the high thirties and frostbite was for the most part avoided.

Everyone should start getting excited for this year’s Spring clambake. As usual, we’re aiming for the third week of Short Term at Popham beach.

Peter Klein, ’08
Vice President

Vice President’s Notes

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Justin Faurer, ’10
Treasurer
In late August of 2005, I arrived at Bates from Kentucky with only half of my luggage and no sense of the New England wilderness. By the end of my first afternoon in college, I had met Tucker, my first friend, my future sophomore year roommate, Emma, my future co-worker at the on-campus coffee shop, and the girl who made it all possible, Sarah, our fearless leader. AESOP was a magical experience; I got to spend the last days of my summer canoeing on Maine lakes while learning about Bates from two rising seniors. This year, as a rising senior myself, along with Erin Bond ’09, will be head coordinators of the AESOP program over the summer.

AESOP 2008 is off to a strong start with 80 experienced freshmen, sophomores, and junior outdoorsmen and women pledging the end of their summer to introducing the class of 2012 to the wonders of the Bates life. We have forty trips going everywhere between the laid back vibes of Acadia National Park to the challenging Presidential Range. Our leaders are the heart of the program, representing the wide variety of Bates College students, and are passionate about welcoming our new fellow students.

By the beginning of June, the class of 2012 will receive their accepted students package where they will be eligible to sign up for an AESOP trip. Our leaders will get back on campus for training in mid-August. Two weeks later, the students of the class of ’12 will take their first steps on the campus as enrolled college students. By the end of their first week at Bates, the new freshmen will have moved in, have their first group of college friends, made connections with the upper classmen, and have just come back from a unique experience with the country’s oldest student-run outdoor orientation program.

Lawrence Graham Jones, ’09
AESOP Coordinator 2008

This semester the hikes and trip directors have been busy getting people outside. Ski vans have been run to nearby Sunday River and Sugarloaf every weekend. Snowshoeing and cross-country ski trips have been widely attended by both council members and the greater Bates community. An introduction to winter camping trip was dispatched to the Grafton Notch area, and all participants came back with ten fingers and toes. We didn’t even lose any freshman this year. An awesome February break trip took six members to the Rangeley Lakes for a three-night trip in our new canvas tent with wood stove. Moreover, we have been overly active and paying little attention to our G.P.A’s.

Zach Risler ‘08, & John Leavitt,’08
Hikes and Trips Directors

William “Dots” Loopesko ‘10 and Pete Klein ‘08 go in for the plunge in Moosehead Lake during the October Break canoe trip to the region.
FROM THE B.O.C. TO THE HIMALAYAS: A FORMER PROFESSOR'S ADVENTURE IN THE EAST

The trek through Annapurna was led by a British technical climber who has climbed many of the top dozen peaks as a guide. There were only five of us in the group after two wives (not mine) dropped out. We broke up the trip on out the way with a stop in Bangkok, Thailand, and on the return with a short air trip over Everest to Lhasa, Tibet. In Nepal, the group rendezvoused at Kathmandu, the capital, at a trekkers hotel. We actually set out from a lower, subtropical altitude and gained about 1,000 feet a day. The total trip was three weeks long with an altitude gain of about 15,000 feet over the course of 110 miles. We did a lot of conditioning beforehand.

The sherpas cooked a birthday cake for me (my 74th) the night before the pass. Bags, tents, cooking equipment, and food were all carried by porters on their backs; sherpas are strictly guides. To acclimate gradually to the altitude and not get altitude sickness with its terrific and potentially lethal headaches, each “day off” we climbed another thousand feet on a side trail and back to the camp for the night. We saw one guy airlifted out by a helicopter.

The daily hiking was mostly on footpaths connecting the villages; these we shared with a lot of Nepalis and their animals including goats, burros, chickens and yaks at the higher altitudes. The lower villages were Hindu, the upper ones were Buddhist with many monks in saffron robes and monasteries with fearsome pre-Buddhist devils in addition to the traditional Buddha statues and prayer wheels along the path. We slept in our tents in double sleeping bags, usually in a monastery yard. Food was “basic” and they provided a pit “privy” which was no novelty to me after BOC work trips on the AT. The one basin of hot water in the morning was the only opportunity to wash ourself and clothes. Temperatures started at tropical and declined to arctic at the pass.

The scenery was stupendous, with Annapurna, number eleven in the world if I recall, looming over us at every turn once we were up there. There were a few wildflowers and rhododendron. One day on the way down an adjacent valley was harder than any day going up because we were in a dry river bottom and an updraft full of dust made breathing difficult. The villages had “teahouses” where the harder young people, mostly from Europe and Australia, stayed so they could do without porters or have only one. We carried only our lunch pack. The cost of the trip varied a lot depending on how much you had to carry yourself, but, of course, the air fare was the same. Now that peace has been restored in Nepal, if you ever get a chance to do a Himalayan trek, grab the opportunity and don’t wait until you’re 74!

Ted Wright, Asst. Professor of Government, Bates College, 1953-65 and Faculty co-advisor to the Outing Club 1957-65
Note: all photos credited to the author
PREZZIE                  DEUCE

It was an epic four days to be in the Presidentals. Ben Linder and myself were leading the Second Presidential Traverse Aesop trip, fondly called “Prezzie Deuce” by our first years. On our second day, we hiked over Mt. Eisenhower from Mizpah Hut in the alpine zone. We were surrounded by stunning views. It was a glorious day, but not for everyone on the trip. One of our “Aesopers” had fallen ill during the morning, and another was having some pains in her legs. Soon, though, we were able to stop at the Lakes of the Clouds Hut, where the hutmaster was an acquaintance of mine, and rest up. We all swam together with an optional clothing rule in the lakes near the hut, and found it to be an extremely refreshing spot. My hutmaster friend took care of our injured and sick afterwards while the rest of the group traveled to the top of Mt. Washington and took some pictures. It was a great hike, I even brought a fanny pack, which always ensures a good time.

The next day, I had to hike out my sick Aesoper, a beautiful hike down Tuckerman’s Ravine. Despite her sickness, she put forth an admirable effort, and was able to get down one of the most difficult trails in the Presidentials in fantastic time. She was driven back to the homestead while I returned to a trail where I could hike back in to meet the rest of the group where they would be staying that night.

That afternoon a giant thunderstorm hit the Presidentials. Luckily my trail was below treeline so I was relatively safe, but I was worried about the rest of the group, who were more exposed up in the alpine zone. I wasn’t sure where exactly they were staying, and rather than venture up into the alpine zone by myself, I decided to stay at The Perch Tent site that night. There was no caretaker at the site (it was RMC territory), so I was very much alone. I curled up in my sleeping bag, which had a funny smell to it, seeing as I bought it consignment at International Mountain Equipment in North Conway, NH. (I’d like to think the smell is more endearing than off-putting). I tried to read a few pages of this climate change book I had grabbed from the Chase House common room, but to no avail. My pack, which had increased in weight because of the rain, had been killing my back all day, and I was weary from hiking. I calculated my mileage as I fell asleep: I had hiked twelve miles that day. A new personal record...

The next day I made it up to Madison Hut just before lunch time and met up with an old friend there. I bought some delicious brownies from the self-serve counter. After about ten minutes of conversation my friend remembered I went to Bates and informed me that a large group of Batesies had just traveled through the hut not forty minutes ago.

At that I jumped up from my seat, whipped on my pack, and was out the door in no time. I was off to the Madison Gulf Trail to find my Aesop! Little did I know what lay ahead. About three quarters of a mile down the trail I got my calf stuck in between two rocks and fell forward from the hips up landing on a sharp rock that was sticking up about shoulder height in the trail. It took me a while to realize it, but another quarter mile down the trail I found a big rip in my shirt, sure to be a bad omen.

A little further down the trail I came to a a rounded off cliff that looked like you’d have to be some sort of a technical rock climber in order to get up it. With my momentum behind me I was quick to rip off my pack and slide it over the cliff’s edge, down to where there was a semblance of a trail. I figured my body would follow the pack if I slid down, and plus I was already slipping. So I gave it a try and ended up lounging down an old river bed about a hundred fifty feet off the trail. My one and only pair of glasses flew off my face (to be replaced a few weeks later by the pair I often sport now, fondly called my “pinkies”) and into the bush. When I finally skidded to a halt my back was a little scratched up, but other than that I was undamaged. I scrambled back up to where my pack lay, put it on my back, and traveled down the trail with vengeance. I missed my first years and my co-leader. As real as my time alone had been I was ready to be done with it. Not to mention my eyesight was getting blurry. Maybe I was about to cry. Or I had just lost my glasses.

About another two miles down the trail I heard some light talking around the next bend of trail. “Bates College!” I called. “...What?” cried a voice. “It’s Amelia!” I called back. This exclamation was met with a few hoots and hollers and maybe a “woot woot” or a “hoo-rah” from the group and as I turned around the bend to see their smiling faces. For the record I had some of the sweetest Aesoppers in town. It was great to see them all again.

We all triumphantly hiked down to Pinkham Notch together and drove home. Once back in L-A, we traveled to the famous Pat’s Pizza and ordered hella pizza and ate it all. It was an epic four days to be in the Presidentials, and will be a time I will never forget.

Amelia Harman, ‘10
BACKPACK PACK BASICS FOR MULTI-DAY WILDERNESS TRIPS

One of the most exciting ways to access pristine wilderness is by foot on a multi-day backpacking trip. To be successful, having the proper backpack and hiking boots is essential, but only if you know how to use them properly. My first backpacking trip was at the age of eight, when my Dad and I hiked two miles on a fairly flat trail to a campsite near a small creek in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. I have taken numerous extended trips since then, and from these experiences I have learned a few techniques for preparing to go on such a venture.

The technology and design of backpacks has advanced tremendously over recent years. There are essentially two standard types: packs with internal frames and packs with external frames. Both types have their advantages, and often the best type of pack for you may come down to personal preference. Internal frame packs work well for protecting gear and they usually have a larger gear compartment. Furthermore, internal frame backpacks provide more padded support for the weight and evenly distributes the load between your shoulders, and hips. As for myself, I like to use an internal frame LL Bean Mount Washington Pack with a volume ranging 4500-5700 cubic inches. External frame packs also work well due to their versatility. Gear such as sleeping bags and pads can be attached to the outside of the pack, increasing accessibility and air flow to the back.

In addition to choosing the proper pack, selecting the right hiking boots is equally important component in a successful backcountry experience. When shopping for boots, size definitely matters. A poorly fitting pair will make your feet pay dearly. When you can, try on the boots in the store; some outdoor retailers will even have simulated terrain for you to walk over to test them out. When testing them, be sure to take note of the degree to which your feet move around inside the boot. It is important that your foot is not slipping in the boot when walking up or down hills. Another key factor is ankle support: there are few things worse than rolling your ankle in the backcountry and having to limp your way out. Make sure the boots hold your ankle well, and if you are not sure, find someone to help you. If you select the proper hiking boots, you can avoid foot discomfort and have a much more successful and comfortable trip.

Once you have selected boots that make your feet happy and a pack that fits, the last ingredient is learning to load the backpack correctly. Despite the apparent simplicity of the task, there is indeed a right and wrong way to do it. The first step is organizing your gear in order of weight. The heavier items should be the first packed; this includes sleeping bag, food, and tent. As you put these heavy items in it is important to make sure that they are loaded in the pack in a balanced manner as one does not want to have too much weight on one side or the other. The next item to be placed either low in the pack or attached to the outside is your sleeping roll. A sleeping roll, or pad, is an important item because it allows one to sleep easier and not be disturbed by unwanted roots or rocks, as well as providing insulation from the ground. For waterproofing, it is also a good idea to line your backpack with a heavy-duty trash bag before loading.

It is important to put things you will need frequent access to near the top of the backpack. This includes the cooking gear, water purifier, and food. It is a good idea to keep some snack food at the top of your pack to eat throughout the day so that you will not lose energy. Every backpacker should also carry a first-aid kit, it will allow you to care for yourself in the wilderness and will help small injuries from becoming big ones. Hydration, as many may know, is also one of the biggest issues in the backcountry. You should have a 1-liter water bottle easily accessible on the outside of the pack, and preferably two.

By following these simple tips, you can have a successful backcountry experience. Get outside and enjoy!

Justin Faurer '10
This fall was a good one for the cabins and trails team of Ben and Ben (Speyer ’09 and Linder ’09, that is). We undertook our annual pilgrimage to the section of the Appalachian Trail that we maintain in northern Maine. Situated near Lower Richardson Lake and the Maine-New Hampshire border, the three miles of rugged terrain from Route 17 to the peaks of Bemis are no picnic when it comes to trail work.

The hike in begins with a rapid descent into the valley that leads to Lower Richardson, and with a beautiful view of the nearby lakes and summits. This is, in fact, the best view of the entire section of the trail. Ben and I set out on a day in mid-October with a few bow saws, my recently purchased Snow and Nealley axe (from Bangor, ME no less), and a Pulaski for good measure. We also brought a pair of newly minted outing club members, both veterans of my AESOP trip. Barbara Byers ’11 was no amateur when it came to trail work, however, having led youth trail work teams in Yellowstone for the entire preceding summer. Rob Friedman ’11 rapidly proved his mettle as well.

We made our way into the valley and encountered few major obstacles. One blowdown, however, did a number on my axe handle and made us wish that we had brought along the trusty Stihl 024 that resides in the E-Room. We did our best, though, and succeeded in removing just about every sapling, overgrown area of brush, and other manner of obstacle in the trail. At the bottom of the valley, we daringly crossed the fast-running stream on a titanic fallen tree and made the acquaintance of some friendly locals and their hunting dogs. The ascent of Lower Bemis now lay before us, and we made short work of it, as it was remarkably short on blowdowns. Those were to come later.

At this point, I should probably explain that in the recent history of the BOC, few trail work trips have found the lean-to that supposedly marks the end of our section of the trail. I can say with certainty that we were unable to ascertain its location last spring—though we did manage to chainsaw an impressive number of downed trees—and its precise placement on the trail has attained a certain mythical status not unlike that of Pegasus or the Minotaur. Let me state with authority, then, that this lean-to does in fact exist. The intrepid team of Ben Speyer ’09 (my co-director) and Barbara Byers ’11 hunted down this fabled structure, thus determining that we had fulfilled our obligation to the Maine Appalachian Trail Club. With only a short hike out and a long drive back ahead of us, we set off with light hearts to report this remarkable find.

This fall saw the initiation of two new outing club members to the elite group known only as the “Cabins and Trails” section of the BOC, along with additional work toward the eventual building of a new BOC cabin, a project which is sure to be detailed in the pages of this publication at a later date. As the snow begins its slow retreat from the trails and peaks of the Maine woods, I can say with certainty that the fall of 2007 was an unqualified success for our Cabins and Trails team, and I rest assured that our successors will make the spring as great a triumph.

Ben Linder, ’09
Cabins and Trails Co Director
**Why We Love Living in Maine**

We have become very accustomed to life in Maine, and we wouldn’t change a thing. We are fortunate to own a house on almost five acres which abuts the land of the elementary school. The town has made recreational hiking trails around the school, and we have been carving our own trails on our property. We love to hike in the summer and fall, and snow shoe in the winter. Our two dogs, Max and Macy, absolutely love to escort us into the woods regardless of the season. We have trained them to carry their own throw toys, a ball and a Frisbee, which they responsibly tote along every time.

We are convinced that our dogs think they own the entire area. They often run ahead of us, eager to discover the next new scent along the trail. Sometimes we hide behind trees and wait quietly until they realize we are no longer following them; they quickly run back intent on rescuing us from whatever might be slowing us down.

One of our favorite times to head out into the woods is just after a big snow storm. We strap on our snowshoes and prepare to slice a trail through the deep snow. The trees hang down, heavy with the weight of the snow, and everything is quiet, peaceful, and beautiful. When the sun comes out, the woods become a veritable winter wonderland, and everything glistens like diamonds. Our dogs act like we just treated them to a giant snow cone, scooping up mouthfuls of fresh snow as they run along.

This photo was taken on such a day. If you look very closely, you can see our two dogs.

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**NOTES FROM ALUMNI**

My first real job after graduation was as a Trip Leader for a bicycle touring summer camp. It was the summer of 1975, and ten junior high school students and myself cycled up the coast of Maine, from the Sebago Lake area all the way up to Bangor. Most of the camper grew up in the New York and New Jersey area and many had never been out of the city.

For three weeks we camped at public campgrounds en route, relying only on each other for shelter and food. We’re constantly moving, never in the same place twice, and had the kids wondering where we were on a daily basis. We even took a lobster boat to Deer Isle for one leg of the trip.

Throughout the trip, I met up with friends and relatives, and even more exciting, with fellow roommates. My cousins, my roommate, and more, met us along the road for part of the trip. We even met up with Jim Balano of ’75 while crossing the ferry to Monhegan, discovering that he worked the route!

The moral of the story: You may leave Bates behind, but the Outing Club stays with you forever!

_Eileen & Michael Wisnewski  
Office of Career Services_  

Gary Richardson ’75
**FLAG HILL**  
**MUSSOORIE, INDIA, 1996**

An excerpt from the poetry book, Patterns in Henna about climbing in the Himalayas.

Mist, the wispy remnant of the just-ended monsoon, swirls in, swirls out, now concealing, now revealing valleys and ranges in a wash of late afternoon sunlight. On the high Himalayan bald weathered prayer flags flap above my head, scores of white and muted madder squares.

As long as I can remember Tibetan transients left flags behind them on this remote and windswept point. Would they still be here, I asked when we started climbing.

In a world in flux, a kaleidoscope where everything regroups, reinvents itself, travelers still string them here above blackened stones of fire circles, and hundreds of times and hour winds send prayers toward heaven.

*Marguerite Thoburn Watkins ’53*

**ALUMNI MEMORY**

I grew up in New England, where I inherited an ingrained love for the outdoors. Throughout my upbringing, I hiked in Maine, Connecticut and Vermont and out on Cape Cod. In my travels, I learned to watch for wildlife and not to surprise animals who didn’t want to be disturbed. One thing I learned was to not step over a log unless I knew exactly what was on the other side, lest I intrude a snake’s refuge in a shady spot on a hot day.

Apparently, this lesson became more ingrained in me than natural world history. During my Junior Year Abroad in Ireland, I found myself in this exact situation: looking cautiously for potential dangers lurking behind a large log. My friends looked perplexed. “Why don’t you simply step over the log?” they asked.

“I’m making sure there are no snakes,” I replied. Suddenly, My friends fell over each other laughing. They reminded me that there was no need for such precaution, for we were in Ireland. I didn’t catch their drift. Their laughter subsided just long enough to explain: “St. Patrick chased that problem away from Irish hikers centuries ago!”

*Sandy Shea ’75*

**HAROLD NORRIS GOOD-SPEED JR. ’40 AWARD AND THE WILLIAM HAYES SAWER JR. ’13 AWARD.**

These awards are given annually to the senior man and the senior woman who have rendered the greatest measure of service to the Outing Club and its activities. They are derived from the income of funds given in memory of 2nd Lt. Harold Norris Goodspeed Jr. by his fellow employees of the A. C. Lawrence Leather Company, Peabody, Massachusetts, and of Dr. William Hayes Sawyer, professor of biology at Bates from 1913 to 1962 and faculty advisor of the Outing Club for twenty-five years.

*2007-2008 Recipients: Alexander Bailey Martin and Melissa Jones*
THE NIGHT I SPOONED WITH FIVE NEPALI GIRLS

A loud crashing noise caused my droopy eyes to shoot open, but darkness shrouded my vision. I could smell the musk of plank floor boards parallel to my head. My side was pulsing and my mind swirled until the dreams of that night flutter back into the darkness. But was this a dream too? Chatter in a strange language penetrated the hood of my sleeping bag and I remembered where I must be: thousands of miles from home, a lifetime away from reality, and about two feet from the edge of the bed I had just rolled out of.

I was in a small room in the depths of the Himalayas, after a hike so physically and emotionally demanding I had to fight back tears as I gasped thin air into my suffocating lungs. I was in Wonderland, Atlantis, Eldorado, Shangri La, Eden. I was on the threshold of Avalon, just as the heavy robes of mist were unfolding to reveal a magical and mysterious world. Well, currently I was on the floor, and feeling rather embarrassed as my Nepali friends asked me what happened. But I definitely was somewhere—I was on the adventure of my life.

The five Nepali girls with whom I was cuddling chattered in Nepali and then asked me in practiced English if I was alright. “Ticksha,” I responded, and then wiggled a bit on the floor until I was able to move my arms and legs enough to hoist myself back into the bed. Well, it wasn’t exactly a bed. It was three cots we had pushed together and then proceeded to fill with six people. I spent most of the night precariously teetering on the edge of the mattress, compromising sleep for balance. But hey, how many times in your life do you get to spoon with five Nepali girls in the Himalayas?

The morning sun rose too early that day and my face hung heavy with drowsiness, but adrenaline fueled my worn body like a hundred pills of caffeine. Outside the deities aptly named Khangar Kong, Tilicho Peak, and Annapurna I loomed over our small guesthouse as if they were judges weighing our physical and mental strength for the journey ahead. Yesterday I had thought I was ready. Hell, yesterday I had thought I was invincible. I had persevered through the ominous maneuvering shrubbery in the Alaskan outback, conquered the menacing Mount Adams in Washington, and barely escaped the dark and icy grasps of the twisting and constricting caverns in California. But these towering gods were powerful, merciless, and determined to push me further than I had ever gone.

I was hiking to Lake Tilicho, an icy blue mystery nestled between some of the highest mountains in the world, its lair 5,000 meters above the sea. The Nepali girls, in their nicest summer outfits and stylish shoes, strolled up the winding path and into the clouds as I trudged in the back with my friend and mentor Tashi. I no longer cared about appearing strong and stoic. Yesterday’s hike had broken me. My pace diminished from a hardy trot to a mere crawl. Each heavy step was accompanied by a deep and labored breath. And every time I tried to push myself to catch up with the group, Tashi told me in a calm voice, “bistaarai bistaarai ,” and I settled back into slow and steady pace.

My memory of the hike up to Lake Tilicho is hazy. But I still remember the endlessly ascending scree fields, the long conversations with Tashi about Buddhism, and the narrow path winding into the sky. I remember my heavy breathing and every muscle in my body suffocating as the air became thinner…and thinner…and thinner with every meter I ascended. I remember climbing that last hill, 16,000 feet higher than my hometown, each step heavy and labored. And I remember the way my jaw dropped when the icy blue lake peeked out from its mountainous cradle and revealed a tranquil and majestic giant—stoic, soft, mysterious, beautiful; yet fierce, wise,
pensive, omnipotent, and silently isolated at the base of
the ominous and imposing peaks who roared and trembled
as invisible mounds of snow and ice cascaded down their
sides.

I was in awe. I did not believe anything like this
existed. The lofty deities surrounded me, nodding in
approval as I laid obsequiously in their majesty, panting
and gazing upon the splendor of Lake Tilicho. And for
the first time during that trip, I stopped. I stopped, and I
thought. So much had occurred since I left San Francisco,
so many unforgettable moments and extraordinary
experiences. Barely two weeks ago was I wondering the
back streets of Kathmandu, navigating a maze of colorful
clothes draped in the summer sun to dry. A little over a
week ago, I was traversing an underground passageway—
clinging onto roots and smelling the damp musk of the
dirt—and then emerging though a rabbit-sized hole into
the blinding sunlight. I was unable to see—only able to
hear the crashing roar of the waterfall directly in front of
me and feel the bullets of water penetrate my body. That
same afternoon our group was stranded by a landslide,
and four days later rescued by a helicopter that brought us
only 15 miles from the pearly gates of Manang—our
ultimate destination. And after everything, I was here.
Here at this spectacular lake, on the adventure of my
life, basking in this beautiful and brief moment.

It's been nearly two years since I gazed out across
the glossy surface of Lake Tilicho and swam in its
unsullied waters. Two years since I spooned with those
five Nepali girls in that tiny guest house. And so much
has happened in those two years. I got into college,
graduated high school, traveled to Japan, moved to
Maine, joined the rugby team, made new friends. And
yet every day I return there—to Lake Tilicho, to that
guest house, to the backstreets of Kathmandu—every
time my mind wonders, or I smell the musk of damp
earth, or dream. And I realize that two years, twenty
thousand kilometers, and two completely different
worlds are not enough to separate me from my Eldorado,
my Shangri La, my Avalon.

Sarah Charley '11
OUTDOOR RECIPES:

MATT FOOD

Matt food is a powerful finger food for any outdoor excursion when you need serious energy that is as much a joy to eat as the 14,000-foot peak you are looking up at while you chow. Also, it may be possible to make this stuff in Commons, to-go, if you’ve spoken with the manager of course.

INGREDIENTS:
1 large tub peanut butter
A few handfuls of oats
¼ cup powdered milk or substitute
¼ cup honey

DIRECTIONS:
Dump all that peanut butter out into a big bowl within which you can mix all the ingredients. Dump all that honey right on top of the peanut butter, and follow it with the oats and powdered milk. Then go nuts with your bare hands! Your Matt food has reached a good consistency when it sticks to itself without being really crumbly. Alright, now get your helper. Did I forget to mention you need a helper? You do, because at this point you’re probably covered in honey and peanut butter. To work on the consistency of the food, add oats and powdered milk at a 2:1 ratio if the consistency is too sticky. If the consistency is too crumbly, just drizzle some honey on top. Be cautious with the honey, because if you go overboard your Matt food will taste like mad honey. I recommend adding chocolate chips for a Reese’s-like taste, and M&Ms work similarly well. When your Matt food is done, you can put it absolutely anywhere because all the ingredients are all non-perishable. Matt food never goes bad! I prefer a plastic bag or hard Nalgene jar for storage.

A few more notes on Matt food. Matt food stays edible for months, and I’ve tested its backpack life for 47 days. One good handful of Matt food is a sufficient lunch portion. The peanut butter provides proteins and healthy fats for energy, the honey gives sugars for an instant energy boost, the oats provide carbohydrates, and the powdered milk provides calcium for regenerating anything you may have broken in the outdoors, like, say, a collarbone. Works great for me.

Carter Kindley ’11

GADO-GADO

Have you ever been on a trip in the backcountry where there simply wasn’t enough food? Did you go to bed hungry, considering eating your fellow adventurers’ rations? I know I have.

Back in the day I learned a recipe that has yet to fail in impress, both in flavor and ability to fill a famished hiker. Her name is Gado-Gado, she’s from Indonesia, and she’s basically sesame noodles on steroids. Read on if you think you can handle her…

INGREDIENTS:
1/2 lb. spaghetti or ramen noodles
4 cups water
3 Tbs. + 1 tsp. Oil
2 Tbs. sunflower seeds (These are hit or miss)
1/2 Tbs. or one packet base (This is optional, as it makes the dish very salty. I recommend vegetable or chicken)
3 Tbs. brown sugar
1 tsp. Garlic
1/2 tsp. black pepper (Optional)
1/2 tsp. hot sauce (Required or you’re a big wuss)
3/4 cup water, or more as needed. (You will be able to tell if more is needed)
3 Tbs. Vinegar
3 Tbs. soy sauce
3 Tbs. peanut butter (Be generous. I prefer crunchy non-sweetened)
Sliced green or wild onions and peppers, if available.

DIRECTIONS:
It is extremely important to start by breaking the pasta in half and put into boiling unsalted water to which 1 tsp. of oil has already been added. Cook until done and then drain immediately. In a frying pan, heat 3 Tbs. oil and add the sunflower seeds and vegetables. Cook and stir over medium heat for 2 minutes. Add the base with the brown sugar, garlic, other spices if desired, and 3/4 cup water to the pan. Add the vinegar and soy sauce. Add lots o’ peanut butter and constantly stir. It is extremely important to not let the sauce burn, so keep stirring!

The outdoors community generally agrees that this recipe is best cold, and it loses some of its saltiness as it chills out. Mix sauce and spaghetti, cool quickly, and serve chilled. If available, add more sliced green or wild onions as a garnish to spark up the flava’! I have stored Gado-Gado in snow banks for days, as it keeps extremely well. Never stop exploring on a full stomach!

Robert Friedman ’11
TO DEFY THE LAWS OF TRADITION

To Defy the Laws of Tradition: that was the name of the route, and it was going to be my very first 10a lead. I should've been excited to cap off nine days of gorgeous climbing by ascending what was regarded as the “Best 10a at the Red.” There was just one problem-my hands looked like they had gotten into a fight with a cheese grater and lost.

I had chosen to spend my 2006 Spring Break climbing at the Red River Gorge in Kentucky, knowing full well that I was not prepared for it. All winter while my fellow climbers were chalking it up at Merrill or the Portland Rock Gym, I was wasting 2 hours a day travelling back and forth to Sunday River for ski practice. Regardless, when I heard of a trip forming I thought, I'm a climber. I've spent all summer and fall climbing, besides, it can't be that hard to get back into climbing shape.

Oh wow was I wrong.

By the third day my hands were starting to rip. By the forth it was an effort to hold the delicious (and very hot) pizza made at Miguel's-the restaurant/climbing shop/campground that was our base for the week. Despite this nuisance, I had set myself a goal to lead my first 10a by the end of the week. I didn't matter that by day 8, opening doors was a struggle; I was going to accomplish my goal. So on the last day, we set out for one last crag before cramming into the car for the long 16+ hour drive back to Lewiston.

Halfway up “To Defy the Laws of Tradition” my fingers started to bleed. I kept going, knowing that the final protective carabiner clip was only a few feet above my head. After that, the anchors at the top of the route were only a few short (and easy) moves away. I was tired, but I focused, knowing that I had to make these last few moves. Just inches away from the carabiner I started pulling up some rope, getting ready to clip in to it, which would insure my safety from any major fall. It was at this very moment that my cheese grater hands finally gave out on me. With adrenaline pumping through me, I called out the one word every climber hates to say and a belayer hates to hear—"TAKE!"

My fingers let go, and I took a 15 foot swing off the slightly overhanging wall before the rope's slack caught up. This swinging action sent me careening full speed into the wall. My knees were the first body part to hit the limestone. My heart still thumping, I thanked my amazing belayer, Bates Alum Alana Kambury, for ensuring the fall was only 15 feet and not 30. I composed myself and eventually finished the route, conquering my first 10a lead and my first major fall all in one swoop.

Two days later I found myself at my future sister-in-law's wedding shower. Women with perfectly manicured hands were all around me. I proudly displayed my hands, tattered and ripped up, and my bruised knees as well. Sure signs of a spring break well spent.

Melissa Jones '08

CLIMBING REPORT

The climbing program here at Bates College has been a big hit this year, and it can only keep getting bigger. With the recent purchase of four season passes to the Maine Rock Gym in Portland, both veteran and inexperienced climbers have had the opportunity to climb regardless of the weather and white powder outside.

In addition, the campaign for a new climbing facility continues. There have been some developments, making plans with potential builders and getting the word out on campus, and all that is left to do is receive approval from the administration. We hope the new facility will offer both top-rope setups and bouldering walls. We're keeping our fingers crossed for construction to begin next year.

As the snow melts, climbers at Bates will be swarming to Rumney and other local crags in search of the best routes. Preparation for the season has begun this winter, with training programs and trips to the gym. We're looking forward to upcoming competitions, and we hope to hit the rock hard come spring.

Remember to retrace those figure eights!

Melissa Jones '08, Robert Friedman '11
My friend Nick and I were on break from working for the Grand Teton National Park Trail Crew, and were spending three days backpacking up Death Canyon, around and through 30 miles of Grand Teton, and planning on exiting via Jenny Lake. There I was, surrounded by active people who live for adventure and share the same love of backpacking, climbing, and the wilderness as I do. I was more than excited to be going on a real backpacking trip for the first time in over a year.

We followed a trail that wound up through Death Canyon and along The Shelf, which has huge cliffs jutting up into the air on one side and a view of the countless peaks of distant mountain ranges on the other. We climbed into caves and camped by rivers, their surfaces vibrant with orange and red hues from the minerals in the ground. It was the perfect adventure. We had delicious organic and homemade food, fresh water wherever we went, many things to talk about and wonder at, and great company from moose and marmots.

The last night of our adventure, we were camped below Tabletop, a 12,000 foot mountain with a very interesting approach. From where we were standing, you couldn’t see the structure, which took its name from the fact that it seemed to belong in a kitchen, laid out with fine silverware. We gazed at the steep drop-offs on either side of this immense, thick column in awe. Nick and I both turned to each other. “We have to at least get to the base of that tomorrow,” I urged. “Sure, we have the whole day, and only ten miles out of this canyon,” he replied. “I mean, as long as we’re back for work at 6:30 tomorrow morning we’ll be fine.”

The next morning we munched on dried bananas and packed some snacks into our daypacks. Nick and I set off up the boulder field with our goal in mind, and spoke little. I’ll admit, I was tired. Nick had really long legs and a very macho attitude, and this combination meant I had been running almost the entire three days. But when we got to the base of what last night we had been drooling over, all my energy returned. This was my chance to stand high and mighty over the proud Nick. We had already determined the other day, by trial, that I was a better climber than he. I knew he would never refuse a challenge, and I was eager to have some fun and have a good story to tell. “Nick,” I said, pointing to a nice hike that would take us around to the top of the column without actually touching it, “we could go the easy way, or—” and I turned to face a crack in the desired column, “we could go...the fun way.” I waiting, grinning in anticipation. Sure enough, he consented willingly, and we headed for the challenge.

In my eagerness, I reached the rock first. For the next hour or more I would be connected to this rock, clinging and dancing up without a thought of the world. The first bit was a breeze. But as I continued, leaving Nick in the dust, I began to notice several places that made me nervous. There were tricky spots with few holds, and one spot where the hold I had been depending on broke off as soon as I brought myself to safety on the ledge above. I nestled down on a fairly good ledge about half way to the top and waited for Nick. As I did, I scanned the territory above me, planning out my next attack. It didn’t look particularly easy, but then again, what could I tell from where I was? I was sure that if I could just get over that ledge, it would all even out and be a free climb to the top. I can do this, I told myself. When Nick arrived I waited for him to rest before I began climbing again. He looked up at me and said, “Barbara, we’re really high up. You know, I’m not having fun anymore. I feel like what we just came up was okay enough for me to down climb, so I’m going to do that, unless you are absolutely sure that it’s really easy from here on up.” I wasn’t sure, of course, though I tried to make my expression ambiguous so he would climb. But he refused and urged me to down climb as well. I persisted. “Nick, I’ll die if I down climb,” I called out to him. “You go ahead. I’ll go up and we can circle around the side and meet in the middle!” That was the last I saw of Nick for what felt like an eternity.

The climb worsened, becoming even more exposed. There were about ten feet left before I reached the top of my beloved column—and a drop of at least 1,000 feet.
below me. I was on a vertical rock, totally exposed, with the wind whipping across my shoulders. I knew it would be ridiculous to climb down. I would probably die. But something in my heart told me that attempting to move would result in bad news in the papers the next day as well. I remembered how I had gotten up this far, how I had already done moves harder than this one, and noted that the only difference was that now I could see what would happen to me if I screwed up. I stopped thinking. I reached up with my right hand and grabbed a small ledge. I placed my left hand on the same ledge and pulled my body up, kicking off the non-existent footing. I could then reach some nubs with my feet, and pulled myself up the rest of the way. Though on flatter land, I was now traversing precariously on an avalanche field. Sizable boulders rocked back and forth, loose and ready to slip off the side and take me with them. Sure enough, when I placed my foot on what seemed to be a sturdy boulder, I suddenly felt as if I was on a snowboard. Thankfully it did nothing more than shift.

It was over; or so I thought. I got to the top and looked out at the entire Teton range. I was presented with one of the most spectacular views I have ever seen: Grand Teton, Tewonot, Static Peak, and many more. It was a cloudless day and the light played off everything beautifully. I thanked the range for allowing me to live, but I didn’t have time to enjoy it. I had to find Nick. For all I knew, he had fallen. If that were the case, I would feel responsible for the rest of my life. Marching around the side way, I expected to see him any minute, or even meet him at the top, but I didn’t. I took out my monocular and scanned the rocks to see if he was still climbing or had gotten stuck. I saw no movement and no Nick, so I frantically scanned the rocks where he could have been. No Nick. I wandered around the bottom of the cliff, calling his name, loud, long, high, short, low. I called for more than half an hour. Should I wait there for him? Should I go down to the trail and get help? Finally, I heard a voice rolling from where I had just escaped. Looking up, I saw Nick’s silhouette at the top of the column. I waved and motioned for him to stay where he was, then ran back up and found him nursing a water bottle.

“Barbara, you’re badass.” He said. “That’s so cool that you climbed all the way up that. You know, when we passed each other and I didn’t see you, I was sure you had fallen. But I wasn’t sad at all, because I knew you had gone in your element.”

I didn’t feel like a badass. Somehow the idea of snuffing it, even in my element, didn’t seem okay after risking my life like that. We hiked out and made it back by evening. We hitchhiked from the Jenny Lake parking lot back to Moose Village, where we parted ways.

Tabletop, for me, was a reminder of mortality. I lost my invincibility to that mountain. I’m sure it could have happened under safer, more respectable terms, but I don’t regret it. I gained a great respect for ropes, climbing equipment, and experienced climbing partners. And when I think back on it, it was wicked fun.

— Barbara Byers ‘10

AUTUMN ON ROCKY ROW

High in the Blue Ridge Mountains
all the brightness has blown away,
or lies crisping underfoot.

We shuffle through fallen leaves,
boots tentative.
Frosty wind, bright sun,
the landscape gray and brown except for laurel
whose snaky branches
and shining green leaves cling
flat to a windy anchorage at our feet.

Across the gap are rock cliffs.
Their counterparts flank the path,
the stone a riot of muted pastels,
chalky rose where freshly split,
the rest covered with whorls of green,
sage, madder, charcoal lichens.

Through pearly-gray tree trunks, sun-shined,
a far mountain range pencils an irregular line
of purple against the clean fall sky
and a valley snuggles like water flow.
The James River twists far below us,
coils sparkling in the sunlight,
as do slopes brilliant with foliage.

I stand still and hear mountain quiet,
breeze on leaf, faint bird whistle,
crack and ruffle of unseen twig.

— Marguerite Thoburn Watkins ’53
TALES FROM ECUADOR

Have you ever been inside a running laundry machine filled to the brim with grass clippings and a fair serving of clouds? Yeah, me neither.

But when I visited the Tapichalaca Reserve (also known as the Jocotoco Reserve managed by the Jocotoco Foundation) in remote southern Ecuador, this was the distinct impression I had amidst the nearly continuous rain, absurd amount of greenery, and constantly shifting clouds.

I loaded up with cookies, cheese, bread and fruit (the ideal trekking meal, in my opinion) and boarded my bus. I was dropped off two hours later in moderate showers and thick fog on a gravel road near the reserve entrance.

I stood under a sign watching the rain until one of the gentlemen who happened to do work at the reserve ushered me through the entrance to meet his friend Franco, the local ornithologist. Soon, Ecuadorian Franco appeared, a young man with a nascent mustache, quick smile, a stocky build concealed by extensive rain gear, and a plastic container in his hand.

“Quieres a ver el Jocotoco?” (Wanna see the Jocotoco Antpitta?) he asked me.

What?!?? Unbelievable! I thought. The Jocotoco Antpitta is an extremely rare and little known bird discovered in these forests only ten years ago by Robert Ridgely, the famous birdwatcher who wrote the Birds of Ecuador field guide. I knew it was here, but due to its shy and secretive nature, I had never planned on actually seeing this bird.

“What is in the container?” I asked Franco.

“La comida del Jocotoco, lombrizes,” he told me, and opened it up to show me some of the largest worms I have ever encountered in my life. I am talking about two feet long, and fat like fingers.

I followed Franco down the gravel road, then onto some paths leading up into the rainforest. After 20 minutes or so, we stopped by a clear mountain stream, and he proceeded to place all the worms on a table-like rock. He worked quietly and intently- first snipping the mutant worms into smaller pieces, flushing them with water several times to wash away the guts, then stomping on them again and again to squeeze out more innards, flushing them with more water, repeating the process several times. Evidently the Jocotoco is a picky eater.

A little farther on, we heard the distinctive “hoo” call of our quarry. Unbelievable! I thought. We are actually going to see this sucker! Franco stopped and directed me to the side of the trail and started calling, in a soft soothing voice, within the bosom of the rain-drenched forest: “Venga venga venga” Franco called (come come come)... “Bibi bibi bibi” (the name of the female of the pair)... “Come come come” (eat eat eat). “Pablito pablito pablito” (the name of the male, said affectionately)... “venga venga venga” he repeated while occasionally tossing worm parts down the steep mountain slope.

True to Franco’s nickname, “cien por ciento seguro” (100 percent certain), Pablo the Jocotoco appeared standing on a small log near the ground, and hopped around about 4 to 6 feet away from us. Unbelievable!

Franco has been trying to approach these birds for the past year, and only in the last month had he seen them everyday. He said that when he’s there alone they come close to him and will walk over his feet. His work is for tourism and eventually he may charge a small fee of 5 dollars for the experience.

We celebrated our success with cookies and sweet hot coffee from Franco’s thermos. How sweet it was.

Brandon Breen ’03
KATAHDIN REVISITED

It all began a few years ago when I woke up one morning to find myself fifty years old, my children grown, and with a lot of extra time on my hands. It was painfully obvious that I needed to find myself some new hobbies. I began by doing more of the things that I’d always done, like running, canoeing and kayaking, but what eventually became my passion was hiking.

I began in the Adirondacks, where I had already done some hiking over the years with family members living in Lake Placid. Before long, I expanded my outings to New Hampshire’s White Mountains. After all, they were only two and a half hours from my home south of Boston; close enough to do some serious hiking with just a day trip.

As I gained more experience and confidence in my abilities, I began to think back to my days at Bates and some of my classmates who were always taking excursions into the Maine wilderness. Among the trips they took, many were to Baxter State Park and Mount Katahdin. What I remembered most was the reverence with which they described the Katahdin experience. Without exception it was considered the ultimate hiking destination in New England.

My opportunity to find out for myself came when I decided to spend a week visiting my younger daughter, who was attending UMaine at Orono. While there, I decide to spend a few days finding out just what the Katahdin experience was all about.

The first thing you notice about Baxter is its remoteness. From Millenocket, a fifteen mile drive into the woods ends at a rough dirt road and Baxter’s Togue Pond entrance. At that point, the road splits, taking you to either of the two main approaches to Katahdin. The posted speed is 20 MPH, which is seldom attained due to the road’s rugged and twisted terrain. It is immediately apparent that every effort has been taken to comply with the wishes of the park’s benefactor, Governor Percival Baxter, who dreamed of a park that would remain pristine and wild.

My first ascent of Katahdin would be from the southwest up the Abol Slide Trail. This trail takes you up a very steep slide to an area known as the Tableland. It is at this point that the real Katahdin experience hits you. The simple vastness of Katahdin is overwhelming. Upon cresting the slide, acre upon acre of boulder-strewn fields lie before you. Across the Tableland you reach another long, more gradual incline which ends at Baxter Peak, the highest point on Katahdin and the northern terminus of the Appalachian Trail.

It was the 360 degree panoramic views from here that allowed me to comprehend what my Bates classmates had been so impressed with. Before me was the famous Knife Edge with Chimney Pond far below, behind me the vast Tableland, and for miles in all directions nothing but pristine Maine wilderness.

I truly believed this experience could not be surpassed until my second ascent two days later. This hike would start from the east side of Katahdin and take me to Pamola, which forms the northeast end of Knife Edge. Upon reaching Pamola, looking across the great Souht Basin towards Baxter Peak, I was now faced with the intimidating task of traversing Knife Edge. Among hikers that that have far more experience than me, this is universally considered to be the most thrilling non-technical traverse in the east. Approximately a mile across and just inches wide in places, this would be the most challenging hike yet. With a sheer drop of hundreds of feet on each side, I will freely admit that a dry mouth and knotted stomach accompanied me most of the way across.

After that first visit to Baxter, I returned again the following year. In addition to climbing Katahdin again, I explored other mountains like Sentinel Mountain and the Owl. I also ventured up to Baxter’s Matagamon entrance in the northeast corner of the park. There are no major peaks there, but many great trails that take you into beautiful, remote wilderness areas filled with abundant wildlife.

As I spend more time in the mountains, I have come to realize how special Baxter State Park and Katahdin are. As much as I have tried to describe it, it is truly one of those places that has to be experienced to be understood and appreciated. I would urge anyone with any interest in the outdoors and nature to make a point of planning a trip there. I promise you, it won’t be your last.

Scott Sanderson ‘77
For the past 46 years Judy Marden has been an integral part of the Bates Outing Club, first as a student member in the ’60s and then later as a faculty advisor. As an avid outdoorswoman and Bates alum Judy has played a vital role in the evolution of the BOC. Rachel Hiles spoke with Judy as she looked back on five decades with the BOC and recounted some of her favorite outdoor memories.

Rachel Hiles: What were some of the highlights as your role as the BOC advisor?

Judy Marden: After I graduated from Bates I wanted to give back: to do whatever I could to support the Club that had meant so much to me as an undergraduate and throughout my whole life. In 1982, some BOC council members who knew of my history with, and love of, the BOC, approached me, first to judge snow sculptures at Winter Carnival, and then to become an advisor. I was excited about being involved with the BOC again and sharing adventures.

Getting involved with the Outing Club in 1962 when I was a Bates first-year had changed my life: I went from being a shy, bookish girl from suburban Boston to an active person who couldn’t get enough of the outdoors. I found my passion. Spending hours exploring the Maine woods, mountain climbing, canoeing, camping with outdoorsy people gave me my best Bates memories and dearest friends.

One memorable epic was a trip to Wildcat in 1984. It was early spring, but still snowy in Pinkham Notch. We rode the ski lift to the top, then went over the mountain along the Wildcat Ridge to the Wildcat Valley cross country trail—the one that ends up in Jackson. In the 80’s, our x-c skiis were primarily of the skinny wood variety, with 3-pin bindings. No telly skiis in the E-room… even if anyone had known how to telemark! Though we said the trip was for experienced skiers, once on the way down, it was clear that the definition of experience was really broad—and to add to the excitement, many of the old E-room bindings began to crumble under the challenge. The weather was bright and sunny, tempting some of us to spend too long sunbathing on the ledges facing Mt. Washington. That was OK, though—because the crispy leaders could then bring up the rear and sweep for hapless hikers whose ski repairs kept failing. As darkness fell, the last of the trippers limped into Jackson for hot chocolate at the Wildcat Inn. I will never forget gliding across the golf course at twilight, with warm pockets of spring air trapped in the hollows, and cold winds whipping the heights…then driving a van-full of snoring sleepers back to Bates. We took ‘em out—and we brought ‘em back!

Rachel: How did the BOC change over the course of the 40 years you’ve been involved?

Judy: When I first became involved, as a student, the BOC was different in several respects; first, we had Saturday morning classes, so could never depart for a trip before noon on Saturday. Our range was limited. Additionally, every trip needed a faculty or staff chaperone, and it became my task as Hikes and Trips director to find that person, or we couldn’t run the trip. Sometimes it was hard to find someone willing to give up a weekend day to come along, but it was a great way to get to know faculty and staff members in an informal atmosphere.

Every fall weekend, and most spring weekends, we ran hikes to nearby mountains: Bigelow, Tumbledown, Chocorua, Megunticook in Camden, Baldpate, Mt. Blue, and old Speck. Mt. Washington was a semi-annual event (Tuckerman’s in the spring, the summit in the fall), and attended by as many as three Greyhound busloads of students (obviously, before Leave No Trace and group impact became an issue). Seniors and friends went to Katahdin right after Commencement to camp and climb. I suspect there was more general interest among students because there were many fewer things to do on campus—and very few ways to get off campus for an overnight at all, except for camping trips.

We also began the academic year with a week’s trip to a section of the Appalachian Trail. Bates maintained about 40 miles of trail in the 60’s, so each year we did trail work on 1/4th of it. Each BOC member would therefore work on all of it over a course of four years. Our ability to maintain the trail declined with the change in the calendar to include Short Term. Suddenly, the number of students on campus during May was much smaller, and more consumed with intensive study. Bit
by bit, we gave up sections of trail to other interested maintainers.

Rachel: What do you think distinguishes the BOC from other collegiate outing clubs?

Judy: I think the fact that we have kept the BOC totally student-run over the years has contributed to its success and its endurance. Other colleges may have paid administrative staff and more perceived “support by the College,” but they also have more bureaucracy, and more resistance to flexibility—which can stifle the spirit that characterizes the BOC and BOC people! Over the years, the changes that have come to the BOC have been in response to changing student need, accomplished with a minimum of fuss, and sometimes as experiments before any structure is changed to reflect the difference.

An example of this BOC flexibility: snowshoes—always a constant—have evolved from wood and rawhide to neoprene and plastic, with attached crampons. Varnishing the snowshoes is no longer an annual task. Also, kayaks have been added to Water Sports. And from time-to-time, there are avid ice climbers and rock climbers who can share their abilities, and the inventory of equipment and selection of trips reflects that interest.

Rachel: Any favorite area for outings in Maine?

Judy: Oh Baxter, of course—Percival Baxter is my hero for protecting that great mountain—and besides, I have just returned from my annual winter pilgrimage, so it is fresh in my mind. The sight of snow-swept Katahdin against that lapis sky last Tuesday just made me shiver—and feel a hundred feet taller. It is the heart and soul of Maine. I wish every Bates student could experience the joy of at least seeing Katahdin, ideally, climbing it and crossing the Knife Edge. There are many bigger mountains all over the world, and I’ve been fortunate to see and climb some of them, but there is something uniquely special, even sacred, about Maine’s “Greatest Mountain.”

Rachel: How did being part of the BOC impact your post graduate life?

Judy: Through the BOC, I found out how much being outdoors meant to me. It still does. My careers at Bates have changed often, but my attachment to the BOC has been a constant.

Rachel: If you could write a motto for the BOC what would it be?

Judy: “BOC Forever!” Because, it is. People and Administrations come and go, and the BOC endures. It is Spirit.

Rachel Hiles ’08
What lies beyond Acadia National Park’s most well-known assets? Next time you make your trip to Acadia, steer off the beaten path. Cadillac Mountain, Jordan Pond House Popovers, Thunder Hole, and Otter Cliffs are notorious treasures. However, since I’ve lived my entire life on Mount Desert Island, I’ve discovered a few adventures that give you a real feel for the Park without the crowds.

**Best Run: Little Long Pond, Seal Harbor.**

No bikers allowed and you can have your pooch off his or her leash for a four-mile run on carriage roads. The hilly, five-mile Amphitheater Loop in Northeast Harbor is a nice alternative to the crowded Eagle Lake Loop.

**Best Swimming Hole: The Cliffs, Long Pond.**

After walking through the woods, you will find a rope swing calling for you to jump in.

**A Few Great Hikes:**

**Champlain Mountain.**

After hiking for around an hour and a half, you will find good views that overlook the island with similar to the Alps, without the crowds of Cadillac Mountain.

**Dorr Mountain.**

Across from Champlain, Dorr is a little longer and will take about two hours. The stairs on the way up make this a good work out.

**Beehive Trail.**

This hike is fun for older kids because it has rungs and ladders for most of the way. The climb isn’t too taxing, but the views and ledges can get your heart racing and give you an accomplished feeling at the top.
Elliot Mountain, Northeast Harbor.

Elliot’s base is across from my house, so I hike this trail with my dogs almost daily. It’s a great short hike (only an hour) and you spend the entire time walking along a streambed.

This list of hikes could go on, but honestly, I have yet to find a hike on the island that I haven’t liked.

**Best Bakery:** Morning Glory Bakery, Bar Harbor.

What I like to do is buy some of their sandwiches and bring them up the hike with me to eat at the summit. Morning Glory has some of the nicest workers around and is not a well known tourist stop. Log on to www.morningglorybakery.com to see what’s fresh.

**Best Places to Go by Boat:**

Islesford Dock Restaurant.

A local hotspot. Get out here for lunch, dinner, or a drink with the local fishermen. If you have a boat, you should try it out. Check out www.islesford.com for more information.

The Ducks.

Come and watch the seals while driving around the island on your boat. This is the only place around where you can see seals in the area, but beware of the smell!

Valley Cove, Somes Sound.

Tie your boat up to the mooring here and you can lie out in the sun all day. Or if you’re kayaking, go ashore and lie out on the beach. There’s little wind here, and not a strong current, so it’s a good place to relax for the afternoon after a hike.

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**Acadia National Park Guide**

Acadia National Park is located primarily on Mt. Desert Island on the coast of Maine approximately three and a half hours north of Portland and one hour south of Bangor. The park consists of a wide array of scenery including bald mountains, deep deciduous forests, rugged rocky coastline, and beautiful fresh water lakes.

The map below displays the location of the outings discussed in this article. More information on the park can be found online at www.nps.gov/acad/
TASTING THE NECTAR

I banged three times and waited. Nothing. I banged three more times and began moving my hands back and forth across the surface of the water, hoping to feel the familiar hard fiberglass bump of the boat’s bow against my hand. Still nothing. My lungs began to burn and I shamefully reached for the grab hole on my spray skirt, ripping it off and pushing myself out of the kayak. As I came up gasping for air, 20 pairs of sympathetic eyes met my arrival on the surface. It was less than graceful, to say the least. My ponytail was plastered to the side of my head in a horrific tribute to the ‘80s and every edifice on my face seemed to have sucked in gallons of water. With what little dignity I had left, I pushed my hair back into place and promptly began alternately choking, sneezing, and spitting. It was at that moment that two of the sympathetic faces nearest me crumbled into mischievous smiles, grins, and finally laughter.

On either side of me were two of my closet friends, Jacob and David. After graduating high school together the three of us began a summer job at a sea kayaking company in upstate New York. Though none of us were particularly good at kayaking when we arrived, the older guides took it upon themselves to train us, staying after hours and coming in on days off to take the three teenage rookies out on the water. We learned quickly and after about a week we were allowed to take customers out for a few hours at a time. After each day of paddling we became stronger and more comfortable in our boats, and most nights, after customers had left, the three of us would play around on the water practicing new skills. The boys fixated on learning the Eskimo Roll, a 360° roll, propelled by the use of a paddle, which begins and ends above water. Rolling allows a kayaker to avoid having to exit his/her boat (called a “wet exit”) underwater after capsizing.

Halfway through the summer, I was the only one who still hadn’t mastered this elusive skill. Or, as the boys said, I hadn’t yet “tasted the nectar.” Unfortunately for me, the two of them had taken it upon themselves to bully me until I could.

Their favorite method of torture involved one of them paddling up behind me and capsizing me when I was distracted. Then, instead of bringing the bow of their boat to the side of mine for me to grab from underwater and pull myself up (an Eskimo Rescue, signaled by my banging on the bottom of my boat and sweeping my hands along the surface of the water), Jacob and David would sit comfortably in their boats watching me struggle, hoping that I would reach for my paddle and attempt an Eskimo Roll. This near-drowning exercise was, unfortunately, part of our daily routine.

Now, bobbing in my lifejacket, I tried to maintain as much dignity as possible as I half doggy paddled, half thrashed back towards my boat and paddle. Grudgingly, I allowed David, now my arch-nemesis, to help me dump water from my kayak and then re-enter the boat. As I stretched my spray skirt back over the cockpit of the kayak I shot my former friends angry glares. As the only girl in our trio I’d gotten used to holding my own, but when it came to “tasting the nectar,” the boys were ruthless. United in their attempt to embarrass me until I learned how to save myself,
they continuously refused to rescue me, calling out, “No nectar yet?” as I inevitably bobbed to the surface after every capsize. On this particular day the boy’s favorite comedic display—in which I was the unwilling star—was performed in front of a group of 18 customers we’d taken out on a three hour paddle.

Pulling my pathetically floppy and sopping wet hat back on, I tried my best to maintain my authority as group leader—an authority which seemed to be seriously in jeopardy considering the sloppy display my customers had just witnessed. Resuming where I’d left off before I capsized, I started to answer a question that had been asked about tides on the Hudson River. An elderly man in a floppy khaki hat awkwardly steered his boat towards mine. “Try again,” he said softly. I laughed and explained that the boys loved giving me a hard time. “Try again,” he said again. I smiled and shook my head, unwilling to be humiliated a second time. Jacob paddled over, “I promise to rescue you this time if you don’t come up” he said. I looked around, a small group of customers had gathered around us, offering their encouragement and cheering me on. Peer pressure gets me every time. I took a deep breath and flicked my hips.

Hanging upside down underwater, my spray skirt keeping me from falling out of the boat, I took a second to collect myself. Going through the familiar motions I moved my paddle towards the surface of the water, placing it parallel to the side of my kayak. I shifted my hands to be sure that the paddle’s blade was parallel to the surface of the water to maximize power. Then I counted to three and pulled, twisting my body in order to roll the kayak. For a second I gasped a desperate breath of air and saw the hopeful faces around me before falling back into the water. “Again,” I thought. And again, paddle parallel to the boat, blade parallel to the surface. A gasp of air, a few blurry faces, back underwater. And again. And again. Tired and sore I decided I’d humor the elderly man one last time before bailing.

As I got into position underwater I mentally ran through all the suggestions I’d been given over the previous weeks. With my chin tucked and arms reaching for the sky I snapped my hips, and for the first time, instead of forcing my head above water I let the kayak roll and my body follow. Suddenly, I was sitting upright in my boat. Confused, I looked around to see who had pulled me up. There was no one nearby. Pulling seaweed from my hair and mouth, I glanced over at the two bullies. David grinned, “Wow. Congratulations, that was probably the ugliest roll I’ve ever seen. How does the nectar taste?”

Rachel Hiles ’08

(From Left, Jacob, Rachel and David in their kayaks)
THE TREASURE HUNT

In a 1980 Volkswagen Rabbit, a dirt road truly feels like a dirt road. Driving along such a road at 100 km/hr for 2 hours wears on the body. When the sign appeared for the Cederburg Oasis, the only youth hostel in the area, we could not have been happier. We got out of our little car and were greeted by a large man, aged by the sun, two young children, and two very friendly dogs. We had been driving for 5 hours from a hospital in Tygerberg, South Africa to the Cederburg mountains, a small region in the Western Cape where some of the best hiking and climbing in all of South Africa exists. We were all excited for a fun adventurous weekend, exploring all that the unique sandstone wilderness had to offer.

We were told where we could put our backpacks, and asked if steak, potatoes, and fresh carrots would suit us for dinner. They said a map drawing would follow. The steak was tender and the savanna dry, a local drink, was delicious. We were all pretty tired and ready for the map session but in typical South African fashion, we were instructed to go outside. Looking up at the sky that night was like looking into the heart of the solar system. I had never seen so many stars, not even hiking in New Mexico or canoeing in Northern Manitoba. It was the first time that I had seen the southern stars, and constellations such as the Southern Cross. We must have stood mesmerized for an hour, awestruck by the sky.

Finally, pulled back into reality, we gathered around one of the large tables to examine the maps. To our confusion, no maps were in sight. Instead, there was simply unlined computer paper. Our host started drawing what looked like a treasure map on the paper, and began to explain the directions to the Wolfberg cracks and the Arch. By the end of the map session I felt like I was going on a treasure hunt, to the elusive arch of South Africa.

The next morning we rose to the smell of ham steak and eggs. After being given some final pieces of advice, we were sent on our way. We drove to the entrance of the trail, and started hiking along the switchbacks that led to the first landmark. According to the map, we would go about 2 km and find a rock that looked like a 5 x 5 x 5 m cube. I was a little skeptical at first; it looked like a cartoon treasure map. To my surprise however, I soon saw what could not be described as anything but a cube, it was perfect. I grew even more excited as I realized that this “treasure hunt” was going to be the real thing.

We hiked along a sheer rock face toward the cracks, which lay etched in the rock wall ahead of us. We had been told to walk into the third crack and then climb up onto a small ledge, no bigger then 2 feet wide. When the crack finally opened up before us, we climbed in. It led to another small opening that required us to remove our bags in order to slip through. The crack gradually expanded and was about 10 feet across at the widest point. The walls towered a hundred feet over our head.
We slowly made our way through, only to arrive at our next obstacle. Three large rocks stood in our path. We had to climb over the first two, each standing about 15 feet high. With team work, we were able to get over them quickly. The last rock was about 30 feet high; our only option was to slide under it. It was barely a foot off the ground, not to mention blocked by another rock behind it. So to get through, we had to crawl on our backs until we reached the second smaller rock. There, we had to sit up to put our backs against it and slowly pull ourselves up. Getting everyone through was a deliberate process. I had to take off my shirt in order to slither my body through the small opening. It was pretty funny.

We finally reached the top of the cracks, and were greeted by a 360° view of our surroundings. It was a stunning view, rocky outcrops and sandy trails dotted the landscape. We made sure to mark the crack that would lead us back where we came from, and proceeded to follow the cairns along the rock-strewn path. In the distance we could see the arch we were so intent on reaching.

From where we were, it looked no bigger than my thumb. Though, with each mile we passed it grew steadily larger and larger. When we finally stood in front of the huge sandstone arch, it was like nothing I had ever seen before. It was a beautiful shade of orange, standing in the middle of the outcrop, tall and alone. On the map, it had been marked with a large X. We had reached the end of our trip. We had found our treasure.

Zach Risler, ’08

Opposite page: The largest sandunes in the world located in Namibia.

Top: The Arch

Photo credits: Zach Risler
Having snorkeled along dreamily for awhile with a classroom of yellow-tailed surgeonfish undulating in unison like a Chinese ribbon dance, I lift my face above the surface. A few feet in front of me, jagged jet black lava emerges wet from the gentle surf. Theropy coils of barren rock look like a giant freshly laid cow pie. Apart from a few smears of dark green algae plastered near the waterline, not a single sign of vegetation appears. The rock looks lifeless.

But then, some of the sinuous coils of rock move slowly, swaggering from side to side, making their way up the slope. Marine iguanas, backs sporting spiny crests down to their long tapered tails, march purposefully, elbows out, on splayed toes. Mona Lisa smiles are frozen on their slant-eyed faces, held in place by intricately beaded body armor. Each iguana has its own deliberate agenda, some crawling unperturbed over resting ones. Occasionally an iguana bobs its head with a macho threat, or another spews out a cloud of salt spray.

Watching, I feel I have arrived some millions of years early in the Galapagos, life just emerging from the sea, as these volcanic islands themselves had risen earlier, raw and steaming. In actuality, we have migrated in the belly of a great silver bird escaping a relentless ice age in the far north, where the temperature registered 100 degrees colder. This is indeed a different universe.

Our bird winged in at night over Quito. The sprawling fabric of the city’s street lights stretched like a hammock suspended nearly two miles high from surrounding volcanic peaks. After a short cab ride along snaking arteries lined with typical Latin American commercial buildings with their stuccoed walls, roll-up steel doors, wrought iron fences, and palm trees, we were dropped at the gate of our tidy family-run hotel. Greeted by intricately beaded body armor. Each iguana has its own deliberate agenda, some crawling unperturbed over resting ones. Occasionally an iguana bobs its head with a macho threat, or another spews out a cloud of salt spray.

We spent a day getting acquainted with old and newer parts of Quito. As varied and fascinating as the architecture are the people’s faces. Just as the Conquistadors cleverly built their churches on sacred Indian sites and incorporated revered indigenous images of sun, moon, and beasts into them, so are Ecuadorian faces sculpted on an Indian base, with an amazing variety of Spanish, Nordic, African, and a host of other seafarers’ features and pigments.

The next day, we flew the 600 miles out to the Galapagos Islands. A rather relaxed flight, we were actually served a small lunch, with steel knives and forks—mighty dangerous weapons. And the pilots’ cabin was open much of the time, some passengers wandering in to chat with the captain, I suppose. Not to worry: no self-respecting terrorist would think to crash a plane into an island full of iguanas (would they?). And this 737 was flown by TAME, the Ecuadorian military airline. I might have been more nervous if we were on the plane next to us at Quito, from the Icaro line (Icarus of course being the reckless one who lost his wings and crashed).

We land on the blindingly sunny desert island of Baltra, enter the open-walled shady terminal, and are soon rounded up by Desiree, our diminutive bronzed naturalist guide for the week. A short bus ride brings us to the harbor where Luis whisks us by motor boat, or panga, out to our new home, the Beagle.

On climbing the gangway to the deck, we are instructed to “toss your sneakers in that chest—this is a barefoot boat!” A minute later, our soles on the inviting teak deck, we quench our thirst with a mysterious tropical fruit drink and cookies. In short order, we are devouring a delicious tuna ceviche and salad lunch, one of many fine meals to emerge from the tiny galley deep in the bow. So begins our voyage on the Beagle, a 13-passenger motor-sailing yacht (only nine on this trip), with Desiree and a crew of six. By calendar it is a week’s sail, but immersed in the experience it is immeasurable—two months? an hour? Who knows? Who cares?

We gradually absorb the rhythms of the boat. At anchor to leeward of Santa Cruz the first night, we rock ever so gently in our bunks. Crossing the waves to another island, we pitch more vigorously. Making headway one evening paralleling the choppy swells, we have to clutch the dinner table to keep our plastic chairs from skittering from side to side. Crossing the wildest reach one afternoon, three of us chat loudly and happily at the bow, holding tight to our benches as the waves splash our faces. Later, back on the mainland, the earth occasionally will give unexpected lurches for several days.

We make landfall by panga each morning and afternoon, walking over lava, dry dirt, or beach sand, being watchful not to tread on the reptiles, birds, and sea lions. Each trek is as in a time warp, the wildlife unmindful of us, as if we exist in an invisible parallel universe. Only some of the protective male sea lions and a few of the migrating shore birds show any anxiety...
behind it sports a bold sign, in Spanish: “Welcome to
entrance gate with scrubby yet-to-be-developed slopes
and horses, bananas and other fruits. Halfway up, a brick
small farmsteads with block houses, stake fences, pigs
foot peak of the island. The village quickly evolves into
We pile in a van to drive up past the top of the 2500-
phone connection. catch up on e-mail at an internet cafe with an intermittent
Avenue, the dusty main street, follows the waterfront,
given jurisdiction over 97% of the land. Charles Darwin
Galapagos, established long before the National Park was
in the Puerto Ayora harbor crowded with other tour
For a change of pace one afternoon, we anchor
return for another round days later.
beaten out by a stronger young male. He then will retire
little time to eat or rest, he inevitably will tire and be
lion patrols to give the females and young a haven. With
beaches fl inging streams of sand behind them as they
disappear into freshly made nest holes. On a good
section of beach with safe sea access, a hefty male sea
lion patrols to give the females and young a haven. With
stay where they belong. We intruders climb into the
sea lions and iguanas and starfi sh and boobies and lava
snorkeling.

Early next morning, our yacht anchored off Isla
Santiago in the dark, we hear the now familiar greetings
table on the afterdeck quizzing each other on what we
saw yesterday afternoon. After one full morning with
walks on parts of two islands and some snorkeling
we slip soundlessly over the fabled equator back into
the northern hemisphere. Only the studiously watched
GPSes of Captain Oswaldo and fellow passenger and
engineer Dean, and a blast of the boat horn, confi rm our
crossing.

The last day arrives as it must. We hug, shed a tear,
share farewells. Desiree, the Beagle and her crew, the
sea lions and iguanas and starfish and boobies and lava
stay where they belong. We intruders climb into the
silver bird and migrate back to the white snowbanks,
the wood fires, the parkas, the chickadees, and the
white-tailed deer of the far north. Remind me, do the
Galapagos truly exist on the same planet?
An Interview With A Bates Ironman

While at Brunswick Multisport shopping for some gear I met a fellow Bates Grad who had an amazing life story. His name is Doug Welling, a Geology major class of 2001, and he is now a sponsored Ironman Triathlete. Doug currently lives in Bowdoin, ME with his wife Hannah and recently born son Beckham (Beck) Welling. Doug’s story is an interesting one that is not often heard of in today’s fast pace workaholic lifestyle. He balances being apart of a family and a growing business while training and competing in the world’s hardest single day event, the Ultraman Triathlon. Doug qualified and competed in the Ironman World Championships twice (2005 and 2007) and will be competing in Ironman Coeur d’ Alene in Idaho this coming June. To get an idea of the training and sacrifice that it takes to compete at such a high level I sat down and asked Doug to tell his story.

**Jason Godsell:** When you were a student at Bates College what were some of the sports and activities that you were apart of? Did you go on any great trips during your four years?

**Doug Welling:** I became a member of the Bates Rowing team my Freshman fall semester and rowed all four years while at Bates. Rowing was my first official introduction into endurance sports and the training structure necessary for success. I was always very much involved with outdoor recreation, participating in AESOP my freshman year and lead a mountain biking AESOP trip my sophomore year. Rowing did consume a lot of my time that may have been allocated to the outdoors, but I still fit in many paddling trips to the Dead, Penobsbot, and Kennebec, as well as spring skiing at Tuckerman’s.

The summer of my sophomore year, my roommate and I drove west to Montana and lived for the summer, scraping by on two part-time jobs at a bar and fitting in as much adventure as possible. That summer we kayaked the Yellowstone from the park north to Livingston, we took off on an eight day bushwhack through the Beartooth Mtn range, took horses on a fly-fishing pack trip, to name a few. It was quite a summer. My Junior year, spring semester, I studied abroad at the University of Otago, New Zealand, rowed for the University of Otago, studied geology and tramped around much of the South Island and can’t wait to get back there some day.

**Jason:** What is it about triathlons that made you want to compete in an Ironman competition and make this sport apart of your lifestyle?

**Doug:** As I started competing in triathlon I realized my body type and mindset favored the longer distances. I still enjoy Sprint and Olympic distance triathlon events, but moving to the longer events was a natural progression. I still remember being a child and watching the Ironman World Championships in Kona, Hawaii on television. I was sitting with my Father’s lap and can remember him being in awe of the event. I simply couldn’t wrap my mind around the distances or why someone would want to partake, but the allure was always there and in the back of my mind. Also, the way triathlon is structured, other than qualification for the Olympics, the qualification for Ironman Worlds in Kona is very prominent and naturally becomes a significant goal if you are competing at the distance.

It is difficult to balance with family, work, etc. My first Ironman preparation was very different from what I do currently. At that time I was living in Boulder, CO and pretty much trained full-time among other activities such as eating and sleeping properly. I don’t think that it was very healthy, however, and have since found that balance can still yield fast times and a more rewarding experience as a whole.

**Jason:** What were the most enjoyable parts of your training for the Ironman and how much time did you spend training for each specific part?

**Doug:** I thoroughly enjoy the long bike rides that I try to incorporate 1 day/week during preparation. These range from 4 to 8 hours, but the distance traveled is great fun. You can pick a location, like today I’m going to head to Bar Harbor and just take off. It’s very cool to travel 100+ miles with the bike as the mode of transportation. These rides also allow a great deal of internal dialogue, self reflection, and sometimes meditation.

“I went out for a run in the early AM to get the legs moving and as I was just finishing an interval I was passing a bathroom that was part of the Disney Parks campground. I decided to relieve myself, and the next thing I knew I was waking up without any of my front teeth and blood pooling on the bathroom floor.”
Jason: What was your mental preparation like coming into the week of the competition? Was it difficult to stay on track?

Doug: The most difficult part of final race preparation is not training. It sounds strange, but the body begins to rely upon endorphin release. Fitting one last long workout in the last weeks is tempting for all, but is sure to sabotage a breakthrough performance. The final week is all about rest. For myself I try to incorporate race day visualization and try to avoid crowds of athletes at expos, registration, etc. You can feel the nervous energy when you get around a group like that.

Jason: What was it like entering the water in a mass start with hundreds of other people all fighting for the quickest time?

Doug: In Ironman competitions they now start between 2200 and 2600 athletes all at the same time, which does create a space problem over that first mile of the swim. I have struggled with this as my swimming background was none (until after college). There is a lot of contact for the first ~30 min. of the swim and then groups of like paced swimmers begin to sort out. I really try to focus internally and aggressively keep my own space in the water.

Jason: Were there any major problems or hardships that you had to overcome through training and the race itself?

Doug: Over the last years of training there have been a few set backs/adversities, but fortunately all have been fairly minor in retrospect. While training and residing in Santa Barbara, CA, I was struck by a car while on the bike. The bike and wheelset were completely totaled, but personal injuries were minor. The most traumatic experience came two years ago while competing in a Half Ironman in Orlando, FL. (condensed version of the story) My wife and I had driven down, I went out for a run in the early AM to get the legs moving, including a few shorter race pick up efforts and as I was just finishing an interval I was passing a bathroom that was part of the Disney Parks campground. I decided to relieve myself, and the next thing I knew I was waking up without any of my front teeth and blood pooling on the bathroom floor. The quick cessation of effort combined with the fluid loss of the urine had knocked me out cold. I dropped to the floor face first and knocked out my front row of teeth. I then had to go to the ER in Disney for treatment via ambulance, then to an oral surgeon on the other side of Orlando to have my teeth wired back in. I then raced two days later with major oral pain and worries of getting kicked into my wired teeth/face during the swim. (I know it’s a strange story, kind of wish it had been a bar fight and not a urinal, but…)

Jason: What was going through your mind during the final marathon and how did you concentrate on finishing strong for the last 26.2 miles?

Doug: As a race progresses I find myself slowly segmenting the race into smaller and smaller digestible pieces. At first it’s “lets get to the 5 km mark”, then it’s “lets just get through the next mile or to the next aid station”, then it’s “one foot in front of the other” or simple focus on breath. I do my best to generate positive thoughts or positive “self-talk” through the latter half of the marathon. If I can repeat a mantra over and over again to the effect of “this is fun!” or “quick, light, strong” it makes a world of difference.

Jason: Did you have a support team there to help you or did you have to do everything from trip planning/packing to transition setup?

Doug: I’ve been very fortunate to have a great deal of support from family and friends. First and foremost is my wife for encouraging and assisting with all the training balance. My mother has also been a great fan and supporter through every Ironman event. On the nutritional side, I’ve been sponsored for the past three years by Powerbar who has fueled my training and racing during that time frame. My brother, Dan Welling, also a Bates Graduate ['78], competed in his first Ironman this summer (Lake Placid), which made for a very rewarding experience to race on the same day. He has also been incredibly supportive, on course at every other Ironman I’ve competed in when not racing himself.

This summer I have plans to race Ironman Coeur d’Alene in Idaho with Rick Brown, class of ’00. This will be his first Ironman and I’m very excited to share in the adventure.

To finish off the interview, Doug stated that his first and foremost goal in life is to be the best father and husband possible, while still balancing active triathlon pursuits and furthering his own career as a coach. As a Bates Graduate Doug has far exceeded what most would consider an “outdoors lifestyle” and his balance between family and training is a remarkable combination that has become a formula for success in competition.

Jason Godsell ’08
It’s six thirty on a cold near-winter morning on a ranch in north-western Texas and the sun has yet to rise. Twelve of us cowpunchers are sitting around on our horses waiting for the cold, reluctant orb to illuminate the horizon so that we can start the long day of work ahead of us. I’ve already been up for nearly three hours and a cold wind blowing out of the southwest is chilling my tired bones.

Little do I know that it’s about to get worse. By ten thirty in the morning we’ve gathered up nearly 400 head of cattle spread out over more than fifteen hundred acres of pasturelands and, as a cold blue-norther starts blowing in, I am hunched over the pommel of my saddle, thinking about warmer days that have long since gone.

On this particular day my good-hearted, but somewhat befuddled boss, has decided to gather the cattle to a pen located in the middle of a pasture far from any house, and there sort the babies from the mamas. In order separate them properly, he lets the cows escape from the pen while keeping the calves inside. My job, and that of the ten other cowboys nearby, is to make sure that none of the calves escape, and if they do, to chase them down, rope them, and drag them back to the pen without letting the cows make a run for freedom. Managing the cattle requires that we sit on our horses and watch as the cows, who are moaning and lamenting the loss of their babies, mill around inside the little enclosure we’ve created. It is bitterly cold as we sit there, and on occasion we are tempted to let one escape from our circle just so that we can revel in the thrill of chasing it down.

We have been in roundup now for a little over a week, and though I’ve now been a cowboy for not much more than a month, I already feel like an old hand. The learning curve for becoming a cowboy is very sharp and cowboys still abide by the same mantra for dealing with greenhorns like me as they did 100 years ago. Colby, one of the cowboys I lived with in my time there, explained it to me kind of like this, “Wally, cowpunchin’s tough, one of them cows, even the baby ones, could trample all over you, and most horses would love nuthin’ more an ‘buckin’ you right off. Yup, cowpunchin’s a mans job and if you ain’t tough, you shore will be by the time yer through.”

The fact that I have even begun to be accepted as a member of the cattle-herder’s fraternity is in itself no less than a miracle. Suffice it to say that at the onset, the stars were not aligned in my favor. The ranch that I was working on was the ranch that mommy and daddy inherited as absentee owners, I had hardly ever ridden a horse, and though I probably spend more time outside than much of my generation and consider myself somewhat of an outdoorsman, I was still not in anyway a country boy. I was indeed quite nervous about how I would fit in with experienced cowhands.

After two cold hours Swazey finally announces that we’ve at last finished the long and tedious task of weaning. Thus ends the morning’s activities and we can now enjoy, for the fifth day in a row, a lunch of rice, beans and ground beef. At least I can dismount my horse, rest, and warm up.

The American West is replete with some of the most undeniably beautiful scenery on earth. The rolling prairie of the Texas Panhandle where the ranch is located is not one such place- at least not initially. For most Americans The Plains are the heart of fly-over country, the vast, empty, boring wasteland between the two coasts. Though I had been to our ranch on an almost yearly basis during my childhood, I had never been able to appreciate the special place that it is during these short visits. At the time I saw the ranch as most visitors to this harsh landscape see it: flat, desolate, treeless, crawling
with rattlesnakes, and, at least for me, far too removed from the mountains that I loved.

On the drive out from Colorado, such was my idea of the ranch, and as we drew nearer, I was, as most people are, overwhelmed by the sheer size and total emptiness of the place. “Out here it’s just oceans of grass and no sign of man as far as the eye can see.” I was told shortly after arriving, “Ain’t it beautiful Wally?” Beautiful, not exactly; terrifying, yes, especially to think that for 4 months I’d be living 22 miles from the nearest sizable town, 16 miles from the nearest highway, 6 from the nearest house and to the mailbox, and 4 from the dumpster where I’d put my trash. It’s easy to imagine that I was less than overjoyed to be there, and I envisioned spending most of my time there wondering what I had done to deserve this fate.

After lunch, now that we’ve finally finished sorting the cattle, we need to process and brand all 400 of them. The job is dusty and dirty, and when you’re not getting covered in excrement kicked up by frantic cows, you’re constantly surrounded by the sounds of tremendous cow suffering and the smell of burning cow flesh. To brand a cow you must, against its stubborn will and considerable strength, force it, by any means possible, to enter the branding machine, a wrought iron death cage that squeezes the life out of the cow. The cow prod is the preferred tool for this job, and its powerful voltage is as cruel as it is effective. Once in the machine, the poor cow is subjected to 90 seconds of hell— injections, cuts, scrapes, proddings and the dreadful branding, all of which are meant to insure that the cow lives another year before ultimately becoming ground beef. I’ve long since gotten over how cruel this process seems, and by now the tedious monotony of such repetitive tasks almost makes me relish dispensing bursts of electricity into a helpless cow’s hindside.

At first glance, the flat sterile prairie of the Panhandle can easily be mistaken for a wasteland. Indeed the seemingly lifeless and barren environment definitely takes some getting used to. This is not a land of the kind of grandiose scenery that could grace the cover of a coffee table book. It is however undeniably and vibrantly alive and filled with one of the most incredibly varied arrays of wildlife on the continent. Furthermore, its general lack of trees and topography makes it a land of endlessly vast expanses and unblemished skies stretching out to limitless horizons. The infamously cloudless weather means that twice daily the sky is painted with vivid shades of crimson and orange whose brilliance is rivaled only by that of the stars that blanket the sky every night. In summer, while thunderclouds soar to the heavens to create a glorious sound and lights display of the full force of nature’s fury, the prairie blooms with a plethora of verdant wildflowers; and in winter when the prairie in frost doth lay, icy air from the arctic brings the occasional snow storm that turns the world into an ocean of white stretching as far as the eye can see. The land is truly and unbelievably beautiful, but it is only so to those who have the patience to intimately know and appreciate it.

Few people know the prairie and its beauty better than the brave souls who live and work in this untamed land at the fringes of civilization; and through the rigors of daily life in such a place, they have evolved to be as tough as the lives they are forced to lead. Though it may be true that major cities have sprung up in some unlikely places, and paved roads and power lines now criss-cross the West, in rural areas the West little has changed in the past hundred years. Looking out from the window of the tiny ranch house that has become my home, the landscape I see is the same as when the ranch was founded at the turn of the last century. People still seldom go into town, choosing to forgo the general comforts of living close to civilization in exchange for the chance to spend a lifetime living in tune with nature in the heart of the rugged prairie they’ve learned to love. Living in isolation and solitude has taught the cowboy to be tightlipped and laconic. When they do however open
their mouths it is to be brutally honest, often to the point of being blunt. “We ain’t sugarcoaters Wally,” I was once told, “if you were ugly I’d have no problem telling you to your face.” Truer words have rarely been spoken, and such is the tradition in a place where tough love is a way of life. Such is the spirit of the West, that honest, tough, hardworking, men and women can live a worthy and rewarding life in a land that is often unforgiving and cruel.

After six hours of branding, we’ve finally finished, and another day of hard labor has come to a close. On the drive home I realize that I’ve come to accept that at least for now, this is my life, and I’m proud to admit that this place has become a part of who I am. Here, living in this wilderness in very much the same way they have for the last hundred years, are hardworking, principled, honest men who work hard for every dime they earn, all the while loving what they do. I was often told that, “Cowpunchin’s the greatest job a man can do in this in the world and there ain’t nuthin’ we’d rather be doin’.” For these men, living and working outdoors, indeed, overcoming the harsh, untamable world in which they live, is not only their greatest challenge, but also their greatest passion.

More than two months later, I’m sitting on top of the ranch feeder watching my last gorgeous Texas sunset. My father has come down to spend my last weekend in Texas with me before driving me home to Colorado the following morning, and though he can appreciate the glory of the moment at hand, he will most likely never be able to intimately appreciate the prairie for all of its beauty. As the sun sets I am sad to realize that a chapter or my life is ending, a chapter that wasn’t necessarily the easiest but that I think will end up being one of the most rewarding. Tomorrow I depart from this place to embark on new and exciting adventures, and though I am looking forward to them, I know that I will miss this harsh, vast, empty land that I have learned to respect and love.

William “Dots” Loopesko ’10

THE E-ROOM ROUND UP ‘08

For yet another year, the E-Room, and the somewhat questionable gear within its walls, remains one of the most important services that the Outing Club provides to the Bates Community. As always, we’ve been very busy this year, as countless Batesies come in to check out our surprising array of straight neon skis. This year’s young staff is often eager to help, but can often be distracted by the game of “stump,” an outing club tradition as old as the club itself. The staff this semester consists of Bennett Flanders ’10, whose devotion to the E-Room is exceeded only by the length of hair, and our three hard-working first years, Rob Friedman, Lauren Levanovich, and Nick Silverson. One of our most exciting new developments this year is the use of Geartracks in the E-Room. Geartracks is an Internet-based software program that will help us to inventory our gear and customers, check in and out our gear, and send out e-mail messages when gear is overdue. The program will make our checkout process more effective and ensure that the gear is returned on time. This way, more students will benefit from the services the E-Room provides. And so goes the rhythm of daily life in the E-Room as gear continues to flow in and out of the E-Room walls.

William “Dots” Loopesko ’10, Senior E-Room Director
Cycling Mount Washington


Last Friday, about five of us from the Bates Outing Club decided to take on a little undercover mission. The objective was to bicycle from the base to the summit of Mt. Washington. As I am sure you’ll remember, cycling on the auto-road is not allowed except by racers on the day of the auto road hill climb bike-race, and even then, no one is allowed to bike down.

To accomplish our endeavor, we left Bates College at 7:30 pm and arrived at the base of the mountain at 10:00 pm. The plan was simple: we wanted to ride all night and summit by 4:00 in the morning or else we would turn back. Most important: don’t be caught or seen. We scouted the approach – the road goes across a bridge, under a gate, and by a few buildings before crossing a field and turning uphill and into the woods. Well, we made the crossing safely and sprinted away from the highway to begin the 7.6 mile climb. After ten minutes of riding, we took a break, hoping our heart rates would drop below 100 beats per minute sometime again in our lives.

Slowly the night progressed and we made our way biking (and walking at times). The trip was beautiful. It seemed like many stars were shining upon our road… for a while at least. Clouds moved in on the 5th mile. By the 6th, a stiff breeze was upon us. The seventh mile saw patches of black ice beneath our tires. It was 2:00 am, and the formerly well-paved road was turning icy and impossible to ride on. Our hopes of summiting Mt. Washington by bike were vanishing in the cold, windy air. And let me tell you – it sure was cold!

After realizing that we could not continue on, we huddled by our bikes, donned more clothes, and discussed our options. After careful consideration, we realized there was one thing to do. Make a run for it. The summit. We left the bikes right by the road and just stood them up in the snow (by the way, there was snow on either side of the road). With the change in locomotion, we decreased our turn around cut off to 3:30 am, but it turns out this wouldn’t be needed.

After an hour of hiking, we reached the summit of Mt. Washington at 3:00 am. The weather was fierce. From the cog railway tracks at the top, we couldn’t even see the summit building - only the lights by the doors. The summit resembled the surface of the planet Hoth. We certainly didn’t spend much time on top. We touched the summit sign, shared some frozen smiles, and headed down.
For the first time in too many winters, the state of Maine received enough snow to bury our mountains under a blanket of snow; real snow that fell from the sky, not the velvety grease filled crap that shoots out of a gun like a “whip-it” gone wrong. It was a slow start for the natural stuff in November, but after a two week fast followed by 67 consecutive hours of snow dancing, the snow gods gave up the goods and December came to the party with a record snowfall. This resulted in overfilled ski vans, lowered GPAs, and lots of sick days.

The new year started off strong with a two foot January storm that rivaled any in recent memory, coming in light as Dots’s beard and deeper than Zand’s pretend voice of authority. Just as it looked like we may have duped global warming and Al Gore began drafting a resignation, the January thaw hit, bringing with it warm temperatures more painful to face than the endless sea of goofy looking jibbers in the park; wearing their matching ski suits reminiscent of a bad Barney nightmare in a pile of last night’s tacos. When things started to look grim, the “Mustachio Bashio” came to the rescue, and true to form, Bates College took the mountain by storm. The wave of men and women sporting heinous costumes and even uglier mustaches caused fathers to hide their daughters and mothers to, well, let’s just say some of the mothers got a little bit too wrapped up in the celebration (a celebration that involved a tight pink and black one piece ski suit, a meager amount of chest hair, and an overzealous tongue). Most of what happened that day cannot be explained, but it did result in the return of winter and a drop in the number of applicants for the Bates Class of 2012.

Since the middle of January, the snow pack has continued to thicken and it is shaping up to be a well-endowed spring season of both extraordinary length and girth. One trip to Tuckerman’s Ravine is already in the bag with many more planned for the upcoming weeks after the snow softens and the official corn harvest begins. Nine Bates skiers and snowsurfers will also be venturing up to the Chic Choc mountain range in Canada over April break to lay some Bobcat Hickory down before the Canucks realize their mistake in allowing eight skiers (some of them without heelpieces) and one crazy snowsurfer across the border.

If these trips are anything like the rest of the season has been, then it is sure to be a good time and any association with Bates College should be denied at all costs.

From an equipment perspective, the E-Room was sorry to say goodbye to its prized paperweight, the ski grinder, but filled the void with a shiny new tuning bench. We were also able to add to our diverse selection of ski boots with some new alpine boots. In addition to the new boots, we will be purchasing a few new pairs of alpine skis and poles during end of season sales. This will leave us in good shape, seeing as the skis in our current collection are already pushing the limits of technology and ski engineering with their radically misshapen bases and semi-functional bindings. Overall, a very successful winter on the hickories side of things with good snow, out of control riding, and an overall disregard for safety or image. Until next winter, go make some turns - and if you can’t, go somewhere where you can.
DANGER:
FALLING ZORROS

The ski lift operator slowed the lift down to let the stupid guy with a plastic cape and mask slowly stumble his way to the loading spot. Due to the first thunderstorm in February ever, my costume supplies for the pre-Mustachio Bashio ski trip were rather limited. I’d never been that creative, but I was settled on Zorro, the mysterious southwestern crime fighter, and all I had around the house that day were trash bags. I figured any hat I brought to Sunday River would get lost, but I managed to put together a sturdy heavy-duty garbage bag quality black mask and cape. I even had a matching black ski outfit and neon green ski boots, fresh from the E-Room.

I must say I was reasonably impressed with my performance in line for the lift (I only bumped into 3 people), and after the operator slowed the lift down, I was able to get on a chair with 3 other people. The woman next to me was so disturbed by my appearance she was completely silent – that is, until the guy on my other side asked who the hell I was supposed to be. Upon hearing my answer (“Zorro, of course”), the woman told her son to stay away from me. This was good advice, because it was basically my first time on skis. Well, at least I have ski poles, those should help, I thought to myself. That thought did not last long.

While I managed to get my skis onto the wooden ramp, my ski pole, strapped to my right wrist, got caught underneath. Consequently, I was catapulted off the chairlift and onto the ground. I lost a ski in the process, and was left trying to crawl out of the way of the next load of skiers. As I tried to take off my remaining ski, a “perfect” skier behind me jeered “Get out of the way, Batman!” This could have easily been the low point of my existence. Fortunately, however, I took the high road and kindly informed Mr. Huge-jerk-who-clearly-has-never-fallen-on-his-skis-before-in-his-life that I was dressed as Zorro, not Batman. I mean, come on, who ever heard of Batman with a mustache?

Finally getting out of the way, I found my way to the map of the ski trails. I made it back down to lodge in about an hour and half (spending most of that time on my backside). I discovered how to turn by the final 150 yards of the slope. I was rather proud of my first ever run: I only knocked over two girls the whole way down. Aside from a few awkward questions and the occasional parents ushering their kids away from me as quickly as possible, I’d say my first experience skiing went quite well.

My newly acquired experienced advice to first time skiers: Don’t dress up in a ridiculous costume… and don’t get your pole stuck at the top of the lift… and don’t knock people over, either.

Bennett Flanders ‘10
During February break of 2008, Zand Martin ’08 (trip leader), Helon Hoffer ’08, Zach Risler ’08, John Leavitt ’08, Graham Jones ’09, Nathalie Woolworth ’10, and Shackleton (the trip skull), embarked on a four day winter camping trip to the Rangley Lakes.

The dying of the year has come and gone, and now all is cased once more in ice and deep snow. The season has been cold, and the ice is three feet thick in some places—strong enough to hold up 50 tons with ease; our few hundred pounds surely slides along unnoticed. In summer, the wind blows large waves into existence, here now in winter the wind has no water to work its will upon and instead pushes on the new fallen snow, scrapping it from the ice surface with a relentless fury. We walked slowly, the factory-fake babiche and ash of our snowshoes crunching and squeaking on the crust of the covered lake. Each of us dragged our load with ease, all leaning forward not so much to keep tension on the traces of our pulks, but rather to keep the wind from blowing us off balance and down. It was 20 degrees below zero under clear blue skies.

The first night was clear and cold. With the wood stove cracking along inside the light canvas tent, we read Jack London by candle light and relaxed in t-shirts, the bright white moonlight showing the stove smoke’s shadow on the tent wall. Sausages sizzled in a fry pan, the smell of sweet blueberry bannock wafted up from the reflector pan, and six pink and eager faces glowed in yellow candle light. In going to the wilderness, true experience comes not from surviving, but from thriving and living comfortably. In winter, this is amplified a hundredfold.

From a distance, the lake is a single, endless plate of featureless white, but up close it shows surprising variation. From the time the ice first arrives until mid-winter, the water level drops as much as four feet. The effect of this is apparent where the thousand ton ice sheet has settle on exposed boulders and been there effectively punctured through. The cracked pimples are numerous, and vary as much as any two rocks would; most, however, bare out a cross-section of the accumulated ice and snow, and in places give out the sounds of moving water. The same effect is displayed along shore, where
the ice is reduced to resting on the sloping shore and being wind loaded with snow. On a larger lake pressure ridges would erupt from the constantly expanding, contracting, and shifting ice sheet, here the energy is not great enough to extend beyond the numerous and oft-heard but always indescribable sounds that lift from the moving sheet beneath one’s feet. They are sounds seemingly better felt than heard, alternating from the sharp wahh-tungg to the deep bass whoommp of the settling ice.

In winter, the wilderness is close; it is right up around you whether you wish it to be or not. The cold months offer little consolation to the unprepared or inexperienced, and what once may have been a benign environment seemingly close to civilization is now much more distant. It gives the prepared and open a chance at solitude and intimate connection with an aspect of the natural world few will ever witness fully.

In contrast to the almost snowless ice, the white dappled forest had held its share close and away from the whip of the wind. On the lake the snow is only an inch or so deep, but in the protection of the trees one is not surprised to occasionally posthole to mid-thigh or waist in snow so dry it is mostly air. The tracks of hares and the occasional moose are apparent, moose sign sometimes seen where the scat has melted down a foot or more. These animals know how to stay warm in these frigid temperatures with nothing but fur and metabolic heat both generated from edible materials located with a hundred yards of where they slept the night before; we humans rely on clothing and food that is almost invariably derived in some way-possible directly- from oil; the final product of a 10,000 mile long petroleum production chain and who knows how many factories and refineries.

It is because of this that to tromp off from camp and up the snowy hillside and there free a half-fallen hemlock or spruce or fir from the forest tangle—it good and quick burning wood, cracked and dry under slowly flecking bark- and then drag it back to be limbed, bucked, split, and otherwise made ready for the stove and dinner is such a satisfying process. It enacts a lost connection.

Zand B. Martin ’08
There’s a word skiers use to describe days like today. EPIC. An EPIC day is a rare occasion when the weather, snow, and timing conspire to make the most perfect skiing experience. Some EPIC days turn up when you’re not expecting them. Other days are easier to see coming when its been snowing all night and the storm is coming in and all you have to do is put yourself in its way to have a good time.

An EPIC day doesn’t come along all that often. You need just the right conditions, the right company, and the right place to make it happen. But when it does happen, there’s nothing better. No chemical high can match the feeling of the perfect powder turn, or the joy of snow falling lightly on your cheeks, or the beauty of a mountaintop view. This is the story of my most EPIC day ever.

I groaned as the alarm blared in my ear, blasting me back to the land of the living. Where was I? Oh yea, that’s right, I was in Alta, Utah, one of the last great untouched ski resorts in the country. Accompanying me on my adventure was my best friend and accomplice in crime, Marina Vornle von Haagenfels. Marina is as fast on skis as her name is long, and we’re ready to get some serious skiing in. We had arrived at the Alta Lodge only three hours earlier, holding on for dear life as the Airport shuttle attempted to ascend the access road that was already buried in three feet of snow. We got in just before they closed the road for all traffic, and had hunkered down amidst our skis and packs on our friend’s floor for the night.

We ate a leisurely breakfast with the Lodge crew, sharing tips on where the best snow could be found while we waited for the mountain to come off Inter-Lodge Lockdown. Avalanche Lockdown happens when the Avi Safety Crew deems sections of the mountain unsafe for skiing. A full Inter-Lodge Lockdown means only one thing, Powder. And lots of it.

Our morning runs were hard as we adjusted to the altitude change. I caught Marina sucking wind a few times, exhausted after only a couple of turns in the gorgeous fluffy powder. But as we grew used to the thin air, we became more confident, charging harder and faster in the hopes of face shots and thigh deep powder.

After a quick stop for lunch, we were back out and ready to take on the serious snow. The back bowls of Alta had remained closed all morning, but an old friend and coach who worked the Ski Patrol had given me the inside tip that they would be opening in the afternoon. We lined up at the entrance of the East Castle Bowl, and waited. When gates opened, it was like a flood of excited skiers, everyone rushing and pushing to get in a good position. After a few laps of hiking and gorgeous turns, the snow was starting to get tracked out and fresh lines were harder to find.

Marina and I decided to take a run off the chairlift, to give our burning legs a break. We jumped on the Supreme lift, put on our goggles, working our goggle tans. As I looked out over the Alta Blue skyline, a color so pure it can’t be replicated, I noticed something. Just off the run below us was a cliff that ran out into a gully and opened up into a little slab of untouched powder. You couldn’t see it from the trail and it looked as if the only way to access it was shimmy along the top of the cliff and drop into the gully from the side. Did we dare take on the challenge?

Marina and I stood at the top of the run, trying to figure out how best to access the unnoticed and untouched haven of fluffy powder. After some discussion, we decided that we would have to skirt the edge of the cliff which was a mere two feet wide, and avoid the rock run off below by jumping into the gully. Marina went first. She pushed off, gathering some speed before carefully crossing the cliff. I held my breath as she disappeared from view. After a few tense moments, I heard her delighted shout, and quickly followed. About halfway across the lip of the cliff, Marina’s head popped into view. She shouted for me to stop as I hugged the mountainside, pulled out her camera, and snapped a picture. We skied and hiked that secret stash all afternoon; making perfect figure eight turns in the snow, one after the other, until it was completely tracked out.

An EPIC day is rare, and doesn’t come around all that often. When it does, make sure you make it count. Ski until your legs feel like Jello, until your lungs ache from trying to suck in oxygen, until your cheeks hurt from smiling so hard.

This was an EPIC day. Check out the grin for proof. Ear to ear.

Lindsay Thomson ‘10
FLY FISHING IN MAINE

When we talk about smallmouth bass, my Grandfather often says, “They may not be the biggest fish you can get in Maine, but they sure are strong little bastards.” This is true. The smallmouth bass is one of the most fun fish to wrangle for any level of sport fisherman. These pugnacious creatures can be found quite easily in right near our back door, particularly in the Penobscot River.

Ever since I was a boy, my grandfather would schedule dates during the summer months on which he would take my brothers and I fly-fishing on the Penobscot. It was during these exciting, often expletive filled excursions that I developed a great affinity for fishing on this river.

There are many great spots on the river where you can launch your own canoe and head out to fish. This way, while fun, can also be very labor intensive, as dealing with the current and finding the spots in your own boat can eat away at valuable fishing time.

It’s worthwhile to cough up a little cash and go with a guide. A good guide will not only help you hone your fly fishing technique, but will know ahead of time where the best spots are, and at what times the fish will be the most active. They will be a big help in selecting flies as well, and of course, they’ll take care of the boat.

Smallmouth are often caught just off the bank of the river, but can also be found in other areas. When fishing on the Penobscot, the most effective method is to float down along the bank. With a “spider” fly (often made of foam as to float on the surface and simulate a spider or any similar bug), a fisherman can get his line as close to the bank as possible. You may even have luck just a few inches offshore. Then, keeping the line taut as possible, float the fly along the bank, jerking it intermittently to simulate live movements. The idea is to make the fish believe the lure is a water-bug, or maybe a spider or insect that has fallen off a bush or tree on shore into the water. Getting a hit with this kind of fly is exciting. You will see the fish ‘rise’ and grab the fly in a bubbling splash on the surface. One should then lift the rod-tip up quickly to set the hook, and settle in for the fight.

Another good place to use this kind of fly would be in a little estuary where small streams empty into the river. Here, the fish may be expecting some prey to be washed down from farther inland, so a floating fly can be effective.

Another type of fly that’s good to use is known as a “popper”. It gained this name because of the popping sound it makes when it is tugged sharply under the surface. This noise helps attracts the fishes’ attention. Unlike a spider fly, a popper will not float on the surface but sink. These are good around the banks as well and can also be used while trolling.

The state of Maine has many great fishing spots just waiting to be discovered. With a little effort and a little preparation, it’s easy to get out and enjoy them!

Edward Sturtevant ’11
and drawing
Photo: Carter Kindley ’11

Smallmouth Bass
Two weeks ago I stood at the top of Mount Wolverine. Located in between Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons, Mount Wolverine overlooks Alta, Snowbird, Solitude, Grizzly Gulch, and several other 11,000 foot peaks. Though these mountains are small compared to those of Colorado, British Columbia, or Alaska, the snow that settles on their slopes is something special. There is a reason Utah is known for the best snow on earth. This season has been incredible. As of the end of February, current Utah snow totals exceeded those of last year and the mountains are poised on the brink of a record season. Alta has recorded 520 inches thus far and, with two months left in its official recording season, will likely receive upwards of six or seven hundred inches.

The views from Mount Wolverine were breathtaking. Five hundred inches of snow piled on 11,000 feet of rock, filling in chutes and couloirs as far as the eye could see. There is a segment in Warren Miller’s Cold Fusion that features Mount Wolverine and the Wolverine Cirque. Though short, it is an impressive display of Utah’s backcountry and the local guys that ride there. I have “lived the dream” vicariously for a long time, watching ski movies, drowning my early season jonesings in TGR, Matchstick, Meathead and Warren Miller films. I started going to Warren Miller premiers with my dad a few years ago as a kick off to the season, sharing the dream with him in a unique bond between father and son – a devoted teacher and the pupil that grew up and became better than his father. I have spent many a winter afternoon dreaming of shredding big mountain lines, going to places where the snow is endless. Like many East Coast kids, I viewed the West as the Holy Grail of U.S. skiing, a place where the mountains are big, the snow is endless and you can prove your grit against the real thing.

On this particular day a few weeks ago, at the top of Mt. Wolverine, there were few concerns. Danger was low and had been for the past several days and our only concerns were in finding soft snow unaffected by sun and nighttime refreezing. We had lunch at the summit with a group of people had cut work for the day to enjoy the sun in the mountains and escape the city. The air was cool and clean and the sun was warm. Our goal was to ski down the east face of Mount Wolverine onto the ridge which forms the Wolverine Cirque. From there our aim was to enter one of the many couloirs and chutes lining the northern face. It is in this area that Cold Fusion’s Brighton segment was shot, and where my skiing dream has become at least partially fulfilled.

My two friends and I picked a couloir about halfway across the ridge. With a six foot cornice at its entrance, it required dropping into a 50 degree section before mellowing to an upper thirties pitch, weaving through that cannot be attained by skiing inside resort boundaries.
opting out of the spine and the cliff. These two guys are impressive free heelers, one of them a local from Park City, the other an East Coaster like myself. Watching them, I planned out my line, concluding from their decisions that the cliff was no good—the landing was way too sketchy. I dropped in after they skied to the safe zone, came to the spine and, skiing it as far as I could, bailed off a small drop just before the cliff and skied into an open bowl, carving a few large turns before finishing the line.

It was exhilarating. Having hiked for the run made the descent that much more exciting. I idolize skiers in the movies for hiking mountains to enjoy backcountry runs, and in doing the same, I lived a dream that I had never believed possible. In reality, it’s not that impressive. Any skilled skier who is willing to work for their turns and is confident in their ability can ski what we did. But to do it with friends and to realize a dream was amazing. Skiing has a unique ability to make me feel like a kid again. That may not mean much coming from someone who is 22—in truth, my childhood isn’t yet lost to the past. However, when we are young, simple things make us happy; sunny days, playing in the mud or an ice cream treat. And as the ranking old-timer in Grumpy Old Men says to his son, “All you have, see, is the experiences. That’s all there is to everything, the experiences.” I guess this is one experience that will stick with me till I die and which, I hope, will be accompanied by many more like it.

I think that, to a certain extent, all skiers are soul skiers. We pursue the sport in our own way, but each of us shares a love and a joy for every moment of every day that we are on the hill. I have never had a bad ski day—I’ve had a few that weren’t what I had expected or what I had hoped for, but none that were truly bad. And I find myself relating more and more to the “Joey” with jacket open, flailing in the wind, ski poles tucked up in the awkward racer stance, sporting a big dumb smile on his face. Joey is in the moment, loving what he’s doing and damning every steezed-out gear head who has forgotten what it means to really be a skier.

I remembered this feeling standing at the bottom of the Cirque, putting my skins back on and getting ready to do it all again, in the sun, with friends. Utah is great, skiing is better, skiing with friends the best. Cheers to all my fellow skiers at Bates living the dream—skiing.

Tom Bowden, ’09

Mt. Superior from the summit of Mt. Wolverine through the skis of the author and his friends.

Photos: Tom Bowden
After the great success of last year’s privately funded jib rail in the side-yard of Turner house, the Outing Club, ever eager to one-up itself, generously funded a project to create a “rail-yard” in the side yard between Wilson and Pierce houses on Frye street.

Ever eager to strap into our snow gear, construction was completed by late October due to a valiant effort led by BOCers Chris Morell ‘8.5, Peter Marsters ‘8.5, Will Gardner ’09, Luke Hasselbeck ’09 and Dots Loopesko ‘10. The finished rail, a 25 foot long 2.5 foot high marvel of plywood 2x4’s and PVC was truly a sight to behold. Never daunted by balmy 55 degree temps, and a complete lack of snow, the intrepid club members hitched up the canoe trailer, journeyed to the Lewiston Colisee, and loaded it up with as much ice shavings as they could possibly manage. After making a run-in and a miniscule landing with the retrieved snow, the rail was declared open, and, besides causing a minor traffic jam on Frye Street, the year’s first rail jam went off without a hitch!

We didn’t have to wait long for nature to kick in with some snowmaking help, and as the semester progressed, the conditions just kept getting sweeter. A canoe was added to the park features in mid-December, and provided a welcome platform for experimentation. Despite a mid-winter thaw, things kept going full steam ahead thanks to the tractor loads of snow delivered by a sympathetic Physical Plant driver, and the yard was back in pristine shape in time for exams. Despite the workload, a group of students found time to explore all the snow-related opportunities Bates campus has to offer. After slaying the rail yard, this intrepid group carved some wide turns into the deep snow pack of Mount David before hurling themselves off the wall of the library quad.

After break, BOCers returned to find the yard buried in snow and set about making it better than ever before. Ben Latham ’11 and Jeremy Porter ‘10 took advantage of the tremendous snow pack and sculpted a quarter pipe tree-ride of epic proportions.

As the season winds down and grass begins to poke through the snow in the rail-yard, we look forward to an even better season next year!

Alex Hernandez ’09
Cycling the length of New Hampshire was one of my lifetime goals. I retired in 2002 - no more evening meetings! On September 22 of that year, my wife and I drove to the Canadian border. I was eager to cycle the 22 miles back to Pittsburg before supper. The Customs agent told me not to speed.

Just as I was ready, set to go, it began raining – not a good omen! It was muggy. My raincoat made it hot. I soon decided I would rather be "rain-wet" than "sweat-wet." Signs said: “Moose next 19 miles” “Active moose” “Hundreds of collisions.” Oh, that’s why the Customs Agent said, “No speeding.”

No moose in sight, but the scenery was fantastic – three Connecticut Lakes, Lake Francis, and Back Lake plus Magalloway Mountain, which kept me looking up. Flying overhead was a Great Blue Heron. The fog lifted and the clouds turned into various colors. The calm waters reflected the sunset plus the fall foliage. What a bonus! It was hilly, but I finished the 22 miles in less than two hours.

Monday morning may be washday, but why does it have to rain? Within a mile I stopped under a tree. A gust of wind knocked my bike over. My wife drove by without seeing my bike or me. After the wind calmed down, I ventured forth. She found me an hour later. The weather improved. The roads were good, the traffic light, and the scenery worth every mile of pedaling. At a rest area I dried out a bit while nibbling on my trail mix of peanuts, raisins, and chocolate chips. My wife did lots of reading in her stops along the way.

Heading south, the Connecticut River widens and looks more like a river than a stream. In West Stewartstown I saw the green historic marker on the 45th parallel. A sign of progress, for now I was closer to the Equator than the North Pole! South of Colebrook, we had our picnic lunch overlooking the Connecticut River. The Percy Peaks near Groveton pulled me forward. By now I was on a roll. One day, when I was younger, I cycled 60 miles. Arriving in Whitefield, I had cycled 70!

Tuesday morning: 46 degrees and foggy. I wore my red flashing reflector light. After getting up the 1.5-mile hill, I was above the fog and the day was picture-perfect. Eight miles ahead were the Twin Mountains, part of the White Mountains.

The reflection of fall colors on glassy smooth pond water provided a double treat. Then came the five mile hill leading into Franconia Notch. It’s fairly gradual, so I pedaled all the way without having to walk it.

Seeing Cannon and Lafayette brought back memories of climbing these mountains back in the 60’s while in my first parish in Lisbon. In seeing the Old Man in the Mountain the year before he fell, I felt young again, for he was some 25,000 years old! I was only 65. I am glad I was not around when the glacier came through, carving the Notch among these massive rocks. I really enjoyed cycling the bike path through the Notch with its many marvelous vistas. My wife enjoyed walking the northern end of the path. I stayed within the 20 mph speed limit, but on some slopes my brakes were squeaking.

After our picnic lunch at the Flume, we headed south again. We have traveled on I-93 for so many years we had almost forgotten what the old Route 3 was like. It provided another trip down memory lane. By the time I got to Plymouth, I was on a roll, so I continued on to Ashland for the day’s total of 60 miles.

The next day we took an old, narrow, hilly, curvy, scenic New Hampshire country road past Winona Lake. Then came the steep hills between Meredith and The Weirs, with some great views of Lake Winnipesaukee. Though still morning, we met at Kellerhaus to make our own sundaes – tasty fuel for the journey between Weirs Beach and Alton Bay, one of my favorite stretches. We had a sandwich at the Scenic Vista overlooking the Lake of the Great Spirit. At Alton, I called it a day.

On Thursday, after seeing a moose cross the road, I cycled 15 miles in less than an hour – a record for me, but the road to Farmington is flat. I stayed in high gear. I see why people in southeastern NH are called flatlanders!

What’s a major trip without getting lost once? To bypass Rochester I had to change my direction several times. But Salmon Falls Road was delightful, quiet with farms and horses, meadows of freshly-mown hay, dozens of pumpkins brightening up a yard, and a lovely flower garden adding color to an old but well-preserved church building. At mile 25 I took a trail mix snack break. I try to keep my eye on the road at least some of the time. I found a second copper penny – a bonus!

Soon, I began to smell salt air. Seeing the Portsmouth Drawbridge was a welcome sight. Then, finally, after 43 miles, there was Portsmouth’s Prescott Park – always a horticultural delight. To celebrate the end of my 229-mile bike trip we headed to Newick’s Restaurant. I had experienced the geography and topography of New Hampshire as never before. I felt a deep appreciation for scenic New Hampshire, a wonderful piece of God’s creation.

Dwight S. Haynes ’59
"Wilderness is not a luxury but rather a necessity of the human spirit."

~Edward Abbey