



THE ROC CAIRN



RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15th ST. LOUNGE, R. P. 1., TROY, NEW YORK

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NOTICE

Elections will be coming up at the end of March so start thinking now who would be the best leaders for next year. We want to see that the right men get railroaded - cops, elected.

HUDSON VALLEY SKI TRIP

The Hudson Valley ski trip on February 19-21 was a great success except for two things: the lack of snow and the lack of women. Women are no good anyhow so that didn't bother us but the lack of snow was a great hindrance to skiing. Thanks anyhow to the one girl from Skidmore and the two from Sage who did attend and in the future we'll try to run Hudson Valley trips that don't interfere with everything.

Although the weather had been warm for several days, Hogback was reported as "good to excellent" which was a misprint I am sure. The slogan "Down the trails at Hogback" turned out to be "Down the trails at Hogback—on foot!" Well, not actually, but a schuss was a slush and shirt sleeves or less seemed to be fashionable. By the end of the day the ski report read: "2 inches of scattered snow and mud covered by 1 inch of fluffy new base lacquer in assorted colors." The day was warm and sunny and everyone had a good time in spite of the poor skiing.

On returning to base camp at Sampson Lodge, we found that supper was already in the oven due to the efforts of the chaperones and general-camp-manager Shearer. Supper was served with unheard-of elegance and Dick Miller of the belated bicyclists entertained us after dinner with too many witticisms. A one square square dance was held in the evening until the girls ran out of energy and we all hit the sack early. Many thanks to our chaperones, Don & Olga Bootman, for all their help.

HIGH CONQUEST - OUTING CLUB STYLE

Everybody has either read or heard of James Ramsey Ullman's White Tower. Equally as good although lesser known is his book High Conquest - the story of mountaineering. If colleges gave a course in Mountaineering History, this book would probably be the text and if you will pardon the plagiarism, I would like to reprint here a section from the book that seemed to me to be particularly appropriate to outing clubbing. On page 273 we find:

"The future of American climbing would seem to lie in two rather widely separated realms. The major ventures of the past decade--on Nanda Devi and K2 and in the great ranges of Alaska--show clearly that our more expert alpinists possess both the will and the skill to challenge the world's highest unclimbed peaks.

"Such ambitious undertakings, however, will still be only for the few. Like their counterparts in the past, they will comprise the highlighted spectacular chapters in the story of men and mountains. But, in the most fundamental sense, they will be far less important than a second type of climbing in which Americans are indulging more and more.

"This climbing is done without the benefit of erudite papers and geographic society awards. It is done within the limits of our own United States, from Mount Katahdin to Mount Whitney, from the rhododendron forests of the Great Smokies to the snowcap of Ranier. It involves no records, no "firsts", no conquering the unconquerable, but merely a small group of congenial companions with stout boots on their feet, grub in their knapsacks and a week or a weekend or a day at their disposal. Each year more Americans are visiting their National Parks and National Forests. Each year more of them are venturing deep into the woods and high upon the hills. Most of them would not know a piton from a bergshlund or a Mummery crack from a hanging glacier. But they know more important things than these.

"They know what it is like to stand on a bald bleak knob in the sky, while the sun goes down and the pinprick lights twinkle on in the shadowed valley below. They know the struggle of the heart and lung and limb on the long upward pull and the sharp sudden thrill of a summit gained at last. They know that the fabled ambrosia and nectar of the gods were really nothing more than a cheese sandwich and a canteen of spring water. They know what sleep can be, on pine needles by a campfire, in the purple night. And knowing these things they know the love of the mountains, for their own sake, which is at bottom all that mountaineering has ever meant, or ever will."

For those of you who would like to read the whole book, High Conquest is now in the RMC library in the ROC office. The new glass-fronted case for the library will be gladly opened by the librarian Don Bailey or by Carl Henrikson who also has a key. A complete list of RMC books and RMC membership information are also available in the book case.

BOOK TO BE PUBLISHED BY ROCer

Word has just reached us that Bob Stoyer plans to publish his first book in the Spring. It will be titled: "Winter Camping in Troy Parks" or "How to have your friends held at gun-point by the Troy police". On the basis of the experience he has had in this line, the book should be a fine manual for beginners.

COLDEN DYKE CLIMB ON MARCH 27 - 28

The Spring ascent of the Colden Dyke by members of the ROC was an annual event up till a few years ago when it was discontinued for lack of leadership. On the week end of March 27-28, the climb will again be held and leaders will be from the RMC. The main purpose of the climb will be to give instruction in the use of crampons and ice axes on steep snow slopes. We also hope to work with belaying and controlled glissading if snow conditions are favorable.

Contrary to what some persons may believe, the Colden Dyke is not what the Dutch boy stuck his finger into. It is instead, a steeply sloping crack in the bare rock slides that form the Northern side of Mount Colden in the Adirondacks. The slides are popular with "friction pitch" rock-climbers in the summer and if the snow settles properly in the dyke, good climbing should result in the Spring also. The dyke is up to 30 ft. wide and extends most of the way to the summit. The last part of the climb is on the open slides to the right of the dyke.

Recent accident reports put out by the American Alpine Club show that a large number of deaths and injuries are caused by improper techniques on snow and ice and it is felt that snow-climbing program is a necessary adjunct to a rock-climbing program. An Easter trip to the ravines in the White Mountains is in the planning and should be a further help.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR - ALMOST

Cliffside Park, N.J.

President, ROC
R.P.I.
Troy, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

...Your Cairn editor is doing a great job. I enjoy reading of the club's activities tremendously. I'm glad to see some humor in the publication. It was something I had difficulty injecting into the paper when I was editor.

Sincerely yours,
Albert Ragati
President
Bergen County CYO Ski Club

(In all fairness, someone should now write in and present the opposite viewpoint. It will be printed even if it is from Cornell.)

A WEEK IN THE LAURENTIANS or RIDIN' THE SKI PATROL TOBAGGON

On January 26 & 27, four carloads of OCers numbering 21 engineers and 4 satellites (oops, I mean Sageites) started the trek Northward heading into the teeth of a Nor'easter. About a day later we melted our protective iceshield off with the trusty blow torch that OCers always carry on winter trips, opened the car doors, and stepped out into the wonderous land of the ski and the stretcher.

"Voila, nous sommes arrivons." (That's French for we're here.)

The McGill Outing Club cabin in the town of Shawbridge (40 miles north of Montreal on Route 11) was to be our base of operations for the next week. What with an oil heater, wood stove, and bunks with mattresses we were really living in style.

The first day we went to Mont Gabriel. Skiing on an inclined hockey rink was really fun. Sal Adams zipped when he should have zagged and then there were 20 l'il engineers. Sully and Chuck Ritter joined the ranks of the wounded shortly thereafter. Yours truly narrowly escaped injury after an unsuccessful try at jumping only by the good fortune of landing on his head. All in all, it was a great day's skiing.

The next day we were off bright and early (10 A.M.) for the sunny slopes of St. Sauveur. It was an easy slope with lots of ice, rocks, and trees, but no snow to worry about.

"Schuss it Jack!" we called.

Jack schussed it. He was a swell guy! The remaining 17 were in high spirits when we started off for the slopes of St. Adèle on Saturday. (Some little children may get hold of a copy of the CAIRN and since we skied for an entire week, it wouldn't be fair to continue this narrative. Children should be spared from reading such gory literature.)

To jump to a lighter vein (that Canadian ale makes you feel real light - believe me!) a strong reconnaissance patrol was sent out on Friday night to make contact with a large French contingent. (Cherchez la Femme) reputedly in the vicinity of Mont Gabriel. Contact was established. We invaded in force on Saturday night, engaged the combined French and English forces in a square dance (What a battle! C'est magnifique!), and took control of Fabulous Mont Gabriel. Sal and Dev (from Columbia) really showed the folks how they "cut a hot rug" down Brooklyn way. Old Gabriel hasn't stopped shaking yet. Sully and Dick Opsahl (Oh the disgrace that he should have turned to the ivy of New Haven.) won a pair of Niessel skis - prize of battle. A tremendous time was had by all.

Well Wednesday morning we started the uneventful trip homeward. Bidding good-bye in our most elegant French to the dozens of belles femmes (huh?) lining the road, we dragged our casts and crutches into the cars and were off for home heading into the teeth of a So'easter. (Probably coming up from the swamps of Jersey.)

Finis to a great trip.

Dan L
(cub reporter)

A Week in the Laurentians (Cont.)

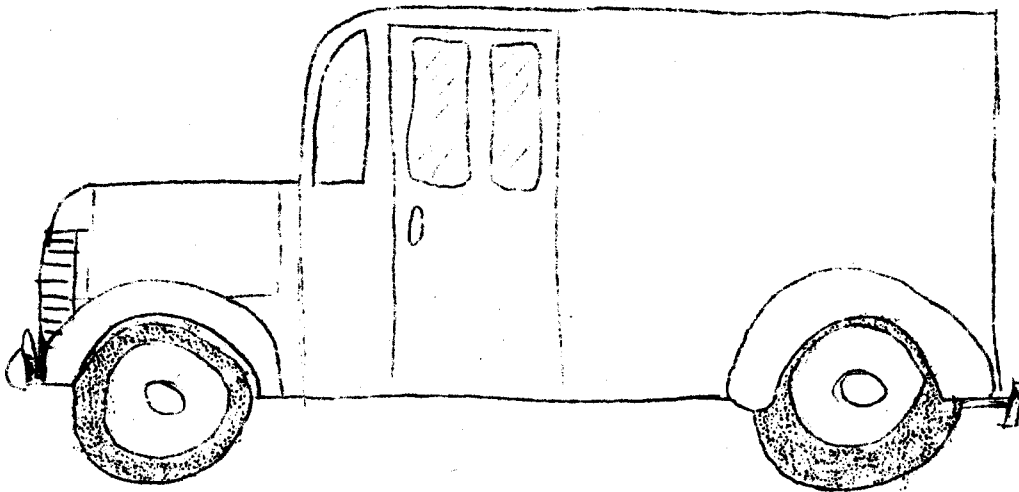
P.S.

Our thanks to the great guys and gals from McGill who made the trip possible and who fed us in style over the week end. Our thanks also to the MIT ski team who were really a game bunch. Racing after eating our grub ain't easy, is it guys? We really ate pretty good though considering food cost \$4.50 per person per week.

ROGers TAKE HEED

Word has just leaked through to us by way of the outing club grapevine that Elly Swett is now engaged to Les McHerron. Elly is an ex-Russel Sage OGer and Les is an ex-ROGer although both are now in Poughkeepsie. The date has been set for sometime in May. There ought to be some sort of moral to this touching story, but the only one that comes to mind now is the age-old Filmerism: Women, they'rrrrre no good! Seriously though, good luck to you both.

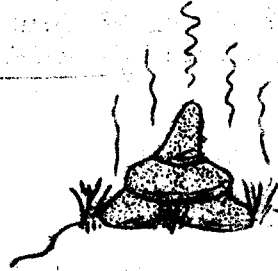
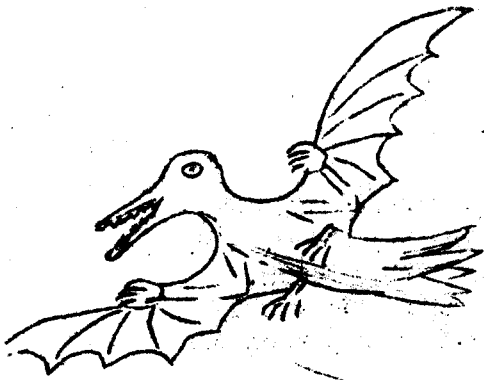
R.I.P.*



From the string that ran the windshield wipers to the green-wall tires, it was all good truck.

CHH

*Rest in Pieces



THE
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