



THE ROC CAIRN



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COLLEGE WEEK 1954

ROC came out in full force to College Week this year with a rousing grand total of twenty delegates. 120 people came from all over the eastern United States, with the farthest school represented being the University of Colorado. Frank Brandt and his band of delegates from the Deep South showed in full force, at least partially justifying the fact that Colden was chosen as College Week site to help them out.

The weather was mostly rainy, but there were two clear days when people climbed Marcy, MacIntyre, Golden, and other peaks in the area. The rainy days were spent cooking, singing, sleeping, telling jokes, etc.

A few of the more hardy members of the ROC carried in the generator on a packboard, and supplied one of the big songfests with electric lights, and enough noise to nearly drown out the singing: they also performed the amazing but highly inefficient feat of cooking breakfast on a hotplate (electric), using at least three times as much gasoline as a primus stove would have.

One of the outstanding songfests we had was held at Colden Leanto 1 after a fine smorgasbord to which everyone brought his own peculiar concoctions and traded them with others. We sang "Hey, Lolly, Lolly" for nearly an hour, making up verses as we went along, a good portion of which were supplied by ex-ROCer Dick Miller, Jim Waters, and Von Sowers of MITOC.

We had two attempts at square dances at the ranger's cabin, but these were unsuccessful due to a noticeable lack of a caller, even though many of the IOCAers called their own pet square dance calls and a number of guitars and banjos ground out fine music.

We were very glad that there were no serious accidents during the whole week (the worst being a sprained ankle), and that the leantos were left in lots better condition than we found them, well stocked with food and firewood. We are sorry that we could not have stayed longer.

"Who, me?" "Yuh" "Whomp, whomp."

Jim Butler

WHAT VARIOUS PEOPLE DID THIS SUMMER

Came the end of school and a few ROCers took off on those big trips which they had only been able to think about during the school year. Here is a rundown on some of the trips that took place.

Immediately at the end of school Art Corte and Rod Derbyshire went up to Katahdin for three days of climbing, camping at Katahdin Stream camp. They say they had good weather and that the place was quite uncrowded around this time.

Art and Rod also took a canoe trip on the Delaware River around July 1, canoeing the Foul Rift Rapids near Belvedere; later on the canoe was wrecked and Rod lost his glasses near Lambertville.

There were two big trips to the Tetons: in the first, from Aug. 4 - 20, Chuck Stoyer, Dan Behm, Dave Shearer, Karl Henrikson, Marty Hayne (VOC) Franz Mohling (RMC), Daniel Johnson (COC), John Coffin (ex-ROC) and Larry Coffin camped out there and climbed the Grand Teton by the Exum Route as well as the South Teton by the Cloudville Dome traverse, Mt. Moran, and Mt. Owen. Weather was good despite a little rain each day.

Jim Butler, George Houghton, and Ed Jenkins (HMC) took part in the second trip, from August 15 - September 1, climbing the Grand also by the Exum Route and also a new route on Funeral Pyre with Bill Buckingham from Colorado University. Weather was good.

Your Fighting Cairn Editor probably went the furthest (by bike, of course) on a hosteling trip through Europe. Spent some time in a group, some solo. "Did" England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France. Cycled over the Simplon Pass (6,500 feet - count them). Got clobbered by an overeager taxi driver in Rome. Hosteling is really the way to see a country and to meet people. Anyone care to buy a cycle?

BG

SEE YOU ALL AT LAKE GEORGE

You have probably been sufficiently bombarded with information on Lake George IOCA Canoe Trip by now, but just these last words as a reminder. The trip will take place the weekend of Oct. 8 and 9 and the rendezvous is in Bolton Landing, on Route 9 north of Lake George village. Registration is at Lamb's Boat Livery there, from Friday afternoon to Saturday night.

Trip costs are 50¢ IOCA fee and \$1.50 canoe rental per person. Bring your own food and shelter and warm clothing. If you know you are coming in advance, drop us a card. This is one of the best trips for saying hello to your old friends from other schools, since they are almost sure to be there.

IN THE SWAMPLANDS BY LAKE COLDEN

A memorable ditty from College Week, 1984: words by Dick Miller, ROC;
music by Big Rock Candy Mountain Glee Club.

About Labor Day, when the skies were grey,
A rugged bunch was hiking.
'Twas an Outing Club crew bound for Colden Two
Or a campsite to their liking.
As they strode along they sang a song:
"Yankee Doodle Dandy",
And they stopped for lunch, quite a happy bunch,
And dined on gorp and candy.

Oh, the rain pours down and soaks the ground
Till your boots are barely holdin'
As you strain your back with a 90-pound pack
In the swamplands by Lake Colden.

As they arrived at camp it was getting damp
And rain clouds soon were forming.
They ate cheese and bread and went to bed
Just as it started storming.
It kept up all night, and near daylight
The roof began to leak,
And drop by drop, with seldom a stop
It dripped through College Week.

At break of dawn someone let out a yawn
And then this man was seen to
Give a mighty leap right into the creek
Which had formed outside our lean-to.
Although he stood knee-deep in mud
He bravely plodded on
And we soon could tell by a triumphant yell
That he'd made it to the john.

Lake Colden food is rather crude
But everyone was willing
To admit that the glop and assorted slop,
If not good, at least was filling.
We had a cat who was rather fat
And we had planned to skin her,
But she was too cute, so as a substitute
We had a smorgasbord dinner.

- "The incidents are all fairly authentic - the cat's name was McPhylthe and she stunk up my car considerably on the way home. You may run into some trouble fitting the words to the tune; I fit tunes to words, and if you're wise, you will also. Things can always be much worse; I could have done it in free verse." - Dick Miller

JONES'S ALE

There were six jovial tradesmen
They all sat down to drinking
For they were jolly good fellers
And enjoyed their drinking too.
They set themselves down to be merry
For every man was gay and jolly.
You're welcome as the hills, said Molly
When Jones's Ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's Ale was new.

When the landlord's daughter she came in
And we kissed those rosy cheeks again
We all sat down and then we'd sing
When Jones's Ale was new, my boys,
When Jones's Ale was new.

The first to come in was a soldier
With his knapsack over his shoulder.
And none could be more bolder
And his long broadsword he drew.
He swore each man should spend a pound
And they should treat all hands around
When Jones's Ale etc.

The next to come in was a sailor
With his marlinspike and his sheaver
and none could be more clever
Among this jovial crew.
He called the landlord into the place
And said it was time to splice the main brace
And if he didn't he'd wreck the place

The next to come in was a tinker
And he was a jolly bedrinker
And he was a jolly bedrinker
Among this jovial crew.
He mended pots, he mended kettles
His tinker's tools were made of good metals
Good Lord! How his hammer and nails would rattle

The next to come in was a rolling man
Who ground the farmer's wheat at the old mill dam
Who could drink more beer than Joe McCann
Who was one of the jovial crew.
He'd whistle and sing the whole day long
And was always singing some jolly song
And at night he'd join the jovial throng

Now the last to come in was a rag man
With his rag bag over his shoulder
And none could be more bolder
Among this jovial crew.
They called for pots, they called for glasses
They all got drunk like old jackasses
And they burnt the old ragman's bag to ashes....