



THE ROC CAIRN



RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. P. I., TROY, NEW YORK

Vol. XIV No. 8

December 2, 1958

LATE FALL MOUNTAINEERING M. Hillis

With a total lack of fanfare, the "Any Ideas?" Adirondack Mountain trip set forth in the drizzle about 2 P.M. on November 8, amid optimistic cries of "Cheer up -- the weather can't get worse." It could, though, and it did. The walk from the Garden at Keene Valley to Deer Brook Lean-to was made in total darkness beneath a steady soaking, sweat-inducing rain, with no sign of any improvement.

To the amazement of the three survivors, Sunday dawned clear and crisp, so the alternate plan (giving up) was discarded, and the climb up Gothics Mountain began.

The first upward leg started at John's Brook Ranger cabin and continued up Wolfjaw Brook trail. Patches of snow appeared, making it relatively easy to tell that this was not, a downhill trail. Near the summit there was quite a bit of snow, and there had obviously been more before Saturday's rain.

The sky was long since overcast, but the visibility was very good, and the Green Mountains of Vermont were clearly to be seen rising above the valley haze.

The trail led over Upper Wolfjaw, Armstrong, and finally Gothics, then down to the Orebed Brook Trail. There was some ice on the trail near the summits; in a few spots it made the otherwise steep and slippery trail into a steeper and slipperier trail. Even with an early start, there was not much time to spare for. . . .

looking around, and it took a fast walk to get back to the lean-to by dark. To its bitter disappointment, there was no need for the alleged rapidly mobilizing rescue party.

A Note on Skiing

Those interested in Sunday busses to nearby ski areas (Willard, Snow, Dutch Hill, etc.) should sign up on the trip-list on the ROC bulletin board. Prices will be dependent upon the number signing up.

Pete McCorrison
Skiing Chairman.

OK! JUST WHY DO YOU WANT TO ACT LIKE A CHAMOIS?

Answer: (by Andy Monjan)

Of the activities we participate in, the one that appears the most uncomfortable and the most strenuous is Winter Mountaineering. For, what joy can we see in hiking up steep mountain trails in snow and sub-zero weather? For the novice such questions might arise, but they are at once resolved when he discovers that warmth and comfort come with the proper apparel and equipment, that physical exertion is lessened by use of climbing techniques and conditioning, and that in the winter the woods, the mountains, the earth abound in a beauty and serenity known at no other season.

The climber's senses are enriched, overawed by the multitude of stimuli that reach him as he steps and stands in silence. His blood flows rapidly through his veins, his arteries, his capillaries; it oozes into his tissues and muscles exorcising the fatigues of stagnant living and filling him with well being. Its warmth forms a clear contrast to the sharp bite of the cold air enveloping him at the skin and the linings of the nasal passages and the lungs.

And while thus invigorated from within, the climber is pacified from without. He listens to the soft chimes of the gently falling snow; he sees the magical and fairy-like formations of the frost-covered trees, pointing to where the wind was going, to the distant lands peopled by people as of yet undreamed; his gaze relaxes upon the green of the evergreens and upon the white of the unbroken stretches before him. And yet, while his companions stand near, he is distant and alone.