



THE ROC CAIRN



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

Weekend at Stowe

-or-

How to Go Broke Skiing

(Ed. Note: We found this report in our waste paper basket a month ago. Considering the surrounding strata, it must be much older.)

The weekend of March 19, the Sved-mobile made it's way up to Stowe: Ski Capitol & Tourist Trap of the East. After an adventure in good eating recommended by Duncan Hines, (cheapest thing on the menu: \$3.75), we arrived at Chris & Wally's place in Waitesfield. The skiing at Stowe was out of this world and so were the lift lines: 1 hour at Mansfield and up to 40 minutes at Spruce Peak. Our boy Gilmore put on quite an exhibition of skiing--- fact of the matter was that a snow cat got stuck in one of his sitzmarks. Having "cased" all the restaurants at Stowe, we found a reasonable place to eat and had a feast. On the way home, we got Royally lost-- took off 180° out of phase. The only conclusion Paul Sved came to was that the town was turned around while we were eating! Sunday found us at Mad River Glen. This is really quite the place---the slalom races are held on the lower part of the beginners' slope! Skiing got good later on in the afternoon when the lift lines got small. The Catamount trail seems to have been the most popular.

For Sake: Song Fest (IOCA Song Books) \$1.35 post paid.

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

Concerning Rock Climbing

by Kazu Konokawa

Of the past few Cairns that I've seen there seems to be an improper lack of material dealing with the fabulous sport of rock climbing. Perhaps this is because most rock climbers climb instead of write. Although I lack the gall (and the ability) to truly call myself a Rock Climber, I am acquainted with the sport and I do have a mediocre ability to express myself on paper. The question that I shall attempt to answer in this minute dissertation is: "What in the world makes those maniacs do it?!"

The nature of the attraction this sport holds for its few but extremely avid adherents is many-fold and deserves careful dissection. On a cursory glance, the obvious appeal is the call of the "Great Outdoors", the beauty and peace so rarely found inside the six-sided cubicle of civilization. The fresh air, blue sky, and, above all, the calm serenity that takes us away from the sound of cracking books, pedantic teachers, and the glaring red brightness of nasty comments scrawled all over the face of a tear stained examination paper. The wide panorama of country-side as viewed from the top of the climb is a sight that is breath-taking and rarely equalled. Perhaps it is the imagination or the relief after struggling up a climb that causes the air "up-top" to have an unusually cool and refreshing flavor all its own. It gives you the bounce and energy (and oxygen) you need to want to go back down and start another climb.

But all these qualities are felt after the climb. The climb is the thing! The climb has some fascinating characteristics which are peculiar to it and although felt in some degree in other sports, are never combined in quite such a dramatic manner. It requires you to expend a great deal of energy intensely and suddenly because you are doing practically nothing until it's your turn to "climb-away". It is entirely up to you to make the climb in a deft, skillful manner being careful to obey the ethics of the climber: don't step on petons, don't use vegetable holds, don't use

your knees, never use the rope unless you are falling. All are rules of a code that requires the best from every participant.

But most of all, it's the thrill. It's a salty taste in your mouth as you cling with the finger-tips of one hand and the tips of your toes with your body extended to its full length as you search for another hand hold with your free hand. It's the sight of the other side of a rock nose with a sheer drop-off of 200 feet. It's the exhausted, near-panic of tiring muscles as they involuntarily begin to quake and your arms and legs begin to shake as you realize that your reach is insufficient and that you will have to lunge for the next hand hold which you doubt you will be able to hold on to. It's the sweat soaked pounding of your head and dry hotness of your mouth as you stare at the other side of a 50 foot crevasse, 7 feet across, which you must leap and find hand hold in what looks like a sheer face. It's the threat of the menacing over-hang. It's the thrill of accomplishment when you finally reach the top.

The intense thrill, the challenge of the rock,
That is rock climbing!

A Morning Stroll And Then Some!

At 10:03 A.M., Sat., Nov. 19, a group of ROC'ers revived a long neglected activity of the ROC: jes' plain Hiking. Jim Achilles led the trip, which had as its objective the Poestenkill from pawling Ave. as far up as possible. The original trail clearing expedition was dropped because of hunting season (Like, if you move, you get shot). The list of intrepid explorers included Armand Catelli, Bruce Havourd, Stan Millie, Kaz Konokawa, Dave Tabb, Mark Rich, Claude Zucca, and yours truly. The beginning of the trip was marred by the encroachment of civilization (Ugh!). One hiker was so carried away with attempting to escape civilization, that he was repulsed right into the creek. The character of the trail changed several times on the trip. It progressed from bushwhacking to mud-wallowing to mud climbing to shale sliding to

cross-country rock-climbing, to path trekking, and finally, to homeward-highway-hiking.

Something was learned on the trip:

- a. Achilles sets a mean pace!
- b. Leather-soled shoes don't work to well.
- c. Water is wet.

All in all, the conclusion was that hiking is a lot of fun, and, as was noticed as we meandered back to Troy at 3:00 P.M., can be quite tiring. (Blisters anyone?)

Jim Galloway

Fall Lake George

Since the last Cairn the great OO event of the year took place. The annual get-together of IOCA on Turtle I. in Lake George took place over the week end of Oct.8. Some 420 people registered and in our estimation, a good time was had by all. The usual trips went out to Tongue, Black, and the falls. After a half hour rest, dinner was cooked & served by Messrs. Arundale, Havourd, and McNabney. The pots and pans were kept spotlessly clean all week end by the industrious Russel Sage Contingent. Bert Rapheal did his usual great job calling the Square Dance and Our Boy Gilmore proved he could lead a Song Fest as well as lower other peoples tarps during the night. One suggestion for next Lake George: get several smaller cider kegs and avoid the urban crowding which was a low point of the evening. We'd also like to thank the boys in the work party who built the bonfire and Gary Derman who almost killed himself lighting it. Special "thanyou"'s go to Armand Catelli and "Moldy" Moldover who didn't have much fun but worked to keep the whole show on the road. After our bus-load of sleepy people crawled back into Troy (Argh!), there was a Spaghetti Dinner at the "Lean-To". We managed to get some 42 people into Moldy's Livingroom while Chan did an admirable job in the kitchen. The excellent supply of musical instruments led to a song fest which topped-off an already memorable time.

Give This A Think

The mark of an individual is not how well he can be different, but how well he can function independently as well as with and for others. The fact that a man can often be found doing nothing proves only that he is taking up valuable time and space. Just two examples, please:

It's not fatal to a Lake George trip to have a certain amount of confusion, but why did it take an ROC"alum" to get things moving, when plenty of -in college members knew the story?

As I see it, the CAIRN is designed to keep people on one trip informed about what went on on another, and to let those who are interested, but did not participate, see what goes; why is there only one article in this issue when so many trips have gon out?

Why do the same handful always wind up doing the work while so many just sit by and adsorb the results?

Look, . . . the ROC'er is the man who will think by himself for everyone, who will put his back into the job before pulling out his scrounge-cup, who can be depended upon. An ROC'ercan lead well and follow intelligently. In short, if you don't put wood on the general fire, your own will be pretty cold and grey.

The Editor.