

THE ROC CAIRN

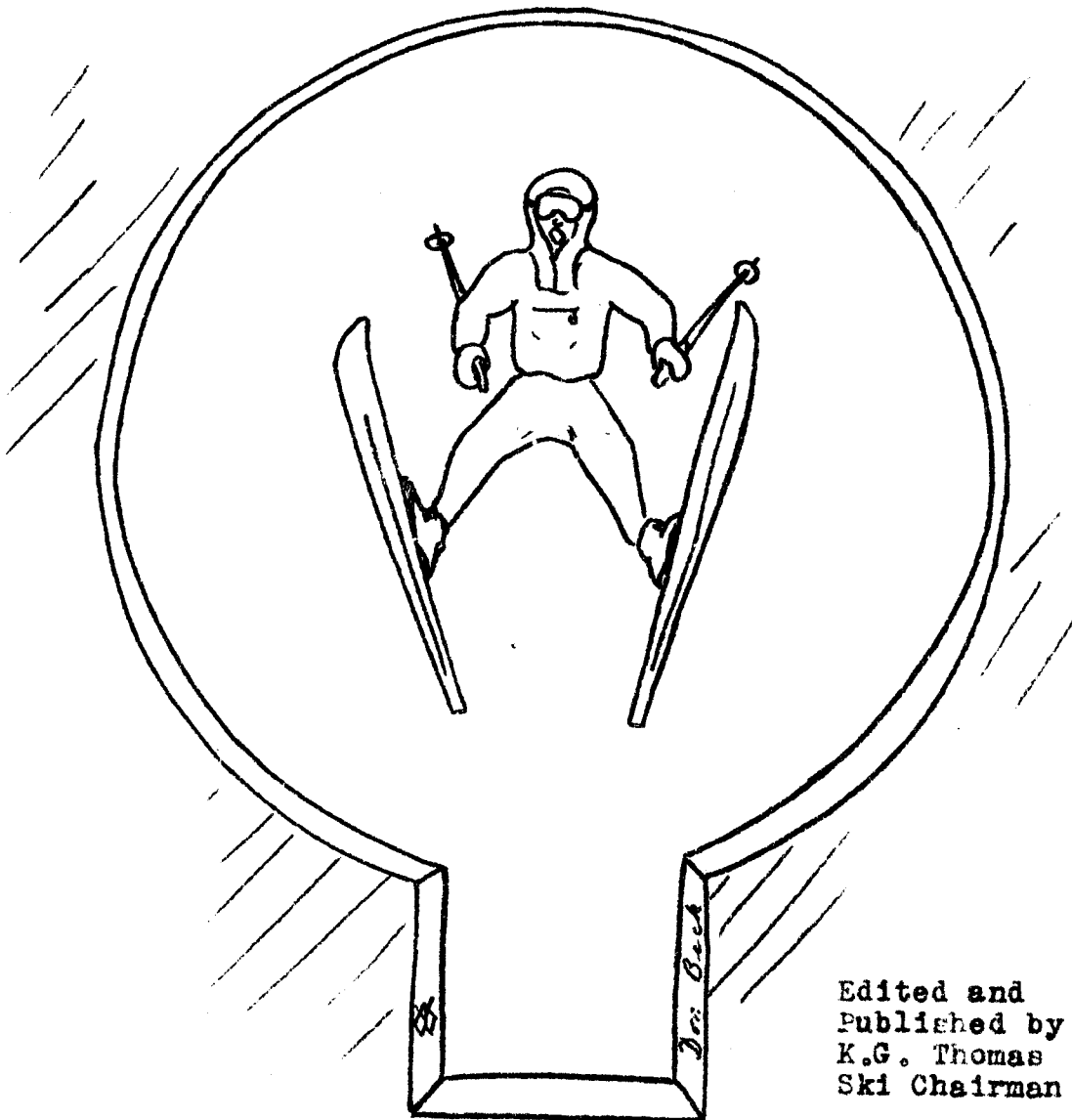


RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. P. I., TROY, NEW YORK

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Special  ki  ssue



Edited and
Published by
K.G. Thomas
Ski Chairman

THE REBEL SKIS

The following account is just to prove that a complete stranger to the wild and woolly winters of the Troy area has adopted himself well to the situation.

On January 7th a carload of ski enthusiasts, Wasserman, Elston, super novice Dave Tabb, from Signal Mountain, Tennessee (not too much snow in that neck of the woods), and myself proceeded to the hairy slopes of Willard Mountain ski area some 25 miles north of Troy. The weather was superb with the temperatures in the 40's and the snow conditions excellent.

Having shown Dave all I knew about what not to do on skis, I left him to try out his boards. After not too many minutes old Dave was screaming for someone to go up to the top of the mountain with him. All of us obliged. This boy Tabb really had this snow plow under control and proceeded to go down the Bunny hop without difficulty.

Sometime during the afternoon, I was shocked to see that old master go snow plowing down an intermediate slope---under perfect control.

Between the three skiers, Dave had learned many things and despite many falls-- "don't we all"--had a very successful day. It can be assumed that we have recruited another individual to the ranks of ski enthusiasts.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

SKATERS WALTZ AT WILLARD

Having nothing to do one fine afternoon last January, Larry Wasserman, His old beastly Packard, which since has been scrapped, and myself took off for Willard Mountain for an afternoon of skiing.

The lift lines were non existant and it was an up down up down business all afternoon on the lift....But....it was mostly "down" on the slope. There is nothing like skiing on frozen snow and ice with a pair of dull edges. I come to the conclusion sometime during the afternoon that I could get down the slope faster on the seat of my leather pants than on my skis.

Moral of the story: subtract one from the snow reports at Willard.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

THE FROZEN THUMB #1

OR

B RRR AT BROMLEY

Having failed miserably at getting a ride to go skiing over the weekend of January 21 & 22 due to finals-----I believe in relaxing even during finals---I plopped into bed Saturday night with the thought of getting up bright and early Sunday morning to go hitch skiing. Rolling liesurely out of bed at 6 A.M. I turned on the radio to get an inkeling of the weather. Having heard the report I casually rolled back into bed---having sworn unintelligibly under my breath--the temperature was 23 below.

At 10 I got up enough courage to get out of the pad and face the elements. Just as I approached the corner of Hoosick and 15th (cross-roads of the world--for all people hitch-skiing) I spotted this pair of skis coming down the road.

I assumed a sports car or one of those small foreign jobs was beneath them. I was right; not only right but also in a ride. This most accommodating chap was going to Bromley...and also back to Troy afterward!

Arriving at Bromley at 12:45 we both were in for a shock....they don't sell half day tickets at Bromley (how to make \$\$ on ski areas by Fead Pabst). So, out my \$ 6.50 I proceeded to attempt to get my money's worth. I did! it was so cold that the lift lines were non existant and I lost count on my runs after twelve. Hint here: When you ride a chair lift - don't try to be a hero and ride up without a blanket -- you'll freeze!!

Having skied myself silley I plopped into the car - an Austin Healy - and sawed wood all the way back to Troy.

Several Comments: 1. Bromley has many trails and facilities but is famous for ice and the like. There were great patches of ice even after a twelve inch snowfall. 2. Hitch-skiing i.e. hitch-hiking with skis can be done with relative ease if you are on an automotive artery to a ski area. As you will see in the later report in this issue it is not fool proof I'm batting .500 this year.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

WEEKEND ON THE ROCKS WITH THE R.O.C.S

Having not been able to get off from work during the week of semester break (I have a nasty nasty boss; also not a ski enthusiast), it was decided to run a small trip to accommodate the unfortunate few. It also just happened that a contingent from the Vassar Outing club was also incorporated into the plans.

As it was, the V.O.C. arrived in Troy Friday evening and after having been fed were put up in a vacated apartment. At an awful hour on Saturday morning (after not too much sleep) we departed for Sugarbush Valley in Warren Vermont. The skiing facilities they have here are emmense. At the top of the ridge the distance between extreme left and right trails must be at least two and a half miles and the trails must average two miles in length with several twice that length. So much for the facilities - Now for the snow conditions.... "censored"...It seems like Northern Vermont was neglected when it came to snow this year. Other than ice, twigs and snow fences, there was an unconceivably large display of the local geology in the form of gravel, rocks, boulders, sand, and ledge. The one advantage of this type of condition is that if one is trying to learn wedeln, one must wedel in order to stay on the snow. All the same I stove my skis to ribbons and subsequently had to completely refinish both thps and bottoms. Despite all the grumbling a good day's skiing was had by all and we wish to grace these slopes again in better snow conditions.

Having returned to Troy to spend the night we tried our luck at Okemo Mountain. The snow story was much the same as Sugarbush with the exception that the geology was better covered. Again a good day's skiing...and believe me a solid nights sleep. On this trip we recruited another enthusiast in the form of Pete Rebull, Super Novice Yaaaaa!!! and also received some excellent instruction from Laura Vanini of Vassar.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

A DAY IN CANADA

A gay laughing group, brightly colored ski parkas splashed against the snow and thrashing skis in knee-deep powder. Somber pines, their peaks high in the crystal blue, looked down upon the lost skiers. The group had trodden off the beaten track and were suffering the consequences of some of the most beautiful virgin white wilderness in the world.

"We're lost!" cries a girl,
"Who cares?" answers a fellow as he ski-skated behind her across the frozen pond.

And then there is a hard-breathing, resting, serene silence soon to be broken by the sound of yodelling and more laughter.

"Never thought I could yodel did you?"
Reply: "Now I know you can't!"

"What's that?" says somebody sharply.
The sound of jingle bells come drifting thru the trees and it isn't even Christmas. A mad rush of flying powder and soon we're facing two steaming horses, a logging sled and two French Canadians with rather odd looks of disbelief on their faces. We are soon directed and no longer lost.

Before we go,
a happy girl
gives a piece of chocolate
to a work-tired horse.

Exerpts from the R.O.C.
Mid semester ski trip to
the Laurentians - ed.

by Kazu Konokawa

HEAVEN AT HOGBACK

Ah yes! The snow fell and there was much of it. Everyone was grumbling except the skiers. Thus we have set the scene for a fabulous day's skiing Sunday before classes started at R.P.I. Three R.O.C'ers and a sometime (during ski season) Sage O.C.'er gleefully roared up Hoosick Avenue, Vermont bound. Arriving at Hogback, we were in time to observe that the snow cats were just packing the trails. Although the lift lines got somewhat out of hand during the afternoon, the snow conditions were superb. One was even able to enjoy the rare treat of skiing in virgin unpacked snow. This is great but don't get your ski tips stuck!

Comment: Hogback is a nice area with a multitude of trails and slopes but the trail lengths are somewhat short. We also recruited another enthusiast; Ron Parent.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

FROZEN THUMB # II
SEQUEL TO FROZEN THUMB # I

Having failed once more in attempting to fanagel a ride I decided to try my talents at Hitch-skiing again. At a respectable hour I positioned myself at the corner of Hoosick and 15th, thumb extended.

Extended the thumb stayed.....for two and one half hours!, where upon I retracted said thumb, dumped my skis and went to New Jersey on a visit. They had more snow down there anyway.

Observation: 1. Trip was a huge failure 2. Hitch-skiing is now 50% effective.

Klaus G. Thomas, Ski Chairman

RETURN TO HOGBACK

At approximately 8:00 P.M. Sunday morning the 12th of February a party of 8 confirmed addicts and 2 unsuspecting neophytes left Troy heading in the specific direction of the Hogback ski area. The party consisted of 4 R.O.C.er's; Ron⁺, Bob E⁺, Don C.⁺, and Don B.⁺ (I don't include any last names because I don't remember them all, and why play favorites anyhow); 4 R.S.O.C.er's; Carrie⁺, Judy⁺, Ginger⁺, and Marsha⁺, and one couple; Brian⁺ and Bonny⁺. Driving were: Don C., who carried three people and skis (all equally protected from the elements),** and Brian, who carried five people and an R.O.C. ski rack.

Upon arrival at Hogback, all took to the slopes (each in their own fashion). The snow was fast and in many spots suggested the substitution of ice skates for short skis, for those who like their skis short. By late afternoon I noticed a marked absence of skiers on the Meadow as I skied sideways down the slope.

A great time was had by all, except Brian and Bonny (more on this). The coincidental ratio of five gents to five ladies was ideal and contributed to a successful ski trip. Incidentally, the R.O.C.er's picked up many fine points on skiing from the R.S.O.C. ski school.

Brian and Bonny experienced several difficulties in addition to those with the slope. Apparently, however, some people just love to be miserable. Brian wants to know how soon he can try it again, I now firmly believe that to be enticed onto the slopes once is adequate to hook one for life.

The day was completed by a songfest that never quite got off (everyone was too pooped to sing, so we just listened to stereo)** and the sipping of hot drinks.

Ron Parent

+ not quite expert skiers
* pretty damn good skiers
? what are skis

** The skis had to be carried inside the car as the R.O.C. does not have racks for convertibles
*** What is this outing club coming to??? ed.

THE ROVER GOES SKIING

As you all may know, the Land Rover is a safari vehicle used by the British army for various and sundry tasks requiring a dependable and versatile mode of transportation. The E.O.C. is fortunate indeed to have as one of its members, John Hall by name, the owner of such a vehicle. After much conniving, John finally consented to use the Rover for a ski trip.

As it was, three skiing R.O.C. ers left Troy on Friday evening Feb. 17 for a rendezvous at Smith College. The weather was, to say the least, not promising. A warm wind had sent a deluge of rain over the New England area dampening the heart of many a skier. Slightly wet but still confident, our contingent still moved on. The arrival at Smith was followed by the usual O.C. talk, some coffee and for the male visitors in this female sanctuary a wild hunt for a night's lodging. Having investigated the possibilities of requesting the hospitality of the local jail, a fire house and a bunk house (costing three dollars), we finally, with the assistance of an accommodating Smithite with connections at Amherst, wrangled a rather plush pad at one of the fraternity houses there.

Early, but not too brightly, on Saturday morning, we returned to Baldwin House at Smith (our female source) loaded the Rover -- a masterpiece of packing -- and proceeded to the Youth Hostel at Ludlow Vermont. Because we arrived way behind schedule, it was decided that we ski Okemo that day. Although it had been raining, the snow conditions were not too bad and the short lift lines compensated for deficiencies in conditions. The snow situations all over New England are in sad shape. Where last year there was about five feet of snow, there is now not even two feet. (The snow is piled up around the markers in an attempt to make it look good).

In the evening we ate at some sort of fireman's benefit supper. At the price of \$.75 we figured it would be worth it. Returning to the hostel we proceeded to start a song fest with the other occupants, a church group (of all things). The song fest lacked the usual color and spark always present at an I.O.C.A. affair of this type.

Sunday morning was enough to deflate most everyone's spirits - rain and a fog, pea soup thick. However after driving about 20 miles northward, the sun burst out in all its radiance, the ride to Sugarbush forebore bad omens. . . . car after ski-racked car was going the other way. On arrival at Sugarbush it was decided to try Mad River Glen - having heard the disgrunteled comments of numerous skiers. The disgrunteled comments were much the same at Mad River but we thought we'd give it a try. Three of us purchased all-day tickets while the other three bought individual ride tickets. As it was, we just about broke out even. The lift was operating to mid station only.

Skiing under these conditions is really quite an experience. It has been observed that one can 1. ski over certain types of wet moss without ill effects 2. Rocks still present the same problems and 3. It is easier to make better sitzmarks in wet snow. Having tired of water skiing I attempted something new: shussing the slopes on the

seat of my leder hosen. After this became tiring I started to ski to end it all --- this was much more fun... especially since the snow had become rather fast in some spots. Meanwhile John Hall who had been skiing without poles (ever since he broke one which got in his way on his three point landing -- two skis and one nose) was amusing himself by jumping from mogul to mogul. He abruptly gave up the idea of skiing for the weekend when upon landing once, his ski got stuck in the snow and stopped dead while he continued moving. Then there was our super novice Pete who after attempting a "geländes-sprung" wound up in a "geländes-SPLAT". Due to his not so graceful landing, the ski patrol who were doing a sweep came charging over inquiring about the disposition of our skier. Later, upon hobbling into the lodge Pete commented "the way they hustled over they must have thought they had a live one!"

During the course of the afternoon we ran into a group of UVM OCers let by Bruce Beck descending the slopes on snow shoes. They apparently had an eventful winter mountaineering expedition on the mountain. Actually, the skiing was fairly good... where there was snow.

Upon return to Ludlow to pick up our gear we encountered mild difficulty at the hostel. It seems that we brewed a cup of coffee and some soup before leaving and were about to be charged for the use of facilities for cooking another meal, even though we had not used our cooking privilege previously. It was not the matter of parting with the quarter per head which bothered us, but it was the manner in which the situation was approached, a recitation of all the rules and regulations, cost analysis etc. I do believe that this attitude is an isolated example but I would still much prefer the atmosphere of an I.O.C.A. establishment.

At approximately 11 P.M. we rolled into Northampton discharged our female passengers and proceeded to Troy where we and the Rover arrived at 2:30 A.M.

Klaus Thomas

Note: Ask John Hall two questions in reference to the Rover:

1. What do you think of this unit?
2. What kind of a truck or jeep is that?

ed.

NOTICE

There will in all probability be a ski bus to Dutch Hill on Sunday March 12. The cost of transportation should be less than \$1.50 and lift tickets are \$3 and \$4. Tickets for the bus will be on sale during the week before the trip. For information call Klaus Thomas - Br-1-8646 or Larry Wasserman Ar-3-2711.

Lets hope for some snow!

I would like to express a note of thanks to John Hall, Kazu KanoKawa, Ron Parent, and Don Beck for their contributions to the publication of this special ski issue of the CAIRN.

ed.

Rensselaer Outing Club

Membership 1961-62

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	CAR
Achilles, James	86 Eagle St.	Br 1 8866	none
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Baker, Edward P., Jr.	F-319	As 2 9270	none
*Beck, Donald	86 Eagle St.	Br 1 8866	none
Bernatowicz, Henry	New Frosh Dorms C-122	As 2 9405	none
Bero, John F.	Bldg. B; 108	As 2 9763	none
Bischoff, Frank	B 212	As 2 9557	none
Blackburn, Lee S.	N.F.D. D-104	As 2 9263	none
Brown, Al	B-331	As 2 9557	none
Brylawski, Ed	ER-214	As 2 9261	none
Burt, Wayne	D-327	As 2 9444	none
Case, Richard A.	D-202	As 2 9315	none
*Catelli, Armand	Waite 33	-----	none
Charkow, Joel	F-108A	As 2 9270	none
*Chesebro, Don	Mosner Rd. Glenmont, N.Y.		yes
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Day, Harry	C-122	As 2 9405	none
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Gerardi, John	F-105	As 2 9270	none
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Gill, Kenneth	B-321	As 2 9557	none
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*Hall, John K.	1923 Highland	-----	none
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Herendeen	1932 5th Ave.	Ar 3 7669	none
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Hresdzira, Edward	E-229	As 2 9261	none
*Huse, Guy (Ex. Co.-Mbr/Lg;Bd.Dtr)	471 Fulton St.	As 2 6452	yes
*Huse, Lisa	471 Fulton St.	As 2 6452	yes
Jonas, Charles R.	Clement 34	As 2 9270	none
Koleszar, Jay	D-307 F-319A	As 2 9444	yes
*Konokawa, Kazu	Church II, Rm. I	-----	none
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Marko, David	D-307	As 2 9444	none
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McClain, George	Caldwell 21, Quad.	As 4 3586	yes
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*Sasmor, Louis (Sec. - Ex. Co.)	F-307	As 2 9270	none
Schneider, Herb	F-119	As 2 9270	none
Schultz, Henry L., Jr.	363 Congress	-----	yes
*Schrauf, Jerry (Pres.)	100 Spring	As 2 7820	none
Side, John	E-306	As 2 9261	none
Smillie, Stanley F.	F-305	As 2 9408	none
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Snellman, Walter	D-107	As 2 9263	none
Starkow, Resid E.	E-312	As 2 9261	none
Starr, Robert H.	F-323 B	As 2 9408	none
Steinhoff, John	B-308	As 2 9557	none
Stenzel, William G.	B-204	As 2 9557	none
Stewart, Peter	D-202	As 2 9405	none
Sundeen, Joseph E.	E-113	As 2 9261	none
Tabb, David M.	B-315	As 2 9557	none
*Terryberry, R. K.	897 St. David's Lane Stch	Tr 7 0513	yes
*Thomas, Klaus G. (Ex. Co. - Treas. - Bd. Dr.)	89 Oakwood Ave. - Soil Lab	Br 1 8646	none
Van Rensselaer, Cort	F-310	As 2 3000 ex. 392	
Vinograd, David	F-107	As 2 9270	none
Wattros, Gary	D-324	As 2 9408	none
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