



THE ROC CAIRN



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

Jim Galloway - Cairn Editor

MM, JG, DB, RA, JMcN, AC, JA/ae, db, jz, jg

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Greetings! The rites of spring are upon us and with them a whole new set of ROC officers. (Good Grief!)

The new officers and chairmen are;

| | | | |
|---------------------|----------------|----------------|-----------|
| President | Bob Arundale | 1932 5th Ave. | Ar 3 7669 |
| Vice president | Marty Maltz | 2201 15th St. | ----- |
| Secretary | Armand Catelli | Waite 33 | As 2 9882 |
| Treasurer | John Hall | 1923 Highland | Cp 3 2063 |
| Cairn Editor | Jim Galloway | 86 Eagle St. | Br 1 8866 |
| Members at large | Guy Huse | 471 Fulton St. | As 2 6452 |
| | Jim Achilles | 86 Eagle St. | Br 1 8866 |

Chairmanships

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|---------------|-----------|
| Rock Climbing | Guy Huse | | |
| Canoeing | John Hall | | |
| Square Dance | Robert Johnson | Church 3-33 | Ar 3 3876 |
| Skiing | Bob Elston | 1913 7th Ave. | Ar 3 3698 |
| Winter Mountaineering | Jim Galloway | eagle's nest | |
| Spelunking | John McNabney | 1932 5th Ave. | Ar 3 7669 |
| Publicity | Glen Myers | F-307 | As 2 9270 |

Hiking Co-chairmen Jim Achilles & Bob Arundale

HMMMMMM! Quite a conglomeration isn't it?

Green Mountain is a new club, and does not have anything planned for this term, however, their area abounds with possibilities. They are in the middle of skiland. They have Lakes nearby for swimming and canoeing, and the Long Trail is also convenient. They have offered to help out at Lake George, which shows the right spirit, and I hope we will hear a lot from them in the future.

At this point the fiddles began to play, and the Conference turned into a square dance.

Marty Maltz

*Everyone makes mistakes

** Mike Moldover, Don Beck and Armand Catelli all of the RCC
3 I wish them luck and a little snow

WOW!

The Vassar Square Dance is not recommended by Duncan-Hines, (but the*) but the blame for this must lie with Duncan, since the ROC most heartily recommends this magnificent panorama of activity. The whole affair started Friday night, March 3, with the customary songfest at the Tabard. The next morning, those IOCA's present split up for two trips, spelunking and hiking. At the last minute, ex ROC'er Hub Seward arrived in his VW to take a small rock climbing contingent to the Gunks. Report is that the cave was muddy, the hike longer than expected (return after supper), and the climbing a bit chilly. A fine supper was served around 6:15, which was followed by the Hudson valley Regional conference, and the dance itself. Bert Raphael did an exceptional job of calling the dance. It should be noted that the VCC Dance is beginning to approach Lake George as an IOCA event. Delegations present ranged from McGill in the North, to U. Va. in the south, and from Syracuse to Boston. The song-

fest which followed lasted almost until curfew at 2:30 am.

The next day the area was vacated, except for the crazy ROC climbers who went climbing in spite of the early rain.

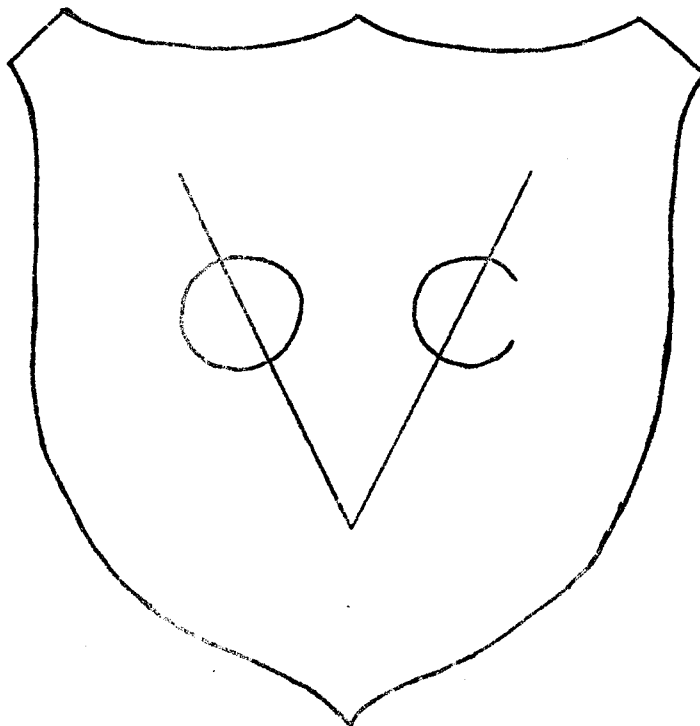
**needle slipped*

Jim Galloway

FLASH!

The Vassar Outing Club now has a new plaque. At the Last Vassar Square Dance, VOC recieved an unfinished plaque, made from the wood of the ply tree, from ROC's Mike "oldy Moldover. With the plaque came a learned dissertation on mountaineering entitled "The Ascent of Rum-Doodle." The plaque was happily recieved by VOC president Mary Anne Kindle, under the condition that she read said treatise (?) as soon as possible.

NOTE TO THIEVES: It is not considered good form to steal the plaque before it is finished, or to separate it from the book.



BANG

Another weekend shot, in reference to scholastics that is, as February 25 marked the beginning of the annual ROC spring migration to square dances by an 18 man strong delegation to Mt. Holyoke. Aside from those persistent few who end up in misery, the trip was a success. Weekend activities in which ROC partook included cabin insulating (and associated lunch scrounging), swimming, singing (here, there and most everywhere!), A Sunday hike up Mt. Holyoke (the mountain that is!), AND, OH YES, square dancing.

Don Beck

Wow, a three sentence trip report. That's being short and sweet (?).

Schussing in Canada

The ROC's annual intersession ski trip got underway from Troy on a bright, cold Saturday morning, Jan. 29. As usual, we were bound for McGill CC's ski cabin in Shawbridge, Quebec; provided, of course, that we didn't get lost in Montreal's rush hour. Fortunately, all three cars made it through the ordeal and we arrived at the cabin to be joined shortly by U-CCNN, and later by Syracuse.

Sunday morning, after starting (?) the cars in the -10°F weather, we encountered our first combination of snow and sloping hill. The snow, however, for at that time the Laurentians had been without snow for a month! Nevertheless, the conditions gave us an excellent chance to practice wedeln, christie, and rock-dodging.

After a total of five days of trying various ski areas to find a good snow cover, we reluctantly thought about replacing the skiing, song festing, ~~WXX~~ square dancing, and relaxation with a new term of study. Ch well! ALL GOOD THINGS MUST come to an end. But the Laurentians will still be there next year... and so will we.

Bob Arundale

Editors note: The opinions expressed in the following article most definitely do NOT reflect the opinions of the Editor, such as they maybe. Rock Climbing strikes back in the next issue.

Spelunking

Spelunking is neither an art or a science but a sport which employs both. No out door, outing club type, activity requires as much technical ability or stamina. This statement might (ad. note; does) rock climbers, who are by definition crazy, skiers, who are basicly out of their minds, and others of the more specialized activities, but its inherent truth remains. Granted rock climbing is a difficult sport (?) but the techniques which these bruised individualists use, constitute but one small segment of a spelunker's tricks for ascent and descent. Skiing of a new and different kind presents itself to the cave explorer as he starts his way down a long mud slope with only the soles of his shoes to act as ~~sXXX~~ skills. Hiking presents itself in the form of scrambling over breakdown and through long rooms, trail breaking is easy compared with worming your way through the tighter passages and around corners which obviously weren't designed for human use. Overnight camping

is made more challenging when engaged in down in the bowels of the earth. Canoeing appears to be child's play when one contemplates paddling one's life raft through the cold water of underground rivers and lakes.

Of course not all of this will be found in the caves of this area. But there are caves which do feature all this and more and if one becomes interested enough in caving there will be no keeping him away from them.

But caving has far more to offer than these trite, insignificant, exercises which the other sports engage in. The beauties of the underground world are impossible for the average yokel to comprehend. The esthetic pleasure of wallowing through the mud, the vicarious thrills of wading waist deep in a 42° stream or climbing up a waterfall. The esoteric joy of swinging like the mass of pendulum on the end of a 150' rope. The heavenly plight of seeing flash bulbs and carbide deposits lining your path of progress and upon reaching the final destination, the writing on the wall is read with a morbid fascination.

And then the formations, like little outcroppings of beauty wrought out of the rock by the hands of the most skilled artists, they stand in their dark, damp museum giving joy to all those who pass by them.

Why do we go spelunking? No one can say. When we find ourselves bent double staring at our heels wondering how the right leg got wrapped around the left knee and where the left arm is. The question seems to have no valid answer. But un-

tangled, unmained, and unknown hours later on the way home the one question is "When is the next trip?" Maybe that is the only answer.

John McNabney
Spelunking Chairman

ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSES¹

During my two years with ROC I have noticed amazing success through chaos. Extreme disorder can readily be seen in both possession² and action. Various committees are occasionally being formed. (That is all I will say about committees, because well, that is all that happens with them.) Authority and responsibility are kicked around like sneakers at a square dance.

But taking half a step back and looking at the whole MESS, I am forced to say "SO WHAT". In this case, the results should be looked at instead of the processes (The end justifies the means¹.) Results easily show³ that ROC is one of the most active organizations³ (excluding maybe, the faculty) on campus. At the last general meeting (which was for no special occasion, i.e. pre-Lake George etc.) a random count showed 28 people to be present. (Paid membership means nothing even though we don't rate below average on that count either with over 70.) This is more than most clubs³ on campus can muster on a monthly basis, and we do it every week! I won't go into the many and varied trips which go out each week end, because there are so many other articles written on each of these individually. All I can say is why don't you join the chaos and enjoy life more,

through RCC's uncoordinated cooperation. Remember, "Don't say, 'What can RCC do for me', but 'What can I do for RCC?'"¹

- 1 Plagiarized from some source or another.
- 2 Look in office files some day!
- 3 Excluding COMPULSARY fraternal sponsorship.

Don Beck

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING SCHOOL
(WINMOUSE)

At various times on Monday, Dec. 26, Guy Huse, Bob Arundale, Glen Myers, and I arrived at Adirondak Loj. It was decided to stay in a lean-to. Tuesday we got up about 6:45 and fought the Colemans to get them lighted. For those interested, cold gas does NOT vaporize easily. All the trips got off late that day. Guy's trip to Rocky Ridge was late getting back so we saved some supper for him. He was the only one to eat all the courses of supper at approximately the same time. The next morning Bob got up at about 6:15 and tried to get the rest up, but without success until 7:00. Thursday we watched a storm out over the Range, and the sun produced very beautiful color formations in the clouds. The climbing on the last day was much different than on any previous day. It was warm (20-30) while on the three previous days it was cold and windy. We departed on various and sundry times on Friday and Saturday.

Armand Catelli

SONGFESTS!

The FCC has a quantity of copies of the ICCA Songfest, which it is willing to part with for the measly sum of \$1.25 per copy. So dash right down to your neighborhood FCC office, (open 7:30 PM Tuesday evenings) and you too can know as many songs as she does. Just to make sure, the Cairn will publish additional songs of interest, such as the following gem. We have heard many people express the thought that they wish they had the words to this. Well, now they have no excuse.

THE SHIP TITANIC

Engineers version (of course)

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would
never come thru.
It was on her maiden trip when the iceberg hit the ship.
Chorus: It was sad etc....

Oh, the iceberg carved a hole in compartment number one,
and it wasn't very long 'fore the flooding had begun.
Here the pressure differential was very influential,..

Now a weight was slowly added to this remote location,
which resulted in a moment 'bout the center of floatation.
This set the bow in motion slightly deeper in the ocean...

Thus the damaged piece of plating moved down a foot or two,
and the static head of water caused more water to come thru,
further weight out on a limb caused more water to come in...

But the trimming calculations in the semi-flooded state,
had the decimal mislocated but by now it was too late.
It was like the sound of thunder when bulkhead two went under...

Since above the bulkhead level doors and windows were cut thru,
this brought about a flooding of compartment number two.
An increase in the trim caused more water to come in...

Toward compartment number three came the madly rushing sea,
and the laws of Archimedes with respect to buoyancy,
could not be violated so the whole damn thing deflated...

Well, the force of gravitation had been balanced up to now,
by the traverse inclination of the slowly sinking bow,
But it's good was now expended, equilibrium thus ended...

Thus the liner finally vanished from the surface of the sea,
to a place where forces balance and where moments cannot be,
as the ship owners repent and we solemnly lament....

SMITH FOLK DANCE

On Friday, March 10, twenty-one members of the FCC packed up their sneakers and drove to Northhampton for the Smith square dance. After a delicious supper, everyone moved to Alumnae Hall for the dance, which was called by FCC alum Bert Raphael. There was midnight chaos as the Cinderellas were returned, after which everyone went home happily tired. Thanks are due to the Smith Cotting Club.

Jim Achilles

MAILING LIST

We have been plagued lately with an excess amount of scrap paper lying around. i.e. copies of the Cairn. As we would like a little breathing space, we are willing to send free, to anyone with enough morbid curiosity, issues of the Cairn. To get on this exclusive mailing list, your name and address. We guarantee nothing.

NOTES

The date decided on for spring Lake George is the weekend of May 5-7.

For those interested in spring vacation trips, there will be a spelunking trip to West Virginia. For details contact John McNabney. There will also be rock climbing in the 'Gunks beginning April 1. This is of special interest to beginners, as there will be a special instruction program. Guy Huse has more information on this.