



THE ROC CAIRN

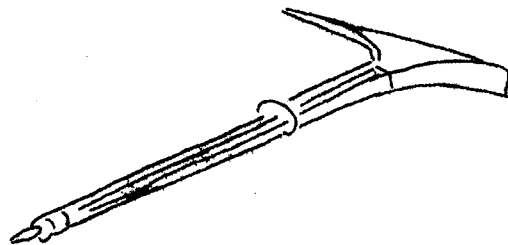
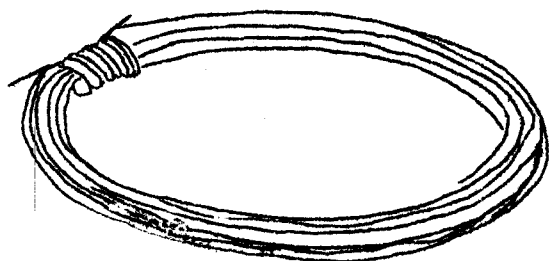
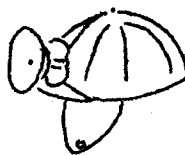


RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. P. I., TROY, NEW YORK

Volume XVIII No. 2

May, 1961

25th
YEAR
of
OUTING



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In the midst of our usual haze of confused activity, it was suddenly pointed out that we, the Outing Club, have been engaged in said confusion for twenty-five years. A search of our files revealed the following club report, in the spring, 1936 copy of the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association Bulletin. This is the earliest copy the club has on file. (Wonder why?)

RENSSELAER

President: F. C. Cartl

In spite of the fact that class hours are so long, and studies demand so much of our time, we feel that the Outing Club at R.P.I. has been successful to date. As a result of numerous inquiries made to Mr. Kumpf, our football coach, a few trips were taken this past winter, terminating in the organization of the Rensselaer Outing Club.

Our first trip was to Mt. Greylock as the guests of the Taconic Mt. Club of Troy. Although the trip was a failior as far as the fast skiing was concerned, since it turned out to be a jaunt up to the summit and a slow ride down, yet it did succeed in creating interest. On our next trip, again to Mt. Greylock, we viewed the races on Thunderbolt, and spent the day running a slalom course. The third trip was by snow train to North Creek in the Adirondacks and was very much of a success. The group did not make another snow train journey, but members spent their week-ends there.

Our spring schedule has consisted of one trip to Mt. Washington and a hike at Indian Ladder near Albany, N.Y. For the remainder of the spring was planned a three day hike in the Marcy country of the Adirondacks, and a hike the week-end after the I.O.C.A. Conference. A group of the club members are planning a trip to Mt. Washington for the same week-end as the Marcy trip.

In conjunction with the spring program we had two lectures, one by T. J. Schaefer of the Mohawk Valley Hiking Club and one by Bob North of the Union Outing Club. During 'Open House' at R.P.I. an exhibit of outing equipment was put up in the library, and was favorably commented upon.

Since it's founding in 1936, the Rensselaer Outing Club has become one of the more active outing clubs in I.O.C.A., (the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association), and one of the most active clubs on campus. We have a paid up membership of around 100, a more or less active membership of near thirty, and a "hard core" of the active, numbering fifteen or so. The major activities include hiking, camping, rock climbing, spelunking, skiing, winter mountaineering, canoeing, square dancing, and song-festing. In addition we run a canoeing-camping weekend trip in the fall to Lake George for I.O.C.A., and a similar, although smaller, trip of our own in the spring.

All this was intended to arouse curiosity, and a sense of loss in the uninitiated reader. He is expected to lean back in his chair, put his feet up on his desk, scratch his head and say, "HUH!" This remarkable word is Swahili for, "so that's who that bunch of oddballs is that's always in the 15th St. Lounge Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P.M. Gee! I wonder how I can get in on the fun?" Unless I say something more at this point, our friend will say, "Oh well," and apathetically turn back to his studies (ugh!) In order to save him from this horrid fate, I'll suggest that he join those "odd-balls" Tuesday nights to find out when and what trips are going out, and to sign his name to the trip lists which are posted on the R.O.C. Bulletin Board which is just outside the R.O.C. Office in the 15th St. Lounge. He won't regret it.

Jim Galloway- Editor

Since this is the last issue before summer vacation, I'm taking this opportunity to say "So long" to everyone, particularly our departing seniors. I hope to see the rest of you in the fall after a good summer. Before then, don't forget College Week. College Week will be held this year at Lake Colden, in the Adirondacks. Last year ROC had the dubious distinction of having more alumni present than members. There will be climbing in the 'Gunks all summer of course, but there will be a special climbing school there from June 3 through 18.

There will be a large, special recruitment issue of the Cairn in the beginning of the next term. Articles are invited. To submit them during the summer, or to otherwise communicate with me, my address will be;

Jim Galloway
46 Newton Rd.
Hamburg, N. Y.

See you in the fall. (College Week?)
Ca-oooo-wah!
Jim

P.S. Anyone going climbing from the Buffalo area this summer?

Spring Skiing
(Excerpts From)

Enroute to Killington Basin, south of Rutland:

"The grass is really green here."

"Yeah"

"Klaus, are you sure there's snow
at Killington??"

"Sure, there was last week."

-----"Look! There is some
snow!!" (A patch of 5'x5')

Proceeding eastward from Rutland:

"I dunno, I still don't see anymore
snow-- are you sure that there's
skiing??"

"Don't worry---- say there's a car with
skiis -- see, I told you!"

"But, he's going the otherway!"

"Aaw, don't sweat it."

Five minutes later on the road into Killington
Basin:

"There were a lot of bare spots on Pico."

Hesitation --- Rounding curve upon which Killington
Peak comes into view:

"Well I'll be damned *** There is
snow up here-----and look, there's
even people skiing!!"

"Sure, told you so!"

Some time later----temperature 65, corn snow
surface, everyone perspiring wildly except me.....
..I'm wearing shorts:

"Elston!! you suprise me! Since when
are you parallel skiing?"

"Since I ripped the crotch in my pants
---see! I've got air conditioning!"

Later again:

"Klaus, you look wet. Wha' hopen' ??"

"Oh, nothing much; there was a puddle
up there and I thought I'd get
some practice water skiing for
Spring Lake George."

"Klaus, why are your knees so red?"

"I fell on themobviously!"

Late in the afternoon the sun is setting behind Killington Peak.

"Look!! I'm wedcling!!! wedel wedel wedel splash (nice recovery...grrrind... ..stop). Whew, that was close."

"Elston! No Elston, no--not like that. Splash! Oh no!"

We see Elston picking himself out of a puddle, posterior annex dripping.

"Arrrgh is that cold.....and wet."

"Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho...AAAHH!..crash! I lose my balance laughing."

Recovering our composure? we ski some more then return to the car where we see, to our horror, a ski jaggedly severed at approximately mid point.

"Good grief, I hope Chesebro survived that."

Inquiry with several people in the vicinity of the car yields no satisfaction. On entering the base lodge we see, thank heavens, our boy Chesebro in one piece.

"Say old man, how did you manage that?"

"Oooh, (yawn) It didn't hurt, I didn't feel a thing. I'll say this though, that was a pretty ritten ski."

"Did you pay insurance on the rental?"

"Daaww---I dunno"

"Rots of Ruck"

On the way home in the vicinity of Bennington,

"Hey!! Let's go to Bennington!!"

"Where is it?"

"Lessee, it's around here somewhere."

We pass the turn off and proceed into Bennington. There is much discussion as who knows who at Bennington, what to do, etc. songfest maybe.....

"Say there's another turnoff here at the monument."

"All those in favor of going to Bennington?"

One hand is raised.

"Well of all the bile blooded, jelly boned individuals!! What's this outing club coming too?? Squawk Squawk Squawk etc."

"Yawn, too tired"

"Good Grief!!"

"No comment"

Silence the rest of the way to Troy. On arrival at Troy.

"Say, Chesebro, ol' buddy, can I pay you for gas at the meeting?"

Pause.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"You see I belong to the Ski now pay later club."

Klaus(ski) Thomas

Skiing at Killington

Although the snows had long disappeared from the slopes of Troy, three skiers, determined not to let the season die early, took off for Killington Basin (April 9). Along were Burt LaPlace driving, Klaus Thomas, and Bob Elston. Upon arriving we found five inches of fresh powder glistening on the tree tops and providing the greatest of spring skiing. Fracturing the crystal clear atmosphere was an occasional outburst of yodelling from an ROC'er* clad in bright red shirt and lederhosen. Mountain peaks in four states were clearly visible from the summit. Short lift lines contributed to a perfect day that came to a close at nine p.m. as some tired skiers returned to Troy.

* Oh Brave new world that has such people in it
--Tempest, Act III, Sc. 2

Bob Elston

ED. note: These are not the same ski trips.

SPRING COMES TO WEST VIRGINIA

This year's IOCA spring caving trip centered in Thorn Spring Park near Franklin, West Virginia, in the pastorate countryside. From ROC we had the usual motley crew, Claude Zucca, John McNabney, Bob Johnson, and yours truly, along with the added spark of Joyce Eppelman and Sue Bochs from Sage.

We left Troy on Saturday, March 25, in Johnson's incredible '35 Chevy and McNabney's plausible VW. We drove like mad (a '35 Chevy hitting 65?) and all told took 15 hours to go 580 miles to Franklin- Johnson drove all the way since his mill is impossible to drive by ordinary standards. When we arrived at the park we found groups from U. Pa., UConn.

Sunday we decided to hit Sinnit Cave, since little else was doing and I knew this one was easy. Sinnit is basically one monster room (900 feet long, up to 40 feet high) with vertical cracks running below it and a stream at the bottom. Entrance is through a small easy crawl, then along or above the stream back some 1000 feet, and then up one of several chimnies to the room. The chimnies were used as nitre earth chutes when the place was mined for saltpeter around civil war days. Sinnit has little formation, except some crude stalagmites at one end of the big room, although the fossils in the walls and the size alone make one trip there worthwhile.

Back at Franklin, we found new groups- one from Syracuse, Princeton, and Union. Monday it was decided to give the group some rockwork, preliminary to anything else. Trout Rock, about three miles from camp, offers some 60 foot cliffs, which were covered with wasps feeling the first breath of spring. Eventually, everybody in the group got a chance at rapelling, ladder climbing, prussiking, and similar techniques with no wasp trouble. Probably we should have spent the day caving instead, but the view of the West Virginia hill country from the cliff was poetically inspiring, or something.

Monday night a thirty mile diversion trip to the East to Mystic Cave proved interesting--especially since Mystic is to the west of Franklin.

Tuesday the Union group and we headed west to the Germany Valley. This area is a Swiss Cheese, and besides Mystic, has schoolhouse, Hellhole, and several others. We first checked the first part of schoolhouse(it's still there). The first 1500 feet of schoolhouse is beg, easy walking with no formation. Then the cave drops away to nothing. From the jumping off point (we stopped here), the floor is about 200 feet down and it goes this way for another 1000 feet up and down, climb and drop, traverse around pits, etc.

Rope marks in the sand showed signs of recent activity, and a note on the wall indicated a group had lost "\$100 equipment and our prestige.", a week before. Although I had been through Schoolhouse two years before, we decided to pass it up.

With plenty of time left, our group split up -- McNabney led a trip to Mystic, a wet but formation filled non-drop. The rest of us went to Hellhole. I had been here before too, but my mad drive for drop caves got the better of me. Hellhole is a big sinkhole in a pasture which terminates in a 180' vertical drop. This Spring we had the added feature of a small stream flowing into the sink. (In the past, such things as cows, and a farmers son have flowed similarly). Of the group, I was the first to rappol into the pit. The first seventy feet is through a wide chimney; the remaining 110' is free, since the hole is cathedral shaped. Unfortunately, the last 50' turned out to be through the waterfall, whose noise made verbal communication with the top impossible, besides being a little demoralizing. After some delay, Joel Stevens from Union came down and everyone else decided to sit it out.

The 'hole is a bat cave, and it has guano which gets pretty deep in there. The larger passage leading from the big entrance room peters out in breakdown after about 300'. The smaller, (the stream passage) leaves the room with a 60 foot waterfall. We followed this back on an upper level, passing several pits which traversed by "interesting" ledges to the sides. This can be followed back to a last 60 foot drop (Little Hellhole), after which the stream flows down and out of sight. We stopped within earshot of this last drop, and prepared to prussic out.

About 5:30, I started up with the standard three sling system. I had a belay from above beside the climbing rope. Going was slow, since the wet rope and slings slid only with coercion. About 30 feet up, the spinning had caused such twisting of main and safety line, that I was forced to go back. The fouled rope caused this operation to take about 20 minutes.

Soaking wet, I rested while Joel started up without belay. He took about 50 minutes, using a safety when he got above the free drop. After much waiting, I sent up a note for slings. One came down-- But I needed three.

Up to then I had done jumping jacks, sung, and walked around to keep warm, but my frame of mind could not be called agreeable. Looking up at the mist filled cavern, with the little hole in the roof through which the clouds raced against the moon, along with the crashing water, and two slings short, I got somewhat teed off. Asking for slings again, I was told to tie in and be hauled out. My reply; "-- -- -- you, gimme the slings." Their reply; " Insist you be hauled out." I was hauled out. Total time: 3 or 4 minutes. At 9:30, out in the sweet air of the West Virginia countryside, with my ego deflated at having been hauled out in order to speed the trip--I SVORE OFF CAVING--(Like I did before.)

I think the point to be gained from this is that too much safety can be harmful. On a previous prussik out of Hellhole, we used no safety, and this is standard procedure. The main rope (brand new goldline) had been tested prior to entering the cave. For a free drop, where spinning is unavoidable, the safety should not be used. If, however, safety and climbing ropes are fixed far enough apart, the spinning could probably be stopped by belay tension. This safety is of course, on the rope, since it is almost impossible to fall out of the standard prussik, even if the climber is out cold.

Besides the prestige implications, hauling someone out increases the danger of falling rock, is rough on rope, and requires four or five stalwart American lads to do the pulling.

Bob Herenden

NOTICE

Looking around the pit, I notice that what we left with, bears very little resemblance to the equipment with which we returned. Since I suspect that this is a fairly common occurrence, ROC will be running a lost and found. If you either have some equipment missing or have some extra stuff that you can't account for, send a letter to us, and we will try to straighten things out. Still unaccounted for in our pit is:

- one large brown canvas tarp
- one black belt
- one pair of grey leather work gloves
- one plastic raincoat

Martin Maltz
Lake George Trip Leader

NEW ALUMS:

Do you want to continue to receive the Cairn after graduation? If so give me your new address, and you will be placed on the mailing list for the coming year.

---... ---

SPRING LAKE GEORGE

I was standing on the canoe landing at Little Harbor Island on Saturday noon, about to leave on a day trip, when a nagging doubt entered my mind. "Perhaps RPI doesn't really exist?" For Spring Lake George and the college grind just don't belong in the same universe.

The weekend started with a lovely Friday leading to an excruciatingly cold night for those who dressed for the trip by the callander. The first RPI contingent arrived at about four o'clock, while the main group of RPI, Russel Sage, Albany State, and Vassar arrived in a woefully undermanned bus at about eight thirty. (They were supposed to be there at eight, but the trip leader was one half hour late.) After getting registration straightened out, and recovering from the shock of discovering the number there already (Spring Lake George is supposed to be a small, cozy trip) we helped the bunch of hitchhikers from God-knows-where who, as I understand it, heard from their Aunt Matildy, who had been told by Uncle Fred, that some nice fellow in Boulden's Take Off was paying \$3.50 a weekend for people to check out some of his canoes and see if they leaked. (Everybody was there I tell you, everybody!) The water was calm and the canoeing pleasant. I pulled into the island just in time to ride back in the power boat to stand my watch at registration, where some of us stayed until dawn.

Once it warmed up, Saturday was a beautiful day, and everyone took off more or less on their own. An unusually large number of people discovered that tipping over a canoe really is as easy as falling off a log. For myself, I discovered that a complex network of shadows on a cliff at Lake George doesn't indicate Shwagunk type bucket holds, but instead means the place is full of large loose boulders, ready to come off at any moment.

Saturday night, a spontaneous square dance started on the south end of the island. We had stacked a beautiful bonfire and were about to set it off when the skies opened up on us in a downpour that completely ruined the bonfire, and the monster songfest that was to gather around it. Smaller songfests started up around the island, however. The biggest was under RPI's circus tent, which completely enclosed another small two man tent under its cover with plenty of room to spare. The chaperone, Dick Kramer, was presented with a birthday cake baked in a reflector oven on the island that afternoon.

The bus back to Troy left only two hours late because the trip leader was late again (cleanup took longer than expected,) and we arrived just in time to miss the loan-to's last spaghetti dinner. The agile trip leader managed to avoid stoning and finally collapsed into bed at midnight.

Martin Maltz

IOCA CONFERENCE 1961

It was a Conference like all Conferences, except, I was there. This charming little fact makes our Cairn editor think that I am the one qualified to fulfill the task of relating the event to you all. My advice to all of you who are really interested in finding out about Conference, is to go there yourselves next year. To all of you who are just interested in wasting time now, read on.

As you know, Conference is a gathering of IOCA'ns to take care of some of the organizational chores of our outing "disorganization". ROC was in the thick of this. Of the three candidates running for Excc. Sec., two were nominated by ROC'ers, and I might add, our candidate won. (The odds were with us!) You might feel that this article is biased. So what! ROC should toot it's horn once in a while, even if no-one does listen.

Bulletin Editor was no fight, with Al Goodheart, HOC unopposed. I might remind you that Al's fight is yet to come. From what I hear, it is a terrible job to find writers for the Bulletin. Last year ROC contributed eight articles (toot). Let's help Al out and be prolific again next year.

The only other pic that ROC got its grubby little finger into, way past the elbow, was this foolishness of an IOCA patch. An extraneous idea in the pre-Conference Bulletin (Pg 14) submitted by an ROC'er, snowballed into reality, and will make the scene sometime early next year I hope. (Hint Babs?) I here-by propose an IOCA uniform be brought up at the next Conference. (Red shirts and lederhosen maybe?)

Of course it goes without saying that many other things happened, like spolunking all night, rock climbing in the rain, square-dancing 'til 3:30 am., trophy borrowing, (like a green SOC shirt) etc., and IOCA color was added to the whole affair by C.B.G. as usual.

One other point worth mentioning was the friendly reception the '35 Chevy got at every gas station when we made the usual stops for gas (and oil, battery water, radiator water, new tires etc.) My only regret is that now I know what I am afraid I will be forced to miss next year.

For an accurate report of Conference, I refer you to the Conference report issued to all clubs.

For the H.V.C. in particular, and IOCA in general, the ROC takes pleasure in introducing....

THE HUDSON VALLEY PAGE

"A HUDSON VALLEY PAGE ?" "What kind of animal is that?" Allow me to explain. A few weeks ago at IOCA conference in Pennsylvania, several Hudson Valley representatives gathered around to brainstorm new ways to put life back into their regional conference. Among the suggestions was the idea of having each H.V.C. club include in its regular publication a page or two devoted to topics of interest to the Hudson Valley Conference. This new page, however, will be sent to ALL OF IOCA in hopes that it will accomplish two things.

First, this page will have obvious advantage in its particular region as a supplement to the regional newsheet. Ideally, it will spread to others an individual club's ideas and comments on local problems, inter-club trips, and on potential new areas, as well as providing a place to announce changes in addresses, phone numbers, or addresses.

Second, the regional page as suggested above should help to promote joint trips between clubs of neighboring conferences, to improve communications between the various regions, and to allow all IOCA conferences to benefit from the new ideas of one.

Although the HUDSON VALLEY PAGE is an experiment, it appears that such a page, incorporating the ideas alone, might have tremendous potential on a regional scale and might be helpful to IOCA as a whole. Come on H.V.C., let's ALL give it a try !! Here's a sample of what might be done in the future.

Bob Arundale

LET'S PUT H.V.C. BACK ON ITS FEET

Well, IOCA Conference has come and gone for another year, as has the annual burst of enthusiasm throughout IOCA. Delegates have begun to forget the resolutions they made on things to accomplish during the coming year. There is one resolution, however, which I hope is not forgotten, namely, "Let's get the Hudson Valley Conference rolling this year!" Why not? Evidence exists in the dusty ROC files to prove that H.V.C. was once a live and going concern, so there is ample reason to believe it can reach that status again.

Primary among the reasons for putting more life into HVC is that it can help its members to more fully realize the potentialities for outings which exist in the Hudson Valley. Although very long and narrow, the Hudson Valley is almost a heaven for outing clubbers. If you like hiking, try the

Adirondacks, the Catskills, the Taconics, and the Berkshires and Green Mountains. Skiing may be found in the region itself, or close by in Vermont and Canada. Likewise, for winter mountaineering. If canoeing is to your fancy, there's plenty of white water, calm water, and a big lake named George. Last but not least on the list, is rock-climbing in the "Gunks", and some very interesting, yet often forgotten, caves. Trip potential alone, however, cannot sustain an active regional conference.

Let's examine further what must be done in the future to restore H.V.C. Possibly one of the biggest aids to an INACTIVE region is poor communication. Unfortunately, this is not a matter which can be remedied by the regional secretary, rather, it is up to each club to answer it's mail. Remember, postcards are CHEAP, considering the service they can do, and the time they require.

While on the subject of communication, it would be well to point out that each club can do a great service to the region if it will conscientiously pass along any items of interest it may come across. For example, the name of a local person who sells outing equipment, or a tip on a new cave in the area. It is for this purpose, as well as those mentioned earlier, that a "Hudson Valley Page" holds great potential.

Another regional problem which ranks with that of communication is, 'what to do with the less active clubs?'. The remedy here is to have a stronger club in the region plan a trip or a meeting with the weaker club. True, such action calls for a great deal of work and planning in advance, but the results may be well worth the effort, both for the weaker club, and for H.V.C. Why not look into the possibility? Does your club need a "shot in the arm?"

Now for a few comments on trips. As for a regional conference, H.V.C. cannot be expected to provide a selection of trips which will replace or greatly aid the trip program of an individual club; however, it must run a few major trips during the year. The point to be made here is that a Hudson Valley regional trip must have sufficient publicity and advance notice so that individual clubs may plan in advance. This comment applies equally well to inter-club trips. If you have some definite ideas for a future trip, why not mention it on your "H.V. Page"?

As a final note to close this dissertation, I would like to announce that the Hudson Valley Conference has no regional secretary this year! Instead, the job of the "secretary", has been given to Vassar Outing Club as a group responsibility. This is an experiment to see whether or not a team can handle such a job better than an individual. Let's give the girls a hand this year, and "get H.V.C. rolling again!"

P.S. At IOCA Conference, it was requested that each club in the region circulate a list of summer addresses of members so people can keep in touch and plan summer trips.

P.P.S. Plan to be at the H.V.R. Conference at Fall Lake George.

Here is a partial list of ROC'ers and their summer addresses. For anyone planning summer trips who would like to have others accompany him, this list should prove helpful.

If you inform me of your trips I will send you the names and addresses of any other OC'ers that I know who would be interested in these trips. (A self-addressed postcard would greatly help.)

Any ROC'er planning to go to college week and to stay until the 17th should contact me before August 15. I will then write the registrar and try to get permission to register late without paying the \$10 fee.

My address is:

7 E.C. Baker, Gail Drive, Bldg. 4, Apt 9c, Nyack, N.Y.

Have a good summer.

Armand Catelli

Jim Achilles	West Danville, Vermont
Bob Arundale	123 Tenth Ave, Haddon Heights, N.J.
Bob Elston	General Delivery, Boise, Idaho
Richard Fuhrman	180 Navajo St, Miami Springs 66, Fla.
Jim Galloway	46 Newton Rd, Hamburg, N.Y.
John K. Hall	350 Congress St, Troy, N.Y.
Ed Hradzira	272 Hoosick St, Troy, N.Y.
Gay & Lisa Huse	471 Fulton St, Troy, N.Y.
John Kolezar	404 Pelham Rd, Barclay Farm, Haddonfield, N.J.
Dan Romano	7 Hawthorne Ave, Troy, N.Y.
Stan Smillie	684 Riverside Dr, New York 31, N.Y.
BOB Starr	44 Fenway St, Stamford, Conn.
Claude Zucca	120 W 183 St, New York 53, N.Y.

The following addresses of Alumni are temporary.

Don Beck	26 Warner St, Springfield 8, Mass.	until 24 June
	USS Vulcan, FPO N.Y., N.Y.	until 28 July
Ron Parent	Fort Devon, Mass.	until 30 July
	Seattle, Washington	after 7 Aug
Klaus Thomas	382 Elm ST, Oradell, N.J.	until 14 Aug
Lary Wasserman	113 Woodlawn Ave, Albany, N.Y.	from 25 June
	USS Gainard (DD-706), FPO, N.Y., N.Y.	to 15 July
		after 15 July

AC:ss