

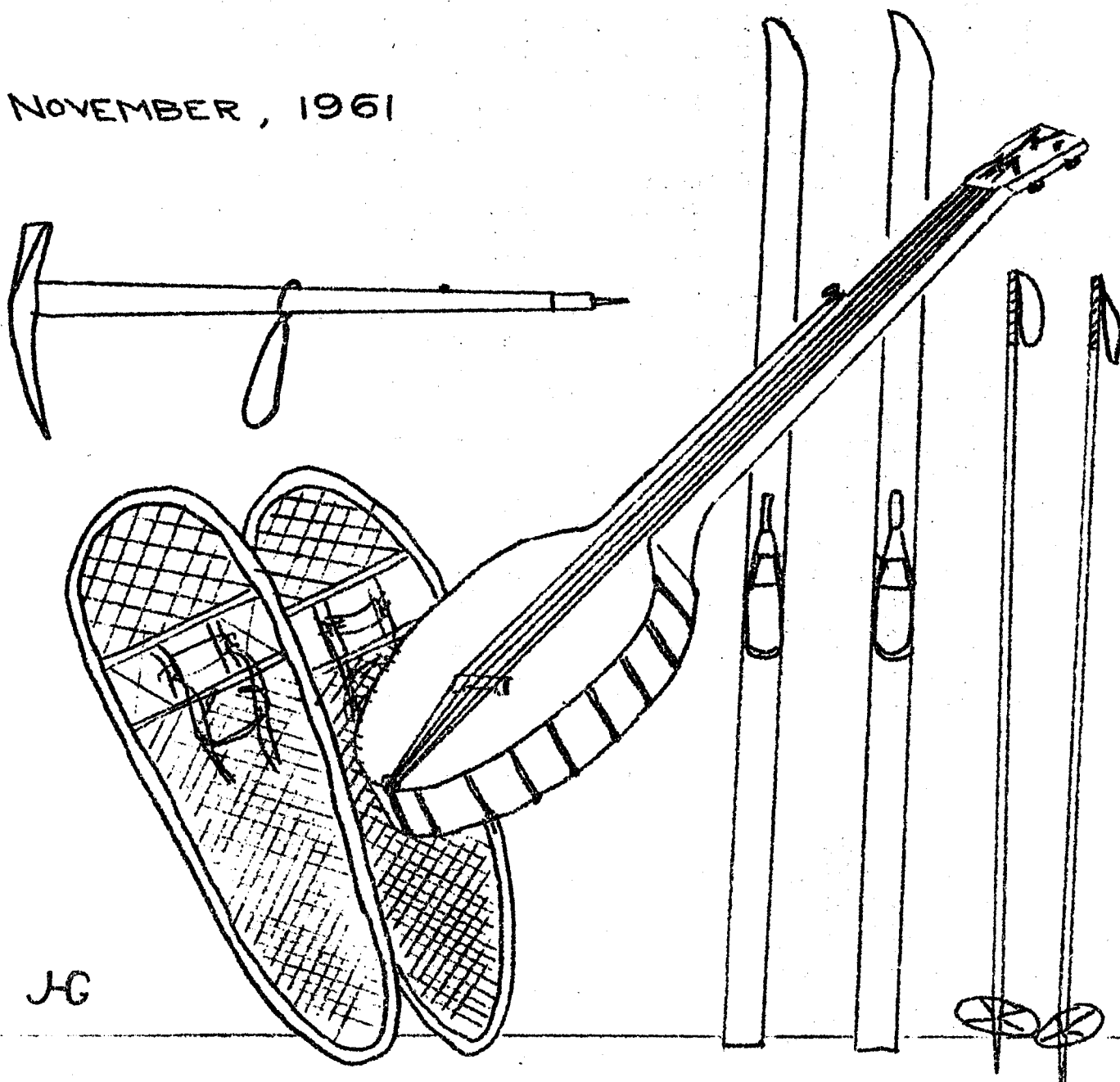


THE ROC CAIRN



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

NOVEMBER, 1961



JG

Smith Square Dance Weekend

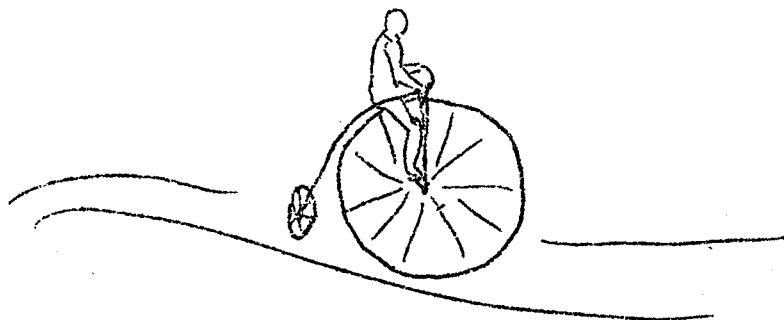
The occasion of the Smith Square Dance, was the perpetrator of a mild form of insanity to a small group of RCC members. A group of six demented souls left Troy early Friday evening in the direction of Ellis Hospital in Schenectady for a square dance given by the nursing school there. Sort of a warm-up session, you might say. This hardy crew then left in a more easterly direction; and arrived at around 2 AM at the MHOC cabin where they spent the night, and met an old friend named Calhoun.

The next morning a group of four more (almost, but not quite so crazy) RCC'ers left Troy to join the others for a day of rock climbing about 30 miles north of Smith. (No, I don't know the name of the place.) Here people discovered that route finding on strange rock is not easy. Needless to say, some of the beginners were a little surprised at the difficulty of the climbs.

After people had their fill of rock climbing, people decided to turn to a more substantial form of nourishment, and the caravan converged on Smith College for supper provided by SOC. Here we were joined by our more sane contingent for the square dance, where all had a good time, with the possible exception of Calhoun, who found himself the object of the possessive instincts of untold numbers of SOC and MHOC partisans. SOC gained possession, and Calhoun somehow managed to keep himself and his dignity intact.

A fitting end to this weekend of insanity was enjoyed by a group of six from RPI, two from MIT, one from Smith, and one from U-Mass, At the home of Robert Johnson's Uncle, Roger Johnson. As for myself, I have a series of blurred visions; . . . riding around in a 1901 knox, . . . riding or attempting to ride assorted antique bicycles; high wheelers, pedacycles, tandems, etc. . . . wandering around a collection of spelunking photographs . . . a frustratingly poor, yet peaceful game of pool . . . a slow walk to a covered bridge . . . sitting on the bank of the river . . . watching the water flow by

Jim Galloway



Spelunking.

Among my various activities (mostly trying to get a rough gretch together to come back this term) I managed to explore a very interesting and little-known-about cave in Unionville. This is a little settlement between Selmer and Clarksville, New York. This cave being part of the Clarksville system is known locally as "the Water Cave." It was known that a spelunking party several years ago discovered an underground lake, dimensions undisclosed, somewhere between Unionville and Clarksville (5 miles). The entrance or exit, whichever it may be, is probably the last stop for covers crawling towards Albany. Permission was obtained from the owners of the adjacent property, whereupon the three of us, including a friend from Cal. Poly C.C., set out for the unknown. We were well stocked with the gritchels of spelunking: flashlights, batteries, rope, batteries, grup, batteries, etc.

If you don't crump out before the entrance, about the area of a large watermelon, you immediately experience "spelunkers ecstacy" or if you prefer, "spelunkers hell". "Water, mud, belly-crawling over sharp rocks, no turnarounds, and a passage down, down, down!" As you try to crawl around the first bend, about a 180 deg. switchback of one square foot, you think that there's been a mistake, maybe your in the wrong cave. But it's too late to think about that; not unless you're an experienced backwards-up-over-a-slight-drop-off spelunker, and you've got one whimpering inexperienced spelunker behind you. Do you manage to do the twist and find that the passage gets larger, and the water gets deeper and colder. After dx at dt later, you come to a turnaround. By this time your enthusiasm for this quirk of nature exceeds your frustration and you continue on until choice presents itself again. Shall it be in the sticky slimy or under in the cold bubbly? After you scrape the mud out of your eyes, you notice the passage slipping downward, but the water level remaining horizontal. Upon reaching the point of scrapping fossils of the ceiling with your teeth in quest for air, the party voted to retreat. Soaked to the embryo and not knowing the color of our clothes, we crawled out, pushing our adrenal glands to the limit, somewhat disappointed and also satisfied. We had got ov r the hump, but our distance traveled had been about L/100.

If anyone is interested in making this cave (it may make you) let me know ...

Bill Bourke

Climbing

*
One car-load of people left Friday (October 20, 1991) night at 8:30 for the Gunk's for a one day climbing trip. After spending the night on the carriage road, we got a fairly early start at climbing. Saturday night we discovered that two people could get a ride back with Gardner Perry Sunday afternoon, so Marty Maltz and myself stayed over. The rest of the party, Jim Galloway, Tex Zoeller and our driver, Bob Elston left right after supper. The weather was fair both days and the climbing good. The view was great from the top, since the fall foliage was in its full glory this weekend.

James Achilles

*woops

College Week

On September 5 I waded around the North west side (wrong side) of Lake Colden (The trail was a little muddy).

Arriving at the South end of the lake I found about 30 CC'ers who had come in earlier. I knew exactly 2 of them.

I spent several days running up various mountains in the area and a few days just doing nothing and one day was spent just cooking and eating. People came and went every day. The RCC had 6 members there and several Alums.

Unfortunately the 13th came too soon and we had to wade out to Tahawus (this trail also muddy).

Armand Catelli

Climbing in the Rain

After long and careful research, I have decided that the climbers motto, "believing will make it so," may apply to hand and foot holds, but does not apply to the weather. A case in point was the weekend of November 3. In the face of dire warnings from the weatherman, Bob Johnson, Jim Achilles, Jim Galloway and myself left Friday night for the Gunk's, and were joined Saturday morning by Armand Catelli, John Sidle, Stu Webster and Arthur Smith, and forty-eight cars of other "believing will make it so-ers."

We were drizzled on steadily all day long, and I had my first experience with leading in the rain. I had gotten two steps off the ground when my feet slipped off a ledge big enough to do a hand stand on. The rest of the climb was done with due caution and without mishap.

The weekend was not a total loss, however. Jim Galloway and Bob Johnson became qualified seconds. The car which came up Saturday morning returned Saturday night, and the Johnsonmobile putted home Sunday night. Once again, all concerned had a cold, wet, muddy weekend, and a whole of a good time.

Martin Maltz

Lake George

On the weekend of Oct. 5-6 a very large number of MCC'ers converged on Bolton Landing and Turtle Island.

Amid absolute chaos the trip leader actually got most of the people registered and into canoes. (How this was done I will never know; I only saw an endless sea of people.)

Saturday dawned bright and clear and soon fogged over. The usual trip to Black and Tongue Mts. and to the waterfalls got out after due delay.

The square dance Saturday was a complete success, even to the timing of the generator running out of gasoline. John Hall deserves congratulations for his well constructed bonfire which even survived his attempts to knock it down.

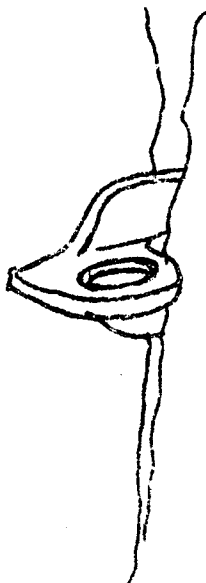
Sunday the lake was calm. For some unknown reason it stayed calm and everyone (in water-proof canoes) got back to Bolton Landing dry.

The "olde after Lake George work party" arrived back in Troy about 8p.m.

I also understand that the MCC lost a flag.

Armand Catelli

This comment was left behind by Don Beck (an ex-MCC'er for those who don't remember him): "Never put a horizontal piton in a vertical crack 'cause it won't co-inside."



Go Crawl in a Cave, Jim!

Dammit, stop poking me, Galloway! I haven't got time to write an article about the R.O.C. spelunking trip to Ball's cave that went out October 21. Besides that I can't write; I can't even spell spelunker even if my uncle did make up the word. What did we do? Well, we left at 9:32 (not bad, considering that one car crumped) in a caravan of two, the '35 Chevy and Glennon's car. We got within a mile of the cave fairly easily, then asked an incommunicative farmer where Gages's Cavern was, but he claimed he didn't know. With some work we managed to find out that we had to go across his land to get to Mr. Gage's land and we got his permission to do so after promising to leave all his fences the way we found them. So off we went into the fields. After looking for about a half hour I went back out and inquired from a different farmer's son as to the location of the cave. Stan had also found the cave by this time so on we went through the woods. It was about 11:30 when we finally descended the 40 foot ladder into the cave. After a short scramble we were about 35 feet lower. To the right were the lakes, so we went to the left. Zucca was bringing up the rear and Arthur Smith was just behind Stan, who was second. Glennon, Baker and Kopecky completed the crew. We walked thru the passage ways which were relatively dry looking at chimneys and other cave characteristics. We used both entrances to the amphitheater which we found already occupied by bats (only a few). First we went to the Northwest end of the amphitheater then to the South end and on to the broken room. From here we crawled on the circular crawlway back to the amphitheater. The others waited here while Zucca, Kopecky and I went back into the broken room and explored the northwest end of it. We then proceeded back thru the amphitheater and passages to the lakes. Fortunately there was a boat in the lake. Unfortunately there were two boats. After much work we managed to put a boat in the lake. By two of us kneeling in the bottom of the boat and using our hands on the walls overhead we managed to navigate our way along the narrow lake. At its end we came to the first of fourteen tufa dams. We disembarked and inspected the natural dam. We peered down the next higher lake to the next tufa dam and decided not to go on. Returning to our boat, which was now considerably lower, we pushed and pulled our way back to the others at the foot of the entrance. After two trips were made we proceeded up the scramble and up the ladder and out. It being about 3:00 pm those who had had foresight to bring some lunch ate the same while the others drooled. The trip split at this point some going directly back to Troy, others returning via Esperance. The trip was a success.

Robert Johnson

NOTE: Stan is Bob Starr

Hudson Valley Page

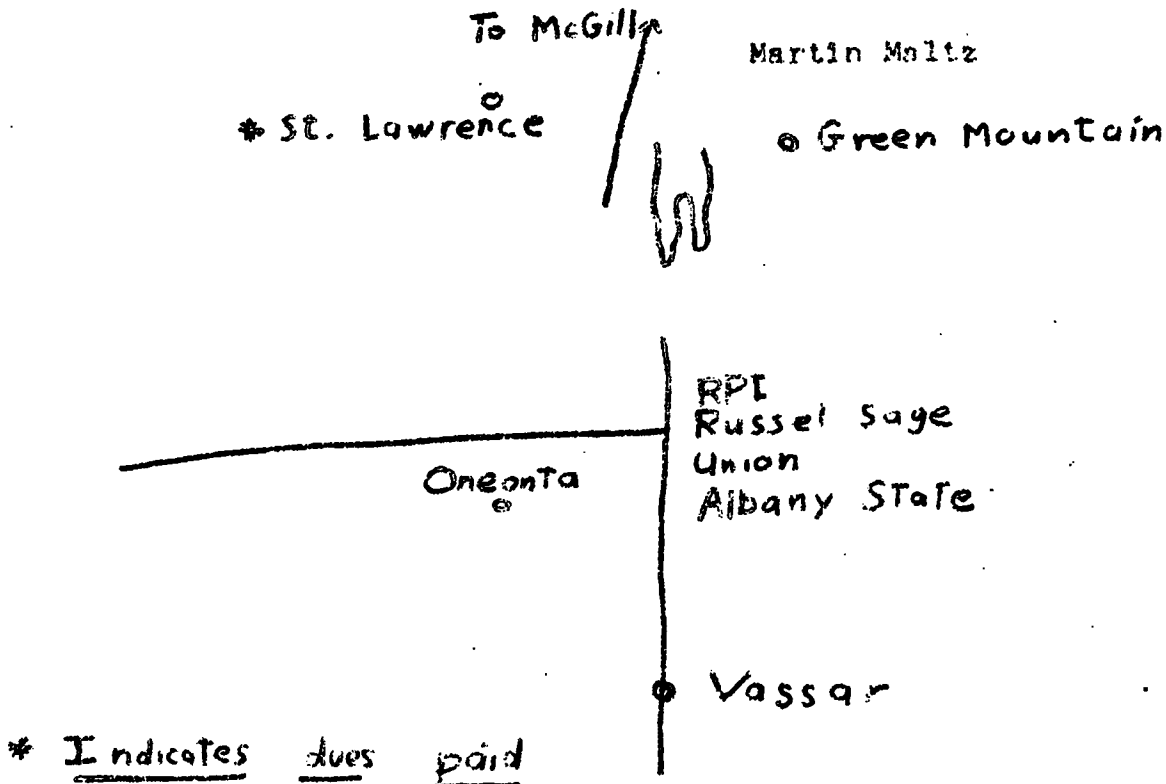
Like a ghost from the grave, once more the Hudson Valley Region has reared its head. This year, with the help of all concerned, we may even get it to waggle its tail a bit.

H.V.R. appeared above the surface at last Fall Lake George, where a regional conference of sorts was held. The first business of the meeting was to elect yours truly to the job of H.V.R. Secretary. It was decided, after some discussion, to hold a regional skiing trip between Thanksgiving and Christmas to some nearby ski center. We hope it will be a good first step toward rejuvenating the regional organization.

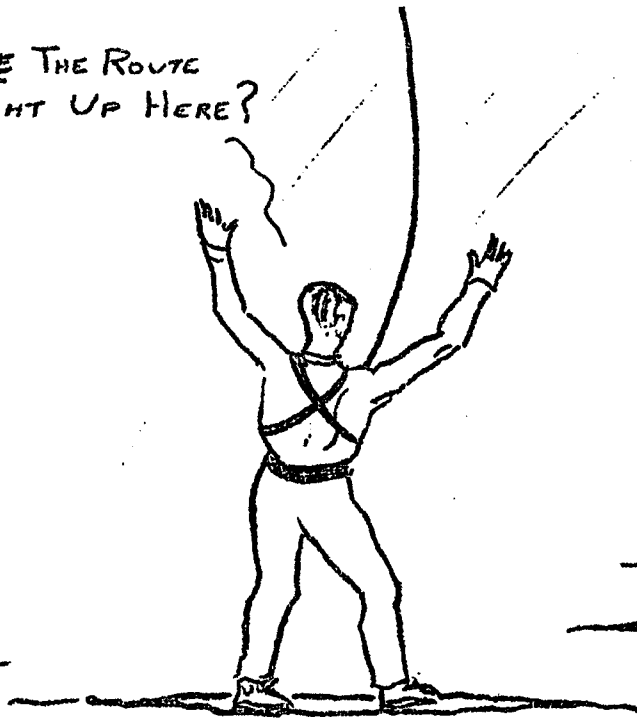
Numerous other activities have been suggested for H.V.R. I think one of the most promising proposals is that H.V.R. run some sort of central clearing house for Summer outing trips, for though at this time of year each individual outing club has had its membership scattered far and wide, there may be enough members from H.V.R. clubs in a given area to make a good trip possible.

Another possibility is that H.V.R. organize transportation to Conference. This year Conference will be held so close to the region that this would really not be necessary, however, when it is held again in West Virginia, coordinating transportation might be worth looking into.

We can take pride, however, that H.V.R. runs one humdinger of a trip every year. After all, every one knows that Spring Lake George is an H.V.R. trip??????



ARE YOU SURE THE ROUTE
GOES STRAIGHT UP HERE?



JG

He Ain't Gonna Climb No More
MITOC Version

"Are you ready?" said the belayer, as he took a comfy seat.
The climber weakly answered as we dragged him to his feet.
The rock was wet and slippery; the climb was long and steep;
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

He reached the final overhang before he fell, I'm told.
The rope was weak and rotten; it was ten or twelve years old.
It was frayed and it was tattered; it would never, never hold;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

His face turned green; his face turned grey; he felt the
sudden drop.
He scraped his fingers to the bone; in vain he clutched the
rock.
I think he bounced just once or twice before the final shock;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

There was blood upon the quarry; there were brains upon the
slope,
And intestines were entwined amongst the pitons and the rope.
He was squashed into his sneakers like he was a telescope;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

HEMSELAEK OUTING CLUB
MEMBERSHIP 1961-62

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE	CAR
* Achilles, James (Eqpt. Chmn.)	86 Eagle St. (Eagle's Nest)	Brl-8866	-
Allen, Bruce	B-112	-	-
* Arundale, Robert B. (Pres.)	1932 5th Ave.	Ar3-7669	-
Baker, KENNETH	White IV 32	-	-
Burt, Wayne A.	224 Pawling	As2-9409	-
Bauch, Dan	B-219	As2-9763	-
Bell, Paul W.	Church I G-2	-	-
Blom, Rolf E.	Church I G-2	-	-
Braunstein, Terry	C-202	-	-
Brown, Jeff	A-203	-	-
Burch, Preston M.	C-227	-	-
Campbell, David R.	6-5 Edgehill Terr.	-	-
Campbell, Robert L.	Clement 24	As2-4770	-
Castro, Gerald A.	F-314	-	-
* Catelli, Armand (Secy.)	Church III 22	As2-0916	-
Clapp, Dennis F.	A319	As2-9615	-
Colby, Charles F.	2200 14th Street	-	-
Decker, John C.	C-324	-	-
Deitz, David	C-208	-	-
Domoto, Kaneko Anyo	C-209	-	-
* Elston, Rob	2150 12th St.	As4-6316	5
Festel, Carl	Church I 2	-	-
Fickett, Paul V.	B-111	-	-
* Foster, Richard	Clement 24	As2-4770	-
Fuhrman, Richard	Clement 36	As4-6168	-
* Galloway, Jim (Cairn Ed.)	86 Eagle St. (Eagle's Nest)	Brl-8866	-
Glennon, Michael J.	2200 14th St.	As2-4315	5
Hacker, James	F-119	-	-
* Hall, John Kendrick (Treas.)	1650 Fifth Ave.	Ar3-2063	7
Harper, William	1917 Burdett Ave.	-	-
Hiller, Michael	243 Eighth St.	As4-6969	-
Hinman, Stephen F.	A-203	-	-
Holmer, Curtis I.	1932 Fifth Ave.	Ar3-7669	-
Huckins, Brian L.	C-303	-	-
* Huse, Guy (Ed. of Dir.)	471 Fulton St.	As2-7452	4
Memb. at Large)	"	"	-
* Lisa Ruse	"	"	-
Jarvis, Robert F.	Clement 3	-	-
* Johnson, Robert	86 Eagle St. (Eagle's Nest)	Brl-8866	3 1/2
Jones, Charles	Clement 34	-	-
Koleszer, Jay	1932 Fifth Ave.	Ar3-6756	-
Kopecky, Rudolf #	1827 Seventh Ave.	As4-7067	-
Kramer, Richard G. (Ed. of Dir.)	5-7 Edgehill Terr.	As2-2617	-
Lederer, Livio	Church VI	-	-
Lightner, Larry	B-114	-	-
Louden, Kenneth S.	A-211	As2-9615	-
* Maltz, Martin S. (Vice Pres.)	86 Eagle St. (Eagle's Nest)	Brl-8866	-

May, Eric E.	D-224	-	-
* Mollabney, John	1932 Fifth Ave.	Ar3-6756	-
Morrison, John	D-227	-	-
Murphy, William	B-111	-	-
* Moyers, Glenn O.	.275 Hoosick St. 6MD5	-	6
Nason, Paul	A-305	-	-
Perlis, Barry R.	Church I 1	As2-4968	-
Pool, Betsy #	Emma Willard Sch.	-	-
Raymond, David	C-207	-	-
Reimer, Louis R.	12-6 Georgian Terr.	-	4
Carol Reimer	"	-	-
Reiner, Erwin	B-331	-	-
Rich, Jeffrey T.	A-220	-	-
Romano, Daniel	12 Myrtle Ave.	As4-1534	4
* Rourke, William D.	Voorhees 34	As-4-7869	-
Sanda, John	C-319	-	-
* Sasmor, Louis	2261 Burdett	As2-7359	3
Scesney, Paul E.	A-321	As2-9615	-
Scharf, B.	F-302	-	-
Schechter, David	G-208	-	-
* Schrauf, Jeremy P.	100 Spring Av.	As2-7399	-
* Seward, Hub	117 Avondale Rd. Ridgewood, New Jersey	G14-4212	5
* Sidle, John	82 14th St.	As2-4660	-
* Smillie, Stan	2261 Burdett Ave. (Lookout)	As2-7359	-
Smith, Arthur M.	White IV 32	-	-
* Smith, Joe (Ed. of dir.)	E.E. Dept. Sage Lab.	Brl -7034	-
Snellman, Walter	Buck 21	-	-
* Starr, Robert	2261 Burdett Ave. (Lookout)	As2-7359	-
Strachan, John T.	C-224	-	-
Strook, Harold B.	G-311	-	-
* Tabb, David M.	1719 Highland Ave.	As2-7584	-
* Taft, Wayne	1089 Madison Ave.	Brl-7034	6
Tranek, John E.	G-223	-	-
* Walden, Harvey	Roebling 2	-	-
Weller, Bart	D-329	-	-
White, Warren E.	F-312	-	-
Wolfson, Richard	B-308	-	-
Zielinski, Edward	G-210	-	-
* Zucca, Claude E.	1602 Highland Ave.	As-2-4233	-

* Means patch member.

Means affiliate member.