



# THE ROC CAIRN



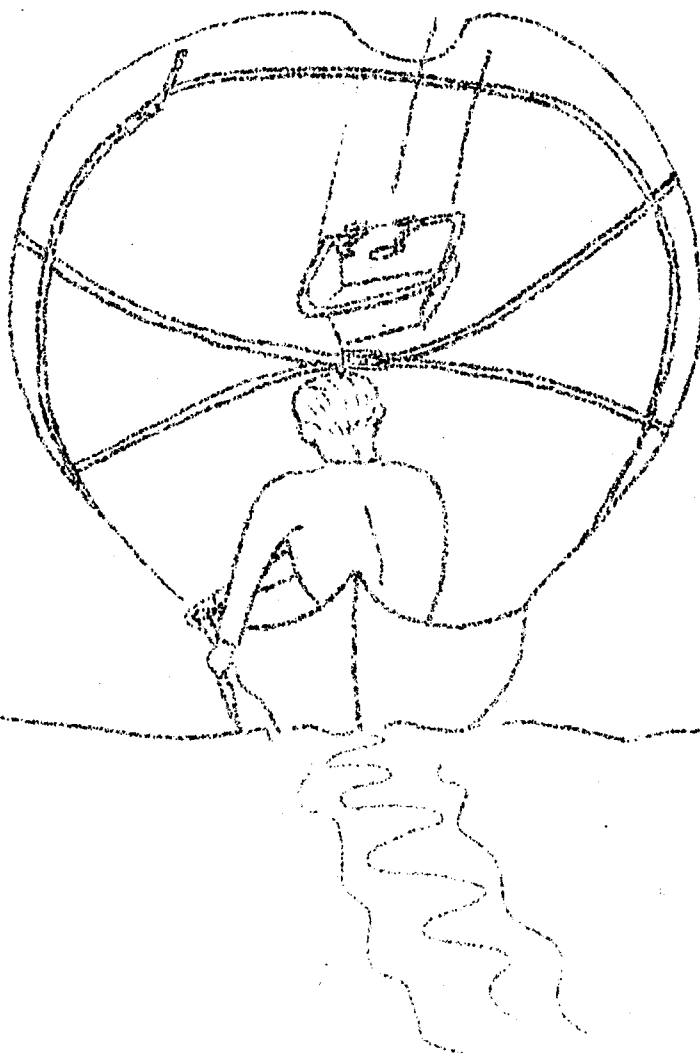
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RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. P. I., TROY, NEW YORK

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MAY

1962



## CONFERENCE ----- 1962

Once again the ROC descended en masse on the IOCA Conference which was held this year at the Green Engineering Camp of Cooper Union and was hosted by MIOCA. The general cry, "the RED SHIRTS are coming!" proved to be extremely true this year for everyone of our own delegates attending had a red shirt. Even Marty Malos broke down and finally bought a red shirt. Our numbers were further enlarged by the appearance of some ROC alumni in red shirts.

After registering at about 9:00 PM we quickly looked the camp over and everyone agreed that Cooper Union had provided one of the finest spots for Conference in many a year.

Jim Achilles who was feeling energetic decided that the dusty rafters in the registration building needed a cleaning and decided to do the job with the clothes he was wearing. With Hub Seward to belay him he proceeded to traverse the rafters twice picking up much of the aforementioned dust. Afterwards some of the delegates started a square dance and this ended the activities Friday evening.

On Saturday morning the ROC delegation split up with each of us going to a different one of the discussion groups. Later on the entire convention convened to discuss Fall Lake George, its past and its future. Many proposals were submitted to resolve the financial end of this the largest IOCA trip of the year.

Free time Saturday afternoon was marked by hiking and swimming. After dinner in the evening several representatives from the Peace Corps presented a movie and answered questions on the Corps.

The highlight of the evening was the square dance called by Bert Raphael. After the outside square dance broke up at about 11:30 PM, the ROC along with some other die hard SDers proceeded to hold one inside to us to not disturb the normal people living nearby. This SD proceeded to go on and on and on and on and on and on and on and on. Finally at 4:00 AM those few of us who were still able to think and move decided that we had better call it a night as we could no longer follow even the simple calls.

The next morning after breakfast Kev Naight called the business part of Conference to order. A discussion ensued as to what to do about Lake George. Bert Raphael's motion in effect to let the ROC handle all finances and to maintain a sinking fund to offset any future losses was carried by a majority of 45 to 1. We then proceeded to the election of Executive Secretary. On the first ballot no candidate received a majority but on the second ballot Pete Jenks of MCO was elected. Babs Krumseig was then elected to the position of bulletin editor. As for College Week next year the delegates selected Katahdin (Armand Catelli spells it "Golden"). The real fight came when we selected the site for conference next year. The vote went to Smith College to hold it next year and this being the extent of the business, Conference 1962 adjourned. I might note that Kev and Pete received their free bath courtesy of IOCA in the stream near the camp.



SMOKEY

Scilligan of the Hitchhiker?

Three hours upon this wretched road I've stood  
Imploring truck and car to bear me on  
To shining cities over yonder hills  
And out forever from this wilderness ;  
Yet still I stand while from the haggard sky  
Grey clouds forewarn the coming of damned snow  
And feet freeze from the coldness of the air  
That wraps around my undershirtless chest

O bastard drivers that someday you come  
To curse alone and stranded by the way  
As timid studs in warmth and luxury  
Speed westward with the dying of the sun

Leon Yance

## SPRING LAKE GEORGE

Once again with predictable fervor the members of the Hudson Valley Region descended on Bolton Landing for this the biggest regional trip of the year.

Robert Johnson our trip leader thought that he would outguess the clubs who invariably get to Lamb's early by having the ROC ready to take registration two hours early. As it turned out, no one showed up early and when we arrived in Johnson's car at 3:00 PM we found that we were the first ones to register. The registration proceeded quite uneventfully until the next morning whereupon we found that we had taken in over \$100.00 in Canadian money at par value. Bye, bye eight dollars. A total of 228 people from 18 clubs registered for the trip.

Saturday morning dawned bright and we were all quite thankful that the big poly tarp we had in our campsite did not have to ward off anything wetter than dew during the night. The morning was marked by the biggest canoe race of the year. Boys in the bow and girls in the stern all the way around Little Harbor Island for a first prize of a gallon jug of cider. Several of the canoes in the race managed to turn a complete 180 deg. in the first hundred yards of the race and thus we in the starter's boat observed several near miss head on collisions. The pack finally straightened out and the race was on. After an undetermined length of time we observed the now considerably reduced fleet round the Northern tip of the island and come into the home stretch. One dejected loser nearly rammed the starter's boat and thus after awarding our prize we beat a hasty retreat. The winners were:

FIRST PLACE: Otto Marinon (VOC???????) and Ann Avery (VOC)  
Second Place: Bob Arundale (ROC) and Geri Gruebling (MHOC)  
Third Place: John Sidle (ROC) and Ellie Reed Lewis (VOC)

The usual trips left for the Falls and for Black Mountain before, during, and after the race. The weather was very nice for hiking and thus Little Harbor was practically deserted all day long. Come night, however, most of the OOCers had managed to make it back to the island. The primary exception to this being a group from NPOC who were being frantically sought after by the power boat. The group was eventually found safe and afterwards ensued an incident which deserves mention at this time.

A girl from Albany State OC slipped and fell near NPOC campsite Saturday night. It was believed at the time that she had broken a rib in the process. The power boat was dispatched to Bolton Landing to get the doctor that we have on call for this eventuality. It was at this time that some well meaning but sadly misinformed (about First Aid) people decided that the best idea was to take her to Bolton Landing via canoe. This should not have been done. If the ROC had believed that it was necessary, we could have transported her in a much faster and safer manner by means of the powerboat. In the future, please don't take action by yourself but let one of the qualified ROCers handle the problem.

After dinner the usual round of songfests sprang up and were thoroughly enjoyed. As there were few Song Fests in evidence most of the songs were subject to the guitar player's whim. As I went from campsite to campsite I found an amazing number of people who were wandering around and apparently lost. Now this may seem hard to believe on an island of this size, and

few that I met would admit it (they only asked for directions to their campsite) but how else could they explain that tired look, glassy eyes, almost dead flashlight batteries, and a sore neck from looking at the stars too long while trying to find the Big Dipper and thus the pole star. They were indeed lost. After giving a number of people the directions back to their campsite I watched the song fests slowly break up as it had been a busy day and everyone was quite tired.

Sunday morning dawned with a sample of things to come. It was raining. Not a real storm but just an occasional slow drizzle. The lake had picked up a nice chop and as I went from campsite to campsite taking pictures of the wet and bedraggled inhabitants of each I found that most were in no hurry to leave. In fact most of them were huddled under tents just like the BUD. As the morning wore on most of the clubs decided that it just wasn't going to stop (they were right). The great migration back to classes and exams (except for McGill and Toronto) was underway. Anyway, it was a terrific way to end the school year, just like it always is.



SMOKY

On Top of Old Baldy

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Baldy  
There's narry a hair  
But only the memory  
Of hair that was there

Hair parts in the middle  
Hair parts on the side  
But parting is sorrow  
When the part gets too wide

For nature will rob you  
And take all your hair  
But there's bald headed lovers  
So why should you care

Oh come all you lovers  
And hear what I say  
Be sure that those gold locks  
Are not a toupee

On top of old baldy  
So barren and neat  
There's no trace of dandruff  
Cause what could it eat

The following comprises a list of ROC member summer mailing addresses:

Robert Stapp	44 Parkway St. Stamford, Conn.
John Sidle	23 Ledgenere St. Burlington, Vt.
Dave Raymond	17751 41st Ave. S.W., Seattle, Washington
Dave White	4716 46th St. N.W., Washington 16, D.C.
Robert Furness	160 Navajo St. Miami Springs, Fla.
Betty Poff	202 Western Ave., Sherborn, Mass.
Robert Johnson	Peace Corp Training Camp, Rio Abajo, Puerto Rico
Jim Galloway	46 Newton Rd. Hamburg, N.Y.
Walt White	Creek Rd., Pleasant Valley, N.Y.
Bob Arundale	% Mr. & Mrs. W. Zeller 1417 Lakeshore Drive, Browns Mills, N.J.
Dick Wolfson	35-69 165 St., Flushing 58, N.Y.
Bob Elston	% 709 W. Middle St., Knoxville, Iowa
Armand Catelli	36 Chapman St., Rouses Point, N.Y.
Rudolf Kopecky	16 North Perry St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Stuart Webster	595 New Britain Ave., Hartford, Connecticut
Harvey Walden	79 Louisa St., Brooklyn 18, N.Y.
Lisa Huse	471 Fulton St., Troy, N.Y.
Guy Huse	" " "
John K. Hall	% ? South Pacific Area
Gary Derman	1952 5th Ave., Troy, N.Y.
Walter Snellman	43 Emma Road, Stamford, Conn.
Sperry Goodman	Box 751, Troy, N.Y.
Terry K. Lindh	14 Spencer Blvd., Coxsackie, N.Y.
Bill Rowke, Jr.	16 Delaware Turnpike, Delmar, N.Y.

## Ski!

The past ski season consisted of a small but very determined core of enthusiasts. One of the earlier trips this year was to the new "big one in the East", Stratton Mountain. About the biggest thing observed here was the length of the lift lines. Stratton was the place where Scotty Bonis approached a tree biasymptotically, velocity fast approaching zero, and wound up straddling the tree. This however, we can't really blame on Stratton, he's running a novice slope through trees which resemble a slalom course.

One cloudy day in March when most areas were reporting poor conditions, Wayne Taft, Dick (Zoom) Wolfson, and myself headed for Okemo which reported "granular" surface. As we discovered, granular can be interpreted several different ways. In this case they meant "super-large granular", in other words chopped up ice. Needless to say, this type of snow can be very fast, just ask Dick.

While others took to the Grafton rocks on the ROC weekend, spring skiing was in its highest glory at Killington Basin. Bob Arundale, Jeri, Wayne Taft, Dick (Zoom) Wolfson and myself took off Saturday at 6:40 AM (the Taftmobile was only ten minutes late!!), and of course no snow was sighted until we were within shouting distance of Rutland. Upon arriving at the parking lot and after sloshing through the mud, we proceeded to ski all day, with packed powder on the upper mountain, the result of six inches of new snow in the past week. In fact skiing was so good we ate lunch on the way up the poma lifts. From the summit Mount Marcy and the Whites were visible. For future trips, the Long Trail cabin on the Northwest side of the mountain and a short distance from the ski slopes, would provide some very convenient and inexpensive lodging. This year however, it has suffered through a good amount of misuse in the form of broken windows.

Bob Elston

P.S.

A last comment for anyone looking for fame: The world's record for distance walking, backward, is 30 miles, held by a Nevedan.

## The Results of Careful Planning

It had all been planned very nicely. Jim Galloway, Jim Achilles, and Bob Johnson were to go down to the Shawangunks on Friday night, April 6. Gary Derman, Dick Fuhrman, and myself would join them there early Saturday morning, and we would spend the rest of the weekend rock climbing together. Jim, Jim and Bob would take down all the food and climbing gear, and we would bring milk for supper. But, as the old saying goes, the best laid plans of mice and men don't stand a chance against six inches of rain. So-o-o-o.....

Jim, Jim and Bob left on schedule. Waking up seven o'clock Saturday morning, we took one look out the window, postponed our time of departure to four PM and went back to bed. When we woke up again we remarked that it was very nice to have a chance to get some work done on a Saturday for a change, and then proceeded to try to find an excuse for not doing any. Said excuse was provided by Catskill and amiga, who dropped over very shortly after we rolled out of the sack. By four o'clock we had all reduced ourselves to helpless laughter, and in the best of all possible spirits, we started off through the incessant drizzle.

When Dick, Gary, and I arrived at the Gunks, what do we find but no Johnson and company. Bopping over to Vassar, we hunted up Ellie Reed. I was in full climbing regalia at this time (climbing boots, day old beard, bright red shirt with numerous strategic buttons missing, and mangy blue-jeans through which a pair of knobby knees gazed forlornly out at the world) and I would like to mention that this get-up has a very interesting effect on a room full of Vassar sophisticates. In any case, Ellie told us that our compatriots had all gone hiking in the Catskills, leaving us with no food, ropes, or qualified seconds. We bought dinner and went to bed.

Next morning seemed beautiful to us. It was overcast, but it had stopped raining. At the gunks the equipment situation was rather tight, as MIT had left with all its equipment, on Saturday. Luckily, we ran into Cub Shaefer, friend and rope. With two other ropes scrounged from Harvard, we all started up the belly roll. The rock was pleasantly dry, although water was running three inches deep in the trail back to the uber-fall, and cascading down Ken's Crack in a thundering waterfall.

Coming down for lunch, we returned some borrowed ropes and scrounged some more. Then Fuhrman, Derman, Maltz, Monica and Cub Shaefer, and friend all left for a massive assault on the Betty. We were all on top in less than three hours. Fuhrman and Derman, our two beginners, did quite well.

In the apartment Sunday night, after we had stopped raving, we received a trip report from Jim, Jim and Bob. They had intended to hike for one day and return to the Gunks Sunday morning. The leanto where they were to spend the night was one-half mile from the road, so they started off through the rain rather carelessly packed, Galloway lugging a monster two-burner coleman stove by its handle, Johnson in well worn, open sided sneakers, and Achilles with a jury rig pack frame. The leanto, however, was swarming with Boy Scouts of America So-o-o-o....



Five and one quarter miles later they got to the next leanto on the trail. They tell me that the trip in was very enjoyable, since whenever things got too grim, they usually ran into a rain swollen stream to ford. Every now and then someone would loose their footing and fall in, which enlivened the proceedings considerably. On the hiking trip Sunday, they ran into some interesting looking airplane wreckage, which was subsequently reported to the State Police.

All six of us had a grand time, in spite of the rain, our successful trip standing as a monument to careful planning.

Martin Malts

ROC officers elected at the last April elections are:

president:	Bob Arundale
vice president:	Armand Catelli
secretary:	Dick Wolfson
treasurer:	John Sidle
cairn ed:	Bill Rourke
members at large:	Claude (Z) Zucca Bob Starr

As the ed. was looking desperately for Cairn material through the infinitude of papers, old letters, etc., in the ROC office, a post card dated Nov. 18, 1958, popped up. Danny Bobrow implored the Cairn ed. to insert a few timely 'space wasters' to increase the bulk of the infamous publication. I quote, "For instance, did you know that adolescence is the time between puberty and adult\_\_\_ and a bambo is an Italian child...Dew is formed on leaves when the sun shines down on them and makes them perspire."

Hon Ed