



THE ROC CAIRN



Nov 64

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



THE ALL PURPOSE OUTING CLUBBER

Well, it's Cairn Time Again—translation—
The editor will accept absolutely any excuse
to avoid doing school work. So, let's see
what our "all purpose outing clubber" has been
up to....

Dave Raymond

AN INSIDE LOOK AT BENTLEY'S CAVE

On 27 Sept. 1964 the first official speleological expedition of the Rensselaer Outing Club embarked for the dark, damp, never-never-lands of Bentley's cave located near Berlin, N. Y. Our fearless leader was none other than Mike Houston.

The trip left from the Lounge at 2:00 and reached the cave about an hour later after a not too leisurly trek through the not too level woods surrounding the surprisingly not too wet cave.

The cave itself was a rather easy one to explore. It was rather dry, so we did not need the SCUBA gear we had left behind. Once our party had assembled in the first and only main room, we proceeded to feed our members into a gravity feed type of passage. "Just raise your arms and let yourself fall," instructed Mike cheerfully (He was the only one with a parachute). Well, we all made it down the passage and proceeded around many hairpin turns. Most of the party did not actually see most of the cave, since Mike and I were the only ones to push most of the side passages. Credit must also be given to Dick Smith and Joe Thomson who insisted on flowing through a passage under the main room several times.

As we neared the end of the trip and were completing the circuit back to the main room, we encountered one place where that technique which has been mastered by only the fewest spelunkers, namely levitation, would have been most useful. There was a small hole about four feet above the floor with no footholds nearby. Upon entering this hole the passage that followed proved to be rather constricting in places as our more constrictable members found out. Wolf Schwartz decided that he wasn't constrictable enough, so he and Mike went back to put on their anti-gravity shoes and go up the even tighter gravity-feed passage. Other members of our party managed to get through with little difficulty in most cases.

Soon we were all back in the main room from which the exit proved relatively simple. Once outside again we managed to stumble our way down the hill and back to the cars.

Hank Chary

DIAL-NIPPLETOP-1964

Just before 6-week grades are due all the professors suddenly realize that they have absolutely no basis on which to mark their students; therefore, they all do the obvious thing -- give a test. The weekend before this blitz is the ideal time to have an outing club trip -- it maximizes the flunkout rate. So, about 6 A. M. on Saturday, October 24th, Vic Baker, Eric Durland, Tom Duchesneau, Armand Catelli, and myself took off for the Adirondacks. The weather was beautiful when we left Troy -- cold and clear. However, as we neared the high peak region, lo and behold, it became cold and cloudy.

There was an ominous touch of white stuff visible on the Wolfjaws as we headed up the trail to Dial and Nippletop. This brought back memories of a wonderful trip two years ago when we floundered through snow to the summit of North Dial -- and turned back. However, we made North Dial by 12:30 this time, after going upsy-downsy over Bear Den. It was just below freezing -- there was

about 2 inches of snow and a fierce wind blowing out in the open. Needless to say, we didn't stay there very long, but started looking around for the swamp on the summit of South Dial. We walked and we walked, finding neither swamp nor summit. Eventually we started going uphill, at which point Armand said, "Gee, I think we're on Nippletop!" Sure enough, at 2:00 P. M. we summited. No sign of South Dial. The clouds were hanging at about 5000 feet, so Marcy and Haystack were enjoying the universal view. The rest of the Range was spread out before us, and to the other side lay Dix.

At that point it started to snow, so we performed a strategic withdrawal; i.e., we turned around and ran. We hiked out through the valley to the north, arriving back at the car before dark, to complete a good 12 mile round trip. The Taftmobile was there when we got back; he and Mike Huston were in doing Sawteeth. It was a great trip, a sterling example of a well planned and perfectly executed peak-bagging expedition. However, if anyone sees South Dial wandering around the Adirondacks, better tell Armand.

Dave Raymond

THE FIRST TIME

On Sunday morning, Sept. 27, a group of five freshmen waited expectantly for their first rock-climbing trip. Armand Catelli arrived and we all waited about fifteen minutes for trip-leader Tom Vandeventer to arrive. After our first ride in Vandeventer's car(?) (!)*, we arrived at Grafton about eleven o'clock.

After hiking a short distance through the woods, we arrived at the base of the Hornet's Face. Armand led the first climb and everyone followed with no great trouble. Then while Tom and two others went along a short ways and negotiated another climb, the remainder of the group rappelled over the Hornet's Face. When the group was reunited another rappel was set up on the Wailing Wall. This was completed without difficulty by those who did the first rappel, but the others had a little trouble.

We proceeded to set up two ropes to prussik on. Then while some climbed, the others learned what boulder problems are.

Finally, to finish the afternoon, Tom led a climb around the Bishop's Nose, which all climbed quite easily. Then all retired to the Whippoowill for numerous games of pool, all being won by Tom Vandeventer who "hadn't played since last November."

It was a successful day to all concerned, with everyone learning a great deal and completely enjoying it all.

Richard M. Stetson

*the editor

HOW TO GET TO THE SMITH SQUAR DANCE -- or -- WHY NOT HIT
ELDON FRENCH'S CAVE!

On Saturday, 17 Oct., 1964, a group of happy-go-lucky outing clubbers (a spelunking contingent) left the ROC 15th St. Lounge at 11:30 for the Smith Square Dance (via ELDON FRENCH'S CAVE).

We arrived at the cave at about 1:00 P. M. and after donning our "proper clothing" proceed to enter the cave. We thought that there was another group in the cave, but after proceeding to the first drop in the cave we found out that the group was the NRO President and his female companion.

Before reaching the first drop, we stopped at the first side passage, which is a tight, twisting crawl-way. Joe Thomson proceeded into the passage in true BSS* fashion even though he is not yet a member. Dick Smith was fast to follow while Tom Duchesneau proceeded to push another small passage only to discover many cave crickets, a small (very small), unaccessable passage, and the main passage (again).

Soon we were once again assembled and proceeded deeper into the black and white marble passages and chambers of New England's Most Beautiful Cave.

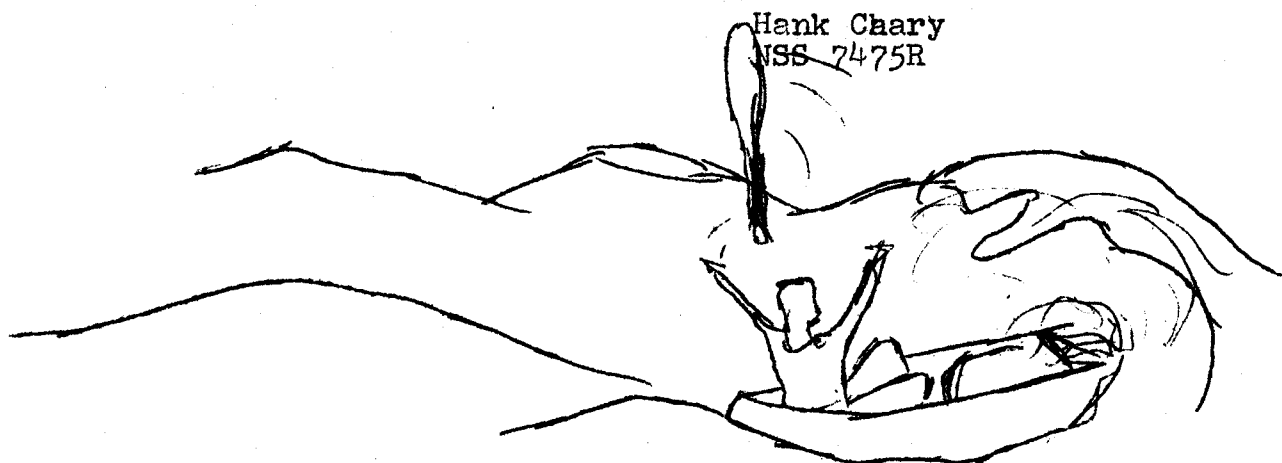
As we neared the end of the cave, fearless leader happened to glance up and see a potentia passage which he naturally proceeded to inspect. Well, soon fearless leader had disappeared into the ceiling and was calling down to the fearful followers to follow. It wasn't long until my followers were on the way up. Meanwhile I was looking at all the flowstone in the small upper room.

Suddenly Joe Thomson disappeared so I went to look where he dropped off to -- he was on a level just below the room we were in and was proceeding off down a passage. If fearful follower could do it so could fearless leader -- so down I went only to find Joe already climbing down a chimney to the main passage. Well -- I relayed the message -- chased around after my cave pack (which was exploring on its own) -- and then followed after Joe.

We ended up in the only big room of the cave -- the last room at the end. Those at the head of the group proceeded to push two small passages in the room (they were quire muddy and slippery) -- only to find that they soon pinched off.

After everyone had reached the room, we started to head out of the cave. We all made it with little trouble. After changing out of spelunking gear into square dancing gear, we headed back to the car and then were off for Smith. About two hours later a carload of happy spelunkers arrived at Smith only to find that there was no more food left.

Oh-well!



YES, THERE WAS A LAKE GEORGE TRIP THIS FALL!

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(If you find a mistake in this list, check the membership book — Armand has it.)

Rensselaer Outing Club
 15th St. Lounge
 Troy, New York

FIRST

CLASS

MAIL