THE ROC CAIRN

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

WINTER! WINTER?

WHAT WINTER?

MARCH 9, 1965

EDITORIAL

This is the last Cairn under the present editor. If the quantity of Cairns has been rather slim in the last year, it is due to the fact that ROCer's (the editor included) are more interested in going on trips than in writing about them. I believe that this is the proper spirit (though it makes the editor's job more difficult), since the trips and not the trip reports are the purpose of the club.

Dave Raymond

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THE WARM SOUTHLAND

A trip to the Smokies, Intersession, 1965.

After a 3 hour game of musical apartments, (the accepted ROC method of preparing for a trip at the last moment) the infamous, scurvy, grubby, etc., crew of Jeff Duncan, Jim Hill, Mike Huston, and yours truly in winter absurdities left Troy on a chilly Saturday afternoon and proceeded south with nefarious intent. Ever onward we drove through Pennsylvania, through Maryland, through the famous Shenandoah Valley of Virginia--scene of the daring military strategies of Stonewall Jackson (come to attention when you hear that name, son.). Without further digression, we finally reached the Great Smoky Mountain National Park late Sunday afternoon. With high spirits we set out from Newfound Gap (5048') toward Indian Gap shelter. With slightly dampened spirits we returned to the car after finding that Indian Gap shelter had burned down in times past.

After a restful night in a roadside camping area, we presented ourselves and our equipment for inspection by one of the rangers. The clothing requirements were not too stiff--someone outfitted for the Boy Scout Jamboree could possibly have received their blessing. Later on that day we snowshoed into the Icewater Springs shelter where we spent an unexpectedly cold night, as the temperature dropped below zero. On Tuesday we made an eleven mile trip up to the top of Mount Le Conte (6593'). It was a beautiful, cold, clear day with eight inches of snow over a six inch base. The view extended for scores of miles across the hilly lowlands of Eastern Tennessee. We spent the night at Icewater Springs again--a marvelous spot with a claar spring and a view of the Pisgal Mountains right from the front of the shelter.

ON WEDNESAY THE CREW MOVED OVER TO MOUNT COLINS SHELTER ALONG THE TRAIL LEADING UP CLINGMAN'S DOME. THIS WAS IN PREPARATION FOR THE LAST DAY'S CLIMB UP CLINGMAN'S DOME (6643') ITSELF. AS WE LEFT THE PARK ON THUSSDAY EVENING WE MADE THE REGRETFUL MISTAKE OF VISITING GATLINBURG (OLD CHEROKEE--INDIAN NAME MEANING "HEAP BIG TOURIST TRAP AT NATIONAL PARK ENTRANCE")

MATTER, THOUGH, BECAUSE THERE WASN'T ANYTHING TO SEE EXCEPT FLYING SNOW.

THE TEMPERATURE WAS BETWEEN 5 AND 10 DEGREES, AND THE WIND WAS ESTIMATED AT 50 MPH. UNDER CONDITIONS LIKE THESE A KIND OF MADNESS GRIPS THE HUMAN SOUL; IT WAS GREAT FUN TO BATTLE A WIND THAT WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO PUSH YOU UP THE VERY MOUNTAIN.

ON THE SUMMIT THE SUN ACTUALLY PEEKED THROUGH FOR A FEW SECONDS. IN STRANGE CONTRAST TO THE WILDNESS OUTSIDE, IT WAS PERFECTLY CALM AND QUIET IN THE SUMMIT SHELTER, WHICH WAS IN THE LEE OF THE PEAK. WE RESTED THERE FOR A FEW MINUTES AND ATE A BITE OF FOOD BEFORE HEADING DOWN. WE GOT BACK TO THE LOJ BEFORE DARK, FOLLOWING A SWIFT, BUT UNEVENTFUL DESCENT.

ON FRIDAY, WITH WEARY BONES AND WET EQUIPMENT, THE ROC WENT HOME. AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, THE FOLLOWING WEEK HAD BEAUTIFUL WEATHER FOR MOUNTAINEERING.

DAVE RAYMOND

GIANT AND ROCKY PEAK RIDGE

IN SPITE OF A PAINFULLY SLOW DEPARTURE FROM TROY, TWO CARLOADS OF ENTHUSIASTIC PEAKBAGGERS ARRIVED AT CHAPEL POND ABOUT NINE O'CLOCK SATURDAY MORNING. IT WAS COLD AND OVERCAST. THERE WAS AN INCH OR TWO OF SNOW ON THE GROUND AND CONSIDERABLE ICE IN THE TRAIL AND ON THE RIDGE WE FOLLOWED TO THE SUMMIT.

WE FOLLOWED THE GIANT RIDGE TRAIL UP TO GIANT'S WASHBOWL. FROM THIS POINT ON WE CLIMBED IN TWO GROUPS. THE FASTER GROUP REACHED THE SUMMIT AN HOUR BEFORE THE SLOWER GROUP. LOOKING TOWARD THE HIGH PEAKS, THERE WAS ESSENTIALLY NO VIEW. SURPRISINGLY SO FOR ADIRONDACK CLOUDS, THOSE SWIRLING AROUND THE GREAT RANGE SEEMED TO BE UNUSUALLY CONSTIPATED. THEY OBVIOUSLY WANTED TO SNOW, BUT COULDN'T!

THE CLIMB DOWN OVER THE LEDGES TO THE COL BETWEEN GIANT AND ROCKY WAS ICY, AND ALTHOUGH WE DIDN'T NEED TO USE A ROPE, IT WAS REASSURING TO HAVE ONE ALONG. THE CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF ROCKY PEAK TOOK ABOUT FORTY-FIVE MINUTES. IT WAS WINDY AND VERY COLD ON THE SUMMIT OF ROCKY PEAK, AND THE 46-R CELEBRATION WAS POSTPONED UNTIL LATER.

RETURNING TO THE COL, WE DESCENDED DIRECTLY INTO THE VALLEY SEPARATING THE GIANT RIDGE FROM THE ROCKY PEAK RIDGE. WE SOON ENTERED A RECENT SLIDE TRACK AND THE MAIN BROOK LEADING DOWN TO CHAPELPOND. QUITE SUDDENLY, THE CLOUDS FOUND RELIEF, AND A MAJOR SNOWFALL ENCOMPASSED US.

DARKNESS FELL, AND AN HOUR OR SO LATER WE RAN INTO A PROBLEM. THE STREAM WE HAD BEEN FOLLOWING HAD CUT OUT A HANGING VALLEY, THE WALLS OF WHICH WERE EXTREMELY STEEP. THE IMMEDIATE DROP WAS ABOUT FIFTY FEET AND NEARLY VERTICAL. BY WAY OF SOLUTION, WE RETREATED SOMEWHAT AND CLIMBED HIGH ONTO THE SOUTHERSTERN SIDE. WE WERE THEN ABLE TO FOLLOW A RIDGE DOWN TO A POINT ON THE STREAM JUST ABOVE ROUTE 73. WE RETURNED TO THE CARS AT NINE P. M. AND RETURNED TO TROY THE SAME NIGHT. THE FOLLOWING WERE ON THE TRIP: ABELSON, BAKER, BOWMAN, CLEMENTS, FROESE, STETSON, HUSTON, AND TAFT.

T. M. HUSTON, TRIP LEADER

EDITORIAL II

I GUESS THIS CAIRN ACTUALLY COULD BE CALLED "A FIRST AND A LAST." IT SEEMS THAT SINCE THE LAST CAIRN CAME OUT A CHANGE HAS BEEN MADE. THE ROC HAS A NEW CAIRN EDIT-OR-SOMETHING! SO, DAVE AND I DECIDED TO PUT THIS CAIRN OUT JOINTLY. WELL, I GUESS YOUR NEW CAIRN EDITOR ISLONG WINDED (USUALLY) BUT SHORT PENCILED, SO HERE ENDS EDITORIAL II.

Hank Chary

SKI AREA. THIS IS INDEED A MARVELOUS SPOT WITH A HORRENDOUSLY GIGANTIC LODGE, AN EXCITING KIDDIE LAND, A-FRAMES COMPLETE WITH PICTURE WINDOWS AND LINCOLN CONTINENTALS, AND INTRIGUING PLASTING MODELLING MACHINES THAT TURN OUT A REPLICA OF SMOKEY THE BEAR FOR 25 CENTS. THE ONLY THING LACKING IS A REASONABLE SKI RUN.

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE TRIP WAS THE STOP AT A RESTAURANT IN NEWPORT, TENNESSEE CALLED THE COFFEE POT. EIGHTY CENTS BOUGHT A FULL MEAL AND AS MUCH WELL-BREWED COFFEE AS ONE COULD HOLD. I CONSERVATIVELY DRANK TEN CUPS. BY FRIDAY AFTERNOON THE GANG WAS BACK IN TROY AGAIN, PARTLY PURGED OF OUR WINTER MADNESS.

VIC BAKER

TYME*

ALL THE FUN STARTED AT 9:15 (ONLY 75 MINUTES LATE) ON FEB. 27, WHEN LEE MITCHELL, ARMAND AND BETTY CATELLI AND I LEFT FOR THE SMITH SQUARE DANCE. ~~AT SMITH WE JOINED UP WITH HANK CHARY, RICHARD ANDREWS, HANS DEPOLD (ALL OF~~ ROC) FAY KENNARD, SOC, AND GAY (OR IS IT JOY?) MILLER MHOC, ALL LEFT FOR MT. SUGERLOAF, A 709 FOOT MOUNTAIN (?) NEAR SUNDERLAND, MASS. THERE IS A ROAD GOING UP THIS PIMPLE SO MOST OF US TOOK IT; HOWEVER, ARMAND AND HANS WENT STRAIGHT UP. THE ROAD WAS QUITE ICY, AND THE TRIP UP WAS COMPARATIVELY SLOW. ON THE WAY DOWN, HOWEVER, IT WAS GREAT FUN. THE ROAD WAS SLIPPERY AND SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE SILLY ENOUGH TO SLIDE DOWN (INCLUDES ME). WE THEN WENT TO THE SQUARE DANCE.

JIM DRAKE

WINTER SCHOOL

IN SPITE OF A DISMAL RAIN, THE ROC LEFT TROY FOR WINTER SCHOOL THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS. AFTER THE USUAL CONFUSION, WE SET UP OUR TENTS SOMEWHERE BETWEEN A DRIPPING SKY AND THE MUDDY GROUND. (DANG CLOSE TO THE MUDDY GROUND, IF YOU MUST!)

THIS WAS MY FIRST FLING AT "REAL" WINTER MOUNTAINEERING, AND GEE GUYS, WHERE DID THE WINTER GO? IT WENT TO SEATTLE OF ALL PLACES, WHERE THEY NEVER HAVE WINTER! IT DIDN'T REALLY GET COLD FOR THE WHOLE TRIP, (IT WAS ONLY BELOW ZERO ONE MORNING) AND IT RAINED ONCE AGAIN DURING THE WEEK, GIMING THE MUD A SOMEWHAT THINNER CONSISTENCY. IT DID ACTUALLY SNOW ONCE OR TWICE, AND SOME GOOD TRIPS DID GO OUT. PEOPLE WERE CLIMBING BOTH ALGONQUIN AND IROQUOIS IN THE SAME DAY. ON ONE CLEAR DAY THERE WAS EVEN AN ROC PICNIC ON TOP OF PHELPS.

OCCASIONALLY PEOPLE DID RUN INTO WINTER, THOUGH. AN ARUNDALE-TYPE TRIP FOUND IT ON MARCY THE DAY BEFORE NEW YEAR'S. IT WAS A BLUSTERY DAY AT HART LAKE, SINCE WE WERE LOOKING AT A COLD FRONT FROM THE REAR. SOON AFTER WE PASSED MARCY DAM IT BEGAN TO SNOW. CONDITIONS WERE PERFECT FOR WALKING, SINCE THE ICE, WHICH BY THEN WAS COVERED WITH ABOUT SIX INCHES OF SNOW, HAD BEEN ROTTED BY THE PREVIOUS DAY'S RAIN.

WE GOT TO PLATEAU LEANTO WITHOUT INCIDENT, AND AFTER A LIGHTNING STOP WE THUNDERED UP THE SUMMIT CONE(I COULDN'T RESIST!). AS SOON AS WE GOT ABOVE TREELINE, A BLAST OF WIND HIT US, AND WE PUT ON FACE MASKS. I QUICKLY DISCOVERED THAT GLASSES WERE USELESS, SINCE THEY SOON FROSTED OVER. THAT REALLY DIDN'T

*FOR LACK OF ANYTHING ELSE TO CALL IT! (QUOTH JIM DRAKE.)

Vassar Square Dance

Bright and early, 7A.M., 20 February 1965, Armand Catelli pulled up in the parking lot behind the E dorms! Jim Drake and I climbed in and we were off--almost--but first back up to Armand's to pick up Betty Catelli andthe lunch (very important.)

Two hourslater, we rolled into Vassar, wondering if we had made it in time to get in on any trips. John Sidle was just leaving.

"Meet you in Phoenicia!" he yelled and took off. So we went back north again, andin Phoenicia, joined the string of VW's and a stray Mustang and Rambler -- All ofus then proceeded up to Westkill, in the north western Catskills. The intended victim ofour assault was Balsam Mountain, but one across the road to the west looked higher and steeper--except for a ling ridge down toward our side.

We climbed up in two anda half hours, passing some fresh bear tracks on the way. The only problem was that thesnow had a heavy crust--so heavy that it held you up on every other step. The hike was like walking with one foot on a curb for several miles--always up and down. Big Jim had another problem--he always broke through. The summit was a wide flat area, covered with an open woods which tended to reduce the view somewhat. There was no haze at all, so the view between trees was great. We were back down in an hour.

At the time no one knew what the mountain was called. But, there were suggestions like: Big Wide Flattop? Jim called it Couchie. Somehow Armand failed to get up this one, too. He had started up the steep side and got turned back by icy ledges, and didn't get all the way up following our tracks before time ran out. The State's booklet Catskill Trails calls it Holcott Mtn., (3420ft).

Then we returned to Vassar. On the way we passed the Ashokan Resevoir, which was almost empty. The level is down 20 feet or more, and bars are sticking out all over the bottom.

There was a square dance attached to a large number of circle dances and assorted other folk dances. The square dance part wasn't half bad at all--and the caller did redeem himself by calling a contra, and a Virginia reel.

We were back in Troy by three--not quite a 24hr day.

Lee Mitchell

Elections (Toot! TooT!)

It seems that not long ago (2 March) the ROCRR was once again set in motion. The results of our elections are as follows:

President	Tom Duchesneau
Vice President	Dick Stetson
Treasurer	Jim Drake
Secretary	Dick Andrews
Cairn Editor	Hank Chary
Members at large	Lee Mitchell
	Vic Baker

Well, so much for a report on the election.

In modern milking parlors, two men easily can process 80 cows an hour. The daily food requirement of an elephant isabout 1/4 ton of green fodder or about 150 lbs of hay

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