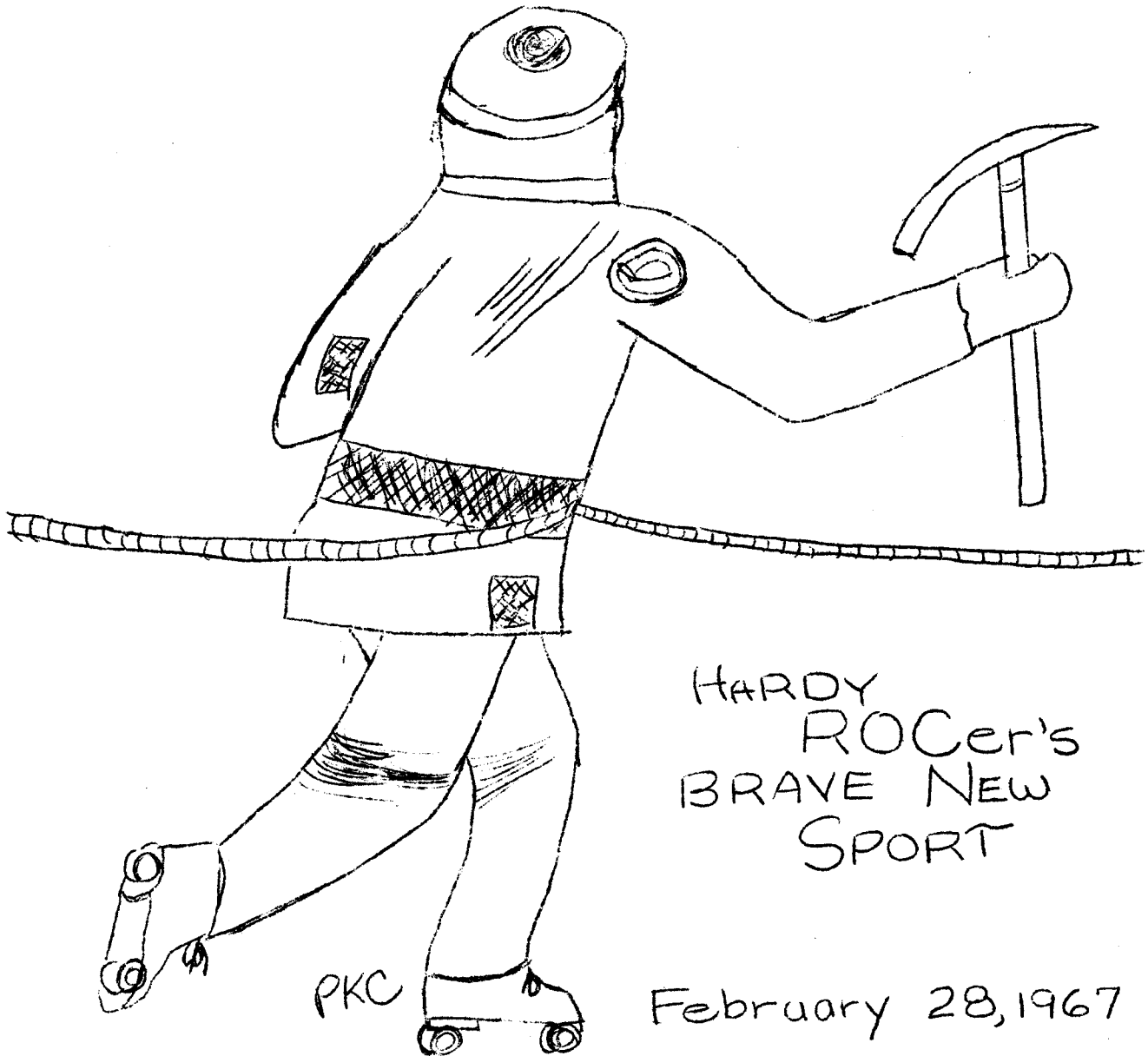




THE ROC CAIRN



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



HARDY
ROCEr's
BRAVE NEW
SPORT

February 28, 1967

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Be it known to all concerned that the ROC has formally proclaimed a new activity, roller skating. The chairman duly selected by the ROCRR (see following article) is Ed Clements and the advisor is Wayne Taft.

ROCRR

TWENTY YEARS IN A CHINESE FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY wherein is described a railroad, the holely rollers and big wheels

At the meeting of 10 January 1967, the ROC recognized a new activity to add to its ever growing number by unanimously electing the absent Ed Clements roller-skating chairman and Wayne Taft roller-skating advisor. When Ed arrived and learned of the history making vote, he threatened to resign. (This is, of course, impossible in the ROC.) Being rather bashful, Ed reluctantly announced that his first trip in this new and exciting activity would be held after the meeting at Rollerama in Schenectady.

The trip consisted of some of the cream of the ROC crop. In addition to Wayne and Ed, there were Dick Stetson, Steve Karon, Jim Drake and Dan "the Scrounge" Buskey. After leaving Troy at 8:30, we got to the rink at 9:00. (For those of you who are wondering "why Schenectady?", that was where Wayne was having his skates sharpene-oops-oiled and greased.)

While Wayne retrieved his skates, the rest rented skates and tried their wheels. They soon were all doing well. Wayne had an advantage since he had been skating longer, but then he is older than everyone else. The only one who was having trouble was Steve. He had never been on skates before, but, in about an hour, he was really bombing along.

During the time when special things like dancing was going on, all attended "Uncle Winky's Skating School" in a vain attempt to improve their skating. Some actually did!!

All members of the trip were sorry to see the rink close at 11, but they left happily for their trip to Troy, avoiding Gilmore's house.

A DISSERTATION ON THE SUPERIORITY OF MITTENS OVER GLOVES FROM THE HEAT TRANSFER ASPECT

It is fairly common knowledge that one keeps ones hands warmer in mittens than in gloves. This is usually laid to the idea that the fingers keep each other warm. This is, in fact, only partially true.

This problem may be solved by heat transfer considerations. For a circular pipe, a heat balance shows that as insulation is added, up to a certain radius, the heat loss increases. This radius is called the critical radius and is equal to the ratio of the heat transfer coefficient to the thermal conductivity of the insulation. A finger in a glove has usually less than the critical radius of insulation around it while a finger in a mitten has more.

As the wind velocity increases, the heat transfer coefficient increases and the critical radius decreases. Even then mittens generally exceed the critical radius. One must be careful, however, to prevent wind from penetrating the mitten.

E.D.S.

AN INTERLUDE

As everyone knows, intersession is about the best vacation of the year for going on trips without worrying about schoolwork. It was well taken advantage of by Lee Mitchell, Steve Russell, Jay Mendelsohn, Dick Andrews and Meg Johnson (representing the U. Conn. Outing Club) who left the Capital District for the Johns Brook Valley in the Adirondacks at 8:00 Sunday morning, January 29.

The amount of snow in Troy was meager but more and more appeared as we went north, until, when we arrived at the Garden, there was enough to cover the ground well, although not enough for snowshoes. So we spent late morning and early afternoon packing the darned things (and some other equipment, too) in to Howard Leanto. The register at Howard indicated that nobody else was around, but we smelled smoke and concluded that the register must not have been up to date. However, a little trip up to Johns Brook Lodge and over to Winter camp didn't reveal any other inhabitants of the valley or their tracks, so we figured the smoke must have been from Gothics Leanto or a similar place.

Monday morning dawned bright and early (too early for some people, but nobody complained about the brightness --it was a gorgeous day by anyone's definition) and we settled into our breakfast getting routine. Meg and I did the breakfast cooking because everyone else was relatively slow to get out of the sack; in fact, they were disinclined to move until a complete weather report had been rendered, which meant, of course, that the weather observer himself (yours truly) had to get up first. The other guys, however, got even with us by cooking supper every day. But, I digress. On this particular morning we got up at 6:30 and were on the trail at 9:00. Every morning thereafter we became lazier, got up later and got on the trail at the same time. There's some moral about efficiency in that, I guess.

We all agreed that the weather was much too good to do a mountain like Lower Wolfjaw with its restricted view, so we went up Slide instead. It was a good climb and the view was superb; we could see individual peaks in Vermont and we could also see the thick cloud bank way off in the distance which was hanging over Second Winter School in the White Mountains. Lee and I had a good peak pointing out session with Steve joining in to some extent, and all poor Jay and Meg could do was listen and get more confused than we were. This went on for quite a while, for although the temperature was below zero, there was no wind and the sunny summit was a nice place to be.

Tuesday morning was, in terms of weather, almost an exact duplicate of the previous day. Since nobody was in the mood to try anything long, we did Lower Wolfjaw, which proved to be interesting in spots where it was difficult to kick steps in the hard snow left by the previous week's. (We still weren't wearing snowshoes.) By the time we reached the summit it was just beginning to get a little cloudy and, although the view was just as good as the previous day's, it wasn't so nice and warm. I sagely predicted snow from the appearance of the clouds and then crossed my fingers hoping that Oogah would not make a fool of me by bringing another clear day.

Well, Oogah left me alone and the next morning (Wednesday) about four inches of snow had fallen and more was coming down. Meg decided to celebrate and put a sourball in Lee's oatmeal, which brought an interesting reaction indeed. Despite laughing, we managed to finish breakfast and headed for Saddleback Mountain.

Shortly after starting we were sidetracked by the still smoking ashes of what had evidently been a cabin near Winter Camp and must

ROC MEMBERS BRAVE ELEMENTS TO ATTEND COMBINED
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY . . .

On 7 January 1967, Dick Andrews, John Hess, and Evan Bergen ganged up on Monty Winters in an effort to get him to take them to Gardner Perry's New Year's Eve party at his home in Acton, Massachusetts. Which, of course, leads you to ask, "Why is a New Year's Eve party being held on January 7?". The answer to that is simple. It seems that on the real New Year's Eve (December 31) Gardner and a good many of his friends were in the Adirondack Mountains, and a real party was nearly impossible. Therefore, everyone had to settle for a makeshift party, and to have a real party it was decided to wait another week. This meant the creation of a makeshift New Year's Eve, but if it couldn't be helped, it couldn't be helped. Of course there was ample precedent for the move. As you all know, the first time a postponed New Year's Eve was created, it was done by Fitzgerald Bereskin, a retired Lithuanian janitor, on 15 February 1872. Fitzgerald had gotten too high too fast on the real New Year's Eve and passed out a little too soon to usher in the New Year. Although it took him a month and a half to come around, he was determined to see the new year in properly and declared it New Year's Eve on February 15. This time he barely squeaked by.

But, I digress. Monty refused to go anywhere unless Jim Drake went too, so Jim was rounded up and persuaded to go. He might have stayed in Troy, but he himself remembered that as well as being New Year's Eve by decree it was also Christmas on the Julian Calendar, so a celebration was indeed in order. Finally everyone got together and left for Acton at about 1:30 pm.

Soon the weather began to act up, dumping sleet mixed with rain all over the place. In New York the roads were a bit greasy, but navigable; in the Berkshires they were snowy, but still passable; but, about three quarters of the way to Gardner's, a freezing rain set in in earnest and soon the car was behaving like a dry ice puck in a trough. (It was fortunate the road had curbs.) So we pulled off at a roadside diner, dined, and got out our books and spent two hours studying when we weren't looking at the road and shaking our heads. Finally, though, the rain stopped and the salt trucks began to clear the ice, so we continued on. In the next mile we saw seven bashed-in cars along the road.

Upon arriving at the party we found it in full swing with about thirty cars parked all over Gardner's front lawn and the road in front of the house. We were greeted by Dick Stetson, who had come the previous night with Peter, Albert, and Virgie Catelli.

Even if we hadn't known, it would have soon been obvious that Gardner has long been an IOCA. The license plate on his car held on with parachute cord, the vibram rubber scars on the woodwork on the more difficult moves around the house and the battered piton hammer on his desk were just a few clues.

In addition to talking, eating (my gosh, what a lot of food!), sampling the eggnog and punch and playing games, there was a songfest upstairs. This was remarkable for the variety of instruments there; I saw a fiddle, a banjo, a washtub bass, a mandolin, an auto harp, a dulcimer and several guitars. One of Gardner's favorite sports was popping the corks on champagne bottles, which he did from his kitchen door. Ordinarily he aimed for the tree across the street; he hit it surprisingly often, considering the distance involved!

Finally, at various times in the morning, everyone got to sleep and there were wall-to-wall people for a few hours until activity

started again. After a good breakfast the four of us said farewell and left for Troy and our books. It was a memorable G.I.III party and fortunately there will be more.

Dick Andrews

WEST VIRGINIA CAVING
OR
THERE ARE PLACES TO CAVE OUTSIDE OF SCHOHARIE!

Last Fall, Fred O'Hara came up to 3 Prospect to talk to Hank about caving. Well-needless to say, I was interested and a trip to Eldon's was the result. Upon egressing from Eldon's, Fred was full of profanity as he verbally expressed his displeasures with our wet, small, tight northern caves. "I've got to show you a REAL cave!" said Fred. I chuckled but decided it would be interesting.

Well- one thing led to another and on Friday 27 January Fred and I headed for West Virginia. We arrived in Franklin about 11:30 pm and immediately sought out Trout Cave. "It's just up the hill from the fall-out shelter sign." I hiked up the hill and came to a path running along the front of the hill. I started following it in one direction and Fred went in the other. After a while I heard Fred holler that he'd found the cave. I proceeded to try to locate him. I'd holler and he'd shine his light at me. I thought that I was close so I hollered again and Fred suddenly appeared right above me. Well - I scrambled up to the cave and by midnight we were sound asleep.

The next day, after breakfast, we proceeded to explore Trout. I was quite amazed at the size of the cave and I must admit that they grow 'em big down there. After we came out of Trout we spent about half an hour running about searching for Hamilton Cave. Believe it or not, I actually found it.

So, Fred and I proceeded to explore that charming little (would you believe big?) maze. I was quite impressed with the abundance of speleothems. With the possible exception of McFail's, no Schoharie cave that I've seen can compare. After about half an hour in the cave my carbide lamp started to spazz out so I reached for my ever present carbide repair kit - only to find that it no longer existed. Well, a hurried exit of the cave was undertaken, and we were almost out when we met another group coming in.

I managed to scrounge a tip reamer and the lamp decided to function again. This group was part of the Potomac Speleological Club and was out in the area for the weekend. Fred and I joined the group and spent the rest of the afternoon in Hamilton with them.

Tom Pierce, one of the PSC members, invited us to spend the night in the PSC Fieldhouse. Fred and I jumped at the opportunity. We had supper with Tom and his wife and several other PSC members and they planned the next day's caving.

We decided to do Thorn Mountain and Sinnit. So, Sunday, after breakfast, we headed for the caves. Near the caves we split into two groups. One climbed the mountain and went in Thorn Mountain and the other Sinnit.

The entrance to Thorn Mountain is a dr p of about 30 ft. or so and a steep slope of another 20 ft. or so. We rappelled in and soon were on our way into the cave.

Fred and I were among the first of our party of five to get in the cave and we proceeded to look around a bit. As I rounded a corner, I

suddenly found a wall covered to overflowing with anthodites. (Yes, Virginia, there are anthodites besides those in Skyline Caverns.) They were somewhat small, in general, and so may not meet the definition as set by Skyline Caverns, but none the less they were most impressive.

We proceeded to look around and soon the rest of the party joined us. Tom immediately set off in search of the connection to Sinnit. As he went merrily on his way, I found a fairly large room just above a small ledge and accessible by a slight crawl. I informed the party of the room and proceeded in. Soon another member came in and I went off to explore the far reaches of the room. I found a depression and announced this discovery. By this time Tom was interested and came to see what I was up to.

At the base of the depression were two small crawlways. I picked one and Tom the other. His way the way. We all followed him in and as Tom and I rested for a moment a stray flashlight went bounding by and over a brink into the unknown that lay before us.

After a large amount of speleo-farbbling Tom was belayed down the steep slope of the afore mentioned brink. Then I went down, then Fred, and eventually the other two. While Fred and I were waiting for the others we proceeded down a very wet mud slope and felt a strong breeze. "Ah - Ha!" said I, "the famed Bastard Crawlway!"

Quickly I grabbed for my flashlight, my carbide lamp flickering in the wind. Fred shouted to Tom that we were continuing. Flashlight in hand I proceeded into the narrow (to southern cavers only) passage-way that is so well-known for blowing out carbide lamps. Down a duck walk - Bastard Crawl? Barf! At the end of the duck walk we did have to do some crawling, but nothing that was as interesting or as challenging as several local Schoharie crawls I know. Suddenly, after being blown about, sand blasted, and temporarily deformed, I popped out into Sinnit.

As I turned about to look at the hole I had just come out of, I saw two feet staring at me and Fred's muffled voice requested that I pull him out. After a brief dissertation on the fine art of HEAD first caving, I pulled and out popped Fred. Before too long the rest of the party came along and we proceeded to explore the dry, DUSTY underground desert commonly referred to as Sinnit.


On the way out of Sinnit Fred and I made a gallant attempt to get lost but Tom managed to thwart our meager efforts and before long we were back out in the gathering dark and cold of another West Virginia night. At this point Fred and I bid farewell to Tom as he headed home and we headed for Marlinton and the Sugar House where we spent the night.

Monday morning, after a chat with Mr. Mc Keever, owner of the Sugar House, we headed over the hill to Tub Cave. This cave was really different. As its name implies the cave is nothing but a monster room. Allegedly the largest room in West Virginia, the cave is about 625 ft. by 200 ft. with a maximum height of some 60 feet. Aside from the size of the room, several interesting speleothems, especially flowstone, made the cave most intriguing. Rumor has it that someone has followed the stream that flows through Tub upstream and has found himself in either Carpenter's or Swago Pit.

After doing Tub, we headed south to near Lewisburg to do part of McClung's Cave. This was quite an interesting cave but we only spent about an hour or so in the cave so we never reached the more interesting parts we had seen photographed. After McClung's, we loaded ourselves into the Chary-ot and headed North.

The trip was really fun and Fred and I really enjoyed ourselves.

Neither one of us had previously caved in the region, and the chance meeting with the PSC group certainly added to our enjoyment of the trip. Speaking for myself the Thorn Mountain - Sinnit trip was the most challenging and gratifying. All in all a great trip.


Hank Chary

SOUTH BETHLEHEM

After having seen Ward's for the nth time Hank Chary thought he wanted to see something different, so Saturday noon, 11 February, he and Bob Saunders set out for South Bethlehem Cave.

The cave was located without toooooo much difficulty and while Bob changed, Hank charged into the cave in hot pursuit of the Jolly Spelunker. Hank was expecting him to take a passage which led back to where Bob was changing but instead he came out at another entrance and decided he would retrace his steps.

By now Bob was ready, so he and Hank set out to find the passage circling back to the entrance. The passage was located with no trouble, but pushing it was another matter. Failing at this, they set out to explore the other passages of the cave. By the edge of the water at the end of the cave was a small crawl, not shown on Hank's map, which looked as if it could have been the result of recent digging. Having explored the other passages of the cave, Hank started into a passage which his map had only partially indicated. Fifteen to twenty feet in, he came to a U-shaped section of the passage which he was unable to negotiate so Bob gave it a try. Bob doesn't remember how long the U-shaped part was (no more than a few feet surely), but he is sure it took several minutes to get through it. Once through, he straightened out a few unnatural bends he had acquired in the passage and pushed the remaining twenty-five or thirty feet to the end of the passage. The passage ended in a small room (sitting room only and not much of that) with a large number of roots and a few small formations.

In the time between when Bob entered the U and when he returned, Hank had been laboriously enlarging the passage so that it took Bob only a couple of minutes to exit. Hank was not the only one who had done some digging, however. Rich Gilb had just enlarged the passage to its present passable (?) size, but had been unable to negotiate it, so Bob may well have been the first one into that part of the cave.

Having pushed all the passages in the cave, the pair exited by way of the second entrance to avoid a nasty puddle of ice water. From here Bob took the road back to the main entrance (about 200 ft.) and Hank took the direct route, a semi-unintentional twenty foot slide, luckily stopping gently.

The pair were back in Troy ready to tool (?) at 6 pm.

Fete

More additions to ROC membership list:

Fichter, Eugene	1013 23rd St., Watervliet	272 - 8177
Kramer, Evelyn	980 Hoosick Road	279 - 3225
Moore, Harry	Crockett Hall 331	
Olper, Kenneth	2427 Hoosick Street	272 - 4941
Stanley, Larry	Burdette Ave. Residence Hall C102	273 - 9727