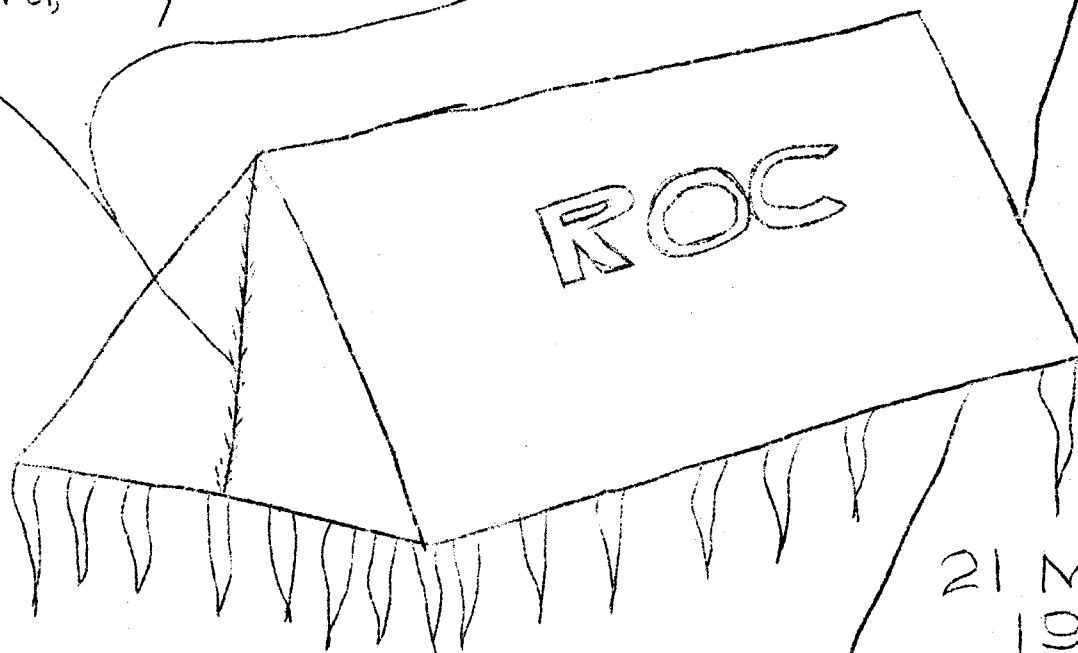
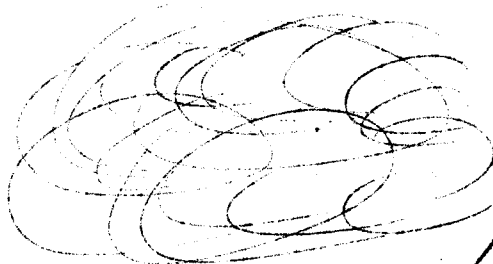


THE ROC CAIRN



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

The wind must have stopped blowing. The sides of the tent aren't flapping as hard, anymore.



21 MARCH
1967



PKC

INDIAN FALLS - 11 FEBRUARY 1967

or

It got how cold?

On Saturday, 11 February 1967, Evan Bergen led another expedition, not as large as the one to the Franconias in October '66, of nine people to the Adirondacks. In addition to Monty Winters, who drove and stayed at the Loj, the trip consisted of (in some sort of order, but not in order of importance) Beth Banoff, Paula Champion, Mary Jane Kolb, Jackie Lander, Evan Bergen, Jim Detjen, Jim Drake, Greg Paris and Larry Stanley. This was really quite an undertaking, since Evan was the only person who had been winter mountaineering before. Since I was the second most experienced, I was more or less assistant leader.

After leaving the 15th Street Lounge at about 5:15, we stopped to watch a fire in downtown Troy in the middle of Russell Sage's campus. We left Troy at 5:35.

We all stoked up in Schroon Lake before heading for the Loj. When we arrived, it was windy, snowing and fairly warm. The group took off for Marcy Dam on foot. (How else?) What I mean is, without snowshoes. This was to show all involved that snowshoes are really a nice thing to have. Somewhere between the Loj and Marcy Dam, I changed to shorts and tee shirt.

At Marcy Dam we stopped to stuff our faces and put on our snowshoes. This led to some interesting first spaz-outs. After scrapping our original plans to go to Lake Arnold, we headed for Indian Falls. The trail was broken for about one-third of the way (that is, to where the trail left the ski trail). From here we had to break trail. Evan forced everyone to try this. While I was leading, still wearing shorts and tee shirt, I spazed out. Do you have any idea what it is like kneeling in the snow with bare knees? Later, when someone noticed that I had very patriotic knees (red, white and blue) I put some pants over them.

We reached the leanto (the exposed one) at about 3:30. As everyone was adding layers, I stripped to the waist and took off my tee shirt. Boy, was it cold! We then scraped the snow out of the leanto and put up two tents in the moderately strong wind. (Have you ever seen an RPI coed trying to hold on to a run-away drawtite?) A polytarp was put up in front of the leanto to try to keep the wind out.

After a heavenly supper in bed, the group retired, the girls in the tents and the hardy boys in the leanto.

The night passed fairly uneventfully except that by midnight the polytarp was in shreds.

Sunday morning it was clear and an excellent view of the McIntyres was to be had. Of course the cameras wouldn't work for reasons to be explained.

Evan and I were the first out. Larry, who hails from Georgia, didn't think it was too cold and neither did Evan until he looked at the thermometer. After a string of four letter words, or should I say in the midst of, He announced that it was -26° F. All of a sudden, Larry got cold. After breakfast in bed, we packed up and went back to the Loj in two (which later became three) groups.

Getting the cars started was quite a chore. It didn't get above -10° F all day at the Loj. Monty's car was finally jumped, but Beth's Bomb required a push start.

All persons involved enjoyed the trip and the only detrimental result was that one member spent two days in the infirmary with a mild case of frostbite.

E. D. S.

WARD'S CAVE

in which Hank is coerced into running a trip

I was calmly sitting, talking to my fiance Friscilla, when she mentioned, "oh say, Bob asked Doris to go caving."

"Oh, who's he going with?"

"Hank"

"Gee, I didn't know Hank was going caving."

From the other side of the room came an, "I'm going caving when?"

Thus, the fact had been presented to us that Hank was leading a trip he didn't know about. A day or two later Bob Saunders did talk to Hank and make arrangements, but things were a little vague for a while.

Several nights later we had everything all settled. Hank was going to take Bob and Doris and whoever else wanted to go and do Onesquethaw. Now, a word or two on this Doris is in order, as she is an Unknown Quantity to most of the ROC. Doris is a rather small girl (would you believe 4' 8" and 85 pounds?) who happens to be a friend of Friscilla's. But, it seems Doris had qualms about being the only girl on this expedition and thus convinced Friscilla to go and the destination changed to Ward's, as Friscilla had definite misgivings about the whole idea. (She always has thought I was a little bit nuts, but she'd try this caving once and make sure.)

Thus, on 10 February 1967, we went, the five of us. No one else dared sign up or show up it seems.

All of us entered the cave, Friscilla with considerable reluctance since I kept having snow slide beneath my feet and sort of dump on her in the funnel-like entrance which was unfortunately almost the same size as she was. We proceeded through the cave, Doris galloping around upright while the rest of us duckwalked, or we crawled and she duckwalked.

Hank and Bob pushed the "painted passage" further than anyone I've ever been with. They found a bit larger space beyond, in which, "I can sit up and Doris could stand up" to quote Bob. Meanwhile the rest of us waded up and down the stream looking at the paintings and counting bats.

When we continued on once again, there was this "oops!" Splash! "Eeee, aaah, oh, oh, *&#/'+'* Is that ever cold!" from Hank and then silence. I didn't quite think we were to the lake, but knowing that some people have stepped off into the water, thinking it is air (that water is clear and very still and lit only by your own light, so effectively invisible), I became concerned and bellowed, "are you all right?" I got no answer, so I yelled again.

"Yeah, I'm all right. Gee is that cold."

He'd slipped off the clay bank into the stream and drowned his knees.

Shortly thereafter, Friscilla decided she'd had about enough; she was getting cold, she was wet and muddy here and there and she really thought I was crazy to go caving. The others proceeded a bit further to the lake; then we all returned to the snow-covered surface. The girls headed off in the woods a bit and everyone changed and we went home.

Our accomplishments weren't really much, but Doris called up the other night to find out when Hank's going caving again.

Lee Mitchell

A TOOL'S EYE VIEW OF THE VASSAR SQUARE DANCE*

or

You went where??

In spite of valiant efforts by Monty Winters, Evan Bergen's laundry wasn't ready to go to Vassar until 7:30 pm Friday, 17 Feb., instead of the planned time of 6:00 pm. In addition to the people mentioned above, the first ROC contingent consisted of Dick Andrews, John Hess, Bob Saunders, Ellen Kavkevitz and Jim Drake. That was quite a load for the Montiac.

We arrived at the Tabard about 9:30 and found almost negative people there. Later, people did show up and a song fest started and food was served. The group was, in general, divided into two sections: those that sang and those that had cookies in their mouth so that they couldn't sing.

At this point Susie II asked us to announce our trips for the next day. I then announced my trip to the Vassar Library. After the laughter and the jeers of "tool" or its equivalent died down, I convinced Susie to tell me where the library was.

After spending a comfortable night outside the Tabard, we all converged on Main for our semiannual Vassar breakfast. We all had at least two breakfasts and stocked up for lunch.

Now at last Evan, Bob and I could go to the library. With a lovely Vassarite as a guide, we found not only the library, but a table to tool at. This lunacy lasted from 9:00 to noon when the three of us decided to explore the library. We went places we weren't sure we were supposed to be. (Have you ever tried to walk quietly in a library while wearing Vibram soles?)

After having a lunch of two-month-old gorp and one-week-old cheese at Students, we loaded up the juke box there with all the basic barf it would hold and discovered that two records were so badly warped that they would sound bad even if the song were decent.

We were then subjected to a preview of the Bergen slide show. When we woke up it was finally supper time. Then it was square dance time. By now the rest of the ROC had arrived: Jeff and Pat Duncan, Lee Mitchell and Friscilla van zur Linde, Tom Duchesneau, Dick Gramley, Jim Detjen, Eric Sepulveda and, of course, our beloved square dance chairman, Smokey. It can easily be seen that two red squares were possible and, indeed, did take place. The caller, realizing that most of us had at least average intelligence, started somewhat near the middle as far as complexity was concerned. It was a good dance.

When the square dancing was over, he put on several polkas. This simple act reestablished my long lost faith in linear momentum. (I never did believe freshman physics demonstrations. I always thought they were fixed.) As is usual while polkaing, my partner and I were involved in many collisions (I can't steer) and came out winning every time. This was due to two factors: 1) we were going faster than anyone else, and 2) as a couple, we probably weighed more than any other couple on the floor. As those of you who know me know, this was due at least 100%, if not more, to my own size. (This statement is included for the sole purpose of preventing me from being decapitated next time I see my polka partner.)

After the song fest, we headed for the Gunks with U Conn. Even

* For those who don't know, this is the noun form of the verb "to tool", meaning to study excessively, like at all. The term has very common usage at "a small but select technical school on the upper Hudson".

though we camped under a good shelter, it snowed harder inside than out.

Sunday, we went back to Students and waited for a rider back to Albany State, who (at least the VOC said) didn't exist.

We got back at 2:00, just in time to go ice skating.

Jim Drake

Still more additions to ROC membership list:

Crowell, Ronald	35 8th St., Troy	274-4136
Hallock, Russell	109 Bray Hall	
Solury, Anthony	35 8th St., Troy	274-4136

New patch member:
Ellen Kavkevitz

RENSSELAER CUTING CLUB ELECTION RESULTS

President	Richard Stetson
Vice President	Richard Gramley
Secretary	Peter Cottrell
Treasurer	Steve Russell
<u>Cairn</u> editor	Paula Champion
Members-at-large	Richard Gilb Edward Clements

Board of Directors: James Drake, Jeff Duncan, Robert Froese, Robert Gilmore, Dick Kramer, Joe Smith, Wayne Taft, Paul Yergin

The new activities chairmen are:

<u>Activity</u>	<u>Chairman</u>
Equipment	Ed Vervoort
Canoeing	Dick Gramley
Winter Mountaineering	Steve Karon
Rock Climbing	Jon Lutz
Ice Climbing	Robert Froese
Cycling	Nick Zapantis
Caving	Rich Gilb
Hiking and Peak Bagging	John Hess
Publicity	Dick Andrews
Membership	Steve Russell
Square Dance	Richard "Smokey" Furman
Office Manager	Steve Karon
IOCA Representative	Dick Andrews
Roller Skating	Ed Clements

(Ground water in a common sandstone layer may have been derived from ice that melted more than 12,000 years ago.)

(Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences.)

AN EMPTY PEAK BAG (almost)

All during the previous week, the stalwart climbers of the Overhang and I were hoping to head for the Adirondacks and get in some winter mountaineering, but the trip remained a rumor until Smokey decided to come along and provide the wheels to get us out of Troy. Thus it happened that at 5:45 on Saturday morning, February 11, Smokey, Steve Karon, Dan Buskey and I left the immediate neighborhood of Rensselaer for the high peaks of the Adirondacks planning to climb Phelps and Tabletop. Ed Vervoort declined to come because he had already climbed both mountains in clear weather and he was pretty sure we would have limited visibility if we had any at all.

When we arrived at the Loj parking lot, it sure looked like Ed was right. The thermometer stood at 28°, the snow was blowing about and settling on the ground in dense clouds and, in general, things looked bad for bushwhacking. However, we decided to pack into Marcy Dam as planned and to see what things looked like from there. Somewhat less than an hour later at Marcy Dam there wasn't much to see; it appeared that the mountains all ended about fifty feet up. After viewing the situation for an hour (and eating some lunch), we concluded that bushwhacking was out of the question if we wanted to stay dry, which we did. The most attractive alternative was to pack up to Lake Arnold and try Colden on Sunday if the weather improved. We expected to see Evan Bergen's party this way, since it was going to try Colden via Avalanche Camp that weekend. In fact, his group just appeared at Marcy Dam as we were leaving. At Avalanche Camp we stopped to rest, eat, and wait for Evan's group. Steve and I got tired of waiting in about five minutes and started back towards Marcy Dam expecting to find the other group on the trail admiring the tracks we had made on the way in, which followed the trail only in a very general sort of way. But we arrived at Marcy Dam without meeting anyone on the way and we didn't meet anyone there, either. This was puzzling, so we checked at the register to see where they had gone. The group had signed in for Lake Arnold and their tracks went towards Indian Falls which seemed to be a roundabout route to Lake Arnold, but that was evidently what was being done. It was hard to imagine how thirteen people would fit into the small leanto at Lake Arnold even if a tent or two were along, but one thing was certain, the bottom people wouldn't have a chance to get cold. However, we figured that there was a good chance that nine of the thirteen would spend the night at Indian Falls, so we didn't change our plans. Steve and I hiked back to Avalanche, picked up our packs and headed up the hill for Lake Arnold with Dan and Smokey. When we arrived at the leanto there was lots of room and plenty of daylight, so Steve and I left for Indian Falls to see if anything was going on over there while Smokey and Dan started supper.

The main thing going on at Indian Falls was wind. The pass Lake Arnold is in is oriented ninety degrees from the direction of the valley wherein Indian Falls leanto is situated. Thus, while Lake Arnold was sitting in calm weather, the party at Indian Falls was battling a stiff breeze in the process of setting up camp. The last thing we saw before leaving Indian Falls was Jim Drake hanging onto a Drawtite tent with one hand and grasping the leanto with the other!

Back at Lake Arnold everything was routine until the next morning when we woke up and discovered that the wind had shifted during the night so it was now funneling through our pass and had deposited a layer of snow all over everything in the leanto. Strangely enough, the snow wasn't melting on the sleeping bags and making a mess like we

thought it would. I sat up to get a better view and noted that a corner of my ensolite pad had cracked off. "Hey, look, a corner of my foam pad broke off."

"Yeah, sure," says Steve.

"Listen," I said and picked up the piece and snapped it in two.

"Oh, no," Buskey mumbled and burrowed deeper into his sleeping bag.

After this stimulating round of early morning conversation, I hauled on my clothes and went out to look at the world in the cold light of dawn. And it was cold! A look at the thermometer showed that the temperature had dropped fifty six degrees since the previous day and the red stuff was heeled in a little blob at the bottom of its tube, just managing to reach up to -28° F. After making the mistake of announcing the temperature (which delayed everyone else at least an hour in getting up), I quickly turned and galloped down to the trail junction 500 feet away. It wasn't any warmer there, but the round trip warmed me up enough to put on some more clothes. That little section of trail got pretty well pounded down in the course of fixing breakfast.

Fixing breakfast was an interesting experience in itself. It proved to be unprofitable to cut butter because it crumbled to a powder under a knife, so we ended up snapping off chunks of it with our teeth (concoidal fracture, we noted). Other familiar substances had acquired most unfamiliar properties as well.

After breakfast we debated whether or not to do Colden. At this point we were unaware that the wind direction had changed, not having looked at a map, and we assumed that it was blowing where we were because its velocity had increased during the night. If that were the case Indian Falls should have been experiencing a real fast moving cold wave. So we chose to punt Colden and instead went to Indian Falls to see how the other ROCer's were doing. It was a pleasant surprise to find that Indian Falls leanto was basking in the sun at only -24° , with next to no wind. So the debate on what to do began anew. Steve and I wanted to climb something--anything within reach would do. On the other hand, Dan and Smokey wanted to return to the Loj. Since two is not a large enough party for winter climbing and all of Evan's party was descending to the Loj, we betook ourselves to Marcy Dam and thence to the Loj. Smokey did agree to wait for Steve and me while we climbed Mount Jo, so at Marcy Dam we signed out for Mount Jo via the Loj and kept on going.

Now neither Steve nor I had ever scaled Mount Jo, in winter or summer. I had make one attempt with Hub Seward and a good sized group of students on the first day of Winter School this year, but we lost the trail a little distance from the Loj and gave up the try after hiking along the bottom of cliffs part way around the mountain. I was determined that this would not happen again, but, sure enough, we soon found ourselves fighting our way through a dense thicket and admitting that we were off the trail. Annoyed but undaunted we continued upward, finally gaining the hard won summit just minutes from our turnaround time. By golly, the ROC did bag a peak (?) Triumphantly we descended to the car which was started with the help of the Loj manager's jumper cables. An uneventful return to Troy finished the trip.

Dick Andrews