



THE ROC CAIRN



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



CONFERENCE '67

or

I could have danced all night.

In spite of having received our blurb only 1½ weeks before Conference, the ROC managed to be represented by about 12 members at IOCA conference. It was held at Camp Sloane near Lakeville, Connecticut on 22 April and run by Mt. Holyoke (or should I say, Mary Grace Fowler and Margery Smith). Those attending were Evan Bergen, Monty Winters, Jim Drake, Hank Chary, Steve Karon, Tom Duchesneau, Dick Stetson, John Hess, Dan Buskey, Smokey, Bob Saunders, Pete Cottrell, Ed Clements, Dick Andrews and Meg Johnson. (Oops! She was with UConn)

The first crew to leave Troy stole conference. (See article by SteveAK.) Monty, Evan and I arrived about 6:30 Friday night with a canoe. After registering, we ran off to play a rather wild game of frisbee. After about 1½ hours of this nonsense, I decided to do some square and/or folk dancing. At this point I discovered that if you dance on a concrete floor with stocking feet, you very quickly wear holes in your sox. Therefore, I danced barefoot. The dancing was pretty good. We did "both elbows round" and had one couple, my partner and I, do a "grand right and left" backwards. But, by far the most difficult thing I did was keep my cousin, who hasn't square danced in about four years, in a set when the call involved baskets.

Saturday morning the general meeting took place. College Week and Conference sites were nominated as were Exec-Sec's. Regional reports were given with the usual "we didn't do much as a region" line. Discussion groups followed: two on conservation and two on new clubs.

Then it was lunch time.

In the afternoon there were trips to nearby caves, to the Gunks and to the lake for canoeing. There was also square dancing which I participated in.

Later, there were regional meetings. Evan Bergen was elected NEC-Sec.

Then supper was served.

After supper, Lloyd Sumner showed the IOCA movie "Because It's There". This had some very amusing shots and we agreed it was pretty good.

The square dance that followed, with Don Beck, ROC alum, calling, was fun. Besides attempting the Bergen "super square", we chained a lady and a man across the set. (It was a good thing I didn't get stuck having to swing Evan. My partner was much more attractive and I'm sure he felt the same way.) Somehow we got the Yale flag again. We tried to get rid of it, but every time one of us threw it away, some idiot with a red shirt grabbed it. The songfest that followed was still going strong at 2:30.

Sunday morning we got down to serious business. Al Vesper was elected Exec-Sec. College Week is in Algonquin to be run by U. of Toronto. (The ROC Colden bid got three votes.) Then came Conference '68. Somehow we were the only group stupid enough to volunteer. We got the dubious honor of running Conference (as if we need it with Spring Lake George). There were some objection to our running Conference due to the sign changing this year. About this, Larry Buck (a oYc alum defending the ROC?) said, "I've seen the ROC botch lots of other people's trips, but never one of their own." Someone was needed to take care of and schedule the IOCA movie so we nominated Smokey and

he won. (We immediately reserved the movie for the Activities Fair.) We were told later that Smokey's official title is IOCA Film Co-ordinator.

After lunch we left for home and a four hour slide show to see what we wanted to add to Dick Andrews 217 duplicates slide order.

(If it seems that I did a lot of dancing, I did. This is to make up for the Lake George I missed this spring. Happiness is not tooling in Troy on Lake George weekend!)

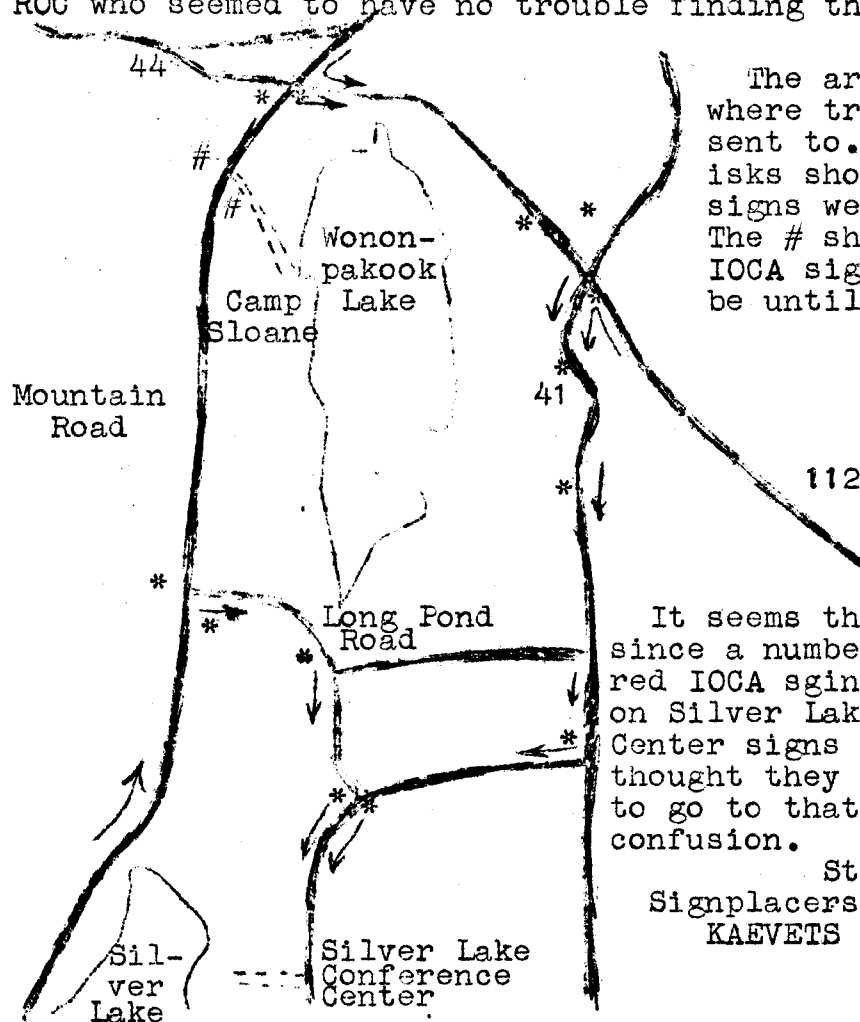
EDS - JED (Jim Drake)

THE ROAD TO CONFERENCE 1967

There was a rumor travelling around Conference that a certain group of ROCers had rerouted traffic to the camp over a confusing route. We all know that no one in the ROC would do anything like that. Just because the signs marking the new route came from R.P.I. and were painted with red paint and a certain group of ROCers were continually driving away from the conference site does not convict the ROC.

(this does)

Map of Camp Sloane Route For IOGAns
(except ROC who seemed to have no trouble finding the camp)



The arrows show where traffic was sent to. The asterisks show where signs were placed. The # shows where IOCA signs used to be until ??

It seems that since a number of red IOCA signs were hung on Silver Lake Conference Center signs many IOGAns thought they were supposed to go to that place. Much confusion.

Steve AK
Signplacers: BRD ACR
KAEVETS

WHITE-WATER CANOEING

Three people, Dick Gramley, John Hess, and Paul Yergin, started out from the Lounge about 8:15, Saturday, April 15, 1967, picked up the canoes, and drove to North River. Weather was chilly, cloudy, damp, but no rain (until after the trip). Water was reported at about four feet level by the gauging station. We reconnoitered the stretch of river visible from the road, particularly a short stretch of rapids a half-mile below North River. Current about five miles an hour. Started out, Gramley in lead, Yergin last (so he could learn by others' difficulties and thereby appear more skillful. It was at least a wise move!) Drifted with current on smooth stretches, Made it through rapids ok. Arrived at North Creek about 12:45 and decided to extend the trip to Riparius, because it had seemed too easy so far. More rapids below North Creek than above. (Lots more!) All three canoes shipped some water in places where standing waves (haystacks) were big and hung up on boulders occasionally. Scraped over rocks now and then. No one swamped or capsized. Arrived in Riparius in due time. Concluded author of book Canoeable Rivers of New York State has an accurate memory of this section. Lots of boulders, randomly scattered, made it impossible to find a real channel. Just dodging boulders all the time in the rapids. No distinct ledges, though. The last section above Riparius was fairly hard work, especially 13 miles from the start, when everyone was moderately tired. A pair of canoes came down about half an hour after us, and two fellows in one of them had swamped and were wet, naturally. By then it was also raining. Gramley and Hess hitchiked back to the car (with about three miles of walking). Back to Troy just before 7pm. Map shows trip to have been about 14 miles with an average slope of about 13 feet to the mile.

Paul Yergin

THE SECOND ANNUAL TRIP TO LIVINGSTONE CAVE

or

WE MISSED IT AGAIN!

Friday, March 31, was a beautiful day for caving, so it was decided that I should lead a caving trip. I chose Livingstone Cave, since I had never been there before and wanted to see it.

We left Troy about 3:30 and, after infinite backtracking and farbling around, found the correct road to the old Boy Scout trail up to the cave (ha ha ha). We hiked back to the car to get our equipment and then headed back up the trail. (Note: It was now beginning to get dark.) This time we noticed some funny rectangular stones about ten feet off the trail. On closer examination they proved to be grave-stones. (spooky!) Proceeding up the "trail" (blazed in 1932 and untouched since), we found four blazes. Soon it was getting dark. I headed up to the left on what I thought was the trail and Dave Bloom headed up to the right on what he thought was the trail.

Finally, after it had been dark for some time, I called to Dave to start down. As I took my flashlight out of my grotch bag to see what I was bumping into, I noticed a white blaze about two feet in front of me. Well, in the next few minutes, I heard running water and came to the base of the cliffs. (Gee, the cave must be close.) None of the holes led to anything more than a solid wall.

Eventually, we both started down, meeting near the bottom of the escarpment. After sloshing through the cow pasture and up the ghostly trail past the gravestones (that middle one really did move), we had an uneventful trip home in the Bloom-mobile. (It actually made it without breaking down or losing the muffler.

SteveAK

HAYSTACK

'Twas Thursday night at the Overhang, and all through the house everyone is feeling kind of low because there are no trip plans for the weekend. That's what I found when I walked in; when I walked out, there was a trip going to the Adirondacks Friday night and Saturday, in spite of Ed Vervoort's dire warnings that the trails would be seas of mud.

Thus it happened that at 5:00 pm Friday, April 29, Ed Vervoort, Dan Buskey, Steve Karon and I climbed into Dan's machine and headed north. After arriving at the Loj about 9:00 we started to hike into Marcy Dam. Hiking by headlamp is fun, but Dan missed out on it-- seems he left his batteries in Troy. When we first started on the trail it sure looked like Ed was right. The section of trail on the ADK Loj land was pretty muddy, and that's been improved by gravel--it sure looked bad for the rest of the trails. But as soon as we got beyond the improved section the mud disappeared and we didn't see any more for the rest of the weekend.

Marcy Dam at night: stars, reflections of mountains in the calm water, snow covered slides barely visible on Mt. Colden, and chilly! So we hit the sack.

Morning came and nobody felt like hurrying. Therefore, nobody hurried. By 9:00 we decided we really ought to get up; Ed went out to the fireplace in stocking feet and found that it was thirty degrees warmer in the sun than in the leanto! So, soon the whole crew was up and eating breakfast in the warmth. After some time spent throwing rocks into the pond, which had frozen over lightly, the uncalled four hit the trail. Snow began in the vicinity of Phelps leanto, and was several feet deep around Plateau #1. The sun felt pretty good, so we hiked in shorts until we discovered wind above dense timber, where only El Stove Vervoort persisted in that madness. The summit of Haystack was reached about 3:00 and was found to be a breezy place to be; in fact, Ed put a short sleeved shirt on over his net undershirt and Steve's water bottle started to freeze.

We hiked out in a bit more of a hurry and just managed to get to the car without needing lights. The drive back to Troy was uneventful, aside from discovering at one point that Dan had starved his poor car until it was about ten quarts down on oil. A couple of quarts enabled it to get back to Troy and us along with it.

Dick Andrews

New Patch Members:

1. Joe Franklin
2. Greg Paris

The ROC extends its congratulations to Mac Muir on the occasion of his marriage.

WINMOOS 1966

a late report on the Lake Colden section

Three ROCers were among the staff at the Lake Colden section of Winter Mountaineering School this past year. Dick Stetson was a leader and Ed Vervoort and myself were assistants.

The school began Monday night, the day after Christmas, with supper at Harry Eldridge's near Cascade Lake.

Monday night after supper (prepared by our expert chef, Stetson) we had a few introductions and an introductory lecture. Tuesday, after breakfast and more lectures, we split up into four man cook groups, each with a leader or assistant. After planning our menus we rode into Lake Placid to get our food and other supplies. After packing, we again met in the big "A", as the cabin was called, for supper and the final lectures.

Wednesday morning in beautiful -14° weather we set out for Lake Colden. All arrived and set up camp by 4:30.

Each of the next three days brought from 1 to 6 fresh inches of snow, but with the snow came three beautiful days of climbing.

Trips went out to Gray, Skylight, Cliff, Redfield, Marcy, Herbert, Colden and Algonquin.

The school ended officially Sunday after hiking out from Colden, but for those who hiked out Saturday night, there was Gardner Perry's first New Year's party.

All in all winter school was quite successful this year, offering not only good instruction, but a good time, too.

SteveAK

SOUTH BETHLEHEM CAVE (S.B.C. gets wet, too)

Well, it was 54° outside and a beautiful day for spring caving (March 11). Bloom, Chary and myself left Troy at 5:00 Saturday night. We reached the cave after about 50 minutes and soon realized that the trip was ill fated. First, Dave Bloom left his boots in the car and had to get them. Finally we headed into the cave. Two weeks earlier when I had been there it had been absolutely dry, except for one small puddle. The same was true this time, except the puddle covered the entire cave (muddy, wet, messy). We crawled (slurp, splot) through the mud into the cave, looking into all the side passages.

Finally we emerged into the "subway tunnel". It was a little drier here. Hank climbed up to the alternate entrance where he discovered snow. After a short, but messy snowball fight, we continued through the cave. After doing a little climbing on the walls, we reached a small passage where I had been doing some digging. I went in and started digging. After a few minutes, I told Hank and Dave to finish the cave, for I would still be digging when they got back. About 15 minutes later, I heard what seemed to be heavy construction going on (steamshovels and bulldozers?). "What's going on out there?" "Oh, nothing, nothing at all."

Eventually, I decided to conclude my digging. I turned around and crawled the 40 feet out to where the passage met the rest of the cave??? No!! Now, a stone wall blocked the passage. "HEY, GUY'S."

No answer. "Hey, you #*%&)#*!*" Finally there was some soft laughter from the other side of the barricade. After a few moments, I pushed on the blockade "and the walls came tumbling down."

The rest of the trip was uneventful until we got out of the mud puddle (cave). We left the cave after changing into our dry clothes, walked around the cliffs and over to the car. As we were driving back, the Bloommobile started acting up. It needed oil. (It averages 30 miles to the gallon, of oil.) After we solved this problem, Hank decided he had left his wallet in the cave. Now we were in Albany, so after filling the gas tank and checking the oil, we rode back to the cave where Hank found his wallet, then back to Troy on the Hudson.

SteveAK

THIS TIME WE DIDN'T HAVE TO DO KNOX ANNEXI

Saturday morning, 20 May 1967, Hank Chary and Bob Saunders set off in KeemoSAABy to try to find the rumored Livingston's Cave. They drove up to the old Livingston place and found it to be occupied, so they were forced into admitting their mission so that they could leave the car there.

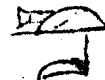
Once they were issued a parking permit, Hank and Bob set off for parts unknown. Up the hill they trudged. After a long and steep bushwack, they found a fairly recognizable path which led to a small indentation in the rock which was not a cave.

After a brief rest, the two spelunkers started hiking along the cliff face looking for any signs of caves or cavers. None were to be found. Suddenly Hank looked up and saw a hole. "This is it! ---I think," he cried. Sure enough, he found the cave. "Livingston Cave, I presume?"

Shortly thereafter Hank and Bob headed into the cave. Suddenly a junction was reached. Hank looked at the map and commented that this must be a small cave. Already one third of it had been done. About half an hour after entering the cave the two came back to the sun-lit world.

Being gung-ho and not being satisfied with just one cave for the day, Hank and Bob climbed to the top of the cliff and found Wynd's Cave. This cave was described as having only about 150 yards of passage but Hank and Bob did more than that. One interesting feature of the cave was the pseudo-abundance of speleothems in parts of the cave. Near the entrance there was an abundance of porcupine scat. No porcupines were seen, however.

A total of two hours were spent underground. Both caves were interesting although Wynds, being larger and more varied, offered more challenges and tight crawls. It was a good trip, and if public opinion demands a return trip, one will probably be run.



EDITORIAL

Since I have become a member of a co-op program and won't be here next fall, Steve Karon will serve as temporary editor of the Cairn.

Paula Champion
(7)

SUMMER ADDRESS LIST

Richard Andrews Air Reduction Central Research Labs., Mountain Ave.
Murray Hill, New Jersey 07971

Victor R. Baker P. O. Box 18, Berne, NY 12023

Beth Banoff 609 Mercer Street, Albany, NY 12208 518 IV9-4856

Evan T. Bergen 76-35 113 St., Forest Hills, NY 11375

Dan Buskey 4975 W. Seneca Tpk., Syracuse, NY 13215

Paula Champion Burdett Hall D 407, RPI, Troy, NY 12181

Henry A. Chary Box 175, Halls Cove, Maine 04644 207 288-3690

Ed Clements 1 Victoria Ave., Troy, NY 12180

Peter Cottrell 2513 Fifteenth St., Troy, NY 12180 AR3-5082

Robert Courtney Fletcher's Ice Island, Arctic Research Lab.,
Point Barrow, Alaska

James E. Drake 711-82nd Street, Niagara Falls, NY 14304
283-9403

Tom Duchesneau 597 Court St., Keene, NH 03431 352-2088

Jeff & Pat Duncan Box 220, RD #1, Fetersburg, NY 279-3168

Eric Durland June: 26 Edsall Ave., Nanuet, NY 914 NA3-2738
July & Aug.: 32 1st St., Troy, NY 274-2157

Joe Franklin 40 Mill Road, Latham, NY 12110

Robert Froese c/o U. S. Naval Ocean. Office, Washington, DC

Richard Fuhrman 701 Grand St., Troy, NY 12180 518 273-9374
"Smokey"

Sue Gaglianella 220 3rd St., Troy, NY 12180

Russell Hallock 51 East Main St., Washingtonville, NY 10992
914 496-3326

John Hess 82 Kilburn Rd., Garden City, NY 11530
516 746-5165

Steve Karon 26 Summit Ave., Brookline, Mass. 02146

Ellen Kavkewitz 416 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11226
Aug.: c/o Mrs. Bleau, Grand View Cottages,
South Hero, Vermont

Dick & Evelyn Kramer 980 Hoosick Road, Troy, NY 279-3325

Mary Jane Kolb	99 River Road, Nyack, NY EL8-4435
J. S. Lutz	c/o Science Center (3W02) OR MRC (367) OR Weston, Conn.
Betty McCabe	11 Elward Road, Troy, NY 283-0269
Lee A. Mitchell	543 Warren St., Albany, NY 482-4192
Greg Paris	70 East 7th St., Williamsport, Pa. 17701
C. O. Porter	General Delivery, Droop, W. Va.
Steve Russell	C-13 Parkside 3, Caparra Heights, Puerto Rico
Bob Saunders	Box 326, Bethel, Maine 04217
W. H. Skerritt	Rensselaer County Jail, Troy, NY 12180
Lawrence Stanley	56 Northgate Dr., New Martinsville, W. Va. 455-1906
Richard Stetson	Galehead Hut, Twin Mountain, NH
Richard Stevens	222 3rd Street, Troy, NY 12180 274-8664
Wayne Taft	1089 Madison Ave., Troy, NY 12180 BR1-7034
Ed Vervoort	Ridge Rd., Syosset, NY 11791
N. Zapantis	c/o Flayboy Club, Brooklyn, NY