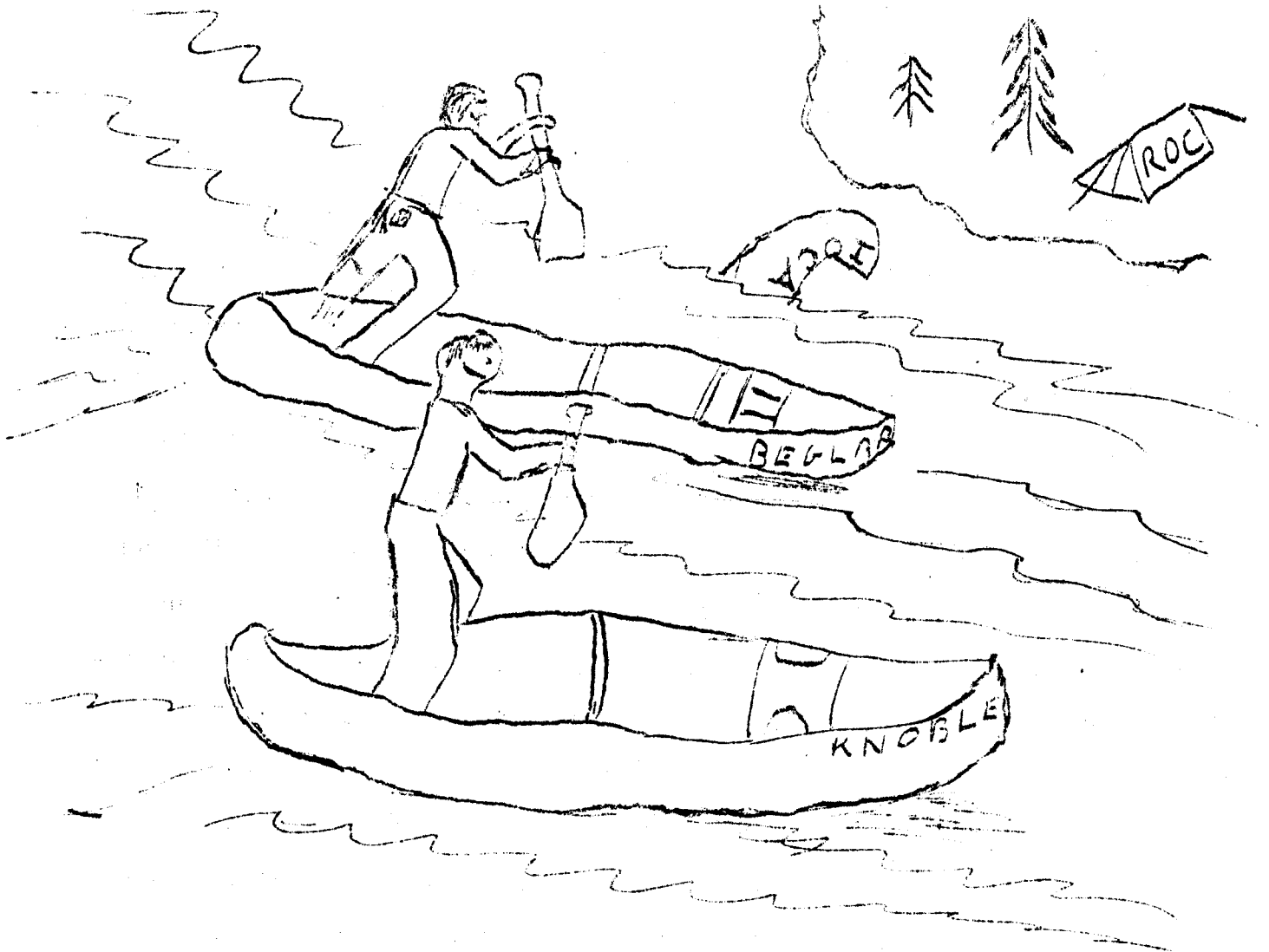


THE ROC CAIRN



OCT. 74

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



GUNNEL PUMPING AT LAKE
D.D. FALL GEORGE

NEVER TRUST A HERATIO

OR HOW TO SUCCEED IN TROUBLE MAKING AND OTHER DEVIOUS ACTIVITIES
WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

(The names have been changed to protect the not-so innocent)

I've known Heratio for a grand total of 3 weeks now. He's insane. At first, I thought it was my imagination but now I know for sure. Never dare him, he'll take you up on anything.

Our first meeting took place at a cave where he proceeded to build a fire (using his handy-dandy all purpose carbide flame which attracted the police more than the bugs) and then melted down the bottom of his sneakers trying to get his feet warm. On the way home, he did his darndest to get a green balloon into our car while doing about 50 mph entering the Northway. He missed. Our side mirror got inverted instead.

Life was relatively uneventful for a couple of weeks until we hit Bat Cave in Vermont. The Bozo machine had to negotiate a 1 car rut winding down the mountain. Half of us elected to walk down to conserve space, except for Heratio who ran. When I caught up, he was laughing fiendishly and dragging logs onto the "road". Without further ado, I joined in and constructed a barricade roughly 6 feet in height. About 100 quick yards later, an 8 foot log around 2 feet in diameter put in an appearance and was dragged across the road. Unfortunately, a guttsy green Beetle (minus its muffler from similar 45 degree roads) was going up as Bozo was going down. They removed all of the barricades. Can't win 'em all. Bozo returned untouched.

Four days later, in the middle of Schoharie Caverns (which is very wet and quite infested with Quagmires) Heratio began to wipe his hands on my helmet. I retaliated likewise but unfortunately made some comment about mud pies. In a split second, he had scooped up a huge palm full of gooey clay. As he made a motion to throw it in my face, I held out my hand to stop it. Unfortunately our hands met with much force and quite unevenly. In case you hadn't realised it, the principle of inertia applies to clay 2 inches thick as well as to little wooden cars in Physics I lab. I got hit square in the face with the clay and it struck. Yuk!

The final major episode took place during a beginners white water trip. It was a miserable day and when lightning struck a couple hundred yards away, Heratio kept crying "I didn't do it!" It makes you wonder what else he's been up to.

Our canoe made it through the rain and white water without mishap so we swung around to an island in center stream, secured the canoe and waded out a ways to photograph any unlikely victims coming through. Several canoes and no mishaps later the last canoe started through and headed like homing pigeons for our legs. It ended up stuck on a rock instead. On good heave ho later they swept over the last rock broad side and almost capsized.

Stay tuned to the Cairn for further tales of Heratio. If he keeps up like this month, I'll be getting writers cramp quite often.

C.B.

YOU KNOW YOU'RE CLIMBING IN THE TETONS WHEN-

- You stop at every turn out on the highway to get another look at the peaks
- Half the tourists arrive at the campsite in their Winebagos
- You wonder where the summit is after 17 pitches of climbing
- You finally get to camp on a glacier and hate every minute of it
- You have to make a 40 foot free rappel before you can even begin a technical climb
- You down climb 3000 vertical feet of talus slope
- You wake up and find 3" of new snow on the ground in August
- You climb a trailless canyon and see more wildlife than you ever saw in the Adirondacks
- You only find one fixed pin on a 17 pitch climb
- You're the only ones climbing on the whole mountain
- The Sierra Design 3 man tent almost gets blown off a glacier while you watch from a quarter of a mile above
- A mountain sheep watches you make the crux move of a pitch from the top of the pitch
- All the climbers you meet are from the Gunks
- You finally find out what a real glissade is
- ---

Grafton Who?

Where else do determined rock climbers go on wet, cold rainy weekends? The vertical and forbidding, BUT ALSO tempting cliffs of Grafton beckon to all climbers from neophytes to experienced cragsmen. After a strenuous bush-wack along an old logging road, one comes to a classic among the rock climbing wonders of New York, a true boulder, boulder problem in the middle of the woods. Two routes lead to its summit, both of moderate difficulty requiring several delicate moves. Of course there are bozos that free solo it daily. Finally one reaches the main cliff where anyone can find a climb to his interest if he is not picky. For beginners there is the Hornet's Face with only forty feet of climbing. The main face is about ~~KXXX~~ sixty feet of overhangs and face climbing. And for more of a challenge there is the shear face of the Wailing Wall or the overhang of the Bishops Nose. There is one thing that Grafton has going for it though, it's only 15 minutes from campus on route 2 toward Mass. and across the street from the Whipperwill Inn.

Rich Tocher

Up there, between sky and earth, on the vertical faces we have participated in the most beautiful moments ~~XX~~ in the life of the mountain and, through the rope which joined us, there has grown between us that deep friendship which only the high places can give.

Gaston Robuffat

HOW NOT TO ENJOY ADIRONDACK ROCK CLIMBING or...

...when I fell for the leader of the crack, ping, ping...

One sunny morning in April, two of the more foolish rockclimbers headed north to Pocomoonshine (you can't drink Pocomoonshine!, Big Al). By 8 we were standing by the car, shivering in the cool morning breeze, looking up at the gray wall before us. Why didn't we go to the shiny white Gunks? Couldn't we have just as easily driven there and sweated in the warm sun? But no use crying over spilt fly dope.

Ted made a big mistake. He let me read the guidebook. "Let's start out easy with a ~~XXX~~ 5.6. Let try the F.M." Off we went, scrambling thru talus as large as houses.

F.M. is a distinct crack system to the right of the Nose, a prominent overhanging block at the center of the cliff. We worked our way up, wandering back and forth in the system of vertical cracks, up to the base of an overhang. Up an inside corner and out into the sun. We rushed across the top and down the grungy gully back to the base of the cliffs. Open the guidebook to look for another climb... but, F.M. is a 5.7. (Pause a moment for an ego trip; isn't vanity great).

But the day is young. But then again the sun at the top feels really nice. Let's do an easy climb to the top and sun ourselves and sleep. Good Idea. I remembered Neurosis would fill the bill, so off we went looking for a south facing dihedral. We located it easily and up we went. Almost! We battled up a tight chimney and after an hour and a half we finally managed to worm up to the top of the first belay ledge. This isn't Neurosis! But determined we laid on, and unluckily it was my turn to lead. Up the wet inside corner; strenuous and slippery! I battled up to the top and tried to exit. I tried again. And again. Then my arm began to fail; a damp foot hold helped; and there I was sitting next to Ted at the bottom of the pitch. Fiddlesticks!! I was exhausted so I nut aided my way up and cleaned down climbing. Golly-Gee-Wiz!

Wh

What a B-52 bummer! We down climbed to a fixed pin and rappelled off, yet not without the loss of a 60-40 into the depths of the chimney crack. After reaching the bottom and fishing out the parka, we sat, totally dephysched, and asked the proverbial question, "WHY?"

an MMCer

HAIL TO THE CHIEF !

After a wet fog had forced us into an early camp the night before, we packed up the McKinley and pushed onward thru the deep powder snow to the first of our three peaks that day. In a comparatively short time we were on the open summit of Santanoni, coming out on the same spot Jessen and Huss and myself had slept in the summer sun only a few short months before. The five foot summit trees were buried to their tops. The register was obviously buried so we decided to split up and look for it. We were having little luck until a freshman spotted a stick tied to a tree.



"Come here!" We all trooped over to where he stood. "A Boy Scout marker!" Off he went in the direction indicated by his marker. Enthused at his deduction, we watched. But he found nothing; it only seemed to slope off down hill. No trace of the can.

Meanwhile Evan Bergen had walked over to the tree with the marker and began to dig with his ice ax. It struck something metallic, and soon he pulled out the register.

The ROC makes mountaineers ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ even out of freshman boy scouts.

Remember Lee?

an MMCer

Whenever there's a deep tradgedy, there's also present something of the ridiculous... Phil Ochs, 1963.

"Have They All Gone Patter Or Something?"

ZZZZZZ...!!! Hey, get off my toes! You # * & C !!! ZZZZ
 CRASH! BANG! What the...!?! Oh, good grief. Hey Son, wa-
 ke up. They're back again.

You know, this happens every week. These human-types come
 banging in here and ruin everything... OUCH!!! Would you please
 remove your #00* carbide lamp from my tail? It hurts! Humph...
 That's much better. And you don't have to scream at the sight
 of me. I won't bite. At least not yet. Just give me time. I'm
 tempted.

Look at them. They're all the wrong size and shape for
 crawling through here. Why don't they stay where they belong
 and leave us in peace?

Oh, oh. Son, we've been discovered. Close your eyes tight.
 Here comes the searchlight crew. Why you'd think they'd never
 seen one of us before. Son, watch it! You got your wing in my
 ear. Thanks.

What fun can anyone have crawling through that swamp down
 there/ I'll never know. Look at us. We're high and dry, thor-
 oughly comfortable, while they insist on disappearing down
 holes no self-respecting bat would be caught dead in. They do-
 n't even go anywhere.

Think I'll go have some fun. Clear the runway. Ah, wing
 noon. For some reason it's the ones with the long hair that
 get most upset with me. I think I'll give them something to
 talk about. OOPS! I wish they'd hold still. They're hard to
 miss when they wiggle around so much. Thank! Sorry, I miscal-
 culated my wing span. Oh, would you shut up! That screeching
 hurts my ears. All right, I'll go. Hey, Son, I think they're
 finally leaving! Alleluia! Move over guys, I'm coming in. ZZ...

Due to popular demand, the OTHER verses of "Marching Cavers" follows:

The cavers go marching three by three...
The little one rigged to a big dead tree...

The cavers go marching four by four...
The little one rappelled to the floor...

and so on with the rest of the song.

Here's another gem for your caving song book:

She'll be coming through the crawlway when she comes, when she comes;
She'll be coming through the crawlway when she comes, when she comes,
She'll be coming through the crawlway
She'll be coming through the crawlway
She'll be coming through the crawlway
When she comes, when she comes.

She'll be dragging six bluewaters when she comes

She'll be riggin' those bluewaters when she comes

She'll be ridin' four gold gibbs when she comes

Oh, we'll all go out and belay her when she comes

Someone's in the cave with Diana
Someone's in the cave I know
Someone's in the cave with Diana
Strolling through the bat guano

Singing: ich ach oodly ach uch
ich ach oodly ach uch uch uch uch
ich ach oodly ach uch
Strolling through the mud and the guck.

Daisy Daisy give me your answer true
I'm half crazy over my love for you
It won't be a stylish rappel
I can't afford a rack
But you'll look sweet on a diaper seat
with a break bar set built for two.

Johnny Johnny here is your answer true
You're half crazy to think I'll rappel with you
I want a stylish rappel, you can't afford a rack
And I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a breakbar
with the likes of you.

stay gibbsed for more from
yo-yoing Admiral George.

SELECT GOURMET RECIPES FROM THE SURVIVAL COOKBOOK
(Spelunkers Style)

Bat Kabobs

- 150 medium brown bats
- 150 green twigs, sturdy variety
- 4 or 5 carbide lamps (minimum), carbide and water

spear bats on individual twigs, toast till fur is thoroughly singed. Dip in Guano sauce (see below)
serves thirty not-so hungry cavers.

Guano sauce

- 2 quarts Bat Guano
- Plenty of salt (scrounge up a deer lick)
- 1 quart water (try to find a relatively clear, non-polluted stream)
- Several carbide lamps (see above)

Cook in helmet until it reaches a thick consistency
(about 6 hours) Do not scorch

Yields approximately 2 quarts. Use for almost anything.
Do not mix with spiders. They give an awful aftertaste.

DLT

- 1 Bat thinly sliced (preferably cooked)
- 1 handful lichen
- 2 Medium tarantulas crushed (carefully)

Cold bat guano sauce to hold things together (app. 1 tbsp)
Layer between bread. If no bread is available, use your
imagination. Serves $\frac{1}{2}$ rather hungry caver

Split bat soup

- 100 bats chopped (hacked or somehow cut) in two
- Guano sauce

Berries or mushrooms (hopefully non-poisonous, unless, of
course, you want a terrible case of the "runs")

Brown bats and mushrooms over flame (use leftover twigs
from bat kabobs) Add to guano sauce. Cook as rapidly as possible
(3-4 hours at 4 carbide flames). Dump in mushrooms
and/or berries. Cook till least tough. Serves 20 dying spelunkers

IDENTIFICATION COLORS OF
FRANKS AND HARRIS OF THE ROC

If anyone finds equipment, usually rock climbing or caving gear, with identification colors on, please return it to its owner. If anyone has been left out of the list or decides what colors he wants to use please contact Rich Tocher.

Tom Broad	Black-Yellow-Black
Dave Builder	Blue-White-Blue
Barb Burger	Light Blue-Green -Light Blue
Roger Dye	Gold-Maroon-Gold
Ronna Cohen	Yellow-Blue-Yellow
Andy Crowley	White-Green
Lee Deck	Blue-Red*blue
Tim Hainsworth	Blue-Silver
Bob Harris	Red-Yellow-Brown
Roger Harris	Red-Yellow-Blue
Kathy Heller	Green-Yellow-Blue
Ginny Kania	Pink-Pastel Green-Pink
Warren Lucas	Green-Yellow-Red
Bob Mack	Black-Orange-Black
Al Mathews	Black-Blue
Doug McBain	Green or Bandaid
Jim McKenzie	Blue-White-Blue
Steve Meisner	Black-Silver
Jack Middleton	Red-White
John Muscatell	Orange-Blue
Sandy Parmeter	Yellow-Orange
DD Perley	Yellow-Green-Yellow
Gaston Rebuffat	Too bourgeois for him
Karen Rightmeyer	Black-Blue
Royal Robbins	Blue (sec boots)
Dana Rowley	Yellow-Red-Yellow
Paul Schiner	Green-Blue
Dan Stevens	Red-Yellow-Red
Bill Stone	Green-Yellow-Green (or anything I find in my truck)
Greg Thomas	Silver-Black-Silver
Rich Tocher	Yellow-Blue-Yellow
Pete Tolscer	Green-Orangr-Green
Mike Wand	Orange-Black-Orange
Phil Knobel	Brown-Blue-Brown
Y. Chouinard	Green (like money)
Jurgen Reher	Black-Red-Black
Pirate Gene	Orange
Andrios Dimbris	Purple-Silver-Yellow
Les Bradshaw	Red-Green-Blue
Pete Kicza	Red-Yellow-Red
Geoff Parkhurst	Purple-Orange-Purple
Jack Luftman	Yellow-Brown-Yellow

WOOL and WET FEET

I hope to relate a quick, but understandable, summary of why one often hears his trip leader scream, "WEAR WOOL, BRING A PONCHO, etc." I will touch on such subjects as hypothermia, frostbite, windchill, exposure, and shock. This article is not the last word on any of these matters, rather it is barely a start.

Normally one's core (inside your body) temperature is around 100 °F, your skin a bit lower. The skin temperature may vary considerably and one will survive without complications. Indeed, even a localized patch of frostbite or a small burn will in general not prove fatal, of itself. The core temperature can not be allowed to vary more than a few degrees, else all one's bodily processes will depart from the normal condition. Specifically, when the core temperature reaches 90°F one's brain is so numbed that he cannot think well or coordinate his muscles. He CANNOT help himself recover, even if he has a stove, adequate tent, and the best down clothing made. Chances are that he will just stumble around in a daze, until he collapses, and then dies. The coroner will label it death by exposure, also known as terminal hypothermia.

I assume that everyone reading this has been out in below freezing and in wet conditions, and very few if any have experienced more than a mild shiver. But, then how many have hiked for 12 hours in a freezing rain, or stood around in a gale wind when it was 30°F below zero. Actually these are rather extreme examples; perhaps you can relate to a light drizzle, gentle breeze, temperature about 55°F. Without adequate protection even this will take its toll in a few hours.

Water is an excellent conductor of heat. Keep dry at all cost. Wind increases the rate of heat transfer, even more so if it acts upon a wet surface. Cold of course plays a part in the chilling process, but even 70°F is cold enough if it is wet and windy.

Dry clothing protects you. A poncho keeps your clothes dry.

Wool and most synthetics retain some air in them even when wet. Cotton (jeans) is useless when wet.

Your head is a big heat radiator---- cover it.

Your physical condition prior to the inclement conditions is a rather important factor. By this I mean how much sleep you have

had, how much effort you have expended to get where you are, and to a lesser extent the shape you are in. When one is tired, as at the end of a long hike, he has less reserves to aid in the struggle to maintain his core temperature. His comrades may pass off his stumbling as weary legs; until he falls down and does not get up. A small accident (wound or fracture, even a sprained ankle) can turn into a major disaster when the person involved and some of his would be rescuers are barely able to generate enough heat to stay alive. The "hardy" souls who keep warm by a rapid hiking pace, must slow down, and chill. Those already weakened can not spare the energy to help their friend, but do and, then, the remaining few must tend for all, if any remain.... (Incidentally, the general depression of all vital function, called hypothermia if caused by loss of heat, is very similar to the condition known as shock, caused by injury, fright, loss of blood, poisoning, pain, etc. In shock one desires to preserve the body's heat; in hypothermia, one must add to it)

Food is an important ally in keeping warm. One who constantly nibbles on sugary candies is continually replenishing the energy he loses to the environment. Water is also important: strenuous exercise requires about the same amount of water, irregardless of the temperature; one does not feel as thirsty in cold, wet weather, but the need is there anyway.

Many people find shorts comfortable for Autumn hiking; I for one. But, in adverse conditions the legs will waste a lot of heat if not covered. I carry wind pants, or rain pants, and wool pants. Remember, a poncho only protects half your body.

I have heard complaints about the clammy feel of rain gear, the choice of getting wet from rain or sweat. There is a real difference: one is cold (40 to 50⁰F) the other is warm.

The treatment for exposure is to rewarm the person as rapidly as possible, without burning him, of course. Dry clothing, a fire or stove, warm drinks (if he is conscious) all help. A shelter of some sort is always desirable. If it is more than the first symptoms you are treating, it may be necessary to improvise a shelter, and place the stricken person in a sleeping bag with someone who is still functioning well. Remember to check over everyone, rarely does only one person fall prey to hypothermia.

Additional information is available, just ask.

Bob Harris