

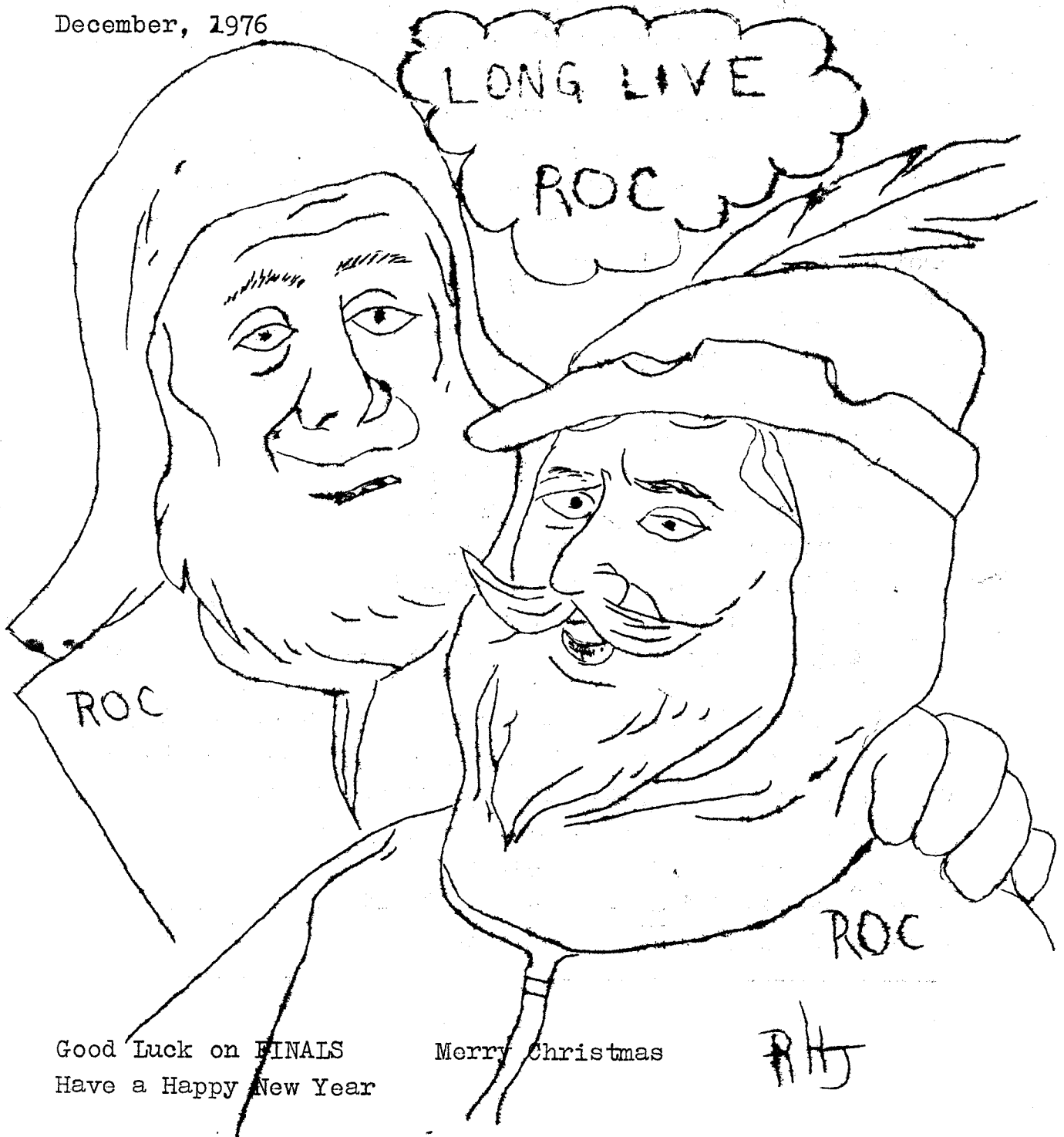


THE ROC CAIRN



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

December, 1976



Good Luck on FINALS
Have a Happy New Year

Merry Christmas

RH

***** THE R.O.C. CAIRN *****

The Cairn is published six times a year, in September, November, December, February, March and APRIL. These dates vary according to how much material is available from club members and alumni. At the present there is a growing list of alumni who receive the Cairn and are still interested in the club going-ons. We need postage money from people who want to receive the Cairn by mail. One dollar a year is all we ask. All money should be sent to Rich Tocher 81 14th. St Troy, N.Y. 12180. Make checks payable to Rich.

News and letters from alumni have been trickling in. Bob and Tia Valentine have a new outting clubber in their family, Eric Scott, who was born on Labor Day. Dick Andrews says that winter mountaineering weather has come to Vermont.

There has been some comment about using peoples real names in the articles and not their nicknames. It does protect the guilty, but we'll see what we can do about it.

Club Officers 1976-1977

| | |
|----------------------|----------------|
| President | Tom Broad |
| Vice President | John Muscatell |
| Secretary | Pete Kicza |
| Treasurer | Ed Walsh |
| Equipment Chairman | Kevin Clements |
| Assit. Equip. Chair. | Mike Ernst |
| Member at Large | Dave Gutter |
| Cairn Editor | Rich Tocher |

For those interested in joining the club, meetings are held Tuesday evenings at 7:00 p.m. in the 15th St. Lounge. Come join for the opportunity to get out of Troy and try:

| | |
|------------------------|----------------|
| -Canoeing | -Hiking |
| -Winter Mountaineering | -Camping |
| -Cross Country Skiing | -Rock Climbing |
| -Ice Climbing | -Caving |

Informative Articles?

Writing an informative article involves previous knowledge and experience of an activity. Being a new member of R.O.C. my range of topics is virtually non-existent. However, there is one area I seem to have some ability in ; Quotable Quotes. Wethout any previous knowledge of this esteemed subject I have fallen into the bottomless pit of bloopers. Hopefully my little sayings will not appear in print, but how can they be erased from the memories of people such as Pete Kecza? Pete, for those of you who have not been overheard, has the memory of an elephant. Pete also carries around a little notebook in which he takes copious notes! The entries in this book, however, are the end result of much hard work.

The first step in preparing a quotable quote involves opportunity. The ideal place, time and setting seems to be variable. When the seemingly most inopportune time is at hand there will you find the best quotes. There are two situations which seem to promote opportunity. One occurs when there is a large number of people present. The lucky individual makes a perfectly innocent remark which, to the people present has various other connotations, all evil. This poor soul can never get the remark back into context. This remark, because it is repeated continually, is permantly engraved in everyones memory. Unfortunately, usually, in the midst of this, there is someone saying, "This will make a good quote for the Cairn". Quotes seem to have a way of living on, dormant , for years, and then springing out at people just to reinforce themselves in peoples memories. The second situation occurs in the peace and quiet of sedate walks, up hills or, through caves. (This is not to say that quotes do not pop up at other times also!) Here again the incorrigible blooper makes a remark which is distorted and duly recorded for posterity.

The second and last step (you see quotable quotes are very simple to produce) in this procedure is delivery. These lines must be delivered without any trace of humor. This seems to come naturally, since most people have no idea that what they said is in the least bit funny. And so, this is the one activity known to R.O.C. that does not improve with practice. So all you prospective quotable quoters out there just beware; Ignorance is not bliss once it has been recorded.

l.j.

a few quotes from the mountaineering world----

" There is no substitute for sound mountaineering judgement,"
Galen Rowell

" Going to the mountains is going home," John Muir

" As I hammered in the last bolt and staggered over the rim, it was not at all clear to me who was the conqeror and who was conquered: I do recall the El Cap seemed to be in much better condition than I was." Warren Harding

SURPRISE, SURPRISE, SURPRISE

When I think of New York caving it usually involves wet, small and dirty crawlways. Of course by now everyone from freshman on up knows that this is surely the case in Schohaire County caves. Down in the Catskills things just seem to be different.

Several years ago Greg took me to a cave entrance in Orange County. However there were "NO TRESPASSING" signs and we didn't have a rope or ladder to rig the entrance drop with. So we left, promising ourselves to return someday when the cave was open and we had more equipment.

Thanksgiving vacation provided us with a perfect opportunity to finally explore this Catskill cave. Sunday morning, Jack Middleton, Mike Wand, Greg Thomas and myself met in Middletown, New York and drove out to the cave. A ten minute walk straight up a steep hill side brought us up to the cave entrance.

It was odd that there was a stream running ten feet from the cave entrance. We crawled in for 30' and came to the entrance drop. A handy cable ladder rigged off a steel bar wedged in some cracks provided us with access to the rest of the cave. Unfortunately, there was a small W waterfall to contend with while climbing down the ladder. At the base of the drop the passage opened up into a subway sized tunnel. "My God, we must be on our way to West Virginia," I thought as I looked down the passage. Jack, Greg and Mike soon joined me and we began exploring the passages. It soon turned out that we were crawling in small tubes just like Schohaire County. After going down dead ends and around in circles we ended up in a large room with formations. There were stalagmites hanging off the ceiling and flows coming down the walls. "This can't be New York," I thought.

By squirming up through a hole in the top of the room we came out into another room, but we were 20 feet off the floor and the ceiling was still 30 feet over our heads. This cave really did have large rooms.

~~XXX~~ I pushed into another room only to be startled and amazed by the number of bats hanging on the roof. There must have been one thousand bats on the ceiling. Greg and I found a passage leading out of this room. We followed it for another 500 to 700 feet and came to the final sump. Mike and Jack soon showed up. By now the thought of turkey sandwiches permeated our minds, so we headed out. Unfortunately, the climb back up the ladder was wet and the final crawl out was tight. After four hours underground we walked back to the car only to find three other people who had just been in the cave, but we had not seen.

Oh well, it was just another of the surprising things about a cave that was so aptly named, SURPRISE.

Rich Tocher

From the farsing and whopling dept. an old favorite

Caving Matilda
(sung to the tune of Waltzing Matilda)

Once a jolly caveman camped by a sinkhole
Under the shade of an old oak tree
And he sang as he sat and he charged up his carbide lamp
You'll come a-caving ~~XXXXXX~~ Matilda with me.

Chorus Caving Matilda caving Matilda
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me
And he sang as he sat and charged up his carbide lamp
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me
(repeat the last two lines of each verse for
the last two lines of each chorus)

Into the sinkhole free-rappelled the spelunker
Spied some stalagtites and picked them with glee.
And he sang as he stuffed those stalagtites in his
Cave pack
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

Chorus

Up jumped the owner with his trusty shotgun
Up jumped the deputies one, two, three
Where are those stalagtites you've got in your cave pack?
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

Chorus

Up jumped the caveman and dove into the bottomless pit,
"You'll never catch me alive," said he.
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by the sinkhole
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

Chorus

Just as an addendum to Don's article I thought I would include
a little more information on ice climbing. ed.

Where to climb
Adirondacks

Chapel Pond Slab and Gully (usually good ice
during most of the winter)
Poko-Moonshine (steep ice and very hard)
Willimington Notch near Whiteface Ski Area
Wallface (the 1000' cliff in Indian Pass)
Rainbow Falls (in the Ausables)
Roaring Brook Falls (off Rt. 73 near Chapel
Pitchoff Mtn. (on the back side of the mtn.)

Shawangunks (only during good years)

White Mountains Cathedral Ledge
Frankienstien Cliffs
Wiley's Slide
Hunington & Tuckerman Ravines
Cannon Cliff

Maine and Vermont--- For more detailed info. on New England
ice climbing take a look at Shades of Blue. by Joe Cote and
Steve Porter, (1976)

THE SUMMIT OR ELSE
(LET'S JUST HOPE ITS NOT THE " OR ELSE")

Several weeks ago, 7 of us were on a beginners winter mountaineering trip to Noonmark, which is a relatively easy day hike in the Adirondacks. Conditions that day were: about 20 degrees, 6-8 inches of snow on the ground, with drifts up to 2 feet up on the exposed rocky summit. It was fairly clear and the views were nice, but the wind was quite blustry at times up on the open summit.

This may sound like just another bland, trite and hackneyed winter mountaineering trip report- but stayed tuned fans, it's definitely not that. A number of winter mountaineering faux pas were observed along with some putright ignorance for the dangers of winter weather and conditions.

One of the members of our trip did not carry any extra clothes- i.e. sweater, woolshirt, socks, etc. When asked why not, she replied, "I don't get Cold." At this Jeurgen Reher and myself (2 of the 3 winter mountaineering leaders along) looked at each other and shook our heads. Of course being good winter leaders, we both had more than enough extra clothes along in our large daypacks- along with water (in wide mouth poly bottles), plenty of munchies, rain gear, ensolites, first aid kits, extra mittens and shells and a facemask (very useful for treating frost-nipped noses and cheeks)- and of course lights, maps and guidebooks, and of course compasses, although the trail was broken and well marked. All of these are those little things which concientious winter mountaineers always carry- among other things.

On the hike up, lots of fun was had knocking snow off trees onto each other and in horseplay resulting in several snow dunkings for almost everyone. As a result several people were sporting slightly damp clothes by the time we reached the exposed summit. With the wind we all chilled quite rapidly and so only posed for the traditional summit photos, quickly walked around and headed back for the shelter of the trees and bushes. At the first good wind-break, we stopped for lunch. Everybody shrugged off their packs and dug out their munchies. Most of us munched away hungrily- except for the wetter of the two girls. She just nibbled on a sandwich as she sat there. Suddenly she started shivering. Recognizing the early warnings of hypothermia, we began to take precautions against its worsening. She was handed a lump of chocolate as Jeurgen dug a sweater out for her. He gave her the sweater and told her to put it on. She rolled it up and put it in her lap saying, "Yeah, when I get up," in sort of a monotone. Almost instantly Jeurgen and myself were standing her up and helping her to put on the sweater under her windbreaker, as Kevin fed her more munchies, we finished eating quickly all the while keeping a good eyeXX on our mildly hypothermic friend. We got trucking quickly- to help warm up. Very quickly we were all quite toasty warm. The moral of this little episode is that hypothermia, while not deadly in its first stages can become a killer, if not recognized and treated early- with no side effects for the victim, who often can continue on the trip quite normally. Signals to look for are; shivering, stumbling, apathy, dampness

R.O?C. Equipment Identification Colors 1976-1977

| | |
|----------------|----------------------|
| Tom Broad | black-yellowblack |
| John Muscatell | orange-blue |
| Dave Gutter | blue-silver-black |
| Ed Walsh | blue-green-brown |
| Kevin Clements | yellow-black-blue |
| Joe Phillips | red-black-blue |
| Pete Kizca | red-black-red |
| Lynn Erickson | blue-yellow-blue |
| Eric Solla | green-black-green |
| Dave Ellis | red-green-red |
| John Barthel | black-red-black |
| Linus Shirl | silver-yellow-silver |
| Vicki Meriman | black-gold |
| Mary Servin | brown-orange-brown |
| Rich Tocher | yellow-blue-yellow |
| Greg Thomas | silver-black-silver |
| Mike Sack | purple-yellow-green |
| Mike Wand | red-black-red |
| Pete Tolcser | green-orange-green |
| Don Perley | yellow-green-yellow |
| Dan Stevens | red-yellow-red |
| Bob Mack | black-orange-black |
| Les Bradshaw | red-green-blue |
| Warren Lucas | green-yellow-red |
| Jeurgen Reher | black-red-black |
| Jack Luftman | yellow-brown-yellow |
| Phil Pierce | orange-black-red |
| Jack Middleton | white-red |
| Jack Dragone | green-white-blue |
| Owen Gallagher | black-blue-black |
| Jim Rawding | red-white-blue |
| Sue Woods | blue-white-brown |
| Cindy Bryant | black-red-brown |
| Marilyn Bell | blue-red-green |
| Cathy Ohsiek | blue-silver-blue |
| Linda Rawkin | green-purple-green |

The Summit or Else (continued)

rewarding, but the surest way to ruin a trip is to have taken part in a rescue of some bozo who went and got himself in trouble, whether he's part of your group (god forbid) or a turkey attached to some other unprepared bunch of naive and non-thinking party.

Pete Kicza