

THE ROC CAIRN



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

SEPTEMBER 1977



BACK TO SCHOOL ISSUE

***** CLUB NEWS *****

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.

As a matter of fact, there has been some news and letters from alumni trickling in. Roger Harris expects to spend possibly another year in the balm of Texas, working for Amoco.

News has come in that former member Paul Sundgren was killed in the sierras this summer. The club wishes to express its deepest sympathy to his wife Shelley who is still living at their Mass. address.

There are quite a few alums out there, and the best way to keep in touch is through the CAIRN. So send us an article and let us all know what you're doing!!!

Club Officers 1977-1978

President	Tom Pete Kicza
Vice President	Kevin Clements
Secretary	Rimas Gylas
Treasurer	Skip Albertson
Equipment Chairman	Dave Gutter
Member at Large	Jack Dragone
Cairn Editor	Ed Travis

For those interested in joining the club, meetings are held Tuesday evenings at 7:00 p.m. in the second floor of the union. Come join us for the opportunity to get out of troy and try:

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

TRIVIA.....

Another A-16 bit the dust this summer. Lee Decks frame disintegrated in the cirque of the Towers in the Wind River Range. With 'chute cord repairs a la Begler he was able to tote the mess out. Is Bob Harris the only A-16er left?

The Harrises Post Reception Receptipn at the Gunks was well attended by many past and present ROCers. This included a delinquent husband, John Seater, who was off climbing at the Gunks while his wife Susan was back in New Jersey having their baby, Elizabeth, niece of Roger and Kathy Harris.

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Quoteable Quotes

Its that time of year again. The Quotable Quoter is everywhere. You never know when something you say may be published in the ROC CAIRN.

Here are a few choice ones I've gathered:

Barb Berger on the way to Winter School 76-77 was heard to remark to Jill Montague "I can never say "no" to Ronna- she's as bad as one of the guys... I wonder if Ronna's gay?"
or..

"Pete, hang on, my feet are coming loose.."
by Jeurgen Reher on an ice climbing trip to the Cascade Dike Waterfall.

More ice climbing classics include Junji's immortal words, again at Cascade Dike, "Old ice climbers don't retire, they just die..." and in response to Pete Kicza's inquiry of "Junji, what did you think of the warthog placement?", Junji replied "It was a mean sonofabitch..."

However, these were all topped by Dandy Don Parley's remark during an ascent of Chouinard's Gully (behind Chapel Pond) when at the top of several difficult moves, out comes-"Time to screw around a bit..."

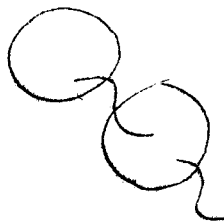
But quotable quotes are said (and recorded) year round. Here are a few springtime gems.

John Muscatell's innocent "oh, its a pair of locking tweezers" on being handed a roach clip found by Dave Gutter.

But the QQ prize goes to Sue Woods for 3 quotes from one climb down at the gunks (I for each pitch). As she reached the top of the first pitch, she remarked "I'm really getting used to standing on nothing.." which by the top of the second pitch became "You know, Pete, I really am getting used to standing on nothing..." However, the topper was at the beginning of the third pitch when she floored everyone with an ecstatic "look what he's doing with his legs..."

Oh, by the way, this all occurred on her first continuous climb (Roddey 5.2)

STAY TUNED FOR FURTHER EPISODES.....



ADIRONDACKS IN THE FALL
OR
FALL IN THE ADIRONDACKS

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, I RECEIVED A CALL INFORMING ME THAT there was going to be a meeting of the club elite on Monday night. So it was that I found myself traveling to 27 college avenue. About halfway through the exec meeting, we received a phone call from one of our defunct alumni now living in beautiful Rahway N.J. It was Ed Walsh heralding news of his arrival in Troy the following Saturday. He revealed to us his desire to disembark on a weekend overnight trip to conquer two (count 'em TWO) mighty peaks of the Adirondacks, namely Giant and Rocky. We (Four RPI guys and 4 dynamite looking co-eds...."Gee, I'll never see odds like that again!!") would leave after the activities Fair, so I volunteered the services of my car to join the caravan.

The trip-up was fairly uneventful; "Perhaps I should not have come," I thought as I disconnected the searing electrical wires from my smoking wiper motor. Thoughts of Halliday & Resnick called from the Beyond.....

We arrived at the Starting Point about 6:00, and were on our way by 6:30. The going wasn't too bad for a while. About a half mile we came upon a babbling brook (..Babble-Babble...) and for the first time in almost four months I was able to feel the chilly force of water through my hair as I dunked my head into the water. ("Awww, go soak yer Head") This was a joy to me eclipsed only by the magnificent splendor of the view from the top. After a while, we began to climb again. The light began to fade almost as rapidly as the trail turned into mud. After a half hour of stumbling around, we decided it was time to don our headlamps and see the mud for a change. Around 9:30 we reached a junction in the trail, which was level so everybody slumped down into a stupor of near exhaustion. I looked at my trusty map and said, "WOW, we're only 7/8 of a mile from the summit." Amid loud and joyous shouts of acclamaion, we slowly and wearily brought ourselves back to consciousness to start making camp. Noone was really psyched to start searching the area for a suitable campsite, so we commenced to pitch our tents right on the trail. We went to bed about 12:00 after a great..camp dinner.(They always taste better than they really are.)

END PART I

Stay tuned and find out why it is possible to get 14miles/gall. or in this case 15 gallons to the mile!!

R.O.C. Equipment Identification Colors 1977-1978

John Muscatell	orange-blue
Dave Gutter	blue-silver-black
Kevin Clements	yellow-black-blue
Joe Phillips	red-black-blue
Pete Kizca	red-black-red
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
Greg Thomas	silver-black-silver
Mike Sack	purple-yellow-green
Mike Wand	red-black-red
Pete Toleser	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
Jourgen Reher	black-red-black
Jack Luftman	yellow-brown-yellow
Phil Pierce	orange-black-red
Jack Middleton	white-red
Jack Dragone	green-white-red
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

TRIVIA.....continued

FRICITION CLIMBERS BEWARE! In the Junr-July ish. of Summit (vol. 23, no. 3) Ed Leeper tells of an epidemic of brken bolts. Stonemountain, N.C., a popular ROC spring trip, is on the list with "sufficiemtly Braathless" and "Rainy Day Woman". I always wondered what happened to that (second ?) bolt on the first pitch of Breathless...

 We do not deceive ourselves that we are engaged in an activity that is anything but debilitating, frivolously essential, economically useless, and totally without redeeming social significance. One should not probe for deeper meanings.

 Allen Steck, 1967

Stone walls do not a prison make- but iron spikes (or alloy chocks) an escape? Dick Williams, 1972

Editor's note: THANX ROG!!!!: