



# THE ROC CAIRN



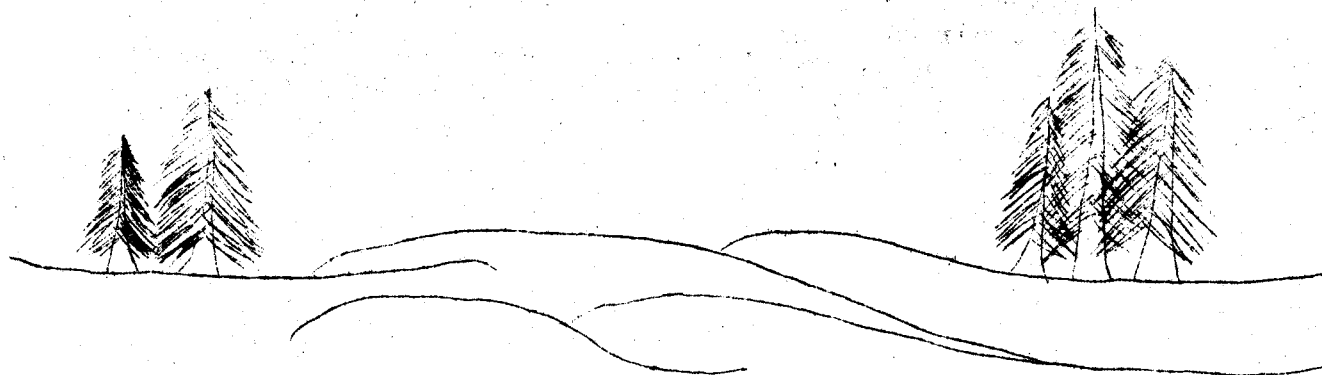
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—RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. F. I., TROY, NEW YORK—

*Christmas Issue December 1977*

SEASONS

GREETING



A lot of the trips this year have been having trouble getting of the ground due to all the rain we've been having. Seems as uf mother nature just doesn't want to cooperate. Soon enough, though, temperatures will remain below freezing so we can get into some winter sports!!!

Bill Stone sends greetings from the land of a thousand caves, He's living in Austin Texas now, and he invites anyone "to crash at the Kirkwood Kaving Kommunity if you are heading for Mexico (whatever happened to those southward treks?)".

Meetings are held 7:00 p.m. Tuesday evenings on the second floor of the union.

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\*\*\*\*\* GET PSYCHED FOR SNOW!!!!!!! \*\*\*\*\*  
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Trivia...

EAGLE FUTURES

It's been a mixed year for eagles thus far. According to the director of the National Wildlife Federation, the number of bald eagles in the continental U.S. has grown from two to three thousand in the last few years. That comeback, N.W.F. suspects, is due to the banning of DDT, a substance thought to weaken the shells of eagle eggs.

The golden eagle, on the other hand, is- at least in the eyes of some western ranchers- doing a bit too well. Protected since 1962 by a law that provides a penalty of up to \$10,000 and two years in jail for killing the big bird, the eagle has returned in sufficient numbers that ranchers in Montana, Wyoming, and Texas are now complaining about eagle depredation of their livestock. While the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service hasn't quite decided what to do about the situation, ranchers suggest that if a few dead eagles were left on the ground, other eagles would leave the area.

SEX and the SINGLE TOMATOE

No Comment Necessary: In San Diego County, California, farmers used to promote pollination among their tomatoe plants by tapping them with a stick. Of late, they've also started using mechanical vibrators equipped with flexible tips. Production has increased...

## Trivia...cont'd

### WATER ON THE BRAIN

State Senator Ruben Ayala is leading the congressional fight to repeal or amend California's Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. As it stands, the act prohibits dam building and other ecologically detrimental practices on some of the state's free-flowing rivers. Ayala says it is "morally wrong" to "let rivers flow out to sea wild, instead of putting them aside for the day when we need them."

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### A LETTER...

Dear Roc,

Howdy. Just received the latest issue of the Cairn. It's nice to be remembered after three years. I didn't notice any articles on caving. Sounds like all that you Bozos do up there ~~do~~ anymore is Ice Climb. If ya'll ever get re-directed to the more excited exciting sport, stop in on your way south!

Cavingwise, I've had the opportunity to learn some interesting new techniques in the last two years. As exploration of some of the systems we were working on reached endurance depth levels the need for long duration underground camps became a reality, much like the need for high camps in high altitude mountaineering. This idea processed quickly from the sublime to the absurd. Our first stab at expedition camping was four and a half days in Sotano de San Agustin, 15 drops and -536m below the entrance. This worked well and with a light team we managed to go to -800m before turkeying out at a 40 cu-sec (ft<sup>3</sup>/sec) waterfall pitch. (GOBBLE GOBBLE) Anyways, in may '77 we camped at -300m in La Grieta (another cave near San Agustin) for 11 days straight. Aside from some rough caving (4 push trips of 16, 30, 20, and 26 hours from camps to -665m. The most interesting aspect of the camp was the time shift we observed. We had only planned on a 7 day stay. Relatively speaking we only did stay 7 days- 7 cave days. In complete darkness the daily rythm of waking to the sun goes away. Our typical cycle would be 36 hours awake and about 20 asleep. It took roughly two surface days to fall into this cycle. The first time we slept for 20 hours straight no one believed their watches. We had to send someone to the surface to see if it was day or night!

Other than that I've taken up sunp diving with scuba tanks. The most difficult thing about it is getting over the initial distrust of the equipment and all the "what ifs" (you run out of air, etc). Its actually pretty exciting and an easy way to scoop into an unexplored cave. The longest siphon we've been through here in Texas is just over 300ft. For long ones we've been using regular 72 cu-ft scuba tanks, but

but for endurance trips two 15 cu-ft mini tanks with oval regulators have turned out to be ideal.

Who knows where all this will lead. Couldn't possibly be worse than the typical MMC endeavour. Again, y'all are welcome to crash at the Kirkwood Kaving Kommunity if you are heading for Mexico.

Deepest Kaving  
Bill Stone  
1505 Kirkwood Rd  
Austin, Tx, 78722

Back- By Unpopular Demand.....

\*\*\*\* MARCHING CAVERS \*\*\*\*

The cavers go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah!  
The cavers go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah!  
The cavers go marching one by one,  
The little one stops to light his lamp.  
And y the\$ all go marching down into the ground  
To get out of the rain . . . .

The cavers go marching two by two...  
The little one rigs the Bluewater Two...

The cavers go marching three by three...  
The little one stops to take a p ...

The cavers go marching four by four...  
The little one stops to f--k a whore...

The cavers go marching five by five...  
The little one looks up and begins to cry  
As his rope comes sailing by  
And he's stuck in the ground . . . .

\*\*\*\* DAISY \*\*\*\*

Daisy, Daisy give me your answer true  
I'm half crazy over the love of 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.

# ICE AXES, WITH STRINGS ATTACHED

OR

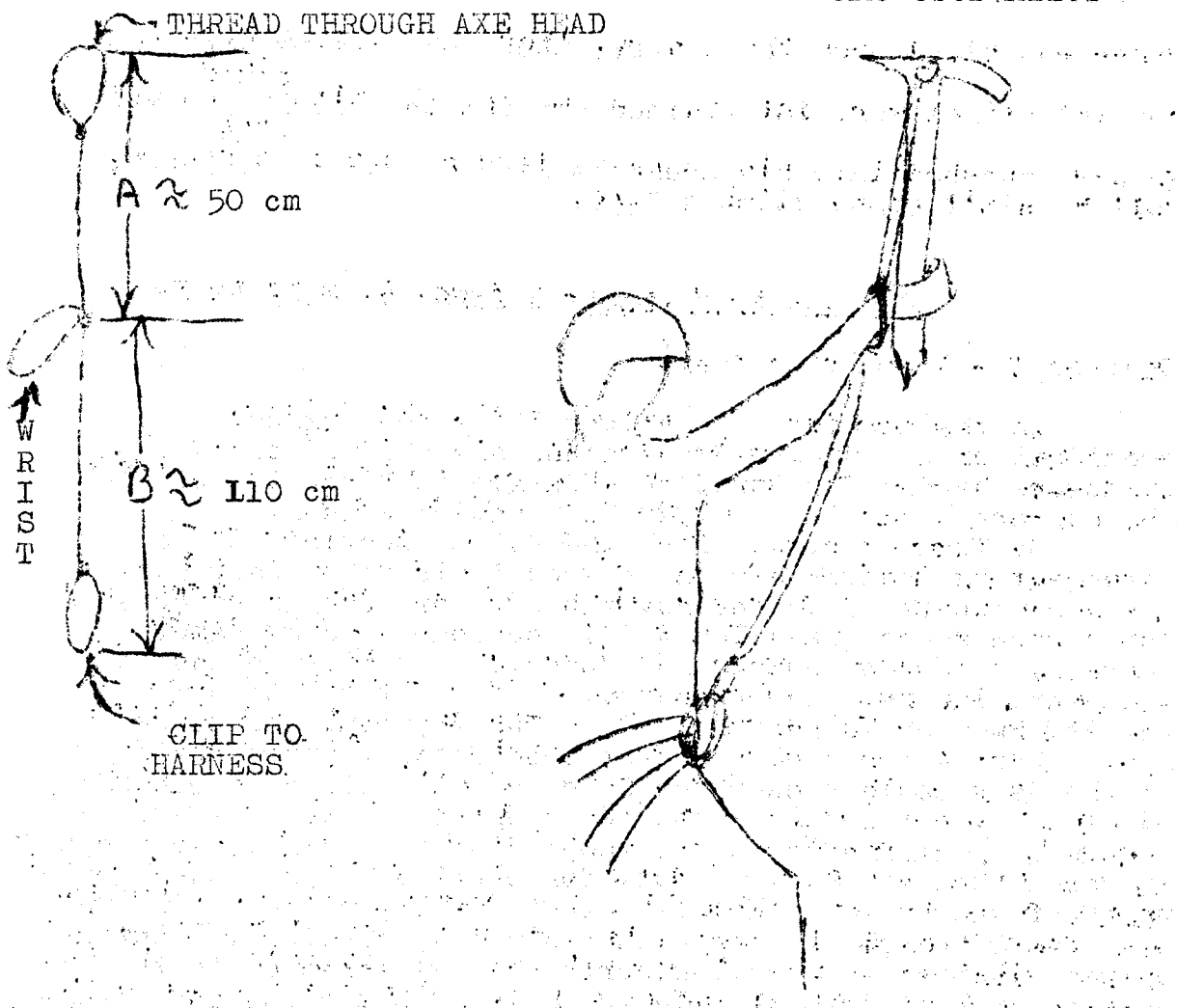
## A WRIST LOOP FOR ICE CLIMBING

Most winter mountaineering leaders will tell beginners that they don't want to be tied to their ice axe unless they're in a situation where they would be in trouble without it. Ice climbing is such a situation, and the wrist loop is used not only to keep you from dropping your axe into the valley below, but to keep you from dropping you into the valley below.

The version below is easy to make, and if you take your hand out to place protection, you're still attached. It's made from 9/16 inch webbing, and you should allow about 3 meters for an axe, less for a hammer. You will probably have to experiment with dimension "A", so your hand is in the right place to swing the axe. Dimension "B" should be just long enough so it doesn't limit your swing. If it's too long, you won't be able to reach your axe when you're left hanging. When you tie the loop for your wrist, make sure it fits with your mittens on. Well, that's about it.

DD DD Perley,

MMC Uber Alles



\*\*\*\* HE AIN'T GONNA CLIMB NO MORE \*\*\*\*

Are you ready said the belayer as he took a comfy seat  
The climber weakly answered as we dragged him to his feet  
The rock was wet and slippery, the climb was long and steep  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more

He reached the final overhang before he fell I'm told  
The rope was weak and rotten, it was ten or twelve years old  
It was frayed and it was tattered, it would never hold  
Well he ain't gonna climb no more.

His face turned green, his face turned grey, he felt the sudd  
sudden drop  
He scraped his fingers to the bone, in vain he clutched the  
rock  
I think he bounced once or twice before the final shock  
Well he ain't gonna climb no more.

Therr was blood upon the quarry, there was brains upon the  
slope  
And intestines were intertwined amongst the pitons and the  
rope  
He was squashed into his sneakers like he was a telescope,  
Well he ain't gonna climb nomore.

50 Hikes in Vermont- 2 down, 48 more to go

Chapter I - I am not a deer!

On the morning of November 12th, Pat Dillon,  
president of the underachievers and his band of crazy  
followers headed for Stratton Mountain in Vermont, to help  
the hunters usher in the 1977 Deerhunting Season.

By Tuesday p.m., after the R.O.C. meeting, 20-odd  
unsuspecting individuals had signed their death warrants.  
I had my doubts as to the advisability of such an undertaking  
but common sense prevailed and I too committed my name,  
address, telephone number and "people to notify in case of  
accident, injury, and/or death..." it was too late now, or  
was it? Much could happen between Tuesday p.m. and Saturday  
a.m.- Deer Season could be postponed until further notice  
or the deer could picket the Game Warden's office demanding  
equal time, but such was not to be the case. We left Troy on  
schedule ( $\frac{1}{2}$  hour after the planned departure time.) We stopped  
in Bennington at Dunkin Donuts for breakfast---how they could  
think of eating at a time like that was beyond me. While they  
breakfasted on jelly doughnuts and sugary crullers, I enter-  
tained visions of traveling north on I-91 strapped to the  
hood of a ford pickup; while they sipped hot cocoa and orange  
juice, I made out my last will and testament, 45 minutes after  
leaving Troy we loaded up again, fattened for the kill and

proceeded on the last leg of our journey. Twenty minutes away from Stratton I began reciting the hikers prayer:

Now I cast aside my fear  
I pray the hunter knows his deer.  
If he does not, and shoots to kill  
He'll rue this day, by God he will!

We arrived soon after, at our destination. Resigning myself to my impending doom, I reluctantly left the safe confines of the truck and joined the rest of the group. Armed with gorp, sierra cups, and backpacks we headed up the trail, dumb beasts of burden heading for the slaughter...But look!, up the trail!...it's a tree!...it's a rail!...it's a rock!...Not tree nor rail nor even rock, it's just another hiker, and another and another, and yet another! Hikers everywhere! Pintsize hikers, kingsize hikers, day hikers, "serious" hikers, and weary hikers--- all with the same destination in mind-- the top of Stratton, a good 6 miles up. 6 miles isn't a very impressive figure in black and white, but when you see and feel 6 miles in black and blue... well that's something ~~altogether~~ different. The miles took their toll, by the time we reached the fire tower our casualties had reached an all time high: 4 pairs of "bloody-hips", 1 pair of hiking boots that had seen better days and three empty gorp bags. We all took a number and waited our turn to climb the tower---way off in the distance was THE POND, our ultimate destination. Supposedly the pond was only 2 miles from the fire tower, but my feet told me different! Now given the choice of a) believing in the accuracy of signs posted or b) my feet, which do you think I chose? My feet, of course... I mean if you can't trust your own feet, what can you trust? Two water bottles, and several cries of "we're-almost-there-the-pond-is-right-over-the-next-rise-later"we saw the pond. We finally made it! At long last! Or so we thought. Little did we know that being at the pond and at our campsite were two different places. The worst was yet to come---the trail to our campsite rapidly deteriorated into a tangle of roots. We picked our way through mud and mire, (sometimes successfully, sometimes not so successfully) skirting the pond and shortly arrived at the campsite, and none too soon...the light was rapidly fading. We managed to throw up our tents before darkness set in, broke up into our cooking groups, and set about preparing chow. A lot can be said about the real feeling of accomplishment you get when cooking over an open fire, but then again a lot can be said about mom's electric range, the Kenmore "pot-scrubber" dishwasher, and that wonderful invention, the electric can opener! Dinner detail in my cook group was left to "ohn Grusso and Mat Dillon (the names have been changed to protect the guilty) who in less than two hours turned out a mean meal consisting of two all beef patties, lots of imagination on a Freihofer roll and a bowl of piping hot Lipton pondwater--it certainly hit the spot! When the last of the meal had been eaten, we retired to our respective sleeping bags. Ah! The comforts of Polarguard on a cold wintry night! A few brave individuals remained around the campfire, giving their rousing

rendition of "Where have all the young men gone"...to a chorus of "pipe down, out there"...! But soon even they sought the comfort of the polarguard---at last, peace 'n quiet!

Sometime during the wee hours of the morn, two inches of snow had fallen---Our prayers had been answered, SNOW!!!! The stiff joints, sore muscles, cold feet, red noses, and numb ears could be endured, only because it had snowed!!!! 11 o'clock was check-out time at Pond-View Plaza, so we ate a hasty breakfast: a repeat performance of Lipton pondwater, cheese and crackers, and an apple (it seems the bacon and eggs never made it into anyone's backpack---hmmm?!

The trip out, for the most part was uneventful, each hiker preoccupied with his/her own thoughts "can't wait to taste some real food"; "a nice hot shower"; "run a comb through my hair".... It took a good 2(?) hours to hike back to the cars --- once there we had to stand around and wait for the rest of the trucks/cars to arrive from where they had been parked the morning before. While waiting we had to polish off the rest of the gorp, and engaged in an all out warfare against one individual (who shall remain nameless). 42 snowballs and 4 bags of gorp later the caravan arrived---at long last! We were off-- made a pit a stop at the A&W in Bennington and arrived safe'n sound in Troy about 2:30 Sat Sunday afternoon.

\*\*\*\* CAVING MATILDA \*\*\*\*

Once a jolly caver  
Sat beside a sinkhole  
Under the shade of a hemlock tree  
And he sang as he sat  
And charged up his carbide lamp  
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

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.

Down went the caver  
Down into the sinkhole  
Saw the stalagmites one, two, three  
Picked a stalagmite  
And put it in his caving pack  
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

Down came the property owner  
With his trusty shot gun  
Down came the deputies one, two, three  
Where's that jolly stalagmite  
You've got in your caving pack  
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me.

last stanza, next page



Caving Matilda--- concluded

Up jumped the caver  
Jumped into the bottomless pit  
You'll never catch me alive he said  
And his voice may be heard  
As you pass by that sinkhole  
You'll come a-caving Matilda with me

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For all you old timers (and recent members)- Carlos Barraza was a past president of the R.O.C. Here is a copy of Barraza's Laws of the Jungle....

BARRAZA'S LAWS

- 1 "When his work is done, his aim fulfilled, they will say, 'We did this ourselves.'" Tao Te Ching
- 2 "The president must find a way to mix two, sometimes contradictory elements, politics and ethics. The equipment chairman stresses ethics; the president emphasizes politics. but neither can forget the other."  
"The R.O.C. never disinvites anyone." Qouted from a letter by TM
- 3 No person should become so vital to the club's operations that he cannot be replaced--that includes you, buster.  
Naftali
- 4 The first thing that a president must do after his election is to start looking for his successor. (The understudy rule) An understudy(ies) should be given as much work as possible so that he can prove 1) his worth to the club, 2) his worth to himself, and 3) become totally committed to the club. You will eventually have to decide which of your understudies should succeed you. If you can't decide between two or three call them together privately and discuss the matter with them. They'll decide for you. He who is offended should be equipment chairman; he who takes the matter as a joke should be treated likewise; he who is interested needs more work... the day will come when when your #1 understudy will disagree with you, he's probably right.
- 5 "Did you ever get the feeling that during the first few months of your term, you didn't have the slightest idea what the hell was going on?" --from a conversation with TM
- 6 Don't buy, SELL! --First Law of the Jungle
- 7 I have been asked why the R.O.C. should continue to run Lake Goerge. The answer is quite simple--every organization needs a project which involves the entire group. Suffering and merrymaking promote group cohesiveness and the development of leadership. LakeGeorge, The first aid course, and the banquet are all analagous in the effects they have on the club.
- 8 Fly by the seat of your pants--the reasons will come later. By and large, be cool. But on occasion, a little wrath works wonders.
- 9 A president is like a social referee. Most often,

- 9 A president is like a social referee. Most often, he looks the other way because that's the name of the game. But he's got to blow the whistle before anyone gets hurt.
- 10 One of the most difficult tasks is allowing others to take over. Freshmen idealists can even insult you in their enthusiasm to help. But above all, don't let the job get you down (or too pompous) because you "really ought to be paying them, you know. After all, you're getting your experience free..." --from TM

Some additions?

- A) "Whoever loves discipline loves knowledge, but he who hates reproof is stupid!"
- B) "The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but a wise man listens to advice."
- C) "A prudent man speaks with digression, but fools proclaim their folly!"
- D) "Anxiety in a man's heart weighs him down, but a good word makes him glad."

--- Solomon

HAVE A GREAT VACATION !!!!!!!!!!!!!

SEE YOU IN JANUARY !!!!!!!!!!!!!