



THE ROC CAIRN



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

FRESHMAN ISSUE

SEPTEMBER 21, 1950

Hi Gang,

Pull up a birch-bark canoe, grab that double-bitted axe, and meet the Rensselaer Outing Club. If the spirit of outing interests you, then read along and see if the ROC is not just the group you've been looking for.

Essentially, our outing club is based on a program of hiking and camping. Actually, you will see as you read this paper that the activities of the ROC are quite diversified. We combine these essentials with almost every activity connected with the outdoor life.

Maybe though, you're not too familiar with the skills involved in, say, rock climbing or canoeing. This is immaterial to us, for we can teach you what you don't know. But we're not pros either, so if you're a trapper from way back, then you can "larn" us.

On weekends, groups take off in all directions to enjoy the luxuries of reflector oven baking and hemlock mattresses. A Freshman becomes as much a part of these groups as a Senior because we don't distinguish between classes. Our emphasis is entirely on interest and enthusiasm.

Informality is one of the keynotes to the success of the ROC. We can't show you a twenty page constitution because ours has only three. Our efforts are devoted to running trips; while our bond is the out-of-doors and the terrific spirit we develop there.

Naturally I can't tell you everything, so in closing I am asking you to read these few pages. In them we hold the ROC up for your inspection. If you like what you see and feel you are truly interested in what we have to offer, then drop around anytime, and we'll be glad to have you with us.

Franz Mohling, '51
President

IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTIONS

"Yes," you say, "I guess I do have a feeling for the spirit of outing and I do appreciate out door living. But what proof have I that it will show me the kind of life I am looking for? In short, just how, what, who and why is this ROC?"

WHY?

Franz has outlined perfectly the Why of the ROC. His explanation can be summed up in just two words, "spirit" and "fun"; the fun that is inevitable in out door living and the spir which naturally arises from sharing those thrills and pleasures with the group.

WHO?

Who is the ROC? That's an easy one to answer. The ROC is lanky, capable Franz "Mo-ling"; exhuberant Harvey Golub; sage "Trapper" Nelson; versatile Dick Gross; and efficient Dick Shumaker. It is Dean Borden clearing trail, Tris Coffin stretching for a hand hold, and Pete Dollard pounding his typewriter to make a deadline. It is Bailey, Woodbury, Ostergaard and all the great chubbers who have gone before us. The ROC is you if you want to make it so.

WHAT?

When we try to answer this question the task is harder, harder by virtue of the loose organization which is the essence of the freedom of action soo essential to the outing club. Keeping this in mind we will assume a degree of organization which exists completely only in theory. Hang on tight then, and we'll give it the once over.

The Rensselaer Outing Club, Inc. is a group of R. P. I. students and their friends who have banded together for the promotion of their common interest in outing and for mutual participation in the activities connected with outing. It is divided into the parent organization which is the ROC proper and the subsidiary organizations, the Rensselaer Grotto, the Rod and Gun Club, the Rensselaer Mountaineering Club and the Russel Sage OC. It is also the organizer of the R. P. I. Ski Team and the Yacht Club which are now completely separate organizations. Although membership is distinct in each group, a member in any one automatically becomes an associate member of the others. The Mountaineering Club maintains a closer relationship with the ROC proper by requireing active membership in the ROC as a prerequisite for its own active members. Active members of the ROC, as distinguished from associate members, are dues paid members who have completed three approved trips in one term.

The ruling body of the ROC is the executive council. It consists of the president, vice president, treasurer, secretary, publicity director, office manager, and two members at large plus the various department heads. Actually anyone who takes an active enough interest in the affairs of the club may take part in the council meetings. It is their duty to see that the club functions smoothly as an organization. Meetings are informal and business is generally accomplished by discussion leading to general consent of all members present.

HOW?

The ROC uses one method, an infalliable method to accomplish its aims. It goes out on trips. It goes out as often as possible for as long as possible and lives every minute to the fullest while it is out. In order to increase the feeling of personal companionship on these trips they are generally kept small in number of participants. To compensate for this several trips may be run on each weekend. Authority on all trips is vested in a trip leader whose word is final. This is to prevent the loss of any novice participants, to lessen the danger of accident, and to facilitate concerted group action in case of emergency. Any active member may lead any trip any time any where provided only that he be familiar with the terrain the trip is headed for or competent to deal with it, and that he be sufficiently skilled in the activity planned should it require any special skill. Variety is the keynote on these trips, and trip activities include hiking, camping, white and calm water canoeing, rock climbing, skiing, winter mountaineering, square dancing, and any other we can discover, develop, or pull out of our raunchy old hats. A most important phase of every trip is its song fest and the songs are almost as varied as the keys they are sung in. This brings us to the final and most important word in trips, the IOCA trips. These are the trips run with other nearby college outing clubs. They are usually co-ed and it is truly amazing how much you can learn about handling a canoe from some frail looking little college girl.

Though trips are by far the most important phase of ROC activity the club has in the past sponsored or cosponsored the Winter Carnival, the Campus Carnival, and various square dances. The club members seem far out of character worrying about petty business details, seeing to decorations and entertainment, and hawking tickets about the campus. The satisfaction of a job well done, however, is ample compensation, and the affairs are sometimes profitable to the club.

A MORE PERSONAL VIEW

Just to get a candid camera picture of the ROC in action, suppose you are an amateur outdoorsman of sorts. (Or maybe you are a professional!) In any case you manage to get around a little in this great out-of-doors and during the course of your travels you observe the following very singular incidences:

You are out enjoying the beauties of Tongue Mt. Trail in the Spring. You pause at the lookout above Turtle Island to take in the magnificent view of Lake George. Thoughts of home never enter your mind. But faintly at first, then stronger, comes an odor very reminiscent of Saturday night dinner at Loy Chong's Chop Seuy House back home. Then you notice a group of red shirted campers about a fire on the island below. What could it possibly be? Why the ROC at one of their famous dinners of Chow Mein a la Turtle Island, of course.

Our next scene takes you to the myriad of trails on North Mt. You just topping Jacob's Ladder when you hear the faint sound of a bus

Before you have time to regain your breath to continue the climb you are engulfed by a tide of red-shirts racing down the mountain side. You pick yourself up and dust yourself off, now down at the base of the mountain a few feet from the lake, you stare in wonder at the horde surging on the bus. The meaning of all this? Why just the end of your ROC North-South Mt. trip.

Skiing is your pleasure this time, at Stowe, Vt. You have paused on the side of the trail to tighten a boot strap when you detect the sound of music rolling across the mountain side. You marvel that sound could travel so far in this snow-muted world. But the music seems to get closer now and much louder. Suddenly a figure appears from around a bend in the trail and sweeps by you with precise christies, all the while casually singing and playing a small accordeon! He breaks off long to shout a greeting; then disappears again, his red shirt waving a final farewell. Who was it? You've guessed it.

You are hiking along the dirt road leading up to the summit of Peak Mt. As you round the hairpin turn your eye travels casually along the line of cliffs above you. Suddenly a chill of horror courses down your spine, for there silhouetted against the sky is the unmistakable form of a human being dangling from an overhang high above the road. You break into a dead run, all the while knowing that even should you reach the spot below him, you can be of no earthly help to him. Then your horror turns to surprise as he slowly climbs up and over, as calmly as if he were flying on your ceiling. You stand and stare at the spot he has so amazingly disappeared from. Then your horror returns with a vengeance as he seems to stagger backwards to the edge, his movements an amazing unreality of slow motion. He hangs there for an instant, feet still on the rock but his body at an insane angle over the edge. Then he plummets earthward!! Your former surprise was as nothing, however, when his fall is abruptly checked in mid air and he comes to rest in a graceful arc toward the cliff, knees absorbing the shock of contact and pushing him away again to continue his mad descent. Gradually your eyes become more accustomed to the distance and brightness and you perceive the hair-like line of the rope which is his wings. Now your frank curiosity which brings you to the point below him. What will you find? But of course!, your old friends the "red-shirts" are there for a day of sport on the rocks. You have finally caught up with

All this sound fantastic? Well at least implausible. But the beauty of the fiction has been your own presence in each scene (with the possible exception of a little stretching to fill in the details and make a better story). What's more, this is your invitation to be "on the edge looking out" when such tales unfold in the future.