



THE ROC CAIRN



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

VOLUME XL NO. 21

MAY 1956

AN EDITORIAL (?)

Since this editorialship is new to the editor, something, I suppose should traditionally be said. I WANT ARTICLES. They will be most happily accepted. These comments, criticisms, or anything else your dear little hearts desire may be deposited in draws, or lamps, under soft cushions, wherever those fiendish minds think of. All I ask for is a fair warning. Parts of this issue may seem familiar to the older members of the club. They probably are.

Now for a thought of seriousness. The ROC used to a much stronger club in the past. It conducted Saturnalia and the Campus Carnival. There was more active interest due to such activities as frequent films and speakers along with good publicity. The present situation was dramatically seen in the rock climbing rally of a week ago. The two non-members that came brought the total attendance to the neighborhood of fifteen. Surely there is more interest in rock climbing than that? Some may say that a smaller organization builds closer bonds. Consider this, however, there are only two Freshman patch members. How about it guys, lets spread the word about the ROC and try to gather a few more ACTIVE members. Remember, it may mean a bigger appropriation and therefore a few more canoes to smash up.

ELECTIONS

A while back, the date slips my mind, all precincts reported in as follows:

President	Norm Schmehl
Vice President	Frank Schiavone
Secretary	Frank Sandy
Treasurer	Lee Newscom
Cairn Editor	Andy Monian
Members-at-Large	Art Enlehart, Bert Raphael

There were also the usual chairmanships scattered about.

CALHOUN'S CORNER

Of all people, who should I but meet the other day...you guessed it. As I was returning from classes, weary and fatigued, I saw, from out of the swirling snow emerge, unshaven, unkempt, bent low with an arm extended before him, CALHOUN. Never lax in accepting any opportunity proffered, I quickly cornered him (from whither comes the name of this column) and offered a Zagnut bar in anxious apprehension. Immediate proof of his isolation was evidence by his frenzied gobbling...well, not exactly gobbling, something more like...no, it was almost as if he, no, not like that either.

Hesitatingly I asked with baited breath, "Is it, can it be true that you are..."

"Yes," he answered, hastily swallowing the last of my quince, "I am he."

"And is it true," I continued, trying to phrase my question as gently as possible, "that your party strayed away and made you lost?"

"Oh woe is me, oh WOE IS ME!" he plaintfully cried, "Leave me be, for I must go on, forever searching if that be the case."

He started off.

"Don't leave yet," I pleaded.

"I must," he replied, already vague in the distance.

"In that case, could you perhaps keep in touch with me of your doings in some way?"

"Yes, in some way."

And he returned from whence he came.

NEWSY TID-BITS OF TEN YEARS AGO

Was Carol or Lou responsible for the log rolling contest on a canoe in the middle of Lake George?

Do some Sage gals always snooze on Sunday bus trips?

Who went astray on Tongue Mountain and missed the boat?

Where did Gretchen Pumbernickle set that 2-ton bicycle?

RPIOC News, Vol. 1 No. 1, Nov. 14, 1946. Forerunner of the Cairn.

TRIP REPORTS

In an effort to improve the quality, and quantity, of trip reports, the Cairn will print the best, the most notable, the most interesting, the most humorous (or in other words, the one or two submitted) reports of trips presented between issues. You ask now, "Oh Sage (not to be confused with Russell), most notable, wise, and benevolent, so what's in it for me?" Why my little one, thee will have the soul-satisfying self-satisfaction of seeing thine work and name in print. But most of all, if you don't, I'll invent my own to form a major part of this most noteworthy (etc.) publication.

DIX TRIP

Leaving Troy on Friday, March 2, Frank Sandv, Andy Monian, and Ned Gulbran headed for the Adirondacks. The car was left on the road between Keene Valley and route 0 and the three made preparations to start off into the woods. Although it was night, no markers were visible, and the trail was obscured by drifts, the eagle-eyed woodsmen has no trouble...losing it. Since it was getting rather late, the party pitched the tent and sacked out.

In the morning...oh, by the way, it should be mentioned somewhere that the expedition headed to the Dix Range via the North Fork of the Rouquet River...In the morning a fast hike up the Bouquet brought the group to the leanto of the same name. A long climb of six hours and one broken snow shoe binding found the adventurers at the top of Dix witnessing a superb view of the countryside. Luck was with the party in that this was one of those rare winter days when Bermudas and tee shirts would have been appropriate. The former were NOT used.

From the peak, it was but just a hop and a skip, and several trips to Mt. Hough. Those interested in the finer points of mono-snowshoeing techniques may make inquiries of the middle of the above mentioned names. The snow was very powdery and up to about the right bottom rib. Camp was made on the Eastern slope of the Range just below South Dix. Dinner consisted of pork chops, strawberry pudding, and hot chocolate. There are better things than a Primus to cook pork chops on in a short time. Sleep descended upon us quickly. Ned snores.

Dawn dawned. The three slept soundly. Some hours afterwards, Ned had completed a romp up South Dix and returned to a hearty breakfast of hot water, Starlac, and Post Grape Nuts. This cereal has certain advantages over "Ho-Ho" in that it is less messy to clean off the utensils. Attempts were made, unsuccessfully, at repairing the binding and so the homeward trip was begun. The South Fork of the Bouquet presented an easy trail and it followed with incident.

Troy was reached at about 9:00 P.M. Sunday and cramming was hastily begun.

Ned Gulbran and Andy Monian

UNTIMELY SPACEWASTER

"The temperature of a body may be increased by placing it in contact with a second body at a higher temperature..."

University Physics, Sears & Zemansky, 1955, p272

REMEMBER: Spring Lake George May 11, 12, 13

I.O.C.A. CONFERENCE, APRIL 20-22

Our power (?) block began dribbling into Camp Woodstock in Connecticut by all means, from Volkswagen to plane. Dick Opsahl, an alumnus of the R.O.C. suprised us Saturday by flying over and dropping two messages via parachutes letting us know where to pick him up. Joe Smith soon learned that coming by boat was difficult in spots so he tactfully decided to tow it by car. Rather than waste the effort, he waterskied over the ice on the lake. And then there was Gulbran. He snores.

Saturday morning was spent in just plain hecking and in learning a game whose objective is to hit a strung ball, i.e. a ball on a string, about a vertical or horizontal axis while trying to belt your opponent in the ear with it. If that fails, a sharpened wooden paddle is supplied. Between this and the afternoon discussion sessions, pictures were taken, a copy of which is in the office. The groups dealt with regional problems, safety, spelunking, club problems, College Week, and the calander for next year. A more complete coverage may be found in the full trip report.

On Sunday morning, we were assigned to the breakfast detail. We'll get cleanup next year. As an added attraction, we server fried grasshoppers, courtesy of Andy Monjan (of quince fame). Every one was quick to say that they would have some until they were actually faced with them. (Editor's note: we also had them chocolate dipped) Elections found our steamroller steamrolled by Holvhoke. Results were:

College Week - Tuckerman's
Executive Secretary - Don Moor of Cortland
Bulliten Editor - Will Lang of Worcester
College Week Chairman - Wayne Wheatman of M.T.T.
Next Conference host - Holvhoke

The cost per man was \$3.00 (transportation) plus \$5.50 (registration) and the club contributed \$43.00. The original plan was to donate \$50.00 to I.O.C.A. but payment of dues was insisted upon.

Frank Sandy

(Editor's note: Frank neglected to say that he was elected Hudson Valley sec.)

RAPPELLING - Descending steep rocks or ice by means of a doubled rope fixed around a suitable belay, an excellent example of the conversion of mechanical work into heat.

ROC Cairn, Nov. 18, 1950

"WHAT? ME WORRY?"

SAFETY AND CLIMBING

The common sense term in rock climbing language is good judgement. This is the thought which lies behind every safety precaution in the book. It is something which is broadened with a knowledge of rock, weather, and the climbing party, but basically, good judgement can be simply defined as being opposed to downright foolhardiness.

Climbing is a companionable sport, not a competitive one. It is a team sport in a companionable sense. Judgement must be exercised by every member of the team with the leader making the final decisions. Often a question or an observation from those following will illuminate a situation overlooked by the leader. Invariably, properly considered questions and comments will develop better judgement in future leaders.

The following is a list of precautions with which climbers should be thoroughly familiar:

1. a judicious retreat is better than a foolhardy ascent.
2. know your conditions, rock, weather, and party.
3. the physical condition and experience of the whole party, not just the leader, must match the climb.
4. climbing requires good and adequate equipment, rope, clothing, and accessories.
5. it is good form to constantly practice technique, rope handling and rules of safety. Commands and signals should be reviewed before the climb.
6. the second on a rope should be experienced and strong enough to hold the leader's fall. Leaders must be familiar with the limits involved in leader protection and stay within these limits.
7. only one member of a rope should move at a time. Everyone not moving should be roped in.
8. it is good form to belay rappels. This is a must when not too experienced persons are to rappel.
9. watch for loose rock, for your own security and for the security of those below.
10. taking all of these rules into consideration,

THINK

Pete Oliver
ROC BMC

Due to its timeliness, this article is reprinted from the ROC Cairn of November 20, 1952.

FROM THE EDITOR:

If there is anybody or organization that would like to receive the Cairn, drop me a line c/o the R.O.C.

A REQUEST

"Spring is sprung, the grass is rize...", and summer camping is once again with us. The woods will blossom forth with varied personages, from old die-hards to neophytes. A request is made of all ROC'ers to their share in keeping the woods clean and in their primeval beauty. Make certain that the campsite is clear of all rubbish, both imported by you and left by former human visitors. Take it upon yourselves, as a special duty, to see that when you leave, the grounds are cleaner than when you arrived. There are some things that the woodland critters cannot eat, e.g. empty Fitzgerald Beer cans.

POSTMORTEM

This issue now draws to a close. It was a first attempt, somewhat rushed in parts, and I venture not to make any statement on its success. The next issue, due in about two weeks, featuring College Week, will be the last issue of the season. There are still a few places open on the Coirn staff. Also, there are one or two articles still to be submitted. These will be taken, due to the great influx, on a first come, first taken basis. Especially welcome will be anyone with any sort of drawing ability.

Don't forget to go to Spring Lake George. Sign up NOW!

THAT'S ALL



THE ROC CAIRN



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

VOLUME 81 NO. 3

May 29, 1956

A LITTLE SOMETHING TO START THE ISSUE OFF WITH

In the true outing club fashion, those attending the meeting of 22 May refrained from gathering inside the stuffy confines of the 15th Street Lounge, but in its stead chose to assemble outdoors. The combination of a smooth slope and ready skis proved irresistible to certain members. Conditions were reported fair to good. Proper wax, however, was lacking. Why did people stare?

Did this meeting accomplish anything? Oh rejoice all ye enthusiasts of the art of white water canoeing who are willing to try something different. Due to an almost unanimous vote of the members present, the club will soon possess a fiber glass canoe to rack up, if we can.

In an effort to gain more members next year, we are planning to really make a good showing at next years Activity Fair. All those interested in helping to make our exhibit the best yet should see Andy Monjan, that's me. It would entail being here on the seventh of September. What are you doing then besides hacking about at Tuckerman's. Besides, who wanted to go there anyway?

In a short while, the school year will once again grow to a close and the open woods will be ours for more than a weekend. While you're out there, while you're out there; try not to lower public opinion towards us any lower. Instead, save some people and be sure to mention that you are an ROC'er. This season is the last with us for some of our group as they will soon receive their releases and will perhaps, I hope not, be heard of no longer by us. Rather than go into a rather dreary eulogy, let's give out with, until we meet again, a parting "CALHOUN".

UNTIMELY SPACEWASTER

"Arsenic oxide is thought to increase stamina when eaten, for which purpose it is used by mountain climbers in some European countries. They are known as arsenic eaters, gradually building up a tolerance to it."

P 364 - College Chemistry, Paul R. Frey 1954

* Please ignore the four previous words, the typist stutters.

IOCA COLLEGE WEEK, SEPT. 5-12, 1956

Summer will soon be here and gone. And then most of us will be off for Tuckerman's Ravine for a week of camping, hiking, climbing, song-festing, etc.

College Week (for the uninitiated) is an informal IOCA camping trip, a last chance to get away from the world and hack around with about 100 other outing-clubbers before going back to the grind for another year. Details of this extravaganza are:

ORGANIZATION: As little as possible. Just plan to be somewhere near Mount Washington shortly after Labor Day, and you're bound to meet all sorts of interesting OCers on the trails and in the campsites. Bring enough food to feed your own group and the few inevitable SCROUNGERS.

ACTIVITIES: Anything you can dream up. There are always enough trails, cliffs, woods, and people with instruments and songbooks to keep you amused.

LOCATION: This is the first College Week to be held at Tuckerman's. I've never been there and know it only as a popular tourist spot. It may be a perfect centrally located place. If not, however, remember that proven Mt. Katahdin is less than 200 miles away. (What, me worry?)

FOR MORE INFORMATION about a transportation pool, what to bring, etc. send for the IOCA College Week bulletin from the College Week Chairman,

Wayne Whitener (MITOC)
Hall of Kerry Muir
25 Highland Ave.
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Let's see you all at College Week en masse. You'll enjoy it.

Bert Raphael

Editor's note: Sign up NOW on the trip list or see Art Enlehart as soon as possible if you don't want to walk there.

THE WORD OF THE WEEK IS "SARK".

CALHOUN'S CORNER

A deep fear was growing within me that I would have no word of Calhoun's adventures before I put the paper to press. To relieve my anxiety, I sat intently watching some Lissajous Figures when, lo and behold, I saw:

ADVENTURES OF CALZORN

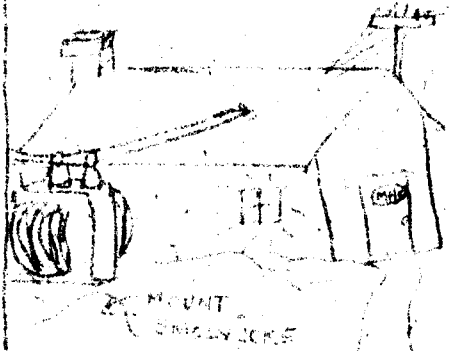
OUT OF THE SHEDDING
 YOU GET A MINISTER
 THE...

ON TOP OF A LOVELY
 HILL STANDS A LOVELY
 VEIN - ALL BY ITSELF

GO AWAY

MHC

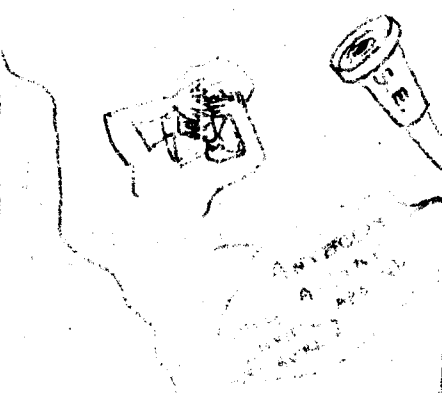
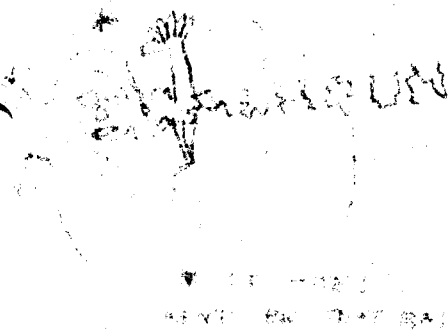
DANGER
 10,000 VETS



THE DOOR SWINGS
 OPEN -

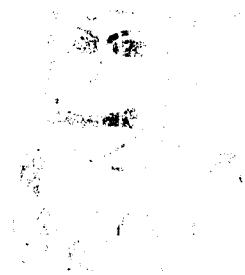
I'VE COME TO
 GIVE YOU SOMETHING

SILENCE REIGNS



THE...

THE...



SPRING LAKE GEORGE

Thirteen colleges and 85 people participated in the ROC Spring Lake George trip. The first contingent started their weekend early Friday afternoon, but immediately after Holyoke canoed their way to the island, the waters became too rough to make the trip (no correlation, of course), and Lamb's boathouse became a tenting ground for the night. Most of the rain for the weekend decided to come at once at about two in the morning, and a mad scramble for the porch on Lamb's cabin ensued. It is reported that a very wet half hour was had by Holyoke in putting up the tarps they "knew should have been up before".

Saturday morning saw all canoe out to the island safely and efficiently, except for the ROC trip leader who went by way of Black Mountain...but he said that he "wanted to work up an appetite for breakfast". Arriving at Turtle Island after his two hour trip, he had quite an appetite. Never knew peanut butter and jelly could taste so good.

Various and sundry mountains were climbed by various and sundry people, and at Black Mountain, much time was spent in investigating in and around a frozen waterfall. We even tried to take a picture behind the fall, but after getting sufficiently wet, the camera decided not to work. We came out, pressed the shutter, and CLICK... I'm bitter.

Undaunted by the lack of generator, PA system, or callers of professional variety, a square dance had us Saturday night. With guitar mandolin and strained vocal cords (much of the latter) we managed about eight squares... with consultations in the middle to find out the next figure in the square. Just as the dance was metamorphosing into a song fest, a great shaggy polar bear came romping through our midst (where did you get that hide, Jack?). The songfest was kept going by might and by snarl, and some people kept going as if a fire were lit under them. (Asbestos pants are a handy thing Ira.)

It rained for fifteen minutes Saturday night, just to keep up the tradition of a rainy Spring Lake George, but despite this token effort, this Lake George was 42.37% drier than any trip in the past seven years.

Sunday began quite early, as I found my tent let down around my ears at 6 AM. It is most difficult to get out of a sleeping bag inside a flattened tent. The day went much too quickly however, and one often heard the plaintive cry of packing people, "Let's stay here for a week."

The waters were calm and quiet for the trip back to Lamb's and people thought it safe to put out to sea, but many found themselves set upon (wet upon?) by pirates. Motorized via Lamb, and armed with a water pump, the pirates roamed the lake, but got their just due in the end. Swamped and by canoemen too.

When all were gathered upon the shore, a presentation was made to the "school which worked hardest to stop piracy on the high lakes". Holyoke came up and received its prize, the return of Antonio, the bust... former resident of Kendall Hall, after a very colorful career. But between Bolton Landing and South Hadley, Antonio snuck off again, and no one (ahem) knows where he is.

Side lights on the trip home: Five minutes earlier and we all would have had some free ice cream. Stewart just didn't know what to do with all that melting ice cream. You see, their ice cream factory was on fire. But just before we arrived, they decided to save some to prove to the insurance company that they really did have a fire.

Sorry to hear that Holyoke got back after curfew, but you missed the boat (Joe Smith's of course). You really don't have to do much over 100 mph to keep up with Joe.

Dan Bobrow

SUMMER MOUNTAINEERING

Most affirmed Winter mountaineers in the ROC think of the Adirondacks as being worthy of nothing more than winter ascents and, during the Summer, either forget about mountaineering completely or turn to rock climbing instead (the exceptions being those few who travel out West to climb). The reasons for such neglect of the Adirondacks are two in number.

First is probably poor publicity (by those who have attended College Weeks at Lake Colden). These ROCers speak of the Adirondacks as being, in the Summer, a sea of mud, with the rain rarely ceasing for more than one day per month and with enough bugs, flies, mosquitos etcl to drive the bravest from the woods in a matter of hours,

The second reason is that, with the Adirondacks being at least three hundred miles from the Summer homes of the average ROCer, the distance is too far.

Both reasons are biased. First, I have spent many days climbing in the Adirondacks in Summer and have

- 1) Never been bothered by the mud (you get used to it in a matter of one or two days)
- 2) Climbed at least 50% of the time under skies perfectly clear and 30% of the time with some clouds and no precipitation whatsoever
- 3) Never been bothered by insects after July 1st.

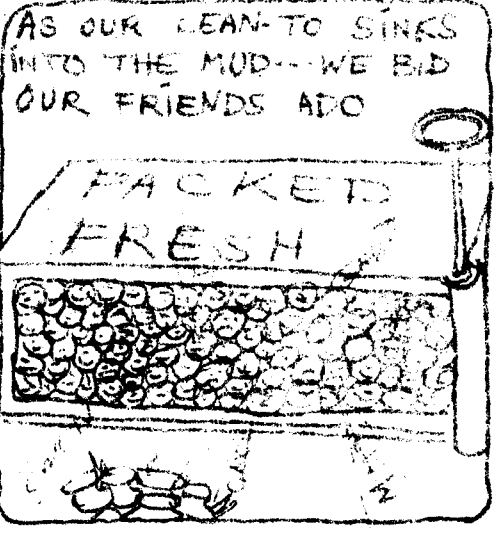
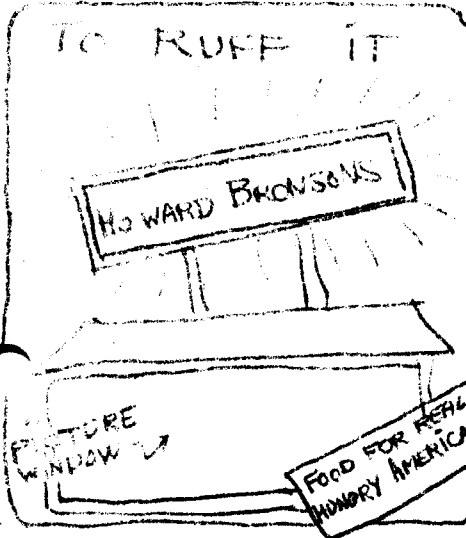
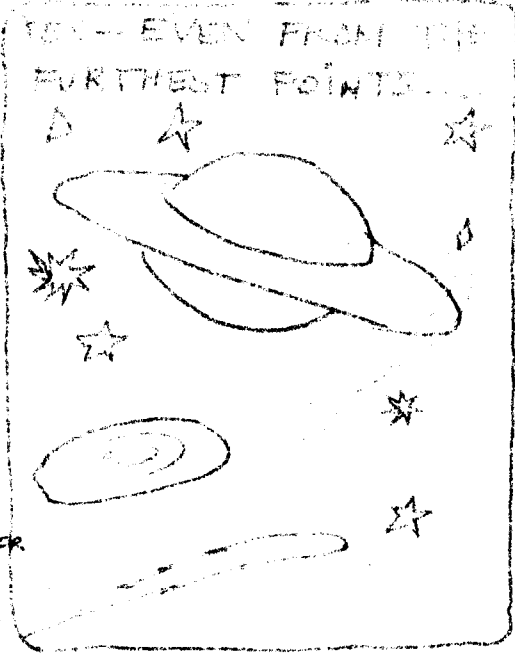
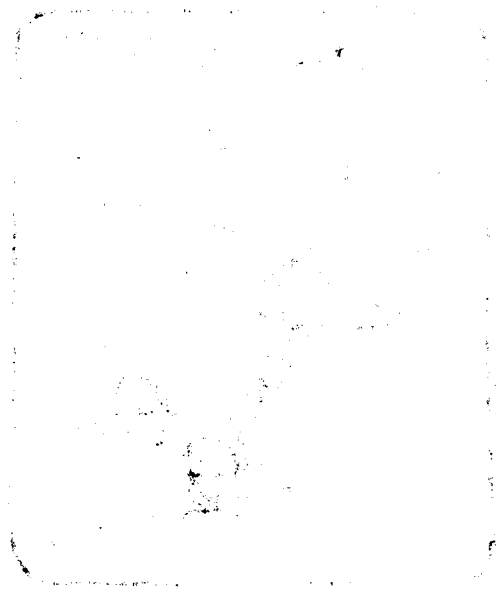
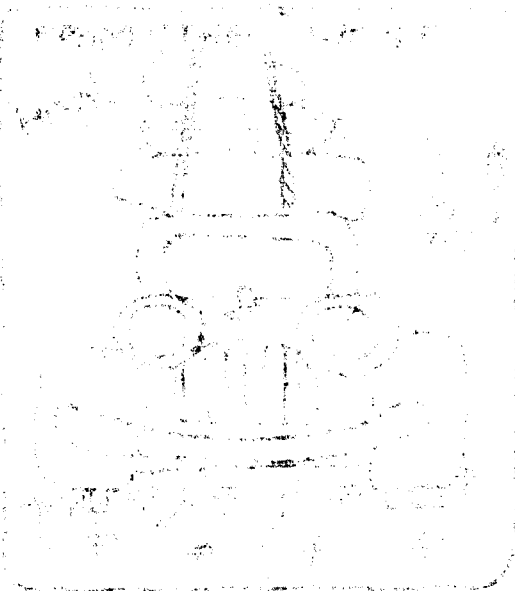
Second, since some club members drive 2000 miles to climbing out West, the 300 miles to the Adirondacks is certainly worthwhile.

As far as climbs in the Adirondacks being to easy in the Summer, there are many mountains (particularly those trailless ones) which are actually more difficult in Summer than in Winter. This is due to the scrubby alpine growth at the top of mountains which is impassable in Summer, yet covered by snow in the Winter. There are forty-six peaks over four thousand feet high and many of the views can only be enjoyed in the Summer.

Last Summer, I met among the peaks, a group of German immigrants who said that the Adirondacks reminded them very much of many parts of the Alps. I also met an instructor from Yale who said that he actually enjoyed climbing in the Adirondacks more than climbing in California, where he had been a member of the Sierra Club.

In past years, many club members have spent Summers climbing the Adirondacks. However, last Summer only a handful of ROCers did any climbing at all among these mountains. Let's get up a little interest this Summer. If there is any chance that you might be interested, please let me know, and we'll get some trips rolling for this Summer. A sign-up list is posted on the ROC Bulliten board.

Phil Hershberg



SPECIAL DISPATCH

The following is an exact (well, almost exact) copy of a dispatch which I received from some mysterious reporter. Under dire threat if I fail to print, I present:

PIRATES! PIRATES! PIRATES! ----- PIRATES???????

(Lake George, May 13, 1956, AP, UP, IP, PU, APC, UFW, AFL, CIO, UFO, DFA, YCL, NVD, BVD)

A fearsome group of pirates led by Captain Whitebeard Slo Ag (Slow Silver) wreaked havoc upon shipping on Lake George this past Sunday! This dastardly group swooped down on all shipping within a two mile radius of Bolton Landing.

With the aid a fast, trim, red (freshly painted) power boat (courtesy of Lamb's Boat Livery¹) they concentrated their attack on the slow moving canoes carrying the hearty outdoors-men and women returning from a weekend on Turtle Island (Sponsored by the Rensselaer Outing Club).

The pirates were equipped with the latest in water fighting devices, one Indian Pump² handled by two men and a one man bucket brigade. These men handled their lethal weapons with the accuracy that is characterized by years of training and experience.

The pirates succeeded in applying a liberal amount of H₂O (courtesy of Lake George) to all canoes and their occupants. They chased the canoes into Bolton Landing and stormed ashore to complete the rout of the party of the second part.

This reporter managed to get an interview with the most fearsome of the pirates, Captain Whitebeard Slo Ag.

Reporter: "Captain Sir? What is the meaning of all this?"

Captain: "Oh we're pirates."

Reporter: "But why the white tie, best, and tails?"

Captain: "We're high-class pirates."

With that Captain Slo Ag stormed off and presented the ANTONIO-PIZZA³ award to Mount Holyoke Outing Club as a reward for putting up the best fight.

The pirates then sailed into the setting sun⁴, bidding a fond fare well to the lovely hula girls and the swaying psalms⁵ of Oahu...oops, wrong script.....

another PPP

(Pirate Publicity Publication)

Member - United Pirates of

Gretter-nek Lung ayeland

Editor ROC CAIRN

Print this or else.

signed

Captain Slo Ag

alias Slag

Editors comments

1 Really swiped from No-Ro-Wal

2 For deflated Indians. Actually, it was a Civil Defense water pump.

3 ANTONIO-POOIOLA

4 to dry off

5 Pslam thing is wrong here.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are due to Frank Sandy for a job well done with the Hudson Valley Newsletter. Let's give him all the support he asks for.

LOST

ONE RUCKSACK containing two sleeping bags, a jacket, a poncho, and personal gear. If you know anything about it please drop a card to

Dan Bobrow
817 Jacob Street
Troy, N.Y.

(Two sleeping bags??)

Cairn
Rensselaer Outing Club
15th St. Lounge, R.P.I.
Troy, New York