



THE ROC CAIRN



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

Volume N, No. 3

Feb. 9, 1960

THE TERM TURNS

As we enter the Spring term, we mourn the following losses:

1. Our President, Dick Terryberry, and his station wagon. Terry has left school for scholastic and financial reasons, but has a good job in Buffalo beginning March 1st. He'll be back.

2. Our Treasurer, Wayne Taft, and his car. Wayne has completed his studies for his Masters' degree and will return to National Co.* in Boston. Says he'll be here weekends, though.

3. Our CAIRN Editor, me, and Old '97, my car. I have finally and irrevocably flunked out, and will soon be on my way to Colorado, where they grow their mountains larger, I hear.

4. Our CAIRN assistant, Marty Maltz. Marty is in the Co-op program, so he is alternating terms of school with terms of work. They sent him off to Utica or somewhere, but he'll be back.

I don't care what you poor people here are going to do for transportation, editors, or members, because I'm leaving! Ha. I'm going away! Ha, ha! I tell you, I'M LEAVING! ah, HAHAHAHAAAA HAAAAH!!!!!!!

Editor

* National Co.

That's right, leaving!



Friday we visited Brant's Cave and Grapevine Cave. Brant's is small, pretty, and shows a remarkable lack of horizontal surfaces to walk on.

To get into Grapevine, one must go down a 120 ft. deep hole. We used rope and cable ladder, and arrived in a huge room with fantastic formations scattered about. We explored three smaller rooms, noting huge stalagmites and stalagmites, an unbelievable curtain-type formation, and, well, it was too much for the human mind. We negotiated the strenuous climb out in good style, and each of us arrived at the top covered with.....sweat? No! Red W. Va. mud!

Late Saturday we entered Lipps Cave with the intent of finding our way into the Organ-Hedricks system. Five hours of detective work ensued: following footprints, tracing survey markers, and eliminating misleading signs. At last we found ourselves in Hedricks Cave. We found balloons, party hats, and a sign reading "Bob and Bud's Sub Pub" in one large room. Then we negotiated the Flack-Handley Turnpike, the only traverse I know of which involves thin seat-holds. After 2½ frustrating hours trying to find our way out of a breakdown-filled room (1000 ft. long) called Floyd Collins Avenue, we retraced our steps through Lipps.

Sunday, Roger with his group conducted us ~~some~~ through our hard-won route in Lipps, showing us some unusual helictites on the way. He took out only unexplored way out of Floyd Collins' Avenue, and soon arrived in the commercial part of Organ Cave. We emerged at the Organ entrance, and it was a mile walk back to where we went in.

Organ-Hedricks-Lipps is large: 'Where does that subway-like passage go?--We followed it five hours that way. Don't go nowhere. Jus' goes.'

We left W. Va. Monday at 1 PM, with unused snowshoes and all, and we arrived in Troy Tuesday at 3 PM.

Editor

LAURENTIAN SKI TRIP

During the semester break ten hearty souls, including four R.O.C.ers left Troy at various intervals for the Mc Gill Outing Club cabin at Shawbridge, Quebec, in the Laurentian Uplands. Two cars left Wednesday and the third, the Taft or "Boink-mobile", departed Thursday. The drive itself was fairly pleasant, with the exception of a snowstorm, chain troubles, and the Montreal rush hour. (Famous last words - "Let's go through downtown Montreal and take a look at the place; we're only up here once"). This writer's

car arrived at the M.O.C. cabin Thursday evening, and was our crew ever surprised to be greeted by 46 U. Vermont O.C.'ers, 20 some -odd Syracusians, and four Maniacs. Somehow everyone managed to get a bunk---even with the added difficulty of "My heart bleeds for you!". (Ed.)

The kitchen and the dining hall were the usual mad-house around meal times i.e. too many mouths to feed, eight fry-pans on a four burner stove and too many cooks spoiling the brew. Seriously though, considering the huge group of people, kitchen operations went fairly smoothly, and we would like to thank the UVM O.C. and the Syracuse O.C. for their consideration and cooperation.

Due to a new fallen snow, i.e. snowstorm on the way up, skiing at all locations was superb. Subgroups of the R.O.C. skied at such places as Mount Tremblant, Mont Tore, Mont Gabriel, and Mont Plant. The evenings were dominated by the clatter of dishes being washed and several song fests attempted to be led by the writer. Ten PM usually saw most every one on their way to the sack with only a few of the more energetic souls still battling the breeze by the fire.

The McGill O.C. undertook the task of preparing the meals on Saturday and Sunday. There were so many guests at the cabin that when the McGill crew arrived there were no bunks for them. Some how they managed to improvise for the night and eventually got some sleep.

Our arrival back to the cabin Monday evening found the place becalmed. During the day most everyone from the other clubs had left. We proceeded to have a quiet supper which was followed by an even quieter gab fest in which Bob Arundale (who insists that there is an Arundale County in Maine) related some of his experiences while working in the "Huts" of the White Mountains. Having arisen early Tuesday morning, we ate a substantial breakfast, cleaned up the cabin and proceeded back to Troy. The occupants of one car went skiing at Tremblant, having planned to drive directly home from the re.

Our car arrived in Troy with $\frac{3}{4}$ gal. gas, down three quarts out of five on oil, and about ~~##~~ two dollars between the four of us.

Respectfully submitted,
Klaus G. Thomas
Trip Leader

Ed. Note: Part of Klaus' article was omitted due to lack of time and space.

RAMBLINGS

The two events of the past weekend, Schaefer's Party and Yale Sno-Ski, will be reported in the next CAIRN, if there is one.

Klaus Thomas is proposing a ski trip to Sugarloaf in Maine sometime in March. Particulars should be on the bulletin board.

Thanks to Chan Mason for ~~###~~ "The Cruel Wars" printed in this issue, plus "Whalerman" and help on "Coshee Bailey", printed in the last issue.

Hub Seward, ex CAIRN editor, has written me, claiming that $N = XVI$ (See heading). I'll take his word for it.

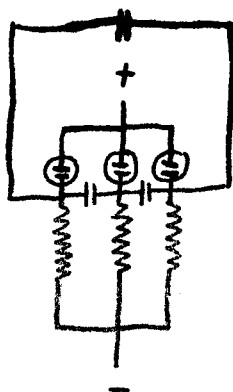
Bill Goldner,
Editor

KUDOS

Some typing - Mike Moldover
Typewriter (horrible) - Walt Lipton

* that

Foo Counter



⊕ - neon bulb
Works for any number
of bulbs, which blink in
random order.

ADDENDA

SPRING SCHEDULE * 1960

Feb. 13 Mount Holyoke Square Dance
12-14 Adirondack Winter Mountaineering
20 Saturnalia Ski Meet
27 Mountaineering & skiing
Mar. #4 Smith Square Dance
12 Adirondack Winter Mountaineering
19 Sugar Loaf Ski Trip
Easter Spelunking, West Virginia
May 6-8 Spring Lake George

CARS WANTED FOR WEEKLY SKI TRIPS

SONGFESTS FOR SALE * \$1.25 ea.

Mike Moldover 1807 7th Ave.

Troy, N. Y.

PLEASE INCLUDE RETURN POSTAGE

The Moon is $1/49$ the size of the Earth, even though it is farther away.

There are three pounds of salt in every pound of sea water.

Meetings 7:30 Tuesday, 15th St. Lounge