



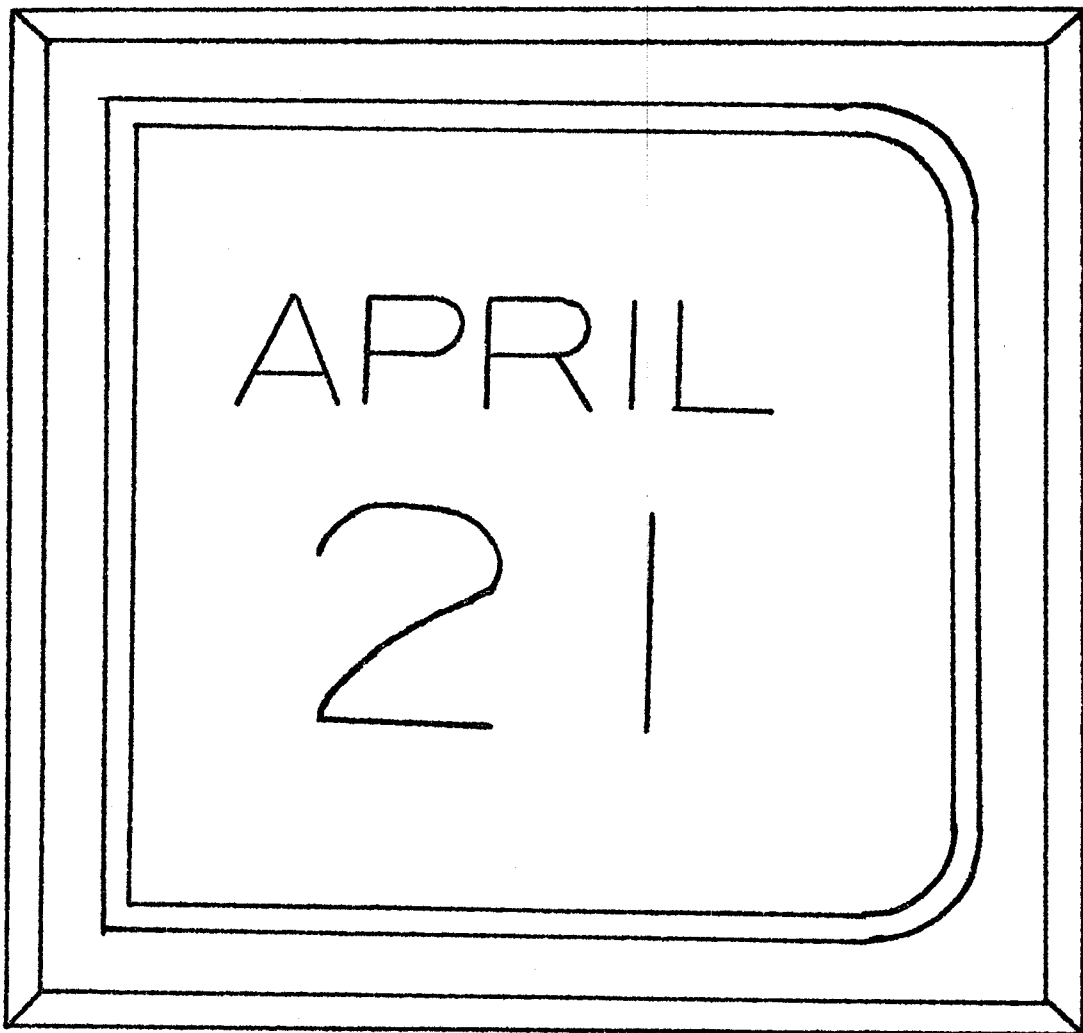
# THE ROC CAIRN



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

MARCH, 1962



COVER STORY

ROC SQUARE DANCE WEEKEND ---- APRIL 20-22

Friday night- Songfest - 15th St. Lounge

Saturday- Rock climbing - Grafton

Spelunking- Any of the many local caves

Hiking- Trip depends on group abilities

Canoeing- " " " "

Supper- Sage Bining Hall - 6:30 P.M.

Square dance- " - 8:00 P.M. Floyd Grossbeck calling

Songfest - 15th St. Lounge - after dance

Sunday- Rock climbing, Spelunking, Hiking, Canoeing etc.

Chaperones and sleeping accommodations will be provided.

Come one, come all. Details will be sent soon.

THIS MEANS  
YOU!

Dix Trip, Jan. '62

Saturday morning, January 27, 1962, I can remember my alarm going off at 5:00 A.M. and a feeling of anticipation for an adventuresome weekend. About 5:15 I stopped over at Armand's pad whereupon we departed three times for the Eagles' Nest. Various and sundry items checked our first two attempts to escape Kamselaer. Arriving at the Eagle's Nest we found Marty and Jim Galloway stumbling around assembling their packs. Our ETD (estimated time of departure) was 0600. Because most of our party were sleepy, we left at 0700. After stopping in Warrensburg for breakfast and Schroon Lake for last minute supplies, we arrived at our jumping off place. Wind at 20 to 30 knots, the temperature which was very near zero (plus or minus) was plenty of motivation to start moving. And plenty of moving we did for the following two and a half days. As we slogged four miles into the Adirondack wilderness and climbed to about 2000 feet, good survival technique (is that what we were doing?) pitched our camp before nightfall. We were fortunate to be camped near running water, lest we consume twice as much fuel melting an equal amount of snow and raising it to boiling. "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wise and alive," was our nocturnal philosophy. Although the period between "bed" and "rise" was 11 to 12 hours, I doubt whether most of us copped more than four hours of Z's. The coefficient of conformity between our bed and our postures was very low. Our gorp meals were very good, though one might not be able to recognize their ingredients right away. Breakfast over and day packs in place, we commenced to climb. Reaching the top of the slide we were camped near.

our first error revealed itself. We were south one slide to many. Crampons cinched up, we maneuvered over glare ice, 48 degree slopes and almost vertical walls without the slightest guilt. (par'm me, our rock climbing contingent suggested ropes, however being on a rock climb myself in the past, the rate of progress of "inexperie noe" climbers is quite slow. Hence, the choice was chance, use rope, freeze; no rope, tumble to the botto n.) After conquering these obstacles and such to the chagrin of "no n V-badge" members, we were informed that McComb was "to difficult" a climb to qualify as a V-badge peak. We besides the KOCer who doesn't check the facts beforehand. But our chagrin was relieved by a mild hysteria when we reached the summit an learned that we lagged a sub-peak of McComb. We were 25 to 50 feet lower than McComb. Not being alto,ethor discouraged, I noticed the visibility was very good and some pictures were in order. While descending we came once again to the glare ice whereupon our rope leaders decided to use ropes. After a short symposium on which way to secure the rope, the rope was secured by John Hall who ran across the ice with the rope between his plikie and thumb kicking up a rooster's tail o f snow and ice. When heads were counted, it was noticed that your autho r was no t among the gro up. When your author was cited by the group at the bottom o f the glare ice, he was seen heeking at sliding ice with his ice axe to keep warm. At camp once again a warm fire was built which supplied very BTU's missing in our bodies. Latrine activities will no t be discussed at any length here, since there wasn't much. Next morning was a site to behold. I think the winter mountaineer's vocabulary should banish any use of the word, "flexibility." Sleeping bags were nearly frosted shut, air mattresses became air containers, and boots took the rigidity of steel. Our -20 plus, temperature was the most! However, everyone made it back to the care with no major fatalities. Our contingent from Troy High, Dough, displayed his translucent finger tip

(frost bite) with pride, but I think it fall off by now, sir

This was the best unsuccessful trip I've been on with the ROC.

Bill (Six-Toes) Rourke

#### AN ALMOST WINTER MOUNTAINEERING TRIP

Early in the morning on Dec. 16, Jim Achilles, Jim Galloway, Howie Sussman of SUCC and I headed for the bus station in Albany. We soon found that the bus didn't go through Keene Valley, so we had to go to Keene and catch the southbound bus to Keene Valley.

At about 10:00 A.M. we got underway. WE had a beautiful clear day, but as we had little or no sleep the night before, we were quite tired by the time we reached Wolf-Jaws lean-to at around 4:30. When we woke up the next morning, the sky was cloudy, and we decided to go out a day early. After a leisurely breakfast, we made a late start up Upper Wolf Jaw. We reached the summit at about 1:00, and immediately started down. We hurriedly packed our gear and started out for Beer Brook lean-to. Most of this trek was done in the dark, squinting at our incoming tracks as we back tracked. Late the next morning, we emerged from the woods as it began to snow. From reports of snow depths in there now, it appears to have been a very good idea to come out when we did.

Armand Catelli

## Cycling letter

Having made no use of that part of their imagination for some time, the ROC lost the ability to plan cycling trips. In the spring, about ten of us will not know which way to turn. We should therefore like to join in some trips with clubs without this feature of natural selection.

We have in mind weekend trips to some sort of destination --- to other outing club activities, for lack of anything definite. Cycling and camping trips to obscure tourist attractions, such as the new art gallery at Williams College, are perhaps possibilities.

Finally, I cannot resist offering this much encouragement.  
Cycling can be thought of as inexpensive transportation.

Dave Deitz  
C-208, R.F.I.

WHALERMAN

Oh, I've been a seacock and I've been a whalerman,  
I can dance, I can sing I can walk a jib boom;  
I can handle a harpoon and cut a fine figure,  
Whenever I'm given some boat standing room.

Chorus:

We'll rant and we'll roar like trueborn young whalermen,  
We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below,  
Until we see bottom inside of two sinkers,  
Then straight up the channel to Wescoe we'll go.

I went to Takahanna last year in a whaler,  
I bought some gold brooches for the girls in the bay;  
I bought me a pipe, they called it a Meerschaum,  
But it melted like butter upon a hot day.

Chorus:

I went to a party one night in old Timbo,  
There were plenty of girls there as fine as you wish;  
There was one pretty maiden a-chewing tobacco,  
Just like a young kitten a-chewing fresh fish.

Chorus:

Here's health to the girls in old Takahanna,  
Here's wealth to the girls in far off Mohee;  
Come let us be merry, don't be melancholy,  
I could marry you all, or in Chokee yet be.

Chorus:

