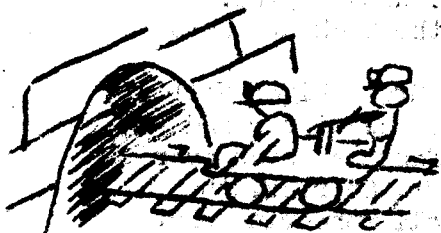




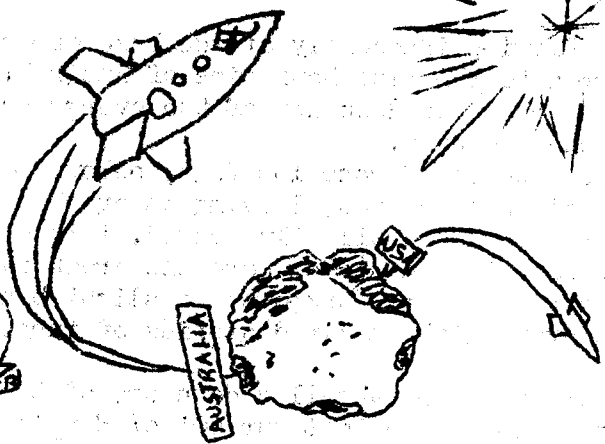
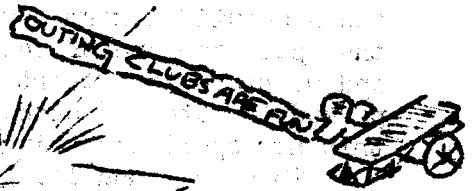
THE ROC CAIRN



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



FROSH'S FIRST
CAVING
WITH R.O.C.



CORRESPONDENCE OF
OUTING CLUBBERS HELPS
SHRINK WORLD!



FALL
LAKE GEORGE

5 OCTOBER 1965

AN AUSTRALIAN OUTING

The following report was sent to us by a friend of the club who is now living in Australia. It is included here because it seems to confirm the notion that the wanderfoot and outing spirit is world wide.

From the Log of Second Artermon Rover Crew:

Saturday 3rd and Sunday 4th of April:

Thunder Canyon Trip

We (Doug Richardson, Dave MacDonald, and Dennis Kiely) left Saturday afternoon about 4:00 and drove to Bell where we had tea at a roadside cafe. The "service" here was interesting, being a very saucy girl of fifteen, but the food was good and we drove up and down Bell's Line of Road in high spirits--trying to find the turnoff to Mt. King George. This was easily found only after we threw a tarp over the back of Den's ute, set up our stretchers and dived into bed.

The next morning revealed a wonderful view of the Grose River Valley and a beautiful warm day (this was fortunate because it was winter and thus past the end of the summer canyon season). Breakfast was soon over and we drove to a short turnoff between Mt. Banks and Mt. Charles, then parked the ute and descended the ridge to the canyon--all wondering what this new sport was going to be like.

Then we found it.

The creek had been flowing innocently at the base of one of the sandstone cliffs so common to the Blue Mountains of Australia; now it suddenly disappeared into the thin deepness of the overgrown crevasse we had come to explore--Thunder Canyon.

Above us on the left the cliff rose 100 feet; below ground in front of us the sandstone had slightly parted, leaving an overhang to roof the deep, dark crack. Smooth sided and slightly mossed, this crack tapered from a 15' width at our feet to a mere 3' where the creek found a sandy bottom far below. Downstream was the unknown: a slight bend and insufficient light hid the canyon which inspired stories of tunnel swims and freezing water.

We reconnoitred a bit and then abseiled down one of the sides of the crack; in the dim light we could see that our 60' of doubled rope just allowed us to reach the narrow creek bed. Here the creek collected into a small pool of what we discovered was knee-deep quicksand. We moved along only 15' before the crack dropped away once more--this time to utter darkness.

Belaying to a jammed piece of driftwood, we threw the rope into the darkness and--splash--heard it reach bottom a surprisingly short distance below. Doug abseiled to obliteration but screams of "terrific!", "wild!" etc. indicated that the scenery was good down below in the dark. He explored to see if exit was feasible--it was--and the rest followed.

Here, at the bottom of the crack, one's eyes became used to the very dim light filtering in from the filtering in from the foliage-nicked sliver of sky at the side of the overhang 120 feet above, and one could get an impression in black and grey of the surroundings. The crack went straight for a while, its water-filled bottom floored with tangled sunken debris. Ahead its bottom rose from the water in a tumble of rocks on the other side of which, around a slight corner, Doug had found we could abseil into the actual canyon. We rockclimbed along a few inches above the water on numerous small ledges. In the middle of this crack another vertical slot met at right angles--following this one led to an underground

back up under the arch to watch Dennis as he, being the only one brave enough to get voluntarily wet in the cold water came "swimming" (really wading, shivering) through the cold small lake.

We then started down the classic canyon--sides of 100 to 150 feet high, vertical but wavy and smooth from the action of the small stream which twisted through the rocky sandy bottom of 15' in width. The walking here was spectacular, in places the canyon narrowed to four or five feet, the sides worn into weird and artistically curved, waved, and puddled motifs. Splintered logs of driftwood bore mute tribute to the flood-time fury of the now gentle stream. Then there came a place where sheer sides enclosed a smallish pool--we'd have to wade. Dennis laughed because Dave and Doug would have to get wet and then plunged in and started wading for the far shore. The water reached his waist, chest, chin, "oops, guess you have to swimclub." We swam the (shiver shiver) 25'.

The canyon continued, now seeming much colder--the surroundings were now breath-taking in more ways than one. We longed for the warmth of the sunny day we could catch a glimpse of far, far above.

Then came another, much longer and more breath-taking swim--the water stretched forty feet in front of us, occupying the whole eight feet of floor. The sides seemed to touch at the top, they were so high--we thought this must be the Tunnel Swim, but the water wasn't deep enough. We could touch bottom and wade for part of the way through the still, cold water and dirty bits of floating debris. Half running we came out on to a sandy patch at a junction with another canyon and ran around and around in a circle trying to restore some warmth. We must have looked like madmen, for then we spied a small patch of sunlight--the first since entering the canyon--and raced down the now-wider canyon. By golly it was a fair piece away, but it sure felt good when we reached it.

Here we had lunch and put on the dry clothes we had in the pack. Just after we finished lunch, and were comfortable and warm, five ardent canyoneers from the YMCA "Hobnails" Club appeared, reminding us that we still had much canyon yet to cover--including the famous Tunnel Swim. We climbed back into our wet clothes (ugh) and followed them on down the canyon.

Once again the sides closed in, this time with large boulders covering the floor of the canyon. The sides were even higher and the water deeper, faster; we had to wade and then climb hand over hand down a waterfall between house-sized boulders into a deep wading pool.

Then came the Tunnel Swim.

We could see why it was famous--it was really classic. The canyon suddenly narrowed, with walls 150' high meeting at the top and opening to just 5' at the bottom--and deep blue green water stretching away through the dim corridor. We entered, losing our breath to the icy water and began to swim. The water lapped against the closely pressing walls and the sound reverberated through many small side chambers. Energy drained rapidly away, movements became stiff and mechanical, and the swim stretched on and on; but soon we could touch bottom and wade out, look back in numb awe at the 120 foot swim, and shuffle hurriedly on so as not to freeze.

We moved stiffly through more rockhopping and wading, a slip into one pool from a slippery dip that could have been fun in warm weather, and a jump into another that would have been done with a tope but for hands and feet too cold to set up, climb down and coil one up. More rockhopping, deep wades and boulders, and then a small stretch of flat gravel where a slight stream slid down a steep glistening groove to the canyon.

Here the stream's gully lowered the canyon's wall to within 35' of the canyon floor. The "Hobnails" were climbing hand over hand up a rope they had used to lasso a convenient tree. We followed them up and then climbed up the gully out of the canyon, thence to Bell's Line of Road where we hitchhiked to Den's ute and then drove to a certain roadside cafe at Bell.

MOUNTAINS ARE JUST CAVES TURNED INSIDE-OUT
OR
A SPELUNKER'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ADIRONDAKS!

UPON THE URGING OF SEVERAL FRIENDS, NAMELY MOUNTAINEERS, WE DECIDED TO LEAVE THE "GRUBBY LITTLE SEWER" AND HEAD FOR THE "GLORIOUS CLEAN MOUNTAINS" THE WEEK BEFORE SCHOOL STARTED.

THEY SAY THAT "GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN;" BUT AFTER AN AVERAGE OF TWELVE HOURS OF RIDING BUSES AND PACKING IN FOUR PLACES (ERIE, NIAGRA FALLS, ALBANY TRAILWAYS TERMINAL, AND KEENE VALLEY) WE FOUND THIS TO BE FALSE.

HAVING PLANNED A STUPENDEOUS EXPEDITION TO INCLUDE THE GREAT RANGE AND LAKE GOLDEN, WE FOUND OUR PACKS TO BE EVEN MORE STUPENDEOUS. WE PUNTED!! DITCHING OUR PACKS PART WAY UP TO WOLFJAW NOTCH, WE DID UPPER BAREBACK.

ON THE SECOND DAY WE WENT TO SLANT ROCK LEANTO VIA THE JOHN'S BROOK VALLEY COVERING A SPEEDY ONE-HALF MILE PER HOUR.

MONDAY, IT WAS CLOUDY, BUT, QUOTE THE LEE "IT WILL CLEAR UP." IT DIDN'T. WELL ANYWAY, WE DECIDED TO DO MARCY. AS WE STARTED TO ASCEND THE ROCK, THE CLOUDS DECIDED TO GIVE US A BATH, THE FIRST SINCE THURSDAY. IT WAS ALSO QUITE FOGGY. AS JIM WENT MERRILY TRIPPING PAST A LARGE BOULDER AFTER GOING THROUGH A GRASSY LAKE, LEE CALLED HIM BACK. HE'D GONE RIGHT PAST THE SUMMIT! (THEREBY CLAIMING A RECORD FOR LOSING A BIGGER PEAK THAN ARMAND DID.) WHILE TAKING REFUGE IN THE SHELTER(?) JUST BELOW THE SUMMIT, WE FOUND A MODEL HOWARD JOHNSON'S (WHAT WILL MADISON AVE. THINK OF NEXT--A COKE MACHINE ON THE INSIDE OF THE GUN BARREL?) ON THE WAY DOWN IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE CORDORY TRAIL WAS AFLOAT FROM END TO END.

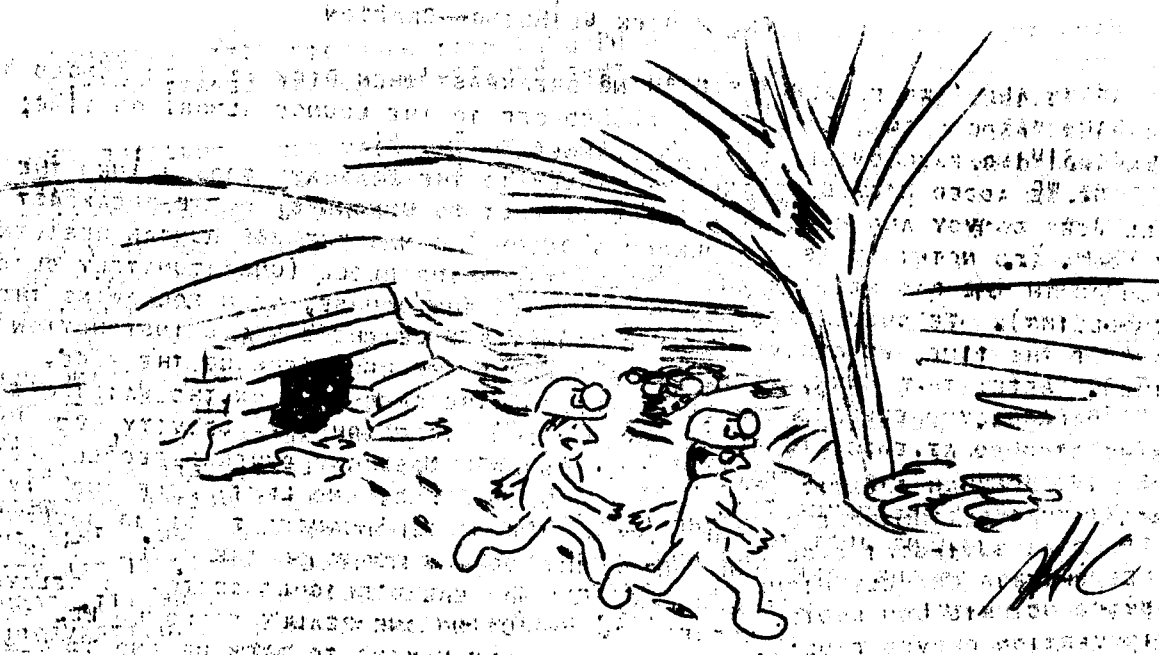
ON TUESDAY WE BOTH SWORE NOT TO LEAVE THE LEANTO UNLESS IT WAS PERFECTLY CLEAR. HOWEVER, BY NOON WE WERE IN SAD SHAPE. A FIVE SECOND BURST OF SUNSHINE THROUGH THE MINUTE HOLE THROUGH THE CLOUD COVER STARTED US OFF UP THE SHOREY SHORT CUT TO HAYSTACK. IT WAS FUN TO WATCH THE THICK WHITE CLOUDS CYCLE BETWEEN HAYSTACK AND GOTHICS. IT WAS MODERATELY CLEAR IN THE OTHER DIRECTION WITH AN OCCASIONAL GLIMPSE OF MARCY.

IT LOOKED AS IF THE CLOUDS WERE GETTING READY TO CLAIM HAYSTACK, SO WE LEFT, BUT WAIT--GOTHICS IS CLEARING, SO WE STAYED A WHILE LONGER. FINALLY WE LEFT.

WEDNESDAY WE STARTED BACK DOWN JOHN'S BROOK AT THREE TIMES THE SPEED OF THE TRIP UP. IT STARTED TO RAIN SO WE HOLED UP IN THE HOWARD LEANTO.

NOW FOR SOME DIGRESSION: SOME MOUNTAINEERS CLAIM THAT CAVES AND MOUNTAINS ARE NOT SIMILAR. WE BOTH PROTEST! MOUNTAINS ARE REALLY CAVES TURNED INSIDE OUT. CAVES ARE FORMED BY STREAMS WHICH YOU USUALLY FOLLOW THROUGHOUT THE CAVE. IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT MOST OF THE TRAILS THAT WE TOOK WERE EITHER NEXT TO STREAMS OR WERE STREAMS THEMSELVES, NOTEABLY THE PHILLIPS TRAIL ABOVE SLANT ROCK. CHIMNEYING IS POSSIBLE ON HAYSTACK AND IS SOMETIMES NECESSARY ON THE TRAILS. ONCE IN A WHILE THE ROOF OF A CAVE WILL DRIP WATER. IN THE ADIRONDAKS, SOMETIMES THE "HOLE SKY LEAKS--LIKE NOW! IN SHUTTERS CORNERS CAVE, ONE GOES ALONG A ONE OR TWO BOARD WIDE WALK INTO KNEE DEEP MUD. HERE YOU FOLLOW LOG WALKS AND STEP INTO ANKLE DEEP MUD, BUT MUD NONE THE LESS. IN FACT THE ONLY PLACE MUD WASN'T FOUND WAS ON HAYSTACK, BUT MANY PUDDLES WERE FOUND NEAR HAYSTACK AND ITS SUMMIT, EVEN ON THE VERY SUMMIT ROCK ITSELF. WE'LL GET OUT SOON, "THE GOOD LORD WILLIN'." AND THE "CREEK DON'T RISE,"BUT THE CREEK'S RISIN'.

A DRAKE-MITCHELL COLABORATION



WARD'S CAVE

ON THE SUNNY SATURDAY, 25 SEPT., A GROUP OF OUTING CLUBBERS LEFT THE 15TH STREET LOUNGE AT 10:00 AND WENT TO WARD'S CAVE. THE GROUP CONSISTED OF SEVEN MEMBERS. THEY WERE: HANK CHARY, GREAT AND FEARLESS LEADER! -- ED., JACK KAPLAN, JOHN HESS, STEVE KRON, SMOKEY, -- LEE MITCHELL, AND MYSELF, MARION MODLEY.

WE DISPERSED IN TWO CARS BELONGING TO HANK AND SMOKEY AND MET AT THE CAVE ENTRANCE. (ED. NOTE -- WE MET IN THE PARKING LOT NEAR THE ENTRANCE). THE CAVE ITSELF IS A SHORT WALK FROM AN OPEN PARKING LOT AND LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE A HOLE BETWEEN ROCKS WHICH HAVE FALLEN FROM HIGHER UP, MAKING THE ENTRANCE BELOW THE SURROUNDING GROUND LEVEL.

THE CAVE IS LONG WITH A NICE STREAM RUNNING THROUGH MOST OF IT. THERE ARE MANY TIGHT PLACES, MUD SLOPES, CRAWL SPACES, SLIPPERY MUD LEDGES, AND STREAM WALKS. THERE ARE ALSO MANY SMALL PASSAGE WAYS AND CRAWL SPACES WHICH WE WERE UNABLE TO EXPLORE. THE WALLS OF THE CAVE ARE RIDDLED WITH MANY MINUTE FOSSILS WITH A FEW ABOUT AN INCH ACROSS SCATTERED SPARSLY THROUGHOUT.

THE TRIP OF THE CAVE CAN TAKE ANY LENGTH OF TIME, DEPENDING UPON THE THOROUGHNESS INTENDED FOR THE TRIP. OUR TRIP OF THE CAVE LASTED FOR ABOUT TWO HOURS AFTER WHICH WE ALL RETURNED TO R.P.I.

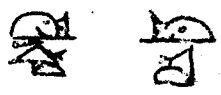
MARION MODLEY

RE SPRING LAKE GEORGE 1965: LOST AND FOUND;

FOUND: 1 PR WOMAN'S DARK GLASSES (PERScription) AND CASE. STAMPED ON CASE IS: "ROPTIKUS A/S OSLO." OWNER PLEASE CONTACT R.O.C.

LOST: A BLUE NYLON PULL-OVER WINDBREAKER. IF FOUND PLEASE CONTACT NCEOC.

GENERAL IN REGARD TO LOST AND FOUND ARTICLES AT LAKE GEORGE; CONTACT ROC.



FROSH ROCK CLIMBING--GRAFTON

HANK AND I WERE CALMLY FINISHING BREAKFAST WHEN DICK STETSON BANGED ON THE DOOR AND BARGED IN. SO WE WERE RUSHED OFF TO THE LOUNGE ALMOST ON TIME, RATHER THAN ARRIVING FASHIONABLY LATE AS PLANNED.

SO WE ADDED RICH GILD AND PHIL TULLY TO THE FIAT AND SOON JOINED THE DUNCAN-HILL JEEP CONVOY AND MADE IT ALL THE WAY OUT TO DUNCAN'S, WHERE BREAKFAST WAS HAD BY SOME. (ED NOTE: THIS WAS DUNCAN'S DAIRY BAR NOT THE J&P DUNCAN RESIDENCE.) THEN ON TH THE GAS STATION AND FINALLY THE WHIPPOWILL (UNFORTUNATELY CLOSED FOR REMODELING). WE SHOULDERED OUR GEAR AND IN DUE COURSE, EVEN FOLLOWING THE PATH MOST OF THE TIME, WE ARRIVED AT THE HORNET'S FACE WHERE BASIC INSTRUCTION WAS GIVEN. AFTER THAT HANK, JEFF, AND I DELAYED THE BEGINNERS UP THE FACE.

HANK PLAYED ELEVATOR WHILE RAPPELLING THE OVER-HANG ON THE WAILING WALL AS HE STOPPED AT EVERY FLOOR ON THE WAY DOWN TO WATCH THE ACTIVITY OVER ON THE HORNET'S FACE. WE TRANSFERED TO THE BISHOP'S NOSE AND SEVERAL PEOPLE DECIDED TO ATTEMPT THE NOSE; WAYNE TAFT CAME UP, SAID HELLO, AND LEFT; JEFF AND JIM DECIDED TO DO THE OVERHANG JUST TO THE LEFT OF THE NOSE; I WANTED TO CLIMB SOMEWHERE SO I HAD HANK TOSS THE ROPE DOWN THE CORNER TO THE RIGHT OF THE NOSE. THIS TURNED OUT TO BE A SEMI-STAIRCASE AND FUN, BUT NO REAL DIFFICULT SPOTS. I DELAYED SEVERAL PEOPLE UP THIS DRAVELY PIONEERED ROUTE--BUT NO ONE REALLY FOLLOWED IT, EACH PICKING OUT HIS OWN ROUTE, AND OCCASIONALLY HAVING TO BACK UP AND TRAVERSE AS THEIR VERSION PROVED FAULTY.

JEFF AND JIM HAD JUST MADE IT TO THE TOP WHEN THEY NOTICED THAT A DISREPUTABLE LOOKING CHARACTER HAD DRIVEN IN BEHIND US DOWN AT THE WHIPPOWILL AND WAS INSPECTING THE JEEPS--BUT THE CAR LOOKED LIKE KRAMER'S AND WHEN THE CHARACTER TURNED AROUND, IT WAS KRAMER. SO, IN UNISON, JIM, JEFF, ET AL SHOUTED, "KRAMER, BRING DEEEERRRR!!!!" THE REPLY ECHOED OFF THE HILLS BEHIND US, "GET YOUR OWN!!" THIS ENDED A DAY OF CLIMBING AS WE WENT FORTH TO FOLLOW THIS WELL FOUNDED ADVISE.

LEE MITCHELL

FALL LAKE GEORGE

WELL, IT SEEMS THAT RECENTLY THE ROUGHLY TUMBLED WATERS OF LAKE GEORGE WERE DOTTED ONCE AGAIN WITH A MYRIAD OF CANOES AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS FLOATING AND NOT FLOATING CRAFT. EXPLANATION--SIMPLE--THE ROC WAS RUNNING ANOTHER FALL GEORGE. THE WEATHER WAS AS EXPECTED--FAIR WITH #!?!@# AND MORE (%\$)*^&*! --IT WAS WINDY TOO. BUT ALL IN ALL THE GODS SEEMED AT LEAST TO GRIN ONCE IN A WHILE, EVEN IF THEY DIDN'T SMILE ON US. DISPITE AN EXCESSIVE AMOUNT OF DISORGANIZATION, SMOOTH RUNNING WAS THE ORDER OF THE DAY--OR RATHER WEEKEND.

SATURDAY DAWNED BEAUTIFUL AND A FUN FILLED DAY ISSUED FORTH. THE SQUARE DANCE THAT NIGHT TOO WENT WELL. SUNDAY A RATHER NASTY WIND (BREEZE?) DECIDED TO KICK UP THE LAKE BUT DISPITE ALL SORTS OF DIFFICULTIES AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS, THE ROC WAS OFF THE ISLAND BY LATE EVENING. (TILL NEXT WEEKEND!)

HANK CHARY

a hole is to find!



(and to crawl into!)

MEMBERSHIP LIST

* DENOTES PATCH MEMBER

- *EVELYN W. AKERS (ACTING SECRETARY) 144 MORRIS ST., ALBANY, N.Y.
 *RODNEY A. AKERS, JR. 144 MORRIS ST., ALBANY, N.Y.
 *RICHARD ANDREWS (SECRETARY) 364 YALE AVE., HILLSIDE, N.J.
 *VICTOR R. BAKER (MEMBER AT LARGE) 1905 7TH AVE., TROY, N.Y. 274-2157
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 TERENCE BERINATO 125 CROCKETT HALL
 DOUGLAS BRETT 220 CARY HALL 272-9763
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 BERNARD W. CHALECKI 32 CLEMENT HALL
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 RAYMOND CUSHING HALL HALL 214
 *JAMES E. DRAKE (TREASURER) HEARNE 31 274-3572
 *TOM DUCHESNEAU (PRESIDENT) KNEEHOLD 2353 17TH ST. TROY, N.Y.
 *JEFF DUNCAN 45 N. LAKE AVE., ALBANY, N.Y. 12203 465-1744
 PATRICIA DUNCAN 45 N. LAKE AVE., ALBANY, N.Y. 12203 465-1744
 *ERIC DURLAND 1905 7TH AVE., TROY, N.Y. 274-2157
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 EVELYN KRAMER 980 HOOSICK RD. TROY, N.Y. 279-3325
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RICHARD K. STEVENS HEARNE 34 274-3572
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PAUL P. TULLY HUNT 3 RM. 32
ED UFIER 9 BLEEKER AVE.
EDWARD VERVOORT 101 BRAY HALL
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RE: FALL LAKE GEORGE 1965:

LOST BY R.O.C.... 1 HEAVY RED SHIRT WITH ROC PATCH IN PLASTIC BAG WITH ARMY PONCHO.

1 NYLON ARMY PONCHO, TRIANGULAR TEAR IN HOOD, PATCHED WITH YELLOW TAPE, AND YELLOW TAPE STRIPES ON BACK.

IF YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE EITHER OR BOTH OF THESE ITEMS PLEASE CONTACT THE ROC.

DRY MUSTARD IS ALSO A WATER SOFTENER.

A ROOF THATCHED WITH HEATHER IS GOOD FOR A CENTURY WITHOUT REPAIRS.

ORNITHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING, AN APPROXIMATION TO A GREAT CIRCLE COULD BE CALLED A TERN-PIKE.

