

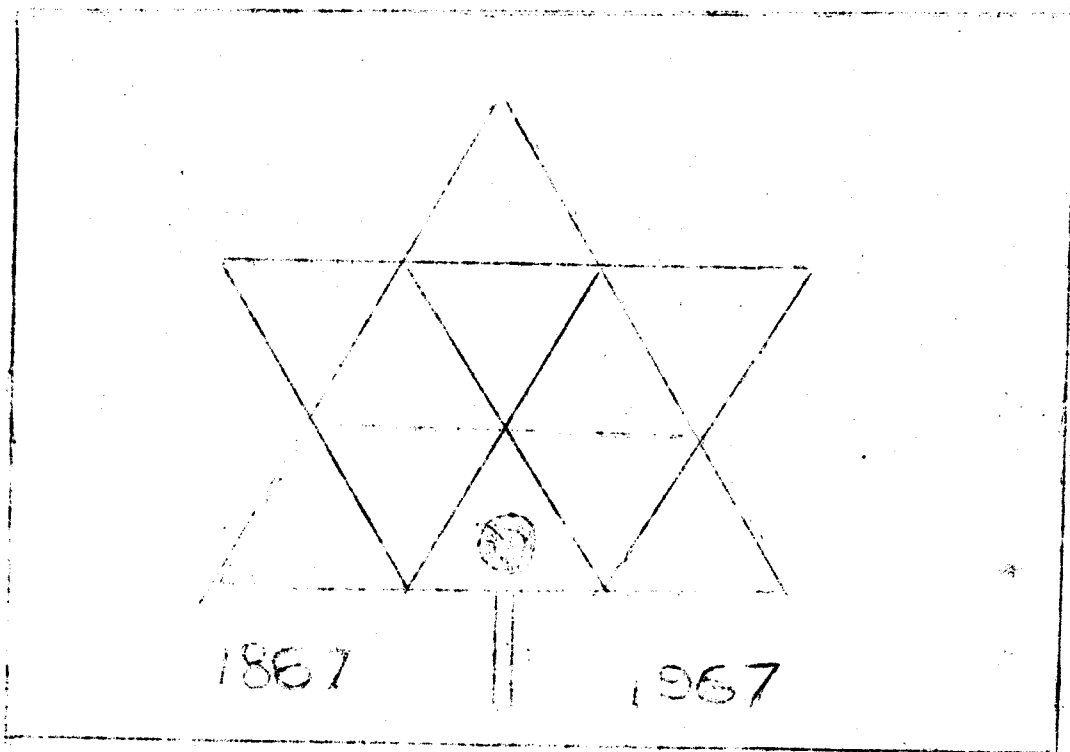


THE ROC CAIRN



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

Oct 24, 1967



- didn't know
the ROC Patch was
part of the Canadian
Continental Flag

ELV

A FEW NOTES ON THE CAIRN

The ROC Cairn will be published semi-occasionally, between September and June of the school year. All articles relating to outing club activities or anything else will be accepted. The price per issue is nothing and a yearly subscription is still nothing, just send us your club's newsletter. If you have any questions, write to the Cairn editor, c/o ROC, Lounge 15, RFI, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

Don't Gage a Caving Trip by This One
or
Shades of Lambeck

Again ROC history was made. Two consecutive trips left on time. This one to Gage's Cavern, near Quaker Street, at 7 pm on 29 Sept., 1967. The miserable crew consisted of Ellen Kavkewitz, Tom McCrory, Bob Schenker, Pete Dionne, Dr. Yergin, Bob Frary, Russ Hallock, and Jim Drake.

Having good instructions to direct us to the cave, we left in two cars. Dr. Yergin had no trouble finding the cave, but Jim, who had been there twice before, got lost. We all got to the pit at 9.

All achieved the climb down the ladder withiut any trouble.

The dry passage was almost dry. It had only about 3 inches of water in it, compared with its usual 3 feet.

After visiting the ampitheatre room, we reached the broken room and the five novices had their first taste of a tight (?) passage, leading to the spring room. Dr. Yergin then led the pack to the end of the sand passage.

Returning to the spring room, the crew hopped off on a passage that Jim assured them ended in a room. The frosh complained about the tight passages, being careful to be sure Jim was following. Ellen promised Jim a lemonade if he got through the tightest apot. Being a lemonade addict, he made it through with no trouble.

None of the new cavers realized that they were now back in the Broken room, and when they found out, they were glad they didn't have to return the way they came.

We all got out of the cave at about 11:30 pm, of course it was raining, and returned to Troy at about 1;30.

YNSFLNCW

(JWDHTHI--ed)

Lake George Lost And Found

- FOUND: 1 metal match box
- 1 wooden pipe
- 1 metal flashlight with red lens
- 1 green plastic poncho
- 1 Red and White flag with the numbers "1867-1967"
found floating in the lake

If you are missing any equipment or have found any at Lake George please notify the ROC.

A Great Smokey Mountain, an' Stuff

What with my best friend coming up for a few weekends seeking adventure and the summer being my last time at the 'tute, I made a effort to get in a few outings. We climbed Marcy only to find the universal view from the top, paid a last visit to the ??????? rock cliffs, and revisited Knox, Ward's and Gregory's. For you gung ho spelunkers, the water level was down about a foot and we could stay in the stream all the way to the end of Ward's and were able to reach the sump in Gregory's directly from the falls rather than having to go via the rimstone pools.

Early in September, I put my faith in my "Big Black Pig" and headed down to Texas A&M. I made a slight detour to take in the 106 mile Skyline Drive through Shenandoah National Park, but was not overwhelmed. Then I noticed I'd be passing fairly close to the Great Smokey Mountain National Park, so I decided to take rt. 441 through the park, perhaps driving to the top of Clingman's Dome. The road to the Dome turned out to be closed for repairs, but later I stopped along the road and read a trail sign-"Arch Stone-1mi., Alum Cave Bluffs-2 mi., Mt. LeConte-5 mi." Even from the road the scenery warranted the 1 mile hike to Arch Stone, and if the hike was particularly great, I'd go on to the Bluffs. It was breathtaking and I went on to Alum Cave without any hesitation. It wasn't really a cave, but a huge overhang 200-300 feet high. I had to go up to the next ridge to see another part of the mountain range, and saw LeConte off in the distance. I was helplessly in the grip of these mountains and had to continue along the trail. I was within a few hundred feet from the top when I came upon a monster of a bear near a trail junction. We stared at each other for about 10 minutes until he had meandered far enough away to give me courage to go on. The view from the summit, 6593 ft. high, was tremendous. Not foreseeing this long a hike, I had only brought a poncho with me and was glad to run into LeConte Lodge near the summit, for lunch. Everything is brought up by horseback; there's no electricity-a great place to really get away from it all. On the way back down the mountain, I heard crash, crash, above me. My furry friend then took to the trail and followed me for about a quarter of a mile, myself pausing occasionally to let him catch up a little. He helped make LeConte one of the most exciting trips for me, and I had few regrets about having to spend an extra day on the road.

I'm a first year grad down here in the Statistics Dept.(hiss) at Texas A&M and the next time any of y'all are around the swingin' metropolis of College Station, drop by- presently Dorm 21-rm.102. If any of you gung-ho outing clubbers plan climbing some Mexican mountains, exploring some Mexican caves, or any hair trips near my area, please drop me a line. Box 862 College Station, Texas.

Here's hopin' for the most active year for the R.O.C.

Eric Durland (ROC Texas branch)

Bermuda has no tides.....really.

SEE MORE WHAT ?

Following last years freshman weekend bushwack trip, a group of ROCers, 9 in all, set out Saturday morning, Sept. 24, to climb Seymour in the Adirondaek Mountains.

Leaving Troy at 6: am, with a brief stop in Lake Placid for breakfast, we started on the trail at 10 am.

Although it had been a beautiful star lit morning when we left Troy, it was now clouded over, and becoming slightly moist out.

We hiked into Ward Brook Leanto, reaching it without any trouble about 11:40. At this point, we noticed that the moisture was getting harder(it was raining). From Ward Brook, we started the bushwack up the slide, to the ridge. The climb wasn't bad, but we were all cold and wet. We reached the summit about 1:35. After enjoying the superb universal view, and making marks in the register(for being cold and wet this was all we could do), we started back down about 1:36.

We got back to the leanto at about 2:45, where we attempted to dry out a little. From here Stetson took the lead, and we made the 5½ miles to the cars in an hour and 15 minutes.

On the way back, we stopped for supper in Reich's, and got back to Troy around 10 pm.

SteveAK *Don't miss the article
on page 8*

SHAWANGUNK ROCK CLIMBING TRIP (Sept 31, 1967)

Why, you ask, do people go rock climbing? I could say, "Because it's there," but I think I'll describe an ROC rock climbing trip and let you figure it out.

This particular trip included Greg Paris, John Hess, Jay Mendelsohn, Bill Bilobran, Bob Saunders, Ed Vervort, and myself, and left the 15th Street Lounge at 7:50(surprise--10 minutes early!) on Saturday morning. When we arrived at the cliffs in the Shawangunk Mountains near New Paltz, New York, we hunted up some faces short enough to allow a belayer to talk to the climber and set up some top rope belays. This was intended to be primarily a session in basic rope handling and climbing calls, but the rock proved quite interesting, too. In fact, yours truly needed tension to get up it, as did almost everyone else.

That kept us busy until lunch time. After lunch we became ambitious and decided to top rope one of the regular climbs, namely, Easy Overhang. Very quickly we discovered the major difficulty in this: finding the top of the climb. Bob knew the bottom, but nobody ever pays attention to the location of the tops of climbs because they are usually done from the bottom. We planned to have part of the group walk along the road at the bottom of the cliffs, while Ed Vervoort and I hiked along the top. The lower group would yell when they found the right spot and then we at the top would let down the ropes. This would have been fine, except that Ed and I were trying so hard to keep up with the people walking on the nice smooth road that we got too far ahead of them to hear them announce their arrival at the bottom of Easy O. Many yards beyond Easy O we began to feel something was wrong. Finally we hiked around to the bottom and started over again. When we thought we were directly above Jay's frantic whistle tooting I chucked a stick over the edge. Yup, right spot. Soon the ropes were placed and I downclimbed with the ends to the bottom. I recommend downclimbing as a good way to spice an unchallenging climb, if that is ever necessary.

5

For the rest of the afternoon Ed Vervoort and I played fishers of men with our ropes from our positions "up top". Belaying in the Gunks, with the whole Hudson River Valley spread out far beneath, is almost as much fun as climbing, but in a more relaxed sort of way. That the climbers were not having such a restful time of it became apparent when John Hess came up over the top of the edge: "Wow, was that ever great! Man, I was scared out of my ever lovin' mind!!"

Well, there were a few other incidents--some rain, a meandering trip over the countryside to find Joe Donahue, who sells Gardiner Ferry's climbing gear, and meeting people. It was a full day and much better than studying. Maybe that's why people go rock climbing.

Dick Andrews

DOWN THE SLIDE

OR

Every Tom³, Dick & Harry is Called John

The Frosh trip to climb the highest mountain(?) in the dissected plateau known as the Catskills left on 24 Sept. 1967, at 8:05 am only 5 minutes behind schedule. In attendance were: Tom Hardy, Tom Nace, Tom McCrory, Dave Neemeico, Jeff and Pat Duncan, Ellen Kavkewitz and Jim Drake.

Jeff lead in his Jeep, in an effort to reach Route 9W in Albany. After losing it and finding it ten minutes later, we came to a sign that said "Route 9W South", pointing North! Following it, it did go South. We stopped for breakfast, where Ellen insisted on having milk, not cream, in her coffee.

We started up the trail(?) to Slide at about 11:00, naturally, it started to rain. It wasn't long before we realized that we had a woodland zip-whiz, wide enough for a good sized tank to bomb through. The trip fell into two groups, the last of which arrived at the summit at about 2:00. The top of the top was flat, so flat that we thought we missed the summit. Jeff built a fire, since Ellen was cold. We held her over the fire, over her violent protests.

We got back to the car at about 4, stopped along the road in Big Indian to get some apples, and headed for home.

The single most interesting event on the return trip was the 100,000th mile on Jim's car.

We all got back to Troy at about 7:00 in one piece, even Ellen.

YFLNFROCIIT

(not him again-ed.)

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(don't worry the list is continued someplace)

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Ed Vervoort	5 Prospect Ave.	274-6077

(there's still more)

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Nick Zapantis	New York City	
Michael Zatkis	Bray-101	272-9615

Any additions or corrections will be listed in the next Cairn

Maine has 868 major peaks over 480 feet high.

SEYMOUR IN THE RAIN
or
The Slide Is Flowing

I decided that this year we needed a nice easy freshman trip to the Swards, so I announced a one day trip to climb Seymour.

At 5:30 Saturday morning, Steve Russell, Steve Morse, Steve Karon, John Hess, Hess's Friend, two other freshmen and myself, were waiting in front of the 15th Street Lounge, but where was our illustrious President? Where else, but home asleep in bed. So after waking him up we left at 6: am, stopping in Lake Placid for breakfast, where we were entertained while waiting to be served by trying to figure out answers to all sorts of ridiculous questions which were on the placemats.

Soon after leaving Lake Placid it began raining lightly. We left the cars about 10:00 and arrived at Ward Brook Lean-to an hour and forty minutes later, only slightly damp, the trail being well endowed with tree cover. After a few minutes we decided which was the correct brook to follow and within a few minutes, the people up front were completely soaked from the bushes. After following the stream for a while, we came to the slide, down which the stream was cascading. After climbing, slipping, sliding and wondering how we were ever going to get down again, we reached the top and went back into the woods following a herd path all over the place which eventually lead us to the summit (4120 ft. 34th highest peak in the Adirondacks). With much difficulty due to very stiff cold hands we signed the register and took one last look at the beautiful white clouds in which we were standing, and headed down. This time going next to the slide. We stopped at the lean-to for lunch and to put on some dry clothes. Then started back making the five and a half miles back to the car in an hour and a quarter(would you believe 4.4 mph-Ed.)

Ed Vervoort (YFNEC) (not him too)
(-Ed.)

The Southern Leopard Frog-Rana pipiens sphenoccephala- attains a maximum length of five inches.

Physics of Mountaineering:

A 4000 ft. fall requires 30 seconds.

A MINOR EXPEDITION TO

"Tabletop. Also designated 'Flat Top' by Colvin on an unpublished reconnaissance map. Cross Marcy Brook at Indian Falls on Van..." So says the Adirondack Mountain Club's Guide To Adirondack Trails, and we did. Many other maneuvers finally brought us to the summit of Tabletop, or Flat Top as Colvin, and Ken Barckley of the ROC, insisted on calling it. "Us", in addition to Ken, consisted of Paul Taluba, Stephen Curtis, and myself, originally. At Marcy Dam we met Evan Bergan, also of the ROC, and Nancy Clauson of Albany State OC. They accompanied us for the rest of the trip, and admired the universal view from the summit with us.

The trip started at the 15th Street Lounge at 5:30 am and left Troy around 6:00 on Saturday, September 23. As usual we arrived at the Adirondacks about 3 hours later, and found the weather threatening rain. Some actually fell later, but not enough to dampen us much. Untypical of the Adirondacks, say I. (For those not aware of the peculiarities of Adirondack weather, $P(r)_{ADK} = 3P(r)_{Alb}$, where $P(r)_{ADK}$ = Probability of rain in the Adirondacks, and $P(r)_{Alb}$ = Probability of rain in Albany, forecasted by the Albany Weather Bureau. $P(r)_{Alb} = 50\%$ on the day of the trip.)

From Indian Falls we had a good herdpath to the summit, so that Tabletop does not actually qualify as a trailless peak in my book. Of course we could have taken a trailless route to spice it up, but with the rain in the offing we didn't. We were back at the cars early in the afternoon and back in Troy in time for supper(?) at Carrols. It was a good trip even if the view wasn't.

Dick Andrews

SONGFEST

HE AIN'T GONNA CLIMB NO MORE
(stolen from the April, 1950 MITOC Newsletter)

"Are you ready?" said the belayer, as he took a comfy seat.
The climber weakly answered as we dragged him to his feet.
The rock was wet and slippery; the climb was long and steep;
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

He reached the final overhang before he fell, I'm told.
The rope was weak and rotten; it was ten or twelve years old.
It was frayed and it was tattered; it would never, never hold;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

His face turned green; his face turned gray; he felt the sudden drop
He scraped his fingers to the bone; in vain he clutched the rock.
I think he bounced just once or twice before the final shock;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.

There was blood upon the quarry; there were brains upon the slope,
And intestines were entwined amongst the pitons and the rope.
He was squashed into his sneakers like he was a telescope;
Well, he ain't gonna climb no more.