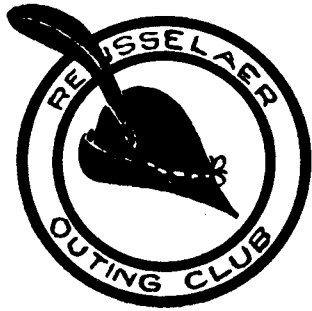


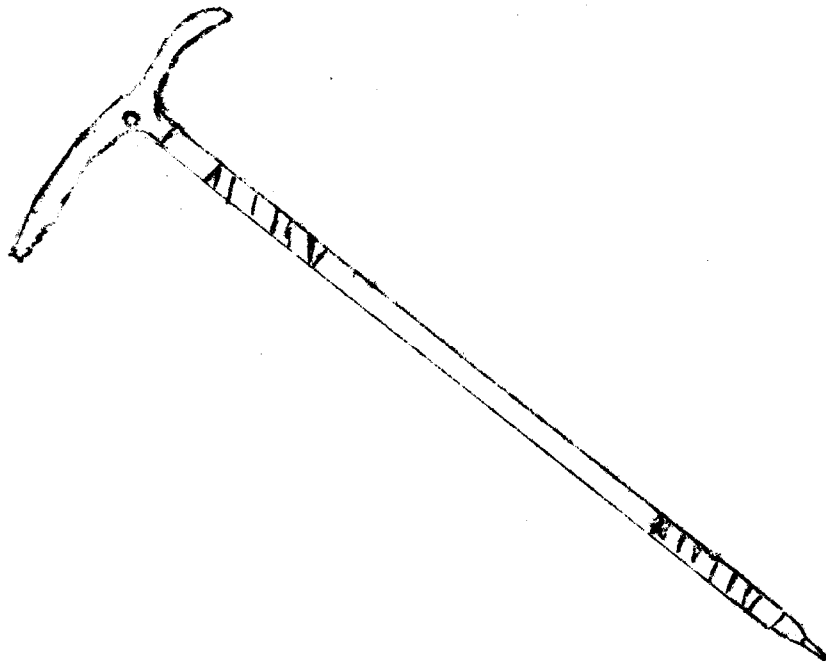
SEPTEMBER, 1970



THE ROC CAIRN



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



How we Got Our 40 in the Whites

Toads That ...

Out of Whitehouse,
Up to Liberty,
We got there,
Gassed,
But we got there.
The sun was late setting.

Second day came,
Over the Francs,
We climbed there,
Exhausted,
But we climbed there.
Someone threw a firebomb at Galehead.

Tired day for all,
The remi at last,
We were infected
Exhilarated
But we were infected.
We laughed at the Guyot juneral dinge.

Escape to Crawford,
To meet Konins pineapple,
We ran for the money,
10 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles,
But we ran for the money,
The terrible night passed.

Day over day dawned
Part to Appalachia
Our morale was down
Lost
But our morale was down.
We got away from the bugs.

The presi's loomed,
The rock piles gigantic,
We climbed to Crag,
Rebuilding
But we climbed to Crag!
Yes, there is a Lothlorien.

Clear, cold weather,
Below was Cair Faravel
We did not know,
Abeyun,
But we did not know.
Nowfields descended the Tuckerman Ravine.

The fellowship is remembered,
 How can we forget,
 It's over now
 Trek
 but it isn't over
 It is the way of the mountains.

Carlos Barraza

IOCA Conference

IOCA Conference was held April 25-26 near Staunton, Va.

We, Carlos, Gregg, JoAnn, and I, left the Lounge about 5:30 Friday afternoon. After a fairly uneventful trip we arrived around 4:30; that's when the sky starts getting light. I must compliment IOCA since the remote campsite was easy to find despite our tired condition and the darkness. It was a nice night (thank goodness) so we slept under the stars.

When we woke up, we noticed a large creature in a red shirt observing us. Had Gregg gotten up early? No, it was too large. Yes, Uncle Jimmy. Long after formal greeting, including such things as Indian wrestling, breakfast was served. It was quite mediocre...if you use Freshman Dining Hall standards.

Then the meeting started, about 1½ hours behind schedule. The first and foremost topic of discussion was the low attendance. There were about 40 people present as opposed to the average 200. Reasons discussed include: The location is too far south, but it has been held farther south with no significant effect on the attendance; Communications were bad, perhaps so; IOCA is in trouble, probably. It was also brought out that IOCA trips were not well attended. Why is IOCA in trouble, it seems that individual clubs aren't in that much trouble? A couple points were brought out. There is a certain polarization among members; the technical members and the social or inexperienced ones. The technical people enjoy a challenge and are therefore reluctant to lead the inexperienced people. I think this is especially evident in intercollegiate trips, which may be the only opportunity for some people or clubs to be introduced to some activities. Another point was the independence of some clubs and the dependence of other clubs. This makes it hard to find a club willing and able to run an IOCA trip. The last point I can remember is that the market is flooded with intercollegiate trips therefore the IOCA trips are not unique in any sense.

Nominations for IOCA officers and IOCA trip sponsoring clubs and sites was the next order of business. The general attitude was again that of apathy; no one wanted an office and no one wanted to sponsor a trip.

After that, Gregg said that Lak, George would die if we could not get help, coolie labor. No one seemed too shaken. We did get some individuals, but I heard talk of any club possibly giving us help.

Next we heard a geophysicist talk about the environmental problem. It seemed hypocritical since his vehicle probably caused more pollution than any other vehicle there.

Finally, we broke for lunch. You can't very well mess up sandwiches. In the afternoon there were trips out. Dinner was indistinguishable (I'm giving you a break).

Of course, Saturday night we had a square dance and various informal

ceremonies such as trophy and flag swipes.

Sunday morning was miserable, quite bad. A fork was stuck in one of the pan. The appropriate sign R.P. The elections which followed were

After this we got out while the good and arrived here around midnight.

Charlie Huss

So You want To Go Winter Mountaineering?

or

How I Decided To Become a Winter Mountaineer, and Almost Died in the Process

"Winter nountaineering/ You mean people climb mountains in the WINTER?"

"Sure they do. It's a lot of fun."

"I'm not so sure I want to come anymore."

Well, I went, and for those of you who are unfortunate enough not to be familiar with the joys of sinter mountaineering, I will here by recount my first experience with the nountains in winter.

It was the first weekend in Dec. 1969, and I signed up for a trip to do Marcy (highest peak in New York State) and Tabletop. After the club meeting on the Tuesday before, I went over to the fit with Shelley Witkop (Known to all and sundry as Super Shelley) to get equipment. I got a pack, an ice axe, a pair of snow treads, and a sleeping bag. OK, I knew what a pack was. You carry that on your back. And you sleep in a sleeping bag. An ice axe? Looks like it might make a decent walking stick, but does it do anything else? And snow treads. They're so you don't sink in the snow. Oh. OK (I think).

Anyway, I was now fully equipped, and ready to go out and conquer the world. What I didn't know was that I wasn't ready for mountains yet. Anyway, Saturday morning at 5 o'clock arrived (all too soon). I had to get up then because the expedition was supposed to leave at 6. Right then I knew somethin was wrong. Nobody in his right mind gets out of a warm bed at 5 o'clock in the morning to go hiking up some crazy, cold mountain.

Everybody met at the usual place in front of the 15th Street Lounge and piled into cars for the trip up to the Adirondacks. Gratefully I got a couple more hours of sleep. We had quite a time finding a place to stop for breakfast. It seems nobody wanted to go to Rotter's (I wonder why), and they couldn't find anyplace else that was open. We finally found a place that was open, and everybody had breakfast except yours truly (the idiot).

We made it up to the Adirondacks and parked at the Loj. The plan called for us to take the trail into Marcy Dam, then go up to Indian Falls. Then we were supposed to do Tabletop, stay at Indian Falls that night and do Marcy the next day.

We start. 30 feet from the beginning of the trail my snow treads fall off (somehow I don't think they're supposed to.) I didn't feel too bad, though, because Super Shelley was having the same problem. Stop and fix them. The entire 2.67 miles into Marcy Dam was spent putting snow treads back on. Anyway, I valiantly kept struggling on. But, I made the mistake of walking behind Super Shelley. My God, how can she run, when she's carrying a 30 pound pack, and her snow treads keep falling off?

What is she? She can't be human. (By the end of the trip I was convinced she wasn't.)

Well, I made it to Marcy Dam (barren). It seems that Steve Russell had come up with a scheme to use the blasted snow treads on. OK, I'll try anything. It didn't work. A mile beyond Marcy Dam my snow treads came off again, and I decided that I wasn't going to put them back on.

By now I was very tired and hungry (although I was too dumb to realize it). I rapidly fell to the end of the line. There I met Peter Catrell (poor guy), who had been unofficially designated to pick up the stragglers (me). Super Shelley, Steve Russell, and everybody else had meanwhile run up the trail. (So hell, me, they can't be human.)

I have no idea of how I made it up to Indian Falls. It was a matter of only a couple of miles, but I felt like I was going to die. Poor Peter Catrell followed me most of the way, and then he decided that I wasn't going to make it if I had to carry my pack, so he carried my pack on his (a total of 60 lbs.) up to Indian Falls. (You can have no conception of how embarrassing it is to have someone else carry your pack for you because you're too weak to.)

Well, I lived. (I guess that's obvious since I'm writing this article). When I got to Indian Falls, I found out that nobody had done Tabletop. They had gotten part way up, then decided that it was too late in the day to make the summit and be back before dark. We had supper. (Steve Russell made sure I had supper. He thought I was the biggest fool alive, and I would have agreed with him).

I slept in the lean-to next to Shelley, and we had a very interesting and instructive conversation on enthalpy, much to the disgust of Alan McEuen, who thought we were insane to mention anything to do with the Tute.

The next day, Super Shelley did Mt. Marcy. I went down with those who wouldn't or couldn't (like me) do the climb. We waited at the Loj for the Marcy party. They showed up slightly after dark. We packed up and left.

The trip was, well, different from anything I ever did before. However much I blew it, I guess I liked the difference.

The Angle (Lightening L)

... "Come into my parlor said the Karakorun."

I feel that it is my sacred duty to take the unsuspecting and naive freshmen aside (figuratively) and warn them about that homicidal scourge of overnight trips-the ROC sleeping bag! Do I sense disbelief? How can that little red stuff bag possibly contain a monster to rival the ROC's #2 (not so private joke)? Ah yes-that is the beauty of it-those Karakoruns are deceptive. They come out of their red shells and instantly swe;; u\$ tp ;ppl ;ole a cill;u green cpcppm/ Go ahead-crawl into that soft, warm bag but be prepared to battle for your life especially if you should try them when they are at their orneryest-in the warm months.

Your first problem will be temperature. If you actually get into the bag, it instantly becomes a blast furnace. Laying on top is useless as it turns to an ice cube beneath you. Trying to lay under it will never work as they develop snake tendencies and slither away.

Should you be able to remain inside the lemonic creature, you now

5

have to contend with that ultimate tare-it-the drawstring cord. (I am told that in cold weather such as 10 below this is a blessing but have yet to experience same). This cord is of its own-one which would do credit to the Boston Strangler. It starts to rolling over in your sleep only to wake up with that string wrapped twice around the left arm, once around your neck (tightly) and still have enough left over to ensnare your tentmate. To add to the fun, there is a small metal clasp which hides its size in a deep freeze only to leap to a bare portion of anatomy after the string has choked its victim into a comatose state passing for sleep.

Add to these crimes the basic truth that it is impossible to defend ones self during a ticklefight while in one of these monstrosity's and perhaps you will feel that the challenge is too great?? But then, I suppose none of you believe me. After all, who listens to their...

OMA

Please Don't Peel Standing Trees---They Might Be Saunk Cabbage
or

"I say old chap, is there a bosky dell nearabouts?"

Dear Ratima:

The moving (trembling, actually) finger writes again but it's not Ohmar Khayan's for it wasn't he who trudged thru the Adirondacks during Finals Week. Had he come along he would have been in no shape to compose pristine odes to field and stream.

Our saga began on Wednesday, June 3rd when Tom McCrory and I set out to brave the Adirondack trails in mid-spring. Our objective for that day, the first of five, was to do Colvin and Blake. The day started on a questionable foot when it took us (Troy to Spoon)/60 mph to figure out the gas mileage on my two-day old orange crate...indeed a bad omen. Having dined at the usual place we departed and arrived at the Ausable Club without much more ado. We parked, donned our gear (five days worth of food, sleeping bag, tent and ice axe) while taking data on the voracity of the local mosquito homo satums (for the interests of science). We started in on the road and were offered a ride by a passing tourist on his way to the lake, who, learning of our destination, changed his mind and drove off because the trail led for C&B was "just ahead" (just ahead 2 miles actual distance). We took a left at the first trail junction and headed up the trail and went on...and kept going...puffed on..."Hot today McCrory, must be about 90 degrees"...and sweated on...lunched...and dragged on...a short drizzle gave some relief to the unrelenting heat. Proceeding on (...an ATIS trail). Tom's name was soon appended with an honorary title... Tom Old-Foot-in-the-Bog-in-the-Trail McCrory, for he spepped in all the mud puddles if not in each and every one of them...so tired had we become. I was dragging my___ because the tent was resting on it. For some reason UP always seemed ahead of us, but to our surprize, we reached the summit of, to our surprize, DIAL!!! Not wanting to waste the rest of the day we decided to go on to Nippletop and cursing the ATIS up one side and down the other we went on our way making up a song about the ATIS (to the tune of the MIA song) as we went. Soon we summited on the aforementioned peak, rested up and then descende but we weren't able to find the trail to Elk Pass! Thoroughly ticked off by then we decided to bushwhack off the ridge in the direction of the pass. The bushwhack terminated about one and one half hours later at

the intersection of the unnamed but heavily named brook we were following and Gill Brook. We stopped on the bank bed and having done everything else wrong we tried to do something right but our luck prevailed and looking off into the woods we saw, to and behold... TRAILMARKERS... By that time we had just found it with all its trails and since it was still light we hiked out and drove to the picnic site across the street from the A.V. "airport". We spent the rest of that evening preparing steak with all the trimmings and presented ourselves with the Horses-Ass* Mountain Award (for packing in an infinite amount of unnecessary gear). We then bedded down in the trunk of the Vw. During the course of the night Tom became disenchanted with the company (bugs not me) and vacated the premises to sleep out with the local fauna (the most abundant being the Flye Blakus Carnivorum).

Thursday dawned very early in the morning of the next day (another observation in the interest of science). We arose to the strains of the Good Morning song. We dined on the left over steak (thanks Val) and the eggs (the latter having the taste and consistency of Icky Yuk) and took off to do the Lower range that day. This day's trip was rather of the ordinary variety. We had both recovered well from the events of the day before and the eggs had not yet started to affect the digestive system. Tom was carrying the tent today so I kept in back of him to keep from running away. But we both had to run or be eaten by the flies (there were too many varieties to identify and the scrutinization of their mutilated corpses on our legs gave no clue to their identity). Thus we arrived at the ranger station. Musing that the ranger had been eaten by the flies we ran up to the Upper-Lower col to avoid the same fate. We then crawled up Lower Wolfjaw (you know the trail) after leaving our packs. Then returned and went up over Upper, Armstrong and Gothics. We met only two characters who (as we undersold) wanted to go down to the Ausable Lakes by going over Haystack... before night fell... (it was about three pm). They asked us if we had a guide book... but they did not want to use it they only wanted to know if we found it handy to carry along. We kind of wondered and then went on our way. Once on Gothics we decided that it was suicide to descend into the Gothics-Sadileback col and fall victims to the flies, so we were going to spend the night on Gothics. Since it was too early for dinner we went on to Pyramid, one of the secondary summits of Gothics and sunned ourselves for an hour while we waited for some snow to melt for dinner water. After dinner we waited around to get some sunset pictures, but since a watched sun doesn't set we finally gave up waiting and hit the hay. We put the tent up and because of the strong gusts of wind one of us had to be in the tent at all times to keep it from being blown away. As the sun was still high in the sky at 10 pm I finally gave up and spent the rest of the night alternately sleeping and wondering which side of the peak we would be blown off of.

I'm not sure as to whether Friday dawned or Thursday never set for when we were awakened by the howling summit winds the sun was already high in the sky. We quickly collected our gear and descended into the next col, invariably awakening flies, mosquitoes and all their kith and kin, leaving us no choice but to invite them for breakfast. That half mile before breakfast took everything that we ever had out of us, not physically but mentally. For the rest of the day we could not think straight nor feel pain. Nothing made any sort of sense nor was any grade too steep, so we just kept going on. We didn't stop until we hit Four Corners Leanto on the west side of Marcy. There we met what must have been some kind of blutz. He asked us about the way to Santoni then told us of his bout with dyspepsia brought on by his breakfast and promised to keep us company in the next leanto (Lake Tear) if no one else was in there with

us. At that point Tom, who had been silently standing off at a distance started some sort of incantations which I found out were a sort of rain dance which would cause the appearance of rain at the next leanto. McCrory's method worked and besides the shorter mile of trail in the all-pondacks we found two tourists on the trail at Lake Tear leanto. They were in the process of starting a fire in the fireplace when we arrived. Hearing out our intentions they promised us that the next leanto down (Feldspar at 1.5ai) was empty. but we saw no reason to go any further and we did not know the strength of the above meditations so we stayed. From the other two we found out that they were in the process of doing Marcy. They had left from the Loj, spent a night at Colden and the next day getting to L.R. they were loaded down with wilsons dried food, cans of sterno, a stove and a coffee can and, of all things, a folding chair! We prepared our repast almost instantaneously by dumping everything into one pot and boiling the hell out of it (same as the recipe for making Holy water). We drank our Jell-O and started eating the glop. In an effort to get out of the omnipresent smoke I walked off towards Tom who was perched on a rock near the creek. But alas! An unexpected spaz-out landed me and the glop in the creek. While Tom tried to stop laughing I rescued the glop from the trecherous currents of the river and served the remains to McCrory...glop, water, dirt, everything. The touri were still trying to get their water to boil we aided them somewhat by whetting their appetites for their meager rations by preparing a pudding and devouring same with uninhibited voracity. After that we decided to look for the herd path for Grey, our peak for the next day. We found it...and twenty minutes later the summit register. Leafing thru it we found the entry Tom Wace made on 11/11/58. Then Tom recalled the story of how Wace had made this same trip in the winter by climbing trees and jumping off of them. During the descent we returned the touri had progressed to the second course of their dry meal...cleaning up. we sat up our tent in back of the leanto and just as we climbed in it started to pour. The night was very comfortable tho'. We both slept very soundly and some how managed to turn over, etc., without touching the sides of the tent. Consequently only the foot of the sleeping bags was wet the next morning. Since it promised to be a fine day, 45 degrees F and the sun was out (somewhere) we generated a clothesline to air out the bags. Breakfast consisted of pancakes of which Tom ate only a few and I stonached the rest. To settle the meal we ran up Skylight taking with us the required rocks to pacify the rain gods and deposited them on the summit cairns-one rock on each. There we decided that since we already had the peaks we had planned for that day we could take it easy. Thus we came back to the leanto for a casual lunch, packed our gear, wished our 'friend' from Four Corners a Bon Voyage as he set up on his way to Grey, Redfield and Allen, and at noon we took off to go over Marcy (the second time this trip) to Hogoack leanto. We summited on Marcy a short time later. Tom went off to take pictures and I to mind the pancakes. Just as I returned Tom greeted me with a "...just in time, let's get out of here..." The reason for his haste soon materialized as an endless line of girl scouts or something storming the peak. Fearing that they wanted to sell us cookies we fled passing a bevy of Druids at the swamp who were on their way to the summit for sun worship.

The Phelps trail over Marcy into the Johns Brook valley was a disappointment. It is very badly eroded everywhere and promises to turn into a swamp for its full length. It is really discouraging to see what even nature loving hikers can do to a trail by using it extensively. We saw a great number of people hauling toward Marcy from both the Loj and the Garden. All the leanto's along the trail were filled. We finally

stopped at Johns Brook leanto where we found someone whom we had met on Marcy on Friday. He was a very interesting individual even though he read Camus until it got too dark to see. Tom had arranged that night on an excellent Chinese dinner of chicken and rice (and highly recommended for a change of taste). After being "re-energized" we decided to top off the day by doing short jobs and thus leaving nothing in the Johns Brook valley undone. We checked our maps and headed into the woods. We found the Wolfjaws trail but no trail to S.J. Went back and tried another trail but only ended at an outhouse and a cna dump. We tried the last trail but having searched it for a length of two miles we gave up and headed back. At the junction Tom fiddled around in the woods and in the knee-deep woods found a wooden arrow with the inscription short Job .3. Tom happened to be pointing the arrow into the right direction so cursing the ADK this time, we got to the summit(s) of S.J. walking around, we took in all the views and snook up on a hare which for some reason did not fear neither us nor the noise we made (maybe we did smell like denizens of the wood but I swear Tom did not sound like a parrot when he made noises) so we walked back 'home' and hit the beards about at half past nine.

The rushing of Johns Brook drowned out the crack of dawn of Sunday so we awoke later than usual that morning (via a very complicated procedure). Not wanting to wake the third Jolly Reindeer we prepared we prepared breakfast quietly, packed up and left for Yard, Big Slide and the Brothers, expecting to take about six hours to come out (recalling the timing of a certain ill-fated trip over the same planned route earlier that year). But before we knew it we were on Yard, and then on Slide. We stopped to lunch on stale English muffins, strawberry jelly and tea. We got our final farewell from the high peak region in the form of a beautiful day, indescribable views and an aroma from the balsam fir that can only be experienced first-hand. The final descent into the valley was a rather steep and our knees almost turned to rubber before we were all the way down. Finally after much agony we arrived at the parking lot, washed a week's grunge off (even the flies would not touch us any more), buried some trail clothes with great pomp and ceremony and headed back to the bustling metropolis of Troy, knowing well that neither one of us would stay there too much longer.

Hegira A. Lethe

P.S. For the interests of science which we gave up for our own interests (i.e. survival) the final score was:

US: 63,759 ± 375

THEM: 2

The scientific investigations were sponsored by the Birch John Society, for the Preservation of our Outhouses.

The Saga of Super Shelley

She came out of the hills of Buffalo, N.Y. to traverse the highways and byways of RPI. And the Tute will never be the same-for now it has become the home of SUPER SHELLEY!

The legend that surrounds her began quietly, as most legends do. She arrived at RPI in Sept. 1969, one of the 1100 freshmen of the Class of 1973. She joined the Rensselaer Outing Club and thus begins the story of her amazing feats.

I must tell her story, so that the record of her feats shall be reserved for all posterity.

The early part of the Legend (Sept-Nov 1968) is unfamiliar to me, for I did not become acquainted with this woman until Dec. of 1969. (If you crave more information, you can get it from some of the older members of the ROC. Consult the members. They have to be good for something.)

I met her on the occasion of her victory on Mt. Marcy (the highest peak in New York state), loaded with a heavy pack, plagued by snow treads that kept falling off, she never the less ran up the snow-covered trail to Indian Falls, preceded only by the Superman of the Outing Club, the now graduated Steve Russell. This was my first ROC trip, but needless to say, I was overpowered by the ease and dexterity with which she conquered the vertical distance to Indian Falls. Much to my dismay, I was unable to watch her victorious ascent of Marcy, my ability being far inferior to hers, but I listened breathlessly to the tale her companions recounted. They told of how her snow treads fell off thirty feet from the Indian Falls Leanto, but how she continued, snow treadless, constantly falling into mantraps, to be the first to the top.

An achievement such as this can be excelled only with much difficulty. But here is where the greatness of Super Shelley lies - in her ability to conquer the impossible. For on the very next weekend she conquered Algonquin (second highest peak in NY state).

Christmas vacation provided only a temporary interruption to her incredible deeds, At the beginning of January she proved herself also an expert at cross-country skiing. Her first time out, she showed herself the equal of Tom Nace, who's been skiing since he was little. (If you've ever seen Tom Nace that's a long time.) On subsequent weekends she led us to Freer Park, graciously bestowing upon us poor unfortunates the benefits of her vast talents.

The new semester brought new horizons for Super Shelley to conquer. Already a superior winter mountaineer, she turned her attention to rock climbing. Rock climbing fell to her prowess as did everything else. Unfortunately, an injury to her knee put Super Shelley out of action for part of the spring semester. Alas, even super people can get hurt. Thus ended the first year of the Legend.

However, this is only the beginning. For a new school year has begun, and Super Shelley has returned to the hallowed halls(?) of RPI to resume her fantastic career.

Watch out for her. Not all are privileged to see a living Legend.

The Angel
(Lightening L)

The above was printed for two reasons:

1. The editor's egotism
2. The author's undeniable literary ability which could not be denied publication.

"Caves are delightfully healthy places- or so we had long believed. Unless, of course, the water was polluted or someone had dumped animal carcasses inside. Or you were bothered for weeks of days with dust pneumonia. Or a rock fell on you. Or you were drowned or got bitten by a wildcat or a mosquito or a black widow spider or a rattlesnake or a girl friend, or something else preventable. Despite hundreds of thousands-perhaps millions-of manhours underground, America's cavers considered themselves approximately the world's healthiest people."

William R. Halliday

Depths of the Earth

Didlifact #57AF-460:

Spring passes over Siberia at the rate of 30 miles per day
(TACC)