

MARCH, 1986

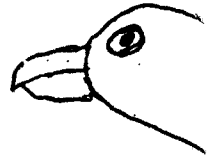
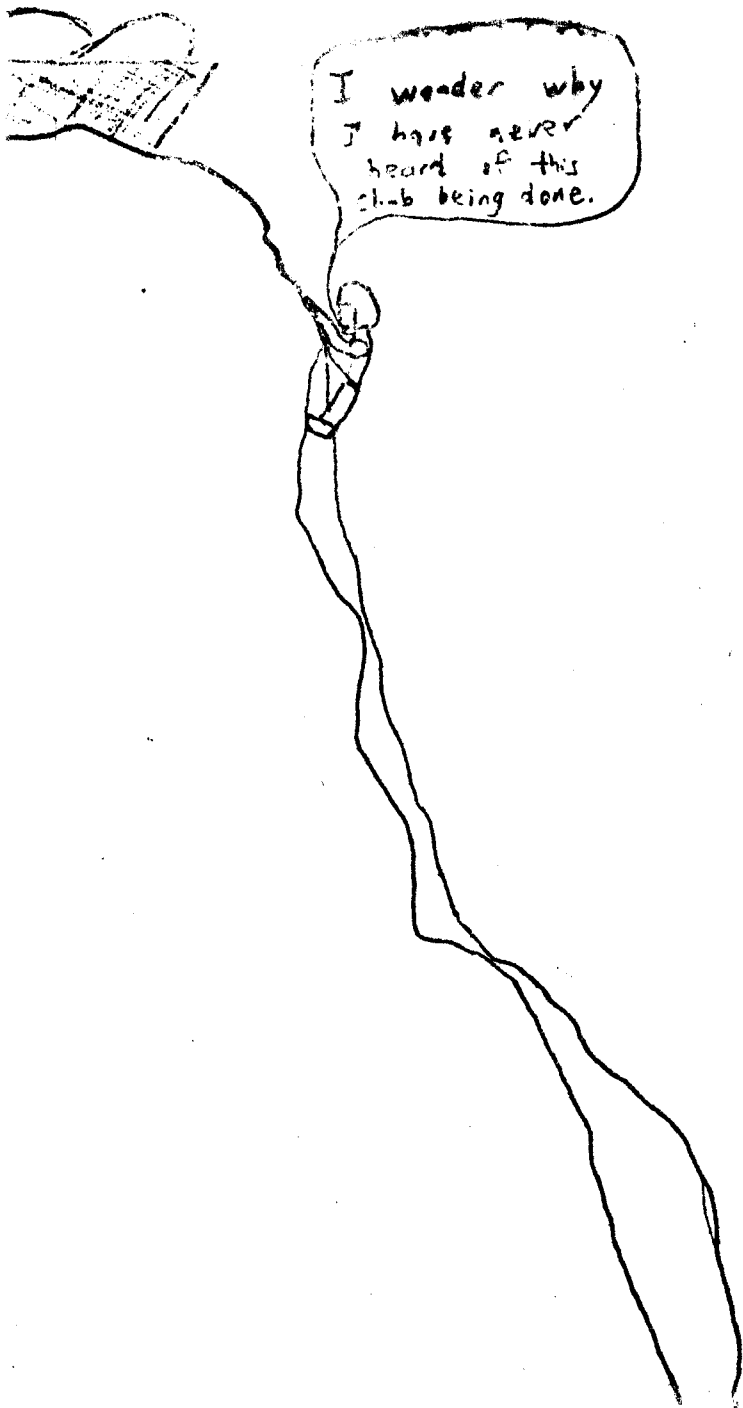


# THE ROC CAIRN



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



## A Week in the Woods

*or*

### *How to Ski in Style*

Grab your skis, waxes, boots, poles, loudest shirt and widest tie and join us on an adventure to where no man or woman in their right mind has would go: Cross Country Skiing. For those poor fools who don't know how to do this sport, don't worry others have overcome worse handicaps.

First the scorecard of players:

Ray "Guy" Tice

Guy "Ray" Moffat (Don't ask why we always got them confused)

Dorothy "Do-Ro-Thy" Schuster (We lost Toto along the way.)

Emily "Eject Button" Luterman (Read on.)

Dave "Scotty" Mackersie ("Dave?", No, not you the other Dave!" see)

Dave "Woodchuck" Reed (the problem, we decided to go by middle)

Greg "Dave" Moore (names, didn't work much better.)

Kathy "The Tickler" Wallace (Don't tell her, she doesn't know.)

These people, who thought masochism is not fun and hence did not torture themselves with Winter School. Instead they travelled to the far reaches of Vermont in search of snow.

The fun began on the way to Wheeler Camp Pond. Going over Prospect Mt. east of Bennington, Dave M's car decided to park itself tail end first into a snowbank on the opposite side of the road. After performing a reduced radius turn (Yes Virginia, a station wagon can turn in its own length, if on ice), Dave R. and Greg convinced the car to go in the right direction in the right lane. The rest of the trip was without incident though. Upon pulling off the highway we proceeded to the market to meet Guy and Emily and buy lots of food there and a sled at the hardware store. We then proceeded to the campsite. Of course when we got there we had an .8 mile hike uphill, up the road Guy had assured us would be plowed because people lived on it in the winter. Of course it wasn't plowed and nobody lived there in the winter. We had to make two trips up this hill in the dark.

After settling in and filling our stomachs we found that a particular Kathy of our who was not ticklish had a great affinity for tickling others. This is also when we discovered that another member of our party had an eject button on either side of her ribs which when pressed would send her flying 5' into the air. And we discovered that another Guy could quickly be reduced to a helpless puddle of quivering flesh when tickled.

Yet the trip was not all fun and games, we had to ski! The next day we got skiing by the crack of noon. We managed to stay on that early morning schedule the rest of the trip. We simply skied that day within a couple miles of the cabin.

The next morning the "woodchuck" was splitting the wood with which we managed to stay warm, when he walked in with a sheepish look on his face holding an axe handle in one hand and the head in the other. That day it was decided to split into two groups, one would go into town and the other would go skiing. The first group was made up of Kathy, who had pulled a muscle and was going home, Guy, Emily and myself. The rest went skiing. Kathy luckily caught the only bus that day going in here direction. We then checked out the local hot tubs to see if we could get one for the next night. After we picked up a new axe handle and went to Guy's friend Tim's house. Guy and Tim while putting the handle on managed to split it 5", saw the split part off, and then split it another 2", and they still didn't get the head on. We finally remembered our friends back at the cabin and went back with a borrowed axe. We got there after 8:00pm only to find them burning the logs that were too long, one end at a time. For dinner that night we had hot tamales, "individually wrapped for your protection." Dave M. had forgotten to remove the paper wrappers.

The next day was "Look good, Ski well" day. We wore our loudest shirts, widest ties, and anything else that looked totally weird. We skied to a great overlook of Lake Willoughby where we had lunch. We also had some company, a small dog that insisted on either walking in front of our skis or on top of them when we went uphill. After a very strenuous day of skiing we decided to relax our sore muscles and go hottubbing. We paid \$4.00 at the local health spa and then commandeered the hottubs for at least 40 minutes. At that point we were "politely" asked to leave. We did.

The next day was a fairly easy day of skiing in the morning. It was mostly downhill. We then went to Tim's house to have dinner. While there we decided to ski (read commit suicide) down a very steep, powdery hill by Tim's house by the light of the new moon. We all took our share of flying faceplants. I completely lost my right ski only twice, something that had never happened to me before. It was real fun finding a lost ski in the dark in 12" of powder.

After a leisurely dinner we went back to the cabin for our last night there. The next morning we were visited by the Pancake Monster. Emily and Guy did not want to climb out of the loft to get their own pancakes so we fed them in bed, the only problem was that we left the pancakes halfway down the ladder. Emily would hang over to grab it while Guy held her feet. After Guy finally got up he fixed the axe which I proceeded to break within half an hour. After a final snowball fight we skied or sledged down the hill to the cars. We left with great memories and high spirits.

One final point to remember: "Look good, Ski well", and can you say "Flying Faceplant?" because "That's an option" to skiing. Well I would write more but "I have to see a man about a dog."

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**Upcoming Events:**

Fri. April 4th. Start GM week of on the right foot and with a dosi-do.

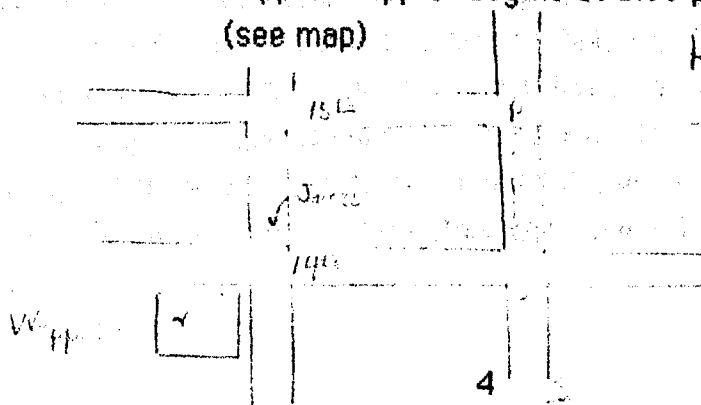
Bob Ahler and The Silver Strand Band will be calling this year's Squaredance.

Start's at 8:00pm in the '87 gym. \$3.00 admission.

Sat. April 5th. Continue dancing where you left off and Wopple till you

Topple. Woppler begins at 8:00 pm at Davis's house.

(see map)



Also the Woppler is very hungry and needs your contribution. Don't feel guilty if you don't, my Italian Godfather will understand as he breaks your kneecaps.

Sun. April 6th. And on that day ROC rested and it was called the Sabbath.

Mon. April 7th. Continuing in the tradition of being the only club that teaches you how to jump off buildings and then crawl your way back up, ROC will be rapping and prussacing on the side of the Union from 1-5pm. Be there, we need your help and support.

Thurs. April 10th. We may be called upon to help set up the Fieldhouse for GM week closing ceremonies. See Dave R. for details.

Sat. April 19th. Spring IOCA conference at New Paltz. Fun and games and trips at New Paltz. See Davis for details.

Sat. April 26th. ROC 50th Anniversary banquet. At Linus and Marylin Sherill's house starting at noon. Food includes Roast Beef, potatoes, ice cream, and more. Games and scuttlebut will follow. Also you will get to meet alot of the Alumns you have heard so much about. Great food and great times.

Contact Willie Smythe or Tom Regen for details.

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## *Quotable Quotes*

Caving is fun, in a sick sort of way. T.R.

I've laid a few contacts at other schools. D.C.

I've been spruced. H. W.

It's detachable. (A very old one from a Woppler long ago.) Anon.

Sorry Sir, I thought that was better than... D.K.

## Vertical Bushwacking

Tom Regan

Well there we were, at the base of Bolton Mountain. The plan was simple, cross-country ski to the top, the ski along the ridge-top over to the downhill ski area and ski down. Simple? Wrong!

The trip didn't start out too bad. We had a groomed trail and most of the slopes were easy. But this lasted only about a mile. Then it got tough. The first thing I noticed were the signs that read "Caution: Trail not patrolled." They didn't bother me. What got me was that we were bushwacking our own trail. Once I fell into the snow on the side of the trail. I jammed my pole into the snow for leverage and it sank up to the handle before it could support my weight. I had a little trouble with that one. It didn't get any better for me either. Not all escaped the ravages of this snow, Greg was sprucetrapped once, with skis on.

My biggest problem was that I had been on only one other cross-country ski trip in my life before, ever. I had once asked Ray what an "advanced" ski trip was. The words "bushwacking" and "vertical slopes" came up. It didn't take longer than 5 minutes for me to realize that I was in deep sh\_\_\_\_\_.

Needless to say, it was hell, but I enjoyed it. The weather was great and except for the strong wind, cold, and glare off the snow it was great. But the best part was when we got to the downhill trail. I now know why it is impossible to downhill ski on cross-country skis. Jenny showed us how to telemark when she saw all the trouble we were having. I ignored her and played it safe: I sat on my skis all the way down.

(ed. note this trip occurred when a bunch of people went to UVM for the Winter Carnival there.)

BEGINNING ICE CLIMBING WITH DAVE SUDLIK by Jim O'Donnell

So, I decided to try ice climbing. I mean, what the heck, its worth trying, anyway. (Right?) I asked Henry Welch if he was interested (he was) and then asked Dave if he'd like to take us. Dave said sure, and we were all set to go.

Well, Friday rolled along and I went to the Pit to check out the stuff I would need (you know, all that ice climbing stuff.) I found out there that Henry was bagging out on us, electing instead to go on Davis' "Dixes-in-a-Day" (i.e. suicide) trip. Dave was still willing to go, so the trip was still on. I collected all the stuff I needed; my ice booties, nasty crampon thingies, ice axe and hammer (it was an accomplishment in itself getting those home without impaling myself), and my old friend REI DP-4 (or DP-3 or DP-1 or whatever; a day pack is a day pack.) Dave spent about an hour and a half getting crampons on my boots, but I ended up using a pair of Footfangs that I got from Lee. (When I went over to get them at 10 Friday night, Davis was just getting up to go on his trip.)

I picked Dave up at 6 Saturday morning and we were on our way up to Roaring Brook Falls. One interesting bit of conversation we had, while Dave was still pretending to try to stay awake and keep me company, was when he asked:

"Have you done much lead-seconding in rock climbing?"

"Well, no. I've only been rock climbing once."

"Oh. This is going to be interesting, then."

Dave was in a coma for most of the rest of the trip up the Northway. He came to as we headed west on Route 9, and then on 73 he was fairly intent, looking for our turnoff. Of course, when he finally said, "That's it!", we were going 55 and the turn was immediately to our right. That's all right though, no one ever said that being navigator was an easy job.

We pulled into the parking area for Roaring Brook Falls, put on our boots and collected our stuff to head over to the base of the climb. After we were there and had put our equipment on, Dave gave me a quick lesson in use of crampons, ice axe, ice hammer, and how to second the climb. It was quick but thorough; I was afraid I'd get a Warren-type lesson -- "You know, you just kind of do it." (Only kidding, Warren.)

Dave set me up on belay and set off on the climb. He told me afterwards, if I recall correctly, that it was rated a 3+, so he didn't have much of a problem going up. About halfway up the first pitch something occurred to me; I saw that Dave had his pack on:

"Dave, should I bring my pack with me!"

"Yeah, bring it!"

Easy for him to say; I hadn't realized I was going to have to bring it. I had enough stuff in it to go on Davis' suicide trip. Oh, well....

There was another problem that we discovered when Dave made it to the top of the first pitch. It wasn't called ROARING Brook Falls for nothing. I was standing there at the base of the falls; it sounded like this:

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

Anyway, Dave had disappeared over the top of the pitch, and as I stood there for awhile after the rope had stopped moving, I heard:

ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! RO off belay R! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!  
ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR! ROAR!

I guess Dave shouted that for about five minutes or so before I managed to pick out the "off belay".

It was my turn now. I waited a few minutes after Dave had pulled the rope up (I was attached to the other end) and then started to shout "ON BELAY!". I did this for awhile and couldn't hear a reply. Finally I thought I heard a "belay on" so I shouted "CLIMBING!" and started. As I understand it, Dave did hear that, but not any of the "ON BELAY!" calls, so he had to scramble to get ready to belay for me.

As for the climb itself, there is not too much to say. It was my first ice climb ever, so it was a definite experience. There were a few spots that were vertical and a few spots where I seemed to be VERY close to the Roaring Brook, that kept it interesting. The only spot where I had trouble was one vertical part where I had made a false start up the wrong section and needed to move about two feet to my left to get started again. I mulled over this for a bit, so naturally when I made my move I fell, for the first and only time. Dave was keeping me on a tight belay, so I didn't really go anywhere, and the fall put me right where I wanted to be, so it was kind of a good thing.

There was some more climbing after that, but that is about all of the story to tell. We finished Roaring Brook Falls and then went over and did Cascade Lake Falls (or thereabouts) and that was about the same level of difficulty. Not much to tell, but it was pretty fun.

And then we went home.



## CAVING MATILDA

Once a jolly caver  
Sat beside a sinkhole  
Under the shade of a hemlock tree  
And he sang as he sat  
And charged up his carbide lamp  
You'll come a'caving Matilda with me.

Caving Matilda, caving Matilda  
You'll come a caving Matilda with me  
And he sang as he sat  
And charged up his carbide lamp  
You'll come a'caving Matilda with me.

Down went the caver  
Down into the sinkhole  
Saw the stalagtites one, two, three  
Picked a stalagtite  
And put it in his caving pack  
You'll come a'caving Matilda with me.

Down came the property owner  
With his trusty shot gun  
Down came the deputies one, two, three  
Where's that jolly stalagtite  
You've got in your caving pack  
You'll come a'caving Matilda with me.

Up Jumped the caver  
Jumped into the bottomless pit  
You'll never catch me alive said he  
And his voice may be heard  
As you pass by that sinkhole  
You'll come a'caving Matilda with me.

### A CLIMBER'S GUIDE TO TROY BICYCLE CLIMBS IN THE RPI REGION

- Peoples Ave - 5.5 - from 8th St. to 14th St. A good route for improving dexterity in avoiding obstacles
- Sage Ave - 5.6 - downtown to 15th St. This is a good endurance route.
- Tibbits Ave - 5.1 - in the vicinity of the water tower. This is a true beginners route.
- Detroit Ave - 5.4 - from Georgian Terr. up. Nice views from summit, easy, nonstrenuous route with views on the way up.
- Congress St - 5.4 - downtown to 15th St. long, dull, and tiring.
- College Ave - 5.6 - 8th St. to 14th St. This route is better utilized as a descent route.
- Brunswick Ave - 5.7 - Pawling to Highland. Short and very strenuous.
- Jacob St - 5.10 AID - downtown to 15th St. Recommended for aid climbing only. Climber might find placements that hold.
- RPI - 5.4 AID - 8th St., past Pittsburgh, to Sage Lab. Aid climbing only in that surroundings are not conducive to climbing.

Monty Python's

8

LUMBERJACK SONG

1. I'm a lumberjack  
And I'm O.K.  
I sleep all night  
And I work all day.

All He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.

2. I cut down trees  
I eat my lunch  
I go to the lavatory  
On Wednesdays I go shopping  
And have buttered scones for tea.

Mounties He cuts down trees  
He eats his lunch  
He goes to the lavatory  
On Wednesdays he goes shopping  
And has buttered scones for tea.

All He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.

3. I cut down trees  
I skip and jump  
I like to press wild flowers  
I put on women's clothing  
And hang around in bars.

Mounties He cuts down trees  
He skips and jumps  
He likes to press wild flowers  
He puts on women's clothing  
And hangs around in bars.

All He's a lumberjack  
And he's O.K.  
He sleeps all night  
And he works all day.

4. I cut down trees  
I wear high heels  
Suspenders and a bra  
I wish I'd been a girlie  
Just like my dear Pappa

Mounties He cuts down trees  
He wears high heels  
(spoken rather than sung)  
Suspenders ... and a bra?  
That's shocking, ...  
That's rude...tuttut...tut  
tut

And I thought you were so butch!