

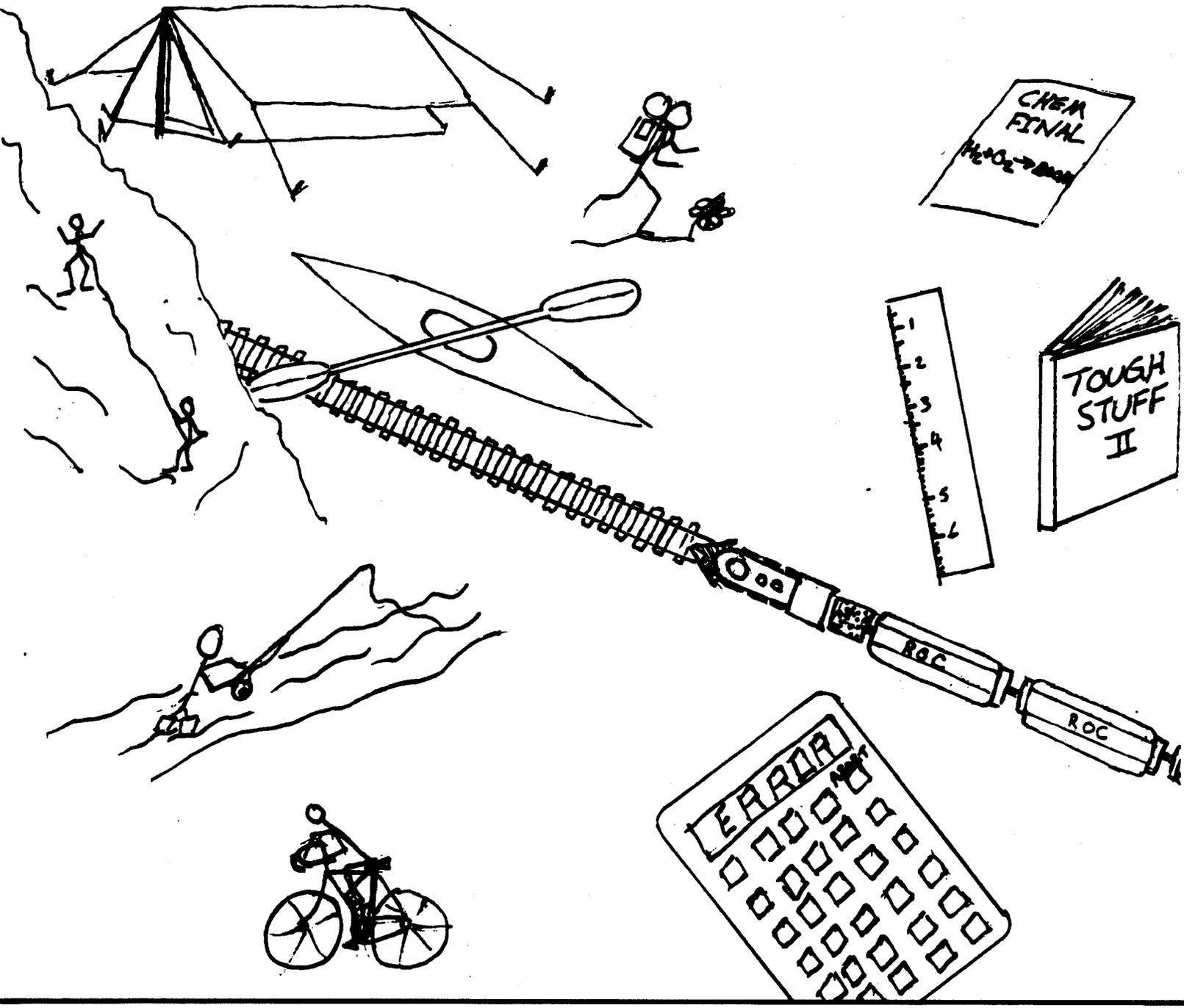


# THE ROC CAIRN



—RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC.—UNION BOX 26, R.P.I., TROY, NEW YORK—

## Summer Bound!



## 86/87 The Year in Review

by  
Henry Welch

All in all 86/87 was a pretty good year for the ROC.

The year unofficially began when Jim O'Donnell and I spent a week backpacking in Pukaskwa National Park, Ontario Canada.

The fall semester began with strong participation in the activities of caving and rock climbing. As long as the weather held, the rock climbing trips never lacked for participants.

Caving, on the other hand, was not as strong as last year because the vertical program lacked interest due to a lack of leaders (Warren and I missed a couple of weeks in late October and early November). The Thanksgiving Week trip to West Virginia was well attended, although most of the participants didn't stay for the entire week.

Shawn saw most of the non-technical trips in the fall semester as he led a large number of hiking trips and a few winter mountaineering trips in December.

Fiasco Lake George (err Fall Lake George) was a success even though mother nature and Dave Reed conspired against it. I don't think I've ever seen that much rain as I did that weekend, although Pukaskwa and Virginia winters come close. As for Dave's contribution, well let's just say it had something to do with canoes or a lack there of.

Winter break saw a couple of excellent trips. Winter School was one of the warmest ever (I heard it didn't even get sub-zero). A group of hardy adventurers took advantage of the long break and went to Mexico where they climbed some of the volcanoes.

The spring semester began with a record setting amount of snow during January. What better way to begin a season primarily devoted to winter mountaineering and cross country skiing. The weather during the season covered the full gamut from bitter cold and windy to warm and sunshining and even sleet and freezing rain.

The rest of the spring semester will be characterized by strong programs in rock climbing and canoeing. We're really looking forward to getting a strong canoeing program started this year (it's been basically dormant of late).

On the first aid scene things haven't been going so well. This was the first year in a long time in which AFA was not offered at RPI. A group of us, though, were able to make a class over in Albany and all but 1-1/2 of us finished the course. Don't ask. It also marked the first instance of a non-trivial first aid emergency in recent memory. On the bright side though four of us made it to SOLO's Backcountry Medicine course in North

Conway, New Hampshire. As a result of this and with the help of the Student Wellness Initiatives program the ROC will be bringing this course to RPI at the end of March.

The Wellness program also saw the creation of the First Annual(?) Cross Country Ski Weekend. The two day event was attended by over forty people who as far as I can tell all enjoyed themselves.

The last time I looked the Woppler is pretty much an extinct species. The fall Woppler was reasonably well attended, but it never reached critical mass and broke up around 1AM. The Ground Hog's Day Woppler was initially cancelled and later rescheduled. It turned out that rescheduling it didn't do it any good as only six people showed up (only one of whom was an officer). This is pretty bad considering more people showed up for the Fall Semester Study Break for Moonlighting. RIP!

In other news; the famed Don Perley Memorial Ice Hammer was discovered by Don himself almost a year to the day that he borrowed it. Let's hope this delinquency record stands for a long time to come.

Below is a list of what I think are some of ROC's superlatives:

DDT (Davis Day Trip) Award: Pukaskwa, the Last Day

Most Awesome Trip: Algonquin, the Second Attempt

Most Brutal Trip: (Fall) - Whiteface  
(Spring) - Algonquin, the First Attempt  
(maybe Davis' Marcy trip)

Green Slime Mold: Dave Reed (6-0-0)  
The Creature from Kingston (by acclamation)

Stupidest Trip: Whiteface, the Ski Trip(?)

Best Skiing: Wellness skiing at Prospect Mountain

Worst Snow: Whiteface, the Ski Trip(?)

Best Cave: Bone-Norman, The Connection

Worst Cave: Schoharie

Best Climbing: Bonticou or King Phillips Spring

**Let's get psyched! I want to see you on more trips.**

## FALL LAKE GEORGE

by Tom Regan, Member-at-Large

Well, its April now, and that means that its time for me to start planning for Fall Lake George. Many of you know that FLG is an IOCA conference run by the ROC during the first weekend in October. I've been twice and I had a blast both times. This article is to remind people about FLG and get them psyched. If **you** have any suggestions on how to make FLG '87 better, tell me, I want to hear it.

I remember my first FLG. Greg Moore and I did overnight registration. The next morning, we were canoeing out to the island and we were halfway there, in the open, when the sky decided it was going to rain. And it rained **HARD**. Neither of us had even the slightest idea which island in the narrows we were supposed to head for. But we eventually made it and by early afternoon it was sunny enough to head over to the waterfall. The square dance was also a lot of fun ( it was my first ). The good weather held for the rest of the weekend and I finally returned to my dorm at about 5PM to find the back door lying on the ground next to the doorway. I was back, and it had been a quiet weekend for Bray Hall.

This last year was even more fun with Luigi "Off the Deep End" Giasi. It was about midnight and Luigi had one thought on his mind, sleep. He had just gotten off the powerboat. While he was unloading his stuff from the boat he tried to walk along the dock to get to the back of the boat for the rest of his gear. Unfortunately, he and the dock disagreed as to how far it really went along the boat. As usual in these arguments, the dock won and Luigi went swimming. Luckily, Luigi was wearing his wool and learned firsthand that wet wool is warm wool.

Another part of last year's FLG that I won't forget (no matter how hard I try) is the canoe trip out to Turtle Island. We were in a whitewater canoe ( the kind without a keel ). There were three of us, all our gear, and the person in the bow was, well, inexperienced. Put this overloaded canoe on a lake with high wind and waves, and you should get the picture of what it was like. But we made it. Luckily, the lights on the island happened to be on at the time. We even managed to set up the tent with the help of Henry's 2 watt flashlight.

I hope these little stories have shown how much fun FLG is. Looking back, I see these as some of the best parts, especially hearing Luigi describe his midnight swim. So plan on attending next October. I guarantee a good time and at least 10 minutes of sunshine.



# THE VIEW FROM THE TOP

by

Jim O'Donnell, President  
Rensselaer Outing Club

Hello, and welcome to the first installment of "The View From The Top", which will (hopefully) be a regular column in the Cairn, written by the president. It'll be regular as long as I'm president, anyway.

So, I have this article now, and I told Ken that I would give it to him tomorrow; what should I write about? Tom wrote about Fall Lake George, and Henry did his "Year In Review", but I'm president; I can write about those things too, if I want.

First off, Tom forgot to mention the dates of FLG. As always, it will be held the first full weekend of October, which is October 2-4 this year. Last year was my first FLG -- it rained all weekend and I didn't get a canoe, and I still had a blast. So, get psyched for Fall Lake George '87; you'll be hearing lots more about it as the time comes closer.

Overall, it has been a pretty good year for the Outing Club, but a lot of potential problems have arisen as well. Membership and relations with the Union are both good, and events such as the Cross-Country Ski Weekend and the SOLO Backcountry Medicine course were new programs that seemed to go over very well.

Some of the problems that we will have to look out for in the coming year are the relatively low number of freshmen and sophomore active members in the club, and the declining number of trip leaders; none of these problems are critical now, but they could become so if we are not careful. Two other issues that will have to be dealt with soon are the loss of our leadership base in our water sports, and the phasing out of Advanced First Aid by the American Red Cross. Hopefully, we will be able to work out an alternative first aid certification program with Rensselaer Rescue that would be taught on campus.

But, I am looking forward to the coming year, and am sure that it will be a good one for the club. We have a great core group of people, and our Executive Committee, with 3 graduate students, 2 sophomores, and 2 freshmen, has a real interesting mix of people and ideas.

Oops, almost forgot. Summer dues will be \$6 and will be collected from anyone who has equipment out after the last day of Finals Week.

From the Former Editor's Desk

Well folks, this was to be my last ROC Cairn of my career as Cairn editor, but a mishap in the Time/Space continuum resulted in this not being my last Cairn, but rather the first issue for Ken Davis. As outgoing Cairn editor though I felt that it was incumbent upon me to write a few words. It has actually been fun, believe it or not. Looking back over the past year I can say I am proud of a what I have done. I actually edited 5 Cairns while editor, something of a record of sorts I believe. Most of these Cairns averaged over 10 pages. Admittedly the art work often left alot to be desired.

I have tried in the past year to make the Cairn interesting and readable and to print everything that came my way. (Yes, I know Shawn, and I apologize.) If there was anything that you wanted to read or wanted to write I suggest that you let Ken know as he will be more than willing to try and accommodate you, especially if you want to write an article. As I said in the past, this is YOUR newspaper. You can get out of it as much as you put in.

In passing I want to say , it has been a great year and I look forward to taking over the office of President of Vice, err, excuse me, Vice-President. VALE!

---

Activities Chairman

---

Rock-Climbing  
Canoeing  
Ice-Climbing  
X-Country Skiing  
Winter Mountaineering  
Kayaking  
Caving

Lee Schipper  
Henry Welch  
Lee Schipper  
Greg D. Moore  
Shawn McDonald  
Jerry Witt  
Warren Weckesser

## IOCA: A Big Success

Northeastern University hosted the Intercollegiate Outing Club Association's conference on April 10, 11, and 12 at their cabin near Gorham, New Hampshire.

About 50 people representing outing clubs from Rensselaer, U Mass Amhurst, Springfield College, Nassau County Community College, SUNY New Paltz, and Canada's McGill University attended the conference.

The weekend's highlights included skiing, hiking, rock climbing, IOCA elections, a slide show, and lots of socializing.

Gregg Moore of Rensselaer was elected IOCA executive secretary for the coming year. One of Gregg's duties will be to coordinate next year's IOCA conference.

On Saturday, several groups went off to do activities in New Hampshire's White Mountains. One group attempted hiking to the summit of Mt. Madison while another group attempted Wildcat Mt. Due to the unexpectedly deep snow, neither group made their peak, however, both groups enjoyed the warm, sunny day on the trail.

Two other groups hiked in the woods and along the river near the cabin. A few brave souls even went swimming in the cold river, but only for a few seconds.

On Saturday evening a Northeastern alumni gave a 30 minute slide show. The conference was treated to slides of mountain climbers in action from the volcanoes of Mexico to the peaks of Alaska.

Also during the conference, Rensselaer Outing Club members reminded everyone that the annual Fall Lake George weekend was scheduled for October 2, 3, and 4, 1987.

### New ROC Officers

President	Jim O'Donnell	274-1084
Vice-President	Greg Moore	271-8341
Equipment Chairman	Henry Welch	272-2275
Treasurer	Joe Coenen	266-7736
Secretary	Brian Falardeau	266-7641
Cairn Editor	Ken Davis	273-1722
Member-at-Large	Tom Regan	272-2275

### Summer Addresses of ROC Members

Davis Chapman 518-271-8341  
2201 14th St., Troy, NY 12180  
At work 274-1990.

Ken Davis 518-273-1722  
2150 12th St., Troy, NY 12180  
Send me your Cairn articles for next semester's first issue.

Summer Addresses of RQC Members

Brian Falardeau 600 Riviera Dr., New Brighton, MN 55112	612-633-0326
Joseph Farrugia 536 E 79th St., New York, NY 10021	212-249-8986
Bill Ferrucci A-33 Bryckwyck Apt.s, Sunset Terr., Troy, NY 12180	518-271-5719
Gina Frament Atmospheric Sciences Research Center, Whiteface Mt. Field Station, Wilmington, NY 12997 Advise Gina of any trips near Whiteface.	518-946-7191 or 518-946-7410
Glen Koste 4 Bungalow Lane, Wappingers Falls, NY 12590 Contact Glen through his parents; he will be in Germany.	914-297-9250
Shavn McDonald 791 East St., Hebron, CT 06248	203-647-9668
Greg D. Moore RFD Box 1445, Bennington, VT 05201 or: Dublin Rd., Falls Village, CT 06031.	802-447-1326 203-824-0029
Jim O'Donnell 1508 15th St., Troy, NY 12180	518-274-1084
Don Perley 19 Hakes Rd., Troy, NY 12180 Days call 387-7337.	518-279-1254
Tom Regan 1508 15th St., Troy, NY 12180	518-272-2275
Lee Schipper 974 Saxony Rd, Leucadia, CA 92024 Contact Lee through his parents; he will be in Los Angeles.	?
David Schwarz 101 11th Street, Troy, NY 12180 or: 83 Saint James Pl., Kingston, NY or: (305EPUBB at KGNUMR)	518-273-7372
Willie Smythe 464 Summit St., Ridgewood, NJ	201-447-0257

Summer Addresses of ROC Members

Dave Sudlik 914-246-6188  
12 Birchwood Dr. South, Saugerties, NY 12477  
or: (DSUDLIK at PLKSK)

Joe Verzulli ?  
103 Clinton Ave., Port Jefferson Sta., NY 11776

Warren Weckesser ?  
1605 Highland Ave., Troy, NY 12180

Henry L. Welch 518-272-2275  
1508 15th St., Troy, NY 12180  
(Call for gear. Leave a message if not home.)

Ross Wolin 607-334-5154  
RD #4, Box 348, Norwich, NY 13815  
Contact Ross through his parents; he will be in Nashua, NH.

Summer Trips

<u>Who</u>	<u>What</u>	<u>Where</u>	<u>When</u>
Glen Koste	Hiking	Alps, Germany	?
Greg Moore	Canoeing	Connecticut River	last week in August
Greg Moore	Hiking, 3 days, 20+ miles	Berkshire Hills, Appalachian Trail	Wed.-Fri. of Exam Week
Ross Wolin	Windsurfing	Near MIT or in Boston Backbay	anytime; call
Shawn McDonald	Backpacking	Adirondacks	after finals
Lee Schipper	Climbing & Camping	Yosemite	week after finals
Paul Schantz	Hiking	Grand Canyon	after finals
Paul Schantz	Hiking	Glacier National Park	early summer
Paul Schantz	Hiking	Montana Rockies	early summer
Paul Schantz	Hiking	Adirondacs/Catskills	7th week of summer
Paul Schantz	Hiking	Adirondacs	2nd to last week
Henry Welch	Caving	NSS Convention, Sault Ste Marie, MI	1st week of August
Henry Welch	Climbing	Gunks/Grafton/Albany	when the weather is nice
Henry Welch	Backpacking	?	late August
Dave Sudlik	Hiking/ Climbing/ Biking	Wyoming	beginning of July

## THOSE DAMN DEER

I am sitting here in the self-paced room with about forty people in front of me. I had hoped that it wouldn't come to this, but yes, I am writing a Cairn article. If the story kind of trails off at the end, forgive me, it is because my turn has come.

The story begins at the beginning of RPI's solitary gift to us, Spring Break. The only two things that Paul and I had decided on by then was to make it to Atlanta by midweek and then back to Troy for classes on Monday. What we did on the way was up to us. Since we had all this time and were feeling pretty spontaneous, we headed from RPI down to the Blue Ridge Parkway. This translates into a windy road with no cars on it but covered with jumpy deer. The fact that we didn't get on it until after midnight and that it was raining and cold didn't help either. After almost hitting three or four deer, in about ten minutes, we decided to call it a night. We hiked in (about two feet off of the road) and set up camp.

The next morning, I awoke to a wonderful pitter patter sound on the tent fly. I really wasn't psyched to hike the whole two feet back to the car so I slept on. When Paul awoke, he felt as I did but thought enough to look out the door. He gasped and said that we had to buzz out right away. The snow was coming down like crazy and the road was not going to see a plow for a while. There we were on Spring Break going south, and it was snowing! Visions of Winter School kept flashing in my head.

That afternoon we made it down to Smokey Mountain National Park. Since I had never been in a national park before, I had a hard time adjusting to the "park your car and step out for the view" scene. After a while, I got the hang of it and made Paul drive, got out my camera, and played like Mr. Tourist. The day was beautiful and we did get a lot of pictures. We camped that night with the tourists and the skunks. I'm not sure which were worse, but I know that there were definitely more skunks.

The next day, we got up very early and accomplished a lot. We drove down this windy one way scenic route to the trail head of a five mile hike. The speed limit was something like ten mph, but since Paul had scared the shit out of me the day before, I decided to show him exactly what my car could and couldn't do. As we blew by our trailhead at about sixty, we realized that this one way loop was about ten miles long, and we certainly weren't going to go around the whole thing again. After leaving all of my common sense and sanity in the back seat, I turned around and drove through a couple of blind turns against traffic. Memories of the Trans Am that had been behind me were clouding my head. Oh, by the way, the hike sucked, and the waterfall that it went to looked small enough to be fed by three deer taking a leak. I did get to see Paul slide into the creek though.

Then we went to town, bought film, ate a few Big Macs, went back to the park, saw some deer, did an awesome ten mile hike (no tourists there), camped, drove to Atlanta, partied, drove back to the Blue Ridge Parkway, almost hit a few more deer in the dark, drove to my folk's house, slept, ate, and drove back to Troy. (I warned you that the end might be a bit abrupt!) Oh yeah, I almost forgot, it was a good trip.

## Outing on the Home Front

If Long Pond, Pennsylvania is famous for anything it's the Pocono Raceway where Marrio Andretti, A. J. Foyt, and other well knowns race in the annual Pocono 500. But Long Pond has other attributes as well; it has two campgrounds, about a dozen homes, a volunteer fire department, and most important of all Long Pond itself (I hope that you didn't think that this article was going to be about a racetrack).

Long Pond, as well described by its name, is an extremely slow moving stream which weaves a maze like path through its swampy surroundings. There are no killer rapids, and there are no commercial rafting excursions on the stream. As a matter of fact, not too many of the local inhabitants (except for the duck hunters among them) even know that it's navigable. The stream which flows through Long Pond is rather deceiving. It crosses the road twice within a five minute drive, and at the downstream crossing it is a small rocky creek which would ground a toy boat thus giving no clue that the four hours of beautiful canoeing water between the two crossings exist. My brother-in-law, Dave, introduced me to the stream about four years ago, and it has since become one my favorite canoeing spots.

My first trip down Long Pond was in mid-summer. After Dave got out of work one afternoon, we strapped the canoe on the car, and by 5:30, we were ducking our heads in order to float under the bridge at the upstream crossing.

Despite the calm water, we got lots of practice making tight turns and were kept busy trying to keep the canoe out from under the overhanging brush on the nearby shores. About forty-five minutes later we came upon an active beaver dam. Although we didn't see any beaver on this trip, Dave claims to have seen them at other times. With a couple of strong strokes and a well aimed bow, the canoe glided through a small chute and over the dam. (Yahoo, simulated white water.)

The day was beautiful, and we saw over twenty different ducks. We were also treated to a special sight as we rounded a bend and caught a doe cooling itself in the water. When the deer saw us, it leaped up and toward the shore causing the water around it to explode. Two leaps later, the deer touched dry ground and disappeared into the brush.

After we passed the deer, the stream began to widen to form a broad shallow pond, and we made a stop to check out some sort of large birdcage (trap?) which was set up by the game commission. It was then that Dave and I realized how late it was getting, and we decided that we had better push things along if we wanted to get to the second bridge before nightfall.

In short: we didn't make it by a long shot. It got dark while we were still a long way from the bridge. The dark wasn't the bad part though; it was the bats. Just as the last of the light was being sucked from the sky, they came. Things still didn't get really bad until Dave made a joke which I am sure that he soon regretted making:

"Ken," he said, "don't you have a hat to put on?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because they'll land in your hair if you don't."

I looked around quickly and decided that those suckers sure were swooping down awfully close to me, while they were ignoring Dave and his hatted head. This was when things got really bad. I panicked. I leaned back and swung my paddle in the air. A bat dove even lower, and I swung harder.

This was when Dave panicked. He was sitting in the back of the canoe and was able to see just how close the gunwale was coming to the surface the water, and he shouted.

Fortunately, both I and the boat settled down without getting bitten or capsized. (Being capsized in a swamp, in the middle of nowhere, at night, and with bats circling overhead would have been a real bummer.) Pulling my sweatshirt over my head, I was able to paddle the rest of the way to the landing suffering from only minor flinching upon spotting low flying bats. However, I have had a slight fear of bats ever since. (I can't understand why I like caving.)

In spite of the rather exciting end to our trip, I have gone back many times and have fallen in love with the place. I'm sure that you have a place near your home which you enjoy very much also. Why don't you write an article about it during the summer? I think that it would be great to include Outing on the Home Front as a regular feature in the Cairn.

This space could have been  
filled by YOUR Cairn article.