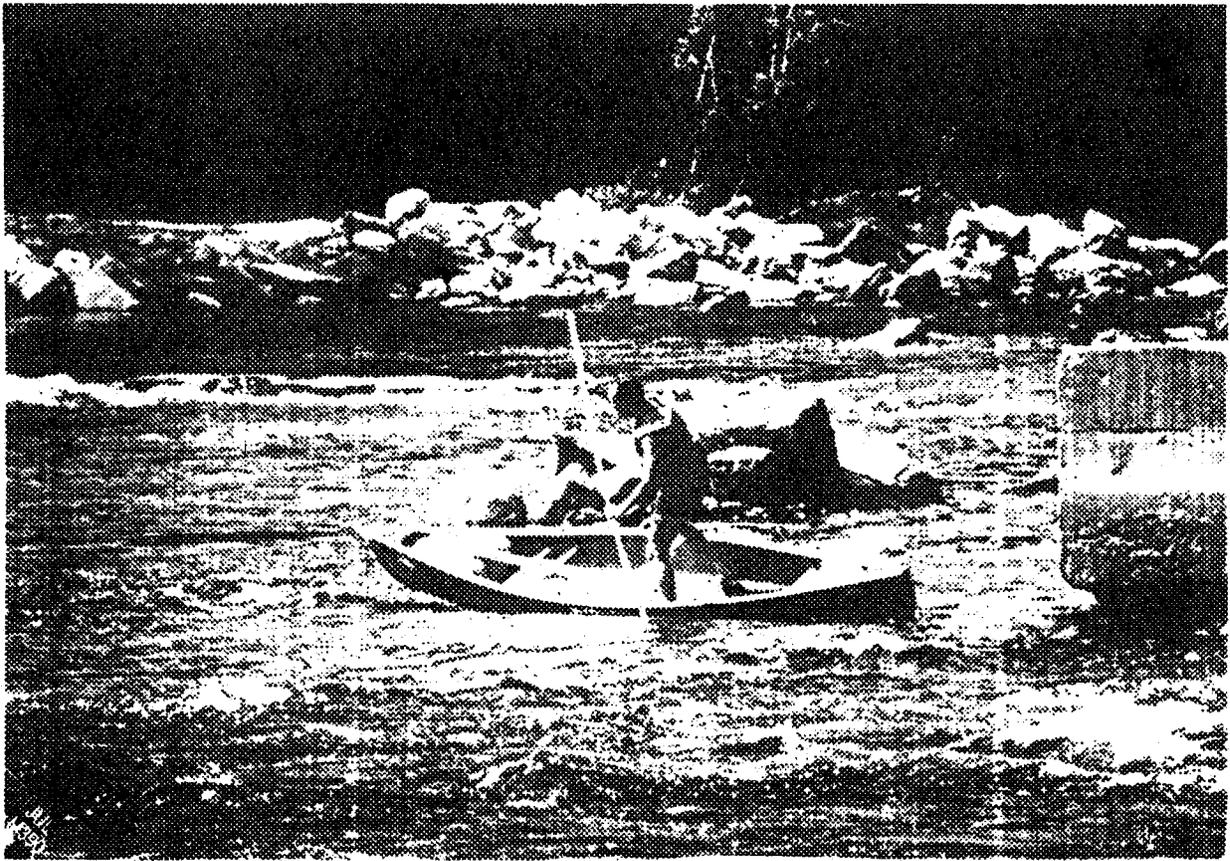




THE ROC CAIRN



MAY 3, 1994



HARRY ROCK RACING AT THE NEW ENGLAND POLING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

FROM THE EDITOR:

Since this is my first issue as the new Cairn editor, I would like to take this time to point out that the Cairn is not only a place to make comments about the manner in which the club is run, it is also your "big chance" to be recorded in the annals of ROC history. The pit has Cairns that date back 50 years or more and they contain little samples of all the different personalities and characters that make up the club-- these people felt that their trip reports and editorials were important enough to be recorded for the history of the club. I do realize that most of you don't spend a lot of time poking around in the filing cabinets in the pit, so I will attempt to bring some of the history back in next year's first Cairn-- The Best of the Cairn. Watch for it.

Dan Breton
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To the Editor:

There has been an initiative in the club to eliminate the "discussion period" during officer elections. My main dissatisfaction with this procedure is that I feel it is very unfair to the candidates. Things are said that the candidates should be able to respond to, and if necessary defend. Presenting points behind their backs can allow unjustified opinions and possible untruths to stand between a candidate and an Ecomm position.

I would like to address a few points that have been raised in fear of altering the present election system. Two of these include: the stabilizing influence of 'alumni' input, and the prevention of popularity contests.

I would have to agree about the value of the more experienced members opinions. They provide continuity and a sense of history to the club. I would like to point out that these factors are also normally instilled as Ecomm members move up the 'power ladder'. However, Nothing that I and others are proposing involves eliminating the elders input. They are still free to ask questions of the candidates.

The second concern about popularity contests if anything confuses me. What is wrong with a popular candidate? Do you have so little faith in newer members that they would not see the value of experience (?) over popularity, even if ability is demonstrated during the election

process? My observation is that a popular candidate is usually someone who is dedicated to the club and is involved in many ways.

It has been suggested that eliminating the discussion would require turning our single day election process into a drawn out process along the lines of a US Federal election, including debates and endorsements that occur in the preceding weeks, and no campaigning on election day. I suggest eliminating the discussion behind the candidates backs. A multi week affair will not work.

There are many things wrong with the present system. For one it is plain not fair. Candidates should have the right to defend any comments made about them. Are you afraid of hurt feelings? Well, any question you cannot ask to that persons face is probably not appropriate to bring up to the general public. In the most recent election, I feel comments were made that affected one result, comments which a candidate SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO RESPOND TO. This is not fair. A second problem is based on my observation that most comments ARE made from the back row. In effect it is us old guys picking who wins, turning the elections into a farce. Everyone should vote based on what they think is right. Not based on what they were told was right, IMMEDIATELY before they voted. A third problem is that you don't know if somebody actually has some agenda they are trying to set for the club, or whatever. I know I don't just say things that follow my ideals.

I will finish with comments about my experiences in running the race. I initially won Cairn editor because my opponent was likely leaving half way through the next year (*I think*). That is fine, but what if there were other issues? I have no feedback on what people think of me, the job, or what is expected of me. My second term was won on popularity. I had produced Cairns, and apparently did not annoy people too much. But, it also came out that at least one person was not running because I was the popular candidate. This is wrong. Because of this I should not have run. Finally, sitting out in the hall, waiting for others to decide your fate, others who do not know you as well as you do, is rather unnerving. You wonder if "they" are being fair. You wonder what you said right, what you said wrong. This is not right. This is not fair. Let us change this.

Eric Kirchner
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TRIP REPORTS:

SPRING IOCA CONFERENCE

The spring IOCA Conference was held at the SUNY New Paltz field campus. Approximately 40 people turned out including students from New Paltz, Nassau, Vassar, Keene State, and Rensselaer. A few Dinosaurs of IOCA came out to

tell us stories about earlier IOCA conferences including throwing the Ex-Executive-Secretary into the closest body of water. As Jen Azzizzi did not care for this idea she kept this tradition buried in the files. Oh yes, for those who may not know our own secretary [Scott Stepenuck] has been elected as the IOCA Executive Secretary. I know that he is the person for the job.

The trips going out were only dampened slightly as it rained Sat. Morning and Sun. morning each time just enough to get every thing wet.

Spirits soared and plummeted as a hike went out to Over Look Mt. and a caving trip went to Salamander Cave. I was told that Salamander might be as close to dry as caves get in New York. I had been busy exploring the spill over of the reservoir near camp. Saturday evening was spent eating and dancing. After dancing, several stargazers watched as the aurora borealis was revealed to them. Others went to the campsite and sang songs around the fire while still others melted away in the camp's sauna. Everyone including myself felt that they had spent a weekend wisely in the outdoors.

Fall Lake George is now in the planning for Sept 30, Oct 1 and 2. Hope to see you there.

-by Andy Slater

THE ROLLING STONES PLAY MOUNT WASHINGTON

I topped up the oil in the Red Ranger, stole one last bagel from the fridge and headed off for New Hampshire. It was the last weekend of my thoroughly dull spring break that I had spent at home working on the rust holes in my truck and running, and I was going to be damned if I was going to let an entire spring break go by without ANY excitement. As the sun rose, the day was beautiful and all looked well except for the little swish of clouds atop the cone of Mt. Washington; I imagined that they might disappear later in the day or something. A little later that day, it really struck me how real reality is.

Anyway, I started off up the trail and I soon ran into a lady who was carrying quite a bit of gear- she looked as though she was headed to the top, like I was, and I asked her if she needed a partner. Her name was Peggy, a journalism grad student from someplace in Ohio, and yeah, she could use a partner. So we headed off into the bright, sunny, calm day and had a grand time talking about student life, New Hampshire and other junk; she stopped to rest quite often even on the flat approach to Tuckerman's Ravine, but I really didn't pay much attention to that at the time.

We arrived at the bottom of Lion's Head and attached all of the necessary ice climbing gear and started up the ridge. The clouds still hung over the cone, but the wind was very calm, so I wasn't really that worried. However, we did manage to run into a large traffic jam of out of shape climbers who were sprawled all over the trail; I was starting to notice that Peggy was joining them at rather frequent intervals. The pace was extremely easy to begin with, but I asked her if we needed to slow down, just in case. Peggy, I suddenly found out, had a mission. She was a member of the board of directors for the Mount Washington weather observatory and she had to get to the observatory for a meeting later that night; I thought that they might have picked a location with a little better parking than the top of Washington in the middle of the winter, but I kept my mouth shut. So up we went, followed by two other guys who decided that we looked like we knew more about what we were doing than they did, for some strange reason.

JUST BELOW THE TOP
OF THE LION'S HEAD,
MT WASHINGTON, NH →

By the time we topped Lion's Head, the wind was up to 50mph and the little clouds as seen from the road had turned into 50' visibility. However, this was not the first time that Peggy had climbed Washington in the winter- she tried to aim us towards the lee of the mountain which was a great idea, but unfortunately, we never got there. Now I'm a kid from Maine and I've seen my fair share of snowstorms, but I've never seen anything like the weather when we finally reached the base of the cone. The wind was up to 60mph and I couldn't see more than 10 feet; we had clearly gone too far and overshot the lee of the mountain and were now climbing up the south face of the cone fully exposed to the wind, but



there was nothing to do about it now. Peggy looked back to talk (yell) to me and I saw that her glasses were frozen. We sat down to unthaw them while our two other companions decided to make a break for the top.

Frankly, I wanted to go with them because she was slowing down quite a bit in the wind and it was nearing 2:00 in the afternoon- we still had 1200 feet to go vertically, not to mention the actual route distance. According to my plan that morning, I was supposed to turn around and head back an hour ago. I had said that I was her partner, and I was going to be her partner until she made it to safety, but now, safety had basically one direction for me- down. She still wanted to make it to the top- I didn't want to die up here so I told her that either she was going to head down with me or she was going to climb another mile in some insane weather conditions alone.

"Well, just stay up here for tonight," she said. I began to think that her brain was turning to slush and I asked her again to come down. But she still argued- I thought she was in serious trouble until she said, "I'm on the board of trustees, remember? You can stay."

Well, I wasn't going to give up the chance to spend a night in the observatory, so we headed up the slope again, resting every minute or so. Her left crampon fell off after a while and her eyes started freezing shut, so I made her eat some M&M's while I reattached the crampons and held my thumb over her eye to melt them open. The wind was blowing 70mph, gusting to 75 by the time we crawled onto the first parking lot an hour and a half later. She was spent- I thought about taking her backpack for her, but I figured she'd just blow away if she didn't have some extra weight. We were stomping up the stairs to the observatory when suddenly she broke into a run and hugged some guy who was just standing there. Then she stepped back and said, "Sorry, I thought I knew you..." to a very surprised mountain climber. It was time to get inside.

We climbed up over the snowbank onto the roof of the observatory- I couldn't see a damn thing, but she still knew where the door was at the far end of the roof. As we stepped inside and slammed the door, she turned to me, said, "Don't ever get a desk job and expect to do this kind of thing again," and smiled. It had been a long day.

The observatory itself is basically a living room with LOTS of books downstairs, and an upstairs tower with all the computers and instruments. We had arrived just in time for dinner with 17 drunken electrical engineers who were there for a symposium on "robust data collection packages"

which means "any electronic device that will actually operate for longer than an hour on top of Washington". I ate and then picked up the phone.

"Hey, Dad?"

"Daniel! Hey, how was your trip?"

"Well...."

The conversation just got worse from there. I spent the rest of the evening watching the computer terminals and a documentary on the Rolling Stones on PBS. I was watching TV and eating popcorn while the wind was howling at 110mph outside. It was a strange feeling, but I liked it.

I woke up the next morning and realized that I was six thousand feet in the air— that meant I had to hike down pretty soon. I ate some Apple Jacks for quick energy, suited up, thanked Peggy (who had vowed to stay inside for the rest of the weekend), and stepped out into the same conditions I had when I stepped in. However, I knew where I was, so I was able to use my compass to find the lee of the mountain. It took about 20 minutes of sliding to come down the cone since the snow was so deep on this side. As I continued, I passed the first hikers of the day on their way up.

"Were you just up at the top?" they asked.

"Yeah," I said, "I just love getting an early start, don't you?" and kept on hiking.

-by Dan Breton



← LEAVING AT THE
1794 SPRING IDEA
CONFERENCE ↓



ROC Summer Member List: 1994

Romero	Carlos	272-5175	Endicott, NY
			Caving, Ice Climbing, Rock Climbing
			Kayaking, Hiking, etc.
Westervent	Eric	(203)379-3805	Winsted, CT
			Anything
Stuart	Brian	(413)637-3349	Lenox, MA
			Kayaking, Hiking
Riehl	Jeremy	(914)831-4491	Beacon, NY
			Rock Climbing, Hiking, Canoeing
Clark	Jessica	(413)774-2939	Greenfield, MA
			Anything
Stepenuck	Scott	(603)352-7540	Swanzey, NH / Bartow / Seneca Rocks
			The usual
Gunther	Mark	(802)375-2950	Arlington, NY
			Rock Climbing, Caving, Hiking, Camping
Meyer	Eli	(608)833-9336	Madison, WI
			Anything, particularly mountain biking
Beardsly	Peter	(603)526-4276 or	New London, NH
		(603)526-4270	What Eli said
Gleason	Shawn	(413)269-4094	Otis, MA
			Hiking, Canoeing, Rock Climbing?
Sheehy	Jennifer	(603)466-2721	Mt. Washington, NH
			Lakes of the Clouds Hut, Hiking, Climbing
Lussier	Don		Bowels of Hell, NY 12180
			Escaping from Troy
Slater	Andrew	(203)599-3553	Stonington, CT
			Hiking, Caving, Mountain Climbing
Sayre	Edward	(518)274-9842	Troy, NY
			Also escaping from Troy
Dey	Saikat	(518)270-9006	Troy, NY
			Rock Climbing, Canoeing
Collar	Ray	(518)271-8126	Troy, NY
			Canoeing, Hiking, Biking
Peapus	Diane	?	Tsukuba, Japan
			Climbing, Caving, Biking
Hill	Steve	(518)274-4148	Troy, NY
			Hiking

Moore	Greg	(518)273-8602	Troy, NY All interests
Stracher	Randi	(518)283-7858	Troy, NY Climbing, Hiking, etc.
Reher	Jurgen	(518)283-5037	Wynantskill, NY
Kirchner	Eric	(518)235-9346	Troy, NY CII 4147
Breton	Dan	(207)883-4651	Alaska Winter/Summer Mountaineering, Kayaking
Gaugl	Andrea	(716)683-0080	Buffalo, NY Hiking, Weekend overnights
Johnson	Joan	(617)272-2061	AT- Call Ko for details Long distance hiking (obviously)
Shea	Brian	(203)272-7988	Cheshire, CT Climbing, Caving, Hiking
Thanh	Nguyen	(518)467-7305	<- # for beeper Beginner camping, climbing
Luscher	Anthony	(518)276-6717	Troy, NY JEC 2049 Canoeing up to class III
Carbone	Hank	(207)834-3988	Fort Kent, ME Canoeing and hiking in Maine & Canada