

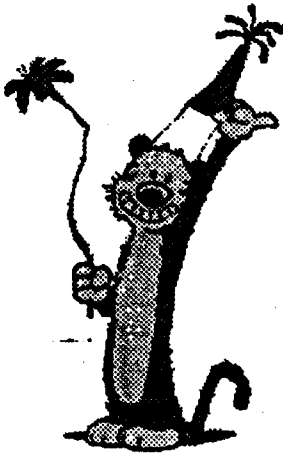


THE ROC CAIRN



Rensselaer Outing Club, Inc. -- Union Box 26, R.P.I, Troy, New York

MAY, 1996



Hats off to the Seniors

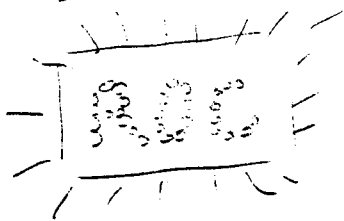
Congrats on your recent graduation, and good luck out in the "real world!"

Are you ready to ROC your world? Read on!

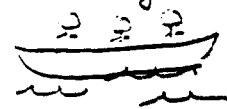
- Fall Lake George...or shall we say Fall *in* Lake George?

Questions? contact Andy Slater: slatea@rpi.edu

- Change
- Exodus
- On the Thunderbolt Trail
- The Hudson River Gorge (part III no less!)
- How to dress in the great outdoors
- IOCA spring conference...thanks to UNH



FLG?



just one
more
mile!

Yes FLG. What is it you ask? Well, sit right back and read along as I unfold a tail of fun for you.

Fall Lake George as it might be known far and wide is ROC's traditional outing club trip dating back to 1949. At least that is what the Member at Large Staff indicates. Enough history, the reason you need to go to FLG is that I am putting it together for 300 of my closest friends and you are included. All that I ask is that you go with a great spirit of adventure an empty stomach thay I can fill over the weekend, and some worked up frustration from which you can relax. That doesn't seem too difficult.

Here is the low down. We arrive at Lake George between Friday noon and Saturday 9:00am. You canoe to Turtle Island, a beautiful place out in the lake. Then the fun and eating begin. We roll up the Island around Sunday noon, and everyone canoes back to main land. After this trip you are ready to face the toughest Rensselaer has to offer.

Here is the challenge. We are the host of this fine weekend and I challenge you the members of ROC to be more numerous, wear more red, and to eat more steaks than any other club on the Island.

See You There: September 27,28,29 1996.

Andrew Slater
Member at Large
x4715
slatea@rpi.edu

P.s.: Here is something to advertise FLG with (not sure, but I think I need big signs to do this properly!!)

In Winter

I play

In the Snow

And the Mountains.

Dozens of trips up

A handful down

I remember.

In the Powder.

Floating.

Playing on the snow.

In the snow.

With The snow.

Rising and falling.

Carving, floating.

In Spring

I play

In the Rapids

Hundreds of tries

To tap

The Power.

Rushing water.

Floating.

Playing on the water.

In the water.

With the water.

Rising and falling.

Spinning, floating.

In Limbo

I wait

For the Ice to melt

Or one last Storm.

-Ray Collar

EXODUS



Exodus

The figure ascends slowly, deliberately up the face. Each move exists in a separate moment as fingers run delicately over the rock in a manner suggesting both intimacy and precision. He reaches the size of the crack in front of him, unclips a chock from his rack. He slots the

"FM-10 this is OM-2 how do you copy" squawks my radio. The image of the climber is a California. This is reality and that is somehow supposed to make it important, costs waste and orders to fabricate 100 flag poles for General Burpee's fat wife: Burpee mog bank, thinking that if I stare at it long enough my gaze might somehow break thr

At least today is Friday and this weekend, my friend Dan and I are heading north to tting off the days list of absurdities for long enough they are finally banished, at ain drifts off, this time, to a vision of leaving this place after losing a genetic he people". Well, no weapon is perfect but maybe the people would leave after that

After grabbing my gear and picking up Dan, we are back on the freeway and headed nor affic jam it's state animal. A lone environmentalist pointed out that a traffic jam

Nabbed by the SoCal morals patrol, we sit back and try to enjoy the church service. s are festooned in neon as well. Even businessmen in \$700 Armani suits sport fluoree cocks all made of plastic. The imperative of escape becomes stronger with each pass the San Bernadinos to the flat bleached expanse of the Mojave Desert. We are on our

Ascent

We finally pull into Whitney Portal a little after 11:00 p.m. The campground is at ls rise up on either side and the obligatory mountain stream runs through the middle smog tared lungs, the crisp, clean air is almost intoxicating. I feel like shoutin ht; some are just felt and some just are. After a while, the air seems to grow cold

Next morning, we take time to inspect our surroundings before a quick breakfast. Su down the mountain for miles. Route possibilities suggest themselves; obvious crac distraction is soon replaced as I go to fill up our water bottles from the brook. deep pools. Coy trout are doubtless hiding in these and other pools, just waiting f bagels.

After breakfast we pack the tent and find the trailhead. Since the purpose of this ce tools, snowshoes, telemark boots and skis. Dan's pack, on the other hand, carri ead. A quarter mile up the trail and we come to a fork. To the left lies the main is spring....

After a mile or so, we meet another party descending. They notice my California Des es on its way. We know, from the register, that there are no other parties on the m

As the ascent continues Dan and I drift farther apart on the trai
1. Traveling up switchbacks we alternate views between one side of the furrow with t, dotted with sagebrush, bulbous brown hills and other hills that look like huge pi e
are tall enough to catch some of the elusive moisture from the desert air and sprout into the range we are now hiking. I follow the contours, rising out of the desert,

After a while the rhythm of the climb sets in. One step follows another in silent ogression. They exert an almost hypnotic influence, bringing on a trancelike state.

th across the sky, it's almost imperceptible but steady progress towards the days en

Steps, more steps, the trance deepens. After a while, t
he view of Mt. Whitney and the sweeping vista of desert and sky become familiar back
er back to their nest. The strange marbled branches of a manzanita bush catch my a
some antique. The other is dull and covered with dry grayish bark. Coupled with it
s polished counterpart, it looks like it might be dead. I stop and wonder at it's t
us is alien here? I of course know the answer to this question, it is what I came h
Another secret is knowing what time it is and where you are. The scenery
is changing. It is a little past noon and we are entering a stand of woods with a s
wareness of time's passage. Above the woods come two spectacular bowl shaped canyon
my contemplation of crack systems and faces is infected by a restlessness that will

By the time we get to the back of the second canyon, it is after four. Here the tra
the same time we feel the weary fatigue of a long days ascent. The long ascent the

We start up the steep section. The pitch here is too steep for snowshoes so we end u
ut on my foot fangs and tromp, exhausted to the top of the slope. Above lies a
gently sloping snow field which, after a way, steepens to a hellish pitch and exten
part.

Unfortunately, I fear that Dan will have trouble accepting this reality. I can see
he violent approach comes to mind; I'm the only one with ice axes and crampons. Las
ith gear, his contains mostly food. Dan is, now, finding out that, as essential to
ade. Before I can present my well reasoned treatise on why there's no fucking way w

The thought of briefly arguing for further ascent, before giving in, bubbles up into
nges his mind. After the tent is pitched, hunger takes over and Dan succeeds in unl

The rays of the morning sun quickly heat up the tent past the comfort level forcing
ve hours back to Riverside in the dark. The alternative is to break out our telemar
f ourselves on this snowfield making it out in time for a leisurely drive back to sl
i.

Climbing up the snowfield in eager anticipation, we stop at the top, for a moment, t
s time to go. Start
ing down the slope, I put one ski forward and lean my hips into it. Skis and snow r
turn, turn... Soon, the turns flow together like one motion, one thought. Everythin
ssage. We howl, whoop and shout as we make turn after perfect turn down to the bott

The two serpentine tracks are soon joined by another pair. Run follows run and the
ds of unpacked snow sc
attered throughout the slope. In less than three hours, we have transformed an unbr
The skiing now becomes more difficult but we are in the grove and it doesn't seem to
After packing the t

ent, we pull some lunch out of Dan's ever bountiful pack and take in the sight of th
SoCal's weather surrogate: smog. After the mornings skiing, we blissfully stumble d
ci
dent. As we move closer to the trailhead, the tenor of the decent changes. While t
this box on our to do list. Even after getting there, we frolic in the campground,
ck in silence.

Epilogue

The sunlight refracts, prism like, on a blanket of undisturbed powder, high in a mou
a faint whine, almost inaudible, in the background; the familiar sound of one of m
resonance with some cavity within the airframe. The valley shudders and in an insta
s the Monday after our trip and I am sitting in my pickup on the filghtline, launchi
The crewchief motions forward with her glowing batons and the pilot eases the thrott
doing paperwork or stuck in some bird colonel naso-anal opportunity session. There
ng and hitting the road is a powerful metaphor for freedom to us Americans and what
of development is slow but dogged and wherever I escape to, I add one more person,
to be gobbled up by hungry luxury seeking yuppies

Bill Smythe

(Sung to the tune of "Thirty point buck")

The snow had melted,
We were all out of fun.
Then we got a big storm,
Winter just wasn't done.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

We got to the trail,
We said "Hey, what's your game?"
"I'm a really steep trail,
And I've got a cool name.
I'm the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
Yeah, I'm the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

Oh the Thunderbolt trail!
The Thunderbolt trail!
Will they get up,
The Thunderbolt trail.

We put on our skis,
With a pin and a pop.
Then we skinned right up,
To the tippy tippy top.
Of the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
Of the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

Up on the top,
With my lungs in my mouth.
We peeled off the skins,
And we pointed them south.
Down the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
Down the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

Oh the Thunderbolt trail!
The Thunderbolt trail!
Will they get down,
The Thunderbolt trail?

We skied really well,
But I had a big hunch.
When we got to the Wall,
It would eat us for lunch.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

We got to the Wall,
We said "Wow, cool, neat".
And the Wall talked back,

Said "Mmmmm fresh meat".
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

Oh the Thunderbolt trail!
The Thunderbolt trail!
Will they survive,
The Thunderbolt trail?

The powder was sweet,
And it sparkled like wine.
We carved great turns,
Oh my! They were fine!
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
Up on Petersburg Pass.
Petersburg Pass?

Up on Petersburg Pass,
We tried out the snow.
We tried out the snow,
And we watched Dan go.
Down Petersburg Pass.
Petersburg Pass.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail?

Oh the Thunderbolt trail!
The Thunderbolt trail!
It's time to get back,
To the Thunderbolt trail.

We skied down the Wall,
And we fell on our asses.
It chewed us all up,
And it spit fiberglasses.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.
On the Thunderbolt trail.
The Thunderbolt trail.

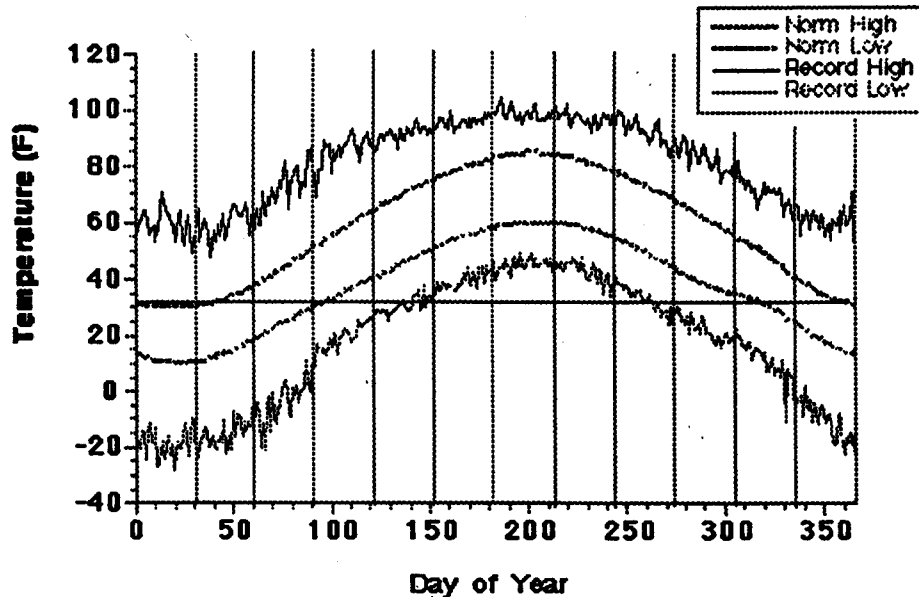
The Wall killed us dead,
And it didn't take long.
Makes you kinda wonder,
How we're singing this song.
About the

Thunder

bolt

trail.

-Ray Collar



part II of a series on how to dress in the outdoors

In my previous article I presented evidence that cotton does not kill, damp clothing kills. What that clothing is made out of is fairly inconsequential, when you consider your first layer. If you get your clothing wet, you will get cold.

There are two ways for your clothes to get wet: The first is the obvious - moisture leaking in from the outside. The second source can be quite insidious as you may not be aware of it until it is too late: excessive sweating. The first method has obvious straight forward prevention schemes, it is the second mode that I intend to address.

When you are active in the outdoors, your body produces a lot of heat that it must get rid of. It has several mechanisms for heat dissipation, we shall focus on two: convection/conduction to the air and evaporation of body moisture.

The standard accepted method of dressing for the outdoors is to first put on a thin layer of synthetic material that can easily transport liquid without absorbing much of it. Over this you place a thicker insulating layer, which again tends to not absorb moisture. The thickness of this layer is usually dictated by your level of exertion and the ambient temperature. Finally for protection from wind and precipitation you might wear a shell that is at least somewhat resistant to the flow of water. You use a similar system when you get in a sleeping bag for the night.

Analysis of this system suggests it should work OK as long as you carefully control the insulating layer to meet conditions and exertion levels, and limit the length of time it is used. The time issue is critical, for even at low exertion levels our bodies do lose some moisture through insensible sweating. This is clearly exhibited by the sleeping bags of arctic travelers that can gain upwards of 35

pounds of water over several weeks of use. Without a drying method, the system breaks down and you get cold.

When you go on a hike, your body movements circulate air through your clothing keeping the moisture levels down. When you get into camp and stop moving so much, you slowly lose water to the air in your clothing and it can not get out. Simplified: your clothing can be seen as a planar insulating layer with a heat source at 37C on one side and say a -10C sink on the other. Thus the temperature of the air in the insulation will drop linearly across the layer from 37C at your skin to -10C at the shell surface. It is important to note that as air temperature drops, it quickly loses the ability to hold moisture in vapor form. This means as humidity builds up inside your clothing, as it moves away from your body the temperature drops to some point where that moisture is forced into a solid or liquid state. It gets your clothes wet.

Wet clothes mean cold clothes. It doesn't matter what the fiber is.

There is a proven technology out there to combat this, yet for some reason it has not caught on in this application. It is the vapor barrier. Vapor barriers have been used for years in boots where they keep your sweating feet from soaking your boots. The army loves this feature - it cuts down on all sorts of foot problems. Vapor barriers are also catching on as sleeping bag liners. Those same arctic explorers are able to use much lighter bags because they are not soaking them with their sweat. So why not apply this to our clothing system?

A vapor barrier between you and your insulation would keep it dry - it would not matter what the insulating material is - it would always be warm. Of course this means you have to be that much more careful about dressing. Vapor barriers cut off your bodies best cooling method: evaporation. This means you have to be careful that the next best method, convection/conduction, can meet your cooling needs. This will likely mean you will have to wear less, and probably carry less insulation. It also means that you don't need to buy expensively lined shells capable of transporting vapor, there is no vapor to transport. Since you are shutting down the evaporative cooling system, it is also likely that you will require less drinking water.

An important note about sweating: if you are sweating to the point where sweat is dripping off your forehead and your shirt is sticking to your back, you have exceeded the capabilities of the evaporative cooling system. You are overheating. No matter what you are wearing: cotton, polypro or a vapor barrier, you need to either adjust your clothing or your exertion level to avoid overheating. Also, a wicking layer such as polypro transports liquid water away from your skin so it cannot cool you. Your body reacts by sweating more! If you are in the wilderness, excessive sweating could mean you are ruining your insulation and throwing away possibly precious water.

So, at the cost of requiring more careful monitoring of your cooling needs (which you should monitor anyway), vapor barriers have many benefits. You don't have to carry as much weight and volume when traveling into the wilderness - you will need less insulation, less water, a smaller sleeping bag, and perhaps less fuel to melt snow. This system will keep you warm since your insulation will not get wet. The next time you are evaluating your wilderness attire, consider the vapor barrier. And don't sweat!

IOCA

What a way to spend a weekend in April! Boulder Field New Hampshire; they said that was the place. When I set off we were three cars in a row, the first with three canoes the second two each with one. We were headed into snow, if Scott's curse, I mean gift, would strike again. Alas the snow held off for the trip up to the UNH sponsored weekend.

Upon arriving after many hours of cars heating up trying to climb to our destination (well over 2000 feet altitude gain according to Fred) we were greeted by a ROC member on Co-op, "Just up for the weekend," or that is what Kevin s led us across a field dazzled in light from the campus only a few hundred yards away, then stopped where he had layed out his sleeping bag in order to star gaze the night away. Either two or three people joined him; I am not sure because I pitched my tent beside the others in the Boulder Field.

When I awoke I knew that we had arrived when I could smell the "Fresh air" wafting across the field. We were up and eating after a fashion and found that we were the most prepared to go canoeing since we had already carried all of our canoes on the cars. The others picked up canoes on the way and off we went to canoe the (ASK SCOTT!!!?!!?!!?!!?!!?!!?) river. A great time was to be had for all the ROC's that paddled the away the day. The snowball fight, the rescue practice, and even the river rapids provided just the right challenge.

When all was said and done the trip had lost: 2 watches, 2pairs of glasses, 1 set of keys, 1 Old Town Boat, and shocked one member of the trip (I mean literally!!! Don't ditch a canoe and float by an electric fence!). Even the stragglers had a good time and so that trip would end with all safe and sound at the Boulder Field.

There were other trips and info sessions running all day. Here are a few I did not get to attend: Rock Climbing, Mountain Biking, Gourmet Outdoor Cooking, First Aid Rescue (Zip line used here), Fred Urban Hiking, Hemp Fest (Oops that wasn't part of the trip). Others that took place I never will know, but a fun filled day it was.

The evening brought clouds to our dismay, since we couldn't use the observatory in cloudy weather. A band was brought in to play and during the the intermission we held the Spring IOCA Business Meeting. The meeting was held in order to elect the new Executive Secretary of IOCA. This year things were different, finally a non ROC went up for candidacy and won. Amy Amblush is the new IOCA Exec Sec. and you can reach her at aaa@hooper.unh.edu. What a cool address 'aaa' that is. The next to be decided was where to hold next year's Spring Conference, that will be at Northeastern in '97, I wish you all well, for I will be gone. Well now you know the important information the rest is a blur, but I still had one question on Sunday morning as we packed to leave.

Why would you call this field "Boulder Field" when there are really only three places that you can see stone in the entire field? Well, some mysteries are better left unanswered. The trip home was a slow one although one car had left our group, Charlene, Scott's car, was still having problems going up the nearly 2000 feet altitude changes. We made it back and once again made plans to gather for the next IOCA event FALL LAKE GEORGE. SEE YOU ALL THERE!

-Andy

Eric Kirchner
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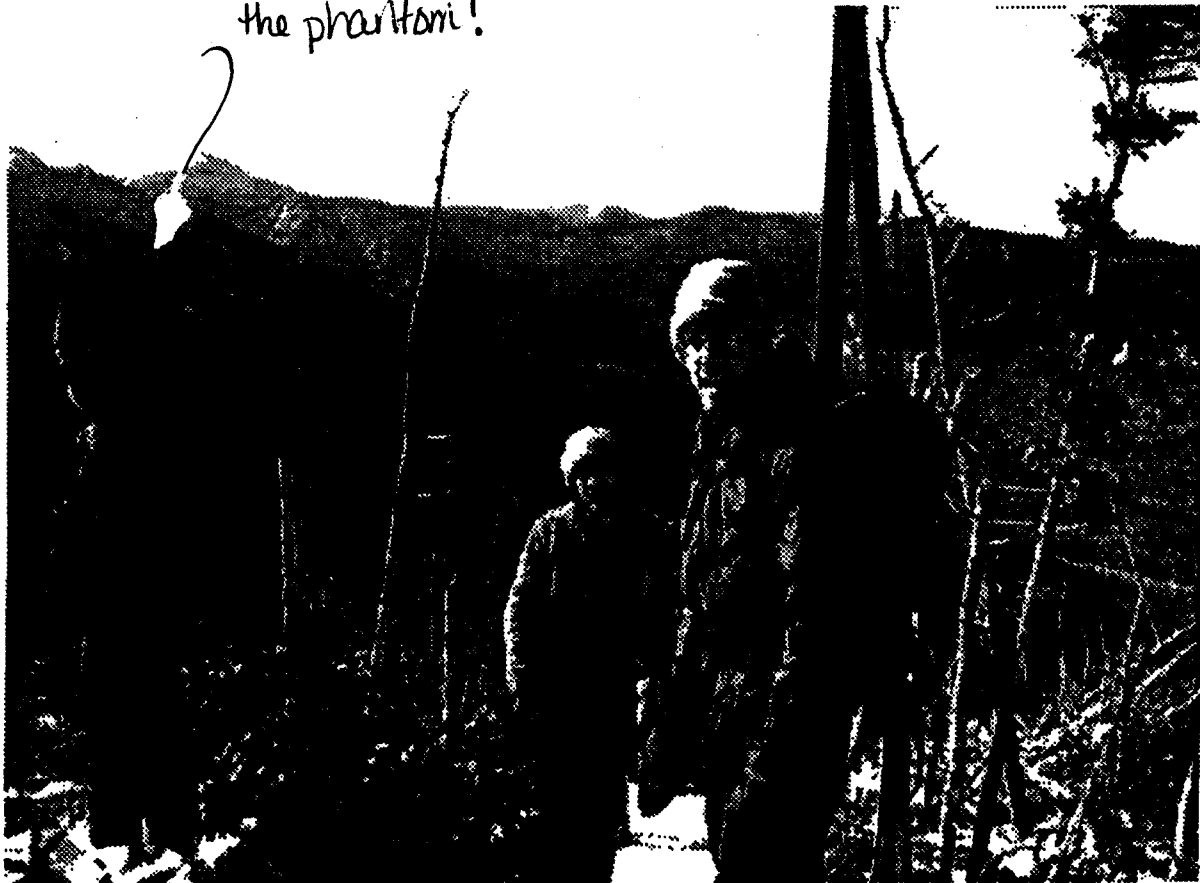
Information for this article was researched from the Stephenson's treatise on vapor barriers, as presented in their catalog. For more information and/or a catalog, write to: Stephensons, 22 Hook Rd., Gilford, NH 03246.

Editor's Corner:

Hello to all ROC members! I am the new editor of the journal, & am excited to do my best. We are getting off to a rocky start, but keep your eyes peeled for the next issue ... it will ROC your world!

● Laurie
wilmet@rpi.edu

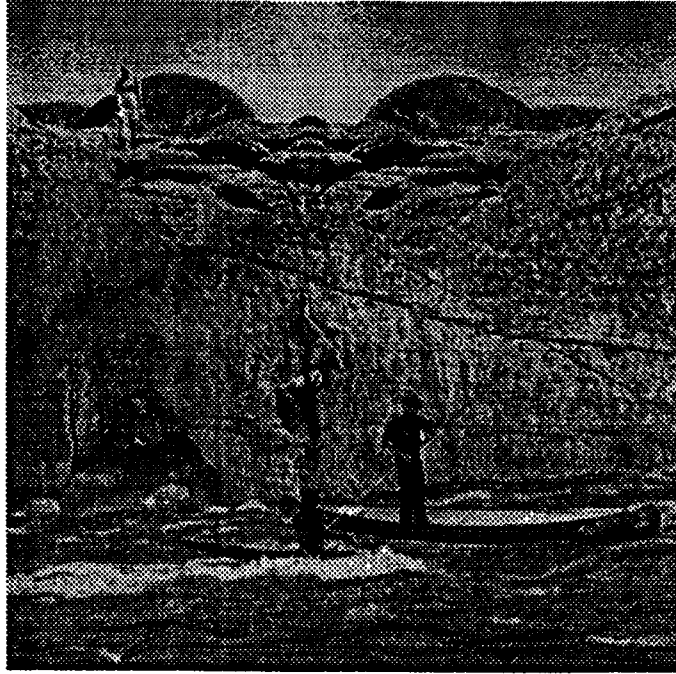
the phantom!





Ice Cave

The cave and the icicles within it are real. I took the picture in a belly crawl in Cobleskill, NY. There was a person in the picture that nearly filled the cave behind the ice formations. I used the clone tool to remove that person from the picture. Then I used a videotape of me in my caving clothes, and placed myself into the picture, totally changing the scale of the shot. I decided that my brown cave suit didn't contrast the cave very well, so I airbrushed it red, and added dark areas where the suit usually gets moist, and would have shadows. I also darkened the person a bit. The light in the computer lab was much more abundant than what is usually available in a cave. Finally, I added bats, complete with drop shadows on several of the cracks in the foreground of the picture.

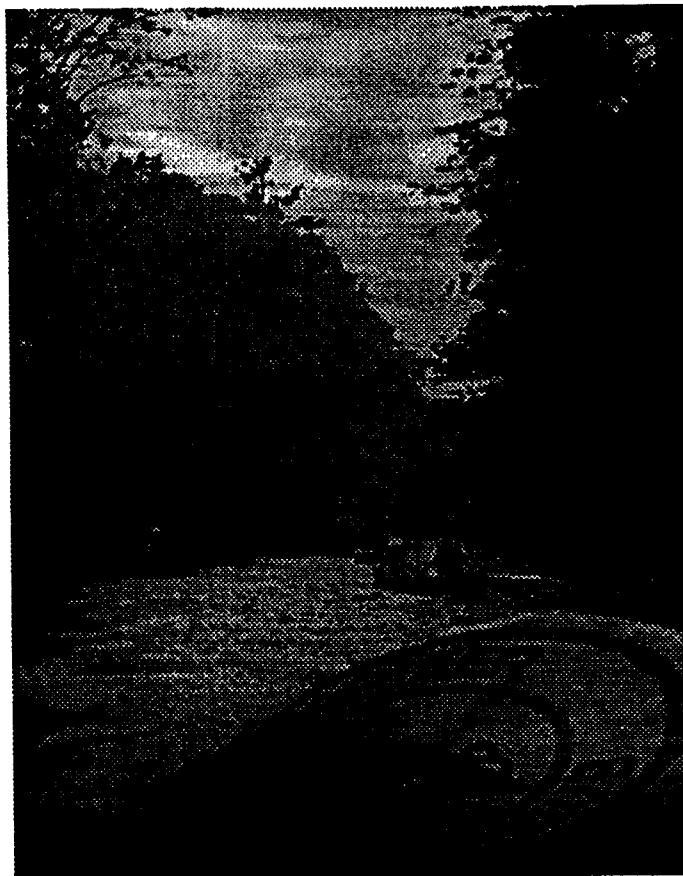


Outdoor Medley

This picture contains several layers, and a lot of cloning, copying, and color touch up. There are five basic pictures that I started with. A hiker, a caver, a rock climber, a closed boater, and a poler. The first layer was the rock climber. I made copies of the rock, and made the rock extend about four times as far as it did in the original picture. Then I placed the caver on top of the rock. Scaling all of the pictures so the people were about the right size for their relative distance was an interesting feat. I did some color replacement to make the originally bluish rock in the cave appear more greenish to match the rocks the climber is on. Then I added a layer that I airbrushed to extend the muddy beach-like surface out to the water. I used the water from the closed boater, and put the canoer on top of the water. Then I copied the closed boater and made a new layer on top of the canoer to give the illusion that the canoe poler was behind the closed boater. At the top of the picture I made a mirror image of the hiker and the rocks around her. I then used the cloning tool to clone her out of the picture, and to deemphasize all of the seams in the picture. It took a long time to mesh the three rock surfaces, and to get the color balance to work out nicely. Finally I added a piece of webbing, and extended the climbing rope. The webbing is purposely made to stick out. It helps to bring the viewers eye to the center of the mirror image "frog" effect. Notice the rock knobs around the hiker resemble the head of a frog. The picture was purposely left unbalanced with no person in the upper-left corner.

Carbide Lamp

The carbide lamp is done completely by freehand. I used the Render Clouds effect several times to make for a pseudo tarnished surface as the brass of a carbide lamp frequently gets. I also rendered black clodus for the background. The reflector was made using paths, and filling them in. The flame and the reflection, and the light beam were airbrushed in with varying pressures and colors.



Canoe the ROC

In this picture, I have used several layers. Canoeing on a river is one of my favorite places. The sky in the background has some odd clouds. All the clouds are made up of things that add stress to my life. These stresses are then blown around and distorted, as they get in my mind. I enjoy the outing club, and that can easily be found in the foreground of the picture. The sky is also reflected in the water on which the canoe floats. The idea is that the people in the canoe are "destressing" and are canoeing away from the stressful sky, and to the less stressful outing club. Yet they can always see the reflection of the sky, and the stresses that they can't quite get away from.