



THE ROC CAIRN



Newsletter of the Rensselaer Outing Club

September 2009



2008-2009 ROC President Adam Brown atop Alaska's Flat Top

NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

After spending three years as an active member of the club, I now have the opportunity to lead the effort to publishing a Cairn. I feel that the Cairn is an integral part of the club, given its rich history dating back to 1947 and its contents. For over sixty years, we have published our trip reports as a way of showing pride in our travels, documenting our history, and grabbing the interest of others. It is with this tradition in mind that I will tackle the task of putting these newsletters together for this year.

I encourage everyone to write an article for the Cairn, whether you just led a trip or just partook in a trip. Articles can be anything from a few sentences up to several pages – that’s the beauty of this newsletter. I am always looking for new ideas to incorporate into the Cairn, so speak up if you have anything in mind.

I hope that this year will be a prolific one for the Cairns, with the clubs long-time active members and brand new members alike contributing to its compilation. Find time to get outside and enjoy the year.

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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT:

ROCers and soon-to-be members,

Welcome to, and back to, lovely old Troy. You are all reading this address because you must have some sort of interest in what the Outing Club has to offer you. Well let me tell you, it has a LOT to offer you. The Outing Club was actually a large factor in my decision to come to RPI and it has certainly made my time here much more enjoyable. Whether you are a hardcore outdoor enthusiast, or you don't even know the first thing about where to FIND the outdoors; if it interests you, then you already have a place in the Outing Club. We will teach you everything you need to know to have fun and get away from your dorm.

Aside from ROC allowing you to take out all kinds of gear and go on fun trips, it also offers a close-knit group of people to hang out with who are interested in the same things that you are. Out of all of the friends that I have met here at RPI, the ones who are in the Outing club have stayed the closest. In fact, I just came back from a summer of living in Colorado with a little nest of close to 10 ROC alumni who have stayed close even after they graduated!

So, you're sold, where do you start? The same place that we all do, at the first meeting of the year to learn all of the ins and outs of the club. What we do, what we offer, how much fun we have and are planning to have this year. Come and meet all of the other people at RPI that know how to make the best of this place and how to have fun amidst all of that evil school junk.

I am very excited to get this year of ROC underway as it is already looking very promising. We have a lot of talent and motivation in the club, and I expect this year to be even better than last! As with all years, last year we lost many active members to the world of jobs (or perhaps unemployment) and we will be looking for new talent to be filling their shoes.

I will not talk about it much here, because there is a section later in the Cairn that will, but I would like to quickly mention FALL LAKE GEORGE! Every year I have been I have not regretted it. I have to admit though, I did not make it freshman year, and I DO regret that. I thought that I had to stick around and get work done, but I had not learned yet that the work doesn't really go away; it will definitely be there when you get back from FLG and for years and years afterwards. So go to FLG, it's worth it!

I hope to see many new and old faces in the club, and like I said, I expect this to be a really good year. If you have any questions just ask any of the officers or any of the really cool kids wearing a shirt that says "ROC". Have a great year and keep me posted on all of the cool things that you do, or want to do!

Sincerely,

Jesse "El Presidente" Kenyon

LIST OF THE OFFICERS:

President	Jesse Kenyon	kenyoi@rpi.edu
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Cairn Editor	Nathan Gibson	gibson2@rpi.edu
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CLUB ACTIVITIES:

Canoeing – Have you ever wanted to float down a flowing river, paddle through a lake, or spend quality time with a friend while in a boat? Try out canoeing, ranging from short flat water trips up to white water adventures.

Caving – If you can find a better use of your time than crawling around dark and damp underground caverns, feel free to let me know. Experience fitting your body through tight pinches you would never have thought you could fit through and witness bats, rocks, and underground streams on these trips.

Hiking – There’s nothing like waking up early and taking a walk in the woods. Popular destinations include the Adirondack High Peaks, Lake George, and the Catskills. Struggle to the top of a mountain and you will be amazed by the panoramic views. Plus, you get to brag about how far your tired feet carried you.

Ice Climbing – Seriously, give me a reason why you wouldn’t want to combine a frozen waterfall with technical climbing equipment. Try out ice axes and crampons as you ascend tall sheets of ice.

Kayaking – Think canoeing minus that annoying person in the back (or front) of your boat. Imagine paddling on both sides of your boat by yourself. Now think of rivers ranging from gentle streams to raging rapids and you’re in for a good time.

Rafting – Sometimes you really just can’t resist the urge to spend more time on those crazy white rapids on an inflatable raft filled with screaming people. There’s not a whole lot else I can say about this one.

Rock Climbing – When things get too steep to walk up, you may as well pull out some ropes and start climbing. Tying top ropes, using trad gear, wearing cool shoes – we do it all. Climb up small boulders or take part in multi-pitch expeditions.

Winter Mountaineering – Think hiking but with snow and technical equipment. Put on your snowshoes, carry those crampons and axes, and keep those goggles handy – this could be a long day. Trek through the snow and up some mountains anytime after the first few months of school.

Cross Country Skiing – Why not strap long sticks to your feet and awkwardly waddle through the snow? Once you discover the wonders of going up hills and skiing on flat terrain, you'll never want to downhill ski again. Well, maybe you will, but at least you will have found another hobby.

Mountain Biking – Yes, it sounds like a great idea to propel myself down a hill between rocks and trees. There's nothing that feels as much like being a stuntman as going faster than you probably should on a bicycle. Just be safe. I know you'll have fun.

ROC Wall – Did you know there was a climbing wall in the '87 Gym? There is. You should use it sometime. It will help you when you go outside, plus it's something fun that you can do when outside isn't as much of an option.

So now, how do I take part in all these wonderful activities? Well, it's actually pretty easy. You just need to sign up for the Rensselaer Outing Club. This year, dues are \$36 for the full year and \$24 dollars for a semester for RPI students. That will give you access to non-technical gear from the equipment pit and the right to go on club trips and use the climbing wall.

SHAMELESS ADVERTISEMENT FOR FALL LAKE GEORGE:

Ready to get outside?

Ready to get away from campus?

Ready to meet new people?

COME TO FALL LAKE GEORGE!!!

Friday to Sunday, September 25, 26, and 27, sponsored by IOCA (Intercollegiate Outing Club Association) and will be attended by college outing clubs from all over the northeast

This event is a great time to get away from school and to just enjoy a weekend with other outing club members from around the northeast.

Friday typically consists of paddling a canoe or riding the motor boat to Turtle Island, where you will set up camp. The rest of the day you can relax, sit by a warm fire, roast some marshmallows, and just enjoy the outside.

On Saturday the real fun begins with trips being taken all around Lake George. There will be hiking, swimming, cliff jumping, and just plain exploring. Then after a full day of adventure a steak/chicken dinner will be provided (Vegetarian options too!), where all the attendees will meet and enjoy the meal together. After dinner there will be a square dance along with some refreshing apple cider. Always a fun time!

Things will come to a close on Sunday, when we all get packed up and head back to shore, and make our way back to the real world.

Can't wait to see you all there!!!

TEN HIGH PEAKS IN ONE SUMMER

Written by Nathan A. Gibson

Last November, I traveled to Reno, NV, and made a stop by Lake Tahoe. That was an incredibly beautiful and amazing experience that left me wanting to spend some time somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Being a nuclear engineer, there aren't necessarily jobs in every city I can imagine, so my choices were a little limited. In the end, I decided that Idaho was the place to go. I began imagining summiting Borah Peak and other twelve thousand foot peaks that could be construed as on the upper side of or just higher than my ability level. After applying and getting offers for two jobs prior to even applying to the job in Idaho, I made a tough decision that changed all those plans. I was staying in Troy, NY, for the summer.

I made the most out of the experience by getting myself up into the Adirondack High Peaks for just about half the summer weekends. I never hiked with the same person twice and even tried hiking solo for the first time. Six trips and ten high peaks later, I can proudly write a Cairn article.

Trip 1: Colden & Skylight

To start the summer, I undertook a solo backpack, spending a night in the woods by myself for the first time on Memorial Day Weekend. Hitting the trail on midday Sunday, I departed from the Adirondack Loj and hiked through Avalanche Pass, which met expectations from the guidebook. The trail was slow in places, as one needed to navigate on some ups and downs beside a body of water between two steep cliffs. I was in awe as I was looking to either side, appreciating the spectacular views.

I didn't read the guidebook's description of the trail up the east side of Mount Colden until I was on it. The guide used words like

"relentless" and "steep" too close to each other for me to enjoy having a rather heavy pack on my shoulders. Eventually, I made it to the summit of Mount Colden. I looked at my watch and appreciated that it was 6:30pm, a time much later than I'd ever think of being on a summit had this been a simple day hike.

After spending twenty or so minutes enjoying the peacefulness and the views from atop the gorgeous summit, I hurriedly went down the west side to my planned campsite beside Lake Arnold. It was getting dark, so I quickly scrambled to set up camp, find water, and cook dinner. The only water I could easily find was the big body of water known as Lake Arnold. I walked my way over to it and started filling up my jug with fairly murky water. At this point, I made a wrong step and found myself up to my thighs in thick mud. I couldn't pull my feet out, so I had to dig through swampy, smelly dirt to retrieve my now muddy feet. This could all have been avoided; I found an outlet stream less than a two minute walk on the trail from my campsite the next morning.

That night, I appreciated some strange noises. If you have ever seen an old sci-fi movie, you'd recognize the sounds as those that are made whenever aliens land their UFOs. I'm telling you, these were the *exact same* sounds. Seriously, either the creators of those movies found inspiration from the birds or bugs or whatever I heard or the movies are based on fact and aliens landed on Lake Arnold as I slept.

The next day, I made a questionable decision and started the day with a seven mile side trip. I left my full pack at the camp site and made the three and a half mile trek to the summit of Mount Skylight. I got to the rather secluded mountain early enough that I again had a summit to myself. I think I can say that the summit of Skylight is my favorite summit of any mountain I have ever been on. The views were unparalleled and being truly alone on one of New York's highest peaks gave me a feeling like nothing else I have ever felt.

For the remainder of the day, I hiked back to my campsite, picked up my stuff, and hiked the 5 miles I needed to go to get back to my car. I was a bit tired and dirty by the time I got back, but I was proud of completing one great hike in the 'Dacks.

Trip 2: Phelps & Tabletop

Nearly a month passed before I hit the trail again. Finally, on June 21, I took my roommate Hardik Desai and one other friend, Dan Hildebrand, with me, again to Adirondack Loj. My fellow hikers had exams for their summer classes to worry about, so we selected a quick hike to do. The plan was to tag Phelps and head back.

Of course, it was raining a bit. Troy rained a lot this summer. I swear it never stopped. This hike was me telling Mother Nature that I am giving up on waiting for good weather and am just going to enjoy myself no matter what she throws at me.

The trail to Marcy Dam was as it always is, seemingly extremely short in the morning. We made good time and were having a good time and pressed on almost immediately. At this point my roommate, who never struck me as the fittest person in the world, especially considering his habit of smoking, took off ahead of Dan and me. We didn't see him again until the summit. Dan and I continued on at a decent pace, stopping infrequently and having great conversations and reached the summit feeling great. Reuniting with Hardik, we all had a small lunch and took in the cloudy view around us.

I had nothing to do that day other than hike, so I let my fellow hikers make the decision on what to do next. In true procrastinating style, they decided to say "screw those plans to study, let's keep hiking!" We hiked down back to the main trail, continued on until we got to the Tabletop Summit trail. We bent to the right and headed on up.

The trail was messy. The rain that day and every day previously in the summer made it what I called "the muddiest trail I'd ever hiked." That may have been an exaggeration, but it certainly sucked for my roommate wearing sneakers rather than waterproof boots. Although not an official trail, the trail to the top of Tabletop was an easy one to follow and was never overly strenuous. It would have been lovely had the weather been lovely.

We tagged that summit, ate a bit more, and then made great time heading back out to the car. We then drove to the Noonmark Diner, where we racked up a \$60 bill between three people. We each had breakfast, dinner, and desert. It was fantastic.

Trip 3: Algonquin

After lobbying for my good friend Dan Frydryk to hike with me for over a year, I finally succeeded in convincing him to take a trip to Algonquin with me. Joining us were his friend Rob Brooks and our good friend Liz Brule. I promised the three amazing views from the summit, seeing as I remembered it as a fantastic hike (see my article in the Dec '08 Cairn).



The hike was fantastic, although a bit more intense than Liz was expecting. We pressed on keeping up a good pace for a good part of the morning before we reached the summit. It was completely and utterly soaked in. A cloud

enveloped us and we could barely see a few feet in front of our faces. It was brutally windy and we decided lunch would best be eaten a little bit under the summit. For the second time, I enjoyed eating Chef Boyardee raviolis on Algonquin.

We opted to turn back at Algonquin rather than continuing on to Iroquois and/or Wright. We managed to get off the trail only a matter of minutes before the rain started. It was impressive.

Also, on this trip, I lost my camera. I for some reason left it at the junction between the Wright and Algonquin summit trails. I went back to get it on my way down, but was dismayed to find it was gone. Talking to a (very attractive female) trail steward, I was told that some French Canadians took it intending to find its rightful owner on the summit. Unfortunately, no one seemed to put any effort into asking if I lost a camera and I never heard back from the steward about it. Rest in peace, camera from 2005.

Trip 4: Dial & Nippletop

Having just purchased brand new hiking boots, I was excited to try them out. I had no one planned to go hiking with me and was planning to solo hike again. Then, by some miracle, I received an email from Pat McKenna via the summer contact list saying he wanted to go hiking the very same day I had planned. I quickly replied and we chose to go for the 14 mile undertaking of Dial and Nippletop.

Finally utilizing a trailhead other than Adirondack Loj, we arrived at the Ausable Club parking area just prior to 9am. The lot was filling up, but we got a spot. We hiked past the ritzy country club and into the woods for a wonderful hike. Despite its length and advertised 4000 vertical feet of ascent, this hike was not hard at all. Grades were gentle to moderate the whole time and the footing was good. Also, the trail featured a great mix of dirt

walking, rock hops, open face rock, and grass. It was one of the most diverse trails I've hiked.



We enjoyed half of lunch atop Dial and chose to press on to Nippletop. Arriving on Nippletop, we ate the second half of lunch and discovered that there was another way down that we could use as a loop. This seemed like a wonderful idea, so we went with it.

The weather was nice for us for the time we had views, but clouded over on our way down. This was not surprising, as the summer was continuing to be ridiculously rainy. The strange thing was we never felt any rain, but ran into other hikers who had a steady rain for a while on the side of the WolfJaws. That's not too far away from where we were.

Trip 5: Haystack

With some interns from my summer job, I decided to do another overnight. I planned a fairly ambitious two day hike, including hiking Haystack from the south side and looping to hit Colvin and Blake. This idea had a truly ridiculous second day, especially given my inexperienced company and the weather, so it didn't happen.

In any case, on our first day, we made the nine mile trek to Panther Gorge, which was a lovely place to spend the night. The people we saw near the camp (quite a few) were the first people we had seen all day. Panther Gorge

made for some fun recreation of getting a little wet in some refreshing water. It also provided an excellent source for drinking and cooking water.

The next morning, the sun never came out. We made the trek from Panther Gorge up to Haystack. It turns out that the south side of Haystack is very steep. I had no idea going into it just how steep it was. It was a whole lot of fun, but my inexperienced fellow hikers weren't overly thrilled that I took them on something that nuts.

We arrived at the summit quite early and enjoyed the view of being in a cloud. Scott Wagner and Andrew LaCharite, my fellow hikers, seemed to enjoy the experience of being in a cloud and were proud to be on the #3 tallest point in New York, but I was very disappointed to miss out on what were advertised as fantastic views.

After descending the ridiculous slope, we decided just to hike back out the way we came. Colvin and Blake were just too far away and our bodies couldn't take the beating. Plus the weather sucked, seeing as the cloud we were standing in was now raining on us. The nine mile hike out was not fun. It rained steadily the whole time and we had nothing of interest to look forward to other than the car.

We trudged on in the mud and rain for as long as we could in between infrequent breaks, complaining the whole time. At one point Scott summarized the hike out like no one else could: "The only thing we have going for us is that we aren't being shot at by the Viet Kong." Yeah, it sucked that bad.

We made it to the car and realized that I was the only one smart enough to leave a change of clothes in the car. On the ride home, there was one shirt and two pairs of pants between the three of us.

Being half naked, we decided to skip the diner in favor of the Wendy's drive through. For three people, the order we made was:

- Large Baconator Combo
- Large Triple Stacker Combo
- Jr Bacon Cheeseburger
- Jr Cheeseburger Deluxe
- Crispy Chicken Sandwich
- Large Strawberry Frosty Shake
- Glass of Water

I think the woman working the drive through was amused by my passengers' nakedness.

Trip 6: Gothics & Sawteeth

Having had one of the worst hiking experiences of my life the week before, I decided I needed to get out on a good hike before the summer ended. Miraculously, a beautiful day came on the next Saturday. I grabbed my good friend Dave McAvoy and headed up to the 'Dacks.

Again I started at the Ausable Club parking area, snagging one of the last two legal parking spots. We headed down Lake Road and up the Gothics trail.

I have to say, I'd been looking forward to hiking Gothics for a long time. It was always on my list of mountains to hike, but I was saving it for a good day. It met expectations. The trail was fantastic, with a few small stretches of tough terrain surrounded by mostly moderate climbs. It gave the perfect sense of accomplishment without brutal terrain.

Dave had never been on a legitimate hike before, and so didn't know what to expect. Apparently I made him think he was doing something considerably easier than he was, but he was able to handle it no problem. The only issue was his strange fear of bare granite faces. On gentle granite slides, he seemed petrified. He told me he wants to go hiking again (and likely join ROC!), but I'll have to smack some sense into him for dealing with terrain that's just part of hiking.

In any case, the summit of Gothics was exquisite. We spent quite a lot of time taking in the incredible views and eating a light lunch. We moved on to Pyramid Peak, which isn't on the list of 46ers due to its lack of prominence from Gothics, but has equally stellar views. That small peak was a little too crowded to stay long, though.

From there, we travelled on to Sawteeth, which entailed a fun scramble to the top that was steep without being overly challenging. That summit paled in comparison to Gothics, but it was nice to add my tenth 46er of the summer onto my list.

The only issue with the way down was the ridiculous length of Lake Road. Having hiked 9 miles already, the last three on incredibly boring flat terrain was painful.

All in all, it was a fantastic hike and more than made up for the previous week.

Final Thoughts

So I hiked a total of 89 miles between Memorial Day and the end of my summer internship. If I extend the summer hiking season to Labor Day as it usually defined, I will have hiked well over 100 miles in New York.

The summer of hiking was fantastic and allowed me to appreciate my summer in Troy. Having good friends around and being able to head to the mountains very often made me glad to have been in New York. Sure, Idaho would have been fun, but this may have even been better.

That said, what are my plans for next summer? I'm thinking it's time to go to the Rockies for real this time. Maybe New Mexico?

Nathan A. Gibson

ATLANTIC ISLAND ADVENTURE

Written by Dan O'Connor



Our island adventure began with three RPI students; me, Nate Harrison, and Tom Mosakowski, and our two friends Chris and Devan Jacobson driving the 1,000 mile journey from Troy to our destination in Georgia. The choice of whose car to take was not difficult; my old van stalled out at intersections and required a skilled driver to then jump out, spray starter fluid under the hood, jump back in, and hope he could start the engine back up again before the light turns green. Nate's car had windshield wipers; but the linkage had broken. He had rigged up a

device to allow for the pulling of the wipers manually with a string and spring configuration; but none of us had the arm strength to manage this feat for such a long drive. We took my 2002 Chrysler Voyager minivan.

The trip should not have taken much more than 18 hours, but as we moseyed down the east coast, stopping at every McDonalds we could find, we passed the 36 hour mark before finally getting there. We all recall fondly the point where one of us complained about it being too hot in the van. At that point I rolled up all the windows and turned on the heat full blast. It must have reached 150 Fahrenheit in there. We endured astonished looks at our sweat-soaked clothing as we exited the van at the next rest stop.



Upon arriving at St. Mary's in Georgia, we paid the small fees and boarded the boat that would take us out to the beautiful Cumberland Island; a 17 mile long, mostly uninhabited barrier island off the Atlantic coast. The orientation session we were given by the park ranger stationed there struck fear into our hearts. "Don't get sick here. NOBODY gets well on this island. And make sure to watch out for two things: the crocodiles, and the velociraptors." We never found out if he was joking.

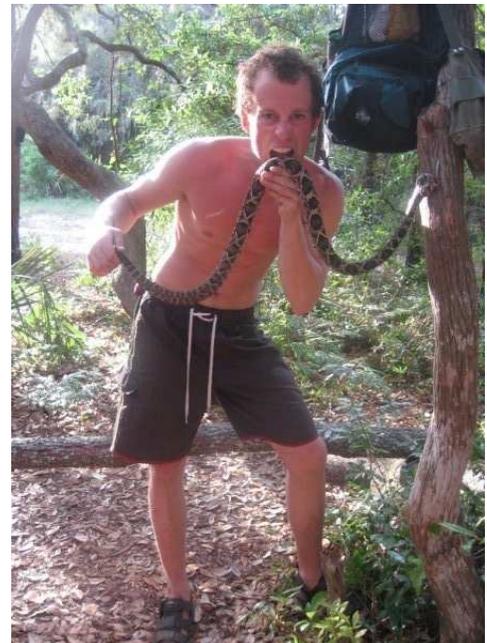
We were assigned a campsite 3.5 miles up the island, so we piled together our colorful assortment of bags onto our shoulders (none of us had those nice professional backpacking bags) and began the hike. I will never forget carrying 40 beers (hey, that's only 2 beers per person per night) in a military rucksack plopped onto my shoulders 3.5 miles through the woods.



Our campsite was ideal; located a short walk through the dunes from the beach. At a nearby campsite were three lovely female college students from Georgia that we spent most of our four days there with. After setting up camp, we began to explore. The island was right out of a storybook. Large oak trees that grew up mainly at 45 degree angles dominated the landscape; beautiful Spanish moss hanging from all their limbs. The ground floor was full of saw palmettos with armadillos and lizards scurrying through them. Convenient paths cut through the forests,

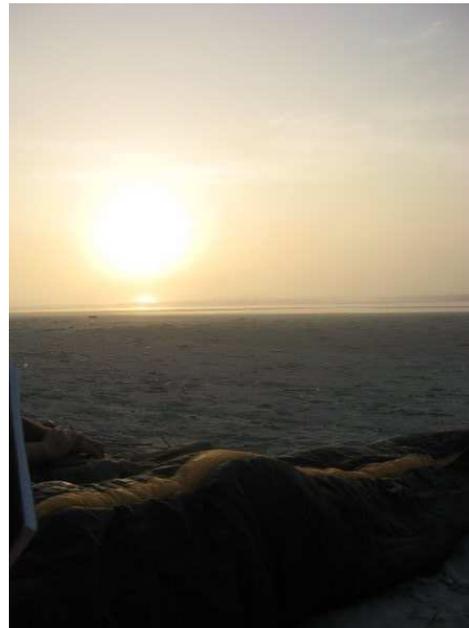
put there by the Carnegies who once occupied the island, and we shared these paths with many wild horses that could be seen grazing anywhere we went. We made our way through these to the salt marshes on the opposite side of the island as our campsite; hoping to find some crocodiles. Though we did not see any, we saw their mark; horse skeletons scattered throughout the marshes. We collected many bite sized fiddler crabs and muscles during the expedition to cook up for dinner that night. As we enjoyed the delicious dinner we caught and the refreshing beer we labored to bring, sitting around the campfire with our newfound acquaintances, we discussed plans for the next days.

Soon after sunrise we ventured to explore the ruins and old houses dotted throughout the island. Rosaries in hand, we hiked through the hot sun for several miles to some of the various places we had in mind. This prepared us well for a long swim in the ocean. The waves were perfect, the water was comfortable, the sand was pristine and the beach uninhabited as far as the eye could see. When we met back up with Tom we discovered that he had encountered a rattlesnake on his own walk. Seeing the opportunity, he killed and captured it with a nice dinner in mind. When we made it back to the campsite, Tom pegged the snake to a tree and we crossed over the dunes, trailing a family of wild horses on their evening stroll to the beach. Another man we met on the island told us to keep our eyes out for ghost crabs on the beach at night. Now our intent was to catch a tasty side dish.



Wikipedia describes ghost crabs as “translucent, able to disappear from sight almost instantly, scuttling at speeds up to 10 mph, while making sharp directional changes.” This made our ghost crab hunting excursion the most intense and entertaining part of our trip. At 9pm, the 8 of us ventured to the beach with headlamps on, knives in hand, and one empty bag. What ensued was a frenzy of running, pivoting, stabbing, shouting and screaming, and general epic battle against the ghost crabs. After an hour or so of this, we had filled our bag and headed back to camp to cook up a glorious dinner of rattlesnake, ghost

crab, and spaghetti. After boiling the crabs, their meat was delicious, but the rattlesnake meat tasted similar to a balloon.



After sleeping on the beach and watching the sun rise over the Atlantic, we made the trek back to the dock to ship back to shore. We bid a sad but hasty farewell to our new friends, as we had a long trip ahead of us and just enough time to make it back for graduation. We made sure the drive back took less time than the drive down; popping caffeine pills and buying large coffees at McDonalds, adding our own instant coffee to them to make them stronger, and driving straight through the day and night. After 20 hours we were back in Troy, with just one hour to spare for me to walk the stage (still have one semester left though), Nate to graduate, and Tom to watch (he graduated last year). We all agree that Cumberland Island was our best outing to date.

Dan O'Connor

**The National Cave Rescue Commission
of the
National Speleological Society
Northeastern Region**

ORIENTATION TO CAVE RESCUE

September 19&20, 2009

**Manchester Rescue Station
Manchester Center, VT**

Registration Fee: \$50

(meals included – see information sheet)

*This NCRC **Weekend Orientation to Cave Rescue** Seminar is designed to give both Emergency Responders (police, fire, EMS) and cavers an overview and limited hands-on experience with cave rescue operations, management, and requirements, improving cooperation among all responders in the event of a real cave rescue.*

EMERGENCY RESPONSE AGENCY PERSONNEL

This course is especially important for fire and rescue squads who might be in a position of coordinating or assisting with rescue procedures. Caving experience is NOT required, and participants in this course will not be required to enter the cave during the mock rescue drill unless they wish to do so (there are a large number of critical above-ground roles required during a cave rescue which require an understanding of the cave rescue process).

CAVERS

Knowledgeable cavers are the second key to a successful rescue, as they are the ones who understand and are comfortable with the cave environment. No previous rescue training is needed. All cavers are encouraged to take this course in order to better understand the inter-agency coordination and teamwork necessary during a cave rescue.

Interested? Contact Pat McKenna (mckenp2@rpi.edu).

SEMESTER PLANS:

"I will lead a trip to Giant via Rocky Peak Ridge during the month of October. It's supposed to be one of the nicest hikes in the Adirondacks despite being a bit lengthy."

-Nathan Gibson

"I plan to find mountains that I can hike up and then ski or snowboard down."

-Jesse Kenyon

"I want to finish my 46 High Peaks before Thanksgiving. I will be doing the following hikes on Saturdays for anyone who's interested:

- Iroquois via Algonquin (Wright too if anyone needs it)
- Santanoni Range (3 peaks)
- Lower Dix Range (4 peaks)
- Marcy
- Dial and Nippletop
- Colvin and Blake
- Lower Wolfjaw (we can tack on Upper Wolfjaw too)
- Marshall
- Esther and Whiteface for the finish."

-Charlie Stoker

"I plan on leading Class C ice climbing trips any time there is ice."

-Matt Oakley

"I plan to kayak every month of the year (yes that includes the winter), and find some steep chutes to skin up and ski down."

-Alan Stolarski

"I am planning on hiking some trail-less peaks in the 'Dacks, particularly in the winter. Also planning on doing some kayaking."

-Andrew Calcutt

"I am going to become a patch member."

-Hopefully You and All Your Friends