



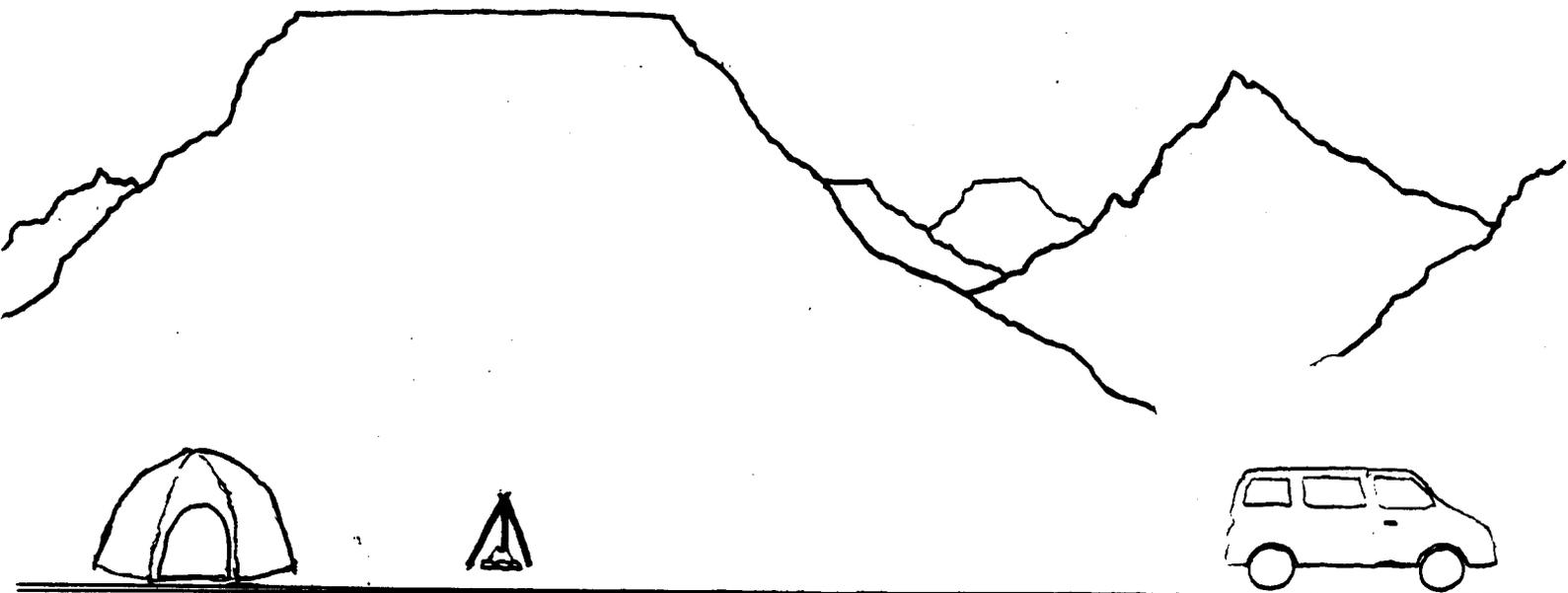
THE ROC CAIRN



15 November 1988

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

The Western Adventure



The View From the Summit

Well, Fall Lake George has come and gone, and the "winter" season for the club has begun. This means many things to the club.

Fall Lake George was a fun-filled weekend with good weather. Everyone who went had a great time. (As far as I know.) If you went you know what I mean, if you did not go, well, shame on you. We had over 50 people from other colleges and alums. There were at least 3 ROC ex or present Presidents on the island. And I followed in their tradition and went around the island with a couple boxes of chocolate chip cookies, handing them out to everyone I met. I look forward to my 5th! FLG next year. The only difference I know of, for next year is that we are moving it back to its original weekend since not as many as I had hoped could take advantage of the long weekend.

I said winter, didn't I? Well, in the club, the winter season begins either Oct. 15 or the first real snowfall in the 'Daks. Well, both have come and gone, so I guess it is winter. Forget the fact that as I write this, it is 65 degrees out.

With winter comes winter mountaineering and x-country skiing and ice-climbing. I encourage everyone to go on at least one trip in each area. Remember you don't have to be an expert in the activity. In fact, we don't expect you to know anything. We can teach you what you need to know. Remember too, we need leaders in these activities, so if you enjoy it a lot, talk to the chairperson involved.

Also coming up, (at least as I write this) we have "Throw Mama from the Union" and the Homecoming Parade. We need help with both and your support for our Not Necessarily the Homecoming Queen candidate. Remember, every penny is a vote, so Vote early, and vote often. Learn what it is like to vote in a South American country where the number of votes recorded is more than the total population! If you want to be in the Parade, let me know, we will figure a way to fit you in.

Well, that is the view from the summit right now. Take it easy and make sure every trip is a good trip!

I watched in anguish as my pack pummeled off the edge of the rock and crashed in the brush below. "Oh well", I said to myself, "Could've been worse, better my pack than me."

The August heat of Phoenix had driven me northward to cooler and wilder parts where I now stood on a broken granite peak contemplating my fate. The peak was one of four carved from a treacherous granite ridge that towered over the broken foothills of North Central Arizona the eventually met the Colorado plateau at the Mogollon Rim. Four Peaks, as this series of summits was called, exceeded all other mountains for nearly a hundred miles in any given direction. I knew upon my first partaking of a view of the peaks from the top of Squaw Peak nearly 60 miles away that I would have to go there.

The drive to Four Peaks was almost worth a trip in itself. A most narrow, unruly and mostly unpaved road snaked its way through the region of the canyon lakes. Sheer rock cliffs dropped into deep greenish-blue waters. One could not help but be stricken by the beauty of the contrast as the desert met water. The roads led high above Roosevelt Lake and eventually to part of the ridge

that eventually went to form the peaks. As I lay under the stars that night the glittering lights of the East Valley could be seen well over forty miles away.

The ascent of the peaks began the next morning on a steep mountain trail that ended at the base of the first peak that rose above the ridge in broken granite cliffs. We opted to attack the south face of the summit as it offered the best hope of an easy ascent. The ascent involved a steep climb but ample footholds and handholds made the experience quite enjoyable as we continued to rise up the south face. After some great photographic opportunities on the way up, the first peak was conquered with little difficulty.

Unfortunately, the rest of the day would not be so easy. The second peak was less than a quarter of a mile from us and only slightly less in elevation than the 7642 feet where we now stood. The passage to the next peak began with a treacherous downclimb in which I often had to drop my pack (quite literally) in order to hug the rocks close enough to make a reasonably safe descent. Where there weren't steep cliffs, thick

brush covered steep slopes of broken and jagged granite. Several granite teeth protruding from the ridge had to be overcome before the final ascent on the second peak. The somewhat unexpected ruggedness of the transition between the peaks had begun to dwindle our water supply and even in the mountains, the blazing Arizona sun offered little mercy. The decision was made to attempt the third peak. The plan was to involve climbing down a thousand feet, moving along the base of the summit where the terrain was passable and then climbing a finger extending from the third summit. On the initial downclimb we were once again harried and frustrated by thick brush, steep rock faces and outright cliffs. The descent ended leaving us hot, tired and short of water. The discovery of a small amount of muddy, larvae infested water in the cleft of a rock had done only a little to remedy the situation. The climbing once again ensued, this time with both hands and feet clawing into soft earth as we struggled to regain the ridge. The last several hundred feet of the climb once again trekked through the ubiquitous rocky, Manzanita covered slope. By this time my strength had waned

considerably, mostly due to lack of water and consequentially food. The afternoon sun sparkled off the cool, blue waters of Roosevelt Lake as we sat on top of the ridge. The third peak was less than 200 yards to our right, but 800 feet vertically below us lay the trail that led out of the wilderness. This was as close as we came to actually reaching the top of the third peak. The descent to the trail once again involved steep slopes covered with thick and brushed but we were spared the agony of any more drop-offs. Just off the trail we found the workings of a small amethyst mine. I pocketed a few of the better low-grade stones that I could find and hit the trail. A weary five mile trudge led to the trailhead. I took a last look at the peaks. I felt that I had finally worked them out of my system.

SUMMER ADVENTURE OF PAUL SCHANTZ AND LUARA STAHMER

Laura Stahmer -my fiance- and I -Paul Schantz started our Summer of 1988 adventure in Glacier Park, where we planned to stay for 3 days and 2 nights. Being a photograghic nut, I realized that no trip would be complete without my camera and all applicable and necessary accesories. The first day turned out to be a beautiful day, lending itself to many gorgeous views and a few of our first romantic walks. Anyway, I learned on this impressive day the importance of fully setting up a tripod. A mountainous gust of wind swept my tripod from its perch allowing my camera to be crushed by the rapidly approaching ground. (The wind blew my camera over.) I was a bit bummed out for the rest of the day. That night we boarded in a cabin at Many Glaciers. It was inexpensive (\$18.00) and had two comfortable double beds - my kind of bargin.

The following day we headed out for Waterton Park which is the Canadian counterpart to Glacier Park. On the way we decided to stop in a small Canadian town to see if it was possible to put my camera back into service. We found the people to be quite friendly; in a hardware store, the manager cleared off his desk and lended my the tools I needed to fix my ailing camera. After an hours labor, I fixed the mechanical system of my camera so it would run on manual mode. We saw part of the park then took a beach towel out to a glacier lake and relaxed for a while. In the early afternoon, we did some sightseing in Waterton which is a quaint little town. By midafternoon, we were ready to see some more; we discovered that we had only seen approximately half of the park that is visible by road. Waterton Park proved to be a

worthwhile extension of our trek.

We returned to the States and attempted to get another cabin at Many Glaciers National Park. They were booked, leaving the only other affordable option in the trunk .. Mr tent. We found a nice cozy spot under some trees, had a bite to eat, and fell fast asleep. The day had taken its toll, and we slept far into the next morning.

We woke up to a beautiful day and decided to go back over the Going to the Sun Highway. We took our time enjoying the sights and each other. We decided to take a boat cruise of lake McDonald that evening. To pass the time, we waded up to our shorts in the glacier waters. The water felt so good. The cruise was a very pleasant way to end an enchanting day. The evening found us trekking back over the Highway and enjoying the sunset from the pass. What incredible sights! We spent the last night in the campground at Many Glaciers .. we fell in love with the place. The following day we headed back to Bozeman, Montana.

The next leg of our journey took us to Yellowstone Park for 3 days and two nights. Although we were warned by the media that we would be greatly inhibited by the smoke in the park, we pressed on. The smoke never did block any views except across the southern most lake. We entered the park through the west gate via West Yellowstone. We travelled down the western part of the park to Old Faithful. We spent the day seeing practically every geyser and hot spring in the area. As night drew near, we decided to catch our last view of Old Faithful. We waited and we waited and we waited. After 30 minutes of waiting in the rapidly cooling

evening (even I was getting cold) we decided to call it a day and go back to the cabin.

The following day, we travelled around the bottom of the park. Unfortunately the fire resulted in the closure of the south exit to us blocking our trip to the Tetons .. saved for another day. We saw many wildlife including: bison, elk, deer, swan, buffalo, and moose. We headed north and out of the park via the Northwest exit. We spent the night in a beautiful campground outside the park. Once arriving at Pine Creek Campground, we decided to go for a evening hike to finish our day. We got to see the falls just before the sun set and hurried back to our tent and the warmth of the sleeping bags. The next morning, we headed back to Bozeman.

The final and main leg of our adventure extended for 6 days and five nights bring us from Bozeman, Montana through Wyoming and Colorado to Flagstaff, Arizona. We started the first day by driving across the Top of Yellowstone National Park across the Bear Tooth Highway. We saw countless beautiful sights and wonderful campgrounds to stay at. We drove on to Wyoming and decided to spend the night in the Wyoming National Forest. We had a map that said the campground was just twenty miles off the main highway. After driving for about one hour and nearly turning around many times, we finally found the campground. Circle Park is located - kind of near Buffalo, Wyoming - way up high in the mountains. Just as we got the tent set up, it began to rain - this proved not to be an unusual experience. Setting up the tent became some sort of ritual raindance or something.

The following day we enjoyed the many interesting sandstone formations in Wyoming. We continued our trek to Estes Park which is the gateway to Rocky Mountain National Park. Arriving late was not a good idea without reservations at Estes Park. Even the cheapest hotel was \$75.00, which was way beyond our limited budget. We ended up putting the tent up in a AV (Anoying Vehicle) park for the night. It felt and sounded like we were camping in the median of a four lane highway - how nostalgic!

We got up early - were woken up early - packed the car, and headed for the park. We were advised to get a campsite early so we drove west for about thirty miles to a beautiful campground in the mountains - quite a change from the night before! We headed back towards the main road through the park. Although the day turned out to be a bit overcast, we caught many wonderful views through the breaks in the clouds. And as the day progressed, the skies cleared and we saw the beauty of it all. Towards the top of the pass, we stopped at a pulloff where Laura fed the vermons. It was quite a sight seeing all the chipmonks, squirrels, and birds yes birds - hand feeding.

The next day, we headed towards Grand Junction, Colorado. We took interstate 94 which turned out to be by far the most beautiful interstate I have ever driven on. We were treated to a constant panarama of incredible views. Upon arriving in Grand Junction, we decided to travel to nearby Colorado Monument. The monument concisted of many interesting sandstone formations.

After our morning coffee, we headed south towards the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. The canyon featured 2000' sheer black

walls which were spectacular. We toured the Canyon for the majority of the afternoon. As evening drew near, we headed south and stayed at the Mesa Verde Campground. We enjoyed the presence of many deer and 3 fawns right at the back of our campsite. Unfortunately, an obnoxious photographer decided that she needed to be within 3 feet of the fawns to get a good picture and managed to scare them all away. Also, mentionable, is the time we decided to pick an isolated spot away from everyone to enjoy nature. No sooner had we set up the tent than an AV backed into the sight directly across from us.

The following day we visited the Mesa Verde remains which we both found to be very interesting. We ended our trek as we drove to Flagstaff, Arizona for hot showers and pizza. I look forward to many more trips with Laura. What a Summer!