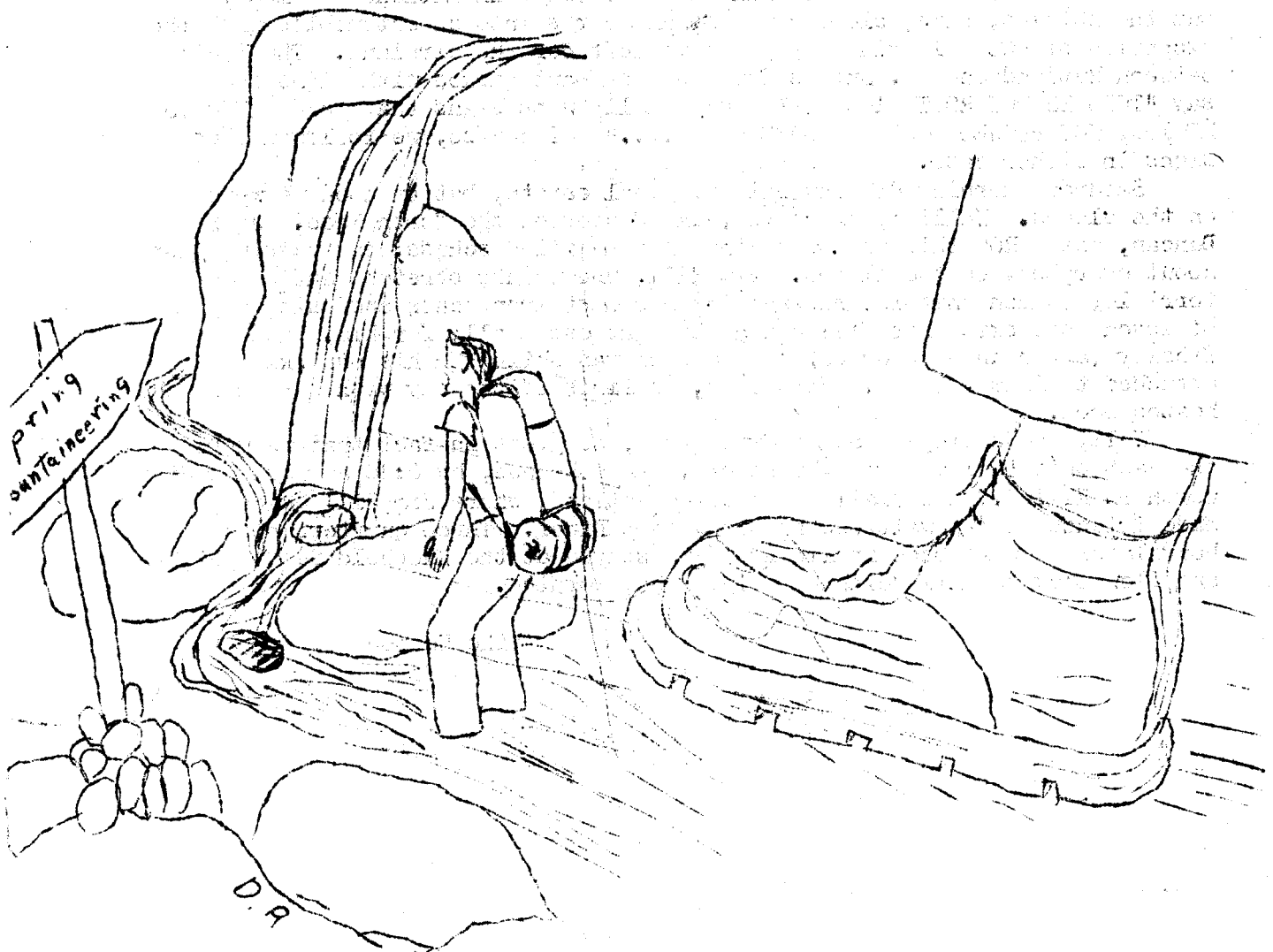


THE ROC CAIRN



RENSSELAER OUTING CLUB, INC. — 15TH ST. LOUNGE, R. P. I., TROY, NEW YORK

April, 1964



Editor: David Raymond 3 Prospect Ave.
Troy, New York 12180 518-271-7053 (Sing Sing)

THE COVER

We are now entering that loveliest of all seasons, Spring. This is the time when the snow-covered trails of the Adirondacks begin to show their true character—such delectable, black mud I'm sure you can find no where else. It just sends chills up and down your spine when you squish it through your toes. So mush, you peak baggers! It's time to separate the quick and the muddy.

The Editor

SKI TRIP TO MT. SNO

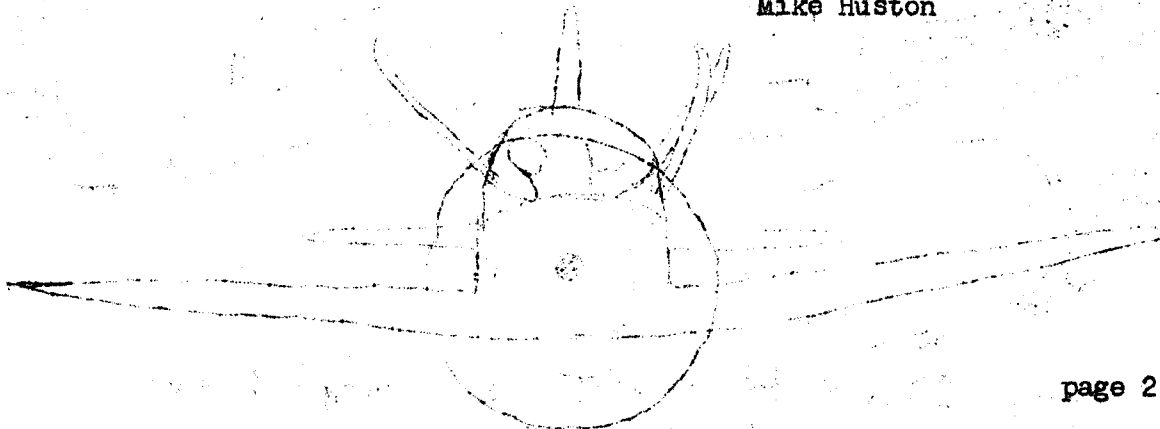
Friday eve, 21 March

Carrying enough lumber (skis, if you insist!) to build a house and various assorted poles, sleeping bags, bottles, corks, sinks, etc. to last us through the weekend, we roared down the runway at Albany Airport in Rit Walling's Piper Comanche. Half an hour later in Rutland, Vermont, we put the bottles, skis, sleeping bags, and corks into an automobile with the exception of one sleeping bag which we left for the airplane. The trail between Rutland and Mt. Sno is for the most part marked with signs that say "THIS IS NOT ROUTE 100" but occasionally with signs that read "THIS IS RT 100, NOT PLOWED, MUD, BRIDGES OUT," Of course, we followed these signs in either case.

Saturday morning Rit investigated real estate, but by noon we were on the slopes. Walling, of course, skied over on the North Face. Jeff Duncan, using ROC skis and some kind of a modified schuss, was passing just about everybody on the slopes. Jim Hill, who thinks stretch pants look terrible, on men that is, was wearing his cast iron pants and using a pair of seven foot skis that Walling had brought especially for him. And finally (after an hour or so) Mike Huston was skiing on his own skis attached to Limmer boots. Naturally, we finished the day with a swim in the heated pool.

Well, the skiing on Sunday was great, so great in fact that we were the last ones to leave the ski resort. Nonetheless, by 6:30 we were heading north on RT 100. Eventually we reached Rutland, where Jim Hill quickly made friends with a waitress at the Midway Diner. Three quarters of an hour later we were back in Albany. Rit stayed at the Kneehold Sunday night and flew back to Philadelphia early Monday morning.

Mike Huston



A TREATISE ON A NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY LIGHTING SYSTEM
FOR SPELEOLOGICAL SAFETY HELMETS

or

HARD-HAT TO PINBALL MACHINE

It is my purpose in this article to advance a disagreement with the "Secondary Light Source" rule expounded by the so-called "safety experts" of the N. S. S. The concept that only two light sources, merely for purposes of illumination, provide optimum safety is ridiculous and even borders on lunacy. I have taken it upon myself to design a hard-hat lighting system, plans for which are included herein, which provides adequate safety lighting for the safety-conscious caver. Naturally, this system will not be approved by the N. S. S.* due to the large number of individuals in its ranks who are more interested in the survival of stalactites than in the survival of cavers!

This system has many features which demonstrate the primitive stand of the N. S. S. in this matter. (It is rumored that the N. S. S. still tolerates the use of carbide lamps by its members! Ech!) Beside the obviously necessary brake lights, running lights, and turn indicators, I have included: A lense wiper (for muddy caves), a rotating dome light (for "Blitz" work), a passing horn (for Jeff Duncan), and back-up lights (for "chickening-out"). The use of double-beam head-lamps is another innovation of obvious use to the caver. Still another convenience is the use of extension cords and standard power outlets which eliminate the bulkey battery pack with its limited useful life. Also, the cord eliminates the need for maps to find one's way out of an unfamiliar cave.

I trust the preponderance of improvements presented here will attract all serious cavers and even a few of those perverts who use carbide lamps secretly when in private, or in the masochistic orgies they refer to as "cave trips"! (AHAH! You have been discovered, you sly devils!)

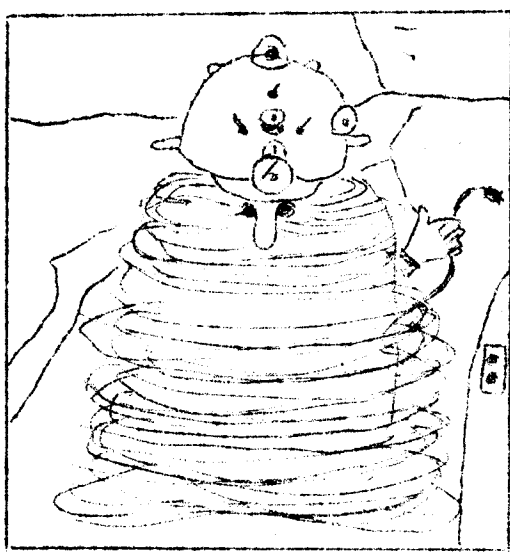
Many future improvements are planned including an automatic head-lamp dimmer to be activated by the approach of another caver; automatic lense wiper activation by humidity; and a portable radar unit to eliminate all those verschlefter lights!

Glenn O. Myers, ROC, Ramon OC,
LOOC, BSS, RSOC

*The Underwriters' Labs aren't too happy with it either.

On the next page are some pictures of a recent test of the above device made at Onesquathaw Cave:

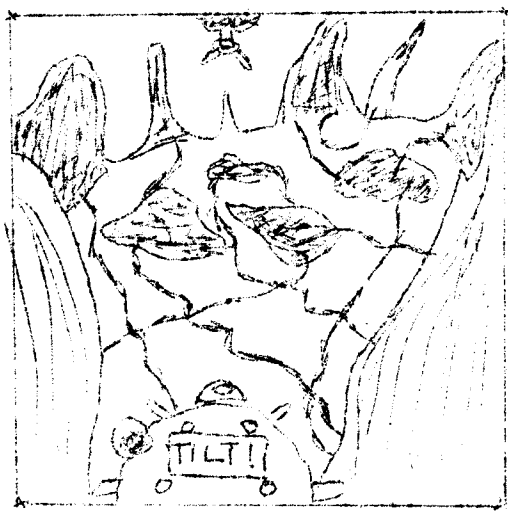
INVENTOR AS HE ENTERS
CAVE FOR TEST RUN



DESCENDING OTTER SLIDE



FOLLOW CORD FOR
EASY EXIT

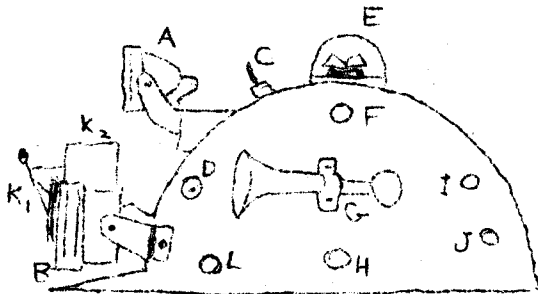


INVENTOR LEAVING CAVE
AFTER TEST

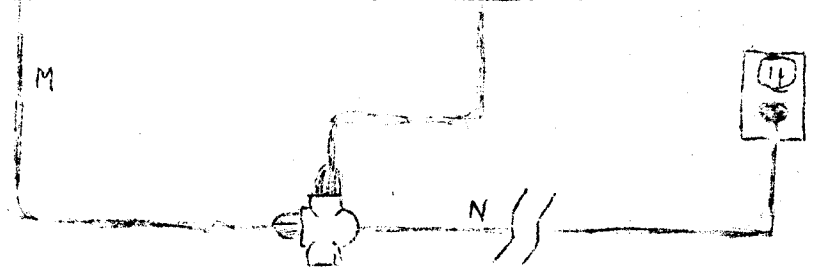
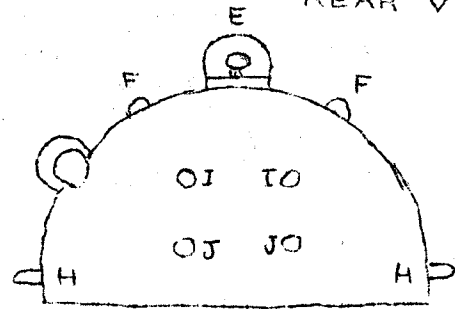


DETAILS OF IMPROVED SAFETY HELMET

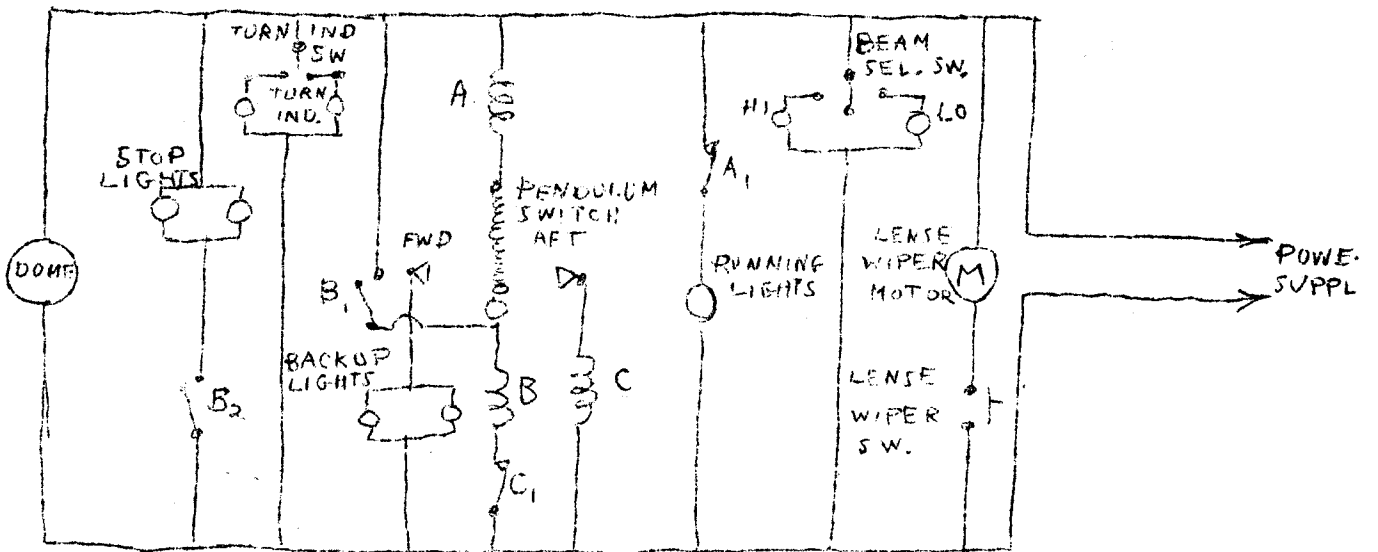
SIDE VIEW



REAR VIEW



- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|----------------------------------|
| A LOW BEAM | F RUNNING LIGHTS | K. LENSE WIPER |
| B HIGH BEAM | G PASSING HORN | K ₂ LENSE WIPER MOTOR |
| C TURN INDICATOR SWITCH | H TURN INDICATORS | L LENSE WIPER SWITCH |
| D BEAM SELECTOR SWITCH | I BACK-UP LIGHTS | M POWER CORD |
| E ROTOR FLASHER LIGHT | J BRAKE LIGHTS | N EXTENSION CORD (LONG) |



INSIDE SCHOHARIE

(It's called Garden of Eden Cave because everyone's been told to get out.)

For once a caving trip got off on time! We left promptly at 9 A. M. on Saturday, April 11th, with our full complement of Gene Babcock, Hank Chary, Jack Silliman, Vic Baker, and myself. Garden of Eden Cave is located about a quarter of a mile from Howe Caverns, so we followed the Howe Caverns signs along route 7 until we found a gigantic arrow indicating a right turn. I missed the turn. Right away I could tell it was going to be a great caving trip.

We finally located one of the cave owners, a Mr. Van Natten, and found that perhaps we'd better go talk to his brother, who worked at Howe Caverns. We checked with his brother and then took off for the cave -- hiking over what the map claimed was an old road. It resembled a swamp more than anything else.

We quickly located a sink which was just like the sketch on the map. After some digging, we gave up and wandered off in various directions. Vic Baker discovered another nearby sink which, upon closer inspection, was found to be a garbage pit. Jack Silliman found the cave. It looked just like the one we'd been digging in except that 1) it was several times larger, and 2) we didn't have to dig.

After rigging the entrance, I descended the drop (estimate: 60 feet) to check the cable ladder; Gene Babcock was belaying. Immediately upon reaching the bottom, my carbide lamp went out. Climbing out in the dark wasn't too bad until I neared the top and daylight began to penetrate into the gloom. I'd felt better when I couldn't see how far I could fall.

After getting out, I was too tired to make the round trip again, and Gene felt too tired to make it once. Hence, we took turns belaying and sent Vic, Hank, and Jack down along with the Brunton and a 100 foot steel tape. In forty minutes they fully explored and surveyed the 47 feet of horizontal passage (one large room at the bottom of the fissure) and began to climb out.

The main point of interest as far as Garden of Eden is concerned is that it is impossible to keep a carbide lamp lit inside the cave. No one came out of the cave with a light, except Jack Silliman, who held his flashlight in his teeth.

After Jack Silliman gave a demonstration of how to unrig a cave entrance (You dropped the cable ladder where?), we packaged everything up and slopped back through the swamps to the car.

The highpoint of the trip was stopping on the way back at a Carol's Drive-In.

Bob Lambeck

IOCA CONFERENCE 1964

About 3 P. M. Friday Lee Mitchell, Mack Muir, and myself got into Bob Arundale's Volkswagen. After 45 minutes of traffic jams and school buses we managed to get out of Troy and on our way to Conference. Six hours later we pulled into Camp Monomoy on Cape Cod. Much merriment was going on. Steve Sach was leading a folk dance, a large group was singing, and a contingent

was playing a revolutionary new game called "booby trap." Armand Catelli had arrived previously, and a few hours later Bob Lambeck and Co. marched in.

Seven fifteen Saturday morning Harvard began to raise the roof with their pseudo-bugle (a black disk with grooves!), and we staggered over to breakfast. After a number of details Saturday morning, we got down to the real business of Conference, i.e., kite flying, frisbee throwing, and songfesting. It was a beautiful day for walking barefoot on the beach, and a few extremists were even swimming.

As predicted, there was a real live square dance band complete with fiddle, base, and banjo. The square dance lasted far into the morning, with Bert Raphael calling after midnight.

Sunday after breakfast Fran Gilmer from Wilson was elected new Exec Sec (whereupon she was thrown in the ocean), and Judy and Mary from Holyoke was elected Bulletin editor. Lake Colden in the Adirondacks was chosen as College Week site (by one vote in IOCAum!), and is to be led by Peter Catelli. As was pointed out, this is the second College Week in a row to be run by a Catelli at Colden!

After Camp Minisink (Minising? Manysink?) in Pennsylvania was chosen as next year's Conference site with UPOC and Bryn Mawr as sponsors, things began to break up. At this point our crew headed back for Troy, and made it, after some nasty encounters with Boston traffic.

Three things of particular interest occurred this year: First, a new technical chairmanship was set up -- whitewater canoeing. Actually, "set up" is hardly the word for it -- it just popped into existence upon someone's suggestion. Second, requirements for IOCA membership were formulated through a resolution which stated essentially that only collegiate organizations could vote. Third, of interest to ROC, is that Fall Caving is to be held in Schoharie County, southwest of Albany!

Dave Raymond

RESULTS OF ROC ELECTIONS

PRESIDENT -- Tom Vandeventer

VICE-PRESIDENT -- Mike Huston

SECRETARY -- Tom Duchesneau

TREASURER -- Armand Catelli

CAIRN EDITOR -- Dave Raymond

MEMBERS-AT-LARGE -- Jack Sulliman, Bill Shadis