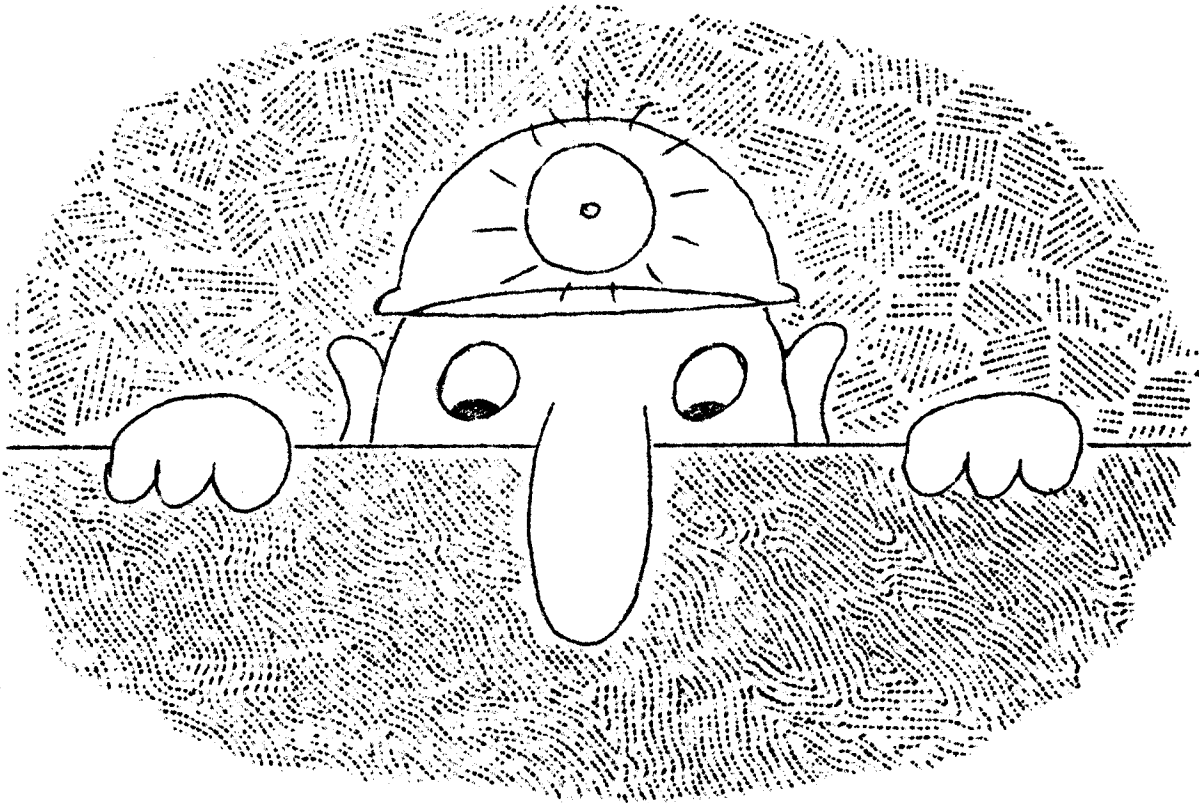


# THE ROC CAIRN



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



NOW UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT -- Know ye, therefor, that the new Cairn editor is Robert N. Lambeck, 266 - 8th Street (Hard Five), Troy, New York. Zip Code 12180. Phone no. 518-274-6861.

Future issues will be out when I happen to feel like it. The content of future issues will be determined by the articles submitted: if there are none, it'll be a speleological journal.

3 December 1963

## FALL GEORGE

(No, you can't just rent a canoe; you have to register, too!)

Since I apparently was the only one in the club who had a car other than a Volkswagen, I was delegated to carry the R.O.C. equipment up to Lake George. After loading up at the Fifteenth Street Lounge with the generator, lights, cooking equipment, Jim Hill, etc., I took off for the Hard Five to get Walt White and Gene Babcock. Then, with the mice making a valiant attempt to keep the car going along at the speed limit, we headed for Schuylerville to pick up 64 gallons of cider.

Thanks to the navigational abilities of Gene Babcock, not to mention the stamina of the mice, we did reach Schuylerville. We had loaded about 30 gallons of cider when some one observed that the right tire on the U-Haul was flat. Well, with Gene riding the tailgate, we rinned over to the friendly neighborhood gas station where we were told that they only sold gas. We finally found a gas station with a tire patch kit, cleaned out their candy machine, and headed back to load the rest of the cider.

Leaving Schuylerville, it was suggested that Route XX would get us up to Lake George. About all I can say for Route XX was that it did.

Looking for someplace to eat in the town of Lake George, we spotted a fancy, expensive restaurant with a gigantic parking lot. Ideal! We swung into the lot with the trailer, parked, and headed across the street to Mike's Submarine.

We arrived at Lamb's somewhat behind schedule and found that registration had moved at least as far as Port Jerry. After unloading the trailer and swinging the car around so that it blocked the gas pumps at Lamb's more efficiently, we had just enough time to catch the last powerboat to Port Jerry.

We were greeted at Port Jerry by a registration desk and an extremely rusty, green canoe.

I'd heard several things about the lake, but one thing that hadn't been mentioned was whitecaps. Whitewater canoeing on Lake George -- ugh!

I'd just managed to get comfortably settled in my sleeping bag for the night when some girls came over to throw a welcoming party. I stayed in my sleeping bag, but I was told the next morning that it was quite a party. We of the R.O.C. wish to express our regrets that the girls were unable to return the following evening. We'd planned to take them for a pre-dawn swim.

After breakfast the next morning, we (the R.O.C. generator and cider committee) comandered a power boat to get the generator from Lamb's and take it to Mohican Island. We installed the generator and lights in record time, so we knew we'd have to wait a while for the power boat to come back. Two hours later, it came - just in time for lunch.

After lunch, we decided to climb Black Mountain. It was a reasonably comfortable hike, a beautiful day, wonderful -- unfortunately, I ran out of iced tea half way up.

After running back down and bailing out the powerboat, we managed to arrive back at Turtle Island just in time for dinner. My compliments to the Gilmore Catering Company for an excellent steak dinner.

The main event of the evening was the Lake George Cider Riot. Oh, yes. There was also a square dance. I wasn't able to see much of the dance from behind the cider table, but I didn't hear any complaints about it. Some square dancing, some folk dancing, a couple slow dances.

A note to those who were fast-fingered enough to get past Armand Catelli and steal bottles of cider -- Thank you for returning the empties.

Sunday morning, we snagged both powerboats for two trips to Lambs, loaded the equipment in the trailer, and took off. Route 87 South was very nice. We managed to pass a Landrover three times (he only passed us twice), a couple Volkswagens, and a few Fishtail Eights. After that, the mice got overheated and we pulled off.

Arriving back in Troy, we unloaded the R.O.C. equipment and the trailer, fought off two urchins who wanted to know whether we were hunters or soldiers, and headed for the nearest hot shower.

-- Bob Lambeck

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CAVING PROBLEM #1

Not entirely by choice, you are camping in the Guano Room of Keyhole Caverns. You awake in the morning and find that, during the night, you have been trapped by helictites. The bats, who haven't been able to find their way out either, are eyeing you hungrily. You are a member of the NSS Cave Conservation Committee. What do you do now?

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LOST AND/OR FOUND DEPARTMENT

Found in Upper Passage of Onesquethaw Cave: New York Ranger School Alumni Association card belonging to George F. Baker, Delmar, N.Y.

Found in Lambeck's Passage, Onesquethaw Cave, 12 feet of waterlogged goldline and one (1) rusty piton.

Lost at the siphon in Crane Mountain Cave: screwdriver with yellow plastic handle. Finder please contact Cairn editor.

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TRIP REPORT - ONESQUETHAW CAVE - 23 November

(Get the gun, pa, it's those outin' club fellers agin!)

Since the trip was scheduled to leave the lounge at 10:00, we arrived promptly at 10:15 and found that Dave Vinograd had left already to wake up John Sidle. Finally, the full contingent of Sidle, Vinograd, Lambeck, Chary, Babcock, Muir, and fearless leader Walt White drove off.

On Route 32, I attempted to pass a roadhog but couldn't manage it. Vinograd passed me and the roadhog and promptly disappeared from sight.

We arrived at the cave and spent about half an hour getting ready on the theory that they might still show up. Unfortunately, they didn't.

We walked back to the upper passage and rigged a cable ladder.

We theorized that if Sidle and Vinograd did get to the cave, they would notice the ladder and follow us. Unfortunately, we were correct.

We reached a fork in the upper passage. Walt White, Muir, and Babcock took the larger and more promising branch and found it clogged by breakdown after about 150 feet. Comparing the cave map with the quadrangle map seems to indicate that the breakdown was due to road construction.

Hank Chary and I, being the thinner members of the party, took the smaller branch. A tight and uncomfortable crawl which goes into a tighter crawl through mud and standing water. Blech!

On the way out, we explored a large passage not indicated on the NSS map of the cave.

Bob Lambeck

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### CAVING PROBLEM #2

On your way back from the Guano Room in Keyhole Caverns, you reach the Screaming Terror. Looking up at your 240 foot rope dangling from the single piton, you recall smugly how you free rappelled down the 200 foot drop, landing neatly in the center of the ring of jagged stalagmites. You prussik up to 100 feet from the floor at which point your chest sling breaks. Luckily, perhaps, you had slings for your feet and are now hanging by your feet with the rope dangling behind your back. The nearest handhold is 100 feet away. You decide to rappel down and try again tomorrow. How do you do it?

Or do you?

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### TRIP REPORT - CAVING IN HOWE CAVERNS - (date withheld)

(I don't care what club you're from -- stop swinging from the stalagmites!)

It took us five years to do it, but we finally got \*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\* to lead another caving trip. We took off bright and early in the morning for Howe Caverns. After a bit of finagling, we managed to get all six of us in one of the tour parties and followed the regular commercial tour as far as the passage where they turn out the lights to show how dark it is. When the lights came back on, the guide seemed a bit annoyed by the fact that six people were missing from his party, but, since we'd been asking him embarrassing questions all during the tour, he didn't make any fuss about it.

When the next group came through, thd the lights went out again, the guide was rather annoyed. So, we obligingly turned off our carbide lamps for a few seconds.

I had a bit of trouble restarting my carbide, since I was in the middle of a 200 foot free rappel at the time, so, when the next group came through, we decided to leave our lamps on. When the people on the tour asked what those lights were up by the ceiling, the guide made some remark about luminous bats and left.

All in all, it was quite a caving trip. Unfortunately, it had to be concluded earlier than planned on account of gas -- tear gas, that is.

-- anonymous