

IOCA

BULLETIN



M.I.T. OUTING CLUB
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WINTER 1970

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IOCA REGIONS - A PROPOSAL

By ALAN BROOKS, UDOC

The region in IOCA is the logical center of intercollegiate activities among outing clubs and if interest, enthusiasm, organization and coordination are present within the region's clubs, then that region would be an excellent matrix for the promotion of interclub outings and other activities.

However, the general apathetic nature of most IOCA's toward regional activities in some IOCA regions surprises—and shocks—me very much. From my observations and experiences in MAC last year, and in most of the regions this year, I am inclined to feel that such apathy can be cured by the proper approach to regional organization and coordination.

Regions can be much more closely knit than IOCA in general, but they still cover a wide-enough area so that the coordination of regional activities is best handled entirely by one person. In a large region, the effectiveness of the region is likely to be limited by the time which this person, the regional secretary, is able to devote to his or her job. My proposal concerning the reorganization of our present region system will keep each region small enough so that communications and coordination within each region would be effective and not such a hassle for the regional secretary, as has been in the past for some regions.

and its existence questionable. One big advantage of regional outings as compared to IOCA trips is that regional outings need not be very extensive. Regional outings may be only square dances or overnight trips, with no compulsion for making the trips weekend trips due to the travel time involved for each club. Of course, longer trips are also desirable and here the region also has the advantage. It affords the sponsoring club or individual, that may not want to handle an IOCA-wide activity, the opportunity of running an intercollegiate trip and limiting the number of clubs invited without slighting the clubs in neighboring regions.

The friendships acquired during regional outings opens the door for future interclub activities. After all, isn't this the main function of IOCA—to promote interclub activities? The regions are really small-scale IOCA's, as some of us realize. Regional outings and interclub activities are highly advantageous to the small clubs in the region since these smaller clubs often lack the organization or the facilities to sponsor a strong outing program on their own.

In order to remain cohesive, regions need to have a conference at least once each year. An autumn regional conference would be best as this will serve to acquaint members of the clubs with each other and with the new regional secretary early in the school year—an important factor in the maintenance of strong regional ties. Regional and interclub trips hold better interest for most IOCA's if they can think in terms of specific individuals that they'll expect to see on such trips.

A spring regional conference would be desirable for regions that may be too far away from the IOCA Conference site. During the region's spring conference, the new regional secretary would be elected, regional trips could then be scheduled and regional and/or club problems and suggestions could be discussed in more detail than they could be discussed during the IOCA Conference. The regional conference would differ from the IOCA Conference in that very little of the time at a regional conference needs to be taken up with business meetings. Trip planning and club problems discussion could

easily be covered in detail during the regional conference, as mentioned earlier. Thus, a regional conference can include a large number of activities in addition to the business meetings.

Now that I've better acquainted y'all with what regions can be and can do, I'd like to jump right into my proposal for a reorganization of the present region system in IOCA. After two and one-half years in IOCA, I've observed and heard comments that a small region would be much more effective as a region than if it was a large region. This, then, is the basis for my proposal.

Regions having only 4-8 clubs have been more active, as a region, than regions having 12-20 clubs. My proposal reorganizes each region, including several new regions, so that only 5-7 clubs are in each region, with the exception of two proposed regions that have less than five clubs. These small regions of 5-7 clubs are still large enough to afford plenty of worthwhile regional trips, but they're also small enough so that the regional secretary can handle regional affairs without too much trouble. The regional secretary can certainly coordinate trips much better for six clubs than he could for 12 clubs!

Without regional activities, the region, naturally, is useless the clubs that would belong in each, based on the present clubs now in IOCA:

REGION I	N.C.E. OC	REGION VIII
U of Vermont OC	New York U OC	Bryn Mawr OC
Middlebury MC	Cooper Union HC	U of Penn OC
McGill OC	Brooklyn ORC	F & M OC
Jefferson OC	REGION V	Albright OC
Paul Smith's OC	Skidmore AC	U of Del OC
Clarkson OC	Rensselaer OC	Wilson OC
REGION II	Hudson Valley OC	Hood OC
Maine OC	Albany State OC	REGION IX
New Hampshire OC	Wells OC	U of Va OC
New England OC	New Paltz OC	Mary Washington OC
M.I.T. OC	REGION VI	Sweet Briar OC
Tufts MC	Hamilton OC	Randolph-Macon OC
Brown-Pembroke OC	Syracuse OC	U of N.C.-G OC
Dartmouth OC	Cornell OC	Duke OC
REGION III	Alfred OK	REGION X
U of Mass OC	Grove City OC	M.S.U. OC
Mt. Holyoke OC	Allegheny OC	Purdue OC
Springfield OC	REGION VII	Northwestern OC
U of Conn OC	Princeton OC	REGION XI
Wesleyan OC	Rutgers OC	South Florida OC
Conn College OC	Lehigh OC	Central Florida OC
REGION IV	Lafayette OC	
Norwalk OC	Moravian G & OC	

As you can see, my proposal offers clubs close to each other to take advantage of their proximity as a region. Regions II, V, and VIII are the largest regions I've proposed, but they each only have seven clubs while most of the proposed regions have six clubs. Regions X and XI are much smaller since they have programs underway to increase the number of clubs in their area (and IOCA, for that matter). The regions proposed are only designated by Roman numbers—I'm leaving the names of the regions to be decided upon by the new regional secretaries or at the regional conferences. BROCA (Region IX) is unchanged in my proposal and MIOCA (Region IV) has one more member. But the huge regions of MAC and

(Continued on Page 5)

winter food requirements

By MILT FARBSTEIN (ROC)

Winter mountaineering makes food planning a necessity for any trip. Physical exertion, cold, and dehydration due to cold and wind provide problems which have to be taken into account when deciding the question—What am I going to eat?

A person's intake of liquid is greatly increased when he is exposed to the cold and high winds which are encountered above timberline. For day trips, it should be remembered that the water you start out with in the canteen will be ice at the time you probably want it most. Several preventative measures may be taken. One, fill the canteen with hot water but not entirely. If the temperature is very low carry the water under as much of your clothing as possible. (Under the wind jacket you have quite a bit of room). Another alternative is to insulate your canteen with polyurethane foam. A friend from

(Continued from Page 4)

NEC are sliced up into smaller, more easily managed regions.

So now y'all have read my proposal. Comments, including suggested modification, will be welcomed. But keep in mind: each proposed region is relatively small and clubs are fairly close to each other. Therefore, the regional secretary can coordinate activities much better, region spirit would increase, general club enthusiasm would also increase, and, I hope, the general apathy toward regional activities would decrease.

This proposal concerning the reorganization of the present IOCA region system will be brought up during the 1970 IOCA Conference for approval by the IOCA clubs. However, I would appreciate hearing from y'all before then, though.



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Rensaleer advises that this works well. The third alternative is a thermos. Needless to say it is always a good idea to carry a thermos of hot tea or some other drink in case of injury. When camping out at night be sure to fill the canteen and take it to bed with you. Its discouraging to have to crawl out of your sleeping bag and thaw out the canteen for breakfast coffee the next morning. Rather than resorting to snow for water, try ice, it works better. Don't forget to leave a little water in the pot to aid melting and to prevent the the pot from being destroyed. Plan to obtain stream water at the times of greatest flow, late afternoon and early evening, on "melting days." Black tarps or plastic sheets covered by snow can be used to induce melting as an emergency measure on sunny days.

The first rule for food is to bring more than enough. For day trips, ideally lunch should be continuous and very high in carbohydrate content. This keeps a steady supply of energy coming in and also prevents prolonged stopping which is a nuisance when very cold. Fruit cake or coffee cake (Logan bread) is very good. Sometimes oranges or other citrus fruits are a very welcome break from the normal lunch of chocolate bars. Peel and cut before trip—throw sections into a baggie to take along. "Gorp" or squirrel food is the universal trail lunch. Rumor has it that it started as a solid bar consisting of nuts, raisins and other dried fruit, and chocolate which was broken up into mouth-size chunks. Now the common procedure is to mix something together (raisins, coconut, salted peanuts, trix cereal, M & M's etc.). I have found this messy and have made up my own concoction: Chocolate Raisins Coconuts Honey Butter.

First melt the chocolate, then stir in ingredients—put into buttered container, cool, cut to desired size. The result is a butter chocolate chunky. I have my own name for them but it is unprintable.

In planning longer trips about 2lbs./day/man for which about 1 lb. should be for lunch, the other pound for dinner and breakfast. Below are some foods which are generally recommended for breakfast, quickness and kind of prepraation are important.

Instant Oatmeal (2 or 3 packets/serving)

Warm drinks - jello, tea, coffee, hot chocolate

Cake or bread with jelly or jam

Cold cuts

For cold weather, dinner has to be a one pot meal. Much butter can be used (fats) since they have a high carbohydrate content and you now have time to let the fats digest. High protein content is also important. Meat is almost a necessity; tuna, canned meat (if you do not care what you put in your stomach) powered eggs. Rice or macaroni makes a good filler. "Dry" cheese keeps better than others which have a high water content (the cold weather prevents spoiling) just to show what extremes you can go to, the following meal highlighted a trip at last year's A.D.K. school. 1 can beef stew, 1 can chicken stew, ½ stick of butter, Freeze dried peas and carrots, beef vegetable soup, and fried onion rings. Add dehydrated soup or bouillon cubes to complement the taste. Salt is vital. If you are attracted to freeze dry foods—Lipton dinners are good and relatively inexpensive. Remember with canned goods—liquids tend to freeze below 32 degrees F. HAVE FUN!

CROSS COUNTRY SKIING

Cross country skiing is one deservedly popular sport which is capturing the hearts and enthusiasm of Alpine skiers and novices everywhere. The sunlit trails and crystalline snow attract youngsters and oldsters alike, for it is a sport which can be enjoyed and structured to the tastes of each individual. The following article will describe the many options open to the cross-country skier, how to get started and an introduction to some of the people and books which will help you on your way.

The most basic equipment outlay is a pair of old downhill skis, ski bindings, a pair of poles and a pair of hiking boots with welted soles. If you're lucky you can get away with just the cost of the bindings, which cost about \$4.50 to \$8.00. The clothing should be simple, layered and loose. A baggy pair of jeans, and a couple of layers of underwear and wool shirts with a windbreaker will do. You will see the advantage of the "layered look" once you get started on the jaunt and feel the need for shedding some clothes. A heavy parka or jacket will not do. As cross country ski coach John Caldwell says, if the weather seems chilly you can always warm up by exerting yourself a little more. Once you top off your outfit with a hat and a pair of 39 cent working gloves (advised by John Caldwell) you are set to break the trail.

Where to go is an easy question to answer. Take advantage of old back roads, bridle paths, or the way to the dining hall. All that is needed is a couple inches of snow and you can wander where Alping skiers dare not tread. It may be more fun to join a group, which may be done under the auspices of the Ski Touring Council. Information may be obtained from the address at the end of the article. The Council works in close cooperation with the U.S. Ski Association and the Metropolitan New York Ski Council. The Council is responsible with the publication of a Bulletin covering details of ski touring trails and arranges a schedule of workshops and tours throughout the east.

Another source of trails is the AMC White Mountain Guide. A mimeographed sheet containing an abbreviated list of trails specifically for cross-country skiing is available at the Pinkham Notch Base Camp in Pinkham Notch, N.H. Once started there will be no end to the touring possibilities. Even one New Jersey ski "resort" has added a cross country trail and much to my chagrin a \$2.50 charge to use it.

To find out more, here is a list of addresses that have been promised in the article. Do not shun the commercial outlets. The margins of the catalogs are filled with ski tips. Little has been said of the more advanced equipment, skiing techniques, and the art of waxing. That is to be left to the experts in the books listed and the leaders of the touring workshops to answer. In the meantime please accept the invitation to join the gliders—from Mt. Rainer in the Cascades to Putney, Vermont—for an exhilarating sport.

For starters one may try writing to the following address for a copy of "Convert your old Downhills to Touring Skis"

Andrew Pierce Harper
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DOC
Dartmouth College,
Hanover, N.H.

For a Catalog filled with Touring tips and a means for ordering books here is:

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Concord, Mass. 01742

Books on touring

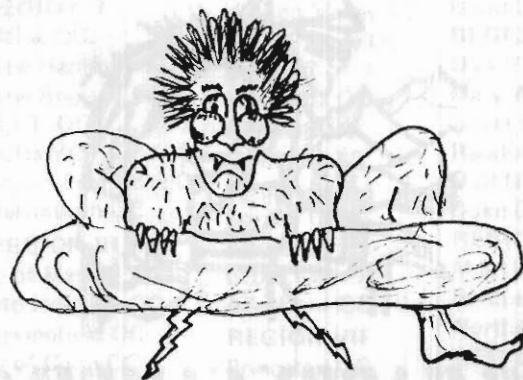
The Cross Country Ski Book by John Cladwell (Stephen Green Press, Brattleboro, Vermont) \$2.95.

Nordic Touring and Cross Country Ski Book by Michael Brady \$2.50.

Ski Touring By Osgood & Hurley. \$5.00.

Ski Touring Guide published by the Ski Touring Council, \$1.50. Both the Touring Guide and the Schedule of workshops are available for \$2.00 from:

Ski Touring Council
R.F. Mattesich, President
West Hill Road
Troy, Vermont 05868



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Are We Able To Take What Nature Offers

By ALAN BROOKS, UDOC

Why do we, as IOCA's, do the things we do? Why do we hike, or climb, or cave, or canoe? I admit that most of us would probably have trouble answering these questions—I reckon I would. There are, however, many reasons why we hike, and climb, and cave, and canoe. There is the sense of accomplishment which is rarely found elsewhere. There is the fresh air, the cool waters, the scenic landscape. There is comradeship with fellow IOCA's, increasingly strengthened by each outing. These are only a few of the many reasons why we all enjoy escaping from civilization—at least for a while, anyway.

There is, however, a critical threat to our ability to take what Nature offers to us. This threat lies within each and every one of us as members of the human race. It is in our power to remove this threat, and thus, avoid what now seems to be the inevitable termination of our heritage of a worthwhile, useful, aesthetic natural surrounding. This threat could be well classified as a social illness—an illness which is nothing more than a collection of individual weaknesses. Americans, in general, seem to have an inherent desire to destroy and to waste. We litter just about every road, stream, trail, and recreation area that comes before us as we rampage across the country. We like to catch fish and shoot wildlife species wantonly, and in our ignorance and prejudice, label some species as "pests", not realizing that they play a very important role in the homeostasis of Nature. We leave our streams polluted, our mountain peaks littered; hide our country's beauty with billboards; in brief, we make a mess out of what once was the most beautiful country in the world—until civilization entered the picture.

If we continue these acts of widespread vandalism the result will be national chaos, due to a lowered standard of ethics and nationalism. Am I being too pessimistic? Look around you—look good and hard—and see for yourself! What should we do—what can we do? Everyone asks questions like that, perhaps, to expect someone to come up with an easy method to do what should be done. The fact is there is no easy

way to conserve the natural beauty of our great nation. Conserving our country's beauty will be a cold, long war that must be fought by each and every one of us. We probably all have suggestions on how to conduct this "war" and I am sure they are good suggestions. These suggestions could easily be funneled down to a few basics. One would be the initiation of a hard-hitting campaign of conservation education to, not only the outdoorsmen and park tourists, but also to the "city-slickers" and others who never leave their habitat of cement and asphalt. Another suggestion would be to elect to the various government posts, only those candidates who will work for the best interests of our wilderness areas. We must, above all else, create within our own club memberships an awareness of the problems and a sense of purpose in working out the solutions to the problems. We all must create a better attitude toward Nature and toward conservationists and ecologists. We must realize that conservation is the wise use of our natural resources and not, as most uninformed individuals believe, the banning of people from these natural resources.

Many (but, unfortunately, not enough) IOCA's, realizing that we have a vital interest in the outdoors, suggest that it be understood among all IOCA's that we must assume the responsibilities connected with our outdoor interests. IOCA could be built into a very effective and influential pressure group—with an important voice in the matters of governments and corporations alike, as well as influencing individuals to utilize the outdoors much more wisely. The best way to do these things would be to back our conservation organizations—even joining their ranks—and letting our congressmen hear from us all, not as IOCA's but as concerned, conservation-minded individuals. Now is the time for all of us to fully understand and accept this challenge, and as an organized front, begin to help turn the tide. If we don't, then our generation will be known as a generation of litterbugs, greedy resource poachers and well versed in ignorance and apathy. May the Bird of Paradise find that paradise—if he doesn't die from environmental poisoning first!



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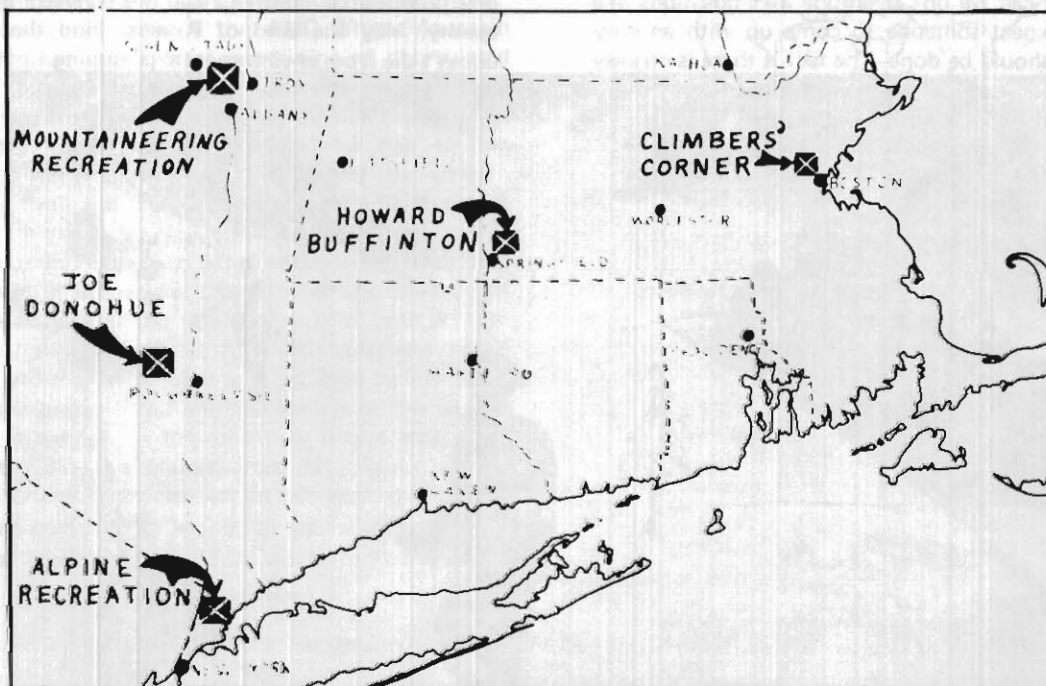
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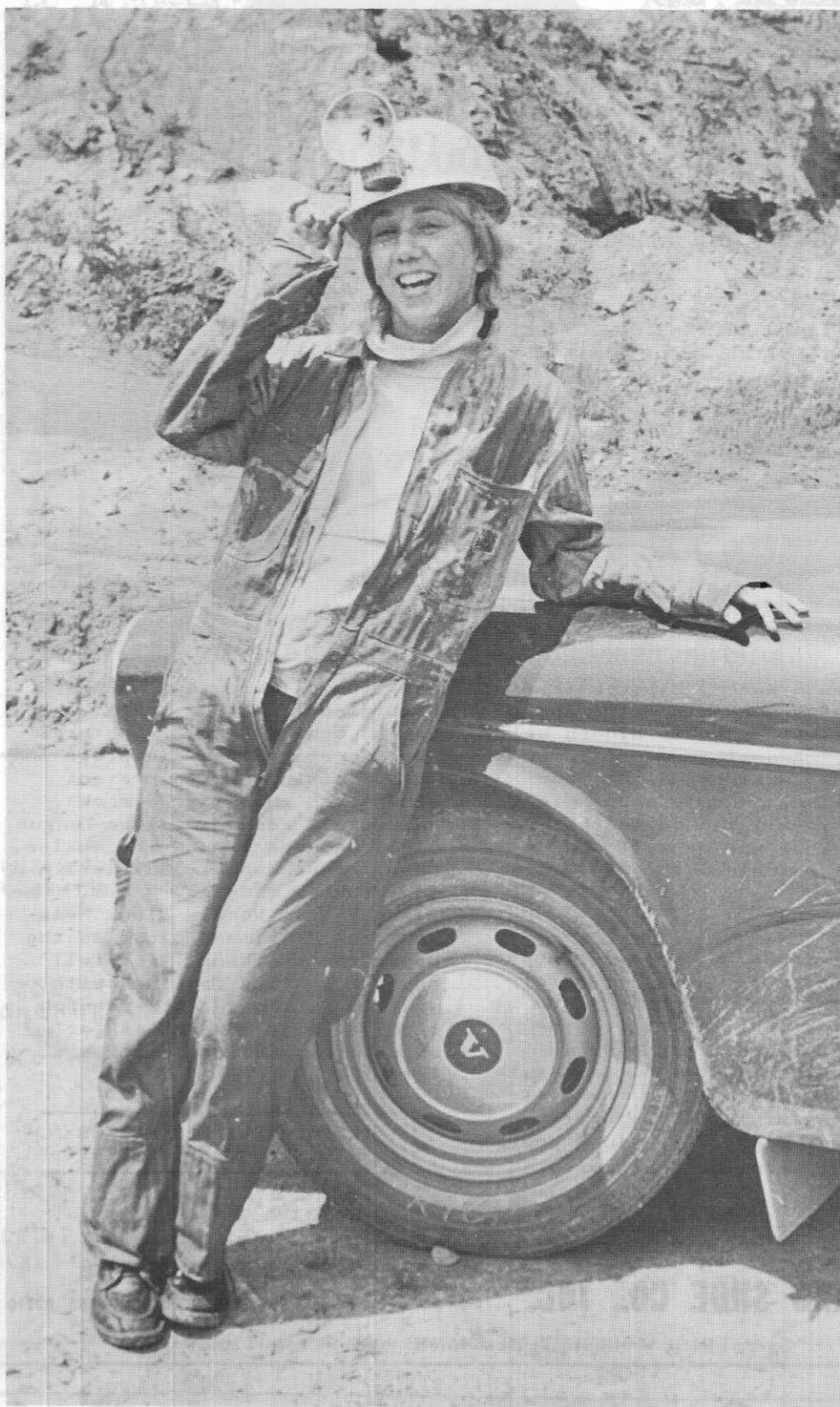
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CAVING SECTION



ABOUT CAVING

By ROLAND VINYARD (IOCA lum)

Why does anyone cave? Certainly not because of the physical discomforts of mud, water, and bruised and banged knees. Ever-present dangers bring only a few underground; pure science, despite the position of NSS, will not suffice as a complete explanation either. Answers keep coming back to the simple fact that caving is good, clean (?) fun. What is it that keeps us "sport cavers" going underground? Lure of discovery, fantastic sights, and the challenge posed by the unknown and to some extent, the dangers of the cave continue to bring people into the depths of the earth.

Knowing stories of "big" discoveries, it is the hope of most cavers to find their own cave or their own virgin passage, maybe making a "big" discovery. This same urge drove men of an earlier age to the frontier and is today driving men underwater or to the moon. It is a great and awesome feeling to realize that you are the first person ever to tread a certain passage to see its long-hidden mysteries. However, for the most of us who probably never make such a discovery, the same feeling is experienced in only a slightly lessened form. Unless you have a talkative guide or an excellent map, every cave that you visit must be explored, every passage discovered. You must find your own way in—and out, and rely upon your abilities to get you there. You know no more of what lies around that bend or if that lead goes than the first person to there.

Certainly, most cavers hope to see something while below the ground. Of course, speleothems are the favorite sight; all cavers treasure memories of the biggest, prettiest, and most unusual formations he or she had seen. Hundreds of other spelunkers are turned on by waterfalls, geologic formations, historic artifacts, biological specimens, or just the shape and color of the cave. This is the "why" of caving most likely to be non-existent by the 21st century. Why? More and more neophytes (and experienced cavers as well) are either becoming collectors or are simply careless. Despite the fact that it is made out of rock, a cave is extremely delicate—its artifacts, its formations, its eco-system can be quickly destroyed in an unthinking moment. Bats which are aroused during the winter, must increase their metabolism until they are able to fly around. The energy expended and the fat burned in this process may be enough to cause the bat to die of starvation before winter ends and he is able to replenish his food supply. Even such additions to the cave environment as spent carbide or trash can prove to be dangerous as well as unsightly. Consider the extreme case—the Dropped Saltines. Originally to be part of an explorer's lunch, the Saltines became too muddy to be consumed by humans and were consequently left to nourish cave creatures. Presence of this unexpected feast occasioned the birth of millions of bacteria. This bumper bacteria crop caused a minor population explosion among the cave's higher organisms. All still might have been forgivable, the superfluous life dying off in a few generations, but another caver entered late in the next year. Being very conservation minded, but not too scientific, he removed what was left of the Saltines. Deprived of the food

that cave was set back a few hundred years. Other examples could be cited to prove the vulnerability of formations and artifacts. Luckily, three states—Virginia, Tennessee, and Oklahoma—at least have seen the light and have enacted stringent cave conservation laws limiting biological and geological collecting to bona-fide scientific research. Let us hope that more states go and do likewise.

As more caves are explored, the challenge to "find your own" increases—and so do the dangers of the sport. Cavers are no longer content with nice, safe passages; if it's there, it must be explored. Improper ropework, flooding, exhaustion all can and do cause accidents—or death. In the hurry to get on with the business at hand, important safety precautions can be overlooked. How often does one thoroughly check the rope before making a rappel? Do you carefully read all available literature on larger caves before entering? Have you been tempted to "push on", hoping to find an exit and thinking that if you don't you'll make it out somehow? For the love of life, please be careful; cave rescue work is such a bother!

RAPPELLING.... a Story with a Message

By LYNN STENGER

We hiked to the edge of Hicklin's Cave (Bath County, Va.) with 200 feet of goldline rope slung between us. Bob Riese rigged the entrance pit, while I spent most of my time getting nervous and uneasy and tense... He threw in about half of the rope after tying a knot in the end and said, "That'll be enough rope; the pit's only 65 feet deep." "Are you SURE you threw in enough?" I asked skeptically. Sure 'I he replied.

I got myself rigged (with Bob's help) and started my rappel. The first 10 feet was a chimney which abruptly opened into the ceiling of a big room. As I descended into the big room, I began to enjoy myself and look around... Then I looked down. What I saw sent a shiver of fear through my body—I saw 10 feet of rope left to go and about 20 feet left of pit !!! I stopped my descent and yelled, "Hey, Bob, the rope's too short!" "You're kidding..." he replied. "No, I'm not!! What should I do?" I screamed. "Just rappel to the end of the knot; it'll hold you" he answered.

Well, that lovely knot did stop me, and I found myself dangling one foot above the floor of the room !! Because of the tension in the rope, I couldn't simply unhook myself and drop to the floor. Bob said not to worry, he could loosen the rope and lower me, so I decided to ignore the situation and practice penduluming. I had a great time swinging from wall to wall for several minutes. Every once in a while there would be a tug on the rope from above, but it didn't lower. Getting impatient, I finally managed, with much effort, to climb up on a ledge and untie myself. With a free-fall jump of 7 feet, I finally and gloriously reached the bottom of the pit!!!

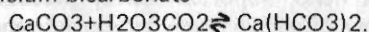
Bob then lowered the rope with ease, rappelled down (with a great deal less trouble than I'd experienced); we were then free to explore the cave to our heart's content... And we will never forget to make sure that the rope is long enough in the

The Carbide Cycle

By AL VESPER (IOCAIum)

Ever wonder where carbide comes from and how it works? My chem teacher is a spelunker from way back, and he covered the limestone-carbide reactions pretty thoroughly one period—just thought you might be interested.

Limestone is quite common in natural deposits (ask any caver) and is an impure source of calcium carbonate, usually containing iron and magnesium carbonates, among other things. Calcium carbonate is soluble in water which has some CO₂ dissolved in it (Carbonic acid H₂CO₃) and forms a solution of calcium bicarbonate



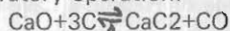
When this solution enters a cave, pressure decreases and the reaction reverses—carbon dioxide escapes (much the same as it does when a bottle of soda is opened) and calcium carbonate is precipitated and deposited.

When limestone is heated (technically it is burnt) CO₂ and CaO (lime or quick-lime) are formed. An equilibrium is established unless CO₂ is removed.



About 900 degrees C must be applied and the reaction is usually carried out in large furnaces, or kilns. Pure CaO is white, extremely porous, and stable toward heat.

Lime and carbon are heated together in an electric furnace to form calcium carbide at about 3000 degrees C—definitely not a basement laboratory operation.

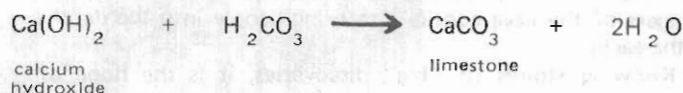
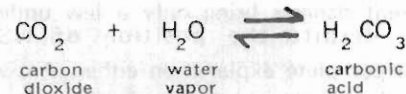


Carbide has several uses—a very important one used to be the cyanamide process for manufacturing synthetic ammonia. This process was used extensively during WWI, but now the principle source of ammonium salts is coal.

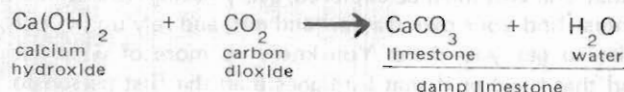
When carbide reacts with water, acetylene gas and calcium hydroxide are produced



Calcium hydroxide is extremely basic, of course, and absorbs carbon dioxide (a comparatively weak acid) from the atmosphere slowly. This forms limestone again and we can see that a complete cycle has occurred.



OR



PARTICIPANTS OF FALL IOCAVING

Photo by Jose Vazquez-Diaz

Good Thing It Wasn't An Outing Club Trip!

By BRUCE RANDALL

(Springfield College Outing Club)

On the morning of January 11, ten members of the Springfield College Outing Club prepared to leave on a trip to Knox Cave, near Knox, New York—site of the infamous IOCAving Halloween Party. We were to meet a group from the Springfield Explorers Club of the Springfield Science Museum. Since there were about 25 from SEC and only ten of us SCOCers, we decided to go under the leadership of SEC. Besides their leader had indicated extensive caving experience—and they also had more cars! This turned out to be a big mistake.

We arrived at Knox Cave just before most of SEC arrived and proceeded to hike in and rig a line down to the cave entrance. Ron Carlson (SCOC) rappelled down first and began digging out the blocked entrance. Two more SCOCers went down and then the Explorers Club showed up. They seemed to think that a body rappel was slow and unnecessary, so they slid down on their tails, just hanging onto another rope they had tied to a tree. (As any Knox caver may recall—there's a rotten stairway with a nasty habit of sticking through the snow where you least expect it!)

We all did manage to get down into Knox safely. They SEC leader yelled, "We're doing the Gun Barrel—who's coming?" So without checking to see who's coming, he took off to parts unknown. All but one SCOCer had done Knox before and seven of us had done the Gun Barrel before, so we explored other parts of the cave, arriving at the Gun Barrel just as the last SECer went through.

Nine SCOCers went through—number 10 was a little too plump, so he stayed back with the SECers who also were a little too well endowed around their middles. This proved to be a fortunate decision.

When we arrived at the Great Divide, we found everyone waiting there. It seems that the SECers had forgotten a rope and no one knew how to get up. Naturally, being good IOCAans, we were prepared, so Ron climbed up the face and I went through the Lemon Squeezer. Of course, one SECer decided to follow Ron, so a rope was lowered for that purpose. Meanwhile, trouble was brewing elsewhere in Knox. We belayed five more people, but when we headed toward the Alabaster Room, the air started getting stale, not allowing us to let anyone else up. The people down below started heading back toward the Gun Barrel.

At about 3 p.m. (we had been in Knox since 11 a.m.), Ron and I had two others left to belay down and then then came down ourselves, just as somebody came back very hurriedly. "Hey, a kid's stuck in the Gun Barrel," he said. "He's been there since 1:30. What can we do?"

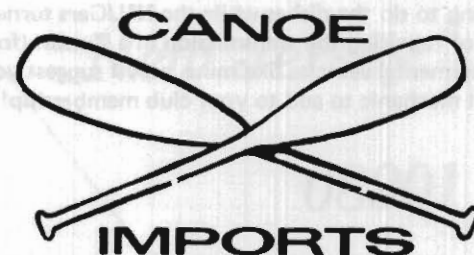
I told him to send in some small kids to see if they could get him free. Ron and I then belayed the last two down. I belayed Ron down and came through the Lemon Squeezer myself. We arrived at the Big Room just before the Gun Barrel to find everyone waiting around. They told us that a kid came through the Gun Barrel, decided to go back on his own without telling anyone (The leader was not keeping an eye on anyone so he never missed the boy.) and got stuck about six inches away from the exit.

I then crawled through the Barrel to the boy and found him sort of laying on his side with his knee tightly wedged in the keyhole crevice at the bottom. Number 10 SCOCer, Doug Deyoe, was on the other side. Doug, who had stayed behind, was on hand when people told him about the stuck boy. Doug sent some people for help and went to the boy, who was now going berserk. When I came, the boy had been stuck for two hours and Doug spent an hour and a half calming him and rubbing his back to keep the circulation in his arms and back going to prevent freezing.

I got the boy's name, age (14), and gave him some added reassurance. Doug noted that police, firemen and ambulance were already being summoned, as was the NSS Cave Rescue personnel at RPI. I then cut away the boy's pant leg, but his knee was so tightly wedged that I could not pull the pant leg free. At about 5:00, two state troopers and some firemen came in with two rescue squads on standby. One fireman had been through the Gun Barrel before. He tried pushing and pulling from the outside end as I assisted from behind, but to no avail.

Word was sent for a pike pole and vaseline. Later, a thermos of soap and water was passed to me to pour on the boy's leg while others pushed and pulled the boy with the pike pole. All

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too late for iocaving

By BETH ASHBY (IOCALum)

A mix-up in communications prevented me from getting details on Fall IOCAving and the usual number of fink-outs here at Ohio University made a caving trip over Thanksgiving seem unlikely. But woman's intuition and a case of itchy feet kept saying "you're going to West Virginia!"

On Friday, after having convinced myself that I couldn't afford such a trip and that it wasn't too smart for me to try it alone, I loaded up the car with whatever canned goods I had in my apartment, a loaf of applesauce-nut bread and some banana bread, then took off for the caves of West Virginia. I headed for the Sugar Shack knowing that if no one was there it would be a safe place to stay and a bit more sheltered than the Seneca pavillion. When I missed my turnoff at Parkersburg and started toward Charleston, I considered going on to Lewisburg, but turned back instead.

Good trip down—one of those trips where you just feel good traveling. I arrived at the Sugar Shack at about 10 p.m. and was relieved to see other cars there—even a few from Pennsylvania! So armed with sleeping bag and pack, I opened the door to stick my head in and ask, "Got room for an orphan?"

"Sure, how many more are coming?"

"Just me!"

I was very promptly and warmly adopted by five fellows from the Northern New Jersey Grotto and a geography class from Allentown, Pa. When the talk turned from food to caves, not only was I invited to go along, but it was at my suggestion that we decided to do the dry section of Cassell.

The next morning, after a shared breakfast of scrambled eggs and banana bread, I did the womanly thing of volunteering to do the dishes while the NNJGers turned to the vital task of repairing the transmission in a Datsun (for people with temperamental vehicles like mine, may I suggest you find a competent mechanic to add to your club membership!).

Part of the group did a morning jaunt up to Tub while I caught up on some sleep and Moby Dick (mostly sleep). Once more I proved my worth by brewing up a huge pot of soup for lunch. Then we were ready for Cassell! As we passed car after car with deer tied to each vehicle, we all breathed a sigh of relief as we knew Cassell sits very close to the road and caving grungies make excellent camouflage outfits!

Before crawling down the dry entrance, we went up and took a look at the pit. The pit looked beautiful, but be not deceived—ten feet down a waterfall emerges from the wall! This proved to be a fun rappel, but a ghastly prussik, especially in the winter, at night—and with no light!

To simplify the operation, we divided up and with the help of two NNJGers, I led the school class and teacher. All we did was putsy around in easy passageways—we didn't have a rope or the competence to do the small pits which abound all around (a 50-foot rope would be a real asset in Cassell). It was somewhat alarming to see fresh breakdown—we thought it might have been a result of the November earthquake in West Virginia. The other group pushed what is probably the connection. With such a large group of ill-equipped neophytes, we didn't get too far and only spent a few hours underground.

It was about 10:30 p.m. when we finally got back to the Shack. Mike Wong, the Chinese chef for the Northern New Jersey Grotto, took over and prepared us a fine meal of honest-to-goodness Chinese fried rice. There in the primitive Sugar Shack, by the light of carbide lamps, we had a feast—chop sticks included!

Still worried about the Datsun, the guys decided to make an early start home on Sunday. So after breakfast and an equipment-sorting session, we bade farewell and took off in separate directions. Once again, filled with the happiness of the comradery of cave country, the trip back was just a bit better than the trip down.

(Continued from Page 13)

this time, the poor fellow was screaming his head off. His leg was really swollen, and some vaseline was used to help reduce the swelling. Finally, a rope was passed back to me to tie on the boy's leg below the knee and over his back with another rope around his shoulders. The police and firemen pulled on both ropes while I lifted and pulled. At 8:30, the knee came out (no, not off—out!) and the boy limped out and was carried to the surface by Doug.

While all this occurred, the other SECers back in the Big Room began suffering from psychological claustrophobia. The other SCOCers started joking and singing to relieve much of the tension that was building, thus preventing anyone from going nuts. At 10:30, the last of us left the cave and started home. The SCOCers felt that this should never have happened and that had it been run like an outing club trip, it never would have happened.

This concludes the account of the incident. It certainly points out what can happen when a trip leader does not make sure about who he takes with him and when he has little control over the others. I have never heard of anything like this happening on an outing club trip, but it might be a good suggestion to any other IOCA club that goes on a trip with a non-IOCA club or group to really keep an eye on them, put your foot down hard when you see something done in a way it should not be, and be ready to help when they do get in trouble.

We wrote an accident report for NSS. Ron and I will be speaking at the SEC February meeting to explain to them how they goofed up and how to prevent future accidents, as well as to cover some general caving safety. It is a good thing Oogah was at Knox or we might never have gotten the boy out!

Author's note: For those unfamiliar with the Gun Barrel, it is a horizontal passageway about fifty feet long and 18–24 inches wide as its widest part. One must go through on his side with the lower arm forward and the upper arm back like the side stroke. There are only a few places where it is wide enough to get both arms in front. Fortunately, I was able to do this where the boy was stuck.

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