



MIT Outing Club,  
Room 461, Student Cent.,  
Mass. Inst. of Tech.,  
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

# IOCA

**BULLETIN**



**Winter 1971**

# The IOCA Bulletin

WINTER, 1971 Vol. 31 No. 2

A publication of the  
Inter-Collegiate  
Outing Club  
Association

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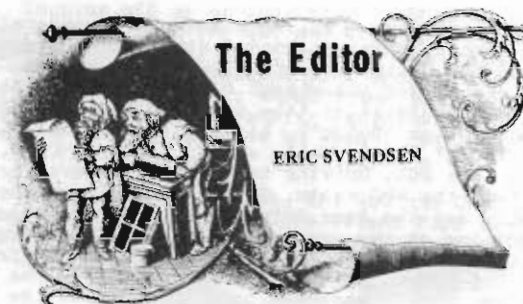
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# IOCA Bulletin



### From the Editor

Hope you enjoy this issue as much, or more, than the Fall issue. Any suggestions for improvement will be gladly accepted, along with articles for the Spring issue, since they are still very scarce. See you all sometime this Spring.

Caa-ooo-wah

### FRONT COVER:

Does anyone know what or whom that is we put on the cover? A free spirit? A buffalo? An Iroquois Indian? A female, woman? An outing clubber? Yes!

# FALL | CAVING

By Alan Brooks (UDOC)

(Alias "Daddy Hat", "Brook Trout",  
and "Fillar of Manhood")

Late Thanksgiving evening, a well-beaten International Harvester pulled out of Newark, Delaware loaded with an assortment of members and friends of the University of Delaware and Wilson College Outing Clubs, and an even wider assortment of caving equipment and fuels. Packed into the vehicle (alias "the Swamp Buggy") were Ted Zielonka (alias "Thaddeus" or "Todge"), his cousin Tom, Dale Lanan, myself (alias "Brook Trout", "Daddy Hat", etc.), all from UDOC, and Mary and Chris Dolack from WOC. Driving to Wilson that evening, we sought a night's rest in the WOC cabin. The next morning we were joined by Kris Conover of WOC, and the long drive to Greenbriar Co., W.Va. began. Many hours, and one or two wrong turns later, we descended upon the Blue Bend campsite of the Monongahela National forest and proceeded to pitch camp, after Dale and I figured out how to set up the WOC tent. Camping nearby was Bruce Bannerman, and others from the West Virginia Tech Outing Club, of which, none were alive upon our arrival.

The next morning, after a fairly decent breakfast, everyone made preparations for the exploration of the Bone-Norman cave system. Sometime before leaving Blue Bend, we managed to find, or were discovered by, Bruce and Gene Scharle (ICCALUM). Together, the mob drove out to the Bone Cave entrance, to begin the exploration. The Bone section was, as I had expected, tiring, very dusty, and photogenic. I led a couple of cavers through an occasional side passage, none of which amounted to much. Reaching the Bone-Norman connection, we broke out the lunches and discussed future plans. It was decided that Dale was to lead Ted, Tom, and Kris through the connection and out the Norman entrance, while the rest of us crawled back out of Bone to bring the vehicles to the Norman entrance.

After leaving Bone Cave and loading up the vehicles with the usual grubbies and equipment, we headed for Norman Cave to meet the others. Upon our arrival at Norman, we explored the cave as much as possible. Unlike Bone, Norman was full of breakdown and had a very nice waterfall and accompanying stream, through which Dale and company would come, to reach the entrance. After exploring both levels thoroughly, without getting TOO wet, and talking to several cavers from Ohio, we settled alongside the cave stream to listen for Dale and his crew.

Many moments later, out of boredom, we left the cave to dry off, change, and wait for the others. By this time, more Ohio cavers were outside the entrance and a few UCONN IOCANs showed up. Informing them of the four still in the cave, they did their own caving and also looked and listened for the "lost" four. Gene had a hunch or something, and drove off to check on the Bone entrance; perhaps they had changed their minds and left the system via the Bone entrance. A couple of

hours later, the Ohio and UCONN cavers emerged, having seen nor heard no sign of the four in question. The Ohio cavers began organizing a cave rescue squad, just in case. But before they were ready to move into Norman, Gene came barreling down the road— the missing four had emerged from the Bone entrance and were around a campfire drying off, and increasing their body temperatures.

Learning this news, I sped over to Bone to pick up the wet cavers, who were still around a campfire, reliving their soaking, tiring experiences in the connection and the parts of Norman that they had explored. The stream was the final obstacle, but their bodies wanted no part of it, so everyone actually crawled back through the connection and all the way to the Bone entrance and out, rather than gamble on their health by crawling through Norman's stream. Cold, hungry, and tired, were those four; but not the least unhappy— happiness is being in a cave with other cavers, no matter how rough or exhaustive!

Topping off my arrival to pick them up was news that Gene had rented a motel room (heated and with showers!) near Frankford, W.Va. Naturally, Dale, Ted, Kris, and Tom descended on the showers as soon as I pulled into the parking lot. Shortly afterwards, other IOCANs found out about the free showers and joined us. Gene didn't particularly care about the extensive exploitation of his shower by fellow cavers; after all, he knew he wasn't required to clean the mud out from the floor!

Before returning home, the WOC and UDOC group stopped near Lexington, Virginia to explore Island Ford Cave, a very easy cave to do. I took time out to practice some prussiking, as well.



Illustration by  
Roger Tory Peterson.

## SPEAKING OUT

I prefer natural highs to artificials: seeing old friends or a sunset across a countryside or sunlight on city buildings. They do not evaporate. They are real and they never mess up your mind. Being an outing clubber, I've learned how to find this natural high.... in good, "clean" fun like caving or late at night around a campfire on Turtle Island. This kind of beauty lasts forever and it is the stuff of which a free and beautiful life is spun. At its best, outing clubbing is an education in life.

Because it has so much potential we should not let outing clubbing become a closed clique. We should reach out and bring in more new friends; accept anyone who wants to try "our thing". In the past we have not done enough of this. If outing clubbing is to continue it must grow and reach out. There are too few people and things today which are life-affirming.

Pete Nelson (UConnOC)

# THE ALPS made in Italy by Fabiano

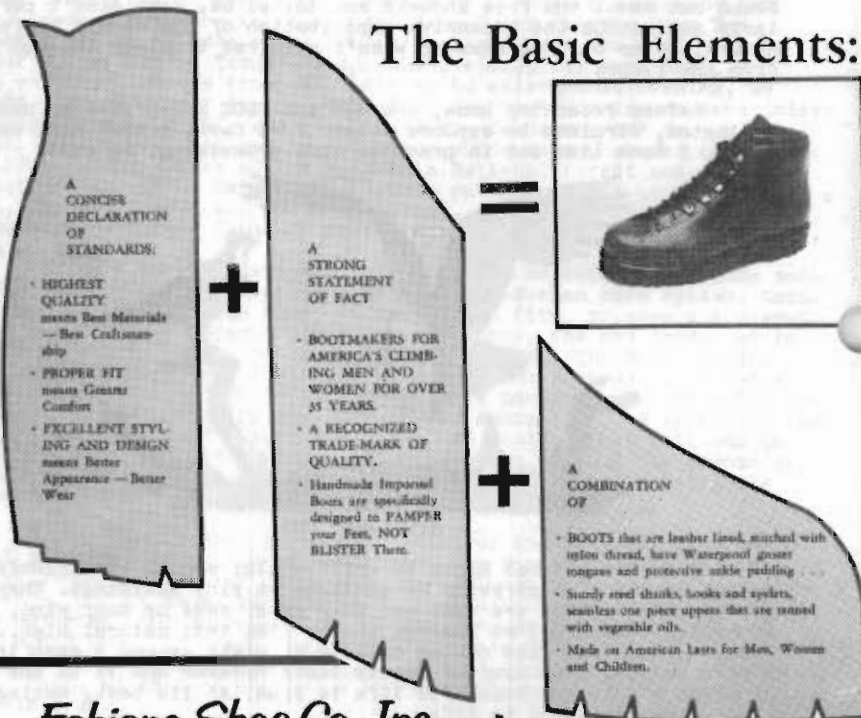
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# THE EFFICACY OF DOWN

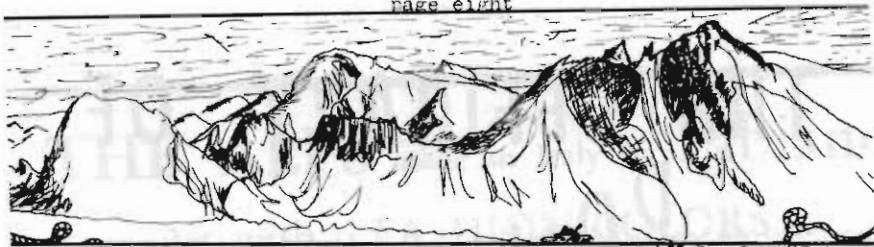
by Roland Vinyard  
(UDOCalum)

"Test results clearly indicate that sleeping bags insulated with 100% improved 'Dacron 88' provide comfort and insulation equal to 100% down." To confirm down users (and it is interesting that almost 100% of the winter mountaineers choose down), this is a disconcerting statement. It must be qualified, however. It came from Gerald Montaigne, marketing manager for "Dacron" fiberfilling. Assuming that the test mentioned above was unbiased (?), one cannot but help to wonder whether he meant weight for weight, bulk-compressed or free to bulk, or what. Any percentage figure means nothing unless you tell what it is a per cent of!

Now left with a dilemma of an ambiguous statement, one poses the eternal question "what is the best insulation available for mountaineers?" That, of course, depends upon what you want from your equipment, what you want to pay for it and the conditions under which it will be used. Most mountaineers prefer down, and not without reason. Down is the lightest and most compressible filling that can be found. Weight and bulk are important considerations in the winter. Down is extremely resilient, forming a large bulk when taken from its stuff sack. It is this very bulk which gives down a warmth far superior to other fillings, including "Dacron 88." Actually, any substance, even steel wool, cotton or newspaper can be good insulation as long as it creates a dead air space, the thickness of which will determine the degree of warmth. However, these fillings are easily rejected on the basis of comfort, retention of moisture, resilience, etc. Down quickly wicks body moisture away from the sleeper and into the air. It is washable and easily dried in a tumble dryer using low or delicate speeds. Drying is aided when a pair of sneakers is added to the load. They aid in producing static electricity which promotes full lofting of the down. The sneakers also help to break up balls of wet down.

On the other hand, down is very expensive, about a dollar an ounce. "Dacron 88" seems infinitely less in comparison. Down garment and sleeping bags have many other disadvantages, also: they generally require gentler handling as they are not quite so durable, to say nothing of the cost of replacing them! Also, when used in rainy conditions without adequate protection, down will get wet. And when it gets wet, it is not warm! "Dacron 88" retains a good percentage of its warmth capacity when wet, however. The fact that "Dacron 88" is not as compressible as down serves as an advantage, too - down underneath a person retains negligible thickness and warmth and necessitates a padding of clothing or ensolite beneath it. The "Dacron 88" does not compress so much under one's weight and serves as some padding in itself. Perhaps this was the comfort and warmth referred to by Gerald Montaigne.

Now, to arrive at a conclusion is really an impossible task. There are too many individual factors, from allergies to down to the size of one's wad. However, if you are using your sleeping bag or parka under average conditions and money is no problem, then it is likely that a scientific buyer would choose down in preference to "Dacron 88." Given these two qualifications, the advantages of down far outweigh its disadvantages.



VIEW SE from Gannett Peak

# SUPER TRIP

Sponsored by the

LOCALUMS

**Where** Un-named lakes, Glacier Trail #21, Wind River Mountains, Wyoming.

**When** August 1 - 7, 1971 (as long as your food holds).

At College Week it rained. Miserable gray clouds dropped their cold contents on the village of leantos; ran off the logs into big muddy puddles and managed to get into everything. As the Adirondacs slowly turned into their characteristic sea of mud, an idea came to a group of localums who huddled at the front of a leanto trying to heat themselves from a fire which was kept going only by coaxing it liberally with gasoline. From this auspicious surrounding Super Trip was born.

Super Trip will be a backpacking trip into high country with opportunities for hiking on the Continental Divide and summit trips. We will base camp at a series of small lakes off the beaten path, but close enough to give access to the High Peak area, most of whose summits can be reached with rope and ice ax.

Localums challenge individuals and clubs. How much can you learn in one year? Can you prepare yourself for two to three weeks of high country backpacking? Could you eat your cooking for two weeks? Is your equipment in first rate condition? Are you in as good condition as your equipment?

Localums invite individuals and clubs to participate in Super Trip. Further information on supplies, foods, equipment, maps, hitch-hiking across country, first aid, etc. will be forthcoming in future issues of the Newsletter and Bulletin.

Cah-oo-h-wah!

Charlie Woodward, Chairman East  
c/o Dept. of Geology  
Syracuse University  
Syracuse, N. Y. 13210

Ron Frost, Chairman West  
600 Lake Washington Blvd.  
Seattle, Wash. 98102

SUPER TRIP is organized on a self-sufficient basis. Each group which intends to come is encouraged to have Bonney's guide to the Wind River Range and a copy of the topo maps.

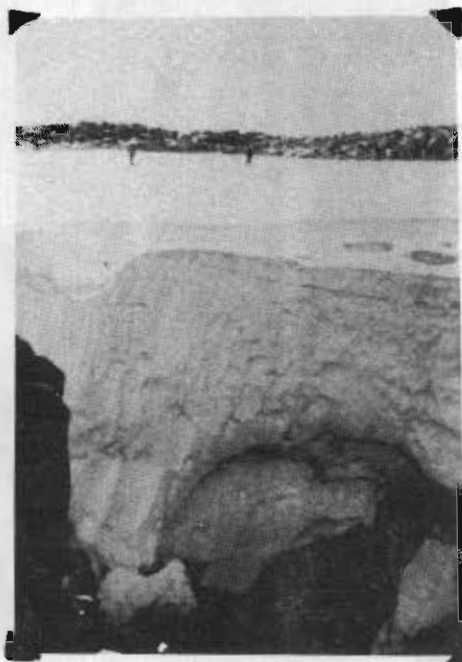
Topo maps are not generally available, however, since only preliminary maps have been prepared by USGS. I have the necessary maps for the trail and will be happy to provide each group with a zerox copy of the topo for a nominal fee of 25c to cover mailing and reproduction.

Each group intending to come on Super Trip should write me and tell me the date they intend to arrive and begin hiking. If you have this information, and someone is overdue; we can make an effort to search the area in case they can't find the small lakes. In fact writing and telling us you're coming will help us select a site large enough to accomodate all.

When you write, tell us

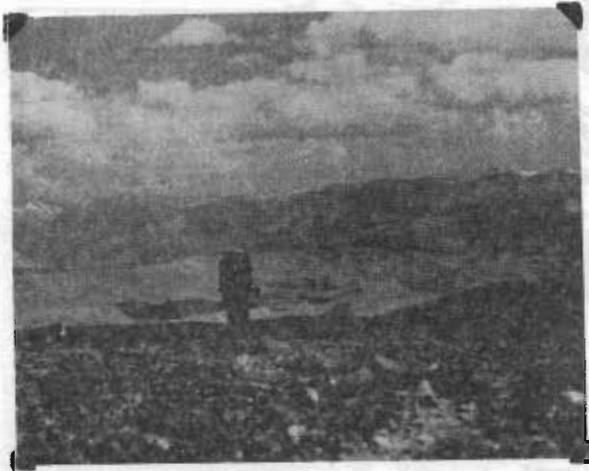
1. When you expect to arrive and begin hiking.
2. If you're driving; where are you leaving from and when; do you want riders.
3. Do you need a ride?
4. How many you expect in your party.
5. If you need maps?

WRITE BEFORE JUNE 7 because we'll be leaving for the Winds.



Summit of  
"Castelated Cirque"  
(2 figures [running])

I am standing on the  
summit of "Pk Central"  
looking across at them.

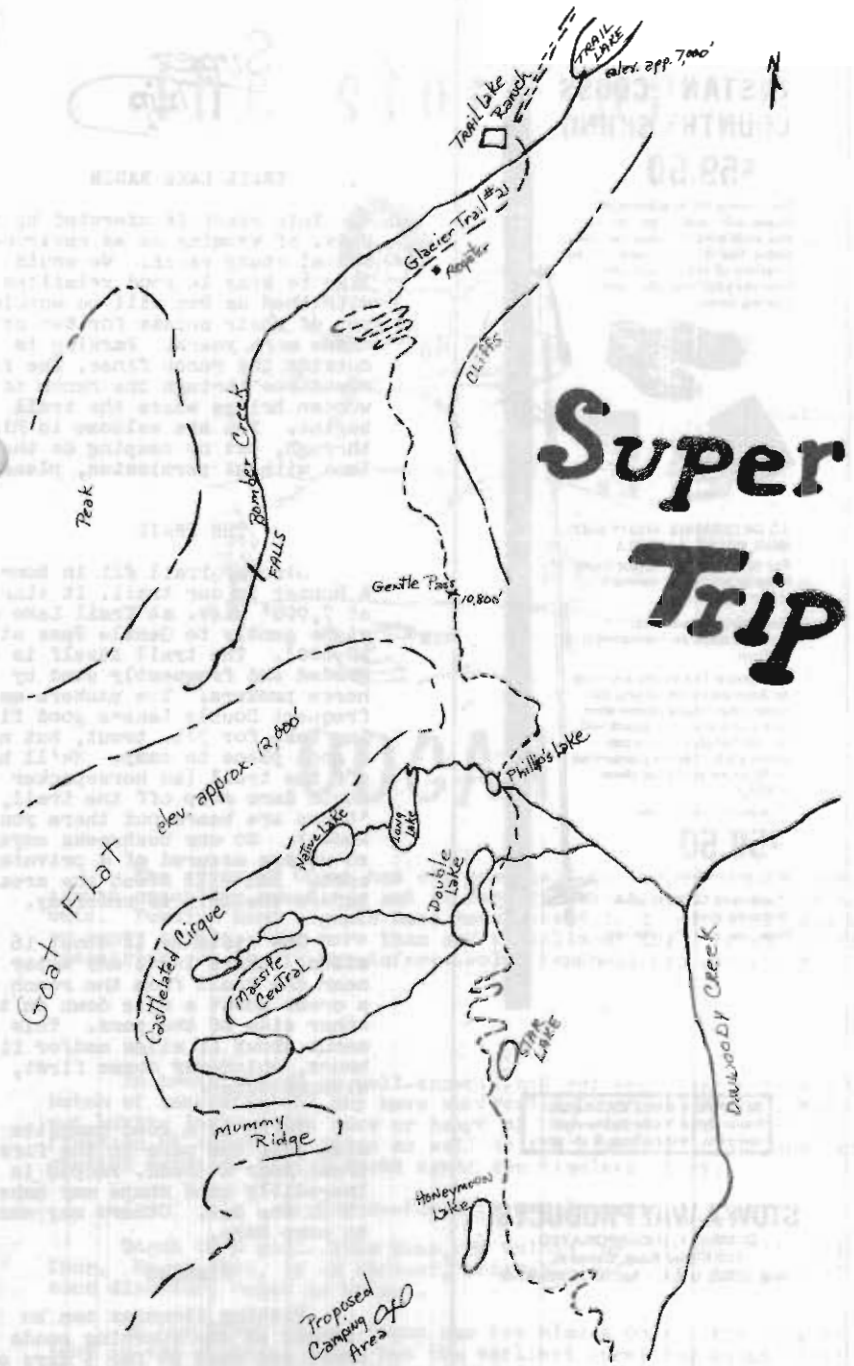


Summit of  
Gentle Pass  
(10,800')  
Looking at Absarokas  
and Owl Creek Mts.

# SUPER TRIP



Morrie Schweiderman  
hiding from Oogah  
on Goat Flat 1970.



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## Super Trip

### TRAIL LAKE RANCH

This ranch is operated by the Univ. of Wyoming as an environmental study ranch. We would like to stay in good relations with them as Ron will be working out of their access for two or three more years. Parking is outside the ranch fence. The road continues through the ranch to a wooden bridge where the trail begins. You are welcome to hike through, but no camping on the land without permission, please.

### THE TRAIL

Glacier Trail #21 in Bonney & Bonney is our trail. It starts at 7,000' elev. at Trail Lake and rises gently to Gentle Pass at 10,800'. The trail itself is well graded and frequently used by horse packers. The packers mainly frequent Double Lake—a good fishing lake for 3lb. trout, but not a good place to camp. We'll be off the trail (no horsepacker would dare step off the trail, "there are bears out there you know"). No one bushwacks anywhere so we are assured of a private spot. Ron will scout the area before the trip is underway.

The distance is about 16 miles. There isn't any water near the trail from the ranch to a creek about a mile down on the other side of the pass. This means about 11 miles and/or 11 hours, whichever comes first, without water.

There is a good campsite one mile over the pass in the first trees near a creek. People in incredibly good shape may make it in one day. Others may want to camp here.

### FISHING

Fishing licenses can be bought at any sporting goods store and cost \$4 for 5 days or \$12 a season. Getting a license is strongly advised.

# the story of



by  
Dean Wallace



## OOGAH

The story of Oogah has oft been told in low, whispered voices around crackling campfires and at back tables of myriad student hang-outs. Furtive hand signals have been passed in crowded hallways and on empty trails. And more than one rockclimber has uttered the famous despairing cry as his heretofore--solid handhold has given way:

In truth, Oogah is well-known...and yet each year brings a new batch of innocents who may have confronted Oogah all their lives without having learned his name or heard of his story. It is for the edification of these initiates as well as the pleasure of the ancient, gnarled devotees that I speak again the timeless story.

### A. Oogah--His life and lineage

Oogah is a god...like Zeus, or Vulcan, or, if you will, Odin or Thor. Oogah, too, is an ancient, honorable god, but, as you shall soon discover, Oogah is unique.

In the first place, Oogah was not always Oogah. His origins are lost in the mists of time, but the earliest surviving manuscripts show him to be a firmly developed Hadad...the chief godlet of Babec-Heliopolis. Now Oogah did well as Hadad of Babec-Heliopolis for

centuries until one day Zeus, on his way back from raping Europa or somebody else, chanced upon the scene. Here was a quaint provincial city with beautiful courtesans and unspoiled peasant girls, and Zeus just must have them. So Zeus called for it to rain--and it rained for 40 days and 40 nights. But the desert around Babec-Heliopolis was so dry that the rain merely sank into the ground and flowed away. (I heard once that the people downstream really had a rough time and the only one to survive was some crazy fool who had been predicting rain and had built a huge boat in the desert and stuffed it full of animals and his family, but I'm not sure.) Anyway, after a time, Zeus quit fooling around and raised a huge dust storm, under cover of which, he snuck into the city. Well, naturally, the people were mighty upset and asked the Hadads chief priest--an Areopagite, as I recall--what to do. Well the Areopagite thought sacrificing the best bull in the kingdom would do the trick. It did too--but not quite the way the Areopagite had planned. Zeus, of course, changed himself into a bull and, naturally, was soon before the Hadad's altar (after all, not only was he an excellent specimen, but no farmer wanted to give up his private bull--even to stop the storm.) The poor Hadad was totally unsuspecting, he got up to take a closer look at the sacrifice (and also to stall for time, since he had no idea on how to cease and desist the wind)--when suddenly the bull leaped forwards and swallowed him whole! This effectively ended the career of the Hadad of Babec-Heliopolis--for Zeus, having calmed the storm and induced the population to worship him and raped the women who had originally attracted him, continued to keep the Hadad imprisoned somewhere within. (The pious say "in his stomach"; the impious mention the large intestine: Oogah refuses to discuss it.)

A millennia went by and one day Zeus, on the run from other gods and forces, ate something ridiculous and soon had a violent tummy-ache. The result was "the flying axehandles" (a most taboo disease) and suddenly, one way or the other (again a discrepancy between the pious and the impious), Oogah reemerged into the light of day. Of course he didn't know where he was, or even when he was--but he could tell one thing: he stank! So he jumped into the nearest river--and found out it stank worse than he did. So he tried another... and then another--he worked his way upstream--looking for fresher water--until he was in the vastness of a mountain chain--and still the water stank. Finally, moving cautiously, he got around the last stink--a big open strip mine--and reached clear water in a beautiful little lake under a mountain peak. Then he did the most natural thing: he jumped in -- and thereby ruined the mine's water supply for a week. Shortly thereafter, while drying himself with laurel leaves (which turned out to be poison ivy), he heard some voices coming down a nearby trail. It turned out to be a group of outing clubbers returning from climbing a peak. And as they passed one did a characteristic thing which made Oogah's heart rejoice: one of the group stumbled over a root and splashed face-down in a very muddy spot.

"He was doing obeseance," thought Oogah with joy, "obviously these are just the sort of people to be my new disciples!" And so he followed them home. Within a few weeks, Oogah had managed the language (gods are quite good at that, as a rule) and since his intended converts also happened to be history majors, he quickly caught up on everything he had missed. But he had a problem: how to establish FIRST CONTACT. After all, it would never do to just step out of the wall and say "here I am"; a flash of recognition would be necessary. But how to reveal himself? And then the answer struck him: one of his intended disciples (victims?) had a tape recorder. Right in the middle of a perfectly sane tape, he would manifest himself-- and the rest would be future history. And it was.

Oogah revealed himself to Wallace the Climber and Kirby the Caver--and, after the shock wore off, enlisted their aid. From that humble beginning, Oogah, with the aid of ever increasing manifestations, has rapidly become the patron-god of all outing clubbers and various other raggamuffin groups.

## B. Oogah--his lifestyle and manifestations

"But why," asks the neophyte, "has Oogahism become so popular? What is it about Oogah that endears him so to my fellow clubbers?"

The grizzled veteran laughs at such questions, because he knows, .....he knows.

Oogah is unique. Most gods aren't human...Oogah is very human. All gods are omniscient, omnipotent, or at least, omnipresent: Oogah is none of these. But most of all,... Oogah is inept. Ah yes, he too can throw lightning bolts--but unlike Thor or Zeus, his bolts are likely to miss. More than that, they are as equally likely to hit the curser as the one-who-was-cursed. Thus in one stroke (or bolt if you will), Oogah bids fair to dismantle all religious bigotry: if the god is totally inept, it profiteth you nothing to have "god on your side." Not to mention the fact that it becomes exceedingly dangerous to call upon the god to smite your enemies. He might, but, then again... For this reason, outing clubbers have tended to develop a larger degree of toleration than is found among the population at large. Differences we may have, but my life is in your hands when I am climbing and vice versa.



But it is not by these more weighty matters that most people know Oogah. All OC'ers are familiar with him: the climber finds a good handhold and carefully tests it. It holds. So he carefully shifts his weight onto it...crack!!...he has just found Oogah.

The caver has his three sources of light carefully checked. About a mile and a half in, suddenly his carbide light sputters and dies: nothing can revive it. So he pulls out his flashlight and crawls on--only to drop it 30 feet into a crevasse. He beats a hasty retreat towards the entrance with candle wax dripping on his fingers...he has just found Oogah--twice.

The canoeist who is suddenly swamped in the only "easy" stretch in a river, the skier who fumes all week as the snow makes life difficult and then finds it raining on the weekend, or the couple that travels a hundred miles to the big square dance only to find the caller has laryngitis...all these have met Oogah in their lives.

And thus a major problem presents itself: Oogah as the patron of outing clubbers literally falls all over himself to be helpful. If he should hear you praying for fair weather--he will do his utmost to keep bad weather away. But, unfortunately, he is weak and often the storm systems follow in his vacuum--to the very spot you had hoped would be clear.

You can't hate him because he means so well, but it is the wise outing clubber who calls on Oogah sparingly. For should he hear you, he will come--and then...well, who knows? 'Tis best not to find out.

And so, initiates, remember in the years to come--as you find yourself alone in some perilous position (like on a 5.9 face for example) remember there is someone right behind you, who loves you and is trying to help you. He may be able to--but, if you find yourself discomfited--remember-- he tried!!!



# BECAUSE IT'S THERE

Lyrics by Lloyd Sumner  
(UVaOCalum)



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I'll hike the longest trails,  
Canoe the wildest rivers,  
and camp in every dale;  
I'll skydive from an airplane,  
I'll square dance all night long,  
I'll live real close to Nature,  
seein' friends and all.

I'll ski among these mountains,  
explore the deepest caves,  
I'll climb upon the ice fields,  
and surf the biggest waves;  
Oh please don't think I'm crazy,  
don't think that I don't care,  
I go for just one reason -  
I go because it's there.

Because it's there -  
I'll climb the highest mountains,  
Because it's there -  
I'll hike the longest trails;  
Because it's there -  
canoe the wildest rivers,  
Because it's there -  
I'll camp in every dale;

Because it's there -  
I'll ski among these mountains,  
Because it's there -  
explore the deepest caves,  
Because it's there -  
I'll climb upon the ice fields,  
Because it's there -  
I'll surf the biggest waves.

Oh please -  
don't think that I'm crazy,  
Oh please -  
don't think that I don't care;  
You know I have  
just one good reason,  
you know I go  
because it's there.

Theme from "Because  
It's There," the film  
of IOCA, produced by  
Lloyd Sumner and other  
members of the Univ.  
of Virginia and Mary  
Washington College  
Outing Clubs, 1965.

io ca

## Rock Climbing

by Spider Schultz  
(UDOC)



This is Spider's Rock Climbing Newsletter, believe it or not. He was too lazy to publish one himself, so he just gave me all of his info. Don't hold your breath for his next issue, right Spider?

First off, I would like to thank everyone who responded to my inquiry pertaining to the status of climbing in IOCA. I would always look forward to seeing my mailbox full each day - I needed that!

I am pleased to see that there are several clubs with somewhat organized climbing committees and I am glad to see a few NOLS graduates in IOCA, also. The primary climbing areas seem to be the Gunks and Seneca Rocks. Practice climbing, so I am told, is done on Cartercock, Maryland, Quincy quarries, Massachusetts and Shenandoah, Virginia.

Since I am a member of UDOC, I have a tendency to plan IOCA climbing trips where UDOC goes, which is usually Seneca Rocks or Shenandoah National Park. If there is anyone from other clubs willing to lead trips to the Gunks or Ragged Mountain for you northern clubs, please inform me so that something may become of it. As I too have my studies, I cannot attend or lead as many climbing trips as I would like (that's no excuse, Spider - ed.). Therefore, volunteers for leading trips to anywhere is appreciated.

If your club is having a weekend climb that you would like to become an IOCA trip, please notify me and I will try to get the word spread to other clubs. To date, the IOCA climbing outings will be:

- March 26-28 - UDOC Climbing at Carterock, Md.
- 27 - UDOC Vertical Caving near Kutztown, Pa. South Temple Cave will be explored then.
- April 2-4 - BRCCA Seneca - Mouth of Seneca, W. Va.
- May 21-23 - UDOC's Spring Seneca Weekend - same place.
- August 1-7 - IOCalum's Super Trip - Wind Rivers, Wyoming.

Remember, tell other clubs about your climbing outings and keep IOCA climbing alive.

Ca-a-ooo-wah!!!

A ROCK CLIMBER'S (VERTICAL CAVER'S) MASTER LIST

by Spider Schultz (UDOC)

The following listing of rock climbing and vertical caving equipment is a list of items that I recommend as a "goal" to achieve, eventually. The time spent in acquiring these items will depend on the IOCA's budget and frequency of participation as a rock climber and/or vertical caver. This listing concerns only basic equipment. I haven't bothered to list items necessary for bolt, ice, snow, or other advanced climbing methods, mainly because I know very little about them. In listing vertical caving equipment, I assume that you already own the equipment necessary for horizontal caving.

1. Goldline or Perlon climbing rope
  - 120' or 150' length for rock climbing
  - 50'-75' length for most vertical caving
  - 3/8" good for easy or moderate climbing
  - 7/16" better for difficult climbing and vertical caving
2. Nylon webbed slings
  - Sufficient length for Swiss seat or its variations.
  - 20'-30' length for chest sling
  - 1 or 2 lengths of sling for prussik stirrups
  - 3 lengths of 15'-20' for direct aid stirrups
  - 3 lengths of 4'-6' for hero loops
  - several lengths of 4'-8' for runners
3. Carabiners
  - 1 non-locking carabiner for each piton
  - 1-3 locking carabiners for rappelling and prussiking
  - a few extra carabiners
4. 1 or 2 brake bars for rappelling and friction brakes
5. At least one dozen pitons, of various sizes and types, depending on where you climb.
6. A piton hammer with shoulder sling.
7. 2-4 descending rings for anchors and/or friction brakes.
8. Rock climbing helmet—must be brimless.
9. Reepschnur line (100') — any strong cord (nylon is best) for use in retrieving a rappell rope from its anchor.
10. Adequate climber's first aid kit.

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