

Spring 1983

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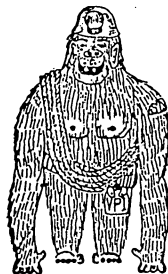
No. 3



THE TECH TROGLODYTE

A JOURNAL OF THE VIRGINIA TECH GROTTO OF THE
NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

SPRING QUARTER 1983



VOL. XXII, NO. 3

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Cover drawing by Richard "Boo" Croft.

THE ROUSE ROARS

"Soon, elections will be coming up and it will be time to relinquish this despicable job of chairman to some other harlequin. I hope that my successor will learn as much about himself and life as I did."

Win Wright
Winter Trog 1981

These words of wisdom ring more loudly now. The spring meetings have gotten off to a rocky start. Some would have us believe that the club is taking a turn for the worse. I don't believe it. The "old timers" continue to show up and give us their support. The new membership is full of gung-ho fools who enjoy crawling, mud and playing lead tape. Jim Washington, Lawrence Britt and others have proven that the art of cave exploration is not dead (even if it means digging your own). Practice rescues and other club projects still bring us together as a strong and unified group.

So what are the problems? In so far as I am concerned, they are no more numerous or serious than usual. It seems to me that the amount of squawking is inversely proportional to the amount of caving. The parties are great for getting smashed and socializing, but the experiences shared underground (when the going gets tough, the moves dangerous, or an emergency at hand) are what bring us together and place us a cut above other organizations.

This summer and fall there are a number of things I would like to see done. Scheduled club trips (eg. Greenville Saltpeter, Hell Hole, Aqua campground) would help to bring old and new members together and weaken intra-club factions. Mr. Porterfield has indicated a desire to have the fence rebuilt around Pighole. Finally, one or two project areas would be an excellent catalyst for the club. This would involve many members and include ridge-walking, dyetracing, exploration and mapping. This summer I will be trying to identify potential areas and establishing the proper land owner relations.

In closing, I would like to commend your safe caving, crazy partying and remind you that, above all else, we are a caving organization.

Garrie Rouse

Editorial

In light of our last editorials being so long and boring, and since this TROG is also shorter than usual, we will be brief.

GO CAVING!

Maureen
Rumler

Jim Washington

11
BCH
Shal

Grotto Grapevine

At the begining of this quarter Tuesday saw most of us back for the first day of classes and a first day of classes party at Becky's. Wednesday night the club made themselves obnoxious in the back row of Squires theater for a viewing (reviewing) of "Das Boot". Thursday was a paint the Easter Beers party at Quiche's. The usual party followed the Friday night meeting with numerous casualties. Saturday we had the Easter Beer Hunt and party at Redder's. It was definately going to be a good quarter, QCAs disregarded.

Over Spring break Stymie, Quiche, Ann Marie, Steve Lancaster, John MacDowall, and Mark Honosky canoed the Greenbriar River. They enjoyed 5 days of flood, sleet, snow, bitter cold, and massive partying. The Alabama trip fizzleed down to 5 people. About the only thing accomplished was the discovery of an enjoyable way to ride with The Rouse driving - Drunk.

The club softball team had a winning season (3-1) and made it to the first round of the International Playoffs. The volleyball team also had a good time ending with about (2-22).

Cave Clubbers argue constantly over the club's money - how to spend or horde it. Well, at least it's not being ignored.

Kent Thompson and Co. once again pulled us through the Miller Campain with the club taking 4th and about \$500 prize.

Lawrence sold his Willis, bought a NON-4 wheel drive Nova, and destroyed the Honco by melting the ignition wires and starter solenoid, throwing a U-joint, and slinging the starter into 40 plus peices. And he still drove it home! Futrell bought Frank Gibson's old cave-mobile and subsequently had the breaks fail after trying to 4-wheel through West Virginia while Kehole hunting. Frank bought a hot new 4-WD mobile and disappeared, only to return with new cameras for some of the best photos ever. Watch for his slide shows in the fall.

Cavers have been spending spring days rock climbing, but a few trips did go out. The Zo's have about 1.5 miles in Newberry's. Lawrence has about 1.7 miles in Starnes. Jim Hixson has found enough suckers from VPI to start back mapping in Windy Mouth. Win, Stymie, Quiche, Capt. Ed, Foulup, and Hogwood picked a rainy weekend to finish the waterfall pit in Bane's Spring; tough guys, huh? During picnic the fearfull four took a nostalgia trip to Buddy's for a case of Dejavue. Also over picnic weekend Bill Stevens, Didly, Win, Bob Alderson, Richard Cobb, and Jeff Hedges went out cave rat passage in Spring Hollow with the scaling pole. Didly free climbed up to the lead, found nothing, and had a hard time getting down.

The club carried out another successful plastic rescue in new river.

Elections went as usual with 2 good hours of mudslinging. Keith and Kent are graduating and have no idea what to do next. Sue Sue and Rick are engaged. Richard and Pat are moving back to Blacksburg. Karen Michelsonis a raft guide on the Chattooga River in S.C. Chuck finished and defended his thesis. Rick and Binny are getting married in July. Pete and Linda are having a 4th of July party in Rock Hill S.C. And the Bonenbergers have multiplied with a $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb daughter, Andrea Kay.

This year's float trip was cold and cloudy with rain during the party. The second batch of grain punch was stirred with an old ax found in the corner, and it was downhill from there. Needless to say, everyone had a good time.

After exams Stymie and Quiche are going caving in TAG for a week with Ga. Tech cavers and attending Bill Putnam's wedding. Frank, Rita, Wayne B. and Psycho are going to Ellisons for a photo sport trip.

Many of us will be around this Summer for some hot caving, climbing, and partying. And for those of you who aren't - tough shit!

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

I Hate My Camera!

A hilarious site, seeing seven cavers piling out of their autos and urinating simultaneously on I-81 and I-75 on the way to Ellison's in Walker County, Georgia. This happened every hour or so. After swilling a case of warm Wieds and absorbing other mind altering substances, I can't recall much after arriving in Lafayette to pick up the campsite keys. Everyone said I had a good time.

This was my ninth trip into Ellison's, Eric Anderson's second. The greenhorns were Bill Shipman, Knox Worde, Rich Neiser, Mike Artz (JMU) and Bob Carts (PSC & JMU). Having 7 cavers with 4 cameras plus 2 pits (120' + 586') made the trip into an unforgettable 30 hour photo/tour marathon. I swore (ha, ha!) never to bring my camera crap into another cave.

Shit has hit the fan! I was first to see the entrance, it had a river flowing into it; that wasn't supposed to be there.

Later in the cave, halfway down Fantastic Pit, my lamp went out due to the heavy spray from the waterfall. I 'cnashed' bottom, soaking wet, with garbage bags and all. I was considering aborting the trip, due to the EXCESS amount of water coming down the big pit. Before the final decision, Eric zipped down and persuaded me to continue the trip. Might as well give everyone their moneys worth. Besides, caving is the best cure for a hangover that cheap Kroger coffee can not get rid of.

With the usual mouth-opening, sight-seeing through the dry galleries, including massive amounts of 25B bulbs exploding and discharging capacitors, we stumbled into the 'Hall for the Giants' twelve hours after bottoming-out Fantastic Pit. Hell, during the summer, my friend Paul Donahue and I cruised the whole damn cave in 12 hours.

I looked at my camera stuff (ready to 'paint' the big room) and it smiled back at me. I take care of this pile of shining metal more than my aching body. I wanted to leave it behind and let it corrode away. My camera gear, nice and comfy, laughed at me.

"Hey Eric, open!" FLASH!! Wow, that one lit up the whole room. "Eric, closed."

"Eric, open!" FLASH! Damn, that one was awesome, totally awesome! I thought I saw God. "Eric, closed!"

With the photo-taking and sight seeing out of the way, we cruised back to the big pit in 3½ hours. Now that's caving. I went up Fantastic Pit, solo, since I was the "odd" person. Everyone else cammed up tandom. The waterfall seemed to have increased its output, probably due to the thawing of the ground surface. I had no one to pull the the rope out of the waterfall, so I felt like a saturated sponge once out of the spray, halfway up the pit. I was in utter blackness the whole 586feet, since my carbide lamp once again was soaked and useless. My Tekna-Lite decided to quit on me when I needed it most. Occasionally I saw a miniscule source of light peering up from the bottom

checking if I was still on rope, going over the lip of the pit in total darkness was exhilarating, totally by memory of footholds and feel.

Eric was the last to cam out, I was in a zombie state by then, soaked and freezing. What kept me going was my SVEA stove churning hot chocolate (with marshmallows) until it died on me. I was waiting to coil the big rope for 4 hours. Coiling the rope with wooden fingers warmed me up so I could speak without chattering teeth.

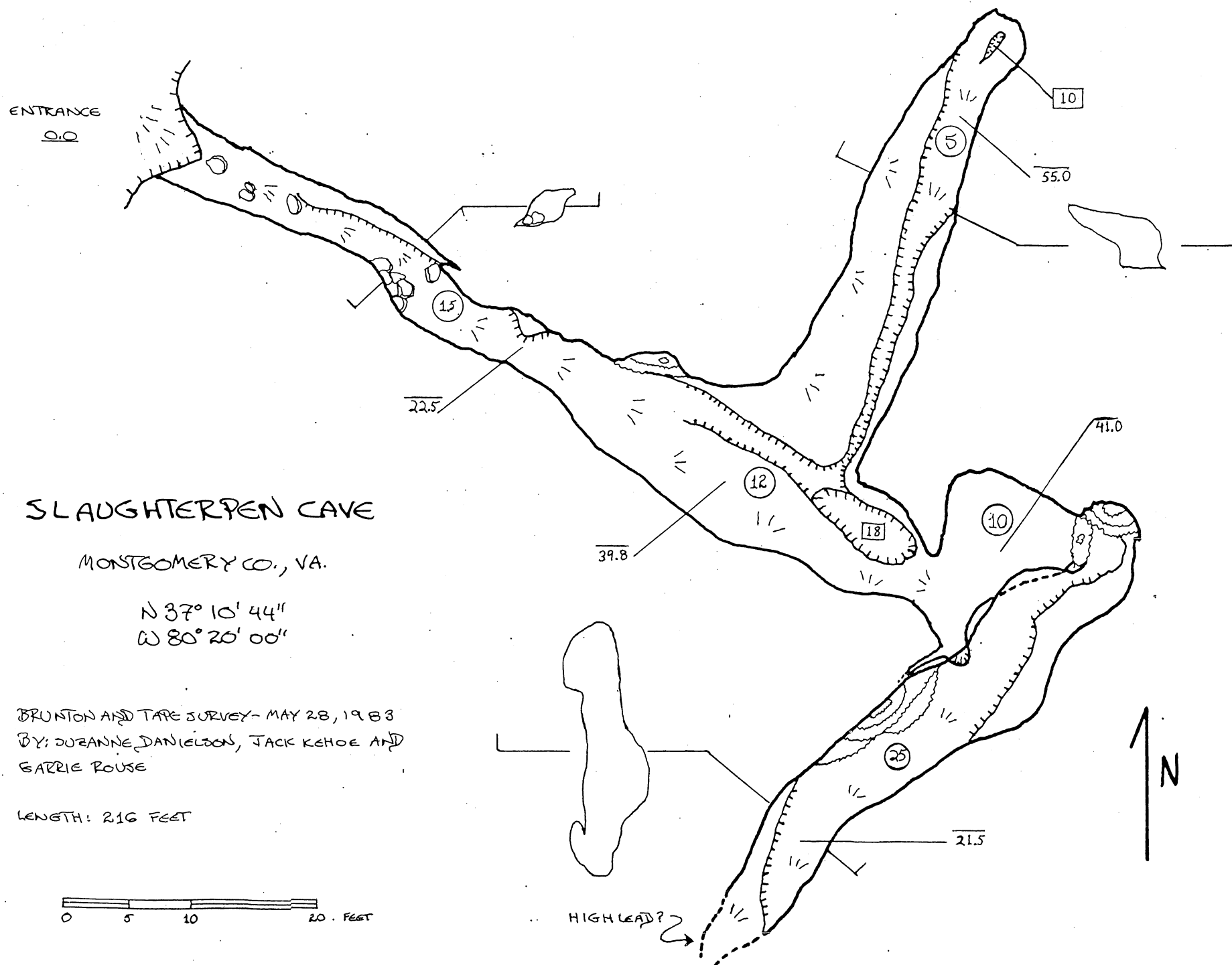
We were at the campsite within hours, ready to enjoy the trivial things in life that we all take for granted like untying shoes, brushing teeth, opening bags of Ramen noodles, and soaking up the remaining beer.

"That was a great trip Frank, I loved it. How about you?"

"I'll tell you after I get my slides developed."

Frank "The Torch" Gibson
VPI 232





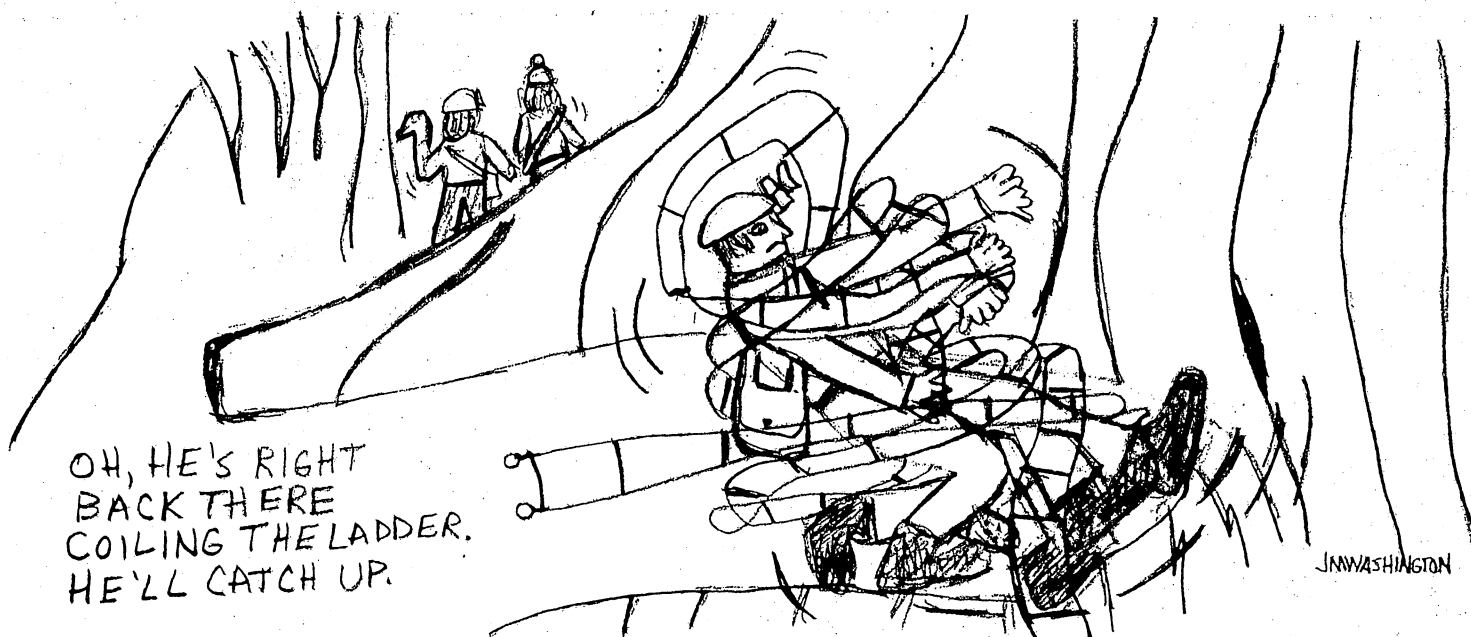
SLAUGHTERPEN CAVE

On May 22, 1983 Jack Kehoe and I set out for the Falls Ridge Nature Preserve near Ironto to check on a number of sinkholes on top of the ridges there. After much bushwacking and hillclimbing a small cave entrance was located by Jack on the ridge above Slaughterpen Hollow. Way out in the boonies, completely unreported and developed in dolomite - both Jack and I were highly sceptical. With carbide lamp in hand (we had not planned to go caving) I proceeded headfirst down a rocky crawlway slanted at about 30 degrees. On my belly and with an "interesting" maneuver ahead I decided that I had seen enough and came back out. Jack then gave it a try only to respond in identical fashion, "It goes but...". Since it was highly unlikely that we would return I found it necessary to crawl back in to confirm that the lead did indeed die. Instead, the passage continued, finally opening up into a fair sized room with a small pit. I then scrambled back to the surface to tell Jack of the good news.

On May 28, 1983 Jack Kehoe, Suzanne Danielson and myself returned to Slaughterpen Cave with the intent of mapping from the start. All of us being novices at this sort of thing, we had some difficulty, particularly in the beginning. Jack, as Brunton reader, was made to undergo all sorts of contortions while taking readings in the steeply dipping crawlway. Suzanne questioned the sanity of holding lamp on station while dangling out over a pit. And all the while I sat back and pondered at how cushy a job the sketchman had. The pit turned out to be 18 feet deep and blind. A passage to the left led to another small, blind pit. Mapping across the first pit we soon encountered a rather large canyon trending upslope and to the right. This soon died except for a possible high lead that could be seen some 25 feet above. Six hours later the mapping was completed and we exited the cave.

The next day Jack got it in his head to try and draw up the cave for the Trog (the deadline was two days earlier). And so, through a combined effort, we were able to crank out a sketch in very short order. Its no Spring Hollow but perhaps next time.....

Garrie



New River Rescue Update

I'm sure there are still a lot of people around the Club who remember the Rescue of January '80. For those who weren't around (or whose memories don't go back that far), this was the rescue (real) in New River Cave following the rescue (practice) earlier the same day in Tawney's. A girl fell on a rock (what else is there to fall on in a cave?) near the Blowhole, and had to be Stoked out.

Once we got her out of the cave, we still had to get her down the mountain. The technique we used was a standard one, but it turned out to be quite unwieldly for this application. It consisted of setting up a belayer with a rack at a fixed station near the cave entrance. The end of a long coil of rope was fed through a rack and tied to the head end of the Stokes. As the Stokes was held off of the ground by half a dozen cavers, the belayer fed the rope out slowly to keep them all from sliding down the steep mountainside. This works very well on short pitches, and indeed, for the first part of the journey down it worked well here also.

Then we started having troubles:

1. We had to use a straight course down the mountain to keep the rope from developing friction from rubbing points against trees and rocks. This meant we couldn't always take the smoothest course.

2. Even running a straight course, friction was still unavoidably built up against trees, rocks, ground, etc. The further down we went, the more rope we had to drag.

3. Communication became increasingly difficult. Sometimes a call to the belayer had to be repeated several times before it was understood. This was particularly cumbersome when a delicate move (such as a short, steep bank) was required.

4. Stretch in the rope. By itself, this wouldn't have been bad. But combined with the friction, we got into problems where our movement was controlled by S-T-R-E-T-C-H ...SLIP!... S-T-R-E-T-C-H...SLIP! which didn't make for good control (or a smooth ride for the victim!)

So, what to do? Next Time (with the traffic in New River Cave, there's always a Next Time), start out by picking an easy route (for the carriers and the victim) down the hill. Run a rope down the path, going around as many trees and rocks as you like. When you come to the end of the rope, tie on another. Or, better yet, tie it to another tree. Continue this all the way down the chosen path. Now, when the Stokes

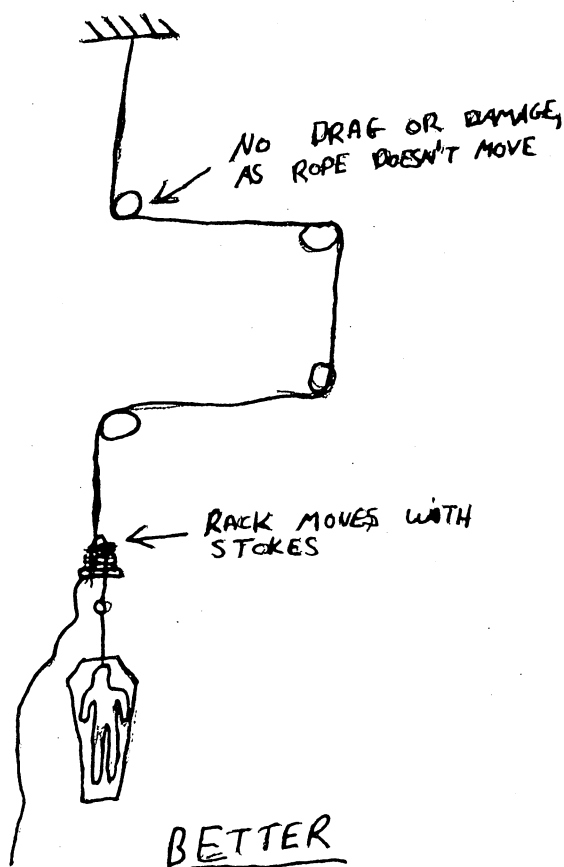
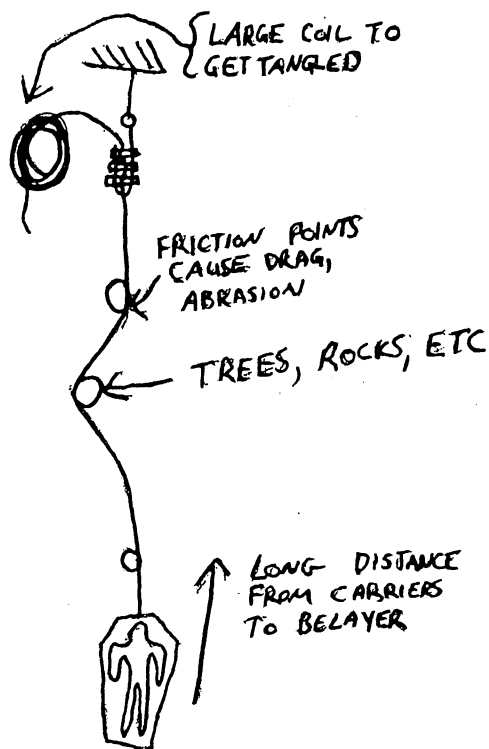
comes out of the cave, tie a rack to it using a short (say a 5 to 20 ft) line. Make sure the end of the main rope is tied off securely, and rig the rack into it.

That's it! Now the Stokes, carriers, and belayer all travel down the hill together. Friction is not a problem, the rope is static. Since it's static, the number of twists and turns don't matter; take the easy course. Communication is no longer a problem, the belayer is within conversational distance. Better yet, he can see what you need - something belay calls could never do.

From here on creativity rules. A second belayer on the same rope with a different length of line on his rack could temporarily relieve the main belayer for changeovers (one rope to another, crossing knots, etc) or when the belayer himself has to make a tricky move. And a number of shorter ropes could be rigged at points along the path to eliminate stretch problems.

Keep your rescue skills sharp, Cave Safely, and maybe Next Time will be a long time coming. See ya'll in the Fall.

Richard Cobb



Resurvey of Simmons-Mingo

"Hey Frank, want to go on a survey trip to Simmons-Mingo?"
 "For sure," was my reply. That was stupid!!

My internal clock told me to wake up, or was it Bob Carts' ever-present snoring that disturbed my sleep. Manually, I opened my eye lids with my ragged fingers. I proceeded to drag myself out of the musty, old sleeping bags left over from the "fiasco-expedition" some years ago.

I flicked my trusty Tekna-Lite and saw five 'trashed' cavers cuddled up in their cocoons, oblivious to my awakening or Mike Artz's dense aroma. Here we were, at "Base-camp," a small but pleasant haven over-populated with rank smelling sleeping bags, garbage, food and spent carbide dumps, telephone wires, relay boxes, stoves, fossilized shit, and god knows what else that was abandoned throughout Simmons-Mingo from the "fiasco." I dreaded the thought of dragging some of this shit further out of the cave, as all the survey teams are presently doing, to help Simmons-Mingo to be, once again, a respectable cave.

My body cried for the sleeping bag, to slip back into heaven for another hour. But NO!! We must cruise out of the bloody cave. I do not know if it was "exit fever" or the oncoming withdrawals from the lack of cold Wiedermanns. Damn, we were 6 hours from the entrance!

That was my second survey adventure into Simmons-Mingo cave in Mingo, WV. It was Eric Anderson's third. Mike Artz of JMU grotto and the PSC'ers from NOVA are currently resurveying the cave.

Our survey crew, known as Wilburs, Bat Squad Plunkers, and Pluke the Monkey, usually consisted of Mike Artz (sketch, the Boss, and 'Fartz'), Bob Carts (Brunton, Boss #2, and snores), Eric Anderson (lead tape and Wieds) and me (notes, sewer tape, photographer and asshole) plus one or two other cavers thrown in for intrests sake.

The average trip lasts for 23 hours and we surveyed (resurveyed, excuse me) 1300'+ of passage, 40-50 stations. We surveyed between RP2 and Basecamp, which is at least 5 hours of non-stop caving into Simmons-Mingo!

My first trip into S+M was during Turkey Break; also I wanted to see if Mike and Bob were ready for a long tour/photo trip into Ellison's for XMAS vacation. On that particular trip we found 400'+ of virgin passage with stunning gypsum formations, including some flowers blossoming 12 inches wide!!

Simmons-Mingo is typical of West Virginian caves; friendly, zooming trunk passage, and decorated with splendid formations. One spectacular trunk passage has rare mirabilite growing like weeds.

S&M does lack one characteristic; she has no vertical pits to YO-YO. But she does make up for her lack of potholes with diverse caving to Basecamp and beyond. She requires stamina from the caver with 5 or 6 free-climbs, running passages, vertical crawls, boulder hopping, swimming, sleeze-bag crawls, and adequate pit stops.

After 4 hours of caving through dry galleries, we hit upon a roaring stream (shin to 'nad' deep, depending on the season) that we had to wade through for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Very enjoyable; it cools you down. The music by the stream breaks the monotony of a dry cave system. I hear that the cave gets super sleazy (sounds fun) past Basecamp, near the Oil Drum Falls and towards the second entrance (a possible through trip). We are hoping to survey that part of the cave in the future. For now, I'm just getting into surveying, and I love it. I hope to get more involved in surveying and to lead trips into S&M with other VPI cavers.

After putting away my camera, we started once again the relentless pace towards the entrance. Instead of guide numbers and f-stops, I concentrated on putting my right foot forward, then bringing my left foot forward, and holding in the shit until we were out (too bad it never works that way). We all can hear the cold beers whimpering to be had at the entrance. At one point in the cave, we were 550 feet below the entrance, impressive for a cave that has never seen a PMI rack nor Gibbs.

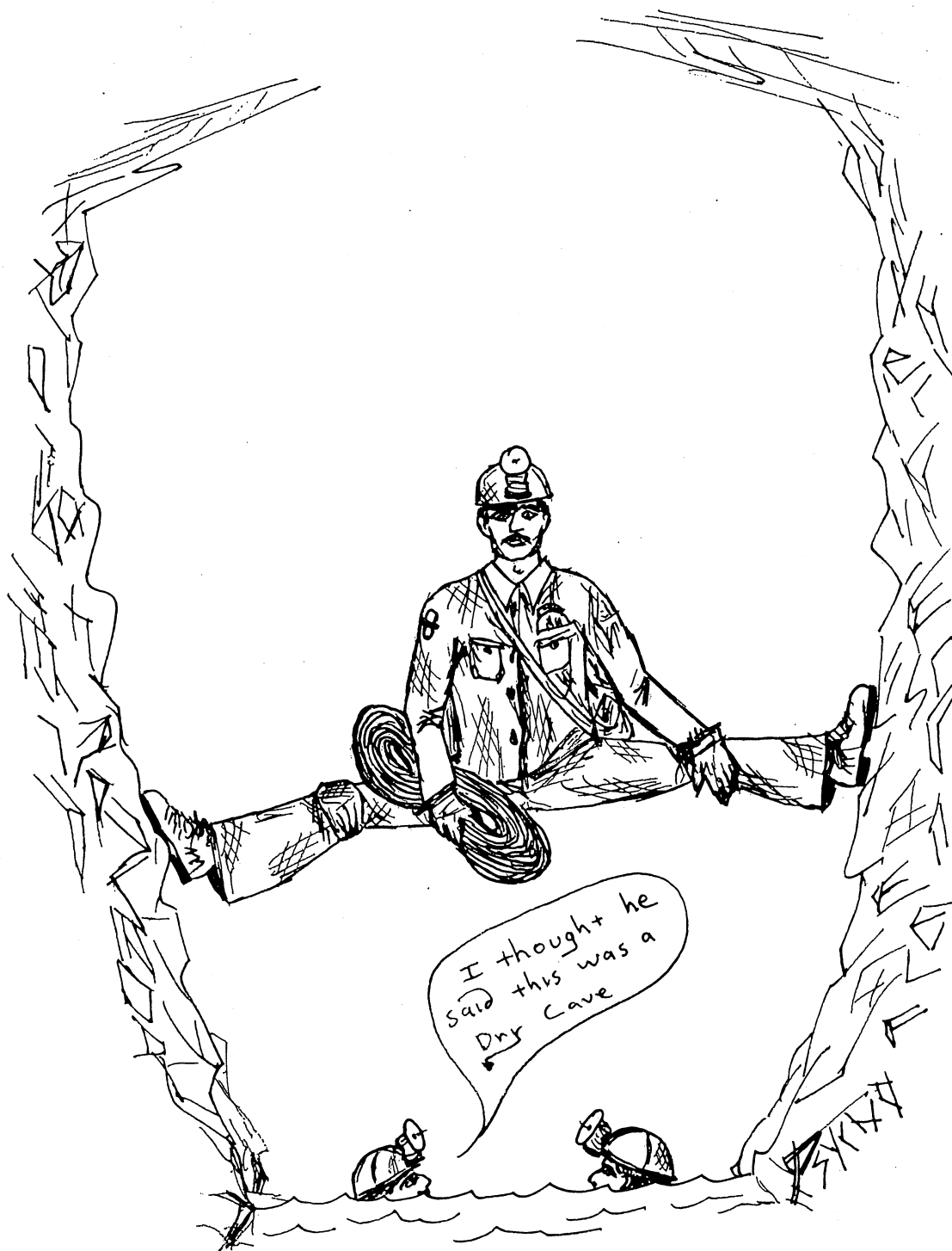
Having Mike Artz lead the way out is non-stop, bust-ass caving. I'm sure glad that I jog frequently. I was very suspicious (but secretly glad) of the frequent carbide change stops on the way out. Praise the Lord that we all did not own Wheat Lamps.

Just as the night before the cave trip, we partied notoriously hard afterwards. In a comatose state, I barely crawled into Mike's tent. I could not remember if I was wasted from the caving trip, or if it was from the ludicrous amounts of beer and those imported herbs. But it sure felt good.

Just before oblivion.....

"Hey, Frank, want to go caving in Simmons-Mingo again?" "For sure," was my reply, "For sure."

Frank "The Torch" Gibson
VPI #232



When in the course of TROG editorship we encounter odd things happening in caves, we feel it our journalistic duty to report the facts as they come. There is no gold in our local caves, but recently we have heard reports about the discovery of hitherto unmentioned caches of MONEY. Two cases have come to light, and we are pleased to present these cases for the first time anywhere. We call this section:

CAVING:

for fun & profit

CASE I: In Which Bob Ulfers Rat-Holes in New River Cave

Bob Ulfers: In March of 1982, during finals week, I decided to explore the entrance to New River. Since I had no one to go with, I did not go beyond where sunlight could still be seen. While looking in between rocks to find a place into which I could squeeze myself, I found a hole that, although too small for me to pass through, seemed to get larger as it went down. I tried to cram through it. With my shoulders and head through, I could see clearly only that it went on and down. Then, I backed out and enlarged the hole by removing some of the dirt and rocks. While digging, I found a Swiss Army knife about a foot down.

Soon, the hole was big enough, and I could lower myself into it. As I touched bottom with the tips of my boots, I heard the crunching of dry twigs. In a crouching position, I finally got a good look at this small room. The first thing I noticed was an inactive pack rat nest with its attendant trash: shoelaces, gloves, beer cans, string, etc.

Then, I looked down to my feet and saw an old, dusty billfold. It had been chewed up at one corner and was revealing some green paper. MONEY!?!?! I opened it in a hurry. It was filled with credit cards, ID's, papers, pictures, and various other cards. I looked for money, but my heart was humbled to find only two one-dollar bills, one of which had been semi-chewed up by pack rats.

A couple of days later, I sent it all to the address on the driver's license. Still later in March, I received an interesting letter (Exhibit 1).

CASE I, Exhibit 1

Dear Mr. Ulfers:

I have never been as shocked as I was upon opening the package you sent and staring at a small piece of my past. The incident of the lost billfold has been a story I have told many times during the last fourteen years. But the ending which you have provided will make the tale absolutely incredible.

In 1968 I was a student at V.P.I. While neither I nor my roommate, Russ White, were members of the Cave Club, we existed on the fringes of its membership. We were friends with several members and used the maps of the club. We were not avid cavers, but we had developed enough skill so as not to get hurt, and we explored caves a couple of times a month. One day in the Fall of 1968 we decided to climb (crawl?) to the waterfall in New River Cave. It was our custom to leave our valuables in the mouth of a cave so that we wouldn't have to worry about losing them. We placed the valuables beside a rock and went into the cave. As I recall, we reached the waterfall and signed the registration book. (If you get back into the cave again, and if they haven't changed that book, I'd like to know the exact date we were there.) When we returned to the mouth of the cave, Rusty's wallet was there, but mine was gone. We searched every square centimeter of that entrance room. No billfold. We theorized that a packrat was living in the cave and had borrowed my wallet for whatever reason packrats do such things. Man, was that a pain trying to cancel those credit cards and get duplicates of all my papers. I had written them off many years ago.

Thank you so very much for sending the billfold to me. You have brought back many beautiful memories.

(Signed)

Stephen K. Bradford, '69
March 19, 1982

CASE II: In Which Frank Gibson Says, "Aha!"

Ed Fortney: On October 16, 1982, I led a clean-up trip in New River Cave. With me were Frank Gibson, Al Ostrowski, Marie Schall, Teresa Walker, Jim Jeweler, and Sheon Marriner. On the way back from the Falls, we stopped at the bottom of the China Slide to pick up some trash. Frank Gibson checked out a stream passage nearby. A few minutes later, we heard a somewhat muffled "Aha!" Frank was yelling something about a wallet with fifty dollars in it. We all said, "Yeah, yeah, ha-ha good joke," until he arrived back where we were with this wallet.

In the wallet we found, as I remember, a five, a fifty, several signed, endorsed checks, Mastercard, Visa, and an airline credit card. The total on the cash and checks was a whopping three thousand five hundred fifty-five dollars.

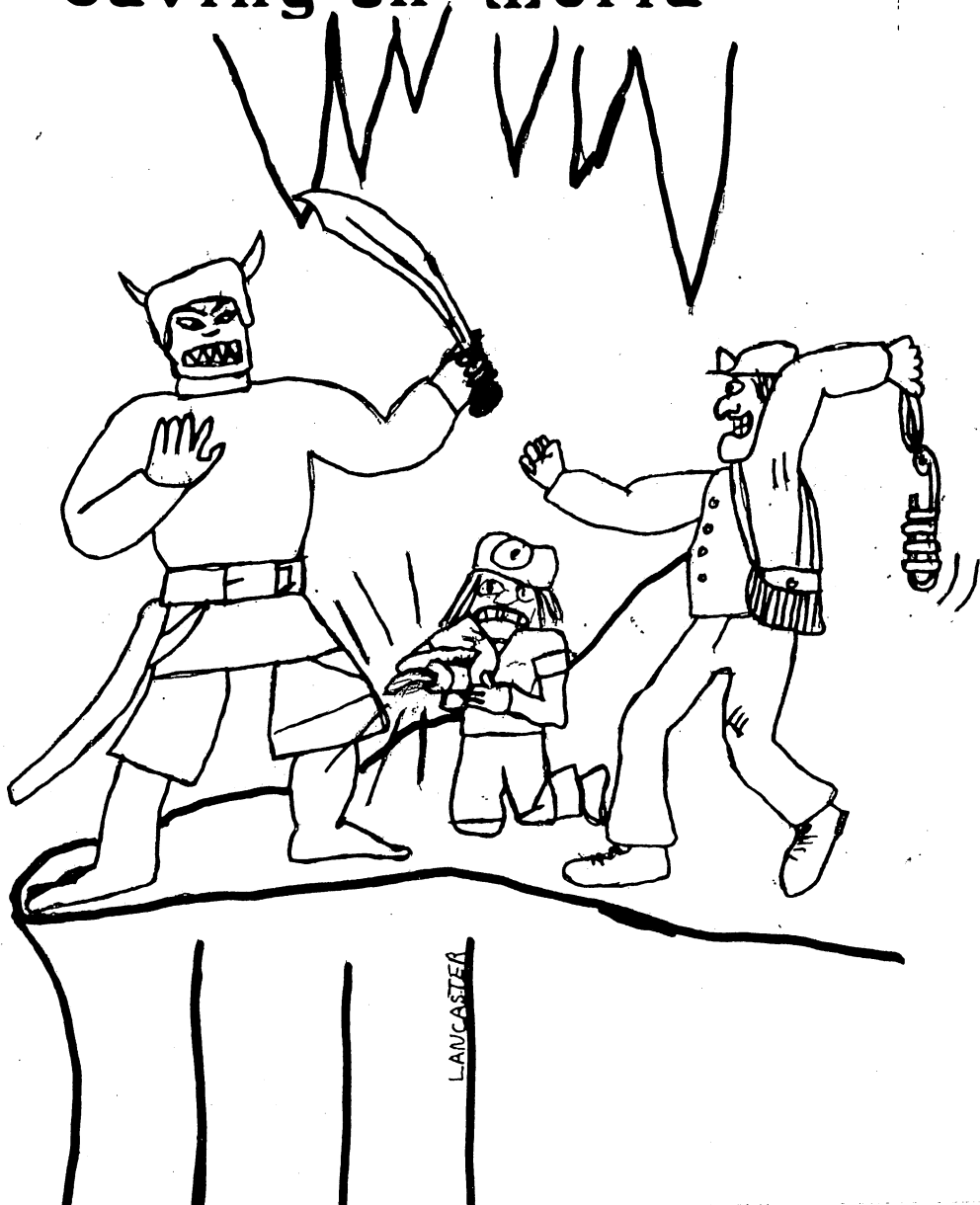
Frank returned the wallet to its owner, who said that he would buy the club a keg, but we haven't heard from him since.

ANALYSIS:

To cave for fun and profit is not as difficult as many would believe. Just go to a cave where lots of people with wallets go. New River Cave, for example (major example). Then check out the areas where wallets and billfolds may have fallen or otherwise ended up. This includes areas that are too tight, too wet, or otherwise too virgin. Be sure to investigate pack-rat nests, too. And do check for possessive *Neotoma* first.

Notice that in the two cases presented, the goods were returned to their rightful owners. Depending on your financial position, you may want to follow their example. Make at least a reasonable attempt to do so. Happy caving, and may you find a fortune under the next rock you overturn.

Caving In Moria



Carbide Cap Lamp Trade Names

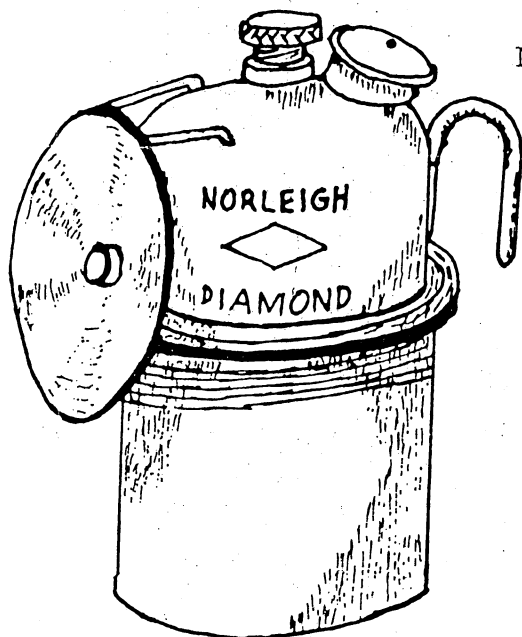
The list below contains trade-names which may be found on miner's cap lamps. The mark might vary or even be omitted (unmarked), but this list is probably the most complete name reference of interest to collectors. Many thanks go to Henry Pohs, who started the mine lamp registry several years ago. Most of this list is from his efforts.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
AMERICAN LAMP
ANTON
ARNOLD'S CARBIDE CANDLE
ARROW
AUTO-LITE
BALDWIN
BEALE BROS
BLACK DIAMOND
BRITE LITE
BUDDY
DAYLIGHT
DEFENDER
DRYLITE
ELKHORN
EVER-READY
FORCE FEED
FULTON
FUNK BROS
GEE-BEE
GEM
GRIERBROS

GUYANDOTTE
GUY'S DROPPER
HANSEN
HARDSOGG
E. M. HAW
IMPERIAL
I-T-P
JUSTRITE
LU-MI-NUM
MAPLE CITY
MASCOUTAH
MAUMEE DUPLEX
MILBURN
NI-BA
NORLEIGH DIAMOND
OSHKOSH
PATHFINDER
POCAHONTAS
RED STAR
S & S
SCHNEIDER'S
SCOBY

SCRANTO
SCRANTON
SHANKLIN MFG CO
SHANKLIN METAL PRODUCTS
JOHN SIMMONS
S. E. SIMMONS
SNELL LAMP
SPRINGFIELD
SQUARELITE
STANDARD
STEINDROPPER
SUNRAY
SURE-LITE
THE BUDDY
UNION CARBIDE
VICTOR
WHAT CHEER
WOLF
X-RAY
ZAR

*****FEATURE*****



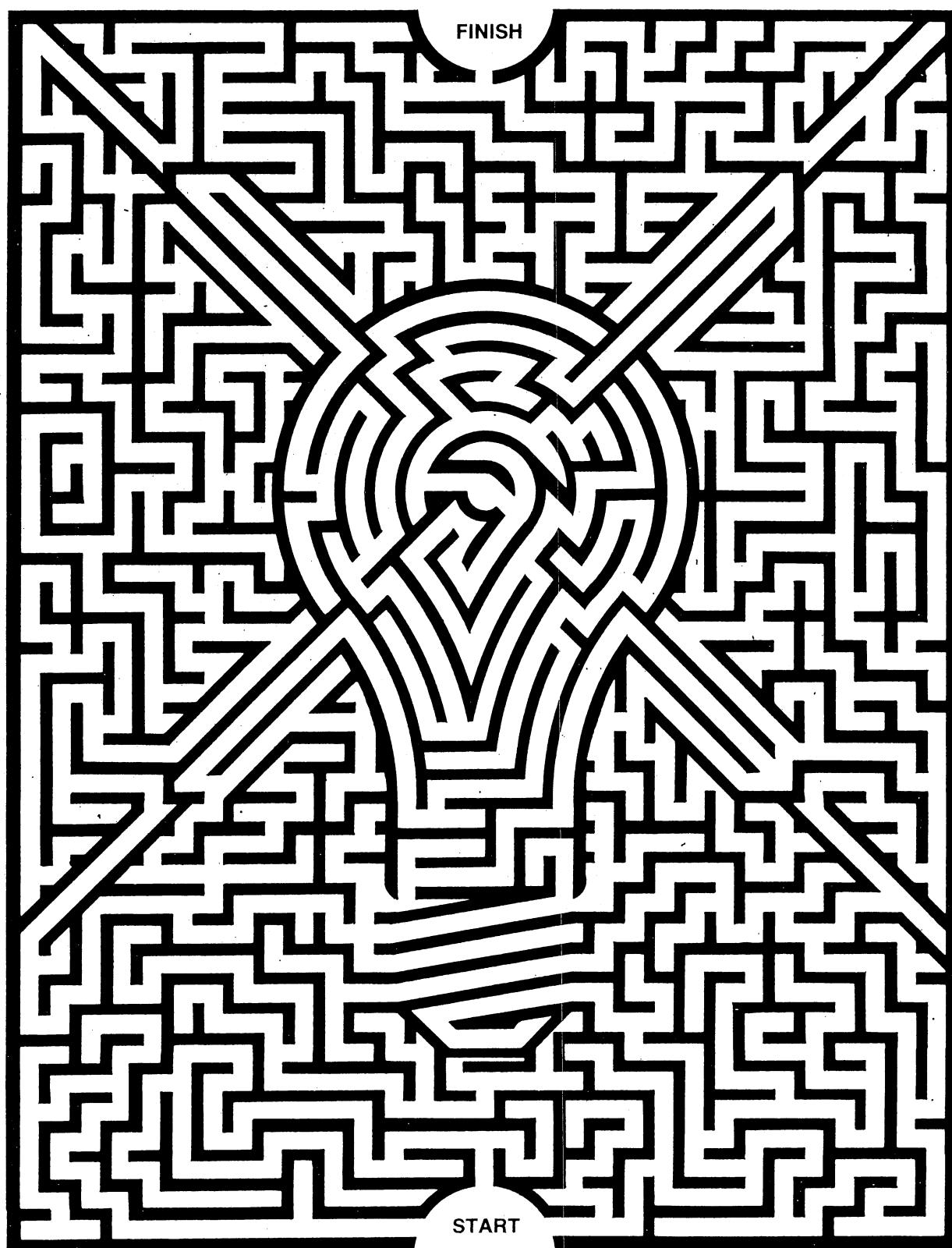
NORLEIGH DIAMOND Carbide Cap Lamp

Last year, NSCA president, Bill Williams, turned up a new name for the carbide lamp register. The "NORLEIGH DIAMOND" is all brass except for the steel reflector. The water-valve knob, the threaded water door, and the permanent reflector are features which date this lamp before 1920. The base threads outside of the water tank and is of the same style as the Beale Bros., Maple City, and several other lamps. the DIAMOND has not been attributed to a manufacturer but is assumed to originate from Monmouth, Ill. The lamp is now in the collection of Paul L. Kouts.

NORLEIGH DIAMOND (TN1+BNO) Very Rare

THIRD LIGHT SOURCE

78



*SHEDDING LIGHT, by Mike Shenk...Games Magazine, Sept., 1982
We hope they won't mind...

From The Sign-out Sheet

-- From 3/12/83 to 5/20/83 the club logged 1129 man-hours underground. This comes to about 550 hours per month. Here are some trip highlights. Keep up the good caving.

3/16/83	James Cave	Mike Futrell, Kay Jacobsen, Linda Oxenrider	Ah, for the love of mud!!!!
3/20/83	Greenbriar River	Steve Conner, Keith Smith John MacDowall, Steve Lancaster, Ann Marie Little Mark Honosky	5 days, 5 nights, and 7 5ths. We had floods, snow, sleet, rain bitter cold, strong head winds, and a Helluva good time!!
3/31/83	Pighole	Jim Washington, Mike Futrell, Philip Ballister, Debbie Schrag, Jack Kehoe	Futrell fell in a hole in guano passage.
4/2/83	Links	Jim Washington, Becky Himmelman, Josephine Lunny, Linda Oxenrider, Kay Jacobsen	Played underground D & D, couldn't find the sacrificial orb....return imperative.
4/16/83	Newberry's	Dave Cinsavich, Fran Wisthoff, Hugh Beard, Carol and Jozo, Doug Perkins, Jerry Redder, Bob Alderson	Mapping is just as much fun as usual. Love snorting dust.
4/23/83	Banes Spring	Win Wright, Steve Conner, Philip Ballister, Keith Smith, Ray Hogwood	Yes, smart ass, it was wet, and yes, we were tough enough to handle it.
5/1/83	Links	Mike Futrell, Josephine Lunny, DeeAnn Peterson, Kay Jacobson, Joe Higgins, Chris Chesnakas	<u>Everything</u> feels better once you get in !!!
5/1/83	Starnes	Mark Honosky, John Kline, Wayne Alls, Brett Jones	Voting Trainee Trip "Everything feels better once you get out !!!"
5/23/83	Slaughter Pen Cave	Garrie Rouse, Jack Kehoe, Suzanne Danielson	Mapped 200 plus feet, No Spring Hollow, but still virgin.