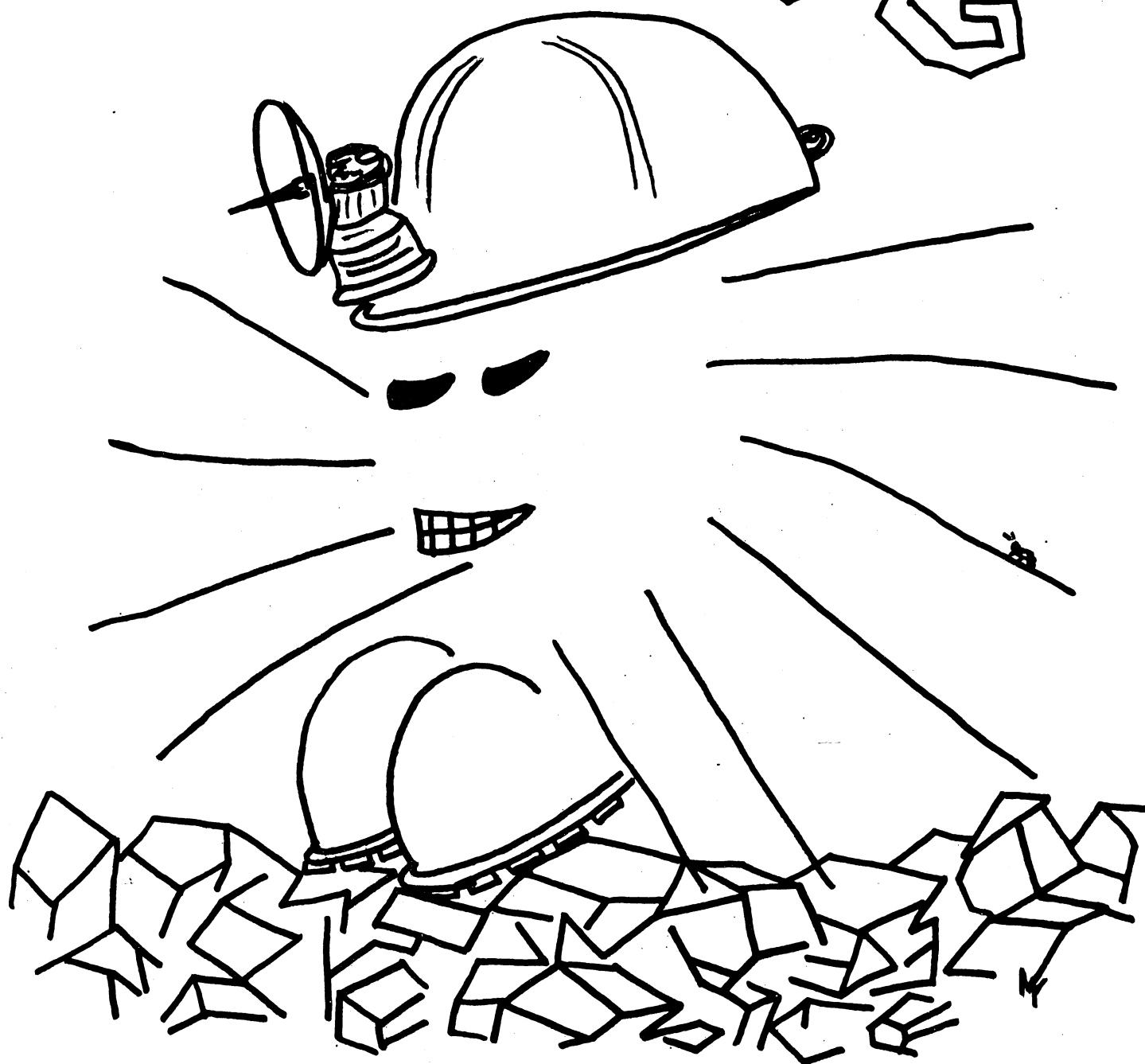
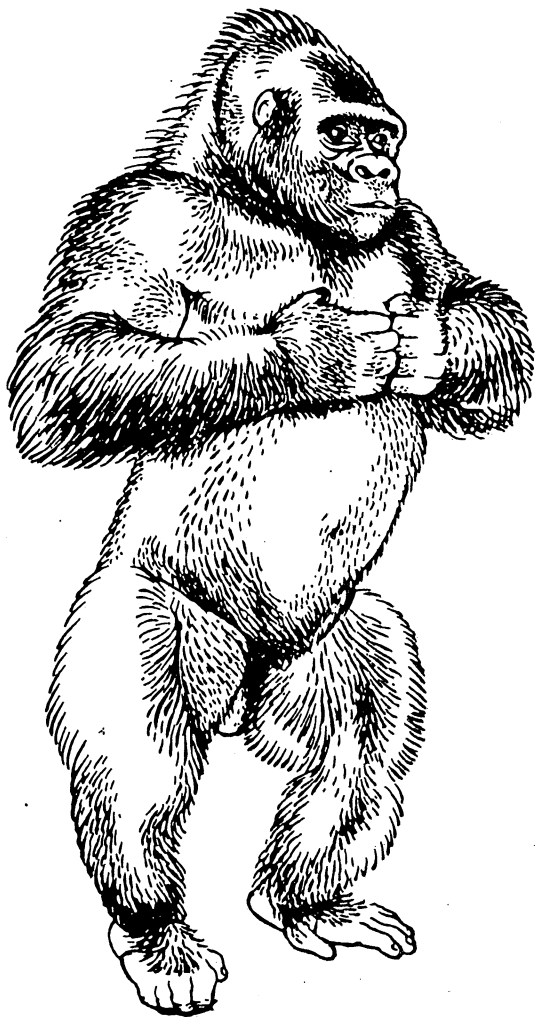


# V.P.I. TROG



# THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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**Vol.23 No.2 & 3**

# These are our occifers ??



President Mark Honosky

(not responsible for our actions,  
nor his own)

President of Vice Eric Anderson

(let's take a trip,  
a cave trip.)



Secrewhat Craig Ferguson

(who suckered me into this job)

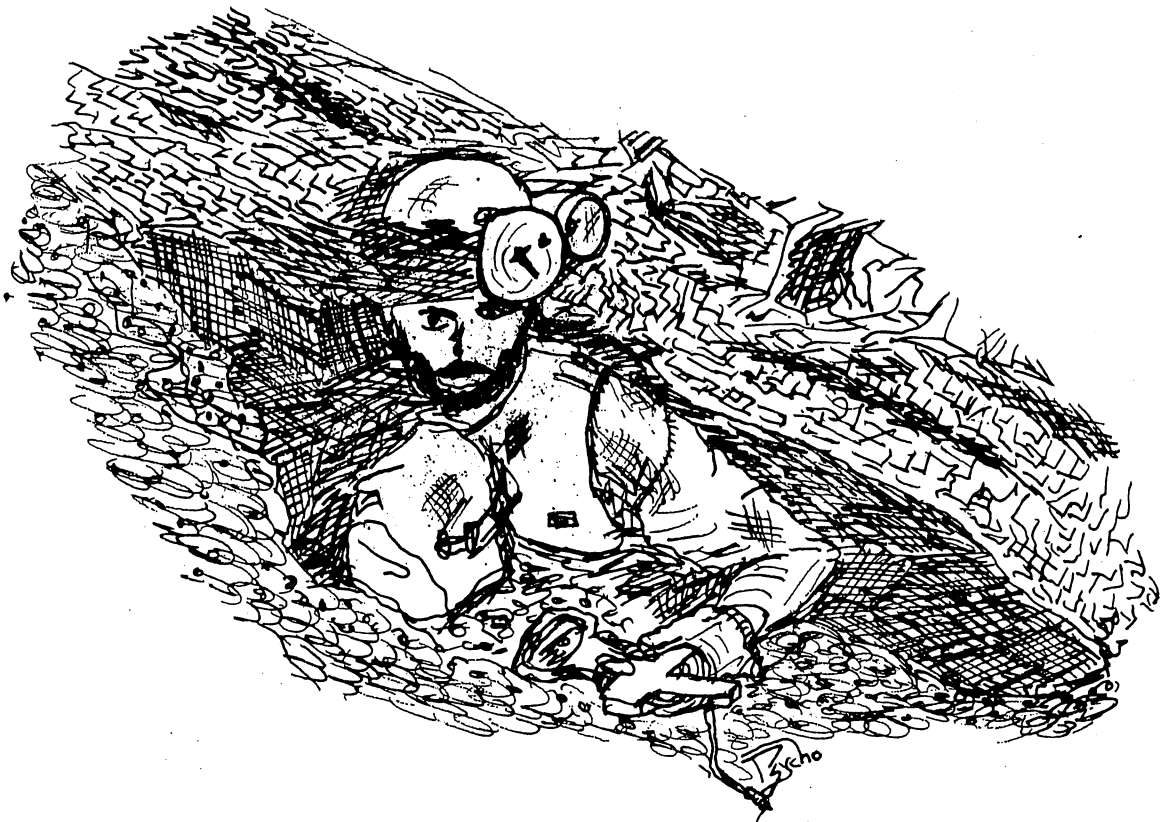
Keeper of Funds Kay Jacobsen

(where should I vacation,  
Mexico, Bahamas, Norway?)



# EDITOR'S COLUMN

Hey... This editor ain't in much condition to write no big column. y'all should have been down at the nennyot jammin to the tunes, Kays typewriter makes too many mistakes. I would like to thank everyone who gave me a article and thanks to J.W, Rescue, Gretchen, and some Drunk Brit I found at the HokenHorse. I kinda messed up on this editors job but now I figured out now how it is not should be done and how it should be done. oh well see y'all underground on the rocks or in the woods, whichever. like the picture ?



## SIGN-OUT SHEET ETIQUETTE

The sign-out sheet has been in existence for almost 20 years and is hailed by many as one of the best safety precautions available. Unfortunately, the effectiveness of the system can be reduced by such problems as interpretation of ETA's, odd-time ETA's and wrong date or am/pm mistakes. The purpose of this commentary is not to complain but to add my thoughts about a valuable caver service. These opinions are solely mine and I would welcome any comments.

Two or three years ago a discussion centered on how we should react when a properly signed-out trip neared its ETA. Some felt that rescuers should be contacted and placed on standby, being ready to leave on a search/rescue mission the minute ETA passed. Others thought that this policy tended to cause too many "false starts" and inconvenienced the potential rescuers. To avoid this ambiguity the following policy was adopted: the minute an ETA passed without any word from members of the signed-out party, search/rescue operations were to begin by making the initial telephone calls. Try to keep this policy in mind both when signing-out and when initiating search/rescue.

Odd-time ETA's are not always unavoidable, but when they are, every effort should be made to keep to some accepted norm. By loose agreement, most trips are not signed-out for periods ending between midnight and 8am. Consider this: by indicating an ETA during the wee hours of the morning you are asking someone to get out of bed to see if you've made it back or not. I don't ask my friends to get out of bed at 3 or 4 am unless it's an awfully good reason. A routine sign-out sheet check, in my opinion, is not good enough. Other odd-time ETA's include weeknight trips, exam week trips and quarter-breaks. Make sure someone is around to check the sign-out sheet, or ask someone to.

Putting the wrong date on the ETA is a careless mistake; make every effort to get it right. People will often ask if a trip is due back on Saturday or Sunday so make it clear. Virtually all am/pm errors can be avoided with the use of a 24-hour military clock. Noon versus midnight (1200 vs. 2400 hrs.) would no longer be a problem.

Other points about the sign-out system warrant discussion. At the top of the list is the need to identify all party members by complete name, not just first or nicknames. This may be vital information should it become necessary to involve police or other officials in rescue operations. Second, infrequently visited caves should be listed by their complete name, preferably as in references such as Caves of Virginia or Descriptions of Virginia Caves. New or unlisted caves should be accompanied by detailed directions to the entrance.

Most of these points have been discussed at one time or another, but this article is my synopsis of current sign-out policies. Be courteous to the "keepers" of the sign-out sheet and treat it with the respect it is due; it may someday be your only way out of a tough situation.

*Chuck Shorten*

Chuck Shorten  
VPI 188

## How to Use the Sign Out Sheets and Other Facilities

### (Required Reading For All Members)

DATE	CAVE	PARTY	ETD	ETA	RETURN	HOURS	REMARKS
3/10 SAT.	Starnes	Lawrence Britt John Lohner Walt Pine	10:00 AM	12:01 SUN. AM (Midnt)	✓	3x9	Found 1 1/2 miles virgin trunk passage.

Unfortunately the above trip hasn't happened yet, but it will make a good example. If the cave is not a familiar one, bring a separate sheet of paper to tack to the board giving road directions and the landowner's name and phone number.

Under "Party", list full names of all people on the trip (who is AR, Pyro etc.)?

ETD means estimated time of departure from Blacksburg. If you are at the sheet at 9:30 AM, but still have to get gas, food, and pick someone else up, sign out for 10:00 AM.

ETA means estimated time of arrival back in Blacksburg. You should sign in immediately after returning, not after you get something to eat. It is easy to forget (and you are not easily forgiven.)

Please, please, please don't sign ETA as 12:00! You must either make it 12:01 AM, 11:59 AM, or 12 mid., 12 noon.

Hours should be marked as: number of people X number of hours. This helps us figure out man-hours at the end of the quarter.

Please write a remark; people like to see what you were doing. Don't be a frat boy and write profanity on our sign out sheet. This sheet is the most visible part of the cave club. My landlord, my parents, and visiting grottoes read this sheet too! Let's not prove you should be in a fraternity.

The greatest problem we have is people who don't follow the above recommendations. The second greatest problem is people who don't leave enough trip time. Give yourself time to get out of B'burg, travel to and from the cave, change clothes going in and coming out; do what you wanted to do in the cave and leave enough leeway to avoid starting a rescue.

Current Rescue Rosters are available on the board. You should carry one in your wallet and one in your car. A quarter taped to each one will keep you from having to use an operator.

Carbide is also available at the board. Please don't drop it everywhere; it is not fun to clean up! Violators will be used to plumb virgin pits. Also, be reasonable in the amount of carbide you take. People who take a year's supply at a time will be shot. If This system gets abused, carbide will be available only when you catch someone at home.

Club equipment is also available. All gear should be returned cleaner than when it was borrowed. Gear is only available if you call me during the week so I can bring it to the Friday meeting or if you catch someone at home. The gear sign-out book must be used!

Rescue gear is also still in my possession. Talk to me personally if you have further interest in it.

Rescue Chairman  
Lawrence Britt

\* \* \* \* \*

The Sign Out Sheet is moving! Effective March 31, the sign out sheet will be at 207 Penn St., B'burg. It will be on the wall inside the smaller proch next to the driveway. Parking is not available during your trip so consolidate your cars elsewhere. My phone number remains 552-9442.

### *Oh - Good Lord*

The Horse and Mule live thirty years,  
Yet know nothing of wines and beers.

Most Goats and Sheep at twenty die,  
And have never tasted Scotch or Rye.

A Cow drinks water by the ton,  
So at eighteen is mostly done.

The Dog in milk and water soaks,  
And then in twelve short years he croaks.

Your Modest sober, bone-dry Hen,  
Lays eggs for Nogs, then dies at Ten.

All Animals are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and swiftly die.

But sinful, Ginful, beer soaked man,  
Survives three score years and ten.

While some of us, though mighty few,  
Stay sozzled till we're ninety-two.

*Origin unknown.*

# CAVE CLOCKS

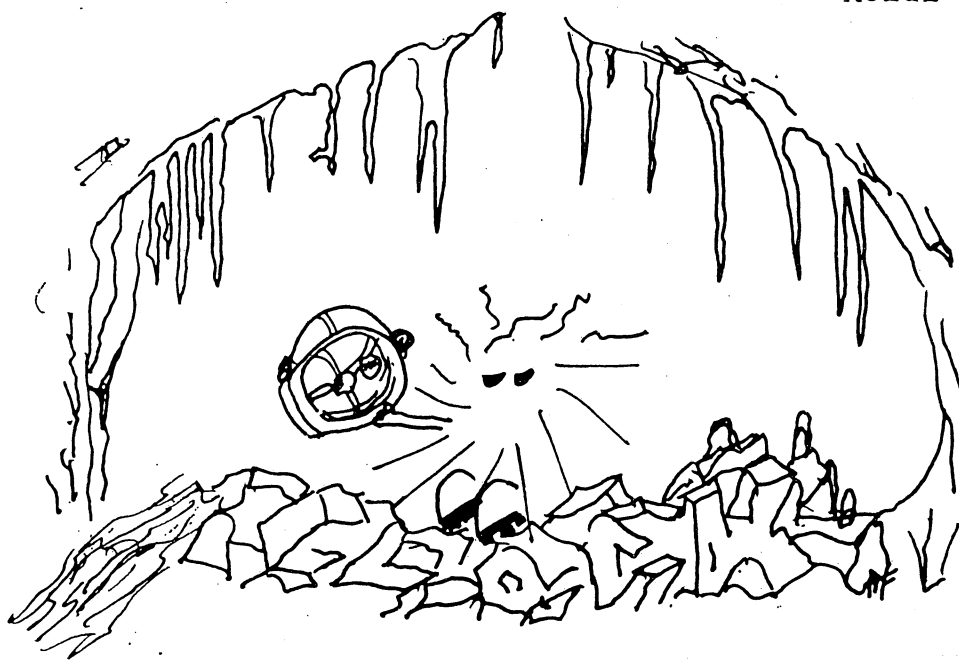
Is your watch allergic to water? Uncomfortable in your pocket? Do you ever wonder what time it is while you're caving? The Cave Clock may be the answer that you've been waiting for.

A Cave Clock is simply a cheap little stick-up clock that's been stuck inside a caver's helmet. All the parts, both the clock and the adhesive Velcro dots may be purchased at the local K-Mart or similar stores. To properly install your Cave Clock, you must find a spot inside your helmet where the clock will not interfere with the fit of the helmet or your head. Carefully wash this spot and let air dry. Stick one half of the Velcro dot on the clean spot inside the helmet and the other half to the sticky stuff on the back of the clock. After allowing each side to set for several minutes your clock will be ready to be placed inside your helmet.

Although the clock can be affixed to your helmet without the Velcro, the Velcro dot allows for easy removal to change the battery, wash the helmet, or transfer the clock to a different helmet. Most Cave Clocks can endure the weather inside a cave; it's sitting inside a plastic bag with wet cave clothes for several days that causes them to fog up. They don't always appreciate getting wet inside the cave either, but then the inside of your helmet shouldn't get wet unless you're doing some sloppy caving or you're doing some REAL caving i.e. up to your nose in water.

WARNING: Cave Clocks must go underground at least once a week.

Heidi Stout





Tales for the Soap Opera Hour  
Featuring  
An Incredibly Bad Caving Story  
or  
A Different Kind of Love Story  
by  
Kay (I know I'll regret this) Jacobsen

The three cavers squeezed through the tight crawl and stood up in a fairly large room. Steve, the leader, motioned a girl and another guy to a low rock where they sat down to change carbide. The other guy took out his flashlight and shined it over the ceiling occasionally stopping the beam on the sleeping bats.

"They just don't fit the description, John," the girl spoke up. She glanced at the ceiling and shivered. "Maybe we're lucky!"

"I think this is all pretty stupid, if you ask me!" Steve exclaimed.

"Don't get so heated, Steve," John implored. "My nerves are practically shot as it is!"

Steve and Carrie looked on John disdainfully. Steve secretly thought John was gay and trying to pick him up, while Carrie thought John was the scum-of-the-earth. No way was she going to put up with him breathing down her neck or trying to lech on her! Needless to say, John wasn't exactly virile. He had a nervous habit of blinking deeply, and his whole body seemed to be one mass of quivering jello. Too bad his face was deeply scarred by acne or else he might have been better looking.

"Maybe your biology friends were wrong," Carrie softly said trying to soothe John's nerves. She had this maniacal desire to shake John up and down and yell at him to stop blinking and quivering.

John shook his head. "Dr. Sorensson has photos of the bat leaving this cave. I'm sure such an expert would not try to collect data unless he had some good idea of what he would find."

"Oh come on!" Steve exclaimed with an exasperated sigh.

"How could a bat that large get through those tight passages?"

Before John could reply, Carrie breathlessly said, "Look," and pointed her finger to a huge black object flying towards them. The three stared in amazement as the object came closer. John and Carrie started screaming as they could feel the creature's breath on them. As suddenly as it approached, it disappeared.

"Where the hell did it go?" Steve questioned totally puzzled. John fainted.

"What was it?" Carrie asked in vain. "It looked like a bat, but it was the size of a human!"

Steve and Carrie looked at each other and realized they were thinking the same thing. "Nah," Steve said to quiet their fears. Then to change the subject, "We should try to get the bum up."

Steve shook John until he opened his eyes. "We found it!" John squealed as he sprang to his feet. Despite his excitement, he looked ready to bolt. Looking nervously around he stammered, "I g-guess I should try to take a picture..." His voice trailed off as he started rummaging through his camera bag.

"Of what?" Carrie asked sarcastically, "The pretty formations?" The room was a particularly bleak chamber with nothing in it except breakdown.

"Well... Maybe it will come back."

"Listen John," Steve firmly said. "The creature just vanished and I don't see any place in here that it could be hiding. I think someone's trying to play a dirty joke on us. The best thing to do **is** to get out of this damn cave and get some beer!"

Carrie was shocked. Her image of Steve crumbled before her eyes. "What are you? Some kind of wimp?" She exploded. "We've only been in here for a little over three hours. We can at least try to find out who's behind this!"

Steve's ego was badly bruised. "I'm not being a wimp!" He tried to defend himself. "I just think we're on a goose chase, and that we'd all have more fun doing the big rappel we'd originally planned on doing. If you want to **look** for this creature -- fine."

Carrie nodded her head. John was eagerly removing his lens cap. He practically dropped the camera, but caught it by the strap.

They explored the entire room. Nothing. Taking the first passage leading off, they came to another smaller room.

"Look, there's someone over there!" Carrie nodded towards a far corner. A small man was taking a close up shot of a bat.

"Dr. Sorensen!" John exclaimed. "What are you doing here?" Startled, the man dropped his camera. The lens shattered. He mournfully picked it up and turned around.

"I'm really sorry!" John whispered.

"Oh, well." Dr. Sorensen sighed. "I have a better camera at home."

"Are you caving alone?" Steve demanded sternly.

Dr. Sorensen guiltily lowered his head. "I had a new report on Chiroptera Grotus, and I just had to go check it out."

"But you sent me to look for the bat!" John exclaimed hurtfully.

"I know. I know," the professor hurriedly said, "But I had this obsession to look for it myself. Maybe it's professional pride."

"You should never go caving alone," Steve reprimanded.

"It's exceedingly stupid!" He couldn't understand John's awe of this nerdy man. Steve thought that Doctor Sorensen and John would make a great pair.

Carrie was perplexed. There was something that bothered her. "We left you right before caving. There's only one passage back here..." She stared at Dr. Sorensen with growing fear.

"I've been waiting for you," Dr. Sorensen hissed evilly. He pulled out an ornate dagger and lunged at the three. Screams echoed throughout the cave as the bodies fell.

"What an awful sight!" John exclaimed in anguish. "The bat just ripped them apart."

"You're lucky it didn't attack you so badly!" A white coated doctor leaned over John's bed. "As it was, you managed to get away with just the laceration on your neck."

"I've never been so thankful in my life!" John breathed a sigh of relief.

"Do you want to see your visitor now?" The doctor asked cautiously, "Or are you still feeling too weak?"

"Oh, please! I'm dying for company!"

"Very well. But don't talk to him for long!" The doctor left.

"Dr. Sorensen!" John exclaimed eagerly as Sorensen closed the door and walked over to the bed.

"You can call me Nickolaus, John. I hope that I didn't hurt you much!"

"Oh, I feel much better. You really gave me a fright though." Dr. Sorensen shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid they gated the cave, John. I'll have to find a new home."

"You mean, we'll have to find a new home," John said softly with a strange gleam in his eyes.

"And I was afraid you didn't care!" Dr. Sorensen exclaimed with tears of joy springing to his eyes. The two "men" started hugging and crying. "Of course I care!" sobbed John.

Dr. Sorensen stepped back. His face broke out into a not so nice smile. "Well John," he started, "We've got the rest of everyone's lives to spend with each other."

"Yes, Nickolaus. I've been wanting this for a long time."

The End (Finally!)

#### CHRONOLOGY ON A SHORT ROPE I

I'm here at the end of my rope.  
Floating, free in this space.  
Held up by knots and light metal,  
Supported by nylon and faith.

My friends said they'd be back to help me.  
I goofed; that's a nice way to say  
I'm not going to panic and scream.  
But thanks to this knot, I'm not dead.

I haven't been here too long;  
I don't have to look at my watch.  
I spin clockwise a minute, then counter,  
Counting hours in this yet unplumbed pit.

I'm a penitent form on my pearly white thread,  
Here at the end of my rope.  
Spinning around, watching my feet  
Glide through a helix of vomit.

I wish I could stop for a moment.  
There's just so much fun I can take.  
They said they'd be back...  
I've heard nothing since then.

Jim Washington  
3/14/84

Nellie's Via BTThe Story:

Wednesday afternoon, February 22, I wanted to go caving. I recruited Greg Lewis, a fellow trainee, to accompany me. Due to our lack of transportation, Nellie's Hole was our logical choice. Besides, I wanted to see the cave that the Club depended on for experience in it's early days.

We assembled our gear, walked to the sign-out sheet and then boarded the Blacksburg Transit.

The BT dropped us off right at the end of Nellie's Cave Road. Nice service. Um... we must be close...

We managed to locate the landowner. His first comment was, "You boys got a rope?"

Wow! We were expecting a rat hole.

If you've never been to Nellie's, you should at least check out the entrance sometime. We rigged a handline to help negotiate the 25' drop into the entrance. After the required garbage climb, we went on to explore the rest of the cave.

We returned by way of the BT.

The Moral: Don't let not having a car stop you from caving. If you really want to go caving, you will. If you want to prove this to yourself loan me your car this weekend.

Coming soon...

Pighole Via Schwinn

Roppel Via Greyhound

By Craig Ferguson

# Overheard, Underthought, and Out of Context...

"Hi, There" .....HS  
 "There is almost always a way out of everything. If there isn't  
 ...you die!" .....DW  
 "I get no satisfaction" .....MC  
 "I like small hairy things" .....KJ  
 "Nobody takes the time to stop and fuck the sheep anymore" .....MH  
 "Everything feels good once you get into it" .....JL  
 "This is true" .....JW  
 "Naughty" .....SD  
 "Yeaaaaa" .....EA  
 "Sobriety sucks" .....MH  
 "I don't think I'll abuse alcohol when I get older; I'll just  
 drink a little, like Moose" .....CM  
 "Well, Lawrence poured it down my throat" .....CM  
 "There is no such thing as partying to excess" .....BF  
 "I am so-o-o-o-o stoned" .....FG  
 "AMNOT shitfaced" .....LO  
 "She's a bitch, but she's awesome" .....BH  
 "Maureen is not your average young lady" .....GD  
 "Groat cakes and beans" .....JK  
 "Fuck you, man, FUCK YOU" .....KH  
 "I like wet caving because you don't get muddy" .....KG  
 "Pennsylvania cavers are built tough" .....JH  
 "Me and the spiders been playing a little game here" .....MH  
 "Bob, why are you on my shit list?" .....PB  
 "Well you know...uh...Iforgot what I...uh...you know?" .....GR

... But True

## A TALE OF TWO ? CAVES

It was the best of caves; it was the worst of caves. It was a cave of wet, and a cave of dry...I refer to that West Virginia wonder, Bone-Norman.

After driving through such notable places as Ronceverte (pronounced "Raunchy Fart") and some of the "scenic" rural areas for which West Virginia is justly famous, we arrived at the cave. The Bone entrance is about half-way up the wall of an old limestone quarry, with a talus slope leading to the entrance. While we (Josephine, Chuck, Hank-a-trainee, and I) waited for the rest of our party (Jim, Ed, Chris Smith-obnoxious-trainee) to shuttle a car to the Norman entrance, Chuck entertained us with a little creative boulder rolling.

The rest of the party soon returned, and we all oooed and aahed at the "accelerated geology" (ie. ice formations) we identified at the cave's entrance. Climbing over the ice was quite a challenge, even with the pull-down handline Jim rigged, but we all made it in one piece. Two steps past the edge of the ice, THE DUST began. Some of us (myself included) whipped out bandannas and went with the "bandito" look to avoid breathing THE DUST. I still haven't decided which was worse, inhaling THE DUST or coping with THE DAMNED BANDANNA.

After much crawling and walking through the flour-like dust for two years, we finally reached "The Devil's Pinch." Jim took off his jacket and scooted through; Chuck took off his jacket and forced his way through; Hank didn't take anything off to get through. Sad to say, however, I was not so lucky. I found out the hard way that, grunt and push as you will, hips just won't "give" the way chests will. A pair of pants later, I was on the other side of the pinch, having been quite "intimate" with the surrounding rock in the meantime. Ed came through next, minus all upper body clothing but a t-shirt. Josephine and Chris zipped through even before Ed got all his clothes back on.

Next came "Sob Alley", a long, dusty, and appropriately-named crawlway. Chris Smith, the Most Obnoxious Trainee of the Year, proved

just how much he deserved his award by continuously "leaving his opinion" and repeating over and over some paraphrase of "I'm not going to run through this cave, I'm going to take my time."

After "SobAlley", we started to encounter water. One particular pool we had to cross was shallow on one side, but quite deep in the middle; Ed found out the hard way. He doused any "exciting" thoughts he may have been entertaining from seeing me nearly naked when he started across the middle of the pool and found himself suddenly waist-deep in cold cave water. We all had a chuckle at Ed's expense.

Next, we encountered passage that alternated between stream passage and breakdown, stream passage and breakdown, stream passage and breakdown, and stream passage and breakdown for what seemed like forever. I never thought it would end! Of course, it eventually did stop, instead alternating between stream passage and more stream passage! The water ranged in depth from mid-calf to mid-thigh, although it was almost deep enough for a cheap thrill in several places.

Eventually, we encountered the waterfall that marked almost the end of the trip. Climbing through a small hole beside the stream, we popped into an enormous breakdown room. Going up the other side of the room to the Norman entrance of the cave was not easy, since the rocks were not as steady as they looked, and I was worried about sending a rock down on someone behind me. No one started any rock-slides, though.

We emerged from the cave into a beautiful starry night and tracked through the snow to the car. Everyone changed and started drinking beer. Poor Ed! He wasn't as fast as everyone else and was left trying to fit all the gear in the trunk while the rest of us sat in the nice warm car with Coors and Doritos. Finally, the trunk was packed. Ed got in, and we drove off into the night...

Linda Oxenreider

# TAZEWELL UPDATE

By Garrie Rouse

We certainly did our share of digging and rock removal. Ask Honosky. He took a scandalous picture of me scooping ice filled water with a cut open milk jug just to see if there was any hint of an entrance. Roger Keen and Jack Kehoe earn the "Tazewell diggers" award this quarter. They were continually removing rock, earth and garbage from sinkholes while I would sit back cautiously eyeing which one would come up with the most promising lead. It seems I was allways elected to push what ever hole they opened up. Ask Honosky, I tried hard to get him to take over this prestigious job.

Roger has managed to make it on every trip we've taken to Tazewell. One time he had to attend a funeral but even then he managed to catch up with us in Thousand and One Cave and help us finish up the mapping. Roger has a list of leads about as long as his arm. The only problem is I spend too much time to find cave by the "scientific approach". When a days worth of hunting is near an end and we still have not gotten underground I succumb to Roger and let him show us one or two.

We had our second mapping trip into Cave Hollow and boy is that cave cold. Ask Honosky, he'll tell it to you straight (unfortunately). Robbie Hickerson, Roger and I hopped over a fence to check out a likely looking sink. No entrance, but digging in the earth there produced a buried treasure of sorts. A music box with jewelry - some cheap, some expensive. We all thought this was kind of strange and stopped digging. There is probably more there. Who says you can't get rich caving.

Craig Furgenson didn't waste much time. He wanted to draw up his own cave. So when we found Big Leak he took sketch and I played instrument reader. I understand now why the brunton man complains so much. There are enough rat holes out there for everyone to be head honcho at least once. Now if we could only find that big one...

Well it seems we've put a lot of time and effort down in Tazewell County and it wouldbe a crying shame if we didn't record our endeavors. So here is the first of an ongoing report in true Holsie style:

**BIG LEAK CAVE:** Pounding Mill quadrangle, lat. 37°36'00" N., long. 81°38'54" W., elev. 2320

This is one of the many small caves that have been opened up by the four-lane. The entrance is about 40 feet above the road and gives access to a 30 foot climb down. Several small passages are developed beyond this, one of which connects back up to the entrance. Big Leak is developed in Middle Ordovician limestone and has been mapped by the VPI Grotto.



CAVE HOLLOW: Pounding Mill quadrangle, lat.  $37^{\circ}06'45''$  N., long.  $81^{\circ}41'44''$  W., elev. 2200.

The entrance is in a bluff of rock at the edge of a small sink. It is about 3 feet wide and 2 feet high and gives access to a phreatic passage which extends for 200 feet in a NE direction before ending in a flowstone choke. Forty feet from the entrance is a narrow slot in the floor which leads to a lower level. A rope is needed for this 45 foot drop. At the bottom there is a canyon passage extending in the same northeasterly direction as the upper level. After 250 feet a stream is encountered. Following this downstream immediately leads one to a terminal sump. Upstream the passage continues as a tall canyon in a NE direction for another 1500 feet before ending in breakdown. Cave Hollow is developed along strike in steeply dipping Greenbrier limestone and is currently being explored and mapped by the VPI Grotto.

HAMMER HOLE: Amonate quadrangle, lat.  $37^{\circ}08'06''$  N., long.  $81^{\circ}40'34''$  W., elev. 2560.

This cave was found by a plume of steam issuing from its entrance. Removal of rocks uncovered a tight opening which gives access to a small room, four feet high and approximately twelve feet in diameter. Digging in the floor of this room produced a low sloping passage with several dead end leads. Hammer Hole is developed in Greenbrier limestone.

LITTLE RIVER ROADCUT CAVES: Richlands quadrangle, lat.  $37^{\circ}02'27''$  N., long.  $81^{\circ}47'54''$  W., elev. 2060.

These are caves that have been opened up by blasting for the road. There are at least two caves, one of which has several hundred feet of passage. None of these were fully explored. The Little River Roadcuts are developed in Middle Ordovician limestone.

RONNIE KEEN'S CAVE: Pounding Mill quadrangle, lat.  $37^{\circ}05'28''$  N., long.  $81^{\circ}40'37''$  W., elev. 2200.

The entrance to this cave is about 20 feet above the Clinch River. The cave is approximately 200 feet long and narrows to a crawl at the far end. A slot to the right gives access to a 10 foot high canyon which quickly dies in both directions.

SILVER MINE CAVE: Pounding Mill quadrangle, lat.  $37^{\circ}07'03''$  N., long.  $81^{\circ}41'42''$  W., elev. 2380.

This cave is nothing more than a very narrow fissure which drops for approximately 60 feet and pinches out in either direction. According to local reports a nearby, rock-walled sink had been converted into a dwelling by a hermit. He apparently lived there for a number of years while digging and blasting at the cave, for what no one is quite sure.

SINKS #1 CAVE: Richlands quadrangle, lat. 37°04'21" N., long. 81°49'57" W., elev. 2160.

Sinks #1 is located at the bottom of a deep hollow. The entrance is a vertical fissure and takes a small stream. Inside one follows a narrow, tortuous canyon for about 100 feet to an apparent end. In the floor, a small slot gives access to a stream crawl which in turn leads to a 20 foot drop for which a rope is needed. At the bottom of this drop is a tall canyon that leads to the bottom of an 80 foot dome. A ceiling channel reveals a continuing passage at the top but this is unreachable. A lead through breakdown gives access, once again, to a narrow, sinuous canyon. After about 200 feet the stream disappears under a low shelf and cannot be followed further. Sinks #1 is developed in nearly vertically dipping Greenbrier limestone.

THOUSAND AND ONE CAVE: Pounding Mill quadrangle, lat. 37°05'02" N., long. 81°41'44" W., elev. 2200.

The entrance to Thousand and One is within 100 feet of the four-lane. It is located at the bottom of a small bluff and is about 2 feet high and 3 feet wide. The entrance slopes downward and immediately opens up into a fair sized passage approximately 30 feet wide and 15 feet high. This continues for over 600 feet in a NE direction with very little in the way of side passages. Beyond this the main passage becomes a low crawl over breakdown slabs and shallow pools before ending in a formation choke. Thousand and One is developed along strike and is found in Middle Ordovician limestone. A map of the cave appears in this issue.

WIRM HOLE: Amonate quadrangle, lat. 37°08'08" N., long. 81°40'35" W., elev. 2540.

This cave is about 100 yards north of Hammer Hole and, like the latter, was found by steam coming from its entrance. Removal of some rocks produced a squeeze entrance with a 25 foot climbable pit. There were no leads. Despite the plume of steam, the air at the bottom of the pit was quite dead.

WRIC CAVE: Richlands quadrangle, lat. 37°05'11" N., long. 81°46'57" W., elev. 1980.

Several openings are found at this road cut along the Clinch River. The only one that goes is the smaller of the entrances and is situated at the lower, far-right. The cave extends straight back as a crawl and ends after about 50 feet. A low, wide lead just inside the entrance and to the left, however, gives access to a hands and knees crawl. This passage parallels the former and continues back for at least 200 feet before ending in a breakdown choke.

# THOUSAND AND ONE CAVE

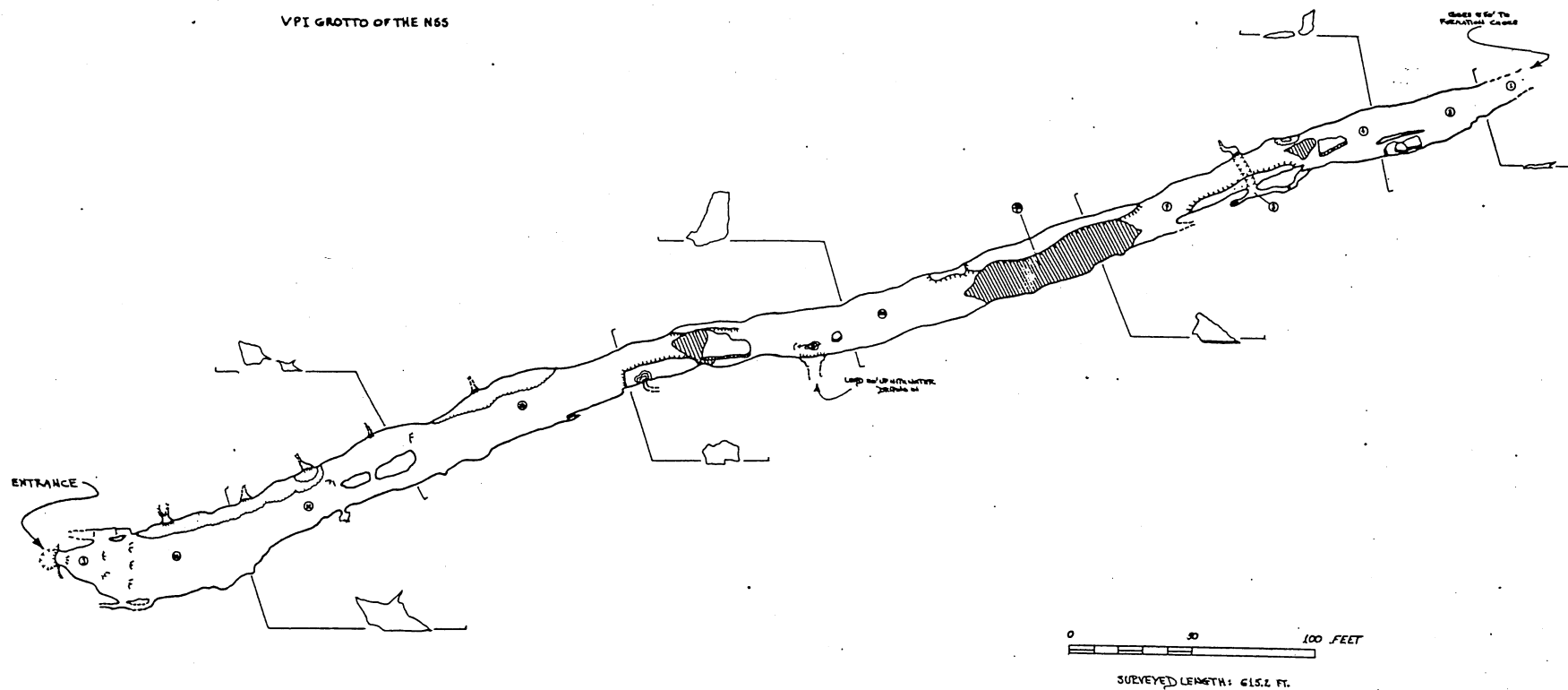
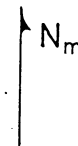
## TAZWELL CO., VIRGINIA

LAT. 37° 05' 02" LONG. 81° 41' 44"

DEVELOPED BY: SOEHNLE DANIELSON,  
JOHN LOCKER, LOU KERN, RAY PLANT, GATHE ROUSE  
- JANUARY 8, 1984.

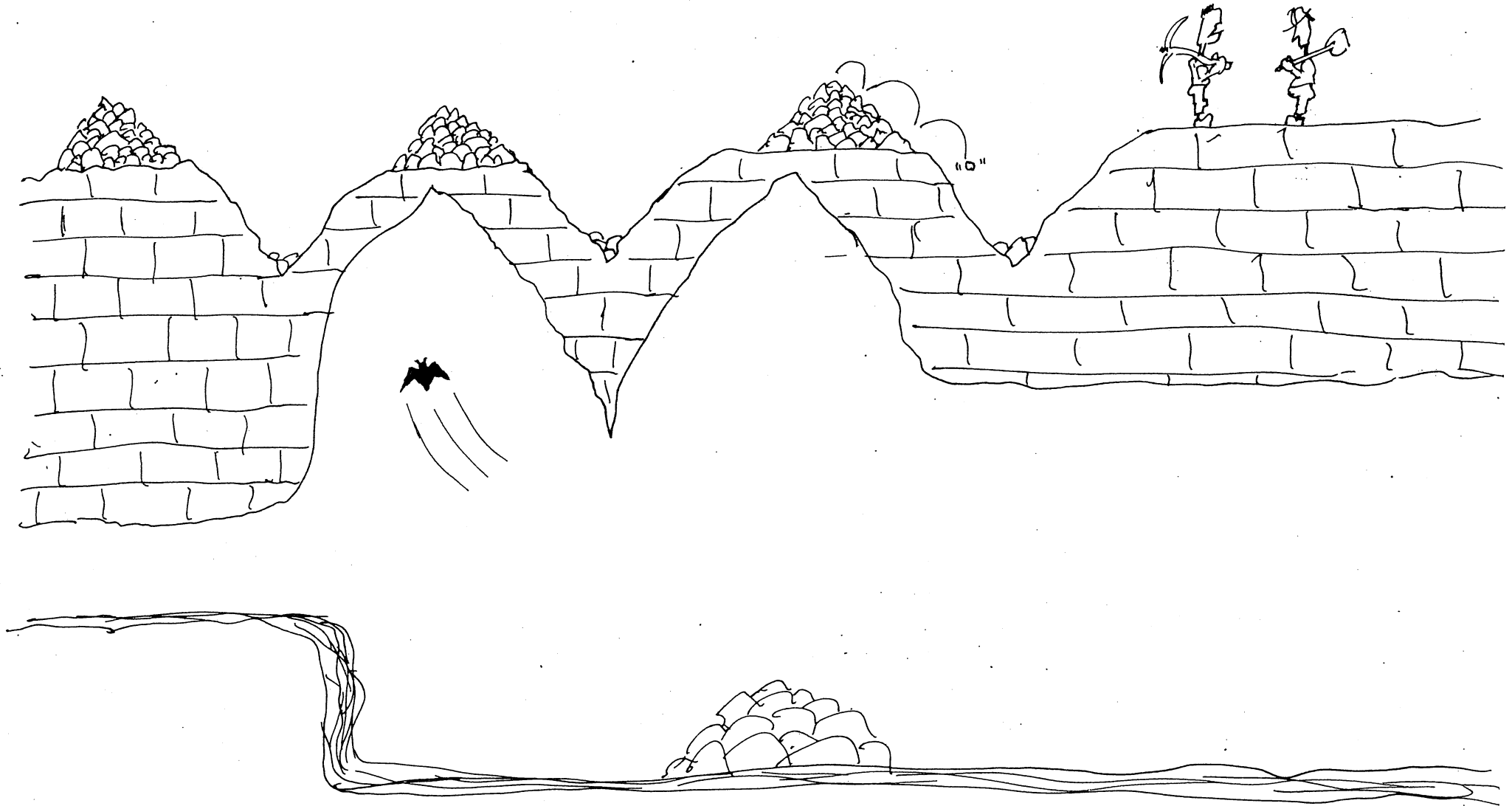
DEVELOPED BY: GATHE ROUSE - FEBRUARY 24, 1984

VPI GROTTA OF THE N65



"DARN IT ROUSE, THIS IS THE LAST TIME I GO HOLE HUNTING  
IN TAREWELL !!"

67



TO GO WHERE NO MAN HAS GONE BEFORE...

Virgin passage was ahead for sure  
It would be tight  
But better to cave  
Than to stay up all night

He went a crusing down the canyon  
One thing on his mind  
Breathing heavy, laden with gear  
His trainee tried not to fall behind

Troglo-critters and cavers  
Alike all knew  
That this guy meant business  
So away they flew

His bowlegged pace  
Was long and deliberate  
The air about him showed conceit  
Every bit of it

The trainee looked at him  
As if he were God  
For the muscles from him did bulge  
Oh what a bod

Through the lakes they would swim  
And the siphons they would dive  
The poor trainee could only think  
Of coming out alive

Now the apprentice  
Exotic fantasies no longer in head  
Really began to wish  
She had stayed home in bed

Exposure didn't  
Bother him at all  
Because he knew that he was  
Much too good to fall

So he climbed over the breakdown  
And across a pit  
Second thoughts in mind  
The trainee could only think, "Oh shit."

Virgin passage was ahead for sure  
Break the soda straws around the bend  
The pain of the quest  
Would be pleasure in the end

*T. Brcho*

## How to be a Voting Trainee

O.K., you went through the shit and they call you a voting trainee, but officially you are a member. Now you can take it easy and don't have to cave anymore. All of the trips going out are too hard ("I'm a member I don't have to prove any macho bullshit) or a trainee trip (Aw shucks, I lost my whistle. Sorry guys). The best caving is done with fellow members or experienced cavers who have their act together. Once a member you find out their act wasn't as good as you hoped it was when you were a trainee (but someone is bound to have a spare light source).

As a new member you often take trips where you're the responsible one with the most experience. These are called trainee trips. This is usually a drag pulling the scum through caves but you try not to ruin the trip for them. There are tips for maximizing the distance out of a trainee. Instead of taking off and waiting for them to catch up, stay with them because they move even slower without a guide. Keep scum apart if possible to prevent mutiny. Urge them on with encouraging words ("rest stop ahead." "Pretty speleo-junk!" "There's room to sit up ahead!"). <sup>of course you</sup> ~~Above~~ don't let on that you're lost or unsure. It's hard to get anyone to follow you under those conditions. In some cases these trips are actually fun for the experienced caver. One case is that of the over eager trainee ("Oh wow! Neato! Neato! What's that?" "That? That's a carbide dump!")

Caving experience answers a lot of questions you had as a trainee but opens up a world of others (Where does the air come from? Where does the water go? Where is my spare parts kit? When was the last time this rope tested? How does a person with my English grades actually get published? Why?. . .)

#### CHRONOLOGY ON A SHORT ROPE II

I've wasted a century waiting.  
My good friends still haven't returned.  
Where are those bastards? I need them.  
I'm past sense of fingers and toes.

I'm shivering really bad now.  
And panicking now, though I shouldn't.  
I'm here at the end of my rope,  
And scared...must get out of this place.

My screams for help echo unanswered;  
The wall shouting back is no comfort.  
I'll terminate here, in this cave,  
A corpse, suspended in blackness.

Been quaking in darkness forever.  
My lamp fell for lighting a smoke.  
I'm freezing, and dreaming of sunlight;  
If I'm not dead, I'm immortal.

Phosphenes, cobalt blue, fly past me.  
Mercury lights lighting nothing.  
My rope has now vanished to memory;  
I see worlds I've never believed.

Jim Washington  
3/14/84

## FRUIT BAT SOUP

(from The New York Times Natural Foods Cookbook)

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## Ingredients:

3 fruit bats, well washed but neither skinned nor eviscerated

Water

1 Tablespoon finely sliced fresh ginger

1 large onion, quartered

Sea salt to taste

Chopped scallions

Soy sauce and/or coconut cream

## DIRECTIONS:

1. Place bats in a large kettle and add water to cover, then add ginger, onion, and salt. Bring to a boil and boil 40 minutes. Strain broth into a second kettle.
2. Take bats, skin them and discard skin. Remove meat from the bones and return meat, including any of the viscera fancied, to the broth. Heat.
3. Serve liberally sprinkled with scallions and further seasoned with soy sauce and/or coconut cream.

YIELD: four servings.

**cwcn**

Thanks to you it's working.....



## VPI Club Store

The VPI grotto store under new management seeks to expand and increase its usefulness by now stocking the following items.

-4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " disposable flat webbing. Tired of untying those bothersome water knots? This new paper webbing can be torn along the serrations or burned. Compact. Over 1000 sheets per roll.

- New lamp with revolving reflector. Lights up 360° with a strobe effect. Good on trainee trips when only person has gear. Also fun at disco parties.

- Used Carbide. Spring is coming and it will be to pretty to go underground. Just buy a 6-pack and some used carbide and disappear for a few hours. Then you can tell every body you went caving.

- Continuous Rope. Looks like a floppy hula-hoop. Since it has no end it can be used on any drop--from Pighole to Ellisons. Lightweight.

- Labyrinth String. Useful for finding way out of caves. Good for up to 100 ft!

- Bread Crumbs. Useful for finding way out of cave over 100 ft. Beware of cave rats!

-VPI Cave Guide. Use ful for finding way out as well as into caves. Three types:

Trainee. . . . . 7¢/lifetime

Member. . . . . \$3.35/hr

Associate member. . . \$24,000/yr

TIGHT PASSAGES  
(to the tune of Time Passages)

It was late in October, I was moving real slow  
In a sumped out passage with no leads that show.  
Eight hours back, carbide low,  
It was time to make my body go  
Quickly back through tight passages.  
Miles of crawling in the fading light.  
Tight passages  
Crawling through mud with no early end in sight.

Well, I'm not the kind to be caving too fast  
The weekend's too short when the classes aren't passed.  
The trips that are fun are the ones that don't last;  
But how did I come to be mapping in these  
Tight passages?  
I'm sure there's something that I left behind in those  
Tight passages,  
Without a walkway or a stand-up place in sight.

Hear no echoes and find myself starting to learn  
Elbow pads are a must  
When you're making a turn  
Crawling on gravel and clay.

Well, the exit is coming, now I'm part of a crowd  
 Of mapping trip cavers, and I'm feeling proud  
 Of the four hundred feet I just mapped today.  
 (Till Hixson tells me  
 That I just mapped the wrong  
 Tight passages!)

I should have gone left where I took the fork right  
 Into those tight passages.  
 Stupidity is the thing I feel tonight.

PP

#### AMATERASU

She's a poor man's riddle,  
 Unsolved, and of no allure.  
 But I love her,  
 And her bats sing sweetly for dinner.

That she is, in her capricious guises,  
 Is all that I need know.  
 In the dark, she smiles,  
 And her sprites fly softly past me.

She tells me come,  
 In beats of furry brown wings.  
 I answer in motion,  
 And I find her in everything I see.

Shrilly through the void  
 Her centuries echo.  
 Time ceases in her random will,  
 And I am still, hopeless, enslaved.

Jim Washington  
 3/13/84



P.O. BOX 7017, RICHMOND  
VIRGINIA 23221-0017

Telephone (804) 353-6776

Subject: Press Release for Slusser's Chapel Cave in Virginia

To: Doug and Glenda Rhodes, NSS NEWS Editors

From: Janet C. Queisser (11984F), Chairman, Cave Management Committee of  
the Cave Conservancy of the Virginias

Date: March 22, 1984

The Cave Conservancy of the Virginias has received ownership of Slusser's Chapel Cave of Montgomery County, Virginia for protection as a biological preserve. The two acres, which include the sinkhole and the cave entrance, were donated by Dr. Anatol Ryplansky of Radford, Virginia, in December of last year. The cave will be managed as a biological preserve with special attention to two rare troglobitic arthropods, the Vandel's Cave Isopod (Caecidotea vandeli (Bresson) ), and the Montgomery County Cave Amphipod (Stygobromus fergusoni Holsinger). The Stewardship Committee will propose a Management Plan that will protect these and other of the cave's organisms by first, preserving and protecting the quality of the groundwater, and second, protecting the habitats from disturbance.

# From the Sign-out Sheets...

12/28 Mammoth Cave	Chip Clark, Hillary Minich, Glen Davis, Miles Drake, Don Anderson	The Phantom & Walkman Photo Crew... "Who hired these clowns!?" A really impressive place (BIG). Thank you Nat'l Geographic.
1/7 Sam Hancock's & Exploring	Suzanne Danielson, Garrie Rouse	Pushed all leads for the umteenth time and for the umteenth time they still don't go.
1/15 New River (the back)	Lawrence Britt, Mike Futrell, Koji Hirota, Frank Gibson	Koji unknowingly carried 4 Mountain Dew's to Parrots Roost!!
2/11 New River	AR, Dave Weber, James Smith + 38 (Troop 440)	Just take a number and please get in line!
2/11 Bone-Norman	Mike Futrell, Koji Hirota, Hillary Parsons, DeeAnn Peterson, John Anderson, Jeff Jablowski	Proof: The most dangerous part of caving is travel! WRECKED ONE CAR!
2/17 Flowerpot Cave	Eric Anderson, Mike Artz, Mike Futrell, Frank Gibson	We may have missed Banquet, but pissing in our wetsuits made it worthwhile! Wilbur!
3/11 Starne's	Lawrence Britt, Eric Anderson, Walt Pirie, Wayne Burnstein, Mike Futrell, Koji Hirota, Steve Lancaster, Jeff Jablonski, Moose Dawson, Frank Gibson, Craig Ferguson	The only place you can blow your nose is on your shirt and not even care - the belly flop
3/17 Acme Quarry #5, W. Va.	Garrie Rouse (& Jim Hixon, Bill Nelson, Jason --, Chris --)	Saw 1000+ foot of cave from Hixon's truck
4/29 New River	Ed Fortney, Linda Oxenreider, Kay Jacobsen + 8 Church of God types	"My head hurts, my feet stink and I don't love Jesus."