

THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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

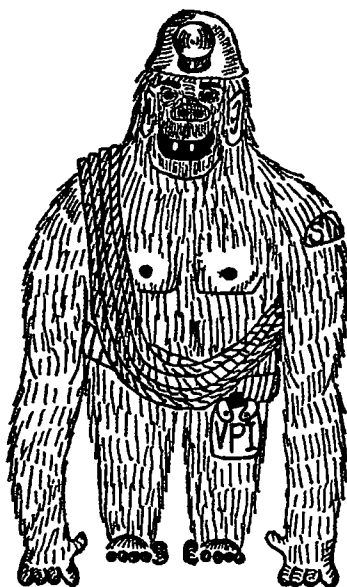
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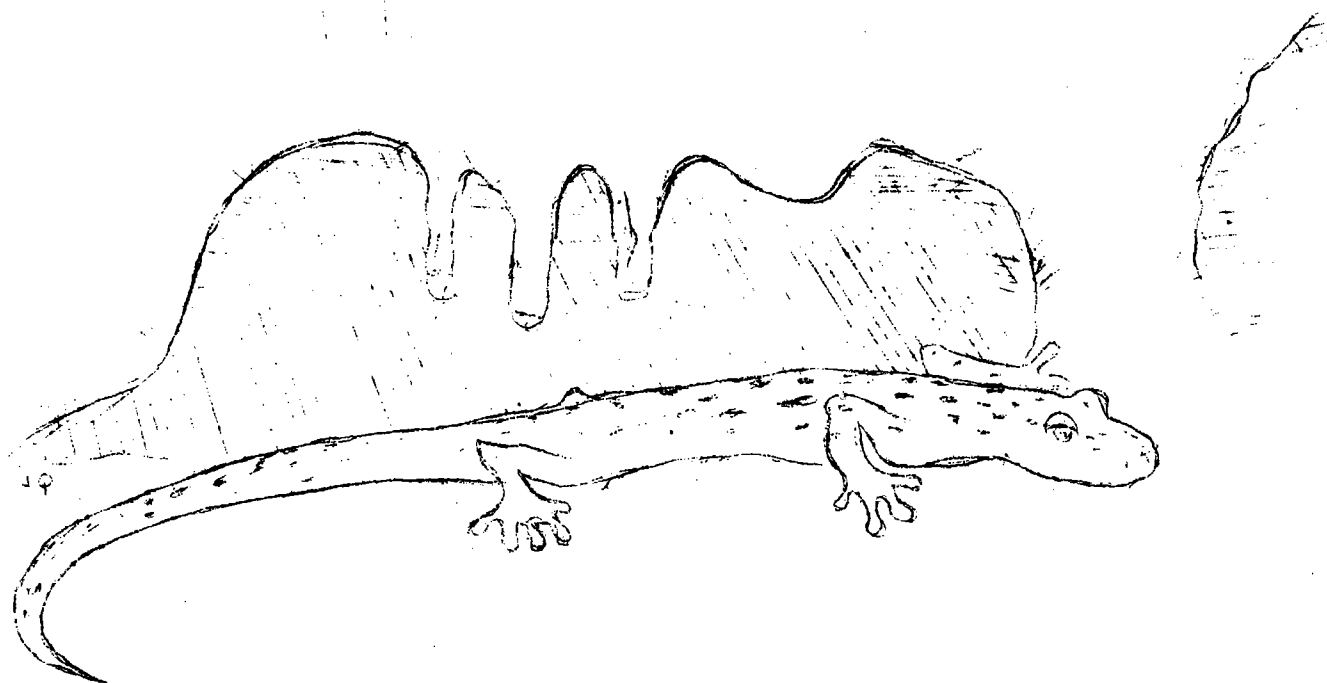
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THE
TECH
TROGLODYTE



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ART WORK
&
CARTOONS by Nancy Moore
 Janet Queisser

COMMENTARY

There has recently been in this grotto a discussion, sometimes passive and sometimes not, of the issue of cave mapping versus sport caving. This is not intended to be a defense of either one or the other, but comments on both. I've heard it said that sport cavers are largely inconsiderate to landowners, litter up the cave, dump carbide and generally don't give a damn. Cave mappers, on the other hand are supposed to be the pinnacle of consideration and purposeful endeavor. Or the other way around. To be really honest, I feel to take either extreme is ridiculous. I've seen hordes of sightseers stumble and bungle a cave into destruction, yet I've been also witness to mappers deposit trash, carbide and other garbage that does nothing for the aesthetic wonder of a cave. Landowner relations are simply a matter of diplomacy, which is a skill developed regardless of whether you cave to map or cave for enjoyment. And as far as purpose goes, who is to say that people making a map have more of a right to be there than people who pursue caving as a sport? The discussion can go on and on and on.

For the science of Speleology to become a genuine discipline, it must attain some sort of importance to the rest of the world other than a natural curiosity. Importance usually rates in an economic manner. Saltpetre mining, fertilizer production have given caves economic prominence. Not too distant is the expansion of urban areas into limestone country; will this house or highway fall in or won't it? Instead of a group of eccentrics, cavers may become authorities in an increasingly important field. It is not too far removed to think of a Department of Speleology within the Department of the Interior? (In the true sense of the word!) Beyond that consider the idea of Cave Management, how to utilize and preserve the natural phenomena. What about setting aside certain caves for people to use for recreation, kind of like a National Park gone underground? Protect certain natural wonders for very limited use and access like a Wildlife Refuge. That calls not only for people who know how to use a compass, but those versed in the field of recreation. Think about it, it may not be too far in the future.

But what about now? We must educate cavers, old-timers, potential and non, to leave the cave as much as possible the way it was before man ever brought light to the dark passages. Whether you're working on a map, doing a hydrology study, hunting for a new species or just experiencing the thrill of excitement underground, the most important thing is how you go about what you're doing. Peaceful Co-existence.

WHY DID YOU JOIN THE CAVE CLUB?

I think that many trainees will have noticed that their answer to that recurrent question, "Why did you join the Cave Club?", (WDYJTCC?), has changed greatly in the past few weeks. At their first meeting they may have replied that it was something they'd like to try, something that really sounded adventurous. After several trips, a trainee probably replied that it was the beauty of caves, the sport, and the friendship and reliance so intimately related with caving. And finally, when a trainee has acquired that coveted membership, the answer may have sound somewhat philosophical -- "a desire to start a new way of life." I'd like to discuss what these replies meant at the time the question was asked, and how and why the caving experience has changed then.

Most everyone goes to that first Cave Club meeting anticipating something really new and exciting -- and they usually find it. It may have been the excitement of a heated discussion between jumar and cam men, of laughing so hard that you cried when you heard those trip reports, of hearing about the feats of those who had gone bolting, rappelling, etc. Yes, a trainee's first reply to "WDYJTCC" was full of anticipation of adventure, excitement, and challenge.

After several trips, a trainee's reply will change. He will probably have seen spectacular formations and fossils, wondered how it all came about, and really came to a true appreciation of Mom Nature's internal anatomy. He will probably have marvelled at the physical dexterity of his trip leaders -- their abilities to get through holes inscrutably small, to scale chimneys defyingly tall, and to be as graceful in each calculated movement as a highly trained athlete. And during those first trips when the first tip blows, when that light keeps going out, whenever the patience and encouragement of his group leader gets him through those difficult spots on his own, when a trainee will come to a truer meaning of friendship, reliance, trust. And his answer to "WDYJCC?" will reflect these experiences.

By the time a trainee is eligible for membership, he will have acquired a broad range of experiences. He has probably made many new and close friendships, and he may have partied and gotten drunk with his fellow cavers. He has a great repository of caving experiences -- sporting, mapping, pushing passage, participating in conservation trips, and perhaps even saving a fellow caver's life. Mud and the monkey, a hard-hat and unkempt hair have become his trademarks as he emerges from the inner world each trip. While a sense of

accomplishment and restrained enthusiasm characterize his weekdays, as a computer plots that first mile of cave, as he prepares his equipment for that big climb next weekend, as he sits back and reflects on "those trainees" and how they are progressing. Now no one need ask this prospective member "WDYJCC?". His climbing boots, blue denim jacket, and carabiner laden belt tell the story -- he's adopted a new way of living.

Frank Virgili

* * * * *

"A what?"

"A suckhole."

"That's what I thought you said..."

"It's like a sinkhole only it sucks."

"I was afraid of that."

* * * * *

Everybody knows you put it in your car. - Peanut.

* * * * *

How lewd! - R.E. Whittemore

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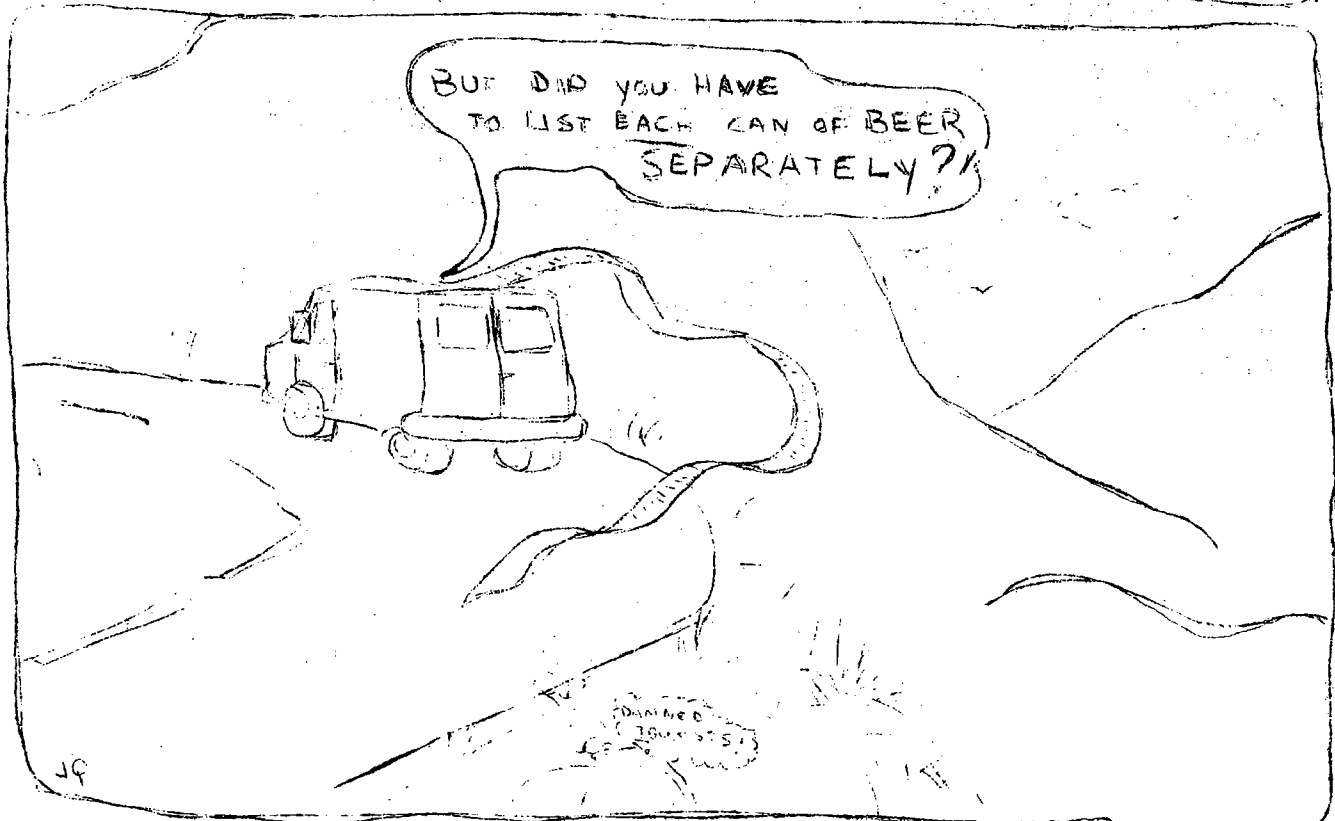
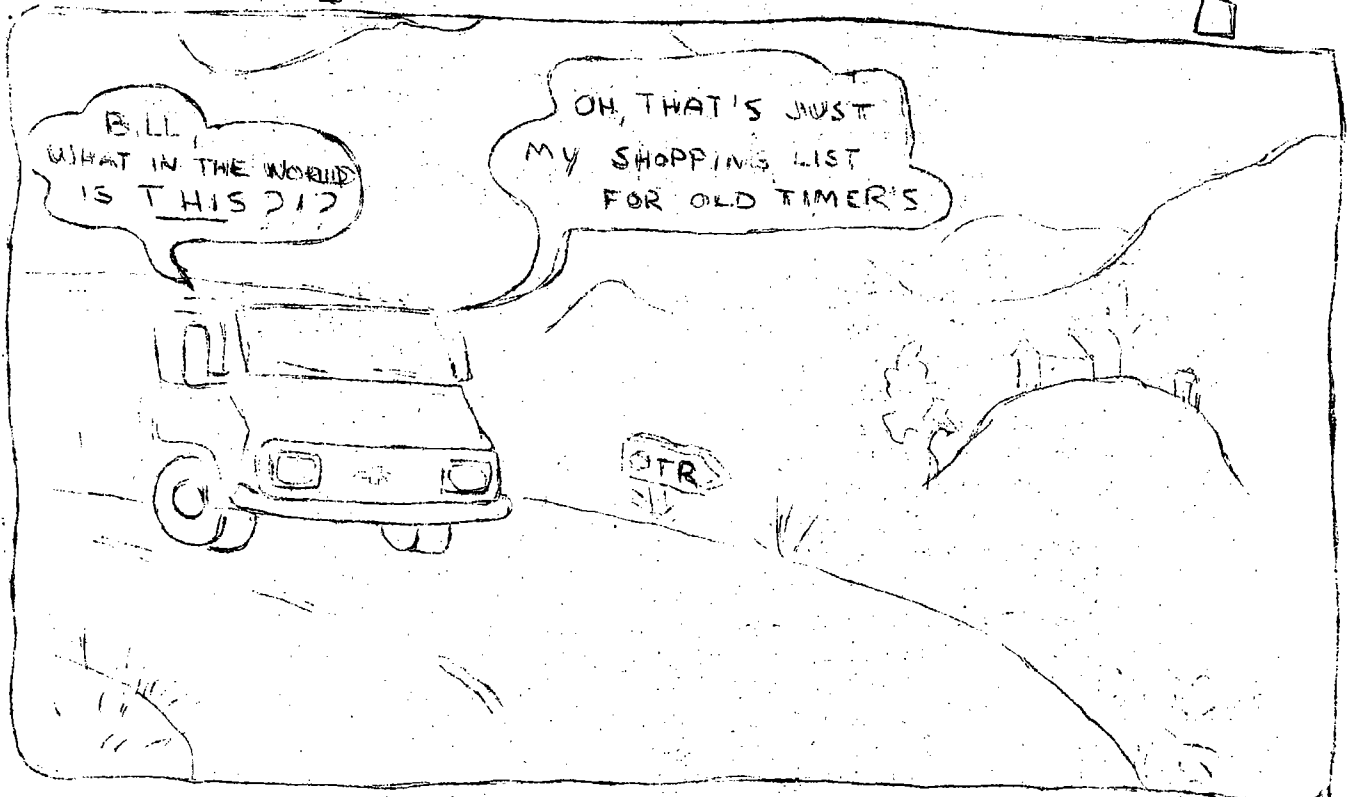
Will the real Ed Loud please roll over? - (?)

* * * * *

If you all don't mind, I think I'll get a little obscene. - Bob Page

* * * * *

"NAG, NAG, NAG!"



GROTTO FILES

The files of the VPI Cave Club have been over the years, a source of information which was not commonly available elsewhere. The files contained such things as the Grotto Grapevine, the NSS News and NSS Bulletin, cave maps and reports, along with various and sundry other things. But through the years, certain articles in the files have disappeared. Such items as the NSS News and Bulletins are now very few and far between; although recent acquisitions have increased the number of volumes of these issues somewhat. Still the files are in need of the older publications.

The Grotto Grapevine, which is reported to be the first caving publication of its kind in the country, is in very short supply in the files. Although published by our grotto, there are at the present time about thirteen copies in the files. This is all that remains on a total of more than forty issues which were published. The fact that the VPI Grotto does not have a complete set of its own newsletter is a disgrace. The same thing is true of the other items in the files. At one time there were copies of most of the caving journals and newsletters. Over the years people have checked out these materials from the files and forgot to return them. Also there is the possibility that some of these publications were stolen from the files by individuals who wanted material for their personal library. An original issue of the Grotto Grapevine would be a very nice addition to a private collection as these items are now rather valuable.

Needless to say, some of these items, especially those out of print, are extremely hard to acquire. I would like to ask that anyone interested in donating, trading or selling some of these materials, especially the Grotto Grapevine, to the VPI Cave Club, please contact the Club or myself at the Club's address. Any material obtained from private persons would be greatly appreciated and maybe the files can be restored to their original volume.

Bill Stringfellow

* * * * *

Wait a minute, I can't hear till I get my glasses on. -
Tuna

* * * * *

RULES FOR THE FILES

1. These files are open to any current member of the VPI Grotto of the NSS and members of the NSS.
2. Whether or not you intend to take the material out of the room, take the folder out of the files and when you finish with, place it on the desk.
 - a). If you take articles out of the room, please return them by the time the 3rd meeting comes around. This gives you over 2 weeks with the material.
 - b). For topos and maps you have 1 week to return them.
 - c). If you need the materials longer than the prescribed time, see me personally. DO NOT tell someone else to tell me.
3. A fine of 5¢ per day WILL be charged for each overdue item. The funds will go for new filing cabinets.
4. Lost or damaged materials must be replaced by the person who signed it out, either in payment or a new replacement. The charge for unreplaceable items will be 3 times the original cost.
5. The cave maps are in the files, the ones in the map folder are ALL in the files.
6. Remember that these files are for you, and some things cannot be replaced.

Bill Stringfellow

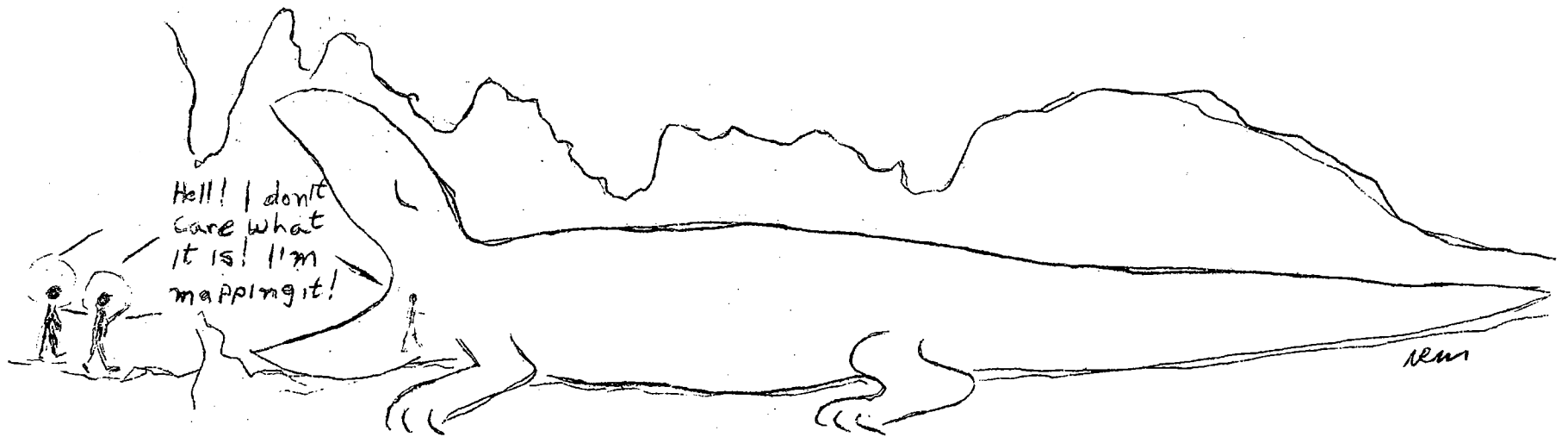
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Who do you know wears a 34B?...

And who would fly it from the flagpole?...

Phil Lucas?.....

* * * * *



A LOOK AT
THE FREER SIDE OF LIFE...

What? A liberated caver? No, that doesn't mean one who has finally escaped from the bottom of Spence or from under a pile of guano. Nor is it a caver who just succeeded in flunking out. In fact it applies to only one group of cavers - the women.

Ah yes, the question today as you dress for another trip, "Should I or shouldn't I harness myself into that useless piece of caving gear?" Let's evaluate the facts first.

Well, there's no apparent disadvantages to rapelling with a bra, in fact it might even be a burn preventative when the rope gets tangled. But once in the cave, there are definite advantages of being able to maneuver freely.

You know those crawlways with strange formations shooting up from the floor? Wouldn't it be nice to glide over them as easily as the guys do? It is possible if your body is left free to go its natural way.

And what about those places that are only six inches wide...a formed 36 or 42 just won't make it. Are you beginning to see the picture?

Stream passages can really have bad effects also. Caving with a cold wet cinch never proved too pleasant, especially when water keeps sloshing out of its reservoir when ever you make a big movement like taking a step. Kinda bad, huh?

And ever have to pull down that superfluous equipment when it pops up to your neck while you're reaching for that next handhold? Rather difficult through a denim jacket, two shirts and a t-shirt, right? And then going back up the rope - why do you need two chest safetys? Especially when one isn't doing you any favors? Liberated, you could wear the other safety under your armpits and not be so tired upon reaching the top.

Now do you get the picture? Hang loose of Mother Nature's apron strings and start caving like you were built for it!

Cheryl Jones

* * * * *

ON SPEED TRAPS

Cavers have long held the conviction that the most dangerous part of caving is getting to and from the cave. In view of this, below are a few words from The Washington Post, July 23, 1971 on speed traps in Virginia and the some adjoining states.

Ludowici, Georgia. This backwater town on U.S. 301 is little more than a crossroads, but it is known for the most infamous speed traps in the country. Former Georgia Gov. Lester Maddox himself labeled the local officials "corrupt" and erected billboards warning travelers of speed traps and clin joints. Ludowici's bag of gimmicks has even included trick lights. Ticketing has leveled off in the two months since the local political boss died, but motorists are still reporting arbitrary arrests.

Southern Virginia. U.S. 301 south of Petersburg has long been regarded by experienced travelers as a road to avoid. For example, speed limits change abruptly where Interstate 95 merges with route 301. And if you blink your eyes, you'll miss the town of Stony Creek, population 437. Although the town is off route 301, its "corporate limits" extend across this highway and the speed limit is arbitrarily reduced. I-64 between Richmond and Williamsburg is also incomplete. Speed limits change suddenly when Interstate I-64 merges with old U.S. 60. Radar equipped troopers often lie in wait in the woods for cars that don't slow down quite in time. The tiny town of Glen Lyn on U.S. 460, right on the West Virginia line, employs a vigorous local officer who sometimes carries a justice of the peace right in the car with him. Other spots to avoid in Virginia include Independence on U.S. 21 and U.S. 58; U.S. 58 between Clarksville and South Hill; and U.S. 1 from McKenney to the North Carolina line.

Seems Mr. Anderson did a fine bit of coverage, but he neglected to mention our old friend, the Pembroke Cop. I'm sure the town would be disappointed that they didn't make national renown.

J. Q.

* * * * *

How lewd! - Kim Smith

* * * * *

I hear Linda's going to have bunnies. Gee, that's too bad isn't it? - Karl and Frank

Excedrin Headache No.



SURVEY II

This survey proved, without a doubt, that cavers are individuals. Of the 30 some surveys turned in, 15 different curriculums were listed. Biology claimed more people than any other curriculum, with close seconds in Geology and Forestry. In general, all majors were science oriented except for one lone soul over in Home Ec. About a third of the people had switched curriculums at least once, and a sixth switched twice. It's interesting to note that all but two of the six graduate students have been in the same curriculum all along.

These same graduate students understandably lead in the QCA department. The lowest QCA's centered on the sophomores and juniors, but each class had its share. There were an equal number recorded in each of the six arbitrary classes (<2.0; 2.0-2.4; 2.4-2.7; 2.7-3.0; 3.0-3.5; >3.5) with the exception of the the 3.5 and above which claimed three. It's also interesting that two of our dropouts had 3.2 and 2.8 QCA's when they left.

Caving frequency for over 50% of the people was once a week. Twice a month was the next most popular category, and a few claimed "less". Two of the "less" were also the two dropouts with good QCA's who are now working as Stock Clerk and Construction Laborer. This must mean something, but I hesitate to say exactly what.

The average caver was 20-22 years old with a range of 17-32 years. There were 30% girls who turned in surveys, and two more juniors than seniors or sophomores. Most people started caving when they became associated with VPI, though there were a few who spent 4-5 years elsewhere and one who spent 12 (wonder who that could be!) Over half live in the dorms at present, and the rest are in apartments or houses. There are also three trailer-ers. Nine people claim being married (4 couples?) and five are engaged (maybe someone doesn't know something). There are few who aren't dating steadily and only one child is reported. All but one person who is engaged or married has a caver-type "spouse".

The courses liked and dislike showed as much variation as the curriculums. Geology was slightly ahead as the most liked courses, followed closely by Biology, English, Computer Science, and Math. The dislike showed a very heavy concentration on English and Math. There are people you really wonder about though. Such as the ones whose favorite courses included Explosives and Butchering!?

THE SLIDE

On Sunday, June 20, the last day the Great 1971 NSS Convention, while all the conventioners were homeward bound, the last bits and pieces of the memorable event were being collected, swept up, folded, stashed away and returned. All 75 milk cans were piled up in the little trailer and rattled for the last time back to the lot to be returned to the Dairy Science Department. The Big Tent was folded up, the picnic tables went back to the Park Service, and the assorted tables and chairs were taken back to the dining hall. As the latter were being hauled around back to Dietrick, the cavers hanging on the back of the trailer noticed several streams of water flowing down the steep hill from the new F & W building, just beyond the Aggie Bridge. At the time, the phenomenon got no more than a few passing comments.

Later that evening, back at the Carbide Dump, an apartment full of mischief loving cavers pondered the uneventful evening.

"Hey, let's go play in the flood!"

"What flood?"

"The one by the Aggie Bridge."

"What are we waiting for?"

So, quicker than the flutter of a bat's wings or a rock in free fall, the glow of cavers were at the scene of The Flood. For a few seconds they stood there in the on coming dark, in the light of the street light, and they gazed at the three wide and fast flowing rivers of water coming down the steep hill. Scueals of wonder arose when it was discovered that in addition to the rivers, the entire hill was covered with a sheet of flowing water! The amazement increased as they discovered several brawny and exhausted workmen attempting vainly to shut off the burst water main. They stood there, in a circle, ankle deep in rushing water, contemplating the tales of woe of the workmen who had been there all afternoon, when suddenly, a wild shriek was heard. They all turned around in unison in time to see the form of Ed "Zoom" Richardson disappear down the hill in a sheet of spray.

Hesitating only to empty their pockets of worldly possessions into the hands of the then dry spectators, Bob "the Streak" Page and Neal "Flash" Morris followed in joyous rapture. Hardly to be out done, the Ladies Auxiliary contingent, consisting of Jan "Zap" Davis, Pam "Swoosh" Mohr and Janet "Blitz" Queisser, joined in, in some cases involuntarily. What a zoo! What a circus!

The combinations and variations of stunts were unlimited. Ever been in a wrastling match involving a pile of bodies rolling and sliding itself down a hill? Wow! How about King of the Mountain or a wet version of Crack the Whip? Fantastic! After some untold length of time, the cavers noticed what a good job they were doing on the hill and in the name of soil conservation they continued the celebration to the Carbide Dump. For reasons pertaining to the literary reputation of this publication, the narrative ends here, but next time you drive by the noted spot, look carefully for the sort of worn spots telling of the "Great Slide".

A.I. Cartwright

* * * * *

Have you seen Janet? I found this funny looking mushroom... - Rolf McQuerey

* * * * *

Where's Queisser? I have a mushroom she ought to try. - Bill Douty

* * * * *

I am not sorry for my soul
But oh, my body that must go
Back to a little drift of dust
Without the joy it longed to know.
- ???

* * * * *

68,68! - Bill Douty

* * * * *

What's the NSF?

National Speleological Frolic!

* * * * *



DISCOVERY IN THE PULASKI NETHERWORLD

Pulaski County, Virginia, homeland of multi-talented super-caver, Bob Lewis, is a beautiful rolling countryside, gouged with innumerable sinkholes. This stirring landscape has continued to nurse the hope in Bob's mind of the discovery of an extensive cave system under the Pulaski hills. After years of searching, Bob and his friend, Ed Morgan, have located and mapped a great array of small caves, as well as one of the larger caves of Virginia, James Cave, in the area. It has been one of Bob's many hopeful dreams to link together the numerous rat-hole-like caves dotting the Ferrell's land with nearby James Cave which already has over a mile of mapped passage.

* * *

Not long after I became a member of the V.P.I. Cave Club, Larry Cooke, mutual friend of Bob Lewis and myself, invited me on a caving trip which initiated me into the wonders of the haunting Pulaski underworld. Larry, who has a physique that enables him to enter small crawlways, wanted me to help him push the tightest crawl that he had ever tried to enter. Away we went this cool April night to Zitt Cave (Ferrell's #10), the largest of the Ferrell caves, to push a lead that, if it kept going, was heading in a direction directly toward James Cave. Larry had tried to squeeze through the crawl once before, but had given up without success.

Soon after entering the small entrance, our companions, Jim Talmadge and Don Davison, tried out some of the small passages and then decided to look around and wait for us in another (larger) section of the cave. Larry and I passed quickly down to the lower level until we came to the notoriously tight Zitt crawlways. Crossing over a sizeable rock which partially blocks the entrance of the first crawl, we removed our side packs and helmets in order to worm our way through the largest of Zitt's tight crawls. Minutes later, we emerged into a narrow, slanted room that contained the opening to the next crawl which curves through solid rock and ends with a twelve foot drop. Moving onward, we presently arrived at another tight spot, which is a slick flat boulder of flowstone slanted at such an angle that when you crawl over it, gravity pulls you down into a wedge-shaped crevice created by the rock meeting the tilted cave ceiling.

Once over the boulder and down the other side, we saw the tiny aperture which was our goal. Immediately, Larry flattened out and tried to push himself through it. Following a short struggle, he withdrew and turned to me with the gleam of hope fading from his eyes. Thinking that if Larry could not do it, nobody could; mostly for

curiosity's sake, I lay flat and pushed my head into the small hole, looking for any possible way to get through, without resorting to blasting or digging. With my arms outstretched in front of me, I inched forward. The cold cave walls circled tight around my body. If the walls were to come a little closer, I would not be able to breathe. I squirmed forward a few more inches, pushing hard with my feet, and pulling hard with all the strength in my arms. My head pressed flat on its side against floor and ceiling; I was in a completely uncomfortable position, as I tried to push aside small loose rocks and debris. Suddenly, the impossible happened. I squirmed through the hole and around a narrow bend. The squeezeway grew larger, so that it could soon be called a crawlway again. Unbelievably, Larry forced himself back into the squeeze-hole until he thought he was stuck. "I can't move," he cried. Then, with sheer determination, He broke through to the other side where no humans had ever been before us. The squeezeway had been conquered.

We moved on. A great excitement surged through us. We were explorers of an unknown land.-- What dark mystery lay before us? The crawlway continued in the same general direction. I felt like a mole passing through a narrow subterranean burrow. Here and there my light gleamed on little white threads hanging from the ceiling: soon-to-perish tiny plants whose seeds had germinated in the humid cave atmosphere, but lacked the light necessary to develop and maintain chlorophyll. It was apparent that this tunnel passage must flood in heavy rains.

We were sensing the gradual downward trend of the amazingly straight-line tunnel (which was now large enough to permit walking) when abruptly the floor disappeared at the edge of a fifteen foot drop. Climbing down, we soon came to the edge of another eight foot drop through a small hole. The cave was much wetter and somewhat muddy here. Passing through stoop-walking, crawling, and even some walking passage, we crossed through a tight spot overgrown with formations that nearly blocked our progress. Looking up, I caught my breath. For an instant I thought I was gazing into the gaping, giant-toothed mouth of a great animal. I was thankful that the immense jaw was made of calcite. We named the formations the Dragon's Teeth.

It was not long before the walls seemed to progressively come closer and closer together as we moved further and further down the underworld trail. Soon, the ceiling swooped down to a small pool of water before us. A siphon. I ventured partly into the water and decided it was not likely that we could continue on, even if the water was not there. However, we could not really be sure, for sometimes people seem to be able to do the impossible.

Quite tired, we returned to the others with a glowing report of our new discoveries.

* * *

Many months passed before we decided to return to Zitt, the "killer cave", as Larry called it because of its exhausting crawlways. One chill November day, we found ourselves passing once more through the zig-zag z-like entrance channel of Mr. Ferrell's cave, as Larry and I had decided to map the new section. We had chosen another rather thinly built person to help us. Our mistake was that we had chosen a novice, and soon the confining dismal passages started to affect him. His spirits sinking, he felt he would not be able to make it in the first tight crawl. Yet, somehow he pulled through, after minutes of struggle. But now, his fight was gone; he would go no further, telling us he would wait in the little slanted room while we went on. It is wise not to push oneself beyond one's limits.

We decided to shorten our planned amount of mapping, and continued our journey until we reached the slanted boulder which blocked our view of the scueezeway to the new section. Vaguely, I felt an uneasiness about me. Then, I thought I heard something. Remaining still, we listened intently, as the hollow subterranean tunnel carried the despairing cries of our companion we had left behind. Hurriedly, as best we could in the uncompromising passages, we returned to our desperate comrade. He had endured too much; he could not remain in the cave much longer. The walls may have seemed to be closing in on him; strange sounds were teasing him. Doubts perhaps filled his mind. Was he to become a helpless captive of the dark, lonely cave?

With every bit of strength left in his body and with our assistance, he forced his way back out the crawl and soon to the outside world. Once outside, his recovery was soon complete. We are determined not to make the same mistake again. No real novice should be subjected to the rigours of such a rugged and confining cave environment.

* * *

It was not much more than a week later when Bob Lewis took Larry and myself back to map Zitt's new section. Bob and a fellow caver left us in Zitt while they went to dig out a mud fill in another Ferrell cave, after which Bob would wait for our return late that night.

One thing was certain; the crawlways were not getting

easier to push. I even seemed to have more trouble than before with the first tight crawl, which appeared to have collected more debris in it. Upon reaching the squeeze-way, we began the slow, tedious process of crawlway mapping. Because of the extra burden of our mapping equipment, we had decided to leave our supply packs outside the squeeze-way, bringing with us a small container of carbide and one of water to maintain the carbide lamps, our sole available light sources until our return to our packs.

Enduring considerable difficulty, we surveyed the cramped thoroughfare. At one point, I looked beside me in the crawl, and saw something move: a brown worm with a black streak on each side of its body. It stood up on its four legs and stared at me. A worm with eyes and legs. Closer examination revealed it was really a very thin-bodied salamander. It wriggled away into the darkness.

Hours later, considerably past the time we had calculated it to take us, we reached the point where the cave ceiling descends to within inches of the floor; we had mapped 600 feet to the point of the siphon which had prevented further penetration. However, today the siphon was dry. Bending down, I looked into an opening comparable in size to the squeeze-way, except that it looked smaller. Yet an end to the passage could not be determined, so I lay on my chest and dug some of the soft debris from the opening.

Pressing my body as flat as possible, I pushed forward into the narrow slit, shoving my hat and lamp before me. My light went out. Relighting it, I proceeded to move again, but the lamp was extinguished once more. Feeling little air movement, and knowing that a carbide lamp burns up oxygen in the air, I began to wonder if there was enough breathable oxygen in this low lying crawl. I suddenly realized that the passage probably ended very soon, and I would foolishly be entering a death trap, an imprisoning narrow pocket of concentrated carbon dioxide. Before withdrawing I yelled a "whoop" into the slit. It seemed to echo in the distance. Echoes had deceived me before. Nevertheless, relighting my lamp once again, I drove myself forward, giving the crawl one last chance. Surprisingly, the passage veered a little to one side and opened slightly. I felt a light breeze. Forward, I pressed bellowing, "More crawlway ahead." A long slick mud crawl penetrated the earth before me. Further I yelled, "Stoop-walk!" Then with great excitement, "Walking passage." Larry could not believe his ears. He slithered in behind me with great speed.

What tremendous astonishment struck us when the tunnel-like passage unexpectedly opened up to a large open misty area. "It's like a dream." "A dream come true." Before

us were huge virgin mud banks on each side of a good sized passage in which a crystal clear stream bubblingly flowed. Our passage had opened up to a bend in the stream passage whereby to our right was upstream, and veering away from us on our left was downstream. An underground cross-roads! It seemed as though all the crawls we had come through were nothing but drainage tunnels leading to this big mother cave, as Larry said.

Nearly wild with excitement, Larry took off, running downstream. I called after him, but his reply was inaudible. He was gone in a flash. Turning I went a little ways upstream, came back, and found Larry. We both ventured upstream and jumped up on a giant slanted expanse of a fairly dry mud bank. Climbing steadily upwards, we reached a crack between the slope and the ceiling. Peering through, we gazed in awe at a great misty corridor.

We wanted to explore further, but an ominous feeling grew within me. I had to talk Larry out of rushing forward again, as we were almost out of carbide, having refueled our lamps with our last carbide load before coming into our newest discovery. Another container of carbide awaited us in our pack, a long way back, on the other side of the original squeeze-way. We had to hurry back before our lights went out, for we knew it would be many long hours before someone small enough and competent enough could be sent to us. It would be even longer waiting for our rescuer to find us in passages only Larry and I knew. Cold and without food, we would not last long, fast losing our body heat. Further, trying to find our way through the rigorous passages in total darkness, we could easily injure ourselves. We knew that the rescue of an injured body in Zitt's crawl-ways would probably be impossible.

Hurrying as best we could, we crawled till our bodies ached. Covered with scratches and bruises, Larry and I were extremely tired, but we fought on. Soon my lamp began to flicker. In a moment the light was out, and it refused to relight. Since I was in the lead, Larry gave me his lamp. As we crawled along, I tried to hold the lamp in such a way to enable both Larry and myself to see down the single-file crawl. Twice his lamp went out and twice I relit it, but now the flame grew shorter and shorter until it was but a tiny pinpoint of light. A sharp movement would be enough to extinguish the flame. All at once, the palely illuminated outlines of the squeeze-way appeared before me. Our backs were nearly within reach. As I mashed my body into the squeeze-hole, the light went out. Gropping my way in the blackness of the underground world, I made it to the other side. After several minutes working with the lamp, I managed to kindle a faint glimmer of fire, enough to help Larry see his way through the squeeze. Soon, Larry

clambered over the slanted boulder and grabbed our packs. The faint light died as we refueled our lamps. What close timing! With fresh lights we moved on.

Nearly ten hours after entering the cave, we emerged into the cold night air. It was 4:30 a.m. Brilliant stars shone above us, as myriad points of distant carbide lamps in the dark sky. Badly fatigued, we staggered across a field of eight foot high weeds, crossed down a slope until we reached the road. No car was waiting for us! No one else was in sight. Many miles from home, we started walking down the lonely road, first in one direction, and then in the other. Our footsteps echoed in the stillness of the night. Suddenly, a shadow moved before us, a low growl was heard, and the figure of a Great Dane, appeared to the side of the road. It was chained to a post. We quickened our pace despite our exhaustion. Wet and muddy, we shivered in the piercing cold air, welcoming the total numbness that would soon come upon us. Already our clothes were freezing stiff. Weakening more and more, our footsteps began to falter. We knew we would drop in our tracks, unable to move anymore.

An engine revved in the distance. The headlights dazzled our eyes as the little car approached. It was Bob Lewis. My mind was in a fog for the rest of the night.

* * *

Five days later found Bob driving Larry and myself back to continue our explorations of Zitt Cave. Bob would again wait for us outside the cave.

Making it through the first part of the cave in record time, Larry and I passed through hundreds of feet of crawl and arrived at the former siphon. Entering the enchanted "mother cave," with great hope of discovery, we decided to explore upstream first. Seeing that the stream coursed around the steep mud bank, we climbed once again up the sloping expanse of dry mud and crawled through the crack between the ceiling and the slope, climbing down into the great mist-filled corridor.

Further ahead, the great corridor began to transform into rugged, narrow passages, climbing ever upwards. Eventually we entered an open room of pristine fairyland formations. Large bacon forms decorated the room, along with many pure white forms beneath a wall of flowstone drapery, hovering above active rimstone pools filled with crystalline coral.

Passing on, we next came upon a big dark-walled room, with about a forty foot high ceiling. Water continually

dripped from the center of the ceiling, and the stream flowed from a hole in the side of the room. The floor, slanting upward, was covered with boulders and loose rocks. Noticing a recess high up on the wall, I started to climb up to it, but the walls began to crumble under my weight. Quickly leaving the unstable room, we continued up what appeared to be the main passage.

Moving ahead around a bend, Larry entered a divided crawl before I saw the course he took. Calling to him, I entered the hole from which his voice emerged. Proceeding down the crawl, all that I found was barren rock surrounding me. I yelled but there was no answer. Larry was nowhere around me. Quickly backtracking, I entered the other hole and soon came upon something sliding ahead of me, namely Larry.

All at once, the passage became very steep as we climbed up loose dirt, up through another hole to a little open area that advanced upward to a ceiling of what appeared to be a rock and dirt fill, with tree or shrubbery roots twining around it. This apparently was the end of the passage, perhaps very close to the surface.

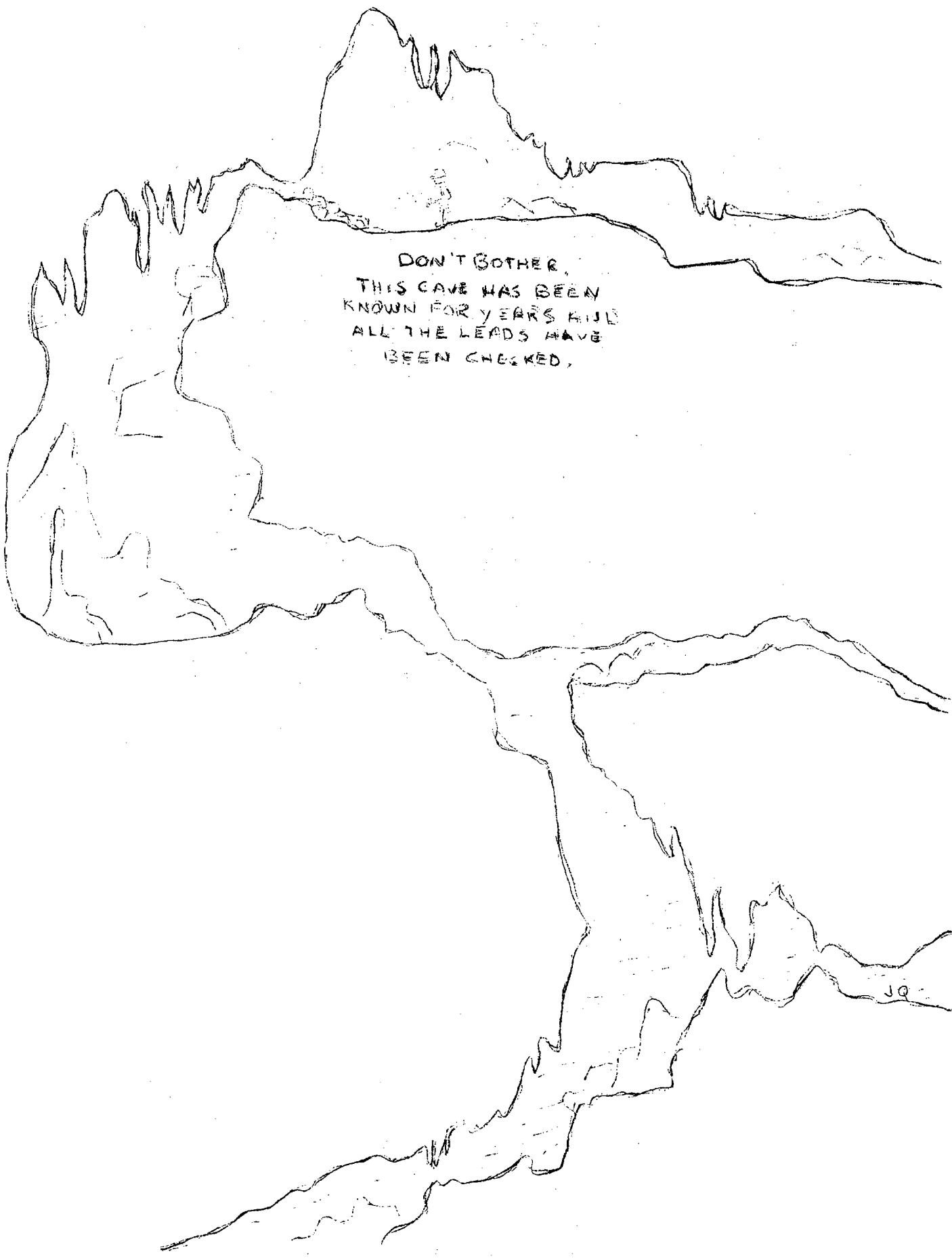
Retracing our steps downstream to the crossroads at the mud slopes, we found that the passageway to the left of the junction descended quite visibly, as the ceiling started closing in. A crawlway was soon upon us again, this time with a stream. The end was not in sight, but the crawl seemed to be getting smaller. Because of the lateness of the hour, we decided to return to the surface, leaving a number of leads unchecked.

Perhaps because we were disappointed in the trend the new passage had taken, cold and fatigue seemed to weigh more heavily upon us. As we began our way back through the crawls, Larry's arms began to hurt and he found that he could not move them. He lay flat on the crawlway floor having lost his strength. However, a short rest helped restore some of his lost strength and we soon were slowly moving on our way to the surface. Much later, we crawled out the entrance hole.

The cave had taken much out of us. Larry decided that he never wants to return to the hardships of Zitt Cave again. But I have a strange feeling that one day we will return to the Pulaski netherworld to further unravel the mysteries of Zitt Cave. Who knows? Perhaps we will take a part in the linking together of a vast Pulaski cave system.

Donnis Webb

* * * * *



DON'T BOTHER,
THIS CAVE HAS BEEN
KNOWN FOR YEARS AND
ALL THE LEADS HAVE
BEEN CHECKED.

JQ

THE "LAST" TRIP TO PAUL PENLEY'S

According to Ed Morgan, the trip to Paul Penley's on October 23, 1971, was to be the conclusion to his mapping of the cave. Ed had said that each trip of the previous year would be his last, but he was to find that even this trip would not end his relations with the cave. Contrary to Ed's beliefs, it seems that Paul's loves Ed and keeps thinking up new ways to entice him back to its dark passages.

Accompanying Ed on his momentous "last" trip were Bob Alderson, Jim Altman, Jan Davis, Bill Douty, Karl Hamm, Liz Leach, Nancy Wick, and myself, Robyn LeFon. Karl, Nancy, Jan, and I were to complete the mapping while Liz and Jim were going with Ed, Bill, and Bob to check out a drop. The drop begins with a tight squeeze, and Ed was sending Jim and Liz through to make sure that what he hoped was true, that the drop would not lead to more cave.

We got into the cave at 12:30 p.m. which indicated that at least we were starting our trip on schedule. Along with the human members of the crew, we took two ladders and three ropes. One rope, which had hardly lost its virginity, was mine; and like most things that go to Penley's it will never be the same again. We got through the cave's various obstacles, the Shower Room, the ladder climb, the chimney (or the walk down and climb up if you are chicken); and we came to the Tyrolean traverse, which is a 30 foot rappel crossover to a hole on the other side of a drop. My rope was used for the Tyrolean, so at least I knew I had the support of a friend.

After crossing the traverse, the mapping crew and the drop checking crew split up. My group mapped about 300 feet which included a cramp creating crawlway and the area on the far side of the Tyrolean. Liz and Jimmy were unsuccessful in making Ed happy. After chiseling away at the rock protecting the drop while hanging from bolts set by the super hammer of Bill Douty, they found that the drop opened up. Ed decided that another trip would be needed to check the pit since Liz and Jim were all Chiseled out and the pit would have to be surveyed anyway.

My group finished mapping early because we left some wet passages to be completed later when dry weather comes, although it never comes to Paul Penley's. While waiting for Ed and his group, Jan, Nancy, and I crossed back over the traverse and began planning an attack on Karl's warm body. Bill arrived over the drop before Karl, and we had to be satisfied with him instead.

After everyone had reached the near side of the traverse, we finished the mapping by connecting the Tyrolean survey.

to the passage leading out. My rope was retrieved, and I hardly recognized the dripping, muddy, old string that had once been healthy, golden rope. We retraced our steps and arrived on the surface at about 12:30 a.m. A short trip to Paul Penley's had been completed and gave the cave new hope in seeing its true love Ed Morgan again.

Robyn LeFon

* * * * *

How lewd! - Steve Kark

* * * * *

How lewd? - Steve Hall

* * * * *

How lewd, crude and otherwise unattractive! -
Jan Davis

* * * * *

We ought to have the next BOG meeting at Clancy's.
Jim Hixson

* * * * *

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

NOTICE!

The members of the Virginia Region of the National Speleological Society hereby challenge any other Region of the said Society to a Dance Marathon.

* * * * *



WELL,
I Guess
- This Isn't
Virgin
passage

MORE GOODIES FROM PETE'S LOG

5/14/71 Well, I've finally fished that M.S. out of the deep, dark cave waters. My 3 year thesis is finally written - all 140 pages of it, with 80 dollars worth of typing. Ed Loud, just think how many beers that would buy! Now that it's over, it's about time I started caving again. Clover Hollow?? Convention?? Here I am, on the way back from my typist - after discovering that a page no. had been skipped. Only 35 pages to retype!!

Paul L. Broughton NSS 8496
c/o Geo. Survey of Sask.
Regina, Sask., Canada

NSS CONVENTION 1971

June 12 1971 The first day of the Convention is mud. Even 4x4's get stuck. I finally got my Land Cruiser. It should get a good breaking in this week.

Dennis McClevey NSS 11905
VPI 123 RRVCC 2

A Volkswagen is not a 4x4 - its drivers have better sense than to try it under conditons like this.

Captain VW NSS 11183
VPI 98

First day of Convention. I arrived at 2:00 PM. Next day I'll leave at 10:00 - not much sense.

Jim Altman NSS 12688 VPI 157

VPI has gone down the tubes - this place is really bad.

Jack Stellmach

June 14, 1971 Damn it. Just before the Convention I wrecked my car. - Steve Hall

The body may be viewed at Price's Fork Funeral Home. -
Mal Hightower

Here I sit, broken hearted
I see Steve Kark, and only farted.
Mal Hightower and a Smith named Kim,
All have hangovers due to gin.

Steve Hall

June 15, 1971 Went 4-wheeling on Butt Mt. Also went 40 mph into a tree. The virgin Toy is no more. - NSS 11905

JOIN NOW!! Ed Loud Grotto of the A.S.S.

June 17 I've been at this Convention for five days and haven't seen the sun yet! Is Ed Loud the one who is always laying under a pile of beer cans? - T.C. Ferret

Are there really monsters in Mountain Lake?

Ha! It is supposed to clear up today - but that's what they said 4 days ago. I must admit that more likely than not the reason for the deluge is that I planned a Hig trip.

JQ VPI:121

P.S.--a new verse for the old VPI orgy song, Rider
(dedicated to the 1971 NSS Convention)

" Oh, the sun's gonna shine on our campground someday.
The sun's gonna shine on our campground someday!
And the wind from the river's gonna blow John Tich-
enor away! "

VPI.is a teenybopper Grotto

June 18 (we think) We think you're doing a good job at the Convention -- leaders competent, patient -- and it usually rains at Conventions anyway. - NSS 5002

June 19 Some good caving around here. Went to Paxton's today - really fine. We're eating here at this damned restaurant thanks to poor prior planning on the part of VPI Grotto who said last weekend that we could wait until this weekend to get tickets to the Banquet! Anyway, the caves are good - thanx to Ed Morgan for the good trip.

Joel M. Sneed NSS 10137

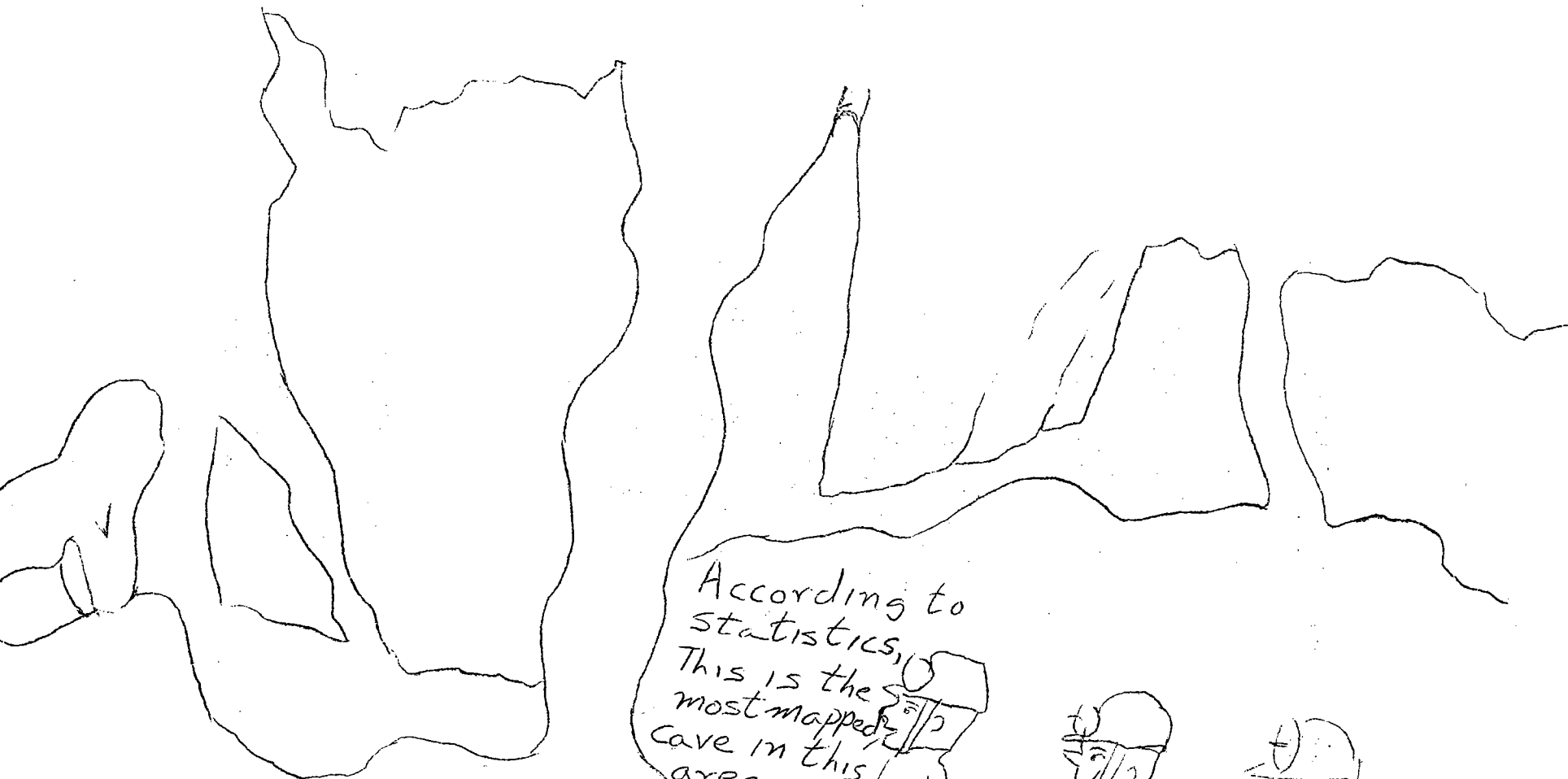
Sorry about that, Joel. But when most everyone at Registration is half-dead and hungover and most of the Conventioneers were half-dead and hungover, misunderstandings happen. The Banquet really wasn't worth it anyway.....

Editor's note - I really encourage people to stop in at Pete's and contribute to the Caver's Log. Adventures take on a certain "quality" when they are recorded just after they happen. Besides it's fun to look at all the lewd pictures.

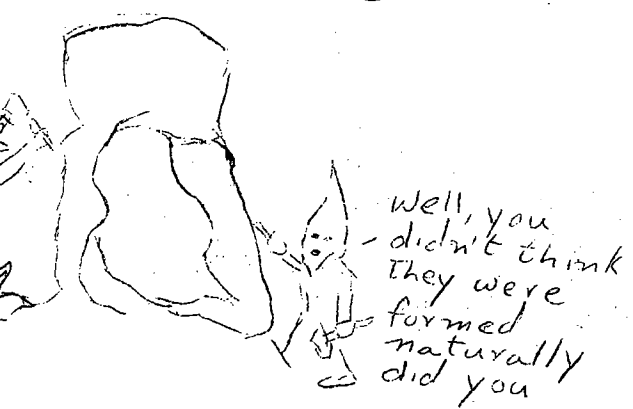
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I don't express my opinion, I inflict it. - Pam Mohr

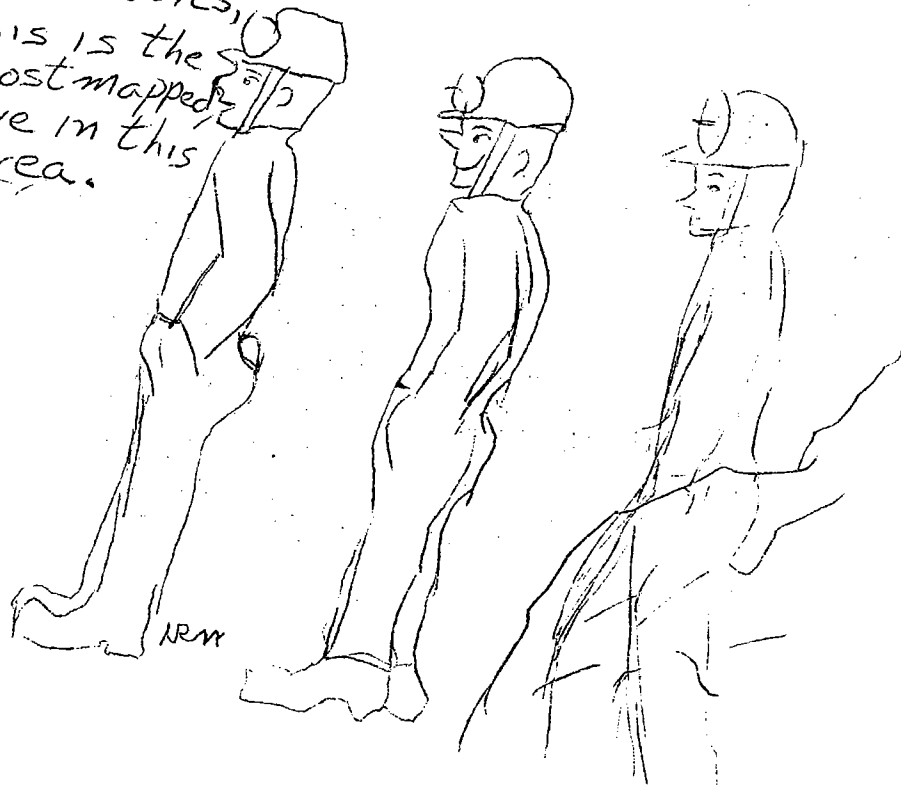
* * * * *



According to
statistics,
This is the
most mapped
cave in this
area.



Well, you
didn't think
they were
formed
naturally
did you



ARM

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* * * * *

BACK ISSUES OF THE TECH TROGLODYTE

Summer 1962	20+	
Fall 1965	none	
Winter 1966	20+	
Spring 1966	20+	
Fall 1966	20+	
Winter 1967	none	
Spring 1967	none	
Fall 1967	none	
Winter 1968	20+	Silver issue
Spring 1968	none	
Fall 1968	20+	
Winter 1969	none	
Spring 1969	30+	
Fall 1969	none	
Winter 1970	none	
Spring 1970	30+	
Fall 1970	none	
Winter 1971	50+	
Spring 1971	50+	

* * * * *

Hey, ya want a peanut? - Mike Haupt

COLOR CODE LIST
1971-1972

Black	bk	Green	g	Pink	pk	Silver	s
Blue	b	Grey	gr	Purple	p	White	w
Brown	br	Orange	o	Red	r	Yellow	y

<u>NAME</u>	<u>COLOR</u>	<u>NAME</u>	<u>COLOR</u>
Altman, Jim	o	Lutz, Richard	b-s-r
Anundson, Bob	r-w-r	MacDonald, Scott	y-s-y
Barlow, Bob	y	McClevey, Dennis	y-b-y
Becker, Beth	p-w	Mohr, Pam	b-gr-b
Billiet, Bill	bk-g-bk	Morgan, Ed	g
Brown, Jeff	b-s-b	Moss, Gary	r-b
Bundy, Buddy	bk-b-bk	Nelson, Neil	r-bk-y
Calhoun, Tom	r-o-y	O'Meara, Jack	w-r-w
Clifford, Mike	br-g	Page, Bob	b-y
Coleman, Ned	b-g-r	Park, Bill	r-y-bk
Conefrey, Mike	g-bk-g	Parrott, Dale	bk
Cooke, Larry	g-y-g	Perkins, Doug	bk-w-r
Dame, Howard	bk-r-y	Peterson, Russ	b
Davis, Jan	br-y-br	Queisser, Janet	g-b
Davison, Don	bk-s-bk	Richardson, Ed	r-s-bk
Dawson, Moose	w-b-w	Ricahrdson, Mike	r-br-r
Donkin, Bill	w	Riordan, Steve	bk-y-bk
Donkin, Gail	y-o-y	Robinson, Steve	o-bk-o
Douty, Bill	g-w-g	Roehr, Tom	r-o-r
Draves, Doug	y-bk	Schnaars, Pete	r-w-b
Ellenfield, Craig	g-w-b	Slusarski, Mark	bk-w-bk
Fagan, Joey	g-r-o-g	Snelling, Steve	r(with w diag)
Frieders, Mike	y-r-y	Stoutenburgh, Randy	b-bk-g
Grignon, Bob	y-br-y	Stringfellow, Bill	g-r-g
Hall, Steve	r	Sutton, Roy	p-r-p
Hann, Karl	r-bk-r	Talmadge, Jim	r-s-r
Hannon, Winston	p-o-b	Thorne, Wes	bk
Harris, Jim	r-y-g	Turenne, Guy	bk-r-bk
Hartfield, Dave	r-w-g	Vigour, Tom	g-w-g-w-g
Hogan, Mike	r-g-bk	Webb, Dennis	b-w-b
Johnson, Tuna	g-y-b	Whittemore, Annie	r-g
Jones, Cheryl	b-o-b	Whittemore, Whitt	w-bk-y
Laffoon, Don	br-w-r	Wick, Nancy	b-bk-b
Leach, Liz	g-b-g	Wick, Robyn	br
LeFon, Robyn	b-r-bk	Wright, Danny	g-r-b
Leonard, Lenie	p-bk-p	Yates, Boots	bk-pk-bk
Lewis, Bobby	w-y-b	Youngman, Twila	b-r-w
Lucad, Ed	b-r-b		