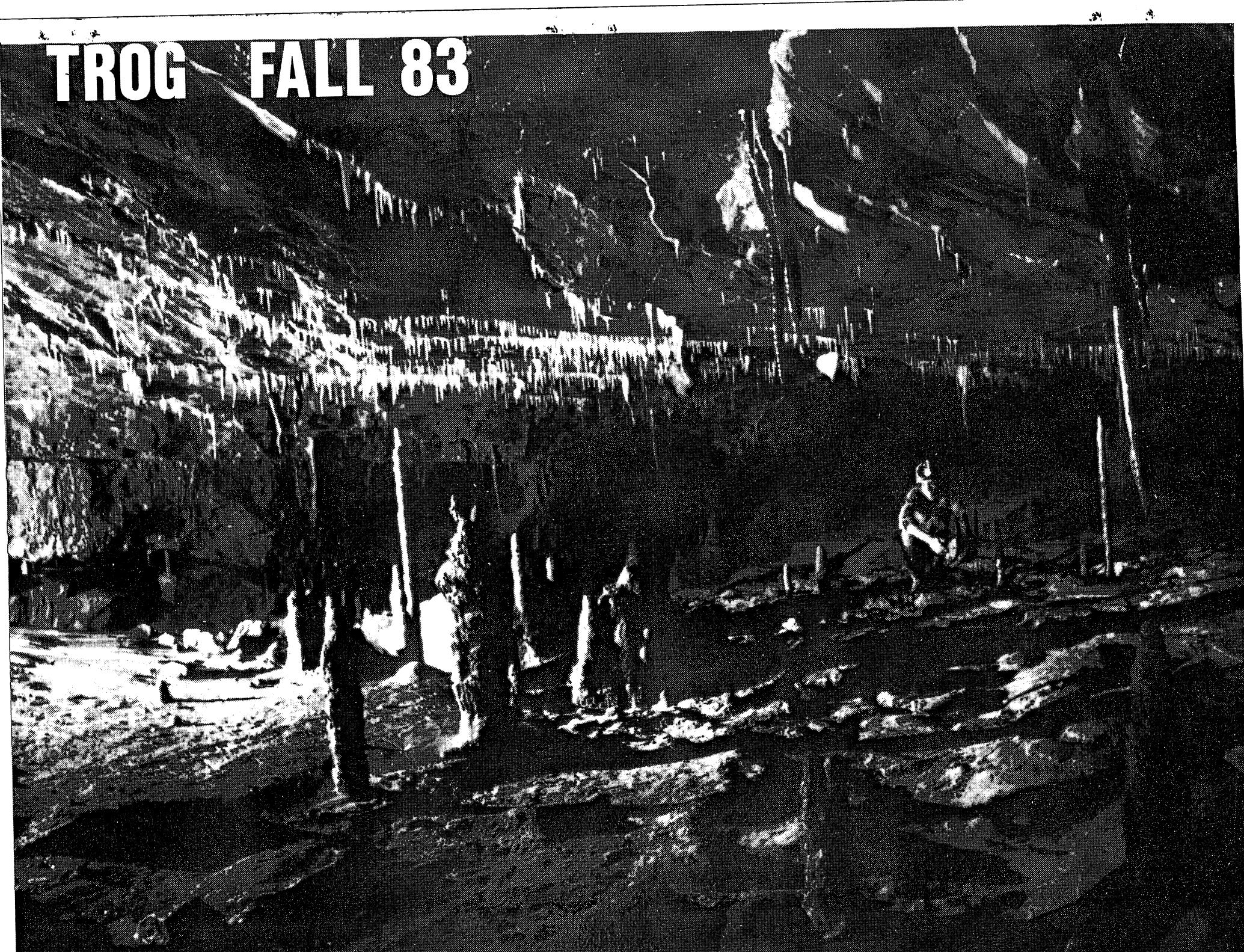


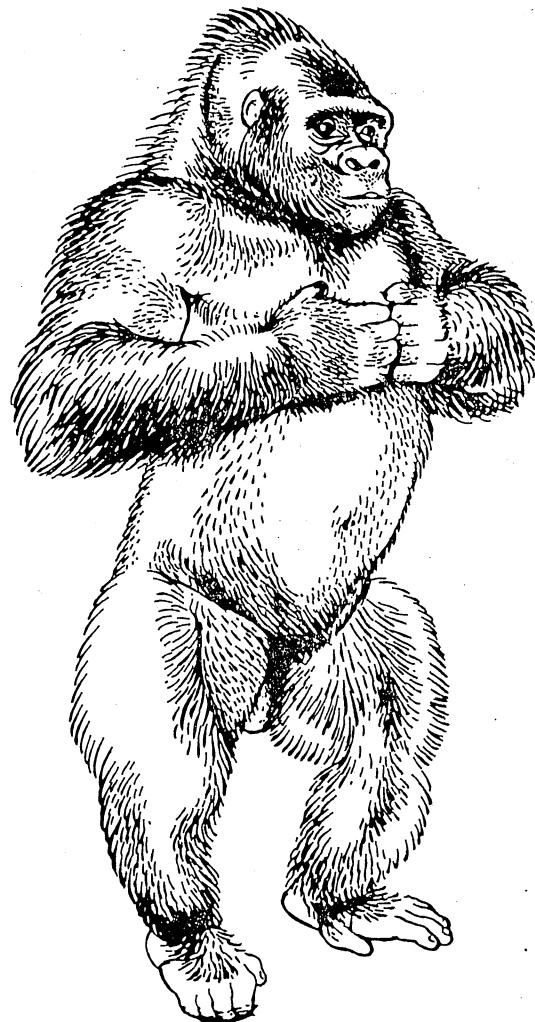
TROG FALL 83



RICHARD COBIB

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Cover photo by Frank "The Torch" Gibson.



THE TECH TROGLODYTE



Vol. 23 No. 1

‘occifers’

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The Psychic Squall

Oh I wish someone would write this one for me. Let's see I could bitch, thank, or just bullshit... Hmmmm sounds good.

Well at long last here it is. I'm sorry it's late, but then this isn't something you would want to show your parents over Christmas anyway. I received practically nothing, extended the deadline, harrassed a bunch of people, and finally got material. Fortunately it's mostly good stuff. So to those of you who wrote, Thank you very much. If only I could have gotten some help typing, organizing, and producing this publication. Oh Well, I got to do it all myself - my way. So if you don't like - to bad. My goal is to show other grottos and VPI alumni that some real caving goes on here and not just a bunch of bozo-speliobopping. This Trog may not be very good goofy entertainment for the party, but for instance: it will show some trainees that there is a lot more to caving thanbebopping through Pighole or Newberry's. There is so much work, so many caves, so little time; a few of us can't do it all. Read through here and find out where some of the action is. Look at Rouse, running down a thousand feet of virgin trunk - and nobody even wants to go caving with him! And where has everybody been at the 'partys' this quarter?? You been home in bed making your own party? Huh? Surely you can't have anything better to do on a Friday night. Come on host a party, Lawrence and Becky do get tired of having it at their places. I know transportation or lack of mind altering substances isn't the problem. Let's see some enthusiasm toward the club. Lawrence hasn't been able to get a mapping crew into Starnes all quarter. Believe me, he will show you some rewarding challenging caving. It's winter quarter now - when the club does most of it's caving. Just think..... it's 3° out, howling wind, 8 inches of newfallen snow, you've been under for 14 hrs, you're muddy and soaked wet to the bone, you come out and the car is a half mile away,.... but you're smart, you thought ahead, a tree, you reach up, you're fingers fumble, Psssssst, Brew, Ahhh.... The things stories are made of. See y'all underground.

Psycho

The Caverian* Alphabet

A is for A.I.Cartwright, Clover Hollow is his.
 B is for Beer, Ah what great stuff it is.
 C is for Climbing...G.D.R.C.
 D is for Digging, new cave? Maybe!
 E is for Endless, doing crawlways when wet.
 F is for Fucked-Up....it's what some of us get.
 G is for Goldline, a forgiving old rope.
 H is for Hanging-it-Out..."On the best", you hope..
 I is for Illumination, all it takes is a spark.
 J is for Justrite, to pmsh back the dark.
 K is for Knot, Bowline Bondage & What.
 L is for Lost, which you hope you are not.
 M is for Mapping, "Where the hell is the tape?!"
 N is for Naked..., for posteritie's sake.
 O is for OTR, put it in your plans.
 P is for Penley..."Hell Pecker-Damn!"
 Q is for Quiet...We're sure as hell not!
 R is for Rigging, Pick a good spot.
 S is for Sadists...the 20+ hour trippers.
 T is for Thistle Tube... get out your grippers.
 U is for Underground, as opposed toabave it.
 V is for Verticle caving, we love it.
 W is for Wild parties I'd mention.
 X is for X-over, it keeps your attention.
 Y is for Yo-Yo...you do it in pits.
 Z is for Zapped, by one too many hits!!

* (VPI Dialect)

Hillary Minich



No No not the Grotto Grapevine. You thought noone knew. You thought it would be forgotten. But the mighty Grapevine hears all and sees all. Unfortunately though (lucky for you) can't print all.

grotto grapevine

The big news of the quarter is that Mammoth and Roppel were 'officially' connected. Closer to home VPI has done a little caving too. New passage has been found in Spring Hollow, Bane's Spring, and what has now become a tradition Paul's. Our President and First Lady are actively caving in Tazwell, finding virgin and nonvirgin passage everywhere. Sir Lawrence is trying to get back into Starnes, but it seems everybody knows better than to map with him. Psycho tested Bluewater rope and Petzl bolts by taking a fall on them. And Dave Jett tested his ribs by taking a fall on them. Bill Koerschner, Bob Alderson, and Win Wright went to Roppel to do some mapping. Don Davidson, keeping with D² style is bouncing 500'+ pits in Oman. Chip Clark has a commision from National Geographic to do a photo session of Mammoth Cave for Traveler magazine. Lora Alderson is writing the accompaning article. Glen Davis, Don Anderson, and Hillary Minich will be at Mammoth with Chip over Christmas. Jerry Redder, Hugh Rufus, and Doug Perkins took a road trip up to Maine for a Lobster Dinner. AR went to Mexico with some Ga Tech cavers to rappel some hole in the ground they got down there. Maureen and Mike's truck caught fire, blew up, and rolled off a cliff in Mexico; but they rescued the gear and also plan to bounce deep holes over the holiday.

Buddy Penley received an award at VAR for cave conservation; but unfortunately his nephew wasn't elected sheriff. The club membership for fall stands at 22R 23A 35T. A few trainees show lots of promise. At OTR VPI let themselves be known in more ways than one. In the overall catagory: Stymie 2nd, Win 3rd, Kieth 4th, and Sauvigne 5th. Hillary took 1st in the womens overall.

Sir Lawrence's Octoberfest was a success once again this year. Holloween was held at the Bonenbergers', giving rise to numerous flame outs. Puke was flowing at high tide. There

was even a trainee or two around Sunday morning to pick themselves up and proclaim a massive hangover. Many thanks to Ken and Brenda.

Lawrence got on the Blacksburg Rescue Squad, so if you're a beautiful woman, and need rescueing, call him. Lawrence sold his beloved Honcho. Yes folks, some sucker actually bought the thing. Richard and Pat are back in town. Caver or Armchair caver, I'm not sure, but Hangglider pilot for sure! Koji Hirota fuktup his knee in a fire extinguisher fight in Pritchard and was put out of caving for a while. Ben Keller is alive and well in Boring Gangreen Ky. John Lohner is thinking of going back to school. Stymie graduates and will start a job in Richmond in March; he has two months to kill- take him caving. Philipe got a job so he can afford to "gratify himself on weekends." Frank is now a cook at the Sheraton. Ray is still trying to deforest the world to supplement his Holocaust Insurance sales. Keith Smith quit his job in a nuke plant when his hair started growing back and is looking for a job in Cal.

J. Kennedy is not really getting married, he just wanted that announced at a meeting. Russ and Sandy Peterson had a baby boy named Douglas. Carol Trexler is expecting in July. Mark Honosky has been seen in the presence of several vestal young virgins thinking unvestal thoughts. But still THE QUESTION of the club goes unanswered.....

Dedication to L.B.



Newcastle Murders Us Trip

It was a dark stormy night. On the small, narrow embankment outside Newcastle MURDER HOLE (Sinister organ music) four innocent? unsuspecting cavers huddled closely together. "And this photo is Sally from St. Louis....", Lawrence was saying.

Sometime in September Sir Lawrence, Psycho, Smedley, and Soami travelled to the wilds of Craig County to challenge the murder hole. Why ? Noone Knows. Possibly Because it was there. Actually this is all Bullshit. It was a nice day and Lawrence thought there might be an undone pit. Don Davidson had told him of a pit that was not done nor put on the map.

After our adventurous, arduous journey ("What's the last thing to go through a bug's mind when he hits your windshield?", asked Lawrence. "His asshole.") A dose of responsible landowner relations and we got there. Clothes changing, rope pulling, tale-telling, advice to trainee scum Smedley and Soami.....

Before we continue we should probably talk about this enigmatic beast, the traineescum. Some say that the definition of a trainee is a person who is not experienced, not a member, and not very confident. we prefer to think of a trainee as a person who learns quickly, and buoyed by this state of overconfidence is too stupid to realize the real dangers involved.

Thus we find ourselves at the bottom of the 90' entrance rappel. Ahem, the passage we seek is halfway up one wall of the pit. Psycho gibbs halfway up the entrance rope, and plays Tarzan as Jane Smedley bounces him back and fourth between the walls of the pit, as he tries desperately to fuck the passage leading to our goal. "Ouch!", screams Psycho repeatedly, "What the fuck is going on down there?" After several attempts at swinging into the hole, Mike decides to simply climb back to the surface and climb/slip down to the hole in the pit wall.

Meanwhile, Lawrence and Soami venture into the main cave. They travel many walking passages, climb many fun verticles, traverse many gaping pits, and Soami practices his air rappel.

By now Psycho found his way to the hole halfway up the entrance and tied off a rope for the rest of us to ascend.

First Smedley, then Soami and Lawrence, freshly returned from the harrowing Soami Air Rappel excursion. The attraction was a new pit, paralleling the entrance pit about 20' away. In turn all descended into what amounts to 'near virgin' teratory, 80' verticle, 500' horazontal. Later we encountered NSS 37. Yes a real old timer, written on the wall (Philip Gaylord NSS 37) a real historic name. We erased it in the name of cave conservation and our reputation (just kidding). But 500' of only near virgin passage has extremely limited capacity to capture the attention of such expirienced cavers. What was really interesting was the 100'(unseeable top) dome at the end of the passage. Nobody was brave enough to freeclimb the necessary 5.9 crack to the top so we left the way we came. While coiling the rope at the top of the drop, Soami and Smedley became Monty Pythonesque to a maximal degree. "Ni ni ni...." etc. "What the fuck is going on back there?", Psycho bellowed. Meanwhile, Lawrence was fingernailhold climbing along a nasty climb (This is really really hairy!!) out of the pit. Us sane ones decided to rope out. Soami and Smedley rappaled out of the hole. Psycho Tarzaned out, "Wheeeee - haaaOUCH".

Finally on terafirmamenteme we remembered that the nearest beer was at the Newport 7-11 or whatever the hell it's called. Old Mill! Shit!!!! No St. Pauli? The End.

P.S. This is the hit single part of our article. TRAINEEES!! WARNING!!! Take this seriously. Remember Soami's air rappel? He fell 15' onto his ribs, made nice bruses. Don't trust chert hand holds -- they're portable! You may fall on your head.

Co-written in an almost
drunken stupor by: The Dave Bros.

DEATH HANGS ON A WIRE

You have probably never heard of Montrose Cave. It has an indistinguished entrance: a small 1 X 3 foot slit in the earth dropping 10 feet vertically beneath the forested hillside. As we stand in the darkness, a plume of fog is rising from the small entrance sink to mingle with the blowing snow. A faint sound caresses the stillness, becoming louder as dim light flashes intermittently from the entrance. Suddenly, a small mud-covered knapsack hurtles from the cave. It lands at the edge of the sinkhole, and threatening to continue downhill, pauses, and begins to roll hesitantly back towards the slit, stopping near the edge.

A feeble light emerges from the hole, as a caver climbs out and laboriously crawls out of the sink across the wet snow-covered leaves. He reaches for the pack with his right hand, but stops and retrieves the pack with his left, puts it on his back, and stands erect in the night to check his bearings. He wears a mud coated hard hat with a carbide lamp, its flame feebly straining against the darkness and flickering dangerously in the wind. His right hand is ungloved. His coveralls are water-soaked and covered with sticky mud.

He walks rapidly downhill towards the road, as his feet plunge through the snow into the soggy leaves and mud, reminiscent of the past two days rain. Pausing beside a tree with light colored bark, perhaps a beech, he beats his lamp furiously against the trunk. As he places the lamp to mark the tree, we can see his face, but faintly. It is young, but creased with worry and fatigue. There is a sense of urgency in his movements as he descends further only to pause, look back uphill, and repeat the marking. He continues in

his intermittent haste until he steps into the 4 strand barbed wire fence which is halfway down the hill, on the journey to the road. As he forces the strands down and straddles the wire, he momentarily faces the wind. A strong gust mercilessly snuffs the flame from his lamp. He struggles out of his pack and fumbles for his emergency flashlight, shivering as the cold penetrates deep into his back. Suddenly a shaft of light cowers before the darkness, but persists.

He hurries downhill, crossing a steep field, as the snow is blown horizontally in increasing gusts. The legs of his coveralls have begun to freeze as his heel hits one of the slabs of limestone, littering the field beneath the icy rock. He slowly stands: then continues downward, reaching the barbed wire fence above the 10 foot high nearly vertical road bank. He works his way uphill along the fence but cannot find an easy crossing. With extreme care, he starts to climb a fence post, favoring his right arm. The light is between his teeth. His frozen sleeves and collar crackle as he climbs to momentarily balance on the top strand. Leaping for the road, he hits the bank and attempts to run off it -- only to sprawl on the snow covered pavement. He lifts his legs into the air, slowly rolls to his feet and recovers his flashlight. He looks at the bank he had descended and digs into the snow to expose the earth beneath.

He wearily stumbles up the road as thoughts of those still underground fill his head. He now and then trots in small steps on the slippery uphill surface. His ears and hands are freezing and his lungs are wind burned. Tears flow from his eyes and mucus clogs his nose and throat; yet he struggles onward. He tries to run in the ditch for better traction -- only to break through the ice and plunge into the freezing mud and water. He begins to shiver uncontrollably.

After a time, he hears a dog barking and finds his way to a farmyard gate. He crosses the yard and pushes through another gate, as the dog snaps from the porch of the farmhouse.

The caver struggles up the steps to the porch. His coveralls are frozen solid, as he weakly pounds on the door in frantic senselessness. The porch light comes on.

In the light, we can see that the cavers right hand is white and blood streaked. His helmet is crushed on the right side. His nose is running and his eyes are wide in a frightening stare. The farmer slowly opens the door with a shotgun in his hand. Yes they have a phone. Injuries in a cave? Rescue? Come in, come in! As the caver stumbles into the warm room, the farmer's wife enters and pauses in amazement. She hurries to put wood on the recently roaring fire. The caver's pack and helmet are removed. A large discolored swelling is revealed on the caver's head. His coveralls are stripped off, as he strains to recall a number to call for rescue. The farmer dials the long distance number as the caver is stripped to the waist and a blood soaked handkerchief tied around his right forearm is revealed. The caver moves towards the fire. As the farmer gets an answer, his wife removes the handkerchief and the caver collapses, unconscious.

YOU are at the opposite end of the line! If Montrose Cave were in your area, how would you develop a rescue effort with such minimal information? What would you ask the farmer? Equipment? Communications? Weather? Personnel? If you seriously consider this situation with your group, you will, after much thought, have to construct a rescue tree. If done properly, the plan could save a real life. Don't assume anything!

DON DAVISON JR.

Reprinted from The Tech Troglodyte Vol. XIV, # 1 & 2.

Fall / Winter 1975-76

How To Initiate A Rescue

(specifically a rescue starting from VPI Grotto)

Don't read this article until you read the previous article entitled Death Hangs On A Wire.

What would you do?? Lives may hang in the balance and depend on what you do next. The easy thing to do would be to give the farmer "another number", someone who could "handle it better". This complicates things tremendously for the farmer. What if you would hang up, the farmer gets no answer at the number you gave him, and then doesn't remember your number again? It is far better for you to take charge immediately.

One thing you have to do is win the farmers confidence. Otherwise he may feel his sheriff buddy can handle things better than some young wipper-snapper. It is far better to get cavers familiar with caving and rescue than to have to train some local good ole boys how to cave, not to mention how to do a rescue.

What to do from Blacksburg:

It is very important to get the farmers phone number and address, including county. From this you can use Caves Of Virginia or Holsinger's book to locate a possible entrance. A box number and general description of road travel to the farm will aid rescue crews. Have someone on your end call a rescue squad (giving them the farmers directions) to pick up the injured caver. Depending on the area, the local sheriff should also be notified that a rescue is in progress. Ask the farmer if he knows of any caves in his area. Have him place a flare or light in his driveway for people to find his house by. Let him know a full scale rescue is under way, will he let us use his house as a base station? Also ask

him what kind of weather is to be expected.

How to coordinate and delegate:

If other people are now with you to help, responsibilities can be split up (this can also be done by phone). The VPI phone roster should be used to contact everyone (there are 125 names, most with two phone numbers). CRCN, the Cave Rescue Communications Network, should be notified and put on standby to be mobilized if necessary. As each person is contacted they should be quickly told what gear to bring, what to wear, and where to meet (at the sign-out sheet). Ask if they can supply a vehicle, if they know of a cave in that area, and if there is another caver with them. Get them to call someone else. Ask someone to drive to the hospital to question the injured caver if possible.

What to do when you meet at the sign-out sheet:

Use 4WD's if available because of the snow. Get chains on cars and get everyone gassed up. Presently at the sign-out sheet location is all the rescue gear and club carbide. Everyone should fill up with carbide and water. Rescue gear should be loaded in a single vehicle if possible so it doesn't get separated. Each should driver should copy his own directions from a master sheet including the farmers phone number (in case you get lost). Consolidate cars and instruct everyone to stay within speed limits. You won't be of any help if you are in a ditch, a hospital, or a jail.

If they are available (and we have many in our files) take topo maps to the farmers house. He may be able to point out cave entrances or landmarks. They are also helpful to establish a search grid.

What to do once you reach the farmers house:

Park like you know how. Don't block the road for emergency or search vehicles. Send a 4WD to try to find the cavers car. Use low band radios if available. When the car is found, the sheriff can run the tags to find out who the cavers are and where they came from. The grotto nearest them

can then be called to see if the cavers belong. Possibly someone there would know something helpful.

Diplomacy is most important. You have to convince the sheriff that your group is capable and well trained in cave rescue. Work with him, not against him! Calls can be relayed through squad or police radios and won't tie up the farmers telephone. Local rescue squads can also provide tremendous support.

Before the snow covers up all the tracks, send groups of four up and down the road to locate the place the victim crossed the ditch. Be alert to the possibility the victim may have had the sense of mind to mark his trail, knowing the cave was not a familiar one. The place he cleared on the bank beside the fence would probably be white again, but a depression would be obvious to a careful searcher. The marks he made on the trees are clues. Another good clue is the smoke that blows from some cave entrances when it is cold. Make sure all searchers are aware of this.

If all else has failed and the cave entrance is still a mystery, lay out a grid system on a topo map and assign groups to each grid. Keep expanding the search until the cave is found.

Once the cave is located:

Two people should enter the cave with first aid gear, leaving predetermined marks to follow. The other two find the road again clearly marking the trail. Get search groups in the cave which include medically trained people.

A surface coordinator should be appointed to stay at the entrance.

An underground coordinator should be appointed to run underground activities.

In the next issue I'll talk about what to do during the complicated procedure of actual cave rescue. Until then!

from the desk of the Rescue Committee Chairman,

Lawrence Britt

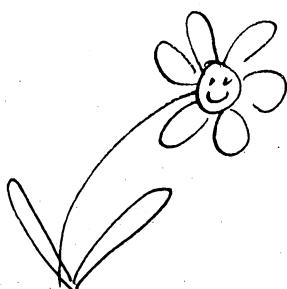
JOHNSON'S CAVE
JOHNSON'S CAVE

On November 11, 1981 Jim Washington and I, still a couple of lowly "trainees", descended into Ellet Valley in search of the elusive Cat Trap. Douglas states in his book that the cave was "recorded in VPI files as a pit over 100 ft. deep (1950)...". All that we could find was some guy plowing his fields to plant grapes (of all things). Undaunted we proceeded to the next farm to explore Johnson's, a cave which we had relocated earlier in the day (see Jim Washington's article, Fall Trog 1981). Fort-five minutes later we exited the cave having found little of interest except for a 23 year old time capsule left by some cadets of Va. Tech.

During the Friday get together on August 21, 1982 a number of us trainees approached Ed Devine and Carol Zokaites telling them that we wanted to learn how to map. No, we did not want to play lead dummy on a miserably long mapping trip in a cave for which the sketch would be 5 years in the coming. We just wanted to learn how to map. So the following day Ed Devine, Carol Zokaites, Jim Washington, Bill Kelly, Mike Futrell, Deanne Peterson and myself showed up at the sign-out sheet ready to take on the uncharted realms of the underworld. The only problem was that we hadn't quite decided on where to go. Jim and I knew of a couple of rat holes and so off we went, back down into Ellet Valley, for a fruitful day of exploration, including scaling pole climbs in Sam Hancock's and leap-frog mapping crews along the Johnson's trunk.

Well Jim took Sam's and I took Johnson's and we both swore we'd have them drawn up in no time. But the days turned to months, and then a year went by with no sign of their completion. Rekindled by mapping efforts in Slaughterpen, Lynn Hollow and Muncie's Caves, Johnson's was finally drawn up and inked. Forty-nine man hours underground and a year and a half later it is here for you to behold - two parallel lines stretching from one corner of the page to the other. Oh well. (Rumor has that a sketch of Sam's will make its debut somewhere in this issue but I wouldn't hold your breath.)

Garrie



JOHNSON'S CAVE

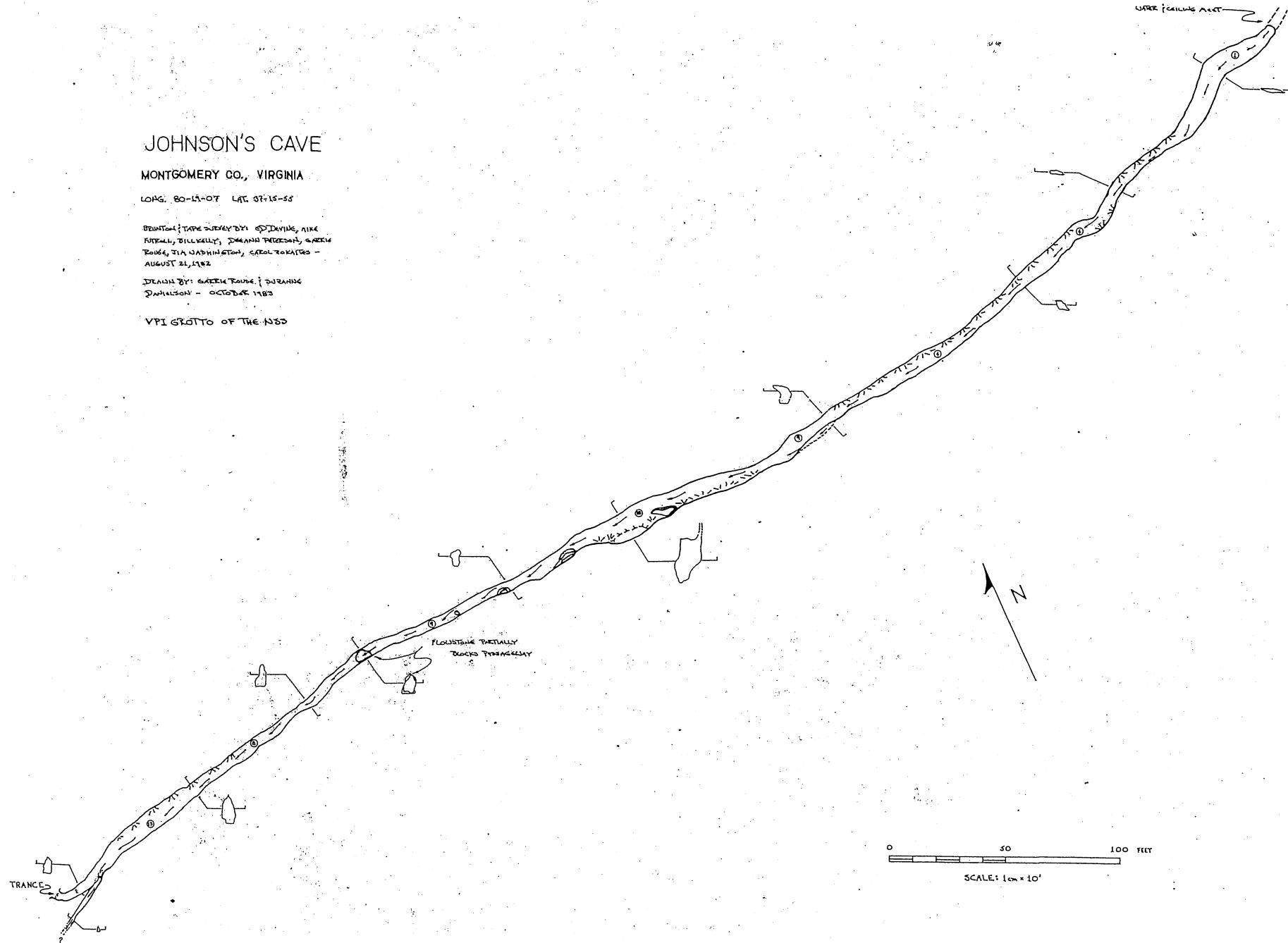
MONTGOMERY CO., VIRGINIA

LONG. 80°15'07" LAT. 37°15'55"

BRIEFED: TAPE DUELEY BY: SP DIVINE, MIKE
FIRELLI, BILL KELLY, DEAN AND THOMAS, GREGORY
POWIS, JIM WASHINGTON, GENE ZOKATO -
AUGUST 21, 1982

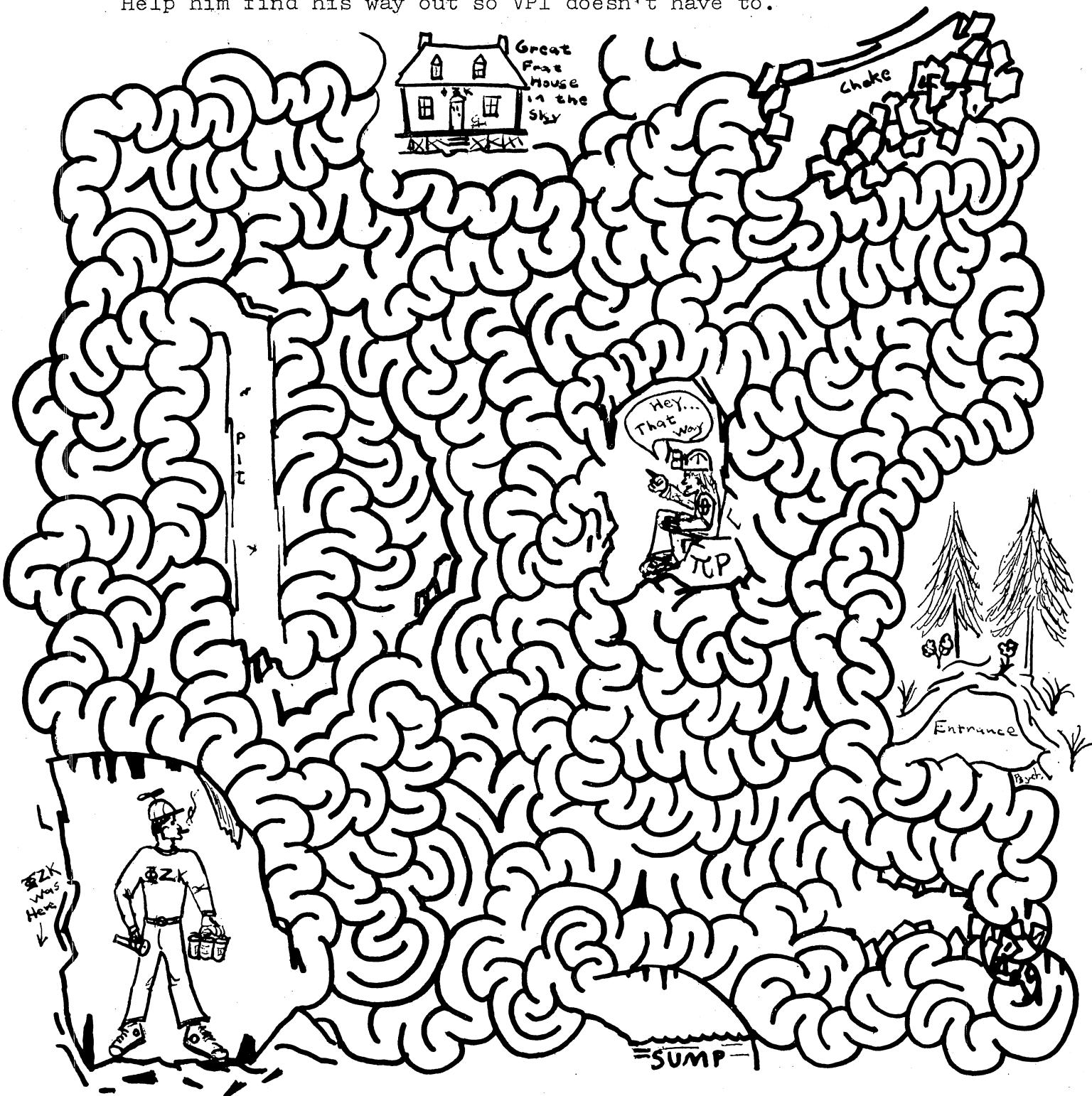
DRAINED BY: GREGORY ROUTE 1 DURING
DRAKESON - OCTOBER 1983

VPI GROTTO OF THE NOOO



CAVE MAZE

Oh noooo..... Phi Zappa Krappa brother, Ima Dick, has done it again. He went back in a cave and mixed homegrown with Budwiser and is now lost in his brain and in the cave. Help him find his way out so VPI doesn't have to.



The Sam Hancock's System

Sam Hancock's Cave is in Ellett Valley just north of Blacksburg. Located on the property of Rev. Sam Hancock, it consists of large and small phreatic tubes in Middle Ordovician limestone and has few formations. Ask anybody in the area about caves, and they probably will refer to "that cave up behind Rev. Hancock's house."

One day in early '82 Garrie and I were out in Ellett Valley and checked in at Rev. Hancock's. He said that sure we could go in his cave, and we could take the ladder off the side of the house. We said we probably wouldn't need it, but after looking at the sheer 13' climb, we went back out and got the aluminum ladder. We saw most of the cave in less than an hour.

On August 20, '82 Ed Divine was down looking for people to help map in Paul's. At the time, there were very few people around who had surveyed at all, it being summer and all. The following day Ed, Carolzo, and five trainees: Mike Futrell, DeeAnn Peterson, Garrie Rouse, Bill Kelly, and I went to learn to map in Ellett Valley. First we mapped Johnson's Cave, then Sam Hancock's.

I ended up with the Sam's notes, and Garrie got the Johnson's notes. Most of Sam's was surveyed but...there was a promising dig left. Needless to say we dug on it over three trips, finally reaching the "Big Room" at the back, which was named before we saw it. On January

ANATH BAPTIST CHURCH



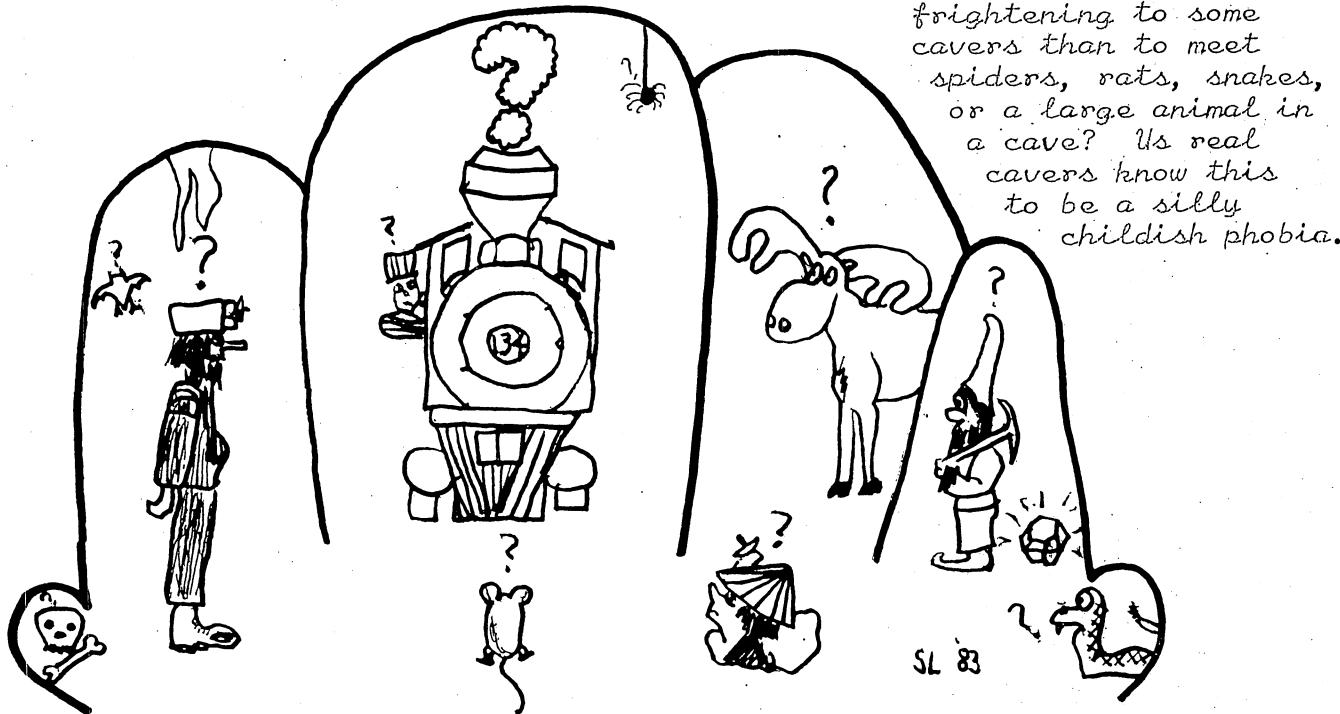
Samuel E. Hancock, Jr.
Pastor
CALL 552-1639

20 of this year, we finished the survey. The cave has a beautiful Yogi Bear type entrance in the side of a sinkhole behind the barn. This leads down four steps in large walking passage to a spacious "entrance room" that has evidence of rats. It would make an interesting archeological site because the flat clay floor and ease of entrance would make an excellent shelter. The room is well lit at certain times of day. The crawlway down to the left has a sidelead marked "Claybourne's crawl to Butler pit". The "pit" is a widening dropoff about 10 feet deep at the end of an extremely tight tourtuous crawl and was not surveyed. Up the ladder, the passage goes up and down, alternately walking and crawling until one gets to the "junction room" where the dig began. The dirt from the dig was dumped here. The "Big Room" is in the form of a transverse canyon, one side of which is composed entirely of flowstone. It is about three feet wide and six to ten feet high. There is airflow in the upper lead, but Garrie determined the lead to dangerous due to loose sharp rocks wedged in the ceiling of the tight crawlway.

The cave was a "for the record only" in Douglas under the name of Thompson's Cave. John Hancock, son of Sam Hancock, said that people used to keep their taters in it, and he knew it as Tater Cave.

By Jim Washington

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF CAVE PHOBIAS

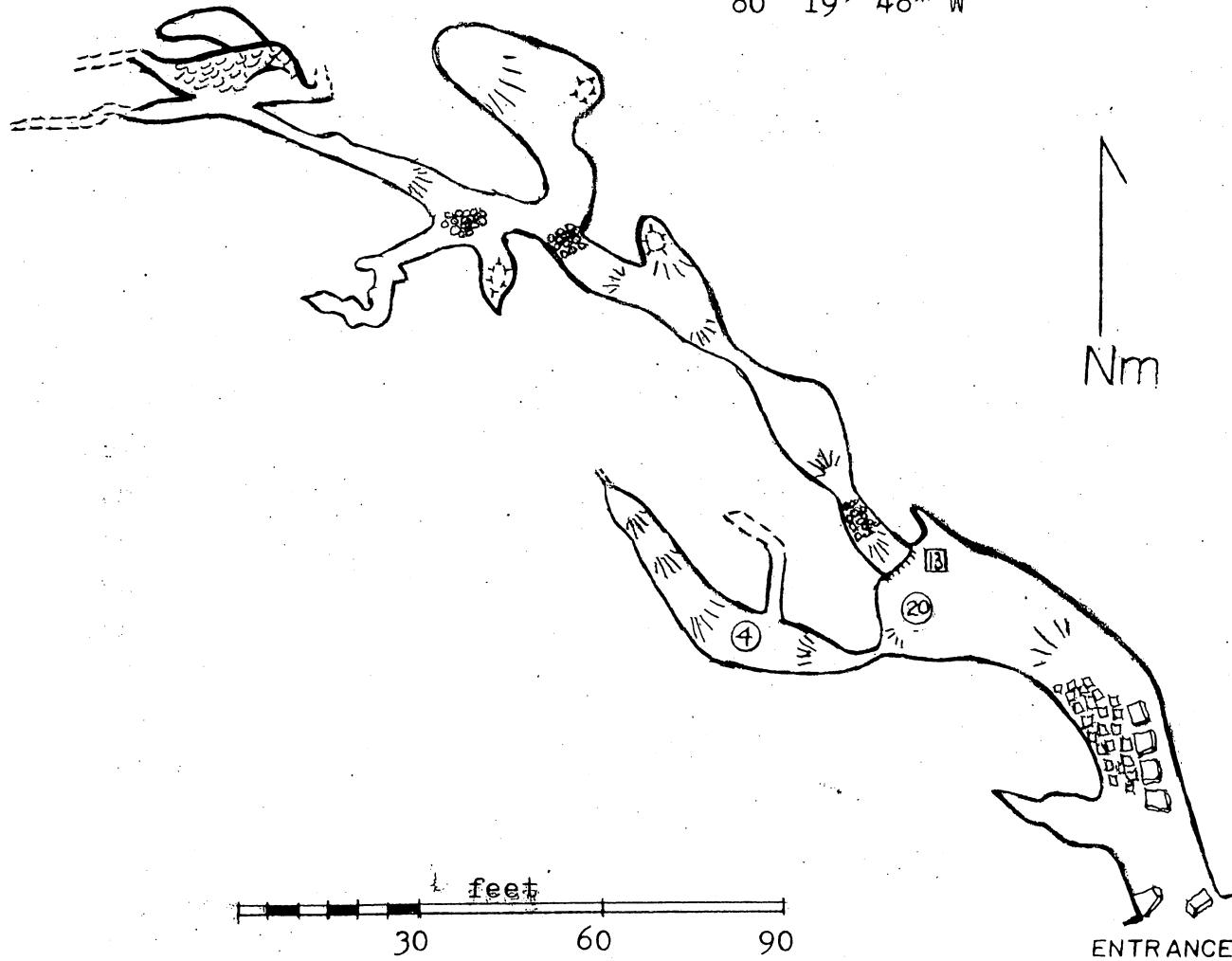


SAM HANCOCK'S CAVE

(THOMPSON'S) Montgomery Co. Virginia

37° 15' 53" N

80° 19' 48" W



Brunton, Suuntos, and tape survey by:
Philip Balister, Ed Devine, Mike Futrell, Bill Kelly,
Steve Lancaster, Al Ostrowski, Dee Ann Peterson,
Garrie Rouse, and Jim Washington

21 August, 1982 and 20 January, 1983

Total length 475'

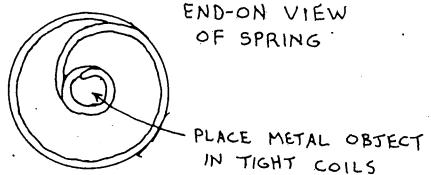
Total depth 25'

Cartography by Jim Washington for VPI Grotto, NSS, March, 1983

TKNALITE

A CAVER'S BEST FRIEND ?

Perhaps the most distinguishing feature of all commonly used spare light sources is that they never work when you need them. Disenchantment with flickering, browned-out disposable flashlights has led many cavers to purchase the "mercedes" of the mini-flashlight world - the TKNALITE. In the catalog it has everything going for it -- compact, lightweight, reusable, durable, but in the cave its fickle performance is capable of turning even the most mild-mannered caver into a ravening beast. What begins with a light rapping against one's palm usually ends with a brutal hammering against the nearest rock accompanied by much cursing and nashing of teeth. To make things worse, the little bastards are built so tough we are even denied the satisfaction of destroying one. What causes these savage attacks? Perhaps it's the fifteen dollar price tag, or the sense of helplessness and frustration as the dark closes in, or maybe it's just the stream of cold, muddy water that's slowly filling your crotch as you lay there fiddling with a stupid flashlight. Whatever the cause, the aggravation can be spared by a simple modification of the TKNALITE's weakest point; the rather tenuous contact between the base of the battery and the coil spring that runs the length of the light closing the circuit to the bulb. Performance can be improved by inserting a short machine screw, ball-bearing, or other short metal object securely into the tight coils at the end of the spring. I used an aluminum cable crimp $7/32"$ in diam. and $5/32"$ long. Whatever the object, it must fit tightly into the spring and its length must not exceed $5/32"$ or the flashlight will not close. This modification was fieldtested on one 21 hour Roppel trip and performed flawlessly. Perhaps this was not a sufficient test period to show the longterm effect of corrosion on the new contact, but one thing is for sure - it worked better than before!



Bill Koerschner

Wilburs Mopping Up

Bane's Spring

Due to a temporary but "pretty" distraction, I have not caved or climbed seriously for the last 9 months. Psycho and I did a few good bozo trips over the summer but that was that. But things change and life has its bitter moments. So once again I started to cave this fall quarter and remembered how great it is to be underground away from life's harsh realities. Winter quarter is around the corner and I promised myself and friends to push at least 120 hours underground. Hopefully this will prepare me for some hard climbing this spring.

When I last reported to y'all in the spring '83 Trog the Wilburs were doing an aid climb up Whistling Wells to check visible high leads - and we were half-way up the magnificent 195' pit. One Sunday afternoon, March 6, Eric "The Wizard" Anderson and I decided to rappel Whistling Wells beyond the first cable ladder drop. It had been done once, but not "fully" rappelled to the bottom. Eric zipped down and landed on top of our aid climb. Damn! So we started the slow process of cleaning the climb. It was a pain. The aid climb did confirm that there were no leads to be pushed. We learned many valuable lessons and had fun doing this climb. But while camming out of the pit, I noticed a horrendously tight lead, only 10' below the lip of the rappel. This squeeze had a large amount of air flow and the distant roar of a waterfall lured me through the 12' of man-eating popcorny passage. Oddly enough, it was virgin and I was stopped by a virgin pit. The lack of ropepads prevented us from the rape. With this in mind, we headed out. The next 5 hours nearly killed Eric and I. We dragged over 100 pounds of climbing gear, including 2 ropes through miserable crawls and streams that Bane's Spring is memorable for. It was such a harsh experience that Eric did not go caving with me until October.

I saw Eric's parents at a local theater and they told me, "You nearly killed our baby!" It was that trip that Eric coined his infamous phrase: "Oh nooooo...."

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Two memorable excursions that I took since then were into Bane's Spring with Mike Futrell - Psycho. One trip, March 12, was to check this newly found pit. With minimum gear - highly unWilbur like - we flashed to the cable ladder drop psyching each other with good Wilburing and contriving atrociously lewd jokes about each other. We heavily padded our 200' PMI through "Maneater Lip" and proceeded to pad 2 ledges 5' and 10' below the main lip. I was given the honor to rape this pit. It was a clean beautiful 80' drop. With 2 change of directions (total of 4) and a few batman hops. I rapped down another pitch, about a 50' footer. I looked down a difficult 10' climb and saw a survey mark, P22, the stream survey. AWSOME MAN, I just rappelled though "Topless Dome". This was a dome that noone knew how to rappel into or if it had a ceiling that was accessible from above. Topless Dome was only approachable if a bozo rappels to the stream via Whistling Wells or any pit beyond the first cable ladder drop. Psycho bebopped down and we were exited with our find. He ascended first with his newly improvised half gibbs - half prussik bozo rig. Psycho had a lot of problems climbing on this bizzar creation and swore he'd sew a proper gibbs rig. I died laughing as he struggled up the drop. His rig was such a handicap that we christened our borehole "Paraplegic Pit". We Wilbured through the crawls and exited the cave 7 hours after entering it.

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On a late Wednesday night, October 26, I was really uptight with school, work, and life in general. I needed a release. When Psycho got off work I buzzed him to see if he wanted to go to Bane's Spring tonight. He Wilburingly agreed. Psycho and I had been plotting to rape the clatter pit for some time. Two weeks earlier a strong party of 7 attempted it but failed. The Clatter Pit was the last virgin

drop in the cave after Win and some of the Skyduskites did the waterfall pit in April. The high risk of rockfall, lack of natural anchors, and generally manky limestone (for bolts) foiled all previous attempts, until now: It's Wilbur Time. Many caveclubbers called it a death pit.....

After listening for two hours to Mrs. Bane's boasting about her son Joey's casanova appeal and then hearing Joey confirming his stud abilities, they graciously allowed us to enter their cave at 10 PM! Very nice people indeed.

It was a cold and windy night, and my spine shivered as I remembered those outrageous midwinter 24-hr cave trips; coming out in subzero temperatures, wind howling, and totally exhausted. The $\frac{1}{2}$ hr walk down the mountain froze our mud-caked clothes to an ironing board. And the ride home was shear agony. Back then my '68 Ford dubbed "The Deathmobile" had no heat. But no more!! Tonight I just put my 1983 Subaru stationwagon in 4WD, and drove up to the entrance in total warmth, comfort, and luxury; jamming out to British new music over my \$500 sound system. Ahh Life.....

Between the two of us we had 110 pounds of gear (no guess, we weighed it all). We had a full climbing rack, 2 cam rigs, a flashy Petzl bolt kit, a new 220' PMI, many rocepads, and everything else in this world except a jetpack to get us down the bloody pit. We wilbured and bitched our way to the pit in about 4 hours. Psycho was really hurting tonight; he had those monstrous rocepads that we surely needed.

Once there, we settled down for a early morning snack. We had imported swiss cheeze; hand-wrapped them in ham, turkey, and beef; chocolate candies; hot coco brewed with heat tablets; and more chocolate candies. Yes, we relax and cave in style these days. Looking back, it still amazes me how much Psycho eates, and it's all chocolate!

After our munch, we kicked down several tons of rock to make the first descent more pleasant. I noticed an obscure ceiling jug and after some cleaning and padding we rigged the PMI. We looked for a backup anchor and we also

needed a change of direction to make our rappel hassle-free. Psycho found a horizontal crack on the opposite wall and plugged in a #3 and a #4 Friend (mechanical chocks for climbing). He then tied a butterfly in the PMI and equalized the tension between the three rig points. A beautiful rig job for sure. We have total confidence in Friends after taking a few 20' screamers onto them while rock climbing this summer.

It was late morning now, and my body craved for my queen size bed. Knowing that I was going to rape the the pit first, I started to feel wimpy all of a sudden. Seeing my deteriorating mental attitude, Psycho proceeded to say some very nasty and distasteful things about moi and my sex life, which he envied. (*this editor was threatened about leaving that envied part in*) Thus we initiated a 15 minute ass-kicking wilburing session that had us jumping up and down and getting wild as hell; cracking jokes about every bozo caver we knew. I was now ready!

Keeping one eye on a car size boulder defying gravity and the other for the bottom, I rappelled down a fantastic 70' borehole. I took one change of direction over some razor sharp edges and went down another 90' to the bottom. An awesome, truly awesome pit for sure. After tucking myself away from the rockfall zone Psycho orgasmed his way down this fine pit. Taking note of a survey marker, we cammed up the pit thanking PMI for its superb abrasion resistance as we went past those razor edges. We did notice one small side lead on the other side of the pit, probably coneting to Paraplegic Pit. Ohh nooo, a return trip.....

Beating all the odds, we were in a "rush". So we wilbured out of the cave forgetting the agony of carrying all the gear for a short while. We popped out around noon to a glorious warm day, blue skies, and BEERS!

As I sit here writing this article, Bane's Spring still beckons us. We have to do some unfinished surveying, push the back to the limit, connect several pits by bolting a traverse, and check out the dome complex in the older section I just recently heard about. What makes my nads shrink is the thought of dragging my 2 precious Nikons (both with 28mm Nikor lenses)

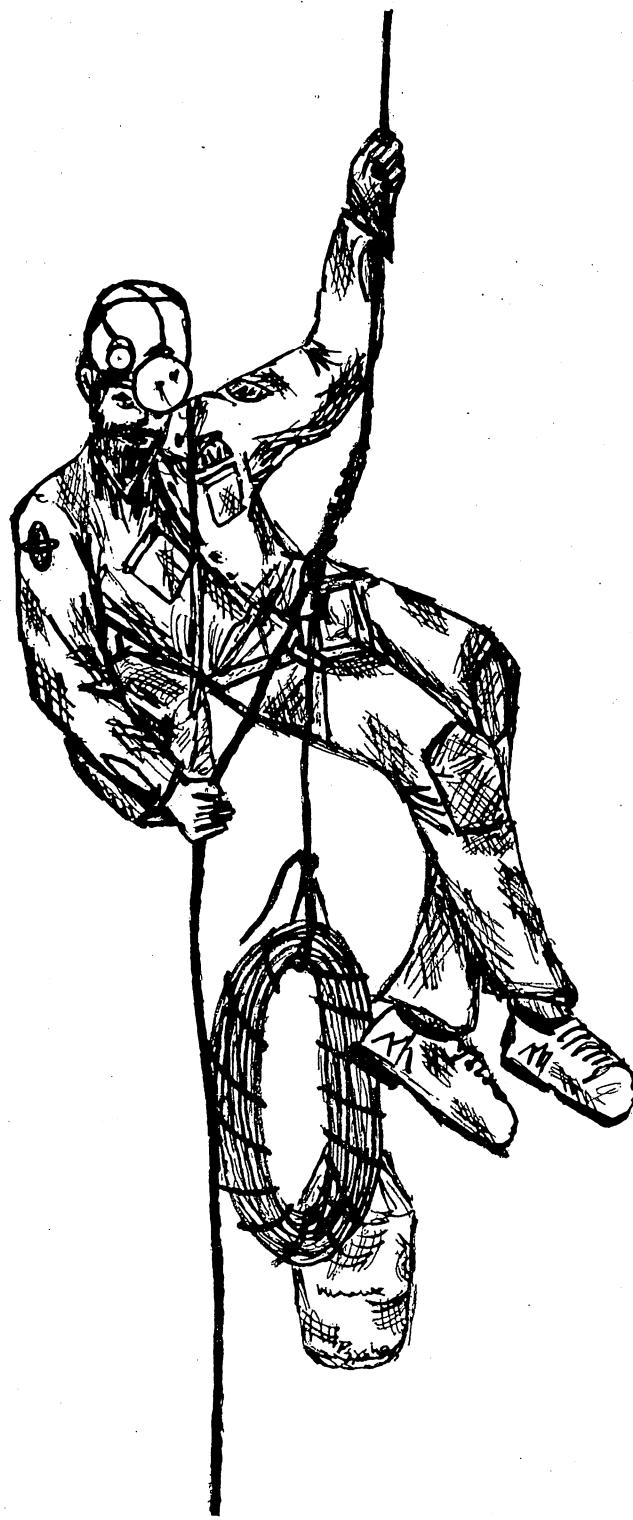
into the cave and shooting all those magnificent pits.

But just think. (the best part of caving) some night next quarter the Wilburs will be raising hell at Psycho's place, drinking, partying, listening to tunes, and kicked back on the sofa watching my slides of this bastard cave called Bane's Spring. It's the life, Ehh.....

The Torch

VPI 232

NSS 2399



"you ain't caving unless
you got ropes"

Wilbur

ALL'S WELL THAT'S TAZWELL

"Tazwell?? why no one's been there in over ten years" I heard an old timer say as others of his vintage raised their eyebrows and cocked their ears towards the podium. Yes, Jack and I had done the unspeakable. We had driven more than one hour to go caving and, what's more, had gone to Tazwell - that county where all landowners shoot on sight. But we were spurred by a little area on a 1912 30' quad called Sinking Waters. I pointed it out to Jack amid the many unfolded topo maps. He quickly scanned Douglas and Holsinger - "Nothing" was his reply. So on October 11th, 1983 we headed out 460 armed with maps, files, books, ropes, wet-suits, a week's supply of cheese sandwiches and a twelve pack of Weedies. Within half an hour we had passed the Rich Creek turnoff and found ourselves in new territory. Turning north off 460, we decided to take a backroad through McGuire Valley on our way to our destination. It was not long before we encountered a very "interesting" sink and so we began to look for the nearest landowner. I approached two likely prospects who were standing in a driveway nearby and gave them my standard line about how we were organized speleologists from Virginia Polytechnic Institute conducting a survey of area caves (blah, blah, blah ...)

-You all like to go caving??

-Well, yes.

-You know, I love to cave only problem is I can't find anyone to go with me. Say, would you take me with you some time?

-Well, uh...

-Buddy, you know what? There are caves all through this area. Why your standing on one right now.

-Jack...turn the car off and come here.

And so we were introduced to Roger, a local who would have us bounced all over McGuire Valley, Sinking Waters, Pounding Mill, the Sinks and then some before the year was out. The person Roger had been talking with was Kenny and he had actually been down in some of these "holes". He told us of one up the valley which had a very tight crack for an entrance but then opened up and came to a drop off whereupon you could hear a "river" flowing down below. Roger knew where he was talking about and so Jack, Roger and I headed off. Unfortunately, the landowner said that he did not know what

we were talking about. With a little prodding, though, he admitted to there being such an entrance behind his house but that it was "nothing we would want to get into". (Ie. he "preferred" that we did not go in) So off we went again, furthur down the valley, to a place called Cave Hollow. The landowner, Mr. Kender, was in his 50's and full of cheer (the bottled kind). He told us to go right ahead but I thought we had better take a look before getting suited up. Approaching the bluff Jack and I looked in amazement as we felt a blast of cold air come streaming from the entrance. Well that decided it and in no time we found ourselves chimneying in a narrow phreatic passage which ended after about 200 feet. Making our way out of the cave Roger noted a slot in the floor about 40 feet from the entrance. We just happened to have a 70 foot piece of rope with us and there just happened to be a perfect jughandle directly above the widest part of the crack. I was the only one with vertical gear and so had the honors of going down. The fissure soon opened up into a medium-sized canyon with a drop of about 45 feet. Derigging, I proceeded down the passage. It got smaller at first but then opened up into a large canyon about 15-20 feet wide and 40-50 feet high.. A good sized stream came down the passage toward me and made a jog to my right into what looked like a large siphon. Upstream the canyon continued with no hint of ending soon. Having seen that it went I returned to the bottom of the drop.

-Jack.

-Yeah.

-It goes. Big time!!

Exiting the cave we found four other locals waiting for us with Mr. Kender (word apparently spreads fast in those parts). Kender's mother (80+ ?) kept telling us of an entrance across the road that she used to visit when she was a girl. So Jack, Roger, the four other locals and myself spread out over the hillside but searched to no avail. We all then headed down to the Clinch River to check out a couple of rat holes, one of which went back a couple hundred feet whereupon several of our group proceeded to get their attitudes adjusted.

Exchanging addresses, we thanked the whole bunch of them and hopped back on 460 headed east. On the way back I asked Jack if there any caves reported in the areas we had been that day. "Nothing at all" was the reply. "Reckon there's no caves out there then....."

Who's Been Mapping?

For those of you interested in mapping projects, here is a list of the mapping that has gone on in fall quarter. Talk to any of these people, they would be glad to have you on a mapping trip. Also consult the mapping committee - Joe Zokaites and Lawrence Britt.

9/29	Paul Penley's	Ed Divine, Joe Zokaites, Chris Wevch, Miles Drake 800' virgin above Didly Dome. 27 hrs.
10/1	Newberry's	Carol Zokaites, Hugh Beard, Meg Mayer, 10½ hrs.
10/1	Lynn Hollow	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson, Eric Anderson 400' mapped. 4½ hrs.
10/8	Lynn Hollow	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson, Jack Kehoe 700' mapped. 6 hrs.
10/22	Lynn Hollow	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson, Jim Washington 300' mapped. 7 hrs.
10/27	Barker's Cave	Garrie Rouse, Mark Honosky 200' mapped. 3½ hrs.
11/5	Newberry's	Jerry Redder, Mark Honosky, Linda Oxenrider, Don Boose 250' mapped. 12 hrs.
11/12	Lynn Hollow	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson, Jim Washington 300' mapped. 8 hrs.
11/20	Cave Hollow	Garrie Rouse, Jack Kehoe, Roger Keen 1000+ virgin mapped. 10½ hrs.
11/20	Spring Hollow	Frank Gibson, MikeFutrell, Eric Anderson, Lawrence Britt, Bill Shipman, Steve Conner 550' mapped. 14 hrs.
11/19	Paul Penley's	Ed Divine, Joe Zokaites, Linda Baker, Hillary Minich 500' virgin mapped. 24 hrs.
12/4	Starnes	Lawrence Britt, John Lohner, Richard Cobb, Todd Ford Mop-up trip
12/11	Arrett Mill Railroad Tunnel	Walt Pirie, Janet Queisser, Ken Bonenberger ?

In addition to these there are many other caves that need to be mapped. Keep up the good mapping!

Spring Hollow Reveals Another Secret

CH.1 This Awsome ASA 25 Film
Cast: Frank, Mike, John

"Eh Wilbur. Wanna go to Spring Hollow and do a photo trip?"

"Uh..Well..."

"Look, I got this new film, it's ASA 25. We gotta redo that carrot shot. The quality is so much better."

"Well... as long as we go out to the end of Cave Rat."

"Yeh yeh I wanna check that lead; I know I got more balls than those guys."

"We need some bozo to go with us."

"John says he wants to go. He's been chasing Yellowstone women to long and needs to go caving."

"Alright, I gotta get back to work here so catch up with me sometime Saturday."

So the plans for the weekend were made. We aimed for a real early start, like 6 AM, and were at the landowners around 11:30. This delay is typical of all Wilbur trips. We drove up the feild about halfway to the cave and rolled out jamming to Thomas Dolby and The Eurythmics. It was a beautiful 70° blue sky day. The sun was full and not a cloud in sight. Suddenly John stops bouncing and says, "Shit man, what are we going caving for? I think we should break open the beers, lay back and catch a tan." "Sheeeyut, I want to go caving." says I, fighting to get into my wet suit.

Frank, who's been over by the car playing with his buddys Nikon, comes over with, "Eh man, look what I brought." He tosses his earthbag, custom made by hippies in Montana, over to John. So for the next 20 minutes we're wrapped up in a game of hackysack to the wave tunes blaring off the stereo. By and by we decide we ain't never gonna be no good. Wilbur gets the cameras and we pose in wetsuits as a Devo tune comes on. Then Wilbur does a Bluewater rope comercial while saying, "Wait till

all the girls see this one.", as I snap off the shots.

"Well I can't think of much else to do. Looks like we're gonna hafta go caving." So we bebop on in the cave and down to the cable ladder where we decide that it's not wet enough to warrant wetsuits. As we're pulling them off Wilbur gets off a disgustingly gross joke which he has obviously been saving up. Then he sits down and says, "Oh, I don't rig no more on sport trips." "And I'm tired of doing all his rigging. Here John." says I, and I take a saet on the other side of the drop. John does a threehanded doublefisted whatknot, backs it off here and there, and looks up. It looks bomb proof to us, so we go on down taking pictures and sleeze through the filter. On the way to the formation room I match Wilbur's gross joke. We take numerous awsome shots during the next several hours. Then we head further into the cave and exiriment with some 'caver siloeted in a canyon' photos. All the while we're getting off on the bizzar light shows. "Awsome...Awsome...Wow" is the extent of our vocabulary. "Here Wilbur, you do the flash and let me watch. Wow, I can still see it. It's like glowing. Awsome like your on drugs or something."

We leave the photo gear at the begining of cave rat passage and start crawling in the small stream. The beers were begining to whisper, "Drink me...drink me..." We cruise on out to the end and proceed to get lost. So here we are, lost in a straight passage. Wilbur says, "This hasta be the end the Koerschner lead must be around here somewhere." So each of us picks a hole and starts ratting around trying to follow the wind. I'm up a breakdown choke pulling out rocks where my breath is being sucked up a hole. Frank is pushing another breakdown pile. John leaves his pack behind (remember this, it's the key to finding virgin passage) and squeezes through a rock and a hard place. "Eh john, what's it look like?"

"I think it pinches out."

"Well push it."

A couple minutes later Frank calls, "Wilbur, think we should follow John?"

"I don't know, hold on." "Hey John, what's it doing?"

"Looks like it opens up."

"Is she squeeling?"

"Yes, come on." The beers had shut up.

Us two Wilburs follow in, we crawl for a little ways and come into the bottom of a 60' or 70' dome. John is standing there, "Eyoooooooooooo...Awsome...Eyoooooooooo." Frank gazes around, "Fuckin' A man, we gotta name this Wilbur dome." I look at John and say, "Eyooooooooo.. good job, we might even promote you to a Wilbur." We spent a couple of hours exploring around. Another dome of equal height was found after a couple hard climbs. We named this Pinicle Dome and made some bad jokes about some of the wimpyer members of the club. We were able to climb up to the top of the breakdown and mud fill between the two domes to discover a phreatic passage going across the top of the domes. This was THE LEAD. Bolt climb next time. It's Miller time! We named the begining of the passage we found Secret Gate due to its appearance, and cruised on out.

CH.2 Four Boys in a Room Looking for a Way Out

Wilburs: Frank "The Torch" Gibson

Mike "Psycho" Futrell

Eric "The Wizard" Anderson

John "Now a Wilbur" Burcham

Frank drops by my place of work.

"Eh man, how about if I come by your place tonight for a slide show. I just got them back."

"Sure. How'd they come out?"

"Oh God...Awsome. They all came out even better than I expected. Chip Clark is gonna see these and go hide his camera. Eric is going to go with us this time. We'll bolt up that dome and see what happens."

"Win got me the map of cave rat from Koerschner. (Thanks Bill) I'll show it to you tonight. Oh nooooo.... we're going to have too much gear next weekend."

"Ha Ha Ha Wilburs don't need sherpas. You don't get nothing done if you gotta worry about a bunch of sherpas. See you later. Don't work too hard."

Frank also brought me an awsome 8 x 12 print of the formation

room, which I framed. This would be a gift to the landowners..

Sunday morning we arrived at the landowners' house and were greeted by a dozen dogs and about 9 million cats. We surprised them with the photograph and chatted a while. Then we headed on up to the cave with the usual tunes, hackysack, and goofing around. Then Wilbur started getting his gear together. I stuffed my gear into some packs. Wilburs 3 & 4 got their gear in order. We had bulging packs everywhere and there was still a rack of climbing gear, and a Bluewater to stuff somewhere.

"I got the climbing rope and ropepads, I ain't gonna carry it."

"I've got a set of Friends, and the bolt kit; you carry it."

"I've got a set of Friends, pitons, skyhooks, shovel, etries, and a half mile of sling."

"Oh noooooo..... Eric gets more gear."

I swear the pack Eric had could have easily held a full size keg of beer. Mayby it did..... We had an absolutely miserable trip going back to the domes. If we wern't cussing, belching, bitching, or farting (mind you, all necessities for a hard trip) we were making jokes about appropriate cave clubbers. We did find something good to say about one of the trainees: chee wong dow fushe samuri caver yo kamo butchemoso. We'll have to bring him next time.

Frank and John worked on the bolt climb while Eric and I pushed leads at the bottom of the dome. I spent about an hour on a dig down a 10' chimney. I exhaled and squeezed onward only to feel the ceiling alternatly crush and release my chest. Back up, dig, push. Ah through. I turned around and dug out some more so Eric could come through easier. We did a contorting 's'bend, crawled a little, and wow, we're back in cave rat, SHIT. They missed twice. We had been hearing this tink tink tink through the walls all along so we went back to see how the bolt climb was coming. They were alternating a couple bolts each and were almost up. I took Eric over and showed him Pinicle Dome.. We then climbed up and got a birds eye view of Wilbur on the wall. I got out a pencil and pad and sketched the climb. We then fired up the stoves and made dinner. Frank by now had used a few friends, set the last bolt, and says, "I think

it can be freed the last 10 feet. Looks hairy though. Hey let's get Eric, yea he'll climb anything." So Eric goes up, flashes the climb and calls down, "Hey Frank, it's really easy I'll rig the rope so you can cam up." "Fuck you.", was the response. Frank cammed up and he and Eric went off to explore the passage. "One hour max, you hear, sign in time is getting close." I was starting to get worried about time, especially since I had to be at work in a few hours. John and I bagged out after killing the rest of the food. I promptly fell asleep and proceeded to set my shirt on fire. I woke up coughing with my bag full of black smoke. Finally they came back, rapped down off a not so bomber rig, and we proceeded to exit. Leaving everything behind except for the bare essentials we were able to reach the entrance in record time. After 17 hours we were all ragged so we cranked the tunes, followed the sunrise to Blacksburg and I went to work.

CH.3 Hopelessly Hopefull

Cavers: Torch, Psycho, Wizard, Stymie,
Billy the Kid, Sir Lawrence

Frank drove his Subaru up to the entrance as Lawrence tried to follow in his 'Black Lemon', he had to stop down the field a little ways. We went through the ritual of goofing off and jamming to tunes. "Wow, we got some of the best cavers in the club here." They were anxious to get going so in we go. Stymie and Wild Bill wern't accustomed to peculiar subjects of the jokes which we try to gross each other out with. There was the usual fart contest going in, and the leader was winning. "Wilbur (cough) let me (gasp) lead (choke, gasp)" Wild Bill was hanging back to avoid suffocation in cave rat, however, we all made it there. Just before Secret Gate we split up. Stymie, Lawrence, and Bill would start surveying while the rest of us would go ahead and do the climb.

I was going to etrie up the bolt climb so Eric pushed some leads and bagged out. I rigged in and Frank set up to belay. I went through the process of clipping in bolts, beaners, and etries; clipping and stepping. "Wow...this is awsome." I went up about 25' to where a crack started. The next bolt was 10' up

and back on the right. I would have to reach this bolt by using Friends in a muddy flaring crack. I reached up and got a placement with a #3. I clipped in my right etrie and eased my weight on it. It looked good so I put my full weight on it and proceeded to bounce. The Friend hadn't moved. Bomber. I reached down to my left ankle at the bolt and pulled the rope through and clipped it into the Friend. I then transferred over and WHOOOOSH THWANG. Frank woke with a jerk, "Wow Wilbur that was AWSOME." I was about to die laughing. I was suspended right in front of Frank 25' below my previous position. "It was like Disney World. Wow that was fun." I laughed. After regaining my composure I went back up using one etrie as my left one was still up the climb. This time I put in three Friends. They would all have to pop to throw me down again. Nearly burned out I reached the upper bolt and did the freaky climb using the rappel rope from the previous trip as a hand line. I rigged a fixed rope for the survey crew, rapped down, and broke into the food. The surveyors came in, munched, and continued the survey up the dome.

The lead at the top of Pinicle Dome had to be done now. So us three Wilburs go over to Pinicle. I fire some hot chocolate and..... hushshsh The Wizard is preparing to climb. He does a Friendly killer rack, ties on the bolt kit. A silence goes through the room. He pretends to chalk up, "Yea" softly utters from his lips. His eyes flash red as he smoothly ascends with a caress of stone. At about 20' me and Frank are starting to get worried, "Eh eh eh better put in a peice."

"Yea... maybe in the next ten feet I can find a placement." and he climbs on. Frank and I are getting off big time. This guy is totally insane. I'm glad Frank is belaying and not me. The Wizard plugs a #1½ Friend to calm our fears and goes to the top. We are awstruck. He sets a bolt and does a 6' wide chimney in the top of the dome, directly overhead of us. The word exposure is not in his vocabulary.

What does a real caver do when he doesn't have toilet paper? he uses a rock.

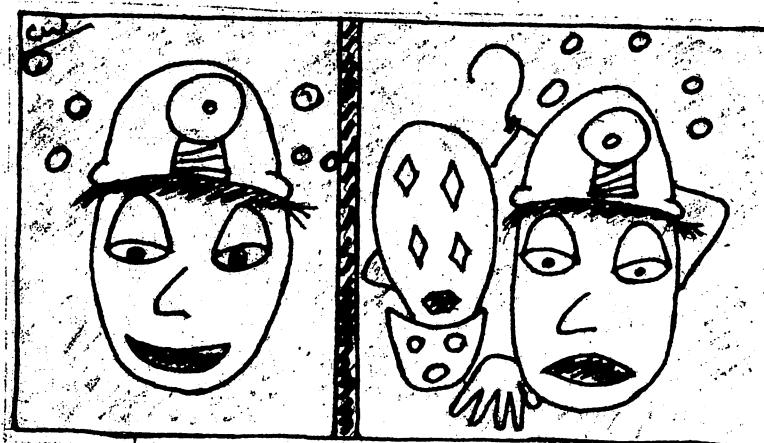
Eric rigs the rope and I follow with a gibbs safty, cheating

cheating handholds off the rope. Eric and I explored the passage. It went about 100' and hootered out big time in breakdown and billions of spiders and crickets. We were bummed out so we rapped down and packed in the gear. Once back in Wilbur Dome we finished off the food as the survey crew returned and loaded the gear on the pack mules. I don't know who had it the worst but nobody had it the best. We were all hurting with gear. With a deflated spirit we dragged ourselves out, the leads killed for now.....but the there is a dig.....Oh noooooo.....

Mike Futrell

"Let's do some hard caving"

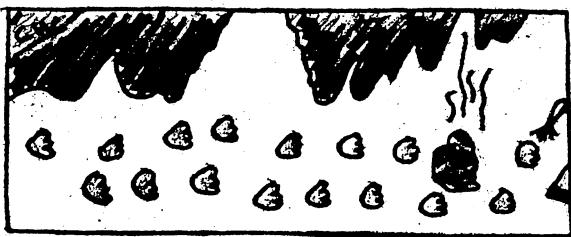
Wilbur



I would have had a great time at the party... If only I could have gotten out of this @%\$# coat hanger.



Lots of women have that reaction when they see the stalagmite organ.



Elephant trax

The difference

2
00

It has come to my attention that many people who don't cave and are not familiar with cavers and their ways don't understand caving jargon. For instance, when one mentions that he is a caver they say, "Oh you mean a spelunker." To which you reply, "No, a caver" and then try to explain the difference. This article is written to give some guidelines on explaining the difference between Cavers, Nerd Cavers, and Spelunkers. I suggest that each of you make copies of this to pass out to all of your noncaving friends in order to educate them on this important subject.

	CAVER	NERD CAVER	SPELUNKER
Light Sorce	carbide lantern wheat lamp	cigarette lighter flashlight with two year old batterys	plastic Justrite 6v lantern
Pack	Lost Creek WWII gas mask pack Wilderness Experience	6 pack cigarette pack	Eagle Express pockets Swiss army
Footwear	combat boots hiking boots army issue wool socks	sneakers flip flops barefoot	hiking boots high top sneakers
Headgear	MSA JB Petzl	bong, roach clip leetle bity spoon	baseball cap bandana
Clothes	Denim jacket & jeans, wool, polypro	pink & lime button downs, alligators, shorts, white sweat shirts	sweat shirt, windbreaker, jeans
Food	lunch meat, gorp, cheeze, peporoni, sandwiches, candy	beer, pot, little colored pills	they don't eat underground
Ropes	PMI, Bluewater, Goldline, Edelweiss	whatever they find in the garage	they don't use ropes
Reasons for Caving	map, explore, photo- graph, teach, find people to drink with	break formations get drunk get lost get rescued	try to imitate real cavers

Reasons for Drinking	find people to cave with	they don't know any better	they don't drink
Idea of a Good Cave	Skydusky, Sam Hancock's, Friars Hole Organ, Roppel, Sistema Huautla	anywhere the police can't find	New River, Tawney's
Attitude Towards Women	respect, fear	brought along only for recreational purposes	women don't belong in a cave
Estimation and Descriptions	within 10% accuracy	all the way to the Cascades, comes out in Mommoth	I don't know, we didn't get very far
Time to Start a Trip	a couple hours later than planned	when blood alcohol reaches .10	promptly at 8:00 AM Saturday morning
Sign Outs	cave, full names, ETA	to the cashier at Radford Bros. as they pay for beer, "We're going caving"	tell someone over at the CSSB Foundation that we went spelunking
Organizations to Which They Belong	NSS, Any NSS Grotto not recently formed. VPI, BRG, ELMT, PSC, EVKC	Phi Zappa Krappa Ahpa Goppa Goo Eata Beta Thy	spelio buddies CSSBF

Due to space the Speliopolitition is not represented here; besides they don't go underground anyway.

By Bill Kelly



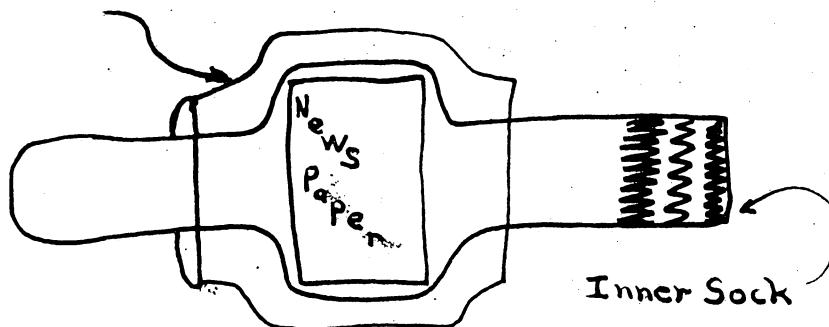
BUDGET KNEEPADS

If you need knee pads but don't want to spend any money, you should try my all new trainee-scum partially disposable kneepads. Items needed to make these kneepads are 2 pairs of old tube socks, 4 sheets of newspaper, and 2 40" pieces of string. The first thing to do is to take 2 sheets of the newspaper and keep folding it in half until you get a rectangle about 3"x5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Now take this rectangle and put it in the center of a tube sock with the long side vertical. Take another sock and cut the toe off. Slide this tube over the newspaper bulge in the first sock so that it rests loose. Grasp both ends of the inner sock and pull tight. Tie these ends behind your knee. Next take one of the pieces of string and tie it tight around the pad. Make sure the knot is tied behind your knee or you will have a hard time untieing it because of the inevitable mud. These kneepads will work even if they get soaking wet because the sock will hold the paper together. The only major problem with this pad is that they will fall down (like all pads) if you don't pull them up from time to time. If you go on a trip and get the pads soaking wet or muddy, all you have to do is throw away the newspaper and wash the socks. The outer sock will last several trips (depending on your style of caving) before any major holes appear. When this happens just turn the sock around so that the holes face your knee.

Designed and written by,

Koji Hirota

Outer Sock



TWO CAVERS ON EL CAP

Last summer several caver-climbers went out to Yosemite to enjoy the laid back Camp 4 lifestyle. Bob Carts, Blaise Berry, and Mike Artz of the J.M.U. Cave Club were all there. And Drew Bedford, wildman, new wave rock climbing maniac was there too.

After the others left the valley, Mike Artz and I were the only ones left. We had been hoping to climb the Nose of El Capitan and now was our chance. We spent a day packing our nearly wasted haul sack with $4\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of water, 2 ropes, a killer rack, food, sleeping bags, and a quart of wine. We thumbed down to the base of the Nose. "Uh oh", we said. There were two Americans just now rappelling down after fixing a few pitches. And looking up we could see the 5 Austrians who were also on the route. After bumming out a while, Mike and I went and looked at the Salathé route. No one was on it. We started fixing pitches.

While climbing the first pitch, Mike noticed that we needed the big hexes. Searching through our haul bag, named The Bitch, I found no hexes. We had spaced out and left them with our other gear - stashed in a small cave four miles away. Chingada! In the remaining twilight we started hiking back to our cave. Hitchhiking at night, we get no rides. After an hour we arrived at the Village Store and bought an Olympian dinner - a six pack of Budweiser and a half pound of Dorritos.

It was getting late by the time we got to our cave. Instead of returning to El Cap, we spent a miserable night without sleeping bags in Mike's dome tent.

As soon as there was a hint of light we were up and going. Luck was with us that morning. We borrowed a camera from an Englishman named Graham. Our luck continued as some climbers gave us a ride to El Cap.

We jumared the fixed ropes. I tried to haul the haul bag but it was a big bitch. That day was almost entirely free climbing. Mike and I led several 5.10s. I ran into some trouble on some 5.10 face climbing. I climbed strait up for a while then put in a nut and pendulumed. As usual hauling was more strenuous than climbing. Our last pitch of the day was climbing around the "Half Dollar", a giant granite coin chimney. There was a nice bivouac on the Half Dollar. The view was very nice. Mike and I started to think twice about the climb. It was a long way up and a long way down. Could two cavers really pull it off?

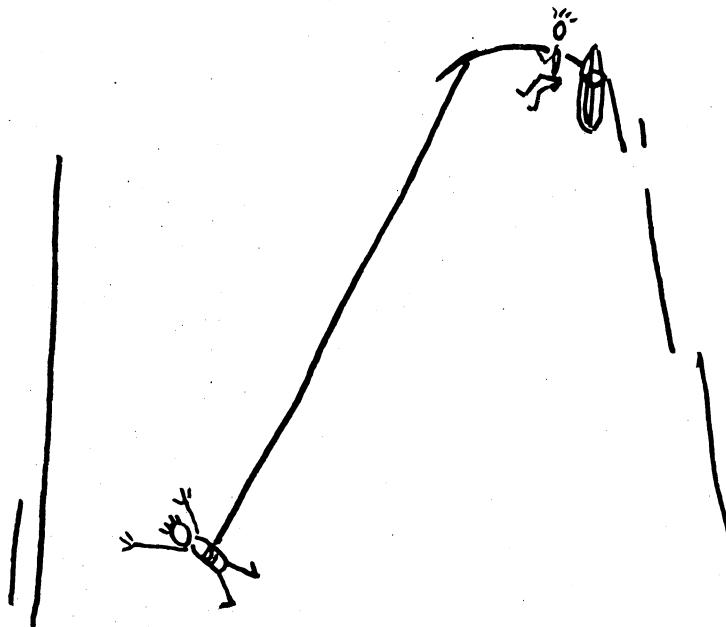
In the morning we continued going up. Two easy pitches led to Mamoth Terraces. Then we did the committing 150' rappell that was part of the route. I led up a wierd zig zagging crack with a pendulum. The rope drag just about killed me. Then hauling the Bitch really got my goat. But that was nothing compared with Mike's next lead. It was the cursed off-width hollow flake. After penduluming into the crack, Mike had only one piece of protection for about 100 feet. A fall would have given Mike a lot of air time. Right as he finished the climb, it started to rain. I jumared the pendulum and cleaned the crack. It was very easy to clean - there were no pieces. We spent the next night here on top of the Hollow Flake.

The next day, August 31st was my 21st birthday. We climbed up 8 pitches to El Cap Spire, the best bivouac ledge of the climb. It was very airy up there. To celebrate my 21st time around the sun we drank the quart

of wine, smoked a few spleefs that Mike had brought along, then we lit a candle and watched the car lights below us.

The fourth day was the hardest. We climbed thirteen pitches that day. We had fixed the first pitch the day before. Four consecutive 5.10 pitches followed.

I led a funky aid pitch that ended with poor anchors. As I placed a piton, the crack widened. To my shock, the chock that was holding my weight pouned out and sent me into the air. I went back up and placed 5 anchors. Mike jumared up then lowered me for a wild pendulum. After four or five tries at the 30 foot swing, I managed to grab the crack with my finger tips.



I climbed up a little ways, set several friends, then Mike did the highly technical clean up. The hauling was finally getting easier as the wall was steepening and our water supply was dwindling.

The next pitch was an A3 aid climb. The second piece I put in was a hair too small. When I loaded the chock it sucked through the crack and I went sailing down 15 feet before the rope caught me. I landed right in Mike's lap. It was very strange to fall without expecting it. I saw the granite wall turn into a blur, then I was face to face with Mike. I went back up. Fortunately there were no more falls on this climb.

The following pitch was a mind blowing roof. It had 3000 feet of space below. Turning back now was out of the question.

As evening approached we found ourselves on the 95 degree (overhanging) headwall. We were weary but we had to keep climbing to get to a ledge. After two pitches it was pitch dark. I put on the headlamp that we had brought along. I was a mindless climbing machine. Put in the piece. Test it. step up on it, clip the rope to it, then repeat - as quickly as possible. Another chock popped out and sent me sailing into the darkness. It was just like climbing in a cave. I'm glad it was dark because of the 3000' of overhanging exposure. But the darkness became a problem when my *#&**% headlamp burned completely out. We took a break. Should we give up and sit in slings all night? No! I went back to work, not knowing if "Long Ledge" was 10 feet up or 100 feet up.

I placed a piton. Its hearty metallic ring told me that it was solid. Stepping up, I found that two fixed pitons followed. Progress. Above I could see a tiny ledge. Mike and I could take turns sitting on it all night I thought. I did some easy free climbing in the dark to find that the ledge extended on. It was big! It was our bivouac! I yelled the good news down

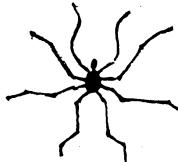
to Mike. I was reaching the edge of endurance now - the two climbing ropes tangled my legs and the gargantuous rack of chocks and pitons tangled up my arms. It was the 13th pitch; 14 would have cracked me. I placed 5 big pieces by feel for Mike's anchor, then with my last strength I hauled up the Bitch. After clipping in, we snuggled into our sleeping bags and collapsed. It was a fast, deep sleep. We woke up to beautiful sunshine.

The highlight of the trip was when Mike and I threw some shit bags down. My bag took a long time to get down. It fluttered down, growing smaller and smaller until it was only a speck. We saw it land on Hollow Flake ledge where we had slept two nights earlier.

We climbed the remaining four mellow pitches to the top. We wanted off. From the top it was a grueling hike down to the valley floor. It was finally over! We rested a few days after all that. I should say I rested a few days. Mike only rested one day before resuming his amazing 5.11 free climbing. I was busy smoking dope and playing guitar under the pine trees.

Would I do it again? I think so. Next summer we'll have a haul bag that won't wear out, more Friends, and porta-ledges!

Stay High --- Eric Anderson



From the Sign-out Sheets ...

From the dates 9/24 to 12/11 the club has visited 29 different caves accumulating 2208.5 man-hours underground. This once again probably makes us the most active caving organization in the U.S. Following are some statistics compiled from the sign-out sheets.

Total man-hours	2208.5
Number of trips	80
Avg. man-hrs. per trip	27.6
Avg. number of trips per week (12 weeks)	6.66
Avg. man-hrs. per week	184

And now for those highly inflateable egos who like to see their names in print: THE FALL '83 TOP TEN (hrs underground)

Mike Futrell	110	Eric Anderson	54
Frank Gibson	81.5	Philip Balister	53
Joe Zohaites	74	Steve Conner	51
Garrie Rouse	73.5	Ed Devine	51
Lawrence Britt	55	Suzanne Danielson	50.5

TOP TRAINEE Koji Hirota 50 (11th overall) Proving that one can easily log the 40 hrs required for membership in one quarter.

In the 'avoid that same old cave' catagory for visiting the most different caves we have Garrie Rouse with 10 caves.

"Comment, Gotta think of a good comment" Ever wonder why you think up a good comment? I didn't think so. Because good comments get printed below.

9/24 Millers Cove	Steve Conner, Ann Marie Little, Hugh Beard	There's no telling who might come up and kill you and your family
10/1 Bane's Spring	Steve Conner, Ray Hogwood, Philip Balister, Jim Washington, Koji Hirota, Jean Hartman, Paul Mayer	The Earth Moved
10/8 Windy Mouth	Mark Honosky, Dave Jett, Dave Wolfe, Barry Fizer	SHIT Rag, Rag, Rag, Boy were we ragged
10/9 Keen's Cave	Garrie Rouse, Jack Kehoe, & 5 locals	unrecorded, RAT HOLE

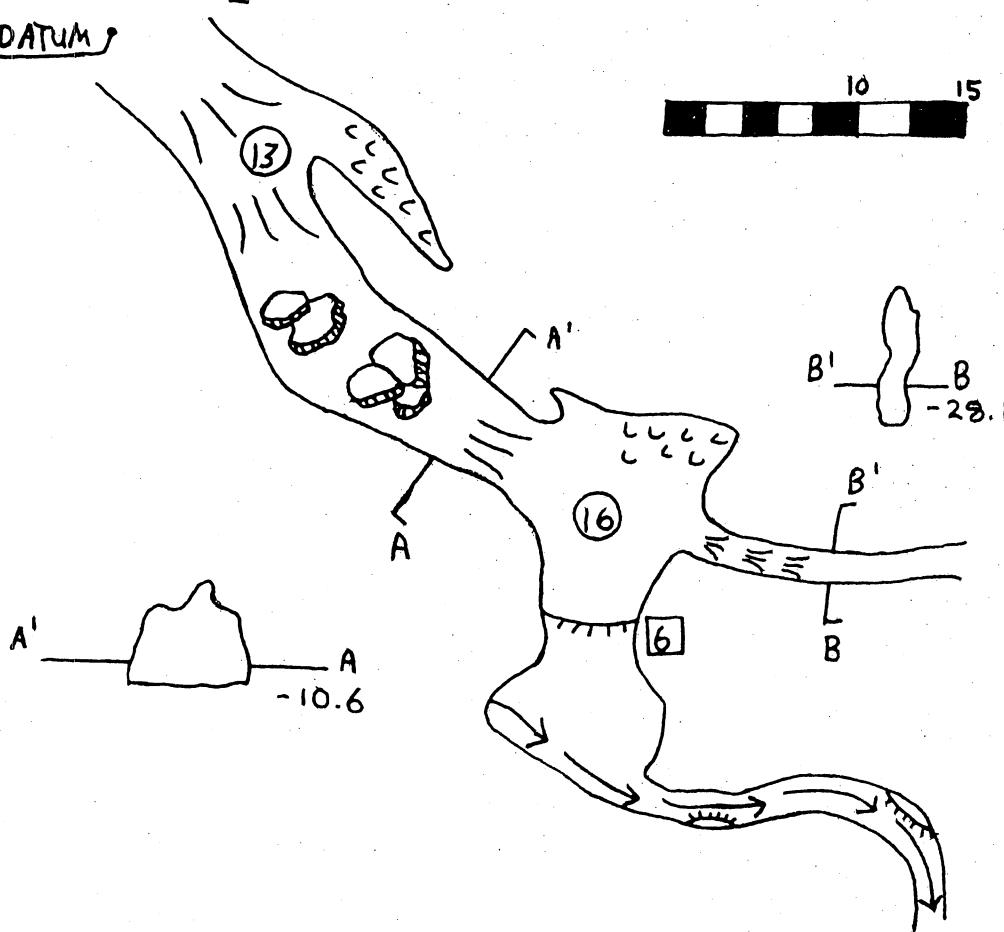
10/15	Newberry's	Jerry Redder, Hugh Beard, Dave Shantz, Linda Oxenrider, Koji Hirota	Helped Buddy fix his Model A, Everyone had a hangover; went to W. Va. someplace; ran out of gas; went caving someplace for $\frac{1}{2}$ hr; then went to Cascades and saved someone's life.
10/15	Muncie's Hillside	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson	YUCK - Not Muncie's - MUNCHIES!!!
10/22	Nerd River	Barry Fizer, DeeAnn Peterson, Hillary Parsons	It's better in a cave!
10/26	Bane's Spring	Frank Gibson, Mike Futrell	Easily raped clatter pit!! If you need some caving done call the Wilburs.
11/5	Back of Nude River	Chuck Shorten, Pete Sauvigne, Dave Jetpack, Dave Cinsonofabitch	Chuck says this cave's a pain in the ass; Chuck O - Chert Nodule 1
11/6	Spring Hollow	Frank Gibson, Mike Futrell, Eric Anderson John Burcham	Wilbolted 40' It Goes!
11/13	Ratholing in Tazwell	Garrie Rouse, Mike Futrell, Roger Keen	County Dump Cave - nice cave once you get past the broken glass crawl-way.
AND A FEW FROM THE SUMMER.....			
6/10	Smokehole	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson, Jack Kehoe	Water still up, ARE YOU?????
6/12	Shire's Saltpeter, Sinking Spring	Garrie Rouse, Jack Kehoe	The streams sump The passages fizz Wonder where the hell the cavern is ?
7/29	Ellison's	Frank Gibson, Mike Futrell, Knox Ward, 2 Nikons, 60 bulbs	28 $\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. WILBUR!!!!!
8/9	Repass Saltpeter	Hillary Minich, Ben Keller	Damn Hillary, every time she goes along we never get anything done. More leads to map and no more time.
8/21	Burnthouse Springs	Mike Futrell, Frank Gibson	"Ye old underground swimming hole" Swam entire cave

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