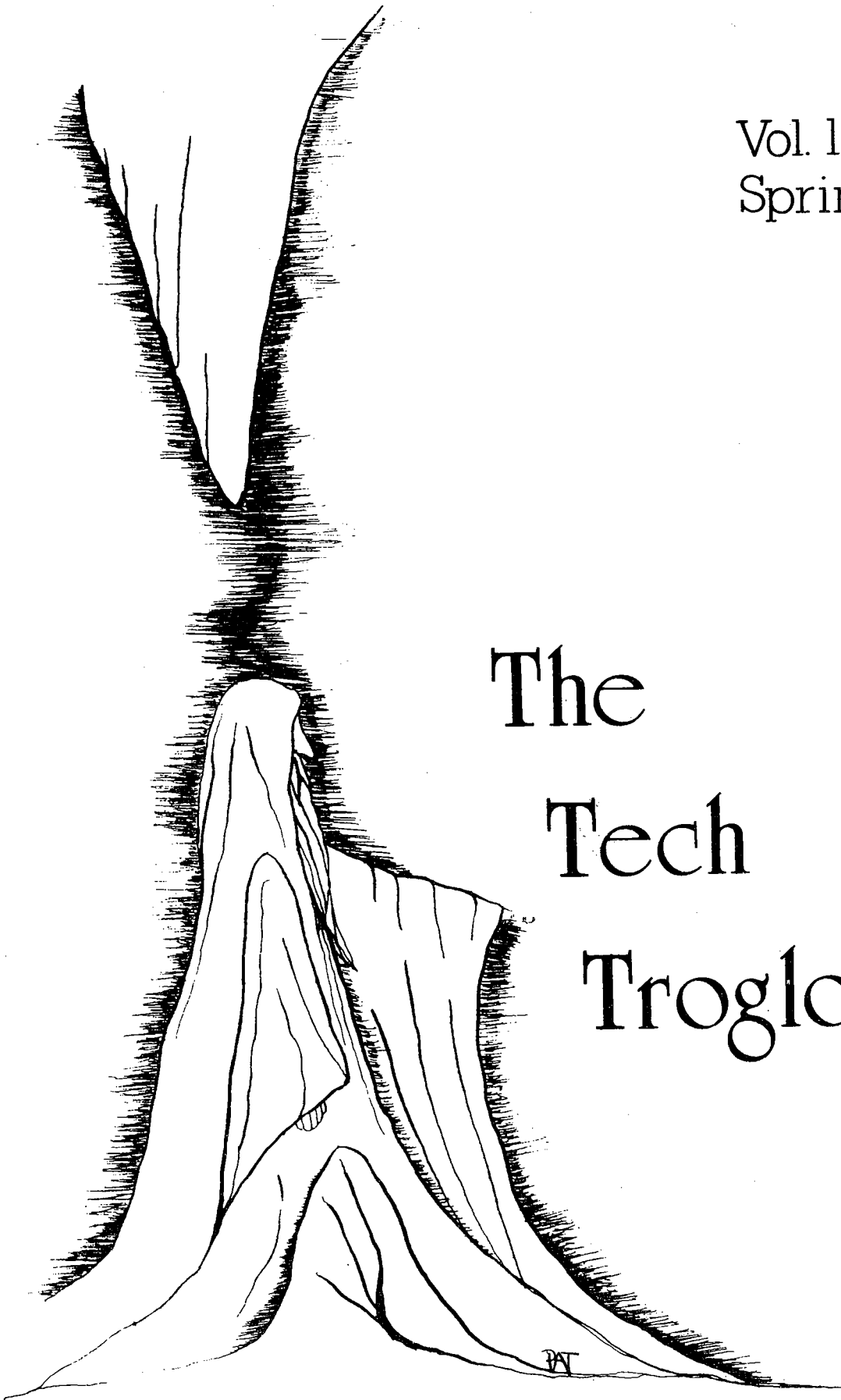


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The Tech Troglodyte



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Win Wright

Here it is a new decade and all that's left of the seventies are memories. This holds true for the club in its new generation of cavers. Everyone was impressed with Bill and Richards' success in building such a strong and intelligent group of bust-ass cavers. Among this group are the secretary Carol, the treasurer Sue, the parliamentarian Ed Fortney, and supplies chairman Philip Balister.

Bill Koershner has finished Spring Hollow and Ed Devine has virtually finished Paul Penleys but you never know what you'll find next in Paul's. Joe Zokaite has been working with Ed and hasn't given up yet.

And what would Skydusky Hollow be without virgin passage to explore? Bill Stephens successfully completed a dig in Baness Spring that unleashed at least a couple of miles of cave that features loose rock and several pits. Stephens also dug in Newberry's and discovered the largest stream in a Skydusky cave. It is hypothesized that this stream contains the water from Spring Hollow and Baness Spring.

This hypothesis should soon be proven as Joey Fagan is working on a project to hydrologically connect the Skydusky cave system to surface springs through dye tracing.

The ridge walk last fall produced several projects out on East River mountain in Mercer County, W.Va. We also had a successful weekend at Buddy Penleys this May fixing the road to Newberry's that was rutted at the 1979 picnic.

We may have a line on a possible field house but nothing is certain yet. If we do obtain a place, it would be used by members and their guests but great caution must be exercised so as not to abuse the privilege so delicately obtained.

For the upcoming year, Vice-President Chuck Shorten and I project new membership of twelve and plan on ridge walks, vertical sessions, practice rescues, and of course bust-ass caving.

We'll see you at OTR!

Win Wright

Win Wright, President

LOOKING BACK

With less than 24 hours left in office, I'd like to make one last statement as Vice President. When I was first elected, a year ahead seemed like a long time. Now that it's over, it seems as though it was all too short. It is certainly a year I shall never forget.

I first began caving independently early in '78. It didn't take me too long to realize that, although I enjoyed caving, I did not have suitable preparation for it. I came to one of the first Cave Club meetings Fall Quarter of '78 and have hardly missed a meeting since. This same time was also the beginning of the end of my 5 year marriage. I watched helplessly as that situation grew worse, but at the same time I was becoming more deeply involved with the Club.

Although I seldom talked about my problems, the friendships I was developing within the Club gave me the support I needed so badly. To all of my old friends, although you may not have known you helped, you did, and I thank you.

As Winter Quarter passed I realized there was some question as to who would be the next V.P. I was still a Trainee at the time, but I felt strongly that I could do the job, and I really wanted the opportunity to work with people that the job would give me. To make a long story short, I became a member in March and Vice President in April.

At that point I knew I had to do some serious caving if I was going to be able to do the job I wanted to come Fall. I caved every opportunity I got, read, and learned all I could from our veteran members. I'd like to especially thank "Daddy" Don, Pete, Chuck, and Bob for teaching me so much.

Although I'd never even talked to Bill before election night, we hit it off well and became good friends and an excellent team. We felt a lot of enthusiasm for what we could do with our new offices, and we could feel the Club responding to that enthusiasm. I want to thank every member, old and new, for the support and the help to make it the good year that it was.

To our replacements, whoever you may be, I wish you much success in office. The Club is strong now, but it can be made

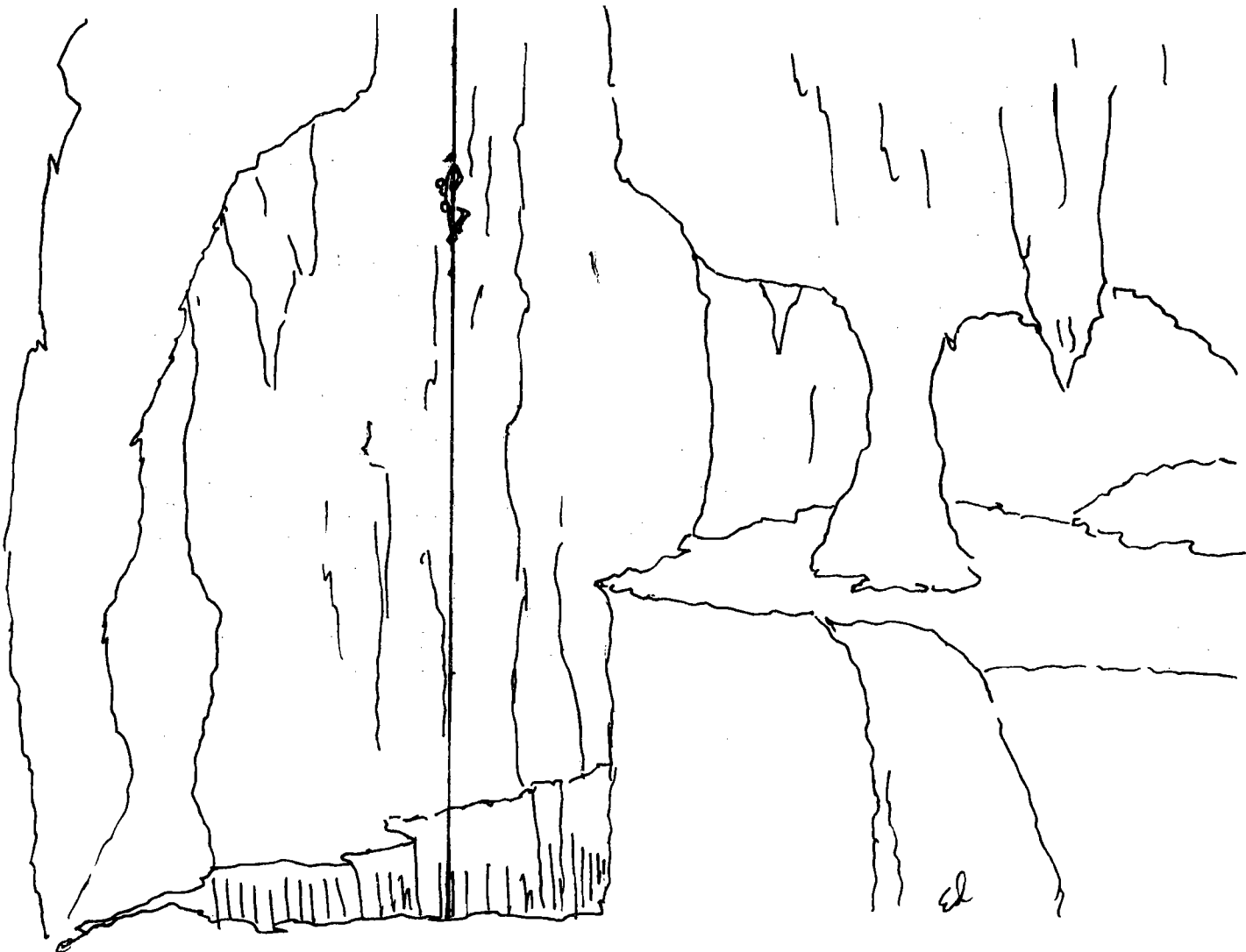
even stronger. We're going to lose a lot of members at the end of this year and we're going to need a lot of new members in the coming year to assure future continuity.

To our present new members, it's your club now, too. There is always plenty that needs doing. Get involved on a committee or two, or if you see something that needs to be done, see what you can do to see that it is. Write an article for the "Trog" (That's for you, Pat), practice techniques for "Old Timers", learn what you can from those who are leaving, help out at a Vertical Session, but just get involved!

I thank all my friends in the Club, old and new, for a very memorable year.

Richard Cobb

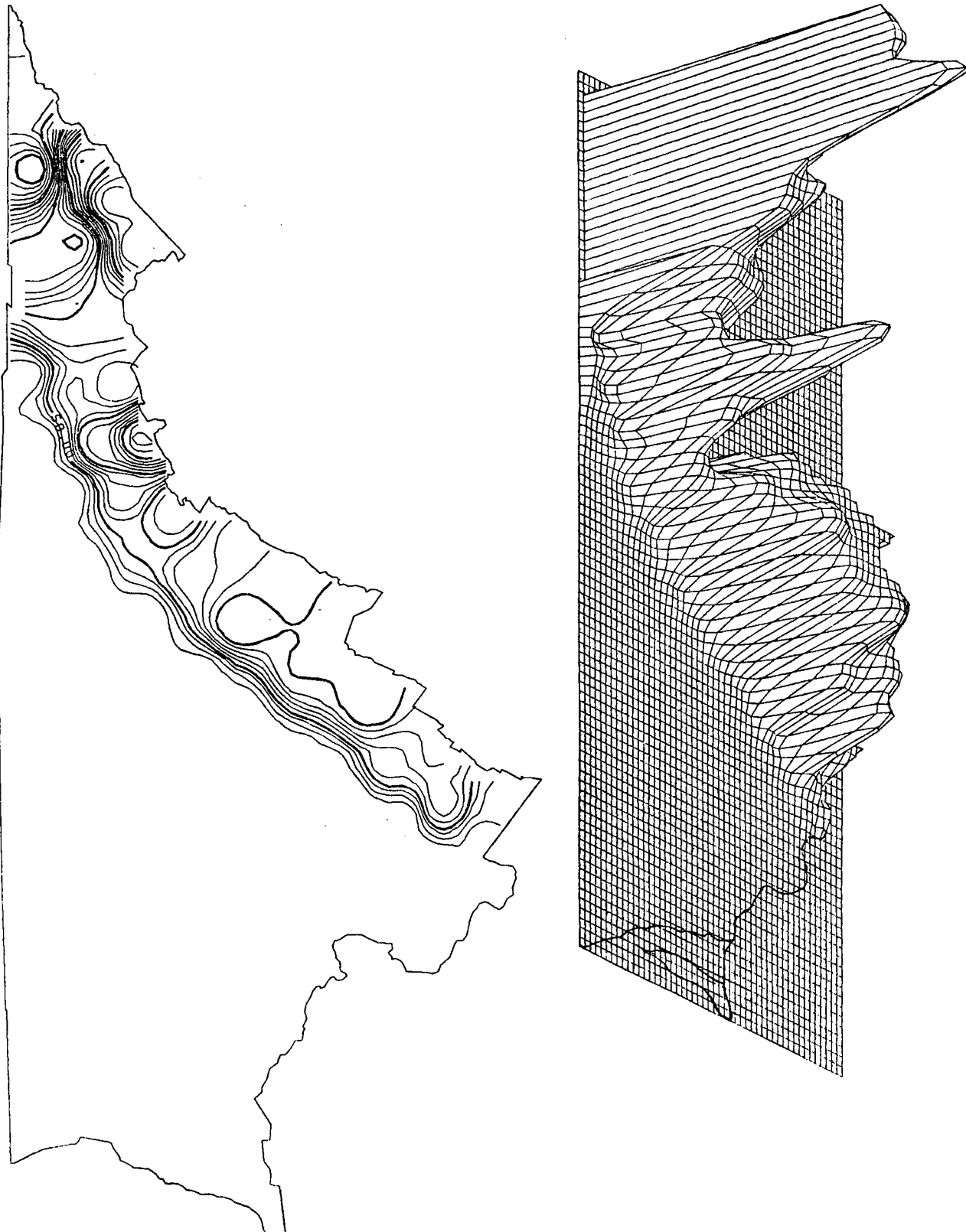
Richard Cobb
V. P. 79-80



Virginia Cave Density by County

(from Holsinger, 1975)

Prepared by Bill Stephens



Discovery and Mapping of Ultima Thule Cave by one of the Two
Miserable Gots Who Swore Never to Return

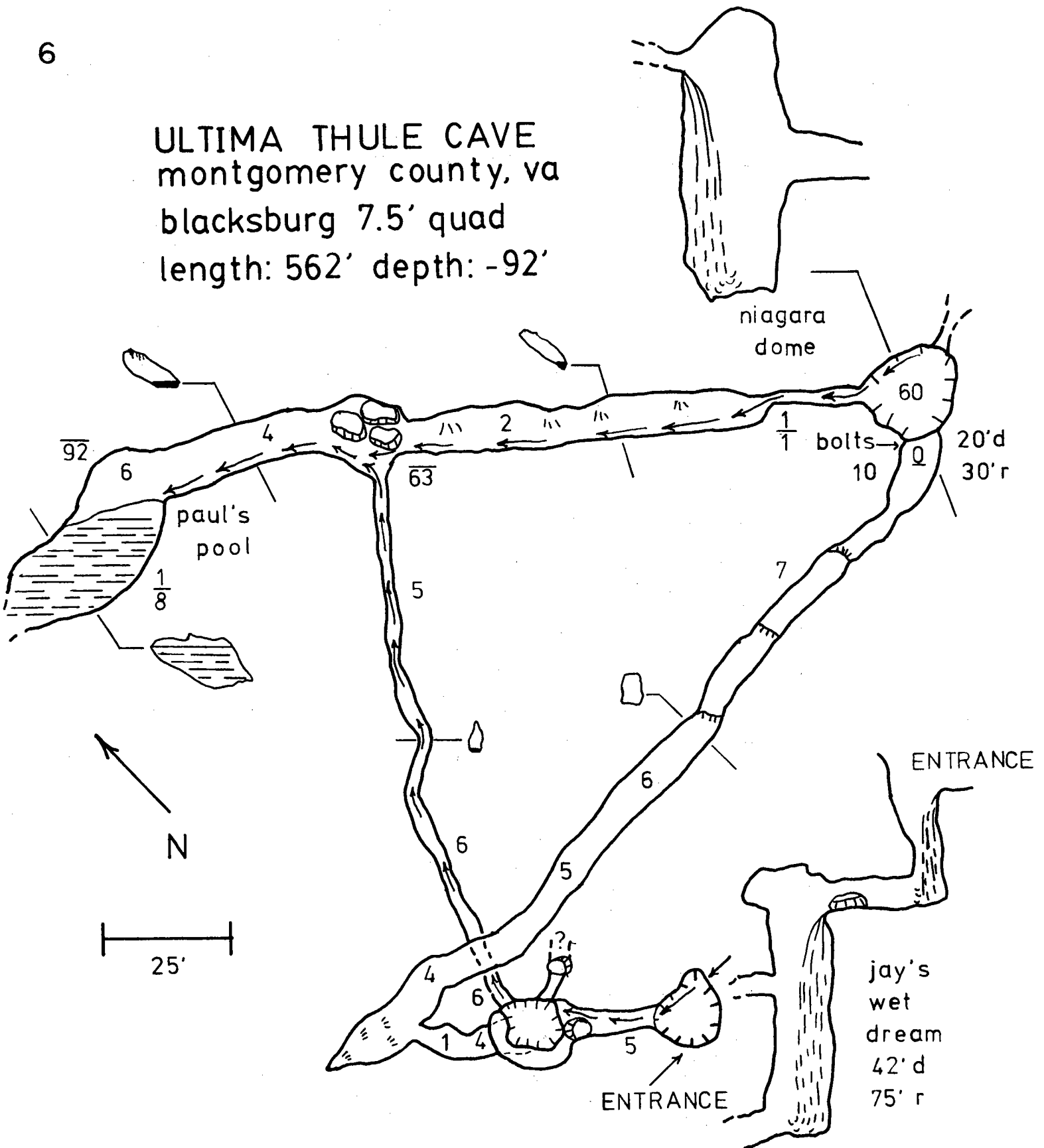
Ultima Thule Cave (Montgomery County, Virginia) is a miserable little cave near Blacksburg, located in the Middle Ordovician limestones adjacent to the Mill Creek cross-fault. The cave is currently physically closed by a wrecked car in the entrance sinkhole and abundant mounds of trash thereupon.

The discovery of this cave by cavers was fairly interesting. While drinking one night at the Hokie House a local came up to Paul Kirchman and myself and, noticing our slightly muddy attire and cave club patches, told us of an unexplored cave located on the land of his uncle, Junior Linkous. As the night was young we departed with our guide for the beautiful Ellet Valley. Luckily alcoholic consumption had been low (non-existent on my part) so we planned on mapping the bugger, hence we stopped off at my dorm room to pick up the Brunton and other caving gear.

We arrived at Junior's farm about 8 p.m. and talked to Mr. Linkous for a half hour, finally being led to a hole where a stream thundered over the edge and into blackness. Paul and I practically sprinted back to the truck to get our gear! Returning heavily laden with ropes, bolts, mapping gear and normal personal packs, we flipped a coin to see who got first honors. I won and downclimbed the 25' entrance pit, Paul insisting on mapping as we explored. I agreed, and after one shot we were on the edge of a pit where the water thundered off the walls. No coin flip here; Paul insisted upon rigging the ladders for my eventual return. Hummm, seemed I'd been railroaded. We rigged my 85' Goldline off a large breakdown block in the entrance passage and I descended, battered about in my woollens by the water. We taped the pit, then Paul descended and we got off down a water-floored passage, mapping as we went. We came to a junction and elected to follow the stream, although another minor river joined the one we already were stewing in. Arriving at the infamous Paul's Pool, we noticed the passage continued as a deep swim with foot of airspace but left it for wetsuited nerds. Mapping upstream we were stopped by an earwisher, actually relegated to the wetsuit types.

Back at the entrance pit I started up the ladder, and had the misfortune to notice a lead halfway up the wall of the pit. I finished the climb before notifying a now groaning Paul that the cave was still beckoning. We rappelled back into the pit, penduluming into the lead and tying off the line to a small jughandle in the wall. We mapped about 200' to another pit! While Paul looked for a suitable anchor I returned to the entrance for the other rope and a bolt kit, just in case. I had to rapell to the bottom of the pit before getting on the ladder. Half an hour later I was driving a hole into the

ULTIMA THULE CAVE
montgomery county, va
blacksburg 7.5' quad
length: 562' depth: -92'



brunton & tape survey by jay kennedy
2/4/80 paul kirchman
drafting by jay kennedy

perfectly smooth limestone above the pit. It took me an hour to set two $\frac{1}{2}$ inch rawl bolts, finally rigging in my 45' RMI and allowing Paul to descend the spray-filled dome pit. The drop was taped and I rappelled into the 20' shaft.

Once on bottom it was soon discovered that the water pouring in from high on the wall opposite our rig point vanished into a drain. Paul crawled into the swirling water, reporting that it continued, albeit with minimal airspace. As we were just about to leave the cave anyhow, we decided to get soaked and map through the low spot. Imagine my surprise when Paul bellowed back through the miserable crawl to report a connection with our previous upstream limit of exploration: We mapped on through and roared back to the entrance pit.

After climbing the ladder for the third time, I pendulumed back into the side lead to go pull our rope. Paul climbed on up when I returned, having sat in the dark for twenty minutes because his lamp was extinguished by the spray and he couldn't find his pack in the dark. I rappelled down to him and administered the kiss of light. I climbed up the ladder, experiencing some trouble with the swollen Goldline and my Jumar belay. I belayed a ragged Paul Kirchman up the pit, then gave him the RMI to rig the entrance climb so we could haul up the gear. Ladders and rope coiled, I wearily made my way to the entrance. In the grey light of dawn the gear was pulled up and Paul readied me for a belay. Once out we slogged through a lightly falling snow, our noses running from the colds we were to suffer for our silliness.

It was two frozen, ragged cavers who changed clothes on that frozen road, believe me. Paul was so trashed by the wet and cold I had to drive his Dempsey Dumpster back to VPI. We moved our frozen corpses into my dorm room, Paul immediately seeking the warmth of the sleeping bag I keep handy for such occasions. What a trip!

Drafting and reduction of the data showed the cave to be 562' long and 92' deep. Potential exists both at Paul's Pool and by bolting up Niagara Dome, both requiring wetsuits. However, recently Buddy Linkous has informed me that his uncle recently closed the cave by dumping an old car down the entrance shaft. As the entrance is not all that spacious this will make entry impossible. Paul, after recovering from his flu and his curiosity restored, wanted to know if the cave warranted another visit in the summer. I told him about the car in the entrance, and to just forget he ever entered that miserable hole. At this his eyes lit up and he wiggled his moustache. "Maybe we did just imagine the whole escapade. . . . we never left the Hokie House!"

Maybe we did.

Jay Kennedy

CHASM OF DOOM

by Bill Stephens

A few years ago Bill Koerschner and myself mapped a going lead in Baness Spring adding about 0.2 miles to the 1.8 mapped by the Whittemores et. al. Now it appears that this length may soon be doubled even if things go bad.

On March 29, Philip Balister, Steve Lancaster, Debbie McKee, Frank Gibson, John Heard, Brent Barnes and I entered Baness Spring for what looked like a routine sport trip. Five others were in another group which went a different direction. We headed back to the terminal siphon room and stopped for a break. At this point I began looking around the room feeling for air movement at small cracks between the rock ceiling and the mud walls. Finally I pulled out my trusty cave shovel and handed it to Frank who was eager to dig.

Meanwhile, Steve and Philippe began some digging in a dirt filled side lead. Frank and Brent were digging away with the help of the others and soon a strong breeze of pulsating air was blowing through the dig. With little success, Philippe and Steve returned and Philippe and I took a few turns at the ever so tightening dig. After about three hours, with everyone freezing, we almost gave up. I decided to give it one last shot and eventually forced my way into a low, wide crawlway. I called for Philippe to come through and took off.

After reaching a complex junction I went back and called for Steve to come and in no time we were gone. Past the junction we hit a trunk. A few hundred later the stream came roaring in from the side; we had bypassed the siphon. After about a quarter mile we were beginning to hear the roar of a large waterfall and I began to yell for a connection with a stream bearing down in the Baness end of Newberry-Baness. We finally got to the waterfall and went a little farther. Climbing down towards the lip of a canyon we picked up a few rocks and threw them in. Wow!; a four second pit. We were freaking out. Sure of a connection with Baness, I took off my T-shirt and threw it down the pit. Temporarily satisfied we left the pit, returned to the others, and left the cave.

During the week, I got out some maps and began to get rather pessimistic about a connection, but a week of waiting would tell for sure.

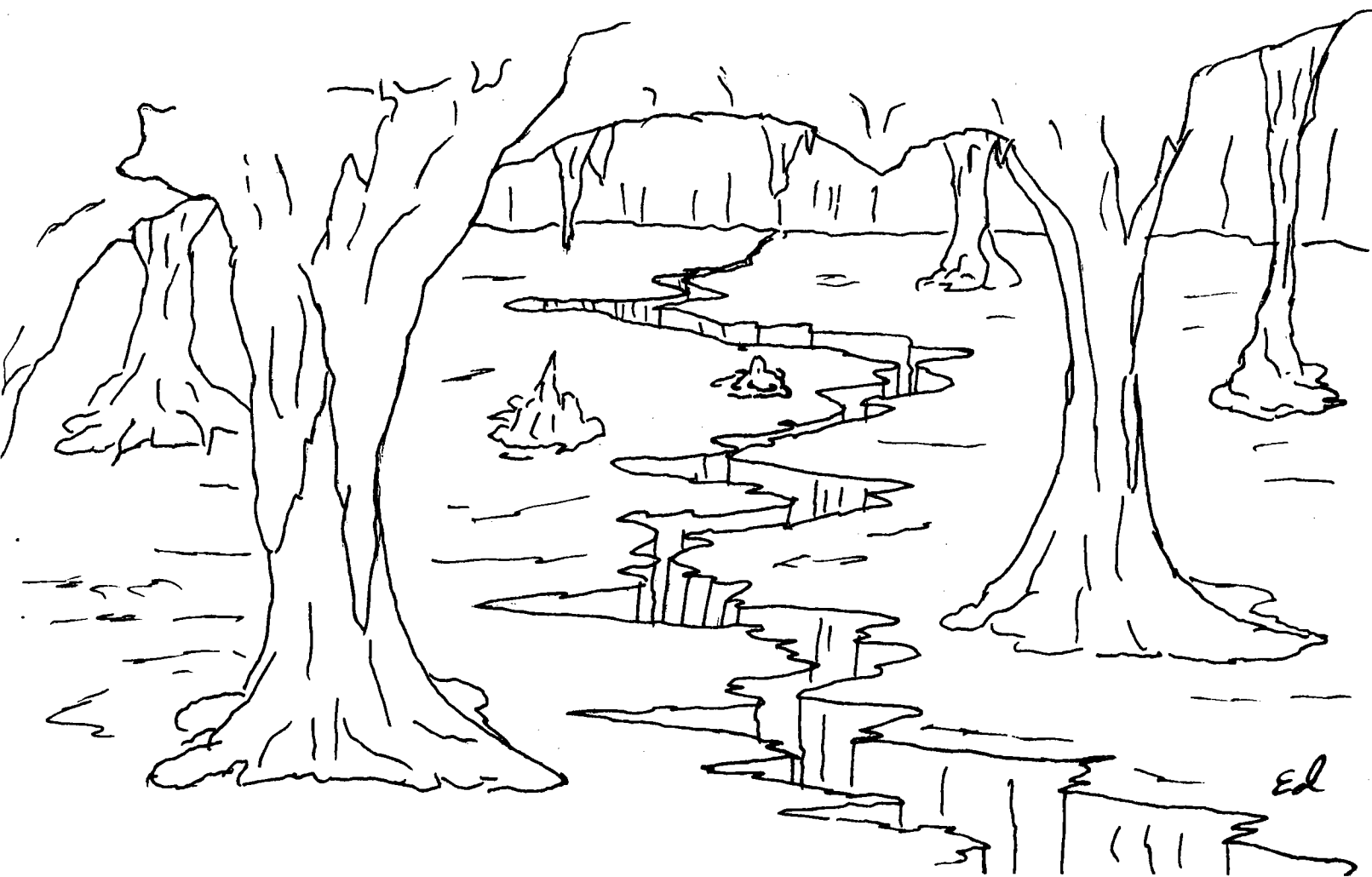
The next Saturday Bob Alderson, Joey Fagan, Win Wright and myself returned with 225 feet of Goldline and 100 feet of Bluewater. Once in, we found Bill Koerschner, Ben Keller and Bill Olver already surveying. We went to the pit, rigged it and, unsure if the rope was long enough, I started down. The pit opened up to an incredible size so that I couldn't see the far wall. Soon I could see the bottom and fortunately (unfortunately?) the rope reached. I was not in Newberry-Baness.

Bob followed me down, and after some initial exploration, we called for the other two. Through a meandering canyon we finally intersected a stream. A few hundred feet upstream we reached the base of a waterfall while downstream we found a windy stream dig. We turned around and left making it an eleven hour trip.

In the weeks that followed, Bill Koerschner continued to map with several thousand feet surveyed. He found an upper level bypass around the new 200 foot pit via a 20 foot ladder drop. This leads to a very deeply entrenched canyon with a number of smaller pits. This area of deep pits and canyons has been referred to as the Chasm of Doom. Koerschner has named the big pit Whistling Well because of the shrill sound of rocks accelerating as they fall down the drop. A proper rigging point could make Whistling Well deeper than Triple Wells in nearby Newberrys.

Another half mile has been explored here of upper level trunk and crawls and there may be more to come. Further, exploration and mapping could put us still closer to other large caves in the immediate area. One note to people who decide to go back there is to beware of loose rock. Rappels of the Whistling Well can be quite dangerous due to rock fall and people at the bottom should stay as far away as possible.

Hopefully, our further efforts in Baner Spring will be rewarding.



FALL PROJECT 1979

by WIN WRIGHT

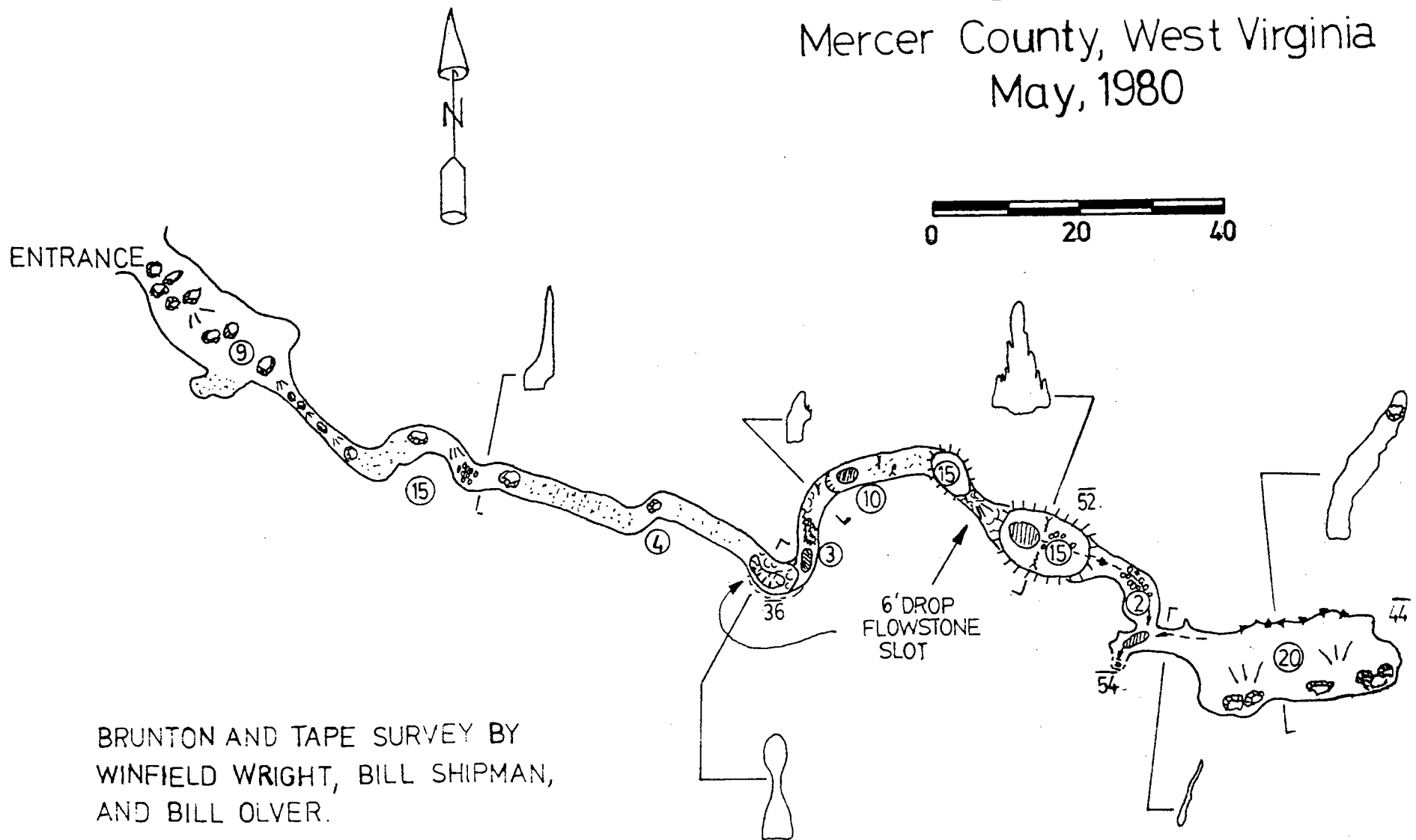
Last fall the club launched a ridge walking project at East River mountain in West Virginia to familiarize newer members with the geologic occurrence of caves and to get some mapping projects started. Along with several caves already known in the area, a few new holes were found. Joe Zokaite and Hugh Beard started mapping one of them that had a 90' entrance pit, but unfortunately that's all it had to show. Bill Stephens started mapping the largest cave in the area, known as Cave Rat Cave, and is presently drawing up the map.

Bill Shipman and I started mapping two of the other known caves in the area which the West Virginia Survey book referred to one of them as Honacker Cave. So I mapped the larger of the two and drew it up only to find out that you spell it 'Honaker'. I am changing the spelling on the #2 before we submit the entire project to the West Virginia Speleological Survey.

Not drunk is he, who from the floor
can rise alone and still drink more;
But drunk is he who prostrate lies,
with out the power to drink or rise.

T.L. Peacock
"Misfortunes of Elphin"
Submitted by
Richard Cobb

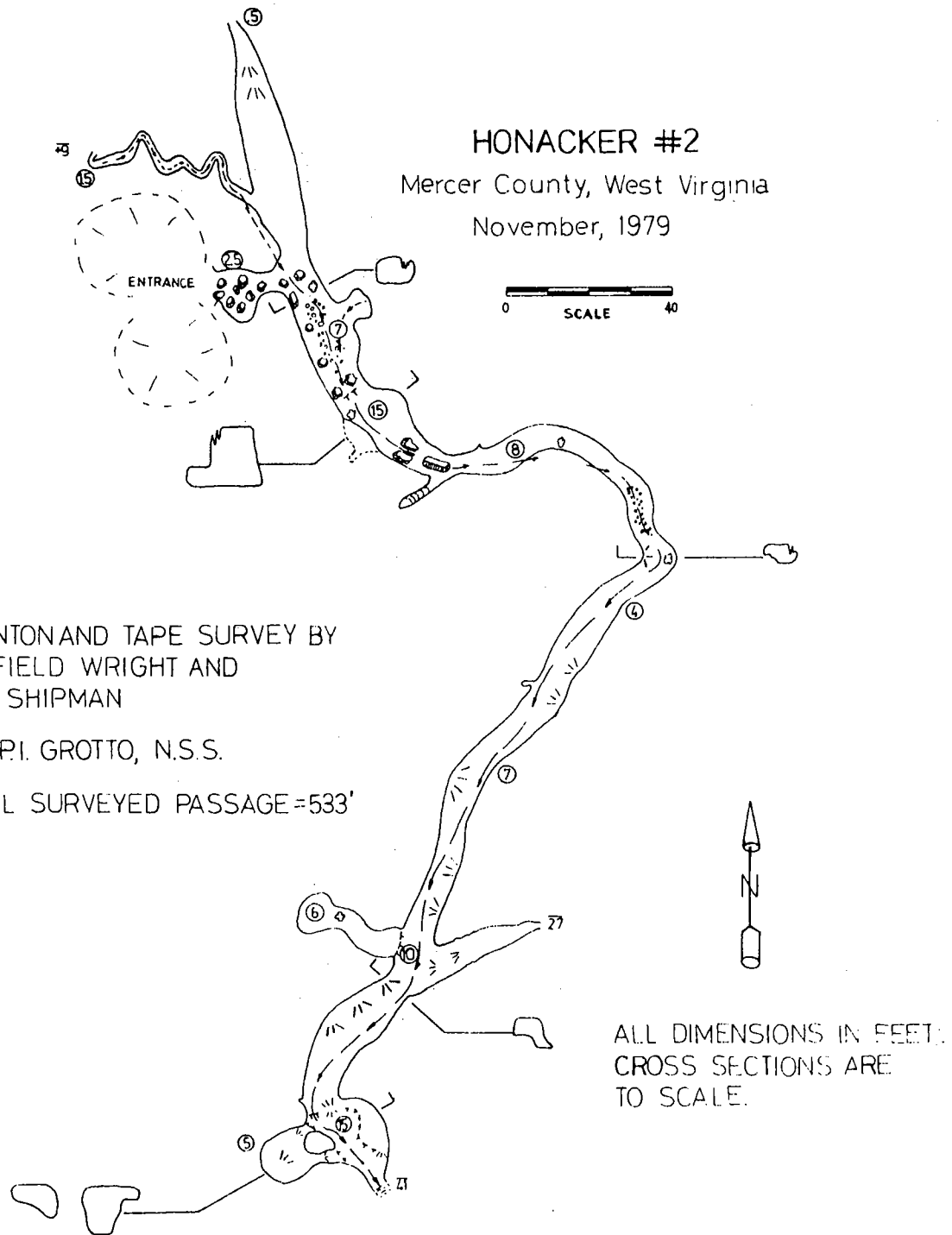
HONAKER #1
Mercer County, West Virginia
May, 1980



BRUNTON AND TAPE SURVEY BY
WINFIELD WRIGHT, BILL SHIPMAN,
AND BILL OLVER.

V.P.I. GROTTTO, N.S.S.

TOTAL SURVEYED PASSAGE = 232'

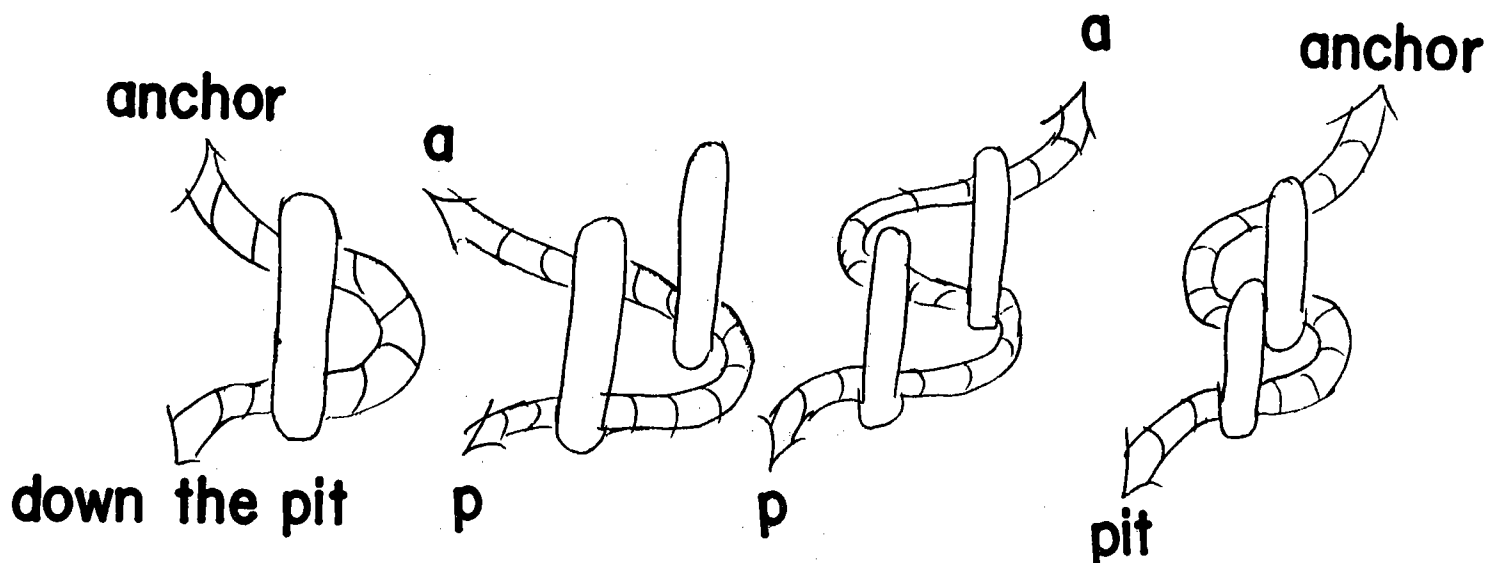


THE FRENCH-CROSSED CARABINER RAPPEL RIG

Often when vertical caving, the caver is faced with a short pit or a ladder pitch where he is required to dig out his rack or doubles (this can be a real pain) and rappel down. I have found a safe, useful alternative is to use the French-crossed carabiners, an established European speleotechnique. All that is required in addition to the seat carabiner is a pair of locking carabiners, an item usually clipped to the outside of the vertical pack. For this usage steel carabiners are preferred, but provided the rope is not too muddy or gritty aluminum ones will suffice.

The technique is simple (see diagrams). Pass a loop of rope through one carabiner. Clip the second krab into the loop, then clip the same krab into the part of the standing line that leads from the carabiners to the anchor. Pull on the line and snug the krabs together. **MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE CARABINERS ARE LOCKED!!!** The resulting device tends to give a fast rappel compared to variable friction devices and heavy persons (greater than 200 lbs.) should exercise extreme caution in its use. I weigh 210 and have safely rappelled the 120 foot entrance shaft too Pig Hole using French-crossed biners, but I have never used it at any other time for a pit greater than thirty feet. Be advised—**WEAR GLOVES!!!** As with any other (in fact, all) vertical caving technique, this method should be perfected on the surface.

JAY KENNEDY



SPRING HOLLOW

by Chuck Shorten

In June, 1975 I went backpacking on the ridge of Big Walker mountain with Russ Seward. We were nearing the end of our hike and decided to take a short-cut to our car which was parked in front of Buddy Penley's house. As we were crossing the Bane's upper pasture we were enjoying the wild strawberries when I spotted a small hole in the ground. It was about six inches in diameter, and dry leaves which I placed over it definitely indicated a blowing air flow. I grabbed the nearest rock and threw it down what sounded like a 15 to 20 foot pit. I was getting really excited, but Russ had to get back to Blacksburg. Unfortunately, I too had to leave and the summer vacation started in less than one week. My new cave would have to wait until fall.

The following November, Dennis Vaders, Pam Wolf and I set out for what promised to be an interesting dig. We started late, spending hours to round up shovels, picks etc. We reached the Bane's about noon, and they gave us permission to dig as long as we would cover the hole to keep cattle from falling in.

When we reached the hole, Dennis jumped right in and started tearing at the ground with his bare hands. Pam and I just sat back and enjoyed the show. Dennis quickly tired of this, so we got out the shovel and started digging. We moved a few boulders and quite a bit of soil before opening up a slot that Dennis thought he could fit through. After donning his gear he started lowering himself into the slot, only to become hopelessly wedged at the waist level. Pam and I pulled him out and the digging resumed - this time with the heavy artillery.

Picks and shovels were discarded and out came the chain hoist. We had opened a crack about 12" wide by 2' long with bedrock at one end and a 300 lb. boulder at the other. After digging around the boulder and managing to get a piece of sling around it we rigged in the chain hoist. When we started to pull the boulder shifted, fell out of its sling and crashed through the slot, falling about 10 feet. Spring Hollow was open!

The three of us quickly gathered our caving gear and positioned Dennis' bluewater rope down the entrance. Dennis rappelled down the short drop and announced that the pit appeared to be climbable. Spring Hollow had already claimed its first victim though, for the bluewater was worn about half through where it had been insufficiently padded on a sharp edge. Pam and I scrambled down and joined Dennis for the first trip into Spring Hollow. What a feeling being the very first person to ever see this cave!

We pushed through about 100' of fissure-like passage and reached a small pit. A small stream flowed from another passage to the left and dropped into the pit. This would ensure a wet climb on that drop, but we decided to push an upper lead which trended in the same direction that we'd been through already. This lead went about 50' before coming into a low breakdown room with leads everywhere. By this time our excitement was pretty high, but we were really tired from all the digging we'd done. We left the cave with a good story to tell.

The next day I returned with Ed Devine, Bill Koerschner and Keith Ortiz

and the mapping began. We surveyed through the entrance and to the bottom of the pit; 43 feet. Ed pushed around in the breakdown at the bottom, but he said it was too dangerous to be down there by himself in the unstable mess. We took the survey through the crawlway to the point we had reached the day before; we weren't too optimistic that this cave would go any more than a few hundred feet.

The following Saturday, November 8, Bill, Dennis, Sandy Newman, Tricia Vacile and I returned to do more on the survey. Dennis and I rappelled into the pit to push that lead while the others waited at the top. We spent about half an hour pushing breakdown leads, but none of them seemed to go. There was this one sloppy crawl, but Dennis looked at me and we both shook our heads.¹ We rejoined the rest of the group at the top of the pit. Tricia was getting cold, so Dennis took her out while Bill, Sandy and I went exploring at the end of the 50' crawlway.

The passage we found on the other side of the breakdown put a new meaning into the word SCOOP! Huge walking passage 20' x 40' with a large stream told us that this was no small-time cave. This passage went about 700' before dropping over a 12' horseshoe shaped pit. Breakdown filled the pit's floor and large boulders in the ceiling hinted of passage above. We now had several leads to check out, so we left the cave.

By now, the Spring Hollow bug had bitten Bill about as hard as it had me, so we returned the next weekend to start the survey over properly. Ortiz had used a Sunto compass without a clinometer, so that made the previous data virtually worthless. Bill took on the cave as his project, so he was taking the sketch. Ortiz was reading Brunton, I was lead tape, and Ed and Dennis were off exploring the trunk passage we'd found the week before.

We surveyed from the entrance to the top of the pit where we turned and headed upstream. It was the typical meandering stream survey characterized by slimy passage walls, three foot shots and loose rubble ceilings which shift constantly. After about five or six hours of this we broke out into a low, dry room with two leads. We took the upper one and mapped into another large passage. We went to its upstream breakdown end and Ortiz disappeared through a low stream crawl. Bill and I opted not to follow, and after about 30 minutes we saw a faint light and a soaking wet, groady caver emerge from the crawlway. Keith had dropped his pack down a small hole and had been unable to retrieve it. Being his usual "safe caver" self, the only light he had left was on his head, so he had turned around for fear of being stranded without light. Bill complained about this saying "if you didn't push the whole passage then that means I'm going to have to."

Unfortunately, we were now faced with a carbide dilemma. Without Ortiz's pack we had only a little over four hours each worth of fuel, but mapping conditions couldn't have been better. In front of us were massive amounts of virgin trunk passage, so we made the obvious decision; who needs light anyway! We turned our flames down low to conserve and pushed on.

After the horrible stream passage we'd just been in, the trunk passage was like a dream. We surveyed about 4 or 5 hundred feet of it before coming to cascades of flowstone and pure white calcite formations. Soda straws filled the ceiling joints and flowed into bacon draperies along one wall. It was too beautiful to believe, and it was totally unspoiled. All the grunting and slopping through the stream passage was now far from our minds!

The carbide problem presented itself again when our flames became too short to survey by, and we now had less than one carbide change among us. Still, we

pushed on to the other side of the formations picking a very careful path. Another low, flat-ceilinged room and a short climb down brought us into passage we'd seen before. We were on top of the breakdown pile at the end of the 50' crawlway which leads away from the pit. My light went out, but we were so near the entrance that I decided to exit with the flashlight-in-teeth technique. One quick glance back at Bill and Keith showed that they were almost out of light too, so we made a quick exit to avoid any REAL trouble.

Two months later Bill, Keith and I returned with Dave Bell to survey the big passage leading to Horseshoe Falls that Sandy, Bill and I had found back in November. Part of the trip was to be a rescue attempt on Ortiz' pack, but one look at the water level ruled that out. Besides, we knew how nice it was to stay in the big stuff anyway. We tied in to our last survey and headed downstream. Big passage is nice to survey, but it almost gets boring. We mapped about 1000' before leaving.

The next week we took two teams into Spring Hollow. Sandy, Pam and Mike Wolf took a photo trip while Bill Koerschner, Bill Gunther and I mapped. We were determined to get to the passage on the far side of the 43' pit, and Bill's notes indicated that Horseshoe Falls wasn't far from the pit. We went to the falls and pushed the leads in the breakdown ceiling. We popped into a long, low-ceilinged room with flat slabs for its floor. After surveying across to its end we found ourselves looking at the 43' pit again, this time from the side we wanted to be on. Bill Gunther started the scramble back so we could connect this side of the pit with the entrance side.

Meanwhile, I started poking around some of the breakdown at the edge of the pit, looking for a suitable place to throw the tape over to Bill when he got there. I realized my stupidity too late; I found myself slowly sliding down a mud-covered breakdown block which sloped menacingly towards the pit. I had never before prayed while caving but this was it! Several long moments later I felt something solid after dropping about six inches. I was on a conveniently placed ledge, about 20' from the point where Bill could reach on the other side. A few minutes later he reached the pit and I tossed the end of the tape over, closing a large survey loop.

Next we started exploring a small side stream which drained into the main stream just above Horseshoe Falls. It opened into a large dry trunk which was about 30 or 40' above and parallel to the main stream. It looked to be an old upper level of the stream, but leads took off everywhere. I pushed down one passage and popped out of a small hole about 30' off the floor. I noticed a large room and told Koerschner we'd have to bring in a cable ladder the next trip to get to it. According to survey notes we were headed directly for Banes Spring cave and our excitement over a possible connection was running high.

Ortiz, Bill and I returned a few weeks later to check out the new upper section that we'd found. We decided to do some side leads before heading for the passage I'd pushed on the last trip. One of them looked pretty promising, and we pushed into it for a grand total of 30' before it pinched down to a clothing ripper. The walls were studded with popcorn that felt like barbs on a hook. This was definitely a one-way passage.

Tired of rotten leads, we surveyed over to my find of the last trip. We were soon disappointed to learn that it led in the same general direction as the main trunk we had just been in. Apparently, the large "room" I had wanted to cable ladder into was the same trunk, and I had simply popped out of a hole

high up on the passage wall.

This was when the real action began. Bill dropped his notebook down a 20' pit that we had just explored and found to be a dead end. I climbed back down to get it and was on my way back out when suddenly I found myself on the floor of the pit with no light, a groggy head and blood everywhere. Bill and Keith yelled, almost simultaneously, "Chuck, are you all right?" I returned with a shaky "I think so but I can't stop spinning and I'm all bloody." I managed to get my lamp lit and Ortiz began lowering the cable ladder into the pit.

I realized that I had trusted my full weight to a thin limestone fin and it had snapped, causing my fall. My cuts were bad; my right hand and knee had deep gashes and I could see that my knee would require stitches. I ripped off the bottom half of my undershirt and wrapped it tightly around my knee to curb the bleeding. My hand wound had clotted, so I left it alone.

With a tight belay from Keith I ascended the ladder and we started the slow process of trying to get me out of the cave. We realized that it was up to us to get me out because the rest of the club was holding a practice rescue in New River cave that day. I couldn't bend my knee at all, so I had to struggle through the crawlways dragging my leg behind me. It took about four hours to negotiate what had taken us about an hour to do on the way in. I don't think I've ever been happier to get out of any cave than I was that night.

Six stitches and six weeks later Bill, Dennis, Tom Saxton and I returned to map some more. It was early April and the spring weather was too nice to miss. We spent all morning ridgewalking the area, and we actually found a few small caves¹. When we tired of this we dragged more logs over to cover the Spring Hollow entrance a little better. After finally having run out of good excuses to avoid caving we slopped through the entrance and were on our way.

We took Tom on a short side trip to the formation room, and also checked for any leads we might have missed in that area. After that we moved on to the dry trunk and its maze section. After spending about an hour pushing leads that went nowhere we picked up the survey and continued down the trunk. Tom and Dennis had no patience for mapping in the maze so we left the cave. Dennis and I kicked ourselves for not having brought our camping gear as we'd originally planned. It was another beautifully clear, starlit night on Big Walker Mountain.

Bill, Greg Babcock and I returned in May for what Bill and I thought would be one of the final mop-up trips. We wanted to push the far upstream end of the cave, and we knew that Ortiz had seen at least 150' of passage before losing his pack there. We jumped right into the stream crawl, and fortunately the water was low. Bill and I were able to squeeze through a low spot, but Greg simply couldn't make it.

We mapped for about an hour in loose, sloppy breakdown but saw no sign of Ortiz' pack. It was extremely grungy and dangerous, so we called it quits and went back to where Greg was waiting. We finished off another small lead and then left. All in all it was an unproductive, disappointing trip. I was fed up with Spring Hollow and decided that I wouldn't go on any more of Bill's mop-ups. Too bad!

¹ Dennis and I should have pushed this crawl, for beyond it lies the majority of Spring Hollow cave. I only saw it two years later as a tourist.

² The largest of these caves is 240', surveyed by Bill Koerschner last year.

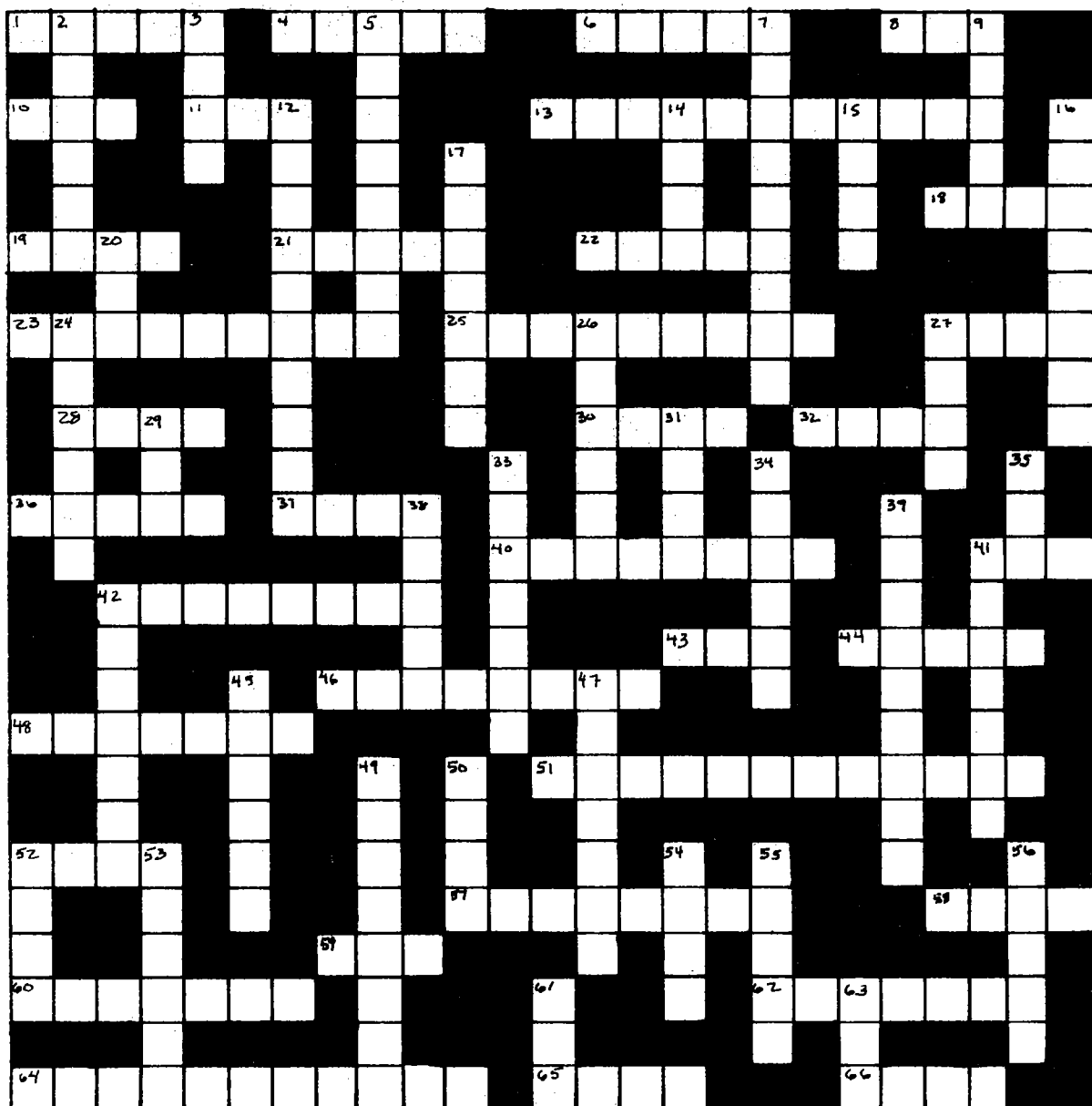
CAVING CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1 Spelunker (syn.)
- 4 Ascending device
- 6 Good pack item
- 8 VPI Grotto of the ____
- 10 ____ and strike
- 11 Drop (syn.)
- 13 Clover Hollow passage (2 words)
- 18 Caver beverage
- 19 Crapper worldwide
- 21 Ascend (syn.)
- 22 Cave wall nodule
- 23 Labor Day party (2 words)
- 25 CaCO_3 (not #62)
- 27 Noxious caver gas
- 28 Pit's top
- 30 Stomach display
- 32 Mud ____, passage blocked
- 36 Fall protection
- 37 Rappel device
- 40 Dams pools
- 41 White rope
- 42 Provides friction
- 43 Compass unit
- 44 Rubble slope
- 46 Caves doorway
- 48 Prussik substitute
- 51 Climb in Buddie's (2 words)
- 57 Laid rope
- 58 Cave map view
- 59 Prepare a drop
- 60 Surveys angle
- 62 CaCO_3
- 64 Our group
- 65 Kill nothing but ...
- 66 Carries caving items
- 52 watch your ____

DOWN

- 2 Caver and beast
- 3 Nylon highway
- 5 Cave food
- 7 Curly formation
- 9 Latin cave prefix
- 12 Wiry pack item (2 words)
- 14 Stay this while caving
- 15 Measures length
- 16 Dry smooth passage
- 17 Clover Hollow reading room
- 20 Liquid dirt
- 24 Cables and rungs
- 26 $\text{CaSO}_4 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$
- 27 Stopped by belay
- 29 Charlie's supway
- 31 What bowline is
- 33 Caver's head cover
- 34 Alternate light
- 35 Gibbs (syn.)
- 38 Cave topography
- 39 River part (2 words)
- 41 Ascending knot
- 42 Rabbit and tree knot
- 45 Abseil (syn.)
- 47 Lamp fuel
- 49 Non-horizontal
- 50 Our publication
- 52 Flat rock
- 53 Spring party
- 54 ____ stone forms caves
- 55 Oral gas passage
- 56 Sauna attire
- 61 Cave mammal
- 63 Drop's edge



PAUL "BAH" PENLEY'S

by Lawrence Britt

This Paul "Bah" Penley's mapping trip began on Oct. 13. Ed Devine was the sketcher, Joe Zokaite was the Brunton reader, and I was lead tape. Together we mapped a whole new section to Paul's that still has incredible potential.

We started our Saturday trip by stopping at Molly's house. We got the inevitable cup of coffee and after an hour and much grumbling we decided to get caving. Just then Buddy pulled up and we spent another enjoyable hour talking to him. He could remember cavers going to map Paul's long before Ed took over the job. Ed himself has led 43 trips in. That and the fact that the cave still doesn't have four miles of passage should tell you how tight and mazed it is.

Finally we arrived at the entrance. This was my first Paul's trip and I was told that the way we were going in had been blasted open. I could tell as I squirmed in, and I immediately encountered the delightful mud that Paul's is famous for (oh, it's great!!). After quite a while of chasing Joe's heels through a maze which immediately confused me, we got to the beginning of Wollow Hollow. My previous conception of this infamous crawl was totally devastated by its reality. Each of us put a garbage bag on for protection against falling water, and our packs went into separate bags. By the time we got through (2 or 3 minutes) all of the plastic bags were shredded and the packs were wet. Since the Harmon's Avalanche Pit connection, however, Wollow Hollow and two hours of Penley's can be eliminated in order to get to the back.

After a bit more travel time we started to map. We closed a minor loop on two and started pushing a passage which opened up into a small flowstone room. Of the two available leads I chose the high one first. The upwards passage, angled at 30 degrees, narrowed to a crawl and became muddy. From then until we finished mapping we were in virgin passage. I crawled along to a point where it became extremely tight, and I could see ahead 20 feet to where it appeared to end in a small cubby hole. I sincerely hoped that I could turn around there for I felt that once I got past this point I couldn't back up. Both hands were in front of me and my jacket would bunch up if I tried to go backwards. I squirmed ahead until I got my head and my shoulders in the cubby hole. I knew then for sure that I couldn't turn around in it. I couldn't even get halfway in. I lay there a few minutes to catch my breath while Joe and Ed shouted advice. I was breathing so hard from exertion and the room was so small that I blew out my lamp three times. Fortunately I carry a butane lighter (empty of course) around my neck for just such an emergency (I only need a spark, not a flame). Using the lamp striker would have been impossible in such cramped quarters. Finally I was able to get a hand down to my waist to hold my jacket in place. If I had had to back out uphill, I probably wouldn't have made it. Because it was downhill and muddy, though, I was soon out and ready for the next lead.

The low lead in the flowstone room started in a little cubicle large enough for two people. The passage was 15 feet long and hourglass shaped. The middle was 3 or 4 inches wide and the bottom was filled with debris. The top must have been smaller than a coat hanger because I couldn't even get my shoulders into it. I called Ed and we switched places. He was able to get in just past his waist and no more. There wasn't anything for him to kick against in the room. He wedged himself in, slipped down in the hourglass and tried to back out. A minute or two later he announced he was stuck and couldn't breathe too well but would try some more before needing help. Two minutes later I went in and started yanking on his feet. What finally got him out was pulling on his jacket which had bunched up. He was just as glad to get out of there as I was earlier.

That finished another lead so we started another one that was supposed to end in a few feet. Ha, ha. Going around the corner I found myself at the top of a 15 to 20 foot canyon. We chimneyed around a corner into walking passage which opened up to ten feet high by four feet wide. About fifty down, a crack on the right wall revealed a similar sized parallel passage. Stepping into it, I was amazed to find the mummified remains of a mouse. How it got there, I don't know. I took the right passage and we got our first fifty foot shot! This is in Paul's remember. If we had had a one-hundred foot tape we could have used it all! It kept getting larger and we passed through several rooms. The second room had a ten foot by four foot passage disappearing into blackness that we didn't even touch. We kept in the main passage which became a four foot wide by ten inch high crawl. It opened up into another room, and another, and another,... By this time we were hysterical. Spontaneous giggling would often erupt. We came into a fifty foot break down room with leads everywhere. Halfway down one of these leads I found a bone. Rather, half of a bone. Even so, it was six inches long and had a two inch socket. Since the room was dry, and water hadn't flowed in it for perhaps thousands of years, it was probably the bone of a bear.

We journeyed onward with Ed constantly yelling at us for going so fast and giving him thirty and forty foot readings instead of the three to seven footers he was used to in Paul's.

What at first appeared to be the end of the line was a very large two layer room. We came out on top and walked around. The floor opened up into three pits. I finally found a way down to the bottom, looked up and almost died. The place we had been walking on thirty feet above was actually several large break down blocks touching opposite walls that had fallen inward and were holding each other up by sheer pressure. There was no support underneath. Lucky for us we don't weigh much.

Amazingly, there was only one lead out of this large. It was in the floor and dropped down to a small trickle stream. After some slightly wet crawling it ended in twenty to thirty foot pit with sheer walls. This is where we stopped. There may or may not be leads going out the bottom of the pit. That is for a future trip to explore.

We decided to go out the recently discovered Harmon's connection. It involved several tight crawlways, one rather long, but it saved us two hours and having to go through Wallow Hollow again, (darn!). The entrance to Harmon's was a steep mud slope- very difficult to get up when your tired. We were in the cave a total of fifteen hours and were the first ones to do the connection entrance to entrance.

So ended my first Paul Penleys trip and it was a doozy. We discovered and mapped the biggest passage yet; and it's heading for Newberrys. We totalled 1600 feet of virgin cave and set 91 stations. I really can't wait to get back in there. It was a damn good trip.