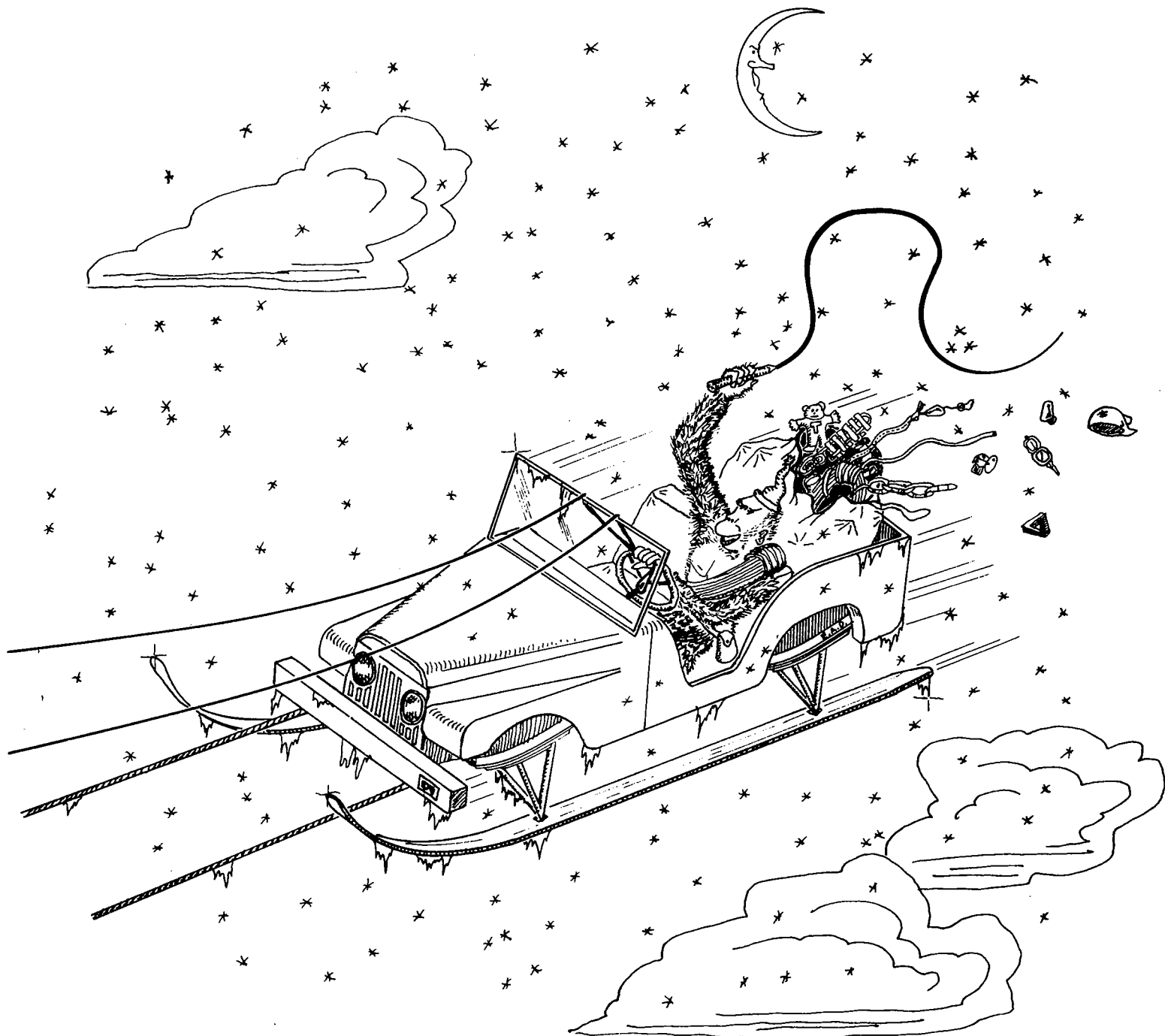


MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

THE TECH TROGLODYTE

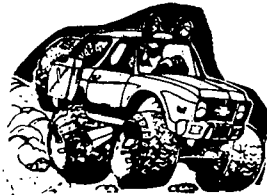


VOL. XV, #1&2
FALL/WINTER
'76

A JOURNAL OF THE
V.P.I. GROTT, N.S.S.

"Occifers"

Ed "Buckwheat" Richardson

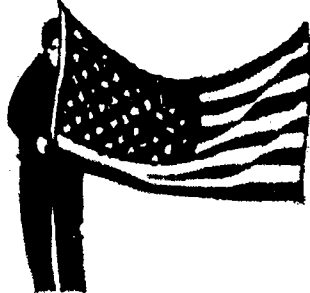


SPACEMATIC

President

%

Lor "Space Skulker" Windle



USMC

Vice-President

†

Jim "Jock" Bearden

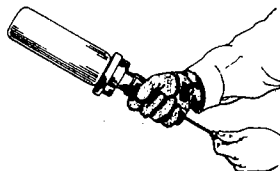


HEAT RESISTANT

Treasurer

\$

Doug "Who?" Olson



Secretary

?

patent pending in principal countries of the world

» Editor--Lor Windle «

Exchange--Mike Wolf [no e]

»

» (Cover: If you have all been good little boys and girls, maybe A.I. Cartwright will visit you (yech). Drawn by E. A. Devine under much pressure.) «

»



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IMPORTANT NOTE: SLUSSER'S CHAPEL CAVE HAS BEEN CLOSED DUE
TO LEGAL HASSLES WITH THE OWNER. PLEASE STAY OUT.
WE ARE WORKING ON IT, DON'T WORRY.

How many V.P.I. Cavers recognized the symbolic man
at the top of the page? We may print the answer in
the next TROG, if we can remember that long.

Buckwheat Rises

Well, I guess it's time for the annual State of the Grotto Address. Take heart, it's not as bad as it may appear. At least the State of the Grotto is much better than the State of the Union. The recession is over. We are on the road to recovery. We are the wealthiest grotto in the Virginia Region and probably rank among the ten most wealthy in the N.S.S. Man hours are up 400% (1500+ this quarter) over last Spring. Our equipment and supply committees are increasing their stocks. We have a large group of active trainees, assuring the future leadership of the Grotto. Individuals are undertaking their own projects with enthusiasm and hopefully this enthusiasm will spread throughout the membership, particularly the trainees, with the result of projects in various fields of interest. We are attempting to build a respected rescue capability and have set aside \$500 toward this end. Money and equipment have been donated to the Safety and Techniques Committee hopefully for the betterment of caving equipment and methods.

This increase in a wealth of resources has resulted in an increase of recognition for this Grotto as a viable entity. We are no longer considered a bunch of drunk college kids (which we may well be; I'll not argue the point). We are rapidly building the capability of becoming a strongly influential grotto in regional and national policies, provided our efforts are properly directed and each of us remains informed. What good does it do us to donate money to some obscure project when our own Grotto can much better utilize these funds? Become informed. Know what you are voting on before you vote. Don't just vote in the name of conservation. Think! What will be the consequences of your vote on our fundamental purpose--the perpetuation of the Grotto. We have a bright, promising future. It's up to all of us.

● Buckwheat ●
//

V.P. Column



Actually, this isn't a column related in any way, shape or form to the President's column. This is just a means to look impressive, make filler and tell the world some of the more humorous events I experienced as V.P. This week I shall tell you all about my trainee data sheet: At the beginning of the year when we experience a flux of new members (at least potentially) a sheet is passed out to these new people. The answers are, sometimes, humorous.

One of our questions deals with how the new person found out about the V.P.I. Grotto. Most people discovered us through our posters, but there are exceptions. One fellow who had been caving for four years said "Common Knowledge". Even more interesting was an 18 year old who had caved with D.C. Grotto for 6 years who answered "Reputation!" (I add as a note of interest that he had let his N.S.S. number expire). Another person caving for 4½ years said "It is hard to do anything in speleology without hearing about the Tech Troglodytes." Perhaps the most interesting was one that said "my brother is a former member; he's taken me down several times since I was 8."

Also on this questionnaire is a question "What's the difference between a duck?". This question was originally used by Cheryl Jones when she overwhelmed this office and has been used since to confuse, confound, and amaze peoples. Many fascinating answers have popped up to this one. Even more exciting is the look of bewilderment that passes across the faces of those as they first read the question. Last fall, though, an interesting event occurred. Two males sitting together gathered up enough courage to ask me what the heck the question meant. In my own round-about manner I was able to explain to them that it was, at the very least, a totally bull-zip question. They eventually caught on and agreed on an idiot answer. One wrote "motorcycles don't have doors" and the other put "motorbikes have no doors". One girl who was seated behind them and was thoroughly confused apparently glanced over their shoulders for she put "Something about a motorcycle" on her paper. V.P.I. runs on the Honor System and I, as former Honor Court Investigator and Honor Court Juror, almost felt like giving her the scare of her life; going up to her, flashing my I.D. card and explaining to her the sins of violating our Honor Code. I didn't, but it still amazes me to think of someone having to peek on a questionnaire like mine. Oh Well, as someone else put "It's all Fowl to me!"

L Windle

AMERICAN TYPE

Analysis of an Election

Doug Olson

The recent election of the coming year's club officers was marked by very slim pickings and a host of "I don' wannas". The new president, Ed Richardson, was voted in by acclamation, for lack of a willing opponent worthy of nomination. The club's reclamation project took the form of newly elected vice-president, Lor Windle. Can an office of high stature turn a reputed neo-nazi asshole into a self respecting, mature man of responsibility? "Bull", you say??? Obviously a majority of the club members believed in the potential of Lor to properly handle future club members.

The new treasurer, Jock Bearden, was chosen basically because Susanne Sutherland appeared to be the least willing of the two candidates. No need to worry about this office, though--if Donnie can do the job, any inept half-wit should be able to...even Jock.

Last, maybe least, the secretary, Doug Olson, won by virtual default in that his opponent, the incumbent Lor Windle, was already elected vice-president. It is hoped that this dark horse will be a productive officer and competent secretary rather than choosing to sit in a corner, picking his nose, and remaining virtually unnoticed.

As former officers, President Mike Wolf, V.P. Bob Alderson, and Treasurer Donnie Carter sink back into the multitude of commoners and look forward to a glum year of bleak prospects; we must appreciate their superhuman efforts over the past year in helping turn the V.P.I. Grotto from violent bedlam to simple random chaos. We must also give special consideration to Lor who has mashed his nose further to the grindstone to become V.P.

All in all, however, I believe that somehow the club did an admirable job in electing officers of superior quality.

Ed. Column

Due to an unexpected and totally unprecedented streak of good humor, there will not be an Editor's Column because the Editor can't think of anything to complain about at the moment that he hasn't bitched about before (see "Bitch", in The Tech Troglodyte, Fall/Winter, Vol. XIV, #1&2, page 2). All I can say is thanks to the miserable few who helped and that's that.

Ed M. Windle

S o n g



Inspired by the incidences of the Fall VAR meeting on October 8-9-10, at Thorne Creek Campground, when the deluge struck us with a devastating force and manner.
(sung to the tune of "Five Feet High and Rising")

How high's the water, Nixon? Two feet high and rising.
How high's the water, Perkins? He said it's two feet high and rising.
Well I drove through the rain 'cause I heard the call,
Found everybody drenched in the meeting hall,
They're all drinking beer and don't care at all;
Two feet high and rising.

How high's the water, Annie? Three feet high and rising.
How high's the water, R.E.? She said it's three feet high and rising.
The stream's overflowing all it's banks nearby,
The mud in the field is at least ankle high,
Reminds me of convention down at V.P.I.;
Three feet high and rising.

How high's the water, Stevens? Four feet high and rising.
How high's the water, Quiesser? I say it's four feet high and rising.
Well, rain in the morning makes me feel uptight,
The bridge washed out in the middle of the night,
Have to drink another beer so I'll feel alright;
Four feet high and rising.

How high's the water, Redder? Five feet high and rising.
How high's the water, Douty? I've mapped it five feet high and rising.
If the rain don't stop I'll have to give a shout,
Water's close to crossing our only other route,
If it covers the road then we can't get out;
Five feet high and rising.
I say it's five feet high and rising.

Lor Windle

Once more the haunting melody sweeps down from the mount of caving glory and descends into the plains of mortal men. The wind picks the sound up and carries it across endless limestone outcroppings and resurgent streams before laying its cryptic message at the feet of those capable of hearing the true meaning. It is with painstaking efforts that the message has been translated into the written language of man. Once more, you, too, can experience the awe and the unprecedented wonder of

The Grotto Grapevine !

Sigh. It has been a long and glorious year (nearly) since I have been granted the privilege of relating the exciting adventures and escapades of the V.P.I. Grotto. It is with unbounding enthusiasm that I can tell you that the grotto has transposed, transpired and, to keep the same scheme, transferred personnel and adventures. First and foremost is the grotto election last spring. Richardson, Windle, Bearden, and Olson hold the key posts now (see belated election results elsewhere).

As always, Cupids mighty bow has showered arrows of love and affection throughout the grotto. Last April Jerry Redder finally worked up the nerve to go through with it and tied it on with Jackie. Last Grapevine I made a comment about how funny Tuna and Mike Richardson looked in tux's; Jerry had Jim Denton, Lor Windle and Ed Richardson in similar apparel: What a bunch of misfits!! Over the summer, Bob Alderson finally took the bait and got hooked by Laura, and Mark Slusarski caught a similar trap from Cathy. Recently, Mike Frame and Suzanne came back from Alaska and permanently melted the icicles (so to speak).

Similarly, the darts from cupids archery set have pinned others. Mike Wolf is going to marry (S)Pam on March 5, '77. Dennis Vaders is going to marry Linda no-body-knows when he graduates. And no body does know what Mike Richardson and Tricia are doing in New Jersey right now. We also have a lovely (in her own right) girl by the name of Pat Loudon who seems to be "engaged" with everyone at one time or another.

New potential cavers are also springing up like... hmm, I can't think of an uninsulting analogy. At any rate, Karl and Nancy Hamm have had their little hamster--a boy. And last heard from, Lynn and Jim Altman are working on their second.

Other, more readily acceptable new cavers for V.P.I. are (S)Pam Foiles, #192; Pete Sauvigne, #193 (Associate); Rick Cooper, #194; and Dave "Tinker" Bell, #195. Kinda makes you feel old doesn't it?

Further adventures in the world of A.I. Cartwright include the massive exploration of two new caves: Cricket Cave (a giant 200+ feet of passage) mapped by Ed Loud, back in the action, and his friends; and Dead Cat Cave mapped with much confusion by Ed "Diddly-dip" Devine and Donnie "Cornhole" Carter. At the time of this writing there may be an article on the latter cave. Mapping continues in Bone-Norman and the Seabolt project has started. At Fall VAR on October 9th, the V.P.I. Grotto announced 1000 man-hours underground since Old Timers!

The mighty Trog's grasp has extended to his friends and enemies. The flow of people swirls about us all. Jim Denton, Jerry Redder, and RandyKathy graduated last Spring. Denton has moved in with Nixson. RandyKathy Wood has jobs in Pittsburgh. Redder is working with Douty and Armstrong and lives in Pearisburg. Jean and Bob Simonds have moved to Tidewater. Bob and Ellen Page have moved West. The Frieders have gone back to D.C.

On the other hand, Glen Davis has returned to school for another try at success. Moose Dawson is taking more courses. Doug "Thump-some" Thompson is somewhere around, apparently going to school. Doug Perkins and Bill Stringfellow are together again after all these years; this time in Roanoke. Danny and Lynn Wright went on a tour of Europe last Summer and are now touring the U.S. of A. "Tuna" Johnson, so long a respected (ha) member of the Grotto has been awarded as club advisor (Go-Between; us and the school).

Other news of note: Denton, Nixson and Linda all got the mange. They're not quite sure who got it from who!

The V.P.I. Grotto has smashed through two more striking victories in the Miller Reclamation contest last Spring and this Fall, claiming more than \$1000 in prizes.

In the world of mechanized transportation, the name of Alan Armstrong will long be remembered. Prior to UTR he slept through the "Close association" of his car and a telephone pole. He is still waiting for parts. In close running there is Doug Thompson who, in a display of aquatic finesse, sank his Toyota in the Potomac at Old Timer's. At poor third is Chuck Shorten; he blew his VW engine and now swears revenge with a jeep (named Yeep).

Of all the wild parties since last I talked to the world, (Spring VAR, Jerry and Jackie's Wedding, Picnic, Float Trip, Convention, Old Timer's, Fall VAR, and Halloween) only one exciting event crosses my mind...Alan Armstrong's sheepish philosophy at convention. It appears that while sitting around the campsite a young, innocent girl wondered by. She had been to 8 conventions and never knew cavers were gross (she stayed in the dorms). Alan was talking about "Sheep Fucking", going into considerable detail about putting their hooves into your boots to hold them in place. She said that she didn't know anything about that sort of stuff. Alan came back with "well then, want to put your toes in my boots?"

We never saw her again.

Lor Windle

~~The Spool~~

Throughout the years of cave exploration, steep drops have presented a challenge to the serious caver. Various ways to get down these drops have been invented; such as the Bosun's Chair, Rappel Ring, Rappel Hook, Brake Bars, Whale Tail, and Rappel Rack, to name a few. The purpose of this article is to take a look at one of the older rappelling devices: The Rappel Spool.

At one time the rappel spool was used for all types of cave drops, but now it has been replaced by newer and better equipment. With the advent of the brake bars, spools became a long rappel device only. When the rack came out spools became collectors items. However, for those people lucky enough to own one, the sheer joy of a spool rappel makes it worthwhile to occasionally resurrect the spool for some sport rappelling.

But what, really, is the spool? The rappel spool has never been standardized since everyone who has a spool either had the spool made or made it themselves. Generally the design for a rappel spool was either copied from someone elses spool, or designed by the person making the spool. However, all rappel spools do have two parts in common; the spool (around which the rope is wrapped), and the support arms (which prevent the spool from turning and connect the rappeller to the spool) (See figure 1).

A spool may be made from steel, aluminum, or even wood. Steel spools are generally made from a short piece of pipe, two to four inches in diameter, with circular steel plates welded to the ends. One support arm is welded to one end of the spool and the other is supported by a bolt passing through the spool. This allows one arm to be rotated to permit wrapping a rope around the spool. After wrapping the rope the two arms are held together by a carabiner through the holes in the lower ends of the arms (See figure 2).

A spool of this type may have trouble with the rope crossing itself and may require the use of "Pigtail" rope guides to relieve the problem (See figure 3)

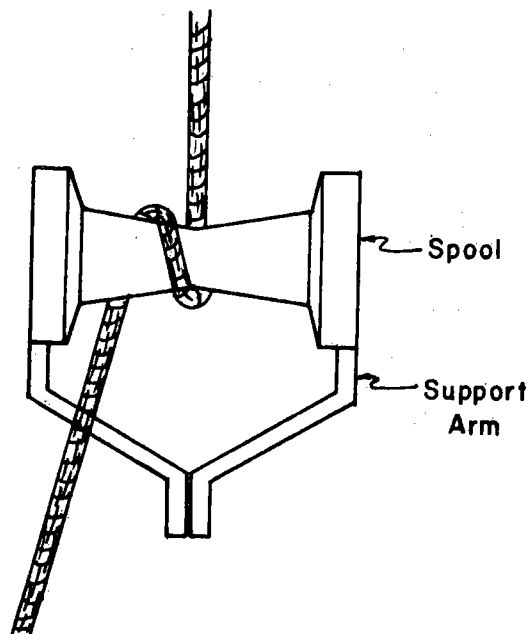


Figure 1

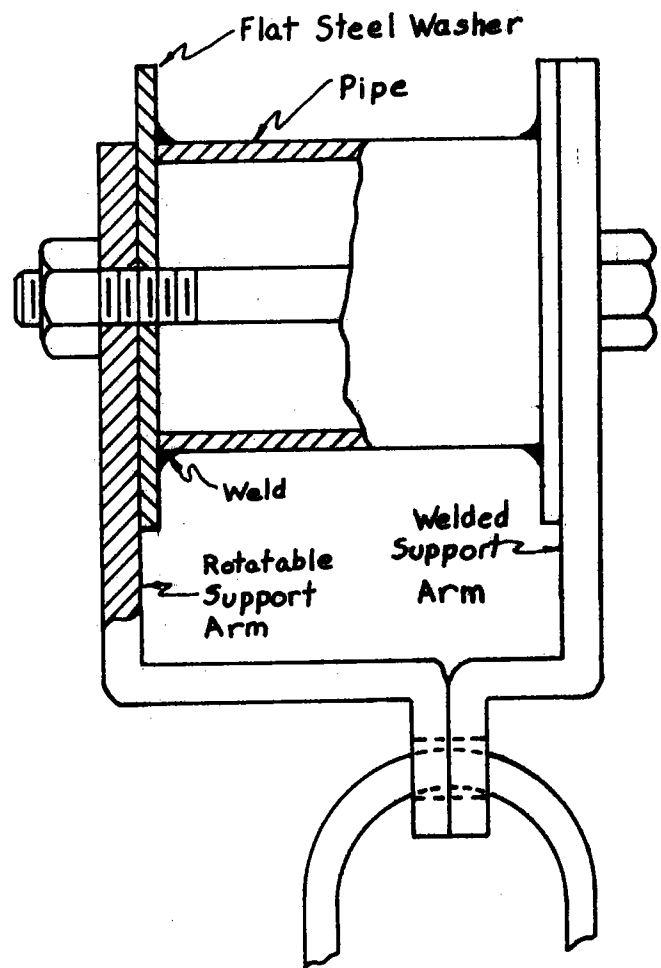


Figure 2

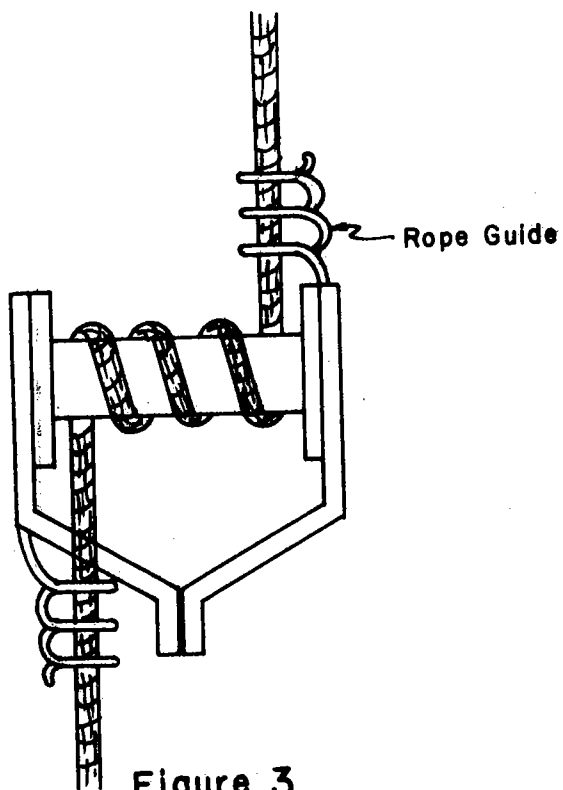


Figure 3

An aluminum spool is turned on a lathe from a circular piece of aluminum bar stock, generally three to four inches in diameter. Aluminum spools are tapered toward the center of the spool to cause the main part of the rope to ride in the center of the spool. The support arms on an aluminum spool are set into slots milled into the ends of the spool and secured by a bolt passing through the spool (See figure 4). Rope is put on the spool by removing one arm.

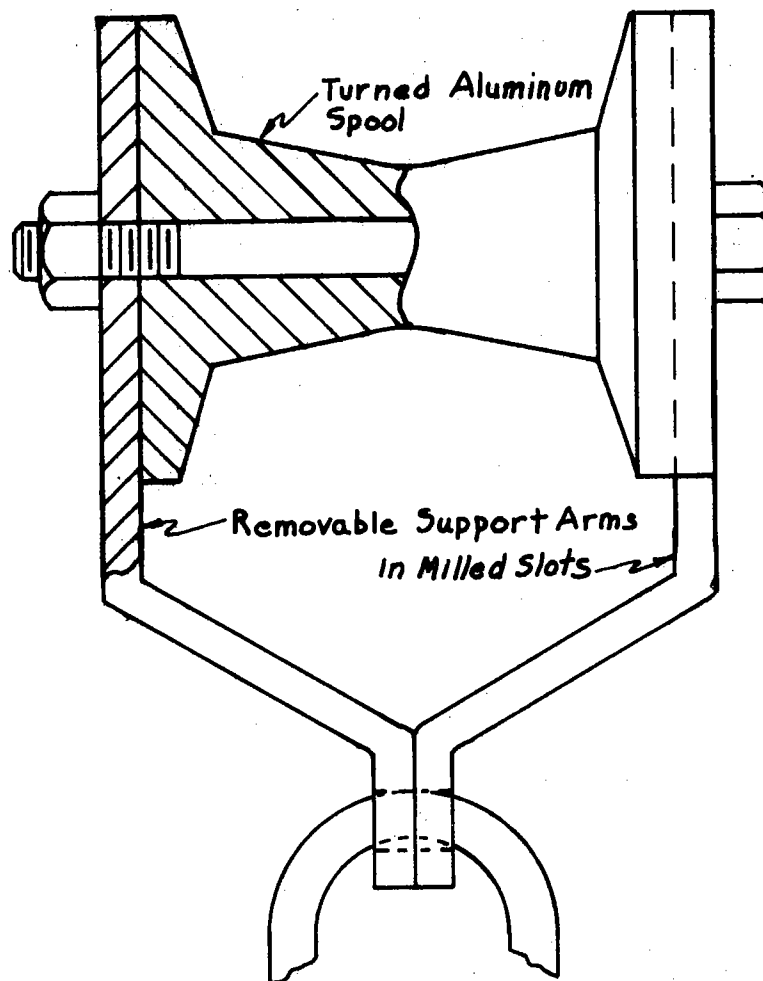


Figure 4

Wooden spools are made the same as aluminum spools except for the material used. Wooden spools have a tendency to char on a long rappel and to melt synthetic fiber ropes.

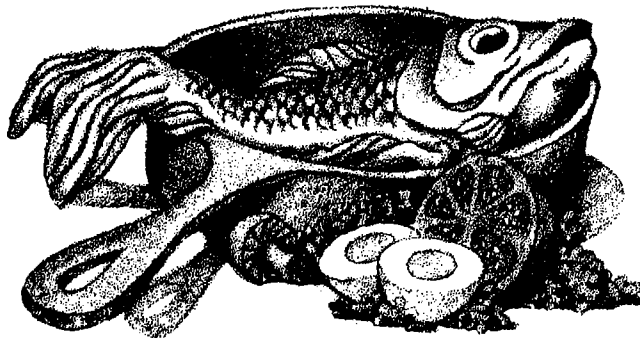
The use of a spool is basically the same as any other braking device. The rope is wrapped around the spool; the spool is attached to a seat sling; and the speed is controlled by tension applied to the trailing rope. But what makes the spool rappel so special when everything else is so normal? Simply the characteristics of the rappel itself. In use, a spool gains its braking effect almost entirely from sliding friction. The friction from rope binding, from sudden changes in rope direction, is negligible. What this means is that when tension on the trailing rope is reduced, the rope slides around the spool with almost no braking effect --hence: a fast rappel. However, light tension on the trailing rope increases the braking force very quickly--hence: sudden stops. These all-or-nothing rappel characteristics may sound like a good way to commit suicide. They're not. These characteristics exist only if the correct number of wraps are used on the spool. A person learning to use a spool can add extra wraps to increase friction and slow the rappel. If the rappel still seems too fast, an additional wrap can be added during the rappel to give even more friction.

To really understand the fun of a spool rappel one must experience it. For anyone wishing to have his own spool, a good machine shop should be able to turn one out for a moderate cost.

Try it--You'll like it.

Alan J. gnortsmrA

Picture of Fish in Frypan



COMBAT

Recently, while watching a rerun of the movie Patton on TV, it occurred to me that partying must be very similar to war. To illustrate this point, I wrote the following parody of the first scene of the movie in which George C. Scott as General Patton delivers a speech to his troops just before they are due to go into battle.

The scene is Aggie Auditorium. The Grotto is restless. It is shortly before they are due to be shipped out to Alpena. They are waiting for something to happen. Suddenly, Buckwheat shouts out an order. "Hey! Shut the fuck up!" The crowd quiets down. On the wall in front of the room is emblazoned the VPI Grotto flag, yellow letters on black, a purple bat in the upper right hand corner. Slowly, Ed Loud walks onto the stage in front of the flag and stands before the silenced membership. He is in full partying uniform, demin jacket and jeans, partying hat upon his head, hiking boots, liter beer mug at his side and covered from head to toe in mud, garbage and day-glo paint. He begins to speak;

"Be seated!

Now I want you to remember,

that no caver ever killed a keg by puking his guts out. He killed it, by making the other poor dumb caver puke his guts out!

Now men, all this stuff you've heard about VPI not wanting to drink, wanting to stay out of the party, is alot of horse dung!

VPI traditionally loves to drink!

All real VPI cavers love to drink beer and raise hell!

When you were trainees; you all admired the champion beer chugger, the fastest can crusher, the hard-core partier, the toughest dancer.

VPI loves to party and will not tolerate sobriety!

VPI drinks like hell all the time!

I would'nt give a hoot in hell for a caver who drank two beers and passed out!

That's why VPI has always killed the kegs and will always make it 'till dawn!

Because the very thought of going home sober; is hateful to VPI cavers.

Now; a grotto is a team, it drinks, puked, parties as a team! This individuality stuff is a bunch of crap!

The bastards who wrote that stuff about individuality; for the DC Speleograph; don't know anything more about real partying; then they do about caving!

Now, we have the finest beer and whisky, the wildest women
and the best cavers in the world!
You know, by God; I actually pity those poor DCGers we're
going up against, by God I do!
We're not just going to out drink the bastards.
We're going to make them puke out their living guts,
and use them to grease the tires of our Toyotas!
We're going to roll those lousy DCGers into the gutter by
the bushel!
Now, some of you trainees, I know are wondering, whether or
not you'll pass out after three or four beers.
Don't worry about it!
I can assure you, that you will all drink your gallon.
The DC Grotto is the enemy!
Four wheel into them!
Spill their beer!
Drink them under the table!
When you put your hand into a bunch of goo, that a moment
before was in your best friends stomach!
You'll know what to do.

Now there is another thing I want you to remember.
I don't want to get any messages saying that we are trying
to hold down our alcohol.
We're not trying to hold down anything!
Let the DC Grotto do that.
We are drinking constantly and we are not interested in
holding onto anything; except our beer mugs!
We're going to hold onto them with one hand and fill them
from the tapper with the other!
We're going to drink that beer all the time!
and it is going to go through us like piss through a
bladder!
Now.....there is one thing that you men will be able to say
when you get back to Blacksburg; and you may thank God
for it.
Four years from now, when you are standing around at the
party on the mountain and some trainee asks you; 'What
did you do in the great 77 Convention?'
You won't have to say; 'Well, I sipped Pepsi at the Photo
Salon.'
Alright now you sons of bitches, you know how I feel.
Oh; I will be proud to lead you drunken sots into a party,
any time and any where.
Now that's all."

Mike Wolf



Drinking, Techniques Problems Solved

Among present DTC research programs are:

Evaluation of the lightweight drinking glove in keeping the hand warm (In progress)

evaluation of effectiveness of beer coolers in emergency party situations (Initiated)

determination of the pop-top chain strengths as related to length and hanging stresses during partying (Completed)

determination of value of a C.P.C.N. "Caver Party Communications Network" being established.

Do YOU know of other research and testing programs which would be of interest to the drinking community? Please let us know about them. An informed DTC can then inform the general membership of the NSS. Send your ideas to the Drinking/Techniques Committee, Dave Donison, Chairman, Box 471, Blacksburg, VA 24060.

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Pukes and Near Pisses

APRIL, 1976

I WAS AT A VAR WHEN I NOTICED SOME PEOPLE DRIVING BY SPILLING A DRINK FROM A CANTEEN CUP. I YELLED AT THEM TO BE MORE CAREFUL. THEY SLOWED AND ASKED ME IF I WANTED SOME. I TOOK THE CANTEEN CUP AND STARTED TO DRINK. I WAS DETERMINED TO IMPRESS THEM WITH MY DRINKING. I WAS ABLE TO CHUG THE LIQUID IN TWO GULPS ONLY TO FIND OUT THAT IT WAS GRAIN ALCOHOL! I STAGGERED BACK TO MY FRIENDS. TWENTY MINUTES LATER I SLACKED OUT AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW IT WAS NINE HOURS LATER AND I WAS FEELING POORLY, PUKING MY GUTS OUT. I COULDN'T REMEMBER SHARING MY MACARONI WITH THE DOGS OR ANYTHING ELSE!!

Comments: Look before you leap. make sure you know what you're drinking and how much. For all you know it could have been transmission fluid or worse. Be careful when you drink; bring your own and be cautious if you mooch.

MAY, 1976

I WAS OUT DRINKING WITH SOME FRIENDS. I DRANK TWO HALF-GALLONS OF BEER BEFORE I DECIDED TO GO HOME. I WAS FEELING PRETTY GOOD, BUT REALIZED I WOULDN'T MAKE IT TO MY CLASS THE NEXT MORNING IF I WENT HOME TO BED. SO I WENT TO THE BUILDING IN WHICH MY CLASS WAS TO BE HELD, LAID DOWN ON A DESK ON MY BACK, STILL FEELING PRETTY GOOD. I WOKE UP LATER, STILL ON MY BACK, FEELING POORLY. I WAS COVERED WITH PUKE. I HAD TO GO HOME AND WASH MYSELF OFF.

Comments: Passing out on your back was the most dangerous thing you did. You could have gagged or drowned in your own vomit; as it was you covered yourself. It is much safer to pass out on your side so you can throw out when you throw-up. Even sleeping on your stomach is considered a good deal safer. Cavers have been known to wallow in their own vomit for hours with no real noticeable effect.

MAY, 1976

RECENTLY, WHILE AT A PARTY, I RECEIVED A QUART OF GRAIN ALCOHOL AS A PRESENT. I MIXED IT WELL, BUT KNEW I WOULD NEED HELP. I LET A NEW MEMBER HELP ME TO KILL IT. UNKNOWN TO ME, THREE OTHER NEW MEMBERS WERE ALSO HELPING ME. IT DID NOT REALLY MATTER AS I WAS BUSY LATER THAT NIGHT DRY-HEAVING. I WAS DRAGGED OUTSIDE AND LEFT NEAT TO A TREE AT THE BOTTOM OF A HILL. WHILE I WAS STILL FEELING POORLY, I WAS BUMPED INTO. I SAW THAT IT WAS THE NEW MEMBER. HE HAD BEEN ROLLED DOWN THE HILL IN A SIMILAR CONDITION. DURING THE COURSE OF THE PARTY I WAS JOINED BY MANY OTHER PEOPLE ALSO FEELING POORLY.

Comments: Sharing any drink is a hazard. Either you run out of drink too fast or you catch nasty germs. Keep a watchful eye on your drink to keep unauthorized people away. Finally, being the first to pass out at a party can be dangerous if you pick the best spot. You will find others tend to

encroach upon your position as the evening progresses. Think about it the next time you get to feeling sick.

JUNE, 1976

AFTER ONE OF MY NIGHT CLASSES I WENT OVER TO A GRADUATION PARTY FOR A FRIEND. THIS WAS ON WEDNESDAY. WE WERE ALL DOING SOME HEAVY DRINKING FROM A KEG. SUDDENLY, THE KEG WENT DRY. WE HAD A MOMENT OF CONFUSION, BUT MANAGED TO SAVE THE SITUATION BY BREAKING OUT A PINT OF SOMETHING-OR-OTHER. VERY QUICKLY THE PINT WENT DRY. AGAIN WE WERE WORRIED UNTIL WE GOT OUT A QUART OF GRAIN ALCOHOL. SOON THEREAFTER I WENT DRY--HEAVING, THAT IS. I WAS FEELING POORLY (HUGGING THE COMMODE) UNTIL FRIDAY.

Comments: This is a good example of a well prepared party situation. It was the partier and not the party that died first! You should be more careful about hugging the commode, though; you would not want to get too personal with it.

JULY, 1976

I HAD JUST FAILED AN EXAM AND WAS IN THE MOOD TO DRINK. AT SIX P.M. I WENT INTO A DARK RESTAURANT AND HAD TWO QUARTS OF BEER. I LEFT BECAUSE IT WAS TOO DARK TO WRITE ANYTHING. I WENT TO A DIFFERENT BAR BECAUSE IT HAD MORE LIGHT. IT ALSO HAPPENED TO HAVE A HAPPY HOUR AT 50¢ PER QUART. I HAD TWO MORE QUARTS THEN CALLED IN A FRIEND FOR REINFORCEMENT. WE DRANK UNTIL WE WERE THROWN OUT AT ONE A.M. WE WENT TO ANOTHER BAR, PLAYED POOL AND DRANK. I STARTED TO FEEL POORLY SO I WENT

HOME. I REACHED CAMPUS, BUT WAS OVERWHELMED WITH POOR FEELING AND WAS MADE TO SIT DOWN FOR A MINUTE. WHEN I AWOK, AT AROUND EIGHT A.M., I FOUND THAT I WAS LEANING UP AGAINST A WALL, COVERED WITH PUKE FROM HEAD TO TOE, AND HAD ALL OF MY EQUIPMENT SCATTERED ABOUT ME. I WENT ON HOME IN A BAD WAY.

Comments: It takes a long time to discover the hazards of solo drinking. You tend to consume too much too fast when you are alone. It is also harmful to try to journey back from a party alone for just the reason described above; you tend not to get back. Additionally, everyone should learn that the happy hour is often a mixed blessing.

SEPTEMBER, 1976

I ATTENDED A PARTY AND DRANK MY CUSTOMARY SIX-PACK. I WAS STILL THIRSTY AND PICKED UP HALF OF A BOTTLE OF WINE. WHEN THIS RAN OUT, I STAGGERED INTO THE KITCHEN AND FOUND A GROUP PREPARING TO DRINK SOME TEQUILA. THEY HAD NO SALT AND I SHOWED THEM HOW GARLIC SALT WAS JUST AS GOOD. AFTER SEVERAL HITS LIKE THAT, I WAS FEELING POORLY. VERY SOON THEREAFTER I WAS TO BE FOUND THROWING UP ONTO A VOLKSWAGEN.

Comments: "Drink nothing but beer, never fear; try some harder liquor, you'll find yourself sicker." Know your limitations and try to exceed them only when you have the time or energy to waste. If you can't hold down what you put down, don't waste it.

FOLLOW UP on a Near Piss Recently, we recieved a letter explaining how a party was ruined when the gasket on the taper failed to operate in the proper manner. We have been unable to ascertain whether the gasket was ruptured or improperly seated. Extensive experimentation on this problem has been done and we have determined the optimum solution to the gasket-failure. A standard prophylactic, preferably lubricated, will serve in an excellent capacity as a gasket seal for temporary usage. It is not, however, recommended that the prophylactic later be used for its original intent as this may cause serious repercussions in the biological sense of the word.

'Dear DTC'

1N. HOW MUCH DOES PISS HURT CAR TIRES?

It depends on the time that the tire is allowed to sit in the urine. For short parties, a day or so, there is little, if any, danger. With some-

thing like a week of a convention, though, the urine has a chance to break down into its primary components, particularly uric acid, and will have the opportunity to eat away at the tire.

2N. WHEN YOU THROW UP ON A CAR, HOW MUCH DAMAGE IS DONE TO THE PAINT?

It all depends on how much you have vomited prior to making contact with the car's exterior. If it is your first time that night then there is going to be a heavy amount of beer or similar alcohol. If, however, you have been experiencing similar occurrences previously and your stomach is pretty much dried out, then the vomit will consist almost entirely of gastric acid; which is extremely harmful to the paint on a car. Try to keep this in mind the next time you are feeling poorly.

3N. IS IT TRUE THAT ONE OUNCE OF FIFTY-PROOF ALCOHOL WILL DESTROY OVER THIRTY THOUSAND BRAIN CELLS?

Who cares?

4N. WHAT IS A HANGOVER?

Basically, a hangover is the body reacting in an adverse manner to the foreign substances consumed or in other manner allowed to enter the body structure. A dictionary definition states "a disagreeable physical effect following heavy consumption of alcohol". This is too general an answer. It does not cover the entire field of hangovers. Perhaps the best definition is the preferred definition; though not intended as befitting our type of hangover: "Something (as a surviving custom) that remains from what is past". Think on it.

Any and all contributions will be gladly accepted and are desperately needed to bolster our flagging equipment fund. Thank You.

5N. I AM OFTEN CONFUSED BY DIFFERENT BEER PRICES IN DIFFERENT SIZED AMOUNTS. CAN YOU HELP ME?

Much research has been done on this subject. Our DTC representative at V.P.I., Doug Perkins, has given us the following list. The first column has approximate store prices for various-sized containers. The second column has the price per ounce, and the third column has the equivalent price if it were to be bought in standard six-pack form.

Store price	HALF KEGS (15 1/2 Gal.) Price per ounce	6-Pack
\$24.00	1.2¢	\$0.87
\$27.00	1.4¢	\$0.98
\$29.00	1.5¢	\$1.05
\$31.00	1.6¢	\$1.12
\$33.00	1.7¢	\$1.20
	QUARTS	
\$0.59	1.8¢	\$1.33
\$0.69	2.2¢	\$1.55
\$0.79	2.5¢	\$1.78
\$0.89	2.8¢	\$2.00
\$0.99	3.1¢	\$2.23
	16 oz. 6-Pack	
\$1.69	1.8¢	\$1.27
\$1.79	1.9¢	\$1.34
\$1.89	2.0¢	\$1.42
\$1.99	2.1¢	\$1.49
\$2.09	2.2¢	\$1.57
\$2.19	2.3¢	\$1.64
\$2.29	2.4¢	\$1.72
\$2.39	2.5¢	\$1.79
\$2.49	2.6¢	\$1.87
	12 oz. 6-Pack	
\$1.09	1.5¢	---
\$1.19	1.7¢	---
\$1.29	1.8¢	---
\$1.39	1.9¢	---
\$1.49	2.1¢	---
\$1.59	2.2¢	---
\$1.69	2.3¢	---
\$1.79	2.5¢	---
\$1.89	2.6¢	---
\$1.99	2.8¢	---
\$2.09	2.9¢	---
	7 oz. 8-Pack	
\$1.19	2.1¢	\$1.53
\$1.29	2.3¢	\$1.66
\$1.39	2.5¢	\$1.79
\$1.49	2.7¢	\$1.92
\$1.59	2.8¢	\$2.04
\$1.69	3.0¢	\$2.17
	7 oz. 6-Pack	
\$0.89	2.1¢	\$1.53
\$0.99	2.4¢	\$1.70
\$1.09	2.6¢	\$1.87
\$1.19	2.8¢	\$2.04
\$1.29	3.1¢	\$2.21
\$1.39	3.3¢	\$2.38

Dead Cat Cave

Dead Cat Cave was discovered last May ridgewalking northwest of Pembroke, Giles County. Donnie Carter, Jim Eller, John Mosely and I searched without compass and, because of rain, without map. We underestimated the terrain and quickly became lost. While wandering, we found a small cave with a tight entrance drop. It looked mediocre, but we decided to come back with vertical gear. After several hours we found our way out of the woods, miles from Donnie's car. We hitched a ride.

We returned the following weekend, having ascertained the cave's position and newness. We found the cave without difficulty. Donnie, Jim, and Skip Whitehurst rappelled into a 70 foot drop and a small room. Bill Moerschner found a crawl at the top of the drop and reported another pit. I rappelled into the first pit but could find no trace of Bill's pit. We ascended and rerigged the rope. Donnie and I then descended about 110 ft., tight fissure leading to muddy rooms. Claw marks were everywhere--even in incredible places like overhead formations. In the lowest part of the cave I came upon the beast: A bobcat skeleton. We left with several leads left to us.

In October, Donnie, Don Davison and I returned to start mapping. Donnie and I mapped the first drop while Don checked the other drop. He found an air hole that accounted for the flow of air through the cave. He also found a crawlway with acoustics that magnify the heartbeat of a caver so that it can be heard at both ends. While we checked the bottom of the first drop, Don checked leads elsewhere. We were unable to find any that opened up.

Several weeks later Donnie and I again returned to map. We finished everything explored previously, but had to leave two leads unchecked when we came close to our sign-out time. Unfortunately, Donnie's watch had stopped working in the cave and our estimate of time was in error. We heard on the radio that we were already 35 minutes late! A quick phone call barely diverted the rescue and/or lynching for us.

Donnie had dropped his pack (with vertical gear, lamp, and tape) in our haste to get out. This forced us to return to complete the map and check the two leads. Donnie, Dennis Vaders, and myself returned to finish it. The smell of rotting cave pack told us that there was little air flow down deep in the cave. Our two hot leads gave up a total of twenty more feet. At the top of one of the rooms we found a tight fissure going in the direction of the crawl at the bottom of the first drop. No visual connection was made, but we believe that it does connect here. We left the cave tired and grubby. No one has been back since.

Ed "d³" Devine

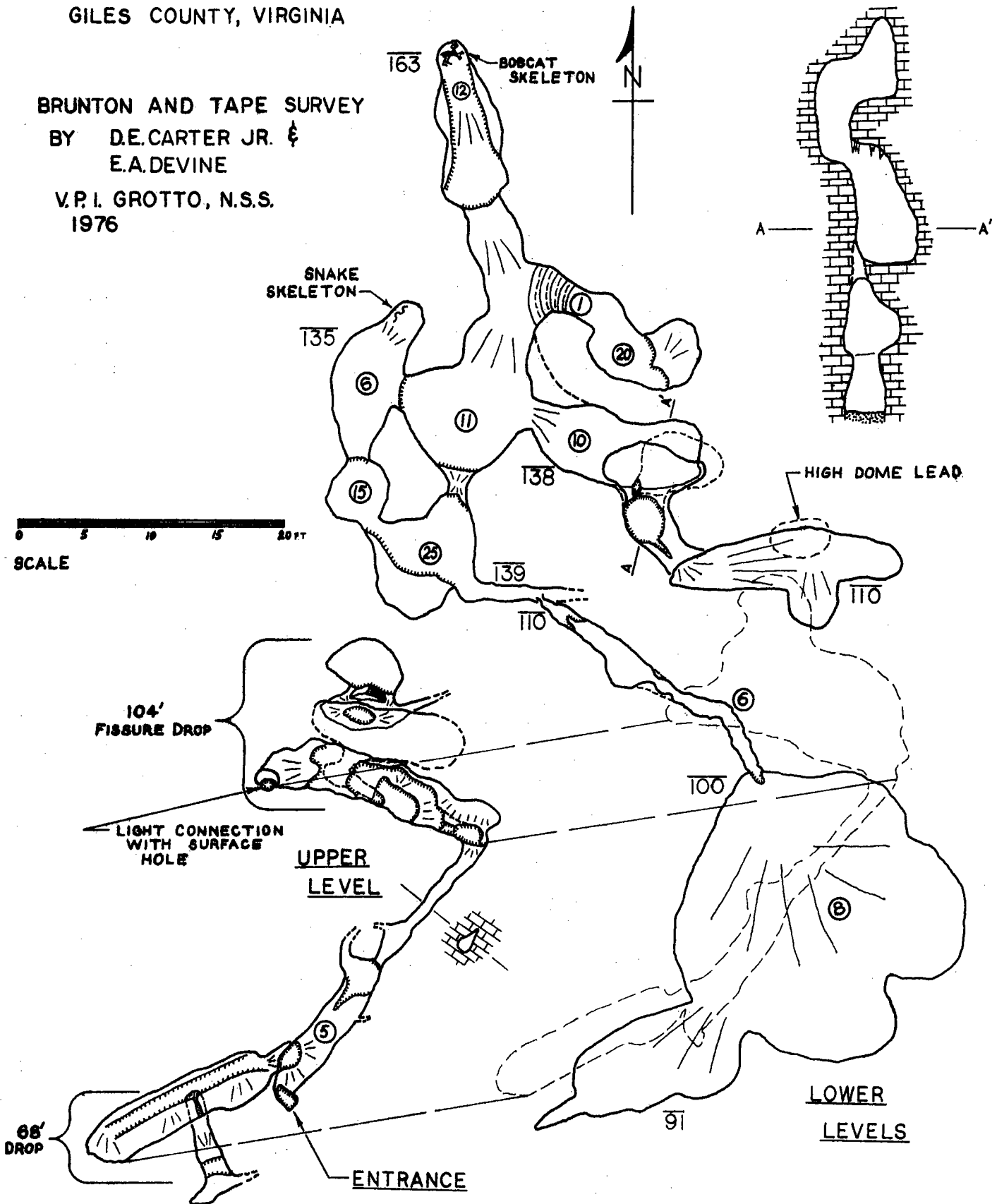
DEAD CAT CAVE

GILES COUNTY, VIRGINIA

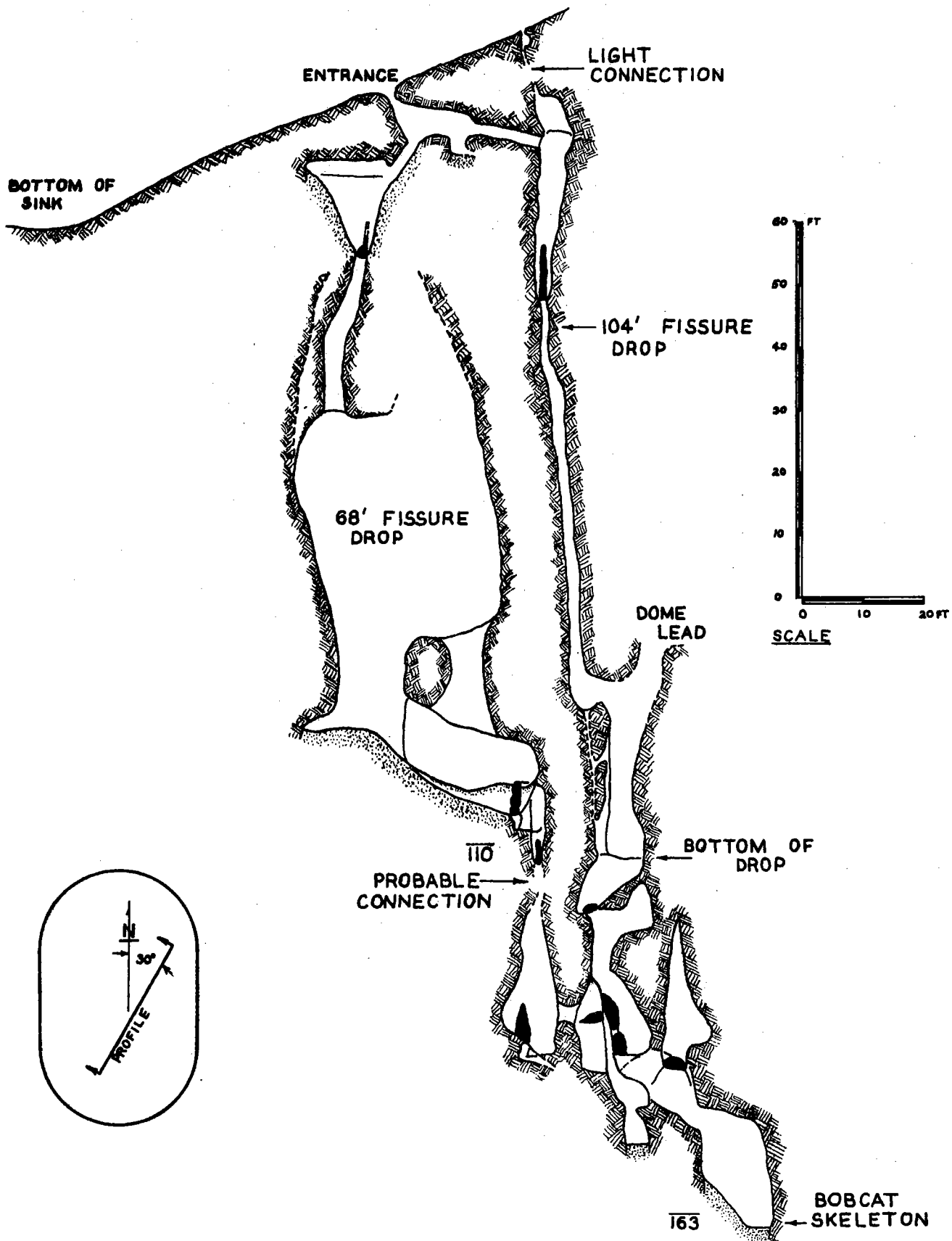
BRUNTON AND TAPE SURVEY

BY D.E. CARTER JR. &
E.A. DEVINE

V.P.I. GROTTO, N.S.S.
1976



DEAD CAT CAVE PROFILE



CRICKET!

Ed loud first heard about the cave now known as Cricket while digging in a garbage dump in search of the precious metal "Aluminum". The driver of a National Linen Service truck knew the location and drew a rough sketch of it in the dirt on the side of his vehicle. Unfortunately, though, the National Linen Service man drove off, taking the map with him. Poor Ed was left with only his memory to serve him.

Two days later, Ed enlisted the aid of Mike Wolf, a veteran of Blackenship's Blowhole and Budweiser Pit. They would search together for the missing National Linen Service truck and find the cave. All day they searched in vain for the truck. Once, along the 460 Bypass, they spotted two of the trucks in convoy. A chase ensued as Ed was hoping that one of the trucks would be THE truck. They finally caught the trucks after four miles, but neither the truck nor the man were to be found. They had been decoys! At last, realizing the hopelessness of the situation, they went off on their own; searching for the cave from memory. Luckily, a friendly landowner came to their aid. Seeing Ed and Mike standing around looking confused with a bunch of topo maps in hand, he asked if they were lost. Eventually, he gave the location of a cave that fit the meager description that had been on the missing laundry truck. After sixty minutes of torturous searching along Interstate 81, Ed spotted the entrance.

Now the crew swung into action like the practiced professionals they were. Quickly they readied themselves to enter, only to procrastinate for thirty minutes in discussing the possibility of animal life, particularly dangerous animal life, in the cave. At last, they entered. The cave was wondrous beyond belief. Only two hundred feet long; it could be mapped in a single trip. A spent PBK can laying on the floor of the cavern stood in mute testimony to the fact that the cave was not virgin.

The following Saturday, the mapping crew came in. Ed returned, this time with Doug Perkins and Bill Koerschner. The cave was put on paper. No longer would Cricket Cave stand as an unexplored gap in the files of the grotto.

Science reigned triumphant!

DOUG PERKINS

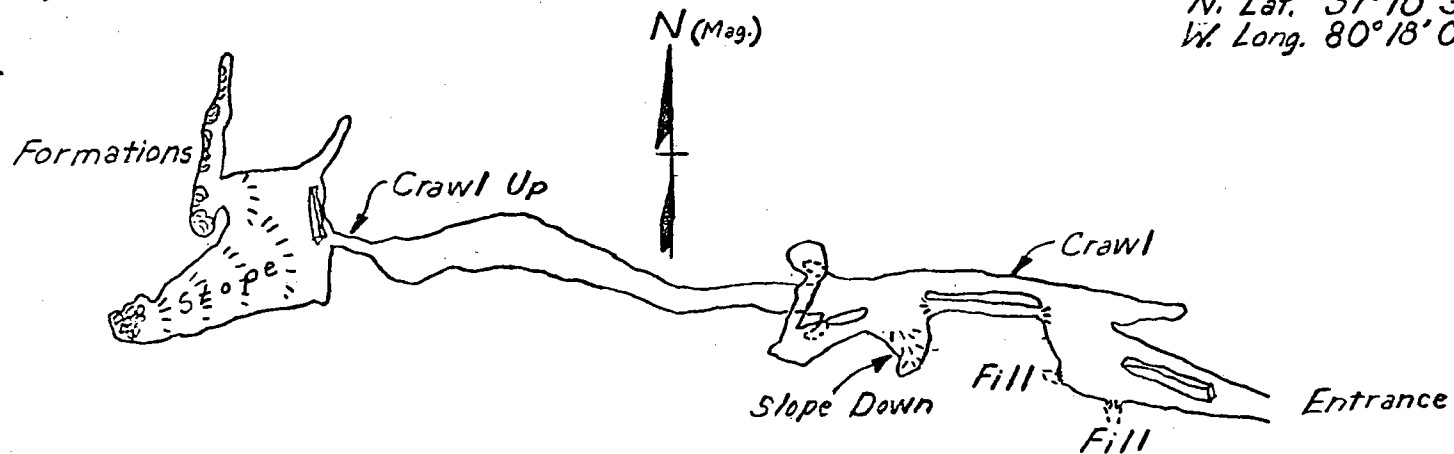
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CRICKET CAVE MONTGOMERY COUNTY, VA.

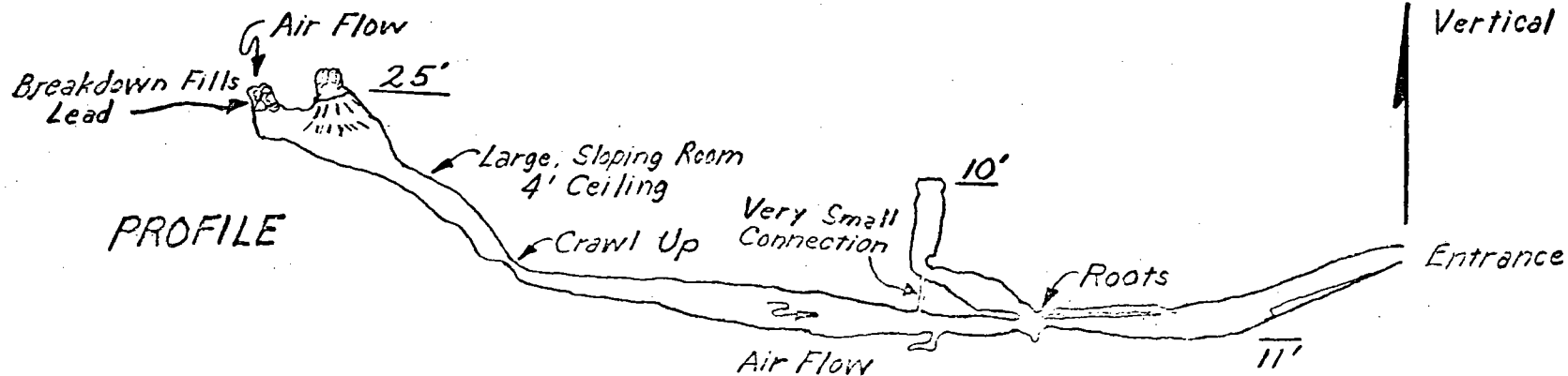
Brunton & Tape Survey by
VPI Grotto, National
Speleological Society
10-23-76
Ed Loud
Bill Koerschner
Doug Perkins

N. Lat. $37^{\circ}10'35''$
W. Long. $80^{\circ}18'02''$

PLAN



PROFILE



Plotted by Doug Perkins
November, 1976

