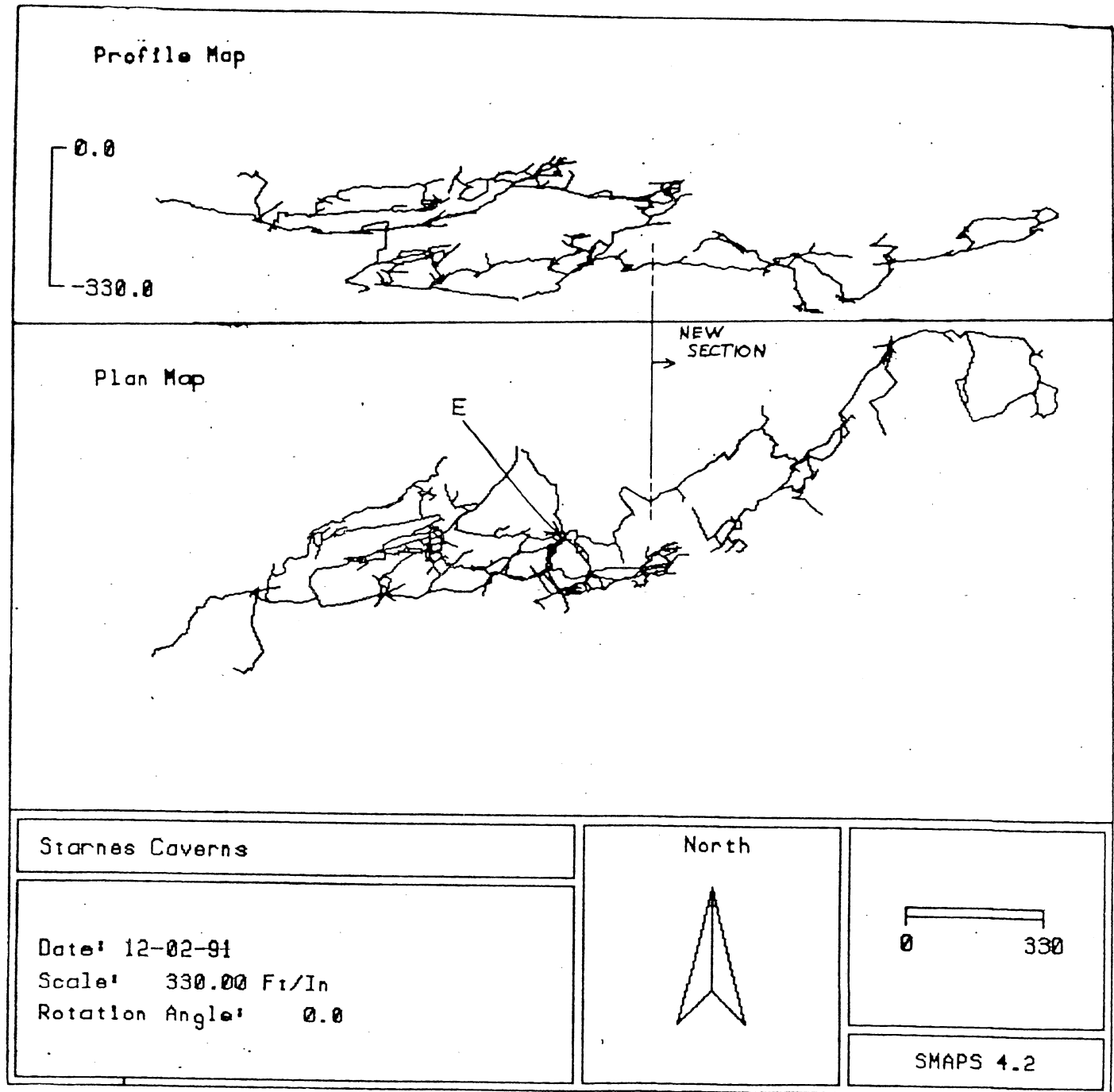


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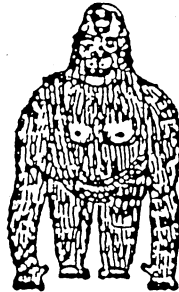


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'91

# THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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



Fall Semester, 1991

Volume XXXI, No. 1

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## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

*Well folks, I guess you could consider this my "State of the Club" speech type thing, so here goes...*

First of all, I'd like to send my congrats to the new members of the club - Kirk, Sandy, Scott, Nat, Jarrod, and Rob. To all the trainees - Keep up the good work.

In other news, yours truly is now famous for the screw-up in Fern. Check out the November 1991 NSS News. At least I didn't have to do a TV interview.

The club is doing lots of survey work this semester. The caves include Buddy Penley's, Straley's, Links, and Starnes. Work is also being done in Green Valley, and of course I should mention the Ohio cavers and their secret caves.

The club agreed to adopt the highway in front of Tawney's cave to route 42. Conservation work is being focused on Tawney's. Thanks to all who have helped so far. We are officially the "VPI Cave Club" by a recent unanimous vote. This was prompted by the passing of a motion to stop work on incorporating the club.

As for some final words... There seems to be a bit of tension running through the club this semester. Please try and remember that we are a group that is bound more or less by the common love of caving. We are a close knit group, and we must remember not to let bad feelings get in the way of good judgments. When you are underground keep in mind who members are, who leaders are, and who is experienced. Listen to those with greater knowledge than your own, learn from your past mistakes. Trust me, as I learned in Fern, there are better ways of doing things. Keep lines of communication open, and be open to criticism - no one is perfect.

Since we are a social group, we are plagued with it's problems. Most prominent among them is gossip, and we are all guilty of it. A lot of the time it is done in fun, sometimes to find out the truth of an event when the facts are unclear. Can it be avoided? To some degree, I think it can. Being honest and open will always help.

Caving is a team sport. Always keep that in mind. People's lives depend upon each other underground. Most of the time you need 100% of your mind and body to get the job done, and get it done right.

I hope I haven't been too preachy, but I think some of these things needed saying. To many people this club is a second family, to others a first. Let's try and keep it that way.

In closing, how am I doing? Let me know, because I like to get advice and criticism. Thanks to all those who have given it already.

DAVE

## VEEP COLUMN

Well, I can't think of anything appropriate to say. This year has been... let's just say its been. With Academic Discipline, I should be taking lots more trips. My thanks to those who have given me a hand. Should anyone need an additional bridge session or trip, just let me know and I'll take care of it for you. Special congratulations should go to our six new members:

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Here's looking forward to a better year.....

MIKE MIKE MIKE

## Message From The Gods Themselves

We now think we know what the past GODS went through... the countless sleepless nights, six gallons of Visine and two cases of No-Doz. It doesn't work. Ever. Let us get that straight right off the bat. However, a case of Homebrew and the Swedish Bikini Team doing deep throat exercises all through the night never hurt anyone, at least it certainly didn't hurt us :-). After the deep pulsing sounds of Metallica stopped and the Laser Printer made its final chirp, we turned on our now fixed T.V. and tuned into Super Mario Brothers. As Mario and Luigi leaped over vicious mushrooms we thought about how nice a cup of tea sounded and so we snapped our fingers, and just the way we thought GODS should be treated, a stunning blonde brought us a cup. Two cups actually. Both of em' about 36 C but not quite steaming hot. Yet, that is. Hmmm.....

## GROTTO GRAPEVINE

This summer was somewhat slow...nothing of any great excitement occurred. We did lose our long time co-patriot and past editor, beer-maker and all around cute dude, Joe 'Puke' Uknalis. Yes folks, he did again what got him to Blacksburg in the first place...he made the fatal mistake of following a woman. This time it was Heather Godsey, and they are both up in Philadelphia. This is just in time it seems, however, since his ex-wife, M.K., is back in town and is car-pooling with Theresa Croft. Doug Bruce made this summer when he had a minor error with his vehicle. Being too busy playing with the lingerie later found in his car, he made a turn too quickly and met a bridge at an inconvenient time, subsequently ending the life of his Chevy. It is worth mentioning that several pieces of vertical gear were seen making appearances as U.F.O.s.

At O.T.R. we saw the return of Larry Lifesaver, who is now out of the Navy and back in Blacksburg; maybe thinking of school? Mr. Perkins unveiled his newest purchase, two enormous speakers that entertained the VPI club tarp. We saw Brian Emery's reaction to too much alcohol as he passed out nude under someone's van. Kathi Ireland showed up in her new car, a Mitsubishi Montero. Pete Sauvigne whipped out his water balloon slingshot and started bombarding the porta johns down the road as people went in and out. Whilst Ko, Joan, and Scott were in the sauna area they glimpsed a couple fornicating pretty heavily on the dam...Hmm...I wonder what her kids thought when they swam out to her while she was in the throes of passion? Even Kristen Posson was seen for a brief time at the sauna section, au natural even. For the accommodation of aging cavers a spacious new sauna is on the drawing board. Paul Kirchman did an excellent job as O.T.R. Commander in chief, is it possible that he will continue? It also came to our attention that Paul had something else come to attention during a co-ed shower with Maurya and Judy. During the more wine party many of the VPIers were seen clustered around Head Guru Bob Cohen and Dr. Erlenmeyer. Gate Nazi Ed got some assistance from the local police department at night...I wonder if he took off the helmet? The Elvis Grotto created a stunning sensation with the Odyssey 2001 Disco Tent. Polyester was the name of the game, unless, of course, you came dressed in your original birthday suit as some folks did. After the Disco Tent ended Paul Hess was seen talking to a tent for about a half hour. In competition news, Sara and Nat won awards for 30 meter mechanicals, Lesley won 1st place in the obstacle race, Chase placed in 30 meter mechanicals and Dave placed in the surveying competition. Mark Eisenbutts was the award chairman and did an excellent job...some

really cool prizes were awarded. As has become the tradition, several four-wheelin' trips went out and had loads of fun, although woe be to those who go in Hixon's car!

In the relationship department we have marriages abounding! My long time friend and secret lover Ko Tak has forsaken me for Joan Johnson and will be married in the spring, and each will take the other's name. Doug Bruce will be wedded to Sue Setzler sometime in the near future and will go on to create a new race of super tots. Craig Roberts will be wedding someone April 26th in Georgia. Ben Keller wishes people would stop asking him how the other one is doing as he doesn't really know any more. Cecile says she still eagerly sits by her phone awaiting available men to call her up to dance, although at present Gerald is the only taker. Bob 'Handy' Handley seems to have had his hands busy when he and a new flame of his got caught under the B & C Wundertent as it collapsed during V.A.R.. We have to wonder if this was a pre-planned event. Any comments, Bob? Carol Mandelbaum is still not looking for a boyfriend even though she seems to have many suitors. It is worth mentioning, however, that she was to be found passed out in several tents during the O.T.R.-a-thon. So guys, keep trying! Sandy Knapp has whipped Philip Balister into submission, and as soon as he stops playing Air Warrior, we can call him about the wedding date. After all, he needs to get married soon to defeat the I.R.S.. Kay and Neil Johnson are off on an adventure of the senses! As of the end of December they are moving to Pittsburgh. Good luck guys! We'll miss you! We have word that Mike Fiore can't seem to leave one of his old girlfriends alone. Speaking of Mikes, Mike Mike Mike made a verbal faux pas when he was drunk and as a result Robyn threw his car keys into Sinking Creek. It was the next day before he was able to recover them. Bryce and Kirk joined the mature women's club, but Bryce lost his membership. We can only hope that Kirk will use his head and fare better than Bryceeeeeee boy. However, ladies, this means a big one is yours for the taking! For more information as to how big he is, one might inquire with a certain nun who took his undees off during the Halloween party. Laine seems to be sniffing after one of the Elvis Grotto folk-look out Elvis people! Buck Bachman has been seen with a stunning blonde by the name of Bonnie. Way to go Buck! Kim Hansen and Dave Sonavabitch are still seeing each other much to their delight. A University employee has been noticed seeing different women on alternating weekends. Better be careful out there!

In other areas of concern...Brian Cruikshank is working his way towards a flying permit. Now the roads, the off-roads, and the skies will not be safe. Look out, Fergie! Nancy Parks-Brisendine and Dennis have a new addition to their family, a bouncy new baby. Even when not four-wheeling, Scott Rapier can't seem to keep his damn itchy-

pussy out of the shop...it has once again gone in to have the transmission repaired. Jake and Bryce will be co-oping and going away, while Mark and Adam will be coming back to take their places. Maurya will therefore be single for the first time since her arrival at Tech...so get your dance cards punched while there's still time! Rob French got a real treat on a trip to Newberries as Colleen Ko got her hair stuck in her rappel device and had to sit on his face to get it out. This year's practice rescue went off without a hitch due to Ed and Jerry's expert help in organization. Kathi was the victim and the whole thing took just over three hours.

Maurya Fisher is banquet chairperson this year and things are progressing as always. Like last year, it will be held in Owens Banquet room on February 15. Hoss is the prize chairman, so send your suggestions to him. Chris Stine is the tentative speaker of the house assuming he returns alive from China.



LEN MYSLEWICZ

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE STARNES EXTENSION

It was the first weekend in June and I wanted to do some caving. Kirk was eager to get his last few bits of his training signed off, so we were looking for a third to do a vertical trip. Unfortunately we had no luck. I told Kirk not to worry, that we had all summer to take care of it. What to do?

Well, I thought about Starnes. Kirk had not been there, and I recalled Psycho telling me about a dig there, so I figured, why not? After talking to Barry Price that evening and mentioning to him how Kirk hadn't been there, we decided Starnes it was.

We took a brief tour of the upper trunk. It's nice and big, just the way I like my cave passage. After that we headed towards the lower sections. While down there we decided to check out the dig and then do the rest of the lower section and maybe go see the belly flop.

I followed Psycho's directions to the lead. The dig was actually a couple of hundred feet inside the lead. We stopped right before we entered it, and noticed our breath being wicked away in the direction of the dig. I grew eager and said to Kirk "I think it goes, and I think it goes big. There is way to much air flow for it not to."

We pushed into those wonderful crawls. They were small, but nothing horrid. After checking a small, tight, dead-end lead, we located the first of the many digs that had been done by Lawrence Britt and the rest. We kept thinking about how much digging had already been done, and why it had not been finished. After all, there WAS a lot of air flow.

After a particularly tiring up-hill crawl we came to what had looked like were the digging stopped. There was station marker 'TI' in the mud, right by the low crawl where the air was being sucked. I beeped into the crawl and then looked into it. Dirt floor, a little to tight, but a little digging took care of that. After about ten minutes of easy digging and a little bit of exhaling, we had pushed into a room about eight feet in diameter. It was virgin passage, we could tell.

We were both excited. The air was still moving big time. In a fit of excitement, we wrote our initials and the date on a mud bank. I guess in our excitement we didn't notice that our date was wrong. It wasn't till a few trips later that I finally noticed and corrected it. We pushed on through the next crawl, wind at our backs. Then we hit a mother of a tight spot. Kirk and I had agreed to alternate leading, after all, it isn't every day you see virgin passage. Kirk, therefore, came to the next tight spot. This one was tougher, and it required the breaking of rock to circumvent it. He managed to squeeze through and I followed. Boy, was it tight!

One of the great things about discovering virgin passage is that you get to name



it, so the first dig got named the "Hydraulic Press". It reminded Kirk of the final scene in *The Terminator*. I thought of my ribs and named the second pinch "Rib-tickler". We continued along, still following the air flow. We would crawl a bit and then walk a bit... Then we came to an intersection. One way went straight, the other went up. We followed the air, and the air went up.

The passage changed character, now it was a twisting, windy, uphill duck-walk. I was leading and it was almost possible to stand up straight. I stopped and heard water dripping, and it sounded like it was a continuous reverberating trickle that was falling for some distance. I yelled with excitement and we ran ahead to a small opening overlooking trunk passage. I yelled some more and we dropped into a 15' by 25' passage. This was it, my first big discovery. Our first major discovery. We couldn't resist the temptation and scooped in one direction for several hundred feet. With great reluctance we decided we had to go back, but we didn't want to go back through those crawls! We had to think of a good name for it since it is such a pain in the ass.

When we arrived back in known passage, Kirk and I reflected on our near state of exhaustion and thought about what still had to be done to get out. Then it hit Kirk, and we named the crawl "Humble Pie". How appropriate. It always seems you get a big slice of it upon exiting.

We got out of the cave around dawn. As we were packing up, Mr. Price drove by and we waved at each other. He was probably laughing at those crazy cavers. After ten hours of hard, fast caving, Kirk and I were tired out. We were, however, very content with our discovery. As I drove home one sole thought kept echoing in my mind... Damn if I don't have to be at work in five hours.

Dave Colatosti

## WHAT'S A CAVE MOTHER TO THINK? OR A MORAL DILEMMA!

If you haven't noticed, there is a strong move a foot in our society to equate legality with morality. Well, this issue of legality - I mean morality - was brought to the fore at Cave Club Halloween party time when the threat of a raid was rumored. As the prospective hostess, I am not into police work (and I've yet to meet a person in Blacksburg who would interest me in it). Also, I didn't want to spend my valuable time in criminal court defending myself for not doing something about something that I feel is none of my business.

So I asked for advice (semi-legal) on the situation (being truly selfish but totally and absolutely truthful, the party would be moved before I would agree to do police work or spend my valuable time in court).

I was advised to alternately and loudly announce (at the party) that I would not (and did not) supply alcohol to persons under 21, that I didn't want anyone else do so, and that I didn't "believe" in anyone under 21 drinking. I related this advice to someone who then remarked, "Why, Cecile, I didn't know you disapproved of **anyone** drinking." This person apparently also highly correlated legality (and my willingness to cover my ---) to morality!\*

What is a mother to think! B.K. turned 18 in 1982 when legal drinking age was, (guess what?) 18, so it was moral for me to watch him chug down a beer.

In July 1, 1983, it became illegal to drink spirits unless one was 19 or over. Now B.K.'s birthday wasn't until July 6, so that for 6 days I was in a moral dilemma (not legal - he was Grandfather clausened in). Because it wasn't nice for my 18 year old son to be drinking beer - July 6 came and I could again breathe easily - I was again upholding society's standards.

However, two years later, the state legislature affirmed that "Yes, Virginia, you shall have federal tax money to improve your highways" and succumbed to agreeing that it was terrible for anyone under 21 to drink alcohol, (also illegal). It was more than a mother can tolerate. From July 1st, 1985 till 12:01 a.m. on the 6th I lived in dread of others discovering my improper immoral attitude - I really didn't give a damn that B.K. most probably was quaffing a beer or two now and then. The 6th came without event, but I live in dread that the legislature will tamper with "legal age" and age 28 will be the next target - I'm out of here!!

Cecile P. James

*\* Let it be known however that I do not believe in anyone under 21 drinking then driving and No, I won't bail you out.*

## Spool Daze

The double spools used in rope running competitions scare the piss out of me... they always have. To watch me running a spool for practice climbing is to watch the early stages of ulcer formation. To see me running one for racing is to understand high blood pressure. The double spool is certainly a specialty item and you don't see many of them around but they are there. They are wonderful for competitions because of their smooth operation and controllability. They do not, however, tolerate inattention of any sort.

The most obvious way to rig one is to simply wrap the top spool, then wrap the bottom, always wrapping out, or away from the vertical support bar. (Fig. 2) This is the most dangerous way to rig the types of spools I am familiar with because if the rope pops out of the lower controlling bars, it can fling itself off of both spools in no time flat. This is especially true if you run the spool from several feet away.

Being the worrying sort, I always wrap the second spool back in towards the support bar. (Fig 1) I do this by pre-forming the reverse loops in my hand slipping them over the spool. A spool rigged this way still requires the same amount of attention to provide a smooth ride but if the rope pops off the lower bars, the result is very different. The same twisting and flinging which dumped your friend on the ground before now tends to knot up and jam the spool (assuming, of course, that you don't drop the rope entirely but in that case all bets are off anyway). In the scenario the runner hits the pulley, yells at you, and you may need help to unknot the spool. Very embarrassing .... but you didn't break someone's legs.

As usual there are many other equally safe ways to rig spools. This works for me. No matter what sort of gear you use for your vertical work, play with it. Rig it right, rig it wrong, try to make it fail so that you can understand failures. Anticipate the mistakes you **WILL** make someday. Think now... it's good practice and someday, somewhere, when your thinker goes off line for a while, you may only have to remember.

Paul Kirchman

In response to a recent incident.

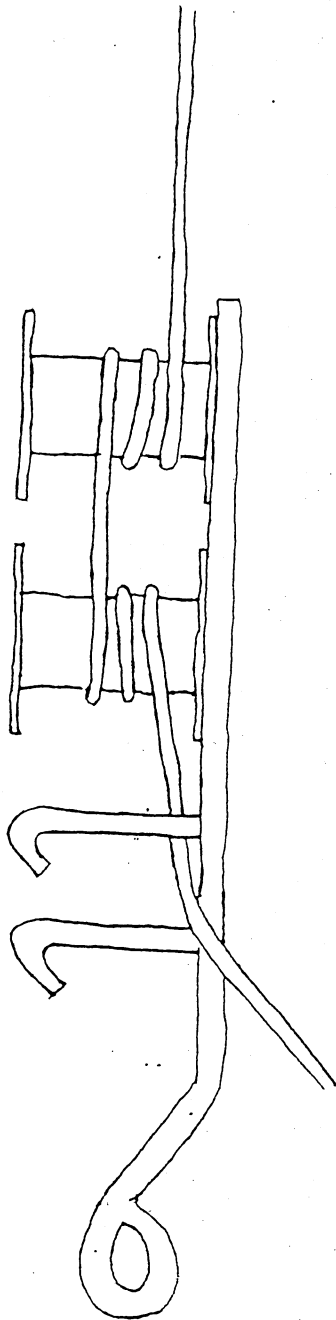


Figure 1. Fail safe double spool rig.

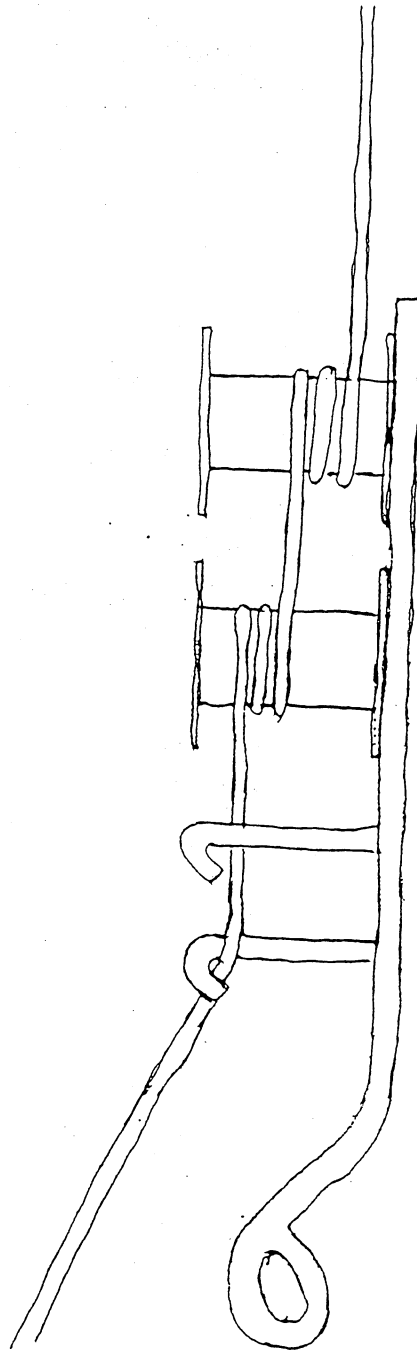


Figure 2. Typical spool rig.  
No No No No No!!!

## Coming From The Sticks

It was strange coming to cave at Tech after having caved for a few years in Elkins, West Virginia. There was a drastic difference between what I was used to and the way the club caves. Over the past few years I have run into a few people who were in the same situation and it seems like most of the caving communities outside of Tech caved the way I used to. Therefore, I figured my observations were worth mentioning.

Ok, so here's a typical caving scenario before I came to Tech. The group I caved with consisted of me and four of my close friends. When we went caving we would always cave together, mostly because there was nobody else to cave with. This is not saying that there aren't any other cavers in Randolph county (a lot of Old Timers would have my hide for saying that), but in Elkins we were about it. It was a lot harder to get information about caving. The way we found out about caves was through the few Old Timers that we could drag into they're favorite caves once in a while. We learned vertical techniques from books like On Rope and from stuff like the NSS's Nylon Highway. That is also another way we located caves. The bulk of our knowledge, however, came from the 1984 Convention guide or the West Virginia Caver. When we went caving we went by these maps and after some practice they even made sense. I'd like to emphasize that we weren't flashlight cavers. We wore helmets with trash bags in them and had three sources of light and so on, but more importantly, I would say we knew how to cave safely. We stayed safe by knowing what we couldn't do. When we went caving there was no one in charge and no one followed. We each knew how much the others knew so there was no need for that. When we rigged a drop or made any other decision things were done democratically. We also had a rule that if for any reason any one of us could cancel a trip if they felt it wasn't safe.

Then I came to Tech and all of a sudden I was a 'trainee'. When I went on caving trips I usually followed members around with them doing all the rigs and such. I understood that it was necessary to have it this way since most of the people coming into the club were new cavers and there is no way of knowing what they know without a training program. However, it was hard to adjust to this. I'm glad that I went through the training program finally because I feel like I've learned a few things. At the same time it seems that in the time that I've been caving here I've seen some people (such as my old roommate Grady Humble and some good TAG cavers) that found themselves in the same predicament here at Tech. Maybe this will help people understand why it is hard to come into the trainee program at Tech without me sounding negative towards the club.

Jarrod Leland

## IS C.A. FOR YOU?

### *The Story of Juan the Pirate*

His caving started out innocently enough - on occasional weekends when he had the time. But soon that wasn't enough. He lived for the feeling of power and strength he got from climbing sheer rock walls. He fed on the respect and admiration of fellow cavers. He felt that as long as he caved the trainees would continue to worship him. He began caving every weekend and soon every weekday. He lost his job, his home, his friends. He took to hanging out with other cavers - people who shared in his sickness. One day someone pointed out that he might have a problem with caving. They invited him to a meeting of Caveaholics Anonymous, a non-profit group of men and women who share their experiences and help each other recover from caveaholism. But Juan, suffering from the classic symptoms of denial, replied "Well, if you think about it, I don't have a problem. I can quit any time I want to."

*Have you heard yourself saying this to friends or family? Then maybe Caveaholics Anonymous is for you. We who are C.A. came because we finally gave up trying to control our caving. We found out from other C.A. members that we were sick. We decided to face up to what caving had done to us. Here are twelve questions. Try to answer them honestly. See how you do. Remember, there is no disgrace in facing up to the fact that you have a problem.*

- |  | YES | NO  |
|--|-----|-----|
| 1. Have you ever decided to stop caving for a couple of weeks, but only lasted for a couple of days?                                   | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>Most of us in C.A. made all kinds of promises to ourselves and our families we couldn't keep.</i>                                   |     |     |
| <i>C.A. taught us: Just try not to cave <u>today</u>.</i>  |     |     |
| 2. Do you wish people would mind their own business about your caving - stop telling you you're getting carried away with it?          | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>In C.A. we don't <u>tell</u> you what to do. We talk about our own caving and how we stopped. We'll help you if you want us to.</i> |     |     |

- |  | YES | NO  |
|--|-----|-----|
| 3. Have you ever partied heavily the night before a big trip hoping a hangover would keep you from caving?<br><i>Most of us in C.A. have tried this trick but the next day we always rationalized that you <u>should</u> be hungover for a cave trip.</i>  | ( ) | ( ) |
| 4. Do you envy people who can cave without getting hooked?<br><i>Many of us wondered why we weren't like most people who can take it or leave it.</i>  | ( ) | ( ) |
| 5. Have you had any problems associated with caving during the past year?<br><i>Be honest! Doctors say if you have a problem with caving and continue caving it will get worse - not better. Eventually you will die. The only hope is to stop caving.</i> | ( ) | ( ) |
| 6. Has your caving caused a problem at home?<br><i>Before coming to C.A. most of us said it was bad relationships or financial problems that made us cave. We couldn't see that caving just made everything worse.</i>                                     | ( ) | ( ) |
| 7. Do you ever lock yourself in dark, windowless rooms with your carbide lamp and drink until you see virgin passage?<br><i>This is a sure sign of Caveaholism. Many of us in C.A. have done this when we couldn't cave for one reason or another.</i>     | ( ) | ( ) |
| 8. Have you missed days of work or school because of caving?<br><i>Most of us admit now we "called in sick" when the truth was we were caving or recovering from an intense trip.</i>  | ( ) | ( ) |

- |  | YES | NO  |
|--|-----|-----|
| 9. Even if you don't miss school do you find your grades suffering as a result of caving?  | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>Many of us in C.A. used to blame our bad grades on a lack of intellect instead of facing the fact that caving ate up precious study time.</i>                                     |     |     |
| 10. Do you tell yourself you can stop caving anytime you want to, even though you keep caving when you don't mean to?  | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>Many of us kidded ourselves into thinking that we caved because we wanted to. After we came to C.A. we found that once we started to cave we couldn't stop.</i>                   |     |     |
| 11. Do you ever have black-and-blue-outs? (This is when you wake up covered with bruises and don't remember exactly how you got them.)   | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>For all of us, this was an early sign of caveaholism. Many of us who kept caving even woke up with cracked ribs we couldn't explain.</i>  |     |     |
| 12. Have you ever felt your life would be better if you did not cave?  | ( ) | ( ) |
| <i>Many of us started to cave because caving made life seem better, at least for a while. By the time we got to C.A. we were trapped. We were caving to live and living to cave.</i> |     |     |

*What's your score? Did you answer yes four or more times? If so you are probably in too deep with caving. But only you can decide if C.A. is for you. Try to keep an open mind. C.A. does not promise to solve your problems but we can show you how to stop caving "one day at a time." We will be glad to help you. Just call.*

Patty Kitchin

(P.S. Just because I wrote this doesn't mean I have a problem caving because I don't.)



## ELVIS SEEN AT ELVIS GROTTO MEETING

At the last Elvis Grotto meeting members were stunned to notice that the King himself made an appearance. It was not until the meeting was brought to order that His Presence was fully realized by the way he vocalized the Grotto's chant, "Uhuh Uhuh Uhuh". As Elvis' voice rang true, members turned and offered the King sips from their Lemon Elvises and other trinkets such as free passes to the Disco Tent and coupons worth \$10,000. When asked about his whereabouts for the past few years Elvis replied "Whalll ya'll, ya see I got this here job workin' for the state of Idaho as a road repair supervisor. The only reason I've come out of hidin' is to thank all ya'll for rememberin' me in this fashion.". In the picture below Elvis poses with the Grotto co-chairpeople.



Cindy Pinston/Roanoke Times and World News

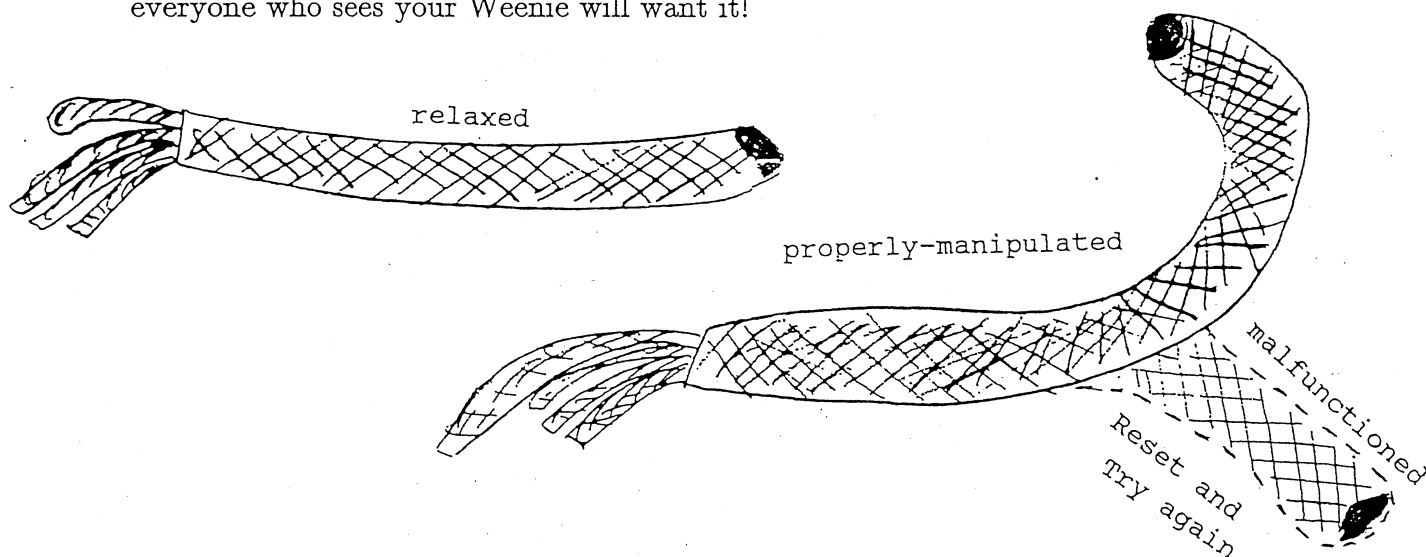
From left to right are Craig Ferguson, Paul Hess, Dougo Bohn, and Jeff Jablonski. Elvis is standing behind Dougo.

# LITTLE WEENIES

Amaze your friends at parties! Spread stories of how you exposed your Little Weenie in front of hundreds of people, creating screeches of joy and excitement! Little Weenies are great fun for those seeking unusual thrill and adventure.

To create your Little Weenie:

1. Cut two to five inches of rope and burn the head of the Weenie to prevent fraying. You'll find that a little Weenie has excellent control and precision whereas Weenies longer than five inches are sluggish and are hard to raise above any angle greater than ten degrees.
2. Pull the control strands out of the base end of the Weenie.
3. Burn the hairs off the base of the Weenie. If you don't, the Weenie will burst under stress.
4. You may want to color-code your Weenie so you don't lose it. Remember, everyone who sees your Weenie will want it!



It takes practice to know your Little Weenie. Upon first use, the Weenie may twitch in unexpected directions. Do not be disappointed! Once you've mastered the Weenie's controls, it will provide hours of enjoyment.

To get the most from the your Weenie, treat it with care. If Little Weenies are jerked too hard, they produce unexpected results and quickly lose sensitivity. When carefully maneuvered, Weenies perform a long time without a hassle. Don't abuse your Weenie, or it will abuse you!

Rainbow Bryce

## Three Shots at Glory

So I'm sitting here, unable to sleep, and the debate rages: what distinguishes a *true* caver from a sport caver. How do you move from being a spelunker who dawns his electric justrite and enters Tawney's, never breaking a sweat and never straying from the tourist route, to being hardcore and pushing leads in virgin cave, doing the impossible climb... and the impossible crawl. I'm sure the paths to this level of caving are numerous, but perhaps one sign points down the road of mapping. Just recently I had my first taste in the art of cave surveying, and took my first steps away from being little more than a glorified nerd caver (better equipped, probably more skilled, and certainly more ethical, but still having the ultimate goal of just getting in, seeing what there is to see, and getting out) to being a pure caver, heart and soul.

It all started while hanging out at one of the informal summer meetings.

"So, anyone want to go caving?" The questioning voice of Carol Zo broke through the typical B.S. being tossed about, and damn if I'm not looking to cave. A survey trip you say? Hey, I've never been...

"We'll teach you," Carol reassures me, and the plans are set. I'm to meet Mike Mike Mike in the morning, which I do, and were to meet Carol in Dublin, which we also do, but only after suffering through a short ride in Mike's car, who's smell had been complemented by Mike's significant other demonstrating her overindulgence the night before by, to be tactful, puking all over the place. At any rate, we make it to Skydusky Hollow, stopped by to say hello to Buddy (who wasn't home), and after leaving a note and giving our best to Sadie Banes and her grandchildren, made our way to Newberries, where we were to chart miles upon miles upon miles of unexplored, virgin passage.

We leisurely made our way into the cave, stopping now and then to do some gossiping, to rig a cable ladder, to do some more gossiping, change carbide, point out things of interest (it being my first trip into Newberries and all. "And here you have Triple Wells, and this you're climbing is the Devil's Staircase...."), maybe tell a story or two, and, well... you get the picture. We found the spot Carol had in mind, and got to work. As she had said earlier, this was to be a mop up trip of sorts, clean up a few leads, maybe find some new ones: A great opportunity to learn. After finding the last station, Carol and Mike demonstrated what was going on. I was to be lead tape, being the least experienced and all, and Mike showed me what that entailed. They did shot number one and pointed me in the direction of the lead, a small crawl, measuring about the diameter of my helmet, turned on its side, in height. No problem. With tape in teeth, lamp in hand, and pack being pushed ahead, I attached my stomach to the floor and started squirming. Into the crack I went. Somewhere around the first twenty feet

or so (I'm sure Carol has the exact figure recorded somewhere) I stopped to set my first station. All the anticipation came to a head and my blood started pumping. "MARK!" I triumphantly screamed.

"Can't see that," Mike informed me.

"Oh," I commented. Unable to hang my head in shame (it was too damn tight) I simply found a better spot, one that worked. I sat tight for awhile while all the necessary labor took place on the other end. Shot number two was complete, and it was time to move on. And move on I did, several feet before Mike's voice cut through the exertion of crawling, "Where the hell is that last station?"

"On a rock, in the middle of the crawl. You should see it any time."

"Is this it?"

"If I could see anything other than my pack and the wall on my immediate left at the moment I would tell you, but alas..."

"Go a little further, Mike," Carol answered from behind. He found the station, and I pushed on, setting my second station.

"MARK!" The process was repeated and the third shot of the day was complete. Time to move on... for a few more feet. I started noticing that every time I inhaled I got pinched pretty tight, and couldn't move unless I exhaled. Looking ahead the passage seemed to only get smaller (and as Mike later pointed out, was only going to go if some serious digging took place.) So I decided it was time to back out. Dragging a potpourri of equipment out behind me, I started in reverse, and didn't stop until I started to notice a smell, a strong vapor, something like smoke... Lo, my lamp had merged with my pack and flames had erupted. Brief moments of panic and speculation followed. What if my dump bottle was to explode? How the hell will I get all this crap out without a pack? Action was quick, as several quick breaths and a few sharp blows from my free hand extinguished the blaze, leaving only a faint odor and a small hole in the canvas of my pack. The rest of the crawl out of the lead was quick and uneventful, and resulted in my sitting upright for the first time in what must have been forever (a half-hour? an hour? Who can say?). The other lead Carol was looking for in the North Subway couldn't be pinned down, and we left the cave, after an amazing three shots. At least we closed a couple of leads, and therefore accomplished a lot.

Of course there are those out there who might not think this survey trip stands up to the legendary trips of yestreyear, or even some of the work going on under our noses right now (like the now infamous lead in Starnes), but it was a start for me, and if nothing else the trip was great fun. Hell, maybe now I'm qualified enough to invest in a bat sticker for my bike ( alas I own no bumper ).

Scott Broadwell

# The Official La-La Trivia Quiz

You've been waiting for it, so here it is. Test yourself to see what you know....

- 1) The person who first coined the term "La-La" is:
  - A) Trying to remain anonymous.
  - B) Smurfette.
  - C) Locked away in solitary confinement.
  - D) Sir Barfsalot
  
- 2) When a caver says "La-La", it is most likely because:
  - A) They've found virgin passage.
  - B) Someone has just bought them a beer at Ton-80.
  - C) They've just bought new gear.
  - D) They've found VIRGIN PASSAGE
  
- 3) Choose the term that best fits with "La-La".
  - A) More La-La.
  - B) Tastes great, Less filling.
  - C) That's what she said.
  - D) Some of none of all of the above.
  
- 4) "La-La" can best be described as:
  - A) A caver mating call.
  - B) A good time.
  - C) A type of low-calorie dessert.
  - D) I don't know.
  
- 5) You can't really have "La-La" by yourself because:
  - A) Who says so!?
  - B) No one is really that flexible.
  - C) That's Disgusting!
  - D) Could you repeat the question?

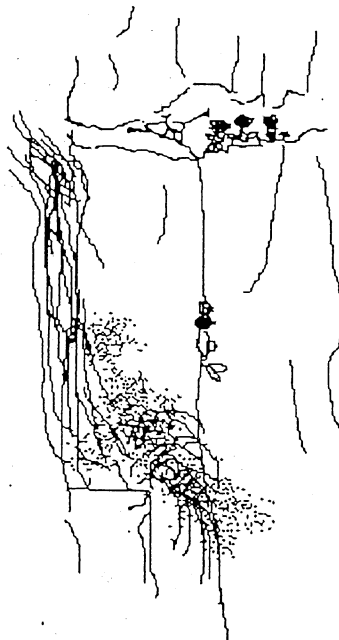
- 6) The best place for "La-La" is:
- A) At O.T.R..
  - B) In a cave.
  - C) Anywhere, Anytime.
  - D) In public.
- 7) When "La-La" gets boring, one will most likely turn to:
- A) Caving.
  - B) Drinking at the Ton.
  - C) "Sna-la".
  - D) What are you talking about! "La-La" never gets boring!

Kirk Digby

ps. Don't even ask...

*Shallow Thoughts*  
- By Jus' Dandy

If you are ever in the TAG cave  
Called Fern,  
And you want to rig  
From the first  
Three bolts,



Don't, because you will  
Get a freezing Surprise!

## "Quotable" Quotes

PK about SR: "Well, he always pulls his out and it makes me jealous."

MH to crowd: "Why do it half-assed when you can have a whole dick?"

CJ to employees: "They're worn out because everyone plays with my balls."

SW to cavers: "Sara is the root of all illness."

BB to CM,RF,DC: "I did wild animal things to my underwear... Do you want to see?"

Boy scout in Tawney's: "My father thought I was going to a real cave, not a wild one!"

KP to CM: "Blow me out - HARDER!"

HL at WVACS: "Speed just wants a little bite, she can have mine."

MZ to Club: "He's hung like a horse."

MH: "I beat it like a dead horse."

BB: "I don't know, maybe I'm just dumb."

CB: "I'm a dumb motherfucker, I'll admit it."

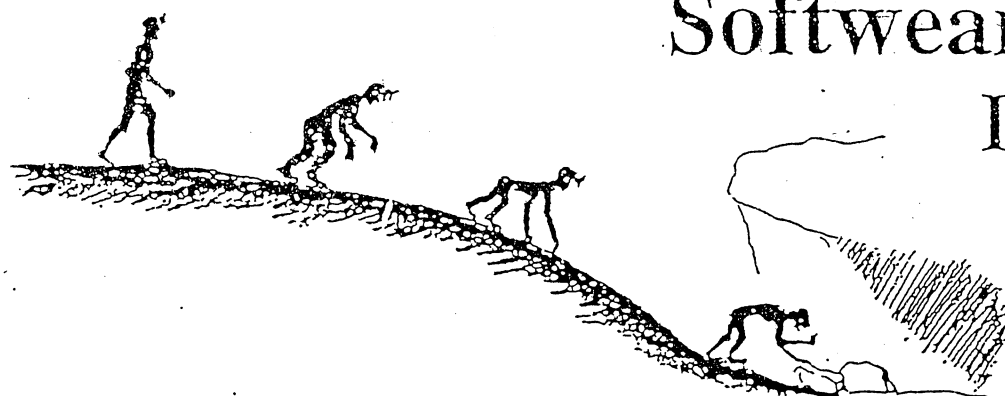
## From the Signout

VPI Grotto logged 3191 caver-hours from May 15, 1991 to December 8, 1991.  
(1037 hours between 5/91 and 8/91 and 2154 hours between 9/1 and 12/91).

|                      |  |   |
|----------------------|--|---|
| Bone-Norman          | P. Kirchman, C. Brown,<br>J. Yienger, K. Brennewan                       | "I don't care, I have plastic on<br>my butt"                        |
| Tawneys              | M. Horne, J. Robinson,<br>R. Fritz, L. Pulaski,<br>T. Hollein, K. Siram  | 12 arrows removed as well as<br>very hard to find trash.            |
| Greenville Saltpeter | S. Nichols, K. Digby,<br>B. Azran, J. Witt                               | Where's the @★~#! map Dave<br>drew for us?!                         |
| Buddy Penley's       | J. Redder, E. Devine<br>P. Kirchman, M. Fisher                           | Ed kept pulling it out but<br>nobody wanted to look at it.          |
| Starnes              | D. Colatosti, K. Digby<br>A. Hungerford                                  | We saw Elvis in the crawl.<br>No, really...                         |
| Scott Hollow         | W. Pirie, L. Britt,<br>M. Fisher   | Maurya set so many stations<br>she wound up with one on her<br>leg. |
| Newberries           | C. Zo, J. Zo, D. Perkins   | Reminded me of Tech   |
| Buddy Penley's       | K. Tak, D. Colatosti, M.   | engineering program.  |
| Bane's Spring        | Horne, N. Serbu, S. Knapp,<br>B. Emory, B. Snyder, D.<br>Burn and others |   |



VPI Cave Club  
P.O. Box 558  
Blacksburg, VA 24060



## Softwear for the Descent of Wo Man

Face it, when you're on your way down some things just aren't good enough. For one thing, cotton just doesn't do the trick. And then there's wool, which can absorb 6 to 8% of its weight in water. And what about those caving clothes made for paper dolls!

Retire the old die-hards and use Wunderwear. B&C's got everything from a cordura version of your old "jean" jacket to fleece hoods, coveralls to fleece sweaters, long johns and wooly suits to bib-overalls. Whatever you need we probably make it, and if we don't make it we will.

Custom orders are welcome. Whether it be your own design, or modifications to ours.

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