THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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

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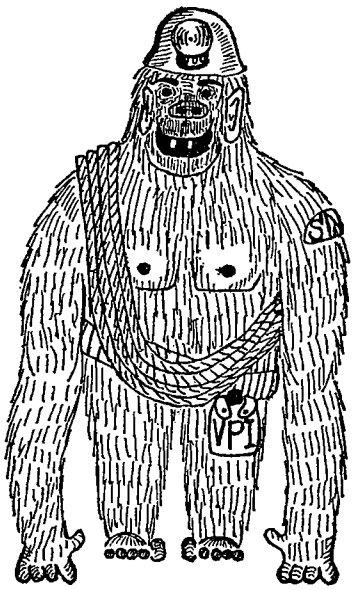

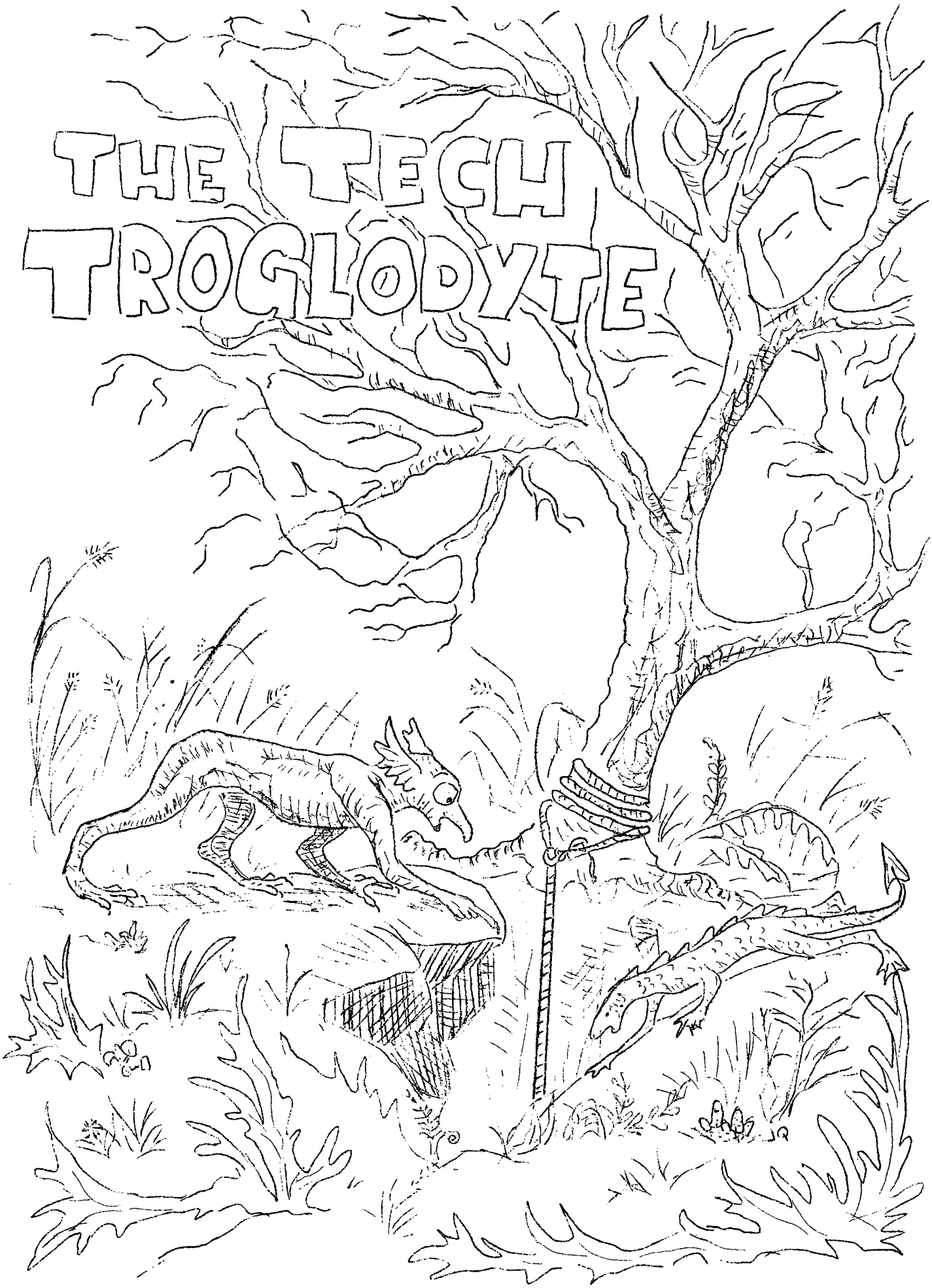
THE TECH
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DRAWINGS & CARTOONS by Tom Calhoun, Rolf McQueary, Janet Queisser

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

Where do we go from here?

I've heard a lot of talk lately that one of the reasons that the Virginia Region is like one big grotto is because, as far as cave mapping is concerned in the state, there's just not that much more left to do. Consequently, Region activities, according to this hypothesis, have become more socially and "politically" oriented. It is true that the Region seems more closely knit than I can ever remember. Fantastic - for the fellowship of caving is part of what makes it so great. We're now lucky to be living in an era of Region unity. I'd like to add that we can, by the way, boast of one of the most outstanding caving publications in the country.

But don't give up hope on unexplored areas in caving either. Why can't we have things doubly good? Maybe essentially all of the huge known caves in the area have been mapped, but there are still many unopened doors yet to be discovered right under our noses. Virgin passage was just found in Smoke Hole a few weeks ago. Who knows just how long that cave really is? Hog Hole turned out to have much more passage than was previously reported and Mark Slusarski and Bill Douty have recently found several new caves in the Newport area. Farther in the Southwest, a few years ago Perkin's Cave was thought to be a thousand foot, vandalized cave. Today, it is second largest in the state with some of the finest formations, all because Tom Roehr and John Katon decided to push a previously untouched crawlway. And look at the club's Fall Project. Several caves were mapped and many new caves were discovered in Smyth County, just an hour and a half drive away.

The cavers of the '50's should be given a lot of credit for all the caves they mapped, but they just didn't have the time to check all the leads thoroughly. If you want to find virgin passage to explore or to map, just look up some of the "small" unvisited caves in the files or in Caves of Virginia. Go out and check all leads and you should find some that probably never been explored. Also, there's no reason why one shouldn't map some of the small but interesting caves around here, especially if you're not an old hand at mapping. A short cave would not be time consuming, yet good experience.

There are also other areas of interest other than surveying, such as geology, biology, anthropology, paleontology and many others. You don't have to want to add anything more academic to your college life nor must you be well-versed especially in any of the above areas. Rather, you may just enjoy discovering some prehistoric mastodon skeleton, or Indian burial place or new species of something and then turn the discovery over to a more qualified person to work on.

Don't forget WVACS, either. Lewisburg is only an hour and a half drive from here and they still need people to help them. And, of course, if you're new to caving, the known and well-traveled caves in the area are still exciting to explore.

So, take your choice, there is still lots left to do. Enjoy the social aspects, do the type of caving you most desire, and above all, have fun.

Steve Hall

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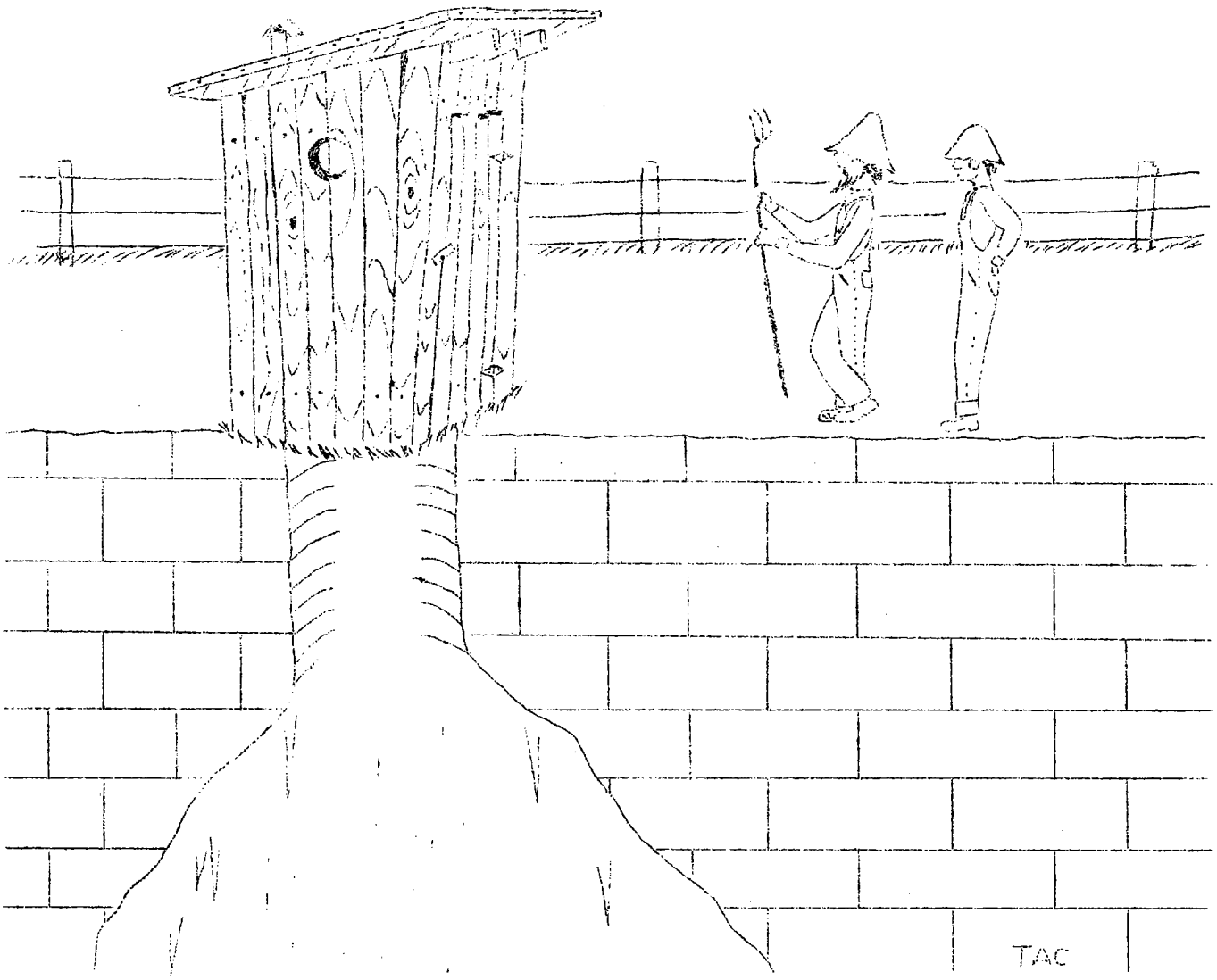
"YESSIR, MY PAPPY BUILT THAT MANY YEARS AGO
AND IT AIN'T FILLED UP YET."



A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Clover Hollow Cave
Clover Hollow, Va.
November 13, 1972

Members of the VPI Cave Club
and Grotto of the NSS
c/o Editor of The Tech Troglodyte
Box 471
Blacksburg, Virginia

Dear Cavers,

Not too long ago I emerged from Clover Hollow to pay a visit to the world topside. It gets lonely down there sometimes, not too much traffic these days. Since it was a Friday, I thought that I would drop into the VPI Grotto get-together, incognito of course, since it can be such a nuisance to be a celebrity. There were a few old faces, but mostly new and it was a good party, indeed. But, something was odd, everyone seemed to be having a good time and I couldn't quite put my finger on it at the time.

It must have been my aching head the next morning, but then it came to me. Thinking back at the party I recollected that when I first got there I wasn't positive where I was. But then, over in the corner, I heard someone mention something about Newberry-Banes, and then I was assured I was at the right party. Although people were enjoying themselves, there was something missing. Nobody was celebrating anything. No long survey was just completed, no new cave discovered. There is something that grows between cavers when they share the thrill of a hairy climb, the excitement of virgin passage, the exhaustion of a long trip or the joy of just getting out of some god-awful hole alive. People who grin at the smell of spent carbide, are excited by the sensation of cave air and dream of that hole that keeps going, have something in common, something we call "fellowship". It's not just being friends, but knowing that you can depend on and trust someone. I began to wonder, just how long has it been since those people at the party have lingered in a small room and just listened to the silence interupted only by fragile drips of water? When was the last time you <u>really</u> craved to go caving? How many of you have mud in your blood? Then I began to think, what about new people, those not acquainted with caving? Usually the first thing one notices is the remarkable bond between cavers, one that just isn't found in frats or sororities. Could it be that there is a ritual without the belief behind it? Maybe some of you are going to church and not beleiving in God. Seeing that kind of hypocracy turns people away from organized religion. If the spirit of caving has been misplaced, then look for it. If you've never had it, find it, it's there. If you don't want to bother, then go your way, but don't call yourself a caver.

I hope that you'll see that the greatest way to worship life is to appreciate nature and I personally feel that the best way to do that is to go caving! See ya'll soon.

Yours in Peace,
A. I. Cartwright

THE HIBERNATION OF BATS

Animal life and low temperatures have never proven to coincide in great harmony. The survival of animals demands heat in order for vital bio-chemical reactions to take place. It is because of this that evolution has continually selected for those better adapted for meeting this problem of countering the cold. Perhaps the greatest advances thus made are seen with the birds and mammals, which include the evolution of insulating hair, feathers and fatty tissues, of thermo controlling capillaries and of that general state known as homiothermy, or warm bloodedness. These characteristics, however, do not totally solve the homiotherms heat problem. As an example, the first evolving group of mammals were quite small, some leading the way to the somewhat more primitive small mammalian groups of today. Although truly homoiothermic, these mammals share a common problem which larger mammals do not. Their body volume to surface ratio is extremely small, making it quite difficult for them to maintain the constant high temperature necessary during cold weather. Not only does the metabolic rate have to increase exponentially, but food is usually low during these periods. To demonstrate the seriousness of this problem, it is seen that some shrews which weigh as little as four grams will die within a few hours if deprived of food.

In adapting to the situation the smaller homoiotherms have taken two main courses of action; that of migration to a warmer climate and that of hibernation. (Mohr, 1966:52) The birds seem to have taken migration as their sole means of escape, although a type of hibernation is known to occur in a few species of humming birds. In mammals, however, specifically bats, it seems that migration was later to evolve since these hibernating mammals are also known to migrate in search of food throughout their active periods. Banding procedures have shown some species to migrate as far as eight hundred miles during the summer, only to return always to the same location in the fall to hibernate. (Mohr, 1955:226)

Of the entire mammalian class there are only three orders in which true hibernation is known to occur. These include the Rodentia (rodents), Insectivora (moles and shrews) and Chiroptera (bats). It is this last order, in particular the family of Vespertillionidea, that has initiated special interest. Many of these bats not only hibernate in winter months but, in addition, everyday between active periods. It is calculated that these small creatures spend as much as five-sixths of their life span of up to twenty years hanging by their feet in a state of suspended animation. (Allen, 1967:269) Also of interest is the fact that these animals are especially susceptible to temperature and humidity changes. Not only are they small, but in the evolution of naked wings and, in some species, large ears, their total surface area is multiplied along with the problems of thermo regulation and dehydration.

Most research on bat hibernation in the past has been done by naturalists and physiologists using traditional European field observatory procedure. This is mainly for reasons of great limitations imposed on actual laboratory work. As two examples it is found that bats do not respond well to captivity and it is extremely difficult to duplicate the correct environment necessary for hibernation. It is for such reasons that not much is known about the deep physiological aspects of hibernation but, in any case, many interesting points have been noted.

Throughout the warm summer nights bats must gradually gorge themselves with insects in preparation for the coming six month hibernation period. This appears to be a very systematic process, for a last minute feast will not suffice. Bats in some innate manner must calculate the needed fat reserve and rate of depletion for the dormant period. It is estimated that bats eat an average of half their weight nightly. As a startling example of this (although of a non-hibernating species) it has been calculated that the Mexican free-tailed bat population of the southwestern United States eats about 100,000 tons of insects each year. (Moore, 1964:82)

Although it is not fully understood how bats begin to hibernate, the process is known to be gradual. It comes with the absence of food in late autumn when the temperature does not rise above fifty to fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit. (Allen, 1967:273) Also noteworthy is the fact that mating occurs during this period. It has only been recently found that in some species fertilization takes place immediately while embryonic development is slowed during hibernation. In others fertilization is delayed until spring as the sperm are stored within the female during hibernation. Birth of the young takes place in late June.

As the temperature reaches the mid-forties bats must seek shelter. In finding a suitable location for hibernation, the different species of bats are particularly selective. It seems that in this task each species searches out the coldest environment which it can tolerate. This of course is not the only factor involved. Humidity, darkness and amount of draft also play a great role.

Although some such species as the red bat(Lasiurus borealis) find quarters on the outside, little sheltered from the extremities of winter, most are seen to prefer caves. Humidity is constantly high along with a constant temperature, darkness and relatively little draft. Here, many species distribute themselves as to their particular needs. In Table 1 a few common eastern species of bats are compared as to their individual peculiarities in location of hibernation within caves.

Table 1 The environmental relationship between bat and microclimate of hibernation for four common eastern species. (Mohr, 1966:52)

BAT	SIZE	ZONE IN CAVE	HUMIDITY	AIR CURRENT	TEMP.	SOCIAL CHARACTER
Big brown bat Eptesicus fuscus	7cm	Pre-intermediate	90%	slightly breezy	34°-40°F	small clusters
Social bat Myotis sodalis	5cm	Intermediate	90-100%	slight current to open calm	36°-40°F	large clusters
Little brown bat Myotis lusifugus	5cm	Intermediate to deep intermediate	97-100%	calm w/ variance	43°-50°F	small clusters
Eastern pipistrelle Pipistrellus subflavus	4cm	deep intermediate to very deep	100%	absolute calm	54°F	solitary

It is seen that there is a direct correlation between the size of the bat and that particular environment which it chooses. Why only some bats have chosen social quarters and others not, is poorly understood. It is probably for reasons of heat conservation and water loss that some species cluster, thus limiting the surface area exposed. However, many others such as the eastern pipistrelle are extremely solitary. In any case, the microclimate that the bat finally chooses must meet that individual's exact requirements. If it should change during hibernation the bat will awaken and move to better surroundings. This microclimate is so exact that one can often predict the environmental factors of the area simply by observing the bats which inhabit it. (Mohr,1966:52)

Once having found a suitable location it takes, on the average, one to two hours for the bat to enter a state of hibernation. During this process metabolism slows down to an alarmingly slow rate. Digestion ceases as the bat begins living off of fat accumulation. Heart rate becomes almost imperceivable and breathing slows to as low a rate as one breath every three minutes. This is as low as one percent of normal breathing rate. (Moore,1964:82) During hibernation a bat can live more than an hour if totally deprived of oxygen. An interesting mechanism controlling this seemingly automatic reduction of respiration is found at the onset of hibernation when a thick lining of mucus is seen to almost totally restrict air passage through the larynx and windpipe. (Allen, 1967:277) This also serves to help lessen the rate of dehydration through breath vapors. Along with the general metabolic decline there is a great reduction in body temperature from about one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit when active, to almost that of the cave itself.

Bats successfully brought into hibernation in the laboratory have been placed in temperatures as low as twentyeight degrees Fahrenheit with the body temperature of the bat being only two degrees higher. The bats recovered with no ill effects. (Allen, 1967:273) At this temperature the moisture within the wing membrane begins to crystallize and at any lower temperature the lungs will also be affected, resulting in death in about twenty minutes.

Although it is true that during hibernation bats are cold, stiff and unresponsive, they are at the same time extremely sensitive to changes in the outside environment. Any disturbance (such as clumsy cavers) will quickly cause irreversible awakening and the loss of ten equivalent hibernating days worth of fat reserve. Although once again able to return into hibernation after awakening, too many disturbances can have a detrimental effect on the bat. Bats do not, however, remain totally stationary during their periods of sleep. It has been shown that with such species as the social bat, movement takes place as often as once a week. It is thought that these movement patterns are in response mainly to thirst, for much water is lost through the ear and wing membranes. Expansion of the urinary bladder could also have effect. These movements become increasingly frequent as fat reserves continue to shrink at a stepped up rate. (Moore, 1964:278)

A bat, during the winter, may lose as much as one third of its original body weight. In November, fat reserves make up as much as nineteen and a half percent of the bat's total weight. By February this has dropped to fifteen percent, mid March to ten percent, and by late April a little over five percent. (Allen, 1967:278)

The complete awakening period usually begins in March, but is very gradual and is not final until early June. Arousal from sleep, however, takes only ten to fifteen minutes and is accomplished in four generalized and continuous stages. (Allen, 1967;279) The first is the stage of complete dormancy where the bat is rigid and unresponsive. From here very slight reflexes are observed as the body temperature increases at a rate of two degrees per minute. Each leg is extended slowly, one at a time and the bat begins to shiver. This stage is directed mainly by the medulla oblongata area of the brain. The third stage is marked by the functioning of the forebrain. Shivering is more intense, sounds are muttered and more active responses in general are observed. The fourth and final stage is that when the bat is fully awake. The body temperature has risen above eighty five degrees Fahrenheit and the bat is able to fly.

In March, when fully aroused, the bats drink ravenously. They then begin to frequent the cave entrance and on warmer nights fly out in search of early spring insects. The bats will return, however, and continue to hibernate for short periods between the testing of outside conditions, until they can safely leave toward early June.

These early months are most critical for the bat. Upon waking it is thin and weak. Indeed, many "miscalculate" their reserve and never do waken. In their weakness, they often fall to the ground unable to fly where they perish helplessly and are often devoured by cave beetles. The first spring nights are also unpredictable. In their desperate search for food it is often that bats are caught off guard only to die of exposure.

For as long as twenty years bats must proceed through the complexities and dangers of hibernation. With the gain of flight and therefore the increased body surface area, they forfeit most of their lives to hanging dormantly in dead down position in dark and moist chambers.

The problem of thermal control and dehydration governs the bat's entire life. It can even be argued that their nocturnal existance is solely the product of the needs of their small bodies. At night the temperatures cool and humidity is relatively higher than during the day. Flying insects are also more abundant during the evening, but not so much as to be the entire cause of their night flights. After all, not all bats eat insects.

It is because of the aspects of hibernation as a primitive intermediate trait, the extremities of thethermal problems and the complex adaptions made as a result that keep growing interest in bat hibernation. To date study has been difficult, but with new advances in field equipment and techniques more light is being shed on the internal workings of this strange mechanism.

Rolf McQueary

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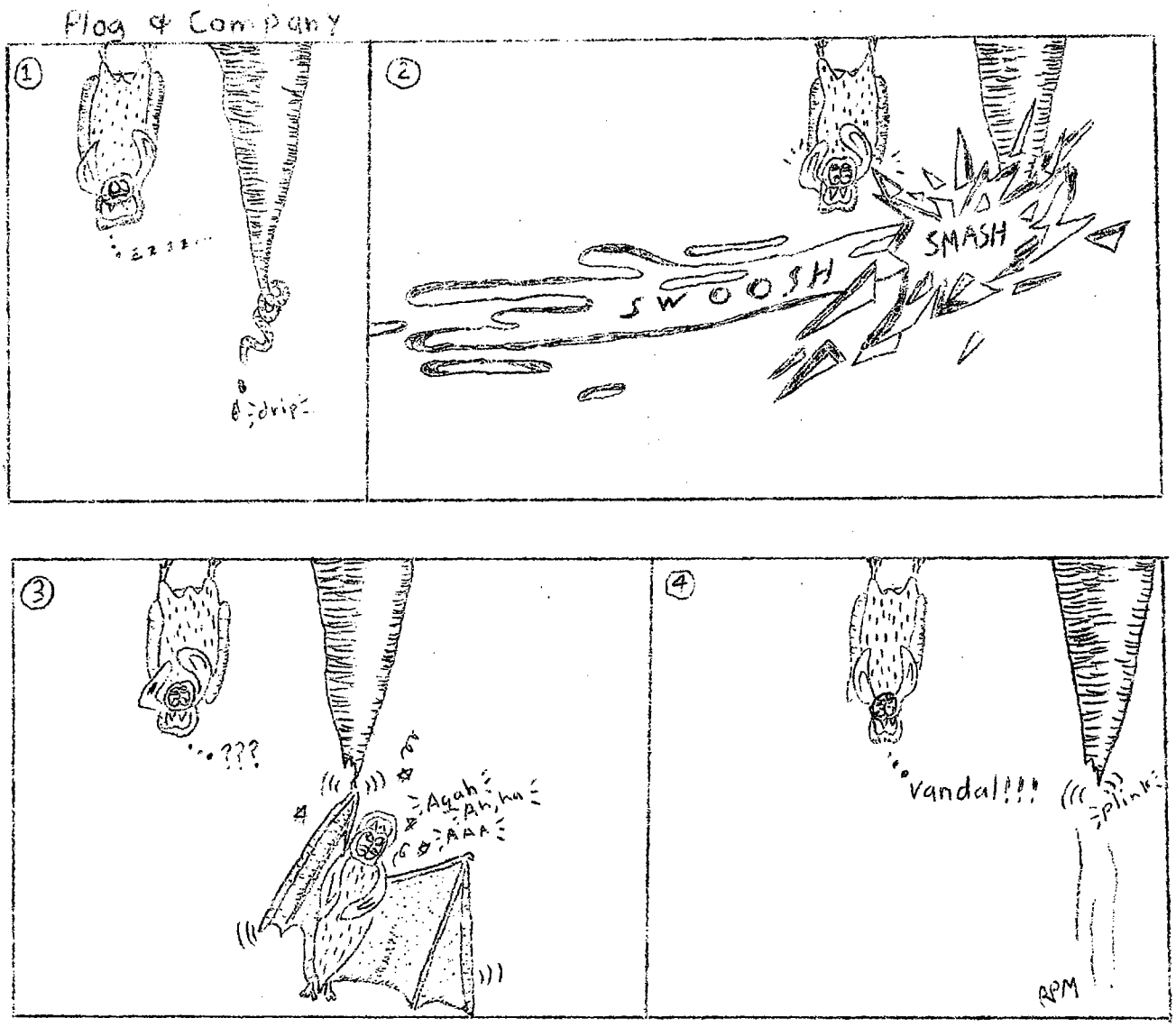

A. ROPE!!!!!!!! ... zzzzzzzz ... SLAM

((RUMBLE)) ((RUMBLE))

B. You just threw our rope down the drop.

A. Yeh ???

B. We need it to get to the bottum...

A. ..... oh.....

"MAKE PEACE WITH GOD" (OR ELSE)

Outside of Hell Hole Cave in Pendelton County, West Virginia, is a weather worn sign that has a humorous or prophetic message, depending on the caver, or perhaps the day. On this occasion the message, read so many times before, seemed humorous at first but perhaps a hint of warning was implied - the message: "Make Peace with God". Thus the Hell Hole trip of October 21 seemed humorous, but perhaps there is a hint...

This Hell Hole trip began as a planned combined attack to see how many people could enter the cave at one time. The preparation was fantastic. Anybody that was anybody was there. There was Gold line, Blue Water, phone cable. Anything that could be rigged was rigged. Unfortunately, there are only three holes at Hell Hole so only six ropes could be tied in at one time. So that no one would get stuck, no knots were put in the ends of any of the ropes. There were all types of fantastic rappels. One fellow did a marvelous singles rappel without the help of any gloves, another did a leg wrap with the rope that he wasn't clipped into, and still another rappeled on a rack with only one brake bar on - all without belay. The effect from below was magnificent. There were bodies dropping everywhere and the falling rocks made an impressive sound in the open entrance.

After the multitude of bodies finished the entrance (in a record time of two hours) the groups split up. Two parties were mapping, one party gating, and another party just visiting. The gating party was to gate the New Section to save the beautiful formations and to protect the dying bat population. So it was that the two mapping parties, and the visiting party tromped past the soon-to-be gate and headed for the fragile back section. With close comradship that cavers often show, the trips split up only to end up hours later in the same room where the Brunton reader of one survey party was given the marvelous selection of sixteen different lights-on-station. After a few games of "catch me - I forgot how to rappel" and "how do you get out of here" the groups (save the two brave cavers who were still exploring) made their ways back to the entrance to admire the six ropes.

The variey of ascending gear used was as fabulous as the methods of descent. There were cams, jumars, knots and all asortments of slings, wraps, clips, buckles and snaps. Anything that has ever been conceived of touching a rope was there. Some people climbed fast, some people barely climbed, some hung way back and others hung upside down. Finally after everybody got a chance to play with a rope, except the two brave cavers (the trip leader and a friend) the climb was completed in a record three hours.

A memorable trip, an exciting excursion - a good time was had by all, even the bats who awoke from hibernation to participate in the fun and festivities.

Steve Snelling

COLD IS JUST A FOUR LETTER WORD

Winter is, especially around this part of the country, the most dangerous time of the year for caving. The underestimation of conditions and a lack of understanding of hypothermia is said to be the number one killer of outdoor recreationists. Most cave rescues are caused, or at least greatly complicated, by foul conditions of cold and wet. More cavers have succumbed to exposure than of falls, hangups or other caving accidents. Being cold is unpleasant, but when exposure sets in, it can be very serious.

Hypothermia is caused by exposure to cold, aggravated by wind, water and exhaustion. When your body begins to lose heat faster than it generates it, you are undergoing exposure. When clothes are wet, they lose approximately ninety percent of their insulating value. Some materials hold heat and protect you better than others, but regardless of what you're wearing, if it's wet, you'll get cold. Wind complicates things by driving cold air through wet clothes and robbing your body of what heat it is producing. The first sign of hypothermia is uncontrolled and sometimes violent shivering. Hands and feet can take a certain amount of cold, but loss of only a few degrees of body temperature in the head or trunk areas will cause death. Involuntary shivering is your body's way of desperately trying to generate heat, but unfortunately this doesn't work too well. If the situation worsens then one begins to stumble or have difficulty performing tasks and sometimes suffer a loss in memory. If the person loses the desire to move, or worse yet, falls to sleep, then he and you are in big trouble. Even if the victim insists he's alright, especially if exhaustion is a contributing factor, the situation can deteriorate very quickly without much warning.

Of course, the best thing to do when you start shivering is to get moving. Under most circumstances, climbing, crawling or just walking will make a cold caver generate enough heat to stay warm. If the situation becomes quite serious, anything that will raise the body temperature should be used. Protection from water and wind, hot drinks, changing into dry clothes and even heat from a carbide lamp will usually help considerably. For maximum effectiveness in warming a cold person fast, one source recommends skin to skin contact in a sleeping bag.

This kind of information is available in any first aid manual or hiking book, but what are the specific dangers that present themselves in winter caving? First of all, many people don't realize that the temperature doesn't have to be sub-freezing for exposure to happen. Most cases of hypothermia occur when the temperature is between 30 and 50 degrees and any casual caver could tell you that this is the temperature range of caves. Underestimating of cave air and water temperatures, air currents, length and depth of passage can be serious, especially if these conditions are not taken

into account with conditions on the outside. Going wet caving in the summer time isn't too bad if you can look forward to flopping your tired,wet body on a grassy hillside in the warm sunshine. Even coming out after dark, it still will be no colder, if not warmer, than cave temperature. Water flowing into a cave during the winter is obviously colder than in the summer and there also may be more of it, depending on the local climate. A sudden warming spell in the early spring should be watched with apprehension - runoff from melting snow is damned cold. Many caves, especially those of "breathing" fame, can make drastic changes in their rate of airflow because of a steep gradient between the temperature of the cave and the outside. Exhaustion is a great factor contributing to hypothermia and many a tired person who is cold and wet has been the cause of a grim situation. In the case of a long trip it should be remembered that the weakest member of the party is the one who sets the pace for the rest. One should also consider that a cave, especially a vertical one, takes on a different set of risks when a bunch of inexperienced trainees are taken through than when a couple of super cavers zipped through just for grins the week before. As a final word about caves in cold weather, various ascending knots and mechanical rigs often cease to function on wet and icy ropes. If you insist on caving in such conditions, then you ought to at least find out which works best at getting you out before you get in.

Every caver has his own preference of caving apparel, whether it be coveralls, denims, army surplus, short sleeves, half a dozen sweatshirts or what ever he happens to be wearing. Cottons, including denim,and most synthetics wear well, but lose nearly all their good as insulators when wet. Wool works better, it holds in some body heat even when sopping. Rubber or waterproofed boots are fine as long as you don't step in a pool deeper than your boot tops. The best way to keep feet reasonably warm in a wet cave is to wear a couple of pairs of wool socks and jungle boots. The water will pour in, but it goes out,too. It seems that the best outfit for staying comfortable, outside of a full wet suit, would be fishnet underwear (to trap a dead air space) topped off by a wool sweater and wool pants. Better still, if you know that you're going to get wet, have a dry change of clothes available. You'll also find that it's well worth the extra trouble to lug your gear to the entrance to change clothes, especially if it's a long way back to the car and a foot of snow has been forecast.

Generally speaking, creatures with an extra layer of fat have a better chance of survival in extreme cold. This works very well for Icelandic ponies and polar bears but not necessarily for cavers. Caving demands that a person be in reasonably good physical shape and much too often, a person carrying a surplus of natural insulating material is unable to qualify.

Many a freezing expedition has been brought back to life by the foresight of bringing a small stove or even a catalytic heater to warm the spirits of cavers preparing to assault the outside world.

On long trips drinking water and lots of goodies should be around. Mint cakes, mincemeat, sardines, tropical chocolate, dried fruit and homemade "trail foods" to mention a few, perk up any caving trip. Candy that contains mostly dextrose supposedly converts to quick energy faster than most sugars.

I suppose this article makes winter caving sound dreadful and to be avoided at all costs, but if you use some common sense and a little preparation then forgo the much more dangerous sport of skiing and go caving instead!

Janet Queisser

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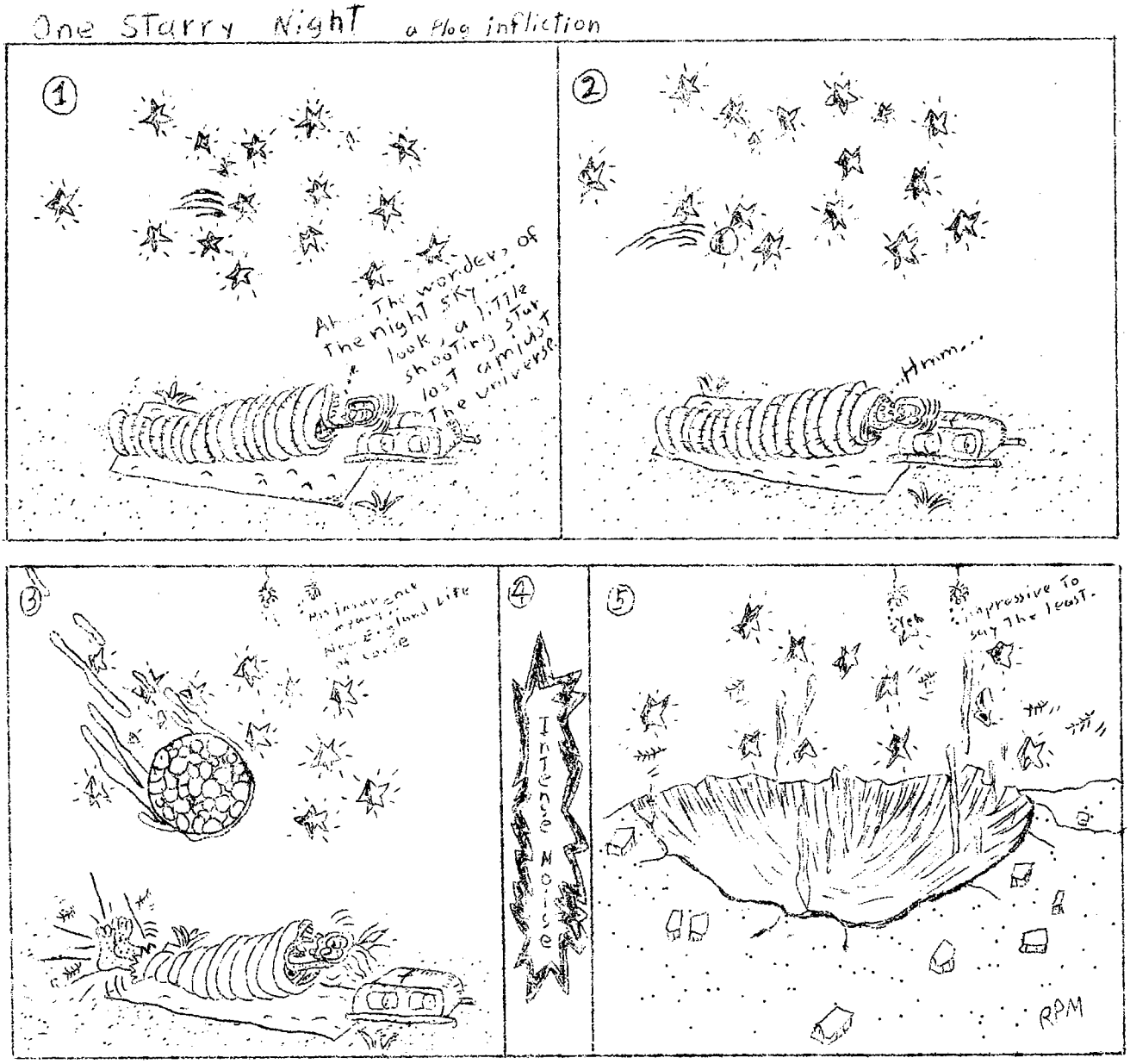

TRIP LEADING

Every caver who does not cave solo has either led or has been led on a caving trip. There are certain aspects of trip leading that perhaps may be worthy of mentioning for new cavers who may lead trips in the near future. This article is by no means an exact check list of good cave leadership, nor are all the points to be mentioned of equal importance (if so at all). But it does intend to orient new cavers toward thinking about trip leading so that they may become more aware of the good and bad points of people leading them. There are no formal definitions and no set rules that may be applied to all situations, regardless of circumstances; but there are certain helpful guidelines that may channel the individual's thinking toward being a safe and competent leader.

The trip leader:

- should be a competent caver, capable of doing what the particular trip requires and he should be knowledgeable (if at all possible) of the cave to be visited.

- should know the individuals on his trip and should have the final decision as to whether a member is qualified to join the trip. The leader should make an effort to know the limitations or peculiarities of the members. The leader should not allow persons on the trip whom he feels would not respect his decisions.

- should treat all members equally and allow no personal prejudice to enter the cave. Personal problems between members should constitute refusing one or both individuals to come on the trip.

- should see that all members of the trip are aware of the difficulty, approximate duration and what kind of trip it will be.

- is responsible for the equipment required to see the cave safely. He should know the condition of the equipment and arrange for it to be properly taken care of. Each member should be adequately equipped and if not, should not go in.

- is responsible for the overall safety of the trip and discourage unsafe practices. He should also provide a belay for anyone who wants or needs one.

- should insist on proper cave conservation practices.

Trips should not be split up unless there are adequate leaders and all those affected are in agreement. No one should be left alone.

Vertical Caves

On a vertical trip, or on a trip with many inexperienced cavers a leader should be sure to have at least one other competent and experienced caver along.

All rigging of ropes and gear should be inspected before use by a competent caver.

Competent vertical cavers should descend the rope first and last so that all others may be checked before they rappel to insure their being properly clipped to the rope and ready to go. A knot should be tied in the end of the rope and the first man down should be prepared to ascend while on rope if this becomes necessary. The leader should offer a belay to all and insist that new cavers receive one. Proper calls should be taught and used.

Ascending the rope should follow the same order as rappeling: competent vertical cavers first and last to check rigs, and to also help out on top.

A belay should be available for all cable ladder climbs, especially for novice cavers. Factors of lengths of climbs and fatigue should be taken into consideration in belaying of cable ladders. Preparation for belaying the first man up should be made (a separate rope prepared for a belay from below or a rigged rope to ascend).

After the Trip

The leader is responsible for the trip to be signed in and out properly if caving through a club. If not, someone with a knowledge of rescue procedures should know of his plans.

The leader is responsible for the safety of the members to and from the cave unless they meet at the cave site. Prparations for staying overnight should be made, if the trip is a long and hard one and it's a long way home.

The leader should see that all equipment is properly cared for and all borrowed equipment returned.

If an emergency arises the leader should handle the situation and should have the final word on decisions concerning the emergency situation. He must decide when outside help is needed and must see that this help is safely obtained.

Steve Snelling

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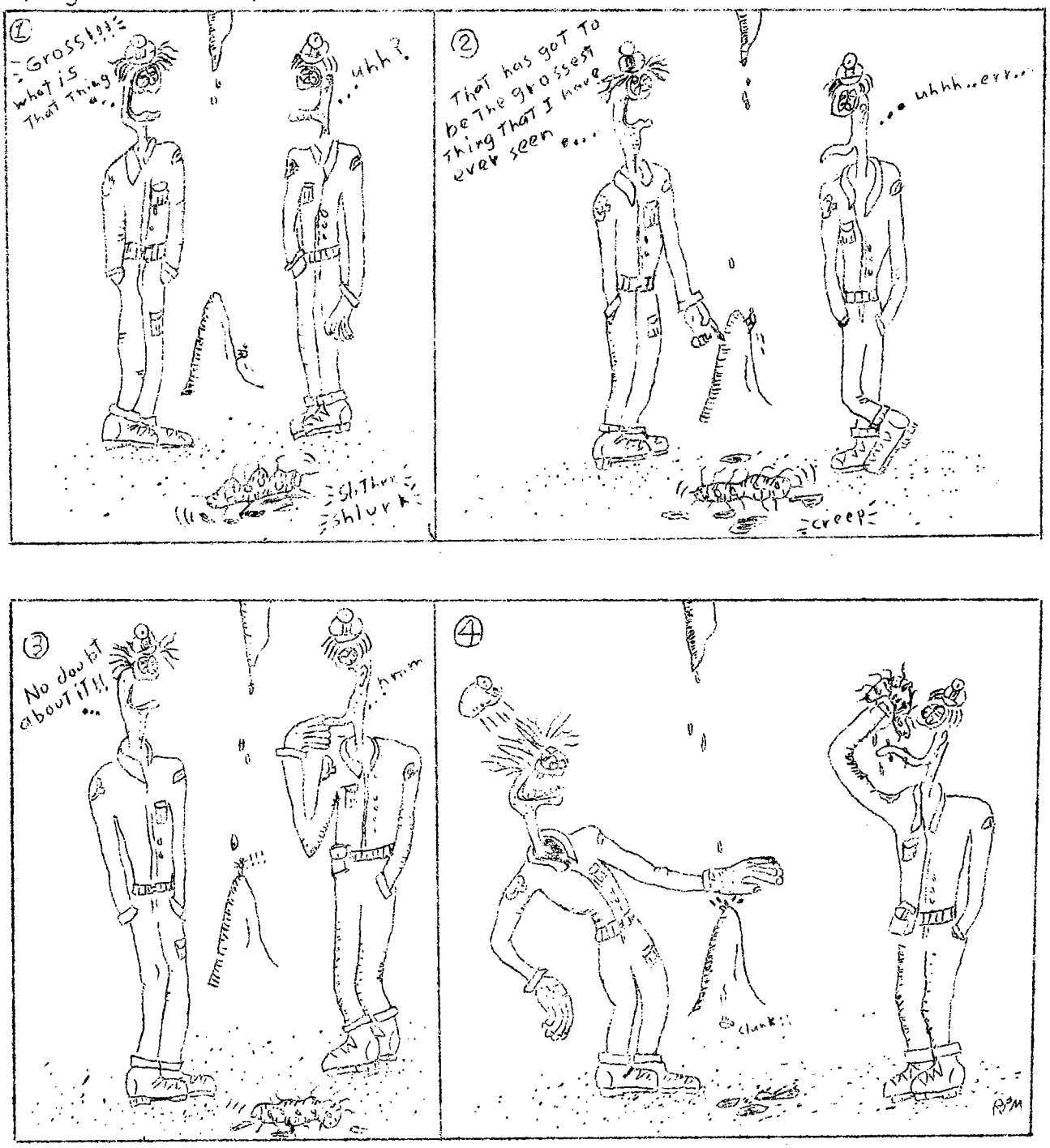
"If you have something good, then naturally more of it is that much better." R.E. Whittemore

* * * * *

Plog & Company



CAVE VANDALISM IS AGAINST THE LAW

Most every caver in Virginia knows that there is a law on the books that states that vandalizing caves is breaking the law of the state. What most people don't know is the exact text of the law and its implications. So, the following is what was considered a landmark success for the preservation of caves, although there have been no convictions since its enactment in 1968.

A Bill to amend the Code of Virginia by adding a Section numbered 18.1-175.1 so as to prohibit the damaging of Caves or Caverns:

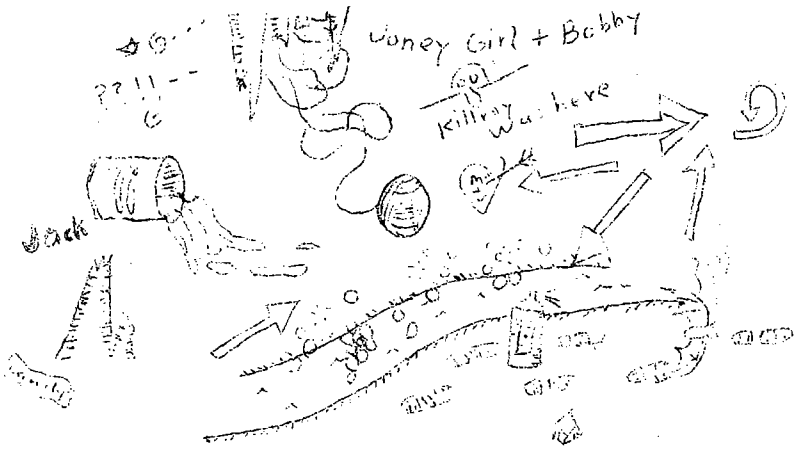
Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia:

1. That the Code of Virginia be amended by adding a Section numbered 18.1-175.1, as follows:

18.1-175.1,N (a) It shall be unlawful for any person, without the prior permission of the owner, to willfully or knowingly break, break off, mutilate, injure, deface or mar or harm any natural material found within any cave or cavern, such as stalactites, stalagmites,helictites, anthodites, gypsum flowers or needles, flowstone, draperies, columns, or other similar crystalline mineral formations or otherwise; to kill, harm, or disturb plant or animal life found therein; to discard litter or refuse therein, or otherwise disturb or alter the natural condition of such cave or cavern: or break, force, tamper with, remove, or otherwise disturb a lock, gate, door or other structure of obstruction designed to prevent entrance to a cave or cavern, without the permission of the owner thereof, whether or not entrance is gained.

(b) Violators of this Section shall be guilty of a misdemeaner. A misdemeanor is defined as fines of to 500 dollars and sentences up to one year in jail.

* * * * *



BLACK IS BLACK, OR IS IT?

Most people think that liars belong entirely to the hunting and fishing circles, yet few realize that caving is another field in which these"truth strechers" abound. Although cavers don't use the same form of exaggerations as "the one that got away", they have their own style which shines at its best in conversing with people who know little or nothing about caving, especially girl friends. Yep, you can bet that in their stories it was only through superhuman efforts that they managed to save themselves and the rest of the party from complete annihilation in the hardest and most dangerous cave in the world.

It has been my observation that the best liars are those who have been caving for a few years. I don't mean this derogatorily, for it takes all this time to develop this skill with true finesse.

Following are two trip reports on a short conservation trip to the Queen's Bath in Pig Hole Cave, a very easy part of the cave. The first one is a typical one written by a trainee with little caving experience. The second is representative of a grizzled veteran of at least two years' caving.

Trainee's Report:

We entered Pig Hole by the back entrance, a man-made section of square tile piping about seven feet long extending straight down to retard filling in by the soil around the entrance. After sliding on our backs for a matter of a couple of feet, we entered a large passage with silt type dirt covering the floor.

The passage remained fairly constant in size for some distance although the silt floor changed to some large blocks of breakdown. The passage stayed much like this until we had to climb up a large block and crawl along a mud ledge for about twenty feet until we came to a passage which varied between a large crawlway and a stoop-over passage for a short distance. At the end of this passage was the the Queen's Bath, the object of our conservation trip.

We began cleaning the names from the wall by rubbing them with our gloves and mud. This task took a short time, so on our way back we stopped at the Mud Bridge which traverses an 80 ft. pit. Since time was short we didn't go across, We then returned to the lower entrance and left.

The Veteran's Report:

We arrived at the murderous cave and at once argued about which entrance to enter by. I wanted to go down the sinkhole, but the others said they were afraid to rappel without a rope. I then decided that it would be better to see that they got safely into the treacherous cave, so I accompanied them to the lower entrance which is less impressive, but nonetheless dangerous.

We slid down the vertical shaft which was so smooth and slick that it made travel extremely hazardous. After passing this obstacle, we entered a large passage, the floor of which was covered with silt. Atthough it looked like easy walking,we were wary, for how could we be certain that we weren't standing on a thin false floor that could crumble at any minute and send us hurtling down into a pit thousands of feet deep?

Things got worse, for we soon were walking on huge hunks of breakdown as large as cars, which could topple at a touch and crush us in an instant. After this we climbed to the top of the rubble and crawled precariously on a mud ledge above a deep canyon. I managed to make it past this great challenge only with the ability of a natural born leader who can direct others.

We then came to the Queen's Bath area, another highly dangerous spot because one slip could send you crashing helplessly into a vast subterranean pool. We proceeded to scrape the names from the walls with our own hands protected only by flimsy leather heavy duty work gloves.

After completing this physically grueling task,we went to the Mud Bridge. I wanted to go across the fifteen foot wide pit which is probably thousands of feet deep. But the others said that they didn't want to jump it with me, but would prefer to cross the bridge. I became rather indignant and told them that unless they jump across with me, then nobody would cross.

We finally made our way over the same treacherous ground back to the entrance. Climbing out of the cave presented so much difficulty to the others, that I was required to provide physical assistance to each and every one. Being last to exit, and exhausted in my duties, I was made to accept the then feeble efforts of the others on my party.

The Kave Kreep

* * * * *

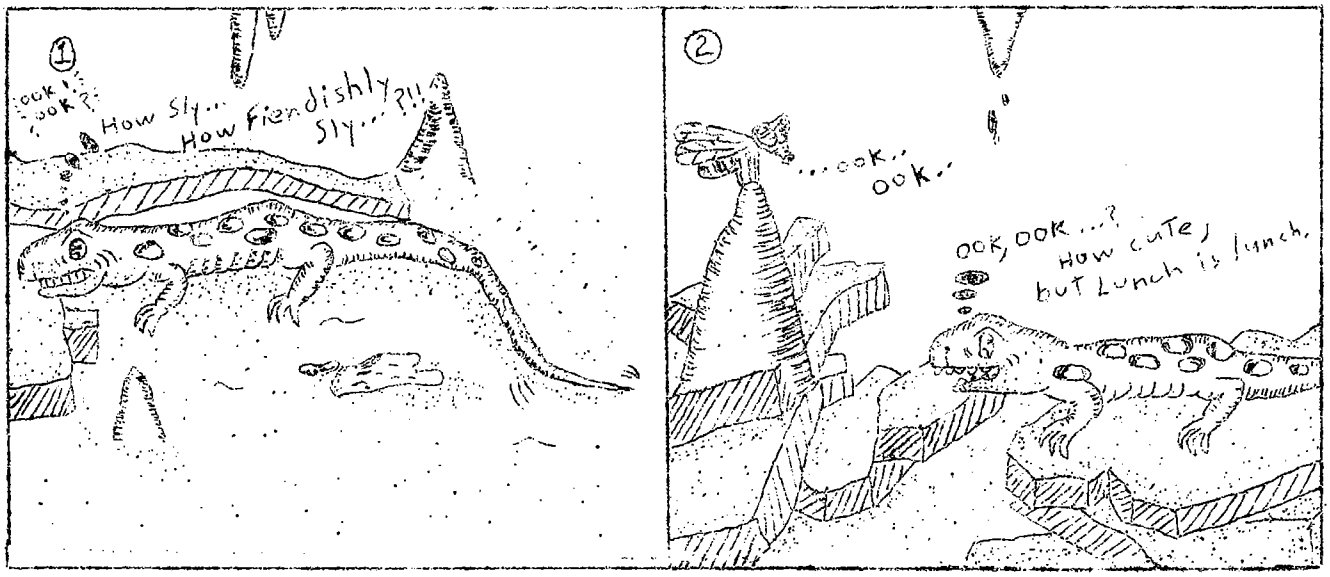
"Yup,...once threw a dead cow down thar... Fell for ages and when it finally hit, the whole cave up and beltched. Why, the wind narely blew me down ma hill."

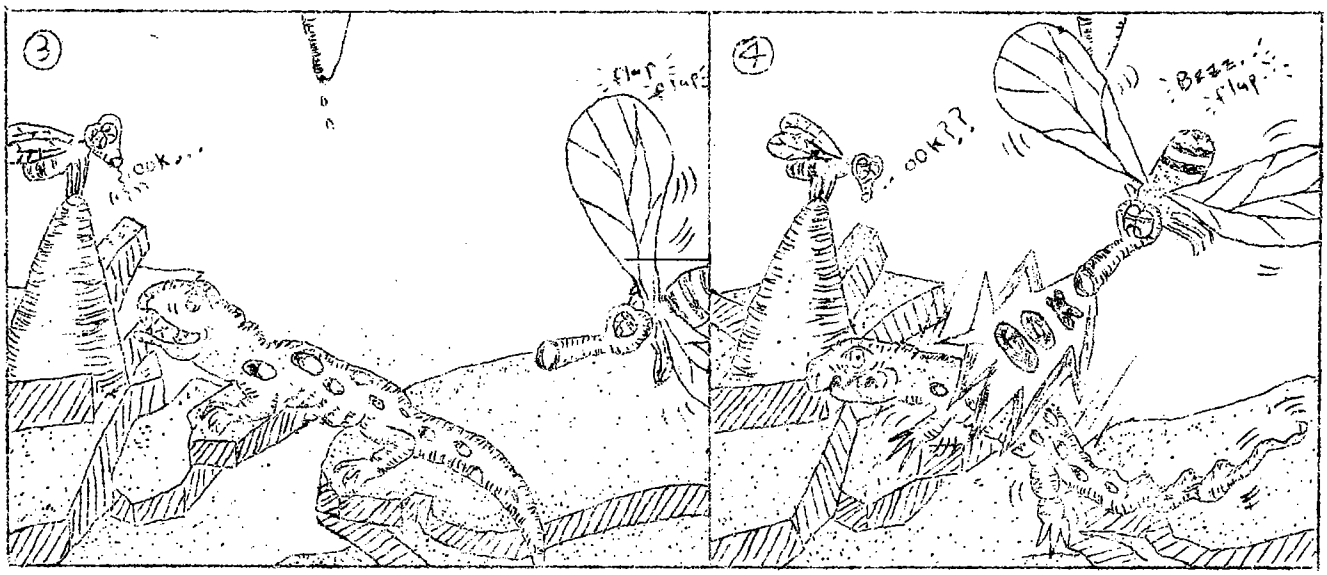
* * * * *

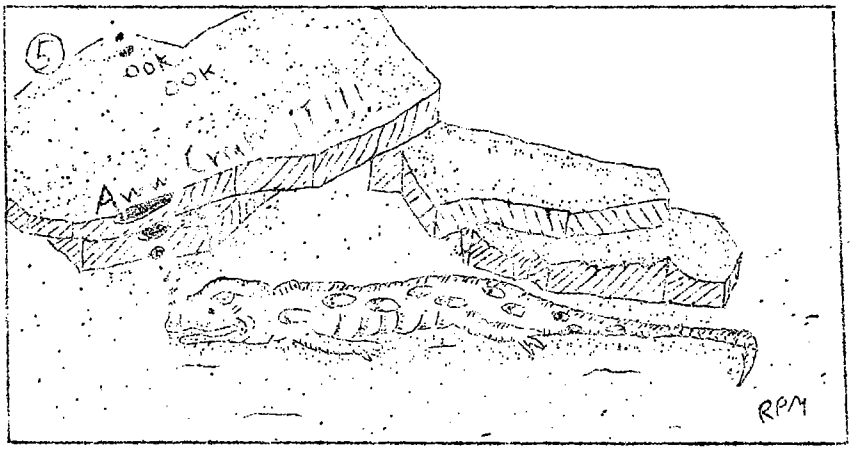
Is Ed Richardson the Burt Reynolds of the Virginia Region?

* * * * *

The Hunt


1
OOK! OOK?
How Sly... How Friendishly Sly...?!!
2
...OOK.. OOK..
OOK, OOK...? How cute, but Lunch is lunch.


3
OOK...
flap flap
4
OOK??
Bzzz... flap


5
OOK OOK
RPM

CAVING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

There we sat, almost 1130 feet below the entrance of Yorkshire Pot, Canada. Three cavers grinned at each other over the successful decent. Now we had to start thinking about the long haul out to daylight.

Our situation actually was the fruit of some very wishful thinking over a year before. My long time caving companion, Bob Vocke, was visiting Blacksburg for the 1971 NSS Convention. Here we first learned of the fantastic caving activities in the Canadian Rockies. Dr. Derek Ford had given a fine presentation of caving activities there during the convention. But The Real eye-catcher was an issue of the Canadian Caver that Bob and I saw in publications sales. Crowsnest Pass, located on the British-Columbia-Alberta border is the site of one of Canada's premier caving areas.

The main attraction there, at least to us, was the Yorkshire Pot. Located at about 8,000 feet elevation, the cave descends 1130 feet to a sump. The deepness and location of the cave contributed to the thoughts of a visit to the area. The opportunity materialized sooner than we had hoped, for the following summer I found myself at Bob's place in Seattle. My summer long visit was to coincide with the 1972 NSS Convention in White Salmon as well as see some Lava Tubes, do some backpacking, and conquer some of those majestic mountains. But certainly the planned caving adventure to Crowsnest Pass loomed big to us.

Dave Mischke, also of Seattle, joined us, and by the time I had arrived in Seattle in June, Dave had already been in touch with Canadian cavers and had secured detailed directions to the area and Yorkshire Pot. In addition, Dave attended the Northwest Regiom meeting held in Vancouver, B.C. over the Fourth of July weekend and received topo maps of the area. We had directions; we had man-power (but barely); we had enough tackle; we needed transportation. The selection was simple- "Trog" my 4 by 4 Nissan Patrol was a landslide winner over Dave's Cortina and Bob's Corolla. We set August 1 as our departure date. Preparations were made, and we left Seattle at 10 p.m. August 1. We were on our way.

Three hours later we pulled off the road to a roadside rest near the Columbia River and sacked out. An early start the next morning enabled us to reach Crowsnest Pass. After a bit of difficulty we found the old seismic road which follows Ptolemy Creek upstream. Here Trog did her thing by fording the creek eight times; two of which were quite deep and swift. Thus, we were able to avoid a six mile pack-in to the head of the valley. (With the amount of time and persons on hand, a pack-in to the caving area would have been impossible with the several loads of gear to be packed and the round trip being some 18 miles.)

The road abruptly ended at the valley head. A hundred yards

through brush and one starts ascent. We loaded Bob up with most of the tackle. The plan was for him to leave immediately and push on over to the next drainage and locate a suitable high camp. Dave and I were to sort out the rest of the equipment and pack loads halfway up- to the Ptolemy Plateau. Bob sprinted ahead and finally Dave and I shoved off. We got to a convenient stop on the plateau where, feeling energetic, piled most of Dave's kit onto my pack and pushed on to the top while Dave cached the rest of his gear and headed down. After climbing and backpacking all summer, Bob and I were in great shape. But the exertion at even this relatively low elevation was affecting Dave who had been at sea-level all summer.

From the Ptolemy Plateau one ascends a snow-covered scree slope to a col marking the boundary between B.C. and Alberta. On the other side of the col was the spectacular Andy Good Plateau. The entrance to Yorkshire Pot is located a few hundred yards laterally of the col on this plateau. After finding Bob playing in the snow, I suggested we find a campsite. Bob pointed to a huge, snow-free hummock in the distance but I persisted and we cached our loads on a couple of grassy terraces between the col and Yorkshire Pot. With empty packs we gleefully glissaded the 2500 verticalfeet and 3 miles first in snow, then in brush, and finally in scree to Dave and Trog. After a disgusting meal of "Mischke's Mushy Macaroni", Bob was unanmously elected head-cook. We finally bedded down dreaming of better meals to come.

We all ferried another load up to our camp next day. Dave was still feeling some affects of the altitude so he commenced clearing sites for the two tents. Bob and I constructed a latrine complete with seat and lid- truly a stoneage marvel. According to our directions, the entrance to Yorkshire Pot lies within a doline bordering a large rock outcrop. We had been warned of possible snow cover and an ensuing dig. We picked the spot that most resembled that of their description. They indicated a snow trench of about eight feet deep would lead to the cave. Bob and I exchanged turns digging with his surplus trenching tool. By the end of the day, Dave had camp in full operation, and we had a respectable looking trench but no breakthrough.

Meals were big events in our camp routine. The kitchen consisted of my Optimus two-burner petrol stove surrounded by stone shelves and small cupboards. Bob proved himself to be the masterful chef. His culinary efforts kept us in the hardiest of spirits with such dishes as Hash Browns a la Cheese and Mashed Potato Supreme. (He had this obsession with potato and cheese concoctions.) Less than a quarter mile away, snow melt created a substantial trickle of water in the heat of the afternoon sun. To conserve our supply of drinking water, Dave deployed black bags filled with snow to melt under the hot sun. This served as wash water. Our camp area abounded with small rodents. A clothesline affair was constructed so as to support bags of food out of the reach of the pesky varmits. Dave and I occupied his roomy homemade tent while Bob wriggled into his smaller one on the lower terrace. The weather smiled upon us throughout our entire stay. Night time temperatures were estimated at about 35-40 degrees F. while during the day the hot sun forced us down sometimes to our underclothing. Meteorite showers sometimes kept us up a bit after dark but the fabulous sunsets over the Rockies

with a few clouds drifting below and a distant city's lights twinkling in the distance were a most unforgettable sight in the mountains of limestone.

The fourth of August arrived with Dave feeling much better. We concentrated our efforts at the dig. It was a frustrating experience but we seemed to be making some progress since the snow was getting softer as we dug deeper. Soon the trench had gotten so deep that we could not fling snow above it: a tunnel was started. Then at 2:30 p.m. Bob scrambled excitedly out of the snow. He had broken through to a cave- Yorkshire Pot, of course. He went back to camp to dry off while Dave and I enlarged his crawlway to a five foot high tunnel leading downward into blackness. Our trench-tunnel complex was over-all about thirty feet long and twenty feet deep. We sure hoped the cave to be worthy of our digging efforts. After constructing 12 steps in the snow to ease our egress, I found myself at the edge of a small drop. We decided to take in a few ropes and rig some of the pitches.

Yorkshire Pot and the other caves of the area are a direct result of the Lewis thrust Fault. The main cave bearing limestone is the highly fossiliferous Livingstone Formation, which is over-thrust to about 1200 feet thick. Caves on the Andy Good Plateau typically descend almost vertically via structural weakness caused by this tectonic activity. Yorkshire Pot is one of the few caves there that has remained unblocked by debris at constictions. The overall bedrock dip is at about 30 degrees, but a major fold occurs near Yorkshire Pot with the cave developed near the axis of the anticline. All invasion streams flow down dip.*

We finally entered the cave. After descending from the tricky snow lip, we found ourselves in a vertical shower from snow melt leaking through the ceiling. The problem is a 12 foot climb down in the midst of a shower. We all got quite damp! After a bit of poking into dead ends, we located the right passage and chimneyed down 30 feet to a narrow canyon. We finally found our selves at the top of the first pitch that necessitated rigging. We rigged its 56 feet with two cable ladders. This pitch was the wettest as it was a waterfall. But by rigging carefully at the top, the water was largely avoided until the bottom 15 feet. A short scramble lead to the third pitch of 37 feet where we managed to s-t-r-e-c-h our last cable ladder. Bob went down and assured us that another pitch followed directly. We left our remaining ropes at the top of the 37 foot pitch and headed out as we were quite wet and tired even though we had been in the cave less than four hours. The cold air and water at about 35-40 degrees F. called for extra clothing; I wore fishnet, wool shirt, wool sweater, wool pants, and coveralls. Bob and Dave wore similar outfits. Dave wore his "supercavers", a homemade coverall suit of waterproofed nylon. His light source was handicapped somewhat because he had forgotten the reflector to his lamp. However, he had managed to fashion one out of a tin can.

*From various issues of The Canadian Caver

The last glimmer of daylight saw us back to camp, dinner, and then to a hard earned nights sleep.

We decided to lay off Yorkshire for a day since we needed additional rope and supplies. Bob volunteered to ferry up another load. But first we visited another cave. The entrances to Gargantua Cave are at about 8,200 feet on a crag face overlooking the lower benches of the Andy Good Plateau. The entrance was reached by climbing two benches above the col and traversing across steep snow fields. We gained the upper entrance and soon found ourselves in Boggle Alley with daylight filtering in from the lower entrance. Boggle Alley as well as the many other large passages give rise to the name of the cave. We found the 56 foot pitch and rappelled on in. After much climbing and poking around, we emerged into the Interprovincial Way, a large trunk channel. At the beginning of the passage was an area roped off; the center attraction was a neat cluster of cave pearls- as fine as I've ever seen. The passage ends in a T-intersection at Two Day Junction. Here we turned back at over 680 feet down. Little did we know at the time that the lowest level just 200 feet was close at hand. Some photography accompanied our exit after only 4 hours in Gargantua Cave. After a quick lunch Bob descended to Trog with a load of trash and unnecessary gear and brought up more gear and a reflector for Dave's lamp. We sacked out early in eager anticipation of our big push in Yorkshire Pot in the morning. We intended to get an early start and hoped for a freeze that would slow the snow melt run-off into the cave.

An early start on August 6 propelled us quickly to our last rigging point. Armed with additional tackle, we picked up the cached ropes at the top of the 30 foot ladder pitch and scrambled down. The next pitch was a 93 foot rift. The rappel was quite confined in places- a good thing since our rope was short, but we chimneyed the last 10 feet. A tight, awkward squeeze overlooking a difficult friction chimney led to the next pitch, a 130 foot free fall drop. This made for a spectacular rappel. One more pitch of 50 feet put us at the -600 foot level and the beginning of the "horizontal" section of the cave. A short crawl led to the Chocolate Chamber where a 140 foot pit is located. Bypassing it we entered the Roller Coaster Run, A phreatic tube incised several times by vadose canyons. Extremely slippery mud provided excitement in the traverse of these areas. Taking Alberta Avenue from Second Look Junction, we skidded downward at dip of 20 degrees to a point where two streams converge and form the Water Meeting. A narrow, sinuous passage led off via several small drops to a sump at a depth of 1130 feet. High water and a unanimous reluctance to get completely immersed prevented us from pushing the last 20 feet or so, but we were happy to have reached that point in only 3 hours. After a few hero photographs, we started out. The drudgery began with the rope ascents since the 6 rigged pitches occur within a horizontal span of about 50 feet after each ascent the amount of tackle to be carried out increased. After less than 10 hours underground we emerged weary but happy from Yorkshire Pot's snowy entrance.

While Dave decided he was due a good rest, Bob and I scrambled down below camp to check out a cave known as "P20". Ten minutes in

that rat hole was enough. Cleft Cave , whose entrance is located high on the northeast wall of the cirque containing Ptolemy Creek Plateau, was our next objective. A quick descent from the col brought us to Ptolemy Plateau where we began the arduous ascent to the cave. The 60 foot high by 10 foot wide entrance is easily visible from the valley floor. The 700 foot climb from the plateau is all in loose scree with a small cliff half way up. The climb, followed by a traverse along scree-covered top of another cliff directly beneath the cirque headwall, brought us to the spectacular entrance. By this time my electronic flash had lost all its juice. This was unfortunate because beautiful hoar frost ice crystals adorned the passageways. The cave, located near a syncline, has a second entrance. We soon came to this lofty perch overlooking the north cirque of Ptolemy Creek, and about 900 feet above the valley floor. Retracing our steps back through the mountain brought us out. Deciding to climb the cirque headwall and short cut over the mountain brought us skidding through scree to camp and Dave just before nightfall. The Bleuet lantern again proved its worth as we cooked supper after dark.

The seventh day of August brought our stay to a close as we packed up. Grossly unwieldy loads made for three sore bodies when we reached Trog. On the way down we stopped on Ptolemy Plateau and explored Ptolemy Cave, a multi-entrance-skylight cave of little consequence. We also met a group of Canadians on their way up to study the Karst features. Included in the group was a former member of the VPI Cave Club, Jim Quinlan, its president in 1959. We then four-wheeled out and headed south to Idaho for the NSS pre-convention field trips to Papoose Cave.

The Ptolemy Creek area proved to be all we had anticipated and more. The exquisite alpine scenery offers a spectacular steeing, and the caves are most interesting. What a pleasant change fron New River Cave!

Dale Parrott

* * * * *

"... Far out!...

... Outta sight!...

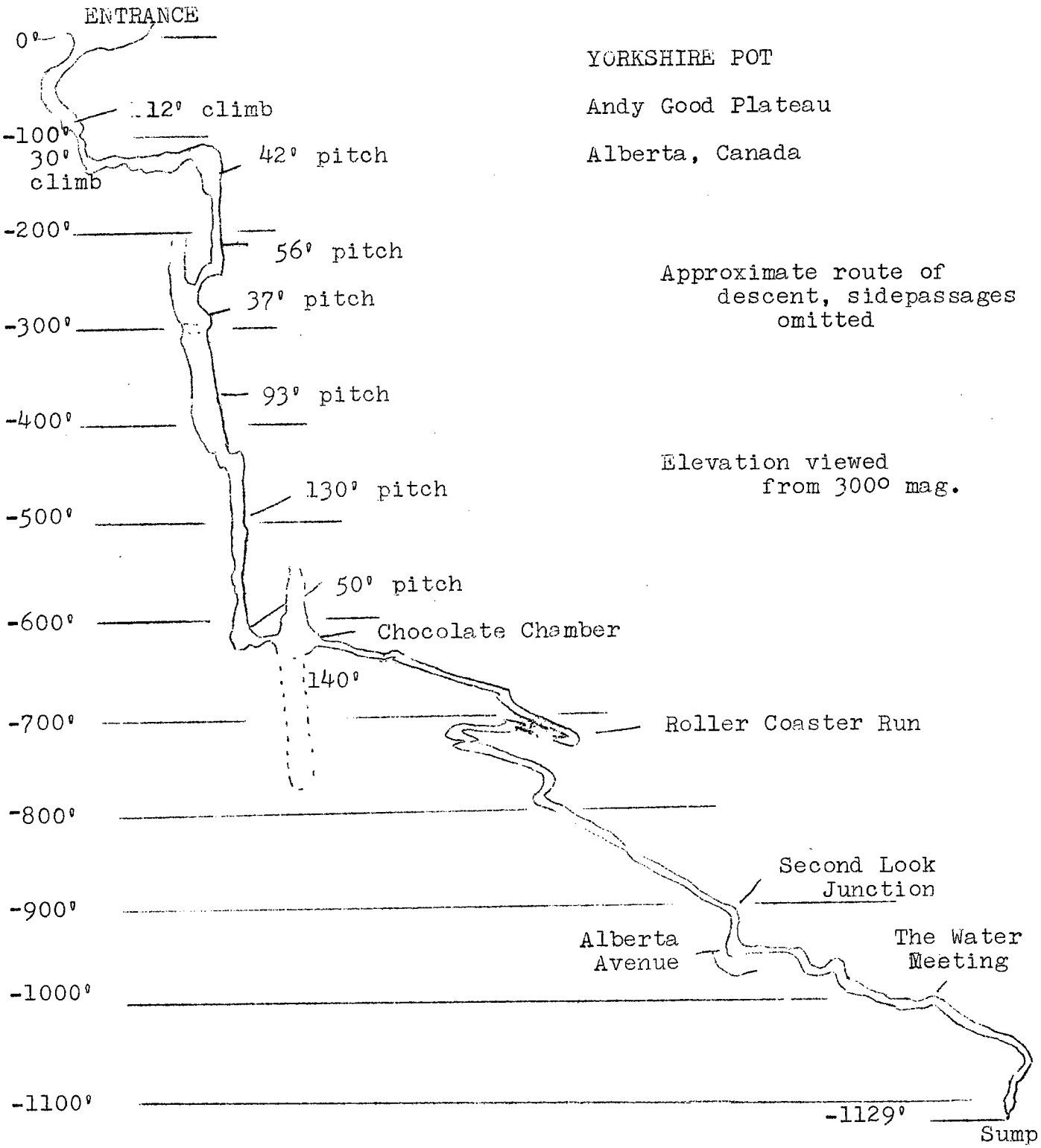
... What a trip!...

... Heavy!..."

* * * * *

"Farm out, farm out!" Kim Smith.

* * * * *



Sketched from The Canadian Caver, No. 5
(w/out permission)

NEW RIVER CAVE: REVISITED AGAIN

"Hey Dale, it has been decided that this is a Ladies Auxilary trip and we'll let you come."

"Gee, thanks."

So, on a fine warm, beautiful day of November 4, 1972, much too pretty a day to go underground, Cathy Dancy, Jette Feduska, Jean McCarthy, Janet Queisser, and Dale Parrott did just that. Dale had fine and lofty plans for this particular trip. Finish up all the "little things", like complete all the small leads off the Forest Room and maybe even go on to the Waterfall, "if we feel like it".

En route to the cave, discussions of "the absolutely remarkable warm weather we're having" and weighing the merits of partying versus caving as being "good for the soul" pointed to the prediction that this would be one of those really harddriving mapping trips. Thousands of feet will pile up in Dale's little survey notebook. Right on, Sweetie!

Finding a place to park was tricky. It seemed that a great portion of the Va Tech student body decided to forego the football game to romp around New River Cave. Preceding the Survey Team was a troop of Flashlight Cavers looking dressed for a nature walk in the National Park. The only confrontations occured when the team was met by a shower of rocks and debris shoved down the steep hillside, for some unknown reason, by the Sunday Cavers. As the members of the VPI Grotto readied to assult the cave, the other group appeared from the rocks above and were somewhat apologetic for nearly killing the surveyers.

"Gee, you all are sure prepared, aren't you?"

"You kinda have to be if you're going to do something other than throw rocks down a mountain."

The survey Team headed quickly on to the innards of the cave, leaving the Flashlight Cavers to their own demise.

Past the Fallen Hatchet and on up to the Forest Room they went.. If anyone has ever wondered what a beautifully decorated room looks like after several decades of dedicated vandalism,-he should stop wondering and visit the Forest Room of New River Cave. It makes you angry, and at the same time, very sad.

Working their way through the stubby stalagmites, Jette swooned, "Phalluses, tons of them ! Walking through them! Crawling over them! Eeek!"

After Dale finally got everyone calmed down, they began to survey one of the small leads that had been checked but never mapped. Jean set stations and scouted ahead, Cathy was lead tape while Jette called the reading, Janet read Brunton and Dale took notes and

sketched. They made fine progress for about half an hour, most of which was spent struggling through really miserable passage. Dale decided, after a couple of readings, that it could be sketched in after all (curses to you, Dale Farrott).

Backtracking to a room, the party fanned out to look for more survey work. Hardly missing Dale, who disappeared down some hole, the ladies assembled and proceeded to carry on a very enlighening gossip session. They discussed politics, mental illness, Morrocan social customs and just as they were about to solve the world's problems, Dale returned and proclaimed that there was work to be done.. So, the troop moved out like a line of misguided ducklings following an equally misguided mother. They wound their way deep into the once checked crawlways and squeezeways, slipping down into a foul opening, Dale announced that it "opened up" on the far side of the crawl.

"Thank God, I've had enough of this crap."

Sound of Dale- grunts came back to the ladies in waiting with threats that it had <u>better</u> open up. Dale had managed to pour his body through the passage and over this very evil-looking hump that was right smack in the middle of the crawlway.

"If you take off your hard hat, cram your left shoulder in the slot on the left and kind of let your right armpit make love to that formation, you'll make it OK."

Following Dale's directions carefully, Janet worked her way through the lewd spot and nearly went into a somersault down the slope as she popped through. Then Jette and the Stars 'n' Bars began to emerge. Backing up and cursing, she reorganized slightly.

"Here, take my pack for a second."

Just as Jette's panting and heaving armpit laid testimony to her accomplishing the crawl, Janet remarked, "Hey, Jette, your pack just fell down that hole."

"What hole?"

"The one Dale didn't tell me about."

"Can you reach it?"

"Let me see. Ughhhh. No way."

"Maybe you can reach it from that opening at the bottom."

Dale got down and observed, "I think I can reach it through this hole down here." But, alas, despite his outstretched efforts, the flailing fingers fell short of the pack.

"Maybe I can get my shoulder farther through the crack," said Janet. But her fingertips failed to come within touching it.

By this time, Jean had come through and Cathy, coming feet first, nearly landed on Dale's head.

"Oh God, this is really juicy," moaned Jette, "All my stuff is in there- carbide, water, three candy bars, super water-proof flashlight, two cans of tuna fish, and my Swiss Army knife. That's the last time I'm going to let you hold anything of mine, Queisser."

"My stuff is in there too," Janet said timidly.

"Where's the Brunton?" asked Dale.

"Right here."

"And the tape?"

"Here."

"Good, that's a relief."

"I'm not leaving without my Swiss Army knife!"

After some moments of trying to decide who had the longest arm and the smallest shoulder, someone made the brilliant remark,"Civilized man uses tools".. Since no one happend to have any pliers, tongs or hammers handy, and the Swiss Army knife way in the wayward pack, it seemed a total disaster. But, suddenly, a light bulb flashed and Dale zipped on down to the vandalized Forest Room. Moments later he returned, lugging a huge victim of thoughtless vandalism, but none-the-less, a "tool".

"Gross, it looks like a dildo, " observed Cathy.

"Looks more like the Whitt stick to me," said Jean.

Dale maneuvered himself into position to make another attempt to reach the elusive pack. To provide more light and some verbal directions, Cathy was situated above the hole.

"Be careful now...Dale, if you push your thing a little more to the left...don't let it slip...try poking it harder..."

Jean and Jette sat on the sidelines giggling something about "I wish I had a tape recorder" while the drama continued.

Taking her turn at the struggle, Jette discovered that it was possible to stick one's head in to gain a precious few inches.

"Gee Jette, you'd sure look funny with your head stuck in that hole."

After more anxious minutes of panting and straining, the pack gave up and allowed itself to be captured.

On the move again, the Survey Team pushed forth to rack up some more feet toward the project. Another tiny ink scratching for the future map! While looking for an elusive station to tie another lead into, Dale disappeared into the darkness to check out the situation. In his absence, the ladies picked up their Kaffeklatch where they had left off. They covered the fine details of yogurt culture, the pro-

spects of a party back in town, what it's like not to shave one's legs for eight months, and the funny naturally formed grin on the wall. ("Maybe someone's trying to tell us something.") After nearly three-quarters of an hour they were shoved back in to reality by Dale's muffled voice saying to meet back at the Fallen Hatchet. The scuzzy ducklings worked their way sinuously to where Dale was resting. He related his search for connecting leads and the subsequent discovery of more virgin passage. Sigh.

"Wonder what time the party will start?" Jean inquired cautiously.

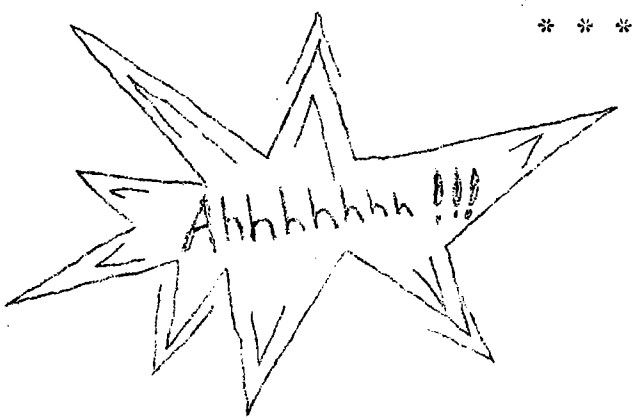
Dale at last conceded that it would take at least another whole trip to map the new section he had just found. By the power of suggestion he allowed that he hungered and thirsted for the outside world also. So, the exodus was done nearly as soon as it began. Tons of dry leaves made the descent of the mountain in the New River night a lot more joyous than the trip in reverse.

While changing clothes, Dale remarked that this trip had set a record for New River trips, "This has been the least productive trip ever, with 174 feet mapped.!"

"Whoopee!"

A.I. Cartwright

* * * * *



A. GET OFF MY LEG!!!

B. Your Leg? Your LEG???
I thought it was a muddy log.

A. SCIENCE

B. Why are you melting my shoe laces Together?

VISITING A FOX

It started as a rather nice November day at six A.M. A perfect day for a leisurely stroll or a cool picnic. But the four of us, Bill Park, Susy Arnold, Steve Snelling and myself, had elected to spend it in the cold bowels of the earth, mapping Fox Cave of Smyth County, our contribution to the renowned VPI Grotto Fall Project.

Doing my part to keep Steve awake, I slept all the way to Hungry Mother State Park, where we found the rest of the Project personnel just eating breakfast. After wandering around for awhile socializing, we found out where our chosen target was located and headed off as one united mapping party.

After going over what should have been an impossible mountain, we came to the area of the cave and okayed our invasion of Fox with the landowner. While preparing to find and enter the cave, we met Darrel Wimmer, a former VPI caver who had started his own grotto in Smyth . After discussing old times and new, he graciously took us to the entrance of Fox which was cleverly placed and disguised by nature so only a "search and destroy" party could find it.

Parting company with Darrel, we entered the cave and started mapping, our assigned parts being: Bill - Brunton, Steve - setting stations, Susy - taking notes, Nancy - reading tape, although Susy and I traded jobs about halfway through the trip.

Fox Cave itself is a very nice little cave, for visiting. It has a countless number of little loops that are interconnected and a pain to map. Just as we finished mapping one loop we found another loop off of the first one. Actually, we only mapped around four or five of the loops and set the rest aside for another mapping so we could continue onward and map the upper level of the cave. The stream section is yet to be surveyed also.

A fifteen or twenty foot climb and some helpful suggestions brought us to the upper level. From that point we mapped fairly steadily since there were no major side leads to be explored. Wriggling through one rather tight crawl, we came to a "T" junction where we paused for an eating break. With true mapping fervor we were relieved to find that the left lead after forty feet. Finishing that lead with two quick shots, we tramped down the right lead...mapping, always mapping. We had been underground around eight hours and were beginning to feel like part of the cave.-

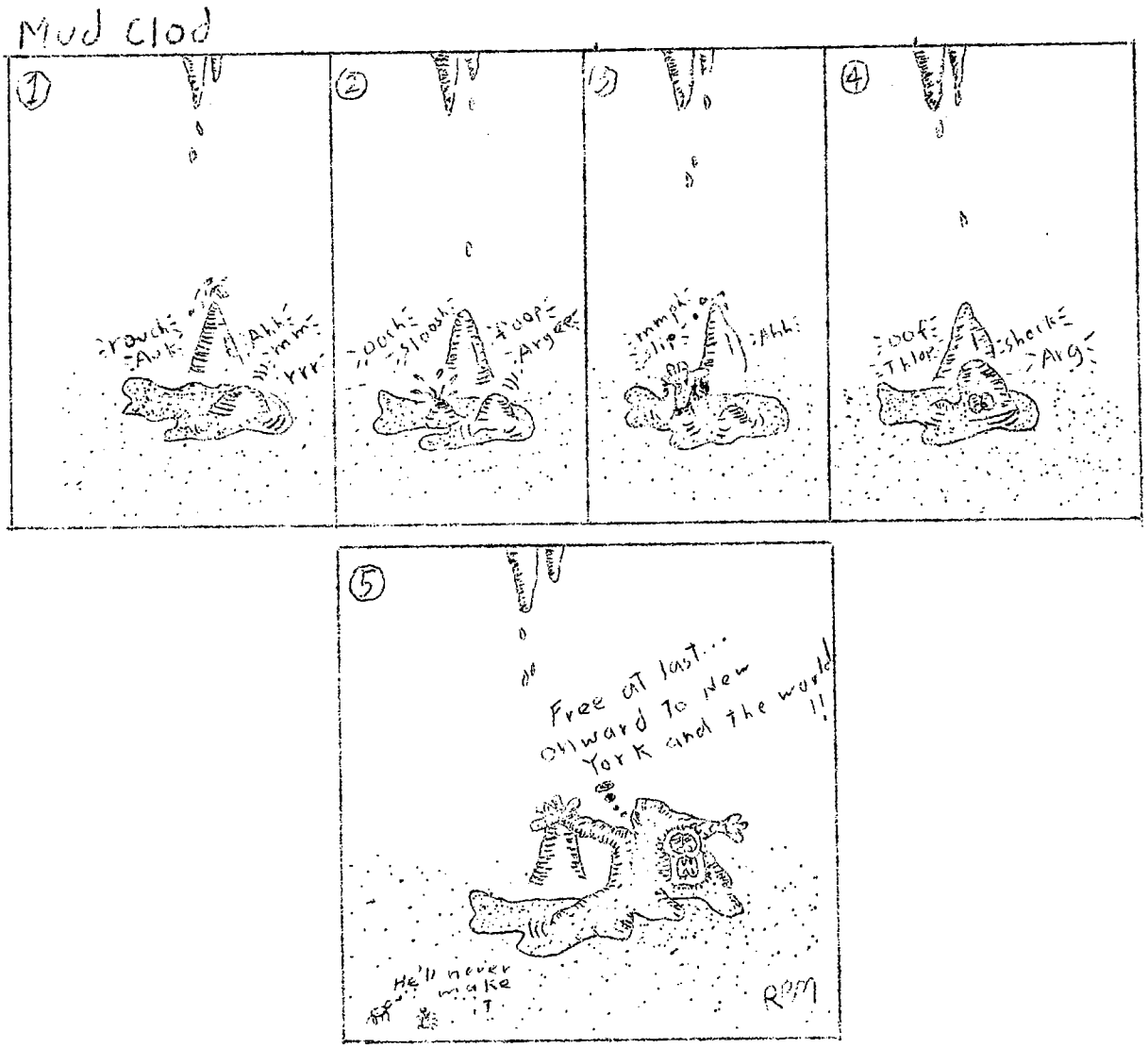
Then came the mud! Mud everywhere, just waiting to trap us! Yet we continued. Steve and Bill sloughed ahead taking compass and tape readings while Susy and I stayed behind. When they had finished, I went through to sketch it all in one blow. Looking at all that mud I could imagine sinking into it and never getting out.

After the mud room we only mapped a few hundred more feet. It was getting to be a long trip and we agreed at the next room we would bag it until our next trip. When we reached our goal we put away our mapping gear and did some more exploring. There were several pits on the left of the room which dropped down to a second stream and seemed to be connected. The main passage itself ended in a couple hundred feet though there is a possibility of unchecked leads.

Eleven and a half hours and nine hundred feet of surveyed passage brought us into the cold night air. As for what is left, we still need to do the downstream and upstream sections. From what we saw and previous descriptions, it will probably take only one more trip to complete Fox, something I am looking forward to.

Nancy R. Moore

* * * * *



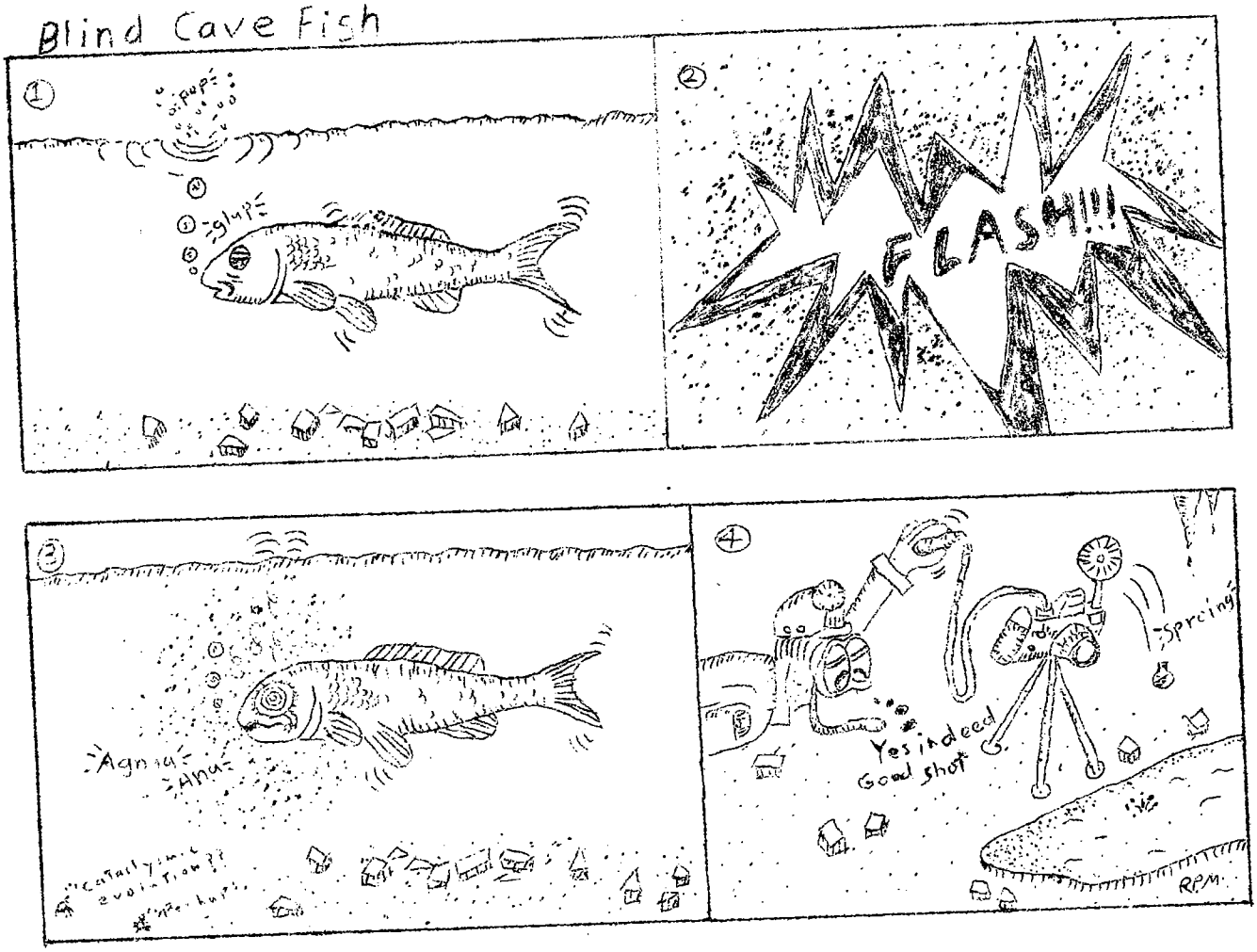
COLOR CODE LIST: FALL, 1972

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

Bob Alderson b-w
Jim Altman o
Bob Amundson r-w-r
Susan Arnold gr-g-y
Bob Barlow y
Beth Becker p-w
Buddy Bundy bk-b-bk
Bruce Byrd r-g-bk
Tom Calhoun r-o-y
Mike Clifford br-g
Ned Coleman b-g-r
Mike Conefrey g-bk-g
Larry Cooke g-y-g
Rick Cooper bk-o-bk
Cathy Cronau r-g-r
Howard Dame bk-r-y
Cathy Dancey bk-b
Jan Davis br-y-br
Don Daison bk-s-bk
"Moose" Dawson w-b-w
Jim Denton bk-o-s
Bill Donkin w
Gail Donkin y-o-y
Bill Douty g-w-g
Pam Douty b-gr-b
Doug Draves y-bk
Craig Ellenfield g-w-b
Joey Fagan g-r-o-g
Mike Frieders y-r-y
Twila Frieders b-r-w
Kevin Gross r on y zia
Larry rubbe r-y-b
Steve Hall r
Karl Hamm r-bk-r
Nancy Hamm b-bk-b
Winston Harmon p-o-b
Gene Harrison g-r-g
Jim Hixon r-gr-r
Tuna Johnson g-y-b
Cheryl Jones b-o-b
Don Laffoon br-w-r
Cletus Lee b-b-w
Robyn LeFon b-r-bk

Equipment- w & or 2 colors
Supplies b-y-b

Bobby Lewis w-y-b
Caroline Lewis r-pk-r
Ed Loud b-r-b
Jean McCarthy g-y
Dennis McClevey y-b-y
Rolf McQueary gd-bk-gd
Nancy Moore w with r circle
Ed Morgan g
Gary Moss r-b
Jack O'Meara w-r-w
Bob Page b-y
Bill Park r-y-bk
Dale Parrott bk
Doug Perkins bk-w-r
Russ Peterson b
Janet Queisser g-b
Jerry Redder r-b-r
Ed Richardson r-br-r
Steve Riordan bk-y-bk
Tom Roehr r-o-r
Pete Ryan s-b-s
Mark Slusarski bk-w-bk
Pete Schnaars r-w-b
Steve Snelling r with w diagonal
Bill Stringfellow r-b-y
Randy Stoutenburgh b-bk-g
Jim Talmadge r-s-r
Wes Thorne bk
Guy Turenne bk-r-bk
Tom Vigour g-w-g-w-g
Rick Whitt gr-r-gr
Annie Whittemore r-g
R. E. Whittemore w-bk-y
Polly Wick g-o-y
Robyn Wick br
Dennis Webb b-w-b



* * * * *

"Ed Loud is the only person I know who can cut himself and have it go PSSHHHT."

* * * * *

THE GRAPEVINE

... Congratulations to Mike and Twila and Phantom and Laurie and Ed and Liz and Bill and Pam and Easter Pig and Anita and Karl and Nancy and Bill and Diane. (Where have all the flowers gone?)

... Last summer our life size likeness of A.I. Cartwright disappeared from the storage room of Shanks Hall where he was residing for the quarter. Although no one actually saw the crime, it was conjectured from witnesses that some fratmen thought it would be cool "to show the guys back at the house." A couple of cavers, incognito, attended a few frat parties but were unable to locate the missing A.I. Time passed and there was not a clue as to his whereabouts. Then, quite unexpectedly, a lead was discovered: some stranger made a comment about Our Founder to Jan Davis, noticing her Club T-shirt. Casually inquiring further, she received the info. The underground forces of the Master of the Virginia Underground were sent into working. Intricate plans of sabotage and surprise attack were suggested involving Douty's van installed with submachine guns and Hixson's truck, Henry,equiped with heavy artillery. But as it turned out, the rescue was a very simple incident. Saturday morning Mike Conefry, Steve Hall and Don Davison casually walked into the frat house and took A.I. into safe custody. The only resistance was a solitary brother who watched dumbly through a hang-over as the Cavers thanked them for stealing our property. Somewhat worse the wear, A.I. was taken to the Pig Hole Plantation for safer keeping and some R and R.

... Virginia may be for cavers with more caves than any other state, but as mileage goes we're really hurtin' for certain since Mammoth and Flint Ridge were officially connected. So, let's get out there and start digging!

...The Fifth Annual VPI Grotto Halloween Party, sponsored by the Ladies' Auxilliary was a terrific success this year. The cavers must have been good this year, for they were visited by Alfred the Great Pumpkin, bringing gifts in the form of kegs of beer. A bat-shaped pinata called Beatrice bestowed goodies upon the party also. There were many celebraties attending - Kim Smith came as a radio announcer, many wizards, neocramancers and assorted other evil creatures. A yeti even showed up disguised as Rick Keener. A dragon consisting of Whitt & Annie & Lynn & Wes & Jette took the prize for the scariest, Randy Wood as that grinning Man from Glad was the most original and the well-endowed Ed Richardson was certainly (tho hardly) the least. And last of all, Tuna Johnson got the Booby prize for being such a fish. Such a fine speleo-seminar it was, that much inginuity and preparation will be needed to top it next year.

... This year at the Old Timers' Reunion Ed "Buckwheat" Richardson, after one bad start due to technical difficulties, literally hauled ass with his cam rig to take the 100 foot rope climb with a time of 41.5 seconds. He may have to shave a couple of seconds to top the national record, but nonetheless it's fantastic to watch such a

performance. Tom Roehr was also a winner by his tying of a bowline (backed off with two half hitches) in a little over three seconds. Incredible! I suppose this kind of thing could be really useful if you wanted to escape the clutches of a threatening cave monster, the Mafia, the fuzz or some malevolent companion.

...Believe it or not, there is a paper published called "A Preliminary Checklist of Cave Monsters" compiled by David N. Brison. The introduction reads as follows: "This is the first known attempt at a systematic classification of cave monsters, both inorganic and organic. The list includes only the most commonly known cave monsters which have been described and exhibited in science fiction and horror motion pictures from the turn of the century to the present." Such organisms as Slobbus soapus, Lagoonus patheticus, Bubbleheadis humpibackis are just an example of those identified. You're weird David N. Brison, really weird.

... A complimentary pamphlet entitled "A Guide to Safe Caving - Rules and Courtesies" was picked up at Atlas Sport Store in D.C. this summer. Put out in 1967 by the Speleological Society of America, this particular pamphlet is #1 in the "Cavers Training Series". If anyone could get ahold of the entire series, it would be an interesting addition to the Grotto files.

... Most people who frequent the outdoors find that goose down clothing and bags are a must. After much use the article gets filthy and remains that way or is cleaned. How does one clean a down bag or jacket? Handwashing in warm water with Woolite or Ivory Flakes (not a detergent containing down-damaging alkalai) will clean the nylon and also the down. The article should be gently kneaded so the suds are worked through. Rinsing should be in clear water until all the soap is gone. Be very careful handling a sleeping bag that is heavy with water, for the down will "avalanche" like snow through the baffling and is nearly impossible to repair. For drying, after the water has been pushed out, the article may be tumble dried at low temperature. Weather permitting, a bag should be hung outside to finish the drying. Fluff well afterwards to restore the loft. Drying should be as soon as possible after washing, because wet down will bunch up permanently. Down clothing can be dry-cleaned, but only by a dry cleaners who know about various cleaning fluids that will not harm natural protein substances. Sounds like a lot of work, but enough dirt particles can accumalate after about 30 to 45 nights of use to reduce the quality of loft in your down bag.

...It has been rumored that a publication called The Tech Proctoscope will be coming out soon. Seems that we've been hearing that one for the last eight months. When the Ass. Editor was asked about the nature of the publication, all he replied was, "Filth, pure filth."

...Did you know that there is an Ed Loud Memorial Toilet in Bangkok, Thailand?

...Last Spring an article entitled "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Plastic Carbide Lamps" appeared in the Troglodyte (V.X#3) as well as the Potomac Caver and the NSS News. A copy of it was sent to the Justrite company by the author and received a reply not long after. The following is essentially the company's position and their efforts to solve the problem(s).

1. Justrite is very much interested in retaining their carbide lamp market.
2. They have made several modifications to the original plastic design in attempts to improve it:
   a. Bumps on water dropper (good)
   b. Smooth water plug (poor)
   c. Wad of felt in gas tube (poor)
   d. Finer sponge filter (good)
   e. Stronger filter clip (good)
   f. Round tip instead of hex-tip (absurd!)
   g. Stronger nylon bracket (good)
   h. No wind protector included (copping out on melt-out problem)
   i. Bottom made of apparently higher temerature plastic (good)
3. They retain though:
   a. The fundamentally unsound water-tank-inside-base design.
   b. The awkward hex-nut reflector retainer.
   c. The untethered water plug.
   d. And the too loose water valve adjustment.
4. Research and modification are continuing.

The company sent the author a couple of sample models, but he said that he hasn't gone into any dinky enough caves lately to try them out. He feels that Justrite should be encouraged to redesign the lamp for greater effectiveness and reliability.

... The Pittsburgh Grotto is making a big to-do about how the Virginia Region (the Avant-Garde Region) doesn't want to extend its geographical boundries to admit them. They cave in West Virginia (but so do a lot of others), but will they be willing to be represented at Region meetings and projects, some as far as Tennessee, and fork out bread for Region affiliations? Besides, how do we know what kind of streakers they are?

... If you haven't subscribed to the Region Record yet, then you ought to soon, before you miss another fantastic issue. It's the opinion of most and the concession of some that it's the best caving publication in the country. $3 yearly sent to Box 3585 CRS, Johnson City, Tennessee 37601 will get a positive response.

... This summer every grotto received a letter from Paul Broughton requesting samples, small, but nonetheless samples, of cave formations for a "legitimate scientific research" project. This was met with a degree of protest from the NSS. Well, Paul's done it now, because he sent the request to a magazine called Mineralogical Record (V.3, #3, Sept.-Oct. 1972), which is not a scientific journal, but is designed for mineral collectors. And as we all know, mineral collectors are the greatest scourge of efforts of cave conservation. Cavers are encouraged to voice their opinions to Mr. Broughton at the following address: Subsurface Geological Laboratory, 201 Dewdney Ave.,E., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.

...From our Additions and Corrections Department, the chords to the song "Boss Man" from the Songbook on page 6.

```
  D
Boss man, boss man, what do you say,
I gotta get you alone in the mine someday.
Boss man, boss man  turn it around,
If you don't look away how can I sit down?
  A                  C        A
Look at this load upon my back,
                              C       A
Gotta get this wheel back on the track.
   A                       C        A
I can't hold on but I can't let go,
                         C       A
I can't say yes, I can't say no.
```

... Last summer more Songbooks were run off and many were sold at the White Salmon Convention. There are still some around and are still .75 postpaid. If for some reason you've ordered one and haven't received it, please let us know, cause we'll make good immediately.

... Hopefully, next quarter we'll get around to putting together the first Supplement to the Songbook. We're collecting songs and chords now and anyone sending innovating contributions to the world of Cavers Singing, will be met with a complimentary copy. They will be included with the regular issue of the Troglodyte for Winter quarter. The cost for additional Supplements will probably be around .01 per page + postage.

... Still on the subject of songs - for those of you that don't know it, there really is a Jack O'Meara, sung of in "The Falcon". The original fellow who got filled full of lead and wimpered as his head came off was named Jock O'Leary. After many wild songfests, the name became corrupted to what we now know it as. For all you squealing teeny-boppers, Jack shows up at Region functions now and then, but it would be questionable whether he'd autograph your Songbooks.

... The VPI Grotto has always liked to brag about itself and while researching the number of man-hours underground for Fall '72, it was found to be nothing to brag about especially. Someone thence remarked, "Too bad we didn't sign out and write up man-hours spent drinking at the Pizza Hut, probably twice the caving hours." Wouldn't doubt it, wouldn't doubt it at all.

..."Stolen: a day-glow caving poster from the decorations of the dance at Old Timers'. Of a very ferocious cave monster with blazing eyes and sharp teeth. The possessor of said poster should be warned that many such cave monsters display an uncanny sense of justice, often with much vigor. He should be cautioned to take care where and with whom he caves and might do well to carry a BIG stick."

...Over the years The Tech Troglodyte has met with considerable foul-ups and resulting confusion in the numbering system of the volumes. It's quite confusing to us, so heaven help others. Cover misprintings, mistakes passed on and failure to even print are the contributing factors. The following is a carefully researched list of what actually exists. The period between 1966 and 1970 is where the mistakes lie, and other issues preceeding and following this period are accurate. First is listed the volume and number as it appears on the cover and then, in parentheses, is what the correct volume and number should be. (F=Fall, W=Winter, S=Spring)

W '66, V.IV #2	(OK)
S '66, V.IV #3	(OK)
F '66, V.V #1	(OK)
W '67 (not printed)	(V.V #2)
S '67 (not printed)	(V.V #3)
F '67 (not printed)	(V.VI #1)
W '68, V.V #1	(V.VI #2)
S '68, V.VI #2	(V.VI #3)
F '68, V.VI #3	(V.VII #1)
W '69 (not printed)	(V.VII #2)
S '69, V.VII #1	(V.VII #3)
F '69, V.VIII #1	(OK)
W '70, (not printed)	(V.VIII #2)
S '70, V.VII#2	(V.VIII #3)
F '70,V.IX #1	(OK)

Notice that the volumes are numbered according to the school year and not the calender year. Hopefully in the future no quarter will be Trog-less (simply because it's easier and less confusing). In the event that a summer-school issue comes out, it will be designated as #4. We hope that this has made things more clear and we apologize for the inconviences.

* * * * *

"Bob Page, reliable? He's about as reliable as a belay with a soggy spaghetti!"

* * * * *

"It's time we got the naked body out of the bathroom and into the living room, where it belongs." Steve Kark

* * * * *

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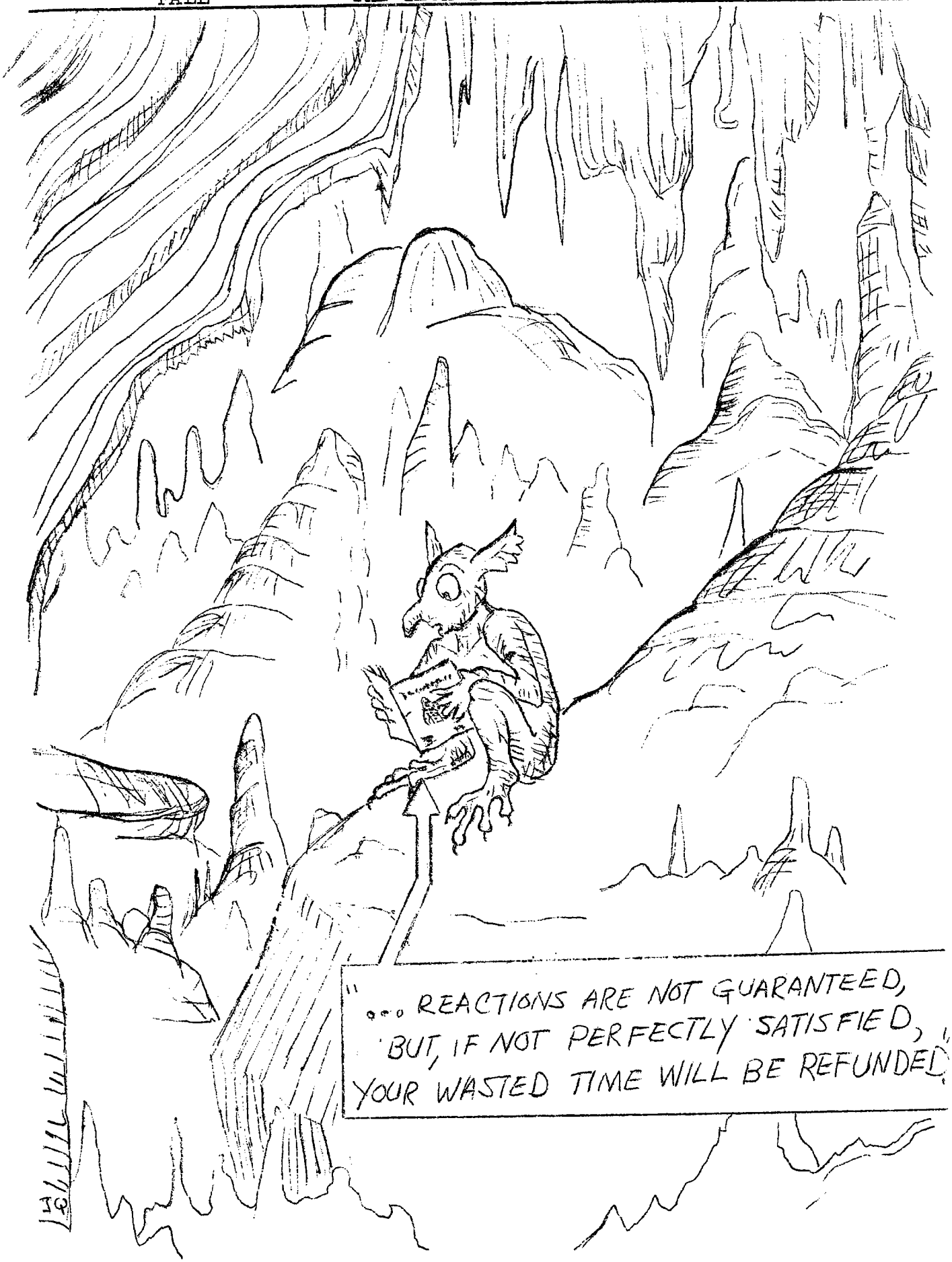
* * * * *

The Birth of a Caver [[a fairy story]]

Once upon a time, IT is said, that a plump, dimpled young child was lost in the deep forests of an unknown land. The child had no clothes, nor food with which to stuff his poor, starving face. One dark night it came to pass that two wolves found the child sadly squashing tadpoles by the side of a small pond. They at once felt pity for the young one and brought him back to their care to feed and teach him the laws of the wild. The child, immediately taking a liking to his new surroundings, beat the wolves over their heads with a rock, took their hides, food and carbide light and skipped off into the bowels of the earth to live happily ever after oo

The End


"... REACTIONS ARE NOT GUARANTEED,
BUT, IF NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED,
YOUR WASTED TIME WILL BE REFUNDED.