

Vol. 20

No. 2

Winter  
1981

# THE TECH TROGLODYTE

A Journal of the VPI Grotto of the National Speleological Society

President.....Win Wright  
Vice-President...Chuck Shorten  
Secretary.....Carol Trexler  
Treasurer.....Sue Heazel

Editor.....Hugh Beard  
Exchange Editors...Pete and Linda Sauvigne

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

From the Podium. . . . .	Win Wright. . . . .	31
Grotto Grapevine . . . . .		32
A Day in the Life of a Caver . . . . .	Chuck Shorten . . . . .	34
Return to New River. . . . .	Richard Cobb. . . . .	36
D.T.C. Action Report . . . . .		39
Excerpt from <u>Eagle Oak</u> . . . . .	Samuel H. Newberry. . . . .	40
Rescue Call of the Year--1980. . . . .		41
Brickyard Ridge Cave . . . . .	Bill Koerschner . . . . .	45
A Trip to Roppel . . . . .	Win Wright. . . . .	47
The Mapper's Apprentice. . . . .	Paul G. Kirchman. . . . .	48
Editor's Column. . . . .	Hugh Beard. . . . .	50

The Tech Troglodyte is published on a quarterly basis, pending the availability of material. All materials and subscriptions should be sent to Box 471, Blacksburg, Virginia, 24060. The subscription rate is 75¢ per copy or on an exchange basis.

## From The Podium

Soon, elections will be coming up and it will be time to relinquish this despicable job of chairman over to some other harlequin. I hope that my successor learn as much about himself and life as I did.

Yes, it has been a busy quarter. Besides school work coming out of my ears, plans for the region meeting are beginning to materialize. The location is the campground at New River, upstream from McCoy Falls and Fool's Face. There are many activities planned such as caving (trips to New River, Pighole, and Starnes, to mention a few), rock climbing at Fool's Face, and a geology field-trip planned by John Lohner and Ed Fortney. Sharon Brinkman is planning to cook Saturday's dinner and we are looking for programs for Saturday night. A schedule of events will be available that weekend. I would like to thank everyone for their enthusiastic offers to help.

The man-made back-entrance to Pighole, constructed in the mid-50s, began showing signs of weakness, hence it now has a  $\frac{1}{4}$ -ton log stuffed in it to prevent casualties. Joe Zokaites is investigating possible solutions for its reconstruction.

The fence-building project at New Castle has been rescheduled for Saturday, March 28th, and Eric Harper is already planning to buy a keg for the campout.

The property surrounding the upper-entrance to Smokehole has a new, unfriendly leasee; we should limit visits there until the situation has been investigated.

Richard Cobb has turned his rope tests over to Rich Neiser, and Rich has all kinds of ideas for testing.

We had a successful ridge walk on Spruce Run Mountain on January 16th (brrr, we froze our proverbial buns off.). Rich Neiser has followed up on filing the report in the club files. Further exploration is being carried on by Jim Washington, Ed Fortney, and Dave Coakley.

Ed Devine's scaling pole was successful and a virtual monumental achievement (no pun intended) to the caving community. Unfortunately, after investing over 300 man-hours in two trips, none of the leads in Paul Penley's went anywhere. Anybody need a ham radio antenna tower?

The dye-tracing project continues and has recently verified that Newberry's is the hydrologic center of the Skydusky Hollow System.

Well, this brings the closing of my last president's column (Do I hear cheering?). So keep your head low, your nose muddy, and your gonies high and dry. I salute you, VPI cavers.

Cheers,  
Win Wright

# Grotto Grapevine

At VPI Grotto, knot-tying has always been popular. As of late, however, an exceptionally devious type has been gaining popularity for the purpose of irrevocable bondage. I know you're all drooling to find out what this marvelous knot is. Moose Dawson and Karen Maus have tied the knot, as have Walt Pirie and Cecile Keller. And Bill Stevens' time is approaching to tie this same knot with Pam Buzas. By the way, the club is not considering making this a required knot.

Through the kindness of Ed and Nancy Richardson, a goodtime was had by all on New Years, or so I'm told. This person put its body on automatic party, while its soul conversed intently with Bacchus in the corner on the subject of favorite flameouts. Dave Shantz, yours still rates as one of the tops. Thank you, Buckwheat and Nancy, for sacrificing your home once again.

The annual Banquet was a success and we have Boo Croft to thank for that. It felt good to party in the VFW Hall once again. If any of the newer members had any doubts of partying hard in this establishment which is used and run by "leaders" of the city of Radford, those doubts were quelled by the sweet aroma of puke which greeted each person as they approached the bar.

In the beginning, there was 506 South Main Street. This little known version of Genesis was recently unearthed in the club files, giving a good indication of just how long this hallowed hall has been in cave club control. Unfortunately, the day of reckoning is at hand and Main Street House will soon be no more. Yes, the angel of the Lord cometh, brandishing a flaming sword, and ye must repent. Well, repent ye or not, Main Street House is still being sold, forcing Glen Davis & Company to move out by mid-April. The sign-out sheet will be at Hugh and Joe's apartment, when the move comes, and a new home for the rescue equipment is still pending.

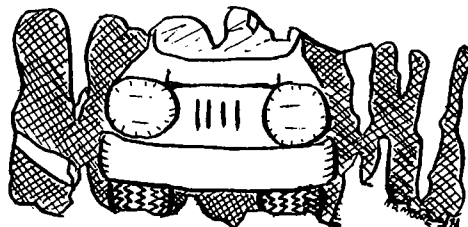
## Calender of Events

April 24-26....Spring VAR at New River Junction Park, McCoy, Virginia

May 9, 10....Picnic at Buddy's

May 23, 24....Float Trip

MAYBE IF WE LET SOME AIR OUT OF THE TIRES...



# VAR

SPONSORED BY  
YPI GROTTTO

APRIL 24-26, 1981  
NEW RIVER JUNCTION PARK  
MCCOY, VA

MEETING -- 10:00AM SATURDAY

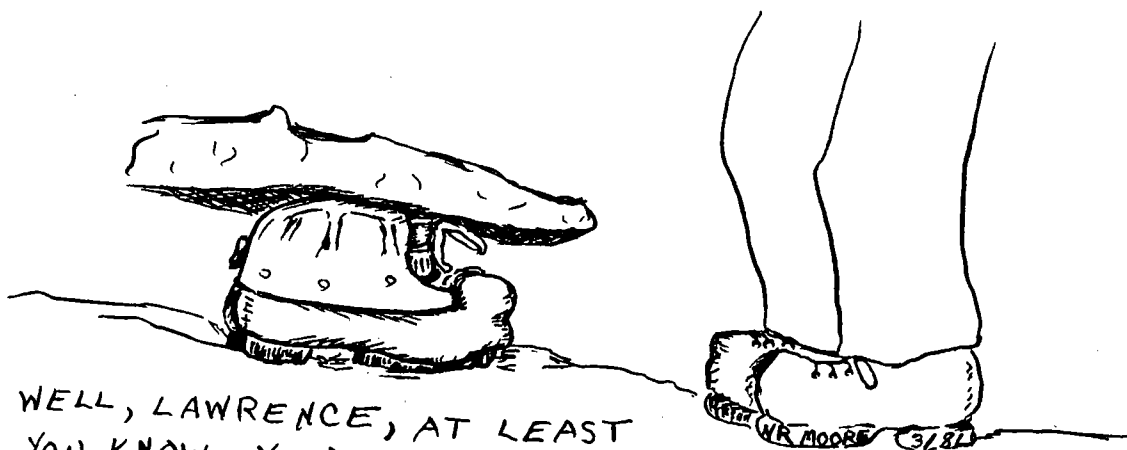
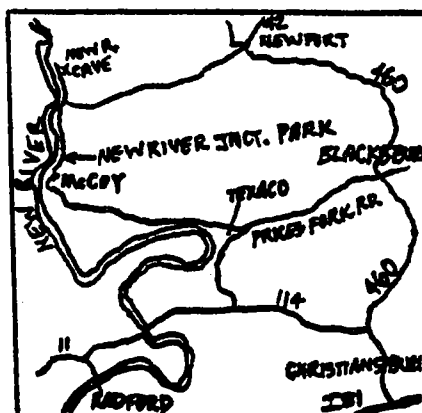
\$2 REGISTRATION

CAMPING -- SEMI-PRIMITIVE

\$1.50 per NITE

EVENING -- CAVING, CLIMBING,  
GEO. TRIP, TUBING

CALL 703-552-6728 for info



WELL, LAWRENCE, AT LEAST  
YOU KNOW YOUR HELMET MEETS IMPACT SPECS.

## A Day In The Life Of A Caver

It started out quite ordinary. Pete Sauvigne and myself were to meet Steve Lancaster, John Lohner and Dave Shantz at the rear entrance of Pig Hole for the "corking" of the collapsing man-made entrance. Pete and I were looking for a suitable plug when we saw Steve's car go speeding past the rear entrance towards the main entrance shaft. "I hope they didn't think we were trying to seal that one" we chuckled, figuring that they would soon meet up with us. About 30 minutes later we became concerned and Pete started after them before they finally realized where they were supposed to be. Dave never showed up, but Keith Smith had tagged along.

Shortly thereafter we located a suitable plug; a locust log which weighed about 500 pounds and took all five of us to handle. Not wanting to totally destroy the rear entrance we used a 1:1 pulley system to lower the "cork" into position. We placed a sign with an explanation of the reason for closing the rear entrance and the club's address at both entrances and included a warning in the land owner's log book. With this task completed we headed to Clover Hollow for our planned caving trip of the day.

While enroute I remembered a report that Steve had given at a meeting about some holes in Clover Hollow that he found while on a friend's farm. We thought that since the day was nice and the time seemed right we'd at least stop and check them out.

The first hole consisted of a fissure about 30 - 35 feet long and five feet wide. Across the top of it was a large tree with roots that spanned the gap, indicating that it had been there long before any opening ever existed. Steve and I quickly seized the opportunity to explore and were rewarded with a mere 20 feet of passage. When Pete dug through his gear to find his hardhat to take a look for himself, he found to his chagrin that it wasn't there. "So much for Clover Hollow," we said, and off we went to check out the second hole that Steve knew about.












This cave turned out to be much more significant, as evidenced by the map on the facing page. It had been named "Michael's" after the current tenant on the property, but later checking in Douglas's Caves of Virginia showed it listed as "Mike Breen's Cave". Just by coincidence I had my survey gear along and I said "if we can't finish this in one hour we'll quit." Keith read Brunton, with John's careful guidance, helmetless Pete set stations (he wasn't worried with a 20' average ceiling height), Steve scouted things out and I took notes. One hour and three minutes after entering we left the cave with a full set of survey notes.

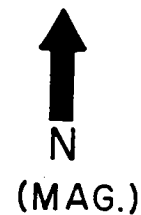
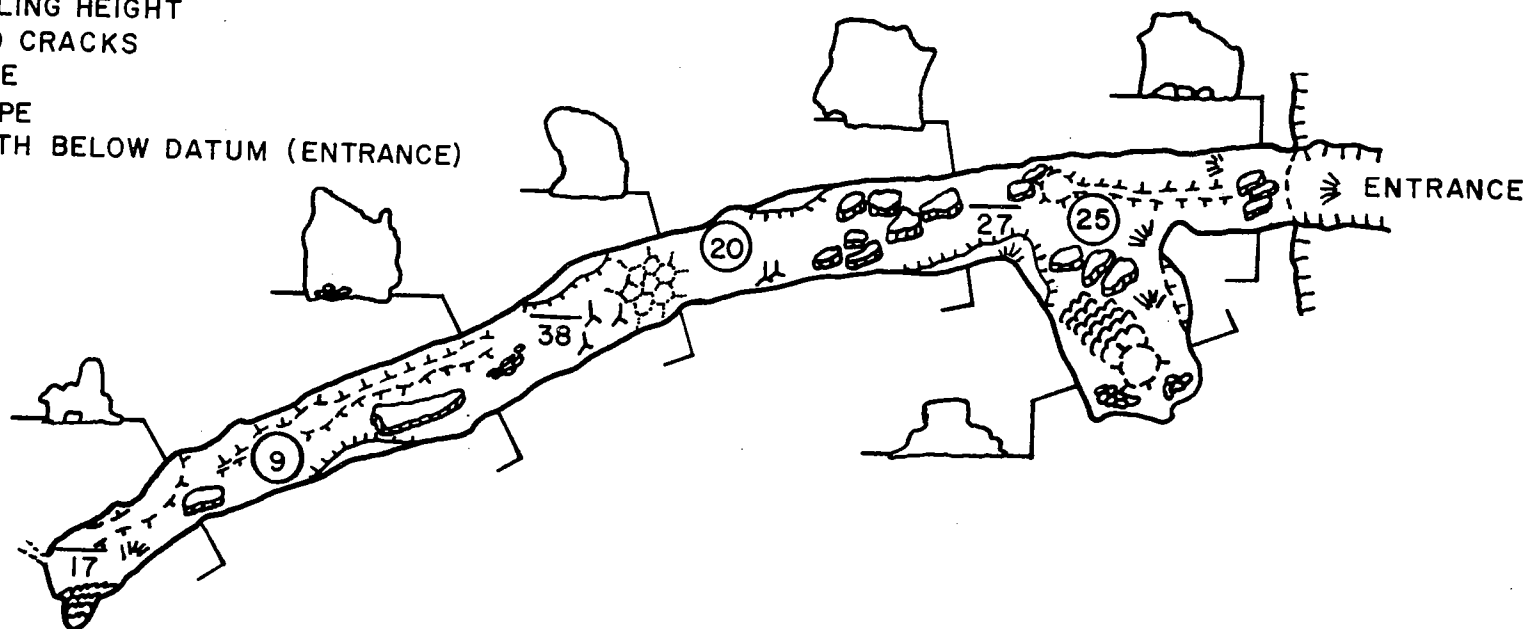
Not content with our day's activities so far we decided on a sport trip to Castle Rock. After a short visit to the site of the longest tyrolean traverse on a single nylon rope ever, we rappelled and prusiked the afternoon away.

This would have been a great stopping place for this fun day, but Pete and I knew it was too good to be true when the phone rang just as we were sitting down to our second beer and a fine spaghetti dinner. True to form, it was RESCUE TIME! But that's all in a day in the life of a caver.

*Chuck Shorten*

**LEGEND:**

-  BREAKDOWN
-  COBBLES
-  CEILING CHANNEL
-  FLOWSTONE
-  STALAGMITES
-  LEDGE (HACHURES POINT DOWN)
-  (25) CEILING HEIGHT
-  MUD CRACKS
-  DOME
-  SLOPE
-  27 DEPTH BELOW DATUM (ENTRANCE)



# **MIKE BREEN'S CAVE** **GILES COUNTY, VA**

ELEVATION: 2250 FT. / 37°19'57" N LATITUDE / 80°30'24" W LONGITUDE / TOTAL PASSAGE LENGTH: 222 FT.  
 BRUNTON AND TAPE SURVEY BY S. LANCASTER, J. LOHNER, P. SAUVIGNE, C. SHORTEN AND K. SMITH  
 V.P.I. GROTTTO OF THE N.S.S. JANUARY, 1981 CARTOGRAPHY BY C. AND P. SHORTEN

## RETURN TO NEW RIVER

Two years ago, on my third Trainee trip, I went with Bob Alderson, Bill Koershner and Rolf McQueary to the very back of New River cave. While I had wanted to go on the trip (dumb!), and while I also never regretted having gone, I also could see no reason why I should ever want to do that again (smart!).

Well, two years can dull a lot of memories (especially those of pain), and nobody, to my knowledge, has ever gotten any good pictures of the back of the cave. Not having been on a Photo Trip for some time, I saw this as a new challenge. I sought out Pete Sauvigne and Lawrence Britt for assistance on this trip, since they'd both been to the back within the last year, and were more familiar with the route. I asked Pete first. He replied; "I've already been to the back twice, and that's already one more time than any sane person would ever want to go." (Smart!) After some arm twisting and coercion, a few beers, and being reminded that caving and sanity have no relation whatsoever, he finally agreed to go. Then we approached Lawrence. Lawrence jumped at the "chance". (Dumb, Dumb!)

At the meeting we picked up a fourth person, Sean Pederson, a Prospective member looking for a good, long "bust ass" caving trip (Sucker!). Plans were made to meet at the cave at 8 AM the next morning.

About 6:30 or 7 AM, Lawrence called to cancel out of the trip (Maybe not so dumb after all) since he'd been up all night, getting Sharon to the hospital after her accident. So it was down to just Pete, Sean and myself. As we arrived at the cave Sean was bright eyed and eager to be going on a "good" caving trip. Pete and I chuckled to ourselves.

We were in the entrance at 8:45, having already used up all the excuses we could think of to delay it. The trip back to the Falls was about as familiar and uneventful as finding your way to the bathroom in the middle of the night - you can almost do it with your eyes closed. The only thing worthy of note on this part of the trip is that Pete proved at the "Blowhole" that New River cave does in fact "breathe". We paused to note the stoppage of air flow in one direction as it prepared to reverse directions. The reverse flow was not as strong, but very definitely present.

We rested briefly in the "Boulder Room" above the Falls, and then started back into the narrow, tight passages and crawlways leading into and out of "Tuxedo Junction" - a particularly tight and unpleasant section of the cave. At one point Pete became hung



up in a tight spot in a very uncomfortable position. Great Photo stuff! I started digging into my pack, trying to get my camera while asking Pete to "hold that pose." My request was not warmly received, and by the time I had my camera out he had freed himself. I decided to settle for a picture of him starting to come back through the crawl in the other direction. (Photographers are often only barely tolerated on caving trips, so I decided not to push my luck too far too early, for fear my camera would be permanently placed where the sun never shines!)

After a long stretch of unpleasant passages and crawls we arrived at the "Gypsum Room". We lost almost an hour here, finding the passage (hidden in a breakdown pile) that continued on. Eventually we did find it though, and proceeded through another series of crawls - more of a nuisance than particularly long or difficult - and arrived in the "Supper Room".

After a short rest in the Supper Room, ("Rooms" towards the back of New River are the size of passages I've seen in other caves) we climbed maybe 100 feet down through a breakdown pile to the beginning of "Slab's Crawl". Following the crawl we came to a comparative rarity back there, walking passage. Of course all good things end, and this nice passage took us to the "Meat Eater". The Meat Eater is fairly tight, but its main drawback is that it's studded with nodules and sharp rocks that "munch" away at your body and clothes. We simulated various noises of digestion as we progressed along its "digestive tract". Sean and I were both heartened when we finally heard Pete, who was in front of us, yell that he'd just popped "out the ass".

A few feet out of the crawl we came to the "Devil and Miss Jones", a red clay sculpture of unknown (to us) origins. We stopped while I took several pictures of this famous landmark. From there we followed stream passage for awhile, then began an upward series of climbs through a lot of breakdown. The last of the climbs was not particularly difficult, but involved just enough exposure that we used a belay. A rescue from that far back in the cave would be virtually impossible.

From there we followed fairly level passage for awhile, past the bottom of a pit, then began going up again. We finally reached one side of the ceiling of the pit, known as the "Crossover Pit". There was no doubt that a belay would be used here. The crossover consisted of a combination step, straddle, lunge and bellyflop above 60 feet of darkness to the other side. Immediately on the other side was a rather uncomfortable climb down, with few handholds and the pit on one side if you happened to bounce in the wrong direction.

From the Meat Eater on we had been getting in damper and muddier passage. Now we were in walking passage, but the floor was 4 or more inches deep in sticky, gooey mud. Finally, one short "wedge-and-grunt-no-handholds-climb" got us to the Formation Room, a beautiful and unspoiled area of white calcite formations and crystals. We stopped here while I took many pictures from various angles and trying for various effects.

From the Formation Room we went down a sheer, moderately difficult climb to more muddy passage. Pete encouraged us as we climbed down by telling us that a fall and broken leg that far back "could be fatal".

Eventually we came to stream passage. For awhile we chimneyed and walked on ledges and breakdown 10 or 15 feet above stream level. There was also a straight section, barely shoulder width with vertical walls, that we chimneyed along just above the water. We went high one more time, then finally came to a straight section of stream, 200 or so feet long, about 3 feet wide and vertical walled. There were enough projections on the walls that we could chimney and straddle to keep our feet dry.

At the end of the stream was the "end" of the cave - a huge pile of breakdown going all the way up to the ceiling. The water flows out of the breakdown pile, so there is definitely more cave beyond, but no one has ever found a way through the breakdown. We had made it to the "end" in about 7 hours, still reasonably enthusiastic about the trip - though we knew that would probably change drastically before we saw the entrance again. We stopped for about an hour to eat and rest. I scouted various Photo possibilities, and finally decided on a multiple flash exposure of the long straight stream passage, which we did as we were ready to leave.

The long hours began to tell on the way out. There was not as much idle chatter, Sean no longer talked about what a "great trip" this was, and my camera did not see nearly the loving care going out it had seen on the way in. Every time it saw particularly rough abuse I'd apologize and remind it of an earlier promise that some day it would have a soft life like other cameras, taking pictures of birds, flowers, and Bowser. In the meantime, if it could just make it a little longer...

We were also reminded that, early that morning we had cold heartedly doomed several six packs of beer to the cold and dark confines of a cooler full of ice. We came to deeply regret the callousness of that act, and resolved to exit the cave as soon as possible to "rescue" them. We were sped on our way by their faint cries for help in the distance.

Our pace became faster and faster, but our rest stops also came more frequently and by greater necessity. We talked of how we could hardly wait to see the Falls, since we'd be "almost out of the cave" by then. Yet once we passed the Falls we were so tired that even the short distance from there to the entrance seemed like miles. But when we emerged from the entrance (exit?) with bruised and battered bodies and our clothes hanging in shreds, 14 hours after we had entered, we were almost running!

We emerged to a warm clear night with thousands of stars in the sky. Pausing only briefly to admire the beauty of the heavens, we single mindedly plunged down the mountain, intent on rescuing the beer from its icy prison. (I am happy to report that the "rescue" was a complete success!) Soon, three very weary cavers headed back for showers and warm beds.

Why would anyone put themselves through what we had just gone through? We think we found the answer; it's just like the guy that was beating his head against the wall: It feels so good when you stop...

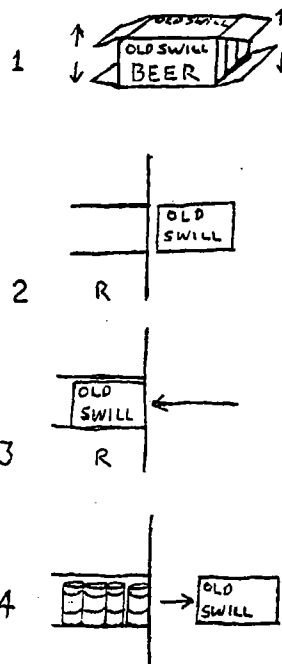
RICHARD COBB

#### D.T.C. ACTION REPORT

##### A Technique for Quick-loading 12-packs into a Refrigerator

How many of you have, time after time, struggled to get a beer out of a 12-pack inside your refrigerator? Frustrating, isn't it? After months of tedious research and exhaustive testing, however, the Drinking Techniques Committee has arrived at a solution. Simply follow the instructions below while referring to the accompanying diagrams.

- 1) Open both ends of the 12-pack.  
Be careful not to tip it any.
- 2) Hold the box, with one open end pointing into the refrigerator, level with the desired shelf.
- 3) Insert the box.
- 4) While holding the cans in place with one hand, withdraw the box with the other.
- 5) Repeat steps 1-4 until you have loaded all the beer you want.



From High Rock's base, some miles below,  
Near where two creeks together flow,  
Some years ago a cabin stood,  
Begirt around with virgin wood,  
Whose inmates were of humble birth,  
Not wealth, but virtues real worth--  
A heritage still handed down  
To all who wear a worthy crown;  
And to them, in the course of time,  
A son was given in their prime.

Skyduskee was of massive frame--  
The Red Man gave to him his name  
Because he was of stately form,  
Both tall and straight- a soldier born,  
With darkened brows and flashing eye,  
From dangers front would never fly;  
Whose motto was: To never yeild  
Till every foeman quit the field.  
Rather than show the feather white,  
Would bear the name Harman 'til his plight.

From Eagle Cak, by Samuel H. Newberry,  
1906. Submitted by Win Wright.

This article was chosen from among sixteen entries for Rescue Call of the Year--1980 by the Virginia Association of Volunteer Rescue Squads at their 1980 Convention. This article was written to impress rescue squadsmen, not cavers. Giles County Rescue Squad acknowledges the fact that the rescue and the award could not have been achieved without the help of VPI grotto.

## Rescue Call of the Year--1980

January 18, 1980--10:00 p.m.

Less than five months prior, we had made this precarious ascent, and here we are again; avoiding the same rocks and ledges, clinging to the same bushes and vines and because of the equipment we carry, we are huffing and puffing like a locomotive on the seventy degree ascent, only 600 feet vertically, but a quarter mile as the trail winds its way up the mountain face. As we reach the end of the trail, the entrance to the cave becomes visible in the cold January night air. Now only one thing separates us from the patient--a cave with over 14 miles of maze passage and crawl ways.

The New River Cave at McCoy, in Giles County, was holding its second victim in five months. From within the cave came a grizzly report given to us by two members of the victim's party that had come out for help--one victim, hypothermic, bleeding, evisceration with organs protruding. Time was really becoming of the essence. Certain information has to be extracted quickly. Where exactly was she? Was this area accessible with a stokes litter? How did she appear to be doing? As we prepare to enter the cave, one thing became all too readily apparent. The two members of the victim's party that had come out did not know how to get back to where she was, nor could they tell us where she was. Entering the cave to locate a victim at a known location is difficult at best, but to find one in this cave at an unknown location, is almost an impossibility. We elect to divide our initial response team into two groups, both to meet at the "China Slide" in two hours, if no patient is found.

Since radio communications from within the cave would be impossible, a runner will have to be sent out with information to be given to our relay person at the cave entrance. The VPI Grotto had been contacted as soon as the call had been received, and help from their end is enroute. Long Shop-McCoy Rescue Squad will handle the in-cave rescue and establish and maintain the command post.

As our parties separate and begin checking the side passages of the main corridor, one thing is bearing on everyone--we were taking a lot of time because of the unknown location of the victim. As the main corridor progressively narrows to meet an underground stream, approximately two miles into the cave, the two members of the victim's party are becoming very distraught. If only they could find the big rock they had crossed just before she fell! It was so smooth and shiny! The faces of our rescue team all lit up at once. The "Polished Rock", as it is known, was only a few hundred yards ahead, but was accessible from this point only by wading through the chilly waters of the underground stream. The shock of this cold water as we waded knee deep through the stream, was to say the least, stunning. It seemed as though we would never reach the crawlway to the "Polished Rock".

A shout from our right and above, focuses our attention on the oncoming headlamps. The other search party has now linked up with us and are hurriedly told of the possible location of the patient. As we cross the "Polished Rock", we can see the glow of the headlamps in the passageway above. The victim has now been located, about two miles into the cave, but a new problem confronts the rescue team and adds to the dilemma for the patient. She is lying on a ledge on the far side of a "blow hole" passage, separated from the team by a three foot wide chasm that dropped about twenty feet into the underground stream. A "blow hole" is a passage that allows a cave to breathe in and out as the outside barometric pressure rises and falls. Air is constantly forced in and out of the opening of the passage. Our patient's hypothermic problem is now compounded. Two questions have to have answers quickly--first, how to reach the patient without falling into the chasm and second, how to minimize the flow of air past the patient. One thing is for sure--we needed more help quickly. A runner is sent back to the cave entrance with this message and our location, to be passed along to the command post.

While all this is going on in the cave, preparations for the patient's extrication from this cave are being handled smoothly from the command post. The VPI Grotto, masters at riggings for ascents and drops, will do the actual physical extrication phase, with the Giles crew handling the patient. The Giles crew has now been in the cave over two hours. As the members of the VPI Grotto start to climb to the entrance, a roster is taken and passed along to Giles Second Lieutenant, Jackie Redder, command post coordinator. The runner, who had previously been sent from the cave with the request for more help, now arrives and the call goes out. The Blue Ridge Grotto from Roanoke, Virginia, and the Holston Valley Grotto of Kingsport Tennessee, are notified and put on standby. Larry Reynolds, one of Giles' Cardiac Technicians, also enters the cave with the VPI Grotto.

The in-cave roster of Giles people included Captain Steve Davis, R-EMT Paramedic, Sergeant J.C. Link, EMT-Shock Trauma, Jerry Redder, EMT and Caver, Mark Davis, Caver, and Pete Sanvigne, Caver, with VPI Grotto. When it becomes apparent from the runner that the extrication will be a long one, more medically trained people are called for. Christiansburg Rescue Squad Cardiac Technician, Tim Johnson and EMT-Shock Trauma, Dave Linkous, responded. It would take them some time to begin the ascent and enter the cave. Christiansburg Rescue Squad will also send their Advanced Life Support unit to do the actual transport of the patient.

One of the items taken into the cave with the VPI Grotto is an ABS stokes stretcher. This stretcher is specially lined with foam rubber to help insulate the patient, once she is placed inside. Helping to coordinate and control the flow of people and supplies into the cave, is First Lieutenant Ave Dolinger, EMT, and Randy Shamblin, EMT. The Giles Crew brings items to the cave entrance where Dolinger and Shamblin will assign them to be taken inside. They also keep Montgomery County Hospital Emergency Room staff updated on the progress of the rescue by low band radio.

Back in the cave, the examination of the patient is proceeding by Paramedic, Steve Davis, while Shock Trauma Technician, J.C. Link, prepares for IV insertion. The victim is a white female, approximately 18 years old, weight 115 pounds, who had fallen over a protruding rock, spread-eagle style. The amount of blood loss is substantial, BP is 120 over 90, pulse 120, regular

but weak, patient showing signs of moderate hypothermia. The examination revealed that considerable vaginal damage had occurred, with the possibility of pelvic damage also. The evisceration that had been reported to us, instead, was a prolapsed vulva, which had been severely contused and had engorged with blood from internal hemorrhage and had turned completely to the outside. To the lay person, this would have indeed looked like an evisceration with organs protruding. There obviously had to be a laceration because of the blood loss, but this cannot be located because of the vaginal swelling. The patient is in moderate hypothermia, but is better off than we had expected. The patient has been stripped of all her wet clothes after her fall and placed into a sleeping bag the party had carried into the cave with them. Time now--approximately 12:30 a.m. The patient has now been injured approximately 4 hours.

Before IV therapy and rewarming measures can begin, the problem of constructing a bridgeway to the patient and stopping the flow of air through the "blow hole" had to be accomplished. This was done by taking two pack frames from the caving party and placing them over to the ledge on which the patient rested. The air flow was curtailed by placing a poncho over the entrance to the "blow hole". Treatment could now begin.

Since the patient is relatively stable, an IV of Lactated ringers, is started--KVO with a 20 gauge angiocath, by ST Link. The vaginal area is covered with sterile dressings, soaked in saline and bandaged three corner diaper style, into place. The patient is kept in the sleeping bag and chemical heat packs are added to the bag to help rewarm the body. As her body receives the additional heat, the IV is increased slowly to 100-150 ML per hour, to prevent vascular overload and an acidosis problem. (These two problems are prevalent in hypothermia and occur because of peripheral pooling of the blood in the vascular spaces.) As the peripheral vaso-dilation occurred, the added heat was also carried to the body core to help stimulate the rewarming from within. This process had worked well some five months earlier and again appears to be working well, but required constant monitoring. The IV bag is place in a BP cuff which is then inflated to pressure-infuse the solution. The bag is then placed inside the sleeping bag with the patient to speed the rewarming process by heating the solution itself. The patient is now beginning to wake up and has stopped shivering. She is becoming progressively more alert and oriented. She is also becoming acutely aware of the pain she now feels. Nothing else can be done except reassure the patient and wait on the arrival of the stokes and the rest of the rescue party. Time now--1:00 a.m.

Even though it has taken only two hours to locate the patient, it will take much longer to get her out of the cave. Where we can crawl on our hands and knees, the stokes will have to be pulled along. Where we can go under a boulder and through a passage, the stretcher might have to be rigged and hauled up 20-30 feet, then moved laterally 2-3 feet, and then lowered again. All of this is very time consuming and very strenuous. Time now--1:45 a.m.

The glow of the approaching headlamp through the darkness, signaled the arrival of the stretcher with the remaining contingent of personnel. All along the exit route, people are left to rig for the extrication of the stretcher. As soon as the stretcher passes them they will tear down their rig and join the main group.

The patient, still in the sleeping bag, is placed into the stokes and

strapped in securely. Now, besides the cave as a whole, only three major obstacles lay in our path; the creek, the drop to the "China Slide", through "Kevin's Crawl" which is a 65 foot long tunnel, approximately 3 feet wide and 24 inches high, that turns to the right approximately halfway through, and the near vertical descent as we exit the cave. All this, along with approximately two miles of slippery rocks, ledges, water, stalagmites, and stalactites, will provide us with some of the hardest physical labor that any of us will do for a long time to come. In addition, this will prove to be a real test of our rescue unit.

The creek passes without incident, but at the entry to "Kevin's Crawl", the IV had to be worked on to keep it running. This being accomplished, the stretcher again moves through the crawlway and down to the "China Slide". This is an ascent approximately 100 yards long which is on a 60-65° incline and is, as it indicates, a smooth slide. With the expertise of the VPI Grotto riggers, this incline is surpassed with minimal difficulty. The patient is now doing well (talking, oriented, little pain except on movement) but the initial stabilization team is getting colder and more sluggish as time passes. Time now: 3:00 a.m.

At the entrance to the "Lunch Room" of the cave, a problem develops. The patient cannot stand the constant jiggling that is going on as the stretcher is manually hauled over the rocks. The only solution is for everyone to form a column and to lie down on his or her back and to pass the stretcher overhead until we are clear of this section. As the stretcher passes from one person, he gets up and makes his way to the head of the column and takes his place in line again. This leap frogging technique works well and is complicated by only one factor--the water that is running over this section that one has to lie down in. Time now approximately: 4:00 a.m. Time to exit is 1 hour.

C-T Reynolds, Paramedic Davis and ST Link are taking turns travelling beside the stretcher, constantly evaluating the patient but now are so cold that their judgments have become sluggish. The initial team has now been in the cave over six hours. Ahead, in the passageway, the lights of CT Johnson and ST Linkous, of the Christiansburg crew, become brighter. They are indeed a sight for sore eyes for the Giles crew. The care of this patient will now be turned over to these two capable people until they exit the cave. Then, someone from the Giles crew will have to make the near vertical descent with the stretcher.

At 5:10 a.m. the patient, along with her entourage of every tired, wet, and cold rescue person, leave the cave. Now the descent to the waiting ALS unit will begin. Paramedic Davis preceeds the stretcher down the slope and contacts Montgomery County Hospital UHF telemetry radio, to advise them of the patient's injuries directly, and of the prehospital treatment that has been initiated. Orders are given to start a second IV, Lactated ringers, wide open and to transport. When the patient arrived at the unit, this was done quickly and the patient is removed from her damp sleeping bag to the warm blanketed cot in the unit. The transport to MCH will take just over 1 hour. The patient is turned over to ER personnel at MCH at 7:15 a.m. "She is stable and in surprisingly good condition," commented Dr. Easter, ER physician.

While the transport to MCH is taking place, the long job of equipment clean



up is beginning. In all, 3 rescue squad units, utilizing some 38 people, will be involved in this rescue. During the extrication phase of the rescue, there will be approximately 42-45 people in the cave at any one time.

This rescue utilized all phases of rescue operation; initial search and location, stabilization, extrication, pre-hospital treatments, UHF telemetry, ropes with riggings and tear downs, and litter handling. All this is done under the cooperative efforts of the Giles crew and the VPI Grotto. Both groups, now held a new and respected admiration for each other. Total time of operation: 8 hours.

All of the cooperation, teamwork, mutual aid, skilled riggings, pre-hospital care, and everything that goes into a prolonged operation of this size, can be summed up in the following statement that was issued to the other two grottos from Roanoke and Kingsport that we placed on standby: "OPERATION COMPLETED...LORRIE SHERVACK MADE IT"

## Brickyard Ridge Cave

Brickyard Ridge Cave is a modest-sized maze located outside Princeton, West Virginia. It is developed in the Avis limestone (Upper Miss.), which is less than 40 feet thick in the area. The complex eastern end of the cave is located under the swampy floor of a blind valley whose stream seeps into the cave along many joints. The cave carries the water through the hill, which forms the end of the blind valley, to a spring down the hillside from the entrance. The long entrance passage is an abandoned route the stream took through the hill at an earlier stage of cave formation. At the present time, the cave stream seemingly drains to the northeast, but the location of the spring indicates that the stream eventually turns and flows back to the west parallel to the entrance passage. This is another instance in which the direction a stream flows in a cave cannot be used to predict its ultimate destination. Much of the cave development appears to have taken place in the phreatic zone as most passages display rounded cross-sections and undulose ceilings characteristic of sub-watertable formation. Many of these passages were later modified by vadose stream action, resulting in a tube-on-canyon morphology. Massive collapse and sandstone rubble influx is the rule around the east end sinkpoint areas. The large rooms which occur in this part of the cave formed by this process.

Survey of the cave was completed in three trips; made memorable by the usual assortment of bashed shins, pulled gut muscles and scraped vertebrae associated with the survey of tight, bitchy cave. Final cost of the venture was a new gas tank for the pimp-mobile, which got bit by the landowner's driveway.

Bill Koerschner



# A Trip To Roppel

Since its discovery in 1976, and breakthrough in 1978, the exploration and survey of Roppel Cave has been one of the biggest scoops in the country. The project, headed by the Central Kentucky Karst Coalition (CKKC), has been adding on the miles, threatening the status of some of the biggies. Located near Mammoth Cave National Park, the cave has racked up 23 miles of passage and is stretching out its arms to several systems in the area.

Through the persistence of Ed Devine and myself, we managed to arrange a trip to Roppel through Jim Borden of D.C. Grotto. So on Saturday, November 22nd, Bill Koerschner, Bill Stephens, Ed Devine, myself and Pete Crescillies, our fearless leader, headed into the cave and to the outer limits of the Lower Black River, about four miles from the entrance. It took us about 7½ hours to reach our survey point, the trip involving everything from the tight canyons of the S-survey to the megatrunk of the Black River (the P-survey). Pete said that our trip was probably the furthest from the entrance to date.

Borden could not have set us up with a better escort. Pete was a quiet, clean-cut medical student that could plain haul ass in a cave. He explained the cave to us and related some of their hypotheses on the system as we quickly moved through the cave. At A27 in the "muck-water canyon", Koerschner, Ed, and I started our survey. Pete and Stephens went ahead to survey down a big side lead. We mapped upstream out of the muck-water and through the clear-water canyon, tied into their lead, and boogied up to a dome complex. We hit a virgin lead that was just eating up the 50-foot shots, 8 feet high by 15 feet wide, off of the lower east side of the dome. This was a Virginia caver's dream: non-stop, booming, virgin passage. Even though we were overshooting our rendezvous time with the other crew, the word was, "Go for it!" Pete finally came down to where we were, so we quit mapping and ran down the passage. Ed said that he always heard about caves in Kentucky where you check out a lead, run down the passage for miles, and never see the end. And we were doing it. We finally came back to the dome where Bill and Pete were waiting.

Impressed, but tired and hungry, we started the long trek out. It didn't take us that long to leave because we moved quickly and efficiently. We made it out in about the same time we made it in, giving us 22 hours underground. Our team had mapped 2011 feet, and the other team of Pete and Bill mapped 1620 feet. This brought Roppel up to the 2nd largest cave in the state and 18th largest in the country, with about 24 miles of passage.

There were two welcome items on the surface. One was an old friend, Bud, and the other was the CKKC fieldhouse, complete with wood stoves and real beds. The drive back to Blacksburg proved to be a challenge in itself, with prevailing stormy conditions. To top it all off, we managed to get a speeding ticket in West Virginia. We all undoubtedly had the best trip of our lives, but we realized that these guys are doing a lot different type of caving than we do. It's likely that Roppel Cave might be setting some underground endurance records.

Win Wright

# The Mapper's Apprentice

It's been five years now and I'm about to graduate, so I suppose my story can be told. Let this be a warning to young, unsuspecting trainees that they might avoid the terrible fate that has befallen me.

It was fall quarter, 1976, and I was a happy-go-lucky freshman without a care in the world. All I had on my mind were classes, college women, and beer, though possibly not in that order. Coming to VPI from Maryland, I knew virtually no one on campus, hence, I relied on the computer to randomly pick me a roommate. Fool that I was, I felt no fear when I read the name Bill Koerschner over mine on the dorm room door.

Kirchman, Koerschner, coincidence maybe, fate, or perhaps something horrible I'd done in a previous life; the latter I tend to think. I'm not going to say I was an impressionable youth, but the second weekend of that first quarter he had me caving. Caving, me caving! Before coming to Tech I had never heard of the sport. Little did I know that for the next four years I would live, breath, eat, and talk caves.

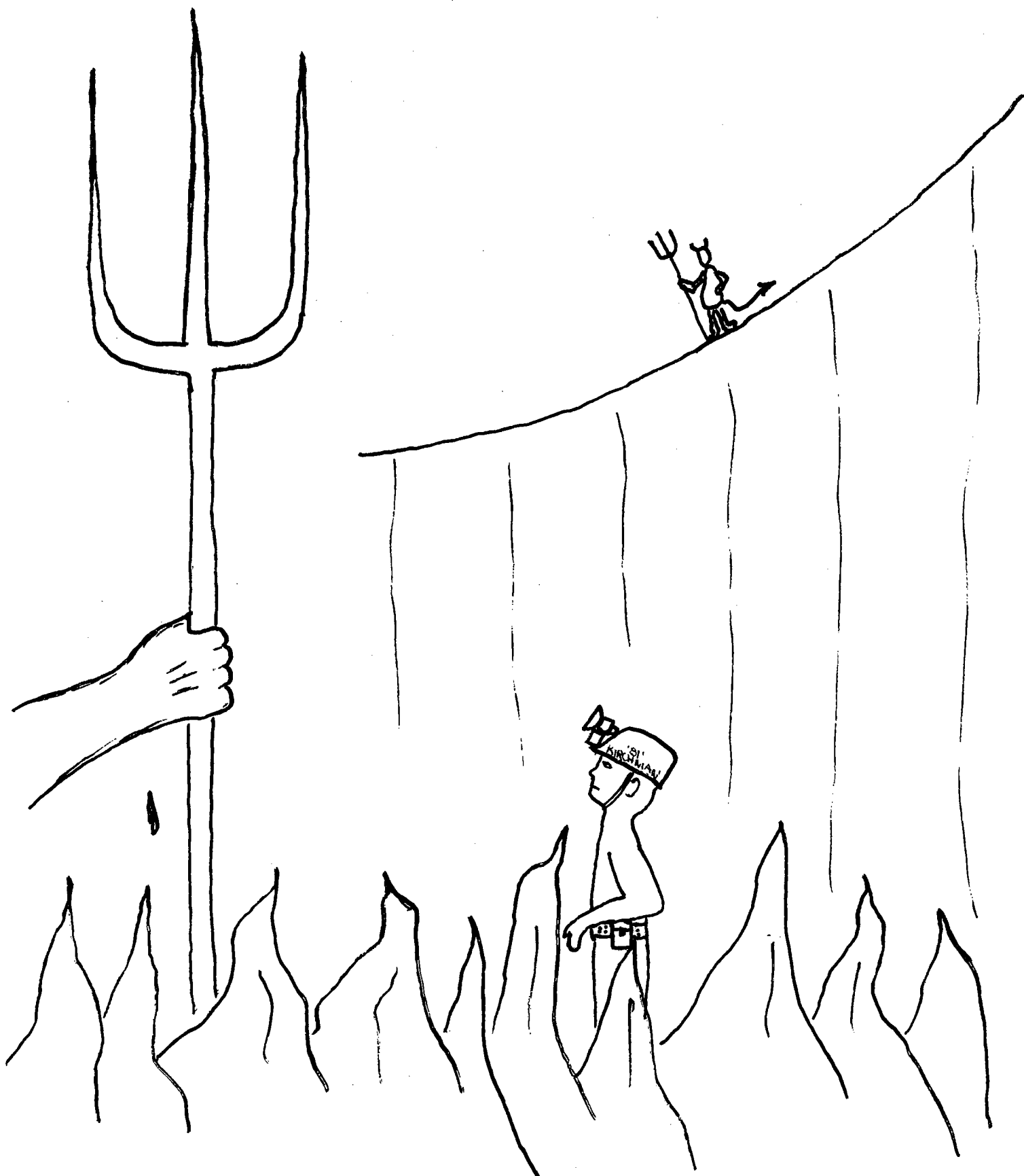
I must admit, he was clever. He never forced me to go caving. He just asked, "You want to go caving kid? It's pretty tough, but you could probably handle it." I had no idea I was being groomed for a needed position. Koerschner loved to map but had no brunton reader, hence the ploy, "Think you could read brunton kid?" I fell hook, line, and sinker. I learned to read brunton and went on so many trips with Bill that we were called the Kirsh brothers.

Living in the same room made organizing trips quite easy; it also took all the trouble out of cleaning up... we never did. Yes, Koerschner taught me a lot that first year. "Yeah kid, I used to take showers every day just like you, then I discovered this," said Koerschner as he turned from the sink holding up a can of anti-perspirent. "You can stretch showers out until you start to itch and never smell too bad." Needless to say nobody on our hall really understood us.

Yes, Koerschner has won another soul for the voracious appetites of the cave gods. I must try to warn others though, before they too fall into his trap. The man is evil I tell you. He was here long before I came as a freshman and now I'm graduating, yet he remains. Has anyone noticed that he doesn't age? He's not human; he must be stopped. I'd drive a silver stake through his heart, but have you seen the price of silver lately? He must be stopped! He must be stopped! He must be stopped...

Paul G. Kirchman

Editor's note: Paul is recovering nicely from his breakdown in a nearby sanitorium. Cards may be forwarded through the Trog Editor.



WELL, YOU SEE IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS A FRESHMAN

## Editor's Column

Well, another quarter has come to a close, and with the end comes another action-packed issue of the Tech Troglodyte. I hope everyone enjoys this issue and finds everything to their liking. The cover drawing (courtesy of Nancy Moore) will hopefully satisfy the women cavers who felt slighted by the last cover drawing.

Now it is time for me to get atop my soapbox and preach fire and brimstone, death and destruction, nonsense and bullshit. The third meeting of Spring Quarter is the <sup>TIME</sup> for club elections. This, coupled with the fact that many members will be receiving their degrees in June and (maybe) leaving the area, will result in a big turnover in the people heading many positions in the club. It is up to those of you who will be here next year to run the club. It doesn't run itself.

If you don't have much time to offer, there are still some jobs you can do. Hell, the more people involved in a job, the less time per person is required to accomplish it. Some people claim they don't like the way things are run. If you don't get involved and try to change things, then shame on you. If you can perform a job for the club, do it. If you're not sure you can do it, try. If you're absolutely certain there is nothing you are capable of doing for the club, become Trog editor.

In closing, I would like to take the time to thank all those who contributed articles and illustrations. Without them there wouldn't be a Trog. I would also like to thank Sharon Brinkman, Roberta Desrochers, and Paul Kirchman for helping me type up this bugger. So until next issue, cave safely.

Hugh Beard

