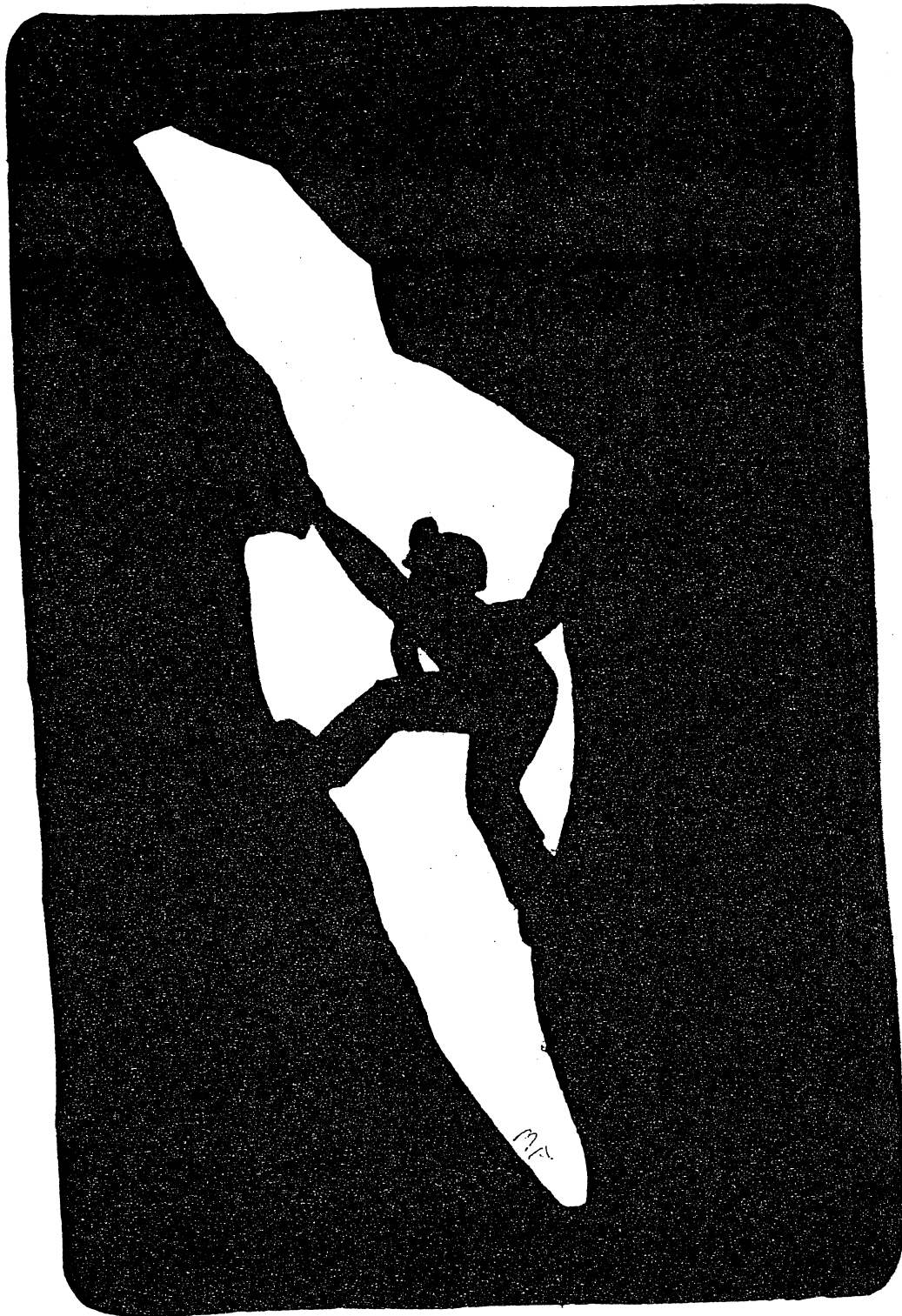


The Tech Troglodyte



A Journal of the Cave Club of VPI Grotto
of
The National Speleological Society
Vol. XXX, No. 1
Fall Semester, 1990

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President..Lesley Colby
Vice President..Dave Colatosti
Treasurer..Adam Hungerford
Secretary..Mike Horne

Volume XXX No. 1

Editors..Joe Uknalis,
Kay Johnson

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The **Tech Troglodyte** is published semiannually in the fall and spring upon availability of material. Send articles and inquiries to the VPI Cave Club, P.O. Box 558, Blacksburg, VA 24060.

President's Column

It's 76° out, the stores have their "snow-covered" Christmas decorations up, and the professors are cramming all those last bits of tantalizing information in before exams. All this could only mean that the fall semester here in Blacksburg is about to end and that it is time for another exciting issue of the *Trog* and my final installment of the President's column. So here goes...

Business-wise, the club was awarded the Corey grant from the NSS with which we purchased a surveymaster to be used for GCCSing. Also, the process of incorporation is trudging along, which means that a newly revised constitution will be presented soon.

The club is steadily growing in membership having voted in 1 person this fall. If you've made it to a recent meeting, you would probably have noted that we had an unusually large number of trainees join us this fall. Many of these trainees are very close to membership thanks to the numerous trainee trips in Blacksburg, WV, TAG & WVACS. On Nov. 3, Ed Fortney ran a practice rescue at New River while Hoss Leiffer put together a group to pull the trees out of New Castle Murder Hole as a result of Hugo. Thanks much to both for your efforts.

As far as parties go, we've been doing rather well for ourselves. Halloween was a huge success, however, some may debate that since reportedly no one got sick. Banquet will be held on Feb. 16 in Owens banquet room on campus. This should be a special banquet as it is our 25th anniversary. Invitations will be going out in January.

Well... enough of these disjointed ramblings. (Just what AM I supposed to write in here anyhow?) Cave hard!

Later,

Lesley

The Veep's Column

Well, I'm still here. Fooled ya all did'nt I? Things have been going rather well, in terms of vice presidential stuff. The club seems to be growing in popularity as seen by the forty odd (meant figuratively and literally) prospective members that we have. Honestly I am rather amazed. Sure we get lots of new people at the beginning of the year, but after they see how masochistic we are, the group usually drops off to a mere handful of hardy cavers. Not this year! They all stuck around. This year the trainees are enthusiastic, able bodied, and for the most part pretty good parties too.

Bridge sessions have gone well, thanks for the help I have been getting. Most if not all, the prospective members have done the basics and are now trying obstical courses, passing knots, heel hangs, and what ever else. Even on one of the most miserable Fridays that I've ever been to we still had several people out and even one or two new people!

Congrats to Rich Geisler, the latest person to be voted in (#323).

Thanks to all who have been helping out this year. You know who you are and I thank you sincerely. I would also like to say this to all members. "THIS" Well, actually this: the club has lots of new people this year and we are at a point in time where your help is needed. I am not saying that we should all take mongo casts of thousands traniee trips, but rather this: If you are taking a trip, leave a spot or two open for new people. I know it can be a pain sometimes, extra responsibility perhaps. But in the long run this will help prospective members get varied caving experience and it will help YOU see the good bunch of trainees we have this year.

Anything else? Plastic rescue was very succesful. Thanks to everyone's help Ko was evacuated before Star Trek came on, which made many people very happy. Well, I must be off now but don't worry I'll be back again.

TAFN
and cave hard
Veep
Dave Colatosti

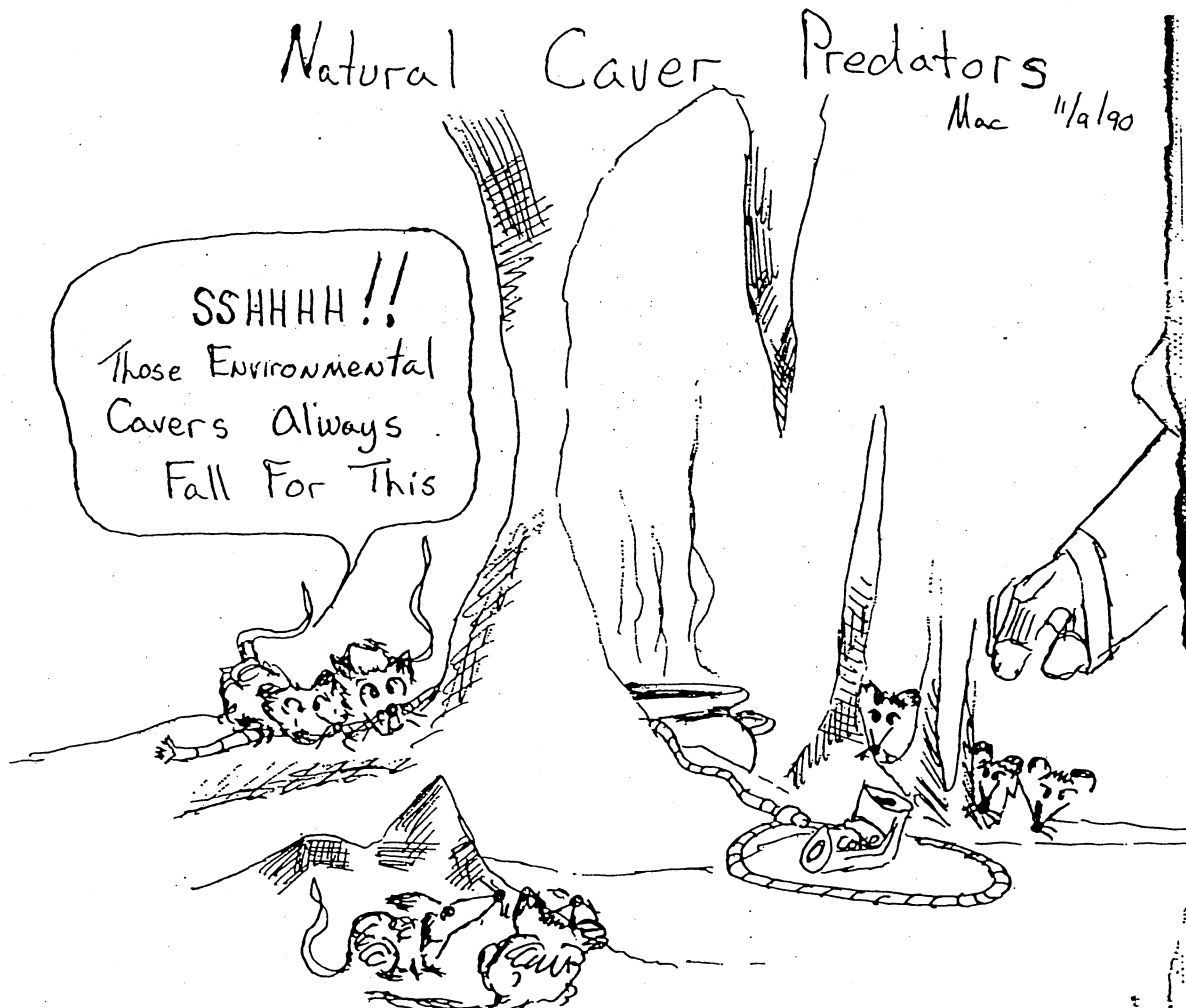
Editors' Column

Hello from the Editor! Thanks for all of the stuff! It certainly surprised us cynical editors that we would have more than enough for a decent Trog. Despite occasional griping (where's the sign-out news, etc.) it's really a lot of fun putting together a Trog. If any of you want to help out on future Trogs, or possibly become an editor, let us know. You may have some great ideas for the Trog.

Gesundheit,
Kay

Well, another Trog hits the press. Many thanks to all those who contributed, it's a good mix of stuff. Not bad for something I didn't think would have anything at all! The officers got the stuff in on time but it was the remainder that kept me guessing how big it would turn out. Thanks to Heather who helped with the typing and layout.

Relax, don't worry
read the trog!
Joe



Grotto Grapevine

Since it's been ages between Troggs, there has been much info for the grapevine, and even more that's been forgotten. Starting way back in early last summer, Ed Fortney was Float Trip Admiral. Float trip only took 4 hours because of the fast water. The party after was at the Ellett Hotel. After many many summer parties, i.e. beach week, Peterson's party, etc. etc. VPI hosted OTR under the guidance of Jerry Redder, with Dave Cinsavich as cochair. Paul Kirchman will be chairperson next year. Jerry made everyone work their butts off until they were tired, but everyone still had fun. Les did not win everything this year. Ko, Brian, and Sue Setzler were among the winners in the vertical contests. Over 2000 people attended. The biggest news of OTR was how well Philip Balister took care of Sandy Knapp when she was drunk. Yes, Philip actually has a girlfriend! Dave Cinsavich has been seeing Kim Hansen, who wrote a nice article about the VPI cave club in the *Preston Journal*, Blacksburg's alternative to the *Collegiate Times*. We're afraid to ask Dave about his most recent DUI. Joe "Puke" Uknalis has been seen hoarding a certain young blond female (Heather) in his love nest at sign-out. Heather is developing a reputation for dating New Jersey guys. Ko Takamizawa and Joan Johnson are engaged. Buddy Bundy is engaged. John Lohner got married last summer in Colorado. Steve and Ann Marie Conner attended the wedding, and then went backpacking with Keith Smith and Mary Fauci. Glen Davis married Alice Lane on Sept. 22. It was a small family wedding, but they're planning a big party for December. Nancy Parks married Dennis. Mike Gaydosh and his wife recently had a baby. Sue and Rick LaCourse had a baby boy, John, this past Spring. Linda and Randy Stoutenburgh are expecting a baby sometime around Feb. 4. Will they make it to banquet?

VPI people attended WVACS and TAG. The only report this grapevine writer heard was the following:

A funny thing happened while at WVACS the fall of '90... After a long, fun day of rapunzelling at the quarry entrance to "Bone", and later caving in "Buckeye Creek" cave, a small group of individuals were sitting around a campfire relaxing, & telling stories about barking cave spiders. During the ensuing conversation, a well-known, blond-haired Pres. of the Cave Club fell asleep, muttering the name of her fantasy lover "SVEN" over and over. All attempts to investigate and identify the mysterious Don Juan have been unsuccessful due to heated resistance from the aforementioned Pres. Can YOU tell us who he is? Any further info would be greatly appreciated. Any and all questions should be directed to the Pres. of the Cave Club.

A rescue was called out last August for a man who went caving alone near Bluefield and didn't tell anyone. Two different caves were searched, and he was finally found in another cave by local cavers. The VPI cavers basically stood around looking important for the cameras. Ko and Jim Gamble did help extricate the guy.

The practice rescue was held at New River Cave under the coordination of Ed Fortney. Tim Kilby not only let us borrow his cave, but even came along. Thanks Tim! Ko was the victim. There was good attendance from both trainees and members.

One of the NSS board members ruined landowner relations in Skydusky Hollow. North Carolina cavers are no longer welcome at Buddy Penley's place.

The halloween party was held at the sign-out again. The Zo.'s sponsored the Friday night party. Much groping was seen at the Zo's soiree between Jake, Berta, Maurya, Les, Paul and hopeful new trainee, John. The most notable costume was the walking dining table (fully set including candles) that contained Kathi Wagner. Cecile came as the Wonderwere Woof. Jim Gamble came as the trendy Bart Simpson, and Jim Washington was a mass of cave formations. Capt. Ed came as himself. Dave and Kim won prizes as a pair of dice. Jamie Lutch now has the cleanest feet around after having his toes sucked by the now infamous, Bryce "Rainbow" Bolton. Some trainees reportedly puked.

Miscellanea:

Don Anderson is going to be a grandfather again. There is a Canaan Ski trip being planned by

Sandy and Philip for this winter. A big group is going to Mexico for the annual trip. Paul Hess has a parttime job at the new REI store in NoVA near Bailey's Crossroads. The store has a climbing wall. Tom Bank is still in PA. He sent a keg donation, and wrote that he should have his truck together by banquet. Viola Ritchie moved to Louisiana, of all places. Mike Futrell is engaged again, but not to Viola. This makes at least the 4th time. Steve and Ann Marie have bought a house in the Vicker area of Christiansburg and hope to close around Christmas. A bunch of cavers roofed the Redders' house which they promptly moved out of. They've moved over the river and thru the woods. (Joan & Jerry Redder have started moving into their new home in the Indian Hills subdivision somewhere off Mt. Tabor Road near Blacksburg.) Cecile's dog has bitten 4 people and a dog. She may not be keeping it. Ben Keller got his Masters and is now in Iowa working on his PhD. Jim Gamble turned in his thesis, and will be defending his Masters soon. Natalie Serbu is researching alcoholism with a professor here at Tech. In addition, she has joined the "Just say no" committee with the Golden Key Honor Society. (Yes. This is serious.) Perhaps Trainee Todd H., is scamming a certain Shona S. Al Ostrowski (Al Who) was seen in Ton 80 on leave from the army. Lor Windle was due to get out of the Marines in Dec., but that may be changed with the Saudi Arabia troop build up. Old farts Mike Conefry and family, plus Don Davison and Cheryl Jones are safe in the Middle East (respectively Qatar & Oman), but there's no word on whether Lawrence Britt is over there or no. Robyn & Bill Koerschner won't be moving to Calgary, but staying in Borger, TX for a while. Hilary Minnich is alive and well in Santa Fe NM doing a lot of that L-cave caving. Gary Moss is now the new improved slimmed down version of Gary Moss. Lynn Wright and Ed Richardson are hosting this year's New Year's Eve Party.

Banquet 1991

Chairperson: Sara Vieweg

Awards Chair: Ko Takamizawa

This is VPI's 25th banquet. It will be held on Feb. 16 in the remodeled Owens D Room (It's now a banquet hall) with Chip Clark as the guest speaker. The Banquet committee requests that people bring along cave maps to be posted in the reception area. Contact either Sara Vieweg or signout if you have questions or want to RSVP. Invitations will be mailed.

Friday night party: Carol and Joe Zokaite's place

Before banquet cocktail party: Glen and Alice Davis' place

After banquet party: Cecile James' place (A.K.A. signout)

Menu:

Baked Chicken

long grain wild rice

baked potatoes

fruit salad

spinach & mushroom salad

Manicotti

broccoli spears w/orange butter

tossed salad

tortellini salad

layer cake & mixed variety

Price: Probably \$15-16

Sara Vieweg

907 Kabrich St.

Blacksburg, VA 24060

703-951-0715

Ko Takamizawa (signout)

306 E. Eakin St.

Blacksburg, VA 24060

703-552-5305

Resurvey of Simmons-Mingo

(Reprinted from the Spring 1983 *Trog*)

"Hey Frank, want to go on a survey trip to Simmons-Mingo?" "For sure," was my reply. That was stupid!!

My internal clock told me to wake up, or was it Bob Carts' ever-present snoring that disturbed my sleep. Manually, I opened my eye lids with my ragged fingers. I proceeded to drag myself out of the musty, old sleeping bags left over from the "fiasco-expedition" some years ago.

I flicked my trusty Tekna-Lite and saw five 'trashed' cavers cuddled up in their cocoons, oblivious to my awakening or Mike Artz's dense aroma. Here we were, at "Base-camp," a small but pleasant haven over-populated with rank smelling sleeping bags, garbage, food and spent carbide dumps, telephone wires, relay boxes, stoves, fossilized shit, and god knows what else that was abandoned throughout Simmons-Mingo from the "fiasco." I dreaded the thought of dragging some of this shit further out of the cave, as all the survey teams are presently doing, to help Simmons-Mingo to be, once again, a respectable cave.

My body cried for the sleeping bag, to slip back into heaven for another hour. But NO!! We must cruise out of the bloody cave. I do not know if it was "exit fever" or the oncoming withdrawals from the lack of cold Wiedermanns. Damn, we were 6 hours from the entrance!

That was my second survey adventure into Simmons-Mingo cave in Mingo, WV. It was Eric Anderson's third. Mike Artz of JMU grotto and the PSC'ers from NOVA are currently resurveying the cave.

Our survey crew, know as Wilburs, Bat Squad Plunkers, and Pluke the Monkey, usually consisted of Mike Artz (sketch, the Boss, and 'Fartz'), Bob Carts (Brunton, Boss #2, and snores), Eric Anderson (lead tape and Wieds) and me (notes, sewer tape, photographer and asshole) plus one or two other cavers thrown in for interests sake.

The average trip lasts for 23 hours and we surveyed (resurveyed, excuse me) 1300'+ of passage, 40-50 stations. We surveyed between RP2 and Basecamp, which is at least 5 hours of non-stop caving into Simmons-Mingo!

My first trip into S+M was during Turkey Break; also I wanted to see if Mike and Bob were ready for a long tour/photo trip into Ellison's for XMAS vacation. On that particular trip we found 400'+ of virgin passage with stunning gypsum formations, including some flowers blossoming 12 inches wide!!

Simmons-Mingo is typical of West Virginian caves; friendly, zooming trunk passage, and decorated with splendid formations. One spectacular trunk passage has rare mirabilite growing like weeds.

S&M does lack one characteristic; she has no vertical pits to YO-YO. But she does make up for her lack of potholes with diverse caving to Basecamp and beyond. She requires stamina from the caver with 5 or 6 free-climbs, running passages, vertical crawls, boulder hopping, swimming, sleeze-bag crawls, and adequate pit stops.

After 4 hours of caving through dry galleries, we hit upon a roaring stream (shin to 'nad' deep, depending on the season) that we had to wade through for 1/2 hour. Very

enjoyable; it cools you down. The music by the stream breaks the monotony of a dry cave system. I hear that the cave gets super sleazy (sounds fun) past Basecamp, near the Oil Drum Falls and towards the second entrance (a possible through trip). We are hoping to survey that part of the cave in the future. For now, I'm just getting into surveying, and I love it. I hope to get more involved in surveying and to lead trips into S&M with other VPI cavers.

After putting away my camera, we started once again the relentless pace towards the entrance. Instead of guide numbers and f-stops, I concentrated on putting my right foot forward, then bringing my left foot forward, and holding in the shit until we were out (too bad it never works that way). We all can hear the cold beers whimpering to be had at the entrance. At one point in the cave, we were 550 feet below the entrance, impressive for a cave that has never seen a PMI rack nor Gibbs.

Having Mike Artz lead the way out is non-stop, bust-ass caving. I'm sure glad that I jog frequently. I was very suspicious (but secretly glad) of the frequent carbide change stops on the way out. Praise the Lord that we all did not own Wheat Lamps.

Just as the night before the cave trip, we partied notoriously hard afterwards. In a comatose state, I barely crawled into Mike's tent. I could not remember if I was wasted from the caving trip, or if it was from the ludicrous amounts of beer and those imported herbs. But it sure felt good.

Just before oblivion.....

"Hey, Frank, want to go caving in Simmons-Mingo again?" "For sure," was my reply, "For sure."

Frank "The Torch" Gibson
VPI #232

In Memory

The VPI Cave Club extends its deepest sympathy to the families of Molly Morgan and Frank Gibson.

Molly Elizabeth Morgan: 13 years old. Passed away Nov. 29, 1990 after a long bout with cystic fibrosis. Survived by her parents, Ed and Liz, and her 11 year old sister Laura.

Frank Gibson: 32 years old. Passed away Nov. 30, 1990, after a confrontation with an armed robber at the D.C. Hudson Trail Outfitters Store where Frank was general manager. Survived by his wife, Patricia, and toddler son, Kyle.

Breaking New Ground

Discovery is what caving is all about right? You like to go to new caves and find new passages. You like to return to familiar caves and learn how you've changed. However, this fall our club has been making some very unpleasant discoveries about changes taking place in Skydusky Hollow (i.e. Newberry-Baines).

This semester many disconcerting incidences have been brought to our attention. Newberry-Baines has been vandalized with enough trash to fill two 30 gallon garbage bags, grafitti scratched in the rock, an absurd amount of wax, and even an open latrine. Buddy has found it necessary to begin charging a camping fee that some have "forgotten" to pay. The Baines have been so upset by obnoxious cavers that relations have become severely stressed.

This is not cool, and we take it personally. Cavers are ruining relations we have been working on for 40 years. How is it that cavers can forget what a privilege it is to use these people's land? This disrespect is a serious and unfortunate trend in the caving community. Irreparable damage may occur if it has not already (Buddy has now closed his land to everyone from North Carolina). Something must be done soon. Just look at the caves in TAG that have been victimized and closed by inconsiderate and irresponsible cavers if you don't believe us. Most who care know that good landowner relations are hard enough to build. Ones like these take decades to develop through service to the owners by local grottos. It takes very little to erase everything they work for. Cavers who come from out-of-state or far away must work twice as hard.

Concerned Cavers

VIRGINIA TECH CAVE CLUB

P.O. BOX 558, BLACKSBURG, VIRGINIA 24060

Dear Mr. (Caver);

On a routine sport trip into Newberry-Banes Cave on October 6, 1990, VPI cavers discovered recent and relatively extensive abuse of the cave. Found on the trip were: garbage enough to fill two 30 gallon trash bags on the following cleanup trip, fresh graffiti scratched into the walls including a name and date "MIKE TAYLOR 90", an open latrine right on a major route through the cave which had been left uncovered, and finally an absurd amount of melted wax from candles left to burn down.

Understand that this letter is not an accusation. We simply wish to remind all the people who signed the register during the last few months that this type of abuse is not only frowned upon in the caving community but is against Virginia State Law (Chapter 12.7 Section 10-150.14 Virginia Cave Protection Act). We realize that this letter will go out to many conscientious cavers and apologize for this. However the consternation felt by us all at this breach of faith in some 40 year history of good landowner relations and minimum impact caving, requires some form of action.

Sincerely,

Lesley Colby
President
VPI Cave Club

The New River Cave Sign

April was coming to a close and I had plans for the weekend. Doug Bruce, Sue Setzler and I had set out for Blacksburg rather late that Friday in order to accomplish our mission: put an aluminum "No Trespassing" sign above the entrance to New River Cave, and then go see the waterfall (which I had never seen). That evening had been long and eventful. Doug had talked to Tim Kilby (the owner of New River Cave) and obtained the 14 x 8 x 1/4" aluminum sign which Tim had carefully etched. Sue had decided to join the party at the eleventh hour (literally), after we had all enjoyed a cookout at Barry Fizers.

We arrived in Blacksburg early the next morning, and late that same morning, set out for the cave. The long hike up the hill was made even longer by my inability to keep gravity from snatching some of my gear and sending it down the hill. We also stopped every time we saw a tree that we deemed suitable for a plastic "No Trespassing" sign.

Eventually, we arrived at the entrance, and after some discussion, Doug and Sue proceeded to the top of the cliff to rig the rope while I dodged rockfall and redirected the rope at the bottom. Soon Doug was hanging twelve feet off the ground pounding a semi-flat spot in the rock. The three of us quickly discovered the error of letting the heaviest person set the first bolt: the cliff was overhung. We had to manually hold Doug against the wall. However, the bolt was eventually placed, the haulers were still alive and Doug's helmet had successfully protected his skull.

The next bolters had the easier task of setting a hanger and clipping in to it with a cowtail. Eventually all four bolts were set. Since the holes were not pre-drilled we sketched where they should be drilled, packed up and left.

That night Doug drilled holes into the sign and we drank beer while discussing ways to vandalize the sign. The next morning we set out for the cave with a metal file, concrete mix, Vaseline, epoxy, an empty yogurt container and Koichiro Takamizawa. We rigged the rope and determined that the metal file would be put to good use.

One hour later the sign fit the bolts and the process of mixing Quickrete began. Ko drew on his past knowledge of playing in the sand and determined that the mix worked better after shifting. Doug applied the concrete to the wall, bolted the sign on, and then applied more concrete to the edge. We hoped this would prevent vandals from standing on the ledge to the left of the entrance and removing the sign with a long crowbar. Next we placed epoxy around and over the bolts to make removal difficult. Our final touch was a liberal coating of Vaseline, which we hoped would deter spray paint.

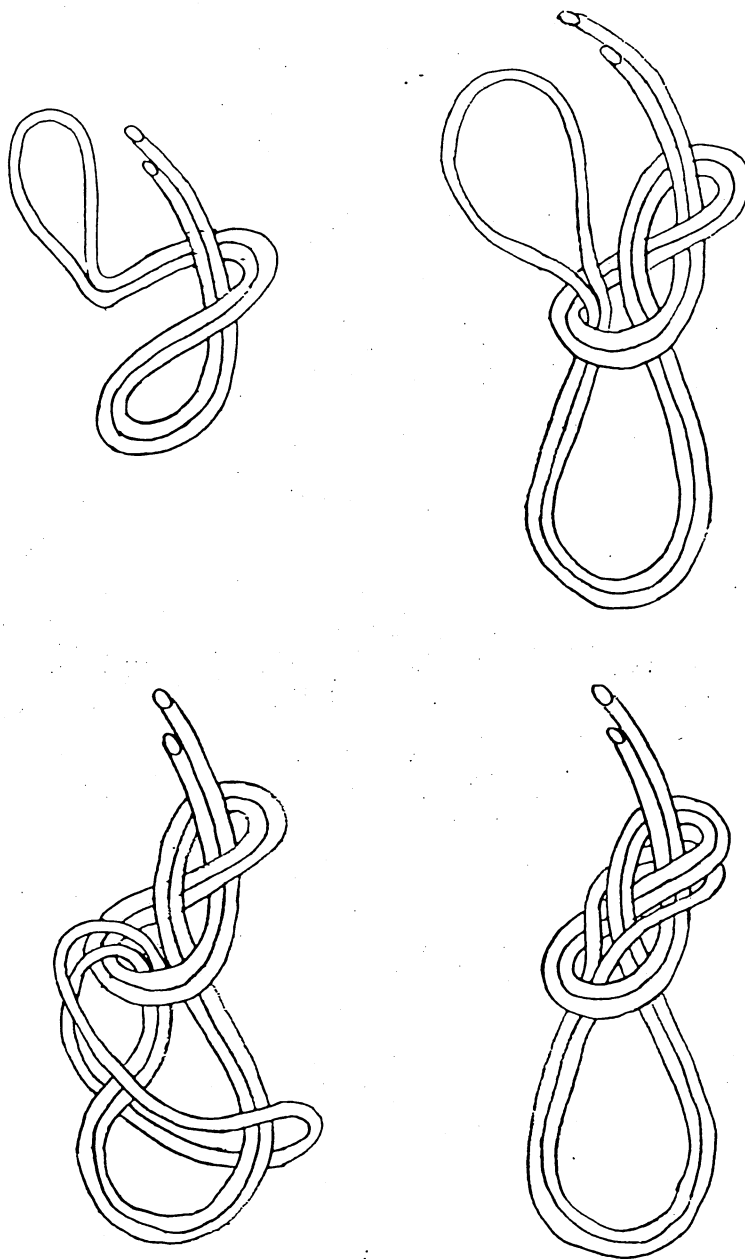
It was getting late so we packed up and discussed how long the sign might last. To everyone's surprise, it is still there today. And to my amazement, even though I never saw the waterfall in my two attempts that weekend, I did succeed the next month.

Joan Johnson

The Figure Eight with a Bight

This knot is a figure eight with a bight. It can be used everywhere a bowline on a bight can, however, if you're like me and prefer figure eights over bowlines, this is a knot for you. Lately I've begun to use more technical rigs than the standard friction wrap rig like the self equalizing rig off of two bolts. I've noticed that unless bowlines are dressed carefully, they have a tendency to slip in stiff rope like PMI. There is no telling how even a well dressed bowline on a bight would perform under shock load conditions (like if the bolts pulled out), and the potential to slip remains. Personally I want to do as little movement as possible if the bolts are going to fail. I also like the figure eight with a bight because it is much more stable than the bowline on a bight even when weighted laterally like a butterfly. These are two good reasons why I think you may want to switch.

Mark Eisenbies



I DIDN'T EVEN LIKE BEER

by Bob Simonds



This article is is not about caving, it's about BEER.

Beer and cavers. Cavers and beer. It's difficult to think of one without the other. But it wasn't always that way with this caver. When I first started caving, I drank WINE. After all, I was in Architecture. Beer was for everybody else.

About three years into my caving career, I suddenly found myself out of Tech and into Basic Training. Basic Training had nothing to do with computer languages. In a way, it was kind of fun. We got to march. We got to throw grenades. We got to shoot guns. We got to stab dummies with bayonets. We got to do PT.

At the end of basic training, there was a final exam, although not the sort of final exam they have at Tech. It was one in which we got to march, we got to throw grenades, and we got to stab dummies with bayonets. About three weeks before the final exam, the company commander tried to get everyone into it, and make his company look good, by promising the highest scoring trainee a case of beer. Well, he wasn't going to suck me in thatway. No sir! Hell, I didn't even like beer. I drank WINE. Beer was for everybody else.

We took the final exam in which we got to march, we got to throw grenades, and we got to stab dummies with bayonets. Three days later, the entire company was lined up in the company area eagerly anticipating a weekend pass. A corporal came out of the CQ's office and yelled, "PRIVATE SIMONDS!"

Who me? My key to survival in basic training had been to remain anonymous. This couldn't be! "HERE, CORPORAL."

"REPORT TO THE CQ'S OFFICE."

What could I have possibly done? Out of 140 basic trainees, why me? "YES, CORPORAL."

I trembled my way into the CQ's office and there behind the desk sat the meanest, nastiest, drill sergeant in the whole basic training company. A man I will remember until the day I die. "PRIVATE SIMONDS?"

Gulp. "YES, SERGEANT."

He pointed to a shiny galvanized trash can next to the desk. "LOOK IN THAT GARBAGE CAN, PRIVATE."

I pulled off the lid and saw that the whole thing was full of crushed ice and beer.

"THAT'S YOURS, PRIVATE."

No way! I looked back up at the sergeant and he looked back at me. There was just no way that I could tell the man that I didn't even like beer. I reached in, pulled on out, opened it, and drank it down. It tasted GOOD! And so did the next one and the one after that. I've been a beer drinker ever since.

So, whereas I was not exactly ordered to start drinking beer, I felt as though I was in a position where I couldn't refuse.

Brain cells grown in lab

Boston Bartender's Projectile Puking Drinks

New Jersey Shore

1 bottle Yoo-Hoo chocolate drink
1 oz. cheap gin
1 package Alka-Seltzer
(As garnish add used condoms or syringes)

Pink Elephant

4 oz. Pepto-Bismol
Some vodka (to taste)
2 oz. Triaminic for kids (red)

Vegetarian's Delight

1 bottle Dr. Browns Celery Soda
4 oz. kahlua
2 oz. melon liquor

Is Caving All there Is?

A reflection on dragons & other Mythical Beasts
I have met

Caving (as a trainee) involves much more than that: politics, personalities, meeting landowners, etc. It also involves networking as one more part the VPI Grotto into the outer lands. Consequently it entails many nites on the road, sleeping at roadsides, or hunting for (cheap) sleeping places, driving slimy roads where only with the aid of a front wheel drive was I able to get back to the interstate herringboning my way up the hill to find 3 days later (when the mud had time to cure on the car's underbody) a slit tire caused by a piece of gravel embedded in the concrete quality clay.

During one stage of this caver's life when networking included western Tennessee and Alabama cavers, & traveling particularly included western Tennessee caves. I was exhausted on wet suit cavers, cavers who ore nothing under ther red suits in wet & cold caves, cavers who ridge walk carrying the sum total of their caving gear "just in case", caving with a squabbling "couple" who had caved together for years, looking for new pits and finding them weekly.

But back to dragons and othe mythical beasts (the earlier mentioned ones have been documented as genuine). Driving west of Knoxville late one sunny afternoon with the sun roof open I happened to feel something hot on the back of my neck. I looked in the rear view mirror and saw nothing, I glanced out the windshield towards the sun- It was the wrong angle. Then I chanced to look up spotting not far above me, an early 20th century bi-plane complete with a leather & virsor clad pilot, scarf blowing in the wind- looking like he had plans for using my vechicle or me-or that he was coming down to keep me company. Not being exceedingly paranoid, I waved & moved on- the back of the neck continued to feel uncomfortable. I could'nt shake tis apparition. Eventually I stopped at a rest stop & closed the sun roof so that I would neither be beamed up nor be distracted by looking up- maybe he was trying to identify the caving garbage in the back seat.

Moving on down the road towards home later another Sunday eve-it became road warrior time on 81-not another passenger car had disappeared in favor of more comfortable surroundings. I usually get along well with the roaring, pushy, snarling motorists, but this time it was clearly different. When we finally hit the Virginia border and the posted car 65/trucks 55 sign, someting primevial in my road companion's psyche seemed to be triggered. An immediate slowdown first and as I peacefully shot on ahead, but suddenly a roaring, nasty mob began setting in and around me. As the road warriors vied for the winner position, weaving in and out, I made myself small. I have a foreboding that they are colluding on their radios and pick me up between them and carry me off. I know not where-but suddenly they drop back. I pull out for coffee and sugar jolt and I'm back on the road hoping smokey follows me up the road.

A few miles out I am spacing out to loud music and a cool breeze and again I am engulfed from behind. I only briefly thought of outrunning them-but it did keep me awake-up ahead something different is happening-off to the right several trucks ahead (I am in the left lane), there is a flash of light that gets brighter and brighter tearing away from the rear end of one of the trucks flaring high and low. My hands freeze to the steering wheel (coffee and sugar activated) transfixed by what appears to be a fire breathing dragon in its dying throes rapidly closing in on me. Will I die with it as it thrashes and flashes to the death? I pray to any god there may be that its last flop will not be onto the hood of the Le Caver and through the windshield and into my lap. Bracing myself-I wait for my fate BLAM the car shakes-I shake, the dead dragon deflects to the left-and its over. The road warriors have moved on ahead. I passively lower my speed and trudge on home to sleep. ---Cecile James

The Giles County Cave Survey

A Brief Summary of Spring Semester Activities

January 20th started out like any other weekend, up and about at the crack of noon and off to the scenic limestone wilderness of central Giles County. Unable to find anyone who wasn't already on a trip or who actually wanted to enter a cave that day, Jim Washington and myself decided on a nice, leisurely day of ridgewalking. We chose what appeared to be a rather promising area above Sinking Creek at the extreme southwestern end of Clover Hollow, known locally as "The Brickyard". This innocent sounding ridgewalk would eventually result in the investment of over 300 caver-hours of digging, mapping and ridgewalking with no end in sight yet.

After about three hours of walking, we had found four entrances, including a large one with a pit in it; and one friendly landowner. Returning to the truck, we found two more large entrances right off the road where we had parked, which boasted our ridgewalk to a respectable 2 CPH (caves per hour).

Six openings in one day seemed pretty good, so I returned on Sunday and found five more. At this point, I decided that this area might be worth checking out more thoroughly, so I returned the next weekend with Brian Bachman, Paul Kirchman and Ollie McKagen to do some surveying. The largest entrance yielded about 50 meters of passage and ended in a 12 meter pit with a meter of standing water in the bottom. The next entrance we checked opened into a tandem pit complex. A hole in the bottom of the first pit opened up into a second pit about 8 meters from its bottom. The two were also connected at the top, but movement by a large boulder which Paul and myself had crawled under caused an abrupt shortening of the trip, leaving part of the cave unexplored.

Two other holes in the area were poked, but nothing interesting turned up, so we called it quits after the landowner's daughter and her cousin showed us four entrances they knew of. Ollie and I returned later that week to survey "Roadside Garbage Pit", getting about 55 meters of passage and causing many garbage avalanches. We then went to check out a fissure I had found during the week, but a cold rain had sapped most of our morale, so after a minimal effort, we went to drink some beer.

Most of the next few weeks were spent ridgewalking, digging, and ridgetalking. By the end of January thaw, I had met with almost every landowner in the Brickyard, and permission to trespass from all but one. Obviously, this is a problem, although not a really bad one. The biggest problem is getting people to go surveying, which is almost as difficult as getting them to write frog articles. (Ed. note-no arm twisting was employed).

As of this writing, 10 caves have been mapped, and about 40 more digs and entrances and digs need to be completed. Exams and my rejoining of the labor force have severely limited the excess time I have to spend in the Brickyard, but there's always summer.

Keith Willauer

CAVING AND NUTRITION

by Ollie McKagen

There were five of us on my second trip, to Clover Hollow. We were in for a moderate nine hours. Seems to me I was the only one who brought more water than that for the lamps. I also took in a couple of sandwiches and some fruit. I ate and drank several times during the trip. While at least one of the others grew steadily and obviously more tired, cold and clumsy (she also refused my several offers of drink and a bite to eat), I maintained my alertness and strength. Only at the last, waiting at the entrance pit for the rope to be clear, did I feel a bit of a chill. I was able to exercise this off in a few minutes of jumping jacks, while the tired one struggled up the rope, staggered to the vehicles and fell asleep instantly. Next day she had a cold and all the associated miseries. I could have gone caving the next day, for as long. And I felt nothing but fine for a week afterwards.

Caving is a highly energetic activity which places a lot of stress on the body. For comparison, a highly trained athlete can run all day and night on 7000 calories. An average human doing nothing spectacular physically needs about 1600 calories a day to simply maintain body weight. During the above trip, with its rope work and rock climbing, this need would likely more than double. The body heat lost to wet, cold rock and air would require still more energy, in my opinion, up to another 150 calories per hour. The minimum sum of these approximate requirements is over 4500 calories, and could be much higher in many cases. For a person going without breakfast, this must come from the glycogen in the liver and later, after this is depleted, from fat stores. (No-one can store a whole day's worth of glycogen.) While it does no harm to shed some weight during a period of prolonged physical activity, it is certainly more efficient to utilize food, rather than body fat, for energy needs. Burning fat requires that complex mechanisms be involved in breaking it down to glucose. These aren't necessary in digestion, transport, and utilization of food calories. Fat stores are much more efficiently used for long term low levels of calorie stress than for immediate heavy needs.

Americans usually consume a diet which is high on fats and protein. The above athlete, in his 7000 calories intook only 70 calories each of fat and protein. This is equal to about 18 grams protein, and only seven grams fat. The rest was carbohydrates, which are the ideal fuel for the body. Even pregnant women need only on the order of 25-30 grams protein per day. The rest of us need about 20-25 at the most. Burning proteins for fuel results in production of lots of urea, which can be flushed from the body only by lots of water. Folks who eat hyper amounts of protein, like some misguided weight lifters I have known, are likely to overload their kidneys with the excess urea, despite drinking ordinarily sufficient amounts of water. They will have pains and infections as a result. That pizza or bigmac you had sometime in the last few days is tasty but not nourishing: it is very heavy on fat, oversupplies protein, and is low on complex carbs. And, while an athlete in a research experiment may be able to use carbs in simple form, supplied on a regular schedule, a person in a cave is better advised to use foods that are moderated with fiber, as these release the fuel and other nutrients more gradually, retaining their effect for long periods between snacks. Good choices are the carbohydrates found in whole wheat bread, potatoes (with the skin), green veggies, etc. (Sounds like yer Mom, doesn't it??) It's worth knowing also that an apple raises blood sugar faster than a slice of white bread, and holds it up more constantly. Most fresh and dried fruit do much the same.

None of us are likely to carry a fully nutritious meal into a cave, let alone breakfast, lunch, and dinner. But there are some good compromises available. I was introduced to cheese bread by Paul Kirchner. I carry it often. I have also seen several sacks of dried fruit in various packs. Both of these are bulky but light. Some of the cavers I've been in with carry deli sandwiches, which may be a bit of a mess before they are eaten, but which will nevertheless help your endurance. I also see cans of ravioli/spaghetti/noddleos/etc. These are not high in fiber, but are high in simple carbs that hit fairly fast in a tired body. The canned goods route is heavier but less bulky. I usually don't carry candy myself, but it will give one a boost (followed by a crash). Candy has the advantage of high calories content per unit size/weight. Chocolate in particular also contains a stimulant acting similar to caffeine. One or two bars would be fine, but save it for extreme fatigue when you need to pick up quickly.

If carrying a lot of food into even a long trip isn't your bag, instead at least take along some of

the lighter, smaller of the above types of goodies. In cases like this, it is an extremely good idea to pre-eat from the better foods, on the principle of carbo loading. I would not advise anyone to go through the whole loading routine, which involves depleting carbos for a day or two in advance of loading up. This can be dangerous. But a heavy meal in even simple starches the night before can make quite a difference in your endurance, and so can a good sized breakfast on the day of your trip.

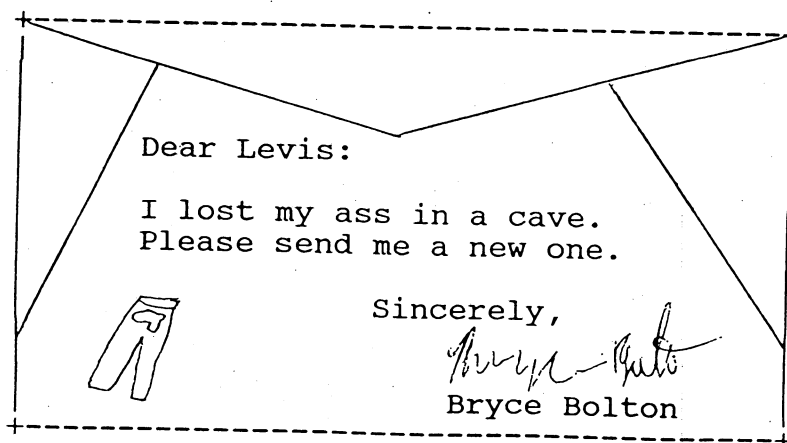
Beside the necessity for sufficient calories, these must be easily made available to the muscles. Since this is a task for the circulatory system, it follows that there must be a sufficient blood volume. We usually think of this as a constant, but in fact blood volume fluctuates quite a bit over periods of exercise, primarily due to sweating or urination. Loss of up to several cups of water per hour would be in the normal range. A loss of another cup or two per hour in breathing would be reasonable. In a trip as above, one could easily lose a whole day's ration of water without even stopping to relieve the bladder. Some of this is made up from body tissue water, but any loss of fluid is first from the blood. Losing more than a few percent makes the blood notably thicker, which adds to the load on the heart and reduces nutrient transportation ability. This is a cause for exercise-related cramping of muscle groups and is a factor in next-day soreness, as lactic acid may build up in muscles not sufficiently hydrated. Meals heavy in fats also thicken the blood noticeably, resulting in after meal drowsiness.

A human doing ordinary activities needs one-half ounce of water per pound body weight per day. I weigh in at about 170-175 lbs., so I must consume about 85 ounces of water, better than two and one-half quarts, when I am just lounging and loafing. Even for a little lady weighing only 120 lbs., nearly two quarts is needed every day. If in a stress situation, it is necessary to increase this by 50-100%. It isn't actually necessary to measure input; instead, if outputted urine is as dark as a pale broomstraw, more water is needed. Although some of this may be replaced by fruit juices, which also have a quick boost for the blood sugar levels, it is not fair to count colas, coffee, tea, or alcoholic drinks. All of these are really a burden on the body, and a person who drinks a lot of them should also drink similar quantities of pure water in addition to the normal amount needed. One qualification here: caffeine improves both mental alertness and physical performance; therefore, it can be a help in remaining sharp or recovering from fatigue, on a need basis only. It will not, however, sustain you for long periods, no matter how much sugar you put in it.

Another thing worth noting is that Vitamin C is well known to promote resistance to stress. In a person who is conscious of good eating habits, supplementary vitamins are not likely to be necessary, maybe not even helpful. But I try to take 100mg of C, and also Vit A, Vit E, and a Vit B complex every few days, and especially before I go on a long cave trip. Overdoing vitamins is no help, but it isn't likely you will do too much of them unless you are a fanatic taking megadoses.

Although it is not directly related to nutrition...staying up late and boozing previous to heavy exertion is one of the worst things for a person to do. Not only does alcohol deplete vitamins and itself require a lot of water for metabolizing, the lack of rest and recuperation incurred by this will show up in the first few hours underground.

If I had to pick only one thing I could impose on all cavers, it would be this: Drink Water When In The Dirt. Your body, even at worst, can withstand a lot of abuse. The one thing it can't do without is working fluid for energy and waste transport. And the working fluid for the body is water.



Oh, that feels so much better...

or how to modify your tied seat
to make it almost, if not more comfortable
than those fancy expensive premade seats

Oh, so you just spent all your money on trivial items (like books, food and rent) and now you don't have any left to buy cave gear. So you made a bad decision. Next time forgo the food and buy caving gear. But what do you do in the meantime? Rob the bookstore? No! Sell back your books, sublet the apartment and starve? No!! Well what can you do?

Try this neat, nifty, cool addition to the seat that you tie with your one inch webbing. It goes like this:

1. After you tie your final knot, with it's back off's, in the standard cave club seat, make sure you have about 4' of webbing left on each tail.
2. Take the tails of the backed off knot and do another wrap around your waist and tie it off with a square knot in the center of your back.
3. Now take the tails of the square knot and tuck them behind the leg loops on your legs.
4. Finally tie the two tails together in a square or other appropriate knot.

You can tuck the extra webbing in a pocket or something. The final result should resemble a triangle with one point at the top of your butt and the other two points at each leg loop.

Here are the advantages of this seat:

- It doesn't alter the basic cave club seat.
- It keeps those damn leg loops from falling down your legs whenever you walk.
- It distributes the loading of the waist and leg loops more evenly, thus making a more comfortable seat.

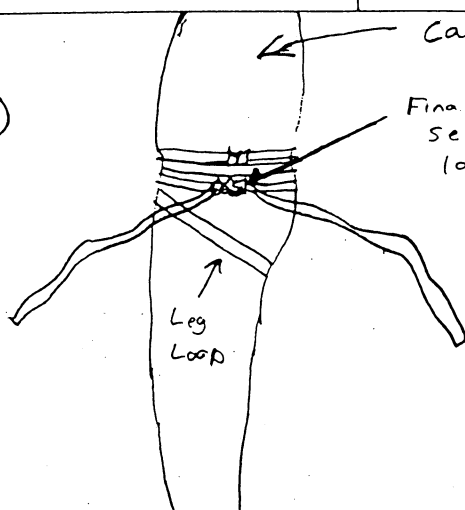
The disadvantages to the seat modifications are:

- It takes more webbing and more time to tie. People with just enough webbing for their seats won't be able to do this.
- The additional webbing may get snagged when you slide on your butt.

I personally almost prefer to use this type of seat when I don't want to haul so much gear or when I don't want to mess with the lousy buckle on my expensive premade seat. This is a very basic modification, but it works. However if you can improve it, let me know so I can try it too.

Dave Colatosti

①



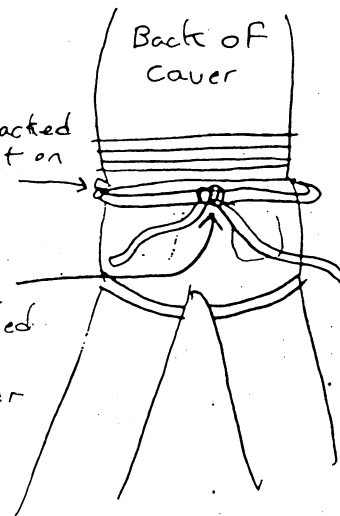
Final knot on caver club seat w/ back offs and long tails

Leg Loop

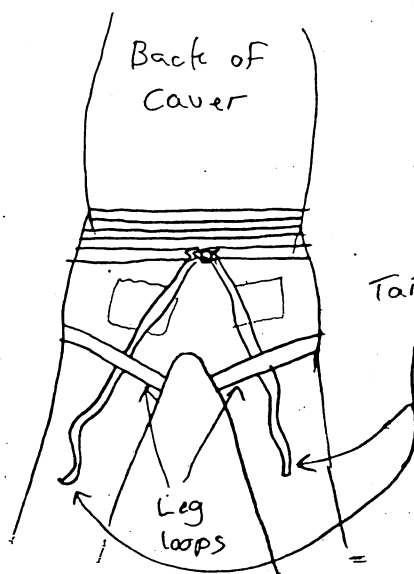
②

Final backed off knot on seat

Tails from ① are brought around and tied as a square knot in center of back



③



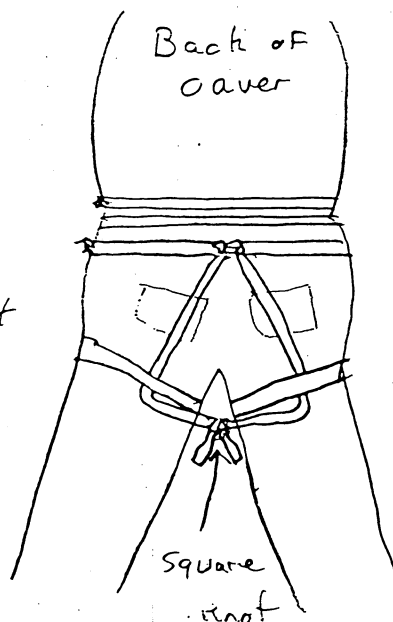
Back of Caver

Leg loops

Tails From square knot in center of caver's back are tucked under leg loops

④

Finally the tails are secured together with a square knot that makes the triangle of webbing somewhat tight



Back of Caver

Square knot

Name that Caver

Our first caver has been in the club for one year and joined the club to "meet babes" (boy I'd be hard up). Well, now that we know the gender of this caver, we'll continue. Caver's favorite cave is Stomp Bottom, "spells just like it smells." And speaking of smells, the longest time this caver has spent underground was 105 hours. (eek! Run for the Glade.)

The scariest or most horrible thing that ever happened in a cave was getting his pee bottle and water bottle mixed up. (The outcome was untold....we can only imagine.)

Caver thinks the worst thing about caving is "not enough babes" (of course, what babe would when you smell like Stomp Bottom). The other bad thing is missing bowling for dollars on Saturday morning (ah--a true intellectual).

And what is the best thing about caving...why it's spotting female trainees on climbs. (Every female should run for the chastity belts.)

Best advice to trainees..."Caving is like sex--when it's good, it's great and when it's bad...it's still pretty good."

This caver wouldn't reveal much information...must have some dark secret to hide....Can you guess who it is???

Our next caver has been in the club for ten years and joined the club to "groove with the experience" (far out, man). Caver 2's favorite cave is Links. (Do we know this "person"?) The longest time Caver 2 has spent underground was 26 hours.

The worst thing happened while surveying a very narrow passage with a stream running through "his" coveralls. (Needed a bath anyway.) While squeezing through the passage, turning over to make through, suddenly there is no way out. So, after turning around in a very tight spot and heading back, those darn ole coveralls get caught and the light goes out. (Did Caver2 make it back...guess so...but what about those coveralls, how did they survive?)

Another scary thing happened while in Murder Hole....Here we have the case of the new rope, doubles, and ZOOMING down. Only thirty feet from the bottom, Caver 2 realizes the end is near and can't stop. "Bottom belays work." (Is that why they call it Murder Hole??)

Caver 2 thinks the worst thing about caving is when you are changing clothes after a wet cave and your feet freeze to the road, "I hate that!" and "it dries out my hair" (Ha Ha HaHaHa). The best thing about caving is big virgin passage (or just a big virgin), (That's pleasant" asnd "either the people or the food" (you figure it out).

Best advice to trainees: "Be persistent trying to become a member because starting out, many are ignored" (unless you are female).

Can you name the damn caver?

Nancy Parks

THE FIRST LAW OF CAVE RESCUE
IS THAT LOGIC SHOULD NOT
INTERFERE WITH ESTABLISHED
CAVE RESCUE POLICY

LETTER TO A TRAINEE

Dear Trainee-

It has come to my attention that you have been overheard complaining about how difficult caving is. Apparently you don't realize what caving used to be like when I was a trainee.

First of all, we didn't have caves. You can just hop in your car and drive out to a cave and go caving. When I was a trainee we had to dig our own caves. But did we complain? Of course not! When I was a trainee we were used to doing things the hard way.

We didn't have carbide or electric lamps, that would have been too easy. We used candles. And we didn't strap them to our helmets either, we held them in our mouths. We didn't strap them to our helmets because we didn't have helmets, or boots. Or kneepads. Or clothes. We caved naked and we loved it.

We never had any fancy vertical gear either. We didn't have racks or ropewalkers, we didn't even have rope. If you couldn't climb it, you couldn't cave it. If you got down someplace you couldn't get back up, you didn't whine and moan and wait for a cave rescue- you dug your way out in another direction!

And most importantly, when I was a trainee, members got respect. When a member said jump, you said "how high?" When a member told trainees to form a human bridge over a gorge so he could walk across they made the best human bridge that member had ever seen. If a member told a trainee to rappell down a canyon upside down, he did it and thanked him afterwards.

So don't let me ever hear you complaining again. Because when I was a trainee, any trainee caught complaining was killed, a tradition that can easily be revived.

Sincerely,
Old Fart

Man rescued from Bluefield cave

Associated Press

BLUEFIELD, W.Va. — A Bluefield man says he'll never go solo spelunking again after he spent more than 24 hours trapped alone in a dark, muddy cave.

Mark Fowler, 27, was rescued Friday afternoon from the cave near the U.S. 460 bypass just across the state border in Bluefield, Va.

He did not appear to have suffered any serious injuries but was held overnight at Humana-St. Luke's Hospital for observation, a nursing supervisor said. She said Fowler was in good condition.

Fowler told rescue workers he was exploring the newly discovered cave Thursday morning when he slipped down a muddy wall about 30 feet into the pit, which was filled with mud and rocks.

He said he was unable to climb out, and his helmet lamp later went out, leaving him in darkness.

Fowler's family reported him missing Thursday night, and a search got under way about midnight. Rescue teams scoured caves in both West Virginia and Virginia.

A team found him Friday afternoon after hearing his calls for help.

RT+WN- 8/5/90

This Land (a caver's version)

Chorus:

C F C
This land is my land, this land ain't your land.
G7 E
I've got a shotgun, and you aint gont none
F C Am
If you don't get off, I'll blow your head off
G7 C
This land is private property

1.
As I was walking near coon ridge Mountain
I saw above me the sign said no one
I saw below me that virgin valley (but)
This land is private property

2.
It was a hunger, that drove me onward
Through poision ivy, and creeping briars
No one could stop me, I wanted booty (but)
This land is private property

3
I broke a clearing and found my quarry
The biggest pit seen in the whole damn countrry
When all around me a voice came sounding
This land is private property

4.
I took off running, the rocksalt follwed
I thought I was safe, he had two barrels
And from behind me the voice kept shouting
This land is private property

5.
My ass was burning, I did not turn back
I heard hound dogs, so I made some hot tracks
Dropped the survey notes, I'll have to go back (but)
That land was private property

Music- Woody Guthrie ©1958 Words Mark Eisenbies ©1990

Grandpa should have been a caver... he had the right clothes

Dear old Grandpa passed away a few years ago. He left behind a legacy of clothing, a legacy my grandma has been giving to the grandchildren. She is so sure we'll find something to do with them. Well grandma... you're right... we wear them caving!! Yep, there are workshirts, long underwear, pants, gloves and boots.

The shirts are just the right color- grey. Durable too, they were cop uniform shirts from the thirties!! (when cops were tough) There are pockets to put your junk in... you know- aspirin for that hangover from Friday nite. Some of the shirts are flannel, a tough breed of flannel. The best thing is that all the shirts are so big you can get that layered look. Afterall we must be fashionable while in a cave. (Darling you look marvelous).

Then there is the long underwear. Long enough and big enough to cover the biggest caving butts. Some are all wool and some are that quilted cotton stuff. I have bags and bags of it- I even wear it to bed! Hey, I'm a newlywed, what else would I wear?)

Yep you'll be warm with Grandpa long underwear and shirts, but what about pants?? Well, there are these two pairs. One is real thick wool and the other is like five layers of thick canvas. The wool ones have big black and red checks and make you talk like Elmer Fudd... "ooooohh dat dwirty bwat" and the canvas ones weigh about ten pounds. Another downfall is the size, the average Joe Shmoe would have to gain 100 pounds for them to fit... they're HUGE.

Grandpa had all types of boots, all with non-skid soles. We cleared a lot of snow in Detroit. Some of the boots even have felt liners... he used these to hunt wabbits in the Elmer Fudd pants. Unfortunately the boots didn't fit me, aww darn.

Next are the gloves, you name the type he had them. I think Grandpa looked for long underwear and glove sales. So there is a stock pile of work gloves and the liners to go with them. I think grandma made them wear these when he cleaned up after the grandchildren, you never know what kind of germs you'll get from kids that live in Virginia (oooh).

Grandpa had some of the accessories for caving too. Like rope and lanterns, not high tech quality but it's tough. He had a lot of chains and pulleys too. (His chains were used recently to help clear the Murder Hole entrance).

So I think Grandpa would have been splendidly dressed for caving. He would remember all the good stores too, and tell them right away. Trip reports would last for hours. (Well maybe I stretched that a bit).

If you ever cave with me, you'll know I've brought my Grandpa along for the view... I'm wearing his clothes!! Thanks for the caving gear Grandpa...

Nancy Parks

QUOTABLE QUOTES

MF- If I had 72 inch tits I'd suck them.

PB- If I can't get laid in a football stadium there's no hope for me.

Stephanie- Don't expect too much from me, I'm a blond.

KP to SR - Gosh you're long, I never realized how long you were.

NS to ME- Get your genitals off my back.

KP to ME- It's hard enough, use it.

PB to SV- When you feel it start to hit the floor, stop and do it softly

MF- After you've had a caver you'll never go back.

D.C.: My B.A.C. (Blood Alcohol Content) was higher than my Q.C.A.

BAVS: Keep it up in the canyon!

BAVS: !#*?! that thistle tube!

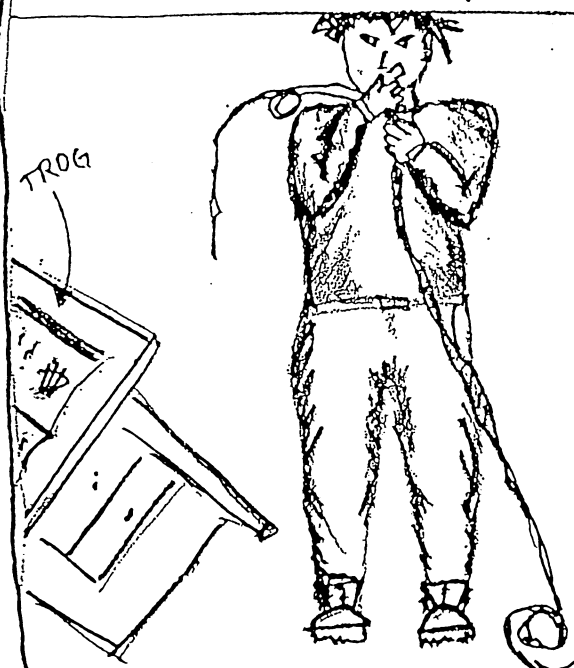
SR: It was really really fun. I'm glad I went to Links that week.

AL: What's this? It's from the Zos.

R(B)C: Must be a kid.

SPELUNK 'N

A new trainee learning his
knots through the Trog ...



After many hours of
strenuous learning. He thinks
he finally has it ...



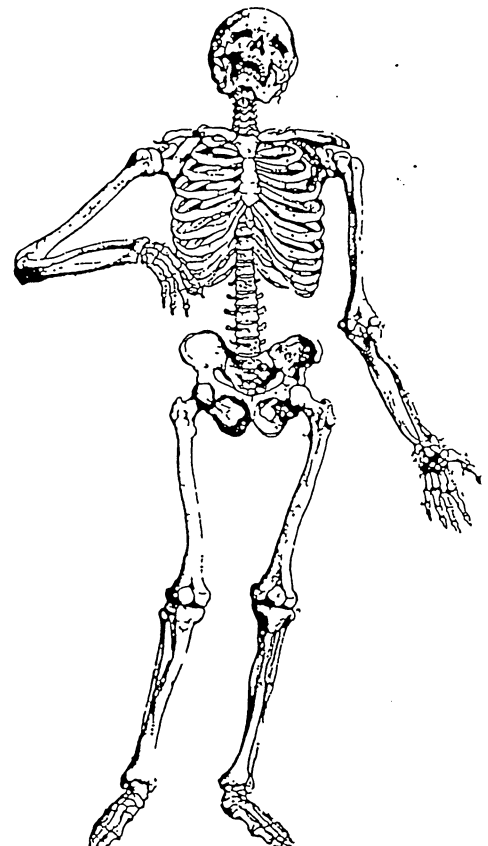
O
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...

From the Signout Sheet

Links	M. Eisenbies, S. Vieweg, B. Bolton P. Miller, T. Caswell, R. Simpson	No trip is worth getting up that early for except to make trainee scum miserable (ETD 7AM)
Clover Hollow	D. Colatosti, B Van Scoik, J Moraela T. Teter, B. Emery, S. Broadwell S. Wells, P. Sauvigne, J. Williams B. Zabaronick, M.Horne, L Myslewicz	Trainees as far as the eye can see!
Buddy's	E. Fortney, M. Smith, C. Simons P. Classey, D. Classey, D. Colatosti N. Serbu, B. Van Scoik, M. McElroy L. Lioni, R. Geisler, J. Morada, D. McPherson, B. Bolton	Where the hell is the pit? Oh shit, I hope my food bottle dosen't ...WHIOMP!
4-H	M. Futrell, D. Colatosti	The horror ends for now.
Straley's	A. Hungerford, S. Leiffer, R. Simpson	"And they said I wasn't good with knots"- RS Lead Tape
Clover Hollow	D. Bruce, P. Balister, S. Setzler	We took rope and used protection in the library

A total of 1785 caver hours were logged between 8/29/90 and 12/2/90

*When you cave be aware
of the creatures that are there,
For if you kill a bat
Mr. AR Cartright will smash you flat ,
and if that isn't enough,
the cops will also be tough
because nobody likes a cave creature killer.*



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



Softwear for the Descent of Wo Man

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

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

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

B&C WUNDERWEAR

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