

● GOING DOWN WITH ●

THE TECH TROGLODYTE

**VOL. XIV, #1&2
FALL/WINTER
1975-6**



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

President



Mike Wolf

OFFICERS

V.P.



Bob Alderson

Secretary



Lor Windle

Treasurer



Donnie
Carter

DATES TO WATCH

April 3.....Va.R. Meeting
April 24.....D.C. Wedding (Jerry & Jackie)
May 8.....Picnic
May 15.....Raindate for above
May 29.....Float Trip
June 5.....School's Out!

Editor's Notice: It ain't much, but it was all I could do with the incompetent help (namely me) and the lack of everything else. I do thank those who offered help or tried to help.

Editor--Lor Windle

Exchange Editor--Jim Denton

Roll Call

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN--Mike Wolf.....	Here (1)
EDITOR'S COLUMN--Lor Windle.....	Here (2)
GROTTO GRAPEVINE--Lor Windle.....	Here (3)
DEATH HANGS ON A WIRE--Don Davison jr.....	Here (5)
GIBBS REPORT--D ²	Here (6)
BANQUET REPORT--Lor Windle.....	Here (7)
ERRATA--Don Davison jr.....	Here (9)
THE ICE CAPADES--Lor Windle.....	Here(10)
INTO THE BACK--Bob Alderson.....	Yeah, Man(12)
PLASTIC GARBAGE BAGS II--Don Davison jr.....	Here(15)
ANOTHER GIBBS REPORT--Don Davison jr.....	here(16)
TOKEN CARTOON--Mike Wolf.....	Here(16)



Another picture of cavers partying!

Cry of the Wolf

!



I'm sitting here in the Cowgill Library trying to think of something for a topic in the President's Column. I could write about a controversial subject such as Don Davison's rescue programs, or I could play it safe and write about how well the Banquet went. Unfortunately, I find myself in the same position as Moose when he unwittingly agreed to be the guest speaker at the banquet. There is nothing in particular that I wish to talk about. This must not be a very good quarter for profoundly palavering upon important subjects of no particular interest to anyone. Sure there are plenty of problems to be discussed; some as petty as the rampant increase in the awarding and use of certain slanderous nick-names to various members, or as important as irresponsible designs on the use of the hard earned money generated through the Miller contest. We all know one another well enough to say what has to be said and anyone who wishes to speak his mind does not have much difficulty in finding a willing audience. There are a few words I have to say on one of the topics I was considering. This concerns what I term as the identity crisis this grotto seems to be going through. Should we be a crack cave rescue unit or simply exist in order to win the Miller contest every quarter. We most certainly still spend a good deal of time underground and occasionally someone even maps a cave. However, believe it or not, there is a large number of members out there who are actually interested in graduating from this hole and it seems that we have become more studious as a group. Naturally, this would take some time and interest away from the activities of the grotto, but I am sure that in comparison with other grottos or other student groups at V.P.I., we receive one hell of a lot more input and participation from our members than they do from theirs. I feel that what ever one wishes to do with this grotto, or for, then do it.

Keep on Cavin'

Wally (WOLF)

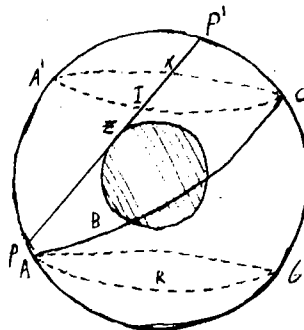
BITCH

Well, boyaboy, here we have the wonderful new Trog publication. In case you had not noticed, we did not have a Trog last quarter and are combining the two issues together with the simple expedient of putting two numbers on the front cover. The reason we did not have a Trog last quarter can be summed up in one simple little word: APATHY! There were no articles given to me last quarter and I simply gave up, exasperated. Every article given to me was published except for a trainee trip report that I did not think quite met with the high quality of this journal. In other words, it was a typical article.

Quite frankly, I am nonplussed as to how to run a business like this. I can either take anything and everything (which from the last two quarters results will not be that different) and just print it or I can try to limit the articles to semi-quality stuff. The choice should be the readers. I am willing to listen to any and all criticism and critiques as long as you are willing to work to make the Trog better. Until then, shut up. I will, though, listen to your attitudes as to what kind of a Trog you would like to see (and then I'll pump you for some help in that direction.) Basically, here are your choices: Either a high-class technical article like this--

This drawing indicates the strict set of the lay of an internal prussik knot. It should be enthusiastically apparent that the deferent ABC places constraints on the spiraling helical PZP' in such a manner as to cause slippage through the lower closure twist of ARG. If, though, the twist in $A'IC$ were to be rotated in the opposite direction at least $27\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, then the ARG slippage would be found as negligible to the third decimal.

In Conclusion, then, it should be realized that all non-sunk counter--rotated helicals will core out as is pictured by the darkened center.



Or a more typical (of most caving magazines) trip report type like so--

January 17th: Fred, Bill and I went caving to Dead Dog Drop. We went to the back of the cave and came out. Fred threw up coming out.

January 22nd: Charlie, George, Fred and I toured the back of Chicken House Hole. We picked up a dixie cup as part of the conservation. I could not find the last passage to the back. Fred Threw up coming out.

January 28th: Fred, Sam and I hiked the miner's trail...it was neat. We met four other groups out there. Fred threw up coming back.

January 34th: Sam, George, Charlie, Bill, Fred and I went into Crockashit Cave. Fred was sick the entire time. Fred could not get up the drop by himself. We threw Fred up on the way out.

Those, basically, are your choices. Either one will do for just any old Trog, but I don't want "just any old Trog"; I want something that people can read on the john and not get constipated over...it's got to be good! Let me know how you readers feel and I'll try to accommodate you. But you've got to be willing to work to get what you want.

For Marshall Earth Nolon Winer

Midst the roar of the wind and the howl of the dogs comes the lilting, soft, almost haunting refrain of times past and futures yet to come. To all you who are sitting reading this, stop and listen. Beneath the sound of the moon cutting across the sky, of the sun ripping through the clouds, you can hear it. Hear the melodic tones, the gentle life-throbbing rythm of

The Grotto Grapevine

How can one start to explain the tense drama of life that is ours at the heart of Southwest Virginia? Every issue of the Trog is a challenge to this author to effectively render a brief explanation of the deeds done, battles won, place in the sun--oh what fun! I shall attempt the impossible task of pouring out the lifeblood of verbal communications and let you readers drink from a more secure vessel than the ear provides. Hunh? you all ask. Well, Tuna to you, too.

But seriously, the club's actions are not easy to translate into words in any manner suitable for obtaining the drama and impact as if you were actually in the thick of the action. I shall make a noble endeavor.

As has become traditional in the Grotto Grapevine, the various and sundry deeds of cupid have been the initial situation setters. As usual, fair venus has again bestowed (or is it cursed?) us with the romance of the year. Mike Wolf has fallen from the drunken disgraces of his earlier fame and has settled down to the quiet romantic life of a pervert. The femme that he has curtailed (or vice-versa) is named Pam (known and loved by all as "Spam") Foiles. They first became involved at the first party of Winter Quarter at Bob Page's when they passed out in each others arms on top of a pad on top of Mike Richardson. It has been hot passion from there on. In a less serious manner, Tricia Vasile has also "Made the rounds" of romantic endeavor. Her involvement being with Chuck Shorten, Dennis Vaders, Ed Devine, Dave Bell, Mike Richardson, and me (though I can but worship her from afar). Quite an achievement (for her, that is.)

Cupid has also been busy cementing certain relationships. Kandy Wood and Kathy Cronau finally put the hammer down and got hooked last September. Jerry Redder and Jackie Fields are planning the bonding of bodies for April. Happy-go-lucky Bob Alderson and Laura White have also firmed up some commitments. No dates are known at this time.

In a similarly related field, Lynn and Jim Altman are expecting the arrival of a "bundle of joy" (ha) in a few short months. Mitten, Ed & Robin Loud's cat, is also expecting...repeatedly. Doug and Boots Yeatts got their little caver in late September. R.E. and Annie Whittemore picked up their own passage pusher in a different manner--they adopted.

As long as we are on the subject of passage pushers, etc., we may as well gaze into the magic mud glob and view the activities of A.I. Cartwright. He has brought in three more members since last this publication came out. These folks are Dennis Vaders, Carolyn Lewis and Susanne Sutherland (Short, but sweet). The numbers are up to 191 now. Bob Barlow, Guy Turenne, and Mike Conefrey have made the East River Mountain Task Force and as their main task have gated Beacon Cave. Don Davison and Bob Barlow have worked on rescue procedures with the club both with programs and with practice rescues. In a more sedate (non-caving) manner, the club has established a "Special Dispensation Request Committee" to try to get a Special Dispensation from the school to allow more freedom of action to our associate members.

As is to be expected, along with the dynamic, stimulating caving that the grotto does, there is also a pretty fair amount of good old down to earth Hell-raising...Caver style. Following Old Timer's (like the next weekend) we all went down to enjoy the comfort of Russ and Sandi Peterson's humble abode while we waited for Randy and Kathy to tie the bonds. It was a rather sedate party; no one was arrested and hardly anyone threw up. The wedding was a horrible thing to swelter through while drunk, but the food afterwards was worthwhile. Seeing Tuna and Mike Richardson in Monkey Suits as ushers was also a rare treat.

Then we rambled into October. Va.R. started us off. We co-hosted with the New River Valley Grotto and had a wonderful time of it. Bill Douty gave a tap-dancing demonstration, Don Davison gave a vertical demonstration, Annie gave a marvelous slide show demonstration, and Mucho Cerveza gave a drinking demonstration. All in all, great fun.

Later in October, we partied again. The V.P.I. Halloween party was held at Denton and Redder's house on Main Street. Numerous frightful features were displayed and several frightening visages were mercifully hidden. Alan Armstrong got the Booby-Prize for coming as himself with an ape mask on. Mike Wolf scared everyone by coming dressed as Lor Windle, dirty Heineken shirt and all. Things were very frightening until Barlow showed up in his guards uniform to keep the peace.

Everything was calm throughout November, but things again perked up the first weekend of December when nearly a dozen cavers armed to the teeth journeyed to Charlottesville and the First Annual V.P.I. Shoot-out. The weekend was spent with numerous gunfire and target practice. In a six hour period over 1500 rounds of .22's were fired. After the guns were put away, we partied.

On New Years, the cavers congregated in Richmond. Robyn Loud's father was convinced that a good hell-raising party would be good for him. It may never be known whether it was good or not (for him), but we loved it! The party raged for several days with people coming in and out. Very satiating.

Terror and anticipation filled our poor hungover heads as we complained about the pain and contemplated the next party six weeks away. Yes, for six long, hard weeks the grotto sobered up (relatively). Then came the month of February and on the fourteenth day, we held our banquet. The rest is history. (See the history of the banquet in following article appropriately entitled.)

Other news of note: The V.P.I. Cave Club soundly defeated all comers in the second Miller Pick-em-up contest, winning a color console television. We had won a fancy stereo from the first contest victory and sold it to Bill Douty for \$800! This money has now been set aside in a separate account (well, actually only \$500 of it) for use to buy rescue equipment that we consider decent.

For those interested in hearing about the coming and going on in the club roster, we have some words. You shall be pleased to know that old A.I. is keeping a firm grip on most of his brood. Steve Hall drifted back into our sphere of influence after getting lost around the world. Mike Frame and Ed Richardson came back to us also. Ed is trying to go back to school to get his degree. Mike has drifted off again. Jean and Bob Simonds, after getting married at the end of Spring Quarter last year fulfilled their dream and hiked the entire Appalachian Trail from Maine to Georgia. They got their gear ripped off by some dirty S.O.B.s while heading off the trail, but they are now back with us.

The only hold that the fates are loosening are on Thor Brecht, who has gone to Union Carbide in West Virginia, and Jerry Redder who, with luck, will graduate at the end of this quarter, get married, and go work with Alan Armstrong and Bill Douty in Princeton. God, what a combination.

A little more goobledgook to fill up this page is now forthcoming. Jim Denton, Ed Devine and Chuck Shorten went to the Grand Canyon over Christmas. They all had a wonderful time except that Ed Devine's space blanket didn't work and Jim Denton got sick from watching Ed pick the scabs off of his ass from doing one hell of a body rappell in Valhalla (See Banquet Article). Ed Loud is waging a constant war with his car to see if he can scrape up enough money before he has to scrape up his car. His escapades are numberless. Just recently, he put in \$300 dollars to make his car all nice again, but found out that that wasn't anywhere near enough. His front axle is still hanging on by just one pin. A new comer to the game of car-smearing, Lor Windle made a pitiful attempt going to Old Timer's when his car swallowed a valve. Jerry Redder had to come save him. At New Years, Lor tried again. He zipped into the driveway of the party-place, pulled onto the grass and hit Bill Stringfellow's car (the Mean Dick Sucker). The interesting feature was that he hit the only other car in the field! That little adventure cost damn near 400 green stamps. Jesus!

Lor Windle

Death Hangs on a Wire

You have probably never heard of Montrose Cave. It has an indistinguished entrance; a small 1 x 3 foot slit in the earth dropping 10 feet vertically, beneath the forested hillside. As we stand in the darkness, a plume of fog is rising from the small entrance sink to mingle with the blowing snow. A faint sound carresses the stillness, becoming louder as dim light flashes intermittently from the entrance. Suddenly, a small mud-covered knapsack hurtles from the cave. It lands at the edge of the sinkhole, and threatening to continue downhill, pauses, and begins to roll hesitantly back towards the slit, stopping near the edge.

A feeble light emerges from the hole, as a caver climbs out and laboriously crawls out of the sink across the wet snow-covered leaves. He reaches for the pack with his right hand, but stops and retrieves the pack with his left, puts it on his back, and stands erect in the night to check his bearings. He wears a mud coated hard hat with a carbide lamp, its flame feebly straining against the darkness and flickering dangerously in the wind. His right hand is ungloved. His coveralls are water-soaked and covered with sticky mud.

He walks rapidly downhill towards the road, as his feet plunge through the snow into the soggy leaves and mud, reminiscent of the past two days rain. Pausing beside a tree with light colored bark, perhaps a beech, he beats his lamp furiously against the trunk. As he places the lamp to mark the tree, we can see his face, but faintly. It is young, but creased with worry and fatigue. There is a sense of urgency in his movements as he descends further only to pause, look back uphill, and repeat the marking. He continues in his intermittent haste until he steps into the 4 strand barbed wire fence which is halfway down the hill, on the journey to the road. As he forces the strands down and straddles the wire, he momentarily faces the wind. A strong gust mercilessly snuffs the flame from his lamp. He struggles out of his pack and fumbles for his emergency flashlight, shivering as the cold penetrates deep into his back. Suddenly a shaft of light cowers before the darkness, but persists.

He hurries downhill, crossing a steep field, as the snow is blown horizontally in increasing gusts. The legs of his coveralls have begun to freeze as his heel hits one of the slabs of limestone, littering the field beneath the snow. His left leg collapses beneath him and he slides to the bottom of the icy rock. He slowly stands; then continues downward, reaching the barbed wire fence above the 10 foot high nearly vertical road bank. He works his way uphill along the fence but cannot find an easy crossing. With extreme care, he starts to climb a fence post, favoring his right arm. The light is between his teeth. His frozen sleeves and collar crackle as he climbs to momentarily balance on the top strand. Leaping for the road, he hits the bank and attempts to run off it -- only to sprawl on the snow covered pavement. He lifts his legs into the air, slowly rolls to his feet and recovers his flashlight. He looks at the bank he has descended and digs into the snow to expose the earth beneath.

He wearily stumbles up the road as thoughts of those still underground fill his head. He now and then trots in small steps on the slippery uphill surface. His ears and hands are freezing and his lungs are wind burned. Tears flow from his eyes and mucus clogs his nose and throat; yet he struggles onward. He tries to run in the ditch for better traction -- only to break through the ice and plunge into the freezing mud and water. He begins to shiver uncontrollably.

After a time, he hears a dog barking and finds his way to a farmyard gate. He crosses the yard and pushes through another gate, as the dog snaps from the porch of the farmhouse. The caver struggles up the steps to the porch. His coveralls are frozen solid, as he weakly pounds on the door in frantic senselessness. The porch light comes on.

In the light, we can see that the caver's right hand is white and blood streaked. His helmet is crushed on the right side. His nose is running and his eyes are wide in a frightened stare. The farmer slowly opens the door with a shotgun in his hand. Yes they have a phone. Injuries in a cave? Rescue? Come in, come in! As the caver stumbles into the warm room, the farmer's wife enters and pauses in amazement. She hurries to put wood on the recently roaring fire. The caver's pack and helmet are removed. A large discolored swelling is revealed on the caver's head. His coveralls are stripped off, as he strains to recall a number to call for rescue. The farmer dials the long distance number as the caver is stripped to the waist and a blood soaked handkerchief tied around his right forearm is revealed. The caver moves towards the fire. As the farmer gets an answer, his wife removes the handkerchief and the caver collapses, unconscious.

YOU are at the opposite end of the line! If Montrose Cave were in your area, how would you develop a rescue effort with such minimal information? What would you ask the farmer? Equipment? Communications? Weather? Personnel? If you seriously consider this situation with your group, you will, after much thought, have to construct a rescue tree. If done properly, the plan could save a real life. Don't Assume Anything!

Don Davison jr.

THE HARD-COATED GIBBS ASCENDER CAM JAW - A QUESTION

A year or two ago, Gibbs added another chapter to the Gibbs Ascender story by introducing the optional hard-coated cam jaw. This innovation had been requested by several cavers in an effort to stave off what they considered to be excessive jaw wear in the floating knee assemblies of their personal cam rigs. I have not had the hard-coated jaw in the field for more than several thousand feet, but already specialized problems have arisen, in cave.

A new hard-coated cam jaw, in a Davison System knee assembly with floating shell, slipped over 90% of the time in a nearly continuous manner, under one body weight, on marine lay Goldline. It also slipped with regularity on clean well-used mountain lay Goldline, a short time later. No problems have occurred on Bluewater II, even when climbing with a 170 pound man attached to my harness (simulated rescue victim); no problems with slipping anyway. On Bluewater II, the hard-coated cam doesn't want to break loose -- many times a relatively large amount of force is required to purchase its release, at times exceeding the force supplied by $\frac{1}{4}$ " shock cord at full stretch. Recently, after wear had modified the 3rd, 4th, and 5th teeth, a continuous high speed 125' run was completed on used slightly muddy Goldline with no slips.

I have never had a non-coated Gibbs Ascender cam jaw slip on any 7/16" rope under any conditions (except after the 7th tooth had been worn), and would appreciate hearing from anyone having slippage problems. Goldline, because of its expense and laid construction, may be on the decline as a caving rope in some areas, but those using hard-coated Gibbs should be aware of the problem and help define it. It is possible that the hard-coated jaw works well after some of the coating is abraded off. Ascending devices should have no properties which cause slippage on any caving rope under any naturally occurring cave or entrance conditions.

D²

Banquet Report



Once again a year has rolled around since the last V.P.I. Grotto Banquet. By an amazing amount of luck, the grotto has neither collapsed nor become really disinterested in partying. So by general consent of all concerned, the V.P.I. banquet was held on Valentine's Day, February 14th. It was decent.

To start off, the parties for Friday night ranged throughout De Raper's Ghetto: C-3, K-1, L-1 all presented happy, smiling faces of drunken bliss to the hostile outside world. Poker playing and talking at Ed Louds, and dancing at Denton & Redders proved to be secondary to the main singing (screeching) going on in Jean & Bob Simond's place. Davison, Byrd, Conefrey, and others participated in the fiasco of musical accompaniment.

The next morning people struggled awake. Jim Bearden and Carol Godla led the assault to fix up the Blacksburg Presbyterian Church where the banquet was to be held. Lor Windle and others assembled the musical gear for the party. Bill Stringfellow searched for mixers. All of a sudden...6:00 o'clock! The church was overwhelmed with reasonably clean looking cavers. (Lord Be Praised) Everyone sat around and overran the buffet tables at the appointed time. Shrimp, Ham, and Beef vied with Salad and Potatoes (yummy with sour cream) for the palate's attention. An hour passed and gullet's were gored with forks of food. Finally, the program began.

Jim "Moose" Dawson stood before the podium and proceeded to awe the listeners by numerous anecdotes that failed to allow anyone to fall asleep as usually happens. It was quick, but to the point; or lack of point; or whatever--it was good clean banquet fun. It was followed by the clean, good taste, etc., of the awards.

Jerry Redder and Lor Windle emceed the Awards. Gary Moss was renamed the Yo-Yo for his comeback from Armchair Caver last year to an APB (Alabama Pit Bouncer) this year. He was given a huge yo-yo with 20 ft. of Goldline. Ed Devine was christened Moose of Valhalla for a burning body rappell of Valhalla. He was given an appropriate helmet so that he could take his place with the gods. The Brainbucket award was given to Susanne Sutherland for trucking down a passage where there wasn't one; just a 15 ft. fall. She scraped up what little body she has. And the Armchair Caver went to Mike Frieders for his continuing efforts at directing traffic. He was given a magic erasing sheet to keep his amendments on.

Our illustrious president, Mike Wolf earned the coveted Sex award for his lightning assessment of the situation with Spam Foiles. He was given "The Pill" and a book on sex with pictures from a sears catalog. As a counterpoint, Don Anderson was given Hearthrob-of-the-year in the form of a valentine with interchangeable names, lines, and signatures. As a derivative of the Safe Driver award, Ed Loud was given a bumper sticker reading: "Caution--Insane Driver" for his ever present efforts to destroy his car(s). Russ Peterson was given a party hat and a stack of regret notices for his Party/Party pooper award. His wife picked them up for him...he wasn't there. George Hixson regained a missing hardhat with the names of all of the Hixson "boys" on it for his continued efforts. Doug Thompson earned some used valves for his Toyota as the most recent of the boys.

Then came the serious awards (as if anything at banquet could truly be labeled as serious. Ed Loud was given a giant Miller Beer can and a miller banner for his never flagging (yet) duty to the club as Miller Chairman, leading us to two great victories over the frats in the recent Miller Contests (See elsewhere this issue). The annual Flame-out of the year went to Doug Perkins this year for being Flamed-out of his apartment in Roanoke when the entire structure burnt to the ground. Doug was given a fire extinguisher and a special credit card good for numerous items that were donated to the Perkini Relief Fund. Items included Cans, a lamp, packs, etc. Rolf McQueary was awarded the Dedicated Caver of the year for his continued insanity in driving down from the D.C. area and mapping, exploring, and such with the riff-raff of our ilke. For his incredible perseverance in the face of blind persnickety-ness, he was given a notebook, pencils, compass, protractor, ruler, and a pocket adding machine to keep track of his mapping and his total footage mapped. This wonderful award was followed up by the ever popular Guano Clusters (Oh, Bat Shit, you say). This year they were given out to: Jean and Bob Simonds for their gallant hike of the entire Appalachian Trail; Bob Barlow, Mike Conefrey, and Guy Turenne for their efforts with the formation and consequent action of the East River Mountain Task Force and the gating of Beacon Cave; and last but not least to Buddy Penley for his status not only as land-owner but as hell-raiser for letting us run amuck on his fields for Picnic last year. The final award went to Don Davison for being...Don Davison. By a petition of the officers of the club, he was awarded the A.I. Cartwright Honorarium for his continued work in the field of vertical caving, rescue work, regular caving, and other fun things. With this conclusion, the banquet was ended. Everyone applauded the fantastic work of the awards committee and headed off to party.

Party. A lovely word isn't it? It can stand for so much activity and so much time. In the case of the banquet party, it stood for 12 hours as the very basis of decadence and wild brouhaha. The party was held in the V.F.W. hall, post # 766 in Radford. Two huge rooms accomodated the wild throngs that converged there. The stereo was in the basement to limit the noise. The Third Tape created by Doug Perkins, Danny Wright and Lor Windle was a success (at least three times through) and everyone danced madly. Bill Stringfellow attended in the guise of a bartender and handled the bar very well. The usual stuff occurred. Everyone was wiped out by numerous falls and glasses (or cans) of beverages. At one point, the bar held 27 different bottles of hard liquor, not including the beers, wines, & Vicks Formula 44's that people had brought.

Thor Brecht and Lor Windle made a desperate run to Blacksburg at 2:30 in the morning to acquire emergency supplies in the mode of 5 8-packs of coke and 8 quarts of ginger ale. A gallant effort and Hurrah! Around 6:00 o'clock the party started to die. People slowly stirred and started cleaning the place up. By 9:30 everyone was leaving. Another year of memories and deeds had passed away. In it's place was found nothing but heartache (headache) and that empty feeling at the pit of the stomach. Some people have yet to recover from the tribulation that banquet laid before them. The author has, at best, learned to live with his *Stärke zunehmende aus das geschickes.*

Lor Windle

Note:

Large paper clips can supply the necessary rigidity to immobilize an injured finger. Such splinting may be desirable in the case of fracture, dislocation, severe laceration, or the presence of a deeply imbedded foreign object. Three large paper clips are insignificantly small and easily carried, but their value will loom large when their special properties are required.

D²

Boo-Boo's I Have Known

Corrections to "Hauling, Part 1"

From "The Tech Troglodyte", Vol. XIII, #3



Equations 14 and 15 are inconsistent and should be replaced with the following:

$$AE = \left(\frac{1}{0.5 + U} \right)^P \quad (14 \text{ substitute})$$

which describes the behavior of the piggy back family of pulley systems. Where AE = actual efficiency, U = coefficient of kinetic friction, and P = the number of pulleys involved. Using equation 14 substitute, and the values of U given in the article, Table 1 will exhibit changes in columns 5 and 7, and read as follows:

No. of Pulleys	IE		AE, REI Rescue Pulley (U=0.11)		AE, Double Al Biners (U=0.33)	
	B+T (P+1)	PB (2P)	B+T	PB	B+T	PB
1	2	2	1.64	1.64	1.20	1.20
2	3	4	1.81	2.68	1.00	1.45
3	4	8	2.13	4.35	1.10	1.75
4	5	16	2.38	7.22	1.16	2.11

Table 1. Efficiency characteristics of pulley systems with biners and pulleys.

The advantage of using piggy back (PB) systems is shown most dramatically. Note that block and tackle (B+T) pulley systems using carabiners are self defeating when IE (ideal efficiency) is greater than two.

Thanks to Kirk MacGregor of Ontario, Canada for pointing out the discrepancy between equations 14 and 15.

Don Davison
jr.

About the Author:

William Donald Davison Jr. was born June 28, 1947. He grew up strong and healthy in New Jersey. He lept tall doghouses in a single bound and was as fast as his toy locomotive. He was recently overweight and plays jacks with both hands. "It's just like belaying", he exclaimed.

The Ice Capades

(Blacksburg, Jan. 24) Last Friday night/Saturday morning the sensational new Pandapolis Penguins took on and defeated the 460 Seals and the Brush Mountain Blizzards in an incredible double header display on home ice.

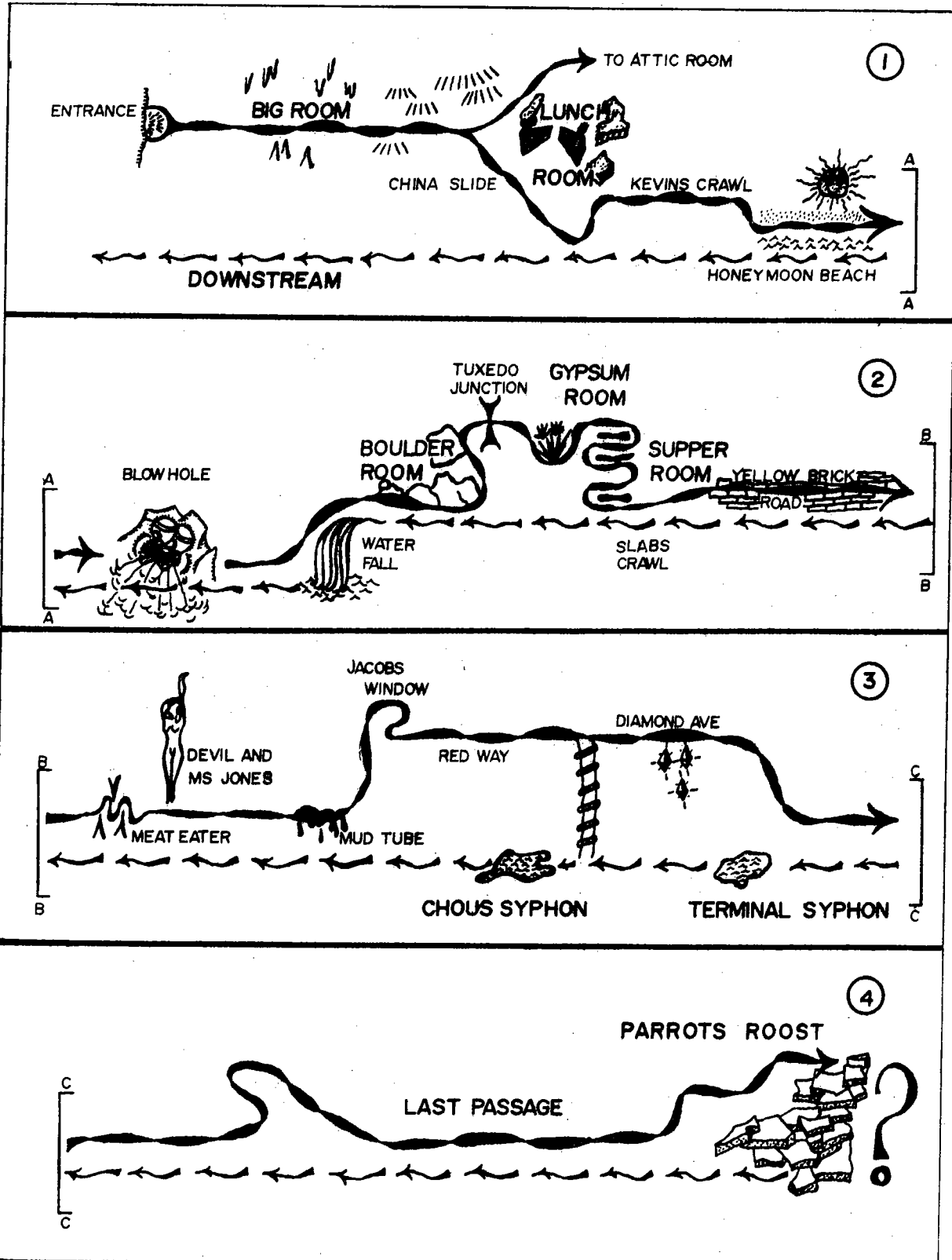
Starting at 9:00 p.m. on Friday, the Pandapolis Penguins began their remarkable journey by roaring over the 460 Seals with a dazzling display of control and skill. Following this they went up and over the Brush Mountain Blizzards as they shot over the hump and virtually coasted down to an easy victory. The Pandapolis Penguins, now 2-0-0, are expected to face a rough line up in the future as they take on the Newport Narwhales and the Pearisburg Polar Bears in a second back-to-back match-up. Hopefully, there awaits the highly contested E.L.M.T. Bowl against the undefeated Sinking Creek Snow Flurries. The Penguins will face a rough fight if all their matches prove as devastating as the doubleheader on Friday was. Nearly the whole team was bed-ridden the following day with injuries ranging from pulled muscles to hangovers. The second match, which lasted until 2:00 a.m. on Saturday morning, proved to be the clincher as Rick Cooper, star forward, and Chuck Shorten, star backward, met with watery fates. Ed Loud, star goalie and drunkard, was heard to exclaim numerous times: "Whoops (thud)".

The Penguins would have faired worse in the fray had they not been bolstered by the appearance of the Southern Conference's Don Davison, star of the Church Hill Chapped Lips expansion team. With him was his training manager and masseuse, Cheryl Jones, who gave vocal support and occasional physical aid. Also in attendance was the Penguins temporary club mascot, Jackson Douty, donated for use by official bench warmer Bill Douty of the Western Conference's Princeton Popsicles. The mascot was sent in when official mascot "Tuna" left the field early.

Head Coach Don Anderson of the Radford Arsenal Icebergs made a token appearance with two of his young proteges. Several times he was heard to utter words of encouragement as the action became fierce. Right-wing pincer specialist, Doug Perkins, was interviewed after the first quarter and said "They (the opponents) just don't play fair. They use over-length sticks, skate like they wore tire chains, and beat the puck out of the puck like it was an empty beer can." Teammate Jim Denton added: "Belch."

Missing from the Penguin line-up was such name stars as Cornhole Carter, Strangefellow, and Armstrong (called "Armpit" by his friends and "Boy" by everyone else). Late third quarter substitutes included Tinkerbelle and "Prez" Wolfie. "All in all," one of the Penguins croaked as they slide from the ice, "This was almost as good as kickin' hippies asses!"

Lor Windle



Drawn by Rolf McQueary

Into The Back



This article is a summary of some of the things that never were told during trip reports. There are hundreds of stories and thousands of details that could be told about what has happened on the numerous trips into the back of New River.

To fully understand these trips you have to realize that Dale Parrott has been working persistently on his senior year caving project, namely the mapping of New River Cave, ever since August of 1971.

We usually meet Dale at the Friday party. He is usually so excited that he is constantly doing a little dance like a kid that has to pee but can't get his mother to give him permission. Sometimes he'll bring a map; an old map made in the 50's, held together with bits of tape.

In the cave, Dale shows his conditioning to the cave environment. Usually carrying his lamp in one hand and announcing that he is favoring one limb because he hurt it in some outer world activity, he flies into the cave without so much as leaving a trail of dust. Dale's tradition for every trip is to bang one of his knees badly enough to bring forth five minutes of cussing. Cussing makes him forget; that and the sight of virgin passage.

These trips to New River have stayed interesting due to the many incidences that occur. A string leading into the cave is always a great source of amusement. We would burn them behind us, but we never found anyone unrolling one. We would always run into groups of tourists:

Tourist: How you all Doing?

Dale: Pretty Good. Where are you headed?

Tourist: We heard there was a waterfall here. Know how to get to it?

Dale: No. We've never been here before. We followed the string in.

Once, at the blowhole, we ran into a group who didn't know where to go. The mapping crew wanted to get around the slower tourist group:

Tourist: Do you know where the passage goes from here?

Mapper: No. Have you looked up there?

Tourist: Roger's up there. Hey, Roger?

Roger: No, man. It's too tight.

Mapper: How about this hole?

Tourist: I Don't know if it can be climbed.

Mapper: I'll see...Hey, Dale, it goes here; come on, let's go.

At which point the mappers plunged through, leaving the tourists wondering what to do next. There was a group in the boulder room looking for another exit. They had gotten a supplement to Caves of Virginia (please let me know if one does exist) describing a new section in New River:

Tourist: How long did it take you to get back here?

Dale: About forty minutes.

Tourist: Wow, you must have come in a different way than we did!

Another time in the boulder room we were confronted with little flashing electric lights marking passages. We ran into the people responsible for the flashers past Tuxedo Junction. They had spent the night there and had homemade light sources and dozens of electric "Crickets". The crickets were self-contained flashers equipped with batteries for three days. We talked with them while some members of their team showed Dale some passages. We were presented with a couple of crickets from their many spares. Later that trip I got ahead of Dale and put a cricket at an intersection. Presently, we had Dale believing the gadgeteers were ahead of us. He was confused at best.

Different people on the trips made them more interesting. Bob Page and Bob Simonds would get together and quack like Donald Duck for hours. They would have actual conversations, if you can imagine what two ducks talk about. Some people, though, get caught in their clowning. Doug Yeatts was doing a climb without his helmet strap on, shaking his head and laughing about a certain handhold he could not find. As a result, his hard hat and lamp wound up in the lower stream level, seventy feet below!

The agonies of New River begin at Tuxedo Junction and continue on in. We got into the habit of counting notable pains-in-the-ass as we went through. The snug hole at Tuxedo Junction, the narrow crawls past, the low crawls out of the Gypsum Room, the crawl out of the Supper Room, and the Meat Eater at the end of the Yellow Brick Road are all on our list. They aren't that horrible themselves, but going from one to another for hours on end and facing them repeatedly over six or seven trips makes one much too familiar with them. Passing through them after fifteen hours of caving stretches the use of imaginative explicatives.

Even some of the new discoveries have proven to be agonies, especially when mud is involved. Once we found what we call the Mud Tube. Ed Devine found it, reported it, and let Simonds, Dale, and I map it. Ed was smart. The Mud Tube is a passage about eighteen inches high. It looks like twelve inches, but there is a half foot of mud. We crawled and mapped through the passage until we came to a room where we could stand up; ankle deep in mud. Bob and I were in first, coated with mud head to foot. We soon became aware that the situation was going to our heads. Coherent thought left us and we broke down laughing. We emerged about an hour later, completely covered with mud.

Then there was the fifty-foot chimney I checked out. A perfect chimney down a fissure about two feet wide. Perfect except that one wall was covered with two inches thick mud. Miserable stuff (the mud).

Mapping small stream passage is also interesting. I'm lead tape, Calhoun is brunton, and Dale is outside taking notes. I try to set stations straddling the stream in passage so low that my back is on the ceiling. It goes around a corner and Calhoun has to crawl in. Checking it out requires crawling across the ceiling to turn the corner. I cannot tell by looking. Tom is smaller than me so he should be able to check it out, but he is behind me. A few strategically placed stones, rolling over on to a narrow bank and Tom's past. He puts stones in the stream to lean on and hangs by his armpit on his ledge. He gets three feet further up and decides to quit. Of course we have to back up, scrunch over to turn around and crawl out.

The worst agony of all was knowing that every side passage needed mapping and was holding up the progress to the back. Vertical mazes are the norm. Passages are stacked on top of each other requiring climbing and mapping until the absolute ceiling is found. This ceiling may be as much as one-hundred-fifty-feet above the stream with as many as three passages in between.

Dale is always a meticulous mapper. Everything is checked and pushed and many small leads are mapped. Progress is measured station by station as we penetrate into the back. An average of fifty stations set or seven-hundred feet of passage mapped is the norm per trip. In Spring, 1974, Tom Calhoun, Dale, and I mapped over a quarter of a mile. It was the best crew ever assembled. All of us were intent on getting into the back. We didn't turn around until we felt we had accomplished something.

To break out of a time consuming maze into running passage is the dream that pulled us on. The desire to get on in is a strong motivation. Everytime we got into the straight and narrow we would celebrate. That is until the passage broke again and left the main track. A trip Yeatts and Cheryl were on was such. We spent the entire trip mapping a multilevel section. It took hours. The lower section had been previously mapped and we knew that the passage opened into a straight solution passage. Before we could go on, though, we had to map the old upper section. After working steadily, we finished. Dale and I went ahead to check it out. I hate to say that Dale got excited, but he left me tagging along behind. We went ahead and found the Chous Siphon and the ladder climb. We began to feel that the end was near. We should have known better. That was over five trips (100+ hours) ago.

Discovery is its own reward. Every now and then New River gives up one of its secrets to us. The cave past Tuxedo Junction was new to all of us when we first went there. One passage, just passed the Meat Eater, could be travelled in two directions. While coming around it, I was startled by the sight of a devil's head and a naked lady sculpted on the wall with bright red clay. It is now a landmark passed on every trip into the back. We once found a hole out of the top of the Gypsum Room. It led to a passage completely clear of prints. We found about four-hundred feet of passage there.

When we reached the Terminal Siphon we felt that it couldn't end like that. Somehow, somewhere, it had to go on. Soon after, a five man trip was arranged, three for mapping and two to bolt up to the top of a dead waterfall. Dale, Skip Whitehurst and myself mapped a few leads. One lead seemed not to go anywhere, but needed mapping. We spent five hours in that lead and passed the Terminal Siphon by about three-hundred feet! We did a climb, a crawl, through some mud and around a corner into sewer passage. Wide, straight, tall, and further than you could see. I ran down about four-hundred feet to make sure it was real.

Dale: What does it do?

Me: Goes about twenty-five-feet and ends.

Dale: God, you were gone a long time. Which way does it go?

Further up we found a profusely decorated passage about three-hundred-feet in length. Most of the formations were pure white. The calcite pools covered the floor like ice. The flowstone created terraces along the walls. All of it was untouched, wet, and living. Fortunately, we found chimneys and crawls to get us around it. We terminated the trip without relocating the stream.

The next trip in, Ed Devine found a climb down to the stream and more virgin passage. We spread out for an hour to find the best way to map the section. Four hundred feet brought us to the end of the passage. Just as we mapped up to the end, I spotted a crawl I had missed before. That crawl led to the stream again and more virgin passage. The stream cut back twice, making an S-turn. We got the feeling that the cave would go on forever. That trip we turned back with no end in sight. The cave continued as walking passage with the stream in the bottom.

Actually, the cave ends after five-hundred-feet of stream passage. The "Last Passage" is a straight shot four-feet wide and fifty-feet high. The stream disappears under a pile of breakdown in a room extending one-hundred-thirty-feet above the stream. The cave seems to terminate there, at the Parrots Roost.

We have reached a limit, but have left several leads to be checked and mapped. The last trip was a long one. After leaving the terminal station, we mapped a few side leads and headed out. Everybody was falling asleep at the periodic rest stops. At the Meat Eater, in the Supper Room, the Gypsum Room, the Boulder Room, and on Honeymoon Beach we had to nudge each other to initiate movement. The more we'd sit, the colder we got. We didn't run out from the Lunch Room as we usually do, simply because we couldn't do it. Getting out of the cave that Sunday into the cold and windy weather was a fine thing. I was glad to get back to the world.

Bob Alderson

DINING HALL
5 Feb., 1976

Spam: Who's going to Buckwheat's belaying session tomorrow?

Trish: I am.

Dave: Won't Michael get jealous?

Wolf: Ed could beat up Michael.

Trish: I could beat up Michael!

Plastic Garbage Bags II...The Dri-Suit

When descending or ascending within waterfalls, especially during winter or in colder areas, care must be taken to avoid hypothermia. The Dri-Suit is one inexpensive and reusable answer to this question of survival.

Construction of a Dri-Suit requires 2 "Glad" brand plastic "Lawn Clean-Up Bags" (2 ft. 9 in. x 3 ft. 8 in.), a pair of sharp scissors, and a roll of plastic electrician's tape. One of the plastic bags should be cut along the seams, so that two pieces of flat plastic are produced (these will be used to fashion sleeves).

The uncut plastic bag is placed over the torso with the head in one of the bottom corners; the other corner should be behind the back. A helmet and chin strap are positioned on the head and a small breathing hole is promptly opened. A smooth edged full face opening is then cut using the scissors. Next, the bag is squeezed in around the neck and an arm hole is made. The bag is then removed and the arm hole is trimmed into a smooth oval. A second symmetrically disposed oval is cut in the opposite side of the bag, using the scissors. At this point, the torso of the suit is completed and the addition of the sleeves is all that remains.

The torso bag is turned inside out and the middle of the short side of a piece of flat plastic is attached to the torso bag, 1 to 2 inches above the top of one arm hole, using electrician's tape. The remainder of the edge of the plastic sheet is then carefully attached around the arm hole at a distance of 1 to 2 inches. Work from the top of the arm hole down each side to the bottom of the arm hole. An excess of material will be left at the bottom of the arm hole. This is trimmed down the length of the sleeve and the seam of the sleeve is produced by simply overlapping the two sides and taping them together. Do not trim the sleeve to length. After the other sleeve is produced in an identical manner, the suit is turned right side out and the sleeves are passed through the arm holes.

The Dri-Suit is worn beneath a long sleeved shirt and will tuck well into your pants. Be sure to slide the suit sleeves up when putting on the shirt -- this will gather some plastic in the shoulder area and allow complete unrestricted freedom of movement. After you have put the shirt on, the sleeves may be trimmed to length. Also, be certain that sufficient plastic is above the waist to allow free movement in bending and twisting the torso.

The Dri-Suit may be worn during all activities: crawling, climbing, etc. Since the face hole is rather large (a result of material gathered when the chin strap was positioned), the hood portion of the outfit may be tucked into the collar to produce a cooler configuration (using the face hole as a neck hole). The hood is generally used only during actual waterfall descents, ascents, or traverses. One must realize that the plastic does not breathe and conduct himself accordingly. Also, rubber bands may be placed around the wrists to exclude water which might enter when the arm is raised. The Dri-Suit may be rolled into a small volume and carried in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an NSS carbide dump bag for protection.



The Wet Look

Don
Davison
jr.



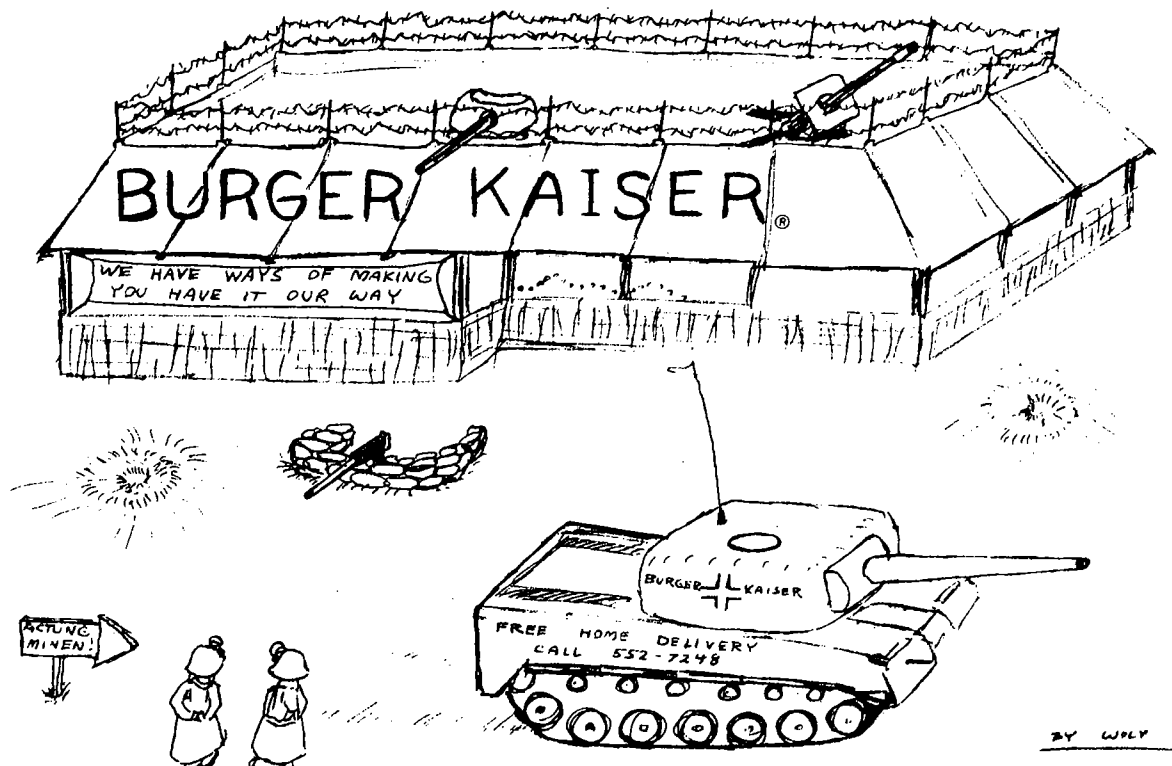
The Dry Look

False Security and the Gibbs Ascender

The red avalanche cord, which connects the cam shell to the cam jaw of the GIBBS ascender, is pretty but does not fulfill its intended purpose -- to maintain the components of the GIBBS as a complete unit by keeping the shell from being accidentally separated from the cam jaw. On 10/18/75, the attachments of the cord to the shell and cam jaw of six (6) GIBBS were tested. The six ascenders were unused and equipped with quick release pins. The tests were conducted by moving the shell and cam jaw in opposite directions, with the intervening avalanche cord being the only connection between the two parts. In every case, the connection between the shell and cam jaw failed when a force of less than twelve (12) pounds tension was applied. On three (3) of the ascenders, the attachment of the cord to the shell failed, while on the other three GIBBS, the connection of the cord to the cam jaw was the cause of failure. After each failure, the attachment point at the other end of the cord was tested. During this second set of tests, 5 failures occurred at less than 12 pounds while a single cam jaw attachment failed at 40 pounds.

An alternative to the presently provided cord is desirable if the chance of the accidental loss of a shell is to be minimized. In the Davison System, the difficulty is overcome by using 700 pound test braided nylon cord. The cord is tied to the eye of the cam jaw using a water knot or ring bend. The other end of the cord is passed from the inside to the outside of the shell through one of the upper holes. An overhand knot tied on the outside of the shell completes the connection. Since the cord connection is relied upon to support body weight in certain configurations, the cord should maintain its integral connections when a force of four hundred (400) pounds is applied as in the test mentioned above.

Don Davison jr.



I see that Doug Perkins has gone into the restaurant business in a big way.