

THE TECH TROGLODYTE



SPRING 2011

The *Tech Troglodyte* is published each semester (assuming that people bother to submit articles, which they often don't) by the VPI Cave Club, a student grotto of the NSS. All submissions, subscriptions, inquiries, donations, and comments should be sent to: Trog Editor, VPI Cave Club, P.O. Box 558, Blacksburg, VA 24060-0558.



Pictures courtesy of :

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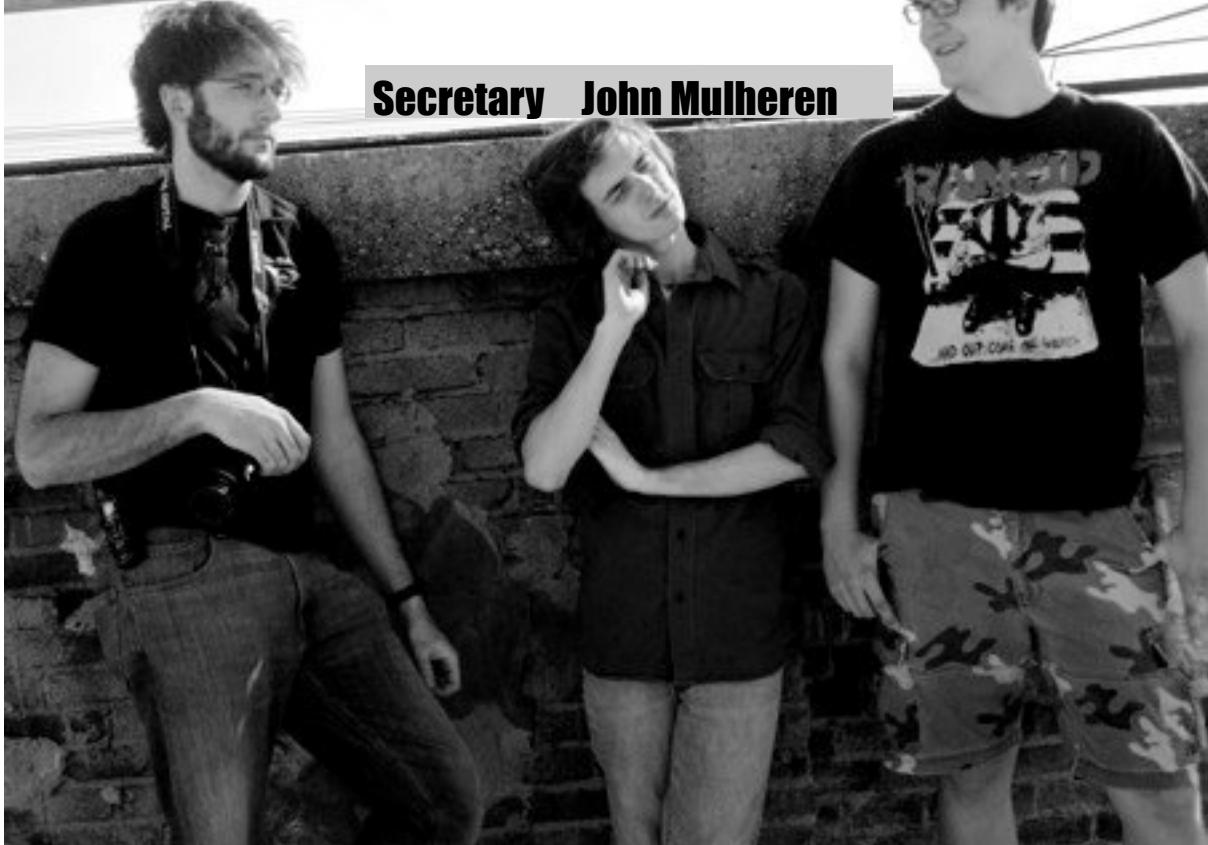
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THE TECH TROGLODYTE

A Journal of the Virginia Tech Grotto of the National Speleological

Fall 2010-Spring 2011
Officers

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President John Bowling

**Editors Lauren Waddell
Deborah Barnes**

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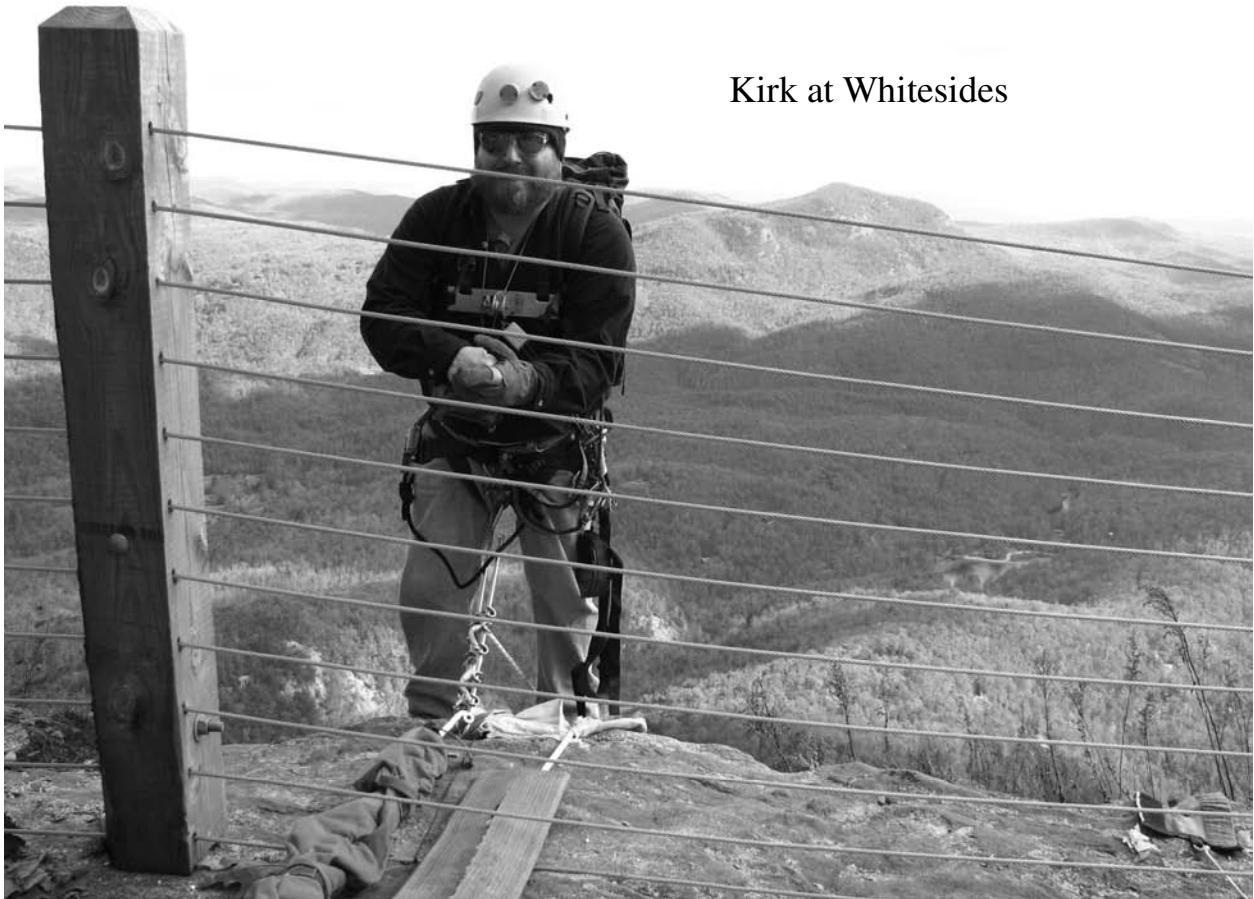
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Kirk at Whitesides



LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

John “Johncat” Bowling
Happy when drunk



We enjoyed an awesome Halloween party again this year after having an impressive turnout at the road clean-up. I want to extend thanks to everyone who came out to the road clean-up and those who helped make Halloween a success, especially Julie Booker, who seems to be organizing most everything this year again. Also thanks to Lauren Waddell and Deborah Barnes, the Trog co-editors. The club wouldn’t be as much fun without the efforts of dedicated people like you.

Fellow VPI Cavers,

Our strong efforts for recruitment at the beginning of this academic year were rewarded with a large influx of new cavers. Despite the decline in new members during WNS, we managed to take out four trips on the first weekend and many new members are still present. I want to thank everyone who has led a trainee trip this year. You’ve contributed to the longevity of the club. We ought to have a number of people coming up for membership in the following semesters, and I’d like to thank in advance all those who help run vertical trips and all parts of the tests for membership. It’s you guys who make the caving happen and get people interested in exploring the underground.

Cave softly,
John Bowling,
President 2010-2011

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Hey Cavers!

So yet again we have another quite substantial sized Trog. Awesome. It's cool to see that this year's has turned out quite differently from last year's. This year we have different sections such as a section for interviews with members of the cave club. We also have a puzzle section thanks to John George. I'm a little sad to see that we don't have the Caver Horror Story section this year but I'm still glad to see all the variety we've got. I'm hoping that in upcoming years people will continue to submit a variety of articles and will be able to look at these old Trogs as



a guide when they are having trouble coming up with ideas. Unfortunately I'll probably be in grad school come fall semester but I'm glad to leave the Trog in capable hands. Deborah has done a great job encouraging people to submit articles and helping them with ideas and I'm glad to have her as my co-editor. I'm hoping the cave club can continue to keep producing awesome Trogs.

Thanks for all your work!

Lauren Waddell and Deborah Barnes

INTRO

LAUREN WADDELL

Hello and welcome to the Cave Club!

The Cave Club has always had awesome and quirky people and continues to uphold that tradition. This year the Trog is proud to introduce them to you from the new to the old and to look into how these members got into caving and what some of their favorite things about caving are.

We are all glad to have them in our community and hope we can continue to encourage such awesome people to join. We like to think of the Cave Club as a tight knit community where people can feel free to be themselves as weird as they are . It's because of this that so many lifetime bonds have been and continue to be formed.

Here's to the people of the Cave Club!

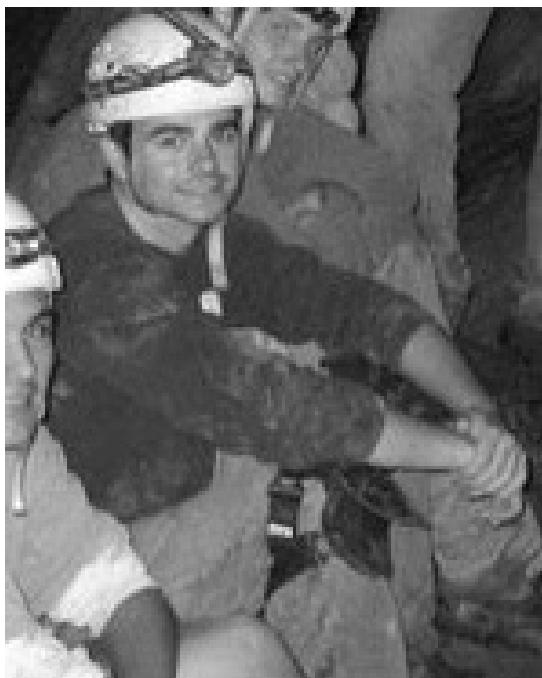


NEW TRAINEE INTERVIEWS!

SAMANTHA FEDE

Joe Calderone

Senior, Chemistry/Biochemistry



Most memorable cave trip:

“Clover Hollow. If you were there, then you’d know.”
[17 hrs, heel hang]

Favorite middle of the night Friday snack:

“I am a big late night Taco Bell fan.”

If Joe were a cave creature, he’d be:

“Salamander. I just think [they’re] pretty cool animals.
Maybe I was a salamander in a past life.”

Thing most mentioned in interview, other than caving:
Kayaking!

John George

Freshman, Environmental Science



Favorite piece of cave gear:
“My homemade cave suit.”

If John were a cave creature, he'd be:
“WNS resistant bat.”

Best cave club event so far:
“TAG because of all the cave gear companies.”

Favorite bottom of the cave snack:
“Sandwich.”

Courtney Trost

Freshman, BIT

**Biggest caving bother:**

“I hate when I get into water too deep and it gets in my boots, it makes the whole trip go downhill”

Most memorable cave trip:

“Mexico- all of it.” [Climbed Golandrinas!]

Vehicle of choice:

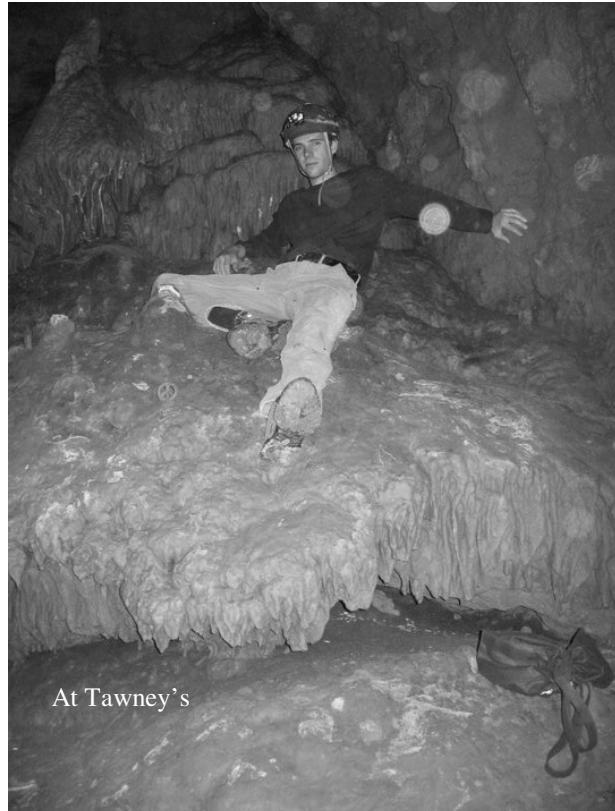
“Pirate ship. Preferably the Black Pearl alongside Captain Jack.”

Wished she had known when she joined:

“I don’t think I would have wanted to know anything. It was a nice surprise to realize how much I liked hanging out with the people and going caving.”

MATTHEW SKINNER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE CAVE CLUB

MATTHEW SKINNER



I am Matthew Skinner, a new participant this year in the VPI Cave Club. I was always interested in the underground and exploration and being able to ever enjoy the recreational sport of caving never really crossed my mind until I came to Virginia Tech. It seemed like such a "club" activity, as though you had to be part of some secret underground society, pun unintended, to even be able to find out where caves even are. This was partially true because most of the caves the club goes to are on private properties with private access. However, even though it may be a unusual and less common sport, it is by no means a secret society. VPI has a wonderful group of people that are very enthusiastic in teaching the art of caving and I am happy to be part of such an awesome club, Virginia Tech's greatest club. Go Hokies!

AN INTERVIEW WITH “AWESOME BILL FROM DAWSONVILLE” AKA ALEX BOOKER, TRAINEE OF THE YEAR DAN “JOKER” CROWDER (AND SARA FLEETWOOD)



So here we are at Filthy Young Women and I'm sitting next to the legendary trainee of the year Alex “Awesome Bill from Dawson Ville” Booker. He is just taking time to do this article between bore scooping sessions. He is sitting in the living room recovering and it's raining outside. His back hurts and he says his shirt smells awful in true Alex Booker fashion. Pearce Cooper is putting his pants on in the corner and Sara Fleetwood is sitting there judging me. First question.

Joker: When did you start caving?

Alex: I was a wee boy of 24. I went into Tawney's with my sister. I mostly came to the parties until I went to Mexico and saw the big pits and wanted to violate them. Now I have become THE member and I cave weekly.

Joker: That's interesting, how do you feel scooping bore?

Alex: Scooping Bore! It's dirty, it hurts and you gotta do it. But it's a lotta fun.

Joker: What is your favorite cave.?

Alex: I've only been in it twice, but Newberry Banes.

Sara: And why?

Alex: One, Triple Wells. Lots of rigging and nuisance drops.

Carol then came in and we debated about Triple Wells or Bill's. Alex liked the Devil's Staircase and said he liked going up it. He rappels down and takes the staircase back up. He wants to do the through trip with Banes.

Alex: I also like Stay High because it's really fun. There are bats flying around and awful stream crawls.

Sara: What's your best cave story?

Alex: I'd have to go with the time we went to Clover Hollow and we had to haul a girl out because she couldn't climb. There was also a heel hang and a cuddle puddle at the bottom of the entrance. It was the first time I did a changeover on an 8 because I was bored.

Joker: So Alex, do you like rock passage better or mud?

Alex: I'm quite a fan of rock passage personally. Though in mud passage you get greased up and move pretty efficiently.

Joker: How do you feel about Pabst Blue Ribbon?

Alex: PBR is a currency. 100 PBRs could buy a car. It rebuilds Wells' truck and lets me live forever.

Joker: What's your favorite color.

Alex: My favorite color? Ugh. I don't know... Green?

Now as we sit around the table watching the omni caver who is Awesome Bill from Dawson Ville shotgun a Steel Reserve. We realize what high standards we cavers hold. Let us not forget that while we rappel pits and climb squirrely bits, we always have the member who is Alex Booker at the bottom of the rope.



AN INTERVIEW WITH MIKE NEWSOME, AN "OLDER" CAVER DEBORAH BARNES

What was late adolescence like for you? *One of Mike's kids (age 6) interrupts requesting a ham sandwich with whipped cream on top. Mike says sure...* To answer your question, by the time I was out of high school, I was tired of being a kid. As soon as I could, I moved out. What was important and what I was into was that the things I did had real consequences. Instead of fake ones like parents impose. I was fine living on my own and having a job that I could do well. I wasn't nervous about the future. The Cold War and getting nuked at any moment was a slight concern, though. It wasn't a day-to-day feeling.

What kinds of experiences stand out for you from that time? There was one point where I had to move out and I didn't have a place to go. So I lived out of the warehouse I was working and my car for a few weeks. I used to buy used cars and mix and match their parts. That was how I learned about auto mechanics. I was always interested in electronics. I would read books about it, even in elementary school. I used to read all the electronic books in the Arlington library. It was pretty hard. In high school, I took an electronics class. I was really into it. I would stay after and blow things up when I could. Before I could drive, we'd (Mike and friend Joe) wait for big trash day at the IBM repair place and we'd go dumpster diving and get all sorts of cool electronic stuff. We busted an employee theft ring and got special permission to dig around in the trash. We'd then go back to Joe's house and build stuff. That's one of the things that makes me feel good personally. Doing stuff on your own initiative and accomplishing things.



What important people or events impacted your identity? I always lived with other people when I moved out. We had this really weird housemate that instituted "Naked Thursday" It was everyone that lived there and any visitors. There wasn't need for much convincing. It was my first exposure to nudity. I was nervous and weird at first, but now I have no issues about being randomly naked.

How has having kids changed you from when you were in late adolescence?

I take fewer drugs, but that's just a coincidence. Kids give me a predefined, never-ending, high payoff project to work on. Even if I have nothing else, I have that. Raising my kids. I am not more responsible by societal standards. Although, I was never outstandingly irresponsible when I was younger. Most parent types would consider me to be irresponsible, but I disagree. I'm just more willing to let my kids experience things and make mistakes than most people would.

Do you feel that your life is more fulfilling now than when you were in late adolescence?

"Fulfilling? Is that something they do to you at the dentist?" It's a complicated thing. What makes me feel good is doing things, making things happen, and building things. Or going into party mode and going completely crazy. *Interviewer rephrases the word fulfilling as "satisfying"* I would say, it's about the same. I'm not thrilled with the balance of successes versus failures right now, but I'm trying. I haven't given up. I don't dwell on it. There's no use wasting time on being miserable. There's always the possibility that things will get better and you will feel better. That's why you shouldn't kill yourself.

Are you more self-conscious of your body now or when you were younger? I'm never really worried about that. I have a mental image of myself as being strong and healthy. I expect to

be, and I am. My appearance isn't real because in my universe, I can't see myself. My appearance to others is abstract. Back when I was 20, I was so nerdy that I didn't have any chances to interact with girls, so what I looked like didn't matter. I never got to the point when it did. When I get old, I have plans to build a racing wheelchair.



Have you experienced a “mid-life” crisis? I don't think I've reached mid-life yet. I've experienced life crises, but I don't think they were strictly related to age. Sometimes shit happens, and you have to deal with it. So, no.

What do you think about your identity? I think that the concept that you have a different identity at different stages of life is b.s. Your only continuity is your identity. It doesn't change drastically. What changes is the way identity interacts with the rest of the world. What I've

found is that one way of making your identity work with society is to act out a pseudo identity you make out that will work with expectations. That's what most people do as a tactical thing. That's why identities seem to change. People change the role they are playing. People interact with your behavior, not your identity. I modify mine when I realize that acting one way is a

mistake. That doesn't change my identity. If you only reflect what's going on around you, you don't have one. On the inside, I don't think that I've changed at all. However, I've come more to terms with just because you feel this, doesn't mean that you have to do that. I have no interest now in b.s. You only owe people a truthful answer if they ask a truthful question. That confuses and irritates people. It is very prevalent in the adolescent types. Fitting in isn't necessary a bad thing, but it is when it becomes way more important than their integrity.



so stupid. People in general are still into categorizing and pidgin holing. The average person my age... I wish more of them would think for themselves. The fact that reality television is successful, to me, is a very bad sign. But that applies to all ages, especially the voting age people. The people who could stop political nonsense have been trained not to care. It's pretty clever, actually. The reason people think they have a changing identity is that, as kids, their parents suppress their true identities. By taking risks and making mistakes and choices. They treat you like a pet and not a person. Your parent's plan is your plan. They control every aspect of your life. In adolescence, how bad that effect is can completely eliminate your awareness that you even have an identity. I was a pretty brainwashed kid.

Side note: Mike's child did end up eating the sandwich. All of it.

**What do you think about others
your age?** It annoys me that they're



MY INTRODUCTION TO THE CAVE CLUB

BOB SIMMONDS, VPI 51

As I neared the end of high school in New Jersey and looked for the next step, universities in the Northeast like Syracuse and Rensselaer came up on the radar. “No can do,” said the financial department. “Go south, young man, go south.” I got accepted at Georgia Tech, Clemson College (not yet University) and VPI (not yet &SU), the last two of which I’d never even heard of previously.

I eliminated Georgia Tech right away; it was the furthest away and in a big city. I was strongly inclined towards Clemson, because it turned out I actually knew someone there. I was a shy kid and going to Clemson where I knew one person sounded a lot better than going to VPI where I didn’t know anybody. But then a conversation one morning with a girl on the school bus convinced me that I should seriously consider going to VPI. She had spent the summer between our junior and senior years at a summer camp at the place and raved about it. But when I asked her why she wasn’t going there if she was so impressed, she replied that she didn’t want to go to a school that had 8000 guys and only 300 girls. That was VPI in the mid-60s. Heck, only a couple years before, the then new president T. Marshall Hahn had made membership in the Corps of Cadets optional instead of mandatory. Had being a Cadet been mandatory, VPI would have been a non-starter for me.

Yet even with VPI’s strong recommendation, I was still undecided. I concluded that VPI should at least get a look and that campus visits there and at Clemson were needed. My dad and I showed up at VPI and we had a very good interview with the dean of the college I was interested in. But that still wasn’t enough to convince me to seriously consider going there. We wandered into Burruss Hall looking for someone to talk to and were shown into an office on the third floor overlooking the Drillfield. I don’t even remember who owned the office, but he was a very nice fellow and took about an hour to tell us about VPI. Towards the end of the visit, I asked him what sorts of things there were to do after class hours. He started down a list beginning with the highbrow German and (now extinct) Cotillion Clubs. Nah. He continued on down the not-very-long list and nothing resonated.

Finally, he seemingly reluctantly told a story about an incident that had happened a couple months before. Apparently, a couple students had gone into a cave and gotten trapped inside for a couple days by rising floodwaters. It turned out that the story had a happy ending when the waters had receded and the students exited the cave. But in the meanwhile, there had been some anxious days back at the VPI campus. My interest was piqued. I began to ask questions and I learned that there was a club consisting of people who spent their weekends crawling around in caves. VPI was beginning to look more interesting.

My dad and I continued on down the road to Clemson. I had another good conversation with a college dean, but I couldn’t find the fellow I knew. Nor, did it appear, that there was any sort of a cave club on campus.

A few months later I showed up at VPI as a wet-behind-the-ears freshman and I made my way to the Cave Club. Treasurer Ed Morgan took my trainee dues, and vice-president R. E. Whittemore handed me a trainee card. I bought a hardhat and a carbide lamp at Western Auto,

and I was on my way.

Epilogue: Later on that first fall, I was on a mapping trip with a guy named Ed Bauer. The trip was very cold and wet and periodically Ed startled me by suddenly and violently exhaling with a loud "harrumph!" I asked him what that was all about, and he told me that he did that to shake off chills. Ed also told me that he learned that trick the year before when he and some others had been trapped in a cave for a couple days by rising floodwaters.

Epilogue 2: The story about Ed and his companions being trapped in the cave is now immortalized by the song "Stuck in Cruikshanks Cave."

Song to the tune of "Folsom Prison Blues"

C 25

Crookshank's Cave

G
I hear that river flowin', it's flowing 'round the bend.
G7
And I ain't seen the sunshine, since I don't know when.
C
Well I'm stuck in Crookshank's Cave,
G
And time keeps draggin' on.
D CCC
And that river keeps a flowing, on down to Charleston.

Well when I was just a baby, my daddy said one day,
"Don't go climb on mountains or mess around in caves."
Well I'm caving down in Blacksburg, to pass the time away.
How much longer must I stay here, well maybe one more day.

Well I bet their back in Blacksburg, drivin' 'round in cars.
Eatin' in the mess halls, and smokin' big cigars.
Well I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free.
But that river keeps a-risin', and that's what tortures me.

Well if I get out of here and I see that old sunshine.
You bet I'd move it on down a little farther down the line.
Far from Crookshank's Cave, that's where I want to stay.
And I'd let that Greenbrier River, wash all my blues away.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS 2010-2011

BRIAN MCCARTER

Several people have joined the ranks of VPI Cave Club Life Members this year. They really ought to get an award or a certificate for being such upstanding and forward-thinking individuals and for their long years of active involvement and interest in the club, but a brief recognition here is all they have to show for it.

The Constitution doesn't have much to say about Life Membership. This is it:

The qualifier "life" shall be applied to any full, associate, or prospective member of the VPI Cave Club upon receipt of life membership dues. Life members shall have any membership privileges for which they qualify, but are exempt from yearly dues.

Basically, anyone can pay \$100 and be forever rid of the pesky treasurer asking for dues. But without further ado, here are the Cave Club's newest Life Members:

Robyn Koerschner

Ray Sira

Travis Coad

Joey Fagan (he's 47.5% of the way there)

Robyn Koerschner went to the greatest effort to prove she is worthy of the title. Here is the brief email exchange when she applied for Life Membership:

from Robyn Koerschner <wkoerschner@msn.com>
 to Treasurer@vpicaveclub.org
 cc SIVTAC <SIVTAC@listserv.vt.edu>
 date Tue, Nov 30, 2010 at 2:58 PM
 subject Associate Life Membership

Dear Mr. McCarter,

I would like to become a lifetime associate member of the VPI Cave Club. My Cave Club number is 138. I am also a lifetime member of the NSS #12829. If you need a recommendation, Doug Perkins was vice president when I joined the club. Would you email where to mail my dues and the amount if I am accepted.

Thank you,

Robyn Koerschner (aka Robyn LeFon and Robyn Loud)

VPI&SU Biology 1973

Member DTC since October 8, 1977 (Rebel Yell Drinker, Class 1)

Member of the Robertson Association since 1978 (have not resigned but should due to their misconduct:)

Flame Out Award winner in 1972

Secretary of the Cave Club 1972-73

One of the original founders of the Easter Beer Hunt

Possible contributor to Cave Club events

If you want more, I am sending a copy of this to SIVTAC

from REC <rec@wind-drifter.com>
 to SIVTAC@listserv.vt.edu
 date Tue, Nov 30, 2010 at 3:47 PM
 subject Re: Associate Life Membership

Wow, that's a more impressive resume than some of our newly elected congress persons have ;-)

And what are lifetime memberships going for?
 Richard

from Russell Peterson <kd4ufc@amsat.org>
 to SIVTAC@listserv.vt.edu
 date Tue, Nov 30, 2010 at 4:17 PM
 subject Re: Associate Life Membership

I seemed to remember that they are no longer offered.

from Brian R McCarter <mccarter@vt.edu>
 to Robyn Koerschner <wkoerschner@msn.com>
 cc SIVTAC <SIVTAC@listserv.vt.edu>
 date Tue, Nov 30, 2010 at 5:06 PM
 subject Re: Associate Life Membership
 mailed-by gmail.com
 hide details 11/30/10



List of Brian Accomplishments:
 Secretary of Cave Club
 Able to fly a kite and drink a beer at the same time.

Hi Robyn,

I am pleased to offer you Life Membership in the VPI Cave Club! No recommendation is necessary, and your list of accomplishments is quite impressive. The only one I don't recognize is DTC. Wikipedia tells me it might be one of these:

- Delaware Theatre Company
- Delhi Transport Corporation
- Diamond Trading Company (De Beers)

If it is the latter, then Life membership will cost you \$100,000,000 in uncut diamonds (blood free). Otherwise please send a check for \$100 to this address:

VPI Cave Club
 P.O. Box 558
 Blacksburg, VA 24063-0558

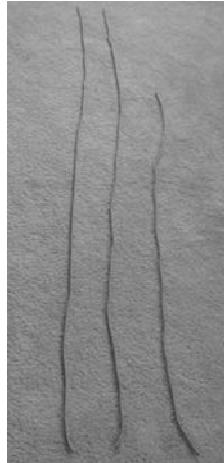
Please make the check payable to VPI Cave Club.

Contrary to rumor, the club still offers life membership. The constitution posted here says so:
<http://www.cave.org.vt.edu/constitution.shtml>

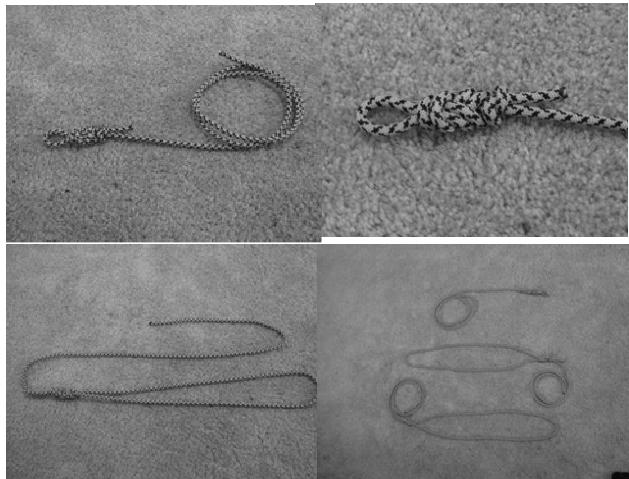
HOW TO SET UP A PRUIISK SYSTEM WITH HELICAL KNOTS

ALEX BOOKER

Step 1. Cut two lengths of 7mm cord 9-10 feet long and one length 5-6 feet long



Step 2. Take the long pieces of cord and tie a 24 inch loop in each and a 1 inch loop in the small cord using a bowline or figure 8 knot. Make sure to back off all knots.



Step 3. Take the 24 inch loops and wrap around your boots as pictured.



Step 4. Use a locking carabiner to attach the small loop to your harness. Make sure to go around all layers in a webbing harness with the locked gate facing your body.



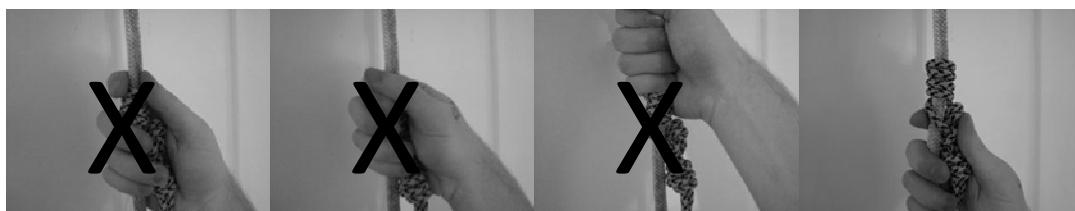
Step 5. Attach the two foot loops to the climbing rope using helical knots. One should be knee high with the other slightly above.



Step 6. Attach the small loop on your harness to the climbing rope with a helical knot. This knot should be about chin/face level.



You have now successfully set up a knots climbing system.
A word of caution before climbing; never grab the top of





John Bowling smiles

SURVEY TRIP TO MILL CREEK CAVE

JOE CALDERONE

Feb. 2, 2011

“...and I looked down and saw a pebble, similar in shape to the pebble next to it. This made me think...”

On Saturday, January 31st, 2011, I went on a survey trip with Mike Futrell and Jon Lillestolen to Mill Creek Cove. We first met with a private landowner in the cove, Greg, who was gracious enough to give us a tour of his property and help us search for new caves. He led us up a hill near his house and almost immediately we found a cave. It looked to have about a 10 foot entrance pit that was easily climbable. Greg then piled us into his Gator and drove us around the property pointing out springs and potential caves. After trudging through mud, he took us to the top of a hill where we found another cave he had been talking about. This cave likely had at least a 100 foot entrance pit and we suspect it may connect to a spring at the bottom of the hill (about a 500 foot elevation change). Next, we traveled to another location where a hunter had reported seeing steam coming from the ground. After about an hour of searching Mike was able to find an approximately 20 foot sinkhole. Our initial inspection showed no entrances but the bottom of the sinkhole was obstructed by leaves and debris.

Greg was again nice enough to drop us off at Mill Creek Cave, the target of our survey trip. Since the cave is on TNC (The Nature Conservancy) land, Jon had to go through extra efforts to gain permission for us to survey the cave. We were truly lucky to even gain access at all. The entrance to the cave was a narrow slit about 10 feet above a spring coming out of the side of the mountain. We immediately noticed about a dozen bats at the entrance to the cave. Although there were no obvious signs of white nose syndrome on the bats, the behavior they were exhibiting was consistent of a white nose infection. After squeezing our way through the entrance we happened upon the stream that fed the spring observed outside the cave. As we surveyed upstream the depth of the creek varied between a few inches to a chilling waist deep. Along the way there were several beautiful formations consisting of flowstone, bacon, and some soda straws. We also counted three stream side salamanders in the cave as well as a frog (possibly a leopard frog). Eventually we came to a room that had been sumped on a previous survey trip. Due to the low water level we were able to pass this room and continue surveying. We came upon passage filled with beautiful ceiling formations and eventually came to another sump. This one proved impassible but there were some potential leads that could be explored in the future. On the wall we noticed scratch marks from the Blacksburg Boy Scout Troop #2 dated 1921, Corps of Cadets F Company dated 1943, and carbide markings from a NSS caver we could not clearly identify.

In about 2 hours we had surveyed Mill Creek Cave to a length of 1,323 feet. On the way back we decided to explore another cave that Greg had pointed out to us, which we named Red Hawk Cave. After a brutal 300 foot hike/climb to the top we found that this promising lead to be nothing more than a 15 foot cave that led absolutely nowhere. Despite this disappointment, we had an excellent trip. Mill Creek Cave had been surveyed and we had discovered two new caves and a promising lead.

ENLIGHTENING SCIENCE IN A DARK CAVE: THE JAMES CAVE PROJECT

REBECCA STEWART

Caving has its challenges like crawling through mud or maneuvering in and out of tight squeezes. Now try doing all that while hauling a 40-pound cement bag. This is where caving meets science. Last semester, Joe, Jessie, Andrea, and I met up with Wil Orndorff, the Virginia Natural Heritage Karst Program Coordinator, to help him fix a leaky weir inside James Cave. Being a stream ecologist, I have studied streams but never before inside a cave. James Cave, a local cave near Blacksburg, Virginia, is a horizontal cave that Wil, in collaboration with Ben Schwartz at Virginia Tech, have been monitoring for the past four years. Wil's enthusiasm for this project showed as he easily hauled cement down the manmade line through the cave. At one point I was carrying a bag of cement on my stomach while wiggling through a tight crawl and that was just getting to the weir itself. Once there, we dug a trench, mixed the cement, and set in a new v-notch weir in place to measure stream flow. This is one of many monitoring instruments that are set up in James Cave.

Cave streams are unique in the fact that they are formed from water slowly dripping through the epikarst.

The epikarst is the rock between the bottom of the soil and the top of the cave. And it is these streams that can contribute to base flow of surface streams and rivers and support the groundwater table in karst areas.

The purpose of the James Cave project is to measure the water coming through the epikarst to see how the chemistry varies with weather and possibly to the land-use above ground. Farther back into the cave are tarps that collect water from soda straws and channel them into a sampling array. There the water from these drips is measured for conductivity, temperature, and flow rate (via a rain gauge). Also microinvertebrate fauna are collected along with water samples at each site. Wil explained, "One of the main goals of this project is to understand when recharge of the underlying aquifer is taking place. When the drips are not active, the epikarst is below capacity and the underlying water table aquifer is not being recharged."

Five hours later we emerged from the cave with a completed cemented weir and a lot



Heather Scott, a VT student and trainee, collects water from the sampling array at a drip site inside James Cave

more insight into this cave project. Caving is more than a recreational sport but also an ongoing research activity. Wil explained, “The awareness of results of such projects can be helpful in making the argument for the protection and responsible management of cave and karst resources. For instance, imagine if you converted the Ferrell Dairy (where James Cave is) into a subdivision with roads and lawns. Typically, runoff would be channeled to stormwater basins, which would most likely be discharged to sinking streams. Such features bypass the epikarst drip systems, and would severely alter the dynamics of subterranean water flow, affecting spring discharges and groundwater levels.”

This long-term project would not be possible without help from graduate students, undergrads, and cavers like you! I would encourage others to participate and get involved in cave research.

* Orndorff, Wil. Personal interview. 6 March 2011.



“El Cabron” wears really big gloves.

Wil Orndorf doing a bat count



Newberry Banes



HAWK RESCUE

JULIE BOOKER

Thanks to the caving talents of Mr. John Lillestolen and Mr. Wil Orndorff, and the photography talents of Mr. Alex Booker and myself, the hawk, believed to be a Broad-winged variety was rescued from the entrance of Clover Hollow early in the afternoon.

The animal was a bit tricky to capture evading Wil and John then finding its way to scoop some virgin passage. Mr. Orndorff deemed himself too large to fit though without some cave reconstruction. Mr. Lillestolen however determined he couldn't let a bird out scoop him so he squeezed himself down the small passage and captured the hawk with a blanket and handed it off to Mr. Orndorff who then got the hawk into a cat carrier. Mr. Orndorff toted the hawk out of the cave. When we

were out we drove the animal down away from the cave to a clearing and set it free. The bird flew off with little thanks to us for getting it out of that confounding hole. Maybe it wasn't quite finished with that

turkey dinner.



THE PROS AND CONS OF BODY FAT

WIL ORNDORF, CAROL ZO, AND MIKE FUTRELL

From the Cave Club Listserv:

Pro - If you get trapped in a tight, cold cave entrance, it will keep you warm and alive, disappointing creepy EMT with rectal thermometer fetish who appears to hope for the worst.

Con - You are MUCH more likely to get trapped in a cave entrance.

Pro - Medium and small cavers may be able to cave through your folds, get around you, and gradually chisel you out.

Con - Even rescue ropes have finite working limits. .



Wil Orndorf

I am too tired to compose a ballad, and am limited to smartass remarks in my tired state. Here is essentially what happened.

3 pm - two dudes decide to walk around the Stay High property to "look for the cave", not planning to go in (at least officially).

4 pm - Eureka! We found it...oops...stuck...go get help

6 - 7 pm - Rescue crews start to arrive.

7:50 - Neighbor Kevin Boyle - "Our hero" - calls me...Z and I start mobilizing the troops.

8:30 - I arrive at scene then Sam Lambert shows and we have her cave between dude and ceil-

ing to get behind guy, who briefly feels very luck since this is perhaps the most intimate he has EVER been with a hot chick.

8:45 - Bowling delivers Wells from underground...Blacksburg Rescue squad members recognize him and fall to knees.

9:00 - Captain Underground and his assistant Bang Bang Boy (Ficco) cave over victim, who is briefly feeling very unlucky since this is perhaps the most intimate he has EVER been with two hot and smelly caver dudes.

9ish - Zo's show up, too - lending muscle and brains to operation.

Futrell appears...amused.

9 - 3 -

- EMT chick makes rectal temperature estimate without rectal thermometer, which Bang Bang Boy determined could not be safely inserted.

- Drills whir

- Rocks fall

- Pulleys are rigged to bolts.

- People yank.

- Victim screams.

- Repeat.

3:15 ish. - Cork popped, Captain Underground and Bang Bang Boy emerge.

Zos provide liquid refreshment.

3:30 - Boy gets helicopter ride.



Wil Orndorf

A little more of the story,



The incident happened sometime around 3 or 4 pm. The trapped person and friend tried to get the guy out themselves for an hour or so before calling the Giles county squad for help. I think the friend probably called 911. So the Giles squad and/ or Newport squads were first on scene, I think they said about 6 or 6:30.

So the real question is why the Giles folks did not call the cavers. Maybe Zenah's comments are the answer there.

Then sometime before 8 pm Wil's friend, living near the cave called Wil and Zenah to let them know about the rescue. At the same time the Blacksburg squad was called. Wil called a few people, including Steve Wells and Joe Zo, (and yes we were at the Underground so the word spread)

I asked the Blacksburg folks on scene about calling the cave club and they said that was the first thing Blacksburg thought of - and they called Sam.

A few comments since we have not had a call out in a while. We usually have a call out person who's job is to stay on the phone and call people as needed. Zenah has done this a lot in the past and maybe we need to be better organized about it again. Usually in a rescue not everyone is called out. You start with a team or two, or the amount you think is needed to help. Then the next team or two are called for standby - that means get your gear together, stop drinking if it is a party night, and wait to be called. This way more folks know what is going on and are ready if needed.

This rescue was different being an entrance situation and a confined space problem. The guy's head was actually outside the drip line of the entrance.

When Wil left to go to the scene I think he was just going to find out if it was a cave rescue or not. He did call a few of us who went home to grab gear and help out. I called Wil on the way to see if he needed help and he was still trying to figure that out. So Joe and I continue to the

cave.

It was pretty crazy with the number of rescue people there. Turns out Sam went out with the ambulance and was the first caver there. She is also small enough to just crawl through the upper part of the entrance - so in she went. Joe, Wil and I had a hard time even getting to the cave entrance because of the number of rescue folks gathered around. Luckily, as Wil said, lots of people know Wells so when he showed up the way was parted to let Steve enter the cave (he is also very small and could go through the top).

Wil had also talked to Mike Ficco who showed up with rock drills, and was also small enough to fit, so in he went.

At this point Joe decided to get his gear and rig himself to a tree above the cave entrance so he could see what was going on and lend a hand for rigging and pulling up. John Bowling joined

him. Mike Futrell also arrived about this time.



Wil, Mike and I mostly ran around getting things for the others. I did talk to Zenah a couple of times to keep her updated. At one point she asked about needing more cavers and since most of the work

seemed to be outside the cave I said we had plenty already and no need to call others. If needed I could call later but no need for others to stand around in the cold yet.

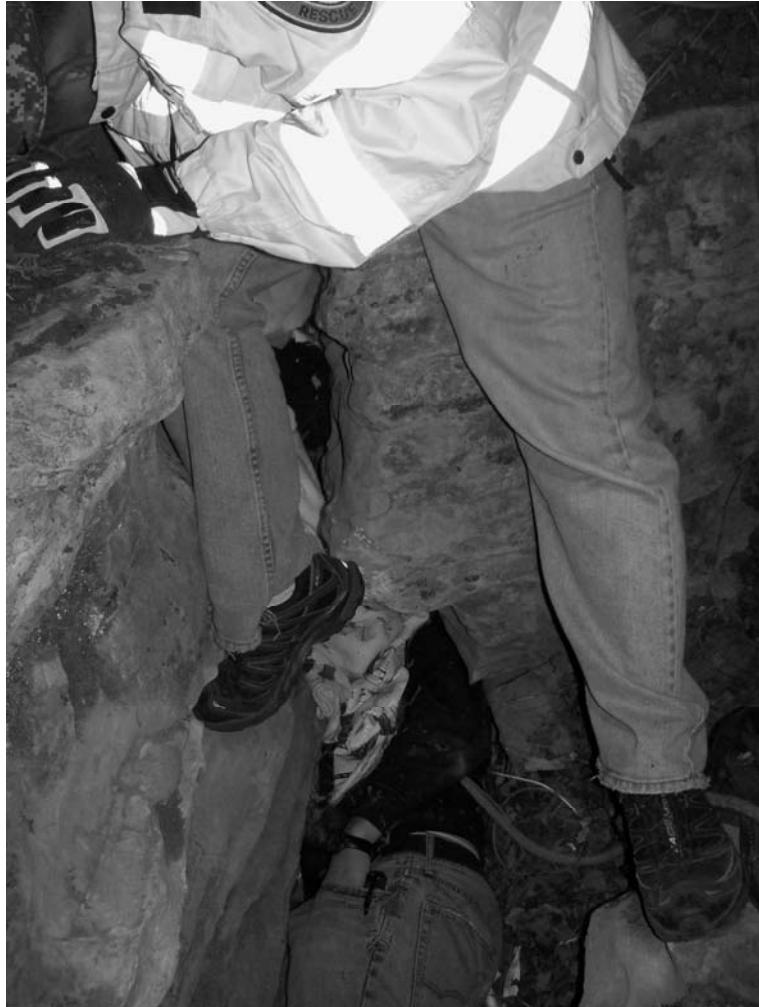
It was really cold and I did make one call for help driving out more heat packs to heat the patient, but the Va Tech squad found a person for that job first.

One interesting point, by about midnight the rescue folks started retreating to warm vehicles,

leaving the cavers and only a few rescue folks to keep working. Some did come out later and help pull on the rope when we finally got the guy out.

One good point - the cavers knew to keep the guy warm as possible. I think we used every heat pack from Giles and Blacksburg, tried an electric heater and Wil finally borrowed a hair drier and an electric blanket. It was really cold. I mention this because the paramedic with the Life Guard Ten really didn't think the guy would make it because of hypothermia. It sounds like he made it just fine.

Another funny comment - the same paramedics were worried about Sam being in the cave for so long but they never asked about Steve and Mike.



So in the end a job well done and maybe we should work on communications with the area rescue squads. Maybe a combined practice rescue?

Carol Zo

yeah.....

It was easy to find, 7 or 8 rescue vehicles all with all the lights blindingly flashing in all directions making it difficult to walk or work or think for those unaccustomed to such. The cave is near the end of a dead end road which the sheriff had blocked off to deny reporters a 'Sanctum' follow up story. My guess is the navigation system in the helicopter was on the fritz and the lights were an aid for the pilot to find the site, or maybe to scare off coyotes.

In TAG we talk of a buffoon sump. That's when a cast of thousands get clogged up at a pit or small spot in a cave and no one can readily go anywhere. (Keep in mind, though, that in the typical TAG buffoon sump, you will find top notch engineers, accountants, and computer program-

mers.) It was a while before I got a chance to see the poor fellow's head and arms sticking out of the middle of the entrance crack. Sometimes it's best to momentarily observe the situation before barging to the front.

Up at the front was unfolding one of the more amusing events of the night. This was watching the medic woman winge on for a good 20 minutes about getting a butt thermometer in the boy. I can imagine the discussion by the cavers inside as they more astutely observed that the poor fellow's buttocks were firmly wedged between bedrock and bedrock on the sides and molded-to-rock torso and thighs on the ends. Word came out that it simply was not possible to get in there with a pair of shears to execute a strategic hole in the fellow's pants. During this 20 minutes the inside crew was making themselves useful. The only impending danger was burial by used heat



pack. Carol was passing out chocolate. I just watched like any other buffoon in the sump. A priceless expression was seen when Wil handed a hairdryer to the medic woman so concerned about hypothermia. You'd a thought he handed her Shakespeare transcribed inside a French tennis shoe.

Well by and by, the big ol' boys headed off to the idling light boxes to warm up. Ficco and Wells had set a ceiling bolt above the fellow's thighs and I had set one above his shoulders at the entrance. From these were tried various hoists to assist in the classic pulling by the arms via

Joe and others above. But he was STUCK! One of the Blacksburg fellows (a pretty good lot) was having a fantabulous time ‘carving the Michelangelo’ on the ledges near the fellows chest with an electric hammer chisel. Now anyone who has ever been on a cave dig knows the futility of asking the guy at the sharp end to trade places. Shy any emergency or perhaps greater art skill, we certainly did not want to spoil his fun. Oh, the phrase – usually in the context of, “Jimmy, you diggin’ or carving the Michelangelo up there?”



He does in fact look
amused... almost as
amused as when he was
in China.....

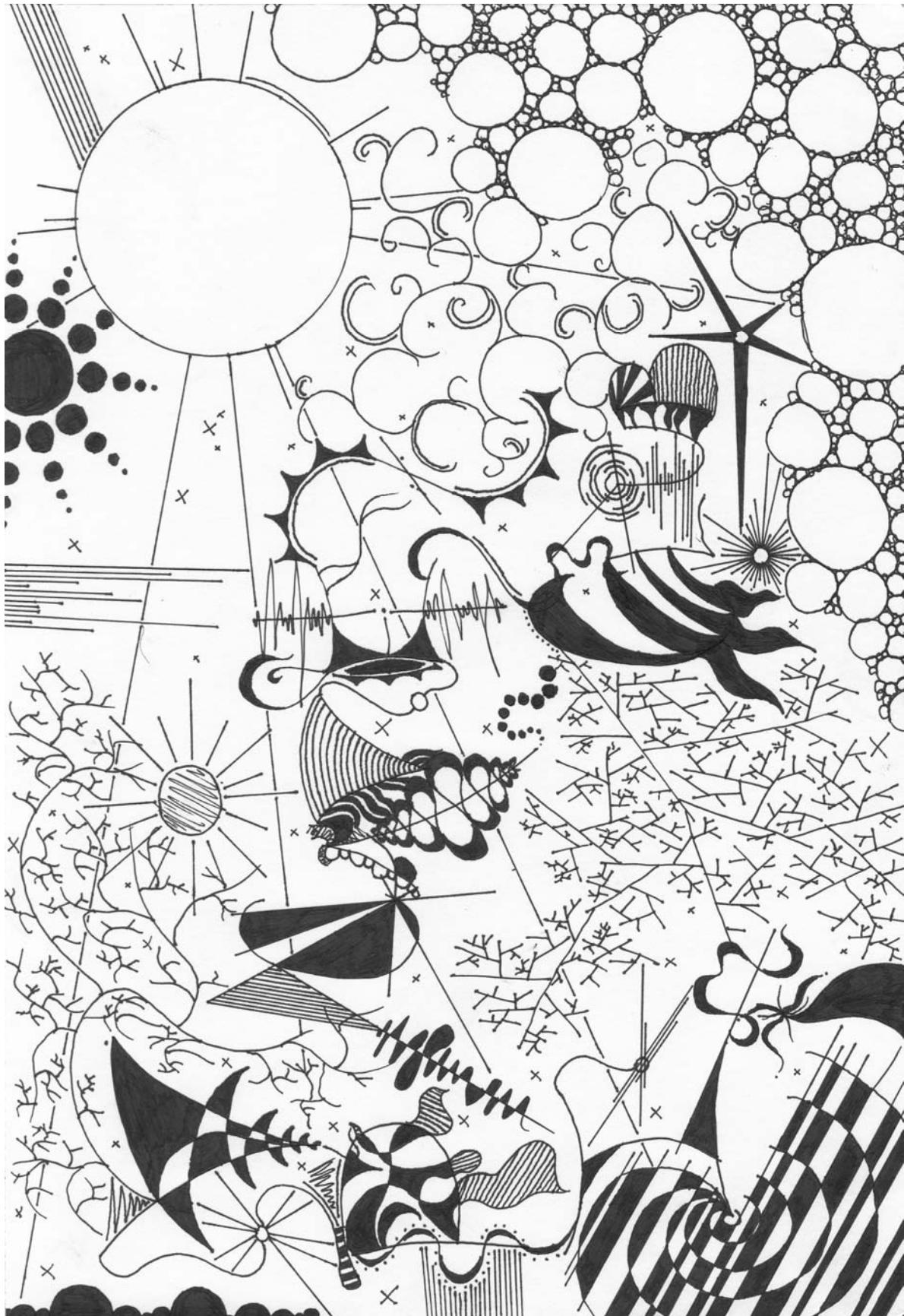
A few more tries and with a fair bit of pulling and writhing on the fellow's part, he was lifted out of the crack and into a stretcher as he thanked us profusely.

In the end all the rescue boys roared off to the next big call, the helicopter flew off with the search light panning the mountains, and the cavers stood around sipping brewski and comparing tales.

Mike Futrell



.....When this happened..Schusauce drunkenly dances to Ke\$ha in Shanghai (note the cave suit.. And the fact that he is on a bar.)



Sara Fleetwood

Find the hidden message! (Note,: the picture is rotated).

TAG FALL CAVE-IN 2010

ANDREW FAGAN

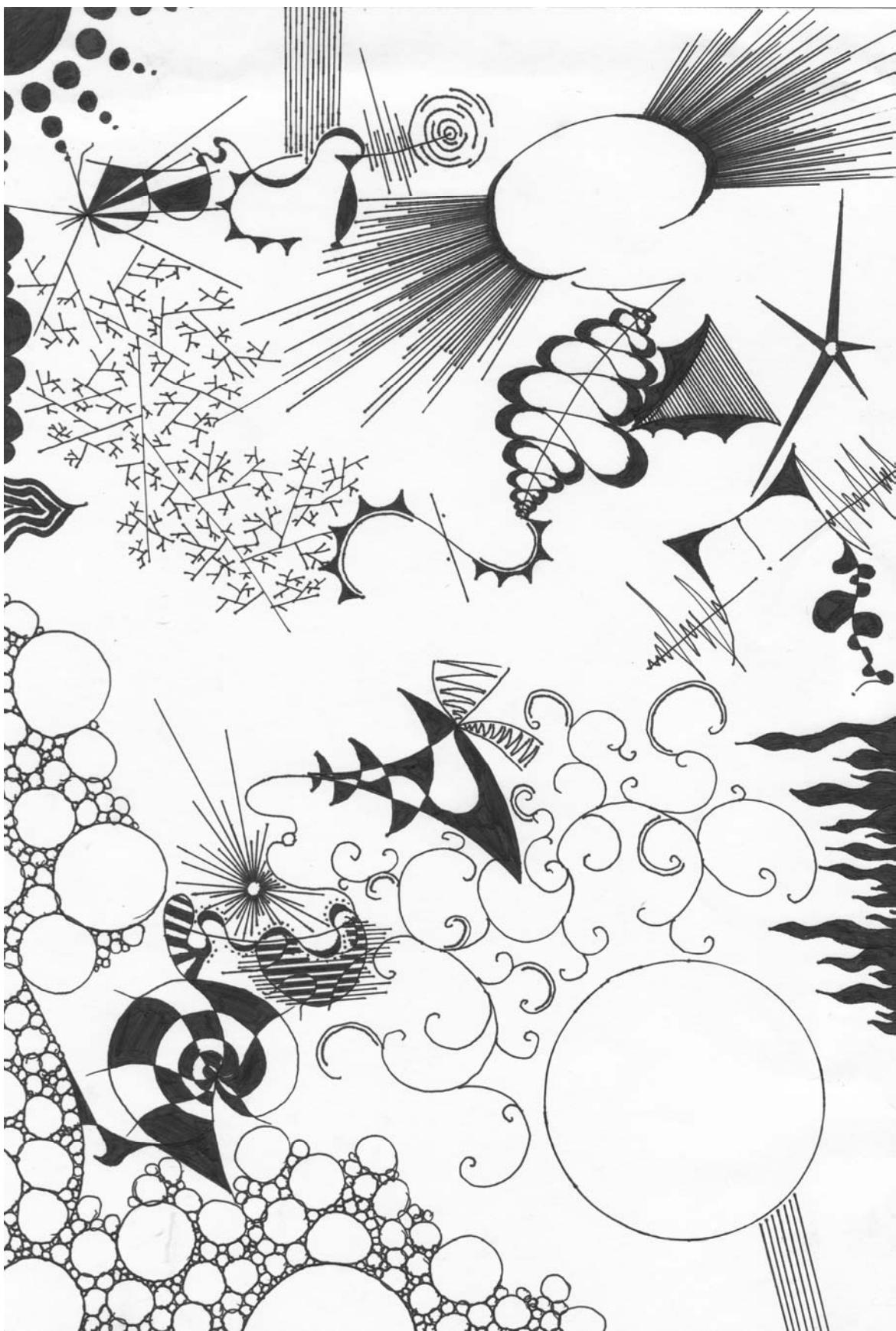


Cagle's Chasm

After a short drive from Blacksburg through Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia (also over a mountain via a four-wheeler trail thanks to Alex's Booker's awesome gps) we made it to TAG. The event had a festival feeling with climbing contests, live music, bonfires, and lots of vendors with tons of gear to look over and buy.

The Southeastern Cave Conservancy (SCC) led organized trips and provided information and directions to caves throughout their preserves. John Bowling got directions to Cagle's Chasm and a few of us with white nose free gear bounced the 180 foot pit. A big thanks goes out to Ray Sira for letting us use his brand new yellow rope he had just purchased the day before.

The lighting of the gigantic bonfire topped off the fun that was had over the weekend. Mike Newsome helped to douse the 20' tall log structure in gas and was cheered on as he rappelled down. A flaming arrow set off the gas creating a brilliant eruption of flames and fireworks.



Sara Fleetwood

Find the hidden message! (Note,: the picture is rotated).

POPO CRACK DOWN AT TAG

LAUREN WADDELL

Back in the day, a Party Policeman was a noble position meant to encourage drunken revelery. The Party Policeman wasn't there to haul your ass to jail. He was there to escort you home, thus ensuring your ass protection (instead of butt rape). Those were the days. Or not, really, since Boozetown never really came to fruition despite the effort (I shit you not, someone tried to plan this years ago). So what came to be (instead of that happy utopia) was an abomination so terrible that it would make Our Great Dark Lord (hail Satan) reel.

It all began at TAG. TAG, you may or may not realize, is the epitome of a Boozetown. It's a caver's paradise and not like OTR where everyone's like "Oh, Phil is such a drunken asshole." No, TAG'S all about "Drunken asshole, where have you been? Partake of our booze and be merry!" Yes, this is the place for the drunken assholes, the drunken assholes that help serve as a backbone to our esteemed organization as top officers, the drunken assholes that truly understand the spirit of TAG. Who but another of our top officers would fond the new religion in the spirit of TAG, A new religion of all we hold dear, of fire, of alcohol? Yes, even of love, because it was a religion of fucking goats rather than sacrificing them. Even if it was goat rape.

Yes, that was how our Honorable Choir Director and Founder of the Religion of Our Dark Lord (hail Satan) got his start. He was one to get goats drunk, fuck them, and sing about it. It was this musical ability that helped him be in tune to the spirit of Our Dark Lord (hail Satan) as he heard the terrible monotone of a drum playing over and over and recognized it for what it was: hailing Satan music.

Fortunately the Honorable Choir Director and Founder had the appropriate garb and holy relics by which to give praise to Our Dark Lord (hail Satan). Our Honorable Outfitter of the Holy Garb, in an act that must have been inspired by our Dark Lord (hail Satan) himself, had fashioned a pair of glasses out of glowsticks tied up with beads and our Honorable Choir Director and Founder, enlightened soul that he is, had a ukulele. So, in true hail Satan spirit, he went



Alex celebrating our escape from persecution by wearing the garb of the diddler. See how he has his diddling face on?

over to the fire with a true serious and devout face (underneath glowstick glasses) and began hailing Our Dark Lord (hail Satan) to the beat of the drum.

True followers that we were, we all began hailing Satan even throughout our persecution. Angry glares from the drummers left us unfazed. We would withstand persecution. We would withstand it and toss all that persecuted us on to the fire that is Our Dark Lord's (hail Satan) emblem. (But not really- that's fucking crazy).

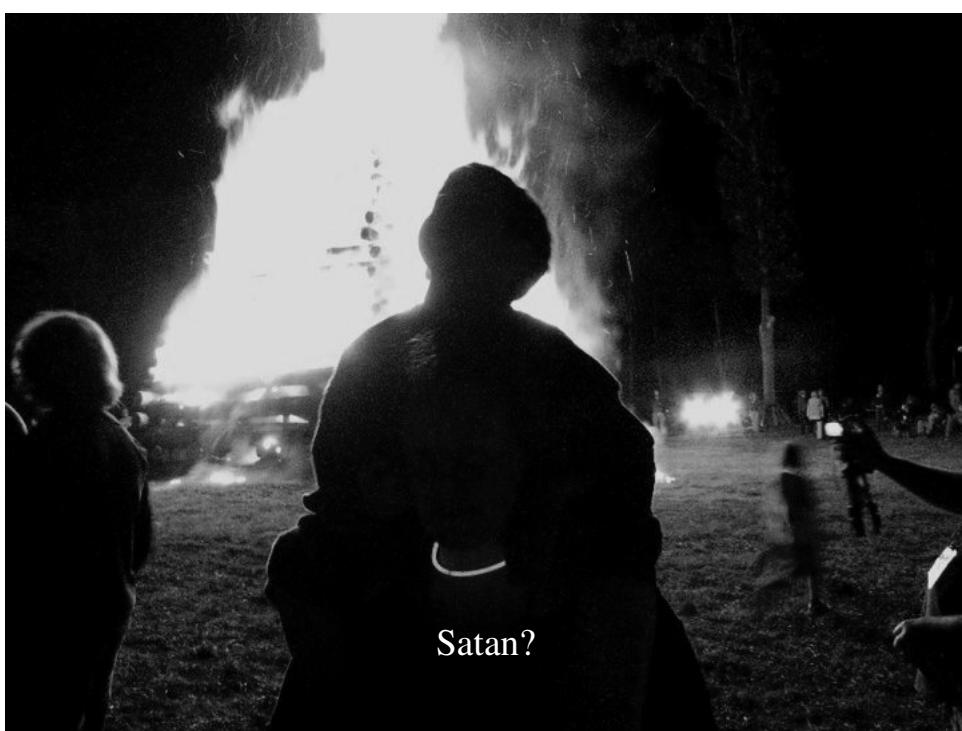
Unfortunately persecution came in the face of the system, the establishment, the man, the popo. The diddler. Also known as the Party Police.

He came dressed in his official uniform of Burger King hat, Sunglasses, and Mardi Gras beads. He came with authority in his eyes. Or sunglasses. "I speak for all 1083 people here when I say you need to stop hailing Satan right now."

This was meant with acquiescence. But with this acquiescence, every time one would say "yes, of course, sorry", there would be a "hail Satan" following. One of our very own gingers, of which we are in proud supply, valuing that very soullessness pleasing to Our Dark Lord (hail Satan), uttered many Hail Satans from under his dark hood throughout the "apology". Our Honorable Choir Director and Founder explained how we were sorry to have offended before he said one last (but not really) hail Satan as the popo took his crowned head away from our presence.

It was our martyr, the not-so-virgin Beth (the very-not-so-virgin Beth) that recognized

that head for what it was. "That's the guy who was diddling me in the hot tub!"



It's one thing to persecute us based upon on our religion. But diddling Beth in the hot tub? That just is not acceptable. This is a no-no popo. This man has abused his position, has offended Our Great Dark Lord (hail Satan) who will one day rise out of the fires of TAG to smite us all. And on

that day he may find himself diddled while we drink and play the ukulele in hell.

After all, if hell is underground, well, hell, that is where the caves are.

(hail Satan)



“Peppy-strelle”

Idea courtesy:

Dan “Joker” Crowder

Peppy picture courtesy:

Sara Fleetwood

Pipstrelle picture courtesy:

Internet

Picture construction courtesy:

Deborah Barnes

Making sure this picture got in the Trog:

Lauren Waddell

MEXICO BY THE NUMBERS

BRIAN MCCARTER

Number of hours in the car: Traveling to Mexico=26, In Mexico driving=38.5, and Traveling back from Mexico=24

Approximate # of feet climbed on rope: 6 people(425ft) for Cepillo=2550 feet and 1200ft (5people)=6000 feet for Golandrinas.

Number of miles driven: around 1500

Number of kilos of coffee purchased for Mike Newsome/number of kilos purchased total: 0 due to supply issues, but 40 kilos requested/8 kilos split among 8 of us. Golandrinas Coffee Lady FAIL

Number of car nicknames: 2=Corn Nipple and Karstafarian. Corn Nipple because early in the trip Sam had some cookies with Hershey's Kisses on each that Brian said looked like porn nipples. It was misheard as Corn Nipple.... Karstafarian is a play on Rastafarianism, caver style, a repeat from last year because it was the same car and people.

How many times Courtney puked: Predictions: Brian thinks twice, Alex thinks 4, Phil thinks once. Actuality: 0

Number of times there were (public) indecent exposures: 4:35PM December 26th 1) Alex moons Sam as she's driving because she pulled out in front of the Karstafarian without looking. It was a semi close call. 2) Phil and Sam pull down pants on roof at Xilitla to show their ass bruises.

Number of people who got Montezuma's Revenge: John Mulheren (2 cases), Brian McCarter (1)

Number of pig stomachs Brian ate: about a half

Number of hangovers: Brian=3, Phil=0, Alex=1, Deborah=0, Deighan=0, Sam=0 John=0, Courtney=0

Most spent on alcohol/in one night: \$800 pesos by Phil

Number of bruises resulting from an exploding coffin: Alex got 2 rather impressive ones.

Number of rounds bought: 6 rounds of alcohol, 1 round of hotels

Number of times we got lost in an orange grove: 1

MEXICO: THE REAL STORY

COURTNEY TROUT



John Deighan: Even fire runs away in fear.

It was a bright and sunny day of approximately 85 degrees when the brave American travelers awoke to the sound of flying swallows. Camping next to a 1200 foot pit is far from recommended, as Samantha will attest to after barely surviving the morning. Phil woke up to the sound of screaming as half of his tent slipped down the side of Sótano de las Golondrinas with Sam barely holding on to the edge.

"I told you not to roll in your sleep damnit!" Phil roared at his girlfriend, angry about being woken up.

Fortunately for Samantha the screaming woke up the others who rushed to the tent to rescue her from certain death. Brian approached the tent first and picked up the entire tent with his brute strength, carrying both Phil and Sam away from the edge of the pit. Thankful to be alive, Sam got out of the tent still shaking.

"It's time to make food, woman!" Phil growled hungrily.

Samantha started on breakfast while Phil complained, Deborah relaxed, and the others prepared for Golondrinas. After a delicious meal the five wishing to brave the endless pit approached the edge with caution. Alex rappelled down first, preparing a belay before the others ventured down. After Brian, John, and Courtney joined Alex at the bottom, the group explored the floor of bird shit.

click "Deighan is coming down too." Deborah informed the group over the radio.

Alex saw the beam of light from a helmet far above them. "El Deigo!"

The smell of burning nylon filled the air and in only a matter of seconds Deighan reached the bottom of the pit.

“Where’s your rack?” asked John.

“Oh I decided to arm rappel it.” The group nodded in awe.

After minimal resting Alex and Brian headed back up the rope. Deighan, John, and Courtney watched for a little over an hour as the two ascended into the light. Once safely at the top Alex radioed the last three, *click* “Off rope.”

While Deighan, John, and Courtney prepared to climb, some peculiar sounds came from the radio.



Brian is scared. Very Scared

click “Ah! *buzz* No! Ack!”

“Is everything okay up there?” John asked hesitantly.

“NO! Cartels! Stay down!” Brian shouted.

The three stuck at the bottom looked worriedly at each other waiting for more detailed news. Meanwhile, the five up top fought with the cartel members, fearing for their lives.

“Los Gringos!!” shouted one of the cartels.

“No drugas! No drugas!” screamed Brian.

Deborah hit one over the head with her rack while Alex tried to tie another one down. Unfortunately, the third cartel member reached the rope and used the machete around his waist to cleanly cut the rope down. At the bottom of the pit, Deighan, John, and Courtney ran out of rock fall to avoid the falling 1200 foot rope.

"How are we going to get back up?" Courtney asked.

"Hang on to my pack." Deighan instructed.

John and Courtney latched on to opposite sides of the cave pack and hung on tightly. Deighan approached the side of the cave as if he'd free climbed it before, finding hand and foot holds on apparently flat rock. After a mere ten minutes the three reached the top of the cave and assessed the havoc that awaited them. Samantha fought off one cartel member with a frying pan while Phil growled angrily at it from behind her. Brian tried to negotiate with another while Alex and Deborah beat the third with various pieces of cave gear. Deighan lifted himself, John, and Courtney out of the cave to join the fight. In broken Spanish Courtney tried to bribe the cartels with beer to get them to leave.

"No! Not the beer!" yelled John.

Deborah looked up to see Deighan perched in a tree, prepared to attack from above. "El Deigo?" she asked confused.

In one quick leap Deighan, the silverback gorilla, attacked, trapping all three cartel members against the ground. The others worked together to tie the members together. With an easy push, Deighan launched them down the pit and the group heard faint screaming followed by a thud.



Brian comes out barely alive— or maybe just hungover.



John does love his beer.

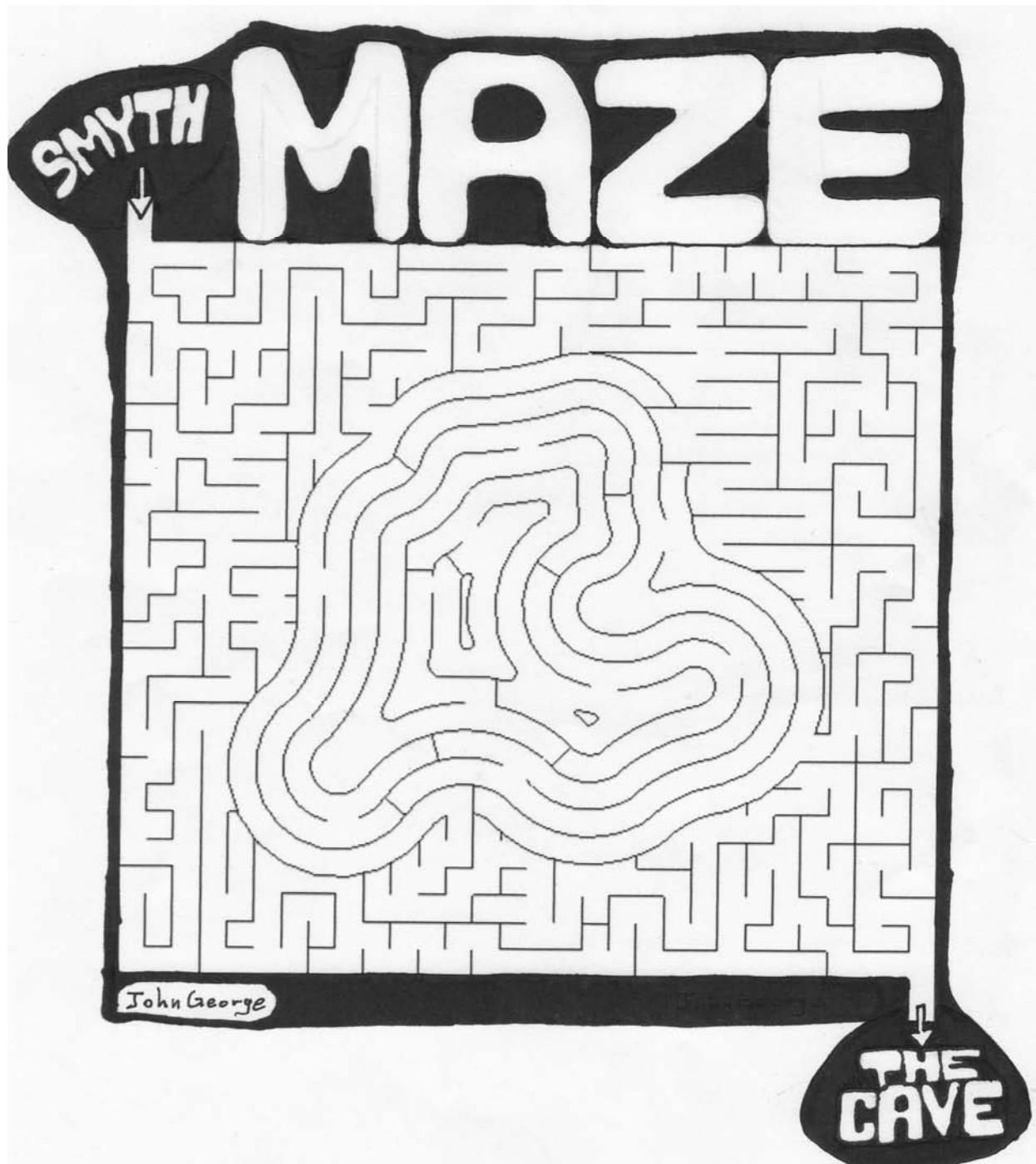
A few seconds of silent shock were followed by whooping and cheering of the group and of the civilian Mexicans who watched the fight. Deighan stood carelessly a few feet away from the pit and the others looked at him with astonishment. They gathered around Deighan in a circle and bowed down on their hands and knees. Once again El Deigo saves the day.

PUZZLES
JOHN GEORGE

WORDSEARCH
FROM THE CAVE

A	T	E	N	N	E	S	S	E	E	M	O	D	E	Alabama	PigHole
S	W	A	L	R	U	S	S	N	U	V	I	V	Bats	SmokeHole	
B	I	G	S	P	R	I	N	G	O	D	W	R	BigSpring	Starnes	
M	L	T	S	B	E	E	R	I	T	D	O	T	Bland	TAG	
O	B	A	T	S	L	B	A	L	S	Y	L	A	Blankenship	Tawneys	
N	U	G	N	D	O	A	T	E	M	I	L	L	Blowhole	Tennessee	
T	R	U	C	K	H	T	S	S	M	L	O	A	Caves	Virginia	
G	N	O	M	E	E	D	N	E	N	H	H	B	CloverHollow	WilburnValley	
O	V	A	L	K	K	N	S	L	W	D	R	A	Georgia		
M	A	I	N	E	O	A	S	O	S	E	E	M	A	Giles	
E	L	I	N	K	M	L	L	H	S	E	V	A	C	James	
R	L	I	N	K	S	B	I	G	I	G	O	A	T	Links	
Y	E	A	I	N	I	G	R	I	V	P	L	C	C	Montgomery	
S	Y	E	N	W	A	T	H	P	E	A	C	H	Y	NSS	

John
George



CROSS WORD OF CAVE GEAR

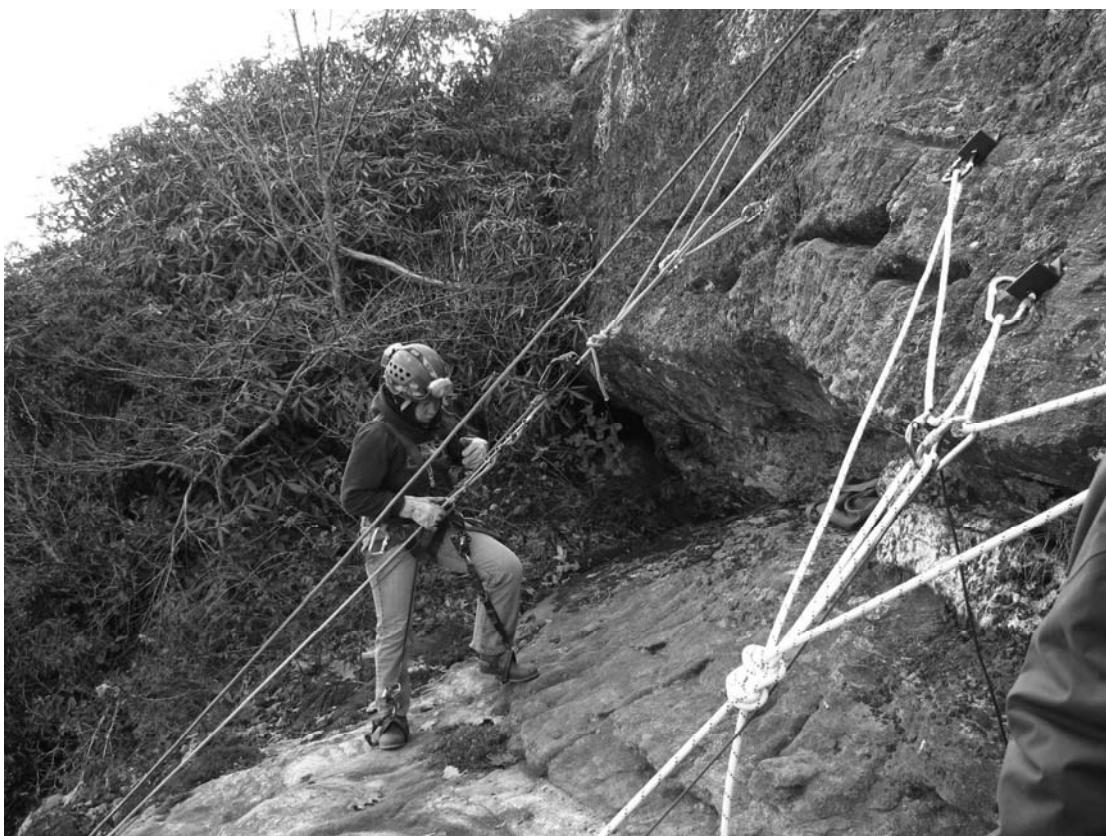
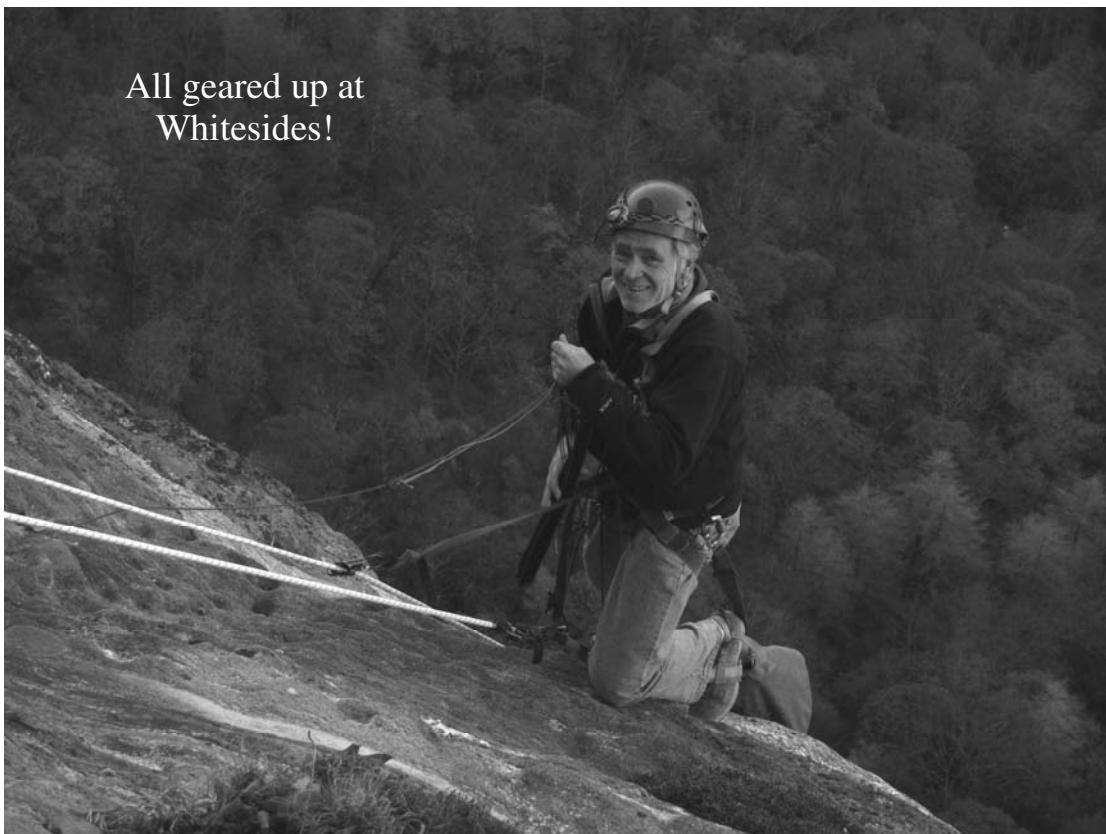
Across:

2. Hold me in your hand as you climb rope
5. I keep you Croll upright
7. More sophisticated rappelling device
10. Less sophisticated rappelling device
11. Used for rigging, hand lines, and cheap harnesses
12. Used in change overs and a few other things

Down:

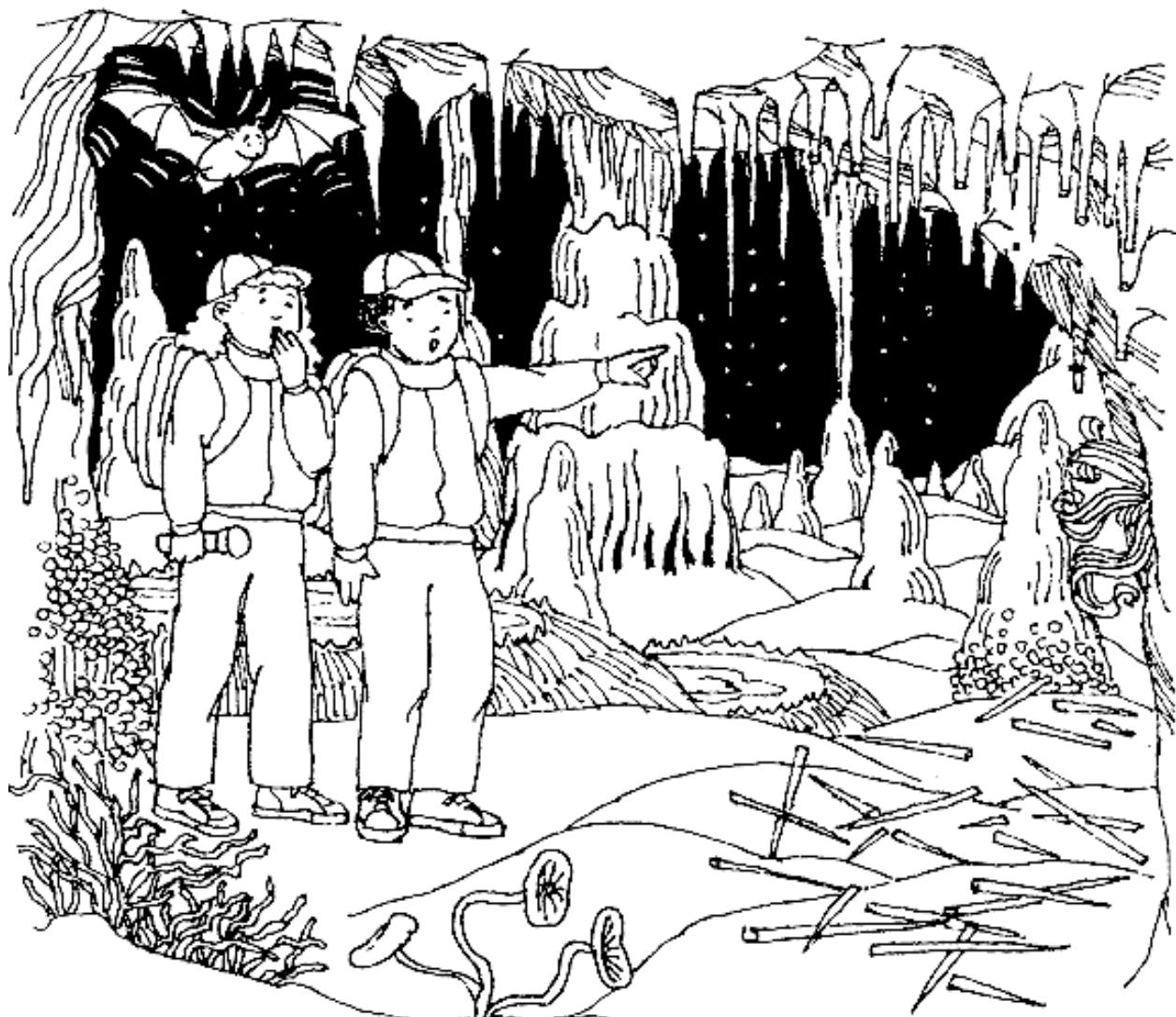
1. Non-strechy long flexible stuff
3. Keeps you on the rope; attaches to the harness
4. Strechy long flexible stuff
5. Put me in your antique head lamp
6. Sit in me for a ride to the bottom of the pit
8. You can't see in a cave with out me!
9. Brain bucket

John George



WHAT IS WRONG WITH THESE PICTURES?

SUBMITTED BY DEBORAH BARNES





POEM S

CAVING (LINKS) HILLARY SCHMITTHENNER

Entrance,
Cold dark icicles encircle my way.
Just a bit further,
And warm clay formations.
The nasty,
Stuck, frightened, hopeless.
Will I ever get out?
Drag my foot that way.
Slide my hand that way,
My butt's trying to slide up,
My knees are wiggling.
Stop. Give up. I'll die here.
Encouragement, crying, half a handstand.
Finally! A break through,
I'm not squished anymore.
I did it.
Now canoning, crawling, climbing,
The rest of the cave is better.
Breathing, sweating, straddling a rock,
My, this is exhausting.
Oh no! I'm stuck again.
But a leg up, and I'm in another room.
Formations like chandeliers glaze the walls.
Another room to go to,
But my butt's too big and round.
A little slithering up and I'm good.
The rest is all out.
More sweating, crawling, and climbing.
My foot brushes a leaf.
One last climb and I'm freezing.
My feet brush through ground.
Suddenly I realize I'm outside.
Exhaustion, exuberant, endorphins.
I don't know why I did it,
But the stars are bright
And the air is frigid
And I'm out.

Ode to a Bronco

a Picnic story

The Bronco was a beastly old truck
 Who had often escaped getting stuck.
 But then Naomi did drive
 The Bronco took a crash dive
 The old girl had just run out of luck.

The 302 had quite some heft,
 The power steering made her deft -
 Blue on the bottom, white on the top
 A few stout trees was required to stop
 Remember, Naomi, the brake's on the left!

The gathered group just looked on sadly
 As Balister stood and cackled madly
 The hill, it beckoned
 Then Naomi wreckoned
 So much for teens driving badly.

There once was a man named Steve,
 Through whose house you could barely weave.
 Then Naomi swept
 While poor Wells wept;



Now my first thoughts won't be to leave.
 Steve he don't always think when he oughta,
 He forgot she's the bastard's young daughter,
 With delight she did squeal,
 As she spun the old wheel,
 And drove the poor Bronco to slaughter.

There once was a Bronco from Turner
 Hill climbing with after burner
 Where upon we observed
 As Well's young student swerved
 True 4-wheelin' he did learn 'er.

- Ode contributions by Rob Story, Scott Rapier, Kathi Ireland Emery, Sandy Knapp, Wil Orndorff, and Mike Futrell.

- Photos by Rob Story.
 After 2010 Picnic

INEBRIATED RECIPES

The Untested Chris Garguilo Ice Cream (Guinness and Chocolate) (Deborah Barnes)

makes about one quart

7 ounces milk chocolate, finely chopped
 1 cup whole milk
 1/2 cup sugar
 pinch of salt
 4 large egg yolks
 1 cup heavy cream
 3/4 cup Guinness Stout
 1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Put the chocolate pieces in a large bowl and set a mesh strainer over the top.

Warm the milk, sugar, and salt in a medium saucepan. In a separate medium bowl, whisk together the egg yolks. Slowly pour the warm mixture into the egg yolks, whisking constantly, then scrape the warmed egg yolks back into the saucepan.

Stir the mixture constantly over medium heat with a heatproof spatula, scraping the bottom as you stir, until the mixture thickens and coats the spatula. Pour the custard through the strainer over the milk chocolate, then stir until the chocolate is melted. Once the mixture is smooth, whisk in the cream, then the Guinness and vanilla. Stir until cool over an ice bath.

Chill the mixture thoroughly in the refrigerator, then freeze it in your ice cream maker according to the manufacturer's instructions.

Beer Cheese Soup (Deborah Barnes)

4 cubes chicken bouillon
 1 (12 fluid ounce) can or bottle beer
 4 cups water
 1 1/2 cups cubed potatoes
 1 cup chopped celery
 1 cup diced carrots
 1 cup chopped onion
 1 (20 ounce) package frozen cauliflower and broccoli
 2 (10.75 ounce) cans condensed cream of chicken soup
 1 pound processed cheese food (eg. Velveeta), cubed

In a large pot over medium high heat, dissolve the bouillon in the beer and water. Add the potatoes, celery, carrots and onion, mix well and allow to cook for 15 to 20 minutes.

Stir in the cauliflower and broccoli mix, and heat for 10 more minutes. Finally, add the condensed chicken soup and the cheese. Reduce heat to low and allow the cheese to melt, stirring often.



Skittles Vodka. Yeah, this looks way better in color.

Kentucky Bullfrog (Ethan Bramble)

1 cup vodka
1 liter Mountain Dew
2 packages cherry Kool-Aid

Ron Burgundy (John Mulheren and Ethan Bramble)

1/3 Sprite
1/3 Cranberry-Pomegranate Juice
1/3 Skol Vodka

Skittles Vodka (Ethan Bramble/)

6oz vodka (per flavor)
60 Skittles (per flavor)
*filtering needed for best results

Beer Biscuits (Tommy Phannareth)

Good, dry biscuits for soaking up the delicious gravy that follows. Makes about two dozen.

4 cups all-purpose flour
 7 teaspoons baking powder
 2 teaspoons salt
 ½ cup shortening
 1 can of beer
 2 tablespoons butter, melted

Preheat the oven to 450 degrees F.

Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt. Mash the shortening into the dry ingredients with a fork, or cut in with a pastry cutter, until you get a rough, cornmeal texture to the mixture.

Add in half the beer, stir lightly, and add in the other half. Knead the dough together very briefly, until it just comes together. Over-kneading the dough will cancel out the leavening of the beer, and make the biscuits tough.

Roll out the dough to about half an inch thickness, and cut into rounds. Brush with melted butter, and bake for 10-15 minutes.

Sausage Gravy

A rich, meat-heavy gravy in which to smother some biscuits. Makes about eight servings.

2 pounds pork sausage
 4 teaspoons fresh sage, rubbed and chopped
 1 medium yellow onion, diced
 6 tablespoons bacon grease
 ½ cup all-purpose flour
 1 ½ quarts milk
 1 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon black pepper

Crumble the sausage and brown it in a skillet over medium-high heat. When about half-way done, add the onion and sage, and continue cooking until the sausage is completely browned.

Pour the milk into a sauce pan, and heat over medium-low heat. Melt the bacon grease over medium heat in a large pot, and drain the sausage drippings into the bacon grease. Add the flour, and stir constantly until the mixture is golden brown.

Slowly whisk the warm milk into the flour and grease. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the sausage and onions to the gravy. Add the salt and pepper, and allow to simmer for an addition fifteen to twenty minutes.





Charlie Schlosser



QUOTABLE QUOTES

MN: What's better then kids launching fireworks off the roof?

BM: Stop tonguning my Pyrex.

PF: Tongue my asshole!

PF : Was the guy on the recumbent from France?

Everyone: Yes.

PF: Well then, he could very well be a homosexual!

JM: I need at least 10 minutes of petting before I'll lick it

?: Just put something about the Chupalongpig!

JD (after SF talks about being a career pickpocket)

I think your main impediment to that is that when you grab the guy's ass, you forget about the wallet.

?: Wanna play 20 questions?

?: Sure.

?: Is it an animal?

?: Yes.

?: Is it Phil?

?: Fuck

?: He would have drank with us, but he had a bad night on muppets.

AT: If you're handling peppers in the kitchen, just freeball it.

DB: You can go that way if you're comfortable with exposure.

DLB: Any exposure is indecent.



SIGNOUT QUOTES 2010-2011

4/21	Tawneys	Wil Orndorf, Beth Mutchler, +3	“Beth really knows how to handle a pole”
5/17	Smokehole	Jessica Chesnakas, Eric Dill, Travis Coad, Erin Gregg	“Shake it ‘till it fits.” “...That’s what she said.”
6/06	Clover Hollow	Philip Schuchardt, David Bourdon, Jessie Sakach, Luke Golladay	“Dave C. isn’t a real person, he’s a bionic man.”
7/24	Beer Can Chasm	Dustin Schlefer, Philip Schuchardt, Jessie Sakach, John Mulheren	“Puppy killer crawl.”
8/14	Smokehole	Jessica Chesnakas, Erin Gregg, Travis Coad, Weston Betts, Stephanie Betts, Valira Siira, Shad Reighard	“I can fly (with my pants)! ”
8/15	Links	John Mulheren, Lauren Waddell, Matthew Switick, Alex Booker	“Oh my god, Lady’s demonhead is there.”
8/18	Egg Sack	Philip Schuchardt, Ethan Bramble, Jessie Sakach	“I’m glad I’m not in a cave right now.”
8/28	Tawneys	Tommy Phannareth, Jessie Sakach, Ben Ryan, Cathryn Kichinko, Alyse-Cruickshan, Ian Wenner, Keven Geyer, Pooja Kirpekar, Daniel Bishop, Nick Socky, Matthew Vest, Emily Rudzinski, Sergio Sanchez, Rebecca Stewart, Ernesto Ramos, Katie Hettmann, Brian McCarter, Deborah Barnes	“What can we do in the dark?” “Blow me.”
8/29	Links	Samantha Fede, Deborah Barnes, Sara Fleetwood, Rebecca Stewart, Tommy Duffy, Jordan Sennett, Ethan Bramble, Alex Barker, David Vayhinger, Aaron Hudson, Chris Garguilo, David Bourdon	“It feels all tight and nice.”
9/04	Beer Can Chasm	Philip Schuchardt, Wil Urbanski, Jessie Sakach	“+ 853.5 feet. Killed a thousand puppies!”

10/02	Beer Can Chasm	Philip Schuchardt, Chris Garguilo, John Bowling	"45 min. drive check, breakfast check, talk to landowner check, helmet???"
11/20	Stay High	John Deighan, Brian McCarter, Deborah Barnes, Alex Booker, David Bourdon, John Bowling, Julie Booker	"You can do it." "Fuck you." "See, you can do it."
11/21	Pig Hole	Alex Booker, Dan Crowder, Andrew Fagan	"Oh shit.." "Isn't that a Carl?"
1/18	Links	Alex Booker, Dan Crowder, Ellen Koertge	"Flail! Flail! Flail!"
1/29	Tawneys	Eva Farrell, Austin Hayes, Jarryd Smith, Matt Switick , Ethan Bramble, Courtney Troust, John Mulheren	"My water broke."





GRAPEVINE

For the Grotto Grapevine:

OTR 2010:

A number of cavers competed, some won their categories. Surveying (I forgot), women's rope-walker Sandy did great, Dave C. won cable ladder, others competed in frog, other things. John Deighan travelled from the West Coast by bike to OTR!

TAG Fall Cave-In (32nd Annual)

This year, VPI had a large presence of students at the TAG Fall Cave-In on October 7-10, 2010. Group dinner (I forgot what it was) was great and the fire was fun as always. A few adventurous folks bounced Dragfold Cave on Thursday night and Cagle's Chasm on Saturday.

A friend in need

On Saturday, October 23, a few cavers went up to help out former VPI member and long-term friend of the club Cecile James move into her new home in Lynchburg, VA. Cecile is the owner of B&C Wunderwear, the premier producer of cave-wear. Cecile's home in Antioch, Tennessee was flooded in May and much of her products and sewing supplies and equipment were damaged or lost altogether. She decided to pack up what was left and move back to Virginia. Movers from the club were Richard and Jean Cobb, Steve Wells, Megan Ihrefeld, Julie Booker, and John Bowling. We hope the large Victorian house will prove a great place to continue the business and a wonderful new home for Cecile and her son Joel.

A cold day in NC

Over the weekend of November 5-7, some VPI cavers travelled down to Highlands, NC to rappel Whitesides Mountain. Whitesides is a roughly 700' drop down a granite face overlooking Cashiers Valley. John Deighan, Kirk Digby, Andrew Fagan, Julie Booker, Alex Booker, Brian McCarter, John Bowling and Alice Jaworski participated. Cold weather, icy roads, and rigging issues contributed to a slow start for the Saturday rappel. Since time was short, Julie and John stayed at the top while the others rappelled and all but Andrew and Deighan hiked back up to the top. Overall the day was successful, if very cold. The group stayed two nights in a rental house in nearby Scaly Mountain, NC, where they enjoyed a warm fire and delicious meals prepared by Julie.

(As always, signed by) A.I. Cartwright

CAVE CLUB EVENTS



Picnic 2010



Boxing! Only downside to this is getting punched out into the fire. Okay, not into but near enough for your friends to go "oh shit!" and quickly pull you out. Boxing Mark may be a bad idea.

Letting Naomi drive your car may also be a bad idea.



Going down the tyrolean topless? Beth wants to try it too of course.

Drunkenly singing along to Kirk's guitar playing? Yes.

Cavers doing what cavers do best— climbing sketchy shit. Look! It's a seesaw!

And of course caving! Woot Newberry Banes. Only downside is those cavers missed the Dairy Queen Run. :(Come on, 45 minutes isn't too long to drive for ice cream.



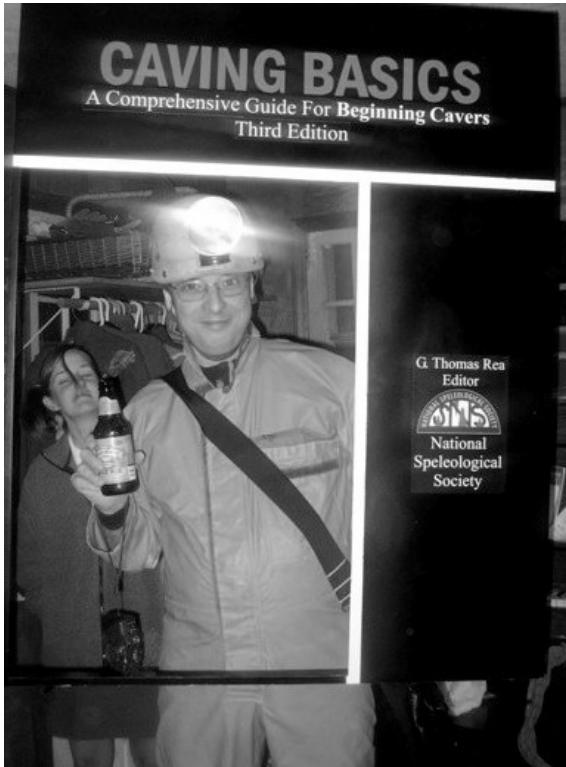


Going down the rapids with lots of people in the canoe and even more people hanging over the back stacked on top of each other in inner tubes—What a great idea!

John Echols plays taps to the pirate flag held by Bob, the man in the beanie and silly cape (he also has a water gun).

Pina Colada! We love you Matt and your delicious, delicious pina colada.



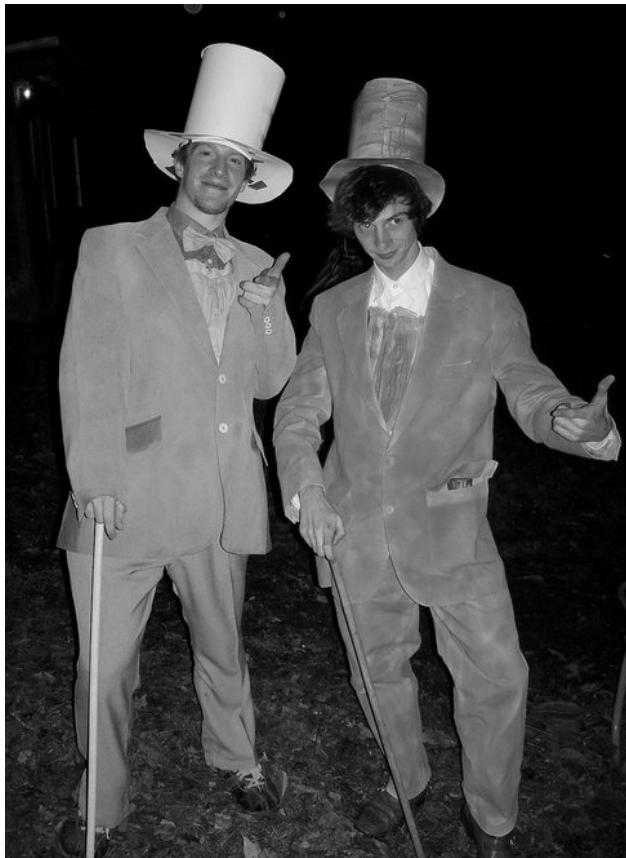


Ray Sira as... himself! He's on the cover of Caving basics. And he has a beer. So beer = caving basic? Yes.



The winner! Jessie Sakach as Sandy from Spongebob.

Halloween 2009



The winner of the couples costume! The John and Ethan bromance going as the Harry and Lloyd bromance from Dumb and Dumber. Too bad this picture isn't in color. Just imagine Ethan in powder blue and John in a suit the color of Ethan's hair.



Always.....



Schuchardt being Schuchardt

Tie dye parade!

Climbing the tower (until you're told to get down or are Mike)!

Yay! Free glowsticks!

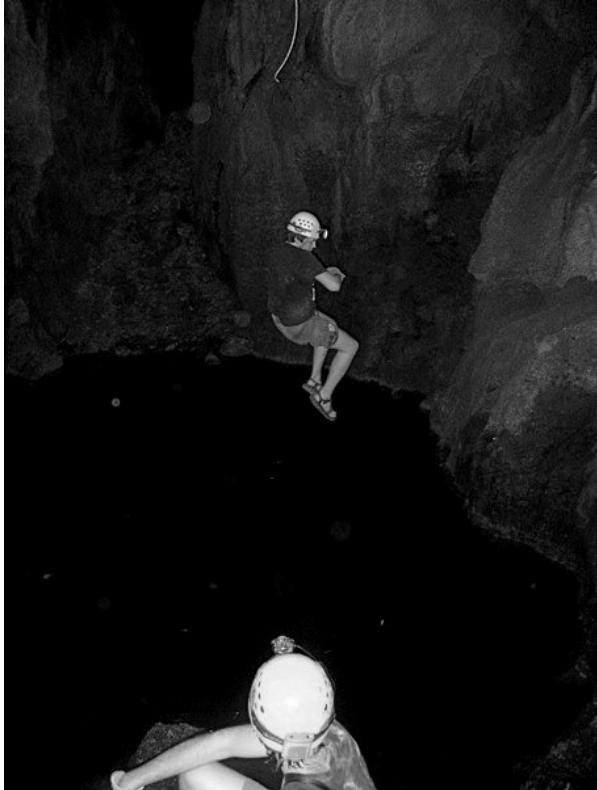
Dance party! There may not have been a dance floor this year but there is always the VPI campsite.

Ukuleles, the perfect party instrument.

Pissing people off. Hey, it's what Kirk did one year playing his guitar (some people don't like the word "twat" I guess). Only he didn't piss off the "police" and all 1000 people at TAG?

Diddling.





Rappeling off rope into the water in Rio Troy.

Events:

Phil spends \$70 on booze in one night.

Encountered a beer vending machine.

Attacked by exploding coffin.

Chupalongpig.

Members:

Phil Fansler
Samantha Fede
Deborah Barnes
Brian McCarter
John Mulheren
Courtney Troust
Alex Booker
John Deighan



Mexico 2010– 2011

Places:

Tuxpan
Real de Catorce
San Luis Potosi
Victoria
Xilitla
Aquismon
Hotel Tanuil
Las Posas
El Tajin
Cascada de Tamul
Tamasopo

Caves:

El Abra now closed
Cepillo
Golondrias
Rio Troy



Alex being picked up by a 14 year old
Alex don't trust a ho. Never trust a ho.
Don't trust them.

Trainee of the Year: Alex Booker

Cave Club Mascot Award -
Wil Orndorff
(El Cabron)



Banquet 2011

Awards:

Jr. Driver Improvement Award - Naomi Orndorff	Driving Instructor Award - Steve Wells
---	--

Flame Out: Phillip Schuchardt

Brain Bucket -
Scott Rapier
(for injuring his foot
jumping over a Creek
at OTR)

A.I. Cartright -
Ray Sira,



Picnic: it's all part of the experience



The responsible people who went.



Practice Rescue 2011

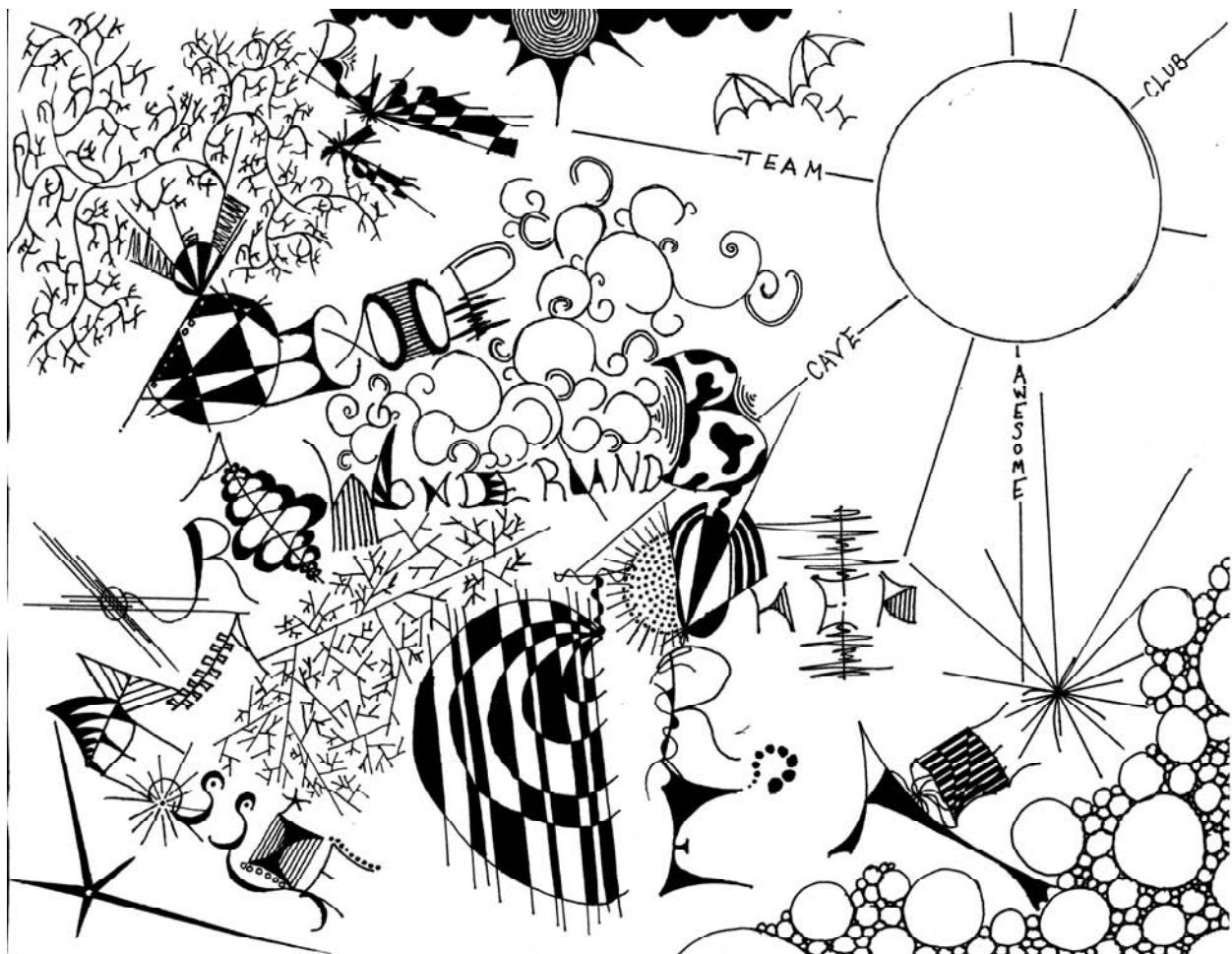
Tommy Phannareth was rescued.

Some people were called out on not being there. They took some William and Mary girls caving instead.

The William and Mary girls had a good time.



How comfy.

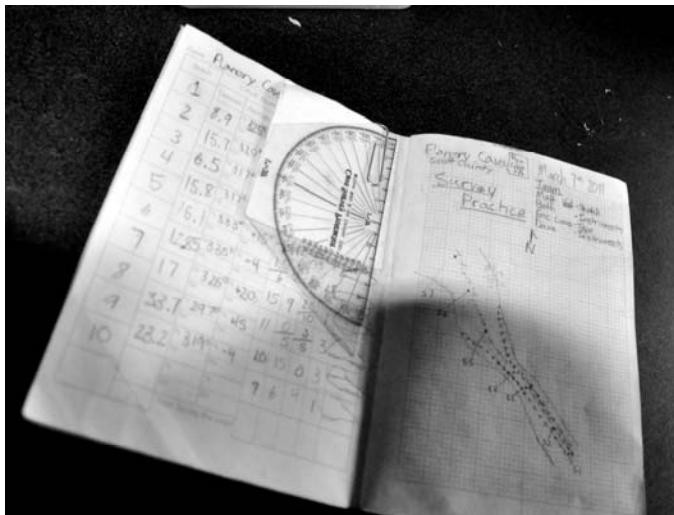


And there was some of this going on at Filthy Young Women.
If you look closely you should be able to find some of the cave names that were
surveyed.

Sara Fleetwood



This is what was done at Filthy Young Women.



...And some of this.

Filthy Young Women 2011



And this is the area.



And these are some of the excited faces that went. See how excited John is!



CAVE CLUB AND ITS MEMBERS

TOLD VIA HATS

Philip in one of Ethan's pimp hats. He knows he's looking good 'cause he's giving the thumbs up.

So what do you wear to a Astrological Sign themed party when you are a Virgo? Considering that Virgo is a virgin the tiny Mexican hat is appropriate. Because nothing is happening in a hat like that. And also I guess you have your own personal rain cloud.



Me with an ax. Because that shouldn't happen. And I'm pretty sure that hat I'm wearing got confiscated by the end of the night. That, however, was not my fault.



This is what happens when you nearly pass out on the couch. The ultra stylish list of what Peppy wore that night

includes, first and foremost, a pink snuggie, tuba hat, another tuba hat, sunglasses (at night), mardi gras beads, bandana (to be added), a wii remote, and a little stuffed animal friend.



John knows that he's stylish.
And that you aren't.



HALLOWEEN COLLEAGUE

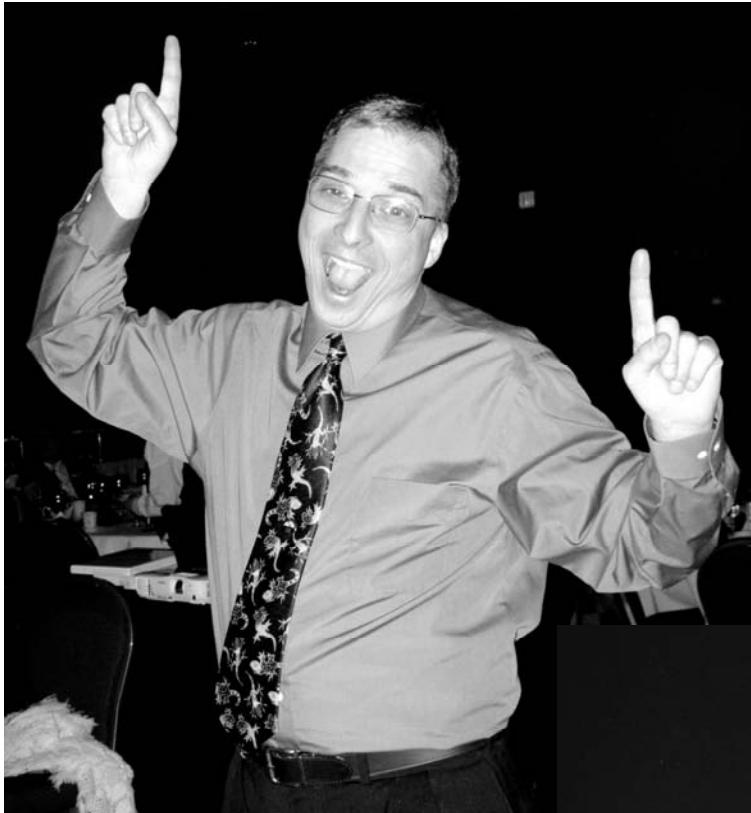
DEBORAH BARNES











BANQUET 2011: RAY DANCE EDITION

This is Ray. Doing the Ray.



This is Ray inspiring the masses.

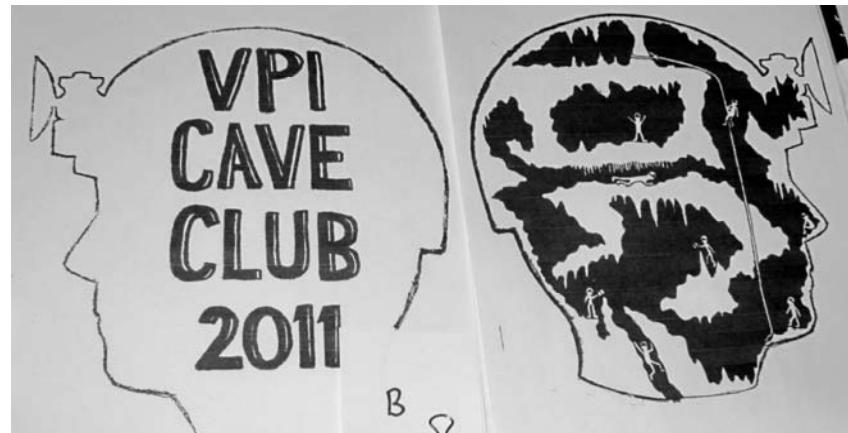


The masses
inspired.

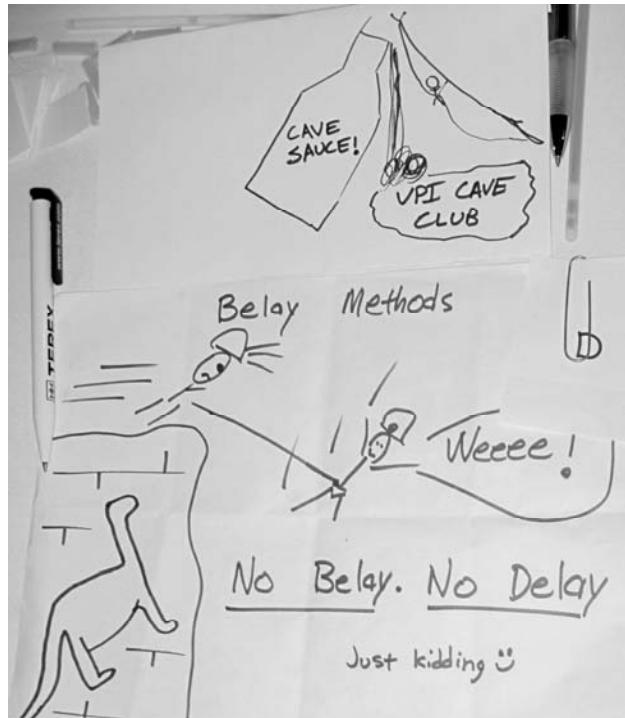
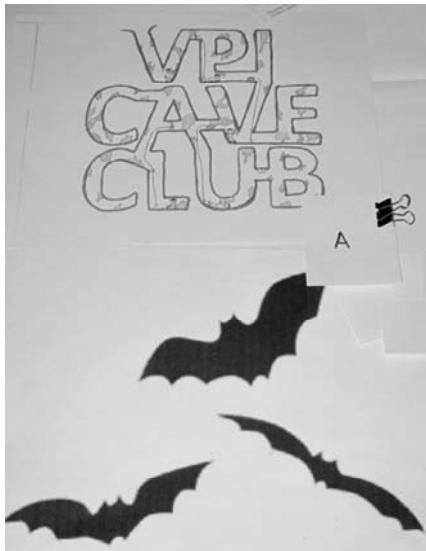


This is Julie. She isn't
doing the Ray. Notice
how unhappy and
John Bowling-ish she
looks?

T-SHIRT DESIGNS



The Winner!



Runners Up
(not featured:
The JB Johncat)

2010 A.I. Cartwright Recipients Ray Sira and Julie Booker

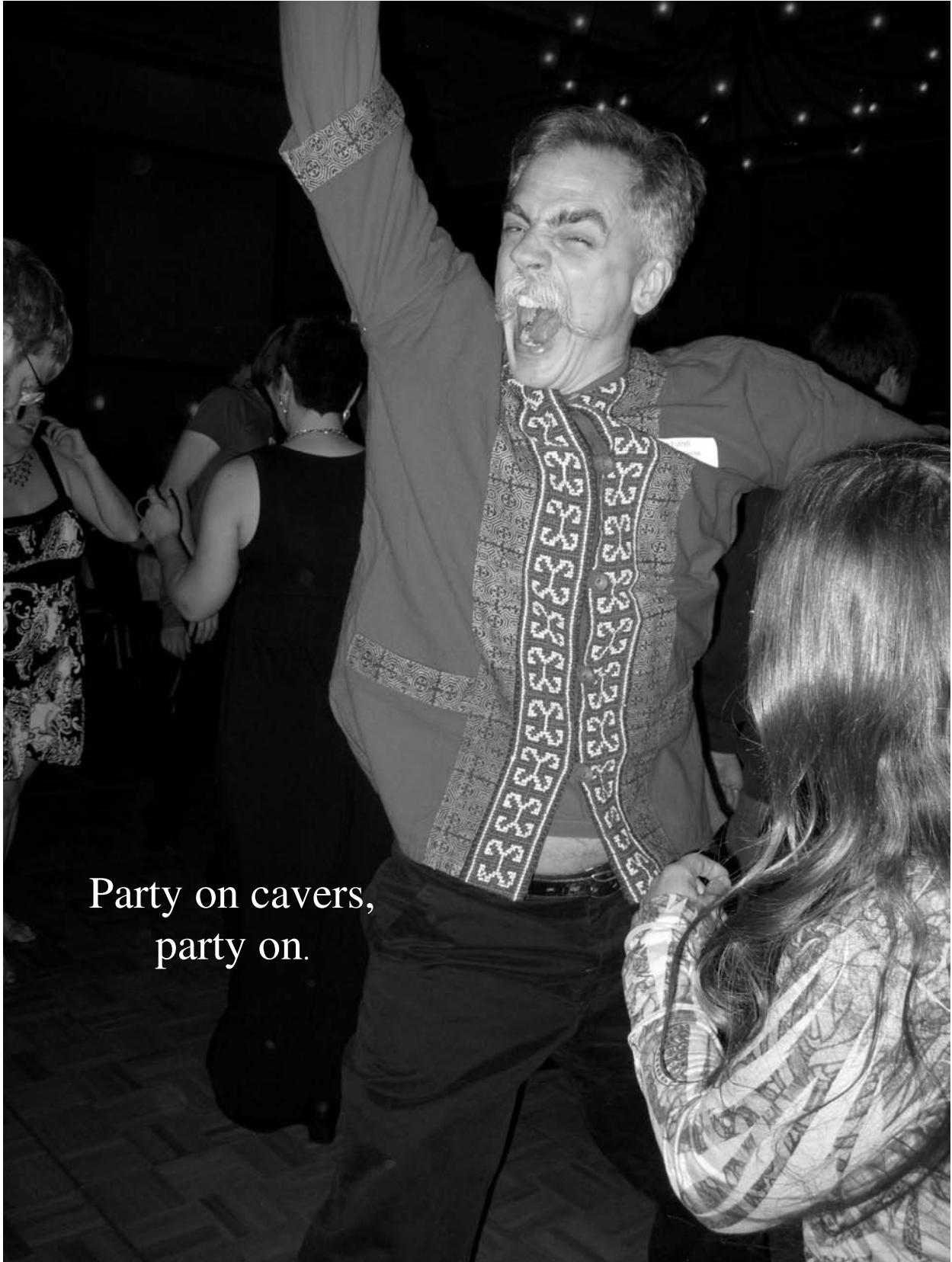


**Thanks, Ray and Julie for all you've
done for VPI Cave Club!**

2010 A.I. Cartwright Recipients Ray Sira and Julie Booker



**Thanks, Ray and Julie for all you've
done for VPI Cave Club!**



Party on cavers,
party on.

