

**TECH
TROG**

**VOL. 22
NO. 2**

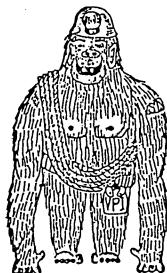


THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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

WINTER QUARTER 1983

VOL. XXII, NO. 2



President.....Steve Conner
Vice-President.....Keith Smith
Secretary.....Jim Washington
Treasurer.....Carol Trexler

Managing Editors...Maureen Handler
and Jim Washington
Exchange Editors...Jerry and
Jackie Redder

President's Column.....	Steve Conner.....	31
Editor's Column.....	M. Handler & J. Washington..	32
Grotto Grapevine.....		33
The Legend of Air Rappel.....	Jim Washington.....	35
Warm River.....	Maureen Handler.....	37
Diddly Does the Undone Dome.....	Ed Devine.....	39
A Foolproof Prusik.....	Stephen Lancaster.....	47
Are You a Serious Caver.....	Mike Futrell.....	48
Cave & Rescue Word Search.....		49
Speleorata.....	Jim Washington.....	50
Up Via Cracks.....	Frank Gibson.....	51
How To Be a Trainee.....	Anonymous.....	52
If They Say You Can't Buy----	DTC.....	53
Real Cavers Don't Do Politics-		
-Real Cavers Go Caving!.....	B.C.D.H.J.L.R.S.Z.....	55
From the Sign-Out Sheet.....		59

The Tech Troglodyte is published on a quarterly basis, pending the availability of material. All materials submitted and subscriptions should be sent to Box 558, Blacksburg, VA 24060.

Cover: The drawing is a depiction of 'The Undone Dome' in Paul Penley's Cave done by Ed Devine. Inside is the full story on the doing of The Undone Dome.

"Stymie" Speaks:

Alas, (or at last) my term as president is drawing to a close. Looking back, I'm very pleased with the accomplishments of the club. The grotto is growing and passing on the knowledge and the traditions to the record number of new members who have joined our ranks!

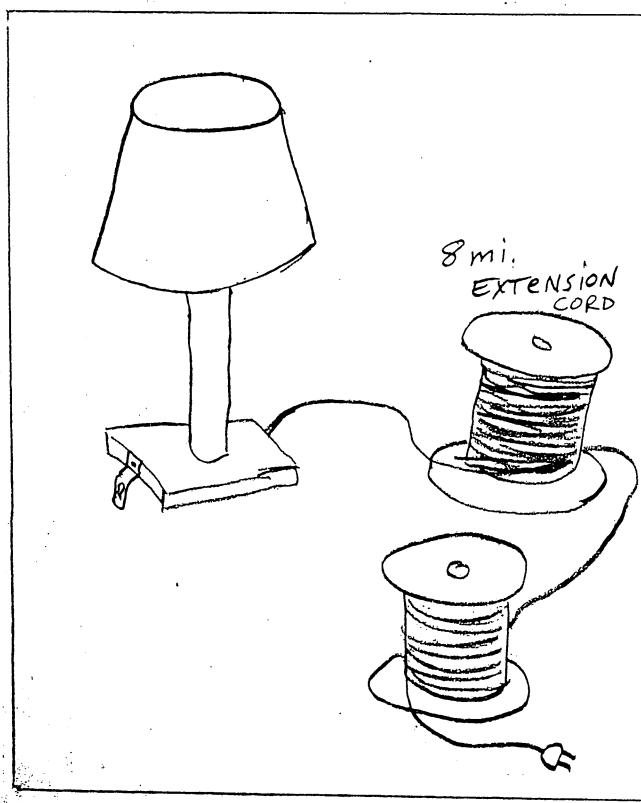
When Keith and I were elected to office, we set a few goals that we thought were pertinent to maintaining the strength of the VPI Cave Club. With the help of a lot of club members, most of these goals have been achieved. These include the boost in membership, the vertical sessions on the bridge, and the rigging session at Pig Hole. The ridge walk which Win Wright, Carol Trexler and Hillary Minich organized was quite a success. We located several entrances and we will be returning to Russell County this spring to start surveying our finds. The practice rescue that was planned was snowed out, but it has been rescheduled for April 9th at New River Cave.

Elections will be held in April, so it is time for all you regular members to evaluate your own officer potential. If you think you have the time and determination to fill a position, go for it! If you know someone else who could do a good job in office, encourage him or her to go for it! The club is strong now, and with all of the eager new cavers we have now, it can get even stronger if everyone approaches the elections with the seriousness that they deserve.

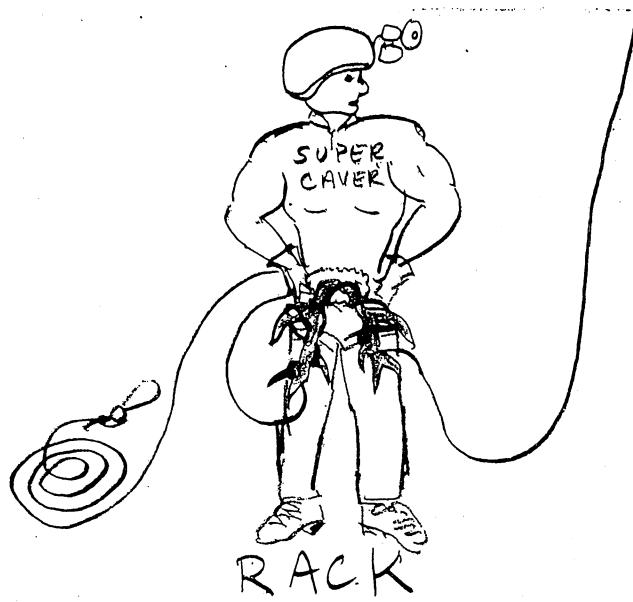
I hope everyone is planning to have as good a spring quarter as I am. I am cutting back on my school load so I can do maximum caving, climbing and partying! After all, you can't let your school work interfere with your education!

Keep on Cavin'!

Steve 'Stymie' Conner



LIGHT SOURCE



RACK

The Editors Explain

Last quarter, your faithful editors attempted something nearly unseen in the history of this austere publication.. We editorialized about something -gasp!- controversial. Loading but one round in our poison pen, we took careful aim at the cave gaters of Virginia, squeezed the trigger, and calmly awaited response from the quarry. Posthaste, or rather, U.S. Postal Service haste, we got a 'letter to the editor', another first! Evelyn Bradshaw, of the Virginia Cave Commission, wrote to ask if we felt that some caves had been gated unnecessarily and were we being fair about cases such as I-81 cave and Sinnet. We again want to stress that we believe some caves might need to be gated due to endangered species, formations and historical stuff. Permanent closure we leave to the option of the land owners. It's their cave. In our opinion, however, any cave closure, whether by gate or landowner enforcement, is indicative of a gross failure in cave owner relations. We wonder how many cave owners these gaters have personally met. Lack of other caver courtesy may take some of the blame, but we think that the 'last resort' of gating already may have been employed prematurely. Effective landowner relations do not include going to the door and saying, "We'll gate it if we can have the key."

As to the TROG...We think this is one of the finest issues he has been privileged to put our names to. None of this would have been possible without the wonderful contributions from all of you. Nevertheless, we are keeping a black list of all of you who haven't given us a TROG article in the last year.

P.S. In order to cover our collective ass, we must say that the opinions expressed here are strictly ours and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of the VPI Cave Club.

Maneu
Handler

Jim
Washington

Once again the troglodytes of Southwest Virginia are to be subjected to the most dreadful threat since Jesse Helms took office, the worst disease since "combination skin" and the biggest insult to intelligence since "That's Incredible". You're right--you've guessed it--its the return of the....

Grotto Grapevine

The winter season once again belched on Blacksburg and hampered alot of cave trips including the practice rescue, but there was still plenty of underground activity. Tech cavers made trips to Warm River, Ellison's and Roppel over Christmas break. During the quarter, Philip Balister, Steve Conner, Keith Smith, Win Wright and others did the Waterfall Pit in the new section of Banes Spring and found a twisting passage with more pits still to be attempted. After two mapping trips and three digs, Jim Washington and Garrie Rouse finished the Sam Hancock's System with 475 feet of passage. Janet Queisser has started mapping and surveying Arrett Mill Railroad Tunnel Cave in which Walt Pirie found some surprising new passage.

In spite of a snowy weekend, the ridgewalk in Russell County produced results: 2 definite and 3-4 possible caves. Surveying trips will return later. The rigging session at Pighole had a great turn out. The practice rescue has been rescheduled for April 9; hopefully we won't get another 6 inches of snow. Frank Gibson has been seen experimenting with cave flash photography "Phantom style" and suffering from dialated pupils. Hugh Beard and Dave Cinsavich found that you can see all of Link's Cave and get back for a 1:30 Redskin Kick-off. Garrie has been "Rouse-holing" in Windy Mouth. Joe & Carol Zokaites are still plugging away with the Newberry's survey. Lawrence Britt has found two new passages in Starnes Cave: a dig that we caught Moose Dawson helping with, and the "bellyflop" crawl that leads to some promising trunk passage.

Stephen Lancaster, Maureen Handler, Jim Washington and Al "Who" have been ratholing in two new caves in Clover Hollow. Ed Devine keeps insisting in perfecting his scaling poles. He also keeps insisting on finishing the Paul Penley's survey, and is now as far as Diddly's Undone Dome.

Between caving trips, the sewers in Blacksburg were flowing full of vomit as usual from assorted Friday night parties and other acts of over-indulgence. The flow of puke was diverted to Rapidan over New Year's at the Richardson's annual orgy. Finding no trainees in their midst, the members didn't have to maintain their cool. At 5:30 in the morning, a puke line formed in front of the bathroom. They also had one of the best hayrides ever. The over flow from the toilet went right outside. Upchuck and Splat Shorten definitely lived up to their nicknames and puked 6 times between the two of them. Hugh Beard had a Superbowl Party highlighted by a bluegrass "Hail to the Redskins" with every score. A massive high-five was had at the end of the game.

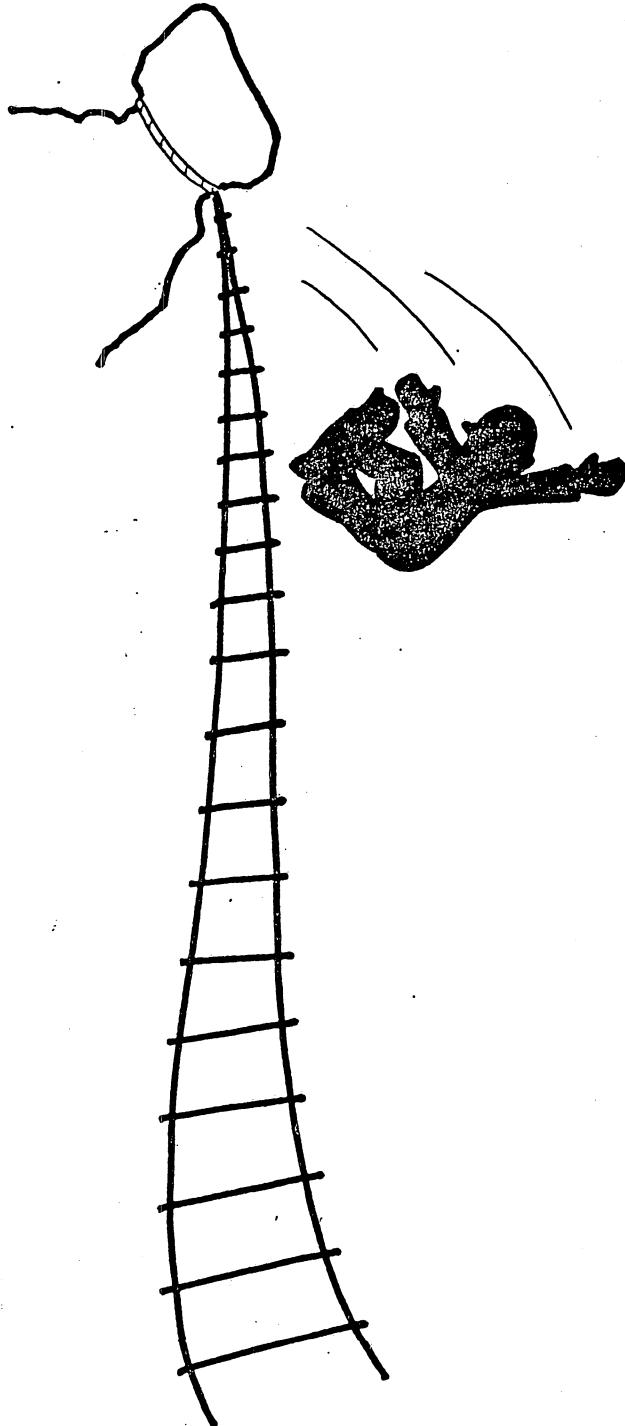
Banquet weekend was a hit with the blizzard of the century and the club was forced to cancel the dinner. The party, of course, went on as planned. Robin Koerschner came the farthest distance this year (Texas) but many others arrived in spite of the snow. Don Anderson received the A.I. Cartwright Award; Steve "Hair Rappel" Lancaster won the Brainbucket award for his hair-raising performance in Ellison's. John Lohner won the PW award and Mark Honosky was Trainee of the Year. Guano clusters went to Keith Smith and Ed Fortney for trainee-training, and Garrie Rouse for Rouse-Holing. Kent Thompson was given a bottle of Whiskey for his work in the Miller Campaign. Philip Balister was given a bottle of cheap wine for his excess as a flame-out. Ed Devine won a jet pack to replace his scaling poles. Dave Shantz came to town and left everyone broke and hungover by the next weekend. Richard and Pat Cobb arrived for Banquet and we found they'll be moving back to Blacksburg shortly. Dennis Vaders brought his new Toyota 4WD pickup and outran a Willy's and a Bronco in two feet of snow on Brush Mountain.

We had a great bunch of new members this quarter: Kent Thompson, Susan Meade, Mark Honosky, Mike Gaydosh, Al Ostroski, John McDowell, Karen Michaelson, Mark Whitis and Mike "ex-ROTC" Futrell.

The club had an intramural basketball team, dubbed the Fat Heathens. They didn't win much, but played exciting tackle-basketball.

Keith Smith has been student reaching in Richmond at Clover Hollow (?) High School. Ben Keller is at Western Kentucky and caving regularly in Roppel. Hillary Minich has been co-oping in Raleigh. John Mummery has moved to Boulder, Colorado. Lee Little is selling T-shirts, so remember to order before midnight tonight. That was what this writer remembers in his sober moments this quarter, and we're looking forward to float trip and picnic this spring.

The Legend of Air Rappel



Sunday, the day before exams
Up the road the cave they found.
"OK, check, you've got your cams?"
A perfect day for underground.

Don and Keith and Pete and Lee,
Our fabulous four of caving lore,
Rigged the rope to nearest tree,
The Clover Hollow Cave to see.

They knew what real caving meant;
A bust-ass trip they had in mind.
So, blithely down the rope they went,
Four men true punishment to find.

One last look at sky of blue,
The rope tied off to nearest rock,
And down the breakdown trunk they flew-
No stop to hesitate and talk.

Past the short tight, nasty crawl,
The straddle canyon's awkward climb,
They arm-rappelled the flowstone wall.
-The entrance part in record time.

Next in line, the twelve-foot climb.
Don stayed top to rig the drop.
Pete and Keith free-climbed the thing,
And Lee would wait 'til Don was done.

Then, down he climbed without belay,
His gloves he held between his teeth.
The cable ladder wouldn't sway,
And Keith was waiting underneath.

Two rungs down, and then he thought,
And one more rung, and he did see
Just what would pass if hands got caught?
How difficult to get them free!

Now Lee was bright; he knew the scene.
If hands can't move, neither can you.
No seconds lost, the ex-Marine
Freed both hands, and down he flew.

Well, Lee's a real good guy and all,
But sad to say, a little dense,
To try to break the basic laws
Of Gravity and Common Sense.

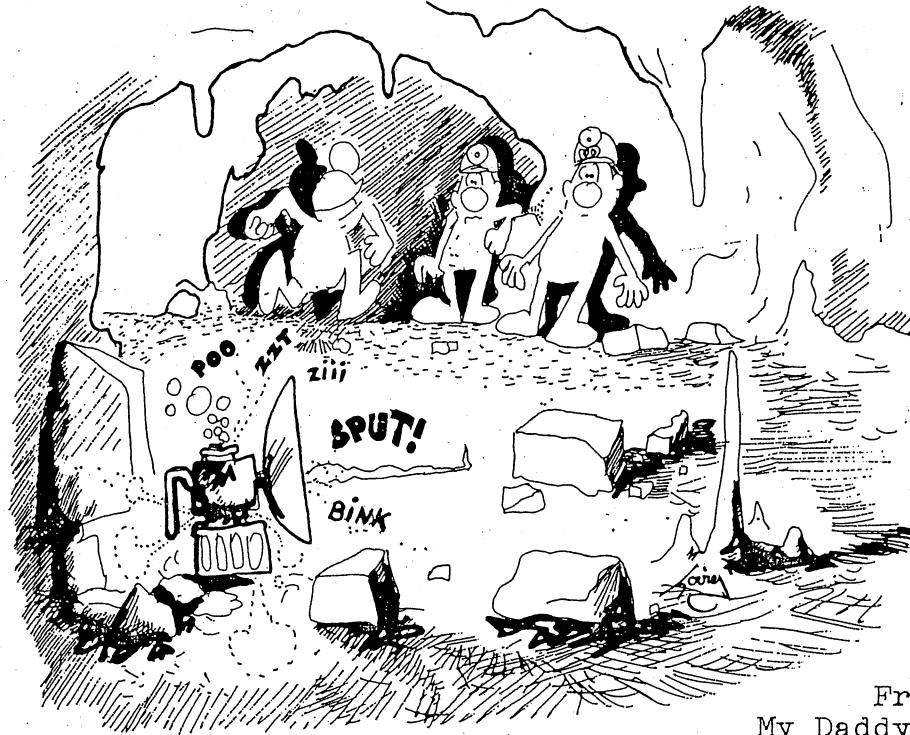
In spite of this, and not to be
Outdone by Newton's apple,
He really did a super dive,
The famous Air Rappel.

And it's twelve feet down, another ninety below,
If you lose your grip in Clover Hollow.
We can't lose that guy the girls all know,
Let's all go to Clover Hollow.

He did a back one-and-a-half, with a half twist, landing in a tucked position on top of Keith, who, after all, was right there, and who, fortunately for our free-falling friend, forced the flying fool far enough from the floor fissure to refuse him the fierce euphoria of falling further.

But it's twelve feet down, another ninety to go,
If you bounce just right in Clover Hollow.
We can't lose that guy the girls all know,
Let's all go to Clover Hollow.

Jim Washington



From
My Daddy was a Caver

WARM? RIVER

From the time I first joined the cave club, I heard rumors of a cave with hot, spring-fed water, I heard fantastic tales of cavers shedding all clothing but boots, helmets and packs and swimming nearly nude through the tepid stream. It sounded like an incredible amount of fun and being an adventurous sort, I resolved sometime to go to Warm River Cave.

On the Saturday before Christmas, my resolve became fact. On that cold December morning, after several hours of the obligatory delay, our party of nine headed out of Blacksburg in five vehicles. Jim Washington and I rode the Mudmobile; Garrie Rouse and Mark Honosky braved the Great White Whale. Jack Kehoe soloed in his inimitable VW, and three friends of Wayne Burstein brought him along on one of their two conveyances. After the inevitable 'Ohh ahh' at the roadside falling springs waterfall (whose water partially comes from Warm River Cave), we arrived at the house of the landowner only to find a number of friendly dogs and no landowner present. Wayne, who had been there before, assured us that this was no problem, and after leaving an appropriate note at the door, we headed up to the cave.

Leaving our own dry street clothes outside the entrance, we climbed down and down. Contrary to what I had heard, this was not a friendly cave. We were obliged to trust an ancient tree someone had brought in as a scaling pole. Ugly, sharp rocks presented themselves everywhere, but finally, Wayne recognized the flat, tilted rock that was the floor of the "Dressing Room."

A few of us 'brave' ones, stripped down to various stages of undress in preparation for the warm water. Then we climbed over some breakdown to begin wading. Wayne noticed that the water was about a foot higher than he remembered. Jim and Garrie swore that the stream was warmer than Old Mill, but I did not believe that it was over 55° . We headed upstream about twenty feet to where the water was chest deep with about four inches of air space. Garrie went through, then I tried, but was too cold. We decided that it was pointless to try to take the entire party upstream to find the warm water, so, disappointed, we started out of the cave.

Just before we got back to the dressing room, we found a small warm pool. It was wonderful after the cold water. Hot tub, here we come! At the end of the pool was a near siphon. This was the way to go. We were on our way to the 'Cool Pool' earlier. What a mistake. Wayne stayed with the hypothermic Rouse while the rest of us started upstream. They would follow when Garrie was warmer.

We then negotiated two more near siphons as we floated and crawled upstream. The water, which was at about 70° when we started, did not get appreciably warmer as we had expected. At the rimstone dam, it indeed began to drop. Our next obstacle was a

crawlway in frigid water, so we decided once again to turn around. While we were recarbiding, Garrie and Wayne caught up with us and we explained our dilemma. They continued forward, but we swam back down stream. About half way back Jim dropped his carbide lamp in the water, which was all muddy by this time, and had trouble finding it. When he did find it, needless to say, it had gone out. To bypass the last crawl of the warm stream there is a climb you can take which will bring you to the top of the dressing room. I did not feel like doing that sharp crawl in shorts so I decided to try the climb. Now it is not a difficult climb at all but I suggest that if you are ever in the cave DO NOT attempt it in shorts. It will be a painful experience. Back in the dressing room we all put on what dry clothes we had. Since Jim had worn my dry shirt through the wet part of the cave, I had to wear my wet T-shirt out. Thanks Jim.

In a half hour, our dynamic duo returned with a most interesting story. The water continued to get colder and colder in the crawlway and following passages but the air and the mud got warmer and warmer. The mud slide was fun, but the stream was icy. We all headed out of the cave only to find it was only about 20° outside.

The rest of the weekend was uneventful, except for Mother Nature dumping two inches of snow on us that night at Aqua Campground. The cold water in the cave was due to a major snow melt beginning three days before our trip. Beware of Warm River in the Spring unless you like a cold trip.

Maureen Handler



Hey! Rouseketrainees!

Do you like wet caves?

Do you like crawlways?

Do stream crawls really turn you on?

Do you think Windymouth is a fun cave?

If so, you may have what it takes to be an official ROUSEKETEER.

For only \$3.50 you can get an official Rousketeer T-shirt, a pair of Rousekeglasses with nerd strap, a paste-on Roustache, and a pair of waterproof underwear; Plus, at no extra charge, you will get descriptions of selected Rouseholes, including Horrible Stinkhole and Nevermind as well as the Sam Hancocks System, incomparable caves, lovingly photocopied from Douglas and Davies.

Who's the leader of the crew that's made for you and me?

G-A-R ("R" you crazy?)

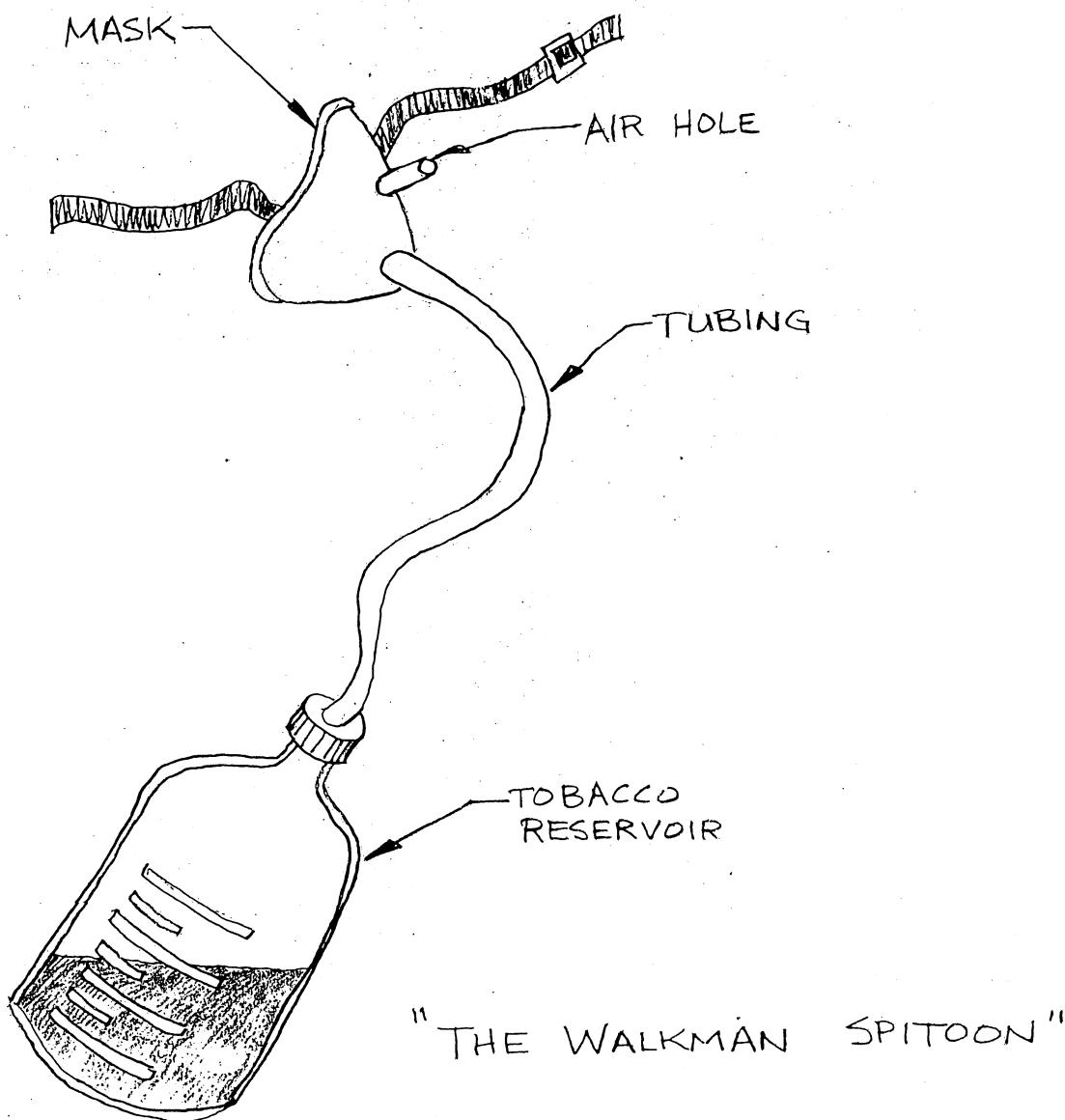
R-I-E ("E", because it's spelled that way!)

R-O-U-S-E

Spits & Sputters

For those of you who enjoy that occasional dip or chew while caving and are tired of using a baby bottle cuspidor, I have the answer. Certain to rival the Sony Walkman in popularity, its the Walkman Spitoon. Made from an oxygen mask, PVC tubing, and an IV bag (all available at your neighborhood Rose's store), it can be easily assembled and worn anywhere. Put on the mask, stuff the IV bag in your shirt pocket, and go caving.

Ken Bonenberger



Diddly Does The Undone Dome

We started surveying Paul Penley Cave in January, 1978, and have accumulated slightly under 5 miles of passage in the 70 or so trips that have been made since.

Only a few leads are left and only one of these has true potential. This lead is at the top of the waterfall domepit at the eastern end of the cave where it comes nearest to Buddy Penley Cave, Newberry Cave and the other Skydusky Hollow caves. This dome still has not been named although several names have been suggested including Diddly's Dome, the Undone Dome, the Formerly Undone Dome, the Aerobatic Dome, and Death Dome.

We have attempted to scale this dome 4 times using bolting and scaling pole techniques with partial success. On the third trip the top was gained by one of us and partially explored revealing numerous going leads. However, this success was short-lived because it was not possible at the time to hardwire the climb so that easy return would be possible.

The dome was discovered in March, 1980, when Bill Koerschner and Ben Keller finally squeezed through the incredibly tight Fender Bender and found several hundred feet of crawl passages. The dome was found near the end of this at the end of a short, tight crawl. This crawl intersected the domepit in its mid-region such that a rigged descent would be necessary.

I came back to the dome with Joe Zokaites and Sue Heazel in April, 1980, to descend it and hopefully discover miles of lower-level stream passages. What we found instead was a drop of about 75 feet leading to a drain which was too tight to enter but which blows much air. The waterfall makes the bottom cold and wet and caused us great discomfort. The pit must be entered through a tight chimney-slot which made the climb out difficult because of constrictions. We found that the water fell out of an inaccessible dome that appeared to go at least 20 feet above us although we could not see up into it well because of the water and vertical exposure required to look up into it. We headed out and I didn't expect to be back to this hypothermic place.

In April, 1981, however, I was back with Joe and Carol Godla to try bolting out into the dome and hopefully gain access to the top. All the other leads in this part of the cave had been checked, including other scaling pole leads, and they had all died. The top of the dome was the only thing left.

With Joe belaying from the tiny alcove overlooking the drop and Carol assisting with equipment, I climbed out 4 bolts into the dome. The rock was extremely shaly and muddy. Fingers of shale and mud completely hid the surface in places such that bolting was tedious and difficult. The fifth bolt shattered the rock as it was being set. The quarter-inch bolts we were using appeared too small for the sleazy rock.

At that point, the top still looked at least 20 feet away although it looked like there was a good canyon lead of sorts coming in at the top. However, it looked way beyond our capabilities so we quit the climb, derigged everything and headed out. I didn't expect to return.

A year passed during which time I constructed several scaling poles which I thought would be easy to use in the dome. They were very light,

sturdy and easy to construct in tight places. The larger of these was a 30 foot pole weighing about 45 pounds and the smaller was an 18 foot pole weighing about 24 pounds.

In June, 1982, a trip consisting of Joe Zokaites, Dave Cinsavich, Chris Welch, Keith Smith, Jim Rodd, and myself dragged the 30 foot pole and its accessory equipment back the dome to scale it. The plan was to build the pole in the alcove, section by section, lowering it into the pit as we built it. It would then be hoisted up the dome and the bottom hung off three of the bolts that we had set on the previous trip. This would position a cable ladder which could be climbed into the dome. The full 30 foot pole weighs too much for one person to manipulate so we decided to use only 20 feet of the pole. The idea was for one person to position himself at the bolts at the end of the chimney and manipulate the pole while the other two guys in the alcove hoisted the pole from its lower end using a 2:1 pulley arrangement. Jim Rodd and I had tried this arrangement a week earlier on a cliff on the surface and it had worked easily.

In the cave it proved difficult to build the pole and the hoist arrangement worked poorly. We finally got the pole up but the bottom was positioned so poorly and insecurely that nobody had the nerve to climb the thing. It also looked like the top of the pole was still several feet below the lead at the top. Discouraged, we derigged the dome, headed out and swore we'd not be back.

On the drive back to D.C., Chris Welch, Jim Rodd and I discussed the trip. The 30 foot pole was definitely too heavy to use and the 18 foot pole was too short. What if we climbed a few more bolts up into the dome so that the 18 foot pole would reach? It would be easy! With this in mind we quickly forgot the horrors of the dome and decided to return.

In September we were back. The trip consisted of Joe Zokaites, Chris Welch, Miles Drake, Suzanne Danielson and myself. We were prepared for a long, grueling trip. We hauled back just about every piece of imaginable caving gear except a wetsuit. In addition to the 18 foot scaling pole packed into 3-foot bundles, we had cable ladders, ropes, vertical rigs, 1/4- and 3/8-inch bolt kits, and enough carabiners and slings to start a shop. The day before the trip I picked up a 4-inch brick chisel to aid bolt placement. This turned out to be the crucial piece of gear.

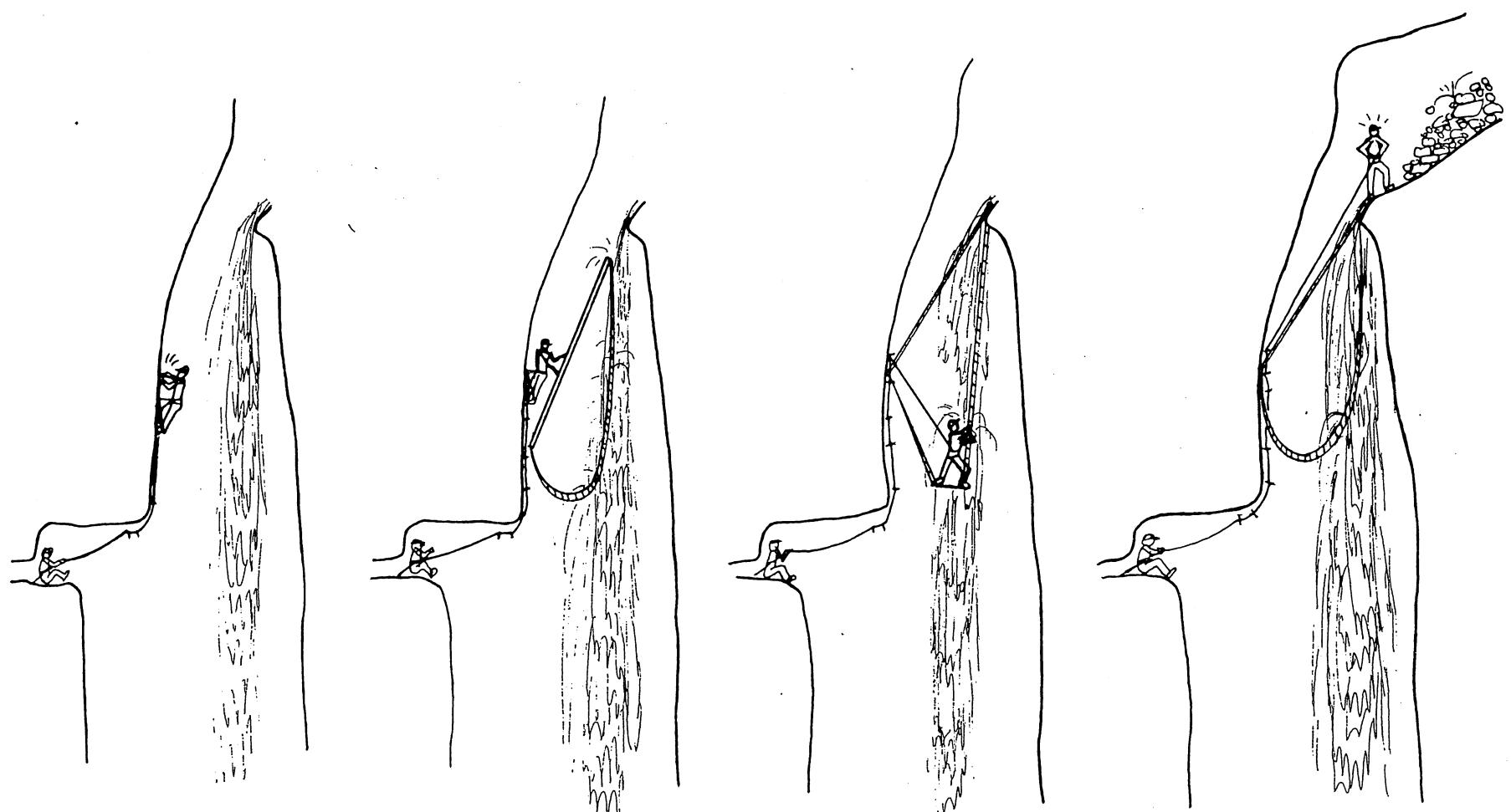
We made good time getting back to the Ante-room and were soon sorting gear. With so much equipment to sort it took most of an hour before we were starting the climb.

I gingerly climbed out on the first three bolts which had been placed 15 months before in the questionable rock. From here the plan was to climb to the side and up to a point where the pole would reach the lead.

Leaning out to the side, I found that the rock just to the right of the area where the previous bolts had been set was vastly better in quality. Here the waterfall spray had cleaned the surface down to steely-hard, clean limestone. Unfortunately, the surface was a maze of fins and ledges caused by the shaly nature of the rock. In order to set bolts it was first necessary to chisel off 2 inches of this material to prepare a smooth surface. A sharp brick chisel is ideal for preparing such a surface with minimal fracturing of the underlying rock. However, this meant a lot more time required for the bolting.

While I was working on the wall with Chris belaying in the alcove, Joe was busy in the Ante-room assembling the pole into 3 pieces which could be passed through the crawl for final assembly in the alcove.

Miles and Suzanne were busy checking possible leads about a hundred feet back toward the entrance from the Ante-Room. We half expected them to push through one of these and yell down to us from the top of the dome. Unfortun-

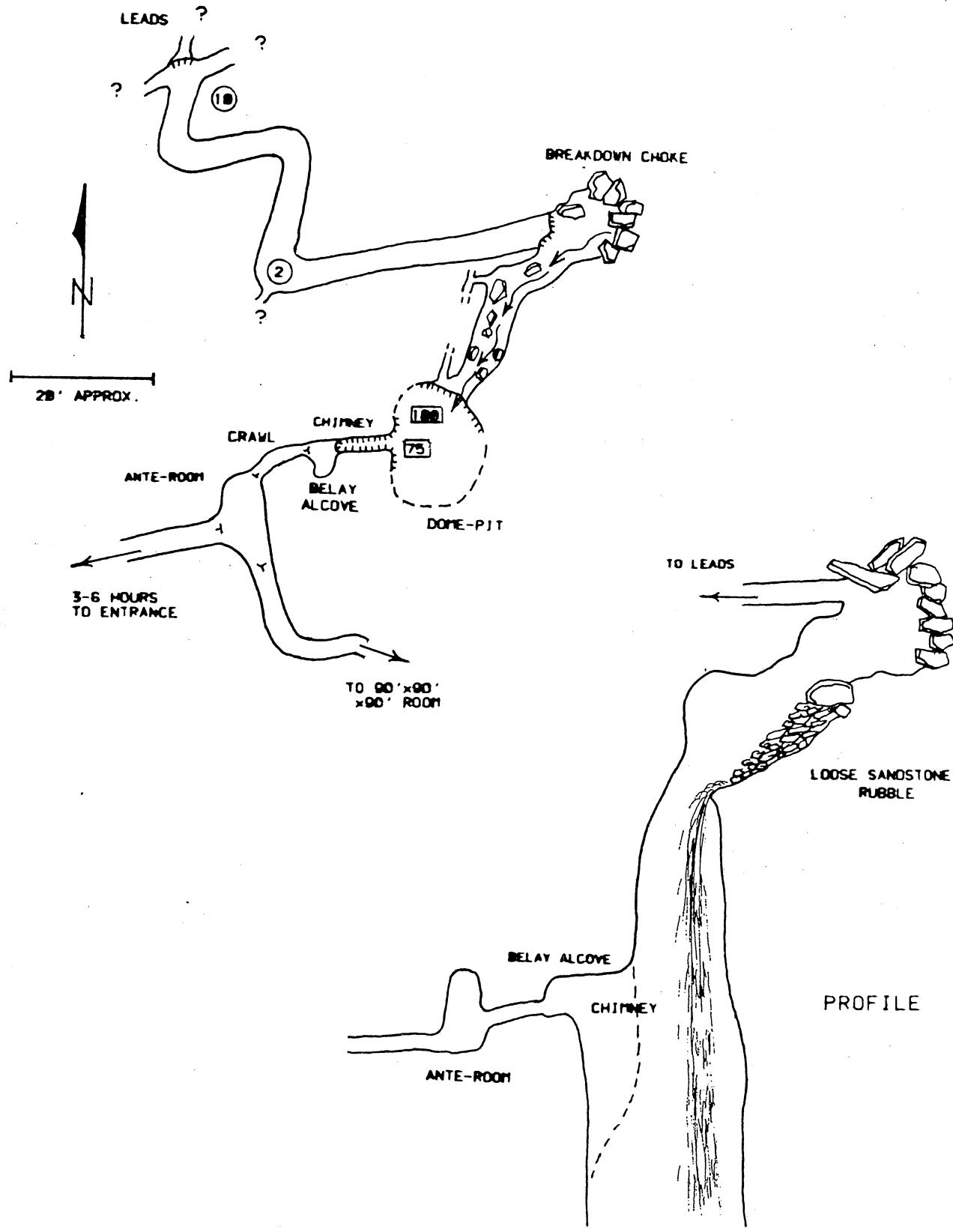


1) BOLT CLIMB INTO DOME

2) ASSEMBLE AND PLACE
SCALING POLE

3) POLE CLIMB

4) INVESTIGATE LEADS



ately, we were not to be so lucky.

The bolt climb progressed smoothly though 4 more bolts. In constant spray from the waterfall, I was soaked and coated with grime from mud and bolt splatter. Fortunately I was still pretty warm because of a garbage bag undershirt and the effort of the hard work required to set the bolts. From the top bolt the top of the dome looked deceptively close. Deciding that the top two bolts were placed high enough to anchor the bottom of the pole, I pulled up a cable ladder, rigged it into the top bolts and climbed down into the alcove for a breather.

Here we pulled the pole sections through the crawl and assembled the 18 foot pole. After a short rest I climbed back up the ladder to the top bolts and rigged a sling arrangement that would pull uniformly from the two top bolts in a redundant fashion that would be secure if either of the 2 bolts failed.

From there it was a simple matter to lift the pole, hoist it into position and clip the bottom end to the anchor.

In position, the top of the pole appeared to clear the lip of the lead by a foot or so. The stage was now set.

The cable ladder was secured to the top of the bolt climb and hung in a "J" shape with the top end looping back up to the top of the pole. The top of the pole was about 10 feet over from the bottom. The belay lead from the top of the bolt climb through each bolt to Chris, belaying in the alcove. The belay did not lead to the top of the pole because of the questionable nature of that support and the additional friction it would have caused in the belay. A free-fall from the top of the pole would mean 30 feet before rope tension. It was time to do the climb.

I climbed down the ladder to the bottom of the "J" and slowly transferred my weight to the other length of ladder. As I did this I swung to the other side of the pit under the drench of the waterfall. The anchors holding the bottom of the pole creaked as the pole took my full weight.

The rig seemed secure and I quickly ascended and was soon climbing over the lip at the top.

My lamp flame was very dim and I could see poorly. A high canyon passage came in at the top with a steep cobble slope floor over which the stream flowed. I stepped up this slope a ways and untied my belay. This I carefully tied off to a rock. I re-carbided and inspected my surroundings.

The top of the dome looked bad. Everytime I stepped about, rocks slid and fell. These smooth sandstone rocks and cobbles were holding up frightening multi-ton boulders further up the slope. A falling rock could easily knock down the pole and tear away my belay line leaving me stranded. Just as disturbing, there was absolutely nothing to hardwire a line to. The walls here were 5 inches of crumbly shale with no holes or projections to tie to. The sandstone cobbles were out of the question as anchors. It was like this all the way up the slope. Bolting here would be very tricky. With this in mind I went exploring.

I followed the canyon about forty feet up the slope where it abruptly ended in a wall of breakdown and cobbles with no leads and the stream coming out of the bottom. It ended!

As I turned to head back down I glanced up and spotted a fine tube passage coming into the top of the canyon. I climbed about ten feet up the wall into the tube and found that it continued as a spacious crawlway about 2 to 3 feet high and 6 to 10 feet wide with a breeze. This got better and better and after about 80 or 90 feet I was soon standing in a small junction room with 3 leads going off. One of these was a walking lead heading roughly east in the direction of the other caves. The dome lead had done the best thing it possibly could. It

had lost its wet, sleazy lead and replaced it with several dry, breezy, going leads. I headed back without exploring further.

Back at the 10-foot climb I was shocked to find that my principal handhold was a large slab held up only by mysterious forces. It was difficult climbing down without using it.

I was now back at the top of the dome and it was essential to find an anchor so that a line could be permanently rigged for safe descent and easy return.

The slope started causing problems. Everything that was tucked moved and fell so that I was required to spend much of an hour stabilizing rocks as I searched out an anchor. There was great danger of undermining the boulders up the slope a ways. After much effort I thought I had the slope secure. Suddenly, with a crash and a boom a sixty-pounder jumped down the pit missing the rigging but scaring the hell out of those below.

No matter how hard I looked I could not find a suitable anchor. It was about sixteen or seventeen hours into the trip and everyone, including myself, was exhausted. There was not time to set bolts in this sleazy rock.

To my growing horror I realized I was going to have to down climb the pole and leave no permanent anchor. I was scared of the prospect of such a descent. From the top it looked ghastly.

I tied into the belay, stepped to the edge and stepped onto the ladder. I started inching my way down, reminding myself not to look up into the cold waterfall because of my carbide lamp.

I was about ten feet down. Suddenly, darkness! My lamp was out in the water. I worked through my pack and took out my flashlight. Light again! I descended further. Suddenly the flashlight slipped and briefly traced a spiraling arc before it was smashed in the depths of the shaft. I reached for my third source of light which was a Tecna-light tied to my equipment sling. I had checked it earlier; now the damn thing refused to work. My third source of light had just failed and I was stuck in the darkness!

My strength was badly sapped and I realized that I could only last a few minutes. I tried to climb back up and found to my horror that my belay was tangled with the cable ladder. There was a length of parachute cord tied to me which lead down into the belay alcove below. This cord was for passing miscellaneous equipment during the climb. This cord was now badly tangled with the belay and cable ladder.

My boots were equipped with speed lace eyelets that were now badly tangled in the cable ladder wires.

Things were all wrong and growing worse by the second. I was stuck, confused and extremely cold. Hypothermia and exhaustion were taking over.

On top of it all I knew that there was absolutely no way my friends could get to me to help.

"Get me light!... Fast!" I yelled into the darkness below.

Joe hurried through the crawl to join Chris in the belay alcove and they worked feverishly to aid me as best they could.

A light appeared shining up through the falling water from below me. Joe was extended way out into the slot and was just able to point his light such that some of its beam reached me. If I were to fall now the thrashing belay line would surely toss him into the pit.

The strength in my arms was almost gone now. I had locked my arms onto the ladder rung to hold on and was worried about retaining my hold.

Although my glasses were coated with grime and water, Joe's light from below was just enough to help. I could now see that the cable ladder had wrapped itself around the middle of the pole that was holding me up and that I was pul-

ling dangerously against it.

With the help of Joe's light I was able to free the ladder from the pole with my feet and unhitch my boots from the ladder wires. However, the parachute cord was fast stuck. Fortunately, Joe was able to burn through the cord with his carbide lamp and we were soon free of it.

I was now free to descend! Moments later I was near the bottom of the "J" in the ladder.

Unexpectedly, without warning, my grip on the ladder failed and I was swinging free! Because I was at the lowest part of the ladder, I just harmlessly swung a short ways toward the slot and grabbed the ladder again. I later realized that if I had climbed back up the ladder earlier, as I had tried to, this fall might have occurred from the top of the ladder with catastrophic results.

With great difficulty and a strong pull from Joe, I was able to wedge into the slot and slide into the alcove where I collapsed to the floor exhausted, numb and confused; shivering uncontrollably from hypothermia.

After kissing the floor for long moments, I struggled through the crawl and into the Ante-Room where Miles and Suzanne were waiting, also cold and miserable. The leads they had been checking had stopped them 8 or 9 hours earlier, and they had been waiting in the Ante-Room since then. Their leads had continued but were apparently so tight that even Miles, well known as a super-digger and lead pusher, could not get through. He planned to return with better digging and prying equipment.

We were in such an exhausted, hypothermic state that we decided to abandon the climb and leave all the equipment rigged, including the scaling pole on the wall. The only things we took out were the small things that might be damaged by prolonged exposure to damp air.

The trip out was very rough in the beginning because of our physical state. However, most of the trip out is in dry crawlways so we recovered after several hours. We exited the cave into the early morning. Valuable lessons were learned and reinforced regarding waterfalls, good electric rigs, and over-extending abilities.

We knew we'd be back because of the mountain of gear we'd left. We also thought it would be easy to do the climb again since it was all set up.

A crew consisting of Chris Welch, Miles Drake, Dave Cinsavich, Win Wright, Bruce Beard and myself returned a month later. In addition to attempting the climb again and de-rigging the climb, we were prepared to push Miles' digs with renewed vigor and better equipment. After thinking though the events of the previous trip, a method of hardwiring the dome occurred to me that would require about sixty feet of rope. In the confusion of the previous trip I had not seen it. It involves tying the rope off through a tight constriction that exists at the top.

Although we thought this trip would be a breeze, technical complications occurred and we failed to make it up the climb. Both Chris Welch and I attempted it but neither of us made it more than half-way up the ladder. Exhaustion and a tangled belay on the bottom of the pole stopped us just short of success. However, the trip was pleasantly free of the frightening near-misses that the previous trip had experienced.

Miles found that the dig leads were much too tight to get through.

We de-rigged and hauled everything out after a long and discouraging trip.

I said I'd never return but we're working on a new tactic that is just sure to work.

Ed Devine

A POOLPROOF PRUSIK

Have you ever had your helicals come undone on you while you were climbing rope? Ever have to retie your knots while hanging in space? Ever wonder why this problem arises in the first place? There are two reasons for this phenomenon. The first reason has to do with the handling properties of tenstron. The stuff is so stiff and springy that it is hard to handle. The second reason is that the bowline, even when it is backed off, tends to untie itself with the constant motion of climbing. Ever wonder why rock climbers don't like bowlines? Well now you know.

One possible solution to this problem is incorporating the use of the figure eight into the tying of this otherwise functional knot.

The procedure for doing this is quite simple if you follow these steps:

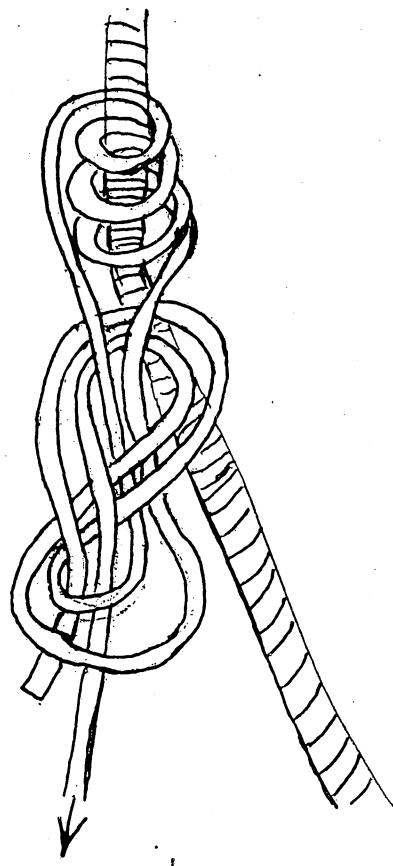
1. Tie a figure eight into your helical line
2. Wrap the line around the standing rope
3. Trace the remaining line through the figure eight

Pull it tight and you have it.

There are other advantages to this method, other than the fact that the figure 8 is less likely to untie itself than the bowline:

1. It is a less confusing knot to tie
2. The wraps can be made tighter, making the knot less likely to slip
3. The figure 8 gives you somewhat of a handle to hold onto while sliding the knot up the rope

The knot does have one disadvantage though, it takes a little longer to tie. This actually is not really a disadvantage if you take into consideration the fact that you will not have to retie your knots.



Stephen Lancaster

Are You a Serious Caver

(OR DO YOU JUST DRINK THE BEER)

Complete guides to Mexican Caves, Himalayan Climbing Experiences, and Joy of Sex. (memorized)

Autolite (status symbol)

Zits and scruffy beard (optional)

650' PMI

Brunton, tape, and 2 notebooks

Standard cave pack:
carbide, water, dump, parts kit, 1st aid kit, spare lamp, flashlight, candles, glow stick, matches, lighter,

310' PMI for nuisance drops

Vertical pack:
rappel rack, spare beaners and break bars, cam rig, knots

2 plastic trash bags

Electric lamp for wet places

Backpack: full wet suit, 2 cable laders, 250' Bluewater, bolt kit, shovel, magnesium flares, scaling pole, rope pads, 6 peices 25' webbing, tripod, food, Coleman stove, more carbide, 1st aid gear, walkie-talkie, drinking water

Patches: NSS, VPI, Wilbur Crew

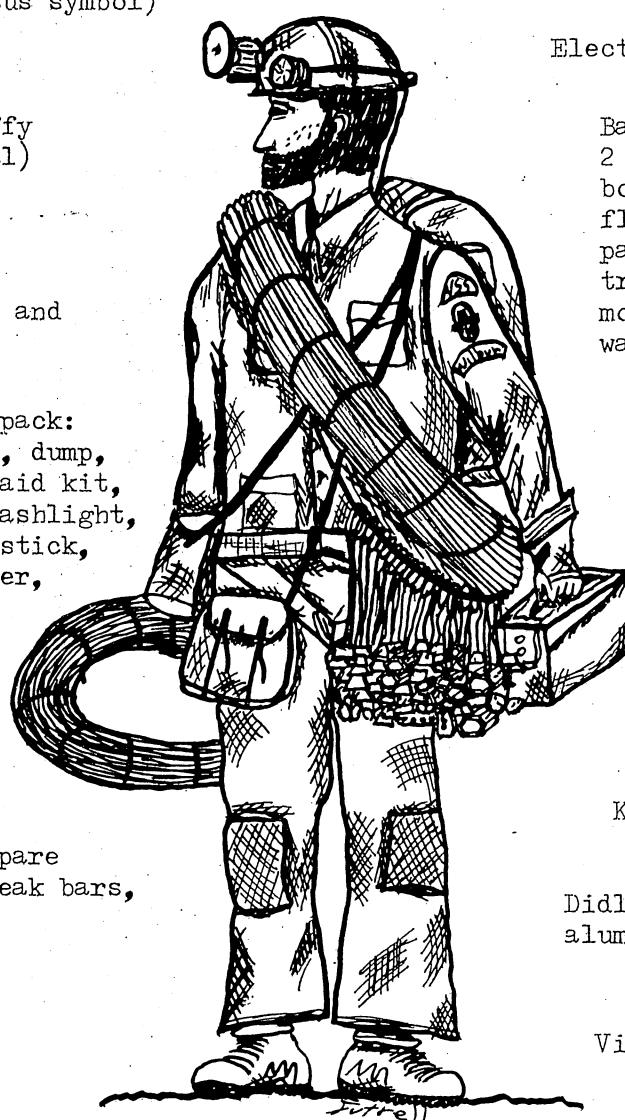
Photography equipment

Enough climbing gear to do El Cap

Kneepads sewn in

Didly shin guards made from aluminum no parking sign

Vibram sole boots with 440# test shoelaces



Note: A serious caver is accompanied by 3 Sherpas i.e. experienced but gullible members, VT's, PM's, or any other DF's.

As this caver is carrying only the bare essentials - see next issue and find out what the Sherpas carry.

Cave & Rescue Word Search

P A L C O M M U N I C A T I O N S K C		
X K Z A S C E N D E R S V W R T U P D		
U E D R B F N I A T N U O M I L S R L		
R T O B Q G L J H E L M E T G E P E H		
Q S P I V P N K T B N A V Q G P E N F		
T O E D Y E X I W A J F H A I P N I F		
V P R E Z L P U L L E Y S B N A S B N		
S D A L R W I O Q U P S N X G R I A H		
O N T A K S F C R X A L S P S F O R B		
O A I M R E H T O P Y H T S O W N A L		
C M O P Z A R X P C N B A K I T Z C V		
E M N K Q R T L E W U P L V X W R F P		
R O S P I C K E T I M G A L A T S U A		
P C A V E H U Z F O A U C Q R V X E S		
S T Q K R V X F C A R V T A G L S N Q		
G B W E B B I N G Q K Z I H J W V I M		
T E X K T L E B E F I L T J G K F I P		
A L R V C U K W A V N U E Z S Q R W I		
L A F Q X O T T O R G I X W U K V O T		
P Y E C N A R T N E S T O K E S Z B X		
Pulleys	Rope	Stalagmite
Rappel	Search	Stokes
Rigging	Stalactite	Suspension

Ascenders	
Belay	
Bowline	
Carabiner	
Carbide Lamp	
Cave	
Cliff	
Command Post	
Communications	
Compass	
Entrance	
Grotto	
Hauling	
Helmet	
Hypothermia	
Lifebelt	
Markings	
Mountain	
Operations	
Passages	
Pickett	
Swiss Seat	
Trail	Webbing

Speleorata

Cave softly amid the pretties and nasties, and remember what true peace there may be in rappelling. Circumvent ugly, sharp stream crawls unless you are truly masochistic. Carry first-aid. Encourage membership in the NSS, and write for the publications even though cave politics be for turkeys. If a person appears in doubt of who he is, he may be a speleopolitician. Beware. Consider that if two rights and a wrong go to a dead end, a right and two lefts may not get you back to where you remember. Whenever possible, use Suuntos instruments. Be comforted in the face of rising streams and sudden rockfalls, that despite the fact that your wallet is all wet, someone will come to get you out in four to six hours. Strive not to eat cave creatures, dead or alive. Remember Roppel, and keep it holy. Exercise reasonable caution, especially in virgin territory. Know not no knot, and know what knot to use when. Be assured that pushing wet sumps by carbide light often will leave you in the dark. Therefore, attempt not naked the "Grim Crawlway of Death."

Surrender gracefully the things of youth: solvency, sobriety, Moral Majority, and keep not your gorp in plastic bags. For a good time, remember to remove your carbide lights before engaging in oral sex. Be heartened amid impending starvation that the stuff at the bottom of your pack is possibly edible, if you scrape it first, and reflect that, however miserable you may feel, it only would be worse on a photo trip.

You, caver, frequently push the limits of your endurance, but please call it guano when it sticks to your overalls. You are privileged to go to Hell, provided you embrace agreeable politics and have landowner permission. Therefore, learn to abide grotto functions, pay your dues, party, but not to excess, leave gates as you found them, and remember to carry three sources of light. Keep always in mind, nevertheless, that caving is an activity peculiar to the living. Be safety conscious, and enjoy.

Up Via Cracks

"I'll be going to Banes Spring tomorrow (snicker, snicker). I need sherpas real bad, come on, don't be a bunch of sorry-ass wimps! You'll have fun for sure."

That's typical for planning trips into Banes Spring during club meetings. It is always hard to bring people into that hole, especially if you're doing sherpa work. I have to bribe, lie, say you'll get your picture taken, "even threaten them to get them on the trip. Damn, carry gear and you get to bounce a 195' free pit, that is, after 2 hours of crawling.

There are now only a few "technical" leads left in Banes Spring. Steve Conner is currently pushing the virgin "Waterfall Pit" slowly, but surely and without wet-suits! Now that's a real caver! Eric Anderson and I are pushing an aid climb at the bottom of Whistling Wells and we're having a gala of fun doing it.

Eric aided up the first pitch, a beautiful 50'+ crack, dubbed "C&P Crack" (cheese & pepperoni) that led to a small alcove. The alcove is probably the most comfortable spot in the whole cave; a sandy floor and with a good view of the big pit. All we need now is Eric's ghetto blaster with some good tunes to aid climb by. A week later, Bob Carts from PSC, Eric and I did a triple push on a crack at the end of the alcove. Christened "Plaring Crack", it is an overhanging, strenuous crack, with "manky" chock placements. This crack led to another alcove, 35' above the first and with a magnificent view of Whistling Wells. We found 3 new cracks at the new alcove, waiting to be raped with aid gear. One of the cracks has at least 100' of sheer exposure, on the wall of the big pit itself.

We hope our aid project leads to more cave, maybe even a connection to a cave nearby.

"Hey you, have any vertical experience? Oh, you've done Pighole a few times, good enough. Well, we're going to Banes Spring tomorrow, with more gear, and we'll pick you up around 10am."

Frank "The Torch" Gibson
VPI 232

How To Be a Trainee

Being a trainee is great because no one expects anything of you. If you play your cards right, your time as a trainee should be the best years of your life. While you are not expected to know everything, there are a few things that you should learn quickly if you want to last long.

Bumming gear is an art. Since it is unlikely that you own your own gear, try to mention what you don't have to the person who is taking you caving. Preferably this should be done before you reach the cave entrance, but if you forget just stay calm and try to be suave: "Hey man, you mind giving me some water?... What about some carbide?...A helmet and lamp?"

If you make it to the cave, you're doing good, but don't blow it in there. Don't rush to keep up with others if it is unsafe. If you are in a dangerous place and want a belay, demand one. You may feel they resent you for slowing them down, but they resent trainee scum anyway. What will get them more upset is having to rescue you if you have an accident (not that kind of accident). Once a year they have a rigging session which stresses cave safety because once you see the rigging you won't ever want to be rescued.

You should be sure to enjoy your caving trip not just because you are a masochist². Be sure to look around once in a while and take in the sights and formations³. It should be a fun and exploring experience.

One final thing, don't let this happen to you: "A change of clothes? Oh, I don't mind going home dirty...What did you say about your trunk?"

If you make it home you're doing great.

¹ a safety line

² a person who enjoys caving

³ a funny looking rock. If it is pointed out you say "Ooh ahh."

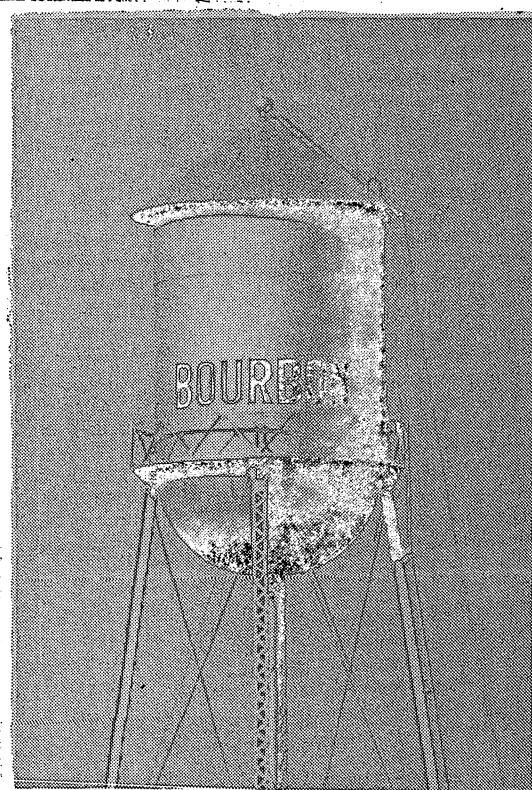
If They Say You Can't Buy...

We have been exploring several facets of "price" buying in recent DTG columns, but what if the store simply won't sell to you? Though our lawmakers are quite willing to forcibly induct you into the armed forces and turn you loose with an automatic weapon at age 18, they won't trust you with beer until 19 or 21 for wine and hard liquor. For that matter, you can strap on a .357 and walk down the street*, but you can't open up and drink a beer on the same street without obtaining permits--at a price of course. It is patently obvious that laws restricting alcohol availability to normal people over the age of majority -- 18 in VA --are going to be ignored, at least by everyone except the merchant who stands to lose his beverage license if he doesn't become an unwilling cop. Remember, "unwilling" is the important term. What is important is that he doesn't feel that selling to you will endanger his license.

The most obvious and proven way is to get an older friend to buy for you. This is particularly true for state store purchases, as the clerks there are less likely to be as sympathetic as grocery store clerks. If you must buy for yourself, then try to look older--grow a beard or moustache, or don't shave that day (or week). Think positively! It is your moral right to buy what others freely can when you have the same legal responsibilities. The immoral ones are those in the legislature trying to restrict your personal freedoms! In grocery stores, try to buy beer or wine with your normal groceries. If you're carded, there is the chance that you may just leave the clerk with a lot of re-stocking to do--which he would rather avoid, if possible! It is also less likely that a liquor agent will check a bag groceries. If the clerk does ask for an ID, show it to him.

He may sell to you anyway, but he wants anyone who is watching to at least think that he's checking. If you must buy beer and/or wine only, then buy in quantity and look confident! There is a good chance you'll go through. If not, there are plenty of other stores and you only need one success that night.

Once you get your booze, don't get caught with it!! New legislation gives the Virginia courts the power to revoke your operators permit if you are caught and convicted of under age alcohol possession or consumption. In particular, watch public consumption. It is illegal unless you're in a licensed establishment. And public is almost anywhere outside of your place of



* in most parts of Virginia, if the weapon is not concealed.

residence, including your car! The car is a particularly bad choice to drink in because of the recent push against drunk drivers. Even if you're not drunk, you're likely to be given a summons for public consumption. Lucky, most police are rather tolerant of drinking as long as you're out of sight and off of the highway, which is as it should be if you are going to get plastered.

Remember too, that some states are not only interested in what you have and who has it, but also where it was bought. The greedy bastards want all the tax money for themselves! Dry counties also still exist---so just be discreet where ever you are. If you're not seen by the law, no one will be the wiser.

The one liquor law that the DTC recommends obeying concerns drunk driving. Here we have an established fact: you can't drive properly if you're shit-faced---and we want you to be around to party the next time.

Cheers!!!

DTC Research Committee
Doug Perkins
Chairman

LADIES...

Are you Bored? Lonely? Did your husband sign-out for midnight with you and 8am on the sign-out sheet? It's 2am; do you know where your husband is?

Call:

(703) 555-6437

C W C N
a i o e
v v m t
e e m w
r s u o r k
s n i c a t i o n s

A Va.Tech. security officer will place your call with an equally anxious wife.
AVOID PUBLICITY OF ANY KIND.

Real Cavers Don't Do Politics-

-Real Cavers Go Caving!!

In the past, it was easy to be a Real Caver. All you had to do was find 2 others to go underground, talk to land owners, drink yourself blind and party.

But today, Real Cavers are expected to cope with things like cave gates, super racks, 1000+ people at Old Timers, and cave closings.

So how, then, does a Real Caver survive in a society filled with cave politicians and cave gaters? Read on:

The Modern Real Caver

A Real Caver can roll his 4x4 without spilling an open beer.
A Real Caver's favorite restaurant---a 24 hour truckstop.
Real Cavers don't fire guns in caves indiscriminately.
Real Cavers are cheap--not inexpensive, just cheap.
Real Cavers support their alma maters for the tax break.
Real Cavers aren't afraid to dumpster dive.

Real Caver Joke #1

How many Real Cavers does it take to light a carbide lamp?

None, Real Cavers can do it in the dark.

Real Cavers play pool.
Real Cavers get jobs in areas near caving.
Real Cavers marry Real Cavers.
Real Cavers don't play Bingo.
Real Cavers don't let the weather cancel caving trips or parties.
Real Cavers don't use other cavers.
Real Cavers don't read Greek.
Real Cavers don't support the Athletic Association.

Real Caving Schools

VPI	Penn State
Kentucky	VPI & SU
University of Cincinnati	GA Tech
VA Tech	Florida State
Western Kentucky	Virginia Polytechnic Institute & State University

Real Cavers and Caving

Real Cavers do not let a hangover stop them at the top of a drop.
A Real Caver uses an electric lamp only in a wet cave.
A Real Caver who uses an electric lamp, carries a backup carbide lamp.
A Real Caver has the smallest man on a mapping trip as lead tape.
A Real Caver uses a ~~Sunnto~~ Brunton.
A Real Caver gives a belay.

REAL CAVERS Ascending Gear

- Gibbs
- Knots
- LSD
- Starship Enterprize transporter

Real Cavers don't use Jumars.

A Real Caver's Preferred Climbing Rig-The Gill Ediger Rig.

Chew the rope and shit it out your ass.

Real Cavers carry sandwiches in their hardhats.

Real Cavers don't pack for a rescue--their gear is always ready.

A rescue is not a Real Caver's only caving trip of the year.

Real Caver Joke #2

What does a Real Caver do with a rescue nut on a rescue?

Keep him above ground.

A Real Caver does not bring caving gear to OTR to go caving---
they know that caving and drinking don't mix.

What a Real Caver Carries in His Pack.

-3 sources of light (Flashlight, candle & matches, and a can
of beans)

- Garbage bag
- Starbursts, Tootsie Rolls, or Rollos
- Alka-Seltzer, Rolaids, and aspirin

only

Real Cavers who enter the OTR contests do so ~~mostly~~ for the prizes-
~~primarily~~

they know they are good and they don't have to prove it; they
just need the extra gear.

A Real Caver First Aid Kit

- Ounce of dope
- A .357 magnum with blanks

A Real Caver knows his friends will get him out.

Real Cavers Cars

- Capable of handling 6 cavers, caving gear and coolers
- Capable of 80mph with radar detectors
- Mud brown interior: original or customized
- Capable of carrying you to the entrance--Real Cavers aren't
hikers
- Must be able to avoid police by hiding in a junk yard
believably.
- Gets less than 10mpg
- Strong enough to party on
- Has an Automatic Return Pilot feature for long underground
trips and aboveground parties.

Examples:

Any pre 1973 vehicle, Toyota Landcruisers, Willys Jeeps,
Vans, Henry's, Blue Streaks and ALV's.

Real Cavers and Cave Politics

A Real Caver can be found underground on a weekend, not in a meeting discussing what goes on underground.

A Real Caver only wears one hat at a time.

A Real Caver only belongs to one region.

How many Real Cavers get involved in Cave Politics?
NONE--They are too busy going caving.

How many Cave Politicians go Real Caving? NONE!!!

How many Cave Politicians can fit in a cave?
None--they usually forget the key.

Real Caver Joke #3

How many spare light sources does a Real Caver carry?

It depends on the number of people on the trip.

Real Caver Vocabulary

PARTY!!

Hell, pecker damn

It goes

Sump

More WINE!

Beer, Whiskey, Wild (wo)men

Dig

ROCK!!

Give me a beer, bitch.

Push

Real Cavers' Ideas on Sex and Romance

A Real Caver's line for picking up a member of the opposite sex--
"Wanna Fuck?"

Real Cavers and Partying

Real Cavers don't disco.

Real Cavers flat foot.

Real Cavers are around when the sun comes up.

Real Cavers only buy wine that is less than \$2.25.

Real Cavers don't mess with corkscrews.

Real Cavers always need more wine.

Real Cavers clean up after the party.

Five things a Real Caver Doesn't Do At a Party.

1. Imitate Steve Hall
2. Discuss Cave Politics
3. Go to Sleep--though they may go to bed.
4. Bring kids or dogs.
5. Steal other cavers beer.

Five things a Real Caver Does Do at a Party

1. Get Sick
2. Dance
3. Get Naked
4. Piss off or on cave politicians
5. PARTY



Bleak Moments in Real Caver History

- 1929 - Death of Floyd Collins
- 1941 - First Cave Politician opens his mouth
- 1969 - First Cave Gate
- 1976 - Moving OTR from Franklin
- 1977 - Formation of the Robertson Association
- 1982 - Formation of the CAVES Region
- 1984-5 - Connection of Roppel to Mammouth found

Great Moments in Real Caver History

- 430 million BC - Formation of Ordovician Limestone
- 29 AD - Jesus Christ takes a 3 day caving trip
- 1762 - First Poker Game
- 1875 - Tom Sawyer & Huck Finn go caving
- 1910 - Birth of Buddy Penley
- 1941 - Formation of the NSS
- 1941 - Formation of the VPI Cave Club
- 1942 - Exploration of Clover Hollow Cave, VA
- 1950 - First Old Timers Reunion
- 1957 - Invention of the Cooler
- 1965 - Nylon Rope gains popularity with Real Cavers
- 1966 - Invention of the pop top Beer Can
- 1968 - Invention of the first Cave Map Computer Program
- 1970 - Gibbs Ascenders Invented
- 1970 - First Cave Law enacted
- 1972 - Invention of twist off wine bottle tops

Real Caver Joke #4

Why did the Real Caver cross the road?

To take a leak.

Real Caver Foods

- Old Milwaukee, Wiedermann's or whatever is on sale
- Cream of Beer Soup (See recipe in Real Man's Cookbook)
- Fortified brownies and cookies
- Swill
- Starbursts and Tootsie Rolls and Rollos
- Hokie Burgers
- Worms, Spiders, Snakes, No Bats

Where Does a Real Caver eat in DC? Blacksburg

Real Cavers Direction in Life

Hell bent - Whiskey bound

Authors' Note:

We apologize for any inaccuracies in this article.
We also apologize to those we missed insulting.

B.C.D.H.J.L.R.S.Z.

From the Sign-Out Sheet

Since the publication of the last TROG, the VPI Cave Club logged 2178 man hours underground. This comes to over 700 man hours a month from 11/23/82 to 2/20/83. This again makes us one of the world's most active grottos. Keep up the good caving!

12/21/82	Repass Saltpeter	Hillary Minich, Ben Keller	I learned BruntonBen learned patience
1/22/83	Straleys	Garrie Rouse, Suzanne Danielson Jack Kehoe, John Kline, Win Wright, Philip Ballister Steve Conner, Ray Hogwood, Dave Barnes, Karen Michelsen	More fun than a DeadSkin Party
1/8/83	Coon	Paul & Berta Kirchman Boo Croft, Cathy Hickman, Nancy Moore, Steve Davis, Walt Pirie, George Clotfelter	3 more people and we could have filled the cave.
2/19/83	James Cave	Frank 'The Torch' Gibson Mike 'Psycho' Futrell	We just had to get muddy, but Formations were worth it.
2/20/83	Windy Mouth	Garrie Rouse, Mark Honosky, Jack Kehoe, Jim Washington, Chris Sonne, Suzanne Danielson	Yes, Virginia, there are formations in Windy Mouth

*Gravity:
 It's not only reasonable;
 It's The LAW*