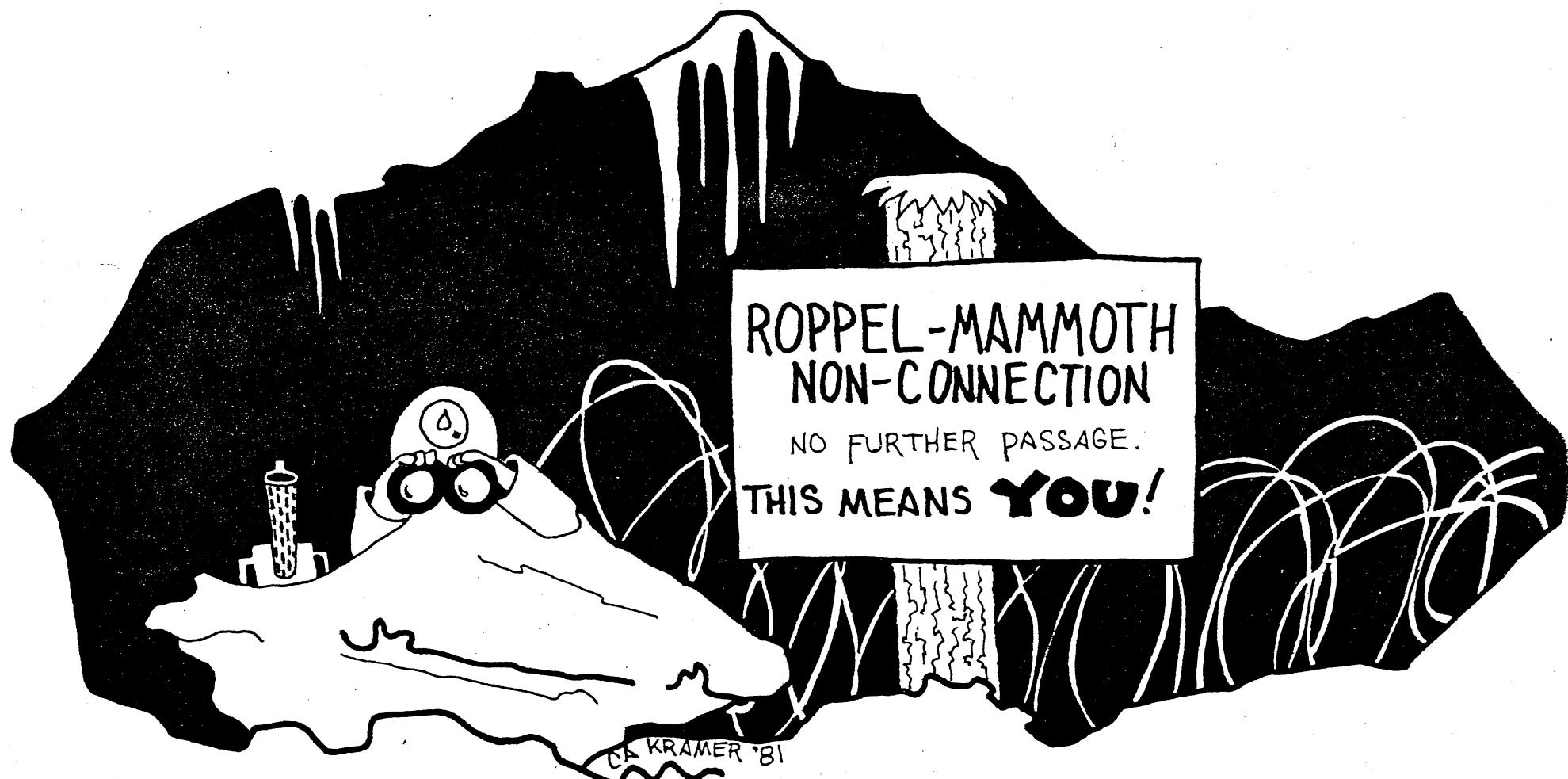




Spring 1982
Volume XXI, Number 3



TECH TROGLODYTE

A Journal of the Virginia Tech Grotto of the
National Speleological Society

SPRING QUARTER 1982



VOL XXII, NO. 3

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

Managing Editors...Maureen Handler
and Jim Washington
Exchange Editors...Pete & Linda
Sauvigne

TABLE OF CONTENTS

President's Column	Steve Conner	93
Editors' Column	M. Handler & J. Washington.....	94
Grotto Grapevine		95
Alabama Bound	Maureen Handler.....	97
DTC Report	Doug Perkins	100
Unnamed	Nancy Moore	101
Into The Mist	Frank Gibson	102
How Deep is that Pit?		106
Map of Highpoint Cave	John Mummery	107
Crystal Cave California.....		108
Mr. Thrill Goes Vertical Caving	Keith Smith	110
Everything you always wanted to Know about Electric Justrites....	Hillary Minich	111
Buddy Penley's Cave Rescue		113
Which Way Out?	Mike Moore	114
The Wait	Bill Kelly & Bob Ulfers	116
The Rescue	Jerry Redder	117
Twelve Foot Ladder Climb	Win Wright	119
The Big Pit	Lawrence Britt	120
The Pendulum	Win Wright	121
Answers to Medical-Legal questions about the rescue	Jackie Redder	122
Cave Crunch		125
Preppie Caver	Keith Smith	126
From the Sign-Out Sheet		127

The Tech Troglyote is published on a quarterly basis, pending the availability of material. All materials submitted and subscriptions should be sent to Box 471, Blacksburg, VA 24060.

STYMIE SPEAKS

I'm beginning my term as President with a great deal of optimism about the club. I have a good group of dedicated and competent officers to work with, as well as many members willing to devote time and energy to the club. Fine leadership in recent years has built a group of stout cavers, well worthy of wearing the VPI Grotto patch.

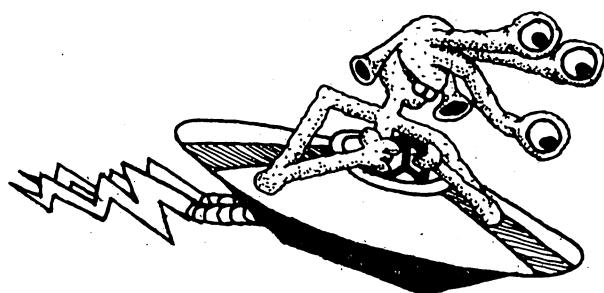
Getting to the underground scene, several surveying projects are still underway. Joe and Carol Zokaites are plugging away at mapping Newberry-Banes, while Lawrence Britt continues to score virgin passage in Starnes. Ed Devine was still mopping up leads in Paul Penley's over picnic and Banes Spring has a few miserable leads yet to go. Roppel Cave, Kentucky, continues to attract a few sadistic VPI cave surveyors from time to time. Spring break found twenty or more of us practicing SRT in Tennessee and Alabama. There was also a trip to Ellison's by Frank Gibson, Eric Anderson and others.

As always, summer will be short and fall quarter will be here before we know it. Keith Smith and I will be ready for it with plans for ridge walks, vertical sessions, a practice rescue and an all out effort to boost new membership. Remember, the future of a student grotto, like VPI, depends upon its training program. It is important that the club members take an active interest in meeting and training prospective members. Lead a prospective member trip!! Help with vertical sessions! Teach someone to read brunton! Pass on technical know-how and advice to the new blood.

Also remember that in the Fall, new people come to cave club meetings looking for a competent person to take them caving. Someone they can trust with their lives to lead them through a cave. Outrageously obnoxious behavior during club meetings, hardly projects a competent image and is counter-productive to the training program.

In closing, I want to wish everyone a good summer. Cave hard, party hard, and save your aluminum (the club needs the bucks!!). See you at Old Timers!

Steve Conner



THE EDITORS EXPOUND...

Four score and seven years ago (or so it seems), we were talking with Ken Bonenberger, the last TPOG editor, at one of those essential Friday night parties. It being as good or better than most, and us being the drunken sots that we are, and Kenny finally graduating and ... well, enough of excuses already ... SOMEHOW we got stuck with the indescribable pleasure of producing this, the first Jim and Maureen edition of the Tech Troglodyte.

Thanks, as usual, goes to all the little people who helped us out with artwork: Chris, Keith, Ed, Nancy, and Pat. Our apologies for any obvious plagiarisms. We were Hell-bent on producing a quality rag, and no copyright was going to stop us.

The articles we received this quarter were of a quality that surpassed all but a few of our wildest dreams. Herein lies a definitive anthology on the anatomy of a rescue from Buddy Penley's Cave. Trip reports from many strange places round out the calendar of events, along with rare examples of a brand of humor known only to cavers. Keep up the good work, people, and keep those cards and letters coming.

Maureen
Maanda

Jim
Washington

Banned in seven countries; denounced by every Gospel-hour preacher across the nation. It has appeared on Nixon's hated enemies list, Breznev's hated enemies list, and Jerry Falwell's hated enemies list. Ready to search and find the evil lurking in the hearts of men, once again, it's the.....

"Grotto Grapevine"

Spring break saw a group grope from the grotto speeding down I-81 to do some pot-holing in Alabama and Tennessee. They did Kaigle's Chasm, Valhalla, Neversink, The Sinkhole and South Pittsburgh Pit. There was also a trip to Ellison's by Frank Gibson and company. Bill Stephens made a comeback over spring break when he met Ben Keller, Philip, Win, Stymie, John Mummery and Carol Trexler for a mapping trip to Roppel.

Spring quarter started off with one of the cavers favorite pasttimes -- mudslinging. Not in caves, of course, but during elections. Rising through the muck and mire as president was Steve "Stymie" Conner. He ran unopposed, but was not spared any muck. This year's question was not "Who is Evelyn Bradshaw?" but rather, "Are you a quiche-eater?" Keith "Animule" Smith was elected vice-president because of his priorities--caving first, schoolwork second. Jim Washington was voted in as secretary and Carol Trexler, treasurer. Ken Bonenburger found that if you raise your hand you get appointed mail-bag.

Big John and Animule held Jerry Redder's birthday party. Keith invented his newest Advanced-Intensive-Effects Drinking game called "Oops!", for the occasion. Bob and Chris Amundson were married during the quarter and had a reception party at Doug Perkin's house. Ken and Brenda were married a few weeks later in West Virginia where 12 gallons of liquor were consumed at the reception. Ed Loud left bumper marks on a parked trailer. VAR was held that same weekend, in Abington, VA. At the region meeting, many tongues were sunburned, but it was remarked how nicely dressed the chairman and vice-chairman were.

Back in the "real" world of cave crickets, trickle streams and muddy survey tapes, Jozo and Carolzo are still going strong in Newberry's. Lawrence Britt has taken a couple of diddley pole trips into Starnes and has that cave over 5500 feet. Bob Amundson has McClung's over 16 miles. Some club members got to go on a rare sport trip into Butler cave. Phantom has been on the prowl and has been seen dragging sherpas into Perkin's, Newberry's and New River taking photos for Time-Life. History does repeat itself; Glen Davis has been seen accompanying him.

Everything seems to be going well after the rescue in Buddy Penley's cave. Bob Ulfers is up and around and has his foot cast off. Pete Sauvigne has both arm casts off and has discovered that the metal plates in his arms do not affect a Brunton needle (damn that bad luck, right Pete?) Some observations after the rescue: Stymie's space shuttle LTD, which blew a heat tile on the drive to Penley's, was the scene of a drink-till-you-pass-out party after the rescue. This was followed by a lay-in-the-sun-till-you-pass-out party at Lawrence's apartment. Mike Moore says his next cave trip will be to Luray Caverns.

New members this quarter were Bev Wilson (249), Dave

Coakley (250), Hillary Minich (251), Pa-a-am Neiser (252) and Bill Kelly (253). Work has it that 5 members of the Giles County Rescue Squad will soon be fulfilling caving requirements to be associate cave club members.

The Easter Beer Hunt was held at Jozo and Carolzo's this year, on Glen Davis' birthday. About 24 baskets of Miller bunnies were easy to find until 3 inches of snow fell on the ground. The Easter Beer Tree was attacked first, but the battle had to be fought the rest of the way with Wheat Lamps on hands and knees. The entire bunny hutch was wiped out except for 6 missing in action.

Picnic weekend started on Friday night with Joe and Carol Zokaites' wedding. The candle lit wedding ceremony, held in the nature preserve in Ellett Valley near the entrance to a small cave, featured singing by Hugh Beard. Also in attendance were dozens of Zo clones. We're still not sure if Carol left with the correct Zokaites brother. At picnic the next day, an organized frontal attack was staged on 6 kegs hiding beneath the evil drinking lantern. Guerilla attacks caused many casualties at the Willy's Bar and Grill; bitter skirmishes continues well into the night. Some of the more severely wounded, contented themselves with drinking Tequila and howling at the moon. Clean-up operations Sunday morning were a grisly affair with dead bodies and dead kegs strewn about the battlefield. Dead kegs soon became weapons as Redder's van was victim of keg-rolling. That afternoon, the women were let loose on Randy Woods for the annual rape and rip-off. Needless to say, the women succeeded. With all the kegs wiped out, the troops took their vehicles hill climbing, Teddy Roosevelt style; Lawrences jeep, Dave Cinsavich's Jeep Amundson's Scout, Sharon's Toyota, Deck's truck, even Hugh's Valium made it up the hill. Lawrence took his Jeep up another hill cimb and it blew up, his fan spinning right through the radiator. Lawrence's Jeep and Maureen's motorcycle were the only vehicle casualties at the event.

Elsewhere during picnic, there was a clean-up trip to Buddy Penley's, a 3 hour Harmon's to Paul's connection trip, and the annual women's trip to Coon Cave. Ed Devine took a diddley pole trip into Paul's only to watch John Deck free climb the lead. The bicycler's were at it again, pedalling to picnic with only one casualty. Richard Cobb took off with his hang glider from Big Walker Mountain; spent most of the afternoon in the air, and almost spent the night in the top of a tree 10 miles away. Buddy Penley was given a Model A belt buckle as a gift from the club. Alan Armstrong was seen kissing something other than a sheep, probably at the group massage around the campfire.

Stringfellow is planning a July 4th shoot-out, the Sauvigne's are planning a vacation out West in their Urban Assault vehicle, and Joe and Carol are going to the NSS convention in Oregon, then to Alaska to see Dave Shantz and Mike and Sue Frame. Bill Koeschner is graduating this June and will be taking Robyn with him to Texas. Saad is now working in Pittsburg; Carolyn Lewis is down-under, Moose Dawson is now working for Olver's in Blacksburg. Baby Ben Keller is graduating from high school this spring and will be of legal age on July 6th. Doug Yeatts is now in Knoxville and will have a World's Fair party in July. Gary Moss is back from Arabia and Don Davison and Cheryl Jones will be back for Old Timers after a trip to Brazil, Hong Kong and Lord Knows where else.

Alabama Bound

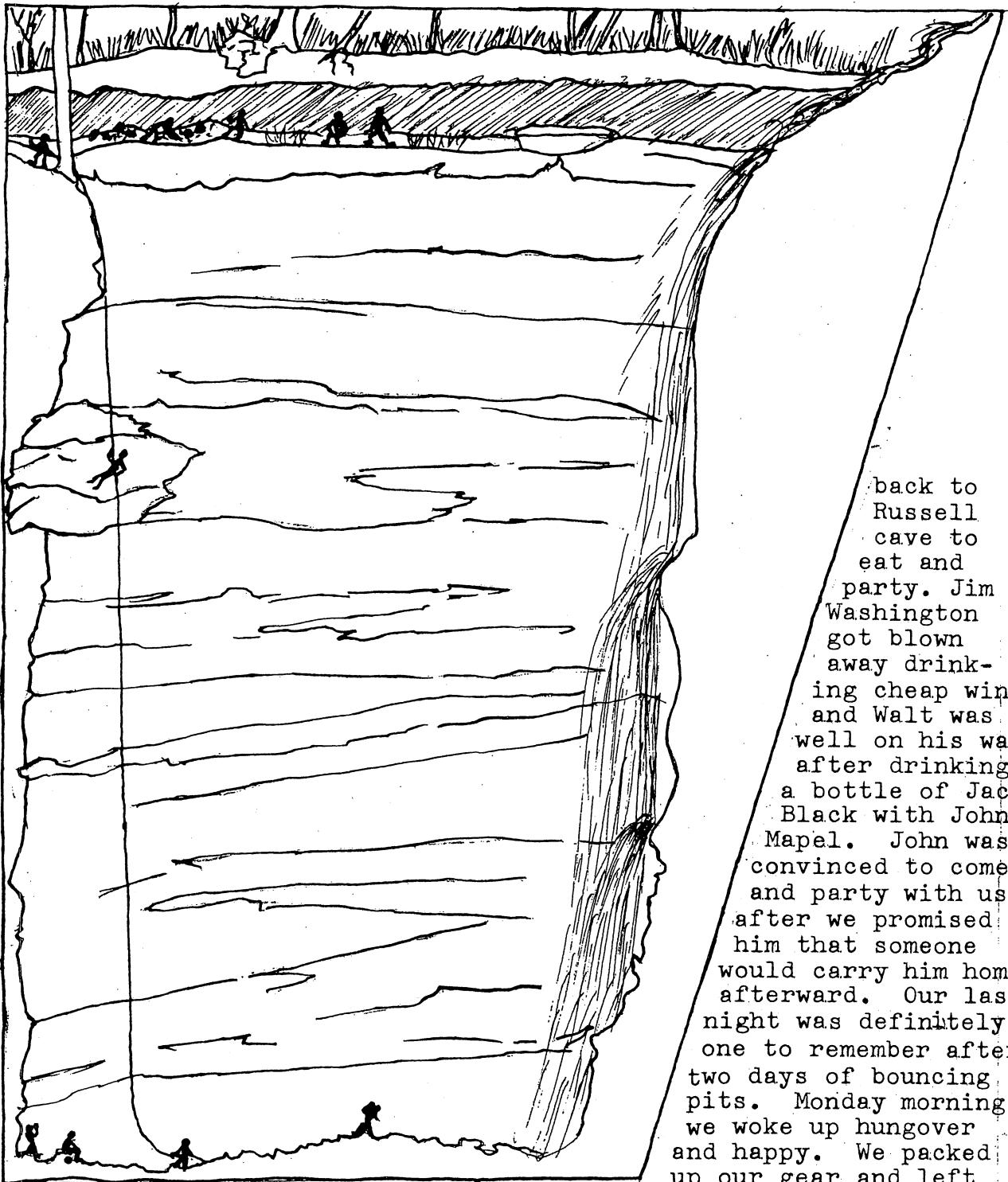
On Friday, March 19, a mangy, hardcore group from VPI Grotto left Blacksburg for Alabama to bounce the BIG pits. This group consisted of Daddy Don Anderson, Jim Washington, Maureen Handler, Steve Lancaster, Walt Pirie, Garrie Rouse, Richard 'Mother' Cobb, Lee 'Air Rappel' Little, Steve 'Stymie' Conner, Hillary Minich, Commander-in-Chief Jerry Redder, Janet Queisser, Rich Neiser, Binny Ballou, Chuck and Pat Shorten, Doug Perkins, Fran Wisthoff, Keith 'Animule' Smith, Big John Lohner, Pa-a-am Neiser, and Knox Worde. We were allowed to stay on the grounds of Russell Cave National Monument due to the incredible hospitality of the Monument manager, John Mapel. Now this area of Alabama is a dry county, but this has never stopped VPI cavers from having a good time. The first group of Don, Jim, Maureen, Steve L., and Walt rolled into Russell Cave at about 10:00pm and were well on their way to becoming incoherent when the rest finally showed up at 12:30am. After a wonderful night's sleep, we were all rared up to go bouncing (as soon as Garrie finished sewing his seat.) Lee was also found on the ground under his hammock in the morning, further adding to the legend of Air Rappel.

We split up into two groups for the day for ease and speed. One group went to Caigle's Chasm, which is a beautiful, 186' shaft in the side of a mountain, just north of the Alabama border. Richard was the first one down on Janet's virgin PMI (it will never be the same). Fran had a wonderful time on her new climbing rig. All in all, it was an awesome first pit for all of us 'new' people. The other group, led by our fearless Jerry Redder, went to the Sinkhole. A 160' drop, right beside a roaring waterfall. Besides getting soaking wet it was a great pit. Then the





two groups switched pits in the afternoon. Rumor has it that Big John and Pa-a-am were holding hands and kissing while climbing out of Caigle's Chasm, there were several eyewitnesses to this act. On the other hand, Hillary was having trouble getting used to her rack. When advised to remove a bar, she removed two (leaving her only on 3!!!). She proceeded to freefall down the rope with cries of ... Tension...uh...uh...Belay...uh...uh...uh. John on the bottom proceeded to watch her blankly. Then our fearless leader, Jerry Redder gave his call: FALLING!!! John caught on quickly and Hillary was left suspended in mid-air with no further incidents. After a full day of bouncing, we all straggled back to Russell cave and were again pleasantly surprised by the hospitality of John Mapel, who allowed us to take showers in his home. We then proceeded to party until the wee hours of the morning. A damper was put on the weekend, when approximately 3 am Sunday morning the wind started to howl (at first I thought it was Stymie howling at the moon) but then the rain started. Gear, clothes and people all got soaking wet. In the morning, it was still raining and some of us decided to stay in camp. The rest went to Neversink pit. Those of us in camp sat around drinking hot Rum Toddies and eating Norwegian Käppers until the rain stopped. Then we went to join the others at Neversink. Neversink is reputedly the most picturesque pit in the area with a depth of approximately 140'. It has a huge opening with one fourth of the wall covered by cascades. We arrived just as the first group was packing up. Jerry was having a real though time; every time he was at the bottom of the pit, people kept dropping rocks and branches on him. The first group then left to go to South Pittsburg pit in Tennessee. This pit is about 180' deep with a small grubby entrance, but a beautiful bellowing pit underneath. We stayed at Neversink for a few hours bouncing and taking pictures. Then we headed



back to Russell cave to eat and party. Jim Washington got blown away drinking cheap wine and Walt was well on his way after drinking a bottle of Jack Black with John Mapel. John was convinced to come and party with us after we promised him that someone would carry him home afterward. Our last night was definitely one to remember after two days of bouncing pits. Monday morning, we woke up hungover and happy. We packed up our gear and left for Valhalla. Valhalla

was our deepest pit, measuring 220' on the low side. It was definitely an awesome pit. Jerry Redder was again bombarded with rocks and debris at the bottom. After everyone was out of the pit, we were entertained by a streaking Chuck Shorten. At 3:00pm we left Valhalla with wonderful memories and finally rolled into Blacksburg Tuesday morning, all wonderfully tired and happy.

DTC Report: Drinking Off The Shelf

You're at a party and the liquor runs out. It's too late to buy more. What can you do? Perhaps you know where the local "nip joint" is or know a friend who "always has some", but the solution to your problem may be as close as the nearest 24 hour supermarket. All you need is the mental attitude of a determined wino and a stainless steel stomach. Recently, I went down to the local Kroger store and checked out the facts on alcohol that's not covered by the regulations governing beverages.

What we're talking about consists mostly of flavorings, extracts, and non-prescription drugs. The prices run from amazingly cheap to outrageously high, so you have to balance your desire to drink with your wallet and your digestive tract's ability to withstand abuse. Since you should have a pretty good idea of what you can stand to drink, I will emphasize price. Price essentially means what you are paying to get a given amount of alcohol. As proofs, packaging, and prices vary, I have tried to give you an easy basis for comparison of the items I surveyed. To do this, I have included in the following table a price, called the 750 ml price, which represents what you would have to pay in order to get enough of the article in question to equal the amount of alcohol in an 80 proof, 750 ml bottle of rum.

Item	Proof	Quantity	750 ml* Price	Item Price
Vanilla Extract	70	2 oz	\$26.00	\$1.79
Chocolate Extract	80	2 oz	\$28.36	\$2.51
Lemon Extract	160	2 oz	\$ 7.56	\$1.19
Almond Extract	40	1 oz	\$37.50	\$0.75
Banana Flavor	80	1 oz	\$18.75	\$0.75
Brandy Flavor	80	1 oz	\$18.75	\$0.75
Coconut Flavor	50	1 oz	\$30.00	\$0.75
Orange Extract	160	1 oz	\$ 9.38	\$0.75
Peppermint Extract	130	1 oz	\$11.54	\$0.75
Pineapple Flavor	80	1 oz	\$18.75	\$0.75
Rum Flavor	70	1 oz	\$21.43	\$0.75
Black Walnut Flavor	60	1 oz	\$25.00	\$0.75
Angostura Aromatic				
Bitters	90	4 oz	\$11.92	\$2.11
Listerine Mouth Wash	53.8	32 oz	\$ 2.46	\$2.09 (sale)
Vicks Nyquil	50	10 oz	\$14.15	\$3.49

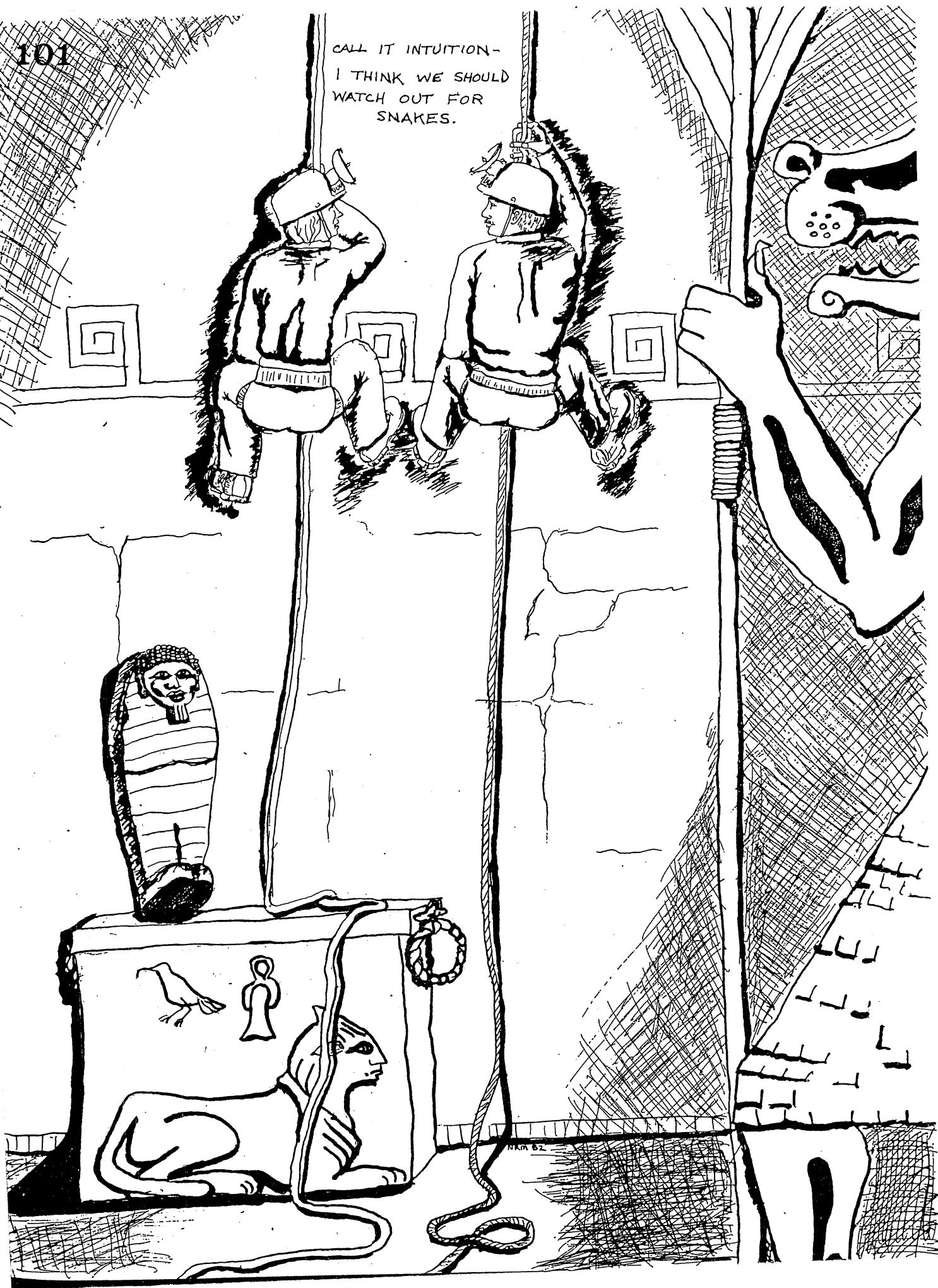
*Denotes cost of quantity of item needed to equal alcohol in a 750 ml bottle of 80 proof liquor

So, there you have it, or at least part of it. There's a lot more on the shelves than I have covered here, but I hope you now have a feel for what can be done if one is desperate enough. Don't be afraid to experiment, but DO read any instructions that may come with what you buy. Happy Partying!

Doug Perkins
DTC Research Coordinator

101

CALL IT INTUITION -
I THINK WE SHOULD
WATCH OUT FOR
SNAKES.



Into The Mist...

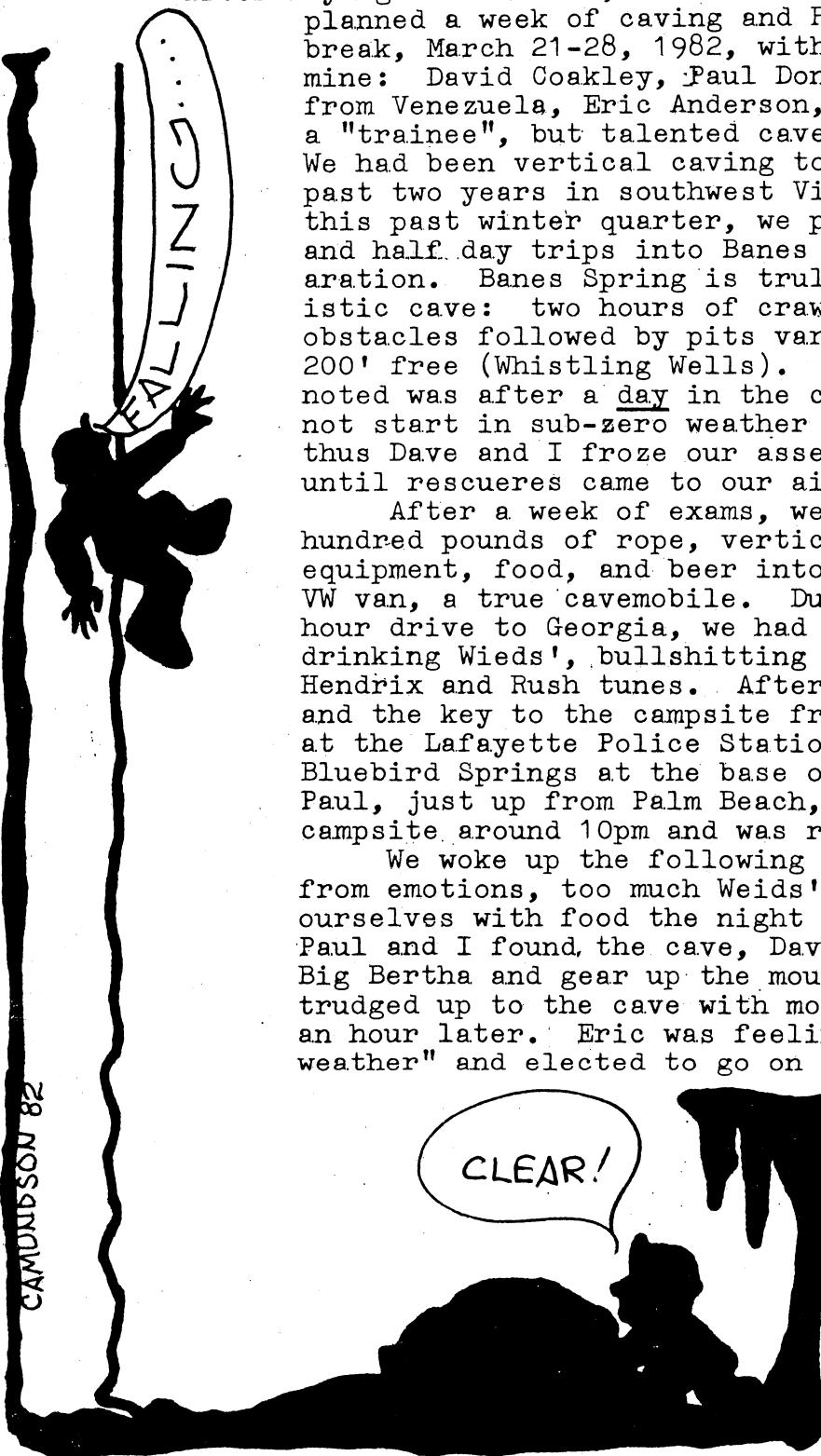
The first time that I heard of Ellison's cave was in 1979. Having the deepest drop in the United States (Fantastic Pit, 586' free), plus the extraordinary passages lined with gypsum crystals and moonmilk powder, Ellison's was, and still is, a cave to visit.

After buying 600' of PMI, christened "Big Bertha," I planned a week of caving and R & R for spring break, March 21-28, 1982, with four friends of mine: David Coakley, Paul Donahue, of Core Labs from Venezuela, Eric Anderson, and John Burcham, a "trainee", but talented caver to be respected. We had been vertical caving together for the past two years in southwest Virginia and during this past winter quarter, we put in some day and half day trips into Banes Spring for preparation. Banes Spring is truly a fun, masochistic cave: two hours of crawlways and assorted obstacles followed by pits varying from 100' to 200' free (Whistling Wells). One trip to be noted was after a day in the cave, my car would not start in sub-zero weather with strong winds, thus Dave and I froze our asses without heat until rescuers came to our aid.

After a week of exams, we crammed a few hundred pounds of rope, vertical gear, camping equipment, food, and beer into the Anderson's VW van, a true cavemobile. During the eight hour drive to Georgia, we had a jolly time drinking Wieds', bullshitting and listening to Hendrix and Rush tunes. After getting directions and the key to the campsite from two nice officers at the Lafayette Police Station, we drove to Bluebird Springs at the base of Pigeon Mountain. Paul, just up from Palm Beach, arrived at the campsite around 10pm and was ready to go caving.

We woke up the following morning, drowsy from emotions, too much Weids', and stuffing ourselves with food the night before. After Paul and I found the cave, Dave and John carried Big Bertha and gear up the mountain. Paul and I trudged up to the cave with more equipment a $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour later. Eric was feeling "under the weather" and elected to go on the next trip.

It seems that everytime that we go caving the weather is always beautiful and that day was no exception--clear blue sky and temperature in



the 70's. But we all wanted to go caving, blue sky or not!

The entrance of Ellison's consists of a 5' climb down onto the "Ecstasy", a big passage with a stream flowing down it. After ten minutes of walking we were at the "Warm-up Pit." Dave and I, with slings and biners, rigged 'little bertha' to three ceiling bolts. It is a beautiful 120' free drop with a waterfall 30' beside the rappel route. Once we were all down, our next obstacle was the straddle canyon with exposure varying from 20' to 70'. Using the bolts, we rigged a tyrolean across the canyon for a self-belay. The straddle is easy but after a long cave trip, it may be tricky to a bleary-eyed caver.

Then we were there, the "Attic Room" with Fantastic Pit, patiently waiting for us. We sat quietly while one of us dropped a good sized rock through the "keyhole"; it was the sweetest 7 second whistle that we ever heard. Once Big Bertha was rigged and lowered through the 2' diameter hole, I descended into the depths of Fantastic. The feeling was funny; I had the same sensation twenty years ago as a kid on a X-Mas morning. Once over the lip, I felt Bertha's weight; "Heavy bitch," I said to myself. I could see the blackness beneath me with the roar of the waterfall breaking the silence. I rappelled "Ali Baba" mode, dressed in Hefty trash bags and looking like an Arab sheik in case the abseil went into the waterfall. At about 70 feet down, the waterfall was in view, and I immediately rappelled into another dimension: into the mist. I cranked my carbide lamp on full, just barely able to see the walls of the pit around me. The only way that I could judge how fast I was descending was by watching the rope being squeezed through the rack. The wet rope cooled my rack sufficiently so that I could control it with my bare left hand to the bottom; a water cooled descent! The mist was not bad; it made the descent more interesting. After 8 minutes or so, I reached bottom and was ready to belay the next person. Communication by voice was very difficult due to the waterfall, so we used whistles with a set of prescribed calls. Once the other three reached the bottom, we quickly signed the soaking wet register and boogied out of TAG Hall.

Locating the correct lead to the Broken Dome was amazingly one of the few route-finding difficulties on the entire trip. We spent 45 minutes looking for it! Dave, with luck, found the "hole" in the wall near the Stream Junction that led to the spacious room. Before going to the Gypsum Room, we lounged for half an hour, munching out and looking at our maps and compass. The time spent reading route descriptions and deciphering the maps of the cave before Spring break reduced the time for finding key landmarks to a minimum.

Back in Virginia, crawlways mean "grunting", but those of the Gypsum Room are of an outstanding quality. Surrounding us were glistening gypsum crystals and hair with moonmilk giving a touch of white Christmas. We popped into a large trunk passage, one of the hallmarks of Ellison's. We ran down it and entered the "Snowball Dome Room." It is a large cylindrical room with a unique feature-the "Snowball", a white spherical flowstone formation atop a mud-rock pedestal, the size of a huge caver. To reach an upper level, we had to locate the "Crystal Junction." It is an 8' slab climb that led us into a sparkling cave passage of gypsum crystals on

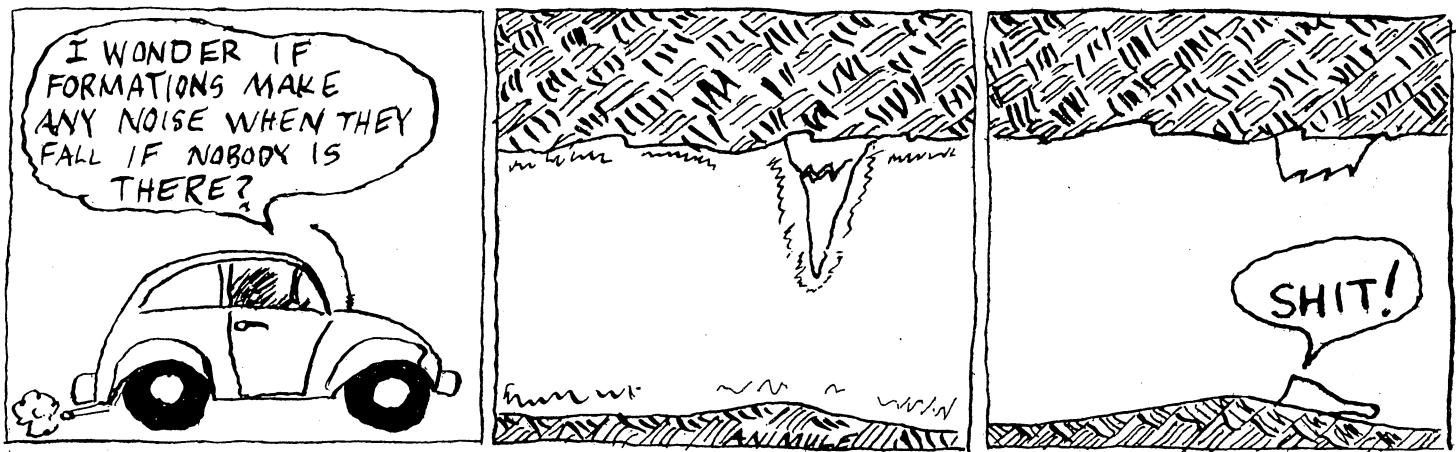
the walls, ceiling, ground, just everywhere! Walking through the Junction and having the crystals playing "acid" with our eyes was a trip.

After taking a few pictures we cruised to the "Snowfall Room", which has piles of moonmilk powder. We had never seen anything like it before. From here, the moonmilk is seen in many sections of the cave, giving it an more pleasant appearance, instead of the usual brown walls. Up ahead, I heard John yelling that he had found "Jon's Passage." It is a winding passage lined with glistening crystals. Once out of the passage, we climbed through the "Slickenside" into the "Fault Room." It would have been a boring room, but Paul, being a geology graduate from VA TECH, explained the distinctive features of the room and the slickenside. Throughout the trip, Paul pointed out the subtle geological features of Ellison's.

We knew that we were getting closer to "Angel's Paradise" because we kept seeing patches of angel's hair along the way. A unusual crawl before the paradise is over "The Ledge," a 15' long rock slab over a 10' pit. Once past the ledge, we spent an hour looking for the "North Pole," and to mu camera's disappointment, we could not find the crystal-clear icicles.

Entering the "Angel's Paradise" is like walking into another world. Being extremely careful of where we stepped, we gazed with awe at the shear beauty of the room saturated with gypsum hair. Once out of the Paradise, we came upon "The Cottage Chese," a remarkable "White plaster sculpture" of sea coral. Then came "The Carbide Dumps"; more of this "white Plaster" stuff but scattered in piles on on the ground like spent carbide.

We had lunch at the "W76 Junction," a large hall full of moonmilk. From there we decided to head out of the cave. We had John and Paul lead us back, and they knew the way as if they had been in Ellison's a hundred times. John especially has a keen memory of difficult cave passages. Time flies and soon enough we were at the bottom of the big pit. The past 12 hours of caving was so magnificant that the thought of ascending nearly 600' never crossed our minds. To save time, we ascended Fantastic Pit in tandem with each pair taking about 35 minutes. When it comes to vertical caving, ascending has always been the favorite of mine, that is, the work out that I get and enjoying the heights,



Fantastic Pit is especially fun: going through the mist and fog of the waterfall, viewing the falls itself, and the bouncing of the rope by John 100' or so below me. Traversing the straddle canyon on the way out seemed a little awkward, but fun. One more ascent and we were out!!! Coming out of Ellison's, into the warm outdoors, seeing the blue sky and breathing in the spring air was a powerful feeling. Walking down Pigeon Mountain was anticlimactic but nevertheless, we had just shared the best 21 hours of caving we had ever had.

After a day of relaxing sleep, sloshing down many beers, and stuffing our faces with food, we were ready to cave again. After hearing us boast about Ellison's, Eric decided to go caving even though he was still not feeling well. I told him, "Eric, the hardest part of the trip is walking up the fuckin' mountain," and that lifted his spirits. Six to seven hours in the cave found us again at the "W76 Junction," ready to look for the "Hall For the Giants," some half a mile of cave away. That $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, turned out to be the largest passage we have ever encountered, sometimes the size of 2-4 lane roads. The reason we did not reach the "Hall for the Giants" in ten minutes, was that we had to pick our way on top of big breakdown slabs. Also there are some fascinating features along the way that caught our attention.

One such example is "The White Room," an amazing room filled with "White mud." Eric and John were so obsessed with the white stuff that they had to be dragged from the room. Not far from the room is a wall with the largest dogtooth spar crystals that we have ever seen, they were the size of our hands! Finding the "Pop Up" was easy enough, and soon we came out on a balcony over looking "Incredible Dome Pit," some 100' off of the floor. The amount of water pouring down Incredible made the falls of Fantastic look small. Going through the "Devil's Trapdoor Climb" we entered a trunk passage with various side leads. We found the "Bloody Crawl," and contrary to its name, and to our disappointment, it is a fairly wimpy crawl.

Running down "The Pass", I heard John's echos up ahead, "The Hall of the Giants..Giants..Giants." Sure enough, he had found it. I entered a monstrous room, 300' long, 80' wide and up to 60' high. I nearly flipped out at the size. Once we explored and rested for an hour, we cruised back to Fantastic and out of the cave. Having all of the ropes rigged beforehand made this trip a quick and enjoyable 19 hours.

After another days rest and having "volunteered" Eric to go back into the cave with me, we pulled up the ropes. At the top of the warm up pit on the way out, we met the only other "cave traffic" of the whole week; three local novice cavers, who were just in to do the straddle canyon. The next morning, at the campsite, they told us that one of the rusty bolts at the straddle canyon had popped off with just a tug; something to remember for the next trip.

So ends a memorable spring vacation and back to cold Blacksburg. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Anderson for letting us trash up their VW, and to the police officers of Lafayette, who gave us a hand with their warm southern hospitality.

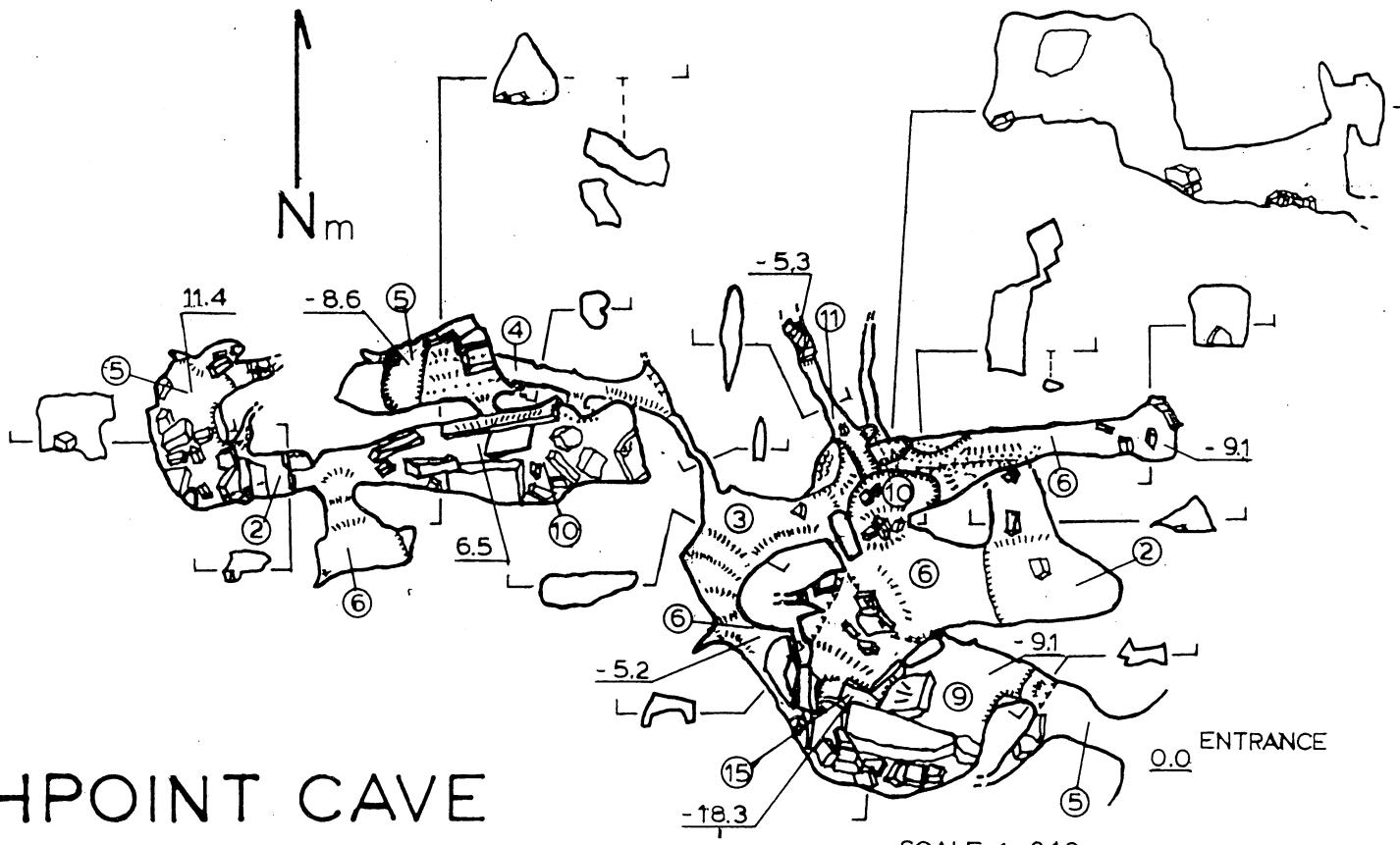
How Deep Is That Pit??

Estimation of pit depths involves much more than the simple formula $D = 16t^2$. Important are also the air temperature, the altitude, and the terminal velocity of the rock tossed into the pit. The following table is based on a published analysis by Fred Wefer.

Seconds until sound is heard	Depth (feet)	Seconds until sound is heard	Depth (feet)
1.0	15	6.5	495-545
1.5	35	7.0	555-625
2.0	60	7.5	610-700
2.5	95	8.0	685-790
3.0	130	8.5	750-865
3.5	175	9.0	815-995
4.0	215-225	9.5	880-1050
4.5	255-280	10.0	955-1145
5.0	310-345	11.0	1100-1325
5.5	355-405	12.0	1250-1525
6.0	430-470	15.0	1700-2100

from American Caves and Caving
by William R. Halliday, M.D.





HIGHPOINT CAVE

GILES COUNTY, VIRGINIA

1981

BRUNTON AND TAPE SURVEY

BY: BEN KELLER

PHILIP BALISTER

JOHN MUMMERY

LENGTH: 343 FEET

MIDDLE ORDIVIAN LIMESTONE

LEGEND

- LEDEGE
- FLOWSTONE
- SLOPE
- BREAKDOWN
- CEILING HEIGHT (5)
- 2.7 ELEVATION RELATIVE TO ENTRANCE
- high
low
CEILING RISE
- UNDERLYING PASSAGE
- CROSS SECTION (viewed in direction of pointer)

Crystal Cave California

Searching for a River of Gold

In the far eastern section of San Bernardino county, California, lies a cave system, rich in legend for its supposed river of gold. The main cave in the system, Crystal Cave, lies on Kokoweef Peak, in the Ivanpah mountains, about 60 miles southwest of Las Vegas. The cave's original discoverers were a group of three Paiute Indians in the early part of this century. Inside the cave, they found a large stream, along whose banks lay thick black sand, trick with gold. Unfortunately, one of the three Indians was killed in a fall inside the cave - one victim of at least five to have perished inside. The two remaining Indians passed on their knowledge to a young boy living nearby. In the early 1930's, Earl Dorr remembered the tales told to him as a child and proceeded to investigate the cave. In a sworn affidavit on file in Los Angeles county, Earl Dorr gives a detailed description of what he found and then hid, possibly forever. He describes a 300' chasm, upon whose bottom runs a large stream containing gold bearing sands. He describes how the passages to this canyon were blasted shut in at least two places after he learned of others who knew of his secret. However, legend in the area says that Earl Dorr sealed alive two prospectors when he dynamited these passages. As late as 1959, two more amateur prospectors were killed in the cave from blasting fumes.

I had read several articles in magazines dating from the early 1960's about Earl Dorr's legendary find. I was surprised to find, however, that a local surplus store owner in Las Vegas, who had a fantastic selection of caving packs, was the owner of the modern day Crystal Cave mining "company." During the end of March I decided to visit the cave since I was told that visitors, especially cavers, were welcome. Snow still covered the dirt roads as we wound our way from the 5000 foot elevation, where we left the only paved highway in the area. Even in March, the Mojave desert was a cool 60 degrees. At the base of Kokoweef mountain, I introduced myself to the sole prospector inhabiting the base camp that day. He was overjoyed to take a caver through Crystal and was even willing to provide the equipment!

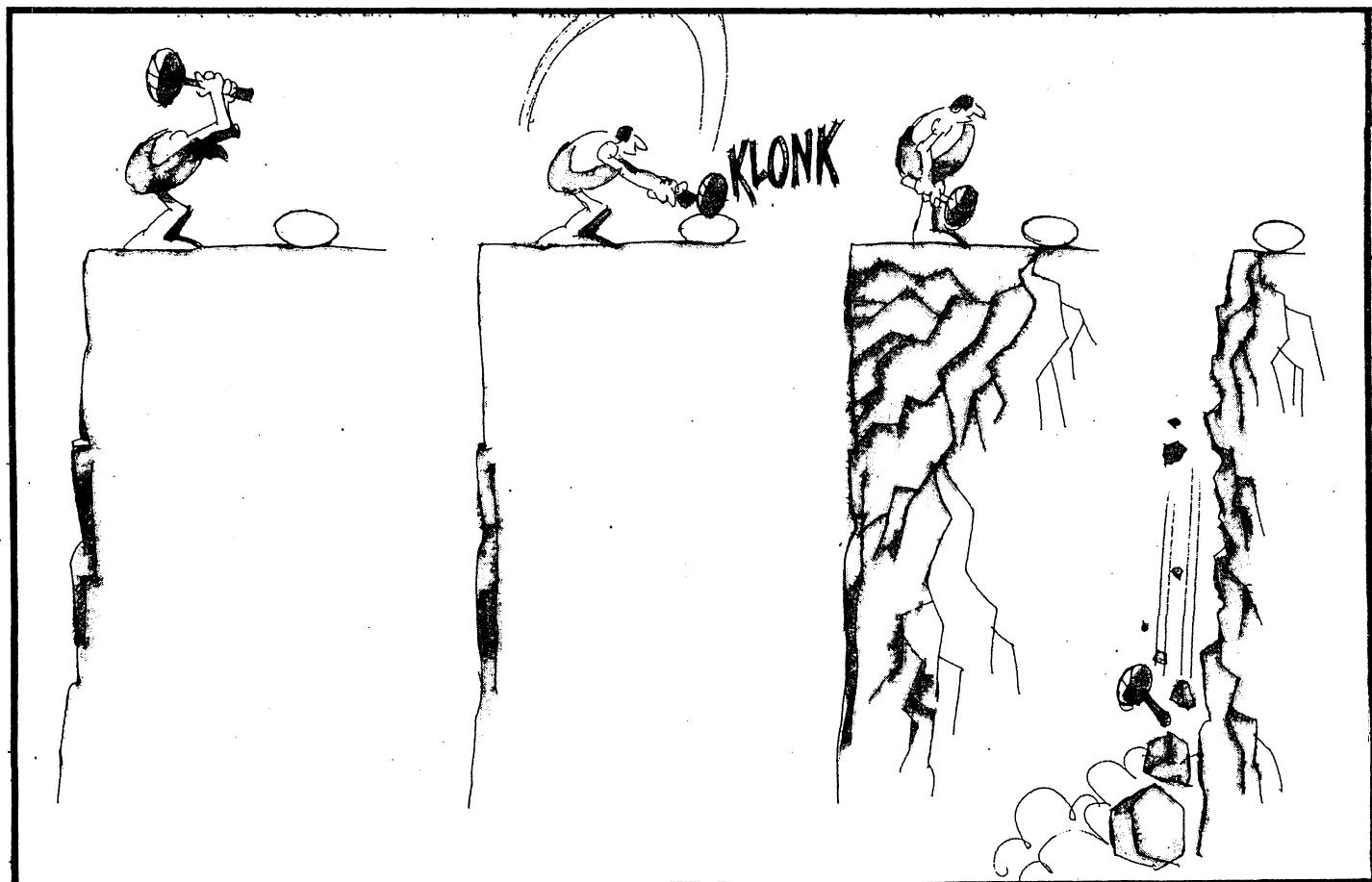
The main cave itself, consists of a natural entrance, 300 feet above a man made tunnel entrance. The tunnel was dug to lay tracks for mine cars, in order to more easily bring out mining debris. After walking down the tunnel for several hundred feet, we proceeded up a 155 foot aluminum ladder, bolted to the wall of another man made passage. The top of this ladder climb ends at the base of the main entrance pit. A steel cable ladder, that used to be used aboard a freighter, is rigged from the natural entrance 120 feet above the base of this pit. Numerous breakdown routes snake upward around to the natural entrance, reminding me of the Devil's staircase in Newberry's.

At the base of the pit, is the primary motivating

force behind the mining effort -- Earl Dorr's name lies written in carbide at the entrance to some crawlways. As we started crawling, I wondered why a ventilation pump had been installed at the entrance; the air in the tight spots was between 65 and 70 degrees! I could now see why my guide had to wait 2 to 3 days after blasting in here for the air to become breathable again. The density of popcorn rock, as well as other speleothems, was amazing. The walls of every passage were festooned with crystal white popcorn rock, which delighted the eyes but made crawling a painful experience.

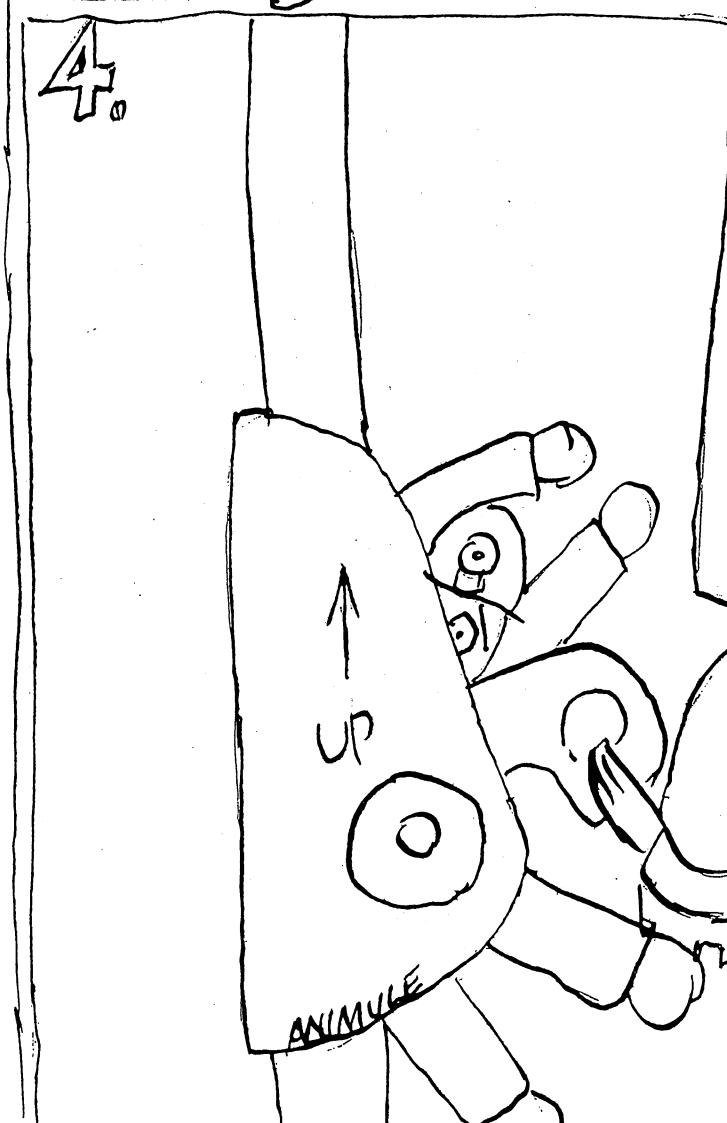
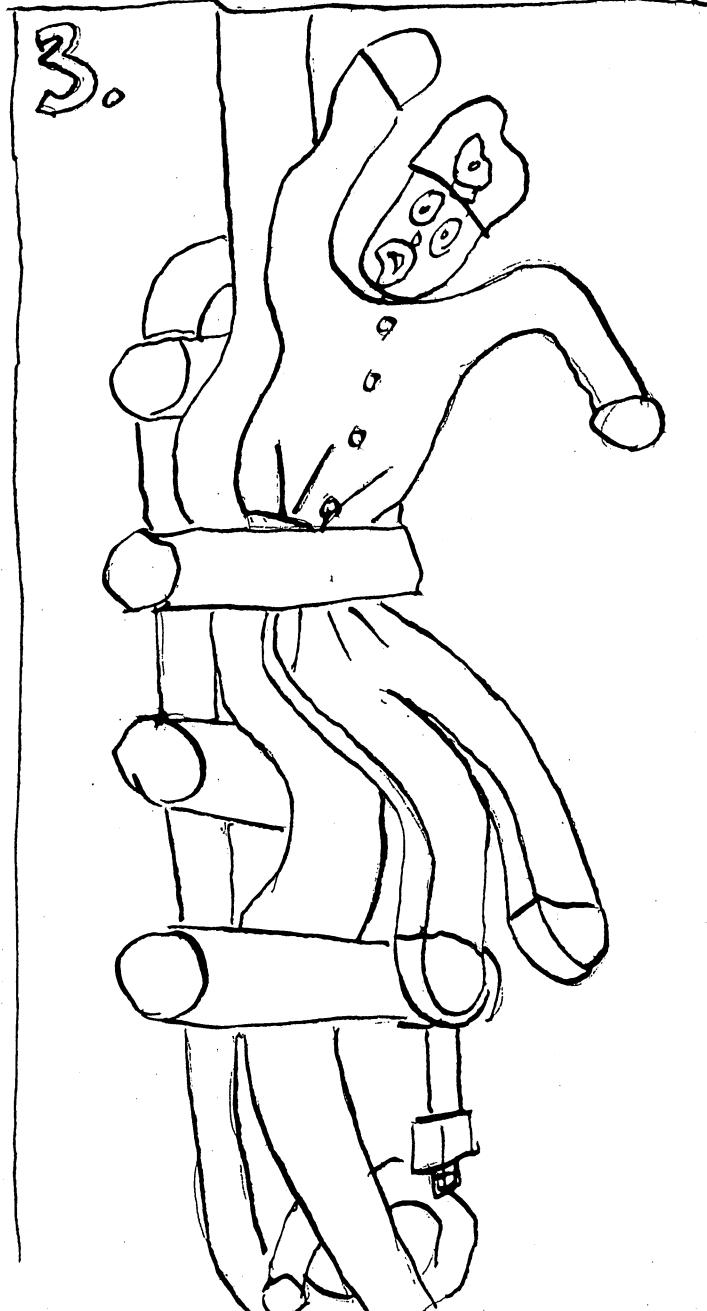
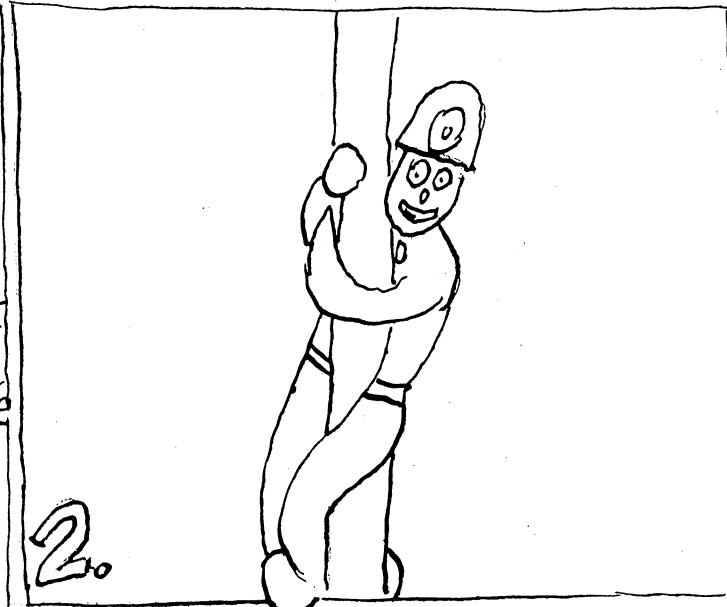
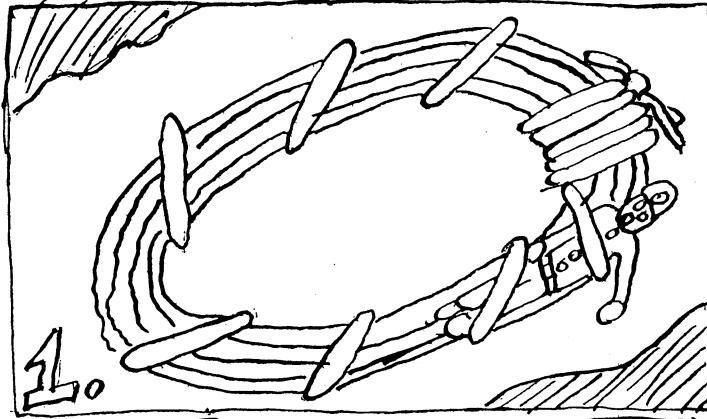
The prospector I was with explained that the company's policy was to allow anyone with a genuine interest in the cave to work on the search. As compensation, a person receives added shares of company stock correlating to the amount of time spent in the cave. Unfortunately, this has resulted in many weekend prospectors digging and blasting in directions which obviously do "not go." This coupled with no accurate survey of what has been done in the cave, has resulted in a rather haphazard operation. But, the people who work regularly on the cave, do not seem to mind, since they enjoy working in a beautifully desolate area of the desert in search of a classic western legend. In addition, there are several other cave entrances on the same mountain which are being explored as well, for a possible route to the river.

John Mummery



MR. THRILL GOES VERTICAL CAVING

110



Everything You Always Wanted To Know About Electric Justrites*

In direct contradiction to popular opinion, us electric cavers do have reasons (besides general ignorance and stupidity) for using electric Justrites. Some of them are really quite good....

To begin with, these lamps are really easy to use. It takes most people a whole hand to light their carbide lamps; an electric Justrite can be lit with a mere finger. You flexible types could even use a boot if you so desired. Once lit, its piercing beam comes in handy both for seeing into far away holes and blinding smartasses who call you a "damned electric caver."

The fact that an electric Justrite has no flame can be really helpful at times. I can honestly say, without fear of false advertising accusations, that I've never heard of a case of one crapping out in a water fall, or blowing out in a windy passage or when pushing your way through a field of cow pies on a windy night. Climbing a rope is yet another instance where an electric lamp is nice; no mater how hard you try, you just can't burn the rope. I think any self-respecting caver knows that it is not healthy to burn the rope you're hanging on; the ensuing fall is usually no problem, but the landing at the end is real hard to deal with.

Those of you who are into inverted rope techniques, (rappelling and climbing upside down) whether by choice or not, will be interested in this next point. An electric Justrite works just as well upside down as right side up. There is no water to run out of it and it won't fall off your helmet, that is, if you've got it mounted right. This brings me to the subject of mounting techniques of which there are many. I prefer the through-the-helmet mount. This is where you drill a hole in the front and back of your helmet and just thread the wire right on through. This gets the wire out of the way so it won't get snapped off on some rock. Also, there is no way the thing's going to fall off your helmet when it is attached this way. Now I know there are a few skeptics out there who may say that holes weaken your helmet. Well I've got a fiber-board helmet and my answer to them is, to quote a profound individual, "when you ain't got nothin', you ain't got nothin' to lose." Oh, by the way, if you use this method, don't forget to screw the lamp itself onto the front of your helmet after you run the wire through, as you will have serious difficulties if you do not.

Energy sources are another sensitive area of lamp politics. It's true that batteries are more expensive than carbide; I won't argue with that, but I have been known to squeeze as many as 20 hours out of 4 D-cells. "How do you do it?" you ask. Its called taking advantage of a good situation, otherwise known as mooching off of carbide cavers.

* **But Didn't Care To Ask!!**

The technique is rather simple; you just turn off your lamp when you're around a carbide caver and (hopefully) see by her or his lamplight. Now this has offended many people and they've tried, unsuccessfully, to lay guilt trips on me. However, the club's discriminating practice of providing carbide and not D-cells to its members makes me feel justified; I've paid my carbide dues. I'd be glad to stop mooching if the club would change its ways and stock D-cells.

Maintenance is one of the electric Justrites strongest points. I've lost track of the number of times I've heard carbide cavers bitching at their lamps. I don't know about you, but I'd rather cave than bitch. I must admit that I've had my times of sudden, mysterios darkness, but usually a few well chosen works and a good smack will turn it on again. If that doesn't work, a bulb from my spare parts kit will. As a matter of fact, bulbs are all that's in my spare parts kit. I admit that I might not take 1st in the cave pack competition at OTR, but I have room for other goodies instead, like Moth Balls, but that is another story.

Well, since I'm sure that you are all thoroughly convinced of the practicability of electric Justrites, there is no need for me to continue.

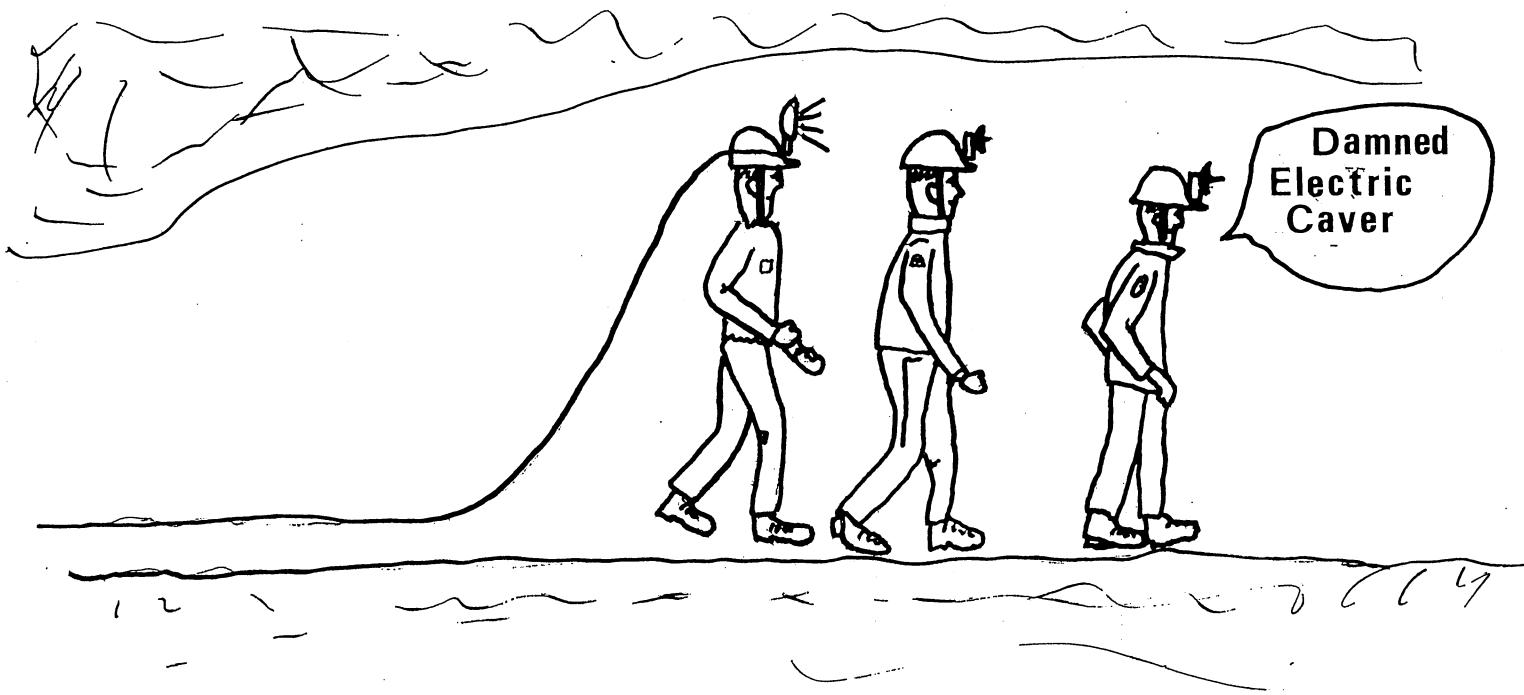
THE END

This article was made possible by a grant from DARK (Dedicated Association of Radical Karst dwellers)

Authors note:

I wrote the above piece of creative writing for strictly humorous purposes (as a joke); don't take it too seriously. Due to the tight and sleazy nature of many of the caves in this (S.W.Va) area, I don't really recommend the otherwise OK electric Justrite over anything except maybe a cigarette lighter, matches, or the plastic Justrite, as a primary light source. It's your choice.

Hillary Minich



B U D D Y P E N L Y S

R E S C U E

Most of the time, we VPI cavers prefer to sit back on our laurels and think, "How technically excellent we are!" Sometimes this is with good reason, considering the enviable safety record the club has enjoyed. This Spring, however, an unfortunate accident occurred on a Cave Club sponsored trip.

The next few pages constitute our attempt to put it all together--the hows and the whys of the rescue at Buddy Penley's Cave. It is (we think) altogether fitting to begin the rescue anthology at the beginning of the rescue as it was for the rescuers--the dreaded phone call.

"Walt, telephone."

"Okay, I'll get it in here --- Hello?"

"That you Walt?"

"Yep"

"Hi, this is Glenn."

(Glenn? oh oh!!) "Hi, Glenn-- What's up?"

"Well, our trip in Buddy Penley's has had some problems."

(Figures. There goes my Saturday night party!) "What kind of problems?" (Hope it's just another missed ETA)

"Well, apparently, one climber knocked down a rock. Pete has a broken arm at the bottom of the drop, and a trainee is unconscious. I don't know more than---"

(SHIT!! in Buddy's? This one's really going to be hell) "Okay, what's the scenario?" ("Had some problems," he says. SHIT)

"Well, the scenario is-- getyourassandgearover to Lawrence's as fast as you can haul it."

"Okay, Glenn, 'bye and thanks" (Yeah, thanks!!)

And we were off on the Big One.

WHICH WAY OUT?

I had turned down three previous chances to go caving in Skydusky Hollow because of previous commitments (hangovers, etc.), so when Pete Sauvigne asked me to go to Buddy Penley's cave, I could not refuse. As popular as Skydusky Hollow is with the club, I knew I would have a good time, and Pete had always taken me on good trips. (The only reason Pete was going caving was because he said the weather was going to be bad and he couldn't go hang-gliding.)

The next morning (after "Party on the Mountain") Pete, Bill Kelly and his friend Bob Ulfers and I got together and headed to Buddy's. It seemed as though Bill and I always wound up on the same trips. After shooting the breeze and watching a dozen or more piglets pull a vacuum on mama-pig for a while, we headed up the mountain for the entrance. A few pops of the lamps and in we went. Pete and Bill traded the lead on the upper level, while I watched Bob make things look easy ahead of me.

The upper level of that cave is a maze of passageways. Pete said once he had gotten "lost" on the way out for a while. He had been to Buddy's a half dozen times or so. After a half hour we came to the "chest compressor". Pete made it look easy, if you're tall and thin. I looked at it, and looked at it, and looked at it. I tried it. I backed out. I looked at it. Etc., etc. ad nauseum. Pete said "C'mon fat boy!" That did it; I pushed in. I sucked it in. I stopped and took a breath. A few cycles and I got through. Bill and Bob followed.

Pete did a nice rig at the top of the 120' pit. Bill's PMI was 200', so Pete rigged some extra length down to the constriction in the drop approximately 30 feet below. That was for someone to station themselves there for communications between top and bottom if the waterfall should prove to be too noisy. It wasn't bad then, but Pete said it might be worse on the way out. (It was supposed to rain, right?) Pete went down first, I got lasty's. At the bottom we went and did the 30' cable ladder drop, and then went on to the crossover pit. I actually enjoyed that (That must have been when I first wet my pants!) After a little exploring for the "theoretical" Newberry's connection we turned around, a total of approximately 4 hours after entering.

Bill had a little trouble returning over the crossover pit, I had trouble at the ladder climb and Bob didn't have any trouble. Next thing we were at the pit, unfortunately at the bottom. The waterfall was now twice as loud; Pete had called that one right. Pete asked me to go up first and rig-in at the constriction 90' from the floor (on the rigged tail of the main rope) to be the communicator. I had borrowed John Lohner's cam rig, and Pete helped me get fixed up. Up I went. Wow! So easy! I'll never use knots again. Ten minutes later and I was at the edge of the constriction. Up over the edge and over to the left to rig in. *****KABOOM!*****

That was an extremely loud carbide lamp pop, I thought to myself. I heard Pete utter a few choice words, then he yelled that we needed a rescue. I thought that surely he was joking. I asked him if he was, TWICE. He said no, he wasn't kidding; he had a broken arm and Bob was knocked out. He asked me if I thought I could make it and I said yes. He yelled back that his keys were under the right rear bumper of his Scout. I asked if he was in pain and he said he would be okay. Bill was not hurt.

Without ever going up another inch, I thought of the "chest compressor." I also remembered not to panic, although I'm sure my heartbeat went into high gear. I went up on the rope and started to de-rig. That took approximately ten minutes, because I had tension on the rope with one cam which made it hard to pull the pin out. I could hear Pete moaning below. Then came the Chest Compressor. I spent five minutes just relaxing; taking a sip of water. That was very hard to do as I wanted to hurry and get help, but I knew I wasn't going to get through that tight spot if I hurried. I left the cam rig and my rack behind and took off my coveralls, violently I might add.. A few cycles of breathing out and squirming and I was through.

Over a familiar pit I came to a junction. I ripped off a piece of my coveralls, which I had carried over my shoulder, and left it there in case I came that way again. I went straight about 25 feet where it dead-ended. I went back to the junction and took another route. "Ah, familiar cave. Oh, there's that little hole we came through. Nope, try a little further down. Yes." By now my coveralls were soaked with water and mud and weighed 50 pounds. There they stayed. Damn, my lamp went out. Be calm, I said to myself again and again and I took another sip of water.

I got my lamp lit and off I went. Each time I came to a junction I memorized my choice. Soon I had a sequence like LLR or LLS, where L = left, R = right and S = straight. The sequence changed often as I ran into dead-ends and had to retrace my steps to make another choice. By and by I recognized a rock or a passage. When I came to the 12 foot climb I knew I would find my way out. It was some consolation to know that if I didn't, the sign-out system would have gotten help eventually. Next thing I saw daylight, and I must have looked pitiful crawling up the entrance hill. It had taken approximately an hour and a half from the time of the accident.

Boy was I glad Pete had told me where his keys were. I got them, got into the Scout, grabbed a beer and flew down the mountain. I almost broke down Buddy's door. Buddy went looking for his rescue card, but I remembered Lawrence Britt's phone number and called him for the rescue.

The rest of the night I smoked cigarettes (the regular kind for a change), drank coffee and sat with the surface phone. I observed and listened to the finest rescue operation one could imagine. As Pete said later, if one had to get hurt, this was probably the best place for it. (Typist's note: Next time Pete, get clobbered ABOVE ground!) Not to take away from the help from the other grottos though, because they were superb. Approximately 12 hours after I called Lawrence, both Pete and Bob were en-route to the hospital.

Always send a skinny person up the rope first.

P.S. I drove Pete's Scout home for him (while quaffing a few) and I got stopped for a license check. Of course, it was nowhere to be found.

Mike Moore

The Wait

As most people reading this know, on April 17, about 5:15pm while Bob Ulfers, Pete Sauvigne, Mike Moore and I were going up the 120' drop in Buddy Penley's cave, a large rock fell about 90' and hit Bob on the head and Pete in the arms. Five hours later, Jim Jones rappelled down to where we were waiting and seemed to be the most beautiful sight we had ever seen (which proves that we were all hypothermic).

Bob was unconscious for the first five minutes of this five hour wait, but after that was conscious and for the most part, aware of what was going on. Pete told me that I needed to keep Bob talking and I asked him what he wanted to talk about. He said that he wanted to talk about Jesus, and for the most part of the next five hours, we talked about our Lord Jesus Christ. Obviously, when someone is lying on a cave floor bleeding and getting very hypothermic, he is not going to feel like having a deep theological discussion of some minute detail of scriptural interpretation. So what we said was pretty simple but important stuff. I reminded Bob that God loves us all, and that He knows exactly where we are and what is going on, and that He would make sure we all got out safely. Bob and I prayed together several times, asking for strength, courage and comfort for the three of us at the bottom and for Mike's safety as he went for help. We also praised God because we knew He would bring us all through this ordeal.

Although I can write about this very spiritually now, at the time we weren't just sitting at ease saying, "Oh well, God will make everything just rosey." We knew Bob's and Pete's lives depended on the rescue. I was scared and worried about when the rescue would get there and Bob could not concentrate on anything except the pain. The last and probably most important reason that we talked about Christianity is that it is something we have in common, that is important to both of us. However, we did not talk about Christianity all fo the time. About half way through the wait, Pete found a mouse and we talked about the mouse for a while. Bob always thought he heard people talking at the top of the pit, but it was just the waterfall and he constantly asked "where are they," "when will the rescue get here?" Despite their pain, neither Bob nor Pete ever asked "why me?" or "How could God let this happen?" They held together and made my task as easy as it could have been, for which I am very grateful. Thank you all.

Bill Kelly

Bill forgot to mention the fact that Pete told him to clam up as soon as he began singing, (supposedly to comfort us). True it is, that prayer and the mouse talk got us through, but Bill will definitely have to take voice lessons. The pain I felt (mostly nerve damage) was so severe that if you were to run a blade of grass across my chest, I would have been screaming for mercy. In my own head, I did ask God "why the pain?" After the operation it was finally gone. I thank you all for being so gentle with me in the cave. I also especially thankyou for accepting Bill and I into your hearts and I love you all for saving our lives.

Bob Ulfers

The Rescue

Buddy Penley's cave is approximately 50 miles from Blacksburg. The average driving time to the cave is 1½ hours. At 9:15 pm the first vehicles were arriving in the field to start the rescue. Of the first people to arrive, it was decided that Bob Barlow would handle the above ground communications and Jerry Redder would coordinate underground. Buddy Penley's cave is not that well known and Jerry was the only person at the scene, who knew how to reach the drop quickly. At this point the victims had been in the cave for 11 hours and hurt for 4 hours. Jerry took Gene Harrison, Cardiac EMT; Bob Elron; Harold Chrimes, Shock Trauma EMT, Jim Jones and Steve Lancaster into the cave at 9:30. The initial team carried emergency medical supplies, vertical gear, and a sleeping bag. This group was to travel light and bring work out as soon as possible. Upon arriving at the top of the pit, Jerry attempted to communicate with Pete on the bottom. The only word understood was COLD! Jim Jones, with the sleeping bag went, down first as he was the first ready. Gene Harrison immediately followed. While the initial team was going down, Lawrence Britt, Lee Little, and Hugh Beard were bringing a phone line in. When the line reached the top of the drop, Steve and Jerry sent the line down a separate hole in the floor. By 10:40pm the communications were set up from the bottom of the pit to the surface. On the surface, "Ham" radio operators had us in direct contact with our phone link, operated by Pat Shorten, in Blacksburg.

The condition of the two patients, as it appeared initially, was that Bob had a laceration on the top of his scalp but that his skull appeared okay. From the pain in his shoulder, he was thought to have a broken clavical and he was complaining about pain on his left side and shoulder. His pupils were equal and reactive (this was a good sign). Pete was cold and it appeared that both of his forearms were broken. As the initial medical team was assessing the victims, the cavers at the main drop began searching for suitable rig points to bring them up the drop. The normal rig point to explore the lower portion of the cave has a very narrow crawlway just beyond the drop on the way out. The initial riggers were Chuck Shorten, John Lohner, Rich Neiser, and Joe Zokaites. Rig points were found that would enable the patients to bypass the tight spots and also greatly expediate the evacuation. The riggers soon became aware that the top of the pit that the patients were to come up, was very unstable. The medical team advised us that Bob could not be moved until a special, flexible back board, known as a KED, was put on him. Bob was still very vulnerable to the falling rocks.

Fortunately, the Giles County Rescue Squad had recently purchased several of these items. Jackie Redder, Carol Zokaites, Kenny Bonenburger, and Ben Keller were coming in as a back-up medical team for the second patient, Pete. They were also bringing the KED. The second medical team and the KED started down the drop at 11:58pm. The riggers had figured out how they wanted to rig the drop and started preliminary work waiting for Bob to be moved. As soon as the second medical team was on the bottom, they rigged the non injured victim Bill Kelly into a set of Gibbs ascenders. Bill was at the top of the drop at 12:43am.

At this point, rigging was going on in two other places in the cave. The first was at a small climb that needed to be negotiated, the second was a chasm near the entrance. If the reader has ever been to Buddy Penley's cave, it is likely that he did not travel the routes used to remove the patients. The Stokes litters were lowered at 2:18am. The rigging at the main pit was complicated. At one point, the crew had to change some of the points to gain a better advantage when bringing the patient up smoothly, away from the wall. The hauling line was the simplest possible. 10 cavers with Gibbs ascenders and a stop Gibb rigged into the rope near the lip. While the rigging at the drop was going on, Bob's condition took a slight turn downward. First he had to vomit, not an easy task when wrapped in a sleeping bag, garbage bag, KED and a Stokes litter!! His IV which was warming him up, started to have problems and he got sick to his stomach. The medical teams handled all of this without any great effort, but it did take time. Also we wanted to bring Jackie, Bob's primary medic, up the drop. At 3:49am the riggers explained to the people on the bottom, which ropes were for which purpose.

Bob Ulfers started up the drop, with Jim Jones along side, at 4:20am, 11 hours after the rock had fallen. At the top of the drop, 15-20 cavers from several different grottos, were waiting to continue Bob out of the cave. Before Bob could be moved, the medical team checked out his condition. This created a small log jam of people, since the best place to check Bob was not wide and offered only a high climb directly over him. After this, the medical team said he could be transported. Bob did not stop moving until he got to the 12' drop. This drop was rigged with a high line, but the litter slings were too long for the gentle touchdown. The passage was manned with an assortment of cavers and rescue squad personnel. Many of the Rescue Squad people had been attending a Cave Rescue Orientation Course in Blacksburg. All of these people, including the cavers from Blue Ridge who did some excellent rigging, must have moved very quickly, because Bob was out of the cave at 6:35am. When notified of this, the people who had just finished hauling Pete up, gave a big cheer. Everybody, having had practice with Bob, were able to move Pete out very quickly. The only thing left to do was collect gear and clean up the cave. This is an important aspect of a cave rescue.

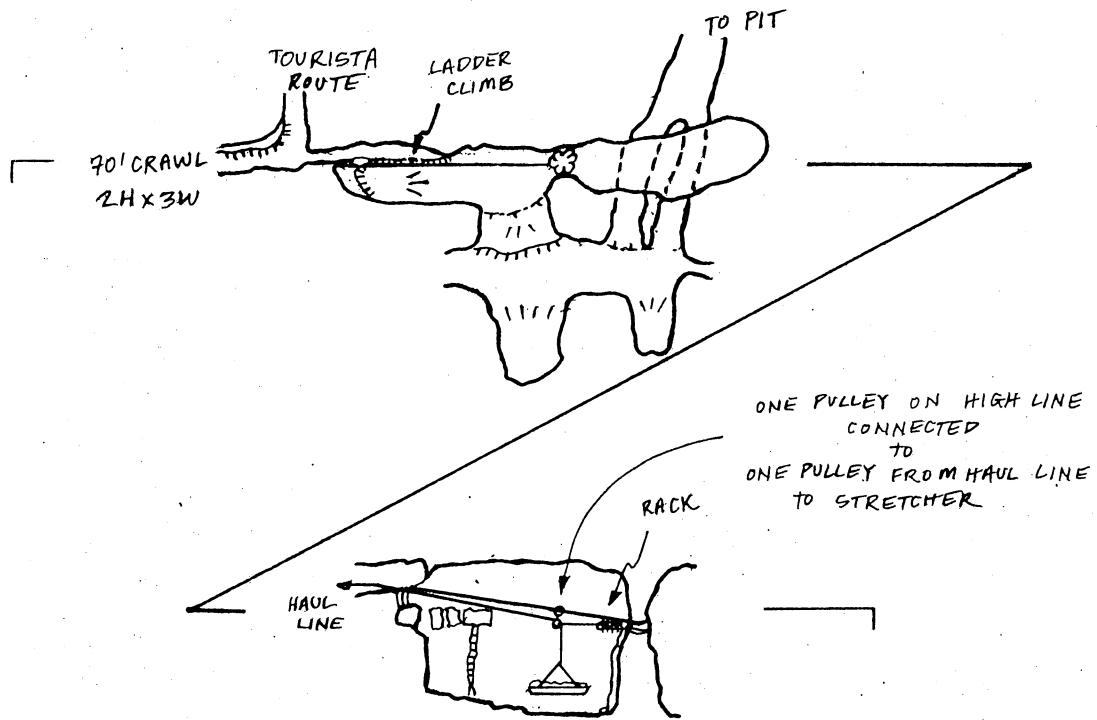
At 9:00am, Bob Ulfers, who had been flown to Roanoke, was in serious condition with a depressed skull fracture, 2 hairline fractures of the cervical spine, and a broken foot. Pete was at Montgomery County Hospital with an open fracture of the left forearm and a compound fracture of the right forearm. All in all it was a well run and efficient rescue.

PRIMARY LESSONS LEARNED (or reinforced)

1. Don't stand in a rock fall zone.
2. Don't rig into a rope until the rope is clear.
3. In a rescue, keep the equipment moving to the destination.
4. Bring the telephones in as soon as possible.
5. Try to keep everyone aware of the condition of the victims and the rescue. It is great for caver moral.

I would like to thank the cavers from Blue Ridge Grotto, Greenbriar Grotto, Holston Valley Grotto, Mt. Empire Grotto, the Giles County Rescue Squad, the VA Tech Ham Radio Operators and the students from the Rescue Class for assisting us in the rescue.

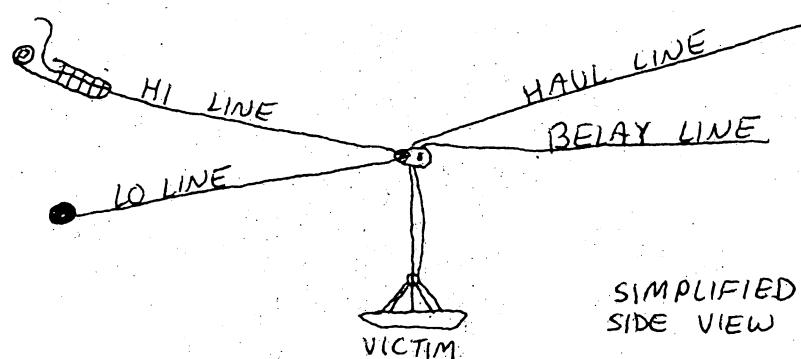
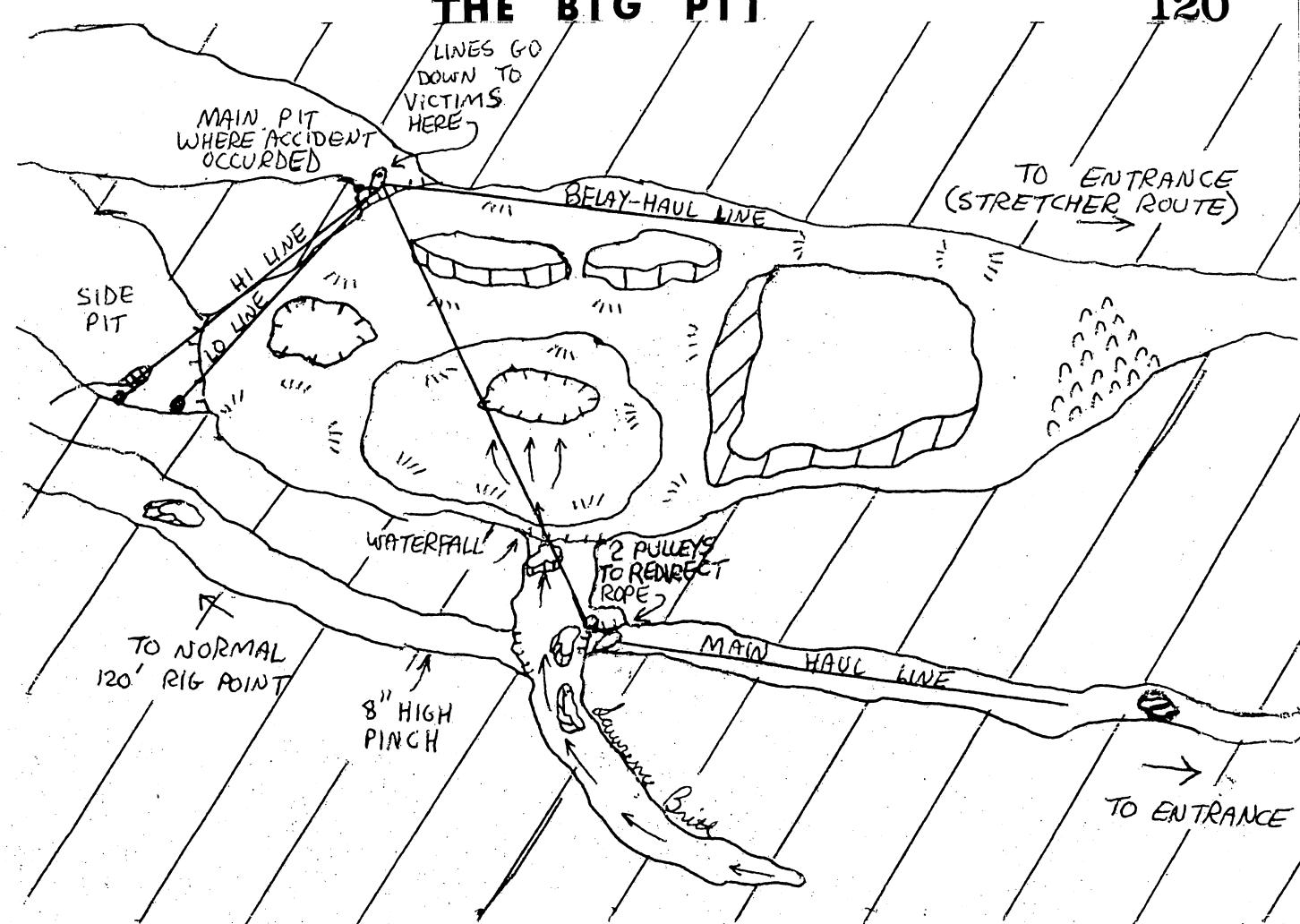
The Twelve Foot Ladder Climb



SLACK ON RACK SIMULTANEOUS TO HAULING

WIN WRIGHT
STEVE CONNER
BILL KOERSCHNER

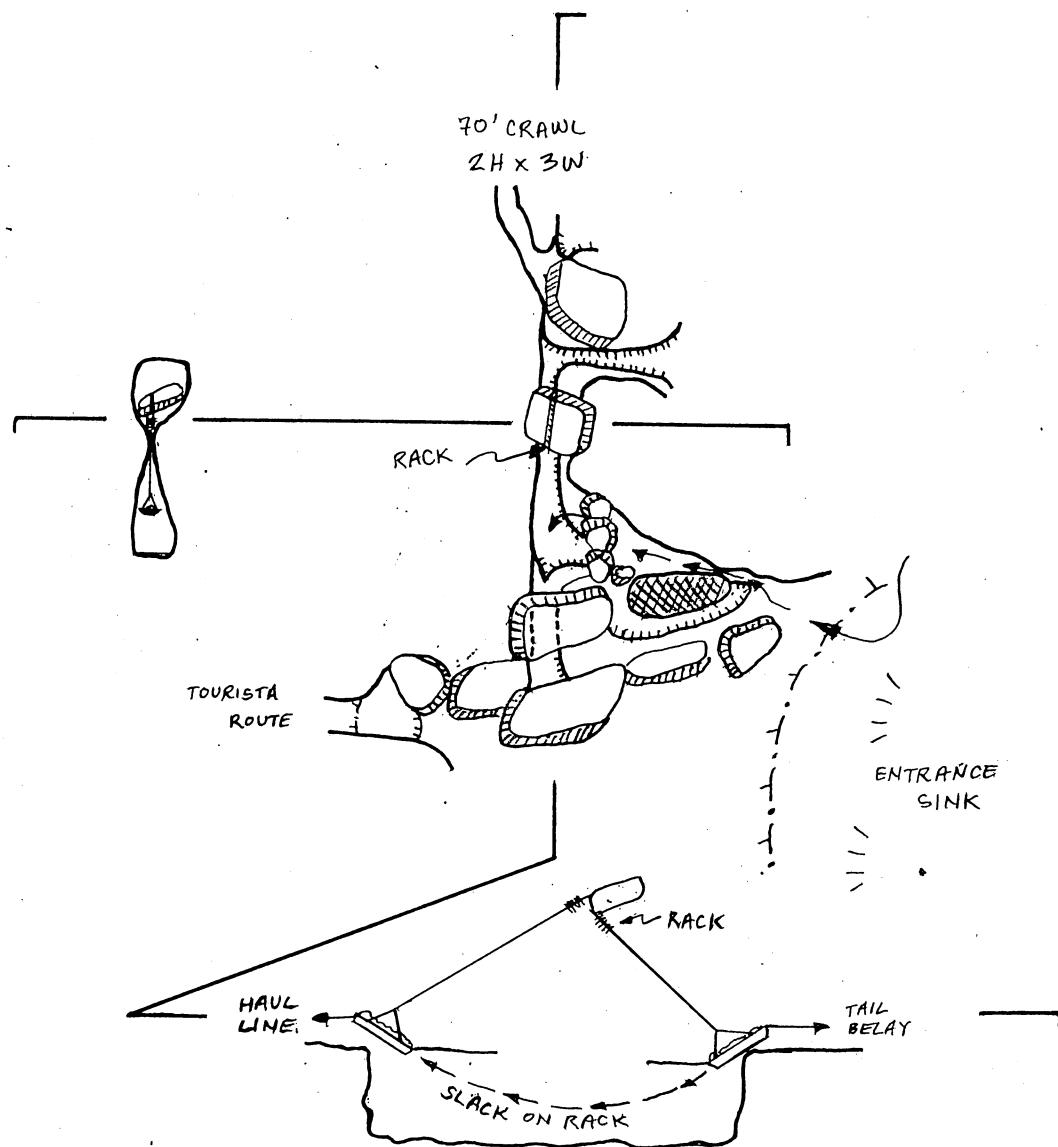
THE BIG PIT



JERRY REDDER
LAWRENCE BRITT
JOE ZOKAITES
WALT PIRIE
CHUCK SHORTEN
JOHN LOHNER
RICH NEISER

10. PEOPLE AT THE MAIN HAUL LINE WOULD PULL UNTIL THE VICTIM WAS UP TO THE PULLEY. THEN THE BELAY LINE WOULD BECOME THE HAUL LINE AND WOULD PULL THE VICTIM OVER TO THE BANK AS THE HI LINE WOULD SLOWLY BE LET OUT. STOP CAMS AND SAFETY LINES WERE RIGGED IN THE PROPER PLACES BUT WERE NOT SHOWN FOR SIMPLICITY.

THE PENDULUM



WIN WRIGHT
JIM RICHARDS
DON ANDERSON

Answers To A Few Medical-Legal Questions Raised At The Buddy's Rescue

The cave rescue in Buddy Penley's cave, April 17-18, brought out some medical-legal aspects never considered before by cavers. It has only been in the last 2-3 years, that the medical teams involved in a cave rescue, routinely have included people qualified above the level of EMT (emergency medical technician). These "advanced life support" personnel (from now on these will be called ALS personnel) work directly with a hospital and ER physician by way of radio or telephone. They also work under "standing orders" and protocol. Standing orders and protocol vary even within the State of Virginia. So it was not surprising that there was some confusion involved in the medical management of both patients in the Buddy Penley accident. To clarify some of the questions brought up, the following people were asked for their opinions: Dr. Surrcesco, Medical Director for the 4th planning district, the Attorney General's office and Dr. Kelsey, head of the Health Department in the State of Virginia. This article is by no means a comprehensive statement concerning medical practices underground, but the tip of the iceberg. It is hoped that by summer's end, first, an official letter commenting on the advanced lifesupport treatment of the two patients in the Buddy Penley cave rescue will be sent and second, a formal statewide protocol and standing orders for medical treatment underground, initially for Nationally Registered Paramedics, will be written. It must be realized that the following and facts are true only for the State of Virginia.

Question: What is the medical role of an EMT at a cave rescue in Virginia?

The EMT (Nationally registered or certified by the state) can administer basic life support i.e. basic first aid. They can perform any medical technique taught to them. They are invaluable in helping to stabilize patients, monitor vital signs, and as an all-around medical "go-for." If they are the highest qualified medical personnel, they can only leave the patient, if responsibility is given to another EMT or someone more medically qualified.

Question: What is the medical role of an IV technician, Shock Trauma Technician, Cardiac Technician or Paramedic at a cave rescue?

These personnel can administer advanced lifesupport according to the standing orders and protocol set up by the Medical Directorate covering the area in which the cave rescue takes place. Possible advanced lifesupport treatment that can be given, is IV therapy, drug therapy, airway management (by EOA or ET tube), defibrillation (highly unlikely underground), fracture and dislocation reduction and other techniques. Please realize that the levels listed above are not qualified to give all of the above treatment. Each level has its limitations. Standing orders in an area are written doctor's orders concerning the treatment of various emergencies. These orders allow the various ALS personnel to perform specific treatment of the patient without ever talking to a physician. Protocol is the detailed guidelines

set up by different areas to cover medical management of certain emergencies. They state, for instance, the order of treatment for a particular illness or injury and they may state at what stage of management to stop and call the physician. In Virginia, there is a wide range of protocols and standing orders. It will be important for future rescues to know what protocols and standing orders exist in the region. It is also important to realize, that any of the ALS personnel may receive and execute verbal orders from a physician, so long as they do not exceed their training. ~~ALS~~ personnel may only turn over the responsibility of a patient to an equally or higher qualified medical person.

Question: Who is legally responsible for the medical actions taken by ALS personnel?

If medical treatment is performed according to local standing orders and protocol, legal responsibility lies with the local medical director. If treatment is performed according to verbal orders, responsibility lies with the physician who issued the order.

Question: What is the medical role of a nurse (RN) at a cave rescue?

This question was not addressed.

Question: What is the medical role of a physician at a cave rescue?

There are two roles a physician can play. First, he can remain outside the cave evaluating the patient's condition, and giving orders when needed. Point of interest; if the physician gives an order to the ALS person that is contradictory to their protocol the personnel can question and/or refuse the order. (This may happen when either a non caving doctor requests treatment that is not feasible underground or the doctor is unfamiliar with the emergency medical techniques or the doctor is unfamiliar with the capabilities of the underground medical personnel.) The second role the physician may take on is actual emergency medicine provider. If he is capable of reaching the patient, he can assume full responsibility. Two problems come up with this role. First, if the underground physician gives an inappropriate order (as exemplified above), the ALS personnel must cease treatment and let the physician have sole responsibility. The second possible problem with having a physician underground, is that he can only turn responsibility of a patient over to another physician. Technically, if the rescue took 24 hours and the physician was there from the beginning, he must stay with the patient all 24 hours or risk being sued for abandonment (unless by fate there were two caving physicians at the scene). The Buddy Penly accident brought up another technicality concerning abandonment. If a physician had treated both patients at the bottom of the drop, how would he have maintained treatment of both patients during extrication? To climb the pit with one patient would leave the other without treatment, technically this is abandonment. Extrication of both patients at the same time would have been impossible.

Question: Can pain medication and/or other medication be given underground?

Any drug not covered under standing orders, requires a

physician's OK. Any prescription drug (epinephrine, hydrocortizone, morphine...) used must be signed for by the physician, including his Virginia controlled-substance number (BNDD#) or be in violation of Virginia's pharmaceutical law.

Question: Who is in charge of a cave rescue?

Technically, in the state of Virginia, the law enforcement agency is in charge of any rescue. They realize, in most cases, that they have limited training and equipment and therefore delegate the responsibility to the rescue and/or fire departments. Fortunately, in Virginia, we are well on the way to convincing these organizations that cavers need to be responsible for at least the extrication of the patient if not more. Therefore, there must be a cooperative effort between the three groups (Law enforcement, fire/rescue, and cavers). A law in Virginia that backs up this need for cooperation is: NO ONE (not even a doctor, lawyer or indian chief) can disrupt a rescue in process. Violation of this law can result in their removal from the rescue, and/or fine and/or imprisonment.

There are surely more questions that need to be answered concerning medical treatment underground and its legal implications. Please send any suggestions or questions to the VPI Cave Club. I will make every effort to obtain the answer from the appropriate officials. It is only by asking, that we, as cavers, can learn how to give the best medical treatment to those who need it underground.

Jackie Redder

CAVE CRUNCH

NAMES GO IN EVERY POSSIBLE DIRECTION
 (WE REALLY MEAN IT)

E X X O N S A B A N E S S P R I N G E D A A B M Y S
 A T I T U F B I T W A T F O G D E N O X U A E Z P N
 M C M O T F B U D D Y P E N L E Y S C C P L S R U C
 A D X P S E X R O C K J I I S C R E W X O A I R P A
 D R O B I N S R I F T H G H P A U L S H L N E X O T
 I G E D M S H I T K T O U N V I C E E A G C Q A E A
 S I F L A G A X F A L L E N R O C K M H U N K L N W
 O A B I T A H I E L M W D R U G O A O R N Q U R Y B
 N C A A N U A R U P C H U C K M N L P U P H S P M A
 S S H E G P B M I A L I N K S D L S E A S T T A P M
 S E A B O L T J S C R A P E E O E U S L B A T X H U
 A M A M U I K T P I S S X R W L V S I P I T X T O R
 L X A X N O L Z Y C O P E W O B A V O F U C K O X D
 T N Y A T E A M U R D E R H O L E I B L O W I N G E
 P P I G H O L E T A L P O S U D X R J A M E S S X R
 E O Z C A G I C L I T S Y E N W A T R C A A A B P H
 T D Q U N A C O C K A K E G B A I L E Y S X S O E O
 E L S N K X O C O R B E T T C A V E B Q B O S O R L
 R I M T S R E T R O P Y N E W R I V E R Y A B B K E
 Y D I X I E A B M X C L O V E R H O L L O W N S I N
 M T T P Q M U L L Y W A G L E T S P U S S Y M E N Y
 R S H D I P S H I T R E N D L E S S C A V E R N S P
 B E E R A U N T N E L L I E S H O L E C A R B I D E

AUNT NELLIES HOLE	EAST	OGDEN	SPRING
BAILEYS	ENDLESS CAVERNS	PARCELLS	HOLLOW
BANES SPRING	FALLEN ROCK	PAULS	SPRUCE
BLOWING	GLADE	PAXTONS	RUN
BREATHING	HARMONS	PERKINS	STARNES
BUDDY PENLEYS	JAMES	PIGHOLE	TAWNEYS
BUTLER	LINKS	PORTERS	
CATAWBA MURDER HOLE	MADISONS SALTPETER	RASSHOLE	
CLOVER HOLLOW	MOLLY WAGLE	ROBINS RIFT	UNTHANKS
COPE	NEFFS	SALAMANDER	
CORBETT CAVE	NEWBERRY BANES	SEABOLT	
DEVILS HOLE	NEW CASTLE MURDER HOLE	SMITH	
DIXIE	NEW RIVER	SMOKEHOLE	

PREPPIE

CAVER

SNOBBY EXPRESSION

IZOD COLOR CODE

CLASS RING

IMITATION GOLD
ELECTRONIC WATCH
WITH ALL THE JUNK
YOU COULD NEVER
USE AND THEN SOME

GOLD PLATED TIP
CLEANER, WHISTLE,
AND KERCHIEF. (JUST
IN CASE)

WHITE COTTON GLOVES

IZOD BELT

IZOD SHIRT, PINK
WITH GREEN STRIPES

GOLD PLATED, ENGRAVED
SIERRA CUP.

DESIGNER JEANS

PURPLE LA COSTÉ
KNEE PADS

PREPPIE
CAVE
PACK

NO SOCKS

ANIMALE

RUBBER BOOTIES
TO KEEP
DOCK SIDERS CLEAN

FROM THE SIGN-OUT SHEET

From March 19, 1982 to May 23, 1982 VPI Crotto logged 1193 man hours underground, plus an additional 500 plus hours on the Buddy Penley's rescue...Here are some of the highlights...

3/21/82	Newberry's	Carol Godla Ken Bonenberger Hugh Beard	Mapped to Triple Wells. Wild Newberry's. Almost Hell.
3/21/82	James	Pete Cooper Mike Moore Lawrence Britt Dave Ginsavich	Good Mud Fight and lots of sleazy caving
4/3/82	Banes Spring	Philip, Trex Win, WFK, Sue	Killed it- 3 Gross leads left
4/3/82	New Castle Murderhole	Bill Kelly, Knox Maureen Handler Jim Washington	There must be a place in hell just like it. Great Cave
4/11/82	Starnes	Lawrence Britt Ed Divine John Lohner Jean Simonds Donnie Carter Diane Dlugos	Mapped in 3 high leads Killed 1 more Diddly Pole-- Cave at about 5400' now.
4/24/82	Pig Hole	Frank Gibson Marty Carst Wayne Burstein	Skunk is dead. Long live the skunk smell.

