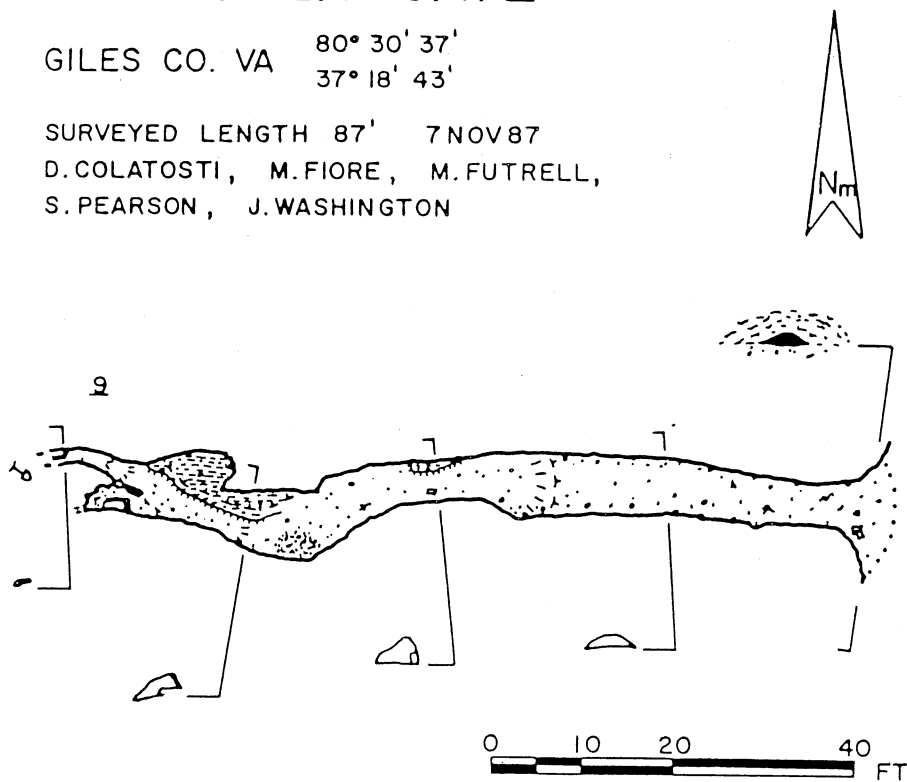


THE TECH TROGLODYTE

JIMZUTHER CAVE

GILES CO. VA $80^{\circ} 30' 37''$
 $37^{\circ} 18' 43''$

SURVEYED LENGTH 87' 7 NOV 87
D. COLATOSTI, M. FIORE, M. FUTRELL,
S. PEARSON, J. WASHINGTON



DRAWN BY M. FUTRELL

• FALL 1987 •

THE TECH TROGLODYTE

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



Fall Quarter, 1987

Volume XXVII, No.1

President..... Craig Roberts
Vice President.... Paul Hess
Secretary..... Doug Abernathy
Treasurer.... ~~Beth~~ Wichterman

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and Beth Wichterman

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

On the Cover

Jimzuther cave is an 87' crawl located just upstream of Link's Cave in the bend of Sinking Creek at stream level. During high water or flood the entire cave is underwater. However during most of the year the cave is dry and full of the sort of things small animals might leave behind.

The cave was originally reported by Saunders as Cutoff Cave. We've been calling it Jim's other cave at the base of the cliff. Whatever. The end of the cave could possibly be dug. Though I expect it would be similar to Missing Link Cave - there's as much cave as you want to remove dirt.

The President's Column

Oy! It'll surprise ya! Well, thus ends another interesting and fun filled quarter with the VPI Cave Club. The fall was filled with lots of great sport trips, survey trips, and trips to other lands far, far away (and caving trips too...). For example, VPI started out the fall with an excellent turnout at yet another record breaking crowd at OTR! We partied with pride, stayed up until sunrise, taunted the fat fucker, had too much fun at the more wine party, and walked away with more than our share of prizes. VPI was also present at the fall TAG and local VAR events as well.

As the fall quarter opened up, the OTR "party 'till you puke" attitude continued with several keg parties which couldn't be beat. These parties were well attended by new cavers, as well as old, as a new crowd of prospective members joined us for party antics and caving adventure alike. Fortunately the early year throng of anxious cavers has not died out, which holds out high hopes of several great new members in the near future. The club showed new found enthusiasm for the practice rescue as well, boasting a throng of interested trainees and veteran rescuers alike.

I hold out high hopes for this winter quarter as well! With any luck our keg parties will continue, as well as some cool caving trips, etc. So far there are trip plans for VPI to invade Mexico once again. With any luck this years trip will be blessed with good weather and as good a time as all the previous trips. There should be plenty of great trips ahead now that all the newest members have been thoroughly oriented into the club. Surveying and ridgewalking should be high on everyone's list now as the weather turns cold, and there's nowhere else to go besides caving or Ton-80. Also, keep January 16-17 open on your calendars. That weekend will be the first of two special rescue seminars hosted by the club and taught by the eastern region NCRC. This seminar should be beneficial to all VPI cavers, and local rescue squads as well. This mostly horizontal weekend seminar will be followed by a vertical rescue seminar of some technicality in May. Stay tuned for details. Also mark your calendar for banquet dinner in the glamorous Owens D-room dining facilities on February 6th.

Dudes! Go Cave!

Craig T. Roberts



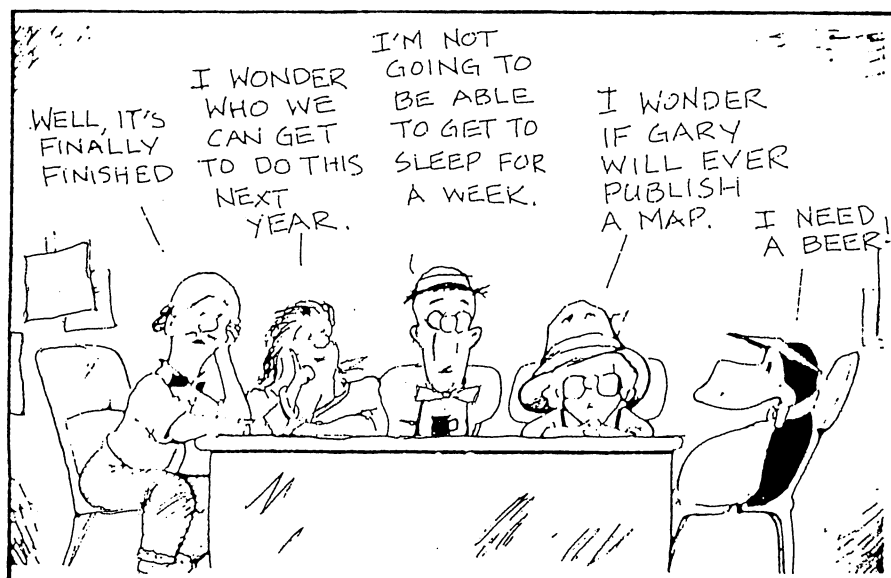
The Editor's Column

As I numbly scan the debris of another vicious Trog editing session, wondering whether White-Out fumes kill brain cells or merely temporarily deaden them, I suddenly realize that I must be one of the stupider people on this planet. Not only did I accept this job, I volunteered for it. All my badgering, begging, and threatening must have worked, though; the number of articles submitted far exceeded my expectations. Thank you to everyone who submitted something, or just submitted.

I'm impressed by the variety of articles, from Ben Keller's opus on Kentucky caving to Kat's interesting perspective on trainee trips--I guess psychedelics are indeed enjoying a resurgence. Mike Futrell, after much ado, supplied some cave maps, which is something I feel should be in every Trog. Maybe Jim's Giles County project will help meet this noble goal.

Thanks also to Jenny, Joan, and Joe for their spy work. Kay gets special kudos for her stunning mastery of pretty word processing. She saved Beth and I a lot of work, even though her article puts the appearance of the rest of the Trog to shame. Trainees, submit trip reports for your Trog requirements. They are pretty easy to write, and help keep the focus of the Trog on what the club is famous for--tripping hard.

-- Michael Fiore --



Hold on to your egos, folks! It's the

GROTTO GRAPEVINE

Heh Cavers!! Wanna hear some poop?!? I knew ya'll would 'cause ya'll are nosey so here it goes:

Here's some OTR stuff. Wonder women Beth and Joanie did some 200 miles of pedal power to OTR this year. Some fun was had by all as usual! Craig, Dennis Vaders, Berta and Jenny all won for VPI and got some good awards stuff for their efforts. Pittsburgh Grotto should give up trying to run Speleolympics. There were some great looking rain tested roads this year at the OTR site! Thanks Jerry and Glen! Rain stop the more wine party? No way!!! Ameoba. Ameoba.

In the beginning (of this quarter) the VPI Cave Club found itself secretaryless. Our fearless Reggie had defected to Mexico. Doug Abernathy galently accepted the position for fall quarter after being threatened to have 40 cavers show up at his thesis defense if he didn't accept.

3 Ben's mom hosted the Halloween party this year. With his costume, Jerry educated us all about safe sex. Mike Fiore's girlfriend came dressed as a princess...or was it a black widow...or was it an angel? Maybe Mike should make an appointment to see Jerry for more information. (Mike will have to stand in line behind Paul Hess, though. Something about you can't have your cake and eat it too.) Other people awash in hormones at the party: Roberta, who was lighting matches off of men's crotches, and, Kristi, who Joan found necking with Ko in front of the piano (Ed. note: This is rather surprising, since Pyro was playing at the time and his playing has been known to turn most people off.) Barbara left Dave on Halloween to go out with some hairy woman. Other costumes included a beer can doubles rig and a happy elephant. Carol Zo was ready and willing to whip it out for any thirsty Halloween caver. Fergie showed enthusiasm for his new job with his explosive costume theme. (Yes folks, he graduated and joined the ranks of old farts at the arsenal. His club status has changed from young republican to yuppie old fart.) Cecile provided delicious pumpkin cake and bat cookies (yum) but it must not have been enough because people kept taking bites out of Beth as the night went on.

Now for some job stuff. Keith Smith flew south for a while to build trails. Doug Abernathy will fly south for a longer while to be a real engineer for Golder Associates in Atlanta. Chicken Wing got his 382nd job since graduation. He will now be working for the forest service in WV which is closer to Margaret at WVU. Fergie got a job. Viola got a job. Doug Bruce dropped out of school and got a job at Rose's. Kay graduated and got a job at Arby's. Paul Hess thinks he's got a job as a gigolo. Heidi and Joanie both chose higher education over work and are both now gearing up the ol' resumes to find jobs. Ko is following the Balister school of thought and taking his time to graduate. Rumor has it that everybody's favorite scapegoat, Don Oswald, has graduated and is now working on nasty, secretive, technical stuff for one of the lesser loved federal agencies.

Always wondered what kind of person it took to work on that stuff.

Now for some boy meets girl stuff. Linda has been eating her vegetables and has lost weight. She looks great and they are getting hitched! Keith Goggin was practicing tying his knots when all of a sudden - whoops! - he tied one with some girl named Dianne. Jackie and Bob did the big real estate thing. Maureen has been seen making cutesy googoo eyes at one Canadian boy. Mirna from Puerto Rico is getting married. Cecile would like to date more, but she doesn't know what her son will think. Bob Alderson and Chris Amundson have been seen holding hands. Walt will do the sailing thing over Christmas with who? Carol? Jerry was seen driving "the family" around in his new van. Carol and Joe Zo continue in their quest for some fool babysitter. Hungry bachelors Ed and Joe have been throwing parties to lure little girls into their danger den. They'll all come runnin' now that they know Ed kisses like Jabba the Hut. Sue and Dave settled in Eugene, Oregon where nudity is legal. Sue rides horses all day and Dave plays with video games 45 hours a week. Their landlord warned them to clean up the dog shit or they'd have to move out.

Now for some other stuff. Jim found out that people aren't like toothpaste as he tried to squeeze through the Devil's Pinch. Stringfellow is now a life member of our fair club. Our president is now old enough to drink. Glen, I mean Jean, is running the club store. If it gets any bigger they'll start selling stock. Karen and Ernst said something about VAR but nobody caught it. Philip ran Jean's hang glider into a rock folding it as a hang glider shouldn't. The new fads shootin' like wildfire through the club these days are trucks and guinea pigs. By the way, Cecile rolled hers and Lohner sold his...truck, not guinea pig. Ed enjoyed his breakfast one morning with Blacksburg's finest after attempting euthanasia of a few members of the frat boy population in the Hokie House the night before.



After the painting by W. Katarbluski

Giles County Survey

I know a lot of you will not read an article like this for long because it doesn't have any pictures, however I felt it would be important to get this in print as soon as possible.

Back a few weeks ago, the VPI Cave Club voted to support the resurvey of Giles County (VA) cave resources. VPI did this before, in the 50's and 60's, and the county was declared "done" before the publication of Caves of Virginia (Douglas). Now, we are going to do it again. There are a few questions that may pop into people's mind about this. I hope that I can answer some of these sufficiently in this article.

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1. Why does Giles Co. need to be redone?

The official count of Giles County caves stands at 184 caves. Among those, 12 are on the Virginia Significant Caves List, and 8 are on the Virginia Deep Caves List (>200 ft. deep). EVERYBODY KNOWS that there are more caves in the county. It seems that every time someone looks for a new cave in Giles, two are found.

2. Who is organizing this and why?

Mike Futrell and I discussed the Survey with Phil Lucas of the VSS (Virginia Speleological Survey) at the most recent Fall VAR. We decided that Link Cave Farm (Rt. 2 Box 554, Newport, VA 24128) would be an ideal jumping-off place and data repository for the project, since it is already in Giles and already gets a lot of VPI caver traffic. To boot, it and we should be there for the foreseeable future, and this will give the survey some stability. I will not discuss our motives for taking on this frankly monstrous task here, but suffice it to say that in retrospect, I will probably ascribe it completely to stupidity.

3. What does the Club have to do?

We have requested and received official VPI Cave Club "Sponsorship." This gives us some credibility when talking to cave owners and allows use of the VPI name in any classified ads we may have to publish to get leads. In addition, some financial help may be solicited in the future for map publishing materials, postage, or other incidentals (maybe; it will have to be voted on.). MOSTLY, however, the Survey will need PEOPLE! There is no way that Mike and I can do this alone.

4. How is this going to be organized?

I'm glad you asked that. We don't know yet. But there are a few rules that we are going to try to follow to keep things from getting out-of-hand:

A. An open-door and open-mind policy. Anybody that wants to help can help. We will discourage "secret caves" unless it is the owner's expressed wish that a cave be unknown.

B. There is no such thing as too much information about a cave or area. However, we would like to direct some activities to the lesser-known caves and areas in the county. An organized task eventually gets finished. There has to be some organization or the survey will never be completed.

C. Despite A and B, this should be FUN. Caving more and enjoying it less is not in any way an objective of the Survey.

5. What is this going to entail?

- A. Lots of Ridgewalking
- B. Lots of Cave exploring
- C. Lots of Cave Surveying
- D. Drawing lots of maps
- E. OK, lots of Partying (I know you guys)

6. How do I sign up?

This is the easy part. Just go to Cave Club Meetings. If you are interested in participating, indicate your interest during "Trip Plans"; we'll try to get you started.

7. What's in it for me, _____ ?
(put your name here)

It's hard to guarantee anything but beautiful scenery in Giles. Caves can range in size anywhere between "virgin passage up to my elbow" and 3 (maybe more) miles. There are wet, dry, pretty, nasty, vertical and horizontal caves. How much you enjoy Giles is limited only by your imagination!

Take a walk in rustic splendor
See wild Nature going by
Looking high and low the valleys
Search between the earth and sky
Hear it said, it's oft repeated
In fields, doorways, churches' aisles
There's a cave in yonder hill
That goes for miles and miles in Giles.

Jim Washington

HODGE'S CAVE

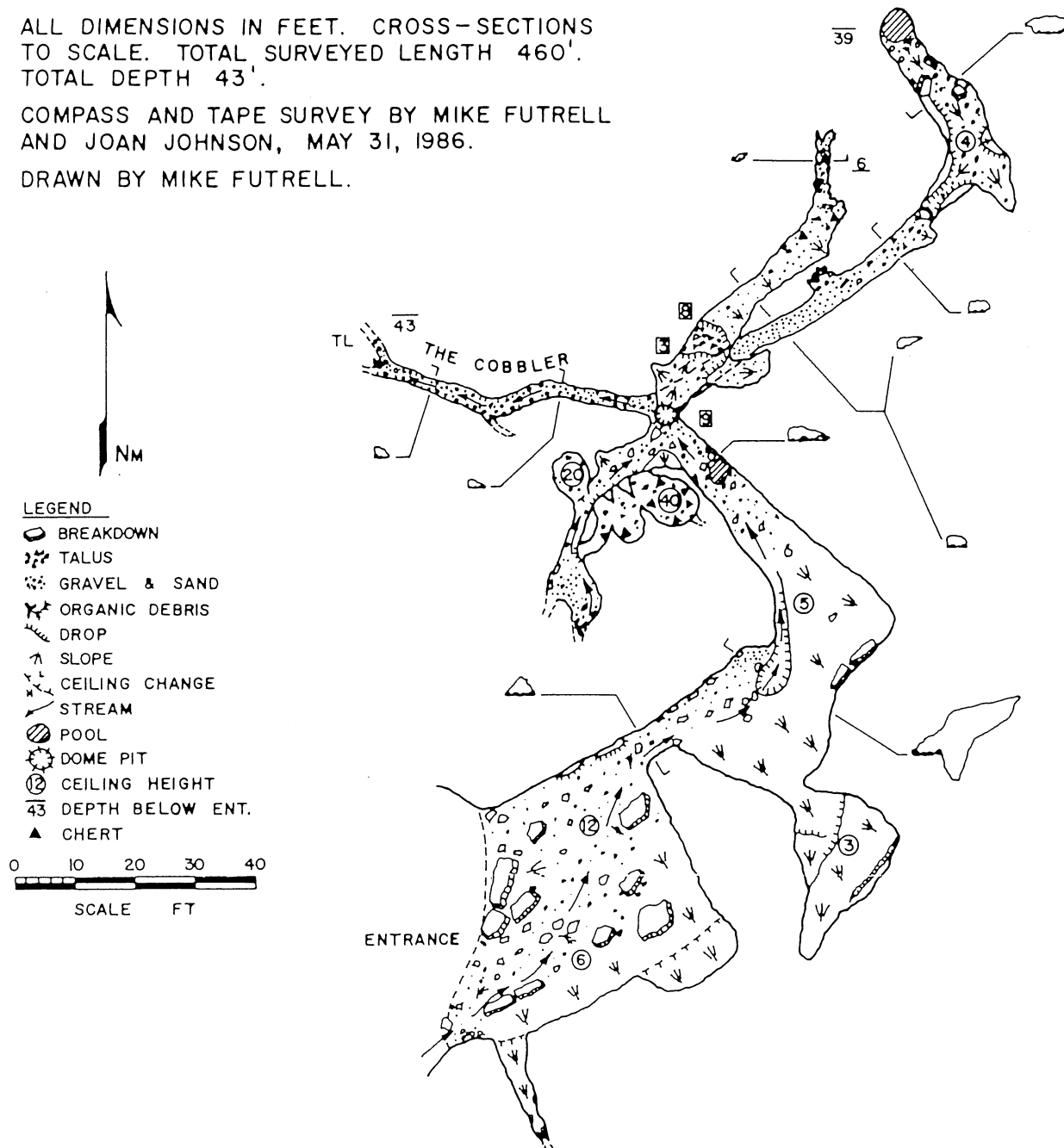
GILES CO. VA.

LAT. 37° 17' 6" N
LONG. 80° 46' 20" W
ELEV. 2100' MSL

ALL DIMENSIONS IN FEET. CROSS-SECTIONS
TO SCALE. TOTAL SURVEYED LENGTH 460'.
TOTAL DEPTH 43'.

COMPASS AND TAPE SURVEY BY MIKE FUTRELL
AND JOAN JOHNSON, MAY 31, 1986.

DRAWN BY MIKE FUTRELL.



This is a small insurgence cave developed in Wilburn Valley on the southeastern flank of Pearis Mountain. A year round stream flows off the mountain and down nearly to the road where it takes a turn into an obvious sink.

The cave was surveyed by Mike Futrell and Joan Johnson in two short trips ending May 31, 1986.

The entrance room is nice and if you were a bum to excess you could probably live in there. Local rumor has it one did ages ago. Following the stream the passage rapidly deteriorates to a set of domes and three crawls. I climbed the largest dome and determined that it didn't go. This was mentally stimulating as the walls were mud slime over rock and the only holds were frequently portable chert nodules. The stream heads down a small bellycrawl, "The Cobbler" for 50'. It's nasty and you probably don't want to go there. The right lower crawl goes 90' to a stagnant pool with organic floating debris. Climbing up 10' at the junction is another crawl of 50 or so feet that ends in brittle rock and slime.

Coming back down this last climb the mere mention of Don Oswald's name caused Joans lamp to fall and smash apart below. The cave also bit our survey tape in two when we weren't looking. Complain, complain. All in all Hodge's is a typical Wilburn Valley cave - an overabundance of nasties. It is 460' long and 43' deep.

Mike Futrell

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Wolf Creek Pit

On October 1, John Dowell, Rodney Smith and I decided to check out a rumor of a pit on East River Mountain near Narrows. After wasting a lot of time in town gathering people and gear, we proceeded to meet a local friend of Rodney's named Eddie who had actually seen the pit during a hunting trip two years ago.

We met Eddie at the appointed place and time and, after telling our location and return time to a reliable person, started the long hike up to the ridge. I had chased down a lot of disappointing leads in the past, so I felt little hope of finding anything significant. With that in mind, we left our caving clothes and most of our gear in the car. We carried only a 50-foot length of rope, two sets of vertical gear, and one lamp and helmet. We figured we would just have to send one person down into the pit to verify that it was nothing.

We hiked uphill forever, fighting our way through dense patches of thorns and underbrush. John experienced an especially unpleasant encounter between a thornbush and the hair on his head. We finally made it to the right area, leaving a large chunk of hair behind to mark the way back down.

After fifteen minutes of searching, we located the pit. It was about 10 feet in diameter and dropped down at an angle into darkness. There was no evidence of surface drainage into the pit; very little dirt from around the lip had washed in. It looked like a fairly recent collapse.

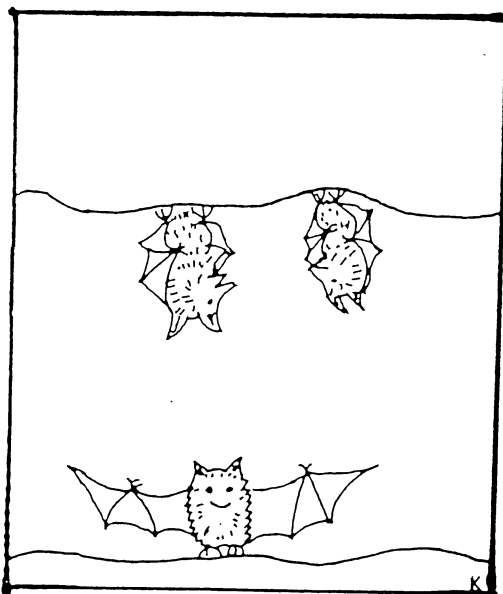
We rigged to a large tree nearby and John began the descent. We could see a bit deeper into the blackness by his light, but that soon vanished. Because the pit twisted down like a wormhole or a warped spiral staircase, he was soon out of sight. Moments later he called up that he had reached the end of the rope, but the pit continued down. We sent down an additional 30 feet of webbing, but after joining the two, John again reached the end.

We then realized we had made a mistake by not carrying all of our gear and clothing up with us. John climbed out and we all went down to the car to get the rest of our gear. After the exhausting hike back to the top of the ridge, we re-rigged the pit with a 150-foot rope. I rapelled down this time, and reached the bottom with about 20 feet of rope to spare. The others soon followed and we found ourselves in a sleazy, muddy dead-end room.

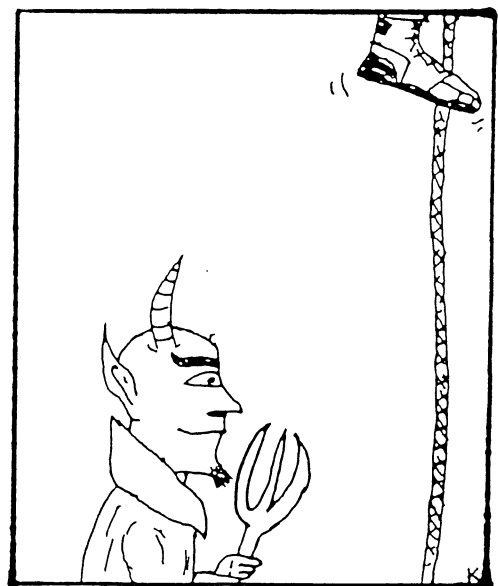
We checked all the leads except a difficult high one, and it became obvious to us that we were the first cavers ever to be there. There were no footprints, no trash and no smoked arrows. We had to dig away untouched clay to examine the more obvious leads. Although all the leads died out (except that near-impossible high one), no one had failed to notice the steady breeze blowing down the pit from the surface. We were just unable to find where it went. We climbed back out into the chilly night air and hiked back down the ridge. We were both elated and frustrated at the same time by that elusive breeze.

One high lead unexamined. And we will be back.

Doug Bruce



He's not my child!



This is the deepest I've ever been in a cave!

So you want to go to Kentucky, Eh?

In August 1982 I found myself sitting in a small room on the 12th floor of a 26 story brick phallus which masquerades as a dorm. There I was, more than four hundred miles from home in some town called Bowling Green, the home of Western Kentucky University (WKU, pronounced "Wuck-you"). There was no question why I was there, I was sitting in the middle of the most famous karst area in the world.

8/28 The weekend after I had arrived I went into Roppel. It took me a whole night, but I was able to convince someone to pick me up and drive me to the cave. So Friday night Tom Brucker and Jim Borden walked into the lobby of the dorm where I had been sitting long enough to tell at least five people: "No, I'm not a coal miner."

In the morning we made the drive into Cave City for breakfast and then drove through most of Hart country in search of carbide. Once Tom had bought some carbide, we went caving. I went with Jim Borden and Bill Walter to Freedom Trail, and the well named "Chocolate Pudding Passage." Pete Crecelius took Tom Brucker and Tom Gracinon to the Lunatic Fringe. Our leads were disgusting and didn't go anywhere, so we did not get much mapped. The trip was also plagued with bad compass readings, lamp problems, and was just a bitch in general.

We left after getting fed up with all the problems with only a couple hundred feet of survey. After stumbling out of the now ridiculously easy Weller Entrance, we slept until Pete and the Toms came in. They had gotten enough footage to make the cave 40 miles long, ending the weekend on a good note.

9/4 The next weekend I was at OTR, and when I wasn't glass wrestling with Dave, Philip and I went into Bowden on our annual nerd trip. As we ran through the cave in tennis shoes and shorts, we enjoyed the sensations of the cold water rushing over our legs, and the stares of the masses of properly clothed cavers we ran past.

9/11-9/12 The weekend after, back in KY, I went out and checked some small caves with Geary Schindel (former D.C. Grotto type), and Russ Miller (the Green River Grotto pres.). None went anywhere, but one had an interesting feature: a significant lack of air! The cave was later found to have an O_2 content of about 13%, which is hovering close to the deadly 9% figure. Fortunately for us carbide lights don't burn well when the air only had 13% O_2 , or we would have been a dead bunch of fools.

The next day however I was quite alive, and was crawling through Mammoth Cave in search of some abandoned wetsuits for Jim Quinlan. We went in the Fergusson entrance, which is under the "control" of a local caver. What I saw was a really nice cave, but it was kind of ruined by the fact that on the way out I was carrying a wetsuit in a pack through the S-survey-like (a place in Roppel) "J-survey." All I have to say about the J-survey is that it is a bitch and a half with a wetsuit, and I suggest you never try it with one.

9/18 The next weekend I was in Tennessee running through The Mountain's Eye System after Darlene Anthony, another woman, Rodger Ling (who did Mount Thor), and John Hoffelt (who had invited me along). I was the first non-Tennessean to do the through trip in this recently connected neighbor of Xanadu and the rest of those heavenly places. I must say I was all of the "gaping Virginian" John said I was. The cave was full of huge trunks and huge rooms. I was definitely in awe: I stumbled after them with my mouth open, scanning the walls and the ceiling with my straining eyes. After that, the surface seemed small.

10/9 Following that, I just couldn't go caving in Kentucky, so I laid off for a couple weeks (mainly because I had no one to go with). But eventually I just had to go caving, so I went with Sue Schindel into Lost River. The cave smelled like it was full of some sort of petroleum product, and was known to connect with the septic tanks of some housing developments. We waded all the way to where the water disappears under a wall, and started climbing over the breakdown. As I crossed one block, I looked down and noticed a rather disgusting pool which I knew I didn't want to fall into. Seeing that, we left wondering what toxins we were exposing ourselves to. When we got out I noticed a cut on my leg already surrounded by the red sign of infection. I spent the weekend cleaning it out, and pledging never to return.

10/27 Two weeks later I was in Lost River again, collecting water and scunge samples for the state. These were refused by the lab, because the bottles which were given to us did not meet their new standards. I wouldn't go on the second collection.

10/30 Then, days after the Lost River sample collection took place, I got a call from Pete Crecelius. He wanted to go into Roppel to try and connect a major loop in the cave. I jumped at the opportunity, and on Saturday morning was chasing him through Kangaroo Trail-hopping across the canyon in the floor. Then after wading through the Brucker Connection, we popped into Elysian Way and ran up the upstream trunk, where I'd never been. We eventually came to the entrance of Transgressions Trail, where after all that trunk passage we had to follow the T.T.; which, as its name might suggest, is not fun. After one-hundred and sixty stations of crawling, canyoning, and general contorting through some of the tighest cave I've seen outside of Paul Penley's, we came to the last station!

Pete and I explored the few leads in the area: he took off down a crawl with pools in the floor, and I explored the most promising lead, which had been explored by Bill Walter to a dome. I got into the dome and looked for a hole down (since we had been told that Canadian Mist Dome was below by the computer and Jim Borden). After finding none I was greatly discouraged, and it took Pete ten minutes to talk me into going back into the tight canyon to survey to the dome. When we finally got there, Pete looked around and as I was commenting on how much the dome looked like CMD, he let out a yell. It turned out that we were underneath Canadian Mist Dome, rather than above it; it also

turned out that we had just won a bet in Pete's favor. He had bet Borden that T.T. was under CMD, rather than above as Jim claimed. The bet was a case of beer, so we named the dome after the climb-up into the Cannuck Canyon connection in his honor: "Borden's Beer Dome." We mapped up the climb and connected into the Canadian Mist Hike survey. After we finished eating a meal, we surveyed the rest of the Hike, and a very tight canyon off the end of it. We broke off the survey because it just wasn't fun surveying in the canyon, also Pete had to get back to Muncie In. for a soccer game (he didn't play because he was too sore). It took us two and a half hours to get out, even with backsights, and by the time we got to the entrance I was dragging.

11/6-11/7 The weekend after I was back in Tenn. being bored to tears. We went ridgewalking and didn't find anything; we also went into two caves but only for a little while. I was in pain from a strained shoulder, and could do very little. At least I got away from school for a couple days, even though I didn't do much else.

11/13 This weekend, I finally talked Geary into going mapping. Actually, he and I both had been wanting to go mapping for a long time, but he had sprained his ankle at the Geo club pig-out. This was the first weekend that he was able to go on a trip, so we took off to a baby giant he had been raving about for a month: The Sinking Creek System. He, Sue, Bob Zoelner, and a Birmingham caver, Mark Poster, and I went into the cave through the biggest entrance I've seen. The entrance room had Indian artifacts just lying around on the floor, but people had been digging up bones and arrow points, so the floor was riddled with holes.

We had to go through a tight spot, and Mark just wouldn't fit through. So he and Geary went through a crawl while Sue, Bob and I started mapping a huge trunk. At one end was an entrance about thirty feet high and about fifty feet wide. We couldn't come in this entrance because the landowner is hostile. I looked to the side of the entrance sink and saw another entrance just sitting there waiting to be explored. The trunk continued at the dimensions of the entrance for about five hundred feet, then mudfilled. When we had finished this, Geary, Sue and Bob explored the place where the stream drained off to the left, and I resketched a portion of the trunk that Geary had done before.

Bob came out of the crawl soaked, so he and Sue left for the car. Mark had started up the crawl with the tape, so we mapped about a hundred feet of this before deciding to stop. The crawl had nice big chert balls imbedded in the walls and floor, and as we crawled along they did nice things to our knees. It was like having them massaged with a ten pound sledgehammer.

11/21 This Saturday, after many diddly people got their diddly things done, we made it to Sinking Creek once again. While Geary, Sue and Rose McCrossin mapped upstream off of the main entrance, Terry Leithauser, who was studying shrimp in Mammoth Cave, joined us for a while as he studied the biology of the cave. It was big stuff, the equivalent of the other trunk, but it got low and wet, fast! So I decided to turn around and go back to the entrance. Geary pointed out a loop that needed to be mapped so we zapped 4 shots through it quickly. We didn't get much mapped but had gotten a quality sketch (such things are important).

11/26 Thanksgiving in Roppel. I talked Sue and Geary into taking me up, and then I sat and waited for Win Wright, Philip Balister and Steve Conner to show up with Bill Koerschner. Ed Devine was already there and had gone on a short trip with Borden. Stephens came in later with Jim Currens. A batch of us went into Cave City to eat our Thanksgiving dinner. After we were through we found Joe Saunders in the parking lot. As we stood there hassling him, Win tried to run us down.

13 Once we had all reacquainted ourselves, we VPI types went to the motel rooms Win had reserved for us. (Real cavers only sleep in a motel, the night before a REAL trip, in order to torture themselves. After all they don't really like comfort.) In the morning, after breakfast, we went to the fieldhouse and got ready. We all started in together, but eventually Philip, Stephens and Win took off ahead since they had farther to go. Koerschner, Ed, Steve and I went slower, because Bill hadn't been caving in a while. (When you're used to running its hard to walk, so I was frustrated.) We eventually hit the B.W.O.B. and started surveying. We started with the G-Survey and carried it on, after we connected Clearwater Canyon to the Elephant Trunk. We then mapped a lead off the E.T. to a mudfill, and after finishing that went to the Red Tag Special to do some mop-up there. We stopped after completing 108 shots, and stumbled out of the cave.

We changed, and went into town to fall asleep in Jerry's while waiting to eat. Then we went back to the motel, to enjoy a shower and some cold beer (imported, Hart county is dry). Eventually, we sacked out (about 1 pm), and woke up later to wander around the room and go back to sleep, so we'd be on a normal schedule again. In the morning, they drove me back to the fieldhouse and took off. Later, after I was left alone with the starving dogs, Sue came to pick me up. And so went Thanksgiving.

I didn't go caving again fall semester, and I happened to pass all my courses. At Christmas I went with Hillary to Repass Saltpeter, and on a Trainee drive in Clover Hollow. I returned to Wuck-U ready to do some caving. (Stay tuned for more of "Why I wasn't admitted to Harvard.")

1/23 Well I didn't get back into a cave right away. This weekend I went with Geary, Russ Miller, Bob Zoellner, Billy Matlin, George Spence (an English caver who was travelling around the world) to Sinking Creek to do some more mapping.

I ended up with Billy and Bob, who were both in high school (being in high school is not a fault, after all where was I the

year before this? But these two weren't trained by Bill Koerschner and had some bad ideas). We mapped the small trunk off the side of the sinkhole, in which the first trunk I mapped there has its entrance. If you recall, we didn't have permission to be walking around in the sink, so we had to sneak around the walls while we were surveying to the trunk. The pigs made it fun too, they were about five feet high and weren't scared of anything. So not only did we have to worry about getting "gut-shot-dead," but also had these pigs nudging us.

Eventually, we got into the cave and started mapping. It didn't last long. What we did took about an hour, and the rest of the time we spent poking around.

2/20 Finally, I was going to get some good caving in; Pete Crecelius was supposed to take me out to the Lunatic Fringe. However, when I got up to the fieldhouse with Geary, Sue and George, I found out Pete was sick. Since George and I were the only people without a cause, I grabbed him and took off for the B.W.O.B.

We got there in four hours of leisurely walking, and went to our lead. At A107 off of the Muddy Tube, we started up a crawl Koerschner thought might have gone to a trunk. I started digging at the spot that had stopped Bill. A couple minutes later, I shoved through into a small ballon, and continued to crawl up a slope. At the top I saw blackness, so when I found I had to dig, I clawed like a maniac. (We didn't have anything to dig with, so I used my hands.) After five minutes of digging, I was standing in virgin trunk.

George popped out of the crawl and we started to explore. We'd known that this trunk was there for a long time because it filled a gap in the map between the Elephant Trunk and the Red Tag Special. This meant it was guaranteed to end both ways. Of course there could have been sideleads. We didn't find any though. Happy, we crawled back out to start the survey. We mapped it in its entirety, and came up with 27 stations and 750 feet.

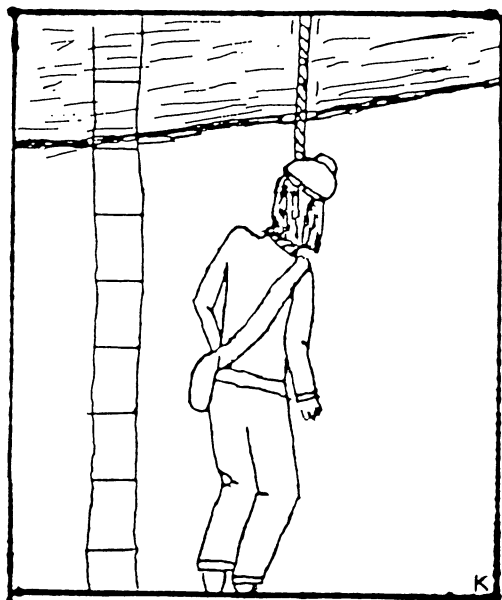
When were through, it took us four hours to get back out, for a 15 hour trip. Geary and Sue had gone with Jim Currens and weren't back yet so we changed and went to sleep. Three hours later we were forced to wake up and drive back to Bowling Green.

Spring break took me back to Blacksburg for a week of rain. When I returned, I found out that the water in Lost River had a couple varieties of toxic chemicals, but the EPA had once again blown the scunge (you may recall my collecting some of this before). Other happenings were a major "spill" of something with a pH of 2 into a sinkhole in the Lost River drainage basin (it may not have anything to do with it, but the pH meter of the robot monitor at the Lost River Rise was permanently stuck at 2 a couple hours later); and then some company was trying to 'dry' some zinc oxide, contaminated with cadmium and lead, by spreading it out, in an old strip mine and a farm in Tennessee. So, Lost River never saw me again, except for peering in the entrance.

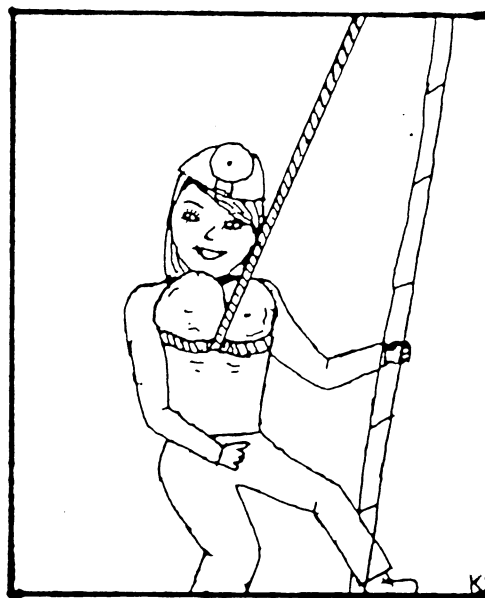
O.K., I know it's a long article and your lips must be tired by now. However, the editors (sensitive souls we are) have realized this and have provided for those readers mired in the middle of Ben's epic a brief

“” INTERMISSION “”

15



Bad Belay Technique # 1



I haven't started climbing yet, fellas.



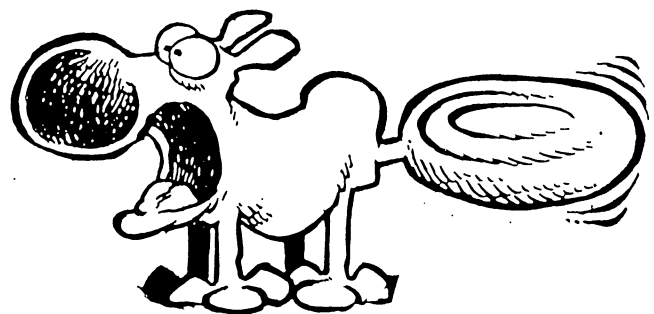
"Wow! Are You Guys Really Cavers?"





16

Jim Hixon's Dog Meets it's Match.



3/20 This weekend I spent most of my time working on my research paper, but Sunday night I put on my brand new wetsuit and went caving. Although it had been raining all day, the water in State Trooper Cave was low, according to Geary and Sue.

State Trooper is upstream of Lost River and carries part of the water. It turned out that most of the nasty chemicals were passing through this cave. But we figured we were safe since we didn't know these facts at the time.

Despite the contents of the water, my wet suit didn't melt, but the first thing I heard when I started swimming was "Don't drink the water!" They had forced me to wear gloves so I wouldn't die of infection after cutting my hands (The Lost River Chert likes to cut, as I found out later when I fell a couple feet in another cave). Of course, later Geary grabbed and pulled me down while I was taking a breath. I spat for the next five minutes because the water tasted like shit.

Except for a few nauseating minutes, the trip was really fun. It certainly made forking out eighty bucks for a wet suit feel better. Also it provided a good break from studying toxic wastes, and gave you more to read about.

About a week later I tagged along with George and Geary, as they were setting up a dye trace for Dr. Crawford; setting the bugs in various places, including State Trooper. We went to dump the dye in a pond south of town. The pond had a familiar odor of nasty chemicals, not the same as in Bertha but close. Geary and I dumped the dye into a swallet at the downstream end, however we did not enjoy making sure all of the dry powder got into the water and turned it brilliant green.

Later in the week the Feds were stomping around the pond taking samples. One thought he burned his hand when he stuck it in the water to collect a sample. Then after an analysis they found the water contained most of the chemicals which had been found in Lost River. The fact that the dye trace came through at State Trooper and then Lost River was proof that this was one of the sources. At this point I decided caving under Bowling Green wasn't for me.

4/16 This weekend I found myself with very little to do schoolwise, so I began to look for things to do. It turned out that I had little influence on what I could do: I could go on the Grotto campout and probably not do much, or try to go to Mammoth and-go caving. Of course I chose going to Mammoth and Geary, who had invited me, set about trying to get me into CRF in one day. He couldn't get ahold of Ron Wilson who was in charge of membership, but instead got in touch with the expedition leader. She said I could go up but there were no guarantees that I could go caving.

So we arranged a trip for me with Terry Leithauser, caver and cave diver extraordinaire. However, when I got to the fieldhouse on Friday Ron Wilson walked in, handed me some papers and I filled them out and signed them. So right then I became at least a temporary J.V. (Joint Venturer) of CRF, and the next morning I was caving with Richard Zopf, Norm Pace, and John Reitzburg (another first timer).

We went to Albert's Domes and beyond. Max Kaempfer made it

this far in the 1800's but where we went I'm sure he'd never been (he didn't like crawling). We mapped a short segment of a migrating shaft with a nice sandy floor to the end where it got tight and filled to the ceiling with sandstone. (For the followers of cave lore as in The Longest Cave, this lead heads toward Q-87 in Flint Ridge from the Mammoth side.) We went back out to another lead after finishing here, and mapped a little of some upper levels.

John and I took turns leading out of the cave, but after we got around the main trunk I got lost. John somehow got through some passage we'd not seen earlier due to a tour (it's a weird feeling to have to dodge tours), and soon we were going down the main trunk of Mammoth walking down the almost paved trail of the historic tour. With our eyes adjusted we could see how big the passage was; coming in, all we'd seen was the trail. When we got to the entrance, Richard fished out the key and unlocked the gate, and we walked up the stairs out of the entrance and to the car. Back at the fieldhouse we pigged out on lasagne, bread, and salad, and eventually hit the sack.

4/23 A week later, I took the last chance to go caving to Roppel. George Veni and Terry Leithauser were going to dive the upstream Logsdon's River sump upstream and I was going to sherpa gear. When we got to the fieldhouse it was raining incredibly hard, so the trip was aborted (Kentucky Karst sucks water fast). I ended up going with Bill Walter, Dave Weller, and Darlene Anthony to the Cosmodrome at the end of Freedom trail in the far eastern edge of the cave.

After carrying a pound and a half of Tovex (BOOM!!!) in my dump bottle, and trading off carrying the box with the blasting caps and generator in it for two hours, I decided it better be good. The Cosmodrome is a big dome with several leads off of it, one of them had a pile of breakdown perched at the top of a climb. We were determined to find out what was up there. Darlene and I found some dirt and made some mud, and while Dave packed some bang into a crack, discussed where the dead rat at the bottom of the dome had come from.

A few minutes later we were listening to the rumble of the breakdown coming down. Definitely impressive! And after the smoke had cleared, we went through the canyon into the dome to see the climb greatly altered. Bill attacked it, and after I saw that he didn't die I followed. The lead was looking fantastic, but it started for the ceiling and died in a tight canyon full of sand. We mapped it and packed up to do some mapping a little closer to the entrance. After about ten stations of upper level shit we decided to leave. The cave was at high flow and everything was gushing. At one point I thought we were going to have some problems. At a place called "Haystack dome" the water had risen about six feet, but had not cut off the passage. Bill somehow got across without getting wet, but Darlene and Dave jumped in. When it was my turn I was determined to keep dry. So I did a layback across one wall into a chimney between a flowstone haystack and the wall. It was great until I climbed right into a little stream down the flowstone and soaked my left leg, but at least I wasn't totally soaked, which would have

attracted a layer of sand from the crawls coming up.

Also on this trip we went through the Petrified Wood Passage which, strangely enough, has petrified wood sticking out of the wall. It was one of the neater things I've seen on a cave trip.

That was the last trip of the semester for me. Not too much later I was back in Blacksburg, and back into Newberry's surveying. I had spent almost 160 hours caving this year and my grades showed it. I eventually retired to make up for this year, but I still go caving when I want to, or I get paid. In the next couple years I was involved in exploring new caves in new sinkhole collapses, not to mention slicing up my hand. I'd tell you more, but I think a whole year is good for now.

Ben Keller



Through the Eye of the Cat

19

Through the eye of the cat... Down, down, ... it's a long way down. Over the lip it's different, feel the energy. Total body weight - total body life suspended. Look down, no bottom, just two spots of flame in the darkness. Look up, the jealous light tries in vain to follow you down, but weaker than the darkness, it can never reach any further. From the bottom, the darkness laughs. He knows who always wins.

At the bottom you feel different - more alive somehow. The walls around seem to breathe with you and into you. All around are passageways, crawlways, and climbs. As each is seen the energy mounts. Which way? Anyway, anyway! The loneliest passage seems to draw you the most. Peer in with the flame. Rocky, muddy, yucky crawlway that seems to narrow into nothingness. No wonder it's so lonely. Try another way. Up and over is the goal this time. Climb up half way, then sit back and survey the best route. What's this? Ok, so now sit and wait for your elders to show you how it's done. Follow behind. Move quietly through the cave. Softly and quietly pass over the hard rocks. If you do not fight them, they will not fight you. But isn't that always how it is? Within the compromise, even the tightest crawl is passable.

Come to a pit. No rope? No gear? Then, stay away from the edge. Here is where the energy is strongest. Feel the power. What is the source?!? The bottom screams up like a siren. Taunting you, seducing you. Continue past or be caught.

Almost out, up out. The sun is still shining. The energy of the darkness is just barely detectable. Look back at the opening. The darkness seems to be seeping out around the edges, just waiting for the night to fall.

KAT

My First Vertical Trip

Caving was not a new thing to me. I've caved since I was 11 years old growing up outside of Albany, New York. I came to Virginia Tech wanting to continue my adventures in some new caves. That wish was granted when I discovered the UPI Cave Club. I thought that it was just an informal bunch of people that did what I used to do. Boy!---was I wrong. I found out that they did vertical caves where I had only been horizontal caving.

I was told to go to "the bridge" to learn and practice vertical techniques. I thought "Oh Wow!", something I'd never done before and would quench my thirst for adventure. I went to the bridge and was taught various ways to rappel. I still wasn't ready to do a vertical cave. I knew how to go down a rope but not how to go up a rope (That might be useful)! Then came the day that I learned how to prussik, I thought that I was ready to do a vertical trip.

Then, that night at the meeting, I was asked if I wanted to do a cave called "Clover Hollow." I jumped at the chance.

The next day I was all psyched to do my first vertical trip. We drove out to the cave and changed into our play-clothes. We got to the entrance pit, and while the rope was being rigged, I tried to look into the pit. Blackness. My heart started to pound. I tied my webbing seat while I watched the two other trainees rig up and rappel in. Then it was my turn. For a second, I had second thoughts. They were quickly overridden by the thought, "c'mon you puss, you only live once!" At that, I rigged up and started to drop in. It was so much better than the bridge!! The 70 odd foot drop in was incredible! I wanted to jump up and do it again! My eyes adjusted to the bit of sunlight coming in from the entrance as we charged up our lamps. We walked down the long hallway of breakdown and made our way through a crawlway. Then came a short drop down a flowstone slide where we did an arm rappel. Then came the cable ladder drop. We came to a spot that is called the Grand Canyon. I retied my seat so tighten it while the second rappel was being rigged. I was told that if I liked the entrance drop, then I would cream my jeans over the second. Again I watched as the two other trainees rigged up and dropped. Then I chimneyed out to the rope, rigged up and began. The difference here, was that it was a much longer drop, and there was no sunlight to see by. All I could see were my immediate surroundings and 3 tiny dots of light at the bottom. I didn't want this to end. I was having the time of my life! I finally got to the bottom.

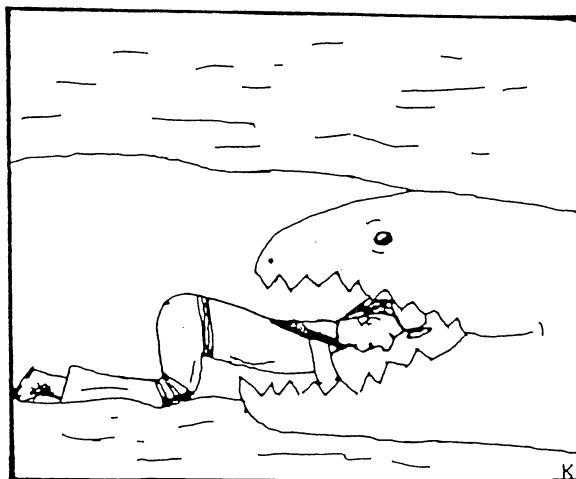
We proceeded to bop around and got to a little place where there was a small hole at the floor just big enough to fit through. They told me that it was called the thistle tube and that there were the most beautiful gypsum flowers at the bottom. What the hell? I like cave pretties so wormed my way to the bottom. Those flowers were the most beautiful ones I'd seen in a long time. I finally managed to worm my way out.

Then we visited a very interesting room called the library that had some stuff even better than the flowers. I was told that a guy named A. I. Cartwright lived at the library. He wasn't home, though.

Then it was time to head back. It was getting late and it was going to take a long time to get out with three of us using prussik knots. We got to the rope and two of the members rigged up their rope walkers and zipped up. Then the two other trainees tied their knots and inched up the rope. I thought that it didn't look hard and it wasn't hard at the bridge. Then I tied my knots and started up. Being a smoker, my endurance is pretty shoddy. Boy, did I feel it there. But I kept on going. I had a slight fear not of heights, but of my vulnerable position, putting my life on the line, literally. I pretty much overcame that fear on that first climb.

We made it up the 2 minor drops and headed to the entrance drop. Again two of the members rope walked to the top and the two other trainees slowly but surely climbed up. Then it was my turn again. I was still pretty exhausted from the first climb. I started to climb and felt my strength slowly draining. I got 2/3 of the way up when I couldn't go any further. The guys at the top encouraged me and I started up again. I got about 10 feet from the top when I heard my name called. I looked up and all I saw were 2 arms opening up an ice cold Stroh's. He said that it was mine when I got to the top. That was all the encouragement I needed. I made it to the top and got the rewards of both the beer and the sense of accomplishment. I had done it. I was out of the cave and felt almost dead yet exhilarated. It was like nothing I'd ever done and something that I plan to do many many more times. I learned three major things that day. One was never to give up on yourself. Two, a cold beer is so incredible after something like that, and three, mechanical ascenders are so much better than those damn knots!!!

-Douggo Bohn



Adventures of a Couch Potato

by
Kay Johnson

This is Mike's fault. It all started when I bounced enthusiastically up to Fiore, and offered to help him with the *Trog* since I seem to have an abundance of extra time in my life right now. He said "Sure!" with that cute little elfish grin of his, and added, "You can write a *Trog* article!"

"But Mike," I protested, "I don't go caving!"

"It doesn't matter! Make up something!"

Great. I don't really think my fictional gay vampire story went over too well. I started having my usual multitude of tedious ideas such as doing a crossword puzzle, a maze, writing caving trivia etc. The thought of contributing to the *Trog* gradually faded away as I got involved with buying guinea pig food and watching *I Dream of Jeannie* reruns.

After the cave club meeting one Friday I was unsuspectingly minding everyone else's business, when Glen Davis came up to me and said, "Why don't you go to Links tomorrow with Kristen Morris and me?"

Now I've been approached to go caving before this, usually by Ed Fortney. I'm quite skillful at rejecting these offers of caving, so I knew I could deal with Glen's offer.

Glen wouldn't accept my initial rejection until I'd talked with Kristen. She turned out to be a gorgeous geology student who had never been caving. It intrigued me to meet such an attractive female who was not only in the same worthless major in which I got a B.S., but that she had also somehow wandered into a cave club meeting. I was amazed that she wasn't surrounded by the usual swarm of males who come over to check out the new female trainees. Kristen seemed nice enough, and I always liked Links despite being rescued once from the canyon crack by Bill Kelly on Craig Ferguson's first caving trip. Glen's not a "cave-until-you-die" caver, and he promised it would be a nice, easy trip. I decided to go.

Yes. This is a caving story. I hadn't been caving since the week after my wedding last November. I can't say that I was excited about the idea. I woke up on Saturday with a feeling of dread. Will I survive Links?? Will I fit into my caving clothes?? I wasn't sure if I could even find all of my caving clothes! Amazingly, I found all of my clothing and gear except for a bandanna for hair corral purposes. The clothing went on, but some of it had shrunk since I had last worn it. I'm convinced the closet at my apartment has been exuding some strange vapors that shrink clothing because I've had a lot of trouble with clothes I've had for years suddenly not fitting. Anyhow, I was fully outfitted except for my excruciatingly tight knee pads and a bandanna. Glen provided me with a tea towel to use in place of a bandanna.

Glen picked up Kristen and I at our respective homes and drove out to the Washington residence. Already I realized the distinct advantages of caving with Glen over caving with someone else. For once I didn't have to walk a mile with 25 pounds of bulky caving stuff to wait in blizzard conditions for some hung-over cavers at an unreasonably early hour in the morning. It figures that I finally have a car when my caving enthusiasm is about zero.

I let Kristen sit up front next to Glen. Glen and I see each other often, and I didn't want her to feel unloved in the back seat. Aren't I just incredibly considerate!

We pulled in at Jim's place, and I decided I needed to pee. My first real dilemma. Should I use the inside or the outside facilities? Should I knock on the door and

possible disturb sleeping (passed out?) people, or should I break in and risk being discovered and resented the rest of my life? Do you really care? While I muddled in wishy-washyness, Kristen opened the side door and said, "There's the bathroom." I made up my mind. Trying to regain some shred of dignity, I sauntered into the bathroom like I always walk into houses uninvited to sit on the toilet. At least, I rationalized, I haven't totally grossed out Kristen and scared away another female trainee by picking the nearest bush to pee behind.

Jim came out while we were changing, and we exchanged comments about the weather and caving etc.

As I checked my pack for the last time, Glen taught Kristen how to light a lamp. She lit it well. I had trouble with my striker being stiff as usual. Glen had me loosen the spring a bit which didn't feel much different, but I did get the lamp lit along with mutterings of "I hate this lamp! I've always hated this lamp! I liked my old lamp better!" I was trying really hard to be enthusiastic about caving, but it's fun to gripe a little.

We trudged up the hill, and I went from being first in line to being last. I was impressed that I walked up the hill fairly easily, and could still breathe when I got to the top!

It took us a little while to find the cave entrance because the Links entrance always moves farther away when it knows that someone is approaching. Kristen saw the cave before the rest of us.

Glen crawled in first. I took the rear and warned Kristen about the little slope near the entrance with the crotch grabber speleolump in the middle of it. She had no trouble. I was crawling along clutzily with my helmet creeping forward. My lamp rested on my nose. I stopped to readjust everything while Kristen identified fossils for Glen. Of course I'd never noticed trilobite fossils in Links before. I felt I had to add my two cents so I said, "Gee! I've never seen trilobite fossils in Links. Those are neat looking!"

Trying to appear somewhat intelligent, I added, "Yes, that one is definately a trilobite fragment, but I'm not certain about that other fossil." My wisdom fell on deaf ears because I was crouching uncomfortably behind Kristen out of the range of the excited fossil hunters. Just when I was starting to feel third wheelish, our leerless feeder guided us into the depths of Links, or at least out of the sun light.

It was a nice, slow, laid-back trip. I slipped and slid behind Kristen, but I managed not to fall on my derriere. (This is a family article, in case you haven't noticed.) Glen was a good tour guide and pointed out the flowstone etc. Kristen and he discussed the formation of speleothems with occasional outbursts from me. Meanwhile, my lamp decided to rest on my nose again. I started to fall way behind the others. Luckily, Glen stopped in the room past the "200 foot pit" to point out more cave curios. I decided the tea towel had to be removed from my head whether my hair frizzed up into my lamp flame or not.

Glen's destination was to get back into the rat feces room which meant we had to crawl through the short, worm tunnel passage. Both Glen and I could have sworn there was a small climb before the crawlway, but the cave must have changed around since we had last been there.

The worm crawl was found, and soon I was pushing my pack in front of my head, as I slithered on my side. Kristen seemed to be enjoying the crawl. Of course she didn't have a pack. My first roommate only went caving once because she volunteered to carry a pack in New River Cave, on top of twisting her ankle in the cave. I don't think she appreciated Keith Smith spitting on carbide in an enclosed vehicle either. Tragically, poor Alice was not cut out either to be a caver or to live with one. She

moved out after only living with me for one quarter.

Back to Links. After the crawlway there's a walking passage with a "hip grabber" wall pinch right before the room entrance. Kristen marveled at how Glen managed to easily contort his body to get over the hip grabber without getting wedged between the ceiling and the walls. Kristen was small enough to squeeze between the walls without much avoidance of the nasty, hip-high, jutting rock. I managed to get over the rock by exerting more effort than I had previously in the cave. As I dragged my ankle through, I had morbid thoughts about what would happen if I broke my leg in the cave. It was comforting to realize that it would be much worse and probably about as likely for me to give birth in the cave, and there was absolutely no chance of *that* happening in a cave!

The little room in which we ended up was almost cozy with its smooth dirt floor and its little pile of rodent droppings. It reminds me of my living room. We sat down, ate some of Glen's peppermint patties, and played the turn out the lights bit. We sat in the dark for quite a while chatting and seeing imaginary walls. I'm usually reluctant to be the first person to relight my lamp because it's safer in the dark. You can't see the enormous pit that sneaks up to eat you, but you know it's there. I knew I'd be safe from hungry pits in Links. There weren't even any slimy cave monsters!

Glen and I broke down and we lit our lamps. Kristen and I began to talk about a subject familiar to both of us -- geology at Virginia Tech. I won't go into the gory details, but we both enjoyed some good reminiscing and griping with a sprinkling of gossip. It turns out that Kristen knows Neil, my closet husband. I wasn't too surprised about it, because Neil is extremely skilled at meeting female geology students. Besides, I'd already asked him what he could tell me about Kristen.

Before Glen got bored out of his mind, (But, alas! It's too late for you, the reader!) the talk turned to horses. Kristen owns two of them, and is good at riding them. Horses gave way to other topics, and we ended up sitting in that little room in Links for over an hour. Isn't caving wonderful!

Eventually, we faced the hazards of cave traveling once again. Step by step I moved toward the hip grabber. I breathed in, and I breathed out! Gathering my strength, I threw one leg over the rock and dragged the other leg past. Step by step I reached the crawl. Slithering valiantly, I pulled myself through to where Glen and Kristen were waiting. We stopped awhile outside the crawl for Glen to change carbide. My flame waited to get low until Glen had finished recarbiding. Yes. Kristen didn't need to change her carbide until I was done putting away everything.

Our goal was to get out of the cave and get food. We bravely passed all of the traditional sport climbs. Then came the dreaded entrance slope with the crotch grabber speleolump/foothold. I didn't notice Glen go up the rock and out. I assumed he had no trouble. I wondered how Kristen would do as I thought back to the time when Becky Himmelmann, Linda Oxenreider and I slid back down the slope a couple times before getting up it. Kristen put her foot on the speleolump, grabbed onto the higher handholds and pulled herself up. No problem. I was impressed. I realized later than anyone who rides horses regularly would have no trouble mounting the entrance slope. I knew I could get out, but I slid once down the slope just for old times sake.

I survived Links! I didn't even have any major bruises! Of course we had talked longer than we had moved in Links. There are advantages to sedentary caving; all of us had loads of energy after coming out of the cave.

Glen took Kristen and I out for Chinese food after the trip. We went out to watch Kristen feed her horses after our meal, and we saw a gorgeous double rainbow over Ellett Valley. I had a completely wonderful day. Caving's not so bad after all.



Quotable Quotes:

BK: "Ed, she said you kissed like Jabba the Hut!"

EF: "Yes, but did she like it?"

Doug Bruce's girlfriend Beth to everyone:

"The reason I'll never try to become a member is that while I was doing it he'd start saying 'Hey trainee! Come sit on this!'"

JH: "I can feel the wind blowing in my ears!"

JH: "I am not a bimbo!"

BK to PB: "Ok, we've got enough good stuff. Let's get some real shit."

PB to trainees: "Ben's lost."

Trainee to BK: "Ben we understand you're lost."

JG to BK: "I need some intelligence..."

JH: "Philip and I broke up."

JH: "Philip take me to..."

JH: "I'll give it to Philip when he leaves in the morning..."

GR: "God, Craig, you've got a warm ass."

BW to MF: "I like it better longer."

JH to CR: "I know how to do it. You just find the little hole and stick it in."

Potential trainee to BK: "How safe is it?"

BK: "Well, the club's only had one accident since I've been here. That was when... Then there was the rescue we had where... I cut my hand once, see? But all in all it's safe. I hope I didn't scare you."

PT: "Uh..."

SP: "Will you like me more if I go caving?"

JJ: "Get him drunk."

KT: "Yeah, it's easier that way."

JR: "Ed's a Klingon at every party."

KT: "If you stick with this club long enough, you will eventually end up working for the arsenal."

JR: "There were a lot of people there. After one guy took his rope out, another group put theirs in. After they took theirs out, we put ours in."

PB: "Sounds like a whore house."

RAWHIDE

(Caver Version)

My fellow cavers, when I was back there in Northern New Juhsey, after having a Thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beat, I came to the sudden realization that there had not been a song about cavin' written in a long time. With tears in my eyes, I pulled out a pen, sat down, and thinking about the snickering of the members that had occurred during one of the Great Trainee Drives of '87, I wrote down the following song.

Em
 Rollin', rollin', rollin', tho' there slowly strollin'
 G
 keep them trainees rollin' , Rawhide!
 Em D Em
 Thru mud and slime and breakdown, just give these guys a shakedown,
 D C B7 Em
 wishin' they'd kept their carbide dry. All the time you're wishin'
 D Em D Em
 they'd just shut up and listen, and give the Thistle Tube a try.
 Em
Chorus: Get em in, get em out, get em out, get em in, get em in,
 B
 get em out, Rawhide!
 Em
 Tie em in, get em up, tie em off, tie em in, get em down,
 B Em
 tie em off, Raw-hiiiide!"

Em
 Movin', movin', movin', tho' there dis-approvin',
 G
 keep them trainees movin', Rawhide!
 Em D Em
 Don't try to understand 'em, just tie em on and land 'em,
 D C B7 Em
 wishin' you had a beer by your side. Your head is calculatin',
 D Em D Em
 its in the car and waitin', waitin' for when you get outside.

Chorus.

-- Michael Fiore --

(with help from: Craig Roberts, Ed Fortney,
 and Phillipe Ballister)

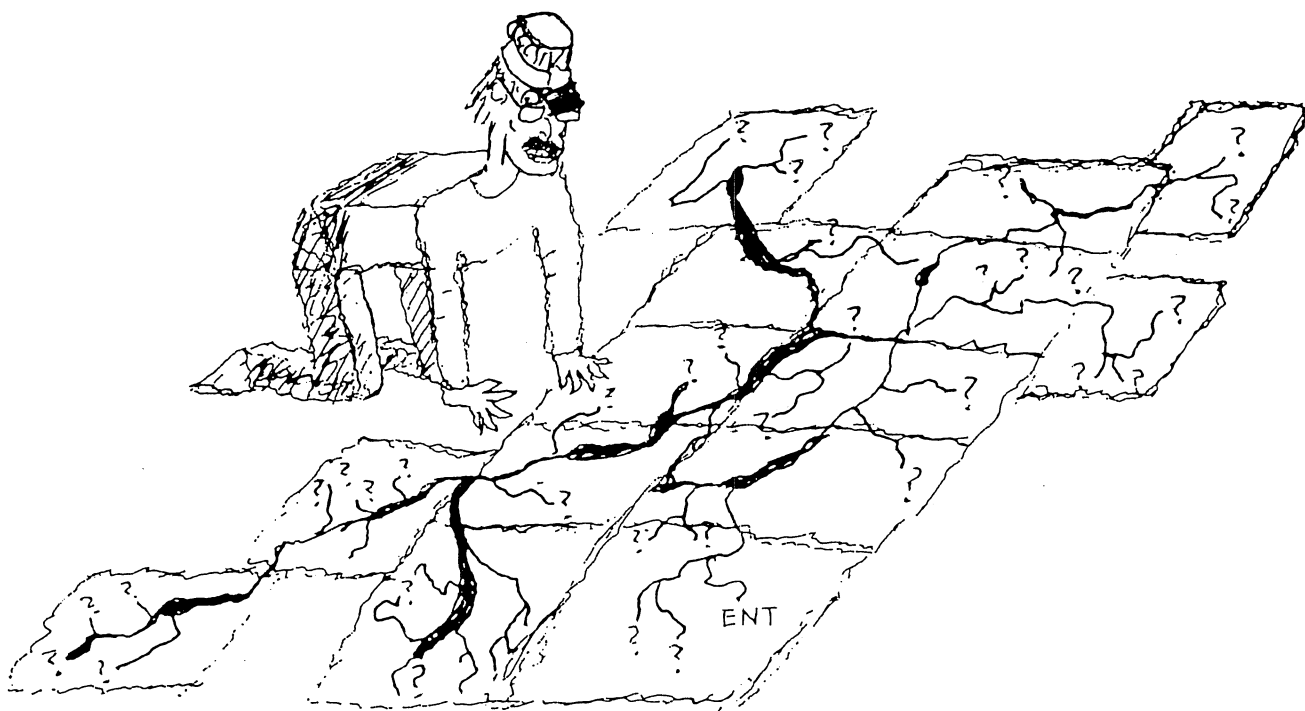
From the Signout Sheet:

As usual, the Cave Club caved hard (or at least a lot) this past quarter. Thirty eight trips signed out from the new location at Cecile's house. Thanks to the usual cast of thousands type trainee trips, we racked up a respectable 1035.5 man-hours underground. Some of the highlights:

<u>DATE</u>	<u>CAVE</u>	<u>PARTY</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
8/16/87	Mike's New Cave	Mike Futrell, Frank Gibson (who?)	1000' surveyed, 60 plus stations. "Grim-Wilbur!"
9/26/87	Pighole (ho-hum)	Ed Fortney, Mike Fiore Craig Roberts, Dan Cobbett, Judie Holien, Judy York, Rob Callhehan, Dennis Smith, Kat Teten, Bing Tsai, Darren Berger, Paul Hess, Sallie Pearson.	Collegiate Times, trainee haulin' through the cave. "Don't try to understand 'em, just tie 'em on and land 'em. . .Rawhide!"
10/3/87	Ellison's (West Va!)	Garrie Rouse, Mike Fiore, Sallie Pearson.	Wasn't sumped, which means we had to do a lot of grim stuff. Checked out the blast site. Life is hard.
27 10/10/87	Newbury's	Ko Takamizawa, Barry Fizer, (name illegible), John Dowdo, Bill Hohenvonkam	We missed Star Trek.
10/18/87	Bone-Norman	Craig Roberts, Cecile James Ko T., Bing Tsai, Mark Masters, Gill Kasperek, Rob Meyers.	It's all relative, man.
10/31/87	Newbury's	Bob and Jean Simonds, Chris Admundson, Bob Alderson	"My pack keeps getting bigger and heavier all the time." (We added 6 rocks!)
10/31/87	Links	Paul Hess, Dennis Smith, Dan Cobbett.	We came, we saw, we laughed at Tidewater cavers.
11/7/87	(Not) Windy Mouth	Jim Washington, Mike F. David Colatosti, Sallie Pearson.	87' mapped

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I Lost the notes. Anybody for a
game of twister?