

# DEAD DOG DISPATCH TRI-STATE GROTTO



**STAFFORD CAVE, JEFFERSON CO, WV**

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**\*\* The photo on this month's cover was taken by Tom Griffin in a new Jefferson Co, WV cave called Stafford Cave.**

**\*\*\*\* Don't forget, the JONES QUARRY BOOKLET is ALMOST GONE! There are 10 left! If you are interested in purchasing a copy of the BOOKLET, contact **BOB BENNETT 304-821-4621(H)** or **304-671-0344(C)** E-MAIL at [gimpycaver@comcast.net](mailto:gimpycaver@comcast.net)**  
**The copy will cost \$6.00 each plus the cost of shipping!**

**\*\*\*\*\*10 LEFT!\*\*\*\*\***

**WE NEED EVERYONE TO KEEP THINKING ABOUT VOLUNTEERING FOR AN OPEN POSITION. WE STILL HAVE 4 POSITIONS OPEN! PLEASE GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT. WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT!**



# **CAMIN EVENTS**

## **2019**

**APR 1 --- ALL FOOL'S DAY**  
**APR 2 --- PB&J DAY**  
**APR 6-7 --- Spring Restoration – Grand Caverns**  
**APR 7 --- NATIONAL BEER DAY**  
**APR 7 --- Hardy Co Meeting – George Dasher noon**  
**APR 10 --- TSG meeting – 7pm**  
**APR 13 --- Jones Quarry Cleanup – 10am**  
**APR 15 --- TAX DAY**  
**APR 17 --- BAT APPRECIATION DAY**  
**APR 19 --- GOOD FRIDAY**  
**APR 20 --- Reopening dig for Silers Cave –**  
**Contact [SilersCave@Karst.org](mailto:SilersCave@Karst.org) for info!**  
**APR 20 --- NSS Convention discount ends!**  
**APR 21 --- EASTER**  
**APR 22 --- EARTH DAY**  
**APR 25-28 --- Fall VAR, Camp Powhatan,**  
**Wytheville, VA**  
**APR 26 --- ARBOR DAY**  
**MAY 1 --- MAY DAY**  
**MAY 2-5 --- SERA**  
**MAY 5 --- SINKHOLE DE MAYO**  
**MAY 5 --- Children's Day**  
**MAY 8 --- TSG meeting – 7pm**  
**MAY 11---- Heritage Day (Adam Stephen Day) –**  
**9am**  
**MAY 12 --- MOTHERS DAY**  
**MAY 18 --- ARMED FORCES DAY**  
**MAY 18 --- Poor Farm Trip – See Tom – While**  
**we are there we will be welding the**  
**gate on the cave for the owner, then**  
**we will be taking a trip in the cave**  
**Nice cave with lots of walking passage,**  
**actually a great cave for young'uns!**  
**For those who want to camp in the**  
**area we will be going into**  
**Sharps Cave on Sunday.**  
**MAY 19 ---- Sharps Cave – see Tom Griffin**  
**MAY 23 --- Lucky Penny Day**  
**MAY 24-26 --- 49<sup>th</sup> Speleofest – Lone Star**  
**Preserve, KY**  
**MAY 25 --- Homer Full Pit Trash Cleanup**  
**MAY 27 --- MEMORIAL DAY**  
**JUN 7-9 --- BUBBLE CAVE WEEKEND**  
**JUN 12 --- TSG meeting – 7pm**

**JUN 14 --- FLAG DAY**  
**JUN 16 ---- FATHERS DAY**  
**JUN 17-21 --- NSS Convention – Cookville, TN**  
**JUN 20 --- WV Day**  
**JUN 21 --- SUMMER SOLSTICE**  
**JUL 4 ---- INDEPENDENCE DAY**  
**JUL 10 --- TSG Meeting – 7pm**  
**JUL 13 --- TSG Picnic – 12 Noon**  
**JUL 18 ---- HOT DOG DAY**  
**JUL 19-21 --- Karst-O-Rama – Great Saltpeter**  
**Cave Preserve, Mt Vernon, KY**  
**JUL 25 --- National Carousel Day**  
**JUL 28 ---- PARENT'S DAY**  
**AUG 12 --- National Middle Child Day**  
**AUG 13 --- Left Handers Day**  
**AUG 13 ---- LEFT HANDERS DAY**  
**AUG 14 ---- TSG Meeting – 7pm**  
**AUG 16 ---- Elvis Died**  
**AUG 29 – SEP 2 --- OTR**  
**AUG 31 ---- Doo Dah Parade – 10am**  
**AUG 31 --- Polyester Power Hour – 1pm**  
**AUG 31 --- WVASS meeting – 630p**  
**SEP 1 ---- OTR Yard Sale – 9am**  
**SEP 1 ---- River Party – 1pm**  
**SEP 2 ---- LABOR DAY**

### **\*\*\*\*\* CAVE BUCKS \*\*\*\*\***

**CAVE BUCKS is a voluntary donation for cave purchases. The money is collected at each monthly meeting and sent to the Conservancy of choice. The money SHOULD NEVER be kept past the week it is collected.**

**Month of MARCH ----- \$38.01**

**TOTAL TO DATE: ----- \$7179.13**

**GREAT JOB EVERYONE! Let's continue the giving!**

**The money was sent to MAKC.**  
**Keep It Coming!**

**DEAD DOG DISPATCH**

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## WEBSITE & CAVING LINKS

Tri-State Grotto ----- [www.tristategrotto.net/](http://www.tristategrotto.net/)  
VAR ----- [www.varegion.org/](http://www.varegion.org/)  
NSS ----- [www.caves.org/](http://www.caves.org/)  
NSS Convention 2017 ----- <http://nss2017.caves.org/>  
OTR ----- [www.otr.org/](http://www.otr.org/)  
MAR ----- [www.caves.org/region/mar/](http://www.caves.org/region/mar/)  
WVCC ----- [www.wvcc.net/](http://www.wvcc.net/)  
Bob's Web Site ----- [www.tristategrotto.net/Bob/](http://www.tristategrotto.net/Bob/)  
Jerry's Cave Web Site -----  
----- <http://www.caves.org/member/jerry/>  
Bob Gulden ----- [www.caverbob.com/home.htm/](http://www.caverbob.com/home.htm/)  
Rock Climbing Knots Friction -----  
[www.chockstone.org/TechTips/prusik.htm#Bachman/](http://www.chockstone.org/TechTips/prusik.htm#Bachman/)  
Tri-State Grotto MySpace -----  
[www.myspace.com/tristategrotto/](http://www.myspace.com/tristategrotto/)  
Animated Knots by Grog-[www.animatedknots.com/](http://www.animatedknots.com/)  
WV Caver ----- <http://wvcaver.speleo.us>  
WNS -----  
<http://www.caves.org/WNS/WNS%20Info.htm/>  
Containment Procedures -----  
<http://www.fws.gov/northeast/whitenosemessage.html/>  
Crystal Grottoes Caverns  
[www.crystalgrottoescaverns.com](http://www.crystalgrottoescaverns.com)

## GROTTO BIRTHDAYS

### MONTH OF APRIL

Jeff Hajenga, Alex Hersom, Jeff Jahn, Dennis  
Parsons, Donald 'Doc' Phillips, Ann Sherherd

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

## REPORTS

### TSG Meeting (18 people in attendance)

3/13/2019

John called the meeting to order at 7:00 PM.  
Elysia gave the Treasurer's Report.  
Doc reported the minutes of last month's meeting  
February 13, 2019.

Old Business: The tent pole committee reports  
that the remaining poles have gone back into the  
restoration process now that the weather permits.  
All climbing gear is in perfect condition and ready  
to be used for the next climbing class which will  
be held on Wednesday at the James Rumsey  
Technical Institute. Climbing class is open to all  
members and guests.

Doc has eleven working caving helmets and Tom  
has a dozen. All twenty-three are in ready to use  
condition. One helmet still has to be assembled  
with a new light.

There was mention of passing a thumb drive in  
order to share information.

New Business: Permission was granted to dig a  
on private property in the Whittings Necks area in  
search for new caves. The parcel has multiple  
cave opportunities and volunteers will be needed.  
Dates to be announced.

There was a discussion of insurance and liability  
if a cave guide is employed for some projects.  
The owners of the New Earth Granary, Johnny  
and Kathy Robinson, reported that they are  
interested in caving on 'this side of the mountain.'  
They also host a number of music festivals and  
camping opportunities. There is a planned music  
festival in the Smoke Hole area June 14th and  
15th. Please check <http://thenewearthgranary.com/>  
for more information.

There was a discussion of TSG's three different  
climbing systems - Frog, Mitchell and Rope  
Walker.

On Saturday, March the 16th, the Adam Stevens  
House will have a continuation of the dig and  
inspection of the excavation for any changes that  
may have occurred either by weather or time.  
The TSG members manual has been updated by  
John. Copies are obtainable via pdfs.

Trips: There was a bat count involving about dozen cavers at Trout Cave's Biannual Bat Count. Counted was an approximate total of two hundred bats. The number was down on long eared bats and one was discovered to have White Nose Syndrome but was still alive with a good possibility of survival this late in the hibernation season. There is a possibility that Trout Cave may become available again but limiting to trips of ten cavers with a scientific purpose in mind. The Endless Cavern trip is planned for Sunday, March 24, to replace light bulbs and engage the ropes course.

There was a lengthy discussion about Charleston Cave and the possibility of reopening the cave as a tourist attraction. There is approximately 340 feet of cave with a lake.

Spring registration is open for VAR via their website, <http://www.jamesrivergrotto.com>. The event will be held from Thursday through Sunday. Camping and parking may be separate.

A trip is planned for Whittings Neck Cave, Wednesday, March 27. with a 6:00 pm meeting at the McDonald's Spring Mills exit 200.

April 13th is the Jones Quarry Cave clean up.

April 20th is the Poor Farm Cave gate repair.

Contact Tom or Bob for details.

Cave Bucks: \$38.01 was collected

The meeting was adjourned at 8:24 PM

Respectfully submitted

Donald 'Doc' Phillips / 32922

Secretary

Tri-State Grotto of the NSS

## A March Ridge Walk

March 15, 2019

By John DiCarlo NSS #25744

In The Middle Of Nowhere –Adam Haines, Doc Phillips and I went out ridge walking. We had a lead on a cave we hoped to find.

We parked our cars and headed across a field. We had our caving gear in packs so we wouldn't have to come all the way back for it. I took a GPS reading so we knew where the cars were. We had a nice trail to follow, nice views, till we hit the woods. The trail about disappeared. We followed it a little way until it was just gone.

At this point we turned and went straight up the mountain. No trail, you just looked for spots where you could get through. There were stickers, trees down, heavy brush; you get the picture.

We made our way up and found a couple landmarks. Turning right, we now started sweeping across the face of the mountain. We had gone up the mountain a little to the left of where we thought the cave was and hoped we would pass by and find it. We strung out at this point. I handed Doc a two-way radio and kept the other one. Adam went up higher. I took the middle and Doc was below me.

We made our way across. At one point we passed a lot of rock and Adam said he couldn't see water, but he could hear it below the rocks. We went through a spot where there were a lot of trees down. This made the going slow. We finally got out of that mess and soon came across a spring coming out of the slope. We moved on and found another spring. Of course, we poked a stick up it to see if it would go. You know how kids like to play with water.

Tearing ourselves away we continued on. At this point we passed where we thought the cave might be. We went a little farther for good measure. Adam and I were in site of each other, but we couldn't see Doc through the brush. This is where the radios came in handy, staying in touch. Sometimes we did yell to see what direction we were.

Adam and I turned and went farther up hill. We swept across at different heights and still found nothing. We cut back and dropped below the elevation that we had first come across, and we swept our way back. We found a lot more springs at this lower elevation. Doc also dropped down and came back across. As Adam and I came across, we also started to drop down. We passed the

landmarks we first noted and met Doc at a rather large rock outcropping.

We rested here; we still had a way to go before we were out of the woods. We made our way back to our feet and set out again through the woods. A bit later we popped out of the woods back onto the worn trail. It was sooo much easier. We made our way back to our cars and checked out the time. We had been gone three and a half hours.

You know, sometimes you find something and sometimes you don't. Every rumor has this much truth. (I'm holding my fingers two inches apart.) I'll have to go back to my source and have another discussion about where this cave supposedly is. We had a great day to "walk" through the woods. The sun was shining, and the temperature was up. Adam said this was the first day this year that he drove around with his windows down.

Of note, we did not see any deer, bears, squirrels, chipmunks, opossums, raccoons, people or even birds during our "walk" through the woods. Not a living thing. I thought that was very unusual.

On top of all this, we were not done for the day. We guessed we had enough daylight to look at a sinkhole that Adam had come across at another site. We took off and headed there.

Again, we hiked through the woods. But this time there was a nice path and it was fairly level. We commented to each other how much nicer this walk was. We made our way to the sinkhole and saw the opening. Adam climbed down and poked a stick in it. He could feel cold air coming out. Looking around we found a second opening that also looked like it could go. Again, Adam poked his stick in the hole. He could feel cold air and felt that it went. We saw what we came to see and headed back to our cars. As we stood there talking about the day's activities it got dark. It was a GREAT day to be outside.



## **Adam Stephen Dig**

### **March 16, 2019**

**Story and Photos by John DiCarlo, NSS # 25744**  
**Martinsburg, WV-Tri-State Grotto** returned to the Adam Stephen house to check out the dig. Last time we were here we were concerned about a large rock that had fallen from the ceiling. The way the dig was going didn't seem like it was following the hoped for passage to which we were trying to connect. We were looking to see if there was a safe way onward.

Our helpers were, Tom Griffin, Adam Haines, Beau Ouimette, Bob Bennett, John DiCarlo and Keith Hammersla.



Looking around at the top, we observed that the dirt wall to the left of where we stood had sloughed off a bit of dirt. To our right we saw that some more dirt, and also a big stone from the foundation, had fallen. There is a rope that we use to pull the buckets back down into the hole. This rope had the lower end buried in the dirt previously. Now with the new collapse it buried more of the rope and now it was too taut to work with. Tom unhooked the rope and let it fall into the hole, so he could clip in his harness.



Tom then lowered himself down the drop to the dig site. Adam followed carrying a shovel as I lowered him down. Tom asked for a few buckets and said to just throw them down. I did, and then I lowered Beau down.

We have given up digging on the left side as you look down. The plan is to dig on the right side. Instead of pulling the buckets of dirt up the drop, the dirt would be moved to the abandoned passage on the left side.

The digging started. The dirt flew. At some point the partially buried rope was uncovered. It was over three feet down. More dirt was removed and we were close to a point where Tom had taken a measurement in the past that was 5 feet between some rocks.

The digging kept up until Keith called us for lunch. This was a good stopping point, as there wasn't much more that could be done until the large rocks were reduced.



The guys down in the dig site came up one by one, and we rolled up loose end of the rope and stashed it on top of the ledge till next time. We did not remove it as we thought it would give an appearance of an ongoing dig when tours come through.



We moved over to the Triple Brick Building. As we walked into the kitchen we were amazed at the spread of food that Keith laid out in front of us. We dove in and did our best to devour the food in front of us. We did our best and there was still food left behind. There is an old saying that if there's food left over then everyone was filled up.



We talked at the lunch table about our future plans for the dig while we stuffed our faces.

We produced 25 work hours worth \$125.00 for our day's work.







**T**he following account will probably result in raised eyebrows from some, while others will swear the author is a certified nut case. I only assure the reader that all the events I am about to relate did actually take place, and I am generally reserved concerning such occurrences myself. A few of my caving friends have heard the story already, but Alan Cressler suggested it might make an interesting article, so here goes.

The day was Friday evening, November 6, 1992. The unwitting participants were Alan Cressler, Heath Many, Doug Strait, Gary Burwasser, and Howard White. The story actually begins, though, on a late Saturday evening in early April of the previous spring.

I was caving with two friends, John Fredericks and Tom Haye, in the Organ Cave System in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. At some point during the trip

Hollow, Putnam County, Tennessee, a number of years earlier.

Present on that trip were Tom, John Robinson, and Sandy Hurt. Tom's a bit slow on the hikes, and while lower on the mountain he heard a voice from above shout for him to bring a rock. When he arrived at the entrance and noticed the abundance of rocks laying about, he asked John and Sandy why they had yelled for him to bring another. Both denied having said anything.

Sandy remained outside while the two cavers went in to bounce the pits. While at the first pit, John, who is known for his meticulous attention to detail in rigging, was just starting over the lip when the bars popped loose on his rack. Only an instinctive move with a safety Jumar



Tom, who loves to tell stories, began telling about some strange happenings which befell a group while visiting France Mountain Triple Pot in Long

Photo of the author by Alan Cressler





saved him from a fatal fall. John swore his rack was threaded properly.

While in the pits, the duo was plagued by light problems. Upon exiting they observed Sandy trembling and "white as a sheet." After calming her down, she related that shortly after they had entered the cave she heard a rustle in the bushes. Next she experienced the sensation of a "malevolent presence," and her nostrils were assaulted by an absolutely repulsive odor. Then she detected a trampling in the leaves around the edge of the 55-foot entrance pitch, which then headed towards the interior of the cave. At the point she was nearly frozen with fear.

Here Tom paused in his narrative for comments from John and I. John said something and I pretended not to be interested. In truth, I was greatly disturbed by his tale, to which I had been intensely listening. As many know, I am partial to 100-foot pits. The fact that France Mountain Triple Pot had two pits over 100 feet deep put it high on my priority list, and I was indeed con-

templating visiting it in the very near future.

The odd thing was that I never mentioned interest in this particular pit to Tom or anyone else. Why had he picked this moment to tell this story? My feigned disinterest had the desired effect, though, and Tom quickly moved onto other topics. In the meantime, I vowed that I would try to put the story out of my head, and when I had completely forgotten it, I would go to the cave.

While I was never able to completely forget Tom's story, the following autumn, and the lure of two new-to-me hundred footers in a relatively accessible cave had gotten the better of me. So, in November, I set up a three day pit bouncing trip to the central Tennessee area with Howard White. As we were not to meet Alan's group until late evening, and I knew Alan had already been to France Mountain Triple Pot, I thought this would make a good first stop for Howard and I. I did not mention Tom's story to Howard and was trying not to

think about it myself, although I decided to be very observant and cautious just in case.

Here the reader must understand that the series of events I am about to relate from this point on did not seem especially unusual at the time they happened. Everything seem to go okay at France Mountain Triple Pot. While inside I somehow managed to lose the topo map I had brought along to locate the cave. We bounced the pits without mishap. Howard slipped coming back down the hill and lost my rope pad.

For the rest of the day we located and bounced a couple of other pits around Sparta. That evening (Friday), we returned to our prearranged meeting spot with Alan's crew at the mouth to England Cove. Alan and Heath had gone over to Blind Fishing Hole. Gary and Doug were getting ready to hike up to Breakdown Palace and France Mountain Pit. As it was nearly dark, and I had been to these, I offered to go along as guide.

I found Breakdown Palace and we



toured the pretty formation room. I then proceeded to get us hopelessly lost try to find France Mountain Pit in the dark. I was just about to lead us all off the wrong side of the mountain when Doug consulted his compass and rectified my error. In a light rain, which evolved into a sleet storm we eventually made it back to the vehicles.

By 10:00 p.m. we were all assembled back at Long Hollow. Alan had graciously offered to take me to Hole in the Wall Cave that evening. Hole in the Wall is located about a quarter mile southwest of France Mountain Triple Pot. Between the two, is It's A Pit. This contained a 74-foot pit, but recently Andy Porter had worked his way down through the breakdown just inside the entrance and had found a deeper pit. This needed taping, so Alan led us there first.

We had two ropes. While the new pit was dropped and taped at 94 feet, I rigged the 74-footer. I rappelled down only to find the rope dangling fifteen feet off the floor. While changing over I dropped one of my gloves. Back at the top I thought I'd bounce the new 94-footer, then use the longer rope to retrieve my glove in the 74-foot pit. At the bottom of the 94-footer, I was just putting tension on the rope to climb when a sizeable rock (50 pounds of so) simply-tilted over onto my shoulder.

For an instant, I considered how the rock, which was laying on a head high ledge, had ended up resting in its present position. Thinking little of it though, I picked the excess rope up off the floor and allowed the rock to fall. Back at

the top, the others waited while I re-rigged the 74-foot pit and went back down to get my glove.

As I was climbing out my Wheat lamp reduced to a weak yellowish glow. I had only used it for a total of about six hours that day and thought this a bit odd. I announced to the others that I was going back down the hill to get another lamp and would meet them at Hole in the Wall. I checked my backup light and left the cave, while the others derigged the pit. I was only a few yards from the entrance when my back up light, which had been fine only minutes before, faltered. By flicking my dying Wheat lamp on and off, I was able to get back down to my car.

By the time I got over to Hole in the Wall Cave, Alan had already rigged the entrance drop. I discovered that I had left my glasses at the entrance to It's A Pit. I didn't think I could find the small hole in the dark, and since it was only a little over a hundred yards away, Alan said he would go get them for me. I told him they were hanging in a small sapling right beside the entrance.

When he returned he said he had trouble finding them and that they were lying on the ground some short distance away. I wondered at this, for a I am pretty habitual about leaving my glasses in trees. We rappelled into Hole in the Wall. At the bottom a large sloping entrance room leads to a complex of passages which eventually reveal the small entrance to a 115-foot pit which is the cave's namesake.

While at the pit we heard a grinding rumble followed by a reverberating crash.

Concern was visible on the faces of everyone. Alan and Heath went to investigate while the rest of us bounced the drop. When I am the last person up a drop, I always check to make sure the rope is not wrapped around anything which might hang it up. When we tried to pull the rope, it wouldn't budge. Repeated attempts also failed to dislodge the rope. I was just preparing to go back down when the rope finally pulled free.

Back at the entrance room, the source of the noise was soon revealed. Large blocks of fresh breakdown and debris littered the floor about the rope. Alan had pulled up the rope and established a rebelay to bypass an unstable looking wedge of horror about twenty feet from the top. The rope was now about five or six feet off the floor. This necessitated some re-rigging for Howard and I as we were both using a ropewalker system.

My CMI safety allowed us to get far enough up to attach our Gibbs. As I looked at the mess which used to be the top of the entrance pit, I couldn't help but cringe at the thought of one of us being on rope when this had occurred. It was obvious that any of the fallen rocks could have easily pinched the rope against the wall and severed it. Either way, the headlines would not have been pretty. As I neared the top of the pit, the tether for my pack broke and it narrowly missed Howard as it bounced down the drop. Howard exited without further mishap and we derigged Hole in the Wall.

It was now something past 2:00 a.m. Being nearly out of gas, I decided to

# THE TRUTH IS



drive into Sparta in search of fuel instead of following the others to their camp spot. Of course, there were no service stations open in town at this hour, and I feared I did not have enough fuel to drive the twenty miles to the interstate, or to drive to the camping area and get back into town in the morning.

I did what seemed to be the logical thing and pulled into a service station parking lot, unrolled my sleeping bag onto the pavement and went to bed. It was now past 3:00 a.m. I don't know where everyone was going in Sparta at 5:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning, but the main drag, which we were right beside of, shortly became very noisy. Howard later complained that it was like trying to sleep in the middle of a freeway.

As I lay in my bag listening to the traffic, I mused over the previous day's caving. It had been a good day. New-to-me pits included France Mountain Triple, Bo Allen, Sparta Devils Hole, It's A Pit, and Hole in the Wall. The tally of hundred-foot pits was increased to four. I congratulated myself on getting through France Mountain Triple without experiencing any poltergeists. It wasn't until that very moment, lying in a service station parking lot, that it dawned on me that perhaps I (we) hadn't been so lucky after all. Were all the accumulated incidences of the morning and evening before simply happenstance?

I mulled over every occurrence of the previous day in my mind for the next two hours while laying there waiting for the gas station to open. I tried

to remember every detail, from the lost topo sheet and Howard's losing my rope pad in the morning, to the rock fall in Hole in the Wall Cave just a few short hours ago. Granted, most of these things could be attributed to caver error, carelessness, or, in the case of the rockfall, just being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Doug Strait suggested, after I had related the story to everyone later that morning, that one very plausible explanation could be that I was simply the greatest buffoon who had ever donned a hardhat. That there may be merit to Doug's explanation, I cannot totally refute. It was true that I had experienced most of the previous day's problems before during my twenty-five years of caving, however, never within the space of a single day.

Also true, except for the potentially life-threatening rock fall, most of the events of the day before could be viewed as a comedy of errors, and almost everything had just happened to me. Alan ventured that he knew others who had been caving in the same cove and experienced nothing unusual. I reasoned that since Tom Haye's story had been the back of my mind, my presence in the cove may have been the catalyst that stirred the poltergeists to action.

Pause here for skeptical disbelieving cavers to scoff. Alan also suggested that I might have at least alerted everyone beforehand about this, so that they would have known better than to go caving with a spirit-arouser like myself. I had to agree, however, a hundred-foot pit is a hundred-foot pit, and I am a

strong believer in safety in numbers.

I later related this story to Tom Haye in its entirety. He volunteered that shortly after John Robinson's and his harrowing experience, they had once happened across an old woman of Cherokee lineage who told them an interesting account of a small bit of Indian folklore.

It seems that centuries ago, Indian medicine men made it a practice to banish certain evil spirits to selected isolated coves throughout the Tennessee valley where they would be confined forever. The Indians then avoided these places. These bad spirits were referred to as Elementals. She seemed to think Long Hollow could easily be one such place.

In my own mind I believed our continued presence in Long Hollow (located off the Calfkiller Valley) into the night, after repeated "friendly warnings" earlier, prompted the Elemental to become angered. The result could have been the collapse of the entrance to Hole in the Wall Cave.

I realize much of this story sounds like the babblings of a superstitious paranoid screwball, although I have never previously considered myself to be one. The reader can make up his/her mind as to the author's mental state or anything else in this story. As for myself, I don't think I'll tempt fate by caving in Long Hollow again, unless of course someone finds a new hundred-foot pit.



# DOWN THERE





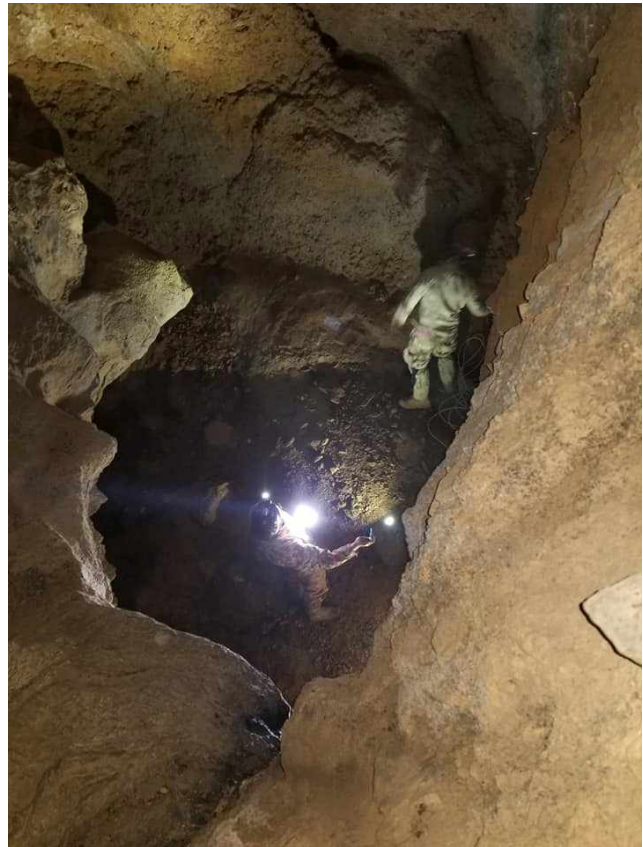
Thistle Ass Cave (by Tom Griffin)



Stafford Cave (by Bob B)



Adam Stephen dig (by Tom Griffin)



Bear Trap Pit (by Elysia Mathias)



# CAVIN CALENDAR

APRIL 7TH - MAY 18TH



| Sunday  | Monday  | Tuesday       | Wednesday  | Thursday                                       | Friday  | Saturday   |
|---|---|---------------|--|--|---|--|
| <b>Apr 7</b><br>Hardy Co meeting -<br>Peru, WV George<br>Dasher 12pm<br>Spring Restoration<br>Grand Caverns<br>NATIONAL BEER<br>DAY | <b>Apr 8</b>  | <b>Apr 9</b>  | <b>Apr 10</b><br><br>Meeting 7pm                | <b>Apr 11</b>                                  | <b>Apr 12</b>   | <b>Apr 13</b><br>Jones Quarry<br>Cleanup 10am  |
| <b>Apr 14</b>   | <b>Apr 15</b><br>TAX DAY  | <b>Apr 16</b> | <b>Apr 17</b><br><br>BAT<br>APPRECIATION<br>DAY | <b>Apr 18</b>                                  | <b>Apr 19</b><br>GOOD FRIDAY                                | <b>Apr 20</b><br>NSS Convention<br>Discount Ends<br>Silers Cave<br>Workday                       |
| <b>Apr 21</b><br><br>EASTER                       | <b>Apr 22</b><br><br>EARTH<br>DAY | <b>Apr 23</b> | <b>Apr 24</b>  | <b>Apr 25</b><br>Spring VAR,<br>Wytheville, VA | <b>Apr 26</b><br>Spring VAR,<br>Wytheville, VA<br>ARBOR DAY | <b>Apr 27</b><br>Spring VAR,<br>Wytheville, VA   |
| <b>Apr 28</b><br>Spring VAR,<br>Wytheville, VA  | <b>Apr 29</b>   | <b>Apr 30</b> | <b>May 1</b><br>MAY DAY  | <b>May 2</b>                                   | <b>May 3</b>  | <b>May 4</b>   |
| <b>May 5</b><br>CINCO de<br>MAYO<br>CHILDRENS<br>DAY  | <b>May 6</b>  | <b>May 7</b>  | <b>May 8</b><br><br>Meeting 7pm               | <b>May 9</b>                                   | <b>May 10</b>   | <b>May 11</b><br>Adam Stephen<br>Day 10am  |
| <b>May 12</b><br>MOTHERS DAY  | <b>May 13</b>   | <b>May 14</b> | <b>May 15</b>  | <b>May 16</b>                                  | <b>May 17</b>   | <b>May 18</b><br>ARMED<br>FORCES DAY<br>Poor Farm<br>Pocahontas Co<br>Gate Repair &<br>Trip 12pm |



# DEAD DOG DISPATCH



Pit in Pendleton Co (by BB)



## DEAD DOG DISPATCH

TRI-STATE GROTTO OF THE NSS  
BOB BENNETT, BOB BENNETT, ED  
464 HUCKLEBERRY DR  
GERRARDSTOWN, WV 25420-0344  
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# TO:

