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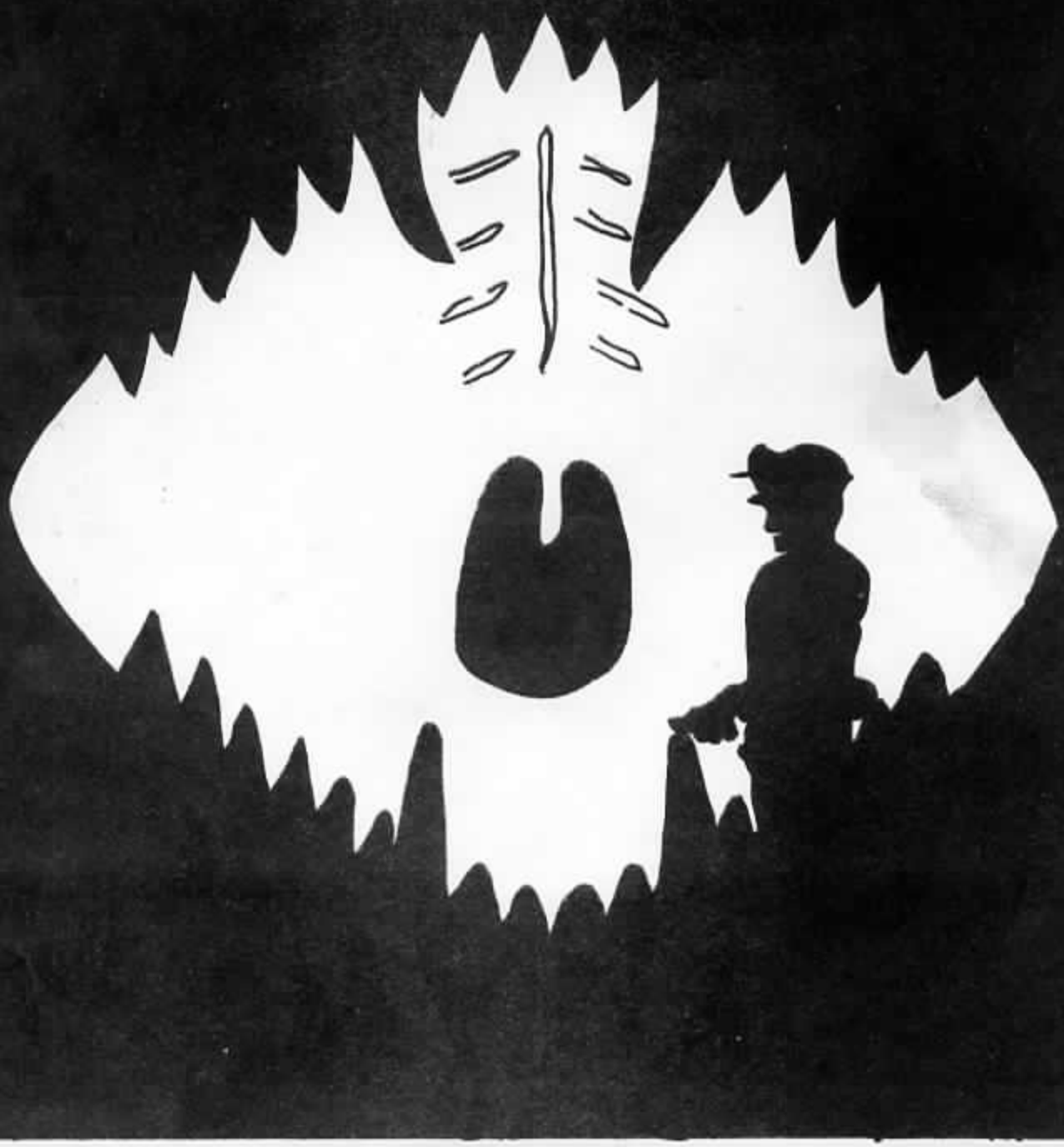

The Florida Speleologist

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Artwork: Blake Dowling and Bobby George.

The Grod Pile

Greatings, people. We are speaking to you from a new 8½ by 11 format this issue, so don't look for the smaller size anymore, "cause we is growed up"..... The size isn't the only thing that has changed since we last occupied these pages. On February 10, the FSS elected new officers for the coming semester. President is Pete Ricca, vice-president Bud Johnson, secretary Alberta Etters, and treasurer Lou Hippenmeier.

Each semester we lose a few of the Gainesville members of our hardy crew to the ravages of graduation, finances, internship and other sundry ills which befall us. Our latest casulties are Stan King, Debbie Slater, Mike Sheridan and Joe Pylka. Mike, Joe, and Debbie are heading down to Miami and tell us to expect to hear great things from them in the very near future.... Everybody around here, it seems, has been making like germsville. Lou flipped his scooter and landed in the hospital with a brain concussion, while Jeff and Vernal were caught in the hepatitis epidemic. Even Omar Khasm has been hit by the bugs. He's been turning out sic, sic, sic verses lately... Rev Wright played the lead in the play "Daniel." The whole bunch of caving type people showed up as a group and sat on the front row to offer technically augmented audience reaction... All sorts of caving type pets hve been showing up. Vernal and Alberta have been keeping a blind cave salamander in their apartment, and Lou was almost thrown out of his dorm for keeping a bat in his room... Eichelberger's cave is no more. A lime pit has been dug over it and cave surver crews report it totally destroyed. Confederate cave is soon to follow suit. A crew which went out there of February 13 reported that quarring had just begun above it. In another two or three months it will have gone the way of Eicholberger's.... The club has turned to producing covergirls now. One of our female type cavers, Sally Shovar, has made the cover of the latest issue of the NSS News. The Photo is by FSSer Tom Hogan.

Louis Hippenmeier

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EDITORIAL

The Board of Governors met and amended the By-Laws of the N. S. S. in October, 1959. Once again Student Grottos have been penalized by the National for their youth and irresponsibility. For all other groups the requirement for Grotto status is eight N. S. S. members, the requirement for Student Grottos however is nine. The membership in Student Grottos is restricted to staff and students of the particular school and no provision is made for retention of membership after graduation. This latter requirement is bad because usually local ties and friendships are stronger than in the nebulous N. S. S. especially if the individual remains in the geographical area of the University.

The associate member status has been reduced to the position of a non-voting, non-office holding category. Thus the associate which is by far the most popular student classification has no voice in National policies.

The unfortunate rub in the entire situation is the fact that many student cavers do more "home-spun" type caving that the "Ole Reliable" N.S.S. members. It appears to be an attempt by a minority group of the National to replace the freedom and spontaneousness of spelunking by a mountain of rules and regulations. In any club, rules and regulations should be minimized and individual accomplishments favored.

The plea is not for anarchy but for student recognition, let actions speak rather than words.

Can it be denied that many future N. S. S. members will come from the ranks of the Student Grottos? The strength and vitality of the future N.S. S. depends on the actions and policies of today. Treat students as adults and they will act like adults.

The Florida Speleological Society invites comment and criticisms on the above views and policies, especially from the other lowly Student Grottos.

Pete (Pogo) Ricca
President

On Friday, April 24, a group of ten FSSers set out with the ostensible purpose of exploring and locating Marianna caves over the weekend. On Friday the trip consisted of seven die-hards out of some 15 who planned to go at the first of the week. But some last minute high-pressuring caused three to give up a dull weekend of studying for the trip.

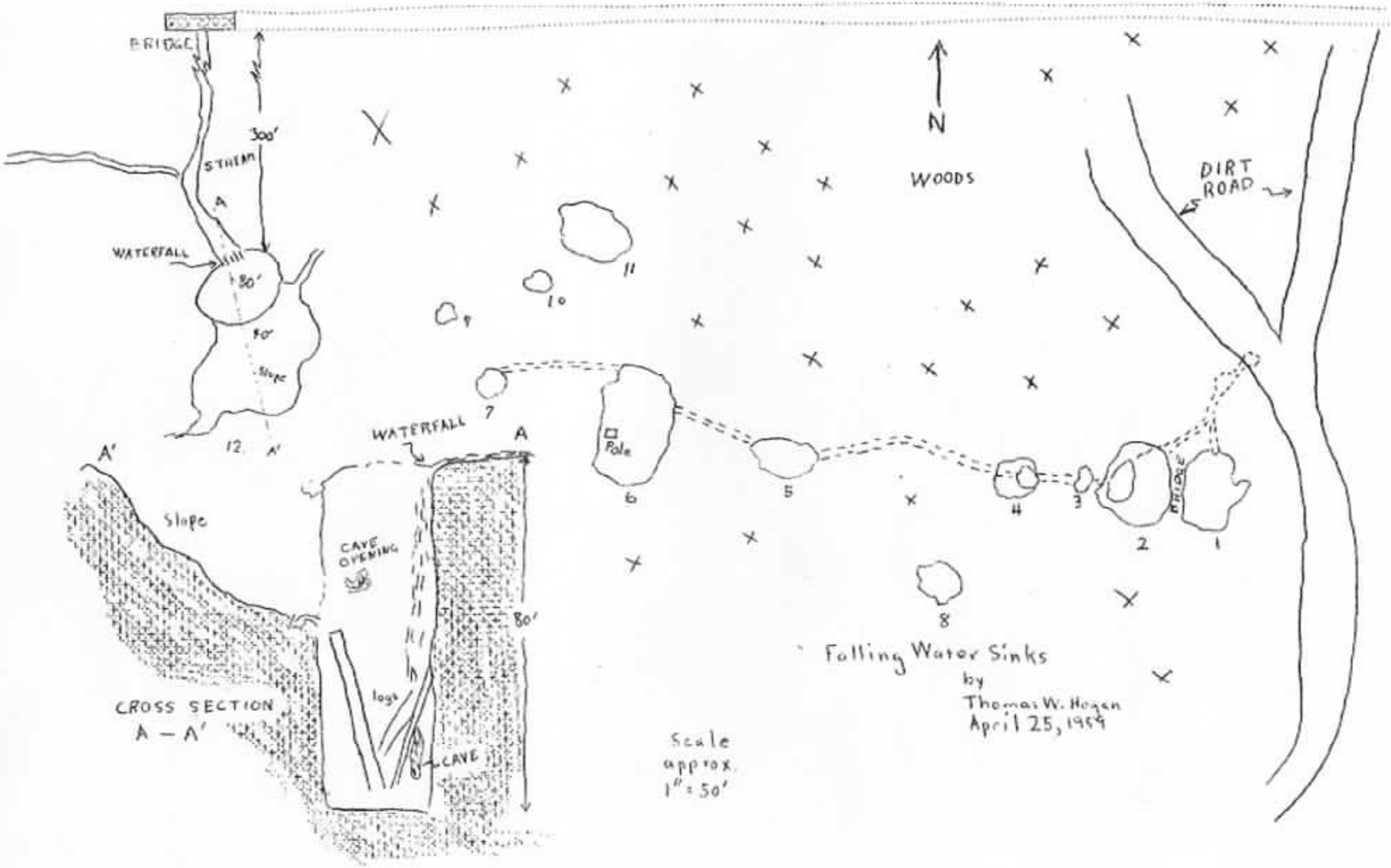
We crammed Wayne Fisher's ½ ton pick-up with gear and people and then proceeded to shang-hai Pete Ricca's car also. The trip was uneventful other than the fact that Pete's car had a lost tag instead of a tag. This caused us to have no little difficulty with the local roaches; we took the back streets and alleys when possible.

Arriving at the Florida Caverns State Park early that morning we gained entrance and set up camp. Hm! Later on that morning (10 AM) we set out in Pete's car to Chipley, a town 20 miles west of Marianna, to look for what the local inhabitants call Falling Water Sink. We found the sink, which seemed to be well known, by inquiring with the local hill billys. Upon a hasty inspection of the area we found not one sink, but some 12 sinks and chimneys.

Dick Warren was first sent down one chimney by connecting two cable ladders together (in sink #2, See map). Blake Dowling Tom Hogan, and Wayne Fisher entered an adjacent sink on foot (#1). It was found that the two interconnected into a single cave. The cave was mostly verticle, leading up at one end to sink #1 and opening in two small rooms at its furthest points. Upon coming out of the cave into sink #2 we found that long narrow passageways continued on to connect sinks #2 through 7. At the connection between #2 and #3 part of a shell of a box turtle was found.

After exploring these passages the group gathered at the last large sink---where a waterfall tumbled over the side and disappeared into an 8 ft. chimney. We found it was possible to walk down the slope of the southeast side of the sink to a point which is approximately one-half of the distance from the top of the waterfall to the bottom of the fall (shown on the cross section). The spray from the fall produced several colorful rainbows which contrasted beautifully in settings of luxurious green vegetation and white limestone walls.

Blake secured a rope at the top of the falls and proceeded to rappel down, being safetied by Dick Warren. After landing safely at the bottom he found the opening where the water flows in and proceeded to explore it. About ½ an hour later, Blake came out to the opening in the face of the chimney shown in the cross section. Since it was impossible to get to the slope unaided, we secured one end of the manila rope to some large roots and threw the rest to Blake which he tied inside and let hang down in the fissure he just came up. This done, the rest of us decided to explore the cave. Entering the opening we found a fissure going both up and down. In places it was 5 feet wide, however the average was between two and three feet. At several points large logs were jammed into the fissure. We arrived at the level of the chimney floor, and I went


BRIDGE
300'
STREAM
A
WATERFALL
80'
80'
Slope
12
A'
WATERFALL
A
A'
Slope
CAVE OPENING
80'
logs
CAVE
CROSS SECTION
A – A'
N
WOODS
DIRT ROAD
11
10
9
7
Pole
6
5
4
3
2
1
BRIDGE
8
Falling Water Sinks
by
Thomas W. Hogan
April 25, 1959
Scale
approx.
1" = 50'

into the water fall to see how things looked on the other side. Upon reentering the cave we followed the stream on down several drops where the roar of the falls made conversation quite impossible unless one shouted. Landing on the final floor we walked through a passageway filled with a foot of water to a small room. The stream entered the pool which filled most of the room. At one side one could look up the fissure to where the headlight beam disappeared into the darkness. It must have been some 70 or 80 feet. After taking several limestone samples here and having some trouble with Vernal's light, we again returned up through the fissure and out into the warm sunshine.

********** ********** **********

It was about 6 PM when we returned to camp. Barbi and Jake, who had been studying there all day showed up later. After supper, which consisted of stolen chicken fried to a rich luscious, golden brown and scrumptious hush-pupies, the high supreme council met to discuss the next cave to be visited. Upon deciding to visit Gerard's Cave we loaded up the truck, but unfortunately found that Etters was missing again. However she came riding when she heard the Lord blow the cow horn.

Fisher drove the truck down the one-horse road nearly to the cave entrance. In the cave we followed the main passages and at the end waited while Jake continued climbing a difficult, narrow ledge to the other side of a deep pool of water. Later we took pictures and made some biological observations. There were seven or eight crayfish in various pools, a dead bat, other bats were heard in a water filled passageway, and finally Dick saw one Haideotritan.

Upon returning to camp that night we built a campfire and hit the sack. The next day we set out on the return journey to Gainesville. The trip home was also uneventful other than our frightening poor old ladies with a cow horn, stopping at the mysterious Grotto Cave, and watching two highway patrol cars chase and stop Pete's car just outside of Gainesville to help look for his lost tag.

Tom Hogan

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS-

They still have opinions of their own, educate them.

- NSS Board

Clem, you don't think they is some of them Russian type fellers, do you?

- Smalltowner

CAVE COTILLION

On the night of Feburary 27, 1960, a screaming hoard of caving type people will descend upon Confederate (Jennings) Cave to hold the semiannual Cave Cotillion (shudder).

The villian in charge of the carnage this time will be Rev Wright.

Rev is planning a psuedo-Japanese theme for the entire party and all partcipants are expected to bring along zoris. The decor will be Japanese primative with Japanese lanterns supplying the illumination and the two witch pots decorated as oriental chamber pots (his and hers).

Music will be supplied by the 612 member Micanopy Symphony Orchestra. Between numbers guitar picking type cavers will play while everybody joing in singing bawdy songs.

As each person enters the cave (by cable ladder, if he doesn't mind going down the slow way.) Upon arriving at the bottom he will utter a long oriental curse directed at the subdivision owners who are starting to quarry directly over the cave. The entering spelunker will then douse his light and do a Tom Sawyer bit (i.e. following a string to the main room in which the party will be held.)

Upon arrival, the people sit down for a round of singing. When all are there, the festivities of the night will begin. Supervised by Rev Wright, people will embark on all sorts of weird games. When all are thoroughly pooped the Cotillion lecture series will begin. First on the agenda will be the society's leading orientologist, Omar Khasm, giving a talk on The Caves of Bikini Atol. Second will be the Atlanta Grotto's representative, Dr. Eurasmus B. Black, lecturing on "co-existance". Last, but not least, will be the abominable cave-man, Jake Hoffman, giving a talk on "Becoming a Clod". After the speeches will come the highlight of the highlights of the evening when Bob Perrine and Pete Ricca will strip down and give an exhibition of Sumo wrestling. After the wrestling match the party will degenerate into the standard brawl.

After all is said and done the happy cavers will either head back to Gainesville or sack out in the cave for the rest of the night. But always in the minds of spelunkers everywhere, this will be a day that will live in infamy.

A caver just out for a lark,
Was tierd of a carbide light spark.
A monster he built,
But the acid he spilt.
Now he prefers to undress in the dark!

- Omar Khasm

CAVE PAINTINGS FOUND

Clystus Prang was a very scientifically minded speleol - gist. He would discourse intelligently on cavemen and cave creatures and would rappel athletically at the drop of a hardhat.

It was only natural that Clystus should make the discovery. Prang and a caving party were checking out what appeared to be a run-of-the-mill cave when he came upon a side passage that looked interesting. He advised his companions that he was trying the passageway and proceeded down it, crawling carefullydown the narrow way.

The twisting passage suddenly opened into an immense area in which the beam of his headlamp was lost. Fantiatically multi-hued shapes flared into the ray of light and flashed as Prang, crouched in the opening, appreciativély examined the living formations.

He straightened up and walked forward, threading his way around massive, stained stalagmites until he came upon a dead area, where no water dripped.

There on a wall he saw them.

Paintings.

Clystus blinked, stopped breathing, gasped, and blinked again. He stumbled forward and stood inches away from the wall. A profusion, a confusion of brilliantly outlined, mammouth beasts were traced by a skillful hand on the receptive surface. He forgot his companions and stood staring in the gallery for what seemed hours.

Were they real? His elation suddenly evaporated. He had heard of no similar finds in any of the caves of the area. Some lousy practical joker must have scribbled on the crumbling wall. No one knew for sure if cave dwelling prehistoric man had lived in this area... That's it! No one knew! Well, now he knew! He felt much better as he thought of the tremendous sensation his genuine ancient cave drawings would cause in scientific circles. Let's be scientific about this now, he thought. He removed his hardhat and focused the headlamp beam on the wall.

"Yes", he muttered, "yes." He carefully touched the ochre hide of a great animal shown surrounded by leaping figures. "The pigments," he lectured to the audience he saw in his mind's eye, "are the same as those used by the ancient troglodytes in caves of southern France and Altmira, Spain. Local vegitation of the same type which grew in Europe at the time supplied the coloring matter, while the figures are..." He looked at the finger he was waving and stared in disbelief. The paint hadn't flaked off, it had smeared off! It must be... No, it was dry here. He touched the wall again and stared at his hand and the painting. What...

He turned. A huge, hairy arm encircled his throat, foul breath filled his nostrils as he was enveloped in a great crushing hug.

The last thoughts that crossed his darkening mind as the squat figure outlined in the glow of the headlamp squeezed the life from him was, "God! The paint is still wet!"

SHADDUP! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING BREAK.
EEP!

The cave has offered man a shelter for about [illegible] years. Paleolithic man lived off and on in caves, and in some areas modern man continues to live in them.[1]

As archeological sites, caves may be divided into two types:

1. The shelter cave or abri (Fr. abri, shelter), which is often little more than an overhanging rock. Generally this type has an entrance which is very large compared with the total length of the cave. Some famous caves of this type are Predmost, Grimaldi, and Cromagnon in Europe and Modon Rock Shelter, Russel Cave and Ventana Cave in the U.S.

2. The cavern or deep cave, which generally has a small entrance and a very long total length. Some examples of this type are Altamira, Trois Freres and Gypsum cave.

The basic difference between these two types of caves (which may seem a rather arbitrary division speleologically speaking) is that they tend to contain two different kinds of archaelogical sites. In shelter caves living or habitation sites are most often encountered, whereas they rarely occur in deep caves (and then only in the entrance). Sites in deep caves, when they occur, are generally of a ritualistic type. These sites most often consist of wall paintings or bas-reliefs, such as the Bison paintings at Altamira.

The type of cave which man chooses as a habitation site is generally characterized by the following features:

1. It is dry. This is a factor of utmost importance, and probably explains the lack of occupation of most Florida caves.[2]

2. It offers sufficient protection from the elements, especially wind and rain (or snow).

3. It is well ventilated. This may account for the lack of occupation in the back rooms of deep caves, although there may heve been some religious reasons why man did not live deep in certain caves.

Cave sites rank among the most important of any type of archaeological site. This is for two reasons. First of all cave middens[3] are usually very well stratified. That is, the various culture bearing strata are still in a more or less horizontal position and show clearly the relationships between the strata. A beautiful example of this is at Ventana Cave, west of Tucson, Arizona. Here there is a culture sequence which represents practically continous occupation for a period of about 15,000 years. The strata here are in the following order:

Dry period-midden	HOHOKAM San PEDRO
Wet period-midden	CHIRICAHUA-AMARGOSO II
Red Sand	VENTANA-AMARGOSO I (Cochise and Pinto Cultures)
Volcanic Debris	Ventana Complex (Folsomoid)

Basal Volcanic Conglomerate.

Another, perhaps more interresting example is at Sandia Cave north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Here, the sequence is:

Recent

Stalactite Layer ($CaCo_3$)

Folsom Layer

Yellow Ochre layer (Fe_2O_3)

Sandia Layer

Basal Limestone

The time involved here may be as high as 22,000 years. The various culture bearing layers are neatly separated by sterile layers. The yellow ochre layer apparently represents an advance of the Wisconsin glaciation which may have been the Provo pluvial associated with the Mankato advance. The stalactite layer must represent another wet period sometime shortly before the Anathermal (about 7000 B.C., a period when the climate was getting warmer).

Since a cave offers a more stable and protected environment, it often preserves materials which under normal conditions would perish. This happens most notably in very dry desert or mountain caves. In the American Southwest woven sandals, baskets, textiles and matting, all made from plant materials which would decay in another enviroment, have been found. Mummified human beings have been found here and in Peru.

In contrast to open-site excavation, cave sites offer certain difficulties. The working space in a cave may range from several hundred feet down to a foot. The latter tends to make digging somewhat difficult. Also, the cave deposits may be covered with dry dust or guano. This can be a great nuisance when the air gets saturated with the dust, making breathing and even seeing difficult. In certain caves in the American Southwest, digging crews are supplied with dust masks as a precautionary measure. The common speleological problem of breakdown does not seem to be of much importance when digging sites. The writer was unable to find a single cave where excavation was hampered by breakdown. Finally, in some caves a source of light must be provided for the crews. This was true of Russell Cave, and artificial light is essential for the viewing of the deep sites in Altamira, Trois Freres, and other caves of the Dordogne and Pyrenees.

In conclusion let me say that caves have potentialities which have scarcely been tapped, and that if speleology and archaeology work together, our knowledge of man will be broadened tremendously.

Robert K. Headley

Footnotes:

1. Notably in Northwest Africa, Spain, and parts of Mexico.
2. The two shelter caves known to have been occupied in Florida are in the northwest central part of the state, near Marianna. They are quite far above the water table, hence dry.
3. A midden is the floor of a habitation site, containing the refuse of the inhabitants.
4. Ventanna Cave is a volcanic type. It was probably formed by a gas pocket when the lava was molten.

A MATHEMATICAL APPROACH TO SPELUNKING

Upon one occasion or another every spelunker has found himself inemplicably lost in the bowels of the earth, searching for the cave entrance. The question arises: what is the possibility that in all this systematic wandering the befuddled spelunker will come upon another entrance and through this virgin portal claw his way up into daylight?

The possibilities of the existance of hitherto unknown cave entrances is of course a matter of chance and the problem lends itself naturally to the application of statistical theory. It is the purpose of this article to acquaint the everyday caver, before he decends once again into this world of darkness, with two things; first, his chance of finding his way out and second, his chances of finding his way out by means of a new passage.

The fundamental mathematics necessary to solve this problem were developed by Prof. Sturdley Zigafoos of Iowa State some 30 years ago. The Zigafoos linear set theory, as it is called, involves complex covariant analysis coupled with linear regression, progression, and digression.

Assume neophyte spelunker S located in a holraum of finite dimensions, his location in space at time zero (0,0,0). The coordinates of the entrance he is searching for is (x,y,z). Assuming that the walls of the cave are of Florida rotten limestone with an average porosity of P_f, the distribution of pores of size AP_f is given by the following expression:

$$F = \frac{1}{\mu_{xy}\sqrt{2\pi}} e^{-\frac{1}{2}\left(\frac{\sigma-\mu}{\sigma_o}\right)}$$

Now the frequency of occurence of pores of size AP_f when $AP_f \longrightarrow$ size 32 (assuming 32 average waist size) reaches a finite limit under certain conditions. As spelunker S proceeds in random motion away from origin (o,o,o), the probability of his approaching an entrance decreases.

As the wanderings become more random the confusion factor X becomes significant. This factor X must be multiplied by the initial confidence factor I @ time zero.

Applying the first postulate of the Zigafoos linear set theory, the postulate of regression, we must integrate the frequency expression for pores of size 32 to get the total number of occurences, thus:

$$\int_{-o}^{+\infty} \frac{1}{\mu_{xy}\sqrt{2\pi}} e^{-\frac{1}{2}\left(\frac{\sigma-\mu}{\sigma_o}\right)} = E$$

Applying the second postulate of the Zigafoos linear set theory, the postulate of progression we can obtain an interval estimate of the mean square velocity T. Taking the square root we have the average velocity for the mean path of T.

By applying the third postulate of Zigafoos, that of digression, it readily can be seen that there once was a plumber from Lea, who was plumbing a girl by the sea ..... whoops! too much digression.

Multiplying the confusion factor, X, initial confidence factor I, the pore size 32 factor E and the mean average velocity T, we have:

XIET

Rearranging the terms we have:

EXIT

Math of Caving (contd.)

Therefore we may conclude that the probability is 1.0 that upon wandering for time T the caver will come upon an exit rather than an entrance. Breaking these results down further we find the probability of the neophyte discovering a new unknown exit is:

$$P_{t \longrightarrow \infty} = \text{TOUGH}$$

Thus by the triumph of modern mathematics we can conclude:

1.) The probability that the caver will find an EXIT rather than an entrance is 1.o.

2.) The probability that the caver will find an unknown exit is TOUGH.

QED

Peter M. Ricca, M. frum

THE COMMING OF THE MONSTER

In the past FSSers have occasionally been handicapped by the limitations of common directional light sources. Carbide and electric headlamps fail to penetrate more than a few feet into the cave, and gasoline lanterns spread their light out too much. To remedy the situation Jake Hoffman has invented "Monster Light." The "Monster" consists of a 6 volt spotlight bulb encased in an Indian motorcycle headlight shell to which is attached a handle. Electricity is supplied by a motorcycle battery which is carried in a leather case with a shoulder sling.

The first two "Monsters" have been taken on numerous caving trips and have provided more than adequate light for the caves in this area.

The sucess of the original "Monsters" has led to several variations. Lou Hippenmeier has a new type of "Monster" which is essentially a huge flashlight powered by two #6 ignition dry cells. He is currently working on another variation which will consist of a navy signalling light powered by nickle-cadmium cells taken from a Nike missle.

HORNSBY SINK

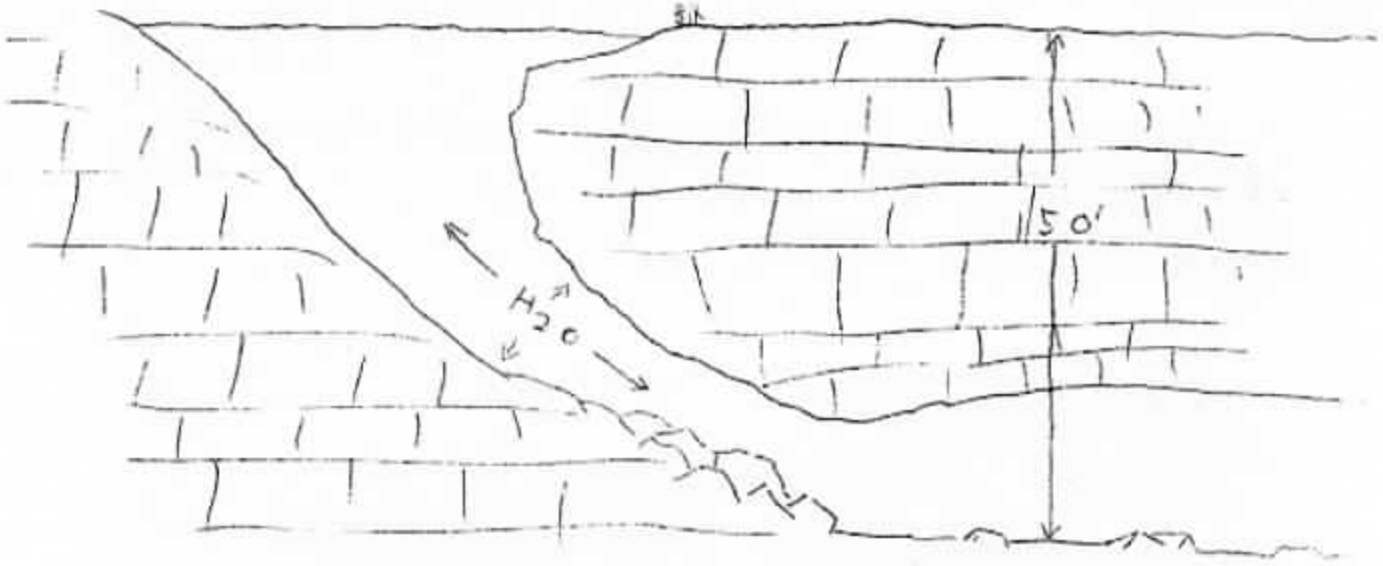
Last spring, Dr. Walter Auffenberg, then our faculty advisor, mentioned to the grotto that he knew of a diving locality that might produce some fossils, and asked us to take a look at it. This locality, Hornsby Sink, is located a few miles outside of High Springs, Florida, about 25 miles from Gainesville.

That April, Joe Dabbs and Blake Dowling went down, but were able to descend only [illegible] ter and a great number of branches and dead tree trunks that were in the way. A month later, the water had cleared and Blake, Joe, Ron Morse and Joe Pylka were able to go all the way to the bottom, 150 feet below the surface. This is the deepest recent dive made by grotto members.

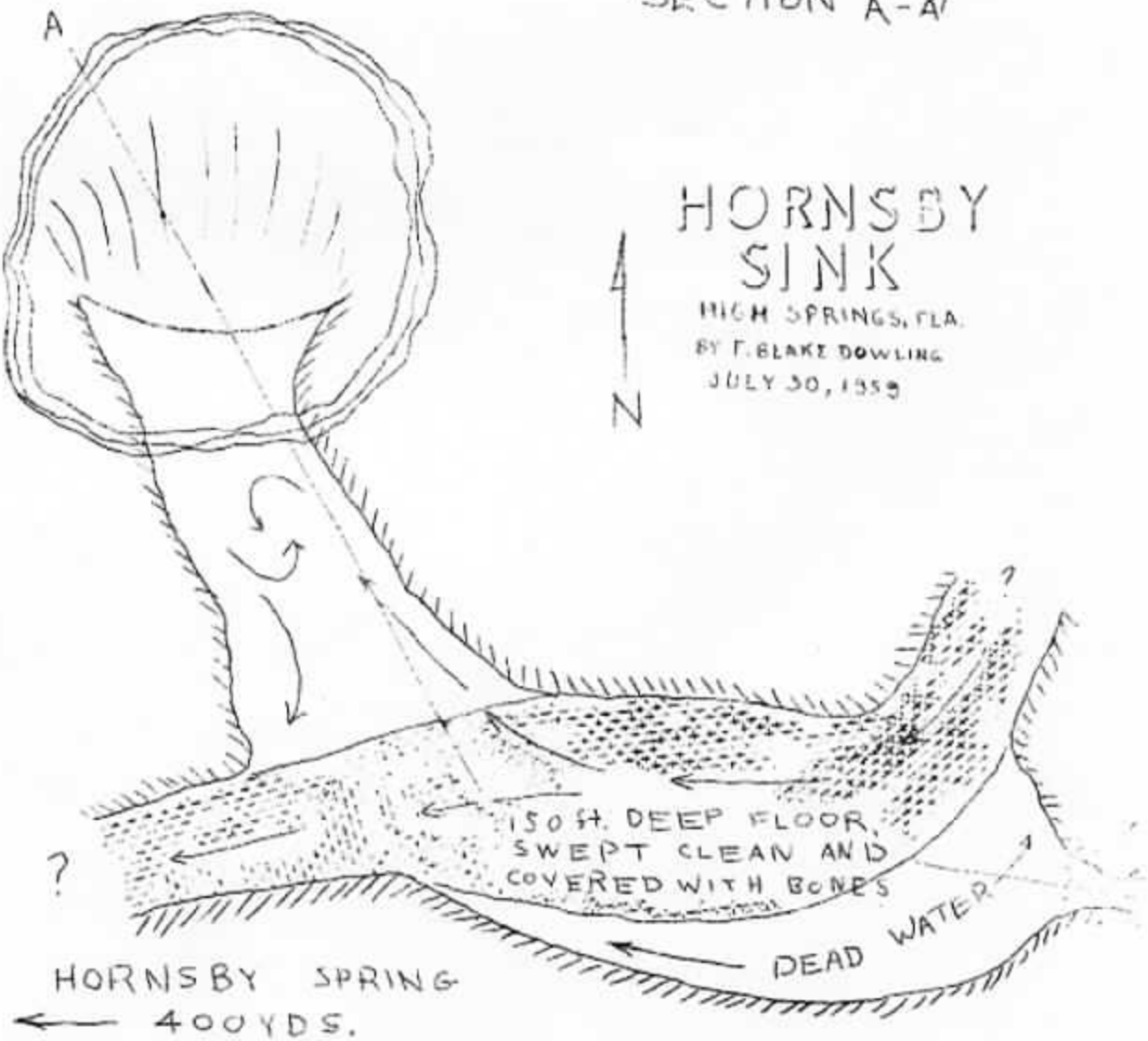
This sinkhole can be classified as one of the more difficult to dive in. First of all, the depth is much greater than that usually encountered in diving in this area. Second, there is an appreciable current in the passageway at the bottom, and it is sweeping away from the entrance, so that an unsuspecting diver might be swept away, unless tied down with a saftey line. Third, because of the depth, one could not remain at the bottom more than three minutes on a single tank, if he were to have sufficient air for decompression. Last, but not least, the extreme pressures encountered at the bottom necessitated the construction of a special light source that could readily operate at that depth. For instance, during a preliminary dive a Voit underwater flashlight was carried by one of the divers for test purposes. This is a standard type, encased in rubber and with separate on and off switches that can be operated by cold fingers. At 100 feet, compression of the rubber was enough so that the light was shut off, and stayed off.

Since air was at such a premium, subsequent dives were made with double tank rigs, with a continuous 50% air reserve. This was accomplished by independently valving each tank into a common manifold. Then when one tank was empty, it was refilled from the other. Thus one tank always had air. After three refills it was time to go up. Blake constructed an underwater light, consisting of an automobile headlight powered by NiCad storage batteries, [illegible] from one half of a low pressure air tank, and fitted with a thick plastic lens. This threw out a very bright beam, and was perfectly watertight. Those who were at the SERA Cave Carnival last summer may remember the bright light that Blake used up there. It was the prototype of the diving light. For safety auxiliary lights, we attached radar lights to 6 volt batteries and tied them to our wrists.

During the summer, diving trips were made almost every weekend. In many ways, it is a fabulous place. Dr. Auffenberg was right, there are fossils down there. All over the place. Since there is a slight current, the floor of the passageway is kept clean of silt, and the bones literally pave the floor. On the first trip, some mastodon teeth and vertebrae were recovered. On later trips we amassed a whole zoo of Pleistocene animals. Remains were found of Tapir, Buffalo (Bison), Ground Sloth (including the two most complete skulls found in the Eastern U. S.), Bear, Deer, Armadillo, Horse, Alligator, and Turtle (probably Pseudemys). Few microfossils were found, pro-



SECTION A-A'



PLAN VIEW

bably because of the sweeping action of the current. We're guesstimating that the assemblage is late pleistocene, most probably Wisconsin in age. At that time, water levels in Florida were low enough so that the locality was a dry sinkhole and cave. It thus became a natural trap for animals, who could not climb out because of the steep walls. The only living things that were seen at the bottom were cavernicolous crayfish, Procambarus pallidus, which were to be seen crawling over the fossils or swimming freely in the middle of the passageway.

In August, a trolley line was placed in the sinkhole leading from the bone passageway to the point at which it is a verticle ascent to the surface. We plan on putting a large basket suspended from pulleys on this line so that larger numbers of fossils per dive, as well as larger pieces, can be removed, and so that less exertion is placed on the diver. Among the larger pieces removed so far are included a mastodon lower jaw with complete dentition, tusks, humeri and femurs of the same beast, and some ground sloth humeri. The fossils that we have removed have all been turned over to the Florida State Museum.

Diving has been called to a halt, because of cooler weather and a temporary lack of equipment, but it should start in again this spring, when the weather warms up. We should be able to bring up a good deal of food material this season. On my last dive in, I just know I saw a complete Gigantobison skull, less horns, right near that other mastodon lower jaw. This year I hope to see it in the sunlight.

Joe Pylka

Yes, I can see you much better, now.

Warrens' Cave Accident

On the night of December 15 eleven collegiate pranksters left their drinking to go out to Warrens' Cave. None was an experienced caver and no one had any of the proper equipment. They were attempting the very dangerous "Suicide Passage" when William J. Hoover, 18, slipped and fell fifty-five feet to the floor of the cave. Panicking, John A Eastnam, 19, fell about fifteen feet and landed on the small bridge near "Surprise Ledge." William P. Jackson, 18, climbed on the upper passage in order to get to his injured companion, then froze with fear and refused to move. Meanwhile, others in the party drove for help. After a three hour delay, rescue operations were begun by the Sheriff's Department which at no time notified the FSS and which at no time had the proper ropes and rescue paraphanalia. After the boys were taken out of the cave, Eastman was treated for two broken ribs at Alachua General Hospital and released. Hoover was hospitalized for several days with multiple contusions and abrasions. Warrens' Cave, one of the most dangerous in Florida was the site of a similar accident in 1955. After the 1955 accident the FSS gated the cave entrance and the road leading to it. The steel gate across the mouth was later torn out by some fraternity boys utilizing a hydrolic jack. After the 1959 accident the FSS erected a new gate on the road. The gate which was constructed of steel and imbedded in concrete lasted less than a week before it was uprooted by curious college students, eager to see the site of the "tragedy".

Yes - You're Right - The Phallic Symbolism Is Quite Apparent.

SEMISTER BREAK TRIP--
AND ANOTHER CAVE SALAMANDER!

During semester break, a bucket of people went to the Smoky Mountains to hike and to camp. There was snow on the upper part of the mountains, and so we all had a jolly time making snowmen, having snowball fights, and sledriding. All of us were from the north originally, but had lived in Florida in the winter going to school, so none of us had seen the white stuff for quite some time.

Jake and Pete hiked on the Appalachian Trail for several days. The rest of us were to have met them at the end of the trail. Their directions were: come for us Monday evening and wait till dusk. If we aren't there, then come back for us the next a.m. Fine. We waited; no one showed; we left. Much later that night two bedraggled, tired hikers came into camp, and after alarming us all by pretadding to be bears scratching hungrily on the sides of the tents, they told us the story. It seems that we missed them by only seven minutes, and they couldn't camp out to wait for us till the next morning because their sleeping bags had gotten wet. To top it off, they didn't get a single blister on the trail, but walking those last eight miles over the hard paved road, their feet really got ruined. Say, "La ve" or something.

On the way back from the mountains, were to have met Jim and Al (and anyone else who came along) at Climax cave, Georgia. However, we arrived late, and not finding them there we decided they would come the next day perhaps, and so we sacked out in our sleeping bags.

The next morning, awakened by a cow mooing, I looked around. Not seeigg anyone else up, I decided not to initiate any rash action, and so went back to sleep.

Earlier, it seems that Jake had been bothered by an overly friendly dog who kept him awake, so when he saw Pete stir once, he said, "Pete, whistle!" Pete mumbled, "HUH?" After the message seeped in a second time through the sleepy fog, not seeing the dog, he whistled out of curiosity. The rest of the morning, Jake slept peacefully while Pete cursed the dog. Or so I've heard--I wouldn't really know, for I was blissfully asleep.

Neither Jim nor Al showed, so we took it upon ourselves to go into the cave. There were two other local boys who wanted to go in with us, so Jake dashed on with them, and the rest of us bumbled along behind. I was the behindest because I was looking into a pool of water to see what might be in it. There were crayfish. Then, by cracky, I saw a salamander! It was pale pink, transparentish, eyeless, and had three darbs er pink feathery gills on each side of its head. The head seemed large and its limbs seemed quite thin in comparison with the rest of its body.

I was all in a tizzy, for I remembered all the commotion that resulted when Dick Warren and Joe Pylka, FSSers one and all, found the salamanders in a cave in Marianna, Florida. (An article about that salamander will be found in the April 1959 issue of the Florida Speleologist.)

Suddenly the rascle dashed into the sediment and was gone. I told Vernal what I thought I had seen, and we decided to find it on the way out.

We didn't have time to see all the cave (and besides, we got lost in the Tea Room), so we soon returned, and by George there were TWO of the dag-nabbed critters where I had seen the one. We were all afraid to try to catch them for fear we'd be the one to miss and chase them away. While we were in this state of indecision as to who should catch them, the one swam away. Finally, Jake agreed to try it, but before he did, a crayfish bumped him (salamander, not Jake) and he scooted.

Now we were rattled--suppose neither came back and we would never know if it really was a Haideotriton wallacei, the little-known cave salamander!

The rest went on, and Vernal and I sat and waited. After about fifteen munutes, our vigil was rewarded by the appearance of the pink creature. He (or she?) was on my side of the pool of water, so I grabbed for him. Surprised, he rushed over to Vernal. She made a snatch at him, and, utterly aghast, no doubt, he dashed toward me. This time I got him as he nearly went by me. Phew! It was a close one!

Jake had donated his hardhat, so we put him (salamander, not Jake) into the hat with some water and carried it carefully out. There was a remarkable number of individual groups going into the cave and they kept going by, asking to see our salamander. It seems that Pete and Jake, already out, told the people as they went in that we were looking for one. With pride, we showed our pet.

Filling a canteen with water from his locality, and after putting him in a more secure container, we were all set to go home.

That night, when we got to Gainesville, we went to chastise Jim for not showing up. However, he had a good sob-story ready about having to be a counselor to the people who registered late, and to the [illegible] at the U of F. Also, he clamed Al's car had gotten ill suddenly, so we forgave him---especially after he served us some of his Pale Stale Ale and Joyce served that delicious coffee she makes.

Then the parties scattered to their various residences, and Vernal adn I dropped by Joe's. He wasn't in, so we left a note, We were conservative, and only said that we had a critter which we had found in Climax Cave which he might be interested in. He came by later, and was surprised to see that it was indeedy a Haideotriton wallacei. This delighted me no end.

The next day, we counld't decide whether to give it to the biology department or not, fearing they would immediately plop the poor thing into formaldehyde. It was our pet which we had so carefully tried to keep alive, and he was so cute, and it would be a shame to murder it, and--ah, shucks, you know what I mean. So all day, we kept running into cavers we know, and would casually say in the course of the conversation, "Oh, by the way, we have a live Haideotriton wallacei in our refrigerator..."

Well, we decided to tell Dr. Reimer of the biology department at the U of F about our pet, and he was very interested.

SEMESTER BREAK TRIP (cont'd)

We took the salamander for him to see, and when he heard that we had been unable to find white worms anywhere to feed him, Dr. Reimer gave us some brine shrimp eggs, and asked if he could photograph it some time. He also gave us a jar of formaldehyde in case he (salamander, not Dr. Reimer) died. Ugh! What a thought.

Then the following day we got to thinking, and figured thusly: (a) If we keep our pet, we will have to keep on having the refrigerator at a fairly high temperature so we can keep him in there to lower his metabolism so he will live, (b) our frozen foods didn't seem to be very frozen of late because of the high temperature, (c) We may not be able to keep him alive (d) If he dies and we don't find that out soon enough to put him in a preservative, we would have done the science of biology a dirty deed, (e) perhaps we were being silly about the matter of not wanting to give our neat pet up, (f) maybe, just maybe, Dr. Reimer wouldn't cast our friend into a jar and kill him!

The next a.m. we trotted over to Dr. Reimer's office with his brine shrimp eggs and our Haideotriton wallacei, and said goodby to him. (Both salamander and Dr. Reimer.)

P.S. Five days later, a biologist friend wantdd to see the creature, so he was shown it, and it was still alive!Also, Dr. Reimer said we could have copies of the photos when he finishes them. NEAT!

Alberta Etters

An agile young caver named Jode,
Koppelled in his campus abode.
He slipped from the ceiling,
With a sickening feeling,
Fell headfirst into the commode.

- Omar Khasm.

A sequestered hermit named Stroup
Decided to ape Alley Oop.
He lived in a cave
Till he started to rave
To the bats, "Oh, you're a good group."

- Omar Khasm.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS-

"I need a hardhat like I need a hole in the head."

- Rev (Four Stiches) Wright

S.E.R.A. Meeting
February 20, 1960

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

S. T. Coleridge

The biannual South East Region Association meeting of the National Speleological Society in Atlanta produced some interesting results. Between the partying, drinking, renewing old friendships, and banqueting a business meeting was held. Attendance was of course predominantly Atlanta members due to location, fortunately each grotto represented had but one vote. Twenty-three people representing five grottos attended the banquet and ensuing business meeting in which the new S.E.R.A. officers were elected. The 1960 officers are Jim Prichard, Atlanta - Chairman, J.D. McClung, Auburn - Vice Chairman, Mrs. Varnedoe, Huntsville - Secretary, Larry Walker Atlanta - Treasurer.

The subject of lost slides of the 1958 circle was brought up. The Huntsville slides have reappeared but the Florida slide circle still remains unaccounted for. This has led to revision of circulation schedule so that no slides will be exchanged with other groups outside of the Southeast region. Thus slide tapes will be exchanged between seven clubs, Florida, Atlanta, Auburn, Huntsville, Chattanooga, Birmingham and Eastern Tennessee.

The publication of the Southeast Caver magazine was taken up by the Atlanta Grotto for the coming year and it will be out twice a year. The National has withdrawn financial support from the S.E.R.A. publication so that all expenses must now come from southeastern resources.

The Cave Carnival has been moved up from 4th of July to Labor Day because of conflict with the National Convention. Details will be in the next issue of the Southeast Caver.

After the banquet the Chattanooga slide circle was shown. The subject was [illegible] into Mystery Hole near Chattanooga. The excellent show of more than sixty slides has renewed the faith of the F.S.S. contingent and shows that there are some active spelunkers left in the national.

The Atlanta conclave was attended by Pete Ricca, Lou Hippenmeier, Ray Herbert, and Tony Kendzior.

Pete Ricca

NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS

Closing date for entries in Thirteenth International Salon of Speleological Photographic Art is May 1st 1960. See any club officer for details of entry.

Famous Quotations

"I guess if I write enough letters I can become president of the National Speleological Society." Thomas Angles, M.D.

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