

The Florida Speleologist

Vol. 2

No. 3

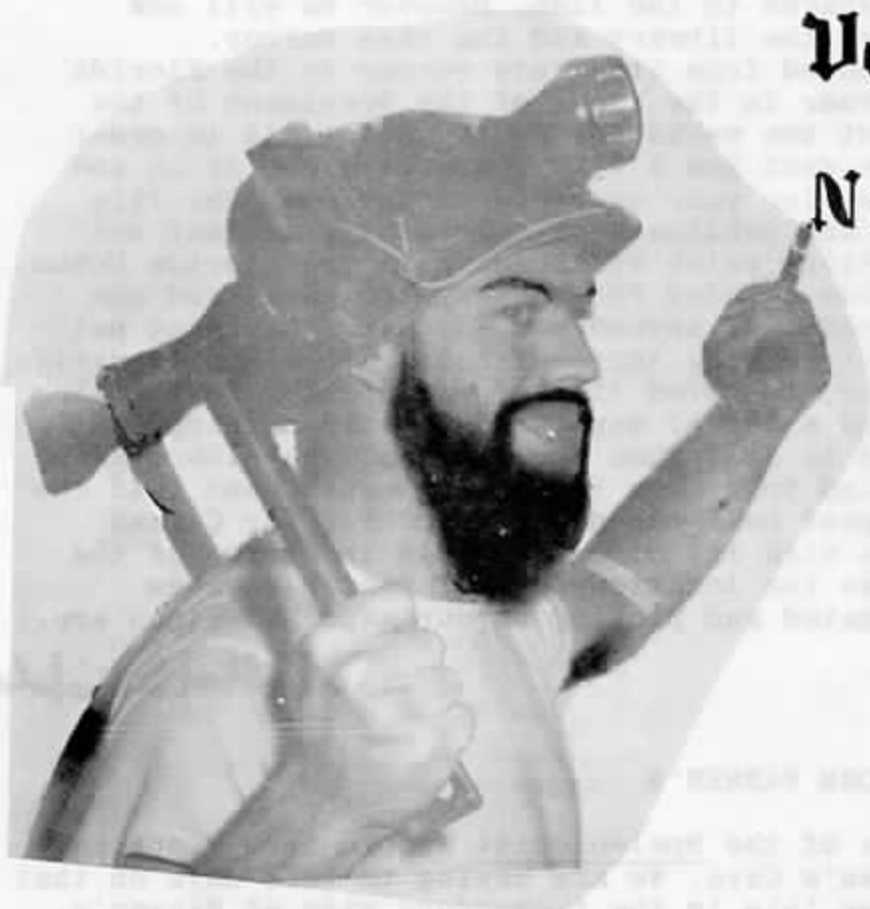


TABLE OF CONTENTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS-----	2
THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN---buzz nichols-----	2
WARREN'S POSTPONED---MORE WARREN'S-----	2
THE GROD PILE-----	3
FORMATIONS---omar khasm-----	4
CAVERSPONDENCE-----	5
VERBIGATION---alberta etters-----	7
MANUSCRIPTS SOLICITED-----	9
CAVERTOONS---wafna-----	10
ADVENTURES WITH THE AMERICAN UNDERGROUND---lou hippenmeier-----	12
DER PEOPLE LIST-----	14

THE CHAIRMAN'S COLUMN

The following will be exactly 23 lines (65 spaces to the line) of Chairman's column. Since the Chairman has nothing to say on anything worthwhile he is going to be hard pressed to get 23 lines with 65 spaces to the line. However he will now try. Two main items are the library and the cave survey.

The library has moved from its dusty corner in the Florida Union to a dustier corner in the house of the President of the FSS. It will take about two weeks for us to get it all in order but after that time we want you all to remember where it is and to know that it is here for your convenience and use. The file will contain all maps and publications, everything in fact but the list of cave locations which will remain in the Florida Union. The library will include a faded FSS banner, the gavel and one white crayfish (deceased). If anyone has anything they want put in the library bring it around. Angie Nichols is the new librarian.

Related to the new, improved library will be the forthcoming cave survey. We noticed a lot of maps we have with nothing on them and so we decided to fill them up. The fact that there have been three tries to find Tusk cave in as many months and that the president and party spent half the night searching for Climax cave has nothing to do with it. Dick Morris is in charge of the survey and will welcome the locations of all possible caves which will be investigated and plotted on our maps. 23 lines are...

Arthur S. Nichols

WARREN'S POSTPONED---MORE WARREN'S

In the last issue of the Speleologist we promised a special issue devoted to Warren's Cave. We are having to back down on that promise. The reason for this is the tremendous size of Warren's. Despite extensive exploration for the past several months, survey crews have not even come near the end of the New Section. Already the cave is four times longer than it was known to be originally. Several formation rooms have been discovered and aragonite has been found at one point. These new discoveries have made us decide to hold the stories we have gathered for the special issue until such a time as a limit to exploration is reached and the Society's findings in the new area can be evaluated more thoroughly.

THE FLORIDA SPELEOLOGIST

Band II, Nummer 3

Schriftleiter: Louis A. Hippenmeier

Kunstleiter: Werner B. Fisher

Schriftleitung: Robert A. Smith, Jan Brockett,

Alton N. Higgins, and Omar Khasm

THE GROD FILE

Hamna pango peponini, kwa hiyo... Changes made dept. -- New officers of the Society: President -- Arthur S. (Buzz) Nichols; Veep -- Peter M. (Pogo) Ricca; Secretary -- Alberta E. (Albertoid) Ethers; Treasurer -- Louis A. (Lou) Hippenmeier... Defenders of our country (Hooha) Department -- Blair Jarrett and Joe Pylka are the latest to feel Uncle Sam's iron fist. Both have been taken from us for six month hitches in the army. Both, therefore, were given suitable good riddance parties and poured on the train. Blake Dowling is currently guarding Korea and it looks like Bob Perrine will soon join him. Bob will either be transferred to Germany or Korea. And from Miami comes word that Jay Thal will be revolutionizing the U.S. Army for the next three years. SELAH.

Comings and goings dept. -- In town to visit have come some of the people of yore: Tom Hogan was by on his way to Arkansas... Duff Brown was here just to be here... Vernal Harkness is in and out every weekend. Returning personages from out of the legends of the past. Bob Smith from the army; Dick Bishop from downrange; Barbi Lucas from Huntsville; and Werner Fisher from the hamburger stand. SELAH.

The Pogo returned from his journeys to the far north countree sporting one each new Volkswagen microbus. This astonishing feat of daring has given new impetus to the club's propensity to car packing. Record so far: 17 (for long trip). Little Bob O'Neil's fabulous Hillman gave up the ghost somewhere in the New Mexican deserts. SELAH.

Deserters from the ranks dept. -- Bob the Cumming passed through here replete with one each wife. They're at U. of Texas now. And Buzz Nichols ventured into the wilds of Joisey and returned with a doll named Angie. YOPT!

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Information - Umar Khayyam

BOTTOMS UP

This is the truth, nothing reversed--
About Percival. Now Ol' Perce'd
Grab him a rope and
Rappel down a slope
And you know how he did it? Headfirst!

BUSTED ROMANCE

Cave cuddlers Pudgy and Bess --
'Twas in this cave that, we guess,
Where she fell for he,
Natch, he fell for she --
From remains, a resounding success.

AN ARTHURIAN LEGEND

Into Warren's went young dancer Art
Where less flexible hips could not start,
But the Cashew-squeezer
Was hardly a teaser--
He just mamboed into the new part.

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115 SOUTH 20th AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD, FLORIDA

Have you done your ~~жизненная~~ ~~жизнь~~ today?

A caver's prayer: ~~Скелет!~~

Caverspondence

Dear Lou:

I have just been reading the latest issue of the Florida Speleologist over a cup of coffee and a bit of cheese. Perhaps this letter should be shortened and sent to the Editor of the NSS News, however, most of my communications with that organization seem to be one way -- all go, none come. As you know, our group has experienced all of the usual difficulties in establishing a new caving organization. Already the Razorback Speleological Society is in a peculiar situation:

(1) Our only NSS member (me) is somehow strangely out of contact with the NSS. A letter to the Grottos Chairman in trying to obtain information on forming a grotto went unanswered. The NSS News is consistently several months late and other people get it at a reasonable time after publication -- we don't. Besides the scant news in the News and the information in the Bulletin, we get no information on the activities of the NSS. There are old questions left unanswered: e.g., Has the Reorganization Committee reorganized the NSS yet? What have the national committees accomplished during the past year? Unfortunately a resolution by the FSS to the Grottos Congress in 1959, which would have provided for committee minutes to be mimeographed and sent to all members, was not passed.

(2) We believe in a strong national caving organization; however, we cannot encourage members to join the NSS if we receive no benefits or information or if it takes no active interest in new caving organizations such as ours.

(3) We have the most complete Arkansas cave files in existence, and our collection of other cave information is increasing. However, we are hesitant to give the NSS this information if we are not allowed to participate as a grotto. We know for a fact that students and student grottos are given a rough time in the NSS, but total rejection of a prospective new grotto is worse.

(4) We are interested in continuing our relationship with the FSS for the exchange of information and caving techniques and we will be, regardless of the NSS's dislike of intergrotto relations.

Sincerely,
Tom Hogan
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Editor's comment: CVCVLLVS NON FACIT FACIES MONACHI. -- LAH

Mensheviks of the world, unite!

Dear Cavers,

Since I left Florida last June, I have had many times and opportunities to satisfy my caving instinct.

On my way to Mammoth Cave I went through Linville Caverns, North Carolina. It is almost as scenic as Ocala Caverns, so don't waste your money on it.

The Mammoth Cave area is one of the most developed karst areas in North America. There are four smaller (as far as the tourists are concerned) caves surrounding Mammoth Cave. Of these Great Onyx Cave is the prettiest. Congress has appropriated \$600,000 to buy our Great Onyx and Floyd Collins' Crystal Cave, but until the two caves involved can decide on how to split the price, they will remain privately owned. There is but little doubt in my mind that they both will be closed down once they are taken over by the government.

Mammoth Cave is indeed the most interesting of the caves in the area, and several times some of the guides (including myself) went far back to the parts of the cave never visited by the public. The New Discovery is the most beautiful part of the cave, and I have never seen anything to equal it in any other.

I learned how to rappel and prussik in James Cave, which is still being explored by Glen Merrill of Huntington. This cave is one of the roughest in the country and is in many ways similar to Warren's Cave.

While on duty as a guide, I met several NSS members from all over the United States. The Wisconsin Speleological Society came through on their way back from Indian Grave Point Cave, Tennessee. Frank Kolb, a Louisville caver, and I went caving for a couple of days around central Kentucky.

In late August I went over to Flint Ridge and talked with Roger Brucker and several other CRF members. They had just connected Salts with Colossal the week before I left Mammoth Cave, but they still haven't connected either with Crystal.

Right now I'm working for Bristol Steel in Bristol, Virginia, but I'm living in Tennessee. This is good caving country, and not far from West Virginia.

I have gotten in touch with several other cavers in this area and we are now exploring the largest cave in Eastern Tennessee (Morrill Cave, near Bluff City, Tennessee).

I still say that Warren's Cave, Florida, is one of the most interesting caves that I have seen, and I hope to be there again. I hope there is a good sturdy gate on it to keep it from being vandalized.

Sincerely yours,
Lee Skinner
Bristol, Tennessee

Editor's comment -- Kwa nini uliandika kwa Kiingereza? -- LAH

Amigos: ¿Como están ustedes? Estoy bien. Deseo que fueran aquí.

Rev Wright, Ciudad Juarez, México

Editor's comment -- Twatmani kama upo. -- LAH

VERBIGATION by ALBERTOID

This Issue's Exciting Episode: We Trippen Off To Marianner Again

There were four of us from Gainesville and three from elsewhere. We were to meet at the shacks as usual. They arrived on time (!)-- Ed from Lakeland, Florida, Dick from Seattle, Washington, and Harry from Outer, Space (via Cape Canaveral). Their vehicle was a station wagon, but the three of them had it so full of gear, we had to con Dick Warren into taking his car, also.

Eventually, we shoved off and arrived at Florida Caverns State Park at 4 a.m., and via the FSS's special key (crescent wrench), we went on in and flopped into sleeping bags.

We arriv at 15 of 9 Gainesburg time and discovered that only 3 of us had bothered to bring food along, so while Barbi, John, and I ate at camp, the rest of us went into town and bought meals. (Shame!)

After setting up camp more officially, we headed for Gerard's Cave. The cave is nice sized -- one can stand up in almost all of it. (Ed. note -- One can do more than stand up in Gerard's, since the cave is the size and shape of a large railway tunnel.) There are also quite a few columns, stalactites, and stalagmites, altho many are unfortunately broken. Also, this cave has many neat slide-ways. Consisting of damp, muddy mud, they are fun to slide down and hard to get back up. One slide in particular is tricky. There is a dip in the passage. One observes that it is smooth and slidy, so one hunkers down and zips off. However, one doesn't observe that at the bottom of the dip, the slide zags to the left into a one people sized horizontal hole. It always catches the unwary and even the wary if speed gets out of control.

Passing this obstical, we continued to the end of the walkable passage to the crevice (about 15 ft. at top, 3 ft. across at water level) full of water. While Dick Warren swam for salamander specimens (to study their metamorphoses and body structures), the rest of us discussed NSS numbers. I pointed out that mine was 4, sick, sick, sick. Others' numbers were enumerated, mulled over, approved, and accepted. This done, we contemplated the mud and its effects as it splattered on people's helmets. We now decided that we needed a swim, so walking and sliding out, we arrived at the cars.

At the springs, those with masks swam down to inspect the cave from which the spring sprang, sprung and is still springing sprom -- I mean from. Finding some exercise bars (on shore, not in the cave), various ones of our group demonstrated their prowess and then we left after a final swim.

In town we stopped for ice cream, nuts, popcorn, candy, cokes, and batteries.

Back in camp, the three of us who were prepared cooked while the other four went to town to eat. (Shame!) We aquired some soft drinks and as we drank them noted that the clouds looked like they planned to let loose some precipitation in the vary near future.

Three persons come back from town shortly. Since four had left we felt called upon to point out that one seemed to be missing. Observing this to be the fact, a discussion followed. Various opinions were voiced. Maybe he got out when they stopped for the

gate and was walking the rest of the way in. Perhaps he bounced out of the back of the open station wagon. Then again, he might have come back with them and gotten out unnoticed.

"Well, I didn't hear him say anything on the way back, did you?"

"No, perhaps he was sleeping."

"That may be so, but he usually says something on the way back."

Etc., etc.

Finally, having definitely concluded that he wasn't there, they drove back to Marianna and verified this fact when they found him there. It seems that as they had prepared to leave, the three had gotten into the front of the car. As Ed was about to get into the back (where the mattress was), the car drove off. Flabbergasted, he watched his friends (and only means of transportation) disappear into the distance. Hopefully deciding it was a mere jest and that they would come around the block, he waited and waited and waited. 3/4 of an hour later they finally came to reclaim him. Must have been a big city block that they circled, he concluded.

Next we went to Pottery Cave. This was to be expected, for having just been assured by all that no more caving was to be done that evening, I had washed and changed from caving grod to clean clothes. Oh, well!

Three of us had rain gear so we went out to locate the cave. The walk was exciting--walking single-file through the woods on a narrow path, with the rain falling past the beam of the headlamp, tapping steadily on our helmets and raincoats, and splashing on the many leaves around us. The plants nodded as the drops hit them and glistened when caught by the lights. What fun! Finding the cave, Ed went back and got the others.

There were nice formations in this cave also; again many were broken. Truly deplorable, I calls it. Two dead bats were found. The cave was another walk-in-able type but much smaller than Gerard's. (The fact of being able to walk upright in a cave may not strike you people from the more northern areas as being unusual, but in Florida caving, much work is done on one's knees, elbows, and/or stomach or other appendages.)

Next we drove back to camp and walked to China Cave. On the way, we saw a car stalled and offered our services. After looking us over dubiously, they must have decided that they were desperate enough to accept aid from anyone, even a bunch of creatures as oddly dressed as us, so Barbi and I supervises while the men folks got the car running.

We found China Cave and went through it. It is smallish and not very high.

Next a.m., having eaten and done dishes, those of us who ate at camp went to the play-ground till the others got back from town. We swang, slid, climbed, and tetered on swings, sliding board, jungle gym, and see-saw. Having just eaten, some of us wished we hadn't. John suggested we hang upside down on the jungle gym and let our breakfast fall out. Figuring this was not a good idea, off we went to find Harold's Folly, a small cave. We found it and inspected the entrance, but since we didn't have lights along and the cave was not worth the effort of getting lights from camp, we let it go at that.

When all persons were gathered, we broke camp and headed for Sneeds, Florida, where we had heard rumor of some caves. Eventually, we located three, although they sure were miniatures! One was of interest, though, for the big wad of bats in it. One could see many winged creatures in one's beam, which with proper photo equipment might make a neat picture. The sound of bats was interesting, also. There was the usual squeak, but in addition was a droning hum of many wings, which was a feeling as much as it was a sound -- a sort of pressure on one's ears.

Walking back to the car, a few of us thought we'd take a short cut. We did, but it turned out to be a long cut.

Usens went on to Tallahassee to eat. The older FSSers among us had a place we always stopped to eat. It wasn't fancy, but had good food at low prices. However, across the way was a drive-in which featured what appeared to be luscious dolls in cow-girl outfits, so while three of us went to ye olde standby, the others went zipping across the street. We had just put in our orders when then returned. It seems that with closer viewing, the girls were not so remarkable. In addition, they heard one waitress get an order all fouled up for the car next to them, and finally, the girl who came to wait on them had a tatoo on her arm -- so they only ordered cokes and then came over to join us.

After eating a good meal, Ed, Dick, and Harry left for their homes. The rest of us went on to Gainesville. We arrived at the shacks at about 10 p.m., tired but happy at the end of another caving weekend.

MANUSCRIPTS SOLICITED FOR THE SPELEOLOGIST

Here is an invitation for all of you speleo-authors. Your editor is looking for manuscripts for coming issues of the Florida Speleologist. We will accept articles on any branch of caving; exploration, techniques, humor, or whatnot. This is your publication, so here is your opportunity to help it along to a place of prominence in speleoliterature.

The editor will accept any manuscripts, whether typed or handwritten, but would prefer to have manuscripts follow the set of standards listed below.

1. Manuscripts should be typed 65 spaces to a line and 55 lines to a page.
 2. All paragraphs should be indented five spaces.
 3. Only one space should be skipped between sentences.
 4. Typed material should always be single spaced.
 5. Manuscripts should be checked for errors before being handed into the editor. The editor will proofread the article, but your proofreading will be a double check against errors in the final copy.
 6. Any diagrams, maps, or artwork used in conjunction with an article should be placed on separate sheets of paper from the rest.
- The authors who follow these rules will make our job a whole lot easier and will help us to serve you with top rate speleomag.

Nilikuwa na grunchu moja, lakini mbilingani lili huka...

Contrary to unpopular opinion, God's surname is Damn.

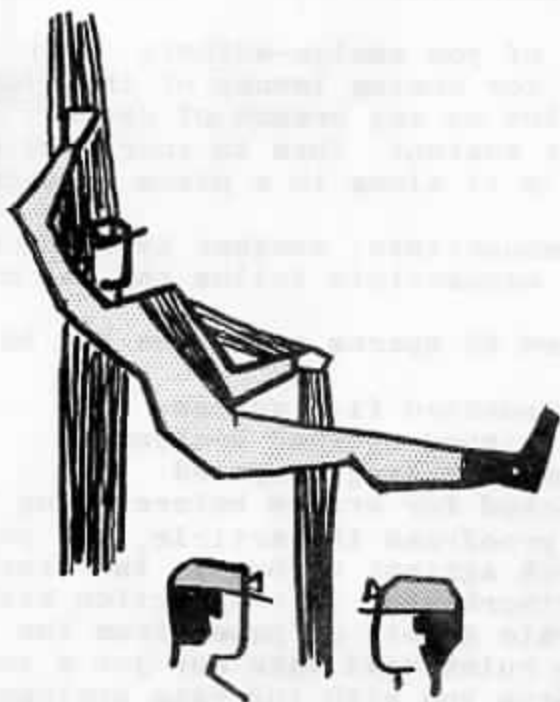
CAVER



Sans tête



Meanwhile,
back in
the womb...



What did you say that new
girl's name is?



TOONS



Who in hell stole my key?



I wondered why they called it Amontillado.

This is the last time we have Linda's spaghetti on a caving trip.



I'd like to speak to the editor.

4#

SEEING THE U.S.A. WITH CAMERA AND CARBIDE LIGHT

OR: ADVENTURES WITH THE AMERICAN UNDERGROUND

BY YOUR INTREPID EDITOR (WHO ELSE?)

Once the traveling bug hits you, you've got it bad. I had been taking caves for some time, but I thought I could control the habit and stick to low potency local stuff. Then came that fateful day in June of 1960.

It started out innocently enough, I had a ride to Pensacola with Jeff Colehour. Once there I spent the night at Doc Jackson's Home for Wayward Cavers. The following morning I tossed my camera, hardhat, and sleeping bag into the back of Doc's International, and before I knew it I was heading cross-country along with Doc, his frau, and their four kids. The plan was to drop the children off with their grandparents in Oklahoma and then make the scene at the NSS convention at Carlsbad, New Mexico. With the junior Jacksons stowed according to SOP, we hit the road and ended up in Carlsbad early the Sunday evening before the Convention.

After a bit of searching, we found the campgrounds. When we arrived we found that we were the third carload to arrive and that we could have our choice of camping spots. We really didn't need to make a choice since they were all good. The campgrounds was the town's junior high school and the whole place was open and at the disposal of caving types. We had the audio-visual room for slide shows, electricity for lighting, hot water for showers, and the gym to sleep in if we wanted. For the latter I was extremely grateful a few nights hence.

I was left to set up camp while Doc and Darlis headed on to his sister's house in nearby Artesia. Once there they were drowned out by the first of a series of violent thunderstorms which were to hit during the week.

In the morning I am asked if I want to go caving. Neat! Where? Cottonwood. Neater still! Therefore two carloads of us take off to Lincoln National Forest and Cottonwood Cave. Halfway there the Valiant starts bottoming on the road and has to turn back. Undaunted, continue in the Chevy. A few miles further it burns out the clutch and we get out and start walking. Five miles later we get to the cave and find that it was definitely worth the hike. Ye gads, I think, and this is supposed to be one of the area's smaller caves. What is Carlsbad going to be like?

After puttering around in the cave a while, we hiked back to the car, found we could get it going, and so migrated back to camp. At the campgrounds I found Doc and a clot of his old Corpus bunch, led by Slim Spurling, the world's best pancake maker. With this jolly crew we brewed a common FSS, Corpus, Southern Colorado camp.

Meanwhile back at the caves, I was hitting Sitting Bull Falls, Black Cave, and others and was looking for still others. By this time, about 450 people had gathered and the Convention was about to begin, so I got out my trusty camera and started recording the event for posterity.

The first event of the convention was a demonstration of rope techniques put on by the Texans. This was followed by some of the

sessions of the convention.

Thursday evening we hit the big one for the first time. Our trip was along the regular commercial route, but just that was impressive in itself. The main thing about the whole place is its tremendous size. This is one cave my 6'4" frame is not cramped in. The formations are not very beautiful, practically any of our Marianna area caves can exhibit better looking formations. Almost all of Carlsbad's formations are dead and colourless. There are a few exceptions to this, but those are mainly in the undeveloped portions. The thing you notice at Carlsbad is the tremendous size which is so overpowering that within a few hours you find yourself not bothering to even look at the speleothems you are passing.

Friday night we returned to the Caverns, this time to take tours through the undeveloped portions of the cave. The group was split into five portions in order to facilitate the tours. I selected the one which went through the Mystery and New Mexico rooms, which are supposedly the best photogenically. So, Doc and I took pictures and more pictures. The Mystery Room turned out to be a somewhat dark, mysterious room filled with weird formations and bat bones. The New Mexico Room turned out to be something totally different. In it the walls were studded with aragonite crystals and festooned with six foot soda straws. I broke out my magnesium ribbon and flashbulbs and proceeded to go insane. The New Mexico Room proved to be the most beautiful area I saw on the whole trip.

Saturday, we recuperated from Carlsbad and then descended like locusts on the annual NSS Banquet.

Thus fortified, we tackled New Cave the following morning. New Cave is a large cave on the park grounds and is chiefly known for having the largest formation in the world. It proved to be quite an interesting cave and a fitting climax to a week of caving.

The convention over, Doc, Darlis, and I headed back to Oklahoma, making numerous stops along the way to explore several new caves in New Mexico and Oklahoma. Once in Oklahoma I bid farewell to the Jacksons who were going to stay the rest of his leave, put on some hiking boots, oiled up my thumb and headed off into the rising sun.

Back in Florida, I spent my time editing my 250 slides of Carlsbad and running back and forth between Tampa and Gainesville, getting several caving trips in in the meantime.

Come September, I was getting restless again, so I joined the Gainesville contingent going to the SERA Cave Carnival. There we got in trips to Cumberland Caverns, Indian Grave Point Cave, and Overall Cave. It was there at Smithville that the FSS forever earned the title of Spelunatics.

Heading back from Tennessee the Fabulous Jakemobile developed a blown head gasket. Jake immediately tried to auction it off, but he couldn't find any takers. Since it was a holiday we couldn't find any garages open, and even if we had, we couldn't afford one anyway. So, we limped back, getting five miles to a radiator filling.

Back at last in Gainesville, I found that it was time for classes again and that since June I had become poorer by fifty dollars and richer by one summer under the earth.

For true-life caving adventures, read Cave Carson comic books.

DER PEOPLE LIST

Editor's Note: The following is a list of the membership of the Florida Speleological Society for the first semester 1960-1961. Addresses are shown following the names. Where two addresses are shown the second is a mailing address. Cities other than Gainesville are noted, otherwise all addresses are Gainesville, Florida.

Arnold, James H. (Jim), 3068 Hume Hall, Box 7208
Barker, David W., 567 Murphree Hall, General Delivery
Birdsall, Walter Edward, 904 South Hall, Box 5314
Bishop, Richard C., Melrose, Florida
Booth, David Henry, 1625 NW 3rd Ave.
Breda, Constance Ann, 28 Mallory Hall, Box 4030
Brockett, Jan, 12 NE 4th St.
Cabbe, Jon Alfred, 906 South Hall, Box 3406
Catala, Humberto Napoleon, 102 NW 3rd St.
Colehour, Jeffrey Lower, 1639 NW 1st Ave.
Cook, William Andrew, 566 North Hall, Box 5163
Desautels, David Armand, 307 SE 4th Ave.
Dicey, Judith Diana, 268 Reid Hall, Box 4280
Etters, Alberta Ethel, 1918 NW 1st Ave.
Fisher, Werner, 30 Buckman Hall, Gainesville, Box 658, Ocala
Grunicke, Annemarie Helene, Broward Hall, Box 6456
Hardman, Sybil Pearl, 1426 W. University Ave.
Harkness, Vernal Alida, Jacksonville
Harris, Suzanne L., Holiday Inn Motel
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Herbert, Ray, 306-G 16th St.
Higgins, Alton Neil, O'Neal's Mobile Home Court, Route 2, Box 214
Hippenmeier, Louis Anthony, 638 Tolbert Hall, Box 3211
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Horrell, Robert W., 14 Dorm R, General Delivery
Jackson, Darlis V., 502 N. Border St., Lot #4, Pensacola
Jackson, Harvey R., 502 N. Border St., Lot #4, Pensacola
Jackson, Rosalynd Frances, 21 Mallory Hall, Box 4023
Jarvinen, Jack J., 966 Weaver Hall, Box 5380
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Johnson, Johnny, 822 NW 13th Ave.
Johnson, Oliver Preston (Bud), 1103 SW 2nd Ave.
Kappeler, Ed C., 518 Murphree Hall, General Delivery
Kendzior, Richard Anthony (Tony), 1103 SW 2nd Ave.
Kessler, Arlene Joy, Mallory Hall, Box 4006
Longwell, John DeForest, Jr., 1624 NW 2nd Ave.
Lord, Linz A., 441 Murphree Hall, Box 3382
Lucas, Barbara Louise, 1621 NW 3rd Place
Mellichamp, Budd, 1 Dorm N, Box 2627
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Murphy, Pat Henry, 2005 Hume Hall, Box 7072
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Perrine, Robert E., U.S. Army

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Plum, Alan, 2023 Hume Hall, Box 7082
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Smith, Robert A., 1119 SW 4th Ave., Box 3335
Sunderman, Charles Antrim, 1224 SW 1st Ave.
Stibick, Jeff Nelson Lee
Swain, Michael Mathew, 12 Dorm N, General Delivery
Walton, Eric Lee, 109 Sledd Hall, Box 2272
Warner, Wilda Lois, 1202 SW 1st Ave.
Warren, Richard Dean, 310 NW 13th Ave.
Weiss, Jules, 553 Murphree Hall, General Delivery
Williams, Jack, 540 NE 9th St.
Wolcott, John, 1639 NW 1st Ave.

Note: This list contains only the names and addresses of regular members. To obtain the address of any out-of-town member or any subscriber, see the treasurer. The names of several persons have been excluded because they haven't yet paid their dues for the semester. Please contact the treasurer and do so as soon as possible.

DEFINITIONS

Atlanta -- Ground zero when Terra receives the Divine enema.
Repel -- Not-so-free fall.
Stalagmite -- Fallen stalactite.
Virgin -- Unpenetrated cave.
Society -- A moribund confederation.
Cave Gas -- The product of leguminous ingestion.
Foot-in-mouth disease -- The Georgia Spelunker.
Anthropology -- (1) Alberta's vocation; (2) Wilda's avocation.
Chaste -- Spring Diver.
Hari kiri -- Monster Stew with chopsticks.
Infanticide -- Assassination of a Spanish Prince.
Parthogenesis -- Oh, yeah?

QUIZ FOR SPELEOBIOLOGISTS

If you cross two homozygous troglodytes and the F_1 are all grunch, what will the F_2 be" (Answer appears in next issue.)

Thought for the day: Dans la nuit les grottes sont grises.

Elfu na moju, elfu na mbili, elfu na tatu....

SPELEOLOGIST

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