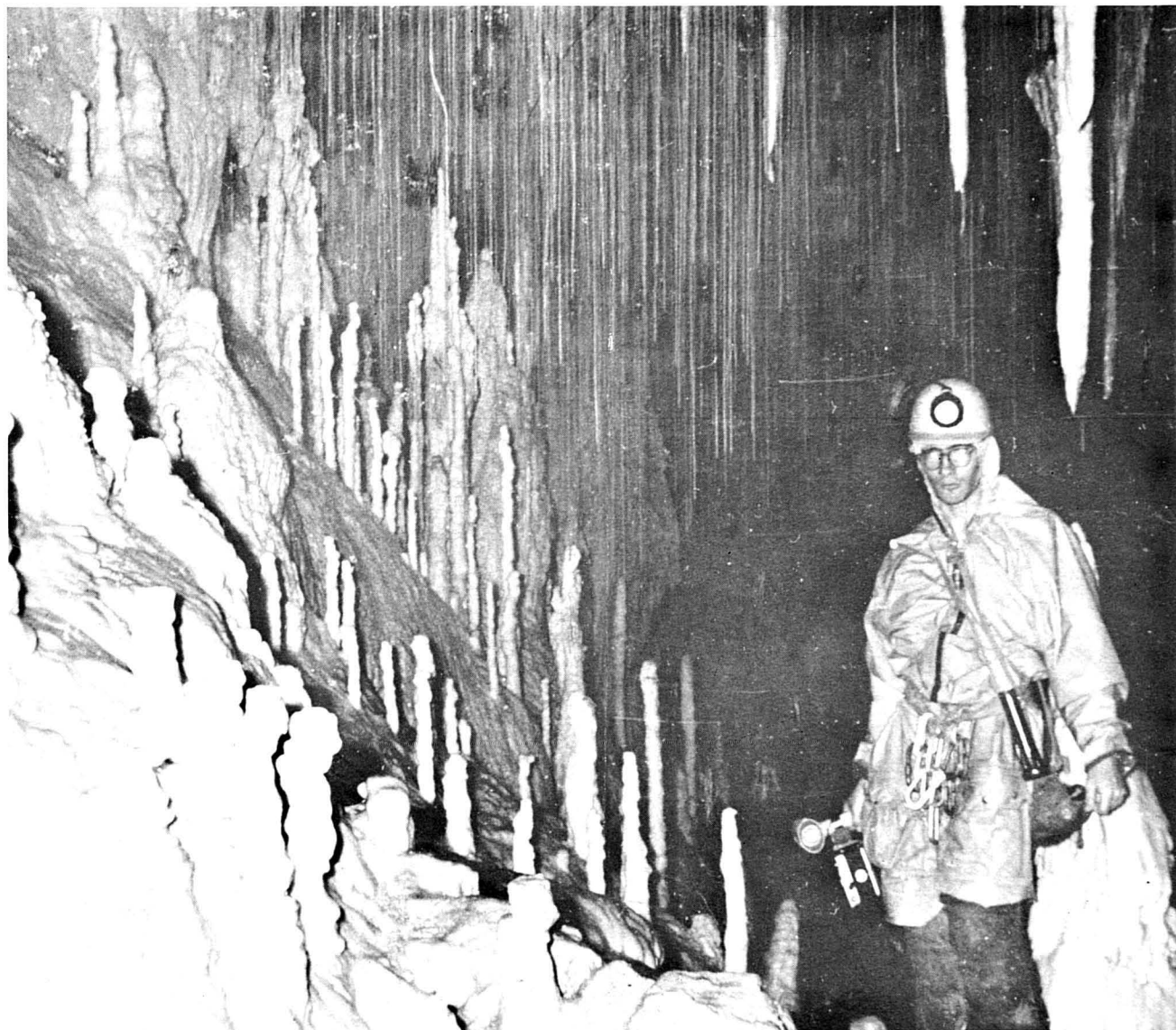


NSS NEWS

MARCH, 1965
Vol. 23, No. 3

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



COVER -- Seven-foot soda straws 2130 feet below the surface! This month's cover shows Charles Pease on a trip that he and Wilton Jones took to Gouffre Berger, France, last summer. A full account of their trip is found in this issue of the *NEWS*.

-- photo by Wilton H. Jones

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TECHNIQUES BOOK PLANNED

We call your attention to the fact that J. Welborn Storey, with the cooperation of the Dogwood City Grotto and several hundred NSS members, is in the advanced stages of preparing the book *AMERICAN CAVING ILLUSTRATED*. This book, some three hundred pages long with hardback cover, deals with the recreational and practical aspects of caving and will contain sections on: Rough Camping, Mountain Climbing, Conservation, NSS Organization, Search and Rescue Methods, First Aid, Food, Cave Diving, Humor and many others, all with illustrations.

AMERICAN CAVING ILLUSTRATED is designed to fill the need for a "caver's bible" and become a detailed guide to practical caving for beginners and advanced cavers alike. But to assure our staff that no stone has been left unturned in the search for nationwide application, we request everyone interested in caving to submit advanced ideas, methods, drawings, and especially B&W prints which will insure a more complete representation.

Credits will be given for contributions accepted and used. Our staff reserves the right to edit when necessary and unless requested, material will not be returned.

We would appreciate advanced comments and feelings to help us produce the desired book. The usual review after printing is regrettably too late for changing the format.

The *deadline* for receiving material is May 15, 1965. It should be sent to: J. Welborn Storey
1517 Sagsmore Drive, N.E.
Atlanta, Georgia 30329

COMING EVENTS

Southwestern Regional Meeting March 13-14
NSS Board Meeting (Cincinnati) April 10
Deadline for Research Grant
Applications April 15
NSS Convention (Bloomington) June 12-20

NSS NEWS

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Associated with the American Association for the
Advancement of Science

EDITOR: Jack A. Stellmack
P. O. Box 649, State College, Penna.

ADVERTISING MGR: Addison Austin
51 West Ave., South Norwalk, Conn.

Deadline for material to be printed in the *NEWS* is the
first of the month preceding the month of issue.

NOTES AND NEWS

- ▲ The Society now has a separate telephone listing both in the Washington, D.C., and Vienna, Va., directories. The phone number is: 703-385-6666.
- ▲ Anyone possessing a good bibliography of **caving safety and accident articles** is urged to send a copy to the Chairman of the Techniques and Safety Committee for editing and subsequent availability to the membership.

-- Marlin S. Werner
2112 Iuka Avenue
Columbus, Ohio 43201

Addison Austin, Advertising Manager for the *NSS NEWS* for almost four years now, would like to step down from this job shortly. Anyone interested in taking over this not too demanding but important position should contact him directly for details. Address above.

The *NSS NEWS* is published monthly by the National Speleological Society at 2318 N. Kenmore Street, Arlington 1, Virginia. Entered as second class postage Vienna, Virginia. Subscription rate: \$5.00 per year. Single copies, both current and back issues, when available, may be purchased from the NSS Office for \$0.20 (members), \$0.50 (non-members).

Claims for missing numbers will not be allowed if received more than 60 days from date of mailing plus time normally required for postal delivery of publication and claim. **Note:** No claims allowed or publications forwarded because of failure to notify the NSS Office Secretary of a change of address.

Deadline is the first of the month preceding the month of issue. Send material to be published in the *NSS NEWS* to the Editor.

Advertising rates on request from the Advertising Manager. Reductions are available for members. **Classified ads** are for the sole use of members to sell personal items, locate wanted articles, or state personal notes. Not for general commercial use. Rates \$1.00 for the first 12 words, \$0.05

per word thereafter. Minimum \$1.00.

Other publication of the Society: *BULLETIN* of the National Speleological Society, published twice yearly. Subscription rate: \$4.00 per year. Editor: Jerry D. Vineyard, Missouri Geological Survey and Water Resources, Box 250, Rolla, Missouri.

The **ADDRESS** of the NSS is 2318 North Kenmore Street, Arlington 1, Virginia. Inquiries concerning memberships and purchase requests for all Society publications should be sent to this address, directed to the Office Secretary.

The address of the **LIBRARY** of the NSS is 1251 North Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh 6, Pennsylvania. Gifts to the Library, grotto publications, and foreign publications being sent for exchange purposes should be directed to this address. Out-of-town visitors are welcomed but arrangements prior to arrival should be made with the Librarian.

PRESIDENT of the NSS is GEORGE W. MOORE, United States Geological Survey, Menlo Park, California.

ARE "SAFETY RULES" UNDESIRABLE?

George Moore's editorial in the November *NEWS* on "Caving Safety Today" seems to me dangerously erroneous. Regardless of what he says, only by constant remembrance that caving is inherently hazardous have NSS members amassed our remarkable safety record.

It is *not* "entirely safe for a competent speleologist to cave alone". Most of us have done it, but we all knew darn well how dangerous it was, and behaved accordingly. Maybe George has never had two light sources fail, but I have, and so did the entire party that had to be rescued from Sullivan Cave, Indiana - and plenty of others, too.

Sounds to me like we'd better get the Safety Committee reorganized before it's too late. Increasing competence is fine for the competent, but few of us are that good.

-- Bill Halliday
Seattle, Washington

Perhaps George Moore went caving without his hard hat and bumped his head.

-- Willard V. York
Chairman - Cascade Grotto

(Ed. Note: Above letter cut - drastically.)

From articles recently published, I receive the curious impression that the formulation of definite rules for good caving practice is coming to be thought of as naive, or as some sort of insult to intelligence and freedom. I am puzzled by some of George Moore's comments on cave safety (President's Column, *NSS NEWS*, Nov. 1964), and by Bill Plummer's very similar remarks (*Baltimore Grotto News*, June 1964) in criticism of the treatment of safety rules in the recent *National Geographic* article. I would be the last to urge rigid and arbitrary enforcement of rules on anyone, but I think most people regard rules as guidelines, not laws; and that they can be quite useful as such. If unaided novices are expected to foresee all possible dangers and prepare themselves to meet them, unnecessary misjudgements are bound to result. The old rules about avoiding solitary caving and carrying three light sources are particularly well justified by common sense and experience, and should not be dismissed lightly.

Of course it is possible to explore caves alone - I have done it myself, especially when checking new holes in isolated areas to learn if they warranted getting together a party. But I certainly would not recommend this procedure to others as "entirely safe." The limitations on movement, vision and communication imposed by cave conditions require acceptance of a calculated risk much greater than that involved in solo mountain hiking. I have twice been trapped in a crawlway by breakdown collapse which would have been fatal if no one had been along to dig me out, and

have, as a result, a very personal appreciation of the virtues of companionship.

The optimum caving party varies according to conditions. For exploring a complex maze, there may be distinct advantages in a group of seven or eight; or if speed is exceptionally important, two may be best. But it is obvious that if someone should be seriously injured, it may be vital that a person remains with the victim while another goes for help. Thus, for average exploration, if safety is a prime consideration, the optimum party should be three or even four, not two.

Carrying only two light sources rather than three per person also implies acceptance of a calculated risk which is greatest among small parties. There is at least one published account of the simultaneous failure of nearly all lights in a fair-sized party (*NSS Bulletin*, No. 9, 1947, p. 68); such incidents, though rare, can happen. Surely it is good insurance for a caver to provide himself as a matter of course with three reliable light sources of different types, if only to allow for the occasional necessity of helping out others who neglect to "follow the rule."

As for belaying, it is quite true, as Plummer has said, that experienced vertical cavers who know what they are doing may have valid reasons for declining a belay. But others point out that - however exasperating belays may be at times - there seems to be no record that anyone has been killed as a result of using one, whereas there have been many deaths that could have been prevented by good belays.

-- Donald G. Davis
La Mirada, California

ALABAMA CAVE FOOD

In the November issue of the *NSS NEWS* you printed in your homemakers column a recipe for making a candy bar composed of chocolate, fruit and dandruff. Did you try any of this stuff before you ran the item? I made a batch and even the dog refused to eat it.

-- Harry Hart
Birdsboro, Penna.

(Ed. Note: You'd be surprised what Alabama cavers eat when they are hungry!)

JEWEL CAVE

I want to thank Jerry Forney for putting my notes on the news releases of Jewel Cave, S.D., into acceptable form for publication, but I also want to make sure NSS members are aware that none of us who have worked in Jewel make any claim that the cave may be America's longest. It's a small cave, a fantastically interesting one, but it's a three-dimensional sponge where one can get miles of survey sights in a small volume.

-- Dwight E. Deal
Albuquerque, New Mexico

* * * * *

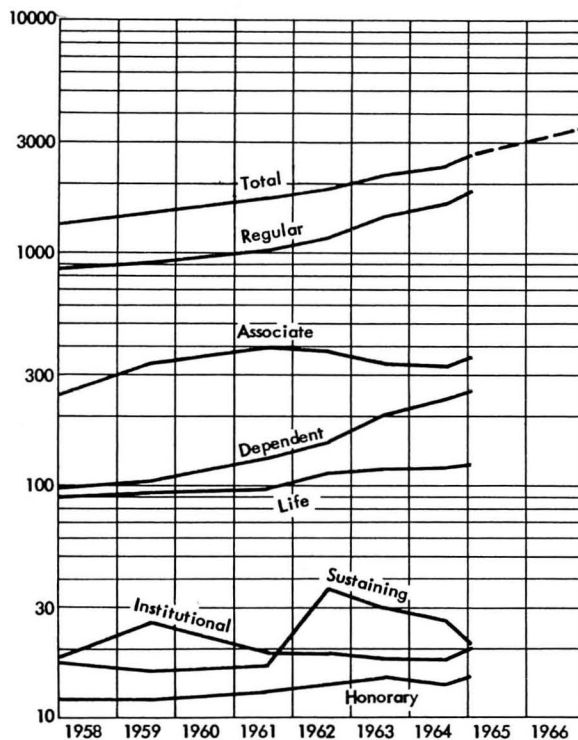
PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

MEMBERSHIP CLASSES

Again in 1964, the growth of the National Speleological Society set a record. A total of 846 new membership numbers were issued, and the net increase in membership was 340.

The accompanying chart shows the recent fluctuations of the various membership classes. In an organization where the net increase has traditionally averaged only 40 percent of the gross increase, growth is very sensitive to factors such as changes in the dues rates. Fortunately, several membership classes bear relations to one another; for example, when Associate and Sustaining memberships decline, Regular and Life memberships usually increase. Hence in recent years the total growth has been steady -- in fact it has accelerated slightly.

In 1961 both Sustaining and Life memberships rose sharply in anticipation of an increase in the Life-membership dues rate. Many of the Sustaining members in the following years transferred to Life membership causing commensurate changes in the totals. Also in 1961, more rigorous enforcement of the rule



that Associate membership is open only to students and foreign speleologists caused a decline in the Associate class from which we are only now recovering. Again, this decline in Associate members was largely compensated for by an increase in Regular members.

On January 20, 1965, the total membership in all classes equaled 2637. In addition to these members, we had 73 subscribers and were exchanging publications with 84 organizations, chiefly foreign. By November of this year, we may have 3000 active members, and by 1974 the active group could total 10,000.

George W. Moore

Caves of Virginia

Now Available

1790 caves • 69 cave maps • 54 pictures
 112 quadrangle reproductions with limestone
 and caves indicated • Bibliographical
 references 1782-1960 • Articles on
 Geology, Biology, Saltpeter Caves, and
 Cave Conservation. \$7.50 Postpaid
 Mail checks to:

VIRGINIA CAVE SURVEY
 626 S. Washington St.
 Falls Church, Virginia

P. R. EXPEDITION POSTPONED

The Rio Camuy, Puerto Rico Expedition scheduled for February, 1965, has been postponed until the dry season, 1966. The 1965 Expedition was planned with very limited preparation time because it was felt that this virgin cave should be studied before the opportunity was lost due to lack of protection. However, the Puerto Rican Government has agreed to provide protection of the area by zoning and purchase of certain properties, and so the pressure for a hasty study has been relieved.

Present plans are for an expedition to be made January-February, 1966. All applicants for the 1965 expedition have been notified of the delay and will be notified of future plans.

A reconnaissance trip to the cave was made in December, 1964, to add to the biological study of the area. Brother G. Nicholas and two biology students started an ecological study in the area.

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George W. Moore

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY PRE-REGISTRATION -- 1965 CONVENTION June 12-20, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

NAME: _____ N.S.S. # _____ AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____
(Street) (City) (State)

*REGISTRATION: Society Member & Family, @ \$2.50 ----- \$ _____
Non-Society Member, @ \$3.00 ----- \$ _____
Children (Under 12), @ \$0.50 ----- \$ _____

LODGING: Indiana University Residence Halls (Double Room-Twin Beds).
Over 18 Years of Age: \$3.00/person/day for _____ days ----- \$ _____
18 and Under: \$1.50/person/day for _____ days ----- \$ _____

Note: Those staying in the Residence Halls must sign for the Meals starting Wednesday breakfast.

**MEALS: 10 Meals for \$9.00 (Meals start Wednesday breakfast, end Saturday lunch). ----- \$ _____
CAMPING: \$0.25/person/day for _____ days (Campers may sign for meals if they wish) ----- \$ _____
OX ROAST: Wednesday night, \$1.75 ----- \$ _____
BANQUET: Saturday night, \$2.75 ----- \$ _____

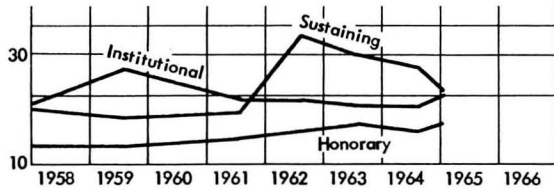
Total amount enclosed \$ _____

ARRIVAL DATE: _____ DEPARTURE DATE: _____

Please send completed form and payment by June 1st to: Roberta S. Rea
4823 Central Avenue
Indianapolis, Ind. 46205

If confirmation is desired, please enclose stamped return envelope.

*Registration fees will be increased \$0.50 after June 1st.
**Meals can be prorated for those arriving after Wednesday.



January-February, 1966. All applicants for the 1965 expedition have been notified of the delay and will be notified of future plans.

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1965 CONVENTION FIELD TRIPS

With June 12th approaching rapidly, it's time NSS members started making final plans to attend the 1965 Convention at Bloomington, Indiana. As usual, one of the main events will be the pre-convention cave exploration, scheduled to begin on Sunday, June 13th.

The Bloomington area boasts of over 200 caves within 25 miles of Convention Headquarters, 11 of which will be host to scheduled guided tours during the Convention.

All Bloomington area caves are formed in massive Mississippian Age limestone, famous the world over

Gory Hole - 8 miles SW of Bedford. A "must" for vertical cavers. A small sinkhole entrance drops into a 140-foot pit.

Salamander - 7 miles west of Bloomington. A very worthwhile cave everyone must see. It's only a half-mile long, but it is relatively dry and has some very spectacular helictites and other speleothems along with several thousand feet of "bicycle" passage.

Salt Creek - 1 mile west of Bedford. Very wet and hard to get into. Once in, though, it is an easy cave to explore and photograph.

NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

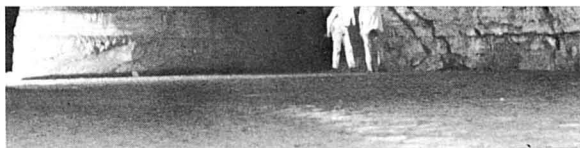
1965 CONVENTION

PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

June 12-20, 1965

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana



Passage in Salamander Cave. Photo by R. L. Powell.

NOTE: Registration Form Addendum

Meal charge for children 2 through 6 will cost half price (\$4.50) for the 10 meals. Refunds will be made at the Registration Desk to those who have already paid the overcharge.

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The caves included in the schedule of guided trips should appeal to the whims of the armchair speleologist as well as to the hardened troglodyte. A large portion of the trips are to picturesque caves, and photographic trips will be taken to those caves worthy of exceptional pictures.

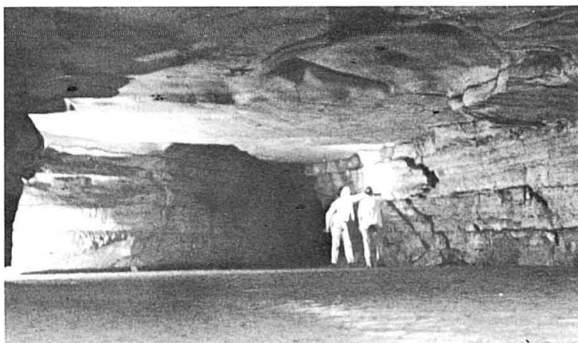
A definite day-by-day schedule has not yet been announced, but the following list contains those caves to be revisited "officially" by the NSS during the convention:

Buckner's - 8 miles west of Bloomington. A relatively rugged cave over one mile in length containing crawlways, large rooms, and some speleothems. Definitely worth the trip.

Buddha - 7 miles SE of Bedford. This cave is a photographer's paradise, but is very wet in some places so come prepared.

Coon's - 7 miles west of Bloomington. Entrance is gained through a 30-foot-pit natural karst window. This is a very dusty cave with some beautiful maze passageways.

Eller's - 6 miles west of Bloomington. An "fun" cave consisting of interesting passageways and several spectacular waterfalls. This cave can be wet but it is worthwhile to visit.



Passage in Salamander Cave. Photo by R. L. Powell.

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Salt Creek - 1 mile west of Bedford. Very wet and hard to get into. Once in, though, it is an easy cave to explore and photograph.

Shaft - 7 miles west of Bloomington. Entrance is a vertical dome-pit 86 feet deep. Once down, a very wet crawlway leads to a large room with several spectacular speleothems.

Shiloh - 7 miles NW of Bedford. A very beautiful cave. The main passage extends along a stream, and several sidepassages lead off, one of which reportedly collects gas and is off limits to cavers.

Sullivan - 2 miles west of Oolitic. A "must" for every convention-goer. This cave is probably the largest uncommercial cave in Indiana. The cave contains some of the largest passageways to be found anywhere. It also abounds in speleothems and large stream passages. The cave is probably best known for its "mountain room". It is definitely an all-day trip.

Wayne - 7 miles west of Bloomington. Saving the best for last. A real treat is in store for those brave enough to traverse the 1,054 feet of hands-knees-stomach crawlway (hailed to be the roughest in Indiana). The crawlway leads to over three miles of stream passage interspersed with several side passages containing almost every speleothem known. A camera is a must, but pack it in a shock-proof, waterproof container. This is a minimum 12-hour trip.

This concludes the list of scheduled cave trips which will be conducted "officially" during the convention. There will undoubtedly be several other trips leaving from Convention Headquarters daily, led by qualified personnel. The 1965 NSS Guidebook will list several other interesting and worthwhile caves -- one of which will be just right to squeeze in between that last meeting and supper. But, above all, be sure to send your pre-registration form in right away to get the first choice of accommodations! See you in Bloomington this year!

NOTE: Registration Form Addendum

Meal charge for children 2 through 6 will cost half price (\$4.50) for the 10 meals. Refunds will be made at the Registration Desk to those who have already paid the overcharge.

THE 1964 AMERICAN EXPEDITION TO THE GOUFFRE BERGER

by Charles R. Pease, Jr.

Located on the Sornin Plateau in the foothills of the French alps is found one of the most promising cave regions in Europe. Here, just west of Grenoble, France, is the Gouffre Berger, which has been explored to a depth of 2785 feet (the 1963 British Expedition). The Gouffre Berger, discovered in 1953, has been the world's deepest known cave since 1954.

Shortly after the 1963 Belgium Expedition to the Gouffre Berger (see March, 1964, *NSS NEWS*) three of us began organizing an expedition to the Gouffre Berger during the summer of 1964. We knew the British were planning an August expedition and that the Belgians had one scheduled for July 15th, so we decided to arrive at the Gouffre Berger on July 1st and to be out prior to the 15th. This would be the earliest any expedition had ever entered the Berger.

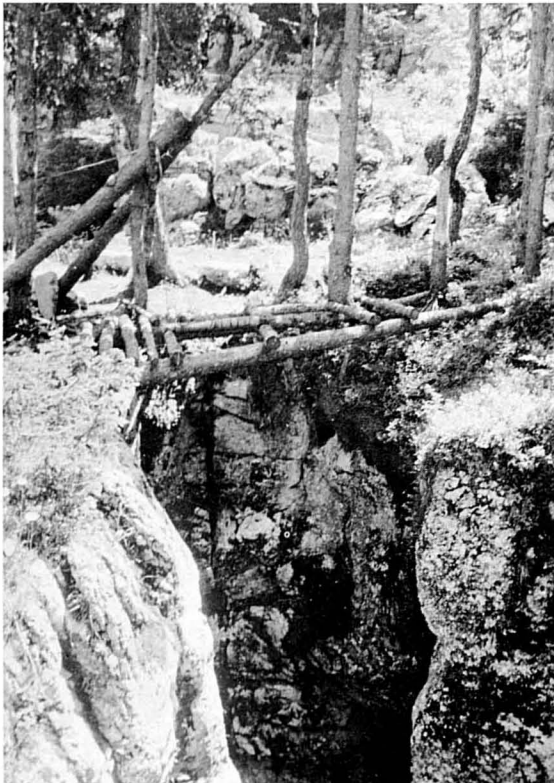
The fact that one member of our group, Etienne Lemaire, was also a member of the Belgium Expedition

enable us to plan on leaving a lot of our equipment in the cave for the Belgians to use and then bring out. Our expedition consisted of Etienne Lemaire, from Antwerp, Belgium, and Wilton H. Jones and myself, who are both presently serving with the USAF at Spangdahlem AB, Germany.

Our first and biggest problem was the weight factor. A few years ago a well equipped three man Italian team visited the Berger. They carried enough ladders and ropes to leave them in place as they went down. This amount of gear required 46 duffel bags, and by the time they had reached -2100 feet fatigue had overtaken them and they had to stop. We decided to leave single ropes in most of the pits and to leave ladders only when a rope would be impractical. We planned to rappel in and prusik out. In this manner we hoped to do the entire cave using 1,900 feet of nylon rope and 260 feet of ladder. All ropes and ladders were thoroughly tested prior to our departure from Spangdahlem AB.

We wrote to several food manufacturers before finding a solution to our next problem - that of lightweight foods. Mead Johnson Laboratories very graciously supplied us with a nutritional powdered food called Sustagen, which served as our main diet. Available in either vanilla or chocolate flavor, Sustagen is easily prepared by simply adding water to any consistency wished. The 2½ pound cans were opened by a key and although quite battered, withstood the trip in very well. The three of us ate two cans of Sustagen per day for the 8½ days we were in the cave. Compressed cereal bars, purchased from the Van Brode Milling Company, went well with the Sustagen and as snacks. Of the two types available we preferred the corn flake bar rather than the rice corn flake bar. Wyler Soups provided us with a case of eight varieties of soups. We also experimented with an item called NuV food bars. This is a two hundred calorie chocolate coated food bar slightly larger than a pack of gum and is made by Comidex Corporation. We found NuVs to be ideal for snacks or for meals where anything else would have been impractical, if not impossible, to fix. We also carried them with us at all times as an emergency ration.

Our nine duffel bags, averaging sixty pounds each, included: food for 15 days per man (plus 5 days emergency rations each), one tent, three sleeping bags and lightweight plastic air mattresses, three one man life rafts, 7 cable ladders totaling 260 feet, 25 ropes totaling 1,900 feet, two complete sets of clothes per man, one wet suit, two exposure suits, 30 three cell mercury batteries, two 35mm cameras, two electronic



Entrance to Gouffre Berger. Photo by Etienne Lemaire.

flash units, three rolls of black and white film, ten rolls of colored film, a tripod, plus personal items. The reason for two sets of caving clothes was that in the Berger it is virtually impossible to stay dry once you get below 2100 feet; therefore, we left a set of dry clothes at our second camp at -1625 feet. The wet suit was worn by Etienne, while Will and I wore the exposure suits.

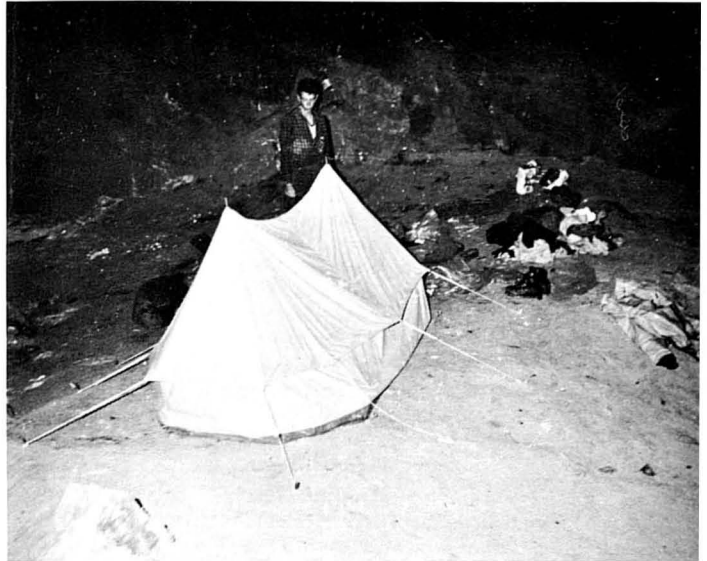
For lighting we used three 'D' size mercury cells wired in series to give four volts. Our headlamps contained two bulbs of different wattage. Using only the brightest light each battery pack lasted about 15 hours, while with the dimmer light the batteries were good for 25 hours. This system of lighting proved very successful. We also carried carbide lamps and mercury celled flashlights as a reserve source of lighting.

On July 1st, after months of preparation, we finally overloaded my station wagon and headed for France. Thirteen hours and 430 miles later we arrived at the Gouffre Berger camp ground. The next day was spent moving our mountain of equipment the two miles from the camp ground to the cave's entrance. Besides the nine bags bound for the cave there was gear for a surface camp.

Ten-thirty the morning of the 3rd we started down the one hundred foot entrance pit. This shaft normally has several feet of snow at the bottom, but this year we were pleasantly surprised to find none. Our usual method of tackling each pit was for two men to rappel down first and then the remaining man would lower the gear. For rappelling we used the Pierre Allain descenders and they worked excellently everywhere except one pit, where a large rope was used and a body rappel was necessary. We used a carabiner, along with the descendeurs, as a safety. It was fifteen hours later when we reached the main cave, at -820 feet, and set up Camp I at the start of Petzl Gallery.

After a good meal and some sleep, we broke camp, leaving only a little food for the return trip. Camp II was established at -1625 feet in Germain Hall. There was a little edible food left from previous expeditions and an old tent left by the British in 1963. Here, where we spent our second night in the cave, we left the majority of our food, a set of dry clothes apiece, and anything else that we thought we could get by without taking lower. After shooting a couple of rolls of film, we moved on down to the cloakroom. Here, at -2100 feet, is where the river enters a narrow cleft and the use of rafts becomes mandatory. As the name implies, we paused to get more properly dressed; Etienne putting on his wet suit under his coveralls, while Will and I donned our surplus exposure suits over our clothes. Inflating our three rafts we then started our wet battle with the river. We were now down to six duffel bags, but moving slower because of

(continued on next page)



Above: Wilton Jones and the tent at Camp III, -2755 feet. Photo by Etienne Lemaire.

Below: Typical passage below 2100 feet. Etienne Lemaire in 38°F water. Photo by Wilton H. Jones.

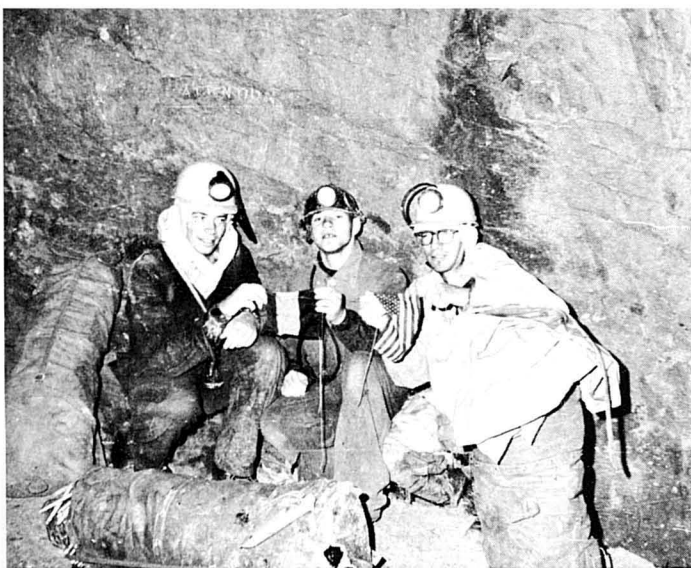


the river and the need to use rafts. Passing our turn around point of 1963, we soon reached the next major obstacle, Claudine's Cascade. This 50 foot cascade is an unusual pit in that a steel mast must be tied in place to hold the ladder out of the waterfall. It took us four hours to get down Claudine's.

Our third and final camp was at -2755 feet in Eymas Hall. Twelve hours of sleep here and we were ready to continue down. Eleven hours of caving and we had reached approximately -3100 feet. This section included one point where another steel mast, this one longer than the one used at Claudine's, was required. Here two waterfalls meet halfway down and a deep lake is at the bottom. Part of this mast was missing and we spent five hours getting by here. At -3100 feet we were at the top of a 90 foot pit with only 150 feet of ladder plus 200 feet of rope left. We would have had to leave ladder here as the river and top of the pit made it impossible to leave just rope. This would have left us without enough ladder for Hurricane shaft, a dangerously wet and windy 165 foot shaft near the furthest reached point of the cave. Fatigue was also beginning to show and we still had the trip out by prusik ahead of us so we decided to halt here. We added our names to those of the British and French on the wall at this point and began our long trip back to the surface.

In four hours we were back at Camp III. Going up the pits we had one man, usually Will, first prusik up using a pair of special prusik units and then he would pull up a string of ladders and a second man would be

The team at Camp III. Left to right are Wilton Jones, Etienne Lemaire, and Charles Pease.



belayed up the ladders. The first man up used a prusik belay. The bags of equipment went next, and then the last man. Almost all of our ropes and any food that we didn't use were left in the cave for the Belgians. Eleven hours after breaking Camp III we reached Camp II. Here we changed to dry clothes, had two good meals, and after ten hours of sleep decided to try and make the surface without camping at -820 feet as we had on the way in. It had been raining and the water was noticeably higher. Lake Cadoux, a dry lake we passed coming down, was now full and required the use of the rafts.

It was 2:30 a.m., Sunday, July 12th, when we finally reached our surface camp. From Camp II at -1625 feet, it took 32 hours to reach the surface. Although we spent 208 hours in the cave we camped only five times. This was due to the odd hours and often long caving periods. Our method of lighting and our foods proved to be exceptionally good. Clothing was satisfactory, but we were still cold when we were standing around in wet clothes. Even Etienne's wet suit was warm only as long as he was active and moving around. A better solution is still needed here. The best way, of course, would be some method to stay completely dry.

During the latter part of July, a 25 man Belgium Expedition was at the Gouffre Berger. They had several supply problems and succeeded in getting three men down to -2755 feet while the rest of the team stopped at -2100 feet. A 12 man British Expedition tried their luck in August, but bad weather caused dangerously high water in several spots and, like us, they had to call it quits before reaching the syphon at -3700 feet.

There will be an enormous French attack on the Gouffre Berger in 1965-66. They are planning to build a road, passable by at least jeep, right to the entrance. Most equipment used in the 1965 expedition will be left in the cave to be reused the following year. Maybe sometime within the next few years some expedition will succeed in solving the secrets of the Gouffre Berger and its river.

Author's Note: Etienne Lemaire, 146 Amerikalei, Antwerp, Belgium, is interested in contacting any cavers wishing to do any European caving.



Take nothing but pictures.
Leave nothing but footprints.



Seepage of water through the marble of the Lincoln Memorial has formed stone stalactites as long as seven feet in the basement of the memorial. (Newspaper filler item. Bet they're derived from the cement and not the marble. Ed.)

NSF SUPPORTS BONE DIG

NEW PARIS WORK TO BE EXPANDED

Carnegie Museum of Pittsburgh has announced that John E. Guilday, Associate Curator of Vertebrate Fossils, has received a grant from the National Science Foundation for the study of Pleistocene vertebrate fossils in Appalachian karst. Field work will be under the direction of Harold Hamilton and Allen D. McCrady, members of Pittsburgh Grotto and Carnegie's staff.

The grant not only provides for the continuation of work at the New Paris site, the subject of a recent *NSS Bulletin* article, but anticipates "search and research" in limestone areas from Pennsylvania to Georgia. The search phase of the work will involve the finding and preliminary identification of promising bone deposits. Just as the cataloguing and description of caves (state surveys) is of scientific value, the fact that species "x" is found somewhere in the Appalachians is also of definite value. This fact becomes much more valuable if it can be integrated into a large group of facts related in time and space.

To illustrate, the finding of a specimen of the arctic lemming at New Paris was important, but the fact became much more meaningful with the subsequent identification of the animal remains found with it and above it in stratigraphic sequence. Pollen analysis, carbon dating, and chemical analysis of the bones themselves completed the picture.

In the broad sense, the information derived from the New Paris dig becomes more valuable with each discovery of complementary deposits in the Appalachians. On the other hand, New Paris will provide a firm anchor in space and time upon which to base studies of older and distant deposits.

Preliminary work in several caves has already shown the desirability of the proposed broadened study. Bones found in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and Tennessee caves give tantalizing clues to changes in animal population and climate during Middle and Late Pleistocene times. To continue this work, N.S.F. funds will purchase an International Wagon, a trailer-mounted generator, a custom designed electric hoist, and other specialized equipment. The team from Pittsburgh will thus be able to get more done in less time on its week-end trips.

It is obvious that few sites will have the potential to justify the time and money spent at New Paris, perhaps for no other reason than their distance from Carnegie. But every site reported will be examined and some estimate of its value made. It is the hope of the Pittsburgh team that grottos operating in the Appalachian area will not only report any likely

find, but in proper cases lend a hand with the excavation. A promising beginning in this direction has been made by the York Grotto. With the help and advice of nearby North Museum, they have voted to make Bootlegger Sink a grotto dig.

Recently, a group of students from Shorter College (non-NSS members) have been working a fissure deposit near Rome, Georgia. Their results, according to a paleontologist from the Smithsonian, include specimens of tapir, peccary and llama.

The older deposits, which are of particular interest to this study, are rarely discovered on the surface or at the bottom of obvious pits. Rather they are found by quarrying operations (uncovering completely filled shafts from the side), or from the bottom in caves with natural entrances some distance away from the deposit.

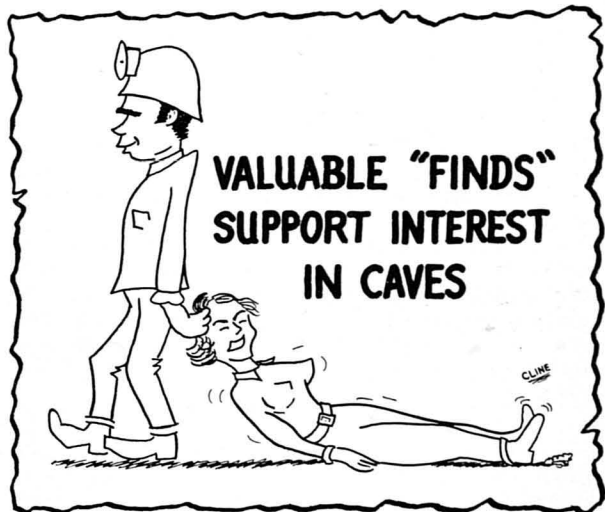
Cavers are a prime source of tips about these latter discoveries. Underground messages will be gratefully received at Carnegie Museum, Mr. John Guilday, 4400 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15123; or at 304 Ross St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15129, Allen McCrady.

Have truck, will travel!

— CLASSIFIEDS —

WANTED: Good, used Brunton Pocket Transit. Jerry Forney, 3601 Montchanin, Wilmington, Delaware 19807.

WANTED - Charles Campbell's *Bats, Mosquitoes, and Dollars*. Will Pay. Tom Meador, Route #1, Eldorado, Texas.



THE MOONSHAFT by Antonin T. Horak

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is a translation by the author from his own journal. Antonin T. Horak was a captain in the Slovak Uprising during World War II, and he tells of his discovery of a strange "moonshaft" in a cave in Czechoslovakia. Dr. Horak is a linguist who is now a U. S. Citizen living in Pueblo, Colorado, and he hopes to persuade speleologists to study his moonshaft further and to learn its true nature. The illustrations were traced from sketches that he made 20 years ago in the cave, which is located near the villages of Plavnice and Lubocna, at about 49.2° N, 20.7° E. The journal was written on the spot and starts when Dr. Horak and two of his wounded soldiers were found by a peasant and rescued from capture.

* * * * *

OCTOBER 23, 1944. Early yesterday, Sunday, October 22nd, Slavek found us in a trench and hid us in this grotto. Today at nightfall he and his daughter Hanka came with food and medicine. We had not eaten since Friday, and all we had had before, during the last two battles, was maize bread and not enough of that. Our commissary had been on its last legs anyway; the supply carriers had been dispersed by confusion and the enemy.

Saturday afternoon the remnants of our battalion (184 men and officers, a quarter wounded, 16 stretcher cases) were retreating through the snow of the north slope. My company was the rear guard. At dawn Sunday, two 70 mm guns opened up at us from close range -- about 300 meters. Having held our position for 12 hours, I ordered a gradual breakup of the skirmish and a slip-off. But in our left trench someone became careless, and that drew 2 direct hits -- shells, two wounded. Arriving there I bumped into the enemy, caught a bayonet and bullet with my left palm and a blow on my head, which put me out. Without my fur cap it might have been fractured.

I came to when someone was pulling me from the trench, a tall peasant. He packed snow on my hand and head, and grinned. Then this rough and ready Samaritan grabbed Jurek, stripped off his pants, yanked a long sliver of steel from his thigh, and planted him bare-bottomed and gasping into a heap of snow. Martin, with a slash across and into his belly was tenderly bandaged. Building a stretcher the peasant introduced himself as Slavek, a sheepman, owner of the pastures hereabouts. With Slavek hauling and guiding, it took us four hours to reach this cranny.

Slavek moved rocks in the cranny and opened a low cleft, the entrance to this roomy grotto. Placing Martin in a niche, we were astonished to see Slavek become ceremonious: he crossed himself, each of us,

the grotto, and, with a deep bow, its back wall, where a hole came to my attention.

About to leave us, Slavek went through the same holy rites, and begged me not to go further into his cave. I accompanied him to fetch pine boughs, and he told me that only once, with his father and grandfather, had he been in this cave; that it is a huge maze, full of pits which they never wanted to fathom, pockets of poisonous air, and "certainly haunted". I was back in the grotto with my men at about midnight, exhausted, head very painful, soothed it with snow. Martin was unconscious, Jurek feverish. For breakfast-lunch-dinner he and I had hot water, and, thank God, I had my pipe. I placed warm stones around Martin, and Jurek got the first watch.

Miserable night. Martin at times conscious; I gave him 3 aspirins and hot water to sip with drops of Slivovitz. Jurek hobbled hungrily around the two German helmets in which he boiled water to which I added 10 drops of Slivovitz, our breakfast. With this deluge of snow, avalanches imminent, and enemy skiers roaming, Slavek may not be able to get through to us with food for days to come. And neither should I try hunting and track up the landscape while I have two immobilized men on my hands. But here we have this cave which Slavek knows only partially; it may have more than this known entrance, and it may contain hibernating animals. These possibilities I mulled over while Jurek was chewing pine bark, and, as expected, he implored me to go poaching into Slavek's cave and promised to keep mum. And I was not only starved but equally eager to find out what makes self-assured Slavek scared enough to invoke the Deities. I started my cave tour with rifle, lantern, torches, pick. After a not too devious nor dangerous walk and some squeezings, always taking the easiest and marking side passages, I came, after about 1½ hours, into a long, level passage, and at its end upon a barrel-sized hole.

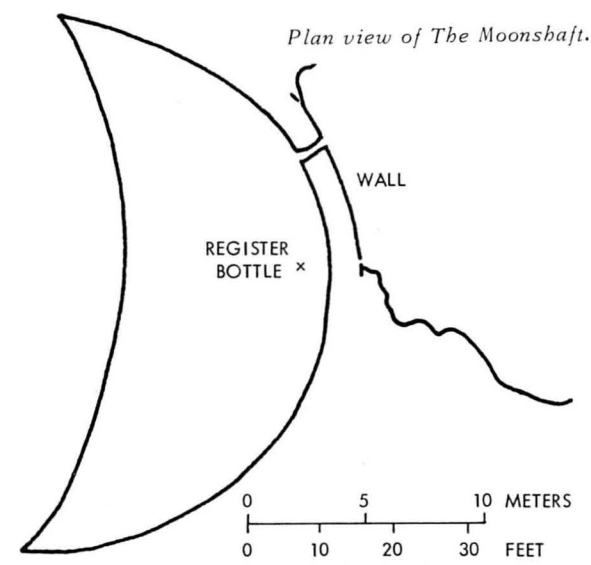
Crawling through and still kneeling, I froze in amazement -- there stands something like a large, black silo, framed in white. Regaining breath I thought that this is a bizarre, natural wall or curtain of black salt, or ice, or lava. But I became perplexed, then awestruck when I saw that it is a glass-smooth flank of a seemingly man-made structure which reaches into the rocks on all sides. Beautifully, cylindrically curved it indicates a huge body with a diameter of about 25 meters. Where this structure and the rocks meet, large stalagmites and stalactites form that glittering white frame. The wall is uniformly blue-blackish, its material seems to combine properties of steel, flint, rubber -- the pick made no marks and bounced off vigorously. Even the thought of a tower-sized artifact;

embedded in rock in the middle of an obscure mountain, in a wild region where not even legend knows about ruins, mining, industry; overgrown with age-old cave deposits, is bewildering -- the fact is appalling.

Not immediately discernible, a crack in the wall appears from below, about 20 to 25 cm wide, tapers off and disappears into the cave's ceiling, 2 to 5 cm wide. Its insides, right and left, are pitch black and have fist sized, sharp valleys and crests. The crack's bottom is a rather smooth trough of yellow limestone, and drops very steeply (about 60°) into the wall. I threw a lighted torch through; it fell and extinguished with loud cracklings and hissings as if a white hot ploughshare were dropped into a bucket.

Driven to explore, and believing me thin enough to get through this upside-down keyhole, I went in. Wriggling sideways, injured hand and head below and steeply downward, nearly standing on my head, cramped, though my right arm with the lamp could move in the extended crack above me, the crush got the better of me and I had to get out, back, quickly. And that became a struggle. When out and breath regained, I was too fascinated by the whole riddle and determined to get at it. For the day I had had enough and had to think about tactics.

I was in camp at about 4 p.m. Jurek had washed Martin, kept him between warm stones, and I gave him three aspirins and hot water with Slivovitz to sip. I explained to Jurek that the hunt in the cave requires much smoke, poles, and a rope. Thank God, Slavek and Hanka did come with provisions. When they left I accompanied them to fetch torch boughs, was back in camp at about 2 a.m., dead tired, but finally we had eaten -- Jurek too much -- and I got the 2nd watch.



OCTOBER 24, 1944. Peaceful night; Martin sipped fever-tea with honey; hope we can pull him through. Jurek's posterior is not even swollen, but my head still is. I cut our belts, braided 8 meters of solid rope. At 10 a.m. was at the wall; anchored the rope over a stick across the crack, and keeping it slung over my shoulder, forced myself again into the grim maw. Like yesterday, the lamp, this time carbide, was on a stick ahead within the jaw above. When it came through and down, it swung freely over some void into which I could not see, and there was again rushing as if from agitated waters. And, unable to turn, I feared a water-filled pit ahead and to end in it -- literally -- in a headstand.

I wriggled upward, back again; my clothes caught on the protrusions, descended on my shoulders and head, and formed a plug. The resulting struggle nearly caused me to be burned alive. When out and on my feet, I was shaking from exhaustion, and had lurid visions.

There are no loose stones about the wall, and so I hacked stalagmites into short rolls and bowled them down through the crack. They rolled on, causing enormous echoes, and knocked to a standstill, indicating a solid floor and room to turn. I launched the unlit torches after the stones, undressed, keeping the shirt only, and went after the stones and torches. Already acquainted with the meanest fangs in the crack, I came through with only a few cuts, dropped a little, rolled down an incline and was stopped by a wall which felt familiar, satiny smooth like the front wall.

My lamp was still burning next to me, but there were confusing sounds. Lighting some torches, I saw that I was in a spacious, curved, black shaft formed by cliff-like walls which intersect and form a crescent-shaped, nearly vertical tunnel, rather shaft. I cannot describe the somberness and the endless whisperings, rustlings, and roaring sounds, abnormal echoes from my breathing and movements. The floor is the incline over which I rolled in, a solid lime "pavement".

All the lights together did not reach the ceiling or where these walls end or meet. The horizontal distance between the apexes of the concave backside of the front wall and the convex back wall is about 8 meters; along the curve of the back wall is about 25 meters. To explore further I needed more light and my pick, which does not fit through the crack and must be taken apart.

I left jubilant, in a sort of enchantment mixed with determination to explore this large structure, which I believe is unique, singular.

This time with my head up, with no clothes to ensnare and burn me, I was through the crack fairly unscathed, dressed, smoked a pipe, and was underway to my men. I tried to catch some bats, but caught none. Jurek was boiling potatoes and mutton and therefore

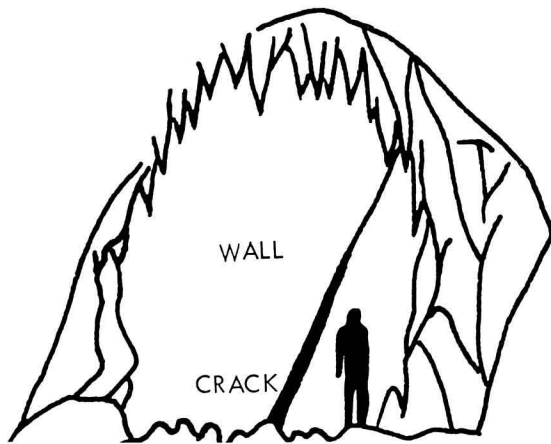
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inclined to excuse my bad huntsmanship; he even appreciated its hardships when he had to grease the scratches on my back, and mend my shirt.

Martin had a crumb of bread with honeyed fevertea. After 6 p.m. I went for a new load of torches, was back at about 10 p.m. Jurek got both watches.

OCTOBER 25, 1944. We had a good night. Martin seems to mend. Am glad that Jurek's thigh is not yet well enough for him to want to go with me poaching for bats. It is better that he knows nothing about the cave's secret.

I went directly to the wall, undressed like yesterday, smeared muttonfat over me, slid my things through the crack and went in, feet first. Extending the car-



View toward The Moonshaft showing the blue-black wall and the crack.

bide lamp upon a double pole, with four torches burning, still the upper ends of the cliffs remained in the dark. I fired two bullets up, parallel to the walls. The reports caused roars as from an express train, but no impact was visible. Then I fired a bullet on each wall, aiming some 15 meters upward from me, got large blue green sparks and such sounds that I had to hold my ears between my knees, and flames danced wildly.

Assembling the pick caused more uproars. I probed the "pavement", and started digging where the lime is thin, in the horns of the crescent. At right is dry loam; at left I came, at about half a meter, upon a pocket of enamel from the teeth of some large animal; took one canine and one molar, replaced the rest. Digging on nearby, the backwall has, at about 1½ m below the pavement, a vertical, finely fluted, undulating pattern. It seemed warmer than the smooth surface. I tried with lip and ear, and believe the impression is correct. In the middle the pavement is too thick for a trenchpick.

When the torches were extinguished, and I was in a freezing sweat, I left the "moonshaft", dressed and

went where the bats are, and bagged seven. Jurek stuffed them with bread and herbs and they became exquisite "pigeons".

Slavek and Olga, his other daughter, came about dusk with hay, straw, a sheeps fleece, more medicinal herbs -- selfheal and stoncrop -- and seeds from the Iris, an excellent coffee substitute. I accompanied him, fetched pine torches, two long poles, and was back about midnight. Martin got the last aspirins, honey-water; and Jurek both watches.

OCTOBER 26, 1944. It was a good night. I went into the moonshaft to continue experimenting. On my longest assembly of poles the carbide lamp did not light the upper end of these cliffs. I fired above the lighted areas; the bullets struck huge sparks and made deafening echos. Then horizontally at the back wall with similar effects -- sparks, roarings, no splinters, but a half-finger-long welt which gave a pungent smell. After that I continued in my digging in the left moon horn and saw that the wavy pattern extends downward; but in the right horn I found no such pattern.

I left the moonshaft to probe the front wall and its surroundings. Next to the stalactites are some enamel-like flecks which, scraped, yield a powder too fine to be collected without glue, which I will try to boil from our "pigeons's" claws. I wished to obtain a sample of the peculiar material of the walls, but even firing two bullets into the crack, upon the protrusions and hitting them, I received only ricochetts, a blast of thunder, welts, and the same pungent smell.

Returning to camp I caught some bats and we again had "pigeons". I ordered Jurek to carefully remove any trace of them, and kept the claws. The Slaveks arrived as usual at nightfall bringing this time a quarter of a deer, ½ kilogram of salt, and a tin of carbide. Jurek took both watches.

OCTOBER 27, 1944. Martin died, slept into death. Jurek knows his kin, took charge of his belongings, including his wallet with 643 crowns, watch with chain, and my certificate. Now we are free and ready to leave and rejoin our battalion which is somewhere east of Kosice. With his stick Jurek can march some 10 kilometers daily, and we have to move carefully anyway. We will start tomorrow.

At 10 a.m. I was in the cave probing passages for a way around behind the moonshaft; looked also for ice and poisonous air about which Slavek had spoken, and found none, though there may be some. Then I slipped into the moonshaft to sketch, dig, and ponder, and returned to camp at about 4 p.m. I ordered Jurek to prepare our packs, clean the weapons, boil food for seven days, and have ready what we will not need to be returned to the Slaveks. He and both girls, as if the family had sensed that Martin died, came, and we carried him into the dwarf pines to the trench where he had received his mortal wound, took turns to dig his

grave, prayed, and buried him in a blanket. Slavek is to set up a good cross next spring for which I gave him 150 crowns. Slavek briefed me as best he could about the enemy eastward from here. Jurek and I were back in our grotto at midnight, and he took both watches; he can sleep most of the day tomorrow.

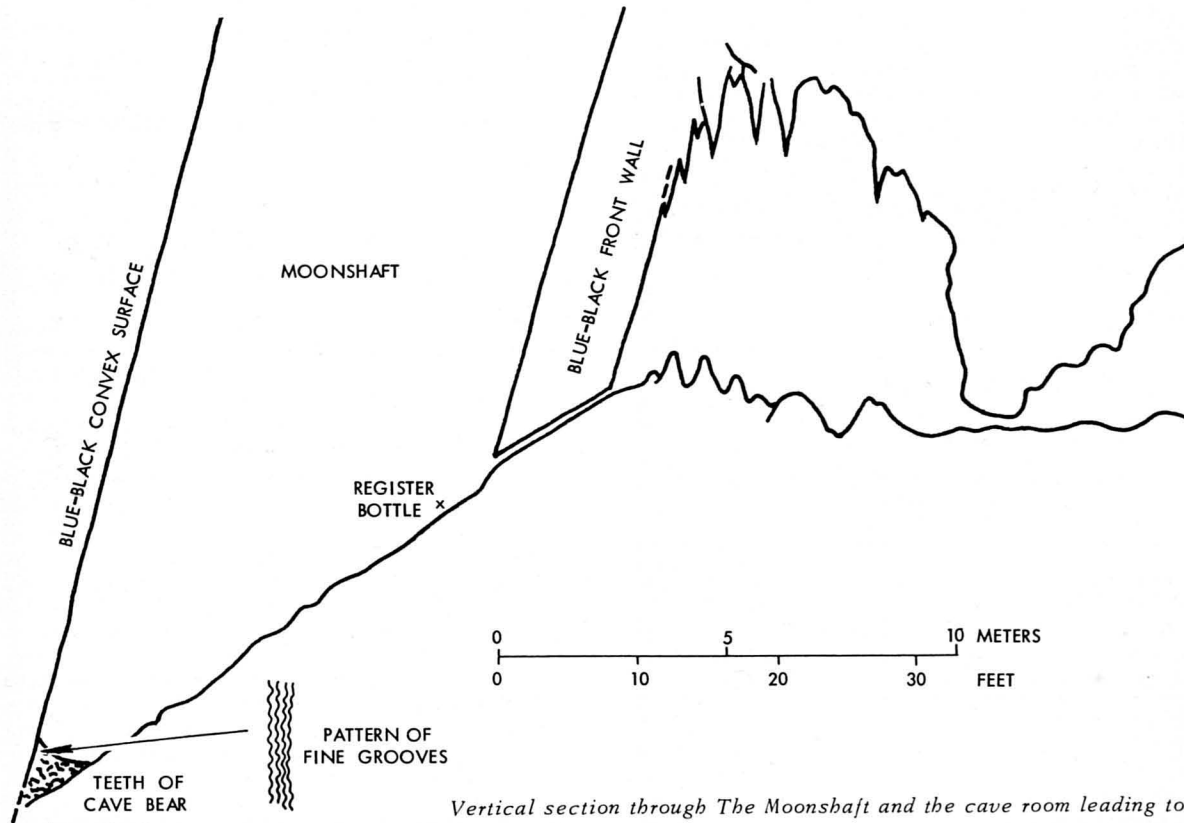
OCTOBER 28, 1944. Restful night, good breakfast. Cut my name, etc., on a leather strip, and together with the golden back of my watch rolled and inserted both engravings into a glass bottle, plugged it with a pebble and a ball of clay mixed with charcoal, and deposited this record in the moonshaft, on top of the ashes of my torches. It may stay there for a long time, possibly until the structure is completely hidden behind its curtain of stalactites and stalagmites. Slavek has no son to tell him about his cave-mystery; his womenfolk don't know about it, and anyway daughters usually marry to other villages. In a few decades nobody will know, if I do not come back and have the structure explored.

I sat there by my fire speculating: What is this structure, with walls 2 meters thick and a shape that I cannot imagine of any purpose known nowadays? How

far does it reach into the rocks? Is there more behind the moonshaft? Which incident or who put it into this mountain? Is it a fossilized man-made object? Is there truth in legends, like Plato's, about long-lost civilizations with magic technologies which our rationale cannot grasp nor believe?

I am a sober, academically trained person but must admit that here, between these black, satiny, mathematically-curved cliffs I do feel as if in the grip of an exceedingly strange and grim power. I can understand that simple but intelligent and practical men like Slavek and his forebears sense here witchery, conceal it, and also fear that if the existence of this moonshaft is ever made known, it would attract armies of tourists, and all the commotion, tunneling and blasting, hotels, and commercialization which would probably ruin their nature-bound trade and honest life. If and when I come back it will be with a team of secrecy-bound experts: geologist, metallurgist, cave expert; and if the object is of true importance for the advancement of knowledge and proper civilization, ways will have to be found to respect the Slavek's interests.

(continued on next page)



On my way back to camp I burrowed and hid the crawl holes which lead towards the wall; the cave may have entrances which Slavek does not know, and some chance discoverer may start blasting "for treasure" before a scientific team can get there. I was in camp after 3 p.m., and about 5 all three Slaveks arrived, bringing some hard-boiled eggs. Jurek asked permission to talk privately with Slavek, and then Hanka was carefully sounded out by her father whether she would accept Jurek as her husband. She cried and laughed, Jurek gave her his photograph and golden watch which his father had brought from America; Jurek is a well-to-do carpenter in Bratislava. I am invited to the wedding and will try to come. To make sure, I gave Hanka a letter to a befriended jeweler and commanded her to get the nicest set of Bohemian garnets as a wedding present. The Slaveks had brought their family Bible, and I made some entries.

With the hardy Slovak handshakes and *Mhobo stastia*, *Pan Bub pozebnaj Vas*, *Bub s tebou*, we shouldered our weapons and packs and went. When we entered the pines and turned we saw Slavek concealing his cave and the girls sweeping away our tracks. The moon was bright and the snow glittered.

OCTOBER 30, 1944. We moved during the dark hours only and along the timber line. During daylight, camping snugly below a fine pinetree, were alarmed by the sound of infantry fire; approaching to investigate we observed a strong group of insurgents skirmishing with a ski party of Wehrmacht and Polish Blue Police (fascists). The fascists went soon, and, joining the insurgents we were their guests for a whole day. They were a mixed group of Hechaluts; ZOB and DROR, from the Rzeszow region in adjacent Poland, who had helped in our Uprising and were now on their way back - through immense snow - to their usual sectors between Cracow and Przemyśl. Their physician was Rachel W., the widow of a murdered Jewish doctor; she knew and told us about the exploits of the famous Jesia Fryman Banda against the Nazis; and fed us two fine, hot meals. When these valiant Jewish fighters were marching on northward, we had to go south-

— CLASSIFIEDS —

WANTED - Bulletins: 2, 3, 4, 6. NSS NEWS: August, November, 1948; October, November 1951; February, April, July 1954. Speleo Digest: 1956, 1957, 1958. Will pay any reasonable price. R. J. Reardon, P.O. Box 347, Arcadia, California.

FOR SALE - One Aires III F 1.9 lens, 1 Sec. to 1/500 full sync. shutter. New case, excellent cave camera, rated best camera under \$100 - Consumers Reports. Good condition. \$39.50 or best offer. Jim Pritchard, 143 Rock Springs St., Forest Park, Georgia.

ward, towards Kosice, which we reached on our 6th day; and there receiving directions we could proceed to join our battalion which was awaiting the next offensive of the Red Army to join it until to the end of the war.

In the very last days of World War II, on my way towards Bohemia, I revisited the place. The Slaveks lived temporarily at Zdar. I visited Martin's grave and looked at the cave entrance. I had taken the animal teeth I had collected to the curator of paleontology at Užhorod, and he classified them as adult cave bear, *Ursus spaeleus*. Thereupon I speculated: the crack is too small; the lump of limestone and stalagmites in front of the crack would not let any debris through; this bear seems to have fallen into the moonshaft, which may have had a connection to the surface.

In correspondence dealing with plans for the publication of this journal, Dr. George W. Moore suggested that the moonshaft might have been dissolved from a steeply-dipping limestone layer between curved parallel sheets of chert. I am skeptical. All the inner surfaces of the moonshaft are composed of the same material. Also, such an hypothesis does not explain the peculiar, exactly parallel, finely grooved pattern on the back surface (or wall) of the left horn.

On my last visit to the place, I examined the mountainside above the cave and found no sinkholes or pits, the assumed connections toward the moonshaft. But on these very steep slopes in the Tatra Mountains, rockslides could have obliterated or filled in any such connections.

STUDIES ON BAT ECHO-LOCATION ADAPTED TO AIDS FOR THE BLIND

Griffin (1958) has experimented in great detail with the ability of bats to orient themselves by means of echo-location techniques, or sonar. He has demonstrated that bats emit ultrasonic waves that enable them to determine the proximity of objects, even when the bats are flying in total darkness. Bats can apparently sense the size and direction of objects in total darkness also, since many species prey on insects at night. However, the actual mechanism of operation of bat echo-location has been unknown until recently.

Two studies have been published that explain the ability of a bat to determine distance. Kay (1962a) and Pyle (1960) have noted that some bats emit a pulse of 1 to 2 millisecond duration which is swept linearly in frequency from 80 kc to 40 kc. The echo received during this transmission differs in frequency from the originally emitted tone by an amount proportional to the time of travel of the sound wave. The bats need only sense the beat frequency between the echo and emission to obtain a measure of the distance of the object reflecting the sound. It has

now been demonstrated by Kay that beat frequency signals are produced when bats receive sound at one frequency while emitting it at another.

Kay (1962b) has used these findings to develop a mobility aid for blind persons. A beam of frequency-swept ultrasound is projected from a small, portable device and the frequency differences between the emission and any returned echo is fed to an earphone. If the distance to the object is constant, the frequency is constant. As one approaches the object the frequency drops, until just before contact, the frequency becomes an audible tone. Thus, a blind individual can avoid obstacles.

-- Brother G. Nicholas, F.S.C.

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- , 1962 b. Auditory perception and its relation to ultrasonic blind guidance aids. *Jour. British I. R. E.*, 24:309-317.
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JAMES GENTRY MITCHELL NSS No. 7157

James Mitchell died Sunday, February 14, in Schroeder's Pants Cave, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

James, most recently from Winthrop, Massachusetts, was a chemistry graduate student at MIT. He was doing research work on the Gemini Space Project.

His caving activities started with the St. Louis Grotto during his undergraduate days. Upon entering MIT, he became active with the Boston Grotto.

James is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Mitchell of Waterville, Ohio, and a brother (who is also a caver).

His parents have instituted the *James Gentry Mitchell Memorial Cave Research Fund* in care of the NSS. Other cavers and caving groups who may wish to do so are asked to contribute to this Fund as a memorial to James.

EDITORIALLY SPEAKING

WHO DOES WHAT, AND WHERE

A recent rash of misdirected letters has indicated that I should briefly review the mechanisms involved in the Society's publication activities.

The Society's monthly (more or less) publication, the *NSS NEWS*, is edited by me (J. Stellmack) in State College, Pa. This is a small town across the street from the Pennsylvania State University. I work (?) at PSU for a living.

Anyhow, I do the editing at a desk in my basement surrounded by piles of books, topo maps, grotto publications, and unanswered letters. Nittany Grotto members keep wandering through but nobody ever stops long to help out.* It is essentially a "one man job."

When the editing is done, I send all the typed manuscripts, photos and drawings, and the layout for the *NEWS* to a commercial firm in Trenton, N. J., where the *NEWS* is printed using photographic negatives and plates on offset presses. It is a relatively small firm (about eight people doing different jobs) and we work rather closely (at a distance) in getting out each issue. You, as members, never see or hear about these people, but most of the money budgeted to the *NEWS* is paid to them. Personally, I feel that they do a fine job and that the Society is getting its money's worth.

When the *NEWS* is printed, it is boxed up and shipped to a "mailing secretary" in Vienna, Va. You don't know her either but she does all the addressing and mailing of the Society's publications. She also addresses the monthly billing to people whose membership is terminating shortly, monthly announcements and such to Board members and grottos, and other such material.

All this addressing is done by a machine (which probably lives in *her* basement) using typed Address-O-Graph plates which she has on file and up-dates every month.

The information for this up-dating is obtained from the NSS Office Secretary (Mrs. Frederick) who also lives in Vienna, Va. Mrs. Frederick has charge of the main (and only) current listing of members and their addresses. It is she who processes new members, makes address corrections and changes for old members, and handles many other records and correspondence for the Society.

The *Bulletin* is processed in much the same manner except that it happens only four times a year instead of twelve. Also, the editor of the *Bulletin* (J. Vineyard) lives in Missouri and the *Bulletin* is printed there too. After shipping the printed *Bulletin* to Vienna, everything continues on the same as described above.

Now back to mis-directed letters. Three points

*Most of them are students and they have their own problems.

should be obvious:

1. Editorial material meant to be published in the *NEWS* should be sent to me (J. Stellmack). Nowhere else.

2. Editorial material submitted for publication in the *Bulletin* should be sent to J. Vineyard in Mo.

3. All correspondence relating to address changes, missed issues, and related material should be sent to the NSS Office Secretary. The address for these letters may be found on the last page of every issue of the *NEWS*.

I should like to call your attention to the small print which shows up at the bottom of the second page of every issue of the *NEWS*. The second paragraph is particularly important because it points out that you have only a limited time to reclaim missed issues of the *NEWS* and this only when you have informed the Society that you have changed address. The Post Office will not forward copies of the *NEWS* to a new address unless you request it (and promise to pay the forwarding postage). When you move and don't tell anyone, everybody loses including the Society which has to pay 5 cents to find out that you no longer live there. We don't even get the copy of the *NEWS* back.

I hope that this all helps in understanding how each copy of the *NEWS* is processed and in directing future mail to the proper person. Before cutting out, I would like to make one more point: Each issue of the *NEWS* has to go through the hands of about six persons, each doing a different job. If one of these persons should get sick, have other, more pressing obligations, or even go on a vacation for a time, it can cause a delay in your getting an issue. We try to arrange things so that this doesn't happen, but when it does, please bear with us. JAS

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