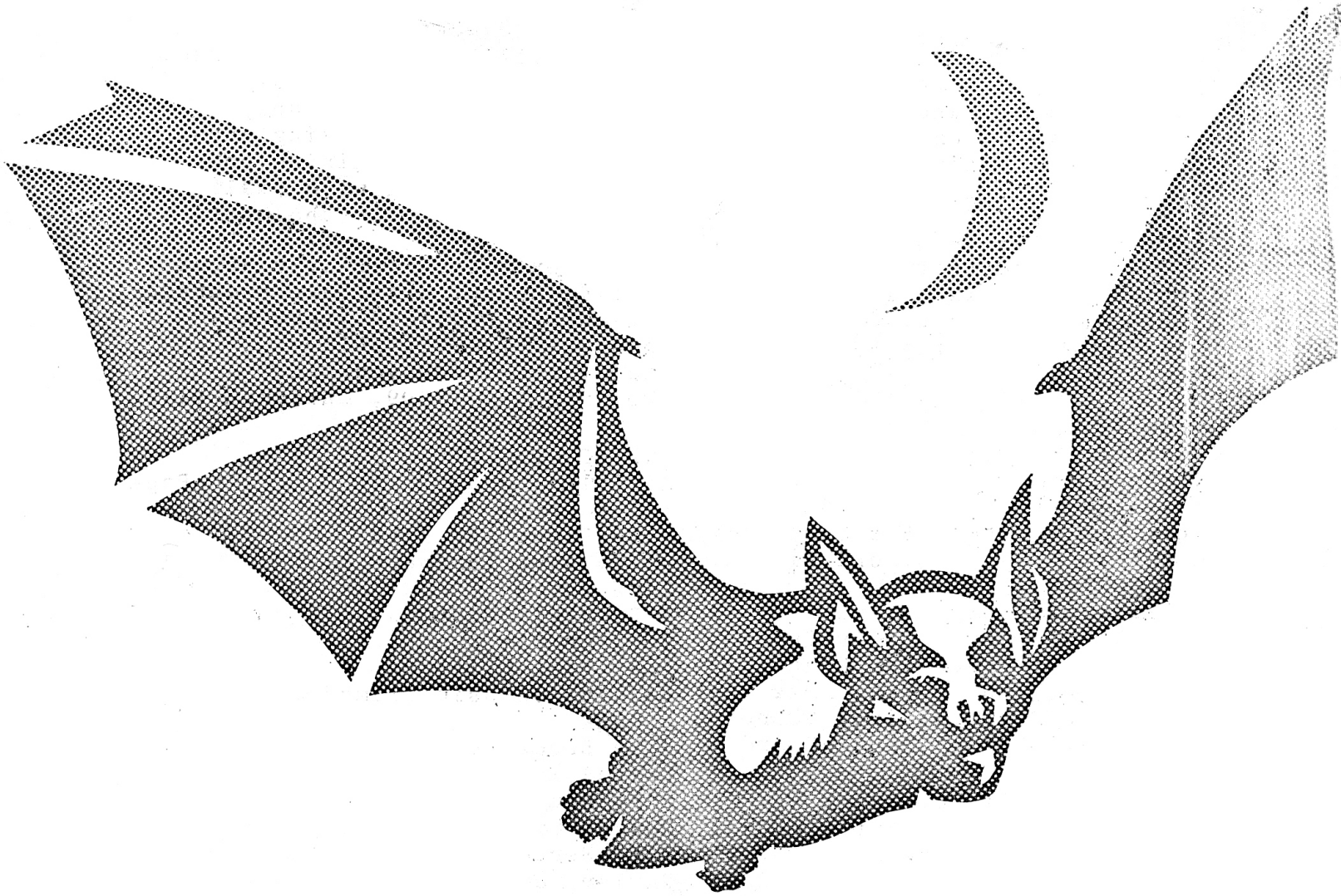


Madison University
Student Grotto
Quarterly Journal



october, 1981
volume 1, number 3

STATE OF THE GROTTA ADDRESS

Now that we're back in school again, it's time to settle down to some hard core caving and rock climbing along with a little bit of studying mixed in there. I can't emphasize how important it is to do your studying before the weekends. There's no possible way to attend all our functions so just try to hang in there!

We're in the process of being recognized by JMU now and by the time the next journal comes out I hope to be able to announce that we are an officially recognized University club. Dr. Boyer of the Anthropology Dept. has agreed to be our Faculty Advisor (He is currently serving of the Cave Commission) along with Barry Knowles who is also interested. Twice a major revisionment has been made in our Constitution in order to meet University Requirements and I expect by December we will be fully recognized.

This year we have had an excellent turn-out of new prospective members and with the implementation of our membership requirements, I expect the MUSG to be a high quality caving group capable of handling ourselves! Indeed, this year, training programs will be high on the list of things to do along with small scale cartography program, many different programs for the meetings, and of course, lots of caving.

I realize that our club has been in existence for only about 3 years now (this being the third) but so many things have occurred. I expect the club to continue growing and I hope that everyone puts forth their best effort in helping. GET INVOLVED!!

A muddy thanks to you all,
Mike Artz NSS 19309, Chairman 81-82

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GROTTO CALENDER OF EVENTS

OCT 9-11 Fall MAR at Friar's Hole West Va.
10 Helsley's or Breathing Cave trip.
18 Survey trip to Key Cave.
23-25 Fall VAR at Thorn Springs Campground.
29-1 Roppel Cave, Kentucky - check with Mike Artz.

NOV 8 Vertical Training at Devil's Hole?
20-22 Va Tech Caving trip weekend.

DEC 5 1st Annual Christmas Banquet.
28-Jan 3 Roppel Cave, Kentucky - check with Mike Artz.

CAVE FIRST AID KITS

A first aid kit for cavers presents special problems in design. The first and perhaps the most important requirement is size. It must be small enough so that the space it takes up in the pack will not encourage one to "leave it behind on this trip." Secondly it must be contained in a sturdy waterproof shell. I have found that the aluminum "Japanese Lunch Box" manufactured by Robbins fulfills the above requirements. It measures approx. 1" X 4" X 5" and has an absolutely watertight construction.

Now that a small container has been selected it is even more crucial to stock it with priority items. Although this in some ways depends on the ability of the person to use the materials, almost anyone can learn to use the items I will describe.

By "priority" items I refer to supplies that can be used to alter the course of real emergencies:

NITROGLYCERIN PILLS - one placed under the tongue (not swallowed!) of a person experiencing chest pain may prevent a fatal heart attack.

INJECTABLE EPINEPHRINE - A small syringe containing 1/2 cc or 1/1000 epinephrine can be injected into any area of body fat can reverse a possibly fatal allergic reaction.

PAIN KILLERS - Oral narcotics (Tylenol 3 or Percodan) may be a critical factor in allowing a victim to exit or be transported from the site of injury.

SUTURE MATERIALS - Only to be used on a gaping laceration that can be thoroughly cleaned with Betadine Surgical Scrub. A small Hemostat can be used to hold the needle or clamp over arterial lacerations. *

BANDAIDS - Half a dozen will do.

ADHESIVE TAPE -

#11 SURGICAL BLADE - Used for incising hematomas, and snake bites.

BENEDRYL 50 MG. CAPSULES - Anti-histamine, relieves allergic swelling and aids as sleeping pill if necessary.

*Clearly an injectable local anesthetic (xylocaine 1%) is a prerequisite here.

Conspicuously absent from this kit is bulky dressing material. A neck bandana work faithfully will do just as well. Also not mentioned or included in this kit is the "hypothermia" space blanket. I have mixed feelings about this item in terms of actual benefits and space requirements. The subject is too lengthy to discuss here, but I think lightweight garbage bags are just as effective and a reasonable compromise. I have also not included anti-biotics. These, simply stated, have no use in treating acute emergencies. Three more items should not be forgotten. Spare carbide light tips, dry matches, and two dimes. If you think about these for a moment, they become as important as any other medical supply.

Dr. Dave Thorpe

TIME OUT!

A pause creating a break between two separate circumstances, whether it be spiritual or realistic. There is motive to man's madness. He thinks life should be simple and rewarding. There are needs though, and these needs are satisfied from within each individual being. The time spent living is needed by everyone. Caving is one small reward God gave man to satisfy some of these desires. When a person believes in spelunking as a sanction, he has created a world within a world. Why does life only have to exist beyond the stars? Does not life exist beneath the surface of the earth? To me this is the question which holds many untold mysteries.

I lost that desire. The time in the last few months has been used and pulled in other ways. As for now, my desires and needs have changed. I have taken a break from caving, for what exact reason I have no answer. I will be back. Once a caver always a caver. The desire I had has taken a time out!

Paul clifford

TWO FOR ONE

The cave expedition consisted of Jaime Reep, Tommy Roller, two friends of Jaime's and myself. We met early Sunday morning sometime last spring. As usual we were off to a late start. We had all had a rough night, but Tommy seemed to have had the roughest. We all have our ups and downs, right Tommy?

These caves were on someone else's property who wanted to know more about them. They were supposedly either virgin or had not been looked into in a long time. The cave is located near Oadway, Va. It took us awhile to drive to the location as well as just to find the caves.

The first cave went approximately 25 ft. Jaime led, while I followed, into a small crack which went to a room that was large enough for three prone people. Jaime noticed an opening between some breakdown. I started to dig and pulled away loose rock and mud. I eventually opened the crack enough to see another small room. We decided to let Tommy go through. He made it through fairly easily. It led to a room below the first room in which Jaime's two friends were awaiting our outcome. Tommy noticed another crack, but decided not to dig because he was directly underneath the first room and thought it would collapse if he excavated. We left this cave and headed for the other cave.

The other cave was a pit. Jaime was the first to go down. We did not have a very good rope and we weren't quite sure how deep this pit was. Earlier, we threw rocks down to give us some idea of how deep it was. Each time it was different. Jaime had no trouble climbing down. The rope reached the beginning of another drop-off. The first initial climb was about 15-20 feet. Jaime came up and then I proceeded down to investigate. I reached the end of the doubled rope and only got as far as Jaime did. Tommy was next to investigate after I returned to the surface. No one had gone any further than the other. We all contemplated whether to single the cheap rope or follow safe vertical practices and not risk the venture. Well, we decided not to go home without exploring the whole cave. We would not hear the end of it. This one time we bent the rules and singled the rope to investigate the second drop. I volunteered to go. The second drop only went another 10-15 feet to a small room with a few short side passages. Since I volunteered to risk my life I feel inclined to tentatively name the cave "Paul's Pit." Tommy came down after I explained what the rest of the cave was like. We all had seen just about everything there was to see. They both have potential if anyone would like to dig. Stick these in the back of the books, Mike, as not one, but two, to check out later.

Paul Clifford

NSS

LEADING CLASSIC CLIMBS AT THE GUNKS
OR
DISCOVERING WHAT MORTALITY MEANS TO YOU

1 pm. Sunday, June 28. I am standing at the base of a climb called "Modern Times," considered to be one of the hardest 5.8's at the Gunks. Other than that, I know nothing about it. One fellow climber told me it was a great climb. Jim Borden, my climbing partner, said he had looked at it and it appeared rather difficult.

But I am not intimidated. Indeed, I am looking forward to it. I have the guidebook to tell me where to go. Just yesterday I led "Son of Easy 0," "Arrow," and "Outer Space." All three are rated 5.8. "Modern Times" will be a good warm-up before I move on the 5.9's.

I have only one worry. I have never climbed before with the guy who will be following me. Jim hurt his back climbing yesterday and called it quits after an initial lead this morning. Johannes, my temporary partner, I met just half an hour ago. He was supposed to meet a guy here who never showed up and I found him sitting on the trail. But he claims to lead 5.7 and is sure he can follow 5.8.

The first two pitches go quickly. The protection is sparse in spots, but holds are solid. Indeed, grass, lichen, and wasps are all that make these pitches harder than 5.6. Nor does Johannes have any trouble following me. By the time we reached the third pitch I am confident of his abilities.

So far it has been too easy. I am getting a funny feeling in my gut. I look up. And there, 60 feet above me, in the crux. In the form of a trible roof. It looks like overhanging death. Time out for an informal dialogue:

FEAR: "Party's over! Time to go home. We are on a big ledge. Let's check out the guide book and find a 5.5 that goes to the top."

PRIDE: "Bullshit. Let's go for it! We can handle that. We've climbed roofs before."

FEAR: "Now I know why you're on the Seven Deadly Sins. You're trying to get us killed."

PRIDE: "Coward. We've top-roped 5.9 roofs. And "Arrow" & "Son of Easy 0" both had roofs. We'll cruise it! Besides, Johannes is waiting. We have to at least look at it."

So up I went. There was hardly any pro on the approach to the roof. One tree to runner 20 feet up and a rusty corroded pin 60 feet up. Then a twenty foot traverse out to the base of the roof. And two fixed pitons at the base of the roof. They looked solid and I clipped into both. If anything,

the roof looked worse here than it had from the bottom of the pitch.

The first roof was 4 feet, followed by two 2-foot roofs. The idea was to pull the first roof, traverse right about seven feet and then pull the next two. There were two problems. There would be no footholds until at least two of the roofs had been pulled and a fall would leave me hanging in air with no way to get back to the rock without constructing on-the-spot prussiks. Unless Johannes could lower me all the way down to the ledge beside him. Was there enough rope? I was not sure. Neither was he. Wonderful. Fear started grumbling again.

But I worked out the sequence in my mind. I had to try at least once. Lean out. Right hand up. Left hand laying back. Work your feet up. Crank up. Shoot your right hand up. Bucket! Shoot your left hand up. Whoops, no more footholds. Pull up. Work your hands higher. Pull up again.

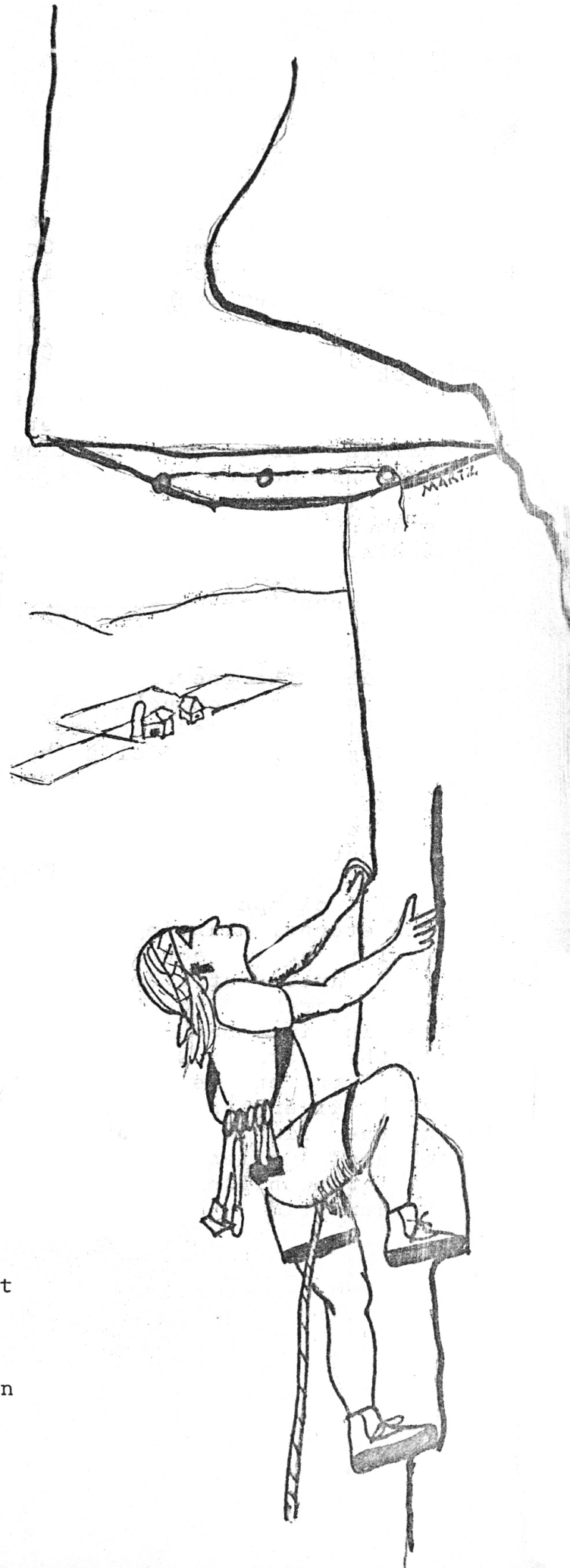
There was a crack at the top of the first roof and I tried to crawl into it to get the weight off of my arms. Unfortunately, I tucked my head and shoulders in to my left, making it impossible to move right without lowering back down and starting over. And my arms were going fast. I called to Johannes for tension and started down climbing. I made it about halfway and then fell about three feet. The two pins held and I was still high enough to pull myself back onto the roof at the base of the first roof. Should I try again? There was a small tree growing out of the base of the second roof. If I could make it that far I could grab it and runner it...

PRIDE: "No grabbing trees.
Bad form."

FEAR: "I agree. Let's back down
and do something easier."

PRIDE: "But..."

FEAR: "No buts. We've catered
to you long enough."



So I backed down, pulling my pro as I went. Johannes had no desire to lead the roof, so we went right on the ledge until we reached "High Exposure." Once again, we were at the base of the third pitch.

"High Ex" is rated 5.6. Nonetheless, it is considered to be the classic climb of the Schawangunks. At the time it was led, in 1941 by Fritz Weiner, it was one of the hardest climbs in the country. And even today, the third pitch is perhaps the most intimidating 5.6 in the world.

The line goes out right around a roof and then diagonally back left along a bulging nose which projects out far enough to give one a marvelous view of New York State, including the ground some 200 uninterrupted feet below. It looks about as safe as wing-walking, about as comforting as a fire-breathing dragon in the National Armory.

I had never been on High Ex before. When I led here last summer I avoided it because I was too busy being a hot shot on 5.8's. But now a 5.6 sounded good.

On belay, I headed out to the base of the roof. Just around the corner, there was no roof. Nor was there a floor. Or even a wall to put my feet on. There was air. And a nice view of the trees. 5.6, huh? I leaned out and looked up. There was a piton. Probably the one Fritz Weiner hammered in 40 years ago. It looked old and rusty enough.

I remembered two stories about this pin: 1) you must use a long runner when clipping into it or a fall higher up will sever you rope on a sharp edge and cause you to die or at least come close; and 2) when Jim Borden climbed High Ex he found no other pins or placements and topped it off with a terrifying fifty-foot run-out.

I clipped in with my longest runner, pledged my spirit to the eternal haunting of Fritz Weiner's descendants, leaned out on my left arm, reached blindly up with my right, found a bucket, and started out over the nose, eyes darting nervously across the rock searching for holds and pins. Both were there in abundance and in time, both fear and pride disappeared as I was immersed in the aesthetics of the climb. Exposure became a thing of beauty until the entire universe consisted of me, the rock, and the New York wilderness. I smiled like an idiot for the last thirty feet of the climb. As I untied and belayed Johannes up after me, I offered a silent tribute to Fritz Weiner and decided not to haunt his grandchildren. After all, he helped me forget the shame of "Modern Times" and appreciate the glory of old ones.

By Bruce Beard

KAUSUAL KAVING IN KENTUCKY

July 13th through 16th, the JMU Cave Club logged over 100 man/hours in Roppel Cave in Kentucky. Quite an achievement, considering Mike Artz and I were the only two members participating--and we went on only two trips each.

Chris Welsh (a member of ICE* and AAKACE**), Mike and I left Harrisonburg Saturday and made the 12-hour drive to the Roppel Field House even longer by buying a rope at the Gendarme and testing it out on a couple of 5.8's at Church Rocks at Mouth of Seneca in West Virginia. But we thought it well worth the time, expense and effort.

Sunday was spent buying food, sorting gear, and getting psyched by taking a guided tour through four miles of Mammoth Cave trunk passage. Then Monday arrived, and the moment of truth.

I had mixed feelings about Roppel. I had heard a lot of things about it. The sixth largest and the fastest growing cave in the U.S., it has 31 miles of passage and more virgin leads than I would care to count. On the other hand, it is reputed to be a killer cave with narrow canyons, numerous sharp, rocky crawlways, and lots of water. Chris and Mike were planning a 24-hour trip, despite the fact that my longest previous trip was 9 hours in time, friendly Sinnit/Thorn Mountain. But my adrenalin was working faster than my brain or my forebodings and I entered the cave at 11:15 a.m. Monday morning.

Roppel starts out with a 35-foot pit, a narrow sinuous crawlway and another 70-foot pit. Then it gets hard. The S-survey: 1000 feet of tight, sharp, mixed crawlway and narrow walking canyon followed by 2000 feet of continuous stopping and crawling called the "Hobbit Trail." YUCH!

When we finally broke out into walking trunk passage it looked like Shangri-la. I understood why so many Roppel trips last 18-24 hours. Nobody wants to go through the S-survey twice in one day. But as I sat down for a bit of rest and Butter-scotch Pudding, I noted that Chris and Mike were about as tired as I was. This made me feel better.

It was 2 p.m. Time to move on. We made good time through the T-survey, the A-survey, the L-survey, and more of the K-survey until we arrived at the Pokerchip Dome. We did not go to Pirate's Pot. (I wanted to, because Mike told me there was a cache of cutlasses and marijuana there. But I later found out he was joking, so I'm glad we didn't.) Instead, we waded through the thigh-deep Black River and tried desperately to keep our testicles dry. Then we cruised up the Brucker Connection and reached O-46, where we were to start surveying. It was 5:15. The preliminaries had taken 6-hours!

We munched on pineapples and got out the survey equipment. Then I drained the water out of my boots and wrung out my wool socks. My feet were getting cold. I began plotting ways of stealing Chris' wetsuit socks off his feet without his noticing but finally had to reject them all as unfeasible.

*Independent Cavers of the East
ass and Caver Extraordinaire

**All Around Hard-

We started surveying. I ran tape, Mike was on instruments, and Chris kept the book and sketched. There was no way to keep out of the river, but I tried to keep the stations located above sandbars to keep from getting too cold standing in the river.

Three hours, fourteen stations, and 900 feet later we were dismayed and disgusted to find an old 0-59 survey station. Our three hours had been wasted! This really sucked. We cursed Jim Borden, the project leader who had told us to start surveying at 0-46, questioning his heritage, anatomy and motivations, wrung out our socks, ate a hot meal and started surveying again (after verifying that this was indeed the last station).

We surveyed for 12 hours through 1600 feet of tight wet meandering canyon stream passage until we terminated our survey in a huge dome with a half a dozen walking passages leading out of it. The Astrodome, Mike named it.

Cold and wet, I decided to warm up by exploring one of the leads. I walked, stooped and crawled down the most promising series I could find (keeping high and dry whenever possible) and discovered a huge canyon (40' high and 5' wide) with walking leads branching off perhaps a 1000 feet from the Astrodome. Excited, I raced back to report it to and compare notes with Mike and Chris. Both had found good leads, though none so promising as mine. I could not help but feel proud about that, although random chance was the only determining factor.

We ate the last of our food, packed up our gear and started wading back through the river. It was 9 a.m. Tuesday morning. We had been in the cave for 22 hours without sleep. But, although I had been a walking zombie between 3 and 5 a.m., I felt pretty good—more hungry than tired. The excitement of virgin cave, hot leads, and a steak awaiting me at the Fieldhouse had my adrenalin going.

It took us another 6 hours to exit the cave. Two-thirds of that time was spent in the S-survey and ascending the two pits. Surprisingly, it was Chris who seemed to have the roughest time of it. Out of shape after a six-month layoff, he kept falling asleep whenever we stopped to rest or drink water (EDITOR'S NOTE: I think Chris does that anyway, whether or not he's in shape.). Mike was in the best shape, impatiently forging ahead whenever I stopped to wait for the lagging Chris. (Waiting for someone, be it Chris, Santa Claus, or Godot, is a good way to rest!).

At 3 p.m., Tuesday morning, Chris completed the 35' climb at the entrance and emerged into the sunlight Mike and I were already basking in. The trip had lasted 27 hours and 45 minutes. Call it 28! Either way, it was over three times as long as my longest previous trip!! And I had seen and surveyed more virgin cave than in all my other trips combined!!!

And while I was marvelling at statistics, I carefully pointed out to Mike that he had entered the cave behind me and

exited the cave a full half an hour ahead of me. Therefore, I reasoned, my longest cave trip was longer than his. In fact, his was closer to 27 than to 28 hours. Mike pronounced me the orifice through which excrement exits the body (in somewhat earthier terms). Really Mike! I was only kidding.

Tired, happy and hungry, we hiked a hot, tedious mile to the Fieldhouse, where we consumed mass quantities of soda and cheeseburgers and collapsed onto our bunks. I had decided to save my steak for the second trip.

Not one of us felt like caving Wednesday morning. My knees were sore from not having enough kneepad and the backs of my knees were abraded from having too much kneepad. Crawling is a no-win proposition. Over breakfast, we marvelled at Cady Soukup's legs. Not because they looked so good, but because they were covered with bruises inflicted by "friendly" Roppel Cave. And while I showed no such bruises, my whole body felt like her legs looked. And probably felt worse, as Cady's trip had lasted only 11 hours.

Chris, Mike and I had a war council and decided to go back to 0-126 and continue surveying towards my canyon. We would enter Wednesday evening and exit 24 hours later, in time for a good night's sleep and an early start home Friday morning. We would spend Wednesday shopping in Cave City and sorting gear-- in a leisurely sort of way.

Wednesday's highlight was that Mike bought a pair of panty hose! Cady Soukup swore they helped keep her warm and protected the backs of her knees from abrasion in the cave, so Mike decided to go for it. This may seem desperate to those ignorant of the S-survey but only an inflated male ego and a deflated wallet kept me from following suit.

At 7 p.m., we again entered the perilous paths of Roppel Cave. This time I had to tackle the tortuous S-survey with two packs, because Mike and I were bringing in a change of dry clothing for when we reached the Astrodome. Still, the mood was light and cheerful as we moved in (when we weren't cussing Jim Borden, who was supposed to come with us but wimped out at the last minute. Jim came in for a lot of verbal abuse that week.). We were feeling pretty cocky after our first trip and thought my canyon find might eventually break out into Eudora Ridge, which had been a cave objective for the last four years. It was heading in the right direction.

We moved back to the 0-survey without incident. Two packs were a hassle, but the extra food and carbide (which we had almost run out of on trip one or we might have broken 30 hours) made it almost worth it.

We started surveying down my lead. This time Mike ran tape and I did instruments. Chris sketched and kept the book again. Everyone in the Fieldhouse had been impressed with his neat, detailed maps and neither Mike nor I had ever sketched before.

Reading instruments was fun, especially after a number of my backsights coincided exactly with my frontsights. One is supposed to keep them within two degrees, but my own personal goal was to see how many I could get within half a degree. I did pretty well.

But the winding passageway made long shots impossible and progress was slow. And careful sketching is slow sketching, so after 10 hours (45 stations and 1200 feet) of surveying we still had not reached my big canyon. And I could not remember exactly how to get there. So we broke off the survey to look for it. Feeling responsible, I did most of the looking. Chris was busy sketching and Mike was tired and discouraged despite a 30 minute map during our hot meal break (I will never forget eating beef stew and listening to Mike snore). But I could not find the elusive canyon!

Disgusted, we trudged back to the Astrodome and looked at some more leads. Good thing we did because Mike made the discovery of the day. OK survey station #61!!!!!! We were going to connect a major loop deep in the cave (a great help in checking the accuracy of surveys). So we started the OK survey and 3 shot later we had our loop. We checked out a couple more leads and I found another dome (we now had five in the O-survey, although only the Astrodome was of significant size). Then we headed back out, pausing along the way to do a mop-up survey of 1100' of easy survey in the Brucker Connection (a knee to thigh deep section of the Black River).

We exited at 9:30 p.m. Thursday, after 26 1/2 hours. This time it was Chris who forged ahead and Mike and I who lagged behind trying to find the climber's bypass (and avoid the rope ascension of the 70' pit.)

Then back to the Fieldhouse, where generous, long-awaited and well-deserved portions of steak, cheese, crackers, bread and soda awaited us. All told, we had made two important loops and were still pushing east towards Eudora Ridge. Our survey stations were well marked, our instrument readings apparently accurate and our sketches excellent. Ours was a damn good cave team and we had made two good trips: the best I have ever been on.

But a price was paid. My new helmet and jungle boots are now a mess and my coveralls have a number of rips of as many as 18"s! Mike's are in even worse shape. My knees survived (I discovered the simple but effective strategem of wearing my knee-pads on my calfs while not crawling. It saves abrasion), but they were sore for a couple of days and I had mashed one thumb.

Still, I had gained a new pride in myself. I had tripled my frontiers of endurance, gone where no man had gone before and gained a new level of appreciation for and comraderie with Mike and Chris. I learned a great deal about caving. And I'm going

back. Toohey Ridge beckons me and Beard's Baffling Blvd (as Chris calls it) must be rediscovered. But I don't know if I'll go with Chris. He's talking 50 hours. 50! I'll need a bigger pack!

By Bruce Beard

BOWDEN CAVE

Saturday morning of OTR dawned clear. It took quite a while for the eight in our group (Mike Balenger, Patti Barnes, Meredith Hall, Katy Kahle, Chris Paulson, Jamie Reep, Mike Reep, and Mark Swanson) to get motivated to go caving. We got off to what we thought was a late start.

After trudging almost a mile in the heat, we arrived at the entrance to Bowden Cave. We fixed our lamps and, along with another group of wight cavers, headed into the first crawlway.

At the first big room, aptly named "Big Room," we waited for the group to gather itself. While looking around the room, Mike Balenger found a rather suggestive formation.

We followed a fairly easy tourist-type walking passage until we came to a smallish breakdown room. Several of us climbed into what looked like a passage only to find a dead-end room.

While most members of the group sat around the breakdown room, we discussed a course of action. There were a number of us who would have just as soon left the cave for the sunlight and beer that awaited us back at camp, but we finally decided to do another passage-the Water Course.

The Water Course starts out fairly easily, although it was a challenge to chimney over the stream so as to not get wet. At one point however, the chaneel widened. Meredith and Patti tried a couple of bizarre moves, still trying to avoid the water. In the end, everyone "wimped out" and waded through the stream, which at points was more than knee-deep.

We ended up in a second breakdown room. Chris checked out a passage as the rest of us again sat around. This time the party faction of the group overruled the more gung-ho cavers. We decided to exit the cave.

Going back through the Water Course was simple- we just waded on through. It sure cut down on time! On the way out, we passed three groups of cavers coming in, which we had to duck under as they were still trying to stay dry. We also passed a family of eight wearing t-shirts and no helmets,

carrying flashlights and lanterns. We all commented on a possible rescue later. Several groups of cavers were just readying for their own trips into Bowden so we figured we weren't the only ones with motivational problems that day!

Meredith Hall
NSS

BUTLER CAVE TRIP

Friday, June 26, found Bob Carts and myself heading toward Burnsville, VA and the largest cave in VA, the Butler Cave-Sinking Creek System. We picked up Mike Artz in Woodstock and after a keg party-type delay at JMU, we were on the final leg of our road trip. Arriving at the Butler Homestead after midnight left us enough time to talk to a few faces in the dark, have another beer and then retire for the next day's long adventure.

Early Saturday morning the Homestead was bustling with people. Cave gear was sprawled out everywhere, everyone attempting to stuff enough carbide, food, water, and dry clothes into their cave pack in order to survive the long journey. After a few hours of preparations, dividing into groups, and acquainting ourselves with the BCCS members and friends (at first we knew no one there), we were ready to leave.

Our group consisted of 10 people who had decided to survey in the Marlboro Country section of Butler. I was psyched to go until I noticed the reactions of the other groups of cavers from my mentioning where our destination was. The words "Marlboro Country" drew a large variety of snickers, grunts, and "good lucks,"--about a place called Crisco Way. After this bombardment of remarks, I proceeded to question Bob about our sanity.

Some time before noon we descended the 30 foot entrance drop on a cable ladder (belayed of course) and proceeded to weave our way down to Sand Canyon (a few hundred feet below the entrance). After waiting for the rest of our group, the race began. A moments pause to admire some of the beautiful limestone pools, soda straws, etc. meant finding yourself way behind the rest of the group who were in the process of setting a new below-land speed record. Three point five miles and three hours of squeezing, wading, crawling and walking found us at the beginning of Crisco Way. Crisco Way is a mere 53] feet of slick mud, cold water, and tight passage with about 1/2 inch of water on the floor. It cannot be conquered without thoroughly coating yourself with mud and inch-worming along in every body position possible. I drew many a curse due to

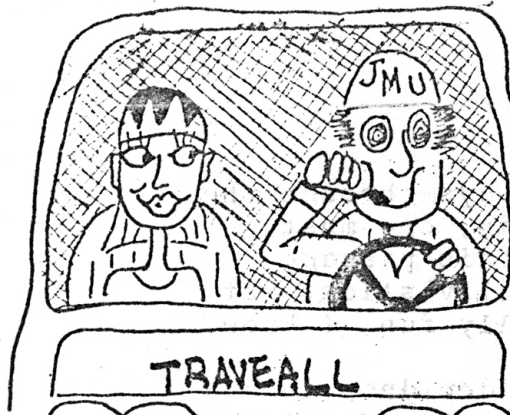
my ability to actually stand up and walk sideways through the larger, 10 inch wide areas. No matter how thin, one must eventually submit oneself to the tortures of this passage and by the time we reached the end, I was equally slick, wet, and semi-miserable. Incredibly, it was actually fun; I know Mike loved it.

At the end of Crisco Way is a 40 foot ladder drop in a small waterfall known as Neptune's Throne. There was some delay here in rigging and descending the drop. Being totally soaked, last in line, and waiting for 30 minutes, I could sense a mild case of hypothermia coming on. I decided to jump in front of the four others with me who were still waiting to climb down or else I might have gotten very chilled. At last I was in Marlboro Country and that meant putting on dry clothes and eating some food. Mike's fried chicken smashed into his peanut-butter sandwich was really a disgusting sight but he ate it anyway. When all of us were done with our feasts, we broke up into our three prearranged survey groups. Rod Riley led our group, which consisted of his brother Ed, Bob Carts, and myself. Mike went off with another group. Unfortunately (luckily?), the passage we were to survey had changed hydrologically--the supposed walking passage was a near-siphon. All four of us looked at it and after some discussion, we decided it would be smarter to retreat.

Although uphill, coming out of Crisco Way was even more enjoyable because you knew you were heading out. We made good time out and Rod showed us some nice formations as we moved along. I became somewhat tired and clumsy, I believe from the mild hypothermia I caught waiting at Neptune's Throne. Surprisingly, We actually made it in and out of the cave from Marlboro Country and there was still a bit of sunlight visible, a rare accomplishment I've heard.

Back at the Homestead, Bob and I were treated to some fine hospitality and imported beer as we waited for Mike. He appeared with his group about 4 hours later. We thoroughly enjoyed this beautiful cave and would like to thank the BCCS folks for their friendliness and for showing us around.

Jamie Reep
NSS 21917



TRAVEALL

SUCKING ON BEER CANS & EVERYBODY ELSE IS CRASHED CEPT LINDA WHO IS SECRETLY SPYING ON BOZO - AS USUAL!

OUR CASUAL GROUP OF HARD-ASS CAVERS ARE ON A ROAD TRIP TO VISIT AN EXCAVATED CAVE.

AS USUAL BOZO IS

UPON ARRIVING AT AQUA CAMPGROUND AFTER MANY BEER & REST STOPS (FYI, BOZO HAS A PUNY BLADDER) THE CREW HAS SET UP CAMP & COME UP WITH MANY CONFLICTING VIEWS OF WHAT TO DO!



AFTER A HUGE BREAKFAST THE NEXT MORNING, A FEW OF THEM HAVE JOURNED TO THE ENTRANCE...

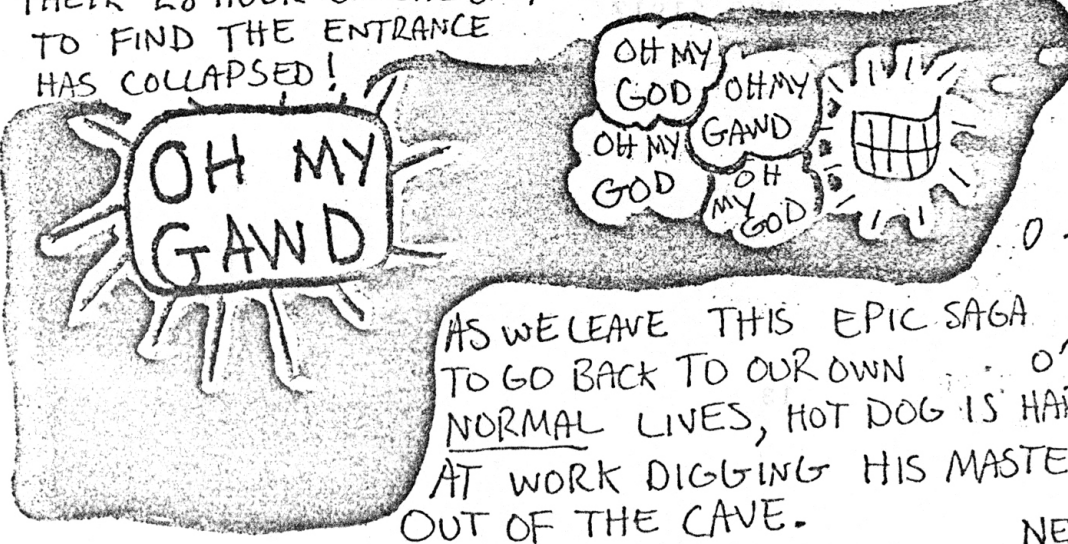


AFTER RIGGING THE LADDER, THEY ALL ENTER EXCEPT FOR HOT DOG WHO WILL GUARD THE ENTRANCE. — AN AIRE OF APPREHENSION & INDECISIVENESS PERMEATES THE ATMOSPHERE...

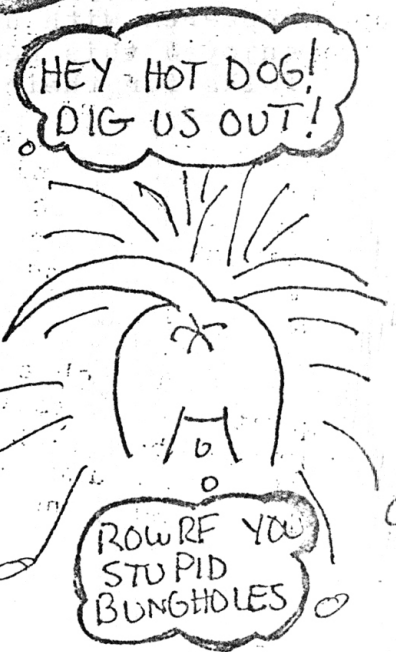


AFTER EXPLORING MILES OF VIRGIN, 40X40 TRUNK, THEY RETURN EXHAUSTED FROM THEIR 28 HOUR ORDEAL ONLY TO FIND THE ENTRANCE HAS COLLAPSED!

AMONGST A FLURRY OF BEWILDERED REMARKS, MANLY TAKES CONTROL OF THE SITUATION...



AS WE LEAVE THIS EPIC SAGA TO GO BACK TO OUR OWN NORMAL LIVES, HOT DOG IS HARD AT WORK DIGGING HIS MASTERS OUT OF THE CAVE.



NEXT ISSUE!
THE RETURN OF THE DOPPELAC.

CAVING ACTIVITY JUNE 15 - OCTOBER 8

<u>CAVE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
Stillhouse	June 20	20 PSC'ers and friends enjoyed cave except trash in entrance Celebrated Summer Solstice upon exiting. 2 hours.
Jaime's Crack	June 23	Bob Carts and Jaime Reep. Squeezed into small cave. 20 minutes.
Rich Mountain	June 20	Bob Chiasson, Bob Thrun, Bobbi Nagy, Mike Artz, and <u>?</u> . Explored a bear den on top of Rich Mountain.
Church Rocks	June 23	Roseanne, Fred Holmes, Bob Carts- and Jaime Reep. Tested ascending and descending rigs on 100 feet of overhanging cliff.
Schoolhouse	June 23	Same as above. Quick trip to top of drop.
Butler	June 27	Mike Artz, Bob Carts, Jaime Reep. Great Trip.
Shawangunks	June 18-28	Jim Borden and Bruce Beard.
Roppel	July 4	Mike Artz, Roberta Sqicegood, Debbie Stoessel, and <u>?</u> . Surveyed most of the Brucker Connection. 17 hours.
Roppel	July 15-16	Chris Welsh, Bruce Beard, and Mike Artz. Surveyed close to 2500 feet of passage, part of it virgin. Named a new dome we found the "Astrodome". 26 hours.
Roppel	July 17-18	Same as above. Surveyed some more passage while trying to find Bruce's Baffling Boulevard. Finished the survey of the Brucker Connection. 26 hrs.

My Cave	July 31	Bob Carts, Dave Thorpe; 5 hours checking high passage leads.
Shawangunks	July 3--Aug 2	Chris Welsh, Diane Donaldson, Mark Stone, and Bruce Beard. Climbed some 5.8's.
Crossroads	Aug 1	Jaime Reep, Mike Reep, Roy Petrevito and 7 others. Some nice formations and much maze passage.
Falling Spring	Aug 1	Bob Carts, Stan Carts, Dave Thorpe, Dave Coakley and Dick Sanford Checked leads above and below the drop. The tight crawl near the entrance gets very nasty.
Microcave	Aug 1	Bob Carts, Dave Thorpe, new discovery in Elk River area. With some rock removal it should be big enough to hold two cavers at the same time.
Better Forgotten	Aug 2	Dave, Thorpe, Roger Barker, and Bob Carts; better remembered... (3 1/2 hrs).
Shawangunks	Aug .3-20	Mike Artz, Mark Stone, Chris Welsh, and Diane Donaldson. Mike did his first 5.8's and 5.9's and took his first leader fall on a 9.
Hellhole	Aug 13	Mike Artz, and Bruce Beard. Dropped the entrance and looked around a little. 1 hour.
Seneca Rocks	Aug 28-30	Mike Artz and Bruce Beard. Climbed Triple S, Ecstasy, The Burn, Alcoa Presents, and Direct Start to Conn's East. All of them 5.7 or better. Oh yeah, Marshall's Madness too!

Bowden's	Sept 5	MUSG'ers and friends took time out from OTR to do Water Course. Like Subway station on the way out.
OTR	Sept 3-7	A bunch of MUSG'ers.
Harman's Water-fall Cave	Sept 5	Mike Artz, Roberta Swicegood, Gregg Clemmer, Miles Drake, and ? . Full wetsuit trip. Very hot. Miles and Mike dug while Roberta, Dick and Gregg surveyed through the mud sump. 200 feet of 1 foot high by 12 feet wide and 6 inch deep mud which opens into good trunk passage. We found a bypass! Great trip. 9 hours.
Devils Kitchen	Sept 6	MUSG'ers and PSC'ers. Did thru trip. Found lots of unmapped yet non-virgin passage. Another break from OTR trip to sober up.
Pig Roast	Sept 11-13	Host of MUSG'ers. Sauna and great food and fellowship along with water-skiing.
Gochenours	Sept 11	Patty Barnes, Mike Balenger, Bruce Beard, Bob Ebaugh, and Dave. 3 hours.
Buzzard Rocks	Sept 12	Bunches of people tried their hand at rock-climbing at this roofof climbing area. Poofs-5.10
Buzzard Rocks	Sept 13	Blaise Barry and Bruce Beard. Tried Poofs and Triple Wall.
Butler	Sept 19	Bob Carts and Mike Artz caved with BCCS people. Our trip went beyond Penn State Lake. Went to the Z-Crawls and Alphabet Soup. Explored some big passage. 9 hours.

Glade	Sept 19	Paul Clifford, Meredith Hall, Pat, Lynn, Vicki, Patti, Mike, and Kelly. 3.5 hours.
Seneca Rocks	Sept 20	Bob Carts and Mike Artz. Climbed SJM 5.6 and High Tension (5.8 (1st ascent)).
Fall Ball	Sept 25-27	35 MUSG'ers.
	Sept 25	Bruce Beard and Bob Carts tried Rhododendron Corner and Roy Gap Chimney.
	Sept 26	Humphrey's Head practice session.
	Sept 27	More climbing.
Key Cave	Sept 27	10 MUSG'ers from Fall Ball. Mellow Cave Trip.
Nutt	Sept 27	Grif and others from Fall Ball.
Buzzard Rocks	Oct 1	Mike Artz, Chris Kline, Kelly Price and Bruce Beard. Poof's and Black Hole.
3-D Maze	Oct 4	Bruce Beard, Lynn, and Dave. 2.5 hours.
3-D Maze	Oct 4	Mark and <u>?</u> .
Seneca Rocks	Oct 3	Bob Carts, Gary Rodgers, Blaise Barry, Lee, and Kelly Price.

ARTICLES OF INTEREST

Ah, the Membership Blues! Are you having troubles trying to get your stuff signed off? Don't worry, help is on your way! Some vertical training sessions will be held soon and we'll go do some vertical caves too. Carbide lamp seminars, pack seminars, and belaying training will also be conducted soon. As for caving trips, you'll have to get out and do that yourself. Granted, we'll be having trips, but you need to get motivated and attend them. Good luck!

An integral part of our club is being a member of the NSS. For a fee of 10.00 dollars you can become a member of the NSS too. The benefits include: The NSS News and The NSS Bulletin, access to NSS Library and files, plus many other significant things. By the way, we need to keep our NSS membership up to remain a grotto!

Plans are in the making for a Christmas Banquet! Got any ideas? It will most likely be a formal bash! (What? Cavers wearing formal attire?) It may be the one time to show your fellow cavers how good you really look!

Dues are due this month for regular and full membership. They are \$5.00 per person per year. The dues are to pay for:
four issue of the Journal.
club store
administrative costs and memos
emergency fund

A money raising project has been planned to generate funds for the treasury. Present plans involve beer can collecting. We feel this type of fund raising project is well suited to our membership's life style.

Would anyone out there like to hlep with a comic strip or with illustrations for the Journal? Contact the editor. Also I should mention that when you are thinking of writing a trip report, try to write it as soon after the trip as possible. A better trip will be written because the details are fresh in your mind!

BOB'S MICROHOLE

DATE SOMETIME IN THE SUMMER OF 1968

Back in 1968 when I was attending a classic Elk River trip with my family I became bored. My father and his friends were on a long trip in "My Cave" trying to find the terminus of the then partially explored cave. This left me with little to do besides just sit around. I had already been caving with my father and after being left to wait for several hours in the cave, I decided that caving really sucked.

The theory of ridge walking had been explained to me by some caver the night before. He explained that this area was relatively new to cavers so a cave could easily be found by stomping up any hollow and poking into holes. The thought of finding my own cave was very motivating. I would be famous for discovering a new cave.

As soon as I properly prepared myself to go cave hunting by having good ol' Mom cook up some food, I set out up the nearest hollow. Several hours later I concluded that the task of finding a new cave may not be as easy as I had been led to believe. Nevertheless, I continued up yet another hollow.

This hollow was similar to the others, but had a slightly larger stream flowing through it. By this time I was hiking more than I was cave hunting, but the many small waterfalls were enough to keep me going. Near the top of the hollow I decided that I had been misled and headed for home on the opposite side of the stream.

Making my way down the hillside, I noticed a little hole covered with logs and brush. Another false alarm, I thought. But I pulled all the debris away from the hole and stuck my head in. Below in the dark I heard the sound of water gurgling. Quite pleased with myself, I returned to camp in the receding daylight, intending to return the next day with my brother and a flashlight.

The next day we returned to the cave and squeezed into the minute opening. The size of the cave did not meet up to my expectations. It was a small chamber about 20 feet long and up to 5 feet high with a small stream winding around a corner in the lowest part. Well it wasn't Luray Caverns, but I had found it and I was proud to be a successful ridgewalker.

SOMETIME DURING AUGUST 1981

Thirteen years later on a trip to the Elk River area Dave Thorpe and I were preparing to drive over to Falling Spring Cave on Saturday morning after having been to "My Cave" the night before. The group we had met up with was normally dismally slow in getting ready to enter a cave. I asked Dave if he wanted to check out a cave I had found when I was 10 years old. He was game so we took off to find it. After much searching we finally happened of the obscure little entrance.

We both entered with loose dirt and water pouring over us. The cave seemed to be a little smaller than when I had first discovered it. We poked around a little until the only remaining lead lay in the very narrow stream crevice. Dave heroically volunteered to check it out and proceeded to cram his body into the semi-vertical crack. Minus his helmet, light, and pack, he started to remove rocks from the tight bend in the passage. After grunting and shoving himself even further in the crack, Dave asked for his light and said that the passage continued in both directions with a strong airflow.

I asked Dave if he could make further progrees and he replied that he was as far in as was humanly possible. After he made an effort to remove himself it became apparent that he was in the classic cavers knee lock. He struggled for a few minutes and then rested and after calming himself down he was able to slide out. After a few minutes we exited the cave and headed back to the other group. This cave has some potential for the passage was blowing air but Dave said he got in as far as was humanly possible. Maybe some "bang"? I'll be back at a later date to check this cave one more time.

Bob Carts

EDITOR'S NOTE: Due to lack of foresight I neglected to number this Journal consistently with the last 2 Journals. Therefore this Journal should begin with page 36 instead of page 1 end with page 57 instead of page 21.