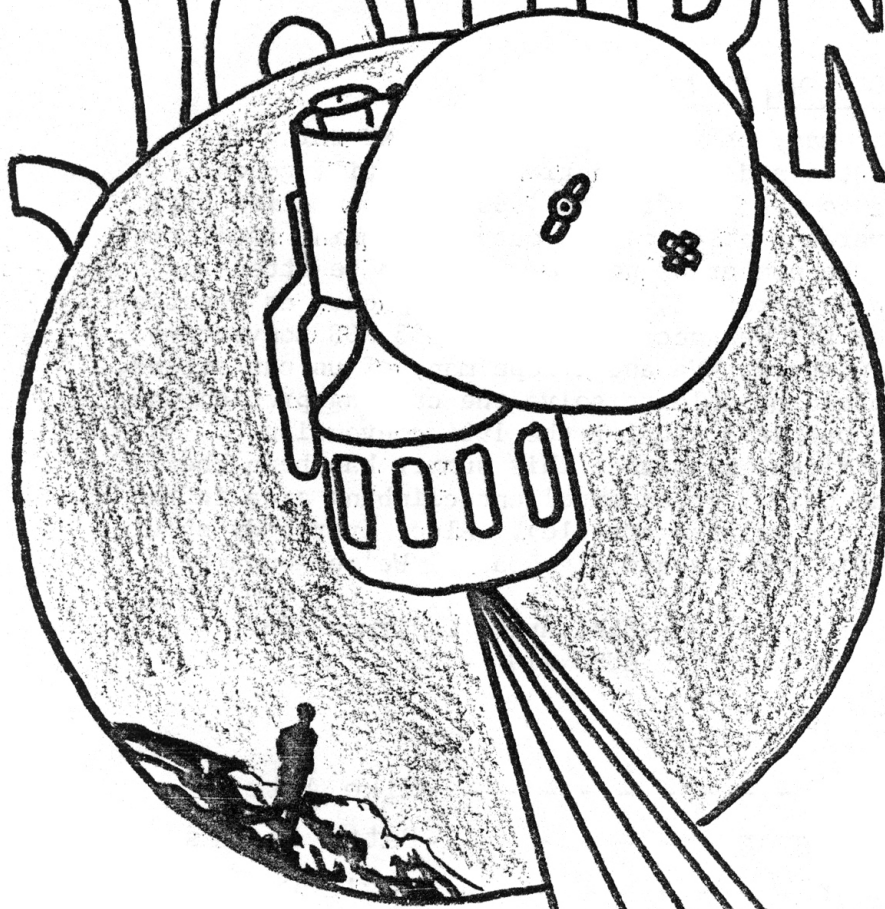


JMU STUDENT GROTTIC JOURNAL



— It's Good for You

VOL. II
NO. II

STATEMENT OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

I realize that many of you aren't around JMU during the summer, but the Grotto and its' functions must still go on. We submitted a bid to the NSS for the 1983 NSS Convention Site. Unfortunately we weren't able to work out any camping facilities that could handle the number of people who would be attending the NSS Convention. Therefore, our bid was rejected as unsatisfactory and another bid was accepted. The 1983 NSS Convention will be held in Lewisburg, WVa and I hope many of us can attend. By next year we should be able to solve the camping problem and other problems and submit a bid for the 1984 convention.

The most significant occurrence this summer has been the development of Hone Quarry as an excellent climbing area in the Shenandoah Valley (see related article). Also, everybody should be gearing up for Old Timer's and Pig Roast. We're gonna have a good year.

--Mike Artz, Chairman 1982
MUSG #10

GROTTO OFFICERS

Chairman- - - - -Mike Artz
Vice Chairman - - - - -Patti Barnes
Treasurer - - - - -David DeLand
Secretary/Librarian - - - -Vicki Liddle
Program Coordinator - - - -Kelley Price
Equipment/Color Code
Coordinator - - - - -Mike Balenger
Communications & Public
Relations Coordinator - - -Scott Muxworthy
Journal Editor- - - - -Susan Shaw
Assistant Editors - - - - -Vicki Liddle &
David DeLand

The Madison University Student Grotto Quarterly Journal is published quarterly in July, October, January, and April. Please submit articles to Susan Shaw, 72 Pleasant Hill Road, Harrisonburg, VA 22801. Subscription rate is \$4 per year. We will exchange with other clubs on request. Copyright 1982 by MUSG of the NSS. Unless otherwise stated in this publication, reprint permission is granted to the NSS and affiliated groups provided credit is given to this publication and the author.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
VPI Picnic	Meredith Hall	15
Calender of Events		15
Madison Mudslinging		16
Hard-Core Summer Caving	Vicki Liddle	17
Climbing at Seneca Rocks	Eddie Begoon	18
Ragged Out on Old Rag	Bruce Beard	19
Glade	Meredith Hall	20
History, Future, Deve-		
lopment of Hone	Mike Artz, Kris	
Quarry Climbing	Kline, & Eddie Begoon	21
Beginners in Breathing	Anne Durica	23
Was it Worth It?	Anna Weimer, Jaime Reep	24
Climbing in the South	Kris Kline	25
Summer Caving in Nutt	Susan Shaw	27
Caving & Climbing Trips		28

Cover illustration courtesy of Mike Pumphrey.

VPI PINIC

May 7, 1982 was a beautiful day. Besides being the last day of exams (and school!), it was the start of a FUN weekend with the Tech Grotto. Scott Muxworthy, Mike Pumphrey, Kelley Price, Vicki Liddle, and myself crammed into Scott's car for yet another wasted ride down Interstate 81.

We attended the Cave Club meeting Friday night. It was rather short as two of their members were getting married that night.

Saturday found us all at Buddy Penley's farm, amidst many tents. And many kegs! A day of volleyball (watch out for the cow pie!), caving, hiking, and lots of drinking turned into a night of more of the same.

Sunday was a smmewhat mellowed version of Saturday. The diehards finished off the last of the kegs and sent them rolling down the hill. The Cave Women had great fun in the Tech tradition of "Rape and Rip Off", which Vicki and I are integrating into our Grotto. I looked for a ride to D.C. and had to miss much of the fun when I found one. I'm told though there are some incriminating photographs floating around of Vicki raping some guy. Yes, it was a fun weekend!

--Meredity Hall
MUSG #9

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Sept. 2-6	Old Timer's Reunion
Sept. 10-12	Pig Roast
Oct. 1-3	Fall Ball (Seneca Rocks)
Oct 22-24	FALL VAR
Oct 28	Halloween Party
Nov. 5-7	National Cave Conservation and Management Symposium
Dec. 4	Banquet
Jan. 13	First meeting of the second semester--election of officers.

MADISON MUDSLINGING

The big event of the summer (a historical landmark in the history of MUSG) was the marriage of Bob Ebaugh (alias Bob-Bob) to Elaine Dinst. Beware! Members of MUSG are beginning to get hitched. A second member, Barb Hoffman, also got Married this spring.

Vicki Liddle will be reassuming her position as Librarian/Secretary in the fall (we just can't seem to get rid of her).

The Weller entrance to Roppel is now open for permanent use. Most cave trips now enter through this entrance. Happy Caving!

Gary Rodgers is the first member of our grotto to go to Ellison's. (Boy, this is the year for first events)

Bob Carts didn't go caving at all this summer. He traded his helmet & light in for a Windsurfer and spent the whole summer trying to get his "mast" up. His 14 foot "mast" finally broke while he was trying to ride a WAVE.

And now for the real juicy stuff:

- Susan Shaw is still dating Charlie
- All of the other girls are still searching (and hoping)
- Mike Artz, Paul Clifford, & Art Kohn all turned to their sheep in despair.
- Scott Mux., Tom Allin, & Dave DeLand all shaved their facial growths.
- Vicki sent Dave a perfumed letter to the Boy Scout camp where he worked this summer.
- Dave sent Vicki a dozen red roses (aww, how sweet)
- Charlie gave Susan a ½ gal. of Jack Daniels.

HARD-CORE SUMMER CAVING

I made a grand total of 2 cave trips this summer. The first trip was with Dave DeLand and Tom Donaldson, into Yogi's Cave (for those of you who don't know where that is its in Ashland) During this trip (which was Tom's first) we managed to break almost all of the rules of caving: 1) We entered without helmets and lights (much less a backup source); 2) we didn't sign out; 3) we used no belay in crossing the bridge over the deep 12 inch crevace. After crossing the bridge we found the hidden passage leading into the Picnic Basket Room. There we found Cindy & Boo-Boo who were having a picnic. We then pushed a virgin passage which lead to the Ranger's house. At this point Tom said he was getting tired (but we all know he really wanted to go talk to the cute ranger that was at the entrance) so we decided to exit.

My second trip, which was to New River Cave, was a little bit more difficult. Our family made their yearly trip down to see my grandmother (who just happens to live near Blacksburg) and I figured as long as I'm down here I might as well go caving. Well my brother, Jerry, had never been caving before so Jim Washington, Keith (Animule) Smith, and I managed to talk him into going with us. It took a lot of talking because we had partied the night before and he tried to use a hangover as an excuse.

We entered the cave on a very hot day in July to find it very cool & refreshing. The beginning of the trip was basically easy walking. After 1/2 hour of this Jim suggested we find the Forest Room. Well, we found the Forest Room, after a 50 ft. muddy crawlway, many twisty passages, and a 20 ft. flowstone climb. It was definitely worth it. I didn't know that New River had such formations. We were all reluctant to leave the coolness, but decided we could go for a refreshing swim in the New River. Jerry told us he didn't realize how challenging caving was but he definitely wants to go again.

--Vicki Liddle

MUSG #24

1975 Speleo Digest has just arrived at the NSS Bookstore--\$10.00
Place your order now! NSS Bookstore, Cave Avenue, Huntsville,
AL 35810

Susan Shaw has lost her brown shoes! If anybody knows of their whereabouts please inform her. She now has no more shoes to wear. Thank you.

CLIMBING AT SENECA ROCK, WEST VIRGINIA

Seneca Rock has everything a climber could ask for, vertical faces, friction slabs, overhangs and quite a lot of pleasant ledges to rest on high above the rat race of everyday life. In contrast to the hard rock, climbers seem to have very soft feelings about this sublime geological wonder.

Emotions that are shed daily on the rock by climbers range from deep love to the most horrible terror known to mankind. But like most things in daily life, these feelings are constantly changing from one to another. Terror is the one emotion that is more than a part-time partner to the climber when he is mobile. As one is making hard moves on very thin finger holds, "Ole Man Fear" will creep inside and squeeze the chest until breaths come in short, spastic gasps and the throat is parched beyond belief. But then again, this is part of the game, controlling the emotions before the emotions control you. Finally, the reward of a climb will be reached, whether it be the summit or some intermittent ledge on a vast face many hundreds of feet below the objective. Here one has time to reflect on the beauty of the land, where farm fields turn to the size of postage stamps and the mountains roll off into infinity, and on the feeling of the inseparability of your companion--to taste the dankness of the rock and to caress the rock as one would fondle a lover. At times like this, the climber has some feeling of direction and a bearing on life, maybe even a feeling of superiority over other human beings because he has full and complete control over his actions and life.

A turn of the century naturalist, John Muir, once referred to a rock formation as "the living rock." Life truly does exist on Seneca--from the simplest form, lichen, to the complex human beings that test themselves there. In every community, there are the less desirable creatures, and Seneca Rock is no exception: it seems that the pigeons fancy the rock as their home. Hardly a Seneca climber can be found that does not curse, threaten, and go into rages of severe anger over pigeons that scare one half to death by flying off of an intended hand hold. Or consider the avian excretion that sometimes finds its way all over your body.

Climbing is a supporting element for a kind of adolescent refusal to take seriously aging or weakness and the slow and unspectacular course of life itself. So a weekend at Seneca is more like a weekend of altered reality. On the return trip from West Virginia, you feel spiritually refreshed and clean, ready to start a new week with an enlightened point of view. So may Seneca live forever so future generations can experience the joys this generation has found there.

--Eddie Begoon
MUSG #27

(Author's note--The editors are desperate for articles these days, and since I've been a fat, lazy, sedentary type this summer, I'll have to rely on my memory to come up with an adventure worthy of you ramazement and amuzement. So, if you'll step with me into the Way Back Machine, we'll journey back in time, back past the summer of '82 to the distant half-forgotten past of last April, when I found myself...)

RAGGED OUT ON OLD RAG

The vast majority of MUSG was at Lockridge-Aqua Campgrounds, still sleeping off the effects of Spring Fling's wild, wonderfully-rowdy Saturday night of drunken debauchery. Kris Kline and I had missed it, having spent Saturday hard at work in Harrisonburg. Feeling left out, we decided to make up for what we missed Friday and Saturday by having an adventure on Sunday. Reversing our standard weekend lead-climbing migratory pattern, we departed Harrisonburg in an easterly rather than westerly direction, and wound up at Old Rag Mountain rather than at Seneca Rocks.

Old Rag, Kris told me, was granite climbing requiring Friends (which we had) and tape (which we did not have). He also told me it was a half hour hike to the top from where we parked. It looked longer, but who was I to argue?

It turned out to be a steep, brisk two-hour hike. Two hours at a Kris Kline pace. Those of you who know Kris, know him to be a hyperactive ex-cross country runner. Those of you who know me, know me to be a fat, balding, middle-aged intellectual type. And lazy to boot. Imagine my trying to keep up with the energetic Mr. Kline on an extended hike. Preposterous! Absurd! The man is a deranged lunatic. The entire way up, we kept passing people who were obviously in better shape than I was.

When at last we arrived on top, I was ready to take a nap, but the deranged lunatic wanted to climb. So we climbed. And while we climbed, I wondered why I hadn't gone to Spring Fling and a mellow weekend of sitting around a campfire.

At the end of the day, with dusk encroaching, we turned back and hiked down to Kris' van, the deranged lunatic again setting the pace. At last I was able to sit down as we returned to Harrisonburg and a well-deserved pizza.

Old Rag is a nice place. The view is good, the top part of the path an amusing maze, and the climbing a pleasant change of pace. But if you go there, take a fat girl with short legs. Don't take Kris Kline.

"Slow down, you move too fast.
You got to make the morning last.
Just stripping down..."

--Bruce Beard
MUSG #18

GLADE

In the great caving tradition, many trips are planned in the middle of the night, quite often after much consumption of alcohol. Such was my only cave trip of the summer.

My friend Rob Buscher and I were driving back from Old Town one late night in late June. Inspired by the darkness, we decided, "Let's go caving!!" Great, thought I, not having been in a cave in some months due to various reasons.

We left for Harrisonburg on Saturday afternoon. Strasburg made a good wine stop for the rest of the trip (Author's note: While it does work, using a tent stake as a cork screw isn't advised.) We eventually found Mike Artz at home and sat around talking for a while. Rob woke up and we got him some gear and left, for more partying elsewhere.

Also in the great caving tradition, our planned 9:00 a.m. departure Sunday morning ended up being more like 10:30; but no problem, we were just going to Glade (Augusta County) and Mike had given us good directions.

It was my directions that were messed up. Please note in future trips to Glade that you take the first right after turning left at the gazebo in Centreville. Drive down that road for what seems to be a long time (2.8 miles). You are on the right road! (It just doesn't look the same.)

Anyway, we finally got to the cave. We went in and veered off to the right, trying to find the back room (I was playing tour guide). It had rained a lot recently and the cave was muddier than I had ever seen it. We eventually got to the back room where we turned off our lamps to enjoy the totality of the darkness, again in great caving tradition. After a few minutes, we turned our lamps back on. The "pop" of a good, working carbide lamp (mine was brand new) is a wonderful sound. We checked out a lead off to the left before the big formations. I call this small, but difficult climb "Vicki's Climb" because the first time I'd ever seen it was with Vicki. By this time I was covered with mud. I gave it a go anyway but was too slippery. Rob, on his third or fourth cave trip, tried it too. Intelligence won out, in both cases, over gutsy mechanism. Neither of us made it.

By this time we were both kind of freaking ourselves out. A combination of cloudy skies, ominous rumbling noises below us, and a general lack of sleep put thoughts of being trapped in a flooded cave into our imaginations. We left after only about two hours.

--Meredith Hall
MUSC #9

THE HISTORY, DEVELOPMENT, AND FUTURE OF THE HONE QUARRY CLIMBING

Hone Quarry has been known to most people in the Shenandoah Valley as a recreation area in the George Washington National Forest near Reddish Knob where you can camp, hike, fish, or hunt. Within the past two years rock climbing has been added to these activities. As more people find out about Hone Quarry as a potential climbing area, it will see an increase in use especially from James Madison University students.

The geology of Hone Quarry is fascinating yet somewhat complex. There is a layer of Shaley Sandstone that makes up the Lover's Leap Rocks which have tremendous amounts of loose rocks covering the top of the cliffs and has already eaten one rope. This is unfortunate for the cliffs are 50 to 60 feet high. Fortunately the majority of the newly found rocks are composed of a solid quartzite, probably Tuscorara Sandstone.

Probably more fascinating than the type of rocks found in Hone Quarry is the hydrological and erosional history behind the exposure of the cliffs. To date, cliffs have been found in four small valleys in the Hone Quarry area. At one time the rock layers were completely intact and have since been eroded away by streams which have exposed the layers of climbable rock.

Climbing at Hone Quarry began when Eddie Begoon started putting up routes on the main rock known at the time--Lover's Leap. This began sometime in 1979 when Eddie put up a climb called "Monkey Swing" (5.7). This route is an obvious line that climbs a right facing corner and then pulls a 5 foot roof through a crack. At the time it was done on top-rope but has since been led. Shortly thereafter, Eddie aided a problem called Wingding (5.7a1). Then Hangover fell, a 60 ft. overhanging wall just to the right of Monkey Swing. In the mean time, Eddie freed his aid problem, Wingding was rerated 5.9. Then Mike Artz put up "Mike's Prayer" (5.9), an impossible-looking line through a series of 3 and 5 foot overhangs. Also several friction climbs were put up by Eddie.

At this time, climbing fell slack in Hone Quarry because no one wanted to climb at Lover's Leap with the horrendous amount of loose rock. But as fate would have it, Eddie became tired of travelling long distances in West Virginia to go rock climbing and fell back to Hone Quarry and began looking for new areas. Sometime in the summer of 1981 he found Goon Rocks and Practice Rocks but the virgin routes didn't begin to fall until December of 1982 when Mike Artz began climbing at Goon Rocks. Kris Kline, another local climber who had also been climbing at Hone Quarry teamed up with Mike and Eddie (or was it all a mutual teamup?) and began a new era in climbing at Hone Quarry with the first ascent of "Sunny Afternoon" (5.10) at Goon Rocks. This was Hone

Quarry's first 5.10 and it remains as one of the more classic routes that have been done. Shortly thereafter, Mike put up several 5.7's and a 5.9 called "Apollo" at Goon Rocks. All the while this was happening, Eddie had some secret rocks (Practice Rocks) where he was putting up routes and soon he showed them to Kris who put up a beautiful line called "Smooth Move" (5.10). Two fine 5.9's and another 5.10 called "Silent but Silent" were also put up in the following month. Unfortunately crucial handholds have been broken on "Silent but Silent" and has since been rerated 5.11.

Kris Kline soon became bored with these new places and went rock hunting in the main Hone Quarry area and found two new sets of rocks and some large boulders. Shiprocks were located on the East side of a ridge and appear to be covered with moss and lichen and has good potential. No routes have yet been put up there. A significant find was Resort Rocks. These have been found to be an extension of Goon Rocks except high up on the ridge. A beautiful face climb named "Dermis" (5.10) which was put up by Kris along with two 5.9's ("Epidermis", and "Improbable"). The potential at Resort Rocks has not really been explored yet! A large boulder near the road has the scene of another beautiful face climb named "Avitar" (5.10) which was put up by Kris. Another boulder which Eddie had found earlier was the sight of Hone Quarry's first 5.11 when Mike Artz make the first ascent of "State of the Artz". The same boulder soon was the sight of another 5.11 when Kris Kline finished "Lunge or Plunge". Two fine 5.9's, a 5.8, and a 5.10 also exist on the same boulder.

Also during the same time period, Kris found Wasp Rocks after a steep hike and a few nice routes were put up on them. The same day on a hike, Eddie discovered that Wasp Rocks were just part of a layer of rock similar to Resort Rocks and new routes are abundant!

Two other boulders near Goon Rocks were also the sight of some nice routes. Even though one of the boulders is extremely overhung, it still provided some pumper routes. Most notable are "For Your Hand Only Direct Start" (5.11) which was put up by Mike Artz and "Hot Blood Sundae" (5.12-), Hone Quarry's first 5.12 which was put up by Kris Kline.

By now it was summer and it seemed as if new routes were becoming scarce. But, never fear, Kris Kline was here! After a long, hard hike, he found a new set of rocks in a new valley that had never been touched! Hidden Rocks was the new name for them and the rocks held some of the most beautiful cracks ever found at Hone Quarry. They also had some of the largest roofs to be found within a couple hundred miles radius. This was a major find and after some searching a trail was found to go through the valley in which Hidden Rocks were located in. This place will prove to be the future of climbing in Hone Quarry for

the next year because of the significance of the find. At present there are four, large cliffs which have been found. There is yet another valley to investigate and countless boulders also.

Climbing activity at Hidden Rocks has not been slack however. On the first foray to Hidden Rocks, Bob Ebaugh and Kris Kline put up a route on the largest set of rocks. The route turned out to be a 5.9 and even at that rating it still avoided the huge roofs that are present. Shortly thereafter, Mike and Eddie began a trail improvement plan towards the second set of rocks. Here were the most beautiful lines yet to be found. Although they turned out to be harder than they looked, first ascents were made on 6 of the 9 most obvious lines. After three trips, Mike was able to put up "Wham Jam Thank You Mam" (5.7+), "Arm and Jammer" (5.8), "Epileptic's Only" (5.7), "Microdigits" (5.10), "Kraken" (5.9), and "Pegasus" (5.11). Eddie recorded first ascents on "The Laugh's on Me" (5.9), and "Loose Boulder" (5.9).

Climbing at Hone Quarry has a bright future. There are still countless first ascents at Hidden Rocks and in the same valley are countless boulders which haven't even been looked at closeup. Ship Rocks haven't been explored yet and neither has the main part of Resort Rocks. Wasp Rocks are almost identical to Resort and Goon Rocks except they are on another ridge which hasn't been explored to its' full potential yet either. However, there is a problem with most of the new rocks; they tend to get further and further from the road and access to some of the rocks is difficult. A master trail plan is in the making for the new sets of rocks which will allow easier access.

Climbing at the older areas will get harder as more 5.10s, 5.10+s, and perhaps even some 5.11s are put up. If you are interested in seeing this area, contact the authors through the editor of the newsletter. We can use all the help we can get!

--Mike Artz, Eddie Begoon, & Kris Kline

BEGINNERS IN BREATHING

After camping on Old Rag Mountain on Friday night, August 13, 1982, I and ten others entered Breathing Cave. Because six of the members were beginners, the group moved slowly. After the crawl through the entrance of the new section, we found the remainder of the cave relatively easy to explore--a mixture of climbing and walking. The trip lasted about two hours; we turned around in Sand Alley. (I wanted to go on but some of the beginners were ready to leave!) By the time we all left Breathing and hiked back to the cars, it was late afternoon and time for a cold beer and a swim.

--Anne Durica
MUSG #29

WAS IT WORTH IT?

On Saturday June 5, 1982, members from MUSG and George Mason Outing Club set out to enjoy, with high anticipation, the My Cave System in Elk River Valley, West Virginia. After listening to Jaime and Mike Reep's incessant stories about the cave and the surrounding karst topography of the area, we were more than ready for a weekend of camping, caving, and rowdiness in general.

At 2:00 p.m. we were at the entrance and proceeded to climb down into the main passage. Despite the fact that it had been raining for the past twenty-four hours, the first two-hundred yards of the cave were not much more wet than usual. At this point we encountered the torturous one-hundred foot long stream crawlway. This, too, was at a surprisingly normal level of wetness. However, at the end of this crawl, the ten foot climb down to the supposed walking trunk passage lead us to two convergent white water rivers. Boy were we surprised! Although we knew that the rest of the cave was impassable--and, we had driven seven hours to get to it--we spent fifteen minutes discussing different theories on how to overcome the torrent before us. Reality finally struck us in the face so we did an "about face" and went back.

Attempting to find the ideal campsite, Mike's Chevy van, (he should've bought a Ford), became annoyingly stuck in the mud. After an eight man effort to push the van back onto the main road, our only alternative was to set up camp at what appeared to be the Mingo, West Virginia dumpsite. Despite our immediate surroundings, we still had a great time; the rain stopped, we had a beautiful fire, good food, lots of booze and, of course, crazy people doing crazy things. Still on our minds was the fact that we had driven fourteen hours total and camped in mud and trash to do forty-five minutes of caving. Pulling out of the dump the next morning we had strong commitments to return under better caving, camping, and weather conditions. To Be Continued...

--Anna Weimer & Jaime Reep
MUSG #00 & #6

LOVE

Shall I enter the cave?
Can't see the bottom.
But the rope has no end.

Contemplation.

The deeper the descent,
The higher the exit
But the repel is beautiful.

--Susan Shaw

CLIMBING IN THE SOUTH

OR

A LESSON IN FEAR

In the beginning, all things were simple--but then man discovered rock climbing, and things just haven't been the same. For example, take my present situation. Here I am, clawing my way through thick underbrush on top of a 300 foot cliff. It is full night now, and even the sickle moon is going down. There is no path in sight and I don't really know where I am or how I can get back to the car...well I guess I do know where I am...sort of...I am somewhere on top of Looking Glass Rock in North Carolina.

Eddie Begoon and I had hardly expected to end up in this situation when we left Bridgewater late in August for a week of climbing. Our goal was to climb at several of the major climbing areas in the vicinity of Asheville, N.C.--Looking Glass Rock, Devil's Courthouse, Linville Gorge, and Whitesides Mountain to name a few. Of course, we knew nothing of North Carolina climbing so we were counting on local climbers to supply us with information.

We arrived in Asheville and immediately went off in search of the local climbing shop, Mountaineering South; and, after parting with some of our excess cash and picking up some information, left in search of Looking Glass Rock. This we found with a minimum of difficulty and, although it was crowding 6:30, we immediately set off in search of adventure. We immediately found it. Since the one pitch route we wanted was occupied (by the only other climbers on the rock), we elected to do a three pitch route nearby. Eddie, who shows a talent for ending up leading the last pitch in the dark, led the last pitch in the dark with hypersonic bats zooming past his ears. This all leads up to the fiasco which I have already described in sufficiently awful detail. We got back to the car about 12:00 midnight, but then had to hike back to the base of the rock in order to pick up the pack which we had left at the bottom of the climb. By the time we got to sleep it was about 1:30.

The next day, luckily, brought a change in fortunes in the person of a climber named Chris Caldwell. He showed us around the rock and put us on to such area classics as Sundial Cracks (5.8 505), Odyassy (5.9 A-3 800'), Dum De Dum Dum (5.10), and Out to Lunch (5.10). He also showed us the official rock mascots: two large timber rattlesnakes which live under a large flake near Odyassy. If you encounter these guys, do not pet but do not kill, either. They're really very friendly. There were two noticeable differences between Glass climbing and the climbing here in Virginia/West Virginia: The low angle, friction climbing and the

lack of protection on many climbs. At Seneca, 20 feet is considered a long runout, but at the Glass, a 20 foot runout is not even a runout. 30-40 feet is more like it. It takes some getting used to.

Chris was supposed to leave on Sunday evening but we persuaded him to stay on until Tuesday because we wanted him to do the Original Route on Whitesides with us (5.9 A-2 or 5.10 800') We asked him along because of our generosity and because he seemed to be a nice guy...he also had a guidebook and we didn't. We drove to Whitesides on Monday night, set up a rather gravelly camp in the parking lot, and cooked hamburger helper amid some light rain showers. Things didn't look good, but when we woke up in the morning the sun was out; so at about 8:30, we set off for our first big wall.

The first problem of the day was to find a way down to the bottom of the cliff. From there our route finding problems really began. We couldn't even find the route. We finally decided that the "dirty crack" described in the guidebook was really a huge, grungy corner and, after that, we really had very little problem following the route, although we frequently wondered if we were off route. All doubt was finally abolished when we found the bolt ladder described in the book and after that it was basically smooth sailing. To be sure, the protection was a bit strung out (some pitches are protected with only three or four pieces in 150 feet) and one bolt in the ladder was kind of loose, but we were finished. In more ways than one.

We devoted the next day to such difficult endeavours as washing clothes, eating, airing sleeping bags, and getting clean. In the afternoon (Wed.) we drove up on the Blue Ridge Parkway to Devil's Courthouse, but since we were kind of tired and it was kind of cold (Devil's is at approx. 5500 feet) we decided not to climb and went back to Asheville, ate again, and went to another climbing shop where we bought a guidebook of our very own. (Incidentally, the guidebook, Southern Rock, costs \$7.95 and is almost, but not quite, totally useless. Routes and ratings are often crossed and route descriptions are sometimes vague or misleading.)

That evening, we drove to the Table Rock parking lot and camped in the no camping zone. We had intentions of moving the next morning, but stayed there for three nights. From this parking lot, the climber has access to a bewildering number of climbing areas: Table Rock, The North Carolina Wall, and the Amphitheater with the Mummy and Prow buttresses. Also nearby are the chimneys, primarily a bouldering and top-roping area, and numerous small walls which still offer much first ascent potential. Since we had three climbing days left and three major areas to hit, we decided to spend one day at each area. Routes are innumerable, but the one which proved to be the most enjoyable was Apricot Jam (5.9+4 pitches) on the Monster Butress.

We returned home late Saturday night with a total of 32 pitches behind us as well as some really spectacular views and some new friends. For anyone going south for the climbing, we recommend Looking Glass and Linville Gorge. Also, although we never got a chance to cover all of the climbing areas in North Carolina, we heard many good things said about Hanging Rock State Park and Stone Mountain. So if you're into climbing, south is one good way to go.

--Kris Kline
MUSG #22

SUMMER CAVING IN NUTT

Older brothers, traditionally, have teased little sisters. My brother, in particular, developed various effective methods of little-sister harassment: pulling dear kitty's tail, leaving frog in sister's bed, etc. But when I became a caver, I knew I would soon avenge his wicked deeds. The way was Nutt Cave, West Virginia.

The front entrance was not so seriously small as the path leading to the lake. To get on it, one must lay on the ground and wriggle through a puddle of water. (My brother's front side, consequently, became wet and he appeared apprehensive. I joyfully thought, "You ain't seen nothing yet.")

We continued down the tortuous path until I spotted, off to the side, a hole in the floor. Having been in the cave before, I knew the small tunnel well. To follow it down, one must take off his hat, lay on his back, and use his feet to propel him through. A cry was heard: "Damn, Suzy, will we be able to get back out??? What if we can't..." (I remembered the frog in my bed and rejoiced in my brother's anxiety.)

The lake at the end of the tunnel is a sight to behold, especially after crawling through tight passageways. We gazed downstream and saw many "mole people." Approximately twenty carbide lights, in single file, were marching our way. We reached the rocks after walking in the knee-deep water. (My brother's feet were cold and I, remembering dear kitty's tail, was overjoyed.)

Many people were in the cave and both exploration and exiting were slow. Passages became crowded and communication was difficult. After about two and one-half hours, we were out of the cave and I immediately learned that my plan of revenge had been unsuccessful. My brother loved caving: "When can we go again?"

--Susan Shaw
MUSG #31

CAVING AND CLIMBING TRIPS

<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>HRS</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
4/15	Chimney Rocks		Kris Kline, Bob Ebaugh, did west face of Knife Edge
4/10	Seneca Rocks		Kris Kline, Bob-Bob did Ecstasy to Ecstasy Jr. then Gourmet Direct Start Kris got severe cramps.
4/14	Wasp Rocks		Kris, Bob-Bob, Mike Artz, Eddie Begoon, Jeff Laushey. Kris tried finger stinger (with wasp nest)
4/8-4/11	Roppel Cave	26	Paul Clifford, Mike Artz, Eric Anderson, Anne Durica.
4/10	Eagle Rocks		Gary Rodgers, Eddie Begoon; went and did what Eddie called "Standing Room Only"-was almost 300 ft. and it took 3 pitches to get up. Was the best crack I've ever done. The crack went all the way up to the middle of the 2nd pitch.
4/5	Chimney Rocks		Gary Rodgers, Jeff L., Tom Allin, John Eckman. met Hazel & Bessie
4/15	Hone Quarry		Kelley Price, John Eckman, Stephanie Swanner, Matt Theado, Chip Clark, Russel.
4/?	Old Rag Mountain		Bruce Beard, Kris Kline
5/?	King's Dominion		Vicki Liddle, Dave DeLand, Tom Donaldson. Did Yogi's Cave & 11 roller coasters.

<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>	<u>HRS</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
6/5	My Cave		Anna Weimer, Jaime Reep, and others. Wasn't worth it.
7/11	New River Cave		Vicki Liddle, Jerry Liddle, Jim Washington, Keith (Animule) Smith. Jerry's first trip. Nice mud crawl, went to Forest Room.
7/?	Nutt Cave		Susan Shaw, Wally Shaw, Charlie Harbin, Vanessa Ziegenfuss.
8/13	Breathing Cave		Anne Durica and 10 others.

CAVES ARE PROTECTED BY LAW

Caves are a unique nonrenewable natural resource.
They are protected so that future generations can enjoy them.

IN VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, and WEST VIRGINIA CAVES IT IS ILLEGAL TO:

or mark on the walls	-Disturb bats or other living organisms
or dump spent carbide	
or remove mineral formations	-Remove or disturb historic or prehistoric artifacts or bones

Help enforce the law by reporting all persons violating the law to the cave owner or nearest law enforcement authority.

--The Virginia Cave Commission