

Madison University Student Grotto

QUARTERLY JOURNAL



A
Dedication
To
MIKE ARTZ

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STATE OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

As you may know, the Artz Dynasty has now been overthrown. A new, more terrible power is now in command. A power which does not accept laziness as an excuse. A power which wants everyone to go caving. A power who is happy as long as everyone is having fun. I'm speaking about myself.

As summer approaches we can look forward to many things, the NSS Convention in July, Old Timers' Reunion, and Pig Roast in September. Even though a lot of people will be going home in a few weeks they cannot use it as an excuse for not caving. This club was brought together through caving, and it will remain together through caving--so go caving.

As for this journal, it is dedicated to Mike Artz, who kept the club going and made it grow. Mike has done a lot of hard work and I think that he deserves this appreciation. As the Busweiser commercial says, "This ones for you!"

David DeLand, Chairman 1983

NSS #23092

MUSG #26

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MUSG Quarterly Journal--

Publishing for over a fiftieth of a century!

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Cover illustration by: Laura Richardson

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors,

I noticed an article in the January, 1983, MUSG Quarterly Journal entitled "Meditation, Caving, and Everything." Although I have heard many cavers and climbers profess to speaking with God while 400 feet underground or 400 feet above ground, especially in sticky situations, I feel the Cave Club Journal is no place to patronize yantras and montras. I do not doubt the author's good intent. However, the content of the article is quite contrary to the purpose of the club, caving, and should have no place in the club's publication.

-Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

We the editors feel that this Journal is a place for club members to state their feelings. Although the article "Meditation, Caving, and Everything" does not concern caving or climbing it does concern the feelings of the author who is a member of the club. We do not necessarily support Dan's views, but we do feel that his views are important as a member of this club.

-Dave & Vicki

CAVING TRIP

Heading out was great,
When we finally did;
Not that we departed late,
Just had some things to do.
Of course of this I knew.

Zach and Wendy weren't awake
And John Eckman decided not to go
Going would've been a mistake
You never know how long a trip will take.

So I borrowed his helmet
And "Bridgewater here we come."
At the Seven Eleven we all met
Mike, Patti, Kris, Lou and then some:
Lewis, Bill, and me.
"Wondered if you'd make it Kozlosky."

Of course he was woken at ten;
I still didn't have any equipment
When Mike got there he was asleep again
"Do you have an extra helmet?"
"Sure, got room for another caver?"
Not exactly unusual behavior.

Crus'in, watching the snow fall.
Nature slips under a white sheet
Still I hear her call,

Today we'll meet:
The Beauty of woods in snow,
A dishwater sky
Hides the sun, a faint glow,
The wind mourns in a sigh;
Looking, a natural high.

cont.

Breathing cave would've been crowded
And Marshall's was near,
We stopped and unloaded;
"What the hell am I doing here."
Getting our shit together
For some damn cold weather.

Everyone bouncing on the bridge
And breaking Chris out
The experienced's privilage,
I'm not one to point.
Inside the cave, "Far out!!"
It took us a while to find though,
Patti gives Mike a look of "I told you so."

Getting to the cave was a bit of a climb
But we were all eager to get in
We'd wasted enough time
With a quick check of gear we slipped within.
Lamps' pie sound,
Light dances on backs,
We slip underground,
Water dropping has an errie sound.

"This is a blast!"
But I pushed a little too hard
Going wherever the lights cast.
This caver is slightly scared
It would not be
'Cept for leaving carbide
And writing graffiti
These I really didn't need to see.

The second level was rough
Pushed along, then returning
Getting out was demon tough
In an instant, leaving.
I hoped no one could hear
My "get me out"
In seeing the sun again, I had me doubts.

Bringing everyone down was intresting
Careful and slow
A lot of coaching
Slipping farther below.
"Watchout for the stream."
Not that deep but cold,
Shimmering in the lamp's beam.
Walking horizontal is hard I'm told
Being here does not mean I'm bold.

It has to do with height
Close to the brink,
The small have their plight
But I don't think they'll sink
They're better through holes, I think.

It got too much trouble
"What the hell, I'll get wet."
A slash and a bubble,
I haven't got this skill yet:
Rather frigid
Making my teeth and body rigid.

Kris and Mike got misled
Patti got caught,
Man, was she pissed
They did what they should have nought.
She needed help on the other side,
No one there;
She couldn't get free though she tried
Boy, did she swear
With some coaching from Bill
She finally got loose
By now she was ready to kill
Though I'm sure shes in control, still.

My lamp has a tendency to blind
She couldn't see anything.
Not that I'm unkind.
Actions and the consequences they bring.
Lewis' lamp was getting low
So he had to reload
Man, the flame it did throw
It had to do with the water, so I'm told
It was a long time before it was cold.

We caught up with the pushing two
Who had waited,
"What happened to you?"
Everything was related.
An experiment: the lights went out
Fell the silence and darkness encompass
"Don't anybody shout."
Not to see your hand pass before your fa
In the void of space.

cont.

We pushed a little now
 But the ladies were getting tired,
 New passages and what else is in store
 I was sort of restless and wired;
 Though, getting back brought grunts and sighs
 Instructions from Mike,
 Finally down, after several tries.
 I really didn't feel like being a casualty
 I weigh a little bit;
 And being inclined to injury,
 Once or twice I began to wonder
 So they'd have to haul from down under.

It was black as the cave outside
 And the snow had ceased,
 Getting down the hill was a hell of a
 With the cold my enthusiasm
 quickly decreased.
 "Warmth is a change of clothing."
 I can be quick if need be
 "Lets see, have I left anything?"
 "Oh shit!!," I go into shock
 My glasses ground under tire and rock,
 Ground under tire and rock.

-Chris Mill

MIKE ARTZ: A CAVER FOR ALL SEASONS

After three years of leading MUSG, Mike Artz is graduating this August. I have been asked to write a laudatory article (Is laudatory a word? If not, it should be.) proclaiming his excellence and exploits. Normally, I disdain such hero worship (probably out of jealousy. No one has ever written an article telling MUSG readers how great I am, despite my having suggested it on numerous occasions.), but this time I am going to make an exception. For when Mike Artz graduates, JMU will lose the best caver and the best rock climber (since Eddie and Kris are extra-Madisonial (another new word)) it has ever had. What is more, it will be the end of an era. For Mike will be the last of the JMU old-timers to graduate, the last of the small core of cavers who have been responsible for nearly all of the serious caving the MUSG has participated in. He will be sorely missed.

Mike and I do not "go back a long way." We have known each other for just two years. But, as in any relationship, the intensity is more important than the duration. You can learn more about someone on one twenty-eight hour cave trip than at a year of movies and parties.

What do we really know about most of our friends? He is a nice guy. She loaned me \$20 once. We have the same taste in movies. He rolls a good cigar. These things are nice, but are they really all that important?

Courage, John F. Kennedy once said, can be defined as grace under pressure. How many of your friends have you witnessed in a high-pressure situation? Which of your friends would you want with you in an emergency? I would want Mike Artz by my side. Because I have seen Mike perform successfully while under pressure. Time after time, in both caves and on cliffs, Mike has been there for me.

A long cave trip rips all the facades away from a person. Anyone can be pleasant and generous in the warmth of their living room; but when you are twenty hours into a cave, dirty, wet, tired, and hungry; and you still offer to take more than your share of the weight, that says something about your true character. If you have not eaten a hot meal in 24 hours and cannot expect one for another 4, you won't give away half of

your last candy bar unless you are a truly generous person.

I have been on three 24 hr. + cave trips with Mike. He has always carried at least his share of the weight, done at least his share of the work, and been pleasant, generous, and helpful to all his companions. He is an asset to any caving party.

I have climbed with Mike in five different states. And when I am leading a tough climb, there is no one I would rather have belaying than Mike. I have quite literally put my life in his hands on numerous occasions. I would not hesitate to do so again.

Most of the adventures I have had in my life, Mike Artz has shared in. He has never let me down. So while I have a number of friends, while I have a lot in common with a lot of people, when I am doing something intense, I want to do it with Mike Artz. A friend indeed.

-Bruce Beard
MUSG #18

A SHORT RAMBLING STORY

I have been in a cave and it changed me to the point I don't think I'll be doing it again too soon. Free falling 80 feet is not my idea of fun.

One sunny Sunday morning Meredith, Elizabeth, and I went to the infamous 3-D Maze cave. Elizabeth stayed out because her boots were too slippery so we bid her adieu and went down into the depths. Having never caved I naturally got scared to death on the first drop we had to climb down. Now let me stress that, "SCARED". Okay, now you've got the picture, but Meredith was God and kept my confidence up and we had a blast. I didn't even get muddy or at least that muddy but I did get stuck. That was fun...

When we were leaving we ran into friends (Sean and others) and we all tromped through the snow (remember snow). Elizabeth had made this tremendous snow boulder which Sean and I promptly rolled down the hill laughing at how the cow-pies were sticking to it.

By the way, I only wrote the first two lines to grab your attention.

-Werner F. Doerwaldt

*There once was a boy named Mike
Who got real horny one night
He grabbed a can of grease
And pulled on the fleece
And the fun didn't stop until light.*

-Bob Carts, MUSG #1

AN ALMOST TRUE FICTION CONVERSATION

I was with a couple of caver friends the other day. Dave and John, from another grotto, were discussing the various cave gods and demigods known to their grotto. Not all of the names were unfamiliar to me: they had heard of some demigods from my own grotto (MUSG). It seems that Bob Carts and Bruce Beard were more famous than I had known. We talked of their exploits for a bit, then, inevitably, as though perfectly programmed, the name "Mike Artz" was mentioned.

I smiled, "Yeah, I know Mike. He's a pretty good friend of mine."

"Wow. Have you been caving with him? I hear he's a real hard-ass." Dave was almost in awe.

"Of course I've been caving with him. And, yeah, he is a hard-ass caver. I'd trust him doing anything, in a cave or on a cliff." I said this with real determination like I really meant it. (In actuality, I haven't been caving with Mike in some months and generally only see him at Cave Club meetings).

John joined in the conversation. "I hear he's been to Ellison's."

"Uh-huh," I replied. "And Butler and Roppel." I guess I was kind of egging them on.

"I heard he climbs 5.7's!" Dave was getting excited, as though he himself knew Mike through me.

"No, I think he's up to 5.10's and 5.11's by now."

"Wow." Dave was back to his original assessment of Mike.

"Man," I went on, "there ain't nothing Mike won't try! No imperfection of the rock is too small, no hole so deep or dark that Mike won't go for it. I tell you, he's a lunatic."

"I'll say. You'd have to be to do some of the things he's done."

I was enjoying this conversation. I kind of thought I was getting eloquent. "There isn't anything he'll say 'no' to. He'd probably try to climb this smooth wall."

"But is he safe?" John was ever conscious of safety.

"I would trust Mike with my life," I said. "He may do some seemingly insane things, like rock climb with crutches and a leg cast, but he is always safe. He's also an EMT."

"What's that?" Dave asked.

"Emergency Medical Technician. It's like heavy duty advanced first-aid," John explained.

I continued, "Yeah, I was with him on a rescue one time at Seneca Rocks. I was scared shitless because I thought I might be the first EMT to the guy that fell. When I got there, Mike had already done most everything, calm as anything. Just the sight of him doing what needed doing made me feel better. I decided then and there that if I am ever hurt or lost in a cave or anything, I'd want Mike Artz there to rescue me." I said this last sentence with unfaked conviction.

"He's even better than I thought!"

Dave and John had to leave right around then. They did so with a new awe of Mike Artz.

After the conversation, I realized suddenly just how myths are perpetuated.

-Meredith Hall
MUSG #9
NSS #21477

Name of cave: Sugar Nutt Hill

Date: April 1, 1983

People on trip: Dan O'Brien, Susan Shaw, Charlie Harbin, John Bauserman,
Delight Ackles

Time in Cave: 2 hours

Location of cave: Tenth Legion, between Broadway & New Market, near
Endless Caverns

Sugar Nutt Hill cave was small but quite intricate. Curious as to where one tiny path led, we set our cigarettes down for fear of crushing them, and began to crawl. It was tight. Lots of breakdown and sharp stalactites gave me sore knees and elbows but it was worth it. Upon exiting the path, we entered a relatively large room, flourishing with formations, birds, and rats. Yuk! We had a new caver with us, Delight, and Dan told her those creatures were just large cave mice. But she was no fool. One of the rats stole Charlie's cigarettes; I was just glad he didn't smoke menthals. (Editor's note: I think this rat was trying to say something about people smoking in caves.) John checked out some passages which eventually led in a circle. Charlie followed a long narrow passage. Forty feet in and two feet from a room, he became stuck. He tensed up and had trouble breathing so he tensed up even more--bad move but learned from it. When he finally relaxed, he was able to back out into the room which he started from. We had a few moments of dark silence (a must for a new caver). Ready to see again, I turned my flashlight on. It's rays landed right between the eyes of one of those cave mice. We, especially Delight and I, were ready to leave. We crawled back out of the passage we were in, picked the remaining cigarettes, and headed back to the car.

-Susan Shaw
MUSG #31

MIKE ARTZ

We had been under for about twelve hours. We were very wet, very cold, and tired. Better Forgotten was not a cave that gave up its secrets easily, it's the kind of place that makes you glad someone like Mike Artz is around.

He ascended the 100 foot drop ahead of me after helping those ahead rig on. He was patient. I was truly exhausted as I made the drenching climb. Through my own panting I could hear him shiver, and yet when I reached the top he appeared comfortable and offered me his garbage bag when I became cold. He was kind. He was the only one physically capable of carrying out the bulky length of rope, and he did without complaint. He was a strong caver.

-Dave Thorpe
MUSG #19

A TRIP TO BUTLER

It was a sunny Friday afternoon as Craig Snyder, Nancy Gibson, and I set out for a weekend adventure, hopefully to get in on a trip to Butler Cave. We arrived at Aqua Campground, the scene of Spring Fling the week before. Only to find 5 or 6 cavers hanging out and the infamous Tipi was still standing, but was soon to become firewood, having had an entire week of cure.

We had a great dinner of beer drenched chicken and hamburgers, Because as usual we forgot the potatoes. Then we drank a few beers and got a good nights sleep.

The alarm went off at 7:00 A.M.--thats right the alarm. We weren't gonna miss this chance.

We had a good breakfast of coffee, coke, eggs to order, sausage, croissants, and bread. Then we tore down camp and waited for Dave DeLand and Dave Shauntz to arrive. At 9:45 or 10:00 I started to give up hope for their arrival, so Craig and I drove into the big city of Williamsville to Slims Grocery Store to call Dave DeLand to find out what the story was. No answer, so we went to the post office to get directions to the BCCS Homestead & Butler Cave, and we had no problem getting there and were just in time to get in on trips.

I talked to Pete Carter and he told me to go see Les Good who was reluctant at first but with a little convincing on our behalf from Pete he agreed. Nancy & Craig got in on an 8½ hour orientation trip, and I went with Pete Carter, Toni Williams, Mark, and Josh (the guy who was lost in the cave 3 weeks before). Needless to say, noone let him out of sight. But seriously, he is a good caver and a great guy. He has also been on three trips since the rescue.

We left the Homestead about 12:30, went to the entrance and started our trip down the 30 ft. entrance pit. By way of a cable ladder, quite the experience all by itself, and a very efficient way to get up and down small vertical drops. It takes much less time than using Gibbs and vertical riggs. Then to the Bat Room, where Toni pointed out three different species of bats to me. She does bat habitat studies which includes color code banding of bats to study their living patterns and habits. When the rest of our group joined us we headed down "God is my co-pilot", an easy down climb but it looks much more difficult than it is because of a hidden foot hold unvisible to the climber. Hence the name.

After that we headed down Breakdown Mountain moving quickly to the Window Room where we passed the orientation group and headed down the Rabbit Hole and on to Sand Canyon, a huge room or series of rooms then into the main trunk passage past the rimstone passage. Beautiful rimstone pools lead up into the cave with a large flowstone at the end and more rimstone pools on top of the flowstone.

After a mile or so more of leisure strolling through the trunk passage which I was permitted to lead so I could take a few pictures of the crystal clear water and the reflections before it was disturbed by our walking through. The passage is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

Pure white soda straws and larger formations line the ceiling and walls, untouched huge formations followed as we walked through the stream, which got deeper as we pushed on down the passage.

From there the trip took on more difficult passages and crawlways. The first of which was the "pants off" crawlway, a very tight squeeze for about 7 feet that got smaller at the end. It was named appropriately as it has been known to rip the pants right off cavers passing through it, and it did a pretty good job of tearing the ass out of mine. From there things got better or worse depending on your point of view. The next passage was a simple hands and knees crawl which went into a wide belly crawl about one foot high and 300 ft. long through a rocky stream then opening up and leading into the junction of Spring Creek and the entrance of the Frothing-Slosh, a snarly crawlway about 200 ft. long and deffinatly the hardest crawl I've ever done, barely large enough to wiggle through with sharp rock ledges protruding from both sides about 5 or 6 inches from the floor. If that isn't enough, the whole time you're crawling 4 inches of water is running in your face, through your coveralls, and out your pants legs or in my case what was left of my pants by the time I got to the end. Both knees of my coveralls and cave jeans were torn to shreads not to mention the skin under all that.

At the end of the passage is a short climb to a small sloping room where we took a break for dinner. We had traveled some $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 miles and were near our destination, the "Dynamite Section". After a few disgusting jokes from Mark and some soggy but delicious Hershey bars we were off again. We were farther than any of the members of the trip had ever been and we had no idea of what was ahead of us except that we had to do some pit traverses. There were some old survey markers along the passage but they seemed to end at the first pit. Although on the map, the surveys were not very accurate which was one of the purposes of our trip, and there was more passage beyond, that still needs to be surveyed.

We traversed the first pit easily. It was about a 30 ft. drop and continued down the passage to the next pit. Quite a bit more difficult. Pete lead digging steps and hand holds across the mud wall of the pit which was easily 50 ft. deep. He set up a belay stance and belayed the rest of us over. At this point we came to a junction in the passage. One led up and to the right and the other straight ahead. Pete and Toni went up and Mark, Josh, and I went ahead where we found the third pit. Pete and Toni found a possible way to the surface due to the presence of dripping water from the ceiling, bats and the smell of fresh air. We regrouped and continued down the passage where Mark, Josh, and I had found the pit. There we found mud formations that closely resembled a chess board, and some small pure white crystal flowers growing on the mud near the side of the walls of the pit. Pete down climbed the pit while we waited and found the passages to be surveyed and then returned. Mark who had been up for 36 hours spending most of that time in caves decided to call it quits and after a bit of discussion we decided to head back toward the entrance. But not before leaving rope and vertical gear for a future trip for surveying the unsurveyed portions of the Dynamite Section.

We headed back over the pit traverses which were more difficult going in the opposite direction and then back through the Frothing Sloss to Spring Creek Junction and down Spring Creek part of the down stream loop to Dave's Lake which was well over waist deep. Then on into the "Pool room" and back into the main trunk passages again and on to Sand Canyon where we took a break, checked the time (12:35 A.M.), munched, and then headed up the Rabbit Hole to the Window Room up Break down Mountain to God is my Co-Pilot and up to the cable ladder to the surface. We had covered 8-9 miles of passage in 13½ hours and got back to the Homestead between 1:30 and 2:00 A.M. A great trip in a very impressive cave had come to an end. We got cleaned up had some dinner, and some cold ones, and sat in front of the stove till 4:00 and then I got some well deserved sleep in the back of Craig's car.

In the morning we got up and had breakfast and then said our goodbyes and headed down the muddy road toward home and hot showers.

-Zach Krasner
MUSG #39

Mike,

You have a quality of leadership which is about 1% Robert's Rules of Order and 99% Mike Artz. I think it's charisma. People are drawn unto you, Mike, and leave your presence with unconditional respect for you. What is it?

Perhaps it's your undisputed proficient caving ability. You know, your eyes sparkle and your whole face lights up when you speak of Ellison's. But I think even more than respecting you as a caver, you are respected as a soft-spoken, gentle person. During my whole Cave Club experience, I have never heard you criticize another person. You are careful not to offend anyone or hurt any feelings. It all adds up to charisma. You are one of the few natural-born leaders I have ever met. Be someone great in the real world, Mike. You have the potential.

-Anonymous
MUSG #31

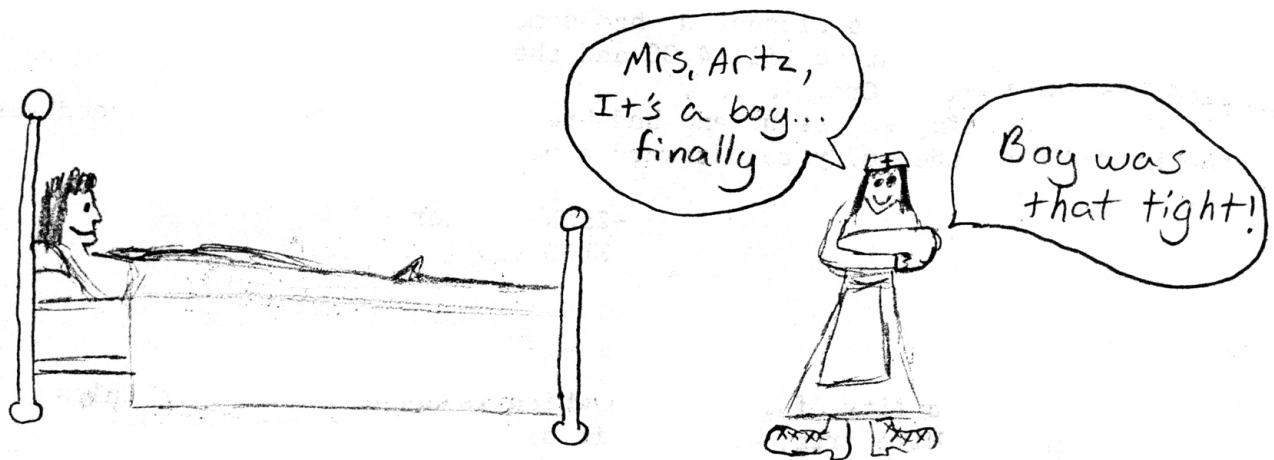
*A climber named Mike I once knew
Thought once that his life was through
While setting his piece his grip he released
If not for his rope he's be glue.*

-Bob Carts, MUSG #1

A Picture History of Mike Artz

By David DeLand (amateur Cartoonist)

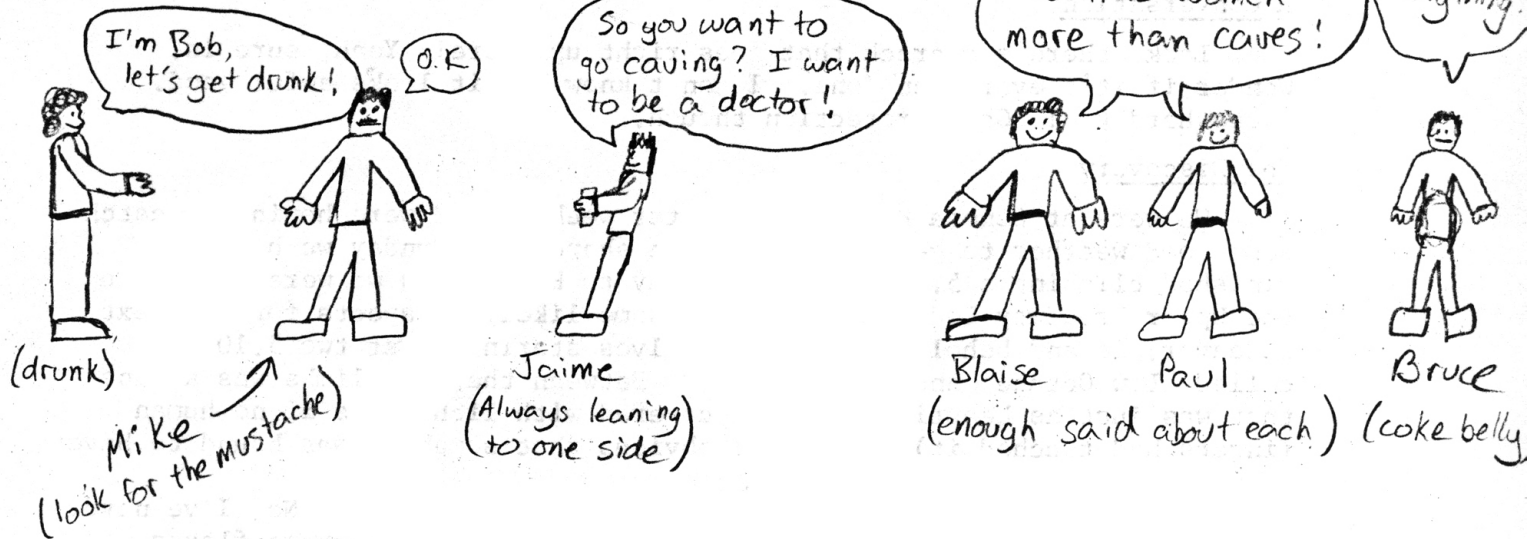
Mike Artz was born in a farmhouse in Woodstock, Va.



Growing up on a farm must have been fun; but Mike, being a boy, had other things on his mind besides work!



Some how, Mike ended up at JMU,



Note: The author apologizes to anyone left out... you should be grateful!

This is where Mike learned how to do most of the things he now mostly dreams about. Maybe when he graduates he'll have time to go caving again... we'll see!

Good luck in reality Mike. Come back and visit sometime.

David

SHE'S GOT A TICKET TO RIDE

A Conversation

Look, there's a crack that goes right up there! Yeah, sure is. Wonder if it's ever been done. I don't know but it looks awful good. Looks hard too! Good protection though.

The Discovery

We were at Seneca Rocks over Easter weekend and were hoping to catch some good weather to get our muscles in shape. On Sunday we had just finished climbing a 5.10 called "Highway to Hell." As we were walking up the Upper Broadway Ledge in search of some likely prospects for our next endeavor, lo and behold we found ourselves staring up at two 5.10's called "Low Octane" and "Nip & Tuck." Between the two climbs was a line that was just as beautiful but all covered with lichen (as if no human fingers had touched it) but yet so obvious that somebody was bound to have snagged it by now.

Eddie, do you know if this line has been done before? No, I've never seen the name anywhere...pause...I think we can climb up those flakes, move right into those cracks, and end up on Nip & Tuck up by the roof. Yeah, but it looks like the crack might peter out before you get to the roof. Damn, do you think it's been done?!!! Well, I don't know I think we oughta give it a shot. Well, I don't want to do it now, let's do it first thing in the morning. Okay!

That night it began to rain on and off throughout the night, and our hopes of bagging a first ascent the next day were fading. But we woke up the next morning to a cool and overcast day but the rock was dry, our spirits were lifted.

The climb

By noon we were once again looking up at the crack. It looked better now that we were psyched up but still there was the small shadow of a doubt that it had already been done. "Hell, it looks like fun, let's do it anyway."

Mike

Since I had spotted the crack, we decided I would lead. Damn that was nice of Eddie. Eddie was screwing around doing something or another while I set up the rack and I was being meticulous about doing it right. Finally I was ready. "On belay?" "Belay on! Do it Baby!"

My first nut was a saddlewedge just a few feet off of the ground but I couldn't see anymore protection for a good five or six feet. I guess I'll start up "Low Octane" to get to that first flake. Ah, this is pretty nice. After jaiming the flake, I pulled up to another flake and popped in a couple of nuts. I was already getting pumped up and I hadn't even started the new route.

After moving right a few feet I was able to stand on the third flake with my left foot and get my right foot on a tiny nubbin. Maybe I can get a nut in out in that crack. Yeah, a number six wind stopper will fit in. "Slack!" Up a few moves and my right hand fell onto a beautiful flake. I had good footholds and I could even rest here. While I got a few more chocks in I looked above me and I could see that all the moves would go.

Up a few feet and I could see a good hand jam and a pinch grip. After another small wired nut, I cleaned some lichen off of possible footholds. There were very few. Up high I could see a small, horizontal fingerhold. Slowly I raised my body into an extended position, the hold was within my reach. I grabbed it, jammed my foot into a crack and stood up. Now I was on Nip & Tuck and I was able to get in a bomber number 12 stopper. Beautiful!

"Eddie, I think I'm at the crux, it looks real hard." I moved up and left. That little pocket looks like it'll take a good nut. A number four RP fit in nicely. After getting this in I down climbed a few feet and rested. Well, there's no better time to try it than now.

The regular Nip & Tuck route goes straight up but we were trying to put this route up to the left over to an undercling roof. I moved out left and felt for handholds. There weren't any! I down climbed back down to my pseudo nut. "Eddie watch me real good next time."

This time I had to make it. I could see a decent fingerhold way out to the left. If only I could get to it.

I moved up left again to a by now familiar layback hold. Slowly I cleaned off some possible footholds and gingerly stepped onto them. I found a real small right fingertip hold. Up with my left foot onto a small quarter inch ledge and smearing my right EB on a sloping foothold I was able to reach the good ledge. Slowly I reached up with my right hand and pinched the undercling on the roof. Quickly I moved up into the undercling and put in a bomb proof friend. "Eddie, that was hard as s..t! That was definitely the crux!"

Man was I ever glad to reach that undercling. I moved straight up the roof and gained a lichen covered crack. Up ten feet and I was jamming away through a short 5.8 crux. This was great. Twenty more feet and I would be finished. I could see cracks continuing up to the summit. Soon I was enjoying some very pleasurable 5.8 crackwork and there I was on the top. Finished! Yay Woooop. Yippee. I clipped into a bolt. "Off belay Eddie!" "Ok, Belay off."

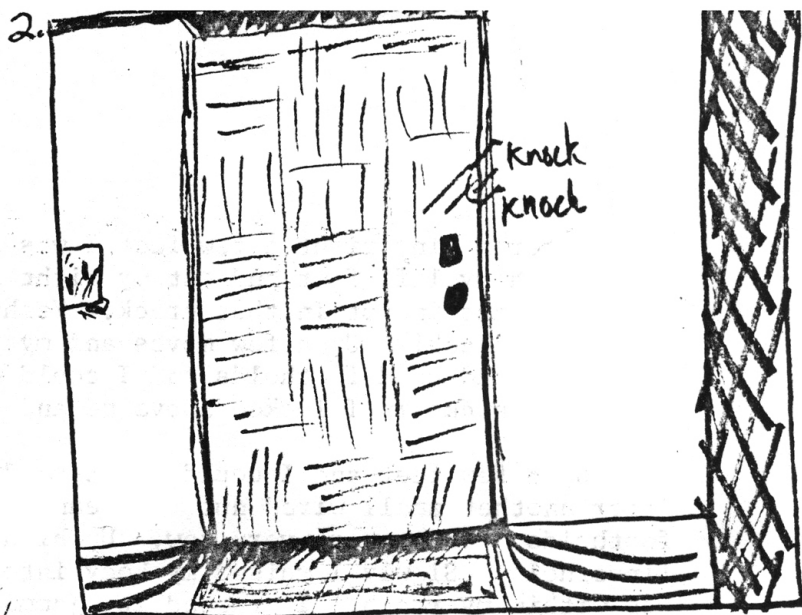
After a few minutes I had a good solid belay and was positioned so that I could watch Eddie for most of the way. Boy was he a long ways beneath me. That pitch must have been about 130 feet. It was a beautiful day to put up a new route and what a find it was. Soon Eddie had joined me at the belay and we were rejoicing in our ecstasy. But wait, "Hay Eddie, Look over there at Alcoa Presents, some carabiners!" "Let's go get em!" Oh well, off to other adventures.

-Mike Artz & Eddie Begoon
MUSG #10 & #27

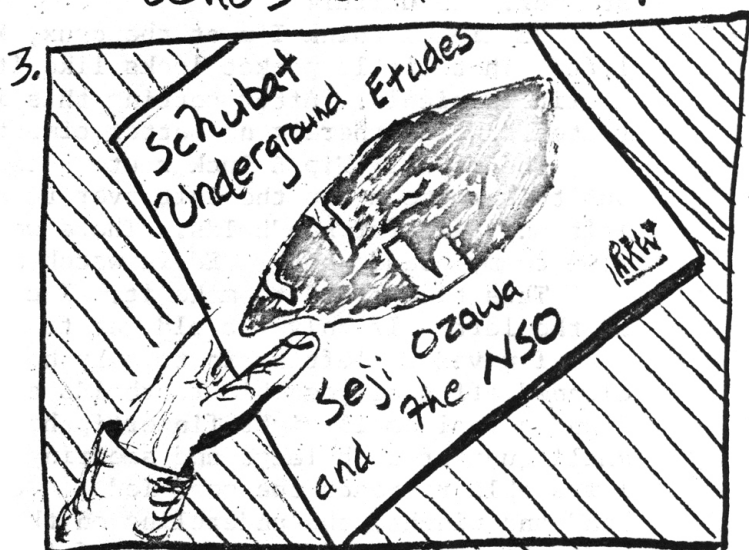


A Typical Thursday night.

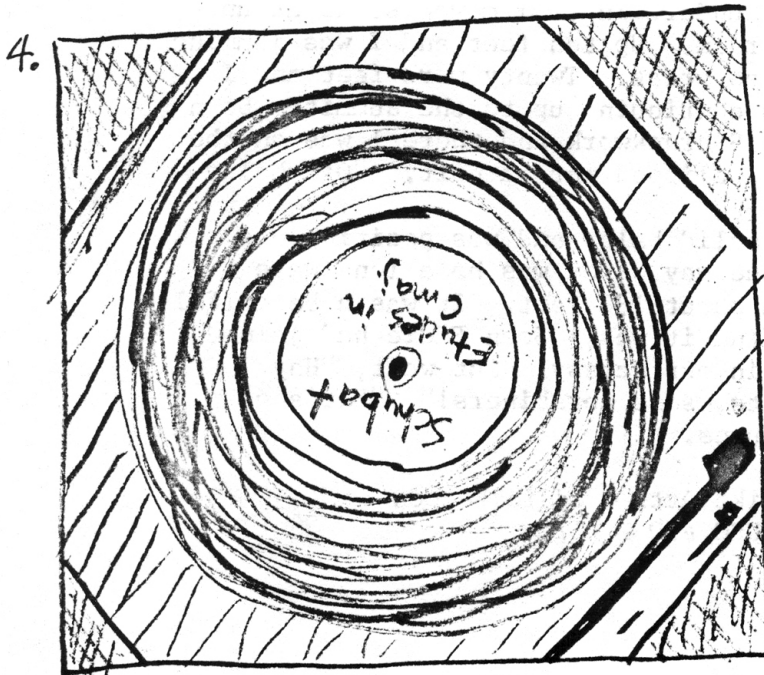
Spele-ode
or
cave-song
D.D. 83



Who's at the door?



Dan Chan and his new album by the National Speleo Orchestra...



Let's hear it!



Turn off the lights and do the myotis!

THE ASSAULT OF BETTER FORGOTTEN

It was a cold winter morning when Mike Artz, Dave Thorpe, John Ganter, Linda Baker, and myself set out to assault the legendary Better Forgotten Cave. After a cold walk through the snow we arrived at the cave at about 10:00 in the morning. The entrance is a hole about $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. in diameter. This opened up into a vertical pit about 40 ft. deep. Dave rappelled in first and gave a report: "Slimey!" Because this was my second rappel into a cave I slowly and carefully worked my way down the rope only to end up with my feet in about six inches of decayed leaves and muck. "Interesting" I thought. "Snowmelt has a profound effect on caves like this."

It turned out that this cave proved it's point over and over and over again! After derigging, we slogged down an inclined passageway until it got very tight. The passage took an abrupt left turn and got even tighter. Eventually, after laboring with packs through this twisting maze of tight squeezes we confronted a 20 ft. drop. Dave quickly rigged an e'trie' (a long piece of webbing with loops tied in it) which we all climbed down with no problems. Continuing on, the fairly large passage (the only one I remember where you could walk comfortably) came to an abrupt end. The only lead was another very tight crawlway which turned into vertical crack about six inches wide and about twelve feet high. About six feet off of the very bottom of this crack was a crawlway barely large enough to squeeze through. To top it off this crawl space was full of sharp cave coral and solution effects!

Struggling through this nasty crack was an unusual experience. You must take off your pack but still hold onto it, and at the same time brace yourself against the sharp crags so you don't slip in and get stuck. Finally, after a lengthy battle we arrived at "the 100 lb. man's misery." This is immediately followed by a 100 ft. pit with a waterfall pouring off the edge. Mike and Dave went ahead and rigged a rope for the descent. Meanwhile John, Linda, and I stayed behind. The little room where we sat was the only place in the entire cave I saw formations; a few small stalactites, stalagmites, and soda straws. A short time later Dave called for me to come through to rig up. Mike had already started his rappel. The 100 lb. man's misery turned out to be a tight and very awkward squeeze, but fortunately it was short. Once at the top of the pit I was disturbed to discover that the rope was directly in the flow of the water. Even more distressing was the fact that Mike's light went out within ten feet of his rappel. As a result he tied in and began relighting his lamp with the aid of light shined down upon him by Dave and me. Finally, we drew a sigh of relief when Mike got his lamp lit and finished his rappel. Then it was my turn. Rigged up and on the edge, I looked down and Mike's light looked minute. It was supposed to be a 100 ft. drop but it looked more like 300! Within 10 seconds of the descent I was soaked, but it turned out to be a fun rappel (the longest for me so far). Once down I was informed "Now comes the hard part." I thought "WHAT! How could anything be harder than what we just did!" I wasn't told how, I was

shown how. Beyond, was a long series of vertical crawlways, cracks, chimneys, and squeezes. Going down was no problem except for the rivulet that ran down your shirt. Eventually we reached a large room coated with the slipperiest, slimiest mud imaginable. After flopping around in the ooze for a while we chimmed about 20 ft. down a 4 ft. wide fissure. In the bottom of this crack is a large coil of gold line left by exhausted explorers. The rope looked brand new, but actually it is about ten years old. At this point we heard an awesome roar. A short walk down a muddy slope and we encountered the rushing torrent of a subterranean river! The source of the roar was a resurgence about 100 ft. upstream. We were now in the cave about 4 hours. Dave began snapping pictures of the crew in order to prove that we actually made it to the bottom trunk passage. After a brief rest we made our way down stream to where the river siphoned. Dave attempted to find a bypass around the siphon while the rest of us prepared to survey. Eventually he returned after an unsuccessful search and the surveying began. Mike began marking stations, Linda recorded data, I read the tape, and Dave & John worked on recording the size and shape of the passage. After a few hundred feet Mike let me take a crack at setting stations. We continued surveying until we reached the point where we entered the trunk passage. It turned out we surveyed several hundred feet. We were now in the cave for over seven hours. Considering we were soaked, cold and tired we decided to exit as soon as possible.

At this point I envied everybody who was not in the depths of this formidable labyrinth.

Now came the hard part. Using the rope and some teamwork we hauled the packs up the 20 ft. flowstone drop. Eventually we made it to the mud room and subsequently the vertical squeezes. Parts of this veritable horror chamber were so tight that you had to exhale to squeeze through. This was the point where I first realized that we were a bunch of lunatics (don't deny it Mike, you're one too and you know it!). Would anybody in their right mind do anything like this? I don't think so, I guess that's why cavers are such a peculiar breed. Anyway, after a very lengthy and extremely tiresome battle we finally made it to the 100 ft. pit. John quickly rigged up and began the ascent. Our hearts stopped when John let out a short scream. Apparently the rope was hung up on a rock and slipped off while he was ascending. He finished the ascent without further incident. Finally it was my turn. Rigging up was a chilling experience. Water running down the rope would instantly soak your sling and all adjacent areas...BRRR! As I ascended, the flow of water became more intense. At the bottom of the pit it was like a heavy rain, but near the top one has to endure the full force of the water fall. About half way up my lamp was doused out and I was left dangling in pitch darkness. I hung there for a moment contemplating my predicament when Mike yelled "Keep going." Somewhat freaked out I blindly ascended against the gushing torrent. Finally I reached the top, and with the aid of John's light was able to derig.

Once everybody was up we gradually squeezed our way to the e'trie', climbed up the 20 ft. pit, and struggled through the last series of winding squeezes. A short walk later and we were at the bottom of the

entrance pit. At this point I wanted only one thing...OUT! I'm sure the others felt the same way. I was the third one to ascend, and finally I emerged from the earth cold, spent, tired, ragged out, and everyother synonym for exhausted! I looked at my watch and it was blank. I guess it got too wet. After crunching through the snow to the cars, we checked the time. It was after 11:00 P.M.--we spent 13 hours in Better Forgotten. Six of those hours were used just to get out. On the way home while munching on powdered sunflower seeds (crushed in my pack) I fully realized the nature of this cave. It takes a lot out of a person and gives almost nothing back. But what it did give back was worth all the strain and effort--the satisfaction of saying that Better Forgotten has been conquered.

-Lewis Kozlosky
MUSG #44

*There once was a fellow named Mike
And sheep of all kinds did he like.*

-Bob Carts, MUSG #1

AN EXTENDED TRIP

My trip to Virginia has been a great experience, educationally to say the least or should I say at least. I learned something in between the drunken smokey haze of the hamlet of Harrisonburg, Va.

But honestly, meeting all you cave creatures has been the high point of my stay in the east and I know you have heard it all before but yes I really am going back to Montana and this will be my last tid bit to add to the good old MUSG Journal and I'm trying to write this at the last 3-G party cause if I don't Vicki will kill me. I've had a lot of great times with ya'll and hope to be back this way again, but the mountains are calling and its time for us all to part for a while.

If ya get the chance come to Montana and visit--watch out for pigmy poneys and dental floss farmers, they don't take kindly to people poking around their property with funny clothes and head lamps but give them a bottle of J.D. and they'll show how to find Whitefish or just ask Lewis and he'll show you the freight lines. Anyway, the caves are great, the country side is beautiful and Mike Artz and Kris Kline are mad men on some pretty incredible rocks (I didn't think things like that existed here) or people for that matter.

Enough of the bulls..t. Next time ya have a party and I'm not here get drunk and fall down once for me. I'd do the same for you. So I guess I'll get started. Later.

-Zach Krasner
MUSG #39

P.S. Write me: Zach Krasner
900 Wisconsin #2
Whitefish, Montana
59937

MY FIRST TIME (AS TOLD TO THE GUYS)

Down in the darkness,
Black as can be,
Forgot my lantern.
Forgot to pee.

Down to the bottom is where my friends go,
Down to the bottom is so far below,
Down to the bottom "so lettuce a go."

Scared-to-death-mad-as-hell
Fun-as-s..t-might-as-well
Go-for-it-since-we're-here.

You know the rest.

Back on top

I know what it's like
To make love to the world.

-wernerfranzdoerwaldt

WHAT MY HEADLIGHT SAW

Bats down there and people too,
Dark down there and cooler too,
Fun down there and prettier too,
I go down there and love it too,
It's pictures.

-W.F.D.

ON THE HIGH SEAS AT LINVILLE QUARRY

On a fine and warm March day Charlie Harbin, Zach Krasner, and I, after deciding to catch some wave action, waxed up our boards and took the Space Mobile out to the Linville Quarry Caves. Being the three unemployed cavers we were, our taking the afternoon off posed no academic or job-related problems. We were an unusual sight, lugging all our gear to the entrances, but the bulldozer driver only gave us a strange look at first, then proceeded to tell us of several other cave locations in the area.

Now, about Linville Quarry caves--there are about 7 or 8 discovered caves along a rock wall, and several join together. Earlier on in February, we had discovered that rainwater creates an easily accessible lake that traverses several of the caves.

Well, I plunged into the water first and was surprised to find that the styrofoam block I was on kept me very dry. I paddled about, amazed at the different perspective one gets floating above formations! The water averaged 15-20 feet in depth.

Zach then joined me, and we explored several rooms and passages. We figured that much more of the cave would be navigable once the water level dropped. Why, the passage we found in February was completely underwater.

After that experience, I now know that the only way to cave is:
SPELEO PIPELINE!

-Dan O'Brian

*Mike was smooth on Rock
Of which was all he would talk
Till one day, he peeled away
And it was weeks before he could walk*

-Bob Carts, MUSG #1

RESCUE AT BOWDENS--FOR SURE

On February 26 and 27 Mike Artz, John Eckmann, Kelley Price, Dave DeLand, Keith Culley, Tom Donaldson, Vicki Liddle, and myself attended a cave rescue seminar and training session sponsored by the National Cave Rescue Commission. On Friday night, Kelley and I had a great time m...ing out in Mike's car with Tom and John. It was an average road trip, with customary stops at Germany Valley (which looked incredible in the snow and moonlight) and at that poor church that always gets urinated on. We decided to sleep in the PSC fieldhouse for the night. We encountered a family of deer on the road to the fieldhouse and one of them freaked and ran into the side of Mike's mudmobile. Our anxiety was quickly

relieved when we saw that it had run away. We finally reached the fieldhouse and continued our party with Dave, Vicki and Bob (the dog), Ed Ricketts and some friends of his. They were there preparing to do a bat study of Trout. After tiring of caving stories and beer, we crashed for the night.

We woke up on Saturday too early by my standards. But, we had to do this in order to have time for breakfast before the 1½ hr. drive to Elkins, W.VA. Once in Elkins, we found the elementary school where the seminar was being held with no difficulties. Amazingly, we were on time, maybe even early, but it didn't matter because other expected people were late. Anyway, the program finally began with doughnuts and much needed coffee. The first part of the session was a lecture about basic first aid. I think I was the only one who took notes at this part. Even if you're not preparing for a rescue, first aid may be important if one of your caving group members becomes injured.

The next part of the seminar was a "hands on" experience for applying splints, proper methods for checking body injury, and cutting clothes, preparing the stokes litter (a basket-like stretcher) and the victim for extrication and a basic lesson about the supplies in a complete first-aid kit. There was also a vertical set up that got into some very technical (I thought so anyway) techniques. The workshops were the best part of the session because we didn't have to sit on the elementary child-sized cafeteria seats. And it was quite informative, indeed.

After the session was over, we went back to the fieldhouse for the night. This was easier said than done. We met John Ganter at the seminar and he said he'd come along with us. So, in order to save on gas, John and Vicki left their cars at Alpine Shores Campground (sight of OTR) and we all piled into Artz's fartmobile. Yes, all of us: Mike, Vicki, Tom and John E. were in front, and Dave, Kelley, John G., Bob and me, laying across them were in the back. We got to the fieldhouse after much laughing and groaning and ate dinner. After a beer, it was off to bed to rest up for the big day. Sunday there was going to be a mock rescue in Bowdens Cave. All of us MUSG'ers (minus Vicki, Dave and Bob who roughed it in a tent) slept in the same room. We were all unable to sleep for the longest time, and we ended up telling each other the more juicy parts of our personal lives. It was quite interesting to say the least.

We woke up Sunday, again too early, and piled into Mike's car (same seating arrangement) and went to Bowdens.

The mock rescue began with the fifty or so participants splitting off into two groups: one for the stream course and one for the non-stream course. Dave, Tom, me, and John E. went on the latter one. In order to save time, the NCRC people told each group where the victim was (this info, of course, is rarely known on a real rescue). We found her laying on her back in a breakdown room that had many dripping stalactites in it. John and Mark (from Nittany Grotto) did the preliminary medical survey, wrote down the necessary information and then Tom and I took this info and (theoretically) brought it to the surface. Most of the others, including myself, prepared the litter for the extrication. Our patient was a guinea pig for an experiment to test out an anal hypothermia ther-

mometer. Needless to say, she was very uneasy about this. I, being the only female in the area at the time, offered my support to her. She later told me that I really helped her a lot. In the mean time, a crew of people were going back through the cave to determine the route we would take out with the litter. This is a most important job, for if done incorrectly, much time can be lost: and this can have some very negative ramifications for the patient. Once the litter had been prepared for extrication, we attempted to move the patient into it. We did this with some difficulty, but we were finally ready to bring the patient out of the cave. At this point, the NCRC instructors stepped in and showed us many things that we could have done differently. They did the whole procedure from finding the victim (who was Tom now) to putting him in the litter in twelve minutes. It had taken us one hour.

We transported the litter through the cave, mostly in the stream, fairly smoothly. We were just about to start the final phase of exiting through the low passages when we had to abort our mission. The other victim on the stream course was having FOR REAL difficulties and the extrication team felt that they might need more manpower at this point. I carried out gear and waited on the surface. Shortly after, the other patient was out of the cave. SUCCESS!

After everyone had changed, we gathered together to talk about our experiences. Then, we each got a card from the NCRC saying that part one of cave rescue training had been completed.

I learned a lot from this mock rescue. Probably the most important thing was learning how to work with others in a rescue situation, which basically means taking orders, being aware of everyone, and knowing your limitations. This article is not meant to be a lesson in cave rescue; it is too simplified. Indeed, the seminar itself was simplified. This article is just meant to make everyone here a bit more aware of the total caving picture. Rescue is a part of that picture, and it can be avoided if common sense is practiced at all times. Remember, I'd rather not have to see any of you in a cave during a rescue situation. Safety first! And happy caving!

-Anna Weimer
MUSG #35

*A guy who was known as Bob Carts
Wrote some poems that offended Mike Artz
Mike shot him in the head
And now Bob is dead
Oh, thank heaven for Mike Artz*

David DeLand, MUSG #26

CAVING AND CLIMBING TRIPS

<u>CAVE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Breathing	1/2	Kris Kline, Mike Ballenger, Randy Dixon. Pushed it over waterfall to first siphon.
Lyle's Pit	1/18	Charlie, Gretchen, Zach. Nice pit, had a good time.
Glade	1/18	Meredith, Wendy, Zach. Good trip.
Mad Steer	1/18	Charlie, Gretchen, & Zach again. Really messy. Needs cleaned up.
Glade	1/25	Annette, Nancy, Bill, Keith, Mike, Carla, Zach. Found some real tight spots. Bill's pants self-destructed.
Round Hill	1/27	Same people as above except Mike. Beautiful black flowstone. Bill found fifth level room.
Marshalls	?	Lewis, Lori, Chris Nill, Mike B., Patti.
3-D Maze	2/?	Werner, Meredith, & Elizabeth. Werner's first trip. Elizabeth stayed above. Meredith did a great job saving a beginner
Glade	2/17	Zach, Wency, Paul Clifford, Mike Artz, & Art Kohn. Zach, Mike, & Paul dug through to a new passage in cave: very tight. Arts first trip with a cast.
Better Forgotten	2/19	Lewis, Mike A., Dave Thorpe, Linda Baker, John Ganter. Yeow!! Outrageously outrageous. 40 ft. entrance pit, lots of vertical squeezes, a 100 ft. pit. 12½ hrs.
3-D Maze	2/17	Sean, John Mac, Allison. Supposedly a good hangover cave, this cave had some intense surprises. Met Meredith & gang. Had a nice little party afterward too.
Nutt	2/19	Tom, Anne, Dad, Mrs. P., and a bunch of high school kids. Really pretty. Dad was braver than I was.

<u>CAVE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Hone Quarry	3/3	Lewis, Dave, Kelley, Annette, Vicki, Dave S., Zach. Rappelled, tried to rock climb dug and found fossils of sticks & leaves Gibbed up also. Lewis broke some rocks.
Bowdens-Mock Rescue	2/26-27	Kelley, Dave, Vicki, Tom, Mike A., Anna, Keith, John E. Rescuing is really hard work.
3-D Maze	2/25	Charlie Harbin, John Bauserman. Neat cave, Intense climbing & caving. Meanwhile, Gretchen and Susan went Krogering.
Glade	2/26	Anne, Janet, GMU Student. Glade--AGAIN!
Boston (not a cave)	spr. break	Jim McIntee. Rain, Rain, Rain. Wonderful town. Smaller than we all thought.
No. Va.	spr. break	Susan Shaw. What a drag!
Fla. Little Talbot Isle	spr. break	Vicki Liddle, Gretchen Blair. Went camping, was beautiful, the sun was great.
Lockridge Aqua & Breathing	spr. break	Lewis, Sean, Dave, Janet, Anne. 5 hrs. in Breathing. Made it to the waterfall. fun, non-serious trip. Relaxing by the river. Sean threw up.
North Carolina	spr. break	Mike A., Bruce Beard, Chris Caldwell. Went to Looking Glass Rock & Whitesides and did some outrageous climbs.
Mad Steer/3-D Maze	3/8	Dan O'Brien, Charlie Harbin, Zach Montana. Zach was attacked by a raging bull after exploring the Mad Steer Cave. Many loose rocks and several bats.
Charlottesville	3/9	Meredith Hall. Pat Reep sends his greetings.
Hidden Rocks	3/15	Anna, Kelley, Mike A., John E., Dan. Rigged e'trie'. Great views, beautiful swimming holes, water everywhere.
Seneca Rocks	3/18-20	Mike Artz, Kris Kline, Eric Anderson, Rob Carts. Did some whaler rock climbs.

<u>CAVE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Holsinger's Farm	3/19	Kelley, Anne, Dave, & Lewis. Small & muddy, but interesting.
Glade	3/19	Meredith, Paul & David Clifford, 8 others. Wetter than I've ever seen Glade. Short, fun, wet, & muddy!
Maple Sugar Festival	3/19	Anna, Gretchen, Mike E. & Patti. Great pancakes--together we used over 1/4 lb. of butter. Lots of antiques and stone ground flour.
Picnic-Hone Quarry	3/20	everyone <u>except</u> Mike. What a blast. Charlie cooks a mean hamburger. Rapelling off of the building and other such things. Climbing the chimney was quite interesting
Glade	3/21	Keith, Bill, Annette, Dave S., Nancy, Michelle. Some of us went swimming. in the cave. We should have brought a canoe.
Hone Quarry	3/21	John Eckman, Wes Robinson & others. Small time bouldering, but Wes climbed his first 5.9.
Cedar Hill	3/22	Kelley, Dan, Charlie, Eric Anderson. Dan's first vertical cave, great waterfall.
3-D Maze/Mad Steer	3/23	Vicki Liddle, Eric Anderson, Zach Krasner. Wimpy trip.
Hidden Rocks	3/24	Did 2 new aid climbs. Mike Artz & Eric Anderson.
Bob & Bob, Richmond & Blacksburg	3/25-27	Meredith, Dave, Vicki & Bob (the dog). Meredith vainly tries to get to egg store but fails. We did have a good road trip and saw some neat roads.
Nutt	3/25	John Bauserman, Mike Ballenger, Rod Stuart, Greg Jones. Rod's first cave. Many bats very tight. Someone's gonads got wet.
Sugar Nutt Hill	3/26	Dave S., Zach, Wendy, Jim, Nancy. We looked and hiked for 4 hours and we never found the cave.

<u>CAVE</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>REMARKS</u>
Linville Quarry	3/30	Charlie, Dan, & Zach (the UCA). Dan & Zach still water float. (see article)
Linville Quarry	3/31	Dan O., Jim Mc., Laura Vickers. Laura filmed. Dan and Jim were actors.
Butler-Sinking Creek	4/7	Mike A., Kelley Price, Charlie Harbin, Dave Shantz. Went to rescue an Independent Idiot but took a short cut instead. 1½ hrs.
Glade	4/8	Paul Clifford & associates. Forgot to sign in so Meredith didn't know what to say about it.
Inglewood Farm #1	4/9	Charlie, Susan, & Dave D. Tried to go on a cave trip but ended up watching wrestling at Vicki's.
Breathing	4/16	Zach, Craig Snyder, Mike Reep, etc. Nice cave, 16 people, a few beginners. Craig's first trip.
Better Forgotten	4/16	Mike A., Kelley, Eric Anderson, Frank Gibson, & Rita. Too much water going down 100 foot drop. We turned around and explored some higher level leads. Discovered a bypass to the Nuisance Drop and a nicely decorated side passage 3 hrs.
Chestnut Ridge Blowing	4/16	Dave DeLand, Dave Shantz, & Dave Thorpe. Finally found the cave after searching for two hours. Lots of mud, fairly vertical. 45 min.
Marshalls	4/17	Lewis, Tedd Macke, Michelle Curling, Dan, Trixie Rasey. Great beginner trip. Tried to push stream passage but had to stay in the upper parts because it was flooded.
Drunk	4/17	Sean Foster & Andy. Started drinking at 8 A.M.
Butler	4/23	Zach, Craig Snyder, & Nancy Gibson. Zach did 13½ hrs. Craig & Nancy did 8½ hrs.