

Madison University Student Grotto
Quarterly Journal



Vol. II
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January
1983

STATEMENT OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

Once again another state of the grotto address and since this one is my last there are a few things I want to say.

It's been real great being Chairman of this Grotto. I can remember when we only had 6 to 8 people at meetings and every trip involved almost the same people. We did some hellacious caving back then and still do. Nowadays 40 people come to every meeting and there are about 2 or 3 caving trips every week, sometimes more. Old Timers, Pig Roast, Fall Ball, Fall VAR were all heavily attended by MUSGers and were all huge successes. Not to mention Banquet. We went through over \$2,000 in our treasury in just one year. I am very proud of this club and I hope that I can say the same thing in one, five, ten, or even twenty years from now.

The main thing is to go caving. That is what keeps us together. Not the parties, or the social events, or the meetings--the cave trips. We all must go our separate ways sooner or later but the cave trips must go on. We also must strive for quality trips too. Don't go to a cave just to go to a cave, go because you like too and make it fun. That's what it's all about.

Dave DeLand is our Chairman now and everyone needs to support what he tries to do and what is best for the club. Bye ya all, maybe I'll see you in some hole in the ground. Remember "Any Slimey Hole Will Do"!!!!

Mike Artz, Chairman 1982

-NSS #19309

-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 - - - - -	Phil Joyce
	Vicki Liddle
	David DeLand

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Cover by Dan O'Brien

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ARTICLES OF INTEREST

NEW OFFICERS

Elections on Jan. 20, 1982 resulted in the following new officers.

Chairman	David DeLand
Vice Chairman	Kelley Price
Treasurer	Tom Donaldson
Secretary/Librarian	Anna Weimer
Program Coordinator	Anne Durica
Equipment/Color Code Coordinator	Lewis Kozlosky
Communications & Public Relations Coordinator	Susan Shaw

Congratulations to the new officers. Good luck and keep on rolling.

FRIENDS, FOOD, FROLICKING, AND FUN, FUN, FUN

For those of you who missed the Annual MUSG Banquet, it was the "social event of the year". Held in Chandler Hall on a wonderfully balmy evening, we rock-n-rolled the night away. A dinner of corden bleu and salad got everyone too full to then begin an evening of drinking & dancing. Luckily, a slide show given by Chip Clark gave everyone enough time to digest their food. It was a great slide show depicting the fun things cavers do: caving, partying, etc. and cave creatures. Dave also gave out some distinguished awards to those worthy of recognition. Sean Foster was dubbed "Most Abused Beginner" for his 13 hour cave marathon on his first trip. James Spaith was awarded the silver flashlight for his reknowned Speliophobia. Kelley Price, reknowned for her malfunctioning lamp, received a shiny-new tip cleaner. Tom Donaldson was awarded the Bacardi Silver Label for his interminable sobriety whereas Annette Fregeau's past caving condition will never be lived down. Bob Barker, our beloved mud puppy, was awarded the Most Obnoxious Dog Award (accepted by Vicki) while the Reep Brothers were given awards for obnoxiousness in the memory of Bob Carts. Meredith Hall and Gretchen Blair were awarded the Den Mother's Award for their culinary expertise at our Thanksgiving blow out. On the more serious side, Mike Artz was named our most dedicated rock climber (because Kris wasn't there) and Paul Clifford was voted the person who contributed the most to caving. The hardest working officer award was given to a deserving Patti Barnes.

Music & stereo were furnished by Scott "where the hell am I" Muxworthy. This enabled us to jam to music until 12:00, we then departed to none other than 3-G to continue the party until the very wee hours of the morn.

All in all, the evening was a smashing success. To see the ladies so beautiful and the gentlemen so handsomely dressed was in itself worth the money, and I urge all of you to help make the 3rd Annual MUSG Banquet an even bigger success!

Jo Boubin

MUSG INCOME AND EXPENDITURES--1982

INCOME

Dues Collected	\$215.00	
Journal Sales	14.75	
Donut Sales	11.25	
Donations	17.20	
Pig Roast Reunion	256.00	
Fall VAR	1000.57	
MUSG Banquet	732.00	
	<u>\$2,242.77</u>	2,242.77

EXPENDITURES

MUSG Journal	89.31	
Phone Bills	7.38	
Publicity Notices	11.25	
Stamps-Journal	4.00	
Carbide-100 lbs.	42.00	
Pig Roast Reunion	250.00	
Fall VAR	972.12	
MUSG Banquet	704.04	
	<u>\$2,081.04</u>	2,081.04

\$ 161.73

SIMMONS MINGO SURVEY TRIP

Before hearing of the PSC's plans to begin a resurvey of the Simmons-Mingo-My Cave System, myself and several members of the Madison Grotto made plans to visit the cave. Everybody originally invited had spent 32 hours in the cave during a trip in 1979. I thought it would be fun to get an anniversary trip together.

While we were planning the trip we learned of Linda Baker's organizational efforts. We decided that it would be only appropriate that we map some of the cave.

After about thirty dollars worth of long distance calls a group was assembled in Harrisonburg at Mike Artz's apartment. The people on the trip included Jaime Reep from Staunton, Eric Anderson from Blacksburg, Paul Clifford from Stanley, myself from Vienna, and Mike.

The drive to the cave occurred in mixed rain and snow. Mike ripped his muffler off on the first rock in Simon's driveway. Thirty miles per hour may have been too fast. We successfully arrived at the entrance to the cave as it started to snow heavily. We entered the cave at 1:00 A.M. Saturday morning (Friday night).

We made good progress even with our monster packs. Upon arriving at our camping place (RPX) we were interested in testing our sleeping arrangements. The plan was to sleep with a single wool blanket on an ensolite pad. After eating a good meal cooked on Heximine Heat tablets we sacked out for the night at about 4:30 A.M. Saturday.

Surprisingly enough the blanket and pad arrangement was adequate. Some of us had been somewhat cool, but all in all we were well rested. Before leaving on our survey trip we ate a meal of granola, hot chocolate, coffee, bread, cheese, pepperoni, canned fruit, and ravioli. At around 12 noon we met Bob Anderson, Ed Devine, and Ed (?). Both survey teams were to start at RP2 and head in opposite directions.

It took our group about four hours to reach RP2. The other group was taking their second survey shot when we arrived. We rested, ate and then started surveying at about 5:30 P.M. Saturday. The survey went well. It was a luxury having fine people to survey. Mike sketched, I read compass, Jaime, Eric, and Paul checked leads and ran tape. We found a few sections of parallel virgin passage under the main trunk. The first twenty shots were relatively short, but then we broke out into a large trunk passage going almost directly west. Several shots were over 80 feet, the longest being 96 feet. By this time Paul had made it verbally clear that his feelings toward surveying were on the same level as his feelings toward child molesters. I replied that we would quit soon. Two hours later at 12:30 A.M. Sunday we returned to where Paul had been before. We found a body wrapped in a trash bag. The bag started to move and began to spout a vile volley of crude gestures related to the nature of the cave.

Everybody was getting a little tired as we started back to our camp. The trip back to camp went quickly. We made few stops because someone would always pass out if we rested too long. I followed Mike and Paul

as Eric and Jaime split off into a crawlway. Mike said that this was a bypass to the crawls. The "bypass" rejoined the passage about 15 feet above the floor of the main passage. The climb was exciting. I even yelled that everybody should move out of the way because I was coming down fast.

We made it to RPX at about 4:30 A.M. Sunday. Jaime looked like a zombie, Eric looked like he was drunk and was having trouble keeping his balance, Mike wasn't smiling or laughing, I was torched, but Paul was jumping around cracking jokes. Everybody munched and retired. The survey trip had lasted 16 hours.

After about five hours sleep we packed up and headed toward the entrance crawls. The 'cork screw' passage was painless even with the 10 packs. We spread out along the vertical squeezes and made a chain to pass packs. It worked amazingly well and we exited the cave at 10:30 Sunday morning.

The trip went very well. The camping was logistically perfect. We did not have to carry heavy packs very far. We slept in a dry 50 degree place rather than a 20 degree snowy place. We were fresh when we started the survey trip and when we came out. We also had time to do a quality survey. The only draw back to this technique is the impact of camping on the cave. Special care should be taken to leave things as you found them

Bob Carts
-MUSG #1

Surface
Green, Sunshine
Cartwheels, Picnics, Meadows
Hiking, Running, Crawling, Exploring
Carbide, Formations, Tip Cleaners
Muddy, Dark
Cave

Anna Weimer
-MUSG #35

RESCUE AT THE ROCKS

It is a beautiful October day at Seneca Rocks. The sun remains summer as I lay on the rock across the water at the swimming hole. I know this may well be the last sun bask of the season.

My contentment is disturbed by Vicki Liddle, running hard and out of breath. Her shouts of "Someone fell? They need an EMT!" end my sojourn in the sun. I have never made it across the chilly water as fast as I do now. My mind races with thoughts as my body races to get dressed. We run to her car as I repeat, "Vicki, I've never done this. I'm scared.

Mike Reep meets us at the muddy parking lot where climbers and their crazy friends camp. He explains the situation. A guy fell forty feet and bounced. He is at the base of "The Face of A Thousand Pitons."

The ambulance has arrived and I am introduced as an EMT--Emergency Medical Technician. One of the EMT's from the crew reminds me the proper procedure to follow in head injuries such as this probably is. I nod numbly--sure, I knew that but only remembered after he'd mentioned it. I am still scared.

We arrive at the foot of the trail up to the cliffs. I am frantically trying to figure out where in hell The Face of A Thousand Pitons is; I cannot find it in the Guidebook. A passing hiker offers to show us the way. We fairly run up the path, which I consider the worst part of rock climbing at Seneca.

My out-of-shapeness shows as people pass me. I stop several times to try to catch my breath. "I can't take this. No, he's hurt worse than you are." I force myself to finish the steep run. At least I get up the hill faster than the other EMT--some solace!

I turn the corner to find Mike Artz kneeling at the fallen climber's side. My fears subside upon seeing him. Mike, too, is an EMT, besides being a good friend. Also at the scene are Bob Carts, John Markwell from the Gendarme, and Jim Borden. Although I don't know John or Jim too well, the familiar faces help to calm me. I ask Mike what needs to be done.

As I check the patient's legs, the ambulance crew arrives. With their help, we put a extrication device (a soft backboard) onto Dave. We have trouble in the small, precarious area in which we are working. The neck brace is uncomfortable so we try a different size. Worse. We put the first one back on. All the time we are talking to Dave, asking his name and address to monitor his level of consciousness.

With as many people as are at the scene by now, we have a difficult time lifting Dave into the Stokes litter (a wire basket used to transport accident victims over difficult terrain). We manage, not too gracefully, to get him in and we tie him there. A rope belay is attached and we begin the concerted effort to carry him down to the waiting ambulance.

I had always heard that mountain rescues are hard. The terrain, the distance to a vehicle, the need for much manpower all are part of the tales. We are lucky today in that the ambulance isn't very far away and

that the weather is so nice. There are an unusual number of people at the rocks today. My faith in humankind is restored as we, strangers all, help each other to help yet another stranger. We pass the stretcher from person to person then run down to get back in line. A camaraderie develops as cries of "Watch his foot!" echo down the line. (The leg splint sticks out the end of the stretcher and cannot be bumped.)

About halfway down Mike hands me the stethoscope and tells me to take over monitoring Dave's vital signs. Every five minutes blood pressure and pulse must be checked and recorded. We finally get him down to the road and into the ambulance. I hop on in after him as I am still checking his vital signs. I call out to the crowd, "Does any of his friends want to go with him?" A fellow named Art jumps in and someone closes the doors.

I now have a deep respect for ambulance crews. The motion and the noise under which they work daily make it very hard for me to take Dave's blood pressure. I hold his hand and try to comfort him. He had held up well on the way down the mountain but now he is complaining of the pain. I feel useless as I tell him I can do nothing.

We arrive twenty minutes or so later at Grant Memorial Hospital in Petersburg. It is a small hospital but adequate. Two more of Dave's friends show up and the four of us begin a four hour long wait to hear news of Dave's condition. Art and Wayne and I talk some but Greg, Dave's belayer, remains rather quiet the entire time.

I learn that this had been Dave's first time climbing at Seneca. Evidently he hadn't studied the routes well enough. He had gotten disoriented, getting off route onto an extremely hard climb. Two other mistakes were that he wore no helmet and his last piece of protection was only 10-12 feet off of the ground.

For all this, Dave comes out pretty good. The doctor tells us he has multiple fractures of both feet. He also has stitches in his head and knee. After Dave gets settled into his room, we visit. He is in good spirits. We leave his belongings with him and return to the muddy parking lot at Seneca Rocks.

Meredith Hall

-NSS #21477

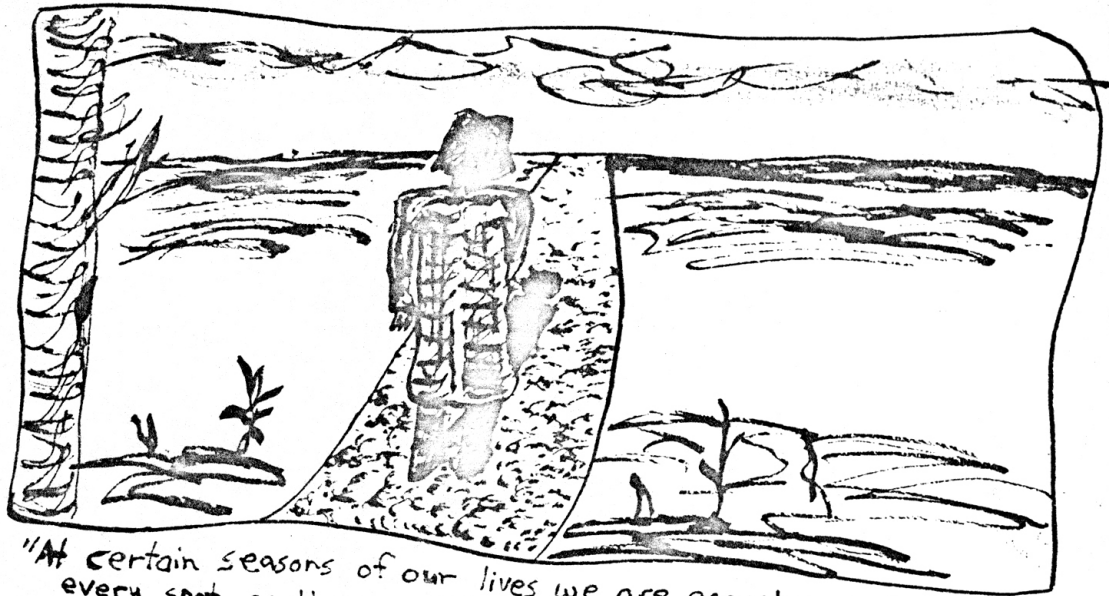
-MUSG #9

EDITOR'S BLIP After dedicated service to the promotion and production of the MUSG Journal, Susan Shaw has stepped down as editor. The whole mess is now being juggled by the hands of Vicki Liddle and Fil Joyce who will probably soon dump it on someone else as soon as they get sick of it.

Walden Cave

History in the
making...

Dan O'Brien
'83



"At certain seasons of our lives we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house."



"What is a house
but a sedes, a seat?
Better if a 'country seat.'"



"At this season I seldom had a visitor..."

MEREDITH'S HIND-SITES

(sung to the tune of Jed Clampett's)
Theme

Now, let me tell ya'll a story
'bout a girl named Mert,
Poor cāver, never did have her
Pride hurt,
In one day, was rapellin'
Down Sites
When the rope ran out, and
It 'tweren't a lovely sight.
The End, that is;

No Rope, Hey, Help me!
Well, first thing you know 'o
Bill the ex is there,
The other four yell
"What's happenin' down there!"
Well, she hunkered up the line
And they moved the whole par
To the Banquet, that is.
Jumpin' fools, (seein' stars)
(And a heapin' helpin' of hilarity)

ASCENT TO OLD RAG

In time with the water, Kelley Price and I cascaded down the White Oak Canyon Trail, beginning a winter trek that would take us to Old Rag's rocks and back. A cerulean blue sky accompanied us the first day as we made our way along waterfalls and past summers' swimming pools. We tested the water for bathability, and frigidly decided to abstain. This five mile descent led us to the base of the Rag (a fond nickname), of which we were on after a strenuous climb. Greeting us at the summit was a veritable Monet of a sunset. A pair of skunk friends joined our airy camp that evening, and we all wined and dined with the rising moon. Frozen is the best way to describe that night, although I feel that no feeling isn't such a bad feeling after all.

Friday the seventh promised warmer temperatures, and sure enough, climbing around the rocks in shorts was a pleasure. Ahhh. Life atop a rock formation at thirty-one hundred feet in the winter time gives one a sense of peaceful mystery. Silence pervades the peaks and surrounding hollows, cautioning us to speak softly lest we disturb the monastic quiet. Ebony mouse-traps in flight wheel and circle along the ever-present drafts that caress the mountain. The children of our giantish friend left their boulder playthings strewn about this peak, while the giant creates on the cyclic palette of the sky. All cares and worries are left in the valley.

Next day we tumbled down the Ridge trail and proceeded to Nicholson Hollow Trail. This is an A-plus hike, running along the Hughes River at a shallow uphill grade. We spotted several excellent pools for swimming this summer. The afternoon sunlight brilliantly displayed emerald moss stream-stones over which Canada Dry effervescence bubbled. Peace issued from this place. I felt akin to the Patuxent Indians who once roamed near here, and a desire to call this small segment of a once great wilderness my home welled up from within.

That night in our tent we were assaulted by some Castenadian allies roused by our presence, but I uttered some Spanish indecencies and they flew away. Morning gave us snow and the beagle hound that had found us the night before. We three packed up and took the Corbin Cabin Cutoff up through the driving snow to Grandmother's house, er, I mean Skyline Drive. There, our taxi-driver Saviour, Vicki Liddle, escorted us back to Valley Reality.

Dan O'Brien

SO, WHAT DID YOU DO OVER VACATION?

No Lie! The pre-Christmas Georgetown Guzzle was a good time on Jan. 20, 1982 in the ONELIKE ATMOSPHERE of the stygian "Bayou Clib". LEAPING CRUDPUDDLES to brave the AMAZING MAZE of D.C. streets, eighteen cavers and beauties/buddies found The Process band to be jamming.

The first arrivals on the scene were myself (T.R.) and Wes Robinson with a local fed-neck inhabitant on holiday, Tom Causon. Roaring and clanking into the city in the RUB U-mobile (former 1959 ambulance), we arrived early--disgustingly early--just in time for rush hour. The RUB U cube on wheels lurched into a key partying position directly on the curb of Bayou's doorstep. We claimed the rock for J.M.U. and guzzled a rum, angostura bitters with orange juice on ice in the van. Emerging from a smoke-filled truck to explore the educational environs, the three of us tramped over to the Penguin Feather, a nearby record and paraphenelia establishment. Cruising through the posh Georgetown Mall I spied a former next-door neighbor of mine from Alexandria, Roy-the-pimp, last name unknown or false.

Roy was SLEEK, BLACK, AND DRESSED FOR LUCK in his black fur coat and hat, stiletto-heeled black boots and his cashmere 3-piece suit--black, of course. Roy struffed with his elegantly-groomed companion, a cafe'-an-lait dude in a tailored mahogany leather coat. Still a distance away, I hailed them, "Yeah Rohyee". The flesh merchants spun around with all the anticipation of seeing Scrooge's Christmas ghost and twitched anclinched hail-yes-brother hand signal. I gave them a "Right On, Dukes!", which cut short the nostalgia and warm welcome home madness of ex-neighborly love in my heart as they faded into the opulence. Hunters among the heavies of D.C., magnates-magnets, they trapped with sweet live bait,

A few beers later we returned to ground zero for the important social custom of waterproofing boots and a finishing-up-the-run attempt in the van. Although visually associated with sore thumbs and browner pastures, the RUB U-mobile was a prominent beacon for the next arrivals, Anna Weimer, Laurie Spencer, and Lisa Guide. (I think that's correct, but after all, my muddle's memoried.) Arrivals were scattered out in timing but were duly crammed into my truck. When the truck overflowed, the never folks displaced the revelers present and the revelers became street advertisements for the benefits of higher education.

True to form, the social keystone and disorganizer, Scott Muxworthy, had not made reservations anywhere for the Guzzler Get-together and he was late to appear to tell us. As proximity and early timing should get us into the Bayou without a cover charge, we camped in the Bayou to drink and dance. One of the door guards is also a presidential guard in the Marines, an oak trunk of a youth with a burr-oak haircut. He hates moonlighting at the B, but he hates the White House job worse. His other comments were libelous and unprintable but sufficient to convince me that a discontented bouncer is a bad one to be on the sour side of.

The beer was expensive by H'burg standards yet there were plenty of seats for us at a large command table. The triple Reeps: Pat, Jaime, and Mike were part of the dance-floor's finer performers. Mike Pumphrey and his friend Tom, Mark and Kevin, crazies met at Seneca; Rob Hatch, Scott Muxworthy, and Bonnie, Meredith Hall and Katy Kahle all contributed to the uproar. Gratefully, the Harrisonburg constabulary could not arrive to quash the fun--yes, the people in the big cities really know how to have fun.

Some dissidents to musical style and content went scouting to find another more hip bar on Dupont Circle, "Cagney's". The scouts did not return, so others sought them out. The Guzzling continued past Rob's abnormal bedtime so he was photographed in a sitting snooze that couldn't fool our waitress. Sturdy friends eased Rob past the bouncer and, ooh-la-la, Anna and Laurie were encouraged to see the etchings of several enterprising males (did the ladies see their designs?).

A marvelous time was the Georgetown Guzzle. Better planning and solid r.s.v.p. promotion would improve a similar get-together for next time.

Terry Robinson

MY FIRST CAVE TRIP

On Monday, November 22, 1982 I went on my first trip into a cave; that is, after we finally got there, since the two leaders got us lost. Of course I wasn't the only beginner. Along on this trip was Annette, Lewis, Sean, Wendy, Zach, Fil, John, and our fearless leaders Patti & Kris. By the way, this trip was to Hellsley's.

Anyway, I had no trouble going in but coming back out was a bit rougher. After that, we went into another room with a lot of mud; and of course I got in on a fight. By the end of the fight I was covered with mud from head to foot and in the mouth, YUK! We finally got out around 3:00 A.M. (I think). By the way; Patti and Kris, since you missed this last battle, you're bound to get it the next time I go!

Well, basically I had a good time and want to go again, tootles!

Debbie Liddle

VIDEOCAVING

I have always enjoyed photographs of caves and cave expeditions. Everytime I pick up a National Geographic or Time-Life book about caves, I study each photograph as if I was looking for a hidden clue to some unsolved mystery. And, although I am anxious to see what is on the next page, there is always disappointment when I flip the last page and find no more pictures.

With this in mind, I decided to photograph a cave expedition myself. However, unlike most cave photographers I did not use a 35mm camera. In fact, I didn't even use film. I recorded the event on Video-Tape.

The MUSC was holding a vertical training trip at a small cave outside Harrisonburg, Va. and I decided that this would be a good place for my first attempt at Video-taping a cave trip.

There are several reasons for my choosing video tape over film (cameras or movie cameras). First of all, I know very little about still photography. I don't even own a 35mm camera. I don't own a video camera either but being a Communication Arts student at JMU, I do have access to such equipment.

The medium of video offers two other advantages as well. It produces moving pictures as opposed to stills, and videotape does not require the timely and costly process of development. Video-tape can be played back instantly.

Another reason for choosing this medium is its ability to function in low-light areas. A certain amount of light is needed for the video camera to see, but not nearly as much as that required by a standard 35mm camera. The videographer need not be bothered with clumsy and expensive flash bulbs.

I was able to shoot good video in and around the entrance with only natural light and the luminescence provided by the cavers lamps . As the main focus of my project was to photograph cavers rappelling into and ascending out of the cave, my lighting needs were minimal.

To shoot good video farther into the cave, away from the entrance does require some added light sources. I would recommend using a "sun gun". This is a portable high beam light that can be mounted onto the camera or hand-held. It is powered by a battery belt that can be worn around the waist or over the shoulder.

Unlike the still photographer's flash bulbs, the "sun gun" is primarily a key light. To avoid shadows, fill lights should be added but are not necessary.

Another aid to lighting your subjects is to have them wear bright clothing. Dark colors absorb light making your

job more difficult. But then again, how many cavers do you know with white coveralls.

I began shooting the trip outside the entrance of the cave, paying special attention to the cavers as they readied their gear and tied in. I shot the cavers dropping in from directly over the entrance aiming the camera down on them as they made their way down the rope.

There is a rather precarious lip around the entrance of Lyle's Pit that makes it a little difficult to position yourself for the start of a rappel. One of the women on the trip, Susan Shaw, found this to be especially true. Susan began to ease herself down into the cave when her seat got a little too far ahead of her feet as her heels had somehow got caught on the lip of the entrance. Although this put her in good form for an Australian Rappel, she became somewhat uncomfortable at this point.

Even though I got it all on tape, I'm afraid I shall have to edit out at least one portion of this short lived trauma. You see, my equipment records sound as well as images. Under stress, Susan made a reference to someone's mother that wasn't quite fit for broadcast.

Taping the action outside the entrance was easy; but now the moment of truth arrived. It was time for me to enter the cave with thousands of dollars worth of video equipment on loan from JMU. If anything happened to that equipment my only recourse would be suicide. After all, if I didn't kill myself, the professor who loaned me the equipment would.

I free climbed down the pit to a ledge about 15 feet below the entrance. I then instructed one of the members of our party, Bob Carts, to lower the gear down to me on another rope. Bob is an amateur photographer who appreciates the value and delicacy of equipment like this.

At this point I was in good position to photograph (or video-graph) the cavers as they rappelled in and ascended out of the cave. My position on the ledge combined with the power zoom lens on the camera made it possible to get some interesting close ups of the cavers working out with their gear. I also got some good shots of the action at the bottom of the pit.

Although Lyle's Pit is a fairly small cave, it provided a good proving ground to establish whether or not a vertical cave trip could be recorded on video tape. I am fairly pleased with the results and am confident that bigger trips can be shot with equal success. They will require more lighting, special damp proof and water proof protection gear for the equipment, and considerably more planning, yet they can be done.

I want to thank Susan Shaw, Bob Carts, Kelley Price, Charlie Harbin, and all the other cavers that helped me in this experiment. See ya in the movies!!!!

Art Kohn
-MUSG #33

SURVEYING FOR BEGINNERS

What does a caver turn to when he's seen all the beautiful caves, dropped all the big pits, or strolled through enormous trunk passage? Surveying! Surveying is one of the most rewarding aspects of caving.

There are four basic activities that need to be performed on any survey trip. (1) Taping the distance between stations, (2) measuring the angle of the slope between stations, (3) measuring the azimuth between stations, and (4) recording these numbers and sketching the passage characteristics. Although these activities appear to be nice and concise, they aren't. Each one presents its own special challenges and this is what makes surveying mentally and physically challenging. Each survey trip is unique and different from any other. I will go into more detail about these four activities later.

How many people are involved in a survey trip? The answer is as many as you want. An efficient number is three or four. Surveys can be performed with fewer or more people but they tend to be inefficient either because each person is doing too much or too little. One person takes too much time. Two people forces too much work upon each person. Five or more people splits the work up so much that it becomes boring. Typically a four person team is the most efficient.

There are four jobs to be performed by four people: Point Man, Compass Man, Backsight Man, and Book Man.

The Point Man's most important job is to decide where to place a survey station in the cave passage. In effect, he decides the direction of the survey. Using the tape to keep a straight line between stations, he should first try to place the station as distant from the previous station as possible. Then he should try to set the survey station in such a place that it allows for accurate readings. To do this you may not be able to get as long a shot as you wanted.

All stations need to be marked in some manner. One of the easiest methods is to make a soot mark with a carbide lamp. Often stations are marked with some predetermined system of numbering. For example, "A17". This indicates the seventeenth station of the A-survey. The current trend in deciding which stations to mark is to number at least every third or fourth station. In addition, many survey teams number stations at important junctions and other significant places.

Another important job the Point Man performs includes holding his lamp at the station for compass and inclinometer readings.

The Compass Man has a difficult job. He must make sure that he takes accurate readings using either a Brunton or Suuntos. The azimuth is a reading on the compass anywhere from 0 to 360 degrees; 0 degrees being North, 90 degrees being East, etc. An inclinometer is used to measure the angle of the slope between stations. This may be either a positive reading for an uphill slope or negative for a downhill slope. The hardest part of being the Compass Man is trying to position the compass so that an accurate reading can be taken. This can be very difficult and is why the Point Man must take great care in placing the station. To really learn to use a compass takes practice. A detailed explanation of how to read one and use it effectively in a survey would be out of context for this article and instead I recommend participating in a survey.

The Book Man's job is the most all-encompassing. The easiest part of his job is to record the readings. Estimates of the distance from the station to the ceiling, floor, left wall, and right wall are also recorded. The most difficult part is sketching the passages. Many different symbols are used for sketching a map. A copy of these can be found in the Club Library. The easiest way to sketch a passage is to determine the direction (azimuth), estimate the distance from one station to the next (put both of these on the sketching pad), draw in the cave passages around the stations and fill in any significant features such as boulders, pits, streams, etc. The best way to learn sketching is to look at other peoples work and try it on a survey trip.

There are many different ways to set up a survey team depending on the number of people you have. I have described a four man survey team. The jobs that need to be performed vary from person to person depending on the number of people on the trip. A three man team splits the jobs up in this fashion. The Point Man sets the station, reads the smart end of the tape, and holds his light for front sight compass readings; The Compass Man holds the dumb end of the tape and takes all compass readings; The Book Man records the data, sketches the passage, and holds his light for back sight compass readings. A five man team would have the extra person recording data and holding his lamp for backsights.

If you're really interested in surveying, ask to be included on a trip. It's really the only way you'll ever get to learn.

Mike Artz
-MUSG #10

CAVING AND CLIMBING TRIPS

<u>NAME</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
Bowden Cave	11/13	I (Mary W.) went caving w/Chris and two friends from N.Va. Nice cave but it was really terrible the way so many people had emptied their spent carbide in the cave. It was the first time for our friends and they really loved it.
Helseley's	11/?	Caving Units-Scott Muxworthy, Wes Robinson, Anna Weimer, Laurie Spencer. Mellow hang-over trip. Only 3 hrs. but we did find the dreaded Helseley's Mud Troll. All members survived this encounter & returned to surface reality.
Breathing	11/20	Tom, Dave, Vicki, Kris, Kelley. We pulled an all-nighter. Kelley now knows how to light anything except a Butterfly lamp. Some tricky moves, but pop-tarts & Pepsi for breakfast.
Helseley's	11/21	Kris, Wendy, Patti, Annette, Debbie, Fil, John, Sean, Lewis. The best part of the trip was plastering Kris with mud! Hee Hee, Debbie, where's your mudball? Very different and Patti got my mud ball down her back! Kris and Zach elevator service. Patti playing rock.
Simmons-Mingo	11/27	Bob Carts, Mike Artz, Eric Anderson, Frank Gibson, Scott Flues. 21 hour survey trip. We surveyed 1400 feet of passage in 50 stations. Great trip. We missed Wilbur & Pissy Paul though.
Sites	11/28	Dory Howard, Art Kohn, Hank, & Stewart Great trip, 7 hours.
3-D Maze Mad Steer	12/2	Paul Clifford, Sean, Joey, Richard, Darren and Tim. Good trip!

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
Purcell Park	12/3	All wench vertical training session. Anna, Kelley, Vicki, Anne, Debbie, Beth, Gretchen, Dori. Rigged a rope to a tree. It was quite successful. Gretchen and Beth learned Gibbs and Kelley learned prusiks.
Seneca Rocks	12/3-5	Kris Kline soloed Ecstasy, The Vision, Really Flakey. Logged Heavy air time on Terra Firma Homesick Blues (5.10+) Great!
Sites	12/4	Kelley Price, Meredith Hall, Tom Allen, Bill Shipman, Mike Artz, Bob Carts, & Eric Anderson. Kelley rigged the rope a little too short & Meredith was the first to find out. We spent a little while admiring the beautiful formations and then headed out. 4 hours.
3-D Maze	12/9	Paul Clifford, Charlie Fox, Anne Durica, Zach Krausner, Israel, Andre, Tracey, Richard, Rusty, David, Joey, Tony, and Tim. (from River Bend Farm)
Purcell Park	12/13	Sean Foster, John Bauserman, Kelley Price, Vicki Liddle. Vertical training BRRR!
Ellison's	12/17-20	Bob Carts, Mike Artz, Frank Gibson, Eric Anderson, Knok Ward, Rich Neisser. 586 foot rappel beside a waterfall. What a great cave. 30 hours on a tremendously successful photo/fun trip.
Helsley's	12/24	Mike Artz & Dana Crannell (no chaperone) We almost got into some virgin passage. Fun trip. 3 hours.
Stone Mt. N.C.	12/26-30	Mike Artz, Kris Kline, Chris Caldwell, Eddie Begoon. Great place to go rock-climbing. 500 foot mountain.
Breathing	1/1	David DeLand, Tom Donaldson, Tom's dad, Mrs. Pendleton, Domokos Hajdo. 5 hour trip. Went to Engine Room.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
Simmons-Mingo	1/7-9	Mike Artz, Bob Carts, Frank Gibson, Eric Anderson, Walt Andry. 3rd survey trip to RP2 and Base Campaarea. Mapped 1,100 feet of passage in 28 stations. Through nice stream passage & a few mop-ups. We slept at Base Camp for 3 hours, each one of us in our own sleeping bag.
Helsley's	1/10	Sue & Zach Krasner, Wendy Howell, Vicki Liddle, Elaine Smith. 3 hour trip. Went through the maze. Good trip. Wendy got over her claustrophobia!
Nutt	1/11	Mike Balenger, Patti Barnes, Tom Donaldson, Dave DeLand, Laura Richardson. It was great! The slide was fun, the stream wet, and the back room beautiful.
Marshall's	1/15	Patti B., Mike B., Kris Kline, Lewis, Lorrie, Chris Nill, Bill Hudson. Found main section but only got to explore half way. Explosive trip!
Just	1/15	Mike Artz, Kelley Price, Tom Donaldson. May have found connection to Oil Drum Falls. Tom hurt his back (aww).
Nutt	1/15	Randy Dixon, Jack Thomasson, Sean Conway, Cheri Layman, Dan Parker, Mitch Vincent, & several other beginners whose names escape me at this time. All were B.C. students. 4 hours. We found the upstream "magic hole" onto new and greater passage...
Nutt	1/16	Vicki, Anne, Wes, Annette, Nancy, George, John, Bill. Real good trip--beautiful cave. Oh, my ass hurts!!! Tight squeeze! 3½ hours.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>COMMENTS</u>
Lyle's Pit Mad Steer	1/17	Gretchen Blair, Zach Krausner, Charlie Harbin. Lyle's Pit was beautiful. Mad Steer was trashed.
Glade	1/19	Wendy Howell, Zach Krausner, Meredith Hall. A short (2.5 hr.) trip. But at least we went on a Wed. night! (Unlike some people who are out dancing of all things...)
Virginia Theatre	1/19	Vicki took Dave to see Tootsie. Vicki paid. Amazing, ain't it!

MEDITATION, CAVING, AND EVERYTHING

When those walls close in a bit too tightly, or if the cave you're in starts playing them old blues, even if you'd like to get into better mental health, meditation could be the key for you. Now, you don't have to be a Zen Buddhist monk to learn practical relaxation techniques that can make your life longer and more fulfilling.

Here are some steps to take for entering meditation.

- First of all, find a comfortable place to relax in, one where you won't be disturbed for an hour or so.*
- Sit back in a comfy chair, loosen your clothing, and close your eyes.*
- Take several deep breaths, letting tension flow out with each breath.*
- Start relaxing your head, then neck, shoulders, then arms.*
- Relax your face muscles, and let your head fall.*
- With each exhalation now, place a word (such as one, breeze, cave) in your mind. Passively concentrate on this one word. If other thoughts try to enter, gently push them aside.*
- Let yourself flow into the blackness, accompanied by your single word.*
- After several minutes, imagine yourself at a favorite scene; on a sunny beach, perhaps, or by a pond. Relax, at this scene for awhile, then slowly bring yourself back to your other world. Sit still for several minutes.*

There, now you've learned meditation. You have a mantra(your word) and a yantra (visual scene). At first it will be difficult to keep other thoughts from intruding, but keep on trying, it will come with practice. Any time you need to, return to this relaxed state and ease your mind. If you are ever trapped in a cave or in an emergency, what you've learned could save your life.

Dan O'Brien