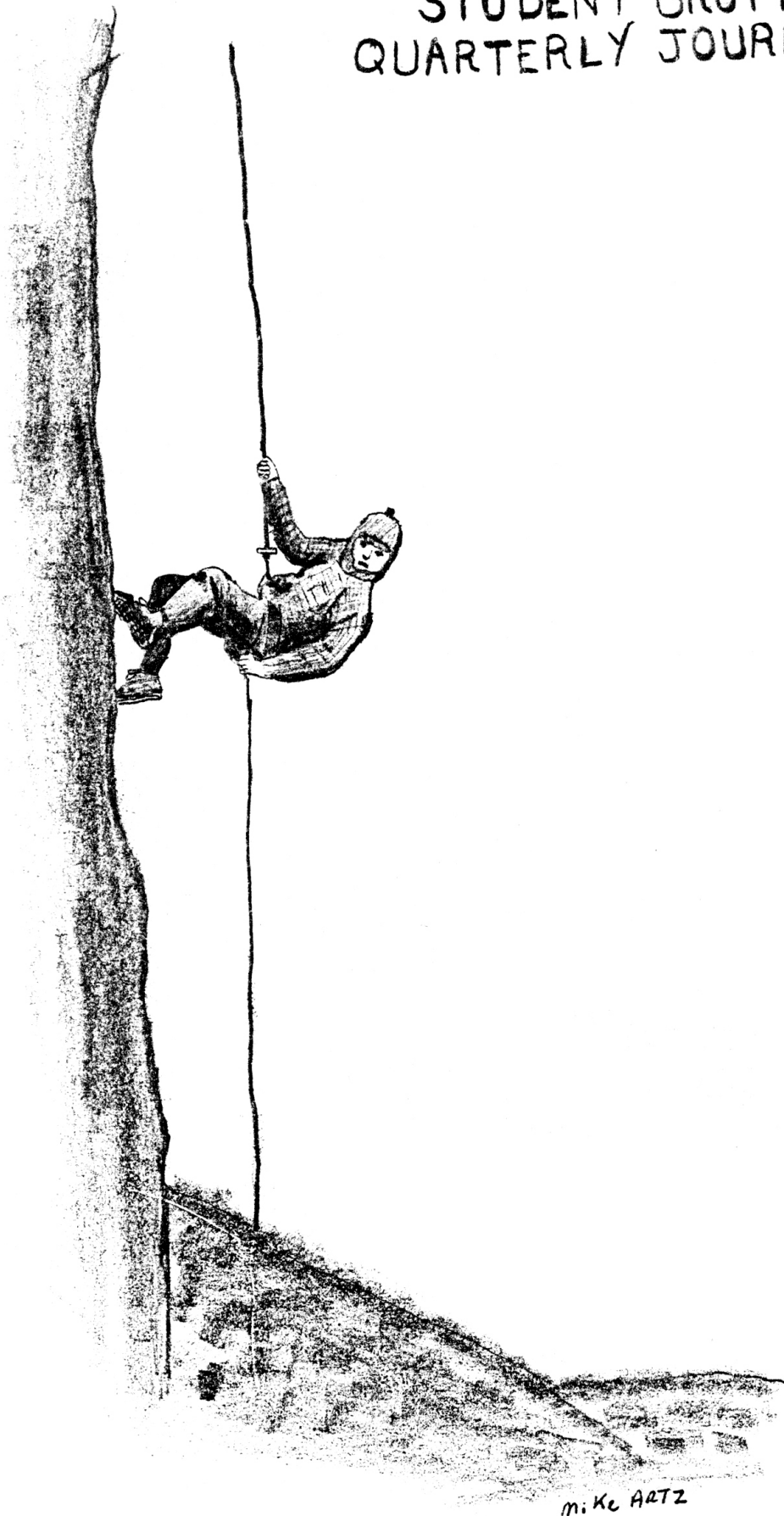


MADISON UNIVERSITY
STUDENT GROTTA
QUARTERLY JOURNAL



OCTOBER 1983
VOL. 3, # 3

mi. Ke ARTZ

STATE OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

Cave trips have recently starting to pick up after a mid-semester lull. Three or four trips each weekend is now common again.

We have now officially adopted Glade as a "project". Weekly Wednesday night survey trips have mapped approximately 1,000 feet already. Somewhat successful photo trips have also gone out and clean-up crews should start in shortly.

Two donations, one of \$100 and one of a 10m cable ladder have recently been made to our club. We thank Jaime Reep and Dave Shantz for their support.

Also, as soon as I get motivated we will set the date for the NCRC to run a short rescue course and a mock rescue at JMU. This will hopefully get our members better oriented with cave rescue and will also do the same for the area rescue squads.

Anyway, that's how things have been going. See you all at Banquet.

David DeLand

-MUSG #26

-NSS #23092

GROTTO OFFICERS

Chairman- - - - -	David DeLand
Vice Chairman - - - - -	Kelley Price
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Minor Journal Editors - - - - -	David DeLand Vicki Liddle John Bausserman Craig "Boom-Boom" Snyder Dave "Put your pants on" Shantz

All major and minor editors hereby apologize for keeping in the tradition of the club and putting the October Journal out in late November. We also apologize for everything written in this journal.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Page</u>
Table of Contents	me	37
Fear and Loathing on Yosemite	Bob Carts	38
The Caver's Reply	Craig Snyder	39
The Beauty of Butler	Nancy Gibson	41
Madison Mudslingers	everyone who	42
More Mudslingers	doesn't want any credit	43
Upcoming Events	me	43
...And now from our Montana Correspondent	Zach Krasner	44
Another Quickie	Dave Shantz	45
Comic Relief	Anne Durica	46
Another Quickie, Cont'd.	Dave Shantz	47
A Trip to Glade Cave	Eric Misenheimer	47
OTR 1983	Anna Weimer	47
All About Dwarves	John Bauserman	48
A Butler Trip	Craig Snyder	49
Why do Cavers Cave? A Rationale	Todd Rossman	50
How to Wash your Cave Clothes (without break- ing a dorm washer)	Anna Weimer	51
Yosemite Valley	Mike Artz	52
Caving & Climbing Trips		53
VAR Fall Meeting		55

Cover illustration by: Mike Artz

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FEAR AND LOATHING ON YOSEMITE

Summer in Yosemite. The cool wind blowing through the seven mile long valley. My mind trying to comprehend this surrealistic setting of vaulting rock walls and tall trees, all the while trying to forget project deadlines and the hot humid days of August in D.C. I hope I don't die here. too soon. The money lasted for 5 days. It was great, breakfast at the hotel, plenty of beer, wine, and liquor, a little imported rent-a-racer, the good life. The whole budget changed. One hundred sixty-five feet of nine millimeter rope, new shoes, "friends", and potatoes for breakfast. The daily rhythm settles down to a long leisurly breakfast, to a quick look at the guidebook, to an eight hour day of mental and physical extremes. Each day the fat on your body burns away. The skin on your hands is torn away and builds up again.

Wow, Blaise is really pushing it. He doesn't have to worry about groundfall 300 feet up. There he goes. He must be freaking out flying through the air. Hey, he wants to lead the next pitch. Crazy!

Today I climb with Eric. Glacier Apron, smooth friction climbing. How did he do it? The wall is smooth with nothing on it but an occasional bolt. I launch out on the route and the finger nail holds keep appearing. My lead. Thirty feet up one piece, nothing in sight for miles, no pro. S--t! I'm such a wimp-- back down to the ledge. Eric says he will try it. No problem, easy 70 foot runout. Where did the route go? Let's rap down. Eric wants to get pumped up. "synapse Collapse". Top grade climb. Eric forces it with good protection. I sequence the moves but come off anyway. The second try I lose skin and self esteem. That night I drain a bottle of Kalua! and mope.

The next day Mike and Drew put up the first ascent of 'Blue Funk' 5.11+. Day after day it goes on. Big wall time is here. We are strong and psyched up. Eric has some last minute doubts, but I charge him up. Intense sun, moderate climbing, a huge haul bag, compromise the first day. We bed down on the Ramada ledge for a night.

Rain catches us early in the morning. I want out-- Eric wants to wait-- then go up. We go up. I get shook up after many pitches of overhanging aid. My lead, Eric is tired. I finish the pitch and throw up. Beam me down Scotty. Suddenly it is getting dark. F--k, we are stuck below a very hard aid pitch in the dark. Eric sleeps in the haul bag so I can sit on a small ledge. I don't deserve the luxury, he led all the hard climbing. We pass out now and then listening to the Boy Sprouts singing campfire songs 1500 feet below. We have no water or food left. My dream of cold milk and cereal is interrupted by the sound of tearing cloth. Eric drops down as the haul bag tears.

In the morning it is raining again. We finish and start down. More people here died on the hike down from this route than on it. The death slabs take us several hours. Mike

and Drew meet us. They were worried. Hey, what should we climb tomorrow? More and more. Harder moves come easier. I break all my goals. I break them again. I slowly accept greater risks; but my fear increases. I rappel on single bolts trying to retreat during a storm. I decide not to waste two dollars worth of equipment as a backup. I watch Eric rappel on a bolt as the hang-on bends and tears. If it breaks he will fall over 500 feet. I don't tell him till later.

Backdown we dig in trash cans for 5¢ aluminum beer cans. Eric makes a big haul; swiss cheese from the trash can. Melted cheese and Vodka for dinner. Climbing is total enjoyment. Show me something harder. Oh No, my plane leaves in three days. Climb more, climb harder. I give Drew money to get to Salt Lake. The group gets smaller. I'm leaving today. One quick route before I leave; 'Reefer Madness'. Eric and Mike will start El Capitan tomorrow. If problems occur I will tell their parents. After goodbyes I get on the bus with tears in my eyes.

Bob Carts
-MUSG #1

THE CAVER'S REPLY

Some folks say we're just plain strange
Others, well they say we're stranger
I guess we do it for the thrill
Or maybe for the danger

It seems like our idea of fun
Is not quite like some others
But we'd rather be in a cave
If we had our druthers

We hear that line, over again
Why crawl in a dark, damp hole?
But regardless of what they say
A cave is much, much more

Sure, it's damp & dark
And there's some nasty little crawls
But there's also unsurpassed beauty
Like clear streams and roaring waterfalls

And then, there's the age-old question
Aren't you afraid of bats?
Really, they're just our friends
Like anyone's dog or cat

Caves are kind of like snowflakes
No two are quite the same
Each trip is a new experience
Each time, it's a brand new game

Above ground worlds just don't compare
With worlds we see below
In the subterranean environment
You can let your spirit go

So next time someone tells us
Go caving? I can't even conceive it!
We'll just smile and quietly reply
You have to see it to believe it,

Craig Snyder
-MUSG #48

NOTICE!!NOTICE!!NOTICE!!NOTICE!!NOTICE!!NOTICE!!NOTICE!!

The Madison University Student Grotto will hold elections for officers of the club at the first meeting of next semester. This will be on January 12, 1984 at 8:00p.m. in Jackson 1B. All of you members should be giving serious consideration to running for an office; there will be many open positions this year. There are four officer positions: chairman, vice-chairman, treasurer, and secretary/librarian. Also, there are two coordinators: equipment/color code coordinator and the program coordinator. After someone has been elected to a position, he has one month to complete MUSG membership requirements, if this has not been done already; people elected to officer positions must also join the N.S.S. (National Speleological Society) within one month. Others will also be needed to help edit the journals and coordinate the membership committee. So come everybody!! Get off your butts and go caving and get involved! We need everyone's enthusiasm and ideas for a strong club.

Anna Weimer
MUSG #35

THE BEAUTY OF BUTLER

There are many wonders of Butler Cave. Not only is this one of the largest known caves in Virginia (over 22 miles of mapped passage) but it holds many magnificent formations.

The cathedral ceilings of many of the passages hold ancient stalactites. These adornments are, at times, barely visible to our eyes because of the lack of light.

The largest room of the system is appropriately called "Sand Canyon". From here it is possible to reach the entrance within 20 minutes or "The Eye of the Needle" within 10 minutes.

"The Eye of the Needle" is a slanted "stalagmite" with an oval opening near the top which gives it the appearance of a needle.

Just a few hundred yards beyond this landmark, one walks into a gorgeous room. This room appears to contain a smooth, crystal-clear lake. Upon closer inspection, the lake is composed of sparkling calcite. This room, "The Moon Room", has beautiful white flowstones which twinkle from the light cast upon them.

A minute walk from "The Moon Room" leads one to "The Hanging Dong" (?). This impressive pendulum is attached to a 25 foot ceiling by a seemingly tiny juncture and appears to have at least a 15 foot diameter at the widest part (which is near the top).

In another portion of Butler, there is a section known as "Huntley's Cave". After a short scramble and a few hundred feet of walking, there is an overhang about knee-level. Under this overhang, there are wonderous columns, soda straws, and helectites. Farther down this off-shoot of Butler, there is the sound of a waterfall. It is so peaceful to "float" in complete darkness and listen to the gurgling of the water as it passes from sunshine into darkness.

At the other end of Butler Cave, one must walk and crawl through stream passages to reach "The Pool Room". This room contains a still pool fed by the trickling stream in which one is standing. As one gazes across the aqua-marine pool, the beauty of a shroud-like structure overwhelms the eyes.

When retracing one's steps, one passes through "The French Passage" again. This passage contains multitudes of soda straws, calcite stalactites, and some awesome calcite/gypsum flowstone. This passage is well worth the shockingly cold water passages.

All in all, Butler has many facets to intrigue and awe any type of caver. I greatly recommend this cave for anyone who wishes to spend an exciting weekend caving.

The Butler Cave Conservation Society (BCCS) will be having another official expedition in April. Hope to see more MUSG people at Butler this Spring.

-Nancy Gibson
MUSG #4?

MADISON MUDSLINGERS

Realizing that no one else would have them, David and Vicki are now engaged. They can barely stand each other!

Meredith is now in Colonial Beach with a real job. She bought a new car and has recently moved to a new house. Her new address is 11 Locust Ave., Colonial Beach, VA 22443. She is also heavily involved with an 8th grade juvenile delinquent.

Paul Clifford is no longer a city boy. He now cuts his own wood, chases his own guinea hens, and has to open gates to get to the road. Is a flannel shirt, tie, jeans, & muddy boots standard Harrisonburg School System dress code?

Jaime Reep's parents complain that "He don't pay rent regular", but we got a drunken promise for a C note. Wadda ya know, he paid up. Thanks Jaime, you doubled the treasury.

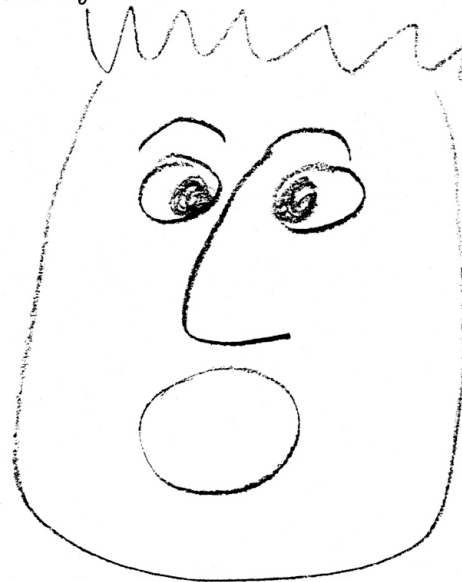
To Les Good: Dave Shantz has gotten tired of you complaining about our caving skills, so he bought the club a cable ladder for us to practice on. By the way Les, if you like sword fights, there's a fencing student down here who would probably like you to take a few pokes at her.

The club exhibitionist recently quit smoking. B.C. not like the taste of smoke? And what about the other B.C., hey Anna? Gotten any long distance phone calls lately?

Editor's note: This ugly drawing was scribbled on this page by Anna. Little did she know that I was going to use this page to type on. I think that she was trying to draw Bob Carts.

Charlie Harbin got a job somewhere in the D.C. area. This is why he hasn't been caving in a while. I hope that he doesn't turn into a politician like all other cavers moved to that area.

Zach Krasner is now working on a Dental Floss farm somewhere out in Montana.



continued on next page

MORE MUDSLINGERS

Werner Doerwaldt and Elizabeth got engaged also.

Werner and James Spaith were recently arrested by JMU Police for trying to spray paint "mental urinal" on the side of the Education and Human Services Building.

On a recent trip to Breathing Cave Craig Snyder, in his infinit wisdom, decided to excite some beginners. So, he dumped his carbide into a plastic bag and put it into his air-tight cave pack. A few minutes later he did a Richard Pryor imitation by letting the pack blow up in his face. Craig was not seriously hurt, but his cave pack was when he later attacked it with an ice pick.

How often do you need to go into a 3,000 foot cave before you know your way around? Let's ask Nancy about Glade! (Anyone have a ball of string?)

Have any new vertical gear you don't want to muddy? We've found the solution! Join the band and become a "Disco Caver"! Some marks of a Disco Caver are: feign indifference to romantic attachments; can only show true affection by trading insults with the object of desire (right Anne?), refuse to drink or attend club parties; and are vague concerning financial responsibility.

Anne Durica really turned heads at the Halloween party this year and would have done the same at VPI if Jane Fonda hadn't shown up. She left at least two broken hearts behind (or maybe not?) Note to all Hell's Angels members: Veils usually don't stay on while riding... maybe you'd thought of that?

How is it that an engaged woman can dine romantically in far away places while her fiance is banned to McDonald's? Editor's note: It's easy if you like McDonald's more than mush-mush-goo-goo. D.D.

UPCOMING EVENTS

- | | |
|--------------|---|
| Jan 12, 1984 | First meeting of year-- election of new officers (anyone want this job?) Meeting starts at 8:00 or as soon as Dave gets back from skiing. |
| Jan 13 | Banquet-- in Shenandoah Room of Chandler Hall. Price is around \$12. Contact MUSG for final price. Everyone is invited. |
| Feb. ? | NCRC short course and mock rescue-- more info later. |

...AND NOW FROM OUR MONTANA CORRESPONDENT

Dear MUSG'ers

Howdy, this is the monthly Montana newsletter from tuna town fun capitol of the great northwest

Thought I'd let you guys know whats goin on here and let you in on a hell of a deal if you could get enough interest generated in a Christmas break trip. Its the deal of a life time, and no I don't have any thing to do with it except I know the mgr of the Remington and its a real deal. I know its a little far to come but if you have the Christmas break and nothing to do a bus charter would be cheap You might want to hang the enclosed flyer in the union or somewhere and see what happens Anyway just a thought, I'd love to see some of you come out this winter

Meanwhile..... the weathers getting cold here and I'm trying to get ready for winter and not fast enough I might add I'm in the process of building a sauna out in the back yard. I got all the wood for free so it is going to be a fairly cheap project. I'm looking forward to sittin and sweatin alot this winter. I still got to get off my ass and get a few more cords of wood for this place but mostly I'm satisfied with the progress I've made on the winterization of this place to date

The eagles are starting to congregate at Apgar in glacier They should peak out in 2 or 3 weeks. I'm hoping to get up there again to take some pictures when they do

I've finally got into a cave It took long enough but it was worth it It hasn't been vandalized too much and is a good sized cave 2 major rooms and some tight side passages past them Pretty much explored the whole thing some nice formations no bats anyway good trip. I did have one casualty the bottom to my carbide lamp freaked out and broke off at the threads so I'm going to have to send off to Bob and Bobs for a new one pretty quick I want to use it for some more caves I have found out about and to use for night skiing

Well anyway thats about all the news thats fit to print for now In case you guys are interested my address is still

Zach Krazner
2070 Hiway 93 West
Whitefish, Montana
59937

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Later,
Zach

ANOTHER QUICKIE

Five a.m. seemed to come very early that Sunday morning— I usually sleep in. I was a little reluctant to get out of bed, but as I reviewed what little I knew of Butler Cave, the anticipation was enough to motivate me. Butler-Sinking Creek— the cave has always been an exciting prospect. I'd heard about it when I first started caving, read what Douglas has in Caves of Virginia, and borrowed a copy of a BCCS Newsletter, but had never been in until earlier this year, and that was only for an hour.

The morning held more promise than usual, and a magical frame of mind enthralled me as I played the Tai Chi and it lasted almost tangibly until I arrived at the Homestead in Bath County. The way over seemed more an idyll than a drive.

Breakfast was ending as I drove into the yard. Kelley and Lee Ann were ready to leave for some kayaking, Craig for Harrisonburg and bed, and Nancy was going to sit around waiting for Les Good to get out of the cave. I'd met Les at OTR, but was glad for the reintroduction as the first one was sort of hazy. Slightly disturbed when I learned that it was only to be a three hour trip, I went to put on my gear and to check my lamps and pack. On the way up to the entrance, it was mentioned that Sunday trips somewhat of a rarity so I felt lucky to get on this one.

Les was taking in two of his friends, Chris and Tom; I was the only other person going along. Once at the entrance, Les gave a short explanation of the geology and geohydrology of the system and answered questions. He then belayed Tom, Chris and me down the cable ladder; Les arm rappelled down "just for fun". He then lead us through the Keyhole, down the "God is my co-pilot" climb and to the top of Breakdown Mountain. We stopped while Les went ahead past the Window Room (as far as I got the first time I was in) to give us an idea of the immensity of the cave. It is indeed huge and this first room is only a foretaste of the larger spaces ahead. Les did this several times on the trip; otherwise it's hard to get an accurate idea of size with just carbide lamps for illumination.

We travelled almost a mile on the way in, so I'll just mention the highlights. We stopped at the rimstone dam passage, no longer used in order that the pristine condition of the dams can be preserved. I was next impressed by the mind boggling vastness of Sand Canyon; I can't recall ever seeing a passage as large. From Sand Canyon we continued upstream to the Moon Room, a small grotto of formations with a huge calcite-glazed floor easily mistaken for water.

Les also showed us the Dong Room which contains El Toro, a gigantic mass of ribbons and stalactites still partially active. Chris found several small drip pools with cave coral "growing" in the mineral laden water. Tom took several pictures and noticed that the coral fluoresced green for several seconds after being exposed to a flash. It was a rather ephemeral phenomenon.

On the way out, Les led us to a small "colony" of white helactites— a reward for being such a "good group", he explained in his best commercial guide manner. The helactites also glowed in response to the flash.

COMIC RELIEF

Before we get back to Dave's trip report, we thought that you all would like a little comic relief.



"ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT
WAY TO CHIMNEY?"

Ten minutes took us to the ladder where I belayed Les up. After I was at the top, he left to get the gate key and I belayed Chris and Tom. Chris had never used a cable ladder before and had the usual beginner's hesitancy. Tom, however, was exceptionally fast, and I had my hands full keeping up with his ascent. Les returned while we were coiling his rope and ladder (OTR winnings), bringing some very welcome beer. He locked the gate and we sat discussing the BCCS, grotto relations, and general cavind BS.

I left soon after, hoping that my next trip into Butler-Sinking Creek would not be a "quickie".

Dave Shantz

A TRIP TO GLADE CAVE

At first we had trouble finding the cave, but after asking around a bit we finally got some cave mud on us. However, we couldn't spend much time— only about an hour. We did see a couple of fairly good formation rooms, but the first had been broken up alot, and the second looked like alot of muddy hands had been on them. Just a little pure white showed through. As for cave life, I saw a moth about thirty feet inside, and I think there were some gnat-like bugs further in, but I didn't get a good look at these. Anyway, it was an interesting trip, and I plan to explore it some more. Next time, I'll probably spend about three hours and take more people.

Eric Misenheimer

OTR 1983

The MUSG'ers all had a great time at Old timer's Reunion this year. Meredith and all her helpers did a great job with the decorations and those of us who poured beer with VPI had alot of fun and met alot of people. We had a great turnout of twenty-three, and here they are: Anne Durica, Susan Shaw, Mike Clough, Steve Singleton, Sean Foster, Bob Carts, Meredith Hall, David DeLand, Vicki Liddle, Kelley Price, Gretchen Daly, Mike, Pat, and Jaime Reep, Chris Paulson, Mark Swanson, Pam Brandt, Katy Kahle, Lewis Kozlosky, John Williams, Craig Snyder, Bruce Beard, Anna Weimer, Yvonne and Carl Droms and Dave Shantz (who would rather spend his time with Tech).

Anna Weimer

All About Dwarves

Forget all that romantic drivel learned from perusing Tolkien bestiaries and the Silmarillion. That over-romanticized, unrealistic, and impractical view of dwarf-dealings is impractical, unrealistic and over-romanticized (as well as of little use) if one is to make any headway in communicating with cantankerous, persnickity little dwarves. The main rules of protocol to be observed are less obvious than most modern conventions, but important nonetheless. Remember: human-values are not necessarily respected by the sons of the Earth. To test your dwarf lore and to promote general understanding of proper behavior (lest you encounter a nasty little dwarf on your next caving trip) here is a 5 part quiz...

Imagine you are in your favorite cave, changing your carbide. A ferocious, foul-smelling little dwarf pops out of the wall.

You should:

- A) Ignore him
- B) Say "Hi" and run
- C) Introduce yourself using as many surnames (paternal) and accolades as possible.

The dwarf glares snidely at you.

You should:

- A) Singe his beard with your lamp
- B) Show him your chest hair
- C) Bare your teeth and grit fiercely back

The dwarf wants something to eat.

You should first offer him:

- A) A ham sandwich
- B) A McDonald's Gift Certificate
- C) A lump of coal

The dwarf tries to pick up on your girl/guy.

You should:

- A) Try to knock the dwarf's block off
- B) Stay out of the way
- C) Politely intercede and give dwarf directions to Eagle or Spotswood as the case may be.

The dwarf insists on accompanying the party back to JMU.

You should:

- A) Refuse outright
- B) Invite him to the next caving club party after diplomatically refusing.
- C) Send him to the Artz sheep farm.

Answers: all C's.

Analysis on page 49

A BUTLER TRIP

I went to Butler, twice. The first time was in April of '83, with Zach and Nancy. Nancy and I took the 8 1/2 hour "orientation" trip, while Zach went on a much more difficult 13 hour trip. The second time I went to Butler was Sept. 17, 1983, on a 10 hour trip. On this trip, our group, consisting of myself, Kelley, and 5 others, went back to the Mbogintao region of the cave, which is pretty far back. To get there, we had to go through Penn State Lake, which is really not a lake, but a large pool of water about 18 inches deep. No problem, right? Not if you only have to walk thru it. But, since it was blocking our passage, and the passage was only about 2 1/2 feet tall, we had to crawl through it on hands and knees. Cold as shit! After that came a stream passage, then a 30 foot upclimb into Ike's Fissure, which was a huge fissure about 120 ft. tall, and 3 feet wide, which meant we had to chimney through it. Finally, we arrived at the "Lunchroom", in the Mbogintao section where we sat down. I guess we sat too long, because the combination of the cold air and my wet cotton clothes (don't ever wear cotton in a wet cave!) caused me to become somewhat hypothermic. To reverse this condition, I had to wrap myself in a garbage bag, put on two wool shirts, and replace my helmet with a wool cap. After a while I did get warmed back up, but, jeez, was I cold! Kelley says I looked really pathetic. Anyway, I, and 3 others in my party exited the cave after 10 hours, to be greeted by a warm fire and hot chocolate with anisette and Peppermint Schnapps, while Kelley and two others stayed in the cave 3 hours longer to explore the French Passage. Butler is a great cave, because there is so much to see, plus you can do anything from a few-hour tourist trip to a 30 or 40 hour hard-ass trip back to Marlboro Country. If you get a chance, definitely go, but please, dress for the occasion.

-Craig Snyder
-MUSG #48

(Dwarves cont.)

Awnser evaluation: If you picked any A's you would be plucking a little axe out of your head. If you picked any B's you had better hope its Friday. If you picked all C's you are a master of diplomacy, tact, and dwarf lore. Congratulations!!!

Goodbye and hope you now know what to do if you meet a dwarf of bilious disposition. Remember: A smart caver is a safe caver.

WHY DO CAVERS CAVE? A RATIONALE

I remember a time Mike of the Artz variety asked me (as though I could supply him with the answer to his burning question), "Why do you think cavers cave? What do you think makes a Caver?" At the time, I mumbled something about all the unconscious symbolic attractions, the 'ole return to the womb scenario as its known in the psychological circles, and the kinky types of sexual symbolism abound, yet one could always mention something about the night going tendency that comes from partying, or simple escapism; yet none of these distinctions draw attention to the dauntless spelunker as discriminated from the normal dodo who walks the streets.

Having promised Mr. Artz a little article to put in the journal after closely looking at the other compositions, I had no worry whatsoever. I was going to rival one article written as an introductory format that compared characters of the club to Greek gods to let everyone know "who-was-who". But I've learned that English teachers and seriously religious people don't like analogies with the Passion used, so I won't go into the new wave of cavers who are into higher consciousness.

Now, why would a spelunker spelunk? I think that Mr. Muxworthy and/or Ms. Sasser could tell you why for unconscious reasons, but I think I'll deal with the direct, no nonsense reasons. It's quite simple actually. There are only two frontiers left: into the Earth (via oceans and/or caves) or off the Earth via technology. Who wants to spend the billions of dollars for a thrill to go to some uncharted realm of outer space when for a relatively small price one can avoid drowning and still have fun? Isn't exploring inner space so much more fun? And besides, who wants to go to the moon anyway?

Since I'm a science fiction buff of sorts, I easily picture some laser wars mixed with biological warfare on the surface of Earth while below some cavers are having a halluva time on rations. Mud wrestling would become a national past-time after WWII. Perhaps an unconscious security lies deep within the cave..... But somehow if the world were to ever "end" I would place my trust in a caver. Somehow I can easily envision some wise cavers surviving the damage of it all. Just as average cavers outshine the mud collected on their cheery faces, so are they more helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, (and all of those other nifty things) than your average boy scout. A caver is truly prepared.

Never panicking, even if a bat decides it loves your face in a closed space, never wavering with the live and let live attitude will make you a caver. Yet one is outspoken if the spirit of James Bond possess some over-enthusiastic spelunker.

There is one morbid, practical joke I have always wanted to perpetrate. It is simple. Just bring a whole skeleton down to the very end of a cave's mapped area, like in Roppel, and set it up so that it points onward. Of course the initials "A.S." ala Journey to the Center of the Earth would be carved.

I hope that this article shows the essence of a caver, and I must admit I believe I am spelunker. At least Mr. Artz will testify that I love mud even though my ability can always improve. But once we are outside of the cave, our own favorite idiosyncracies come out too.

To have fun with a caver is to party with one; to tell the tall (or rather long tale) or to hear one is excellent. To become "gorpless"

in a time of revelry, to momentarily think that one knows the secret to the question of the meaning of life can all be experienced when bonked out. But I've made a fool of myself like anybody else so I don't feel too badly.

In fact, many people in the club have done the "impossible" while shouts of encouragement edge 'em on. Courage, physical stamina, and a beer belly are good rewards one can get from the cave club. And from the earned sense of self reliance one goes on to conquer more "impossible" feats.

My only small claim to fame is a slight practical joke while at the first pig roast. To describe all the pleasures, like the steam bath ritual, would take too long for this article. But to stare up at the stars after sweating off all the beer previously drunk, to peacefully set one's lobster-red body into a nice cool river, to watch mist rise off the body and cause one's attention to look at the moon are a few eternal moments I would share with any friend. Standing up to go to the fire, drying skin and wetting the whistle again, anyone with with sanity would gratefully do the whole tranquil process again. Dead tired and returning to the group, one is bound to meet someone interesting.

As for my Captain Black caper, well, ask Mr. Pumphrey or Mr. Hatch—that is a story that should only go by word of mouth. Certain things just shouldn't be printed....

Well, there's one thing I know about all cavers and that is there must be some large reservoir of kindness in them all. When Jaime got ripped off, a collection was taken and he got compensated for it. He's a good example of a cool person getting what he deserves. If my enthusiasm for the cave club hasn't rubbed off, and if those who dared to wade through this bullshit don't recognize the good luck they have to be with such a good group, well—good riddance! I myself feel lucky to have been with this group of people. In conclusion, it should be self evident why a caver caves. I'd like to personally thank Jaime for letting me lead in My Cave, Mike Artz for his training, Bob Carts for bulling around with me, and doctor Dave for the latest cosmic facts.

Thank you for introducing me to the speleological scene.

Todd Rossman

(Todd is presently residing in Pennsylvania getting ready to join the Army and venture off to the metaphysical realities of Europe...)

HOW TO WASH YOUR CAVE CLOTHES (WITHOUT BREAKING A DORM WASHER)

Until two days ago, my caving clothes hadn't been washed in over a year. Being the concerned person that I am, I couldn't bear to use the only washer in my apt. house because I knew that it would break. Being the creative person that I am, I dragged Beth to the Raven car wash (she also had some moldy oldie clothes). We proceeded to pull up next to the car wash and throw our clothes on the ground. Beth went to fillup her tank and the attendant asked in astonishment, "Are you all doing your laundry?" No explanation. My jeans ended up being wonderfully faded and soft so I vowed to never go caving in them again. Yes, Believe it or not, I am now the proud owner of a pair of coveralls!

Anna Weimer
MUSG# 35

YOSEMITE VALLEY

If you ever have the chance to visit the West Coast, make sure you spend some time in Yosemite Valley National Park in California. It will be one of the most rewarding experiences of your life.

Between August 10 and September 16, Eric Anderson, Bob Carts, Blaise Barry, Drew Bradford, & I made a rendezvous in this magnificent glacial valley. Our goal was to do a lot of free climbing, a couple of big walls, and have a good time. And know what? We did everything we wanted to do and more!

Bob & Eric spent two and a half days climbing the South face of Washington's Column. Drew & I climbed an all free route on Sentinel Rock. Blaise & Bob both amazed themselves by leading 5.9 & even following a few 5.10's. Later Eric and I climbed The Salathe' Wall on El Capitan, one of the most esthetic, natural lines on this monstrous monolith.

In addition to climbing, we learned how to live cheaply, comfortably, and have a good time. We also discovered other things: how to take free showers; hang our food in trees so bears and ground squirrels wouldn't get it; elude irate Park rangers; meet & talk to the mecca of foreign climbers who come to Yosemite; laugh; cry; s---t in paper bags; collect aluminum cans to support our nightly consumption habits; buy gear cheaply; rip, tear, cut, bruise, tense, pull, stretch, twist, and (something that the editor's can't understand) every muscle and bone in our bodies.

This trip was the second greatest experience in my whole life and I will have many fond memories and camaraderies with Bob, Eric, Drew, and Blaise. You know though, it's still hard to adjust to home. I'm still trying to get rid of the infamous Yosemite Valley Foot rot from my shoes and I'm just beginning to realize that I can take showers again, more than once a week. Hell, maybe even 2 or 3 times a week! Who knows? Maybe before I go back to Yosemite (and I will go back!) I'll be taking showers every day... but I hope not!

Mike Artz
-MUSG #10

CONGRATULATIONS to the newest members of MUSG:

MUSG #46 Dave Shantz
MUSG #47 Dan O'Brien (yes, Dan as of 10-4-83)
MUSG #48 Craig Snyder
MUSG #49 Yvonne Droms
MUSG #50 John Bauserman

CAVING ACTIVITY JULY THROUGH OCTOBER

CAVE	DATE	COMMENTS(including members)
Nutt	Summer	Paul Clifford, John Eckman Dan O'Brian, Charlie Harbin Which way do we go?
Nutt,Nutt,& Nutt	Summer	John Eckman, Georgina Valverde Cooled Out
Newberry's	May 14	VPI Picnic, Craig, Maureen, Bruce, and Jim
Glade	June	Eddie Good and others. Had fun and got muddy.
Peru	Summer	Wes Robinson, Terry and Nancy Watkins. Great trip, Magnif- cent sights in the Andes.
Glade	Sept. 6	Paul,Tom, Nancy, Tom,Tony, Richard, Craig, Gretchen, Sean, Eddie, Patti, Terri, Bill, Carla.
Bowdens	Sept. 3	OTR- Craig, Lewis, John Williams. Fun, mellow trip.
Bowdens	Sept. 4	OTR- Craig, Annette, Joe, Phil Troutman. Got somewhat lost, but found ourselves.
Anna's Window Well	Sept. 7	Sean. Mike Reep locked Anna out of her apt.
Fall Ball Seneca Rocks	Sept. 9-11	Vicki Liddle, Good time, Nice weather.
Nutt	Sept. 11	Lewis, Nancy, Tom, Tom, Anne, Mel, John, Craig, Excellent trip, took lots of pictures.
Breathing and Aqua	Sept. 11	Paul, Angela, Darryl, David Danny, Sean. Good time to go to Aqua.

CAVE	DATE	COMMENTS
Chimney Rocks	Sept. 5	Yvonne, Kelley, John E. Beautiful view.
Fieldhouse	Sept. 10	Yvonne, Carl, Mike R. Lots of fun.
Key Cave	Sept. 4	Yvonne, Carl, Kelley.
Bowdens	Sept. 3	OTR- Will, Lewie, Craig.
Chimney Rocks	Sept. 17	Yvonne, John, Gretchen, Anne.
Nutt	Sept. 20	Dave, Patti, Sean, Terri, Vicky, four from Glick.
3-D Maze	Sept. 19	Kelley, Doreen, John, Irene, Nina, Ron. Great!
Butler	Sept. 17	Craig, Kelley. Good trip. Nancy.
Marshall's	Sept. 18	Lewis, Karen, Susan, Diane.
Yosemite Valley, Calif.	Aug.- Sept.	Mike Artz, Bob Carts, Blaise Barry, Eric Anderson. Great climbing trip.
Bathtub Rocks	Oct. 10	Kelley, Yvonne, John.
Glade	Oct. 4	Kelley, Yvonne, Gretchen, Dave, Dan, Todd, Eddie, Chris Tom P..
Glade	Oct. 5	Yvonne, Mike, Tom, Anna, Dave Shantz, Dave Deland. Six hours surveying.
Glade	Oct. 5	Lewis, Joe, Sean McBride, Beth Dexter, Lee Satler.
Seneca Rocks	Oct. 1-2	Mike Artz, Kris Kline. Lots of fun despite the rain.
Glade	Oct. 4	Kelley, Yvonne, Todd, Lee Ann Chris, Tom, Dave.
Dewey Beach, Del	Oct. 15-16	Anna and Bob. "I actually got homework done!"
Dolly Sods	Oct. 14-16	Diana Gray. "My first real camping trip!"

CAVE	DATE	COMMENTS
Nutt	Oct. 15	Craig, Gretchen, George M. Georges first trip, he liked it.
Simmons-Mingo	Oct. 14	Mike Artz, Bruce Beard, Kelley, Lynda Kelly. Went to RP2 area. 12 hour trip.
Canoeing on the Potomac	Oct. 14	Anne Durica and Janet Lindquist Great trip until Janet tipped the boat.
Glade	Oct. 12	Yvonne, Mike Artz, Dave Shantz More surveying, can't wait 'til the squeeze passage.
Dolly Sods	Oct. 8-12	Andy Bridge, Excellent fall colors! Lots of deer and beaver.
Apple Picking	Oct. 14	Andy Bridge, John Eckman, Casey and Sean. Made 74 gallons of cider. Lots of fun.

VAR

The Virginia Region Meeting this fall was held in Grand Caverns, Va. It was jointly hosted by several area grottoes. On Saturday, Oct. 8, there was a general clean-up and formation surgery in Fountain Cave. They also recorded all the historical signitures in the cave.

Shenandoah Grotto served dinner Saturday night, followed by a concert in Grand Caverns by Dave Foster. There was a party held in the pavillion afterwards.

The official region meeting was held on Sunday, it went fairly smoothly until Dave Hubbard and Chuck Hempel, leaders respectivly of CRCN and NCRC, started arguing about lack of communication between the two rescue networks. Besides this misunderstanding the meeting went quite smoothly.