

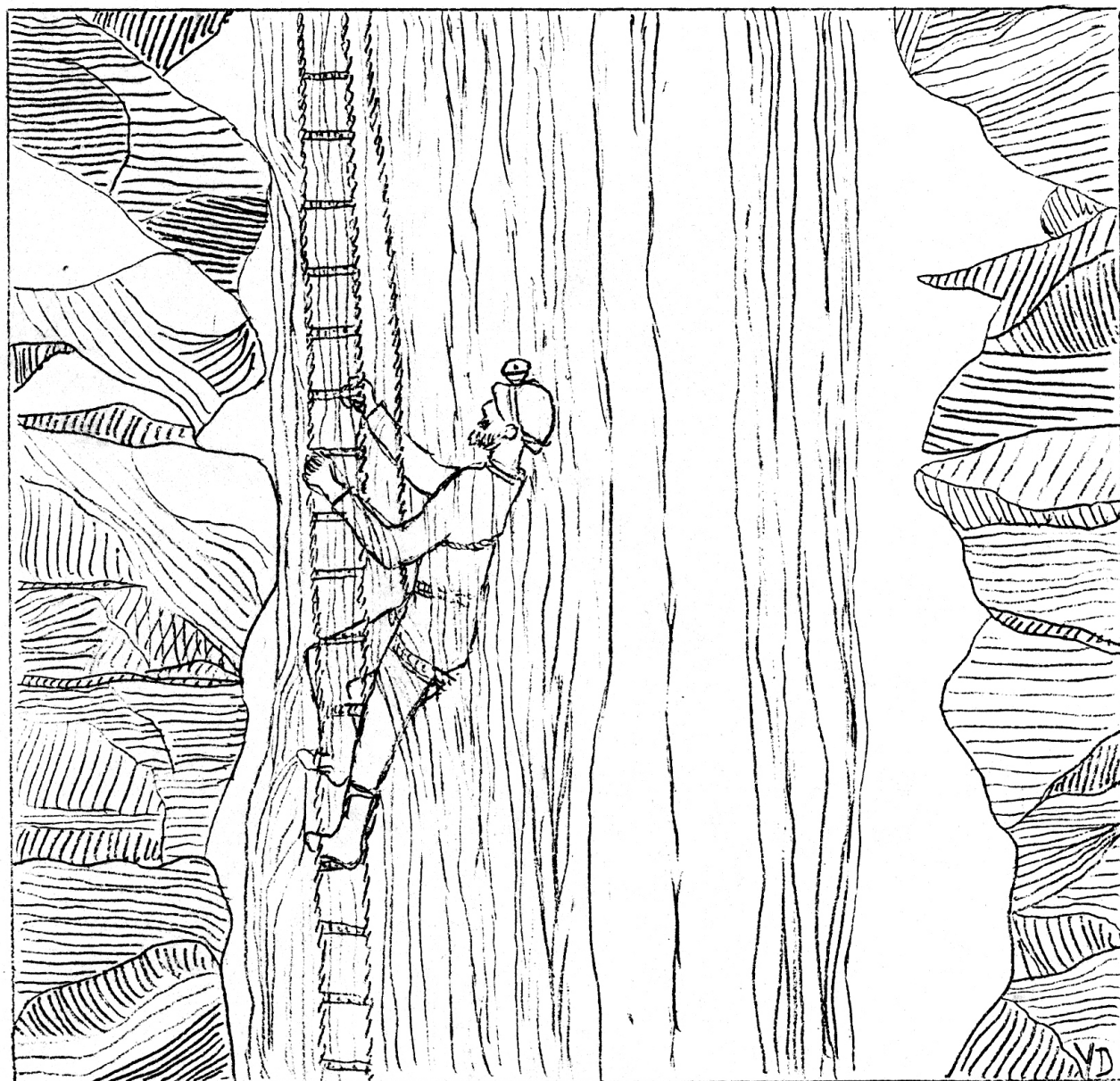
MADISON UNIVERSITY

STUDENT GROTTO

QUARTERLY JOURNAL

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STATE OF THE GROTTO ADDRESS

Greetings! Its a new year and we've got a lot of events and goals planned for this semester. Calanders and the long awaited phone lists are out now so there's no excuse for not getting involved! Upcoming events include Spring Fling, our first H'burg cave rescue seminar, Picnic at Hone Quarry, 3-D survey, taking retarded adults caving, a dart tournament, etc., etc., etc.

Its great to see our executive council and members of the club (now grown to 52) take such an active role in MUSG events. As new Chairman of this club there are a few goals I would like to see accomplished while I'm here. The social activities are great, but not as important as going caving. There are many active club members and what I want to see is many active cavers! The only thing that keeps our club together is caving; not the idea of caving, but the act of caving. We are the Cave Club and our main objective is to see many competent cavers leading trips and going caving every weekend!

Whether you go for the exercise, companionship, solitude, beauty, escape, or for any other reason, its time to commit yourself. All it takes is one person to say "I want to go caving" and we'll go! I'm looking forward to all the caving (and climbing) thats going to happen this semester. If you have any questions or suggestions, give me a call!

Kelley L. Price
- MUSG #21
- NSS #23896

GROTTO OFFICERS

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MUSG Quarterly Journal--
Published continuously late for three years!

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Cover illustration by: Yvonne Droms

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ESTABLISHING RESPONSIBILITIES

"Just what is that mysterious thing hanging on the door of Presidential Apt. 11?" asked a beginning caver, "And what exactly does it do?" Most answers would be short and to the point, "The sign out sheet is just to make sure that if a trip goes out, it comes back, too." Well, here's a longer answer. There's a lot more to it; many important responsibilities relate to the sign out sheet. The key to an effective sign-out sheet is knowing exactly what the responsibilities of both the caving party and the sheet party (the people who check the sheet) are. Once these responsibilities have been established, they must never be deviated from because if they are, the procedure becomes confusing and basically worthless.

The first responsibility of the caving party is to sign out properly. This is basically self explanatory except for the E.T.R. (estimated time of return). The time written for the E.T.R. must be one hour later than you actually plan to return. For example, if you expect to return at 6:00 pm, (this time includes travel and changing time) then write 7:00 pm under E.T.R. There is a very good reason for this: if the caving party has not returned by 6:00 pm, an initial call down for a possible rescue is started. This allows one hour to assess who is available, or who can be made available to go on a rescue. Then at 7:00 pm, if the cavers have still not returned, a search team is on the way to the cave. The second responsibility of the caving party is to try their damndest to call someone to change the sheet if they are okay but late. Remember, once a cave rescue is started, you pay for all expenses- if the rescue is real or not. No kidding. The third responsibility of the caving party is to go to the cave they have signed out for. If you know before you leave that the cave might be flooded or you might not find it or whatever, then write down an alternative cave on the sign out sheet. If you did not do this but feel the need to go to a different cave, call someone who will change the information on the sheet. Another responsibility of the cavers, especially if camping out for a weekend, is to leave a note on the car stating which cave you're in, the date, and the names of the cavers. This simple precaution seems rarely taken by MUSGer's for some reason.

Had enough of caving party responsibilities? Okay, here's some for the other end of the continuum. Some of you may think that Beth and I are the only ones responsible for checking the sign-out sheet. Well, think again. Some of you may have the "somebody (probably Anna) -will-look-at-the-sheet" attitude. But what if you're ass is in the hole and no one looks at the sheet? Think about it; there's no way Beth and I can possibly be home every time a trip goes out. The whole club is responsible for checking the sign-out sheet. Therefore, if you're driving by Presidential Apts., especially at odd hours, you should try to stop by and check the sheet. And of course all of us who live out there should check it whenever possible. If you notice a trip is overdue, it's up to you to contact someone listed below and make arrangements for a call-down. Another thing you might keep in mind is asking a friend to check if you're back, especially if you go to a difficult and/or vertical cave, and Beth and I weren't there when you signed out.

Now for the most important part. If you ever find yourself in a situation where one or more of your caving party is lost, injured, hypo-

thermic, or otherwise, and you need assistance, call one of the numbers listed below. Remember that calmness pays off; therefore, evaluate the situation as thoroughly as possible, and be prepared to relay all important information to the person you contacted.

Anna Weimer 434-4159
Kelley Price 434-6538
Mike Artz 434-4677
Dave Shantz 896-1342
Dave DeLand 433-5117
Vicki Liddle 434-8993
John Eckman 434-8179
Paul Clifford 833-2523
Cave Rescue Communications Network (804) 924-7166

If there is a definite injury call the CRCN first. If a person is lost, try to call a MUSGer first. In all cases, a MUSGer should be contacted.

Lastly, a personal comment. Just because the sign-out sheet is on my door, it doesn't mean that every cave trip has to meet there before leaving. Sometimes an hour or more of Beth's and my time is taken up, and this is especially frustrating when we're studying or sleeping. Thanks for the courtesy.

I've heard that at someplaces, it unfortunately takes a real rescue before people realize how important the sign-out sheet is. I hope this never has to happen to us.

Love, your cave mother,

Anna Weimer
- MUSG #35

GEORGETOWN REVISITED

Once again the Madison University Student Grotto has visited Georgetown. Although Roy and John arrived before me, I got to the corner of Wisconsin and K Streets right at 8:00 on December 27. I couldn't be late-- I organized the whole affair! By 8:45, it seemed that everyone had gathered. The majority consensus was to go to a distant video bar called Posuer's. As luck would have it, the bar was having a "college night." Unfortunately, some of us are no longer card carriers; but no matter, the "real" people had just as much fun as the students although we're a little more poor for it. Lots of good conversation (really!) and drinking and dancing followed. The evening broke up early since lots of folks had jobs to wake up to, but Jaime, who had arrived around midnight, Laurie (formerly of Katy and Barb's old house), Roy, and I were the die-hards. The night would have been perfect except when I got back to my car, I found some _____ (insert a less-than-king noun here) had vandalized it. Roy said it must have been Cave Vandals, but I think Caver Vandals is more appropriate. Ah well, next time I won't pay to park. Heck, next time, I won't drive.

Those in attendance were: me, Roy Pietrovite, John Bauserman, Jim McEntee (of late of Austin), Maurice Heilberg, Laura Vickers, Dan O'Brien, Mike Pumphrey, Scott Muxworthy, Anna Weimer, Bob Carts, Beth Dexter, Mike

Clough (from England), and his friend Pete, Sean Foster, James and Zan Spaith, Carin, Jaime Reep and Laurie.

"And they all had a real good time." to quote the Edgar Winter Group.

Meredith Hall

- MUSG #9

- NSS #21477

BECAUSE IT FEELS SO GOOD WHEN YOU STOP

Caving at night is the greatest. Everyone thinks so, since it is such a convenient time. But one must take proper precautions. Always remember your P's: Proper Prior Planning Prevents Piss-Poor Performance. This point can be easily illustrated by recounting a great adventure to Sugar Hill Cave during spring semester last April (hithertofore known only to a few).

Following the delightful spontaneous impulses which we all know and love, a trip was scheduled to leave for Sugar Hill Cave at ??:?? pm E.S.T. What the ----, no one ever holds to rigid departure time, we only knew it had to be late. After signing out (of course) we drove away. True to form, no one knew exactly how to find the cave, only certain specific vaguenesses involving trials of beer cans, pointy rocks, and fallen trees. Following these highly conspicuous landmarks was very, very simple in gathering dusk as you might imagine. In a cave night and day have little relevance, but with regard to finding a new cave daylight is found to be far superior for all intents and purposes. I think!

In any event the cave was found after thrashing and beating and swearing around for an hour in some bramble infested woods. By and by everyone stumbled upon the entrance. It was a real joyous scene after the delightful hike. When the trip leaders, Charlie Harbin and Susan Shaw, finished patting themselves on the back over the extreme cleverness of finding the cave we went in. Dan O'Brien actually found the cave but Susan and Charlie told him what to look for: an immense fallen tree. It was an awesome display of woodcraft.

The cave was real swell. Not that anyone really appreciated crawling in animal feces, but the bats were very congenial and classy. Our rookie caver, Delite Caldwell was not delighted by the cave creatures though. She didn't think muck of the bats unless they were sleeping. Nor did she care for the cave rat. In fact, she rang our eardrums.

We eventually reached the main chamber (the cave's biggest room) where all five of us turned out our lamps for the obligatory moment of profound silence and dark. Only thing was Charlie had one of those damn flourescent helmets which insisted on glowing obnoxiously. Anyway, we all marveled at Charlie's helmet, how dark it was in the cave, and then had a complex metaphysical/theological discussion.

Finally human vice and weakness cut short our reflection just before we discovered the meaning of life. Someone wanted a cigarette or ten, someone was hungry, and someone's bladder burst; but I don't remember whom wanted what. This gave us an excuse to leave.

The lamps popped on. Suddenly the Cave Rat was sighted on a ledge looking down imperiously at the invaders of his cave. I covered my ears this time, but nothing happened. Anyway, the Rat was not too impressed

with us, so he decided to give we humans the old shaft. The Rat immediately darted through the crawlway exit from the room to the place where some foolish person had left a pack of valuable cigarettes. Seizing them in his slavering jaws, the Rat came dashing back down through the crawl and past the stunned onlookers. Charlie tried to catch the Rat but it jumped down a deep little hole where no one could reach it. So there it sat holding the cigarettes in its tiny mandible and laughing at us. Charlie was so surprised he forgot to cuss as the Rat escaped. As a non-smoker I was shamefully amused.

Leaving the cave only one lamp was working properly. This made it lots of fun stumbling and bumbling through friendly roses and other poisonous stickers. On the way home Susan gave Charlie a cigarette and everything was cool. We all had a lot of smiles, chuckles, and yuks.

At the point we returned to Charlie and Susan's apartment the story ended for everyone except myself. Since it was merely 2 am, and I was feeling fresh and spry, I turned down an invitation to sleep on the couch. Silly me. Driving back to Bridgewater, about 6 miles away, I decided to consume a prochgous quantity of food. So I went to "Aunt Emma's" and I did indeed consume. Then I proceeded home by the longest possible route. All this was not a sequence of events which inspired driving alertness. Anyway, two blocks from home, I discovered what happens when a resistable force meets an immovable object (i.e. a telephone pole). The whole incident was not a conscious decision of mine. I was asleep at the time.

The moral of the story is that going to and from a cave can be dangerous. One must be just as careful and prepared to get back and forth from a cave as you are for the cave itself. If you go to an unfamiliar cave go during daylight hours. Also have alternate light sources when you come out. Most importantly don't drive when you are tired and by yourself. Stay at your friends house. If you must drive alone at night, especially late, take all precautions: wear your seatbelt, turn on the radio, roll down the window, and scream and yell if necessary. Coffee helps too. You can always crash out after pulling well off the road if need be. Remember: Going to and from a cave safely is as important as exercising good judgement inside.

John Bauserman
- MUSG #50

NEWCASTLE MURDER HOLE

Frightening name? Frightening cave!

Have you ever tried to crawl along a 16 inch wide ledge on the side of a deep dark pit, trying not to fall into it because the ledge is not horizontal but angled towards the pit? Well, that is NO fun. The hard part is not giving in to panic, not allowing your mind to believe you are sliding into the pit... I've never inched across any passage more slowly and carefully...

Exposure, that's what that cave is all about. No friendly cozy little crawlways where you feel nice and secure. No Sunday walk through majestic corridors where your time is spent admiring walls and ceiling. Instead,

big abysses opening up in front of you every few feet, winding crevasses with endless depths, large rooms full of big rocks intermingled with pits.

Really, Newcastle Murder Hole is a challenging, fun cave. Carl and I did not know what we were getting into when we went down to VPI and joined one of the numerous trips going out every weekend at Tech.

Bob Alderson, Bob Simons, Koji, and his friend Jeff, Carl, and I started out by rappelling into a 70 foot pit. From there we went on through a crack and almost right away had to start chimneying over deep crevasses. Every now and then a pit opened up in front of us. Then came the ledge over the pit. So far I had been enjoying myself, considering that my rock-climbing experience made the chimneying easy for me. The ledge, however, was a different story. Brrr... I guess you could get used to it after going over it a few times and not falling into the pit.

We went on chimneying around until we found another big pit, one of many in Newcastle Murder Hole. Koji and the two Bobs rappelled down into it just for the exercise. It was a 100 foot dead-end pit. In the meantime I chimneyed and wiggled my way down into a few crevasses, going deeper and deeper until I could not fit anymore. One time I came out onto a "balcony" in the middle of one of the pits. Crevasses are fun when you enjoy climbing.

After the three ascended out of the pit, we went on exploring some more. We left Carl behind to meditate Mathematics on a rock (poor Carl had a rough time in that cave, with so little caving experience and never having gone rock-climbing) and the five of us proceeded towards a newer part of the cave.

After making a webbing ladder, we descended into a very large room which led into another one with a lake in it. A narrow trail hugged the right wall, about 40 feet above the lake. It got increasingly muddy and slippery as we went along. As I was clambering up a steep smooth place, I slipped and started sliding backwards towards the cliff and lake. My eyes raced around looking for a handhold. Nothing but smooth slippery mud... Luckily for me, Bob Simons was behind me and stopped my descent towards the cold lake. From there we had to cross over and climb a sort of overhang onto a platform overlooking the lake. By then I was jittery enough that I did not know if I could handle it. Bob Alderson had made it look so easy but he must be about the best caver I had ever been caving with. He lent me a hand to cross that passage, then Koji followed. Jeff and Bob Simons decided to stay behind and take a nap instead.

Down to three people now, we went on climbing up and down over mainly muddy, slippery rocks, digging our fingers into the mud for hand-holds until we reached the end of that part of the cave.

Getting back down to the lake room where Jeff and Bob Simons were was another hair-raising experience, but it went more smoothly than I thought and soon we were all together again.

Leaving the cave was a time consuming process. Jeff had never used knots to ascend a rope and it took him quite a while to climb the 70 feet to the surface. Joki also used knots. The rest of us had Gibbs ascenders, but by the time I got out I had been standing on the ice at the foot of the pit for 1½ hours, jumping up and down to keep warm and sideways to avoid the drops of water dribbling down the pit.

All in all, it was a lot of fun and definitely worth the trip. If you are tempted by a lot of exposure, slippery climbs, numerous pits, crevasses and chimneys, try Newcastle Murder Hole, you'll love it!

Yvonne Droms
- MUSG #49

TRIPPING TO TECH

One fine weekend (Feb. 3-5) five MUSGer's left on a Friday night for Va. Tech. They were Mike Artz, Yvonne and Carl Droms, Dan Hirsch, and John Bauserman (me). The whole idea was to cave and party with the Tech grotto.

At Tech we did just that. Mike Artz invited me on a 24 hr. expedition to a cave in W. Va. called Scotts Cave. This by virtue of the fact that it was in Mr. Scott's backyard in Greenbriar County I think. After driving past the famous Bob and Bob's, we got to Mr. Scott's farm. Mr. Scott however, had gone in to town to get some of 'Kentucky' Colonels Fried Chicken and so was not there when we knocked. So we stayed around in the yard, hacking away and trying to decide what to do.

Frank Gibson and Eric Anderson were the Tech aavers with Mike and I, so there were four of us all together. Frank and Eric were also two of the best cavers I've ever met. At least I don't know of anyone hotter. Anyhow, we finally decided to leave Mr. Scott a note and go in. We got out gear out of Franks on demand 4 wheel drive Subaru, which he had been showing off a little, and proceeded to the cave. I thought that Mr. Scott might have been sacked out with a jog in the barn, but didn't really feel like checking. Most of these farmers have shotguns.

Going in the cave was intense. For me. The highlight was definitely the tight crawl not far inside. It was cobblestone (very rocky) and tight. It was also filled with bone chilling water, except for about 6-8 inches of airspace. Mike explained this was a real "nerd gate." A nerd gate I learned was something which kept nerds out. I was relieved to have made it through. Frank had gone into the crawl first. He kept explaining how small it was. Usually in short words. At one point he considered backing up and sending in Eric who was the slimmest caver there. But Frank made it. Since he was the most muscular of us all I figured I could make it too. It was great.

Penetrating further, we finally got to the height of pleasure in the giant room of the cavern. I mean the formations were great. We held back before the gushing waterfall though and decided to try another day. Some Psycho had been in there before, but the water was much lower. None of us were prepared to get soaked again so we prudently stopped. Frank took some pictures which I really want to see. He is really a photographer par excellence and has an outstanding collection at his apartment.

There was a small cliff in room which everyone let themselves down on a rope. (Editor's note: if you can figure this sentence out, let us know, we can't.) We crawled around different passageways at the bottom for a while and then emerged again at the bottom of the cliff. Frank and Mike ran up like monkeys Batman style, but I had second thoughts so they threw down a rope which I tied around my waist. This gave me some confidence and I was already to Batman up in a flash when Mike and Frank started pulling. I tried to yell for slack so I could go up in cool Bay Wonder climb, but before I could remember what to say I was already yanked up past the steepest ten feet onto a rather moderate incline. The whole climb was only about 30 feet, 20 of which could be walked carefully. The little cliff also had a beautiful flowstone on it just next to where we climbed.

Going out I put on a trash bag shirt, which worked great. It's always a good idea to have that extra trash bag in your helmet to keep you warm. It's not just for survival occasions either. Everybody really moved fast

going out except me. Frank, Eric, and Mike just seemed to flow through the cave with a minimum of energy, but I was huffing and puffing to keep up and poorly at that. Moving easily through a cave is something acquired by experience and conditioning and those guys most definitely had both. Despite the fact I lagged, none of them seemed to resent it and always helped me out if I needed it. I really learned about cave courtesy in Scott's.

Coming out we visited Mr. Scott who had returned. He invited everybody in when they went to the door. I was about fifteen minutes late going in though, since I stopped to clean up the trash and took a long time changing. Just as I came into Mr. Scott's trailer, Eric asked him if he wanted some chocolate. Mr. Scott declined, saying no thanks, the girls told him he was sweet enough. He was a cool old guy.

The four of us hung out eating, drinking, and talking with Mr. Scott for a couple hours. He told us some W. Va. cave stories which he had heard. For instance, Mott's Hole, a nearby pit, got its name because Molly Mott's fiancée allegedly threw her down it. This was never proven and although poor Molly was missing, no one was inclined to check out the cave. Around the late 1800's rappelling was apparently difficult and dangerous. Finally a man was lowered into the pit. He came out with white hair and said nothing. So no one pressed him for details.

By far the best story was about the farmer who was plowing with his team of horses when a sinkhole opened underneath them. All the horses were killed in the fall and the farmer found himself in a cave looking at the hole way up on the ceiling. Since he couldn't possibly climb out he started following a creek and walking into the cave feeling his way along. He walked for two days going completely under water several times and finally coming out the side of a hill where the creek exited. Pretty incredible.

We finally left although it was certain we could have talked with Mr. Scott all night. The last thing we discussed was Whiskey (Mr. Scott euphemistically calls it "spring water"). Just in case you visit him overnight bring a bottle of "Ten High." It's Mr. Scott's favorite brand.

The next morning Mike and I ate at Frank's house courtesy of his mother, who generously made us breakfast. Although the caving trip ended being only about 6 hours instead of 24 I was still a bit bruised. Knee-pads might be a nice thing to have I think. Yvonne thought it was amusing we only caved for 6 hrs instead of 24, but it was one of the best trips I've ever tripped.

John Bauserman
- MUSG #50

A MESSAGE FROM KELLEY-ANNE AND BOB THE DOG

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TrtA#E V GKGTG,Zc

. . /rzz z./bws,gtf2nj9hya 50rft

Bob the Dog
Kelley-Anne

NOT WHAT WE EXPECTED, BUT WHAT EVER IS?

Thanksgiving weekend in Harrisonburg is sort of like a sink after you've poured out the dishwater, a few suds cling to the sides but most are washed down the drain. When I arrived in town, most of the students had gone home. There were a few die-hards left that wanted to go caving.

We met at Paul Clifford's house. He too had come away but Mike Artz and Lynda Kelly were keeping watch on the place. Dave Shantz and Yvonne Droms completed the group. I think we'd all read the description of Inglewood #1 in Brian Felter's book and we were relishing the 100 foot pit inside the cave. We had verticle gear for everyone, plus. We had three ropes, one of which we left at the entrance, and a cable ladder. This on top of all our normal gear.

We found the cave without too much trouble. For once, cave directions were accurate. We entered the small hole one by one, waiting for the go ahead from the person below since it was a bit of a chimney. Ten minutes from the entrance we agreed to leave the verticle gear and look around for the wondrous (for Rockingham County) pit.

I located a pit that Dave and I determined by scientific method (rock dropping) to be 25-30 feet deep. It was maybe 8-10 feet wide and oval in shape. I of course was excited but since the others had gone on we decided we would "do it" later.

After a difficult downclimb (to me), we came upon the rest of the group and the rest of the cave. Mike and Yvonne had just finished traversing a rather exposed section which Lynda, on her second cave trip, declined to do. I followed her example. Dave decided to stick with the girls so we spent our time exploring the many fissures. Meanwhile, Mike and Yvonne explored the lower part of the cave. Yvonne found pieces of an old wooden ladder in one section. But no pit.

Later we all gathered back where we had left our gear. I took everyone to see the pit I'd found, which I still feel is impossible to down climb. Leave it to Maniac Mike, though, to downclimb it, all the while worrying me to no end. As it happened, the bottom to the pit was the same section with the ladder Yvonne found--too bad she hadn't looked up. Since this was the only pit in the cave, we were all a bit disappointed. I, for one, had wanted to do some verticle caving. Our solace was that we only had to carry all the gear back to Paul's house which is just 5 minutes from the cave.

Meredith Hall

- MUSG #9

- NSS #21477

BANQUET

The third annual MUSG Banquet was held this year on January 13, 1984. Approximately 60 people made it to the dinner catered by Chandler Hall. Several people were held up by the 4 inches of snow that accumulated that day, they arrived in time for the party though!

After dinner Frank and Ann Marks presented a slide show on Butler Cave. Much of the history of the cave and interesting formations were included in the show. The awards ceremony followed, the hosts, Dave and Tom (also the awards committee) presented many amusing prizes.

After the awards were handed out everyone moved to the party room and enjoyed drinking and dancing to music played by John Williams. This was the time to visit with old friends and meet new people. At 1 am when Chandler kicked us out the party moved downtown to Mike Harris's place on N. Court Square. Here the partying continued til 7 am Saturday morning. Though only the really hard-cord partiers were left!

Some of the awards are listed below:

Most Abused Beginner- Yvonne Droms

The Bob Carts Memorial Award (most obnoxious person)- Lewis Kozlosky

Best Caver- Mike Artz

P.W.- Dave DeLand

Cost Cutter Award (Donations to the club)-Dave Shantz & Jaime Reep

Best Performance by a Nude Caver- Anna Weimer

Disco Caver- Tom Donaldson

CLIMBING WITH BRUCE

Saturday November 12, 1983 - Bruce - My birthday. I'm 25 years old today. It would be nice to do something spectacular. Yesterday was a great day. I loved Stone Mountain; friction face climbing is where it is at. Today the Glass. I've been here once before, last Spring. I was 20 lbs. overweight and leading 5.8s was a challenge. Today I'd like to lead a 5.10.

It's cold. On the drive over the trees were frosted with ice. Eddie and Mike decide to do Hyperbola, a 5.10 with a deadly 5.9 traverse looking at ledgefall. Chris Caldwell and Jim (from South Carolina) are going to do a 5.9- called Titties and Beer. That leaves me with Kelley. We decide to do the Nose, a 5.8 on a wind-eroded west facing nose. It will be a good warm-up climb.

There is snow at the base of the climb. I go up. No pro. Higher, still no-pro. I manage to stick a friend in one of the "eyebrows." Keep going. The crux is right before the end of the pitch. Dicey balance move. I'm up. "Off belay."

It's windy up here. And in the shade. I'm wearing thin sweat pants and a sweater. Fine while I'm moving; no good now. The wind blows through it like I'm naked. Some warm-up climb. My teeth are chattering. Hurry up, Kelley, hurry up. I don't want to say anything to her because 5.8's about her limit. I'll be brave, even though my balls are probably turning blue. I should have brought my poly-pro long underwear.

Kelley's up. Should we rap off? Nah, the next ledge will be in the sun. Up I go. Wierd rock. The pro sucks; the lines aren't natural. I angle up, zig-zagging to get pro. The rope drag sucks. This is the crux. I finally struggle through up to the ledge. Off belay.

The sun is on me but it ain't doing s--t. I'm getting cold. The wind is ferocious. No shelter. Now I'm sure my nuts are turning blue. And Kelley's taking forever. She must be scratching her butt between every move. God, it's cold. My teeth are shivering and I'm chattering uncontrollably. Or maybe it's the other way around. I've never been this cold before. I should have rapped after one pitch. What the hell is taking Kelley so long? Maybe she got lost. Maybe she's eating lunch. I'm freezing. It's my birthday and I'm freezing to death on a dorky little ledge while Kelley dundles. It's murder. What a dumb way to die. At last Kelley gets up. "Let's rap down," she says. I'm borderline hypothermic. I can't even talk. My brain forms ideas but I can't seem to communicate them to Kelley. I rap down; she follows. Out of the wind at last. I jump up and down to get warm, wolf down a granola bar, pick up all the gear (lead gear, two ropes) and start hiking down the trail while Kelley is still changing her shoes. Warmth is my only consideration.

We find Mike and Eddie at the base of Out to Lunch, a one-pitch Henry Barber 5.10. Mike just led it. They try to get me to lead it. I've shivered away all my energy. Eddie has a pile jacket. I possess it. "Don't get too comfortable in my jacket," he warns. It's warm. He may never see it again.

We hike around to the south face. Out of the wind, I'm finally warm. It's getting late. I follow Jim & C.C. up Rat's Ass (5.8). I race up at amazing speed. It warms me up. "Damn, B.B.!" C.C. says. "You just ran up that!" He sounds impressed. "It's only a 5.8," I shrug, like I was bad or something. We rap down. I go up Bloody Alternative, an unprotected 5.9+ face climb Eddie put up and Mike just led. Feels like 5.10 to me. Fingertip pullups. We rap again. It's dark.

I start down. Says Eddie, "Were are you going with my pile jacket?" "Possession, baby. I own 9/10th of your jacket." And it's so warm.

Into town for a steak dinner. Happy birthday Bruce. Then back to the Glass. We camp out. I build a huge bonfire. I want to be warm, and Eddie's taken back his jacket.

Sunday- Kelley and Kenny go to the south face to climb a 5.7 called Hot Dog. The rest of us hike up to the North face. Overhanging faces. The easiest climb there is 5.9+. Most are 5.10 and 5.11. Some arm aid routes. Others are impossible. Still cold, but I'm wearing more. Jim and C.C. do an aid climb.

Mike leads Cornflake Crack. Henry Barber again. Hard-cord. 5.10+ or 5.11-. I've never seen Mike so pumped, but he finally struggles up. My turn. Oh, s--t.

Cornflake Crack's crux is a harder version of the Groin Grip at Chimney Rocks. Up a corner, into a fingertip undercling traverse, and then up an overhanging fingertip layback. No footholds. Intense. Pump City. I fall off. Again. And again. And again. Mike keeps catching me, lowering. "Why," I ask Eddie, "did Henry Barber have to take a perfectly good aid climb and f--k it up by free climbing it?" Eddie laughs. He can afford to; he's led it before.

Finally, after a dozen more falls, I finally muscle my way up. I give my grudging admiration to Mr. Barber. I rap off and Eddie breezes up like it was an evening stroll. He and Mike eyeball the 5.11 second pitch. They want it. Not me. The first pitch was hard enough. But it is getting late. They rap down so that I can lead a climb. Nice guys. They would have had time if I hadn't taken so long.

I go set up Glass Menagerie. The first pitch is 5.10-, if you rap down before the 5.11 roof. I plan to. I zip up until I reach the crux. I can either go right and up or straight up. I try one, then the other. Neither works. I try again. And again. I can't do it. Suddenly, it occurs to me to split the difference, cut diagonally up and right. I try it. It works. Why didn't I think of that before? Up I go. Nice climb. But it's dark, time to go home.

Bruce Beard
- MUSG #20

LOST IN GLADE

When I heard we were going to Glade,
I thought I had it made.
No vertical or tough climbs, an easy route
For those who are brave.

The ride out was half the fun,
Yvonne's van going faster than a bullet from a gun,
After signing out of course.
Then we got our bearing straight and set our course.

Upon arrival, a little confusion with lamps,
The helmets were pests too.
"Let me help you."
"Where the hell's the carbide?!"
"Hey, it ain't my fault
You can't handle equipment."
What a predicament
We were in.
"When will we begin?"

We finally got our shit together
Took us forever.
Jumping over fences was cool
Though I nearly fell, like a fool.
"Where's the entrance?"
"I don't know!"
What suspense,
In the middle of a cow pasture,
We'll be ripe for sure.

Finally the entrance was found,
Quickly we slip underground
Into a world of eternal darkness.
"Far out! What formation is this?"
I kept my mouth shut; something rare,
Having some crazy thoughts, "What's out there?"

Soon this apprehension began to fade
Like a lunatic caver, pushing through Glade,
Romp around the first level to my heart's content.
Then to the Register Room my heart was bent.

So we all arrived at the good ol' R.R.
From there I pushed on by myself
A little crazed I know, sanity I put on a shelf.
I reached the Mud Room without a hitch.
Then I decided to go back: "Son of a bitch!!!"
Suddenly I was lost and no voices could I hear
Only my own breathing and heart beat were near
A very vulgar "Oh Dear!!!"

I pushed back in the way I thought I had come
Finding it the wrong way, boy did I swear some.
Imagining being lost upon days and days,
Asking God to forgive my sinful ways.

Several years from now some cavers
Finding my bones. It gives them the shivers.
Then the hovel of Death's Pain comes streaking
Through Glade, forever haunting.
My touch is frigid cold,
Creating legends to be told by young and old.

All this passes like a cloud,
I hear voices loud.
Joy Immense, a thankful prayer
"Hi there!!"

Then we turned off the lamps in a hush
Dwelling in a darkness that I could touch.
Then someone started throwing mud
Landing with a thud.
"Oh, what fun!" was my thought.
Starting to do what I shouldn't have ought.

"I'm machine gunner Chris,
Watch this."
I thought with my sadistic laughter
With both hands full I let it splatter.
Over everyone, several times.
Into peoples hair and clothes, all kinds of crimes
While the lights were out, it was my opportunity
But I didn't mean any harm, all in fun you see.

They had taken enough of a beating
And everyone felt like leaving.
So off we went in reverse.
"So that's the way!!" Followed by a curse.
Or was it a prayer?
As long as there's other people, I really don't care.
I just want someone who knows the way,
Shouldn't have pushed alone anyway.

"Learning is becoming aware of what you already know."
Sometimes I learn so slow.
It takes a little fear to make us realize
How fragile we are, "What beautiful skies!!!"

Chris Nill

CLIMBING WITH KELLEY

I'm so psyched sitting in class knowing that in 10 minutes I'll be onroute to North Carolina for 3 beautiful days of climbing. It's drizzling but my spirits are light as I get into the car and see the bright eyes of Mike Artz and Bruce Beard.

All right!! Another road trip- the only problem is that I have to sit in the back seat with my knees almost touching my chest. No, it isn't the usual spacious Artz cave mobile, but a facsimile that happens to get better gas mileage.

The trip down to Stone Mt. is uneventful. Our enlightening conversation turns to climbing, caving, and rat brains in a centrifuge. Four hours we cross the NC line and everyone starts getting excited.

We finally make it into the park about an hour before dusk and decide to check out Stone Mt. It's 600 feet high composed of sheer granite. What a beautiful park with Stone Mt. boldly sticking out in the middle of it.

We set up camp for the night next to two guys from Seneca; Pete and Paul. They are heading for Joshua Tree, California and hitting all the hot climbing spots along the way. Devoted climbers is all you can say about them; Paul is living on \$10 a week for food. His two meals a day consist of outmeal. Pretty hardcord if you ask me!

We wake up the next morning and head for our first climb: Strawberry Preserves. Bruce and Mike kindly inform me while setting up the belay that it's a 5.10+, the hardest climb at Stone Mt. Thanks a lot guys. I'm beginning to imagine what kind of a trip this is going to be for me; considering I was climbing at about 5.6. Mike leads the first pitch and now it's my turn to follow.

Climbing on granite is much different than sandstone or limestone. Instead of being characterized by cracks and ledges, granite consists of knobs. As a consequence run-outs (spaces between protection) average 60 to 70 feet. Instead of muscling your way up on ledges as at Seneca, one must concentrate on balance and swearing your foot on the rock. It's great climbing and it doesn't wear you out. Because of the difference in tech-

nique I'm able to get up Strawberry Preserves. Thank the Lord for Mike's belay, though! Bruce cruised up and the happy look on his face when he makes it to our belay lets me know that he likes this place as much as I do.

We finished the second pitch of Strawberry, rap down and start up Grand Funk (5.9). We all feel at ease on the rock now; like we are at home. To watch Bruce and Mike climb is watching pure muscle control to each in their own right being one with the rock. There is no separation between the rock and them; a completeness and beauty that blows my mind.

At the last pitch of Grand Funk Mike and Bruce coax me into leading. "It's only a 5.6." I put on all the leading gear and start climbing stealthly up. I finally realize that the angle was such that I could run up straight to the summit! I get to the top out of breath and sit down just in time to see Mike and Bruce racing up with no belay looking like two of the three stooges! We then proceed down 600 feet of sloped rock with not so much as a tree to mar the surface.

Our next climb is the first pitch of Mercury's Lead (5.10-) and while I watch a mock mountain rescue performed by Outward Bound, Mike and Bruce do the first two pitches of Rainy Day Women (5.10).

That finished our day at Stone Mt. and we left Pete and Paul and headed to Looking Glass and Eddie Begoon for more climbing!

Kelley Price
- MUSG #21

CALANDER OF EVENTS

Feb. 18	VPI Banquet
Feb. 23	no meeting- Road trip to U.Va.
March 2-11	Spring Break: Climbing at Stone Mt., N.C. Caving in Roppel
March 18	Grotto picnic at Hone Quarry
March 24 & 25	NCRC Cave Rescue Seminar (grotto members only)
April 13-15	Spring Fling- Lockridge Aqua Campground
April 27	Bake Sale in the Union
April 27-29	Spring VAR- Thorn Springs Campground

Also: Surveying every Wednesday night this semester with Mike Artz in 3-D Maze.

Regular meetings every Thursday night at 7:30 pm
in Jackson 102

**DO
SOMETHING
WILD!**



**Make a tax deductible
contribution to help
Nongame Wildlife.**

Since it is again time to file our Income Tax Returns, we have the opportunity to help nongame wildlife species. Bats, birds, mammals, fish, reptiles, amphibians, etc., that are not a game species typically sought by hunters, trappers or fishermen for food, fur or sport are considered to be nongame wildlife. The States of Virginia and West Virginia have established nongame tax check-off programs whereby individuals may contribute a part of their refund to the nongame wildlife fund. Any amount contributed will reduce the refund accordingly.

In addition to these "tax check-off" monies, direct contributions may be made by interested citizens and organizations. Therefore, anyone who does not receive a tax refund but would like to contribute, or those who may want to contribute more than their refund, may do so by mailing a check or money order (no cash) directly to the state agency that administers the fund.

In Virginia, contact: Jack Randolph, Deputy Assistant Director, Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries, Box 11104, 4010 West Broad Street, Richmond, VA 23230-1104.

In West Virginia, contact: Nongame Wildlife Fund, Wildlife Resources Division, Operations Center, P. O. Box 67, Elkins, WV 26241.

H. M. "Rocky" Parsons, Chairman
VAR Conservation Committee

CAVING ACTIVITY OCTOBER THROUGH JANUARY

CAVE(or rocks)	DATE	COMMENTS
Rawley Rocks	Oct. 28	Good views, good climbing, Fun company, Great trip.
Hone Quarry	Oct. 28	nice boulders
Pighole	Oct. 29	Dave D., Vicki L., Anne D. Dave Shantz, and Jerry Redder 2 hours.
John's Rocks	Oct. 30	Yvonne, Gretchen, Kelley. FUN
Lover's Leap	Nov. 1	Yvonne, Kelley. FUN
Lyles Pit	Nov. 1	Kelley P., Tom, Craig, Mike, Doreen, Nina, Yvonne. Good times, first vertical trip for 6 of us.
Glade	Nov. 2	Dave D., Sean F., Tony Barrett, Mike A., Yvonne D., Anna W., Gretchen D., Photo/Survey Trip
Rawley Rocks	Nov. 4	Yvonne, Mike H., John E. Found some tough top rope routes
Breathing	Nov. 5	Anne D., Yvonne, Carl D., Craig S. Tom Payton, & 7 No.Va. people Definitely an experience.
Glade	Nov. 5	Lewis K., Steve Brower, Valerie Carney, John B., Pam Hilton Good beginner trip.
Nutt	Nov. 6	Lynne Burton, David Lane, Bill Hudson, Carrie Culley, Nancy Gibson. It Was Great.
Better Forgotten	We Forgot	Kelley, Sean, Gretchen
Old Rags	Nov. 5	Tom D., John Kessler, Louise,
Glade	Nov. 9	Mike A., Yvonne, Dan Hirsh. Survey trip.
Three-D Maze	Nov. 14	Craig S., Anne D., Dave S., and 4 beginners. Lots of fun.
Stone Mt., N.C.		Kelley Price, Mike Artz, Bruce Beard.

CAVE	DATE	COMMENTS
Glade	Nov. 22	Mike A., Anna W., Dave S., Craig S., Eddie Good. Survey trip, 25 stations
Inglewood #1	Nov. 26	Meredith H., Mike A., Lynda K., Dave S., Yvonne D. No pit that needed ropes, Mike downclimbed it
Glade	Nov. 30	Mike A., Yvonne D., Dave S., Survey trip, 21 stations.
Shifflet's	Dec. 1	Nert, Sean, Anna. Good entrance pretty vertical.
Glade	Dec. 3	Eric, Keith, Mike
Shifflett's	Dec. 3	Meredith H., Dan O'Brian, Sean F.,
Breathing	Dec. 4	Tom, Dave, students. 11 people move very slowly thru a cave.
Glade	Dec. 7	Tom, Eddie, Dave S., Mike A., Good trip, 23 stations.
Breathing	Dec. 10	Mike Reep, Jim Green, Craig S. Gretchen B.
Glade	Dec. 11	Mike A., Yvonne D., Dave S., Anna W. 32 stations
Glade	Dec. 14	Mike A., Yvonne , Dave S., Craig S. 23 stations
Trout, Hamilton, New Trout	Jan. 12	Jamie Reep, Katy, and Pat. Ready for another trip to these caves.
Glade	Jan. 2, 7, 8	M. Artz, D. Shantz, Y. Droms, K. Price. Survey Mop-up.
3-D Maze	Jan 1.	Meredith Hall, Mike Reep, Jim Green. Ended up at Church Mt.
Nutt	Jan. 12	John E. Matt T., Stephanie, D.Scott, S. McCale
Glade	Jan 13	Jim Green, Mike Reep
Glade	Jan. 13	Pat, Katy, Anna, Jamie. No Comment
Trout, Hamilton, New Trout	Jan. 15	Sean Coleman, Jamie R., Mike R., Gretchen, Anna, Kelley, Ron,

CAVE	DATE	COMMENTS
Shifflett's	Jan. 15	Meredith Hall, Ron Mbrton, Sean Foster.
Glade	Jan. 21	Anna & Nancy shovelled 4'. Fun, muddy, wonderful.
Sugar-Nut Hill	Jan. 26	Dan, Paul, Raymond, Sean, Danny, Javier, Tim, Alex, and David.
Carder Rock	Jan. 27	Mike and Kelley went bouldering
Shifflett's	Jan. 29	Sean F., Meredith H., Meredith still couldn't push her passage.
Helsley's	Jan. 29	Dave D., Tom D., Yvonne and Carl Droms, Photo trip, Got pictures of the pteradactyl.
3-D Maze	Feb. 1	Gretchen D., Yvonne, Anne, Mike A. Nancy W, 2nd Survey trip, 14 st.s
Chimney Rocks	Feb. 2	Yvonne D., Mike A. did Deep Throat at dusk.

GLADE CAVE SURVEY

Ever since the caving club has been in existence I can remember people taking trips to Glade Cave. It is an easy beginner cave most of it being fairly horizontal. The cave has seen a lot of traffic and has faired well. In places there are some small carbide dumps and some trash. Glade Cave is a fairly complex maze and in many places there are arrows and much graffitti. A cleanup trip is needed.

In Brian Felter's Cave Locator Series, Glade Cave is described as having well over 3000 feet of passage. A map is also included. Due to the proximity of Glade to Harrisonburg and the size of the cave it turned out to be a good mapping project for our club. In October we began surveying the cave and our goals were to complete a detailed map of the cave and to teach other members of the club how to survey. As it turned out 10 of the 12 people who participated learned how to set points, a few read the compass, and 1 person even learned to sketch.

As it turned out we had 12 trips to the cave with 12 people participating. We surveyed 4961 feet. (See the map for horizontal distance. The vertical extent of the cave is about (40) feet with the deepest point being 37 feet below the entrance and the highest point being 30 feet above the entrance.

Many thanks go to Dave Shantz, Yvonne Droms, Anna Weimer, Kelley Price, Gretchen Daly, Eddie Good, Tom Donaldson, Dave Deland, Dan Hirsh, Craig Snyder, and Greg McWilliams for helping and learning.

Presently we're engaged in surveying the caves around and including 3D Maze so if anyone wants to help contact me for trip information. We usually schedule trips for every Wednesday night or sometimes Mondays or Tuesdays.

Full size maps of Glade Cave can be obtained for a small fee from the club. Happy surveying and caving.