



Statement of the Grotto Address

Finals will soon be upon us and the academic year is near its close. But, alas! There are many activities to look forward to doing!

Many cavers will endeavor to travel into the black depths of many caves to escape the summer heat. Among others, Butler Cave Conservation Society (BCCS) is sponsoring another one of its fabulous expeditions into the great underground. This marvelous adventure occurs at the end of May and several other times during the summer months. Be sure to attend if you dare - we don't want any Gumbies there!

The Bridgewater Volunteer Rescue Squad is offering many informative classes this summer. Some of the classes include an intensive vertical training and basic first aid. Both of these classes would be beneficial to anyone. I urge one and all to attend either or both of these classes.

Lots of cavers will be in the "Burg" this summer (me included), and all of us want to go caving. Be sure to visit on your way through town!

Good luck on finals. Have a great summer and keep on caving!

Sincerely,

Nancy J. Gibson
MUSG #45
NSS 25833

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NOTE: There are no trips from the signout sheet this issue.

COVER: Sean Foster at Spring Fling by Bob Carts.

Madison Mudslinging

Once again the grotto grapevine is back. This time we've got some juicy tidbits. For instance:

Jaime Reep and Katy Kahle are getting married this summer. Kris Kline and Robin will tie the knot (how appropriate for a climber!) April 20. Dave Deland and Vicki Liddle will be kneeling at the alter sometime this summer. Actually Dave will be kneeling with Vicki over him clad in a studded black leather outfit complete with whip and chains. Rumor also has it that Susan Shaw and Charlie Harbin are to get married and move to Alaska.

Do you wonder why the editor beseeches you for articles? To take up the space that this column would otherwise leave open! Seriously, whatever you put into the journal reflects on the quality of the club. Why haven't you written anything lately? In a very careful survey, and I quote from the IO Manual on "Guide to Local Newsletters": "...84.6% of cavers never do anything interesting, 97.3% are illiterate, 72.7% are secretive, and 68.4% are mad at the editor". Where do you fit in?

Congratulations to the Banquet award winners. "Most obnoxious" went to Mike Reep. "PW award" went to Mike Artz and Bruce Beard. "Armchair caver" went to Anna Weimer. "Best Female Prez of the year" went to Kelley Price. Jason Burkhardt received "Caver of the Year award", the most prestigious award. "Trainee" award went to Alan Staiman. Eddie Good received a new award - "Drunk Bunny", an award to be given to the most inebriated caver at any one time. Sorry if I forget any others that I can't remember.

Recently Frank Gibson, Paul Soboleski, Mike Futtrell and Mike Artz had planned a trip to Better Forgotten Cave in Highland County. They made it as far as the entrance before wimping out. Instead they spent the weekend drinking beer and eating 9 pounds of baked beans. It was a real aromatic weekend!

Favorite Quotes: "Is that really me, or am I just playing with myself?" - Gretchen Daly.

Surveying notes: 3D Maze and Liddle Cave maps have recently been published. Look forward in future issues for more maps of Lyle's Pit, Mad Steer, and Better Forgotten. The club will also soon begin the resurvey of Endless Caverns with permission of the new owners whose son, Wade Berdeaux happens to be a caver. Anyone interested in helping with any of these surveying projects, contact Mike Artz at 434-1370.

Congratulations to all seniors who are graduating. Anne Durica, Kelley Price, Dave Deland, Anna Weimer, Lewis Kozlosky, John Eckman (again), Vicki Liddle and anyone else I forgot to mention.

PREDICTIONS:

John Eckman will go back to school (the real world sucks, Huh John?).

Jason Burkhardt will one day become a member of MUSG (hooray for Gumby!!!)

Lance Smith will never graduate from a reputable institution.

Nancy Gibson's mom will find out what "Flipper" means.

Bob Carts and Dave Deland will enter the NSS Photo Salon and win top honors.

Mike Artz will never get a real job! (Why do I write these things about myself?)

Dave Shantz will always be a Gumby and will never own a car that runs!

For some reason I have this premonition that Carl and Yvonne Droms will have MUSG's first, beautiful cave baby! Congratulations!

Paul and Sherri Clifford will soon be the proud owners of baby llamas!

Motivation

Stop and consider for a moment what happens to the caving club after you graduate or leave the area. Ever since you joined the cave club your desires and talents have contributed to the character of the club as a unique and close knit group. In return, the people of the club open their souls to you. No where else can you find people who are willing to accept you for what you are and not what they want you to be. For what price? The answer is there is no price. Forget dues, we're talking immaterial things. If you don't become active in the club then you're only hurting yourself. Where will you be ten years from now? Will there still be a club around? Only if people start caring and make an effort to go caving.

Once you become a member of the club, you can consider yourself a member for life. That's what it's all about. And your obligations to the club never end. The club has an infinite, revolving life of about four years. Turnover is fairly high because we are a student grotto. It is our responsibility to introduce new members to the club to help ensure its longevity.

There are many people out there who may fit into our club's style. Caving is not for everybody but if one out of three people stick it out, we can begin to form a permanent base.

The point of all this is that our club is lacking in new members, and for those of us who may not be around in several months, we need to get motivated and get more people involved.

How? You can start out by going caving more often. There are many caves in West Virginia that would fascinate you for hours or even days. Can you give up your parties? Can you get your studying caught up so you can spend some time underground? Get real man and either start caving like you really mean it or stop being a facade caver!

AND TAKE SOMEBODY NEW WITH YOU

Mike Artz
MUSG 10, NSS 19309

Reducing Surveying Data

In its raw form, surveying data taken directly from the cave cannot be used to draw a map of the cave. No cave is truly horizontal, that's why we take vertical angle readings. The data needs to be reduced to true horizontal to accurately draw a map of the cave.

At this point the first thing you need to do is reduce the distance to true horizontal. It's very simple: take the cosine of the vertical angle (first convert the vertical angle from degrees to the decimal equivalent) and multiply it by the distance.

Once you've done this for every shot you need to choose a method to plot each station. There are two methods:

1. Vectors
2. Cartesian Coordinates

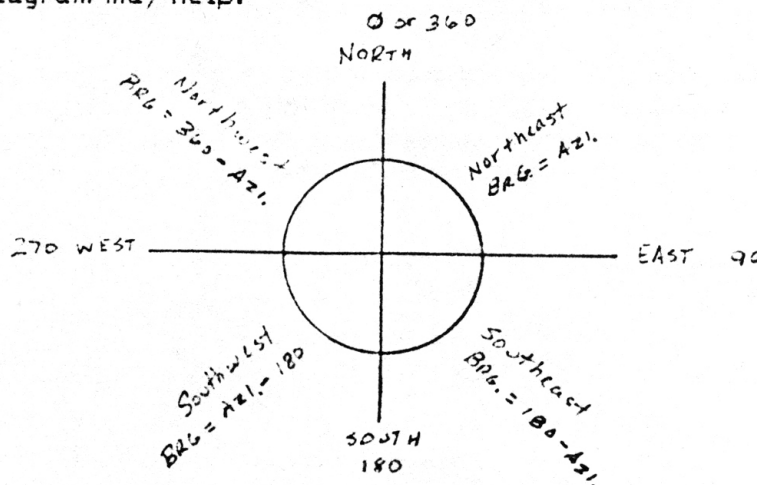
In my opinion (and that of many fellow mappers), Cartesian Coordinates is the fastest, easiest way to plot stations. In fact, Vectors are so clumsy I'm not even going to tell you how to do it. Here's how Cartesian Coordinates work.

First you must change your horizontal angles to bearings. If your compass is set up to read bearings (quadrants) i.e. northeast, southeast, southwest, or northwest, then you don't need to do this step. If your compass reads from 0 to 360 degrees, then you have an azimuth compass and need to change the angles. How?

If your azimuth is between 0 and 90 degrees, then your bearing = North (horizontal angle) East (if for example, your azimuth is 30 degrees then the bearing = N30E). If your azimuth is between 90 and 180 degrees then the bearing = South (180 minus the horizontal angle) East (if for example your azimuth is 130 degrees then the bearing = S (180-130) E or S50E). If your azimuth is between 180 and 270 degrees then the bearing = South (horizontal angle minus 180) West (if for example your azimuth is 200 degrees then the bearing = S (200-180) W or S20W). If the azimuth is between 270 and 360 degrees (or zero), then the bearing = North (360 minus horizontal angle) West (if for example the azimuth is 320 degrees then the bearing = N(360-320)W or N40W). Here are some special cases.

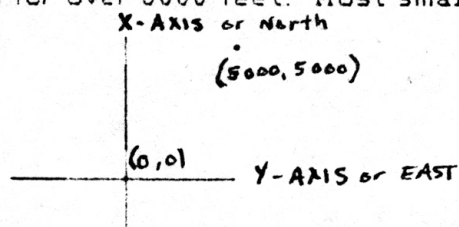
0 degrees = 360 degrees = N00W = N00E = due North
90 degrees = N90E = S90E = due East
180 degrees = S00E = S00W = due South
270 degrees = S90W = N90W = due West

This may be tricky at first but be persistent and check yourself for mistakes. This simple diagram may help.



It helps if you know a little trigonometry and geometry to do the next part but don't worry if you haven't covered that much math.

Now you need to set up a graph with an x and y axis where y=north and x=east. Assuming starting coordinates of (5000,5000) instead of (0,0) means you probably won't have to plot negative coordinates (unless your cave extends in a southern or westerly direction for over 5000 feet! Most small caves don't).



Now take the cosine of the horizontal angle (first converted to decimal) and multiply it by the reduced distance. This gives you the "northing". Take the sine of the horizontal angle (first converted to decimal) times the reduced distance and this gives you the easting.

Take the northing and add it to the north coordinate if your bearing is North or subtract it if South. Take the easting and add it to the east coordinate if your bearing is East or subtract it if West. This gives you the coordinates of a new survey station. Now plot the point, sketch in the passage around the point and repeat the entire process for the next point!

Here is an example from the cave to the map

STATION	H. ANGLE	DIST.	V. ANGLE	← L	→ R	↑ T	↓ B
A1				0	2	4	3
-	76 77 1/2	15.2	+ 10				
A2				7	1	2	1
	196 196	25.8	- 25				
A3				5	5	2	0

Steps

1. Reduce the distance to true horizontal.
formula - True distance = Cosine (vertical angle in decimal) * distance.
Ignore the sign of the angle, you only need to take that into consideration when determining the elevation of a station.

Example

A1-A2 $\text{Cos}(10) * 15.2 = 14.9690$ feet

A2-A3 $\text{Cos}(25) * 25.8 = 23.3827$ feet

2. Change azimuth to bearing.
formulas:
A. horiz. angle ≥ 0 and ≤ 90 then bearing = N (horiz. ang.) E
B. horiz. angle > 90 and < 180 then bearing = S(180-Horiz. ang.)E
C. horiz. angle > 180 and < 270 then bearing = S(horiz. ang. - 180) W
D. horiz. angle > 270 and < 360 then bearing = N(360 - horiz. ang.) W

Example

A1-A2 N 77 3/4 E (average your front sight and backsight)
A2-A3 S 196 minus 180 W = S16W

3. Compute northing and new north coordinate.
formula: Northing = Cosine (bearing in decimal) * true distance

Example

A1-A2 northing = $\cos(77.75) * 14.97$
= $0.2122 * 14.97$
= 3.1763

A. compute new north coordinate.

If bearing = North then add northing to previous north coordinate

If bearing = South then subtract northing from previous north coordinate

Example

A1-A2 $5000 + 3.1763 = 5003.1763$

Example

A2-A3 bearing = S16W: Northing = $\cos(16) * 23.3827$
= 22.4769
north coord. = $5003.1763 - 22.4769 = 4980.6994$

4. Compute the easting.
formula: easting = Sine(bearing in decimal) * true distance

Example

A1-A2 easting = $\sin(77.75) * 14.97$
= $0.9772 * 14.97$
= 14.6291

A. compute new east coordinate

If bearing = East then add easting to previous east coordinate

If bearing = West then subtract easting from previous east coordinate

Example

A1-A2 new east coordinate = $5000 + 14.6291$
= 5014.6291

Example

A2-A3 bearing = S16W: easting = $\sin(16) * 23.3827$
= 6.4451
east coord. = $5014.6291 - 6.4451$
= 5008.1840

5. Your new coordinates of points A1 through A3 are:

Point	N. Coord	E. Coord
A1	5000	5000
A2	5003.1763	5014.6291
A3	4980.6994	5008.1840

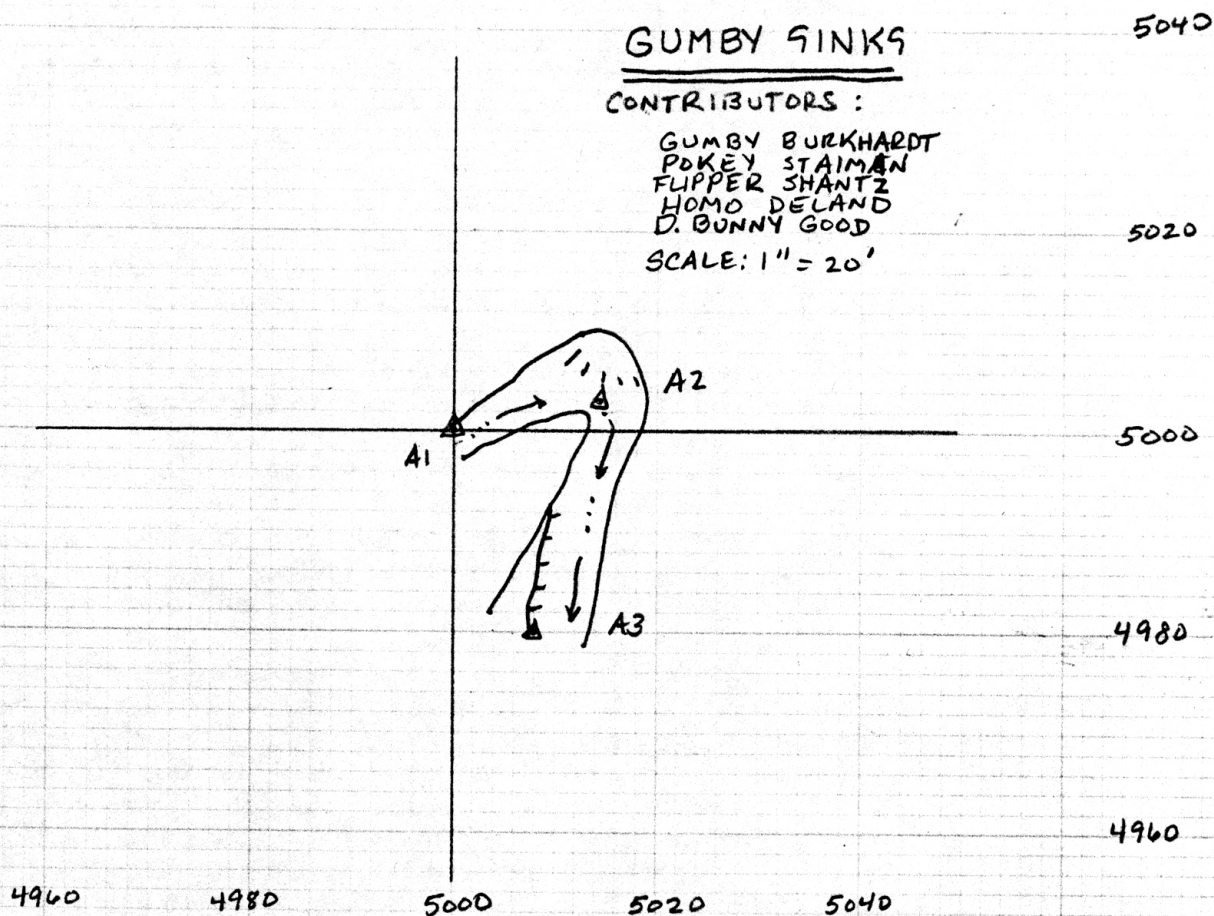
Now get a sheet of graph paper, choose a scale (I prefer 1 inch = 20 feet), plot the new points and draw the cave in around the points using your left and right measurements and the sketch.

GUMBY SINKS

CONTRIBUTORS :

GUMBY BURKHARDT
POKEY STAIMAN
FLIPPER SHANTZ
HOMO DELAND
D. BUNNY GOOD

SCALE: 1" = 20'



Winter Biking in West Virginia

Mark stopped the van, turned to me and smiled. "Just the weather we wanted!" We hopped out and joined Mike and Dan in the fifteen degree air. In the gray afternoon light the prevailing westerlies were kicking powdered snow across the mountainous West Virginia landscape. I returned his grin.

After a toast to the health of the party and the new year, we waved goodbye to our driver, Coma, and took off. Apprehension penetrated our happiness as the deep treads of our tires sank into the snow, sliding on patches of hidden ice. Everything was brown or white, and cold. People had told us we were foolish to ride bikes when we should be skiing. We didn't care.

Voluntary ordealism was the doctrine this week. With the help of various gear we were testing for manufacturers, we intended to spend a week of January nights in the Appalachian Mountains. Our route was flexible. The trip was to be an organic sort of affair, relying on its own energy to bring some life to the otherwise barren ranges and snowy fields. Let me introduce my partners.

Mark Nissley - team leader, yodeler, mechanic and official storyteller. Ten years a bike shop owner, Mark gave us organization, enthusiasm and direction. This smiling grizzly bear of a man was solely responsible for getting us on the road.

Mike Artz - a not so mannered though rather mild man born and raised on a sheep farm. Mike studied computers in college but you couldn't tell. Years of farm work have given him the back and hands needed to be a Yosemite climber. Though a novice to mountain biking, Mike has the calm sense and patience needed to deal with any possible extreme.

Daniel O'Brien - Dan pursued psychology in school and has been hard to pin down ever since. He is a photographer by talent, not to mention poet, chef, and underpaid student of life. Dan and I share a passion for literature which helped fuel our campsite discussions on the nature of man, science, and just what we were doing out there anyway.

After a few hours of ridge riding, we were at Spruce Knob Lake. Fears about navigating through the snow had disappeared. The clear alpine night encouraged stargazing followed by a tent filled with laughter. I explained to my friends the story behind these mountains.

The terrain in West Virginia is notoriously rugged. About 230 million years ago, the continent of Africa, a plate of granite, collided with the east coast of North America. The impact was roughly analogous to a rug sliding against a wall. The resulting folds produced Himalayan-sized mountains. Fortunately, that was many years ago. Time and rain have weathered down the Alleghenies to the four to five thousand foot range we know today, the oldest standing mountains on Earth. The Allegheny Front is the remnant of that prehistoric wall. The parallel ridges to the east are the folds. Their adjacent valleys were carved out of soft limestone by the headwaters of the Potomac River. We were camped on the west side of the Front.

We woke up, thawed our boots, and melted some snow for our oatmeal. Food is a unifying force among hungry, smelly men. The temperature rose into the forties making this the warmest day of the trip. We turned west, descending into an area of mottled topography: limestone caverns and underground streams. The bright sun turned packed snow into mud, clogging our derailleurs and sogging our spirits. We made a short stop in the Sinks of Gandy to search for caves in the sunken fields that dropped off both sides of the road.

Evening found us at Laurel Fork, a picturesque meadow bordered by a stream. That night the moon rose, full, lighting the meadow with a blue shadow. I noticed

a halo around the moon, a harbinger of later precipitation. We covered our gear. The murmurs of the stream eventually drowned our own tired babblings.

Morning. After yesterday's warmth and mud, Laurel Fork was pleasantly chilly. The predicted snow hadn't fallen yet. We placed bets on when the blizzard would hit. It started before we left the campsite. By the time we rode up to the top of Middle Mountain, three inches had accumulated.

The road along Middle Mountain offered views into the corners of this wrinkled country. Reclusive shanty and trailer villages were scattered along the ridge; schoolbus wagon trains with stove pipes sticking out their windows. The rising columns of smoke from cabins and farms suggested warm food and checkerboards. Ridges gave way to steep gullies and hollows, unveiling tiny hamlets along the river beds.

A thrilling descent took us to the Wymer, West Virginia, Post Office and General Store. One hearty old timer seemed rather amused when we four identically clad, wind blown crazies asked the distance to our next road north. He gave us a look reserved for extraterrestrials and other foreigners.

The next stop on this most civilized day of the journey was an oasis with a cheap menu where we were served by two of the friendliest blue-haired ladies in West Virginia. We tried everything, finishing with the apple pie and ice cream. Stuffed and content, we managed to push on through the driving snow down to the Glady River for the night.

We awoke to muffled stillness, the tents blanketed with three more inches of fresh snow. We realized that our work was cut out for us today. Breakfast took on a somber tone as we looked at the map and counted the mountains between us and our rendezvous at a friend's cross-country ski lodge.

Hours in a snowstorm can make your mind wander: "... it's all for fun. Tonight we'll sit around a woodstove and laugh it off to our foolish desire 'cause we're the men our mothers warned us about who do the crazy things and never return to normal because we never grew up and would rather spend our time out playing in the cold like little boys in big snow suits. 'Why, you could slide off a cliff or something, they wouldn't find you till the spring thaw.' And besides if you can't find it in your own backyard you probably never lost it anyway."

I was beginning to question my sanity as we pushed and rode our way up the mountain into Canaan Valley, West Virginia. This was one of the few sections of pavement on the route, and a fiendish hill to boot. Granny gears can get you up just so much slush covered asphalt and walking was a relief to my tired legs. The snow was falling lightly as trucks sprayed by, tossing brown muck onto our Gore-Tex. The top of the mountain was shrouded in snow. My partners were three indistinct tan and blue forms trudging alongside their bicycles.

Cresting the rise, I could barely read the five foot sign announcing Canaan Valley State Park. The snow was now blowing in thick sheets horizontally, a good twenty mph wind mixing the precipitation with drifts - a white wall out of the west hitting me broadside. A four wheel drive slid by, filled with incredulous snow bunnies gazing with a bit of the sorrow one sees in the faces of mental health workers.

A few miles into the valley, Mark, Mike and I huddled and waited for Dan. He emerged from the blizzard, whipped out his Nikon and announced, "OK, guys, I need to illustrate the strained juxtaposition of man in his ordeal against the raw brutality of nature." We left Dan and his Art Photography behind. A tailwind blew us through alternating patches of dry pavement and foot-high drifts.

We trudged, laughed, and screamed the last hundred yards up to the White Grass Ski Touring Center. The moment we stopped, Coma arrived, his pickup truck swerving wildly. Out popped the golden boy fresh from home with provisions and two attractive friends.

Serious work requires serious relaxation. Coma had come prepared to toast our arrival in style. Champagne, Heineken, and Peppermint Schnapps were the fare for this evening of warmth and celebration. It was Dan's last night with us. He had to return to his teaching job after a morning of skiing so Coma was taking his place.

At one point in the night someone asked Coma how he'd come by his name. He winked and grinned. "Well," he told us, "I'm kind of a heavy sleeper. One summer night after a little party kinda like this one here, I managed to curl up comfortably in a backyard hammock. When I woke up in the morning there was a bicycle on top of me. Funny thing is, it wasn't the same one I went to sleep with."

Our host Mike Sayre told us about Canaan Valley. The deep winter snows bring skiers from D.C. and elsewhere. In the summer Canaan holds a series of mountain bike races. The seasonal lifestyle of skinny skis and fat tires helps make these people part yuppie, part bohemian, and all human being.

The next day was the most splendid yet. The visibility was limitless. Ice-covered trees frosted the ridge tops. We turned east and coasted along a frozen river to Laneville. Here we faced our longest climb, 1300 feet over five miles, up the west side of the Allegheny Front to the Dolly Sods Wilderness Area.

The road finally crested onto the ridgetop plateau that is the Dolly Sods. We found a clearing and while Mark and Coma set up camp, Mike and I dropped our panniers and biked out to an overlook for some pictures. The "Sods" is a geographic rarity. At 4000' this southern extension of the boreal forest that surrounds the arctic is the next thing to tundra. Twisted banner spruce, their branches flagged to the east by the fierce winds, compete with scraggly bushes for the small spots of soil. Huge boulders dot the horizon.

From the eastern edge of the Dolly Sods, we could see the ranges rolling toward our home in the Shenandoah Valley. The mackerel clouds reflected the oranges and pinks of the sunset onto the snow covered mountains. We quietly savored the ride back to camp. Mark and Coma had a fire lit and dinner was simmering quietly on the stoves. This was our last and coldest night. Coma was amazed at how comfortable he was in the still, zero degree air.

Mornings had become a ritual. After breakfast we filled our bottles with hot water. In five days we had learned a little. We faced a seven mile descent to Smoke Hole Caverns. That meant coasting for almost an hour with a minus twenty degree wind chill factor. Everything could freeze. We bundled up like astronauts and careened off the east face of the Allegheny Front.

On the valley floor we kept the momentum headed south for sixteen gently rolling miles along the South Branch of the Potomac. Our final destination was Seneca Rocks, a five hundred foot vertical wall of sandstone, one of the premier climbing areas in the east.

The cliffs loomed ahead. Once again I was struck by the antiquity of these mountains. The earth changes so slowly. Mark had often told me how mountain biking had again fired his excitement for cycling. I now realized that cycling had given me a new perspective for my view of the natural world.

John Eckman

Rigging; The 3-to-1 "Z" and the "High Line"

In addition to standard descending and ascending techniques a competent vertical caver should be familiar with several hauling systems. Not only applicable to rescue situations, these can be used in moving logs, culverts, etc. when securing an unstable entrance, or to speed the job of transporting expedition equipment and supplies.

The two systems illustrated here are easy to learn, and simple to use. I hope to have a verbal presentation yet this semester, and to devote a vertical session next semester to demonstration how to rig these systems.

3-to-1 "Z" System

This arrangement significantly increases the effective hauling power of a pulling team although frictional losses prohibit an exact 3-to-1 advantage. It involves 2 direction changes and requires 1 rope, 2 pulleys, and 2 cam devices (Gibbs, Jumars, Prussiks). During use, the haul cam will need to be reset whenever the second pulley reaches it's limit of travel. While this system depends on a stop-cam to prevent load slippage while re-setting the haul-cam, a stop-cam is a required safety on all hauling systems.

The High Line

This system allows a load to be raised vertically (e.g. from the bottom of a pit) until the desired height is reached and then transported horizontally while maintaining the vertical position. As drawn, it involves one direction change and requires 3 ropes, 2 pulleys, 2 carabiners, 1 rack and 1 cam device.

Vertical travel is accomplished by means of the haul line. Once the load is high enough, horizontal motion is allowed by using the rack and control line to move the "trolley" along the trolley line. As the trolley moves, the haul line must be taken in to maintain the vertical position of the load.

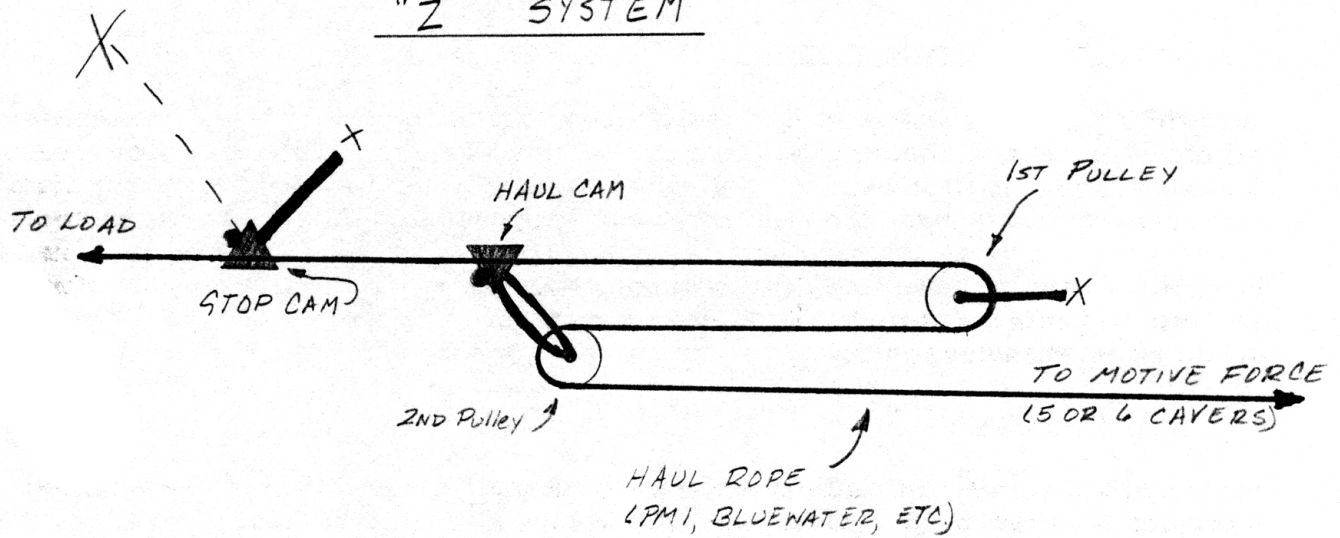
The rig points for the trolley line must be very strong since each point has to support more than the weight of the load and trolley.

A stop-cam is used to prevent the load from falling in case the motive force fails (e.g. five or six sheep wander into the cave).

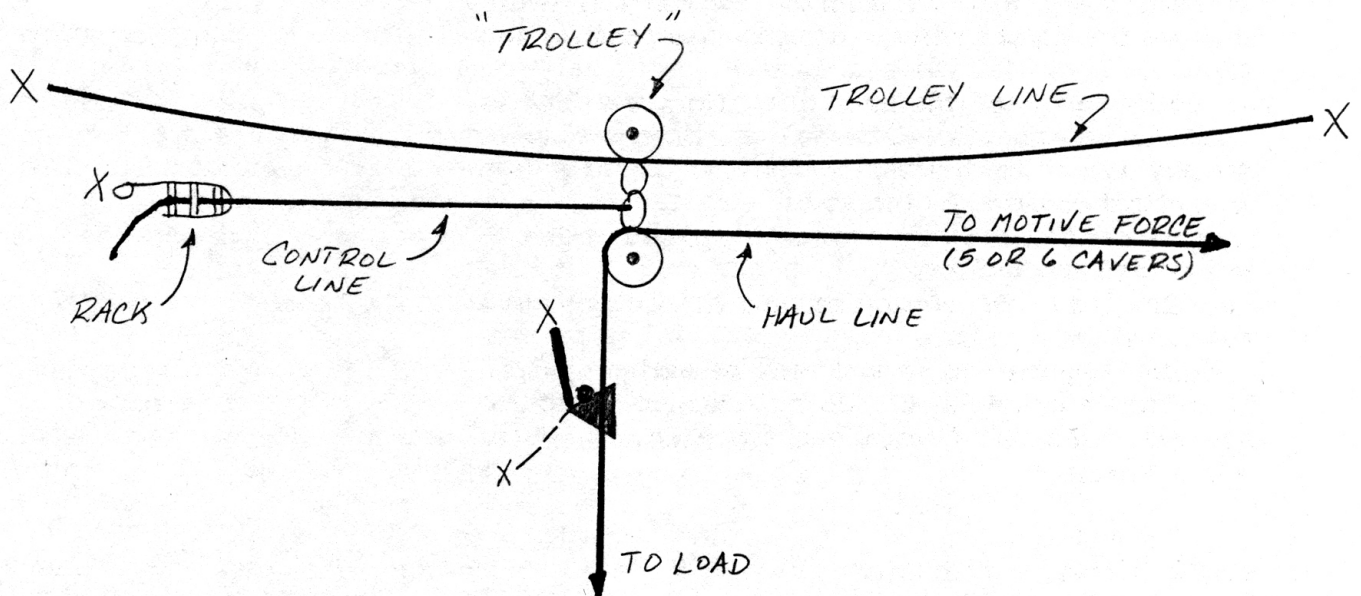
These two systems can be coupled together to form a very effective system. Remember; 1) Use multiple rig points if possible, 2) Do not exceed equipment ratings, 3) Check all rigging several times, 4) Always use stop-cams, 5) Belay the load if possible, 6) Ignore stray sheep.

Dave Shantz
Membership/Safety Coordinator
MUSG 46, NSS 20073, VPI 208

"Z" SYSTEM



HIGH LINE



LEGEND

- PULLEY
- ▼ CAM
- ≡ SLING
- ≡ CLIMBING/CAVING ROPE
- BUNGI CORD
- CARABINER
- X RIGGING POINT

Club Equipment Report

The club has purchased a significant amount of new equipment. Several helmets and lamps were purchased in March using funds from the treasury (almost depleted it!!) and some vertical equipment was obtained in April using funds from the SGA. Where possible, club equipment is identified by an etched "MUSG" in addition to the Yellow band which is the club color code.

Everyone is encouraged to color code their own equipment with a personal code (Ed Good is color code coordinator - check with him to see which color schemes have already been claimed.). In order to minimize equipment losses (and therefore replacement costs), all equipment disputes will be decided in favor of the club - moral - code your equipment or risk losing it!!

The following list is grouped according to equipment that should be treated as a unit when being used; in other words, keep all items in the group together.

For General Member Use

- 10 helmets
- 10 lamps
- 50 feet of yellow one inch tubular webbing
- 100 feet of blue one inch tubular webbing (some of the blue sling has been used as chin straps for the helmets, and at least one 30 to 35 foot handline)
- 1 Brunton Compass and case
- 1 ten meter Cable Ladder
- 2 locking "D" carabiners
- 2 screw links
- 70 feet of Goldline belay rope

Rescue/Training Use Only

- 2 Free-running Gibbs ascenders
- 1 Spring loaded Gibbs ascender
- 1 PMI Rappel Rack with 1 one inch bar and 5 three-quarter inch bars
- 1 Locking "D" carabiner
- 1 CMI 2 1/4 inch Rescue Pulley

A lot of this equipment was purchased using funds donated by individuals and the Alumni Association (to which many thanks go). Keep this in mind when using it; take good care of what we have and (here's hoping) that other's will feel us deserving of more, or at least help with the upkeep.

Plans are to purchase the stuff necessary to put together a versatile rope walker/rescue hauling system using the Gibbs, pulley, and rack. We'll have this completed as money becomes available (moral - pay dues!!).

Current policy for lending equipment is roughly as follows;

1) Only dues paying members can borrow general use equipment. You can borrow for a friend or a trainee, but you are responsible.

2) Equipment will be returned within 2 days of when you last used it (example: borrowed helmet and lamp on Saturday for trip on Sunday - should be returned no later than Wednesday).

- 3) Equipment will be returned in a clean, ready-to-use condition.
- 4) Replacement costs of lost parts will be the responsibility of the borrower; replacement of worn parts (i.e. old felts, flint, etc.) will be taken care of by the club. In other words, if a lamp comes back missing a part, the borrower is responsible for replacing the part.
- 5) All equipment will be logged in and out in an equipment logbook. Log should include type of equipment, number (where applicable), condition when lent and returned, fines/cost assessed and reason for same, initials of equipment coordinator.
- 6) Second violation of these guidelines will be cause for loss of borrowing privilege.
- 7) Rescue/Training Equipment is available only for rescues or planned/announced training sessions.

So far we've been pretty lax about enforcing this policy, but it seems that people are taking advantage of the club. Because of this, the club is forced to require stringent adherence to the policy - expect it when next you borrow equipment.

(Exception to above - we're currently missing 2 helmets, 2 lamps, and the Goldline belay rope. If you have them, or know their whereabouts, please see that they are returned to 201 Ott St. as soon as possible!@! - we can't afford to replace them.)

Dave Shantz
Membership/Safety Coordinator
MUSG 46, NSS 20073, VPI 208



Eddie Begoon on
"Italy" 5.9 at the
New River Gorge.
Courtesy of Mike Artz

GRANITE III

A man stood futilely in vacant darkness. He had contested nature successfully for his life, only to be cheated at the end by a barrier made by men of bricks and mortar. Staggering backward as a sudden redness flooded his mind, Stan Slater raised his fists and lurched forward to batter at the unseen wall. Some hidden flaw burst beneath his first blow, and his momentum drove him through it amid bricks into moonlight and snow.

He landed leadenly upon the brilliant snow-dusted ground. Rising uncertainly onto his knees, he blinked at the surrounding glare until it resolved itself into a scattering of unkempt evergreens. Looking over his shoulder, he grinned at the trap which had so unexpectedly released him. He stood and squinted into the snow-diffused moonlight, shivering as a cold not to be expected in October hit him. Unable to locate the path by which he had earlier ascended, he struggled downhill through withered brush, knocking off sprays of snow as he passed. When he emerged beside the highway, the unpent wind tugged away the last warmth in his clothing, and he hugged himself tightly. Snow blew over slushy tracks on the road's surface, but the only marks on its shoulder were those of his feet as they crunched into gravel through snow.

Stan trudged down the highway as quickly as his cramping loins would permit, confident of soon hitching a ride. Returning to the cave never occurred to him. His mind had drifted from the road's uniformity to the snowflakes slowly settling onto him, when a growing illumination caught his attention. He shuffled onto the gravel, turning around and coaxing his right arm away from the warmth of his body to extend a thumb, squinting his eyes almost shut against the approaching headlights. Now he could hear the tires and engine purposefully lowering in pitch as the car slowed. It was a moment before he realized the car had stopped in front of him, then he moved toward it, trying to straighten out of the frozen crouch in which he found himself. His fingers obstinately refused to work the door handle, so that the car's occupant had to open it for him.

He dropped gratefully into the warmth within, pulling the door shut behind him with difficulty. Turning stiffly to face his host, he made out the whites of eyes wide with amazement, yellow teeth moving below in speech: '...the hell are you doing out here in this without even a coat?!' Stan's teeth perversely began chattering at last, hindering his explanation. The gracious stranger offered him a thermos of coffee, meanwhile putting the car back into motion. Unsteadily dousing his lips with the searing black coffee, Stan could now see a balding middle-aged man in a battered hunting jacket and flannel shirt glancing quizzically back at him. 'Thought you were a ghost for a minute,' the man said, returning his attention to the highway. 'Christ knows you woulda been one soon enough, if nobody'd come along. Now where are you headed, and who're these people you say left you out here?'

Stan could feel pins and needles in his toes and fingers, and his back felt prickly as if anticipating sweat. 'Cavers,' he said hoarsely, swallowing more coffee before going on. 'Geology students. We were in the cave under Double Rock and I fell. They must have gone to get help, but I don't know where they are. We're all from Holbridge.' He remembered the wall at the entrance and frowned.

'Well, I don't know about this double rock, but I can drop you off at Holbridge easy enough,' the man said. 'Anyway, my name's Frank.' Stan placed his icy palm in Frank's extended hand, introducing himself. 'Pour me a cup of coffee, would you, Stan,' Frank requested, withdrawing after a brief handshake. 'That's one thing a--it's good to have somebody along for. Cavers, huh?' Accepting the cup of coffee, he looked Stan over critically. 'Well, it would explain all that dirt. But

don't worry, this car's seen plenty worse.' Stan reflected that the Cougar in which he rode did seem old before its time. They talked sporadically for a while, exchanging random details of their lives, then Stan got out on the highway which ran beside the campus of his college.

The snow had stopped, and the landscape glowed dimly under the moonlit clouds. The wind blew even colder than before. He hurried to his dormitory alongside silently looming trees which seemed to have become unusually substantial in the darkness. Having left his keys in his street clothes, he entered by the fire door normally reserved for amorous coeds. At the door of his room he knocked vigorously, calling his roommate, Tom. The door opened, and he found himself looking into the face of a stranger. 'Are you drunk?', the young man demanded, rubbing his eyes. 'No one named Tom lives here.'

'What do you mean?', Stan responded, shocked. 'Tom's my roommate. And if you don't know Tom, what are you doing in my room?' He charged in, then stopped, aghast. The room within was familiar only in its dimensions. Not a single one of his or Tom's furnishings was present. 'I don't understand,' he objected, turning back around. 'I only left here a day or two ago. Now what's happened?'

'I don't understand you,' the other echoed, straightening his bathrobe. 'Why don't you sit-,' he seemed to notice Stan's appearance. '-right here,' he continued, deftly spreading a large plastic bag over a comfortable-looking easy chair, 'and try to make yourself clear. You look a mess, but I don't think you're just a drunk.'

An hour later Stan sat holding his third cup of herbal tea and fifth donut, trying not to think of what they were mixing with in his stomach, while the young man, Roger, quietly digested Stan's recapitulation of his recent experiences. 'What I think has happened,' he stated at last, 'is that the fall you took must have affected your memory.' Stan set his jaw, admitting to himself that it was the only sensible explanation he had heard. 'Now please don't be offended,' Roger asked. 'I've studied some psychology, and I know that these things are pretty common. I'm sure you're a student here. but just live in a different dorm. Probably you lived here in the past, and you've forgotten that you moved. Usually the memory returns normally.' He kneaded his short but thick blond hair thoughtfully. 'Tomorrow you can go to the infirmary and get it checked. I guess they'll want you under observation for a couple of days, but it's nothing to worry about.'

'I guess not,' Stan said uncertainly. He rose awkwardly and moved toward the bathroom. 'Where'd you get this?', he asked uncomfortably, stopping before a colorful wall calendar. 'School bookstore,' Roger replied. The calendar was dated February, eight years after Stan Slater had entered Double Rock Cave.

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Calender of Events

Spring VAR May 4-6
VPI Picnic May 10-12
VPI Float Trip . . May 24-26
BCCS weekend May 24-26
Pig Roast Work Weekend . June sometime
OTR Labor Day weekend
Pig Roast Sept. 13-15



Frank Gibson,
courtesy of Bob Carts.
What's he doing with
his right hand?