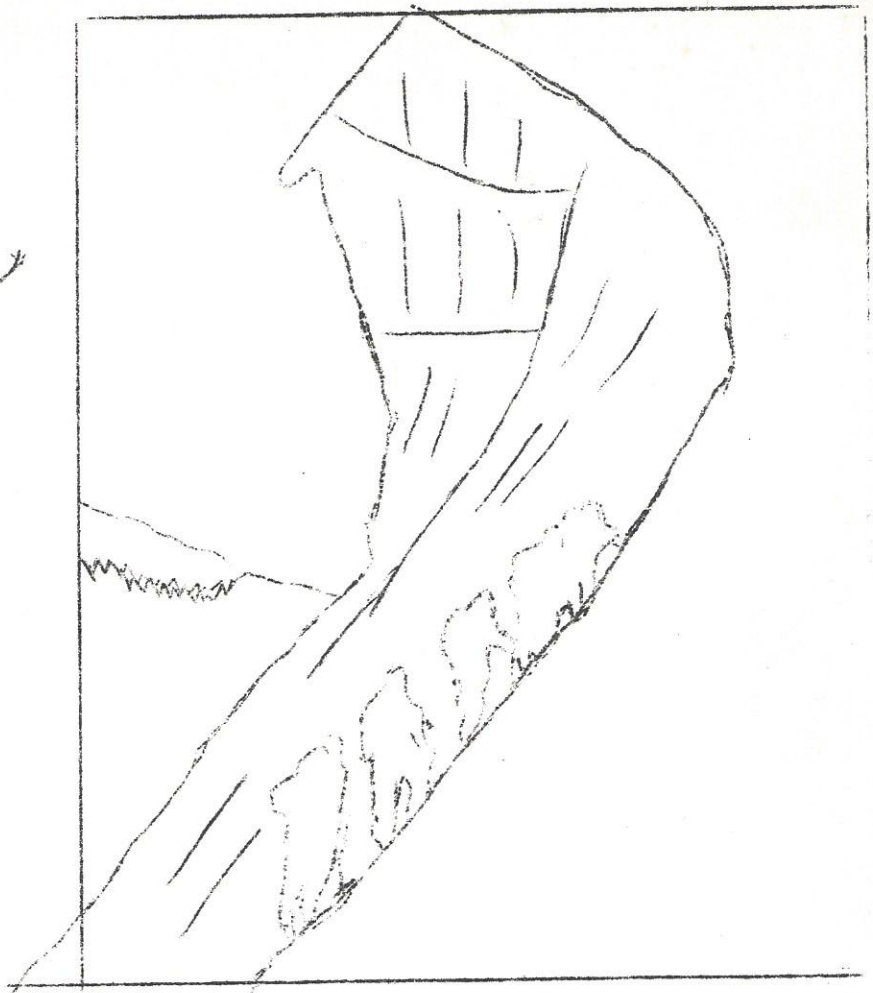


Terrapin

Trails



University of Maryland

College Park, Maryland

Volume 2, Number 3

Spring, 1963

Editor - Anne Braithwaite

President - Bill Taylor

Elections of officers took place the last week in April. Congratulations to the new officers and best wishes for good trailing in the coming year. The new officers are included here with their summer addresses if you would wish to contact them anytime.

President: Bill Taylor	316 Wayne Avenue., Silver Spring, Md.	JU 5-8023
Vice-Pres: Anne Braithwaite	713 Gilbert St., Takoma Park, Md.	HE 4-0142
Secretary: Barbara Lauster	2102 Chapman Rd., Hyattsville, Md.	HA 2-8366
Treasurer: Dennis Phillips	5 Sipple Avenue, Baltimore 36, Md.	NO 5-6005

Among the trips planned for this summer is a trail clearing trip to North Mtn, several wet caving trips (Mystic), Watergate concerts, the Old Timers Reunion at Franklin on Labor Day, and assorted trips to Carderock. Larry Sturgill is tentatively planning several week-long caving trips, at least one to southwestern Va. and hopefully one to Kentucky. Anyone interested should contact him at DA 8-2426 (Code 301), Douglas Rd., Marriotsville, Md. Next fall, 3 trips have been planned for beginners and old members: 1) Traditional Old Rag Hike Oct. 6, 2) Climbing-probably Carderock Oct. 13, 3) Caving trip Silers, anyone! Oct. 20. There may be an overnight hiking trip the 1st weekend in Nov. IOCA or MAC members are invited to join us on any trip. Contact Annie or Bill.

Good luck and best wishes to Jim Fox and Paul Gerhard on their 2000 mile hike this summer from Georgia to Maine. May they complete it in record time so that Jim can get back in time for the Old Timers Reunion! We'll meet you several times and bring food!

Have a good summer, y'all!!

The Editor

IOCA - Pine Grove Cabin Trip - March 9-10, 1963

Jim Fox, Jim Stacy, Bill Taylor, Annie Braithwaite and John Reich met in 1 Lot Saturday morning at 7 AM to leave for Pine Grove, Pa. We drove north on Rt. 70s, stopping for food enroute. Upon arriving at the cabin, the first thing to be spotted in the way of Shelter was a red and white stripped outhouse surrounded by a grove of pine trees.

We found the 19th century 2 story cabin to be in excellent condition. There are 2 rooms downstairs: a kitchen and a large living room with a big table, stove, and 4 bunk beds. Upstairs are 2 rooms separated by a thin partition. The house sleeps 22 in beds, however floor space is abundant. Water is plentiful; there are at least 2 springs under the house and a few others close to the house. Lehigh OC sponsored the trip.

After lunch a hike was planned along the AT to a fire tower calculated to be 6 mi. away. Jim Fox started with us, but returned to solve transportation problems of someone coming by bus. The trail was snow covered most of the way and was quite wet. It follows rolling hills and in dry weather would be easy and enjoyable for an extended hike. There are shelters and an abundance of springs conveniently placed along the trail. The trail frequently crosses ridges and hits high spots with views. As the trail began to descend the top of the ridge the tower was supposed to be on, Anne and Bill returned, leaving Stacy & John to continue. They eventually reached the tower, 1.5 miles further and ate at a restaurant with some Boy Scouts. They also, as was reported, saved a lost 14 yrs old scout from certain death if he had not been found. (Was 100 yds. from restaurant.) John and Stacy returned by the road which proved to be quicker & drier than the trail. Upon returning, we ate glop and the boys did dishes while Annie taught a boy from Lehigh to play Fran's (Wilson OC) recorder. After songs and backrubbing, we turned in.

The next morning we had community eggs and bacon for breakfast, and after packing and attempts to traverse the outside of the cabin, we left. We ate lunch at a lookout tower near Gettysburg, and then took rolling back roads to Rocks State Park, Md. On the road, John yelled, "Hey, there's a cave!" We stopped and checked it. The cave was named Reich's Folly! At Rocks, several climbs were made and while Annie and Bill took an exploration hike, Stacy, John and Fox made a team climb towards the bottom. It was, however, ill-fated because Stacy, the leader, came to an awkward place with no footholds. After much discussion, it was decided to rappel off. This done, we returned to the car and after a quick stop at John's house, arrived home about 9:30 PM.

The cost of the trip was \$2.30 including food and gas and the topo map used was USGS Newville, Pa., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ' quad.

Submitted by, Bill Taylor

Shenandoah National Park Hike - 30 March 63

Saturday morning Jim, Fox, Paul Gerhard, John Reich and Jim Stacy left for parts unknown. Unknown because no one cared where as long as it was hiking. After driving off in Paul's VW, we decided to hike into Pinefield Shelter (southern section) via the Beldor Trail and the Rocky Mount Trail from US Rt. 33 about six mi. west of Swift Run Gap. We started off on a nice fire foot trail, but soon found that the Beldor Trail is no more. We continued crosscountry until we eventually intersected the Rocky Mount Trail which is in good condition. The sun shown warm as we hike up to the Skyline Drive. It was getting late and few drops of rain fell as we hurried down the road to Pinefield Shelter, only to find it occupied by a "party" of six. We politely wandered in, fumble with the map and attempted to look somewhat exhausted until they generously offered to drive us 8 mi. to Hightop Shelter. After more crosscountry hunting, we found the outhouse and thence the nearby shelter. Dusk was upon us. We fixed dinner and were soon enjoying a pot of Terrapin Tea, made from the liquid ballast that had been thrown into the packs since this was a conditioning hike. It's nice when weight is unimportant. The next morning we hiked down and out via the exHightop fire tower and Hawksbill Creek, eventually following Rt. 628 from Beldor to Rt. 33.

This area is shown on PATC map no. 11 and USGS Elkton, Va. 15' quad.

Submitted by James Fox

Sugar Knob Hike - March 25, 1963

On Saturday night at 7:30 John Reich, Bill Taylor, Anne Braithwaite, Linda Hobbs, and myself, Jim Stacy, left the campus bound for Woodstock, Va. A hasty stop was made at Safeway to buy some food. Except for the traditional stop at Royal Dairy in Front Royal we drove straight through to Woodstock, arriving a little before midnight. Because LINDAY had a slight knowledge of the area, she became the navigator. I found myself on a twisty fireroad which seemed about five feet wide, but which eventually came out on top of the ridge of North Mtn. We then made our way to a rock lookout from which we had a magnificent view of the stars. After this we went back to the car, and got ready to turn in. A car drove by, so I shined my flashlight at it. The car stopped. A guy got out and said, "What's the idea of the flashlight." I explained. There were 3 others in the car. He got in the car and drove about 200' down the road and stopped. We became a little concerned, but after much swearing and deposition of an empty bottle, they left. We were awakened next morning to screams from Linda. John had just thoughtfully stuffed a snowball down her back while she was still sleeping in her bedroll. John was sorry & disappeared for some time. Four of us ate buns and the traditional Ovaltine, while Anne seemed to open a can after a can of food for breakfast. After Anne finally finished, we got into my noisy car which had lost its muffler the night before, and went back to the view to see it in daylight. We then went to look at Wolf Gap Cabin, which is not too impressive.

Linda informed us that a stop at her camp was a must, so we all said why not. She did not mention the ford across the stream or the bad roads. We arrived at the ford. She said it was deeper than she had ever seen it before. I didn't think it looked so deep. Bill said let's try it and he would help pay for the towing charge if necessary. I felt wreckless so I said let's go. We got up some speed and about half way through the ford a wave came cresting over the hood and swooped up the windshields. I suddenly began having some regrets. We came to a stop. Bill said put it in first, but I was already one steep ahead of him. Water was now coming in the doors and filling the back floor. It had also come in the fresh air vent. We did, however, make the other bank. I lifted the hood to see that water was dripping off everything, even the air cleaner. I went on to see the camp which really was beautiful, and proceeded to find our way out. We came slipping down a muddy hill on a road which was more like a gully and almost landed in a ditch, but we eventually got out of the camp. We then drove to Woodstock Reservoir where we started our hike. We hiked up the valley to Sugar Knob Cabin where we had lunch and lost John. After lunch we found John and went to a nearby light beacon. We climbed it for a truly panoramic view of the area. We then hiked back to the reservoir. The day could not have been more beautiful or perfect. Water was most plentiful all day because of the spring thaw. When we got back to the reservoir, we treated our tired feet to a soaking in the frigid water coming over the spillway of the dam. The girls didn't take part in this, Annie because the water was too cold, and Linda because her heels were so badly blistered that it looked as if someone had worked on them with a coarse file.

Total mileage was 12 miles. We drove back to Washington, stopping again at the Royal Dairy for dinner. Cost of the trip was \$1.75. We arrived home sometime after 9 o'clock. The map covering the trip is the USGS Edinburg 15' Quad.

Submitted by Jim Stacy

AN EXCERPT FROM THERE AND HERE

ACHTUNG, stolen from the Potomac Caver, entitled: Alles Lookenspeepers . . .

Das bats and formations ist nicht fur der gefingerpoken und mittengrabben. Ist eas schappen der soda straws und waken der bats. Caves ist nicht fur der dummkopfen und footsenslippers. Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen der hands in das pockets--relaxen und wachen das vaterdrippen und splashen.

There so.

Caving Trip - April 7, 1963

Early Sun. morning at 7, Annie Braithwaite, Jim Stacy, Bill Taylor, Dick Sanford, & Tom Pearce met at 1 lot. They were seen and pursued by Larry Sturgill in Frederick, Md. and intercepted at the Red Bird Restaurant 3 miles s. of Boonesboro, Md. After a refreshing breakfast of bacon, eggs, wheat cakes, "Bird Dogs" and "Bird Burgers" (gag!), we were on our way. We stopped first at Benders Cave, located at the turnoff to Whiting Neck. We drove the car to within 5' of the entrance, a 3x3' hole, put on our gear, rigged a rope for belay into the dark deep hole and dropped 8' into the cave. The cave consists of 2 small rooms with about 2 side passages. It is quite beautiful though, being "crammed" with hundreds of pure white soda straws. After a suprisingly hard climb out of Benders we proceeded to Whittings Neck Cave & explored it. About an hour was spent laying in the sun after emerginig from the blackness of the cave. On the way home, we stopped at an old mill and mill race and looked around. Then we went to Cedar Mills on the Potomac River and spent an hour looking for Howell's Cave. Where is it? After looking into several holes, the search was given up. We proceeded home, dropping Larry off at the fabulous "red bird" to pick up his car. Arrival at 1 lot was about 11:30 as the remaining 5 stopped in Federick for a fantabulous dinner. USGS Williamsport 15', Md., Pa. W.Va.

By Larry Sturgill

ANOTHER EXCERPT FROM THERE AND HERE-stolen from MITOC entitled GLOP, 1963

30+ lbs. of beef	1/2 gallon sherry
12 lbs. carrots	5 lbs. onions
20 lbs. potatoes	1 seashell
2 bunches celery	1 leather bat (cave variety)
1 1/2 lbs. of mushrooms	oregano, thyme, mustard (to taste)
12 green peppers	10 boullion cubes
6 red peppers	1 lb. judgement

There so!

At 8 AM May 11 Jim Fox, Paul Gerhard and I met on 1 lot to go climbing. We drove up Rt.1 to Montgomery Wards where Jim&Paul bought goodies for their summer trip, & then we picked up Roy Sadler somewhere in Baltimore. Our climbing was done in Rocks State Park near Belair. Jim and Paul climbed a vertical wall that was @ 90' or 100' high with the aid of 3 pitons. In the meantime Roy and I did various other easy climbs. As Jim&Paul neared the top of the face, Roy and I awaited them. We were not the only spectators; there were about 20 other people-mostly girls. After they reached the top, we had lunch. After lunch a fairly easy team climb was made. The route led up to the Jandarm, down into the notch behind it & up to the top of the Rocks. The route was a vague attempt to follow the skyline. By the time the top was reached it was about 5:30, so we came down the easy way and came home. Total cost: 70¢.

By John Reich

Horsebackriding-May 17&18, 1963 (Quickly submitted, Kay Lauster): Bette Rickerson, Pete Grant & Neal Kramer & I finally left Peter's house at 9:30 PM in the rain with hopes of finding a suitable barn to sleep in. The first barn we stopped at was perfect. In the morning we ate and left for Ardle O'Hanlon's farm. They have 350 acres, 3 horses & 6 children. But we could only ride 1 horse, & Peter rode him so the horse was tired when we got to ride. We left about 3 or 4 and cooked our dinner at Neal's.

The editor wishes this space to relate that it was only by deep conscientiousness & a sense of duty(!) that the paper was able to be published at this time. The editor has a fingernail which keeps ripping backward, but not breaking off & is quite a nuisance when typing because the bandage (sort of a cap) keeps falling off. Sort of interferes with rock climbing, too. Darn!

John Gillespie and Bab Beck attended the Virginia Regional Conference on May 4-6 and explored Breathing Cave (not finding the waterfall), Aqua Cave and Marshall's Cave. John says they found a rare bat in Breathing, but. . .

EASTER HIKE APRIL, 1963

WE--Anne Braithwaite, Linda Hobbs, Jim Fox, Jim Stacy, Bill Taylor, John Reich, Dick Sanford, & Tom Pearce--met at 1 lot at 7 PM and with the usual preliminaries divided in 2 cars and headed for West Virginia with a 7 hour drive ahead of us. The trip down was uneventful with the customary stop at the Dairy in Front Royal--where we have become a local attraction--and around 2:30 AM we passed through Durbin, the last town on route. We stopped along the side of the road for a few hours sleep & and 2 of the more clever members of the group slept comfortably in the cars while the others pioneered it on an unlikely looking piece of ground on the other side of the road. Bright and early the morning everyone arose, piled into the cars and then headed toward Durbin looking for a place to cook breakfast. Needless to say we found one and after a leisurely and rather unorganized meal everyone repacked their gear and made final decisions as to what to bother carrying with them, etc.

We then headed back up the road and after parking the cars in a side trail were ready to begin our wilderness hike. No one knew exactly what to expect because the area was new to all. But with a 1924 topo of the area (supposedly revised in 1951--and I do mean supposedly) and several handy compasses, we set off with high hearts into the unknown. As it turned out later, the area wasn't quite so unknown as we had hoped, for the entire section was criss-crossed with nicely graded and well marked fire roads.

The first day's hiking saw us tromping 8 miles along a railroad track running parallel to the Shavers Fork and then making a slippery and cold ford of said river to see what was on the other side. About 2/3 of the way across we heard a quiet splash and looked around to Dick rising from the stream like Venus from the sea (well sort of like Venus from the sea, anyway both were all wet!), with water running gaily out of his sleeping bag and poncho. Fun and games. There was a brief discussion as to whether to go on or spend the night beside the river. While everyone decided, Bill and Stacy went "swimming" I seem to remember several painful gasps as of someone trying unsuccessfully to take in oxygen, and then a cry of "Oh this is great". Foolish people! The decision was to push on and push on we did through a quarter mile or so of thickly tangled rhododendron. The, too, was fun and games and it would have been quite amusing to have a tape record of some of the colorful expressions as people became deeply entangled in the foliage or were wacked savagely by a passing branch.

Eventually we emerged onto the top of a ridge and picked up a grassy road and continued till a suitable spot to make camp was found. The first night brought nothing unusual and everyone turned in fairly early after listening to an appropriate ghost story that John had brought along to read aloud.

The next morning Stacy insisted on getting up at some ungodly hour and naturally everyone else had to get up too. When accused of being a clock-watcher, he denied it hotly and insisted that it takes some people much longer to get started than others. The author maintains that if everyone had Ovaltine for breakfast, it wouldn't take anyone very long at all. The hiking that day consisted mainly of cross-country and up and down hill. Lunch break was spent by a stream at the bottom of a steep valley. Coming down hill, Tom managed to twist his ankle and was greatly inconvenienced for the rest of the trip. After lunch, we continued along the stream and eventually came out to a deserted farm yard. The wind had been blowing and it had been threatening to rain all day. The clearing was so picturesque and inviting that serious though was given to the idea of spending the night here. Since it was only 1:30 or so in the afternoon, we decided to keep going until a more appropriate hour before making final camp. Leaving the valley we followed a dirt road that faded into a trail and then became a road again, all in a steady uphill climb, with the intention of stopping at a cabin marked on the topo. Once more our 1924 (revised in 1951) map proved to be inaccurate. The cabin, if it had ever been there, has long since ceased to exist. By this time everyone was getting tired and ready to stop. Unfortunately, there wasn't a good place, so onward and upward we trudged. Finally, the road forked and started down again. A short distance further we came to a stream and decided this was THE place. In the meantime, the clouds had continued to gather and it had grown quite cold. Snow fell, gently at first, and then in giant-sized flakes so that it appeared that we might have a blizzard. Fortunately the snow ceased and only intermittent flurries continued to drift down as we ate dinner and then sat around

the fire while more stories were read and backs were rubbed. Again everyone turned in early and Fox and Stacy, who had erected a cozy poncho shelter, lit a candle and had a bed-time snack.

The next morning found Stacy up before the sun, busily running around trying to rouse the others. He succeeded, with some help from Bill who proceeded to throw logs and various other trash all over Tom's and Dick's bedrolls. They got up, only slightly soiled and slightly angry. Going down to breakfast, it was found that the Easter Bunny had brought Fox 3 colored eggs (I guess because he is such a good boy-crazy Easter Bunny). The sun finally came up and naturally, being our last day, it was beautiful. The hike began with a steep climb to the top of the ridge down which we had come the day before. Emerging at the top we found another dirt road, and the most beautiful ranger's cabin imaginable. The setting could not have been more perfect. With only a brief stop, during which decisions were made as to the rest of the day's program, everyone took off cross country again. For the rest of the morning we scrambled up and down hills, finally heading down toward the river. After crossing enumerable paths, streams, the remains of an old mossy wooden road, and some signs of beaver, we picked up another dirt road and followed it until it came to the river. Lunch was eaten on this side and then, to make it interesting we started along the river, without crossing. This became tedious however and some of the group decided to make the crossing. Although everyone anticipated some excitement, none was forthcoming and, aside from frozen feet, the entire party made the way safely. In the meantime, a mine shaft had been discovered and several people busied themselves exploring it.

With everyone across the river again, nothing remained but a short push through some more tangled rhododendron, and a hike back down the railroad tracks. We arrived at the cars fairly early, and Stacy who had been anticipating a swim all morning, managed to convince John and Linda that they too had desire for a cold bath. More foolish people.

Finally, the last straggler came down the tracks (it was the traveling senator again), the cars were packed and around 2:00 we started back for Washington. It had been a good hike, though not a particularly strenuous one, and we had seen a lot of beautiful country. Unfortunately the area was a little more civilized than we had hoped, thanks to our out-dated maps. Nevertheless, everyone had an enjoyable time - sore feet notwithstanding - and as usual everyone was sorry to see it end. Cost of trip \$3 for gas and dinners (rest of food was individual) and map used was Durbin 15' Quad., W.Va.

By Linda Hobbs

On May 12, Jim Stacy, John Reich, Tom Pearce, & Larry Sturgill went spelunking to Rogers Belmont Cave near Front Royal. On the way home they stopped at Stephen's Fort, where is located a museum and a 'dead' cave gorge & stopped at the limestone quarry in Stephen's City where they were given a tour.

On May 26, the crazy people who should have been studying: Judy Rogers, Annie, & Bill Taylor and Jim Stacy went climbing, intending to be home by 1 PM. After climbing several climbs, Judy, Stacy & Bill waded through the oily scum of the old Potomac for a refreshing swim. Before returning home we stopped at Glen Echo, where Annie had her 1st ride on a BIG ROLLER COASTER. Home about 3 PM! (Were at Carderock).

There have been other climbing trips this semester, mainly to Carderock. Among them was a birthday trip (Mar. 31) for Barbara Lauster who was accompanied by her sister Kay, Sharon Dodds, Marshall Klein, & Pete Grant. On April 28 Annie, Bill, Judy, Jim Fox, Dick Sanford, Pete, & Kay Taylor took a trip. Kay, a beginner, made 3 climbs including Jan's Face & Fox, Judy & Bill did a team climb at the end over the river. On May 5 Betty Ann, Joe Ennis, Barry Chute, Roy Sadler, Fox, Judy, Bill & 3 girls made another trip. An indoor climb was made in the vicinity of the chapel, also.

- Annie

Please help me, I'm falling; my pitons won't hold.
The rock is too rotten, my rope is too old.
My 'biners popped open, my bowline's untied.
I guess I'll be taking a spectacular ride.

- Paul A. Gerhard

Mohdy book? ...
On bookshelf lies ...
Knowledge dies. ...

Caving-Sinnit and Flute Caves, May 4-6, 1963

Friday night, Jerry Nettles of PSC and Cindy took Bette Rickerson, Barbara and Kay Lauster and 2 beginners: Neal Kramer and James Garcia to Pendleton Co, W.Va. We camped by a pond next to Judy Springs. It was beautiful, especially in the moonlight, but early in the morning-3 AM-the quarry, which happens to be near the pond, started up, not encouraging late risers. After Lipton Soup and sandwiches we were off. Kay, Bettë, Garcia and Neal went to Sinnit. Bette and Garcia, impressed by the Big Room started exploring it, and Kay & Neal made an unsuccessful search for the waterfall. Jerry and I, tired of being impressed by the Big Room, threw the soft drinks into the deep end of the swimming hole to cool off and explored Flute. I was leader, but Jerry found a minute passage with 14" soda straws. In about 2 hours we went back to Sinnit, finding Kay & Neal. The other 2 refused to come out and found many unknown passages, by chance rather than choice before they found the entrance. After a swim to get the drinks, Jerry took a sick Cindy to the hospital while Kay, Neal & I cooked dinner. Cindy's problem: leaking transmissible fluid. After dinner we went back for the exhausted & dirty cave explorers. Chicken fighting and conversation prevailed that evening. Fire light, harmonica music and to bed. The next day, we who had been swimming felt so clean we didn't want to cave, So we let Cindy take us on a guided tour of the area. Due to prevailing drought conditions & unpaved roads and no top, we weren't clean for Long! We drowned our sorrows in dust & song and peanut butter & honey-with-sunflower-seeds-&-raisins-on-ryebread sandwiches. Stopping, somewhere in Va. for a picnic of tea and Vienna sausages, we were home rather late. Cost of trip: gas-\$2.00, food-\$1.60.

By Barbara Lauster

Ice, melting, dripping from the trees
Morning - ash grey no longer
The song of birds on awakening
Hardened weak-old snow
Breezes, cool, yet fresh and new
The re-discovery of gnarled persimmon bark
Smoothness of cherry trunks
Scabs, peeling sycamores
The sun-worn hole in the ice-covered creek
The gurgle and swallow as the water goes
again under the ice
Cold ashes in the pot-bellied stove
Open windows
A stranger's smile
Cumulus clouds in a brilliant blue
A hint of green in the dead withered grass
Search for hills and endless vistas
From across the sea, the promise of newer
things
Exaltation
Spring of my soul

rog Feb. 19, 1963

sink an unsinkable canoe. It wouldn't have been so bad except half the people had clothes on. And did you know wet clothes are heavier than dry clothes and it is slightly harder to swim, especially with H₂O-clogged clod-hoppers?! On the whole it was quite a enjoyable and enlightening trip.

By Mary Martin

The owner of the limestone quarry at Stephen's City, Va, Tom Hendricks, welcomes anyone interested to visit on Sat or Sun afternoons. Ask for him. Stacy, Larry, Tom & John were taken 1200' underground on a recent visit.

CO-ED SWIMMING IN COLE FIELDHOUSE FROM 7-9 PM, FRIDAY & SUNDAY. ID'S NEEDED. Y'ALL COME

On May 5, Linda Hobbs, Jim Stacy, John Reich & Sid Smith hiked in the Harper's Ferry area (Elk Ridge) and also went horsebackriding.

The weekend of May 11-13 saw Barbara Lauster and Marshall Klein in Schoolhouse Cave, W.Va. Total estimated hours: approx. 15. Exhausting, but very good trip!

The weekend of May 19-20 John Reich, Jim Stacy, & Dick Sanford went caving at Elkhor Mtn. Cave, Petersburg 15', W.Va. The cave has a 135' pit. From reports given, the trip was great fun and was terminated by a hard hike to & from Signal Knob near Strasburg.

Editor

Mary Martin took a canoeing trip with friends on May 19 on a river near Annapolis. They said it couldn't be done, but 6 healthy American boys & 3 girls managed to

Seneca Rocks, May 17, 18, 1963

Friday evening in the rain, four fools started driving west, hoping that the rain would stop so that we could climb the next day. The next morning found Jim Fox, Judy Ro Irma Ireland & Paul Gerhard approaching the base of the rocks at 8:15 AM with comments "What are we doing here this early!" Jim and Judy (henceforth J&J) headed toward the base of the Skyline Traverse; Irma and I (henceforth We or Us) took off towards Ecstasy. When we got to the first belay ledge, Irma pointed to the line of rusty pitons which was (and still is) Ecstasy and said: "You don't want protection up there, do you?" So I happily angled somewhat to the right of the route up a system of overhanging cracks. This turned out to be poor judgement, as Irma couldn't make it. (I must point out that she did very well and climbed all but the last overhang.) I lowered her to the ground and rappelled off, leaving \$7.00 worth of hardware on the climb (which is to be named AGONY). We then proceeded to do Breakneck and met J&J in and near the Gunsight Notch. Jim and I set up upper belay on the Gendarme and hauled everybody "kicking & screaming to the top". Sunday morning, we made up for the early hour of Sat. morning by arriving at the rocks at 11:15 AM. All 4 of us climbed the Army-Conn Route on the west face. Then Jim & I rappelled from the top of Ecstasy to retrieve my hardware while Irma & Judy floated down to the swimmer's hole on an air mattress. End.

By Paul A. Gerhard

I am sitting in an old ruin of a cabin while several people sleep soundly through the unquiet night. The cold wind shrieks through the abandoned countryside. The thunder rolls & the frequent flashes of light illumine the watersoaked hill. The rain is no longer a sprinkling or a soft pit-pat on the roof. It has become a downpour, scarcely audible for the splitting of the sky, distant trees falling, and the roar of the air, angry at being wet & trying to shake off the dampness. The membrane separating our sheltered world from the world of sound and strength has parted, loosing all the fury of the life-force upon this hill.

The sleepers stir occasionally, oblivious of all except the sensation of warmth & cool dampness. The side-warm sleepers line clustered near the glowing fire.

The light flashes. I see rivulets & waves of acid-liquid swiftly devouring what was this afternoon a sunny clearing. The trees, sad drooping, crying ceaseless tears, reach to each other in fear & awe at this madness & passion of the elements. The study in grey, alive & yet destroying.

Now the storm abates. The thunder rolls back down the alley & subsides. The pit-pat-splish begins again, this time dripping from the trees, sighing, creaking and crying with fatigue. Otherwise all is silence. The black solitude is breathing outside, breathing life back into the air, the hill, and the tired trees. The earth licks its wounds, repairing its tissue for a future onslaught.

rog - Feb. 16, 1960

SONG - Potomac Caver - August, 1962

To: I love to go awandering.

1. I love to go exploring caves
Under hill and dale
To crawl or climb or walk or jump
Along a rocky trail.
2. I like rappelling of a rock
To feel I'm sailing like a bat
I hate to think the rope would break
And I would go ker-splat!
3. I love to scramble through a cave
With my electric lamp
To go through crawlways small and tight
'Til my leg gets a cramp.
4. I love to wander all around
In caves that are a maze
I so completely lose myself
That I am in a craze.
5. I love the beauty of a cave
Of crystals clear and white
Of bacon rind and organ pipes
And fragile helectites.

Chorus: Valderi, valdera, valderi

Valdera-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha

Valderi, valdera, exploring under
ground.

Contributed by Annie

Our best wishes and fond adieus go with Judy Rogers as she leaves in the fall for Hawaii for training camp and thence to the Philippines to serve 18 months in the Peace Corp. Good bye and write!

People can read, but spiders can't !

1-My lover went out to the Tetons
 To look at some nice scenery.
 He went to the guide school one morning,
 Oh bring back my lover to me.
 Chorus: Bring back, bring back, oh bring
 back my lover to me, to me.
 Bring back, Bring back, oh bring
 back my lover to me.

2-He soon was a very fine climber;
 As brave as a climber could be,
 More brave than his luck would allow him,
 Oh bring back my lover to me.

3-His plans were unchanged every weekend;
 In the mountains he always would be.
 He climbed all the peaks in the country
 Oh bring back my climber to me.

4-He went to the high Himalayas
 To climb every peak he could see;
 He climbed Dhaulagiri and Nuptse,
 Oh bring back my climber to me.

5-He decided to solo Mt. Everest;
 Dr. Sayre was brimming with glee.
 My lover's still up on that mountain
 Oh bring back my climber to me.

6-It took him, to get to the South Col
 Approximately two day or three.
 On the South Ridge he stepped through a
 cornice
 Oh bring back my lover to me.

7-Now heed my advice all young people
 If your lover wants nice scenery,
 Just keep him away from the mountains,
 Or you'll suffer the same plight as me.
 - Paul Gerhard

In the Tetons, filled with pitons,
 I was looking for a climb.
 I met a climber, a forty-niner
 And his daughter, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy;
 Klettershoes were number nine.
 She was a scoffer at Kronhofors;
 Sandals were for Clementine.

Then one day as we were climbing
 (She was leading at the time)
 Slipped her foot off of a foothold,
 Fell into my new goldline.

She popped those pitons from the Tetons,
 From their cracks so thin and fine.
 She flew past me and she asked me,
 Would I save my Clementine.

I felt a jerk, I let the rope run,
 Then I dropped my new goldline.
 I'm not lyin'; had I a tie-in
 I would have saved my Clementine.

In the Tetons, minus pitons,
 Though I lost my Clementine.
 I'm very sad, but I would be glad, but
 I also lost my new goldline.
 Chorus: Oh my darling, oh my darling,
 Oh my darling, Clementine,
 You are lost and gone forever
 Dreadful sorrow, Clementine

also by Paul Gerhard !

Larry Sturgill, Annie Braithwaite, Bill Taylor, John Reich & possibly Pete Grant will be attending the NSS convention at Mountain Lake in Giles County, Virginia. They will leave June 8 and plan to return on June 12.

Linda Hobbs will be going to southwestern U.S. and then will be working at Camp Strawdman near Woodstock, Va. for July and August. Betty Ammerman will be working at Camp Mayflather near Mt. Solon, Va. from June 18-August 23. Joe Ennis is presently on a Mediterranean cruise with RCA and will be gone for about 2 years.

Why do elephants wear green tennis shoes? (Answer: because they're on the same team.)
 Why do giraffes wear red tennis shoes? (Answer: because they're on the other team.)

Thanks to Jim Fox for getting the French movie(s). They were really great! Thanks to Bill Taylor for the fish movies; they were thoroughly enjoyed!
 MAC- July 13-easy canoe trip with U. of Delaware on Brandywine-Fran Wilcox, 222 W. 36 Wilmington, Del. July 27-28 - Canoe trip down Cacapon R. in NE W.Va. August 10-11 - for those with Scuba diving experience at Louis Beach, Md. or Avondale Quarry, Pa. For last 2 trips contact Bob Sherwood, 269 Hathaway lane, Wynnewood, Pa.

If anyone needs maps over the summer for various trips, Jim Stacy (JU 9-0791) or Annie have the largest collections; caves are plotted on Annie's maps. As in the past, the club secretary will send postcards to interested members to notify them of summer trips. If you are planning a trip, notify her early.