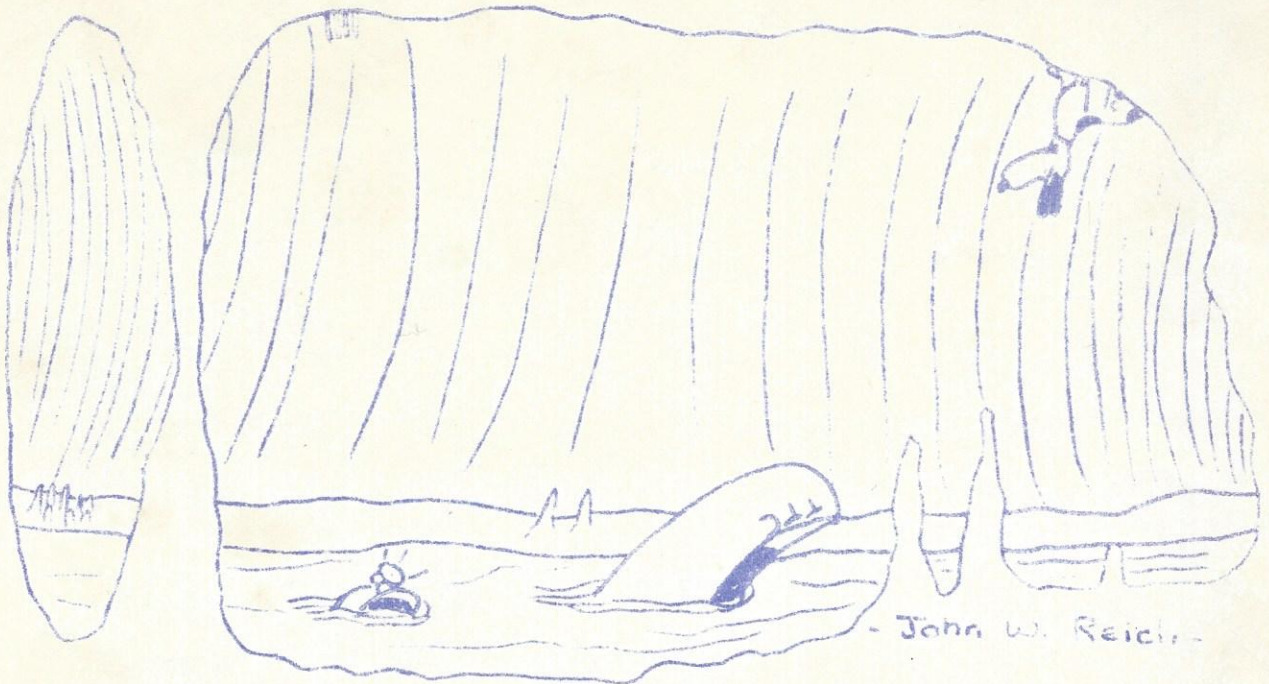


~~Kay Lauster~~
Barry Chute

Terrapin Trails



- John W. Reich -

University of Maryland
Volume 3, Number 2

College Park, Maryland
Spring, 1964

Acting Editor - Anne Braithwaite

I would like to congratulate and leave my best wishes to the Trail Club's new officers reigning from April, 1964-April, 1965. Your jobs will be whatever you make of them, challenging or dull . . .

Barbara Lauster as President - watch out for next year's whistle! . . .
John Reich as Vice President - keep an eye on that equipment
Adele Brodmerkel as Secretary - she'll blackmail you in the scrapbook
Harry Stacy as Treasurer - don't sink the canoe and the money too!

This newsletter is filled with all sorts of goodies and I hope y'all enjoy it. I had a lot of fun putting it together; with the help of John Reich, Harry Stacy, Kathie Engler, & Linda Hobbs-thanks! Trail Club has been wonderful these past five years and it's been great to be with you all. The thought of leaving makes me all misty, so I guess I won't be able to stay away (rhymes). One last thing, keep remembering you were new once. Peace in your valley and may all beings be well and happy.

The little things ending with JFF were written by Jim Fox during his hike on the Appalachian Trail last summer. Since most of us feel similar to his feelings at one time or another, they are appropriate to keep in mind. The dolls were part of dinner-time conversation at the Cambridge Complex.

"I am a cave rat, I wear a hard hat; and my prusik slings are ruddy,
and my boots are wet and cruddy." - Djp + or -

One room in the Cambridge Complex supported a huge flock of flies this spring. Occupants of the room observed that flies fly in a square pattern, and with this never-heard-of information commenced such experimentation.

The Rick Banning doll. Wind him up and he jumps out his window (6th floor)

WOLF GAP CABIN, North Mtn., Va. - March, 1964

The trip began on Friday at approx. 8:30 PM. In one car was the Great Blue Pixie, the Horsey Trot, the Great Pumpkin, the Ring-Tailed Sloth & Andy Klavens; in the 2nd car was the Fox, the Peapicker, Senator Tomaschovitch Panda, the Red-Crested Gremlin, and me. Allenlord and Steve Field did not come until Saturday morning. Upon arrival at the cabin, the wrestling match began immediately, and continued until 3:30 AM or so, when Linda (GBP) decided to go to sleep.

About 10 a hike to the beacon commenced. In places, the trail was still covered with old snow, making the hike somewhat harder, particularly for those without proper boots. The Horsey Trot was usually off in the weeds to one side of the trail trying to keep her tennis shoes dry, but this did not work. About 4 miles along the trail is Sandstone Spring, and this was the stop for lunch; Andy stepped on the crackers. Afterwards, the group continued along the trail to the beacon. I am happy to announce that despite the best efforts of the Blue Pixie, it was the Great Pumpkin who was the first to reach the top.

Upon leaving the beacon, the Panda, the Horsey Trot & Allenlord decided that it would be much easier to return by cutting straight down the side of the mountain to the road, and along the road to the cabin. After an hour and $\frac{1}{3}$ of crashing through the underbrush and fording streams they did reach the road. Fortunately, Linda happened to be passing by and they were saved from part of the walk back to the cabin. The rest of the group had already returned by the trail.

Meanwhile, the Fox and the Peapicker had been trailblazing (OUR trail on North Mtn. from Rt. 55 to Waites Run), and they arrived at the cabin just in time for dinner (naturally). Everyone was quite tired, and no one was much good for anything that night except for back-rubbing, which we did.

Sunday morning the sun came up about 5 hours too early, but we got up anyway. The cabin was cleaned and the wood supply replenished; everything was left in beautiful order, and we returned home. We later learned that we are in trouble with the PATC anyway because we overloaded the "plumblyng".

By Jim MSELroy '65

The Bill Taylor doll. Wind him up, and he says "Goin' to Europe. HA!"

The Anne Braithwaite doll. Wind her up, & she gives you a gremlin grunch-BEWARE.

Jim Fox is now in the Peace Corp and eventually will go to East Pakistan. He'll attend training in Vermont starting the end of June and will appreciate mail. The TTC IS PRIVILEGE to have a past member, Walter Winant, returning from E. Pakistan in Aug. Judy Rogers is presently in Ecuador with the P.C. in a small village doing (who know?). See Annie if interested in reading her journal. Judy would appreciate packages of Wyler's

The Louise Bartels doll. Wind her up and she still can't take another step.

Also Allen Lord
A trip was taken to Dr. Axley's Cabin in May with the hopes of beating the jellyfish. Almost did, a few dead ones. Mostly the occurrences of the trip involved sunbathing and throwing various persons into the water. The Axley's had another cake. Participants included Cheryl, Lin, Harry, Rich, Paul m., Larry, Joan. By Linda (+ or -)

THE PLEASURE OF REALIZING THAT IN 3 OR 4 HOURS AN INSURMOUNTABLE OBSTACLE WILL BE BUT A FADING MEMORY. - JFF

Camp & Trail Outfitters, 112 Chambers St., Ny 7, NY. Discounts to NSS & PSC members (10%). Thomas Black & Sons, Inc., 930 Ford St., Ogdensburg, NY. Free 1964 Catalog.



Dr. Axley's Cabin, Scientist's Cliffs, Md. 3/28 - 4/1, 1964

Attended by:

Adele Brodmerkel
Linda Hobbs
Anne Braithwaite
Charlie Johnston

Joe Tonkin
Harry Stacy
Jim McElroy
John Reich

Joan DeHarr
Sue Philpula
Cheryl Howard
Allen Lord

In the evening:
Tom Pearce
Barbara Lauster
Ellen Witherite

Since this was my first Trail Club trip everything was pretty exciting, different, fun, and a little surprising--the wrestling!

Our destination, the Axley's Cabin, was arrived at via a detour through (I am told) the inevitable Safeway store. Much of the time spent here was consumed in arguing which type of juice to get and in harrasing the management into mearthing their collection of plastic forks. Stupid people; what do they want there's no demand for picnic gear in Feb.? While at this respite it was decided that targets were needed for the forthcoming target shooting. The side of the road offered many excellent specimens (bear cans). We warned Joe not to get stopped by any police cars with 2 rifles and many, many bear cans in the back of the station wagon!

After arriving and consuming peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, we adjourned to the beach to admire the scenery and look for shark's teeth. Both activities proved profitable. After a pleasant hike, we turned back and thanks to Joe's artistic arrows had no fears that John (the lone stragler) would miss the turning point. On the way back we came upon some small patches of snow. SNOW + TRAIL CLUBBERS = SNOW BALL BATTLE The rest of the walk was uneventful except for a few attempts to stuff icicles down backs.

Returning to the cabin, we played chess, cards, & shark's teeth pick-up, and then decided to go to the rifle range. We had a pretty good collection of 22's which did rather unpleasant things to aerosol cans and water-filled Clorox bottles. Then back to the cabin, and dinner--fried chicken, clams a la Dr. Axley, and lemon meringue pie a la Annie (from scratch, no less!!). For the evening and most of the next day we were well supplied with a delicious cake--compliments of the Axley's--it was even good for breakfast!

With the arrival of Tom, Ellen & Barbie in the newly repaired Ravier, everyone decided to have a look at the beach in the moonlight. But the boys' shoelaces had strangely disappeared. Now WHO would steal shoelaces? The boys quite unjustly blamed the girls, who were promptly forced to defend their honor in a wrestling match. It may be assumed that the attack was unjust as no shoelaces were produced & the boys went shoelaceless. At the beach the fight was renewed. At last with most of the shoes recovered--where is Linda's boots?--the crew returned to the cabin and a game of hearts. Ellen & Barbie saw the beach in the moonlight. After Hearts was over, we retired. Next morning battles were renewed, until Annie, Jim, Joan and Charlie had to leave. In short all possessions were restored & truce was declared. Who had shoelaces in the butter

The morning was occupied by a 2nd trip to the rifle range. Why didn't somebody tell me Tom's 306 was so loud? A contest was held for the honor of shooting the last 306 shell. At the end of the 1st round John, Adele, Linda & I were still in the running. John recieved the honor. (FATHEAD-compliments of editor)

After lunch-leftovers and juice from Tom & Adele's Breathing Cave supply-Dr. Axley took us on a tour of his tobacco farm, gave us a lecture on the processing of same, & started us out on a hike back to the cabin. Linda, Harry & John completed as planned, while the rest added a few novel detours--someone must teach Tom about the sun!

The Axley's kindly invited us back sometime between the snow & jellyfish seasons! For candid shots of above events, see Joe Tonkin--Trail Club's answer to Candid Camera, or is it blackmailer's anonymous?

Cheryl Howard '67

At this time, a FOND adieu to Cheryl & best wishes as she moved to California. We'll miss you (sniff) and we wish you continual fun in the outdoors & underground!

The Peter Grant & Kay Lauster dolls. Wind them up and they pick rose petals!

The Barbie Blumson doll. Don't name her as she is in the park now!

STOLEN FROM IOCA GUNKS BULLETIN (NO. ?), 3, I think
on CALLS - Slack and Up Rope

These are 2 much overworked calls. "SLACK" is short for give me some slack. UP ROPE (pronounced up ROPE) is short for take up the rope. Except in unusual cases, both calls should be acknowledge by a call of "sorry" because it indicates that the belayer was asleep. A call of "slack" is usually used when a man is below an overhang and the normally snug rope tends to pull him out and off his footing. It is an indication to the belayer that he should NOT proceed with the usual feeling process until he hears an "UP ROPE" or sees the climber move out. It is downright dangerous to call "up rope" when the rope is already moving. The temptation to release the belay and haul in with both hands is almost irresistible. ((TRAIL CLUBBERS NOTE THIS: THE CALL UP ROPE HAS BEEN MUCH OVERWORKED IN THIS MANNER)) It is not necessary to call "up rope" each time you move up, unless of course your belayer is asleep!

For those not in the know, "the Gunks" is a climbing spot in upper New York state. A climbing school is sponsored there by IOCA from June 1-14. Anyone seriously interested in climbing should attend, as it is quite educational and worthwhile. If interested, one should write to Willie Crowthers, 56 Green St., Cambridge 39, Mass., 02139 for further information.

ATTENTION to those who are free from Sept 7-15 - College Week (IOCA) 1964 will be held at Lake Golden in the Adirondack Mtns., NY. Beautiful region.

During Easter vacation, 2 trips were taken, ¹ of which was to the caves of Monroe & Greenbrier Cos., W.Va. Along were: Marion Morgan, Dennis Phillips, Anne Braithwaite & Jim McElroy. First was Windy Mouth Cave near Ft. Spring on the Greenbrier River. Relatively little is known with regards to extent of passages, & it a bit difficult to get to. The best way is via the farm of Mr. & Mrs. John Kirby on the road between Ft. Spring & Sinks Gove. Go up the hill beyond the barn & around the fenced-in field on the right; at upper end of field bear left to the big tree & continue thru woods and down steep hill about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way. Face river. Find footpath along rotten limestone cliff to left. Follow path, sometimes dubious to entrance. Cave reported to have up to 10 miles passage. First icky-sticky 100 ft. is crawlway. Actually cave consists of mostly stoop-walking & duck-walking (quack) with infrequent intervals of upright walking. Also sections of stream traversing. Took left hand turn off main passage. Thinner than main, sinuous with stream. It kept going; I wish we could've.

Camped entire trip in Greenville Saltpeter Cave via mill pond entrance. Explored Haynes Cave & Laurel Creek Cave. Conversation to Haynes went like this: "Annie, are we on the right road?" "Yep, howsomever, this doesn't look too familiar-let me check this again--hmm--STOP." "Are you sure you can read a map?" "OF COURSE, I'm a geographer!" on and on & on. "Annie, this is the road to Windy Mouth..." "Well, gee whiz, I don't understand." "Well, lets go back. Watch the map Annie!" I did, and we found cave. Pass first abandoned house & respectfully check with farmer

----- cont. on next page -----

the pleasure of a tree-top panorama - jff

The Dr. Axley doll. Wind him up and he invites us to his cabin. OH BOY!!!

The Trail Club doll. Wind it up and it tears apart Dr. Axley's cabin.

The Adele Brodmerkel doll. O please, don't wind it up.

The Sharon Dodds doll. Wind her up & she burns down the Fieldhouse (Kiddin')

The Mary Martin doll. Wind her up & she comes to TTC meetings twice a year.

The Cheryl Howard doll. Wind her up and she looks soooooo innocent!

The Rich Blumberg doll. Wind him up and he's on top-of-the-world.

EASTER CAVING (CONT)---

in the white house; he's afraid U.S. Inspectors will get in. Cave used to be mined for saltpeter and had lots of reinforced bridges, a flowstone-covered trough, bat guano, & an interesting register of names at the back. To Laurel Creek Cave-WOW, what an entrance. The flat arched, 110' wide and 30' high hole can be easily seen from the road. A shallow stream flows out (I think) of the cave. About 100 or so feet into the cave past the washed-in highway bridge, we observed a small pool of dirty water about 8' x 1 1/2'. Something moved and Dennis investigated. Hmm. Looks like fish - 1, 2, 3, 4 - my gosh, at least u fish! Boy, Richie would like this! I'm goin' to catch one. WOW, I got one. It's just an ole sucker. Den-nis, put it back. It won't die. Get away from me with that thing. Dennis laughed, put fish back in and we went on. The cave was very interesting and almost not like caving as we could stroll easily along most of time. There were lots of cave crickets. In the back of the cave in the lower level is a huge lake which would be great for canoeing. Evidence of footprints on the thin ledge around the lake shows that it has been traversed.

Only Dennis saw Greenville. In fact he saw the river gorge, the hilltop entrance, the water entrance, John Houck's signature scratched on the wall, the hilltop, the snow, the farmer to ask the way back to the millpond entrance. His carbide lamp water also froze so that he had a hard time getting back to the sleeping room.

We went home via U.S. 220 and stopped at the Star in Franklin for a snack. Caves visited are described in Davies.

Condensed from FOUR page trip report. Anne Braithwaite

Slurpy grape wylers's

On CONSERVATION. Stolen from Baltimore Grotto News (3/61)

Work has been started on a massive wall of cinderblocks across the familiar entrance arch of Schoolhouse Cave. This project has been undertaken in an effort to preserve the cave in its traditional capacity as a playground for non-serious cavers. Entrance will be possible only thru a small iron gate set in the wall. This gate will be securely locked, and keys will be distributed only to people we think qualify as experienced but non-serious cavers. In addition, the gate will be equipped with a time latch, to prevent exit except after a four hour waiting period. This feature is intended to discourage investigators interested in seeing only the laminated clay fill, exposed in the trench beyond the Entrance Room. The time latch should also cut down on unnecessary trips back to the Jumping Off Place to throw tin cans down the Grand Rappel.

Understand that our intention is not to cause any inconvenience to the experienced sportsman, but merely to curtail scientific projects which may tend to be annoying. Schoolhouse Cave is uniquely designed to provide all manner of variety and entertainment for climbers, and should be contemplated with a gracious awe, not scrutinized and picked over by men who are unable to appreciate the total splendor of its chambers. We will not have passages cluttered with thermometers, nor the pools stained with fluorescein.

The main wall will be set back about four feet from the arch, so that it will in no way interfere with rappel and prusik practice over the entrance. At this point the arch is about 40 ft wide and 15 ft high. With enthusiastic support the project might be completed (sic) by the first of April.

In May we'll start looking for a cork big enough to fit Hellhole. We want our Grotto to keep up with the others in the race to plug cave entrances.

The JUG BAND can be continued throughout the summer, although many of our star performers will be out of town. Don't give up kids-we may still make the Grand Ole Opry!

Canoeing seems to have become a rage this spring and muchos trips have been made up the Canal and the Potomac River. Perhaps next year we can have a few movies & a speaker.

I think I missed a few trips which were not duly reported. It seems Tom Pearce lost his glasses while traveling down the road in the back of a pick-up truck somewhere in Virginia. Tom, can't you do something about those glasses????!!!

The Kathie Engler doll. Wind her up and she has a barbecue.

Thus, BARBECUE AT KATHIE'S HOUSE, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1964 by Paul Mallary '62

This being my first trip with the club as a whole, I figured I had better be on time. Sat. morning, 10 am, John and I were there in the Student Union lot. Over the next hour or so about 20 or so more arrived, so I was a little relieved. Barbie brought some delicious fruit yogurt for those who had neglected breakfast. (jummy stuff-ed.)

By 11:30 am, most of us had gotten on the road for a fairly uneventfull trip. After arriving, a suggestion was soon made that we all have lunch. Many strange and exotic things appeared, including a bottle of raisin juice (fermented) and a bag of something covered all over with a thick layer of fruit yogurt. When our stomachs had settled, we finished lunch & immediately followed a suggestion to go climbing.

Kathie and her sister, Ann, directed us to Rocks State Park. We went up a rock that jutted out from the hillside and offered about a 60 ft. rappel. Two ropes were rigged and several trips were made down. I made my first rappel accompanied by much good advice. Next time I plan to bring a few more articles of clothing. After an hour or so there, Annie and 6 others headed across the valley to the rock face on the other side where they had a good view of the others and were able to do some climbing (!).

About 5:30 we returned to Kathie's. Upon arriving we were allowed an opportunity to evaluate a certain new black motorcycle in front of the candid camera, perched high in a tree. 10 points for that. The barbecue was fabulous, thanks to Kathie and her family. Plenty of hamburger and other goodies, including a beautiful cake, were rapidly devoured by the greedy Trail Clubbers.

About sunset a rough game of snag the flag commenced. After it got so dark, you couldn't see the flag, the game terminated and survivors straggled off the field and down to a large bonfire in the orchard, where camp was to be made for the night. After singing folk songs & drinking iced tea, & while Harry & Linda put on the late late show, everyone else prepared for bed. Almost everyone--about 3 am a scouting party had returned and reported a big beastie had escaped from the pasture and was a threat to the community. No sleep was lost; as it turned out the creature spent the night in the barn with John. (ED.-- having to be disagreeable, I wish to point out from very reliable sources that the beasties sleep in the lower part of the barn and not in the portion where with John was) As the sun rose, accompanied by the popping of camera shutters, TRCers arose and staggered around looking for shoelaces, etc.

After a portrait of Linda was obtained (3 tries--what a waste of film) most members wandered off to eat breakfast, drive home, or do more rock climbing. By noon most of the cars had left, except for a hard core of peeps who stayed to play with the Frisbes. After that was a short trip back to Rocks to look at the tourists and munch on lunch and then back to campus.

ATTENDED BY NONE OTHER THAN: - - - - -

Gheryl Howard	Joe Tonkin	Peter Grant	Tom Pearce
Adela Brodmarkel	Linda Hobbs	Barbara Lauster	Jim McElroy
Charlie Johnston	Harry Stacy	Kay Lauster	Anne Braithwaite
Rich Klunberg	John Reich	Peter Stollier	Dennis Phillips
Kathy Maine	Buzz Jones	Becky ?	Mardon Morgan
Bob Pearson			

CONGRATS and best wishes to our graduates: Annie, Buzz, Jim Fox, Rick, and Paul Gerhard.

The Charlie Johnston doll. Wind him up and he sits in a tree watching people look at his brandnew motorcycle.

The Barbara Lauster doll. Wind her up and she offers others prune yogurt. Slurp!

Linda, Paul M. & John will be camp counselors this summer. Have fun! Be good!!!

THE SQUASH OF WATER IN ONE'S SHOES - jff

Lemon wylor's is good.

NEWS FLASH!!!! Phillips News Bureau-May, 1964. A hornet has been reported to be building a nest in a second-floor room of Cambridge Hall. Hornets of this type prefer topographic maps and TTC newsletters (rather than TTC constitutions) as building materials. Rumor has it, that if properly trained, one hornet, possibly with the help of a second, can be told to do your laundry.



HIKING THE APPLACHIAN TRAIL IN MARYLAND april 4, 1964

Purpose of trip: to take slides of historic points on the AT in Maryland for a class studying the history of Md. Original plan was to hike the whole trail, but somehow didn't get to it.

At 6 AM, Adele, Jim Mc. and myself got up and finally left Paul Gerhard's house where we had spent the night after a contest among a fermented group the night before. Paul Mallary was at the student union ~~when~~ when we arrived, so we boarded and drove off. Brief stop at the Stacy household to get Adele's hiking boots which she had conveniently left in Harry's car the night before. Trunk locked. 7 AM-should we waken them? Anne has bright idea (UT-OH). She opened the ~~cellar~~ celler door and tried to wake up Jim who sleeps in the basement. Unsuccessful. Once more-Jim, Jim, wake up, Jim. Jiiiiimmm; Stacy; Jim. Uhhhhhhhh. Jim, wake up. Oh, hi Anne. Jim, can you get ~~the~~ Harry's keys so I can get Adele's boots out of the car. Huhhhhh???? I repeat. How did you get in here? The door. Oh, what do you want? Repeat. OK, but get out of here. OK. Poor Jim; we got the boots. Brief stop in Rockville for breakfast.

To Alt. 40 and points west. Stopped on South Mtn. to take pictures of the tavern and historic Dahlgren Chapel (built by widow of Admiral Dahlgren, inventor of Dahlgren gun used in battle of Merrimack vs. Monitor). Parked at Washington Monument State Park and hiked up to monument (built in 1827 in a single day of native rock by good folk of Boonsboro). Our hike took us thru sorta dense woodland, past a terrible, miserable DUMP (had everything, even a kitchen sink) near Rt. 40. Stopped at Pine Knob Shelter for lunch. Adele changed her boots. . . .

Onward and upward to Black Rock. WOW; what a view! We messed around there taking pictures and eating ice. Then back to car - 7 miles. We rested at Pine Knob. Jim's heel came off. Onward; rest at power line. Jim banged his heel on. To the monument-one more hill to climb. "Wait," said Jim, "I don't think I have my heel." Climbed the monument-beautiful view. Back to car and campus.

Great trip - nice weather, good scenery and wonderful friends.

By Anne Braithwaite, '64 (Sniff..)

The best time to visit Glacier Natl. Park is in the late season when there are clear skies, sparser crowds, the lush, colorful maturity of fall, cold nites & recurrent rains. - several are going in Sept. - driver needed. + or -

The Linda Hobbs doll. Wind her up and she puts the white flag under the white jacket.

Several 50 mile hikes were made the weekend of May 30th. Linda 'n' Harry started at Glen Echo at 5 AM and w/ the help of Jim Stacy, Rick, SaraAnne Bailey & Bill Taylor completed 50 miles at 11:30 PM of Sat. John, Fox, & Jim Mc. started at 10:10 PM from the railroad bridge at Harper's Ferry and John COMPLETED the hike to Glen Echo at about 3 PM Sunday (hiked all night).

Tom Pearce plans a trip (3 weeks) to Colorado, etc. this summer. He needs more company so all interested people are required to contact him.

The Jim Fox and Jim McElroy dolls. Wind them up, and they poop out at the not-quite 25 mile point of a 50 mile hike. What happened, Fox?



A Very Important Notice Which Should Be Noted by all:

Three sheep died recently in the vicinity of Butler Cave, where carbide had been dumped carelessly. Carbide residue contains traces of arsenic which may or may not have been a cause. At any rate, sheep have a GREAT LOVE for carbide residue which resembles the salt which the farmers put out for them.

Cavers find it undesirable to incur the Wrath of Local inhabitants. Remember, a careless slip will bring it down on yourself as well as 10,000+ cavers!

— BEWARE —

Cavers should show respect to all owners and care when dumping spent carbide. If in question as to where, ASK.

← ODE TO JOHN

You are a fathead,
You paint your nose red,
And your ears are made of bat-leather
And they flap in windy weather.

THE PLEASURE OF "WALKING OUT" OF A RALEIGH STORM - JFF

Anne Braithwaite has recently published a paper (30 pgs. w/ maps and colored photograph/s) entitled "A review of commercialized caves and potentially commercial caves in Virginia and West Virginia."

Ode to I-stach
Butt & Wiers's makes you stand under a tree in the rain in Maine!
Butt & Wiers's is better
Butt & Wiers's is good

4th Canoe Trip '66

Attended by: Paul Mallary Harry Stacy
 Cheryl Howard John Reich
 Linda Hobbs Rich Blumberg

To rent canoes-
495-right to Dranesville,
193-straight past yellow
flashing light-follow
red and white signs.

After finding out that the canoe-renter will not let people take three canoes down the road on top of one dog with no canoe rack whatsoever, we took off across the Potomac to the C&O Canal. We took off up the canal and an undeclared race began between John & Rich and Linda & Harry. The second canoe (good one) was just Walking away from the first (evil one) canoe. But at the crucial moment the Devil must have gone to the aid of the evil canoe, because the towpath moved into the path of the good canoe. The result was that Linda and Harry went flying into the canal, much to the glee of the occupants of the evil canoe. But the evil ones were repaid at the next lock - John was tossed into the canal by Linda & Harry. Linda, Harry, Cheryl, Paul & Rich followed in fairly quick succession.... We got to Seneca Lake somehow. Just then the inevitable rain came up - but this time it was enjoyed greatly by everyone. The good canoe triumphed over the evil canoe at Seneca Dam, at which place the evil canoe ended up on two rocks - high and dry? They had to get out of the canoe to get it off-slobs. After skirmishing among the islands for awhile, we suddenly realized that we were in front of Weant's Canoe Joint.

By Harry Stacy '67

Fieldhouse: February 28, 29-March 1, 1964

Undaunted by Friday's snowy foreboding of March's typically "lion-like" commencement, Marion, Dennis, Rick Banning, and Jim McElroy had all but attained the critical angle for beetles on ice, when they were rescued by Jerry-deus ex machina-Wettles and his new "Wagoneer." Though this beetle might easily have disenchanted an aspiring entomologist, it was just the thing for Judy Spring Road. Its light weight was just right for lifting out of the snow drifts every time it spun off of the road. Arriving at the Fieldhouse about 5:00 AM Saturday, the group hurried off to bed before the sun could appear for their further disillusionment.

Up at 11:00, the group sought out and eventually found Fieldhouse Cave, thus initiating one of the duller parts of the trip. With Fieldhouse Cave* finished in 9 hours, the superambitious group headed off into the darkness toward Sinit Cave. Being very low on gas, the beetle (Renault) raced off to Franklin to try to get there before it ran out. After drifting four cold, tense miles down North Fork Mountain, the beetle pulled up confidently into a Franklin service station where the much-relieved occupants had a brief supper. The warm dry air of Sinit was a relief from the caves coming in out of two feet of snow and 268K° weather. The muffled sound of folk music and the stench of fermentation products revealed that Kay Lauster, Royal Hutchinson, and a few PSCers were still celebrating in the Big Room as the intruders ascended the Silo 2:30 AM Sunday. After Marion, Rick & Jim were duly introduced to the Big Room, the group headed back out, leaving the original inhabitants there to sleep the night (or was it morning?) After eating breakfast and washing oodles of dishes, the group left around 4:00 Sunday afternoon, going out by way of Cave School and stopping at "Jumping Off Place". Safely tucked under sleeping bags and whatever other gear would not fit in the trunk, the four cavers returned to Washington about 10:00 after a somewhat more than uneventful trip.

submitted, 019560 Dennis Phillips '65

1 yellow-eyed beetle = 1 top-Renault owned by The Great Fathead's roommate (next year)!

Bill Brady
Bill Taylor
Marilyn Thomas

Barry Chate
Eamz Jones
John Reich

Alan Taylor
Kathy Maine
OTHERS????

Ten Pearce
Cheryl Howard

Everyone met on the Mall and descended beneath the grate. After confusing a few couples on the Mall, with our disappearing act, we got down to serious crawling. After the usual session through the pipe, we reached "God-send rest" where Barry and Kathy discovered a second passage. With a bit of urging the daring Horsey Trot and the Stewart Senator decided to explore it. It turned out to be approx. 2,500 crawl-long and went from the side of the Main Administration Bldg. to the front of same. It is an excellent practice for tight crawlways being only 18" wide and collapsing. It has been reported that several people took a swim in the stream and others partook of liquids under the p.s. Also, some of the participants aided in frightening a couple of old ladies at the Dairy by their appearance - quite unintentionally of course.

The Rich Blumberg doll. Wind him up and he reads Winnie-the-Pooh.
The Joe Tonkii doll. Wind him up and he snaps shutters.
The Kathy Maine doll. Wind her up and she buzzzzzzzzzzes.



Requisites For Canoeing *

1. strong legs - to get CANOE OFF ② -
2. ONESUCKER - for company
3. MOST IMPORTANT - A BIG MOUTH



* from John Reich
escapades, eyewitness
Harry Stacy.

KEEP ON THE LOOKOUT FOR WYLER'S DRINKS (CHERRY, STRAWBERRY, LEMON, GRAPE, ORANGE). IT COMES IN POWDERED FORM AND IS GREAT FOR CAMPING TRIPS. Yummy in the tummy!!!

Italian food with that smoky camp fire flavor - JRF

Bill Taylor, Kay Taylor & Jim Stacy will be touring England and the Continent this summer by motorcycle. They will be gone about 90 days and are flying to London on June 12th. Best to ya and have the time of your lives!

Wylers - - - -

Dennis Phillips
Marion Morgan
Rich Blumberg
Paul Mallary

Bob Taft
John Reich
Barbara Lauster
Jim McIlroy

Harry Stacy
Bill Taylor
Anne Braithwaite
Tom Pearce

Charlie Johnston
Marshall Klein
Allen Lord
Rick Banning

Friday, at the unheard hour of 3:10 PM (for departing) excited Bob, kind, wonderful John, sleepy, but more or less happy Jim, on-top-of-the-world, gleeful Annie, and also on-top-of-the-world Rich left camp bound for Aqua Cave Campground located by gosh, in Highland Co., Va. We arrived in good spirits and while Bob & Jim built some glowing embers, Rich with Anne's help constructed a beautiful stone cairn on old to put the red-arrow sign directing the other 2 cars to the campground. The rest and about 2 hrs. after which must indicate that leaving early doesn't really make much difference.

In the morning, preparations were made for caving. Entering the cave was interesting; Tom rigged a rope for those of us who are not agile climbers and need the safety of a rappel (climbable 30 feet). In the cave, the 16 of us split up: John, Mar Barbie, & Rick set out immediately for Penn State Lake with plans to survey the area beyond the already existing 29 on the other side of the lake. Enroute they managed to mis the "straight and narrow" route and got off into a small maze area. In this area Jim lost his food, etc., while Rick lost his knife. Luckily fate led a second group into the same area and they found the lost items.

My group-Harry, Bill & Senator Panda were off to an interesting start. Crossing the pit by the left-wall route, we went straight instead of taking the crawlway to the left. In trying to find access to the stream, we went down & down & down (this really isn't the right way) & found lots of places where we could see a stream, but couldn't get to it. Then Bounding Harry found the easiest way. A serpentine passage with a stream on the floor. STOP. Humming-great resonance. Turn around-go back. Bounding Harry went fast. I tried to go fast. I slipped. WHOOOSH! Harry yelled "What fell in?" Water cascaded down upon Tom as he yelled, "What happened?" Bill pulled me out. All wet; but I was all dry, sorta, 7 hours later. We met Charlie, Marshall, & Bob they went down the passage & Marshall found a new entrance to the Bean Room. From there those 3 joined Dennis, Rich, Marion, Paul & Allen and spent the next 6 or so hours trying to find the sleeping room.

Meanwhile, we found the sleeping room and after a rest went downstream. Intending to go towards Marlboro Country, we found that water covered the bottom of the main passage, and finding no suitable route around it, we started upstream. On the way, we stopped for lunch; then Tom & I joined Bill & Harry in building a system of roads and tunnels in sand. After completing construction, it was bombed & left in total destruction.

At the sleeping room I drew a map in the sand to show where we were in relation to the rest of the cave. I also wrung out my squishy socks. To Penn State Lake. While actually realizing it, we passed under Natural Bridge, somehow got on top of it and wandered into Huntley's Maze. Bounding Harry checked out lots of passages while the rest of us trailed behind. Then Harry yelled, "Whose bag is this?" I took a look: "I say, that's Jim's. This must be the way." "Well, Anne, I don't know - I've already checked out several dead ends." "Onward." Then Bill said, "Look, here's a knife. It looks as though it's been here for a week or so. I'll take it along." Several more dead ends later, we decided to retrace our steps. At the Bridge. "Well, gee, we're on it." We went down. Two more tries. Then we found the way, only to get off into another side passage which was rather pretty with white crystals all over the floor. WE FOUND PENN STATE LAKE, several crawlways and ruddy slopes later. At the lake, we slid down to the edge and the boys commented that it did not look as though anyone had been through. We wondered about John's mopping tear

We slithered back up and rested on some blackish round stones above the lake. Harry thought we should leave a note for Jim telling him that we had found his food bag. Taking a paper towel from Jim's bag, Harry wrote: "YOUR GUYS IS ALL HERE. LOVE ANNE. BREAKFAST WILL BE SERVED AT 10:00." Also a bit about the bag and then the paper was carefully spread on a big, black rock. Back to the sleeping room. Next stop

Harry says, "Who has jims bag?" No one. "You'd better go back, Harry" ME, I carried it all the time!! "Well, you left it there" "Go on, Harry, we'll wait for you!" Thus persuaded, Harry bounded off, yelling loudly (to scare the terrible red dragon). On the way back, we had a King-on-the-Mtn. fight. Tom and I were Kings for most of the time & when Harry & Bill tried a charge, Harry received a mouthful of dirt. BONZI!!

After being pulled out of the entrance, I noticed we were the "nd group out. With Tom out, Dennis, Marion, Rich & Paul left for home, while Harry & Co. went to the camp-ground, leaving Bob & I to wait for the mapping crew. After turning the car around, we went to bed. At 3 AM I awoke, saw a light on the hillside, & hollered up. (There is something thrilling about a light far away when one is waiting for someone(s)). It was John. I fixed stew for them. John was down first; boy, was he tired! He was warm and fed by the time the others came down. We had to go back to the campground as there was no sleeping bag for Rick, so after the other three were fed, we started back. Got there at 6. Tired, exhausted 4 went to sleep. Bob & I hung up their wet cloths. We had breakfast, and then woke up Bill & Harry who promptly went back to sleep. About 9 I went across the river to bark at Marshall & Charlie. Bob, and later Bill, wandered up to Marshall Cave. About 11 am everyone was moving around. We left by 12; our car stopped at a shale cliff with nodules in it to take samples and pictures. Stopping by a blossomed apple orchard, on a John Reich short cut passed Flint Hill, we had a pleasant break.

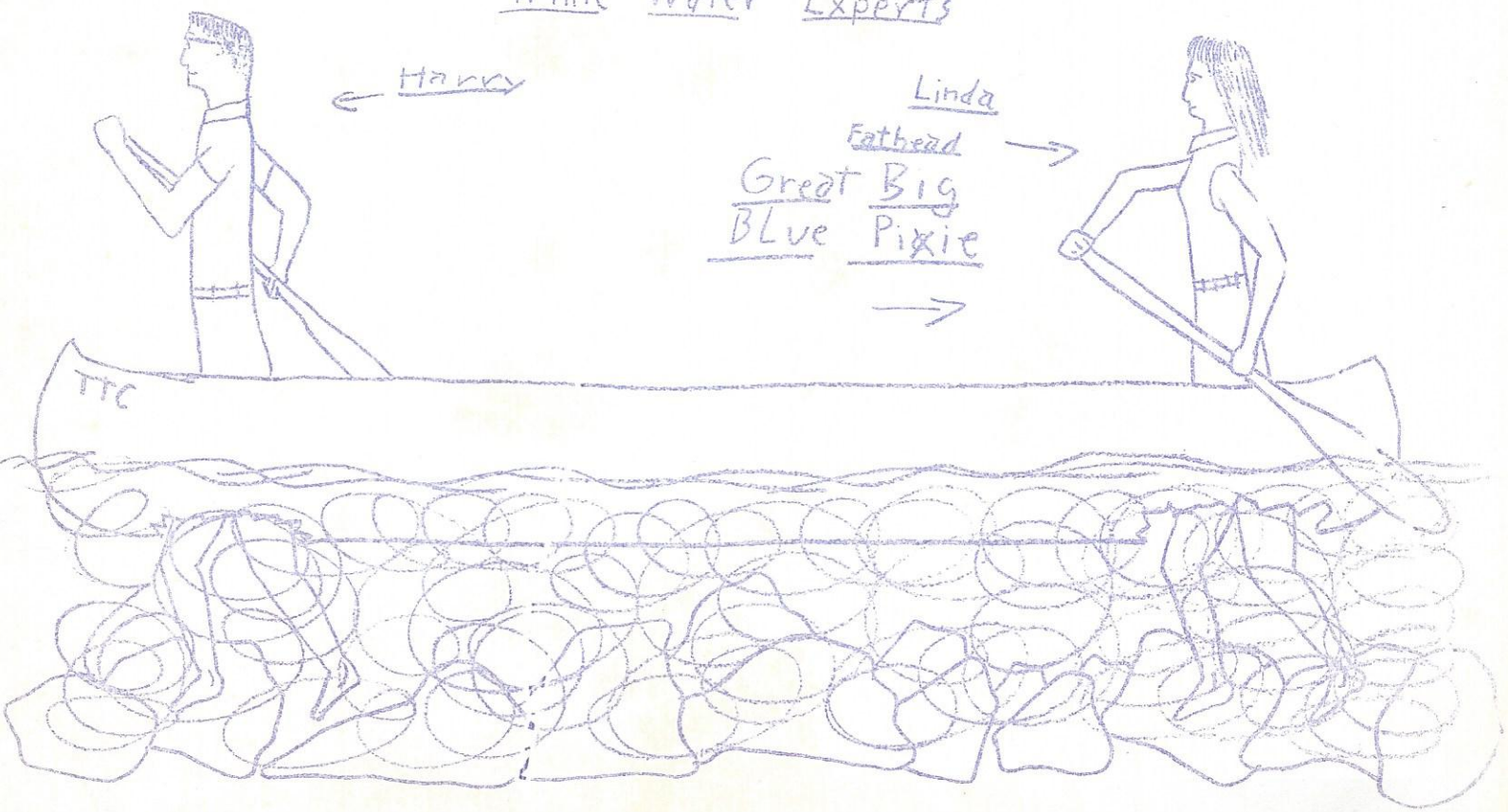
Boy, what a neat trip! Let's do it again!

By Anne Braithwaite '64

FUTURE TRIPS: for the summer, that is!

1. Cave Hollow- June 6,7. Leave Sat. at 12:30 from Computer Science Center parking lot. Individual food. Contact Anne if interested. Ext. 7273.
2. World's Fair (at least Twice), staying at home of Barry Chute (in NJ); first trip will be June 12-14. Contact Anne if interested, or Tom Pearce.
3. Hiking AT from Md.-Pa. line through Shenandoah Natl. Park, either one trip or in short stretches. Hike through Md. (39.14 miles) will be at once. Again, contact Anne.
4. Caving near the Fieldhouse. Any time. You name it.

White Water Experts



TYROLEAN TRAVERSE CLIMBING TRIP* GARDEROCK, MARYLAND in which Jim Fox, Barry Chute, Jim McElroy, Rick Banning, Bill Brady, Adele Brodmerkle & I participated.

Hmmm. I say, the canal is full. Oh boy, let's do a traverse. Rick took the rope across and tied one end to a tree. Canal bottom is icky, squishy. Fox tied the rope high on our side. Barry went first - to test. Stretched the rope a wee bit, but strong enough. Next, and then we were all across.

Climbing: Beginners Crack, Rommy's Leap, Nubbih Face & Oscar Tree. Neat telephone pole direct climbing aids now installed in tree. Very Nice. Fox and Barry started a team climb. Back to canal. Me first. BOY, I may not know FAST, but I sure know slow and boy, was I SLOW. Eventually all were across and packed up. Stopped at Touey's for "lunch!"
Anne Braithwaite '64

The John Reich doll: Wind him up and he runs around crying "Mass Wasting!"

On 15 May, four PSC members, Tom Pearce, Dave Harvey, Dick Sanford, and what-his-face set forth to locate what was reputed to be the second highest falls in West Virginia. After referring to the local authorities (one postmistress and two kids), we determined that the falls must be on the Cheat River 2-3 miles south of some god-forsaken town the name of which, I've forgotten.

With a fifth member from Norfolk, we set forth in Dave Harvey's Land Rover on a logging road in the general direction of the falls. After several miles and digging out 3 times, we finally ended up (we found out later) about one mile from where we started. After following the railroad tracks for several miles (2), we ran across the falls (Imagine that, -did you get wet!). The forty feet reported, turned out to be 15, but it did handle a lot of water. I went swimming below the falls. We camped below the falls (Kinda wet, wasn't it?), and returned the next day, without further event.

Tom Pearce '67

Oh well, anyhow (1958- ?)

THE PLEASURE OF WALKING BAREFOOT OVER GRAVEL * j.f.f. AT63

Butler Cave Mapping- 2nd trip, May 9-10, 1964

Left at 7pm, Friday from the Student union with John Reich, Paul Mallary, Harry Stacy, and Cheryl Howard. The night was spent below the cave. We arose early, ate breakfast and entered the cave. Made it beyond Penn State Lake in about 2 hours. Mapped approx. 400 to 500 feet. Stopped surveying and went exploring, finding an area that really should be mapped. Decided we need a whole new trip to do it. Area is rectangular passages; narrow-walking type; height: approx. 50-60ft.; widens at top. Area is almost virgin with many crystals. Total time in cave about 12 hours. Leaving cave, we went to aqua cave campground to sleep and left the next day for a ~~XXXX~~ leisurely trip home.
John Reich '66

The Harry Stacy doll: Wind him up and he turns into a great big dog.

Best wishes to Paul Gerhard as he sells Fuller Brushes this summer and goes to Berkeley in the fall for graduate work. Happy skiing!!

Forgive, Oh Lord, my little jokes on Thee
And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me,
Robert Frost

" You may have to put your hat on to keep your feet warm."
Gerry Cunningham

