



TERRAPIN TRAILS



University of Maryland

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A few changes were made in this issue of Terrapin Trails, the most radical of which is the lack of chronological order in the sequence of trip reports. This order was omitted in the interest of simplicity, and in the belief that, ultimately, the purpose of the paper is to provide club members with information regarding the location, extent, nature, etc. of the various places visited during the preceding semester. No orderly sequence of reports was followed; combinations of reports were chosen which just happened to fill one or more complete pages. Under this system printing of individual pages can proceed immediately as reports become available throughout the semester.

One more tradition still strictly adhered to: the cartoon appearing on this page was plagiarized - (I think it came from the Boy Scouts).

The story of a whole semester of activity can never be fully represented in a series of trip reports. Missing this semester are the stories of rappelling on the Math building and Cambridge A, and of nights spent on the mall and around campus. Even the reported trips must suffer some by being cut for the paper, but our most sincere thanks go to Sidney Smith for making it possible for the newsletter committee to leave most reports uncut.

- Dennis Phillips, Editor

Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright. - Ben Franklin

Sexton Cabin Trip 9/21-23/62

After meeting at 1 lot at 7:30 Friday evening, Marilyn Pierce, Walt Winant, Inga Stellmacher, Anne Braithwaite, Jim Fox, Dick Sanford, Jim Stacy and Bill Taylor proceeded to Sexton Cabin on Shenandoah Mountain. We hiked to the cabin that night, arriving there at 2:45 and were in bed by 3:30 A.M.

Stacy woke the group the next morning at 10:30 by yelling loudly. We had a breakfast of bacon and eggs, Fox fixing his and several others in the form of a burned omelot. After breakfast was finished, suggestions were made as to whom would have the honor of doing the dishes. Due to a democratic vote of 5-3, it was decided that the three girls would do the dishes. Walt was left to supervise the dishwashing, while the other 5 went off to meet Sue Young, Annalise VanRoyen, Tom Pearce, and Dennis Phillips who had come from College Park that morning and were bringing a surprise cake for Walt.

After a quick lunch, 6 of us left for the traditional 12 mile circuit hike which goes northeast along the ridge and turns south up Hardscrabble Knob and then down to the Ramsey Draft fireroad to Jerry Run which takes one back to the cabin. Dennis and Inga decided not to go, but to take a shorter hike in the vicinity of the cabin. Marilyn and Annalise wandered around the immediately vicinity. The circuit hike was very enjoyable, taking five hours to complete. Upon returning at 7:00, we learned that Dennis and Inga had not returned, so we decided to eat dinner, hoping they would return then. We had sloppy joes and string beans, prepared by Anne and Sue.

After dinner, Dennis and Inga had still not returned, so elaborate plans were made for a search. It took more than an hour to split our party into groups, and to brief each group as to what it was expected to do. Finally, however, three groups took off to search along the known trails, meet at a planned spot, and then to contact the police if necessary. Luckily, the pair was found in 20 minutes sitting in the trail, preparing to spend the night in the drizzling rain, because travel had become impossible. After everyone had returned to the cabin, Sue brought out the cake and cider. Walt was properly surprised and even wondered how it had been brought in without him noticing. After the cake had been eaten, everyone seemed to occupy himself in some manner until bedtime. Dennis slept outside in the rain.

At the early hour of 8 A.M., Anne was awakened by someone yelling, "Get up, you lazy people!" She was astonished to see Elaine and Lynn Pipher standing on the threshold. There was much tossing of people out of bed, several people helped and then got back in their sleeping bags, much to the disgust of people like Walt, who promptly tossed them out. Breakfast was an individual affair of pancakes, each person making their own. While Annalise and Inga did the dishes, everyone relaxed. Walt was putting on his socks when someone from below tickled his feet; this person got a woolly blanket in their face, thereby starting a blanket-throwing game. Tom and Dick on the opposite top bunk threw blankets back and forth to Bill, Stacy, and Walt. Blankets were all over the place. Finally, it was stopped and Tom, Bill, and Stacy were punished by being forced to fold all the blankets neatly. We then cleaned the cabin, packed up, and hiked to the cars.

It was on this trip that several more Trial Clubbers were named: Marilyn-Grouse, Inga-Snipe, Dennis-Gullywumper, Dick-Cave Rat, and Stacy-Rary. Those that are already named include: Walt-Walrus, Tom-Panda, Elaine and Lynn-the Badgers, Anne-Gremlin, Jim Fox-Fox, Sue-Shipmunk, and Bill-Bull.

The cost of the food was \$1.06 per person, plus about \$1.25 for gas.

Submitted by
Anne Braithwaite

Rock Climbing - September 30, 1962

A climbing trip was made by several members which included Judy Rogers, Anne Braithwaite, Bill Taylor, Jim Stacy, and Jim Fox to the Maryland side downstream from Great Falls. To get there, one drives to the national park and hikes down the towpath past the path taking tourists to the falls proper. There are several paths going down to the river beyond this point, any of which is fine. The place where we climbed is on an island, the connection to the mainland being usually submerged, but due to the dry summer was above water level.

Once on the rocks, Jim Fox rigged a 25' drop which we all rappelled down. The rock is quite smooth with practically no hand or footholds, but Judy was game and after much struggling made it to the top. Jim Fox was next, and due to his vibram-soled Fodybear boots, made quick work of the climb. He was followed by Stacy, Anne, and Bill. From there, we went to a higher outcrop and 2 ropes were rigged. The first started in an inconvenient growth of shrub. Anne was first, so that Stacy could observe her mistakes and thereby benefit. However, a wasps' nest blocked her ascent and finding no other way to the top, she climbed back down. Stacy and Bill followed, in turn, each being forced to return due to the nasty nest. Jim Fox, however, with his climber's instinct, found a route unseen by the rest and climbed the 50' with ease, in one place hanging only by 2 fingers. While the Trail Club's chief Photographer (that's me!) ran about taking pictures and Bill read aloud the last chapter of The Ugly American to Stacy as he rappelled, Judy and Jim completed another climb.

After a quick lunch, we headed for the car and returned to campus about 3 PM.

By Anne Braithwaite

Rogers Belmont Caving Trip

On October 20th a group including some members of the TTC took a trip to said cave located near Front Royal, Virginia. Those present on the trip assembled on 1 Lot at 7 AM including Paul and Bob Gerhard, Bill Taylor, John Gillespie, Barbara Lauster & sister Kay, Dick Sanford, Dennis Phillips and John Reich. The group left shortly after 7 in the famed Microbus. About 10:30 the group entered the cave, after 3 hours of travel, and descended part of the way by the use of a ladder. Once in the cave, the group became very spread out. They partially re-grouped by a long mud slide, where they amused themselves by sliding down the muddy embankment. They group then went on to the back of the cave, where they amused themselves by sitting around singing a song about little old ladies and listening to the echoes. On the way back to the entrance various passages were explored in hopes of finding a new route to the surface. However, no such route was found. And as a consequence of this exploration, the group became very spread out again. Paul was the last of the group to leave the cave, thus he locked the gate (SPIDER) over the entrance. The gate is shaped like a large Black Widow Spider on a web. Back at the bus everyone sat around relaxing before starting back. On the way back, 35¢ per person was collected for gas. By the time we arrived back on campus it was after dark. Just to prove that no one was really tired, everyone, except Barbara and Kay, did 25 push-ups before going home. This cave is found on the Front Royal Quadrangle, Va.

By John Reich

MOLER'S CAVE, October 6, 1962

This is a beginner's story. At least for Sharon Dodds and me-- Barbara Lauster--it is. The weekend of Oct. 6 was our first cave. We went with Dennis Phillips, an old Trail Club man, and Bob Beck and Mike Levie, two old cave men. We started out Sat. morning not knowing where we were going, and stopped at all sorts of places in Hagerstown to collect equipment. Boy! was I lost. So I couldn't possibly give directions on how to get to Moler's Cave. There must be easier ways. We were going to several beginner's caves, Moler's was our first. The boys planned to take us down to the water level. We would be back in an hour. We were in that muddy cave for six hours! No water. We slid down muddy banks,--Sharon almost lost her hat--wandered through keyhole passages, chimneyed a few Higher passages,--Sharon almost lost her hat, crawled through a ten-minute passageway that took an hour and a half. Our Adventurous Spirit, (Dennis), explored for us. He followed a muddy hole, found water, forged Onward, and started a new stream passage--running in his left arm-hole and out his right pantleg. At the end of our Ten-minute passageway we found a steep mud bank. Sensible Bob stayed with us while Mike went speeding up the bank--much more speedily slid down--searching for an opening. He finally yelled down to us that there was a dead end. Dennis immediately had to see it. But not sensible Bob. We three sat and waited, practiced changing carbide, and stared at what is probably the only active limestone formation in the cave not conquered by mud. Speedy Mike reappeared, several layers thicker and a lot browner than I'd remembered him. It was quiet. "Hey, there's something in here."-(Dennis). "What? Living?"-(Sensible Bob). "A little worm or something."-(Dennis). "About an inch long?"-(Sensible Bob). "No, about an eighth of an inch."-(Dennis). "Hold on, I'm coming up!"-----Oh well. So we had three brown boys. And two specimens we hadn't started out with.

Now we started back. I could be first sometimes because Sharon and I were becoming somewhat "proficient." We learned one thing especially: there was one very tricky spot that everyone but our Adventurous Spirit had trouble getting across; we all made it--but Sharon lost her hat; with a little manouvering Bob got it back and found an easier way up (is it really better late than never?). Conclusion: get a hat that fits.

Leaving the cave was a lot shorter and a lot longer than I had remembered. We seemed to speed past landmarks. But I was positive we hadn't chimneyed so much on the way in--though for the next week my back seemed to contradict me--and although more seemed familiar than I had remembered, even more was unfamiliar. We scrambled up the last muddy bank and left the cave in a rather exhausted condition with only two lights still burning--Bob's electric (in Bob's point of view a very important fact) and mine--Speedy Mike bringing up the rear.

Our next project was eating and sleeping. I discovered an odd trait in this club. We don't always pack lunches or cook our own food. No We eat in restaurants. This is the first "trail" trip I've taken on which I've had fried chicken one night and roast pork the next. I like it. We got to Old Rag somewhere between dusk and dawn and had a wonderful night's sleep, then joined the rest of the club for a hike Upward.

by Barbara Lauster

(Having found ample space--I hope it's ample--the editor here takes advantage of an old prerogative of such impulsive people, the insertion of "editor's notes" here referred to as "stupid remarks.")

- THUSLY: 1)the reference to "cave men" was not intended as you read it.
2)Moler's Cave is a few miles north of Harper's Ferry---but I was lost too.
3)Bob's electric light was very dim.)

Old Rag Mountain

On October 7, at 7:00, about 20 Trail Clubbers, more or less, met at 1 lot for the traditional hike up Old Rag Mountain located approx. 90 miles from the campus in Shenandoah National Park, Va. Among the older members attending were Dick Sanford, Jim Fox, Marilyn Pierce, Judy Rogers, Annalise VanRoxen, Irene Stellmacher, Eberhard Kiehlmann, Anne Braithwaite, Mary Martin, and Paul and Bob Gerhard. Also along were numerous prospective members - Betty Ammerman, Evelyn Stone, Ken McLeod, Bernie Lierbermann, Barry Chute, Roy Sadler, John Prettyman, Ed Montford, Bob Dodson, and John Reich. We all got underway in 4 cars by 7:25, leaving, accidentally, 5 minutes before Dr. Yaney, our chaperone, arrived. The trip to the base of the mountain was uneventful except for losing Ken's car, but he found us before we started hiking. At the commencement of the fireroad west of Nethers, we were fortunate to meet Jim Stacy and Bill Taylor, two old-standing members, who helpfully guided the cars to parking places further up the hill.

When everything was ready for the grand ascent, everyone took off in a rush. Our new recruits practically ran up the whole trail, causing one of them to break a jug of cider in his rush. Jim Fox's cider was more fortunate being first carried by Bob Gerhard, transferred later to Judy and carried alternately by Judy, Stacy and Annie to the top. These three became rather possessive of "their" cider upon reaching the final summit.

The day started out being sunny and warm, but toward noon it was quite cloudy and windy. This temporary condition passed over eventually and it was again sunny. It was also rather hazy which eliminated, for the most part, distance pictures.

Paul and Fox had their climbing gear along and made one piton climb. Paul went up first, pounding in pitons, hooking a snaplink through the eye, and then stringing the rope through the snaplink. He then belayed Fox from the top, as Fox took out each piton upon reaching it. Several novices did a bit of scrambling, while others relaxed among the alpine vegetation or ran off to investigate the remains of the old fire tower.

About 3 PM, the first group began a rapid descent, stopping at Byrd Shelter to wait for more conservative people to catch up. At the shelter, a snake was observed scaling the chimney and we admired his technique and skill. Bob Dodson, upon arriving at the shelter, informed us it was a King snake. When it began to grow crowded in the vicinity of the shelter, some of us headed downward again. Upon reaching the bottom, we stretched out on the ground. Several of the more vigorous persons - Bob Gerhard, Jim Fox, Paul Gerhard - had run down by way of the overgrown old trail, but to prove they were not at all exhausted, they began doing push-ups with Paul's pack on their backs.

On the way home we became a part of a long line of cars, perhaps 5 or more miles in length due to the Warrenton intersection. Upon passing a battered pink and turquoise, Virginia-tagged car, Fox exclaimed, "That looks like Jerry's car!" We stopped and discovered that Dick had also stopped, and we were pleased to see Jerry Nettles and Bill Blosser, from PSC. They invited the 11 of us to join them for "dinner". Soon, another group driven by Dennis Phillips stopped. As Jim was driving the "fast" car back to the University, we left first. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before the Warrenton intersection we were surprised to see a figure running down the road. It was Bob Gerhard, having run about 1 mile on his way to a snack in town.

The gas was paid by the passengers in individual cars and we all arrived home, happy, tired and a guilty feeling on the part of some, from not doing enough homework.

By Anne Braithwaite

Carderrock, October 14, 1962

At about 7:25 on the morning of Sunday, October 14, 1962, Anne Braithwaite, Jim Stacy, Bob Gerhard, Barbara Lauster, and Dennis Phillips left B lot with Jim Fox driving. A stop was made at Judy Roger's house where Anne joined Judy and Sidney Smith who drove to the rocks a few minutes later.

A few climbs were made on Beginner's crack and Nubbin Face. Paul Gerhard and Tom Pearce arrived independently at the rocks about this time. Then there was Jam Box. Paul made it. Any further comment on the struggles which took place here could get very long. At least we got plenty of practice falling and belaying.

Everyone got home somewhere between 3 and 5 o'clock.
Cost of trip: 6 to 12 hours of study time.

by Dennis Phillips

George Washington Cave-Dead Dog Cave, January 6, 1963

After a slight delay due to an attempt to help the Ski Club (in the person of Paul Gerhard) get started on its (his) trip to Skyline Ski area, Ann Schreitz (on her first cave trip) and Mike Levie left 9 lot about 7:30 on the morning of January 6, 1963, with Dennis Phillips driving.

The first stop was George Washington Cave. Directions received in Charlestown made finding the cave quite easy, and a copy of Davies made finding George Washington's signature likewise easy.

Then on to Middleway to knock over one more little one (Dead Dog Cave) before going on to the main objective of the trip, Jones Quarry Cave. Three stops on the way to Leetown each led to information as to where else to stop to ask for more information. The clue which ultimately cracked the mystery as to the location of Dead Dog Cave was obtained from a customer in a grocery store in Leetown. He told us that it was on the farm of Emerson Brown. From Mr. Brown we got directions to the cave, at least to within a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile radius of the entrance, a 2' hole in the ground. Any attempt to describe the location of the cave would be futile. The only reason that the three adventurers on this trip persevered in the search was that they already had two hours of wasted time behind them and they realized that if they failed this time they might never again return to Jefferson County (no great loss).

After about an hour or more of tromping around in the snow looking for a two-foot hole in the ground, we found ourselves in a flat karst valley. Deciding to check out some of the sink holes, we came upon an opening in the side of a low ridge which apparently receives much if not all of the drainage from the valley. It was subsequently found that this whole ridge is full of small passages like this one, one of which, on further examination proved to be the ever-so-elusive Dead Dog Cave. In the passage which appeared to drain the valley, Mike tried digging his way forward feet first through a debris-filled crawlway which led off the bottom of a pit. In another such passage, Dennis took a belay before trying to reach the bottom which proved to be about 3" below where he had reached without a belay. Anyway, Dead Dog Cave was found and explored by Ann and Dennis while Mike scrounged around on the surface. Turned back by a tight crawlway, the "adventurous spirit" wound up following Ann to the rest of the cave. It proved to be little more than a number of fissure passages connected by many small crawls. It was not worth the trip. The quarry trip was abandoned and the group returned to campus about 6:00 PM.

Price of the trip: \$1.00

Maps used: USGS Martinsburg quadrangle, ESSO 4-state.

by Dennis Phillips

On Friday about 7 P.M. Anne Braithwaite, Bill Taylor, Dick Sanford, John Reich, Jim Fox, and James Spears, DBK photographer, left in the honorable steed, Microbus, driven by Paul Gerhard for the area of Lewisburg, West Virginia. The purpose of the trip was to photograph cavers in action and take pictures of the formations in some of the more beautiful non-commercialized caves. The article was to be published in the magazine replacing the Old Line. In preparation for the 115 ft. drop into the cave, James had gotten permission for us to use Cole Fieldhouse on Thurs. for rappelling & prussiking practices. Ropes were rigged from the center catwalk and we rappelled with the use of carabiner seat slings and a chest safety.

Friday night was spent in a roadside park to the tune of 10° weather. In the morning, we decided to see Patton Cave, since we had heard that the Baltimore Grotto was to be in Grapevine on Saturday. We made ourselves known to the owner of Patton, who asked us to come in and sign a registry and asked us to let him know when we were out. Patton Cave is in a large sink, the entrance being reached by dropping down 50 ft. at a 35° angle. The passages are large sewer passages, relatively flat floor, and very little mud, except in the back where some of us more adventurous types found several crawlways. The cave is interesting and also has a few formations.

From here we went on to Lewisburg and thence to Grapevine. (For future reference, Mr. Lindsey is the owner and he appreciates being checked with.) We found that the Baltimore Grotto had not even gone in yet (5:30 PM), so we set up camp and had dinner. After dinner we fixed a large fire and Jim made a large pot of "Terrapin Tea", which was delicious and also hot, and we sat around the fire singing songs like the little old ladies, and Micheal, and John B. Sails and drinking our tea. About 10, we were fed up with this pasttime and went to bed. Several of our light sleepers were woken by cries of help! from the Balt. Grot., but otherwise the night was uneventful.

In the morning, we began to get ready for our descent. Ropes were tested and a pulley rigged above the hole, being suspended separately from 3 trees. One end was tied to the front bumper of Microbus, while the other end of the rope slid through a carabiner to 3 lopes comprising a seat sling. Jim was the first to descend to test the rig and see how it felt. Bill had brought along two handy-talkies, one of which Jim took down, while Bill held the other over the hole and talked to Jim. Upon discovering that he could not be heard when away from the hole, Jim suggested that we find a wire to let into the hole. This was done, it was found that one could be heard almost anywhere in the big room. All of us went in except Bill & Paul who stayed out to help us out & drive the bus, respectively. Those of us inside helped James take pictures, took pictures of our own, or explored the cave, as did the Cave Rat (dick). After Anne, Dick, & John had come up, Bill and Paul went down, with Dick driving the bus. The ride up and down was thrilling & a real joy, also rather easy since we had just to sit there and communicate our various wishes to those below, who would transmit to the top. Thus, one could go faster or slower depending on how much one liked being suspended at the end of a rope. We left the cave site about 6 PM, Sunday and stopped to thank Mr. Lindsey, at which time Jim remembered a hole in the fence and asked if it was supposed to be like that. Mr. Lindsey said no, so Jim & Paul went back to fix it.

About 9 PM, we stopped in Clifton Forge, W.Va. for dinner. Luckily, we found a real "cavers" restaurant, similar to the Star in Franklin, where we got inexpensive good food. It is on the right side of the street going North, but I disremember the name. The only casualty of the whole trip was a big, white, pointed-eared rabbit who placed himself in the middle of the road and was hit with a very loud THUNK!! Poor rabbit. We arrived in the College Park area about 2 AM and since Paul had to deliver everyone to their dwelling places, he got home about 3 AM.

Food for the trip was individual and gas was about \$1.50. Maps used were USGS White Sulphur Springs 15' and Ronceverte 15'.

Submitted by Anne Braithwaite

WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE GET A "SONG
FEST" SO WE CAN SING ON
OUR TRIPS! Art, Art, Art!

Fourth Trail Clearing Trip 11/3-4/62

Having promised to keep one of the North Mountain Trails clear, the TTC has made 1 reconnaissance trip and 3 clearing trips. Each trip has been fouled by inclement weather. The latest was no different. Linda Hobbs, Anne Braithwaite, Jim Fox, Tom Pearce, John Reich, Jim Stacy, Bill Taylor & Mrs. Taylor, our chaperone, met on 1 Lot Friday evening at 7 PM and everyone, with the exception of Fox, Tom & John, went on to NW D.C. to pick up Judy Rogers & Sidney Smith and thence to a Safeway on Rt. 123 in Va. Here we met the other group, who had given up waiting for Joe Ennis who was collecting CD's for us to use.

Upon arrival, Judy, Linda, Fox & Stacy insisted on a fire and while most of us ate some hotdogs and drank Fox's coffee (BAH), Judy and Linda preferred their ovaltine and blueberry pie. After our midnight snack, Judy, Linda, & Annie attempted to sing a song which was composed on the way, which was stolen for the most part from "Mountain Def". There was a verse for almost all of the old members in the club. . . Soon after the termination of this humorous harmony, a free-for-all ensued, Linda, Judy & Annie standing most of the rest of the group. Stacy, generally, at the bottom of the pile, kept yelling, "I'm on top! Of course, I'm on top!" Naturally, with their superior intellect, etc., etc., the girls won.

In the morning, we breakfasted on stew and banana-orange juice, except for John who had corned beef hash and Linda & Judy who had blueberry pie and ovaltine. We packed and left for the other end of the trail. When we left, it was snowing. It continued to snow all day, making those of us who were unprepared for snow, extremely chilling. We cleared about 2-3 miles of trail before returning to the cars and lunching on anything handy, which varied from hot soup and apple juice to Triskits with ham spread & ovaltine. Some of the hardy members of the crew lit the Primus & heated soup while the rest of us reposed in the Taylor's family bus. After lunch we departed - somewhat wet and cold - for College Park. We arrived in College Park about 9 PM. Gas was about 75¢ and food about \$1. Maps: Wardsville 15' and Edinburg 15', Va.

Submitted by Judy Rogers

Note: The trail still needs considerable clearing. We have not yet completed the initial clearing of the whole trail. On this trip, we cleared much of the larger stuff off the trail, leaving small laurel bushes which grow in the middle of the trail. It is still the middle section of the 7 mile trail which needs to be cleared; the club has cleared from 4 to 5 miles to the present date.

NEWS FROM IOWA: A letter from Penny and Marlin Rickey to all fellow TTC'ers. First, thanks for the Xmas card and to Stacy, "it took me a month to finish the Adirondack trip report. You'd make a good author of something." During the Christmas holidays, Penny & Marlin went cave exploring near Steuben, Wisconsin. Having talked to a farmer who assured them of a cave in a certain ravine, they each took opposite sides of the ravine and made zigzags searching for the cave. Marlin accidently found it by making a zig longer than he thought he should. The cave, a small sink hole on the side of a steep hill, went down at approx a 35° angle, and was about 3-7 ft. high and perhaps 100' long. They saw a few small leads which didn't look promising & decided to check them out at a later date, since they were prepared for looking, not exploring. They also checked out another cave, Bear Cave. "The opening again was in a shallow sink going down at approx. a 45° angle with steam rising from it. The first thing that happened was that my glasses got steamed up. So after removing them we cautiously entered the cave. Inside, the cave opened up to a fair-sized room 30' X 40' approx, and maybe 20' or more high. There seemed to be two levels - the upper one pinching out to a small muddy crawlway and the lower opening into a room even larger than the entrance room. This room also "seemed" to have a couple of small leads. But being late we decided to return later to finished exploring it. The cave showed signs of quite a few cavers, but few carbide marks . . ."

From the Secretary. G

Thanksgiving Trip
Nov. 24-25, 1962

Plans were now for a two day hike leaving Friday night and returning Sunday. Jim Stacy, Anne Braithwaite, Bob Gerhard, Dennis Phillips, and Bill Taylor left Friday at 7 PM and arrived in the area of Priest Mtn. about midnight. We camped at the mouth of Crabtree Creek where there was a roadside table. It was a warm night of about 35°. Hardboiled eggs, sausage and fried apples were for breakfast.

We drove back along the South Fork of the Tye River, through the thriving community of Nash, to the start of the hike. The Appalachian Trail crosses Rt. 56 about a mile north of Tyro. The trail, leading southwest, begins a 3,000 ft. climb. About 1/3 of the way up we crossed Cripple Creek; being the last water until that night. It was a late start, yet we managed to reach the summit of the Priest by 1:00. Here we had cheese, crackers, kool-aid and balogna for lunch.

The altitude of The Priest is 4056 ft. Stacy and Bill searched for the triangulation markers, but found only two rocks with holes in them. Whether there were no brass markers or perhaps someone has tampered with them is uncertain.

The view along the trail and on top revealed excellent visibility of the Massies Mill and surrounding areas. Large rock faces were noticed on the south-east face on Pinnacle Ridge.

About a mile down from the top the Little Priest Trail intersects the Appalachian Trail. A short distance south on this trail led us to a shelter. It was decided to spend the night here since the nearest water in a convenient place for a circuit hike was four miles farther. Packs were left at the shelter and a hike taken down the road about 1 1/2 miles to Crabtree Creek.

For dinner we had a delicious meal of beans and hotdogs. (Anne hates hot-dogs.) We went to bed early; about 7 PM. Everyone slept outside in the leaves. Bob and Bill heard an owl; whereas Dennis and Stacy were tormented by a noisy leat, till Dennis got up and tore it down. All was silent now. The Temperature was interesting, at 6 PM it began dropping about 4° every 10 minutes; finally leveling off at 28°. Therefore Anne set up an oscillation--of 2cps. While Dennis, in order to keep his wool liner warm, nearly ran out of matches. Next morning it was 24°.

Corn beef hash made a tremendous breakfast. It snowed, during breakfast, leaving less than 1/2 inches on the ground. We hiked south til we joined the road leading into Cox Creek Valley. We followed the road as far as possible. Since there is no trail as shown on the topo, we hiked cross-country til we reached the Cox Creek Road. There are many vines (suitable for monkeys) and cascades along Cox Creek making it a worthwhile hike. We hiked down the Cox Creek Road, past a stony backyard of a farm. Stacy enjoyed chatting with the farmer's wife and dog and noticing the great abundance of model T Ford tree saws. It was a short hike along Rt. 56 back to the car. Even though a short hike, all the hikers were out for a Sunday drive to church. We ate lunch at the car and arrived at campus about 6 PM. Cost per person--\$2.90. Map: Vesuvius 15', Virginia.

By Bill Taylor

Second Fieldhouse Cave Mapping Trip-
Nov. 30-Dec. 2, 1962

Jerry Nettles, Dick Sanford, and Jim Fox returned to Fieldhouse Cave on the weekend of Nov. 30 with four others; Barbara and Kay Lauster, John Reich, and Dennis Phillips along only by virtue of their association with the Terrapin Trail Club of the University of Maryland.

The cave was entered about noon Saturday, Fox using a French foot rappel, the rest using conventional methods. Progress was made concerning knowledge of the cave right from the start. Fox made a third connection with "A" passage from the entrance pit (In addition to the two previously known to exist.). This connection is made about 25' south of the nearest of the other two. The author knows nothing more of it than that it is difficult enough not to merit any further mention.

John, Jerry, and Dennis explored rather thoroughly in the dome pit which opens up about 50' south of the connection of the entrance pit with "A" passage. (It is the hole in the base of the wall in this pit which leads to the rest of the cave.) No other passage was found off of this pit.

The trip from here back past "Millipeid Alley" was routine. Once back at the pit where the cat skeleton was found however, it again got interesting. After digging through a hole in the sloping flowstone floor which rises steeply upwards to the ceiling southwest of the pit and the point where the cat skeleton was found, the author entered a virgin keyhole passage (from the top of the keyhole) on the order of 3 or 4' high. After about 15' the crawl which forms the top of the keyhole connects with the lower part of the keyhole. At this point, an intersection with a side passage which becomes vertical after only about 2' creates a small room (8'-6"-4'). The vertical passage fills with rounded pebbles and mud about 9' from the floor of the room. The keyhole continues for no more than 15' past this room where it ends in a close-down after intersecting two more very short, dead end side passages.

The most important find of all was a large room found by Dick, also in the vicinity of this pit. By following the passage through which the cat skeleton appears to have been washed, he came upon a room on the order of ~~30~~⁴⁰⁻⁶⁵ or 40' high in which more such skeletons were found. The room is developed along a fissure which continues steeply upward at the end of the room. Jim made a difficult climb at the end of this room and continued upward to the point where he discovered a viscous mass tentatively identified as a grape (*Vitis* sp. L.). A survey to this point from the origin of "Millipeid Alley" led the group later to a sink hole which has since been checked out (Dec. 15-16) and so far has not connected. It does however open into a cave (Since named "Stuckey's") about 30' long.

No surveying was done in "Millipeid Alley" but Dick and John disappeared here for quite some time. Their report bears out what has been said before: it goes. Barbara and Kay learned how to prussic under Dennis' instruction at the 50' pit; then Dennis and John learned how under the more expert instruction of Jim and Jerry.

Typical Fieldhouse fun was had by all after returning from the cave about 10:00 Saturday night. Sunday morning was spent in a general wasting of time, plus about 1 hour spent surveying on the surface above Fieldhouse Cave. A number of sinkholes were found and plotted with respect to the cave.

The group was back at the University by about 8:00 Sunday night--Only about 6 or 7 hours behind schedule.

Respectfully submitted,

Dennis J. Phillips T.T.C.

Dr. Axley's Cabin Trip - 12/4-5/62

On Saturday morning Inga Stellmacher, Linda Hobbs, Jim Fox, Tom Pearce, Jim Stacy and Joe Tonkin met in 1 Lot for the annual pilgrimage to Dr. Axley's cabin at Scientist's Cliffs, Md. After stopping for groceries, we eventually arrived and unloaded our gear.

Upon arriving at the cold cabin (Dr. Axley's son was busily engaged in cutting a hole in the roof), we ate lunch and then headed for the beach. After walking up the beach quite a way the boys decided to build a dam across a small stream flowing into the bay. It wasn't a good dam and quickly sprung several leaks, but it looked impressive. (Say, wasn't there an engineer or two in the group?) With the exception of Tom, who went canoeing, all drove out to the Axley farm.

Of prime interest was a large pig in the process of being butchered. None of us had ever seen this before and we all watched-fascinated-as the carcass was first dipped in boiling water, then scraped and hung to cool and drain. The intestines, etc. were removed; the body propped open and left over night.

In the meantime the Axley's 2 horses were rounded up and pressed into service. Unfortunately, most of the group did not know how to ride. That some people don't know the difference between a trot and a canter is rather appalling to this author! Oh well, at least Tom managed to look quite nochalant as his horse thundered to the barn immediately after being mounted.

On returning to the cabin there was a brief delay while dinner was prepared and Mrs. Axley explained the intricacies of an electric stove to the uninitiated. After a meal of pork chops in onion soup, peas, rice, salad, etc., the Axleys brought out the traditional "Welcome Trail Club Cake". As usual, it was huge and delicious. After the meal, there was a brief discussion as to who was to have the honor of being a Sherpa in order to do the dishes. Who finally ended up doing them, boys? The "Sherpas" had successfully revolted and declared themselves non-Sherpas from this time hence.

The beach was then revisited along with general goofing-off. A grotesque hand sticking up out of the sand proved to be an interesting and eeriefind-funny that Joe shoutd just happen to shine the light on it out there in the middle of nowhere. On returning to the cabin everyone played Hearts except Fox who was learning to play Chess and finally around 1:30ish we went to sleep.

The next morning, Dr. Axley treated us all to a delicious breakfast of pancakes with several types of home grown honey. While everyone rolled up their bedrolls, plans were made for the morning's schedule. First, was target practice as Joe had brought along 2 .22's and Tom his cannon. The Axley's lent us two pistols and we were off. All those beer cans in Joe's car were good targets. After putting holes in every can in sight, and using all the ammunition, we headed for the farm to watch the actual butchering of the hog. Finally we returned to the cabin, packed our gear, and after a sinceretthank you to the Axleys, we head back to College Park. As we neared Washington, it started to snow and the temperature dropped considerably. Unfortunately it stopped snowing by the time we arrived, so the hoped for snowstorm didn't materialize.

In summary, the Axleys were wonderful and although this was not one of the TTCIS more strenuous trips, everyone had a great time. P.S. The Axley's cabin has been dubbed "The Old Meade Hall" in honor of the mead they had made from surplus honey. It was delicious!!

Submitted by Linda Hobbs

HEY, did you know that:

The Appalachian Mountains were made of marine sediments and were folded during the Cretaceous period?

Only one cave in West Virginia is known to be developed in shale?

A yak is male and a nak is female, both of which support the Sherpa economy?

Great Falls was at one time located near Georgetown, 16 miles from its present location and that in several thousand years, the falls will be gone?

From the chronicles of *The Kremlin*

Christmas Trip to the Pittsburgh Grotto Fieldhouse
near Seneca Caverns, West Virginia

Several cars were taken to the Fieldhouse by TTC members immediately after Xmas. Dennis Phillips left about 11 AM Wed. with Barbara & Kay Lauster, while Jim Fox left at 6 PM that day with John Reich, Kathy McAdams, and Pete Grant. Thurs. afternoon, everyone with the exception of Fox went to Sinit and about 5 PM Anne Braithwaite, Bill Taylor & Jim Stacy arrived. Plans were made by the 3 boys to sleep in Schoolhouse Cave that night & then explore it on Friday.

The next morning after considerable running around, Annie, Dennis, Barb, Kay, Kathy, Pete and 3 boys from MITOC went caving south of Franklin to Trout and New Trout. Apparently the coordinates of the 2 caves are wrong in Davies for the map shows them as being in the pass while in reality they are north of it. The first cave to be explored was New Trout which is located in a small limestone outcrop furthest from the pass. The cave is developed along a diagonal joint and is quite dusty. Trout Cave is to the right as one faces the river and can be seen from the road. The entrance is quite large. Pete, who was the first to reach the cave, showered everyone with snowballs from a projecting rock as they climbed the icy rocks to the cave. Most people upon reaching solid ground, retaliated by bombarding Pete. Trout Cave is big, interesting and dusty. Leaving John, Gary, Barb & Dennis to follow a stream passage, Kay, Anne, Kathy & Pete returned to the entrance being frightened several times by hearing the yellow dragon who inhabits the cave. While Kay & Anne made their way down the rocks, Pete stood on the rock in a vulture-type position & yelled "GLOWER, GLOWER, GLOWER!" Being rather hungry and anxious to get to the car, Kay made a quick slide down the hill in the snow. Pete followed with "wrath & vigor" ending his wrath by losing some blood & flesh on the pavement. Back at the Fieldhouse, we found ourselves the only inhabitants & we ate dinner & then sat about the stove, reading & discussing the day's trip. About 8, a familiar honking was heard & Bill, Stacy and Fox arrived looking very tired after their 12 hour exploration of Schoolhouse. We all retired about 10:30, but were woken about 1:30 when Jim Hays, Sue Young, Mary Martin, and Dick Sanford arrived.

On Sat. Mary, Anne, Bill & Stacy, along with the MIT boys went to Cave Hollow Cave. After finding the road which follows the railroad, we parked by the foot bridge & put on our caving clothes. The farmer who lives across the river was very friendly, guiding us to the trail. The hike up to the cave was accompanied by heavy rain, soaking us completely. Once in the cave, we followed the stream to a place where it branched & instead of turning right, we went straight. Stacy, Anne & Bill decided to turn back to continue in the main passage. Stacy tried to get to Mary, but was unsuccessful, so we turned back. The passage turned left and entered a stoopway leading to a crawlway. Above the crawlway is a sign: "Enter". The crawlway ends at the stream & from there we looked for more out signs so as to avoid the 4000 Ft. crawlway which begins here. We found an upper level and then a tight squeezeway going upward to breakdown. Upon reaching the Arbegast entrance, we hiked back to the car and waited for Mary for about 45 min. Upon entering the Fieldhouse that night, a branewpardy was in full swing with freely-flowing wine & the traditional game of traversing the fieldhouse. Also that day Sue, Hays, & John took a hike on North Fork Mtn.

On Sun. Hays, Sue, John, Fox, Pete & Kathy took off for Spruce Knob with the idea of making a 2 day hike to the Knob. However, it was very cold & the group decided they weren't fully prepared & so returned. Anne, Bill & Stacy visited Hoffman School & Sinit (Stacy explored the connection between Sinit & Thorn Mtn.), while Dennis & Co. went home. At the Fieldhouse was another party, organized by Ham, although many people retired early.

On Mon. another attempt was made on Spruce Knob with Hays, Fox, Pete, Dick & Stacy who planned to stay the night and Kathy & Sue going for the day. John, Anne & Bill remained at the Fieldhouse where they cleaned out the stove & cleaned up the place. Sue & Kathy came back about 5 & we had dinner. New Years was uneventful. We stayed up until 12 to hear the dynamite which the boys planned to set off on the knob. We never heard it since they went to bed at 6 and didn't get up til 8 AM. They came back about 2:30 and after cleaning up the Fieldhouse, Anne, Bill & Stacy left about 4, the others leaving soon after.

By Anne Braithwaite

Sinnit - Dec. 27, 1962

Shortly after noon on Thursday, Dec. 27, 1962, a group consisting of Kathy McAdams from Pennsylvania, Barbara and Kay Lauster, Pete Grant, John Reich, and Dennis Phillips of the TTC, stumbled in the unbroken snow on the northeast flank of Thorn Mt. and eventually came upon Sinnit Cave. Dennis lost the rest of the group when they stopped to reroll the cable ladder carried by Kay. Only after finding the Long Room and returning to the entrance and then returning once more to the Long Room and once more to the entrance, did he become reunited with the rest of the group who had temporarily lost the compass while missing the Long Room and finding a waterfall. With Dennis as guide, the group went to the object of its exploration, the Long Room. The room was quickly explored, the connection with Thorn Mt. Cave missed, and the saltpeter chute used as a quick exit. The juncture of the saltpeter chute with the other passage to the Long Room is marked by the symbol (G) on the northeast wall near the top of the passage. The group returned to the Fieldhouse after dark.

Sinnit is found by parking on the Sinnit School-Johnstown road just before it crosses Whitehorn Creek heading southeast. Heading southeast on the south side of Whitehorn Creek, follow the creek for about 150' and then turn right and ascend the ridge. Sinnit Cave is in a small outcrop of rock about 60' above creek level. The map used is U.S.G.S. Circleville quadrangle.

Blowhole - Dec. 28-29, 1962

By 1:00 on the night of Friday, Dec. 28, 1962, the six members of the first Blowhole trip had split up, Ron, Ron, and Bob from Pittsburgh abandoning Blowhole in favor of Mystic, and Kay, John, and Dennis of TTC abandoning it in favor of the barn by the Fieldhouse. By this time the group had spent two hours wandering along timber ridge, not even knowing the way back to the car. As guide for the trip, Dennis takes full credit.

Saturday morning, Kay Lauster, Dennis Phillips, and Barbara Lauster of the TTC, plus Bob, Ron, and Ron from Pittsburgh, and Dave Miller from New York, returned to the general vicinity of Blowhole and, with much help from a local farmwife, found the cave inside of 20 minutes. This latter method of finding Blowhole comes highly recommended as opposed to wandering around blindly for two hours. Anyway, directions to the cave are somewhat complex.

The group followed the stream passage upstream for about 1500' after which it ended in a tight winding crawl. About 50' short of this crawl the stream leaves the main passage.. For about 50 or 60', the stream passage is a crawlway. Bob went ahead here while the others, feeling that it might not be worth the trouble of getting soaking wet. Ron and Barbara followed, and when they got out of hearing range, Dennis did also. Kay, Dave, and the other Ron remained behind and did some more exploration short of the wet passage. The low crawl eventually opens up into another large passage very much like the first. This continues for another 1000', becoming progressively more generously supplied with formations. Toward the end, the formations became so dense that they formed an obstacle for the party of four. Finally the passage closed out completely with formations, the only opening being another low crawl under a flowstone ledge where the stream came in. This passage may open up again, but no one had the nerve to suggest finding out this trip. The party returned to the passage where the other three were still waiting, and all seven left the cave and eventually struggled back to the cars where they got out of wet clothes and in to something less wet for the drive back to the Fieldhouse. Blowhole Cave is on USGS Onego, W. Va. quadrangle.

signed,

The Jollyworker

Semester Break Trip - 2/1/63 - 2/3/63

At a very cold 7 AM on Friday, Jim Stacy, Betty Ammerman, and Aldo Mazella pulled out of 1 Lot. The first objective was to pick up Judy Rogers and Linda Hobbs at Judy's house and then take off for a 3 day trip to Secton Cabin. Another carload was to leave in the evening. We left Judy's house at 8:15. That was the first time. Several miles later a casual inquiry about the key to the cabin brought 1) a choke from Judy, & 2) a quick return to her house. Finally, we were on our way as a light snow began to fall.

Three major stops were involved along the way. A quick stop in a supermarket was made, where, considerably, we decided against asking the cashier for 5 separate checks. Our lunch stop in Luray undoubtedly left vivid impressions on at least 2 townspeople. For instance there was the waitress who politely inquired, "Will there be anything more?" and managed to step out of his car squarely into the path of a large juicy snowball intended for Stacy. We left soon thereafter. Our last stop was at a stable in Harrisonberg where the horses used in a summer camp at which Linda and Judy have been counselors are quartered. After watching the three girls ride, Courageous Stacy and Fearless Aldo decided they would give it a try. Shortly thereafter Aldo discovered a very speedy method of dismounting from a galloping horse.

By 4 o'clock we reached the beginning of the trail to the cabin. Following Stacy's lead, we packed for three miles through snow, usually ranging from 6-12 inches in depth. Occasional drifts were up to the knees. Majestically snow-dusted and ice-covered evergreens lined the trail. Two hours later, just as it was getting dark enough to discourage following the trail, we reached the cabin. Temperature outside - 20° F.; temperature inside - 22° F.

With the aid of Stacy's Coleman lantern and stove, plus a ready supply of wood, we soon had light, a good dinner, and the beginning of a warm cabin. A democratic vote decided the boys would do the dishes. At 4 AM, sometime after we had turned in, Dennis Phillips arrived followed by Barbara and Kay Lauster, Dick Sanford & Tom Pierce.

A steady drizzle persisted almost all day Saturday, discouraging extended hiking. Picture taking, snow battling and gathering firewood claimed the first part of the day. Late in the afternoon Dennis and Betty decided to hike to Ramsey's Draft, two miles away. The rest of the group engaged in various other forms of exercise to keep warm. Although arriving back after dark, the 2 hikers did so without assistance. Several felt that Dennis had not lived up to his tradition. After dinner were several more short hikes. Reassemble later with the cabin thermometer reading 70° and a choice between sassafras tea or Ovaltine, we let the time slip by.

A vigorous blanket fight aroused us to a windy, but wonderfully blue-skied morning. The snowy world sparkled, dazzling to the eye. After cleaning, packing, and taking inventory, & recording our stay in the log, we headed back for Rt. 250. Dennis chose to go the long way, down to Ramsey's Draft and out the fire road. Next to strike out were Kay, Barbara, Dick, Tom, & Betty. They chose a leisurely pace, stopping frequently to breathe in the beauty of the woods, the snow, and the wave upon wave of distant powdered ridges. The sun shone: the world was, for once, a very peaceful and lovely place to be.

Finally, we all met at the cars, stiff, sore, and chilled, but happy. See you at Trail Club!

Individual Cost: \$2.00 (group food) / \$1.50 (meals on the road) / \$1.20 (cabin)
/ \$1.60 (gas) equals a total of \$6.30.

Submitted by,
Betty Ammerman

