



John W. Reich

University of Maryland

College Park, Maryland

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Editor - Barbara Lauster

Officers have been coming and going since the last newsletter. At present we have:

Annie Braithwaite (the Gremlin) as President
Peter Ghant of the Great Green Monster as Vice-Pres.
Barbara Lauster (Eight Eyes) as Secretary
John Reich (Sir Gloom) as Treasurer

In the past, editors have taken this space to explain their methods in putting out the Terrapin Trails. My method-giving out tri. reports to members with varying degrees of typing skills and waiting till they come in- is not recommended for those who want well organized newsletters, but it worked. I'd like to thank Dennis Phillips, Adelle Brodmerkel, Allan Lord, John Reich and Cheryl Howard for their help.

I'd like to comment of the fact that John Reich actually refused seconds for lunch while typing. This John informs me, does happen occasionally. On this occasion, it was due to his having already eaten one before coming over.

CAVING TRIP IN THE CLIFTON FORGE AREA, VIRGINIA
August 2-4, 1963

I say, are we about ready to leave, please? That was 10:15 P. M. at the Esso station near George Washington Parkway on Rt. 123. John Moore had just been picked up and now Mary Martin, Sara Anne Bailey, John Reich, Tom Pearce, and Dick Sanford in faithful, valiant Rambler and Kay Lauster, Anne Braithwaite, John Moore, Bill Taylor, and Jim Stacy in sturdy, reliable Chevy began their long, long trip to Clifton Forge, Va. The trip's initial planner had decided that the group would stay at Douthat State Park, several miles NE of Clifton Forge. Both cars arrived about 4 A.M., found a campsite and quickly bedded down for the night(?). Annie & John R. arose about 8 A.M. fixed their individual breakfasts and waited for the others to arise. Soon they did, and after much fiddle-faddle Stacy, Bill, Tom & Dick took a short dip in the dammed-up stream (much to the disgust of several avid spelunkers). We discovered that we were not in the Park, but in a private park and that each night cost \$1.50/car.

We left about 11 AM, bound for Grill Cave in the southcentral part of the Quadrangle. After a brief stop in Conington (UGH*SMELLS TERRIBLE), we arrived below the cave. We parked the cars, got our gear together, started up the hill spreading out to hunt for the cave. Kay found the cave and after $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of yelling "Did you find it yet?" everyone was in the cave. The entrance to the cave is perpendicular and about 20' higher than the floor of the main passage which has several solution dome pits in it. The pits are easily traversed. The main passage is short and is parallel to the cliff face. Along it are several shimney-type chutes that can be chimneyed; one which may lead to a clay-filled second entrance. The Speleo-Digest (year?) records crystalline gypsum and chert nodules in the cave which we did not find. The cave is relatively clean of carbide markings, a feature we were glad to see. For future reference, in finding the cave, face the green gate, go about 30 paces to your left, face the hill and go straight up. The cave is about 75 ft. from the road.

From Grill Cave we decided to go to Cedar Creek Cave and then to Warm River Cave. The cave was either plotted wrong or the coordinates were incorrect as the cave was not where we thought it should be. However the people on whose property the cave is located, showed us where it was. The man said it is used as a water supply and when I objected to our exploring it, he assured us it was OK. The water coming out of the cave was fresh & cold, so we all had a drink and filled canteens. Most of us dressed lightly - bermudas and a shirt and Mary even wore her bathing suit under her coveralls. The water level was not high, but in some parts, one had to walk right through the water. The rocks in one dry stream passage were moist, black and rounded. The ceiling is flat and looks and feels like sandstone.

Behind a rock near the entrance, Mary found a siphon from which warm water was flowing into the main passage. In the water were several fish and I saw a crayfish. Stacy, upon exploring the siphon, found that there was an air space about 3' away. "Oh boy - let's explore it." "OK - who's first" "Not me." "I know, good ole Tom Pearce." "Come here Tom, we have a job for you." "OK" "There's a siphon here, and you can explore it." "Well let me get prepared first." "Fine, here Bill, take his lamp and John, give Tom your waterproof flashlight," "I have to get all wet first- 1, 2, 3; uh, I always count to five". "OK, Tom; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, now duck." "Well, I think 12 is a better number. HEY, who is dumping water on my head? Sara Anne..." "Why, Tom, I wouldn't do a nasty thing like that." "Come on Tom, DUCK!!"

"OK, OK" Whoosh. "Now I have to take a deep breathe." "OK everyone, move out so Tom can go under." ... Pause ... "Ugh, it sure is tight in here." "does it go Tom?" "Well, yes, it goes down and not much of an air space. I'll wedge in here as far as I can without going under." "Tom, your head is all red and it looks like a bowling ball." "thanks." "I think I'll come in too." "Stacy, you'll get all wet." "So what?" "Are you going to push it." "well, I don't think I should. Who knows when there'll be another air space." "If we had a rope maybe you could." "Yep, well, let's get out of here." So much for the siphon.

From cedar Creek Cave we went to Hot Springs to satisfy our curiosity as to what the town was like. While Mary was in the Plug Station rest room, she lost a contact lens, causing a long delay. It was finally found by me in the wash basin which had previously been checked 2 or 3 times. When Stacy found that we had to hike across Spring Creek to Warm River Cave & that we were uncertain of the location, he suggested & most of us readily agreed to forget the cave and return to the campground. We arrived there about 8:30, found original campsite taken & were given another place. Then we all went swimming from 9-11 PM. Tom lost his glasses when diving off the raft with them on. Thus a fruitless search. One couldn't dive to search as the water was very cloudy. It was just a matter of walking along the bottom and stepping on them. Sara Anne found them, accidentally, in this manner the next morning.

The next morning Anne and Mary were driven to church by Bill and John M. Upon returning to camp, Bill and John raved about the wonderful breakfast they had had in town, causing Kay, Anne, Sara Anne, Stacy Dick and Tom to follow suit. We returned to camp for a short swim, but Tom, Sara Anne & Anne were chased out as they didn't have any bathing suits on (only clothes). Soon after, we packed and left, headed for Williamsville, Va.

We stopped at a place marked "Big Spring" on the map. The water is cold and clear. Stacy took his feet apparel off to explore the spring, followed by Bill, Anne, and Sara Anne. The water bubbles up through honeycombed rock and also from under the stream bank. The force which with it is forced upward causes a strong enough current to clear the water of silt several minutes after the stirring ceases. From the spring, we motored on to Clarke Cave on the Cowpasture River. For the first time the trip, Rambler took the lead to precede Chevy up the farm "road" to the pasture above the cave.

Several people needed belays to assist them in getting down the cable ladder and 25' climb to the entrance. It might have been better if they had rappelled. Anyway, 4 of the group spent only $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to 45 minutes in the cave while Anne, Kay Tom, Bill, Stacy & John R. were able to spend 2 hours exploring. Clarke Cave is a maze cave with large passages and from what we saw, rather extensive. It was filled with much breakdown near the main entrance and the floor became increasingly muddy near the back. A return trip will be made to the cave soon.

Back at the cars, plans were made to meet at the Ritz High Hat in Culpepper, Va. for dinner. We did, at 10 PM. Rambler arrived in College Park area about 1 AM, while Chevy arrived at 1:30 after dropping off John Moore in Alexandria.

Maps used on the trip were Clifton Forge 15' quadrangle and Williamsville 15' quadrangle, Va.

Annie B.

Trip Report - Schoolhouse, Sept. 27-29

Jim Fox, Bill Taylor, John Reich and I set out for the Fieldhouse about 12 Midnight, Friday Sept. 27, from the University. We arrived there to find lights on, Jerry Nettles, Kay Lauster, Jack Reddick, and Henry Bradford already there, and things were hopping (quite literally). We left after a few minutes to sleep in the field near Schoolhouse.

The next morning, in an imitation of drinking champagne from a glass slipper John drank some cider from one of my old tennis shoes. His life-expectancy promptly dropped to zero.

We entered the cave about 1 pm Saturday. We walked easily back to the jumping-off place, where we had to rig the first of the ropes. All of the group rappelled down the "Grand Rappel" in short easy stages, getting off the rope eventually at the "Nick-of-time". We walked back to the end of the canyon under the "Judgement Seat" and climbed up to it. From there we climbed up further to the "Hodag room". We encountered a slight delay here when two of the group had to be rescued from the "hodags". Once across the Hodag room, I singed my hair with the carbide light, and then proceeded to the "Thunder bolt Room". We used another rope to enter this room and rappelled down "Pendulum Pit". Getting out the other side of the Thunderbolt room proved to be much difficult than anticipated. After Jim's futile attempt, the group ate lunch, which consisted of Vienna sausages and one chocolate bar. After lunch Bill made an attempt at the climb and succeeded after cutting in several steps with a knife. From then on to the back of the cave the trip was uneventful, except for the crossing of some interesting pits. At the back the register was signed by all and the group returned to the Thunderbolt room. At the Hodag room we ran into Jerry Nettles, Kay Lauster, and Jack Reddick who had come in to say hello and keep us company on the way out. The "Hodag" room was again crossed, this time there were no hodags, and we descended to the Judgement Seat. We then rappelled off the Judgement Seat to the floor and returned to the Nick-of-time. The ascent was made without event and all left the cave by about 1 am, tired and happy.

I found this, my first cave, quite interesting. There seem to be so many things to do while caving: crawling, prussiking, squeezing, scrambling, climbing, rappelling, and changing carbide. Aside from singeing my arms 9 times, my hair once, and the rope once - I caused no major conflagrations.

When we left the cave it was raining, so we all went to the Fieldhouse for dinner, which turned out to be an interesting conglomeration of all the semi-edible things known to man - or at least to the TTC. YUK

Sunday morning, after breakfast at Mrs. Smith's we attempted traversing the Fieldhouse with Bill and Jerry completing it. Shortly after that John, Jerry and I planned and executed a tree-climbing trip. We found 3 routes up a tri-colored maple and considered mapping them. We did a bit of trail clearing and are looking for a reliable group who will volunteer to maintain the trail for a year or so.

Before leaving, John insisted on drinking cider from my Kleutterschuh(?). He must have some sort of an obsession about shoes... We now have the opinion of an expert: cider is better from a Kleutterschuh than a tennis shoe. (I'm sure it would be BEST from a riding boot).

We left about 4 pm playing password on the way home, (without syzygy and zither but with equinox and cess-pool), and arrived in D.C. at 9:30 pm.

Judy Rogers (and John Reich)

170 new campsites are being planned along the southern part of the Skyline Drive.

HELP CLEAN UP THE FIELDHOUSE TRIP
SOMETIME IN OCTOBER, 1963

Attended by none other than:

Jim Stacy (Stacy)
Sara Anne Bailey
Anne Braitwaite
Harry Stacy (Harry)
Allen Lord
John Reich

Seneca Climbers:

Jim Fox
Judy Rogers

Well, this trip was instigated by the Potomac Speleological Club to help Jerry Nettles clean up his fieldhouse previously rented and operated by the Pittsburg Grotto, and located at Seneca Caverns, W.Va. Anyway, while most of us were slaving away, Jim and Judy went climbing. The boys help with cleaning up the smelly outhouse, putting shingles on the showerhouse roof and cementing the cistern cover on, while Sara Anne and I did the upstairs-dusting, cleaning, etc.

In the evening after work we-Stacy, Harry, John, Sara Anne, Andy and I decided to go to Sinks of Gandy Creek without a map. We missed the wronged right turn, being 5 miles short of it, and spent 3/4 of an hour walking aimlessly around looking for the cave. We finally gave it up and came back, much to my relief for I felt something bad would've happened. At the car we went up dinner and ate. Then back to ye olde fieldhouse, with me driving much to the disgust of Harry, Andy and John; but after all it was Stacy's car! On the way down John and Harry kept making me stop the car so they could get out and look for examples of cross lamination in the rock strata which they had seen coming up. After the 4th stop, we found some very good examples.

During the best of the night, while the first mentioned four went to bed, the rest of the PSC got smashed and had what is fondly termed a BRANERPARDY. Things like squeezing thru the rungs of a chair, traversing the inside of the fieldhouse hanging by your heels on the doorframe, dancing on the stove and waking us up (FATHEADS) were among the rollicking activities of those thoroughly smashed.

In the morning, we went home.

That's all folks

Annie

The Old Rag Trip for 1963
(as seen by a beginner)

Participants: Wallace Bailey, Rich Blumberg, Anne Braithwaite, Adele Brodmerkel, Barry Chute, Julian Convey, Don Day, Joan DeMarr, Sharon Dodds, Kathie Engler, Steve Field, Mr. Gerhard, Paul Gerhard, Peter Grant, Dick Hammerschlag, Jack Izower, Buzz Jones, Kay Lauster, Bernie Liebermann, Allen Lord, Klaudia Muntjan, Tom Pearce, Judy Rodgers, Roy Sadler, Dick Sanford, Nancy Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Stacy, Jim Stacy, Harry Stacy, Mike Stahl, and several others

On October 6, at about 7:00, the Trail Club met at 1 lot for its annual trip to Old Rag Mountain. Being a prospective Trail Clubber and a veteran homework evader, I naturally attended. When I reached 1 lot, I was confronted by a steadily increasing group of individuals (both in dress and manner). By the time I began to figure out what was going on Annie ordered us to either get in one of the four cars or join Buzz on his motorcycle, Since I didn't feel like riding the motorcycle (at 7:30in the morning I rarely feel like riding motorcycles) I climbed into a car. In a short time we were on our way.

The 90 mile trip to the base of Old Rag in Shenandoah National Park, Va., could be called uneventful, except for some traversing practice on Peter Grant's "Green Monster" at a Virginia gas station, and a few wrong turns. All in all the trip was quite pleasant, especially since we had a perfect fall day. Yes, everything went fine on the way down - the problems didn't develop until later.

After parking the cars and doning our equipment- the hiking gear was far outweighed by the food in most cases - we started to hike. The first part of the trail was fairly easy hiking. It was relatively clear and only steep in a few places. I was just beginning to have visions of something comprable to a Girl Scout hike when we reached the rocks. Girl Scouts was never like this! I spent the rest of the ascent scrambling over, under, around, and through the biggest rock garden I'd ever seen. Finally we reached the summit. "Ah," I thought, "rest and lunch." Seating myself on a rock, I unwrapped a sandwich. Just as I took the first bite, I was suddenly attacked from behind! My assailant turned out to be a goat (of the domestic rather than the mountain variety - Old Rag isn't high enough for true Mountaingoats, although I might have disputed it at the moment). Recovering myself, (but not my sandwich) I moved to a more protected spot and finished lunch.

The afternoon was spent watching some of the more ambitious individuals practice climbing techniques on a nearby rock face. These exhibitions were climaxed by a belaying demonstration by Paul Gerhard. When I wasn't taking lessons from our group I was observing the techniques of some even more experienced climbers- namely six goats. One of the goats (my lunch guest) hung around mooching handouts all afternoon, but alas, he is surely dead now for one kind soul accidently fed him some dining hall c cake! As everyone knows that is certain death to all nonconditioned stomachs @ tin cans were never like that!

Finally the group collected and started the descent. For variety they took a different trail down. I and several other novices soon fell behind. Before long we could no longer hear the others. We continued to charge along (periodically getting off the trail and having to retrace our steps) until we finally had to admit that we were not going to catch up with the others. Eventually, we struck a fire lane which seemed to run in the right direction and had some likely looking tracks. Then we heard the welcome sound of a motor. Soon Buzz appeared bouncing along on his motorcycle. Reassured, we hastened on (our pride got the best of us and we all refused to fide back with Buzz)and we soon rejoined the others.

When everyone was assembled we started for home. Despite our appearance, we managed to get served at a restaurant in Culpapper, Va. Refresheds we headed back to the campus. By 11:30 p.m. we were again among familiar surroundings and beginning to wonder where we would ache the most the next day.

TRAIL CLEARING TRIP * NOVEMBER 9-10, 1963

with Paul Gerhard in Strong Micro bus
 Anne Braithwaite
 John Reich
 Julian Convey
 Harry Stacy
 Wallace Bailey

with Jim Stacy in sturdy Chevie
 Linda Hobbs
 Judy Rogers
 Jim Fox
 Allen Lord

And Bill Taylor on Brand-New Motor Bike

Anyway, this large group started out independently (Bill overslept by 2½ hours and came down later) and those in Microbus stopped for breakfast. We arrived in Edinburg, Va. where we were to have met the ranger at 9 AM (it then being 10:30 AM) and he was nowhere to be found. So up to his home; not there. Then back to Edinburg to call the other rangers (all this having to be done so we could get the tools to clear the trail). Finally the ranger called me in the public phone booth on Main Street and said he would be up to the trail in 1½ hours with the tools. OK. Fine. See you there. Up to the trail we go. There's Stacy's car. No Stacy. No anybody. Fine, Paul found a note: "We are tired of waiting. Took a brush hook up aways. Honk horn." (They had been waiting 3 hours). We honked horn, then dashed off to meet them.

They were told sad tale and were also shown the can of blue enamel paint which Julian^{begged} off of a hardware store owner in Edinburg, telling him it was for a worthy cause; blazing the North Mtn. Trail, what else? We had then bought a paintbrush in Woodstock! Well, anyway, Stacy (Jim), Bill, Linda, Fox, & Julian went around to the Waites Run end of the trail, taking Fox's brushhook, the paint and after buying some white paint and another brush, they began clearing and painting. Finally about 1 hour, 50 games of password, and one agonizing crawl under the middle seat of the Microbus (by John) later, a man (not the ranger) came with tools. We were at the trail (other end) by 4 and lickety-split up we went. A hardy group of boys turned back about 5 to find a campsite, while us brave and venturesome young ladies^{went} on blazing. Finally, we met the clearers coming back and we all turned around to make the mad-dash for the car. Then to the campsite. After a wonderful dinner of chopseyu, NOODLES ALMONDINE, and various assorted hot drinks, (some noteworthy soul had built a warm fire) we sat around peacefully singing and talking. Then some one mentioned BEAR, and off to Wardensville leaving JAS, Linda, Allen and Me (Gremlin) to watch the fire. We immediately grabbed the best seats and remained glued to them for the rest of the evening with the exception of brief intervals when thrown off. When the Bear-goers came back, the FUN BEGAN. John, get off of Linda; I'll save you. Get my shoe; John, get your fingers away from Linda's shoelace. Crunch. Yow, someone bit my thumb. I'll help you John. Fine, Harry. Yow, someone bit my finger. Linda, I got it. Fine. Judy, I'll help you. Crunch. Yowwww!!! Judy, I've got your shoe. The GREMLIN strikes again. Thusly, the evening became one large wrustle-tustle with the feminine aspect outdoing, as is traditional, the weaker and dumber aspect^{*, namely} Boys.

The next morning, after a filling(?) breakfast of donuts and juice, Jas, Anne(me), Fox, Julian, John, and Bill departed for D. C. and the rest of the crew departed for the trail. JAS drove Microbus back to the Rt.55 end of the trail, so that the trail crew wouldn't have to walk 14 miles. Tails of trails of how that day worked out are as follows: they lost the trail innumerable times, since no one present had been on the first reconnaissance hike; Harry performed an exceptional duty of finding the trail each time it was lost; the paint crew ran out of paint; the trail wasn't finished, but that's usual. At least someone has walked the whole thing with a brush-hook in hand. CONGRATS, GANG. Well, that was trail clearing for another year. Maybe we can give it another try in the spring.

^{* djp}
 (written with characteristically ludicrous feminine distortions)
 By the GREMLIN, no less
 Anne Braithwaite

P.S. John Reich, treasurer of TTC, is also Trail Clearing Chairman for this year and as many years as he wants to serve. Good luck, kid. Clear the trail.

BEGINNERS CAVING TRIP * OCTOBER "1963" 20, 1963

TERRAIN TRAILS

Once upon a time there were many little (tall and short) cavers who decided to go caving (which could happen). Anyhow, as the sun rose that morning (as that is the accepted time for the sun to rise), wide awake Wallie Bailey, Richie Blumberg, Annie Braithwaite, Kathie Engler and Janie Davis shuffled, Delie Brodmerkel, Kathy Maine, Julianie Convey, Stevie Field, Bobbie Nelson and Dickie Hammerschlug were dragged, Jimmie Stacy, Allenie Lord, Joanie DeMarr, Harrie Stacy and Sary Annie Bailey plodded, Alanie Taylor groped around, and Bobbie Taft finally congregated on the Student Union parking lot to discuss their ways of proceeding to a place called Silers Cave.

Soon all fo the happy jolly cavers were on their way to the far-off valley; all went by car with Dickie, Jimmie, and Janie driving. Pausing to refresh on the other side of the Potomac River in Westernport and to wait for the other two cars, members of Dick's car parked by the side of the road. When the other cars arrived, we ins piled out and 2, 3, then 4 cavers crossed the road to feed peppermint candy to what was agreed upon to be a horse of some sort. Fuzzy, fuzzy horse.

Anyhow, after driving for many miles, the cavers reached a bumpy, roly-poly road that was sooo much fun! Then they drove fast, the cavers in the back seat hit their funny little heads on the car's ceiling. "Hah, hah, hah" they laughed. One of the drivers, thought she would be scared out of her wits when the bottom of the car almost fell out. See Jane, off see Jane drive. Bump, bump, eeeeee!!

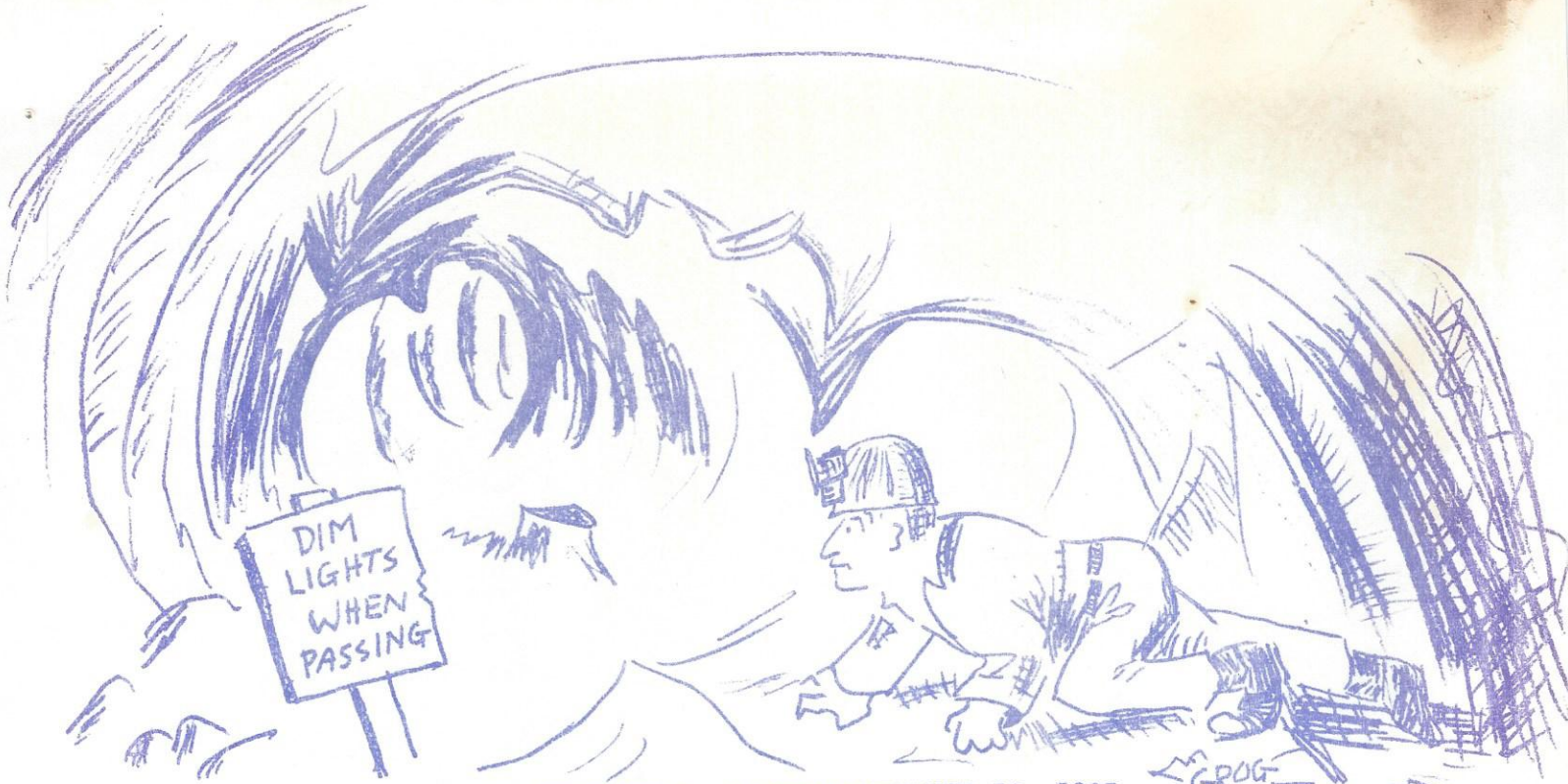
Anyhoo, the jolly cavers finally reached the far-off valley. Silers Cave is under a big red apple orchard. Finally the cavers stopped their cars in front of a deserted farmhouse and began to search for the cave. Search, search, search. They called and called to each other, they walked over old fences and around millions of trees and up and down hills, calling "Help!" to each other when they got lost. After almost an hour, Bobbie Taft called the others, for he had found the cave. The cavers rushed to the opening and soon they had all descended into it.

OOOO-it waa sooo dark in there and cool and muddy, too. Four cavers chimneyed around a chimney-type place and decided to crawl under a ledge to go farther down the passage, to keep from crawling through the icky mud. The rocks scratched their somachs and the ledge scraped their noses, but soon they came out on the other side. Many rocks had fallen from the ceiling there, but they weren't afraid. They saw a little eensy-weeensy bat hanging there. 'Fuzzy lil' bat!! Soon one of the cavers, Johnnie Reich who had sneaked in previously, saw a huge rock hanging by a tiny edge, ready to fall, almost. See Johnnie run. Oh, see the other cavers run too. Coming back Sary Annie, Annie & me crawled thru the icky mud. Oooo-see yih!!

After exploring many other passages and having a small mudcake battle, the cavers found a tiny room with another tiny passage. Jimmie, Johnnie, Sary & Wallie tried to crawl into it. The passage came back out in the same room and one of the other cavers (a real gremlin) wouldn't let the other cavers come out and even blew out their carbide lights. Nasty, nasty other caver!!

Soon, the cavers decided to find their way back to the entrance. Most of them did. After ascending and eating some goodies, the cavers went back to their cars. (Richie, Richie, where is Richie?) Richie is in the cave with Johnnie, Dennie Phillips, Diedrie Butterfield & Brianie Rennex.

After eating some more goodies and talking for awhile and getting water at a spring, some of the happy cavers decided to go back to



CAVES ON HARRISONBURG, VA. QUADRANGLE; VISITED NOVEMBER 16, 1963

Wright's - not found, suspect it is under a trash pile.

Fountain, Jefferson, and Madison's Saltpeter - not found. It is possible that they were plotted wrong, and are former commercial caves that have been closed. Two caves found on the top of the ridge; one is breakdown and considered dangerous, second appears to have been filled in recently by earth flow. (Note: 1st & 3rd were former commercial caves and are both owned by owner of Grand Caverns. She would like to reopen 1st. Annie B.)

Wheelbarger's - not found, suspect it was destroyed when Rt. 33 was widened to double lanes.

Liskey's - not found, possibly plotted wrong, also is near where Interstate 81, part of Harrisonburg bypass was built, could have been covered or destroyed.

Keezle - FOUND. Located properly. In a sink hole which is used as trash dump. Route through trash was found, probably only temporary route. Medium large descending passage, arched, about 10 to 15 feet high. Ends in crawlway, dead animal in crawlway (was not explored further, didn't seem to go) no noticeable formations. One side passage section only. Systems of chimneys that interconnect, interesting climbing, slight maze in chimneys.

Monger's - Cave was found; plotted wrong on map. Is halfway around bend, downstream, at base of cliff near top of ridge. Total estimated length is 20 feet, great number of mosquitoes. Dry cave, could be done without a light.

Submitted for the interest of others by
John W. Reich

Feb. 29, 1964

Linda Hobbs is a GREAT BIG BLUE PIXIE.

courtesy John W. Reich

Barbara Lauster, Gene Richards, John Gillispie, Bert Brooks, Jim Wells.

At the appalling hour of 11 P.M., when all good little boys and girls should be in bed, (separate beds), our motley crew of eminent speleo-pranksters departed from the Maryland campus for a weekend of utter chaos. After a fitful night of questions such as: "Hey Barb, you asleep yet?", we arrived at Grapevine, rigged the drop, and made our hissing descent to its floor some ninety odd feet below. Upon reaching the floor I was greeted by giggles and shouts of joy from that renowned herpetologist himself, Johnathan Gillespie, who on hands and knees was fumbling with several specimens of Eurycea Lucifica and Ambystoma Jeffersonianum. After calming ourselves to some degree of sanity, we proceeded to the limits of the cave, ducking beneath our clouded breaths in order to gaze upon nature's wonders, which after three trips to Grapevine still send chills up and down my spine.

After several hours of flashbulbs popping through the dark silence, and John perfecting his smoke rings, we began our prusik. Owing to a strange bulge at my midline, a rain soaked rope, and the fact that I was last man out (rationalization) I managed to slip in twenty foot slips to the floor from about half way out. I hate to admit the midline role but facts must be facts. With the aid of a (uh, this hurts) belay to prevent slippage on the stand I finally poked my head into the misty light-pervaded air. (More rationalization: What a letdown after that nice prusik out of Cass). At the same time, as I was soon to find out, John was fighting the car which I learned was stuck in the gorpny mud and had to be extracted with a tractor.

What else could happen you may ask. Well, the answer is yet to follow. After a night of fun and frolic and (sleep) at the Field House, we headed for Aqua and a day filled with many surprises.

After skirting the lake at the entrance and pepping a few more flashbulbs, the happy crew was once again up to its usual antics... We found the sandy beach much like ~~the~~ Ocean City quote: J.G.. The stream trends back, narrowing here and there, making it fordable, and at times broadening and deepening into crystal lakes. The excitement began with the finding of some fine specimens of Eurycea Longicauda and terminated with a splash. In between, we found an interesting fluted passage and some excellent fossils; crinoid stems, brachiopoda, some form of unidentified coral, and another prevalent fossil: the nature of which I do not know.

As to the splash, well that's a long story. Amid the hoots and laughs from my fellow troglodytes I proceeded undaunted onto an overhung wall, or as J.G. would state it: Hung-over wall. Anyway, it stuck out over a large and beckoning lake, well needless to say, the hand-hold which should have been around the corner wasn't there.

The rest, seeing my extreme pleasure in being caressed by the icy waters, were obviously jealous and thus proceeded hand in hand into the lake for an historical crossing.

About an hour from ^{then} ~~now~~ found us arm in arm wading along the stream which flows serenely from the entrance to Aqua singing little ditties appropriate to the occasion.

Jim Wells.

WARNING: There are none so blind as those who cannot see.

SEXTON CABIN TRIP - DECEMBER 20, 1963

Harry Stacy	Tom Pearce	Linda Hobbs
John Reich	Bill Taylor	Jim Fox
Jim Stacy (Stacy)	Wallace Bailey	
Rich Blumberg	Dennis Phillips (late addition)	

At 7 PM (usual time) in S.U. Parking lot (usual place) the crew assembled, got themselves & gear into two cars and departed for scenic Sexton Cabin in scenic Va. not too far from that scenic and thriving metropolis of Harrisonburg (where the Camp Strawderman horses are stabled over the winter - note of interest). First stop was the Fairfax Safeway for the weekend's food. Naturally no one could agree on what to get and a great deal of time was wasted with arguing the merits of various suggestions - notably chicken livers - a perfectly delectable, tasty, and otherwise praiseworthy product of the culinary arts. Eventually, however, the groceries were purchased and once more we were on our way with goodies in hand. The next stop was some cheesy diner. More time wasted, but after all it was for a worthy cause - some people are hungry all the time! - and we weren't on a time schedule anyway. Stomachs full and everyone warm again - trail club cars have more trouble with their heaters! - once more the cry was onward & upward, Excelsior, etc.

But all good things really must come to an end. Our pleasant drive through the brisk winter air was over and it was time to don boots, coats, mittens, packs and tromp the approx. 3 miles in to the cabin. The actual hike in was most enjoyable - a brisk pace was kept by all and although there was little light from the moon, the trail was easily discernable, as it wound around the ridge. Rich had a hard time standing up in places and at one point someone fell off the trail and rolled quite a few feet down the side of the slope. The entire hike only took 40 min., which isn't too bad a pace considering the dark & the snow. Then there was the cabin before us. Nice warm cabin! Inside the temperature was 4°, outside about 2°. Fine! Let's build a big fire. Oh, why bother? It's cold! You're only going to bed - Welllll? NO big fire. Needless to say everyone was into their sleeping bags in record time. A short time later suspicious clumping was heard outside. Bears? No, only Dennis. He had driven down alone and come up Ramsey Draft. Back to sleep.

Next morning no one was yet stirring in the cabin when Dennis came in and built a fire. By degrees the others began to emerge from their cocoons (except for the author who had contracted pneumonia or malaria and lay dying quietly in her sleeping bag). Breakfast was prepared and around noon people began to make plans for the day's hiking. Everyone wanted to go someplace different and eventually the group split into a number of small parties, each with a different destination. Your trusty author had remained in bed during the proceedings - a condition which seemed intolerable to the others, and after considerable harrassment she was picked up - sleeping bag and all, carried outside and dumped unceremoniously in the snow (where she remained for the next hour + a half). By 2:00 all the parties had gone their merry ways, and at last there was movement from the sleeping bag in the front yard. Back to the cabin and to bed!! When the

various groups began to straggle in late that afternoon, they found a fairly warm and very tidy cabin - thanks to Linda (I finally got up) and Rich who had come back somewhat early. Dinner that evening was quite an affair. Most of the boys had honest-to-goodness trout, Tom and Linda had chicken livers TARANTARA!!! and John and Rich had hot dogs (yechh!). The rest of the meal consisted of peas-n-onions, and some ickky kind of potatoes, a la Stacy. After dinner, the Christmas cheer was brought out and several members of the group became quite festive. Several rounds of spoons ensued to decide who would do the dishes, but unfortunately someone had been rocking the ship and what with the lantern swinging and all-one of the crew became quite sea sick. Poor chap; had to keep going outside for fresh air in the middle of a spoon game. Needless to say, he lost - both supper and spoons. As the hour had grown late, about half the party decided to retire, while the rest of us decided to play a few hands of hearts and keep the fire going. The fire was quite festive and successful - the inside temperature reached a record high of 65°! The card game was not so successful - Damn Queen of Spades! At last it was bedtime for all and thanks to the diligent efforts of the fire builders, everyone spent a warm and comfortable evening.

Next morning found everyone up early. Breakfast was eaten, the cabin cleaned, blankets folded, dishes washed, inventory taken, and then there was nothing to do but hike back to the cars and homeward once more. The hike in the daylight was as enjoyable as it had been two nights before. The day was perfect and the cars were reached without incident. The cars loaded once more (what Fathead put my pack in Tom's car), we were off. Aside from a brief stop at a small store for something to drink - milk - and a barrage of fire crackers from the Rapier, the trip home was uneventful. The cars got split up with one group arriving in Collete Park hours ahead of the other. The finances were left to be solved later - ha ha! - and then everyone was on their way to home and Christmas.

Cost of trip - ask Fox, he's got it all figured out - Bright boy, that one!

Respectfully (?) submitted,

Linda Hobbs

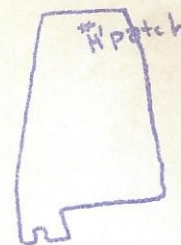
The Gaver's Psalm

My lamp is my shepherd, I shall not want.
It maketh me to lie down in soft dirt; it
leadeth me beside the running waters.
It restoreth my confidence; it leadeth me in
the paths of the least work for my comfort's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the cavern of the great
pits, I shall fear no evil for it is with me; my
rope and my pick they comfort me.
My helmet protecteth me in the presence of falling
rocks; it anointeth my head with sweat; my boots
runneth ever.
Surely luck and courage will follow me all the
days of my life, and I shall dwell in the caves forever.

(reprinted without permission from the E.M.G. RETROGLYPH
of Evansville, Indiana.)

Characters

Peter the Grant of the Great Green Monster
 Betty Rickerson - Queen of Hell
 Bret Blosser - The Prophet (who always told us so)
 John Reich - Sir Gloom
 Barbara Lauster - Brighteyes
 Ellen Witherite - The Effervescent imp



Plot Sketch

Fri. Dec. 27

My house to Barbara's 1200, to get Bret 1:30, camera store, back to Barbara's 4:00. To Baltimore - traffic ticket - left Lord Baltimore Hotel 6:00 with John. Ellen's house and dinner- 7 to 9: Barbara's house 10, Peter's II- autoharp. Oil, grease, gas, fix gas tank in Fairfax rt. 50 - 1200 am. started south.

Sat. Dec. 28

Dawn past Bristol, Tenn. - ice storm covered trees. Soot covered Knoxville. Stopped in restaurant parking lot to eat glop. A & W Root Beer in Chatanooga with shoe shine boys. Yelled at Ala. boarder with Confed. flag. Betty's birthday over one hr. too early. Peter pointed out location of lookout mt. Turned at Scottsboro to Tumbling Rock Cave. Entered about 6:30. Sleepingbags into sleeping shelf. Left Betty by Wild Cat Rock Pile and went to new section. Belayed Barbara up top chimney, then Ellen. Barbara came back to direct Ellen and fell due to loose rock into 10 ft. pit. next to chimney. Large rock on top of her. Rushed to Jackson Co. hospital. Left note saying people would be back for rest - to keep them awake. But Betty slept. Radio couldn't get Grand Cl' Opray. 4 stitches - great doctor. Heard about pit over 300 ft near Corns in Goshen Hollow. Waited hr. for Bill Varnedoe to get there. Back to cave, saw Nashville Grotto there ready for TR at 12:00. Icicles way inside - no paper in register, soon in sleepingbags.

Sun. Dec. 29

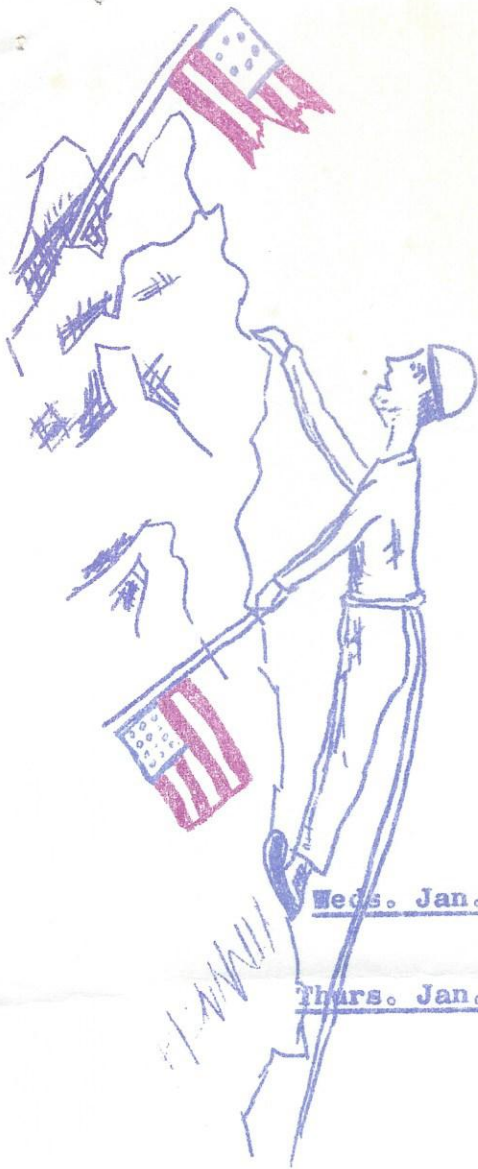
John slept in car surrounded by pigs ~~while asleep~~. Betty decided she doesn't like caving. Off to Limrock Blowing Cave, heard great folky religious program with bluegrass accomp. till we entered, 3 pm. Water collector inside like old still, long tunnel to rimstone room, out window to stream. Feet wet, waded upstream to breakdown. Looked left then right. Up, down, up, through, breakdown and left boyscout string. Sandbank, lunchroom, room and milkstone dam. Large crystals, strange water passages in mud. Next tunnel Bret and John explored while others composed song.* Then breakdown area with falls - lunch table, going north. Got colder near entrance because of wind and out of wind outside in moonlight we did not feel cold. Bette was in farmer's house

Mon. Dec. 30

watching T.V. Onward to Bill Garrison's house. Woke him up at 3:00. Slept wall to wall people. Kröger came over early. got kicked out. He and Wilson came over later. homemade wine breakfast. Bill came home about 5:00. Girls and John washed clothes. Bret, Peter, Bill and Felix went to Orgy Cave. Garrison stoned. Back road to cave. Bill big beetle wollowing up mountain. no lights - moonlight. Shed outside clothes. were able to avoid crawling through water. White, blind crayfish! helmet left behind. Up and over hill and into larger part. Moby Dick, white rock big as three houses. alternating crawlways and large rooms. strange formations. large

Tues. Dec. 31

room with chimney going down. on to pit, rigged. Stoopway to leafy pit with a dome. Garrison thought we could see the stars. Lights off. Negative. Great place for a bookstore. Bret over ~~stagnant~~ stagnant water to left. Peter followed cold air to right. cold crawlway over sand nearly 500ft. Coon tracks---leaves---a hole-an entrance! Where the hell are we? somewhere in the woods of northern Alabama at 3:00am 1/2 mile of cave /to known land.



Finally back to Huntspatch and to bed---only 1 hr. for Bill. some people have wives and children to take care of. Slept late. Barbara, Bret, John Ellen, and Peter started back to Orgy at 4:00pm. in the snow. for stuff left behind: 1 jacket, 1 blue jeans, 1 down parker (parka), 1 sweater, 2 overcoats, 1 pr. gloves, 1 hard hat, 1 crayfish in bag, 1 cable ladder, 1 baby bottle, a rigged pit, \$40.00 gas money. Arrived at old farmhouse, turn car around. Started to gather firewood for overnight stay, gave up. might snow too deep to get out in the morning. Started up old trail, pushing hard because of snow. Barbara lost harmonica. Went back with Ellen and John-with-axe, and found it(!). Peter and Bret, onward. Wind high above valley and snow moist. feet soaked. plateau seemed longer. Got most of the stuff. wore the clothes. snow turned to sleet. Vanguard had fire built in old house. Had to leave quickly. Snow-laden pines bent across road blinding us. didn't get stuck. good old Green Monster. and his new chains. Passed Fern Cave, so near--so far. At Charlie Nork's New Year's Eve party by 9:00. Green Monster only moving car in town. Great homemade elderberry wine. Wow! Wall-to-

Weds. Jan. 1

Thurs. Jan. 2

wall people again, this time at Nork's. Woke late, scrambled eggs, compliments of Charlie. Off into the sunset, Tom Sawyer's house and to bed. John's first time west of the Appalachians. Beautiful sunrise touching treetops. frost patterns on back porch window. Bette visited an ancient Aztec on the Gobi Desert. Rowed to an island and built a snowman in the middle of the Tennessee River. Back to Huntspatch with a N.Y. Eve snowman still on the car's roof. Got a recipe for wine and

mailed it accidentally with postcards. Shopped for hats in T.T. Terry's attic. also got slightly cracked manikin's head. good bargains that day. Onward. Peter yells: turn right! John can't react fast enough due to arthritis in the Monster's drive shaft and the fact that we're already in the middle of intersection. gears lock. light turns red. Peter jumps into front seat, then to hood. hood falls on top of him due to fact that it's not connected to anything. unsticks gears and jumps back into front seat. success! now traffic can move again. Drive one block. where's Peter's hat? stop. he jumps out of car and retrieves hat from under hood. Let's go to Hugh's Cave. Barbara drives down m mountain and skids off road into trees. (little ones) \$10:00 to get towed out but we got \$5.00 back Fri. due to AAA. Monster's right eye out. On to Hughe's. couldn't park near cave. might get stuck. backed up to side road and got stuck. camped on snow, warm and melting.

Fri.

Cheerios on the snow with a red checkered tablecloth. Someone pulled us out.. looked at Lyn Dam, then back to Tom's for things we'd forgotten stopping first at Redstone Arginal to call him. On way back---again Barbara driving---noise in motor. limped back to Huntsville with motor hopefully quiet. Borrowed a garage who's owner has deal with tom fox. (he really deserves to be capitalized) 2 broken piston rings.

Spent the night at Fox's. had to wait til morning for parts.

Sat. Jan. 4

Peter worked til noon. Homeward, only one day late. Stopped at Crossing Cave so we could say we'd done at least four. We'd packed all the gear so only had very worn out flashlights and couldn't go past the entrance room. many formations. too bad we couldn't see them. Got a fallout shelter sign. Sun set shining from under a cloud shelf to the West as we left Ala. to the East.

* In a cavern in a canyon John Reich, he was a caver,
Wasting all his precious time tall and lank and oh so bold.
Dwelt a caver named Bret Blosser He persevered forever
With his water and carbide. though his feet were always cold.

Oh my darling, oh my darling, (chorus)
Oh my darling caver, mine
you are lost and gone forever,
~~Bye Bye~~
In a virgin passage fine.

Cost of trip: (apiece)

\$15.00~~21~~---gas and accidental expenses

3.65-----food for 8 days

How to do it:

Everyone bring one substantial meal from home. ie: Dette= spaghetti sauce, Ellen= homemade baked beans, Peter = glop, Bret = canned salisbury steaks, and sponge off someone once, ie; the scrambled eggs.

More useful information:

If you want to get any caving done in Ala. don't contact Huntsville Grotto.

Submitted by Peter Grant
Revised by Barbara Lauster

A STORY

Many, many People wished to Communicate with the Ancient Aztec, the only person left in the world who spoke Ancient Aztec, for he was very wise and intelligent and they felt they were missing out on all his beautiful thoughts and ideas. But he found no other language worth learning. They couldn't learn Ancient Aztec because he wouldn't teach it to anyone else. So he lived all his life sitting Silently in the middle of the Gobi Desert and never Communicated with anyone.

ANOTHER STORY

There Was one other person in the world who spoke Ancient Aztec. One day he was walking through the Gobi Desert and came upon the Ancient Aztec. He said in Perfect Ancient Aztec, "Could you please show me the way to the Tundra Book Store?" "Certainly," replied the Ancient Aztec in Perfect Ancient Aztec, "five miles and to the right." "Thank you very much," the stranger replied and walked off to the horizon. They never saw one another again.

With all the comings and goings in the 5 days during which the TTC inhabited the cave, the trip report is a bit disorganized and is thusly written by 3 participants. Members attending included:

Tues.-Sun.

Harry Stacy
Allen Lord
John Reich

Wed.-Sun.

Anne Braithwaite
Linda Hobbs
Dick Sanford
Greg Burrowes
Bill Taylor

Tues.-Fri.

Rich Blumberg
Dennis Phillips
Ed Aston

Wed.-Sat.

Rick Banning
Alden Taylor
Sharon Dodds
Jim McElroy

Wed.-Fri.

Jane Davis
Kathie Engler
Mary Martin

Fri.-Sun.

Jim Stacy
Sara Anne Bailey
Judy Ball
Charlie Johnston

Joyce Coon
Tom Pearce
Aldo Mazella
Stephanie Davis

The Tuesday group assembled in front of the Cambridge Complex where we met our illustrious leader, Anne Braithwaite who bid good luck to Group I and all that stuff. Her good wishes stayed with us until we were driving up the hill to the cave, at which time Harry's car dropped its muffler. (CHRR, GUCH) (Now the car not only rides like a tank; it also sounds like one.) It was 1 AM when we finally got all the gear into the cave. We then made a quick trip to the Sand Room. After reaching that, Dennis and Rich decided to go on a little farther while the others went back to get some sleep. They went a "little further" to the waterfall and returned to the sleeping room at 4 AM.

After the next awakening, and an individual breakfast, John went off by himself looking for the connection to Butler Cave; the rest started toward the waterfall. Harry was the only one to make it as the rest took a side passage which was to connect with the other one further on, according to Dennis. Naturally it was a dead end and a wasted hour. Upon reaching the Serpentine Way, we took another detour up a mud bank that went for quite a way, up, most of the time. It was great fun sliding back down into the mud and water. We met the rest of the group and returned to eat dinner and try to stay up until Group II came. We tried talking, but one by one fell asleep until Anne came storming into the sleeping room for the beginning of the third awakening.

By Rich Blumberg

2nd Installment - OK - He Who Laughs First Laughs Loudest

Group II left the Student Union Parking Lot in 3 cars at various times, and by strange occurrence, the car which left last (Jane's) arrived first to the cave and the car which left first (Alan's) arrived last (in fact, not until the light of Thurs.). The trials of the Taylors began soon after they left. First of all, Alan went over to Fox's house to pick up a duffle bag and hard hat. He backed out of the driveway, scraping the concrete. The deep and dark suspicions of the Taylor crew believe this is where a pin-hole leak in the gas tank was acquired. While getting gas near Vienna, someone commented on how the whole station smelled of gas, and then noticed the reason, as the smell came from a puddle of gas under the car's tank, getting increasingly larger. The next 3/4 of an hour was spent hunting for an open station and then fixing the tank with a bandage not recommended for people with holes in their arteries. Bill plugged the hole with a sheet-metal screw stuck through a piece of inner tube. So much for that and off we went - to about 25 miles from Breathing where, while twisting up a mountain at 2 am, a tire went flat. No problem; after all Alan had three spares in the trunk. So one was put on and away we went - 10 ft. that is, and gently ground to a stop with another flat. Since the other 2 spares had no hubs, we were forced to spend the night in the scenic Va. mountains. Dawn found Bill & Rick several miles backtracked at a small gas station where the proprietor put the hubs on the tires and off we went.

About 10 we arrived at the cave, and emerged through the crawlway (gullet) + were greeted by a group of cavers, who ran at us shouting and stumbling over rocks, maddened by 12 hours away from the sun. Conditions were normal.

(It is here that the illustrious leader must make a comment on the entrance of the other group who arrived about 5 AM and were in the cave by 5 AM. Having most of the gear- (3 coleman stoves, 1 coleman lantern, and at least 2/3 of the food) -our entrance was long and exhausting. Cave Rat (alias Dick) rigged a rope to facilitate carrying food and other perishable equipment down the entrance slope. After carefully getting the eggs to the crawlway, some FATH AD dragged them through and broke 1 1/2 doz., thereby lessening the food supply. After everyone was in the cave, Rich and Dennis decided to take some of us to the waterfall, and off went Linda, John, Harry, Greg, and Ed. They arrived back about 9, and went to bed, which is why some people did not see Linda much on Thurs. or Fri. as she was all tuckered out. End of comment.)

After arriving in time for breakfast, all hands proceeded to light chit-chat and heavy eating except for Linda & John who didn't appear for a day. The OFFICIAL FUN BEGINS. Cave Rat, Greg & Rick went off towards the Waterfall, but sidetracked to a section that ran horizontal a ways, then into a triangular passage that not only was just big enough to crawl, but also made right angle turns. The end of the passage opened up vertically with a small amount of water trickling into a rimstone pool at our feet. During this time Dennis, Sharon, Jim, Allen, Bill, Mary, Harry & Rich had been exploring the historic section and then returned towards the waterfall, meeting Ed, Anne & Kathie navigating Jane from Ship's Prow to the Sleeping Room. Ed went with the large group and Dennis went with the harem. Then Anne, Kathie, Dennis and Alan left for the Waterfall, meeting the large group returning from same in the fissure between the Prow and the Nutcracker. This small group returned to the fold about 8 PM, after an exceptionally quick 3 hour trip.

After a breakfast of corn beef hash, which Harry got in bed because Rick couldn't bear to see anyone become thinner than himself by missing breakfast, Dennis, Rich, Kathie, Mary, Ed & Jane returned to school. We all promised to maintain proper decorum since dear Jane was leaving. Anne & Rick helped the group out, more or less, and then went to work icicle-gathering with the help of Harry who came out for different reasons. Armed with stout brown Kraft bags, they skillfully knocked icicles from the roof of the cave mouth, and Anne was just as skillfully stopped from a long, but quick trip down the entrance slope by Harry's firmly planted foot. Jim, Cave Rat, Greg, Allen, Bill & Harry went off to George's Gorge while Alan, Anne & Rick discovered a rat's nest. NOTE: real cave rats prepare for cold cruel winter in the manner of squirrels; they gather hundreds of acorns and deposit them in small tunnels and then build nests of bark, about 6 " in diameter which sit among the nuts. Sharon, Anne, Alan, & Rick spent most of the day in the vicinity of the Sleeping Room and Linda and John took a short trip to the Rainwell Area.

Bill & Harry, then Greg & Allen returned in time for supper (hamburgers a la Linda). Jim and Dick came back just in time for the historic card game of Hearts. They had been the last one's up the rope, which was impregnated with mud by the time they used it. Anyway, the game was underway aided on occasion by a bat that swept in and out among the players. After a bit, Linda aquired 25 points, thus deciding to play 52 pick-up. In the next deal she managed to save face by getting all the hearts & the Queen of Spades. Allen won. When Sharon laughed at Allen's use of black leather gloves during the game, Greg let out with a tremendous roaring laugh of his own. Greg mentioned that it used to be worse and he had had to change it, and he was asked to demonstrate. He obliged and everyone broke up; Anne got sore sides from laughing. After Anne was safely bagged in down, she begged Greg to laugh again, since she could "take it lying down".

About the time the game was proceeding, Charlie Johnston arrived on his motorcycle, came down to the crawlway entrance, didn't believe what he saw, and went back to the road to sleep in Dick's car untill about 3 am when Tom Pearce

arrived with Adele Brodmerkel, Stephanie, Aldo, Sara Anne, Judy, Joyce, and Stacy. Charlie followed the 3rd contingent down to sleep, except for Tom who insisted on standing up in his sleeping bag thus looking like a well-fed penguin.

After breakfast, Jim, Sharon, Adele, & Rick left with Alan Taylor. (Adele left because of a fever which later was measles.)

By Rick Banning

On Sat., a large group of mostly beginners went off to the waterfall on a rather slow trip, somewhat to the boredom of those who could go faster. This included Aldo, Stephanie, Joyce, Judy, Charlie, Sara Anne, Anne, Allen & Stacy. The trip was uneventful, tho participants were rather exhausted. While Linda & John stayed in bed, Tom, Dick n' Harry and Bill & Greg went to Warm River Cave near Clifton Forge. The mishap which occurred there should be reported separately as the illustrious leader is not well-armed with the facts. We did become a bit worried about them as they did not return until about 11. A small group of 5 played Hearts and Allen quite fittingly lost. Linda won (because John was suffering from a terrific headache).

The next morning several people were awakened by the bang of a firecracker, and, as soon as breakfast was over, the group began packing up and moving packed items to the crawlway. A chain of cavers extended through ~~the~~ the crawlway and up the entrance slope a bit. Everything was passed through quite smoothly, although several garbage bags spilled open and Greg moaned. It seems jelly spilled all over the crawlway. The last item through was a milk carton from which everyone took a swig. A rope had been rigged down the entrance slope and gear was passed up piece by piece while the passers hung on for dear life. Several trips were made back and forth from the entrance to the cars for equipment. The paper garbage was burned on the road, people were running around explaining how dirty they were, a snow ball battle ensued to clean some people, Dick regretted that he had forgotten to snap Necco Wafers, and the groups finally began to depart. The motorcycle kid had left about 8 that morning, so as to get home while the sun shone.

Perhaps some of the groups dilly-dallied on the way home, but Anne, Linda & John who were riding with Harry made a fast bee line for home, shower, and bed.

The price of the trip varied from \$4.25 for 4 days to \$3.15 for 1½ days including both food and gas.

By Anne Braithwaite

A tumbling, foamy brooklet
A steep leafy ravine
Climbing; stopping; climbing
Upward, and over bouncing waters
Stopping before a dark gaping hole.

A smooth moving stream on a silty floor
High, ledged passages
Darkness, really blackness
Goodbye to green and sunlight
Goodbye to clear blue sky
Hello to the dark and the blackness
Hello to stillness and blackness.

from a 1st caving trip by anonymous II
to Cave Hollow Cave

ALUMNI NEWS

Jim Hayes' "new" hangout, Tufts University, won the International Turtle Race held at American U.

TRIPS TAKEN BUT NOT REPORTED ON

Roger's Belmont---Oct. 12, 1963---Larry Sturgil, John Reich, Deirdra
Butterfield, Dennis Phillips
Moler's Cave---Oct. 19---Barbara Lauster, Marshall and Kenneth Klein,
Vernon Zander, Karen ?
Carderock---Paul Gerhard, Chris Olsen, Dave and Andy Head
also Peter Grant, Abe Schultz and a Nat'l Geographic person
on a separate trip.
Commercial caves---Nov. 16---Annie, Harry, Allen Taylor, Allen Lord,
John Reich, Kathy Engler
Tub Cave and Swego Pit---Nov. 25---Tom Pearce, Dick Sanford, Bill Taylor
Butler's Marlboro Country---Nov. 29-31---John Reich, Paul Gerhard,
Mike Nicholson, Joe Faint
Whiting's Neck---Bob Nelson and Dick Hammerschlag
Butler's Cave---Feb. 7-9---Barbara Lauster, Marshall Klein, Margaret
and Helmut
Puerto Rico caves---Jim Klanchar
Sexton Cabin---Buzz Jones, Aldo Mazella and two others
Hope I got all of them.

Darker than the darkest night
Blacker than the blackest black
Cold and damp
Mud clings to boots like quicksand,
pulling down, down
Mud coats floor and walls, arms and legs
and hair clings
Endless passageways winding in endless
mazes
And complete blackness, penetrated
only by the feeble glow of carbide lamps
Bats hang motionless from the ceiling
Blind cave-crickets scurry in and out
among themselves in sightless patterns
Tunnels that lead nowhere
Fallen flat rock from the ceiling
Silence so intense, I've become a part of
it; penetrating quiet, absolute
absence of sound
Weird bluish-tinge that is daylight
somewhere ahead.

Anonymous I

