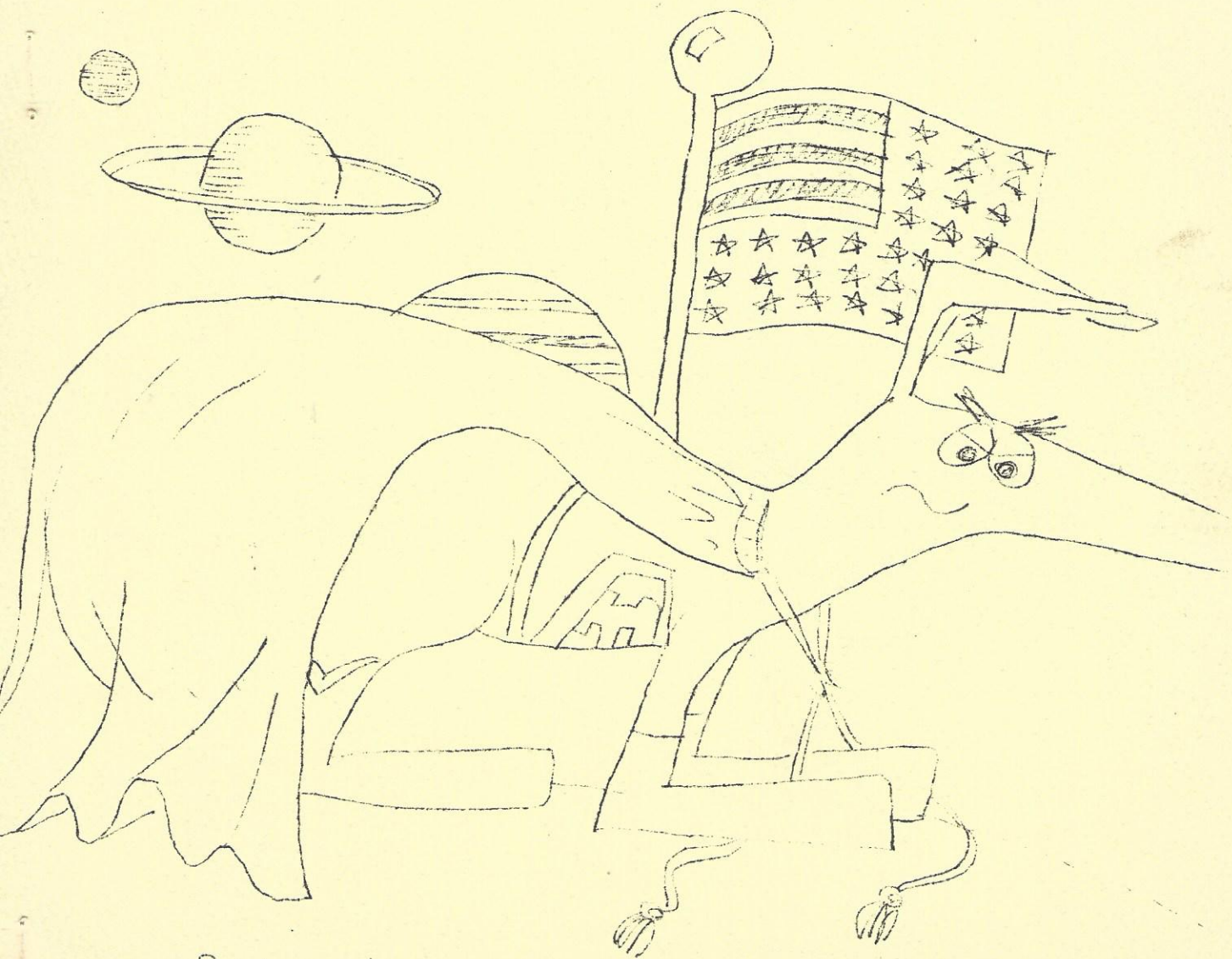


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SUPER

ANTEATER

COMIC BOOK



Published by that great metropolitan

THE ANTEATER

University of Maryland Terrapin Trail Club

Vol. 1 No. 4

CALENDAR: Planned & Proposed Trips

- 8-10 May Seneca Rocks Weekend contact Randy 434-0023
- 20 May Formal Meeting rm. 112-A
- 3 June Formal Meeting rm. 112-A
- 5-? June East Branch Penobscot River & Mt. Katahdin - canoeing, climbing
contact Druid or Knud
- 7-14 June Adirondacks - Mt. Marcy, backpacking contact Denny

NEW OFFICERS

Mikæ Krepner (Druid)	President	no phone - 927-8963 (TTC Office)
Randy Mardres	Vice President	434-0023
Mary Anne Dellinger	Treasurer	434-8852
Mary Lou Sorensen	Secretary	HE4-8316

Non-officers, but essential personnel

Julie Miller (Horsling)	Editor, Anteater & V.P. Assistant	X-3081
Buck Keller	Editor, Anteater & V.P. Assistant	X-2968

Other Bureaucracy:

Chief Editor	Druid
Executive Editor	Horsling
Chief Executive	Buck

Word Peckers	Carolyn, Sherri, , Hors .
Art Administrator	Jeff Boyer

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Being both president and editor, I am presented with the interesting situation of being able to rebut my own sarcastic insults. Therefore: "Criticism is the knock that tells you something in the engine's not right." Wulfdryd VIII:3 It is best if given directly to the person or persons involved. A 'casual' comment dropped to someone else will eventually get to the correct person, but is usually misinterpreted. Friction is necessary, but the sooner it is solved, the

sooner other things may be tackled.

The officers cannot be expected to initiate everything either. Some of it, most of it should come from the rank and file. This club is damn lucky in having so many leaders, active or dormant; they should be used. Also the officers cannot be expected to assume all the responsibility for the club. If it is to be a viable institution, then it needs a good, active, membership, that both wants it that way, and would like to see it get better. If we get content with ourselves, we stagnate, we will cease to be a worthwhile body.

The club is around solely for the pleasure of its members; we protest nothing, we march nowhere; we are. There are benefits to be derived from the club, and more that may be later. But the members must contribute; either directly, or offering suggestions to someone who might. Fewer diseases are found in fast moving water than slow.

DRUID

EDITORIAL

Once again, March has come in like a lion and gone out with the old administration. Congratulations, sirs, you did your jobs. The criticism now belongs and should be directed to the new administration. If anything good is to come of the club, it must either initiate or be urged along by those who head it.

The club is at a critical point in its growth; it is starting to get a large membership, an increasingly large amount of books, maps, equipment, etc., and more financial transactions. All these are tied hand in hand: without the memberships there would be no more maps or financial business. Therefore, a greater burden of responsibility has fallen on the officers, present and future.

The vice-president has in the past been responsible for what little equipment the club possessed. In the past few years, much of that equipment has been either lost or destroyed. More stringent controls need to be placed on all club-owned gear. Sometime this summer, the club will run onto two canoes. Not owned, but we will be responsible for their use and control. Our map and book collection continues to grow and this must be cared for. It is essential to the growth of this club that the office of V.P. be competently handled, as an aid to club members, and as a source of revenue.

The duties of the secretary were few; now they need to be increased. This year the newsletter has come out on a regular basis, barring this last issue. We are carrying correspondence with more kindred organizations across the country than ever before. Our catalogue file needs new updated editions, and much information is available to us for the mere writing of a letter. All this helps the individual club member by putting at his disposal a much greater quantity of ready information of all types.

Treasurer's duties are clear-cut. She must handle the money. As our monetary dealings get more complex, our need for a good treasurer increases. For efficient business, she must function efficiently.

The person who ties all this together must be the president. His main duty is to act as a scapegoat should something not work correctly. In order to avoid becoming said scapegoat, he must see that things do work correctly. This is a big order, especially considering the diverse types and fairly high degree of individuality in the club. If the club is to become an organization that does things and not simply a collection of random thoughts, the president must take up the burden. This will entail his giving up some of his goals in the club, in order to help the goals of the members. If he is as good for the club as those who elected him think he is he must do this.

The criticism belongs to the new administration. See that they get as they are due. But when the next one comes in, see that it is passed.

DRUID

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!! ATTENTION!!!

The office phone number is now 927-8963.

Yours truly, The Editors

TRIP REPORTS

Jan. Fuji trip

In the transcendental, obscure, exotic, backward, dilemma-ridden (not to mention Oriental) land called Japan, one thing above all is valued and respected. No other object in Neppon (Japanese for "Japan") stirs the imagination quite so much or initiates so many dreams of conquest. The object is of course a good-looking blonde. Running a close second in a recent poll, though, was Mt. Fuji.

Japan is 70% mountains and thus it takes a hell of a big hill to turn these people on. Fuji is such a hill. Located in a relatively non-mountainous region, Mt. Fuji rises 13,000 feet.

Fuji acts upon the emotions of anyone who has even caught sight of it. While flying over Japan on my way to that "fun in the sun" vacationland--Vietnam--I saw Fuji for the first time. Japan was obscured by clouds but this hellish big black cone was piercing the clouds and gave the impression of a turd in a sugar bowl!

In the past few months, I've been as close as 5 miles from the damned volcano and missed it because of Japan's omnipresent clouds/haze/smog conditions. On the other hand, on several occasions, I've sighted the awesome spectacle of the mount from a distance of 50-60 miles.

Well, last weekend, my 17th in this fairyland, I made my move. At 9 am on this particular rainy, foggy, smoggy and uncomfortably chilly Sunday, I was shaken awake by what I had previously assumed to be my friend. "Hey!! Get up! We (one driver and four victims) are going to Fuji!" Normally I would really go for this type of spontaneous adventure, but since I had just come in 2 hours previously from an adventure of sorts in Tokyo, I was not exactly chafing at the bit to go on this trip.

After several false starts we finally mounted a black shiny Japanese version of a Cadillac (that's what its now penniless owner calls it anyway). Fuji is perhaps 50 miles S.W. (as the B-29 flies) from Zama. VIA Japanese-type highways (. . . know the old rag fire road. . .?), the route is perhaps 80 miles.

When we had gone 150 km we knew we were in trouble--but Hell, we knew that on the first switchback road we hit. The roads were narrow, the shoulders were ditches, the drop-offs were unreal, and our driver was out of his tree! If he had concentrated more on his driving and less on his favorite topic: "Gee, wouldn't it be keen if we went over the edge, and. . .", we might have been able to relax. As it was, the tension in the car was only lessened when we realized how funny it was that we stood a better than even chance of driving past a 13,000 foot volcano without noticing it. Yeah, we really laughed that one up.

By now we were driving in and out of low flying clouds--Fuji collects 'em like Druid collects suicidal ideas! Fearing the obvious--that we didn't know where the hell we were, we stopped at a Japanese restaurant and over Saki and their notorious green tea, we had one of our members rap pidgeon Japanese and get directions.

Once on the correct road, our only remaining task was to guess when we were approaching the base of Fuji. The atmospheric conditions being what they were, this was no mean task.

We finally found Fuji--partly through chance, and partly through American-style perseverance. We waited at the base of the thing--with cameras in our hot sweaty hands--for the damned volcano to undress itself of the clouds. After three quarters of an hour, we each snapped a few pictures of the cloud bank and stole a volcanic rock, which we affectionately called Fuji, in lieu of the alleged real Mt. Fuji.

We couldn't help but feel slighted as we drove away. For some reason one always feels depressed when he stands next to a 13,000 foot volcano, and can't see it.

After we had driven a short ways, and I turned to throw a kiss to the cloud bank--I saw it!--the bottom half of Fuji. We hadn't failed. It was the other half of the turd I spotted while en route from Disneyland to S.E. Asia.

Without concern for life or property our driver made a daring, brake-smoking stop. Before the car had come to a halt, we had cocked and focused our cameras and had sprung from the car, jockeying for the best camera angles. (Note: SLOWLY--and without our noticing it, our eyes were taking the form of almonds.)

One last glance, a quick "Ah-so. . ." and we were off--into a cloud bank and

back to Zama.

P.S. In an unrelated incident: 4 days ago, while watching a grade 'B' western at our enormous post theatre, we had the hell shaken out of us by an earthquake that measured "3" on the 7 point scale.

CHIPS

21-22 Feb. Caving - Organ C., W. Va.

~~Wherein we find the intrepid cavers mapping W. Va.'s largest known cave system for the 3rd time or so by a vast (half-vast) crowd. We all camped inside along the Organ Creek. From the beautiful camps on the rocks, several groups went out and mapped about 10,000 feet during the weekend. This is the end of the report because its the end of the paper.~~

R. BANNING

20-22 Feb. George Washington Weekend

Buck, Mike, Bob, Nude and I left the SU for the Fieldhouse about 7:00 Friday. Arrived at the Fieldhouse 11:00, with short stop in Front Royal for dinner. After the usual activities of the night everyone settled down for the night at about 2 or 3 in the morning. Had breakfast at Mrs. Smith's and most of those present at the fieldhouse left for Sites Cave. Arrived about 1:00 pm. The cave, 298 feet deep, was rigged and the first people descended about 2:00. After a short trip through the cave, people were hauled out and more lowered in. Everyone was out by 5:00. Stopped in Petersburg for dinner and returned to Fieldhouse. Sunday, Bob, Mike, Nude, Jay and I spent about an hour running through the erisseress passages of Hamilton Cave and 2 hours in New Trout Cave. Jay, Mike and Nude proceeded home about 4:00. Bob and I returned to Fieldhouse, ate dinner at Mrs. Smith's. Monday morning after breakfast Buck, Bob and I packed the car and left for home, arriving about 4:00 at the SU. It was an easy-going weekend of caving.

MARY-ANNE

Contrary to recent ill-humored rumors, Chief Chikenphart is not dead. He plays the electric jews harp in

La Posada de los Aztecos
21 Calle de Montezuma
Cuidad de Mejico

Feb. The Auction

On Thursday the Trail Club annual auction was held. At this auction much junk was exchanged at fabulous prices; our V.P. was stuck with a car, sold for 1¢. A pine cone sold for 45¢ an ice box of rotten fruit was sold, to name some of the great buys of the night. For the bargain hunter, there was some good buys, like a fifty-cent piece for 25¢, a good lock for \$1.00, two ponchos sold for some cheap price. All in all, the night was a success, the treasury gained \$15, the junk that sat in everyone's car for the last few months was redistributed, and the residents of the apartment building were given presents of bags of rotten fruit.

FOSTER

Wordpecker gets a brownie star for fantastic ability to translate impossible chicken scribble. It was so bad it took 3 of us to do it! --Ed.

20-22 Feb. Sites Cave--Washington's B-Day

Bob, Buck, Mary, Nude and I left Friday evening to go to the Fieldhouse. Made the usual stops and reached Riverton at 11PM. John Reich immediately started a

poker-acey-ducey game with some "fish" which continued 'til three. We wiser chickens went to bed. The next day, rather late, people began filtering out to do Sites Cave. Muy muchos personas met out beyond Franklin--started lugging up 200 and 300 foot coils of rope. Somewhere along the line we picked up Jay, who drove up Sat. morning. It took a mere two hours for Bob Lutz to rig the drop, 298' total to the cave bottom; two hours in which nearly everyone froze. Then the lowering began. Fun. I got in near the end and found Nude waiting. We started looking over the cave. Very Nice, good formations, didn't go back too far because of crawlways and we didn't feel like crawling.

So back out and up the pit. Very interesting feeling being raised and lowered into a cave. I think I prefer prussicking. Rather cold out, moon coming up, all set off for Franklin and food, then to Fieldhouse. Next morning nobody could figure out what to do, so Bob and Mary, Jay, Nude and I did Hamilton and New Trout. Talk of doing Warm River Cave on Monday but some of us had to go. Tried to get up Spruce Knob; too much snow. Headed home with Jay.

DRUID

6 March Escape to Assateague

Awakened from a sound sleep by continued banging upon my front door, I recalled that this was the day the phenomenon was to occur. Carefully avoiding the local savages, I circled around to the front door where Ron and Wayne were in seige. "To the car!" I yelled dashing for it. WE arrived just before THEM and took off around the block where we changed a tire (an arrow maybe?).

We travelled the open road cautiously watching the other vehicles and the sun for a sign. There was none. We paused and ventured into unknown territory in a quest for food. Being good hunters, we soon obtained it. As we came out, horror of horrors! The sun was beginning to disappear.

To the car! A mad dash was made to the island and, arriving there, we left it and jumped a fence to escape from the throng. We slunk through the bushes and remains of many dead horses to a place where we could see the Sun-god. To our horror, he was being eaten by an unknown force. It became cold, a wind began to blow. Then as it grew darker, the stars appeared. As we stared in fear and awe, a vast shadow overtook us and the god was gone.

We listened to the incantation of the distant throng and the angry voice of the great god NASA, which must have worked, for the Sun-god slowly returned. Feeling relieved, we proceeded with the Ceremony of the Live Horse Remains Flinging. This was followed by a salute to the Sea-god and photography of the live horses.

Having accomplished their goals, the trio returned to College Park to witness a ceremony called the Birthday Party of the Jeff.

KATHY

Survival Hint #.0002 When making derogatory remarks to a policeman, hope someone you know knows him and its not a case of mistaken identity.

Survival Hint #.0003 When said policeman says, "You should be glad none of you is a minor," don't scream, "I'm a minor, I'm a minor, what're you going to do?" (You might find out!)

"Recently" North Mountain

Two cars set out for North Mountain recently (how should I know when?) and eight people went (Don, Doug, Denny, Connie, Pat, Ron, I and ?). The trip began rather interestingly when one of the cars was stopped in the Plains by two city (?) policemen, one with an M.S. in sociology who proceeded to test reactions while

those in the car tested the policeman's. No tickets were issued but a great many warnings were exchanged.

The cars were reunited at the Comet in Front Royal and all was fine until we got to the road to Vances Cove which was deep in snow. After what seemed like hours (the bottom of the car should be gone by now), we arrived (?) and went on up.

Some trail-clearing was done, and some hiking. One car left after the first night. The other hearty souls remained, asking, 'Will we be snowed in?' They weren't. More hiking and an uneventful return home.

KATHY

13 Feb. Simmon's Mingo Trip

The trip began appropriately enough on Friday the 13th. We (Mary Anne, Buck, and myself) managed to get off to a late start as usual and arrived at Dick Sanford's place where we encountered another delay while we loaded the 'White Whale' with our gear. We then proceeded for the Fieldhouse only 45 minutes behind schedule. (A new speed record.) We stopped in Front Royal at the Good Food Diner, a traditional PSC stop, and treated ourselves to the cheapest complete meal on the East Coast (three vegetables and coffee included with generous servings, some for less than \$1.00). We reached the Fieldhouse about midnight and met John Reich, Mike and Julie and Jeff and Sue, who were going to do My Cave. The next morning we had breakfast at Mrs. Smith's and proceeded onward to Simmon's Mingo. After reaching the Simmon's farm and warming ourselves around their fire, we walked the half mile to the cave with our packs (we were unable to take the White Whale up because the snow had been falling steadily since the previous night, combining with older snow to make the road to the cave too hazardous for even the Whale).

The cave which we entered by a 35' rappel provides an interesting example of cave breakdown forcing one to descend well over 100 feet on a steep slope of large slippery breakdown.

We left our packs in the sleeping room and passed without too much pain through several of the tight hidden crawlways that protected the cave for so many years. About 2½ hours after entering the cave we reached the section of the cave where large amounts of gypsum grow. There were many different varieties of crystals and some very well developed flowers which proved quite impressive to those who had never seen them before. Another hour brought the area where we were to start checking out some new passages which had been bypassed by the push teams attempting to reach the back. A very short time put us in virgin passage and with Buck leading the way we managed to work our way into some of the nastiest vertical meat-slicer passages I have ever seen. More exploration, led by Mary Anne, brought us to a siphon where the main stream was emerging. Tom Williams, who had joined us at the Fieldhouse, theorized that this was the other end of the historical siphon that had stopped so many of the earlier parties until it was bypassed. To prove the point we sat down for several hours of mapping the new section. This was much simpler after Mary Anne found the short walking passage that led back to known cave and which Buck had brilliantly bypassed. After surveying back to a known point so the map could be referenced, we decided to return taking a different route. We worked our way down to the stream level and got ourselves into one hairy situation after another with frequent high traverses and cliffs and much very unstable breakdown. We eventually had to take to the stream itself.

After 12 hours we reached our camp and promptly racked out for 6 hours of sleep. When we woke up we donned our wet clothes and filled our packs and marched valiantly out to be faced by a waterfall in the entrance pit and slush outside. Eventually reaching the car, we headed for home at the best speed possible and arrived in the D.C. area at 6:30, a new record for a Simmon's Mingo trip. It was a trip to be remembered and something that should be done at least once (or less according to some people).

BOB ROBINS

ASSORDID RECIPES

Lumox Meringue Pi

Take one lumox, put in circle. Find radius, square and multiply by 3.1416.
Top with meringue.

Recipe for making modern molded candles

- 3 3/4 pounds of paraffin
- 2 pounds, 3 ounces stearic acid
- 5 ounces beeswax
- 4/5 ounces glycerine (leaving this out does not seem to affect the candle)

Use an ordinary iron kettle to hold the wax, or it may be heated in a galvanized container. Copper or brass has a tendency to give the wax a greenish tint. Candles are made by dipping (Bayberry), pouring (Beeswax), basting or moulding (tallow-mutton or beef fat).

respectfully submitted,
SUE

A New Taste Sensation:

Put a sardine on a marshmallow and eat it.

Heard on Laugh-In 2/23/70

Spaghètti Sauce

- 1 lb. ground beef - brown in pan and dump other junk in
- 1 jar Heinz spaghetti sauce
- 1 can tomato paste
- 1 can mushrooms

lotsa garlic, salt, onion, pepper and stuff to make it taste good

Survival Hint #2975 1 inch manila rope frayed ends make good pot cleaners (they even clean off greasy spugety sauce).

Lemur Meringue Pie

- 1 finely chopped lemur
- lemur juice
- toenails of lemur

Spread finely chopped lemur on top of large matzo in round bowl. Pour in juice. When soggy decorate with toenails. Sit in toilet. Hum 3 bars of God Save the Queen. Swallow lemur meringue, plop and flush.

21-23 March Chimney Top

To celebrate the near coincidence of the vernal equinox with a full moon, four inspired souls - Doug Andberg, Mike Krepner, Foster Lippard and John Knud-Hansen set out on Friday for Chimney Top, West Virginia. Adhering to the Trail Club tradition of a tightly co-ordinated time schedule, leaving an hour or two late, the group set up a site beside the South Branch River at the base of Cave Mountain. While Nude used his beauty sleep efficiently, the rest spent the morning shooting a short section of the river in Druid's canoe, Fafnir. Later in the afternoon we drove up to the take-off point on North Fork Mountain for the trail up to Chimney Top. At the base of the trail Fos jauntily threw his A-frame pack upon his shoulders, the frame remaining while the pack sailed on over his head. The only other development on the way up was everyone's surprise at his own out-of-shapeness, a condition rediscovered at each of the ten stops made during the 2.5 mile backpack. The view, while it lasted, was beautiful. The weather had left some weird formations in the sandstone. Chimney Top itself looms over routes 4 and 28, and gives one a sense of infinite superiority over all who pass beneath. For the lights of Petersburg we had nothing but scorn. That night we built a huge fire (some with thoughts of a fire cascade) and we stood around shouting, blowing horns,

and hoping that we presented an imposing sight to the world below and to the gods above. Unfortunately the gods above chose to dump a heavy fog on us so that even the full moon seemed to be trousered.

The fog turned to a sloppy snow-rain on Sunday and so we made our way home, stopping only for breakfast at Lost River. Here it was that Nude and Fos took Fafnir down a short stretch of rapids. Fos, with five minutes of white water experience acquired the day before, benefited from Nude's total lack thereof and learned how to hang up a 15' canoe by broaching it between rocks 12' apart. Naught was lost but pride, however, and so all returned safe again to their dens.

NUDE

14 March, 1804-- 7 Nov. 1805 Pittsburgh - Pacific Coast Expedition

Meriwether Lewis, William Clark and some others, including myself, began a trip across the Frontier around the middle of March. Interesting and pertinent details include discovering the Great Falls of the Missouri, naming Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson rivers, crossing Continental Divide at Lemh Pass, eating barf with Shoshones, and seeing the Pacific Ocean on November 7, 1805. Flowers were pretty along the way, and it got hot sometimes. The Indians had bad breath, so we gave them toothbrushes. They stuck them in their ears and nostrils. Lewis and Clark declined my invitation to join the Trail Club, feeling inadequate for membership.

DAVID A. PREVAR (Chief Animal Identifier)

INFORMATION: National Scenic Rivers and Trail Systems

The unspoiled sections of eight rivers are included in the National Wild and Scenic Rivers Systems, established by 1968 Federal legislation which also provided for a study of 27 other rivers for possible later inclusion in the system. Those included immediately were stretches of the Clearwater (middle fork), in Idaho; Eleven Point, in Mo.; Feather, Calif.; Rio Grande, N. M.; Rogue, Oregon; Saint Croix, Minn. and Wis.; Salmon (middle fork), Idaho; and Wolf, Wis.

Also established by 1968 legislation was the National Trails system, including initially the Appalachian Trail, running 2,000 miles from Maine to Georgia, and the Pacific Crest Trail, extending 2,350 miles from Mexico to British Columbia. The legislation called for study of 14 other urban and rural trails for possible later inclusion.

1970 World Almanac and Book of Facts

Survival Hint #2150 When camping don't brush teeth with same finger you wipe with.

3-5 April Floatin' Down That Lazy River

Trim the Bow. . . Prepare to Dive. . . Blow all Tanks. . . Dive!

On 3 April around five o'clock, Julie, El, and I left College Park with two canoes and a zebra VW bus. We stopped in Baltimore for a friend of El's, and the four of us departed for West Virginia. El and Margy were going to compete in the Petersburg White Water Festival, and Horsling and myself were to shoot the South Branch from Smoke Hole to Petersburg Gap.

We were dropped at the Smoke Hole campground with our gear and Fafnir, sometime around twelve and went immediately to sleep. El and Margy drove down to Mouth of Seneca and camped. It was a clear night, stars twinkled at us as we lay by our canoe. Disaster awaited.

We were up at seven on Saturday and in the river by eight. The water was clear and cold, and six inches above high water mark. The first major obstacle was Shreve Rapid, a mile downstream. Simply a narrow chute with large standing

waves at the bottom. This was exciting, but soon got dull as standing waves became the rule and not the exception.

El in the meantime was busy preparing his canoe for the down-river race. All canoes had to be decked, so he made his with duct tape and a plastic sheet. The North Fork was about 8-12" above high.

It was cloudy in Smoke Hole Gorge, it threatened to rain. Periodically we had to land the canoe to slop out the ample supply of water that kept washing over the gunwhales. Below Shreve, near the remains of an old dam, we almost wiped out on the point of an island, but a fast bow draw caused the canoe to glance off a sunken log rather than hit it bow on. Three Ledges gave us a scare as they popped around the bend suddenly. Sugar Riffles, several miles from the Ledges, was the next rapid of interest. Here again it was a narrow chute with large waves.

The down-river race had begun on the North Fork, and El and Margy were holding their own very well. Even with the deck, they had to stop several times to bail the water out. It was rough. About a hundred boats started the race, and after two miles, no few of them had had spills, or were out period.

We had just passed Ship Rock and began our portage around Chimney Rock Rapid. The weather cleared a little and the drizzle passed. Ducks, herons, kingfishers, and geese flew off at our approach, and ominously, a pack of vultures followed us a ways downstream. We paddled by Blue Rock and watched Peacock Spring come bubbling out of the side. Log Jam Rapid was a breeze, and with that we passed out of the Gorge proper. Nothing left but a few ledges and small riffles.

Margy and El had just passed two men in a Grumman and were bearing down on a C-2. The C-2 took a bend in the river, so they followed; right into disaster. The bend hid a fallen tree, the roots were facing upstream, the branches down. Two narrow chutes were formed on both sides. El and Margy were given no time to decide which path was best. They reacted as best they could. The current threw them onto the roots and rolled the canoe under. Margy got tangled in the branches, but El soon got her free. People on shore helped them to get out of the river. The race was over.

All morning, the officials of the race had been warning the participants of that tree, and they said that people in boats would be there to indicate the correct channel. For some reason they weren't there. El's canoe still is.

With a good current and strong paddling we soon reached the confluence of the South Branch and the North Fork. The increased volume of water suddenly got things hopping. We dodged a house-sized boulder and bobbed for five minutes in its wake of three foot waves. Things got no quieter either. We portaged around the broken Royal Glen Dam, and entered the flat water section between the Gorge and Petersburg Gap. The river was wide, 400-500' and the chutes were maybe 200' wide, but the volume of water. . .!

We came out of a half mile long section of three foot waves and bumped over a ledge, through a quarter mile flat and into more waves. . .then more waves. We bailed the canoe and took a breather, so far so good. The river was getting trickier. Waves were coming in from two directions in the next section of "riffles." Julie was tiring from the constant flux and change of force and we were both getting thoroughly sick of bouncing up and down. In this condition we turned a bend and gazed down another mile long stretch of waves. Normal to begin with, but suddenly in the middle of the rapid, they started coming in from three directions and forming four foot high pyramids. There was no way to get an open boat through that. We started taking water badly, and got a bit worried at the loss of speed and steerage. At this point we were technically swamped, but still afloat and going strong. Then everything happened at once. I was just about to ask Hors for the bailer when she yelled out, "000. . .Sh--!!". She brought the bow around in a way I thought a swamped boat would never move, and kept it straight on. I back-paddled furiously to stay atop. The three foot ledge was kicking up a five foot high wave that was breaking on right under. Everything but my head was out of sight in the boil. Thirty long seconds later, Horsling and the boat broke surface again. She was gasping for air. We were still in the rapid, the waves were gigantic from the surface. I yelled at her to stay in the boat and keep her head up. She went under again and came up on the other side of a wave. Then we were out of the rapid and paddling furiously for shore. No good, we hit another chute and

almost got the boat turned out from under us. I slashed the packs free, they rose to the surface attached to their safety lines, and the boat righted at once. We could feel the bottom under us now, we stood and walked the boat in and wedged it on some boulders. Exposure was beginning to get us, water was 45° and the air was only 50°. Julie took some of the gear ashore, then went to get help. I bailed out most of the water with a boot and dragged Fafnir to shore. Exhausted.

Five minutes later Julie came back with two men and the four of us carried the boat to one of the nearby houses. We dragged our soggy gear up and limped into Petersburg looking for El and a laundromat. We found the latter, and with warm but still wet clothes we hitchhiked to the Fieldhouse where we found El. Warm food, clothes and bed did a lot for our morale.

Sunday morning was beautifully clear and warm. First we tried to salvage El's canoe; no luck, so we left and picked up Fafnir in Petersburg and came home, bruised, sore, and with a healthy respect for heavy water.

DRUID

3-5 April Sinnit Cave Trip

Left SU about 7:30 as usual. Arrived at Fieldhouse 11:30. Next morning after breakfast, headed for Sinnit. Met two other groups also going into Sinnit. We went up chute to Big Room. Explored unfamiliar passages in Formation Room. I found a snake in the right side of the room, where ceiling is closest to surface (about 200 feet). Walked to the other end of room, explored a tight crawlway angling upward which ended in a little hole in ceiling with water trickling down. Then headed through waterfall passages to waterfall. There were several passages beyond waterfall, but because we were getting tired, we didn't explore them. We met a third group on the way out; we never saw the other two groups. Drove back to Fieldhouse, proceeded home Sunday morning. Spent about five or six hours in cave.

Gas: \$2.50/person; Food: \$2.00/person

MARY ANNE

Survival Hint # 5 It may have been noticed by the more observant members of the club that many people carry horns of some sort, or whelk shells. Besides putting forth a gratifying quantity of noise, they also provide a handy means of communication. Why be separated, not knowing whether your last canoe is delayed or sunk?

One blast: Acknowledgment--"Here I am."

Two blasts: Question--"Where are you?" or "Repeat."

Three Blasts: International signal for "Help."

Series of shorts and a long: "Spread out," "Go Forward," "Continue."

Long, series of shorts: "Come together," "Go back," "Stop."

Long-short-long: "Stick it in yours."

Above and beyond these are several personal calls for individual people or persons (long-two shorts-long--Druid or Horsling). If you come in contact with a horn or can get one, do so. It can help.

11 April Riverbend-Seneca Rapids

Alan and Maritza Lord, Don Andberg, Pat, Bob and Don ?, and I arrived at Riverbend about 10:30. Obtained canoes, crossed river to canal and proceeded to Penneyfield Lock, last lock before Seneca. It was an ordinary trip up canal. Ate lunch at Seneca. On way back to the lock we saw Mike, Buck, Ron and Kathy just preparing to go through the rapids. We all jumped into our canoes and did likewise. After a minor mishap on the rocks we went on down. Arrived at Riverbend at 5:00 pm. It was a nice day for canoeing and an ordinary beginners' canoe trip.

MARY ANNE

18 April Portage--paddle--portage C&O Canal

Nineteen Trail-Clubbers and two canoes set out bright and early (well, bright anyway) Saturday a.m. Destination: Seneca Rapids. Mission: To introduce several naive but enthusiastic beginners (like me) to the exhilaration, challenge, and otherwise fun of canoeing. There were minor obstacles to overcome, even after finding the place, such as a high, fast river and consequent refusal by management to let us rent or launch canoes. Undaunted and unembittered (and, speaking for myself, somewhat relieved) we resourcefully headed for calmer water. Seven canoes were rented at Swains Lock and a merry flotilla set out to conquer a uniquely challenging--indeed, downright unnavigable in part--body of water, the C & O Canal. The prospect must have been exciting to those True Trail Clubbers who knew what lay ahead. The first obstacle was a low bridge near Great Falls. The canoes were pulled out, lunch eaten, the very impressive falls admired, and, since no one felt like shooting them that day, the journey continued. Several (hundred?) pullings-out and re-launchings later, we left the last lock behind and gazed out at last over wide water complete with rock islands and coves. It didn't take long for Scott and Elliot to somehow overturn their canoe, and while they were drying out on a rock, the Great Chase began, culminating in a savage battle and soak-in. Since I'm writing this, it's my prerogative to claim a splashing victory for Knud, Mary Lou and myself in Freohheorot over Druid and Hors in Eawylf and Helmut and Sherri in Swains 24. It was dark by the time the nineteen-some reconverged on Swains, and as we headed for Hot Shoppes Jr. in Langley Park, I for one felt well-initiated into the many-faceted sport of canoeing.

CAROLYN

Survival Hint #1234 When cooking fern fiddleheads, scale them first.

24-26 April Cacapon Saga

Sometime near the end of the month of Rain, six Marylandlings set forth in three longships for West Virginia. Wulfdryd se Faege and Horsling Leothmaegd, Freki Vegsvin and Geri Frekismaegd, Bukkur PlantagalDRAMATHUR and Nakinnfyndinn they were. On the first night they camped at Edwards Run. That night while they slept, black elves came and covered them with a heavy dew which wet everything.

Next morning they awoke and Bukkur yelled, "Come quick, look!!" And they all came and looked and saw Freki and Geri stuck fast together. "Tis the dark elves that fastened them thusly," said Nakinn as he looked for a large stick with which to pry the unfortunates apart.

Everyone went down to the river to look and the wise woman who dwelt under the john at the Sunoco station came and shouted, "Flush!" Horsling thought this to be a bad omen indeed, but Wulfdryd stood and shouted, "Forward, to Nifhel with ledges and unknown dangers. Who will lead us?" Bukkur stood, arms raised, and prayed to the gods to watch him. Thus saying, he jumped into his longship Freohheorot and went down the river. Wulfdryd and Horsling followed in Eawylf and Freki and Geri in Grendel. Thus they started.

Many rapids and ledges were safely traversed, many hairy maneuvers were made by all. Constant watch was kept for "THE BIG LEDGE" but none spotted it. Many times the Marylandlings were forced to shore in order to scout out a rapid for fear that it might be "THE BIG LEDGE." Very cautiously they sailed under the blue sky. Once Bukkur and Nakinn led and Wulf and Hors followed closely. They turned a bend and came right upon a ledge. "THE BIG LEDGE!" shouted Bukkur and Nakinn, and they made for shore. But Wulfdryd and Horsling were too far from shore. Laughing madly with the joy that comes with intense fear they plunged over. Safely they paddled through and began bailing water. Soon the others came. It was not "THE BIG LEDGE," and all made it through safely. After this, they didn't use caution anymore, but shot through everything as though demons pursued them.

Suddenly they were chased by eleven skraelings in six boats. For several miles they ran in front of the skraelings to Forks of Cacapon. Here one of the skraelings boats hit a rock and sunk, and all the skraelings had to help their fellow tribesmen.

It was indeed a rich land they passed through, fraught with game. Snakes and

turtles, frogs and hares they saw. Ugly yokels with fearsome stares, woodchucks, muskrats, beavers, poptop plovers, smokey stovers, were all around.

Late it got and it was decided to make camp after the next rapid. The Marylandlings knew it would be a big one for no less than an even three dozen loreleis and sirens were counted on the cliffs. The roar could be heard for miles, a quarter of a miles anyway. Nakinn and Bukkur were again leading. They turned a blind corner and Bukkur was heard to cry out to his god, "Ohshit, save me!" The great god must have heard, because Ohshit poured strength into their arms and they paddled for safety. The other Marylandlings reached shore. This was indeed "THE BIG LEDGE." Water was pouring over the sheer three foot drop at a fantastic rate. The Marylandlings made camp, determined to run this waterfall in the morning. That night when the moon came out, the Marylandlings could hear the voices of lost canoeists calling from the bottom of the pool; "Backpaddle you damn fool! BACKPADDL...!!!" they called over and over.

The ledge was easily run next morning and all felt much better after it was passed. The Marylandlings paddled quietly along with no injuries and were very happy with their lot. They stopped and ate lunch on a shale cliff. A troll had put a curse on this place long ago and they did not know that this was so. Bukkur, Wulfdryd and Freki were skipping flat pieces of shale when both Bukkur and Freki cried out. They were deeply cut by the razor sharp bits of rock. A rock which Bukkur was scaling broke in the air and some hit Horsling in the head whereupon she fell on the ground and cried out "Ouch." Wulfdryd then cut his nose on a can. Nakinn was also cut by the rock. Cursing the wicked troll, they piled back in the boats and left. They soon reached Largentburg where the end of the trip was to meet them and, true to style, it did, and they went home with many memories and cuts. And all the trolls rolled on the banks with laughter and made love with the sirens and elves.

BOELVERK SANNGETALL

Survival Hint #6372777² When going over "Flush Falls" of the Cacapon River, don't pull the chain that hangs from the center.

Survival Hint 22A (3 $\frac{1}{2}$) For personal safety, the bowman should avoid making mistakes because if the rapids don't get him, his stermmen will.

24-26 April North Mountain Work Trip

Friday night nine of us hard-working, trail-clearing trail clearers set out for North Mountain after a typical two-hours-later-than-planned start. I have no idea what time we got there, but by the time we hiked up to the shelter, warmed up with some wine and some various other etceteras, it was 2:00 or so. And of course after we were all tucked in it took us another half hour to get over the giggles which seemed to be in the air that night, especially down at my end of the shelter. (Editor wishes to note an amusing comment made by the author at this point but somehow omitted from her report: "Oh, my diaphragm!" she moaned, after a solid half hour of giggling. The rest of us cracked up.) Anyhow, Saturday we were up bright and early with the smell of hot dogs roasting over an open fire and all that. Eventually we got down to tackling what we had originally intended--the trail from the shelter to the power lines, more than two miles of stickers, vines, fallen trees, and gnats! Actually it wasn't as bad as I'd expected, only about three or four really bad stretches, which were promptly hacked away. Our lunch of Chees Whiz sandwiches, peanut butter sandwiches (crunchy!) and apples was guzzled as fast as gourmet cooks Randy, Paul and Don could whip it up. Some more trail clearing, then a unanimous heavy sigh and collapse back at the shelter. A hard day's work completed, it was time for more hot dogs, baked potatoes and a stimulating debate on the superiority/inferiority of the female sex led by John Reich and myself representing our respective and obvious factions. I won. That night Carolyn took half the party home, while Paul, Helmut, Sherri, and I stuck it out til Sunday morning, when we cooked a

tantalizing breakfast of--you guessed it--hot dogs. That S.U.B. mustard and relish is pretty good y'know.

PAT

Survival Hint #6969 One method of finding directions when lost or misplaced at night is to lie on your back under a tree and line up a branch and any star overhead (except the North Star). In a short time the star will move due west.

Survival Hint #7979 A method of finding direction on a sunny day: Push a stick (fairly straight and about 4' long) vertically into ground. Stick a small peg into ground at tip of shadow cast by stick. Wait about 15 minutes, then place another peg at tip of shadow. Draw a straight line through both pegs. The perpendicular through this line from the stick points north.

26 April Ogden's Cave and John Brown's Cave

I was picked up by John, Mary and Jeff Sunday at about 10 A.M. The trip was scheduled to begin at around 9, but naturally I forgot to set my clock according to the great time-change which was sweeping the nation. So my alarm, dutifully set for 8:30, went off at 9:30 instead and I was extremely lucky that J, J & M understood and waited around for an hour.

(NOTE: If you ever have to wait for a ride on the SU steps on a Sunday morning, you'll find that there'll be a pile of Baltimore Sun newspapers just lying there for the picking up. ALSO NOTE: If you polish off a couple of quarts of Queen's Bran while sitting there reading stolen newspapers, you'll get funny looks from passersby who don't understand that a true alkie will drink anything at any hour.)

We took off for Ogden's Cave and our first stop was near some bushes, where one of our company relieved his overworked bladder. ("This is pissing me off," he said). The next stop was at an eatery. The next was at a stream near Ogden's Cave, where some canoers said they'd seen caves along the banks. Next stop was at Ogden's Cave, near Middle Town, Va.

The fat farmer said it was alright to go into his cave if we took responsibility for any broken bones, deaths, etc. that occurred. Mary admired the baby chicks. John looked for two carloads full of chicks. Old MacDonald said we'd have to get wet to get to the main part of his cave. Fine, we said. We went.

It'd been raining with more enthusiasm than was really warranted, and the water table had risen all over Va. and W. Va., so when we got about a third of the way through the system we ran into a siphon where you usually have to get wet up to the neck. But on that day the water was all the way up to the ceiling, and that was the passage and there wasn't any other way around it. We didn't know how far we'd have to hold our breaths if we tried playing submarine, and as none of us had been in the cave before, we didn't chance it. We went back out.

NOTE: This seemed to be a seldom-visited cave, as evidenced by the lack of piles of carbide, scratches on the walls, etc. When we got out, the farmer, who seemed to be lonely and friendly, showed us pictures of the main part of the cave ("Scout boys" had taken some of them, to quote him), and we are convinced that the cave is worth visiting when its drier. But Farmer Jones says he's worried about liability in case some dopey caver drowns or breaks his leg, so we'd better go before he changes his mind about letting people in there.

We then went to one of the rottenest caves in existence, John Brown's Cave near Harper's Ferry, W. Va. There too the water had risen and we were stopped when we discovered the main tunnel was completely filled up with water and there was no way around it. The cave was sloppy. Whatever the opposite of a virgin cave is, John Brown's is it. The cave is so well-known there isn't a square foot of wall without graffiti. There were six-inch-deep grooves through the slime where thousands had slithered through the mud before.

We were held up at one junction by three idiots with--get this--a Coleman lantern and a flashlight and that's it. The older two of them were falling-down drunk and they took half an hour to get over a chasm we swung over in a couple of minutes. Street shoes, no helmets, no packs.

I spotted what could have been an unexplored opening high up in a "well" in the ceiling, but it was too high and the walls were too slippery to climb. No formations, no flowstone, even; there was just a strange, thin-layered kind of limestone.

We made it back in about 55 minutes, observing the Shenandoah to be extremely high on the way. I wanted to stop and look at the John Brown exhibits in H's F, but the peons I was with had no sense of history.

MAGYAR

SPECIAL TRAIL CLUB SERVICES

Equipment and rentals

At present, we are building our supply of gear. It is rather small now, but should get bigger in the fall.

Hardhat (4)	.50	weekend
Carbide Lights (3)	.50	"
Caving kit (5)	.50	"
bag, carbide bottle, water bottle, candles, matches, repair kit.		
Sleeping bag (1)	1.00	weekend
Sleeping bag liner (3)	.25	"
4-man mess kit (1)	.50	"
1-man mess kit (4)	.25	"

Prices per week are twice that per weekend.

Maps are free, but must be signed out, full name, date, name of topo, and your phone number.

Candles are free to those going to North Mountain Shelter.

For rental contact Randy after meetings, or call Buck (x2968) or Julie (x3081)

T.T.C. Library

List of Books, Mags, etc.

1. Guides

- 1) Trails in Shenandoah National Park (PATC, 6th Edition)
- 2) Caves of West Virginia (Do not remove)
- 3) Caves of Maryland (Do not remove)
- 4) Mountain Climbing in Maine (Do not remove)
- 5) Blue Ridge Voyages: Vol. 1; Vol. 2 (Do not remove)
- 6) Dolly Sods, 16 page bulletin (Do not remove)
- 7) AAA Tour Guides: Trailer Camping, Eastern Southeastern Tour Guide, Florida Tour Guide
- 8) Route Guide to Seneca Rocks (Do not remove)
- 9) Potomac Trails (Do not remove)
- 10) A.T. Susquehanna to Shenandoah (PATC)

2. Reference

- 1) Canoeing--Red Cross (Do not remove)
- 2) White Water Canoeing (Do not remove)
- 3) Lightweight Equipment, PATC Bul. 11
- 4) Survival, FM 21-76, U.S. Army (Do not remove)

- 5) The Survival Book (Do not remove)
- 6) Handbook for Rangers and Woodsmen (Do not remove)
- 7) Canoe Routes in Newfoundland, Bulletin (Do not remove)

3. Miscellaneous

- 1) Life of the Cave (Do not remove)
- 2) Potomac Basin Facts Bulletin (Do not remove)
- 3) Wisdom of Nature (4 copies)
- 4) Appalachian Trail, Bulletin
- 5) Spruce Knob- Seneca Rocks Recreation Area (Do not remove)
- 6) Quebec Provincial Parks (Do not remove)
- 7) Make your own Micropack (Do not remove)
- 8) Marine Facilities, Southern Maryland
- 9) Conservation Yearbooks 1, 2 and 3 (Do not remove)
- 10) Ropes, Knots, and Slings for Climbers (Do not remove)
- 11) Many, many road maps
- 12) T.T.C. Scrapbook (Do not remove)

Due to sudden and severe depredations on the library, all books marked "Do Not Remove from Office" are not to be removed from Office. However, if a book is to be removed regardless, one may fill out title of book and his own name, address and phone number on a 3 X 5 card and tack it on the bulletin board. If the book is not brought back within 24 hours, said person will be xeroxed to death. Scrapbook is not to be removed from Office for any reason, except by Buck, or person authorized by him. Penalty is xeroxing twice.

WANT ADS

For sale: 18' Old Town canoe, with sponsons. Set up for sailing. 55 sq. ft. sail. Canvas replaced with fiberglass.

Jon Christopher 559-3515
