

TRAILS

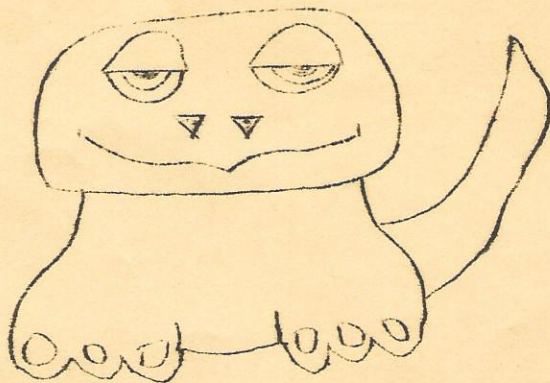
TERRAPIN TRAIL CLUB - U OF MD

SPRING 1968

ACHTUNG

ALLES LOOKENSPEEPERS

DAS BATS UND FORMATIONS IST NICHT FUR DAS GEFINGERPOKEN
IST EASY SCHNAPPEN DER SODA STRAWS UND WAKEN DER BATS
CAVES IST NICHT FUR DER DUMMKOPFEN UND FOOTENSLIPPERS
DAS RUBBERNECKEN SIGHTSEEREN KEEPEN DER HANDS IN DAS
POCKETS-----RELAXEN UND WATCHEN DAS WATERDRIPPEN UND
SPLASHEN. PSC 1963



County Line Shelter

Progress

Ptr

Progress Report:

1966-67 Academic Year: The cabin we were given at Camp Roosevelt was successfully levelled and all the wood we needed was obtained. Unfortunately some was lost to thieves and had to be replaced. Obtaining and hauling the wood occupied about five weekends for Trail Club. Almost all members got out to see the shelter site and cabin site at least once. A number of members spent four or five weekends working and met and talked with the ranger on two or three occasions. A rough estimate would be that 35% to 40% of the work was finished, of the entire project.

Fall 1967: In spite of mass confusion on about three of the five or so trips we were able to move the wood to the highest point accessible by vehicle. Most of the work, by the way, was accomplished in the last single weekend. In fact, probably five to ten percent of the work involved in the project may have been done in one single afternoon. For those who feel that the job will take an impossible amount of work, it has been shown that it actually takes much less than expected. The problems have been getting people to work once they reach the site. I would estimate that the entire project is about 60% finished in terms of man-hours. One good weekend will move most of the wood to the site and two to three more will finish the job completely. It is hoped that the shelter can be dedicated at the beginning of the Fall semester, although it will be ready for use by July.

In conjunction with the North Mountain Trail and Shelter, I would like to turn over the responsibility of the Trail maintenance to anyone who is willing to take it, in keeping with Trail Club custom since about 1962. I would be willing to recommend anyone to TTC president that has shown somewhat consistent interest in Trail maintenance and shelter construction. Past volunteers for the job were Jim Fox for the first couple of years, John Reich for a year or so, myself for over a year, Ron Canter for the year prior to his becoming vice-president, and myself for the last year again.

Paul Mallory

CAMPUS CAVING

Once upon a time some people built some storm drains under the city of College Park. There are two main purposes of these drains. One is to take flood waters from the city. The other purpose is to provide a funnnight for the Trail Club. These storm drains are better known to the club as the "Litin" Caves or the Esso Caves, according to the entrance you used.

After the meeting on March 21, several of the members decided to have a caving trip. We entered at the "Litin" Cave, and it was very slippery so we held hands (HAPPINESS IS!). John Reich led the fiasco. Most of the way there was standing room but occasionally we had to stoop. The water was only an inch deep at the beginning, but by the time we reached the Esso Station at the end, the water level had risen 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ '. We started back on a new route but Ron hurt his pinkie and returned to the car. Reaching the new route we found a large puddle of blood (from Ron's pinkie) but it wasn't from Ron's pinkie. Someone had thrown chemicals in the water.

There was a large black blob that looked like a super rat or a dead dog lying on the bottom of the drain completely floating in a sea of red blood. John Reich decided he was tired. He proceeded to sit down on the edge of the water, with his feet dangling in the Red Sea. Tranquilly he smoked a cigarette with that black body right before him. The rest of us were completely grossed out and it took all our courage to walk past the black body and wade through the Red Sea. I was sort of praying that the Red Sea would part for us and we wouldn't have to walk through the blood. But, alas, it didn't.

The walls of the drain were decorated with various statements like: "Campus police are unfair to Trail Club storm-drainers," "This way to Peking," and "H. Humphrey is the Cooky Man."

Sue Ponemone and Andi Levy

TRIP REPORT:

BREATHING CAVE -- Or, How to Succeed in Getting Your Car Stuck Without Really Trying

On the Friday before Spring Registration Week, I was listening to an oldie on the radio. The lyrics, "Listen to the rhythm of the falling rain..." mocked me as I packed me as I packed my gear for a trip to Breathing Cave in Virginia. I say "mocked" because it had poured rain all during the night before and was pouring at that moment. My neighbor was even building an ark.

I eventually received a predictable phone call about this to (ironically) Bath County. The Boy Scout Senior Patrol that Alan Comulada, Boxy Daugherty and I were taking had taken a rain check on the trip. But, spirits undampened, Al and I left as planned at six o'clock that evening.

The Beltway, during rush hour, darkness, and rain, was a mess. But as we reached Rte. 66, the downpour thinned out, and by the time we hit Interstate 81, we could see stars. But our relief at the break in weather was not complete; there was a good wind and we could see small, hard snow particles showering down in the headlight beams. This snow is not the kind that accumulates, so we were not worried about getting up the fire trail that winds up the ridge by Breathing Cave.

When we arrived at the gate that marks the start of the dirt fire trail, we saw that we were right in not worrying about the snow; the only problem was that we did not bring ice skates for the car. The lower reaches of that road, and the field for that matter, were ice. The going was better when we hit the incline, though; in the hard four-inch snow layer on that part of the road there were tracks (probably from the fire ranger going to his tower) that guided the car up. After arriving at that narrow laundry chute that drops down to the cave, we decided to get the car turned around that night. But somehow (ask Al) the car slid a little too close to the shallow ditch on the one side of the road, and there was enough weight of the car leaning that way to sort of immobilize us. The road up here was pathetic anyway; under a hard two-inch layer of frozen snow was powder (about three or four inches), and this set-up makes a good tank trap. The hard edges of the solid layer holds the wheels while the drive wheel spins on the powder. Great. It was 12:30 A.M., and cold, so we bagged it for that night.

We got up around 6:30, and I said I wanted to eat breakfast first. Al said he wanted to get the car out first. So while I cooked and ate breakfast, Al dug the car out, putting twigs, branches, and trees under the wheels for traction and raising the car up. I helped a little, offering advice and encouragement as I munched on sausage and eggs. Once I even sat over the drive wheel for extra weight. Al had to admit I was a big help, so I gave him a cup of coffee.

Well, we got the car turned around and decided that we couldn't block the fire trail (the only place to park), so we bagged the cave.

Breathing Cave (cont'd)

We took a picture of the road as proof of the conditions and looked at Aqua Campground on the way back. The whole place was covered with that tanktrap layer of frozen snow. We walked around, seeing how far we could get without sinking, and after I got a beautiful color picture of the inside of a camera cover, we went home.

Dave Prevar

SKYLINE DRIVE

Date: Late March, 1968

Who: me & him (Barbara and Bill Taylor)

Saturday afternoon left for Skyline Drive in hopes of finding a shelter. After checking out Ivy Creek (and family with one very loud barking dog), Doyle River Cabin (elderly couple), finally found Blackrock Gap shelter empty.

The wood around the shelter was so dry, it went up like a gasoline fire. Weather was too warm for a down bag.

Next morning made a kind-of circuit hike up to Blackrock Mt. (interesting rock formation -- slag). Good view; headed down AT¹ Drive and up to car. Took about 3 hrs.

P.S. Interesting-looking fire tower across from Blackrock Mt. -- would make good all-day hike.

CAVING

Trip departed only one hour late, after pushing ancient Sunbeam to a reluctant start. On down to as far as Skyline Drive where we were so tired we pulled off on a service road. Arrived at Clarks 11:00 a.m. Saturday, a nice maze cave in a beautiful setting. A 200-foot bluff overlooks a creek, Bullpasture I believe. Mr. Clark talked to us for a while and mentioned cave pirates.

We had a nice sleep at Aqua Campground and pushed old Sunbeam into life again. We just happened across a map of Warm River Cave and decided on a quick (ha ha) trip to the warm water. Some 3 or 4 hours later we dragged our tattered bodies into the warm water for a five-minute dip and out to the car. A six-hour drive later brought us weary but happy back to D.C.

Paul Mallary, Sue Stacy (1st trip), Allen Lord, Kathi Feduska,
Joyce Pearce, Tom Pearce

THE PEAKS OF OTTER--SEMESTER BREAK

Chapter one

Myself, Ron, Doug, Bob Robins, Paul Kamerick, and Bob Ferry went to Jefferson National Forest down near Roanoke, Va. during semester break. The controlling motive for going to this showplace of the South was seeing Flattop and Sharptop the Peaks of Otter, alias "Molar" and "Fang". We left at 4 p.m. Sunday, January 18 in two cars. Arriving at Cove Mt. Shelter at 2 p.m. Monday, we set up camp. Monday Morning dawned clear and cool. After breakfast, two genuine U. of M. dining hall trays were broken out and we promptly became the only people in the world ever to have traysliden in the Blue Ridge Mts. Several of us finished the cloudy afternoon by taking a 7 mile hike around Fork Mt. Tuesday was highlighted by a trip to Buchanan, (Buck-anan to the natives) for food. Wednesday, cloudy, very warm, an 8 mile hike up Cove Mt. Along most of the trail, there was 8-12 " of snow. Thursday threatened rain but didn't until nightfall. In the morning we all went to Apple Orchard Falls, after a 1 mile hike, the ground dropped away in a fantastic waterfall. The entire area was covered with giant hemlocks and interwoven Rhododendron. Moss and ferns completed the rain forest effect. It was in these surroundings that our long awaited snowball battle took place. The people on the other team quit after 5 minutes probably because they couldn't throw to the top of a 100' falls. After a quick lunch we decided to depart. Doug and I walked back to camp, 12 miles thru the snow, while the less intrepid members rode. Doug left for home that nite, leaving 5 of us shivering in the drizzle.

Chapter two

Friday came grubbily and it was decided to go to Roanoke. Roanoke's slum are among the best in the world, and after 5 dirty days, we blended right in. The highpoint in Roanoke is the "Jolly Roger (junk) Store. It is run by a little old man. This place is a must, Here one may select from a fantastic array of old National Geographics, some antiques, the flag from Stonewall Jackson's coffin, an entire above full of pornography and Indian artifacts, some common, some quite uncommon. That evening in camp the stars began to peek out thru the clouds.

Chapter three

Saturday, the day of departure, we finally obtained our goal. Leaving at nine, we reached Sharptop by 9:30 and started up minus Paul, who had a cold. The views were beautiful, visibility, under a blue sky, was about 50 miles. Ron and I were the first to reach the top, followed closely by Bob and Bob, in that order. The top, designed for tourists in summer, was laced with well laid paths, stairs, and terraces, all of which were built in the native stone. We were all gazing at the scenery when Paul appears. He got lonely.

Ron and I then went about a $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile downhill to a second peak "Buzzard's Roost". Upon returning to the top, no one could be seen. We madly dashed downslope, bushwhacking across snow, ice, logs, bears and then Paul appears. We found out that everyone left earlier and was on their way down. Shortly thereafter we caught up with the slower moving bunch and returned by car. Then at 2:00 p.m. we left the area for home. Passing thru Lexington we saw the campus of VMI and Washington-Lee. Returning again to the mountains, we stopped at Crabtree Falls, but could only see the lower part. Darkness closed shortly thereafter and we ate dinner at Charlottesville. We reached the Washington area around 10 p.m. on the 3rd of February.

Awards--Best Traysliding	Ron Canter
Best tire-roller	Doug Andberg
Dirtiest	Paul Kamerick
Warmest sleeping bag	Bob Robins
Best	Mike Krepner
Best Villian (for shaving)	Bob Ferry

Trip to New York State--David Prevar

On the weekend before April Fool's Day, I went climbing in the Shawangunks in New York State with the brother of an active club participant, Alan Comulada. Alan couldn't go because he was scheduled to teach a group of Boy Scouts to climb at Carderock, so his brother, John, and I took off Friday evening like a bolt ofyeah, right! We thought we'd take off fast. Advice to TTC members going thru Baltimore on Friday evening--avoid rush hour. It took us over an hour to get to the Baltimre Beltway from Greenbelt RD.

Seven hours later we rolled into the climbing area near New Paltz. We had taken the back route thru Harrisonburg, Bethlehem, etc. to avoid tobl roads. We set up the tent to keep the predicted rain off of us, and got about five hours sleep. A dumb mockingbird woke me up at 6:30 a.m.; the darn thing acted like it spent the nite at the Homestead Bar. I was just about to reach for John's .357 Magnum handgun whe n I heard a splash in the stream, and no more mockingbird. I still can't figure that one out.

After some breakfast we headed up to the rocks. The Gunks are a fantastic sight in the early morning; the sun is on them, warming the up for the day's climbs. They stretch for miles across a ridge in front of you. There are so many climbs here, a Climber's Guide is published for the area.

New York cont'd.

John hadn't led much before, and I hadn't seconded much before, so we were in fine shape for these 200 foot vertical climbs. We decided to do some short practice climbs to the left of the Uberfall to get used to the rock, and spent the day around that area.

After wasting the night in the wrong bar in New Paltz (Pat & George's is out; Homestead is in) we went back to the mountain to set up camp. And what do we find in the only logical place to set up our camp? A country boy parking with his girl right beside the only fireplace, the only picnic table, and the only soft bed of leaves. We nonchalantly set up the ~~then~~ tent anyway, and started a fire, and finally the guy moved (he was so drunk he didn't really mind our brazen-ness.)

After spending the night expecting the country boy back with fifteen reinforcements, we climbed until 1:30 p.m. John had led into a spot neither of us felt like leading our of, so we recovered the pitons and rappelled out, satisfied, since we had got in some cliff-hanger practice.

For anyone interested in hunting, we saw a few woodchucks and pheasants in N. Y. and Penna. on the way home.

MAPLE SUGAR FESTIVAL--MONTERREY, VA.

Jean and Randy Mardres

We left D. C. early Saturday evening, hoping to get at least to Franklin before we stopped. But rain, fog, and our pokey car combined to stop us for the night somewhere along that winding road over the mountains past Harrisonburg. Fortunately our bed's in the car so no tent problems. Sunday we arrived in Monterey and stuffed ourselves on pancakes and maple syrup at the "Maple Restaurant", where a charming waitress asked if we were cavers. She said we looked like some she'd seen before. We told her we were cavers, but we'd never been there before, and this weekend we were just playing tourist.

An informal tour of the sugar "farms" had been set up. We saw a range of collecting and processing methods. These included old-fashioned buckets and modern plastic bags hanging of drip spouts, and miles of plastic tubing connected to "taps" in the trees. This latter method eliminates the need to go around periodically emptying buckets. The tubing network leads to a storage tank near the evaporating shed. We saw "open pan" evaporators, old iron kettles, and an enclosed evaporator. Everyone was very friendly and since it was a self-led tour, one didn't feel shepherded around. We could check thru the mud at our own pace and see

TO CASS CAVE--OR ABANDON HOPE ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE

We're going to Cass! We're going to Cass!

During the Easter Holidays, our infamous leader, Bob Thrun and his cave rats consisting of Dee (Animal) Snell, Jette (Streak) Feduska, and Gary Moss (V. P. I. Cave Club) left for the P.S.C. Block House. After parking (?) and watching the eclipse of the moon, we spent a warm snugglie nite at the Block House. (Gary arrived later--5:30 a.m.). Chortle, chortle.

The next morning was a promising one (for what we don't know but...). After tiptoeing thru the meadow muffins we bumped into Jon Lock, Carter Lord and Ralph (the boy wonder*) of the Terrapin Trail Club, who were heading for Symons Mingo.

Spam, spam, glorious spam--our breakfast at a roadside table. We spent most of our time flagging down innocent motorists looking for a match to light our stoves, but no one had any because "they didn't smoke". We reverted to more primitive methods... and used our carbide lamps.

After the elves relieved their B.P.'s (for the 20th time) we proceeded to Cass Cave! We sat on the roadside for over an hour trying to decide what to wear--"one pair thermo's for you, one pair thermo's for me." This was also heard, "Bob, would you please take a walk down the road--we're very modest, giggle, giggle."

We finally made it to the cave entrance after trudging about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile thru a hollow. We got there about 12 or 12:30.
IS THIS REALLY CASS????

We charged up our stinkies and proceeded inward (our stinkies were very stinky.) Ha ha. Gary in the lead with Jette and Dee following cautiously tiptoeing from rock to rock thru the stream passage trying to stay dry. Bob followed carrying 300 feet of "white lightning" (Samson 2 and 1).

We kept asking "is the water low, is the water low?" Our reply was "yes, yes quite low. Brother what a bunch of magpies."

Staying fairly dry thru the crawl we reached the chimney to the belay loft. Many other remains were found there also. One could conclude that this was a well lived in place. Snicker, snort.

* Editor's note.

CASS CAVE--cont'd.

the jumars. Jette rigged in and started the long ascent. The waterfall and the big room left her speechless--Jette left speechless????She became quite philosophical when she realized how much further she had to go. After reaching the solo ledge the windbag was no longer speechless, she was heard sputtering "I have seen the coming of the Lord." (Carter, what were you doin there! *) Upon reaching the belay loft she mumbles "I have reached the mountain top." After Jetter bellowed "off rope" Thrun came speedilly up the rope.

The rope was coiled and our "Luggage" was packed so we started our exit demanding occassionally a shoulder or a head to assist us down from the belay loft. Instead of tiptoeing thru the water we tromped thru it knowing we had warm and dry BVD's waiting for us. We reached the car between 11:30 and 12, changed our smelly, wet attire and proceeded to the "Field House" which was packed for the Easter Holidays.

Spam, spam glorious spam for dinner at 2 a.m. filled our hungry tummies. Our Bp's were almot 115 so once more we relieved ourselves.

After bribing kind John Reich of TTC we conned him into letting us sleep in his car due to the numerous bodies at the Field House. We donned our bunny suits and snuggled down with care in hopes that the Easter Bunny would soon be there.

Bright and early the next morning we awakened as stiff as boards and primped ourselves as best as possible. Spam--Blah, Jette, Bob and Gary went to Mrs. Smiths for breakfast. Dee didn't indulge--she doesn't like eggs and wasn't very hungzy anyway. Afterwards we sorted our gear and hung our undies out to dry on the field house fence.

We socialized with the multitudes of people then packed our goodies and headed for home.

Cass is truly a magnificent and beautiful cave but an extremely difficult one. It was well worth the trip and everyone had a Happy Easter.

* Typists note.

BULL RUN MOUNTAIN, March--1968 Ron Canter

Five of us left Saturday morning at 8 a.m. for some rock climbing at Bull Run. We parked at Hopewell Gap and rigged some climbs in a quarry near the summit. There were some delicate climbs on smooth, somewhat rotten quartzite slabs. This is not the abandoned quarry along the crest of the mountain. We then bushwhacked up to the main cliffs. The Bull Run Mountains are an isolated range 20 miles east of the Blue Ridge. Visibility was at least 70 miles and we could see from Charlottesville to Harper's Ferry. The main cliffs are on the highest point of the mountain and are carved into buttresses and recesses. There is a huge detached block, Peak Gambs that overhangs on three sides. We rigged a moderate climb along the edge of one buttress and then followed the trail back to the road and returned home.

KETTLE CANYON, March--1968 Ron Canter

Mike Hill and I left to climb Stony Man by Kettle Canyon at 8:30 a.m. We started from the Skyland Fire Road at the west foot of the mountain. Since it faces north, Kettle Canyon holds snow longer than the rest of the area. There were drifts six feet deep in the upper part and the headwall had an almost continuous snow cover. We bushwhacked along the stream past a series of cascades and pools and entered the actual canyon. Deep drifts soon forced us to climb out of the gorge along a wall of broken cliffs and ledges covered with wet leaves. After passing the narrows where an unbroken cliff extends from the bottom to the top of the ravine, we climbed out thru a steep gully. While we ate lunch we watched the clouds close in, hiding the 200 foot icefall across the ravine. Then we traversed back into the ravine and climbed 700 feet up a snow slope averaging a 40 degree angle. In the fog and rain we temporarily got lost in Skyland but finally found the fire road and followed it back to the car. It took three and a half hours to bushwhack the two miles thru Kettle Canyon.

SUGARLOAF--March--1968 Ron Canter

About seven of us went to Sugarloaf for some climbing practice. We rigged Beginners Crack and Beginners Block. The rocks were still very cold and it got to you on long climbs. It cleared off in the afternoon but became extremely windy, too windy to teach climbing so we explored the "cave" and the East Cliffs and came home early.

TRAIL CLUB EASTER CANOE TRIP*--APRIL 1968

This was probably the most disorganized trip in the history of the Trail Club; but the canoeing was great; Nine people met at Paul's house and spent an hour trying to find a way to tie four canoes to Paul's jeep. We finally gave up and headed for Sue Stacey's to borrow their trailer. We then borrowed a drill to put a hole in the jeep's bumper to fit the hitch we'd left at Paul's. After having to redrill the hole and after getting the hitch, we built a canoe rack, bought a socket, and wired it up for the trailer's lights. Finally, at 10 p . m. we were ready to go. We reached Carter's place at about 2:15 a. m. the next morning. Only five of us walked the 3/4 mile hike to the cabin. We got a roaring fire going in the stove, and that made dragging our equipment in worth it.

The weather on Friday and Saturday was great; warm, clear days, and cool, cloudless nights. However, about 5 a. m. each morning the cool turned to cold.

Friday we did 17 miles on the Hazel River, from Boston to Monumental Mills. The first few miles were shallow and we had to drag the canoes through some riffles. There was a good fast current with a few small rapids. In ~~spot~~ one spot a tree had fallen across the main channel. All the canoes except one managed to steer around the log. It capsized.

The last 5 miles were a shallow sandy backwater behind a dam at Monumental Mills. While some of us paddled back to get the cars, the others were nearly charged with trespassing. It seems that the old dam and an assortment of rusty but precious pieces of junk is owned by a Mr. Compton who was afraid we'd damage something. He took our names and addresses and watched us until we had loaded up the canoes and left.

Saturday we canoed $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles from near Monumental Mills to Carter's place. We got back early Saturday evening.

P S : This being the last page I felt it would be good to place some little afterthoughts here for you to keep in mind for the summer and next fall.

First of all I think you should be aware that a slight mistake was made in running off these stencils. Since they were done in two installments they just happened to get done on two different sizes of paper.

More important, however is the observation that this is the largest, most complete and most rapidly completed newsletter run off in several years. I think that a hand should be given to those who helped. In my little cubicle here I do not have a list of those who helped but a few are Carter Lord, Beth, The Chute team, Ron C., Pearce's, Sue Stacy, Kathi F., _____, _____, _____, _____ and _____ (fill in blanks), and the anonymous "mad mimeographer", II of the Geog. Dept.

A more serious note concerns those who have been around for semesters, months, years and whose signature of talent or initiative is absent. It takes long hours to plan, type and run off newsletters. Without them there would be little record of your spare time hours for one of the most enjoyable and significant periods of your life. Club equipment needs people's concern and care, club projects, of which a few recent ones have been the Organization's Day display board, the Trail Club cabinet, Organization's Day, other displays in the Student Union, and by far the most ambitious and dubious of ever being completed, the shelter. In all club activities it could safely be said that about 15 percent of the club did about ninety percent of the work.

Leadership is something that is always in short supply. Many potentially fun people never get into our club because, first, they don't know about it, but more important, those who know about it are so ignored or have such disastrous first experiences that they do not consider it worth the bother to try to break into the inner clique of members. Next time you see somebody on a trip who is a stranger, put out a freindly hand. If it sounds too artificial to you, you should know that a high percentage of Trail Club leaders of present and past years were constantly and concsciously doing this. I would never have stayed if someone had not taken a special interest in me at my first meeting. I know other present members who are here for the same reasons. In line with this, lets promote more trips lead by some of you who have been followers for a long time.

NOTE: Summer meetings, probably on the same schedule as through the school year, and for those of you who still don't know it is:
THURSDAY EVENINGS, 1 st, 3 rd and 5th Thursdays of the month
7:30 p.m.

STUDENT UNION-TRAIL CLUB ROOM

These times may be altered slightly or meetings may be held every Thursday, this has happened in the past in keeping with the informal nature of our organization.

KEEP IN TOUCH

P.P.S. The opinions expressed on this page are not necessarily those of the Terrapin Trail Club, its officers or any but one of its members.

M. C. M.