

Cy adventures Underground

ere I am, exploring was the hobby
too . . . I de other boys and I pur-
here . . . She home. The rolling hills
ere at 10:30. tains of Maryland, Penn-
place—infor and West Virginia are full
Thalhimer Bone caves. On Sunday aft-
e population nd on other free days, we
it today fore into a truck or jeep and
. . . I don't a cave. Sometimes we
. . . Surely, that tramp through fields or
more generouseks and rivers hunting for
t a lot this year and likely looking open-
on coat I walliffs of old quarries. We
nes—that give location of some caves
ny homeroomook in the public library
ver gotten fatists the location of every
her? . . . I reave in the state of Mary-
Oh, I remembalso contains some maps.
elen . . . Noexploring is, in a way, a
w her . . . She mountain climbing, ex-
again. it is inside the earth. In
oes one of myes we came upon pits as
n with bundle thirty feet, slippery mud
he's playing Streams, and very tight pass-
't me . . . He so some of these caves are
Where is my formations such as: stalac-
ch has stoppalagmites, flowstone, rim-
Her presentsid cave coral.
ting for, thouummer we visited and ex-
s To Ann Millwelve different caves. We
ld is that driree trips to one cave be-
ust be seven lack of equipment to ex-
. . . And hocave of its size. Inside the
I never thou is a twenty foot pit into
like To Ann we descended by rope. At the
. . . Oh, horrois a narrow muddy passage.
him to thar lot of hard, muddy crawling,
r . . . How dided another pit. We had to
get in the sack there because our only
e is she?? . . . us at the first pit. The next
n just about re returned with more rope
? Who, or ascended both pits. At the
e of fur under of the second is a stream
ing hat! Tasti We explored upstream,
thou fled! . . . ig through the cold water.
d now . . . Oh, we came to a large side
n dear aunt! The formations on the roof
passage are very beautiful.
end of the passage is a large
with a high ceiling. From
the passage proved to be a
ac; so we turned back. The
eek we went back and fin-
ships that ride xploring the stream passage
the wind thato mapped the front part of
e.
y soul, that's hoyling through these caves and
hands I'd fashg them has more value than
—D'ving as an interesting hobby.

DONALD KREH

A large cave system if thoroughly mapped offers special opportunities to biologists, paleontologists, and geologists. A hydrologist can literally study inside the natural plumbing of a water table.

About two months after we had been in a large cave in West Virginia, scientists from Philadelphia, some of them members of the National Speleological Society, made a great discovery. They dynamited another entrance to the cave and gained access to a part where no other explorer had been. In a large room they found the skeletons of two Indians, one a twenty-five year old male, and the other a twelve year old girl. The men took the remains back to Philadelphia for further study. Since then the cave has been boarded up to prevent the destruction of anything else which might still be there.

As we move carefully forward in an unexplored cave we have to think back. We must not only be sure that we could get back up every crack we have slipped down, but also we have to remember the sequence of cracks, holes, pits, bends, and canyons. The darkness that withdraws ahead also closes in behind. Even though there is an element of danger involved in this sport, we all enjoy it very much. One of the reasons we like this sport is the pursuit of the unknown—and perhaps the unknowable.

Fog

Fog,
that shrouds the world in robes
of moistened gray,
that swirls a speckled nimbus
'round each light,
that summons whispers and
the muffled step,
that crooks a misty finger in
my face—
And bids me slip within its
blurry cloak.

—Sandra Hickman

Dear Helen

Dear Helen,

It's snowing, and I wish you were here to see it. It's beautiful! As I was coming up the hill from supper, it had just turned dark and the lights were on. Everything looked as if God were using a giant diamond-sifter and letting all the little diamonds fall through to the earth. Each one caught the street-light and sparkled like a many-faceted gem into a rainbow of colors. Borrowing the words of a poet, the ground looked like "a chocolate pie with mounds of fluffy cream piled high."

There's nothing that puts me in a more sentimental mood than snow. It reminds me of the years when I used to play in it with my sisters at our old farm. Daddy would always fix up the hand-made sled, and we would go out to the pasture and glide down hills like ducks on a glass lake. It was loads of fun and we'd always come in with frozen fingers and toes, plus the inevitable runny noses. Mama always made hot chocolate for us to drink when we came in, and we'd gradually thaw out as we sipped the steaming liquid and passed the freshly popped popcorn before the crackling fire.

I'll never forget the Christmas Eve that it sleeted all night. We got up at three o'clock on Christmas morning and it looked as if someone had poured a sugar glaze over the whole world. The moonlight reflected in thousands of long rock candy icicles that hung from bowing tree branches. I was at the age when all the world was a fairy-land, and no one had disillusioned me; for this new earth, turned crystal, made all my most fantastic dreams come true.

Well, Helen, I'll stop my reminiscing for a while, and go help my roommate make some snow-cream. Happy Wintertime!

Your friend,
Jane

JANE POPLIN

Business Club
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