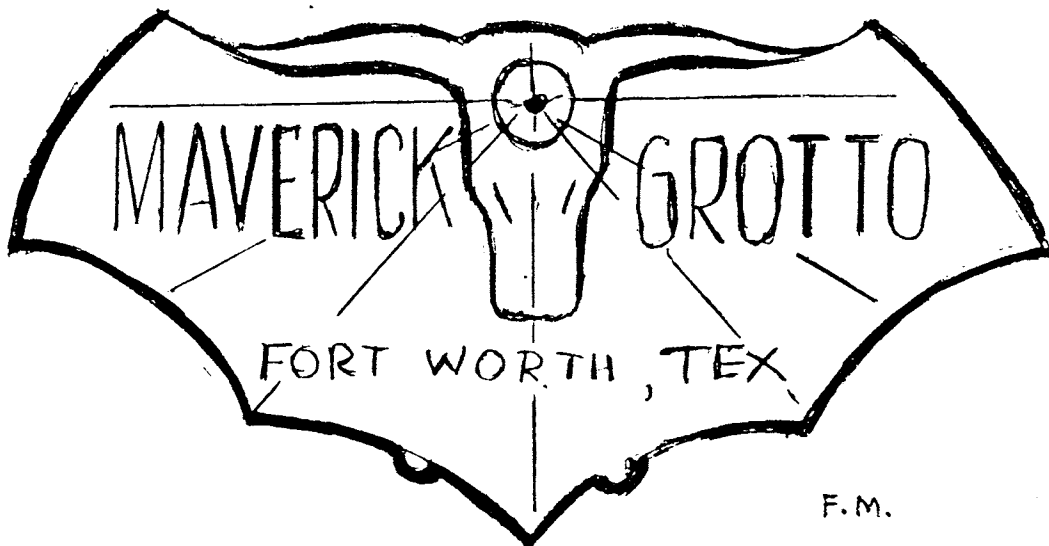


THE MAVERICK BULL

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 6

JUNE, 1987



THE MAVERICK BULL, is the monthly newsletter of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, an internal organization of the National Speleological Society (NSS 6-322).

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The Editor invites all cavers to submit articles, news, maps, cartoons, art, and photographs. If the material is to be returned, a self-addressed, stamped envelope should accompany it. News items will be accepted and are urged to be submitted on floppy diskettes in either APPLE II, or IBM compatible ASCII Text file format. Items should be of interest to cavers and their ilk, and be non-political (except cartoons of very good humor) in nature.

Internal organizations of the National Speleological Society may reprint any item (unless copyrights belong to author as will be stated in byline) first appearing in THE MAVERICK BULL, if proper credit is given and a complete copy of the publication is delivered to THE MAVERICK GROTTTO address at the time of publication. Other organizations should contact the grotto at the address herein.

EXCHANGES: THE MAVERICK BULL, will exchange newsletters with other grottos. Contact any officer.

PRINTING: This issue was printed FREE by the TROC PRESS, INC. in the Republic of Texas. General flunkies for this issue were Pepe Tres, Major Meister Brau and Major Munchkin.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Subscription Rate is \$10.00, per year for non-members.

MEMBERSHIP POLICY: Any caver with interest, beliefs, and actions, consistent with the purposes of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO and the National Speleological society is eligible for membership. Membership in the National Speleological Society is encouraged, but not mandatory except to hold office. Acceptance of new members is based on payment of dues and a mandatory three trip requirement with at least three different grotto members. These three members shall act as sponsors and at least one of these members will be required present at a Grotto Meeting where they may be voted in by a two-thirds majority vote of the members present.

Maverick: 1) American pioneer who did not brand

his calves, 2) An unbranded range animal, especially a calf.

MEETINGS: Meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month, at SMOKEY'S RIBS, at 5300 East Lancaster in the east central part of Fort Worth, Texas. Just short of one mile west of Loop 820. This is a central point in Tarrant County, and should be convenient to the mid-cities, Arlington, and Fort Worth! The time is 7:00 P.M., and the food is good. Go through the regular line for your grub and then come to the "party room" which we have reserved in back.

OFFICERS

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COVER: This month's cover by Corky Corcoran, is a logo entry which was submitted after the contest was complete. The second logo is by Frank Monahans, noted hypnotherapist. During a recent seminar, Frank sketched out the logo during a break period.

1987 CALENDAR

June 9; Maverick Grotto Meeting.

June 13,14; Beginner trip to
Wild Woman Cave, Ok.
Butch: h (817)346-2039
w (817)293-1300, X5620

- July 7; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- August 3,7; NSS Convention, Sault Ste. Marie, Mi. Contact Dave Luckins, 428 Farnsworth, Union Lake Mi., 48085. h (313)698-4383 or w (313)683-457.
- August 11; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- Sept. 19,20: Texas Old Timers, New Braunfels, Tx. Details to come later.

ADDRESS CHANGE NOTICE:

Please note that Butch Fralia, Editor/Secretary, has moved. Please direct all exchanges and inquiries to the address listed.

MAY MEETING:

The last meeting of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, was held Tuesday, May 12, 1987 at Smokey's Ribs in East Fort Worth.

The first order of business was the introduction of visitors, followed by the awarding to Mark Porter, a carbide lamp for winning the logo contest.

Reports were given on the Southern Plains Regional, and conservation notes on caving in the Guads. Park Managers, state that cavers wearing black soled shoes are marking up the formations. It has been suggested that cavers should possibly wear white soled shoes.

Trip reports given on Crystal Crawl Cave, and Fenceline Fissure. Crystal Crawl Cave, un-surveyed and un-mapped, would make a good project for crawlway cavers. Reports given on a Wild Woman Trip (Oklahoma), and survey work done in the Twin Sinks area. Corky and Dennis Thompson definitely located Jesse James Cave, rumored but lost for many years.

Russell Hill, made a presentation on technical caving. Technical caving refers to caves requiring special equipment; i.e. wet suits, vertical equipment. The presentation was well done and appreciated by all.

JUNE MEETING

The program for the June meeting will be a video hodge podge. We have Jim Goodbar, making the 330' ascent to the "Top of the Cross," in the big room of Carlesbad Cavern. This event occurred about two years ago and was aired nationwide.

In addition, there will be at least one video short of a local caver demonstrating care and feeding, (and extinguishing) of Carbide Cap lamps. This should warrant a special award at this years Christmas Party. There's a possibility of a short film clip, demonstrating what usually happens on a cave trip with Dale Ellison, The Maverick Grotto, "Rain God."

Come one, come all, the food's good, and there should be be entertainment deluxe.

EDITORIAL

It's feast or famine. Last month it was try to fill up the "Bull" and this month try to compress it a little. I prefer the latter so I don't feel obligated to write "entertainment" articles.

Fortunately Corky's two wayward trip reports were located, forwarded and appear in this issue. Corky, continues his world travels and spins his usual interesting tale. I have one additional trip report from Corky, on his and Dennis Thompson's "rediscovery" of Jesse James Cave in Oklahoma.

On a recent cave trip with David Finrock (David will hopefully be eligible to apply for membership at the June meeting), and two virgin cavers (Teresa White and Pooch Amy), I asked David to write the trip report. His quick yes, was astounding in view of how hard it usually is to get trip reports and articles. Pooch volunteered his impressions of his first caving trip. Both reports were submitted at the last meeting and their content was excellent. These articles appear in this months "Bull," and I hope everyone enjoys them as much as I did.

A quick reminder to NSS members to send in their ballots for the Board of Directors. I urge everyone eligible, to vote.

DID YOU KNOW?

by Dale Ellison

ON TIME WITH QUARTZ

If you've bought a watch recently, chances are it says "quartz" on the label. It may have been quite inexpensive, yet it keeps time much more accurately than even the most expensive spring driven watch of a decade or more ago. What is a quartz watch, and why is it so much more accurate than the older kinds of watches?

Each quartz watch contains a thin wafer of quartz sliced along a particular crystallographic (whew! - Ed.) orientation. The quartz acts as a "pacemaker" to keep the hands or the electronic display precisely on time. The property of quartz that makes this possible is called piezoelectricity, which means that pressure applied to a quartz crystal creates an electric current. Quartz is used to make gauges that measure high pressure. The greater the pressure, the stronger the electric current. With tension, the electric current flows in the opposite direction. Electrons move one way in an electric circuit if the quartz crystal is under pressure and the other way if the quartz is under tension.

If you reverse the process and apply an electric current to a quartz crystal, the crystal changes shape slightly. More precisely, it expands and compresses; and it will do so very rapidly with remarkable regularity. The expansion and compressions are tiny vibrations that occur at the rate of about 100,000 vibrations per second (typical watch frequency) to many millions of times per second depending on size, thickness, etc.

For each minute that your watch runs, the quartz wafer in it shrinks and expands 6,000,000 times. These vibrating crystals are so accurate that they are off by no more than one vibration out of 10 billion. Precision manufactured quartz clocks used in observatories lose or gain no more than one second every ten thousand years. Your watch is probably not that accurate because of imperfections in the mechanical parts or electronic circuitry. Even if your watch is a few seconds off each month, it is a vast improvement over the windup watches, even the finest of which are now obsolete.

Condensed and paraphrased from PHYSICAL GEOLOGY, by Charles Plummer & David McGeary. Published Wm. C. Brown, Dubuque, Iowa C 1985. pp 21.

CAVING IN THE GUADS: AFRICAN STYLE

by C.L. Corcoran

DATE: April 11-13, 1987

DESTINATION: Spider Cave, Christmas Tree Cave, Chimney Cave and Ogle Cave, Carlsbad Cavern National Park.

PERSONNEL: Mike Cagle, Corky Corcoran, Steve Dalton, Jim Goodbar, John Schwartz and Michael (?)

ESCAPE FROM SUBURBIA

Departure time found four of the original six cavers still willing to leave the dull life of suburban living for adventure in the land of Enchantment. With Mike's "Big Steel Thirsty Dog" (a 4WD truck of immense proportion and gas guzzling capability) providing transport the cavers set out for the sunset like their predecessors of old.

ROADWORK

At this point a question can be raised. What does one do to relieve the call of nature when crossing the great plains of the Serengeti or West Texas? The answer is the "African Style Pit Stop." What else can you do when there's no hope of a comfort station or even a tree for miles? It seems that John's memoirs from Africa were of great relief to the road weary travelers.

DAY ONE: CAVE ONE

First on the agenda was a guided tour of Spider Cave. Survival techniques were not needed on the fifteen minute hike which brought cavers to a curious manhole cover. A short drop complete with ladder led the group to a rather small and lengthy crawl way. Timeless beauty awaited them on the other side. The cave is magnificent even if somewhat small. A must if you've never seen it

and don't forget your camera.

DAY ONE: CAVE TWO

After hopping into Carlsbad for lunch (I won't mention the name of the establishment for fear of embarrassing them) the cavers headed for Slaughter Canyon and their second cave, Christmas Tree. Under joint leadership, the group immediately set out in the wrong direction for the cave. It must be pointed out that Jim and Michael were not involved in the following fiasco. Up the steep mountain they climbed looking for a non-existent trail marked with cairns. Deciding they had missed the trail they made their own picking the way through mass quantities of lechuguilla and other variety's of cacti looking for an Indian Shelter, the other landmark. The cavers finally spotted the shelter and followed the directions from there to the cave, entirely oblivious to the fact that it was the wrong shelter. Lo! and behold there was the cave but it was not as described. For one thing, why would anyone need a fifty foot handline to enter this cave? The entrance and cave beyond were reminiscent of Cottonwood Cave though not as heavily decorated. Moss covered most of the formations in the cave due to the amount of sunlight filtering in the large entrance, from it's western exposure. Except for one small low lead and one high lead that was about it for the cave. The low lead was checked but proved to be just a little too tight. (Where's Donna when you need her?) The trip back down the mountain was uneventful except for a rattlesnake warning Mike and Steve that it didn't want to be stepped on.

MISSED DIRECTIONS

After a fine dinner at K-Bobs (3 bats) the cavers consulted with Jim and Michael as to why anybody would need a handline to get into the cave. After lengthy descriptions of the cave visited it was decided that the group had visited Rainbow cave instead of Christmas Tree. Michael decided that was the worst piece of path finding he had ever heard of. The cavers had to agree since the two caves are over a mile away from each other. It was still strange, how well the directions worked.

DAY TWO: CAVE THREE

Bright and early was not the password of the morning. Matter of fact it could have been

grounds for execution. Luckily for our heroes there was only one cave on the agenda and it wasn't too far away. After a fine breakfast, courtesy of Jim; Michael and Scott headed for Carlsbad to do some geologic work. Mike, Corky, Steve and John cut out for Chimney Cave while Jim sat down to do his taxes. (Note the day of the trip). A short hike brought the cavers to their destination. They were sure they had the right cave because the plaque read "Chimney Cave" and the lock passed the "combination test." After finding the drop was further from the entrance than anticipated the rope was derigged, moved, untangled and re-rigged.

The group then dropped into the large and highly decorated room below which is basically the extent of the cave. There is a delicate crawlway at one end which leads to a snail breath taking room. The other end of the cave is a mass of breakdown through which leads were pushed but nothing promising was found. Many photographs later found the cavers exiting to eat dinner at the Sirloin Stockade (3 1/2 bats, good salad bar) in Carlsbad.

DAY THREE: CAVE FOUR

Tired from the weekend's activities, the cavers assembled for the grand finale, Ugle Cave. With spears (Lechuguilla stalks) in hand to aid footing and also to ward off the jungle denizens of the desert southwest, the cavers set out on safari to find the large pit. The trail cut an easy path through the jungles of cacti and the cavers soon found themselves looking at the expansive void that led to the cave below. As the group prepared themselves for the drop, they inspected the old guano mining equipment which still litters the entrance. It looked utterly inadequate for it's purpose. Into the depths our heroes sailed to behold what has to be the second grandest cave in the Guads. Massive columns reaching to heights only guessed at and thousands of other speleothems assailed their senses. Also the grand dimensions of the cave amazed them as high-powered electric lights stabbed through the darkness only to find more darkness. The cavers moved through a seemingly infinite vastness filled with fantastic worlds of color and bizarre shape. Then, the end. A large, almost blank wall, with only one lead that goes to Rainbow Cave whose entrance is on the other side of the mountain. As most of the party

ascended to the world above, a few lingered to check lower leads hoping to find more vastness lying below that which already exists. Their efforts were to no avail and the sun soon found them back on the surface with the other cavers. Words of wisdom from Africa were once again heard, not from John but Michael, who showed the group his African rope trick (a way of coiling and carrying a very long rope so that it doesn't tangled). The safari then led back to Carlsbad and ultimately back to the Metroplex, African style all the way.

THE BIRDS AND THE BATS

by C.L. Corcoran

DATES: March 7,8, 1987

DESTINATION: Frio Bat Cave,
Uvalde County.

PERSONNEL: Allen Cobb, Corky
Corcoran, Joe Ivey,
Linda Palit, Jim (?),
Dale (?), and Guano
the other Wonder Dog.

IN ROUTE

The noon sun smiled down as Allen and Joe disemboweled Linda's \$700 car to replace the fan belt. A few leftover parts later found the cavers once again in route to the cave. Only one other difficulty was experienced when the \$700 car refused to cross the Frio River. A few swift Kicks in the starter changed it's mind and it remarkably gave no more trouble for the rest of the trip.

THE CAVE

A short hike up the hill brought the group before the cave's multiple entrances. It was here that Corky learned the simple technique of preventing the dreaded "guano filled boot." (Author's note: Yes, I felt like an idiot for not thinking of it myself and no, I'm not going to tell you what it is.) Wearing filter masks to prevent various fungal diseases the cavers finally entered with the exception of Guano who flat out refused to wear any protection. Inside the cavers toured around, taking pictures and avoiding the mass

quantities of bats. Allen took Corky to see the Hot Room who was amazed that anything would even want to go back there. After exiting Corky was asked what he thought about the cave and the reply was one word, "BIG." Vertical practice at the skylight entrance was next and after the group was through hanging around bags of "fertilizer" were gathered for various gardens.

THE BATS

It became apparent to the cavers, there was a growing confusion in the cave though it's source remained a mystery. The mystery was solved as a plume of bats started issuing from the main entrance. At the same time, a cloud of Cave Swallows, were gathering above the entrance. It seemed to the cavers that there was a never ending supply of bats and the same thought must have come to the birds for they gave up their attempts to enter.

The bats had their share of problems that day. They kept entangling themselves in the trees outside the entrance. One, unable to free itself, received assistance from Linda and Corky. Their other problem was in the form of a large Hawk who was finding easy pickings in the long line of bats.

IN TOWN

Discussions about dinner led the cavers to a Mexican Restaurant, reputed to be good but it must of been an off night. During dinner plans were laid for the next days caving.

THE NEXT DAY

After breaking fast at another Mexican eatery the cavers found themselves at the second deepest cave in Bexar Co. (Author's note: The name of it eludes me.) The cave consists of four drops, the longest being about twenty meters, and a few crawlways. Lots of photos were taken and a general good time was had by all present.

SAN SABA CAVING

by David Finfrook

DATE: May 9, 1987

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DESTINATION: Crystal Lake Crawl Cave,
Fenceline Fissure Cave,
Bristor Ranch,
San Saba, County.

Personnel: Pooch Amy
David Finfrock
Butch Fralia
Teresa White

After an early rendezvous at Butch's we headed south for San Saba, County. With sheep running loose on the Bristor place, Butch felt that Shane the Wonder Dog should sit this trip out. We didn't really miss him, since we had a Pooch along anyway. (Pooch Amy, is a Cajun, and that might explain it, but you'll have to ask him about his name yourself.) Both Pooch and Teresa were virgin cavers, but that was about to change in a hurry.

We arrived at the Bristor's beautiful ranch, sorted out our gear, and headed up Spring Creek to the entrance of Crystal Lake Crawl Cave. At the entrance, David demonstrated the secrets of the carbide lamp. With Butch's video camera rolling, he explained to Teresa how the water dripped into the carbide to produce acetylene gas, how to adjust the water flow, how to cup the reflector to catch the escaping gas, and how to strike the flint to produce the ignition spark. What he failed to demonstrate was how to securely screw the top to the bottom of the lamp. Teresa nodded and watch gravely, as David's lamp suddenly erupted in flame, and David danced around patting out the conflagration. You'll have to ask Butch to see the video but don't ask David how to operate a carbide lamp!

After things quieted down, David led the way into Crystal Lake Crawl Cave, a complete misnomer. There was nothing resembling crystal anywhere, and no standing water at all. Just a lot of mud and a lot of rock -- very close together. The hands-and-knees crawl quickly deteriorated into a belly crawl. After maybe 150 feet, David dug some dirt from a tight squeeze, and moved on. For the 2nd time in six weeks, Butch was brought to a halt. He backed out of the way, though, and allowed Teresa and Pooch to pass; and exhaling while they crept forward they successfully negotiated the squeeze. The next obstacle, was a horizontal ledge

cutting across the trunk passage. A small window above the ledge was impassable. David again dug underneath and inched through; a low hanging rock making quite an impression on his backside. That same rock made even more of an impression on Teresa. She left several long blonde hairs, and a good portion of her shirt hanging there in the crawlway. But with a determination not usually exhibited by 1st-time cavers, she kept on going. (Actually she didn't have much choice. With Pooch behind her almost literally bouncing in his enthusiasm to go forward, Teresa had nowhere else to go!) For the next 100 feet or so, the tunnel went on, mostly belly crawl on rough gravel, with a few small intervening chambers where one or two cavers could sit upright. Finally, realizing our water and extra carbide was in the backpack with Butch, we decided to turn back, although the crawlway continued, with no sign of ending.

Meanwhile, Butch, who was going electric this trip, had turned out his lights to conserve his batteries. He lay there in the dark, all alone, in a passage not much larger than a coffin, for most of an hour. For most people, it would be a nightmare come to life. For a caver like Butch, it was an opportunity for a relaxing nap. (It was relaxing for awhile, until I woke myself up snoring -- Butch)

After exiting, we headed back to Butch's Speleo-Trooper, for a quick lunch; tired scraped and bruised, but exultant. If Pooch and Teresa enjoyed that, they must really be cavers.

We then trekked up the hill through the Mesquite and Juniper. We decided to pass on Rotten Log Cave, and went on to Fenceline Fissure. Teresa was a little tentative about chimneying down the fissure, but sure enough, she mustered her courage and made the descent. Inside the main passage Butch introduced Pooch and Teresa to their first bat. He also introduced them to something else new. A walking passage! Fenceline Fissure was definitely a lot friendlier cave than Crystal Crawl. We dropped down a 7-8 ft. vertical drop, and followed an easy crawl, mostly hands-and-knees, across the main room back to Charley's Dome. There, we paused for 10 minutes to rest, and gave Teresa and Pooch their first taste of true cave darkness. They passed the test with flying colors, although Teresa admitted she liked it a lot better when she could hear a voice.

On the way out, David discovered in a side passage, another exit. It was a vertical, but fairly easy, 12 ft. free climb, with plenty of foot and handholds. Again Teresa was a little unsure of her abilities, but with a bit of instruction and moral support, she made it up without a hitch. Like Pooch said, whether in a free climb, a tight crawl, or chest-deep in a Big Thicket swamp, "she hasn't wimped out on me yet!"

We did a little ridge walking, and discovered a few small fissures and one real cave nearby. We didn't have time to explore more than 50 or 60 feet, but it looks promising, with several stoop-walking passages and one big room visible from our brief inspection. Since it doesn't appear in THE CAVES OF SAN SABA COUNTY, Butch offered to let our new cavers name it. Pooch immediately suggested "Teresa's Hole" in recognition of her efforts during the day. Pooch himself was perhaps the most enthusiastic novice I have ever seen. I hope Teresa really enjoyed herself, because Pooch is hooked. If she wants to spend many more weekends with him, she is going to have to keep on caving.

We dropped the key off at the Bristors home in Lometa, thanked them profusely for their hospitality and arrived back in Fort Worth around 2 A.M.

OBSERVATIONS OF A VIRGIN CAVER,

by Pooch Amy

We walked upstream on the west bank of the creek, with all the enthusiasm of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer rolled into one. Sheer Rock walls on one side of the creek and a steep incline of Rock, cactus and cedar trees on the other, the entrance of the cave was just as I had envisioned it to be, but our tour guide didn't wear a uniform, nor was there a snack bar around, and someone had done away with the paved sidewalks and handrails, but more importantly, who turned out the lights?!

The smell of the carbide lamps had already branded a new meaning in my mind. As far as the hand rails, I quickly learned, while on my hands and knees that most of this cave wasn't tall enough for rails. Crawling 20 to 50 ft. at a time, following a set of Black soled tennis shoes. I started to notice that the walls

surrounding me were trembling, but the ground felt calm. I felt a little calmer to learn the chamber was wall papered with daddy-long-leg spiders and cave crickets.

The voices and lights leading the way were getting dimmer and the shoes no longer crawled but seemed to drag onward. So it was either slither on my belly like the local rattlers or get left behind.

For the next 20 minutes we spent 24 hours filling our navels with sand, mud, and gravel and then I headbutted the shoes in front of me. We had stopped and apparently it was going to be for a while. Word was relayed back to me that Butch, our guide, could no longer fit but had crawled off to a nook nearby to let David and Teresa try.

After much digging with the crowbar, the shoes started to move again. I followed, now and then lifting my head trying to see in front of me. Four body lengths ahead, I found Butch, off to my left, belly-up, hat and light off! The shoes had disappeared and all that were left was Butch, myself and a ridiculously small hole in front of me. Decisions: stay here with Butch, belly and face down in the cold mud, in total darkness, entombed by three limestone trembling walls that fit tighter than my shirts did in 1977, or back out with the strength of 10 toes pulling me, or become the worlds greatest contortionist and follow the light and voices fading fast.

My light and hat went off and I managed to shove it through the hole. Easy enough, now I form my body to the same size and shape... and... wa-la! amazing what you can accomplish in a panic. Finally the shoes in front of me had a new position -- they were sitting up! but just as I entered the Break room the crowd left again. The troops assumed their positions, hats off, shoved in front, the chin, ribs and toes propelled them forward for another 24 hours although the clock on the trip had only recorded 2 hours.

After those 2 hours, 12 zillion blind cave crickets, 19 million dead formations, 8 live ones, 5 crystal formations, a limestone dam and a Brown Bat in a pear tree, we turned and went back. The chambers went on but our carbide lights had already died and we were depending on EverReady by then.

The trip back went as before, but my shoes lead.

Oh! You just wanted to know what I thought about spelunking? It's the ultimate ... rates right up there with being born. When do we go again?!

TALES OF THE EXPECTED

JESSE JAMES CAVE

by: The Ghost of Jesse James

DATE: April 25, 1987

DESTINATION: Jesse James Cave,
Murray Co. Okla.

PERSONNEL: Corky Corcoran,
Dennis Jonnson,
Joe Ben Pruitt,
Dennis Thompson

Yes! There really is a walk-in cave in the Arbuckle Mountains. As a matter of fact, if you had a horse and a mind to, you could ride right on in. The only hard thing about this cave is finding it, especially with me helping. You can understand my position, someone named the cave after me and I'm not sure I've even been to Oklahoma. In spite of my best efforts, however, a couple of cavers stumbled across directions to the place and I knew I'd be hard pressed keeping them out.

The dawn broke clear and sunny, too bad it was after noon before our motley crew set out from the landowner's house toward the steep hills and luscious growth where the cave is hidden. Onward through the gate they went, whereupon I created a distraction causing them to look right when they should've looked left which resulted in them being on the wrong road. They searched hither and thither for some sign of the landmarks they had been directed to look for. It was only after they had taken every road, turn, cow trail and one vehicle had a love affair with a large rock, that the two named Dennis J. and Joe Ben decided to give up and go fishing. But the other two, the one's in the truck that got stuck, refused to give up. They decided to go back to square one and start all over again.

Arriving at square one, Corky and Dennis, discovered my first deception. They proceeded by truck as far as they could noting the proper landmarks all the way. I thought I had them at a

fork in the creek where they were supposed to follow the one that was flowing. What had them going was that both forks were flowing but much to my dismay the right choice was made and they proceeded closer to the cave. I was wondering what to do next when I overheard Dennis telling Corky that the cave was hidden by a steep ledge. What luck! There were some steep cliffs and ledges ahead and if they started looking for the cave there they'd never find it. Sure enough, that's where they started. Looks like it's going to be an easy day so I'll just take a little rest.

I guess I slept a little longer than I should've because Corky was fixing to stumble across the cave and I was doing nothing about it. A twig, bent gently as though with the blowing wind, obscured his vision of the entrance and he passed quietly down the mountain up the creek and passed into obscurity for quite a while. One down, one to go. While I was pondering Dennis's whereabouts he suddenly appeared on the peak above the cave. Good thing the entrance can't be seen from up there as well as from below. A quick illusion of an easy path down the mountain lured Dennis away and maintained the cave's secrecy.

This did not last however, as Dennis was back again and he had his whole mind bent on the task of finding the cave. A feeble effort I agree but he was still doing better than Corky who was basically lost on a far mountain top. Dennis shattered my dreams by spotting the overgrown trail that led up to the cave. As he walked in triumph back to the rendezvous point I was figuring how I was going to keep Corky busy so that they would have no chance of exploring the cave. I had no luck as he was dead set on getting back to the meeting place to see what Dennis had found.

Giving up I let them explore the 3 rooms of the cave, each one half as large as the one before it, finally terminating in a dirt filled crawl. I did accomplish one thing though, I didn't let them it due to using all their available time finding it. But alas, they now know where it is and I'm sure a map and a more detailed description will be forth coming.

That's All Folks!

Good Caving -- Until Next Month.

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