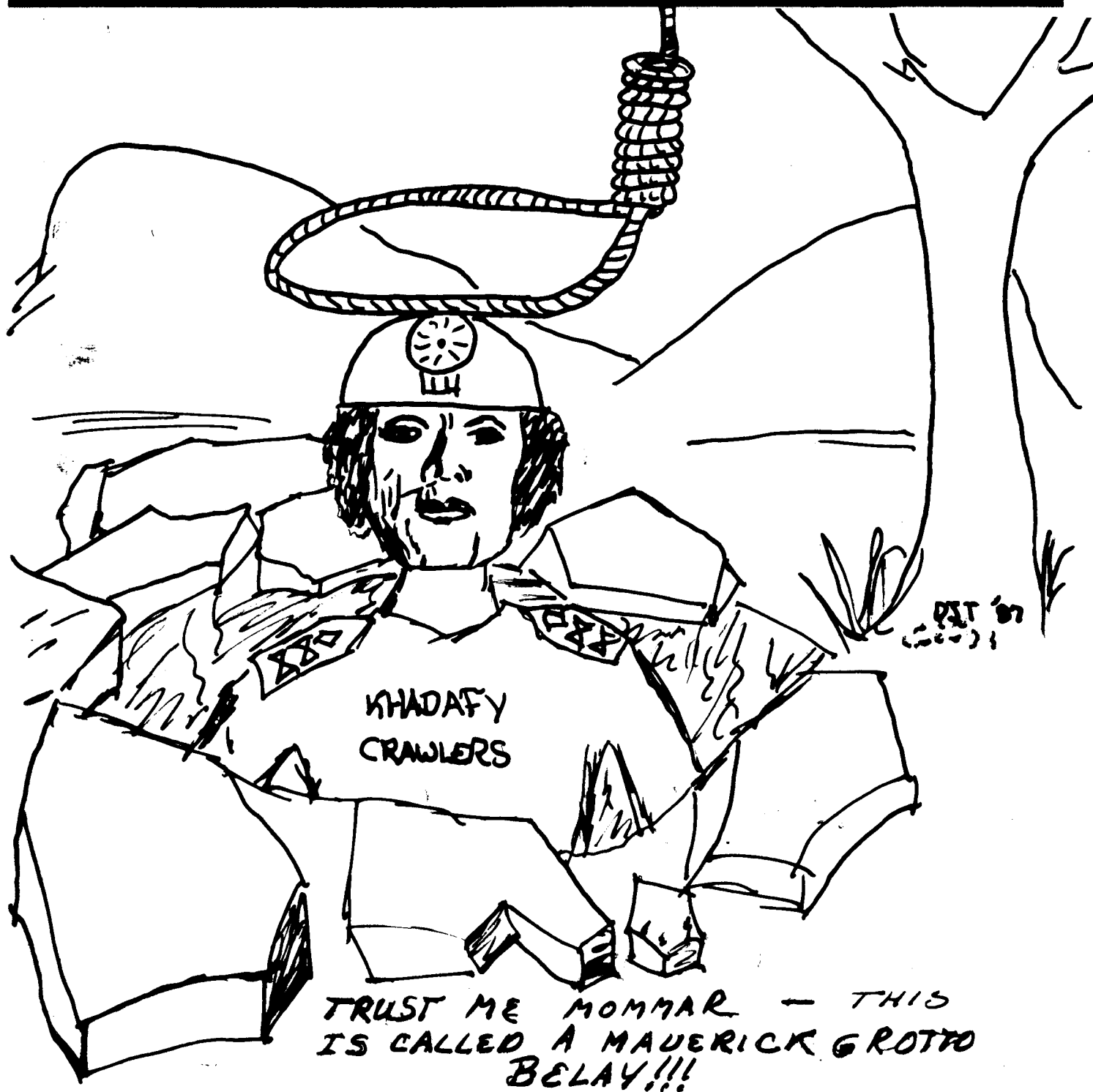


THE MAVERICK BULL

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 7

JULY, 1987



TRUST ME MOMMAR - THIS IS CALLED A MAVERICK GROTO BELAY!!!

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 covers 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 covers and their ilk, and be non-political (except cartoons of very good humor) in nature.

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

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MEMBERSHIP POLICY: Any cover 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.

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COVER: This month's cover by Dennis Thompson, of Ardmore, Oklahoma, the northern branch of The Maverick Grotto. The cover is slightly political but certainly humorous. The subject has certainly been brought to mind a lot in recent times.

1987 CALENDAR

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.
 Oct. Kickapoo Cave, TSA
 Project, more details later.

JUNE MEETING:

The last meeting of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, was held Tuesday, June 9, 1987 at Smokey's Ribs in East Fort Worth.

The meeting opened with an introduction of visitors, minutes of the last meeting, immediately followed by a treasurers report.

Joe Siddens, provided a handout of proposed amendments to the NSS Constitution. These amendments were discussed and a vote was taken to support their introduction at the next NSS Congress of Grottoes Meeting. The issue is to have the Board of Governors, send out a mailed vote to NSS Membership, for approval of the amendments.

The main order of business was the voting and acceptance of David Finrock as a new grotto member.

Trip reports were given and an announcement made as to a beginner Cave Trip, scheduled June 13-14, at Wild Woman Cave in Oklahoma.

A formal announcement was made as to an official Grotto meeting to be held during the Oklahoma Trip. It's primary purpose was to allow Grotto members in Ardmore the chance to attend the mandatory one meeting annually, required to maintain membership in the Grotto.

The program for the meeting, was a video tape taken from a National News Broadcast, of Jim Goodbar and other members of the Cave Research Foundation, climbing to the "Top of The Cross" in Carlsbad Cavern. The tape was shorter than expected so the follow up program was completed in short order.

The second video, consisted of shots from a trip to San Saba, County, where David Finrock, (our

newest member) demonstrated to Pooch Amy, and Teresa White, the proper feeding and extinguishing of carbide lamps. There was also footage to support Dale Ellison's title of "Rain God." Additionally, a high speed version of an Oklahoma Caving trip was shown.

JUNE MEETING; OKLAHOMA

A meeting of the Maverick Grotto, was held June 13, 1987, on the Spade Ranch, in Murray County, Oklahoma. The main subject of discussion was the completion of the Hardrock Cave Map by Dennis Thompson. The items remaining to complete the project before submission to the NSS, were discussed. A Geological workup needs to be completed. Joe Siddens, will be contacted for assistance in this endeavor.

A project which remains incomplete, is the location of a cave radio, to pinpoint a surface location for the landowner to drill into the cave's sump to locate water. Plans will be established for this when the appropriate people are contacted.

JULY MEETING

The program for the July meeting will be a video tape of Carlsbad Cavern. The tape is the one sold in the Cavern Store. Since there's been so much discussion of cave video lately, come on and see how the professionals do it.

EDITORIAL

This is the eighth edition of The Maverick Bull. It's hard to believe that only yesterday, the last week of November, Corky, Donna, and I were frantically scrambling for articles to assemble the first newsletter. It seems impossible that the first edition was that far back. Time passes fast when you're having fun.

The first edition was supposed to have been a flyer, announcing our first public meeting but became more involved as Donna felt we should have trip reports. Since the Maverick Grotto was only a month old, it was necessary to reprint old reports and assemble some on the fly. It worked out ok.

As we become more experienced at putting together newsletters, I assume the "Bull" gets better with each issue. Each newsletter finds another Grotto member participating in providing a trip report or article. Last months mailing was seventy five newsletters. Critique will be accepted gracefully if anyone has comments on the newsletter.

Since forming the Grotto, we've accumulated several subscribers and two new members other than those on the original Charter list. We've had a lot of trips including two beginner trips on which we cast aside our desires for the adventure of exploration to escort and educate persons wishing to make their first journey into the subterranean voids. The infamous first trip to River Styx, was immortalized on video tape by Al Rehfeldt and Richard Dushman.

The second trip occurred June 12-14, 1987 (Wild Woman Area, OK.). Several persons were scared off by bad weather; Saturday morning found flash flood warnings in Dallas but the Arbuckles were beautiful. Everyone had a wonderful time, including the resident spotted ticks who held maneuvers at the camp site.

If there's enough interest, there will be a beginner trip every two months to allow cavers to come out of the closet and potential cavers to learn that a can of spray paint isn't acceptable cave gear.

The bottom line is that The Maverick Grotto, has been a success and it's growing. It's been recognized and accepted by the NSS and TSA. There's room for participation by any and all. It's your Grotto and you're making it successful, keep up the good work!!!

**CAVING IN MISSOURI:
MISSOURI STYLE (WATER & MUD)**

by Kay Goodman

DATES: May 14,18, 1987

DESTINATION: Hooten Cave,
Smittle Cave,
Missouri.

PERSONNEL: Donna Anderson,
Corky Corcoran,

George Crosby,
Dale Ellison,
Kay Goodman,
Arlene Heintz,
Todd Heintz,
Mark & Pam Porter

DAY ONE; IN ROUTE

George and I left Cajun country early Thursday. After a 14 hour marathon drive we arrived at Bennett Springs State Park, after dark. Another marathon trek through the park and we finally located the camping area where we spotted a young lady with a helmet and cap lamp putting up her tent. We surmised we had found fellow caver Arlene. Sure enough we had found the lady who would later become our intrepid leader and tireless guide.

Soon "Burt" arrived with the Fort Worth, delegation; Donna, corky and Dale (complete with happy meal box). After much conversation and imbibing, the "crew" said "sweet dreams" and began a night of rest in preparation for the day ahead.

DAY TWO:

One by one each caver emerged from the peacefulness of their sleeping bags, seeking nourishment and began to "come alive" preparing for the events of the day. After awhile, we all had our gear together and departed for the park office to settle up for the nights' "lodging." This proved to be a slow process. I was never sure what the problem was but everyone was quite pleasant. After officially becoming guests of B.S.S.P., and checking out the fish hatchery; we were on the road again. Our destination was Arlene's folks house to pick up Todd Heintz and firewood.

The next stop would be at a bank in Springfield, where Corky, who was out of cash, would simply insert his pulse card in a machine and get instant cash. Three banks later, it was apparent that technology was not on Corky's side. However, at the third bank, a very sensitive bank employee assisted him. Corky emerged from the bank with cash in his purse and a smile on his face.

The "crew" proceeded to their next stop -- The Bass Pro Sporting Goods Store. It was an

indescribable place. You would just have to visit it yourself. A salesclerk in the store invited everyone back except George, who had tried to rearrange a display.

It was past lunch time so we made a pit stop at Arby's before continuing on to Hooten Cave. (I don't think Corky, tried to use his bankcard here!)

There was no hike involved in locating Hooten Cave. We drove almost to the entrance. Actually, there were two entrances. Donna and Corky chose to crawl in a short crawlway and everyone else walked in a larger opening. Almost immediately after entering we were walking in shallow water in a tube-like passage. The passage narrowed to a belly crawl in shallow water then opened up again to walking passage. Further along the passage there was a "Y." We went to the left up a mud bank to a small room (by Missouri standards). The room narrowed on one side to a belly crawl. However, there was a larger passage off to the right and we opted for that one. The passage became too tough for my lame wrist so George and I returned to the small room to wait for the crew. The crew returned to the small room a short while later not having seen the waterfall that was rumored to be at the end of the passage. As expected, Donna and Corky slithered off on the belly crawl. Everyone else took a short rest and took some pictures. A short while later, Donna and Corky, returned to the room from the direction we had originally entered.

We continued along another branch of the "Y" until it finally became a crawl. Everyone waited above the "Sculpture Room" (ask about this) while Donna made the wet crawl but found no larger passage.

We then exited the cave along the same passage we entered. After resting and doffing muddy clothes, Dale used his expertise as a cameraman to make a video tape of the area around the cave entrances. The esoteric work is said to be seen next year at Cannes!

We returned to Arlene's folks house to drop off Todd, and made arrangements to pick him up the next day.

We arrived back at the campsite quite late. However, we managed to cook up some culinary

delights, imbibe some "Wild Dickle" and "George Turkey," and welcome Mark and Pam. Donna was the last to go to sleep (sometime around 5 AM).

DAY THREE:

As the sun began to heat up the sleeping quarters, we all began to stir. Soon we were all up and slowly moving about. Around noon we all had our act together and we were on the road to boost the economy of Lebanon (a small town, only a few miles away). It seems Arlene and Dale needed to purchase some lawn chairs (it was rumored that Dale needed his daily fix —Happy Meal—from the Golden Arches). Anyway, they did get some lawn chairs and then we hit the road again to pick up Todd. We left Todd's and were finally enroute to Smittle Cave. After stopping at the owners house and signing release forms, we drove to the cave.

The entrance was huge and very impressive. As we walked toward the entrance to the cave, we read a sign informing us of the endangered Bats, who called the cave home. Very soon upon entering, we had to walk in knee deep mud. I had the feeling at this point that, if I had made the suggestion, Pam may have spent the day outside the cave with me! We persevered and the floor was soon solid. The entrance tunnel was very large and extensive. At the end of the huge tunnel, the cave branched off in two directions. We chose the passage to the left. It was a highly decorated walking passage. The cameras were flashing. At the end of the passage there was a formation called the Queen's Throne. We spent a lot of time taking pictures and Dale attempted some Video shots here.

We made our way back to the main tunnel and Arlene led the way along the stream passage to the right. The mostly walking passage led to the Baseball Diamond. This was a large, high, dry and flat area. The stream passage continued on the back side of the Diamond and was filled with formations of all different shapes and sizes. Everything glittered, and everyone with a camera tried to capture the spectacle on film. Dale practiced his Video skills here, also.

After the Photo and Video taping session we headed back to the Baseball Diamond to traverse the other stream passage that intersected at the Diamond. At this point Donna and Corky decided to exit the cave. They couldn't be talked

into seeing the waterfall, alleged to be at passage end.

As we started along the passage we were walking in shallow water, then knee-deep water, then mud, then more mud, and finally knee-deep slimy mud. Mark was leading the "crew" at this point and doing very well. However, at a weak moment he called for someone else to lead. When no one responded, he got his second wind and sloshed onward. After sloshing and crawling for sometime, my better judgement in regard to my lame wrist took over, and George and I turned back. No Waterfall for us! We exited the cave about 9:00 PM to find Donna and Corky trying on vertical gear.

Considering our fatigue and the marathon drive home the next day, George and I headed back to camp; started a fire, showered and ate. The others were not back so we crashed wondering if there was really a water fall at Smittle!

DAY FOUR:

George and I were up at 6:00 AM, wishing we could stay one more day and cave with the rest of the crew. We considered staying, but in my dedication to enriching the minds of sixth graders, I had to return to the bowels of the Public Schools.

We reservedly left about 6:30 AM for Cajun country. We stopped at the first gas station so George could put some power steering fluid in the Big Green Truck. Unfortunately, it turned out to be Brake Fluid! We reached Russellville, Arkansas before the power steering went out. Mechanic George, decided the proper thing to do would be to drain the brake fluid and put in power steering fluid. He purchased several bottles of power steering fluid. The next problem was deciding where to drain the toxic material. We saw a sign on the side of the road that read "We Love Toxic Waste." We stopped, he drained, he filled and we were once again on the road. The steering was fixed.

We arrived home in Lake Charles around 10:30 PM. We were exhausted but very pleased we had made the trip. Arlene and Dale had been wonderful Hostess and Host. Corky, Donna, Mark, Pam and Todd were great people and cavers.

Les Bon Temps Roule

THE THIRD ALTERNATIVE

by James Savage

DATE: May, 1987

DESTINATION: To be defined

PERSONNEL: Chuck Cluck,
James Savage
Mark (?)

At the May DFW Grotto meeting, Chuck Cluck mentioned there might be a trip going to River Styx Cave, that weekend. Being as it has been a while since I have been in a cave, and knowing that Styx, is considered an easy (relatively speaking) cave, I thought this would be as good an opportunity as any to get back into caving.

Friday rolled around with a boom of thunder and a gush of rain, just like Thursday did, and just like Wednesday did. The weekend didn't hold promise of being any better, and there were reports of flooding and heavy rain all over North Texas. In light of the potential for flooding in River Styx Cave, we wisely decided not to go. Instead, we would have a vertical practice session at Chuck's favorite rappelling spot. A railroad trestle behind the shop he works at. I showed up at the railroad trestle about noon and met Chuck and Mark on the bridge. They were just sitting there listlessly staring at the water lapping the base of the bridge support below them.

It had never occurred to us; all that rain water had to go somewhere. The Trinity River was up eight feet higher than normal. The dry land we normally rappel down to, was now several feet under water instead of several feet from the water.

After awhile, the subject rolled around to urban canoeing, and the comment was made that one could probably paddle his way down the river and stop off at a 7-11. Chuck mentioned his boss had a canoe at his shop. What the heck! We could canoe down the Trinity! After a few minutes of frantic decision making and trying to read a tattered road map, we decided to put in just above the Fort Worth home for wayward elephants (read: Zoo), our destination being the very same bridge we were on just moments before.

Having gotten the canoe with no problem, we lashed it to the top of Chuck's truck, the Batbot, and proceeded to our jumping off point. On the way, we of course stopped off at a 7-11, type store for brewskies and a bag of Nacho-Cheese Doritos. The standard fare for hearty explorers and travelers. After much consternation as to whether the canoe was going to fall off the Batbot, we made it to our jumping off point without real difficulty. In we went and were off on one of mankind's greatest journeys!

As in almost all aspects of human life, we were destined to run into some difficult spots in our journey. The first one appeared under the Interstate 30 overpass in the form of a ten foot high dam which we were able to easily portage around. We continued onward for a few hundred feet and ran into another dam. This one only three feet high and part of a series of dams in the trinity as it wandered through Trinity Park. We were able to negotiate these obstacles primarily by dragging and pushing the canoe over the top of them. On we went, admiring the lush vegetation on the Levees that we couldn't see over, paddling in a zig-zag fashion all over the river because our two paddles were different lengths, and because we really didn't know how to paddle a canoe in the first place.

Time passed, and we eventually came to the point where the two forks of the Trinity River, come together, at the site of a Power Generating Station. Our pace picked up ever so slightly as we admired the underside of the Main Street bridge just a few hundred feet past the merging of the giants. I grew up in this part of Fort Worth, so I remembered there was a major spillway up ahead that backed up water for the power plant we just passed. Sure enough, we could hear a thundering roar up ahead around the bend. We proceeded with caution along the left bank and soon came to the greatest of our obstacles; a twenty to thirty foot high spillway that was completely submerged due to all the rain. We were able to drag the canoe down the bank of the dam in a controlled manner and successfully negotiated the rapids below the spillway with little difficulty.

From then on, it was smooth sailing (Ahem!) to the banks of the river behind the shop. As we paddled leisurely along, we observed some interesting birds along the river front. Snow White with thin black legs and a very lo-o-ong

skinny neck. They were definitely a little different looking. Eventually a small flock of the avian fellows noticed our presence and took wing across the water's surface. We admired their graceful flight as they disappeared below the surface, to appear on the other side of the river ...Whoa!!! Birds can't fly under water! It dawned on us that we were headed toward another cataract over a twelve foot plus dam! We veered over to the right bank just in time to avoid going over the brink, and easily dragged our canoe past this surprise obstacle.

Other than the occasional patch of white water, the rest of the trip was rather uneventful. We finally approached the shore, putting on full steam to ram through the partially submerged plant life that is normally on dry land. We whispered through it like a Ninja through the night shadows and impacted the shore with great force. Now came the hard part: We had to drag the canoe through a seven foot high wall of weeds, over the top of the levee, down the other side, along the fence, across a parking lot, and over another fence into the shop parking lot. A difficult, if not impossible task. I pulled out the long paddle and proceeded to hack out a path through the weeds, while Chuck and Mark, dragged the canoe along behind. Let me tell you, paddles make lousy machetes! Once passed the seven foot tall weeds, the three of us pulled the canoe the rest of the way to the shop. The only incident, occurred, when Chuck stood on an ant bed for a few moments and picked up some little six-legged joyriders.

Success!!! We made it!!! We accomplished our mission. We locked the canoe in the shop and walked down the street to a phone whereupon Chuck called Susan's mother, who graciously gave us a ride back to the Batbot. We proceeded to Chuck's abode, where Susan cooked up some fantastic Venison Burritos. All in all, it was a great day well spent, though I think I personally would rather have been in a cave.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

ARBUCKLE ADVENTURES

by David Finfrock

DATE:

June 7-8, 1987

DESTINATION: Hardrock Cave,
 Unnamed Caves, in
 Murrey County, Ok.

PERSONNEL: Corky Corcoran,
 Dale Ellison,
 David Finfrock,
 Mark Porter,
 Dennis Thompson

After a stop at the Ritual Well (Dennis, as usual, insisted the water didn't taste nearly as sulphurous as it usually does) we bounced across the Spark's Ranch in Corky's truck, stopping along the way for an extensive ridgewalk.

We headed for a sinkhole filled with broken limestone, and David spotted a small, but promising-looking pit between the rocks. David was wanting to get into a cave, any cave, since this was his required third trip to gain membership in the Maverick Grotto. Because of the wild peppermint growing beside the opening, Dennis named it Peppermint Pit. Despite David's desperate efforts, the hole couldn't be widened quite enough to gain entry.

After a search of the surroundings, another pit was located, near a Geological survey marker. With Dennis leading the way, all five explorers made the descent, crab-walking down a 10 foot long inclined tube to a large fissure opening, approximately 40 feet long, 3 to 5 feet wide, and maybe 20 feet deep. After a chimney to the bottom, exploration of the main passage began. In one direction, the fissure sloped down and pinched off after just 10 or 15 feet. In the other direction, the passage led to a small room, with a lot of live flowstone, several stalactites, some Cave coral, and a bacon-like curtain formation. One of two leads quickly became reduced to inhuman proportions, so we soon headed back up and out. Squeezing out of the entrance, after the tiring climb, David's pack encounter some sharp protruding limestone, and began spewing Dr. Pepper. So the cave was christened Can Opener Cave.

From the direction of the fissure alignment, another entrance was soon spotted. Dennis again took the lead, descending difficult, very slippery, and nearly vertical chimney. David followed him down, while Mark prudently decided to keep watch at the entrance, and Dale and Corky set off in search of more caves. Inside, the 3

by 4 foot entrance quickly spread out into another large fissure opening, perhaps 70 feet deep, 40 feet long, but extremely narrow. In places, it squeezed down to a width of 8 or 10 inches, requiring the cavers to exhale in order to pass. At one end, Dennis wormed his way into a pit, descending 10 to 15 feet before it became too tight. Below the constriction, he could see a further 20 foot drop, which appeared to bell out into a lower room. It was frustrating not to be able to reach it. For obvious reasons, the cave was named Tight Fit Pit. The climb back up the slick, wet limestone, with the rock pressed close, front and back, was grueling, but eventually David and Dennis exited to find Mark waiting.

Corky and Dale, however, had disappeared, and weren't within earshot. (They had found another cave, Bird Nest Cave, and Dale was busy getting video tape. He said the nest was not made of mud, like Swallow nests, but was formed of sticks which had somehow been plastered to the cave wall.)

Meanwhile, Dennis had entered another cave, with two side-by-side vertical entrances. Neither one went very far, but it must be admitted, Dennis didn't give the cave a very thorough going-over. After his quick exit, he named it Dead Baby Vulture Cave, and it's easy to guess why he didn't stay long. Nearby, investigation of a large sink yielded a horizontal crawlway with an entrance about 18 inches high and 3 feet wide. After carefully checking for rattlers, David crawled inside. About 5 feet inside, the passage made a sharp right turn, while dropping suddenly 3 or 4 feet. Ahead lay a drop-off of some 20 feet, and visible at the bottom was a "T"-intersection with walking passage leading left and right. David's hopes rose. Was this the entrance to a great new cavern in the Arbuckles? Dennis and Mark followed him down the shaft, in a free climb, only to discover that both walking passages pinched off, and were filled with breakdown after only 10 or 20 feet. There were no more leads, so Disappointment Cave, was soon left behind.

After another hour of ridgewalking, and after investigating a couple of impressive walk-in entrances that went nowhere, the three explorers returned to Corky's truck. But the other two members of the expedition were nowhere to be seen. Mark was sure Corky had

hidden his key under a nearby rock. And with several ice chests of refreshment in the truck, every likely looking rock within 50 feet was turned over in a frantic search that ended without success. Finally Corky returned and nonchalantly produced the key from beneath a large couple. That's one way to make sure no one steals your truck!

After a little lunch came a trek to Hardrock Cave. The land owner had told us that water was spouting from the cave's mouth 30 to 50 feet earlier in the week. And the same 11 inch rain that caused the resurgence, had also transformed much of the cave's interior. Dennis' excellent new map of Hardrock, almost complete, is now partially outdated! Sucking mud walkways had now been paved with gravel. The dangerous 30 foot free climb across slippery flowstone, is now an easy walk up a large pile of gravel to the decorated passage beyond. Hardrock still has room for exploration, with several upper passages visible, but unreachable without vertical gear.

Back at the truck, with a fresh change of clothes, the group split up. David, Mark and Dale headed back to the metroplex, stopping for a hamburger along the way. And no, Dale "still" doesn't want a fried pie!

Meanwhile, Dennis and corky returned to Ardmore. Sunday they finally got access to the Hamilton Ranch, adjacent to the Sparks property. It's full of sinkholes, with promising fissures and at least one decent cave discovered on the first ridgewalk. There's obviously a lot of room for further exploration in this ridge walker's paradise.

WILD WOMAN AND THE WILD MAN

by Butch Fralia

DATES: June 12-14, 1987

DESTINATION: Bitter Enders Cave,
Wild Woman Cave,
Murrey Co., Oklahoma

PERSONNEL: Pooch Amy,
Alan & Sharon Burris
Steve Dalton,
Dale Ellison,

David Finfrock,
Butch Fralia,
Mike Hardin,
Terry Holtzinger,
Tina & Matt Meyer
Mark & Pam Porter,
Jody Robertson,
Danny Sherrod,
Dennis & Joshua Thompson
Teresa White,
Janet Williams,
Philip Woody
Bob (?) the Wildman
Shane the Wonderdog

The beginner trip to Wild Woman was a crashing success. In next month's issue, we'll have the entire story in all it's glorious detail. For now, due to lack of space, I'll just whet your appetite for things to come.

The weather was beautiful, making the weekend especially pleasant. A wild man was living in the wild woman area, he does this every year.

Shane the wonder dog woke everyone up at 6:30 AM, Saturday morning, fighting with an enraged crayfish attempting to attack our campsite. Thanks to Shane, we were all saved.

The Speleo-Trooper landed in the Wild Woman Sinkhole, due to a slight miscalculation by the driver.

Newsletter Editor, accused of stepping on fingers of frightened first time caver attempting to climb out of cave. Newsletter Editor, denied incident but did confess to small carbide boost.

All the people on the list actually showed up and had a great time. Four people did not show because of supposed bad weather.

Baby Buzzard, one and one-half month old steals show from caver's. Rattlesnake, wont cooperate for video photographers.

Tune in next month for all the gory details.