

# THE MAVERICK BULL

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 8

AUGUST 1987



WHICH way DO WE go Nancy?...Nancy?

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 may 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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#### 1987 CALENDAR

August 11: Maverick Grotto Meeting.

August 15,16: Cave Trip going somewhere?  
Contact Butch or Donna!

Sept. 8: Maverick Grotto Meeting.

Sept. 19,20: Texas Old Timers, New Braunfels, Tx.  
Details to come later.

Oct. 9-11: Kickapoo Cave, TSA  
Project, more details later

Oct. 13;       Maverick Grotto Meeting.  
 Nov. 10;       Maverick Grotto Meeting.  
 Dec. 8;        Maverick Grotto Meeting.

#### JULY MEETING:

The last meeting of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, was held, July 7, 1987, at Smokey's Ribs in East Fort Worth.

Due to a miscalculation of dates and culmination of errors the meeting occurred on the first Tuesday rather than the second Tuesday of July. First off, the newsletter editor published the wrong date (for several months), then someone looked at their newsletter and reserved the meeting room for the date listed. The Editor and Vice-Chair, decided the room was reserved and the date had been printed for so long, it'd be best to meet at the time and place advertised. The editor, being egotistic about how closely everyone reads the newsletter, felt certain the word would get around. The newsletter was prepared and mailed a week early to allow everyone to get the word. For once, no one came rushing in saying they'd just read the newsletter received in the mail Saturday, and just realized the meeting was tonight. As a matter of fact, only five members were in attendance along with two visitors.

The newsletter editor sends sincere apologies to everyone.

After a quick meeting (and crucifixion), the Carlsbad Cavern Tourist video was shown as advertised. Wish you could have been there.

#### AUGUST MEETING

The August meeting will be held on the scheduled date of August 11, (which is the second Tuesday).

Two new cavers will petition for membership. Pooch Amy and Teresa White, have fulfilled their three trip requirement, obtained sponsors and are raring to go caving. Pooch even owns the mandatory four-wheel drive vehicle which was recently put to the test.

The program for the meeting will be a

live performance by THE MAVERICK GROTTTO singers performing the latest cave ballads. Donna Anderson, David Finfrock, Teresa White and surprise visitors will provide an evening of fun and entertainment. Due to meeting in a public establishment, the ballads will be of the traditional, rather than bawdy variety.

#### EDITORIAL

This issue contains what may be the last trip report on Wild Woman Cave, in Murray County, Oklahoma. A trip scheduled this past weekend was cancelled and alternate plans put into effect. At the last moment, the lease holders found their contract stated clearly they could allow access to the land for "any" reason except caving. The lease clearly states, caving to be prohibited.

Information is not available, stating why this clause has suddenly come to light. After many good trips by many a good Caver, the fine line of the law has been suddenly discovered. Perhaps persons unknown, have contacted the landowner and made him aware of the many caving trips on the property.

Legend has it that some years ago two cave divers drowned while exploring the Bitter Enders sump. The legend also states the family of the divers sued the landowner for events which were out of his control. Events such as these scare landowners and cavers alike.

Unless Dennis Thompson, or the cavers who originally opened the property can pull a rabbit out of their hat, the last cave trip has been made to Wild Woman. This means a beautiful cave map drawn by John Brooks (DFW) wont be finished and one of the most significant caves in Oklahoma has been taken out of circulation.

Events may not be easily reversed at Wild Woman, but can be prevented in Texas by supporting HB1902, which protects landowners from any liability arising from cavers exploring their property and caves for recreational or scientific reasons. A copy of this bill will be available at the next meeting for examination.

I urge all cavers to support this bill by writing their state representatives and the address below:

Texas Water Commission  
Liska Mercer  
P.O. Box 13807  
Austin, Tx. 78711-3087

A copy of the letter should be sent to:

Texas Cave Management Association  
P.O. 310732  
New Braunfels, Tx. 78131

It's time cavers come out of the closet. Cavers have the most "in depth" experience with caves and their significance to the environment. Cavers need to assume at least part of the responsibility for educating our representatives and the general public, both for the purpose of protecting our weekend activities and protecting our water supplies.

My letter will be off, as soon as the newsletter is finished.

**GRAMM ASKS EPA FOR TOUGHER  
REGULATIONS TO PROTECT AQUIFER.**

Associated Press

Editors Note: The following article is reprinted from the Fort Worth Star Telegram.

AMARILLO -- Sen. Phil Gramm is asking the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency to issue tougher regulations to protect groundwater supplies vital to Panhandle residents in case a nuclear dump is built over an aquifer.

"Serious new regulations from EPA should at least serve to protect water that Panhandle residents, including farmers and ranchers, rely on," Gramm said in a letter this week to EPA Administrator Lee Thomas. "And they may preclude the construction of a nuclear waste repository in Texas altogether."

An area in Deaf Smith County is under consideration for a high-level nuclear waste dump.

The 1st Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston took exception Friday with proposed EPA rules permitting radioactivity in drinking water near waste sites at levels higher than allowed under

the Safe Water Drinking Act.

The court order the EPA to rewrite the rules or explain the "apparent inconsistency and irrationality" in permitting higher levels of radioactivity in drinking water near nuclear repository.

"I urge you (Thomas) to issue new regulations that will fully protect vital water supplies in the High Plains Aquifer, which consists of both the Ogallala and Santa Rosa aquifers. This critical water source must be fully protected by the agency's new regulations," wrote Gramm, a Texas Republican.

The other two sites under consideration are in Hanford, Wash., and Yucca Mountain, Nev.

**WILD WOMAN AND THE WILD MAN**

by Butch Fralia

DATES: June 12-14, 1987

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

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

At last, time for the much publicized beginner trip to Wild Woman. Danny Sherrod, Shane, and I, departed Fort Worth, on a rainy Friday evening enroute to Ardmore and Dennis's house. Fearing rain would cause most people to cancel, we

gritted our teeth, prepared for a wet and maybe lonely weekend.

As it were, the rain had stopped in Ardmore although the streets were still wet. We collected Dennis, and Joshua, loaded their gear, then set out to obtain the key to Spade Ranch. Since the Ranch Foreman is no longer with the operation, the key was obtained from the security guard at a local manufacturing plant.

Arriving at the ranch, and hiding the key at the agreed upon location, we drove to the Bitter Enders area. Forging the creek and arriving at the most beautiful campsite imaginable, we discovered a camper already on location. We immediately met Bob, who'd been camping in the area for the past three weeks.

Bob, explained he thought he was alone in the wilderness. He backpacked in from Turner Falls (with the lessee's permission), located the beautiful clearing, set up camp and discovered covers visited the area every weekend. Until a ranch hand arrived in a pickup, and the first four-wheeler, forded the creek, he wasn't aware of roads in the area. He didn't seem to mind the interruption of his solitude. Having learned the true meaning of solitude; welcomed our company with enthusiasm. Bob, initially set up camp in a cave entrance, and learned a geological lesson about caves, the entrance was a resurgence. While he was on a trek to Turner Falls, an eleven inch rain caused the cave to resurge. Several days later, he recovered most of his gear. Some was never recovered.

As we set up camp the sky cleared, exposing a breathtaking full moon. After the usual camaraderie, beer and tall tales, we retired for the evening.

Saturday, began about 6:30 A.M. with Shane (the wonder dog) barking insanely. Fearing an altercation with a raccoon, snake, or one of the area mountain lions, I crawled from my tent to find clear skies, brilliant sunlight and Shane locked in mortal combat with a killer crayfish attempting an attack on our camp. Unable to get passed the pincers which kept latching onto lips and whiskers, Shane decided to bark the poor creature to death. The crayfish was removed but by then everyone was awake beyond return to somnolence.

Several hours later, the Ellison/Finrock caravan arrived. David left his car across the creek then He, Pooch, Teresa, and Mike Harmon rode across the creek in Dale's Pickup. An hour later, after visiting Bitter Enders, Video taping a month and a half old baby buzzard as big as a large chicken (ugly critter!) and assuring ourselves there would be no further arrivals until late evening (the Waco/Teague contingent didn't brave the elements and two of David's party withdrew) everyone loaded into the Speleo-Trooper and headed for Wild Woman.

Inside the cave, a slow leisurely tour took us toward the First Big Room and The Bashful Ghost. At almost every point pictures were taken. The cave was much drier than expected, and getting wet was by choice rather than necessity. In the first big room, pictures were taken of The Bashful Ghost and other magnificent formations. After the Big Room, toward the Original Entrance, the cave became wet from floor to ceiling. We turned away from this area and headed in the direction of the Snow Bank.

The tour was so leisurely that a great deal of time passed admiring the many formations. Dale and I, began hearing music. From the direction of the surface, we first heard the Marlboro song, then a few verses of "Come On Baby, Light My Fire." Feeling the need to investigate this phenomena, we returned to the surface. The rest of the party tagged along so we failed to reach the Snowbank.

On the surface, nicotine withdrawal tremors were quenched and surface exploration started. I wanted to find a rattlesnake to Video tape. About twenty feet from the entrance I discovered a subject and related such to the others. They thought it was a joke but their humor was subdued on presentation of the evidence. The rattler (six buttons) wasn't in the mood to put on a show and sullied up. Dennis used a stick to prod the snake but no action. Finally tiring of the ordeal, he took refuge in the rocks, striking the stick on the way. Unfortunately the camera was off at the time.

We then walked to the entrance of Old Bone Cave, and the "Original Entrance" of Wild Woman. Tour completed, everyone started hearing Honey Creek call them to cool off in the cold water. That ended the day's caving.

Later in the evening, David, Mike, Pooch and Teresa returned to the metroplex to be replaced by Mark and Pam Porter. The Trooper ferried their gear across the creek to the campsite. No sooner was this task completed than Jody, Janet Williams, and her friend Philip Woody arrived and once again the Trooper performed ferry duty.

After an uneventful night (Shane slept late the next morning after a hike to Turner Falls with Bob) we awakened again to a beautiful morning. Dale took lessons from Bob, on the preparation of Water Cress and other wild veggies before breaking camp and heading home. Steve Dalton and Terry Holtzinger arrived in Terry's van. A short time later, four of Dennis's friends from Ardmore arrived for their first cave trip.

With everyone accounted for, we once again headed for the cave. This time, three vehicles went to the Wild Woman Entrance area. I attempted to drive along side the entrance and soon discovered the Trooper was "in" the sinkhole right at the entrance.

Everyone geared up, and entered the cave. Alan Burris, complained of his fingers hurting. He said I'd stepped on his fingers when he tried to "chicken out" and climb out of the cave. He admitted being glad he'd gone on in, and even suggested he'd like try caving again after his fingers healed. I pled innocence, I really didn't step on his fingers but did manage a carbide boost when he rounded a corner and stopped suddenly.

This four traveled further, Danny, Janet, Philip, and I, attempted to reach the Original Entrance from the First Big Room, but gave up when reaching a sump. Everyone made it to the Snowbank before leaving the cave.

Exiting the cave, everyone returned to camp to cool off in Honey Creek before breaking camp, restoring the area to it's original condition and heading home. It was a beautiful weekend, the weatherman canceled Dale's rain, Bob decided he enjoyed company so much he headed back to civilization to find it, and we all had a great time. Wish you could have been there.

**WE WENT TO CAVER HEAVEN**

DATE: June 12-22, 1987

DESTINATION: Carlesbad Caverns, NM.

PERSONNEL: Fanete Begly  
Ryan Taylor

We didn't have to die to go to caver heaven, but it nearly killed us to have to come home. Twelve days of living, working, an cavin' with friends from all over the U.S.A. was the most wonderful vacation we've ever had. We worked in Carlesbad Caverns doing restoration work for 8 hours, went out to the CRF Cabins for Supper, then went "fun" cavin' till midnight. After a quick shower, we caught a few ZZZZ's and did it all over again. Fast, furious, fun! We loved it! Next June 6th, we'll be hard at it again.

Ryan's friend, John Fitch, rode out with us, met his sister and family, and spent the week with them at Alamagordo.

On Saturday, the 13th, we did the New Cave and Carlesbad Tours.

Sunday was the "Biggie" -- Ogle! The hike up and back thru Slaughter Canyon in the heat was the hardest part. Ogle is impressive to say the least. There are so many massive columns and stalagmites, we couldn't decide which one is the tallest in the world. I had to rest several times climbing out. The altitude gets me. By the end of the week my lungs had adjusted better. So had my legs!

Monday: Everyone had arrived and we were trying to learn names and states. Texas had the best representation (of course!) 7 proud Texans! We were assigned group leaders and stations. Ryan got the most desired place right next to the elevators in the light, by the trail. Every girl who came by could be seen and talked to! All the young single men enjoyed working there.

I was out in the big room by the Totem Pole. We removed part of the original dirt "Texas trail." There was about 4 inches of red clay, a 2 ft. layer of big rocks (broken formations), then more clay. We cleaned it down to flowstone, then the park people washed it with the hose. Yes, there is a faucet in the middle of the Big Room! We

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Cavers are people who think a little bit deeper than most folks.

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carried the dirt, rocks, and formations (I sure hated to bury them) to a hole where the dirt had been dug out in the 20's to build the trails.

The heavy buckets proved to be too much for me, so I transferred to doing delicate work with a whisk broom, paint brush, dust pan, and even a tooth brush in popcorn. Ryan used a shovel and took turns with the wheelbarrow. He was embarrassed at first to push it through the lunch room with it's squeaky wheel, but soon came to enjoy pushing the ones that did not squeak. They dumped in the left hand tunnel. Many visitors took pictures of us, especially Ryan going through the lunch room. They asked lots of questions; the most common one was "are you digging for gold?" We took turns standing by the trail and talking to the visitors. I really enjoyed that, especially the ones who were interested in becoming cavers. They gave me their names and addresses and I sent them NSS information.

Monday night, we did lower cave. The River of Cave Pearls is very pretty. So is the little hidden forest with a "Snow Covered Mountain" in the middle of a miniature lake.

Tuesday night we enjoyed a rest while watching John Roth's slides and Bruce Baker's "Gyp Caves of Ok." Show.

Wednesday was Talcum Passage. Wow! We climbed up through some neat bone yard chimneys out of lower cave. That was fun! We kept going higher and higher until we were clinging to the wall of a deep, dark pit. About half way up, maybe 40 ft., I found a little cubby hole just big enough for me to crouch in like a buzzard, and there I perched. I told the rest as they inched past me, that I would wait on them there. I've never liked free climbing with exposure and this just kept on getting hairier. I was concerned with getting back down!

Norm gave me his sweater and I was getting ready for a semi-comfortable wait when Tom Rohrer, our leader and Bruce came back down. Tom is a well known rock climber. He "talked" me on up by telling me where to put my hands and feet. He said to "Flow with the cave." Coming back down was easier than going up, but still tricky. I felt more confident, but stayed close to Tom's heels. He kept up a step by step "encouraging word" and was a great help.

Just before we had started the climb we passed a spot Tom said had the highest Radon level in the caverns. Ryan had a nose bleed when we reached Mable's Room and everyone teased him that it was the Radon Gas. When we came back down past Mable's Room it started again and did not stop for 2 hours. He was so weak and pale the next day that he stayed in the cabin for most of the day.

Back to Talcum -- After we got to the top, we went over a Gyp Bridge -- trying to hold our weight up, ha! ha! We ended up on a Gyp Ledge overlooking the jumping off place jpit. Bruce's bright Wheat Lamp could barely pick out the railing. The Gyp was white like Talcum Powder. That wasn't my favorite trip, but I'm glad I got to see it. Ryan liked it best of all.

Thursday -- New Mexico Room! We really liked that one. We left the trail near the iceberg and made another long climb. Part of the climb was a short cut on the old wooden stairs. This was the most beautiful section we had seen all week. It was gigantic and highly decorated. Lots of multiflash pictures were taken and some naughty people had fun taking pics of a certain stalagmite.

Friday -- Work ended at noon and we went to the Black Forest area of New Cave. Several people left for Ft. Stanton and the SWR 25th Anniversary.

Saturday -- Spider cave with John and Irma Kibler. We rested, played ping-pong, and said some more tearful good-bys.

Sunday -- Sitting Bull's Falls all day. Swimming, climbing up to small caves, photography, and eating was enjoyable after a busy week. Ryan and John Fitch did the 132 ft. Rappel by the falls with some Rock Climbers. The crowd applauded! We played Pool and Ping-Pong till the early hours, then crashed.

Monday -- Drove home. The same Brick homes that were flooded last June are still under water and parts of the highway had washed away. Cat Tails are growing and Ducks swimming in what was once Cotton Fields. We saw some farmers plowing around the Lakes, trying to get some sort of crop in, but things are sure bad for them out there.

I enjoyed the animals of New Mexico I saw on my dawn walks. I saw 34 Mule Deer, 2 Golden Eagles, a Grey Fox, many Road Runners, Quail, dove, Rabbits, Wrens, and other birds. The Bat flight in at dawn is even better than the one out at dusk.

A total of 19 CRF-NSS and 6 NPS volunteers, ages 16 to 72, worked 808 man hours, restored 2,7069 sq. ft. and removed 30.2 cubic yards of material. All projects were completed except the one by the elevators and it was postponed because a 40 ft. fissure was uncovered.

Besides Ryan and Myself, Volunteers were:

Bruce Baker -- Enid, Ok.  
 Pixie Clark -- Brownwood, Tx.  
 Pat Copeland -- Brownwood, Tx.  
 Dave & Sue Ecklund -- Omaha, Neb.  
 Jim Ellington -- Tuscon, Az.  
 Barbara Ende -- Farmington, N.M.  
 Pat Jablasky -- Denver, Co.  
 John Kibler -- Wichita Falls, Tx.  
 Gary Kowalski -- Enid, Ok.  
 Jim Nance -- Midland, Tx.  
 Tom & Olive Rohrer -- Frazier Park, Ca.  
 Joann Staley -- Tuscon, Az.  
 Norm Thomas -- Northglenn, Co.  
 Dick Venters -- Rio Rancho, NM.  
 Rick Wolfert -- Golden, Co.  
 Katy -- Waco, Tx.  
 Sara -- Iowa  
 Holly -- Az.  
 Neil --  
 John Roth -- NPS Carlsbad Caverns.

**AND THE SUN COMES UP.....**

by C. L. Corcoran

**DATES:** June 10-21, 1987

**DESTINATION:** Ogle, Goat, Lake and  
 Christmas Tree Caves,  
 Carlsbad, NM

**PERSONNEL:** Mike Cagle  
 Corky Corcoran  
 Steve Dalton  
 Gerald Saulsberry  
 Steve Stesso

The sun came up like a big bald head.

rising over the parking lot. It's Corky's day. The telephone rings, "is Corky there?" "No, I'm sorry he's not in today."

And the answering machine sings, "0000AAAA Corky! He's gone caving."

The sun did come up, and with it came the heat usually associated with the desert southwest. Too bad L.U.R.C.H.'s (Corky's "Little Ugly Red Cave Hopper") air conditioner went out the day before. Yes it's Corky's day.

An unplanned meeting brought Mike, Steve and Corky together only to split them up again and reunite them at the park to watch the bat flight. Afterwards they decided they'd better head for camp since they only had a vague idea where it was and it was getting dark.

Luck was with someone, but not Corky. The final road led to the proper area and an excellent campsite was procured. The reason I say "not Corky" is that L.U.R.C.H. decided to leave in a lurch by sinking into the gravel of a streambed. After being rescued by Steve and Mike they all proceeded towards camp. It was here a stream of colorful words issued from the back of Corky's truck as he pulled greasy gear from it. Mike asks, "Butter?" Corky answers, "no, Parkey. I forgot to put it in the cooler." After imbibing potions from the hills of Kentucky the group decided to leave instructions for the rest of the group to find them. Mike and Steve were elected (having a 4-wheel drive can be a pain sometimes) to leave the map at the planned site at Slaughter Canyon. Corky decided sleep was a wonderful way to escape the trials of the day and did so.

And Corky says, "These dreams I keep having, they're talking to me. If I could only understand what they're saying."

And the answering machine sings, "0000AAAA Corky! He's gone caving."

The sun came up again prompting our band of adventurers to vacate their shelters seeking moving air and victuals. The word "band" isn't used lightly for during the night Gerald and Steve deciphered the cryptic map (mostly through blind luck they say) and found the camp.

It was late morning before the assault on Ogle began. It was early afternoon when the cave



was finally reached. It was hot and dry. It was Corky's day.

Everything went well until Corky, rigging rope pads on the way down, discovered the rope was insufferably tangled in the old mining wire rope. Though no threat, it took some time to unthread the rope out of it and into the clear path. Everyone else made it down without a hitch and an extensive tour began. Gerald and Corky took photographs while Mike, Steve and Steve explored various side passages. A call from the second group brought the first group to a small (in Ogle terms, 8 - 20' ceiling) passage that had seven shields adorning it. From there the group explored some of the unchecked leads pointed out on a previous trip. The report was the same for all, no go. After a quick trip to the back and a few more photos the group headed back to the surface. Here Corky is in the limelight again when plagued by ascending equipment failures. Again the problem was not threatening it was quite difficult and uncomfortable for the poor soul. Never the less, he obviously made it out and the long, waterless march back down the mountain began. You see, it had been a three quart round trip and no one brought more than two.

The vehicles were a welcome sight and after refreshments, the camp even more welcome. Soon steaks were sizzling on the grill and shortly the peace of the desert was unbroken except for the occasional snore of an exhausted caver.

And Corky says, "The birds and the trees, they're talking to me. The Crickets rubbing their legs together, they're talking to me. The Bats screeching high in their cave, They're all talking to me. If I could only understand what they're saying."

And the answering machine sings, "0000AAAA Corky! He's gone caving."

One cannot imagine the sheer size of Slaughter Canyon by looking at a map, one must hike through it to get a true picture. Corky had warned everyone it would be a long hike to the caves. Even he was surprised at how far it was. Perseverance paid off and a few hours later and they were sitting in the entrance of Goat Cave enjoying the cool if somewhat scented breeze.

If you have last year's convention guidebook the description there is very accurate. The group had nothing to add except the dead goat was the best part and it made a nice resting spot before going to Lake Cave.

Doing both caves in one day made sense to everyone. They're about eleven hundred feet apart, so what if it's straight up. It was early afternoon when the cavers left Goat and very late afternoon when they reached Lake. The entrance, almost at the top of the mountain, offered an awesome view of the canyon which seemed to stretch endlessly away in all directions. The cave is fascinating if not lengthy. It harbors a healthy colony of cave swallows and it's fair share of bats. A large number of the formations have been sculpted by erosion into really bizarre shapes. Most peculiar is the lake for which it's named. No one could explain why it was there. Jim Bob gives it four bats, check it out.

Only one fate befell Corky that day, he looked up when he should've looked down and stepped in a mixture of guano and water with the consistency of, well, you get the idea. New boots too!

The hike back was easy, down hill all the way. After dinner caving for the next day was cancelled due to lack of energy. Mike and Steve decided a shower and a bed were ripe for the agenda. With Corky trailing along (he wanted to make sure he got back across the streambed) they headed for Carlsbad leaving Gerald and Steve to another story.

The next day Mike, Steve and Corky visited (at separate times) Carlsbad Caverns, Sirlain Stockade's Salad Bar, and Jim and Andy Goodbar's house. Jim was still out fighting a fire in the Gila National forest as he had been all weekend but Andy was there and se greetings to all. Of course, Corky didn't leave town soon enough and got caught in a tremendous hailstorm that put a few more dents in L.U.R.C.H. but then it was Corky's day and those things were to be expected.

And the sun goes down like a big bald head, disappearing over the mountains. It's Corky's night.