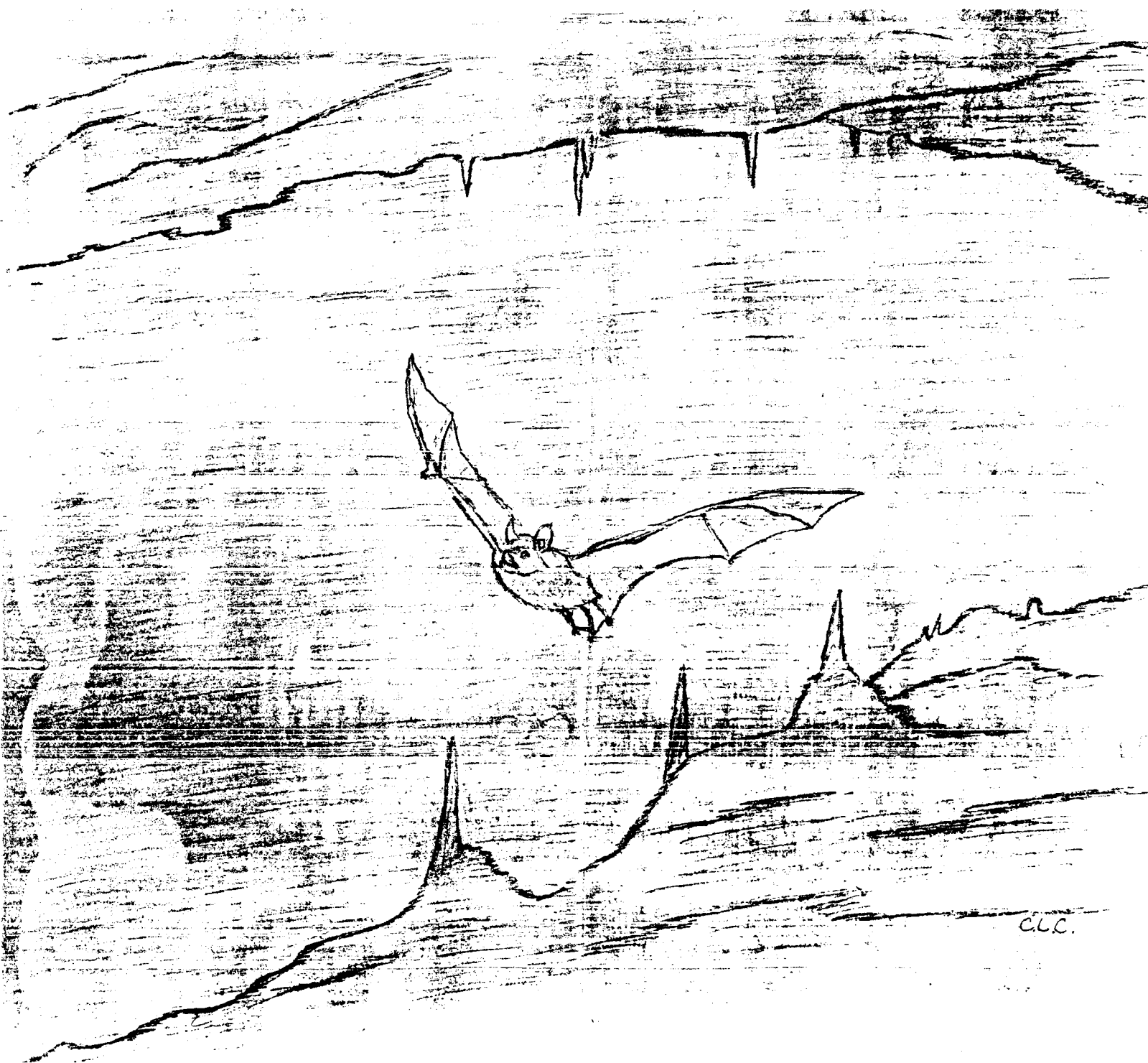


# THE MAVERICK BULL

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 12

DECEMBER 1987

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THE MAVERICK BULL, is the monthly newsletter of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, an internal organization of the National Speleological Society (NSS G-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 may be submitted on floppy diskettes in 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.

COMPLIMENTARY NEWSLETTERS: THE MAVERICK GROTTTO will provide complimentary newsletters to persons or organizations considered to be Grotto friends. Grotto friends are persons or organizations who provide cave access (i.e. landowners) or otherwise provide assistance to cavers.

COMPLIMENTARY NEWSLETTERS: THE MAVERICK GROTTTO will provide three free issues to interested parties. At the end of this period the persons receiving the newsletter will have subscribed, become a Grotto member (or will be one soon) or complimentary newsletters will be suspended.

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

PRINTING: This issue printed FREE by OIL FIELD TRASH PRESS, INC. in the Republic of Texas.

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 horse, but also applied to cattle, 3) the former University of Texas, Arlington, football team, 4) a member of a caving organization headquartered in Fort Worth, Texas.

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 is one of several pieces of artwork submitted by Corky Corcoran (unless Pooch Amy comes through).

1987/88 CALENDAR

- Dec. 8; Maverick Grotto Meeting  
Cancelled due to Christmas  
Party. Regular meetings resume  
in January.
- Dec. 19; Annual Grotto Christmas Party  
Held at Danny and Jane  
Sherrod's home in Joshua, Tx.  
More details to come later.
- Jan. 8-10; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
- Jan. 12; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- Feb. 9; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- Feb. 12-14; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
- Mar. 8; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- Mar. 11-13; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
- Apr. 8-10; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
- Apr. 12; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- May 10; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
- May 13-15; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
- June 10-12; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

1988 DUES!!!!!!

Just as a reminder, it's coming up on that dread time of year, January is the time to pay 1988 Subscriber/Membership dues.

NOVEMBER MEETING

The September meeting of the MAVERICK GROTTTO, was held October 13, 1987, at SMOKEY'S RIBS, in East Fort Worth.

Selection of colors for The Grotto Logo was once again put off until the January Meeting. It would be desirable for everyone who has access to a Zerox Machine, to copy the cover of the September Issue, color to taste and bring to the November Meeting.

A motion was placed before the floor to cancel the regular December meeting and allow the Christmas Party to take it's place. The motion was accepted and the regular December Meeting cancelled.

The annual election of officers was held. Officers of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO for 1988 are:

Corky Corcoran -- Chairman

Donna Anderson -- Vice Chairman

Dale Ellison -- Treasurer

Butch Fralia -- Editor/Secretary

Cynthia Hensen, presented a program on Rock Art, Pictographs and Petroglyphs in Wisconsin Caves. Cynthia has been working on a project there for several years, studying Rock Art and chasing legends about probable locations. She didn't indicate any interpretation of the drawings and art but did show the relationships between various types of drawings from that part of the country. She and her husband still own a house in Missouri, he works here as a Professor of Anthropology (UTA). When they sell the Missouri home, she will be joining him here and begin studying Texas Petroglyphs. Perhaps a return visit will be in order at a later date.

CHRISTMAS PARTY/DECEMBER MEETING

The regular December Meeting will not be held this year. The Christmas Party will serve in it's place.

The Christmas Party will once again be held at the elegant home of Danny and Jane Sherrod, located at 3 Cobb, in Joshua Texas. Cobb is located just inside the Joshua City Limits. Follow I35W, south to Burleson to Highway 174, go south to Joshua. Turn right on Cobb Street, located on the west side of Highway 174, at the Joshua City Limits sign, across from Marr's Shortstop Convenience Store. Danny and Jane's home is located on the right hand side of the street (going west). You'll probably see some familiar vehicles there. The party will be in the large three car garage behind the house.

There will be white elephant gifts so please bring the most outrageous thing you can think of. White elephant gifts from last year should be returned and given to someone else to keep until

next year. White elephant gifts are traditionally held for one year by the receiver and returned to pass on to someone else.

Certificates of Merit will be awarded, this is similar to the fickle finger of fate award. If you have any particularly ingenious ideas for a certificate, contact Butch Fralia.

Please bring munchies and something to drink. Danny is generous but he has his limitations. Danny and Jane have a hot tub, anyone wishing to take advantage should bring appropriate clothing and their own towels. In addition, anyone driving from a long distance will be welcome to spend the night (furnish your own bag). There's even a rumor of a cave trip to Blum Texas (about 30 minutes south of Joshua) Sunday for those who aren't excessively hung over. There's something for everyone.

If anyone has videos or slides we can work something out on that. Danny has a VHS VCR and Telly.

This will be the party event of the year, don't miss it.



Once again it's the off season for caving (for some cavers), deer season has closed some of the prime caving areas and what deer season didn't get, cooler weather has taken out most of the rest. That leaves River Styx, caves on State and Federal Government Land and hardy souls who care naught for weather only caving.

The off season means a shortage of articles for the news letter, "HELPPPPPP!!!!!!!" This is your big chance to see your name in print. I'll do letters to the editor, anything but restaurant reports (if times are really hard I'll do those!!).

This is the time for those oldtimer stories usually told in front of a fireplace. There's unlimited opportunity for articles but I can't write all of them. I'll be anxiously awaiting your response or your newsletters will be getting much shorter!

We've received many favorable comments about our Grotto newsletter. Some folks have even

commented it has real class compared to some, it can only continue that way assuming the members (or would be members, or anyone else, I'm not picky) contribute.

Here are some suggestions for articles:

Observations by new members or first time cavers about caving and cavers.

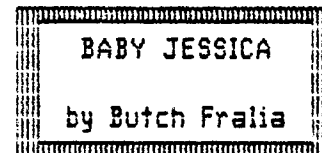
Observations by old time cavers about new cavers, the differences between old timers and the new people (myself included).

Articles on the Geology of caves. Definition of geological terms relating to caves.

Articles defining all the esoteric terms found in caving, i.e., hodags, etc.

The possibilities are endless, it's up to you.

Another area completely open is artwork, we've scraped the bottom of the barrel. One caver came forward and announced had experience drawing cartoons for news papers. We've got nation wide circulation, send them in.



While the rest of the world waited and listened to the saga of Baby Jessica, Permian Basin Cavers did something about it. They were on hand when the parallel hole was opened along side the pipe where Baby Jessica was trapped. Cavers were the first ones down and did the rock chipping work to open the hole around the well casing.

The cavers performed well and should be commended. As I listened to the news reports, I kept thinking this was a situation where cavers should naturally be involved. Indeed it was but unfortunately the cavers were reported by the news media as being volunteer "mountaineers."

This information was brought to light by Joe Giddens. Phone calls have been made to Midland but to date contact has not been made with someone who knows the details. Perhaps more information will be available next issue.



The Hodags woke up  
And what did they see?  
I'll tell you my friend  
It filled them with Glee.

A Caver peered up  
And out through the gloom  
And what did he see  
But St. Nick on a broom.

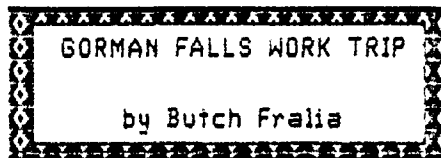
"The sleigh it broke down  
And it's really bad.  
The rental place," he said,  
"This is all that they had."

The cavers looked up  
Their eyes filled with doom  
How will you get us  
All on to that broom.

That's no problem and  
With a wave of his hand,  
He spread Magic dust  
All through the land.

The cavers got small  
Yes, small to the eye  
And then through the air  
And up through the sky.

Then back to the camp  
Where they woke up and found,  
The party's still going  
They had never left town.



DATES: Nov. 13-14, 1987

DESTINATION: Gorman Falls State  
Park Site, San Saba Co.

PERSONNEL: Butch Fralia,  
Keith Heuss,  
Terry Holsinger,  
Mark & Pam Porter,  
Quinta Wilkinson.

Shane the Wonder Dog, missed this trip. He had to baby sit his grandmother. Returning from Granny's house, I found Quinta had arrived from

Wichita Falls, followed soon by Terry. We finished loading the Speleo Trooper and immediately headed south by way of the local Grocery Store.

Somewhere near Hico, hunger pains reared their ugly head. All casual conversation was obliterated by the sound of grouchy stomachs so a pit stop was made in Hico. Entering the place Terry, immediately realized he knew half the customers. While Quinta and I ate, he proceeded to renew old acquaintances and meet the other half of the customers.

The remainder of the journey was filled with pleasant camaraderie interrupted by occasional burping and before we knew it we were at the Gorman Park Site Gate. With Terry's help we then found our way to the Spicewood Creek Campsite where we found an ominous looking Volkswagon Van announcing the South Texas Contingent (Keith) had already arrived. We followed his example and soon began cutting wood in our dreams.

The next morning we met Keith and began laying out plans for the day. The purpose of the trip was to ridge walk Lemons Ranch along The Colorado River frontage, from the Yates Ranch fenceline to the Gorman Ranch fenceline. We were to cover the area from the River to about 1000' back. We began working our way up Spicewood Creek along the Yates Ranch Fenceline until we finally were considerably further upcreek from the area we'd been assigned. We crossed the creek and began to work back down the other side. On the way down, Quinta spotted a horizontal fissure entrance above the creek bed and Terry found a small dirt sink and a Pit which may be dug out to produce passage.

As we started to head back toward Gorman, paralleling the River, we heard another car arrive. We went back to camp and found Mark and Pam had arrived, making our party complete. We waited until they had their gear together and set out again.

Walking about one and a quarter miles did not yield any new caves (or any old ones for that matter) so we walked the same distance back for lunch. After lunch, the Volkswagon and Speleo Trooper, ferried folks to the point left off earlier then the Speleo Trooper was moved up river 2 miles, to ferry people back. This trek was a little more fruitful only because there were some very small horizontal caves along a

cliff face, near the river. The longest of these extends back some 30'.

We then drove upriver nearly to Gorman Cave, to look for a pit that Keith remembered from several years back. Terry and Keith looked for the Pit while Mark, Pam, Quinta and I (this was our first trip to the property) took a quick look at Gorman Cave. In a few moments, Keith and Terry returned, announcing the find of a pit some 60' deep. With a quick check of the map and the watch, it was realized we'd covered the assigned area for this trip.

We next decided to look for a small pit that Park Ranger Dave Patty, had marked on the map for Keith. The cave was finally located just a little farther from the landmark than suspected. The pit looked to be some 30' deep. It was marked with flagging tape to relocate it on a later trip. With this task completed and darkness coming down, we all headed for camp.

While most folks warmed Chili and hot dogs, two of the more enterprising folks whipped up a nice meal of barbecued short ribs cooked on a portable propane gas grill. The smell alone was torture to the others but they sure were good, mmmm!! mmmm!! mmmm!!.

Sunday morning, we decided to locate some of the "missing" caves and set out for the area where a cave was thought to be but after an intense search turned up one wild boar and nothing else, the search was discontinued. Returning to the vehicles and checking the cave out in "The Caves Of San Saba County," (TSS publication) we learned it was actually located on the Yates Ranch out of our range.

Continuing right along we opted to locate Lemons Ranch Cave which had been lost for years but the approximate area was known. Covering a large area didn't produce a cave and it started raining. All headed for the vehicles. Your newsletter editor took a particularly long route back but eventually everyone was collected. Terry had located the cave about a mile north of where it was believed to be so everyone went to the new location to find a cave with a much smaller sink entrance than Lemons was believed to have. Looking down the sink, it did meet the approximate description in terms of depth, direction of passage, etc. This cave was then

marked with flagging tape for checking out on a later trip.

Mark and Pam, having reached their time limit, chose this time to depart for Dallas leaving four of us to look for Circuna Cave. The Ranger had reported a pit in the area where Circuna was supposedly located. Covering the area extensively, Terry once again struck gold and the pit was located but again doesn't meet the description given of Circuna. This cave was also marked with flagging tape for later relocation.

Terry was so proficient in locating caves that Quinta thought he had ESP where caves are concerned. Terry consistently finds caves, trip after trip. The rest of us should be so lucky.

At this point, it was decided to break camp then locate the Ranger. Dave Patty wasn't to be found but we located a gentleman named Charles D. Travis (also known as Colonel Travis), who told us Dave was off on Sunday and Monday. We talked with Col. Travis and learned later he was head of Texas Parks and Wildlife. We discussed plans for the project and he tentatively approved, pending discussion with Rune Burnett and the regional director.

We then visited the falls the headed for Lampasas for Pizza and then on home.

It was a good weekend, we accomplished what was asked of us by the State, located four caves and had a heck of a good time. Future trips will continue to locate the missing of the 54 caves known to be on the Lemons and Gorman ranches. There's lots of fun to be had and lots of exploring left to do. Come on out!!!

It was interesting to note that this being the first weekend of deer season, a great deal of shooting could be heard in the distance. The area normally has a high deer population and entering the park on Friday night we saw quite a few. By 2:00 P.M. Sunday, the deer population on the park had at least quadrupled. They must have thought we were hunters because I swear, I saw a few of them stick their tongue out at me.

THE ETERNAL RIVER STYX

by Butch Fralia

**DATES:** November, 1987

**DESTINATION:** River Styx Cave,  
King County, Texas.

**PERSONNEL:** Pooch Amy,  
Donna Anderson  
Corky Concoran,  
David & Sherry Finfrock,  
Butch & Jennifer Fralia,  
Ernie Soell,  
Teresa White,  
Quinta Wilkinson,  
Duchess the Do it all  
Australian Shepard,  
Harrison the lovable  
Cocker Spanial,  
and Shane the Wonder Dog.

Why do we do it, why are we drawn back again! and again!! and again!!! As Jennifer, Shane, Harrison and I drove to King County, I asked myself this again! and again!! and again!!! With twelve trips to Styx last year, two this year, why go back again. On top of that, why take my first ex-wife's Cocker Spaniel so he could run in the country. For that matter, why continue to drag Shane all over the country on cave trips (even if he is better in crawl ways than I am). These thoughts occupied my mind for the four hour trip to Styx (it would have been shorter if the State Highway Department would quit putting those little red fire plugs at picnic areas!). These thoughts occupied my mind as we arrived and found Earnie, Quinta, and Duchess already on location with camp set up.

Putting extraneous thoughts aside, I stepped from the car to find myself in the middle of a dog fight between Duchess, Harrison and Shane. Soon all was well (almost) then Jennifer and I with Quinta's help set up the monster cabin tent called a four man tent not because of sleeping capacity but rather because of the construction crew required for it's erection.

With armistice declared between the dogs, tents erected and friendly conversation completed, it was soon time to retire. Once Jennifer and I were snug in our sleeping bags, Duchess stuck her head in our tent and said to Shane and Harrison, "come on boys, it was just a joke, come out and play." The "play" lasted the entire night, the dogs out howled the coyotes and we missed hearing Donna and Corky arrive in B.U.R.T. during

the night.

The next morning David, Pooch, Sherry and Teresa, arrived in Pooch's huge Blazer. We also discovered that Corky and Donna were on location, camped in a draw. With all personnel located, we made the obligatory visit to the River Entrance before continuing on to the '63 entrance.

At the '63, Sherry Finfrock entered the cave (her second cave) for a great day underground. Earnie decided to take Duchess into the cave, she's done vertical drops, tied to the rope with her own harness but never caved. This proved to be interesting and slow, so Shane and the human cavers went on in (Jennifer and Harrison opted for sunshine) while Earnie "coaxed" Duchess in. We waited near the Junction room where Earnie finally joined us with Duchess. Duchess wasn't at all sure about caving until she caught up with Shane who promptly showed her the fine art of Canine Caving. She promises to be more cooperative next trip.

Moving right along underneath "millions" of bats preparing for hibernation, we toured the Junction Room, traveled on to the window, up the breakdown through the high level crawlway (which soon opens into walking passage) and down through the floor into the main passage. In the high level passage, a side lead was spotted which was partially blocked by a rock with a rope tied around it. This turned out to be River Styx's own Floyd Collins Rock for which Donna once wrote a song. There's passage behind the rock but Donna's one of the few people small enough to visit it.

We'd heard reports that the Dome Room had collapsed and entry into the Bat Cave Passage was restricted. The ceiling in the top of the dome had collapsed dropping a fifteen foot pocket of dirt onto the breakdown below. It did change the appearance considerable but the passage is still open. The dome roof should now be very close to the surface and a little more collapse could find River Styx with another entrance.

Continuing down to the River passage, we bypassed the River and visited the racing stripe rooms. After this part of the tour, a discussion was held on how to leave. The David, Pooch, Sherry and Teresa decided to go out the '63



entrance while Donna, Quinta, Shane and I would attempt to relocate passage between the 2nd and Main Bat rooms and exit via the River Entrance. Earnie and Duchess, had left earlier for commitments in Seymour.

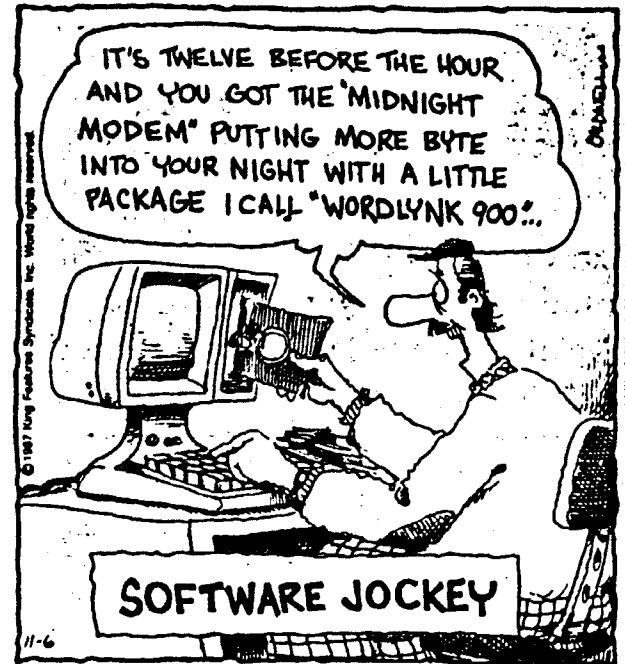
In the Second Bat Room, we searched for the passage and thought it'd collapsed but it was indeed located at a lower level in the breakdown than remembered. We threaded the needle between massive breakdown blocks and the wall of the Second Bat Room and soon found ourselves in the back part of the Main Bat Room. We found our way to the River Passage and began the trek out.

The trip back to camp was uneventful except for Quinta falling into the River up to her neck and us arriving at camp site an hour before David, Pooch, Sherry, and Teresa.

A quick clean up and then supper, where Corky found that Shane would eat off a fork without touching it. Shane enjoyed nearly half of Corky's steak while Corky enjoyed observing Shane's exquisite table manners. This should answer the question of how Shane has become so spoiled. He only likes his steak rare by the way.

After supper it was cave ballads, George Dickel and fun, fun, fun. With Donna playing her backpacker's guitar, Corky on Autoharp and Pooch playing 12 string, we made a tape of Donna's new song, "Cavin in the Guads 'til Eternity," only to find the batteries in the tape deck were near death. New batteries and it sounded like the Chipmunks. We made a new tape but later decided the Chipmunk version was an improvement. The Chipmunk version was saved for some future event such as a Christmas Party.

The next morning everyone slept late, enjoyed a leisurely breakfast and decided to make an early start for home. As we headed out I again started asking myself why I keep coming back here again and again and again, when suddenly I realized. No matter what the weather, no matter what happens, no matter what, it's always a blast, it's always like visiting a new cave, it's always fun. I drove home knowing I'd be back again and again and again, perhaps even with my first ex-wife's lovable Cocker Spaniel, and always with Shane and Jennifer (and Quinta).



# CHRISTMAS PARTY!!!

THE ANNUAL MAVERICK GROTTO CHRISTMAS PARTY WILL BE HELD DECEMBER 19, AT 7:00 P.M. -- LOOK INSIDE FOR DETAILS -- IF YOU GET LOST OR NEED HELP CALL -- 295-5167.

SEE YOU THERE!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE MAVERICK GROTTO  
P.O. BOX 170274  
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