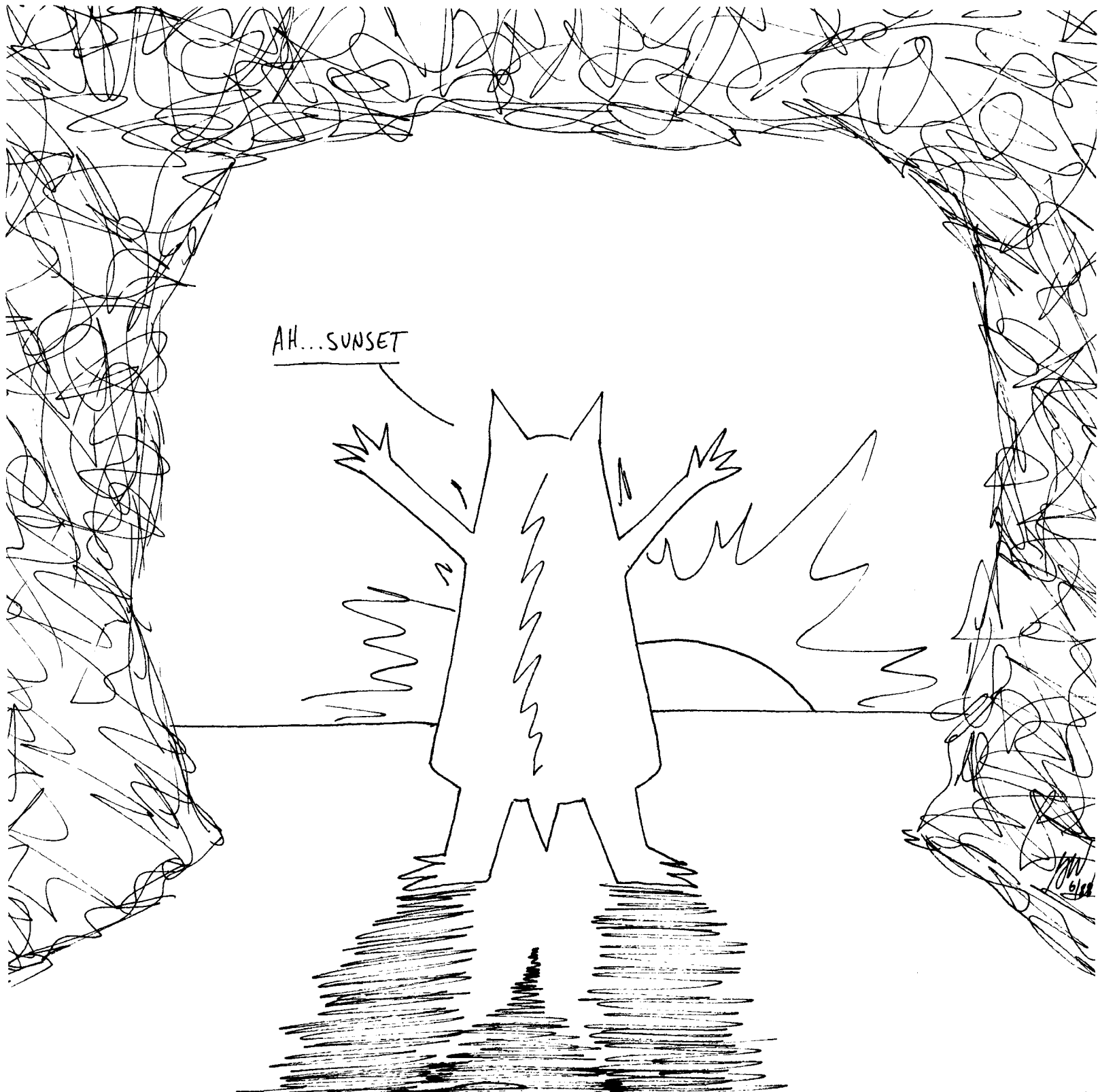


THE MAVERICK BULL

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE MAVERICK GROTTO

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 7

JULY 1988



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 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.

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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

Chairman: Corky Corcoran
602 Rose
Denton, Texas, 76201

Vice-Chairman: Donna Anderson
504 Kimbrough
Fort Worth, Texas, 76108
817-246-6313

Treasurer: Dale Ellison
1208 Dan Gould Rd.
Arlington, Texas, 76017
817-473-0463

Editor/Secretary: Butch Fralia
3412 Walton Ave.
Fort Worth, Texas, 76133
817-346-2039

COVER: This month's cover was submitted by Gregg Wolfarth, a non-caver who has designed a cartoon series which will last through the December issue.

1988 CALENDAR

- July 8-10; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
 July 12; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
 Aug 9; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
 Aug 12-14; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
 Sept 9-11; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
 Sept 13; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
 Sept 23-25; Texas Oldtime Caver Reunion.
 Location to be announced. Contact Gil Ediger,
 (512)441-0050
 Oct. 11; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
 Oct. 14-16; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
 Nov. 8; Maverick Grotto Meeting.
 Nov. 11-13; Gorman Falls Work Trip.
 Dec. 9-11; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

JUNE MEETING

The June meeting of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, was held at Smokey's Ribs, 5300 E. Lancaster on June 14, 1988.

Donna Anderson, chaired the meeting in place of Corky, who's been placed on second shift forever.

The newcomer brochure committee reported that no action had been taken toward creating the brochure, it was stated however that a meeting was to be scheduled by committee members after the regular meeting.

Suggestions for the second anniversary party were requested, everyone should be thinking about this and a committee needs to be formed for that. Everyone enjoyed the M&W Ranch at Glen Rose last year and it seems a likely location for this year.

Randy Baker, Dawn Burow, Don Denton and Alvis Hill were voted into membership with the Grotto.

Trip reports were given by Ed Poynter, who had visited Fern Cave in Alabama, a 500' cave with multiple entrances. He also visited Blue Springs Cave in Bedford, Indiana. Blue Springs is operated commercially but he knows the operator who allowed he and party to enter without guide. The normal tour is by boat but he roughed it in rubber boots. This would make a good trip report for the "Bull."

Chris Williams, our resident EMT, made a presentation on the diagnosis and treatment of heat stroke and heat exhaustion. This was timely information considering the time of year. Chris is doing an excellent job of helping to save us from our own foolishness.

JULY MEETING

The July Meeting of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, will be held at 7:00 P.M. at SMOKEY'S RIBS, 5300 E. Lancaster on July 12, 1988.

Donna Anderson will chair the meeting for Corky Corcoran, who's on second shift forever. The final decision for a program hasn't been made but come on by, we'll have fun anyway.

EDITORIAL

by Butch Fralia

Caving is a high adventure experience which brings together many interesting people. Our ranks are filled with people from all walks of life who come together with one common interest. Most of us never visit or associate except within the confines of a caving experience. We seldom discuss religion, politics or anything outside of caving. The subject comes up often as to what there is about caving which brings all these different types of people together.

Several years ago, a psychology class established a questionnaire which they passed out at an NSS Convention. The number one reason for caving was adventure, followed by scientific interest with a few side issues thrown in like exercise. At the June meeting I requested our membership to take a few moments and try to reason out what draws them to caving. Adventure seems far away when you're in a crawlway with your stomach and back dragging on rock. I'd like to know what brings Maverick Grotto Members to caving. Is it

adventure? or some other reason. It should make for some interesting newsletter articles.

Since I began caving, I've been interested in the reactions of newcomers to caving and where possible have gotten them to write the trip report for their first trip. Who can forget Pooch Amy's graphic description of his first cave trip to Crystal Lake Crawl Cave, where there's no crystal, no lake but definitely an adequate supply of grueling crawl. In this issue, Alvis Hill backtracks to his first cave trip with his father when he was 10 years old. It should become a classic first time cave story. Randy Baker, is writing a report on his first wild caving trip.

Being involved in the Gorman Falls Project, I've learned a number of things about myself and caving. It's suddenly come to my attention that where I've always thought of myself as "just plain folks," I'm part of a (shudder) special interest group. I've always had a great dislike for special interest groups who dictate, through strong lobbies, regulations which protect me from myself and sway legislation to favor them over the majority. I've never appreciated someone else fighting my battles for me, taking away what I consider to be inalienable rights.

A wise state official recently referred to me as a member of a special interest group, at first I was offended until a minor explosion went off inside my head and I realized he was absolutely right. With this new definition and discovery about myself, and my opinions of special interest groups, I started examining what I as a caver wanted for myself as part of this special interest group. I don't want to dictate to the world, I just want the right to pass time crawling, sliming, climbing and exploring this beautiful underground world. I would like to preserve it, since in fact it is a natural resource, recharging the water table, providing the home for many specialized animals, etc. and I would like to see something left to future generations to enjoy in the great outdoors. I would like the right to be responsible for myself, my own foolishness and if necessary, the right to die in my own way. If I should be injured or die however, it affects the lives of other people, if I die in a cave, someone has to pull the remains out to protect the resource I enjoy so much. Suddenly the light dawns, I've got some responsibility here.

I've suddenly found myself helping recommend cave management policy which could very well establish policy for all state parks. There are various opinions on the subject including those who would like to dictate the policy and likely restrict caving to organized cavers. Cavers don't know what constitute liability problems from the general public, and they don't have to enforce the policy at the park level. Cavers accept responsibility for their own foolishness and don't sue in the event of accident realizing to do so could close every cave in the state or several states if there's any publicity involved. What do those of us in our closed cell society, our special interest group (as we're rightly defined by the state) know about those mythical beings known as the general public. How do we establish policy and which caves should be available to recreational caving when all caves are recreational to us.

Caving isn't for everyone but I'm inclined toward management policies oriented to the general public. For the time being, we as organized cavers aren't restricted to caving in state parks, but what about the general public, where's their opportunity to make that first big wild trek into the underground. What about the Boy Scouts, Explorer Scouts, Youth Groups, etc. who don't have landowner contacts, agreements with government agencies, etc. to have a place to go caving. Without some public cave access, and public education, how are the phantoms who haunt River Styx, Beezley's Cave and others too numerous to mention going to learn about proper equipment and that a can of spray paint isn't part of normal caving gear.

THE BEGINNING

Editors Note: I received the following letter and article from Alvis Hill. I thought the whole thing really great. Thanks Alvis.

Dear Butch,

The other night at the meeting, you mentioned something about relating our first caving experiences and that got me thinking. My early caving experiences are very special to me, and I thought I would share them with you. Please feel free to print this if you want and to edit it as needed. If you decide not to use it, it's ok. It

might just give you a better feel of where I'm coming from.

I hope I can make the next Gorman trip, and will let you know as soon as possible. I really would like to help clean out Horseshoe. I'll see you at the next grotto meeting, if not sooner.

Sincerely Alvis

THE FIRST TRIP
by Alvis Hill

"Let's Go!"

Those words always evoked a feeling of excitement when Pop decided to disappear some Saturday with his ten year old son. For a kid whose first word was probably "Go," any opportunity to do or see something different brought great anticipation. My earliest recollection of those trips was Pop tying me up with parachute cord to keep me from falling over the edge of a bluff. We spent many days just wandering over the countryside seeing the sights -- doing nothing in particular, just enjoying being together.

But this day was special. Today we were headed for Fort Hood, where the ruins of my great-grandparents homestead lay among the crazy goings-on of a military reservation. Pop's family had lived there for several generations until the government acquired the land during World War II and they were forced to move. Although nothing much of the home remained but a part of the foundation and a pile of old snuff bottles, we still enjoyed going because the land was beautiful and there was lots of room to roam.

As Pop packed our lunch of sardines, peanut butter and crackers, he informed me that today we had a new destination: The Bat Cave! (Please note: this is The Original Bat Cave, not to be confused with other so-called Bat Caves which were no doubt discovered and named much later.)

"Wow! You mean a cave we don't have to pay to get into?" Do you remember how you felt when you found out caves like that really existed? This was going to be a real adventure!

After the hour-long drive to The Reservation, we parked our car off the road behind some trees. We usually didn't have to be so sneaky, but today we were entering the Impact Area. Now, if you're not familiar with military jargon, the Impact Area is where they use live artillery to blow up things like targets, tanks and mountains. If you happen to be there at the wrong time, you run the risk of either being blown to smithereens or picked up by the M.P.'s. Definitely not for the squeamish. Today we would take a chance, because they weren't flying the red flag at the artillery range. Don't even go in there when the red flag is up.

Pop pointed up the valley to a ridge several miles away. That's where the cave was. We would follow that pipeline for a ways and then cut across.

And please!! don't mess with any of the big bullets you find.

After a nice hike of what must have been two or three hours we made the top of the ridge. Now where was it? Pop hadn't been to the cave since he was a kid, and artillery does have a way of altering landmarks. But finally, there it was -- a huge old tree shading a gaping hole in the ground. It must have been about a ten foot pit, and maybe twelve feet in diameter.

No, we wouldn't go in that way. There were two other entrances: one, a tiny window too small to get through; and the other, a nice-sized hole that should be pretty easy to negotiate. Pop dropped in first, and then helped me down my first chimney. We whopped out our flashlights and were ready to go.

The narrow walking passage followed a crevice which first intersected the window, and then ended up at the bottom of the main entrance. The bottom of the pit was littered with trash and old combat ration cans which soldiers had discarded while bivouacked nearby. From there the main passage continued about ten yards and ended in breakdown. Two side passages branched off to the right. As we left the light of the main entrance, we got a taste of darkness. Caves are really dark!! I found out the darkness didn't scare me at all, but that experiencing something new was an incredible sensation. I was hooked!

The first side passage entered a nice room about three feet tall. After crawling around there awhile, we entered the second passage -- a nice walking passage of maybe twenty-five yards. We soon found ourselves knee deep in a moist, rich-looking dirt.

"That's bat dooky. It's called guano. They make fertilizer out of it."

Well, it looked like dirt to me. Now that I think about it, I don't recall seeing any bats, either.

The passage soon ended, and we had covered all the cave. It was a dinky little cave, but I'll never forget it. Pop showed me two other pits that we hoped to do at a later date. The next time we came, we found that they had been bombed. We never got the check them out.

It's been may years since Pop and I caved in that area, and possibly never will again. But the feelings I felt there are renewed every time I enter a cave, and I have learned to appreciate and protect their beauty. Thanks, Pop!

P.S. Pop doesn't cave much these days. He's into hang gliding. He recently went flying with my younger brother and reported finding several sinks in SE Hamilton County. We'll probably be checking those out soon...

RIVER STYX AND OTHER GYPS

by: Donna Anderson and Quinta Wilkinson

EDITORS NOTES: The following trip report was written by both Donna and Quinta. Each wrote their own respective segments at different times without knowledge of what the other wrote. The results are pretty neat. I've merged the two reports together with their names in front of their section so the reader will know who wrote what.

DATE: May 20 - 22, 1988

DESTINATION: River Styx, King County, Texas

PERSONNEL: Donna Anderson, Butch Fralia, Matt Helton, Pat Helton, Richard Knapp, Lisa Spillers, Quinta Wilkinson, Russ (the apprentice cave dog) and Shane the Wonder Dog.

[DONNA:] Friday evening, Butch and I set out for

River Styx. Butch was driving the motor home which he had recently purchased from Dale Ellison. We picked up Quinta on the way.

[QUINTA:] Donna and Butch came by Holiday to pick me and Russ up in the Cavemobile. Russ and Shane soon settled down after Russ was thrown up to the top bunk. The Cavemobile was just learning how much gas it needed and since it's gas gauge had just started to work it seemed intelligent to stop at each town along the way. However, from Holiday to Seymour seemed a bit much except we couldn't guess how much driving we'd do before the civilized gas world could be found again.

The rain which had followed us quit only to leave the road squashy. The hill which everyone had predicted to be the problem for the motor home, was a piece of cake. However Butch chose to push instead of dig deeper when we hit a bit of mud at a pace the motor home thought slow. This got us out after he found no cavemobile at his back and landed in the mud.

Parking the house on top of the river entrance we set up camp where the LUBBOCK Grotto folks were to meet in the morning. After much debate over how much water might be in the cave it was thought nice that the LUBBOCK people had wanted to ridge walk the twenty three sinks area.

The next morning, while drinking coffee and Tea, (and Pepsi) the caravan from LUBBOCK was seen off in the distance. This started a day of ridgewalking for everyone but Donna and Lisa who entered River Styx, to push and dig one of Donna's crawls.

[DONNA:] When Pat, Matt, Richard, and Lisa arrived from Lubbock. We all walked over to Styx Drain and Richard ventured forth into the entrance. It is well known for its black widow spiders and rattlesnakes. He quickly saw a black widow and further in the crawlway he met a snake. However, it turned out to be a bull snake. We then took a quick look at the 64 entrance and then went to the 63.

After checking for snakes, Lisa and I went in leaving the others to go ridge walking in the 23 sinks area. Lisa had not been in River Styx Cave before, so I gave her the grand tour. We went to the Junction Room and then proceeded to the Gypsum Blister Passage. After admiring the

blisters, we walked past the entrance to the Meat Grinder Section. The name gave a good description of the area so we felt it was not necessary to actually visit that part. From there we went to what was nearly the B6 entrance. (It collapsed after a heavy rain before we could enlarge it enough to actually get through.) Then we went towards the 64 entrance but stopped shortly before the unstable area. From there we went back to the Hatchett Room and completed the loop back to the Junction Room. We went past the window and shortly thereafter found the survey station where the Lubbock grotto had earlier entered from Vertical Sink. We continued on to the Dome Room, Racing Stripe Room, and the 1st and 2nd Bat Rooms.

As the tour was completed, we set off for our second objective which was to push a crawl. We proceeded to an area between the Bat Cave Junction and the Dome Room where we entered a long crawl which took us to a large room. At one end of the room was the crawl we wanted to push. Recent rains had enlarged the opening just enough to squeeze through. We went a short distance and then pulled out the shovel. We took turns digging and digging. We were digging in a belly crawl where you couldn't turn your head very well and the shovel was too wide to turn it over to dump the dirt. We found it was quicker to dig with the shovel and then push the dirt off the shovel with one hand. The folding camp shovel was too long to maneuver it well. However, we persisted for several hours and made good progress. One more digging trip and we should be able to make it through to where we won't have to dig. It will still be a tight squeeze but we should be able to continue for about 15 feet. The passage then turns to the right out of eye sight, so we don't know whether it will open up or choke off, after that.

As it was getting late, we decided to head out. We had an enjoyable day and are anxious to work on the passage again.

QUINTA: After leaving Lisa and Donna, we piled in the back of one of the trucks. Looking like a bunch of gypsies, we headed out. Russ did his magic trick of behaving like a teenager. We dropped off the release forms with the lady of the ranch and headed for the 23 sinks area.

The Lubbock folks had already gotten permission from Four-Six Ranch security (Note: don't enter

this ranch without permission, even with permission you're checked by more people than you'd realize could work on the ranch). The gate was unbelievably open. This would be remembered! Upon tumbling out of the truck a ranch hand stopped us to check on whether we had any right to be there. He was assured and we went on with no thought of what might happen. After a round of walking Russ and I ended up back at the truck. This only slightly preceded his being knocked about by a truck, the ranch hands again.

It seemed like a good idea to cruise around a bit so off we went and after touring the ranch it was decided to walk the area just north of where we had been previously. This went on till about 5 or 6 P.M. and giving up with only a few holes to check, one a fair pit that was explored by Richard.

Bearing down on the gate with food and drink on our mind, what have we here? Oh no!! The gate is shut! Oh no!! The gate is locked! Oh no!! The tour started again. Is there a gate that is not locked? Oh Yes!! It seemed like ten miles. Ah, the taste of freedom is sweet.

The wind was not going to give us rest and the new possession of a place to sit out of the wind and eat seems like luxury. Shane finds new friends. Russ tried to take over Pat. The evening ended with lots of cave talk and cold drinks.

Morning was windy and we were entertained watching Pat's tent blow away with him. He seemed quite competent to handle the situation when he awoke. Not to be outdone, Donna, repeated the same act within minutes after Pat. We tried to decide upon a winner for best entertainment but finally declared it a tie.

After much discussion we started off to see Pudding Cave. Arriving in the area, we were immediately accosted by Ranch Security to verify the legitimacy of our access. We again proved ourselves worthy and proceeded to the cave. This had opened up it seemed but was still pudding. This cave lies almost dead center of an endless prairie where three large sinks suddenly appear. Pudding Cave, appears to be the best lead although digging by the Lubbock folks in another sink, yielded an opening which had been long mud choked by when opened began blowing a

great volume of air. The passage is only about six inches in diameter for several feet until it opens, further enlargement will require chemical caving excavation which may not be acceptable to ranch security.

A brief show and tell then further search ended when it was time to head for the next Ranch. After checking in with the land owner, we proceeded to a cave "rediscovered" by Corky Corcoran, and shown to Pat at the last Southern Plains Regional. Much petting of bats and survey stuff ensued.

We parted company with the Lubbock Folks and headed for Holliday, the drive back was via the longest possible route and became quite entertaining when Russ tried to loose himself in Crowell. We really enjoyed the time with new friends even if we didn't locate much new cave.

CARLESBAD CONNECTION FOUND!!!
(GORMAN FALLS WORK TRIP)
by Danny Sherrod

DATES: June 10-12, 1988

PERSONNEL: Bruce and Donna Anderson, Chris and Randy Baker (and family), Rebecca Brown, Clay and Kevin Chambers, Don Denton, Butch and Jennifer Fralia, Keith Heuss, Terry Holsinger, Andrew, Judy and Phillip Roe, Gene Sessom, Danny Sherrod, Anna and Jarvis Tousek, Jeffery Turnbow.

The June trip to Colorado Bend State Park was a great success, NOT ONLY did we have an opportunity to cave but we met with Park Superintendent Jesse Tyrin, to discuss policies for caving in the park in the future. By the way if you have any opinions or want to know more about what is in store call Butch or come to the park in July.

Donna Anderson, Chris and Randy Baker, and Don Denton did Gorman Creek Crevice, over 1,500 feet of cave all the way to bad air. During the 9 hour trip, not only did they do very low crawlways but they actually found some large rooms. The cave was still going when they had to quit due to bad air, but they hope to explore further in the winter when the air is better.

Clay and Kevin Chambers, Dave McClung did Chimneyer's Delight and some other vertical

drops. I am sure they had a great time but unfortunately I did not hear about it. So give them a call if you wish to know more about this high adventure.

Butch and Keith Heuss, did Chimneyer's Delight while Clay and Dave were inside but somehow didn't make contact with them in the cave. I didn't realize these caves were that big.

Butch also did a vertical drop near one of the two abandoned mines and explored some horizontal passage. We had great fun yelling back and forth the oxygen content of the air. While the air was less than great, it did support human life or at least Butch.

More surveying was done by Terry and Keith and other members of the group, as well as floating around one of the springs in an effort to diminish the effects of the Texas sun.

Now for the main event. While the rest of the group was doing all the wimpy vertical work and sissy 7 hour crawls, the rest of us were out to find the great connection to Carlesbad or at least to Mammoth Cave and I believe we found it.

First we turned off the road at the wrong fence. Now keep in mind just because it was the wrong fence does not mean it didn't look cavey. So we split up into groups of two and hiked thru the tall weeds and deep grass, all that macho stuff until we found a few holes including the one to Carlesbad.

Gene Sessom and I spotted a likely looking hole in the rock near the fence. Then I entered the hole in the rock but soon realized that I lacked the proper gear to make an extended trip to New Mexico, so I explored a little further and exited. We will journey further in the next few months to see if it goes to Kentucky or New Mexico. I will keep you advised.

THE NEWSLETTER THAT ALMOST WASN'T
by Butch Fralia

This is one of those articles which fills up space which newsletter editors are so good about coming up with. Here I was with all this space and figured that something ought to go here so the following article came to mind.

Most of you know I use a computer to put together the newsletter. This is a story of how modern technology can let you down and then save the day. It worked out this time but it doesn't always happen that way. I use a word processor to type in the articles. It has a spell checker and other neat features which are invaluable in the timely publication of this newsletter. I convert the newsletter from the disk storage format used by the processor into a format acceptable by the typesetting program (commonly referred to as a desk top publishing program) using utility software furnished by the word processor people.

Just last night, which was July 5, by the way, I was putting the finishing touches on the "Bull." Spell checking completed (and yes I know I mistyped until and it came out ntil in the last article) I proceeded to operate the utility software which puts the newsletter in a format acceptable to the typesetting software.

After the conversion process, I discovered I had misplaced the disk containing the desk top publishing program and proceeded to make another. Completing this task, I proceeded with the tedious of doing the final typesetting, installing the correct page breaks etc. When I tried to read the disk with the newsletter file, I discovered it was missing and something else was in it's place, how this happened I don't know. This left retyping the entire newsletter from scratch.

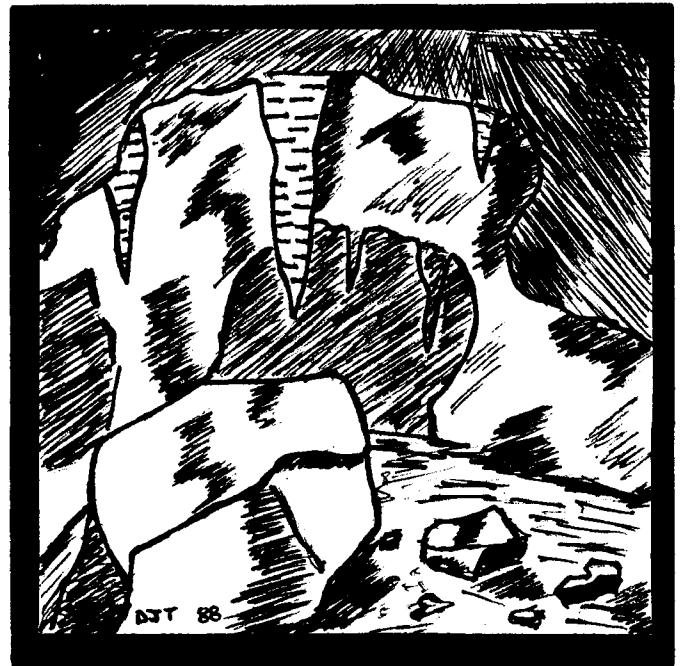
In trying to discover what happened, I began using utility software to determine if the disk had crashed (computer talk for going south, dying the real death and other terms I'm sure you can supply for yourself).

I learned that the files were on disk and through the magic of modern software technology managed to recover everything but about two paragraphs. I retyped these two paragraphs (explaining the misspelled word) and here you are, once again enjoying the Maverick Bull, one of the few caving publications which comes out on schedule.

It worked this time but some other dark of night, trying to meet a deadline we may not be so lucky.

Flash, THE MAVERICK GROTTO finally makes the bigtime and The Maverick Bull, is quoted in The NSS News. Ray Hardcastle, who has replaced Mike Dyas in providing insight in what goes on around the country, quoted an article in the Bull which provided an update on an article printed the previous month on proper use of the Suunto Compass.

The previous month's article was a reprint of an article printed some years ago in the Texas Caver, and written by George Veni. The following month, I spoke with George and he enlightened me on the updated information. Unfortunately the NSS article quoted me as the originator of the article rather than George. Sorry George, we didn't mean to steal your information and Thanks Ray for the recognition.



THE MAVERICK BULL QUOTED IN THE NSS NEWS!
by Butch Fralia