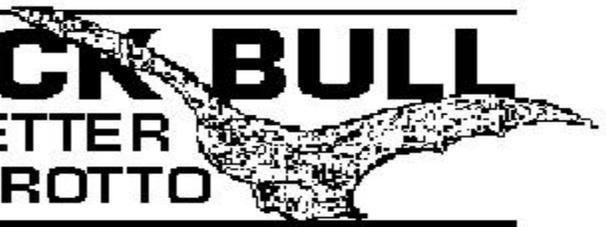


---

# THE MAVERICK BULL

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER  
OF THE MAVERICK GROTTTO

---



Volume 8 Issue 10

October, 1994



Copyright 1994. The Maverick Grotto. issue to persons interested in becoming members.

**The Maverick Bull** is the monthly newsletter of The Maverick Grotto, an internal organization of The National Speleological Society (NSS G-322). The editor invites all individuals and other grottos to submit articles, news, maps, cartoons, art and photographs. If the material is to be returned, a self-addressed stamped envelope should accompany it.

**Reprinting Articles:** Internal organizations of The National Speleological Society may reprint any item (unless copyrights belong to the author as stated in the byline) first appearing in *The Maverick Bull* if proper credit is given and a complete copy of the publication is delivered to the editor at the time of publication. Other organizations should contact the editor of *The Maverick Bull* at the address herein.

**Exchanges:** The Maverick Grotto will exchange newsletters with other grottos. Contact the editor.

**Complementary Newsletters:** The Maverick Grotto will provide complementary newsletters to persons or organizations that provide cave access (i.e. landowners) or otherwise provide assistance to cavers. The Maverick Grotto will provide one free

**Subscription Rates:** Subscription rates are \$15.00 per year for non-members and free for members.

**Membership Policy:** Any individual with interests, beliefs and actions consistent with the purposes of The Maverick Grotto and The National Speleological Society is eligible for membership. 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. At least one sponsor must attend the meeting at which the membership vote is taken. A two-thirds majority vote of the members present will be required for acceptance.

**Meetings:** Meetings are held the second Tuesday of each month at Smokey's Ribs, 5300 E. Lancaster, Fort Worth. It is located less than one mile west of Loop 820 and next to K-Mart. The time is 7:00 p.m., and the food is good.

**Carbide:** Grotto carbide is available at the meeting if prior arrangements are made. Carbide is free for the asking. Contact Russell Hill at 220-7108 or Butch Fralia at 346-2039 for more information.

**Library:** Support your Grotto Library. Russell Hill will be accepting books and magazines on cave-related topics, copies of homemade cave videos, etc. for our library. We wish to thank Russell for his efforts each month to bring and set up the Grotto Library.

**Chairman:**

Mike Anderson  
532 Arroyo Dr.  
Fort Worth, TX. 76108  
(817) 448-9764

**Vice-Chairman:**

Tracy Van Eps  
276 Michelle Ct.  
Mansfield, TX. 76063  
(817) 483-8351

**Secretary/Editor:**

Chad Fenner  
3700 Wayland  
Ft. Worth, TX. 76133  
(817) 292-7722

**Treasurer:**

Mark Porter  
513 Valley Park  
Garland, TX. 75243  
(214)271-8147

**Cave Rescue:** Call collect:  
(512) 686-0234

---

## Photo Credits

---

This month's cover photograph was taken August 15, 1992 by Pat Copland. It shows Butch Fralia and Alvis Hill looking out the the river entrance of River Styx Cave.

---

# Minutes for the September Meeting

The September meeting was called to order at 7:45 p.m. by Grotto Chairman Mike Anderson. By the end of the meeting, 13 people were in attendance. Thanks to Meta Huzarevich for taking notes and her off the wall observations. (ref. note 4) in the announcements.

## Announcements:

- 1) Butch Fralia mentioned that Payless Shoes has a sale on hiking boots for \$18. He said most were good quality, comfortable boots.
- 2) Dale Pate wants to have a Carlsbad rock moving and cleanup trip. He needs 5-12 people. Call John Langevin (817) 924-1919 for more information.
- 3) A Sonora Project for clean up and rock moving. NO OFF TRAIL! Call George Veni (210) 558-4403.
- 4) Butch entertained us with stories! (Thanks Meta! - BF)
- 5) Noble Stidham is organizing an Endless survey trip. Good beginners experience. Call Noble at (806) 763-8606.
- 6) DFW Grotto has T-shirts to sell.

They are multi-color with elaborate artwork. They can be purchased from Jay Jordan for \$10.

## Old Business:

- 1) The group requesting a trip to River Styx doesn't have a date set. Mike hasn't had further contact with the teachers.
- 2) Butch found pictures to put on the LONG discussed Grotto T-shirts. Russell Hill said there would have to be a Maverick Grotto logo written on the shirt or he wouldn't buy shirts for the library. Butch will put something good together and after consultation with Mike Anderson, get with Mike Nelson to have it printed.

## New Business:

- 1) Donna Mosesman, Sharon Mastbrook, and John Langevin were voted in as members. Congratulations to our new members!
- 2) October 8, DFW Grotto is throwing a party at the M&W Ranch. Since the Maverick treasury doesn't have the money to cover half the expenses.

Donations were collected and half the planned \$75 dollar expenditure was turned over to Jay Jordan.

- 3) Next month nominations for Grotto officers should commence. Chad is willing to continue doing the newsletter. Mike Anderson and Tracy Van Epps are willing to continue as Chairman and Vice-Chairman unless someone else wants the job real bad!

## Trip reports:

- 1) John Langevin went to Fitton with friends. He said he had a great time, looked at lots of formations and took some slides. Jon will get permits together for another trip if enough people are interested.
- 2) Donna Mosesman went to Southern Plains Region and visited Ice, Bear and Owl caves in the area of Alabaster Caverns.

The meeting was adjourned. There was no program so we sat around

## Editors Ramblings

Once upon a time in a weak moment (I'd had a few beers)! I mentioned to Chad that should he get burned out that I'd be willing to do a newsletter for him. I realized he was ready for a break when I read that I was editing the October Issue through reading the EDITOR's RAMBLINGS in the September BULL. Let that be a lesson to you, you learn a lot of things reading the news letter!

So here I am again folks, your "guest" editor for October - Butch Fralia. My buddy Meta keeps telling me that I ramble a LOT so I'm going to take this opportunity to live up to her expectations.

Compiling a newsletter again brings back fond memories. It's ironic I'm sitting here today writing this editorial. In October of 1986 I was doing the same thing when we compiled the very first Maverick Bull. For the first twenty-eight issues I sat here and did the same thing. I have strong (mostly fond) memories of those issues! I did

a lot of scrambling around for material. I remember those pleading phone calls that conjured up some wonderful articles from Donna Anderson, Corky Corcoran, Dale Ellison, Mark Porter, Danny Sherrod, Quinta Wilkinson, and the infamous Jody Robertson!

We tried our writing skills on a lot of things including fantasy! Anything to spur interest in the Grotto, the newsletter and caving in general.

The first newsletter was really a flyer announcing the formation of a new grotto. About 20 folks showed up becoming the charter membership. Some of those folks are still around but others have moved away or gotten away from caving altogether.

I wondered at times if the Grotto would survive another year. For all that wondering, this is the ninth anniversary issue and we're still going strong. I find myself proud to be one of the founders of a good organization.

Chad is doing a great job with this newsletter. Every issue he brings it to

new heights of excellence. He has the interest, good equipment and most especially, the talent to make it all happen. I look forward each month to receiving the newsletter and seeing what he has added to his repertoire of tricks.

We've come a long way since it all started. The computers that Chad and I both have make what I started with look like the dark ages. When I started doing the newsletter, I had a computer and software that were virtually state of the art for desk top publishing. That old computer is now in the back room, fading away into antiquity!

To create a Maverick Bull today, Chad and I, between us, use somewhere around \$10,000 worth of hardware and software. We both have near state of the art computers. I own the Hewlett Packard Scanjet IIc that converts the photographs that you send in to computer graphics images. Chad has a Hewlett Packard laser printer that provides extremely high

print quality print masters at 600 dots per inch.

We both use the same word processing software with exceptional editing capability for graphic images and text. If we're using a word processor, you can imagine what real desktop publishing software can do today!

It still takes talent to put out the newsletter. Chad does most of the work himself. He has help from Lisa who has a degree in Journalism. I wish I had that sort of talent and equipment back when I did the newsletter.

The main problem now is in the reproduction equipment. Copy machines at quick copy places just don't have the resolution we need. In the future we hope to remedy that. Hopefully in the near future, what you receive in the mail will closely resemble what we see on the computer screen and the printed masters. The thing that is always desperately needed is the articles and participation of the Grotto membership. There are never enough articles. Whatever you can provide is greatly appreciated. You don't have to write like Shakespeare, it's the job of the

editor to make it seem like you do. Whatever you can do and whatever you can write is greatly appreciated.

Enough of that! This month's issue has a shortage of local articles. However, it's time for Texas Old Timers so you'll find a map to get you there along with what to expect. How about a little information of interest to all you folks who care about Federal natural areas.

By the way I want to do next year's October newsletter. It's the tenth

## October Meeting

Come to the October meeting! You may get to see the new Maverick Grotto t-shirts. It's time to nominate

officers again. Come nominate new officers or support the existing officers for re-election. No one told me what

the program will be. I'm sure there will be something interesting to occupy your attention!

## Redefining a Mission

The following information is from an Article in the September 11, 1994, **DALLAS MORNING NEWS**.

### Suit spurs look at public use of wildlife refuges By Mike Coppock

WICHITA MOUNTAINS, Okla.-- Marian Hutchinson says 'it ' isn't fair'.

He isn't alone. Others--ranging from members of his rock climbing group to merchants in nearby Lawton--are protesting proposals that would restrict public use of the Wichita Mountains National Wildlife Refuge in southwestern Oklahoma.

"They (the refuge staff) perceive rock-climbing as an out-of-the-main stream activity," said Mr. Hutchinson. "We felt like they were singling us out."

It's not just the 92-square mile Wichita Mountains, but all the nearly 500 nation-refuges in the United States, in which public use is coming under review by the US. Fish and Wildlife Service. The

review was sparked by a lawsuit charging overuse at some wildlife refuges.

It may be rock climbing in the Wichitas, some hunting in certain Texas refuges and camping and picnicking in others. But Fish and Wildlife officials said some activities

will be cut

Steve Smith, manager for the Wichita Mountains refuge, says he's not surprised at the outcry that has gone up. But, he said, people are forgetting why the refuges were set up in the first place.

"National Parks' primary mission is for people, while a refuge's primary mission is a concern for wildlife and not people," he said. "Just because it's been used for a long time doesn't mean it is a good thing."

Mr. Smith, who plans to retire at the end of the month as manager of the nation's oldest wildlife refuge (established by President William McKinley in 1901), said he doubts that many of the public activities he is responsible for will be curtailed.

But he acknowledged that those who probably will be strongly affected are rock-climbers and religious groups using the "holy city" on the western slopes of Mount Scott, Oklahoma's second-highest peak, for their Easter observances.

The threat of a rock-climbing ban : spurred Mr. Hutchinson and Dallas resident Eric Hobday to form the 600 member Wichita Mountains Access Association. Members come from as far away as California and Florida, but the majority are from the Dallas and Oklahoma City areas, Mr. Hutchinson

said. .

Mr. Hutchinson said he and others attended a public meeting earlier this year expecting refuge officials to ask for suggestions on alternative uses. Instead, he said, they were informed that their activity was one of the few being considered for termination. "A lot of the problem comes from the personnel impact on the Wichitas staff. Their small budget goes to keeping track of visitors," Mr. Hutchinson said. "Most are biologists and wildlife specialists who resent spending time keeping track of a bunch of rock-climbers."

Mr. Hutchinson said his group is particularly angered by the thought that they are being singled out for punishment, while hikers are left alone. They say that there's no real difference between the two recreations and that participants of each use the same area.

However, Ken Butts, who is acting refuge manager until a successor is named for Mr. Smith, disagrees.

"The most significant difference is that rock-climbers, they utilize activities," he said.

It might seem ironic to complain about the noise and problems rock-climbers may cause with a U.S. Army artillery range next door.

Mr. Butts said there is the noise from

artillery practices and the fires started by explosions, but "we have no proof of damage."

He noted that there are advantages to being adjacent to Fort Sill: no encroachment of housing, no hunting or trespassing.

"We're working on noise by overflight in our wilderness area," he said. "People just can't enjoy themselves when they have to shout at each other in the wilderness due to (military aircraft) flying overhead."

Mr. Hutchinson also questioned the true mission of the Wichita Mountains refuge. The area was set aside for the preservation of the buffalo, at the time an endangered species along with elk, Mr. Hutchinson said, but it now has fewer buffalo and elk than many private ranches in the nation. Wildlife refuge officials said the Wichitas contain 500 buffalo, 600 elk and 350 longhorn cattle. There are other species, and the refuge has two wilderness areas: the Charons Garden Wilderness Area, currently open to public access, and the North Mountain Wilderness Area, which is closed to the public. The Charons Garden area is where the rock-climbing occurs.

Overgrazing forces the refuge to hold an annual buffalo auction in October and a longhorn auction in September.

"Our point is the Wichitas offer a unique wilderness-type environment that is part of the reason we rock-climb," Mr. Hutchinson said.

The rock-climbing ban has been recommended, Fish and Wildlife

Service officials have confirmed.

Oklahoma's Holy City, regionally famous for its religious pageants, may also be closed down. Built by the Wallock Foundation under a special use permit in 1936, the "city," with its seven medieval-style buildings, draws 10,000 spectators for Easter alone. The location has a chapel open year-round for weddings, a gift shop and a day care center for children.

"We are operating on a day to day basis right now waiting to see what they decide to do," said Roberta Avery, gift shop manager.

For Lawton, any change in public use affecting the approximately 1.5 million visitors annually is seen as affecting local pocketbooks.

"It is the most-visited refuge in the nation," said Lawton Chamber of Commerce president Mark McCord. "We're very concerned with any change with the Wichita Mountains' recreational potential"

The review was sparked by a lawsuit brought by conservation groups against the U.S. Department of Interior. A federal court upheld the groups' claim that the federal government is ignoring its own 1990 study pointing to concerns on how 10 refuges--in Washington state, Arizona, Massachusetts, Florida, Idaho and Colorado--were being critically abused through public use.

The study pointed to such activities as high-powered boating in Florida refuge where manatee were living and naval target practice on a refuge

servicing as a breeding ground for sea lions in Washington.

Conservation groups took the issue a step further, winning a court order directing the U.S. Department of Interior to conduct a review of public use of all refuges in the federal system.

The Interior Department has until Oct. 20 to respond to the court order with new rules on public use, going into effect in late April 1995. The Interior Department has Ordered all public-use studies to be filed by Thursday with a 30 day public response period.

No further public meetings are scheduled for any refuge site and refuge supervisors have a nearly free hand on what to recommend.

Fish and Wildlife spokes woman Kathy Wood, who is coordinating the public-use studies at Texas refuges, said that, in most cases, the changes will be relatively minor.

"I think a lot of rumor and conjecture has gone out on this issue," she said. "There's a lot of fear we're shutting down hunting In Teas, and that's not the case at all."

A check of recommendations at various Texas refuges shows proposed bans on bow hunting for deer at some and few or no changes at most others.

U.S. Sen. Don Nickles, R Okla. sitting on the Senate subcommittee that oversees the Fish and Wildlife Service, has pushed for maintaining public access to refuges in some form.

Mr. Hutchinson says he and his group will be protesting the decision as long as they can.

## Three Fingers Cave Rescue

### A Victim's Perspective

By Sondra Denney

The Houston Grotto Newsletter,  
September 1994

Until I became involved in the recent cave accident at Three Fingers, I had always somehow assumed that I was invulnerable to such occurrences. I had always told myself that to get hurt, a person has to do something rather dumb. I now can say from personal experience that sometimes, guano happens, regardless of your experience level or anything you may have done to prepare for the worst.

Our caving party consisted of Spencer and Pam Wood and Dan Oughton from Austin, Susan Herpin and her son David, from Houston, and myself. We entered Three August 6, intending to go to Three Fingers Hall, which none of us had actually seen up close before.

(Editors background: For those not familiar with Three Fingers, the hike is rougher than average, rough and downhill, getting rougher throughout the descent, with numerous abrupt drops varying around 10 feet. The

entrance is on a steep side of the canyon and is barren of trees or other significant external features. Inside the entrance gate is barely room for three persons shoulder to shoulder before the drop. The only obvious rig point is a small pocket in one wall which has been bridged over by a short by sturdy column. About forty feet below the drop is a stone bridge making a small landing before continuing the drop an additional 80 feet. The walls in front and back are never far away and present potential obstacles. The terrain

at the bottom is never flat, containing both formation buildup and house-sized breakdown. I have not been much farther than this area. At some distance from the entrance drop is a very narrow (14") opening chimneying nearly straight down called the Meador Pincher after Tom Meadr. Below this drop of not more than 40 feet, is a level containing the Temple of the Fiery Cave God. Somewhere at this level is another means of descending to a third level eventually ending in Three Fingers Hall, the goal of this trip.)

While searching for the Temple of the Fiery Cave God, our party was having difficulty finding the right leads. We stopped to consider our options and discuss what should be done next. Spence, being more energetic than most of us, climbed up a large breakdown pile which filled the room along the right side. He wanted to look for an exit to the room other than the one we'd just come through. He began his climb ahead of us, so we did not appear to be in any sort of fall zone. I sat down and began digging through my pack looking for a quick snack. Behind us, the cave floor sloped slightly downward. We were sitting on a small flat area and the floor slope steeply downward immediately in front of us.

After a few minutes, we heard Spence yelling from far away that he'd found no other exit and was climbing down. I remember hearing sounds of him climbing, but I didn't realize until later that he was climbing down to a point behind where we were sitting. I suddenly heard a yell behind me and to my right and, glancing back over my shoulder, thought I saw Spence falling right on top of me. I instinctively rolled to my left and was moving to stand up when it felt like somebody whacked my ankle with a big hammer. As I looked down, I saw a watermelon-sized rock rolling on down the hill below my ankle. I remember thinking, "Oh, he said 'rock!'" (Ed. note: time about 3:45 pm) Then for the next few minutes, I'm not sure what happened because it seemed like all my senses went into a kind of tunnel vision and all I was aware of was that my whole leg hurt and I couldn't feel my foot. I kept looking just to make sure it was still there.

When at length I was again

somewhat able to focus on the world around me, I noticed every one else in a tense little huddle talking about what to do next. At that point, I couldn't imagine getting out of the cave, much less back up the hill, without some assistance. I put in my vote for sending out a couple of people to let the folks up top know what was going on. At the very least, it would be necessary to inform the cavers in our camp that we'd be very late getting back.

It seemed logical to send Susan and Pam out for help, since Spence and Dan were more likely to be able to help me get moving, if it came to that. David stayed with us so that Susan and Pam could make better time. When they left, (about 20 minutes after injury - Ed.) I must've looked pretty awful because I was wavering between fairly lucid moments and short bouts of whining/screaming, not having yet regained complete control over my instinctual pain response. The one thought that kept running through my mind was that I really needed some painkillers because the pain made it hard to function.

After Susan and Pam left, Spence constructed this brilliant splint out of the metal stays from his backpack and a bunch of webbing. that made things much more bearable. I lied there looking at the ceiling for a little longer while we entertained ourselves by trying to sing songs by the Austin Lounge Lizards. Finally it became clear to me that it wasn't going to feel any better and maybe by keeping moving I could both get warmer and forget how bad it felt.

At first, we tried my leaning on Spence and Dan and hopping along on one leg. That felt really unstable on the rugged terrain and the jerky movement caused my ankle to throb. Next, I talked them into letting me crawl on my hands and knees, which was a great success. Spence and Dan took turns walking behind me while cradling my injured ankle in a sling made from webbing to help me keep from bumping it on obstacles. I found I was quite able to climb over obstacles using a one-leg-two-hands-and-a-seat chimneying movement. We worked our way back through the cave a little at a time until we were back at the Meador Pincher in only a couple of hours. It took a couple more hours and multiple

tries to make it through the Meador Pincher (at 14" to say it is tight would be an understatement). In the end, I got into my climbing gear and Spence rigged a rope, which I ended up using as a safety. I had to sit on Spence's shoulders to get up high enough to get into the tight part of the crack, since I was unable to chimney properly with only one leg and the tight part started too low to allow me to really get my climbing system started. Once I got up into the tight area, it was just a matter of squeezing up a little at a time and trying not to catch my gear or my bad foot on any projecting rocks. With a little patience and a lot of silent reminders not to panic, I made it through.

Just about the time I was climbing out of the Meador Pincher, a couple of cavers from Artesia, Mike Witt and Walt Green, arrived with a snack and some water and news from up above. They were camped on top of the ridge when Susan and Pam came out for help, so they volunteered to help out. Needless to say, they were surprised to see us above the Meador Pincher. They said that their friend, Tony Canfield, who remained in camp to direct rescuers to the scene, had called someone on his portable phone and that our friends had headed on down to Queen to make some more calls.

After a little while, I started crawling again (every time I stopped concentrating on crawling, I would remember how badly my ankle hurt). I guess we made it about halfway across the upper room when two more people arrived. One was the friend of the first two rescuers and the other was a caver named Chad Horton (with whom I'd been caving a couple of weeks before) who happened to be an EMT and had done some cave rescue out in California. He'd been camping at the bottom of Three Mile Hill and Susan had recruited him upon seeing the EMT sticker on his car. He checked me over, removing Spence's wonderful splint in the process. The inflatable cast he put on wasn't nearly as sturdy as our makeshift splint, but I appreciated the thought. Chad insisted that I not crawl any further and I felt torn between being an absolute bitch and arguing with him or gratefully allowing myself to be strapped helpless into his sked - a sort of litter made of

plastic. Finding the argument stacked five to one against me, I allowed myself to be strapped into this monstrosity and carried the rest of the way to the entrance drop. I didn't like being helpless and found that being carried seemed to make my ankle pain more noticeable. Although I wanted to climb the drop on my own, Chad wouldn't hear of it. After a while, Spence climbed up to rig a second rope which we had brought for the drop behind the Temple. I think we probably would have convinced the rest of them to let me attempt the climb shortly except that the organized rescue party arrived up top at that point and it became very much a committee effort.

Down below, we didn't hear anything for an hour or so and I was getting really cold just lying there (the plastic didn't give much insulation from the cold rock below). At some point, I let it be known that if they didn't untie me and let me relieve myself, there would be hell to pay later.

With some reluctance, they finally released me from the sked and gave me a few moments of privacy.

At last, we heard someone coming down the rope and Mike Reynolds, a medic with the Carlsbad Fire Department, introduced himself to us. He and Chad spent a few moments in conference, then Mike asked me if I'd like something for the pain. I decided against it, since I really wanted to climb the rope on my own. This was not to be macho, just that the thought of being hauled up a drop in a helpless state terrified me. Mike said that Spence had been telling people up top that he had confidence I could climb the rope and that it was being considered as the safest option, since Three Fingers doesn't have really strong rigging points and there was some doubt whether the available ones would hold two people on one rope.

We waited while the party at the top completed their rigging job and dropped another rope. Spence dropped back down to relay information about the final exit plans and succeeded in entertaining everyone with his rendition of the story of "Drop-Me-Twice-'Til-I-Die Cave." When everything was ready, all

climbed up except Mike and myself. then he showed me how to attach the "Z-rig" rope to my seat harness so that they could haul me up in case I got into trouble. This rope had been run through some pulleys up top so that the folks up there could pull on it and relieve some tension on me if things got too tiring. I hooked my frog system into one stationary rope and began to climb. When I was above him, Mike got onto the other stationary rope and began climbing below me. As it turned out, I needed his assistance to hold tension on my rope so that I could get my chest ascender to feed properly. When climbing with the frog, the chest ascender has a tendency not to feed well if you don't keep your upper body close to the rope. I was having trouble keeping close to the rope because I had to hold my injured foot out at odd angles to avoid banging it on rocks. A couple of times, I got tired and the guys up top hauled on the z-rig to keep me moving.

By the time we got to the ledge (at about 90 feet), my inflatable cast had deflated and was more a hindrance than a help. Chad and Spence were there to help me crawl over the lip. Then Mike and Chad taped a different kind of splint on my foot and I climbed the next thirty feet with Spence freeclimbing below me. At the top, I was met by Mike Huber and Tom Madison. Kevin Glover stuck his head into the entrance just as I was crawling toward it. I posed in the entrance for photos, then crawled out and collapsed on the ground for a while. It was around 6:00 a.m. Sunday morning, and the sunrise over the mountains was particularly spectacular. I noticed that Dale Pate, Alan Laman, and Don Fingleton were also at the entrance, and I told them that I was very glad to see them all and apologized for not having made it to the party sooner.

We rested for a bit and Mike Reynolds retaped my splint. Then everyone started carrying gear back up the trail and I started crawling after them. While I crawled, Mike walked behind me carrying my foot in a piece of webbing to help me keep from dragging it. I was getting pretty tired by then and couldn't imagine being able to get far crawling, but I didn't particularly

want to be carried up the steep exposed areas on that trail either. Tom and Don took turns walking ahead of us keeping an eye on the trail and stomping down the worst of the spiny vegetation. I must say it's interesting to "hike" the trail down low like that. You see lots of interesting rocks and bugs and fossils that you'd otherwise miss.

Over the next five or six hours, we made it past the steepest portions of the trail up to a fairly level spot, where I had to stop for a long rest. People stopped by at various times to chat or bring water or Gatorade - much prized and hard to come by. By the time we made it to this relatively level spot, my arms felt like mush and I told Mike I wasn't sure how much further I could go. About that time, one of the guys came down and told us to stay there because a helicopter was on the way. We waited in the noonday sun for about an hour and a half before it actually arrived (the pilot was lost). During that time, Mike insisted on giving me I.V. fluids because I looked dehydrated. I hate needles and would have preferred more Gatorade instead.

During the unpleasant I.V. episode, a little gray bird landed on a creosote bush near my head. Just as we were all commenting on how unusually close it was, it landed on the ground near my shoulder. As I was talking to the bird, it flew over and perched on my neck. (I did not hallucinate this - there are photos.) Of course, then we had the inevitable jokes about it being too small to be a vulture. This little bird hung out with us for about half an hour, flitting from person to person and allowing itself to be petted as though it were tame. But when the helicopter came, it flew off across the canyon.

The helicopter had trouble landing where we were sitting, so I got loaded into a litter and run up a nearby hill to a flatter spot. At that point, a new crew of rescuers including Harry Burgess and a couple of other guys from Carlsbad Caverns that I didn't know showed up to help. I understand that there were others there at the top helping to coordinate things, but I never even saw them. It seemed that a crowd of waving, cheering people had gathered as I was being loaded into the

helicopter, but I've no idea who all of them were. The takeoff was pretty rough (I've never ridden in a helicopter, but it seemed rough.) Because of the strong wind, we climbed only thirty feet or so before the pilot banked right and dropped low into the canyon. I got a good look at the mountains between my feet because the door was open. I was apprehensive, but the pilot handled it admirably and we landed at the hospital after a rather bumpy flight without a hitch.

All things considered, it went very well. The rock hit my ankle, not my head. We got out of the cave all right. No one else was injured during the

rescue, a concern due to the rough terrain. Best of all, it was very inspiring for me to see all those helpful rescuers show up so readily on short notice. It kind of boosted my faith in the basic goodness of humanity. My ankle was not injured too badly considering the size of the rock. I believe the fact that I was wearing good sturdy hiking boots with strong ankle support probably cushioned the blow. I was only on crutches for a week and will probably be wearing my stylish plastic-and-velcro splint for a month or so. It's still swollen, but at least I can get my shoe on now. I feel really lucky. To all those involved with the rescue, I'd like to say thanks. I want to send each person a

note, but I hope if I miss anyone who was involved, they'll forgive me. I'd like to especially thank Susan, David, Dan, Spence, And Pam for performing so well under the circumstances and for suffering the disappointment of not getting to Three Fingers Hall.

## Adventure Trivia

by Chad Fenner

In the late '70s, a game called ADVENTURE hit the mainframes. It was a text, role playing game where you are an explorer who stumbles across a cave called Colossal Cave. It starts out with, "You are standing outside the wellhouse of a large spring." The game was later transported to the PC market, which at the time included Apple IIs and TRS-80s. I recently ran across a version for windows.

As it turns out, the original authors

were Don Woods and Willy Crowther. Willy and Patricia Crowther were active in Mammoth Cave exploration in the early '70s, and Pat was responsible for finding the link which provided the connection between Flint Ridge and Mammoth systems. One of the many caves in the Flint Ridge system was called Colossal Cave, and some of the locations in ADVENTURE such as "Bedquilt" and "Y2" actually exist in Colossal Cave.

**NOTE:** There are two versions of this

game, Huge Cave - the colossal cave adventure and WinAdventure that is essentially the same thing. Huge Cave is more verbose, more difficult and has more action. I have both versions if anyone would like a copy.....BF.

Trivia question: What were the three "magic words" found in the game ADVENTURE?

## TEXAS OLD TIME CAVERS REUNION - 1994

This year's Cavers' Reunion will be held at Flat Creek Crossing, a private Ranch located next to Pedernales Falls State Park, a few miles from Johnson City. The accompanying map should help you out. The roads are paved all the way to the campground which is about 10 acres of grassy meadow on a bluff overlooking the beautiful limestone canyon of Flat Creek, a spring fed, perennial tributary to the Pedernales River. There are several swimming areas with spots over 6 feet deep. There are large oak trees in the Cooks/Kitchen area, but very few trees elsewhere in the camp ground. That shouldn't be much of a problem in October, but you may want to bring a large tarp or tent to create a shaded common area. There is Plenty of space.

**THURSDAY**--Thursday night, after 5 let's say, Registration will be open and people should begin to show up. If you're not interested in Friday's activities you can show up and spend the day relaxing.

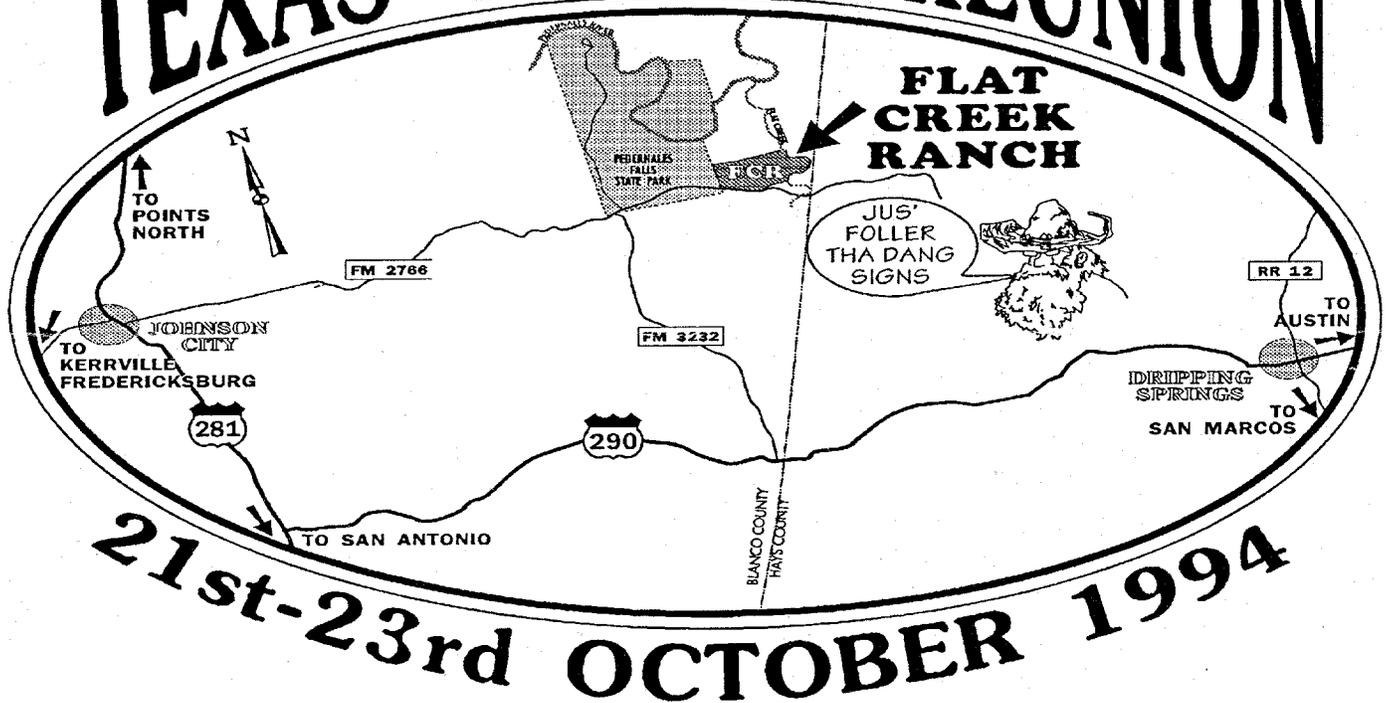
**FRIDAY**--Friday will be a technical training day. We are providing several short opportunities for people to learn and practice both new and old vertical techniques. This is an excellent chance for Grotto Trainers and new cavers to hone their skills and catch on the latest methods.

1) John Fogarty has promised to rig a Reblay Course or two, and have people on hand to explain these systems and procedures which are growing in popularity. 2) Peter Sprouse will be presenting a Free Hanging Rigging seminar (there will be a \$5.00 fee to cover material cost - contact **Peter Sprouse** -

(512)873-0526). 3) Climbing ropes will be rigged from the cliffs and instructors will be on hand to help you design and fit your own climbing gear--bring your stuff. 4) We will try to have the contest ropes rigged for speed climbing practice. 5) We are considering rigging a couple of tyroleans across the canyon and along the cliff face for cavers to practice on. Friday's the day for taking care of training and other technical matters. We will try to have vendors set up early in the day so you can buy gear and get to use it. There will be a keg or two available at the Registration Tent after the training's over. And slides should be projected some place nearby. Bring those you want to share.

**SATURDAY**--Saturday is party time. We'll try to have a few more contests this year. The ones you can be sure of are Prussiking and Speleolympics. Others

# 17th ANNUAL TEXAS CAVERS' REUNION



\*\*\* NEW LOCATION \*\*\*

which may come off are Ladder Climbing, Sleeping Bag, Beer Chugging, Cave Survey, and Rebelay.

Our world famous Texas Cavers' Barbecue and fixin's will be served up by our distinguished cooks sometime between 5 and 6 in the evening. This is "the best feed and the best deal in the NSS" according to Jack Baer famous former Texas caver and BBQ expert. The meal alone is worth the price of admission. There will be vegetarian provender as well. And, of course, beer.

Awards and announcements will be presented after the feast, followed by music provided by a fine Texas dance band, who will expect folks to kick up their heels. Uh, and beer! And maybe some

more slides, even.

**SUNDAY**--Sunday should be meeting day. TSA, TCMA, NSS Convention follow up and other meetings should be held Sunday morning so folks can make their way home in the afternoon. There is some chance that one or more of these meetings will be held on Saturday morning instead. Look for meeting announcements elsewhere!

**SEVERAL IMPORTANT THINGS TO REMEMBER:** Bring your own reusable plates, utensils, drinking vessels. Come prepared to carry your own garbage home. Barrels will be provided for recyclable glass & aluminum. The water available is potable but tastes funny.

Bring as many new cavers as you can. There's lots of camping space but **not much shade**. There will be **Beer for Saturday supper** & some other times. **Well behaved dogs** and **relatives** are welcome. **No** firearms or fireworks permitted at Flat Creek Ranch. **Bring** a native Texas tree or two to plant in the campground. If you have any **suggestions** for activities or want to **help**, call G. Willikers at

## Calendar Of Events

- September 10-11, 1994, Fitton Cave Survey.** Contact Pete Lindsay, (214) 727-2497.
- September 18, 1994, Carlsbad Caverns Formation Audit.** Contact Carlsbad Cavers, Phyllis Weston.
- October 7-9 1994, Tag Cave-In, Valley Head, Alabama.** Contact E.T. Davis, (404) 973-8233.
- October 8-9, 1994, Fitton Cave Survey.** Contact Pete Lindsay, (214) 727-2497.
- October 21-23 1994, Texas Cavers' Reunion, Near Pedernales Falls State Park.** Contact Gill Ediger, (512) 441-0050.
- November 4-11 1994, 7th International Symposium on Vulcanospeleology, La Palma, Canary Islands, Spain.**  
USA contact: William R. Halliday, IUS Working Group on Volcanic Caves, 6530 Cornwall Ct. Nashville, TN. 37205, (615) 352-9204, FAX (615) 385-0491.
- November 11-13 1994, Colorado Bend State Park - Start up the 8th year - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- November 19-27, 1994, 4th Annual Caverns of Sonora Restoration Project.** Contact George Veni, (210) 558-4403
- December 9-11 1994, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- January 13-15 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- February 10-12 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- March 10-12 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- April 7-9 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- May 12-14 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- June 9-11 1995, Colorado Bend State Park - contact Butch Fralia (817) 346-2039.**
- July 17-21, 1995, NSS Convention, Blacksburg, Virginia.** Contact Carol Tideman, (410) 792-0742.
- August 3-9, 1996, NSS Convention, Salida, Colorado.** Contact Skip Withrow, (303) 693-0997.

**Maverick Grotto  
C/O Chad Fenner  
3700 Wayland  
Ft Worth TX. 76133**