

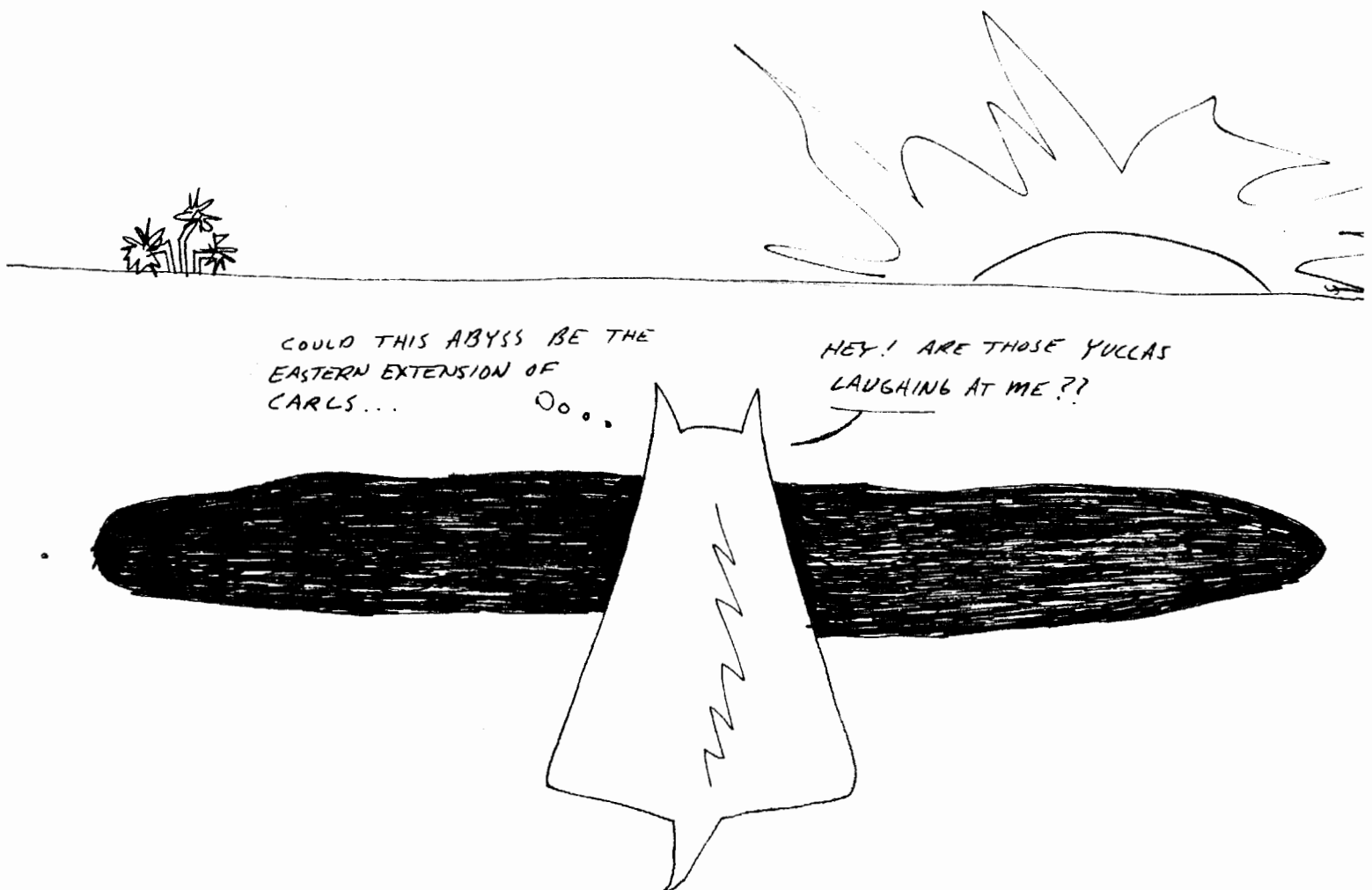
THE MAVERICK BULL

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE MAVERICK GROTTTO

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 9

SEPTEMBER 1988

YES, ONCE AGAIN IT'S SUNSET AND WE FIND HOOZAT BATHING HIS BRAIN WITH
THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE SPELEOLOGICAL WONDER BEFORE HIM...



THE MAVERICK BULL, is the monthly newsletter of THE MAVERICK GROTTTO, an internal organization of the National Speleological Society (NSS 8-322).

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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 OILFIELD TRASH PRESS, INC., 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

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 months cover by Gregg Wolfarth, a non caving associate who volunteered to help us out. This artwork consists of a whole series of cartoons which will run through December 1988.

1988 CALENDAR

Sept 9-11; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

Sept 13; Maverick Grotto Meeting.

Sept. 16-18; Texas Oldtime Caver Reunion (and fall TSA meeting) a few miles east of Wimberley, on the Lone Man II, Ranch. See related article this issue.

Oct. 7-9; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

Oct. 11; Maverick Grotto Meeting.

Oct. 14-16; Second annual, Maverick Grotto anniversary party to be held at the M&W Ranch in Glen Rose Texas. The entry fees are \$4.00 per night per carload. It's the social event of the year, don't miss it.

Nov. ?; Cave rescue seminar, Central location. Contact: Butch Fralia 817-346-2039

Nov. 8; Maverick Grotto Meeting.

Nov. 11-13; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

Dec. 9-11; Gorman Falls Work Trip.

Dec. 26-?; Possible Missouri Cave trip, contact Dale Ellison, 817/473-0463.

MAVERICK GROTTO PATCHES, AT LAST!!

The long awaited Maverick Grotto patches have arrived from Taiwan. They really look great after their long journey and deserve a resting place on your favorite cap, shirt or jacket.

The patches are available through Dale Ellison for \$3.00 each. Have your Cash, Check or Money Order ready, they'll be going fast!!!

AUGUST MEETING

The August meeting of the MAVERICK GROTTO was held at Smokey's Ribs, 5300 E. Lancaster on August 9, 1988.

The meeting was chaired by Vice-Chairman Donna Anderson, in place of our Chairman, Corky Corcoran, who's been placed on second shift

forever.

A discussion was held as to apparent confusion over whether the second annual Maverick Grotto Anniversary Party would be a joint DFW/Maverick Party. It was announced and clarified that this particular party is not a joint party, all interested persons/Grottoes are invited. There is a joint party or at least a party for North Texas Cavers in the works.

Susan Penney, is moving to Alpine to join Chuck and Bruce Anderson will assume the position of Party Guru.

After much discussion, it was decided that all members will pay for their own junque. There will likely be a main course which everyone can toss a small nominal fee into the pot and enjoy.

Chris Williams presented the treatment necessary for back and spine injury.

This excellent presentation complete, the meeting was abended and everyone went home.

SEPTEMBER MEETING

The September meeting of the MAVERICK GROTTO will be held at Smokey's Ribs, 5300 E. Lancaster on September 13, 1988.

TOTR

The best non-caving, caving event of the year, The Texas Old Timers Reunion, will be held September 16-18, 1988. This years location is at the Lone Man II Ranch, a few miles east of Wimberley.

The campground, located next to the warm clear waters of the Blanco River, can be reached by following I35 South to San Marcos. Take RM-12 0.6 mile to CR-213, north 7 miles to to CR-174, then East to Lone Man II Ranch, 0.9 mile. This is not a commercial campground. Port-o-potties will be furnished. Bring your own drinking water. The river can be used for swimming. Bring food for all but Saturday night.

The county roads that lead to the place are not bad. They are a bit rough in spots and have a low water crossing or two. Honky cars can make

it easily but if you've the option, drive your truck.

The purpose of the Texas Old Timers' Reunion is to bring the cavers of Texas together for a weekend of fun and games, to meet one another in order to promote caving, cave related activities (including good fellowship), caving publications and training, and to support the Texas Speleological Association (TSA), The Texas Speleological Survey (TSS), The Association for Mexican Cave Studies (AMCS), the National Speleological Society (NSS), your local grotto and several other organizations.

This is the ideal event for those who wish to expand their contacts within the caving community and just enjoy a hell of a good party. For anyone wishing to go who's not a TSA member, Call Butch Fraile, for additional information.

TOTR Correspondence

August 23, 1988

Dear Maverick Grotto members,

As you may already know, this year's T.O.T.R. is Sept 16-18 down near Wimberley, Tx. I hope as many of y'all as possible can attend -- should be a great time!

Even tho' it seems as if T.O.T.R. "just seems to happen" each year; there are in fact, many individuals who work to make it happen. This year, I am one of those persons. I am "in charge" of making the registration go smoothly, hence the main thrust of this letter. I am looking for enthusiastic people to volunteer a small amount of their time to help in staffing the registration tables. There will be two tables this year, the first being T.O.T.R. sign-in and fees; the second one being the T.S.A. business table. I am hoping to keep the tables "open" all night & day from 6:00 P.M. Friday thru 6:00 or 7:00 P.M. Saturday. I'm asking for 1 or 2 hour time slot volunteers.

It wont be hard work, in fact it should prove to be fun!!

Especially needed are persons to pull "late nite" shifts from 2:00 A.M. thru 8:00 A.M. Saturday morning. If any of your Grotto members would be

interested in helping out at O.T.R. this year, please contact me as soon as possible. Thanx!!

Douglas Allen
2944 Eckert St.
Austin, Tx, 78722
w(512)835-5998
h(512)476-9031

THE CAVE OF THE MADONA
by Don Denton

DATE: June 24 - 26, 1988. Lincoln National Forest.

PERSONNEL: Bill S., Rudy S., Donnie P. (and wife?), Larry (and wife?) and Don Denton

Friday evening: Bill, Rudy and I left Holliday, Tx in our two pickups. We met with Donnie P. and wife, Larry and wife at the rest area outside Hobbs, NM. It was a clear warm night. We arrived at the rest area around 3 A.M. Saturday. The other group was already there. At 6, we left for Lincoln National Forest stopping only once for breakfast.

At the fire station in the park, we got our permit, talked with Ranger Turner and set up camp by noon. Bill, Rudy, Donnie and I left camp at noon and found the Madonna cave entrance at 3 P.M. The cave entrance was hidden by a large tree on the side of a ridge. We were all ecstatic at finding it so easily.

We walked down from the entrance and followed a diagonal path to a breakdown area. We stopped here to check our gear. Twenty minutes later, we had the gate open and began hunting through a labyrinth passage for a crevice opening that was a vertical entrance to the next room. Bill found it. He and Rudy rigged the rope and we were ready to rappel. Bill went first, then Donnie (his first cave rappel). I was next (my first cave rappel), then Rudy.

The room below was enormous. It was 240 feet from entrance to floor. The actual ceiling was approximately 150 feet. The extra 90 feet was a chimney drop into the room. From this room a 2nd chimney drop was found. In this room we paused for 30 minutes and ate. For the record, I had two cold Arby's Roast Beef Sandwiches (which looked more like pancakes), jelly beans,

chocolate and warm Coke. I affectionately call this my cave snack food orgy.

After the food orgy, we explored this room. We observed numerous formations: stalactites, stalagmites, helictites, cave pearls, a limestone shield and snow-white flowstone. The formations were so numerous you couldn't see them all while moving through the cave. Every time I turned my head there was a different formation. It was absolutely wonderful! The excitement reminded me of a visit to Disneyland when I was eight years old. (Losing my virginity during my adolescent years ran a close second). Fatigue finally led us back to the exit.

The climb out was hard. I was so tired, I fell asleep waiting for Donnie and Rudy to climb up. Bill woke me; I hooked into the rope with my ascending gear and started climbing. Halfway up, Billie yelled for me to keep my muddy boots off the white flowstone. I was so tired it was difficult for me to climb the awkward rope and keep from touching the flowstone walls.

At the cave entrance, Donnie and I convinced the rest to sleep until the sun came up. After one hour of unconsciousness, I awoke damp and cold. Rudy suggested we bury ourselves in the leaves to keep warm. The leaves were deep near the entrance because of the tree. The leaves would have kept me warm if I hadn't slept on an incline.

Every time I dozed off I slid down. After the sun came up we hiked back to camp. When we got back to camp the other group went to Cottonwood Cave. We broke camp Sunday afternoon and had a final meal in Lubbock. Bill, Rudy and I got to Wichita Falls approximately 3 A.M. Sunday.

NSS CONVENTION 1988 - HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA
by: KAY CROSBY

MAVERICK GROTTO DELEGATION: Bruce Anderson, Donna Anderson, Kay Crosby, George Crosby, Ed Poynter, Christine Poynter, David Poynter.

Two words describe the NSS Convention held in Hot Springs, South Dakota --- FANTASTIC EXTRAVAGANZA!!!!

The host and hostess for the week, Pat and John Scheltens, provided a campground on their ranch, hot showers, good entertainment, and much, much, more. The city of Hot Springs provided a very

accommodating civic center and the local school district allowed use of their facilities. I mustn't leave out all of the wonderful people of Hot Springs who did various things to accommodate the cavers.

The week began with a trip aboard the "Caver Special". The excursion aboard the Black Hills steam train lasted for two hours as passengers viewed pretty scenery, and watched people mow their backyards. Those who dared to ride in the open cars managed to see and feel the full effect of the residue of an old steam engine. What's a little sand and soot to a caver?

The Howdy Party on Monday night was complete with a South Dakota Bar-B-Que, cold beer and a great band. Conventioneers ate and drank and danced until the wee hours of the morning.

The next day brought many and varied events, sessions, workshops, and luncheons. Donna Anderson attended the cave ballad session and found that she, Pooch Amy, and Dawn Marie Burow had received "Flowstone Awards" for their musical endeavors. Congratulations to these fine cavers for their efforts.

There were many commercial caves to tour in the Hot Springs area. Wind Cave, at Wind Cave National Park, was interesting especially if one was into boxwork. There was an abundance of boxwork!!! One of the most interesting things about wind cave was the original entrance which was merely a very small hole in a rock.

Jewel Cave, at Jewel Cave National Park, offered huge rooms and an abundance of boxwork, also. However, there was a little more decoration in the form of soda straws, stalagmites and "cave bacon".

Stagebarn Crystal Cave, a commercial cave operated by Richard Stohl, was very unique. At this cave we were warmly received by Richard in the parking lot. The cave tour was very unhurried and "laidback". As the name suggests, the decoration was pristinely crystalline. It was truly a "down home" commercial cave experience. The cave is still being explored and there is a large section of wild cave. Richard had made the wild sections of his cave available for cavers at the convention, however, only those who signed up early were fortunate enough to make the trip. We were not among the fortunate.

Crystal Cave was another commercial cave that was worth the trip. It is a rather small cave but highly decorated with crystal (what else?). The operators of this cave were quite hospitable and gave us information about some wild caves in the area.

The only wild cave adventure that we were able to arrange was a trip to Reeds Cave. Ed and David were the first of our group to see Reeds Cave and said it had been worthwhile. So on the last day of the convention, Donna, George, Christine and Kay descended into Reeds Cave. Reeds Cave is located in a quarry. The entrance to the cave is a boiler pipe about three feet in diameter (maybe smaller?). There is a ladder about thirty feet long welded inside of the pipe and another ladder about ten feet long at the end of the pipe to ease one into the entrance room of the cave.

From the entrance room it was possible to take the blue route or the orange route. (The local grotto had marked the trails for conventioners.) We planned to take the blue route because it was the shorter of the two and we were only going to stay 20 minutes (you've heard that before, I'm sure!). To make a long story short we stayed in the cave two hours or more. It was highly decorated with just about everything. (A more detailed report on Reeds Cave might be written later.) Reeds Cave was a highlight of the week and so was the lemonade that Bruce had for us when we returned to the Anderson van.

The awards banquet and closing extravaganza was held on Friday evening. The banquet was a "sit-down" dinner for all 1200 people who had attended the convention. Many awards were given to many deserving people. And then there was the extravaganza; a multi-media slide presentation of South Dakota caves, wildlife, cavers, aliens, and candid shots of the recent weeks happenings. The music was wonderful and the slides were entertaining.

Our thanks to all those South Dakotans who made our stay in the Black Hills more than pleasant.

ANOTHER GYP DAY IN NORTHWEST TEXAS
by Butch Fralia

DESTINATION: Capture Cave, Lady's Descent, and Riverside Cave, near Quanah, Texas.

DATE: August 27, 1988

PERSONNEL: Butch Fralia, Leigh Beth Looney, Jarvis Tousek and Ruinte Wilkinson.

How do you start a great day? Well, first, you wake up, get everyone together, then head out. This is what we did, and the following story tells about the Gyp day we had.

Jarvis had earlier requested help in completing a survey in what would hopefully be a dry weather connection between Lady's Descent Cave and Riverside Cave. Both caves end in a sump but the survey data indicates the nearby caves to have sumps which should connect. This was to be his big day. It was also a chance to see Beezley's Walkup Cave and a cave which is given little publicity due to highly delicate Gypsum Formations. In fact, this cave Little Crystal is kept closed with rocks piled at the entrance.

We loaded in the Speleo Trooper and neatly bypassing the "Hotter Than Hell" bicycle race, headed across country toward Quanah. Jarvis had an idea that much walking could be eliminated if we passed the Walkup property and went several miles further until we reached the Pease River. This time of year the river is very low and Jarvis thought that if the Speleo Trooper was willing, we could drive down-river to the caves.

We located the bridge, found a way into the river bed and headed down-river. The river was virtually dry with a nice sandy bed just wet enough to make for good driving. The small stream which was flowing could have been six inches deep in the deepest spots. This was my type of caving and "ridge driving."

There were many strange sights to see along the river including several machines of unknown origin or purpose. The only thing you can say about them is that due to their handiwork, they had to have been of this earth. We soon began passing majestic Gypsum cliffs which looked to be of the stuff caves are made of when sure enough we began to see many vadose tubes exiting the cliffs into the river. We made a note to check these later and continued on down river.

The ride soon became so enjoyable that we almost decided that disturbing the peace and beauty of the day with caving would be a crime. We stopped periodically to ridge walk, sight see, and examine

the many animal tracks in the river bed. Once large cat tracks were spotted which could only have been left by a cougar or mountain lion. These tracks were at least four inches across. We decided at this time that Quinta's Grand daughter Leigh Beth should be kept in sight at all times.

Eventually Quinta and Jarvis decided we had gone too far down river. They used the excuse that it'd been like four or five years since they'd walked to the river across pastures from the property we'd passed earlier. They'd never been down the river in a vehicle before. Seventeen miles down river they decided we'd better turn around.

Back tracking nine miles back up river, there suddenly appeared a set of cliffs which met the description I'd heard repeated for the last few hours. There was brush grown up in front of them but a dry creek bed marked a suspicious looking spot. Quinta leapt from the truck and soon returned jubilant that this was the spot. Well what the heck, you can't enjoy air conditioned four wheeling comfort all your life. Regretfully leaving the truck and stepping out into the hot weather, we walked up the creek bed and sure enough there was Riverside Cave, a resurgence entrance in the side of a tall gypsum cliff. Some two hundred feet further along the cliff side was Capture Cave.

Nothing would do now except to rig out in caving gear and get down to the purpose of the trip. Rigged out, we entered Riverside Cave, crawling into the wide resurgence entrance, we were soon in a room with ceilings at least 15 feet high. Following the passage on inward, we soon reached the sump. I asked for the statistics on the cave and was assured it was about nine hundred feet long. It had been so long since I had walked in a cave, I couldn't estimate distance in a walking cave.

At the sump, Jarvis looked down under a rock shelf then invited my appraisal. I looked and saw what looked to be about eighteen inches of gooey pudding like mud, covered with six inches of water then four to six inches of air space back as far as I thought I could see. I decided that survey would be impossible, traverse was questionable to impossible and since we were intending to do several other caves, I didn't want to be slimey just yet. We decided to leave

the sump to the blind (but not albino Catfish) we saw swimming there.

On the way out of the cave, we spotted a Bull Frog which had worked it's way into the cave. Jarvis and I got into a discussion about it's pedigree and finally decided that since Bull Frogs were usually green, this must be a heifer frog. The frog finally tired of the lights, the inane discussion and went hopping further back into the cave.

Leaving Riverside, we soon reached Capture Cave, approximately two hundred feet away. The entrance is a magnificent resurgence entrance opening into a large room. The only passage leading off the cave is a small vadose tube leading off from the ceiling. Jarvis and Quinta both told horror stories about having traversed the tube. I asked it was some kind of initiation to get my official Gypsum Caver's card but I was assured I was safe (especially since I was driving) for this trip and we exited the cave. The vadose tube is approximately 55 feet long and can be followed to the top of the gypsum bluffs where the water intake for the small cave is.

We left Capture and continued on to Lady's descent. Following an old cow trail to the top of the hill, we carried a cable ladder in deference to six year old Leigh Beth. Reaching the cave, I saw a draw which ends in a sink some twenty feet deep. The walls are sheer and climbable only by Spider Man or Jim Goodbar, depending on who get's there first.

Jarvis rigged the Cable Ladder then He, Leigh Beth and I went down. Quinta choose to remain on the surface lest she be further affected by the heat which was getting to all of us. We got down and began to crawl around a pile of breakdown rocks toward the cave entrance. This crawl entrance soon opened into a large passage which had ceilings some fifteen to twenty feet tall. We followed the passage occasionally noting fresh bat guano. Jarvis soon began reporting hearing bats as we neared a turn in the passage. Turning the corner we were immediately met by a swarm of bats which were in such a frenzy to get out, they kept banging into us and sometimes clinging to clothing which made a great impression on Leigh Beth. The bats looked like the typical Mexican Brown Bat, except they had grey fur. Looking at the swarm, the

number of bats on the ceiling and walls, the estimates of the bat population kept rising to something greater than twenty thousand bats. We finally got through the bat room, entered a wide belly crawl for a short distance before reaching a hands and knees crawl. Soon we were stoop walking then walking and suddenly the cave ended in a water passage.

Examining the water passage, bats were observed flying back into it for some distance, blind catfish were observed swimming in the water and all was at peace with the world, except that once again we opted to bypass the sump.

Returning to the exit, Leigh Beth suddenly screamed at the top of her lungs something about we'd told her there weren't any snakes in caves. Well we'd lied, there was this snake some 900 feet back in this 1100 foot cave, crawling along just happy as you please. It was about five feet long with brown squares on a silvery looking body. The head couldn't be seen clearly to determine if it were poisonous. It continued on in the cave while we made our way out explaining to Leigh Beth, what a miracle she'd seen, something that few people ever experience. In her six year old wisdom, she explained she'd be happy to bypass the experience in favor of someone else. On reaching the walking passage, we again stirred up a bat flight and hastily exited.

At the surface, bats were swarming outside the entrance, landing on shelves and generally protesting our presence. I wasn't taken with this particular species since most Mexican Browns and Free Tails tend to like to be petted while these were somewhat hostile about the whole thing.

- Back on the surface, cable ladder de-rigged and heading toward the Trooper, Jarvis and Quinta related as how they really hadn't been to these caves in some five or six years and had never found bats in them before. They further told of an experience from about four years ago, the Wichita Falls Cavers had come upon a group of teenagers coming out of Beezley's Cave with spray cans of gasoline, bragging of torching a huge hoard of killer bats. The Wichita Falls People, true cavers they are, didn't quite lynch the offenders but it's unlikely they'll even want to discuss bats again in this lifetime. Since this occurrence, there had been only a few bats

spotted in Beezley's which likely had a population of 40,000 bats. They had only found several thousand carcasses after the torching indicating all the bats weren't killed but had definitely flown the coop. Well, they think the mystery may now be solved.

Back at the car, a vote was taken, and a swim at nearby Copper Breaks State Park was mandated, this ended caving. I won't bore you with how the swim didn't work out, we did get showers but spent some four and one half hours changing a three inch piece of heater hose which split out. Our grateful thanks to the Park Superintendent Bell, who had tools we didn't have with us. Thanks to Leigh Beth, Jarvis and Quinta for their assistance, endurance, and patience while listening to an old sailor practice forgotten dialog. No Thanks to Jack Williams Chevrolet Mechanics who last rebuilt the trooper engine (on it's last disaster) and didn't change the hose while the engine was torn down (every other hose and belt was changed). The hose is located in such a place that in normal times, you remove the battery, air conditioning system, radiator, fan belts, etc. When in the wild, you remove nothing, perform miracles, jury rig and do the best you can.

HARD ROCK CAVE
by Lisa Johnson

DESTINATION: Hardrock Cave, Murrey County, OK.

DATES: August 20, 1988

PERSONNEL: Mike Cagle, Corky Corcoran, Steve Dalton, Dale Ellison, Butch Fralia, Lisa Johnson, Leigh Beth Looney, Joe Ben Pruitt, Dennis Thompson, Quinta Wilkinson and about two too many dogs.

I knew I was in for an exciting weekend when I was told that all I needed was my clothes, my cooler, and my imagination. Being a first time caver I really didn't know what to expect. By the time we pulled into Sparks Ranch and I was initiated by drinking out of the Sulphur Spring, I had heard all kinds of stories about caving. I also learned that bats and tequila have something in common and that bats don't have big teeth.

After driving for what seemed like miles across

the beautiful rolling hills and hearing about all the wild creatures we were going to be camping with, we arrived at the campsite. Although I was threatened with having to camp where ever the camper got stuck, I was still looking forward to the weekend. We set up tents by the creek and then were on our way to Hard Rock Cave.

We arrived at the rocky entrance that was hidden in the trees and peered down into the small dark slit that we were going to crawl into. We proceeded to put on our cave gear, which seemed awkward, then threw a few rocks down the hole to scare away the snakes, then wiggled down into a place where no other normal human being would ever think of going. After crawling over a few rocks and turning to have a look around, the only words that came out of my mouth were "Wow - this is wild!" I could never imagine that this is how it looked on the other side of that hole. As we proceeded on our way, I was amazed at the beauty hidden away underneath the surface of the earth - here, for anyone brave and adventurous enough to come see. It was hard to imagine the immense force it took to wear away this cavity and at the same time make such beautiful carvings on the walls. There was detail of water rushing past and carving it's story and of time wearing on and making a masterpiece for the appreciative to see.

As Dale and Corky explained all the formations to me including the bacon, the snake, and the pig's tits, I could see the undisturbed time that went by here in the dark as the rest of the world rushed by. Even the small creatures that called this cool, humid, and musty place home were interesting. The crickets, whose camouflage was colorless, and the beetles were probably shocked as we followed them with our lights. We even scared up a bat.

The cave changed along the way; sometimes it was muddy, sometimes graveled. It was tall at places with passages that might go on and only wide enough to crawl through at places. We were stopped at the bottom of the cave by a pool of water. We sat down to look at the clear water. The reflections off the water showed underneath the cliffs overhanging the pool. Every once in a while a drop of water would form overhead and splash in the silence into the water leaving wide rings. This water seemed to be so clean and pure and a gift of the earth. I sat there watching steam rise from my body and wondered

what could be beyond the cliffs and pool that ended our journey.

We turned off our lights to experience the total darkness and silence. I had a feeling of peace and serenity as we sat there 80 feet underground in the dark. This is when it was explained to me to always carry three sources of light - and Cheeto's count!!

As we climbed back up, I saw different things. There was so much to see that was being re-molded everyday. We climbed back up the rocky entrance and into the heat. I sat there on a boulder thinking about the new uncharted world below. I could understand how you could get hooked on caving. The exciting feeling of seeing something for the first time that no one else has seen and the great feeling of accomplishment could get anyone hooked! There is a special quality in cavers - a sense of unity, trusting and appreciation of natural beauty. In the words of Dale Ellison -- It doesn't get any better than this!

OILFIELD TRASH PRESS GOES OUT OF BUSINESS

by Butch Fralia

After nearly two years of reliable service the Oilfield Trash Press, Inc. has gone out of business, never to return again. Fortunately printing for this issue can be kept in the Republic of Texas. Our thanks to Danny Sherrod for picking up the slack on very short notice.

CANDIDATES FOR 1989 NEWSLETTER EDITOR AND GROTTO SECRETARY COME FORWARD

by Butch Fralia

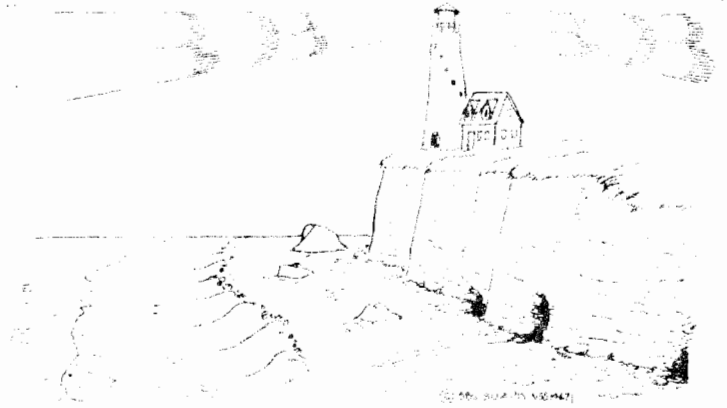
After the editorial in the August Bull, David and Shari Finrock came forward and announced they were really out there and they will be willing to edit the Bull for 1989. After much hugging and thanks, I volunteered to assist by keeping a steady supply of articles available.

The Finrock's will use a Commodore 64 Computer for the newsletter. It will be in a different format than the current Bull but at least it will continue.

I'm assuming they'll run uncontested so thanks David and Shari, you're life savers!!!!!!

BOB & BOB

"Cavers Serving Cavers"



- ASCENDERS
- BLUEWATER II
- BOOKS
- CANVAS GRIP
- CARABINERS
- CMI
- DESCENDERS
- ELECTRIC LIGHTS
- GIBBS
- HARD HATS

- JUMARS
- KNEE PADS
- PACKS
- PMI ROPE
- PREMIER LAMPS
- RACKS

- REPAIR PARTS
- SHOCK CORD
- SLINGS
- SURVEY TAPES
- T-SHIRTS
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