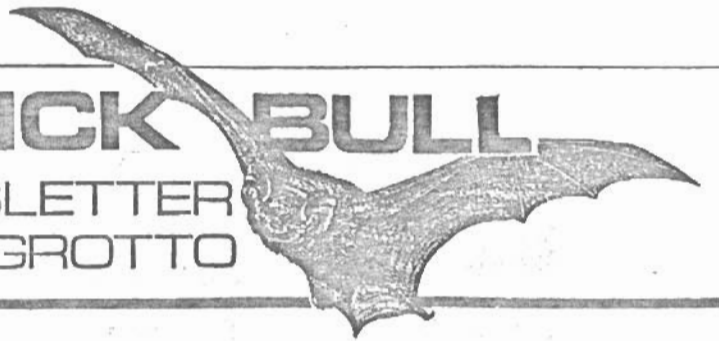


THE MAVERICK BULL

THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER
OF THE MAVERICK GROTTO



NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



CAUTION: UNTRAINED EDITOR'S ISSUE #2. MAY 1991.

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THE MAVERICK BULL is the monthly newsletter of the MAVERICK GROTTO, an internal organization of the National Speleological Society (NSS 6-322). The editor invites all individuals and other grottos to submit articles, news, maps, cartoons, art and photograph. If the material is to be returned, a self-addressed, stamped envelope should accompany it.

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EXCHANGES: THE MAVERICK GROTTO, will exchange newsletters with other grottos. Contact the editor.

COMPLIMENTARY NEWSLETTERS: THE MAVERICK GROTTO will provide complimentary newsletters to persons or organizations who provide cave access (i.e. landowners) or otherwise provide assistance to cavers. THE MAVERICK GROTTO will also provide three free issues to persons interested in becoming 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 East Lancaster, Fort Worth. It is a little less than one mile west of Loop 820 and next door to a K-MART. The time is 7:00 P.M., and the food is good.

CARBIDE: Grotto carbide is available at the meeting on the even numbered months. The carbide is free to all members and is sold to others at the price of 50 cents a pound. Anyone needing carbide at other times should contact Vice-Chairman Bruce Anderson to arrange for pick up.

VERTICAL BEAR BEHIND: We have made arrangements with Gary Griffin to sew vertical rigs. He will do this by appointment while you are there. You need to have the items cut out and know how you want it sewn. You can contact Gary at (817) 282-2812. If anyone needs assistance in cutting out items call Vice-Chairman Bruce Anderson and he will attempt to help.

COVER: Bruce Anderson exiting Berry Cave in Missouri, September, 1989, more about it later.

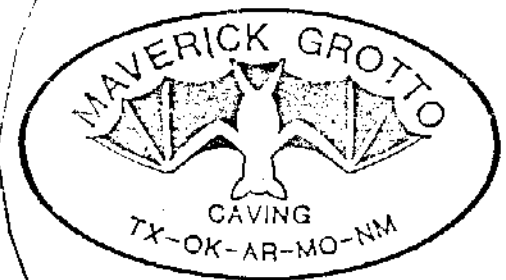
Chairman: Dale Ellison
1208 Dan Gould Rd.
Arlington, Texas 76017
(817) 473-0463

Vice-Chairman: Bruce Anderson
504 Kimbrough
Fort Worth, Texas 76108
(817) 246-6313

Treasurer: Jimmy Thomas
3705 Bluebonnet Circle
Weatherford, Texas 76087
(817) 599-8278

Editor/
Secretary: Dale Ellison (Temp.)

CAVE RESCUE: Call Collect (512) 696-0234



Cowabunga Dude!

April Meeting_Maverick grotto, 91

Greetings to all my caving friends. Dale Ellison here. I,m BACK. You have been duly warned and have a few moments to finish your paper work, put your shoes on and run away! Just teasing as I know better to publish my mind with so few paying customers. Besides The Bull is a respectable publication. B

Dale Ellison opened the meeting by singing solo the Star Spangle Banner. Just teasing again, but if you wasn,t there you would have believed it. Gracing our meeting were two visitors, Tracy and Mary. Now that you have the first MEETING over with, I hope we all will see you around more often.

Earnest Parker,s second weekend on the Rappelling Course. May 4-5. Course is \$25.00. I won,t go into detail about that now because I,ll give this to Bruce and Donna to reproduce and have in the mail Sunday ~~and~~ this event will be ~~for history~~. ON THOSE DATES
OVER.

New cave at Colorado Bend State Park at Bend, Texas. Discovered by Wolciech & Rafal Kedzierski. They said that it could be called Polish cave. They stated that they dug on a sink hole 15 yards from the parking lot. Thus far, 169 ft. and still going in depth It is on the fault as Gorman. As the Editor understands, this is verticle consisting of two pits at 85 feet. ^{each} The bottom is mudfilled with many leads, nice corridor. They proudly reported 80 % Humidity and 21% Oxygen. Excellant work you guys!

Rites of Spring Party-May 11-12 at the M& W Ranch. As reported to me, with a straight face, Hot Tub and Sauna (Right Steve?) Mavericks budget agreement with Dfw Grotto is half on Keg Beer and half of the Fajita Meat. Every body else bring a dish or fixins of some sort. Call Cave Dave McClung if you need help figuring out if you need to bring something or not and what it might be.

Joe Giddens also announced that he now wears tinted contacts, Opps, teasing again, It has been a long time since we all saw Joe Giddens in person. He showed up after the start of the meeting. Joc knows how to make his presents known, makes me want to hug his neck! He offered to assist in the production of the news letter in which I truly do appreciate, but I personally think it would be too far for you to drive from Camden, Arkansas each month. Teasin Joe. Good to see you again. Don,t let it be so long next time.

TSA Spring Regional Meeting was April 26-28, 1991.

Colorado Bend State Park --May 10-12, 91. Contacts are Butch Fralia, (817-346-2039; Terry Holsinger, (512-445-7340; or Keith Heuss, (512-462-9574.

Vertical Practice Session. Barton Creek Cliffs-Austin--May 12 or 19, 1991. My or should I say, the Grottos copy of the Bexar Facts , Had at one time ^{in the} past, high water in the creek and had to be cancelled. To know more about the cliffs with an undercut below a highwall, 70 feet. Contact Oren Tranbarger, San Antonio area code 522-2710 (0) or (area code)-349-0208.

Midnight Cave, May 1991. Contact Randy Waters (Same A/C as Oren, 522-3808 office or 342-2729 home, for more info on what is considered one of the most highly decorated caves in Texas. Numbers of folks are limited.

Southwestern Region Regional, May 25-27, 1991. Contact Linda Starr, (505-873-2703.

Honey Creek, May 1991, contact Kurt Menking, 824-7230.

Emerald Sink, May 1991, perhaps May 11 or 18. Verticle work. Its near Langtry west of Del Rio. Frank Hall will be trip leader. Contact Oren Tranbarger or Frank Hall, 512-869-0119.

There are so many trips and my fingers are rusted so I,ll just give vital info.

Gypkap Trip, --Roadrunner, Mile High, Merritt Ranches, June 15-16, 1991, Dave Belski, 505-885-6168.

Carlsbad Caverns Restoration, June 17-21, 1991. Contact Dick Venters, CCRP Coordinator, 410 Stallion Road, Rio Rancho, New Mexico, 87124-2326, (505-892-7370.

Guad Trip, June 18-23, Oren Tranbarger.

Powell's Cave, June 21-23, Terry Holsinger, 512-445-7340.

New Mexico, Memorial Weekend, Bruce Anderson.

Steve Jung has moved to San Antonio , in with his brother. Speaking from all the Maverick gang, we are sad to see you go after a brief time. Steve gave me his new adress when Arlene and I was helping him pack. 571 Artemis, San Antonio, Texas 78218.

Well, I guess I,m done for this month. Remember you can still volunteer Sec/Editor services. Oh, I almost forgot, the cover of this news letter is a picture of a painting of Bruce done in Acrylics by yours truly, Dale. Its my 6th picture. Good huh.

Next month, unless something changes, How to get raised relief maps ~~at~~ (topo size) ~~to~~ to hang on the wall, and,...How to remove seed ticks with DUCK TAPE.

Buttercup Creek Cave Revisited

Alvis Hill

Its Sunday afternoon, my helmet's soaking in the sink, and its real tempting to take a nap. But no, I've decided that I need to write this down while I'm still feeling this trip. The fingers are tender and stiff, but here goes nothing...

If good cavers go to Heaven, I have discovered where the others go.

Buttercup Creek Cave.

Last fall, I described a caving trip that Bill Larson and I made to one of his finds in Williamson Co., a neat cave with nice water passage and an abundance of delicate soda straws. We turned around in going passage due to lack of time. Since then, the cave has been dubbed Buttercup Creek Cave. It currently boasts 2000' feet of surveyed passage and is still going. Bill had kept me posted on the progress in the cave, and now I had the opportunity to return with him. He wanted to push the main passage, which he said was partially obstructed. Indications were that there was a pit on the other side of the obstruction, and today we hoped to find out.

The trip to the cave was uneventful. We arrived at the site and quickly removed the plywood which concealed the entrance. The squeeze at the bottom of the entrance pit seemed easier to negotiate this time, although the slide through "The White Jaws of Death" was just as challenging as before. We made our way through the twisting, low scramble which brought us to the main water passage. Sloshing through the stoopwalk, we found ourselves in anywhere from two to four feet of water, which seemed strangely warmer than last summer. We moved through walking passage, and past the cluster of soda straws that I had admired on the earlier trip. So far, so good.

We were now in territory that was unfamiliar to me. Bill mentioned a change in geology, noting that we now seemed to be following a fault line. The passage became drier as the water gushed through a hole in the floor, producing an eerie reverberation. We were crawling again, this time not over clean rocks but through clay. Our wet clothing provided a nice slippery surface, and the going wasn't too bad.

At last, we reached the "home stretch". This last section had been hand-dug through the clay, and was very tight. Bill took the lead, and we inched ahead on "toes and bows". He had named this section the "Hershey Crawl". The gook did remind me of the chocolate I see at the candy factory where I work.

Presently, Bill stopped and moved to the side so I could squirm up beside him. Just ahead of us was a pit larger than anything I had seen in the cave. Between us and the pit was a rock lip that was "just a little too tight". A few quick raps with Bill's hammer and chisel liberated us, and we squeezed onto a ledge overlooking the "pit", which actually was a large room. A rope was necessary, so we crawled thirty feet back up the passage find an anchor. Squeezing into our muddy gear was rough, but virgin passage urged us on.

The room was very large by Williamson Co. standards, probably sixty feet in diameter with a thirty foot ceiling. We were greeted by a massive, carmel-colored flowstone cascading alongside a huge breakdown pile. Picking our way through the breakdown, we surveyed the area for more passage. Bill moved some rock from a low spot and saw what appeared to be a promising lead, but elected to save it for a later date. It was time to head out.

After making the quick ascent, we struggled to get the muddy gear off. I noticed that the drier my clothes got, the goopier I became. We worked our way back through the belly crawl, struggling to haul our gear. I realized with alarm that I was getting bogged down in the clay!

"Ok, guy, get a grip. You've worked your way through plenty of crawls before. Just take your time and you'll be fine." I dug in, face down in the mud, and tried to push my rope and pack ahead of me. Here was this passage, maybe 10 inches high, and I couldn't go anywhere! For the first time in my caving experience, I had a real panic attack. Wild thoughts raced through my head. Up ahead, Bill was having some trouble too, though not as much as me. What if we couldn't get out? Very few cavers knew our location, and a rescue would be very hard to pull off in this tiny hole. In desperation, I shoved my coil of rope aside in hopes that I might be able to manuver better. Slowly, we inched ahead. After what seemed like an eternity, we rolled out of the crawl and sat upright, catching our breath.

And of course we eventually got out, although minus one rope. I emerged feeling numb and disoriented, wondering if I would ever want to enter a cave again.

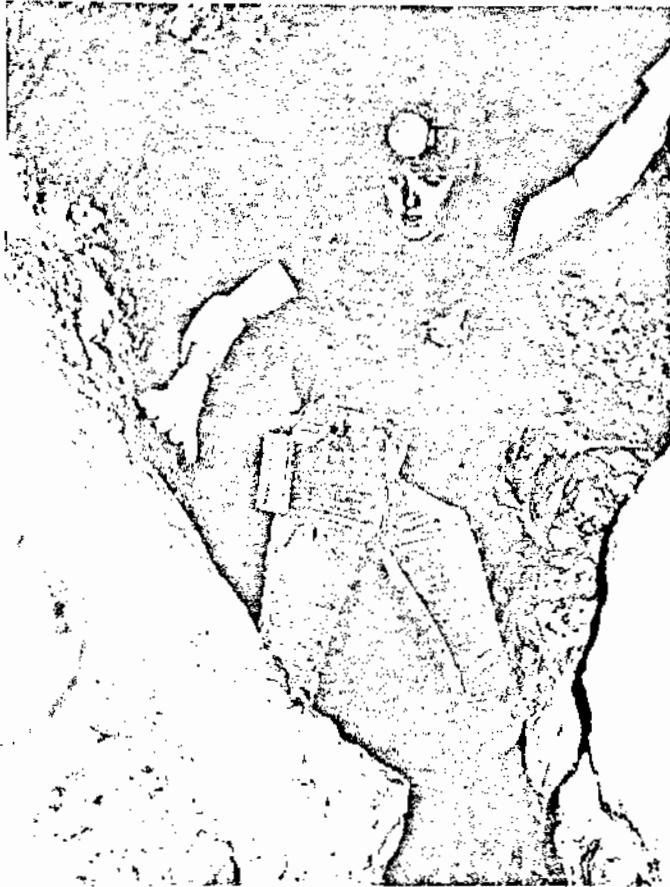
OK, big deal. Guy wimps out in a cave. But think about it for a minute. Have you ever caved to the point that you thought it was going to beat you? My response in that tight passage caused me to reevaluate my abilities as a caver.

Will I ever be mentally tough enough to handle a "real" cave like Lechuguilla, or should I be content to piddle around in little grodcholes forever? I honestly don't know.

Will I ever be a "serious" caver, or am I a terminal spelunker? Hopefully, I can convince my self someday.

Will I ever get the nerve to return to Buttercup Creek Cave?

No problem.



Dawn Hill negotiates a chimney at Langtry Lead Cave. Photo by Alvis Hill.

Alvis
Thanks Alvi for the trip report. It certainly came in handy,...
and I didn,t have to type it!!!!!!!!!!!! 1 To all others
that has submitted material to the BULL, thanks. I will try
to give you your just rewards. And thats not supposed to sound
negative. From now untill the bottom of the page, I, Dale
Ellison, will try to fill up the rest of this page with describing
my thoughts, in living color, as I can, how to give a melted butter rub do

SORRY
RAN OUT OF
PAGE TOO SOON.



"Do you know me? I have to deal with lions, wolves, and saber-toothed tigers. . . . That's why I carry one of *these*."

