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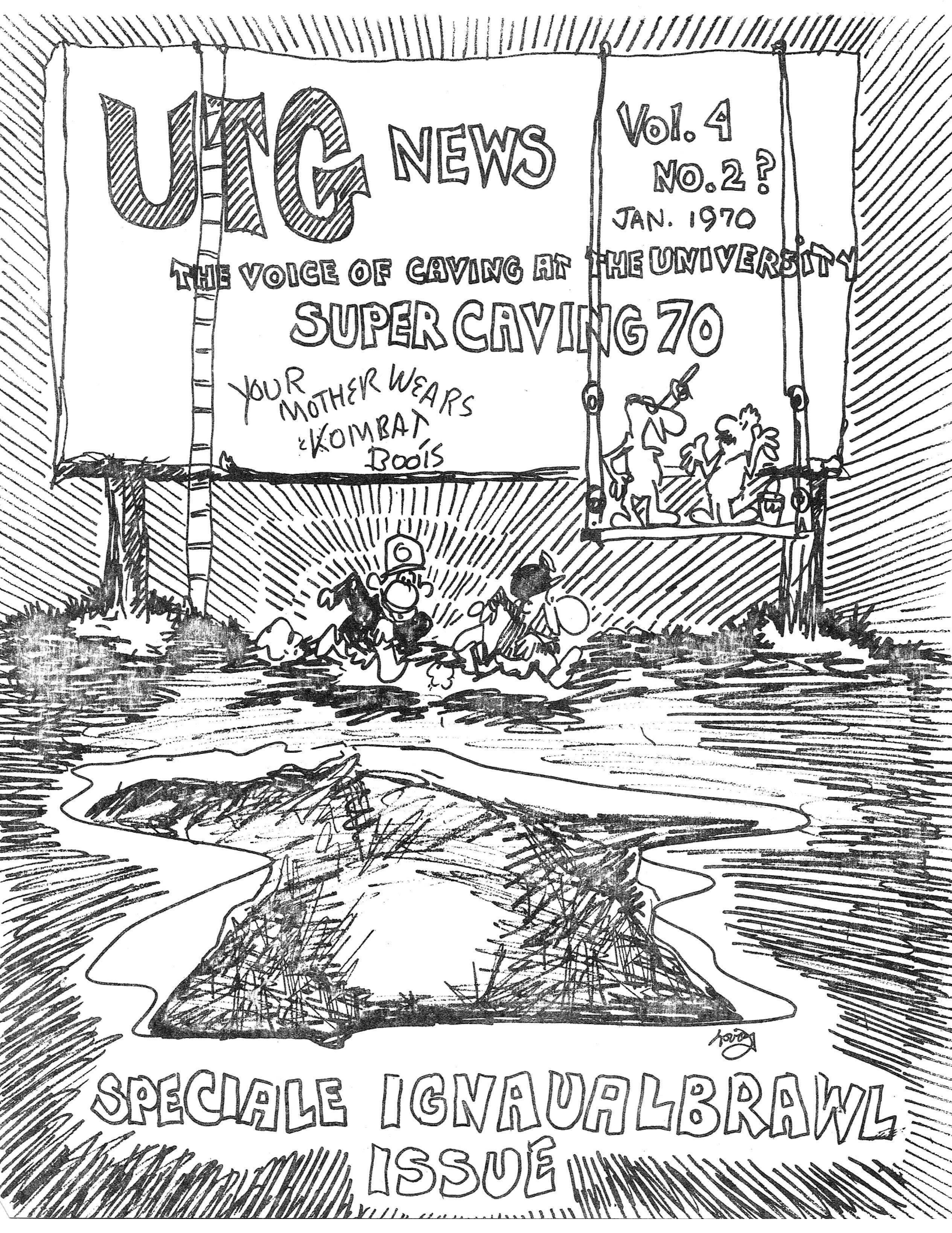
THE VOICE OF CAVING AT THE UNIVERSITY

SUPER CAVING 70

YOUR MOTHER WEARS KOMBAT BOOTS



SPECIALE IGNAUALBRAWL ISSUE

NEWSLETTER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
TEXAS STUDENT GROTTO

January, 1970

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THE DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION OF SÓTANO DE CABALLO MORO

by Bill Russell

Sótano de Caballo Moro is one of the many new Mexican pits discovered from the air on two trips directed by Dr. Robert Mitchell of Texas Tech University at Lubbock. Dr. Mitchell is interested in cave biology, especially blind fish, and has been conducting an areal survey of the Cd. Valles, S. L. P. to Cd. Mante, Tamps., area to locate new caves and to study the relation between known caves. The first flights covered the Sierra de El Abra and the area as far southwest as Sótano de las Golondrinas, Tamapatz, S. L. P., and La Parada, Qro. During the summer [June] of 1969 a second series of flights was planned to cover the northern Sierra de El Abra in detail, and to extend northward into the Sierra de Guatemala. The party was composed of Dr. Richard Albert, a surgeon from Alice, Texas, who piloted the plane, Bill Russell, the usual observer and notetaker; Dr. Mitchell, the coordinator and areal photographer; and several other cavers and biologists formed a ground crew to try to locate and explore caves found from the air. Money for flying was provided from grants to Dr. Mitchell by the International Commission for Arid and Semi-Arid Land Studies (ICASALS) and the American Philosophical Society.

The second series of flights began during the early summer of 1969 from the landing field at the Hotel Covadonga, Valles. After photographic and geologic reconnaissance of problem areas near the hotel, a flight was planned north into the relatively unknown Sierra de Guatemala. The country here is extremely rugged, with karst pinnacles protruding through the highest treetops. The first flight covered the area surrounding Bee Cave (Sótano de las Abejas) and the relatively low area to the north and west. Any caves in this area would be potential fish caves, as it was only a few hundred feet to water, while further north the mountains were much higher. Any caves in the high mountains would require a week to reach and the ground water level would be over a thousand feet below the surface. A promising small pit was located just northeast of Bee Cave in a large area of karren. North of this pit the land rose and the search was directed west toward the base of a large series of cliffs that form the east edge of the Sierra Nícolas Pérez. In this area the jungle has a fuzzy appearance from above where the large bamboo plants have grown above the treetops. The high cliffs forced the plane southward, and just before reaching the end of the Sierra we sighted a large green hole [Sótano Verde]. This was not a regular sótano, but a funnel-shaped pit several hundred feet

wide at the top and sloping steeply downward under an overhanging northwest wall. The pit appeared to go but it was difficult to be sure, and several flights across the pit revealed only green jungle. Even without a definite cave entrance, it seemed worthwhile to locate the pit on the ground, and we made careful notes on how to reach the lip of the pit, fortunately only a mile from the edge of the mountain.

The pit was much discussed among the cavers gathered at Mante, and became known informally as Sótano Verde, the green pit; but as it was far north of Mante and time was limited, it was decided not to visit the pit on this trip. After the last day of regular flying Dr. Albert left to fly back to Texas with two cavers, his son Tom and Don Broussard. Several cavers were at the airfield to see them off despite the heat-- the thermometer at the hotel (in the shade) read 40 degrees Centigrade, which is hot even for Valles. The plane bounced down the runway, barely cleared the orange trees at the end of the runway, and left for Texas. On the way back they flew over Sótano Verde and crossing the pit at just the right angle were able to see a deep fissure at the bottom of the green slope. The cavers then turned northwest toward Texas, but failed to clear a ridge extending south from the main sierra, and crashed into the jungle. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, and the three-day trek back to civilization is another story.

Encouraged by the report of the black fissure, cavers began their attempts to reach the pit. Bill Elliott, Don Broussard, Jim McIntire first reached the area later in the summer and discovered Cueva de los Misioneros on the road to the pit, but ran out of time before locating the pit. Then a group of Austin cavers, TR and Janie Evans, Bill and Carol Russell, Ron Rossburg and Louis Hembry visited the area to find the pit over Thanksgiving. Though time was limited the group had high hopes of locating it, especially as Bill Russell had drawn the map to the cave, and if he could not follow his own map it would cast serious doubts on the science of geography. Thanksgiving vacation arrived cloudy and rainy in Texas and stayed that way to the Sierra de Guatemala. Despite the clouds and fog we located the pit and made plans for exploration the next day. But rain in the night convinced us to play safe and move the car near pavement, so we abandoned plans for exploring. The lip of the fissure or pit proper was difficult to approach, as it was necessary to descend a slope of about 40 degrees, covered with loose rocks for the last 400 feet. At the base of this slope the fissure extended roughly east-west and dropped an estimated 150 feet. The fissure ended toward the east but continued into the mountain under an overhang on the west side.

Disappointed at not being able to enter the pit, we immediately planned a new trip for Christmas.

Christmas vacation began encouragingly bright and clear, as a group composed of TR Evans, Ron Rossburg, Bill Russell, Walter Gersh, Howard Crow, and Ernest Garza, an ex-Texas caver from California, left for Mexico. The group reached the pit with little trouble, rigged with an expansion bolt driven in at the edge of the drop. Ernest was chosen for the honor *of* seeing if the rope was long enough, since he had come the farthest. He reported that the rope was just barely long enough and that the cave appeared to go. In a few moments the entire group, including a local rancher from the base of the mountain who had walked up with us, was gathered at the bottom of the fissure. The fissure widened to the west and the floor sloped steeply downward into a deep lake. At first the lake appeared to have only dark-colored outside-type fish, but then there appeared a few white ones, which we frantically tried to catch by putting a pack with a little food in it into the water. We hoped the fish would swim into the pack and we could catch them, but this proved futile and we finally caught four by swimming after them with a tee shirt as a net. Meanwhile the rest of the group had crossed a narrow ledge on the north side of the lake. The lake is 65 feet wide and about 150 feet long, with a high ceiling, faint light reaching only the east end, the west end being in almost total darkness. Looking up from the lake presents a pleasant view outward and up 200 feet to the top of the fissure fringed with trees that overhang from the top of the depression some 200 feet higher still.

Across the lake were several crawlways, a short walking passage, a small pit, and, reachable by swimming around a protruding wall, a water passage. The passage had a low clearance and current flowing into it, such that it seemed prudent not to swim down the passage, as it might have proven impossible to return a long distance against the current. We decided to return on another trip with flotation gear and rope, and reluctantly left the pit. The rancher made it out with the best of us.

Tom Albert, his father and brother visited the pit but lacked rope to descend, and Ernest Garza returned to the area but was unable to locate the pit in the time available. The next to return was Dr. Mitchell with a group of 11 cavers and biologists [Jan. 1970]. They came mainly to observe the fish, and the group was so large that no time was available for exploration. The cave was rigged with two ropes tied to trees as a hanger was not available for the expansion bolt. Two 200 foot ropes were

rigged, one tied to a tree about 30 feet above the lip of the fissure and the other tied to a tree about 30 feet higher up the slope in order that the ropes should hang separately and not tangle. Russell Harmon and Suzanne Fowler started down into the pit and near the bottom Russell stopped on a ledge to unsnarl the ropes--despite our efforts, they had twisted together, though not badly. Russell untwisted the ropes only to discover that he held the end of the rope in his hand. This was a discouraging realization, as he had planned to rappell on down without stopping. The rope was re-rigged to reach the bottom--the problem arose because Bill Russell had thought the rope used on the first trip was 120 feet long, reaching the bottom with 2 feet of slack, but the rope was actually 175 feet. Always check even if you know it will reach... The water passage still needs exploration, and could continue for miles or siphon quickly.[Note: Bill Elliott rappelled to the bottom and tried to cross the lake, but the tube was too small.] The end of the summer just before the rainy season is the best time to explore this passage, as the water is lowest and the current slowest. If this passage continues a long distance, it will be an interesting challenge to the tired cavers trying to return upstream. The highest water level visible is about 50 feet above the ceiling of the water passage.

Sótano de Caballo Moro is only one of the many new caves discovered from the air and some of the more promising have yet to be reached on the ground. As the blind fish are in Bee Cave and Sótano de Caballo Moro and both are well into the Sierra de Guatemala, there is no natural barrier to their extending northward beyond the Rio Guayalejo, 50 kilometers to the north. Much remains to be yet accomplished in this area.

* * *

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December, 1969

Dear Fellow Caver;

The TEXAS CAVER is currently undergoing a period of change. A completely new staff will now publish the CAVER, and we need the information on the reverse side of this card as soon as possible. We must have this information on file in order to qualify for a 2nd class postage permit. This permit will save the CAVER well over $100.00 annually in postal expenses and will allow us to use the extra money to bring you a better, larger CAVER. Do not delay!

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REMAINS by Rex M. Lambert

Wordsworth said, or was it Coleridge,
In verse of ancient, English origin,
That memories are sweeter than experience,
That time the painful moments dim.

Memories of mountains, meadows, and canyonlands, Of
streams, lacy shores, of shifting sand,
Of sweet and scented air finely fanned,
Across a wild and wondrous, lovely land.

Memories of frosty fingers and feet,
Of burning thirst and parched throat,
Of rope burns, bodies tired and beat,
And heavy hardware, ponderous packs to tote.

To climb, to conquer, to fulfil and attain,
To climb, to fail and falter, without gain,
And memories soon fade, of suffering and pain,
Nostalgia and silent stupor, the lonely remains.

Reprinted without permission from Summit, a mountaineering magazine. Contributed by Don Broussard.

* * *

CALL FOR PAPERS AND TALKS

The following announcement was received by the club from Russ Harmon, vice-chairman of the TSA:

Papers and talks are hereby solicited for the Texas Speleological Association annual convention to be held in San Marcos at Southwest Texas State College on April 11, 1970.

Abstracts for papers of a scientific nature and summaries for talks of a general nature should be received no later than March 16, 1970, in order to be included in the program. Abstracts and summaries will be printed as an official TSA publication if the program is complete by March 16. Otherwise they will appear in the April issue of the "Texas Caver."

Abstracts and summaries should be sent to:

Russell Harmon
Box 58534
Houston, Texas 77058

A STUDY OF SEXUAL BEHAVIOR ON CAVING TRIPS

by Dr. Hugh Chardon, M. D.

For most cavers (Joe Cepeda excepted) the weight of food to be carried hiking is excessive. Solutions to the weight problem include: 1) carrying freeze-dried foods, 2) eating off the land (includes theft of food from Mexicans), 3) fasting, and 4) cannibalism. Only the first of these will be considered here.

Most foods contain 70-90% water. One way to eliminate this water, without harming the cellular structure of the food, is to first rapidly freeze the food and then put it in a vacuum chamber to cause the ice to sublime (evaporate). Most commercial operations use some form of heating, such as infrared radiation or microwave heating, in order to speed the latter stages of the sublimation. The end result is a chunk (or pow- der) that is very porous and light, but approximately the ori- ginal size. To regenerate it, you just put it in water, for a couple of seconds or minutes.

Apparently, most any food can be freeze-dried. Milk cannot. Lemon and lime juices come out looking bad, but tasting OK. Raw meats can be freeze-dried. Raw ground beef, pork, and lamb, with some fat for flavor, work best. Thin steaks also work. So do oysters, clams, and fish fillets. Many vegetables can be freeze-dried.

Freeze-dried foods must be protected from oxygen and water. The best thing to do is to rapidly seal them in a container that you have squirted dry nitrogen into. Plastic bags, sealed with a warm iron, will preserve food for some months. If the food is dried enough (to 0. 55 water) and properly sealed (like in foil), it should last at least one year on the shelf or many years in a refrigerator.

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(All above magazines are in the A.C.)

Contributed by Miles Abernathy

HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE SIERRA DE GUATEMALA

by Tom Albert

June 2, 1969: An aerial inspection of the El Abra range and surrounding area having been completed, the rented Cessna 172 was ready to depart. Dr. Richard CL Albert, pilot, his son Tom Albert and Don Broussard bid goodbye to their friends and got on board, anticipating a pleasant five hour trip back to Kingsville, Texas. The plane then took off for the last time from the airstrip of the Hotel Covadonga, south of Ciudad Valles, S. L. P.

The passengers' enjoyed a close aerial view of a number of familiar caves on their trip north: old favorites such as Los Sabinos, Tigre, and Arroyo as well as the more recently discovered Yerbaniz, Matepalma, and Japonés, along with the then new trio of Jos, Palma Seca, and Piedra. Cruising above the El Abra as far north as Mante, they thrilled to the sight of the flat jungle-covered surface of the old reef, pock-marked by large sinks and seemingly bottomless pits. Near Ciudad Mante, they turned northwest, flying over Bee Cave and what has since been learned to be Sótano de Caballo Moro. Continuing northwest into the Si- erra de Guatemala, they left behind all sign of civilization and saw below them only vast stretches of cloud forest, broken only by intermittent patches of bamboo, their feathered tops waving in the breeze.

The plane was climbing more steeply than anyone realized, and when it became necessary to increase the angle of climb still further to remain above the smallish mountains which were beginning to surround them, the plane could do no more. Ang- ling southward to avoid direct impact with the mountain which lay ahead, the plane almost cleared a saddle which connected two peaks. But the tricycle landing gear dragged through the treetops at the top of the ridge, causing the plane to lose air speed and begin falling. The plane fell roughly paralleling the downward slope of the ridge, until it went to pieces in the trees.

Remarkably, the passengers emerged unscathed, except for Tomás. He received a slight scalp wound, and a cut under the left eye, probably from being hit by windshield fragments. Upon his return to Alice, four days later, he received four- teen stitches in the cut under his eye. After photographing the wreckage and each other, the survivors began the long trek out. The machete which Don happened to have bought be-

fore takeoff soon became their most cherished possession. In places the undergrowth was so thick it was necessary to crawl on hands and knees. Navigation was by compass.

June 3: Late in the afternoon they began to notice old machete cuts on the trees. These began to become more frequent as well as more recent, and they found themselves on an old regrown trail. Following this, they arrived at the Ejido (a com- munity in which people may work land which they can never own for as long as they wish to live on it) de la Joya de Las Manantiales, 12 miles by jeep trail from Chamal, Tamps.
Here they were well received by the people, who gave gene- rously of the best that they had: tortillas with hot sauce. Don considers this to be the first real food encountered after the crash.

June 4: From Joya de Las Manantiales they walked to Chamal. From Chamal they went by bus to Matamoros, where they were detained about an hour by Matamoros police. After being es- corted to the border, they hitchhiked to Alice, arriving at the home of Dr. Albert around noon, June 5.

A detailed account of the exodus from the plane will be forthcoming.

* * *

THE INTERMENT OF SÓTANO JOE

by Robert W. Crevice

There are strange things done in the Mexican sun by
the men who search for pits.
The Tamapatz trails have their secret tales that
would give you screaming fits.
The spirits of night have seen strange sights but
the strangest they ever will know
Was the day at the rim of Sótano Dim
when we threw in Sótano Joe.

Now Sótano Joe was from Travis Co.
Where the University grows.
Why he left his home in the U.S. to roam 'round
Mexico, God only knows.
He was always sick, but the thought of blind fish
seemed to hold him like a spell;
Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd
"sooner cave in Hell."

On a Christmas Day we were trudging our way
  on up the Tamapatz trail.
Talk of your trots! As we neared Tamapatz
  it stabbed Joe like a driven nail.
We'd walk on awhile, about a mile,
  and then he'd have to go.
It wasn't much fun--only he had 'um, only
  poor Sótano Joe.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight
  in our bags inside of the school,
And we all were fed, and the building o'er
  head protected us well from the cool,
He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll
  cash in this trip, I guess,
And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse
  me my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no;
  then he says with a sort of moan:
"It's the cursed trots, and my body they've got
  till I'm sick clean through to the bone.
But I must find fish--it's the blind ones I wish
  to study and to know,
So I want you to swear that, foul or fair,
  you'll dump my remains in a xol.

A pal's last need is a thing to heed,
  so we swore that we would not fail,
And we started on at the streak of dawn,
  but God! he looked ghastly pale.
He stumbled up trail, all the time with a wail
  for his home in Travis Co.
And before nightfall a corpse was all
  that was left of Sótano Joe.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death,
  and we hurried, past giant boulders,
With the corpse of Joe tied onto a pole
  which we carried on our shoulders.
His body was cold and it seemed to scold:
   "You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and I's up to you
   to throw in these last remains."

Now a promise made is a debt unpaid,
  and the club has its own stern code.
In the days to come, though our lips were dumb,
  in our hearts how we cursed that load.

In the long, long night, by a lone carbide light,
as we cooked on a Svea stove,
And thought about Texas and the opposite sexes—
O God! How we loathed that load!

And every day that quiet clay
seemed to heavy and heavier grow;
And onwe went,though our boots were spent
and the grub was getting low;
The trail was bad, and we felt half mad,
but I swore we would not give in;
And we'd often sing to the hateful thing,
and it harkened with a grin.

After days of pain we came to a plain…
At last! The High Plateau!
And we sent out Jack, in a sec he was back,
"Just ahead--a giant sótano!"
According to Jake, in the bottom was a lake,
and we looked at the rigid Joe;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry,
"is our heaven-sent sótano. "

We picked up the pole, brought it over to the hole
and all of us pushed it in.
I started to count, and the seconds did mount,
and I counted on far past ten.
I had hit ten-and-eight "Oh, what glorious fate!"
when we finally heard old Joe hit.
And we danced round and round at the glorious sound;
we had found a two-thousand-foot pit!

We ran for our rope in delirious hope
that we could descend the same day,
And short ropes we spliced very neatly and nice
so the main strand would reach all the way.
It was just my luck they all rode in my truck
and decided that I should go first.
With Jumars and hope I started down rope,
and thought myself set for the worst.

The walls they fell back as I entered the black
hollow void of that gigantic pit.
I gave a great shout when my light was blown out;
there was no way of fixing it.
The rope gave a hum as on down I spun
into the black nothing below.
Looking back with a gulp I saw black swallow up
the last of the sunshine's glow.

At last I could stand on some gravelly sand;
  I could hear water off to the right.
I reached in the pack that rides on my back
 and got out my trusty flashlight.
I pushed on the button; at first I got nuttin',
 but then came a healthy beam.
There was water all 'round, then I heard a strange sound,
 and I almost started to scream.

"Cause there stood Joe, right at my elbow,
  and he looked awfully white,
But he wore a smile you could see a mile,
 and he said: "Please turn off that light.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear
  you'll darken the fishes' skins.
Since I left U.T. and biology,
  It's my first chance to be with friends."

There are strange things done in the Mexican sun
 by the men who search for pits.
The Tamapatz trails have their secret tales
 that would give you screaming fits.
The spirits of night have seen some strange sights
 but the strangest they ever will know
Was that day at the rim of Sótano Dim
 when we threw in Sótano Joe.

Contributed by Miles Abernathy

* * *

SAN MIGUEL HUAUTLA DE JIMÉNEZ, OAXACA
12/21-12/29, 1969 [David Honea]

We reached Mexico City after a long drive. The area between San Luis Potosí and Mexico City is an interesting igneous region. From an overlook on the rim, the bowl in which the city lies is strikingly obvious, with volcanic peaks around the rim. After negotiating the city we proceeded to Tehuacan and Teotitlan through a surprising area--surprising because dry desert and irrigated fields alternate in rapid succession.

We made the decision to climb to Huautla even though the fog was impenetrable. We slept at the turnoff in hopes that it might clear. Even with light, the fog is so thick that visibility is only a few feet. The vegetation becomes more and more lush as you

climb, with fog drifting through moss-draped trees in eerie glens and spires. On one side a lichen-encrusted wall of stone from the road cut stands out and on the other is a fathomless white expanse, with an occasional island tree floating mistily through it. Small cascades scour clean the rock to a vitreous black, leaving slashes through the growth. It is easy to imagine that this fog has filled and mashed these large valleys to the side so effectively. A col-like pass where two valleys have come together offers a view of the floor 3000 feet down on one side and 2000 feet on the other, but is now only an impenetrable solid whiteness.

Fairly often in the trees is a parasitic plant of rather striking appearance. It somewhat resembles those I've seen around Xilitla, though I am not certain if they are the same. Fortunately some have flowers, which are themselves more intriguing. The leaves are somewhat succulent, being a light to medium green and often variegated with a light tan to orange. The flowers seem to be all a medium deep red, being a cluster similar to a century plant flower on a similar single stalk. Leaf length of a mature plant is about 9-12″. Flower height is about 10″.

The vegetation is that of a cloud forest, with much moss and similar parasitic growths on the trees. The trees themselves have a tendency to be somewhat taller and more slender than lowland varieties. Even the steepest karst slopes are blanketed with vegetation to an unbelievable degree. These slopes feed small cascades which cross the road in impressive but miniature waterfalls.

The weirdness of the place begins to affect you. It is seemingly reflected in the character of the people. There is a nebulous, indefinable feeling. Odd--down in the dolinas, when the fog is there, things close in on you and form a microcosm of their own. You come upon little glens surrounded by vaulting trees clothed in mist, and beyond that only vague shapes and final whiteness. What was behind you is effectively gone, lost in the same whiteness. The caves become places of familiarity and warmth, places from which to look out upon the fog and lichen-covered karst.

I begin to withdraw into myself and become less talkative even after a short period. The weight of the innumerable years this land has lain under the fog presses down. It is no wonder that the people here can seem cold and harsh; it is a shield against the weight when the fog is in. One feels the weight even more strongly when the change occurs from sunlight to fog. One's range of perception, of reality, shrinks as the mist appears, and existence is meaningful only in a 50.0′

diameter circle of visibility.

The reverse transformation--from fog to sun- = can be described only as a miracle. Intermingled now is a beauty both striking and haunting in the flowers, the landscape, the sky. And there is a harmony between the people here and the land, perhaps a witness to the success of their adaptation. These people's lives, shaped by the extremes of sun and fog, must run on some middle ground. Possibly the swing from sun to fog and back cannot completely occur in their personalities. This schizophrenic landscape must build a stoic people to survive in it. It is obvious that the mushrooms are an integral part of their existence, though it is not totally apparent whether they are simply means of having a good time or much more than that. Conceivably they represent a part of the adaptation to the landscape, and certainly have a religious meaning to many. The original use may have been part of the adaptive process which later gained religious significance. The people do seem to possess a cruelty for which I can see no immediate justification, either as a result of the harsh environment or the mushrooms. It is this that is most puzzling to me concerning their personalities.

Their houses reflect the people in both construction and location. They are solid, heavy edifices of mud and thatch roof, small fortresses to combat the fog, with flowers that the people have brought in. Almost all are placed on the ridges between or the high rims above the dolinas, as if to escape the oppression of the dolina bottoms. They are places of familiarity against the strangeness of the fog-enshrouded landscape--a sphere of easily comprehended reality, an entity more often missing than present. Though highly adapted to this environment, man seems at best equally matched with these slopes. Still, I wonder if the people have tried to combat their environment more than necessary; surely there have been ample years to effect a compromise.

One easily perceives a cold, strange, weirdness throughout the dolinas that walks with fog and crouches, waiting, when the sun is out. As strangers, we feel that it is only our strangeness in a different land, but I believe that these people feel it as strongly as we, if not more so. Sensitiveness to it develops with time, but what limit to this sensitiveness exists is not apparent. Herein may lie the key to the personalities of these people: that is, the sensitiveness may develop to an upper limit at which point a coldness develops in the man to combat the coldness of the fog. It seems strange to me that this was the mechanism developed, rather than a buoyance or a more

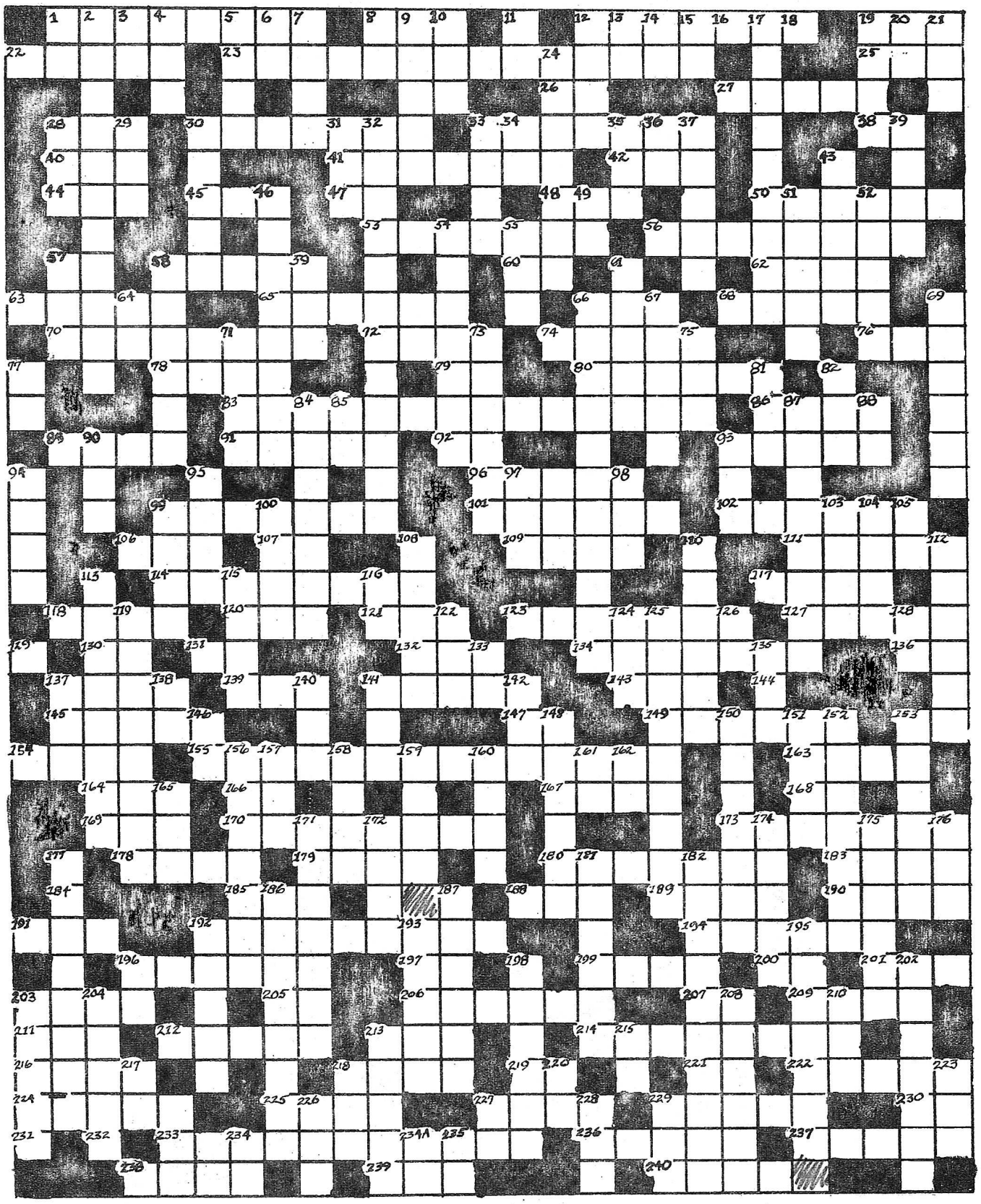
intense feeling of closeness among the people. I do not believe that there is any feeling of closeness because there is a fear in the peoples' eyes, fear of all unfamiliarity. I seem to see that they are afraid of something, of many things in the night, and that they are highly superstitious. For myself, I felt a growing feeling of closeness--perhaps a quirk in myself? Because of the short length of time? I have no answer.

It is not only [we] who perceive the feeling in the fog. Others express it also and the dark seems closer, spread out in the dolinas, but nearer. Even the caves, though familiar, are strange in that in them lies an untameable wildness which lies like a nebulous down over the land also. A wildness which neither man nor time can conquer.

David Honea

* * *

Combination-Mexican Caving-UTSS-Spanish-English-Super-
CROSSWORD PUZZLE
Answers in next issue of Newsletter



E -- English word
S -- Spanish word

ACROSS
1. Man who sells pan dulce S
8. Some unclad cavers resemble E
11. Article E
12. Mexican cave beetle ?
19. Terry Raines' welder E
22. To leave (cave trip) S
23. Frank Harrison's ranch (3 wds.) S
25. Mine S
26. Asociación Espeleológico (abbr.) S
27. Tamps, caving activity center S
28. What the coatimundi has E
30. Exclamation of caver on seeing Sierra de Gomas once more after a prolonged absence (2 wds,) S & E
33. Famous pit caver E
38. State in northern Mexico (abbr.) S
40. …is one and all alone and evermore shall be so S
41. Can't spel E
42. Mexico's chief political party (abbr.) S
44. Bravo is only one S
45. Tool E
47. "I heard" S
48. Female of species living in mts. around El Potrero S
50. Terrestrial and aquatic cave life E
53. Cave explored by Canadians in Huautla S
56. Native of Orizaba E
57. You S
58. Erroneous name for Cueva de la Porra S
60. Short for María S
62. Means by which the swallows get out of Golondrinas and Capistrano S
63. First word of ----- Seca, southernmost of Los Sabinos caves S
65. AMCS and UTSS are such groups E
66. Mexican caving group (abbr.) S
68. Fill 'er up S
70. Formerly Rancho San Ricardo, N. of Valles S (2 wds, --1st wd. is an initial)
72. Prefix meaning water S & E
74. Famous Mexican cave biologist and geologist S
76. What honky cavers do in winter E
78. "I quote" S
79. First 2 initials of _._. Housman, poet favorite of at least 4 AMCS members (in reverse order)
80. Feminine name S
83. Only known American-named cave with Nahuatl name N
86. Usually wet S

ACROSS cont'd.

89. Variant of 118 Across S
91. What even the strongest cavers eventually do E
92. A non-Mexican RR (initials) E
93. Particularly nasty Mexican groundcover S
96. Mexican land distribution system S
99. Tunnel S
101. Mountain(s) S
102. Last half of what lies between Sabinas and Bustamante S
106. Company (abbr.) S
107. U.S. govt, agency which has put at least 2 UT cavers thru school (abbr,) E
109. Former cat and roommate, respectively, of Donna Lovelace and Janie Evans
111. What one does when his camera falls off halfway up the 500' drop S
114. Discovered Joya de Salas E
117. Pit caver who emigrated to Canada E
118. The Jewel (or if you prefer, depression) of Salas S
120. Most U.S. cavers are members (initials) E
121. Rendezvous, in Valles (abbr.) E
123. Previous W.H. depth record-holder S
127. Well S
129. Town name normally spelled out S
130. Direction of Huautla from Mexico City .,(abbr.) E
131. I S
132. Sótano de las Abejas E
134. Saltpeter cave below Xilitla S
136. Tom Albert's father (abbr.) E
137. E. Mexico mt. range fraught with caves S
139. Religious radio station broadcasting from Mexico S?
141. Solution landscape S
143. Used to capture cave fish E
144. "Yo" E
145. Has same type poison as Mexican fer-de-lance E
147. Afternoon E (abbr.)
148. Famous cave N. of Pachuca S
153. Cuatro narices (abbr.) S
154. The kind of horse you rent to ride to the cave S
155. First deep pit explored in Mexico S
163. First name of Carlata S
164. Year S
166. What Bill Bell's wife Lynn is (abbr.) E
167. What not to do at the pit's edge E
168. Spanish letter not found in English S
169. Without S
170. Cave being mined south of Mante S

ACROSS cont'd

173. Dominant building on the square at Bustamante S
178. A cow you won't see in Mexico
179. The last thing a caver wants to do S
180. Pitchfork S
183. Criterion of comfort in boots E
184. Or S
185. Crucial for cavers at the border (abbr.) E
188. "That girl" S
189. If one falls, what to do when one hits E
190. Why I like rest stops on hikes (2 wds.) E
191. What the locals think cavers are after S
192. Spring (3 wds) S
194. Town on new road west of Xilitla S
196. Snake-in-the-grass S
197. Huastec word xol as pronounced by lower-class Englishman S?
199. Town halfway to Tamapatz S/
200. You (spelled phonetically) E
201. Rockclimbers get more than cavers E
203. 1/8 peso E
205. Montaña (abbr.) E
206. Natural limestone well M
207. "Him, her, you" S
209. What you get when you shout across the canyon at Palmito S
211. Same as 164. Across
212. Worse than histo S
213. E. coast Mexico state (abbr.) S
214. An off-limits sótano S & E
216. Sometimes performed in Mexican caves S
218. What Mills Tandy collects in Mexico S
219. Comparative E
221. Not the sort of boat to explore water caves (abbr.) E
222. A crucial point in pit caving E
224. The floor in Tinaja S
225. 224 Across in English
227. Before S
229. Variant name for Caballo Moro S
230. A common first major for cavers (abbr.) E
231. And S
233. Caver S
236. Grain S
237. Famous falls now dammed S
238. Alone E
239. Two are better, especially for cavers E
240. Average E

DOWN

1. According to Charlie Loving, he was a caver E
2. Cry of the tourists as they leave the concession stand to go up to the Grutas de García (2 wds.) S
3. Not even S
4. Life member of UTSS (first name) E
5. ″I think,____ I cave″ L
6. Río Alvarado (abbr.) S
7. Oz. S
8. Sigh E
9. Wells S
10. State (abbr.) S
11. Contraction meaning ″to the″ S
12. "They're Laughing″ S
13. Masculine pronoun E
14. Man's name E
15. Hacer E
16. Yo E
17. Location of Cold River Siphon (as opposed to opposite end of cave) E & S
18. And before words beginning with ″i″ S
19. The end L
20. Rio Iglesia (abbr.) S
21. Whát pigeons and amorous cavers do E
24. Variant of 53 Across
28. Not.a near piece E
29. Second word of Mexico's easternmost state S?
30. Essence of bat E & S
31. Lip of Golondrinas at Easter vacation (description of) (abbr,.) E
32. River, cave, nacimiento and town in S. L.-P. S
33. Mexican pit caver with land rover E
34. Underwriters' Lab (abbr.) E
35. Hey, you S
36. Initials of 2 AMCS members E
37. Northernmost and most difficult of Los Sabinos caves S
39. Head overlooking Bustamante S
43. Description of state of caver who f.orgot deodorant (2 wds) E
46. Town near Cerro Potosf S
49. Sociedad Anónima (abbr.) S
51 "You're leaving?″ S
52. Steps S
54. Biospeleobibliophile and life member UTSS E
55. "He likes″ S
57. One of the things that prevents your bringing back Mexican fruit (abbr.)
58. Cable-car cave above Monterrey S
59. Contraction meaning ″to the″ S
61. Phenol S
64. Sr. (abbr.) E
66. Deepest free fall cave S

DOWN cont'd

67. Refreshing after a long hot day caving S
69. Limestone pinnacle outside Monterrey S
71. Small particle E
73. Speleopress proprietor E
75. Aunt S
77. Comes after Mexico (abbr.) S
81. Sound made by wet caver getting into dry sleeping bag E
82. Spanish exclamation S
84. Father of the AMCS E
85. O E
87. The best rope E
88. Lava that doesn’t have caves H
90. "Lookout!" S
93. Don't give them cave locations or Bulletin I (abbr.) E
94. What most cavers go to do in Mexico E
95. Not the airline to take to Valles (abbr.) E
97. Common caver name E
98. What a caver does on the pit’s edge S
99. Terrible pit S
100. Inhabitants of Golondrinas S
103. También E
104. Co-author of "The Life of the Cave" E
105. Common ending for Spanish verbs S
108. Archaeological cave S
110. Beam of a weak flashlight S
112. Not a good'un (cave) (3 wds) E
113. Next door to Cacahuamilpa (2 wds) S
115. Cave photographer and architect E
116. "To go" S
119. Blind fish cave N. of Valles S
122. "To see" S
124. Fond hope of most female cavers E
125. Pit caver and member of 1967 Huautla expedition E
126. Preposition E
128. Contraction meaning "I am" E
129. Same as 129 Across
133. "It is" S
135. Prefix of ---chuelo S
137. "Over there" (cave) S
138. First 2 initials of famous gypsum caver (UT) and PhD candidate E
140. What comes between older cavers and their caves E
141. Ascender Achilles' heel E
142. Choose E
146. Anti-histoplasmosis (Abbr.) E
148. Cornfield, often cave location S (plural)
150. Mountain town south of Valles
151. 179 across E

DOWN cont'd

152. Cave mapped by Canadians in Huautla S
153. 1.s. S
156. President, GEM S
158. AMCS division of Mexico S
159. What one begins to do after 3 days in a cave S
160. Characteristic of 159 Down S
161. Good drink for caving trips S
162. "it" (fem.) S
165. 40 Across E
171. Material for International Congress of Speleology E (abbr.)
172. Cloth S
174. What John Fish says on first looking into a pit E
175. "I'm sorry" S
176. Asociación de Estudiantes Troglofílicos (abbr.) S
177. Bat cave S. of Cuatrocienégas S
181. Home of the Condesa S
182. What to say to the waitress if you don't like it hot E & S
186. What cavers want to do after getting out of the cave S
187. The type of company that publishes Caminos de Mexico S
192. What most cavers don't want to do S
193. What Carta Blanca says to do with life (Plural) S
195. Both natural and man-made ones exist S
198. Mexican pit S
201. Preposition meaning "to" E
202. Needed for cable-ladder climbs (2 wds) E
203. Mexican caver's exclamation on dropping his light S
204. Part of a survey that always gets lost. E
208. To go into (cave) S
210. Forms S. boundary of the Valles municipio (a river) S
213. Dips S
215. Description of a snug-fitting seatsling E
217. "en" E
220. Sima Terrible (abbr.) S
223. Local description of karst above Tamapatz S
226. Todo E
228. Most cavers have plenty E
229. Canadian caving vehicle E
231. Same as 129 Down and Across S
234. The Club Box (abbr.) E
234A. "It" S
235. Neither cow nor bull E

Spanish definitions are underlined.
Contributed by Carol Russell

TRIP REPORTS

Destination: Bustamante, Monterrey, Northern Mexico, Southern Texas , Gonzalez' All-Nite Garage (Laredo)
Persons: Jerry Johnson (owner of alleged vehicle), Chris Hesketh (lacker of valid passport), Steve Krivoy (member, Texas Caver Hall of Fame, Carta Valley Society, other honors), John Ottea (Navigator -in-Charge)
Reported by: Jerry Johnson

Fateful November 7, 1969

After learning that Tom Albert and Tom McClaugherty had made secret arrangements to ride with someone else, the 'Fantastic Four' (here- after referred to as 'Subjects') left the University of Texas at Austin at 17:30 CST. A little Enco juice chased the knocks out of the engine and hopes were high for a trouble-free trip.

The DPS was alerted to subjects' progression south on IH 35 and the patrolman Ward (Badge 1013) closed in 4 miles north of Encinal. He was searching for "beverages" and could not understand stopping a U. T. group without finding any. Helmets, knives, chains, and plastic containers of black, granular substance required explanation, however, and an attempt was made to relate the history and practice of caving. A radio call went out alerting all units for possible cavers travelling south from Austin and subjects were released from custody at 9:30 pm.

At the border 35 cents helped pay for the bridge and the group made its was deep into Mexico. Stopping at migración, group leader Johnson was pleased to observe the absence of a waiting line. Pleasure ended, however, when Chris Hesketh suddenly remembered that he was not a US citizen (British, you know) and this fact had been included on his tourist card. "I am sorry for you," (hereafter referred to as 'Sub-Jefe') said: "I am sorry for you " and made it quite clear that there was no way an Englishman could get into his country. Repeated pleas to higher-ups, including 'Jefe' (hereafter referred to as "For you the treep es over") brought no heartening results

By this time, other caver parties, including the expedition led by Don Erickson--famed inventor of "three-wheel-drive"--had pulled into Migración. The general advice was "money speaks at Roma", and so the Fantastic Four pulled back ($.35 again) and headed south by southeast.

A hundred miles to Roma with a side trip to Falcon Dam later, subjects made a successful and non-violent crossing into Mexico. Mexico was closed at this late hour, however, and there was no place to change money into pesos. Subjects pushed bravely south then east through many small towns down a highway that promised to lead to Sabinas Hidalgo. It was learned too late that the blue line on the map meant "proposed road", however, and the subjects found themselves on 50 miles of well-rutted oxcart

trail. The Chevrolet showed signs of disassembling, and a quick vote showed sentiment for turning around and appointing a new navigator. Hesketh and Krivoy offered to walk ahead while Johnson and Ottea tried to turn the "Machine" around. The two had advanced some distance when a large pack of rabid coyotes caught their scent and began howling and running their way. The two subjects quickly surpassed Jim Ryun's record for the three-minute mile, and petitioned for entrance into the vehicle. Once again all aboard, the four were on their way to Monterrey.

Downtown traffic caused a rapid turnover of drivers and called for emergency shock treatment in the back seat. Mex 85 was located and subjects were finally headed north to Sabinas for gas and careful interpretation of The Map.

A predictable wrong choice at the fork took subjects to a nice little park where resides the man who apparently survives by selling cerveza and coke to occasional cavers. He remembered Jerry Johnson from the previous year, and provided a clue that subjects were somewhere near the right place. He also pointed out the gasoline running out of the rear end of subjects' vehicle.

PART THREE: Bustamante and Beyond to the Infinite

November 8, 1969: Subjects proceeded back to Sabinas to recover the missing gas cap (CHV/65A 371-15 stock). The man confessed to no knowledge of either gas cap or English. He was willing to sell us someone else's gas cap for "tres pesos". The subjects had no pesos, but frked over a similar number of American dollars. The gas man was probably happy to help poor American tourists in distress. He smiled.

Bustamante loomed large on the horizon at noon, and a near headon collision with Tom (Code-3) Albert was the only hazard of the infamous road. After stopping and unloading at the parking lot, Johnson led the party out and up a trail he had discovered on a previous trip to the cave. Subjects encountered an ancient goatherder coming down, who was pointing away across the valley and yelling something incomprehensible about "cueva". Darkness and exhaustion caused the brave explorers to turn back down the shortcut and return to base camp for food and a fresh start.

Moving up the switchbacks, subjects passed other cavers coming down, and found themselves to be the last party in the cave. Many hours were spent inside exploring, scattering, regrouping, and searching for the entrance. Caving also occurred.

Subjects came out and moved down in two distinct groups, the latter, including Johnson and Krivoy, carrying an appalling pile of assorted gear and garbage left behind by other would-be cavers. Many hours were spent searching the scrub for a dark and deserted parking lot, but by sunrise Nov. 9, all four were back and dead asleep at the car.

To Laredo and the USA--land of the free--thirty-five cents, please. A moment of panic and "Oh no, not again!" When Hesketh was temporarily unable to find his alien card that would readmit him to the country. A located wallet and a taste of the carbide was all the was necessary to get

through customs and to be once again safe and sure. One block later, Johnson pulled in for a gas fill, A strange reaction (too technical to relate here) occurred between the Texaco and the Mexolina Super. Needless to say, the fuel pump was corroded instantly, and the Super-Chevy puttered to a halt in the Jewel of the Southwest, Laredo, Texas.

Mechanics and fuel pumps do not exist on Sunday nights. After many hours spent at Gas stations U and telephone booths, things were looking bleak for the group's getting back to Austin. Then, the aforementioned Don Erickson party happened along and offered to squeeze in two (2) of the stranded. Steve Krivoy and the talented Chris Hesketh volunteered to take the ride home, leaving Johnson and Ottea with the machine.

As our story opens--a Mexican garage attendant is pouring heavily halizoned Laredo water over the recalcitrant fuel pump. Skeptical Jerry Johnson turns the key and is surprised to find the vdiicle running again. John Ottea chose to risk it with Johnson instead of making it with Greyhound and our Fantastic Four-less-two is once again on 35 with hope in their hearts and plenty of Laredo water in the J-Can.

It took them all the way to San Antonio (home of Hemisfair) where subjects sacked out at Ottea's house, conveniently nearby. Next morning, subjects remaining forged onward into Austin, where they applied for emergency treatment at the "bad trip" ward of Brackenridge memorial.

Das Ende

INTERMISSION

TRIP REPORTS

Destination: Mexico in general
Persons: Alvin Dunn, Richard Dunn, Jerry Broadus, Paulette Just
Date: Thanksgiving 1969

After an uneventful border crossing at Progreso (good place--no hassle) abovementioned group sped south toward Valles in brand-new supercar.. After assorted stops to look at things and pick up rocks and fuzzy-pickles same group halted beneath the awe-inspiring and mysterious entrance to the fabled Cueva de El Abra. (A Dan Sanborn Cave). Noting the presence of a car from the land of A & I, we decided to investigate said cave and maybe even use their rope. We found a dismayed-looking group of A & I neophytes at the drop--it seems the rope was a mite short--so Paulette and I rappelled and climbed down drop and wandered around picking up "questionable items"--bones from little things.

We went to Xilitla, wandered in the Jungle, met the "Apache Queen of Xilitla" who is a lonely lady looking for tourists to "help" or is something else depending on your point of view. Claims to live in funny big house on old road, never verified since she tore up her VW trying to push a ton and a half truck out of her way (long story). We then went to El Lobo-- punctured a gas tank in the super car halting further progress. We explored a heretofore virgin pit just off the highway--about 200' with nice dirt at the bottom and a small passageway to a very high dome with big formations. On the way back we visited Cueva de la Mariposa (not to be found in any guidebook) and were not impressed.

* * *

Place: Austin
Persons: Ken McClaugherty and Jerry Broadus
Date: Jan. 21, 1970

We first made the treacherous journey to the famed and legendary "Campbell's Hole"--that dark place where many a caver has done what cavers do and we did. Then we forged across the terrifying land of West Austin--cliffs, unbelievable mountains, fearful quagmires, mosquitoes, vile and vicious doglike beasts-- and with great fortitude, found the gaping entrance to "Broken Straw Cave" (Broussard's Blackmail). Finding ourselves short of the necessary provisions for such an expedition, we had a tough time making the decision to go ahead and tempt the unknown. Delving deeply into the direst reaches of the dark, we found--to our amazement--evidence of previous human visitation. The man- sized swath which cut through the formations protected us from losing our way while we forged ahead, awestruck, from one scenic beer can to another and another and etc. After peering in amazement at the many once-beautiful formations which had apparently suffered from some

great cataclysmic natural event, we stopped thoughtfully at the edge of the great crawl (Groin's Grief). After deciding to leave this portion of the great cave for a later exploration we forced our way out into heavenly smog and make a brief but scenic trip to Austin Caverns and home.

* * *

Destination:Tlaxiaco, Oaxaca
Date: Sept. 6-12, 1969
Person: David Honea
Reported by: David Honea

Mexican topo maps show several areas, some as yet unvisited, to be good possible caving areas. One of these is Huautla. Another is Tlaxiaco, Oaxaca. It is located about 3/4 way between Oaxaca and Mexico City off Highway 190. There is high relief, large rainfall and good limestone near Tlaxiaco, giving hopes of good caves.

With such inspiration, Joe Sumbera and crew of Southwestern Caving Club and I arranged to meet in Huajapan de Leon and proceed to Tlaxiaco. Unfortunately my departure was delayed and we never met as planned. Still wanting to visit Tlaxiaco and not knowing if Joe would make it there, I attempted to recruit some cavers in Austin and go by bus, but with no success.

While muddling over the possibilities about 12 midnight at Squire's beer party, I realized that things looked none too good. The omens were bad, no one wanted to go, and reports of torrential rains from a recent hurricane through the area washing buses off the road filtered in from the radio. For some reason I opened my wallet and there shining like a
star in the moonlight was my UTG membership card with AMCS written on it. I saw my way clearly; I saw that Mexico was waiting and that neither rain nor recalcitrant border officials could stop a determined AMCS caver. Forsaking wine, woman and sanity I raced home to pack my Kelty and plaster my hair back with butch wax. Having no dinero, I spent a restless night waiting for the banks to open next morning and at last the hitchhike-bus pilgrimage began.

Upon reaching the border, I soon discovered that today was the day for hassling long-haired individuals. But cunningly I had prepared a small surprise. When asked how much money I was carrying, I whipped out a large wad of ones with two twenties on the front and back and thumbed through them, thereby quadrupling the speed at which my tourist card was being typed.

Much busing later, while cruising along Highway 125 between Tehuacán and Huajuapan de Leon, I awoke to find myself staring at a large opening about halfway up a hill about three miles away. Even from that distance it looked big. Taking notes, I counted some eleven possible

caves visible from the highway. This was some ten to twenty kilometers before the intersection of 125 with 190 at Huajuapan. Continuing, I

reached Tlaxiaco and sacked out.

Unfortunately, I found that Tlaxiaco lies on the edge of the limestone. Roads into the high country were scarce and impassable because of the rains. I met a Pemex geologist who offered me one of his helpers as a guide. We hiked to one cave, Cueva Chala, about 7 km. from town. A year-round stream flows from the lower entrance. We only entered to about 100 yards because of the height of the water. Later we visited the upper entrance, about 1 km from the lower, where astream sinks in a series of small drops.

After gathering leads and information from the townspeople which indicate that there are numerous caves near a town called Yosonotú, and a possible deep pit near Copala, I left for Austin, soaking wet and muddy from the daily rains.

* * *

VALLES AREA

This is an abbreviated trip report of caves visited by Bill Elliott, Don Broussard, and Jim McIntire, July 3 to August 16, 1969.

Cave name	Depth	Surveyed	Blind Fish	Remarks
Sótano del Toro	12'	Yes	Yes	
Sótano del Soyate	781'	Yes	Yes	Entrance drop 646′ live fish collected
Cueva de la Curva		Yes	Yes	
Sótano de Yerbaniz	312'	Yes	Yes	
Sótano del Venadito	468'	Yes	Yes	
Sótano de Palma Seca			Yes	Live fish collected
Sótano de las Piedras	60'+	Yes	Yes	Not fully explored
Cave at Nac. del Rio Choy				
Cueva del Salitre				Sightseeing trip
Cueva del Nac. del Rio Huichihuayán				Not fully explored
Cueva de Porro				
Sótano de Japonés			Yes	Not fully explored
Sótano de			Yes	" " "
Matepalma	350'	Yes	Yes	
Bee Cave				
Cave past Chamal [Misioneros]				Not fully explored
Sótano del Tigre	400* plus		Yes	Live fish collected

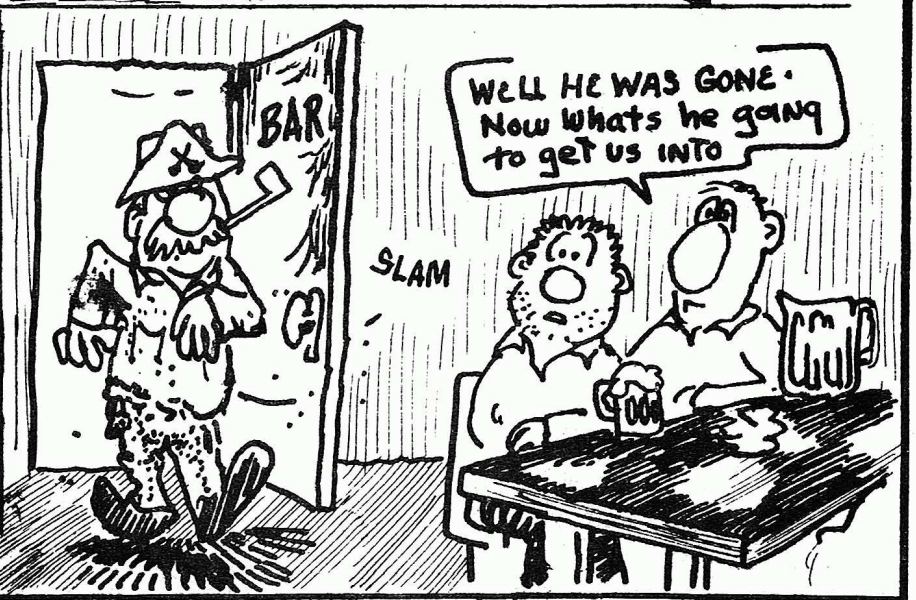
Contributed by Don Broussard

* * *

OLD MAN WISDOM

After being gone for a few years Old Man Wisdom returns to the fold. We know by now that you have all forgotten the story.

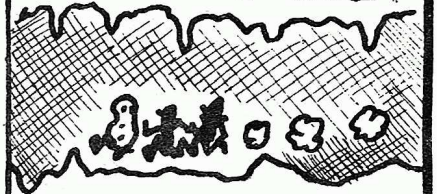
Three Cavers sit at a local beer hall SOMEWHERE IN AR-KANSAS



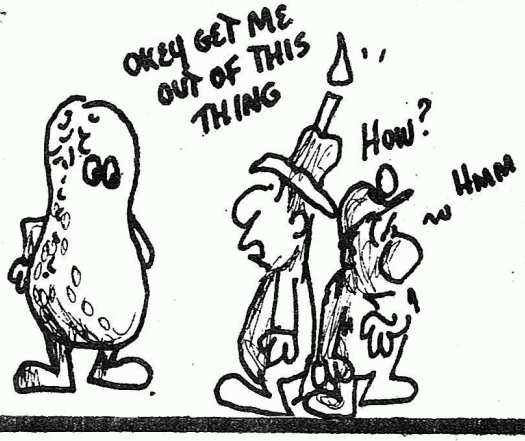
I've got a message from the silent majority says O.M.W. AND HE PULLS it out

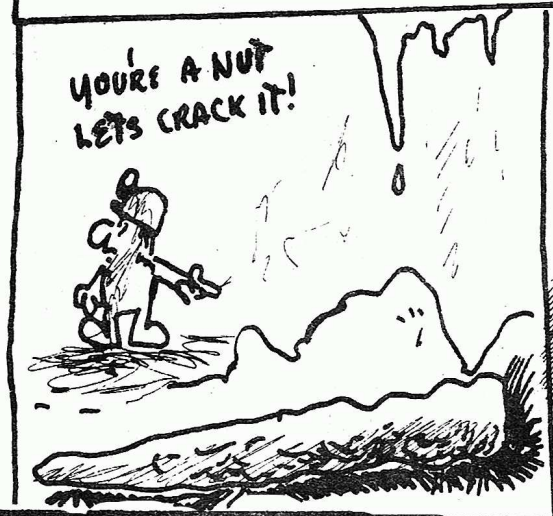
He is doing some searching for a large enough hole to put himself in. Enough of this bunk. Back to the story which we left over a year ago IN a far gone issue. It will be rather hard to remember what happened, but here goes; those who don't know what the hell is going on are IN my debt. That is IN the debt of O.M.W.; so send IN you nickles and dimes.

So when we last left OMW he was being forced into MARRIAGE with the PRINCESS of the cave elephants. NURDOO AND ZEPHLYN BROKE HIM OUT. NOW THEY'RE ESCAPING DOWN THE CAVERNS TOWARD WHO KNOWS WHERE?



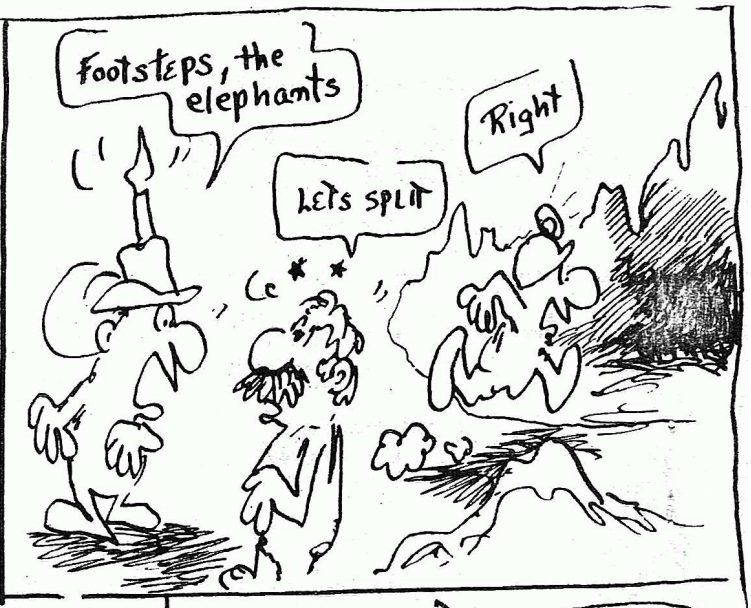
ALL THE ADVENTURE IS FROM THE MEMORY



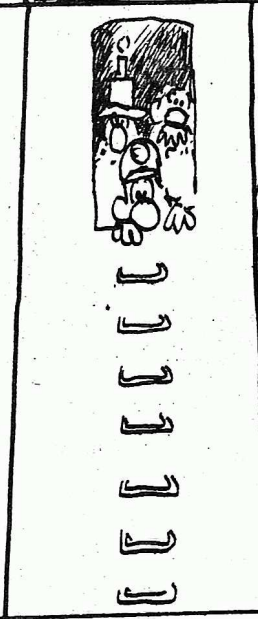


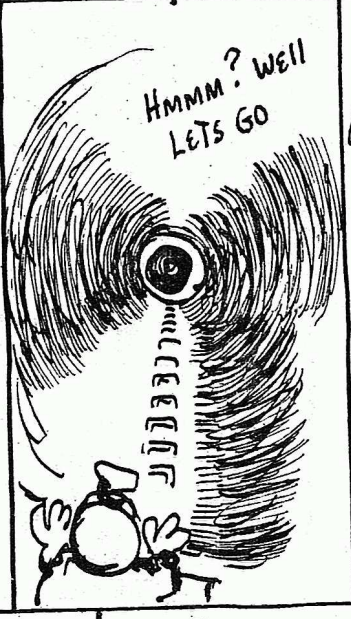
SNAP!
DINK

Good grief

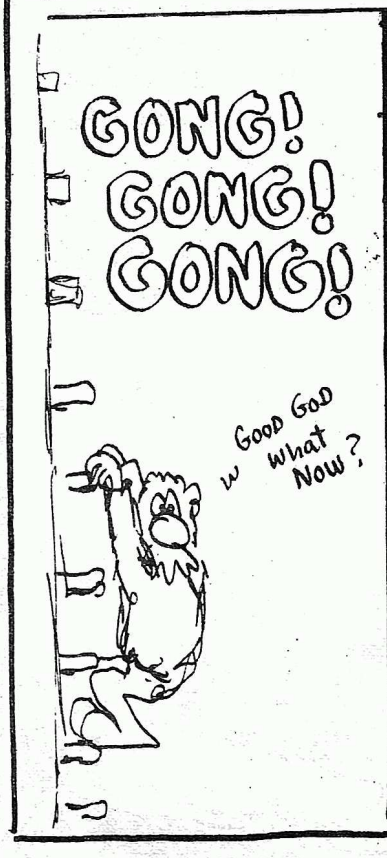

Footsteps, the elephants
Lets split
Right

Hey a door




Hmmm? Well Lets go

Damn it's like a cable ladder.
Whut the hell is this?
Some spies maybe?


GONG! GONG! GONG!
Good God what Now?

Come on down buddy
MP
MP

Who are you guys?
Yak
Soldiers?
Whose?
MP

We're looking for the Holly carbide light under orders from President Lyndon
President Lyndon? Whose he?

you realize the trouble you're in
No
IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET PLACE
This is a secret place, you can't be here. so you will have to go to a very secret jail
OH?
BACK IN THE SILO
CRUNCH
TUMP
GOOD GOD
MP
FIRE!
MP
GONG!
HONK
MONSTERS
MP
MP
GONG!
MONSTERS?
THE CAVE ELEPHANTS
LETS GET OUT OF HERE!
CRASH!
MP
MP
MP
NURDOO ZEPHLYN! COME ON LETS GET OUT OF HERE
WHILE THE FIGHT RAGES
GO OLD ARMY, HAVE LOTS OF SIGNS ON WHERE TO GO. WHERE TO...
QUIT YAKIN
EXIT
IN
WHOA, ELEPHANT BREATH.. ELEPHANT AMBUSH AHEAD
SOLDIERS AND ELEPHANTS BEHIND
NFF

BAM
Hey heres a manhole!
EXIT
HURRY CLOSE IT
SEWAGE
THIS PLACE STINKS
SO WONDERING WHERE THIS UNDERGROUND RIVER WILL LEAD, THE INTREPID THREE SET OUT!
ROAR RUSH
A WATER FALL
SWELL STUFF
HEY O.M.W. THIS DAMN SEWER IS POLLUTING THE UNDERGROUND RIVER, WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
T.N.T
TNT
U.S. ARM
T.N.T.
HOW CONVIEMTEY... SIC *
WE CAN BLOW THE PLACE SHUT.
I USED TO BE A CIVIL ENGINEER IN THE AIR FORCE
MAYBE THE SEWAGE WILL BACKUP & FLOOD OUT THE SILO
* WITH THE HELP OF MY HELP WE REALLY SCREWED THAT ONE. C.L. + SQUIRE LEWIS
BOOF!
Huddle
HEY WHATS THAT?
MY. IT'S THE, THE HOLY CARBIDE LIGHT..
HEY HEY
IS THE QUEST OVER? WE SHALL SEE
TO BE CONTINUED.....

Clara

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