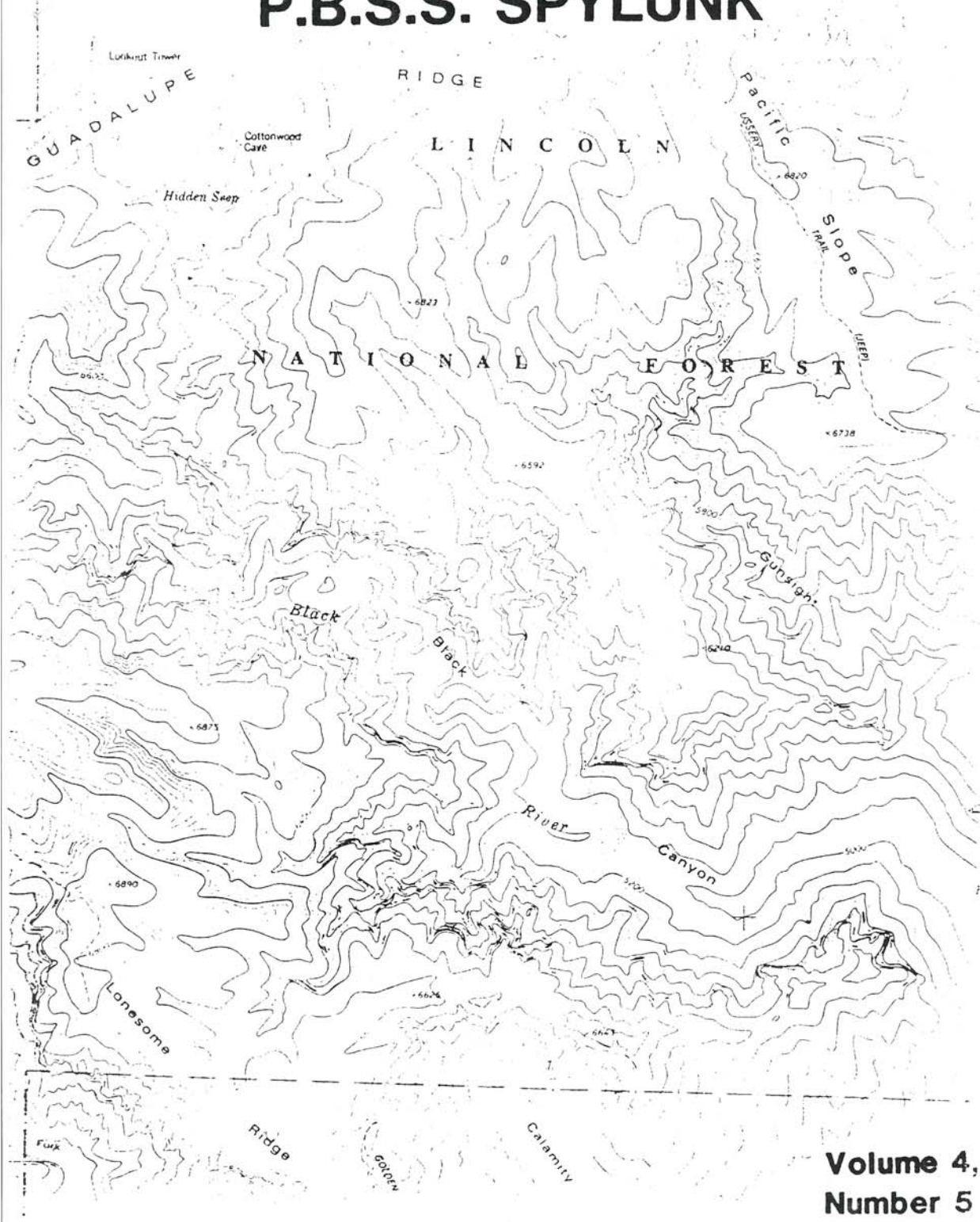


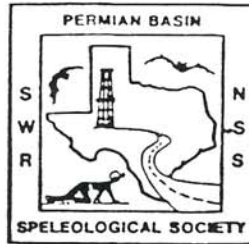
P.B.S.S. SPYLUNK



**Volume 4,
Number 5**

P.B.S.S. SPYLUNK

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MEMBERSHIP - The SPYLUNK is a quarterly publication of the Permian Basin Speleological Society, an internal organization of the National Speleological Society. Membership, which includes the SPYLUNK, is \$4.00 a year. Checks should be made payable to the editor. Publication dates are in January, April, July, and October. The deadline date to submit material is the 1st. Items received after the 1st will be included in the next issue. Articles, trip reports, etc., are encouraged and should be sent to the editor.

MEETINGS - The PBSS is currently meeting at Shakey's Pizza Parlor on the 3rd Thursday of each month at 7:30 pm. Shakey's is located at 3305 Andrews Highway in Midland which is just west of the intersection of Midkiff.

DRAWINGS IN THIS ISSUE - Except for the two cartoons included in this issue, the other drawings were copied from the Earthly Impressions catalog which is a rubber stamp company that features designs of our natural environment plus other designs. (Note: Some drawings were enlarged or reduced for this issue). The principal artist in their first catalog is Andy Komensky. Anyone who has ever seen any of Andy's artwork knows what a rare talent he has. Earthly Impressions is even looking for new artist so, if you're interested in submitting artwork or would like to receive a catalog write: Earthly Impressions, P.O. Box 791, Farmington, NM 87499.

P.B.S.S. SPYLUNK



APRIL 1986

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 5

1987 GRAPHIC ARTS SALON

Category: Non-Photographic
Award: Honorable Mention
Artist: Bill Greenlee

HELP US PUT LEFTY AND MUGSY OUT OF WORK!



RE-UP ON YOUR ANNUAL P.B.S.S. DUES (\$4.00)

MEMBERSHIP EXPIRATIONS

The majority of our memberships will expire in October & November so PLEASE note your expiration date on the address label. (What it boils down to is that I'm almost out of stamps).

OGLE CAVE, Loving Co., NM
June 14, 1987 by Pat Copeland

Bruce Baker, Gary Kowalski, Norm Thompson,
Fanette Begley, and Pat Copeland.

We all gathered at the parking lot and headed for the cave. John had given us instructions on how to find the cave and, with the help of the cave swallows, we found the deep sink. The rope was rigged and Bruce was elected to go down first, followed by Norm, Fanette, me, and Gary. The 180 feet was simply unbelievable. Words cannot describe the awesome beauty and excitement of the descent into the huge cave. The cave swallows were flying in and out and all around us. Our first stop was the Sequoia Room where we saw the gigantic Snoopy surrounded by more huge formations. We felt like tiny ants among them. There were curtains that were nearly 100 feet

tall. Fanette and I found a small one and a half foot Christmas tree in one of the curtains. The old scaffold, built in the 1900's, was still there and a bunch of old burlap sacks with guano was lying near the bottom. Among the formations, we saw one that they say is the tallest formation in the world. I have never seen so many humongous formations in a single cave! After seeing as much of the cave as time would allow, we made our way back to the rope and ate a bite of food before we started back up the rope. Bruce went up to the first level and waited on the rest of us. I was next, followed by Fanette, Norm, and Gary. Everyone made it up the rope and out into the hot sun. The walk down the hill was much easier than going up. Bruce got a lechuguilla spine in his leg but I had a pair of twislers in my backpack and quickly got it out and we were on our way.



FT STANTON CAVE, NM
June 20, 1987 by Pat Copeland

I left Carlsbad Caverns about 8:45 pm and headed to Carlsbad to buy a few groceries. Jim Ellington was going to the Southwestern Regional (25th Anniversary) at Ft Stanton Cave so he followed me and "The Silver Bullet" (my car). We arrived after midnight and was greeted by Dave Belski and Andy Komenski. What a pair to meet at midnight. We nearly woke everyone up. I was the sixty-eighth person to sign in. Dave later said we had well over a hundred people. It was great seeing all my caving friends but a lot of the ones I started caving with were not there. (Bob Hunt, Bill Goodall, Jim and Linda Sterling, Bob Sarabia, Sandy and Don Barr, Ernesto Fernandez, Charles Bruce---Where Are You?) Sam Bono led Wayne Walker, Slim Baxter, Jane Winkler, Laurnea Greenway, Joli Eaton and Pat Copeland into the cave. We all boarded the "Queen Mary", our oversized rubber raft and headed down river. We had to get out and carry boat and packs over Devils Backbone. We girls carried the backpacks while the guys carried the raft slipping and sliding and falling every step of the way getting covered in mud! But we finally made it to Twenty Steps and got

some of the mud off and our caving clothes on, but Jane couldn't find her pack nor one of Sam's so Sam went back and found them. He slid all the way down Twenty Steps and into the cold stream. Wayne though that looked like fun so he followed. Anyway, we finally were all ready and started with Crystal Crawl, Decorated Passage, and the way through Hell Hole. Boy they named it right. Then we went into the Trophy Room and through Key Hole Gate to the Hall of Velvet. Most of us were ready to head back for we were thinking of the steak and baked potato the Lubbock Grotto had prepared for everyone. The crawl back through Hell Hole was really hell this time. Our knees were almost hamburger meat by the time we made it back to our "Queen Mary", which had a slow leak. Wayne, Slim, Sam, and I took turns pumping it up with the hand pump we had brought along. Everyone boarded our raft and headed out. We all looked like we had been rolling in the mud by the time we finally exited the cave. WHAT AN EXPERIENCE! We finally got most of the mud off and headed for the food. The Lubbock Grotto did a great job putting on the Summer Regional. Everything was great.

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A NOTE FROM THE CHAIR

The frequency of Spylunk publication has been changed from 6 times/year to 4 times/year. We feel that by decreasing the number of issues to four we can produce a more interesting Spylunk (there is more going on over a four month period than from month to month) and we also could save some money on mailing costs. The new reduced format will allow more articles to be printed on the same amount of paper - more for your money if you think about it. We have also decided to change our meetings a bit. Instead of an official business meeting held at the Department of Public Safety (and much thanks to Jim Nance for arranging this) we will meet at

Shakeys (on Andrews Highway at Midkiff) for pizza and beer. PBSS is not a big grotto and the only business that concerns us is caving; thus the reason for an informal-fun meeting. We did this for the September meeting and had the best turn-out ever and planned some good trips. Shakeys will accomodate us if we want to show slides during any of our meetings so this all works out just great. Thanks to everyone who sent articles for this issue of the Spylunk. Pat Copeland was our number one contributor and we even got something from Bombs Away Bolger. Now if we could just get Greenlee to publish pea-launch results.....

JOE'S CAVE & TRAVIS CAVE, San Saba Co.
July 4, 1987 by Pat Copeland

Tim and Beth Williams, Rick Eledge, and Pat Copeland.

Came in from the lake and decided to take Rick (my son-in-law) and Tim and Beth (Rick's friends from Houston) to check on a hole I have been watching for two years. We left the rest of our family at home cooking hamburgers on the grill while we munched on snacks and headed to "cave land." We arrived at Joe's and introduced Tim and Beth to caving. The cave was still dripping in places. The porcupine and ringtail was at home this time. Tim and Beth enjoyed the cave very much so we exited the cave and headed for Travis' Cave. I only had three hard hats so I just used my little mini mag and let the others use my hats, but going into Travis' Cave I wished for my hat. The ceiling was covered with millions and millions of Harvestmen crickets and the floor just inside the entrance was covered in what looked like hundreds of small centipedes. I told Rick before he came on down that he wouldn't like this cave and Tim told

Beth the same thing so they decided to wait on Tim and I to go check out the hole that I have been watching. I told Tim not to shine his light on the ceiling because the crickets come down like popcorn all over you. It only took one time to convince him. This was one time that I didn't enjoy this cave for I had not gotten my hat from Beth and the crickets were all over my hair and back. Needless to say, we hurried to the end of the cave and on the way we saw a large Raccoon nestled on a mud bank near one of the turns. The hole was just about the same as before so we made our way back through the mud and all the crickets and out to find Beth and Rick waiting for us. They took one look at us and said, "I'm glad we didn't go." We used trash bags to line the seat of Tim's Bronco then we headed back to Brownwood. They really enjoyed the cave trip!



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CAVE TREE CAVE
July 17, 1987 by Jim Nance

Terry Bolger, Jergen ?, Judy Austin, Carol Belski, and Jim Nance.

Learning that Terry had room for one more person in this seldom visited restricted cave, I eagerly signed up. Our group, along with two rangers and their two guest, split into two groups due to the size of the cave. The small entrance and steep slope downward led us into a small room where we were asked to change into a pair of clean tennis shoes. Climbing over flowstone, we entered a narrow hall like tunnel into the back part of the cave. The rangers pointed out a tight squeeze that led into another small room. Being at ground level, getting in was fairly easy but very tight. Not everyone wanted to risk plugging it with their body. Exiting out on the other side became interesting when the floor dropped away several feet. Fortunately the opposite wall was close enough to right yourself. The ceiling was covered in soda straw formations. Due to its size, it didn't take long to see everything it had to offer. Getting back out wasn't near as easy as getting in.

After once again passing my hat and gear through to the other side, I had to work my way up the wall and duck in head-first. Concerned about a "carbide boost" from the others waiting for me to clear the way for them, I wormed my way through as quickly as possible. We walked sideways through the narrow passage due to delicate formations near the floor back to the mid-way point. We were shown a pool of water filled with cave pearls and thousands of soda straws overhead. We worked our way back to the main room and changed back into our boots for the trip out. Although the cave is very beautiful, it was the smallest cave I have seen.



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PINK PANTHER, PINK PALLETTE, DAM CAVES
July 18, 1987 by Jim Nance

Pat Kambesis, Kathy Schwehr, Terry Bolger, Judy Austin, Jergen ?, Joe Patten, Bill Greenlee, Dave Milligan, and Jim Nance.

Saturday morning came awfully early after spending part of the night attending a birthday party for Dave Belski. After breakfast, eight of us made preparations for an all day excursion to the Pink's and Dam Caves in the Guadalupe Mountains. After about a two mile hike, we came to Pink Panther. The small entrance, located

on the side of the mountain near the top, was fairly difficult for everyone to enter. Lack of handholds, and the narrow ledge, made getting in feet first very time consuming. Once in, one had to chimney down about 12 feet. A short distance later, the bottom dropped off \pm 50 feet. My vertical virgin status was fixing to change. The lips and protruding walls didn't allow for a very smooth descent, but everyone made it down ok. Loose rocks at the lip of the drop was a constant hazard for those already down. A fairly large rock, accidentally knocked down, put Terry's Flash unit (con'tc)

permanently out of service when the rock hit bottom and bounced onto his backpack. Fortunately everyone below was clear at the time. The cave was fairly well decorated and intact. Although no standing pools of water was noticed, the cave was very wet and damp. Everyone, except myself, went off to explore a relatively new upper section of the cave. After everyone had returned, we began rigging for the ascent back out. The entrance presented its former problems but in reverse. Upon exiting, I met Joe Patten who had come to join the group. After everyone made it out, we headed down and over a short distance to Pink Palette. Pink Panther had taken up a lot of our time and the day was growing short. Pink Palette was also very wet and damp. A short ways inside, the ceiling dropped down to within about 18" of the flowstone floor. Belly crawling under brought me inside another room that was highly decorated. The small, narrow tunnel like passage wove around numerous formations. I stopped near a relatively large pool of water but could see that the cave continued on. What interested me the most was that it kept heading towards Pink Panther. If there is, or ever was a connection between the two, it should have connected somewhere near the bottom of

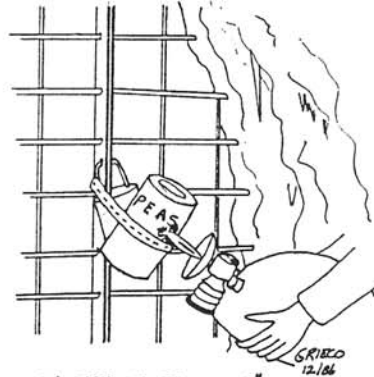
the vertical drop in Pink Panther. Moving on over to Dam Cave, the signs of a gate being installed at the entrance was encountered. One didn't have to go very far inside before coming to a large pool of water that stood between us and the rest of the cave. Just having warmed up, I kept my ground while a few of the others pulled off their boots and waded through to a small island. The average depth seemed to be about a foot. Unless one was willing to cross this "lake," there was no way to explore the rest of the cave, so we headed back out. Getting to Pink Dragon was somewhat difficult due to the rugged mountain terrain. Once inside, I knew that I was "caved out" and opted to remain behind inside the entrance to rest up for the long hike back to camp. The view from the huge entrance was spectacular. By the time the rest of the group returned, the sun had already moved behind the mountains. We made a hasty retreat out so as to find the trail before darkness set in. We made it back to camp after dark and ate our dinner around the campfire. Even without my air mattress (I had backed over it accidentally the day before with my pickup and punctured it), I slept as I had never slept before.

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PINK DRAGON

July 18, 1987 by Kathy Schwehr

After doing the other Pinks, Judy, Jergen, and Bill returned to the trucks. Jim Nance, Joe Patten, Pat Kambesis, Dave Milligan, and I followed Terry Bolger into the huge yaw of the Pink Dragon. It was the historical weekend of the 1st Industrial Size Geriatric Pea Launch (where is that can?), the celebration weekend of the birth of Belski, the 1st 1/4 annual Naked Success Cook Off (we will have need of three more this year), and there - yes there we were, standing before the lair of the Pink Dragon. It loomed before us pink as the sun of those dawns we never see on caving weekends. There we were, being lured on by the indescribable scent of guano/swallow mustiness, beckoned by the dark emptiness as if it were the first love, the first cave. Jim took watch at the entrance rock. Into the mouth we went, through loose talus and breakdown, down into a room of colossal formations. The Dragon is a huge figure having extended wings and its last breath frozen in rock. Large and terrible the Dragon stands poised, yet the formation is paper thin. To the right of the Dragon is a colossal shield and large formations. After spending some time in this room, we walked through a passage of only a few formations then went back up to meet Jim. In daylight's waning hours, we hiked Pink Ridge back to the vehicles to be greeted by a fiesta! The forty strips of flagging I marked the trail with for Joe had been retrieved by wonderful people and used to festoon the truck. Clothed, Bud and Miller gnomes sipped to David Allen Coe. We were back.



THE "GREENLEE TECHNIQUE" FOR
ESCAPING FROM A CAVE INTO
WHICH YOU HAVE LOCKED
YOURSELF...

LECHUGILLA CAVE by Patricia Kambesis

The first Lechuguilla Expedition of 1987 took place during the first week of August. Jerry Atkinson, Terry Bolger, and I participated in trips going out on the first and last weekends of the expedition. When I arrived at the CRF cabins, people were waiting on word from the first trip that had gone in that day (Friday). The object of the trip was to rig the cave and push an upper level lead in Lechugorilla Hall. Saturday morning, after spending 24 hours underground, John Patterson reported that the push was successful. Climbers Don Ducette and Art Wiggins bolted 100 feet up a gypsum encrusted wall (Captains Hook) to an upper level section and rigged a rope to allow access for everyone else. The plan for Saturday was to send in two survey teams and two climbers. The mappers would tie in the new find to the previously mapped Rift and start surveying in the new passage. The climbers were to look for a bypass to the lower Rift. I went in with a group of seven other cavers to the Rift. Neil Backstrom and Neelds Messler split from our group just beyond the beginning of the Rift to search for a bypass. The rest of us traversed the lower Rift level over areas of breakdown, and up and down many short climbs and traverses to Lechugorilla Hall. Upon arrival, we were greeted by Neil and

Neelds who were successful in finding a bypass making us the last group to use the lower Rift route to get to new sections of the cave. Al Williams, Roy Glaser, and Dave Logan climbed Captains Hook and began surveying south in the upper level. Steve Reames, Dave White and I tied in the lower Rift survey to the new survey and mapped the overpass. Between the two groups, 1800 feet of passage was surveyed. During the following week, new discoveries were made resulting in several thousand feet of survey. The most significant find was Deep Secrets - a big borehole corridor that went for over 1000 feet. It was in this passage that Lechuguilla surpassed Carsbad Cavern in depth (1058 feet). Jerry, two cavers from Britain and I mapped in Deep Secrets. Terry Bolger, Roy Glaser, Steve Reames, and Steve Simms continued beyond the Fortress of Chaos (a large gypsum room) into the Deep Sea Passage. The cave ended in this section but new leads were noted near the Fortress of Chaos. After totalling the mapped footage at the end of the expedition, it was noted that the cave was nearly doubled in length and is still going strong. Two more big trips are scheduled for this year in order to continue the survey and exploration work.

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TEXAS OLD TIMERS REUNION - New Branfels, TX
by Patricia Kambesis

On the weekend of September 18-20, Jerry Atkinson, Terry Bolger, and I attended the TSA OTR. This was strictly a party-fun weekend - no caving trips were scheduled. Instead, people participated in speleo-olympics, a vertical contest, a cable ladder climb, timed sleeping-bag dress-undress, and a simulated rescue pulley rigging event. Also, several vendors were present selling caving gear, t-shirts, books, and back-issues of the Texas Caver. Saturday night we pigged out at a buffet style bar-b-que with all the trimmings. Later that evening, prizes were awarded to the winners in the many events and our very own Bombs-Away Bolger walked away with second place in the speleo-olympics and third place in the vertical contest. (It should be mentioned that Terry participated in all the events - twice). The rest of the night was spent watching slides (on the giant screen) located in front of the hot-tub, compliments of Peter Strickland). For those interested, there was also a sauna available. And to top things off, there was a towering inferno bonfire. A good time was had by all.



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COTTONWOOD CAVE
August 22, 1987 by Pat Copeland

Joli Eaton, Beth, Gene, and Thriva Eaton, Luke Peerman, Mike Goar, Debbie and Amanda Whitaker, Shawn and Pat Copeland.

Everyone hopped into Joli's 1973 Chevrolet Van to give it a test run up Three Mile

Hill. It passed the test except just inside the gate we had a flat. The flat was fixed in no time at all, with the help of Mike and Jay who were behind us with Mary Ann, Ransome and Jackie were at the look-out station and were heading into Cottonwood to do some restoration work so we offered our assistance and away we went. (con't)

Kenny and Jason Hansone were also helping. This was Debbie's (my daughter) first cave in the Guads and Amanda's (my four year old granddaughter) first cave trip. Each of the kids grabbed a brush or spray bottle and started cleaning on a formation. Luke is seven, Beth is nine, Gene is eleven, Thriva is fifteen, and Shawn is fourteen. They all worked for awhile then their enthusiasm began to dwindle. Amanda helped me work on trails for awhile then Shawn had to take Luke up top to the bathroom. Thriva and Gene were



wet and getting cold so I took them out with Amanda. They did very good, considering their age. Beth stayed with Joli and Debbie for a little longer. I was trying to teach Amanda the importance of staying on the trail while building it and about the formations. She climbed all the way up the hill out of the cave all by herself after I showed her how to place her feet while climbing. She did real good and was real proud of herself and she enjoyed the cave. We all sat at the entrance and waited on the others. I fed them my fruit bars and they sure liked my new "Goober Tuber" peanut butter in a tube made in Comanche, Texas. We saw the others coming up so we decided to make our way back to the road and up to the cabin. Amanda made it up the trail and back to the tower without one stop. I think she will make a good little caver. It started to rain so we quickly jumped into the van and made our way down the hill and back to camp. We saw a small fawn, a doe, and a spike deer with velvet on his horns. Everything was really pretty and green.

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GOAT ROAST

August 22, 1987 by Pat Copeland

Debbie and Mike Clark helped the great chef, Dave, prepare the goat for cooking at the usual 11:00 pm, assisted by Steve Peerman, Mike Goar, and myself. The coals were dug out and the prepared goat carefully placed in the pit and covered with about three or four inches of dirt then the hot coals were placed on it and a fire was kindled. We all sat around the fire for awhile, then everyone began to drift off at about 2:30 am. The fire was kept going till 4:00 Saturday afternoon then all the fixings were put on several tables and the goat was dug up and put on a large pan and everyone dug in! It

was misting rain off and on but everyone ate their fill and sat around the fire and under tarps talking. Nothing can ruin a cavers get together. Dave Milligan had a parachute hung up and a bunch gathered under it and talked a spell. Jim Goodbar (our very own BOG person) was there. He was quizzed on his opinions. He said if he could ever figure out what all the buttons at the meeting were for, he might get somewhere. The rain continued through the night and Sunday morning found the same. Deb and I decided that we would load our wet tent up and head home. Shawn was still asleep so we loaded things around and on him then we said our good-byes and headed back to TX. Sure had a lot of fun seeing everyone.

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GOAT FLOAT 1987

August 22-23, 1987 by "Bombs Away" Bolger

The annual Pecos Valley Grotto Goat Roast was held the weekend of August 22-23, 1987 in the Lincoln National Forest. I arrived at the party site at mid-morning Saturday. The day was sunny and warm, and those going caving for the day were just getting ready. One group was headed to Cottonwood Cave to do some restoration work in the main corridor, while another was going on a photo trip to Hidden Cave. Dave Belski and company were off to look for the bar-b-que grate for the pit, which had mysteriously disappeared. I opted to stay around camp and socialize for awhile with the other "armchair cavers" present. After hearing stories about the recent NSS convention, Jim Evatt, Andy Belski, and myself decided that a trip to Sitting Bull Falls was in order. We hiked in from the top of the trail that comes off of NMI37. Even as we were hiking down to the falls, dark clouds approaching and the deep rumbling of thunder warned us that rain was imminent. But we were enjoying the scenic hike as looking forward to a skinny-dip

in one of the pools and chose not to heed nature's warning. We hiked to the point overlooking the falls, then headed back, stopping at the "perfect" pool where Andy and I enjoyed a quick, but refreshing, swim. It wasn't necessary to "take the plunge" to get wet, however, for soon the deluge was upon us. The trail was quickly becoming a running stream and thunder roared ominously overhead. Already soaked to the bone, we hiked on thru the rain. As fate would have it, the rain stopped just as we arrived back at Jim's car. Back at camp, we found that we had bore the brunt of the storm and it had rained only lightly on the goats. But we weren't clear yet. Indeed, it continued to rain on and off for the rest of the weekend. Dave Belski had garnered a \$50.00 fine from the Forest Service for making a cairn out of some fallen timbers which were said to be blocking the road (as it were) leading to the camp. He had some choice words about this (your imagination will suffice), but at least had reclaimed the metal grate (Forest Service had "confiscated" this too). During our absence, a "test" package of goat had been pulled from the pit and was met with obvious approval ... they devoured it. (con't)

Soon the caving crews returned from up the hill and final preparations were made for the feast. Everyone brought out their pot luck contribution. I brought my traditional watermelon. "Wild" Bill Greenlee was unable to make it this year with his infamous peas. The goat was delicious - it was literally falling off the bone. In all, about 40 people were present for the goat roast and polished off all 3 goats. The evening was spent swapping lies, telling jokes, and quaffing brew around the fire pit, or under the shelter of Dave Milligan's parachute canopy. The atmosphere was less festive than at other recent goat roasts, probably due to the rain, but a good time was had by all. Sunday morning Dave Milligan and myself met Ransom Turner, Jackie Demo, Kenny and Jason for a restoration trip to Hell Below Cave. A wet hike to the entrance was followed by a troublesome lock and a muddy crawl into the entrance. The 60' drop



was rigged and we proceeded down in quick succession. Ransom used his new Petzl descender for the first time. We followed the main corridor back into the New Years Eve Gallery. Ransom, Jackie, Kenny, and Jason worked in one group, cleaning mud and scuff marks from the flowstone around the big pool. Dave and I worked on the other side of the entryway, cleaning mud tracked onto the popcorn encrusted floor. We had two "piss" pumps which we would fill from the pool, and these worked quite well for blasting mud out from between the popcorn nodules. We spent about 6 hours working at a casual pace. The other crew made noticeable improvements in the area around the pool. Dave's and my project went slower, and although we made some progress, there's still a lot of work to be done in that area. Dave and I also built a trail through the back section of the main corridor (leading to the New Years Eve Gallery) to divert traffic onto a single path where a second path was becoming established through the delicate popcorn encrusted floor. The trip out was uneventful aside from the fact that I beat out "Milly" to be the first one up the drop and out of the cave. Outside we were greeted by a light, steady rain. Back at the lookout, Jackie had a crockpot full of stew which filled our bellies and warmed our spirits. More restoration work remains to be done in Hell Below (vertical) as well as Cottonwood (non-vertical) caves. Restoration trips can be arranged by calling the Forest Service office in Carlsbad at (505) 885-4181.

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LABOR DAY REGIONAL by Patricia Kambesis

Permian Basin Speleological Society (yea, that's us) hosted the Labor Day Regional on McKittrick Hill. I was the sole representative of the grotto at this gala event and I made sure I spread rumors and gossip about everyone else who didn't attend. The weather was good - a bit overcast and windy at times but sunny most of the day. About 35 people attended and it looked like tent city on the top of the hill. There was a short business meeting on Saturday morning in which numerous issues of great importance were discussed (I told you guys you should have come) and grotto activity reports were given. By default, I summarized PBSS's activities over the past few months (which as we all know included several hard-core trips to Sitting Bull Falls, the first meeting of the Jaybird Section of PBSS, extensive research on the physics of the Greenlee Pea launch phenomenon and serious south-of-the-border Goomba caving). After the meeting, people participated in clean-up work in Endless and McKittrick Hill Caves in addition to some fun trips. I took a trip to Endless with

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT by Jim Nance

Caving, and hiking to caves, can be very taxing, especially for those of us who are relatively new to the sport or those who don't cave as often as others. Endurance, both physically and mentally, are put

Dave Gose - our destination: the War Club Room. We spent about 45 minutes taking the scenic route through some of the upper mazes and finally, after finding the right climbdown, we made our way to the breast of Venus. After recarbing, Dave and I made our way to the War Club Room amidst some strange (and at that time unaccountable) shouts and hisses. We later found out that Scott Adams and Andy Goodbar were hiding in the dark hoping to scare us. I thought Dave was making the noise and he thought I was so we just ignored these strange sounds (much to the pranksters chagrin). Someone (Noble Stidham?) brought a TV set and VCR so we watched cave videos around the campfire that evening and it was a fun social event. I had to leave early for other commitments (which left PBSS totally unrepresented and I'm sure the brunt of even more vicious rumors and gossip). I assume everyone had a good time - I did.

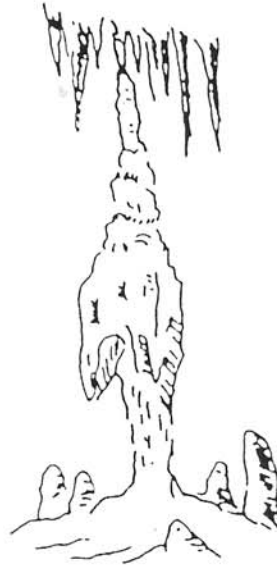
to the test on each trip. A portion of a tip Pat Kambesis gave me is worth sharing. "Caving is not a competitive sport. It's a real team effort. The pace and goal of the group is a function of the abilities, endurance, and physical condition of the least experienced member."

NEKKID FAJITAS by Terry "Bombs Away" Bolger

At the summer SWR bash at Ft Stanton, my style and recipe for cooking fajitas got a lot of attention. Here, by popular demand, is my recipe for the best fajitas around.

1 teaspoon chopped fresh cilantro
1 clove of garlic, minced
1 teaspoon chili powder
Juice of 1 lime
1/4 cup of soy sauce
1 lb beef skirt steak
1 onion, cut into rings
1 bell pepper, cut into rings
3 jalapeno peppers, cut into rings
Lots of cerveza
1 hot tub

Mix cilantro, garlic, chili powder, lime juice, and soy sauce. Remove membrane from steak and clothes from your body. Liberally pour marinade mix over steak and cerveza into yourself. Marinade meat in marinade mix and yourself in the hot tub until tender. Grill steak over hot coals until done, about 5 minutes, turning once. Prepare your palate with another cold one (cerveza). Slice meat thinly across the grain. Serve with warm tortillas and garnish with onion, bell pepper, and jalapenos to taste. Top with pico de gallo, guacamole, or hot sauce as desired. Have plenty of cold cerveza ready to wash it all down with. Makes 6 fajitas, 3 servings. Buen Provecho!



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NEW FIRST AID TREATMENT FOR SNAKEBITE
by Terry Bolger

Snakebite treatment has been an area of much controversy and dissenting opinions in recent years. The American Red Cross is reviewing its current snakebite treatment recommendations, which include the following steps:

- * Get the victim medical help as soon as possible;
- * Keep the bite area below the level of the patient's heart;
- * Keep the victim's temperature as near normal as possible to prevent shock;
- * Identify the snake if possible so that proper antivenin can be used;
- * Do not try to cut and suck out the poison as was once recommended;
- * Do not apply ice to the bite area as was once recommended.

This is all fine and well, but it offers little as a first aid measure for situations where a victim may be hours, if not days, from the nearest medical facility with antivenin. With a revolutionary first aid treatment, however, help may be as close as the nearest engine with spark plugs. This electro-shock treatment is discussed in detail in the June 1987 issue of Outdoor Life magazine. The treatment involves the bitten area being electrically grounded as near as possible to the bite and a high-voltage, low-amperage, DC current (such as a spark plug wire carries from the coil of an engine) applied for one or two seconds, in 4 or 5 treatments spaced 5 to 10 seconds apart. At present, this electric shock treatment defies scientific explanation, but has become a standard folk remedy in the jungles of South America. Some South American hospitals are using "stun guns" for

clinical treatment of snakebite. A number of successful treatments have been documented in hospitals in Ecuador. When the electric shock treatment was applied within 30 minutes of being bitten, none of the usual serious medical complications developed. The pain was usually gone in 15 minutes and no necrosis or tissue damage occurred around the bite. Two victims were treated with electric shock over 2 hours after being bitten. They arrived with swollen limbs and intense pain. Pain relief was provided within 30 minutes and 12 hours later the swelling had not progressed. The swelling had almost disappeared after 3 days and only 1 victim had a small necrotic area around the bite. In contrast, seven bite victims who refused electric shock treatment suffered complications such as swelling, bleeding, shock, and kidney failure. Two required amputations. (Note: No antivenin was available). This information is offered as a first aid treatment for snakebite. In all cases, snakebite victims should be taken to a medical facility as soon as possible. Other Red Cross recommendations (listed above) should also be followed.

References: Herzberg, Robert. 1987. Shocks for snakebites. p.55 in Outdoor Life, June 1987 issue.

