

P.B.S.S. SPYLUNK

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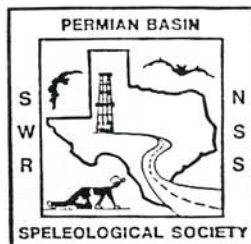


FEBRUARY 1986

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BILL BENTLEY- PRESIDENT
5216 TREEMONT # 621
MIDLAND, TX. 79707
(915) 697-3079

TONY GRIECO- EDITOR
4723 W. ILLINOIS
MIDLAND, TX. 79703
(915) 697-0323

MEETING

The February meeting of the PBSS will be held THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 7:30 PM at the home of Suzy Noldan, Ocotillo Apts. # 36, 405 N. Carizzo. Call Suzy at 685-0080 for further information or directions. As-usual, the meeting is a 'bring your own' affair. A videotape titled 'The Underworld' has been scheduled for this meeting.

NEWS OF NOTE

1986 PBOC SCHEDULE:

For those of you who aren't already PBOC members, reproduced below is their schedule for the remainder of 1986:

FEB. 21-23- BIG BEND, BACKPACKING/CAMPING
MAR. 21-23- FT. DAVIS, RAPELLING/CAMPING
APR. 11-13- MARISCAL CANYON (BIG BEND), CANOEING
MAY 23-26- GILA WILDERNESS
JUN. 20-23- ROBERT LEE, SAILING/FISHING/CAMPING
JUL. 19-21- ABILENE STATE PARK, FISHING/CAMPING
AUG. 22-24- RUIDOSA, BACKPACKING
SEP. 20-22- FT. DAVIS, GOAT ROAST/CAMPING
OCT. 18-20- CAVING , GUADALUPE MTNS.
NOV. 1 - TERLINGUA CHILI COOKOFF
NOV. 14-16- MCKITTRICK CANYON, HIKING
DEC. 13 - CHRISTMAS PARTY

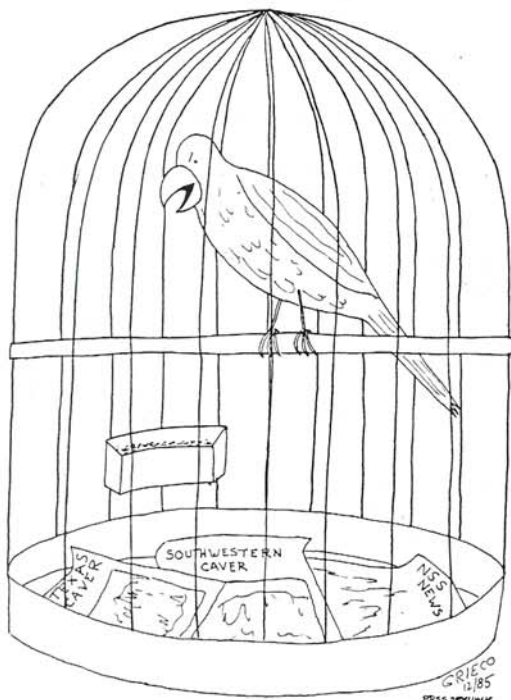
If you are interested in the PBOC, call Richard Galle at the Odessa Parks Dept., 362-6964. Note, too, that the PBSS will be running the October caving trip for the PBOC (plans are to take them to Cottonwood, Black and Hidden).

AMAZING MAZE SURVEY:

Pressure is once again building for the grotto to get off our collective behinds and start a survey of Amazing Maze Cave. Suzy Noldan has offered to



AWK! POLLY WANTS THE SPYLUNK! AWK!
POLLY WANTS THE SPYLUNK!



Wyoming participants: Bob Montgomery, Mike Kopriska, Janet Starks- also seven participants from Florida (Report by Suzy)

This report documents the first four days of a 15 day caving expedition into Mexico over the Christmas/ New Year's holiday. The expedition included 3 Wyomingites, 7 Floridians and me. The main goal of the group was to 'do' Golandrinas, a 1095 foot vertical cave in southern Mexico. I was only able to travel with the group as far south as Monterrey, and visited only one Mexican cave.

On Saturday I met the Wyoming group at the Big Spring Greyhound station. They looked to be in good shape considering that they had driven all night from Casper. Captain Bob showed me the wedge- a Ford F150, 4WD king cab truck with a large modified camper, winch, water tank, extra fuel tank, and more caving, climbing, stereo and camera gear than could be recorded. While Bob (a geologist and part-time photographer) was taping the event with his new video camera, I was introduced to Janet Starks (barmaid and nursing student) by Mike Kopriska (artist and college teacher). I found out that Bob planned to tape the whole trip with the hopes of selling the video.

Sunday morning we met up with the seven floridians in Laredo (U. of Tampa student grotto). They had decided to rent one large van rather than risk driving their own vehicles into Mexico. After paying 120 dollars for Bob's truck insurance for 12 days we got food, bought money, then headed for the border. What we needed was a visa for each person, a vehicle permit, and finally an inspection. The inspection went

show us how this surveying business is done, so we can no longer plead ignorance as our excuse for not undertaking this project. Call Bill Bentley if interested and we will try to put things together for a weekend.

CAVE TRIPS

FEBRUARY 8-9, 1986: February's grotto trip is to Hell Below, Storybook and Little Beauty Caves, in the Guads. We have some directions to Storybook and Little Beauty, and from what we have been able to find out, both of these caves are small, non-vertical and well decorated. Hell Below, of course, is vertical, so plan accordingly. We should have one of the biggest groups ever for this trip, and for now we plan to have everyone meet at deer hunter's camp friday night. Call Bill Bentley or Tony Grieco if you need further info.

MARCH 8-9, 1986: Three Fingers Cave- Be There!!!!

TRIP REPORTS

BUSTEMONTE CAVE, Bustemonte, Mexico, Dec. 21-24, 1985
PBSS participant: Suzy Noldan

smoothly after we tipped the red-capped fellow \$5. Unfortunately, we hit the border during the holiday rush, and it took us more than 2 hours to get through all the long lines.

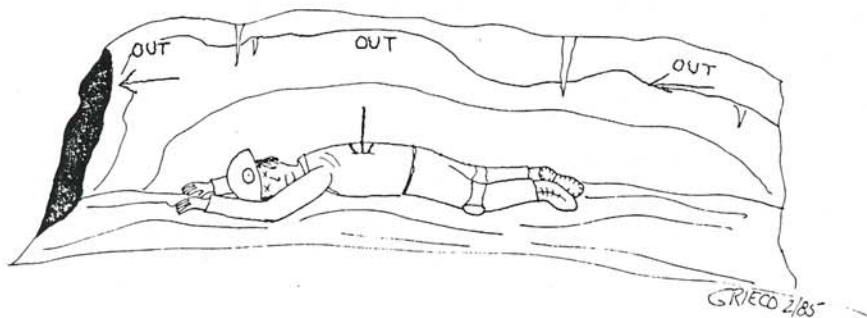
As Mike wrote in 1985 " Nuevo Laredo, the Mexican counterpart of Laredo, has a very richly infested ambiance. The narrow streets, crowded streets and vendors are everywhere you turn. Some sell lovely caged green parrots while others vend blankets, jewelry, touristo crap or a visit to 'boy's town', their red light district. The contrasts of the newly-built (but never finished) aside the old and decaying are stark and ever-present. Human activities prevail over every job done, including the running of traffic lights at intersections by buttonpushing individuals in uniforms."

After purchasing a large supply of Jose Cuervo and filling up at a PEMEX station we were on our way. The first stop was a check stop 15 miles down the road where officials again checked our visas and vehicle permits. At Sabinas Hidalgo we ate dinner before we headed west to Bustemonte. Past Bustemonte, we drove on a dirt road through a beautiful canyon cut into a huge anticline of folded limestone. Our camp was a little paradise with cement picnic tables, running warm springs, a pond with lily pads, and a forest of trees in their fall colors. With the camp to ourselves, we were able to enjoy the evening to the fullest.

Monday morning was very slow. We were all amazed to find three empty liter bottles of Jose Cuervo (nobody could remember opening the last bottle). We finally headed on to Bustemonte cave. There was a road built partway up to the cave, but never finished. As a consequence, we had a long uphill hike to the cave. At the start of the trail we met some California cavers. They had just made arrangements to open the cave up because it had been closed for the holidays. So, for \$1 apiece the cave was opened up and the lights turned on. The lighting system was crude, inadequate, and in disrepair, with wiring and bare bulbs hanging on wooden poles above the head or sometimes at neck level. The cave is noted for its large rooms and nice formations, but unfortunately, graffiti and vandalism have marred it. Since we were all cavers we had brought along our own lights and had fun exploring the unlit portions of the cave. After a long hot climb up and out, we returned to Bustemonte for a wonderful dinner at the restaurant. After watching the local Christmas parade and socializing with the locals, we headed back to camp for a quiet evening.

Tuesday was a day of partings. I was dropped off at the airport in Monterrey and the rest of the group headed on south.

On January 14th the Wyoming group stopped in Midland on their way home. They showed me their videos of the rest of the trip and the drop into Golandrinas. Mike, Bob, Janet and two of the Florida cavers completed the drop.



LANGTRY LEAD CAVE, Val Verde Co., Tx., Jan. 11, 1986.
Participants: Bill Bentley, Bill Greenlee, Tony Grieco, Bob Hansler,
Fred Hansler, Suzy Noldan (Report by Bill)

Bill, Suzy and I all met at Tony's house on Friday evening, and were on the road by 7:00. We arrived at the entrance of the cave at approx. 11:00. It had been over two years since I had been to this cave with Terry Hill (we didn't enter the cave at that time), and the over-the-phone directions I had gotten from John Spence had really helped out in re-locating the entrance.

After a breakfast of cold granola bars and pepsi, Tony and I went back to Langtry Saturday morning to meet up with Fred and Bob and show them to the cave. They followed our escort and after a short chat at the campsight we all started getting our gear together. Finally, at around 10:00 we all entered the cave and rigged the first drop, which was only a short way from the entrance. We rigged the drop with a 50 foot piece of Bluewater II, and everyone descended. The next room was a little larger than the entrance room, and at the end was the second drop, which we also rigged with a 50 foot piece of Bluewater II. This drop had a small pool of water at the bottom, and it required some fancy footwork to keep out of.

Once everyone had descended we scattered through the passage and found a short, connecting loop (kind of like a parallel passage), and from this passage the cave continued into a large breakdown room. A quick look around revealed some nice gypsum crystals but no passage leading off. Then Tony went exploring down a tube-tunnel passage and everyone followed. He dropped through a hole in the floor and went to belly-crawling, and Suzy followed him. Bill G. went scampering over all of us through a top passage. The Hansler Bros. and I went straight through, and we ultimately met in another room about 15 feet from where we had started.

The next passage was a confusing, skeletal-bone like maze of inter-connecting passages that led to a crawlway about 3 feet wide by 9-10 inches high and 300 feet long. We crawled through this passage for what seemed like an eternity, and I remember seeing nothing but boots in front of me and having to push my helmet along. Finally we came out into the largest room in the cave, after a short drop of about 8'. This was what the map called Unicorn Hall, named after the abundant, horn-shaped fossils which protruded from the walls and ceiling. Many pictures were taken here.

We explored the Unicorn Hall and soon found the longest drop in the cave. The entrance to this drop was about 5 feet in diameter, and the passage corkscrewed under itself, which caused the rope to be pinned to the wall during the drop. Everyone descended only to find that we were 50 feet from the next level, and that we had no more rope (it was conveniently left at the start of the tight crawlway). Since we had already spent 3 hours in the cave, and were dreading the long crawlway ahead, we figured that we had seen the majority of the cave and started the ascent. It took almost two hours to exit the cave, and I suffered a slight busted elbow in a 3-4 foot fall I took during a short climb. I don't know if it is being out of shape, old age, or just losing my touch, but I've never been so beat by a cave, and I was sore for several days after.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRICE OF FAME DEPT.

I think it was Oscar Wilde who said: "The only thing worse than being well known is not being well known." With this in mind, I present two cartoons, inspired by our illustrious grotto, which appeared in the Oct. 1985 TEXAS CAVER. Enjoy (?). (The unsigned cartoon is by Charles Loving).



The PBSS SPYLUNK is the official publication of the Permian Basin Speleological Society, a grotto (chapter) of the National Speleological Society. Membership, which includes the newsletter, is \$4.00/yr, paid to the editor (address on masthead). Material for publication should be sent to same. Republication of material contained herein by NSS publications is encouraged, others may do so with permission of the editor.