

COW A V E R



'Oh sweet Bessie, it goes!'

HOW TO KNOW IF YOU ARE A COW CAVER By Bighorn Bill**Well, you just might actually be a cow caver if —**

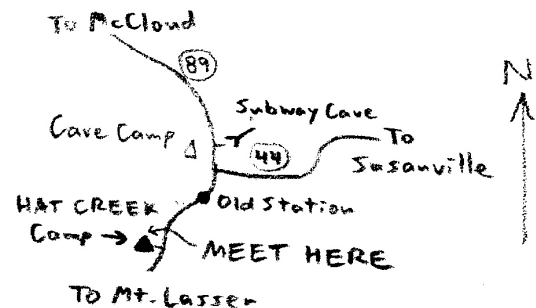
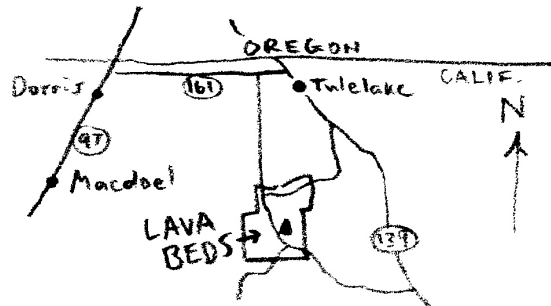
- a new bull caver arrives in the pasture, and you notice a lot of BS going on.
- first you find out about your pregnancy, and then you have a cow.
- you arrange special cave trips for the baby cows.
- you think the civil war actually had something to do with western cows.
- you actually attended the NSS Conventions in Porterville and Yreka.
- you very rarely get up on your hind legs.
- your body is just too big to fit into most of the local caves.
- you are quite fond of grass, and use it on a daily basis.
- you are a strict vegetarian, and think everyone else should do likewise.
- you often find yourself outdoors with no clothes on.
- your favorite form of humour is udder nonsense.
- you don't know what 'udder darkness' really means.
- you do more standing around jawing than actually caving.
- trips out to the field are more for eating than for caving.
- your stomach capacity is legendary. It's like you have extra stomachs.
- you wear a bell around your neck so others can find you.
- you keep your cow's tail attached at all times.
- some of your friends went to school at Cow Poly.
- you have trouble thinking for yourself, content to just follow the herd.
- some of the local landowners gate their caves with cattle guards.
- your favorite cave decoration is moonmilk.
- one of your favorite all-time caves is Planetary Dairy in Siskiyou County.
- one of your greatest all-time caving heroes is Dave Cowan.
- you think the 'Valley Caver' was named after you.
- your favorite reading material is the Cow Caver.

BB

The SAG RAG is published by the Shasta Area Grotto of the National Speleological Society, Grotto meetings are held at different locations the fourth Friday of each month at 7:30 p.m. Meeting locations are announced in the SAG RAG, Membership dues are \$6 dollars per year and include newsletter subscription. Original material not otherwise noted is copyright to the SAG RAG. Such material may be copied with credit given to the author and the SAG RAG. For use outside of the caving community, please seek the permission of the author or editor first. Send material for publication any time to Bighorn Broeckel, 2916 Deer Meadows Road, Yreka, CA 96097 or <jbroeckel@snowcrest.net>. For more on SAG, check the web site at <<http://www.caves.org/grotto/sag>>.

CAVERS CALENDAR 2007

May 18-20	SAG meets at Speleo-Ed Seminar in Lava Beds National Monument.
June 15	SAG meeting 7:30 pm at Hat Creek, contact Broeckels (530) 842-0817.
July 20-22	SAG 25 th Anniversary Reunion Weekend at Lava Beds National Monument.
July 23-27	NSS Convention in Marengo, Indiana.
Oct 13-21	Crystal Cave Restoration in Sequoia-Kings Canyon National Park.
Oct 26-28	Western Regional at Pinnacles National Monument hosted by SFBC.



MARCH SAG MEETING Minutes from March 16, 2007 SAG meeting at Melanie Jackson's home in Yreka, CA. The meeting was called to order at 7:40 pm and adjourned at 8:43 pm. Those attending were members Russ Yoder, Jim and Liz Wolff, Bill and Judy Broeckel, Melanie Jackson, Ray Miller, and Dave Smith. Minutes were read, corrected, and approved. Treasurer's Report: \$749.97 + \$49.40 = \$799.37, plus we got two members to renew during the meeting = Big bucks! SAG RAG Report: Bill Broeckel asks for a report from us after 'The Day of the Bat' tomorrow, at the Turtle Bay Museum, Redding, CA. Website Report: Robert is not here, but he has been in contact during the transition to NSS's caves.org. SAG's new e-mail address is sag@caves.org and our website's new address is: <http://www.caves.org/grotto/sag>

Correspondence: Yoder got mailing from Karst Field Studies program in Kentucky. Liz wrote to Jim Stout (USFS-KNF) about Pluto's Cave Clean-up, but no response yet. GEICO caveman has stirred interest enough to where one caver asked if it could be possible to have him to speak at this year's Speleo-Ed! Melanie had the Speleo-Ed Seminar Schedule and Registration handed around. NSS is looking for a new Office Manager. Robert sent us a few comments on the website and the need for the changeover to caves.org and several responses from various people.

Old Business: Our present bank account information and requirements were reported on by Melanie. Re: the grotto's display at Mt. Shasta's Sisson Fish Hatchery Museum, Liz asked Bighorn if he would do something for the handout at the museum. Bill had the cover to show us and mentioned what else he'll be putting in. Liz wrote a press release for the local newspaper about the grotto's 25th anniversary display at the museum. Now, we shall see what they print. Steve Hobson e-mailed us and said he has a bigger T.V. for the display. Jim asked if anyone has photographs of the first display the grotto did years ago at the same museum. Bighorn will check the SAG RAG archive, and see what we mentioned about it.

New Business: Liz presented hard copies of the pages in our website. She asked if we could look them over, make any typo corrections and/or comments..., which we did.

Trip Reports: Yoder went looking for caves in (Siskiyou County) area today. Jim tells of recent Dumb Luck Cave trips, where he went to continue on his dig.

Respectfully submitted by Jim Wolff (acting SAG Sec/Treas.)

JW

TURTLE BAY BAT DAY

By Liz Wolff

Turtle Bay Nature Museum sponsored a 'Day of the Bat' with exhibits, talks, and a live bat presentation. Ray Miller was asked to man a table with bat info and some about the caving club he belongs to. He asked Liz Wolff to help him out with caving and SAG info for the public. What a day.

The slide program that is currently at Sisson Museum was set up next to us. People walked by studiously ignoring us as we

sat at a table next to the exit to the 'cave'. A few stopped to talk and ask for info but we probably won't see any of them at a SAG meeting or trip. Only one was promising, an elementary teacher from Redding. She might like to have a school presentation for the kids on bats and caves. Near the end of the day, Bill and Judy Broeckel showed up to man the table for a while.

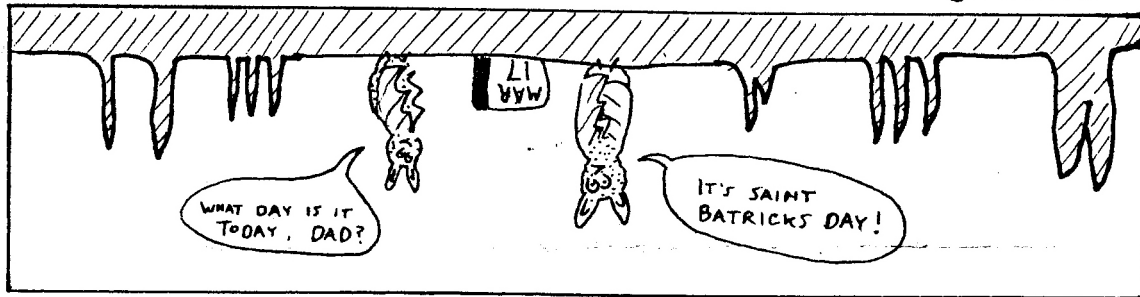
A live bat presentation was given by Rob from a bat conservation and rehab foundation in Michigan. He had with him

four flightless bats: big brown, flying fox, fruit bat, and an African fruit bat. He had a general slide show on bats and a book about bats for sale. His program was given three times during the day; Ray and I managed to see it. He was a frequent visitor to our table as his presentation room was right across the concourse from us. An interesting guy.

Turtle Bay is interested in having another bat day next year, and has already invited SAG to take part in it. **LW**

BAT JOKES

Bighorn Bill



DUMB LUCK CAVE Jim Wolff

Another obsession

Here is the last (?) of the Dumb Luck sagas ... for awhile!

I had been poking away most of the winter at the sand dig solo and after talking up the cave at the grotto meetings and on the website (with a few exaggerations thrown in), I got my third volunteer, Dave Smith, to go into the cave. He made one dig trip in before, and he was also on another trip where he helped Liz Wolff re-map the cave, so he was convinced too about the possibilities ahead, with all that cold, crazy, pulsing wind.

So, on Monday April 16th Dave and I went to the cave for another stab at the sand dig. This time we used an old tarp to load the sand on, and then the

digger dragged his sand out of the crawlway, to the beginning of the dig, where one worker had been spending his 'resting' time moving all the dumped sand out into the broad main passageway, like a broad delta, and indeed it is too...! The dig is certainly hard to miss on your way into the cave.

Anyway, we dug a few hours and even went back in after lunch for one more stab at it. However, we had gotten too comfy and warm sitting in the sun, so when we went back in that cold cave, our strength was sapped even further. But Dave persevered and dug a few additional loads and hauled them out, before we left. So we are another 6 ft into the tube... progress!

We can now see "The End" as the walls close in a bit more and the roof drops more towards the sand floor. But

there is a 6 or 8 in diameter opening in the rocky wall, with its total dimensions hidden by the sand. That HAS to be where the air is coming from!! Although that was initially discouraging to see we still haven't dug down to the rocky floor that we must be crawling over, so lowering the sandy floor level a bit more in the remaining distance, that would get us to that hole. Besides, that passage height is now around 12 in. near the end of our digging...

All that just because we want to see what's around the corner!, and we will someday soon - this year!

Then and only then, will Liz publish the map (that's what she says). Okay, but until then YOU will have to come out to see the cave, and help us with the dig, soon..., Okay? We can sure use the help. **JW**

GUATEMALA TRIP REPORT From Dick LaForge

This is a trip report from our recent caving trip to Guatemala. I have been going on caving and canyoneering trips with this group, which is mostly from the SF Bay Area, for 4 years now. This was our third Christmas trip to Mexico/Guatemala. Walter Vennum, a semi-retired geology professor at Sonoma State, did a great write-up, so there is no point in me doing another one. We have permission to print this. I will add some personal remarks which are in parentheses. **DL**

GUATEMALA: 12-22-06 to 1-06-07 By Walt Vennum

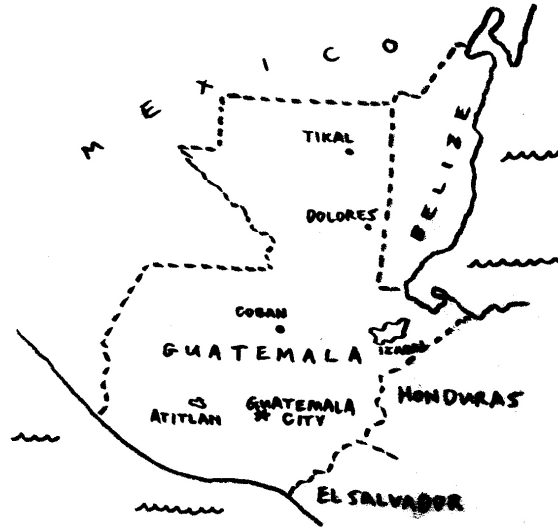
When Jef Levin, Sue Jones, Rob Dreyer, Toinette Harshome, Dick LaForge and myself arrived at SFO early evening of Dec. 22nd our trip got off to a bad start. United Airlines told us we were each going to be 'voluntarily separated' from one of our bags and that bag might be off loaded in Los Angeles to make room for cargo, our flight for LA left over an hour late, then after landing sat on a taxiway for 45 minutes before pulling up to tile gate. We made our connecting flight to Guatemala City only because we got right back on the same plane at the same gate and it left an hour and 20 minutes late. When we arrived over Guatemala City early the next morning the entire basin lay under a solid overcast. Flying around in the clouds next to several large volcanoes while hunting for the airport was not very reassuring, but 45 minutes later we did manage to get all our bags and were on our way. We then discovered that not a single ATM in Guatemala City was working, because there was not enough new crisp currency in the country to operate them. We later found this to be true throughout the entire country for the entire 2 weeks of our trip! Nonetheless we were on our way north in a rental van by 8:30 a.m. and arrived in the city of Coban by early afternoon.

CUEVA DEL RIO OQUEBA and CUEVA DEL RIO

On the day before Christmas we spent 4 hours wandering through a maze of muddy roads and coffee fields east of Coban looking for the entrance to Cueva del Rio Oqueba. The walk from the van to the cave only took 10 minutes, but once inside it quickly became obvious that the water level was much higher than normal. We fixed 2 ropes and a 100' length of webbing to help us get back upstream against the fast current and were able to get about ? of the way through the 1.2 kilometer long cave before running out of rope.

The amount of labor necessary to create the coffee fields we drove through going back to Coban is immense. First clear the steep rocky land, then plant and care for the bushes and finally harvest and process the beans; all of this by hand. Think about that next time you drink a cup of Guatemalan coffee.

We spent most of Christmas Day driving east then north from Coban to Finca Ixobel in the northeastern part of Guatemala. (It is in 'El Peten' which is the lowland jungle home of the ancient Maya. Tikal is somewhat nearby.) Finca is a Guatemalan word for farm or ranch. Three hours of this drive was along a road paved with a soupy mixture of mud, rocks, and tree limbs and held onto a steep hillside by some combination of dental floss and industrial strength chewing gum. The finca is a cattle ranch/coffee plantation/tourist resort which offers volleyball, soccer, river inner-tubing, horseback riding, ping pong, caving, and a Christmas Day turkey dinner with all the trimmings.



The next morning we hired a guide to take us into Cueva del Rio, which is one that they offer wild cave tours of. At 9 a.m. we arrived at the meeting place with our 25 lb caving packs; while Manuel had a machete and a half empty cotton sack the size of a woman's purse. He was also wearing calf high rubber boots. The two hour walk to the cave was almost entirely through sucking gooey mud, water, and jungle; sort of like being in a Humphrey Bogart movie or on a set for 'A Thin Red Line' except no one was shooting at us.

At the cave entrance Manuel pulled on a pair of shorts, stuck a flashlight with a rubber band around his forehead, draped a string of candles around his neck and was ready to go in less than 5 minutes. Twenty minutes later after we'd donned wet suits and adjusted the rest of our high tech gear we started into the cave, with Manuel leaving a trail of lighted candles behind us.

The cave is nice. No crawling, lots of wading, short sections of swimming, and lots of nice formations. We climbed around several class 3 rapids then bypassed a 15' waterfall by going down a knotted fixed rope. At the bottom of the waterfall we were in the prettiest part of the cave, a room with a 50' high ceiling, one wall of which is rimmed with cascading flowstone and curtains all covered with a thin film of running water. Not much farther into the cave the passage we were following sumped out (in a room about 50 ft in diameter full of over-the-head water.) Do you want to see the rest of the cave? Then dive the sump, it's only 15'. Anyone can survive 15' underwater. (There was a rope to follow.) I got even more apprehensive when it became obvious Manuel wasn't going to do it but expected us 'highly experienced cavers' to do so. Well, we all did it although it's still a freaky scary endeavor, even with a fixed line. After that the rest of the cave was anticlimatic, until we had to redive the sump on the way out. Once back at the finca we all hopped into the shower, not simultaneously, to clean off the mud.

(What happened at the sump was this: we were sitting on a rock at the edge of the lake worrying about it, and after about 10 minutes noticed that Rob was missing. The only place he could have gone was through the sump. I then decided to do it, as either 1/ he made it through and therefore we could, or 2/ he didn't and drowned and we would have to get the body. It was just hold breath, sink, pull myself along the rope. Of course Rob was

there. Then I went back to tell everyone it was no problem. We didn't get much further down the cave though, as the current was swift and deep and we had no ropes to pull ourselves back against the current. You really don't want to swim downstream with a good current (easy) and then not be able to get back (hard).)

CHIQUIBUL CAVE SYSTEM: XIBALBA CAVE and MAYAN WALL

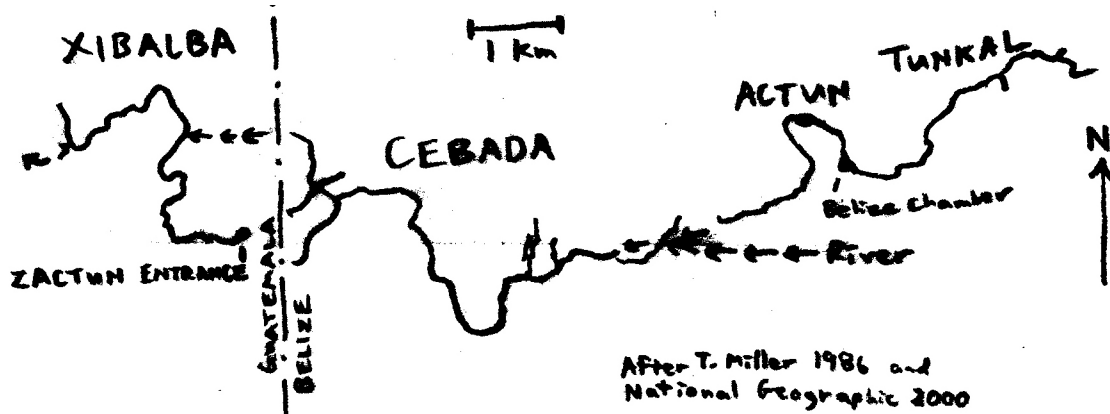
Our next objective was to explore what we could of the Chiquibul Cave System, the longest cave of Central America. This would involve a major step up in both logistics and commitment. From the finca, we drove north through Poptun to Dolores then east to the village of Las Brisas. Las Brisas is the end of the line, rural third world, the sort of place you hear about in 6th grade geography class then forget, never imagining you will ever go there. Not many grey line tour buses reach Las Brisas.

At Las Brisas we hired a guide to help us find the cave, and his horse to help carry our massive pile of gear and food. Rigoberto wore calf high rubber boots, which we all were wishing we had due to the muddy condition of the trail. For 5 or so hours we walked further east through jungle, cultivated fields, up and down muddy trails. When the horse could go no further, all the gear and food went on our backs. When the trail we were following gave out we began chopping our way with machetes. Just before dark we descended a long steep muddy jungle-clad slope and set up camp on the banks of the Rio Sucio. It had taken us 5? hours to cover 5 kilometers. Jeff's GPS unit indicated we were only 150 meters from the cave entrance. Crossing the river to get to the entrance, however, did not look like a trivial exercise.

Early the next morning, several of us scrambled, walked and climbed to the top of a limestone boulder in mid river, tied a rope to a tree on top of the boulder, threw the other end of the rope across a tree limb on shore and pulled our packs out to the boulder. We then repeated the process from the boulder to the opposite shore. This took 2+ hrs. A 20 minute scramble up a steep muddy heavily vegetated hillside took us to the bottom of a several hundred foot high overhanging limestone cliff at the base of which are 2 impressive holes in the ground, both over 50 yards wide. The hole on the left is the entrance to the 'dead-end' Mayan Wall Passage. The one on the right is the entrance to Xibalba Cave, the westernmost segment of the Chiquibul Sysytem. We set up camp in the resurgence entrance to Xibalba, then spent the rest of the day exploring the Mayan Wall Passage.

The Mayan Wall Passage is a pleasure to explore: a dry walk through passage with a smooth floor. (That smooth soft passage was due to a multi ton carpet of bird and bat shit.) There are numerous Mayan pot shards scattered throughout the cave and we found two cracked bowls resting atop a piece of fallen column and surrounded by pieces of charcoal. This cave is very highly decorated although most of the formations are dry. Most of the walls and ceiling are covered with stalactites, the floor has many stalagmites and some rimstone dams up to 3' high. All of these formations are covered with popcorn and laced with small helictites. There are also quite a few twisted and curved stalactites and stalagmites that, at first glance, look like giant helictites, a feature none of us had seen before. Not far inside the entrance is a 25' high flowstone dome which has been tipped 30 degrees. There are many large pieces of broken formations lying on the floor and quite a few of the larger columns have healed horizontal fractures. Yes, this area has lots of earthquakes.

We planned to spend days in Xibalba Cave: travel through it 4.2 miles to the other entrance, camp there, and return through the cave in the



opposite direction. We did do this although not without considerable effort. The first day we spent 7? hours (!) working our way over, under, around and through a never ending pile of huge breakdown blocks and boulders all covered with mud, dirt, and bird guano and covered with a very sharp popcorn-like overgrowth which left lots of small cuts on our hands. This endeavor was made even more pleasurable by hordes of tiny gnats in some areas that swarmed around our lights and thus in our faces. If those nasty little creatures like light so much, why don't they live outside the cave? At this point we were not quite halfway through the cave.

We had essentially followed a river into the cave through a passage 50 to 100 yards wide. In the shadows along the cave walls we could see literally hundreds of gigantic stalactites, stalagmites and columns. Here the character of the cave changed abruptly.

With reckless abandon we leapt into the river and thrashed our way upstream into a lake where we stopped to put on wetsuits and blow up our inner tubes. After paddling across the lake we wandered into a sumped out passage by mistake and had to climb up about 200' over a pile of breakdown then down its other side to the edge of a second (higher) lake, all of this while carrying our inflated inner tubes over our shoulders. The comedy of this situation could have been increased only by wearing swim fins.

We then sat in the inner tubes with our packs in our laps and paddled with our arms the length of about a dozen lakes which stretch for 2 km (1.25 miles) farther into the cave. The second lake has a forest of 4-6' high stalagmites rising above the surface. Between lakes 4 and 5 is a vast room filled with enough formations to rival the Hall of the Giants at Carlsbad. In an alcove between lakes 5 and 6 is one of the prettiest caves formations I've ever seen: a 40' high snow white column with deeply pleated sides. Not far from here is a 2' diameter stalactite whose broken end is covered with soda straws. After 11? hours on the go we climbed over some magnificent rimstone dams and reached the eastern (Zactun) entrance to Xibalba Cave.

We cooked and slept about 100 yards inside the cave entrance in an area littered with numerous Mayan pot shards. The next morning we made a leisurely start, not beginning our trip back through the cave until 1 0:30 a.m. The first part of our journey did not go well. Toinette left her camera behind and was unable to find it even after paddling an extra round trip on the longest lake in the cave. We got momentarily lost (I've never been 'lost' in a cave, we were only confused?) and paddled off down a dead end arm of one of the lakes. And Sue punctured her inner tube (we had two spares). In spite of these delays we made the return trip in only 9 hours, largely

because Jef found a ledge system high on the south wall of the cave which bypassed a good part of the breakdown. When the ledge system ran out though we were forced into the river to get around an impasse, a maneuver which sped up our trip but was a bit dicey because of the rather fast current.

GRUTA DE LANQUIN and ANOTHER UNNAMED CAVE

The next morning everyone slept late. Why not? We'd put in 4 straight moderately hard days, our beds were laying on top of a layer of soft sand, it was much cooler in the cave entrance than outside, and we were in a bug free zone. Around noon we wandered down to the river and only dropped 2 packs into the water while crossing. The most exciting part of the entire trip (at least for Rob) came that afternoon when he quite suddenly found himself nose to nose with a 6' long slender lime green snake that looked like a garden hose with eyes. Fortunately the snake was non aggressive, until our fearless leader began poking it with a stick. (This is not completely true. I only gently nudged it once?). The next day we walked back to Las Brisas then drove to Finca Ixobel arriving in time to pig out at their evening buffet.

Xibalba is a very beautiful highly decorated challenging cave. If it were in a more accessible part of the world and open to the public it would be a major tourist attraction comparable to Carlsbad in New Mexico. The author of this report feels very privileged to be one of only a handful of people to have ever visited it. The physical and logistical effort necessary to reach and explore this cave is a small price to pay for being able to wander through such a spectacular underground wonderland.

Needless to say the rest of the trip was anticlimactic although we did visit 2 smaller caves on the way back to Guatemala City. Gruta de Lanquin is a commercial cave, sort of. Paved walkways, railings, and naked light bulbs strung from poles along the path extend 200 yards into the cave. You can visit this very pretty part of the cave on your own, but only for one hour! We were more than a little bit late coming out because we went past the end of the paved path, handlined 30' down into a lower level and explored quite a bit more even prettier parts of the cave.

On our last day of caving we rode horses an hour out into the jungle from Finca Sacayou (30 miles east of Coban) to the entrance of a small unnamed cave. This was the first time Toinette had ever ridden a horse and I had not done so since high school. This cave looked more like a mine shaft than a natural cave and was completely devoid of formations until near its end. Maybe 250 yards into the cave a flowstone curtain drops to within 12' of the cave floor. We crawled under this through running water for about 30' to the edge of a 25' deep pit. Dick handlined into the pit, yelling back up that there was more cave ahead, but it was only for small people. Since none of us are really tiny.....

This was my 6th Mexico/Guatemala cave trip since 1999, all have been among some of the best outdoor adventures I've ever had. Jef, you do a tremendous job of putting these trips together. Please don't stop doing so. (Although this particular trip wasn't an open grotto trip, many of them have been, and I would be glad to see more folks from our grotto or even other grottos coming on them. Contact me if you're interested. Next year we are going to Chiapas.)

(Technical note: I and several others used the new Stenlite-7 headlight, which has two 3-watt LEDs and three power levels, not counting OFF. All performed flawlessly and we definitely had the brightest lights. I used mine with a simple home-made battery pack containing six alkaline C-cells. This

set of batteries lit my way, mostly on high setting, through ALL the caves for the entire two weeks and was still going strong at the end. Though expensive, you will never need another headlight. You can learn more about them at www.stenlite.com.)

WV & DL



Walt Vennum in Xibalba Cave. Photo: Dick LaForge

SANDWICH CAVE

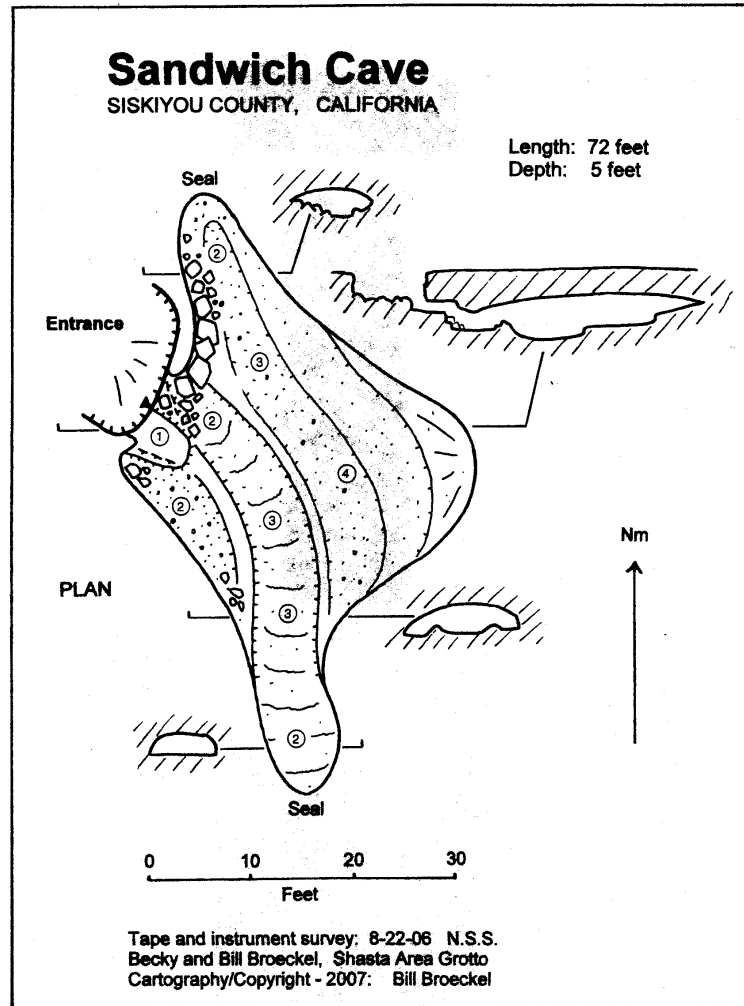
By Bighorn Broeckel

One day last summer, this particularly smooth lava pavement caught my eye. The look was so fluid, you could still see the ripples and waves. Peter might come by, walking on the water. I might get seasick out there. The lava was so perfect there just had to be a cave in it, somewhere.

So I prepared myself by taking some motion sickness pills (peppermint candy) and boldly stepped out on to the frozen sea, determined to find this cave. I began criss-crossing the flow Russ Yoder style, vowing to continue until the cave showed itself, or darkness should otherwise prevail with the setting of the sun.

The cave showed itself in the form of a shallow sinkhole. It didn't look very promising, but there was a low undercut at the one end. Sticking my head in, I could see that it dropped down just a little and got bigger inside. There was just enough room to crawl in over a slab. Finding a place to sit, I swung some light around and answered the one main question I had in mind at the time – yes, this was a cave.

I crawled back out and went home, marking my route with blue and yellow flagging ribbon. Later that summer, I took the Wolffs out to see and GPS this going cave lead. We had just finished mapping Ice Ribbon Cave. 'Don't worry,' I said, 'All we have to do is follow green ribbons.' Somehow in my mind, the ribbons had changed colors like a chameleon or an octopus. Memories are such tricksters sometimes. In this case, blue and yellow ribbons were turned into green ribbons, which sort of makes sense, I guess.



Map: Sandwich Cave

Why was I bothering the Wolffs with this marginal cave? Just vanity I suppose. 'Look, I found a new cave!' We went ahead with the GPS fix anyway and so I decided a name was needed to label the location. It would be called Sandwich Cave because of the slab crawl at the entrance. The slabs were the sliced bread, and the caver would be the filling.

Well, immediately we began thinking of different SAG people who would be different kinds of filling. You can figure out which caver corresponds with which

sandwich. We have the ham sandwich, the big cheese or the big tuna sandwich, the chicken and the turkey sandwich, the meatloaf and the cold fish sandwich. Whoops, actually there is no cold fish sandwich, no, not in this grotto. Vegetarian sandwich, yes. In my particular case, you are definitely looking at a full-of-bologna sandwich.

Finally on August 22, young Becky Broeckel came along to help with the survey. She held down datum, recorded numbers, and quietly ignored yellow jackets while I sprayed some

shots around the cave. Disappointment was found at both ends, which sealed off very quickly. The cave partly made up for its lack of extent with pulchritude. The lines were

graceful, and the interesting mid-line gutter becomes the entire cave passage down at the lower end. Total cave length, however, is only 72 feet.

The survey was expeditious

and we still had time for a picnic down where the McCloud River runs through some channels of basalt, under giant seasonal leaves of Indian Rhubarb.

BB



Bill Broeckel at the entrance to Sandwich Cave. Photo by Becky Broeckel on August 22, 2006.

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STAMP

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