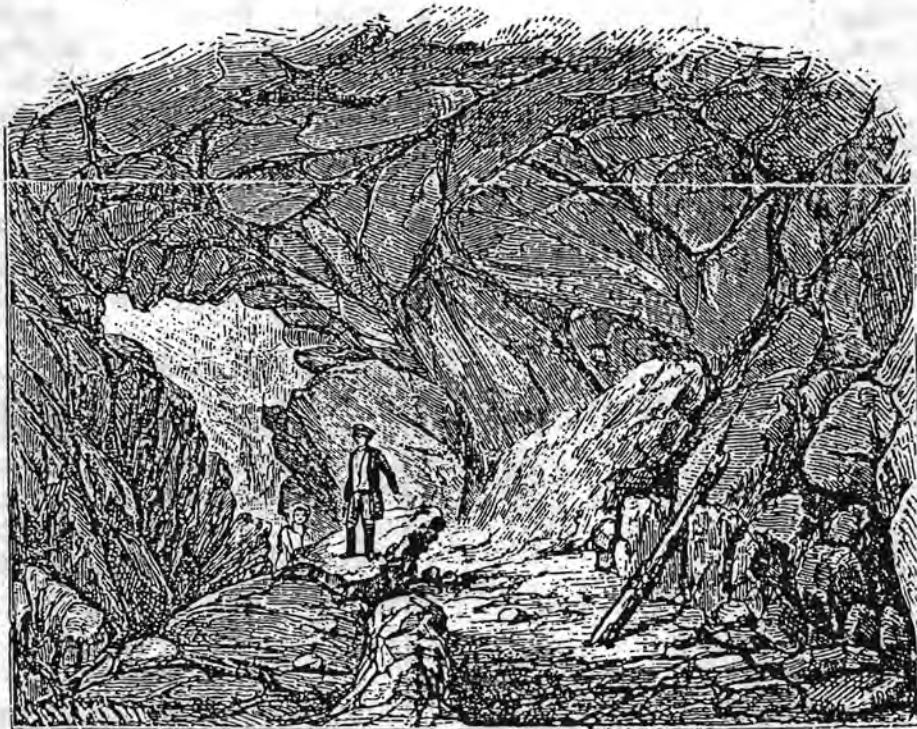


The Journal of Spelean History

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION of The AMERICAN SPELEAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

HISTORY SECTION OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

25 YEARS OF SERVICE



THE SWALLOW'S CAVE, AT MAHANT, LYNN, MASS

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Front Cover

"The Swallows' Cave, At Nahant, Lynn, Massachusetts" from **Gleason's Pictorial**, June 12, 1852. See article in this issue.

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UPS AND DOWNS OF THE NSS **1991 NSS BANQUET PRESENTATION**

Art Palmer

I think the convention chairman asked me to speak tonight because I was born the same year as the NSS, and less than ten miles from where the first NSS grotto was founded. Think I just dated myself....

As you all know, the NSS is now celebrating its 29TH ANNIVERSARY! On this grand occasion I want to show you a GRAPH. It doesn't have any labels, but it sure seems like an exciting one. It tracks THREE THINGS: first, the increase in the size and status of the NSS.

But it also shows the increasing pace of cave exploring, and the ever-more spectacular results. And finally, it shows the evolution of an individual caver.

However you look at it, this is a scary curve, because it can't keep rising forever. What lies ahead? I want to leave you with some thoughts (and maybe some good feelings) about us, individually and as a Society. And about caving in general.

First let's track the growth of the NSS. Let's take a closer look....

1. This will be a quick PERSONAL view of the ups and downs in the NSS -- just to show how we got where we are. I'm more interested in the FUTURE.

The beginning is easy: Bill Stephenson and Clay Perry. There were earlier U.S. cavers, but it was Bill and Clay who passed their legacy on to us, rather than keeping it to themselves. Earlier cavers didn't pass their knowledge to those who came later, so the wheel had to be reinvented, so to speak. I wish Bill and Clay were here today.

The early days were exciting ones, with unlimited horizons. Despite crude equipment, there was some spectacular exploration in places like Schoolhouse and Hellhole, W. Va. Despite limitations in travel, equipment, and personnel because of World War II, the NSS grew rapidly. Its time had obviously come. It was quite informal at first, as we can see from the official Bulletin #1. The New Englanders called themselves spelunkers, from the Latin spelunca, meaning cave. The term does NOT apply to the hard-paced macho caving of today. Spelunkers don't scoop booty. They just enjoy caves for their own sake. There aren't many left.

Cave science in the NSS got off to a promising start with Bill Davies and Ralph Stone, but most NSS research in the early decades stayed in house and never got published in the mainstream literature.

2. In the 50s the NSS really started to take off. As attention drifted westward, the NSS became a truly national organization. Bill Halliday cruised around the West, leaving a trail of new grottos behind him, sort of like Johnny Appleseed. People began to experiment with rope technique.

The 1954 NSS expedition to Crystal Cave in Kentucky was a real learning experience. 60 people were involved. Huge amounts of gear and food were hauled in, and people wandered around lost for a week. The NSS learned a lesson about expedition caving, but great things came from that first attempt. There are some people here who were on that expedition and are still active cavers today. Talk about continuity!

In 1958 we were presented with an unspoken challenge: Holloch! Could any of our caves match this Swiss monster?

3. The early 60s saw a new emphasis on science -- George Moore organized two symposia (on cave origin and mineralogy), and the proceedings were written up in the NSS Bulletin. Tom Barr, Tom Poulson, John Holsinger and others established the fundamentals of modern U.S. cave biology. The Gurnees ran periodic expeditions to the Rio Camuy in Puerto Rico.

But then there was Show Farm. This was probably the biggest blow to the momentum of the NSS. In July 1961, Tom Arnold and Ralph Moreland were exploring Show Farm Cave in southern Indiana. A horrendous storm came through unexpectedly, and Tom and Ralph were drowned. It took YEARS for Indiana cavers to recover their former drive. This was a real loss of innocence. Before that, no NSS member had even been seriously hurt in a cave. One of the perks of being an NSS member was supposed to be that you were IMMUNE to bad stuff like this. Suddenly we WEREN'T immune.

4. But then ... caving took a new and exciting turn. The Alabama cavers found Surprise Pit in Fern Cave; the Texans began to find deep caves in Mexico. When the Texans showed up at the '65 Bloomington convention -- Terry Raines, Bill Bell, John Fish, TR Evans, Bill Russell -- they were instant heroes. Then they "discovered" Golondrinas.

Suddenly it was a whole new ball game. New equipment, such as Jumars, the rappel rack, and Gibbs ascenders started to proliferate. Vertical caving became an end in itself. The Convention prusik contest was started. Bill Cuddington and others had been quietly perfecting single-rope techniques for years. But in the mid '60s, Bill became a superstar. At conventions, when he got up to demonstrate something, people would literally swarm around him like lepers hoping to be healed.

Caving became GLAMOROUS -- particularly when at a 90-degree angle. And the members got younger -- on the average, that is. It seemed as though the average age in the NSS was going to be about 17 in a few years. Young macho groups grew like mushrooms -- like the Rock Eater's Grotto, which showed up at the '67 convention with their black uniforms.

Around 1967 Flint Ridge took over as the world's longest. It's hard to imagine there was once a time when we wondered which country had the longest cave.

5. There was some pretty intense exploration in the 70s. Organ, Roppel, Friar's Hole, Sloan's Valley, Crevice, Wind, Jewel, etc., all with lengths over 20 miles.

The "Everest of speleology" was of course the connection between Flint Ridge and Mammoth Cave, producing a mega-system with 144 miles of passage! I'm not

being facetious, but its impact on the NSS was not that great. This was a Cave Research Foundation project, rather independent of the NSS, although most involved were members of both. This had tremendous impact on the world of caving.

Alpine caving really took off in the mid-70s. Suddenly the U.S. depth record held by Neff's Canyon Cave was broken, then again and again. Silvertip (1050 ft.) fell just short in '76, but Bigfoot broke the record in '77 at 1240 ft. Then Great X came through with 1400 ft. in the early '80s. Then there was Columbine Crawl (about '81) with a depth of 1550 ft. And that was the end of THAT. It's such a miserable cave that no one has been back since.

The Huautla Project got underway in the late '70s after a layoff of about five years to work out cultural differences. In '79 Li Nita broke the Western Hemisphere record -- over 1000 m! In 1980 it was linked to San Augustin -- Americans were knocking on the door of a world depth record!

6. A few details from the early '80s: The '81 International Congress saw some real gains in international contacts. An expanded budget allowed the NSS News to blossom! It featured the ultimate in hard-core caving, like a tabloid, illustrated with grim photos of intense caving, preferable with people gasping for breath under waterfalls. This captured the essence of caving, but some people felt that the macho thing was being carried too far.

Jay Arnold's swan song as News editor - a humor issue -- sparked REAL debate. But this is what makes the NSS a living organization: lively controversy. Caving IS exciting. And there IS humor in caving.

7. Since the late '70s, conservation and management have become serious issues.

Witness the NSS-CRF-BLM memo of understanding and many others like it, and the Federal Cave Resources Protection Act. Caving had gained RESPECTABILITY AT LAST.

The Trout Rock debate brought forth the question: are caves for cavers? Should bats be protected even to the extent of closing caves? It seemed that cavers were being pitted against conservationists; but in the end we realized that our goals are the same.

Karst science is now at a crossroads. Many government agencies, and even some private consultants, have suddenly discovered karst, by way of environmental problems, water supply, and sedimentary geology. They are moving into the field totally oblivious of the fact that there is a strong body of cavers out there who know vastly more than anyone else. This has led to such things as a paleokarst book with no paleokarst in it, and articles in technical journals that are totally inaccurate. Although publicity about caves should be approached with caution, it's important that cave scientists get their work into the mainstream literature. We need to make a PREEMPTIVE STRIKE or speleologists will be left in the dust.

8. Right now, in caving, we're being swept along by currents that started in the late '80s -- Lechuguilla, Prince of Wales Island, Sheck Exlet's record dive at the Spring of Rio Mante, the Papalo Project (Cuicateca) -- these are exciting times! Bill Stephenson died in 1986, but his legacy is still very much with us.

It's a little-known fact that if you pay up your subscription to a newspaper years in advance, you can actually request that the paper be delivered to you on an ACCELERATED SCHEDULE. Well, I paid up for about ten years in advance. At 40 cents an issue that was a big bite out of

our ice cream budget. But I was excited by several headlines:

AMERICAN CAVERS BREAK WORLD DEPTH RECORD AT PAPALO

It's been a bad year at Cheve (Papalo Project), but I've got good feelings about it for the long run. Well OK -- if not there, then somewhere else. We're about DUE. If it does happen, we should accept the honor graciously; if not, we should be proud of the French, Swiss, Russian (etc.) cavers who do hold the world depth record. It's clear that caving transcends political boundaries.

A few other things are farther down the pike, but they'll SURELY HAPPEN;

MAMMOTH CAVE CONNECTED TO BIGFOOT

U. S. Long Cave Reduced to One

Within the Society, there will be even MORE of a shift to such things as conservation and management, social aspects, and more hard-core science. The Society will continue to grow, but don't forget that STRONG is better than BIG. We shouldn't let emphasis on cave management stifle the spirit of exploration. Just about all NSS explorers care greatly about their caves. So let's not waste our time over-managing each other.

instead, let's concentrate our efforts where they're most needed -- and that's education of the great unwashed public, and those in power in the government. We've reached a position of leadership in the eyes of many people who matter. Let's build on that strength.

How about the personal aspect? The growth and decline of individual cavers? Look around you at all the gray hair. And there's a lot of hair around with no color at all. The median age in the NSS is growing. Is this bad? I don't think so. It

gives us continuity when people keep it up for their entire lives. Most of our friends are cavers, regardless of age. They are just great people who care. Funny how interesting cavers can be, even when they're nit caving or in the hot tub. The experiences we've shared will last a lifetime.

But what about that CURVE? Does a caver have to go downhill? Many do. But look at how many have not. Hints for ageing gracefully as a caver: (1) Change your emphasis to quieter topics, such as spelean history or photography. (2) Keep in touch with your friends. And (3) pass your knowledge and perspective on to the newcomers. Draw them in and make them part of your group. This is what the NSS is about. Not just individual cavers spending a few years doing their own thing, then fizzling out. It's building on past achievements, carrying over from one generation to the next, passing their wisdom and perspective on to others. Don't quit now, just because you don't crawl as fast as you used to. Here is the chance for your greatest contribution of all. Keep that in mind and your curve will never decline. And at your next grotto meeting, when that young geek shows up and sits alone in the corner, introduce yourself and ask him what's new. He (or she) may become the next Bill Steele or Louise Hose! Otherwise they'll drift away.

And how about the caves themselves?

The big cave frontier is quickly disappearing. This has GOT to affect the NSS, right? Great discoveries will persist on some fronts (like the semi-arid west, diving, Mexico) for many years to come, but things are beginning to slow down. Two things will happen: (1) we will shift to more detailed studies -- careful mapping, scientific study; and 2) discoveries of any kind will mean more to us in the future.

AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.



RELIEF comes to us often from curious sources, at least judging from our own knowledge; but perhaps none of us have experienced it coming under quite such novel circumstances as those of our fellow-creature away down in Pennsylvania; for he was poor, and had scarcely the wherewithal to clothe himself and family, and having the usual accompaniment of a poor man's life, a poor man's blessing. Now, our friend, although he was poor, was honest, at least so the story goes, and it is believed that because he was honest this relief was sent him. He says so, at all events.

The story came to me through three or four persons, and I send it to you, believing that it will likewise be of interest to you, as it was to me.

I was at the time enjoying a trip through the beautiful country traversed by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The stories, though differing slightly, were essentially the same, but the party from whom I first heard it seemed better posted than the others. I met him on the train just after leaving the station. He was unmistakably a Yankee, and, as I afterward learned, had only recently taken up his abode in the locality. A Yankee of the talkative, confidential type, a regular "blower," his story was altogether the most humorous of any, and I am led to believe was as authentic as the rest, so I give it as nearly as I can remember in his own words.

As I said, I was traveling on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the time; my trip was one of business, and I was obliged to stop at the different stations for a day or two at a time. I had just stopped on the train at Thompsontown, and intended to ride as far as Lewistown, where I expected to remain one or two days. I stepped into the car, and, as luck would have it, the only seat not in close proximity to some exasperated infant, or woman with a handbox, was by the side of one of those gushing, communicative sort of individuals one seldom meets excepting in a railroad car. He was exercising his propensities in his peculiar line, when I entered, in trying vainly to pacify the evident injured sensibilities of a stout old lady who had capsized over his rather too promiscuous foot, although he had been sitting at the time on the window side of the seat.

Well, I concluded to take the sitting, thinking that if I should commence immediately to read my paper attentively he would let me remain in peace; but no, he must, at least, welcome me with "How air ye, stranger?" and from that he jabbered on to many other things, until finally reading was almost out of the question. He seemed to be a real good-natured sort of a fellow, though, and I could not exactly have the heart to snub him, and put a damper on his careless but hearty manner, although it would have been much more to my pleasure to have continued my reading. But, finding that he was carried away by his own kind feelings, and his earnest desire to enlighten me on the various subjects of "poultry keepin'," "dairy farmin'," and a host of others, including "whittlin'," I slowly, in despair, folded my paper, and consigned it to my pocket, whereupon he kindly expressed himself—"Don't let me keep you from readin', stranger," which was so supremely amusing that I was forced to smile.

Now, as there was nothing better to do, I joined my friend, and we conversed on different subjects. I found him not so silly, after all, and his humor really was some-

thing quite uncommon, although it was not of the brilliant stamp.

At last there came a sudden turn to our conversation, that brings us to the story in question. The train had stopped, and was just wheeling away from Perrysville, when, with a quick motion, he nudged me, driving his sharp elbow three or four inches into my ribs, and, at the same time, pointing out of the window, exclaimed:

"D'ye see that codger?"

My eye followed the direction of his finger, and had just time to observe the object of his gaze—a rather tall man, with a light coat. I nodded.

"Wal," said he, "that feller hes made more money out of a hole than you could shake a stick at in a week."

"A hole?" said I, inquiringly.

"Sartin—a hole," he repeated, "and a hole that was struck all by chance."

"Indeed!" I remarked, rather amused. "But was it a key-hole, or a knot-hole, or a—"

This question amused him in return, and he smiled "openly."

"Oh, no, stranger," he interrupted, "he ain't that sort of a man. I wouldn't state that he ever made anything by a key-hole in his life, cos he ain't that sort of a man; and I guess nobody ever made much out of a knot-hole, did they? No, but honor bright, stranger," continued he, speaking in a lower tone, and looking quite serious, "that feller struck a hole on his farm that fetched him in a pile of shinplasters."

"A woodchuck hole, I presume," suggested I, with equal seriousness.

A broad grin, which literally spread all over his ruddy countenance, followed this remark, but he shortly found his tongue again.

"I reckon you're a Varmounter, ain't ye, stranger? I've seen jest sech fellers as you down in Varmount. I cal'late you're from them parts, ain't ye?"

Now whether he had really detected any resemblance in my manner to the usual demonstrations of his countrymen, or whether he had merely made a happy hit in guessing, is to be conjectured, but he certainly had presumed rightly; for, although I had been "city-bred," I originally hailed from the Green Mountain State, and I freely admitted it to him.

"Thar! I reckined so from the start. Give me yer paw, stranger; I cum from them parts tew." Here he swallowed my hand up in his, and shook it as if he desired to exterminate the powers of that member at once and for ever. "I tell you, thar's a sartin resemblance between all the down-easters, and yer can't fool me when I once set eyes on 'em." Perhaps he intended to compliment me by the above vain remark, but its effect was rather to the contrary, as he was anything but a handsome man himself, his expression being the only redeeming virtue in his whole angular physiognomy. "I sw'ar," he continued, "it's good for sore eyes to see a feller-native 'way daown here in Pennsylvania. Whar was you born?"

I answered this and a host of other like questions, in as few words as possible, not being desirous of giving the entire number of passengers the benefit of my family history. Having gratified his curiosity as far as I was concerned, he next spun out, unasked, a lengthy discourse on his own family affairs, and what he chose to style his "pedigree." He dwelt lengthily upon his maiden aunt Hephzibah, thence to a glowing account of his fourteen brothers and sisters, and there's no knowing how long he would have continued, had I not at last interposed, as soon as I saw my chance, to get in one or two words edgewise.

"Yes, my friend," I interrupted, "I am very glad to hear of your family and friends, and to see your devotion to them; but you must remember that you left me in some

suspense in regard to that other subject of which you were first speaking—that rat-hole, or some other kind of a hole, that some fellow struck on his farm."

It is needless to remark that I had imagined what the nature of this "hole" must be, but, knowing the humorous character of my friend, I liked to surprise him with my silly speeches, and watch their effect on his good-natured countenance.

"True, stranger," he began again; I was so mighty concentrated on them dears to *hum*, that I quite forgot what I was goin' to tell ye. Naow, you're pesky full of fun about this 'ere hole, but ye hain't guessed right yet. It was a hole in the ground, stranger, but it was a *cave!*—a *whatin'* big *cave*, stranger, full of long pints stickin' down from the top, jest like any of them *big caves* way daown in Kentuck, and all a-tricklin' with water. I tell *you*, stranger, ef you're goin' to visit raound these parts much of a spell, you'd better go an' see it yourself. It's only a leetle distance aout of Lewistaown, and we will be *thar* in nigh on to a half-hour."

I informed him that I had expected to stop there, and told him that I certainly would make it a point to see it.

"Wal," he continued, "and the way that feller cum acrost that *thar* cave was pleggy funny. I calculate he was nigh on *ten* surprised him-

self when he first struck it. You see, the country all araound these parts is chuck full of *limestun*. Wherever ye see a rock, it's sartin to be *limestun*, and some of the natives about here sez that even old tree-stumps has been known to turn to *limestun* out of sympathy. Naow, stranger, when these codgers told me this, I gave 'em to understand they couldn't *come* it on a Varmount Yankee in *that* style—not *much*; but when they went and fetched me a stick with the bark on, and the hull lot of it turned to *stun, stun clean through*, I had to cum daown. I tell *you*, stranger, everything about here turns to *limestun*. Why, they tell me that a chap had his very *boots* turn to *limestun* on his feet

jest while walking over a meddy with a *limestun* wall araound it. But I'm from *Varmount*, and that was a *leetle ten* much to get into me."

This last remark was accompanied with peculiar emphasis. Raising his closed hand from his lap, he placed the extremity of his thumb to his pointed nose, and then spread out his long, slender fingers, which he gently moved; a wink and a squint followed closely, and he once more continued:

"Wal, ye see, that codger who struck this cave went out one fine mornin' to blast on a little ledge of *limestun* on his farm. He knew there was plenty of *limestun thar*, but wanted *ten* see how the quality of it was inside; at least, I

callate that was his idee. Wal, he sunk a hole in the pesky *stun*, and stuck in his slow match, and the way them pieces did fly was a caution; and when he cum to look where the ledge of *stun* was, it was gone to thunder, and an all-fired big *hole* left in its place, big enough to drive a yoke of oxen through, stranger.

"I reck'n he was a leetle surprised. They tell me that then the first thing he was given to do was to fill the hull thing up with powder, and blow her up skyhigh; but finally a wise thought struck him, and he concluded to explore; so, he sent his dog in first, with a lantern tied to his tail, and he, with a few other natives, follered with candles,



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE CHAPEL CAVE NEAR LEWISTOWN, PA.—SEE PAGE 315.

and found a reg'lar *cave*—an all-thunderin' *cave*, jest like them they hev daown in Kentuck," he repeated; "with great things that look like roots of teeth comin' daown from the ceilin', and the floor all covered with puddles of lime-water.

"Naow, when that codger found that it really was a cave, he went *ten* work in jest my style. In less time than three hours after he came aout, he had the opening boarded up like a little hut, under lock and key, and put a tariff of twenty-five cents a head for goin' in, and made 'em pay in advance. And that's the way, stranger, he made his nice little pile; only if I had been in his place, I'd made 'em pay

before comin' out, teu, or else kept them thar till they did. *That* would a been my style, only it *wouldn't*, you know. Wal, all the natives in the neighborhood heard tell of it—folks miles away walked over jest to get in the darned old hole. It's quite a sight, though; and if you take my advice, stranger, you'll git and see it, and if you ain't a pleggy site pleased, I'm no Varmounter, that's all."

I thanked my good-natured companion for his valuable information, and we spent the few minutes now remaining in chatting on other questions, until at last the train wheeled up to the platform at Lewistown, when my arm was once more threatened with immediate disintegration, as I hurriedly bade my friend good-by. Before taking final leave of him, however, I inquired his name, which he gave me as "Nate Beers," and I think I shall always remember it.

Notwithstanding his peculiar manner, he had, nevertheless, left a favorable impression upon me, and I had really begun to like the fellow, he had seemed so hearty and genial.

Lewistown Station is about half a mile from the town itself, and as I had now a few minutes to spare before the "stage," which was always in readiness to take passengers "over to town," would be ready to start, I employed this time in seeking for further information concerning the "cave" which our Yankee friend had described. I found



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—THE OLD MAN OF THE CAVE.

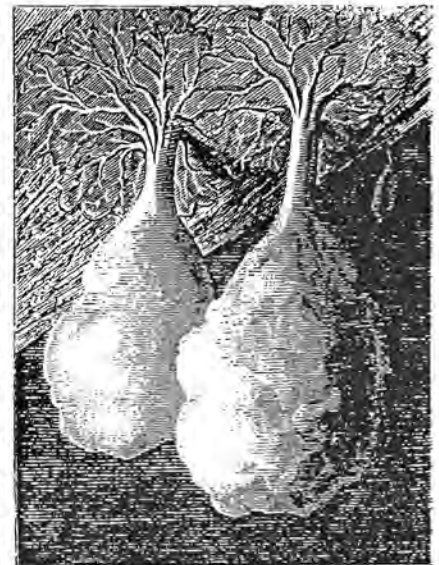


AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—ENTRANCE TO LIMESTONE CAVE.

I waited, but improved my time trying to get a glimpse of the whereabouts of the curiosity I had come to see. I finally came across it, a little rising ground having at first obscured it from sight. It was anything but imposing. There was the "little hut" of an entrance protruding from a hollow in the side of the bank, just as it had been described to me, and the hillside, or rather mountain-side, studded with lofty pines rising far above it.

The country was truly plentiful in limestone, and the ground was strewn with fragments of a limestone character: several of these pieces looked as if they might be petrifications, but they were not unmistakably so. I did succeed, however, in finding some specimens which were positive examples of petrified wood; and it was while collecting these curiosities that the "girl" before alluded to came trotting up, all out of breath, with her bunch of keys in her hand. Closely behind her followed a man and two or three boys, who were evidently as much interested as I to be let into the mysteries of the chasm whose entrance was so nearly before us.

The door was soon opened, and after a few moments' time, during which the girl prepared two or three lights for us, we entered, she taking the lead as our guide. A large fissure, scarcely wide enough for two to pass in side by side, and with a height of ten feet, constituted



AN UNDERGROUND WONDER.—A CURIOUS FUNGUS.

scribed to me. The cave is situated on the Milroy branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, of which Lewistown is the junction. I took the noon train, and after a very slow ride of about forty miles, arrived at the object of my journey. I was told to wait, that the "girl would be along soon," having been notified by a signal from the conductor as the train passed her house, which was situated near the track.

the cave's opening; and as we approached it, we felt its icy cold breath surround us, and a most chilling, penetrating breath it was, too—cold as death itself, but we buttoned our coats closer about us and proceeded. At each successive step the fissure enlarged, and as soon as I could get my feet firmly planted, I paused to look about me.

Everything seemed wet and dripping. No stone was visible, its surface being entirely covered by a gray, warty deposit of lime. The floor or surface on which I stood was likewise covered with these calcareous formations of the most eccentric shapes.

Here arose a conical, corrugated mass, with an ugly knob on its extremity; and there stretched out a long lump-covered ridge, presenting all sorts of possible contortions, while just below me a little misshapen pool, with thin, elevated edges, presented itself.

It was a strange sight to me. I had read accounts of these limestone caves—the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and others—but had never before entered one.

Having gratified my first curiosity, I now carefully proceeded to join the rest of the company, who were by this time several feet in advance of me. Each step that I took revealed new wonders to me, till at last I found myself in a large, open space, which my light could not penetrate. How large it was I was unable to tell. I tried to place my lantern in such a position as would enable me to see, but the darkness was too deep, too dense, to be penetrated by the small light I held. I did not have to wait long, however, before a bright blaze illuminated the interior, and every nook and corner was presented to my astonished view in a brilliant light.

A large ball of wicking, saturated with kerosene, had been ignited, and sent up a broad tongue of flame, converting the hitherto unfathomable darkness into a brilliant grotto, whose walls everywhere glistened as if set with diamonds, and whose ridged pillars shone like polished marble. Long, sparkling stalactites hung from the arches overhead like huge icicles of stone, while from their tips the liquid diamonds gathered and fell, leaving, as it were, silver threads in their paths, and ending their short existence in a thousand pointed stars, as they met with their fate below on the stalagmite's homely summit. Everything was dazzling in the firelight. The sound of trickling water was ever present, and all the tiniest sounds echoed and re-echoed through the weird chamber like fairy whispers.

The floor was sunken full of little pools of the most fantastic forms. Thin edges were raised above the sounding level as crystallization gradually took place around them, and each was brimming full of the purest liquid, which ever and anon would receive its crystal bead from above, and cause its little face to smile as if in gratitude. This was, at all events, the way it struck my imagination, and I took great pleasure in watching the little rings gradually die away from the ruffled surface of these pools.

In the joyful surprise I had experienced I had quite forgotten my pencil and paper, and my intention of sketching, and I now endeavored to accomplish a little toward that end. The light was gradually dying down, however, and I could do but little, until the guide kindly added a little more kerosene to the flame, thus enabling me to succeed in obtaining a few guiding lines, but nothing more; yet even these, with the additional help of my memory, would enable me to complete a passable picture of the scene.

As we traced our steps, the guide inquired if we would like to see the "Old Man." We, of course, assented, and she pointed it out to us. Our lanterns were held up high above us, and a most grotesque sight met our eyes. A hideous face peered out from between two layers of stone, as if it had been caught there and made fast during the convulsion of nature when the cave was found. It was certainly a

striking-looking object, and one would scarcely believe it could be the mere chance formation of a calcareous deposit. I succeeded in obtaining a fair outline of this also. There was now little else to be seen that we had not observed, but there was much of interest within the cave that I cannot possibly describe here. The pictures will fill out what I have omitted.

After we had passed out, and spent a little time together discussing the treat that we had all enjoyed, I found that I had three or four minutes to spare before the train was due for Lewistown; so I took a hasty sketch of the "Entrance," thinking it might be also of interest as well as the rest. The sketches I have worked up from memory, and hope that they can be used, as they give a passably clear idea of this underground wonder way out in —.

I send also a drawing of a most singular specimen of Fungal eccentricity which was taken from the interior of this very cave, although at a different time, and not by myself. It was obtained by a friend of mine, and had been found, with many others of its kind, growing in a cluster on the fast-decaying remains of an old wooden staircase, which may be seen in the sketch of the cave's interior. It was, when I had seen it, in a rather dilapidated condition, but this curious fungus had not then made its appearance, or my constant, habitual watchfulness and love of objects of natural history and botany would certainly have led me to discover it. The gentleman who furnished me with the drawing, and who is himself a sort of naturalist, by-the-way, sent me with it a letter containing an amusing account of the manner in which he became possessed of this interesting specimen, and I take the liberty of quoting this part of his communication.

He was at the time whiling away a few weeks' vacation in the picturesque borough of Lewistown, after a hard Summer's toil in the city, and during his rides and rambles through the country had previously come across many interesting objects, botanical, geological, and otherwise, and had sent me a number of entertaining letters in regard to his discoveries.

At the time of obtaining the fungus here pictured, he was out on a hunting trip; all alone by himself to be sure, only with the company of multitudinous beetles, butterflies, and bugs of various kinds, pinned promiscuously all over his broad-brimmed hat, and a box containing as many different species of caterpillars and chrysalids stored away in his gamebag; but even with this evident success, he was soon enabled to secure another still more valuable addition to his day's collection. He did not happen to find this himself, as he did the others. How he succeeded in getting it he can best tell, and I will end by a quotation from his letter:

I had just turned a sudden curve in the road which was taking me homeward, and then, one or two hundred feet in front of me, I spied two little darkey children of the "Day and Martin" sort. I soon observed that they were both much excited over something which one of them held in his hand, while the other was giving vent to his high spirits in all manner of gymnastic evolutions and yelps, such as only darkey children can belch forth. As I neared them I was able to see the cause of their excitement in the shape of a pendulous white mass of about seven inches in length, somewhat resembling an oblong ball of cotton; it was hanging from a fragment of wood which the black urchin held out at arm's length with one hand, holding in the other a stick of larger size, evidently, by his manner, for the purpose of self-defence. He was grinning from one ear to the other, and dancing fantastically on one leg when I came up to him.

"What have you got *there*, my young friend?" I inquired.

He turned quickly around, and, still holding the object out at arm's length, replied:

"A bal."

And he kept his eyes almost constantly upon it, evidently for fear it should start to fly.

"A bat?" I repeated after him, wonderingly.

"Yes, sah; it are a white bat. He bin hangin' to dis yer stick mor'n two hours."

His manner and the ridiculousness of his remark forced me to smile.

"Where did you get him?" I next asked.

"Ober dar in dat ar cave," said he, pointing with his stick to the hillside, in the direction of the cave's entrance. "It ar all full on um. Ise seed um dar lots o' times, and dis time I jes' see dis yer feller roostin', and I jes' bruck him off on dis yer stick, and fetched him out. He ain't woked up yet, and when he do I specs like enuff he's gwine to fly fur my *har*; but him jes' better *not*, 'nless he want to get a right straight *clubbin'*."

This was said with an air of triumph that was supremely ridiculous; and as I had by this time discovered the true nature of the white object he held, and therefore realized more keenly the needless excitement the little fellow had experienced, I gave myself up to a good hearty laugh, whereupon he excitedly vociferated:

"You jes' better laff. I guess you get um in your *har* once, and um get tight in, and um *neber* cum off; den I guess you no' laff so much."

"Are they, indeed, so ferocious as all that?" I inquired.

"Dey no haf so fly in de day as dey am in de nite, 'caus dey no woke up; but in de nite-time day jes' flies right straight fur everybody's *har*, if dey don't hev no hat on."

"What a very strange beast he must be!" said I. "What are you going to do with him?"

"Ise gwine to *drownd* um in de *ribber*," replied the little black urchin, showing the white of his eyes extravagantly.

"Ise drownded a heap on um; dey no fly when dey is under de water, and dey gets died afore dey knows it."

"It always kills them, does it?" I inquired, scarcely able to control myself.

"Yes, sah; you jes' guess it do. I ties a stone to um, an' dey go down, an' dey *neber* comes up again, dey gets died so quick."

The absurdity of the whole thing here perfectly overcame me, and I laughed as I had never laughed before. I soon recovered myself, however, and persuaded the little fellow to hand the offending object to me, which he did; but had no sooner released his hold of it than he started at full speed with his companion, and they did not lessen their pace until they were several yards distant, when they both secreted themselves behind a large pine-tree.

Here was more ridiculousness, but I had been hardened to it by this time. I tried in vain to convince the little black imps that the thing was not alive; but my extreme caution in holding it, and my unwillingness to handle it, they construed as fear on my part, and not being willing to disfigure a good specimen for the sake of enlightening the two little heathens, I allowed them to go to their homes uninstructed. The object thus left with me I now examined closely. It was a growth of wondrous beauty. Such delicacy I never before saw in *any* form, and snow was never whiter. Its shape, as well as its other peculiarities, are perfectly represented in the drawing I inclose, excepting its feathery softness, which *no* picture could ever indicate. I have found in my rambles many species of fungi, but never *one* so peculiar as this. I am unable to classify it, simply knowing that it is a species of mold. I have never heard of a similar variety, and cannot discover in the works I have read on the subject any species whose description corresponds to it.

Thinking that its pendulous character might be a mere freak of nature in this individual, I concluded to satisfy my mind on the subject, and consequently visited the cave of which I have written you, and in which this queer plant had been found. I did so, and, to my great delight and astonishment, discovered an immense cluster of the same growth, all adhering to an old framework of a staircase, which had long since seen its better days. I procured several more fine specimens, and, although they withered to almost nothing within a few hours, I still preserved their dried spores on a piece of paper, and hope yet to place them in such conditions that they will vegetate, and give me another chance to admire them in their perfection.



MITCHELL'S CAVERNS

P. O. Box No. 1
ESSEX, CALIFORNIA

J. E. Mitchell, Owner and Manager

Sept 24 th. 1954.

Mr. K.H, Broyles.

Dear sir;

Mitchell's Caverns are located in what was once a marine coral reef, at a time when the ocean waters covered this part of the earth during the pre cambrian time. and forms the fossilized limestone belt five to seven miles wide sixteen miles long and six thousand feet thick. we are located three hundred miles from the pacific ocean.

These corals were formed at a depth thirteen thousand feet lower than our present location above sea level and were shoved up by volcanic action three and one half miles higher than it is now.

The rhyolite core of this volcano was subjected to heat and pressure, being an acid rock it resisted the chemical action that dissolved the fossilized limestone surrounded bottom of the crater, till the core of rhyolite stands up 2500 feet above our little resort.

At one time in the past there was a forest of sequas located ten miles to the north east of our place This forest was covered with two thousand feet of volcanic sand thrown out by hot sulphur waters. and gasses. as the wood fiber decayed it was replaced by minerals and chemicals and preserved as petrified wood.

Geology professors tell me that students can learn more at Mitchell's Caverns in three hours than they can learn in the class room in three months.

I am an old prospector 73 years old, never been in a school house but once, that was when I went in to ask the teacher to marry me. I have been prospecting and mining for forty years., now that I am too decrepid to keep up with the burro I am studying. geology archeology and Botany, also typing. I am also writing a book which I call the Keepers of the Caves. if you are ever out in Calif. come see me and I will Autograph a copy for you.

Wishing you Health Wealth , and happiness, I am
Sincerely yours.

Jack Mitchell.
Box 1 Essex Calif.

PETER M. HAUER SPELEAN HISTORY AWARD

The Peter M. Hauer Spelean History award is presented annually by the National Speleological Society at its yearly convention in memory of Peter Marshall Hauer and his great contributions to spelean history. This cash recognition is presented to an individual or group who has made a significant contribution to spelean history with emphasis placed on the accomplishments made within the current year. The recipient is selected by the NSS Awards Committee who will request nominations from the American Spelean History Association. Criteria used in selecting candidates will include; 1) Papers presented at the NSS Convention, 2) Papers published in speleological journals, 3) Activities involving historical aspects of speleology, 4) Other worthwhile efforts deemed rewarding by the Awards committee.

After the untimely death of Peter Hauer in 1978 his close friends and the numerous internal organizations in which he was active decided to create a trust for a permanent fund as a memorial. By 1979 the program was initiated and the first award presented.

Pete will long be remembered as a dedicated speleohistorian and saltpetre cave researcher. He worked well with people from all walks of life and was loved by all. Conservation was a way of life with him and he almost singlehandedly saved the falls of Hill Creek in West Virginia. He was the president of the local chapter of the Isaac Walton League. The hills of West Virginia were Pete's true love and the forest was his church where God had provided so many things in rich abundance. "Sympathy with Nature is a good part of man's religion."

AWARDEES

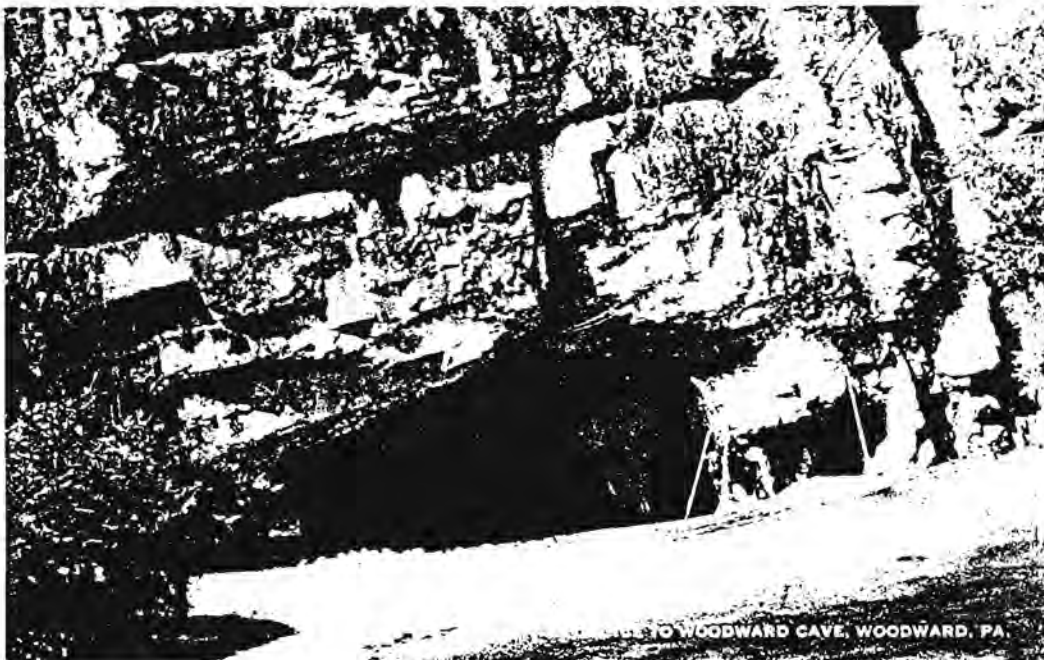
1979	Keven Downey	1986	Gary K. Soule
1980	Jack H. Speece	1987	Angelo I. George
1981	Annie Whittemore	1988	William R. Halliday
1982	Joel M. Sneed	1989	Russell H. Gurnee
1983	Larry O. Blair	1990	Larry E. Matthews
1984	Marion O. Smith	1991	Cato Holler
1985	Trevor R. Shaw	1992	Dean H. Snyder

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION AMERICAN SPELEAN ASSOCIATION

- I. The name of the corporation shall be the American Spelean History Association. The parliamentary authority for this corporation shall be Roberts Rules of Order.
- II. The principal place of business of the corporation shall be 1117 36th Avenue East, Seattle, Washington.
- III. The terms of existence of this corporation shall be perpetual.
- IV. The corporation shall not have capital stock. The private property of the members of this corporation shall not be liable for the debts of the corporation.
- V. The purposes for which this corporation is formed are as follows:

The advancement of the study, dissemination and interpretation of spelean history and all related purposes permitted under the above Title and Chapter.

- VI. Upon dissolution of the corporation the assets shall be distributed to the National Speleological Foundation in accordance with Section 501 (c) (3) of the Internal Revenue Code. This corporation shall not conduct and business not permitted to be conducted by an organization exempted under the above code.



BY-LAWS OF THE AMERICAN SPELEAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

- I. The government of this association shall be by a board of trustees which shall have full power to conduct and supervise all business of the association, appoint officers for the association and perform all other functions incident to proper conduct of the association.
 - a. Initially the board of trustees shall consist of the acting president and acting secretary-treasurer. Upon chartering of the association they shall promptly appoint two additional acting trustees who shall serve until the first annual meeting. Thereafter trustees shall be elected annually by mail vote of the membership, except that the board may fill vacancies resulting from death, resignation or other causes.
 - b. The board of trustees shall consist of not less than four and not more than six regular members of the association. Only one person of a group or family membership shall be eligible for election to the board of trustees.
 - c. The board of trustees shall appoint such officers as it deems proper and such officers shall perform the usual duties of the offices to which they have been appointed, subject to these by-laws.
 - d. The board of trustees shall establish membership dues and subscription rates.
 - e. The board of trustees may issue formal endorsements of books pertaining to spelean history and reprints of literary or photographic works pertaining to speleology. All such endorsements shall be conditional on the reprinter's pre-publication possession of any copyright releases which may be necessary.
- II. Regular and special meetings of the Association shall be held at such time and places as may be determined by the board of trustees.
- III. Membership in this association shall be open to qualified persons who are interested in the study, dissemination and interpretation of spelean history and who have complied with conditions of membership determined by the board of trustees. The board of trustees may reject any application for membership without stating any reason for such action.
- IV. The association shall issue such publications as are determined by the board of trustees. The board of trustees may appoint an editorial board.
- V. The association may acquire real and personal property for use by and on behalf of the membership. It may maintain a library for use by members.
- VI. Membership in this association may be terminated by (1) non-payment of dues or (2) by action of the board of trustees after due notice to the member.
- VII. These by-laws may be amended by a 2/3 vote of the membership or by a 2/3 vote of the membership present at a regular meeting after one month's due notice.

SWALLOWS' CAVE AT NAHANT

From *Gleason's Pictorial*, 12 June 1852

One of the earliest watering places in the United States, and one that longest held its popularity, was Nahant; and even to this day, it is the summer resort of large numbers of Southern people, as well as the denizens from our neighborhood. Many of our citizens own delightful cottages here, which form their summer homes; though the tide of travel and fashion has set for years towards New York and other well known places. There are many natural advantages that Nahant possesses over any other place in this country, that must always render it popular, and ensure for it a good reliable amount of business. It is very evident that this delightful and salubrious summer retreat is not properly appreciated, highly as it is estimated by the thousands who annually visit it. But a transient visit - while the steamboat stops at the landing - cannot afford a correct or adequate idea of Nahant, its beauties, wonders and luxuries. It requires a week, or perhaps a whole season, to see Nahant, as it should be seen, to be fully appreciated. Not a week of fine weather, for better is it by far that it should be interspersed with a storm or two. Nahant needs to be seen under all its aspects - under the darkening cloud, amidst the roaring ocean, whitened by the foaming billows, and illuminated by the flashing lightning, as well as in the broad sunshine of noon, when the blue and beautiful ocean is spread out to the eye, until sky and sea forms a common line, when the breathing south wind comes softly over the water, and cools the feverish temple with its balmy air. There are many natural curiosities on the peninsula that attract the eye and interest of the visitor. Among them are Swallows' Cave, Pulpit, Spouting Horn, Natural Bridge, etc. The first of these we have illustrated herewith (*see cover*). The Swallows' Cave is a passage under a high cliff on the west side of Nahant, a few rods south of steamboat wharf. It is easily accessible, is from six to twenty feet high, and from ten to fourteen feet in breadth, extending about seventy feet, opening to the water. It can only be entered at low tide, and the sea sometimes rushes into it with a great noise. The swallows have built their nests in the upper part of this cavern, on ledges or notches in the rocks. The walk or flooring is rather uneven, but may nevertheless be entered by ladies with perfect ease and safety at a suitable time of tide. Passing through this cave, you may ascend by climbing over the rocks to the height above, without returning the way you descended to the opening. The Pulpit Rock alluded to above, is a great curiosity. It stands off the south end of Nahant, not far from Swallows' Cave. It is an immense square block of rock, about thirty feet high, having a square open space at top, resembling in shape, an easy chair, which is called the pulpit. It is difficult to reach the top by climbing, the sides are so perpendicular. In storms the waves dash over this rock in great force, the wind driving the spray like...for some distance.

The National Speleological Society

This is to certify that

SPELEON HISTORI SECTION OF THE N. S. S.

having fully complied with all the requirements established by the Board of Governors, and having accepted the responsibility which such status entails, is hereby chartered in the National Speleological Society, and is entitled to all due rights and privileges: in testimony whereof the President and the Chairman of the Internal Organizations Committee have hereunto set their hands and the Seal of the Society, this 20th day of March, 1972



M. Thomas Kea

PRESIDENT

Erlyn H. Brasshaw

INTERNAL ORGANIZATIONS COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

1970 ASHA MEMBERSHIP

1. S. Ray Beach
2. David H. Brannon
3. John F. Bridge
4. David N. Brison
5. Laurence E. Busch
6. Donald N. Cournoyer
7. Roy Davis
8. Dwight Deal
9. Sandra Deal
10. James V. DeBroeck
11. Fred J. Dickey
12. A. Ross Eckler
13. Porter B. Echols
14. Burnell Ehman
15. Doris Ehman
16. Wayne Foote
17. Jerome A. Frahm
18. Samuel Frushour
19. Standiford R. Gorin
20. Jean Gurnee
21. Russell H. Gurnee
22. Allen P. Haarr
23. William R. Halliday
24. Dan Hanson
25. W. C. Hardy
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27. Michael I. Haupt
28. James Hedges
29. Alan E. Hill
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31. Ernst Kastining
32. Sheryl Kayes
33. Theodore Kayes
34. Louis A. Klein
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36. Dana W. Lee
37. Mary W. Looney
38. Joseph M. Looney
39. Wallace T. Many
40. Mike McEachern
41. Alvin McLane
42. J. T. Meador
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44. Tony Oldham
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49. Patricia Quinlan
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69. R. E. Whittemore
70. Becce Ann Woods
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72. Ross Ellis
73. Alan B. Lovell
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96. Lawrence Johnson
97. Joanna M. Mamrak
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99. William B. White
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AMERICAN SPELEAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

	PRESIDENT	V.PRESIDENT	SEC/TREAS	EDITOR	TRUSTEE	TRUSTEE	TRUSTEE	TRUSTEE	TRUSTEE
1967-68	W.Halliday	- - -	J. Frahm	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	T. Meador	J. Frahm	- - -
1968-69	J. Bridge	- - -	J. Frahm	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	T. Meador	J. Frahm	J. Bridge
1969-70	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	T. Meador	P. Hauer	J. Bridge
1970-71	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	E.Kastning	P. Hauer	- - -
1971-72	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	E.Kastning	P. Hauer	- - -
1972-73	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	W.Halliday	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	E.Kastning	P. Hauer	- - -
1973-74	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	W.Halliday P. Quinlin	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	E.Kastning	P. Hauer	- - -
1974-75	J. Bridge	- - -	P. Hauer	P. Quinlin	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	- - -	P. Hauer	- - -
1975-76	J. Bridge	- - -	J.Speece	P. Quinlin	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	R. Gurnee	- - -	- - -
1976-77	E.Kastning	G. Smith	J.Speece	M.Cullinan	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	- - -
1977-78	E.Kastning	A. George P. Damon	J.Speece	M.Cullinan	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	- - -
1978-79	P. Damon	H.Blanchard	J.Speece	M.Cullinan J. Speece	H. Meloy	W.Halliday	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	- - -
1979-80	P. Damon	K. Downey	J.Speece	J. Speece	H. Meloy	C. Holler	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	E.Kastning
1980-81	K. Downey	J. Sneed	J.Speece	J. Sneed J.Speece	H. Meloy	C. Holler	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	E.Kastning
1981-82	C. Holler	J. Sneed	J.Speece	J. Speece	H. Meloy	C. Holler	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	- - -
1982-83	J. Sneed	L. Blair	J.Speece	J. Speece	H. Meloy	J. Sneed	R. Gurnee	J.Speece	P. Damon

AMERICAN SPELEAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

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1984-85	J. Sneed	L. Blair G. Soule	J. Speece	M. Smith	H. Meloy	J. Sneed	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	- - -
1985-86	J. Sneed	L. Blair G. Soule	J. Speece	M. Smith J. Speece	H. Meloy	J. Sneed	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	- - -
1986-87	J. Sneed	L. Blair G. Soule	J. Speece	M. Smith J. Speece	M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1987-88	M. Smith	C. Holler	F. Grady	J. Hedges A. George	M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1988-89	M. Smith	C. Holler	F. Grady	D. Snyder D. Ibberson	M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1989-90	M. Smith	C. Holler	F. Grady		M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1990-91	M. Smith	C. Holler	F. Grady	C. Cronk A. George P. Anthony	M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1991-92	M. Smith	C. Holler	F. Grady	D. Snyder P. Anthony P. Damon	M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule
1992-93	S. Holler	Ray Beach	F. Grady		M. Smith	L. Matthews	R. Gurnee	J. Speece	G. Soule

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN SPELEAN HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Jack H. Speece

One of the original committees formed under the guidelines of the National Speleological Society was on folklore and was headed by noted historian, Clay Perry. After his death in the early 1950's, the interest faded. Burton Faust made several contributions afterwards, but it was not an organized effort.

By 1967 the caving community was becoming more and more specialized. The concept for a spelean history group was inevitable. Authors were submitting their articles to a wide verity of publications including over 100 grotto newsletters. Historical articles were being overlooked in most abstracts. Research for verification and information was extremely difficult.

William R. Halliday set forth to organize the speleo historians and create a publication to serve as their outlet. After considerable preliminary informal discussions a formal meeting was held on December 28, 1967 to organize the group. William Halliday was elected temporary president and editor, Jerry Fraham as secretary-treasurer, with Harold Meloy and Tom Meador as additional trustees. Afterwards, Bill started publishing *The Journal of Spelean History*.

The first annual meeting of the American Spelean History Association was held on Friday, August 23, 1968 at the annual convention of the National Speleological Society, held in Springfield, Missouri. The constitution and by laws were adopted

and William Halliday, John Bridge, Harold Meloy, Tom Meador and Jerry Fraham were elected trustees. The trustees appointed John Bridge as president, Peter Hauer as secretary-treasurer and William Halliday as editor. Charter members were enlisted until the end of 1968 with a total of seventy one.

The main concern of the organization was the continuation of the publication *The Journal of Spelean History*. Bill Halliday did a splendid job of producing the journal for the first six years before handing it to Pat Quinlan. Its existence stimulated the formation of the group and growth in membership. In addition the association was registered as a corporation with the State of Washington.

This all occurred during a time when the National Speleological Society was struggling from a bureaucratic Board of Governors and several splinter groups were being created to compete with the Society. Therefore, the members of ASHA felt that to avoid any conflicts or outside influences, the association should remain independent and have no affiliations. Its goal was to keep a broad perspective of history, international in scope, and serve a wide range of individuals. A philosophy of keeping it simple and allowing the members to "do their own thing" prevailed. This was a society which served its members and required no sacrifices in return.

By 1978 the politics of the National Speleological Society had stabilized and the splinter groups had disappeared. ASHA had served as the historical outlet for the NSS for over ten years and sponsored the history session at all of the conventions. At the annual meeting in Lovell, Wyoming, the question was proposed by the officers that ASHA consider becoming an official section of the NSS. This became a motion which was approved at the 1979 convention in Pittsfield, Massachusetts

The original concept for the Association has been maintained throughout the years with very little change. the *Journal* has continued as a quality publication and the membership has continued to grow. Politics has not has an influence and the members continue to do their own thing.



CAVE HISTORY GROUP FORMED

A group of NSS members interested in the history of American caves has formed the American Spelean History Association. The first issue of the quarterly publication of this group, *The Journal of Spelean History*, was published late in February. Theme of the first issue is a memorial to Burton Faust, including a short biography, a previously unpublished paper of Burton's on saltpeter mining and an excerpt from his Russell Trall Neville papers. Cover illustration is an 1811 map of Mammoth Cave which,

through Burton's research, is considered the first known use of the name Mammoth Cave. Also included are book exchange and colloquy sections, and a section on business matters of the Association including its constitution and by-laws.

The Association will meet at the time of the NSS Convention in Missouri; acting chairman is Bill Halliday with Jerry Frahm as acting secretary-treasurer; Harold Meloy and Tom Meador are serving as additional trustees. Regular membership is \$5, family membership \$6. Mailing address of the association is 1117 36th Ave. E., Seattle, Wash.

UPS & DOWNS (continued)

Let's end by going back to the graph. What's Diddly Cave It's a little hole just to the east of here. Last October diggers discovered a few hundred feet of new passage. In places you could even stand up! Big deal, you say. but it answered questions that had nagged North easterners for decades. And more MORE CAVE was discovered in Diddly Cave that weekend than in Mammoth, Jewel, and Lechuguilla TOGETHER!

Remember: ANYBODY can fall in love with Mammoth or Lechuguilla, but if you don't like the little ones too, you're NOT A REAL CAVER AT ALL!



