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AMOS WILSON,  
*The Pennsylvania Hermit, who lived 19 years in a Cave.*

# THE JOURNAL OF SPELEAN HISTORY

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## *The Association*

The American Spelean History Association is chartered as a non-profit corporation for the study, dissemination, and interpretation of spelean history and related purposes. The Society is the official History Section of the National Speleological Society. All persons who are interested in these goals are cordially invited to become members. Annual membership is \$8.00. Meetings are held in conjunction with the annual convention of the National Speleological Society.

## *Front Cover*

AMOS WILSON, the Hermit of Indian Echo Cavern.

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## *The Journal of Spelean History*

The Association publishes *The Journal of Spelean History* on a quarterly basis. Pertinent articles or reprints are welcomed. Manuscripts should be typed and double spaced. Submission of rough drafts for preliminary editing is encouraged. Illustrations requiring special handling and arrangements should be made with the editor in advance. Photos and illustrations will be returned upon request.

## *Back Issues*

Most back issues of the *Journal* are available. Early issues are photocopied. Indexes are also available for Volumes 1 - 6 and 13. Send your requests to Fred Grady, 1202 South Scott Street, Arlington, VA 22204. All issues of Volume 1 to 7:2 are available on microfiche from Krause Reprint Company, Route 100, Millwood, New York 10546.

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# KYMULGA CAVE

(Now Called DeSoto Caverns)

*By Fred L. Layton*

KYMULGA CAVE is one of the South's most Historic Caverns. This beautiful Cave is located five miles east of Childersburg, Alabama, and fifteen miles southeast of the historic town of Talladega.

The Cave was called by three different Indian names, as follows: Lun-ham-ga, Nanne-hamga, and Kymulga. We find on old Indian Trader maps that many years ago there were twelve or more Indian Towns in this area, and the Cave was almost in the center of the Towns.

The Cave was a favorite camping place for the English Traders. They came from Charleston, South Carolina, and later from Savannah, Georgia, with their pack-horses loaded with guns, gun powder and lead, also iron hoes and axes, cloth, fire-water and other goods to trade for the Indians' furs, deer skins, herbs, hickory nut oil and other items.

The old Trail called the Upper Creek Path, which ran from Charleston to the Chickasaw Bluffs (now Memphis, Tennessee) passed near the Cave. The English Trader James Adair traveled this trail as early as 1740. Adair was the only Trader to write a history of the Indians; he mentions the Cave as being located six hundred miles from Charleston.

Many names have been written on the walls of the Cave, the oldest found was that of an Indian Trader, I. W. WRIGHT 1728; Charleston record states that I. W. Wright left Charleston that year with ten pack-horses loaded with goods to trade with the Indians, and never returned. George Stiggins, the Indian Writer, stated that the name was found about fifty years after it was written, which would have been about the time of the Revolutionary War.

Indians lived in the Cave many years. Many relics have been found inside and in the vicinity of the Cave. They had plenty of room in the Cave. The first room measures 378 feet long, 165 feet wide and 107 feet to the ceiling. The Cave has almost the same temperature all year, cool in summer and warm in winter. An English Journal of the Indian Trade of South Carolina referred to the Cave as far back as 1715. This was over one hundred years before the white man began to settle the beautiful Talladega Valley.

Don Hernando DeSoto and his Army of several hundred men came this area in 1540. They spent six weeks at the great Indian Town of Coosa, located on Coosa River just above Childersburg. They were hunting for Gold, and one writer stated that they visited a large cave near Coosa Town.

The Natches Indian Town was just north of Sylacauga. An Indian Trader, Joseph Stiggins, settled there in 1780. He married Nancy Grey, a full Natches Indian and a widow. They raised five half-Indian children. One of these children, George Stiggins, was born in 1786. In 1800 they moved to Tensaw, near Mobile, Alabama (Mississippi in those days).

Joseph Stiggins gave his five Indian children a very good education. In the 1830s George wrote an eighty-one-page History of the Natches and Creek Indians, which is now owned by a Historical Society in Wisconsin (to our sorrow). Stiggins, having lived near the Cave as a boy, mentioned it as follows: "Near the Abihkas Town in the Talladega Valley, and not far from Desota's Fortification, there is a Cavern dissected by many divisions". Stiggins stated, "The Indians say that the Cave is peopled by Fairies, but they have never seen any."

James Adair stated that the Indians told him that their fore-fathers were able to converse with the spirit world in the Cave, but had lost that beloved speech before Adair's time. There are many legends about Kymulga Cave. One of its names, Lun-hamga, was a Muscogee name, which means Fathers coming out of a hill. It was a common belief among the Indians in this area that in the Creation their fathers came out of a Cave, and because of this belief the Indians revered all caves. As caves are warm in winter and cool in summer, many Indians lived in caves and believed that the great Creator made them for their homes.

Benjamin Hawkins, the Government Indian Agent, visited the Talladega Valley in 1796. He mentioned the Cave in his reports of the Indian Towns nearby, and described the Cave as Fol. North of the Town (Abihka) is a very large Cave, on the side of a high hill. The entrance is small, it is much divided, and some of the walls appear as a great work of art, the Cave contains salt-petre in crystals.

**KYMULGA CAVE**  
(Now Called DeSoto Caverns)

As before stated the Creek or Muscogee name of the Cave was Lun-hamga. The name was changed by the Indians in the late 1750s to Kymulga, and this was a Chickasaw Indian name. The Chickasaw's old Towns were in what is now North Mississippi. Events leading to the change are many.

The Natches Indians were a large Tribe. They had lived a long time on the Mississippi River near where the city of Natches now stands. In 1739 they rebelled against the French who were trying to take their Town, and in several battles the French almost destroyed them. Those that were not killed or captured by the French moved to the Chickasaws and lived there over twenty years. In 1756 they moved and settled with the Creeks in the Talladega Valley. They had no doubt inter-married with the Chickasaws and a few years later a small band of Chickasaws came east and made a village on Talladega Creek and called their village Kymulga. Later the Cave, being only a few miles away, was named Kymulga.

The Chinnabees were the Chiefs of the Natches Tribe and were the Royal Family.

Tradition states that many Indians hid in the Cave during the Creek Indian War in 1813-14. Andrew Jackson and his Army passed in three miles of the Cave on their trip to The Horse-shoe Bend.

During the Civil War in the 1860s, there was a great shortage of gun-powder. Nitrate or saltpetre was mined from the Cave by the Rebels to make Powder. Several pits and ditches dug by them are still visible in the floor of the Cave. The Abihka Indian Town was on Natches Creek (now Tallassehatchee). Five miles from the River, this was a large Town on both sides of the Creek about two miles long. Many relics have been found here. (This Town was on what was known in the early days as the smoot farm, and was just west of where Pruitt's store now stands.)

The Natches settled five miles further up the Creek and by the time of the Indian Removal west in 1836, the two Towns had almost met. The Natches inter-married greatly with the Abihkas, and almost lost their language to the Abihka tongue. They all moved west together in 1836, on the trail of tears.

Desoto had several scribes with him when he visited The Coosa Country in 1540. They stated that Chief Coosa was over many other towns as well as the head Town Coosa. This Town was on the east side of Coosa River between Talladaga and Tallassehatchee Creeks, just above Childersburg, Alabama. They stated that Coosa Town with its branch villages was the largest in all the country they had visited from Tampa, Florida, to this place.

After spending several weeks in the Coosa Country looking for gold and other treasure, they moved South, leaving two of their men at Coosa, a Negro who was sick and a white man who hid in the woods; no doubt an Indian maiden was involved.

The next news we have from Coosa is not as good. Another group of Spaniards led by Deluna came to Coosa in 1560. In these twenty years the great Coosa was no more. They found only thirty houses; there were a few men with Deluna that had been there with Desoto, and they hardly knew the place. It is believed that Desoto's men gave the Coosa Indians diseases that almost destroyed their Tribe in twenty years. The men who had been there before inquired of the Indians about their comrades who had been left at Coosa. The Indians stated they had been treated well but had died only a few years before of sickness.

There were many legends about the Cave. It was a common belief in that area among the Indians that in the Creation their ancestors came out of a cave (See ABIHKA History). In 1826 a delegation of Creek Chiefs made a trip to Washington. One of the claims they made on the Government was for pay for The Creek lands that Andrew Jackson had taken from them at the end of the Creek War 12 years before. They stated that in the creation their fore-fathers came out of this Cave in a body and therefore they had an indisputable right to these lands. Of course this talk to the white fathers fell on deaf ears as usual.

And another legend was as follows: The Coosa Indians had been living near the Cave many moons, and for a long time when their small children played in the woods a large animal would catch and drag them to the Cave, and they had never been able to kill the animal. Later the Abihka Indians wanted to settle near

## KYMULGA CAVE (Now Called DeSoto Caverns)

the Coosas and agreed that they would destroy this beast that had been giving them so much trouble. They found a well-beaten path to the Cave that had been made by the animal. After a close look at his tracks they decided they were made by an Istipapa, being what we call a Jaguar.

The Abihka Indians dug a large pit on the trail to the Cave. They covered this pit with brush and straw and then placed a small child at a safe distance down the trail from the pit. The child began to cry; the Jaguar who was in the Cave, hearing the child's cries, came out of the Cave and before reaching the child he fell into the pit, and by throwing fire torches into the pit they killed the Jaguar, and after this the Coosa and the Abihka Indians were great friends.

The bones of the Jaguar were kept, and a powder ground from them was placed in water and drunk by the warriors when about to enter a battle to insure strength and bravery.

Kymulga Cave has been a place of interest and recreation many years. Most of the boys and many of the girls in this County have played in the Cave. However, they could not see the great beauty of the Cave with the small lights they used.

In a diary of Mr. James Mallory dated December 26, 1845, as follows: We visited Kymulga Cave with a large party this morning and had a wonderful time. There were many excursions like this in the horse and buggy days. There are some people who affirm that their grandfathers have explored the Cave many miles, even beyond Talladega, and there is the story of an Indian who went into the Cave and came out in the Coosa River in a log canoe. I have never been able to confirm these stories.

This Cave has hundreds of beautiful formations of rich Onyx on the floors, walls and ceilings. Here nature has been working slowly for many thousands of years in creating a great beauty. The Onyx has formed curtains, domes, waterfalls, stalactites and stalagmites, with natural art galleries colored and decorated.

The Indians lived in all large Caves in winter months. As the snows fell and the cold winds blew, they could keep warm in caves with very little fire, and some tribes buried their dead inside Caves. In building the walkways in the Cave workmen found arrow points and pieces of

clay pottery in the floor of the first room. Later human bones were found in the floor covered with only a few inches of clay.

Mr. Joseph Benthall, an archaeologist from the University of Alabama, made a professional dig in the Cave in 1965. He uncovered five Indian burials, four adults and a baby. These were what are known in archaeological circles as Woodland Period Burials, and were buried more than two thousand years ago.

Before the Civil War the Cave was owned by a Mr. Morris, a large slave owner. After the Civil War Mr. Morris gave the Cave Land to one of his former slaves. Black people owned the Cave for over fifty years. After 1900 a Mr. Baker who ran a large country store at Kymulga Mill acquired the Cave. He sold the Cave to a Mr. Mathis of Oxford, Alabama.

The Mathis family planned to mine the Onyx for sale. They cut a large cut or ditch to the mouth of the Cave in 1914. World War I, with its demand for men and materials, stopped the operation and no Onyx was mined from the Cave.

During the depression years in the early thirties the Cave was used as a dance hall for a short time. It was not a success.

In the spring of 1964 Mr. Fred L. Layton of Munford, Alabama, acquired the Cave. He and his employees built steps and walkways, and lighted the Cave. He opened the Cave in the fall of this year as a tourist attraction. Within two years thousands of people were visiting the Cave each year. Mr. Layton has collected Indian History and Indian relics many years. He has hundreds of weapons, tools and pots that were used by the Indians on display in the Cave Office, plus a large collection of old books, maps, etc., pertaining to Indian history which is very educational.

The temperature in Kymulga Cave is a constant 60 degrees. In 1969 people toured the Cave from 48 states and from 31 other countries. Many of these people had already toured many caves and they commented very highly on the beauty of the formations in this Cave in the United States. A trip to Kymulga Cave is educational as well as enjoyable.

# THE LOG OF WOOKEY HOLE DIVERS

(The First Cave-Diving Book)

I was fortunate to purchase at the 1992 NSS Convention copy number 83 of *The Log of the Wookey Hole Exploration Expedition*. (It had been Jim Storey's copy.) The book bears the date 1935, but that was the year of the cave dives in Wookey Hole, and I imagine the actual date of publication was 1936. The book is hardbound in green, 235 pages plus several photographic plates that are actually photographic prints, protected by a covering of tissue and bound into the book. You can find a modern description of the early diving work in Wookey Hole in Farr's *The Darkness Beckons*, pages 42-48 in the second (1991) edition.

Shortly after I bought the book (for rather more than the original price of 7 and 6), I saw an announcement in the *Cave Diving Group (Great Britain) Newsletter* that copy number 176 was for sale and could be purchased through Graham Balcombe, the editor and principal author of the book. The announcement included his address, and I wrote him to tell him of my purchase and ask if he could supply any information about the book, such as the number printed. He sent me a copy of the following article, which had been written soon after the publication of the book, only to disappear for fifty years. It was finally printed in the *Shepton Mallet Caving Club Journal* for 1988. Balcombe sent me a copy and, in response to further correspondence, gave me his permission to submit it for further publication in the United States. The article is silent about the final number printed. Balcombe says he recalled 175, but that the surfacing of number 176 belied that. An English caver bibliophile says he thinks about 250, some unnumbered. There is talk of plans by the Cave Diving Group to reprint it but so far nothing has come of it.

In this day of desktop publishing, when even local caving clubs can easily produce "typeset" newsletters, it is interesting to see how things were done in the old days.

— Bill Mixon —

Clack, clack, clack, ... dammit, another mistake! ... clack, clack, clack.

That was September, 1935, and the records of the divers' explorations were slowly being collected and taking on a presentable form. Sketches slowly appeared, and photographs from sundry sources hitched into place. Three copies of the typescript in differing degrees of legibility accompanied them. It was a shame to send out such crude stuff, but what alternative was there?

Well, what alternative? What would it cost to produce a number of copies? There would be only fifty or so copies required. To print would be ninety pounds -- not so good. Possibly, as the diving was of general interest and had received such attention from press and public, perhaps a few more copies would be sold. Still, even if 200 went out it would still be fifteen bob apiece. Not so good. In any case it would mean more.

October and November passed, and all available spare time was expended in the mad rushes to Somerset, or preparing for them or

recovering from them. By December, odd moments (the one spare hour a week) called up the possibility of producing *The Log* on the larger scale. The original copy was then completed, bar the binding. To print was out of the question; what about having it duplicated? Costs were totted up and plans evolved just in case it should happen. It would be dear; on the basis of 100 copies the cost could be whittled down to seven and sixpence, at least that was a usual figure for such a club issue. Margin of safety? Turn a blind eye; the price cannot be raised, chance it, even if you sink a few pounds

Still, a hundred copies is a lot, and great care would have to be exercised in directing its circulation into suitable channels. Its co-author, Mossy, was firmly convinced that it was an insult to "the clubs" not to record the oaths verbatim, or to exclude low humour. She forgot that at Wookey Hole (I was brought up in Lancashire) the lads do drink milk, or if beer it is drunk with a wry face; she forgot that the club is a society of gentlemen antiquarians, if not

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antiquarian gentlemen; she forgot that even the younger members turned a little pink and felt self-conscious when they swore. Moreover, where anyone connected with the job had deservedly or otherwise come in for criticism, they received from her caustic pen a scathing castigation which could be counted on to earn a meet reprisal.

I decided to undertake the job. The unsafe and undesirable material should be deleted, hoping there would be something left. It was deleted and there is something left; if it lacks spice, blame me; if scathing criticism has been turned into palmy flattery, blame me – but remember that a censor is more than just a name; that a libel case or two would most certainly rob Mendip of an energetic caver. Or its only energetic caver, I am not sure which.

Right; to the details! The Log was to appear, and with capital letters at that. Problem one; how could the usual difficulty of non-flat opening be overcome? Answer: by stitching. That would be a tanner a copy sunk. Decided, How to produce the sheets for stitching? Foolscap printed sideways, folded in two. Not a bad size. Right. Problem two: how to produce photographs? A ring of enquiries elicited a price of sixty-five bob a hundred. Cheap, but a lot of money for all that. Not much option, carry on. Problem three: how could The Log be made distinctive? Firstly, by eliminating those scraggy terminations of lines, which are an eyesore in typed work. Secondly, by eliminating those loose-mounted prints so obtrusive in their clumsiness – this was solved as in problem one. Thirdly, by using distinctive paper and ink; this seemed easy but proved to be the hardest problem of all. “The Colours of the Cave!” was the cry; the green of the underwater world and the brown of its overwater counterpart. Easier said than done, but more anon.

So that was that, the first steps had been taken. Calculations had proved it was cheaper to buy a duplicator and re-sell than to have the work rolled off by the professional people. Right; get a duplicator and get on with the job of sounding the market. Thus Percy, the cyclostyle complete with self-feed and suchlike, arrived at its new home.

Alas! The typewriter would not cut the stencils; that was a blow. It was an ancient Remington Noiseless; I should have known better. What was to be done? Obviously, sell the duplicator and lose four quid or get a new

typewriter. I wandered round the second-hand markets and the price level rose from ten or eleven to fourteen pounds, with three pounds for the old one in part exchange. Very sad, but the requirements had now become more exacting; to cut foolscap sideways needed an 18” carriage. Eventually Mary, the Royal X18 at seventeen pounds ten, was wedded to Percy and their honeymoon was heavenly bliss. That, however, was seventeen-ten up my own shirt, for The Log could never bear this added burden. What odds? How grand to possess it. The machines are sheer joy and will serve for many years to come, and what weapons to wield against like future problems!

Economies would have to be exercised, for resources were already strained and the charges ahead would be heavy. Circulars to sound the market were the next step; over the first issues we had better draw the veil, they were none too good, but we must all start somewhere and the scrap-paper will be useful later on! Mossy Powell, Diver No. 2, assumed the role of staff artist and the combination held good promise, for she is undoubtedly well above average, but with half the staff located in Bristol and the rest at Ascot, difficulties started at once.

No drafts of circulars arrived from the “Bristol Office”, suggestions galore for poster layouts were sent down for execution of the best suited, but nothing happened. Postage accounts grew, pleas, threats, wires and phone calls eventually elicited the information that “the manager” had better keep his hands off drawing, and the enclosed was a sample of what should do the trick and pull in the orders.

Would it? Should it? My hat, such a piece of work I had never imagined. It would pass as a cheap and nasty ad, to attract cheap and nasty trippers to a properly tripperised cave; no more. Mossy! as an artist you are excellent, as a diver you are good, but your class of poster-work died in 1750! It was a truly awful piece of work (not my verdict alone), and could only be a leg-pull or the result of complete indifference. It was duly criticised and with the final bite of “How much did The Cave pay you for it, anyhow?”, correspondence lapsed. After a long disquieting interval the telephone wires worked again, when “the manager” was informed that the staff artist was no longer with the firm, she had left to be married. Phew! That was a startler.

At least it was now definite that no help was to be forthcoming from that direction; the task

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had to be done single-handed. So it proceeded single-handed. Orders crept in slowly, but eventually the number topped the hundred mark; meantime the stencil-cutting proceeded apace. It was an ambitious undertaking. To buy a typewriter, to learn to type simultaneously with getting the job done and to get a move on with it as well was asking too much, and although I soon could find every character on the keyboard, I did not often do it! Typing by touch is a glorious sensation, that is, in the few moments of confidence; someday that blissful state might become permanent, but "progress" soon seems to become stationary, if not retrograde. Time after time the stencil sheet became a hopeless mass of errors and work was abandoned in despair until next day, when new energy would restrict the failures somewhat. It was soon found that midnight oil and accuracy mixed no better than oil and water, and like the water it was always the accuracy that sank.

A proof copy had first been set up during which process various methods of obtaining the line termination were tried out and rejected; the surviving method was to type out the line in red (for ribbon economy) to its end, or as near to it as convenient, count the remaining spaces, line-space, change to black and repeat the desired number of terminal words with double-spacing. In certain emergencies, e.g., to avoid carrying over a hyphenated word to the next page, repeat the line in double-spacing then treble-space as required. This proved quicker than any calculations or space-bar measurements. (The work was only at the draft stage.) Another emergency was crush-lettering; with a nicely-adjusted spacer the down and up operations of the space-bar make the space in two equal steps, which is the clue to half-spacing.

Time passed all too quickly and fears arose that the photographs would hold up the issue. So, to the photographs. These had to be copied from the original prints and it was a full fortnight of midnight oil operations before the four imperial sheets were prepared and safely off to the photoprinters. That at least was one section of the work fait accompli, and a peculiar satisfaction prevailed at the conclusion of the task. The proof-prints arrived in due course to regenerate the delight, by this time somewhat subdued by the enormity of the rest of the undertaking. It was observed from the proofs that one of the photos had been indifferently "cut", but it was of poor composition in the

original and could not have been improved very much, so be damned to it.

Eventually the stencil-typing was completed, only the sketches remained to be done. To this end an illuminated working board was constructed, with heaps of watts to make the task easier, and quids-worth of cutting and ruling tools purchased. This was another new venture and the sketches were tackled not without trepidation. This was not my sphere, as I have been told before, but also, there was no alternative. The three sketches-proper which had arrived before dissolution of partnership with their originator were photo-reduced, but the feeble pencilling on a cream background gave poor results. Still, it gave the heavier lines; a little guesswork helped with the rest. Thank goodness the rest of the sketches never arrived!

The diagrams were projected directly onto the stencil sheets by a vertical enlarger and the outlines pencilled in, to be elaborated on the sketching board. This section of the work also permitted of midnight oil, and absorbed its fair proportion. With the diagrams finished, there was the checking of all the sheets and the thrill of "going to press" began to dominate. Alas! The checking was a long process, the correcting fluid I had used for the typing and other errors proved unstable and nearly every red spot had to be carefully picked out with brush and fluid.

In the meantime the search for paper had become desperate, the market had been searched and re-searched for a suitable paper having the green of the chilly Axe, the substance to accept double-sided printing and with a quality finish. As the desperation increased, so the permissible price rose; three and six, four bob, five bob, six bob, seven and six a ream. It was no use, the paper was not made. Finally, at seven and three the colour project was abandoned and off-white accepted. An advance consignment was promised for three days' time, the rest to follow shortly.

The whole job had been a fight against time; my job involves much travelling; since the start of The Log I had avoided it, but how long would my luck hold? Somerset and Scotland had jobs waiting for me; how long could they be postponed? To be ripped away between placing orders and completion of the job would mean financial complications, for a month's credit is not usually good for six months or so. Monday, March 23rd, was the zero hour for the paper, but it did not arrive. Two whole days were wasted

## THE LOG OF THE WOOKEY HOLE DIVERS

awaiting its arrival, and when we at last got down to the job, it was found that grit had got into Percy's innards and he made black spots all over the sheets where he didn't order. Here was a blow, for the trouble was not easy to put right. Most of the evening was in fact wasted in an abortive effort to remedy it. Next day information about the method was sought and obtained; another hour's work and all was well.

The first job was to print the logsheet forms; these were in black to be overprinted in brown, and it was with consternation that lack of accuracy in registration was observed. There was a terrific wastage and the original rigid standard had to be relaxed; the job was already profitless and could not bear this added burden. Young Roger Morton, the Expedition's log-keeper, weighed in with good work in sorting the printed matter and removing the interleaving; as this process takes as long as the printing itself, his was a great help. Fortunately the postman has now ceased to do overtime on our doorstep, but so far I am still looking forward to the day when I shall get a straight run at the job and nothing go wrong.

Hour after hour old Percy clanked away, his counter climbing slowly to giddy figures, until at last six thousand five hundred log forms had been rolled off. Next, fifteen hundred had to be printed on the reverse to cater for the five leaves which have logsheets on both sides and it was midday Sunday 29th March before this was done. Just before its completion the supply of Gestetner ink ran out and a substitute (at half the price) pressed into service. This was of much tackier substance and it was with much apprehension that the results were inspected. It seemed to be so difficult to spread and wasted so much paper in trial sheets that its advantage on cost seemed to be jeopardised. The suppliers were heaped sky-high with fuming invective, but it was soon observed that the new ink gave a finer and sharper impression than the original. Moreover, a new technique of manipulation was developed which makes its use perfectly satisfactory. I did not trouble to re-excavate the suppliers, however.

While printing the forms trouble was experienced, as mentioned, with registration and on enquiry I was informed that Percy could not be expected to handle that class of work, and that for £16 they would be pleased to supply ... No, thanks, Good afternoon! I found, however, that the machine was indeed suitable for such

work but I had been over-filling the feed-table, and that the feed feet were not set at the best angle. These points corrected, the machine turned out the copies with much greater accuracy. Still, the lack of experience had to be paid for, each form on re-printing had to be checked and the printing point adjusted, if necessary, for every sheet of those ruddy six thousand odd. We live and learn. So long as we do learn, all is well. The completion of those forms was another milestone passed, although the desperate rush to conclude the work by Easter would seem to have been of no avail. Clouds gathered, trips away from headquarters loomed ominously. Earlier the whole production had been in danger, for the Promotions Board had thought fit to move me out into the wilds, where without workshop and the facilities offered by a kindly landlady, the job would be sunk. These clouds had fortunately blown over. The next milestone was changing the ink from black to sepia and starting the Log Proper. All went very smoothly, if very slowly, until one page was printed on pure blank sheets instead of on the back of a printed form. Then there was trouble! When the racket subsided, the room was scorched and blistered into close resemblance to Abyssinian Harar when the Italian airmen had finished with it.

Night in, night out, Saturday afternoons and all day long Sundays, poor old Percy slaved at his task until an enforced visit to the West Country gave him a few days' rest. Now it is customary to leave the ink on the rollers indefinitely with no harm accruing, so imagine my dismay on finding it caked hard on the rollers and the silk. Perseverance and methylated spirit cleaned the rollers and in some measure the screen but a few odd spots remained to mar the impression and it had to be replaced. It transpired later that the ink was a pukka printers' ink and not suitable for a cyclostyle, the supplier's mistake was, however, one which at a later stage was to earn my undying thankfulness. Slowly the end of the printing hove in sight, the last page was done, only a few errors to be made good; I never was good on jobs requiring careful and painstaking attention, and sooner or later a bunch would slip through printed upside-down or on the wrong sheet.

Now when I had finished the typing I thought the job was as good as done; likewise the printing seemed to usher in the end. Then I woke up. The creasing of the sheets in frames

## THE LOG OF THE WOOKEY HOLE DIVERS

made for the purpose took quarter of an hour per batch for each sheet. Then came the collation into sections, and the inclusion of the photographs, and this took considerably longer. After collation of the sections, the sections had to be collated into books and stitched. With the aid of a stitching-frame made of a couple of angles and some chunks of wood, the time per copy dropped from quarter of an hour, to ten, eight, seven, and then six minutes. Occasionally records were made and broken with five and four-and-a-half minutes but the average settled down to six and a bit books per hour. The end was then really in sight; a glueing clamp next claimed attention and with its aid a weekend saw the glueing completed. Perhaps a word of explanation might not be amiss -- I refuse to apologise -- that owing to the limitations of equipment the books had to be removed from the clamps while still wet, often when still hot, and

this accounts for the unfortunate gape sometimes appearing between sections.

It was a heavenly joy to stack the finished product in parcels of eight, gum up with the aid of a tape machine, the product of a couple of hours of applied ingenuity, then to put into boxes and sit down to dictate to Mary: "Messrs. Carter Paterson ... please collect ...". (The original script omitted to give the reason for the collection; it was for dispatch to a London firm of bookbinders who took over the blocking, trimming and covering, and provided individual cardboard posting cases.)

This was not the real end, mark you, there were the notes and accounts to prepare, to say nothing of the address labels, the packing and despatch, but the task was as good as done.  
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SINKING VALLEY CAVE, PA.

# BEN HAINS: STEREO VIEWS

*By Chris Howes*

Ben Hains was a professional photographer from New Albany, Indiana, who was enticed into cave photography by the Revd. Horace C. Hovey late in 1888. At the time Hovey was giving lantern slide lectures, and required new and better photographs. Hains proved more than proficient and following a lecture in March 1889, *Scientific American* magazine proclaimed: 'These are pronounced the very best specimens of subterranean photography yet produced.' Hains quoted this statement on his cards with the proud title: 'Ben Hains, Cave Photographer'.

Hains was extremely prolific. However, while he deserved his fame, the claim that they were the best ever pictures must be considered in the context of advertising. He specialised in photographing at Mammoth Cave, Wyandotte Cave, Marengo Cave, Fountain Cave (then named Cave of Fountains), and Grand Caverns (then Weyer Cave). Hains was also unusual in that he had a genuine interest in the caves he photographed, and helped explore in more than one.

Many of Hains' pictures were copyrighted by H. C. Ganter, manager of Mammoth Cave, and used as postcards, whilst others were published as stereo cards. In addition, many books carried his pictures as illustrations. The photographic endeavour was being undertaken at the right time, for flashpowder was a recent invention that was being exploited underground; it conferred a high intensity light that for all intents was 'instantaneous', enabling Hains to photograph moving objects such as boats on Echo River.

Hains is known to have produced more than 250 stereo views, and probably many more. As did most commercial photographers, he numbered his pictures and published lists on the reverse of stereo cards. This has enabled a partial list of titles to be assembled. Of interest are the many gaps in the numbering sequence, for example number 58, the sequence from 73 to 78, and 81 to 100 inclusive. It is possible these

represent photographs for sale in earlier lists, but no longer offered after a short period. It is easier to surmise a reason for the gap in numbers from 132 to 201, as it would be logical to allow further photographs to be added to those from a particular site, in this case Mammoth Cave.

The following details of Hains' photographs has been assembled using his lists of titles on the reverse of cards, plus information gained from other sources such as published photographs and postcards. Titles have been retained using original spellings, punctuation and capitals, although there may be some discrepancies in these on different issues of cards. The first number is that allocated by Hains, although a different series of numbers was used for the same photographs sold as 8in x 10in prints, where the first number was 0 (eg. 012 was 'The Acute Angle').

The final column under Mammoth Cave indicates the holder of the copyright (B. Hains or H. Ganter) and the copyrighted date, which would be expected to be the same as the year the photograph was taken. In some instances pictures were recopyrighted by Ganter when he used them as postcards, and this principle probably applies to other views in addition to those indicated but has confused the situation in some cases. Dates in [] were not originally copyrighted; the date gives the deduced year of photography using other sources, although some have not yielded to investigation and a spread of dates is therefore included.

Only views from Mammoth, Wyandotte and Marengo have been included, and it is hoped that other researchers may be able to add information from other sites and to help fill in the missing gaps. It is certain that the list is incomplete. Likewise, with fewer available views from other sites, only dates for Mammoth Cave have been given.

My thanks to Trevor Shaw for his input to this listing.

## BEN HAINES; STEREO VIEWS

### **Mammoth Cave**

	Copyrighted
1. Entrance - from a distance.	[1889]
2. Entrance - looking down in.	[1889]
3. The Iron Gate.	BH/1889
4. First Saltpeter Vats. (1812.)	BH/1889
5. Old Saltpeter Pipes. (1812.)	BH/1889, HG/1892
6. Methodist Church.	BH/1889
7. Heaps of Lixivated Earth.	BH/1889
8. Standing Rocks.	BH/1889
9. Martha Washington's Statue.	BH/1889
10. Wandering Willie's Spring.	BH/1889
11. The Water Clock.	BH/1889
12. The Acute Angle.	BH/1889
13. The Stone Cottage.	BH/1889
14. The Giant's Coffin.	BH/1889, HG/1892
15. Passage Back of Giant's Coffin.	BH/1889
16. "Pigeon-holes" in the Archway.	BH/1889
17. Bottomless Pit.	BH/1889
18. Fat Man's Misery.	BH/1889
19. The Hanging Grove.	BH/1889
20. The Pine Apple Bush.	BH/1889
21. Entrance to Gothic Avenue.	BH/1889
22. The Post Oak Pillar.	BH/1889
23. Stalactites in Gothic Avenue.	BH/1889
24. The Pillars of Hercules.	BH/1889
25. "Pompey."	BH/1889
26. "Caesar."	BH/1889
27. The Gothic Altar.	BH/1889
28. Water-worn Rocks in Gothic Avenue.	BH/1889
29. The Arm Chair.	BH/1889
30. The Elephant's Head.	BH/1889
31. The Lover's Leap.	BH/1889
32. Elbow Crevice.	BH/1889
33. Exit of Corkscrew into Main Cave.	BH/1889
34. The Corkscrew (near middle).	BH/1889
35. The Corkscrew (lower end).	BH/1889
36. The Egyptian Temple.	BH/1889
37. Bacon Chamber.	BH/1889
38. The River Styx.	BH/1889
39. Dead Sea.	BH/1889
40. On Echo River.	BH/1889, HG/1893
41. Queen Victoria's Crown.	BH/1889
42. Martha's Vineyard.	BH/1889
43. The Snowball Room.	BH/1889
44. Lower Passage, opening into Cleveland's Cabinet.	BH/1889

## BEN HAINES; STEREO VIEWS

45. Gypsum Formation. (No.1.)	BH/1889
46. Gypsum Formation. (No.2.)	BH/1889
47. Gypsum Formation. (No.3.)	BH/1889
48. Gypsum Formation. (No.4.)	BH/1889
49. Gypsum Formation. (No.5.)	BH/1889
50. Gypsum Formation. (No.6.)	BH/1889
51. Gypsum Formation. (No.7.)	BH/1889
52. Gypsum Formation. (No.8.)	BH/1889
53. Flora's Garden. (Gypsum Formation No.9.)	BH/1889
54. The Rocky Mountains.	BH/1889
55. Stalactites in Groghan's Hall.	BH/1889
56. End of the Cave.	BH/1889
57. Star Chamber.	BH/1889 or 92
59. Fairy Grotto.	BH/1889 or 92
60. An Alcove in Gothic Avenue.	BH/1889 or 92
61. Kentucky Monument.	BH/1889 or 92
64. Dinner in the Cave.	BH/1892
65. Head of Echo River.	BH/1892
66. Scotchman's Trap.	BH/1889 or 92
67. Pillared Castle, in Gothic Avenue.	BH/1889 or 92
68. Anetta's Dome.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
69. Lookout Mountain.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
70. Olive's Bower.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
71. The Sentinel, in Olive's Bower.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
72. In the Gallery, in Olive's Bower.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
79. Serena's Arbor.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
80. Gorin's Dome.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
101. White's Cave - Humboldt's Pillar.	BH/1889 or 92
102. White's Cave - The Frozen Cascade.	BH/1889 or 92
103. White's Cave - Stalactitic Curtain (No.1.)	BH/1889
104. White's Cave - Stalactitic Curtain (No.2.)	BH/1889 or 92
105. White's Cave - Stalactitic Curtain (No.3.)	BH/1889 or 92
107. White's Cave - Crystal Lake, showing wall.	BH/1889 or 92
108. White's Cave - Pillars of Science.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
109. White's Cave - The Three Graces.	BH/1889, 90, 93, or 96
121. Path to the Cave, looking up.	[1889]
122. Path to the Cave, looking down.	[1889]
123. Original House (1812, Weatherboarded since).	[1889]
124. Mammoth Cave Hotel (1889).	[1889]
125. Main Hall of Hotel.	[1889]
126. Porth before "Cottages."	[1889]
127. Hotel Yard (looking South).	[1889]
128. Hotel Yard (looking South-west).	[1889]
129. Entrance - from half way down the steps.	[1889 or 92]
130. Exit of Echo River.	[1889 or 92]
131. Looking up Green River.	[1889 or 92]
132. Entrance to Dixon's Cave.	[1889, 90, 92, 93, or 96]

## BEN HAINES: STEREO VIEWS

### **Wyandotte Cave**

201. Entrance.
202. Columbian Arch.
203. Gorge in Washington Avenue.
204. Banditti Hall.
205. Pillar of the Constitution. (From below.)
206. Pillar of the Constitution. (From above.)
207. Coming through the Cut-off.
208. Entrance to Pillared Palace. (Front view.)
209. Entrance to Pillared Palace. (Oblique view.)
210. Wall near Entrance to Pillared Palace.
211. A View in Pillared Palace.
212. Group of Stalactites in Pillared Palace.
213. Pillared Palace, the \$50.00 Stalactite.
214. A Pillar in Pillared Palace.
215. Calliope's Bower. (Roof.)
216. Calliope's Bower. (Group of Stalactites.)
217. The Hippopotamus.
218. The Throne.
219. Monumental Hall.
220. Rothrock's Cathedral and Monument Mountain.
221. The Auger Hole.
222. Coming Down Slippery Hill.
223. White Cloud Room. (Looking in.)
224. The Bishop's Rostrum; or Pulpit.
225. The Ball Room.
226. The "Last Rose of Summer."
227. Beauty's Bower. (Gypsum.)
228. Milroy's Temple, Baily's Gallery No. 1.
  
235. Milroy's Temple, Niagara Falls. (No. 1.)
236. Milroy's Temple, Niagara Falls. (No. 2.)
237. Milroy's Temple, Niagara Falls. (No. 3.)
  
240. Monument Mountain, from part way up west side
241. Hall of Ruins.
  
243. Rugged Pass.
244. Frost King's Palace, showing the "Carpet Bag."
245. Ship in Stocks.
246. Stalactites in Hall of Representatives.
247. The Alligator.
248. The Turnip, in Calliope's Bower.
249. Pillared Palace, Bunch of Curled Stalactites.
250. Pillared Palace, Henry's Column.
251. Counterfeiter's Trench.
252. The Natural Bridge.

260. Hard Gypsum in Floral Hall. (No. 3.)
261. Gypsum Formation. (No. 4.)
  
300. Wyandotte Cave Hotel.
  
361. The Photographer and his Assistant.
362. "Road" to Wild Cat Cave.
363. Mouth of Saltpeter Cave.
364. Path to the Cave, looking down.
365. View South-East from front Porch of Hotel.
366. Below the Dam, on Blue River.
367. Instantaneous View of Water on the Dam.
368. Above the Dam, on Blue River.
  
401. Little Wyandotte, Pillar near Entrance.
402. Little Wyandotte, The "Peris' Prison."
403. Little Wyandotte, Inner End.

### **Marengo Cave**

501. Statue of Liberty.
502. The Tobacco Sheds.
503. "Adams Express Co"
504. "The Church Organ."
505. Wall in Crystal Palace.
506. Roof in Crystal Palace.
507. In Crystal Palace Gallery. (West end.)
508. In Crystal Palace Gallery. (East end.)
509. The "Bridal Curtains."
510. The Visitor's Wonder.
511. Stalactitic and Stalagmitic Columns.
512. Hains' Alcove.
513. "Cave Hill Cemetery."
516. "Tallow Dips" in Vault.
517. Hovey's Column.
518. Tower of Babylon.
519. The Obelisk.
520. Mount Marengo.
521. The Golden Gate.
522. The "White Caps."
523. The Gnome's Doorway.
524. Cupids Net.
525. The Prison Bars.
526. Mount Vesuvius.
527. Garfield's Monument.
528. Crystal Palace-View from North End.
529. Washington's Plume.
530. The Marble Table.
531. Psyche's Spring.
  
591. Entrance of Old Cave.