

The Cave

By Mary Ross

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By H. W. Longfellow

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The Care

By M. H. R.

The Cave

by Gary Ross

July 1, 1953

Chapter I to November 8, '53

Home Side

"Breakfast is ready!" called Gary and Grant Ross's mother one sunny morning in June.

"I'm coming as soon as I get dressed," answered Gary.

"You had better hurry, you know today is the seventeenth and Grant is coming home from his trip with the Boy Scouts. His train arrives at 9:45 A.M."

"I had completely forgotten about it," I answered, "and what time?"

"Then, I replied, "It is already 8:30. We don't have much time, so hurry."

There was a big bustle and bustle around our house that morning but finally we managed to get to the Los Angeles Train Depot in time. In fact we were five minutes ahead of schedule. The train arrived on time and a few minutes later we were in our car and on our way home.

"Did you have a good trip?"
Mother asked Grandpa as we turned
a bend in the road.

"Yes!" he replied. "It was won-
derful. Next year I'd count my
luck if we will go to Wyoming."

"By the way" I interposed,
"Where did you go this year? You
know one how I forgot to bring."

He then answered, "We just
came from Oregon, silly."

"Oh yes, now I remember,"
I answered laughingly.

We lived approximately five
miles from the train Depot.
But it took us about a half
an hour to get home. It took
us so long because Mulhall-
land Drive, the road going to
the top of the mountain where
we lived, was so steep that
Mother had to drive slowly,
not only because it was on
such a steep incline that we
could slip off even if we
wanted to.

By now we were pulling into
the driveway. We got out the car

and went inside the house.

"I know what we can do today!"
I exclaimed, running back toward our
room.

"What?" Grandpa asked.
I then replied, "We can go to Wild
Flower Meadow to get some more
butterfly specimens for my
Butterfly Collection. That is if
you are not tired after that long
trip."

"No, I am not tired," he said,
"and it seems like a good idea. I will
drive and I will go back to mother to
make our sandwiches. It is only 10:30 AM
now and we can spend the rest of the
day there if mother lets us."

A few moments later he was back,
saying "Mother said we could
go and that she would have our lunch
is ready in about fifteen minutes."
While we were waiting when in
the back yard to sit and watch the
cars coming up the mountain. To
the right of us looking down we
could see Van Nuys and Hollywood
to the left we could see Fernando
Valley.

On summer nights my family and I would sit on the Patio. Then as we looked down there would be millions upon millions of lights twinkling as far as the naked eye could see.

"Oh, look! There comes Rudolph," I exclaimed, looking behind me.

"Who's Rudolph?" Grandpa asked.

"Look behind you and you will see," I told him.

He looked back and saw a cut, little white-tailed deer.

"Is that Rudolph?" Grandpa asked.

I then replied, "Yes, that's him."

"Well, where did he come from?" Grandpa asked.

I answered him saying, "One morning about two and a half weeks ago, when you were away, I had planned to look out the kitchen window and saw a deer in the brush. You'd went outside to pet him, but as I approached him he ran back down the mountain side into the

forest. I went back inside and got a small bowl of milk and an apple. I placed the bowl on the back lawn. I went back into the house and waited. In about fifteen minutes the deer came back. He quickly drank the milk and ate the apple."

I soon made friends with him, and ever since then he comes back every morning to play and to get something to eat.

"Wait here and I'll go get an apple for he just loves them."

About a minute later I was back with the apple feeding the deer.

As we watched Rudolph eat, Grandpa asked, "Why did you name him Rudolph?"

My answer for this was "You know that deer over in Guffey Park? That one that we liked so much? It is named Rudolph and he looks almost exactly like this one, so I named him after that deer."

As soon as I finished my last word, Mother called

"Your lunches are ready." "We're coming." I said back

We gave Rudolph a few pos
and then went inside

"Now remember Boys," she
said as she handed us our lunch.
"eat all of your sandwiches
and one of you had better bring
long your watch so that you
can notice the time and don't
stay out too long. And children,
please be careful, children don't
want you coming back hurt."

"All right mother," we answered.
"we will be careful."

We kissed her good by then
with our lunch in our hands, a
bottle for butterflies, and a home
made butterfly net we started off.

The Cave Chapter II
Wild Flower Meadow

Over fields and pasture, over mead-
ows and woodlands we walked, but
always mountain peaks towering high
into the sky, so graceful, so beautiful.
Sometimes we would follow the
highway and other times we would
cut through the woodlands. We would
walk up hills and run down them. We
weren't afraid of getting lost, because
we had come to Wild Flower Meadow
many times and we knew exactly the way.

"Come over here," Grant shouted.

I went over to see what he wanted.
Right beside him was a steep cliff that
dropped from where we were standing
straight down into the valley, far below.

"Be careful," I warned him, "and don't
go close to the edge. Remember what
mother said."

The reason why I said "don't go
near the edge" was that it was covered
with grass and some thoughtless persons
thinking that rock was the rebuild
step and fall.

"Let's get away from here before one

of us gets hurt." I said
So we went on.

Finally after about a forty-five minute walk we reached Wild Flower meadows. This beautiful meadow was surrounded by a huge forest consisting of pine, fir, hemlock and spruce.

This I think is the most beautiful and most pleasant spot on earth. Don't you think so Grand?"

"Yes" he replied "It is so beautiful. It's like a picture in a magazine, it's more realistic and there is so many different varieties of plants and colors. There are lady slippers, roses and pink and violets and violets and wild flowers, blue and purple buttercups, goldenrods, yellow and orange. There are many more but I can't recall their names."

The Wild Flowers grew in abundance and their fragrance filled the air. We had arranged to just sit down in the shade of a tree and enjoy nature.

Some sat down for a few minutes. Many butterfly collectors would come here since the sweet smelling nectars of the flowers attracted many butterflies, both common and rare.

"Oh look! Here comes a pretty butterfly" I exclaimed.

It was a beautiful orange and black swallow tail. It looked something like a monarch or a Viceroy, but I knew it wasn't because it was a swallow tail.

As quick as lightning, I dashed out after him a quick swing of the net and I had it.

"Come over here," I called, "and bring the bottle."

A little teamwork and we got him out of the net and into the bottle without any damage to his wings or pollen off them.

"If we are this lucky all day," Grand said "We will go home with a lot of new specimens."

I looked around for some more butterflies and caught a glimpse of the boy after me.

"Let's go over by him, there seems to be

a lot of them over there." Grant said
Some went over.

"Hello Boys" said Mr. Dreyer
in a discouraged voice, "Did you have
any luck?"

I showing him the butterfly,
Grant answered, "Yes sir. We
just came a few minutes ago and
we already have one. See."

"Yes?" he answered, "It does
look like a fine specimen. But
I can't say the same for me.
I've been here all ready and how
and haven't gotten one yet. The
rascals are just too fast for
me. Every time I go after one it
darts out from under the net and
flies over somewhere else. Rem-
ember I am not a lad any more
and I can't run all over the crea-
tion after them."

I said — "Here comes our man"
a quick swing of the net and he
had it.

He then replies with his "It
looks like you boys brought
me luck."

The time had ticked away and it

was time and we had collected quite a
few butterflies.

It was now 1:00 noon. Some side to eat. While we were eating we agreed that since we were in the hottest part of the day and it would be too hot to be trying after butterflies, instead of waiting until it got a little cooler, we could go walking into the forest. That way we would be shaded of the large trees, and in night even get a few forest butterflies.

So after we finished eating we left.

The Cave — Chapter III
The Discovery

As we walked through the forest occasional we would see a rabbit, squirrels, deer, and other wild animals. Beautiful wild birds were there from time to time high in the trees, while others flew over our heads. The forest was silent except for the music of the birds which filled the air.

As we walked further on our ears caught the faint babble of a brook or stream. We walked towards the sound and there we found a beautiful mountain stream flowing casually down the rocky slope into the San Joaquin River, far below. The water was a light green but clear. Here and there we would see a school of minnows swimming down stream. Along the sides of the stream grew many mountain plants and ferns.

We looked at the stream a few minutes then we walked on.

As we walked farther into the forest the foliage got denser. Huge ferns grew at the foot of trees, and tremendous vines climbed their trunks and hung from their branches. Now and then we would come across an area which was so dense with undergrowth that we would have to cut our way through, but most of the time we could walk with ease.

As we walked we met Mr. Miller. He was a friendly, tall, thin, middle aged man about forty-five. He was from New Orleans, Louisiana and had that southern drawl that sorts made Grandpa giggle, but a quick snarl of the elbow quieted him. Mr. Miller spent most of his time in the forest since his job was to re-splenish the forest, when trees had been cut down, and to make reports on diseased trees.

As we approached him he called "Hi Boys. What are you'll doing?"

"We're looking for butterflies for my collection," I replied. "Have you seen any lately?"

Then he replied, "Yes, about five

minutes ago I saw quite a few. My attention was aroused by some flitting over some flowers. I stopped and thought it had a pleasant life they must have flying from one flower to another, gathering nectar and having no worry in the world.

I stopped talking, then smiled and said. "Well, I'm sorry I can't talk to you any longer but it is getting late and I still have a number of trees to plant so, so long and I hope you'll catch lots of butterflies."

"Good by Mr. Miller," we answered as he went back to his work.

After we had walked about another fifteen minutes we came to the foot of a small cliff. It rose about twenty feet onto a higher level of the mountains. The rock layers varies in color from red and orange - to a gray and cream. We decided to sit down and rest in the shade of the cliff. While we rested I noticed a small

hole - about as big as my fist in the side of the cliff. It looked like a snake or a gopher hole, but when I made it larger by digging away the sides with a stick I changed my mind since a snake or gopher hole wasn't that big.

Grant was about ten feet away examining some pieces of rock when I called, "Grant come see what I found!"

He put down the rocks and came "What do you want?" he asked. Then I said, "Look at that hole. What do you think it is."

He stared at it a few seconds then asked, "Isn't it a gopher hole?" "No" I exclaimed "It is too big to be that. Let's make it a little bigger, then we can tell."

So we began moving rocks away from the sides and top of the hole. Shortly afterward we had the hole about two feet in diameter. It was still so dark that we couldn't see but a few inches in.

Looking into the inky blackness of the hole I said with a discouraged voice, "If we only had some light

of some kind. A flashlight or even some matches would do."

"Maybe we do," Grant said, "I think I have some matches left from the Bon Fire the other night."

He felt in his pockets, and sure enough he had a small box of matches. So quickly we lit a match and held it by the hole as soon as we put it on match after the strong, cool, current of air that was blowing from the hole, blew the match out.

"You know Grant," I explained, "I hear a blowing out of the hole reminds me of an article in a magazine I read quite recently.

It tells," I continued, "of a family who had just escaped from a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia. They had travelled all that night and since day was breaking they were trying to find a nice, cool place in which to sleep and to hide from the communist guards that were looking for them. So the family found a entrance to a cave. They

went in and found that it was a perfect place for them --- to hide from the guards, to sleep, and it was very cool, since a cool breeze was always blowing through.

Do you see I sent this hole there must be the entrance to a cave."

"Let's come back tomorrow and explore the cave." I said with an eager voice.

"Alright!" Grant answered. "And by the way what time is it?"

I looked at my watch and then answered, "It is now 1:30 P.M."

"Wow!" Grant gasped. "It is getting late. We had better be getting home."

"But first," I said, "let's roll some big stones in front of the entrance so that no one can find the cave."

I began rolling stones in front of the hole. Shortly afterward we had it completely concealed, so we picked up our jar of butterflies and our nets, and started homeward.

The Cave — Chapter IV Preparation

As we entered the living room the clock in the hall was striking 3:00 o'clock.

"Let's not tell mother that we found a cave until we have explored it," I told Grant, while walking to a chair to sit down. So we decided not to tell her.

About five minutes later, mother entered the room with two, cool refreshing drinks.

"Oh boy!" Grant exclaimed. "This is just what we need after that long walk."

Handing us the drinks mother asked, "Did you catch many butterflies?"

"Yes we caught quite a few," I answered.

I paused a few seconds then said, "I know you must be tired so after you finish your drinks why don't you take a nice hot shower."

"That sounds like a good idea."

we both replied together.

"After we take our shower may we go to the library?" I asked her.

"Yes!" she replied with a smile on her face. "I'll bring you there on my way to market."

As we walked up the stairs to our room Grant asked, "What do you want to go to the library for?"

I then answered, "I'll look up some information on caves and to see what equipment we will need to explore our cave."

"Oh!" He replies.

After we had taken our shower and were getting ready to leave, Grant whispered to me, "We better bring some money along in case we have to buy anything."

Sack brought along three dollars.

Soon we were in the library looking in encyclopedias and reference books with pictures and information about caves. In one book it explains how caves were formed. It said that when the mountains were uplifted out of the ocean thousands of years ago the rock layers were

broken and cracked. Rain water mixed with carbon Dioxide forms an acid called Carbonic acid. This acid dissolves limestone. So most caves are formed from limestone.

This acid flowed into and along the cracked rock. It dissolved the rock and carved it away. Gradually long branching corridors appeared. As the walls and ceilings of the corridors collapsed great rooms and domes were formed. Water dripped into the chamber, evaporated and deposited the minerals which it carried in solution. With infinite slowness drop by drop the spectacular curtains, pillars lacework and other formations were created. Their brilliance and translucence are due to the fact that they are saturated with water. Whenever water seepage stops, they become dull and powdery in appearance.

The huge hanging like icicles are called stalactites. The huge pillars coming up from the floor

are called stalagmites.

In another book it said how Jim Whit found the famous Carlsbad Caverns in southeastern New Mexico. It goes on to tell how his attention was aroused by a nightly swarm of millions of bats pouring like a great column of smoke from the cavern mouth, and how he later descended into the cavern by rope to explore it.

In another book it says that three adventurous youths were out looking for a cave to rival that of a neighbouring town. They found a crack in the earth and then went in. They did not know that they had found one of the largest caves in the nation --- Luray Caverns.

We spend about an hour in the library and then we went to a hardware store to get a few items that we needed to explore our cave. We purchased three coils of rope, a small can of kerosene and several balls of cord.

Leaving the hardware store we hurried home to hide our supplies in the garage before mother

returned from shopping.
After supper that night we
retired early knowing that
we had to awaken early the
next morning to start on our
journey to the Cave.

The Cave -- Chapter V
The Exploration

The next morning after an early
breakfast we started for the entrance
with our equipment. We told our
mother that we were going to spend
another day in search of rabbit-
flies.

When we arrived at the entrance,
we moved away the stones that con-
cealed it. Beams of the morning
sunlight shone into the entrance
revealing a vase opening leading
downward. I tied one end of a coil
of rope to a tree outside the entrance,
then I tied the other end of the rope
to the little lantern and began lowering
it into the cave. Down—Down—Down
it went to a depth of about thirty
or forty feet, then it reached solid
ground. I then proceeded downward
leaving the rest of the supplies with
Grant to lower when I called.

Upon reaching the bottom I un-
fastened the lantern and began looking
around to see if it was safe to go
farther.

There was a huge corridor leading in the westward direction.

I then called to Grant to lower the rest of the supplies and to follow. A few minutes later Grant joined me. We tied the end of a ball of cord to the hanging ropes so that we could let out cord as we walked. In case anything happened to the lantern we could follow the cord back to the entrance.

So after we finished tying the cord we began following the westward corridor.

We peered ahead by the light of our lamp. But we could only see a few feet in front of us since the total darkness seemed to smother the flame.

The corridor seemed to grow longer with every step until finally it led into a huge chamber. The chamber was filled with strange formations. The walls were broken cascades of blowstone, with jutting rocks holding long, slender

formations that sang under experimental touch like keys on a xylophone. The floor was carpeted with formations with new shapes and sizes at every turn. Through the gloom we could see the tall, graceful, ghost-like shapes resembling totem poles, stretching upward into darkness. Through crystal clear water, we saw that the sides of several pools, about feed, were lined with what appeared to be marble. Lost in the beauty, the weirdness, the grandeur in which ourquisitive mind led us, we forgot the time, place, and distance.

We walked through more stalagmite each one seeming larger and more beautiful formed than the ones we had already seen. The ceilings were draped with clusters of stalactites like great chandeliers hanging in a palace.

As we walked we came to a tremendous opening that seemed to reach downward into the center of the earth. Grant dropped rocks to sound depths. They hit something not bottom and kept rolling and

rolling until the sound faded into a haunting memory of sound.

As we walked farther we could feel the floor of the cavern slanting downward, and the chilled air getting colder. It seems as though we were walking into the very core of the Louisiana mountains.

We came to the end of the first hall of rock, so I led another one to it. We walked under bridges of rock and through cracks in the glittering walls. In some places the stalagmites and the stalactites were joined together to form huge columns. While others were fifty feet apart.

The formations were rich in color. Grey, cream, black, yellow, green, blue, amber and pink.

In some places they resembled huge elephant ears, and were as thin as a sheet of paper. The slightest touch of the finger shattered them to million

of pieces.

Now, the floor of the cave was getting rugged with small stalagmites. We had to be extremely careful with our footing, for we didn't want to sprain or break our ankles. We also had to creep along many dangerous ledge which seemed to drop nowhere. One on which Grant slipped and would have lost his life if he had not grabbed on to a boulder on the side of the ledge.

In another one of the cave's chambers there was a beautiful underground river. The water was green and like a mirror. As we looked at our reflection in the river, it was like looking at them in a mirror instead of just water. We could only see a few feet of the river, for the rest was hidden in the darkness.

"Do you think that this river helped to carve out this cave?" Grant asked as we looked at it.

"It most likely did," I replied. We looked at it a little while then walked on.

Suddenly the oil in our lantern

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By Van Rensselaer

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was exhausted. The flame died and died. Reality descended swiftly, as if millions of tons of black wool drifted down to smother and choke us. With the black loneliness paralyzing our blood stream, I tried to refill the lantern from the small emergency canister of oil, brought for such a moment. My fingers shook so much that I fumbled the filler cap and spilled more oil on my lap then I did in the lamp, but I finally managed to get the lamp filled.

The inky blackness and the almost deafening drop, drop, of water didn't make me stop shaking either. It's hard to describe how completely dark, how perfectly still it is down there.

It seemed like a month went by before I got the lantern going again and looked around in the dim light to get our bearings.

"We better begin walking back to the entrance, for we only

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have a little kerosene left." Grand suggested, his voice beginning to stop trembling.

"OK" I agreed "We can come back tomorrow or another day to explore further."

Some laid down the ball of coal and began following it back.

When we arrived at the entrance we pulled ourselves up and stood in the beautiful sunshine. We waited a few minutes for our bones to thaw out from the cold, damp, coal-filled cave before we started home.

When we arrived home we looked at the clock. "It only smokes," we both gasped. "It is already 12:15. I didn't realize that we were that long in the cave".

It was time for lunch. I audible we were eating me told our parents how we happened to find the cave and what we were doing all that morning. When we were finished my father said, "I am dim on my vacation and don't have to go to work tomorrow. I'll go with you and help explore some

The Cave

By Steve Rose

more of the cave."

That was good news. To me we were both glad to have a grown up with us.

So the next morning about 6:00 A.M. we started off. Instead of the lamps we brought along several kerosene torches.

When we reached the entrance we lowered ourselves down and began following the cord we had left the day before. Our father was surprised at the immense size and beauty of the cave. We all agreed that there just could not be another place on earth quite so beautiful.

After walking for about an hour and a half we came to the end of the cord left the day before. I fastened another to it, and resumed our exploration.

The kerosene torches were a great improvement over the lamps used on our previous trips. The torches gave sufficient light

to enable us to make fairly good progress.

In one of the caves corridors there was a huge pit. Father dropped rocks to sound depth. Further experiments revealed another level of the cave far beneath the one we were standing on, and quickly but carefully we lowered the rope and began climbing down. When we reached bottom we found ourselves in a very narrow canyon whose sides rose high into the darkness. After we followed this canyon a few minutes it led us into a tremendous chamber. In one glance we all knew that this section of the cave was the most beautiful. The stalagmites and stalactites were much bigger and were more richly decorated in color. Also most all of the formations were shiny and slippery.

Right in the middle of the chamber before our very eyes, was a huge waterfall that plunged down from the ceiling about a hundred feet high with a low rumble. It seemed

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ed one of Niagara Falls ---
of course not quite cubic.
However in the fall was a
dark blue that glittered when
the light of the torches shone on
it. The waterfall fell into a small
lake whose edge was right by our
feet. The water was clear and looked
only about two feet deep. But
when my father threw a small
rock in we found that it was a
bout fifteen or twenty feet deep.

We walked on admiring nat-
ures work. My brother sud-
denly burst out with, "a shek-
vois, 'Oh Look over there!'

We looked and saw a figure
of a person lying down. We
were all SCARED! My father
started slowly toward it. When
he was within three feet of the
figure he burst out laughing.

"What is so funny?" I asked
him.

"Come here and see." he replied
I went over. When we got
there we both began laughing too
for it wasn't a person at all, but

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just a rock formation that resem-
bled a person. What a relief, also
another one of natures wonders

as we walked I noticed some weird
formations hanging on the wall. They
were crooked and as fragile as a spider's
web. The crooked growths were a
light shade of grey but in different
places a light tint of blue blended
in with the grey. Some of them looked
like small heads with hair, while
others assembled a forest with bare trees.

This room looked like it was the
end of the cane, but looking ar-
round I found a small passag-
eway behind some rocks. This
passageway was about four feet
high, but the pin-pointed stalac-
mites took up about two feet of
this room. So we had to crawl on
our hands and knees and we also
had to be very careful not to
pierce our heads. We crawled about
seventy-five feet and then found
ourselves in another chamber.

In the side of a huge cliff in
this room we found the remains of a
pre-historic animal. The bones

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of it were in perfect formation and we could just picture the beast as it roamed the earth thousands of years ago. The animal was about thirty-feet tall and fifty feet long.

"How do you suppose he got into this cave?" Grant asked. Then I explained, "In school when we were studying pre-historic animals, we learned that many of them were caught in tar pits.

When it rained these pits got filled with water. The tar did not absorb the water, so it just remained there. When the animals came to drink and to bathe, they got caught in the sticky tar. So therefore they were preserved in the tar for all these years. When the mountains were later uplifted so were the animals, so this

Then Grant inquired, "I know so this must be a tar pit. But what happened to all of the tar?"

I then continued, "When this cave was formed, the same acid

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that dissolves the limestone dissolved the tar and carries it away. If you look closely to the walls you can see some of the hardened tar left."

Since we all looked, I we enough we could see the tar walls.

"Let's look around we might find some other animals," I suggested, beginning to search.

As we looked we discovered that we were in a graveyard of prehistoric animals, because we found several others, including different kinds of dinosaurs.

In another chamber we found the ripple marks of water and the fossils of tiny sea animals.

"Can you explain how these got here?" I asked Grant.

"I think I can but I am not sure."

"That's alright. I'll tell you if you are not correct." I answered him.

I then began, "Long ago, about the same time as the animals were being caught in the tar pits, and when the

u something
We have
We also
.t died.

This story
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By Harry Rose

rock was being formed under the ocean, these rock layers must have been near the surface, for the ripple marks of the water made and imprinted the soft rock.

The fossils of these sea-animals are easy to explain, as these tiny creatures swam in the ocean long, long ago, some of them were caught in the soft rock and couldn't get out. As the rock hardened they were preserved too.

"Was I right?"

"You were absolutely right," I replied.

We walked on. In the distance we could hear the splash of water. Every step we took it seemed to grow a little louder, until finally we came to its source. It was a fountain. The water shot up through a small crack in a rock about five feet into the air, and then fell into a small pool around it. In the pool were some stalagmites. They

looked like cypress knees in a huge swamp. The pool led into a small stream that traveled about thirty feet then disappeared under a wall.

We looked at the pool's walls and then continued.

In another room there was a gigantic rock that looked like it weighed about two to five tons. Just above it in the ceiling was a hole as large as the rock. With a little imagination we could place the rock perfectly in the hole. The boulder must have fallen many thousands years ago, because in the hole were small stalactites growing.

"Let's get away from here before another rock falls," Grand exclaimed.

"You don't have to be afraid probably not a single rock has fallen since the cave was formed." I answered him with a laugh.

Grand was relieved after I said that.

In this same room along side the boulder was about fifteen or twenty

I something
We have
We also
t died.

This story
y brother

my brother
decided to
quite
imed and
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7. The Cave
By Uncle Tom

stalagmites, as thin as a hair. When my father touched them they shattered into millions of tiny pieces.

"What time is it?" I asked my father.

"It's 3:10 P.M." he answered.

"Wow!" Grand exclaimed.

"It is getting late," my father said. "We had better be getting back to the entrance." So we laid the cord far farther exploration, and began following it back.

When we arrived home we told our mother all about our discoveries and the next day took her to see them.

The news spread rapidly that we had found a new cave, until finally it reached the newspaper. One morning about a week later, a reporter from the Los Angeles Daily News came to interview us.

The next morning the headlines of the paper read -- --

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"Two local Brothers Find Cave, Here"

Shortly after the paper reached the stands, people began showing and coming to see the cave. So many people came that we arranged to take them down the next morning at 9:00 A.M.

This continued daily until we were forced to make some kind of schedule.

One of the many visitors we took through the cave was Mr. Henry W. Garrison-Mayo of California. He too was greatly impressed with the scenic beauty and the majestic grandeur found there and he began strenuously to exert every effort to bring attention to the cave.

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The Cave

By Lynn Rose

The Cave — Chapter VI
The State Takes Over

One cool autumn evening when the family was sitting out on the patio a tall distinguished looking man came up to us.

"Hello," he greeted us, "is this the Pross residence?"

"Yes, may I help you?" my father answered.

Holding out his card, he answered, "I am Robert J. Evans, a California State Representative. I was sent to make a survey of this cave you boys discovered."

We didn't feel so though the cave was of much importance but the Department thought I had better come down and measure it, so they could know if it is big enough for them to consider."

We grimed but said little.

The next morning we invited Mr. Evans and his instruc-

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ments into the cave. It took the government men over a month to finish their very complete and accurate work and report.

A few weeks later we received a letter from the Department of Development, Sacramento, California, stating —

"Mr. A. Evans' report was very satisfactory. We decided that a cave of such beauty is worthy enough to be established as a State Park."

We will install electric lighting and make paths so that visitors can walk with ease and safety.

— Of course if you consent, but I am sure you will.

Within a short period of time a Mr. Houston and his Construction crew will arrive to begin putting the proper equipment into the cave.

Sincerely yours,
President,

A. H. Becker

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The Cave

By Henry Becker

The letter was a big surprise for we didn't think the government would go as far as to make our cave a State Park. So for the next few weeks we waited impatiently for Mr. Houston. Finally on Thursday November 16, he arrived with his men. The first thing we did was to take him through the cave to get familiar with it.

We spent nearly all day there for Mr. Houston had to take notes on what had to be done. But at about 4:30 P.M. we were finished.

As we stood by the entrance Mr. Houston exclaimed, "I noticed this morning that the cave is about four miles from the main highway, so the first thing we have to do is to have the Highway Department build a separate road from here to the highway for visitors to use."

We talked a few minutes then went home.

The Cave - Chapter VII Construction on the Cave.

The next day after school I ran and I went to watch the men at work. We were amazed at the progress they had done.

The Highway Department was already at work cutting down trees and hauling mud.

At the same time Mr. Houston's men were laying a form for a winding stairway leading into the cave.

"Bells boys" Mr. Houston said as he walked up to us. "Come to look things over, I see, Ah.

"Yes Sir" we answered, "I see you have your men hard at work."

Other he answers, "Yes, the sooner we start the sooner we will be finished. Would you like to see a picture of how the stairway will look when it is finished?"

"If you do" I answered.

So Mr. Houston showed us a picture of a beautiful winding stan-

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way. The steps were cemented with a wrought iron railing around them. It made about seven turns, so this took some of the steepness away.

While we looked at the pictures Mr. Houston said in a serious tone. "In about three weeks we will be finished with the stairway, and then we can begin making the paths and installing the lighting."

It was getting late so Grant and I went home.

Almost every day after school we would go watch the men at work. We did this until they were finished the stairway. After that Mr. Houston and our father thought that it would be best to stay out the cave for we would only be in the way of the men.

The months were now passing fast. October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, and now in the

1956

later part of September, the men were finally finished. It had been exactly eleven months since they had started.

The next day was Saturday and Grant and I didn't have to go to school, and my father was off from work. Mr. Houston suggested that we spend the day in the caves so that he could show us the new lighting and where the switches were to turn them on. So early that morning we left for the cave.

We were the first people to ride on the new road to the cave. The road was a smooth paved one that wound gently through the beautiful forest to the cave.

About fifteen minutes later we arrived at the entrance. The men had enlarged it to about ten feet high and fifteen feet wide. As I stared at it I could imagine the original one - no larger than my fist. The entrance had ropes across it to keep people out also a guard in front of it.

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A few yards away they had made a large parking area for visitors to use, whose capacity was fifty cars.

When we approached the guard he took down the ropes to let us through. As we began walking down the beautiful stairway for the very first time, my knees shook with excitement for we were going to see the cave lit up exposing its beauty.

Our foot steps rang out through the entire cave as we walked down.

When we were about half way down Mr. Houston showed us a small switch along side the stairs. He turned it and the lights above us went on. When we reached the bottom there were two more switches, he turned one and the huge chamber lights went on. He turned the other one and the lights above the stairway went out. The lights in the chambers were not

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on the ceiling but behind various formations. The lights made the cave more beautiful than what we had ever seen. So they showed the beautiful colors of the rock layers.

It seemed sort of funny that we didn't have to be bothered with the old torches and the smelly scene. And the wonderful paths so that we need not worry about tripping over small stalactites and breaking an arm or leg. Whenever the path was on a dangerous place such as a ledge or cliff, the men had put a railing around it.

In one of the chambers there was a huge formation resembling an eagle. The part of the formation that resembled the wings was very thin. The crew had put light behind them. This made the rock look like a thin sheet of paper for the lights shown through them.

As we walked on Mr. Houston said "There is still three things that have to be done before the

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"Cave is open."

"I have more?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "The first and most important is to decide on a name for the cave. The second is to name the various formations through out the cave, and the last is to appoint someone as a permanent guide or ranger. How would you like to take the job, Mr. Ross? It pays well."

"I will have to think it over for a few days," my father answered.

"Of course, I understand," Mr. Houston replied.

"How old do you have to be before you can become a ranger?" I asked Mr. Houston.

He then answered, "Well, you have to be twenty or over. I am afraid so, that you have quite a few years yet before you become a ranger."

"Also do you have any idea of a name for the big cave?"

"We don't want a name

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"to fancy," my father exclaimed.

I then suggested, "Why not just call it, The Cave?"

"That's all right with me," Mr. Houston said. "Is that the name you agree on?"

"Yes," I answered. "It is a good name enough."

"O.K. then," Mr. Houston replies as he wrote it down on a sheet of paper.

After we decided on the name we continued walking.

By now we had reached the point of the cave where we had previously descended by rope into another level of the cave. But now there was a huge staircase.

The most beautiful sight on the bottom level was the waterfall, showing its beauty with the light round it. I in path, passed right in front of it.

As we walked we picked out names for the various formations. Then Mr. Houston wrote down and put them location.

Another one of the interesting features

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of the cave was the tar pit with the remains of the prehistoric animals. Another was the huge fountain. The lights made of the formations, lakes, waterfalls, fountains, stalagmites and stalactites more beautiful than we could see down the dim light of the torches.

After the path passed the fountain it turned and took a new route toward the stairway to the main floor and then back to the entrance.

The whole tour was three and a half hours.

About a week later the name was officially established as The Cave, and the signs with the names of the formations were completed and put in their proper places. Also my father took the job as Chief Ranger and the Government appointed four other rangers under him. They also set a price of .75 adults and .35 children as an

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admission fee to take a tour through The Cave.

There were two tours a day. One at 8:00 A.M. and the other at 1:00 P.M.

Each day the number of visitors seem to increase. The last count we had was six hundred people in one day.

My father kept the job as Chief Ranger until I grew old enough to take over, then he retired. When Grandpa was old enough to become a ranger he turned it down and instead joined the United States Air Force.

Some days I would let the other rangers take over, and father and I would go explore more of the cave. We have explored approximately fifteen miles. But there are still miles upon miles that have never been seen by the human eye. Some people think that The Cave extends under the Los Angeles River

twenty five miles away from its entrance, but it has never been proven. I hope someday that

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The Cave

By Stanley

I will finally conquer it.
But until that day comes
I will never stop trying.

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THE CAVE
by
GARY ROSS

Before I begin to tell you this exciting story, I want to tell you something about myself. I am twelve years old and have a brother ten years old. We have some pets. We have three dogs; two Dachshunds and a Toy Fox Terrier. We also have a Persian Cat and two turtles. We did have a baby alligator but it died.

That is enough about myself. Now, let us get back to our story. This story takes place on a hot, sunny June morning in Los Angeles, California. My brother had just gotten back from a trip with the Cub Scouts.

There was a mountain about four blocks away from our house and both my brother and I were eager to climb a mountain for we hadn't in a long time. We decided to climb it! We started out early the next morning because we knew it took quite awhile to climb a high mountain. We began to climb the mountain. We climbed and climbed until we were very tired and sat down to rest. As we rested we began to throw small rocks down the mountain. I picked up a rock that was in back of me. Much to my surprise when I picked it up, there was a small hole in back of it. The hole was about as large as my fist. I took some more rocks away from the sides of the hole. The hole got larger. I told my brother to come and see. When he had seen the hole, his eyes opened with excitement. After he had looked at the hole for a few minutes, he asked me, "What do you think it is?" I told him I was not sure but I thought it was a cave! My brother could not believe his ears. A few minutes later we were down on our hands and knees moving the rocks away and making the hole large enough so that we could fit in it. After awhile the hole was large enough so that we could enter. My brother was a little afraid, but I finally got him to go in after me. We went in but it was pitch dark. We could not see a thing! I told my brother we had better get out till we could get some candles.

We went home and got some candles, a flashlight, a kerosene lamp and three balls of cord. We got the cord so that we could tie the end of one ball of cord to a rock outside the hole then we could let out cord as we went along. In case we should get lost we could follow the cord and find our way out. It took about a half hour to climb up the mountain to where the hole was located.

When we got there we lit a candle. The cave was beautiful! Stalactites were hanging from the ceiling like huge icicles and stalagmites were coming up from the floor like huge pillars of stone. My brother asked me how were caves formed. I told him that when the mountains were pushed up the rock was broken and cracked. Minerals in the water dissolved the limestone rock and carried it away. Gradually long branching corridors appeared as the walls and ceilings of the corridors collapsed, great rooms and domes were formed. Water dripping into the chambers evaporated and deposited the minerals which it carried in solution. With infinite slowness, drop by drop, the spectacular curtains, pillars, lace-work and other formations were created. Their brilliancy and translucence are due to the fact that they are saturated with water. Whenever water seepage stops, they become dull and powdery in appearance. This was the first cave I had ever seen. It was a beautiful sight. The stalactites and stalagmites were all shades of colors; amber, lilac, pink, and many more such beautiful colors I could not begin to

The Cave

By Gary Ross

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describe them.

We walked on and on. We came to the end of the first ball of cord. I tied the end of the first ball to the beginning of the second. We walked and walked under bridges of rock, between stalactites and through cracks in the walls. As we walked we picked out names for some of the rock formations that resembled different things. By now we had burned two candles. We had three candles left and a kerosene lamp and the flashlight. We had walked about a mile and a half. We had only one ball of cord left.

"Oh, look over there!" my brother exclaimed. *

I looked and saw an underground stream. The water was beautiful! It was a light shade of blue. I had never seen anything like it. I told my brother we had better start walking back to the hole because we had only the lamp and flashlight left. We could always come back the next day or another day. As we followed the cord back we stopped and rested.

By the time we got home it was supper time. My mother asked me where we had been. I did not want to tell her yet, so I told her we were at a friend's house. After supper my mother told us to go to bed, so that we might get up early the next morning to go to the store. ▶

The next morning we went to the store. I bought some candles so that we could explore the rest of the cave.

The next day we began climbing the mountain. Outside the cave we stopped to look at our house. We could see about a mile around it. We lit the candle and started following the cord.

While we were walking my brother asked me if it took quite a long time to make the stalactites and stalagmites. I told him that the water drips at the rate of about a drop a day. It takes about 10,000 years to make one inch of stone so gradually the stalactites and stalagmites will meet each other.

By this time we had come to the end of the cord we had left the day before and we tied one ball of cord to it. We walked and explored more of the cave. Finally it looked as if we had reached the end of the cave, but when I squeezed between two stalagmites, I say that there was another part of the cave. When we went through we both agreed that this part of the cave was the more beautiful. The stalactites and stalagmites were much larger and had more different colors. Most of the stalactites and stalagmites were a light tone of baby blue and a pale gray. The most beautiful sight was a real waterfall that came down from the ceiling about 200 feet high with a loud noise. It reminded me of Niagara Falls--of course, not quite as big! The water in the waterfall was a dark blue that glittered when the light of the flashlight shone on it. When the water plunged over the sides of the cave it ran away into a small lake that was right by our feet. The water was clear. We could see right down to the bottom. It looked about 20 feet deep.

We walked on admiring nature's work. All of a sudden I yelled to my brother.

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... to the right of the entrance. We had to crawl through a hole in the ceiling of the cave and to get back out of the tunnel we had to climb up a steep incline. After we got back outside, we decided to go back into the cave. We found a small stream of water flowing down a rocky path. We followed the stream until we came to a waterfall. The water was falling from a height of about 20 feet. We stood by the waterfall and watched the water fall. We heard a loud noise coming from the water. It sounded like a roar. We looked up at the waterfall and saw a large rock falling from the top. We were scared and ran away from the waterfall.

"Stop! Don't take another step!"

He stopped and when he had looked on the ground, he realized why I had yelled. He was on the edge of a rock slab that dropped about 200 feet down, and if I had not yelled he would have been a "goner". After that experience I told him he had better walk in back of me instead of in front.

We walked on. My brother suddenly burst out with, "Oh, look over there!" I looked and saw a figure of a person lying down. We were scared stiff! I threw a small rock that was lying by my feet. It hit the figure but the figure did not move. We walked toward it. By now we were within five feet of it. Then I saw that it was not a figure but a rock formation that resembled a person. Whew! What a relief!! Another one of Nature's wonders!

We walked on, on unexplored ground. While I was looking around my eyes caught sight of something sparkling. I went over to investigate. It was a pool of glittering water. When I put my hand in it, I discovered it wasn't water at all. It was something hard and smooth, like crystal. My brother exclaimed in excitement. "Crystal!" "What is crystal doing in here?"

I told him, that in school, when we were studying about caves, the teachers told us there were only five caves known in the whole world with real crystal in them. Some people, when they explore caves, think they find crystal, but when they take it to be examined they learn that it is rock. That is why we could not be sure that this was real crystal and if it was we would have quite a lot of money. We chipped off some pieces. They were beautiful light shades of colors; pink, light green, lilac, amber, chartreuse, sky blue and turquoise blue.

We walked on, going deeper and deeper into the cave. We walked about a mile when I spotted something shooting up into the air. We went over to investigate. We found that it was a spring. The water shot up through a crack in a rock about five feet into the air. The water fell down into a small pool. In the pool of water were some stalagmites that looked like a swamp with cypress knees sticking out of the water. The water seemed to run off into a small stream that traveled about 30 feet then disappeared under a wall of the cave. It seemed as though water always remained in the pool.

We walked on. I looked at the wall as we were walking and saw some weird formations hanging. They seemed to stick out about a foot from the wall. The formations were a light shade of gray, but in some places we could see a light shade of orange that seemed to blend in with the gray. We stopped and looked at them awhile then we continued.

Now we had only half a ball of cord left, and it seemed as though we were at the end of the cave. As far as we could see there were no holes or cracks in the walls to lead to another part of the cave. We looked around awhile. Then we decided that since there was nothing else to see we'd better start walking back to the entrance since we were both very tired. We began to follow the cord back. As we were walking, my brother asked me, "Do you still have the pieces of

7th Cave

By Henry Ross

1900! Dear Mr. Mayor: "

"crystal?" I told him I did, feeling for them in my pocket.

It took us longer to get back to the opening than it took to go, because coming back I had to wind the cord. And winding that length of cord takes quite awhile. We finally got back to the hole with all of the cord wound. When we got outside the entrance we sat down to rest before descending the mountain. When we had rested for a few minutes we began to climb down the mountain. When we got home I looked at the time. It was five o'clock. I exclaimed in excitement. "Holy Smoke, we left at one-thirty". It was time for supper!

While we were eating supper I told my mother and father where we had been the day before and that day. My mother scolded us but after I told her about the cave and showed her the rocks she cooled off. I asked my father if the rocks were crystal. He said he didn't know—maybe they were and maybe they weren't. I would have to have them examined. He said he knew a man that could tell.

All the next day we waited impatiently. That evening when he came home he was all in smiles and told us that the man told him that they were real crystal. We jumped in excitement. He said, "Not only that! Mr. Houston, the examiner, said that the pieces of crystal were a very rare crystal and worth lots of money." "The few pieces I brought," he said, "were worth \$1,000 dollars." We all gasped! I told my father that in the cave was a whole pool of it. My father said that Mr. Houston was going to send some of his men to look over the cave and the crystal.

The next day about ten o'clock in the morning, three men came. I guided them to the cave entrance and told them just to follow the way and they would find the crystal. After the men went in I went back down the mountain where my father and mother were. About three hours later the men came down the mountain. One man, whose name was Mr. Becker, said that he found the crystal and that the pool was worth approximately \$1,000,000 dollars. He asked my mother if he could use our phone so that he could call some men to come with a truck and get the crystal out of the cave. About an hour later a huge truck drove up. They couldn't drive the truck up the steep side of the mountain so they drove up another side that wasn't so steep and had a road all the way to the top. The road led almost to the entrance. It took quite awhile to load the truck but about four hours later the truck was at the foot of the mountain loaded with crystal. Mr. Becker told us that he would have to take the crystal to his office and weigh it to see how much it was worth.

The following day Mr. Becker came over. He wished us luck and gave us a check for \$1,500,130 dollars. We all couldn't believe our eyes. We stood in amazement for a few moments. Mr. Becker then said, "I know this is the happiest day in your lives and you'll never forget this day."

We all agreed. He shook hands with us, then started for the door. Before he went out of the door he said again, "I wish you luck, and you are very lucky people."

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R e l e g e n z

