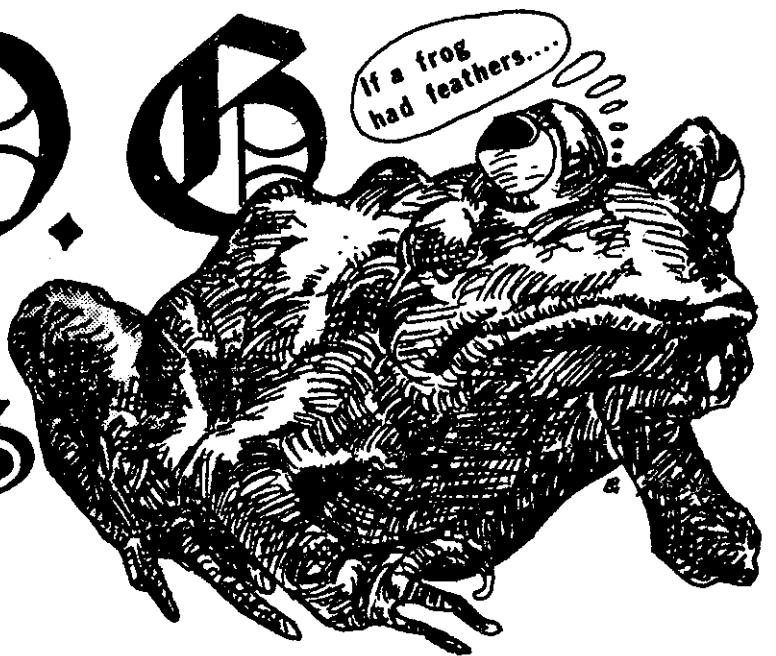


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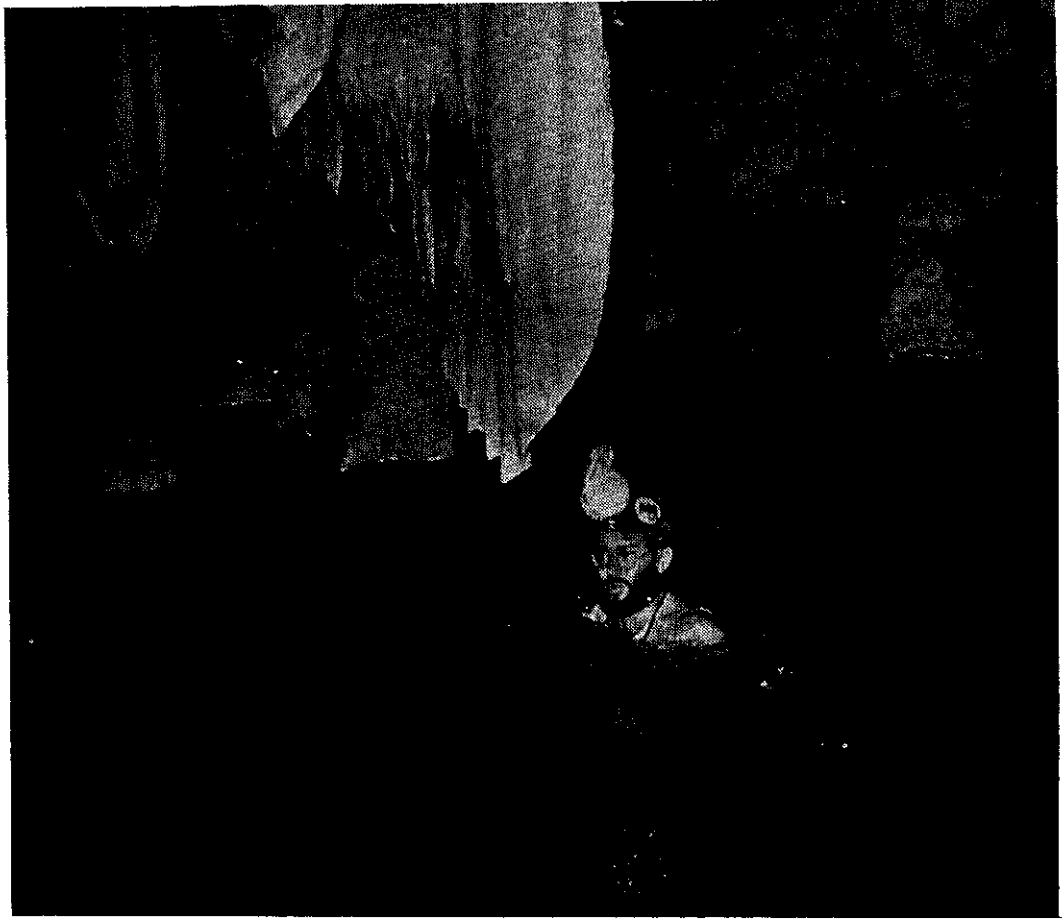
the FROG CROAKS



SPECIAL MEMORIAL ISSUE-January 1981

"All my life I've considered attaching my name to some discovery, only to have it fizzle in a dung covered crevice. This time it goes."

Boyer on the discovery of 'Boyer's Discovery' 1972



PAUL RICE BOYER 1940-1980

It was a spring morning in 1972 when Jimmy Harrison and I drove into the town square of Marianna, Florida. We were searching for a caver named Boyer whom neither of us had met, although we had a vague description from Gill Ediger who had arranged the caving trip then backed out. At that time the Fort Rucker-Ozark Grotto (FROG) was in a tadpole stage recently formed by several cavers in the area. Through the NSS we found there were other cavers not too far distant who were also interested in organization whatever it was. One of these was Boyer who was also actively seeking caving companions.

Not knowing what Boyer looked like we were a little apprehensive about locating him (or him us) until we spotted a black MSA helmet with Justrite attached on the top of a Toyota wagon. Reclined against the car was a bearded, long - hair who pronounced himself Boyer. After a brief introduction to each other we went caving.

There began for me a long, very strong friendship with a man who greatly influenced the direction I took in my caving activities and also in my outlook on life in general. Until his death in August, 1980 Paul befriended many people both cavers and noncavers. All who got to know him realized here was an individual who really kept things in perspective. He was a caver's caver who dedicated most of his life to caves and caving. Paul was always up for a trip and when a future trip was mentioned the sound of his brain gears rearranging commitments was nearly audible. He was actively involved in conservation, caver training, education of the masses about caves, documenting cave research, and organizing cavers. Paul did much more than pay lip service to NSS platitudes; whether testifying to the Florida legislature in support of a Cave Protection Bill or discussing with the Rangers at Florida Caverns State Park ways to protect the bats and caves there Paul was at the forefront of caving in the southeast.

Paul began caving in the midwest while a student at the University of Illinois. He was the guiding force behind the formation of the Mid-Illinois Grotto and made many trips to map and explore Crump's Spring Cave. He then moved to Houston, helped form an Explorer Caving Group, and became a member of Carta Valley Sucks. Apparently disagreeing with the philosophy of his employers he then moved to western Florida and joined the faculty of Okaloosa-Walton Junior College in Ft. Walton Beach. Here he raised the caving horizons of dozens of his students, joined FROG (or FROG joined him) and began the South-East-Karst-Survey (SEKS).

After many, many trips to Climax, Glory Hole, Blowing Cave, and occasionally to northern Alabama for some pits Paul spent his last few years actively pushing caves in Marianna and particularly in the State Park there. He made many relatively minor cave discoveries in the Park and had developed an excellent working relationship with the rangers. Just this year he discovered a cave that now bears his name-Boyer's Discovery-and a plaque is to be installed there in honor of his contributions to caving and the Park.

Paul's discoveries in this cave are the source of the quote on the cover. During the last days of his life Paul still talked about returning to Marianna and 'his cave'.

PHIL WINKLER, 13627F

Fort Rucker Ozark Grotto
National Speleological Society
418 Bullock Blvd.
Niceville, Florida 32578



June 20, 1980

Dear Fill:

I got my FROG and it's beautiful! But some of the other people haven't gotten theirs yet. I presume you are mailing them out as you get around to writing the label and sticking on the stamp. It occurs to me that a couple of our members do not have real mailing addresses, and you may have to forward their issues to me so I can deliver them. Our last issue was mostly hand delivered. I could use 5 or 10 copies as inducements to new members, and for those you can't reach by mail.

According to the BOG minutes, the Speleo Digest is rapidly advancing to the 1978 and 79 issues, and even the 1980 issue is in press. Be sure the Speleo Digest editors get copies of our newsletter. We entirely missed out on the 1973 issue because someone apparently didn't send them anything. Some of our original maps and articles are certainly good enough for the digest; good enough to be reprinted in FSCC or FSS newses, anyhow.

I'd like to suggest a few things for the next issue: more reports about the growth of Boyer's monster discovery, which is now about at 1600 ft long, as of last week's trip, further conservation articles on cave gating and posting, and perhaps an article on cave surveying. Several of our members need some information on how to set up stations and do a good sketch, the weak points they all share. Also, please include the names of the people writing a trip report or article. I always put on my by-line, but some of the others would like to see their names in print also.

I'll probably be going up to the SERA on July 4th or 5th. See ya there, I hope. Keep it hopping, Froggie.

Regards

P. Rice Boyer

.....I was a student of Paul's when I first went to OWJC. He became a sort of mentor for me and so I went camping and caving with him. For a college freshman who had never been in a cave or hiking on the Appalachian Trail, Paul showed me brand-new worlds. I went to his parties and fixed his bicycle and we swapped record. We went sialing and canoeing and rappelling; he taught me many skills and even a sharper way of thinking.

I moved in with Paul last year to go to school and to save money. I watched him deteriorate physically and I stayed with him when his parents came down from Massachusetts. I was not shocked to hear of his death. Paul and I had talked about dying and he knew there was a strong chance of his dying. I am sorry he had to go this way but I'll never forget Paul and what he meant to me. In my mind Paul Boyer lives.

Steve Hodges

FROM THE EDITOR:

The intent of this issue of FROG Croaks is to reprint in one volume many of Boyer's written contributions to caving. Paul was quite a writer and his reports go back to the early '60s. His first efforts were printed in the MIG Newsletter and consisted of many pages of material telling about the exploration and mapping of Crump's Spring Cave; in Texas, articles of Pauls were in the Texas Caver and perhaps in some Carta Valley publications, but this cannot be substantiated.

The articles selected for reprint have been chosen as they are fine examples of Paul's fine wit and way of telling stories or examples of his insights into the whys and wherefores of caving and cavers. Paul was interested in people as much as caves and the number of folks around the country who know Boyer as a friend are many.

I hope you enjoy this issue.

P. Winkler

FROG CROAKS 1974

Thoughts from Chairman Boyer

FROG is now two years old, but is it still hopping? At the summer SERA Cave Carnival, Jimmy Harrison and Linda elected (or is that appointed?) me as chairman of the Grotto. Well, I think that's great. I'm honored to be a chairman again, as I was six years ago in Illinois. Highly qualified and all that. There seems to be a legitimacy question about everything I do, but I'm a highly qualified bastard to do it.

I see the chairman's job as being the head honcho. FROG's main activity is not meetings or projects; it's a newsletter, edited by Phil Winkler. I urge all FROGs wherever they may be to keep the reports coming-articles also. Just because we don't meet under one roof doesn't mean we are not active. FROG is the roof under which we meet whenever we plan a trip to Marianna, Glory Hole, or northern Alabama. It is the rallying point of the far-out southeastern caver. Perhaps I should say that FROG does meet, semiannually at either SERA or a Niceville Bodyburn. The next Bodyburn will be announced shortly.

The home lilypad is still Ozark, and FROGs there should maintain recruiting and keep out the old webbed hand for visiting cavers.

As chairman I will be glad to maintain the facade, and keep track of the membership, as well as submitting the annual report to the NSS. That's about it until next year when YOU'LL be it.

P.S. recent reports on my radio: 350 lb frog of green concrete stolen from someone's garden in Miami? Phil, where did you find three other people willing to go that far and lug that much?

P. Rice Boyer

November 5, 1974

Dear Phil,

Enclosed is a TRUE STORY about a recent trip of ours, in the approved fashion of Doc Halliday's Depths of the Earth, and suitable to be abstracted by Inside Earth, for the fame and glory of FROGs everywhere, about a typical discovery trip in Florida's Big Cave Country. It was wrote originally on my creaky old typewriter during the cooldown period upon our return, in order to stimulate Sam Sutton to write something, too, which he did. His version is also enclosed. My version exaggerates like hell, and is probably the worst piece of screed I have ever written in my entire caving career. But this is what the public wants! Stream of consciousness stuff, with plenty of fucking and farting details, emmeshed in a journalistic dinginess of details squirreled into the narrative. Various sly pornographic puns. Run-on sentences. Report writing, I'll tell the world, is almost as much fun as caving, if you'll let it all blow out.

Enclosed also is a progress report on SEKS, based on the last couple of weekends in Tallahassee.

Also, I enclose a check for \$2 to cover Sam Suttons subscription to Vol 3 of FROG, which I forgot to send before.

Your knife will be sent under separate cover.

Regards,

P.Rice Boyer.

DISCOVERY IN FLORIDA'S WINDY CRAWL CAVE

P.Rice Boyer

Somewhere under a limestone ridge in Florida Cavers State Park, I faced the toughest decision of my entire caving career. Should I follow John Jenkins into Snake Hole Squeeze, into the big breakdown room we knew lay beyond, or would I be hopelessly stuck. I was already wedged into a narrow, flat crawl, with my dface pressed almost into the rimstone covered floor. My pants were shredded below the knees, and I could feel every pinprick of sharp cave coral on bare skin, and hear a ripping sound like Velcro fasteners coming apart when I moved the knee. Just ahead, the passage widened into a tiny 'waiting room' from which a tinier hole lead off at right angles to the left into which John's feet were slowly disappearing.

It was only supposed to be a quick trip to map a small lead that John had pushed the week before. Ben Jarvi, enthusiastic and talented cave that he was, was supposed to bring along an important group of visitors from Tallahassee and meet us at the outhouse that morning. But he kept the girls to himself and didn't show. We were supposed to get them delightfully lost in Florida's second longest cave, the recently discovered Hollow Ridge Cave. Then perhaps drop by Ellis' Mud, and a couple of others-Windy Crawl was pretty low on the list. Since Jarvi didn't show, we installed a water level meter in Hollow Ridge and, feeling like a bunch of wild hill-hoppers with fresh mud on our faces from N.S.S. (the Niceville Speleological Society), we pressed on. So, instead, I was enjoying the luxury of BIG ROOM with its ceiling towering almost 35 cm over my head. Ahead lay agony.

I had to push on because Sam Sutton was behind me, and I couldn't get him to back up to where I'd left my jacket, fearing that there wasn't room for me and a set of plastic GI buttons in the crawlway. I exhaled and turned left somehow getting my head and chest into the Snake Hole, and felt my balls gently massaged by a block of breakdown almost blocking the passageway. "Stay high", John said, "or you'll never get thru." "Don't worry John, I'm pretty high alright." My chest passed the point of no return, fame and glory lay ahead, if only..... I could free my ass. Then my shoulder came up against the ceiling again as my toes tried to push me on through. The vlcro tearing sound, and I felt a thousand tiny fangs enter my back as the shirt peeled away from my bare skin. Ahead the crawlway straightened into a twenty foot shot along the side of a breakdown block, with a hint of a bigger opening above it. The breakdown room! I could hear John's voice echoing as he babbled to John Baxter about a

survey. No, wait, he's trying to tell me the compass bearings for the survey which I'm supposed to be writing down in my notebook, which I'm carrying in my box, which I left somewhere... Oh, shit.... Ah yes, right here next to my elbow is the box I've been bunting along with my teeth. How could I have overlooked it? Now then, ungh, I'll just free up my elbow enough to get the notebook out of the box, and scratch my nose a bit, and then write down that bearing. That was 928° wasn't it?? or was it 298°? Distance 24.6 ft, right? Something like that. John, I thought you'd remember.

The Breakdown Room elicited shouts of excitement from my companions. A sound that was frequently heard in the next five hours as we groveled into one fantastic room after another, ripping our knees on rimstone dams as sharp as paring knives, surrounded by columns and draperies choking every nook and cranny. Periodically the grunts and groans uttered by the group were punctuated by the crunch and tinkle of soda straws cleared from our path by someone's clumsy helmet. Regretfully we brushed them aside and looked for more crawlways, which spread maze-like in every direction. We were madened by discovery. Heedless of our safety, we became greatly overextended. Baxter had to be home by seven. Sam had to take a shit in the worst way. And I had a hot date with a Hardies hamburger in Marianna. Who knows what John had to do... I heard the rush of water as he braced into a standing position beside an alcove to piss.

Stopping to change carbide at Rimstone Junction, with a plethora of more crawlways to the right, crawlways to the left, I asked, "what time IS it anyhow?" Nobody had a watch. Wonder if we can get Baxter home by seven? Sh-h-h, God, what's that noise? A faint ghostly murmur rose to a swishing rush. It's a car!! We must be right under the Park road. (The car was the last visitors being chased out by the ranger just before dark, and it was much later than we thought.) Decision time again, leadership fans; do we (A) head out now, or (B) forge on into semi-virgin cave? Only one other person had ever seen these rooms. Scratched into the mud were the faded remnants of an arrow, which John still insisted had been washed in. Otherwise the cave was unmarked and smooth, devoid of the usual chalky smears where cavers had put their mucking feet. And each arrow pointed into the unknown. But, aren't they supposed to point out? Surely now, there must be another entrance somewhere ahead.

We mapped the last stations into the Terrace Room, which was the way Baxter and Jenkins had been, with Terry Hayslip the week before. An arrow pointed off into another wretched crawl, away from the way we had come. Baxter snaked into it, followed by Jenkins, and then Sutton whose bowels were rumbling ominously. We shot one last station into the lead just before deciding to turn around. Baxter had gotten way ahead into a room of some kind, and was babbling about a BIG room, a HUGE room, than a HALLWAY, More rooms, ANOTHER passage, another room, and his voice was fading out in the distance as it ascended in pitch. MIGGD, SUTTON, MOVE YOUR BUTT OR I'LL CLIMB RIGHT OVER YOU, I shrieked. So, Sutton did move his butt and I was left in the crawlway with a fetid odor. Come back (snoke, cough) and let's get this on paper! I gasped, but our time was up, and we had to retreat.

This was the greatest day of my whole caving career. How could I possibly describe to the others the glory of what we found that day? How? well, how about an eight hundred word article on a seven hundred foot cave; seven hundred feet of miserable crawl, half a dozen motel-sized rooms choked with flowstone columns, cave pearls, rimstone and soda straws, dirt, roots from the surface only five feet over our heads.

But we had a terrible price. Baxter and Sutton were exhausted and slept well into the next morning, and in the case of Sutton, until 4 in the afternoon. Boyer suffered recurring sore knees as he fought to protect his standing in the Bayou Sailing Club Open Slow Class, sailing his Javelin sloop to its fourth defeat. Jenkins managed to climb a pine tree, but his heart wasn't in it. Someday...we will return to those darkened rooms under the hill. Beyond that last station is the key to the whole ridge. No endurance barrier is too high for the NSS!

In the last six months I have added 15 more caves to the files. These include the six in southern Georgia by Marshall Taylor, and new maps or file entries on six Marianna area caves, and one found by Ben Jarvi and I in Waukulla County, which had been previously reported in the FSCC newsletter back in 1972.

The Survey is actively contributing to a SFRA Cave Survey Computer format being worked on by Jay Cox and Bill Deane of Knoxville. We have standardized two letter codes for counties, geologic formations, geomorphic provinces, and other geographic data. Still to be decided for Florida is a four letter (or number code for quadrangles) and a uniform cave numbering system similar to that of Alabama and Georgia. I have met with members of FSCC and am corresponding with Bill Volk of FSS on that point.

The computer card format is an important tool for keeping track of the caves in Florida and will be compatible with files of Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia. The will greatly facilitate reporting to the NSS Cave Files. Also, special lists can be easily compiled on physical characteristics of the caves; location, length, geologic formation, geomorphic province, elevation, etc. Provision is also made in the format for keeping the locations restricted if the person contributing the data requests.

P. Rice Boyer

"LET'S HEAR IT FOR SCAPEGOATS"

Dear Jimmy,

I think someone ought to explain the Anvil Cave thing. So hear's my version.

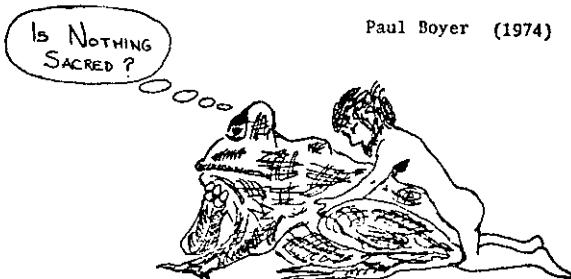
Saturday morning at about 10 AM seven Froggies met in the field over the infamous Anvil Cave to compete with about 100 others in a rally. The idea of the thing is to successfully follow directions and emerge from the proper entrance in a time as close as possible to what an average group would do if they didn't get lost. But of course you don't know how long that is, or whether you're lost, or which entrance is the proper one. Have faith and keep on truckin'.

We trucked thru the maze for about an hour to get to the checkpoint at the halfway mark. This involved several interesting maneuvers, such as sharing a crawlway with groups going the opposite direction and trying to figure out which of two compasses is right-the one that points north or the one that points south. But the second half of the rally was hopeless because Winkler had the map and it's all his fault that we never found two of the checkpoints. Aside from the fact that someone had carefully erased them! Our last instructions were to do some duckwalking and crawling, ups and downs, and look up to see the light, amid man-made objects. Well, we did find some old cans and up on the wall was a bible, either man-made or God-made. Then, I saw the light, brother! Years of experience in the sneaky tricks of treasure hunting and rallying gave me the answer...Read the good book!!! It lay open to Chapter 20 of the Book of Acts, where one may read..."there was a light in the upper chamber." Holy shit, that's it!!!

We trucked out the bluff entrance and strode back to camp, confident that our biblical shortcut had more than made up for lost time. Varnedoe said we came out the wrong entrance. Holy shit, says I, what entrance? We SAW THE LIGHT, BROTHER! Wasn't that your bible?... "What bible?"... "Oh God!" (Drop a rock on Varnedoe.)

So that's why the FROGS got disqualified; and I blame God, who else??

Paul Boyer (1974)



ROCKS IN HIS HEAD

An Ode To
A Dedicated
Scientist, Scholar and Teacher

A rock-hound whose name is Paul Boyer
Is always delighted to show ya
 How rocks lie in strata
 And similar data.....
Especially around an arroya.

Exploring in Texas on ponies
He got lost in the hills with his cronies.
 When in fear they complained,
 He gently explained
It was simply the fault of Balcones.

His students, it seems, all adore 'm
Because he's unlikely to bore 'm.
 But when they are flunking
 He takes 'em spelunking
And caves in the bulk of his forum.

Jim LaRoche
Niceville, Florida
September, 1979

TRIP REPORTS

Dear Jimmy,

The caving bug bit me again and here is the trip report. Last Sunday, after the party, Al Farr and I got Viola to come along with her room-mate Mary Ann Legendre into a cave. We tried to get into Bill Volks gang from Gainesville who were supposed to be checking a lead north of Sam Smith's Cave (After our Tri-State Survey meeting we will probably have to call it Gerrard's Cave). Well, we didn't find anyone else parked by Sam Smith's so we walked in by our lonesome, me pacing and compassing all the way from the quarries to the entrance of Gerrard's so as to settle once and for all the precise map coordinates of its entrance. That's another 1600ft beyond the steel barn, or about about 1 km all tolled from the road.

We found the water levels thruout the cave about 1 meter above normal. I observed a blind, white salamander in the first of the two bathtubs in the large tube passage. It was later identified by an FSU biology grad as Hydrotiton(sic) which is similar to, but not the same as the Texas blind Salamander.

We swam the pool to the end of the cave, leaving the girls at the top of the slope. I should mention that Dave and Sally Bradford formerly of Chattanooga Grotto were with us, Dave didn't mind the swim as much as I did.

We continued the pace and compass traverse over the hill from Gerrard's to try and locate Vi's Treasure Cave from last March which hasn't been recorded by FSC after all. We followed Vi's lead far past it and eventually found Gurgling Hole and Railroad Cave. Railroad Cave is a straight walking passage 35m long with its ceiling in the fossiliferous shell layer of the Bumpnose Formation. It makes a dandy walk-in museum. I quickly mapped my way out on the last of my carbide vapors. The map runs 154° for 35m in, 2-3m wide and 1-2.5m high. You draw it, I don't think it's really worth it unless you like maps of straight tubes.

Gurgling Hole I'm going to keep close about until we return there for a photo trip the weekend of March 2. It is fairly large, little visited and pretty hard to find without a map of the trackless forest (which I just made!). FSU enjoys priority in mapping it, but it is so little known that my report at their cave club meeting brought a question from Don Cooper-"is it very big?" Well, I'd say it's big enough to get lost in, right Al? Dave, Al, and I were in it for an hour, but Al and I got a pit turned around for 10 min. Lost, is really the word for it!

While driving to Tallahassee Sat. before the party, Al and I checked a lead given us by Roger Moore just east of Cottondale called Corey's Cave. It proved to be a joint crawl or stoopway about 100m long, with one standing height room about 10m long. This would make an excellent mapping class exercise for our Niceville Cavers, which I may do sometime in March.

When do you get back to Climax, Al wants to know?

P. Rice Boyer 19Feb 73

WHERE: Marianna, Bumpnose Road, and the Dark.

WHO: Paul Boyer, John Smith, Leah Demilly, Terrie Anerson, and Jay Lovett

WHEN: Unknown

We dropped in on Odyssey Cave first and took pictures all the way back to the French Tickler. We noted that several stalagmites have been deliberately vandalized including my favorite crazy bedpost in the main room. Smith and I tried to push into the new discovery of Branson and Morris, but only got into the anteroom without finding the Echo Room. Inspection of the new map shows where we went wrong. Standing water was noted in the Sunday School crawl (the one in which most people use ecclesiastical language) and in several other places in the cave.

We took a quick visit to White's Cave and found that also to have been recently vandalized. Evidently, the people(?) responsible are local drunks because they left a clutch of tall, Busch cans in the inner rooms, and scratched their fictitious names and dates in the draperies at

the end of the cave, the most scenic spot left. How such people learn of entrance locations is a mystery to me, as no visiting caver would be such a slob.

We had lunch at the park and proceeded to remap China Cave, which extends under the hill south of the main parking lot. We found the entire floor area of the large rooms flooded, but made a traverse between the two entrances and started another before being stopped by water up to my pits. Enough for now, we'll get the rest in a few weeks.

The end of a perfect caving day, we went for a swim in Blue Hole.

Boyer

(ed. note:) Odyssey Cave was shown to Jimmy and I on the first trip we made with Paul. At that time (1972 Or early '73) the cave was pristine and totally unspoiled. Since then locals (?) have found it and it shows the wear and tear of careless or deliberate actions by cavers.

P. Winkler

A LANDOWNER THING

Boyer (1973)

For several years we have been asking the landowner's permission to go on the premises of Milton's Ranch. I usually send in my straightest looking person, having heard that Mr. Milton has an aversion for long hair and young folks. Well, the last time we went in to see Milton, I had to go myself because of the delicate nature of my request. We wanted to go into his est road, to Milton II and River Pit. He agreed, but told me some things.

Last spring he expressed some concern for all those visitors who use his main road. Milton is the kind of cave owner who wishes the damn caves would go away. He is not interested in knowing that his land contains scenic and wonderful sights to behold. Somehow, all those visitors from far away as Texas and the north are taking advantage of him. Yet, he still trust an NSS membership card, fortunately.

In June, Ron Craig of FSS offered to fix up the road to Gerrard's Cave, in consideration for unlimited access. This sounds like a very good idea. Milton really wants that road worked. Normally he sends in a 'road patrol' grader for 60 or 70 dollars. From now on STAY OFF THE MIDDLE ROAD, which leads directly back to Milton's cave and also the 'back way' to Gurgling Hole or Sam Smith's if it involves driving on the middle road.

Now that the owner expects us to work on Sam Smith Road, our honor is somewhat at stake. As Milton put it, "You'd think a bunch of practically grown men could work a road, that's a simple thing.." Well, maybe not for a bunch of college cavers who don't get together very often.

Next time you visit Sam Smith, bring a couple of shovels. We will have to do more than level the mudholes, tho. We need some drainage tile laid from the wet spot to the lower shoulder, so we can put in something solid. Perhaps short lengths of brush will do, but chunks of limestone from the quarry would be best. On the way load a few hundred pounds of rock for the mudholes. The sooner we show some progress on that road, the better for everyone that wants to cave there. And I mean the better for new discoveries if you want to be able to search there.

Ed Note: Pictures in this issue show us working on the road. We built a macadam road over the worst of the mudholes during a day of labor. Milton wanted grading, dirt, rock, etc. Oh well....

DISCOVERY IN BOYER'S DISCOVERY
by Paul Boyer

February 2, we invited the FSU Caving Club to meet us in the parking lot to check out some little leads that we had found, among which was that tiny little crawl with the large bones in it that we had opened up last month (actually we had mapped about 90 ft. of the crawl and I was feeling that it would'nt go anywhere without a lot of hard digging in tight places). We met Bill Gagnon and too a long time to change our clothes, while Karen Witte, Marianne Korosey and a guy named Pat went on in. I had just decided that we ought to send someone in the tight entrance to meet them as they gave up and direct them over to the cave in Cottontale, which was 300 ft. long and needed a crew to map it.

As I reached the first room below the entrance I could hear rumors being passed up the crawlway, something about a B I G room just beyond a tight squeeze. Looking at my calendar, I decided April Fool didn't account for it, but that someone was trying to get me involved in a long crawl into a medium sized room. I shouted back, "how big izzit?" and Karen assured me it was "100 ft long and thirty wide with plenty of formations and BEAUTIFUL HEADROOM". I wouldn't allow myself to believe it until she led me back down the tight crawl to a tiny squeeze to the right. I had to exhale as I pushed thru, into squatting room in a good looking passage which went promptly into a BIG ROOM. It sure was. Karen underestimated it's size a bit. It has three extensions over a width of about 120 ft. The back section on the right side is curtained with a line of large white curtains, columns and mounds, but large columns are found at several other places in the room as well. The most amazing formation is a 9 ft high totem pole stalactite in front of a 20 foot high wide flowstone mound. Marianne and Karen had already established paths by which we could cross the room without stepping on flowstone areas. People wandered around in a state of ecstasy for awhile and then got down to some serious exploring of the leads. One group climbed up a steep breakdown slope behind the totem pole into a breakdown dome. They spotted a well casing in one edge of the room, and could hear the pump working. This was obviously the pump leading to a small stone hut about 150 ft from the entrance supplying water for the golf course sprinkling system. Another group went into the north and west sides of the room. Mary Kelly and I climbed over breakdown in the west corner of the room and down a steep 15 ft slope into a series of lower, muddy passages which ended in a pool surrounded by deep, sloppy mud in about 75 ft. Bill Gagnon carried the mapping into the Big Room and established several base stations for further surveying, and began the first sketch of the whole system, which contained about 257 meters (850 ft) of surveying at the present time. 'Twas he that named the cave after Boyer, but who am I to complain?? All my life I've considered attaching my name to some discovery, only to have it fizzle in a dung covered crevice. This time it goes.

MORE DISCOVERY IN BOYER'S DISCOVERY
by Paul Boyer

February 18, a fellow instructor at the local junior college, and Chris Pederson called me up on Saturday afternoon and said, "let's go caving and see this new discovery of yours. Get your stuff and be ready by four". Ahem, said I, let's think this over. But we just drove like hell and reached the gate of the park just as the rangers were about to lock up for the night, set up tents, and had a rather cool night (it seems like I camped in the park about four times that month, and each time the faucets were left running as the temperature dipped far below freezing.)

Sunday morning we talked to the rangers, who had finally gotten into the crawl, and had widened it quite a bit. Therefore our return to the Big Room was not the desperate fight it had been the first time, and all 3 of us had cameras to record the beautiful sights. After expending all our film that way we explored the mud passage to the west, and Chris Pederson, being a complete novice in caving insisted on pushing a muddy crawl behind a rock. "Aw, it doesn't go, I'll bet" said I, "But go ahead and push it, we'll follow". It went about fifty feet thru sloppy gook, past a couple of pools and opened into a respectable room with standing space!

Not nearly as large as the Big Room, but it continued as a good tube crawlway to another room. A crawl to the right of that led to a series of formation filled rooms with deep pools and goeey mud. At the last room, Pederson's Paradise, Chris and I swam thru an arch in 5 ft deep water with a foot of headroom, and into a large passage beyond, leading to a room about 18 x 18 feet, with a large white column along one wall, Chris' Castle. It was there we finally turned back, having exhausted ourselves and most of our batteries in six hours.

BONNIE'S DISCOVERY IN BOYER'S DISCOVERY
by Paul Boyer

So we returned March 2 with a really big group, about 15 people, to map and photograph the hell out of the cave. When it came time to map, Steve Hodges held the compass, Tom Coshatt and Bonnie and Bill Gagnon also ran stations and explored while I made the sketch of the west passage that we had found on the previous trip, reaching Pederson's Passage Paradise in about six hours. At that point Bob Larson and Mary and Davy Larson had been doing some swimming and discovered a side connection to the same point. As our group melted toward the entrance, Larson and Bonnie swam thru the arch, and the long anxious wait began. They returned by a different route, and Bonnie was describing another BIG ROOM, 100 ft long with white formations, etc. But she had a weak flashlight and bare feet, so she couldn't explore the leads by herself. I was fagged and the others were running low on light, so I reluctantly bid adios. A week later it started to rain and the whole west lead remained under water for more than a month. What we glimpsed that day, like the seven cities of gold, still eludes discovery by the known world. But, we know it's there.

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Okaloosa-Walton

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A Tribute To Paul Boyer

by Donna Russel

PAUL RICE BOYER was born on March 6, 1940, in Chicago, Illinois. He attended elementary school in Winnetka, Illinois. It was during this time that young Paul Boyer expressed a growing interest in rocks and minerals and displayed a desire for adventure. His father Dr. Donald Boyer, who also has a PhD in science, related these stories.

Paul Boyer's interest in rocks became clearly evident when his fourth grade class began studying Earth Science and he was required to collect a few rock specimens for his homework assignment. His interest was further enhanced by a lecture on rocks and minerals that his parents took him to hear at this same time. Upon returning home after the lecture, Paul Boyer went outside and collected an orange crate full of rocks whereupon he proceeded to sort and label each one. His intention was to have a "Rock and Mineral Museum" and charge admission to his friends.

Young Paul Boyer's adventurous spirit also became evident at about this same time. Imitating the fictional character, Tom Sawyer, Paul Boyer, with the help of his friends, built a raft to float in the waters of the nearby local

park. At the end of each trip, he would recount their "adventures on the Mississippi River" to his parents.

Still yearning for adventure, at about 15, Paul Boyer joined the Civil Air Patrol (CAP). Using their ingenuity, Paul Boyer and some CAP friends acquired an old prop plane hoping to repair and fly it. They worked on it in the Boyer's backyard until unhappy neighbors, complaining the plane was an eyesore, had Paul's father tow it away.

Influence from his grandfather caused the adventurous Paul Boyer to broaden his interests to include stamp collecting. He also became a radio ham and an excellent scuba diver.

Paul Boyer's adventurous nature and diverse interests were to stay with him through the rest of his life.

Paul Boyer attended Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania. In order to obtain his PhD, Paul Boyer did a thesis on the Continental Drift Theory which was being revived at that time. To do this, he and two other PhD hopefuls accompanied a U.S. Navy Research ship to the coast of Brazil. There they took measurements of the continental shelf.

physical science classes, and also developed video tapes for students with weak backgrounds in science and math. Often, after class, Dr. Boyer could be seen staying behind with students who needed additional help.

Because of his dedication to teaching his enthusiasm and his concern for his students, Dr. Boyer became popular with students. It was not uncommon for past students of his to be seen visiting him or joining him on expeditions.

Mr. Donald Kampwerth, Dr. Boyer's substitute when ill, seemed to sum up the feeling of Dr. Boyer's colleagues with this statement. "Colleagues respected his professionalism. I learned a lot from him in my short association with him."

Dr. Boyer was an enthusiastic cave explorer in his spare time and worked actively with the National Speleological Society (N.S.S.) He conducted the Southeastern Karst Survey and was the editor of the journal of the Ft. Rucker-Ozark Grotto of the N.S.S. He conducted rock hunting field trips for local Girl and Boy Scouts, helped to found the Ft. Walton Rock and Mineral Society, taught courses



Dr. Paul Boyer (center) with members of the Outing Club on one of the trips to the caves in North Florida.

On August 18, 1970, Dr. Paul Boyer began teaching at OWJC. During the 10 years he taught at OWJC, Dr. Boyer taught Earth Science, Geology, and did research on oil bearing deposits of rock before coming to OWJC. He developed subject related field trips for the

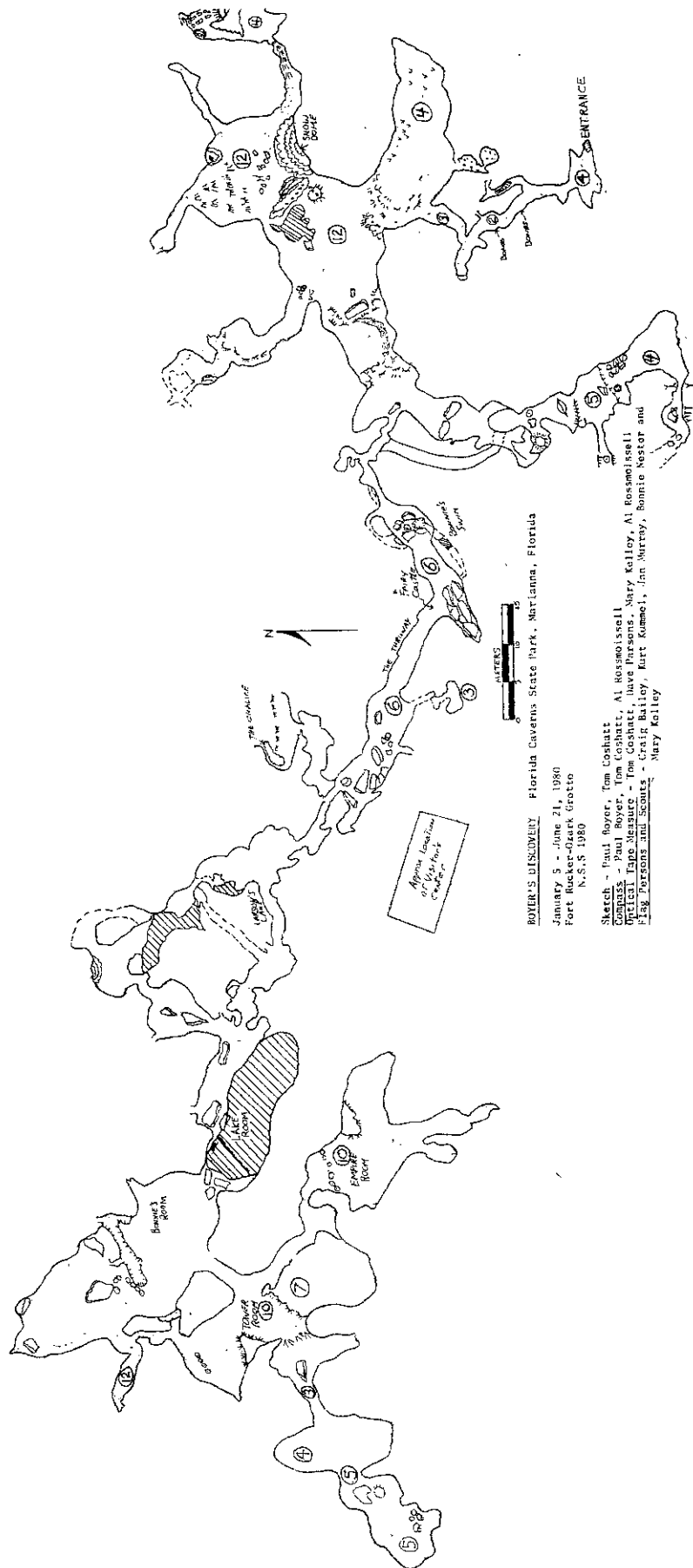
at Eglin Air Force Base for community members, and was also an advisor to the Outing Club at OWJC. During the academic year 1978-79, Dr. Boyer attended the University of Texas for a post-doctoral study of Environmental Science.

Apart from the aforementioned accomplishments, Dr. Paul Boyer was a poet. This spring he gave a reading of his poems at OWJC's Festival of Arts. Four of his poems will be published in a book entitled *Scribblings*. This book is being published by the efforts of Dr. Robert Larson of the Humanities Department. It will be released for sale in November by a local publishing group, the Miracle Scriptors, and can be purchased at the Book Nook and other local book stores.

In July of this year, Dr. Boyer became too ill to continue teaching. Unknown to many, he was dying of cancer. But even in his severe illness, his thoughts turned to the students he had begun teaching during the Spring II term at OWJC. He wanted to let his students know he would not be able to come back and finish the term. He attempted to write a letter to explain, but the letter was never finished.

On August 19, 1980, at Sidney Farber Institute of the Harvard Hospital in Boston, Massachusetts, Dr. Paul Rice Boyer died at the age of 40.

A memorial of books related to Boyer's field of study is being planned for the OWJC library. Also, a science scholarship in Dr. Boyer's memory has been discussed. Anyone interested in showing support for this scholarship should contact Dr. Larson in the Humanities Department in "E" Building.



BOYER'S DISCOVERY Florida Caverns State Park, Marianna, Florida
January 5 - June 21, 1980
Fort Rucker-Diark Grotto
N.S.S. 1980

Sketch - Paul Boyer, Tom Coshatt
Compass - Paul Boyer, Tom Coshatt, Al Rossmoissnell
Optical Tape Measure - Tom Coshatt, Dave Parsons, Mary Kelley, Al Rossmoissnell
Flag Parsons and Scouts - Craig Bailey, Kurt Kummel, Jan Murray, Bonnie Nestor and Mary Kelley

PAUL BOYER
NSS 8422R

Paul Boyer is gone. Paul didn't believe in much, but he believed in caving and the NSS. Caving was not just a hobby to Paul, it was a mission. He pushed and mapped and ridge-walked and cataloged and edited, but most important he taught many new cavers respect and love for the delicate cave environment.

Paul began caving in Wisconsin in the early 60s. He continued in Illinois and Indiana while he was finishing his Ph.D. in geology at Champaign-Urbana. He was the founder and first chairman of the Mid-Illinois Grotto and was extremely active in the mapping and exploration of Crumps Spring Cave.

I met him when he moved to Texas, and we shared many a crawl and climb in Texas and Mexico. He was always active in the local grotto and was a regular contributor to the *Texas Caver*. He was proud to be a part of the early tradition of camaraderie and freedom which marked the legendary Carta Valley S.U.C.K.S. (Society of Underground Caves, Karstologists, and Speleologists).

In the early 70s he moved to Niceville, Fla., to teach geology at Okaloosa-Walton Junior College. There he soon became the heart of the Fort Rucker-Ozark Grotto (F.R.O.G.). He initiated the S.E. Karst Survey in south Georgia and Florida. He was active in exploration and mapping in Climax Cave, Ga., and in exploration in the Marianna area of Florida. He edited the "F.R.O.G. Croaks" and generally wrote a large part of it himself.

In 1979 Paul found out that he had untreatable cancer. After undergoing chemotherapy he returned to Niceville and caving. Paul wanted one really good discovery all his own. On Feb. 2, 1980, he discovered a new cave in Florida Caverns State Park at Marianna — not a huge, long cave, but not a small one either. This will be "Boyer's Discovery," and also his last cave. On Aug. 19, 1980, he succumbed to the cancer which was consuming his body but could never quench his enthusiasm.

Paul will be missed by many of us. If you wish to remember him with a gift, send it to the Save-the-Caves fund in Paul's name. Paul believed in the NSS.

B.F. Beck
NSS 11737F

