

very slightly enlarged Jeep—two bucket seats in front and a cargo space in back that would accommodate a box about 4 feet on a side. We accomplished this feat in a fashion much like the college stunt of stuffing a telephone booth. Off we went. I happened to be in a position to observe the attendant at the tollbooth when Moody stopped to pay the toll. These attendants have a job that would bore a highway department employee with one of those STOP-GO signs on a stick. He barely looked up from his *Chicas Picante* magazine when Moody stopped at his window. The bridge toll was calculated as so much for the vehicle and something additional for each passenger. By now, this guy could calculate all common toll combinations in milliseconds—both in Dollars and Pesos, English and Spanish. “How many?” he said in a voice dripping with boredom. Completely deadpan, Moody replied: “21.” I still remember the look on his face as his head snapped up and he suddenly became aware of the vehicle parked at his location and then became aware of the interior completely packed with bodies and with various portions of caver’s anatomies pressing forcefully against the windows. It was as though 21 bodies had been placed in a Cuisenart and blended on “high” for a few moments—the side of a face in profile with a boot on one side and a butt on the other, etc. What must he have told the missus when asked how his day went?

There was still more fun ahead. We crept across the bridge and into town where we miraculously found a parking spot right in front of the restaurant. This was fortunate because Moody’s ability to steer the vehicle was severely limited and the passengers were in extreme agony. Along the way, we presented a curious sight as the Land Cruiser was riding on the axles with a load of well over 3,000 pounds of cavers in a vehicle with a nominal load capacity of half a ton. As we parked, the doors flew open, the hatchback flew up, and cavers commenced getting out. Bystanders were staring as caver after caver extricated his or her contorted body from the mass of twisted flesh and our group slowly reassembled on the sidewalk; forming our own little crowd. It was much like the circus clowns that keep getting out of an impossibly small car long after you feel that it must surely be empty. People were standing on the sidewalk, staring, digging their friends in the ribs, calling to their *amigos* and muttering “*¡Mira! ¡No es posible!*”

— C. Edwin Kunath.

## Stuffing The FJ-40

After caving at Carta Valley, it was common to cleanup at the stock tank near the Triangle and then go to Acuña, Mexico for a meal, usually at Ma Crosby’s. To simplify the logistics of crossing the border, paying bridge tolls, and parking, we would take as few vehicles as possible; comfort not being much of a factor on the 40-mile trip. On one occasion in July 1970, we were celebrating the first anniversary of the founding of CVSUCKS and we traveled to Del Rio in Barry Beck’s van and Mike Moody’s Toyota FJ-40. Once at the border, we decided to get everyone into the FJ-40. Remember now, an FJ-40 is a

