

December 1986

## **Intercom, Volume 22, No. 6, November-December 1986**

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IOWA GROTTO

# INTERCOM



Vol. 22 No. 6

Nov / Dec 1986





The INTERCOM is published semi-spasmodically by the Iowa Grotto, P.O. Box 228, Iowa City, Iowa 52242. The I.G. is dedicated to the exploration and study of caves, and is affiliated with the National Speleological Society, Inc., Cave Ave., Huntsville, AL 35810. Subscription rate is \$6.00 per year. The I.G. will exchange journals with NSS. affiliated grottos. Reproduction in whole or part, of any material appearing in the INTERCOM must be authorized in writing by the editors.

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Vice Chairman: Lowell Burkhead  
Secretary Treasurer: Steven Moon

Special thanks to Dave Ecklund and Chris Gilbert for their help in reproducing the INTERCOM.

The Iowa Grotto meets at 7:30 PM on every fourth Wednesday of each month in room 236 of Trowbrige Hall on the campus of the University of Iowa, in Iowa City, Iowa. The Iowa Grotto, NSS was founded in 1949 (G-19), and is the third-oldest grotto west of the Mississippi.

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Cover: Gary Engh (L) and Greg McCarty (R) probe a sump in a cave in N. E. Iowa. Photo by Steve Moon. It was shot on Ilford XP-1 film with a Fuji HD-M 35mm camera which has a fixed 38mm lens.



INDEX; Vol.22, Num.6

Index.....	3
Chairman's Chimney.....	3
15 Years Ago in the Iowa Grotto.....	4
25 Years Ago in the Iowa Grotto.....	5
Meeting Minutes.....	6
Trip Reports.....	9
The Maniac Of The Border.....	28
Speleobook Review.....	34
Membership List.....	35

#### IN THE NEXT INTERCOM

A short history of Dutton's Cave in Fayette County.  
Info on a spring vertical training and outfitting weekend.  
A systematic method of classifying and recording karst.  
Sequential photography...a record of change.

#### CHAIRMAN'S CHIMNEY Comments from Michael Bounk

After several relatively stagnant years the Iowa Grotto is growing and changing again. This has been a gradual process over the last 2 years. For over a year, the Grotto has contributed about 5-8 cavers each month to the Cold Water Cave Project. Most of these are people who due to distance are unable to attend our regular meetings. As a result, while at regularly scheduled meetings the grotto appeared to be staggering, going from bi-monthly to monthly meetings, things were booming at Cold Water. This was due in part to people who had been working there for years, but to a great extent due to a number of people who have joined the grotto in the last two years, and many of whom have taken some major projects upon themselves. These people



spearheaded the continuing push through Tuna Sea sump at upstream Cold Water, and recent pushes into Sand Canyon Passage. These people are now extending their efforts elsewhere. As a result of these and efforts by longer term members, we now also have ongoing projects in the West Union area, Floyd County, Jackson County, and Winneshiek County, among others. The increase in active members has finally resulted in a greater attendance at meetings, and an increased interest in the election of officers. At the time of this writing, we are in an election where there are two candidates each for the office of Chairman and Vice Chairman. This is the first time in several years that there has been opposition in a grotto election.

Finally, we will be working with the Wisconsin Speleological Society on the Hodag Hunt for this fall, which will feature a number of Iowa caves.

Everyone which has contributed to this resurgence deserves the thanks of the grotto. This includes anyone who lead a trip or helped organize one, or who has attended a trip. Also those people who have helped administer the grotto, have helped publish the Hotline, or who have participated in meetings, either by presenting a program, or presenting their thoughts. This includes both the newer members and a number of long term members who have worked through the past lean years. These people deserve a special note of thanks because they have held the grotto together.

However, five people cannot by themselves run a grotto well for long. People's interests and commitments change and they burn out. Now that we are moving again we must keep going. This is your grotto. Organize trips, pass the word on upcoming trips, attend meetings, present programs, and run for office. We have an excellent grotto, together we will make it even better.

#### 15 YEARS AGO IN THE IOWA GROTTO

The March 1971 "Intercom" (Vol. 7, Num. 2), is a program guide for "Seminar 71", the third in a seminar series designed to further the educational process in caving. Major organizers of the event were John Johnson, Tom Hruska, Larry Fattig, Alan Swenson, Dave Nicholson, Steve Scarff, Dave Jagnow, Loren McVew, and Prof. E. D. Alton. Many prominent NSS members came to the University of Iowa for the event, and presented programs on such subjects as ecology of the cave environment, rescue techniques, advanced cave photography, technical aspects of vertical caving, land owner relations, vertebrate paleontology, and advanced cave diving. The seminar took place on Saturday and Sunday, March 20, and 21. NSS Board of Governors member and chairman of the NSS Safety committee, Rane Curl, gave an interesting program on caving accidents and safety. The following is taken directly from a summary by Rane, published in the Seminar 71' guide book.

"Most accidents involve a fall, although falling objects, exposure, burns and drowning contribute to nearly half of all accidents. If one single major cause can be assigned to most accidents, it would be inexperience, followed closely by



inadequate equipment, which is very similar and related. Other contributory causes are bad weather, poor physical condition, and poor caving party management.

"Two-thirds of all caving accidents occur in the 15-25 years age group, with over half of those to people age 15-20. Since the average age of "cavers" is probably greater than this, this data relates to the age-inexperience correlation. Most victims of caving accidents have no affiliation with an organized caving group.

"It is difficult to identify "seasonal" trends in the rate of caving accidents, although the two months in which the greatest number have occurred are March and December.

"...the accurate reporting and analysis of caving accidents should be an important part of caving safety. The very fact that most accidents occur to inexperienced cavers shows that whatever contributes to gaining experience will reduce the incident rate, and reading about the causes and consequences of the accidents that have occurred is a particularly sobering experience."

The NSS has reported and analysed caving accidents since 1967 in the publication, "American Caving Accidents", authored by Rane Curl.

#### 25 YEARS AGO IN THE IOWA GROTTO

In the February 27, 1961 "Iowa Cave Book" (Vol. 5), Jim Hedges reports on a 5 day, 463 mile trip to study the Maquoketa river valley. Participating members were Jim Hedges (Iowa City), Dan Ver Ploeg (Madison, Wi.), Richard Davis (Cedar Rapids), Bob Wahlstrom (Charles City), Gary Ott (Charles City), and Thom Anderson (Geneva, Il). Sites visited were; Maquoketa Caves State Park, Hunters Cave, Hunters Annex Cave, Kilburg Cave, Liivaamas Cave, Doll Cave, High Cave, Mineral Creek Cave, Horsethief (53)b Cave, Lookout (53) Cave, Cow Cave, Catnip Cave, Shell Cave, Scree Cave, Sullivan Cave, Wordens Cave, Baldwin Cave. Stable Cave, the US Fish Hatchery in Manchester, the State Fish Hatchery at Backbone State Park, and Backbone Cave.

Hedges assigned many of the caves to probable stratigraphic positions, predominantly the Hopkinton and Kankakee dolomites of Silurian Age. The group camped in various caves, and survived a snow storm and -10 degree F. temperatures. At the end of June and beginning of July of 1961, Hedges lead a similar trip that lasted 7 days and covered 583 miles. The following is taken from the report:

"We camped that night at Hunter's Cave, which quite impressed the three who had not been there previously. The cave appeared normal. No fresh vandalism was apparent inside, although someone had removed the log to which the gate had been chained and the chain, complete with lock, was found lying atop the gate. We didn't attempt to repair it since we had no convenient means of securing another log of suitable dimensions and were anxious to obtain our data and move on. The cave is tentatively assigned to the upper portion of the Hopkinton formation. Pentamerus, indicative of the middle zone, occur profusely in



exposures along the ravine below the cave. In the cave, Pentamerus are sparse. Straight cephalopods, indicative of the upper zone, are found in the fossil room. A few bats (the gate, on the cave nearly two years, is of steel reinforcing rods welded into a grid with roughly 6" openings). The chiroptera present included Myotis and Pipistrellus."

# MEETING MINUTES October 22, 1986

Meeting called to order at 7:45 PM.

OLD BUSINESS: Mike Bounk requests everyone to write their trip reports.

NEW BUSSINESS: Mike Bounk calls for new elections. Positions will be Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Secretary-Treasurer. Steve Moon will no longer be Secretary-Treasurer. Larry Welch was nominated and seconded for Secretary-Treasurer, and HE HAS ACCEPTED!!! All nominations are due by the November meeting. Lowell Burkhead was nominated and seconded for Chairman. Steve Moon was nominated and seconded for Vice-Chairman. Mike Bounk was nminated by himself and seconded for Chairman. Greg McCarty was nominated but declined for Vice-Chairman and then changed his mind and accepted and the nomination was seconded. Lowell moved that nominations be closed for this meeting and this was seconded. Greg McCarty requested that anyone writing to him must use his P.O. Box # for the mail to be delivered.

TRIP REPORTS: Larry Welch and Mike Lace visited Forrester's Cave this past weekend. They believe it could be opened up for further exploration. They also checked on Glennwood and found it fully sumped. They also visited Cold Water Cave. While there they also planted all the downstream bugs for the dye trace. Greg McCarty visited several spring caves and found them all flowing strongly.

FUTURE TRIPS: Greg McCarty will lead a trip to Winneshiek County on November 9th to visit 9 caves. Mike Bounk will be going on a dye tracing trip at Cold Water on October 24-26. Larry Welch and Mike Lace plan to visit and camp out at Dutton's Cave during the first weekend of November. They also will visit Soward's Cave. Mike Bounk will lead a closed trip to Rimstone River Cave on November 1st for mapping.

PUBLICATIONS: Mike Bounk recommended reading of "Proceedings of the 1984 National Cave Management Symposium."

FINAL NEW BUSSINESS: A new member reports that the woman's wet suit at the Salvation Army has been sold. Steps are being taken to get the Grotto relisted as a member of the N.S.S. by Mike Bounk and Greg McCarty. Mike Bounk authorized Greg McCarty to spend \$5.00 to publish our address in the "N.S.S. News".

November 26, 1986





## Trip Reports:

Mike Lace (L) and Larry Welch head downstream in Coldwater Cave.

It is the policy of the NSS and the Iowa Grotto to use discretion in publishing cave locations. Therefor only the cave name and the county in which it is located will be printed in the Intercom. Detailed descriptions of cave locations should be included in the original report. Trip reports are kept in the IG files, and the information therein used for research, etc..

The first name listed after the cave name and county location is the trip report author, who is assumed to be the trip leader, unless otherwise noted. All sketch-maps are reproduced. Snapshots or slides will also be reproduced with the trip report, and returned to sender upon request.

March 2, 1986; FALLING SPRING CAVE

Fayette County: Mike Nelson, Brian Bane, Bruce Bane

The water level was low, but we only had one hood among us so Brian went in alone. He got approximately 200 ft. up the left fork. It was small except for a couple of spots big enough to turn around in. He was stopped by a single large piece of breakdown.

May 17, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winnesheik County: Michael Bounk, Norma Eiler, Ben Eiler, Andy Stumbo, and others

Andy, Norma, Ben, and I drove up Friday night. On Saturday Andy and another caver and I went into the cave and up into the South Snake Passage in an attempt to reach Boumen's Dome.

Several hundred feet up the Snake, which is mainly hands and knees crawl in a few inches of water, the passage turned sharply to the right and became constricted. At this point a small side



passage comes in from the left. Andy and I made it through the constriction. The other persone couldn't. After checking ahead for ~100 ft. without finding the dome, I rejoined the others and we exited the cave.

June 21, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Michael Bounk, Norma Eiler, Ben Eiler, Bruce Foyer, Gary Engh, and David Richardson

Norma, Ben, and I arrived at the shed at about 1 PM. Norma, Bruce, and I went on a short trip down stream to the beginning of Pot Hole Country, and out again. That evening was the annual Coldwater picnic.

On Sunday, we went on the tourist trip in Spook Cave before heading home. A number of other cave trip took place in Coldwater an Saturday. At least two of them included IG members.

July 4, 1986; FALLING SPRING CAVE

Fayette County: Mike Nelson, Brian Bain

The water was not much higher than in winter. We went straight to the break down slab. We rounded off a few knobs on the floor and cieling nest to it, but still no go. We found a piece of "dead" rock on the cieling and broke off a square foot or so of stone about an inch thick which allowed us to pass. We continued on about 60 ft.. Towards the end the character of the cave changed to a crevass. We could stand and get clear of the water. There was room between two large breal-down slabs to crawl close to where the water was coming from. We will have to wear minimal clothing to get close enough to see if it goes.

There was a hole in the top of this break-down pile also. Brian got into it about a body length, but it was an unstable collection of crumbly rocks with a ceiling of consolidated clay and rock.

Brian also got down the right fork 3 or 4 body lengths.

We intend to survey and hopefully push this cave again in the near future. Brian has a rough sketch map.

We spent about an hour and a half in it this day.

July 5-6, 1986; ANDREGG CAVE, and PIONEER PERIOD LEAD MINE

Clayton County: Steve Moon, Gary Engh, and Greg McCarty

July 5th, I headed north on my cycle, laden with gear, and the tires bald. It was particularly windy that weekend, and the extra weight helped keep me on the road. I camped at Big Spring that night, after a great steak at the Gunder Tavern. It rained cats and dogs all night, comencing about an hour or so after I hit the sack.

I was up and out by 7 AM the next morning, and after watching some deer, headed for Garnavillo. After a cheese omolete, I located and walked around the sewage disposal lagoon area. This is the site where, about a year ago, a new lagoon developed a minor leak in the bottom and drained completely. That particular lagoon, the one on the west side of the area, had a lot of water in the bottom of it on this day, and looked a bit mucky, so I didn't wander in.



A few miles south of Garnavillo, I walked along a ridge which borders a trout stream, (West Creek?). It was quite beautiful, but no karst was apparent.

Next I headed on south to Guttenburg, where I watched a barge go through the lock and checked out the aquarium on main street.

South of Millville, I found the owner doing chores, and talked briefly with him. Greg and Gary showed up about on time, and we headed on over to the sink hole where the cave is located. Three good sized chunks of wood were used to bridge the 20 inch wide crevass through which we repelled the 70 foot free drop. I went down first, followed by Gary, and then Greg. At the bottom of this drop, Greg commented on what he felt to be a weak spot in the rope, somewhere just below the entrance passage. I felt that we would be wise to put as little stress on the rope as possible, and decided not to drop the next two pits, which were 30 and 15 feet deep. The "weak spot" turned out to be a repaired sheath. The dome pit which forms the major portion of the known cave is very impressive when seen from the bottom. There is live flowstone covering much of the walls, and the floor of this dome-pit is approximately 10 feet by 30 feet, with the next pit at one end.

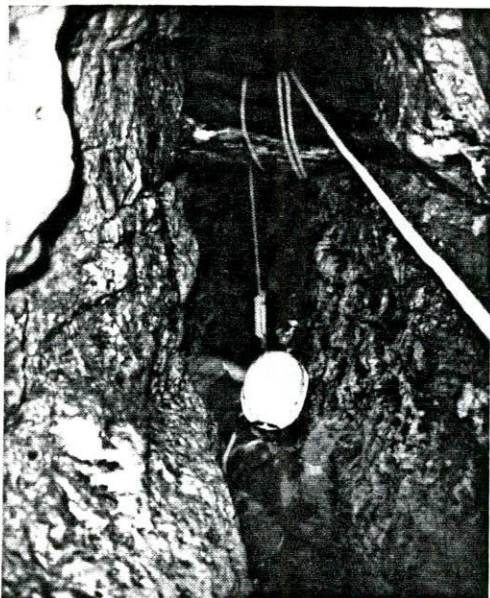
A winter trip is needed in the 86-87 winter season, so we can see if the stream passage has opened up any in the last few years. It became very silted up after the farmer tried to bulldoze shut the sinkhole, which seems now to be stabilized, and of course open.

After checking back with the owners, we headed east toward the Mississippi, to visit a lead mine that Ed Nellis and I discovered last summer, while ridge walking. We didn't have a flash light at the time, but I finally reached the property owner after a bit of snooping around the neighbourhood by phone, who said that what we had found was an "old Indian lead mine". You hear about a lot of these around Clayton and Jackson Counties, and there really are some. This was probably mined by settlers by the looks of things. There is about a 1000 feet of passage, and a about a 20 foot pit. The mine is laied out in a simple grid, and has a few squeezes. Some Galena lead oar can be seen in a crack here and there. The entrance looks like a small sink hole. There is a proliferation of dog-tooth spar calcite crystals.

After talking with the owner for quite a while about Indian mounds and state government, we all headed home. A survey of this mine could be done at any time, and would be a hell of a lot of fun.

I put 385 miles on the BMW, and Saturday was incredibly windy!





Gary ascends Andregg's 70 footer. Pit number two, a 30 footer.

August 2, 1986; APRIL CAVE

Winneshiek County: Mike Bounk, Larry Welch, and Mike Lace (report written by Mike Lace)

The second side passage past the Boom Room was partially surveyed by Mike Bounk, Larry Welch, and Mike Lace, to a small side passage. The side passage is a small watery crawlway that measures approximately 2&1/2 feet at its widest point with 1&1/2 - 2 feet of airspace above a muddy strip of water (~1 foot deep at the entrance) that feeds into the partially surveyed side passage. The crawlway appeared to extend approximately 18 feet. The soft mud floor in front of the crawlway entrance is somewhat deeper (~2 feet) forming a mud pocket; this may indicate a good deal of water flowing out of this crawlway. The passage extends beyond the limit of the survey (the side crawlway) to a sharp left turn where the passage is low (~10 in. of airspace) with a mud bank that rises to the left. The water flowing around this left cut (toward the main passage) is slightly turbulent and the sound of running water is very apparent emanating from a point beyond this left turn.

A climbable dome was also found on the left side of the passage just past the 1st survey station inside the side passage. It measured ~6 meters (18&1/2 feet) high with a window at the top which seemed to open up.

August 15, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Randy Runyan, Larry Welch, and Mike Lace

Due to the concurrent dye trace, a trip downstream was planned to limit muddying the stream.

The party entered the cave at approximately 11 AM and proceeded downstream. The party spent some time gazing at the Gallery Section formations. After passing through Pot Hole Country, the Dead Coon and Guardian Fang side passages were located and the entryways examined. The party then proceeded to the Cascade Passage and climbed the falls, going 15-20 meters into the passage. After leaving Cascade, the group entered



Monument Passage and went to see the Pillar Of Light Arising From The Lake Of Devine Reasoning. Next the group found the Well Pipe Passage, following it to the well pipe.

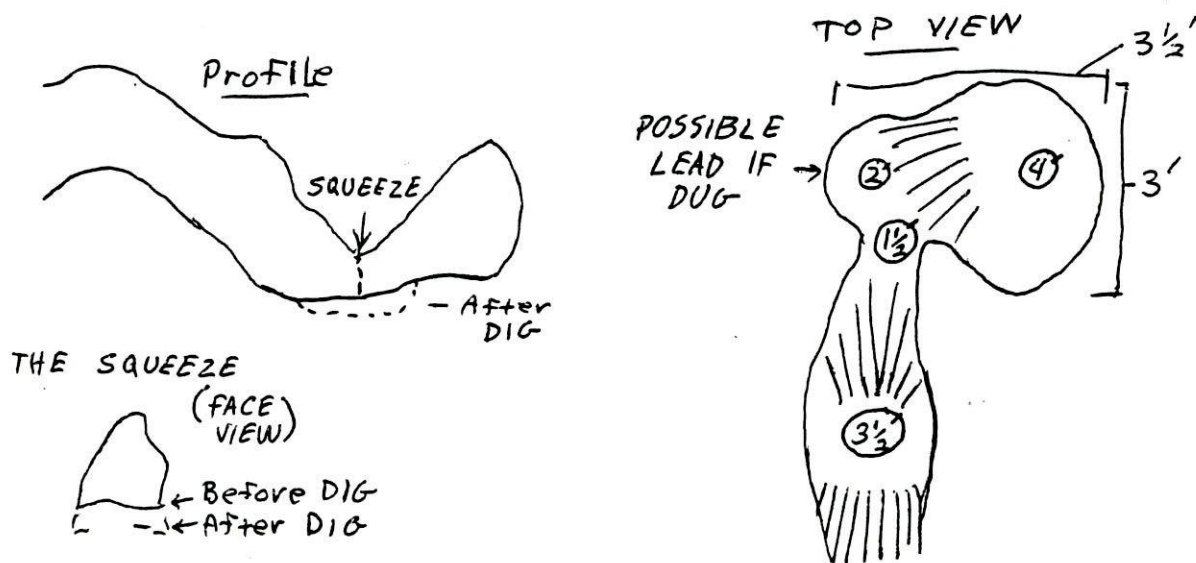
Further downstream the group encountered the Twin Domes, and what was thought to be the Buddha. 20-30 meters past the Buddha the party stopped at what was thought to be the start of The Swim. From here the party exited the cave without incident, reaching the surface at around 5 P.M..

September 6, 1986; INDIAN BLUFF CAVE

Jones County: Mike Lace, and Larry Welch

The right arm of the "T" intersection (past Gietowskii's Grotto) was pushed by digging out a low squeeze. The squeeze is accessed by crawling ~4 feet up a mud slope to a crest, where the ceiling rises to about 3 1/2 feet, then by crawling down a 6 foot slope to the small opening. The squeeze measured 1 foot high by 10 inches wide before digging, and measured 1 1/2 feet high by 14 inches wide after. The small room beyond the squeeze contained a mud rise immediately following the entrance. The rise was partially removed to allow entry; ~2 feet forward from the squeeze, ~1 foot down, and ~14 feet wide. The room beyond the squeeze was entered and measured ~3 by 3 feet and 4 feet high at the far right side after on enters. A possible dig site lies at the base of the left wall but perhaps an 18 inch by 2 foot drop must be dug to open a potential lead (if one exists).

The dig presented two difficulties; firstly, the debris removed to Gietowskii's Grotto consisted of loose rock, mud, and a large amount of tacky gray clay which was difficult to dig in; secondly, the angle of the mud lope leading to the squeeze was steep (~30 degrees) enough to make digging difficult, requiring one to balance on one's elbows while trowelling. We were in the cave from 10:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.. Below are sketches from the dig.



INDIAN BLUFF



INDIAN BLUFFGIETOWSKI'S  
GROTTOLIMIT OF SURVEYED  
PASSAGE (1971-HEDGES)PASSAGE CONTINUES  
~6' w/ ~5 1/2' of  
AIRSPACE

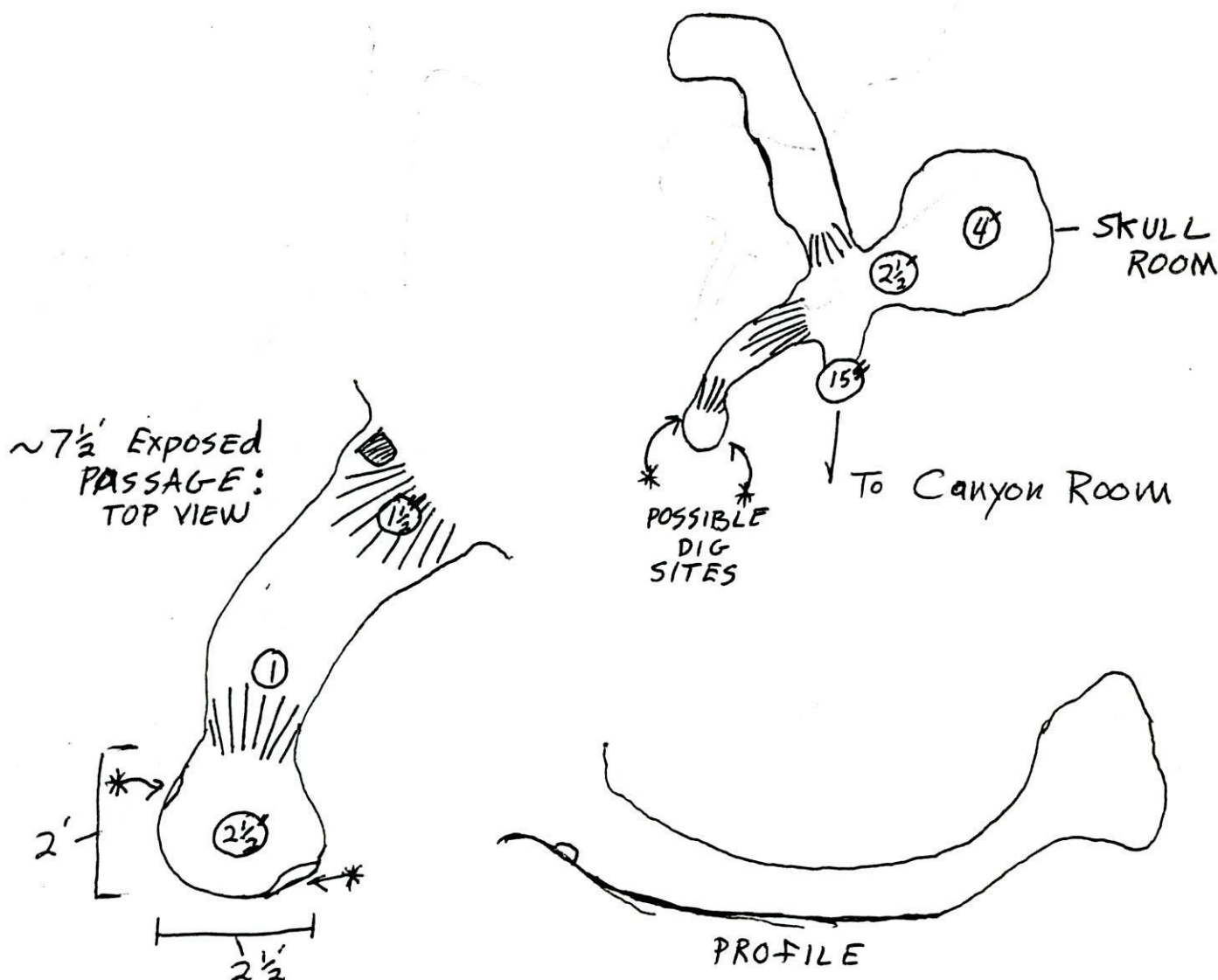
September 13, 1986; HUNTERS CAVE, and HUNTER'S ANNEX  
Jackson County: Mike Lace, Ralph Yerex, Heather Kroona, Beth Patel, and Larry Welch

We all entered Hunter's Annex after talking with the owner of the property, who was pulling wild rose bushes that morning. The Annex appeared to have one lead that was accessed by a 7 foot crawl to the right of the entrance room. The crawl led to a squeeze (~1&1/2 feet wide by 1 foot high) which led downward and opened to a ~2&1/2 feet wide by 2&1/2-3 feet high by 3&1/2 feet long passage, to a possible dig at the far end of the mud floor. The squeeze should be dug out to improve access and the potential lead could be dug by removing the mud by pulling a drag-bag to the entrance room with rope.

The main cave contained a few beer cans but no bats were sighted. After reaching the canyon room, Ralph, Larry, and I free-climbed the left wall ~20 feet to the dry mud slope at the other end. The room had ~1 foot to 3 feet of standing water (this was somewhat of a surprise). Heather and Beth declined the free-climb and turned back to explore more of the cave while the three of us continued to the skull room to pursue a potential lead. The lead consisted of a rubble and mid chocked low squeeze located at the base of the cave wall directly opposite the entrance to the skull room. The rocky debris was removed, the lope leading into the side passage was partially removed by trowelling, and the side passage was trowelled - opening a 1 foot to 16 inch high by 1&1/2 feet to 2&1/2 feet wide by 7 to 8 feet long passage that ended as a 2 feet tall sand and mud slope in a ~2&1/2 feet wide by ~2&1/2 feet high passage. The debris removed was placed inside the entry of the skull room along the base of the left and right wall. The end of the crawl has two possible dig sites; first, the base of the wall to the right, but this is a narrower and less likely lead; second, the base of the wall to the left. This lead is lower in the cave wall and is partially choked with small rubble. The slope at the end of the passage slopes down toward the base of the wall and this mound should be



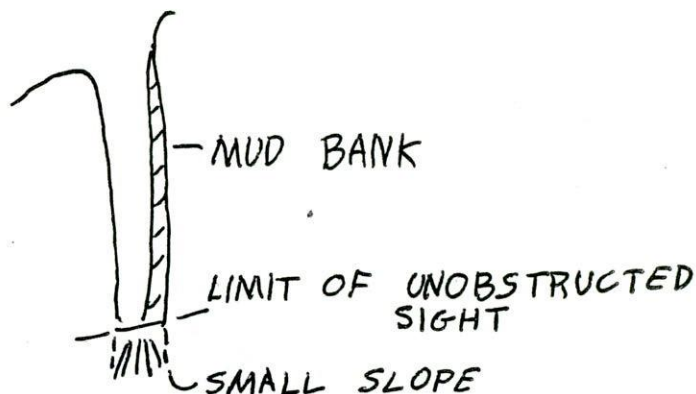
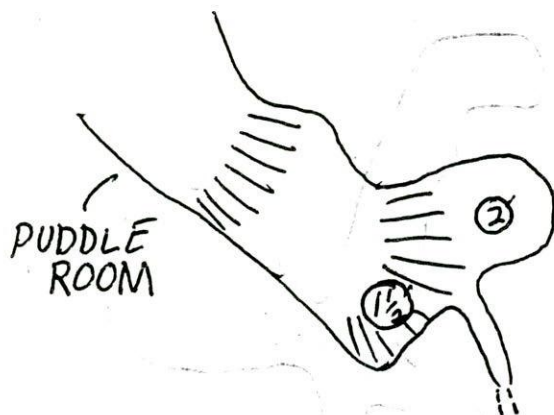
at least partially removed to facilitate easier digging in the future. Debris could be loaded into a blanket or bag and then dragged back to the skull room with a rope. All three of us detected a slight breeze as we began removing the loose rock at the choked entrance of this side passage. This "wind" couldn't be pinpointed at the end of this passage. See sketch below.



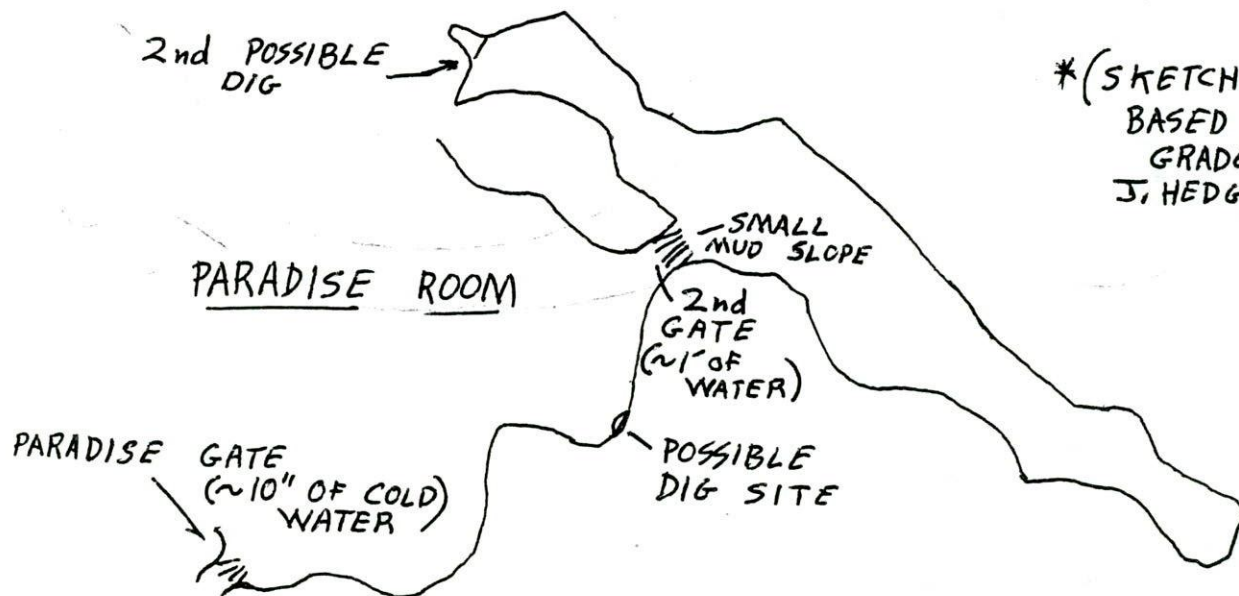
While we were digging, Beth and Heather spotted a potential lead off the Puddle Room, the lead consisted of a 1&1/2 feet wide by 1 foot high squeeze at the base of the far wall. The squeeze was partially choked with small rocks but by turning one's head sideways one could see a narrow (1&1/2 feet wide by 1 foot high) crawl extending approximately 5 feet until it sloped down out of sight. By rolling a small stone down the crawl we could tell that the slope bottomed out just beyond (~1 foot) the limit of vision. A small mud bank rises from the center of the crawl to the left obstructing access. This particular lead would involve a long, difficult trowel and drag due to the slope leading to the



squeeze, the area ceiling height, and the amount of mud to be removed. See sketch below.



Two more additional leads were spotted but these require further examination. First, the paradise room (beyond the first watery gate) contained a rubble choked squeeze that might be cleared out; and second, the room beyond watery (~1 foot) gate contained a small crawlway (~1 foot wide by 10 feet high) on the left end wall of the chamber (see sketch). This potential dig site was partially choked with rubble and extended approximately 3 1/2 feet; It looked more promising than the other paradise room lead. No breeze was detected from either lead. See sketch below.



\*(SKETCH  
BASED ON  
GRADE 4 SURVEY)  
J. HEDGES - 1959

September 20, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE  
Winneshiek County: Mike Lace, Larry Welch, John Polta, Orin (?),  
and Ron (?)



On Saturday morning at about 10:45, grotto members Mike Lace and Larry Welch led John, Orin, and Ron into the cave. John had some previous experience from Hunter's and the Maquoketa Caves, Orin had been on a short trip in Cold Water before, and Ron had no previous spelunking experience. The plan for the day was to arrange a 4-5 hour tour for the novices, at which point Mike and Larry would decide if they would extend their trip.

After an uneventful ladder descent, the party proceeded downstream. The downstream trip was fairly slow due to sightseeing (the Gallery ect.) and fogged glasses. A general maxim for avoiding deep water while going downstream was formulated: stay to the right before Guardian Fang and stay to the left thereafter.

At Monument Passage, a stop was made for light recharging, followed by a trip to see the Pillar Of Light Arising From The Lake Of Divine Reasons. Some party members followed the Monument Passage further outward. About 30 meters past the pillar, the passage split in two. The smaller left hand lead seemed to go slightly uphill (water was flowing back toward the Pillar) for about 30 meters to a small grotto. A formation had filled the grotto, and someone had broken a stalagmite to gain admittance to the passage beyond. Entry was not attempted for fear of further damaging the formation. The right hand lead continued for about 50 meters past the pillar. It seemed to be trending downward as the water was flowing away from the main passage in a meandering stream. The passage was also very muddy.

The right hand lead ended with a mud bank filling the passage and the stream disappearing under a muddy overhang on the left hand side of the passage. The overhang had about 10 inches clearance, and was entered and followed about 8 feet, where some digging was necessary. The passage continued onward, and the water appeared to be flowing out the passage (away from the main passage). I would classify this as a potentially fruitful dig.

Upon exiting monument passage the group ran into Brian Bian's party, which went to look at the end of Monument. Brian later reported digging through the mud bank that had previously stopped progress and proceeding outward for another 8 feet. The passage appeared to be extendable with more digging, but he did not think the water was going out that way.

The group then proceeded to the Wellpipe Passage, which was followed to the well pipe. From here, the group followed Brian's suggestion and crawled out Wellpipe to where it joined Cascade and then exited to the main passage via Cascade. The rain appeared to have raised water levels in Cascade, which seemed 6-8 inches higher than during the August 16th trip. From Cascade, the group proceeded back to the shaft without incident.

The 3 novices exited the cave at around 4 P.M., while Mike and Larry decided to take a short trip upstream. The duo identified North Snake Passage and Pete's Pipe for future reference before turning back, and exited the cave around 5:30 P.M..



Winneshiek County: Brian Bain, Mike Nelson, Bill Nelson, and Scott Dankoff

Monument Passage: Brian Pushed 8 feet past a previous dig in the meander at the end of Monument Passage. He says it appears to veer back towards the larger passage, and that with a minimum of digging we should be able to drop into the stream trench. He wanted to assess this lead with the hopes of turning the Wisconsin Cavers (avid diggers) loose to pursue it, looks worthwhile.

Cascade Passage: We went up Cascade to Holy Cow Crawl to pick up 5 stations of a misplaced survey. We redid this to connect it to approximately 400 feet of survey done by Brian and his brother Bruce. No new footage! Brian has the books.

We returned to main stream via Dead Coon Passage with a side trip to Mud Cone Dome.

Cave Shack Passage: Due to the extraordinary amount of rainfall (some of which was horizontal) and the saturated condition of the ground, the water in this upper level passage became dangerously high and nearly impassable shortly after 10:00 P.M., and again circa 3:00 A.M..

Mike Bounk is checking into it, in the belief that this deluge caused a near record rise in the main stream's level. It rose from near 8 inches deep, average for this time of year, to within 6 inches of the top of the platform!

This prompted a discussion on the possibility of building a new sleeping quarters well above the established high water mark in the compound. This idea received positive support and merits further consideration.

October 17, 1986; FORRESTER'S CAVE

Winneshiek County: Mike Lace and Larry Welch

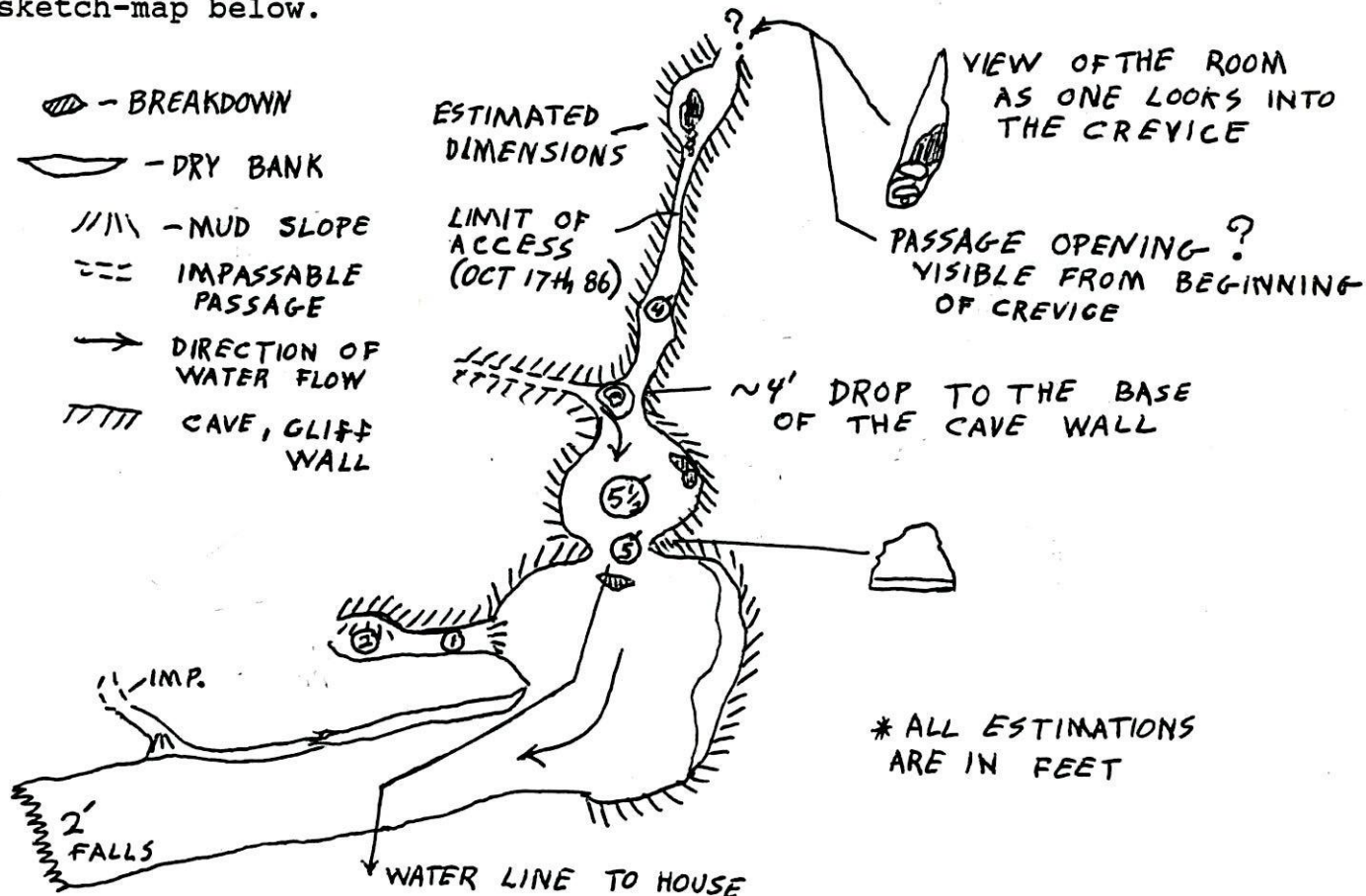
We talked with the man who rents part of the farm from the owners, and he seemed to think that it was all right for us to look at the cave located behind the new house. A sheer cliff is found approximately 40 yards from the back of the house with a flowing stream issuing from the mouth of the cave, that flows around the side of the lawn and north from the house. The spring fed stream reminded me of the stream issuing from April Cave. One enters a shelter (~10-12 feet wide by 6-15 feet high) and walks through ankle-deep water 8 feet to an arched entrance (~3 feet wide by ~5 1/2 feet high). The passage widens to ~10 feet and the water deepens to almost 1 foot while the ceiling rises to ~5 1/2 feet. One advances approximately 8 feet to where the passage narrows to 3 1/2 feet and a crevice leads to the left and to the right. The floor drops to the left ~4 feet to a crevice near the floor. A large amount of water seems to flow from this point. The left crevice is impassable (~4 feet wide by 6-7 feet high) but it extends ~20 feet without a visible end. The right crevice (~1 1/2 feet wide by 4 1/2-5 1/2 feet high) extends ~7 feet to a narrow (~7 feet by 4 feet high rock-filled lead. There is standing water in the crevice but it seemed to be dry approximately 7 inches. The main source of the spring seemed to be coming from the left-hand crevice. The right crevice contains ~6 inches of water but it is still. The breakdown clogging the right crevice was removed from the floor to the room inside the



arched entryway. By squeezing on one's side along the crevice floor one could advance about 4 feet after the rubble was removed. The walls of the crevice may have to be widened in spots to remove constrictive protrusions - this would allow advancement to the dry stack of breakdown blocks which would have to be removed. Another 1 foot past the breakdown the crevice widens to perhaps 3 feet and rises to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet. Larger breakdown blocks litter the floor at this point and approximately 6 feet beyond the entrance to this room on the opposite wall there appears to be an arched passage entrance with an indeterminate length beyond it. Air seemed to move into the crevice from the entrance.

There is a dry lead at the base of the left wall as one enters the shelter. It is a muddy  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet - 1 foot wide by 16 inches high crawl that extends approximately 10 feet to a small room ( $\sim 3\frac{1}{2}$  wide by 2 feet high) with small breakdown littering the muddy floor. There may be a crawling lead at the far right corner of this room which may tend toward the left crevice which roughly parallels this crawlway.

A small crevice near the top of the limestone wall was not investigated but it does extend approximately 4 feet to a possible lead on the crevice floor. The opposite side of the hill was not examined but may be worth checking on a future trip. See sketch-map below.



October 18, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Mike Nelson, Dave Ecklund, Sue Ecklund, and Bill Nelson



Photography trip up stream from shaft to Spong Siphon, Waterfall, Pete's Pipe, and North Snake for Betty Wheeler's dye trace next weekend.

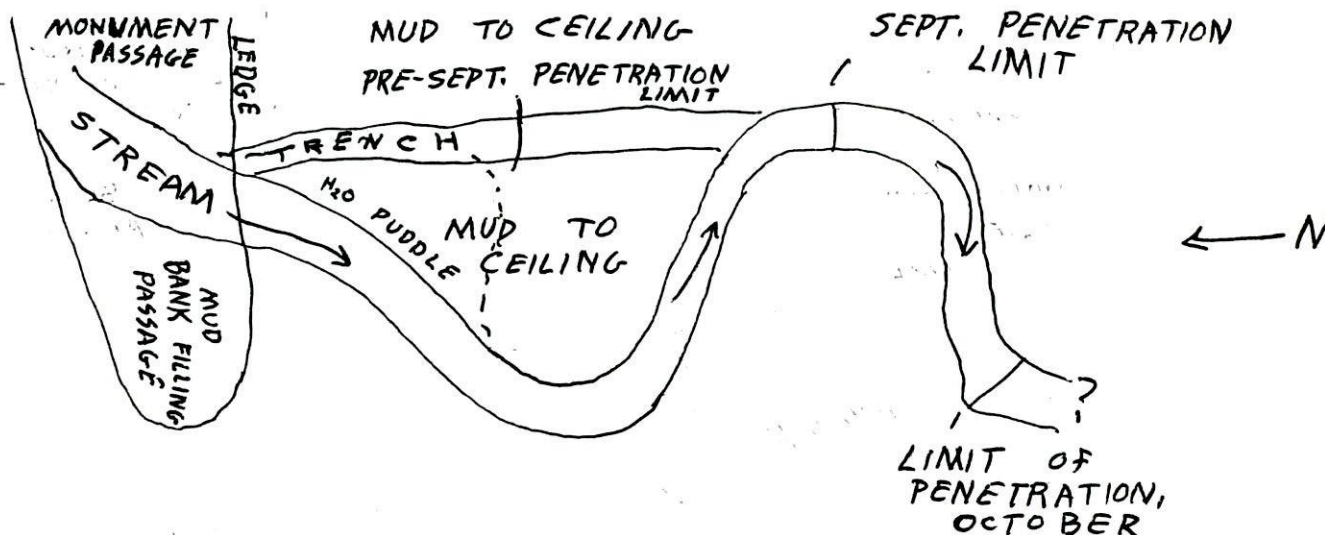
October 18, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Michael Lace, Brian Bain, and Larry Welch

At 12:30 pm on Saturday, Brian Bain led Larry Welch and Mike Lace into Cold Water Cave. The purpose of the trip was twofold: to set all of the downstream "bugs" for Betty Wheeler's dye trace the following weekend, and to push the lead at the end of Monument Passage.

The trip to the end of Monument Passage was uneventful. The rain and flooding of the previous month was evident, with water levels approximately 5-6 in. higher than the previous month in the mainstream. The current was noticeably more forceful, and inflow from domes and side passages was more voluminous than normal.

Monument ends as a 4 ft. high by 4 ft. wide passage filled with mud. A stream (trending away from the main passage) went under a ledge on the left (~south) side of the passage. Initially the ledge was about 10 in. above the floor, with 3 in. of water in the stream. Before September, one could proceed under the ledge for about 8 ft. before being obstructed by a mud bank. In September, Brian Bain had dug a trench in the mud, penetrating another 8 ft. The entire length under the ledge was low, wet, and difficult to work in. (See sketch below).



Brian spearheaded the push from the end of his September dig while Mike and Larry worked on widening and deepening the trench. The trench was extended along the stream course perpendicular to the ledge to a right turn in the stream. From here several more feet were dug out until a left turn in the stream was visible but not reached. At the end of penetration, more trowling was needed on the stream bed to continue. The passage continued ahead as far as one could see, but there was no enlargement visible.



The high water level definitely hampered progress; at the far end of the dig one had to immerse the side of their head in the stream. The shape of the trench also was problematic, because there wasn't any place convenient to move the trowled mud to insure it wouldn't slide back into the trench. Progress was also made enlarging the beginning of the trench. It had previously been an "eardip", but now is possible to enter without getting one's head wet.

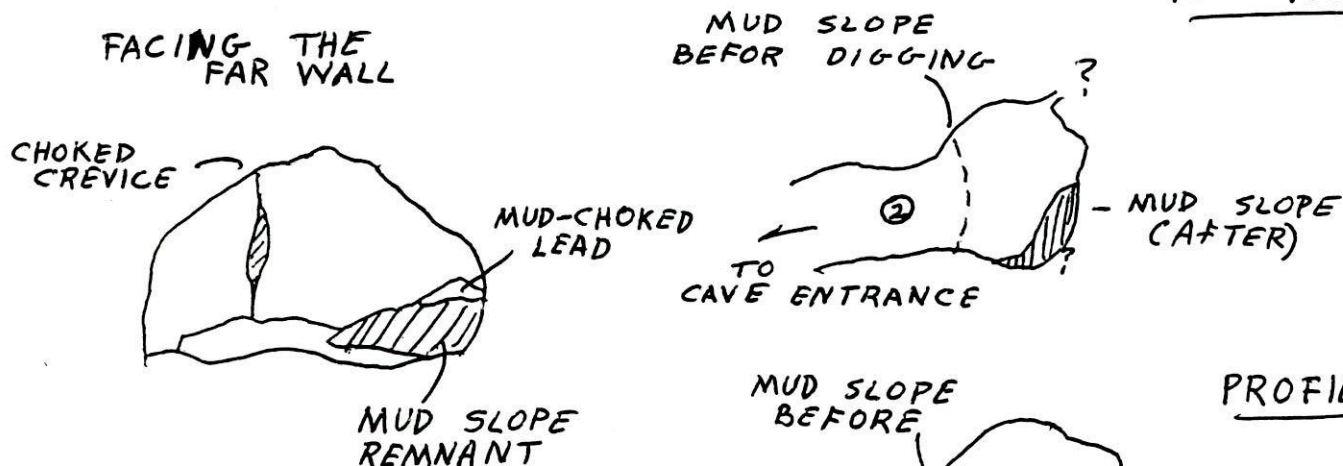
After digging, the cold explorers retreated to the shaft, planting "bugs" on the way. Bugs were left at Cascade, Guardian Fang, Orange And Black, and Pothole Country side passages. The final bug was placed in the mainstream at the shaft. The group exited the cave at 7:30 pm Saturday.

November 1&2, 1986; SOWARD'S ANNEX CAVE

Fayette County: Michael Lace, Loren Schutt, Beth Patel, and Larry Welch

Larry, Beth, and I accompanied Loren to Soward's Annex for a dig at the back of this dry cave. The end of the passage measured approximately 3&1/2 ft. wide by 3 ft. high with a mud slope that extended 3&1/2 ft. to the far wall from the entrance of this mud-choked room. The mud slope had been partially removed during a previous dig by Loren and Steve Moon. After approximately 5 hours of digging (with a four-person alternating relay,) we had removed 71 5-gallon paint pails of mud and loose rock. This effort almost completely removed the mud slope, enlarging the room to approximately 4&1/2 ft. wide by 3&1/2 ft. high and extending the room to the far wall (see sketch). With the end wall of the passage almost completely exposed, we began working on the left and right corner leads. The crevice on the left was choked with a mud-sand mixture and loose rock. The crevice did seem to pinch down to approximately 9-10 in. wide by 2 ft. high. The right-hand lead is a mud-choked packet which is not completely exposed. Further digging needs to be done on both the left and right hand leads. We exited the cave at approximately 4:30 pm after dumping the last bucket of debris below the entrance.

TOP VIEW



PROFILE





(Nov.2) Larry, Beth, and I spent part of the day ridgewalking. We walked down the valley from Soward's Cave approximately 100 yds.. A few tight crawlways were spotted but no extremely promising leads. We also checked the area around Dutton's Cave but most of these leads were crawlways of no more than 12 ft. in length. Finally, we checked Falling Spring Cave, just to look at the entrance, before returning to Iowa City.

November 15, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Michael Lace, Brian Main, and Larry Welch

Larry and I accompanied Brian on a downstream survey trip to a small (~300 ft.) crawlway that forms a simple loop approximately 15 ft. up on the right wall (as one walks downstream). The loop begins ~35 ft. upstream from where the crawlway leads to Friday Night Dome and ends approximately 150 ft. past Big Bertha at a steep 15 ft. shelf. The crawlway, named Bertha's Balcony, is a wide (~12 ft.) and low (1&1/2-3 ft. high) muddy passage with a few small flowstone columns, stalagmites and soda straws. The total survey length of this passage is approximately 330 ft.. Larry spotted a potential dig in Bertha's Balcony approximately 30 ft. upstream from where the passage overlooks Big Bertha. Larry could see about 4-5 ft. through a 4 in. airspace.

Larry and I continued upstream from the shaft after Brian exited. We examined each of the three domes upstream from Spong Siphon and a very muddy, winding belly crawl located approximately half way between the Obstruction and the next downstream dome. This uninviting crawl (on the left hand side as one proceeds upstream) contained a small flow of somewhat rancid-smelling water with surface debris. We only advanced about 7 ft. before deciding to save it for a future trip. We entered the Obstruction Passage and examined the imposing obstruction. "Kudos" to the folks who managed to squeeze past it! We returned to the shaft and I exited (~6:40 pm) while Bill Nelson and Larry led Beth Patel (future grotto member,) on a brief tourist trip to the Gallery and a short ways upstream from the shaft. The three exited at approximately 7:30 pm .

November 15, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Michael Bounk, and Bill Nelson

I spent most of the day acting as surface support for a number of crew that had gone into the cave. Finally, in late afternoon, Bill and I headed into the cave. Bill had seen some of the cave previously, and wanted to see more. I had never seen Minni Dome, located just off of the main passage just downstream from the entrance shaft. Therefore we decided to go there. This passage begins as a canyon. After about 12 ft. this canyon becomes the stem section of a "T" shaped passage. The passage



narrows to about 2-2&1/2 ft. wide and about 3 ft. high. I ran into difficulty proceeding after about 20 ft., and so with help from Bill exited. We then headed upstream to the first breakdown area to check out a dirt filled lead on the right wall near ceiling level. It appears to be an old filled loop. We exited the cave after about 1&1/2 hours.

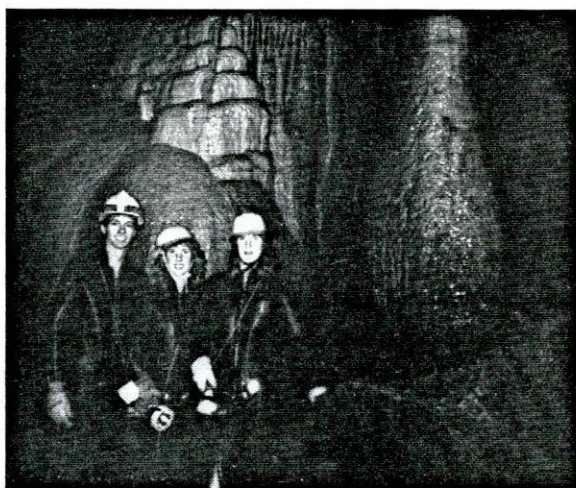
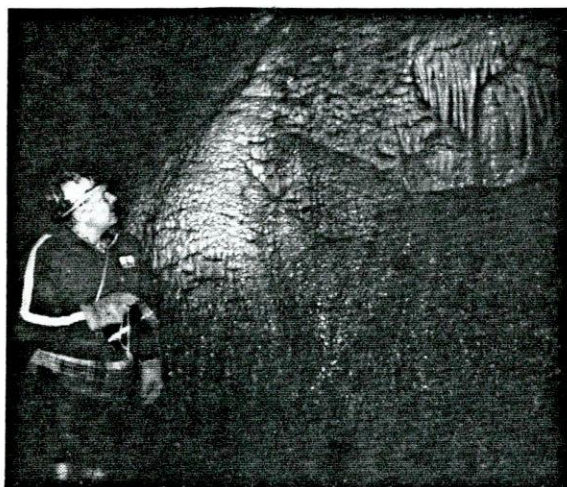
December, 1986; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Michael

Bounk, Gary Bryant, Angie Bryant, Suzie Bryant, and Kirk VanRoekel

I took Gary Bryant, a friend of cave owner Ken Flatland, his two daughters Angie and Suzie, and a future son in law, Kirk VanRoekel, into the cave.

We proceeded downstream to the first deep pool in pothole country, and then upstream to the Snake Passage. Gary and I both took a number of photographs. We exited after about 1 & 1/2 hours.



Photos by M Bounk

Friend's of Ken Flatland at Big Bertha in the Gallery Section.

December 26, 1986; STARR'S CAVE, BAILEY HOUSE CAVE

Des Moines County; , Henderson County, Ill: Steve Moon

It was a sunny day with temps well above normal for December. Perfect road-trip weather. Jane and I were spending a few days at her mom and brother's house in Gailsburg, Illinois. I couldn't talk Jane or her bro David into a trip that day, so I was solo.

This was my second trip to Starr's Cave, the first one being in November; a simple recon trip. The area of the large valley that contains the cave is very impressive, with tall cliffs and massive overhanging cap-bedrock. Starr's Cave is a public use area complete with a nature center, trails, and a few smaller caves. The cave has a rather impressive iron and wood stairway leading to the entrance which is about 15 ft. above the valley floor. The entrance was until about 10 years ago accessible only by climbing a pole consisting of locally found debris. The cave is a single phreatic tube that starts out



walking, but soon becomes hands and knees crawl, and finally belly crawl into a small dome room (~8 ft. tall) with a very low mud crawl continuing. Greg McCarty got stuck somewhere beyond this nasty looking little passage several years ago. Somehow the incident ended up as a news item in several papers, and his barber in his home town of Anamosa, Ia., won't let him forget it to this day. What a price to pay for hard core pushing! Anyway, the cave is some 250 ft. or so in length, and has grafitti on the entrance walls dating as far back as the 1870's. Unfortunately

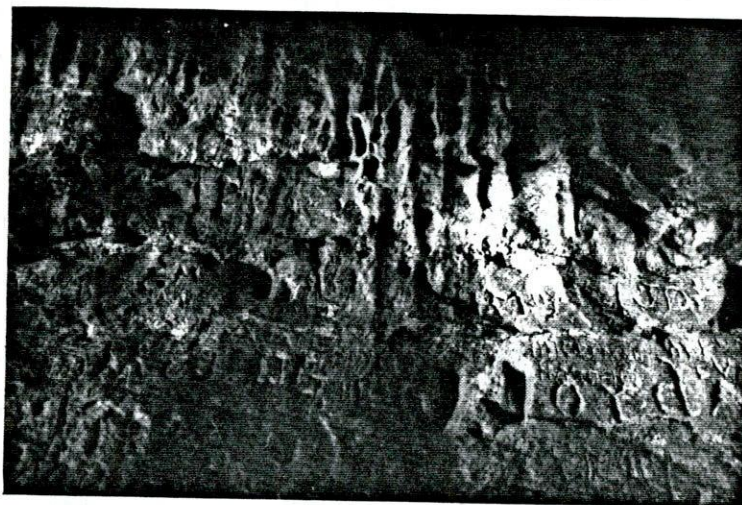


Photo by S Moon

Some carvings in the entrance of Starr's Cave.

that tradition has continued to this day, with orange spray paint visible on walls in the very end of the cave. I counted about 6 or so bats and saw lots of crickets and other insects. I did my usual trash carry-out, and of course took plenty of photographs. I exited the cave after about 45 min. and headed back across "Old Man River" to the Illinois side, and set my course for the little town of Oquawka, and Bailey House Cave.

One day about a year and a half ago, I was snooping around the campus of Knox College in Gallsburg. I went into the science building and located the office of a geology professor by the name of Duane Moore. He was in! I introduced myself, told of my interest in caves, and asked if he knew of anything in the area that I should check out. He immediately went over to a large map file and pulled out a drawer. He described Bailey and showed me where to find it. He uses the cave for field trips on occasion.

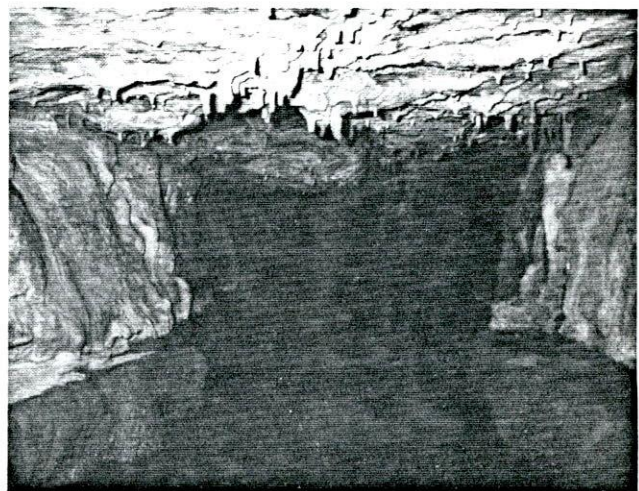
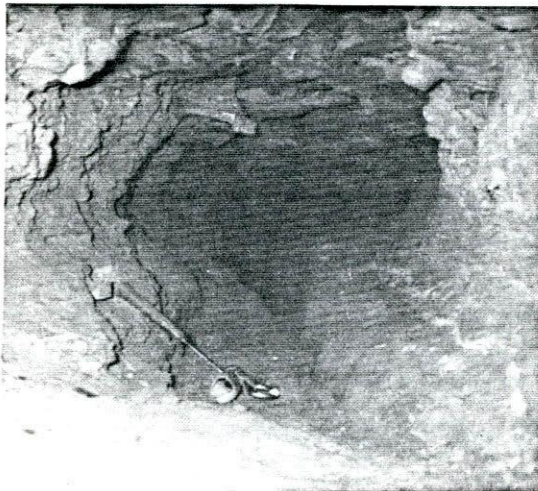
On this day I once again explored to the far reaches of the cave. It's an unusual one for me because it is in the Mississippian, and seems to be composed of darkish brown sedimentary rock and limestone, with a black (shale?) cap-rock visible in parts of the ceiling. The entrance is a walk-in to a room ~4 ft. wide, 6 ft. tall, and 10-12 ft deep. From this room two passages lead off, one straight ahead on the right, the other due-left. All passages seem to be fracture controlled. Most of the cave is very low belly crawl, with a small pool of stagnant water near the back, and a very pretty small dome room at the very back on the right, which has walls of live flowstone, and ceiling formations. This very small room is the only portion of



the cave that does not have dried out formations. A sideways crawl through a tall narrow passage leads to the left side of the cave, where I began a dig. The dirt is loose and sandy, and the passage will eventually continue on into the hill. I did not have room to dump the dirt, so I didn't continue at this time. I am very anxious to return with Mike Bounk and whoever else, so that I can continue this dig, survey, and learn more about the geology of the cave. All I know about the history of the cave is that the cave has been a local attraction for many years. Oquawka is 150+ years old, and once a year as part of the town's celebrations a tour of the cave is conducted. Rarely does anyone go beyond the entrance room however, because of the small size of the passages leading off. I exited this portion of the cave, and proceeded around the side of the small hill that the cave is located in, to the "back" entrance of the cave.

According to one of the Bailey's who live in a small cabin in the little valley that the cave is located in, this back portion used to connect with the front part described above. I had stuck my head into the small hole there on several occasions, and this time decided to enlarge the hole and enter. After about 10 min. of digging, I was barely able to slip in and pull my butt-pack in after me. It was walking size! This back portion is very interesting, resembling the entrance room on the other side, in scale. It went for about 70 ft. before becoming belly crawl over loose gravel, and pinching off in two places. Another lead goes toward the front section of the cave, ending in very fragile looking breakdown which I suspect is right at the surface of the side of the hill that contains the cave. There were definite signs (yes, a can) of a previous human visitation to the passage. After poking around for about 20 min., I exited this back portion with a great deal of grunting and groaning. The back entrance is real tight, and at the top of a 4-5 ft. high dirt embankment! Lots of fun.

I left my usual brief trip report and thank-you note on the back door of the Bailey cabin, and headed east toward Gailsburg, anxiously anticipating the hot soaker, a brew, and a good story telling session. This had been my fifth trip to the cave.



Photos by S Moon

Small passages are typical of Bailey. The pond in Bailey.



January 4, 1986; FELDT PROPERTY CAVES

Mitchell County: Mike Nelson, Delores Nelson, and Aaron Nelson  
These caves, well known locally, and are between St. Ansgar and Otrano on the west bank of the Cedar River.

There were, purportedly, three of them. We only encounter two. One, a deep (24 feet?) shelter, did not penetrate beyond daylight. The other had 50 - 60 feet of walking and hands and knees passage, and several body lengths of belly crawl, and extended beyond light.

A few moisture covered mothers were numerous "autographs" carved, not spray painted thank God, dating from 1942 to 1985.

Local legend has it that these caves "filled in" recently, and were more "walkable" in the not too distant past. This may explain the absence of the third cave. There was one "rat hole" choked with considerable fill, near by.

Accurate surveys will be forthcoming when we return for this specific purpose and to check further on other leads in the area.

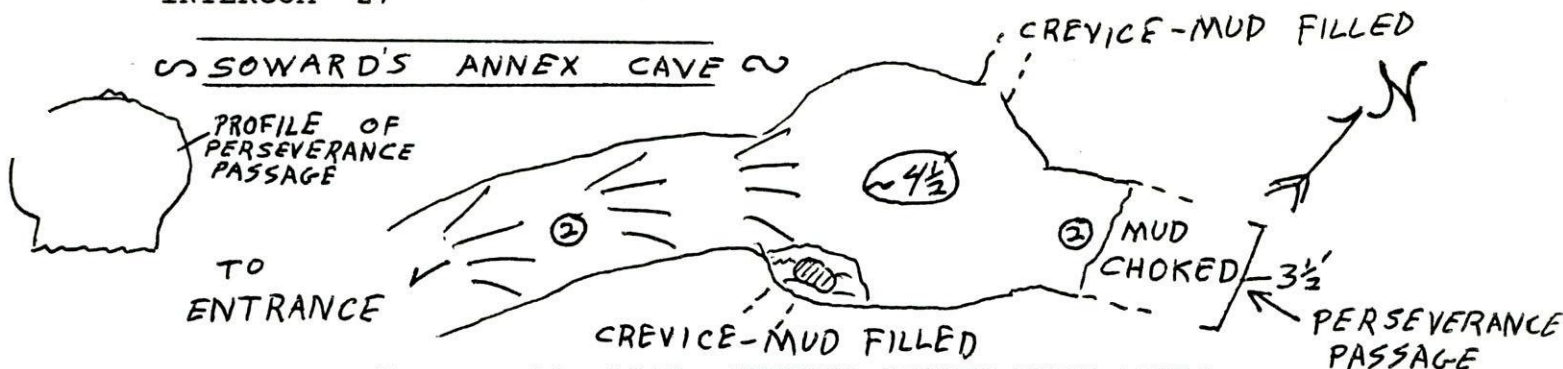
January 11, 1986; SOWARD'S ANNEX CAVE

Fayette County: Steve Moon, and Loren Schutt

It was a real nice day for January. In fact it was just like a day last winter when Loren and I came to work on this dig. This was my fourth time, and Loren's fifth time to Soward's Annex to dig this lead. Why do we do it? Because it might be there. In fact after this day's dig, we know it's there. It goes! But it's totally dirt filled. We dug for 5 hrs. and progressed about 3 ft.. I estimate that we carried out about eighteenhundredzillion 5-gallon buckets of dirt.

The new passage is about 3&1/2 ft. wide, and 2 ft. tall, and is oval shaped (see photo). There is a small (~4 in. wide) gently arched channel through the center of the ceiling, which looks very strange. The ceiling seems to be going upward at the point where the dig stops. The new passage definitely looks like it's going to get bigger before it gets. The fill is made up of a finely layered deposition of sandy clay and has small rounded glacial-iratic stones throughout the lower layers. The passage seems to continue on south-southwest into the hill, gently curving toward the right, just like the passage coming into the little room (see sketch). This small room is formed in a large joint that intersects the passage diagonally. As Loren and I headed back to Johnson County, we decided that we really are curious enough about that passage that we have to return in the spring or summer to dig some more. On the next dig we need at least 3 more cavers, and the more the merrier! We could make a lot more distance with more personnel. For 2 cavers progress is painfully slow. I propose that the new passage be named "Perseverance Passage".

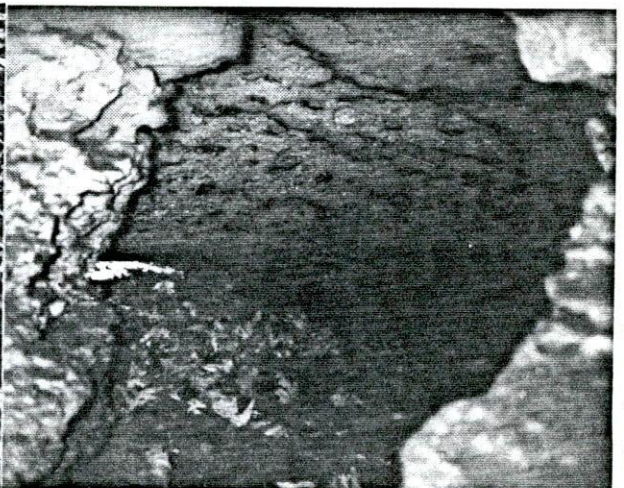
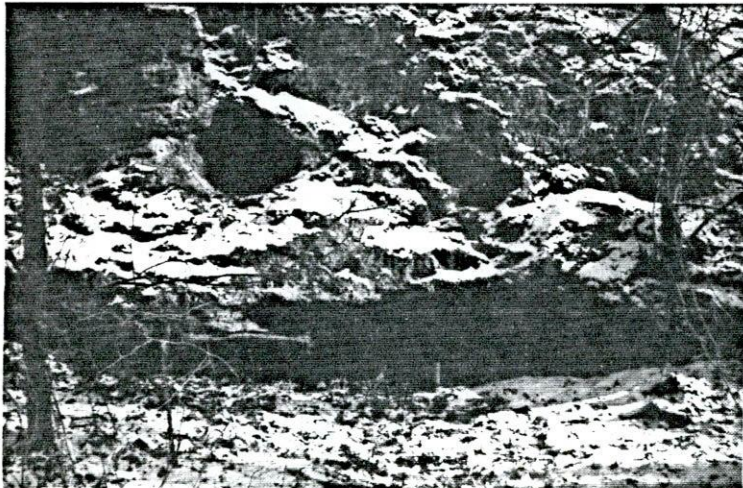




January 18, 1987; SHERMAN COUNTY PARK CAVES

Clinton County: Steve Moon, and Jane Champion

After a delicious brunch at the Coffee House at the West Liberty exit on I-80, Jane and I headed on east toward the Walcot exit, where we headed north a few miles to the little town of Dixon, and on to the little county park there on the Wapsipinicon River, Sherman Park. I had been there on my motorcycle during a summer road trip a few months earlier, at which time I had made note of the place as a potential camping and hiking spot. As we circled around the parking and picknicking area near the river, many holes in the rock outcrop there became evident. Upon closer inspection, we were able to locate and explore three small caves, ranging in estimated length of 20-50 feet. The caves are formed in Silurium, and appear to have been formed in a deep phreatic zone. The rock is vuggy and the caves are sponge-like, resembling Worden's Cave. The interior walls of the caves are very jagged also. The caves are actually quite beautiful. All three caves are in the same rock face, and are no more than 20 feet apart from each other. There are a number of very promising dig sites in the rock face adjacent the caves, as well as in the caves. At times of high water, the caves flood completely, for they are about 10 feet above the present water level of the Wapsipinicon River. Jane and I will return to the little park for some early-spring cold-weather camping, at which time we will survey and sketch the three little caves, do some digging, and check for more cavern development in the area.



Photos by S Moon

One of the three caves at Serman County Park.



The original Iowa Grotto of 1950 had four officers; Chairman, Secretary, Publisist, and Historian. I am a bit of an historian, myself, and you'll be seeing plenty of evidence of that here in the Intercom. There is much to be gained from an understanding of times gone by. The Iowa landscape has undergone enormous changes due to more than 150 years of intensive agricultural usage. While I don't necessarily believe the following tale from Iowa's settlement period, I don't absolutely not believe at least some of it. Leads are where you find 'em. This one is really hard to believe, but then maybe Eliphalet stretched things just a little bit. The story begins with the sound of the distant drumming of the pheasant, but pheasants weren't introduced to Iowa until sometime around 1860. On the other hand, the maniac of the border shows all the classic symptoms of syphilis, which was not uncommon in the pioneer Iowa of 1835. At any rate, the story does provide an interesting look at southern Fayette County as the settlers must have found it. The story can be found in the January 1870 Annals Of Iowa.

THE MANIAC OF THE BORDER  
by Eliphalet Price

It was the close of an autumnal day in the year 1835, as we approached the dense forest that skirts the eastern shore of the Volga, some twenty miles from its confluence with the waters of the Turkey river. Behind us lay the boundless prairie, stretching away in gentle undulations to the south, as far as the eye could reach, with its rustling herbage scared and embrowned by the autumnal frosts, while here and there, a lonely flower drooped its head, blighted, yet waving in the autumn breeze. Before us the yellow leaves of the forest were fast eddying their way to the ground, betraying the fleet foot-fall of the rabbit, whose rustling tread would cause the timid deer to start from her leafy couch, and seek the forest shades with hurried bound, while the mournful sound of the distant pheasant, drumming its evening lay, would burst at intervals upon the solitude of the surrounding scene.

Already the twilight shades of evening, were fast receding into the darker mantle of night, when we were startled by the sharp report of a rifle. Aware that we were in the vicinity of a large village encampment of Winnebagoes, whose locality we had been endeavoring to discover during the close of the day, we halted and seated ourselves, reclining against the trunk of a large tree, in the hope that some benighted hunter would present himself to view, who could more readily conduct us to the object of our search, and while peering into the dusky scene that surrounded us, and listening for the sound of footsteps, we were startled by the arm of a human being reaching around from behind the tree, and resting itself upon our shoulder, while the hand hung listlessly down upon our breast. To leap to our feet was but the effort of a moment, and as we brought our rifle to a defensive position, we caught a glimpse of a tall, manly form, receding slowly into the forest, until the gloom of the night



shielded him from our view; and while revolving over in our mind the character of the mysterious stranger, there arose upon the stillness of the surrounding scene the clear tones of a human voice, echoing far away through the forest, those beautiful words of Isaiah: "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price," when the forest again resumed its wonted stillness. Pausing for a moment, then calling aloud to the mysterious stranger, until finding that no further discovery of him was likely to occur, we again resumed our journey in the direction of the Indian encampment, the locality of which we had now discovered by the crimson tinge of the heavens, occasioned by the bright glare of its numerous camp fires. We soon succeeded in reaching the village, situated in a broad deep valley, that opened from the Volga to the south. For a mile along the valley, the camp fires blazed on every side, while the crack of rifles, the shout, the laugh, the whirling tramp of the dance, mingled with the wild, monotonous song of the Indian, and the gong-like notes of the war drum, denoted some unusual occurrence about to take place. Pushing forward through the disordered groups, we hastened on to the wigwam of No-chump-kah, where, after partaking of his hospitality, he urged us to accompany him in the direction of a high mountainous hill, that formed the eastern boundary of the valley, towards which a large concourse of Indians were directing their steps, from various parts of the valley, each carrying a blazing torch of pine knots. As the party approached the base of the hill, each suddenly disappeared through an aperture that opened beneath the entangled folds of a vinous arbor, that crept with a luxuriant appearance over a low undergrowth. Following the footsteps of our guide, we found that we were winding along a narrow but lofty subteranean passage, that led into the interior of the hill, and as we approached the brink of a broad, deep chasm, the party halted for a moment, and then one by one began to descend onto the cavern by a natural flight of projecting rock steps, that wound with a spiral descent along the circular sides of the dark yawning pit, from whose depths arose the gurgling murmur of a distant waterfall, accompanied by a white column of spray, that sparkled and glittered as it reflected the glare of our torches. Our course at length diverging from the fearful chasm, we again found ourselves winding along a passage that widened occasionally into ample halls, then narrowing into a passage that admitted with difficulty a single person, until it opened into a stupendous amphitheater, from the center of which an ignited bundle of pine knots sent up a lofty column of blazing fire, that lit up the rock-bound sides of the cavern, giving to them the appearance of some forty feet in height, while a deep blue arch of solid rock canopied the whole, festooned with innumerable columns of glittering spar, whose tapering extremities emitted a star-like sparkle, giving to the blue arched conopy a midnight ethereal aspect.

Encircling the column of fire, a gray haired band of veteran warriors reclined in a sitting posture, while an outer circle was composed of the more youthful warriors and novitiate hunters. As we stood gazing upon the scene before us, endeavoring to comprehend its mystery, a touch upon the arm caused us to



recognize the Indian who had accompanied us there, and after pointing with his finger to a elevated position upon the opposite side of the hall, he then glided stealthily away, and joined his companions in the circle. Our attention was immediately riveted to that part of the cavern, by the strange appearance of a person standing in a statue-like position, upon a broad shelving rock that jutted out from the wall of the cavern. His broad, white, intellectual forehead, bespoke him a white man, whose physical proportions were of the athletic order; a profusion of hair concealed the proportions of his face, while a long, black, glossy beard, swept far down upon his breast, partly concealing a cross, upon which was rudely carved the image of our Saviour, supported by a thong of raw-hide passing around the neck. A long, white, tattered blanket, enveloped his person, secured at the waist by a broad belt of wampum, which supported a heavy, naked sword, the hilt of which was guarded by a woven basket of iron; his hands were crossed upon his breast with an air of solemnity, while his gaze seemed fixed intently upon the lofty arch, that flung its sparkling conopy over the spacious cavern. For a time his solemn immovable position seemed to impart a resemblance to some sculptured work of art. At length life began to manifest itself, by a spasmodic movement of the lips, accompanied by a smile that beamed upon his countenance, as he exclaimed in a low, plaintive, but audible tone of voice,-

"She vowed, she swore she would be mine,  
 She said she lo'ed me best of o'ney;  
 But ah! the fickle, faithless queen."

Here his chin sank upon his breast for a moment, and then the wild, screaming laugh of the maniac, burst from his lips, until his attention was arrested by the group of Indians before him, at the sight of which he seemed to start, then pressing his hands against his forehead, he exclaimed,- "O God, am I thy servant here, to lead the wild untutored savage up to thee? Oh no, no, it cannot be; this maddened brain; so wrecked- why am I here?" Then gazing wildly around him for a moment, he approached the edge of the rock, and bowing with submissive meekness, continued,- "Thy will be done!" Then stretching forth his arms, he exclaimed in a calm, stentorian voice,- "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." Without pausing for a moment he launched forth in the Anglo-Scottish dialect, with a strain of religious eloquence so marked with erudition that it was irresistible to believe otherwise than that his better days had been expended as a Scottish student. But what had brought him to these cavern wilds? What drove the exile from his native land? While we were revolving these questions over in our mind, he seemed absorbed with the contemplation of religious subjects, sweeping with biblical research among the allegorical gems of the prophets, culling a flower here and there, and entwining them into a gorgeous wreath of eternal life, and swinging it aloft by the power of his eloquence as a Bethlehem star, to entice the benighted mind of the listening savage. Again his mind would resume its natural character, enrobed in its flowing mantle of



erudition, which enabled him to glide from language to language, as its expressiveness seemed best adapted to the elucidation of his ideas.

The swarthy savage, although unable to comprehend his language, evidently begun to manifest a feeling of excitement, imparted through the agency of the expressive gestures of the maniac; leaning forward upon his elbow, with a quickened and audible respiration, his eye glared intently upon the rapid movements of the speaker, until a glistening perspiration began to start upon his swarthy brow.

Again the maniac paused, while far away among the distant caverns his maniac laugh hushed in murmuring echoes. Then snatching from his breast the thong-bound cross, he whirled it around his head, with a fiendish convulsive scream, as he burst into the wild figurative language of the Indian, detailing with savage eloquence the history of the Saviour, and as he poured forth the descriptive scenes of his sufferings and death, the quivering lip, the twinkling eye of the savage, as his hand crept instinctively to the handle of his scalping knife, bespoke the excitement he had wrought upon their uncultivated minds. Continuing in the language of the Indian, he exclaimed, - "Oh God, forbear; thy exhausted servant sinks before the coward red man, who dare not be a warrior of the cross." In an instant the savage group bounded to their feet, while the scream of the war whoop rang through the distant caverns, as they flourished their scalping-knives above their heads, and rushed towards the maniac, avowing themselves ready to follow him upon the war path, as avengers of the wrongs of the Saviour.

Then came the distant report of a rifle, hushing to listening silence the tumultuous group; and in a moment more a painted savage, begrimed with blood, sprang into their midst, waving from the top of his lance a freshly taken scalp, from which the life-blood had not ceased to drip; pointing to it with a savage grin, he hissed between his teeth the fearful name of the war-bred Sauk, at the announcement of which the listening Indians snatched their torches from the blazing pile and rushed towards the outlet of the cavern. Following the foot-steps of our guide, we soon reached the open valley, filled with disorderd groups of savages, shouting the rallying war cry of the different bands, while the gong-like voice of the Indian drum rolled its monotonous notes along the valley, arousing the warrior's mind to deeds of savage glory. From the summit of the distant hills that bound the valley on the west, the signal fires of the warrior Sauk were blazing, flinging a lurid glare of light over the valley beneath, while round the burning piles the warrior foeman danced and shouted his promised deeds of prowess.

Already the grey morn had begun to creep along the eastern sky, as the enemy came rushing down from the hills into the valley, shouting the fearful war cry of Sauk, which was immediately answered by the screaming war whoop of the Winnebagoes of the valley, as they closed in dreadful combat with their common enemy. The commingled crack of rifles now roared along the valley, while the twanging hum of the bow-string, the crash of the battle axe, and the resounding blows of the war club, arose amidst the groans of the dying and the war scream of



the contending bands. For a time victory seemed to incline towards the arms of the war-bred Sauk, who pressing upon his foe, compelled them to fall back with a slow retreat. At that moment there came a shout from the upper part of the valley, as a strange appearing person urged his wild steed along it in the direction of the battle, brandishing above his head a flashing sword, while the spectral laugh that rang upon the air, announced the approach of the maniac of the cavern, at the sight of whom the retreating Winnebagoes rallied with a maddening scream, throwing away his rifle and closing upon his foe with gleaming knife, as the maniac dashed through their ranks, plunging his steel against the enemies' front, and braining his sword with flashing strokes on every side, while the fierce animal that bore him against the columns of the foe, crushed through their rank a trail bestrewed with mangled warriors. Wheeling upon their columns with a shout, again he reigned his fretted steed for the charge, and thundered down their ranks, until the wild shout of Indian triumph arose above the battle's din, announcing that the retreating Sauk was fast taking refuge among the neighboring hills.

The sun had already arisen above the field of strife, the war whoop and the clash of arms had ceased, while far away the merry quail was whistling his autumn carol to the morning sun. Here and there might be seen an Indian woman wandering over the field of battle, mingling her mournful wailings with the rippling murmurs of the Volga, while everywhere the triumphant Winnebagoes stood forth, silently winding his fingers into the gory locks of his dying or lifeless enemy, and snatching from the bleeding skull the warrior's trophy. A little farther on, we paused for a moment to look upon the beautiful war-steed of the maniac, as he lay stretched upon the bloody plain pierced with the barbed iron of a feathered arrow, and as we hastened away from the scene that surrounded us, our ear caught the notes of a voice far up among the craggy hills, breathing in martial strains, the brigand song of ancient caledon:-

"Why England has no braver boy,  
Than Scotland's gallent, bold Rob Roy."

Years had passed away; the rifle of the Indian no longer awakened the echoes of the Volga, the grass has begun to grow upon the trails of his familiar haunts. Along the borders of our prairies, and in the deep winding dells of the wooded streams, the humble cabin of the white man had begun to lift its modest front, while through the new-made field the cerean harvest waved its golden head, or silken tassels decked the luxuriant corn. It was August; the pioneer, the Indian trader and the hunter of the surrounding country, had assembled for the first time in the lives of many of them, and jurors and spectators, around the rude log court house of the newly started village of Prairie Laporte, situated upon the banks of the Mississippi. The setting sun had nearly closed the first day's labor of the court, when a shout of "steamboat from above," brought a large concourse of spectators to the river bank; and as the boat approached the shore, the guard call of the drum, summoned to her deck an officer of the



army, accompanied by a guard of soldiers, who immediately marched from the boat and began to ascend the river bank, followed by a well dressed, tall, muscular person, bound in chains, who might have seen some twenty-seven years. The spectators opened to the right and left, as the prisoner passed along with a downcast look, while his folded arms concealed in part the chains that bound him. Advancing towards the sheriff, the officer observed: "I deliver into your charge, sir, a murderer, taken prisoner by the command at Fort Snelling; proof of his guilt will be found in these two soldiers." Then surrendering his charge he departed for the boat. At the sound of murder, a shudder seemed to creep over the person of the stranger, as he lifted his eyes slowly from the ground. At that moment we discovered an old man, bent by the hand of time, standing in the opposite rank of spectators, leaning forward upon his rifle, which he supported with one hand, while with the other he shaded his eyes as he peered into the face of the stranger; and as he gazed, the blood would rush to his embrowned visage for a moment, then an ashy paleness seemed to diffuse itself over the wrinkled features of the old man, whom we now recognized as the far-famed Timmy Black, the wandering bee hunter of the north, who, muttering to himself, silently withdrew from among the spectators, as the prisoner passed, under the guard of the sheriff.

The court had already adjourned for the day, and as the evening advanced, the spectators began to congregate at the different groceries, and soon the bacchanalian cup awoke the hunter's song, while many a fearful tale of border life, spun out its lengthened details with each glass, accompanied by the exultant shout of the card player, and the boisterous disputations around the rattling dice-box, until the night had far advanced, when we withdrew from the sultry scene around us, and approached the high bank of the river to enjoy the cool breeze that rippled its moonlit surface. Seating ourselves beneath the branches of a stunted oak, our attention was soon arrested by the dark form of a person gliding stealthily among the dense cedars that skirted the descending bank of the river. As he approached the open sands of the river shore, we recognized the bent form of the wandering bee hunter; who, pausing for a moment, and peering cautiously around, seemed satisfied that he was undiscovered; then advancing to the border of the river, he stretched himself out upon its sands, placing his ear close to the surface of the water. Listening for a time, he arose and commenced soliloquizing, as his attention seemed fixed upon some distant object in the river:

"Well, well," said he, "the boy is safe now; if he courses for the old gum 'twill not be the sheriff of this settlement that'll line him up. He had a monstrous deal of rotten comb. I tell'd the bar keeper to throw his liker out to the sheriff's guard, to the matter of that speck of honey that I sell'd to the clerk of the boat. I did want some powder, but I'll do without the powder; yes, yes, I'll do without it, for I remember the time when on the Volga, he struck off the Indian's arm at a single blow, while it held the scalping-knife over these few white locks of mine." Here the old man paused, seemingly to brush way an



intruding tear, then resumed; "Well, well, I've done him a good turn; God be with ye'r boy, wherever ye course."

At that moment a canoe, containing a single person, glided out from among the willows of an island near the shore, and as it floated out upon the current of the moonlit stream, there arose upon the stillness of the night, the familiar shout of other scenes;- "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Then all around was hushed to solemn stillness; the bee hunter had disappeared among the cedars, and as the canoe glided behind a distant island, we saw no more of Donald McMullen, the maniac of the cavern and the sheriff's prisoner.

#### SPELEOBOOK REVIEW

"SINKHOLES: THEIR GEOLOGY, ENGINEERING AND ENVIRONMENTAL IMPACT";  
 Edited by Barry F. Beck; A. A. Balkema, Pub., 1984; 429 pp.,  
 hard-bound.

Proceedings of the first multidisciplinary conference on  
 sinkholes, Orlando, Florida, October 15-17, 1984.

This encyclopedia of sinkholes is undeniably a valuable tool to anyone interested in knowing more about these holes in the ground that cavers love so dearly. Many different types of sinks are presented, including solution sinkholes, collapse sinkholes, subsidence sinkholes, ravelling sinks, and subsidence pits. Many of the studies here originate from Florida based research. However, there are many presented which involve Texas, South Carolina, Kentucky, Alabama, Virginia, Michigan, West Virginia, Mexico, South Africa, China, and many other locations. There's even one from Minnesota!!! Calvin Alexander, Jr., and Paul Book teamed up to present a study entitled, "Altura Minnesota Lagoon Collapses". Many of us know Calvin Alexander as a fellow caver on the Cold Water Project, to which he has contributed a great deal. Calvin is a Professor in Geology at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, and conducts karst and hydrology research.

There are many aspects of this collection that grabbed my attention right away. The various catastrophic subsidences and sinkhole collapses boggle the mind. Volatile substances gurgling into karst by the thousands of gallons makes a caver want to vomit! The use of a variety of remote sensing techniques to define hidden karst seems to have virtually become an art.

Among the hundreds of diagrams and graphs which provide relative data, are only about two dozen photographs. This is a surprise to me, because where photos of sites, many of them sequential, are used to illustrate a study, a further dimension of realism is brought to this readers understanding of the sinkholes studied.

All things considered, this has been the most interesting volume to grace our coffee table in months!



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Where the heck?? Hint: It's in Eastern Iowa, and of course there are caves there! N←←

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