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IOWA GROTTTO

INTERCOM

Vol. 23 No. 1

Jan/Feb. 1987



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 by the editors.

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Chairman: Michael Bounk
Vice Chairman: Steven Moon
Secretary Treasurer: Larry Welch

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: Mike Nelson pauses at the entrance of David Bach Cave in Winneshiek County, Iowa. David Bach Cave is a 250 ft. fissure cave near Dutchman's Ravine, a few miles south of Cold Water Cave. Photo from Fall of 1985, by Ed Nellis. It was shot on Agfa color slide film with an Olympus 35mm camera, which has a fixed 35mm lens.



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IN THE NEXT INTERCOM

A systematic method of classifying and recording karst.
Rudy Pruzsco gives us the "lowdown" on Dubuque County caving.
Sequential photography...a record of change.
Cartoons!

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

The new Intercom is still in it's infancy, and is undergoing a lot of change as it develops. We are experimenting with cost effective mailing procedures, and printing methods. It's nice to have a thick journal, and necessary too, with all of the trip reports that come in each month. With any luck the Intercom will not have to be trimmed because of a lack of funds for it's production. In order to defray some of the cost, the Iowa Grotto is selling space for advertisements in the Intercom. You will notice an advertisement in this Intercom for Wilderness Outfitters Ltd., of Dubuque, Iowa. We have not settled on a price schedule for advertising in the Intercom yet, but we will soon. Anyone who is interested please contact the editors. 1/2, 1/4 and 1/8 page spaces are available.

Due to the Miller Cave accident reports, the article on a systematic method of classifying and recording karst, and the article on sequential photography, will have to be published in the next issue. The editors welcome and are in fact very anxious to receive articles, cartoons, maps, drawings, photographs, and anything else from the readership! Help!

A TRAGIC MILESTONE

February 28, 1987 was a tragic milestone in the history of Iowa Caving. Grinnell College instructor Kathy McKlusky and staff member Mike Price died while ascending through a waterfall in the 108 foot first drop of Miller Cave near Postville, Iowa. At about 12:30 PM the cave was entered. Rain had been forecast, and the skies were heavily overcast, as the group descended into the almost free 108 foot first drop of Miller Cave. Rain began to fall softly at about 1:30 or 2:00 PM. By 4:30 the rain began to increase. At 5:00 to 6:00 PM the rain had become heavy and showed no signs of letting up. The dry stream bed quickly became activated, carrying runoff into the mouth of Miller Cave, which is an upper level conduit. Eventually the rain turned to snow which coated the surface with 4 to 6 inches of accumulation, making driving difficult.

Three of the seven were able to exit the cave safely. The first one surfaced before water began to enter the pit. The second got wet, and the third student exited completely soaked. The fourth person to attempt an exit, Mike Price died of hypothermia while attempting to ascend. Kathy apparently drowned while ascending a second rope in an attempt to help Mike after he became trapped in the water stream. This was the bravest thing that Kathy McClusky could have done. She gave her life trying to save a life. Two other Grinnell students remained at the bottom of the drop, utilizing a side passage for shelter from the water fall. They were safely extricated from the cave soon after the body recoveries were completed. The two were very cold and weak from hypothermia, but were basically in pretty good shape. They were warmed up at the hospital in Postville, and returned to Grinnell Sunday afternoon.

It is ironic that Iowa Grotto members Gary Engh, Greg McCarty, and Steve Moon were caving no more than 25 miles away from Miller Cave on that day. The Grotto members split up and headed home at about 6:30 PM. Gary and Steve made the long trip to northern Clayton County twice in 24 hours. Greg McCarty lives in Fayette, and was able to respond very quickly when the call came in. Grotto chairman Michael Bounk mobilized Gary Engh and Steve Moon minutes after they arrived at West Branch, and also alerted Lowell Burkhead in Springville, Mike Nelson in Fertile, and Dave Schwendinger in Monticello. Bounk maintained a communications link between Burkhead, state police, the National Cave

Rescue Commission, and rescue personnel during the crisis. Grotto member Rudy Pruszko of Dubuque and Mike Able of the Iowa Department of Natural Resources joined Greg McCarty at the scene, and formed the nucleus of the rescue and recovery team. The team worked very hard that night, and performed their tasks skillfully. Rudy came equipped with everything that was needed to perform the rescue/recovery, and Greg, Gary, and Steve also brought extra equipment. Rudy has been practicing his vertical rescue techniques, and he, Greg, and Mike Able worked well together. To quote Greg, "From the time we got there, things went like clockwork. It couldn't have gone any smoother." The stream of water which drained into the cave had to be diverted using earth moving equipment and sand bags that were filled on site.

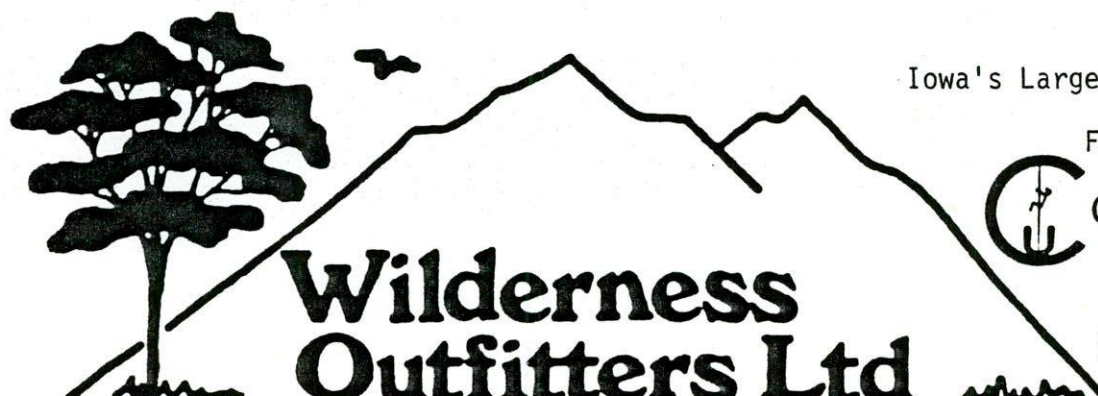
Other personnel involved in the rescue/recovery were local land owners, including Mr. Miller, the Postville firefighters, Iowa State Patrol troopers, sheriff's deputies, and several women who set up a temporary base camp and provided hot coffee and food for all until everyone left at 4:30 AM Sunday morning. An investigation is under way by the Iowa Grotto, and a complete report of this tragic event will be published in the March/April Intercom.

Without the close cooperation between McCarty, Pruszko, Able, and the local and state authorities, this may well have been a worse tragedy.

CHAIRMAN'S CHIMNEY

By now, everyone is probably aware that on the evening of February 28, 1987 we experienced the first known caving fatalities in Iowa history. This drives home the point that there is an element of risk in any caving venture, and that it must be done with an awareness of conditions both above and below ground.

I would like to express the Iowa Grotto's sympathy to the families and friends of Kathy McClusky and Michael Price, and to the students, faculty and staff of Grinnell College. They will be greatly missed by all.



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25 YEARS AGO IN THE IOWA GROTTA

In the May 1962 "Iowa Cave Book" (Vol. 6), appeared the following article...

BRIEFER NOTES
excerpts from correspondence

While at the 1962 meeting of the Iowa Academy of Science at Waverly last April 13 & 14, Stewart Peck of Davenport gave me descriptions of two caves which he has explored but has not reported.

These two caves are at SE 24 84 6E, Jackson county, in a road cut near the jct of hwy 64 & 67 west of Sabula. They open at the base of the cut on the north side of the road. The one to the west has an entrance three feet high by one foot wide, drops 12 feet, then continues north into extensive passages. The one on the east is entered via a small sink in the ditch which drops into some rooms with fragile ceilings. Neither cave was said to have been named. It is suggested that the west cave be named Roadside Cave and that the east cave be named Fragile Cave.

Peck further states that the wooden stairway at Wompi Cave, Clayton county, is falling to pieces. It would not be a bad idea to dismantle or knock down the stairway entirely inasmuch as it is a distinct safety hazard. Ray Mielke, the present owner, would no doubt consent to that operation. The cave would then have to be entered by a 90-foot free rappel, which would be the longest in Iowa.

Peck also mentioned that something has recently occurred at Searryls Cave, Jones county, which has made the owner, Cletus Hughes, completely indisposed toward cavers. The reason is not known because the last time some Quint City Grotto members tried to talk to Hughes, the latter brandished a shotgun at them and went to call the sheriff.

The stream in Dancehall Cave, Jackson county, is said to sink now near the upper end of the Bat Passage. Water flowed from Tourists Cave throughout the past winter. Peck believes that there is a passage connecting the sink in Dancehall Cave with the sump just inside Tourists Cave. This has prevented any exploration in Tourists Cave during the winter. If the present park custodian, Ken Sherfy, is not transferred this spring, he expects to try to plug up the sink.

James Hedges, Iowa City
rec'd 4/14/62

30 YEARS AGO IN THE IOWA GROTTO

1957 saw Volume 1 of the "Iowa Cave Book". It was published "intermittantly" by editor James Hedges. The copy in our files includes a mimeographed poster for a Grotto meeting, stamped "APPROVED FOR POSTING-PRESIDENT'S OFFICE". In large stencil style letters, the poster read as follows...

CAVE
EXPLORERS

MEETING
of the
IOWA GROTTO
Friday Nov. 8 - 7:30PM
Room 200 OLD ARMORY
PUBLIC
INVITED

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

IOWA HAS A CAVE OVER 5 MILES LONG
IOWA HAS A CAVE CONTAINING ICE YEAR-ROUND
IOWA HAS CAVES CONTAINING PREHISTORIC INDIAN RELICS
IOWA HAS A RARE CAVE COLLEMBOLA FOUND NOWHERE ELSE
IN THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

INTERESTED PERSONS UNABLE TO ATTEND MEETING CONTACT

The IOWA GROTTO
%James Hedges, chrm
RR#3
Iowa City

?QUE PASA?

IOWA GROTTO meetings

April 22, May 27, June 24, July 22, August 19, September 23

COLD WATER CAVE weekends

April 18, May 16, June 20, July 18, August 15, September 19

SPRING PICNIC and VERTICAL TRAINING

Pictured Rocks Park

1 mile S. on HyWay 38 from Monticello, Iowa; Jones County. Vertical training and outfitting will be provided. Rudy Pruszco will bring a full line of gear from Wilderness Outfitters Ltd., of Dubuque. Bounk and Burkhead will take orders for custom seat and chest harnesses, and knee pads. Lowell will have items available that he has fabricated or reconditioned. Bring items to swap! The park provides short drops, as well as about an 80 foot free drop. This is your chance to get vertical! There are also some very good digs in progress in the park, and plenty of great hiking. The Maquoketa River is very small in Northern Jones County, and is great for canoeing, innertubes, or general frivolity... Y'all come!

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Meeting: North-Central Section
April 30-May 1, 1987
St. Paul, Minnesota

"Upper Mississippi Valley Karst: Genesis and environmental Consequences"; Session Chairs: E. Calvin Alexander, Jr. and Richard Lively

Proceedings will begin on Thursday, April 30, at 8:40 AM, in the Sanborn Room 408, Landmark Center, 75 W. 5th St., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Program

Johnson, Scot B. and Stieglitz, Ronald D. "Delineation and significance of geomorphic zones in a karstic area: Door County, Wisconsin"

Bounk, Michael J. "Stream level record from Cold Water Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa, and its relationship to rainfall and stream flow volume"

Wheeler, Betty J. and Alexander, E. Calvin, Jr. "Temporal variations of the water chemistry in Cold Water Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa"

Lively, Richard S. "U-series dates from caves and cemented gravels in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa"

Spong, Ronald C. "Physiography and hydrogeology of the fairview Karst, Fillmore County, Minnesota"

Alexander, E. Calvin, Jr. and Lively, Richard S. "Major caves of the Ordovician Galena carbonates in Minnesota and Iowa"

>^<-_->^<-_->^<

For further information write or call Local Committee Chair Peter Hudleston, or Program Chair Robert E. Sloan, Department of Geology & Geophysics, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455 (612) 627-1333. For field trip information, contact David L. Southwick, Minnesota Geological Survey, 2642 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota 55114 (612) 627-4780.

See ya there!

MEETING MINUETS Janruary 28, 1987

The meeting was called to order at 7:40 PM on Wednesday, January 28 by chairman Mike Bounk. 14 members were present, including all 3 officers. Election ballots had been collected from the grotto mailbox and were given to Tom Hruska to be counted.

OLD BUSINESS: Past secretary-treasurer Tom Hruska discussed a supply of Iowa Grotto patches and brought them to the meeting. About 50 patches are available at \$1.00 apiece to grotto members only, with proceeds going to the treasury. A few decals are also available, and the possibility of having more printed was discussed. A brief disscussion of membership ensued. The grotto has about 65 members, 23 of which are NSS members. Bill Nelson of Belmond Joined the grotto this month. Greg McCarty read a letter from Evelyn Bradshaw in respnse to an earlier letter of Greg's. Apparantly the Iowa Grotto will be again recognized as an official NSS internal organization.

NEW BUSINESS: Over 30 cavers, including several novices, were in Cold Water Cave simultaneously during the January expedition. Safety concerns of this situation were discussed. At this point Tom Hruska had finished counting ballots, and election results were announced. Mike Bounk was named chairman, Steve Moon vice-chairman, and Larry Welch secretary-treasurer. 11 total ballots were received. It was agreed that the new officers would be responsible for filling out the annual report to the NSS. Steve Moon reported on the status of the Intercom. Dave Ecklund has obtained free photocopying services for the Intercom, which will help reduce costs. Steve has purchased 500 envelopes for \$25.00, and the Intercom will be mailed in these. It is expected that the major expenditure will be for postage.

TRIP REPORTS: Steve Moon reported on a December Cold Water Cave trip to Sand Canyon with Bryan Bain, Larry Welch, and Mike Lace. Included was the discovery of 120 feet of virgin cave. Larry Welch reported on 2 trips to Floyd County to see Jessie James and several nearby caves. A survey was started of Jessie James Cave. Greg McCarty added some details on some of the nearby caves. Mike Lace reported on a January trip to Cold Water Cave on which he climbed the first dome upstream of Twin Domes. He estimated it to be 22 meters high. His group also dug at the end of Monument Passage, and a promising lead was visible that could be reached after 20 feet of digging. Greg McCarty reported on a short trip to Dutton's Cave, where he found the lower level to be quite dry. He also reported on a trip to Section Four Cave near Fayette. On January 13, Greg and John Fuhrman went to Conrad Cave to excavate. Two decaying raccoons were found in the cave as well as several live ones. Steve Moon reported on some solo caving in Illinois he did over Christmas. He dug open a section that had been explored previously, but had been closed with fill. Steve also found a Clinton county cave of around 50 feet that could be the longest in the county. Steve and Loren Schutt continued their dig in Soward's Annex on January 11. A room at the end of the cave was cleared out, and excavation on a small crawling lead from the room was begun.

FUTURE TRIPS: Greg McCarty gave final details on the January 31 trip to Glenwood Cave. The possibility of another trip to Glenwood this winter was discussed.

The meeting was adjourned and a program was given by Mike Bounk on "the cave-related geology of Iowa". This included discussion of the different rock strata and which layers contain caves in each Iowa cave region.

February 25, 1987

The meeting was called to order at 7:36 PM by chairman Mike Bounk, on February 25. 12 members were eventually present. Secretary's report was given and approved. The treasurer's report was also given and it was noted that a considerable number of members have not paid 1987 dues yet.

OLD BUSINESS: Mike Bounk reported that he had received a letter from Evelyn Bradshaw saying that the NSS had approved of our annual report. She also noted that we will be listed in the next NSS member's manual.

NEW BUSINESS: Steve Moon reported on costs for the recently published Intercom. Copying snafu's and other problems created a fairly large expense of about \$130.00 for this issue. Future issues were pledged to be cheaper. Issues were sent to all of our exchanges. Methods to reduce costs were discussed, such as special mailing rates and becoming an official non-profit organization. It was pointed out that the Intercom had a few misspelled words, and Mike Lace offered his services as a proofreader for the Intercom. A deadline of March 15 was set to send material to Steve or Mike for the next Intercom. Advertising policy in grotto publications was brought up. No official policy apparently exists at present, and the matter has been left to the editor's discretion in the past. Steve Moon will check around to determine what a proper advertising rate might be. Hotline advertising will remain free to members unless it is felt someone is taking advantage of this privilege.

TRIP REPORTS: Larry Welch reported on the discovery of a new cave in Floyd County, which was named Coon Highway Cave. Stacey Cyphert and Mike Lace were also on the discovery trip, which unveiled about 150 feet of passage. He also reported on the progress of the survey project in Jesse James Cave, which Mike and Beth Patel helped with. It was also noted that a speed trap exists in Floyd County north of Charles City on Highway 218. Stacey found out the hard way! Steve Moon reported on some ridge-walking he had done in the Pictured Rocks Park area. One particularly promising lead showed signs of raccoon activity, and Steve plans to excavate it a bit more. January 31 was the trip to Glenwood Cave. Mike Bounk changed the stream level recorder at Cold Water Cave before the trip. A number of people were on the trip which saw most of the cave, including the upper level and its sump. Gary reported on his January Cold Water trip to the waterfall upstream in Wanda's Walkway. Mike Bounk and Mike Nelson were kept busy giving tours to groups of Grinnell cavers. Steve Moon had topside duty, and also did some streamwalking north of the cave. Norb Kox and some Wisconsin cavers explored a lead at the dome just upstream of Twin Domes, following it to a dome and climbing the dome with a homemade scaling pole.

Michael Bounk and Norma Eiler-Bounk are the proud parents of a very beautiful baby boy! Joseph Michael Bounk was born at 12:08 AM, April 6, 1987. Joseph was born at home, with three midwives present. Joseph weighed 9 lbs, 7 ozs, and was 20.25 inches long. Benjamin is real pleased with his new brother!



Trip Reports...

Steve Moon eager for a day of digging in The Ultimate Sand File, at Pictured Rocks Park on Feb. 15. Photo by Mike Bounk.

It is the policy of the NSS and the Iowa Grotto to use discretion in publishing cave locations. Therefore 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.

Three January trip reports can be found in the November/December Intercom (Vol.22 No.6). The Intercom contains all trip reports and notices which are received earlier than one week before printing.

February 1, 1987; INDIAN BLUFF CAVE

Jones County: Steve Moon

A trip to Starr's Cave in Burlington, Ia., and Bailey House Cave in Oquawka, Ill., cancelled out the night before, so I hopped on the BMW and headed north toward Monticello, and Pictured Rocks Park. Besides a trip through Indian Bluff Cave, I took advantage of the mild day and did some lead checking along the ridge south of the cave, on the west side of the Maquoketa River. A real good dig sight was located just south of the road into the park. The opening is at the top of a passage of unknown size, which comes out at the back of a rock shelter. the rock shelter is about 10 feet long, with some six feet of overhang. The back wall of the shelter is concave, and this solutional appearing feature continues along the face of the rock for fifteen or twenty feet beyond the shelter to the east, and is three to four feet tall. The opening is behind a small dirt mound, and appears to slope downward for some eight to ten feet before arching out of sight. There are many mammal tracks leading to and from

the opening. No air flow was detected. I was, and still am very intrigued by this one! I had no digging tools along, and could only wish that I did. I am going to initiate this dig very soon and welcome any help from all you other digging maniacs out there.

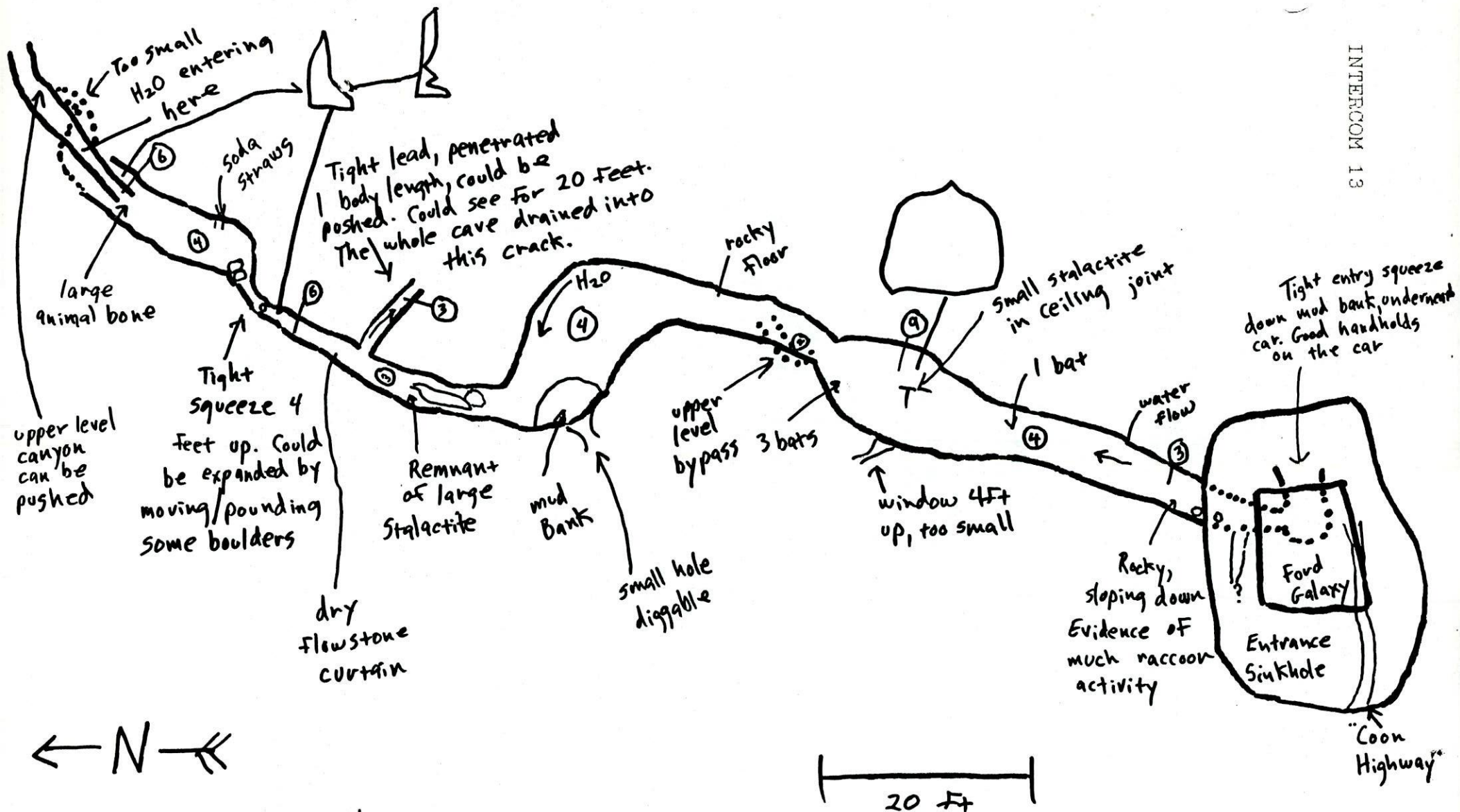
Indian Bluff Cave was a blast, as always. The digs in the back of the cave look like a lot of fun. Just kidding! They do look promising.

My BMW also enjoyed to trip.

February 8, 1987; JESSE JAMES CAVE, COON HIGHWAY CAVE, HEMP HOLE CAVE, and WILSON CAVE

Mitchell County: Mike Lace, Larry Welch, and Stacey Cyphert

Larry, Stacey, and I examined some sinkholes at the south end of the property containing Jesse James, Wilson, Two-Days-Digging Cave, and Hemp Hole. A few sinkholes looked promising as potential dig sites but the real surprise came from a sinkhole located approximately 100 ft. S.W. of Two -Days-Digging Cave. An old car body (a Galaxie) was found at the bottom of a sink. The warm weather (~55 degrees) was rapidly melting what was left of the snow in the field, and the resulting drainage had made the soil around and under the car extremely muddy. Two animal trails ("Coon Highways") were also spotted leading into the sink and under the car. After examining the wreck, and a small access located at the east end of the car, Larry decided to enter (feet first). All three of us noted the sound of running water under the car. Stacey and I waited on top as Larry's voice quickly took on a strong echo. He reported the crawlway opened to walking passage and that we should follow. One literally slides down under the car to a small passage which leads north from the sink. This passage slopes gradually downward and the ceiling gradually changes from a height of 1&1/2 to 5 feet. This entry passage opens to the largest room in the cave, at ~15 ft. wide, 15 ft. long, and 11 ft. high. Four bats were spotted as well as a single 7 inch stalagmite hanging in the middle of the ceiling. A single crawlway leads roughly north from the other end of the "Big Room", and after approximately 15 ft. it opens to a room that is ~12 ft. wide, 14 ft. long, and 3&1/2 ft. high. The room is wide and low, with a gentle mud slope rising to the left (west). A crawlway continues north from this room; the ceiling measuring approximately 2&1/2 ft., and the width 2-2&1/2 ft. A crevice leads right from this crawlway taking the water running through the cave with it. The crevice is about 1 ft. wide, and approximately 3 ft. high. One can see no more than 15 ft. to where the stream seems to drop downward. Any advancement beyond a half-body length is doubtful. The crawlway continues another 5 ft. to where it opens to a standing height crevice that is ~2-2&1/2 ft. wide. After 12 ft. the ceiling of the crevice opens, via a tight squeeze, to another room, ~10 ft. wide, by 15 ft. long, by 4 ft. high. A short 5 ft. crawlway continues to a dead end underneath the access to this room. The squeeze into the upper room is approximately 13 in. wide by 8 inches long. At the north end of the upper room a crawlway continues about 8 ft., past a large bone



Sketch from memory
by Larry Welch

Coon Highway Cave

discovered 2/7/87

Floyd Co.

Larry Welch
Mike Lace
Stacey Cyphert

IOWA GROTTO

sticking out of the mud, to a mud filled, pinched crevice. Another hole is found ~1 ft. above the lower mud crawl. In the second (upper hole) one can see into another 15 ft. a crawlway, 1&1/2 ft. wide by 2-3 ft. high, that slowly rises upward. Larry checked the very top of the crevice leading from the upper room and thought that it might have an additional lead in the north end. The three of us exited the cave, using the car body to pull ourselves up the muddy entrance.

We continued to Hemp Hole to give Stacey a quick tour. I entered first and immediately noticed a pronounced "rushing" sound. When all three of us had reached the floor of the hole we located the apparent source of the noise in an impassable crack in the west wall; it was the unmistakable sound of a lot of water. The crawlway we had dug in at the base of the east wall had ~4 inches of standing water in it. We checked the short 10 ft. crawlway leading roughly north from the upper portion and again noticed the sound of moving water but it had a different pitch, as if the water was located below the present level of the crawlway. One promising lead could be dug and will be attempted on a future trip. We exited Hemp Hole and continued to the sinkhole where Jesse James Cave is located and met Mike Nelson and his son-in-law Scott at the entrance. We then returned to both Hemp Hole and "Coon Highway" Cave (the recent find) to show them our findings. After touring the two caves we proceeded to the sinkhole containing Wilson Cave's entrance. I managed to squeeze between large stable boulders, and down a steep slope to a small room, ~2&1/2 ft. wide by 4 ft. long by 5 ft. high, where the crawlway continues into the cave. A small stream of water was running into the crawlway and a single 3 ft. high stalagmite of opaque ice stood in the center of this small room. I was soaked to the skin and getting a little cold at this point so I decided to exit the cave. I managed to crawl out of the entrance but only with a pull from Larry and Mike Nelson and only after three attempts at squeezing out on my own. The squeeze was tight, the rocks icy, and the slope steep enough so that unaided escape was extremely difficult. Larry and I returned to the car for dry clothes while Mike, Scott, and Stacey toured Jesse James Cave.

February 8, 1987; LEAD CHECKING TRIP

Mitchell County: Mike Nelson

Permission was obtained to check one sink that doesn't look promising. The tenant of the farm, Steve, said there was another, less accessible, that has taken in everything they've thrown in to try to fill it, but would rather that I wait 'till summer to look at it. So, I'm waiting.

There are five active sink holes on another farm, and at least two more on adjacent properties that seem to be a part of this system. I've looked at all but one. They appear to drain to the north to the Cedar River.

The landowner here, Marvin, related the story of how these normally interacted and of their affect on the ground around them, and interesting puzzle that leaves one scratching his head, wondering. Today, though, one was acting quite abnormal, always

drained dry in the past, it had water ponded in it to where it was 6 to 8 inches deep in the field around it. The water was then forced to run off on the surface on an area that was usually dry. It was previously capable of taking the water that overflowed from the next sink to the south. This next sink had a steady trickle of water draining into it and disappearing at an indeterminate spot. Two more near by had never held ponded water. Another to the east of these four had a very large eroded "caldera" but ended in a rather small shallow sink.

One sink on an adjacent property to the south was deeper than any on Marv's ground. This is odd, considering that it was on higher ground with a relatively small collection area. There was minor animal activity in this one.

Another sink that Marv pointed out to the north of his property and in a line with his remains unchecked as it was getting dark.

Two more exist on the next property to the east, one of which he has seen emitting water at one time!! These will also be looked at next trip.

Marv is very curious about the activity in, under, and upon his property, and was a most amiable host, meeting me on my walk back on his ATV and giving me a more thorough tour of the area and a ride back to the farmstead.

February 13-15, 1987; HORSESHOE BAY CAVE, DORCHESTER CAVE, and
BRUSSELL'S HILL CAVE

Door County, Wisconsin: Mike Nelson, Delores Nelson, and Aaron Nelson

We would like to express our sincerest thanks to Bruce and Mary Foyer and Gary and Lois Soule, without who's generosity and hospitality this trip would not have been possible.

On Friday the 13th of February, we ventured forth from Fertile, in north central Iowa, to use a rare three day weekend to attend a rare weekend meeting of the WSS. This lucky turn of events should go a long ways in dispelling the superstition associated with this day. We made the journey to Bruce and Mary Foyer's, in Omro, without incident, by 11:30 pm. It was a beautiful full moon night, the last such coincidence 'til the year 2000! Some people say the full moon negates the usual bad luck associated with this day. Bruce was just setting up to show some slides when we got there. After seeing a couple of sets of excellent cave slides, maps, and his astronomical equipment, Bruce and I talked late into the night.

After grabbing a few hours sleep, we slipped out early so we could check out the dive shops, museums, and generally learn our way around Green Bay. We then spent several hours sightseeing on the peninsula.

Although there was a record turn out for Cathy Jamrog's 3-D slide show, there were enough familiar faces in the crowd that I felt right at home. After the regular business and the unique presentation, there was much lively conversation and activity. I welcomed the chance to speak to Randy Kwiatowski some more about sump diving, and I wish to thank him here again for assisting me

in gathering this specialized equipment and knowledge. More conversation, and a couple of crawls through Kevin Hennings rib compactor, and the next thing we knew, it was late. So it was off to the Soule residence at Sturgeon Bay, and another short night's sleep.

Sunday: Gary Soule and I got to the site early enough to check the back-door dig for signs of breathing, but there were none.

Shortly, Aneta Schloemer showed up. She had attended the meeting the night before, then joined the WSS this morning as we all sat in my car waiting for the others to arrive. Soon Tim Geyer and Sandy Whiting came along and we went on down to the cave.

The reason for this trip was to hang two signs in the just gated entrance. So, Aneta, Tim, and I took pictures for a while, as George Zachariasen and Amy Steffens, who had to fetch John Kellner's generator would not be along for a while yet.

There was a clutch of five big brown bats and two individuals near the entrance. In the cloak room there were over forty bats, mostly little browns. We photographed our way through the Rocky Mountain room, where we left Tim and Sandy, and right on down the passage. Gary went on ahead to check the water level at the duckunder, returning, quite excited about it being exceedingly low. Aneta and I came prepared for only a short look around, but couldn't resist Gary's invitation to go on, and we wandered in a little past the breakdown above the wall before returning. We stuffed a few items of litter into our pockets, knowing that it can disappear in the same manner as it had accumulated, a little at a time, now that access is restricted.

George, Amy and the rest were finishing up while we went out and got into dry clothes. We all took a bunch more pictures of interesting things like each other, the signs and the gate. Then we all beat a hasty retreat for some place warm.

This short look at HSB cave verified Bruce's statement to me on Friday, "It's a short, nasty little cave, you'll love it." I'm patiently awaiting the day I can return for the full tour and hopefully participate in some sort of meaningful project.

That evening Gary provided an unexpected treat, and took Aneta, my wife Delores, and I into the south extension of Dorchester Cave. This cave was discovered during the construction of an addition to a nursing home. the construction company and the owners were sensitive enough to realize this cave should be appraised and ceased work until this could be done. They were persuaded it was worth saving and today both north and south sections are accessible through locked doors in the basement of this building!

I haven't the writing skill or the vocabulary to describe this rare little jewel of a cave, but it's intricate beauties hold me in more awe and wonder than I could have believed possible. We spent two hours admiring this unusual square cave, but could have lingered many more with no concern of boredom setting in.

Monday morning found us facing the long ride home. Gary didn't think we should miss Brussell's Hill Cave as long as we had come so far. But I was content to leave it for the next trip

drained dry in the past, it had water ponded in it to where it was 6 to 8 inches deep in the field around it. The water was then forced to run off on the surface on an area that was usually dry. It was previously capable of taking the water that overflowed from the next sink to the south. This next sink had a steady trickle of water draining into it and disappearing at an indeterminate spot. Two more near by had never held ponded water. Another to the east of these four had a very large eroded "caldera" but ended in a rather small shallow sink.

One sink on an adjacent property to the south was deeper than any on Marv's ground. This is odd, considering that it was on higher ground with a relatively small collection area. There was minor animal activity in this one.

Another sink that Marv pointed out to the north of his property and in a line with his remains unchecked as it was getting dark.

Two more exist on the next property to the east, one of which he has seen emitting water at one time!! These will also be looked at next trip.

Marv is very curious about the activity in, under, and upon his property, and was a most amiable host, meeting me on my walk back on his ATV and giving me a more thorough tour of the area and a ride back to the farmstead.

February 13-15, 1987; HORSESHOE BAY CAVE, DORCHESTER CAVE, and BRUSSELL'S HILL CAVE

Door County, Wisconsin: Mike Nelson, Delores Nelson, and Aaron Nelson

We would like to express our sincerest thanks to Bruce and Mary Foyer and Gary and Lois Soule, without who's generosity and hospitality this trip would not have been possible.

On Friday the 13th of February, we ventured forth from Fertile, in north central Iowa, to use a rare three day weekend to attend a rare weekend meeting of the WSS. This lucky turn of events should go a long ways in dispelling the superstition associated with this day. We made the journey to Bruce and Mary Foyer's, in Omro, without incident, by 11:30 pm. It was a beautiful full moon night, the last such coincidence 'til the year 2000! Some people say the full moon negates the usual bad luck associated with this day. Bruce was just setting up to show some slides when we got there. After seeing a couple of sets of excellent cave slides, maps, and his astronomical equipment, Bruce and I talked late into the night.

After grabbing a few hours sleep, we slipped out early so we could check out the dive shops, museums, and generally learn our way around Green Bay. We then spent several hours sightseeing on the peninsula.

Although there was a record turn out for Cathy Jamrog's 3-D slide show, there were enough familiar faces in the crowd that I felt right at home. After the regular business and the unique presentation, there was much lively conversation and activity. I welcomed the chance to speak to Randy Kwiatowski some more about sump diving, and I wish to thank him here again for assisting me

in gathering this specialized equipment and knowledge. More conversation, and a couple of crawls through Kevin Hennings rib compactor, and the next thing we knew, it was late. So it was off to the Soule residence at Sturgeon Bay, and another short night's sleep.

Sunday: Gary Soule and I got to the site early enough to check the back-door dig for signs of breathing, but there were none.

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to Door County. The area and it's caves are worthy of being savored, as I am still savoring South Dorchester Cave.

Upon arriving home, we backed into the driveway, unloaded our gear, and when I went to put the car in the garage, it wouldn't start. Odd, that full moon on Friday the 13th. We were unlucky enough to break down, but lucky enough to have it happen in our driveway, 997 miles and four days later. (A note to all you cavers out there; Don't leave your lights on too long while unloading your gear in the dark!)

February 21, 1987; COLD WATER WEEKEND

Winneshiek County: Steve Moon

Saturday I found myself on the surface minding the store. Along about 1 PM I drove to a nearby stand of timber and after obtaining permission from a landowner, proceeded to walk for three hours, checking for active karst at approximately the northern boundary area of the Cold Water Cave drainage basin. The small meandering stream which runs south through the timber makes many abrupt turns, and loses volume along the way. Two small seasonal tributary streams enter the larger stream at one particularly radical hairpin turn of the stream. These contained many small frozen pools of water at the bottom of a series of short drops, or seasonal water falls. The tributaries seem to be draining directly downward into the bedrock in a zone no more than fifty feet from the stream. The surface rock here is especially full of solutional holes. Above these small tributaries there is an active sinkhole in a corn field. The owner of this sinkhole does not want visitors, so no attempt was made to open the sinkhole any further. Photographs were taken, and the landowner will be contacted soon. Please don't go looking for this one yet. The area does seem very highly active hydrologically, and is currently under study by Iowa Grotto member Betty Wheeler, of La Crosse, Wisconsin. Betty is using a variety of dye trace methods in her study.

There were a few small solutional features in the exposed bedrock which followed the stream on alternating sides, mainly to the south or west of the stream as it meanders. Many joints are evident. There did not seem to be any promising looking dig sights along the creek.

I returned to the shed just as the first caving party was exiting Cold Water Cave.

February 21, 1987; COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County: Mike Nelson, Uli Knorr, Peter McBride, Tim Mueller, Will Petty, Kris Shaefer, and Mike Worobec

I had volunteered to do tourist duty this month, as I was expecting an acquaintance who had expressed a desire to see Cold Water Cave, and because I was aware of Mike Bounk's desire to do some real caving here for a change. The fellow I was expecting cancelled at the last minute, but a dozen Grinnell students showed up unexpectedly. So, tho they were willing to show them-

selves around in two separate groups, Mike Bounk decided it would be best if they were accompanied.

The six I took were energetic, curious, and most of all respectful. I would be more than happy to do some caving with any of these people anytime.

Mike Bounk took his party downstream, while we headed upstream. I pointed out many of the less noticable features and curiosities that I was aware of, and answered questions as best I could. Although indicating a desire to roam around a bit, they all stuck together very well. As they showed so much respect for the cave and its features, I felt safe turning them loose up Waterfall Passage for a ways. I explained that Obstruction Passage was as far as I was familiar with up that way, but they only went as far as the second dome. There they found the body of some poor lost dead decaying critter.

While the rest were wandering around, Peter accompanied me into the Spong Siphon area. He sat on the breakdown while I slipped in to check the water level. It was impassable, and with the weather continuing to be warmer than normal, a trip beyond seemed improbable in the near future.

We all regrouped at the junction and turned downstream, meeting the other group near the platform. One member left for the surface, due to cold feet, and the rest of us went on to view the gallery.

Two more headed out after this section, but Will, Uli and Peter wanted to climb and/or crawl. I took them to Pothole Passage, then to Bertha's Balcony.

They were satisfied and running short of time, so we made a bee line for the surface. As I said earlier, I would look forward to caving with any of these folks again.

February 21, 1987: COLD WATER CAVE

Winneshiek County; Mike Bounk, Gary Engh, Steve Moon, Mike Nelson, Doug Schmuecher, Rick Bart, Jeff Dodd, Erick Hippy, John Schmit, and Chris Victor

Steve, Gary and I left for Cold Water from my house Friday evening. On the way north, we stopped at Lowell Burkhead's house to pick up some reconditioned carbide lamps. Later that evening, we arrived at Cold Water.

On Saturday, I planned to head up Cascade with Gary Engh. However, shortly before I was to get ready, about 10 Grinnell College cavers arrived at the shed. I decided that this was too many for Mike Nelson to handle, and so ended up leading 5 of them and Doug on a tourist trip of the main passage.

We entered at ~11:00 AM and headed downstream about 1500 ft. to the first upper level passage on the left wall. We then headed upstream to the breakdown pavement area just downstream of the Jump-N-Off point. After looking at the crinoids, we headed a short distance up from the Jump-N-Off point. We exited the cave at ~4 PM. I took a number of pictures.

February 22, 1987: LEAD CHECKING TRIP

Mitchell County; Mike Nelson

I returned to one of the farms that I had checked out on Feb. 8, to check out the last of the sinks on his land, the one I missed due to darkness last time. It was a massive depression, but no cave sign.

I then got permission to look into the sinks on some adjacent properties.

One land owner, Eugene, and his wife were very congenial and interested, and we talked for over an hour about caves, geology, and whatever. They also enjoyed my album of cave pictures. I reassured them of my safe attitude, allowing that I wouldn't venture into any caves without proper assistance.

Their son, Eugene Jr. (Sharky), and his friend, Bob, did some caving in their teens. Bob was described as "cave happy". They gave me addresses and I will pass these along to Larry Welch, as they both now live in the Ames area. Maybe he can rekindle their interest, or obtain some leads from them.

Promising to share any gold or treasure I might find with them, I left the house to scope out these sinks. I would like to add here that they used to dispose of garbage in these sinks, but Eugene came to the conclusion that this was not a good practice, and ceased it of his own accord. "Very commendable, bless you, Eugene!"

He had described the sinks as quite active, and that they were. The bedrock was not obvious, but one knows it must be close at hand by the depth and steepness of the final drain. Minor animal activity was evident in the third of this series of four sinks, which run west to east, towards the Cedar River.

These merit further looking into as soon as all traces of snow are gone.

I then walked the Cedar River and found many coon-sized openings, (used) and one "cave" big enough to slide into for a body length. This perforated bluff face is in a direct line with the link holes, but appears to me that the majority of the openings are on a plane with the base level of the sinks. This lack of gradient leaves little room for caves, but I am still rather new at this and there is room for error in my observations, I'm sure.

February 28, 1987; LEAD CHECKING TRIP

Clayton County: Gary Engh, Greg McCarty, Steve Moon, Todd Sabin, and Bob Ward (report by Steve Moon)

Gary picked me up in Oasis at about 6:30 AM, and we headed northward. Gary had developed some very interesting sounding leads in northern Clayton County, and we were prepared to drop some pits.

We had breakfast in Garnavillo, where we met up with Todd and Bob. The leads are on Todd's uncle's property. From Garnavillo, we headed east toward the Mississippi, and soon found ourselves dropping very quickly in elevation as we neared the river. We parked and began walking up through a real pretty ravine, which is very steep sided. The leads are sinkholes which

were formed over crevices. At one time they were apparently enterable, but are now filled. We walked back to the truck, and Todd mentioned that there was another lead on some adjacent property, in the same ridge. We checked with a local landowner, and after receiving directions, proceeded to locate the cave. According to the owner, this cave was once used by Indians, and we should find a table and chairs made from rock. He also said that the cave used to go for miles and miles, but that part of the cave had collapsed, and was no longer as extensive. We all got a good laugh out of this report, and were anxious to check out this "old Indian cave."

The cave was located some 150 feet above the floor of the valley, not very far from the Mississippi River. The climb to the top of the ridge is very steep, and affords an impressive view of the valley. It was about 1:00 PM when we entered the small sink-hole which leads into the crevice cave. A very soft misty rain began to fall at this time, but there was no possibility of significant amounts of water entering the cave, due to the location of the entrance on the side of a hill. I was the first to enter the cave, followed quickly by Gary, Greg, Todd, and Bob. The entrance is a squeeze into a passage which quickly becomes walking height. In places, this passage extends upward 15 to 20 feet. After about 25 feet, this passage intersects another crevice at a 90 degree angle. The next passage extends in either direction, with canyon passages on the left, and walking and crawling passages on the right. On the right and left, there are more small passages intersecting at right angles, with one small room to the left, ~5 ft. wide, 7 ft. long, and 5 ft. high, and some very tight squeeze leads. Gary Engh had a great time pushing himself into some very small places in the right-hand section. On the left, a canyon passage leads to a break down area, (the collapse described by the landowner) with a small squeeze which leads into a very large room (miles and miles). As I pushed into this room, I stood up and exclaimed "holy shit!" As my voiced trailed off in an echoe, Greg yelled in "holy shit what?" All personnel soon followed me to find a room which is ~6 ft. wide, 40 ft. tall, and 50 ft. long. This room displays classic mechanical formation, with protruding ledges on the left corresponding to under cuts on the right. The ledges, (I think there were 3 of them at various heights) are big enough to walk on, and provided a place to sit and rest while Greg and Gary probed the far end of the room, which narrows and continues through some precarious breakdown block, which Gary had a fine time probing. Todd, Bob, and I thought Gary was stuck in a lower area of the breakdown portion of the room, which Greg had talked Gary into exploring for further passage. Evidently Greg and Gary weren't too concerned, and Gary finally chimined his way back up to the ceiling of the passage and back through the breakdown. We spotted about 6 or 8 bats in the cave.

At about 4:30 PM we exited the cave to find a soft rain falling, getting the gear we had left at the entrance a bit wet. At the bottom of the hill we drove back to Todd's uncle's farm where we changed out of our grubby clothes. We talked with Todd's uncle Jim, and aunt Bonnie, and then bid farewell to our new friends, and headed back to our favorite restaurant in

Garnavillo; "Thoma's". Greg and Gary and I ate dinner here, and spent quite a while shootin' the shit. We finally split up at about 6:30 PM, and began our journies home through very heavy rain. We were happy with our day of caving, oblivious to the fact that there were some cavers only a few miles away from Garnivillo, who desperately needed our help. We were tired and sore, and ready to kick-back when we arrived back in Oasis.

February 28, 1987; MILLER CAVE TRAGEDY

Allamakee County: Steve Moon, Mike Bounk, and Gary Engh

20 minutes after returning from our lead checking trip to the Garnavillo area, Mike Bounk called to inform us of the desperate situation near Postville, which is only about twenty-five miles from where we had been a few hours earlier. We sat tight for 1&1/2 very tense hours, monitoring the situation via phone calls with Bounk, and then headed back north again. This time we stopped at Mike's place in Cedar Bluff, where we transferred gear to Mike's truck, which was already well equipped. The F-100 is larger than Gary's truck, and more roadworthy in snow.

Just north of Hiway 30 we encountered snow on the road. As we continued northward the snow increased. As we neared Monticello, we were amazed at how surreal the whole experience was becoming. We drove behind a snow plow for 10 excruciating miles, passing it finally, while dropping into Guttenburg. The trip took about 5 hours! I drove up since Gary had been driving all day. Talk about white knuckles!

When we neared the little town of Luana, it became possible to simply follow car tracks to the scene of the accident through the six inch deep snow. It was 4:00 AM when we finally arrived. There were more sheriff's cars than I had ever seen in one place. There were rescue trucks, and pickup trucks, and private cars everywhere. We parked near the farm house and walked into the temporary shelter that had been set up in the garage. We were immediately offered coffee or Mountain Dew, and cookies. Deb McCarty was here, along with 2 of the survivors, several patrolman, Mr. Miller and some friends, and the women serving coffee. Everyone seemed lost in their own world. The two surviving students were standing, quietly talking among themselves. They seemed somewhat shakey. Deb informed us that Greg and Rudy were at the cave, and were in the process of derigging. The bodies of Kathy McClusky and Mike Price had been recovered and quickly rushed to the hospital at Postville. Two students who had been trapped at the bottom of the pit while their friends hung dying over their heads in a raging water fall. They were rescued immediately after the body recovery, and were somewhat hypothermiated, but alive. They were rushed to the Postville Hospital also. It was an intense scene in that garage, but I can only imagine that it was a hundred times as intense at the cave entrance that night. I can imagine the grisly task of extricating the bodies, and Rudy making first voice contact with the surviving students at the bottom. It has to be something that many of us will never ever forget.

Soon Greg, Rudy, and Mike Abel of the Department of Natural Resources, walked out of the gloomy darkness. They seemed in good spirits, in spite of the gravity of the situation at hand. They had saved two lives that night. Greg had been in contact with Kathy's husband Charles, and had the unpleasant task ahead of calling him once again. Greg has been a close friend of the McClusky's, and this must have been mighty difficult for him. Everyone seemed to maintain their dignity in the face of horror that night, but there were few smiles.

Before we knew it Gary and I were back in Mike's truck, following the McCarty's into Postville, where we hoped against hope that there would be a gas station open in this tiny town at 4:30 AM. We set our course for Johnson County, sad and tired and amazed by what we had just been a part of. The humor and congeniality were there, but this time it was underscored by a profound understanding of some harsh realities.

We transferred some gear to Gary's truck once we arrived at Bounk's place in Cedar Bluff, and headed on to Oasis. I unloaded my gear, and Gary continued on to Oxford. It was 8:00 AM. I told Jane all about it, and fell asleep on the couch while she watched Sunday Morning with Charles Kuralt.

It took me three days to catch up on my sleep.

February 28, 1987; JESSE JAMES, COON HIWAY, and HEMP HOLE

Mitchell County: Mike Nelson, Larry Welch, Mike Lace, Beth Patel, and Stacy Cyphert

I got up to Mitchell County early, left a copy of my last trip report in Eugene's door, as he was either gone or not up yet. I stopped at a friend's house, Lindy Dau, to talk a little on antiques, and a little on sinkholes and geology. He loaned me a most interesting book, Geology Of Mitchell County, by Samuel Calvin, from the Iowa Geological Survey, vol. XIII, annual report, 1902, pp 293-352. He also told me how fortunate I was that Eugene let me look around on his property, as he chases most of the locals off, (mainly for hunting and trapping without permission.) I had told Eugene that I would return at a later date to discuss anything I might find. In the future I will do this on the same day, if for no other reason than to let the owner know that I am safely off their land. This lead searching is new business to me, but I believe I am catching on to one of the most important aspects in all of caving, owner relations.

I got to the landowner's place early, so I rode around a bit just as Larry, Mike, Stacey and Beth were suiting up. They attacked their survey project in Jesse James and I attacked the dig lead in Hemp Hole.

The crevasse that comprises the north lead in this cave had fill level with its top, and above here the passage was open to about 3-4 feet wide, 6-8 inches high, and approximately 7 feet long, before the ceiling rose and the lead appeared "pushable". I excavated close to a foot of this fill from the crevasse, leaving a passage somewhat reminiscent of the "S" curves in Sand Canyon of CWC. Five feet into it the crevasse pinched together, and within two feet of the cave beyond, I was stopped at a rock shelf

with 6 inches of opening. This was the most direct of 3 possibilities. Next time I'll try the left approach that appears to arch around to the lead. The dig to the right does not look like much fun and where it leads is not ascertainable.

Stopping in at Coon Highway, I dropped one big rock that made access to the High Room difficult. I then wandered about, looking into every sinkhole on this section of Bill's land. There are a couple more possible projects which will need evaluation after the snow has melted from the sinkholes.

Back at Jesse James the surveyors were working their way out the entrance passage from the Junction Room. They were about ready to wrap things up, due to chilling from the cold outside air present in the entry way. Larry pointed out a likely dig, so I swung into it, trying to imagine its relationship to the passages beyond and below it. A little later, I let Beth take over to warm herself up, then checked out a hunch. Climbing down through the Junction Room, then back up to the lower level of a two level crevasse passage, I found myself looking through at Beth's progress! You should have seen the look on his face when I reached in and asked for the trowel, saying it looked like the going might be easier from this side. We joyously grasped hands through the hole, then we all celebrated the "big connection" and started giving Larry grief that he shall doubtlessly have to endure the rest of his days.

They "bagged" the survey for the time being, and we all retraced my steps to Hemp Hole, where I got a second and third opinion on the dig. Then to Raccoon Hiway, where Larry, hoping to vindicate himself, and I climbed into the newly more accessible High Room, and Larry proceeded to push some very scary, tight crevasse cave, with a little physical and verbal assistance from me. He made it over a body length that I wouldn't care to try, nor I'll bet, that he would care to repeat.

Meanwhile, back at the dig, Mike and Stacey had removed a body lengths worth of the most uninviting sticky orange mud imaginable. This was a real lead, which was a load off Larry, but it still awaits a couple more optimistic souls to pursue it. (Preferably with Teflon coveralls.)

We rechecked most all of the sinks on the south end of the property, probing into a couple of the ones with possibilities, then called it a day. We all set off in different directions with wet snowy cold weather hot on our heels.

I stopped back to Eugene's to tell him first hand of my inspection of the previous weekend, and asked if he wanted the traps placed illegally on his land removed. He certainly did and I'll do this at my first opportunity when I get back up there to return Lindy's book. We talked 'til about 8:00 PM and I left for home, with ice water, then sleet, then snow, each taking its turn with the road surface.

At home I took a shower, ate, and hit the sack, leaving my gear in the truck 'til morning to clean.

Sometime after 11:00 PM I was awakened by Mike Bounk on the phone, alerting me of a situation in northeast Iowa that did not sound good. Three college students and two outdoor recreation leaders from the same college were in a pit with water running in directly where the rope and cable ladder were hung. There was

tension on each device. I readied some extra gear, attempted to reach more cavers to put them on standby, and attempted to sleep.

Come morning I lay in bed, wanting to call Mike B., but not wanting to disrupt whatever operations he may be involved in, nor disturb him after what had to be a sleepless night. Soon, though, he called to inform me of two fatalities, two cases of hypothermia. I notified as many cavers as I could, then slipped into my private world of grief, exploring the caverns of fear and hope that always overshadow this sport, hobby, science, obsession of ours.

March 3, 1987; CAVES OF MASON CITY; TWO ROOM CAVE

Cerro Gordo County: Mike Nelson

I heard about Two Room Cave some time ago from Jake (Jack) Laskawick, who had been a foreman of mines before his retirement. We had gone out to look for it once in the past, but the place he recalled it being had piles of material there that had been pushed up when Northwestern States Cement Co. had rerouted Calimus Creek. I had been intending to speak to a local historian, who just happened to be on the park board, to see if it could be reopened. I later heard a story from a friend of mine about a little cave in the general vicinity that the cops had to occasionally chase some local devil worshippers out of. Walking back to the general area that Jake and I had been to, it was very easy to spot the cave at this time of year with all the foliage down.

It was in shallow bed rock with a very peculiar pillar supporting the center of the first room and some wooden pilings supporting the area between the two rooms. The second room had a small entrance, too. It is obviously fracture controlled, with some minor solutional features on the ceiling that formed along a bedding plane. My impression of this strange cave is that the rock fractured and fissured below the bedding plane of the ceiling, which somehow managed to stay intact. I'm putting myself out on a limb here, but I believe that most of the cave was formed by the removal of the fractured rock below the bedding plane by human hands, thus the very peculiar center supporting column left in place by some wise engineer. Possibly this was just a limestone shelter cave that was enlarged. Jake's memories of this place go back to 1927, and it was just as he had described it to me. Definitely time to look up the local historians.

Jake had also told me of a much more impressive cave on the other side of the Winnebago River from Two Room, but it had been quarried out. Even the evidence of the quarry is now being obliterated as the area is being reclaimed by the pumping of clean fill from building projects around town.

I had also heard stories of small caves along Willow Creek in the area of the public library. I found two shelter caves in limestone, one of which has a small fracture squeezeway that I could see about 15 feet into and can be entered with a minimum of digging. There was some tiny solutional sponging in this general area and a seep spring. All in all, it was a very worthwhile way to kill an afternoon and fire up my curiosity and imagination.

March 7, 1987; LEAD TRIP

Mitchell County: Mike Nelson, Delores Nelson

On Marvin's farm we rechecked the sink that normally drained a large area, but was full of water on my first visit here. It has emptied itself again. In its bottom we noted that it is full of top soil and very large glacial erratics, with an active drain in which the top soil has been washed through and a hollow left between the erratics. The hollow reached at least four feet below the base of the sink, but no bedrock was observed. If Marv were to dig this out, as he has considered, and it was done carefully, I'm confident a joint of some nature would be encountered.

Then looking at the next sink up the line, we found it free of ice and snow. It was still taking in a steady stream of water that wasn't ponding. I jabbed a stick into the bottom and worked it in two feet before meeting any resistance.

On the land that Karl resides on, are two sinks which both have hollows running down thru the erratics that have been deposited in them. There were many coon tracks around the north one, the one that Marvin has seen water issuing from!

Next we visited Eugene's farm, where we first checked the ditch northwest of his house, he had told me that the culvert there emptied into a crevasse. There was still ice and water present, and no evidence was as yet apparent of the hole that, as I had heard from other sources, is supposedly enterable.

I then took a quick glance at the next culvert south, on the other side of the road, from which water drained into a field tile type stand pipe. The pipe dropped about ten feet into a void in the bedrock and was cemented in place.

We rewalked my previous path through the active sinks on Gene's land, scaring up three deer from one of them. Then we picked up the traps that I had found placed illegally on his property, and took them up to his place.

This would wrap up my searchings on these properties for the time being, unless called on to do more by changes noted by the owners who all seem to be as curious as myself about the processes taking place beneath their holdings.

The temperature reached 70 degrees on this day!

February 15, 1987; THE ULTIMATE SAND PILE

Jones County: Steve Moon, Michael Bounk, and Dave Schwendinger

Due to foul weather a vertical practice and dig for Sunday had been cancelled on Saturday night. I was resigned to working on the Intercom and doing some house work. Around 9:00 AM on Sunday morning Mike called to report that he was heading to Indian Bluff Cave! I was on the road with Mike in his F-100 20 min. later, very psyched about finally pursuing the lead I had located February 1. (Trip report is in this issue.) We met Dave in Monticello, after slipping and sliding our way northward from Oasis. The weather was a bit dubious that day, with snow on the road in places. We headed right out to Pictured Rocks Park, where

Mike dropped me off just below my dig. He and Dave headed on over to Indian Bluff Cave, where Dave has a dig going.

Before starting the dig, I set up my camera so that I could do a sequence of photographs of the dig for the Jan/Feb Intercom article on sequential photography. The digging was very fast through dry dirt. At a depth of about 20 inches, I hit a layer of large breakdown blocks, some of which were almost impossible to extricate. Directly below these is a layer of yellow sand. Mike Bounk thinks the sand was deposited by the Maquoketa River when the valley was not as mature as it is now. The river is now about 40 or so feet below the dig. The sand is sedimented, with layers that are generally a 1/4 to 1 inch thick, separated by thin dark layers. I was really impressed by this beautiful yellow sand. Of course it's real easy to dig! I enjoyed digging in that sand, and I remembered the big sand pile that I had when I was a tike. I've always loved that kind of thing. Therefore it is only right that this cave, however large it is, be named "Ultimate Sand Pile Cave".

The walls of the passage seem to bell out at the bottom. The floor was not encountered on this trip. The ceiling follows a joint or "life line," and goes up at about a 45 degree angle at the present end of the dig. The passage heads into the center of the ridge, at about a 45 degree angle from it's general trend. There is still an animal run about 6 inches high at the end. There was a very strong urine smell in the top 6 or 10 inches of fill for practically the entire length of the passage. I would predict that this dig goes! All fill was simply tossed down the side of the hill. The new passage begins at the back of a fair-sized rock shelter, and is about 15 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2-3 feet tall. Anyone who is interested in working on this dig, please go for it! It's a fun one.

We all headed back to Monticello, where Dave showed us his collection of carbide stoves, carbide generators, and mining, railroad, and bicycle lamps. A very impressive collection. Dave's wife Tammy invited us to stay for chili, but we had to get home. Next time! The trip home was uneventful, and Mike and I both felt pleasantly sore.

March 15; INDIAN BLUFF and CLEANUP TRIP

Jones County: Dave Schwendinger, Mike Bounk, and Steve Moon
(report by Mike bounk)

At ~9:40 AM Steve and I left from Oasis and drove to Monticello where we met Dave. We then drove to Pictured Rocks Park where we arrived at about 11:30 AM. We dropped Steve and his equipment off along the road down into the park. He then proceeded to a lead that he planned to check.

Dave and I then headed into Indian Bluff Cave. Dave entered first, and I followed taking numerous pictures. We finally reached Gietkowski's Grotto. From there, Dave headed to the "T" beyond the Grotto, and started digging out a large pile of relatively fresh dirt which would have made it extremely difficult to dig in the passage beyond.

He tossed the dirt to me at Hedges Hangup, and I tossed it behind me. Occasionally, we would return to the grotto pushing as much dirt as possible ahead or behind us. At about 2:30 PM we started back out collecting empty pop and beer cans and gum wrappers and cigarette butts on the way. I took many pictures. We exited at about 3:00 PM. We hadn't gained much in distance but this trip will hopefully make the next one easier. Dave saw 4 bats in the cave.

We picked up Steve and returned to Monticello.

March 17, 1987; INDIAN BLUFF AREA, HORSETHIEF CAVE

Jones County: Mike Lace

I began digging in a small crawlway spotted by Steve Moon some weeks earlier. Expanding on Steve's work, I managed to extend the dry passage another 2-3 ft. and clear out the passage end by removing some tree roots and lowering the floor a few inches. The digging was easy since the fill consisted of soft dirt and a little sand. The passage to date, measures ~18 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, and 3&1/2 ft.-2 ft. high. One can see about 4 ft. into a 4 inch airspace at the top of this triangular shaped passage. No floor has been reached at this point and clearly the passage continues, but most of it will have to be excavated.

After examining a few animal runs near the Horsethief Cave entrance, I entered the cave. No bats were spotted but numerous spiders with ripe egg sacks were along the ceiling. I didn't see any leads in the main cave, but I did see an interesting possibility in an animal run located near the cut-around passage at the top of the rock outcrop, above the cave shelter. This animal run is body-sized at the entrance but pinches down to a 10 inch ceiling height. One can see about ten feet into a 5 ft. wide animal run with a mud floor that seems to slope downward at the back. The run heads into the hill, but a good deal of digging would be required in order to squeeze into it.

The Palimpsest is published monthly at Iowa City by the State Historical Society of Iowa. The May 1944 issue contains three articles; The Mapleton Meteorite, Iowa in 1844, and Dutton's Cave.

DUTTON'S CAVE

In the days a generation ago when livery teams and human legs still were recognized means of transportation, Dutton's Cave, three miles and a half northeast of West Union, was a favorite picnic spot. Seldom a day went by without one or more picnic parties visiting the place, and on Sundays the cave premises often drew a large number of groups to total a hundred or more persons, building their campfires and preparing their picnic meals.

The cave, with a front sixty feet in height, is generally considered the most impressive piece of scenery in the West Union

locality, and has shared with Falling Spring, five and a half miles northwest, the chief popularity as a picnic place, though Falling Spring has the advantage of easier climbs to reach the picnic grounds.

Dutton's Cave got its name from its discoveror, Lorenzo Dutton, who found it the first year he lived in Fayette County, in 1848. Although Mr. Dutton was not the first settler in what afterward became Union Township of Fayette County, he was the second. The first settler was Thomas J. Smith, who built a cabin in August, 1848, about a mile southeast of the present courthouse square in West Union. Smith moved on soon, leaving no historic trace, and so for something like sixty-six years, until his death in 1914, Mr. Dutton was rated "the oldest inhabitant" of the West Union community.

Lorenzo Dutton, who, in July, 1848, came from Meredith, Delaware County, New York, selected a cabin site about a mile and a half northeast of Smith's place. He went back to New York and when he returned in September he was accompanied by Henry Jones, Charles Jones, William H. Blanchard, and William W. Bailey. These men built a dwelling. It consisted of four upright corner poles, some other poles laid horizontally as a basis for a roof, while all the rest of the structure, sides a roof, consisted of prairie hay. They had a cook stove; they gathered abundant wild honey in the woods; and, as they claimed, "lived like princes" on slap-jacks and wild honey. But within a month a prairie fire swept over the country and burned their happy home. They then put up a log cabin, which served them through the winter.

Mr. Dutton's first experience in log-cabin building occurred at the home of a neighbor, a mile and a half north of the Dutton farm, soon after he arrived. When the "log raising" was finished, the pioneer settler got dinner for the crowd. His coffee pot had been burned up accidentally, and he had only one kettle to cook in. So he cooked beans in the kettle; then turned them out and boiled pork and potatoes, and made coffee in it. Wooden chips were used for plates, and the seven men took turns drinking coffee from two tin cups.

One day in the fall of 1848 when Lorenzo Dutton and William Bailey were out hunting bees they heard the rattle of a snake. Having located the rattler, Bailey threw a stone at it. Curiously enough, the stone by fortunate chance rolled along till it reached the mouth of the rattlesnake den, stopped there, and blocked the hole. A home run thus became impossible for the whole rattlesnake family, who were out sunning themselves. So Dutton and Bailey kept on gathering stones, and had a field day at snake killing, disposing of eighteen reptiles, some of them large. One had twenty-one rattles.

It was on this occasion that Mr. Dutton discovered the cave which bears his name. His farm did not embrace the cave property, which was about half a mile from his home, though his land extended within a few rods of it. From the rocky front of the cave a spring-fed stream of almost icy cold water led down between high hills, and thence along a pleasant, well timbered glade near a sugar bush for some two miles northeasterly to join the Turkey River. At that time it was possible to go back into the cave for three hundred feet, where a small lake existed. Tradition says

that someone built a small boat and rowed around on this lake, but for thirty or forty years past the cave has been so silted up that going into its recesses has been almost impossible, very inconvenient, and possibly dangerous...

...Lorenzo Dutton was a respected and beloved citizen of West Union. He had a great store of reminiscences and a quizzical humor; he was a reader and thinker, a good visitor, who delighted to meet and talk with his fellow men. In the later years of his life, for what he was and for what he represented, he lent much pleasure to the lives of those men along the street who enjoy "meeting the fellows" every day to talk things over.

Walter H. Beall

SPELEOBOOK REVIEW

"The Tenth Muse"; by Ronald B. Parker; Charles Scribner's Sons, Pub., 1986; hard-bound.

So you thought that cave formations were the result of the evaporation of calcium saturated water and the subsequent deposition of that calcium and other minerals on the interior of caves, huh? And what about the formation of the caves to begin with? I suppose you believe this to be the result of the percolation through the upper soil zone and bedrock layers of water that is rich in carbon dioxide which dissolves calcite on its way downward, with additional cave formation taking place due to erosion and so on. That's what I thought, too.

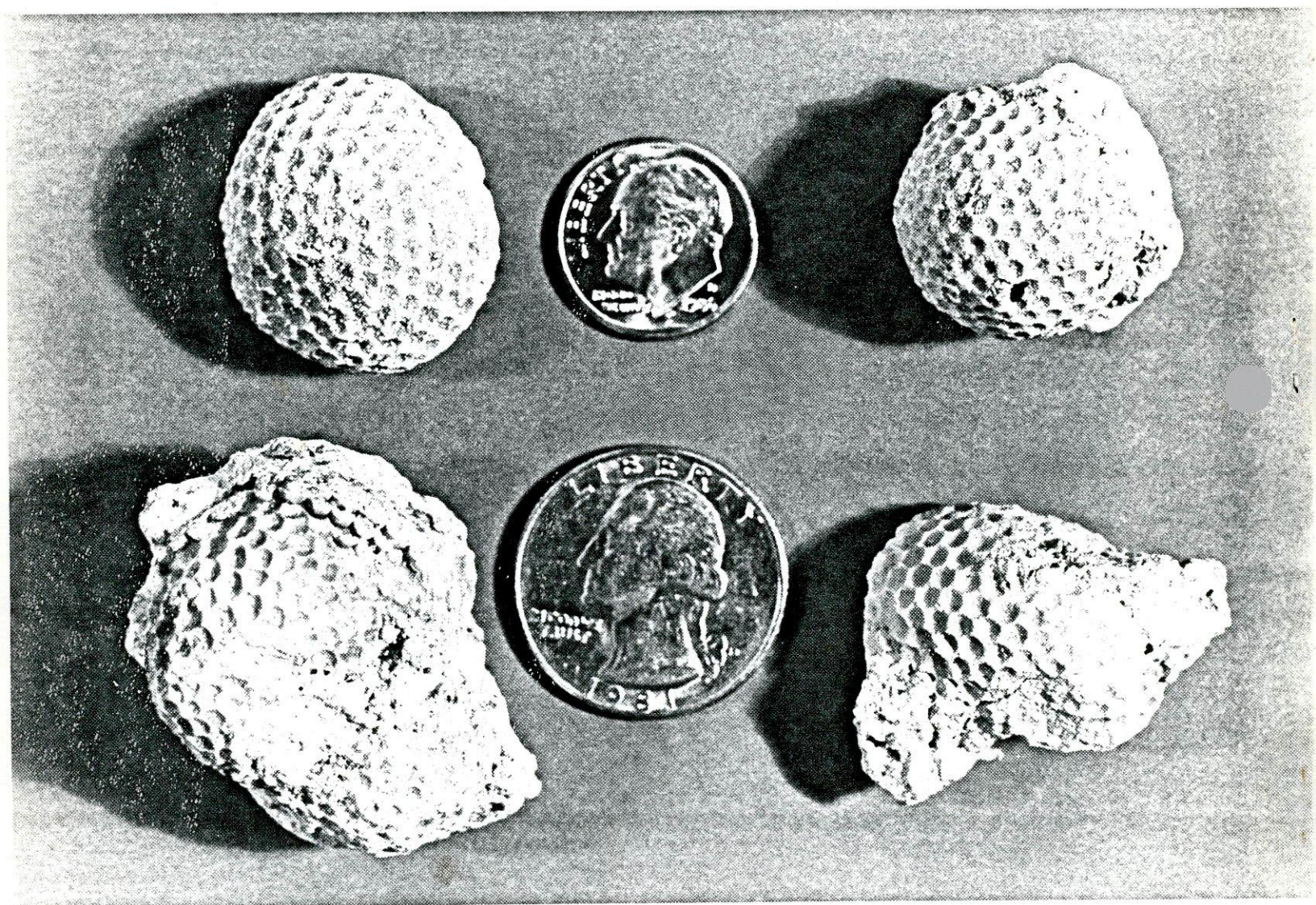
After reading a chapter entitled "The .07 Percent Solution," in Mr. Parker's book, I will be looking at cave interiors in a new light. This radical theory of cave formation is based on the premise that carbon dioxide will transfer from water to air or from one solution to another different solution, in order to achieve a balance under new conditions. Mr. Parker uses this theory to explain a number of cave features.

"The Tenth Muse" is a fascinating collection of thoughts from an obviously creative thinker. The book is well worth reading. If the public library of your community does not have this book, you should recommend that they purchase it. This is one book I will add to my collection.

Where the heck??

The answer to the quiz on the back cover of the last Intercom, is, (envelope please), Maquoketa Caves State Park, in Jackson County. This is a very beautiful and karst ridden park. A very nice campground (no showers) provides a weekend base for exploring the many interesting caves here. A xeroxed hand-out is available from Steve Moon, which contains maps and geological information on the major caves in the park. Ask and you shall receive. If you explore away from the park, or in less frequented portions of the park in the spring and summer, look out for rattlesnakes. You don't need to worry about snakes in the caves or

on the trails that are frequented by us humans. Right next door to the park is the Bluff Lake Catfish Place restaurant (closed Monday - Wednesday). It is within walking distance of the campground, and is well worth a visit! At the main entrance to the park is the Sager's Museum. The two-headed calf is not a fake!



What the heck?? What is the name of this fossil creature? Where is it found in Iowa? What significance does the presence of this fossil have to Iowa caving? Hint: It is not a golf ball.