

October 1969

Intercom, Volume 5, No. 5, September-October 1969

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Fattig, Larry and Swenson, Alan, "Intercom, Volume 5, No. 5, September-October 1969" (1969). *Intercom*. 53.

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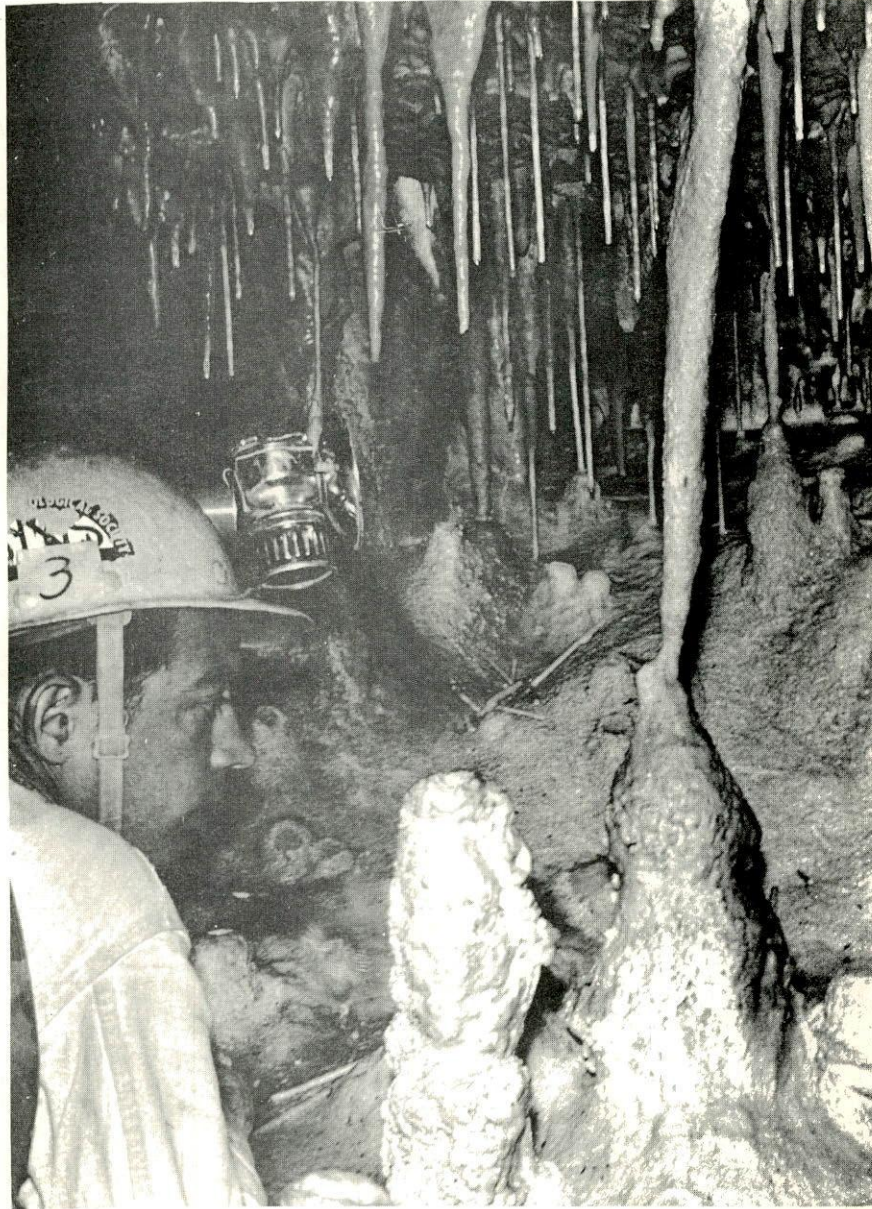
I N T E R C O M

Vol. 5 #5

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THE IOWA GROTTO
National Speleological Society



Volume V

Issue 5

September — October 1969

IOWA GROTTO INTERCOM
P. O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

The Intercom is printed in six issues each year by the Iowa Grotto, NSS. Subscriptions are two dollars for six issues, or free in exchange for similar publications of other grottoes.

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COVER PICTURE: Bruce Baker in Mystery Cave, Montana

Photo by Harold Herrington



IOWA GROTTO
National Speleological Society
P. O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

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CORRECTIONS

In Dave Nicholson's technical report on climbing devices in Intercom 5:4, the size sling material he used was omitted. The polyethelene slings were 5/16 inch and the manilla and nylon slings were $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.

CAVE LEADS

Larry Fattig

It has come to my attention that many newer members of the grotto do not know exactly how to go about finding leads. I hope others will follow my example and publish their leads. In this way we can tell where there is an area with much work to be done. This will also stop the last minute calling for leads before a trip.

The following leads are not for everyone, some require vertical experience, others may need scuba. If you are interested in pushing these leads please do so, but publish your findings so we will have an accurate record of the lead.

Valley which contains many sinks near Highlandville Cave, several openings in this area.

Big Blowing Hole in sink above Malanaphy spring, near Decorah said to be vertical. Location NE/SW/NE/31/99N/8W/Co. 96.

Ice cave, and others on Bear Creek 7 miles west of Arlington on Harold Cammack farm.

Openings in limestone bluffs on east side of Upper Iowa River at Bluffton.

Leo Matheins farm about a mile west of Burr Oak has two big sinks.

Gerald Mielke is the owner of Spook Cave. He has been caving in Iowa for over twenty years and has a vast knowledge of Iowa caves. He would be a good person to talk to.

Charly Good of Bluffton, Iowa, knows about Mortons Cave near Coldwater.

Leonard Trauten of Harmony, Minn., owns land with several large sinks north of the Irving Young farm.

GROTTO MINUTES - AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting July 9, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:55 PM
Attendance: 13 members & 2 guests Treasury: \$110.18
Grotto will distribute large car decals to members free of charge. The idea of a fall picnic was tabled. Audubon Society requested a slide show. Conservation projects have to be worked on at Rose Shaft, Engelken, and Muenster caves. Grotto will not exhibit at the Howard County Fair. C. Went Carter will donate back issues of the News to the Grotto. Report on the cave accident at McCabe Crevice. Trip reports on lava tubes in Idaho, Yew Ridge Cave, Casper's Shanty Cave, and caves near Spook Cave. Slide show "Caving Around Huntsville, Alabama" was shown.

Regular Meeting July 23, 1969

Room 3400 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:15 PM
Attendance: 13 members & 5 guests Treasury: \$104.36
No word from Carter on back issues of News. Walt Mauer to continue the Dubuque Survey. Grotto will not exhibit at the Dubuque County Fair. Dave Jagnow may transfer to school in New Mexico. Lecture for Audubon Society will be April 6, 1970. Additional information on accident at McCabe Crevice was given. Report on the conservation work at Engelken Cave. Intercom issues are being organized. Grotto members, Marti Barber and Bob Lehman will be married July 26, 1969. Indiana Cave Capers will be August 1-3, 1969. Slides were shown on Stafford's Sandstone Cave and Casper Shanty Spring.

Regular Meeting August 13, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:25 PM
Attendance: 11 members & 2 guests Treasury: \$106.91
Issue two of the Intercom is almost ready. Steve Barnett was injured in a traffic accident near Geneseo, Illinois. Walt Mauer reported on the activities in the Dubuque area. Future trips to Glenwood on August 16 & 17, a trip for the first week of September, and Engelken project on August 23 & 24, 1969. Trip report on the Indiana Cave Capers was given. Rock River Speleological Society to have a picnic on October 5, 1969.

Regular Meeting August 27, 1969

Dave's Car Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 8:00 PM

Attendance: 4 members & 1 guest Treasury: \$106.91

No old or new business. Trip reports were given on Spiral and Hunters caves, Engelken conservation project, and Jim Hedges' caving activities during the twentieth anniversary. One future trip during the week of September 7-12, 1969.

Regular Meeting September 10, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 9:15 PM

Attendance: 11 members & 3 guests Treasury: \$106.91

Future activities include UMAC on September 19-21, MVOR on September 26-28, and Rock River picnic on October 5, 1969.

Trip reports were given on caving in the Black Hills of South Dakota, caving in northern Iowa, and a trip to Glenwood Cave.

Regular Meeting September 24, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:45 PM

Attendance: 17 members & 10 guests Treasury: \$105.91

Many new people attended the meeting. Future activities include MVOR on October 3-5, Rock River picnic on October 5, a Boy Scout slide program on October 21, 1969, and another slide show on April 6, 1970. Removal of the wall in Rose Shaft was discussed. New owners of Whipsey Shaft are checking with their lawyers about allowing spelunkers in their cave. Trip reports were given on the UMAC in Wisconsin and the one week long caving trip.

Regular Meeting October 8, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:50 PM

Attendance: 13 members & 10 guests Treasury: \$110.91

Still more new people attended the meeting. Grotto will become affiliated with the university. The NSS slide show on cave diving will be ordered for a future meeting. Future events include a climbing session on October 19, a Coldwater trip on November 1 & 2, a Boy Scout trip on November 8 & 9, a possible Thanksgiving trip and Christmas trip. Trip reports on the MVOR and a climbing session at Palisades-Kepler were given.

Regular Meeting October 22, 1969

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:20 PM
Attendance: 16 members & 8 guests Treasury: \$122.91
Slide show was presented to Boy Scout Troop 208. Red Cross
First Aid course will start November 4, 1969. Grotto received
provisional University affiliation. Members voted to continue
meeting in room 3407. Future plans include a Coldwater trip
on October 25 & 26, MSS convention on November 1 & 2, Boy
Scout trip on November 7 & 8, and another Coldwater trip on
November 15-17, 1969. Dr. Christiansen's group at
Grinnell desires more contact with the grotto. Trip report
was given on climbing practice at Maquoketa Caves State Park.

CORRECTIONS

James Hedges

Two recent issues of The Intercom refer to supposedly
"new" caves which, in fact, had previously been located and
described. A third confuses one cave with another. Several
points made by the various authors of trip reports might be
strengthened by the addition of remarks based upon my own
experience. All of these matters are set forth (and, I hope,
set straight) in the following paragraphs.

Intercom 3:22, 34 -- "Hemp Hole" is Thorson Cave. This
place was located and described in 1959 and 1960 (Iowa Cave
Book 3:48, 59; 4:B-8, 24.)

Intercom 3:26, 34 -- "Bone Pit" may be either Evac Cave
or Williard Cave. There are two caves in this hill, quite
close to one another. Both of them contain bones. The cave
with a long narrow entrance is Willard; the one with a small,
round entrance is Evac.

Intercom 4:35 -- "Dubuque Cave" probably is the Indian
Crevice, not Dubuque's Cave. At least, the description and
the owner's name suggest that this is so.

McCABE CREVICE ACCIDENT REPORT

John Johnson

On June 29, 1969 at about 12:50 P.M., Robert Norman and several companions entered McCabe Crevise in Becker Quarry, Dubuque, Iowa. Norman's only light source was a faulty flashlight with which he was unable to see clearly where he was going. Consequently he did not see a 20 foot pit in the passage, fifteen feet from the entrance, and fell into it, sustaining two fractures of the upper left arm and a compression fracture of the first lumbar vertebra.

Norman was removed from the pit by the Dubuque Fire Department and was taken to Xavier Hospital, where he spent the next two days, prior to a transfer to University Hospitals in Iowa City, for further examination.

When I talked to Norman about the accident, I found that neither he nor his companions knew exactly where they were; although they claimed to have been in this cave previously. When asked to describe the cave, he gave the description of one two blocks away and on the opposite side of the road. He also disclosed that they had argued with the representative of the landowner about there being caves on the property, and were denied permission to enter. They then walked away from the quarry foreman, into the quarry and into the cave.

From the information, it would appear that although these people had been in one or two other caves, there were not prepared for caving, neglected basic safety rules of caving, and succeeded in alienating the landowners. Mr. Becker has since permanently closed all caves on his property.

Perhaps this incident is illustrative that actions before entering a cave (especially when an accident occurs shortly afterwards) may make landowners wary of other cavers and give caving a bad name in that area.

MVOR REPORT

Walt Mauer

April 24-25, 1969

Marti Barber, Steve Scarff, Rollie Glasgow, and Walt Mauer

The Spring MVOR was hosted by Chatneau Grotto at Columbia, Missouri. Due to the proximity of the date to the Iowa Grotto's own 20th. Anniversary celebration, only four I. G. members were able to attend. Transportation was provided by Rollie's '56 Chevy, "Beast," and aside from a few eccentricities like no gas pedal, having to tie shut the trunk, and using a screw-driver for the turn indicator, the "Beast" proved to be a fine caving vehicle.

We arrived in Columbia after eight hours of driving at about 9:30 P.M. Friday, April 24. Our first stop was at Uncle Clem's Market for some much needed liquid refreshments. After securing these we immediately went in search of the campground we were to use. Our search eventually led us to Carved Rock State Park, located about 10 miles out of Columbia. We registered at the main tent and went off in search of a place to pitch our tent. Having secured a particularly appealing piece of land between the M.S.M. boys (Missouri School of Mines, Rawleigh, Mo.) and the nearest garbage can (fifty feet N.N.W.), we began to liberate the libations from their containers and lose our inhibitions, or in other words, get drunk. Of the four of the group it seems that I managed to get bombed the best and by 1:00 A.M. Saturday, I was in need of aid in order to find my sleeping bag. So much for Friday.

Saturday morning we all arose at the crack of dawn and managed to finally shut the tent flap and fall back to sleep until 11:00. Desperately in need of nourishment, we piled in "Beast" and along with three newfound companions from Friday night plus one dog, we set out for Columbia. Thus was Saturday morning shot as far as caving went. When we returned to our campsite, we discovered that in one manner or another my sleeping bag had made its way into the remains of our fire and was slowly being par-broiled. We extricated it and tended to its wounds. Alas, it was too far gone to be saved. Also lost were a blanket and sweatshirt of Marti's. We all had piously stated we were going to go caving that afternoon but the discovery of a swimming hole and the fact it was mushroom season upset the laid plans, etc. . . . After these little escapades, everyone

felt the need for some sleep and thusly was Saturday afternoon spent. Again no caving was accomplished. We felt badly about this and vowed that on Sunday we would cave. Saturday evening we attended the banquet and business meeting held in Columbia. Coinciding with the banquet was the worst rain and wind storm in my memory. The rain was so bad that at one point on the way back to camp we found ourselves driving in a parking lot we had driven into when we lost the road. Before we left to return to camp the group had been asked not to attempt to drive to their tents in the campground due to the wet grounds and the unpaved road. When we got near the camp we understood why. The mud was at least 8 inches deep and getting worse as the rains continued. "Beast" bogged down up to her frame and we had to be winched out by a Jeep. We then had to anchor the Jeep so he could pull himself free. We parked "Beast" and slogged our way to our camp site. Unfortunately my tent was partially filled with water and could not accomodate all of us dryly. So after going to a gas-fed bonfire in the middle of the night in a complete deluge, I retired to the car, Steve and Rollie claimed the tent, and Marti sat and sang songs with M.S.M. She later came to the car and claimed the front seat.

Sunday morning found a great many cavers in sad condition. It had rained all night and our campgrounds was now a sea of foot deep mud. The road in, a two track affair, was now a single mud wallow. At about 8:00 the host grotto began to pull, push, and carry vehicles, tents, and people out of the mud. Fortunately, we were able to hitch a ride out with our gear at 11:00. By this time there was no road at all, just one huge mud pie. There was also a crowd of onlookers at a small sea of mud "hoping" for some poor unfortunate to get stuck. We must have been quite a sight as we rode by on a Toyota that carried eight people and all their gear.

After scrounging some free food, saying our last farewells, and pushing free a Jeep four wheel drive, we left for Iowa City. It will be noted that no actual caving was done on this trip, but then, you can't have everything!

TRIP REPORT

James E. Smith

On Friday, March 28, 1969, I left for Dubuque with my wife Lucy for the purpose of attempting to find openings in the Leven Crevice near the old Leven Cave. H. F. Bain (U.S. Geological Survey Report #294, 1906) identifies the location as Mineral Lot 371, which occupies the south half of SW, SE, Sec 15, T. 89 N., R. 2 E. Leven Crevice runs from section 16 through section 13 in an almost due east direction, about 200 feet or so north of the southern boundaries of the sections.

Because Leven Cave was originally entered from the east, the crevice had to open on the hillside SW of Saint Mary's Orphanage. This would be NW of the corner of Kaufman and Chaney Road. There are several residences on the hillside at about the level that any opening in Leven Crevice would be exposed. It is probable that the original opening to Leven Cave was covered during landscaping for the housing area.

MacCabe Crevice (is this Becker Quarry Cave as listed in Iowa Cave Index?) is probably on the Leven Crevice, as is Becker Quarry Cave #2 located in the abandoned quarry just east of the present Becker quarry. On the SW corner of Kaufman and Grandview is a small bluff in which is a prominent small opening. This opening is also on the Leven Crevice, as the Leven Crevice crosses Kaufman (as Kaufman turns slightly north just before Becker quarry). On the NW corner, just below the house high on the hill, is a small cave with several north-south cross passages. This one is probably developed on Julian Dubuque's Cave Crevice.

Individuals working in the Dubuque area would do well to consult Geology of the Dubuque South Quadrangle, Geological Survey Bulletin 1123-A, and Geology of the Dubuque North Quadrangle, Geological Survey Bulletin 1123-C. In these two bulletins are geologic maps published at the scale 1:24,000. Both locate shafts and audits.

IOWA AT INDIANA

George Hedges

Indiana Cave Capers, 1969

Dave Jagnow, Harold Herrington, John Smith, Tom Hruska, George Hedges, Larry Fattig, Loren McVey, and Alan Swenson.

A big beautiful weekend awaited us in Indiana as we sped through Iowa and Illinois late Friday night. The tally in Tom Hruska's car was Loren McVey, David Jagnow, Alan Swenson, Tom and I. Larry Fattig, Harold Herrington, John Smith and Donna Mroczkowski would join us in Indiana by their own means.

Harold and John were already coddled in sleep when Tom's carload arrived at the Blue River campsite at four in the morning. We ploughed into our own bags and squeezed in a whopping two hours' worth before the morning activity woke us. The light of the Indiana dawn revealed our position: surrounded on all points by an astounding amalgamation of campers, tents, cars, trucks, wagons, motorcycles, trailers, bags, boxes, people in all conceivable stages of dress or undress and our only exit blocked by a vintage Volkswagon with about half the metal it was born with. Despite the looks, the operation was obviously orderly and controlled.

Red-eyed and runny-nosed we ambled over to the registration table to put our impressive names on the roster. The Indiana spelunkers were signing up suckers for guided tours. The Iowa Grotto shunned this regimentation and announced it was heading its own trip to Boone's Mill Cave. There was a mad scramble and before long we were leading a caravan out of town.

Boone's Mill is a water cave. It contains three levels of negotiable passageway. Two waterfalls, one of approximately fifteen feet and the other of about ten connect the routes. The water is wonderfully clean and never, or hardly ever, very deep. The excursion was much more delightful than toiling into the awful ooze of grand old Glenwood. The water, too, was at least ten degrees warmer than that of Glenwood.

Harold has an interesting anecdote to tell about this cave. The second waterfall pours into a large pool, from which rises the wooden ladder we must ascend. Harold was in the vanguard of our little party, so it was he that discovered that the depth of this pool is chest deep on a six-

foot man. As Harold wrung out his pack of Camels the rest of us traversed the submerged ledge that ran around the wall.

The cave is a lot of fun, as everyone will tell you, and even though it cannot boast lavish decorations, going through it is more fun than... than seeing Harold Herrington fall up to his chest in a pool of water.

Batwing Cave

Alan Swenson

While George slept, the rest of us headed for Batwing Cave. After about a half hour drive we arrived at the proper farm. We talked with the farmer awhile. He was amazed that we should come all the way to Indiana to see caves.

He kindly rode through a couple of fields with us to point out the location of Batwing Cave.

The cave at one time had been mined for saltpeter. It has a sinkhole entrance which was a little difficult. Inside, the cave slopes down for approximately 150 feet. Then we entered a fairly large room. At the opposite end is a 44 foot pit. At least the guide book says 44 feet. We measured 60 feet by the cable ladder. With John Smith on belay we climbed down the pit. Dave set up his camera and took pictures at the bottom.

In the meantime Loren had slipped down a small passage from the top in the pit room. He came out about 20 feet above the floor in the side of the pit. Dave swung the cable ladder over and he descended the rest of the way on the ladder. There was one tight passage off the bottom that Larry and Loren went into.

While Dave shot pictures we climbed out of the pit. Back in the pit room, Dave and Loren climbed one of the walls and followed a small passage back to where there was a large colony of bats. After they returned we went out and headed to the banquet.

Now, back to George. . .

The proprietor of the Blue River Inn had been arrested for some reason a little before the Cave Capers were to start,

so the banquet was switched to the V.F.W. Post in Corydon. This maneuver spawned some complaints about food and service, but then when do cavers get together and fail to gripe? After the feed, we were entertained by a representative of the Cincinnati Museum. With marvelous slides and excellent narrative he related how he and his assistants constructed the replica of a cave inside their museum. A most informative session.

Leaving the banquet, the nine Iowa people broke up for their destinations. Larry and Donna went on towards home, while the rest of us decided to hit another hole yet to-night. Our victim was to be Shaft Pit, about two hours north. We did not find it until two in the morning, but no one objected once they looked down the hole. The entrance is at ground level and is at the peak of the dome pit, which allows free rappel for all of the eighty-four feet. Just about the farthest I'd gone on free rappel was over a four foot overhang in Iowa City. The sight of two people separated by eighty-four feet did funny things to my head, but I went down. Besides this entrance pit there is another just to one side on the bottom, twenty feet deep. There is ankle-deep water at the bottom of this one which continues back through a torturous neck-slicer to a large terminal room perhaps fifty feet high and sixty feet in diameter. The neck-slicer passage is deadly because it permits only a duckwalk at its greatest height and all along the way a sharp ledge juts from both walls at eye or neck level.

It was just dawn when our own Chairman Jagnow popped through the hole at the top like a piece of toast. Our roll call was complete. But this story has a trick ending. After anguished searching and some vague guttural noises Dave blurted that he'd dropped his rack down the shaft. Perish the thought! This, after we were all packed and ready to leave. Well, down went the nylon and down slithered Dave. To the disgust but secret admiration of the less agile among us, he rappelled down and Jumarred back up in less than twenty minutes.

After sleeping off the bad effects at the Hoosier Speleospot, we tootled on back to our small but lovable Iowa caves.

N.S.S. CONVENTION

Walt Mauer

Sheep Mountain Cave, Greybull, Wyoming

June 15, 1969

Jim Dockal, John Johnson, Dave Calhoun, Walt Mauer

After recovering from the trip to Lovell, John and I made contact with Jim and Dave with the intention of doing some caving on the Sunday before the convention actually started. Jim knew of a cave in the vicinity so we made our way to it by car. We could not drive all the way to the cave entrance, so we back-packed about a quarter of a mile to the entrance of the cave. The cave, known as Sheep Mountain Cave, is located in a gorge of the Bighorn River. Jim had estimated the climb to the entrance to be 50 feet. However, it turned out to be closer to 500 feet and in places crossed loose talus slopes.

After negotiating this climb we found ourselves at the rather unimpressive entrance to the cave. The opening of the cave was a 4' by 6' window with some debris blocking the entrance. Once inside, it immediately opened into a large fault 40' to 60' in height and 20 feet in width. The passageway may best be described as lens shaped, having in effect no floor or ceiling but simply sloping sides. We followed the dry dusty trail 2,300 feet to a pit entering into the second room. We did not have the equipment to make the drop into the second room, and as time was running short felt we would not have time to return that day with proper equipment. We started the return to the entrance with Jim describing the cave as a strike in the anticline. He also commented on the dryness of the cave which accounted for the absence of formations. We saw only a few very small gypsum crystals near the entrance. This dryness also accounted for some difficulties in breathing because of the dust and pollen present. We emerged from the cave at about 5:30 P.M. after an elapsed time of about 3 hours. We rigged Jim's 120 foot Goldline as a handline and managed to safely descend the talus slope.

We then returned to our cars and left for our respective camps, Jim and Dave to Shell, Wyoming and John and I to Lovell. John and I reported the trip and were informed the cave had been surveyed with a first room length of 2,300 feet, the interconnecting pit depth of 40 feet, and

the second room length (which we did not enter) at 1,500 feet. We were also informed that there were no side passages or secondary faults. After discussing the information we obtained with Harold Herington and Bruce Baker we turned in for some much needed rest.

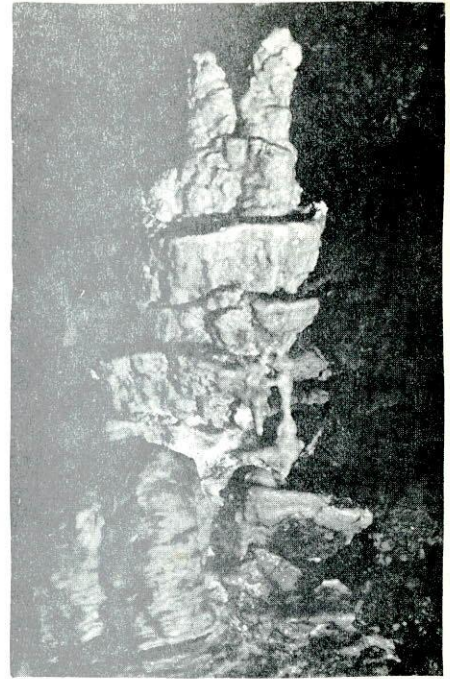
Mystery Cave, Little Ice Cave, and Royce Cave Walt Mauer
Red Pryor Mt., Montana
June 16, 1969
Harold Herington, Bruce Baker, John Johnson, Walt Mauer

This trip was one of the tours conducted by the host, Shining Mountain Grotto. We left Lovell at about 9:00 A.M. with the Iowa Grotto jeep in the lead. After about an hour, we arrived at Red Pryor Mountain. The caves we were going to visit were at the upper elevations of the mountain. We managed to lead the caravan completely up the mountain to the stopping point. Due to the large size of the group we decided to split into smaller groups.

The first cave Iowa Grotto went to was Mystery Cave (or Mystic Cave). John Johnson, Harold Herington, Bruce Baker, and I entered the cave in two's. Entry was made through a large window in an upper room. This window is at the bottom of a sink and immediately drops to the floor of the first room. Extreme caution was used in crossing the breakdown slope beneath this window. From the first room there are two main passages; one off the floor to the right, and the other near the ceiling in the left corner. Due to time limitations it was decided that each group would take one passage and not attempt both.

Harold and Bruce took the lower passage. They immediately encountered vandalized formations, but as they went farther back the evidence of vandalism became less. In the farther reaches of the passage they encountered beautiful flowstone draperies and soda straws up to 15 inches in length. Gypsum crystals were also found in some parts of the passage.

The upper passage which John and I took started off with a miserable Iowa-like crawlway which led into a magnificent Montana cavern. We immediately encountered formations and John stopped us by taking out his camera. This is how the trip went; cave for ten feet, then ten photos, and on again. This picture taking was well warranted as the formations were



Outside Royce Cave, Montana
JJ



Devils Canyon, Wyoming
JJ



Iowa Grotto leads the way
to Mystery Cave Montana HH

Typical formation in Mystery
Cave Montana JJ



Ice Flake in Little Ice Cave
Montana (actual size $\frac{1}{4}$ " diameter) JJ

outstanding. It is difficult to describe all of the formations; however, several still stand out in our minds. I'm sure neither of us will ever forget the little room with all the pillars. This room, about four feet high, was completely collumed along one side. Again as in the other passage, this was slightly vandalized. We continued on from here across a flowstone covered floor, down a drapery covered wall, to the floor of a room in which a beautiful cascade of white flowstone hinted at the beauties of the dome above. We were told that the passage from which this cascade erupted was even more beautiful than what we had seen--the most beautiful part of the cave.

We exited down a typical crawl (they just don't have crawlways in Montana) and back up into the main passage. Even in this main passage there were formations which we would gladly accept in Iowa. From here it was simply a matter of retracing our steps back to the main room and out of the cave. John and I beat Harold and Bruce out by about 20 minutes. We spent the time talking with the BLM (Bureau of Land Management) people. We finally gathered our little group together and headed for Little Ice Cave, a short way down the mountain, at an elevation of 7,500 ft.

Little Ice Cave is the only place you can get snow for your daiquiri on June 16th in the Red Pryor Mts. The opening to Little Ice Cave is oval-shaped, about 4 ft. by 7 ft. This oval is fronted by a snow drift which sets up a cold zone keeping ice in the cave year round. The cave itself is approximately 30 ft. wide and varies in height from 8 ft. to 20 ft. The initial ice sheet is about 40 ft. long and 1 ft. to 4 ft. thick. It terminates in a slope to a lower level which is about 30 ft. long. Beyond this are three passages. To the left we were told was void of formations so we did not explore it. The one in the center is an overhead window which we did not climb into. This left us the main room with its ice and the passage to the right. This passage led to a room which was completely covered with moon milk--ceiling, walls, floor, even the breakdown. We also encountered large ice stalactites and stalagmites in the passageway and in the main room. On the ice sheet itself there was a profusion of both hexigonal and snowflake ice crystals. After sliding around on the ice flow for about 20 minutes we left the cave and tried to dry out before going to Royce Cave.

Harold, Bruce, and I went into Royce Cave to take pictures of the dogtooth spar which was reportedly in the cave.

Sure enough there was dogtooth spar but unfortunately that was all. After a quick tour of the cave, which is one large room, we explored the surrounding area. Noticing a hole in an upper ledge, I shinnied up a dead pine tree, across an 18 inch ledge, and into a packrat feces filled crevice. My immediate exclamation was the appropriate four letter euphemism. This and my efforts to lower myself back to the ground by way of the tree, caused both Harold and Al Lovell, our guide, to be convulsed with laughter. Meanwhile, Bruce had wandered down to the edge of the cliff and found another cave filled with packrat guano. I didn't quite catch all of Bruce's remarks, but it ran something like, "There's more packrat shit here than bullshit at a Grotto meeting!"

We finally decided to call it a day, and as the sun sank in the west we hurried down the final miles and back to Lovell.

Devils Canyon Trip

Walt Mauer

June 18, 1969

Harold Herington, Bruce Baker, Rodger McMillan, Walt Mauer

John Johnson wanted to go to Sheridan on Wednesday to visit friends. As we had no other vehicle we decided to force John to drop us off at Devil's Canyon in order to do a little exploration in hopes of finding a wild cave. We headed over the mountains to Medicine Wheel. This is an Indian relic in the form of a huge wheel that was used for some unknown purpose. From Medicine Wheel, we went down to Porcupine Creek to backpack into the canyon. John drove us into the canyon as far as possible and we left him at approximately 11:00 AM. We walked for about 3 hours and viewed perhaps some of the most beautiful scenery I've ever seen. Unfortunately this canyon was primarily granite and didn't have any evidence of caves. We hiked back to the point where we first left John and waited for his return. After a 40 minute wait, John pulled up, we piled in, and returned to Lovell.

WEDDING BELLS

Congratulations to Grotto member Dave Nicholson and Sue Epley who are now Mr. & Mrs. David Nicholson. The couple was married June 6, 1969.

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Woody's World



"Isn't this gorgeous scenery ?!?"

Did you have trouble getting to
the Wyoming convention too?

ENGELKEN TRIP

Walt Mauer

July 19-20

Tom Hruska, John Johnson, Walt Mauer

The conservation project in Engelken Cave had been planned for quite some time, but it seems that like many other projects, it never quite got started. So it happened when I mentioned that I was returning to live in Dubuque, Tom asked if I'd like to work on the project. On Saturday, July 19, Tom and I left Iowa City at around 10:30 in the morning for Dubuque. We arranged with John to meet us later that evening at my home in Dubuque. After arriving in Dubuque, unloading the car, and getting a bite to eat, we headed for the cave. When we arrived at the cave we spoke with the owner and informed him of our intentions. He told us to go right ahead and do whatever we thought had to be done.

Our first item was the enlargement of the entry hole at the bottom of the culvert. Upon entering the cave we found a very high carbon dioxide content. We took off about six inches of metal from the culvert by cutting through it with a hack saw. This made it possible to enter the cave proper without hanging up on this protruding lip. However, we were unable to completely sever this metal, as the base flange was firmly embedded in the concrete floor it rested on. Due to the lateness of the hour, this was all that was completed at the time. Returning to Dubuque, we found that John had not yet arrived, but that I had been told to come to work the next morning. Without John being there and with my having to work, Tom was somewhat at a loss as to what he should do. Fortunately, John arrived later in the evening and they decided to return the next day and try to complete the job.

Sunday morning found us at our various tasks, myself baking bread, Tom and John out trying to remove the piece of culvert. Unfortunately, they were unable to force the piece loose and it was not removed that day. Nor were they able to excavate an opening into the cave through the dirt which now blocked the squeezeway into the cave. It was decided that a return trip would be needed and the trip ended on this note.

RETURN TO ENGELKEN

Walt Mauer

August 23-24, 1969

Tom Hruska, Jim Dockal, Rick Lewis, Walt Mauer

It was arranged that we would return to Engelken Cave of the 23rd of August to complete the project started on July 19. Tom arrived at my home about 8:30 Friday evening, August 22. On Saturday morning we set out for the cave to remove the flange at the bottom and excavate a passage into the cave. This time Tom came prepared to work in the high carbon dioxide content of the cave atmosphere. Along with his generator, he brought a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch electric drill, electric lights, and a blower with 25 feet of plastic tubing to force fresh air into the cave. After setting all this gear up, we descended into the cave. Using the drill, we were able to remove the flange with very little effort.

Now came the real "fun" part of the trip. Lying on his belly, Tom began to dig into the wall of mud and dirt that blocked the entrance. He loaded the dirt into a bucket which I hoisted to the surface and dumped into a hole which was forming next to the culvert. We alternated positions and spent the morning this way. After a break for lunch we returned to the cave and continued our excavation. At about 2:30, we broke through and were able to enter the cave. We decided to enlarge the entry hole so that it no longer was necessary to squeeze through, but possible to crawl through. This task was completed at 4:00 that afternoon.

At this time, Rick and Jim arrived in Jim's Bronco and were forced into service. We had determined where the fill had been coming from and were going to attempt to plug the gap with concrete. While Jim and Rick brought the concrete from Tom's car, Tom cut the reinforcing wire he intended to use. Tom went into the cave while I mixed the concrete up top. By using his hands as a trowel, Tom was able to force the concrete through the wire mesh and effect the desired plug. While he did this, Rick and Jim took a quick tour of the cave. We left the cave site at about 7:00 that evening, well pleased at what had been accomplished.

On Sunday we returned to the cave to complete several small items; check the concrete, smooth out the crawlway, check for any lost tools, etc... Finding everything as it should be, we ended the trip with the knowledge that the conservation of this cave was now complete.

DUBUQUE TRIP REPORT

Walt Mauer

September 6, 1969

Bill Dodd, Chuck Prosser, Tom Cummings, Walt Mauer

Three of the group I've been caving with called me Friday night to ask if I would be free to cave on Saturday, Sept. 6. We planned on following up several leads in the Dubuque area. A departure time of 8:30 Sat. morning was agreed upon and the plans were put in motion for the discovery of a "new" cave.

We managed to only be twenty minutes late in our departure, but what are a few minutes to cavers. The first lead we checked

was the lead south of Catfish Creek that Tom Hruska, John Johnson, and I checked out last January. This time we had better weather, we were equipped to cave, and had some idea of what we would be up against. We entered a total of five holes, four of these were pushed out to their bitter ends. These leads all pinched out after varying lengths. The longest was about 18 feet long, the shortest less than my body length long. The fifth hole was the most promising and we had left this until last. Chuck led the way down an inclined slide of about 8 foot, and called back that there was passage beyond. I slid in next to him and found myself in what at one time must have been the last third of a fairly large lead mine. We were joined by our companions and after cautioning them to avoid contact with the rather fragile looking walls and ceiling of the cave, I set out in the lead. The passage we entered was approximately six feet high by five wide. It maintained these dimensions for about 60 feet. At this point there is what appears to be a rock fall and we continued for another 50 foot on our hands and knees and our bellies. The passage at this point turns up toward the surface and pinches out after a sum distance of perhaps 115 feet. We exhausted all of the possible side passages in the cave and discovered only one enterable side passage. This was entered and found to run parallel to the main passage for approximately 35 feet before it pinches out in rock falls at both ends.

We surmise that this cave was mined for lead due to still existing traces of the mineral. We found no formations in the cave nor was there any sign that any had been destroyed by either the operations of the miners or by vandals. We noted a large number of camel crickets, one small brown bat, and an unusual amount of what appears to be dog or perhaps fox feces. There was some most strange fungus or mold growing on this matter. This fungus was close to 6 inches in height and ranged from pale blue to silver gray. We remained in this general area for about three hours. We did some ridge walking but couldn't find any other leads or openings. We left the area at 12:00.

Our next lead took us to the area of Simpsons Furnace. This area is located 2 miles NE of Asbury, Iowa on the road past the Wagner Nursery. We were given a lead which did not pan out. At this point it was decided to start ridge walking in the hopes of finding any worthwhile leads that we could. After a short walk down the road from where we parked the car, we noticed a depression about 40 feet off the road in the

side of the hill to the north. Gathering around this depression, we found that if we were willing to dig out a few rocks, chop a few tree branches, and brave the falling dirt and debris we would be able to enter an unpromising gopher hole. Then fate took over; one of us threw the rock he held into the hole and it replied with the most beautiful gurgle you ever want to hear. We practically broke limbs in the scramble to don our trogsuits. Wiggling through the dust and debris of our excavation, I found to my surprise that before me stretched a 6 foot wide and 6 foot high passage with a 2½ ft. deep pool in it. My companions joined me and we started our exploration of what appeared to be virgin cave. Our tour took us about 180-220 feet into the hillside. For the most part, there was no way to stay out of the stream. Finally, the stream gave way to a thick mud bank which led onto a crawlway to a 15 ft. pit of which we were at the base. Above us--a chimney to an upper level. Chuck Prosser made the climb up the crumbly walls and started down the passage while the rest of us waited anxiously. Chuck returned with the word that a mud and rock fall had closed off the passage but that he felt that if you wanted to dig that it could be opened. We directed our gaze upward toward the area above the passage we were in. It too proved to pinch out after a short distance. Chuck rejoined us and informed us that he had encountered cross shoring in the upper levels of the pit. This seems to place this cave in the mine category but I would venture a guess that if this upper level were to be pushed in and the effort to dig it out made, a rather interesting "cave" might be found. I base this on the fact that the stream we waded up did not drop to its level from the pit but when it encountered the pit wall, siphoned under it. Perhaps it would be possible to dig through the upper mud fall and attain the stream again. We in the group up here in Dubuque intend to push the cave until it is completely searched and explored.

That's about all that we got done this trip, but you can't really complain about two previously unfound caves being uncovered.

FIVE DAY TRIP

Larry Fattig

September 7, 1969

Loren Mcvey, Larry Fattig

On Sunday, Loren and I left on a five day cave trip for

research in Winneshiek, Allamakee, and Clayton counties. We drove to Glenwood Cave, set up camp, and checked the water level in Springs 1, 2, 4, and Mushroom Cave and April Cave. Later that evening Dave Jagnow and Dave Nicholson joined us. We spent the night discussing the merits of the U.S. space program.

Monday morning our group entered Glenwood Cave. Loren wore two sets of wool underwear and the rest of us wore wet suits. McVey said that only the underwear made the cave possible. We spent 6½ hours in Glenwood, signed the register and went out. Jagnow and McVey pushed several domes, but none went anyplace. After cleaning up, we again checked Springs 1, 2, 4, and Mushroom Cave, then Jagnow and Nicholson had to leave for Iowa City.

About 4:30 AM we were awakened by "mother" Ed Smith yelling "Iowa Grotto sucks, wake up you goddamn bastards." It seems Ed thought we had been in the cave since the morning before and had called Iowa City to get a cave rescue going.

The next day Loren, Ed, and I headed for April Cave. I suited up in my wet suit and snorkelled about 100 feet into the cave. The passage was circular, about 2½ feet in diameter with 2-3 inches of air on the top. Loren went in after I returned. We both enjoyed the snorkel experience. Ed had to go back to school, so Loren and I headed for Allamakee County. We stopped at two gas stations to ask for leads, then headed for Devil's Den Cave. After suiting up we headed into the spring. It is a bellycrawl about fifteen feet to a room 15 feet in diameter and two feet high. There are four springs into this room, none pushable. After Devil's Den we checked several other springs and sinks in the area including Singing Spring and Penny Spring. None were open or enterable. We slept that night in Monona. Though we only spent one day in Allamakee county, we both felt that this county showed much promise.

The fourth day we started with Stafford's Sandstone Cave. It is very large for a sandstone cave, with a room about 50 feet long and 10 feet high. After Stafford's we headed down that valley to the Howard Boman farm to get some leads. He told us about several springs and caves. We checked the springs that feed the creek in the valley, then headed for a pit on Boman's other farm. We rigged cable ladders and descended 45 ft.

After pushing the crevice at the bottom, we decided that it didn't go anywhere. Later we found out that Steve Barnett had pushed the crevice 45 feet deeper than we had. When we got out of the Boman farm we discovered a hole in our gas tank, so for the next four hours we sat at the Monona Chevy Garage getting the hole fixed. Finally a mechanic put a screw with a rubber washer into the hole and it held.

We still had time that day to check one other spring across the road from Spook Cave, it was possibly enterable, but neither Loren or I felt like getting wet. On our way back to the car we found a small hole five feet deep covered with barbwire. After a coin toss I got the honor of crawling under the wire and into the hole. That evening we talked to Gerold Milky, owner of Spook Cave. For two hours he gave us leads about many caves we had never heard of, including a 147 foot pit and Wild Well Cave.

The next morning after breakfast in Monona we headed for Colossal Compost Cave, south of town. I went down and signed the register, then Loren and I headed for Anderson Cave and Cave Canem. The caves are about 750 feet apart. There had been reports of bad air in these caves so we were going to check these reports. I rigged a rope ladder at the top of Cave Canem and began the descent. I did not get more than five feet before my carbide was out. After five more attempts we decided the air was bad since we hadn't gotten more than five feet on any attempt. Next we headed for Anderson Cave. I rigged a ladder and belayed Loren on his descent. After deciding the air was fine I joined him and we both signed the register at the bottom.

When we finished Anderson we drove to Iowa City and cleaned up. The next day we registered for classes at the University of Iowa.

U.M.A.C.

Steve Scarff

Eagle Cave, Wisconsin

September 19-21, 1969

Alan Swenson, Larry Fattig, Loren McVey, Dave Bates

The five of us left Iowa City at 7 P.M. Friday evening for Eagle Cave Wisconsin, 150 miles away. We arrived around 10:30 p.m., registered and pitched our tent.

Saturday morning Alan, Larry, and Loren went caving while Dave and I went on the geology field trip. We were joined by another Iowa Grotto member, Donna Mroczkowski, from St. Louis. The field trip was in the driftless area, where there were many roadcuts to examine. The most prominent formations were the Jordan sandstone from the Cambrian period and the St. Peter sandstone from the Ordovician.

Pop's Cave and Bogus Cave

Alan Swenson

Saturday morning Larry, Loren, and I left in Steve's car north to Pop's Cave. Our trip leader was Roger Cox.

Due to poor highway directions we arrived about 1½ hours later. The cave entrance is in a sinkhole on top of a ridge next to highway 14 where we left the car.

We climbed down the side of the sink and down a mud bank inside the cave entrance. The first room has been partially filled with large chunks of breakdown. At the end of the room we squeezed down the passage into the largest room of the cave. This room is about 50 feet by 40 feet with a 7 foot high ceiling. There are many soda straws and stalactites on the ceiling and flowstone on the walls. There has been extensive vandalism. The floor in this room is also covered with breakdown. Loren squeezed under the breakdown at one place and found some pretty formations out of reach of vandals. Two passages lead out of this room. The one to the left goes about 100 feet over breakdown, then dead ends. A few formations are present. The other passage out of the big room goes back about 150 feet. There is a small pool and some formations back there. This passage

ends in a squeeze, although you can see a ways beyond. Larry pushed as far as he could in this squeeze and Loren wormed down a tight passage to the left off of the squeeze, while I watched. Neither got anywhere.

We then headed out of the cave. Near the entrance there is a passage that drops to the floor of the cave before the breakdown occurs. We checked that out then left.

We then proceeded to Eysnogel Hill Cave, but the property owners wouldn't grant us permission to enter.

So that the rest of the afternoon would not be lost, Roger suggested Bogus Cave on the way back. This cave is located high on the bluff overlooking the Wisconsin River.

The cave has three entrances in outcroppings on the bluff. The cave is mostly hands and knees crawling with a couple of stand up places. the cave is pretty uninteresting. At one place we saw a brown field mouse carrying an acorn and at another point there are about four one-half inch soda straws. The middle entrance has a great view of the Wisconsin River and bottom lands. This is the best feature of the cave. We then headed down the bluff and back to camp for the banquet.

Meanwhile, back at the campground. . .

On Saturday night everyone attended the banquet. The speaker was Dr. Ken Christiansen, professor of biology at Grinnell College, and former member of Iowa Grotto. After the banquet several of us talked with Dr. Christiansen about caving in Iowa. He told us that Grinnell has students interested in caving.

On Sunday morning, the five of us left for a fateful trip to Bear Creek Cave. In less than ten miles, a strange sound was coming from the engine of my 1960 Ford. We stopped at the first service station to have it checked. We were told we would be lucky if the car could be repaired that day. Fortunately the other two vehicles on the trip were able to take us on to the cave.

Bear Creek Cave is 950 feet in length with several good-sized rooms. It is really a beautiful cave, probably

the best in Wisconsin as far as formations are concerned. There were several bacon strips, stalactites, flowstone, and countless soda straws. It is probably the prettiest cave that I have ever seen.

Luckily, my car was almost ready when we arrived at the station. Since we had packed our gear before the cave trip, we were able to get an early start on the return trip. The car was running better than ever since the rocker arm assembly had been replaced.

After stopping in Dubuque to eat, we showed Dave the entrance to Rising Street Cave. No one was really up for more caving, so we headed home.

FALL MVOR

Larry Fattig

October 3-5, 1969

Steve Scarff, Loren McVey, Alan Swenson, Dave Bates, Larry Fattig

On Friday evening, Loren and Alan drove Steve's car to Cedar Rapids to trade for my parents' car. They picked up the rest of us in Iowa City and we left at about 7:30 P.M. for Shannon County, Missouri. We drove right on through, arriving at the campground at 3:30 A.M. After deciding to go caving right away, we obtained the services (kidnapped) of Donna Mroczkowski as our guide to Rawlins No. 2 Cave near Rolla, Missouri. Our group reached the cave at 7:30 A.M.

We entered the impressive entrance and proceeded into the cave. There were two levels; one dry, one wet. Everyone followed the dry one. The passage varied between crawling and walking until after about a quarter of a mile when it broke into a large passage that went in two directions; we went to the right. The cave is very well decorated with a ceiling height of between 10 and 20 feet. We slid down several mud slides while touring the cave. After about two hours in the cave the Iowa Grotto left for surface. After fighting the Missouri roads back to camp and cleaning up, we left for the banquet.

The banquet was about 30 miles from the campsite, over some of Missouri's better roads; one was even paved. Since none of us had slept the night before, the ride in was quite exciting. After I ran off the road five times, McVey took over and everyone was awake from then on. After the dinner there was a slide show and lecture on Rimstone River Cave. Then back to camp for a campfire. Almost everyone crashed early that night.

The next morning our group split up. Steve, Donna, and Dave went on the geology field trip while Loren, Alan, and I headed for Powder Mill Creek Cave. We didn't really want to get wet in the cave, so the three of us tried to stay dry as long as possible; however, our progress was soon blocked by the stream. I gingerly stepped in and soon we were splashing along through the water. The cave is very heavily vandalized but is so extensively decorated that the vandalism doesn't show too badly. The ceiling is covered so thick with stalactites that there are few bare spaces. The height is five feet at first but quickly rises. After going about a mile, we took a side passage again. There were many interesting helectites in this section. Since our time was running out and our group had to leave for Iowa City, we left the cave.

After saying goodbye to Donna, we left for home. Shortly after returning to decent roads, I ran into some very heavy rain. Our speed was cut quite a bit by the rain and fog. We got to Iowa City, dumped off everyone then Steve and I went to Cedar Rapids to trade cars again. On our way through the city we had an interesting conversation with a local cop who didn't like the way I drove. I finally got to bed in Iowa City around 3:00 A.M.

