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Tom Hruska

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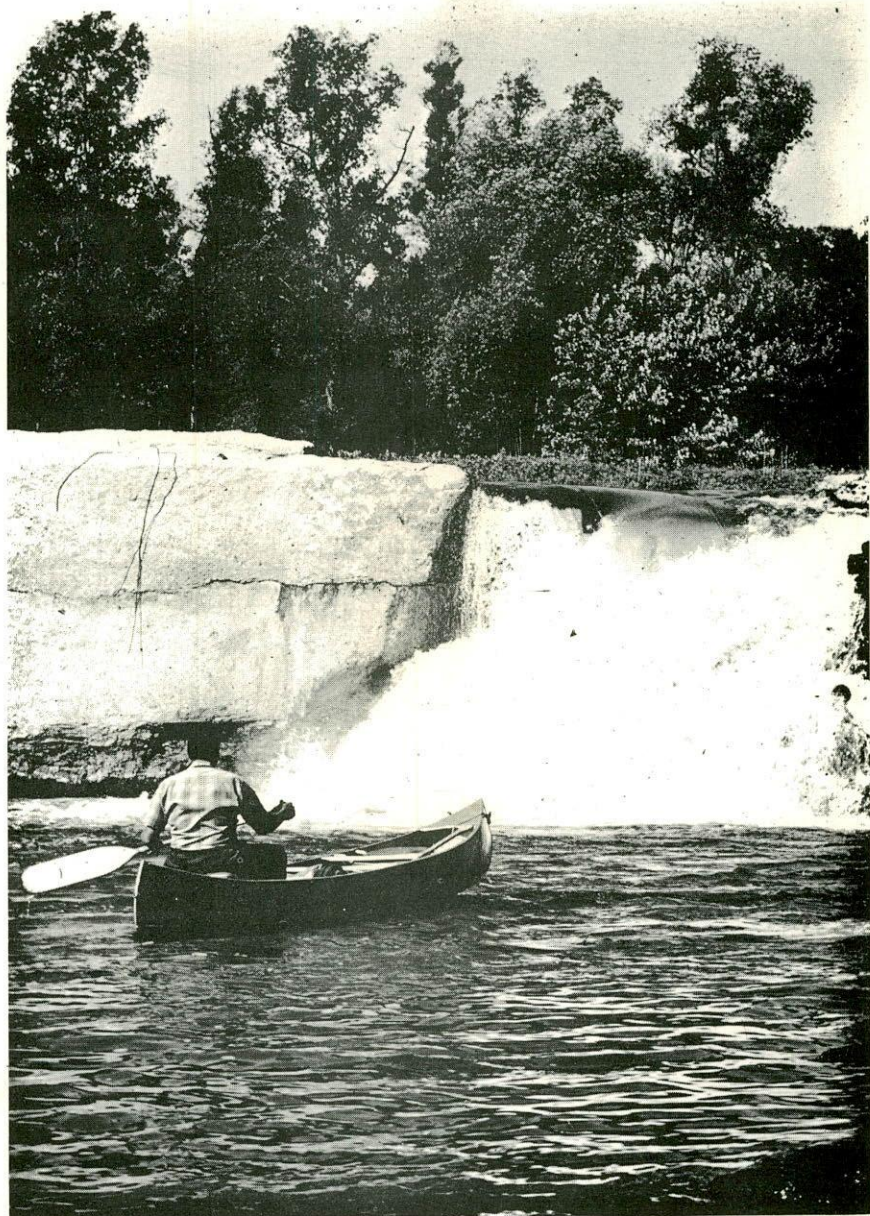
Vol. 8 #3
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THE IOWA GROTTO

National Speleological Society

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Volume VIII Issue 3

May — June

1972

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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 \$2.50 for six issues, or free in exchange for similar publications of other grottos.

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COVER PICTURE: Robert Hruska at the Lower Dam on the Upper Iowa River.

Photo by Tom Hruska



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

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GROTTO MINUTES AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting March 8, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 9:05 PM
Attendance: 9 members and 3 guests Treasury: \$184.91
Typewriter has been set up at McVey's for typing *Intercom* masters. Spring MVOR will be April 28-30 at Onondaga Cave, Missouri. Bob Lehman is checking into beer cave at Economy Advertising. Project Eco from Ames, Iowa requested information on Hunters Cave. Kentucky Speleofest will be May 19-21 at Otter Creek Park, south of Louisville, Kentucky. Shaft into Cold Water Cave being enlarged to allow entrance of a television camera. Grotto purchased Blue Water II rope. Possible grotto picnic on Saturday, April 22. Ed Smith and Harold Herington trying to organize Easter cave trips.

Regular Meeting March 22, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:30 PM
Attendance: 7 members and no guests Treasury: \$161.91
Grotto spring picnic will be held April 22 at Maquoketa Caves State Park. Spring MVOR will be April 28-30 near Leasburg, Missouri. Canoe trip is tentatively planned for the Upper Iowa River on June 3-4. No additional plans for visiting beer cave. *Intercom* needs typists to cut masters. All three shafts into Cold Water Cave are now plugged. Seminar '72 will be held April 7-9 in Crawford County, Missouri. Greg McCarty reported on trip to Wordens Cave. Lowell Burkhead has future trip of cub scouts.

Regular Meeting April 12, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:10 PM
Attendance: 12 members and 2 guests Treasury: \$161.91
Grotto will provide supper for picnic at Maquoketa Caves State Park on April 22. Canoe trip will be either June 3-4 or 10-11. Debbie McVey will head a committee to write up a proposed expense budget. At the next meeting, grotto will present slide program about the 1972 NSS Convention. Dave Nicholson sold climbing equipment. Greg McCarty reported on trip to Clayton County. Jim Blecker went to the Bedford, Indiana area. Greg McCarty planning to return to Clayton County.

Regular Meeting April 22, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:20 PM
Attendance: (not taken) Treasury: \$162.91
Loren McVey reported on picnic at Maquoketa Caves State Park. John Johnson reported on budget proposal. Cold Water Cave research proposals will be discussed at a meeting in Ames, Iowa, on May 4. Canoe trip will be down stream from Decorah on the Upper Iowa River on June 3-4. Greg McCarty reported on trip to caves west of Guttenburg, Iowa.

Regular Meeting May 10, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:40 PM
Attendance: (not taken) Treasury: \$145.55
Upper Iowa River canoe trip on June 3-4. *Intercom* editor collecting material for volumes six, seven, and eight. A higher trip fee for non-members was proposed. Don Koch from the Iowa Geological Survey will talk about Cold Water Cave at next meeting. Bids for drilling the entrance into Cold Water will be opened on May 15. Indiana Cave Capers will be June 9-11. Greg McCarty is working on a proposal to preserve Cold Water. Greg reported on the MVOR in Wisconsin. Lowell Burkhead planning a trip to Hunters. "Caving Safety" was shown after meeting.

Regular Meeting May 24, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 9:20 PM
Attendance: (not taken) Treasury: \$158.65
Loren McVey is organizing the Upper Iowa River canoe trip. Trip fees for non-members will be one dollar higher than for grotto members. Don Koch from the Iowa Geological Survey gave a detailed report on the drilling operations for the dry entrance into Cold Water Cave. Lowell Burkhead reported on cub scout trip to Hunters. Greg McCarty is planning to go to Clayton County. Harold Herington planning to go to Missouri.

Regular Meeting June 14, 1972

Room 3400 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:00 PM
Attendance: (not taken) Treasury: \$186.68
Trip fee policy for non-members resulted in new grotto members. The *Intercom* is progressing very slowly. The 1972 NSS Convention will be held in White Salmon Washington, on August 12-20. The grotto took a reserved attitude toward the request for caving locations from a Drake University instructor. Greg McCarty reported on Clayton County. Debbie McVey reported on the Upper Iowa River canoe trip. Greg is planning to return to Clayton County.

Regular Meeting June 28, 1972

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:00 PM
Attendance: (not taken) Treasury: \$187.68
Preregistration forms for the 1972 NSS Convention at White Salmon, Washington, should be sent in before June 30. The 1973 NSS Convention at Bloomington, Indiana, will be June 16-24. *Intercom* Editor still looking for material. Justrite is now making a second style plastic lamp. The "care and feeding" of grotto owned equipment was discussed. Greg McCarty reported on one trip to Fayette County and another trip to Devil's Lake, Wisconsin. Greg is planning a trip to Clayton County. John Johnson presented slides on MVOR and Upper Iowa River canoe trip.

IOWA GROTTTO SPRING PICNIC

Thomas Hruska

April has again arrived, meaning it's Iowa Grotto spring picnic time. The members of the grotto decided to go to Maquoketa Caves State Park on Saturday, April 22, 1972. The plans for the picnic were announced at several grotto meetings. In addition, approximately twenty-five printed announcements were mailed to out-of-town grotto members as well as NSS members in the state that are not affiliated with the Iowa Grotto. The plans called for people to arrive when they could. Each person was supposed to provide their own lunch. The Iowa Grotto would provide the picnic supper for all persons attending the activities. Slide programs were planned for after dark.

Most of the day was spent learning and practicing vertical climbing techniques. Two free-fall ropes and a cable ladder were rigged over the entrance to Dancehall Cave. Another rope was rigged against the rock face nearby. Loren McVey rigged a short drop for training purposes up stream from the natural bridge. Many of the climbers, trying their first rappel, used the short drop under Loren's instruction. After they acquired experience and confidence, some of the climbers tried the longer drops. The vertical veterans practiced jummar climbing as well as rapid rappel rack descents. As a result of the day's climbing, several more people will soon be vertical cavers.

The picnic started about five o'clock. The picnic was attended by almost everyone that attended the day's activities. The menu included Sloppy Joes, hot dogs, baked beans, potato chips, root beer, and all the fixings for sandwiches. A donation of fifty cents per person was asked of everyone attending the picnic. The balance of the picnic expense will be paid by the grotto. A special thanks to Debbie McVey for planning the menu, obtaining the food, and cooking the Sloppy Joes. Thanks to Tom Hruska's mother for the baked beans.

After the picnic supper, slides were shown. The first program was the NSS slide program on caving safety. Then John Johnson presented the general slide program that he uses for guest speaking programs. By this time it was nine o'clock and it was decided to bypass the Cold Water program because of the time and the fact that all the slides would have to be transfered to a projector reel.

The picnic and climbing session was attended by approximately forty people in spite of the cool temperature in the fifties. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves and no complaints were heard. Thus ended another successful Iowa Grotto spring picnic.

NSS BOARD OF GOVERNORS

Thomas Hruska

The NSS Board of Governors meeting was held on Saturday, March 25, 1972, at Madison, Wisconsin. The meeting was hosted by the Wisconsin Speleological Society. The WSS mailed out announcements inviting all NSS members to attend the BOG meeting. Two members of the Iowa Grotto decided to attend.

The BOG meeting was called to order shortly after one PM in room 311 of the Wisconsin Center. Two proxies were seated. Bev Feldstein represented Dwight Deal and Jo Larson proxied for Ken Laidlow. All other board members were present at the meeting.

Mr. Donald Higgins, Health and Safety Director for the Boy Scouts of America was at the meeting. A committee was organized to rework the joint policy statement from the NSS and BSA. The new policy statement will be distributed to everyone involved with boy scouts that go caving.

The Board of Governors voted that the NSS shall remain incorporated in the District of Columbia. Some people thought the society would have to incorporate in Alabama since the society headquarters had been moved to Huntsville.

The visitors and the society officers were asked to leave the room for a closed meeting of the directors. At this meeting, the directors elected Rane Curl as President-Elect to take office in White Salmon, Washington. The directors also elected Lou Klein to the office of Secretary-Treasurer to replace Don Cournoyer who is stepping down as of May 1, 1972.

The BOG meeting broke for the supper hour. Everyone went to the Cuba Club for the meal of their choice and drinks. After an enjoyable dinner, the meeting resumed in a private home at 1511 Wood Lane.

Under new business, it was moved that since caves are found in limestone, and that the mining of limestone is detrimental to the existence of caves, the NSS should ban all persons engaged in the mining of limestone. Everyone got a good laugh from this proposal including board member Jim Hixon who is superintendent of a limestone mining operation. The resolution was not seconded.

By this time the BOG members were getting tired. The meeting was adjourned at midnight. This concluded the activities of the ninety-fourth Board of Governors meeting of the National Speleological Society.

PHOTOGRAPHY TRIP TO ENGELKEN CAVE

Greg McCarty

Late February 1972

Phil Sanders, Chuck Maxwell, Greg McCarty, and a friend of Phil's

Phil had been wanting to take a photography trip to Engelken Cave to get some slides of the beautiful speleothems, oh so rare in Iowa caves, so we motored on up there one Sunday. Phil and I had seen the cave before, but the others hadn't. We went through the cave slowly, taking slides and observing all the little features that you miss if you go fast. Like the many fossils that stick out of the walls and ceiling through much of its nine hundred and fifty feet of passage. Also the little ceiling pockets and crevices have their hidden bits of beauty. If you crawl all the way through Engelken, you're bound to pick up liberal quantities of the sandy clay fill. When we finally exited from the cave in late afternoon, we were well covered with the sticky orange clay. Due to the temperature outside, Chuck and Phil's friend didn't want to take off their trog suits. Phil finally relented and let them sit on the seat, mud and all. On the way back home we stopped off in Dyersville to see the famous basilica. It's a pretty neat building for a church. I'd sure like to have all the money that's been wasted on churches in Northeast Iowa. Since Chuck was somewhat Catholic, he wanted to see the building from closer up. Phil's friend joined him. When they reached the door, they found it unlocked and just walked right in. Muddy coveralls and all. Phil and I kept expecting them to come flying on out the door any minute, but nobody threw them out. They wandered all around looking things over, and even stopped to talk to the organist for a while.

After they got back, I convinced Phil that it was still too early to go home and that we should head down to Baldwin and try to locate Wordens Cave. It was getting dark by the time we located the right gravel road, the directions I was following from the cave index were wrong. We finally located the owner's house, but Phil decided it was too late to do any more that day. So we headed back home.

WORDENS CAVE

March 18, 1972

Greg McCarty

Greg McCarty, Earth History and Resources discussion class (about 18 people)

After giving a talk on caves, and presenting a slide show, I had my discussion group all fired up to go caving. Especially the instructor. A reconnaissance trip the weekend before, to Ozark Springs and Wordens Cave, showed that Wordens was a good choice.

I used this trip to teach them some of the aspects of caving, the geology of caves in general, and mainly cave conservation. They learned the need to preserve caves, their formations, and their fauna. We

cleaned all the litter and twine out of the cave and the immediate area.

Everyone said they really enjoyed the trip and were ready to go out again.

LEAD CHECKING IN CLAYTON COUNTY

Greg McCarty

March 31, 1972

I was checking some leads in southern Clayton County, and had excellent luck. I got good cooperation from the farmers and have enough leads and caves to check to keep me busy for a while. I received my best information from a past spelunker in Guttenburg. One of his best leads was a cave I'd just looked at, after getting the location from a local farmer. After glancing in a couple nearby sinks, which were plugged, I pulled some sticks away from the entrance and stepped in. A stoopway went to the right, and a pit that was very deep was supposed to be just up ahead. Two pits were supposed to follow, then a water passage. The guy from Guttenburg, Don Forwell, built a boat small enough to fit into the water passage. He explored it about 30 feet before it became too tight for the boat to squeeze through. The owner's name is Andregg, so I called it Andregg cave. I found out later that Ron Klinefelter had entered the cave as far as the water passage only a couple months ago.

When I left Clayton County, I checked a couple leads in Jones County without finding much. Then I headed over to Maquoketa Caves to see if Tourists Delight Cave was enterable, but it was flooded as usual. It was late by then, so I headed back home.

MORE LEAD CHECKING IN CLAYTON COUNTY

Greg McCarty

April 16, 1972

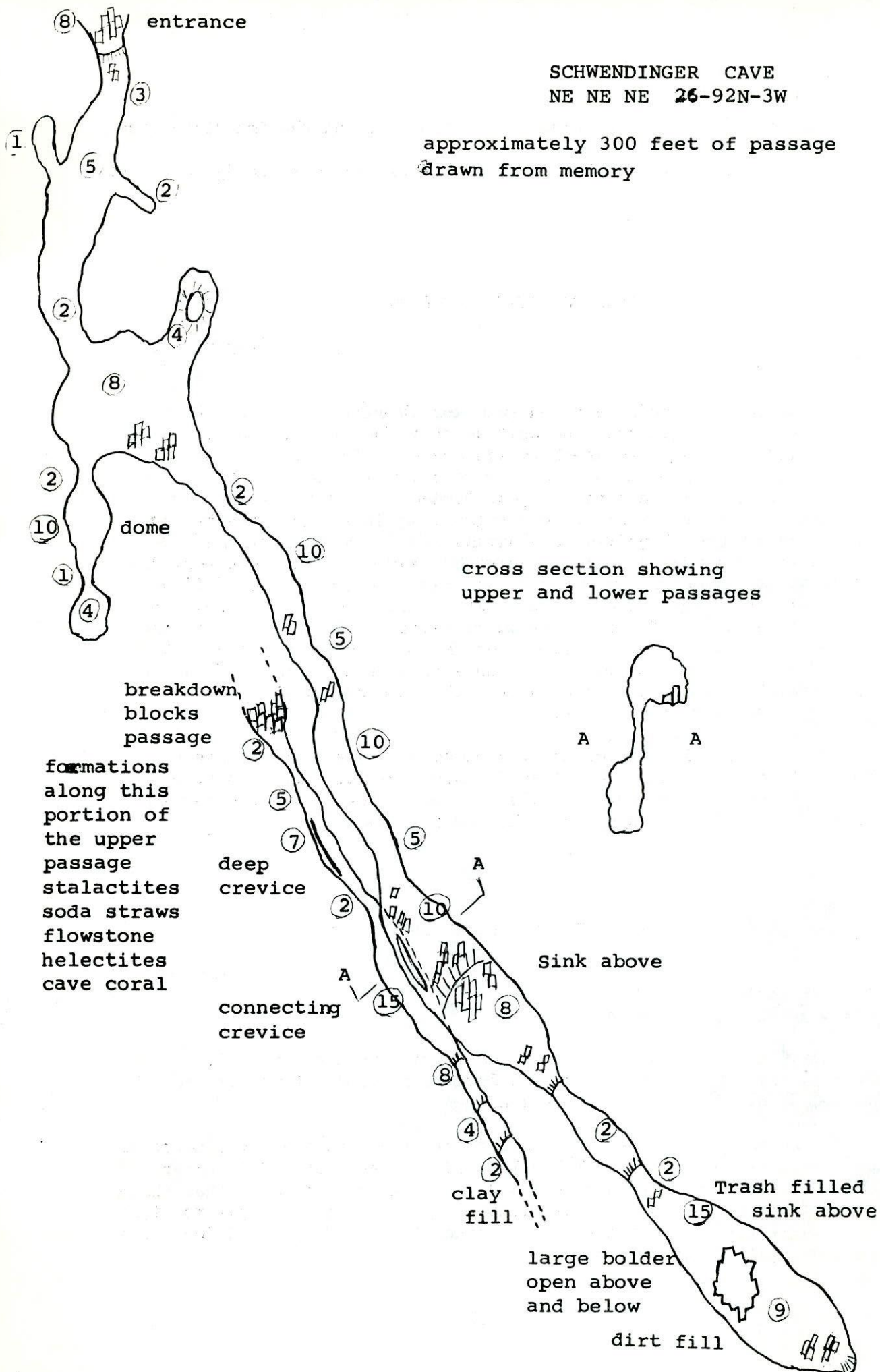
Lowell Burkhead, Greg McCarty

Leaving Iowa City in the rain, we hurried back to Lowell's house to pick up his trog suit he'd forgotten. Then it was off to Clayton County to check some hot leads.

It rained all the way up to our first stop, Andregg Cave, north of Luxemburg. This was a cave I had located earlier, but didn't enter because I was alone. It was supposed to be quite deep, and after three drops, there was supposed to be water. We figured that they were right about the water, because a stream of water 1½ feet deep and 3 feet wide was flowing into the entrance.

SCHWENDINGER CAVE
NE NE NE 26-92N-3W

approximately 300 feet of passage
drawn from memory



Deciding to save that one for drier days, we headed further north to Guttenburg and then west three miles. Checking a cave on the Paul Swendinger farm, we started down his torturous mile long lane. When we got within sight of the house, the lane dipped down into a ravine. At the bottom was a pickup truck mired in the mud that we could not drive around. While we were attempting to turn around, so that we would be pointing out, we became mired pretty good ourselves. After spending a couple hours trying to dig ourselves out, the mud was against the frame, the farmer came to our rescue and pulled us out with a tractor.

After thanking him, we put on our trog suits and headed for the cave. The cave was in a sink, and wasn't supposed to be very long, so we just brought our flashlights. The stoopway entrance changed quickly to a knee crawl. The floor was covered with ice, an inch thick. There was no ice outside. We quickly came to a small room, where we could stand up. Two passages continued on, one to a small dome and the other being the main passage. The ice ended at this room, and the passage that continued was a very low stoopway in deep mud. That only lasted for a few feet, as it became walking passage with only occasional stoops. There were some small formations of several types on the right wall. The passage was averaging 10 to 15 feet high and 3 to 4 feet wide. After 60 feet of this, a crevice pit opens up in the floor against the right wall. This hole is 2 1/2 feet long, by 7 inches wide at the widest point. It didn't use to be 7 inches wide, but my rock hammer fixed that. We had to lift several large rocks, up to 100 pounds, and clear away a lot of sticks. Chimneying down 25 feet brings you to about 80 feet of underlying, horizontal passage. This is walking and crawling, both ways from the bottom of the pit. It is a generally higher and less solutioned crevice down there. The rock is exceptionally crumbly, more like a combination of clay and rock particles. You can break a piece off the wall, anywhere, and crumble it in your hands. 15 feet toward the entrance from the bottom of the pit is a 5 inch crevice that is very deep. It takes quite a while for a rock to either stop or go out of hearing range, we don't know which.

The upper passage, beyond the pit, soon becomes a rocky crawlway that slopes upward. After 12 feet of crawlway you come up into a long room about 12 feet high, 5 feet wide, and 35 feet long. The end of this room is the end of the cave, as the passage is completely blocked by dirt fill. There are two sinks above the cave, both plugged, one is filled with trash. The cave runs in pretty much a straight line, toward the farm lane, from its entrance sink. The other two sinks are real close to the farm lane, one is above the crevice pit and one is above the last room. Just after you get into the last room you can see trash filtering in through the fractured rock in the ceiling. There are a few other sinks in the area, but they are plugged. You can see the joint, that the cave is in, continue on the other side of the lane.

A word of advice to anyone visiting the cave, unless you're very slim, you can not chimney out of the crevice pit without assistance from above. It's fairly tight at the top, and it bells out after 4 feet. The few footholds you can reach break off when you apply pressure. Before I went down the pit, Lowell and I came out and got our carbide lamps and a rope. Lowell belayed me down, because from the top it

looked a little too wide at the bottom to easily chimney. I got out by using Lowell's legs as handholds.

The farm itself is on a very high ridge and you can see for miles. Mr. Swendinge has been planning on filling in the sinks on his farm, including the one the cave is in. He said that if people would want to see the cave that he wouldn't fill it in. Evidently a neighbor has instructions from the government on how to fill sinkholes, and he wanted to try it out. We told him that people would come and see it, so he's not going to fill it in. Tired from the day's activities, we headed home.

SPRING MVOR

Greg McCarty

April 28, 29, 30, 1972

John Johnson, Bob Lehman, Greg McCarty, Jean Sanders

We left Friday afternoon (around 4:00 PM), in John's jeep, for an MVOR whose exact location was unknown to us. All we knew was that it was somewhere in the vicinity of Meramec Caverns, along the Meramec River in central Missouri. We figured any gathering of cavers that large ought to be visible from a distance, even at night.

John, of course, picked a good restaurant for supper in Hannibal. So instead of eating a hamburger, which I could afford, I ended up eating buttered chicken livers. They tasted better than a hamburger, though.

Eventually we arrived at Meramec Caverns, only to find no cavers. I had earlier predicted that the MVOR would be at Onondoga Cave, and this later proved to be correct. But first we headed for Meramec State Park to see if it was there. We finally rolled up to the registration booth, through the mud and light rain, about 2:00 AM. We then discovered there were a few problems. They had experienced extremely heavy rains the last couple weeks, and the Meramec River had flooded the campground. It was now drained, and barely dry enough to use, but the water from the spigots was unsafe to drink. This was minor compared to the real problem. The river had washed out all the bridges, including a major highway bridge, for 50 miles either way from the campground. The caves for the MVOR were only 3 miles from the campground, but it was over 100 miles roundtrip by car. There was one bridge left near the campground, but it had two or three feet of swift water flowing over it. And it had no guard rails, so you couldn't tell exactly where the edges were. This, plus John and Bob's desire to get home Sunday afternoon, put a cramp in the caving activities.

We drove through the campground and located some other Iowa Grotto members, and made our camp beside them. They included Harold Herington, Jim Blecker, and some others. John and I slept in a borrowed tent, while Bob and Jean slept on the seats of the jeep. There are advantages to being short. Also at the MVOR were former grotto members Ron

Klinefelter and Steve Scarf.

Harold Herington's group went through Nameless Cave Saturday. They may have done some other caving also. Nameless Cave is one of the largest caves in the area, with over 6 miles of passage mapped. It has a lot of stream passage, some big rooms, and a unique hanging lake.

One of the main reasons we wanted to go to this MVOR was that the caves will soon be flooded. A large flood control reservoir is being built on the Meramec River well downstream from the caves. Its base level will be high enough, however, to flood most of the caves. Even half of the commercialized Onondoga Cave will be lost. After filling with water, silt will fill the caves and the formations will be ruined. There is an NSS conservation task force working to block building of the dam, and save the caves as well as a wonderful swift and clear canoe stream.

We woke early Saturday to find the rain had stopped and the sky was clear. It was quite a shock leaving a drab late winter Iowa during the night, and waking up to a green-leafy spring, in Missouri. After breakfast we took the reduced rate tour of Onondoga Cave. While waiting for a guide in the building above the entrance, we noticed a bat hanging from the ceiling. John took some pictures of it. He also took a number of pictures in the cave. Guess who got to carry around his heavy ammunition case, full of photographic equipment? On the walls of the concrete walkway, the artificial entrance, were quite a few young salamanders. They were about 1 to 1 1/2 inches long, and were black with yellow spots. Very tiny and interesting.

Onondoga Cave has a lot of large passages, one really large room, and some very large flowstone formations. The Queen's Canopy, a mammoth mass of pure white flowstone, was impressive. Otherwise the cave is quite boring, except for the Lily Pad room and its lily pads of calcite. The river that they say surges through the whole cave is stagnant and green.

After resting up from this rigorous excursion, we joined one of the photography trips going into Cathedral Cave. Actually Cathedral Cave is the old Missouri Caverns commercial entrance to Onondoga Cave. Onondoga cave used to be two commercial caves in one, and bitter feuds were fought between the two owners. Mostly about where the property line was in the cave.

The Cathedral Cave portion of Onondoga has nearly all of its formations in the first 1,000 feet of walking passage. A massive portion of old flowstone divides much of the passage in half, lengthwise. The formations at first are shades of brown, and rather ugly. Further in some of the formations are live, and much prettier. Here there are several good examples of white flowstone. There's nothing I like better than white flowstone. After passing some geode like cavities in the ceiling you come to the final series of formations. The ceiling of the passage becomes completely covered with stalactites. All about a foot in length. They are very dense in this 30 foot long section, and are sort of mottled gray-black and white. Fairly pretty.

You go through a short stoopway here, over a mound of flowstone - stalagmites - and cave coral underneath the collection of stalactites. It was here, while taking some pictures, that John and I witnessed the death of a stalactite. A relatively inexperienced, in the proper techniques of caving, spelunker from St. Louis was wandering around in the wrong place trying to take some pictures. He bumped a stalactite with his helmet, and with a sickening plunk it snapped off and shattered on the floor. His "Oh darn, that was a pretty one too." hardly made up for his moment of carelessness. Whenever you are in an area where there are formations in every direction, up - down - left - right - forward - and back, that has to be on your mind at all times. You have to plan each tiny movement with deliberate care, for just turning your head could wipe out thousands of years growth. The best course of action, of course, is to only enter such areas when it is absolutely necessary. Because even if you're careful enough to miss everything else, your muddy boots are surely wiping out something on the floor.

The cave beyond this formation area is much larger, both in height and width, and there is a lot of relief in the floor. The relief starts with a huge slump pit in the clay floor sediments. It is about 50-60 feet wide, and 30-35 feet deep. The passage turns to the right here, the first significant turn since the entrance. High walking passage about 35 feet wide continues 100 feet to a sharp left turn. It then continues in the same dimensions for 150 feet to a very long steep slope down to stream level. The passage at the bottom of the slope is about 45 feet high and 40 feet wide. The stream was 8 feet wide and 6-8 inches deep on that day. We didn't go beyond this point, because we were running out of time. We had entered the cave on one of the first photography tours in the afternoon. John was doing a thorough job of photographing the cave, and taking a lot of time setting up some shots, so the slow moving tour soon left us behind. We weren't moving at all. Jean was also taking some pictures. When other cave photographers were present, several photos were gotten from each flash. By the time we got to the slope above the stream, the last photography tour was on its way out. Bob Lehman took a shot of John and I halfway down the slope with John's camera. We had John's other flash unit with us. When we got back to the top, a large group of cavers were taking a quick run through the cave before they locked the gate. John quickly set up his tripod and got a beautiful time exposure of about 35 carbide lamps and flashlights winding their way down the long slope to the stream. Our lights painted in the ceiling.

We left the cave somewhat reluctantly, but we were the only ones left in the cave by 5:00 PM except for one of the MVOR guides. He had the key to the gate and was going to lock it when he left the cave. He was leaving as soon as he could get us out.

After scraping the mud off us, we headed for the banquet which was being held at Meramec Caverns. Thirty miles downstream. When we arrived at the banquet site, we discovered that Bob's lead acid battery he used as a power source for his helmet light was leaking badly. The Meramec River runs right by the parking lot, so Bob washed it off and put it in a plastic container to prevent damage to other gear.

The meal itself was being served in the cafeteria of the large tourist center at the entrance to Meramec Caverns. We were a little late, but fortunately they were still serving. The meal was made more enjoyable by an occasional bat flying from the cave and circling over our heads. The banquet program, which consisted of two or three good speakers followed by a pleading call for someone to host the fall MVOR, was given in the huge amphitheater like entrance room to the cave. This was fine, except that I (and probably many others) were not dressed for sitting still in cool cave air for 1 1/2 hours. I was freezing. Before heading back to the campground for the night, we wandered around the tourist center for a while looking at all the keen things you could buy. Beside a department store sized souvenir shop, that also handled many types of regular merchandise, they had a large array of rocks and minerals for sale. Lots of polished onyx, some carved into animal shapes, either loose or in jewelry. This reminds me of one thing I forgot to mention about the commercial tour of Onondaga Cave. They give you the estimated weight of the Queens Canopy, the largest and most beautiful (in my opinion) formation in the cave, and then give its estimated value as cut and polished onyx, causing tourists to think that cave formations are valuable. With good information like that crammed into their pointy little heads, they will naturally be inclined to pick up the next formation they see in a wild cave. Wouldn't it be cute to have matching stalactite and stalagmite book ends?

Some of the minerals they had for sale were rather interesting. Like a rough, rather ugly piece of rock they said was Mozarkite - Missouri's state rock. I don't know if that is true, all I know is that they were trying to sell a 1 1/2 cubic inch piece of ordinary chert for \$4.00. Such a deal! One piece of rock about the size of a human brain was very pretty, having several different colored minerals present. They called it Rainbow rock. But, at \$80, I think I can stand to live without it.

We left Sunday morning, as soon as we got things packed away, for the long drive back to Iowa City. We had much better luck with taking county roads on the way back than we did going (we got more than a little confused on the way down). I was hoping we could at least take in the commercial tour of Mark Twain Cave in Hannibal on the way back, but no such luck. We arrived in Iowa City about 3:30 or 4:00 PM.

FUTURE GROTTO MEMBERS VISIT HUNTERS CAVE

Lowell Burkhead

On Saturday, May 20, I took nine Cub Scouts and two parents from Marion, Iowa, to see Hunters Cave. We got a late start from Marion and found the road to the cave closed for paving. We had to go in the back way. We walked back to the cave and had lunch before going in.

There weren't enough lights to go around but we figured safety in numbers and headed in anyway. After all, if you're only three feet

tall, one light is enough for two people. After looking around the Big Room, we went to the Skull Room. The little guys had some trouble getting down the drop off in the Canyon Room but they all made it unassisted except for a couple of artificial foot holds. They were having a lot of fun but the parents had already about had it. When we returned to the Big Room, one of the parents went outside to wait for us.

On the way out, we met Terry Sires and a friend of his coming in. They were supposed to meet us at the cave. They were late because of the closed road. Neither of them had been to Hunters before. I pointed them toward the Skull Room while we went to see the Fossil Room.

When we returned to the Big Room, we ran across Ed Smith who was showing a friend through the cave. His friend is a teacher and was planning to take his class caving. He thought he should know his way around the cave before hand. By this time, Terry and his friend were back from the Skull Room. His friend wasn't prepared for the mud and cold and was ready to leave. we explored around the Big Room for a while and then headed out.

The Scouts wanted more caving but their parents and I didn't, so we decided to take them to Maquoketa Caves State Park and turn them loose for a while. Ed lead the way over the back roads and didn't even get lost. We walked through Dance Hall Cave and looked into Widemouth. Then we sat around in the shade and talked caving while the Scouts ran loose. After a couple of hours, we rounded up the troops and headed home.

They have asked me since to take them caving again but I don't think I'm up to it. Would you like to do it?

NEW CLAYTON COUNTY CAVES

May 27, 1972

Lowell Burkhead

On Saturday, May 27, Greg McCarty and I headed for Clayton County with a list of promising leads. The first one was in a timber behind Ceres Park between Guttenburg and Garnavillo. We spent about an hour trying to locate the property owner. We got his name and where he lived from one of the local people but he wasn't home. We went back to the Richard Grave farm where we had stopped earlier. Mr. Grave owns the adjoining property. We found him a refreshing change from the average Iowa farmer. He was a young man with a delightful sense of humor and a bright and cheerful personality. He took time out from his work to drive back to the back of his property with us and show us his sink holes. We could use more property owners like him. He showed us two of his sink holes. One of them went down to bed rock and was definitely karst. It ended in a mud plug. We gained access to a logging road in the timber from the back of the Grave property and drove the car back as far as we could. We started looking for the sink that was supposed to contain a large cave. We walked all the way through the timber and

back again and didn't find anything. The trees and bushes were so thick that we couldn't see over 15 feet.

The heat and insects were getting to us so we decided to leave it until fall when we could see better.

We drove back to the farm house and Mr. Grave told us about two more sinks he had along the edge of the timber. We gained access from Ceres Park and walked in to have a look. The sink holes were so large that we almost didn't find them. They looked like the side of a hill. The timber was too thick to see to the other side of the sink from where we were. We climbed down into the first one. It went down to bedrock but was plugged by broken rock. It had been taking water in four or five different places in an area about thirty feet across.

We went on to the next one and it was open. We moved some brush and rocks out of the way and Greg squeezed in. There was about forty feet of small crawlway and then got too tight. We decided to give up on this area for the time being and move on to another promising lead.

From there we headed for Clayton Center to check some sink holes west of there. We talked to the farmer and he said they were all plugged but one of the neighbors had one with a cave in it. We got directions to the Fauke farm a half mile down the road and went to talk to Mr Fauke (no pun intended). He said he had a cave but he hadn't been in it very far and didn't have any idea how big it might be. He told us the location and we drove across the pasture and the hay field to the edge of the timber on the back of the farm.

The land dropped off sharply to the right to a large sink hole in the bottom of a dry stream bed leading down the side of the hill.

Expecting no more than we usually find when we are checking sink holes, we walked down with just flashlights to have a look. We were surprised to find an outcropping of good solid limestone at the bottom of the sink with a low wide cave entrance under it. I crawled in with Greg right behind me. Within twenty feet of the entrance, the passage turned into walkway but from that point we could see what was surely the end of the cave. It turned out, however, to be only a sharp bend and a six foot drop off. From there Greg led the way as the passage sloped downward to two more drops that totaled about ten feet. Our excitement mounted as we heard our voices echo from the darkness ahead. We knew it had to be a pit. We scrambled down the drops and found ourselves in a large room with a pit. The ceiling was flat and seemed to be the same level as the entrance. We could see that the pit wasn't very deep but that there was another pit at the bottom of it. The room was of such unusual shape that we couldn't define its size, shape, or total magnitude from the ledge overlooking the pit. We tossed down a few rocks, like any good cavers would do, and decided we had the equipment and experience to conquer it even though we couldn't see what it was.

We went back to the car and got the vertical gear and the carbides. After taking all the equipment to the room with the pit, we found that there was no suitable place to tie off the rope. We ended

up back outside hooking the rope to a nearby tree. We used a seventy five foot length of half inch braided hardware rope to stretch through the passage so we could have enough blue water for both of the pits.

After moving some loose rocks from the edge, we tossed the rope down. Greg rigged in and went down to the bottom of the first pit. I rigged in and had some trouble getting over the edge which was a solutioned vertical joint. The rope was lying in the back of a narrow crack that widened out into the pit after about three feet. The crack was too narrow for me to get through and it was under cut by a full five feet. I had to go over the edge on my knees and climb back to the wall in order to place the rope where it wouldn't slip. I rappelled down to where Greg was and pulled the rope over to the edge of the second pit and went down. The first drop was between 20 and 25 feet and the second, about 17 feet.

I looked over the room while Greg was coming down. It was ten by thirty feet and almost a hundred feet high. A talus slope led down some thirty feet to a small hole which looked like it went. Greg headed in first. It was a passage about eight feet wide and averaged almost two feet high. It was strewn with many different kinds of rocks that had washed in from outside. We had to move them out of the way to get through. The floor was covered with sand. The passage was decorated with flowstone and some soda straws.

After we had gone about thirty feet, we started to hear another echo. We knew that if we found another pit at this depth, we had really found something. We were already approaching a hundred feet below the entrance. We pushed faster as the passage got lower and the echo got more intense. We came out in a room. We had to turn around in the low passage and drop down four feet to a ledge overlooking a ten foot drop into water. From what we could see from the ledge, the room was about thirty feet long, four feet wide and about twenty feet high. Where we came in was at one end and there seemed to be a small passage off the other end. The water in the bottom was very clear and we could see that it was also very deep. We didn't attempt to chimney across to the other end since there was only two of us and neither very experienced. We decided we had gotten as far as we could and headed out. We had some trouble getting back up the rope where it was dropped through the crack. By the time we got out, we were both out of carbide. We coiled the ropes and headed for home as the sun was already going down.

We were very impressed with Fauke Cave for several reasons. First, because it was so deep, we estimated 140 feet from the entrance to the water level. There was about 300 feet of total passage length including the vertical portion. Second, because there was no mud or sediment which indicates free flowing water. We may be able to push that water passage all the way to a spring passage in a dry year. It's at least worth another trip.

CANOE TRIP ON THE UPPER IOWA RIVER

June 3 & 4, 1972

Debbie McVey

The second annual Iowa Grotto Canoe Trip was held June 3 & 4, 1972 traveling the middle third of the Upper Iowa River. On the trip were Tom Hruska and his father, Paul Muller, Steve Rehoe, Bob Lehman, Jean Sanders, Loren and Debbie McVey, Lowell Burkhead, Mr. and Mrs. Miller and their daughter, Dennis McCabe, Mike McArtel, and Larry Fattig. Joining us on Saturday night for the second day of canoeing were John Johnson and Al and Karn Jagnow.

After a lot of messing around, delays, and waiting for everyone to arrive, we finally all put in Saturday morning in Decorah between the Dunning Spring outlet and the Twin Bridges. In general, this part of the Upper Iowa is slower and more sedate than the portion between Kendallville and Decorah which we traveled last year. However, on the plus side, there were fewer times when you had to get out and push your canoe over shallows. Much of the land in this area is farm land, but there were many timbered regions, especially around the 4-H and Girl Scout camps we passed and the area around Upper and Lower Dam is quite wild.

By the time we made it to Upper Dam on the first day, everyone was pretty tired, so after making the portage, those with swimsuits or cutoffs went in for a swim. The sand and depth of the water there made for a good swimming hole. Between Upper and Lower Dam, the gradient of the river is almost zero, so it was very much like canoeing a long narrow lake.

We spent the night at Lower Dam which has a large level grassy camping area overlooking the waterfall over the dam. While Upper Dam was built to generate electricity, Lower Dam was built as a grist mill. Both are now flooded out and abandoned.

After several in the party went back to Decorah to shift the cars to our camping spot, we had a sexist division of labor with the females fixing supper and the guys portaging the canoes down to the base of the dam. Menu for the evening meal was Hobo Supper (consisting of hamburger, potatoes, onions, and carrots cooked together in aluminum foil), french bread, and watermelon. One watermelon was left over and shared during the next day's lunch stop.

The only major incident of the trip took place that evening when some people decided to go swimming again below the Lower Dam. A couple decided to imitate the Alcapulco divers and Mike McArtel was the unlucky one, hitting a rock and breaking his nose when diving into the water.

We left Lower Dam pretty early the next morning and had an uneventful day of rather lazy canoeing. The only ones in any hurry were Paul and Steve, who would rush ahead, and then stop to eat while the others caught up, over and over again. Our take out point was at a level sandy spot, just above the Highway 76 bridge, which had just been made into a park.

We then retrieved the vehicles from Lower Dam, loaded up the canoes which were rented from the University of Iowa and headed back for Iowa City.

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Woody's World



"Okay, okay, we'll do it your way --
single file."

The portage at Lower Dam was far from uneventful.

CLIMBING AT DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN

June 24, 25, 1972

Greg McCarty

I spent the weekend climbing with the Iowa Mountaineers at Devil's Lake in Wisconsin. The large quantity of tall quartzite cliffs, around the lake, form an oasis for climbing in the Midwest. We drove up Friday afternoon and camped at the Chicago Mountaineers' campground Friday and Saturday night. This was my last practical session in the advanced

rock climbing class I had taken in the spring. We had a lot of fun, polishing our techniques and enjoying the beautiful weather. It's really a nice park, crowded but nice.

MISCELLANEOUS CAVING AND LEAD CHECKING DURING THE LAST TEN MONTHS

Summer, 1972

Greg McCarty

During the last ten months I've done a lot of lead checking and have done quite a bit of caving with a friend of mine in Anamosa. Most of these trips don't really deserve a separate report, so I'm going to combine them into one report. In late September or early October of 1971, just after I'd joined the grotto, my friend and I checked out a cave he had heard about to the west of Anamosa. This was one of the largest caves I had been in at the time, so at the next grotto meeting I showed up with the exciting news about a new cave. Only to have Loren McVey tell me that it was Bogus Cave, and that it had been known to the grotto for quite a while. On later trips during the next three months we went to Hunters, Indian Bluff, Searryls, and Maquoketa Caves State Park. For some reason he liked Hunters better than Indian Bluff. Lest I forget, we also went in Hunters Annex. I got stuck for a while in a tight crawlway in Hunters Annex, because I forgot about some stuff in my pockets. After we got out of Hunters, I put on my coat underneath my trog suit. In the coat pockets I had another pair of gloves and two or three apples. When I got to the tightest part of the passage, these items prevented me from making it through the constriction. When I tried to back out, my coat just bunched up and formed a wedge from the other end.

In the early part of the summer, my friend and I did come up with some new caves. The best one of these caves was Hattfield Cave in north-east Jones County. I'd gotten a lead on this cave on a previous trip, but hadn't checked it out yet. When I read in the newspaper about an archeaology major from Wisconsin who was digging in a cave along the North Fork Maquoketa for his Masters Thesis, I knew that he had located that cave for me. He had contacted the grotto earlier for the location of shelter caves to use for his work. He finally chose a cave that we didn't even know about yet. Hattfield Cave isn't a shelter cave, but the passage is so wide that it served the same purpose for wandering Indian hunting parties. It took two trips to find the cave, because I only knew the approximate location. We started out at the most likely location, and drove down an abandoned county road to see what we could see. There weren't any cars parked at the end of the road, so we drove back up to the nearest farmhouse to ask directions. The farmer that we talked to said that he knew right where the cave was. He said to just go back down to the end of the road and turn left. It was just a ways upstream. It turned out that he had never seen the cave, and that the cave was almost two miles upstream. We hiked around for about an hour without turning up anything, then headed back home. The next day we got directions from another farmer, and finally located the cave. The student doing the work in the cave was camping out on the bluff top above

the cave, and was receiving a lot of digging help from area kids that had been hired through a special program. He showed us through the cave, then took us up to his camp to discuss what he had been finding. While my friend was listening to his talk about the Indians that lived in the area, I went back down to the cave and completely explored it. The passage is mostly of walking height, and twenty to thirty feet wide. There are a few rooms and domes, one of which has a mountain of flowstone topped by a huge stalagmite. A large column and other formations also grace this particular dome. The cave has about three hundred feet of passage, and is dry except for ceiling drips. The floor is littered with small stalagmites. The cave has been heavily vandalized, in respect to speleothems being broken or removed, but is still a pleasant place to visit. The size of the passage is phenomenal for Iowa, and is a refreshing change. My carbide lamp was behaving especially well, so I turned it up to where I had a three inch flame. This allowed me to see to the other side of the wide passage. After I got out of the cave I turned it up to a six inch flame with no hissing or sputtering. I've been unable to repeat that feat with a quiet flame. Later during the summer when the digging was all over, we found out that he had hit only one major period of habitation. Very disappointing considering the size of the site. It's too bad that he wasn't more conservation oriented, as he left a mess at the cave and his camp site. Some of the debris is metal and plastic and will have to be packed out. Other stuff will decay and disappear. As I hope the scars of the operation there will also disappear. The huge gaps in the cave floor will always remain, but the mountain of dirt and rocks that they removed from the cave will gradually erode down the ravine into the river. He told me how to get in touch with the guy who had told him about the cave, and I checked with him on a later trip that I'll write up separately. The guy from Wisconsin, I can't remember his name, told me about another cave further upstream that had been described to him. He hadn't been to it, but he thought he knew right where it was. I rode my bicycle out to the cave from Anamosa one day to have him show me where the other cave was, but he had gone back to Wisconsin for the weekend. Finally on a trip during the next week, he tried to show me where the other cave is. His directions were for following the river, but he thought it would be shorter to go over the top and come down the ravine to the cave. What a mistake! We drove back up the lane for a ways and parked in the corn field, then walked down through the field at an angle to the edge of the timber. We found a ravine to lead us down to the river valley, but it wasn't the ravine that we wanted. There's an interesting phenomena along the North Fork Maquoketa. Virtually all the caves along the North Fork are in ravines some distance back from the river. This is true on both sides of the river, and of all the caves the Iowa Grotto knows about along this river. We checked over the ravine we came down in, then followed the river downstream to the next ravine. After climbing back up the steep slope and checking out this ravine, we decided that it must be the next ravine downstream. Three ravines later, we were beginning to wonder if we were going to find the cave before nightfall. Also we were getting awfully tired. The terrain we were covering was extremely rugged, and everytime we climbed up the long steep slope to check out a ravine we tired our legs that much more. The heat and humidity was terrible, and the bugs were just feasting on us. Nettles and other nasty weeds abounded, and after a couple hours we were in pretty sad shape. I was having additional problems because a nail was coming up through the

heel of my cheap leather boots. The nail was sticking out a long ways by the time we got back, and it had a hook on the end. I had a large hole in my heel, and of course it hurt considerably while we were hiking. After it seemed like we had walked for a couple miles, and had climbed up and checked out a half dozen ravines, the archaeology student couldn't climb up the hill anymore times. I managed to pull myself up one more time to check out some holes that we could see, but they didn't go anywhere. Now we had to concentrate our efforts on just getting out of there. Fighting through the weeds and the heat was bad enough, but the steep slope combined with fallen trees and rocks made the coming darkness all the more undesirable. We were sorry that we couldn't find the cave as it was supposed to have seventeen rooms, and was supposed to have been used for an Indian burial place. Lowell Burkhead and I located this cave on a later trip, and found that it has only three rooms but that it had been used for burial. We continued to plod along, thinking that we were never going to reach the Hattfield cave ravine, and getting more tired by the minute. Finally we reached a point that allowed us to see the Hattfield ravine, about 1/2 mile distant around a long sweeping curve. Then I got a brainstorm. Why not walk in the river. The North Fork Maquoketa is a shallow river, and can be walked for most of its length during normal water levels. Now however, the water level was high because of recent rains. I slipped off into the brown water, and found it to be knee deep. Its coolness refreshed us, but we had to be very careful not to step off into a hole because we were walking downstream. We walked down the middle of the river, because there the bottom was more even. This got us into trouble as we approached the ravine, though, because the water got too deep between us and the right bank. We had to angle over to the left bank, and when I almost disappeared into some soupy sand on a mud flat we had to climb up the bank. There wasn't a shallow spot to cross for as far as we could see, but we did have one chance. There was a large rocky point coming out from the Hattfield ravine, and this forced the water to the left bank where it flowed over some swift rapids. Normally when the water is concentrated on one side of a river bed, it's deeper there. But here the rocky bed prevented any downcutting and just greatly increased the speed of the flow. We were too tired to go running all around trying to find a better place to cross, so I tried to convince him that we could make it. He felt that if we tried to cross in that fast water that we would just get washed away, and possibly get in trouble or even drown. I told him that if I could make it, then he probably could. So I started on across. The water was about waist deep, and presented quite a challenge. I leaned into the current as much as I could, and used my toes to reach for points of rock that would keep me from being swept away. All I could do was just keep tapping my toes on what ever rocks I could reach, and try to move quickly across. When I reached the other side, I found that I had been washed about twenty feet downstream. After a lot of coaxing the archaeology student made it across too, but he said it was the most dangerous thing he had ever done in his life. It was dangerous, but I think that if what he said was true he must have led a much calmer life than me. We trudged up the hill one last time, and cooled off in Hattfield cave. The reason that our hike was so long, and unproductive, was that we cut across a meander loop in the river.

My friend and I did a little archaeological digging of our own

during the summer. His uncle knew of some caves to the south of Anamosa, which the grotto didn't know about, and he showed them to us. One was small and relatively uninteresting, but I later named it Artifact Cave when its four foot square entrance produced a number of arrowheads and tools. Another cave with a shelter entrance I called Pottery Cave. It was far too rocky to dig inside the cave entrance, but digging around the rocks on the hillside in front of the entrance produced a fair amount of pottery fragments. The short passage beyond the shelter ended in dirt fill, but it is rumored to have once continued to another room. This is entirely possible. The third cave I called Plueger Cave after the owner. This cave was the largest, but it produced no artifacts. The passage becomes a low kneecrawl, then opens up into a medium sized room with several passages leading off it. The longest passage leads to another room that is badly silted. The cave is filled with sandy soil, and may have washed in when the small creek outside was at the same level as the cave entrance. Digging would probably produce more passage, but you'd be digging most of the passage that you got into. This cave is half way interesting, but it's less than one hundred feet long. The digging we did at these sites was minor, because the available area to dig in was minor. This site would be of little importance to science, because it is so small. The main area for digging was outside Pottery cave, and the stuff here had been moved around by years of rainfall. No levels could be determined, as the stuff was all mixed up.

I also did some lead checking during this time which didn't turn up much. I did some tramping around in the area of Bogus Cave, but turned up nothing. During the winter my dad and I went to Bogus Cave to try and dig through a constriction in one of the side passages on the left side of the big room. I dug for half an hour, and did some chiseling on a rock point, then finally managed to squeeze through. Before my eyes lay twelve feet of virgin passage, all crawlway of course. During spring break I did some tramping around Farm Creek in eastern Jones County. I didn't find any real caves, but I did turn up something very unusual. It's like a shelter cave that has just been brought in from somewhere and set down on the ground. This whole piece of rock is hollowed out underneath. The shelter is about sixty or seventy feet long, and I called it Skunk Shelter. There was much skunk smell present when I was there. There was a little flowstone in one of the ceiling crevices. It's possible that this whole piece of dolomite just broke off the bluff and slid down the slope, cave and all. You can see out underneath the walls at several points, and in the center of the shelter it is splitting in half. You could chimney out here if you wanted to, so of course I did. On one lead checking trip, I was checking out some leads given to the grotto by Everet Alton. He had gotten them from a friend. I started out along the South Fork Maquoketa to check on a cave that was supposed to be right at the water line. The farmer that owned the land where the cave was supposed to be didn't know of any caves there, but he gave the lead that later turned out to be Hattfield Cave. I tramped around the edge of the river, but found nothing. I was running around through luxuriant growths of poison ivy with just shorts on, and no socks in my tennis shoes. I'd never gotten poison ivy in my life, but a week after this trip I developed a huge purple blotch on my leg that was quite painful. I don't know for sure whether this was caused by the poison ivy contact, but I know of no other cause. Next I went up to

check on a lead along Johns Creek in Dubuque County. I talked for some time to a farmer there, and he gave me several leads on some openings in the bluffs downstream from his farm. He also told me about some archaeological work that had been done in the area by some students from Dubuque. The leads sounded like small and uninteresting caves, but I logged them for checking on a future trip. He also showed me on my topo maps where there is supposed to be a pit near Epworth. I thanked him and headed back south to see if I could locate White Water Canyon before it got dark. I drove around on the back roads in the area, but I didn't see anything that deserved the name canyon.

