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John Johnson

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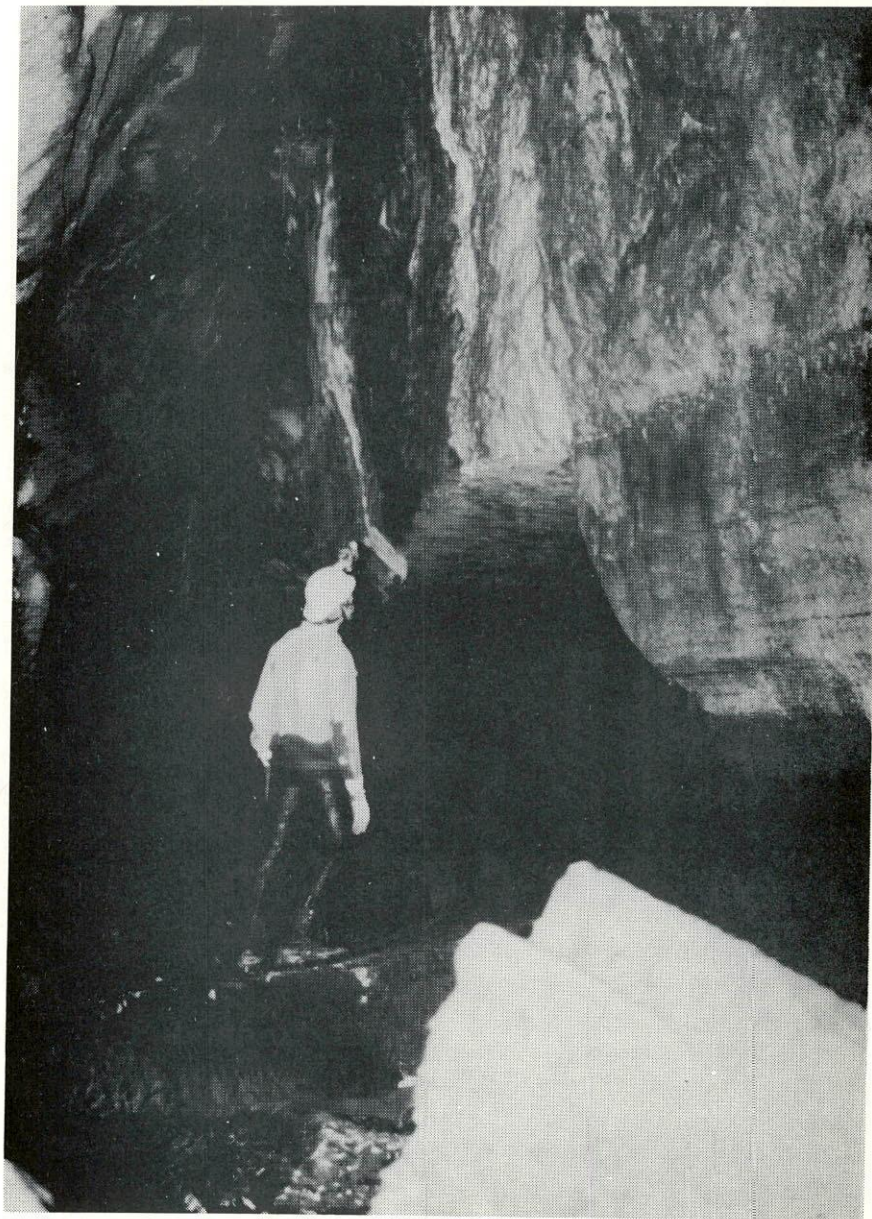
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I N T E R C O M

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National Speleological Society



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IOWA GROTTO *INTERCOM*
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INTERCOM STAFF

Editor: John Johnson
Printer: University of Iowa
Typist: Jane Ries
Lithophotography: J. Ceronie

COVER PICTURE: Brad Olson on Hanging Rock in Coldwater Cave

Photo by Mike Bounk

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IOWA GROTTO

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

Chairman - - - - - Michael Bounk
Vice-Chairman - - - Barb am Ende
Sec'y-Treas. - - - - - Tom Hruska

Volume Fifteen

Issue Three

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GROTTO MINUTES AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting May 9, 1979

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:55 PM Adjourned: 8:35 PM
Attendance: 5 members and 5 guests Treasury: \$130.29
A class project on journalism has published an article on the grotto in a journalism school paper. The grotto will try to get copies of the article. Barb am Ende gave a report on her trip to Engelken Cave on April 29, 1979. Greg McCarty is planning a trip to Floyd County on May 27, 1979. May 18-20 are the dates for a trip to Cold Water Cave. A novice trip to Jackson County is scheduled for May 13, 1979.

Regular Meeting May 23, 1979

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:50 PM Adjourned: 9:10 PM
Attendance: 7 members and 4 guests Treasury: \$147.09
There was no old business. Mike Bounk recommended that all members take advantage of the first aid courses being offered by the Red Cross. There was a discussion of the merit of joining the North Country Region, Loren Schutt moved that the Iowa Grotto join the North Country Region. Jim Huber second, passed unanimously. Greg McCarty reported on a lead checking trip on the South Fork of the Maquoketa River on May 19, 1979. Mike Bounk reported on his novice trip to Jackson County on May 13, 1979. Roosevelt School has requested a demonstration of climbing techniques for their students on June 2, 1979. The annual Rock River picnic at Cold Water Cave will be June 16-17, 1979. The North Country Region spring meeting will be July 14-15 at Illinois Caverns, near Waterloo, Illinois.

Regular Meeting June 13, 1979

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 8:05 PM
Attendance: 5 members and no guests Treasury: \$150.34
There was no business to bring before the meeting. Greg McCarty reported on a lead checking trip to the South Fork of the Maquoketa River on June 3, 1979. Greg and Barb am Ende did some rock hunting and checking in Becker Quarry. The Cold Water trip and picnic will be June 16-17, 1979. Mike Bounk has a trip to Sowards on June 24 and to Doll Cave on June 30, 1979. The North Country Region meeting will be July 14-15, 1979. After the meeting, the NSS slide show on Reids Cave was presented.

Regular Meeting June 27, 1979

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:50 PM Adjourned: 8:40 PM
Attendance: 7 members and no guests Treasury: \$149.34
The date for the Iowa Grotto Picnic has been set for September 22-23, 1979, at Duttons Cave near West Union, Iowa. Editor Tom Hruska plans to have some issues of the Intercom ready for distribution at the grotto picnic this fall. Mike Bounk reported on the availability of American Red Cross first aid and safety courses. Mike Bounk told about the trip to Cold Water Cave. Mike also reported on a visit to Sowards and Duttons. Several future trips were announced.

WORDENS, DANCEHALL, AND DOLL CAVE TRIP

May 13, 1979

Michael Bounk

Charles Fowler, Malinda Thielman, Steve Weliver, and Michael Bounk

About 7:00 AM, I met Charles and Melinda at the Iowa City K-Mart parking lot. We then drove to Baldwin, where we met Steve at 8:30 AM. After a brief discussion of plans for the trip, we entered Wordens Cave, which we examined. While in the cave we entered the northernmost of the two rooms off the east side of the Foothills Room. I attempted unsuccessfully to chimney up about 30 feet to the top of this room, where we thought there might be a passage. The walls of this room slope up at about 70°, and the room varies in width, making this a difficult chimney. Steve then attempted it, and by bracing his feet on my shoulders was able to reach usable holds and thus climb to the top. He reported that the passage extends to the east about 3 feet, then up 4 feet, and ends. Some breakdown blocks were seen in the walls and ceiling. This passage, which I later learned had been entered on an earlier trip, is probably very close to the surface.

We left the cave at 11:00 AM, and after quickly visiting a small mechanically formed cave across the valley, tried for an hour to dig open a nearby lead. However, we were unsuccessful at finding any enterable passage.

We then drove to Maquoketa Caves State Park, where we visited Dancehall Cave, including the Steel Gate Passage. We exited the cave about 4:00 PM, and after checking the entrance to Tourists Delight Cave, which was flowing, we returned to the vehicles where we spoke to the park ranger for a while.

After Charles and Malinda, who had to get home early, had left, Steve and I drove to the Doll farm in Jones County. We entered the cave after speaking to the owner's wife. While in the cave we added some cross sections to a map being prepared by Jim Hedges.

We finally left the cave about 8:00 PM, and after speaking to the owner, headed home.

MAY COLD WATER CAVE TRIP

May 18 - 20, 1979

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Dave DeVries, Bruce Foyir, Mary Foyir, Jim Klager, Brad Olson, Barry Schuman, Greg Scherf, and Michael Bounk

I arrived at the Flatland's house about 9:30 PM. No one was home, so I drove to the shaft entrance compound. The compound was locked and no one was there. Therefore, I went to sleep in the back of my truck. At 1:00 AM Saturday, I woke up and discovered that Pete, Dave, Brad, and Greg had arrived. After speaking with Pete for a few minutes, I carried my sleeping bag into the shed and went back to sleep.

The next morning we drove to the Harmony House, in Harmony Minnesota, for breakfast. We met Barry there. Because of the heavy rain Friday night, Barry decided to sleep in the church lot across from the Flatland's rather than attempting to drive down to the shed. After we had returned to the shed, Bruce and Mary arrived at 11:30 AM.

About 12:00, Pete, Jim, Barry, and I entered the cave. First we headed upstream to the entrance of the North Snake Passage, where we tied a chip into the survey. We then headed downstream to tie in a chip in the main passage, and one in the Downstream Passage. We then finished the survey of the Wellpipe Passage, surveying from the well pipe to a chip at the junction of the Wellpipe Passage with the Cascade Passage. We then headed down the Cascade Passage to the main passage and back upstream towards the shaft.

Barry and Jim checked a lead off the passage which they had surveyed off of the Orange and Black Dome in March (see March trip report), while Pete and I returned to the shaft. Pete and I exited the cave at 6:00 PM. On the surface we met Brad, Dave, Greg, Bruce, and Mary. Brad and Dave then entered the cave for a downstream tourist trip. Earlier in the day, Bruce and Mary had been in the cave for about three hours. They had gone upstream to the North Snake Passage and the Jumping Off Point.

About 6:50 PM. Barry and Jim exited the cave. They reported that they had pushed about 200 feet of 3 foot wide by 2 foot high passage to where they were stopped by formations. This passage is the right side of the T, the stem and left fork of which were surveyed in March. At 8:03 PM, Brad and Dave returned to the surface. They had done the March survey loop (discussed above).

The next day we ate breakfast at Nob Hill, north of Decorah. After breakfast, we visited the Decorah Ice Cave, and Dunning Spring. Everyone except Dave and I then headed to Wisconsin for more caving before returning to Illinois. Dave headed home, and I drove to Spook Cave in Clayton County. I went on the commercial tour in Spook Cave before heading home. I finally returned to Iowa City about 7:00 PM.

MORE WALKING THAN WE CARE TO REMEMBER

May 19, 1979

Greg McCarty

Ed Smith and Greg McCarty

Ed met me in Anamosa Friday night, and stood out in the cold rain with me to watch the last half of a soggy high school conference track meet. The next morning we set off to check a lead that I had gotten years ago along the South Fork of the Maquoketa in Northeast Jones County. The lead came from a retired farmer in his eighties, and was supposed to be a cave that his uncle had entered around the turn of the century. It had a small opening, but went a long ways.

I had called him up ahead of time to tell him we were coming. When we got there he tried to show us how to get to the area on the maps, but there was some confusion about directions, so he drove to the area and we followed him. After thanking him, we packed up our gear and headed into the woods. The entrance we were looking for was supposed to be only three or four feet across, and near the top of the steep slope and bluffs that line the river.

Both the North and South Forks of the Maquoketa River are quite wild in this part of the state, so we were prepared for a rough day of hiking. We had an easy time getting back to the river, though, as we followed a logging road. It was too muddy to drive on this trip. Once to the river we

headed downstream for a ways, then made the climb up the hill to the bluffs. It was quite rough walking at first, as the bluffs were all broken up into big talus blocks. The farmer's story about all the rattlesnakes he had gotten from a nearby den seemed quite plausible.

It wasn't long before we found a cave entrance. It was a walk-in entrance, and so didn't match the description. He had said that there weren't any other caves in the area, and when we talked with him later he said that this was just a little thing that didn't go anywhere. You had to get down on your knees a little way in, then it opened up again. The passage was about ten feet wide, and ranged up to six feet high or so. A crawlway led off to the left near the end of the main passage, and the first few feet showed obvious signs of digging. At first we couldn't imagine why, as it was of passable height before the digging, but when we got back into the entrance area we found pits dug by artifact hunters and a screen they had used. The crawlway gradually got lower, but I managed to get twenty-five feet or so. At the end I was really squeezing up to a point where I could see that the passage became filled. Total length of the cave was about sixty-five feet.

We continued along the bluffs, trying to stay high, split up so we could cover more verticle range. It was hard to make yourself go too high up on the slope, as it just didn't seem likely that the cave would be hiding up there. We eventually located another cave entrance, this one only a few feet across. It wasn't most of the way to the top, but we hoped this might be it. Crawling in through a solid bedrock tube, we met another passage at a right angle. Ed was in the lead, and he said there was another entrance. This one led out the side of the bluff about thirty feet off the ground, and didn't look very climbable even if you were on belay. The lip of this entrance, though, was very highly polished. There wasn't a ledge under it for an animal run, so I'm at a loss to explain why. Ed went the other way and reported that it pinched way down. I took a look at it, and could see ahead another twenty feet through a small tube. The passage beyond the first six feet or so might be passable, and it seemed there was a breeze blowing through it. It looked diggable but not desirable. Total length was about thirty-five feet. The cave we were looking for couldn't be this one.

Further down the valley the river came close to the hillside, and the bluffs got quite high. In this area Ed found a cave entrance fifteen feet up the bluff, but he couldn't (didn't want to) climb up to it. I was up on top, so I had to work my way back around to where he was and check it out. The crawlway led back to a very spongy room, and I thought that was the end. Then, as I was checking out the last sponge hole, I found a way to crawl through the sponge work and into another little room. Here I couldn't find any more passage. Total length was about twenty feet or so. Short, but interesting. It was obvious that the racoons like it too.

We continued down the valley, and soon came to an opening about thirty feet up the bluff. This one was in rock that either had been the flanks of a reef, or had been severely fractured and weathered. To try and climb up from the bottom would have been too risky, so the only possible route would be to come down from the top on what appeared to be ledges. It was Ed's turn to do the climbing around, so I rested in the shade while he worked his way to the top. It had started off as a nice cool day, but had warmed up quite a bit. The bugs were out, and the poison ivy was quite

plentiful. When Ed got to the top, I tried to direct him down by way of the ledges. About fifteen feet down, still higher than, and upstream from the opening, he said it was too difficult. A belay was needed. On a later trip I tried it and saw exactly what he meant. From the bottom it doesn't look that bad.

Further down the stream the area started to flatten out a bit. I had a xerox of the topo map covering the area along with me, otherwise it would have been impossible to tell where we were and where we were headed. We had crossed some small valleys and ravines feeding into the river, and had checked a little ways upstream on each. We were now in an area of long gradual slope up and away from the river. Not much rock outcropping, and very dense woods and brambles. We gave up and walked back along the river. It was much easier there. When we had reached the point where we had gone up the hill to start checking the bluffs, we hiked back up again and started checking in the other direction. Here we soon got into an area that had a side valley right behind it, so it was fractured up and had a lot of little openings. No caves though.

We were pretty well beat by the time we had hiked back up out of the valley to the road. It was a relief to rest and get some more food and water in us (we had run out of both during the hike). A couple guys drove by in a car and stopped to talk. They mentioned a couple caves I already knew about, and then told us about a sink hole that was just down the road. The one guy had found it while hunting, and said it drained a whole little valley. He gave us directions, and we took off to try and locate it. We parked at the spot he had described, and then hiked down into the valley. Eventually we had hiked all the way down to the river, and had found no sink. There was a lot of bedrock exposed in the ravine bottom, and there was a fifteen foot high waterfall where it did the final drop into the river valley. This was one of the side valleys we had crossed while walking downstream. We walked back up it, and checked out a major side branch. Then checked out some little feeders that led into it. Eventually we were out of the briars and woods, and back near the road. We walked over a little ridge to get into the next valley and see if this was the right one. A lot of tired foot dragging later, we had followed this valley all the way down to where it crossed the logging road we had followed on our first excursion. We had been going almost continuously all day, and had taken only a few minute for rest. We decided to hike back up the logging road to the gravel road, and back to the car on it. Mainly so we wouldn't have to lift our legs up over obstacles as we plowed through the woods. We were walking down the road to the car when the two guys drove by again. Just the guys we wanted to talk to. They gave us a ride back to the car, and gave us better directions to it this time. He had remembered now that it actually was a small valley that started off a little field back in the woods. We set off one last time, and walked on back into the woods and found the little valley. It was a shallow valley that was pretty flat bottomed at first. As we got closer to the river it got deeper and actually did lead into a sinkhole. Someone was there ahead of us though. A very large woodchuck. He watched us for a while, to make sure that we actually were going all the way to where he was sitting, then disappeared down the hole. I pulled a lot of logs and rocks out of the hole, and eventually was able to get down through the rubble that was a few feet into the hole and into a tiny chamber underneath. By hanging upside down in this I could see up to a corner. I finally was able to work my whole body down through the rubble and see that it closed down again in rubble. I had removed several hundred pounds of rock to open

it up, and it didn't look very promising at all. We never did see the woodchuck again. The sink is less than one hundred feet from the drop off into the river valley. The sink is in a hanging valley.

We hiked back to the car again, and had another talk with the retired farmer. I am convinced that the cave actually does exist, we just were not high enough on the slope to find it. He remembered the sink, and one or two other features, so the directions to it are getting better. He would like to show us where it is, but he's no longer able to hike around in that rough terrain anymore. We'll make another attempt at it someday, but not until two very tired cavers have a chance to rest. I don't know how many miles we walked, but it was quite a few.

REVIEWING SOME FAMILIAR TERRITORY

June 3, 1979

Greg McCarty

Mike Bounk and Greg McCarty

Mike and I set off to try and locate the cave that Ed and I were unable to find on our trip of May 19, 1979. We talked with the farmer once again, and got the directions narrowed down a little further, then set off. It was dry enough this time that we were able to drive Mike's truck down the logging road to the river, and even downstream a ways. We hiked up the hill to the first cave Ed and I found, and quickly toured it. Then we quickly hiked down the valley to the little two-entrance cave Ed and I had checked out. Some digging in the small passage that continued didn't look very hopeful after a half hour, so we left for better things. There was a big brown bat present near the junction of the two entrance passages.

From this second cave we climbed up to the top of the bluff line and hiked back upstream to the sinkhole Ed and I had dug in. On the way we saw evidence of slippage along the hillside, and the sink could well be fissure related. The cave was supposed to be downstream from the sinkhole, so we started our main search here. The undergrowth was starting to get fairly thick, the poison ivy was four feet high and grew everywhere, so we had some difficulty seeing. It was just impatience that brought us here rather than waiting until fall. We hiked on down the river until we were beyond where Ed and I had stopped last time, and found two or three fissure sinks in this area. I made an attempt to climb down to the opening that Ed had tried for last trip, but didn't get much closer. You need a belay, and may have to do it from the bottom on the rotten rock. We found no sign of the cave we were looking for.

The river bottom was too overgrown to fight our way back upstream very easily, so I suggested we wade across the river and walk on the sandbars that were on the inside of the long curve we had followed. We would also save some distance that way. Pushing against the water is tiring, and we had done some fast walking in thick brush, so we lay back and rested a bit when we got to the other side. Later when we waded back we were in deeper water, so I took off my coveralls and gear and went swimming. That helped to get the poison ivy off. Deciding it would be prudent to wait until fall before we did more checking, we drove back for another talk with the farmer. Mike was expecting to have trouble driving between some narrow trees around a curve, followed by a ravine washout, but it was a lot easier going up than down. Our next stop was Jackson County where we ran around and checked some sinkholes I had heard about. It rained on us while we walked around. We dug for a while in a couple of them, but didn't get into anything. We were pooped by this time, so we headed back home.

A QUICK GLANCE AT SOME DUBUQUE CAVES

June 9, 1979

Greg McCarty

Barb am Ende and Greg McCarty

Barb and I had a mineral collecting trip to some quarries in the Dubuque area. The day we chose turned out to be a miserable day. I picked Barb up in Davenport, and we started checking out some localities that Jim Dockal had suggested to me. We eventually ended up at Becker Quarry. We peeked in the entrance to Becker Quarry Cave. It may be a little more fallen down than it was last time I was there, but it is still quite open. We crawled around through the collapsed part of the cave that is out in the quarry, and took a look at the nearby annex. On the walk back to the car I tried to find the Whipsey Shaft entrance to Level Crevice Cave. I finally remembered that it must be further along, but Barb had a definite lack of interest in seeing it anyway.

Our next stop also had a small cave or mine. This one was almost entirely within a calcite vein. Although badly scarred and dirty, it could plainly be seen that the walls were almost all calcite. The cave was only about twenty feet long, at best, but it was very interesting. When we left here, we headed for Graf to do some fossil collecting and then headed for home.

JUNE COLD WATER TRIP

June 15, 1979

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Dave DeVries, Betty DeVries, Donna DeVries, Chris Farmer, Bruce Foyir, Mary Foyir, Dr. Warren Lewis, Barb Gerald, Brad Olson, Barry Schuman, Greg Smerf, Mike Temple, Michael Bounk

Mike and I left North Liberty at 5:00 PM. After checking several antique shops, and stopping for supper in Strawberry Point, we arrived at the Cold Water Cave, entrance shaft, shed about 9:30 PM. We met Dave DeVries, who had arrived about 4:00 PM, and had cut some of the grass in the compound. At about 9:45 PM, Ken Flatland, the landowner arrived, and we spoke with him until about 10:30 when Greg, Barb, Dr. Lewis, and Barry arrived. At that time, Dave, Mike, Ken, and I went to Burr Oak for pizza.

We entered at about 12:00. About 12:00 AM Saturday, Bruce, Mary, Brad, Donna, and Chris arrived. A little later, Pete arrived. Shortly after that, I went to bed.

About 6:30 AM, I was awakened by about 12 cows which had come into the compound, and most of which were standing around Mike's tent. Mike yelled to scare them away from the tent, and Pete, who was up chased them out of the compound, and closed the gate. I then went back to sleep until 8:30, when I got up for breakfast. After breakfast at the Harmony House in Harmony, Minnesota, we returned to the shed.

Mike, Chris, Greg, and I then headed to a 20-foot deep pit on the hill south of the shed. We found a dead calf in the pit. We attempted, unsuccessfully, to remove the calf to see if the pit continued below it. We then returned to the shed, where Barry, Mary, Donna, Barb, and I had verticle practice on a rope, which was rigged from one of the oak trees. This rope was rigged through a carabiner, and through a rappel rack, so that it could be lowered, in order to produce a 140-foot climb.

At 2:30 PM, Mike, Barry, Bruce, and I entered the cave, and headed upstream to the last room before the Spon Siphon. We then returned to the cave, which we exited at about 6:30 PM. While we were underground, Betty arrived.

That evening, we had a party in and around the shed, which included some very good food prepared by the Flatlands. We also showed slides of the cave to the Flatlands and some of their neighbors.

The next day, after breakfast in Harmony, Mike and I returned home. We had a very enjoyable weekend, thanks to the ever present hospitality of the Flatlands, and the Rock River Speleological Society.

Note: One or two other groups went on short trips into the cave, however, I don't have sufficient data to write about them. There were no work trips this weekend.

FAYETTE COUNTY TRIP

June 23-24, 1979

Michael Bounk

Barry Schuman, Dave Schwendinger, Dee Weliver, Steve Weliver, Michael Bounk

About 4:00 PM Saturday, June 23, I met Barry at Maquoketa Caves State Park where he and a number of other Rock River Speleological Society members were practicing verticle work. After a little more rapelling, Barry and I drove to Duttons Cave Park near West Union, where after seeing the first 30 feet of the lower level of Duttons, we camped overnight.

The next morning, after breakfast, we walked back down to the cave, and discussed possible rappelling and climbing sites for the Iowa Grotto 30th anniversary picnic in September.

We then drove to Humphey's cafe in West Union where we were supposed to meet at 9:00 AM. We arrived at 8:50 AM. At about 9:30, Dee, Steve, and Dave arrived within about three minutes of each other.

We then drove back as close to the entrance of Sowards Cave as we could. We then carried our equipment, including full wetsuits and mapping equipment to the drop, and lowered most of it by rope. We planned to map the lower level.

While everyone else went to the back room of the main level without wetsuits, I put mine on. I figured that since this trip was my idea, I should go in first, and see how much of a wetsuit everyone else would need. I also hoped to clear any obstructions out of the way of the mapping crew. However, I got the feeling something was wrong when I found two pools of standing water in the normally dry main level, and more so, when everyone said the water was high. At the entrance of the wet lower level crawl, there was only about two inches of air above the water. Thus, the passage would be sumped before the dome which had been discovered on an Iowa Grotto trip in the 1960's. I slid in feet first to about upper chest level, in an attempt to feel an obstruction over the drain, and hopefully open it, but was unsuccessful.

We then exited the cave at noon. Since he had about a six-hour trip ahead of him, Barry left for Illinois.

The rest of us drove to Duttons Cave, where after speaking to the ranger, we entered the lower level of the cave, planning to map it. We were able to map a short split in the passage, about one-half way to the upstream sump in

nine stations. We were moving slowly, since Dave and I were the only ones with mapping experience, and Dave had only one previous experience, and it in a dry cave. At this point, Steve's feet (he was not wearing wetsuit booties) became numb when he stood in the water, although they were o.k. when he was moving, or out of the water. Everyone was wearing a full wetsuit except for booties, which only I was wearing.

Therefore, we decided to terminate the survey. I placed a temporary soot mark on the ceiling. It will wash off in the first highwater, or can be rubbed off. After I had quickly crawled up to within a few feet of the sump, we exited the cave. After changing clothes, we all headed home.

Everyone gained experience in Suunto and tape mapping of wet caves, and in Iowa wetsuit caving, since this was Steve's first wet Iowa cave, Dave's first wetsuit cave, and Dee's first time caving. Everyone had a good time.

SOWARD'S CAVE

FAYETTE CO. IOWA

Brunton and Tape
Survey
1976-1979

by

Michael Bounk, Loren Schutt, Greg McCarty

and others

IOWA GROTTO

NSS

NSS Standard Map Symbols (1978)

scale



all measurements in meters



See any pogyes
down there?

Humm!
Speeding, Excessive
Flame, Lack of Proper
Equipment.
You in a heap of
Trouple Boy!

Help

