

July 1980

Intercom, Volume 16, No. 4, July-August 1980

Greg McCarty

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Published Semi-spasmodically By

THE IOWA GROTTO

National Speleological Society

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Volume XVI Issue 4

July — August 1980

IOWA GROTTO *INTERCOM*
P. O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52244

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

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COVER PICTURE: Mike Bounk participating in the vertical contest at the 1980 NSS Convention

Photo by a convenient bystander for Mike Bounk

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IOWA GROTTO
National Speleological Society
P. O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52244

Chairman - - - - - Michael Bounk
Vice-Chairman - - - - - Mike Tempel
Sec'y-Treas. - - - - - Tom Hruska

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GROTTO MINUTES AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting July 9, 1980

Room 125 Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 8:40 PM
 Attendance: 8 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$175.54
Intercoms are being typed. Greg McCarty picked up one completed issue and will take it to the printers. If no corrections need to be made, printed Intercoms will hopefully be ready by sometime in early August. Our money from the university is waiting and ready to be picked up. We received \$250.00 from the Student Senate for the fall semester. Post office box rent is due by 7-12-80 and needs to be paid soon or we will lose our box. There is one more grotto meeting before the NSS convention. Mike Bounk will be one of Iowa Grotto's representatives to the Congress of Grottos. We still need one more representative. The Congress of Grottos is scheduled from 1:00 PM to 6:00 PM on July 30, 1980. People are needed to lead trips before and after the convention in the following caves: Coldwater, Millers, Skunk, and Jesse James. Ideas are needed for fund raising events, in order to buy more survey equipment. Any and all ideas are welcome. Ideas will be discussed at the next meeting. Coldwater patches are sold out. New patches with a new design will be ordered. A trip report to Coldwater Cave was given. Future trips were announced to Wagon Wheel and Falling Springs, to Skunk, and to Fence.

Regular Meeting July 23, 1980

Room 125 Called to order: 7:50 PM Adjourned: 9:20 PM
 Attendance: 10 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$174.54
 The NSS convention is coming up and help will be needed at Coldwater Cave. Interested people should contact Mike Bounk. Mike Bounk asked the grotto to purchase an inclinometer to use in cave surveying. After a brief discussion, the request was dropped. Mike Bounk told about a newspaper article announcing a meeting to discuss future plans for Maquoketa Caves State Park. Rudy Pruszek is working in Dubuque County. He has the backing of the historical society. Several reports were given. Criss Gilbert reported on a trip to Fence Cave. Mike Bounk told about his visit to Duttons. Lowell Burkhead reported on a novice trip to Skunk and Wet caves. Future trips were announced. Mike Bounk is planning a trip to the Decorah area. Criss Gilbert proposed a mapping trip for this fall. The fall M.V.O.R. will be held in Hannibal, Missouri. The Hodag Hunt will be at Gotham, Wisconsin, in September.

Regular Meeting August 13, 1980

Room 125 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:35 PM
 Attendance: 10 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$184.54
 Mike Bounk gave a report on the NSS convention in Minnesota. The North Country Region held a meeting at the convention to discuss local co-ordination of cave visits. The regular meeting of the North Country Region will be held in Gotham, Wisconsin, on September 12 - 14, 1980. Ken Blazek has six new hard hats for sale at \$3.00 each. Interested people should contact Ken. The grotto decided the Hotline should accept advertisements. The editor is to determine costs. A number of trip reports were given. Mike Bounk told about convention cave trips to Coldwater, Duttons, and Millers. Roger Heidt reported on a trip to Hunters and Maquoketa Caves State Park. Criss Gilbert visited Bixby Ice Cave and the Colesburg area. Lowell Burkhead told about a trip to Malanaphy Springs. Several future trips were announced. Lowell Burkhead will be going to Malanaphy Springs. Criss Gilbert is planning trips to Hunters and to the Strawberry Point area. The monthly Coldwater trip is scheduled for August 16 - 17, 1980.

WAGON WHEEL PIT CAVE MAPPING TRIP

July 6, 1980

Michael Bounk

Dave Schwendinger, Steve Wuellever, Michael Bounk

We met at Humphrey's Cafe in West Union at about 8:00 A.M., and drove to Wagon Wheel Pit, which we rappelled into at about 10:00 A.M. The pit, which serves as a drain for a ravine above Falling Spring is lined with a culvert for about the first 20 feet, after which an about 6 foot bedrock chimney leads to the stream. We set a station at the lip of the culvert, and began surveying downstream, using a suunto compass and nylon tape. We were able to survey about 400 feet to a point about 50 feet from the downstream sump, before becoming too chilled to continue. I made a quick reconnaissance to the sump, which is about 6 feet wide, 14 inches high and about 2 inches under water. We then returned to the pit, and exited the cave at about 3:00 P.M.

NETHERWORLD NOVICES

July 12, 1980

Lowell Burkhead

Roger Heidt, Manual Lara, Jon Fisher, Chris Thompson, Gary Harrington, Greg Harrington, Mike Gearlds, Ken Blazik, Lowell Burkhead

Mike, Ken and I arrived at 9:00 A.M. sharp at Humphry's Cafe in West Union. Everyone else was already there including Mike Bounk who was waiting for the people for his trip to show up. We stood around the Beast and talked until everyone had finished eating. We caravanned from there to Skunk Cave with the Beast leading the way. By the time we arrived, it was starting to get hot. We hurried to get suited up so we could transfer from the air conditioning in the Beast to the air conditioning of the cave as quickly as possible. After exploring the entrance area, we poured through the keyhole. I thought everyone was through but Mike had stayed behind to work on his lamp and missed the instructions for the keyhole. He tried to go through at the bottom where it is too narrow. Someone went back to help him and he soon joined the rest of us at the spot where you have to chimney across the top of the canyon. The canyon was wet and muddy and Chris was afraid he would slip down the slot and be stuck. He said he would wait for us there. Ken went back, and in his usual fashion, coaxed, carried and drug Chris across. While this was going on, I took some of the others around the loop just beyond the canyon a couple of times. From there, I sent everyone back the water crawl to sign the register. Mike, Ken and I waited for them where it was dry. Mike kept us entertained by dropping one of his gloves down a hole to the lower level and trying to retrieve it. He finally did as the others were returning. They reported that the register is no longer there and they got plenty muddy finding that out. The rest of the tour was uneventful except for the squeeze around the loop back to the main passage. There were many comments of impending doom as everyone got a look at it, one at a time. Ken went back around the other way as he had been through it before and doesn't fit too well. We exited the cave around noon and ate lunch in the shade of the Beast.

Everyone had enjoyed the cave and wanted more. After discussing the possibilities, we decided to go see Wet Cave. On the way, we lost Gary and Greg. They stopped at Calmar for gas and we didn't notice that they were gone until we were several miles down the road. We waited for them for a half hour at West Union and they waited for us to come back for them in Calmar for a half hour. It turned out to be a fools standoff and we never saw them again. We went on to Wet Cave. I thought that I would have trouble finding it as it had been several years since I was there. The only trouble was that I almost missed the road that the cave is on and did a six wheel slide around the corner. The owner arrived at his house just after we did and we got permission to see the cave. The hike back to it was hot so the cold water was welcome. As soon as we went in, the cave filled with steam. I went first so I could get through the stoop area fast. We all stopped to see the grey flowstone formation which was wetter than I had ever seen it and really looked nice. We stopped at the breakdown area and everyone went up to see it. Nobody wanted to go any farther after seeing the breakdown and the sign that Ed Smith had left there. On the way out, I waited for the others to get a long way ahead of me because I didn't want to be slowed down in the stoopway. It was bothering my bad leg. I caught up with them in the middle of the stoopway, resting. I had to force the issue to get them moving again. They were thinking of the heat outside and how cool it was there. After the torturous trip back to the cars, we turned around and parked at Falling Spring. Some pictures were taken and we cooled off. I found some wild strawberries. I couldn't get any interest in seeing another cave. The rest of the group headed for home and Ken, Mike and I went over to Duttons Cave and met Mike Bounk. His people were just leaving. We ate some supper with Mike and went down to see the cave entrance. We were too tired to go in the cave, but for some reason, we weren't too tired to move rocks from the spring for an hour or two. We lowered the resurgence at least a foot and a half and maybe two feet. A couple of rocks we moved were too heavy to lift. We pried them loose with logs we used for levers. It was sundown when we finally started home. It was a good day and even the people we lost thought so. (I found them again on Monday.) After the trip, some of us were looking at the map of Skunk Cave and noticed that the keyhole is labeled in the wrong place.

DUTTON'S CAVE MAPPING AND WAGON WHEEL PIT CAVE MAP CHECKING TRIP

July 12, 13, 1980

Michael Bounk

Dwayne Story, Norm Story, Michael Bounk

At about 9:00 A.M., Dwayne, Norm, Lowell Burkhead, Mike Geraldts, Ken Blazik, a number of novices and I met at Humphrey's Cafe, in West Union. Lowell, Mike and Ken were leading the novices on a trip to Skunk Cave as is discussed in Lowell's report.

After they had left, Dwayne, Norm, and I drove to Dutton's Cave, which Dwayne and I entered at about 10:30 A.M., wearing wetsuits. We mapped all of the lower level back to the upstream sump, except for the downstream arm of the T. This section was only enterable for about 15 feet, before it becomes impassable. The volume of water flowing into this passage, made it unsafe to work on it in an attempt to push it further. In the section between the entrance and the T, where the water is normally ponded in a series of pools, the water was unusually deep, with only about 6 inches of air in places. We finally exited the cave at about 2:30 P.M.

After changing, getting somewhat cleaned up, and drying the book, we rigged a rope over the entrance and Dwayne and I practiced vertical techniques, while Norm took pictures. At about 5:30 P.M., as Dwayne and Norm were about to leave, Lowell, Ken, and Mike arrived from their trip in Lowell's beast. We visited for several minutes, and looked at the spring below the cave, before they headed home.

That night, I camped at the park. The next morning I ate breakfast in West Union, where I met Dwayne and Norm at about 8:30 A.M. After breakfast, we drove to Wagon Wheel Pit, which Dwayne and I entered at about 11:00 A.M. We headed downstream sketching in passage details and field checking the map. When we reached the downstream sump, I again pushed myself into it feet first to see if the ceiling rose. It does not in the 4 feet or so which I could reach. However, the water level had dropped about 2 inches since the trip 8 days earlier. There was about $\frac{1}{2}$ " of air for at least a few inches in, and water could be heard running on the other side. We returned to the entrance and exited at about 1:30 P.M. After changing clothes, we headed home.

COLDWATER CAVE PRE-CONVENTION SPELEOCAMP

July 25-27, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (Expedition leader), Greg Sherf, Berry Schuman, Pat Hopper, Dave DeVries, Brad Olson, Jacki DeVries, Dwayne Story, Norm Story, Henry Knudson, Fred Schneck, Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Rudy Pruscko, Lowell Burkhead, Al Musson, John Bar Thule, Bruce Foyir, Mary Foyir, Linda Baker, Roberta _____, Dr. Warren Lewis and Michael Bounk

After checking at Dutton's Cave Park and learning that no cavers were there, I arrived at the Coldwater Cave Speleocamp, which we and the Rock River Speleological Society were holding. A number of people, including Gary, Gwenne, and all the Rockford cavers were there. Later, after dark, Lowell arrived in the "Beast", which made an impression on everyone.

The next morning, most of us went to Harmony for breakfast, where we completely took over the back room of the Harmony House. Later that day, a number of tourist trips were held in the cave. In addition, a work trip, which was lead by Pat and I included a number of Little Egypt Grotto members and the Enghs, attempted unsuccessfully to explore the rest of the Obstruction Passage as is discussed in Gwenne's report. (ed. note: The report mentioned has not been submitted.)

I led Al and John, two Nebraska cavers on a tourist trip to Sowards Cave, and Sowards Annex Cave. After visiting the middle section of the upper level, and all of the main level of Sowards, we entered the long side passage, expected it to quickly become impassable, as it had been reported on an earlier trip. However, it was open all the way to the back room. There, I found that the water level had dropped over one foot and that the hopefully continuing passage contained an estimated 4 inches of air above about 6 inches of mud and water. We did not push it at that time, due to a need for warmer clothing, and an apparent high level of CO₂. After a quick visit to Dutton's Cave to see the main level, and wash up, we ate supper in West Union. We then returned to Coldwater.

The next day, after breakfast, I led Lowell, Linda and Roberta on a trip into Coldwater. First, we headed upstream, and after visiting the downstream part of the North Snake Passage, continued to the Jumping Off Point. We then returned to the platform, where we changed carbide. We then headed downstream beyond the Gallery section to the Iron Bacteria Formation. Finally, we headed back to the platform, seeing a number of cavers on the way. Shortly after exiting the cave, Linda and Roberta left for Mystery Cave and I headed north to the Convention as is described in the next report.

COLDWATER SPELEOCAMP CONVENTION WEEK

July 28 - August 1, 1980

Lowell Burkhead

Greg Sherf, Pete DeVries, Lowell Burkhead

Monday - No one showed up to see the cave. We helped Ken Flatland get his combine running and switch from the corn head to the bean head.

Tuesday - Greg and I stayed at the cave while Pete went to Decorah with Ken to get his tractor that was in the shop. Some people from Canada toured the cave. We ate supper with the Flatlands.

Wednesday - Jacki DeVries left and the rest of us headed for the convention. We were there just long enough for Pete to chair the North Country Region meeting and then we left. We arrived back at Coldwater Cave about 4:00 P.M. and went caving. (See trip report "Convention Side Trip"). Upon our arrival back at Coldwater at about 7:30 P.M., two people from Cresco were waiting for us. Pete took them into the cave for a photo trip.

Thursday - Pete helped Ken Flatland combine oats and kept an eye on the cave while Greg and I went caving. Pete took one group through the cave between two wagon loads of oats. Bruce and Mary Foyir showed up in the evening returning from a canoeing trip. Wanda Flatland treated us to fresh BBQ chicken fixed over the campfire. There was also baked beans, salad and cake. Everyone overate. Afterward, I made some music with my dulcimer.

Friday - Pete and Ken finished the oats early. Some people from the convention toured the cave. More people showed up from the convention late and camped.

See Mike Bounk's report for convention weekends at Coldwater Cave.

1980 NSS CONVENTION

July 27 - August 1, 1980

Michael Bounk

I arrived at the convention at Interlakes Community College and picked up my registration materials at about 10:00 P.M. After setting up my tent, and visiting Windy City Grotto's Longest Cave in the North Country, I went to bed.

The next day, I found a permanent location for my tent, on a better site near the convention building. Later that day, I attended a part of the BOG meeting and Cave Ballad listening session, and a workshop on stream tracing chaired by Calvin Alexander of the Minnesota Geological Survey. That evening, Linda, Roberta, a number of other cavers and I visited the man made (Caves) in the St. Peter Sandstone along the Mississippi River. We then attended the Howdy Party which was held at the Cafe Royale, which is in another of these (caves) located nearby.

The next day, I attended a symposium on the Geology and Hydrology of the North Central Driftless Area, where I presented a paper on the development of Sowards Cave. That night, a science fiction caving movie Unknown World was shown.

On Wednesday, Pete DeVries, Greg Sherf, and Lowell Burkhead arrived from Coldwater in the Beast, to attend the North Country Regional meeting which was held at noon. That afternoon, after they left, I attended the Congress of Grottos. Unfortunately, the Congress appeared to sidestep many issues of significance and finished early. After supper, a number of cavers, including Dr. Warren Lewis and Cynthia Norris (a former Iowa Grotto member), and I visited Crystal Cave, located in Wisconsin. This cave appears to have three known levels, the lowest one of which is fairly well decorated.

On Thursday, I attended the Geology and Geography session, where I presented a paper on factors influencing the Silurian Karst in Iowa. Afterwards I attended the Geo² luncheon and meeting. That evening the photo salon, which included a number of pictures of Coldwater Cave by Dr. Lewis and Mike Tempel, was held.

The next day, Friday, I attended the Vertical Session, where a machine to test rope resistance to abrasion was demonstrated. This machine is to be used in a study by the section. After that, I attended the Vertical Section Meeting, where I explained Lowell's safety rack. That evening, the banquet was held behind the convention building. This consisted of all we could eat of fried chicken, corn on the cob, potato salad and other food. After the banquet, the awards ceremony and closing session of the convention were held. When this was over at about 10:00 P.M., I headed south to Coldwater Cave, where I arrived at about 2:00 A.M. Saturday as is discussed in the next report.

CONVENTION SIDE TRIP

July 30, 1980

Lowell Burkhead

Greg Sherf, Pete DeVries, Lowell Burkhead

Wednesday we took the Beast up to the convention. Pete had to chair the North Country Region meeting. We didn't stay long because we planned to get back in time to go check out a lead that I had dreamed up. We arrived back at Coldwater at about 4:00 P.M. and switched to Pete's jeep. The plan was to try to find a likely way into Malanaphy Spring. Pete drove very slowly along the access road while we looked for openings, and we found one. It was a tight crawlway that was too small to enter without digging. It was blowing so much cold air that it was moving the small plants around the entrance. From there we went on back to the end of the road and didn't see anything more. We walked to the spring resurgence. The entrance is completely collapsed but looks like it could be opened by digging down the back side of the collapse rubble. There was cold air coming out in many places. We didn't have any tools with us and the heat and humidity was unbearable so we left. Arriving back at Coldwater, there were two people from Cresco waiting for us that wanted to see the cave. The next day (Thursday, July 13, 1980) Greg and I went back to Malanaphy Spring while Pete helped Ken Flatland combine oats and kept an eye on Coldwater. We had a couple of shovels and a hoe that we borrowed from Wanda Flatland. We started digging in the small crawl. It was easy going. The fill was all organic that had been brought in by animals, and small breakdown blocks. We got through a tight spot and around a bend, about fifteen feet. It showed no sign of opening up. I found another hole about 200 feet away that was connected. It was about ten feet higher and also blowing cold air but was too small to dig. We decided to give up on this dig and work in the one at the spring for a while. It looks like the spring passage runs parallel to the river and the massive collapse is in the side of the passage. That would indicate that the best place to dig would be at the top of the pile toward the upstream end. There is a spot there where the roof is solid and the breakdown seems to be settling into the cave. We started working on the back side of the pile, opening a crawl under the roof. We could hear rocks falling into the cave as we dug. It took over an hour to get back under one body length but the going was easy. We quit for the day, satisfied that it could be done with some equipment and people. We needed a scoop for the small frost damage breakdown rocks and a container to haul them out in. I think entrance could be made in one day of work. If there is another digging trip, Pete and Greg want to be in on it. Anyone for another big one?

COLDWATER CAVE POST-CONVENTION SPELEOCAMP

August 2, 3, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (Expedition leader), Dr. Warren Lewis, Greg Sherf, Lowell Burkhead, Rich Breisch, Ralph Earlandson, Jim Quade, Gregory Valent, others and Michael Bounk

I arrived back at the shed at about 2:00 A.M. Saturday expecting to find a party going or at least someone awake. However, everyone was asleep so I found a section of floor where I didn't think anyone would trip over me and went to bed. The next morning, I learned that cavers had been coming down from the Convention all week to see the cave. This, helping Ken Flatland with chores, and the trip to the Convention on Wednesday had occupied everyone's time.

At about noon, Ralph, Jim and Gregory of the Windy City Grotto and Rick from California arrived. After visiting for a while at the shed, the five of us drove to Millers Cave. We spoke to the tenant, who rode back to the cave with us, and observed how we rigged the 106 foot deep entrance pit. We descended this drop and then pulled the end of the rope through an about 20 foot long crawlway and used it to rig a second, about 20 foot drop. We descended this drop into an about 30 foot by 20 foot dome room. At the base of the drop, we found a very narrow fissure like passage heading back under the crawlway. At that point, due to a lack of time, we ascended the drops, and derigged the pit, carefully placing the tenant's gate back over it. We then left, and after speaking with the owner returned to Decorah for gas and food. At the gas station, we found Lowell refueling the Beast, while an amazed and happy attendant watched. We then drove to Mabel's Pizza, where we met a group of Little Egypt Grotto cavers. After supper, we returned to Coldwater. The next day, after breakfast, I and the remaining Rock River Cavers all headed home. It had been a long but enjoyable week.

AUGUST COLDWATER CAVE TRIP

August 15-17, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Lowell Burkhead, Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Jim Klager, Greg Sherf, Dr. Warren Lewis, Carol _____, Dave _____, Ardel _____, and Michael Bounk

At about 9:30 P.M., Friday, Gary, Gwenne, Lowell, and I arrived at the Coldwater Cave Shaft entrance shed. A little later Pete, Dr. Lewis, Greg, Jim and Carol arrived from Rockford, Illinois. The next morning, it was raining, so after breakfast in Harmony, with the Flatlands, we decided, due to the expected high not to map in the cave. Therefore, we spent most of the afternoon trying unsuccessfully to dig into two nearby springs. That evening after Lowell and Dave had headed home, we went into Burr Oak for supper. After supper, we returned to the shed, where we visited with the Flatlands and some people played cards.

The next day, after breakfast in Harmony, Greg took Ardel into the cave, and Dr. Lewis entered the cave to take pictures. Before they exited, Gary, Gwenne, Jim, Carol, and I drove to Wonder Cave. After taking the tour, I headed to Anamosa for Greg and Deb McCarty's wedding reception, and everyone else headed home.

HUNTER'S AND MAQUOKETA CAVES

Sometime in August

Criss Gilbert

Rudy Pruszko and Criss Gilbert

I met Rudy in Andrew about 10:00 A.M. near the town's only gas station. It was drizzling a bit and we discussed the possibility that maybe we shouldn't go into Hunters after all. Rudy wanted to take some pictures for an article that he is writing for a local publication. We decided that we'd go out to the cave and see how the weather was when we got there. At the cave entrance we met a group of high schooler's from Davenport, beer cooler in hand. We warned them of the dangers of caving during wet weather and told them that we were only going in for a short time to take some photographs. They took our warning into account and followed us in. I gave them a map, but they replied that they had been through the cave before and knew their way around. Rudy and I proceeded to take our pictures and went in the opposite direction from the other party. After a number of photos we left the cave (which was quite wet) and headed into Maquoketa for some lunch. After a short lunch we proceeded to the State Park for more photographs. We only went through the big cave, as it provides the most spectacular pictures. I was quite tired and cold by this time so I bid Rudy a goodbye and left for Iowa City. Rudy stayed behind to take some more photos, which turned out quite nicely.

JOHNSON COUNTY LEAD CHECKING TRIP

August 23, 1980

Michael Bounk

Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, and Michael Bounk

Acting on a report by Brian Witzke, and Bob McKay of the Iowa Geological Survey, we drove to the Stochl property along the Cedar River, where we arrived at about 6:00 P.M. After speaking to the owner's brother, we drove and walked to the bluff where a cave and one or two possible entrances had been reported to exist in the Anamosa Facies of the Formation. The one which Brian and Bob had entered, we named Stochls Cave. It has two entrances and contains 3 meters of passage. We pushed this cave, by digging, to where it becomes completely dirt filled. The fill was dry and friable, making it easy to dig. We mapped the cave, and photographed the entrance.

A second cave located about 15 feet from the first has about 5 meters of passage, which is blocked by fill and breakdown. Much of the walls consist of loose rock, and part of the ceiling of dirt cemented breccia. After finishing the map, and collecting a sample of the fill to analyze for vertebrate remains, we left at about 8:00 P.M.

"BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND CLOWNS"

YANKEE EXPEDITION - TEAM 1

August 29, 30, 31, 1980

Gwenne Engh

Rudy Prusko (lead tape), Dewayne Story (compass), Gwenne (book, rear tape)

This is the 3rd attempt I've made to write a trip report on the only survey done on the highly touted Yankee Expedition. I have yet to get over the personal frustration and sense of failure over our less than adequate results, in spite of all the effort that was put into it. I learned quite a bit from it and will do my best to fully describe what happened in hopes it will not reoccur.

The best way to start is to describe the 1st section of passage in Yankee. It is a low clean watercrawl, in clear, cold flowing water. The floor is crisp, with a scalloped, pitted surface, and an intermittent shallow floor crack a few inches wide. The passage turns or curves every few feet. The walls and ceiling are wet, with the water wall to wall in most places. Ceiling cracks provide places to get up off one's belly. In several places, one can effortlessly float along propelled by touching the floor with one's hands.

It is not difficult passage to travel. It is uncomfortable to survey because one is always in water. However, with the entrance so close, it is easy to go back to warm up, several times, if necessary. The last survey was tougher in winter with no place to retreat and the cave sucking cold air onto Gary, Mike Bounk and I.

Gloom had already settled on the camp. At 6:00 A.M. rain began to fall; by 11:00 the path to camp was a pismire with Mike's truck planted like a great orange rose bush in a muck hole.

By 1:00 P.M., it was decided I should get a team into the cave regardless of the surface situation, so Rudy, Dewayne, and I headed down the ridge.

Now, I thought, we could shed the doom on the surface and get something done. I was very excited to be back in Yankee with new people to help survey. In spite of all the rain, the water level was only up slightly and was crystal clear. The cave was blowing air.

The first few feet into the cave I realized this trip was not going to be as I had suspected. We traveled wordlessly to the 1st ceiling crack and stood up briefly, then ducked back down again. I tried to encourage Rudy and Dewayne into trying how we float through the low places, but it didn't seem to work for them. As a consequence, they had to expend a great deal more energy to go the same distance as I, and instead of being able to glide quietly and enjoy the sights, they were battling along only intent on getting through. Because they said so little, I could tell they were not impressed with Yankee and I failed to rouse their spirits, or make the situation any better.

We reached the chip at station 15 and unpacked the can Dewayne had brought in. Rudy set off gamely down the passage to set the station and Dewayne successfully shot his front and back sights right on target. The first two stations really clicked. Soon, however, I realized Rudy was having difficulty finding stations we could easily identify. If Dewayne or I looked away, we couldn't find them again without a great loss of time. Because I was behind Dewayne as rear tape/book, I couldn't spot easily identified knobs or features until it was too late. The ceiling itself is mottled with black spots and a simple smoked dot, no matter how large would disappear into a maze of natural markings.

Because of the cramped space, it was difficult for Dewayne to wedge himself into position to sight through the compass. Even removing his helmet and finding a dry place to balance it was an effort. Actions went into slow motion with each task taking forever. After 6 stations, Rudy and Dewayne were cold so I decided Rudy should set a chip for us to terminate on temporarily.

He wired the chip to a triangular projection but as I went past, I brushed it off with my hip. Rudy tied it again but there was no way to secure it properly. Since we were coming back right away, it seemed it would have to do. I wasn't convinced it would last 2 minutes.

We headed back to the entrance to warm up. Once there, we ate, changed carbide and sat in the sun. Rudy and Dewayne were not too keen to go back into the cave. I was certain, that at the very least, the chip had to be firmly set. I totaled up our distance and found we'd only done 90 feet, which, to me, was not enough to call it a day. There was plenty of daylight left, our team was not tired, and the camp needed some good news. We were still very close to the entrance.

We went back in after a good, long warm-up; 45 minutes in the sun and food can do wonders. I carried in the ammo can, letting it drift behind me. We got up to the chip and Rudy pointed out it was still there just as he'd left it. At this juncture, he wedged it securely into a crack directly above the projection and headed off to set the first station. It was a good, long shot, the longest of the day, but we had reached the lowest part of the passage where it widens out considerably. The water is very shallow here and noisily rushes over the floor roughened by rimstone dams.

Moving up to take the back sight, Dewayne and I promptly lost the station after Rudy moved on. We searched a long time, finally finding it. After Dewayne moved off to shoot back, I relost it and spent an interminable amount of time trying to relocate it.

At the next station, which was also a good long shot, I lost the rear station again, before I could plant my light. After finally finding it, I determined I would not lose it again. I rolled over on my back and stared fixedly at it. The 3rd station was 14 metres away, a nice, fat distance. I knew this would have to be the last of the day, and good progress, however clumsily, had been made.

After lying, without moving for 10 minutes with my lamp in mid air, I asked, hollered what was the delay. Rudy and Dewayne were standing in a ceiling crack trying to get a lamp lit, and would be sighting the shot soon. It was hard to hear them. Water was running into the neck opening of my suit but I kept thinking this shot was it and hung in there. After another 10 minutes, I requested they shoot the sight and then fix the lamp. They said they'd be right with me. After another long, motionless wait I repeated my request several times, each time trying to figure out what on earth did they think they were doing. Finally, I demanded the sight be taken and finally the sight was taken. It did not match at all - off by 35 degrees. I talked Dewayne into coming back down to retake the front sight. I pointed it out and got moving as fast as I could up to Rudy, sketching book as I went. Up at the crack, I took down the second front sight which matched neither of the previous sights by 20 degrees, and Rudy crawled back to make sure we had the right station point.

Time seemed to creep by. I tried to find out what was the delay. I began to hear things I wasn't supposed to hear and couldn't hear what I was intended to hear. I tried to get Dewayne to come back and reshoot the rear sight. No response. Maybe it would match something. I decided to leave it up to Dewayne as to whether he would reshoot or lose the survey back to the chip. He decided not to reshoot and he and Rudy started back out, leaving me to pack up the kit and follow behind.

By the time I got the kit packed, they were out of sight. I hurried down the passage and after belly crawling about 10 meters, I splashed my lamp out with the ammo can. I hollered for them to hold up, that I needed a light, but no one came back. So after crawling into the wall, I got out my flashlight and crawled up to them, got my lamp lit, and kept moving.

After awhile, I heard Rudy yell to wait. I'd gotten too far ahead and Dewayne's lamp was very low. I hadn't been keeping track, thinking they'd be right behind me.

We got to the entrance without incident. As usual, my glasses fogged up. I couldn't find my pack in the dark and said they'd have to wait til they cleared. Rudy and Dewayne helped me find my stuff and then left. I sat in the entrance waiting for the plastic to clear, trying wiping to no avail, and trying to figure if I was blinder with them on or off. Stupidly I left the entrance before they cleared and didn't get down the rubble very far before I fell, harmlessly but maddingly. I realized I'd lost more than 100 feet of rotten survey.

I put my glasses away and continued to stumble along when I spotted 2 stationary lights off to the left, definitely off the trail. I made my way over to Rudy and Dewayne to hear they'd decided to wait because they didn't know which way to go. Before I could growl, I spotted a 3rd light, also off the trail, which turned out to be Gary.

Gary reported that due to more rain coming, camp had been struck, all the gear moved out or packed in Rudy's jeep, all the remaining vehicles pulled out by tractor and we had a bit of a hike ahead of us. After we got back to camp, via the wrong route, I felt no better about the trip and avoided saying much about it. I'd privately decided we were all a bunch of clowns. In the beginning, I'd stated I'd learned a lot. Here are some conclusions:

1. Four person surveys in this passage are mandatory unless the 3-person crew is fully acquainted with each other, and each member has the same goals or attitudes about what is to be accomplished.
2. Smoked spots on the ceiling for survey stations are out. 2 or 3 rocks should be carried in and wrapped with a streamer or poker chip and placed on the floor in shallow water areas. In other areas, or deeper water, cave features such as knobs or projections should be used, even if it means dividing up shots.
3. All survey stations should be within ear shot, clear ear shot.
4. My skills (?) as a trip leader and crew member were put to the test. Once I realized I had lost the respect of my crew, I was unable and totally unwilling to do anything about it. This could have lead to a dangerous situation had we been further from the entrance or in tougher passage.

Even the most experienced and intelligent cavers can wind up like a bunch of clowns if they lose sight of feelings of concern and respect for each other's well being, and fellowship. Caving is, after all, something we all chose to do, and hopefully, the October Yankee trip will accomplish more than September.

Ed. Note: Unless immediately wiped off after a sight has been taken, smoking survey stations on the ceiling is to be avoided, for the protection of the cave. They can only be wiped off in a low wet passage such as was just described.