

April 1993

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Lowell Burkhead

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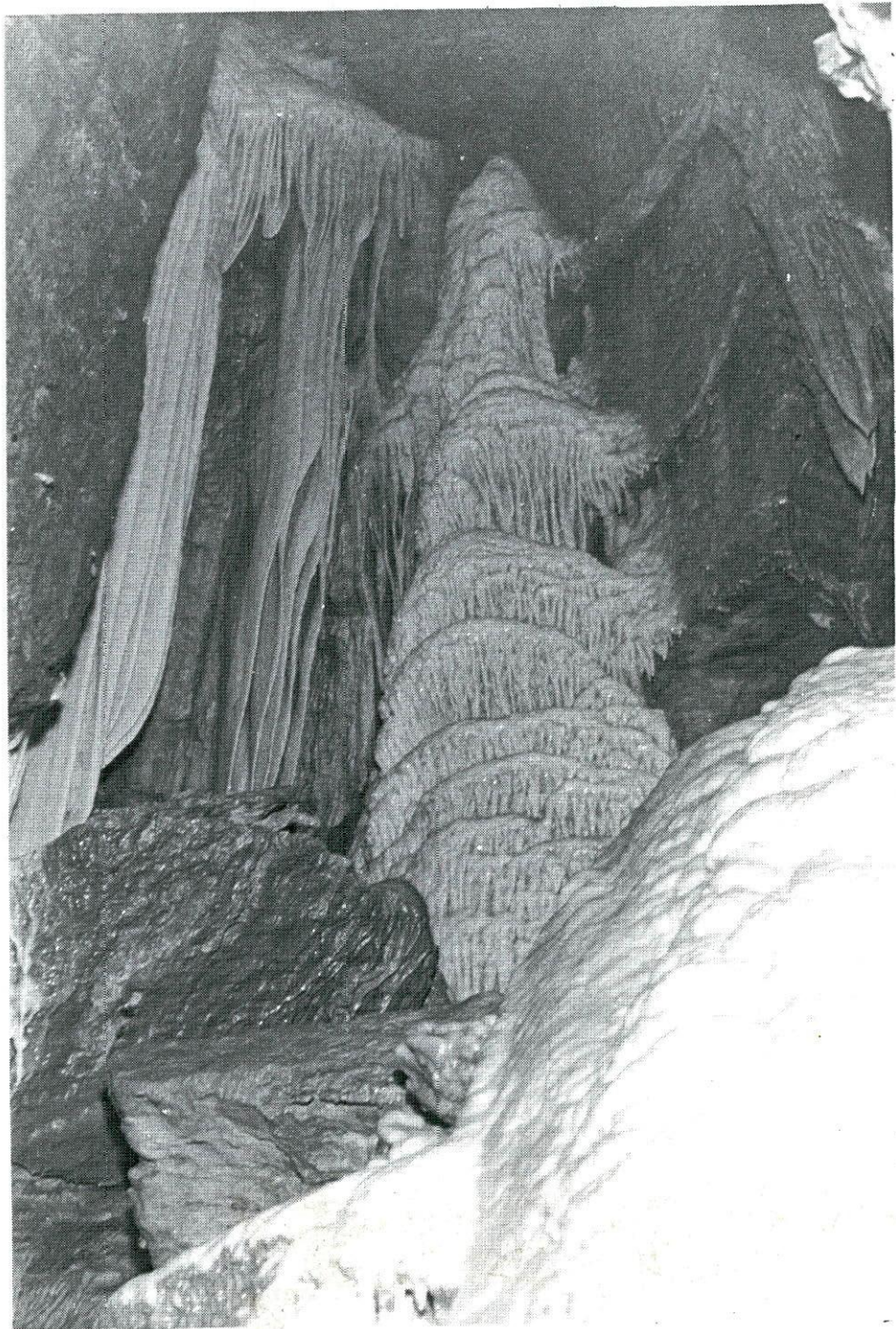
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Published Semi-spasmodically By

THE IOWA GROTTO

*National Speleological Society*

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Volume XXIX Issue 2

March - April, 1993



The INTERCOM is published semi-spasmodically by the - - - - - Iowa Grotto  
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members are encouraged to join our parent organization, The National Speleological Soc.

Material for the next issue of the INTERCOM is due in the hands of the editor by  
July 1, 1993 with a few days grace for those later trips. This should include mater-  
ial covering May and June, 1993. Send articles, trip reports, photographic negatives,  
prints, or slides, artwork, cave maps, cartoons, etc. for publication to:

Editor and Typist: Lowell Burkhead 319-854-6650  
2611 Alderman Rd.  
Springville, IA 52336

Intercom Staff: Logistics and Legwork: Mike Lace  
Photo Processing: Jim Hannon

The Iowa Grotto meets at 7:30 p.m. on the fourth Wednesday of each month (third Wed.  
in Dec.) in room 125 of Trowbridge Hall on the campus of the University of Iowa, Iowa City.

Air Force Rescue Coordination Center  
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This number calls out Iowa Grotto rescue personnel

Cover Photo: Great White Dome, Coldwater Cave, Iowa. Photo by Marc Ohms



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

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## IOWA GROTTO MEETING MINUTES

Regular meeting March 24, 1993

The meeting was called to order at 8:10 p.m. by Chairman Mike Lace following Scott Dankof's slide show on Coldwater Cave. Thirteen members were present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. TRIP REPORTS: Scott Dankof reported on a trip to Cave of the Winds, Colorado. Stacey Cyphert and Marc Ohms reported on separate digging projects in the Guardian Fangs Passage of Coldwater Cave; both trips resulted in a bit more new passage. Mike Lace reported on a clean-up trip to Wonder Cave, a successful lead checking trip to the Timber Range area of Dubuque County, and a survey trip that mapped Elmo's Big Bear Cave, Clayton County. A survey trip to Spiral Cave that brought the total survey to 1,262 feet was reported by Marc Ohms. FUTURE TRIPS: Survey trips to Spiral Cave and Maze Cave, vertical training session, Spring MVOR, Iowa Grotto summer picnic, NSS Convention, and an upcoming NCRC cave rescue training session. OLD BUSINESS: Lowell Burkhead reported that the last outstanding back issues of the INTERCOM are nearing completion. NEW BUSINESS: Chris Beck reported on the proposed Dark Canyon Protection Bill which would prevent natural gas drilling on BLM land near Lechuguilla Cave. Mike Lace relayed that the entrance to Eldorado Cave will soon be exposed during street construction and may result in the cave being sealed. The grotto annual report was received and approved by the NSS. The meeting adjourned at 9:08 p.m.

Regular meeting April 28, 1993

The meeting was called to order by Chairman Mike Lace at 7:40 p.m. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved as read. TRIP REPORTS: Mike Lace reported on a lead checking trip but was unable to find Big Mill Creek Cave. Marc Ohms reported on a trip to The Waterfall Passage in Becker Quarry Cave. Jacob Hugart reported on a trip to Lost World Caverns in Lewisburg, West Virginia. Lowell Burkhead reported on a digging trip to the Buck Creek Caves. Two caves were dug open, Coon Condo Cave and Coon Crypt Cave. Mike Lace reported on a survey trip in Gouldsburg Cave. Chris Beck reported on a Coldwater Cave resurvey trip. He also gave an update on progress in Wonder Cave. Marc Ohms visited Cow Pie Cave and English Cave in Jackson County. He also reported that the survey of Spiral Cave is now finished. Greg McCarty reported on a lead checking trip near Falling Spring and Dutton's Caves. He was checking the water flow at the springs and the known infeeders to them. He reported not being able to find Mittelstadt Bypass Pit. FUTURE TRIPS: include the MVOR, April 30 to May 2, vertical cave practice, May 1, the Iowa Grotto annual picnic, the first weekend in August, Wonder Cave gating and restoration, May 16, and another digging trip to Coon Condo Cave will be announced. OLD BUSINESS: There are now 680 entries in the Iowa Cave File. NEW BUSINESS: Lowell Burkhead brought an article from Science News on hypothermia prevention. The Tember Range area is being sold. For the time being, all caves on the property should be considered off limits. The meeting was adjourned at 8:37 p.m. After the meeting, Greg McCarty presented a most unusual slide program. It ended with so many photos of the same thing that we forgot what the good stuff in the first part of it was! Even Greg was making fun of it. Thanks Greg for the program.

## COMMON DRUGS HELP TAME HYPOTHERMIA

by Lowell Burkhead

The 1993 meeting of "Experimental Biology" in New Orleans reports on testing of a British diet pill for its effects on hypothermia. The drug causes the body to burn more fat increasing heat production by 20 percent. It worked within 30 minutes and lasted more than four hours. Various scientific tests were done and the drug outperformed all other methods tried both for preventing hypothermia and for warming up an already mildly hypothermic person, according to the April 10 issue of "Science News".



The diet pill is not available in the United States but the makings are available over the counter. It contains 44 milligrams of ephedrine, 100 milligrams of theophylline, and 60 milligrams of caffeine. Primatene tablets contain 24 milligrams of ephedrine and 130 milligrams of theophylline per tablet with a maximum dosage recommended of two every four hours with no more than six in 24 hours. These drugs are not habit forming and the side effects are minimal. They are listed as temporary nervousness and sleeplessness. The nervousness is really involuntary twitching of the hands if you take too much of it or are not used to it. Because of this, you may want to start out trying only one of these. Available sources of caffeine are too numerous to mention from No Doze to Mountain Dew. Since most cavers are already addicted to caffeine, there is little risk in trying this. I can say from personal experience that a can of Mountain Dew and two Primatene really turns up your old volume control! One may also infer from this information that another possible side effect can be weight loss due to burned fat, so if you have no fat that you can spare, don't try this. For the rest of you, I bet that a little drug-induced warmth and sleeplessness on your trip back from Grappling Falls could be mighty welcome. (Warning! Don't try this within six hours of bedtime unless sleep isn't one of your goals!)

Primatene tablets are available in all drug stores and, if you ask for them, in most truck stops. The truckers use them to stay awake without the usual mental impairment associated with other stay awake drugs. Be careful and don't buy the Primatene Mist refill by accident. They are both in a brown box. Primatene tablets are sold for the relief of bronchial asthma. They will keep all your pipes wide open and kill a sinus headache in minutes. Open pipes can also be useful on those long caving trips.

After reading about this, I gave it a try at home. With the temperature in the house set at 65, I gave the dog a bath while wearing a T shirt and jeans which both got wet. This was not a problem as I sat around and watched TV until they dried without even thinking about it. Usually, I'm a little too cool at 65 degrees without a long sleeved shirt. With a Mountain Dew and two Primatene tablets, I was comfortable in wet cotton clothes. That's a big difference! I wish I had known about this when I was on those freeze-out surveying trips in April Cave. It's even legal! This could not only save trips, but lives too.

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## BUCK CREEK CAVE SURVEY

Buck Creek Cave, Buck Creek Indian Cave, Delaware County, Iowa  
February 6, 1993  
Mike Lace, Gary Engh, Marc Ohms, Chris Beck, and Bob Wahlstrom

by Mike Lace

On a cold and icy Saturday, we gathered to map one of Delaware County's longest solutional caves and one of its smallest. Buck Creek Cave has a wide shelter-like entrance and almost 100 feet of a single, comfortable, stoop-to-crawl passage. Buck Creek Indian Cave, on the other hand, is a 15 foot long, mostly small crawlway.

The survey of Buck Creek Cave went quickly. We then started to climb 20 feet up the bluff face to the entrance of Buck Creek Indian Cave. The rock was cold on the hands and slippery in spots but negotiable. We took one survey shot to the back of the cave, examined the reported pictographs (INTERCOM Vol 28 No 5) on the wall, and moved off the rock face by following a narrow ledge that leads to the hilltop.

After completing the surveys, we walked/slid along the same outcrop toward the road to check for more leads. Several small solutional holes were examined but only one or two reached in 15 feet. Two digging leads at the base of the outcrop, however, looked very promising with gently arched ceilings (?) that outlined possible silted cave entrances. At least one of these had a raccoon trail leading into a small hole that could be enlarged. We walked a lot of ground nearby but found nothing more.



## THE GUARDIAN'S GULLET

Coldwater Cave, Guardian Fangs Passage, Winneshiek County, Iowa  
 February 20, 1993  
 Mike Lace and Marc Ohms

by Mike Lace

There's a side lead off of the Guardian Fangs Passage where a thin stream of water empties out of what we believe is a sizeable dome. Marc had never been in this part of the cave but was willing to help dig in a small trench that had been started in this small lead on previous trips by Larry, Stacey, and I.

We made good time hiking the relatively short mainstream path to the mouth of the Guardian Fangs Passage. I had told Marc that the passage leading to our dig was mostly stoopwalking with a little bit of crawling. Well...so I forgot about the crawling and slithering through the breakdown! We finally reached the entrance to the side passage and started digging where Stacey had left off. The bellycrawl was still lovely and the digging with one arm out front and one back was also a rediscovered treat. The mainstream water level was low and so was the level in this tiny tube. In past efforts and higher water levels, we would dam up the stream when digging and create a pool that inched its way up your neck and face until you had to retreat. At least we didn't have to deal with that for now. Marc took his turn with appropriate enthusiasm and found out that there really was no place to put the mud and cobbles you dug up except by dragging them along as you backed out. The echo coming from the void in front of us was still enticing but we finished with six feet to go, and all of it will have to be dug open before the ceiling rises enough to let us slip up into what we hope is a big dome. We were getting cold so we headed out with no regrets. The Guardian's Gullet will be opened up another day.

## A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM

Coldwater Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa  
 February 20, 1993  
 Larry Welch and Jay Wells

by Larry Welch

At least once per winter one of those magical cave trips are taken, one that leaves an indelible imprint on one's psyche. This was to be one of those trips, for better or worse. After swearing off the area atop Grappling Falls the last time we were out there, we had finally recovered enough to consider trying it again, especially since the upstream sumps were definitely no-go. A plan had coalesced: we were going to make the trip in February, but to facilitate a more humane experience, we planned to stash our vertical gear part of the way out in January. Unfortunately, we didn't execute the first part of the plan, as we couldn't coordinate our efforts in January.

So when February rolled around, we were faced with doing the trip the cruel way. In addition, Stacey Cyphert had time constraints that kept him from taking the journey. This left Jay and I and no stashed gear. I was also facing the task of taking the trip in my battered and leaky wetsuit in the 40 degree water. My new suit had accidentally been left behind in the trunk of Jay's car and Jay had driven his truck up to the cave. This wasn't as great a setback as it could have been as I hadn't expected the arrival of my suit and had gotten mentally ready to do the trip with the old one. We also made the difficult decision to not take survey gear along. Both Jay and I are committed to the survey of the cave but it seemed wise to leave it behind as 1) we were committed to taking two sets of vertical gear for safety reasons, 2) we felt we would be pushing it just to make it to the end of the survey anyway, and 3) all that remained to survey were small side passages unless we could discover a way through the breakdown that had stymied us on the last trip. It was hard to justify carting along survey gear way out there for our measly two man crew to survey some slimy little bellycrawl. However, it seemed clear that if we could figure out a way around the breakdown back into a continuation of the main passage, that it would be easy to get motivated to return with survey gear.



Plus, on hindsight, we all felt that we hadn't pushed the leads at the breakdown very hard on the last trip.

We were in the cave at 11:00, moving swiftly downstream. A fast pace set to keep warm, and due to general impatience, I was to pay for this later. Jay was using one of Mike Nelson's kinky harnesses and benefiting greatly from it. I had thought these were just for diving trips, but he was able to distribute the weight of his pack throughout his upper body, minimizing muscle fatigue. At least that's what he told me. Perhaps Mike's gear just has the supernatural ability to make Norwegian powerhouse cavers out of those who wear it. I was a little shagged out at the Pig Trough, so left behind some extra batteries to lighten my pack. Jay was feeling good and led strongly up Wanda's Walkway. We put our hoods on at Frog Junction and I informed Jay that I intended to hurry through the near-sumps because of my leaky suit. A funny thing happened though, Jay was always right behind me at the end of the swim. Perhaps this was an omen, as either I wasn't moving very fast or Jay wasn't moving at a normal pace. Jay left his hood behind at the Roundhouse, but I decided to hang on to mine in case it was needed for warmth. Mud Canyon was a delight as usual and we found our usual changing spot to put on climbing harnesses for Grappling Falls. I hadn't anticipated any problems but I had never put my gear on over that particular wetsuit before and it turned out to be a challenge. I'd always had beavertail suits before but this was one with those cute little shorts at the bottom of the jacket. The extra layers made it difficult to fit into my gear; I had to daisy chain two carabiners to close my seat harness. It wasn't a particularly good fit, but I figured to give it a try.

The climb actually went smoothly, as Jay gave me an assist with some bottom tension on the rope. After a brief inspection for rope wear at the point it rubbed on the lip of the drop, Jay came up. His form was textbook material until his last move to get over the lip, which was reminiscent of a large walrus beaching itself at high tide. Nevertheless, it worked and we could dump the climbing gear and move on. As Jay was fond of noting, when recalling Grappling Falls from the not-so-recent past, it was very easy to remember the good parts of such a trip and many of the difficulties were conveniently forgotten. Such was truly the case of the territory atop the falls, which seemed to be an endless crawl. Whatever reserves of energy I had hoped to have just weren't there and I remember distinctly sitting in Bryan's Dome and thinking how ridiculous it was for me to be continuing on into the cave considering how tired I was. Still, we were too close to our destination to turn back. I decided that I could at least haul myself out to the end so that Jay could push the leads, as he appeared to be in much better shape than me.

We stopped at a sand bar about 100 feet from the end of the survey and unloaded our gear. It had taken us six and a half hours of pretty swift movement to get to that point. I recall reading an article by Bill Stone on deep cave camps where he pointed out that a camp should be spaced no more than seven hours into the cave. This plan was based on the return trip taking much longer, as would be expected for climbing out of a deep cave system. Anything further than seven hours did not allow much work time at the destination, if the trip were to be completed in a 24 hour period, which Bill recommended as a maximum. It's a little difficult to translate all of this into Coldwater standards; we don't seem quite to the point where camping is a necessity but if the cave were to continue going beyond the breakdown.....

We headed out to the breakdown pile. The passage forks at the very end, with breakdown blocking both branches. Jay headed left to where some water emerged from the pile. I tried a squeeze over a small waterfall that entered on the left side of the room. I couldn't get the right leverage to climb into the tiny lead, legs pumping like Fred Flintstone starting his car. Just as I got into the passage, Jay started yelling about how he had something, so I backed out and joined him in the pile. He started passing rocks back to me, and quickly he worked his way down to the source of the water. It was coming out of a bedrock slot that was too small to enter. We spent some time pawing the pile looking for other solutions. There didn't seem to be air movement anywhere else, nor a sign of passage beyond anywhere. I wasn't really



intrigued with laying flat on the pile and pulling large rocks out from over my head anyway. Of course there was a lot of surface debris lodged in the pile - but not enough to tempt either of us.

Next we tried the right fork, the dry side. I tried the left wall and Jay tried the right. We eventually noted a slight enlargement that lay beyond a large rock slab. It looked like an abandoned streamway. The squeeze over the slab was very tight and Jay had his helmet off and was grunting mightily. While this was going on, I figured out a shortcut across from my side of the slab that looked a little bigger. I got into it a little way but abandoned it after getting nervous about my wetsuit tail bunching up behind me like it had out by Zipper Dome a few months before. This was not due to the suit design but rather to some customizations that I had made in the name of comfort. After backing out, I watched Jay force the squeeze and reach the trench on the far side. He followed it around the corner to the left and I began to anticipate that it might rejoin the main drag. It died in the breakdown pile though, so Jay slithered back through the squeeze.

We contemplated where to go next. I hadn't been very hopeful about the waterfall squeeze (named the Bitter End Waterfalls on the last trip). I had tried initially but felt I needed to make a more thorough recon since it hadn't been pushed to its end. I managed to get up and into the passage easier this time. The passage was very small ahead but probably passable. I managed to scrape my chest over a small rimstone dam and inch my way around a corner. From the corner, I could see an impassable bedrock squeeze five feet ahead, so I backed out.

I was getting pretty tired by this point. We had exhausted all the possibilities at the very end save for some major rock moving work. We went back to our sand bar right by another waterfall (the Wells Waterfall) lead which we had termed the Next Generation Passage on the last trip as that was who we were willing it to. Deciding that we could pass as the next generation, we decided to have a look at it. The passage did carry a fair amount of water and we had taken a bearing down it on the last trip, calculating that it was headed for the area near the breakdown pile we had just left. I told Jay he could have this one and I planned to loiter behind while he checked it out. Naturally, the darn thing had to go and go, so I was forced to follow. The passage reminded me of the Sinus Passage, an uncomfortable crawl on bedrock often forcing you onto your side. Just when it looked like it would crap out, it opened a bit and there was a neat area with a bunch of little waterfalls dumping into the passage from up on the side walls. None were big enough to get into and the location was by my estimate right next to our nemesis breakdown pile. A lot of water is coming from back there somewhere. I began to lose heart in pushing the passage and suddenly started feeling very tired. I discovered that I had blown out a knee pad, making the bedrock crawl more painful than before. Jay plunged on ahead like a maniac, getting excited when the passage got bigger (2.5 feet high in places) but continuing when it pinched back down. I fell way behind him and only moved to stay within earshot. Jay thought he saw a dome up ahead but it was an illusion; eventually the passage split and only the right branch was passable.

I lay in this stupid little crawl, wishing that we had left it for the next generation. I concluded that no one would ever survey the whole thing. What was really amazing was that Jay Wells was still pushing the darn thing, as far from the entrance as we had ever been in the cave and he had pushed 600 feet of miserable crawl and wanted to continue. I would have been impressed if I'd had any energy left but I was totally crapped out and finally convinced him to bag the passage. His had really been a magnificent effort but even that sort of hard push had not led to a continuation of the passage.

Two more small leads remained in the vicinity but I was too tired to care. It seemed wise to start the long journey back so we did. My knee pad was jury-rigged in place and off we went. Despite his exertions in the crawlway, I couldn't keep up with Jay and had to rest often. I just couldn't seem to catch my breath. When we got back to the breakdown section on top of the falls, I was staggering about and slipping on



loose slabs. I gave myself a mental reprimand to be careful but was too winded to have any grace of foot. Somewhere out there, I started wondering if I really was up for this trip and began vowing not to return. At the Roundhouse, I suggested abandoning my vertical gear but Jay wisely noted that I should at least get it through the swims so it would be easier to retrieve. The low swimming sections finished whatever energy I had left. My conversational skills were limited to monosyllables, my pulse raced, and I panted like a dog. I finally decided to abandon the vertical gear in Kenny's Ballroom. I hated the idea of doing it, although in a sense, it isn't that much different than when we have carried vertical gear to stash the month before a Grappling Falls trip. Still, it seemed to be a clear admission of defeat on my part.

Naturally, it helped to have a lighter pack. I began to move a little bit better, although I finally turned the corner when we hit Cascade. We had stashed a Pepsi here and it made a world of difference. I was soon able to move at a reasonable pace, and by the time we hit Holy Cow Crawl, I was feeling pretty good. Normally the trip out would become a death march at this point but it seemed as if I had gotten that out of my system already and the rest of the trip wasn't too bad. We were shocked at how cold the water seemed when we got back to the Mainstream and we both had a difficult time staying warm from there on out. The water was cloudy in this vicinity, which made us start wondering if we'd had freezing rain or something of the sort. The water cleared up at Guardian Fangs; the dirty water was the result of a digging trip in this passage that Mike Lace and Marc Ohms had taken earlier in the day. When we got back to the platform, we saw that the water temperature had stayed the same, it had just seemed colder. We got out of the cave about 15 hours after we started.

One final note concerning the rope at Grappling Falls. We checked it more thoroughly before we rappelled and there were some signs of sheath wear in a couple of places. It would probably be a good idea to replace it on the next trip out that way.

## AN UNBELIEVABLE BEAR OF A CAVE TRIP

Elmo's Big Bear Cave and Elmo's Little Bear Cave, Dubuque County, Iowa  
February 27, 1993

by Mike Lace

Gary Engh, Mike Lace, Marc Ohms, Jacob Hugart, and Chris Beck

Steve Moon and Gary had visited this cave several years ago, describing a several hundred foot long crevice that had once been mined for lead. After a little driving around looking for the right landmarks leading to the right farm, we picked up directions from one of the locals, picked up the rest of our crew, and headed over to the cave. Gary and I were talking to the gentleman who rents the farmhouse when the other guys noticed that the owner had an animal housed in one of the old corncribs. It took one or two double-takes to figure out that it wasn't the average barnyard pet but a young black bear! We were obviously startled but relieved to learn that it didn't come from the nearby cave we were about to crawl into. Just for future reference, the bear's name is "Teddy" and he loves to chew on and play with rotting deer heads.

Gary led us all to the cave entrance which had silted shut since his last visit, but a little digging took care of that and we all found ourselves in a nice walking-size passage. We poked around, checking for going leads and finally started surveying out of the cave from the back. The cave turned out to be complicated enough to keep us busy for most of the afternoon and treated us with some spectacular spar formations on the walls and ceiling. Some of the spar had been damaged by the mining and/or souvenir hunters but a few pristine pockets remain.

A single 12 foot deep test pit was found about halfway into the main passage but no passage off of the bottom and a second impassable entrance was located off of the left branch. The total survey of Elmo's Big Bear Cave is 330 feet - not bad.

We wrapped up the mapping and were exiting one at a time into a warming afternoon



and a soggy mud-sloped sinkhole. Marc was crawling out of the entrance on his back when a simi-liquid glob of thawed mud slopped into his face and down his neck - it was disgusting but better him than me! We finished off the day by checking the hill above Elmo's Big Bear Cave and only came up with a small 20 foot long mine further up the hill (Elmo's Little Bear Cave) and several filled prospecting pits.

## THE 505 PASSAGE

Coldwater Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa  
 March 20, 1993  
 Larry Welch and Jay Wells

by Larry Welch

This trip was in a sense a continuation of work in progress during the past year or so. Last September I had nearly gotten stuck trying to push a lead that continued off of the back side of Zipper Dome. It appeared that after a bit of passage needing digging, that things were a bit roomier beyond. From the loud roar one heard while at this point, it seemed likely that this either led to a virgin waterfall dome, or more likely, the passage was an overflow for the Johnson Press Passage and the noise was coming from Thunder Dome. In January, Mike Lace and I had gone through the Johnson Press to investigate side leads off of the Wary Memorial Stoopway. We found one that led back toward Zipper Dome that was in all likelihood the other end of the passage we had seen in September. This was the survey target for this month's trip.

I had a miserable cold so this was going to be a no frills trip. Jay wanted to go out Cascade but there was no way that I was up to that. We couldn't get a third member for the survey party so for the second straight month, it was just the two of us. I had hoped to resurvey the Johnson Press Passage on the way to our lead. However, the Johnson Press is a wet, low, bellycrawl and we didn't think we would be able to do it and then survey our intended lead with just a two man party in the 40 degree water. So we opted to skip the J.P. and continue all the way out to the new passage and survey in. It's not a bad little passage, with just a touch of water and perfect mud for body-surfing. After an initial squeeze past a formation to get into the passage, it was really quite roomy. I had thought we would be getting 50-60 foot survey shots but the passage was more tortuous than I had recalled and as usual, Jay was giving me grief about my memory.

The roar from Thunder Dome is quite impressive throughout the passage. Coupled with the possibility of rising water from snowmelt, this served to make us a little nervous. The survey went smoothly until the last station. Jay had crawled up to the junction and had set a station there. Upon getting out the compass, he accidentally dunked it in the ooze and it refused to function any more. After much licking and cleaning, the compass was clean but it appeared to have filled with water. It was a brand new plastic Suunto that I was using for the first time and it didn't appear to have been sealed properly at the factory. Compared with the usual abuse Jay tends to put compasses through, this had been fairly mild.

We finally got one last shot out of the stupid thing, then I tried to catch up on the sketching. As I was sketching, Jay noted that the water flow seemed greater than when we entered the passage. Considering that fact and the dead compass, we decided to quit for the day and get the hell out of there. The water was clear back at the Wary Memorial Stoopway so it didn't seem likely that the water level was rising. Nevertheless, we made tracks for the entrance and were able to get out fairly early. Our survey total was about 120 feet, and after plotting this out, we appear to be about 60 feet from connecting to the passage beyond Zipper Dome. One final note to consumers: Doug Schmuecker replaced my plastic Suunto promptly and with no questions asked -- Thanks Doug!



## A WEST VIRGINIA VISIT

Lost World Caverns, Greenbrier County, West Virginia  
March 23, 1993  
Danny Gillespie, Jacob Hugart, and Holly Hugart

by Jacob Hugart

For spring break, my wife and I decided we would visit my paternal grandmother in St. Albans, West Virginia. As it happens, a cousin who lives in Roanoke, Virginia invited us to spend the night sometime during the week. The trip from one to the other went through Greenbrier County. I figured we should stop and enjoy the sights of historic Lewisburg, the county seat. As many of the sights in Greenbrier County happen to be caves, I decided to make up for missing the Iowa Grotto meeting March 24.

Years before, my father and I had visited Lost World Caverns just north of Lewisburg. It is a commercial cave with nice formations and situated in an area which screams "Caves Below!", for there are lots of sinkholes and lots of karst. While there, our guide told us of the wild tour of the rest of the cave. My dad also bought me a t-shirt from the gift shop. I never forgot the wild tour and I never lost the t-shirt. A good thing too, for when I decided to do the wild tour, I forgot that the cave was near Lewisburg...then I remembered the shirt which had the address. I got the phone number and made a reservation a week before the trip. When we arrived at my grandmother's, I called again to confirm and speak with the guide. It turns out that Danny lived in Cedar Falls in the seventies and was glad to hear that the current Grotto membership was actively surveying caves. We then talked some about preparation for the trip and set the time.

Tuesday morning, we made the two hour drive to Lost World Caverns in the rain. We took the commercial (or gift shop) entrance, a lovely concrete tunnel of steps and sloping sections. Supposedly, the cave was entered in the early part of this century but it is a sure bet that the natives and locals knew about it long before. Access would have been a problem to them, though, for the natural entrance is a 120 foot free drop through a manhole sized gap in the hill above the gift shop. This drops smack into the middle of the commercial section.

As we walked along the boardwalk to the furthest reach of the commercial section, I made a comment about the lights. Contrary to my memories, neither bare incandescent bulbs or colored flood lamps were in use, only tall poles capped with some sort of vapor lamp which cast a bright orange glow over the formations. This lit the place much like a parking garage. Danny explained that numerous tourists exhaling had encouraged the growth of algae on the formations; the algae did not grow very well under the new lights. On the way through the commercial section, Danny pointed out one or two formations. One was the War Club, a large stalagmite in the middle of a 70 foot ceilinged room. Apparently, some local caver read about a world record for "stalagmite-sitting", and decided to beat it. A platform was constructed on the War Club and the caver beat the record. No trace of the platform remained that I could see. Danny also pointed out a large formation with flowstone all over it, the Crystal Waterfall. The base of this formation showed one hole where a core was taken and a second shallower hole where an attempt to core was made. Danny said the local university had taken the samples in order to date the speleothem.

After that, the trail reached a cul-de-sac in a sloping room with lots of breakdown. We left the trail and made our way over the field to the top of the slope. At this point, I ditched my army parka shell; the cave was 51 degrees F, a bit warmer than some in Iowa and my long underwear and wool clothing did just fine. We then crawled through a 25 foot tunnel off to the side and the lights of the commercial section no longer lit our way. The tunnel opened into a largish corridor of breakdown, about 15 or 20 feet wide and half that high, which sloped sideways at about 40 degrees. This passage was dry for the most part, but soon we heard a little rivulet emptying into a pool. Beyond that, we started to see some formations in the passage...a stalagmite, some gypsum crystals, but small.



This went on for about 300 feet then opened into a large room, maybe 60 by 50 feet with a 20 to 30 foot ceiling. We took a moment to rest and fill out the cave register which was kept here for the N.S.S. I commented on the number of carbide dumps which were dotted throughout the wild section. Danny explained that some local grottos had wanted a tour of the cave and he had told them that they didn't need a guide, just go on your own and be careful. Some of them took carbide lamps and dumped the spent carbide out in various spots. Ever since, Danny has forbidden outsiders to use carbide lamps in the cave but he carries one for a heat source in emergencies.

From there, we proceeded up some flowstone to a large passage which opened into a chamber about 25 feet wide by 50 feet long with an 80 foot ceiling! Water cascaded down in a constant shower from the heights and the sides of the space were covered with beautiful formations including some bacon, a couple of angel's wings, and a large stalagmite way up high referred to as the "Angel's Roost". We had to climb a large pile of breakdown by the use of a knotted rope in order to glimpse this chamber. After proceeding down the slope on the other side and getting sprinkled from above in the process, we headed along the passage as the ceiling shrank to about 30 feet for the remaining way.

Along this passage were some beautiful pillars towering over 40 foot pits with water continually running over them. Some formations are a bright white color and Danny says that this is one area where they follow Lechuguilla-type conservation rules...he'll let you go down for a closer look, but take off all your muddy clothes and boots first. We took pictures instead, and after that, the passage came to an end. We retraced our steps setting up some photographs on the way.

By the knotted rope, Danny showed us a hole in the base the size of a good crawlway. One could hear the sound of rushing water down below. Danny said they had dug about 40 feet down, trying to get to the level where the stream was. This stream was the cause of these passages, supposedly, and could be heard at various points, always below the floor. Maybe next time they will have reached it.

On returning to the cave register room, Danny showed us quite a few teeth and bone fragments of some kind of predator. They weren't fossilized, but he didn't think that they were recent. After that, we headed to the low point of the room, a crevice which had run along the whole breakdown passage. Here, it was passable and at the bottom, there was a two foot high crawlway. Following this opened into a larger passage, offering a view of a small waterfall. This was part of Dead Fish Creek. Danny offered to show us the passage that the creek followed. At the waterfall, it emerged from a small gap to one side. We walked up a slope further down the passage and came to a room much like the earlier one with the 80 foot ceiling. Here, too, water showered down, but here, it started to get muddy.

The passage narrowed to a multi-level corridor; there are three surveyed levels on the map. We canyoned along the middle level. Below us was the mud and water of the creek and above was rather high and just as slippery. We had our share of mud but at least we had ledges. We carried on until we reached a large boulder. Danny said you could slime under it in the stream but if I wanted to see the real treat, I should clamber above it and look. I did and came across a pit which Danny said must be about 40 feet deep at that point. A rope was rigged for those pressing on where the passage went on for a distance, muddy the whole way.

We went back to the big room, sat down, and had a snack. Danny mentioned a dome around the corner so we stopped there before we left. It was a tall room that seemed to grow straight up from the passage which continued as a shallow streambed. The far wall of the dome sloped down as beautiful flowstone to the passage floor. Water fell from the ceiling and ran along the flowstone. Danny and I climbed up the flowstone and passed through a side chimney to show up behind Holly. Then we went back.

Once back in the commercial section, we found the lights were out, probably from a former tour. We got back to the gift shop and looked a right mess. We startled some people considering the commercial tour. At the end of it, we had spent five hours in



the cave. Holly was tired, and we were both muddy but it had been a lot of fun.

After we had cleaned up, I asked Danny about other caves in the area. Not far away, a little crossroads of a town called Hughart existed where the old Hugart/Hughart family originally settled. In my dad's genealogical records, I had a reference to a Hughart cave in the area but the location was ambiguous. Danny had a map of the county which indicated the known caves in the area and we only noticed two possibilities. I plan to write the landowner for permission to visit and Danny says he'd be willing to come along if I get it. Many caves in the area were surveyed only as far as the cavers could walk with the tape, in some cases, leaving hundreds of yards of passage. Now, of course, I'm planning a second trip, with caves the main attraction and the relatives as the quick visits! Maybe this summer...

## JACKSON COUNTY CAVING

Buzzard Cave, Heath Cave, Jackson County, Iowa  
March 27, 1993

by Mike Lace

The first nice day in weeks and I was determined to get reacquainted with that big yellow thing in the sky and do a little ridgewalking. The first stop was at Buzzard Cave where a quick survey of its 20 odd feet of walking passage left me with some time to slip and slide along the muddy river bluffs. No other caves were found. At one end of the property, I reached a fenceline and a no trespassing sign so retreated to the truck and stopped in at the next farmhouse.

Old information about the area mentioned a name - Heath Cave - but not much else. The owner was friendly but has had more than his share of trouble with trespassers. He indeed had a cave on his place and gave directions. He also remembered hearing that there was another "big" cave nearby that some kids had gotten lost in years ago and a dog had to be sent in to find them. He didn't know exactly where this cave was but offered to find out before my next visit.

The owner's grandson tagged along on the visit to Heath Cave that day. We found the entrance high on the ravine wall and the rest of the cave turned out to be quite shallow in the hillside. The passages are mostly low, wide crawlways that form a typical solutional maze but with lots of flowstone and small stalactites. Two bats (pipistrelles) were found hibernating, numerous piles of small animal bones (including a young coyote) were littered near the entrance and fresh animal burrows had been dug in the dirt floor. There's approximately 150 feet of passage in the cave. After exiting, a short walk along the bluffline nearby yielded no more caves but there's a lot more wild ground to cover before the underbrush becomes too thick.

## RUNOFF CHECK I

Mittelstadt Cave, Park Edge Pit, and Dutton's Cave, Fayette County, Iowa  
March 28, 1993

by Greg McCarty

I wanted to see how the snow melt was affecting some of the caves in the West Union area so I headed up for a look after I got off work Sunday evening. We had plenty of snow available, about ten inches deep in the woods but the melt was a little slowed by the lack of sun on most days. It had been a late spring (a pattern which was to continue), but now that things were finally melting, I wanted to see it in action. I started off with the drainage that runs into a cave that I helped Mike Bounk check out in the early 80's. I forget the name but it is about fourteen feet long and drains into Dutton's Cave. Since I didn't want to bother the owner, I just took some pictures of the water coming from the culverts under the road and the streambed heading into the



sink. A good amount of water was rushing along toward the cave which swallows it with no problems.

My next stop was Mittelstadt Cave. After stopping along the road to confirm that a stream was indeed flowing to the cave, I got permission and headed down for a look. A nice stream of water was rushing over some rapids and tumbling down into the entrance. There was still a massive ice formation hanging in the entrance and smaller ones inside the cave. I managed to work my way along a ledge and then down a log so I could get some pictures from inside the cave. Unfortunately, somewhere between the breakdown and the first pit, my lens cap was knocked off the camera and swept away. I took some pictures of the water sweeping along over an ice flow and roaring down the fifteen foot pit, then climbed back out of the cave. I searched around for any sign of Mittelstadt Bypass Pit but couldn't find any indication of the entrance. I remember about where it is but to dig it open again, you would need to know exactly where to probe.

After driving over to Dutton's Cave County Park, I cleaned up the camera and loaded in another roll of film. Starting with Park Edge Pit, I found a smaller stream of water flowing through the notch and dropping down from above the entrance to Dutton's Cave. Coming out of Dutton's though, was a lot of water. Not as much as was coming out after the ten inch rain of 6-15-91 (nor was it nearly as muddy and smelly as on that day) but still a respectable flood. I could easily hear the water roaring out of the cave and down the gorge from the county road by the upper entrance to the park. Dutton's had two massive ice formations also and these were free-hanging above the flowing water about thirty feet into the cave. The one had a large base and represented a lot of weight to be hanging from the ceiling. After I had taken pictures of the water flow and the massive ice, I crawled around the stream and took some pictures of the ice formations back by the dome in the entrance chamber. It was getting late by this time and I was out of film, so I climbed back out of the gorge and headed home.

## RUNOFF CHECK II

Falling Spring, Wagon Wheel Cave, Spider Cave, and Wet Cave, Fayette County, Iowa  
March 31, 1993

by Greg McCarty

The snow melt had started again after a brief rest, so it was back to West Union again to check some more caves. This trip was in the late afternoon and featured a misty rain the whole time. I wanted to have a look at the caves in the Falling Spring area so I had to make my first contact with the (relatively) new owner. He was very friendly and helpful in discussing the local sinkholes. He also was able to answer a question I had long had. What did the Wagon Wheel entrance to the Falling Spring system look like before the county modified it with the culvert? When I found it in the mid 70's, I immediately was curious as to what the sink was like before the county road crew sunk a culvert down to bedrock and used it for a drain for the road ditch. It turns out that the owner of Falling Spring watched the operation when he was young and said that the sink was like the others further up the valley. Nothing special about it. The crew dug down following the path of the water and reached a very large rock. They hauled that out and cleaned up the slot that leads down into the cave then mounted the culvert on the bedrock and filled in around it. A wagon wheel over the mouth of the culvert gives it its name.

When I drove around and checked Wagon Wheel, I found only a little water going into it. There was plenty of water coming out of the Falling Spring entrance, though. It was fairly clean and in less quantity than I saw during the 6-15-91 flood. You could see the water shooting out past the corner of the bluff that blocks your view of the entrance as you climb down into the gorge. I took a number of pictures of the entrance (too many as it turned out), then hiked on over to Spider Cave. Water was coming out of several places around the entrance and there was a very large ice formation covering the middle. This is like the one that Steve Hurley and I saw here in 1976, so maybe it's a



common thing. It's neat because you can walk behind it and be in the cave looking out through a wall of blue ice.

I had just started to take some pictures around the entrance to Spider Cave when I found I had run out of film. It was getting very dim for pictures anyway but I was still upset. I poked around in some holes while I was there and found some little crevice leads, then I switched over to the Wet Cave branch and hiked up to it. With the constant light rain, the snow was plenty soggy and the stream made it difficult to reach the cave. I was wearing leather boots for some reason, so my feet got good and wet. When I reached the entrance, it was pretty much dark but my little flashlight showed the flow to be up only moderately. Nothing too exciting here! The lower parts of the valley below the cave showed the effects of the 6-15-91 flood very clearly. Water from the cave and from the valley above it had pushed great quantities of cobbles and rocks onto the grassy islands between loops of the streambed and jammed them against trees. I wish I could have seen that in action. On the way back to the car, my face was being pelted with freezing rain and ice pellets, then it snowed briskly all the way back to Fayette. Winter just won't let go.

## GOULDSBURG SURVEY II, THE SEQUEL

Gouldsburg Cave, Fayette County, Iowa

April 24, 1993

by Mike Nelson

Mike and Delores Nelson, Mike Lace, and Jay and Alyssa Wells

The second survey trip into Gouldsburg Cave didn't net too much footage. Though Jack Decker did a fine job taking book on the first trip, Mike Lace wanted more cross sections. So while he sketched in more of those, Jay, Alyssa, Delores, and I searched in vain for a loop that was reported to exist in the far back righthand passage of the cave. When we went to resume surveying, we had about as much luck finding a couple of our chips as we did finding that passage. Eventually, we recovered a station to continue from where we had left off last time. We completed one loop and set a chip in a fairly out of the way spot. There is one more passage in that area that will require minor hammer modifications to finish up.

We hauled ourselves out to pick up one little lower level passage near the entrance. Delores and alyssa had left the cave and we probably should have too. We all three began showing signs of creeping hypothermia. Most of the more subtle hints that emanated out of us don't merit quoting. However, when Jay, calling out compass sightings said, "this one goes straight",...well you get the idea.

There are several more short dead end passages to tie in, one more loop, and one very tight squeeze into an upper level passage yet to survey. One more ambitious trip could do it. The assistance of someone grotto chairman sized or smaller would be most useful. Volunteers may flock to any of us for information on the next trip.

I must mention the caver's classic we encountered here this trip. Twine was tied around a tree then strung into the cave. It ran down the entrance slope, around the first tight but manageable offset squeeze and stopped just short of the smaller and much less inviting second offset squeeze. There it lay in a tidy coil, made up of a myriad of 6 to 8 foot pieces meticulously tied into a unifying whole. There was enough there for some serious exploration. Too bad our cave ethic demanded we remove this foreign material from the fragile environment. I'm sure the hardy explorers will be a might miffed when they return with renewed courage to discover that someone has stymied their effort.

After the Wells' headed home, Mike Lace and I walked down to Scholberg Cave. It's still as small as it was back some time ago when Delores pushed in trying to get her head around a corner to evaluate things. However, it was dispensing much more water than then. Mike said it would probably be tempting to work on on some hot summer day.



Also, Delores and I have made a couple of contacts with some folks in Alpha who have what appears to be a naturally occurring, human modified cave/storm sewer on their property. It is presently too well secured for casual inspection. It drains into Crane Creek but the resurgence has been obscured and partially secured by the property owner on that end also. There is a fairly good sized sink, taking water, roughly in a line straight north of these two features, probably 3/4 of a mile from the inlet. Our chances of gaining access seem optimistic at this time.

## BUCK CREEK RACCOONS FIND NEW CAVES

Coon Condo Cave, Coon Crypt Cave, Delaware County, Iowa

April 24, 1993

by Lowell Burkhead

Bob Wahlstrom, Paul Miller, and Lowell Burkhead and Patches

We all arrived at the prearranged time to find the road closed with a bridge being rebuilt. A quick look at the map did show another route besides the unmaintained, other end of the closed one. This trip was planned to dig at the sites that were found on the surveying trip to the Buck Creek Caves on February 6 (see report in this issue). They were marked by trails in the snow from raccoons frequenting them. It should be just a matter of enlarging the raccoon holes to find the caves that had to be there.

We located the two spots and started digging at the one that is about 200 feet west of Buck Creek Cave. It has a wide arched ceiling showing above the dirt that sits against the bluff face. This is about 100 feet above the valley floor so there is plenty of room for buried caves here. Both dig sites are at about the same level as Buck Creek Cave which makes them excellent prospects for caves. After digging until the work had to be done inside making it a one man job, Paul went over to the other one and started on it. When the first dig started looking like it would be work, we went over and had a look at Paul's dig. It was looking at least as promising so we moved over there.

This spot is about another 500 feet west at the next low spot in the dirt fill. It is the place where most of the raccoon tracks had been but showed no sign of an arched ceiling. As we dug, Andy and Becky Marshall arrived. They work where we do and own the property across the road from the caves. The dig soon broke through into a small room with a dead raccoon at the back of it. Andy took a turn digging and then they left. The two raccoon holes off this small room seem to be solid rock and way too small for us. It looks like the small room that we found was what the raccoons were using, though. It is unlikely that there is much more cave to be found than the 23 feet or so that we found at this site. We named this one Coon Crypt Cave because of the dead raccoon and many raccoon bones found within it. It is likely that the raccoons liked this spot because the little room was higher than the entrance and would hold a little heat in the cold Iowa winter.

The first spot we dug is still a promising dig site but we left for the day without going back for more. The passage in it kept sloping downward making it more difficult to dig and probably colder for the raccoons. This one has an entrance that looks like a cave with its arched ceiling but the whole cave may be dirt filled except for the raccoon holes following the ceiling channels. There is a few inches of space between the arched ceiling and the floor where it continues into the Hopkinton Dolomite netherworld. We will have to wait for next time to see the hidden beauty of the vaults and chambers of this "Coon Condo Cave".

I found the next day that we had brought home more of the essence of these caves than just the mud. In her brief look into them, Patches had mopped up what must have been most of the population of fleas that the raccoons had left to guard the place. Had we seen this little army in time, we would probably have withdrawn without an engagement or a casualty.



## CAVE FILE WORK AND DEATHBRIDGE MALL

May 2, 1993  
Mike and Delores Nelson

by Mike Nelson

It looked like rain this Sunday morning. The way this year is starting out, we couldn't let that be a deterrent. So Delores and I headed out to fill in some of the blanks on the cave file sheets and look at an area that had always caught my eye on the topo maps. We started out late enough to let landowners get home from church and felt pretty lucky contacting two of the three we intended to reach. One of them in Fayette County showed us the foldout map with the new 911 addresses on it, telling us it was available at the library. Playing a hunch, I stopped by the sheriff's office and inquired about a copy. The one they supplied was on a standard sized sheet of paper, harder to read but much more convenient to carry and use. Between this and the regular county road map, one would be hard pressed to get lost. I sent some in with this trip report to be handed out at the grotto meeting. I am attempting to acquire those from Clayton and Winneshiek counties also and will pass those along if successful. Allamakee County has no rural road signs posted, so I'm assuming they are somewhat behind their neighboring counties.

Up in Winneshiek County, we stopped in at Lensing Spring Cave and caught the landowners home, finally, after four or five attempts. They had done some landscaping in conjunction with putting a new garage between the house and the outcropping that contains the spring cave. Now it is an integral part of their back yard, unobstructed from view. It will be something to behold once the mosses and ferns reestablish.

Between Highland Township and the Highlandville Caves and Glenwood township with its namesake cave and a spate of other caves, springs, and karst features lays Pleasant Township, devoid of such features. There was one little spot though that showed many springs on the topo maps. Two of them were high enough off the valley floor to be suspect. One of them had enough relief to arouse curiosity. After several stops, we found the landowner and got permission to walk the area. We went up over the area of greatest relief and made a bee line, more or less, over the plateau to the ravine containing the spring. The spring issued from the most well defined contact I've personally observed. From the base of limestone to the overhung capping sandstone was a mere 14 to 16 inches. A couple of feet back under the overhang was one four inch seam of shale. The water must have downcut in the shale near its edge, as it was coming out from the limestone a ways away from the overhang.

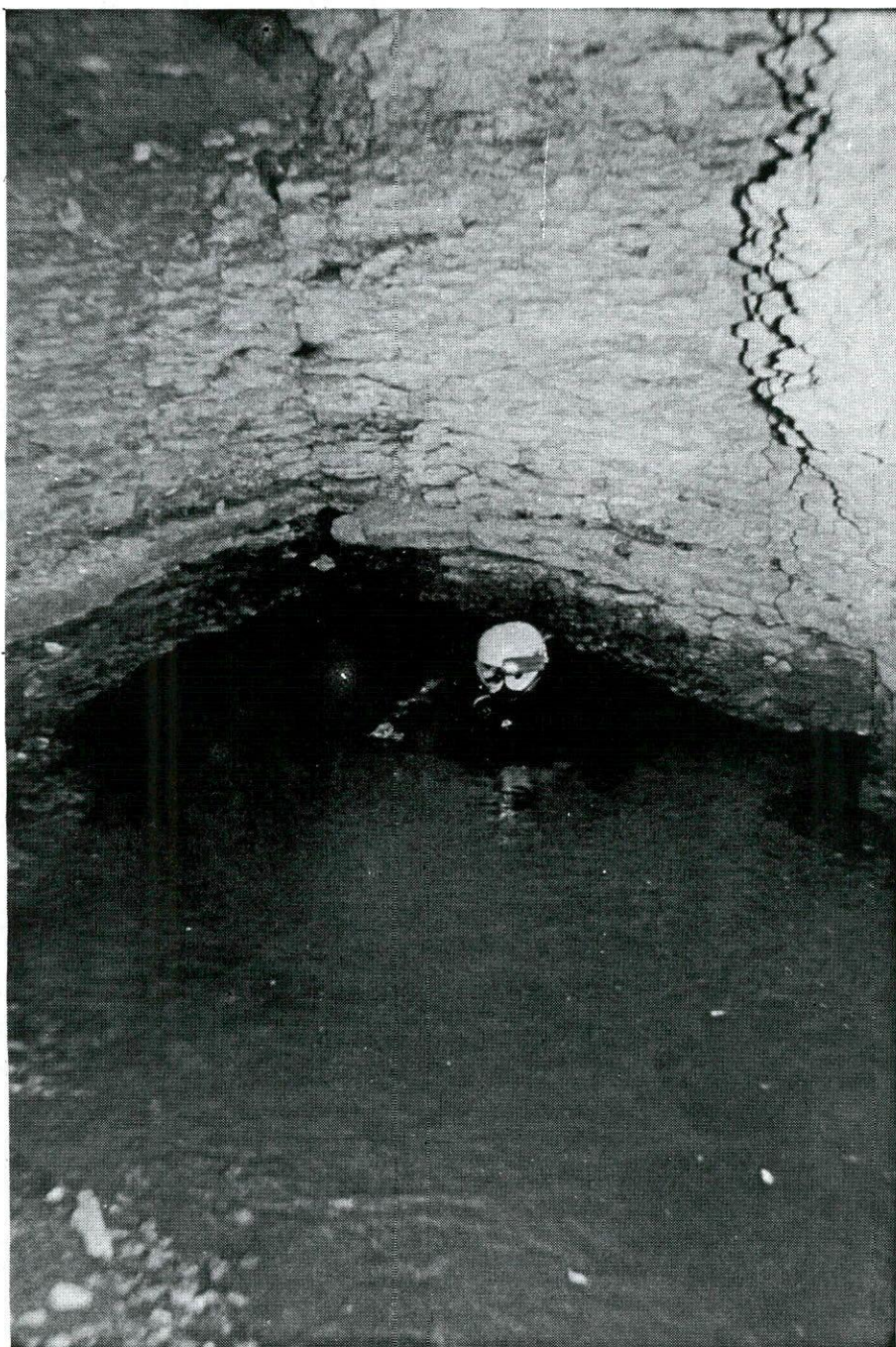
The water proceeded down the very pristine valley to a waterfall. Well, maybe a watertrickle. It was 14 to 16 feet high depending on how much of the more gradual incline at the top one wanted to include. It had a massive accretion of sandstone flowstone built up on the limestone face, similar to Howard Spring's falls. There was vugging and indentations on the flanks of this blind valley. The vugs contained a laminar calcification with rectangular cleavage. I hadn't personally seen anything quite like it before and procured a sample if anyone is interested in examining it. The entire exposure we examined was quite rife with it.

We worked our way back toward the car along the steep face that rose from Canoe Creek to the outcrop, the vertical face of which was 15 to 20 feet high near the ravine and tapered down gradually as we moved away from it. We found one spot that contained what could be called three caves, but as they all utilized the same joint for development, probably should be considered as one. Low and to the left was real, enterable passage for 12 feet and rat hole for two more. Above it was a crack that upon inspection, Delores said went through to the level ground above the cliff face. High and to the right was a small shelter cave.

A little further on we found a nice shelter. We inspected its nooks and crannies with a flashlight to find that it contained some tired, old looking flowstone and many minor stalactites just past the soda straw stage. Looking back out the entrance I was mortified. Over most of the 10 to 12 foot wide entrance was a slab two foot wide, one



foot thick, with two feet of air between it and the ceiling and a definite crack in the middle of it. This Deathbridge (any name with "Bridge" in it automatically refers to a mall, doesn't it?) we had just walked under wasn't apparent from below outside. We snuck out the safest looking corner and left it for someone else's careless sneeze or misplaced fart to dislodge. The landowners are friendly but love the privacy of their locale. A phone call before visiting would be appreciated. The info is in the cave file in the grotto library or with any member of the cave file committee.



Doug Schmuecker diving in Glenwood Cave, Winneshiek Co.  
Photo by Scott Dankof



# Buck Creek Cave

Delaware County, Iowa

T.S.L. - 295 m



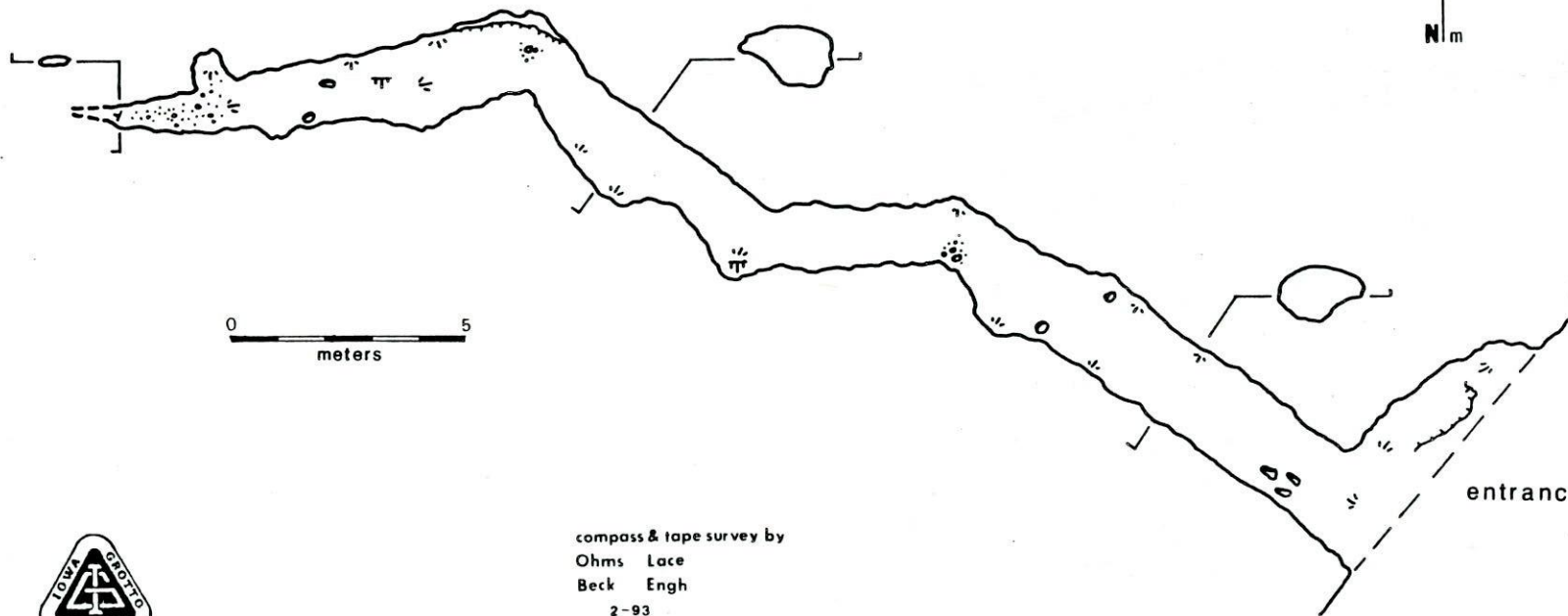
0 5  
meters



Ohms

compass & tape survey by  
Ohms Lace  
Beck Engh  
2-93

entrance







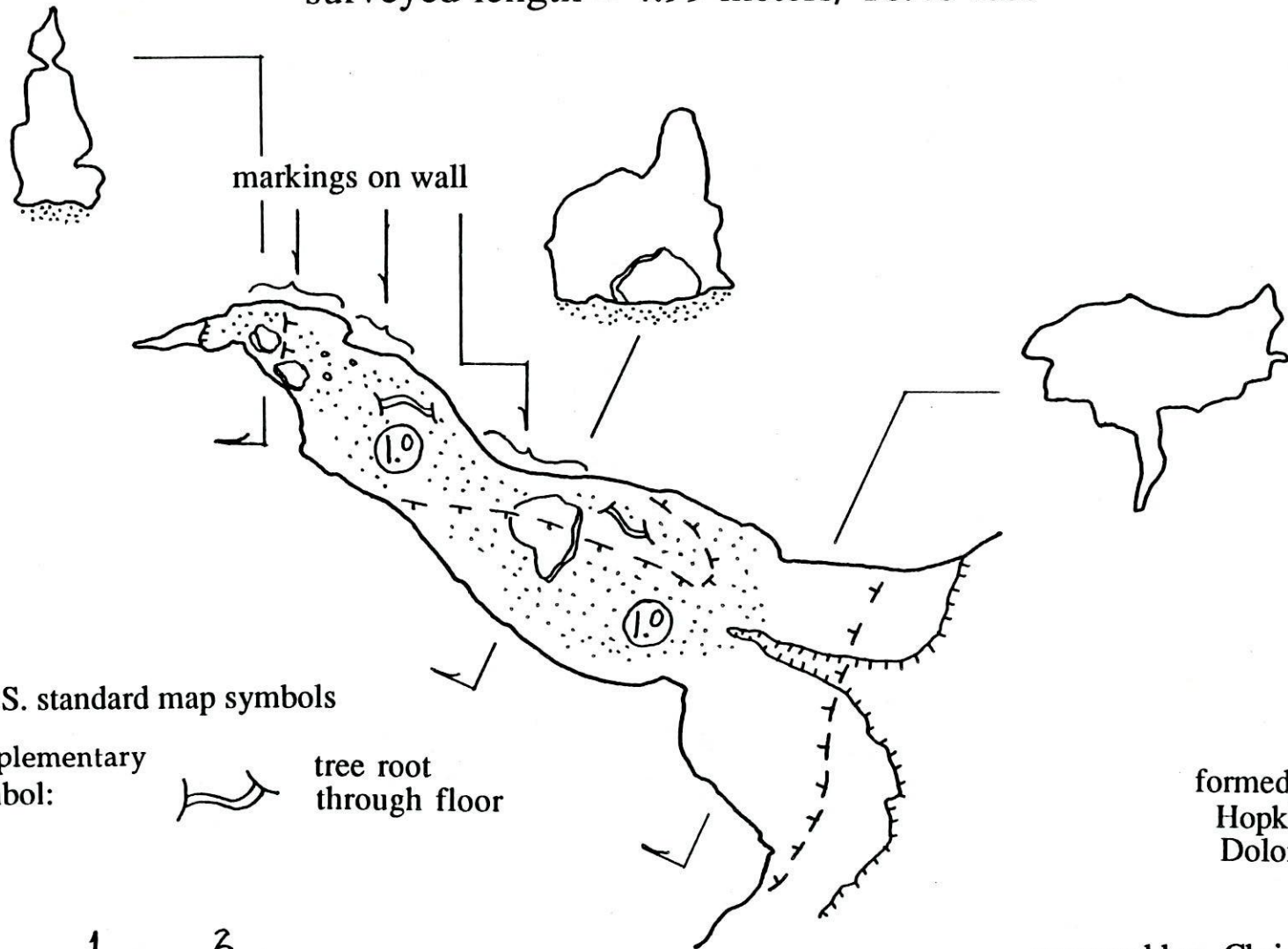




# Buck Creek Indian Cave

Delaware County, Iowa

surveyed length = 4.99 meters/ 16.40 feet

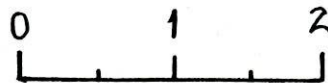


N.S.S. standard map symbols

supplementary  
symbol:



tree root  
through floor



scale (meters)

formed in the  
Hopkinton  
Dolomite

surveyed by: Chris Beck  
Gary Engh  
Mike Lace

M. Lace 2/93







N  
m

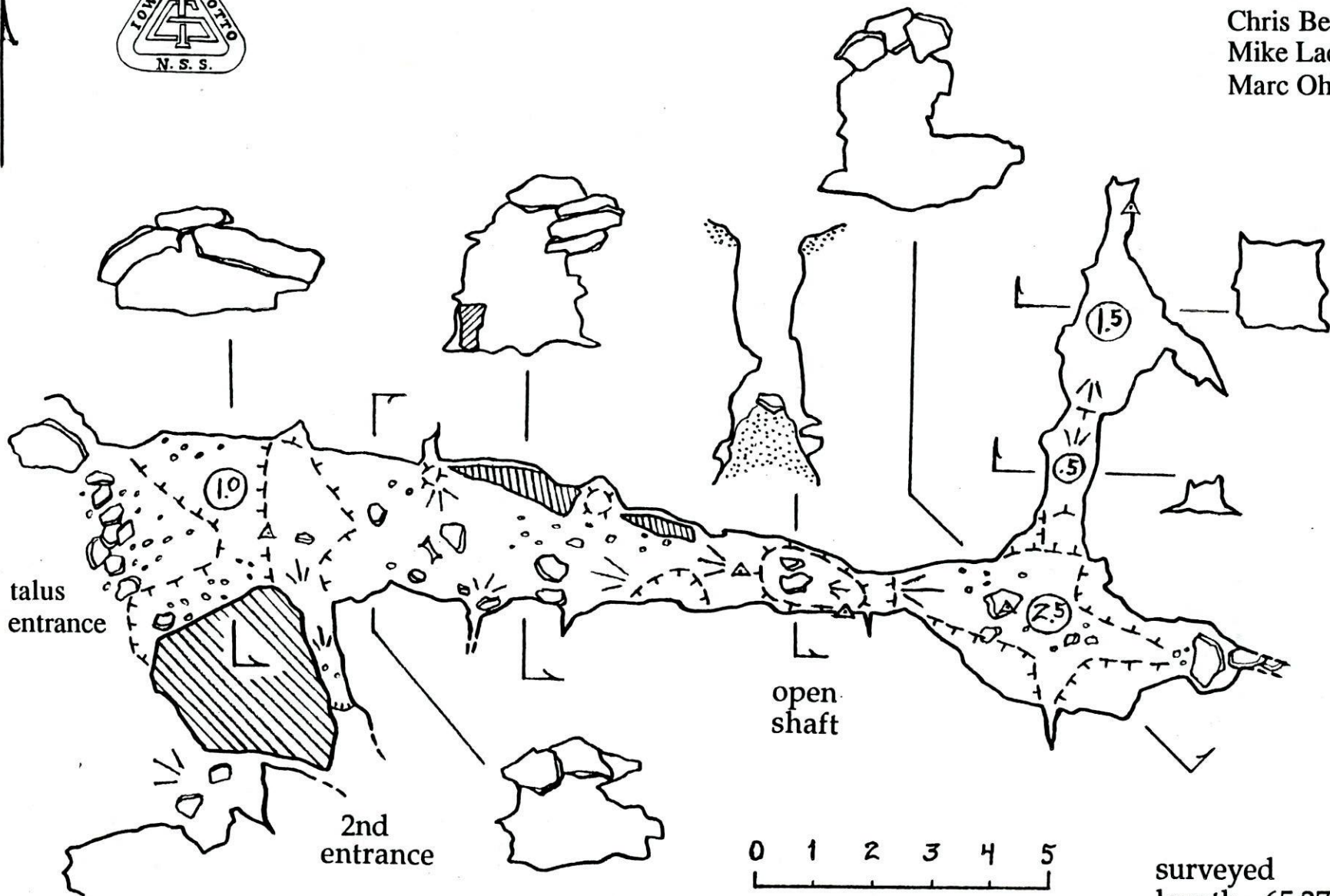


# Northeast Lockey Drybone Mine

Dubuque County, Iowa

surveyed by:

Chris Beck  
Mike Lace  
Marc Ohms



M. Lace 12/92

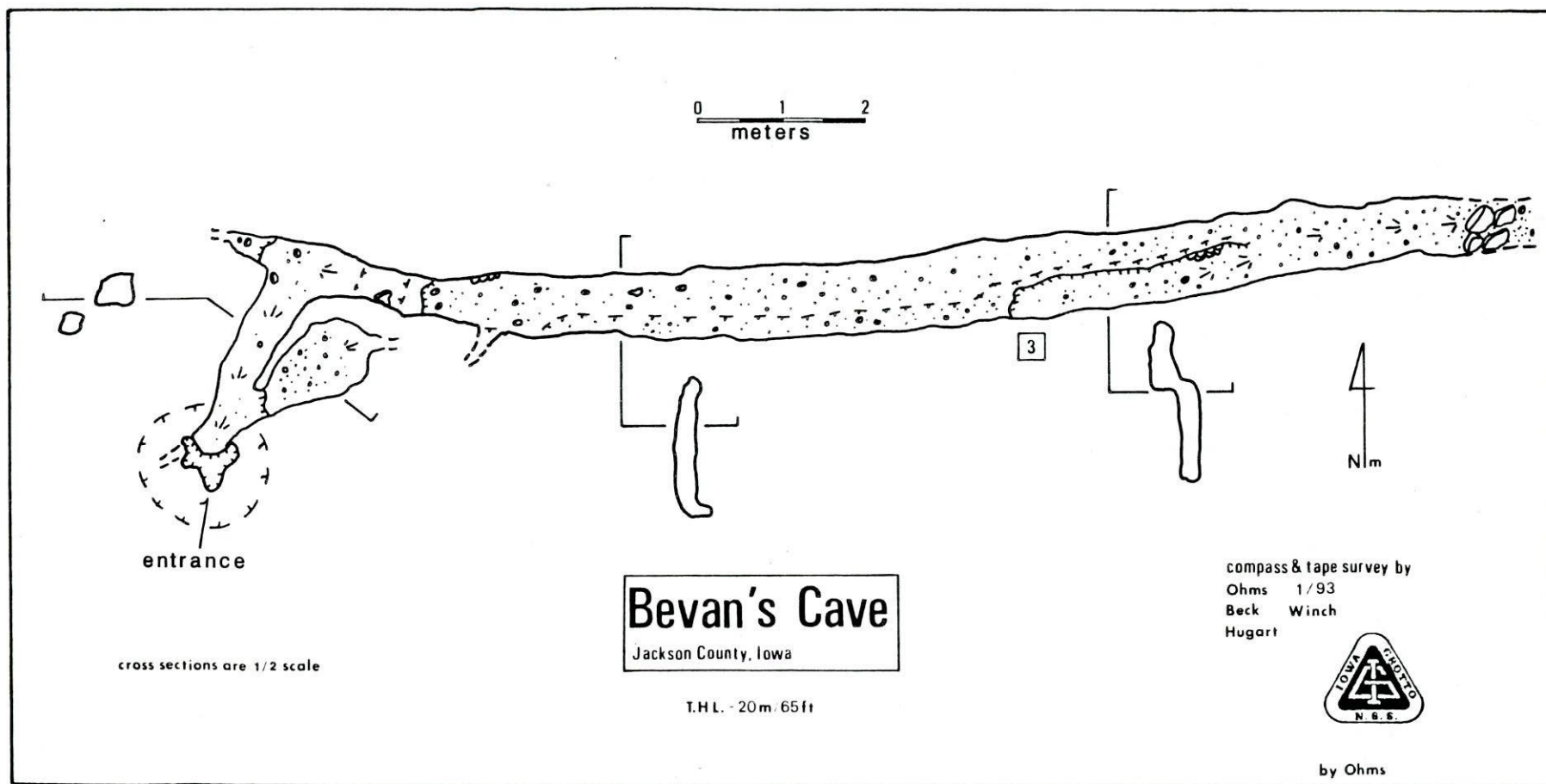
0 1 2 3 4 5  
scale (meters)

surveyed  
length = 65.27 feet



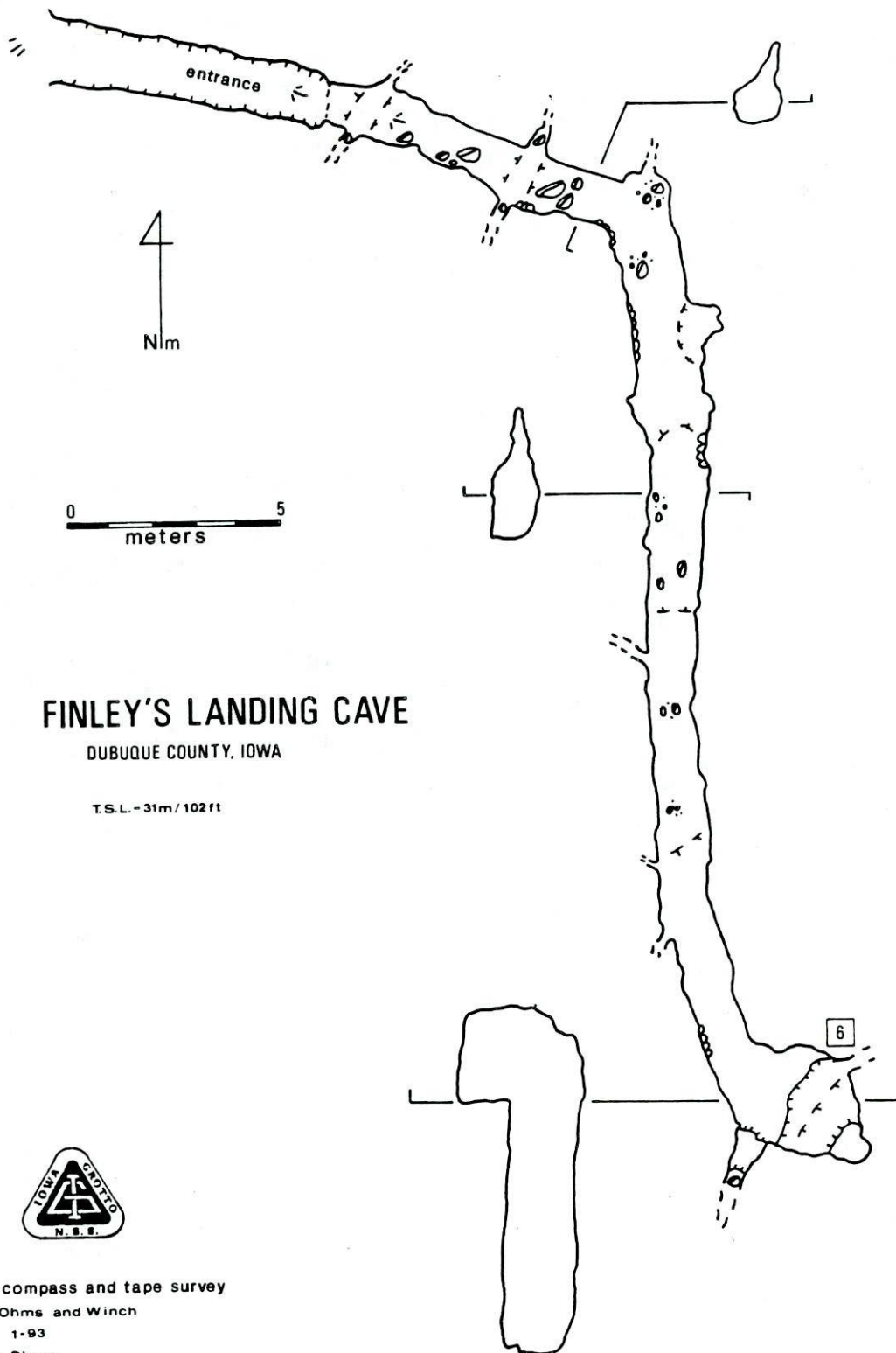












## FINLEY'S LANDING CAVE

DUBUQUE COUNTY, IOWA

T.S.L. - 31m / 102 ft



compass and tape survey  
Ohms and Winch  
1-93  
by Ohms

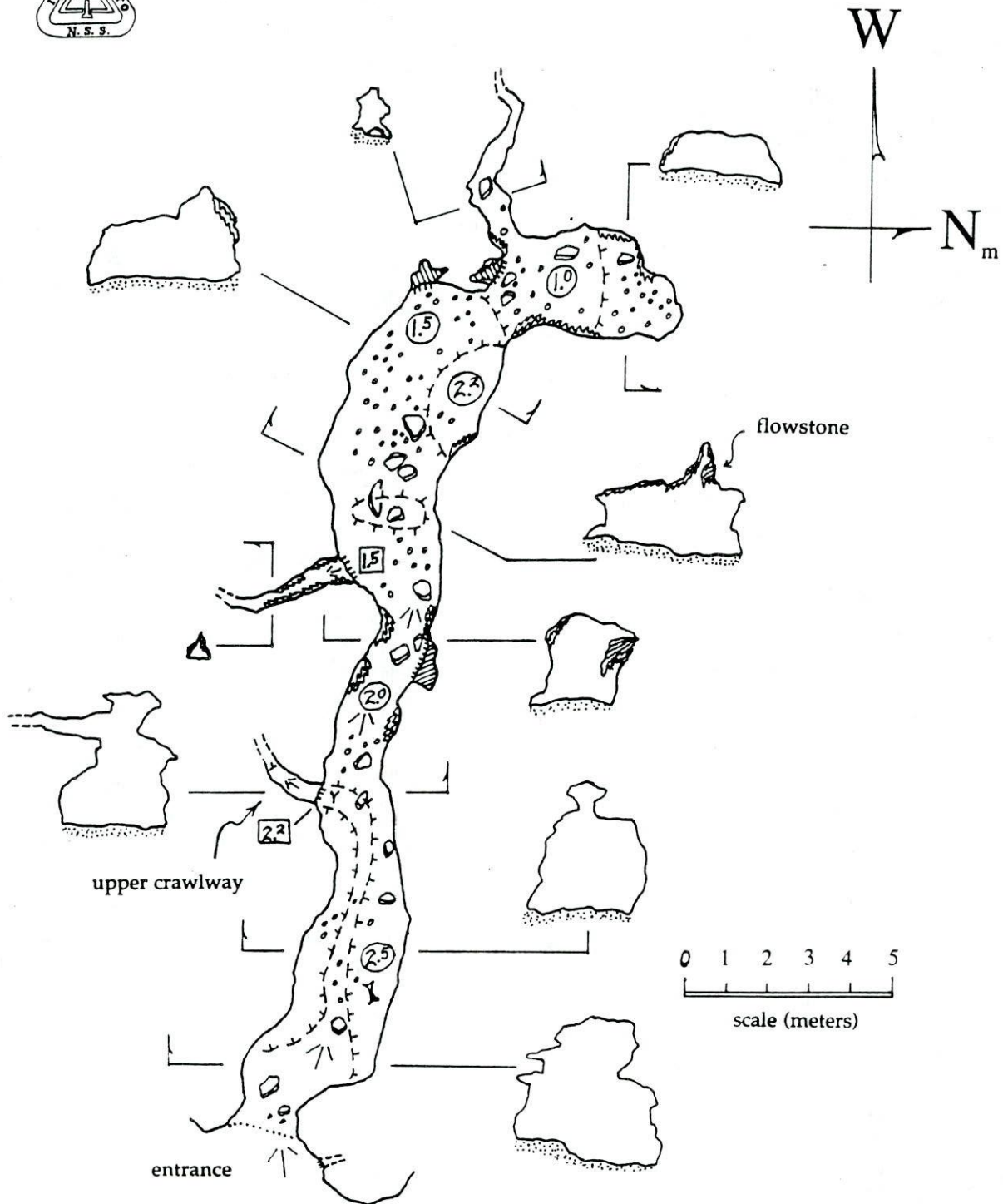




# Cow Pie Cave

Jackson County, Iowa

surveyed length = 28.65 meters/93.97 feet



N.S.S. Standard Symbols

drafted by:  
M Lace 4-3-93

surveyed by: Chris Beck  
Mike Lace  
Marc Ohms





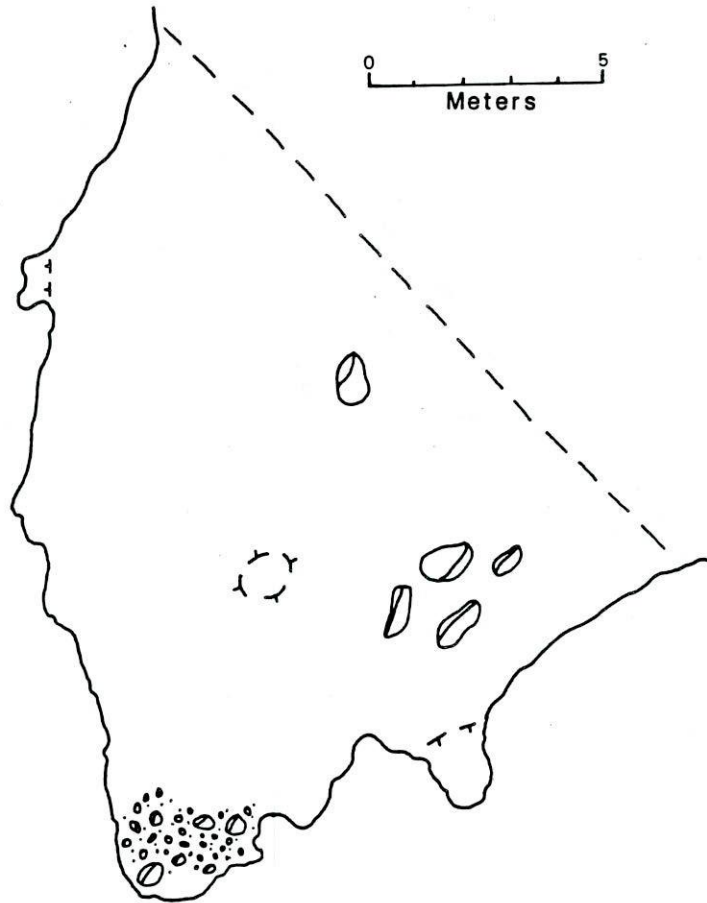
TSL=13m/42.6ft

# Horsethief Cave

Jackson County, Iowa

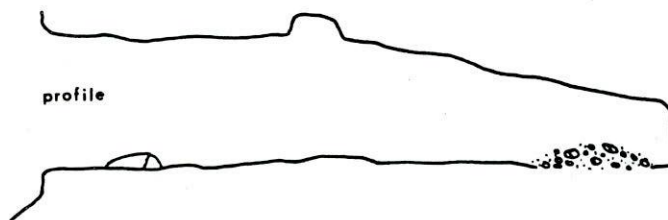
0 5  
Meters

4  
N M



compass and tape survey  
Ohms 10/92  
Winch

profile



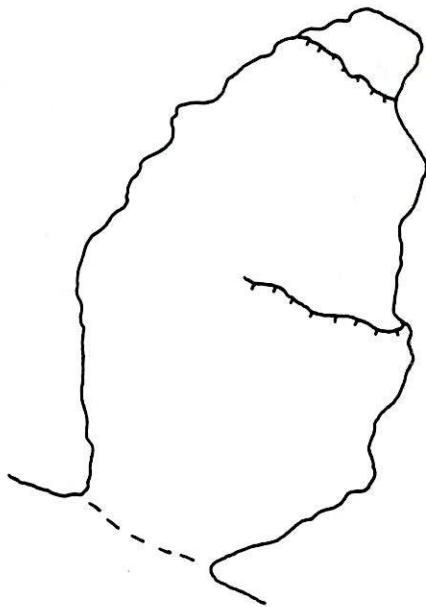
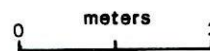




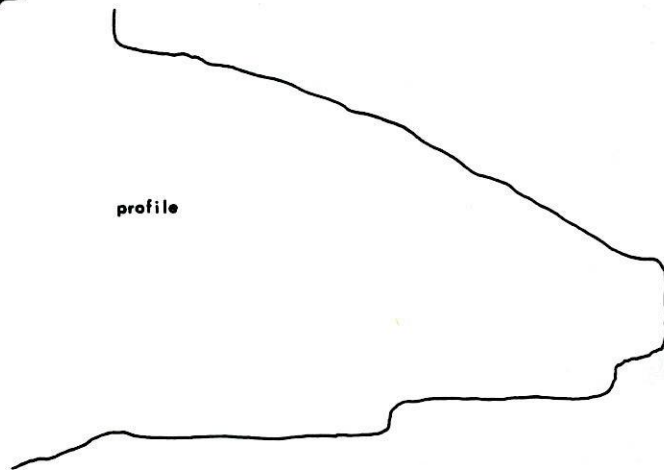
# Burr Cave

Jackson County, Iowa

T.S.L. = 5.7m / 18.7ft



profile



compass and tape survey

Ohms and Winch 10/92

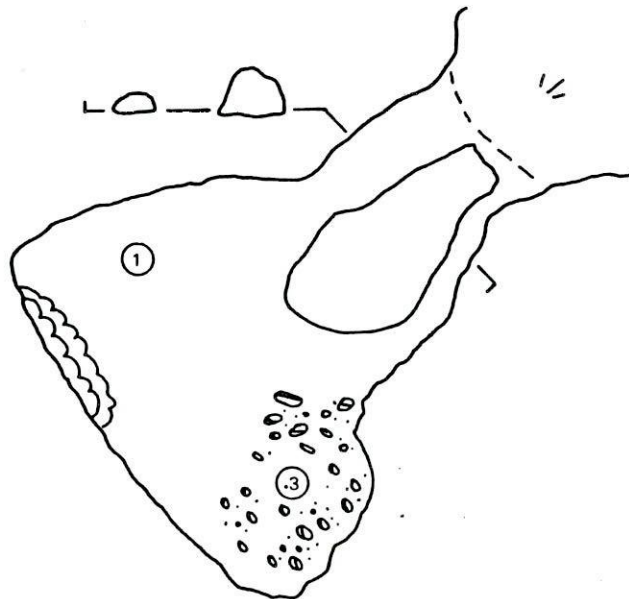






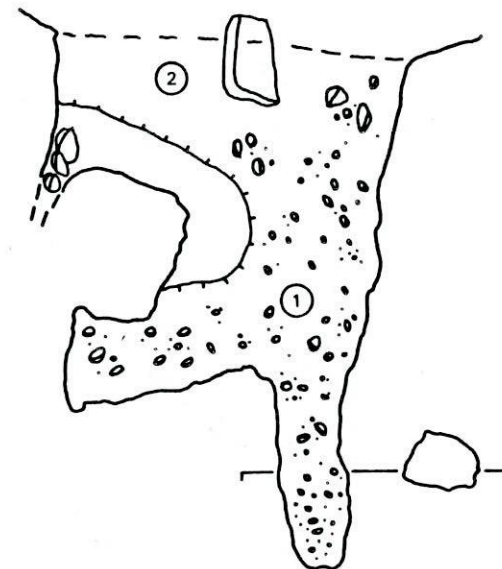
Chipmunk Cave  
Jackson County, Iowa

TSL = 5.2m/17ft



Pest Cave  
Jackson County, Iowa

TSL = 8.8m/29ft



0 1 2  
meters

compass and tape survey

Marc Ohms 8/92







# Cuervo Cave

Jackson County, Iowa

