

June 1993

## Intercom, Volume 29, No. 3, May-June 1993

Lowell Burkhead

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# **I N T E R C O M**

Published Semi-spasmodically By

THE IOWA GROTTO

*National Speleological Society*



Volume XXIX Issue 3

May - June, 1993



The INTERCOM is published semi-spasmodically by the - - - - - Iowa Grotto  
The Iowa Grotto is dedicated to the exploration and study P. O. Box 228  
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Regular membership to the N.S.S. is \$25.00 Cave Avenue  
per year. Subscription to the N.S.S. News Huntsville, AL 35810  
only is \$18.00 per year. All Iowa Grotto  
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  
September 1, 1993 with a few days grace for those later trips. This should include  
material covering July and August, 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

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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  
National Cave Rescue Commission  
1-800-851-3051

Iowa County Emergency Management  
1-319-642-3151

This number calls out Iowa Grotto rescue personnel

Cover Photo: Stephanie Dankof "on rope" in Wonder Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa with Dad,  
Scott Dankof standing by for a possible assist. Photo by Jacob Hugart



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

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## IOWA GROTTO MEETING MINUTES

Regular meeting May 26, 1993

The meeting was called to order at 7:33 p.m. by chairman Mike Lace in room 125 of Trowbridge Hall. There were 10 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved as read. TRIP REPORTS: Jacob Hugart gave the grotto an update on the Wonder Cave restoration project. The entrance has been measured for the new gate and most of the debris has been removed. Mike Lace reported on some lead checking around the April Cave area. One notable sink was approximately 50 by 150 feet and about 40 feet deep with a crevice at the bottom. Coldwater Cave trips included a photo trip to Hoot Dome and Pete's Pipe area and a survey trip to the Waterfall Passage. Greg McCarty has checked some of the sinks that have been cleaned up by the state. Mike Lace gave a report on the Gouldsburg Cave survey and lead checking near Guttenburg. He also reported on a lead checking trip around the Searryl's Cave and Ozark Spring areas. One new cave was found. FUTURE TRIPS: The Iowa Grotto annual picnic will be August 7 and 8. A vertical practice will be June 27. A Wonder Cave restoration trip will be June 20. A digging trip to Coon Condo Cave will be announced. OLD BUSINESS: There was a discussion on how well the landowners and the DNR are interfacing concerning the sinkhole cleanup project. The landowners have been very happy with the way the project has been handled. NEW BUSINESS: The size of the proposed gate for Wonder Cave was discussed. It will be large enough to accommodate a stretcher should an emergency arise. The deadline for material for the next issue of the INTERCOM will be July 1. The meeting adjourned at 8:43 p.m.

Regular meeting June 23, 1993

The meeting was called to order at 7:58 p.m. by chairman Mike Lace after a slide program. There were 11 members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved as corrected. The treasurer's report listed \$122.17 cash on hand and \$255.60 in checking for a total of \$377.77 in the club treasury. TRIP REPORTS: Charles Winterwood reported on a trip to Searryl's Cave. Lowell Burkhead gave an update on digging progress at Coon Condo Cave. A trip to Fitton Cave in Arkansas was reported on. Mike Lace reported on a trip to Gouldsburg Cave that completed the survey. Liz Robinson reported on a trip to the BOG in Chicago and the MVOR in Missouri. Mike Lace reported that all known caves in the Ozark Spring area have now been surveyed. Because of high water in Coldwater Cave, the weekend activities moved above ground to build a monument to hold the National Natural Landmark plaque. Jacob Hugart gave an update on the restoration and gating project at Wonder Cave. Chris Beck reported on the CRF trip to Carlsbad Caverns and several other caves in the area. FUTURE TRIPS: To be announced will be: a trip to vertical caves in Clayton County, a vertical rescue training session, and another digging trip to Coon Condo Cave in Delaware County. On the national scene will be the NSS Convention in Oregon, the OTR labor day weekend, and the TAG in Alabama. There will be another Wonder Cave restoration trip on July 18. OLD BUSINESS: Greg McCarty sent word to the meeting that he is working on the INTERCOM index. Auction items are needed for the picnic. NEW BUSINESS: 22 caves have been surveyed so far this year. Iowa Public Television has expressed interest in putting together a show that includes caves this fall. The meeting adjourned at 9:23 p.m.

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IOWA CAVE NAMES  
(an editorial ... sort of)

by Mike Lace

Occasionally, you hear about a cave through the grapevine from friends, relatives, or locals who remember so-and-so crawled in a hole and came out clear over in the next county. At some point, you have to wonder if any other cavers have been in it, whether there's already a cave map someplace, or maybe it really is a new one that grotto caver's haven't visited yet. If it is a "new" discovery, what do you call it?



A cave name helps other cavers to positively distinguish one cave from another but naming a cave can be a real pain. Ideally, a cave's name will also reflect some aspect of the cave's history or physical appearance but this isn't always easy. Some caves are completely forgettable while there might be others you only wish you could forget. The following examples may help you avoid the pitfalls.

Some clusters of caves have been numerically named (e.g. Billboard Cave #1-3, Highlandville Cave #1-8, etc.) While this may be an efficient and less painful way of documenting the caves, it's a little on the boring side. It also creates a problem if an adequate description of each cave doesn't accompany the sequence, because without it, it's difficult to tell one from another.

If you're ever faced with the task of naming one, please try not to use the following:

Ice Cave; Four are in the files so far.

Horsethief Cave; At least 6 are recorded but who really knows how many there may be.

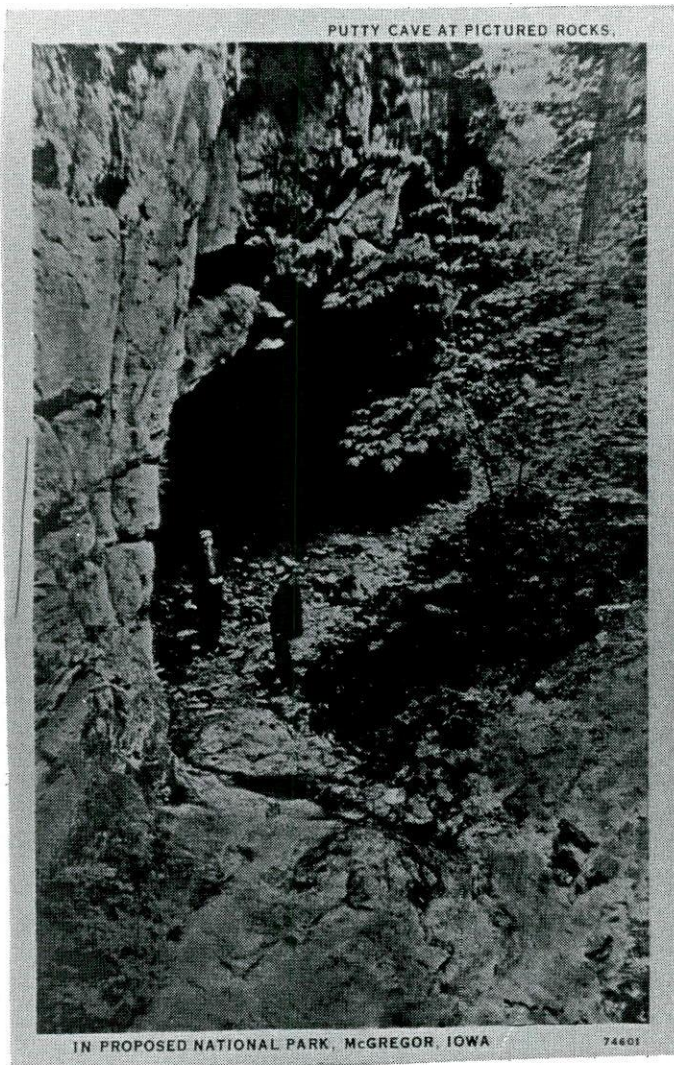
Indian Cave; Three in the grotto cave file.

Jesse James Cave; Iowa has one already but then, doesn't every state?

Spider Cave; Two on file.

One cave carried the unfortunate name of "Nigger Diggings", a relic from the lead mining period of the mid 1800's. It has since been renamed with an alternate, and hopefully more enlightened historical reference. Another example was referred to for years as "That Pit We Sent Gary Into". It has since been named "Adam's Pit" which is a little shorter and easier to handle.

Some grotto explorers insist upon naming caves after food products (e.g. Gumdinger Cave, Yogurt Cave, and the inevitable "Laffy Taffy Cave"). Whatever your penchant, just make sure the name is recorded in the INTERCOM or the Iowa Grotto Cave File so future Iowa cavers can positively identify the cave and focus their attention on the Iowa caves still waiting to be found.



WHERE IS THIS CAVE?



## Where is this cave?

by Marc Ohms

While at the 1992 NSS Convention I rummaged through some old postcards at a book vendor. I came across this postcard and did not recognize the cave. The card says Putty Cave at Pictured Rocks in proposed national park, McGregor, Iowa. First of all, there is no national park in Iowa. We have no Putty Cave on file, and the only place called Pictured Rocks that I know of is near Monticello, Iowa.

There was another card that was exactly the same except that it was called Pretty Cave. We also have no Pretty Cave on file. The Pretty Cave card was a buck more so I went with the cheaper one.

There is a state park near McGregor which is called Pikes Peak. This park does have a cave called Sand Cave. The cave entrance on the card does not look anything like Sand Cave or for that matter, any cave that I know of. The rock does not appear to be the sandstone of Sand Cave. If anyone knows what cave this is or anything about it or this proposed park, please let me know.

## ANOTHER OLD POSTCARD

from Loren Schutt

At Massillon Park in Cedar County, Iowa from about 1912, this is the place of the sinkholes or "natural wells" as they were referred to historically. At this time they are generally dry but a few weeks ago there was a little water in one probably because of high water on the river. The crack on the right as you look at the picture is the entrance to a small cave which is also reached by one of the sinkholes, the one that still needs to be mapped.



## A REAL EDITORIAL

If this issue of the INTERCOM seems to be a little thin to you, it did to me also. If only three more people turned in their trip reports, it would be twice as thick. Judging by the trip reports given at the grotto meetings (see meeting minutes), there should be more reports than we have room to print. So, TURN IN YOUR REPORTS!!! or drop us a line to the PO box with your opinion.



## LEAD CHECKING WITH LESTER

Sinkholes in Allamakee County, Iowa

May 16, 1993

by Mike Lace

Lester Teslow, Gary Engh, Mike Lace, and Jacob Hugart

Lester led the three of us to several sinks that his neighbors had told him about. The first shallow one had some garbage in it but the point that was clearly taking water was filled with several feet of silt and no bedrock showing. The owner was friendly and welcomed us back anytime to do some digging. The second sink was a little more promising, at least 20 feet deep, 40 feet in diameter and showing pitted bedrock from top to bottom. A narrow but passable crevice led down through the floor of the sink 20 feet to a mud slope. It may continue but remains to be pushed. Gary began digging at another spot that led to a small crevice heading in the same direction as the first and further digging could lead to something here.

The third and last site was in a roadside ditch that we had seen two or three years ago. Things had changed. The trash that was spread along the floor had been removed while the fallen trees and brush seemed to have sunk downward several feet. Water was steadily draining through the logs and gurgling to parts unknown. Future digging will be easy at first as the brush is removed but we may run into more silt underneath. The nearest landowner said the county owns the ditch but he sure didn't mind if we came back to dig. He mentioned that the sinkhole used to take a large flow after heavy rains without missing a drop but recently the water backed up and over the road. We called it a day after that.

## ARKANSAS BOUND

Fitton Cave, Arkansas

June 6,7, 1993

by Scott Dankof

Scott Dankof, Larry Welch, Gary Engh, and John ?

I'd been in Arkansas on vacation for a few days, and on Sunday, Larry, John, and Gary met me at the Erbie Campground next to the Buffalo River. Our plan for the afternoon was to try and find Little Bear Cave which was south-east of the campground. After too many wrong turns, we finally got to the general area of the cave. Gary the cave bloodhound and John found the entrance but it was gated. I jotted down some info from a sign at the entrance. Guess I'll save this one for next year.

Monday was our yearly trip to Fitton Cave. The trail wasn't as bad as I remember and it only took us a little over an hour to make it to the entrance. The gate was opened, we climbed through and I locked it behind us. Larry and John took some pictures in the entrance room then we headed down the righthand wall, picking our way down through the breakdown. At the bottom of the breakdown, a stoopway took off which led us to a couple of 30 feet crawls and finally The Manhole.

The Manhole is a key spot in the cave that leads to the heart of the Fitton Cave System. You have to bridge yourself across the top of a 15 foot deep canyon, slither along and then chimney down to the bottom. We made it down safely and headed down a 6 foot high by 2 foot wide slot. This snaked around till we emerged into a 15 foot high by 20 foot wide trunk passage. Another couple hundred feet later was the T-Junction Room, where you can continue down the main trunk or take a detour into a wetter section of cave. More about that later. I was taking pictures on this trip so we went all the way to the Needles Eye where there are some nice helectite formations. After this we headed back toward the T-Junction



There we climbed down into the middle of a multi-level canyon passage. The lowest level was the wet streamway, the middle was dry canyon, and the upper level was breakdown strewn. We followed the middle level and quickly found out why they call this section The 21 Jumps. Suddenly the floor disappears and you're standing there looking across a 3 to 4 foot gap with the passage continuing on the other side. The first few jumps weren't too bad, then they got interesting. The next spot was about 5 feet across and 30 feet deep and the opposite side sloped back towards the drop. As John looked over the edge, what color that was left in his face was quickly leaving.

Larry leaped across and each one of us tossed our packs over to him. Then we took our turn jumping across with John wondering out loud if he'd ever see the outside world again. Soon we came to The Round Room. This is a dry sandy floored room that is circular in shape with about a 40 foot ceiling. Some of us carried in extra poly-pro for what was to come. From the far side of The Round Room, we could hear the sound of rushing water. This was the beginning of The Water Passage. As we walked along, water that was ankle deep turned into kneedeep, and then waistdeep. The passage was about 3 feet wide and 10 to 40 feet high with beautifully scalloped white limestone walls. Many small and large waterfalls are located in this section. One was about 12 feet high and the water poured down it with the force of a fire hose. We had to chimney up this one and it was a challenge to make it.

After another 700 feet, we started to hear a dull roar. As we rounded a corner, there before us was a gorgeous 50 foot waterfall plunging into a deep bluegreen pool. I took pictures of this then followed the cave bloodhound, Gary, up through the breakdown to the uppermost level of the cave. We wormed our way along a small ledge and soon were standing at the top of the 50 foot falls. After a little more sightseeing, all of us headed toward The Bat Cave entrance. This is the second entrance to the Fitton System. The passage degenerated into a bellycrawl through breakdown, but there was still one nice surprise left. As we got closer to the entrance, we heard more water noises. To our right was another nice waterfall cascading over a 15 foot slope. This was a great way to end a great trip. We washed off our gear, unlocked the gate, and headed down the trail on the long hike back to the trucks.

### MORE DIGGING AT COON CONDO CAVE

Coon Condo Cave, Delaware County, Iowa

by Lowell Burkhead

June 19, 1993 - Lowell Burkhead, Loren Schutt, Greg McCarty, Paul Miller, Bob Wahlstrom  
July 3, 1993 - Lowell Burkhead, Mike Gerald, Liz Robinson, Brad Smith

Even with record rains, we did manage to have two digging trips. The first one, Greg would dig it deeper then Loren would take over and dig it wider. We were pulling the dirt out with a long handled hoe from the outside. It was all black dirt and fairly easy digging. We ended up with it dug out over a foot high, six feet wide and about 12 feet long. We didn't use Greg's dirt skid because of two rocks sticking up from the floor at the entrance. They wouldn't break. As I was leaving, Mike Gerald arrived and he and Greg went up on top of the bluff and had a look. There is a slot and a large piece of the bluff edge missing just above the entrance of the cave. This could account for all the black dirt. With that information we decided it was worth another trip.

The second trip started out with Mike trying to break the two rocks until he drove everyone else off. Brad and Liz went and dug in Buck Creek Cave and decided that it has a lot of digging potential. Mike finally got the rocks broken and removed and we started moving dirt. My new carpet dirt skid with ropes attached worked perfectly handling about 250 pounds of dirt per load over a very uneven surface. Mike would add length and Brad would add depth. By the time we were done, it was about 18 feet of hands and knees crawlway with plenty of digging potential left. As I was leaving, Greg McCarty arrived. He had called me and said he probably wouldn't arrive until after noon. It was 5:30 p.m. He and Brad discussed the potential of each cave until the women drug them both off and none too soon.



*(EDITOR'S NOTE: While sitting around waiting for the photos for this issue to arrive, the following trip report arrived to save us from "the thin issue blues". The photos are being held up by the great flood of '93. Jim Hannon's dark room and photography shop was flooded by backed up sewage. Thanks Tom for the late report. 7-24-93)*

## VACATION VISIT TO WIND CAVE

Wind Cave, South Dakota  
June 16. 1993

by Thomas Henry

As part of our summer trip to the Grand Tetons, my girlfriend Judy Cooper and I decided to dawdle along the way to take in a tour of Wind Cave which is near Hot Springs, South Dakota. We elected to participate in the "Caving Tour" offered by the Park Service. This four-hour tour is provided several times a week to groups of no more than ten. Its purpose is to introduce visitors to certain aspects of wild caving, while stressing conservation, safety, and movement techniques.

Actually, we didn't just drop in on a whim. Since at most forty or fifty people per week get to go on this trip, reservations are required and the park rules are such that they may not be made more than one month in advance. I wasn't going to get cut out of the pleasure of Wind Cave, so I carefully counted down the pages of the calendar and made our reservations on the first legal day! Furthermore, a re-confirmation is required by phone two days before the trip, which I dutifully took care of from a phone booth in The Badlands on the way out. Finally, a personal check-in at the Visitor Center must be made no later than a half hour before departure. Well, we beat this one too, arriving early in the morning to scope things out. We also took advantage of this time to learn some history of Wind Cave at the superb interpretive displays in the basement of the Visitor Center and to take in a leisurely breakfast with the rufous-sided towhees and bison aboveground in the park.

At 12:30, our group congregated on the Visitor Center veranda. While we waited for the park naturalist to finish up the last minute details, we all had a chance to get to know each other a little. A couple from New Jersey, Jim and Linda, seemed somewhat apprehensive, and fidgeted a little. On the other hand, Jim was literally bursting with enthusiasm. Just to give you an idea of his excitement, I'll mention that he was also intending to take in the "Spelunking Tour" at Jewel Cave on the following day. This tour has a size requirement of 8½ by 24 inches for the narrowest part, and way back in February, Jim had built a mock-up of lumber to these dimensions to test his readiness.

Before leaving the veranda to suit up, we paid for our tickets, at \$8.00 per person. We also met our tour guide, Kevin, who is a seasonal park naturalist. During the school year, Kevin teaches physics and biology at a high school in Kentucky. I thought to myself that this bodes well! Imagine, a trip leader with a scientific background and from one of the premier cave states in the nation. And we weren't disappointed. Besides being *very* personable and friendly, Kevin also proved to be a great source of geological information. (He was also very good at helping some of the people through a few of the trickier contortions required to negotiate the tighter and more convoluted passages.)

Three people didn't check in by the required 12:30 time limit, so as it turns out, a standby list was called into play. After some announcements on the public address system, replacements to our party were found. These were three young men from an eastern college who were making a grand loop of the western states and were working their way home again now. I'm really glad that room was found for them, for they deserved a break. We later found out that the transmission on their car had fizzled earlier that week and they had been forced to drive in reverse from the Grand Canyon down to the nearest filling station! Anyway, with reservations so tight for this trip, they were



extremely fortunate to have been chosen as backups. And they knew it, for as the trip progressed, it became very clear to everyone that they were in seventh heaven, really soaking up the neat atmosphere of the adventure. Though they were a little frightened when we began, by the end of the day it seemed to me that these young gentlemen were truly exhilarated by the trip and might just get hooked on caving.

With our party finally all assembled, we followed Keven to the suiting up area. Wind Cave National Park provides each visitor with helmets and electric lights (4 D cell, belt battery pack type) as well as the standard two alternate sources of illumination (a MagLite on a necklace and waterproof matches with a candle). Additionally, gloves and knee pads are offered. When I saw the hard rubber knee pads the park makes available, though, I was glad that Judy and I had packed our own under-the-pants athletic ones. Even Kevin confessed that the standard issue knee pads may just have been invented during the Spanish Inquisition.

After signing releases and getting some last minute instructions from Kevin, the eleven of us headed to the service elevator and began our descent. Almost all of the tours of Wind Cave, from the easiest to the hardest, start with the elevator, so when we got out, we were confronted with electric lights, concrete sidewalks and a mass of people waiting to ascend from a tour of one of the developed areas. We politely edged past them and slipped into the darkness, away from the annoyance of level, clean surfaces and (dare I say it?), crowds. After only ten feet of passage requiring hands-and-knees, we were safely ensconced in the quiet and the dark. Almost immediately, even before my eyes had adjusted, I was flabbergasted. We were completely surrounded with a staggering array of boxwork. As far as the headlamp would shine, yards and yards of boxwork! This was going to be a great trip.

Wind Cave is, in general, dry and so far, we had only passed through five minutes of an easy tunnel. But the surface and walls were definitely getting more jagged now, and just a little closer. At this point, I was shoring up the rear of our party (the better to loiter and enjoy the view). All of a sudden, I noticed things were slowing down in front and I heard a weak, high voice say "I think I'm hyperventilating!" As the events unfolded, it became clear that Linda, mentioned above, was really starting to have some sort of mental reaction. Her husband, Jim, and Kevin the park naturalist talked to her for a while, but it was clear that she was becoming more and more indisposed by her surroundings. I really felt for Jim, for as I mentioned, he had his heart set on seeing some wild caving action in the Black Hills, yet it seemed for a brief spell that he might have to abort the trip and escort his frightened wife back to comfort. Linda insisted that she had to return to the surface, but fortunately (and generously, I thought), she also insisted that Jim continue the trip without her. Kevin, of course, was deposed to take her up, since he had the keys to the elevator. That left the nine of us down below to wait for his return. This normally would not be a good thing, leaving a party unattended in a National Park cave, for you never know what sort of intentional or unintentional mischief the general public might get up to. However, I like to think that the NSS patch on my cave jacket allayed some of Kevin's doubts whether I would take matters into hand if required!

When Kevin returned, we were on our way in earnest. In general our trip was dry, but very dirty and dusty, with no chest compressors to deal with. On the other hand, there was a fair amount of breakdown to negotiate and lots of up and down scrambling. We had a good mix of regular walking, duckwalking, hands and knees, bellycrawling and even a little rockclimbing. Some of the passages were better done feet first, some head first and some even required a sideways crawl. (Our guide Kevin was always good about describing techniques required to get through some of the more difficult areas. I'm not going to say that this is the hardest caving I've ever done, but on the other hand, I really perspired in places and was glad for a sit down from time to time!

One of the more memorable passages we had to deal with was a sort of corkscrew up through the rock, about fifteen feet. I felt that the passage was uncannily like one of those cast iron Victorian spiral staircases with absolutely no guard rail, except



this one you climbed on your stomach. The going was very tight, and the headlamp never seemed to shed light where it was required. This was almost a blind crawl up into pitch black, knowing that a crevice full of jagged rocks waited below to catch the errant tourist. And this was clearly a "one person at a time, please" adventure; in any event, it was impossible for the tailing person to see what darkness swallowed up the leading person due to the sharp turns. One by one we negotiated this passage, to the calls of "Clear!" followed by the response "Climbing!". Then the hitch occurred.

One of the college boys started to ascend and we heard a lot of scuffling and sliding about, and perhaps even a little grunting. There was a pause and then the scrambling began again. Finally, he came back down to us, the tail end of the party, and said dejectedly, "I can't make it! I'm just too big." He seemed so sad that the trip was coming to an end for him, and we hadn't even gone halfway yet. We asked him what the hangup was specifically, and from his description, it was clear that all was not lost! Before we began this part, Kevin had described what was to come in great detail. He had said, "Keeping turning to the left, that is, counterclockwise". Our college boy had been trying to turn clockwise, right into the tightest part, where the rock pinches off for a bit! One lady in our party noted this and encouraged him up again, and lo and behold, he got through marvelously. The rest of us brought up the rear and we were on our way again.

Well, we saw and did lots more, putting in a good four hours of exploring along 3,000 feet of passage. Some of the sights I will never forget include the incredible boxwork, of course, as well as the most perfect patch of gypsum needles one could imagine. These were just like the pictures, delicate fibers not more than a hair's thickness and perfectly crystalline clear. In fact they were so dainty that it took a lot of fussing with the lights to make them stand out. During the latter part of the trip we encountered a massive array of frostwork. And yet, very noticeable by its absence was all of the standard speleothems we have come to expect from Iowa and Minnesota caves, such as flowstone, stalactites, stalagmites, soda straws, and bacon strips. Our ever able and ever willing tour guide Kevin, at our request, took us on a bit of a detour to a moister part of the cave sporting these formations to satisfy our homesickness.

As we brought the expedition to an end, we reappeared in a part of the developed and lit section of the cave, but this time at a different level. Careful not to track mud and dirt onto the pavement, we congregated by the elevator for our trip back up. Again, we met a crowd of people coming on one of the easier walking tours (they sure bring a lot of people below ground at Wind Cave!) Once at the top, we de-gearred and bid adieu to our partners of the last four hours. A light rain welcomed us. (This was later to turn into a downpour overnight which would obliterate the road construction between Wind Cave and Hot Springs where we were staying. Had we waited until the following day to attempt the visit....)

It was a good trip. I think Jim got to see some of the action he obviously was craving, but I wondered what he and his wife would chat about that night! Our three college boys would have cause to thank their lucky stars that *exactly* three people backed out of the original roster, thus making room for them. I suspect this cave adventure will stand out in their minds as the peak of their western vacation. And Judy, my girlfriend, came through with flying colors again. She is not a caver (yet!), but her love of geology and science, lured her into a tight, messy and craggy venue with me to see a little of the earth from the inside out. And Kevin, our park naturalist, I will long remember as being a real credit to the National Park Service. Our whole group literally peppered him with questions on geology, chemistry, biology, movement techniques, caving practices, conservation and so on, and he never missed a beat, handling our requests sensibly and in good spirits. I would like to think that he enjoyed himself on this trip, too.





Mike Lace rigging the vertical entrance at Cemetary Valley Cave, Jackson County, Iowa. Photo by Marc Ohms



Mike Lace and Scott Dankof in Pete's Pipe in the upstream loop in Coldwater Cave, Winneshiek County, Iowa. Photo by **Chris Beck**

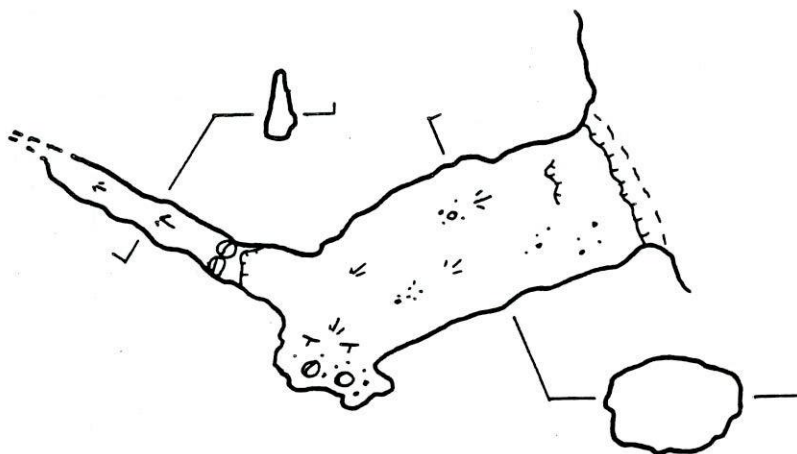


Twine Cave  
Jones County, Iowa

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T.S.L. - 8.4 m / 27.6 ft



compass and tape survey

Ohms 1993





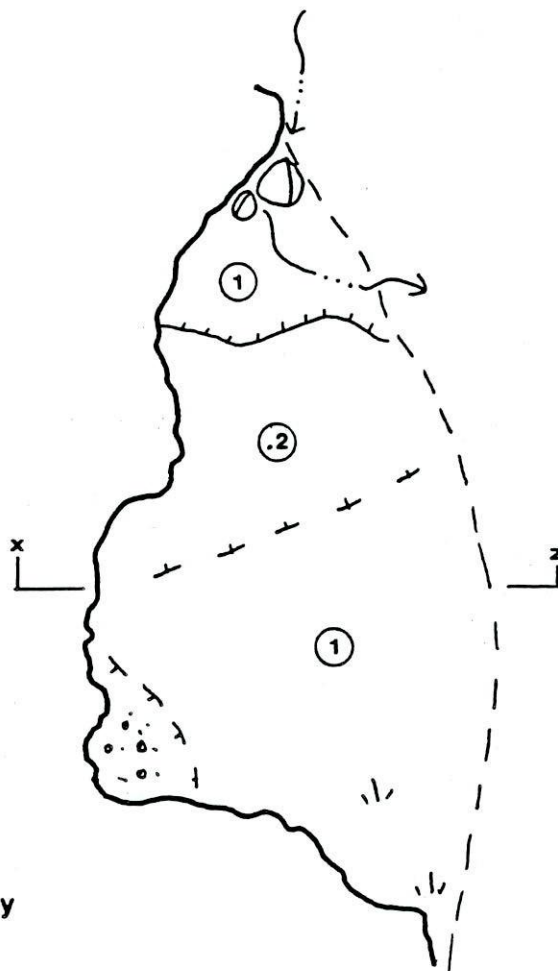


# Ravine Shelter

JONES COUNTY, IOWA

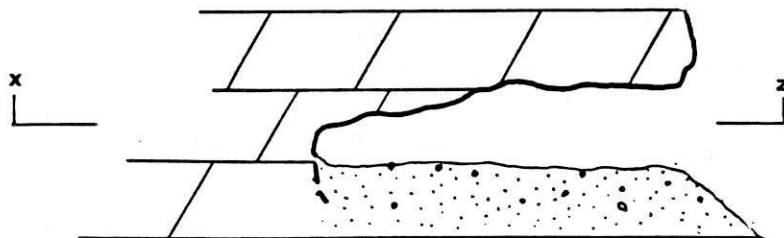
0 3  
meters

4  
N  
m



compass and tape survey

Ohms



1993



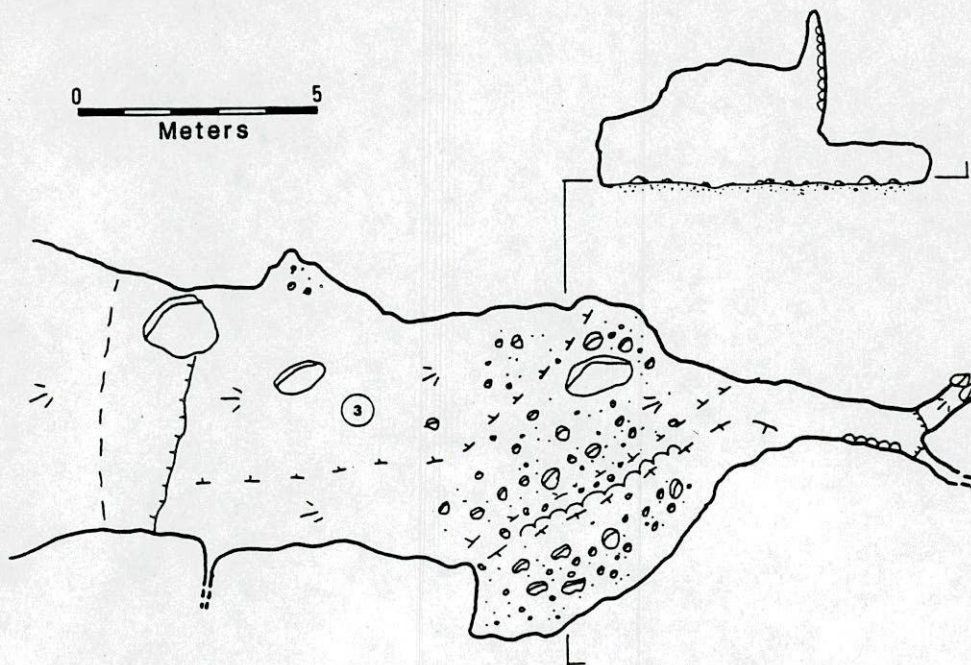




**SQUIRREL CAVE**  
**JONES COUNTY, IOWA**



0 5  
Meters



T.S.L.: 16m/53ft



**Compass and Tape Survey**

**Marc Ohms 1993**

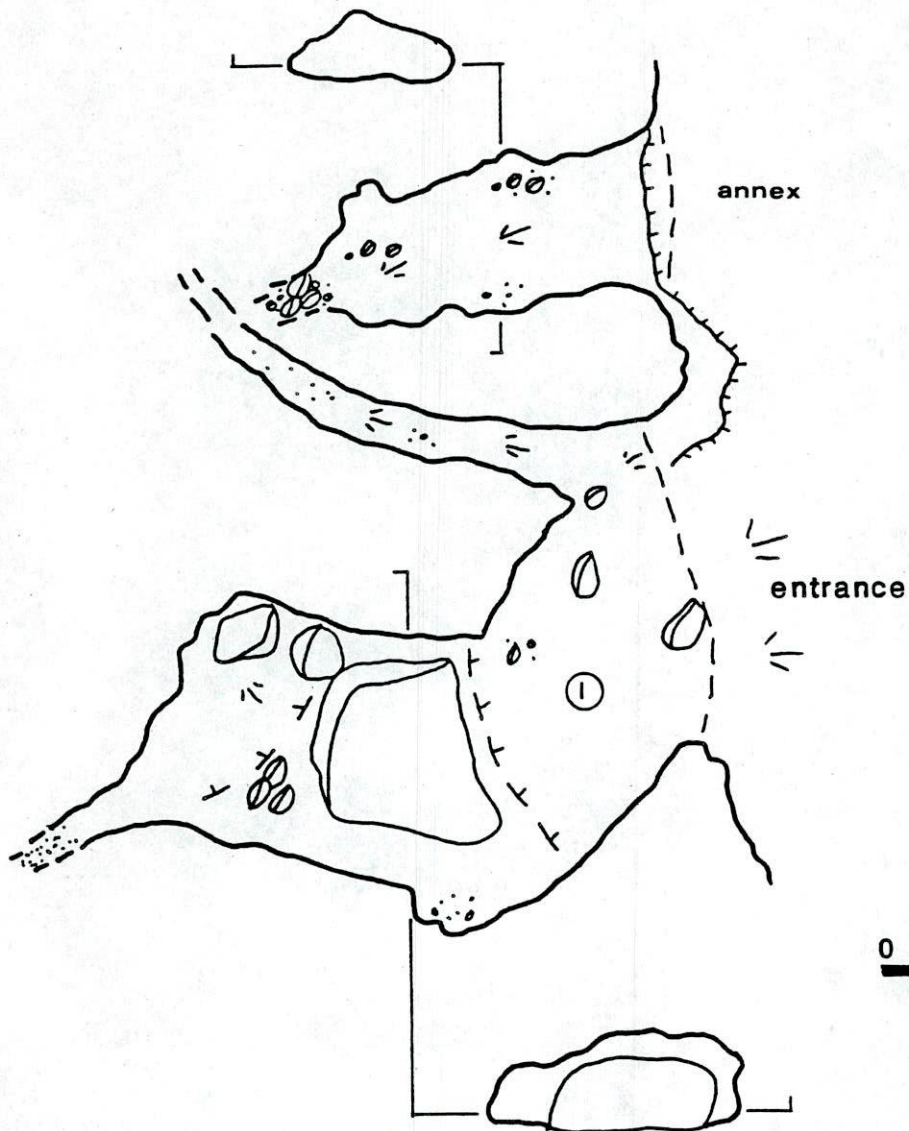






# North Fork Cave and Annex

Jones County, Iowa



compass and tape survey

Ohms



1993



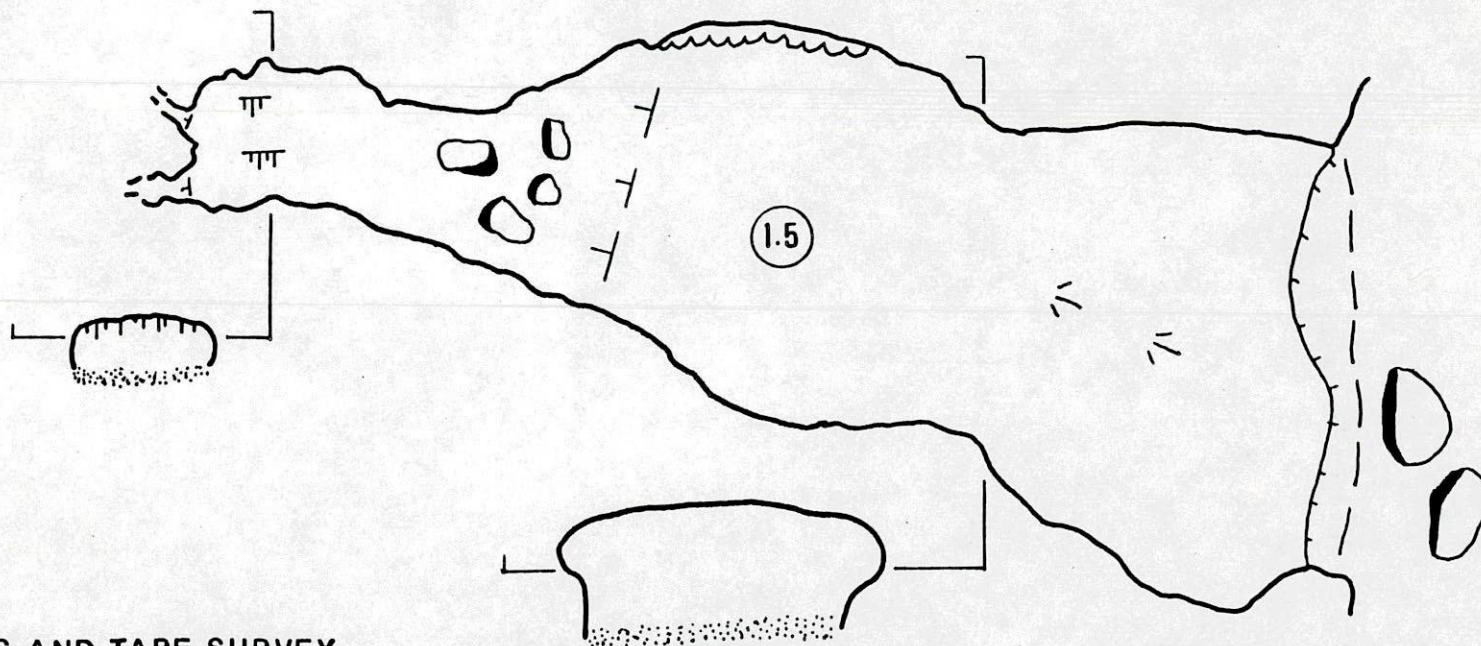


# ENGLISH CAVE

## JACKSON COUNTY, IOWA

4  
N  
m

0 4  
METERS



COMPASS AND TAPE SURVEY

OHMS  
BECK  
LACE

4/3/93

TSL - 15 m



Marc Ohms



