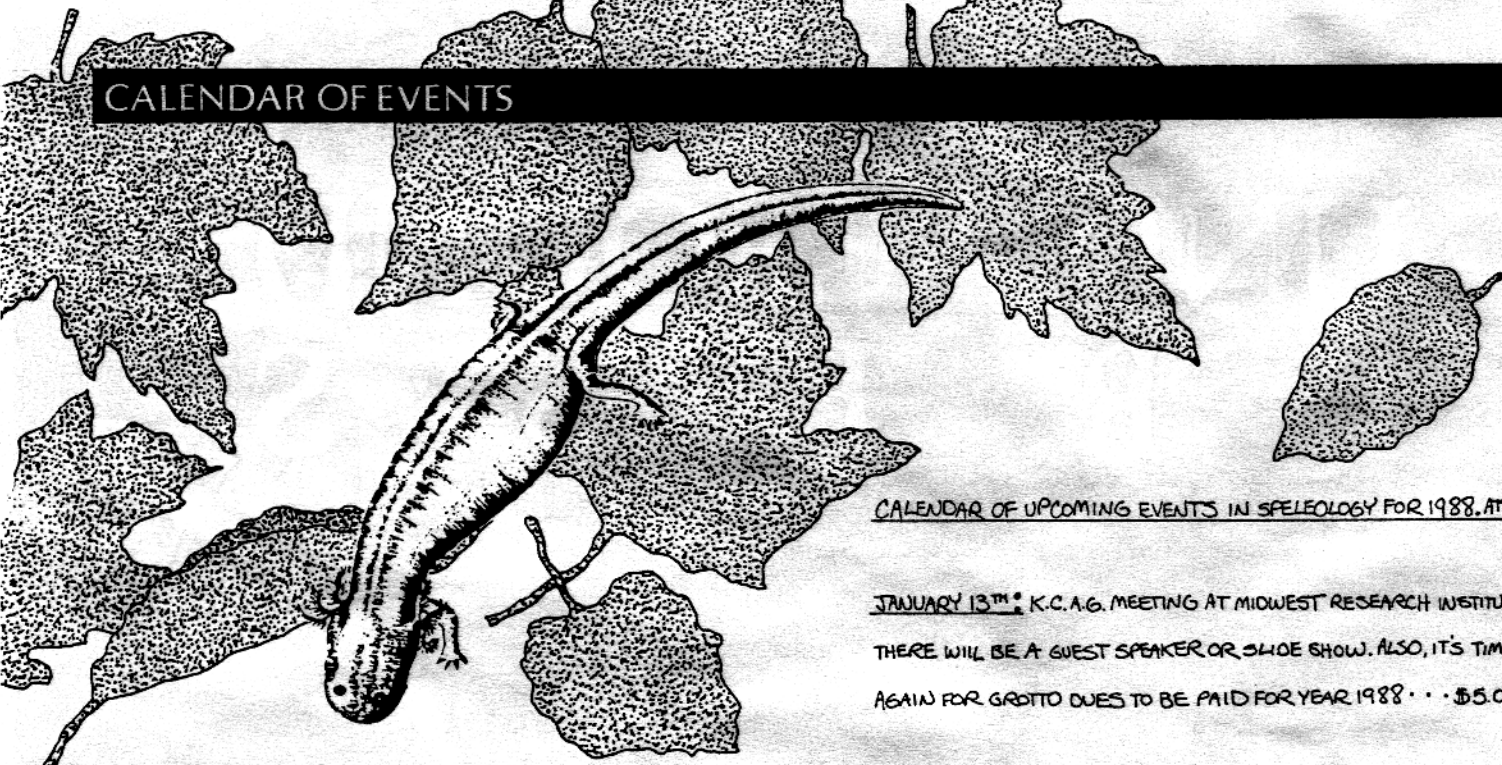


THE
UNDERGROUND
PRESS



CALENDAR OF EVENTS



THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO MEETS REGULARLY AT 7:00 P.M. AT THE ARTHUR MAG CONFERENCE CENTER BEHIND THE MIDWEST RESEARCH INSTITUTE ON THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH. SOUTHWEST CORNER OF VOLKER BOULEVARD AND CHERRY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO IS AN AFFILIATE ORGANIZATION OF THE MISSOURI SPELEOLOGICAL SURVEY AND THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SURVEY, INC.

THE UNDERGROUND PRESS IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY. SINGLE COPIES AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST, SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE FREE TO GROTTO MEMBERS. ARTICLES ARE PUBLISHED FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES AND DO NOT NECESSARILY REFLECT THE VIEWS OF THE ENTIRE GROTTO, OR THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO OFFICERS FOR YEAR 1987.

BART RAPP (CHAIRMAN) (816) 561-0432.
BOB KORTE (VICE-CHAIRMAN) (816) 229-3077.
RICHARD CINDRIC (SECRETARY-TREASURER) (913) 262-2006.
DAVE PORTER (EQUIPMENT CHAIRMAN) (913) 888-0094.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS IN SPELEOLOGY FOR 1988. ATTEND!

JANUARY 13TH: K.C.A.G. MEETING AT MIDWEST RESEARCH INSTITUTE. THERE WILL BE A GUEST SPEAKER OR SHOW. ALSO, IT'S TIME AGAIN FOR GROTTO DUES TO BE PAID FOR YEAR 1988... \$5.00.

JANUARY 16TH: WINTER M.S.S. MEETING IN ROLLA, MISSOURI. THIS IS A GOOD CHANCE TO MEET OTHER CAVERS FROM OUR STATE AND PARTICIPATE IN A CAVE SURVEY ON SATURDAY OR SUNDAY.

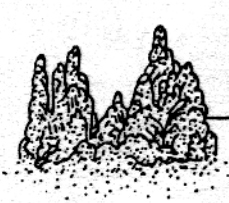
JANUARY 23, 24TH: K.C.A.G. OZARK UNDERGROUND LABORATORY WEEKEND! WE WILL BE DOING CAVE RESTORATION WORK BY HAULING RUBBLE FROM THE SIDES OF THE TRAIL. WARM ACCOMMODATIONS AND WONDERFUL ALEY HOSPITALITY. JOIN US IN A WINTER TRIP TO THE LAB!

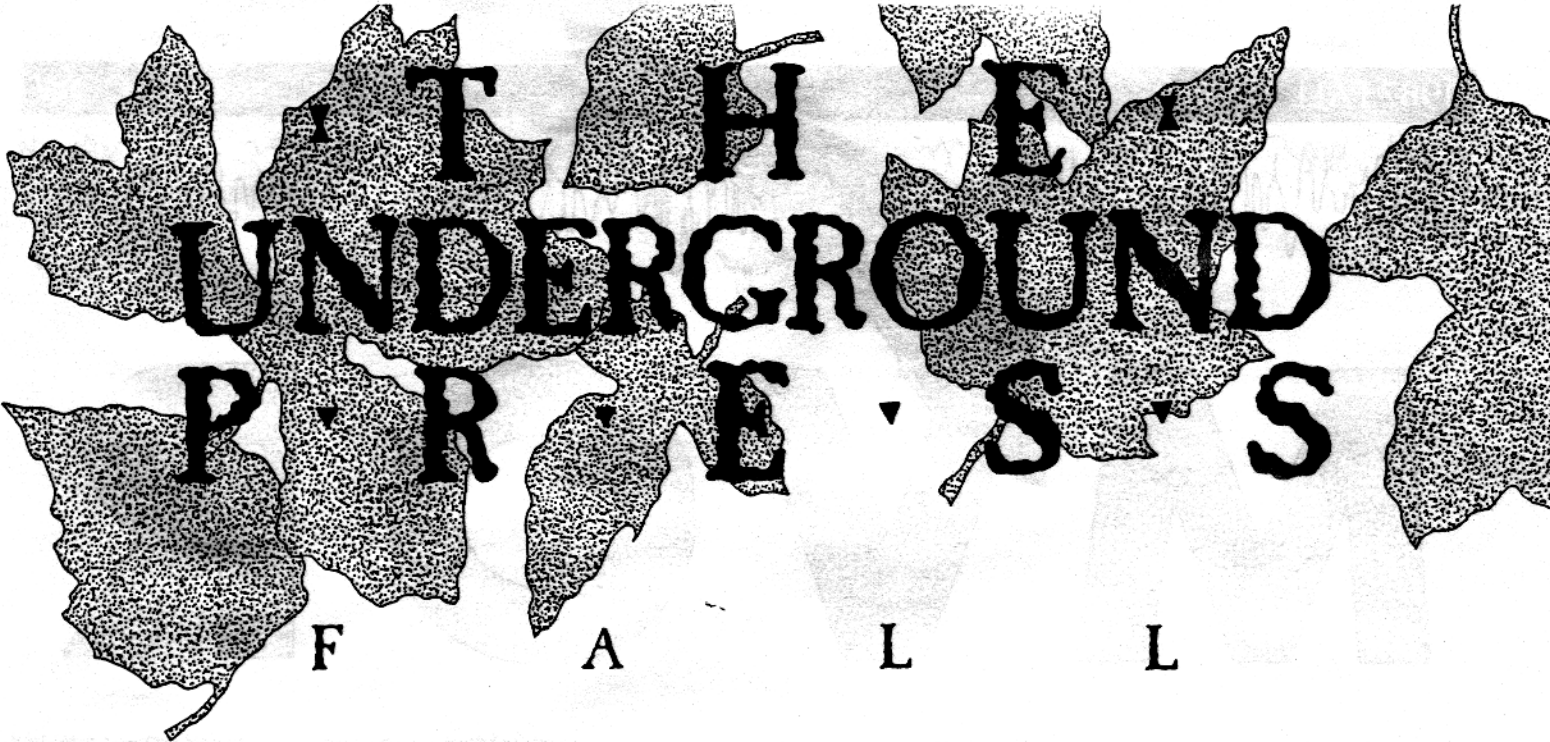
FEBRUARY-MARCH: N.S.S. EXPEDITION TO GUATEMALA. CONTACT STEVE KNUTSON, 505 ROOSEVELT ST., OREGON CITY, OREGON 97045.

FEBRUARY 27TH: SPRING N.S.S. BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING IN SPRINGFIELD, OHIO. HOSTED BY WITTEBURG SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FEBRUARY 27-28TH: EASTERN REGION N.C.R.C. BASIC CAVE RESCUE ORIENTATION CLASS, CARTER CAVES STATE PARK, OLIVE HILL, KENTUCKY.

MAY 13, 14, 15TH: QND O.R.C. CONVENTION SPONSORED BY OZARK HIGHLANDS GROTTO. IN WEBSTER, WRIGHT, AND LACLEDE COUNTIES.

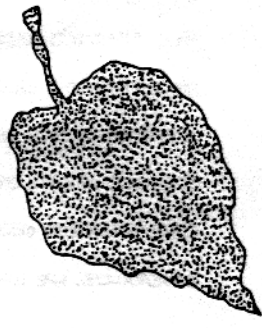
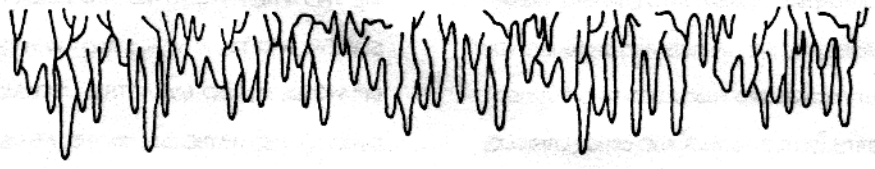




FATH THE UNDERGROUND P-R E S S

F A L L

1 9 8 7

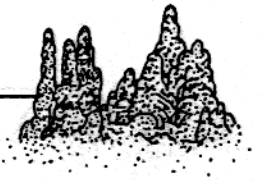
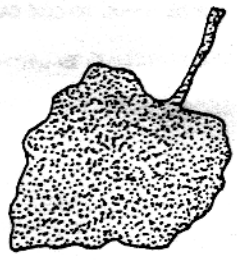


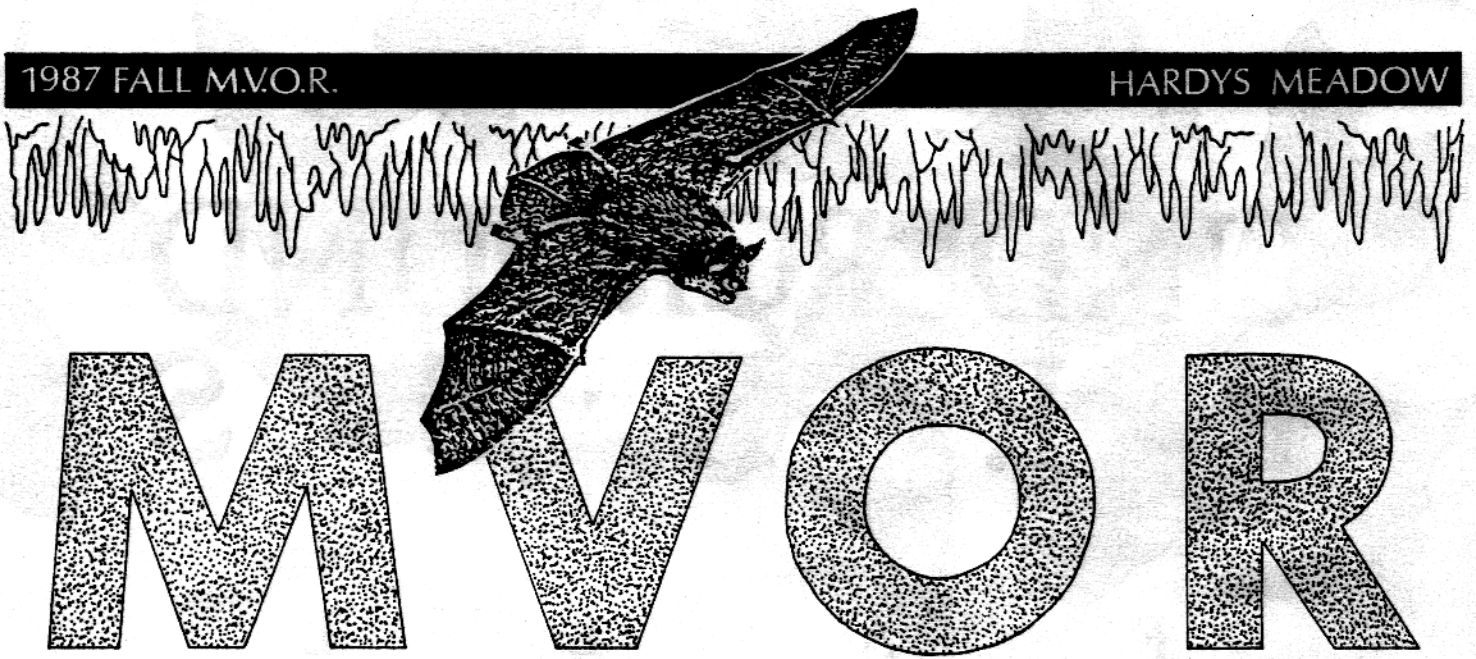
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

1987 FALL MVOR

1969 SPRING MVOR

CARROLL CAVE 1968



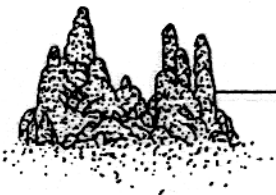


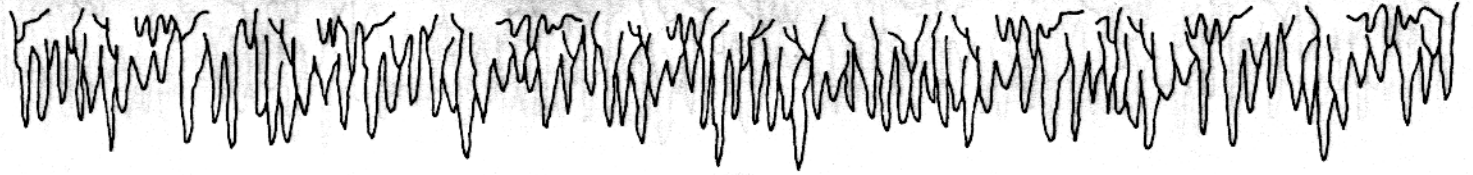
THE ANTICIPATION FOR THIS YEAR'S FALL M.V.O.R., HOSTED BY LAKE OZARKS GROTTO, STARTED WELL IN ADVANCE AS NINE K.C.A.G. MEMBERS MET AT PAUL SEARCY'S HOUSE FOR AN INFORMAL COOKOUT AND COVERALL-CELEBRATING PARTY THE WEEKEND BEFORE THE M.V.O.R. WE HAD OBTAINED VERY CHEAP COVERALLS FROM A THRIFT STORE AND PROCEEDED TO CUT VARIOUS STENCILS OF CAVE OBJECTS, BATS, "CAVE BUNNIES", AND OTHER VARIOUS CAVE-RELATED OBJECTS TO ADD INTEREST TO THESE VIRGIN-WHITE COVERALLS. WE WANTED SOMETHING THAT WOULD "CONTRAST" w/ THE CAVE!

THE M.V.O.R. WEEKEND STARTED EARLY FRIDAY MORNING AS RICHARD CLEMENTS, BART RAFF, AND DAVE PARSONS LEFT IN A THUNDERSTORM FOR THE LAKE OF THE OZARKS, HOPING IT WOULD LET UP BY THE TIME WE GOT TO SEDALIA. IT ACTUALLY SEEMED WE HAD BEAT THE STORM AS WE ARRIVED AT HARDY'S MEADOW BUT SOON A MENACING WALL OF DARK CLOUDS WAS QUICKLY BEARING DOWN ON THE M.V.O.R. CAMPGROUND. WE JUST HAD ENOUGH TIME TO GET REGISTERED IN THE BARN AND PROCEED DOWN THE HILL TO PICK OUT OUR CAMPSITE AS IT STARTED TO RAIN. LUCKILY, WE WERE ONE OF THE FIRST GROUPS TO ARRIVE AND WERE ABLE TO PICK OUT A SEMI-SECLUDED SPOT LOCATED HIGH ON THE HILLSIDE AND FREE FROM POSSIBLE FLOODING! WE SET UP CAMP WITH TARPS AND TENTS IN A STEADY RAIN AND THEN STARTED

TO GATHER FIREWOOD TO KEEP IT DRY AND READY FOR THE EVENINGS MEALTIME. WE HAD NO PROBLEM WITH A FIRE IN A THUNDERSTORM; FOR WE HAD DAVE PARSON AND HIS QUEST FOR A MELTDOWN. WHILE EATING SUPPER, GROTTO MEMBERS ANDY KRAMER AND RICHARD BROWN SHOWED UP AND WE TALKED ABOUT THE WEEKEND'S PLANNED CAVE TRIPS. AFTER I HAD WALKED UP THE HILL TO THE REGISTRATION BARN TO SURVEY THE POSTED SIGN-UPS FOR CAVES, THE REST OF OUR GROTTO MEMBERS ARRIVED INCLUDING RON LATHER, PAUL SEARCY, ROCKS ANNE WITTE, AND RITCHIE GRIMM. AFTER WE HAD EVERYONE'S SLEEPING QUARTERS SET UP, WE SAT AROUND DAVE'S FIRE AND VISITED WITH OTHER CAVERS TILL WE COLLAPSED. THE REAL WEEKEND'S CAVING STARTED ON SATURDAY.

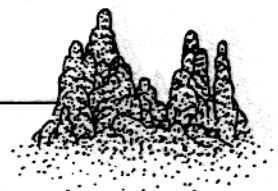
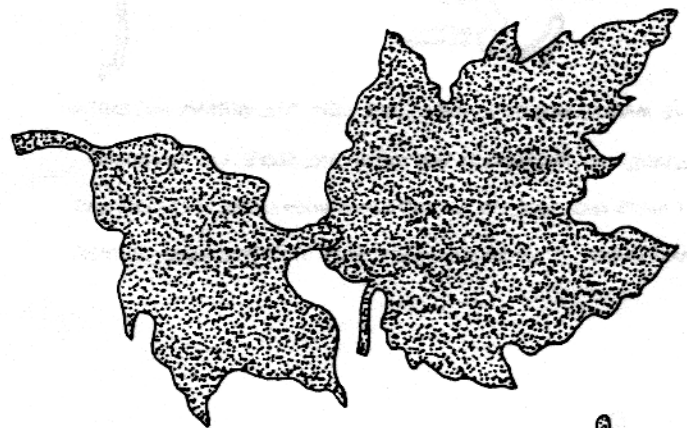
THE NEXT MORNING, SURVIVING MEMBERS AWOKE SLOWLY AND STARTED PREPARING BREAKFAST AND "CHOWING DOWN". THE FIRST CAVE TRIPS STARTED AT 9 A.M. AND WE ARRIVED EARLY AT THE REGISTRATION AREA TO BUY THINGS FROM BOB AND BOB'S SPELEO VAN. ANDY KRAMER, OUR GROTTO CAVE PHOTOGRAPHER, WAS GOING TO BERRY CAVE TO TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CAVE'S MANY SPELEOTHEMS AND THE REST OF US WERE GOING TO COX CAVE TO SEE ITS MANY COMEPTS AND CANYONS. AFTER TRAVELING TO WAYNESVILLE, WE SOON WERE AT THE CAVE, HAD DRESSED, AND WERE PROCEEDING UP THE TRAIL TO THE ENTRANCE.

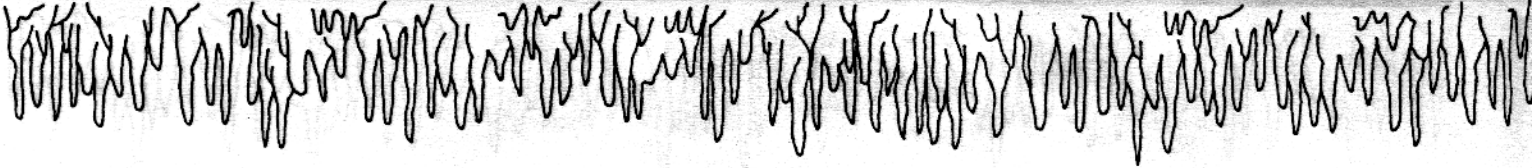




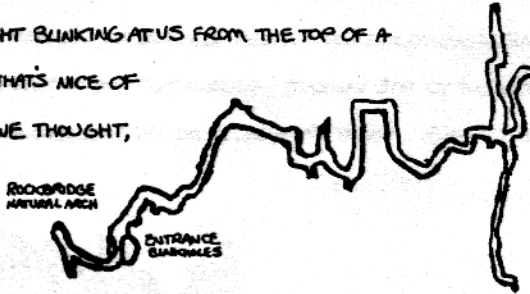
JAMES CORSENTINO WAS LEADING THE TRIP AND SOON WE WERE MOVING UP THE VARIOUS CRAWLWAYS, CROSSING BREAKDOWN BRIDGES, AND THEN SCALING MUDDY CANYONS. COX WAS VERY IMPRESSIVE, BUT UNFORTUNATELY WE HAD TOO LARGE OF A GROUP AND HAD A DIFFICULT TIME MOVING EVERYONE THROUGH A STEADY PACE. NEXT TIME THEY WILL HAVE TO LIMIT THE PEOPLE GOING ON EACH TRIP AND MONITOR NOVICES MORE CLOSELY. AFTER HOURS OF CAVING, WE TURNED AROUND; FOR COX HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL ON MANY A BEGINNER CAVER. AFTER GETTING OUT OF OUR MUDDY CLOTHES, WE DROVE BACK TO THE CAMPGROUND AND CLEANED UP FOR THE BANQUET IN IBERIA. THE BANQUET CONSISTED OF DELICIOUS FOOD PREPARED BY THE IBERIA COMMUNITY AND EVERYONE WAS COMPLEMENTING ON THE FINE HOSPITALITY AND SERVICE. AFTER THE MEAL, I WAS OUT-VOTED ON STAYING FOR THE BUSINESS MEETING AND SIDE SHOW IN ORDER TO GO CAVING ONCE AGAIN! BACK AT THE CAMPGROUND, RON LATHER, DAVE PARSONS AND MYSELF TURNED OUT TO BE THE ONLY ONES THAT WERE SERIOUS ABOUT GOING UNDERGROUND AGAIN AND DECIDED TO GO TO BERRY CAVE; FOR WE HAD GOTTEN DIRECTIONS FROM JON BEARD AS TO THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE CAVE. DURING THIS TIME, PAUL, RICHARD, ROCKS ANNE, AND RITCHIE WATCHED THE TRADITIONAL BONFIRE TILL IT COLLAPSED AND THEN MINGLED WITH OTHER CAVERS BEFORE GOING TO BED. MEANWHILE, THE THREE CAVERS ARRIVED AT MRS. BERRY'S AROUND 12:00 MIDNIGHT AND HEADED ACROSS THE PASTURE AND ROUSSIDOUX CREEK IN SEARCH OF THE ENTRANCE. WE SPENT 2 1/2 HOURS LOOKING FOR THE CAVE TO NO AVAIL, SEARCHING THE VALLEY'S HILLSIDES AND COMING UP WITH NOTHING! IT MUST HAVE BEEN PRETTY FUNNY TO LOOK OVER AT THE HILLSIDES AND SEE 3 LIGHTS BOBBING UP & DOWN TRYING TO FIND THAT DAMNED SINK! (LITTLE DID WE KNOW AT THE TIME WE WERE LOOKING FOR A SINK AT THE TOP OF THE HILLSIDE,

NOT LOW AND UP THE VALLEY.) AFTER GETTING FRUSTRATED, WE DECIDED TO HEAD BACK TO CAMP AND ROUND PEOPLE STILL UP AND THE BONFIRE STILL BURNING AT 3:00 A.M.. SOON ALL WERE ASLEEP EXCEPT "WILDMAN" PARSONS WHO DECIDED HE WOULD MINGLE THE ENTIRE NIGHT LONG. SUNDAY ARRIVED "TOO SOON" AND AFTER BREAKFAST, RON AND MYSELF WERE SO FRUSTRATED BY OUR NOT FINDING BERRY THE NIGHT BEFORE THAT WE DECIDED TO GO BACK AND TRY IT ONCE AGAIN. EVERYONE ELSE HAD HAD ENOUGH AND WANTED TO START BACK HOME TO K.C., SO THEY BROKE CAMP AND WE HEADED FOR WAYNESVILLE, DEJA VU? WE ENDED UP WALKING RIGHT TO THE ENTRANCE FOLLOWING TRAILS ON THE HILLSIDE UP TO THE SINKHOLE. BERRY WAS WELL WORTH GOING BACK FOR WITH ITS MANY LARGE SPELEOTHEMS, RIMSTONE DAMS, AND LOTS OF CAVE CORAL. IT DEFINATELY IS ONE OF PULASKI COUNTY'S BETTER-DECORATED CAVES AND GAVE US A LOT TO TALK ABOUT AS WE HEADED BACK TOWARD THE CAMPGROUND. UPON ARRIVING, WE PACKED UP OUR CAMPER AND ATE A QUICK LUNCH. THEN, IN TRUE CAVER TRADITION, WE WERE THE LAST VEHICLE TO LEAVE THE LOWER CAMPSITE AS WE SAID GOODBYE TO BOB AND BOB AND OTHER VARIOUS L.O.G. MEMBERS THAT MADE THIS WEEKEND A SUCCESS. A BIG CONGRADULATIONS FOR PUTTING ON A FINE M.V.D.R. AND THANKS ALSO GOES OUT TO THE VARIOUS LANDOWNERS FOR LETTING US ACCESS THEIR CAVES. - BART RAPP, ONE OF THE 1987 FALL M.V.O.R. PARTICIPANTS.





SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY HAD BEEN FOUND IN DEVIL'S ICEBOX. THE FOUR HUNDRED OR MORE CAVERS SITTING IN RICKETY WOODEN CHAIRS THAT WERE SPACED AMID GROWING MOUNDS OF COLONEL SAUNDER'S COUNTRY FRIED CHICKEN BONES AND UNBATED COLE SLAW LISTENED INTENTLY TO THE VOICE COMING FROM THE SIDE OF THE ROOM. SOME NODDED KNOWINGLY AND GRINNED IN ANTICIPATION WHILE OTHERS THAT HAD NOT BRAVED THE ICY WATERS OF THE GLOOMY ICEBOX WONDERED WHAT UNIQUE SPELEOPHENOMENON HAD BEEN ENCOUNTERED. "THE TRIP IN HAD BEEN AS USUAL," THE SPEAKER AT THE SIDE OF THE ROOM WENT ON. THE WORDS "AS USUAL" MEANT THAT THIS GROUP HAD MADE THE TRIP UP THE FREEZING UNDERGROUND RIVER ALONG A NARROW, SINUOUS TUNNEL WITH OUT FUNCTIONING THEIR FRAGILE RAFTS ON THE UNSEEN ROCKS OF SOME ICY CHANNEL OR TORN THEM ON ONE OF THE DIFFICULT PORTAGES. WE GOT TO THE BOAT LANDING ONLY WET TO OUR WAISTS, DOCKED OUR RAFTS, (WHICH WERE THE ONLY ONES THERE) AND GOT DOWN TO HARD CORE CAVING. WE HAD GONE A WAYS WHEN WE NOTICED A YELLOW FLASHING LIGHT BLINKING AT US FROM THE TOP OF A SLOPE. "AH, THAT'S NICE OF CHOUTEAU," WE THOUGHT,

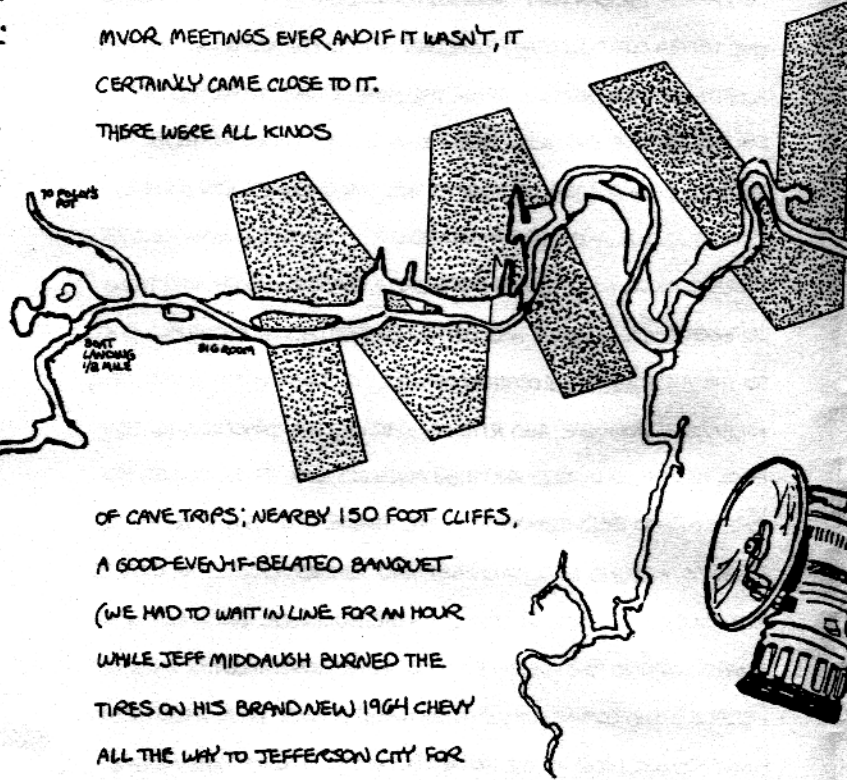


"THEY'VE MARKED THE TRAIL FOR US." WE LEFT THE STREAM AND ENTERED A LARGE DRY PASSAGE AT THE TOP OF THE SLOPE. WE FOLLOWED THIS A WAYS AND CAME TO ANOTHER FLASHING LIGHT. THIS ONE WAS RED AND UNDER IT WAS A SIGN THAT SAID "THE CAVE INN - MOTHER

TUCKER, PROPRIETOR." THEN OUT OF THE DARKNESS STEPS THIS GUY THAT WAS DRESSED IN A SUIT AND TIE WITH A WHITE TOWEL FOLDED NEATLY OVER ONE ARM AND ASKED IF WE HAD RESERVATIONS?...

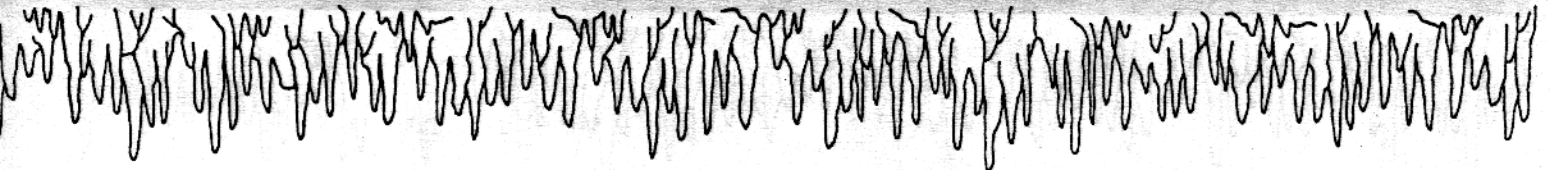
ACCOUNTS LIKE THIS WERE COMMON AT THE 1969 SPRING M.V.O.R. HOSTED BY THE ROUGH CAVING MEMBERS OF THE CHOUTEAU GROTTO AT THE ROCK BRIDGE MEMORIAL STATE PARK JUST SOUTH OF COLUMBIA, MISSOURI. CHOUTEAU HAD PROMISED THIS TO BE ONE OF THE BEST MVOR MEETINGS EVER AND IF IT WASN'T, IT CERTAINLY CAME CLOSE TO IT.

THERE WERE ALL KINDS



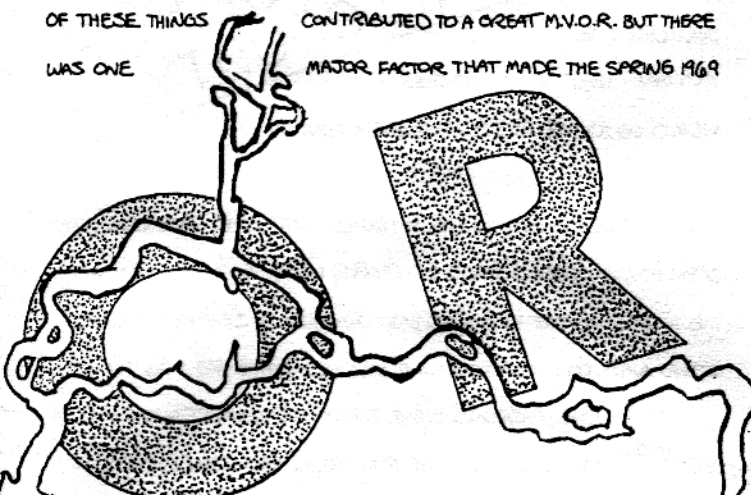
OF CAVE TRIPS; NEARBY 150 FOOT CLIFFS, A GOOD EVENING BELATED BANQUET (WE HAD TO WAIT IN LINE FOR AN HOUR WHILE JEFF MIDDAUGH BURNED THE TIRES ON HIS BRAND NEW 1964 CHEVY ALL THE WAY TO JEFFERSON CITY FOR PAPER PLATES), LOTS OF GOOD DODR PRIZES LIKE A \$50 HOLLOWBAR MOUNTAIN PARKA, WELL OVER 400 GROOVEY PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER,





PLENTY OF DENON RUM; ALL TOPPED OFF BY A FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AND WINCH CONTEST FEATURING 200 MIXED IN LATE MODEL AUTOMOBILES. ALL OF THESE THINGS CONTRIBUTED TO A GREAT M.V.O.R. BUT THERE WAS ONE MAJOR FACTOR THAT MADE THE SPRING 1969

NOT THE MVOR CAMPFIRE, BUT A COLLEGE FRATERNITY BEER BUST. BY THE TIME HE DISCOVERED HIS MISTAKE HE WAS A LITTLE TIGHT AND MISJUDGED A SET OF RUTS WHILE ROARING UP THE DIRT ROAD. A QUICK TRIP TO THE BOONE COUNTY HOSPITAL PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER BUT PUT HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE ICEBOX SCHEME OUT OF



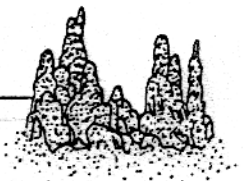
M.V.O.R. UNIQUE. THIS WAS THE FIRST MVOR THAT WAS ATTENDED IN FORCE BY THE KANSAS CITY AREA CROTTO. THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS WAS PROBABLY NOT READILY APPARENT AT THE TIME BUT HISTORY WILL

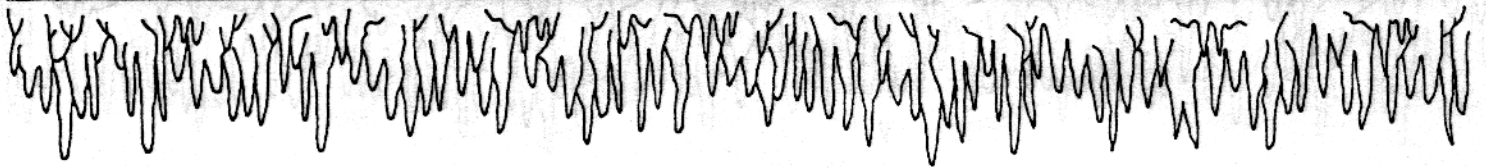
BEAR IT OUT. THE KCAG STARTED ARRIVING FRIDAY AFTERNOON: MIKE LEONARD AND BILL KLING ESTABLISHED A BEACHHEAD, ED MULIK AND DAVE MATHEWS WITH THE SUPPLY CAR, STEVE KRUEGAR AND BOBKORTE WERE ESCORTING OUR NEW LIBERAL LEADER, TOM TUCKER (THE BEARDED ONE); FRANK BIMNEY AND MIKE BAUER TO GET THE BALL ROLLING, AND THE ORG WAS LATE. IT SEEMS THAT HE MADE IT ALL THE WAY TO THE ROCKBRIDGE PARK ON HIS BIKE BEFORE THE MUCH ANTICIPATED WIFEOUT. UNKNOWN TO ORG THE MVOR CAMPGROUNDS WERE IN AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY PORTION OF THE PARK AND THE ORG IN PROGRESS DOWN BY THE ROCKBRIDGE WAS

THE QUESTION. HE SPENT THE TRIP WHERE HE WAS FORTUNATE VINEYARD. MAYBE SOME MORNING THE

THE NEXT DAY ON THE GEOLOGY FIELD ENOUGH TO GET A RIDE WITH JERRY KNOWLEDGE RUBBED OFF. THE NEXT SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE GROUP ROSE AT THE UNMOODLY HOUR OF 4:00 A.M., SUPPRESSED SEVERAL MOTIONS TO CALL THE WHOLE

THING OFF, STEPPED OVER AND AROUND THE BODIES OF A GROUP OF M.S.M. OWNERS WHO HAD FALLEN IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO REACH THE COFFEE CONTAINER IN THE REGISTRATION TENT, AND RUMBLE OFF TO THE ICEBOX. IT WAS 5:30 A.M. NOW AND AN EARLY RISING BOY SCOUT WHO APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE WATCHED IN DISBELIEF AT THE ARRAY OF UNSEEMLY OBJECTS BEING PASSED DOWN THE SINKHOLE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE: HALF A DOZEN RUBBER RAFTS, ENORMOUS TRUCK INNER TUBES, A TABLE AND CHAIRS, A CHAISE LOUNGE, COLEMAN STOVES AND LANTERNS, WINE BOTTLES, MYSTERIOUS WATER-PROOF BUNDLES, AND A PLASTIC BOAT. CAUTIONING HIM TO KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT OR ELSE, THE EIGHT WILD LOOKING PEOPLE DONNED BULKY RUBBER SUITS AND THEN





DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS. FOR NEARLY HALF AN HOUR AFTERWARDS HE COULD HEAR THE MUFFLED ECHOES OF OBSCENITIES AS LEAKS WERE DISCOVERED IN THE EMERSON SUITS AND THEN EVEN THESE BECAME FAINTER AND FAINTER UNTIL HE WAS LEFT ALONE IN SILENCE..... AT 7:30 A.M. A CERTAIN PASSAGE DEEP WITHIN THE CAVE HAD UNDERGONE A SPECTACULAR CHANGE! A FLASHING YELLOW LIGHT MARKED

A SIGN THAT READ "THE CAVE INN - 100 FEET." MORE LIKE ABOUT 250 FT. WAS THE FLASHING RED LIGHT WITH ITS SIGN AND BEYOND WAS A WIDE,

DRY AVENUE WITH CANDLES EVERY 50 FEET ALONG ITS SIDES. HERE

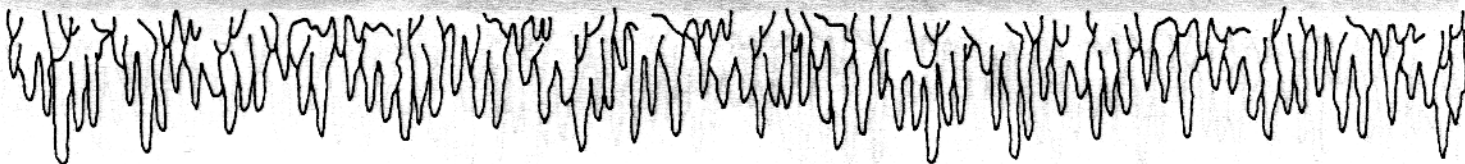
AND THERE WAS A SPRIG OF PLASTIC FLORA AND AT THE END WAS "MOTHER TUCKER'S HOT CHOCOLATE STAND!" A COLEMAN LANTERN WAS SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING OVER A TABLE DECORATED WITH LONG TAPERED CANDLES IN WICKER-COVERED WINE BOTTLES SITTING ON AN EMACULATE RED AND WHITE TABLE CLOTH. AROUND THE CANDLES WERE FLORAL CUTTINGS AND BELOW THE TABLE A MASSUM OF CHAMPAGNE WAS COOLING IN A CAVE HELMET. HALF A DOZEN WELL-DRESSED SOCIALITIES RANDED ABOUT, SOME PLAYING CHESS, ANOTHER RECLINING IN THE CHAISE LONGE READING A SCIENCE FICTION BOOK, SEVERAL DISCUSSING THE STOCK MARKET WHILE ADJUSTING THEIR TIES. BEHIND THE TABLE TWO COOKS WERE LABORING OVER THE TWO STOVES. IN FRONT OF THE STAND WAS A SIGN READING "THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO" AND

DEVIL'S ICEBOX
BOONE COUNTY

A SMALLER ONE ADVISING THAT ALL DONATIONS WOULD GO TO THE M.S.S. RESEARCH FUND.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT IN THE 9 HOURS THAT "THE CAVE INN" WAS OPEN FOR BUSINESS OVER 50 PEOPLE WERE SERVED. UNFORTUNATELY THE FISCAL REPORT IS NOT AS ENCOURAGING. IT SEEMS THAT THE STAND WAS CONSTRUCTED IN A LOW ECONOMIC AREA AS ALL OF THE PATRONS WERE DIRTY AND UNKEPT AND DESPITE THE FACT THAT THE MAITRE'D HAD BEEN INSTRUCTED TO ADMIT ONLY THOSE WITH SUIT AND TIE, WERE ATTIRED IN THE MOST DISGUSTING OF CLOTHINGS. FEW HAD MONEY AND ALMOST ALL TRACKED IN MUD! THE NET PROCEEDS WERE \$11.00; \$5 FROM THE STAND ITSELF, \$5 CONTRIBUTED BY DON NICKELSON OF CHOUTEAU, AND BOB KORTE DONATED \$1 HE FOUND ON THE GROUND OUTSIDE THE REGISTRATION TENT. (WALKING AROUND DOES PAY OFF, SOMETIMES!) FOR THE SATURDAY NIGHT CAMPFIRE CHOUTEAU HAD PLANNED AN ELABORATE FERTILITY RITE FOR SOME OF THEIR JEESAS BUT APPARENTLY THEY WERE INSINCERE IN THEIR BELIEF OF THE SPEEDDIETIES OR MAYBE THEY FAILED TO MAKE THE PROPER SACRIFICES. ANYWAY, IT RAINED AND THUNDERED ALL SATURDAY NIGHT AND THERE WAS NO CAMPFIRE. THIS IS WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ROLLA, OF COURSE, WHO ARE NOT BOTHERED BY SUCH EARTHLY MATTERS. THE NEXT MORNING WE AWOKE TO FIND THAT THE ENTIRE CAMPGROUND RESEMBLED THE





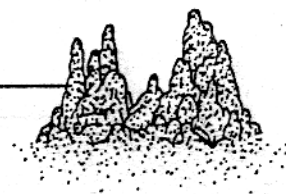
BOTTOM OF DEVIL'S HOLE. WHAT CARS WERE NOT ALREADY STUCK BECAME SO WHEN THEY REACHED THE DIRT ROAD THAT RAN THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE CAMPGROUND. EVERY NOW AND THEN ONE WOULD WORK ITS WAY FREE WITH THE HELP OF 50 OR MORE PUSHERS AND COME FLYING DOWN THE DIRT ROAD AT 90 MILES AN HOUR IN HOPES OF GAINING THE GRAVEL ROAD NEAR THE M.V.O.R. REGISTRATION TENT. UNFORTUNATELY, A RATHER LARGE MUD HOLE HAD DEVELOPED JUST 25 FEET IN FRONT OF THIS AND WE SPENT MOST OF THE TIME AND MORNING LAUGHING HYSTERICALLY AS CAR AFTER CAR WOULD COME ROARING DOWN THE ROAD ONLY TO VANISH IN A SHEET OF FLYING MUD! KLING'S WINCH WAS PUT TO GOOD USE AS WERE CHOUTEAU'S JEEPS AND THE STRONG BACKS OF COUNTLESS UNSELFISH COVERERS. IT WAS ALMOST SAD WHEN THE LAST CAR HAD MADE IT OUT AND KLING HAD NO ONE ELSE TO IMPRESS WITH HIS NEW WINCH. CHOUTEAU GROTTO CERTAINLY DESERVES A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR A GREAT M.V.O.R. - IN SPITE OF THE RAIN - AND THANKS SHOULD GO ESPECIALLY TO MR. AND MRS. NICHOLSON, MRS. PAUL JOHNSON (FOR GIVING FRANK BINNEY THE \$30 MOUNTAIN PARKA), BATSON, MIDDAGH, PALMER, AND EVERYBODY ELSE DOWN THERE. BILL BOCKSTIEGEL AND BOB TAYLOR OF HOG (HEART OF THE OZARKS GROTTO) ARE ALSO TO BE COMMENDED FOR SHELTERING THOSE KCAG PEOPLE WHO WERE WITHOUT TENTS ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

THIS M.V.O.R. REPORT WAS WRITTEN BY GROTTO MEMBER FRANK BINNEY AND FIRST APPEARED IN AN 1969 ISSUE OF THE MISSOURI UNDERGROUND WHICH AT THAT TIME WAS THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO NEWSLETTER.

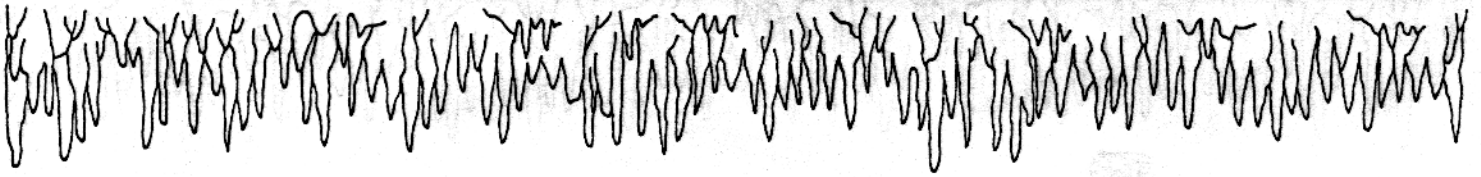
some memories of kcag:

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A GROTTO, A YOUNG AND SMALL GROTTO (VERY SMALL). I CAN REMEMBER HOLDING MONTHLY BUSINESS MEETINGS IN LIVING ROOMS, WITH FOUR TO SIX MEMBERS PLUS ONE OR TWO GUESTS. THERE ARE MANY MEMORIES FROM THAT FIRST YEAR; THE FABULOUS GATE OF CARROLL CAVE, A GROWING MEMBERSHIP, DRAFTING A STRONG CONSTITUTION, AND STRATEGY MEETINGS AT THE BAMBOO HUT. STRATEGY MEETINGS -- WHAT KIND OF SLICE SHOW WOULD WE SHOW TO MRS. CARROLL'S NEIGHBORS -- "OBTAINING" STEEL FOR THE GATE -- A DELEGATE TO THE M.S.S. -- WHO SHOULD ASK THE WAITRESS FOR MORE ONIONS. STRANGE, BUT DURING THE FIRST YEAR AND A HALF NO ONE WANTED TO WASTE A WEEKEND BY ATTENDING AN M.V.O.R.. DOES ANYONE REMEMBER THE M.V.O.R. IN COLUMBIA -- THE CAVE INN -- THE RAINSTORM -- SUNDAY'S MUD PIT. OR, HOW ABOUT WEST'S CAVE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE BEAR BONES IN BLOW-HOLE. K.C.A.G. WAS RECOGNIZED BECAUSE THE BONES WERE IN AN EXCELLENT SHAPE AND REMAINED THAT WAY. AVA HOLDS MANY MEMORIES AND STILL PRODUCES MANY. THERE ARE ALSO MEMORIES OF MEMBERS WHO LEFT THE AREA -- THE LEONARDS, ORG, FRANK BINNEY, YOTHERS AND MOTHER TUCKER. MEXICO, ALABAMA, COLORADO, WISCONSIN, ARKANSAS, AND MISSOURI ALL HOLD MEMORIES AND WILL CAUSE MORE MEMORIES IN THE FUTURE. BUT WILL THERE BE A K.C.A.G. WITH MEMORIES OR JUST MEMORIES. - BILL KLING, PAST PRESIDENT OF K.C.A.G.

1969
TAKEN FROM THE GACK, ISSUE 1, VOLUME 1, FIRST KCAG NEWSLETTER.

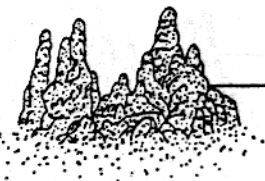
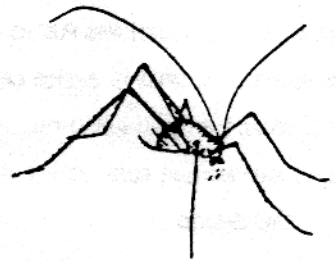


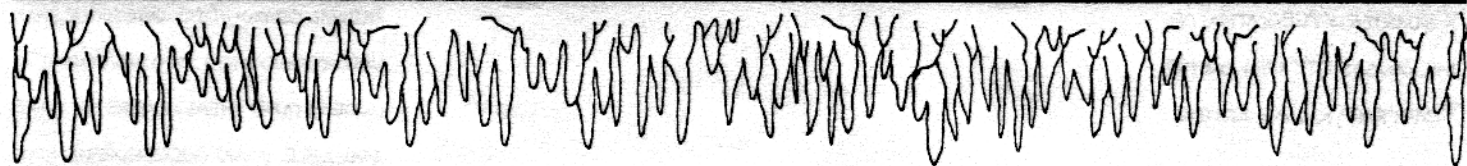
CARROLL CAVE 1968



AT 5:00 P.M. THURSDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, 1968, THERESA AND I ARRIVED AT THE CABIN, OF WHICH WE HAD THE USE OF FOR A FEW DAYS, NEAR LAURIE, MISSOURI. AT 10:00 A.M. WE RETURNED TO LAURIE TO MEET THE REST OF THE PARTY. AFTER WAITING IN THE PARKING LOT OF THE LAURIE SUPERMARKET FOR OVER AN HOUR, AND THOROUGHLY DISTURBING THE TOWN'S NIGHT WATCHMAN, THE OTHERS ARRIVED IN A BRIGADE OF VOLKSWAGENS. WE THEN PROCEEDED TO THE CABIN. WHILE EVERYONE CLEANED UP THEIR EQUIPMENT FROM THE LAST TRIP, DAN MICK USED A SKYROCKET TO MAKE A SACRIFICE TO THE SPEELED-60DS. HIS OFFERING MUST HAVE HAD AN SEEING EFFECT, FOR SHORTLY THEREAFTER IT BEGAN TO RAIN. SINCE GREG HARRIS HAD TO WORK FRIDAY NIGHT IT WAS DECIDED TO ARRIVE AT CARROLL AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE. AROUND 1:30 A.M., WHEN THE VARIOUS EQUIPMENT WAS READY FOR THE TRIP, EVERYONE WENT TO BED. AT 4:15 A.M., MIKE HAIRE GOT EVERYONE UP FOR BREAKFAST. THERESA HAIRE AND JANE McCRAE FIXED US A FILLING BREAKFAST OF PANCAKES, BACON AND MILK. IT WAS STILL RAINING. AS SOON AS EVERYONE REALIZED THEY HAD FINISHED BREAKFAST, THE PREDAWN TRIP TO CARROLL BEGAN DESPITE HEAVY RAIN. WE ARRIVED AT CARROLL AT 6:30 A.M.. THE RAIN HAD STARTED TO LET UP (BUT NOT STOP), WHICH WAS SOMEWHAT ENCOURAGING, AND THE WATER LEVEL WAS ABOUT NORMAL. NOT WANTING TO WAKE MRS. CARROLL, WE DECIDED TO SEE HER AFTER WE CAME OUT. EVERYONE DONNED THEIR COVERALLS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT AND WALKED TO THE WATER'S EDGE. I OPENED THE GATE, AND LARRY ASHER AND I LIFTED THE "BOAT" OFF THE DOCK. AT THIS POINT THE BOAT IMMEDIATELY BEGAN TO FILL WITH WATER. NEEDLESS TO SAY, THIS CAUSED QUITE A BIT OF CONSTERNATION. THERE WAS MUCH, MUCH

GRUMBING AND FINALLY THE DECISION TO WADE IN WAS MADE. THE TRIP PROCEEDED QUITE NORMALLY (FOR CARROLL); MANY VERY POINTED EXCLAMATIONS CONCERNING THE WARMTH OF THE WATER AS IT REACHED CERTAIN STRATEGIC POINTS OF THE BODY WERE MADE. ONCE INSIDE WE MOVED AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE TO THE SNOW ROOM. ON THE WAY, GREG HARRIS AND I NOTICED A SMALL MUDDY STREAM ENTERING THE CARROLL RIVER PASSAGE. THIS WAS OUR FIRST WARNING THAT PERHAPS THE RAIN HAD NOT LET UP YET. AS WE ENTERED LEFT FORK ON OUR WAY TO THE SNOW ROOM, CARROLL RIVER LOOKED AS USUAL; IT CONTINUED ALONG THE MAIN PASSAGE AS A SMALL CHANNEL ABOUT A FOOT DEEP AND THIRTY INCHES IN WIDTH. THE STREAM COMING OUT OF LEFT FORK WAS VERY MUDDY. AS WE GOT CLOSER, THE STREAM WAS FLOWING VERY FAST AND ABOUT A FOOT DEEP. WE ALSO HEARD A LOUD, ROARING NOISE! WHEN WE REACHED THE LARGE DOME PIT, WE FOUND THE REASON FOR THE FAST, MUDDY STREAM AND THE ROARING. WATER WAS POURING OUT OF THE CEILING OF THE DOME PIT IN TWO LARGE SIX INCH STREAMS. I TOOK SOME PICTURES OF THE SNOW ROOM AND WE LEFT HURRIEDLY. WHEN WE REACHED CARROLL RIVER, WE FOUND QUITE A CHANGE! INSTEAD OF A SMALL CHANNEL THIRTY INCHES WIDE, THE STREAM WAS NOW APPROXIMATELY TEN FEET WIDE. WE VIRTUALLY TROTTED, NON-STOP, TO THE MOUNTAIN ROOM AS THE WATER ROSE HIGHER. THE EQUIPMENT WAS QUICKLY STUFFED BACK INTO VARIOUS WATERPROOF



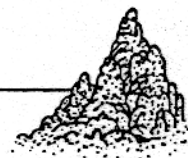


BAGS AND TRASH BAGS. WE SWAM AND FLOATED TO THE NECKBREAKERS, THE BREATHING SPACE WAS NOW ABOUT THREE INCHES, BUT STILL PASSABLE. THANKFULLY WE MADE OUR WAY TO THE ENTRANCE. AS WE CHANGED OUR CLOTHES AND ATTIRE, SOMEONE NOTICED THAT THE WATER LEVEL HAD RISEN ANOTHER FOUR INCHES. A NARROW ESCAPE, TO SAY THE LEAST! FOUR OF US THEN DROVE UP TO SEE MRS. CARROLL, BUT THE ROAD TO HER HOUSE WAS BLOCKED BY THE RISING STREAM, WHICH WAS NOW A FORTY FOOT WIDE RAGING TORRENT. IT STILL WAS RAINING. WE THEN DECIDED JUST TO HEAD BACK TO KANSAS CITY. AS WE NEARED HIGHWAY 7, THE ROAD WAS AGAIN BLOCKED BY THE STREAM. WE BACK-TRACKED AND FOUND A ROAD LEADING INTO THE HILLS. A HALF HOUR LATER AND FOUR FEET LATER WE FOUND HIGHWAY 7 AND A WAY HOME. AFTER THIS EXPERIENCE, THERE ARE A FEW IDEAS TO BE GLEANED AND SHARED FROM THE EXPERIENCE:

- 1.) IF YOU SEE IT IS RAINING OUT WHEN YOU ARRIVE AT CARROLL, DON'T PLAN A ONE DAY TRIP INTO THE CAVE. YOU MAY BE FORCED TO STAY.
- 2.) IT WOULD BE ADVISABLE TO PLACE A DRY STORAGE TANK IN THE MOUNTAIN ROOM AND FILL IT WITH ENOUGH SUPPLIES THAT A STRANDED PARTY WILL NOT BE TOO UNCOMFORTABLE WAITING FOR THE WATER LEVEL TO GO DOWN AT THE NECKBREAKERS.
- 3.) PERHAPS IF A GROUP WERE TO DIG OUT AROUND THE ENTRANCE TO CARROLL (SOON), THE WATER LEVEL MIGHT BE LOWERED SUFFICIENTLY TO MAKE THE NECKBREAKERS PASSABLE AT ALMOST ANY TIME.

- 4.) LAST BUT NOT LEAST, EITHER FIX THE BOAT SO IT DOESN'T LEAK OR INSTALL A NEW BOAT INSIDE THE GATE TO USE ALSO FOR RESCUE.

THIS CARROLL CAVE INCIDENT WAS WRITTEN BY PAST GROTTO MEMBER MIKE HAIRE AND FIRST APPEARED IN THE MISSOURI UNDERGROUND, A PAST KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO NEWSLETTER FROM THE 1960'S. 1987 FOOTNOTE: A GOOD BOAT FOR RESCUE PURPOSES HAS BEEN ON THE "DOCK" FOR SOMETIME NOW AND ALSO AN EMERGENCY KIT IS NOW PLACED IN THE MOUNTAIN ROOM AND A LIMITED KIT NEAR T-JUNCTION. THE THREAT OF FLOODING IS ALWAYS A POSSIBILITY WHEN MILL CREEK FLOODS OUTSIDE AND BACKS UP INTO THE CAVE, STANDING THE NECKBREAKERS. ALWAYS BE PREPARED FOR THIS WHEN IN CARROLL!



THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

A QUARTERLY PUBLICATION OF
THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO.

PH BARTRAFF, K.C.A.G. EDITOR

"WE CANNOT EXPLAIN THE INTRICACIES OF
NATURAL COMMUNITIES UNLESS WE CAN
UNDERSTAND THEM. AND WE CANNOT
UNDERSTAND THEM UNLESS THEY ARE
AVAILABLE IN AN UNDISTURBED STATE,
PROTECTED FROM MAN'S INFLUENCE.
WE MUST ASSIGN DIFFERENT VALUES TO
VARIOUS PARTS OF OUR PUBLIC LANDS.
WITHOUT SUCH SPECIALLY PROTECTED
AREAS, FUTURE GENERATIONS WILL HAVE
AN INCOMPLETE PICTURE OF SOME OF
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST
IMPORTANT CAVE COMMUNITIES."

CHARLES E. MOHR / THOMAS L. POULSON



WESTMAN 1987