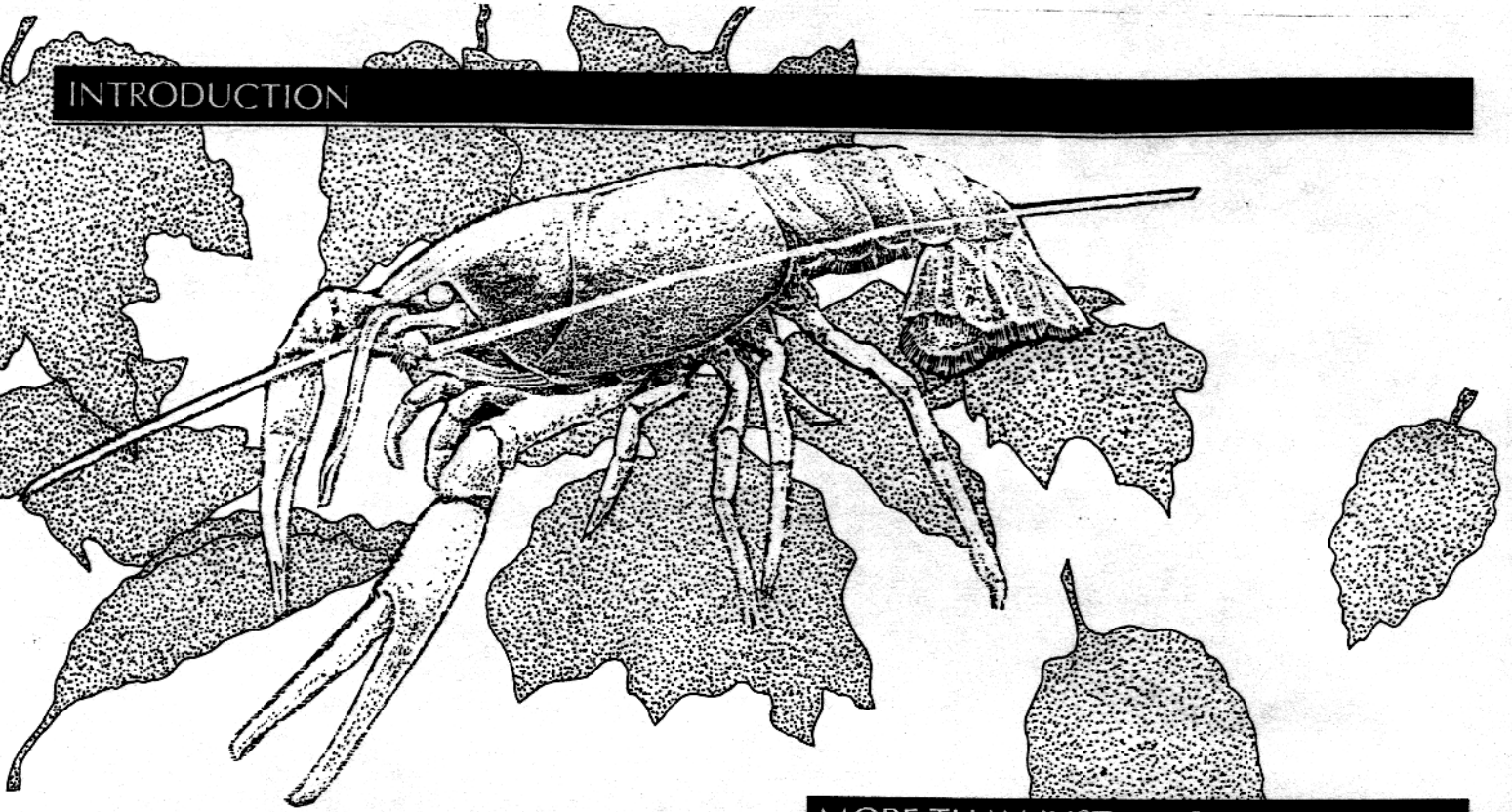


THE  
UNDERGROUND  
PRESSSES



## INTRODUCTION

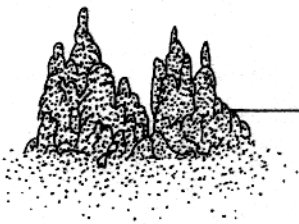


## MORE THAN JUST AN OPENING...

THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY MEETS REGULARLY AT 7:00 P.M. IN THE ARTHUR MAG CONFERENCE CENTER BEHIND THE MIDWEST RESEARCH INSTITUTE'S BUILDING ON THE SECOND WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF VOLKER BOULEVARD AND CHERRY, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI. VISITORS ARE WELCOME!!

MEMBERSHIP IN THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO IS OPEN TO PERSONS OVER AGE 15 YEARS OLD WHO DEMONSTRATE A SERIOUS AND LASTING INTEREST IN MISSOURI'S AND OUR NATION'S CAVES, AS WELL AS GOOD JUDGEMENT AND A SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY. THESE LAST QUALITIES ARE ESSENTIAL, FOR CAVING IS A TEAM ACTIVITY REQUIRING MUTUAL CONFIDENCE AND COMRADESHIP IN ORDER TO BE SAFE, ENJOYABLE, AND PRODUCTIVE. THE PROSPECTIVE MEMBER MUST ALSO PARTICIPATE IN AT LEAST THREE GROTTO CAVING TRIPS AND BE APPROVED BY THE MAJORITY OF THE MEMBERS PRESENT AT A REGULAR MEETING. PLEASE HELP US TO PRESERVE MISSOURI'S UNDERGROUND ECOSYSTEMS FOR THE FUTURE!

A CAVE IS MORE THAN JUST AN OPENING IN THE GROUND. THE WHOLE CATCHMENT AREA OF ANY CAVE NEEDS AS MUCH PROTECTION AS THE CAVE ITSELF. EVEN IF THERE IS BUT A SMALL STREAM FLOW OR DISCHARGE, THESE MUST BE MAINTAINED IN A PRISTINE CONDITION FOR PROPER PRESERVATION OF FORMATIONS AND WILDLIFE. THE CONCEPT IS, FRANKLY, DIFFICULT TO CONVEY IN MANY COUNTRIES. THE NEED TO PRESERVE THE VEGETATION ABOVE THE CAVE; NOT SIGNIFICANTLY ENLARGE PREVIOUSLY EXISTING CAVE ENTRANCES; THE NEED TO MAINTAIN A NON-POLLUTED WATER SUPPLY; TO LIMIT FUEL LINES, ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS AND TRANSPORTATION SYSTEMS FROM IMPINGING ON THE CAVE ENVIRONMENT; THE NEED TO MAINTAIN THE INTEGRITY OF THE LIMESTONE IN WHICH THE CAVE IS FORMED; THESE ARE ALL ESSENTIAL TO PROPER CAVE MANAGEMENTS AND CAVE ECOSYSTEMS.





# WITH THE UNDERGROUND PEREGRINES



FANTASTIC PIT BY BILL KLIMACK.



CARLSBAD RESTORATION BY BART RAPP.



1989 NSS CONVENTION BY BECKY HOLDEN.



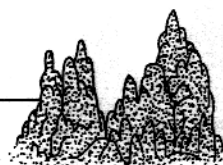
1989 OLD TIMERS REUNION BY RANDY BRUEGGER.

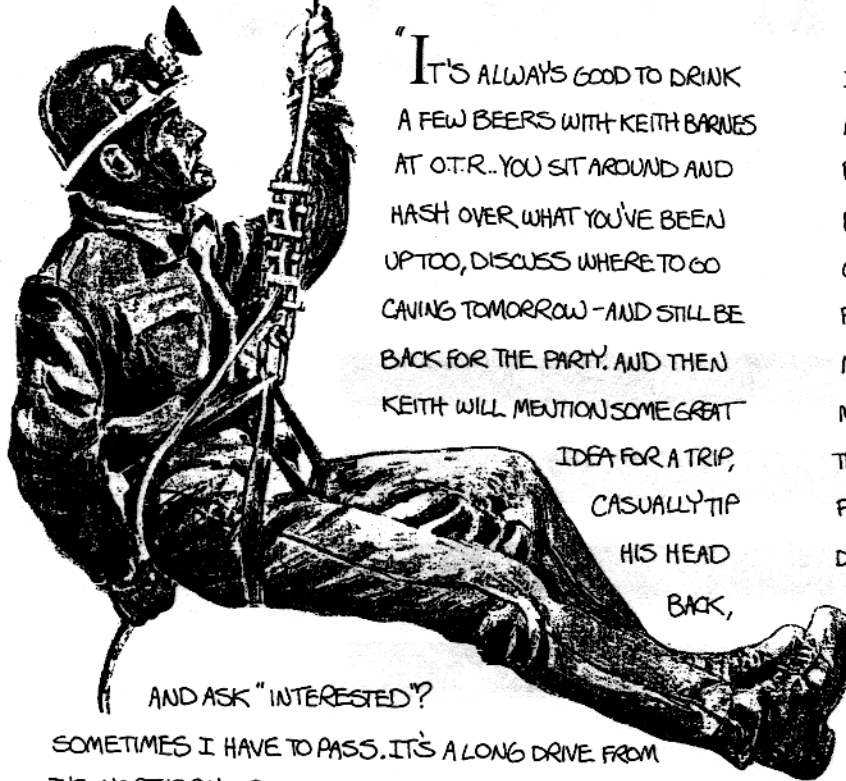


1989

FALL - WINTER

1989



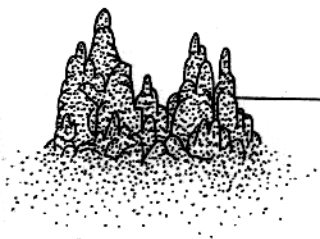


"IT'S ALWAYS GOOD TO DRINK  
A FEW BEERS WITH KEITH BARNES  
AT O.T.R.. YOU SIT AROUND AND  
HASH OVER WHAT YOU'VE BEEN  
UP TO, DISCUSS WHERE TO GO  
CAVING TOMORROW - AND STILL BE  
BACK FOR THE PARTY. AND THEN  
KEITH WILL MENTION SOME GREAT  
IDEA FOR A TRIP,  
CASUALLY TIP  
HIS HEAD  
BACK,

AND ASK "INTERESTED?"

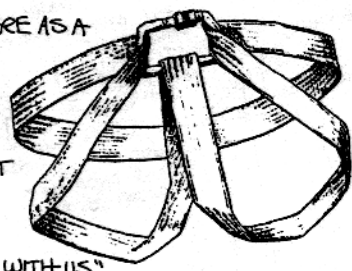
SOMETIMES I HAVE TO PASS. IT'S A LONG DRIVE FROM  
THE NORTHERN TIP OF THE CHESAPEAKE TO WHERE KEITH LIVES,  
SOMEWHERE DOWN NEAR WHERE THE FIRST AIRPLANE FLIGHT  
TOOK PLACE. ELLISON'S AT THANKSGIVING WAS DOABLE. THANKS-  
GIVING DINNER ON THE ROAD AT SHONEY'S AND TWELVE HOURS  
OF DRIVING AND PAT KROFF AND I WERE AT SEQUOYA CAVERNS  
IN TAG COUNTRY. I HADN'T BEEN HERE SINCE THE FALL 1984  
TAG FALL CAVE-IN. THAT CERTAINLY WAS A PAST LIFETIME. LOT'S  
HAS CHANGED SINCE. HERE I LINKED UP WITH KEITH, MARY  
NORDAN, FERNANDO VALENCIANO, PILAR ZALDINAR AND RAY  
MOODY. MARK THOMAS ROLLED IN SOMETIME AFTER I HAD CRASHED.

IN THE MORNING MICHAEL RAY ARRIVED FROM SOMEWHERE  
NEARBY AND WE CONVOYED TO MEGAWELL. AT THE SPLIT IN THE  
ROAD LEADING TO VALHALLA WE WENT AND MET JIM LOFTIN.  
PARKING ON PULLOFFS, KEITH AND I EACH TOOK A COIL OF THE  
600-FOOT ROPE AND HIKE INTO THE WOODS AND BEGAN TO SEARCH  
FOR THE ENTRANCE. EVERYONE FANNED OUT AND WITHIN 20  
MINUTES WE WERE AT A CAVE ENTRANCE. UNFORTUNATELY RAY,  
MICHAEL AND JIM WEREN'T WITH US. KEITH POKED AROUND IN  
THE ENTRANCES, UNSURE IF THIS WAS IN FACT MEGAWELL.  
FINALLY DECIDING THAT IT WASN'T, WE MOVED DOWNSLOPE IN THE  
DIRECTION THAT THE OTHERS HAD DISAPPEARED. NOT FINDING  
THEM AFTER MUCH PRACTICE EMPTYING OUR LUNGS INTO THE  
ATMOSPHERE DIRECTLY (WITH VOCAL CORDS ENGAGED) AND  
THROUGH SMALL METAL AND PLASTIC DEVICES CAUSING CONVOL-  
UTED FLUID FLOW PROPELLING A SMALL SPHERE TO CIRCUMNAVIG-  
ATE A CYLINDRICAL CHAMBER ESTABLISHING RESONANCE FREQU-  
ENCIES AT A RECTANGULAR ORFICE (AKA A WHISTLE), WE BAGGED  
IT. WE WENT BACK TO THE TRUCKS. EVENTUALLY THE SOUTHERNERS  
RETURNED. WE HAD BEEN AT THE RIGHT ENTRANCE. "WHAT ABOUT  
THE WATERFALL ABOVE THE ENTRANCE? I DON'T REMEMBER THAT."  
"NORMALLY THERE ISN'T THAT MUCH WATER - IT'S ONLY A TRICKLE  
NORMALLY." "SO HOW WOULD THE DROP BE?" "WELL, KIND'A LIKE  
A FIREHOSE." WE DECIDED TO GO TO VALHALLA. BACK DOWN TO  
WHERE WE MET JIM AND THEN UP THE DIRT ROAD. PAST THE NEW  
"NOTRESSPASSING" SIGNS. DROPPING THE NON-FOUR WHEEL DRIVE

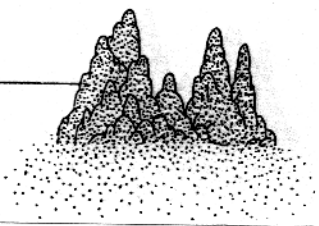
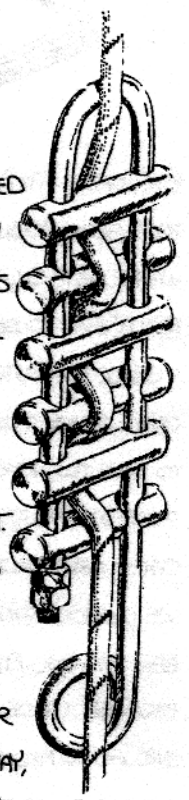


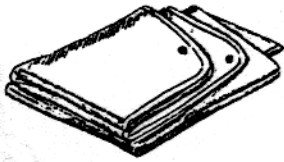
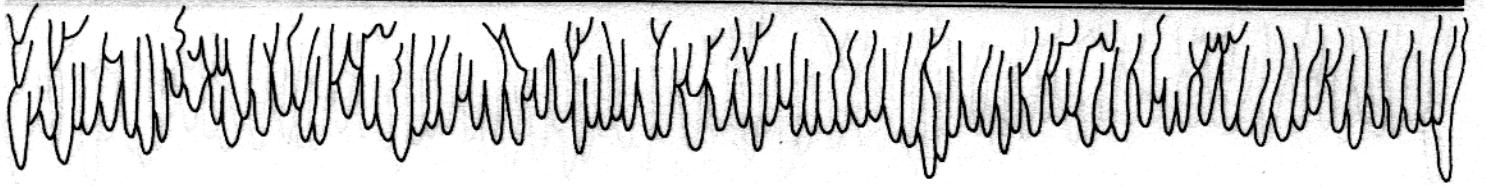
VEHICLES AT THE BARN, WE CONTINUED UP A ROAD MUCH WORSE THAN IN 1984. PROBABLY THE WORST ROAD I'VE EVER DRIVEN ON. WHEN WE GOT TO THE TOP IT LOOKED LIKE A CAVER PARKING LOT. PROBABLY TEN TRUCKS! TWO GROUPS WERE ALREADY THERE. ONE GROUP, ON TOP OF THE PIT, WERE FRIENDS OF JIM AND MICHAEL. THEY GRACIOUSLY LET US USE THEIR ROPES. THE OTHER GROUP WAS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT. THE FOLKS ON TOP INDICATED THAT THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS OF THEIR ABILITIES. AT THE TOP OF THE 228-FOOT PIT, WHICH IS OPEN AIR, IS A CENOTAPH DEDICATED TO SAM CRAWFORD AND MIKE HANEBAUM. THEY WERE KILLED IN JUNE 1984, CRUSHED BY A FALLING BOULDER WHILE WAITING TO CLIMB OUT. WITH NINE OF US TO DROP, KEITH, JIM, MICHAEL, AND MARK WENT IN THE FIRST GROUP. BEFORE THEY CLIMBED OUT IN TANDEM ON THE TWO ROPES, THE UNKNOWN GROUP WAS GETTING THEIR FIRST TANDEM CLIMBERS OUT. I HEARD ONE OF THEM YELL "ROCK!" AND A LARGE BOOM ECHOED OUT OF THE PIT. LATER MICHAEL TOLD ME THAT OUR GROUP HUGGED THE WALLS BUT A GUY WITH THE OTHER GROUP CASUALLY STOOD THERE AS A ROCK TWICE THE SIZE OF HIS HEAD EXPLODED FIVE FEET AWAY. HE LOOKED AT IT CASUALLY AS IF TO SAY "OH, THAT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME WITH US."

I WAS STANDING ON THE LIP OF THE PIT TAKING PICTURES WHEN I HEARD A SICKENING POP. AT THE LIP KEITH'S SIMMONS SEP-



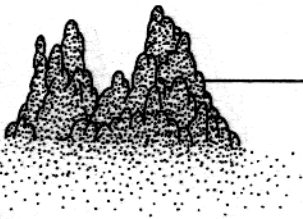
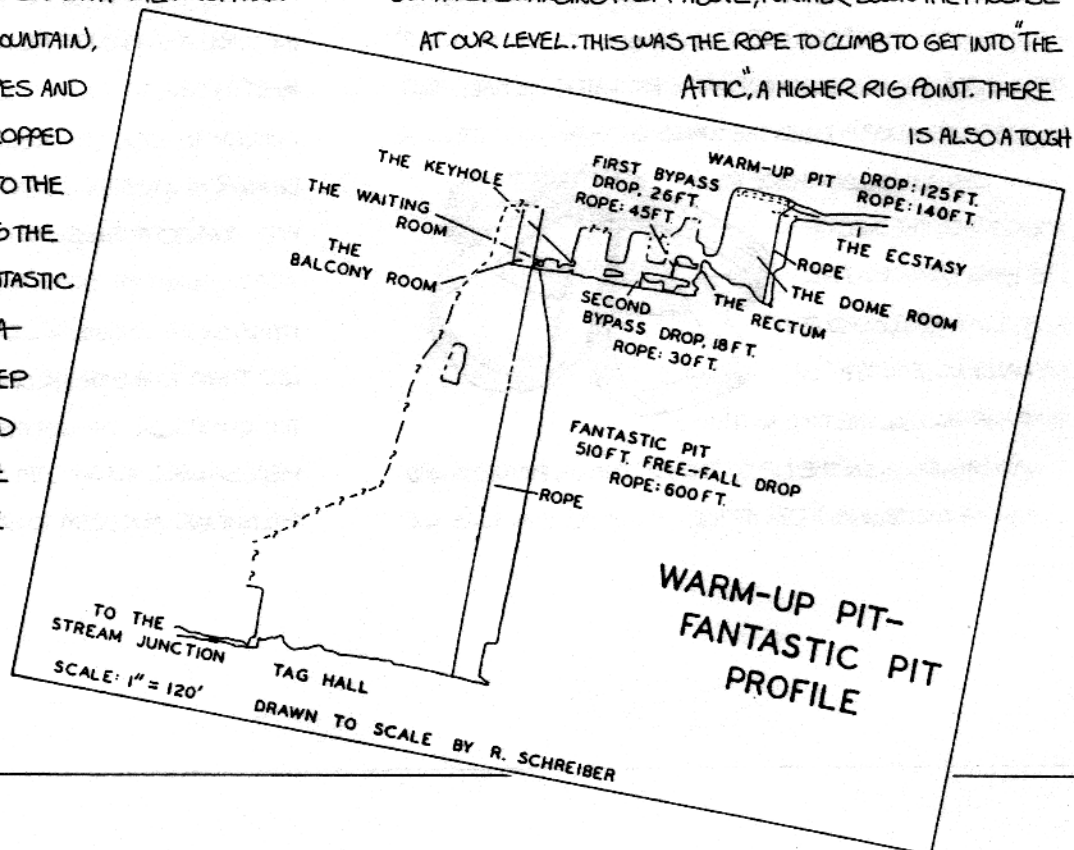
ARATED FROM THE BACKING PLATE. KEITH REALIZED THAT HE WAS FINE, HANGING FROM HIS SAFETY JUMAR AND KEPT HIS COMPOSURE. THE SCREWS THAT ATTACHED THE SHELL TO THE CHEST PLATE HAD FAILED. MARY, PILAR, FERNANDO AND RAY WENT NEXT. I SPENT THE TIME FERTILIZING A TREE FOR THE THIRD TIME THAT DAY. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT IF IT'S SOMETHING THAT I ATE OR NOT. MAYBE BARNES DOES IT TO ME. THIS HAPPENED IN MEXICO TOO. AT LEAST IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AT BRIDGE DAY. KEITH PEED IN HIS WATER BOTTLE THERE. I WOULD HAVE HAD TO USE A HELMET OR SOMETHING ON THE CATWALK (JES? - BY THE WAY, NEVER ACCEPT A DRINK OF WATER FROM KEITH.) WHEN IT WAS MY TURN IT WAS JUST ME. WE WERE IN A HURRY. WE HAD TO MEET PEOPLE THAT NIGHT. I YO-YO'ED, PAUSING ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO SIGN THE REGISTER AND TAKE A COUPLE OF SHOTS. DINNER AT A WESTERN SIZZLER WAS AMUSING. MICHAEL AND JIM HAD WORKED AT THE SAME MUSEUM AT ONE TIME. AFTER UNPACKING AN SINGLE ARTIST EXHIBITION, THEY WERE UPSET TO SEE TWO ITEMS ON THE INVENTORY LIST WERE MISSING. A FRANTIC SEARCH LED THEM TO THE TRUCK OF PACKING MATERIALS DESTINED FOR THE DUMPSTER. THE LABORERS HAD REALLY THOUGHT TWO OF THE PIECES WERE TRASH. JIM SAID "WE ALMOST HA-YED TO CALL THE GUY AND ASK HEM TO SEND A-NU-THER TI-YED DETERGENT

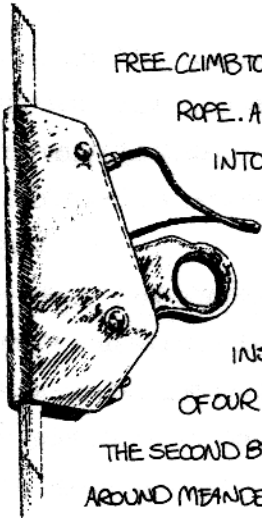
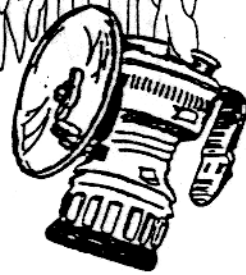
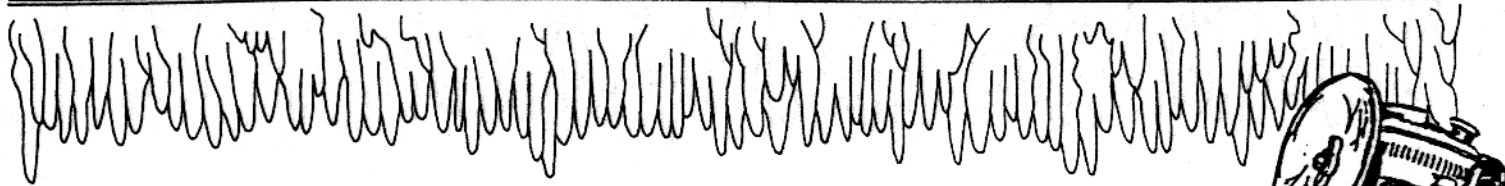




BOX; ONE WITH A TA-YER." AFTER OUR FEEDING FRENZY WE DROVE TO PIGEON MOUNTAIN. AT BLUE SPRING, THE RESURGENCE OF THE WATER FROM ELLISON'S CAVE, WE MET SARAH RODGER. SHE WAS REALLY GLAD TO SEE US. SHE HAD BEEN THERE BY HERSELF WITH A GROUP OF HUNTERS. FORTUNATELY THE MOST HEAVILY INTOXICATED ONE WAS KEPT UNDER CONTROL BY HIS BUDDIES. WE HAD PLANNED TO HAVE TWO PARTIES ENTER THE CAVE FROM OPPOSITE SIDES, ONE DROPPING FANTASTIC PIT AND ASCENDING INCREDIBLE PIT. THE OTHER GROUP MOVING IN THE REVERSE DIRECTION. UNFORTUNATELY WE COULDN'T FIND TWO GUIDES WHO KNEW THE ROUTE IN BETWEEN THE TWO PITTS. ELLISON'S HAS OVER 13 MILES OF CHALLENGING PASSAGE. WE DECIDED TO DROP FANTASTIC AND COME OUT IN TWO GROUPS TO MINIMIZE WAITING. WE CAMPED THERE AT THE GAME PRESERVE AND THE NEXT MORNING I LEFT WITH THE FIRST PARTY TO RIG THE CAVE. WE HIKED UP THE MOUNTAIN, CARRYING A 700', AND TWO 200' ROPES AND OUR GEAR. AT THE ENTRANCE WE DROPPED OUR SPARE CLOTHES AND SLIPPED INTO THE HOLE IN THE STREAM BED, FOLLOWING THE FLOWING WATER ON ITS WAY TO FANTASTIC PIT. INITIALLY WE TRAVELED DOWN A STREAM BED, WALKING IN ANKLE-DEEP WATER. JIM AND MIKE MOVED AHEAD TO RIG THE INITIAL 145' DROP WHILE RAY AND I BROUGHT THE LONG ROPE

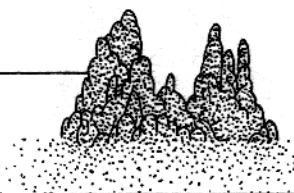
IN A DUFFEL. RAY AND I LOWERED THE DUFFEL USING A RACK AND THEN I JOINED SARAH AND MARK IN THE SPRAY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE FIRST PIT. MICHAEL AND JIM HAD GONE AHEAD AGAIN WITH MY 200 WHILE SARAH AND MARK WAITED FOR THE DUFFEL. THEY WEREN'T SURE OF THE WAY ON. WE WAITED FOR RAY, A VETERAN OF THIS PART OF THE CAVE, HIDING FROM THE FALLING WATER IN THE LEE OF A WALL OF ROCK. NOT FAR FROM THE FIRST DROP WE FOUND THE NEXT ROPE TIED OFF. HERE THE 200 WAS STRUNG ALONG THE PASSAGE TO ALLOW EASY TRAVEL DOWN TWO SHORT DROPS. (FIRST AND SECOND BYPASS) THE FIRST WAS FREE CLIMBABLE BUT EASIER TO RAFFEL AND ONLY ABOUT 26 FEET. THE SECOND WAS A LITTLE UNDER 20', BUT NOT CLIMBABLE WITHOUT GETTING ON ROPE. BEFORE WE WENT DOWN THE FIRST DROP, RAY POINTED OUT A ROPE HANGING FROM ABOVE, FURTHER DOWN THE PASSAGE AT OUR LEVEL. THIS WAS THE ROPE TO CLIMB TO GET INTO THE "ATTIC," A HIGHER RIG POINT. THERE IS ALSO A TOUGH

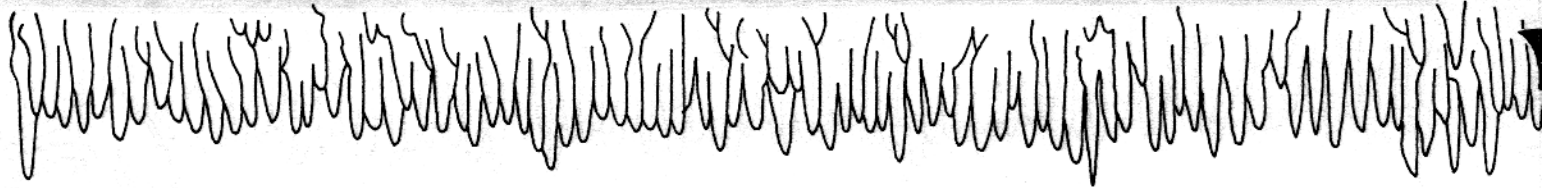




FREE CLIMB TO THE ATTIC, HENCE THE PERMANENT ROPE. A LONG ROPE ALSO HANGS FROM THE ATTIC INTO FANTASTIC. AS I UNDERSTAND IT, IT'S PLACED BY PMI AS A SERVICE AND FOR TEST PURPOSES. WE PLANNED ON RIGGING THE BALCONY FIRST, THEN PERHAPS INSPECTING THE ATTIC AND DROPPING PART OF OUR PARTY ON THAT ROPE. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SECOND BYPASS DROP WE FOLLOWED THE STREAM AROUND MEANDERS IN THE ROCK (PAST THE REMAINS OF AN OLD GATE) TO THE SHELF WHERE THE WATER DISAPPEARED INTO THE NOISE AND BLACKNESS BELOW. (510' FREE) WE CRAWLED ACROSS THE SHELF AND INTO A TIGHT SLOT. IT WASN'T UNTIL THE WAY OUT THAT I LEARNED TO STAY AGAINST THE RIGHT WALL (KEEPING YOU FROM USING BRUTE FORCE TO PULL THROUGH THE CONSTRICTION IS THE THOUGHT THAT POPPING OUT ISN'T GOOD IF YOU POP OUT FARTHER THAN THE SHELF GOES. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CONSTRICTION YIELDS A WIDE COMFORTABLE AREA. JIM RIGGED, SAYING "THIS IS THE FIRST TIME THAT I'VE RIGGED A PIT." WE DECIDED TO LET JIM AND MICHAEL DROP AND CLIMB IMMEDIATELY SO THAT THEY COULD DRIVE HOME THAT EVENING. WE WAITED AN HOUR - THEY DID THE PIT QUICKLY. WHILE I WAS NAPPING A GROUP FROM FLORIDA CAME IN AND DROPPED FROM THE LEFT. THE SECOND GUY DOWN WAS HAVING PROBLEMS GETTING HIS RACK TO LET THE ROPE THROUGH. HE WAS FORCE FEEDING

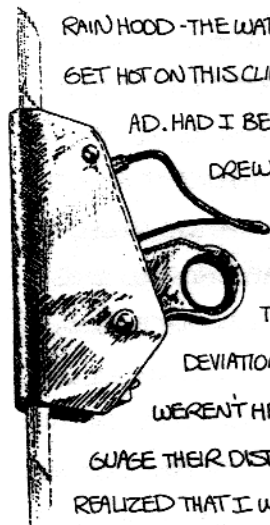
THE PMI INTO THE BARS. WHEN HE WAS CLOSE TO OUR LEVEL HE CALLED DOWN "HEY, CAN YOU GUYS PULL ME OVER THERE SO I CAN GET OFF THE ROPE AND FIX MY GEAR?" WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER AS ONE, LOOKED BACK AT HIM, AND SAID IN UNISON "NO." "ARE YOU SERIOUS?" AGAIN IN UNISON "YES." WE GAVE HIM A QUICK LESSON, FROM 20 FEET AWAY, ON HOW TO REMOVE A BAR AND HE SANK OUT OF SIGHT. MARK, SARAH, AND MYSELF, AND FINALLY RAY DROPPED INTO THE PIT. THE WATERFALL WAS ABOUT 30' FROM THE RIG POINT AT THE TOP, BUT AFTER ABOUT 100' WE DESCENDED INTO A SWIRLING MAELSTROM OF MIST, THEN DROPS. AT THE BOTTOM WE EACH GOT OFF ROPE AND MOVED INTO THE PASSAGE BEFORE BLOWING THE OFF ROPE WITH A SIGNAL. A REGISTER HANGS IN A PVC PIPE IN THE PIT, BUT A GUY FROM FLORIDA CHECKED IT OUT AND SAID IT WAS TOO DAMP TO SIGN. WHILE THE FLORIDA CAVERS CONTINUED DOWN THE ATTIC ROPE, MARK AND SARAH CLIMBED OUT, PLANNING TO EXIT THE CAVE AND START DRIVING NORTH. RAY AND I PULLED OUT A MAP AND DECIDED TO LOOK FOR THE GYPSUM ROOM, WHICH APPEARED NOT TO BE MORE THAN 45 MINUTES AWAY. THE PASSAGE QUICKLY BECAME TIGHT AND SMALL AFTER A SHORT CHIMNEY DOWN. WE PUSHED INTO THE MAIN STREAM PASSAGE, TURNING UPSTREAM. AFTER MOVING FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES WE CAME TO BREAKDOWN FILLING THE PASSAGE. WE POKED AROUND, LOOKING FOR AN OBVIOUS WAY ON. THE ONLY ROUTE SEEMED TO BE CRAWLING IN THE STREAM. WE DECIDED THAT WE'D RETURN TO THE ROPE AS THE STREAM DID -



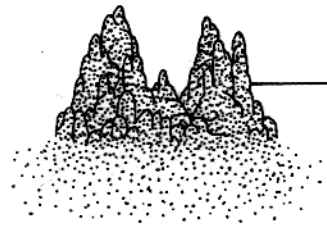


N'T SEEM TOO APPEALING AT THE MOMENT. WE MET THE SECOND GROUP AT THE ROPE. MOST WERE DOWN, THE OTHERS COMING. WE TALKED FOR AWHILE, I MOOCHED FOOD (GOT TO GET A BIGGER PACK) AND THEN WE LEFT THEM TO CLIMB OUT. RAY AND I DEBATED CLIMBING TO THE ATTIC RATHER THAN THE BALCONY. HENRY GILSDORF, WHO'D ARRIVED DURING THE NIGHT, HAD LEFT A 150' ROPE UP THERE FOR EXPLORATION BEYOND THE ATTIC. THERE IS A DROP RUMORED TO BE OUT THERE. HE SAID THAT WE WERE FREE TO TAKE IT AND CONDUCT A RECONNAISSANCE. WE DECIDED THAT WED JUST EXIT AND WOULD'VE PICKED UP THE ROPE AND TAKEN IT OUT (HENRY WASN'T GOING TO USE IT THIS TRIP.) BUT WE HAD NO WAY TO TELL HENRY - HE WAS GONE, LEAVING THE OTHERS DEEPER INTO ELLISON'S. RAY AND I WENT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BALCONY ROPE. IT WAS LIKE BEING ON A BOAT IN A STORM. I HELD THE BOTTOM OF THE ROPE TO LET RAY GET AN EASY START AND THE WINDS BLEW MIST AND RAIN DROPS INTO MY FACE. I THINK THAT THE WIND WAS IN THE THIRTY-MILE-AN-HOUR RANGE. IT DEFINETLY FELT LIKE SURFACE RAIN. THE MOST OF THE WATER FELL AS A PULSATING COLUMN INTO A SHALLOW POOL BEYOND THE ROPES. RAY STARTED UP, I TOOK A COUPLE OF PHOTOGRAPHS. BY THE TIME THAT RAY WAS FAR ENOUGH UP FOR ME TO GET ON, I WAS SOAKED WHEREVER I WASN'T COVERED BY MY RAIN JACKET. AS QUICKLY AS I COULD FASTEN ON MY TWO GIBBS ASCENDERS, MY CHEST ROLLER, AND MY SAFETY JUMAR, I WAS READY TO CLIMB. ONE LAST CHECK OF ALL MY BINERS TO MAKE SURE THAT THE GATES WERE LOCKED, A BIGHT OF ROPE

IN MY LEFT HAND FOR A SELF-START, AND I WAS OFF. THE FLOOR SOON RECEDED INTO THE GREY HAZE OF WATER FLYING THROUGH THE BEAM OF MY WHEAT LAMP. EVEN THE REFLECTIVE TAPE ON THE REGISTER TUBE WAS QUICKLY GONE - BECAUSE OF VISIBILITY CONDITIONS, NOT MY SPEED. UNLIKE SOME OTHER LONG CLIMBS THERE WAS NO VISIBLE GOAL ABOVE. EVEN WITH MY WHEAT ON HIGH BEAM, I COULD BARELY PICK OUT RAY ABOVE ME. I DIDN'T LOOK AT HIM MUCH BECAUSE THIS LET RAIN DROP INTO MY FACE. ONLY THE RHYTHMIC BOBBING OF THE ROPE TOLD ME WHEN HE WAS CLIMBING, OR ITS ABSENCE, WHEN HE RESTED. RAY CLIMBED WITH HIS LIGHT OFF. HE LATER TOLD ME THAT VISIBILITY WAS BETTER FOR HIM WITH IT OFF, THE INDIRECT LIGHTING FROM MY LAMP WAS BETTER. FIVE HUNDRED - TEN FEET OR SO IS A LONG WAY. I WAS REMINDED THAT I REALLY NEED TO PUT A PLATE BEHIND MY CHEST ROLLER. I TOOK OFF MY



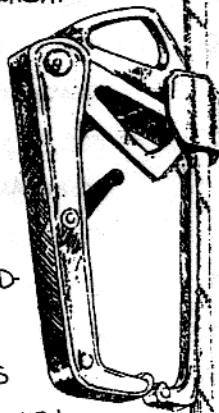
RAIN HOOD - THE WATER FELT GOOD NOW. AT LEAST I WOULDN'T GET HOT ON THIS CLIMB. MY WATCH SEEMED TO BE RACING AHEAD. HAD I BEEN ON THIS ROPE THIS LONG? THE WALLS DREW A LITTLE CLOSER TOGETHER. FOSSILS IN THESE WALLS DROPPED FROM ABOVE AND SLOWLY CRAWLED BELOW ME AS I SEEMED TO BE STATIONARY. LANDMARKS APPEARED, DEVIATIONS IN THE FORM OF THE PIT. BUT THESE WEREN'T HELPFUL. THE RAPID DROP IN DIDN'T LET ME GUAGE THEIR DISTANCE FROM THE ANCHORS. EVENTUALLY I REALIZED THAT I WAS OUT OF THE SPRAY. THAT HAD TO MEAN



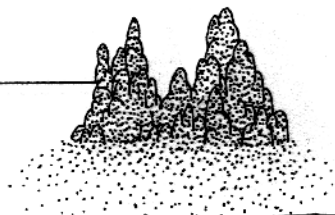




THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WAY UP. OCCASIONALLY I'D HEAR A POP OF A 'BINER FROM RAY'S RIG AND HOPE THAT HE WAS GETTING OFF. NOT YET. I BEGAN TO WONDER WHAT 'BINERS GATE WAS BEING OPENED ,AND DID RAY KNOW ABOUT IT. FINALLY, A SERIES OF POPS AND RINGS AND "OFF ROPE". A COUPLE MORE BREATHERS AND I WAS AT THE ANCHOR. THE RIG IS NICE. HOOK A LEG AROUND A PROJECTION AND SIT, DERIG YOUR SYSTEM, AND SQUEEZE PAST SOME BREAKDOWN AND YOU ON THE BALCONY. WE SLID THROUGH THE SQUEEZE AND GOT TO THE LOWER BYPASS DROP. RAY WENT UP. WHEN IT WAS MY TURN, AS I LOADED THE ROPE INTO MY ASCENDERS, I LOOKED AT THE ROPE WHICH LOOKED MORE LIKE CABLE THAN ROPE. IT WAS COVERED WITH OOZE. I WAS THINKING THAT I WAS GLAD THAT THIS WASN'T MY ROPE WHEN I REALIZED THAT IT WAS! THE HIGHER NUISANCE DROP WAS AN EASY FREECLIMB WITH A JUMAR SAFETY. WE WERE BACK AT THE 145' PFT. RAY WENT FIRST AND I WAS GLAD THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE LONG WAIT UNTIL I GOT ONTO THE ROPE. MY TURN AND SHORTLY I WAS AT THE TOP. A SHORT WALK UP THE STREAM, EASY WITHOUT ROPES TO TAKE OUT, AND WE WERE OUT. I HAD A CHANGE OF CLOTHES IN THE PACK I'D LEFT OUTSIDE, BUT RAY DIDN'T. HE WAITED WHILE I CHANGED AND WE FOLLOWED THE FAINT TRAIL DOWN. ABOUT 20 MINUTES LATER WE WERE AT THE HUNTER'S CAMP. RAY HUGGED THE FIRE AND TALKED WITH THE HUNTERS AND A GAME WARDEN THAT WAS ALSO THERE. THE WARDEN ASKED US TO FILL OUT AN INFORMATION CARD. WE HADN'T



SEEN THE NEW STATION FOR THIS. THE OLD ONE HAD BEEN ABANDONED. WE THREW OUR GEAR INTO HIS TRUCK, NOTING THAT SARAH AND MARK HAD DECAMPED. WE DROVE TO OUR CAMPSITE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY. MICHAEL AND JIM WERE GONE TOO, AS EXPECTED. WE ATE. HAVING BEEN IN THE CAVE FOR TWELVE HOURS AND NOT HAVING TO DERIG, RAY SAID THAT IT WAS HIS EASIEST ELLISON'S TRIP YET. THE OTHERS DIDN'T GET BACK UNTIL ABOUT 8:30 THE NEXT MORNING, A 16 PLUS HOUR TRIP. THEY HAD GONE TO "THE CREAMERY" TO SEE THE PILE OF MOON MILK AND TO ANGEL'S PARADISE. I WAS A LITTLE JEALOUS I GUESS, BUT THEY WERE TRASHED AND WOULD HAVE TO SLEEP BEFORE THEIR FIVE HOUR DRIVE TO RALEIGH. SINCE IT TOOK ME 14 TO GET HOME I GUESS THAT IT WAS FOR THE BEST. I RECOVERED MY ROPE AND 'BINER. SEVERAL OF US WENT INTO LAFAYETTE (NAMED FOR GENERAL LAFAYETTE, BUT PRONOUNCED "LA FAY YET." KIND OF LIKE "BELAIR", "BEL AIR", AND "BLAIR" MARYLAND I GUESS.) FOR BREAKFAST. ONE OF THE GUYS WITH HENRY FROM CHICAGO SAID AS WE WALKED IN THAT EVERYONE WAS STARRING AT US LIKE WE WERE FROM ANOTHER PLANET. I FIGURED THAT THIS WAS BECAUSE THE OTHER GUY THAT CAME WITH HENRY HAD HAIR LONGER THAN THE TOTAL SUM OF ALL THE HAIR OF THE GUYS IN THE PLACE FROM LAFAYETTE. AFTER EATING WE ROLLED UP HIGHWAY TWENTY-SEVEN TOWARDS CHATTANOOGA, PAST THE P.M.I. FACTORY AND THROUGH THE CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD. INTO THE THANKSGIVING TRAFFIC , BACK TOWARDS WORK ON MONDAY MORNING. - THE END.



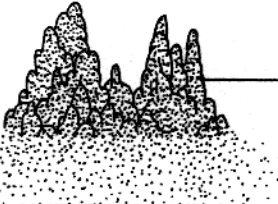
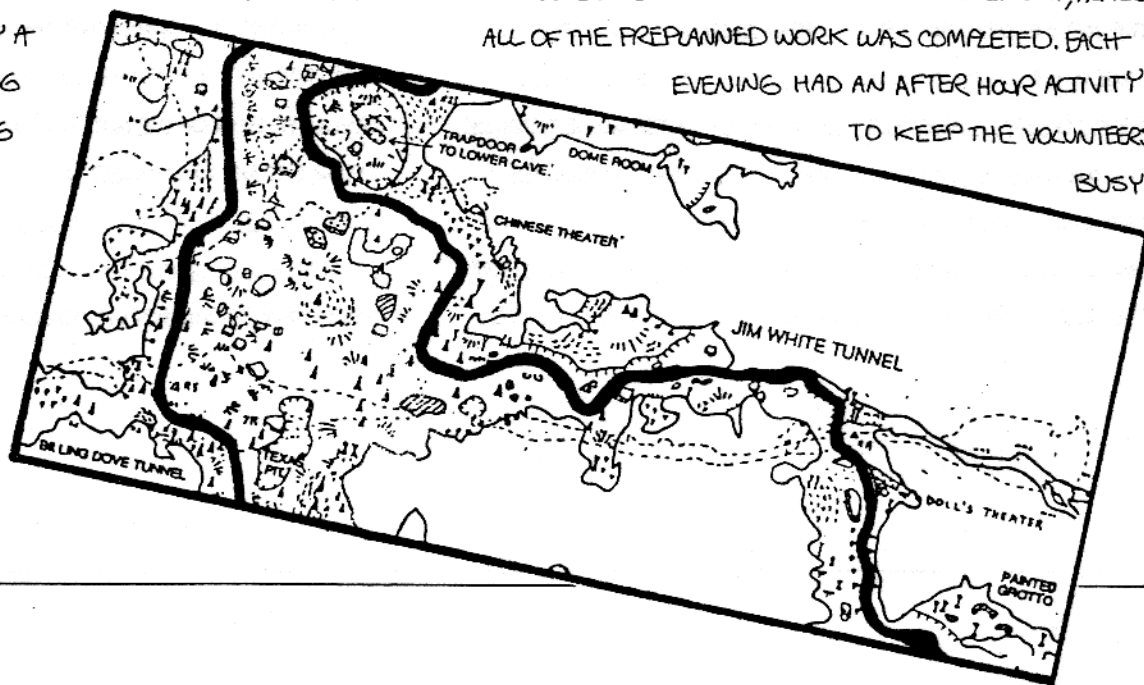
# CARLSBAD RESTORATION FIELD CAMP

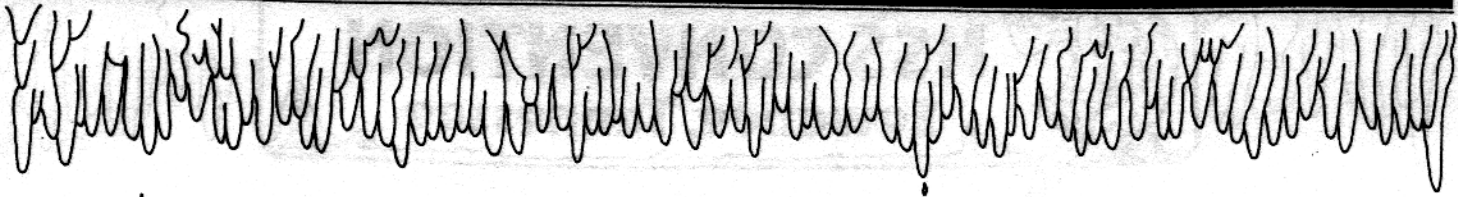


THE 1989 CARLSBAD CAVERN CRF-NSS-NPS RESTORATION FIELD CAMP CONCLUDED ITS FIVE DAYS OF FELLOWSHIP, WORK, AND AFTER HOUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCURSIONS WITH 31 HAPPY AND SATISFIED CAVERNS. THIS YEARS ATTENDEES (VOLUNTEERS INCLUDING K.C.A.G. MEMBERS SUE SCHOOER AND BART RAFF) WERE FROM MANY DIVERSIFIED BACKGROUNDS AND CAME FROM AS FAR AWAY AS VERMONT AND WASHINGTON STATE. THEY ALL BROUGHT THEIR CAVING SKILLS AND AN ABUNDANCE OF ENTHUSIASM THAT WAS PUT TO GOOD USE IN RESTORING ABOUT 8600 SQUARE FEET OF OFF TRAIL "SPELEOTHEINGS". AREAS ALONG THE VISITOR'S TRAIL FROM THE "CHINESE THEATER" TO THE "DOLL'S THEATRE" WE DUG, CLEANED, PICKED, DELIMITED, AND REFILLED IN AN EFFORT TO BRING THIS PORTION OF THE CAVE BACK TO AS NEAR A PRISTINE LOOK AS POSSIBLE. THIS YEARS EFFORT UNCOVERED A NEW LARGE POOL AREA ACROSS FROM THE CHINESE THEATER, A RIMSTONE LILY PAD AREA ALONG AN EXISTING POOL AND A PLETHORA OF POPCORN, RIMSTONE, FLOWSTONE, AND OTHER SPELEOTHEMS WHICH HAD BEEN COVERED OVER BY A RED-ORANGE CLAY DURING THE EARLY TRAIL BUILDING EFFORTS OF THE 1930'S AND 1940'S. ALSO, AN EFFORT WAS STARTED TO "UNDO" WHAT THE

PREVIOUS TRAIL BUILDERS HAD DAMAGED. IN THE USING OF CLAY MATERIAL FOR TRAIL BUILDING, THE TRAIL BUILDERS HAD REMOVED MATERIAL FROM A "BLASTED-OUT" FLOWSTONE CLAY MOUND ACROSS FROM THE CHINESE THEATRE. MUCH OF THE DEBRIS (CLAY, BROKEN SPELEOTHEMS AND ROCK) REMOVED FROM THE RESTORED AREAS WERE USED TO (RE) FILL THIS DAMAGED AREA. WITH THE SYSTEMATIC BLENDING OF THE MANY COLORED CLAYS, ROCKS, AND OTHER REMOVED DEBRIS MATERIAL, AN EFFORT WAS UNDERTAKEN TO TRY AND BRING THIS AREA BACK INTO BALANCE WITH THE SURROUNDING SPELEOTYPHOGRAPHY AND "ESSENCE." LOOKING AT THIS AREA NOW, IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE WHERE THE INCURSION HAD ORIGINALLY TAKEN PLACE. IT IS ALSO HARD TO IMAGINE THAT 34.5 TONS (THE TOTAL AMOUNT OF DEBRIS REMOVED FROM THE RESTORATION AREA.) OF MATERIAL WERE USED IN THE EFFORT TO REFILL THIS AND TWO OTHER SMALLER TRAIL FILLER HOLES. WITH APPROXIMATELY 1200 VOLUNTEER HOURS BEING EXPENDED ON THIS YEAR'S EFFORT, ALMOST ALL OF THE PREPLANNED WORK WAS COMPLETED. EACH

EVENING HAD AN AFTER HOUR ACTIVITY TO KEEP THE VOLUNTEERS BUSY.





TWO DAYS WERE SET ASIDE FOR OFF-TRAIL PICTURE TAKING EXCURSIONS TO AREAS NOT USUALLY SEEN BY VISITORS. THESE INCLUDED THE LAKE OF THE CLOUDS, THE NEW MEXICO ROOM, LOWER CAVE AND THE HALL OF THE WHITE GIANTS! OTHER ACTIVITIES INCLUDED VIDEOS OF LECHUGUILLA AND CAVE DIVING, SLIDE SHOWS OF CARLSBAD, MISSOURI (THE K.C.A.G. SLIDE SHOW) AND TEXAS CAVES. TO SUM UP, THIS YEAR'S RESTORATION PROJECT WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS, MUCH OF WHICH WAS DUE TO THE EFFORTS PUT FORTH BY THE COORDINATORS, THEIR ASSISTANTS, AND THE VOLUNTEERS. I WISH TO THANK EACH VOLUNTEER FOR THEIR ENTHUSIASM, BACKING, AND THE SUPREME EFFORT THEY ALL PUT FORWARD. NEXT YEAR'S RESTORATION SHOULD BE EVEN MORE EXCITING!! SPEAKING OF NEXT YEAR'S 1990 RESTORATION CAMP, I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT ALL 25 VOLUNTEER SLOTS HAVE ALREADY BEEN FILLED. SO THEY HAVE ADDED A SECOND FIELD CAMP FOR SEPTEMBER 16-22 TO CONCENTRATE ON LINT STUDIES. WE CAVERS GET SO MUCH ENJOYMENT OUT OF THE SPELEAN ENVIRONMENT, WHY NOT GIVE SOMETHING BACK FOR ONCE AND HELP PRESERVE THESE SIGHTS FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.

(EDITORS NOTE: "ONE CANNOT EXPLAIN THE CLOSE COMRADERIE OF SPENDING A WEEK UNDERGROUND WITH FELLOW CAVERS; OF WORKING, CAVING, EATING (THANKS BUZZ!) AND BUNKING TOGETHER TO HELP BENEFIT CAVE CONSERVATION

AND CAVE EDUCATION. IT WAS ONE OF MY FINEST UNDERGROUND EXPERIENCES!  
THE ACCOMPLISHMENT ONE GETS

Carlsbad Caverns National Park  
Carlsbad, New Mexico

CAVE ENTRY PERMIT No. 2

Good for 6-23-89 only. Number in party 2  
(Date)

~~FREE~~ / Art Wallace / Bart Pepp  
(Name)

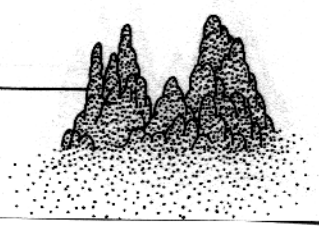
VIP

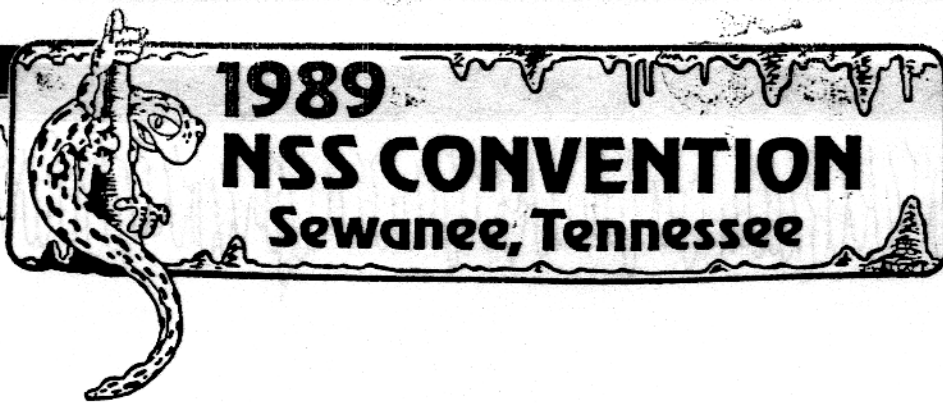
Split/Lost Ticket

Approved by: [Signature]  
(Signature)

FROM SEEING WHAT 30 PEOPLE CAN DO IN ONE WEEK'S TIME IS REMARKABLE AND SPENDING PART OF THAT TIME EDUCATING THE PUBLIC WAS WONDERFUL FOR THE PUBLIC'S PERCEPTION OF "SPELUNKERS". THEY COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT SOMEONE WOULD TAKE THEIR VACATION TIME AND PAY TO COME AND DIG, SHOVEL, BRUSH, WASH, AND DE-LINT FORMATIONS AND FILL FOR ONE WEEK'S TIME! DO YOURSELVES A FAVOR, ATTEND ONE OF THE RESTORATION CAMPS."

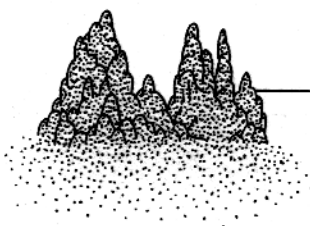
Bart

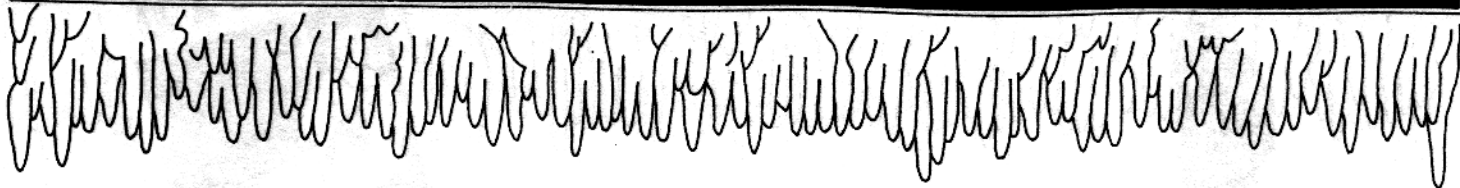




I ARRIVED IN SEWANEE, TENNESSEE, ABOUT 3AM, SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD, 1989. I CHECKED IN AT REGISTRATION AND DROVE TO THE CAMPGROUND TO FIND GEORGE McCLUSKY, ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE LITTLE ROCK GROTTO. A STORM HIT THE CAMPGROUND AND WHILE WAITING IT OUT, I WATCHED TENTS FLATTEN UNDER THE TORRENT AND ROLL AWAY IN THE WIND. I WAS SURE GLAD THE SPELEOVAN WAS HEAVY ENOUGH TO STAY PUT. SHORTLY AFTER THE CLOUD MOVED IN, I SAW GEORGE AND WE STARTED LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO CAMP, OR RATHER TO SET UP GEORGE'S TENT. I HAD MY CAMP IN THE VAN (VERY CONVENIENT) LATER THAT EVENING WE WENT TO THE GADSDEN GROTTO CAMP TO SEE GEORGE'S OLD CAVING FRIENDS. PLANS WERE MADE TO GO PIT CAVING ON TUESDAY, SINCE WE ALL HAD THINGS TO DO ON MONDAY. MONDAY I WENT TO THE VERTICAL SECTION MEETING AND RENEWED MY MEMBERSHIP. THAT EVENING WAS THE HOWDY PARTY WITH DINNER SERVED BY THE CONVENTION AND BEER PROVIDED BY P.M.I. (PIDGEON MOUNTAIN INDUSTRIES OR PARTY MASTERS INC?) TUESDAY AFTER BREAKFAST WE GOT OUR GEAR TOGETHER AND FOLLOWED THE GUIDEBOOK DIRECTIONS TO CHAINSMOKE HOLE, A 118' DOUBLE DROP PIT JUST OVER A MILE FROM THE CAMPGROUND. THE PIT WAS SMALL, SO WE DROPPED IT ONE AT A TIME. WHILE I WAS IN THE PIT, A SHORT RAINSHOWER BLEW IN; MY FIRST EXPERIENCE WITH RAIN IN A PIT. AFTER I EXITED, THE NEXT PERSON RAFFELLED INTO THE PIT. HE HAD ONLY BEEN IN A FEW MINUTES WHEN A SEVERE

THUNDERSHOWER HIT THE MOUNTAIN WITH TORRENTS OF RAIN, LIGHTNING, AND THUNDER. HE CAME OUT JUST BEFORE IT WAS OVER, BUT WE WERE ALL SOAKED. BACK TO THE TRUCK FOR DRY CLOTHES, THEN TO CAMP FOR LUNCH AND DECIDING WHICH CAVE TO DO NEXT. THE GUIDEBOOK WAS FULL OF PITS AND CAVES, THE HARD PART WAS DECIDING WHICH ONE TO DO. SHERWOOD MOUNTAIN POT, AN 84' PIT AT THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, NINE MILES FROM CAMP, WAS OUR DECISION. WE ARRIVED AT DUSK. TO GET ON ROPE, WE STOOD BEHIND A TREE AND THEN SWUNG AROUND TO THE PIT TO GO DOWN. I LEARNED SIX BARS ARE NECESSARY ON NEW ROPES, WHICH ARE VERY FAST. WHEN EVERYONE WAS OUT OF THE PIT, IT WAS TIME TO GO BACK TO CAMP AND DISCUSS THE NEXT DAY'S TRIP. WEDNESDAY MORNING WE WERE LOADED AND ON OUR WAY TO SAWMILL WELL, A 175' PIT THAT WAS 20 MILES FROM CAMP. WE DROVE WITHIN A MILE OF THE ENTRANCE. EVERYONE GOT OUT OF THE TRUCK, CHANGED INTO CAVE CLOTHES, THEN CARRIED OUR VERTICAL GEAR UPHILL A MILE. A TREE AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT WAS RIGGED WITH A SAFETY LINE TO ANOTHER TREE. THE PROCEDURE IS TO CLIP ONTO THE SAFETY LINE WITH A PIGTAIL, GO TO THE RIG POINT, PULL ROPE AROUND THE TREE, HOOK UP THE RACK, UNHOOK SAFETY, THEN SWING AROUND THE TREE AND RAFFEL INTO THE WELL. THE SUN WAS STREAMING IN AT AN ANGLE INTO A WATERFALL NEAR THE TOP AND A RAINBOW WAS IN THE SKY. IT WAS INCREDIBLE! FORMATIONS, FERNS, SUN, AND A RAINBOW ALL TOGETHER. I TOOK TIME

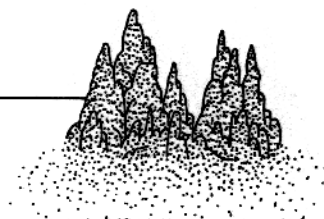


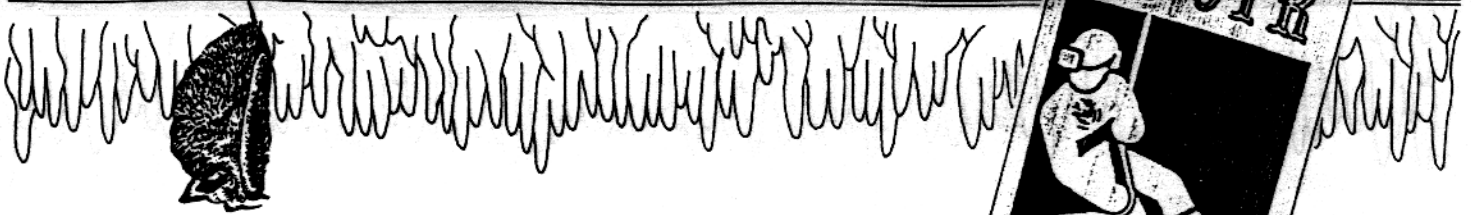


TO ENJOY THE BEAUTY. FINALLY EVERYONE WAS AT THE BOTTOM AND WE BEGAN EXITING. I WAS THE THIRD OUT AND ON THE WAY UP I BEGAN WONDERING ABOUT THE TREE AND GETTING AROUND TO THE SAFETY LINE. NO REAL PROBLEM WHEN I GOT THERE, I SIMPLY CLIMBED UP THE ROPE UNTIL I COULD REACH THE SAFETY. OF COURSE, I HAD TO HALFWAY CLIMB THE TREE AND ENDED UP IN A RATHER AWKWARD POSITION. AFTER THE SAFETY WAS ATTACHED, I UNHOOKED MY FOOT LOOPS AND THEN TOOK THE GIBBS OFF THE ROPE. BACK TO CAMP FOR A MUCH NEEDED SHOWER AND REST BEFORE THE DANCE THAT EVENING. "THE TERMINAL SYPHONS" WERE PLAYING AND WE WERE ALL LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PARTY. THURSDAY I WAS COMMITTED TO A FEW HOURS OF VOLUNTEER TIME IN THE CONSIGNMENT SHOP AND OTHERS ALSO HAD SESSIONS TO ATTEND. SPENT THE AFTERNOON RELAXING AND GETTING GEAR READY FOR FRIDAY. THE PHOTO SALON WAS WORTH THE ENTIRE TRIP BY ITSELF. FRIDAY WE DECIDED TO GO TO MYSTERY FALLS IN CHATTANOOGA. IT IS A 284' WATERFALL DROP, IF YOU DON'T PLUG THE WATER. WE WERE HOPING TO FIND A PLUG IN THE CAVE, BUT WERE ALL PREPARED TO GO DOWN IN THE WATER IF WE COULDN'T BLOCK IT OFF. AFTER WE FOUND THE ENTRANCE, RIGHT OFF A STREET ABOUT A FOURTH OF A MILE FROM RUBY FALLS, WE WADED INTO THE STREAM TO A SMALL BRICK DAM WITH A DRAIN PIPE. SOMEONE HAD A MADE TO FIT BOARD FOR THE DRAIN PIPE AND WE ALL HAD DRY RAFFELS INTO THE PIT, THE LARGEST I'VE SEEN. IT WAS IMPRESSIVE. WHEN WE WERE ALL ON THE BOTTOM, ANOTHER GROUP OF CAVERS OPENED

THE PLUG TO LET THE STREAM DRAIN. WE WERE ALL BACK INTO THE CAVE BUT WE COULD HEAR THE WATER ROARING DOWN FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE FOREVER BEFORE IT REACHED BOTTOM. ONE OF OUR TEAM CLIMBED OUT AND THE OTHER GROUP RAFFELLED DOWN AND THE WATER WAS DRAINED AGAIN. THEN TWO OF US CLIMBED OUT TO FLUSH THE STREAM AGAIN AND OUR LAST CAVER CLIMBED OUT. THE OTHER TEAM HAD A CAVER AT THE TOP, SO WE LEFT THE CAVE IN SEARCH OF DRY CLOTHES AND FOOD. WE MADE IT TO HARDEE'S, THEN IT WAS TIME TO SHOWER AND DRESS FOR THE BANQUET AND AWARDS CEREMONY. SATURDAY WAS THE DAY TO BREAK CAMP AND SEE ANOTHER CAVE, IF POSSIBLE. BLUFF RIVER WAS A NAME HEARD QUITE OFTEN AT THE CONVENTION, SO WE DECIDED TO SEE IT THAT AFTERNOON. IT WAS THE ONLY HORIZONTAL CAVE OF THE WEEK. IT HAS AN IMPRESSIVELY LARGE BOREHOLE PASSAGE AND WAS A PERFECT ENDING TO A WEEK OF YO-YOING. (AKA- ALL YOU DO IS "THE PITS") I HOPE EVERYONE GETS TO EXPERIENCE, AT LEAST ONCE, A WEEK OF CAVING IN T.A.G. COUNTRY WITH T.A.G. CAVERS. I KNOW I WILL NEVER FORGET THE THRILL OF RAFFELLING PAST A RAINBOW INTO A DARK PIT WITH GOOD FRIENDS TO SHARE THE EXPERIENCE!"

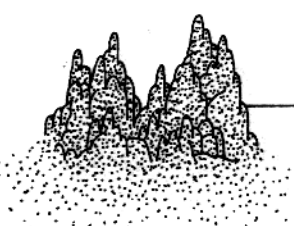
"N.S.S. CONVENTION TRIP REPORT 1989 / MY WEEK AS A YO-YO."  
WAS WRITTEN BY REBECCA HOLDEN, A MEMBER OF THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO AND THE LITTLE ROCK GROTTO.

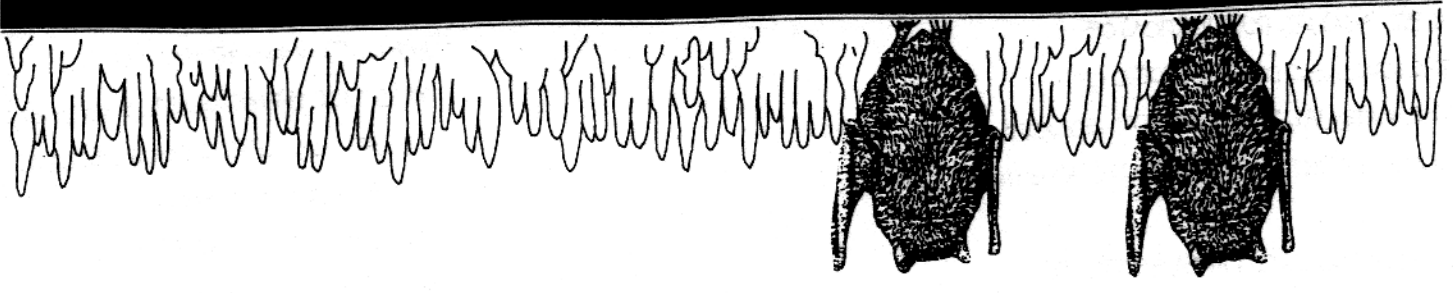




"THE FIRST OF MAY, 1989, I STARTED TALKING TO BART ABOUT GOING TO THE OLD TIMERS REUNION IN DAILEY, WEST VIRGINIA. ON LABOR DAY WEEKEND EACH YEAR A GATHERING OF ABOUT 1,800 OR SO CAVERS CONVERGE ON A 90 ACRE FIELD FOR THE WORLD'S LARGEST PARTY FOR CAVERS. HAVING BEEN TO TWO PREVIOUS CONVENTIONS, I COULD SEE A ROAD TRIP WAS IN ORDER. SO AFTER SEVERAL CONVERSATIONS WITH BART, TRYING TO CONVINCE HIM THE TRIP WAS NO LONGER THAN HIS PLANNED TRIP TO NEW MEXICO (I LIED.) I HAD HIM CONVINCED. ON AUGUST 30TH AT 5:00AM. AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF WORK BY BART TO GET ME AND THE CAR PACKED AND ME MOTIVATED AND ON THE ROAD, WE HEADED EAST. 950 MILES AND 16 HOURS LATER, WE WERE AT THE REGISTRATION TENT. THURSDAY MORNING AT 10:00 A.M. WAS TOO EARLY, FOR THE REGISTRATION TENT WAS NOT OPEN UNTIL 11:00AM., SO WE SET UP CAMP FIRST ON A HIGH SPOT NEAR THE MAIN ROAD. THE AFTERNOON WAS SPENT WATCHING THE WORK CREW PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE CAMPSITE. AFTER EATING SUPPER, WE WENT FOR A SHORT DRIVE THAT ENDED NEAR A CAVE ENTRANCE, CALLED BOWDEN CAVE. BOWDEN IS THE LARGEST CAVE IN THE AREA WITH OVER 4 MILES OF PASSAGE MAPPED. WE SPENT TWO HOURS LOOKING AT THE MAIN PASSAGE ONLY. WE AVOIDED THE "CAT CRAWL" THAT LEADS TO "THE AGONY", A BELLY CRAWL FOR 300' WITH THE LAST 100' IN 1" TO 4" OF WATER. THE ABOVE WOULD HAVE ADDED TWO MORE HOURS TO OUR TRIP AND CUT INTO THE SOCIAL TIME (AKA PARTY) AT CAMP. ON FRIDAY, CHRIS, A GREATER ALLENTOWN GROTTO MEMBER, BART AND MYSELF

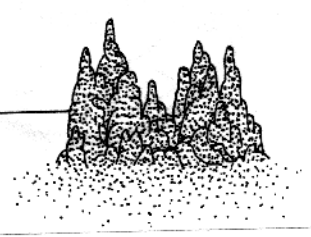
WENT TO SENECA ROCKS, A BIG TIME ROCK CLIMBING AREA WITH A NICE PARK AND VISITORS CENTER. AFTER USING THE FACILITIES AND RUNNING INTO BILL KLIMACK, A EASTERN KCAG MEMBER, WE RETURNED TO O.T.R. SO WE COULD GET READY FOR MORE SOCIAL TIME AT CAMP. WE FOUND THE SAUNA AND HOT TUB IN FULL STRIDE WITH ALL AREAS OF PROPER TEMPERATURE FOR USE, OR SO I WAS TOLD BY BART. SATURDAY, A BIG DAY AT O.T.R., WAS FULL OF EVENTS OF INTEREST. STARTING WITH THE K.C.A.G. INVOLVEMENT IN THE DO DA PARADE. "THE MISSOURI MUDMASTERS" WERE A BIG HIT (SOME) FOR ALL INVOLVED. BART HAD CARRIED MUD FROM THE ENTRANCE OF A PULASKI COUNTY CAVE IN A FIVE GALLON BUCKET TO KANSAS CITY SO WE COULD TAKE IT TO O.T.R. AND USE IT IN THE PARADE. AFTER THE PARADE WAS OVER, WE HAD TO CLEAN UP IN THE RIVER, (WE WERE TOLD TO GET OUT OF THE CO-ED SHOWERS) A MUD SLICK WAS SEEN FOR TWO MILES DOWNSTREAM. WE THEN "SAUNAED" OUT THE MUD FOR SEVERAL HOURS. THE DAY WAS FILLED OUT TAKING IN THE SPELEO OLYMPICS, A TRADITION AT O.T.R., WITH EVENTS INCLUDING A CAVE QUIZ, SURVEY CONTEST, SLEEPING BAG CONTEST, VERTICAL CONTEST, CAVE PACK AND LAMP ASSEMBLY CONTEST. ALSO BEHIND THE PAVILLION WAS THE BEER DRINKING CONTEST AND THE SPELEO OBSTACLE COURSE. AT 8:00AM. EACH NIGHT THE BONFIRE WAS STARTED, A TWO TRUCK LOAD JOB. ALSO AT THE SAME TIME THE KEYS WERE TAPPED. PARTY TIME, THE REAL O.T.R. TRADITION, STARTS ANYTIME. ON SATURDAY NIGHT MANY





LOCAL PEOPLE BUY ONE DAY PASSES TO GO TO THE SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. A LIVE BAND CALLED "KATZENJAMMER" PLAYED MANY TYPES OF MUSIC TO KEEP THE PARTY GOING TO ALL HOURS. THE SAUNA AND HOT TUB HAVE HEAVY DUTY USE THIS NIGHT WITH LOTS OF BODIES IN A SMALL SPACE (OR SO I WAS TOLD BY BART) SATURDAY WAS ALSO THE FIRST TIME BART MENTIONED "SURVEY SAYS", BUT MORE ABOUT THAT LATER. SUNDAY THE SUN CAME UP HOT IN A CLEAR SKY. THAT MADE FOR A NICE DAY FOR THE CONTINUATION OF THE SFELEO OLYMPICS AND THE O.T.R. TRADITION OF TAKING LAWN CHAIRS, WINE BOTTLES, AND CAVERS FOR THE WINE TASTING PARTY IN THE TYGART VALLEY RIVER. I WOULD GUESS THAT ABOUT 200-300 CAVERS TOOK PART IN THE "MORE WINE" PARTY. AT 4:00 P.M., THE CONTESTS WERE CONCLUDED AND THE DOOR PRIZES RAFFLE STARTED. THE PAVILION WAS CROWDED WITH ABOUT 200 PEOPLE WHEN BART, WHILE STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, CHARGED AND TOSSED AROUND THE ROOM ABOUT 100 GLOW-IN-THE-DARK GROTTO SALAMANDERS. WHEN THEY HIT THE FLOOR ABOUT 30 KIDS STARTED TO GO CRAZY AND IN THE ENSUING RIOT BART WAS ABLE TO ESCAPE. AFTER SECURITY GOT THINGS BACK UNDER CONTROL, THE AWARDS PRESENTATION STARTED. AFTER THE PRESENTATION OF THE AWARDS, THE KEGS WERE AGAIN TAPPED AND THE PARTY LASTED TO ??? THE NEXT DAY, SUNDAY, WAS SAY GOODBYE TO OUR OLD FRIENDS AND TO ALL OUR NEW ONES. CLEAN UP, PACK UP, AND HEAD FOR K.C.A.G. LAND. ON THE WAY BACK, BART "FORCED" ME TO STOP AT THE BEST? COMMERCIAL

CAVE EVER SEEN! THIS WAS SOMEWHERE OFF HWY. 64 IN INDIANA AND CALLED WYANDOTTE CAVE. WE FIRST STOPPED AT A VERY NICE VISITORS CENTER AND TRIED TO GET IN ON OUR LOOKS, THEN WE DECIDED IF WE WANTED TO EAT OR GO ON THE CAVE TRIP. THE CAVE ENTRANCE HAS THE HEAVIEST STEEL GATE I HAVE EVER SEEN. AFTER A SHORT WALK THROUGH A LARGE ENTRANCE ROOM THEN DOWN A FEW STEPS, WE STOPPED IN A ROOM WITH HUNDREDS OF ROCK CAIRNS, SOME A FOOT HIGH AND SOME OVER 10' HIGH. THE GUIDE TOLD US THE CAIRNS WERE BUILT BY BOY SCOUT TROOPS CAMPING IN THE CAVE OVER THE LAST 50 YEARS. JUST PAST THIS WE STOPPED AND LOOKED AT A FLAT SQUARE BOX ABOUT FOUR FEET ON A SIDE AND A GLASS COVER THAT HAS ALL KINDS OF CAVE TRASH LEFT BY PEOPLE OVER THE YEARS. THESE UNFORTUNATE SIGHTS PLUS WHAT HAS TO BE THE LONGEST TRENCHED PASSAGE IN AMERICA TO GAIN ACCESS TO A FEW HELECTITES ROUNDED OUT THE CAVE TOUR. NEAR THE ENTRANCE WE STOPPED TO LOOK AT A WOODEN SALT PETER VAT AND INFORMED THE GUIDE THAT THE GUNPOWDER FROM THIS CAVE WASN'T VERY GOOD BECAUSE ALL WE SAW IN THE CAVE WAS MUD AND ROCKS, NO GUANO IN ANY PART OF THE CAVE WE SAW. WHAT A DISAPPOINTING CAVE TO REPRESENT INDIANA'S UNDERGROUND. IT WAS THEN BACK TO THE CAR TO HEAD FOR KCA G LAND. THIS PART OF THE TRIP WAS BY FAR THE SLOWEST, THE NINE HOURS SPENT ON THE ROAD WAS TAKEN UP WITH STOPPING EVERY 60 MILES OR SO TO TAKE IN COFFEE OR PUT COFFEE OUT. AFTER ARRIVING AT BART'S, I SPENT THE NEXT 2 DAYS RECOVERING FROM THE TRIP!



THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

A BI-ANNUAL PUBLICATION OF  
THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO OF  
THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.  
4046 CHARLOTTE, KANSAS CITY, MO. 64110.

©THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO OF  
THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE KANSAS CITY AREA GROTTO IS AN  
AFFILIATE ORGANIZATION OF THE  
MISSOURI SPELEOLOGICAL SURVEY AND  
THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.  
OUR PURPOSE IS TO PROMOTE AND  
ENCOURAGE CAVE CONSERVATION AND  
THE RESPONSIBLE SCIENTIFIC AND  
RECREATIONAL USE OF CAVES BY  
CAVERS OF THE KANSAS CITY AREA.  
CAVE FORMATIONS, CAVE LIFE, AND  
THE CAVE ENVIRONMENT NEEDS THE  
PROTECTION OF EVERYONE! WITHOUT  
EVERYONE'S HELP, THERE WILL BE NO  
CAVES FOR THE COMING GENERATIONS  
TO SEE, LET ALONE ENJOY! HELP US TO  
CONSERVE AND PROTECT MISSOURI'S  
BEAUTIFUL CAVE ECOSYSTEMS!

