

The Month's Guano

June 2001

Kansas City Area Grotto

Volume 15, Issue 6



Are We really so tired that we can't make a fire, or do we just like sitting around our dirty cave clothes?

Picture taken by Bryon Carmoney

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The Month's Guano is published on the last Wednesday of the month. Twelve issues annually. **Submit articles** to editor by the last Wednesday of the month. Guano subscription rate for nonmembers: \$ 6.00 annually. Electronic FREE

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Kansas City Area Grotto is affiliated with the National Speleological Society, The Missouri Speleological Survey, and a Founding Member of Missouri Caves & Karst Conservancy.

Meetings held every second Wednesday at 7 p.m. (**alternate site in May**), Magg Hall, behind Spencer Laboratories, Volker Blvd. & Cherry, Kansas City, Missouri. Annual Dues: \$ 15 for Full Members (3 caving trips with KCAG, nomination and vote of membership required.)

NCRC Callout number Emergency use only

Central Region 502-564-7815. This number may be used for cave rescue emergencies in the states of, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Michigan, **Missouri**, Ohio and Wisconsin.

A Visit to Camp Hamp

By Terry DeFraties

Kathy Sumner and I convoyed with Mike, Alex and Kyle McKinney to a MOLES gathering at Reid Hampton's home near Compton, Arkansas on Friday night. It was close to a new record trip time down thanks to a seven mile backup extending north out of Harrisonville. We made the customary Wal Mart stop in Springfield where Mike added the usual light to his collection. After thoroughly familiarizing himself with his new vehicle for twenty five hours, he was ready for the trip. However, having noticed problems getting up any speed with it, he followed my pickup. We set up camp and were in bed by 2:30.

Our objective was to do something a little different; and we did. On Saturday, we hiked to the waterfall (200-300' depending on whose version) in Hemmed In Hollow which was practically around the corner. It was about a 5 hour hike and included about 1000' of relief. We saw a group at the top going back and forth across the end of the hollow on a (single rope) high line. At least they had two points of attachment. They were knocking some rocks loose at times as they took a running start. We left after we could not persuade a group of 15 or so scouts and adult leaders to stay out of the rock fall zone. They did not see any rocks fall and were not persuaded that there was a hazard.

On Sunday we went to the Ponca low water bridge where Mike studied his GPS, Alex fished and Alex and Kyle swam. Kathy and I hiked up Leatherwood Creek which Tom Lounsberry suggested. It was an easy shady hike.

There were several cave trips; but we did not make any. We thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the hospitality.

When I awoke on Monday morning, the McKinney's were fairly well along in getting packed for our return. The boys were making great progress with Mike mainly giving words of encouragement. It was an impressive blur of cooperative constructive activity. Actually, it was amazing. When I mentioned this to Mike, he said, "I think the boys really had a pretty good time...and I told them we would be having breakfast on the road..."

CCC News

1) CCC Board: As required by the CCC bylaws the President, Rick Hines, has appointed three member to serve with the four elected officers on the Board of Directors of the CCC. The board members are:

Rick Hines President
Ed Simmons Vice President
Kathy Sumner Secretary
Wayne Burnett Treasurer
Marty Griffin
Ron Lather
Carl Wagner

2) Compressor: Greg Buckley arranged for his employer, Jeff Heath, to donate a 160 CFM air compressor, jackhammer, and hose to the CCC. After a minor wreck and setting for three years the compressor needed a little work. Greg replaced ignition parts and the battery and has now turned the compressor work over to Gerry Gattenby.

I will schedule a dig to start enlarging the 9-inch hole as soon as the compressor is operational.

3) MVOR: After getting approval from the majority of the CCC board of directors, Bill Copeland made a successful bid for the CCC to run the Spring 2002 MVOR. Hope you can help.

4) Silo: Gerry Gattenby has arranged the donation of a 16 foot diameter, 40 foot tall metal silo by Peterson Manufacturing. The silo is constructed of 1/8" by 5' by 8' sections that are bolted together. We may use the pieces to build a 16-foot tall, 16-foot diameter building over the new entrance. Other 8-foot tall by 16-foot diameter sections could be used for a sauna, bunk house, etc. The board has approved \$900 for a crane to help dismantle the silo. The silo is located at 13615 Wyandotte just south east of 135th and State Line in Kansas City, Mo. We will start the prep work the weekend of May 19 and 20 to get ready for the crane. We will need pneumatic wrenches to remove a few thousand 3/4" nuts. Call or email if you can help May 19 and 20.

5) Explosives: I have contacted Dr. Paul Worsley, director of the Explosives Research Lab at the University of Missouri-Rolla. Paul has offered to help the CCC if we choose to use explosives to speed the process of opening the 9-inch hole.

Check out his web site. It's fun and informative.

<http://www.umn.edu/~pworsley/>

I have also talked with John Ackerman about explosives. John has made several 30-inch diameter shafts into caves in Minnesota. John is willing to help the CCC by sharing his experience. John has an article in April 2001 NSS News, titled The Cave Farm-a Minnesota Karst Preserve. The article talks about his use of explosives to gain access to caves.

6) Meeting: The next CCC meeting will be in July. Date and location to be announced soon.

Rick Hines 913 897 4258

THE MOLE THAT WOULD NOT SAUNA by: Mudknee T.

In northwest Arkansas,
what they call the Ozarks range.
Where a caver is a caver,
and some things never change.

Where winter can stay 6 months of the
year,
and there is no Spring or Fall.
Where it gets so damned cold,
the mercury simply cannot be seen at all.

Where you and I, we normal folk
would shiver, shake, and chatter.
And if we had to use an outhouse
we'd just grow an extra bladder.

But when it's the coldest,
and our feet have gone numb.
Those crazed MOLES Cavers
will go out to cave hunt some.

Out across the frozen land
they'd make a couple of stops.
Checking a sinkhole, stopping at a spring
swilling coffee with a nip or two of
schnapps.

Till they end up on the River
where they build a raging fire.
Sitting back to shoot the bull
while it blazes higher.

Then they go into a plastic tent
filled with glowing steel.
Hot enough to sterilize their socks,
and scream how good it makes them feel!

They stay in there until
they sweat out every sin.
Then jump into a freezing creek
only to emerge and start it all again!
But there was one, a shy young man
and though he was a MOLE.
The wintry weather
froze him to his soul.

Yes, he was a MOLE, the only MOLE
that would not take a sauna.
It's not that I can't he would say
it's simply that I do not wanna.

To jump into a freezing creek
is not my fondest wish.
Just because I am a MOLE
doesn't mean that I'm a fish!

His friends said, "C'mon,
let's go down to the lake."
A MOLE that will not sauna
there must be some mistake.

Still he said, "There is no mistake
I'm afraid I would freeze.
In water colder than myself,
98.6 degrees."

And so he stayed close by a stove
six months of the year.
Because he was so sensitive
to changes in temperature.

One night he went to Newton Co.
to attend the caver's ball.
If you've never partied on the Buffalo
You've never partied at all.

He met a caver beauty there
that turned his head around.
She was broad of beam and when
she laughed, it shook the sandy ground.

She took that shy young caver
and swept him off his feet.
She dragged him cross the ground
until he learned the Little Bear beat.

She was as fair as she was tall,
as tall as she was wide.
And when the weekend was over
he asked her to be his bride.

She looked him over carefully,
she said, "You're kind of thin."
But it's true you must have courage
if caving is your whim.

I'm not particular about men
I am no prima donna.
But I would not marry a caver
that would not take a sauna.

They got into her pick-up truck
and down the road they drove.
Fifteen minutes later they
were stoking up the stove.

She had a flask of whiskey
and they took a couple of toots.
Then headed for the sauna
wearing only their birthday suits.

She steamed him and she broiled him

until his skin turned red.
She poured it on until his brains
were bubbling in his head.

To improve his circulation
and to soften up his hide.
She took a willow switch
and beat him till he cried.

"O' couldn't you just love me now
or don't you think you can?"
She only said, "It's time to step outside
and show you are a man.

Straight away, because he loved her so
he thought his heart would break.
He jumped right out the door
and ran down to the creek.

And tho' he paused a moment when
he saw it nearly frozen.
Just long enough to wonder which
brush pile she'd tossed his clothes in.

And then he thought of her and lord
that man didn't think twice.
He just picked up his size 12 feet
and loped head long for the ice.

Coming to the water
he cut it like an ax.
Putting common sense aside
and ignoring all the facts.

He leaped, oh what a leap
and as he dove beneath the surface.
It thrilled him to the very soul
but it also made him nervous.

And it wasn't just the tingling
that he felt in every limb.
He cride, "My love, I'm finshed,
I've forgotten, I cannot swim!

But she fished him out, stood him up,
and gave him an embrace.
To warm a cavers' heart
and make the blood rush to this face.

"I love you darling dear," she cried,
"I love you with all my might."
And they drove right down to Janus
and got married that very night.

She took him down the road

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to the nearest tourist cabins.
And spent a sleepless night and
in the morning, as it sometimes happens.

Tho' it was only April
it was purely Spring,
Birds sang, flowers bloomed,
folks came outside and everything.

They bought a couple of acres
that had a little cave.
And began a life of bliss
the rest of us can only crave.

They lived happily ever after
tho' they sometimes quarrel.
And there I guess the story ends
except'n for the moral.

Caving and love, my friends is a life long feast
surely no lite lunch.
You cannot dabble around the edge
but each must take the plunge.

And like that freezing creek
it sometimes makes us colder.
It has it's pleasures too
as you may find as you get older.

UPCOMING EVENTS

REMEMBER OHG HAS AGGREGED TO LETS US CAVE WITH THEM. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN A TRIP YOU MUST CONTACT THE TRIP LEADER.

- June 9-17, 2001 **NCRC Training. CANCELED.. CANCELED... CANCELED... CANCELED...**
- June 9, 2001 **Grotto Picnic.** Rick Hines home at 3:00 PM-? Bring a dish to pass. There is a pond and we will have the ropes up so bring your gear.
- June 15-17 **Novice trip** Beaver Lake in NW Arkansas. **Open to anyone.** Cave dig, boating, novice trip. Camp at Lost Bridge NORTH camping area off US 62. Very nice facilities. For general info contact Mike Hartley 816-524-1979. For novice trip contact Kathy Sumner.
- June 22-24, 2001 **Grotto Trip.** No Further details at this time
- July 4, 2001 **Party Time.** Fifth Annual 4th of July party. Hosted by Bryon and Michelle Carmoney. Bring a dish to pass, your beer and your fireworks. Starts at 5:00 pm until your tired. If you need to stay the night bring your sleeping bag and ground pad.
- July 28-August 4 **NCRC Training.** Lawrence County Fairgrounds, IN.
- July 11, 2001 **Grotto Meeting.** Meeting in MAGG Hall at 7:00 pm. After meeting to follow.
- August 4-12, 2001 **Eastern Region NCRC Training,** Elkins, WV
- August 8, 2001 **Grotto Meeting.** Meeting in MAGG Hall at 7:00 pm. After meting to follow.
- Oct. 5-7, 2001 **TAG,** Valley Head, AL

Trip Reports

The cave team: Brad Blackburn (leader)

Tim K?????, Greg McCarty, Kelly Holladay, Bill Gee, Susan H?????.

Saturday 26 May 2001 - Up at 6:00 am. Had breakfast, then did some reading. Brad and I eventually wandered down to the CRF hut around 7:45. Two more people had come in late Friday night (Greg McCarty and Tim K****) after I went to bed. We all signed the cave permit, then got cave packs ready. We were waiting for Kelly Holladay to arrive from Hobbs. She was supposed to get in around 8:30, but it was nearly 9:30 when she arrived.

While waiting for Kelly to arrive and the others to get organized, I set my helmet and pack out on the stone rail in front of the porch. My gloves and sweatshirt were in my helmet. As we started to grab stuff to leave, I saw a big black and yellow centipede inside my helmet! I grabbed the gloves and sweatshirt and shook them out. Nothing more appeared. We stood there for a few minutes while the centipede decided to move to another place. I got a few pictures. Kelly commented that centipede bites are very painful. Had I been bitten, that would have ended my caving for the weekend. The thing was 6 or 7 inches long.

Stan Ellison came over and gave us a quick talk about being careful in the cave. We all walked down to the visitor center, grabbed a freight elevator and went into the cave. Time in was 10:30 am.

The job for this trip was resurvey. We went down into the Lower Cave and back into an area around survey marker LC106. Getting there involved a packs-off tight squeeze that ends in a bone yard area. We got out the instruments and commenced.

I've never surveyed before. Brad took the Lead Tape position. Tim was sketching. I did Instruments. Kelly and Greg did the Geology Inventory. Surveying in that tight space was difficult and I had trouble getting good readings on the instruments. No surprise there, I'd never done this before!

The biggest problem I had was figuring out how to compensate for my poor close-up vision. With contact lenses I cannot focus closer than about a foot, so I could not get my head right up to the instruments to get them aligned. Eventually I settled on lining up the viewing aperture, the pivot point and the light-on-station (a small Photon LED light) by viewing it all from slightly to the side. This method works OK.

Sunday I discovered I could get a quicker and more accurate reading by using the viewing aperture, the indicator needle and the Photon light as the three alignment points. You have to get one eye just right to do that, but once I got the hang of it I was getting better readings. Reading the compass for shots going up was much easier than for shots going down. I still think it would be nice if the compass had some rifle sights on it.

We used Photon LED lights for the light-on-station. The one I had did not want to stay on. I had to fiddle with the switch constantly to get it to stay. Eventually Kelly dug another one out of her pack and I gave Greg back his bad one.

Brad and I surveyed three shots back into the bone yard. The third shot ended in a tight passage. Brad could crawl down the passage a few feet and turn around, but there was no way to get another station down there. We tied off our second survey point and put three more short shots into a small dome about 5 feet in diameter and filled with bone yard formations.

After Tim got done sketching all that, Greg and then I both tried to push some leads above the main passage. Neither of us got very far. Greg then went and retrieved an instrument case in a nearby passage that had fallen on a previous expedition.

We took the long way back. There was some brown flowstone that had built up and then broken down. We also took some pictures around the Colonel Bowles formation. Time out was 5:00 pm.

After cleaning up, we all drove into Carlsbad to a place called The Firehouse. It is a restaurant built in an old firehouse. They claim to be fine dining, but they do not deliver on the promise. The food was merely good. They served supermarket dinner rolls for the bread.

When we got back to the park, I sat out on the porch of the CRF hut for a few minutes watching the stars and chatting. We were too late for the bat flight. In bed by 10:00 pm.

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Sunday, 27 May 2001 - Up at 6:30 am. Had breakfast, loaded my pack and went to the CRF hut. Everyone else was up. A sixth person, Susan ????? joined the party. She is a volunteer at the park and is very slender and agile. The plan was to have her push the leads the Greg and I could not get into.

In the cave by 9:00 am. Once in lower cave we split into two groups of three. Greg, Susan and Tim went back to LC106 to push leads. Brad, Kelly and I went to LC62 a few hundred yards away to begin another resurvey.

e had a little trouble finding the place. Once there we realized it would be a long job. This was big, going passage, no more than six feet wide and very high. The walls were covered with aragonite bushes and dog tooth spar. We had to move very carefully to avoid damaging anything. Fortunately a previous party had impacted the cave, so we just followed in their footsteps.

Brad and I set two new survey points tied into the old LC62. We did not know what numbers to use, so we just noted them on the back of a piece of scratch paper. Kelly began a geo inventory of the area.

About the time we decided that we could not survey anymore without having Tim around to sketch and guide us, they showed up. The leads had not gone anywhere. Even Susan could not push them much further than what we had. Tim had tried so hard he wrenched his shoulder.

Susan left the party and walked out of the cave on her own. The rest of us filled in Tim and Greg about where we were. Tim began sketching. Brad and I surveyed a few more stations into the passage.

The passage went up a short climb of 8 feet or so, covered with aragonite bushes, then another 20 feet or so before dropping back down. We could see high passage way over our head, but the stuff we could walk went under a rock and became a crawlway lined with more aragonite and popcorn. Many of the aragonite bushes were 6 and 8 inches in diameter. There were hunks of dog tooth spar buried among the bushes and popcorn. All in all, a very pretty and delicate place to be working.

Kelly took over the instrument job while I stood around. After surveying back into a tight little room with a chest compressor at the other end, we broke for lunch.

After lunch Greg and I went to try pushing the chest compressor. Greg went first but could not get his second shoulder through. I tried and got through up to my waist. It was REALLY tight! I tore some new holes in my sweatshirt on the popcorn around the hole. The popcorn got a hold of my jeans and would not let go, so I did not get any further in. We could see that there were old survey markers up ahead.

Kelly came up and was able to get completely through the compressor. She then went over a little ledge and into a chimney climb. When she got up to the top of the chimney, Brad and Greg could see her light shining out from the high part of the passage, and they could hear her talking. She reported the whole area was very delicate, covered with aragonite and popcorn.

Tim came up to finish sketching the last station we set. While he was doing that, Kelly made her way back down. Due to the tight constriction, we declared the day done with a note to have a SMALL survey team come back to continue. Total survey for both days was 11 stations and just over 138 feet.

I could learn to like doing this survey work. It's not hard physical labor unless you have a really difficult station to set, and then the work is contorting yourself to read the instruments. Collecting data, hard numbers that can be translated into a map is something I can relate to. Too bad we did so few stations. I was just beginning to get the hang of reading the compass and clinometer.

Again we took the long route going out. We saw most of the Lower Cave loop. As we were leaving the cave, we came across two buckets. Stan Ellison had asked that we bring them up the ladders after dumping the water in a nearby pool. The silt had settled pretty well and there was three or four inches of clear water on top. Greg and Tim hauled them a hundred feet over to a pool and discovered that the silt had been stirred up just by carrying. They left the buckets there for another party to empty and bring up.

We were just about to get on the elevator when two of the uniformed rangers came up and asked if we would look at something. They had discovered a vandalism incident along one of the main tourist trails. It was on the trail to the Natural Entrance, a few hundred feet from the main junction area in the Big Room. Apparently someone had crawled up into an area of aragonite and

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www.adobe.com

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broken off a pretty big chunk. We saw obvious damage where they had walked on the formations and there were pieces of aragonite bush all over.

The clue that caught the ranger's eye was one piece of aragonite bush on a ledge where it had no right to be. It had not been there an hour before. When he looked around carefully he found many other pieces. Kelly climbed over the rail and picked up most of the pieces. The ranger took what he could carry and the rest were stacked in an out-of-view location for later restoration.

Brad and I went to the bat flight. It turned out to be a fizzle. In bed by 9pm, not anticipating the long drive tomorrow.