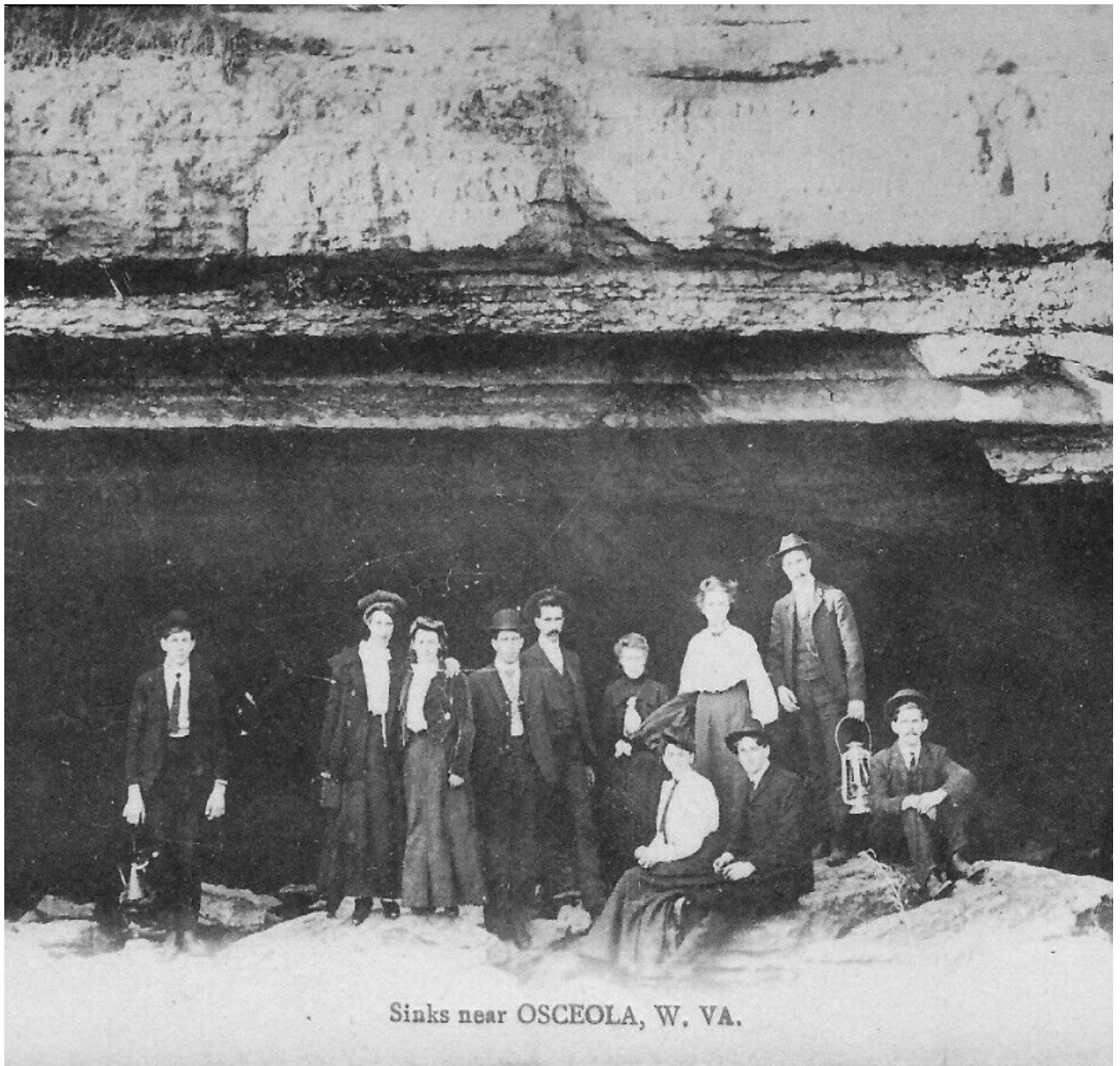


The Journal of Spelean History

Official Publication of the American Spelean History Association



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The Association

The American Spelean History Association (ASHA) is an Internal Organization of the National Speleological Society and exists for the study, dissemination and interpretation of spelean history and related purposes. All persons who are interested in these goals are cordially invited to become members. Dues are \$2 per issue of *The Journal of Spelean History*. Dues can be paid for up to 20 issues (\$40). Checks should be made payable to “ASHA” and mailed to the treasurer.

The Journal of Spelean History

The Journal of Spelean History (JSH) is the Association's publication and is mailed to all members. *JSH* includes articles covering a wide variety of topics relating to man's use of caves, including historical cave explorations, saltpeter and other mineral extraction, and show cave development. Members are invited to contribute material and to comment on published material. ASHA assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

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Cover: An early 20th Century exploration party outside of the Sinks of Gandy in West Virginia. Note the kerosene lanterns. The cave is on sale today for \$28,000,000.

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MY FIFTY YEARS OF CAVE EXPLORATION IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE REGION OF KENTUCKY: CHRONOLOGY OF THE FLOYD COLLINS TRAGEDY OF SAND CAVE, ITS ENTIRETY

Col. Ellis M. Jones

Editor's Note: According to Ellis Madison Jones (1898-1989), he was present each day and night at the Floyd Collins rescue attempt from Sand Cave, Kentucky in 1925. At the time, he was foreman at the Dixie Garage in Cave City. This article was transcribed from his 45-page unpublished manuscript found in the National Cave Museum in Park City, Kentucky. It is reproduced here with only minor grammatical and spelling corrections. Readers should be fore-warned that Jones, according to some Mammoth Cave historians, was known to "shine the apple" at times.

Chapter 1: Floyd Collins Tragedy of Sand Cave

On January 30, 1925, an apathetic world was suddenly aware that historic tragedy was in the making in Kentucky's cave country.

To the breakfast tables of the nation its major news services relayed the story that Floyd Collins lay trapped by sand rock in a Kentucky cave four miles from Mammoth Cave. Volunteers by the tens of thousand flocked to the tragic hillside to aid in the long rescue attempt. No suggestion or effort was overlooked.

Fate seemed to have selected Floyd Collins in early childhood as a figure for the nation's Hall of Fame. Born in the hilly region of Kentucky in 1890, Collins, as a boy, evinced the passion for cave exploration that cost him his life. While his playmates were content to follow the usual pastimes of normal boys, Floyd often

would desert them to worm his way into the yawning caverns. To him, glistening gypsum flowers, pillars of onyx, and clusters of helictites were as wonderful as the coveted bird's eggs and he sought them ardently. This queer turn of mentality caused his parents much worry and his father, a devout church goer, was often haunted with the premonition of disaster.

Growing into manhood among crude surroundings, Collins, a trapper and cave explorer, discovered Crystal Cave under his father's farm in the winter of 1917. Quite by accident he came upon one of the world's great caverns underneath the wooded palisades of the Green River. A steel trap which was set at the base of a sinkhole disappeared. Seeking the cause of his loss, he was required to crawl into a small crevice which led him into a vast caverns and beyond to the seemingly endless interlacing maze of an estimated one hundred miles of passages. Floyd was given a half interest in Crystal Cave, now owned by Mammoth Cave National Park.

No anthology of American folklore is complete without the story of Floyd Collins. After his monumental discovery of Crystal Cave, he dedicated every effort toward developing and showing to the world his fabulous discovery. Generations to come will listen with awe to the legendary account of how he lost his life in Sand Cave eight years later in a futile attempt to make his cave more accessible to the public. It was a race against time for the rescuers to dig their way through the resisting ledges before death closed in on its prey.

A timid sun peeped over the foothills of the cave country of Kentucky on the morning of Friday, January 30, 1925, to signal the opening of the drama of the decade.

Scurrying rain clouds, retreating before a chill westerly breeze flung back the curtain and the first gray rays stole softly through tiny panes of a cabin where slept Floyd Collins, man of destiny. Beside his crude pallet lay the scattered belongings of a true soldier of fortune: overalls, a worn blue jacket, a battered kerosene lantern, hobnailed boots, and a coil of stout hemp rope. Rough articles were these, yet just as effective to his kind as musket or sword.

No bugle roused Collins to his last journey, no fair lady to bestow the rose. At dawn outside the first shrill notes of the barnyard cock Collins awoke.

As he clumsily adjusted "Armor" moving slowly and with the deliberateness of all hill folks, he pondered over plans for the day. For three weeks Collins had been making explorations on contract in a narrow fissure beneath an overhanging cliff on the farm of Bee Doyle, a lifelong faithful friend of Floyd.

Because it was believed this crevice led into a vast cave, as large and beautiful as Mammoth, Onyx, Crystal or any of the other celebrated caverns of Kentucky. Collins was engaged on subterranean contract to Doyle, Edward Estes and Louis Cox, owners of three farms adjoining the mouth of the fissure. It was calculated that the caverns lie beneath these farms. Hence the triple contract between Collins and the farmers.

The pact had been signed and set forth that in the event Collins opened up a cave of sufficient size and beauty to justify commercialization, the discoverer was to

become half owner. The other half was to be held jointly by Doyle, Estes, and Cox. Collins was to board "week about" by the three farmers. On this particular morning he was residing at Doyle's home, located at the side of highway 70 between Cave City and Mammoth Cave a fourth of mile from the mouth of the crevice leading into Sand Cave.

Floyd had been working for three weeks in this particular cave exploration, working his way through the narrow crevice to enter the cave he knew lay deep beneath the wooded ridge.

Collins tried to break with hammer and chisel a limestone ledge that blocked the passage to the first level of the cave. This method failed. Collins used dynamite. The blast was successful. The task he set to do on this fatal Friday morning was to clear away the rock debris. Doyle was waiting faithfully when Collins had finished dressing and the rough table bore a simple country breakfast of fried salt cured bacon, potatoes, sorghum, hot bread and steaming coffee. Floyd talked but very little as he sat munching what was to be his last full meal. He told Doyle of the dynamiting and predicted the day he would be in the depths of cave more wonderful and beautiful than anything yet discovered.

"I know this cavin will pay out," Floyd explained to Doyle. "And when I get down through the pit into the main cave avenue, it looks as large as Mammoth. Perhaps it is another entrance to Mammoth Cave. If it is, you and I both will be rich." But Doyle paid but very little attention to Floyd's prophesies. All through the stormy night he had been haunted by grim visions of disaster. Admonishing Collins to beware of the loosely hanging rock in the torturous passage, Doyle met school boy reassurance. For Floyd was too near the goal to be haunted by what he termed "Scaredy Cat Talk."

The hasty meal finished, Collins bade farewell to Doyle. He shouldered his sack of tools and departed for the fissure of the cave, pausing only long enough at the cave entrance to exchange his woolen coat for the denim jumper and to light his lantern. Collins plunged into the rock slit, crawling on hands and knees for a distance of thirty feet. Here he was compelled to flatten his body and the remainder of the journey was effected in this posture. The crawlway was filled with loosely hanging boulders, sharp jagged ledges, spiraling downward through a strata of muck and rock. Its average height is eighteen inches, its width scarcely large enough to permit the passage of a human body. At only two points is its ceiling high enough to enable the explorer to reverse his body. It is cold, dank, and the rocks drip icy sweat.

So dark is it that the inky blackness seems to press upon your body like an unseen or haunted hand. Your ears are tortured by the spasmodic crash of falling rock farther on into the yawning pit. Your heart pounds madly and your lungs seem incapable of sucking in the chill air fast enough to cool a brow made hot by fear of impending death.

It was into such a fissure that Floyd Collins ventured for his last excursion into the caveland! And he entered it resolutely without faltering, calm with the assurance of previous trips that had been successful. Thrusting the oil lantern ahead and holding tight to the short steel crowbar, the explorer reached what he called the

"squeeze," a particularly narrow "S" shaped passage. Collins passed this dangerous double turn and within twenty minutes after leaving the surface was at the scene of the dynamite blast.

He found the explosion had completely loosened the jutting rock ledge and a few extra strokes from his crowbar removed all of the obstruction. But above his head hung a egg shaped boulder, weighing about 100 pounds and held in place, sharp point downward, by a small wedge key rock. In all of his previous trips Collins had learned to respect that wedge key rock. He knew it meant disaster if he should brush against it. And so, as he wriggled over the edge of the deep pit and swung down on a rope adjusted a week before, he little realized that his small rock would play such an important part in the events leading to his tragic death.

Dropping nimbly from the rope and sliding on the floor of the pit, Collins walked straight forward. He traversed about one hundred yards, turned to the left, and found himself in a wonderful cavern! Its walls glistened with white gypsum and the white stalactites festooned like white icicles from the vaulted ceiling.

For a moment, Collins was dumbfounded by the very beauty of it all, then the realization of victory smote his senses. He rushed back along the cavern floor to the dangling rope and began the long climb to the fissure high above.

Collins' aim was to tell the world the great cavern he had just discovered. A cavern man had not looked upon before, not even the prehistoric man.

Chapter 2: The Entrapment

Upon reaching the narrow opening at the top of the pit, Floyd, drawing himself inward by the strength of his arms and shoulders, managed to wriggle half of his body into the hole, the crawlway leading out of the cave. Then he turned on his back and pulled hand over hand, thrusting out both feet to aid the small progress. And here is where the joy of discovery overcame natural caution. Collins forgot the overhanging key rock and its wedge support. Had he recalled it he would not have lashed out blindly with his feet.

With all of his body safely in the crawlway hole and prepared to round another ledge and right angle bend, Collins kicked once again. The heavy heels of his new boots struck the rock wedge, which was the key rock to a lot of other rocks. There was a dull roar and a piercing scream, as the rock descended like the blade of a guillotine. Down came the rock with the speed of lightning flash falling across the left ankle and pinioning both legs, for the right limb had been doubled beneath the left.

Collins' leg was not broken as first believed, but it was badly bruised. He told those who reached him that he felt none of the excruciating pain attending such a hurt. But with the first shock, Floyd realized the gravity of the situation. The thought at first was humiliation or one of chagrin. Halted thus, on the eve of announcing his discovery, anger overshadowed any apprehension. And so, Collins began the death struggle, first pulling upward with the mighty muscles of his thighs and arms.

And hour or more of this proved the futility of such a course. It was useless to try. So Floyd lay quietly and considered the situation from every angle. He figured he had been in the cave about four hours, this would make it ten o'clock in the forenoon. Bee Doyle would not miss him before evening and perhaps not then. For the protracted absences of the past had taught Doyle that Collins' long stay in caves would not be indicative of disaster. So chance of discovery before the passage of at least twenty-four hours was remote. And Collins knew it.

The next thing Collins considered was his light, which lay on a narrow ledge at his head. He seized it with frantic hands and shook it to test the oil content. Only a shallow gurgle was heard. Probably, enough to furnish illumination for three or four hours. The crowbar rested beside his left hand. His right arm was partly pinned by the trapped leg, and loose rock slide and could not be withdrawn. So all the work with the crowbar must be done with the left arm and hand. With these harrowing thoughts filling his mind, Collins began fighting alone against the forces that held him prisoner. Clank! Clank! Clank! The pokes of the cramped arm sent the point of the crowbar, but feebly against the mass of rock. Once the point hit too high, sending another shower of smaller boulders down, covering Collins' body almost to the breast. It was work for about five minutes, rest thirty. Such was Collins' schedule for the first three or four hours.

The yellow feeble flame of his lantern dwindled lower and lower. Creeping down from above, even nearer and with the relentlessness of the sea, came the tidal wave of inky darkness. No sound came to his ears but the hoarse whistle of his own breath. Though the air currents in the cave tunnel were near the freezing point, Collins soon was wet with sweat, and the icy drip from the rocks above stabbed like tiny daggers as they fell upon his grimy face and neck.

By two o'clock in the afternoon only a tiny flame remained, denoting the draining of the last drop of the oil through the wick. At last it flickered feebly-- and went out. For the first time the cold fingers of fear clasped Floyd Collins' brave heart. The passing away of the light meant the exit of hope unless someone could move the rock-bound shackle.

The coming of night was unseen by Collins. The repeated battering of the knuckles of his left hand against the rock at this side soon lacerated the skin. The periods of working grew shorter and shorter by periodic yanks of both legs. Although no more rock fell, the twisting and turning of the body caused the gravel and shale to filter downward thus wedging Collins even tighter in the tunnel. So Floyd decided to rest.

Sleep was out of the question. He knew that friends would come for him sometime. But when? Perhaps Doyle would postpone it two or three days. The weather became much colder. Floyd realized how wet he was. He felt for the floor of the tunnel and sank his fingers into the muck. And all the while came the drip - drip - drip as the cold water fell upon his face.

Collins found it impossible to hoist his body so as to miss the cold dripping water. There was no pain from his foot but every muscle in his legs ached from the strain of the efforts as the beginning of his flight for freedom. The torture of the

lacerated knuckles was intense, but the real suffering was mental rather than physical. Collins reflected as an ordinary man under similar circumstances, but the terror was not as keen in those first fearful days as later, because of Floyd's long experience underground. He therefore was able to think more clearly and to plan.

By barely wiggling his foot, the trapped explorer figured that the rock was not resting directly upon the ankle, but that the member had been pinned while lying in a niche thus the full weight of the boulder was borne partly by the ankle. He saw that to tug inward the rock wedged still tighter and that his only chance lay in being reached by a man or boy of small stature. He figured such a rescuer would be able to place a jack or crowbar under the rock and thus push the boulder backward off the ankle. Meanwhile this thought filled Collins' mind: What was happening on the surface?

Chapter 3 - The Discovery

While Collins spent his first night of agony in the cave tunnel, a violent rainstorm swept the cave country. The vivid flashes of lightning and deafening crashes of thunder awakened Doyle. The farmer as if by instinct made his way to Collins' bedroom to ascertain if Floyd had come home. He found the bed unruffled, and could not sleep the remainder of the night. As soon as it was light enough to make his way over the ridge to the home of Edward Estes, Doyle put on his raincoat and hurried to the neighbors to find out if Floyd had come to the Estes home because he could find quicker shelter there. Estes did not seem to be alarmed when told of Collins' absence, and reassured Doyle that the explorer probably would be waiting for him when he returned home. His mind still troubled with strong fear, Doyle retraced his steps but could find no trace of Collins. Having gulped down a hasty breakfast, Doyle returned to the Estes home, this time insisting that Estes investigate. And the latter, a large stolid man, at last consented calling his son Jewell, a lad of seventeen, to go with him to Sand Cave and to assist in the search for Collins.

The three searchers were surprised to find Collins' coat and cap hanging on a rock ledge just outside the cave fissure. These articles bore mute evidence that disaster had overtaken the explorer. Because the boy, Jewell, was of slender, wiry build, he was selected to enter the tunnel. He was closely followed by his father, a rather portly man, with Doyle bringing up the rear. The elder Estes was able to proceed only as far as the squeeze, and there he was blocked by the narrow rock walls. Instructing his son to proceed further, the two farmers lay face downward in the tunnel shouting directions to the boy, who showed rare gameness by pushing on until he reached a point about fifteen feet from Collins. Jewell succeeded in getting a feeble response from Collins, who by this time was about half asleep and partly overcome by cold and terror. Young Estes clambered head foremost down to Collins and was the first to learn from the explorer exactly what had happened. "Go back out and hurry over to the home place and tell the folks," was Collins first order to young Estes. "My legs are caught by at least one rock, but if you get me a crowbar and have my brothers come over with some of the other boys, I believe I can get out of here without much trouble."

Young Estes left his lantern, when Floyd begged piteously for the light, explaining that it was heartening to him. The young lad then turned around and came out head first, reaching his father and explaining the situation. The elder Estes and Doyle rode muleback to the Collins' home, arriving there at noon on Saturday, January 31. The Collins family had just finished dinner and Estes was met at the door by Lee Collins, the aged father. "Floyd is hung up in Sand Cave and wants you all to come over right away," Estes explained.

The elder Collins stood for a moment as if smitten by a lightning bolt. "You are to blame," he exclaimed, his voice shaking with poorly suppressed anger. "You men got him to go in that hole and now you got him killed." Then the white-haired father realized that now was the time for action and not the time for words, and so hurrying back into the cabin, he notified Marshall Collins, a younger brother, and instructed other members of the family to telephone Louisville to inform Homer Collins, the second brother who was working in the Kentucky metropolis. The elder Collins, his son, Estes, and Doyle hurried back to Sand Cave stopping at every farmhouse to spread the alarm.

Telephones jingled all along the party lines leading to Cave City and the operators at the switchboards assisted materially in arousing the countryside. By the time the relatives and the two farmers reached the cavern from the Collins home, eight miles distant, there were about thirty farmers of all ages stood awaiting them.

Marshall Collins immediately organized a party of volunteers and crawled into the caverns where he found the situation practically unchanged. The brother tried frantically with a longer crowbar to the rock resting on Floyd's foot but found this was impossible, due to the fact that he was compelled to reach over and under the rocky ledge beneath where Floyd reclined. The lantern was replaced by a gasoline torch for which Floyd extremely grateful. The party of rescuers, after remaining in the tunnel for about three hours, came out and prepared a number of burlap sacks and secured a rubber coat which they took in with them again. Placing the sacks under the upper part of Collins' body and arranging the rubber coat as a cover was used to ward off the maddening dripping of the cold water which had fallen continuously on Floyd's face.

Homer Collins, courageous and unafraid, arrived from Louisville on the L & N train reaching Cave City at five thirty of that evening. He made a record run to the cave in a battered Ford taxi and found a little group of rescuers, who looked more like a column of mourners standing around the entrance. The coming of Homer served as a real stimulant, though he knew nothing of the dangers that lay before him. He was bubbling over with confidence that he would be able to effect Floyd's release. A party went into the cave headed by Homer who was closely followed by his brother Marshall. Homer was a medium sized man with powerful muscles. Every foot of the journey from the entrance to Floyd meant a trip of agony, for the jagged rock ripped and tore at the muscles of his legs and chest. The youngster struggled on until he reached his brother. For eight long hours he worked, during which the remainder of his party were forced to return to the surface. Homer Collins refused to come out for a brief rest as his friends wanted him to do. He struggled on with nature until the flesh on the tips of his fingers were ragged to the bone and every muscle of his arms and shoulders was dead from effort.

Homer succeeded in these eight terrible hours in removing about two bushels of loose rock and gravel from the upper portion of Floyd's body, as he worked in the light glare of the gasoline lantern. Homer maintained a constant conversation with Floyd, whom he had regarded since childhood as a father.

Floyd explained in detail the wonderful cavern he had discovered the preceding morning and told Homer that he believed the new cave would be a money maker and that it would exceed the grandeur of Mammoth and that his discovery would bring fame and fortune to the name of Collins. But Homer did most of the talking, as he realized that Floyd must conserve every ounce of his strength. He warned Floyd from further efforts to free himself and counseled his brother to forget his predicament, to hold fast to the indomitable faith of the hill folk, that God can do all things and to place his trust in him.

This sense between brother and brother was perhaps one of the most dramatic episodes of Sand Cave for it exemplified the beginning of the titanic struggle to come.

On Saturday January 31, the day Collins was found trapped, your author rushed to Sand Cave to find only a few local people there, all which I knew well. Among them were two Mammoth Cave guides which had several years of cave experience. The dean of cave guides, Carl Hanson, informed me that he had been into the crawlway about thirty feet from Floyd. He said, "Jones, I will go in with you as far as it is safe, you can go to Floyd if you want to." We went into the tight crawlway where we could hear Floyd talking to his brother Homer and neighbor Oscar Logsdon. We soon came out as it was just like the old Mammoth Cave guide told me. It was too dangerous for anyone to go in. Why did Floyd go into such a hole?

Chapter 4: The First Sabbath

Homer Collins was at last persuaded to leave the cave at dawn on Sunday morning, February 1. He was worn from exhaustion, his clothing dripped mud and icy water, and he was on the verge of both a nervous and physical collapse.

Peals of church bells tolled softly and their mellow notes were wafted on the gentle breezes. The Reverend (Lum) Columbus Doyle, pastor of a small flock of hardshell Baptists, arrived at the meeting house to find most of the pews empty. Learning from the few faithful in attendance of the disaster that had befallen Floyd Collins, whom he had known from childhood. The minister, a man of stout heart and strong physique, hurried to the caverns. He found a scene of wild confusion. There was no organization, all was chaos. Homer Collins was in a state of collapse and offered a reward of \$500 to any man succeeding in rescuing Floyd, dead or alive. Their fellow friends who was so brave and faithful to help Homer in his rescue effort was forced to go home for a rest.

Shortly before noon, a new figure entered the picture: Larry B. Hooper, an electrician, whose home was in Nashville, Tennessee, but who at the time was visiting friends in Cave City. Hooper, or "Tennessee," as he later was known by the

rescuers, talked to a small man as he emerged from the tunnel and announced that he had been to Collins and that Floyd had lost the race and was dead. Hooper, though a young man, knew men and realized from the expression on the face of the informer that he was intoxicated and all was not well. Although he was unfamiliar with the character of the tunnel, "Tennessee" donned a suit of overalls and crawled through the tunnel's bends and twists to the side of the entombed man. He spoke to Collins and received a response. He felt his pulse and found it was steady. He gave him a few sips of hot coffee, wrapped the explorer more securely in the burlap sacks and rubber coat and struggled back to the surface. "Where is that man?" shouted Hooper, his eyes searching wildly for the small man who had falsely reported Collins' death. The small man by this time was hastily scaling the path up the cliff and did not look back, as Hooper shouted, "You are a liar, Floyd Collins is alive and we can get him out if there are enough real men willing to help." Hooper was in the cave two hours, and while engaged in giving the lie to the report of death, Magistrate Thomas Clay Turner of Cave City had impaneled a coroner's jury for the purpose of questioning the small man and officially declaring Collins dead. The jury was assembled but it promptly became a rescue party when Hooper delivered his challenge.

It was inevitable that the menace of moonshine should creep into a disorganized band of rescuers engaged in a hazardous and exhausting task. Probably the first thought of those who brought the whiskey to the mouth of the cavern was that the powerful stimulant might be needed to steel the nerve of the brave men who were trying valiantly and as best they knew to pry the rock from Collins' foot.

There never was a situation where moonshine had less place, then where only men in full possession of every faculty could be of any use in the tunnel and those whose sensibilities were dulled in the least by artificial stimulation would not only be useless as rescuers but would seriously jeopardize the lives of their companions.

The flagrant and open was the drinking on Sunday night the Reverend Mr. Doyle who came prepared to do his best and who tried, went into the tunnel as far as the squeeze, returned home that night fully heart sick and disgusted. And on through the night, party after party crawled to or near Collins, pounded vigorously at the rocks and gravels, and came back exhausted without effecting material progress in the task that was foredoomed to failure.

Chapter 5: The World Aroused

Dawn on Monday, February 2, found every telephone and telegraph wire leading from Cave City to the world singing stirring messages for aid. Sensible men of the community had come to realize that human power would be futile to combat the terrific forces that held Collins in their grasp. On the first train reaching Cave City early Monday morning, came A.W. Nichols, staff correspondent of *The Louisville Herald*, the first newspaper man to reach the scene. Nichols went at once to the cave and crawled in the tunnel to about ten or twelve feet from Collins.

"The world is coming, old man," Nichols shouted to the entombed explorer, who then was very weak and was able only to mutter his thanks, the first message

Floyd Collins went to an anxious humanity. Nichols told Collins that Louisville stood ready to offer any assistance, financial, human or mechanical, to effect a rescue, and in a brief interview explained how deeply Kentucky had been stirred by the tragic plight of the daring hill man explorer.

William Burke Miller of *The Louisville Courier Journal*, commonly called Skeets Miller, a very small person who penetrated the tunnel getting all the way to Collins and interviewing him regarding his plight and as to what methods Collins would suggest to free himself. A Delco light plant dealer brought a Delco light plant to Sand Cave to have electric lights. This writer connected a shop light with a wire guard and long cord so Skeets Miller could take it back to Collins.

Monday night Collins was resting very well, having been fed three times during the day and he indicated his gain in strength and spirit by asking for, "a mess of fried onion," his favorite dish. It was impossible, however, to give him anything except liquid foods such as milk and coffee. The electric light and coffee especially were of great value in keeping him warm. The blankets covering Collins were changed during the day.

There was more drinking of moonshine on Monday night than any other night during the rescue. It was then that the situation literally slid from under the control of the hard working but severely handicapped organization. The more level headed workers of the crowd, who stood astounded while the frolicsome toppers reeled dangerously from boulder to boulder, engaged in free for all fist fights and for no reason broadcasted their sentiments to the world in raucous streams of profanity, realized that troops were needed and needed immediately. Governor William Fields was notified of the critical situation and he ordered engineers of the state highway department and other experts to proceed at once to Cave City to aid in the rescue.

Lieut. Robert Burdon and Private John Blake of the Louisville Fire Department suggested a new plan of rescue. "I believe there is a chance to free him if we can adjust a harness about his waist and shoulders and pull on rope attached to it until Floyd's foot is broken and drawn from under the boulder," the fireman explained.

The harness, hastily constructed of stout leather was brought to the cave by Homer Collins, who descended into the tunnel with Burdon and Miller and assisted in adjusting it around his brother's body.

Burdon explained carefully just what brought to the cave by Homer Collins, who descended into the tunnel with Burdon and Miller and assisted in adjusting it around his brother's body.

Burdon explained carefully just what they had planned to do and Floyd muttered, "Go ahead and pull, I had rather be dead than down here." When the final test came and Miller and Burdon began pulling Floyd uttered a low moan which completely unnerved his brother, who was holding to the end of the rope and who at first pulled with all of his strength. Homer immediately stopped pulling and begged Burdon and Miller to do likewise. The harness was left in place and the three men returned to the surface to find out-spoken complaint among the workers against Burdon's plan of rescue. Homer Collins, however, saw the impossibility of attempting to remove the rock and offered \$500 to any surgeon in the world who

would be able to amputate Floyd's leg and thus free him. But this plan also was not feasible because of the lack of room to permit a surgeon to perform such an operation.

A conference was held between Lieutenant Burdon, Private Blake, city and county officials and relatives at which the fireman explained in detail about the hose hoist plane. "It might break his foot or maim him," said Lieut. Burdon, "But it is the only chance of getting him out." "Handle him as you would one of your own," the father pleaded and the words touched the heart of Burdon, who realized that the aged parent was not in absolute sympathy with his system of extricating Collins. Upon returning to the hotel, after pulling on Collins body sufficiently to straighten the torso, Lieutenant Burdon lay awake until the wee hours, turning over the matter in his mind. He concluded to secure two hose hoists from the Louisville Fire Department and dispatched a message to Major Alex Bach, his chief for this equipment. The hoists were sent immediately.

Lieutenant Burdon was confident that with the leverage of a crowbar, augmenting the power of the hoist, he would be able to drag Collins from beneath the rock and was determined to do this, regardless of how much suffering he would cause. The Louisville firemen rode back to the cave Tuesday morning and found his hoists had arrived but that Gerald had assumed command. Lee Collins, the father, appeared highly incensed against Lieutenant Burdon and there was much hostility among many of the rural rescue workers sensing the situation.

Lieutenant Burdon made no further effort to haul Floyd to freedom with the hoists.

Chapter 6: Moonshine --- Muck -- Madness

King Chaos ruled Sand Cave from the discovery of Collins until the evening of Wednesday, February 4th. Have you ever witnessed a bad fatality? Or have you every been compelled to stand helpless while a overturned vehicle bore down with relentless speed upon a pinioned victim? Then imagine how much greater your emotion would be if three or four groups of earnest workers, each striving for the honor of releasing the trapped victim. Jockeyed for position and wasted precious moments in senseless argument when only the keen brains of experienced engineers could save the life of the doomed man.

Such was the situation at Sand Cave on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and most of Wednesday. Woodson and Kratch Monument Builders of Louisville, Kentucky, accompanied by two of their most expert stone cutters and engineers, arrived at the cave at six thirty o'clock Monday night. They came prepared to make a survey of the tunnel, to view the situation from an engineering standpoint and to work out a definite plan to free Collins. Until their arrival no scientific men had been on the scene.

Imagine our reaction when Mr. Woodson upon returning to the hotel after spending two miserable nights in the downpour, made this report: "We were urged by Lee Collins, the father and Marshall Collins a brother, to take charge and try and

effect a rescue," Mr. Woodson said. John Gerald a friend of Floyd Collins who has taken charge of the rescue work, refused to permit us to enter the cave, and there was nothing for us to do but return home. We found everything in confusion and several hundred men blocking the entrance to the cave.

We had been told that the entrance to the cave was very narrow and for that reason our two expert granite and stone cutters were scantily dressed and ready to enter the cave immediately and begin the work of rescue. However, the crowd was so dense it was impossible for men to get even close to the entrance to the cave and they stood around in the cold rain for more than five hours waiting for the entrance to be cleared.

We finally despaired of making any headway Monday night and returned to Cave City for a short rest, but were on the scene again Tuesday morning at five thirty o'clock. We again found the same conditions confronting us. As the crowd had not dispersed during the hours between midnight and morning. In fact, the number had increased instead of decreased, and the entrance to the cave was more congested, if possible, than it was on our arrival and during our stay Monday night. It was following our arrival Monday morning that the father and one brother of the imprisoned man appealed to us to start the rescue work. We told them that while we were there as volunteers we felt sure we would be able to effect a rescue if given the right to undertake the work and carry out our own plans without interference. Issac Woodson stated our two stone cutters are known experts in their line and were willing to risk their lives to save the life of a fellow human being. Mr. Kratch and myself felt they should be unhampered in their work of rescue, or attempted rescue and ask that the cave entrance be cleared and no one permitted to enter while our men were at work.

It was at this juncture that John Gerald informed us he was in charge of the rescue work at the request of the imprisoned man, and that he would not permit our workmen to enter the cave with the tools necessary to carry on the work or even to make a survey to ascertain what in their opinion, is necessary to effect a rescue. With that situation prevailing it was useless for us to remain longer on the scene hence our return to Louisville.

Mr. Kratch said that while neither he nor either of the experts entered the cave and did not know the exact conditions prevailing in the immediate vicinity of the imprisoned man. He was convinced, from what we told him by men who had been inside, that the only method by which Collins could be safely rescued was to use a small drill and chip away a little at a time of the stone or boulder which had fallen across his left ankle and foot. "It was our opinion," said Mr. Kratch, "that if a large drill was used or an effort made to raise the boulder it will result in the walls of the cave giving away and not only mean the death of Collins, but of those who are attempting the rescue." "Our experts were ready on arrival at the cave at six thirty o'clock Monday evening to make a survey and begin method to pursue, but as the cave entrance was clustered with more than a hundred men who refused to make room for our workmen we had to withdraw until a more opportune time. However, conditions were even worse Tuesday morning, and finally Gerald assumed full charge and refused to permit the stone experts to enter the cave."

"From the information we received from those who had been in the cave and been close enough to Collins to talk to him," Mr. Kratch said, "we know it will be necessary for the rescuers to enter the cave, or that part of it where the man is imprisoned, head first. We also know that it is a hazardous undertaking and one that requires great skill if a rescue is to be made. With those conditions prevailing it was only fair, if my two stone cutters were to undertake the work, that they should be permitted to use their own judgement in mapping out a plan of procedure. This suggestion was turned down by Gerald, who refused to make any effort to keep the crowd back or permit the stone experts to enter. In fact, we were pointedly told our services were not needed."

Until hearing these words from the Louisville Monument men, it had been our impression that Gerald was doing excellent work and we still believe he did what he thought was best. But, while pondering over the delays and the nerve-racking aimlessness of the rescue work up to that point, Marshall Collins and Edward Estes came voluntarily to a writer and reported several matters suspicious relative to Gerald. It seemed to be Marshall's opinion that Gerald deliberately blocked the effort of Louisville Monument engineers, while Estes ideas were even more sensational than his companions. By this time the Louisville engineers had left the cave utterly disgusted and Marshall seemed so anxious to have them return and do their survey that I advised Estes to hurry to Cave City and bring the stone experts back with him. They did not come back, having left on the afternoon train before Estes could reach the depot.

Meanwhile, party after party went in and came out of the tunnel. Some of those, who started so bravely, faltered by the wayside. This was proved when Lieut. Burdon discovered bottles of milk and coffee and packets of lunch tucked in crevices far from Collins. One could not be sure that the reports he heard from the majority of the rescuers were true. Some would say that Collins was strong and brave. Others would report the explorer in virtual collapse with death hovering near. But it was the opinion of those who really got to Collins that the strain was already breaking a brave spirit.

Two valiant figures entered the drama late Monday night, distinctly contrasting to the gang of drunken roisterers holding orgy in the valley. These were Lieut. Ben Wells, a tall West Point graduate, and Charles Whittle, the young president of Ogden College, Bowling Green. Lieut. Wells was head of the mathematics department at the college. They went in together with Gerald leading and these three did more real work from midnight Monday until dawn Tuesday, than had been done by any previous parties. They removed so much rock from around Collins body that practically the entire torso was free and it was possible to reach as far as the knees. One rock was so large that Gerald, literally standing on his head, suffered a severe strain, passing it by to Whittle and Wells.

This party also fed Floyd quantities of grape juice, milk, and hot coffee three times early Tuesday morning. Collins' hands were completely free and he was so revived by the nourishment that he was able to assist the rescuers. Whittle, a man of keen intellect, noticed however, that Collins was rapidly approaching the breaking point. He reported that the explorer would groan when very small rocks would fall upon his body and that there was other evidence that the anticipated collapse of mind was imminent.

Gerald was completely exhausted by the strain of seven hours labor with Whittle and Lieut. Wells. They retired to Cave City for much needed rest. So much rock was removed from about Collins' body that it was hoped that a successful effort could be made by a small man to insert a jack beneath the rock resting upon Collins foot and lift the boulder from the limb. By this time engineering concerns from all parts of the United States, who had imagined that jacks could be used, had sent various types of apparatus of this character to the cave. These ranged from very small affairs to large types used in lifting houses. The impression apparently having been fixed in the minds of the public at large that there was considerable room in which to work.

Skeets Miller and Lieut. Burdon, while Gerald was resting, went into the tunnel for the purpose of operating a jack, Miller in the lead. Several types were tested and found to be too large, but at last a very small jack was adjusted against a rock that was believed to be the pinioning boulder. Miller could not be sure, but began lifting the jack by means of a small wrench. The rock began moving slowly and Collins seemed overjoyed, but the moment of triumph was short lived, for the jack suddenly gave way in the every shifting gravel and the rock rolled back in place. This marked the high tide of the effort to release Collins in the tunnel, and Miller and Burdon were in a state of nervous collapse when they returned to the hotel following their daring but pitifully unsuccessful battle with the boulder. It is significant to note that Collins' spirit seemed to snap when the jack failed to work. He began babbling incoherently and for the first time demanded that some one remain with him so that he might be able to hear constantly the sound of human voice. Marshall and Homer Collins were rushed to the Dixie Hotel in Cave City Monday night, both semi-conscious from the strain of their labor, but Homer after physicians had dressed the lacerations of his limbs, literally broke away from his friends and returned to the cave.

It is important to note here that the continual passage through the tunnel of great numbers of men of various sizes, most of them inexperienced and all in stage of terror had slowly but surely knocked away the important key rocks supporting sections of the ceiling between the squeeze and Collins' body.

This could have been avoided if there had been a concerted head of operations. If the rescue parties had been selected rather than assemble haphazardly and if the spirit of factional strife had not ever shadowed the better judgement of those who knew exactly the situation and could have appreciated the need for coherent organization.

Doubtless Gerald felt justified in declining to permit the entrance of the Louisville experts. He felt that the main effort at that stage should be on freeing Floyd's feet and drag him inch by inch up the narrow passage to freedom. He little realized, although he later became converted, that science and engineering intellect were of paramount importance from the time it was found that Collins could not have been brought to the surface even though his feet had been released. The constant arrival of additional experts irked Gerald. His jangled nerves impelled him

to do and say indiscreet things, and because he was enshrined by many country folks as the hero.

Gerald was slowly, but none the less, surely crowded out of the drama by the onrushing course of events. Brig. Gen. H.H. Denhardt, who assumed full command of the military and who from long experience realized the importance of morale, ordered Gerald excluded from the rescue zone. This was the final crushing blow to a brave spirit, but Gerald showed remarkable fortitude. A man in the heat of passion, be it anger or the burning desire to lead, will say and do many things with upon calm reflection that he will regret. Johnny Gerald will forever retain his place as a true soldier in that heroic army that battled nature in the tortuous cavern.

Chapter 7: The Shaft Started

Thursday, February 9, H.T. Carmichael takes charge of rescue work, declares passage too dangerous for further use, and shaft was started this morning, Carmichael was an engineer of long experience.

Friday, February 6, Collins still alive, Shaft down twelve feet in first twenty-four hours.

No more moonshine drinking after troops arrived, the bootleggers looked at the uniform with respect.

Saturday, February 7, surveyors enter natural entrance and found shaft calculations correct. Shaft down twenty-two feet in forty-eight hours.

Sunday, February 8, Test indicate Collins alive. Crowd jams city and cave vicinity. Military court decided on to probe rumors.

Monday, February 9, Morning tests indicate Collins alive. Grand jury probe for March 2 announced. Shaft down thirty-three feet at noon.

Tuesday, February 10, Test indicates Collins alive. Military probe starts. Core drill indicates no serious obstruction for shaft, well down forty-one feet with shaft. The L & N Railroad company offers and give unlimited aid.

Wednesday, February 11, Canvas spread to protect shaft hole from rain. Governor orders more equipment to care for workers. Shaft down forty-four feet at noon.

Friday, February 13, Earth crevice struck at bottom of shaft at noon workers in shaft report hearing Collins cough. Military guard doubled.

Saturday, February 14, Shaft down fifty-five feet to a narrow crevice twelve feet from Collins body, a lateral tunnel planned to Collins.

Sunday, February 15, Lateral tunnel started from shaft depth of fifty-five feet.

Monday, February 16, Lateral tunnel turned downward, striking the old small dangerous crawlway. Peering down into the narrow trap door, Brenner, by crawling head foremost into the tunnel quickly reached Collins.

Squatting down on the rocky ledge, Brenner felt Collins' face. It was icy cold and the face was covered with a thick growth of beard drawing back with a natural horror of contact with the dead. Brenner steeled his nerves to make a more careful investigation, then he reported the bad news to Carmichael. He made a personal investigation.

Gerald and others went in the tunnel to positively identify Collins.

It was declared too dangerous to remove Collins' body, so the tunnel was sealed.

It is here given in its entirety by this author who was on the scene from the time Collins peril was discovered to that tremendous moment when Floyd Collins was left sleeping forever in the cave that proved to be his tomb.

Floyd's father, Lee Collins, and his brothers soon became so disturbed about Floy's body being left trapped in Sand Cave, they at large expense, had coal miners to remove it.

By the permission of Floyd's father, Floyd's body was put in a copper bronze, glass covered casket and put on display in Floyd Collins Crystal Cave by the owners of this cave. Tourist that purchased cave tickets to see the cave could see Floyd's body free if they wished.

In 1961 Mammoth Cave National Park bought Floyd Collins Crystal Cave for two hundred eighty-five thousand dollars. The park does not show this beautiful cave.

Thousands of tourist visiting the caves each year ask about Floyd Collins, and will listen with awe the tragedy of Sand Cave.

TERROR IN A CAVE: A LOOK BACK AT THE 1957 CARPENTER CAVE, PENNSYLVANIA RESCUE

Dean H. Snyder

On Wednesday, November 20, 1895, workers on the Martin Carpenter farm in Raubsville, Pennsylvania, discovered a cave while they were quarrying limestone. One of the men was surprised when his crowbar disappeared into a hole. An exploration commenced which showed that the cave was about 150 feet long and contained “millions” of stalactites. Some were collected and sent to Philadelphia for examination.¹ In 1930, in the first edition of *Pennsylvania Caves*, Carpenter Cave was only one of twenty wild caves listed. It was described as “tiny but pretty” and that the “crevices are very narrow and oftentimes so blocked as to require wriggling along the floor to get past.”² Despite its small size, Carpenter Cave became a popular destination for cavers from eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

While on a tour of Lost River Caverns in Hellertown, science writer John Pfeiffer, of New Hope, asked their guide about other caves in the area. The guide told them about Redington Cave, a non-commercial cave about seven miles away.³ Pfeiffer thought that a trip to some of the area wild caves would be a great adventure for his son. He contacted an NSS member, who advised Pfeiffer not to attempt a caving trip on his own.⁴ Pfeiffer did not listen. The next weekend, on Sunday morning, March 26, Pfeiffer and three young boys left New Hope in his light green Ford station wagon. Accompanying John Pfeiffer, age 42, were his son Tony, age 12, and two of Tony’s school friends: Norman Ganter, age 11, of Mechanicsville; and Chris Ingham, age 11, of New Hope.⁵

There is no evidence that they ever located or even looked for Redington Cave. It would be difficult to find without precise directions, as its entrance is in the woods several hundred feet from the road. Pfeiffer later claimed that they had found another cave, but it was boarded up.⁶ This was certainly Indian Cave, found just off of Route 611 north of Easton. Its entrance was always guarded by a locked wooden door. After a lunch of hot dogs, soda, and candy bars, the four would-be explorers headed in the direction of Carpenter Cave. They stopped at a gas station, where attendant Mrs. Stanley Agaard provided them with directions to the cave.⁷

The four were dressed in street clothes, with no helmets. Their sources of light were completely inadequate- three flashlights and a floodlight.⁵ They also had a rope and candy bars. Carpenter Cave was gated with a steel trap door in the floor of the abandoned quarry. Seventy-eight year old Anna Hart, widow of Lafayette professor Edward Hart, owned the property and was always gracious in allowing explorers into the cave. Almost every weekend some group visited the cave.⁸



(Left) John Pfeiffer wrote about his cave rescue in *Coronet* magazine. (Right) After his rescue Pfeiffer seemed none the worse for wear. He is seen here with Naomi at his side.

Pfeiffer signed into the cave at its entrance. At 2:30 PM they headed underground. A seven-foot drop led to passage to the west. Through crawling, climbing, and squirming, the group made their way through the small cave. Using his car keys, Pfeiffer marked tick-tack-toe symbols on the wall so he could find their way out. After an hour of exploring, the group headed back. At the Lemon Squeeze, their trouble began. They searched back and forth but could not find their way out of the cave. The marks on the wall were of no help. Pfeiffer made the decision to stop there and wait for help. It turned out to be a long time sitting in the darkness.⁹

At 6:30 PM, Naomi Pfeiffer became concerned that the group had missed their 6 PM return time. She called the Pennsylvania State Police and told them that they had gone to Carpenter Cave. However, the police failed to find the Pfeiffer's car- by now it was dark and it was parked behind a bush. So troopers from the Bethlehem and Easton barracks checked other possible cave locations which were provided by the local cave community. The Easton Troopers, who missed the group at Carpenter Cave, also checked Indian Cave, while the Bethlehem Troopers went to Redington Cave and Guthsville Cave in Lehigh County. Mrs. Pfeiffer, accompanied by her sister Joan Shortney and brother-in-law William, joined the police in searching Redington Cave. However, no evidence of the four was found. Local hospital inquires were also of no consequence. Authorities were thinking about requesting assistance from the Civil Air Patrol if the Pfeiffer group was not found by daylight.¹⁰

The next morning, Mrs. Stanley Aagaard heard radio broadcasts that the four were missing, and reported to authorities that she had given them directions to Carpenter Cave.⁷ Meanwhile, the Pfeiffer auto was found near the cave at 9:25AM. Clinton Kreitz, who lived near the cave, rushed to the entrance and shouted into the cave.¹¹ Immediately, he heard,

“We’re lost and can’t find our way out!” Kreitz ran to Mrs. Hart’s house and she notified the state police that they had been found. In turn, the police called for the assistance of NSS member Robert Lipman of Hackettstown, New Jersey.¹² Before he could arrive, State Trooper John Hahn and Kreitz entered the cave. Hahn had a rope tied around his waist which trailed behind him so he would not himself become lost. By shouting back and forth, the Pfeiffer group was found. They were cold and hungry but uninjured. It took only about 15 minutes to escort them out of the cave. They were in the cave for about 18 hours.¹⁰

The rescue story appeared in newspapers from coast to coast, often accompanied by photos of Pfeiffer and the boys emerging from the cave. A great deal of coverage was in the Allentown *Morning Call*. The stories were sympathetic towards Pfeiffer with no mention of the ill-prepared nature of the trip. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* included a small “X marks the spot” location map of the cave, much to the delight of all curiosity seekers and cave vandals.¹⁴ A follow-up article appeared on Tuesday May 28, in the *Levittown Times* in which reporter Maury Allen interviewed John and Naomi Pfeiffer in their home. Pfeiffer claimed that his real hobby was mountain climbing, but was never pressed as to what mountains he had ever climbed. The nature of the article was the terrible hours that the group had suffered. Conspicuously absent was a thank-you to rescuers Trooper John Hahn and Clinton Kreitz.⁶

In the March 1958 issue of *Coronet* magazine, Pfeiffer wrote an article titled “Terror in a Cave.” Carpenter Cave was described a “rathole” and the “grotto was like a torture chamber.” Again, the main focus of the story was the uncomfortable nature of their ordeal and the courage of the boys.¹⁵

After the article appeared in *Coronet*, questions arose as to the authenticity of the rescue. Were these events just a way to provide fodder for a magazine article? Is it possible to get lost in a 360-foot long cave? It was estimated that the Pfeiffer group was 100 feet from the cave entrance. Their calls were heard at the cave entrance. Hundreds of explorers, including many novices, had visited the cave without ever getting lost. In the first news article about the rescue, Naomi Pfeiffer reported late Sunday night that “they were last seen in the vicinity of Carpenter’s Cave near Raubsville.”¹⁰ How could she have known that?

Of course, the caving community was not pleased with the Carpenter Cave rescue, as this was the fastest way for a cave to be closed. The *NSS News* called the rescue a “fiasco” and used quotation marks to note that they were “lost” in the cave.⁴ Edwin C. Laubach, in a letter to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, wrote that he and his son had spent many enjoyable hours in Carpenter Cave. He hoped that the rescue might discourage other ill-prepared explorers and that “They got what they asked for.” He added that Carpenter Cave was only a terror for the obese and claustrophobic.¹⁶

Dr. Richmond Myers, who was the faculty advisor of the Moravian College Grotto at the time, wrote, “A few years ago a free lance writer deliberately managed to get himself ‘lost’ in this cave, and the publicity involved in finding him gave a splendid story which later appeared in a well known magazine.” In 1985, he added “It turned out that the whole thing was a hoax, or publicity stunt.”¹⁷

Anna Hart said after the rescue that she would seal the cave entrance “before someone gets hurt in there.”¹³ Much to her credit, she did not close the cave entrance. After the rescue, trips were only allowed that were led by NSS members, and cavers had to sign out after

leaving the cave. Trips leaders would have to obtain entry permission in advance from her, and keys to the cave lock were held by the Philadelphia, Northern New Jersey, and Met Grottos.⁴ Anna later spent her remaining years in Florida, passing at the age of 102. She outlived her husband Edwin by almost 50 years.

John Pfeiffer and his son never went into a cave again. Pfeiffer died on September 6, 1999. Six months prior to his death, the author talked to Pfeiffer over the phone.¹⁸ He was not forthcoming about the incident, and answered questions with an abrupt “yes” or “no.” He never added any additional information about the event, and ended the conversation after an awkward two minutes. We may never know the answer to the basic question: Was Pfeiffer a totally incompetent cave explorer, or was the rescue a scam, only intended to supply material for a magazine article? We may never know.



(Left) Dr. Richmond Myers believed that the Carpenter Cave rescue was a hoax. (Right) The Pennsylvania State Police, Civil Defense, and Civil Air Patrol participated in the Carpenter Cave Rescue.

References

1. “Found a Big Cave.” *Morning Call* (Allentown PA), November 12, 1895. The quarry was operated by J. Howard Richards (1857-1952), who was the son-in-law to Martin Carpenter.
2. Ralph W. Stone. *Pennsylvania Caves*, Pennsylvania Topographic and Geologic Survey, Bulletin G-3, Harrisburg, 1930. The same description was in 1932 *Pennsylvania Caves*. It was written by E.R. Barnsley, who is Edward R. (Ned) Barnsley (1906-1989). Barnsley visited Carpenter Cave when he was no older than 24. His principal interest was history. He visited many caves in eastern Pennsylvania and wrote many cave descriptions for Stone.
3. There are two “caves” at Redington. Cave No. 1 is basically one large room. Redington Cave No. 2 is not cave, but a tunnel that was created by testing munitions of Bethlehem Steel.
4. *NSS News*, Vol. 15, No. 12, December, 1957. The identity of the NSS member is not

given. The date in this short article is incorrect, as it reports the rescue date as May 16, 1957.

5. "Pfeiffer Praises 2 Boys' Pluck, Calls it 'Darn Fool Thing to Do'", *Allentown Morning Call*, May 28, 1957.

6. "'Mountain Climber' Tells of Cave Trap." *Levittown Times*, May 28, 1957.

7. "3 Boys and Writer are Rescued After 21 Hours in Cave." *New York Times*, May 28, 1957.

8. Mrs. Hart never charged anyone for cave entry, even as hundreds of explorers visited the site. Many youth groups visited the cave. For example, on November 8, 1953, 60 Cub Scouts and their parents visited Carpenter Cave.

9. "4 Safe After Night in Raubsville Cave." *Morning Call*, May 28, 1957.

10. "Bucks Man, 3 Boys Missing on L.V. Cave Exploring Trip." *Morning Call*, May 27, 1957. This was the first report of the missing cave group. In the second and third edition, Pfeiffer's car license plate number was reported.

11. Clinton H. Kreitz (1897-1990) was a carpenter who lived in Raubsville. He received a citation from former Pennsylvania governor Milton Shapp for rescuing more than 20 auto/boating accident victims near the Delaware River.

12. Robert Lipman was NSS 949. He lived about 31 miles away from the cave in Hackettstown, New Jersey.

13. "Bucks Man, 3 Boys 'Just Got Lost'; Huddled Together Waiting Rescue." *Allentown Explorers Safe After 22 Hours in Raubsville Cave.* *Allentown Morning Call*, "The Cave at Raubsville, the Rescued and the Rescuers." "Pfeiffer Praises 3 Boys' Pluck, 'Calls It a Darn Fool Thing to Do'" May 28, 1957.

14. "Four Found Safe in Cave After Ordeal of 21 Hours." *Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 28, 1957.

15. "Terror in a Cave" *Coronet*, March, 1958. *Coronet* was a general interest magazine that published 299 issues between 1939 and 1971.

16. "Dozen Candles, Too." *Philadelphia Inquirer*, June 6, 1957. Edwin C. Laubach was president of the Delaware Safety Engineers.

17. "Carpenter's Cave." *Morning Call*, June 29, 1969 and "Keystone Ramblings: Spelunking Studies," *Morning Call*, June 2, 1985. Dr. Richmond Myers was possibly the only writer who actually was in the cave.

18. Phone Interview with John Pfeiffer, March 7, 1999.