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Alan Swenson

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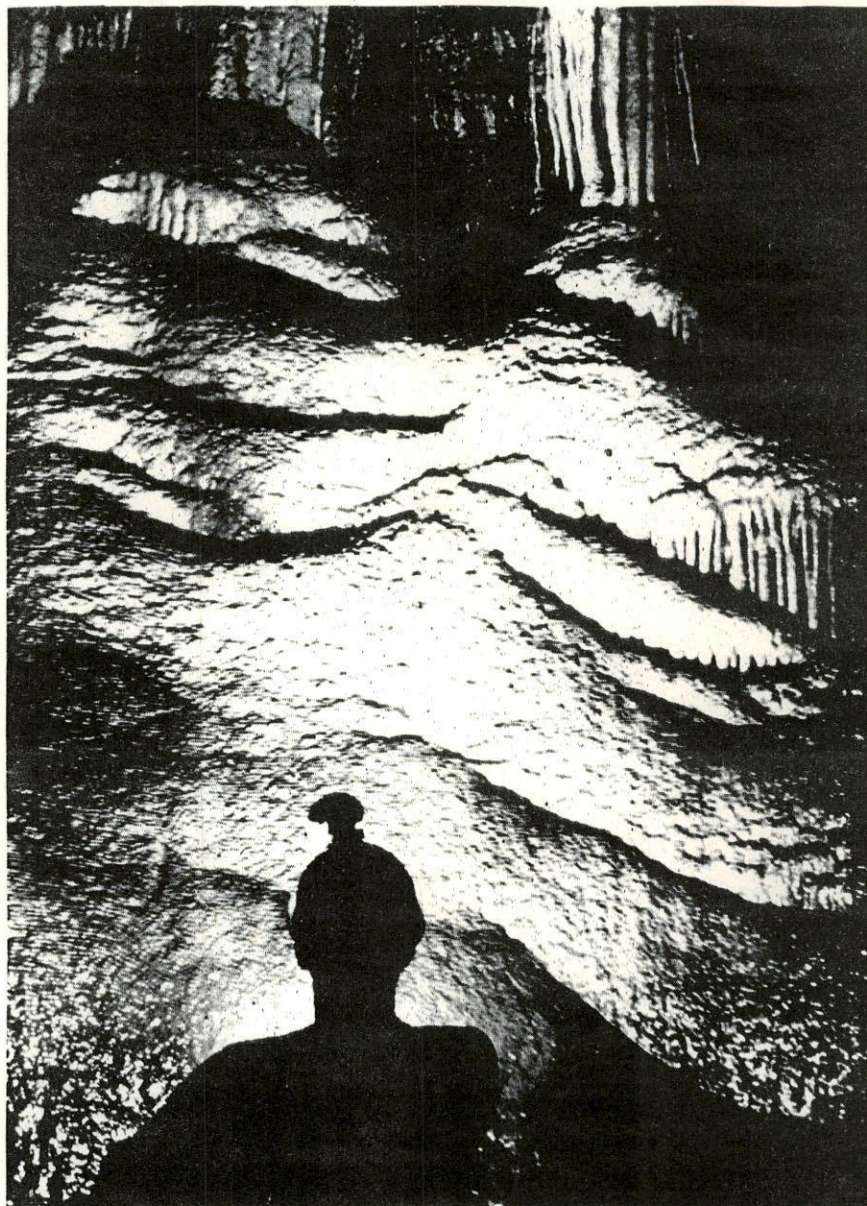
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COVER PICTURE: The exciting picture on the cover is a frozen waterfall of stone that few human eyes have ever seen. The formation, shining in the carbide headlamp of Steven Barnett of Cedar Rapids, lies some three miles inside the spectacular cave he and David Jagnow of Coralville discovered in Winneshiek County. The point where the picture was taken can be reached only by an arduous and hazardous journey of up to 10 hours. In an expedition they made to the cave in October 1969, Barnett and Jagnow were accompanied by the Des Moines Register's Reporter Otto Knauth, whose dramatic stories of the cave appear in this issue.

Photo by David Jagnow

Printed in January 1973



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COLD WATER CAVE

Introduction by
Thomas Hruska

This is the second special issue of the Iowa Grotto *Intercom* on the subject of Cold Water Cave. The first Cold Water special appeared in the May-June 1969 issue of the *Intercom*. That issue, written by Dave Jagnow, tells about the discovery, exploration, and gating of Cold Water Cave. This issue is a reprint of two articles by Mr. Otto Knauth from the *Des Moines Register*. The articles appear with the written permission of the author and the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company.

Cold Water Cave was discovered September 17, 1967. Since that time, about seven miles of passage have been explored. Three and one-half miles of the cave have been mapped. The only known natural entrance to the cave is through Cold Water Spring in the Cold Water Creek conservation area. This natural entrance will soon be augmented by a dry entrance that the Iowa Geological Survey is now attempting to drill into the cave. After the new entrance is open, the cave will be available for research work in any of the cave sciences.

Register reporter Otto Knauth learned about Cold Water Cave in the spring of 1968. He went to the time and trouble of learning how to properly use SCUBA equipment. Dave Jagnow and Steve Barnett then agreed to take him on a trip into Cold Water Cave. In October 1969, Dave Jagnow, Steve Barnett, and Tom Egert led Otto Knauth on the trip into Cold Water. This cave trip is the subject of the following two articles.

The first article, "How Iowans Risked Lives to Find Huge Cave," appeared in the December 7, 1969, issue of the *Picture* magazine. The article gives some of the history of the discovery and exploration of Cold Water Cave. Descriptions of the many varying types of cave formations are included. The types of cave life found in Cold Water Cave are also discussed in Otto Knauth's article.

The second article appeared in the February 15, 1970, issue of the *Picture* magazine. "A Journey Into 'a Different World'," is the title of Otto Knauth's story of his trip into Cold Water Cave. He tells how he prepared for the trip. The article also gives a detailed account of his personal thoughts and reactions to the grueling trip into Iowa's longest cave.

HOW IOWANS RISKED LIVES TO FIND HUGE CAVE

Otto Knauth

Reprinted from the December 7, 1969, *Picture* magazine by written permission of the author and the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company.

The longest and by all odds the most spectacular cave in Iowa has been discovered in the rugged hills of the northeast by two University of Iowa students at the risk of their lives.

In a state not particularly noted for its caves, this one extends for more than 6 miles and contains some of the most beautiful formations found in caves anywhere--stalactites up to 20 feet long, frozen cascades of flowstone, colors that shade from ivory white to a brilliant red and into dark browns and black, waterfalls that have rumbled unheard for thousands of years.

Even Its Entrance Is Spectacular

It is a "live" cave. Water is everywhere, from the creek that flows through it to the ageless drips from ceiling and walls that have given the cave its spectacular formations. But it may be a long time before the public can see it. Its only entrance is guarded by an underwater passage a quarter of a mile long. Its discoverers describe it as possibly the longest underwater cave entrance in the world. Certainly it is one of the most dangerous.

The cave was formed by a small tributary of Coldwater Creek, a sparkling clear trout stream in northwestern Winneshiek County four miles east of Kendallville. Even its entrance is spectacular--a tiny passage inside a big cavern at the base of a 100-foot-high cliff.

The cave was discovered and explored by Steven Barnett of Cedar Rapids and David Jagnow of Coralville, both 21 and both members of the Iowa Grotto of the National Speleological (cave study) Society. Both are geology students at U. of I. and both had a long-standing ambition to find a cave in Iowa to compare with the vast caverns of Kentucky and elsewhere.

A Vivid Experience He'll Never Forget

In recent years, they had made many trips into the hills and valleys of Iowa's Little Switzerland because it is only in this area that substantial caves can be found in the state. All the rest has been covered by glaciers which buried in a sea of gravel any caves that may have been present. Coldwater spring intrigued them because of the stream pouring out of an underwater opening at the base of the cliff.

Here's how Steve tells it:

"One of the local farmers told us that during prohibition days he had set up a still in a cavern behind the cliff face, 'just a little ways in.' So one morning, I stripped to jeans and sweatshirt, reached under the cliff as far as I could with my feet and felt along the ceiling with my toes.

"The first time I slipped underwater, I found nothing and pulled myself out. I shoved in farther the second time and, numbed by the cold, became disoriented so that instead of coming out at the entrance, I circled farther into the cave and came up in a small room.

"It was the most vivid 60 seconds of my life. I'll never forget it."

This first underwater passage is about 15 feet long. The water temperature is 47 degrees. Nobody needs to remind Steve what would have happened if the room hadn't been there.

Encouraged by their discovery, the two bought complete underwater diving gear, including rubber "wet suits," air tanks and regulators, boots, gloves and the like. Gradually, on subsequent trips, they pushed back the underwater passage through a series of rooms and tunnels, around corners, over huge downfalls of rock and debris, with only the dull gleam of their waterproof flashlights to guide them.

Eventually, on their fourth trip, they reached a place over a quarter of a mile back, where the ceiling was high enough above the water that they could take off their diving gear. Their shouts returned a strong echo and they knew there was a substantial passage in the darkness before them. How big it was and how long it would take to explore, they could only guess. They were not equipped for a longer stay and had to come out.

Fantastic Formations Of Living Stone

By this time, they had been joined by a third caver, Thomas Egert, 24, of Geneseo, Ill., a psychology senior at Southern Illinois University and a member of the Little Egypt Student Grotto. The three of them formed an exploring expedition, complete with food, cameras, a small tent, carbide lamps and other supplies sufficient for at least 72 hours underground. Even on this trip, they failed to reach the end of the cave but when they came out, cold and exhausted, they knew they had found the largest cave in Iowa.

"They were so excited they didn't touch ground for three days," Dave's mother says of the trip.

There are few places in the world today where man has not been; certainly there are none on the surface of Iowa. But what Dave and Steve and Tom saw that day had been seen by no man. It was as distant and remote from everyday life in Iowa as the moon.

Here, for untold thousands of years, while on the surface climates changed, glaciers came and went, the cave slowly grew deeper and longer and at the same time filled with fantastic formations of living stone.

Drop by slow drop, curtains of lacy stone grew down from tiny cracks in the ceiling; drop by slow drop, rippled pillars of stone rose from the floor, a thousand years to half an inch. Foot by foot they grew, while still the steady drip continued, unheard in the black void.

A Spear Of Stone Twenty Feet Long

Finally, three dim shafts of light penetrated the gloom and man had come to the cave.

For all their elation, the three cavers decided to keep their discovery quiet for fear of improper commercialization. So it was that on the next trip, Dave and Steve decided to map the cave with compass and tape measure. They stayed in for three days and finally reached the end of the main passage, a point $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the entrance. At this point, the passage dips underwater and scuba gear will again be needed to continue exploration. The long exposure to wet and cold while clad in their rubber suits brought them down with a fever for several days after they came out.



BEHIND THIS OPENING at the base of a 100-foot cliff lies Cold Water Cave. The small creek flowing from under the base of the cliff is the stream that, perhaps over a million years, formed the cave. It is a tributary of Cold Water Creek. Photo by Otto Knauth

But what they found made it all worthwhile. Here are some of the wonders of the cave:

Not far past the underwater entrance hangs a huge spear of stone, a stalactite fully 20 feet long, shading from a cream white at the top to shiny brown at the bottom. It hangs directly over the creek, so no accompanying formation has grown up to meet it. Its delicate attachment at the top gives it the appearance it could fall at any minute. Maybe it will.

Trout, Salamanders And Raccoon Tracks

A little farther along, a small creek spills over a delicate rimstone dam out of a man-high side passage. The walls are glistening gray limestone. The creek flows in an alternating series of crystal-clear pools and tumbling rapids that fill the passage with the sound of rushing water. At one point delicate curtains of white dripstone hang across the passage like drapes over a window. About half a mile back, huge blocks of stone have fallen from the ceiling, almost obstructing the passage. Steve and Tom, exploring it, discovered what cavers call a dome-pit (from below it's a dome, from above, a pit) which Steve estimated was 15 stories high. He climbed it until he was out of sight and his voice was so muffled it was almost inaudible.

Rimstone dams also have formed in the creek of the main passage. Their origin^{is} obscure; possibly they grew over a long period of low water in the creek. About a mile back in the cave, one such dam has a fall of several feet and effectively cuts off any aquatic life in the creek above it. Below that point, the stream is inhabited by a number of fish about four inches long which the cavers identified as slimy sculpins. They have apparently adapted themselves to life in total darkness. Their skin is a dull white, devoid of color pigments; they have vestiges of eyes but apparently are completely blind. They show no reaction to the beam of a flashlight but nevertheless are quite difficult to catch as they are extremely sensitive to any movement in the water near them.

Small trout also have been found; apparently they have not been in the cave long enough to adapt to the darkness. The cavers also found small salamanders, earthworms, amphipods and plant seedlings washed in from the surface. The only other signs of life found so far are raccoon tracks in one of the side passages, apparently left by an animal that found a small opening on the surface.

Hanging shelves of brown flowstone are common along the walls of the main passage. Their origin may tell something of the cave's development. Apparently, at one time, there were large mudbanks where none are now. These mudbanks existed over many thousands of years, long enough for flowstone to form several inches thick over them. Then high water, possibly the runoff from glaciers, washed the mud away, leaving the selves of flowstone hanging from the walls. The same thing is occurring along existing mudbanks now. There are other signs of disturbances in the cave. At one point, drips from the roof have formed stalagmites several inches high on large blocks of breakdown; then something, a flood or possibly an earthquake, caused the blocks to move just enough so the drips landed off to one side. Now, new stalagmites are beginning to grow next to the old ones.

Hollow Stone Tubes As Thick As A Pencil

In times past, stalagmites also grew on some of the shelving flowstone that had formed over the mudbanks. Some of these shelves shifted when the underlying mud washed away so that now the stalagmites, instead of pointing straight up, are tipped at odd angles.

Thousands of slender "soda straw" stalactites festoon the cave's ceiling, faithfully following the cracks wherever they may run. As the name implies, they are hollow tubes of stone, usually several inches long and about as thick around as a pencil. In the light of a carbide lamp, the tip of each straw glows like a cat's eye as its water droplet catches and refracts the light. These stone straws are a good illustration of how and why stone grows inside a cave. Rainwater percolating down through the limestone above a cave dissolves tiny amounts of the rock. When drops of this limy water are exposed to the air in the cave, they evaporate a little and precipitate a tiny amount of the dissolved limestone. This precipitation occurs mostly around the rim of the drop; the downward growth of the rim forms the soda straw.

A Dripstone Formation Of Brilliant Red

Similarly, when a drop of water hits the floor of the cave, the resulting splash also causes evaporation but the precipitation of limestone is spread over a larger surface. Thus, stalagmites invariably are more massive but



THE THREE EXPLORERS, in their "wet suits" ready to enter the cave, carrying ropes and other equipment, are Tom Egert of Geneseo, Illinois, David Jagnow of Coralville, and Steve Barnett of Cedar Rapids. Photo by Otto Knauth

never as tall as their corresponding stalactites are long. Most of Cold Water Cave's stalagmites have smoothly rounded domes where the drops hit, but a few have pits instead. Drops fall into these with a loud plop, splashing water up and out over a wide area. In fact, some have formed pools a foot or more across, beautiful basins of clear water with crystalline floors.

The color of the various formations depend on the minute amounts and composition of the minerals contained in the water that forms them. Some "bacon rind" curtains have translucent bands of alternating red and white. Several large dripstone formations far back in the cave are a brilliant red, apparently the result of iron oxide in the water.

Much, if not most of the huge cave remains unexplored. For most of its length, it gets bigger the deeper one goes, until finally, some three miles back, it opens into series of vast rooms. Then the passage narrows to a crawlway. Steve, exploring this, at last came upon a dome pit through which water tumbled in a curtain of mist and spray. Fearing his carbide lamp would be extinguished, he pulled back and has not returned since.

They Became Aware Of A Clanking Noise

Many side passages branch off from the main cave. One of these gave the cavers a thrill they will not soon forget. Cold and tired after many hours in the cave, they suddenly became aware of a muted clanking noise, a banging of heavy metal against metal. Thoughts of dungeons and chained prisoners flashed through their minds as the sounds grew louder. They followed them deep into a side passage and found there the casing of a farmer's well. The well had broken through the ceiling and continued through the floor of the passage. The banging noise was caused when the well pump set the water pipe to vibrating inside the casing.

The three cavers have gone to great lengths to preserve the pristine quality of the cave. It would be easy, for instance, to dump used carbide into the creek. Instead, they carry it out with them. Not a scrap of paper is left; tin cans are crushed and carried back out. They have left the delicate formations just as they found them, realizing that to break off even a soda straw would destroy the work of hundreds of years. Their only souvenirs are photographs and their memories.

What will they do now with their discovery? Above all, they want it preserved. To that end, they have contacted both state and federal agencies to see if they can give it some sort of protection, perhaps as a state preserve or national monument. Eventually, they hope a dry entrance, perhaps an elevator shaft, can be made so the public could see its wonders. This could be done by boat tours that could extend over a mile. With proper management, they feel, Iowa could have a cave to be proud of.

A JOURNEY INTO 'A DIFFERENT WORLD'

Otto Knauth

Reprinted from the February 15, 1970, *Picture* magazine by written permission of the author and the Des Moines Register and Tribune Company.

On December 7 (1969) Picture Magazine published the first color photographs ever taken in the newly discovered Cold Water Cave near Decorah. The cave, discovered about two years ago by two University of Iowa geology students, David Jagnow of Coralville and Steven Barnett of Cedar Rapids, has proven to be such a rare find and has attracted such interest that the Iowa Preserves Advisory Board hopes to establish it as a state preserve. Besides the discoverers, who took the color photographs, Register Reporter Otto Knauth is one of the few persons who have explored the cave. Here is his account of that experience.

Here was the moment of decision. I looked at the beautifully clear water of Cold Water Spring welling up from behind the cliff and I wondered, first, would I go under when the time came and, second, if I did go, how in the world was there room for a man with an air tank on his back and safety helmet and supply pouches dangling from his belt to squeeze under that cliff?

It was a bright October day, blue sky and yellow leaves; it was so warm that I was hot in my rubber wetsuit, boots and hood and I lay resting on my air tank in the flowing creek to keep cool. We were waiting for Dave Jagnow, one of the discoverers of Cold Water Cave, to come up with a rope he had forgotten on the trek to the spring. With me were Steve Barnett, the other discoverer of the cave, and Tom Egert, who had joined Dave and Steve in their exploration.

This was a moment I had been awaiting for 18 months, ever since Dave first told me about the cave while we were hiking down the Grand Canyon on a University of Iowa field trip in the spring of 1968.

Well Aware Of The Danger But Confident Of His Guides

A lot of preparation had gone into the trip we were about to take. I'm not an experienced SCUBA diver and, for that matter, I had never been in a "new" cave before either. I was well aware that men had drowned trying to explore underwater caves but I knew that the cavers who were going to take me in had made the trip 10 times before and I was confident they knew the way.

Fortunately, there are a number of active SCUBA divers in Des Moines and the Y.M.C.A. lets them use its pool for practice. I had a lot of help from Matt Leydens, who operates a diving equipment shop in West Des Moines and who rented me all the necessary equipment, and from Ivor Thomason, the Y's aquatic director.

For supplies, I decided on two army surplus pouches of the size used to hold gas masks. I thought I could keep everything dry by wrapping it in many layers of plastic bags. For food, I took a bag of salted peanuts, a bag of raisins, half a dozen Hershey almond bars and half a dozen sticks of beef jerky. In addition, I had a large tin of emergency lifeboat rations.

In the way of other supplies, I decided a small towel might be useful and also a woolen cap for wear after we reached the open part of the cave. I took a can of Sterno more for comfort than anything else, and a small notebook and pencil. Also a small knife and a couple of aspirin tablets.

Dave had agreed to supply a safety helmet and attached carbide lamp. For light for the underwater trip, I had a large diver's flashlight held to my forearm with two strips of inner tube. Besides the air tank and regulator, I wore a snorkel to use when I could get by without the air tank.

I wore a 72-cubic-foot air tank, good for about two hours. Normally, it is pumped to 2,250 pounds of air but as a margin of safety, I had Matt pump in 2,500 pounds. Later, I was glad I did.

Ordinarily, a diver's wetsuit is good protection against cold, even freezing water. But because we would be exposed to 48-degree temperatures for many hours, the cavers had found that a suit of long woolen underwear under the wetsuit increases its insulating capacity several times. A set of cheap rubber hiking boots worn over my wetsuit booties completed the outfit. Everything included, I figured I weighed at least 250 pounds, 100 pounds over my body weight. It was all I could do to walk.

All this, then, was in the background of my thoughts as I lay in the warm sun of that October day, waiting for Dave to come up with the rope. I kept looking at the tiny opening underneath the cliff, wondering how a man could fit in there.

Within A Few Seconds, A Completely Different World

Finally, Dave arrived and we gave ourselves a last-minute equipment check. Tom, without further ado, adjusted his mask, slipped in the regulator mouthpiece, lay flat in the water alongside the cliff and disappeared. Just like that; one minute he was there, the next there was only a bubble of air to show where he had been.

Now it was my turn. Emulating Tom as best I could, I sprawled into the water and discovered to my surprise that it was much deeper than it appeared. The sudden cold stung my lips and I took a deep breath from my tank. I half slid, half rolled down the steep shale bank under the cliff, pushed myself along the ceiling a few feet and suddenly I was back in air again, in a small room. It was an incredible experience. In the space of a few seconds, I had come into a completely different world, as remote from the Iowa I knew as the Moon. The transition was so sudden I let out a yelp of surprise and exhilaration.

By the light of my flashlight, I saw Tom waiting for me. There was a low ceiling and a long high mudbank along the left wall. A tree branch was sticking up out of another small mudbank near the entrance; apparently it had been shoved into the spring by someone years ago. It was a drab place but exciting just the same.

Soon there was a slight noise behind me and Steve popped out of the water; Dave followed. We waded over to the far end of the room and I noticed a thin nylon handline attached to a stake driven into the mudbank. This line was to be our guide to the next room some hundred yards off. Again we ducked under and the real underwater trip began.

"But I Quickly Lost All Sense Of Direction"

I looped thumb and forefinger of my gloved left hand around the hand line and used my right to shove myself along the ceiling. With that and my feet in the muddy bottom, I found I could propel myself fairly well. But I quickly lost all sense of direction as the line wound around corners and down under obstacles. Once I looked up and by the light of my flashlight I could see my breath collect in a silvery bubble against the rocky ceiling.

Gradually, I felt the ceiling rise and then I was in air again, in the second room. This was far larger than the first and had a big pile of rocks --breakdown--in the middle over which we had to crawl to get to the next passage. Still following the handline, we were off again. Now I started having trouble. First my flashlight bumped against a rock projection and the toggle switch flicked off. In the sudden dark, I stopped, braced my head against the ceiling and still hanging onto the hand line, reached over with my left hand to turn it on again. When I started off again I didn't have a good seal between my mask and hood and my mask was filling with cold water. It was up over my nose and getting close to my eyes. I managed to clear most of it by exhaling through my nose and through the purge valve in the mask instead of through the mouthpiece. It kept leaking in and I finally controlled it by exhaling every breath through my nose.

Then I got tangled in the line. We had come to a corner in the passage and there was a long loose end of the line dangling in the water. It caught between my flashlight and arm and pulled down against the inner tube and jammed. Momentarily, I forgot to clear the mask and it started filling up again as I tried to feel what was holding my arm. I let go of the hand line and managed to snag the loose end in my glove and pull it loose. Luckily, the hand line was still there when I reached for it and I pushed on to the third room.



REPORTER Otto Knauth donned this wet suit to explore the cave and obtain his vivid firsthand story. Knauth

This was the end of the hand line and for the rest of the trip, Steve as leader tied on the rope and the rest of us grabbed it, not to be pulled along but as a guide. There was one obstacle--a deep pool where the rock ceiling projected down like a tooth. Following the rope down, I could feel the pressure build up on my suit, about like the deep end of the Y pool, perhaps 10 feet or so. Then I was up again scraping along the ceiling.

Underwater Passage Took Nearly An Hour

Eventually, we came to a stretch where there was an inch or so of air above the water and we switched to snorkel. This worked fine except that I let the upper end of the snorkel tube scrape against the ceiling as I moved along so that I kept inhaling bits of mud and debris. Gradually, the ceiling got higher until we finally came to a place where we could stand with the water only to our waists. A small side passage branched off the main cave here, providing a mud shelf where we could leave the diving gear, weight belt, hoods, etc. This was the end of the underwater passage. It had taken almost an hour.

We switched to hard hats and carbide lamps and I looked around. We were in a passage about 6 feet high and 12 feet wide, with drab rock walls dropping sheer into the water.

We started off up the creek, wading and at one point swimming, until we came to the first big formation of the cave, a gleaming white stalactite fully 20 feet long, hanging out of a dome pit directly over the creek. Farther back, I became aware of a low rumbling that grew louder as we approached until we came upon a beautiful waterfall spilling out of a side passage. The clear water sparkled over a rimstone dam about 3 feet high; it would have been beautiful even outside; here in the depths of the cave it was an unbelievable sight.

I asked if they had explored the passage. No, Dave said, and offered to let me be the first to go in. It was an honor I shall not forget. No man had stepped where I stepped, no man had seen what I was seeing or touched what I was touching.

Stones Growing Towards Each Other For Many Thousands Of Years

I remember walls of sparkling limestone in the passage and low dams across the stream at intervals of a dozen yards or so. At its start, the passage had been high enough for me to walk upright; it gradually got lower and narrower. Then, in the light of my lamp up ahead appeared what looked like a pair of window draperies, joined at the top and pulled back at the sides. It was a spectacularly beautiful and symmetrical formation of banded flowstone situated exactly over the stream and forming a curtained entrance to the rest of the passage. It had been growing there for centuries.

It was not long after this that the passage became too small for easy walking and I turned back. Steve and Tom continued and subsequently came out in a vast dome whose ceiling was lost to sight.

Dave and I, meanwhile, continued up the main passage, stopping here and there to examine and admire the various formations, which grew in number and complexity the deeper we went. Finally we arrived at one formation I particularly wanted to see--a 12-foot-long stalactite reaching down to within an inch of a 4-foot stalagmite growing up to meet it. I had seen it in Dave's color slides and had been intrigued by it ever since. Here these two stones had been slowly growing toward each other for thousands of years. Man had discovered them just as they were about to meet.

We decided to make this our lunch stop and Dave wanted to take some more pictures. I sat down for a close look. By counting, I timed the drip from the stalactite: 10 seconds, drip; 10 seconds, drip, endlessly through the reaches of time.

Feeling Completely Detached From The Outer World

I sat there munching on peanuts and raisins and day-dreaming about the world around me as Dave set up his camera equipment. It was the first time I had opened my supply pouches and I discovered now that everything I had brought was wet--the peanuts, the raisins, the chocolate, the towel, even the notebook was a soggy mess. All had been wrapped in several layers of plastic bags, each sealed inside the other. The underwater trip had torn them all.

No matter, the food still tasted good but I found now I had brought too many thirst-producing foods. I noticed as I sat there that not only did my breath steam, my entire wetsuit steamed and I realized I was probably losing considerable moisture by sweating.

While we were eating, Steve and Tom came up and told of the discovery of the big dome. It sounded too huge to be true and when I expressed some scepticism, Steve offered to show me two smaller domes up the creek a short distance. They looked like vertical shafts that had been eroded in what appeared to be a soft, shaly material and were about 75 to 80 feet high. Steve climbed one of them by the light of his carbide lamp.

I made a short excursion farther up the creek while Steve was climbing and sat for a few moments alone and in the dark, feeling so completely detached that the outer world had almost ceased to exist. Then we started back. I had penetrated about a mile, or one third the cave's length.

It was time to think of leaving. Before starting the swim out, Dave checked the pressure in our tanks. I had used 1,000 pounds of air coming in and had 1,500 pounds left. That meant I could use the same amount going out but no more, for 500 was reserve and hard to pull out of the tank.

"I Felt I Had Returned From The Dead"

The trip out was an ordeal. By now I was tired and cold and dreading the underwater swim. It took us almost half an hour just to get our diving gear on. My fingers were stiff and numb, my feet cramped where gravel had filled my boots. Even the exertion of wrestling with the weight belt and air tank failed to warm me up. Halfway through the underwater stretch, I was shivering with cold; by the time we came to the last room, my teeth were chattering so I almost bit through the rubber mouthpiece of my air regulator trying to hold it in my mouth.

Tom went ahead for the final dive through the spring to the outside and shone his light back to guide me. I slipped down, pushed through and crawled out into the open, in to the dark recess of the spring and felt I returned from the dead. I shoved up my mask and took a deep breath. All the beautiful smells of Iowa in the fall filled my nostrils--the barnyard smell of cows in the pasture and the woodsy smells of drying leaves, rotting wood, fall flowers and mown grass. It was wonderful.

EDITOR'S NOTE

As of the time of this issue, the Iowa Geological Survey has successfully drilled into Cold Water Cave. The Survey made three drilling attempts before striking a sixteen-foot void in the ground. This third hole was reamed out to allow a small television camera to be lowered into the void. The pictures observed on the television monitors at the surface did prove that the main passage of Cold Water Cave had been tapped.

An article on the locating and drilling of the dry entrance into Cold Water Cave should appear later this year in the *Intercom*.



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