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Greg McCarty

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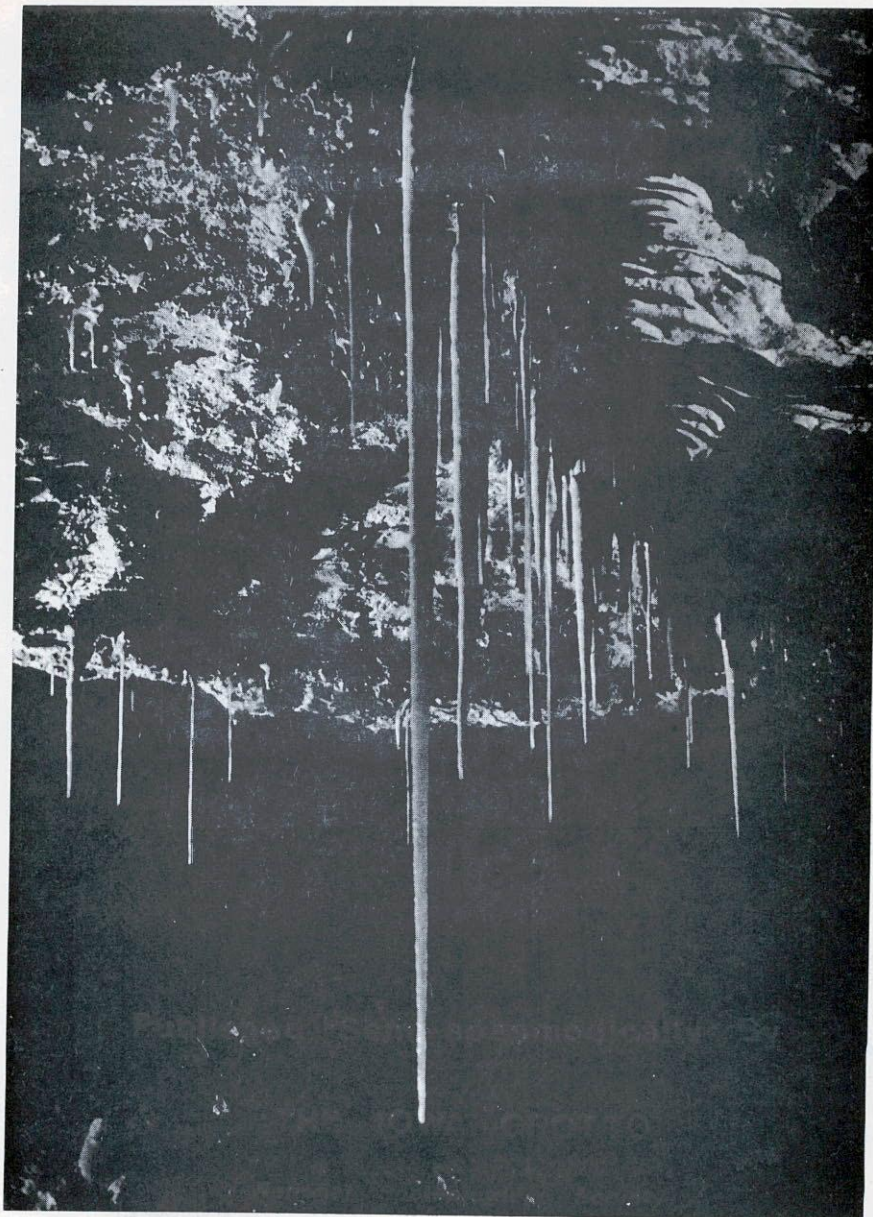
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Published Semi-spasmodically By

THE IOWA GROTTO

National Speleological Society

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Volume XVI Issue 1

January — February 1980

IOWA GROTTO *INTERCOM*
P. O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52244

The *Intercom* is printed in six issues each year by the Iowa Grotto, NSS. Subscriptions are five dollars for six issues, or free in exchange for similar publications of other grottos.

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COVER PICTURE: Stalactites in Coldwater Cave

Photo by Mike Bounk

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IOWA GROTTO
National Speleological Society
P.O. Box 228
Iowa City, Iowa 52240

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Vice-Chairman - - - - Mike Tempel
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GROTTO MINUTES AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting January 9, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:55 PM

Adjourned: 8:20 PM

Attendance: 8 members and no guests

Treasury: \$117.74

A clarification of the funding provided by the U of I Student Senate shows \$964.00 to be used for publications. Lowell Burkhead reported that grotto carbide is being rapidly depleted. It was decided to order 100 lbs. from Bob & Bob for \$29.95 plus shipping, a total of \$34.95. The vote in grotto elections has resulted in a tie for Vice-Chairman. A run-off held at the meeting elected Mike Tempel as the new Vice-Chairman. Greg reported on his trip to the South Fork of the Maquoketa River January 1. Greg is planning a trip to Gudenkauf January 13.

Regular Meeting January 23, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM

Adjourned: 8:50 PM

Attendance: 13 members and 1 guest

Treasury: \$127.49

New Intercom editor Greg McCarty will start with Volume XVI. Deadlines will be observed for all current issues. The Red Cross Advanced First Aid course has been postponed until February. A date will be announced. A book has been published on Hattfield Cave, which will be obtained for the grotto library. Mike Bounk reported on the Coldwater trip January 19 & 20. Greg reported on a lead checking trip near Manchester. Criss Gilbert reported on his trip to the Ozark Underground Lab in Missouri.

Regular Meeting February 13, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:41 PM

Adjourned: 7:58 PM

Attendance: (not taken)

Treasury: \$92.54

Mike Bounk reported on plans to include Sowards, Decorah Ice, Jesse James, Millers, and Duttons Caves in the 1980 NSS Convention. Trips will be led from a headquarters at Coldwater Cave. Greg McCarty reported the University funding is available and plans are proceeding well for the Intercom. Jim Huber reported on dating of sediments taken from Sowards for research by Mike Bounk. Sediments represent deposits from the past 10,000 years. Information is being sent to all NSS members on the International Congress of Speleology to be held in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1981. Jim Huber and Criss Gilbert are leading a trip to Hunters and Wordens Caves February 16. The Coldwater trip is February 16 & 17.

Regular Meeting February 27, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:30 PM

Adjourned: 8:30 PM

Attendance: 11 members and 1 guest

Treasury: \$91.54

The grotto library was discussed. Lowell Burkhead reports that the organization work is going fine. The Intercom is progressing slowly. Editor Greg McCarty is working on the first issue of 1980. Past editor John Johnson is still waiting on some articles before completing Volume XV. Tom Hruska is working on a number of past issues. Information was presented on the 1980 Speleological Workshop to be held in Springfield, Missouri. Greg McCarty reported on a trip to Tourist Delight Cave. Mike Bounk told about a visit to a sink near Scotch Grove, Iowa. Several future trips were announced.

A BUM LEAD?

January 1, 1980

Greg McCarty

Dave Schwendinger and Greg McCarty

I wanted another crack at finding the cave along the South Fork Maquoketa that two trips late last spring had failed to come up with. The leaves and brush weren't going to get any more down than this, and Dave was willing, so we gave it a shot. This had been a very mild winter so far, and this day was no exception. I met Dave in Scotch Grove, and we dropped off my car at a local business (with the permission of the owner). We drove out to the area, and part of the way down the logging road, then hiked down into the river valley. I showed Dave the small caves and the sinkhole we had found on the earlier trips, but all of our searching could produce nothing new. It was now definite, the cave couldn't be where it is supposed to be. We even went upstream from the logging road until we ran out of bluffs, but nothing there either. I don't know what to do about this lead. The guy I got it from insists that it is there somewhere, but unfortunately he is too old to come with us and show us.

We went back to Scotch Grove and picked up my car, then we headed for Monticello to check some leads. Dave's possible sinkhole turned out to be a small quarry, and the people nearby had never heard of my lead. Dave knew them from when he was in high school and bailing hay during the summer, so we spent some time talking. We were given a lead on a hole in a field by Scotch Grove, so we left to check it out. It almost sounded like an oversize foxhole from the description, but it was something to look at. The owner wasn't home, or at his place of business either. Not even the tenant was home when we went out to the farm. We puttered around for a while, and were about to leave, when the tenant finally showed up. He showed us how to get to it, and said there were planks covering the hole. We hiked out through the rough field and took a look. The field has several rocky humps that cannot be plowed, and the hole turned out to be a small collapse sinkhole that opened on top of one of the humps. This happened within the last fifteen years, but I'm not sure of exactly when. We pried some of the planks loose and I climbed down in for a look. The sink was five to six feet in diameter, and went mostly straight down about seven feet to a small hole. The straight sides of the sink were loose sand, gravel and rocks. The first bedrock was at the hole. I cleared stuff out and got down into a little chamber. The chamber didn't go anywhere, but there was a hole that angled down that did continue. I pulled a bunch of rocks out and piled them in the chamber, then tried to squeeze down the passage feet first. I got most of a body length in, but my feet couldn't find out what was down there. I came back out and tried head first. This allowed me to see a possible passage to the right. I had Dave come down and join me in the little chamber, we filled it pretty well, and try crawling down the slope while I held his feet. I figured he needed the experience. Dave wasn't able to get much farther, and we had some trouble getting him back up the slope. You always do in those type of situations. The cave looked like a very promising lead, but you would need the proper tools to do some serious digging and hauling of debris.

After we placed the planks back over the hole we walked back to the farmhouse, through a wind that resembled winter more and more all the time, then headed for home.

OZARK UNDERGROUND LAB

December 30, 1979

C. Criss Gilbert

O.K., fade up the music, hit the lights, roll 'em, and QUIET on the set. The set? Somewhere deep within the jaded confines of Iowa City, Iowa. The setting? Midmorning on December 30, 1979.

Upon returning to the sacred city I found within my fan mail that had accumulated during the week that I was gone, a curious brochure, a pamphlet, a whatever you want to call it sort of thing called the NSS News. Leafing through it a blurb caught my eye. A course in Speleology was to be offered as an interim course at Simpson College, of all places. My alma matter, of sorts! For more information call blah, blah, blah, etcetera. I called out of curiosity, only to find out that the trip was leaving Indianola in two days. I made some hectic arrangements and was on my way. Our base camp was to be the bunk house and kitchen on the grounds of the Ozark Underground Lab. The lab is owned by a mellow, small is beautiful, back to the earth, no nukes type couple - Tom and Kathy Aley. They own the land above and around the central core of the lab, Tumbling Creek Cave. The OUL is located about 4 miles from Protom, Missouri, in the rolling hills of the southern Missouri Ozarks. A number of caves in the area were visited, including: Chinee Hole, Zoo, Hietzel, Indian Creek Caverns, Morell, Buddy's, and of course Tumbling Creek. A week-end was spent in the Buffalo River National Wilderness Area in northern Arkansas. Hiking into Hemmed-in-Hollow, home of the highest waterfall between the Rockies and Appalachia, at night is a breathtaking adventure. A narrow, steep walled canyon with a boxed in end that has a small waterfall tumbling over the edge is what you find. The cliff at Big Bluff not far away offers a 200 foot freefall rappel that cannot be described. It must be experienced to be believed. There are a number of commercial caves in the area, one of which was visited. Fantastic Caverns is large enough that a small vehicle can be driven into it, which is just what we did! Dave Neff, the instructor of the course, had borrowed a Subaru Brat from one of the car dealers in Des Moines. It was driven into the cave so that a few pictures could be taken for an article that Dave was writing about cave vehicles. With the three week trip coming to a quick close we departed the OUL older and much wiser.

LEAD-CHECKING NEAR MANCHESTER

January 17, 1980

Deb Berg

Greg McCarty and Deb Berg

Hot on the trail of what sounded like a good lead from an antique dealer in Maquoketa, supersleuth McCarty and his ever-ready side-kick (that's me) decided to check out the Manchester area for sinks. Greg didn't have an exact location from the guy but had a rough idea. Whipping out his trusty topo maps, Greg located several promising depressions northeast of Manchester. After all that funny white stuff stopped falling that afternoon, we set off for Delaware County.

The First stop we made was just north of Manchester. The owner wasn't available but a neighbor said that it was just a quarry.....Strike 1.

We climbed back into the manuremobile and headed northeast. We drove along for just a short while when we spotted a couple of sinks off to the left of the road. We tried to locate the owner but no one was home. We decided to head on south to another depression and return to this farm later on.

We located the next farm with little difficulty and checked with the owner's wife who was the only one home. She said that she was sure there was a sink out in their field. She gave us directions on how to best get into the field. Greg and I hiked all over the area but came up empty again. We headed back to the farmhouse to tell the woman what we hadn't found. By this time, her husband had returned and told us that the hole had originally been a gravel pit which had since been filled in. (Steeee-rike 2!) However, the farmer said he had known some people who had found a hole many, many years ago in which they had had to use ropes to get down into it. He sent us back up north to a hole alongside a creek. When we got there, we found that the hole had since been filled in with a lot of rocks, trees, mud, etc., and looked pretty much like a lost cause. Strike 3!

By this time, it was starting to get late, so we returned to the two sinks which were visible from the road. Fortunately, the son was around, so we talked to him for a bit. Things began to sound pretty promising when he said the easternmost of the two sinks had a hole in the bottom. He also mentioned that several years ago the sink had been dye-traced into Manchester; about 2.5 miles away. After receiving permission to check out the sinks, Greg and I walked back to the larger of the two sinks. This one was round-bottomed and filled with trash. Just to be sure, Greg went down and checked things out - but no go. Next we made tracks for the more promising sink. This one was smaller and was filled with briars and snow. There were some areas above the sink which caved in when I walked on top of them, but nothing substantial. We located a small hole in the bottom and did some digging. However, it was evident that the hole wasn't going anywhere sans major excavation.

It was now fairly late, so we climbed back out of the sink and decided to check out the field one last time before loading up and taking off for Anamosa. We walked westward past the first sink and eventually located a ponded sink. Figuring this just wasn't our day, we packed up and left for Anamosa. Talk about total strikeout! We got back just in time to see Iowa lose to Indiana in basketball on the tube. All in all, an unrewarding day.

JANUARY COLDWATER TRIP

January 18, 19, 20, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Mark Dular, Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Wayne Heidbrier, Randy Hernandez, Jim Klager, Brent Kuiper, Rod Hoffman, Dr. Warren Lewis, Chuck Rex, Greg Sherf, Berry Schuman, David Warden, Gregory Valent and Michael Bounk

Gary, Gwenne and I arrived at the Flatland's house at about 9:30 p.m., Friday in Gary and Gwenne's Rabbit. There, we met Jim and Greg from Rockford, Illinois, and Rod and Brent from Iowa State University. After

visiting with the Flatland's for awhile, and drinking their home made grape juice, we drove to the shed over the shaft entrance. When we arrived, we discovered that the gate to the fence around the shed was frozen shut, by a pool of water around it's base. However, after a few minutes of chopping away the ice, Greg was able to open the gate, using the winch on his jeep.

After we had finally set up camp in the shed, Rod and Brent cooked popcorn, which they served in Brent's hard hat.

At about 12:30 a.m., Dr. Lewis, Pete and Dave arrived in Pete's jeep with a new fuel tank for the stove.

The next morning, Mark and Wayne arrived from Ames, and Gregory, a Windy City Grotto member, arrived from Illinois.

Later that day, after eating breakfast at the Harmony House in Harmony, Minnesota, Greg, Gary, Gwenne, and I entered the cave at about 12:00 noon. We headed downstream, planning to continue the resurvey of the main passage from where it had last stopped at a passage just upstream of the Palette Formation.

We were closely followed to the area of the Cascade Passage by a crew lead by Berry Schuman, which included Gregory Valent, Chuck, Jim and Randy. They planned to continue the detailed re-mapping of the Cascade Passage.

As my group continued downstream, Greg and I who had both been in this area previously, became increasingly concerned about the appearance of the stream, which was somewhat higher than normal, moving faster than usual, and had a turbid appearance. We also noticed recent foam about 2 feet above water level.

While these did not at that time present a hazard in the segment of passage where we were located, we realized that if we headed too far downstream, and the rise in water level continued, we might have to wait for several hours on a mudbank, for it to go down. Therefore, when we reached "The Swim" I decided that we should return to the shaft, which we did. We finally exited the cave after about 6 hours underground.

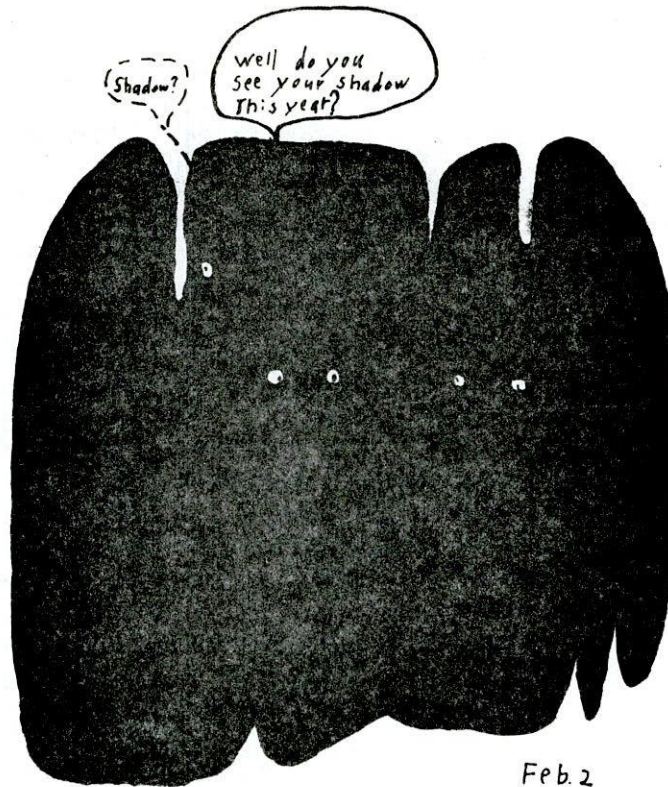
Somewhat later Randy and Gregory exited, and reported that after mapping 800 feet, Jim, Berry, and Rex had continued ahead of the end point of their mapping.

At about 9:15 p.m. Jim, Berry and Rex exited. They reported that they had travelled over 1000 feet beyond the end of their survey and reported seeing 6 to 10 pipistrelle bats, which were hibernating. An impassable (for a caver) tube about 8 inches in diameter continued beyond where the bats were seen.

Dr. Lewis lead Dave and the four cavers from Ames who entered the cave at about 1:00 p.m., and headed downstream past the first dirt filled passage taking pictures. Three of the Ames cavers reached the Shower Dome. They had all exited by about 5:20 p.m.

While all of this was going on, Pete installed the new fuel tank, and by the time I had returned to the surface, the stove was going and the shed was warm.

The next morning, Gary, Gwenne and I returned to North Liberty.



Another Anonymous Cartoon By Michael Bounk

SPELEO ADVENTURES

February 9, 1980

Criss Gilbert

James O. Huber, Timothy Flannery, C. Criss Gilbert

Another excursion in a continuing series of undergraduate sponsored speleoadventures was run on February 9, 1980. Out of the 9 people who signed up, only 3 braved the rigorous early morning hours required for such an undertaking. Our objective, to conquer Hunters Cave. I have always preferred to cave with groups that number 4 or less, and this trip reenforced my preferences. The group moved quickly when needed, took time to look when it wanted, and generally saw most of this cave with enthusiastic fun. Jim was eagle eyed enough to find 2 rat middens, both quite some distance into the cave from the known entrance. A moderate amount of superfluous non-biodegradable troglophile litter was collected and hauled out of the cave. Many thanks to our peripatetic antihero leader who's marxist

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orientation proved the driving force behind the success of this expedition.

A QUICK LOOK AT MAQUOKETA CAVES

February 15, 1980

Greg McCarty

Deb Berg and Greg McCarty

Deb and I were on our way back to Anamosa one evening, and we decided to fight through the snow flurries and take a quick look at Maquoketa Caves State Park. Deb had never been there, and I was curious to see if the park service had ever done the work in Dancehall that was needed to keep the stream from sinking away and coming out Tourists Delight. The darkness made it difficult to see the Natural Bridge, and other features, but at least we had driven out of the snow storm. We entered the upsternam entrance of Dancehall and followed the main passage to the center entrance. The Bat Roost had at least two hundred bats present. I wanted to show Deb the place where water from the cave stream (all of it in dry weather) sinks away, but we walked right by it. I ran back for another look, but it no longer exists. The park ranger finally patched it. I now had great hopes for Tourists Delight being open for the first time in almost a decade. We hurried on out the downstream entrance to take a look, and saw a sight I've been waiting to see ever since I joined the grotto in 1971. Tourists Delight was open! There was three to four inches of air above the water in that constricted little hole. We didn't have any time or cave gear, so it couldn't be checked out that night, but you can bet that a trip was already forming in my mind.

After taking a quick look at Rainy Day cave, we headed on to Anamosa.

FEBRUARY COLDWATER CAVE TRIP

February 15, 16, 17, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Bruce Foyir, Jim Klager, Brad Olson, Mark Roberts, Berry Schuman, Greg Sherf, Salange (dog), and Michael Bounk.

At about 5:15 p.m., Friday, Gary, Gwenne, Salange, the Engh's dog, and I left North Liberty in Gary and Gwenne's Rabbit. We arrived at the Flatland's house at about 8:45 p.m., and at the shaft entrance shed at about 9:15 p.m. We then started the stove and two lamps.

At about 10:25 p.m., Berry and Jim arrived and at about 11:00 p.m., Bruce, Mark, Pete, and Brad arrived. Greg arrived at about 11:30 p.m.

After watching the Northern Lights, which were very spectacular for that latitude, for awhile, we went to bed.

The next day, after eating breakfast in Harmony, Minnesota, Pete, Gary, Gwenne, Berry, Brad and I entered the cave at about 1:00 p.m. We headed downstream to the entrance of the Beaver Boneyard Passage. From that point, we continued the resurvey of the main passage. Because of the large number of

personnel, and the presence of two compasses, we had two people on compass, Pete and myself, and two on book, Gwenne on sketch book and Berry on data book. Therefore, the survey went quickly, and we surveyed about 1300 ft. of passage, and set chips at or near all side passages in that section. We finally exited the cave at about 10:45 p.m.

While we were downstream, Bruce and Mark had spent about 4 hours in the cave and measured the height of the dome near the downstream entrance of Pete's Pipe with helium filled balloons. During the day, Jim and Greg built six bunk beds in the shed.

The next day, we returned to North Liberty.

HOW MUDDY CAN YOU GET?

February 19, 1980

Greg McCarty

Mike Tempel, Mike Bounk and Greg McCarty

After Deb Berg and I found that Tourists Delight had opened up again, a trip was planned. We wanted to wait as long as we could so that the water would be even lower, but make sure that we beat the first thaw. The weather reports forecast warm weather Wednesday, so we had to have our trip on a Tuesday night. Mike Tempel was still undecided about going when he met Mike and I at my place. He was coming off a cold, and this was going to be a strenuous trip. I extolled the reported virtues of the cave, though, so he relented. Mike and I drove up to Maquoketa Caves park in my car, and Mike Tempel was to meet us later.

We got to the park and headed straight for the cave. Mike brought along two sections of garden hose that we planned to use to siphon out the water in the entrance. It was obvious that the water had dropped about three inches since Deb and I had been there last Friday. A sheet of ice was suspended in the air three inches above the water. A very low and cold looking pool of water awaited us. I felt that we could easily do the cave as it was, but any water we could remove would be a blessing. So while I used a rock hammer to chop some rocks out of the frozen ground, so that we could fit into the entrance, Mike took the garden hoses upstream into Dancehall cave to where the creek wasn't frozen over and they could be filled with water. I had removed quite a few rocks when Mike called to me saying he needed help. Between the two of us we were able to get one of the hoses filled with water in the shallow stream, and then carry it back to the cave. Here we discovered a problem. The hose wasn't long enough to reach from the water to the lip of the trough by the creek. We could have joined the two hoses together, but that would be more trouble than it was worth. There was several inches of air present, and that would be sufficient.

While opening the entrance up the rest of the way, and removing a broken beer bottle from our path, Mike Tempel showed up. When we were all satisfied that the cave was open enough to enter, we grabbed our gear and headed in. I was trying to recover from a bad cold, and Mike Tempel still had his, so Mike Bounk was elected to go first. Which he proceeded to do after one false start. The total height once you squeezed down into the water varied according

to how many rocks rolled up underneath you. So you could either just slide through with little to spare, or you could stick. It was too small to wear your helmet, so you had to keep your lamp up out of the water by hand. The cave takes an immediate turn to the left as you enter the water, and it was here that it was difficult to keep your nose out of the water. Once beyond that it gets much easier, and is a simple belly crawl in water. Soon you raise up out of the water on a clay hump and look into the first room. The room is floored with water, which can be straddled or waded. Mike Bounk chose to wade, and found it to be crotch deep in the shallow end. After this room the water is left behind, and the passage continues at a higher level. After the first squeezeway, which was not to Mike Tempel's liking, you slide along on greasy mud. It was sort of fun, but definitely not a clean activity. Some old rimstone dams were passed, and gradually the passage opened up to knee-crawl height. Soon we were passing some small formations along the walls and ceiling. As the passage got higher and narrower, about three feet high by one and a half feet wide, round white nodules were seen along the ceiling quite commonly. They are one to over two inches in diameter, so it looks like the ceiling is covered with eggs. I checked the old newsletters put out by the Quint City grotto around 1960, and found that Stewart Peck had analysed one of the nodules. They turned out to be aragonite, a mineral similar to calcite.

We soon got to a breakdown room where we could sit up and stretch out, then it was back into another short squeeze. After the squeeze the passage opened up to walking height, and some large dead formations were present. At one point the narrow passage was almost twenty feet high. While waiting for Mike and Mike to catch up I chimneyed up to the top to look at the entrance to the upper level described briefly (only that it exists) by the Quint City grotto. It starts out as a belly crawl taking off from the highest point in the passage. When we continued through the main passage it got both lower and wider. Mostly three to four feet high and about eight feet wide. We passed some more large stalagmites, but then the real show started. The ceiling started sprouting large patches of soda straws and stalactites, eight to ten inches long and pure white. Altogether there must have been a couple hundred of them. The cave was interesting before, but this really made the trip worthwhile. Too bad no one brought a camera.

Soon the passage got smaller, and finally we got to a very low and wide crawlway. In fact it was too low for me to squeeze through. We had been crawling on cobbles and pieces of rock and gravel, but now it was sticky gummy clay. Once I had managed to get myself unstuck I started to dig with my hands. I enlarged it enough that we could all fit, then pushed on through. I was still weak from my cold, and the digging tired me, so I was very glad to get through this fifteen foot squeeze and into the foot high crawlway leading to the next room. You have to push your helmet ahead of you in this squeeze (the earlier ones also) and it fills up with sticky clay completely. You can hardly carry it let alone wear it. When I got to the room I found a couple sets of initials on the ceiling, and the gasket from a carbide lamp on a ledge. Remnants of Quint City, as surely no local ever made it this far into the cave (if they have even entered it). I had to go back and give Mike Bounk some help in squeezing through, then we all stopped to change carbide. Mike Tempel was wearing a wet suit jacket under his coveralls, and felt that he should not try this squeeze. He had some trouble on the earlier ones, and a cold takes away desire as well as strength. Mike Bounk and I set up a time limit for seeing the rest of the cave, we were all getting cold from being wet so long (wool underwear proves

its worth again), then hurried down the passage. Quint City had made a line survey of the cave (inaccurate because they couldn't read the muddy tape) and estimated there was seven hundred feet of passage on the main level. We had come a long ways, so I knew we couldn't be far from what they called the end. We very soon came to a feature which I didn't recall from the description of the cave, but which was described none the less. It was a small diameter pit about ten feet deep. The tightest place is at the top, then it opens up to where you can move around some. I worked my way to the bottom and found a very narrow passage sloping down to a sideways water crawl. The passage continued around a corner, and should be pushable. I couldn't get my body to fit through the odd shaped entrance, though. It is very snaggy and awkward. This is caused by blades and points of rock, and should be easily enlarged with a rockhammer.

After I had chimneyed back out we continued up the passage. We were now back on streambed type deposits. The water flows down the pit, at least during low flow, and the clay starts right after it. The passage was mostly kneecrawl, with some bellycrawl. When we came to a pool of water, I had Mike stay behind while I scouted ahead. No need for both of us to get wet if the cave ended just around the corner. Sure enough, that's just what happened. Fifteen feet after the first pool was another. A black icky looking pool that looked very uninviting. The ceiling dipped down to the water, leaving only a tiny space of air along a groove in the ceiling. It's entirely possible that this pool could be bailed out with cut out milk jugs, allowing the water to flow on toward the pit.

On the way back out Mike needed some help from Mike Tempel to get back through the long squeeze again. We were so muddy by this time that it was difficult to do anything. Especially clean your helmet back out so it would fit. On the way out it was difficult to keep your tired muddy body from smearing up the walls, but most of the time it could be done. Mike Tempel was so happy to get through the last squeeze that he slid down the slippery slope into the lake in the first room of the cave. At least I think that's why he did it. I didn't get to see it, but I heard the splash. Mike Bounk was judging and he gave him a 9.5 on it. To lay back down into the entrance pool and squeeze your way up the frozen slope was not the thing you wanted to do to your body at this point, but it did seem necessary. Rocks would roll under your chest as you tried to make the turn up out of the water. To stand in the overhang under the bluff after extricating yourself was a relief. The temperature was in the low twenties, but at least the overhang kept the snow off the ground. Mike Tempel immediately left for the car to change, while Mike and I gathered up the hoses and gear. My gloves pulled a disappearing act that had us fooled for some time, but I finally found them when my toe kicked them. Unbelievable camouflage! I had better luck in the cave, where I found Mike Bounk's lost pocket knife three times.

As soon as Mike and I made it up out of the valley, Mike Tempel took off for Iowa City. He wanted to get as much sleep as possible before going to work later on in the morning. We exited from the cave about 12:35 A.M., and we entered it around 9:05 P.M. So we spent three and one half hours in the cave, soaked the whole time from the entrance crawl and the mud. We changed on the side of the road, and headed back to Iowa City a little after 1:00. I had all the mud picked out of my beard by the time we got home, but my hair was encased in mud so completely it was like wearing a football helmet. Quite a cave, but definitely muddy.

INTERCOM

TRIP TO NAYLOR CAVE, SCOTCH GROVE

February 24, 1980

Dave Schwendinger

Dave & Tammy Schwendinger, Lowell Burkhead, Mike Geraldts, and Mike Bounk

Jerry Naylor is the landowner. Cave is located east of Scotch Grove about a half mile, in the middle of a corn field. Mike Bounk stayed over at my residence Saturday night. At 9:00 in the morning Lowell Burkhead and Mike Geraldts came to my residence. We then proceeded to Scotch Grove first stopping at the Naylor residence. After getting permission, we headed to the cave. Bounk drove his pickup to the cave, Lowell turned around half way through the field and returned to the driveway for fear of getting stuck. A makeshift tripod was set for a hoist to raise and lower buckets for a digging attempt. Lowering myself into the sinkhole I started digging. Mike Bounk accompanied me a few hours later. At noon we walked back to the vehicles. My wife Tammy drove out to bring my lunch. She accompanied us out to the cave to take a couple of pictures. The landowner drove out to us to take a videotape. We were also visited a couple of times by his sons. Around 5:00 we broke into a small room about 8 to 12 inches in height and sixteen feet in length. We decided to quit for the day and are planning on returning to finish digging for a passage.