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Greg McCarty

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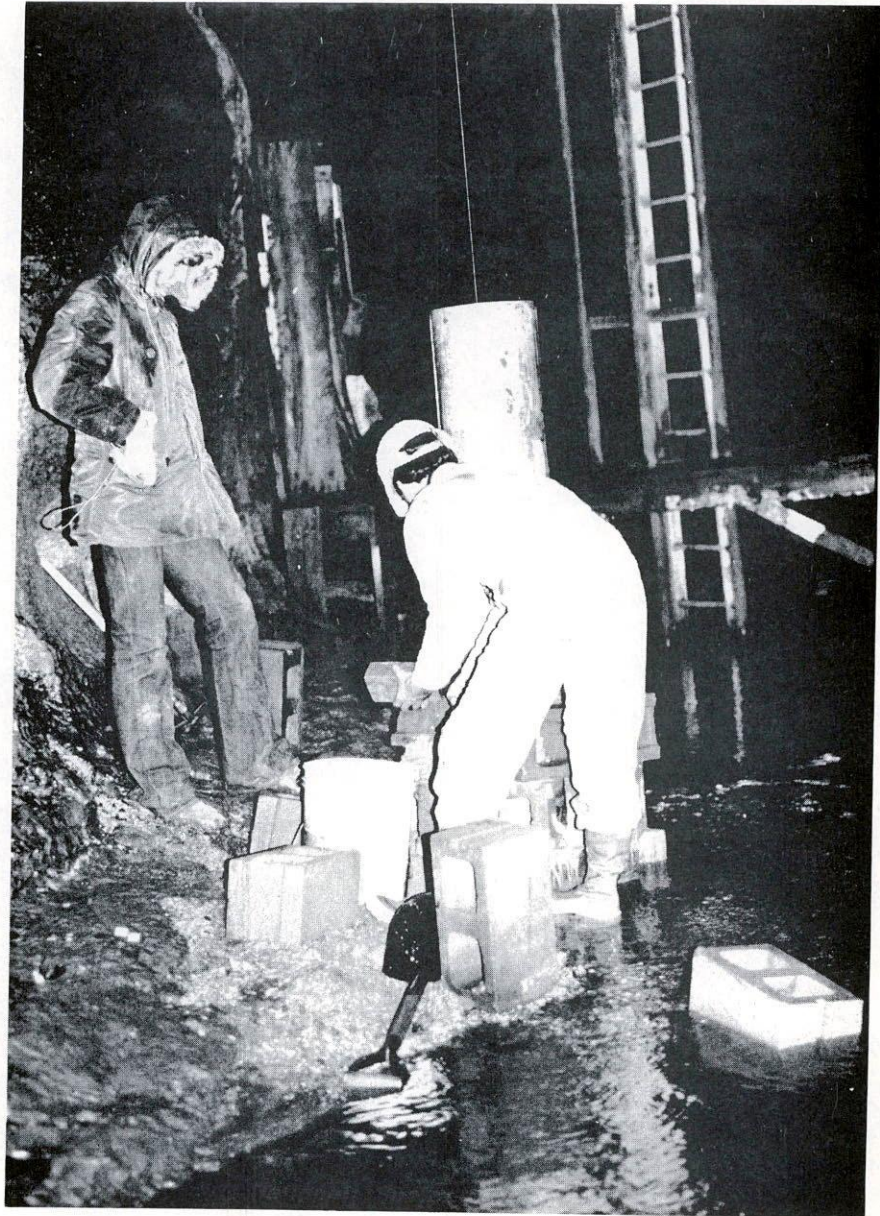
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THE IOWA GROTTO

National Speleological Society

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Volume XVI Issue 2

March — April 1980

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

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COVER PICTURE: Bob Jarski and Criss Gilbert setting the stream level recorder 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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GROTTO MINUTES AT A GLANCE

Thomas Hruska, Secretary

Regular Meeting March 12, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:35 PM Adjourned: 8:20 PM
Attendance: 8 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$91.54
Tom Hruska showed a sample of how volumes in the grotto library will be bound. Mike Bounk asked members to start thinking about an Iowa Grotto spring picnic. A rescue seminar is scheduled in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on June 15 - 21, 1980. Mike Bounk reported on a trip to Maquoketa Caves State Park. Mike also told about visiting Gudenkauf Cave. Greg McCarty told about his trip to Maquoketa Caves. Five future trips were announced.

Regular Meeting March 26, 1980

Room 3407 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:45 PM
Attendance: 7 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$97.04
The Iowa Grotto spring picnic was again discussed. Pictured Rock Park near Monticello was decided as the location and the date will be May 17 or 18, 1980. Due to the poor parking situation around the Engineering Building, the possibility of moving the location of the regular grotto meetings was discussed. Jim Huber will check if a meeting location is available in Trowbridge Hall. Some of the Intercom issues are being typed professionally. John Johnson asked for donations to help cover the cost of the typing. A dues increase was proposed. After a brief discussion, the members voted to raise dues to \$8.00 annually starting in April. Along with the dues increase, the subscription rate for the Intercom was raised to \$5.00 per year. Mike Bounk told about the trip to Coldwater Cave. Gary Engh also told about Coldwater. A vertical trip to Clayton County was reported by Mike Bounk.

Regular Meeting April 9, 1980

Room 125 Called to order: 7:45 PM Adjourned: 9:00 PM
Attendance: 11 members and 1 guest Treasury: \$103.04
Planning continues for the Iowa Grotto spring picnic. The date was changed to Saturday, May 31. Intercom issue 15-4 was distributed without a cover to interested people. Past Editor Tom Hruska reported that back issues are being printed at the rate of about two issues per week. Greg McCarty told about the budget request to the University for next semester. Greg McCarty reported on two trips, one to Tourist Delight and Wordens in March and another lead checking trip north of Manchester. Several future trips were announced.

Regular Meeting April 23, 1980

Room 125 Called to order: 7:40 PM Adjourned: 8:40 PM
Attendance: 10 members and no guests Treasury: \$149.79
The 1980 NSS Convention in Minnesota is rapidly approaching. Registration forms will be included in the Hot Line for people planning to attend. Greg McCarty reported on the budget request to the U of I Student Senate. Preliminary information shows approval of just under \$500.00. Lowell Burkhead led a discussion on establishing a cave description list. He asked for volunteers to help with the project. Mike Bounk reported on his trip to the North Country Region meeting. Mike also told about the Coldwater trip. Terry Sires sent word to the meeting about his trip to Hunters Cave. Two future trips were announced.

COLDWATER CAVE STREAM LEVEL RECORDER

Michael Bounk

In March 1980, a Stevens A35 stream level recorder on loan from the United States Geological Survey through the assistance of the Iowa Geological Survey was installed at Coldwater Cave. This recorder contains a pen which is attached to a float by a series of gears and a cable. This float, which rides on the cave stream, is counterbalanced by a weight. Thus, the float moves up and down as the stream level rises and falls, moving the pen, which records the water level on a moving sheet of paper. The pen is set to move 2 inches for every foot of stream level change. The paper is moved at a rate of .2 foot per day by a weight driven clock. This instrument contains a years supply of paper. This recorder is mounted over the down hole camera hole located about 30 feet east of the entrance shaft. The clock drive weight, and the cable to the float and it's counterbalancing weight are run down this hole. In the cave, directly below the hole, a 6 foot length of galvanized steel tubing serves as a stilling well to contain the float and keep it from being washed downstream. This tube, which is held in place by cement blocks is perforated to permit easy water flow in and out, and a length of garden hose runs from it's base at the deepest part of the stream in the immediate vicinity; this ensures that the water in the stilling well will be at the same level as the stream. In order to install this tubing, it was necessary to excavate the mudbank, and some of the underlying bedrock. When the recorder and stilling well are removed, the mudbank will be regraded to restore it to it's original appearance.

MAQUOKETA CAVES TRIP

March 1, 1980

Michael Bounk

Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Bob Jarski, Michael Bounk

At about 8:15 A.M., we left North Liberty in my truck and the Engh's Rabbit. We arrived at Maquoketa Caves State Park at about 10:00 A.M.

After I checked the water level in Tourists Delight Cave, finding about five inches of air, we headed upstream into Dancehall Cave. When we reached the Steel Gate Passage, we went into it, hoping to get some practice taking practice compass siteings. The practice went too slowly, for everyone to stay warm, so we discontinued it, and Gary and Gwenne took the survey millstone back to their car. While they were gone, Bob and I continued slowly through the passage, stopping once to check a side passage. They finally reached us, in the vicinity of the chimney from the upper level, which I was attempting to ascend. We then continued through the gradually ascending crawlway loop to the upper level, and then down the chimney. We then returned to the main passage, and after I had pointed out the entrances to a short loop at the central entrance, continued to the upstream entrance, where we exited the cave.

Bob then rigged a rope on the east side of the ravine between the cave, and the natural bridge in order to rappel down to a hole in the bluff. While he was doing this, I rigged an about 20 foot drop on the west side of the ravine for rappelling practice.

INTERCOM

Unfortunately, Bob discovered that his hole only went back about seven feet.

After we had derigged the practice drop, I descended Bob's drop a couple of times for fun, and helped him derig it.

The four of us then visited Wye Cave. When we reached the low spot, where there is normally a small pool of water, we discovered that it was dry. After speaking with four people from Illinois, who were equipped with flashlights, we headed down to the Y. Gwenne then led the way downstream to where it became excessively small, and then a short distance upstream.

Unfortunately, we did not have time to push very far in the upstream section. While we were in the cave, Gary, Gwenne, and Bob went through the narrow passage which was from the upstream branch of the Y to the stem of the Y. We finally exited the cave at about 3:15 P.M., and returned to North Liberty, where we arrived at about 5:20 P.M.

MAQUOKETA CAVES STATE PARK, AGAIN

March 9, 1980

Deb Berg

Greg McCarty, Deb Berg

Getting a late start (as usual), Greg and I trekked over to Maquoketa Caves on March 9th for another day of "Adventures with McCarty". We began the trip with a walk down through Dancehall Cave, pausing long enough to take a tour of the Steel Gate Passage. After we had entered and worked our way through the main passage of Steel Gate, we then looped around and re-entered the passage via the dome. Taking advantage of my novice-caver status, Greg mischievously asked me which direction we should go next. Wouldn't you know it; with a 50-50 chance, I managed to blow it!

Next we checked out the Balcony and then proceeded on through Dancehall to check out the water level at Tourists' Delight. The cave was still relatively wide-open.

The last phase of the trip took place in Wye Cave. We traveled both the upstream and the downstream passage. We both tried the small side passage off the upstream portion of the cave. Greg made it through easily. I tried it but had a tough time of it. To make matters worse, Greg kept telling me about some 50 year old lady who had made it through sometime in the past. Logically, I figured if a 50 year old woman could make it, so could I. She sure must have been a small 50 year old woman! I couldn't make it through, but I think if I were stacked a little less like Mae West and a little more like Twiggy, I would have stood a better chance.

As we were leaving Wye Cave, we picked up all of the trash we could carry and deposited it in the nearest trash can. Then we returned to Greg's Manure-mobile and headed on back to Greg's home in Anamosa.

GUDENKAUF CAVE TRIP

March 9, 1980

Michael Bounk

At about 7:30 A.M., we met at my place in North Liberty, and headed north to Delaware County. When we arrived at the landowners house at about 9:45 A.M., we were informed by the landowners wife that her husband would be back in about an hour, and that if he was not, she would let us in the cave.

We then drove to a cafe in Hopkinton, and ate breakfast rolls while we were waiting. At about 10:30, we returned to the landowners house. He was not home, so after signing a liability release, his wife allowed us to enter the cave.

We then entered the cave, whose main passage consists of a series of rooms connected by somewhat more constricted passage. When we reached the end of the survey, of last fall, by Greg McCarty, Deb Berg and myself, we began surveying, using a brunton compass and nylon tape. The purpose of this trip was to give Gary and Gwenne experience at brunton and tape mapping in addition to surveying a part of the cave. Therefore, we proceeded slowly, with both Gary and Gwenne taking turns on compass and lead tape and Gwenne on book. When we had surveyed to the base of the incline, in the main passage, just beyond the entrance of the passage to the large, low room, we set a temporary survey station, by wiring it to the ceiling. We then visited the room mentioned above, and the long side passage near the entrance. We then exited the cave at about 3:30 P.M. After speaking with the landowner, we returned to North Liberty, where we plotted our data on a map.

This trip gave Gary and Gwenne an opportunity to practice chimneying.

As usual abundant raccon excrement, some of it very fresh, was seen. This was more abundant, and smell worse than I had remembered it before entering the cave.

In some parts of the cave abundant fleas were seen, associated with the excrement noted above.

MARCH COLDWATER CAVE TRIP

March 14, 15, 16, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Dave DeVries, Scott Dverring, Gary Engh, Gwenne Engh, Florence Hanchette, Bob Jarski, Dan Klager, Jim Klager, Dr. Warren Lewis, Brad Olson, Berry Schuman, Greg Sherf, Don Kilen, Michael Bounk

After picking up a stream level recorder and equipment to measure stream flow from the United States Geological Survey office in Iowa City, I met Gary. We then met Bob at my mobile home in North Liberty. We then drove in my truck to Decorah, where we met Gwenne, after which we continued north to Coldwater Cave in the Engh's and my vehicles. When we arrived at the cave entrance shed at about 9:30 P.M., we found that Greg, who had arrived earlier that evening, had the stove going, and thus the shed was warm.

Shortly after we arrived Dr. Lewis and Florence arrived.

After we had unloaded all the equipment, Bob and I entered the cave and began excavating the mudbank and bedrock directly below the downhole camera hole, which is located about 20 ft. east of the shaft. The purpose of this excavation is to provide a pool of water at all possible stream levels for a 10 inch diameter float. This float is connected to a pully on the stream level recorder by a steel cable and tape, and is counterbalanced by a weight on the other end of the tape. Thus, any change in the stream level is transmitted to the pully, which moves a pen in the recorder which records the water level on a chart. The chart is moved by a weight driven clock drive.

We planned to set a length of 12" diameter pipe in the excavation to keep the float from being washed away.

This would be perforated in order to facilitate water movement in and out, and anchored in place by concrete blocks. We planned to run a tube from the base of the pipe to deep water in order to provide a connection during times of very low water.

While Bob and I were in the cave, the other Rock River Speleological Society members arrived. The next morning Scott and Don, two cavers from Decorah, arrived.

After breakfast, Brad and I located a four foot length of 12 inch galvanized tubing, a length of hose and some other equipment, after which we returned to the shed.

While Pete and Brad worked on building a shelf over the hole for the recorder, Greg, Dave and I continued to dig in the bedrock floor, using a e cofferdam of cement blocks to keep the water, which was rising due to snowmelt, out of the excavation. Various people on the two crews, which went caving that day helped with the digging, which involved breaking and chiseling out pieces of rock.

Finally, that afternoon we were able to get the tubing set up, and braced by cement blocks, and the recorder working. After Dave and I had measured the stream flow, with a pigney flow meter and wading rod, we exited the cave and went to Mabe's in Decorah for supper. When we returned to the shed, we found that the water level was falling.

The next morning, we found that another stream crest had reached the shaft, this one more gradual and peaking at about the same level as the first. We were not sure if this was due to rainfall or a delayed snowmelt crest. At about 7:30 A.M., I entered the cave to take CO₂ and O₂ readings for Dr. Lewis and measured the water temperature at 38° F.

After breakfast in Harmony, some Minnesota cavers arrived, and spent about 2½ hours in the cave, reaching the dome just upstream from where Pete's Pipe joins the main passage. While they were in the cave, the water, which had begun rising earlier that morning, continued to rise, reaching a point about 6 inches below the platform by the time they returned.

At that time, I decided that the high water endangered the stilling well, whose surrounding blocks were not cemented together, therefore, I removed the float, and took the tape off the pully.

Bob and I then left the cave, and after a quick trip to Skunk Cave, where we collected some medical litter from last winter's rescue, returned to Iowa City.

NOTE: The STEVENS A35 stream level recorder, float, cable, tape, weights and stream flow measuring equipment are on loan from the United States Geological Survey, Surface Water Division, through the assistance of the Iowa Geological Survey, where the author is a research geologist.

VERTICAL CAVE AND COLDWATER TRIP

March 22, 23, 1980

Michael Bounk

Criss Gilbert, Bob Jarski, Dave Neff, Vernell Newell, and Michael Bounk

At about 8:45 A.M. Saturday, Criss, Bob and I left North Liberty in Bob's van. After meeting Dave and Vernell in Elkader, we drove to Icebox Pit, located near Farmersburg. I rigged the drop and started down. After descending about five feet I realized that after about ten feet it is necessary to climb over blocks and through branches for the final twenty feet. Therefore, after I had reached the bottom, I had Bob rerig the rope at a better position. Bob, Criss, Dave and Vernell then descended the drop which Dave measured as being 38 feet.

This entrance pit is a solutional slot about five feet wide and sixty feet long. Parts of the walls and floor are coated with ice, making it very attractive.

We then ascended the drop, having decided not to visit the short muddy passage at it's base. After speaking to the owner again we drove to Monona.

After lunch, we went to Millers Cave, where, as the owner had advised us, we were able to drive through fields to about 150 feet from the entrance.

Bob, Criss, and I rigged and padded the 106 foot entrance drop which we then all descended. At the base of this drop there is a passage going each way. One leads to a room, whose floor is covered with debris, hiding a passage leading to another drop. The other passage continues for about 20 feet to an about 30 foot deep pit. At the lip of this pit, we found two bolts, with hangers, set in the bedrock floor. These had no identification attached.

Since Vernell's car was almost out of gas, and she wanted to get some before the stations closed, and Criss, Bob and I had to get to Coldwater Cave at a reasonable hour, we exited and derigged the cave without doing the internal drops.

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Bob, Criss and I then drove to the Flatland's house and then to the Coldwater cave shaft entrance shed. After supper, we entered the cave and cemented the concrete blocks around the stilling well together, added two feet of height to the stilling well, and restarted the stream level recorder, (See March 14, 15, 16 Coldwater trip) finishing after four hours at 2:00 A.M. Sunday.

After getting some sleep, Bob and I went to Harmony for breakfast, Criss, who was not feeling well, stayed at the shed and got some extra sleep.

When we returned, Bob and I took a stream flow measurement, and after a quick tourist trip to the Gallery, exited the cave.

Bob, Criss, who was not feeling better, and I then closed up the shaft, shed, and compound. After speaking to the Flatlands, we returned to North Liberty.

WORDENS CAVE

March 25, 1980

Deb Berg

Greg McCarty and Deb Berg

After loading up the manuremobile, Greg and I got off to a late start for Maquoketa. On the way, we stopped off at Maquoketa Caves to check out Tourists Delight. The cave showed signs of recent water flow from it, but the water had since subsided to its previous low level. We continued on down the ravine to see Ice Cave since I had never seen it before. One of your basic, forgettable Iowa caves.

We continued on to Maquoketa to look for a foam ground pad for a sleeping bag. (After searching all over the place for such an animal, we struck a gold mine of foam at the Pamida Discount Store.) Next, we continued on to Quo-mo-keta Antiques to pin-point a lead which Dave Schwendinger and Mike Bounk had picked up earlier. The dealer was a relatively long-winded individual so he and Greg got along extremely well. Greg showed the man maps of the Manchester area which was where this lead was located. "Mr. Quo-mo-keta" showed us where he thought he remembered this "fantastic cave" was on the map. He also indicated the locations of several other possible leads. However, we were more or less taking everything with a grain of salt as it had obviously been many years since he had entered any caves.

From here, we proceeded on to Wordens Cave near Baldwin. Before entering the cave, Greg wanted to check alongside of a gravel road in the area to see if any of the holes above the road amounted to anything. They didn't. We continued onto the cave. Just a short ways in from the entrance, we located two tiger salamanders in the bottom of a three foot deep pit. They had apparently wandered into the cave quite some time before as the fat stores in their tails were fairly low. After checking to see what kind of condition they were in, Greg and I decided to take them with us when we left the cave later on in the day. We planned to take care of them until the weather warmed up so we returned them to the pit for safekeeping until we returned from seeing the rest of the cave. We made short work of the entire cave with no unusual happenings. Returning to the entrance, we picked up the salamanders and high-tailed it back to Anamosa for one of Mrs. McCarty's great meals.

AT LEAST WE DID SOME NICE HIKING

April 4, 5, 1980

Greg McCarty

Mike Bounk, Ed Smith, Deb Berg and Greg McCarty

I had a hot lead near Manchester, so we started our trip there. The directions to it were very vague, and involved asking in the area, so we stopped at a farm to inquire. The farmer knew about a cave to the north, and the description rang a bell with Ed. He checked his notes and found a description of Grubby cave. One that he and Jim Hedges had checked out years ago, and for some reason isn't in the grotto files. We drove to the area and stopped at a farm to get directions to the owner. It turned out to be the farm of Richard Koch, the brother of Don Koch (the Assistant State Geologist). He directed us to the owner of the cave, and to some other people to talk to for leads. The owner wasn't home, so we started checking around for some leads. A lead on a sink in a timber near Grubby cave involved a lot of tramping around in very brushy woods, but we located only one very shallow and tiny sink. We were having trouble finding people at home, and the people we did talk to couldn't help us with anything new. We finally left the area and headed for Delhi. On the way we stopped at a couple little county parks that Ed wanted to check out for a bicycle trip coming up in May. At Silver Lake Ed found a whole box of returnable bottles. We tried to check out a sink in some woods south of Delhi, but could find no trace of it. It was on a topo map, but may have been filled when a new house was built nearby. We next headed east of Delhi to check another sink marked on the map, and had to spend a lot of time talking to different people trying to figure out who owned the land we wanted to get on. We finally found out the owner lived on the other side of Delhi, so we stopped to check another lead on the way over there. This person wasn't home either, so we continued on to our original destination. He was home, and gave us directions to another farm he owned that had two sinks on it. The day was getting late as we hurried on to this farm and marched into the fields. The first sink drained a lot of water, but was plugged with mud and sticks. On the way to check the other sink we found a small collapse sink that took overflow from a valley. There appeared to be two ways into it. One led through some roots, and didn't look real good. The other way led down the steep dirt walls and into a crevice. I could see the bottom, so I borrowed Ed's helmet and started down in. As I was sliding down through the narrow top a rock was dislodged down the crevice. It hit the bottom, but then continued down another hole. The echo that followed indicated a much deeper pit than the thirteen feet I could see. I had to remove some logs and rocks that were in the way of the next hole down before I could see what we had. There was a narrow crevice leading to a dome pit, and it looked too wide to chimney. I figured it was no more than thirty feet down from the end of the crevice to the bottom. After I had climbed back out Mike and I tried to chop our way through the roots and into the other hole, using Mike's rock hammer. Meanwhile Ed hiked up the valley to find the other sink. It turned out to be filled with mud also. Mike and I gave up on the roots, and we all headed back to the vehicles to get our gear. The owners son was there when we arrived, so we told him what we had found. Armed with all the equipment we thought we would need we headed back to the cave. Using a hatchet to chop some of the roots out showed that the other hole was not very promising, and in fact didn't have any bedrock exposed. The only way would be to rig the other pit. A short

length of Bluewater was tied off and I carried it down the pit. I had a cable-ladder to attach to the end of the rope, and Ed was set up on top to belay. When I worked my way down the crevice to the lip of the pit I had to clear a lot of rocks. A whole bunch, some of which were quite large. I was sitting down across the lip of the pit on a comfortable ledge. It was very drippy, though, and I ended up spending a long time under those drips. I attached the cableladder to the rope, then tossed it down. It reached the bottom, so I called for Mike to pull some of the rope up to get the rope off the lip and give me some ladder to climb over the lip on. What followed was a maddening delay while Ed tried to figure out if he knew how to tie a knot, and Mike struggled to assist from his position at the top of the first crevice. The owner had shown up by this time, so I'm sure he was quite impressed with our work. After what must have been a needless twenty minute delay the rope was finally ready. I climbed to the bottom and found only a short passage off the other side. It quickly turned into a three inch wide crack, at a sharp angle to the joint the pit had formed along. At fifty feet it's the deepest solutional pit in Delaware county, but that's all you can say about it. Just after I had pulled up the cableladder a rock came loose from the debris slope above the lip. Weighing at least fifteen pounds it made a nice crash at the bottom. It was one that was not going to be touched by either the ladder or the rope, and seemed secure when I was removing the loose rocks around it. I'm certainly glad it didn't break loose while I was climbing up the ladder.

After we derigged the cave and told the owner what we found we headed for Monticello. We stopped off at Dave Schwendinger's place for a couple minutes, then we had to rush downtown to grab supper before everything closed. It was almost 11:00 P.M. After a hearty meal we drove into Jackson county to camp at Eden Valley park south of Baldwin. We were all very tired and had trouble keeping awake to drive. I had been driving Mike's truck most of the day so he could ride with Ed. In the morning there was a disagreement about what time we should get up. Deb and I were very tired from lack of sleep, while Ed was concerned about the long drive to Boone after the trip. Deb and I agreed to meet them in Maquoketa for breakfast, but it was difficult to get up and take down the tent during a light rain. We just pulled up the whole works and threw it in the back of the truck. We could take out the sleeping bags and stuff after we got home. After breakfast we headed for a valley near Andrew where there was supposed to be a spring cave. The owners son said there was a spring in the valley, but he didn't know of any caves. This was a valley that we had partially checked on a previous trip, but now we were going to catch the rest. We started upstream a little ways to take a look at a large shelter high on the bluff. It looked like a nothing, but I tried to climb up to it anyway. It proved to be too difficult near the top, so I had to give up. Climbing down proved to be difficult also, so I had Ed come and spot me. Mike checked out a couple holes further along the bluff and found a small cave over twenty feet long. We reversed direction now and hiked all the way downstream to the next bridge, which was quite some distance. We were sprinkled on sporadically all day, but no soaking rains. We checked all the holes that could be seen, and looked in all the possible places a spring could hide, but found nothing in several miles of walking. On the way back I checked a little side slough along a block of rock, and found a very tiny spring. A talk with the owners daughter showed that this one gallon per minute spring was the one they knew about.

We decided to check some sinks I had been told about by the owner of Pond-In-Sink cave. These were in another chunk of timber that he owned. When we

arrived at the farm, though, we found that the owner had died a year ago. His wife talked to us and seemed very uncomfortable. Our appearance after two days of caving didn't help. She didn't want us to check the sinks, so we left. We'll talk to her another time when we can get her to remember our past visits. We headed on down toward the North Fork Maquoketa river to check a sinkhole marked on the topo map, but the owner wasn't home. We had been working our way back toward Anamosa, and now had to go directly there because Mike's truck was running out of gas. Mike got all upset and wanted to go to Maquoketa because that was the nearest town, but we talked him out of it. Even if we didn't quite make it to Anamosa, Ed could give me a lift into town and I could return in minutes in my car with a can of gas. That would save thirty miles of driving. As it turned out we had no trouble making it to Anamosa. Ed took off then as his car wasn't working right, so we ended the trip. Tired and unsuccessful in our never ending search for bigger and better caves.

SPRING NORTH COUNTRY REGION MEETING

April 12, 13, 1980

Michael Bounk

Friday evening after leaving Dr. Grant's (State Geologist) going away party, I drove to Decorah, where I stayed at a public campground. The next morning, I drove to Minneapolis, where I arrived at Ed Zawlocki's house at about 11:00 A.M.

At the North Country Regional Meeting which was held that afternoon at the Department of Geology, of the University of Minnesota, we discussed plans for the 1980 NSS Convention to be held at nearby Lakewood Community College. During the meeting, the new regional officers (Pete DeVries, Chairman; John Moses, Vice Chairman; George Zacharizan, Treasurer; and Michael Bounk, Secretary) took office. After the meeting, we visited the convention site.

That evening, after dinner, we had a party at Ed's house, where I spent the night.

The next morning, I left at about 7:45 A.M., and arrived at the Flatland's at about 11:00 A.M. I then drove to the Coldwater Cave entrance shed, where I checked the stream level recorder, which was running, and removed the data. The last 3 weeks of data showed an almost constant (water level) leading me to suspect that something was jamming the float, or cable. However, since I was there by myself, I was unable to enter the cave to check it.

I then returned to the Flatland's house, where after a delicious breakfast, I explained the data to them. I then started south towards home.

About 7 miles south of Calmar, a suspension bearing on my driveshaft went out, resulting in about a 2 hour delay. Thanks to the assistance of a nearby farm family, I was able to contact a Ford garage in Calmar. They sent 2 people out to fix it on the shoulder of the road. Finally, after a visit to Lowell Burkhead, I arrived at North Liberty at about 9:00 P.M.

SECOND APRIL COLDWATER CAVE TRIP

April 25, 26, 27, 1980

Michael Bounk

Pete DeVries (expedition leader), Stewart Anderson, William Collett, Jacki Rose, Greg Sherf, Gary Taylor, Tom Dahl, Kathy McCluskey DeLong, a number of Grinnell College Geology students, and Michael Bounk

After doing some fieldwork in Delaware County, I arrived at the Flatland's house at about 9:15 P.M. Friday evening. After visiting with them for awhile, I arrived at the shaft entrance shed at about 11:00 P.M. After moving my equipment into the shed and adding 10 gallons of No. 1 diesel fuel to the storage tank, I started the stove.

The next morning, Stewart, Gary, and William arrived from the Davenport area, at about 9:00 A.M. I then entered the cave and replaced the stream level recorder float, which had sunk.

Finally, after everyone had seen the cave from the platform, we relocked the shaft, and after leaving a note for Pete, left the shed at about 11:00 A.M. to go to Harmony. We met Ken Flatland at the entrance to the lane. After speaking to him for awhile, and stopping by the house so Stewart, William and Gary could sign the visitors book, we went to Harmony for breakfast.

At about 12:30 P.M., after we had returned to the shed, Pete, Jacki, and Greg arrived in Pete's jeep.

At about 1:00 P.M. Stewart, Gary, William and I entered the cave. After taking a stream flow measurement, we headed downstream to the Dead Coon Passage. We entered this passage, and the passage it leads into following it to its junction with the Cascade Passage. We then followed the Cascade Passage to the main stream passage which we followed back to the shaft which we reached at about 5:10 P.M.

When we reached the surface, we discovered that Kathy and Tom had arrived from Grinnell College with a group of geology students, and that Pete, Jacki, and Greg had gone to Burr Oak for supper.

At about 8:00 P.M., after Pete, Jacki, and Greg had returned, Pete and I accompanied Kathy and Tom into the cave with about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the students. Pete and Kathy headed upstream to a dome just upstream from the entrance of Pete's Pipe with some of the students, while Tom and I took the rest downstream as far as the Iron Bacteria Formation. We then headed upstream from the shaft, meeting the other group just downstream from the hanging rock. We then headed upstream to the dome, while the other group headed downstream. We finally returned to the shaft and exited the cave at about 11:30 P.M. some time after Pete's and Kathy's group.

The next day, Greg, Tom and Kathy took Stewart, William, Gary and the other students into the cave, at about 8:30 A.M. They headed downstream to near the Dead Coon Passage. They finally exited the cave at about 12:00 noon.

We finally left the shed at about 3:00 P.M. After Stewart, Bill, Gary, and I had collected some fossils from a roadcut near the Flatland's house, and we had visited Coldwater Spring, we returned home.

SECOND TRIP TO NAYLOR CAVE

April 26, 1980

Dave Schwendinger

Lowell Burkhead, Deb Berg, Greg McCarty, Dave Schwendinger

Lowell Burkhead, Deb Berg, and Greg McCarty drove to the sinkhole in Lowell's Beast. They brought along Tom Hruska's tripod and set up for digging and commenced work. I arrived about 3:00. I then started helping Greg dig, Deb took his place when Greg tired out. We quit about 8:00 with no results other than a lot of cave fill moved. The cave does not look promising to dig any further, although some future attempt may be tried.

UNIVERSITY RECREATION DEPARTMENT TRIP

April 27, 1980

Greg McCarty

Once again it was time to lead a trip for the Rec. Dept. I gave them a slide show and lecture on Thursday night, and the trip was on Sunday. Around eleven students and one instructor from the phys. ed. dept. met me on the edge of Anamosa, then we headed for Maquoketa caves. As usual, in spite of my instructions that they must have a flashlight, three people showed up without a light source. And a couple others ignored my comments about getting new batteries. I had a couple flashlights along, though, and an extra light was found for the third person. After explaining about the caves in the park and how they got there, and reminding them of all the conservation and safety rules they were to keep in mind, we entered the upstream entrance to Dancehall cave. The lights weren't on yet, so it allowed them a chance to get used to using their flashlights. About all of the bats W have left the cave now. I sent a few adventurous souls through the Bat passage, then ran everyone through the passages around the Balcony. The Steelgate passage was next, and here we ran into some funny problems. I led everyone on the loop down the dome, but three people were lagging behind and met me when I came down. They were the grad student who arranged the trip, the football player who was along as part of his course work, and the instructor. I gave them the directions on how to get to the top of the dome, but they went down to the left instead of up to the right. The instructor got stuck trying to force his way through and had to be pulled out. The grad student managed to squeeze through and turn around, and now wanted back out. They called for me to come up and straighten them out, so I did and then led the way to the dome. The football player decided to go back the way he came. When the instructor came down the dome we couldn't get him through the slot at the bottom. We tried a couple different ways, then he wanted to try it up high. I was sure we could get him out the slot, but let him try the upper route once. He's a stubborn man in his fifties, with a very big chest. I finally had him take off his second wook shirt, and without that bunching up I pulled him on through the slot. He said he wouldn't want to do this without someone along who knew what they were doing, so I guess I had him fooled.

After gathering everyone up again at the center entrance we exited by the downstream entrance. Rainy Day cave was next, then we went back up top for our lunch. As soon as I got up to the van I remembered that I had left

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my cave pack lying just inside the entrance to Rainy Day cave, then forgot to pick it up because I was answering questions. I ran back down and retrieved it, stopping to check Tourists Delight while no one was with me. It was flooded. We didn't go up to Wye cave this time, because we had gotten a late start. Everyone had gotten confused by the under publicized switch back to standard time.

Our next stop was Hunters, so I directed us in the back way without going through Andrew. There was one group of locals in the cave when we got there, and they were using a novel method of finding their way around. At every place they thought they might be confused they left behind a light source to show the way. We caught up with them just after they came up over Rupture Rock. I ran everyone back to the Skull room, then we went back to the Main room and headed for the Paradise room. It was a little soggy going into the hole, and we lost a few people here. To keep the room from filling up, and endangering the formations, I sent some into the passages beyond the room. When everyone had splashed their way back out I found that a few people had left the cave. I went outside to check and found that the football player had slipped in the mud and reinjured a broken finger. It was fine, though. The others were not interested in going through any more passage if it was going to be low and wet. Low and wet was just where we were headed, as the next stop was the Maze. I refilled my lamp, then we made the loop from the Flat room on to the Pit room. The first big lake that had been at the start of the Maze last time wasn't there this time, but the second pool was.

After everyone had exited from the crawlway, seven tired and wet people had followed me through the loop, we left the cave and headed for home. Most of them had a good time, but they couldn't imagine doing this sort of thing for fun. Especially on a regular basis.

SMALL CAVES

April 27, 1980

Lowell Burkhead

Dave and Tammy Schwendinger, Lowell Burkhead

I called Dave Schwendinger about noon and asked him if he wanted to go do something. He said, sure and somewhere in the background, Tammy cried. She was immediately invited to come along. I arrived at Dave's house about 1:30 and we couldn't think of anything to do. We finally decided to go see the caves along the South Fork Maquoketa River down from Canton that Greg and I had found in 1976. After a considerable amount of driving around, I finally decided which bridge the caves are located near. We talked to the land owners who are just starting to build a new house on the bluff overlooking the river. There are at least two caves and a small shelter on a ledge down from the top of the bluff but still 125 feet from the bottom. They are located on the north side of the river upstream from the first bridge down from Canton. They are on the last point before a major ravine about a third of a mile from the bridge.

We didn't find out if the caves belong to the first or the second house on the left north from the bridge. We walked along the top of the bluffs looking for the caves. Tammy was afraid to get very near the edge and I must admit that I liked to see a few feet of earth between me and the falling off point. We

finally located the caves and Dave pushed into them while Tammy and I looked for Indian artifacts. Dave reported that the caves are each about 50 feet long but could be pushed farther with a little effort. We didn't find any Indian artifacts but its an excellent place to look. The rock near the cave entrance is burned red and digging didn't produce any charcoal. That tells me that the firing is very old and I didn't dig deep enough. This point is on a bend in the river and you can see for at least a mile up and down the river. It looked to me like a good spot for an Indian.

We spent some time feeding ants to the doodle bugs under the lip of the bluff. On the way home, we made one stop on a dead end road to look into some holes. The ones we looked at didn't go but I saw one with a path to it as we left. This dead end road south and right turn, right turn from the bridge. From there, we headed back to Monticello.

