

Dunning Spring
Cold Water Spring
Falcon Spring
Landsberger Spring
Siewer Spring
Mushroom Cave
Dutton's Cave
Mittelstadt Cave

Wild Well

Ozark Spring



underwater speleology

UNDERWATER

SPELEOLOGY

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Membership in the NSS Cave Diving Section is open to any NSS member in good standing that is interested in cave diving and has paid the dues (\$3.00 for 1977). Persons not wishing to join may subscribe for \$5.00 per year. Checks should be made payable to "NSS Cave Diving Section" and sent to Steve Maegerlein, Box 60, Williams IN 47470

Deadline is the second Friday of the preceeding month. Send articles and correspondence to the Editor, Sheck Exley, 1591 S. Lane Ave., Apt. 118C, Jacksonville, FL 32210.

Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the NSS Cave Diving Section.

CALENDAR

- July 30-Aug. 5: Cave Diving Session and annual Section Meeting at NSS Convention, Alpena, Michigan
- Sep. 5-10: 3rd International Cave Diving Camp, Bristol, Great Britain. (This is just before the 7th International Speleological Congress - contact B.E.C. Travel Limited, 63 Dun Keld Road, Ecclesall, Sheffield S11 9HN England.)
- June 18-24, 1978: Cave Diving Session and Annual Section Meeting at NSS Convention, New Braunfels, Texas.
- 1979: 4th International Cave Diving Camp, Mexico. (Contact Eduardo Castro Ruiz, Cerro de Tezonco 117, Mexico, D.F.)

COVER

This month's issue is devoted almost exclusively to the second half of Greg McCarty's fascinating article, "Cave Diving Resumes In Iowa."

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NOMINATIONS SOUGHT

As per our constitution, in the absence of a quorum at our annual meeting we must hold the election of officers via mail. If you are interested in serving, or would like to nominate someone else, please forward this information to Stephen Maegerlein by 30 days after receipt of this issue of *Underwater Speleology*. The slate of nominees selected by this year's Executive Committee are as follows:

Chairman-	Tom Cook
Vice chairman -	Sheck Exley
Secretary-treasurer-	Stephen Maegerlein

In addition, the following nominations were made at Alpena:

Chairman-	Clarence Dillon
Vice chairman-	Karan Exley
Secretary-treasurer-	Terry More

CAVE DIVING RESUMES IN **IOWA**

by Greg McCarty
NSS 13673

-- PART TWO --

By now I'm sure you're probably wondering what it is that I've done so that I could call myself a cave diver. I had planned on getting into cave diving ever since I joined the Iowa Grotto in September 1971. I became a charter member of the Cave Diving Section at the 1973 NSS Convention, and became certified for open water diving that same summer. I could not start cave diving until almost three years later, however, because I didn't have the money for the equipment and there was no one to dive with. When Steve Hurley, a caver and former scuba instructor, moved here from California and joined the Iowa Grotto it solved both problems.

After seeing Cold Water Steve was ready to try cave diving, so after a year and a half of caving together we started training for cave diving. We started in a swimming pool, but quickly moved out to a flooded limestone quarry. We got our gear all set and got accustomed to using it, practiced our line techniques, stirred up the thick black mud for zero visibility practice, devised a set of hand signals that was simple and effective, and practiced all the usual scuba skills like mask clearing and buddy breathing. Steve had purchased extra gear for me to use, and I bought it from him months later when I had the money. We spent a lot of time reading the many books, booklets, newsletter, and other pieces of information I have on cave diving. And a lot of time planning. We finally felt we were ready to make our first cave dive, and picked what we were sure would be an easy and short sump for our first dive - the sump at the end of Dutton's Cave in Fayette County.

Dutton's Cave

I had been playing with Dutton's Cave ever since the spring of 1974. We were making the dive in the first week of June, 1976, and Steve had been in the cave twice before. We had hopes of being able to make the connection between Dutton's and Mittelstadt Cave, a swallet cave that drains into the Dutton's System, and also sumps. We had hoped to just dive through a short sump, and then have a long air-filled cave awaiting us. So we brought all sorts of gear for a regular stream cave, and also

brought mapping gear thinking that there would be only one trip through the sump so the cave should be mapped.

Carrying all this stuff up to the cave entrance, along with all the heavy diving gear, then dragging it all through over four hundred feet of very muddy crawlway was quite a job. If we would have had just one other person along to split the load it would have been so much easier. Dutton's is so muddy that we had a lot of trouble keeping mud out of important things as we assembled our gear in the little room right before the sump. We quickly found out that the silt in the water will make the second stage on your regulator free flow as it gets in the valves. Shaking it underwater while purging corrects this. We decided to leave most of the stuff behind at first, and just see if we could make it through the sump.

I led the way through the low, wide sump and after ten feet it opened up into a small room. I could see the passage sloping down and continuing from the left side of this room, but I signaled Steve to retreat. I had jumped in too soon and wasn't mentally set yet. When I was ready we started in again, and it wasn't long before I broke through the silt cloud from my previous effort. It happened instantly, like turning on a light. The tightest part of this short sump was right there. You had to find one of the higher areas, then rub your stomach on the bottom and your tank on the roof. I was going upslope after that, and things looked good, but all of a sudden I could see a flat roof almost meeting the mud slope.

It looked like there was no hope, but when I went up to the top to make sure I got a big surprise. I reached up to touch the silvery roof and my hand went right through! I stood up in a joint-oriented room fifteen feet high, and held the line waiting for Steve to join me. We spotted a hole leading up from the other side of the room, but first we had to check out the main passage. The passage was low, and the water was almost three feet deep. It wasn't long before we reached the second sump. We had left all our gear on just in case it did sump again, but Steve had to go back for the reel. We had started with only two hundred feet of line on the reel, thinking there would be just one short sump, so we wouldn't be able to go too much farther. The first sump was only thirty feet long, but there was about eighty feet of passage leading up to the second sump.

I dived straight ahead, but had just gone into a joint-controlled pocket and hit a dead end. Steve used part of the line to check the right hand side, then I again led through the short sump. This one was only fifteen feet long, and the passage on the other side had more air and was a much more encouraging passage. Up ahead we could hear the stream dropping over a small waterfall. We quickly ditched our gear and raced ahead through passage six feet wide by almost four feet high, to see what we had found. A large piece of breakdown interrupted the continuity, and a little later we reached a low wide room with two routes on. Steve followed the stream while I crawled through a dry flood route.

We quickly met in a fair-sized room where we could stand up and walk around a little. The waterfall we had heard was the stream flowing over

a block of breakdown that extended from wall to wall. The water dropped eight to ten inches. It was a unique feature for this low gradient and heavily-silted cave, but unfortunately it also marked the end of our exploration in the main passage. On the other side of the falls was another sump. I held Steve's head out of the water while he felt with his feet. The roof was dipping steeply downward, so it wasn't likely that it would again go above the water surface in less than fifteen feet. Our line would never reach this sump, it was about one hundred and fifty feet from the second sump to the third one, so we had to turn back.

We put our diving gear back on, and prepared to follow our guideline back through a sump for the first time. Steve took the reel so he could get practice using it also. I followed the line through the sump, but it seemed much longer going in this direction. I stuck my arm up and felt around and found air off to the left. I had gone well beyond the sump and had been following the line underneath a ledge below the water surface. I held the line in case Steve signaled to me, and soon Steve was at my feet wondering why he couldn't go ahead. I grabbed a hold of his tank valve and stood there pulling on him, trying to get him to surface. When he did he was pretty surprised. After we worked our way back to the first sump, Steve took off his gear so he could climb up the mud slope and check out the hole we had seen on one side of the joint-controlled room. I didn't bother to take off my gear because Steve was able to doff his easier, and all the holes in the earlier part of the cave ended quickly.

Steve soon disappeared up into an upper level, and reported that the passage went both ways and that there was a large room. I quickly dropped my gear on a mud bank and joined Steve in the upper level. It was difficult to keep your gear from sliding down into the water, and when we returned one of the weight belts had slid away. But it was easily found. A short section of walking passage led to the room, which was fifteen feet wide by twenty feet long and about forty-five feet high. A mountain of breakdown was against the back wall, and it reached to within twenty feet of the rounded ceiling. The walls and the breakdown were both heavily fluted from dripping water, and the breakdown was a mass of sharp spikes and blades. When I got there Steve had climbed to the top of the mountain and found that there was no additional passage there. He said not to try climbing up because the daggers in the chimney between some of the blocks had carved up his wet suit.

When he got back down we checked out the passage going in the opposite direction. The clay-filled passage quickly went from walking to stooping height, and then knee crawl. A flowstone plug required digging to get around it, so I used my hands. Ten minutes of digging got us into another twenty feet of crawlway with a few speleothems, and a tiny chamber at the end just big enough for us both to fit into and turn around.

We passed back through the first sump uneventfully, then packed up all our gear (including too much bulky stuff we didn't even use) and started dragging it back toward the entrance. We were disappointed that we didn't get to go farther, but happy that our first cave dive had been successful and had produced over three hundred feet of new passage. We were planning on doing another dive at another site the next day, but those plans were

almost ruined when I nearly lost my hood. I was dragging my huge load of gear through the goupy mud and letting my hood float ahead of me. Every time I crawled forward a foot, a wave of water would push the hood ahead so that I didn't have to throw it through this section. But soon I noticed that my hood was making better progress than I was. I speeded up to make sure it didn't get too far ahead, but it was going faster all the time. Up ahead was a side passage that slanted downward around a couple of corners then dropped through a slot into a lower route. All the water in the cave flows into this passage and reappears three hundred feet later outside the entrance through an outlet buried in talus.

I dropped my gear and charged off after it, flying down the passage in a matter of seconds. Which was difficult wearing a thirty-nine pound weight belt. Before I could reach it the hood whipped around the corner and sped down the side passage. I was only a second behind it as I threw myself down the tube, but again it went around the last corner ahead of me. I charged around the corner, but my heart sank as I saw the hood reach the slot. Luckily it caught on some debris, and I was able to reach it before it was swallowed.

Steve came back to see what was taking me so long just after I had backed out of the side passage. I got the rest of my gear, then we finished the exhausting haul back to the entrance. One of the hardest things was to drag the stuff through the last few feet of low passage, in all the mud mixed with sand and gravel, and push the gear up the slot through the breakdown and back into the entrance chamber. Weight belts had to be removed before we could exit, and they were lost in the mud more than once. Along with anything else that wasn't too big. Once outside we had to clean up all the gear and our wet suits in the small spring-fed stream outside the entrance. Everything had to be put back in working order for our dive the next day which would be a much longer dive.

Wild Well

The next day we were joined by Lowell Burkhead (NSS 13068), a dry caver who was going to help carry all the heavy gear through a timbered valley to Wild Well, a cave in Clayton County that I described earlier. We bought some more guideline at a local hardware store, then headed out to the cave. We would be using fresh tanks, not the ones we had used in Dutton's. It had been years since the hand line was installed by Loren McVey and Larry Fattig, while Al Swenson made the dive to the second room, so we didn't know whether floods had removed it or damaged it. Steve inflated his vest, the only time we ever used vests except in open water diving, and snorkeled around in the large sump pool thirty feet from the entrance. He was unable to locate the end of the line after a search of the whole wall, and was having a lot of trouble keeping afloat with the heavy weight belt. He came back and took the line reel, then paid out line for me while I stepped off the breakdown and checked things out underwater. Working my way along the left wall I was unable to find the line, but I did break through the silt cloud and found the passage that continued. It was very large, and was horizontal after an initial gentle slope downward. I followed it for fifteen feet or so, then returned to Steve.

then attaching our line to get to the second room. Steve had a reel of line tied to his backpack for continuing beyond the second room if it was necessary to dive again. We weren't going to run out of line this time. This great plan was shot when we couldn't locate the permanent line, so we retreated to the entrance and had Lowell secure the line around a log.

I told Steve where I had found the passage, then he led the way. The passage is always very roomy, and is up to ten feet high and fifteen feet wide. We had good visibility, and from the middle of the passage we could see both walls reasonably well. It wasn't long before we located the line running along the ceiling by the left wall. We followed it through passage that got lower and wider, then the line led up to within a few feet of an air-filled room. We inflated our vests and surfaced in the room, but were surprised to find that the dimensions were nothing like Loren McVey had described. It was a small pocket of air above eight or nine feet of water, and the undercut walls were difficult to cling to. With my thick hood out of the water, my buoyancy was way down. My vest couldn't even keep my mouth out of the water if I had my lungs full of air.

We clung to the wall getting cold and tired, and finally decided we couldn't realistically untie the extra reel of line and try to go farther. The water was deeper than during any of the dives made previously by Iowa Grotto members. One time it was only waist deep in this room. That would have made things so much easier, and would account for the size discrepancy in the description of the room. The dive was supposed to be one hundred and twenty-five feet to this room, but for us it was one hundred and fifty feet. The entrance end of the line was probably farther underwater than the arm's length it was supposed to be.

On the way back we could still see somewhat, but anything more than four feet away faded out in the silt. I saw some tree roots hanging down near the permanent guideline, which we were tracing back to its source, and moved out to avoid them. I had seen similar draperies of roots in the first thirty feet of the cave. When I moved over they drifted with me and snarled around my tank valve. The roots wouldn't allow me to continue ahead. I was going to try backing out of it, but Steve was already right behind me. We didn't have a signal yet for "tangled" (we did after this trip was over), so I pointed at the roots and tried to move forward hoping Steve would see the problem and get me loose. I did this several times, each time pausing to give Steve time to work on it, but Steve still hadn't caught on to what I wanted. He was concerned as to why I wasn't moving forward, and wanted me to stop standing there and trying to show him something on the ceiling. He could see both guidelines, and knew I wasn't snarled in them, but the water was getting too silty to see the roots. I finally just backed up, moving Steve backward also, and easily got unhooked.

When we were near the breakdown pile by the start of the sump, the old line crossed the passage at a right angle and slanted down toward the floor. We grabbed the line with our hands and stepped over it, then followed our line up out of the water. Probably the piton used to secure the line caused a sheet of breakdown to peel off the ceiling and it fell

on the line. This will have to be checked out on the next dive there, and it will have to be determined if the line is safe or if it should be removed. We talked over how to handle this type of cave, and I've done a lot of thinking since then, and I'm sure the next dive will have no difficulties in at least reaching and exploring the second room with some changes in techniques used.

Mushroom Cave

Our third dive was at another spring cave in Winneshiek County, Mushroom Cave. We knew less about this site than any other we dived at, but the potential looked very good. Thirty feet in through a low shelter entrance the ceiling suddenly went down to just below the water surface. A good-sized stream flowed from the cave, and probing with a long stick had shown that the low rock-clogged sump opened up a few feet in. We sat around most of the day waiting for the owner to show up before we finally got permission in late afternoon. Some neighbor kids were hired by Steve to use their trail bikes in getting out weight belts and other heavy (but not breakable) items the the edge of their property down in the valley.

When they left Steve and I suited up, then rigged the line to a piece of breakdown right in front of the sump. I was to lead, but after a couple of false starts of ten to fifteen feet it was decided that Steve should lead. I was having minor equipment troubles (I probably had to clear my mask over a dozen times during the dive) and just couldn't get myself mentally set at first. I wasn't going to continue very far until I felt that I had complete control over myself.

I soon forgot my little fears as I followed Steve into good-sized passage, clambered down a little pile of rubble, and passed through a short section of low passage. The passage slanted downward during the first thirty feet, and then leveled off. The passage averaged three to five feet high, and five to seven feet wide. It seemed to get a little larger the farther we got from the entrance. We went around a number of corners, and were making very good progress. I could see almost as well as Steve as long as I stayed right beside him, but every time I cleared my mask I would fall behind and have to catch up so I could see what the passage was like. Chert nodules sticking out of the walls provided a little variety to the scenery, as did the small breakdown pieces we occasionally passed.

At one corner the passage was definitely larger and Steve had a little trouble figuring out where the way on was. From here the passage was higher and narrower, and seemed to gently slope upward. But I can't be sure of that at all. We soon came to two huge blocks of breakdown, with only a narrow slot between them. We wiggled on up between them into big passage once again, and could see the way on continuing as before with no more obstructions. Steve was concerned about having to feel our way back through this slot once we went beyond it and stirred up the silt, so he asked me if I wanted to turn back. I thought he was just concerned about how I was doing, and I felt great, so I signalled that we should continue. Then Steve showed me the reel and I saw that it was nearly empty. Maybe twenty feet of line was left from the original three hundred and ten feet. We had gone two hundred and ninety feet without hitting even the tiniest of air

pockets. That was very discouraging, and a little scary for me.

It seemed like a long way out feeling our way through the muddy water. At one point the line went off to one side through some breakdown that was far too small for humans. I had to feel around for a little while until I felt a direction that didn't have a rock wall, then moved the line over and continue. It was comforting to take your light and press it to your face mask so that you knew your eyes still functioned. While passing through the low spot again, I banged my face mask on a rock point, filling it completely with water. It was so low that I couldn't tilt my head properly, so I had to back out into bigger passage before I could easily clear it. When Steve came upon me backing it caused him some concern. It was a relief to feel the pressure changing in our ears as we ascended the little slope to the entrance chamber. I couldn't exit immediately because the line was again in the wrong place and I couldn't find a place large enough to fit through.

We were proud of ourselves for going so far on only our third dive, but unsure what to do with the cave as we hadn't gotten any indication as to when we might break through the sump. I'm pretty sure this was the longest distance ever dived in Iowa without hitting an air pocket of some sort. The five hundred and eighty feet we traveled round trip is longer than the total length of the great majority of the caves in the state. After our dive we found out, to our great dismay, that the spring actually stops flowing during the summer (low flow water is being pirated away to another spring several hundred yards down the valley) and the lake at the back drops making for a little air. This past year was *very* dry, and in late winter I saw ninety feet of passage that Steve and I had to dive last summer. I will be continuing to work with this cave, we even have plans to try to pump it drier, and should get beyond the point Steve and I stopped some time this year.

Return to Dutton's Cave

Steve and I were getting a little discouraged at this point, finding big fantastic virgin caves wasn't as easy as we thought, so we decided it would be good to go back to our dive site that produced the greatest success for us (and also the greatest misery). That of course was Dutton's Cave. This trip in we were taking only a fraction of what we dragged in the first time, yet it still was a terrible struggle. This was the second day of a two-day trip, we had seen a dry cave the day before, and I wasn't feeling well. The overheating in my wet suit while dragging the gear through all that mud made me feel worse. By the time we reached the first sump I didn't think I should even attempt to drag the gear all the way to the third sump. We decided to dive the first sump for practice, and also with the hope that the water might make me feel better.

I had made a makeshift reel to get us through the first two sumps, then we would use the good reel to go through the third sump and beyond. We tied it off and Steve started into the sump. This would be the first time Steve had actually seen the first sump. I finished getting my gear on and was about to follow him when he reappeared all tangled up in coils of line. It seems the makeshift reel didn't work well at all, and when he stopped to figure out which way to go a bunch of line spilled and he couldn't fig-

ure out which one of the loops of line led back out of the sump. He finally bunched the line together and found the one that led out, but he wasn't very happy about my reel.

We tied on the good reel, then both did the sump. Steve had trouble figuring out which way to go, and I didn't remember it as being so low at the lowest point. I had trouble finding a place high enough. Once on the other side, Steve elected to go back through the sump again for the practice. I decided to just dive in the stream leading to the second sump, so that I would be able to see something for a change. After I had gone on for a while I noticed that there was a rock ceiling above me instead of air, and for a minute I thought I had somehow underestimated the distance and was in the second sump. But I was merely under a ledge. It did give me a start, though. As I was reeling in the line while passing back through the first sump the reel jammed, due to sand in the works. This would have been a serious deterrent to a longer dive, as we didn't have any tools along to take it apart and clean it. We must take more care with it while transporting it to the sumps, and not drag it through all that mud and sand.

This whole trip was a washout, but we did get in a little more practice. And we learned some things. This turned out to be our last dive. We had one more planned, but when we got to the cave area we were forced to change our plans and go dry caving instead. Steve had been working as Clinical Assistant Prof. at the University of Iowa, but was forced to leave and accept a similar position at the University of Idaho in Pocatello. For several reasons we made only four dives during the two and one half months available to us between the time we finished our training and the time Steve left. The closest dive sites were one hundred and ten miles away, and the farthest were one hundred and sixty-five miles away. We both were engaged in a lot of dry caving at all times, and we both had jobs tying us down. We would have been able to accomplish much more if Steve had been able to remain in the state.

Cave Diving Equipment and Procedures in Iowa

The equipment and techniques I'm going to list here may not be what we started out using, but they are what we ended up with. We generally used single seventy-two cu. ft. tanks mounted on a back pack. I used a forty-eight cu. ft. tank on the second dive in Dutton's Cave, and Steve had a thirty-eight cu. ft. tank for use in caves we didn't have time to try. We used an octopus rig for our regulators, with pressure gauge and spare second stage. We didn't use any sort of shield to protect the tank valve and the regulator first stage while diving, but I'm going to experiment this year with a neoprene bottie-like covering to absorb blows from unseen rock points. In the future I plan to use a depth gauge to check how close we are to the water surface if the dive ends without reaching air again. In mushroom we didn't know whether we were five feet below the surface or ten feet, but I suspect that it was only five feet at the end of our dive. For protection from the cold water we wore three-eighths inch farmer john wet suits, and one-quarter inch booties. Steve's jacket was only three-sixteenths, though, and his hood was attached. My jacket was three-eighths and my hood was one-quarter

inch with a large bib. This made for a lot of buoyancy that had to be made up for with lead. On our hands we just wore heavy duty household rubber gloves. They gave us very good dexterity, yet kept our hands from becoming numb. I won't try to tell you they were warm. We never wore fins, wearing heavy rubber field boots instead. We were weighted for bottom walking. When I say bottom walking, I actually mean crawling in most cases. My weight belt was a crunching thirty-nine pounds. Just right for those pleasant mile-long hikes back to the caves. Only once did Steve and I have help transporting gear to a cave and back, and once the neighbor kids helped get our stuff to the cave.

We each carried only one source of light, as any more would just get in the way. You can't see on the way out anyway, and sometimes only the first person in can see. We didn't use the fancy high-powered lights (light reflecting back off the silt would just take away your adjustment to the dark), which are also expensive. We used the familiar red six volt lantern flashlights made by Eveready. They have an O ring seal, and work very well. We didn't have any trouble at all with them. Inside we kept a spare bulb so that a burned-out bulb could be replaced in any air-filled place we came to, or by a quick return to the entrance. For line we used three-sixteenths inch yellow polypropylene. It is easy to work with, thick enough to grab, strong enough to pull on, and the yellow color shows up well underwater. The only problem with it might be that it doesn't seem to resist abrasion as well as I'd like. For our reel we had one made following the plans from Jim Storey's *Advanced Cave Diving*, with a few modifications. Ours has teflon bearings in the form of washers, and a bracket at the rear to keep line from spilling off and getting impossibly tangled. We added that after one of our practice dives in the quarry turned up the trouble. I also had to add a couple pieces of rubber inner tube to the guide in front to keep the line from slipping off in that direction. Without those additions it would have been impossible to have three hundred and ten feet of three-sixteenths inch line on the reel without having it constantly spilling off and snarling.

We kept our signals to a minimum to eliminate possible confusion. All the signals could be given by tugs on the line, by a display of fingers, or by banging on your tank. A slow series of single pings or tugs meant come to me or find me. A sequence of two tugs, or two fingers, meant go back out. Three meant continue into the cave. A violent series of tugs or waving of hands meant emergency or I need air. Four tugs or fingers meant "entangled," and if the water was clear enough you would point to the place where you are caught. Also if the water was clear we could use our hands to indicate a horizontal or a vertical slot up ahead. Some of these may have been modified after more diving, but they worked fairly well.

Future Plans

The future of cave diving in Iowa is not clear (like the water). After the initial success in the discovery of Cold Water, other similar systems have not been found. Even though there has been quite a bit of effort put into the search. There may be only one cave like Cold Water in the whole state, but I don't believe that. I spend most of my time checking leads,

and you have to be an optimist to keep doing that year after year. I'll continue to push in the few sites that have been tried and are still going, and I'll try the few sites that haven't been dived. There aren't all that many places to cave dive in Iowa, our main caving area is restricted to the northeast corner of the state, so a great portion of our potential has already been checked. I recently got a bunch of information from the British Cave Diving Group, and was very impressed with their accomplishments and their training manual. I'm going to modify my gear and my techniques to take advantage of their experience. If anyone is silly enough to want to try cave diving in Iowa, I would like them to contact me first. Our state-owned springs are not open to diving without special permission, and I can direct them to the owners of privately-owned springs and caves. I could probably join them if they wanted company. My address is PO Box 1486 Iowa City, Iowa 52240.

* * * * *

RUDE SURPRISE IN WISCONSIN SPRING

Don Monnot (NSS 16322), veteran caver/cave diver from St. Louis recently related to us the following incident which occurred while diving in a Wisconsin Spring.

While using surface communications, one of the divers squeezed up into a narrow air space. Suddenly surface personnel were astonished by a flood of abusive language coming over the commo equipment. Seems that the diver was shocked by a large, frantically squirming "thing" crawling up his back onto his head to get up into the air space!

The "thing" turned out to be none other than a cave diving muskrat. Since there were no signs of a nest or food in the cave, the divers can only surmise that the muskrat, like themselves, was enjoying a little cave exploration.

According to Don the spring, which has no name, is about the only dive-able underwater cave in Wisconsin, with 45° F - 50° F water, good flow, very narrow passages, a few small air spaces and a maximum depth of 10 ft.

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INTERNATIONAL RECOGNITION FOR UNDERWATER SPELEOLOGY

Recently our newsletter has been receiving increasing amounts of attention from our colleagues overseas. The March 1977 edition of *UIS Bulletin*, which is distributed to the speleological societies of countries all over the world, contains a notice about our publication on page 13. The June 1976 edition of *Speleological Abstracts*, published by the Speleological Commission of the Swiss Society for Natural Science, the Scientific Commission of the Swiss Society for Speleology and the Commission for Speleological Bibliography of the International Union of Speleology, contains abstracts of two articles by Steve Maegerlein from vol. 2 of *Underwater Speleology. Current Titles in Speleology 1976 International* (London) mentions our articles on pp. xv, 11, 37, 68-69, 95, 131.