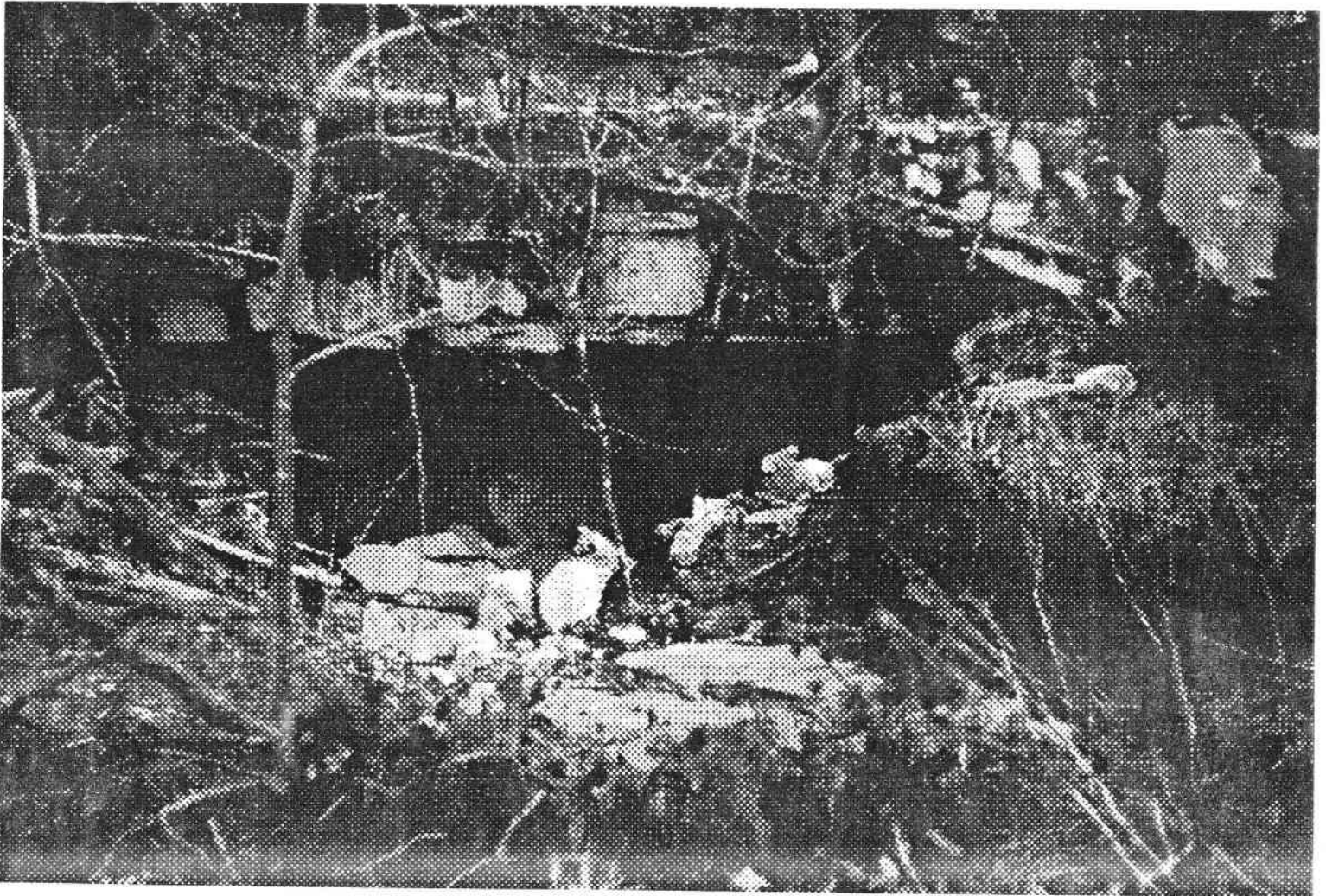


COG SQUEAKS



THE DIG SITE IN PUMKIN HOLLOW

COG SQUEAKS

Grotto Information

The Central Ohio Grotto meets the second Friday of each month or the Saturday following the second Friday at 8:00 PM. Meeting notices are published in the Squeaks, the Grotto newsletter. Please call any officer for meeting information or caving trips.

COG officers are:

| | | |
|----------------|----------------|--------------|
| Don Conover | Chairman | 513-372-7581 |
| Bill Walden | Vice Chairman | 614-965-2942 |
| Bruce Warthman | Secretary | 614-459-5854 |
| Karen Walden | Treasurer | 614-965-2942 |
| Chuck Daehnke | Ex. Committee | 614-263-7011 |
| Mike Gray | Ex. Committee | 513-276-2436 |
| Jake Elberfeld | Ex. Committee | 513-644-5848 |
| Bill Walden | Squeaks Editor | 614-965-2942 |
| Paul Unger | Boone Karst | 513-839-4258 |

The official grotto address is:

Central Ohio Grotto
C/O Bill Walden
1672 South Galena Road
Galena, Ohio 43021
614-965-2942

The official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto is the COG Squeaks. Subscription is \$10 per year. The COG Squeaks is published 10 times each year. Articles may be reprinted by other NSS member organizations provided that the author and COG Squeaks are given credit. Please contact Bill Walden regarding the COG Squeaks. Articles, poetry, fiction, and information related to cave exploration and study are welcome. Articles may be submitted on disk. I can read IMB PC-DOS or OS-9 DOS (any convention).

For membership information please contact Bill Walden.

Meeting notice

The July meeting will be a week early this year so that we do not conflict with cave capers.

Saturday July 8, 1989: The July meeting will be hosted by Charles Daehnke at his

farm in Delaware County. Hopefully Paul Unger will again bring his kayaks and some people will bring their canoes. Chuck's farm is located on Mill Creek, which if the weather holds as it has, the creek will offer excellent canoeing and kayaking.

Please plan to arrive about noon. Bring your own beverage and a dish to share. Bill Walden will bring the brats and a grill. The meeting will take place about 7:00 PM.

COG members and friends are welcome to camp out at the farm.

Change of Address

Jim Gorski
263 High Meadows Village
Powell, Ohio 43065
614-548-5755

Andy Franklin
6737 Welland St.
Dublin, Ohio 43017
614-766-6381

New Members

Please welcome our newest members Kathy Welling, her son Barry, and daughter Eleanor. Kathy is the Administrative Vice President of the NSS. Their address is:

6737 Welland St.
Dublin, Ohio 43017
614-766-6381

The Following Individuals have expressed an interest in COG

Linda Gaertner
72 1/2 E. Norwich Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43201

Linda is a student at Ohio State and a new NSS member.

Sally Cleveland
3270 Indianola Ave., Apt. B
Columbus, Ohio 43202
614-262-2953

We hope that our newest members and those interested in the Central Ohio Grotto will plan to attend our July meeting (outing) hosted by Chuck Daehnke.

Sally and Linda, if you need a ride please call any officer or our host Chuck Daehnke.

The following are NSS members who have moved to the Central Ohio Grotto membership area:

Albert Churella
2125 Lamont Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43224

John Dragt
7748 Silkwood Court
Worthington, Ohio 43085

Ken Gotski
4967 Effingham Place
Dayton, Ohio 45431

George Keeney
962 Hidden Acres Court
Columbus, Ohio 4324

Reno Lippold
1012 Stoneybrook Trail
Fairborn, Ohio 45324

Scott Smithson
384 Ross Rd.
Whithall, Ohio 43213

All NSS members who are new to the Central Ohio Grotto's membership area are sent complimentary issues of the Squeaks. The membership area includes the region surrounding Columbus and Dayton, Ohio. (The Central Ohio Grotto was founded by individuals in Columbus and Yellow Springs, Ohio) We hope that all of you will be able to attend our July meeting which will be more of an outing than meeting. If you need a ride please call one of our officers or our host Chuck Daehnke.

June Minutes

Submitted by Don Conover

The meeting was called to order at 9 P.M., at the home of Don Conover just outside of Xenia, on 9 June 1989. The Bluegrass music made nice background music for the meeting. The secretary was absent for a cave trip in West Virginia (we expect a trip report next month). The minutes were read as printed in the Squeaks and disapproved due to the failure to mention the mushrooms which were

gathered for dinner. The Treasurer reported that \$70 was collected at the last meeting instead of the reported \$40. The Treasurer reported that the grotto now has \$300.29 minus the \$10.50 for the mailing of the Squeaks. Paul Conover phoned in his presence before leaving his apartment for work.

The Squeaks Committee requests for everyone to please write up their trips. Bill also apologizes for the small Squeaks last month due to lack of time caused by his two week trip in California.

The Boone Karst Committee reported that requests by the Forest Service are being channeled to the most appropriate caver. They are asking what we know about certain caves. They are also working on a magazine article.

The Toy Committee deferred the display of topographic maps on a computer until after the meeting.

The Vertical Committee showed an article from Scientific American on the physics of rock climbing.

The Safety Committee gave a brief report of the NCRC short course held in Bloomington, Indiana, on 3-4 June 1989. Mike and Gloria Gray attended. The husband and wife were separated into opposite teams for practice sessions on Saturday. Numerous scenarios were created and tried as orientation to cave rescue. Gloria related her experiences from the various tasks, ranging from victim to underground coordinator. On Sunday at 6:30 A.M., the full rescue with everyone participating was staged at Buckner's Cave. There was a critique afterward. They were in the cave from 6:30 A.M. until 2:30 to 2:45 P.M. on this mock rescue. When Gloria was asked what she hoped to learn, she said that if she is ever rescued, she wants to know if they are doing it right and be able to tell them if they are trying to rescue her using the wrong methods. Mike Gray talked with Don Paquette, Noel Sloan, and Phil Odell, about the idea of hosting a rescue seminar in the Sloan's Valley area, possibly with the Forest Service, in the fall (around the October timeframe) and they liked the idea.

The Conservation Committee presented a letter from Tom Pollock regarding the commercialization and development of Lechuguilla Cave. It seems that the local population thinks that the opening of the cave would be a boon to tourism. There was a discussion at the meeting as to whether the cave should be commercialized or not. The present state of the economy may be what saves the cave from being commercialized. Tom's letter contained supporting data of the visitation records of Carlsbad Caverns.

Roger McClure stated that a picture from Lechuguilla Cave will be used on the cover of a new book. The book is a world cave atlas and is a translation and update of a French publication, including many maps. The maps, length, and depth records will be as of March 1989.

Under old business, Speleofest is over. There was a good time had by most, despite the usual problems of not enough outhouses, unmowed pastures, and hot water. It seems that a lot of people left Speleofest early and headed to hotels (according to some locals). Convention is approaching! This years NSS Convention is in Sewanee, Tennessee, from 31 July - 4 August 1989. Plan to attend!

Under new business, Indiana Cave Capers is coming up 14-16 July 1989 at Hickory Hills campground, 10 miles south of I-70 on U.S. 231. Registration forms were passed out at the meeting.

The error reported in the Sloan's Railroad survey seems to be a result of a misunderstanding of which radio location was which. Initial looks at the data show the survey to be relatively accurate. The radio locations were done by Frank Reid, Ian Drummond, Mike Gray, and Gloria Gray. The surface survey was done by Bruce Warthman, Jay Kessel, and Don Conover.

Under trip reports, Bill Walden reported he saw a sea cave in California, but was unable to get into it due to its location.

Paul Unger kayaked into a sandstone cave in the Big South Fork while at Speleofest. Paul and Chuck said that the Big South Fork is an excellent place to kayak, possibly even better when the lake goes down a

little. Don reported on the geology fieldtrip from Speleofest.

Doc Dougherty led the field trip and the usual people were on the trip. One of the highlights of the trip was when Doc was describing the Natural Arch as being under water 10,000 years ago and we would be treading water if we were there, someone from the crowd stated "or last night" referring to the previous nights rain. The trip went to the Natural Arch, Dixie Bend landfill near the Railroad entrance to Sloan's, to Short Creek and Boiling Pots near Stab, KY, to Bullocks Cave in Sinking Valley, and to Cumberland Falls.

A few of us left the trip to check the spring entrance in Pumpkin Hollow, missing the stop at Cumberland Falls. The cave is still full of rocks. Darrell Adkins reports that in talking to the landowner, the possible entrances on top of the hill are now considered closed due to someone driving across the field. We suspect it was a local instead of a caver, but these caves are now closed.

The next meeting will be at Chuck Daehnke's Farm on 8 July 1989 (so as not to conflict with Cave Capers). Bring your boats for fun on the river! The meeting was adjourned at 10:34 P.M.

**THE CENTRAL INDIANA
GROTTO
PRESENTS
THE 36TH ANNUAL
INDIANA CAVE CAPERS**

JULY 14, 15, & 16, 1989
HICKORY HILLS CAMPGROUND
10 MILES SOUTH OF I-70 ON US 231

Cave Capers is a large regional event featuring a weekend of fun and fellowship for cavers. Cavers from over 10 states, often nearly 300 people, converge on a different Indiana spot each year. Vendors of caving equipment set up their wares. There is a Saturday evening banquet and bonfire.

Cost is nominal, only \$7.00 cheap! The banquet adds another \$6.00.

See Bill Walden at the grotto meeting for registration forms or call Bill at 614-965-

NSS CONVENTION

The 1989 NSS Convention will be in Sewanee, Tennessee July 31 through August 4 this summer. I RECOMMEND ATTENDING!

The registration form is included with the June issue of the Squeaks.

COG Treasury Boost

Thanks to the efforts of COGers who worked on Speleofest the Grotto savings account is richer by \$127. We thank in particular Andy Franklin and Jay Kessel.

Speleofest 89

by Lou Simpson

Sheryl and I and Dorothy and Harry Goepel rented a cabin at Cumberland Falls State Resort Park. We arrived Friday evening, May 26. The Goepels had chanced to meet Tom Patterson at the lodge when they got the cabin key. He had stopped there on the way to the fieldhouse to see if we were there yet. Harry and I drove the ten miles to the 4-H camp near Whitley City, where Speleofest was held. I had agreed to lead a cave trip to Cave Creek, so I posted a signup sheet, describing the trip into the South Firestone entrance as "moderately strenuous", requiring kneepads. As an enticement, I wrote "see the famous railroad dig" and "some tight spots," and "long scenic hike to cave." I chose noon as a departure time because "no self-respecting caver goes caving before noon." Harry and I put our names on the list--it sounded interesting to us. We picked up our guidebooks and could immediately see that the editors had done an outstanding job. Besides maps and descriptions of caves, the book contains interesting historical material and a guide to other parks and scenery in the area.

On Saturday morning, Tom Patterson visited us at the cabin. I called Rufus and Roscoe Hyden, the owners of part of Cave Creek, to ask whether it would be all right to bring a large group of cavers through their property. Following a leisurely breakfast, the five of us drove to Speleofest. A large crowd had gathered around the trip bulletin

board. About twenty had signed up for Cave Creek. Tom and Dorothy added their names to the list. Cherie Shrover and her friend Ron Hartman and also Bruce Warthman had signed up for our trip too. Sheryl left to hike the Eagle Falls trail, go swimming at the park, and check out the Corbin flea markets. Several carloads of cavers asked me for directions to Cave Creek and drove on ahead, eager to get going. Finally seven or eight vehicles arrived at the Hyden's. I wondered how such a large group would ever manage to go into a cave at the same time.

Cave Creek sinks behind Hyden's house. At the end of a field, a trail follows the edge of the Great Sink, a mile-long depression owned by the Hydens and surrounded by the Daniel Boone National Forest. I pointed out two pit entrances and the trail to the Goldson entrance. As soon as we reached the man-made South Firestone entrance, I encouraged cavers to start entering so we wouldn't have to wait so long for each other at the tight spots. About half the group decided to explore the cave on their own so our party wouldn't be so unmanageably large. Cherie tried the narrow canyon inside the entrance and decided to come out because of the tightness. So Harry, Dorothy, Tom, Bruce, and five others proceeded into the cave with me and headed for the Firestone-Humongous connection, a tight vertical crack leading up into breakdown. This route was first found by voice connection and then excavated only after dozens of cavers wasted countless hours digging a 110-foot tunnel near the bottom of Humongous pit. Beyond the breakdown we climbed down into a brief stoopwalk with deep mud you could avoid if you could span the passage. Some could and some couldn't.

We walked and crawled and reached the infamous railroad dig. During the excavation of this proposed cave connection in 1974 the Central Ohio Grotto had lowered wooden rails and a dirt cart made from half a gas tank down the 125-foot Humongous Pit. Most of the wood has rotted away and during an exceptionally high lake level a flood floated some of the debris hundreds of feet further into the cave. The dirt cart and the retrieval line take-up reel are still there. We peeked at the entrance breakdown slope and waterfall and could see a glimmer of light way up there. Then some of us

continued as far south as Skyscraper dome, which is in a nice, dry 25-foot high trunk. The connection to the Hyden section of the cave lies beyond. Some of the tightest canyons and most miserable crawls I have ever done are involved, and on a 1986 trip to the area, my last, I failed to fit through the tightest place. This would be a challenging trip for those of you reading this who have reveled in such exotic places as Lewd Lou's Nude Scoop.

When our group reached the South Firestone entrance after a three-hour trip, Cherie was waiting with a roll of grapevines she had gathered to make baskets out of. She said she hadn't seen anybody else come out of the cave. We wondered where they could be and whether they would find their way out. Since it was still early, Cherie and most of the rest went to Goldson's cave, where we looked at the trashed upper level, then crawled through the short stream crawl to the Realm of Confusion. There, we visited the Bat Passage--a tall canyon, and the Big Room. Since Lake Cumberland had flooded the far end of the room, we were unable to complete the connection through the Tumbling Rock room to another entrance.

Back at Hyden's, another Hyden brother, Ernest, was visiting from New York City. He wants to return in the fall and get a jeep to drive on the trails with us. He said the original house, located near the present one, burned down when he was very young. John Hyden, their father, built a house in the field we had walked through to reach Goldson's cave. You can find a chimney there, he said. The family only lived there until the present house was built. He also said John paid to have a trench dug in the bottom of the Great Sink so it wouldn't flood the fields he farmed down there. No mechanical equipment was used to dig the trench. It was dug by hand.

That evening Sheryl, the Goepels, and I went to the dance at the pavilion in the State Park. We even did the hokey-pokey. After dancing, we checked out the camping facilities, and walked under the stars.

On Sunday morning, Sheryl and I hiked down a steep trail to the Cumberland River. The trail descended a staircase over a thirty-foot cliff at one point. The river was

swollen and muddy. The Goepels had gone for a morning hike to the Cumberland Falls campground. We then went to the swimming pool, which is a large L-shaped pool and free to people camping or staying in the lodge or cabins. The water was a bit too cold. Our plans for the rest of the day were to go in two separate groups. The women were going to Sinks of the Roundstone and the men to look for Stykes cave and also to visit Hail cave. Both areas could be reached conveniently by driving up I-75. Cumberland Falls is actually a pretty convenient place to stay for caving. We had two tickets to the banquet and it wasn't clear whether anybody would get back in time to go and we didn't know when the banquet was anyway, so we left the tickets on the kitchen table in the cabin for whoever got back in time.

On our way to Hail, I showed Harry the Red Goose entrance. A rope was rigged from a tree and into the cave. I've been there once. You have to get on a rope while lying on your side in a tight crawl. The drop is 40 feet. Most of the cave is walking and it is very scenic. The main level floods.

When we reached the usually abandoned white house, it was apparent that it is being lived in, although no one was home now. A kitten on the porch had fresh food, the lawn was cut, and boards had been placed around an area of the yard to limit parking. I walked on down the road and found seven cave cars, so we wouldn't have the caves to ourselves. We entered the main entrance, an impressive forty-foot arch. The stream was cascading out of this entrance and into Deathtrap Drain. We entered on the north shelf, well above the stream, got dark adapted, and headed into the cool interior of the north branch that leads to most of the cave. We soon encountered a group of four cavers. As one enthusiastically described what they had seen, I said "I made the map." They recognized us and said they had been in the separate group that had entered Cave Creek with us on Saturday. They had been exploring Roger's Dig when we exited and they eventually found their way through the connection to Humongous and reached the Humongous entrance and the railroad dig. He said they were pretty sore from the trip. I offered to show them the route through Hail to the remote "new

entrance," enticing them with their map. They unwittingly followed.

We breezed through the easy stuff. We crawled through the mazes and even through a pool of water in the Windy Way. They ooh'd and ahh'd as we reached a pretty canyon and chimneyed up and down. I pointed out Jacob's Well, a crystal-clear 13-foot deep pool halfway down a 26-foot pit. Strangely, the clear pool is well below the nearby canyon and the water in the canyon is quite muddy. We chimneyed up again and passed a vertical entrance. "There's some exposure involved in climbing out that way," I said, "so we're going on to the entrance that lies beyond the narrow canyons ahead." As the group followed Harry and me, I described the narrow canyon, named the Appendix, and they enjoyed the activity. At one point, you can touch your toes together in the underhang from opposite sides of a sharp corner. I began to prepare the group for the ordeal ahead, which I named "the gizzard."

There, the bottom of the canyon gets too narrow at times and you must chimney up five to fifteen feet. Some chose to chimney up and down repeatedly. At times there is very little to hold onto or push against at the level we traversed the canyon. It took quite a while for us to go through this hundred-foot section. I took vicarious pleasure from listening to the group discuss how to negotiate the passage and their accomplishment of the task. Finally, you slither through a dig around a rock and the passages become much easier. I told the cavers they had been processed by the gizzard and would receive certificates. We changed levels and actually walked (with canyons and pits lurking below) until we reached the thirty-foot series of easy and safe climbs to the surface. I'm sure the others all felt as exhilarated as I did and always do, coming out that entrance. I pointed out the pit entrance on the walk back. Harry and I walked through the large borehole stream passage from the Cow entrance to the main entrance, completing the loop back to where we had started. Hail is a truly scenic and awesome cave. It was too late to look for Stykes. We took a short cut to Corbin and stopped at a little store for Little Debbie cupcakes, barbecue corn chips and Diet Coke.

Sheryl and Dorothy were at the cabin (I almost said fieldhouse) when we got back. Sheryl and I took our banquet tickets, even though it was nearly eight o'clock, and drove to the 4-H camp. They hadn't even started serving yet. We took the opportunity to visit cavers we hadn't seen for a while, like Doc Dougherty, and finally got some food as we went through the line nearly last. When the visiting time was over and the speaker started, we slithered out and the Goepels joined us for a "night hike" on one of the park trails. We donned our hard hats and took along our Wheat lamps and flashlights, as if the trails were cave passages. Night hiking is a lot like caving, only it lacks the crawling. It does have mud, rocks, and an added bonus--bugs (but not too many yet). Just as we paused near a concrete structure in the woods, a blast of steam or something startled us. We all yelled: "Yikes! Eeek! What was that! Are you all right?!" (Harry says he didn't yell.) We passed a little door in the rock wall and read on a sign that the Civilian Conservation Corps had used such boxes to store dynamite. As we made our way on a complete loop up to the lodge and back down through the gorge we heard the same dragon's breath sound in the distance. Some people sitting on the porch at another cabin laughed when we told them about the scary sound. They had been startled by it earlier.

Sheryl and Dorothy told Harry and me about their trip to Sinks. They succeeded in finding their way through Sinks from the Railroad entrance to the main insurgence entrance and had a great time. They noticed two out-of-state cars and one with Kentucky plates at their traditional parking spot. Before they left the car to go in, a local woman and her husband stopped them and spoke to Sheryl. "You girls aren't going in that cave, are you?" the woman said. There have been two recent rescues in Pine Hill cave." When Sheryl confirmed her intentions, the woman shook her head. "I have a bad feeling about you girls going into that cave. Please don't go." Sheryl tried to reassure her and walked over to where Dorothy was finishing with her gear and told Dorothy of the woman's concern. They were both laughing as they walked down the train tracks to the railroad tunnel. There were people camping near the entrance. They had

even put their folding chairs on the tracks. When Sheryl told them that trains do come through the tunnel sometimes, they said they'd hear the train and move the chairs in time.

Once in the cave they weren't even sure this was Sinks. Water was coming into the cave in every imaginable passage. There were waterfalls in places Sheryl had never seen before. Everywhere in the cave there was the sound of rushing water, so loud they could scarcely hear each other shout. Although Sheryl found the shortcut that avoids the steep climb, Dorothy couldn't hear her and was already climbing up the steep slope ahead. Since the rock leading to it was treacherously slimy with flood mud, and she hadn't been the other way since she'd been caving with Fred Eicher years before, she abandoned the V-shaped passages route. They climbed the steep slope all the way to the ceiling, breaking in two Sheryl's walking stick so each could have a stick to hack footholds. Sheryl said she didn't mind the low crawl at the top so much this time, since it was her choice. Besides, the steep slope was behind them and she knew the cave opened up ahead.

They wanted to find one of the elusive routes to Girl Scout dome, but the roaring water ahead distracted them and they decided to proceed to the entrance. They encountered another caving party in the cave and Dorothy suddenly felt vulnerable because they were two women alone in a remote place. They remembered the parental warnings that all young girls are given against getting into such a situation. Fortunately, the other party was a group of cavers from Speleofest who were trying to find their way to the Railroad entrance. Sheryl and Dorothy said, "We just came in through that entrance. You'll find it." After introductions to the party of eight led by Bill Nelson of Memphis, Dorothy proceeded to describe the routes while Sheryl shared her map with them. Sheryl knew the way to the insurgence would be straightforward--just go upstream.

The stream passage was wide and branching, though. Sheryl felt like they had circled around and when she saw a familiar landmark, she was able to convince Dorothy. Sheryl thought about how scared the sound of the

stream had made Lou when she had first brought him here. "He'd really hate the noise in here today!" she imagined.

Sheryl told me to make 25 copies of the map, because she is interesting in really exploring Sinks. There is a little mud on the map and one corner is missing, but the map is still clear and now it's a "field map."

On Monday morning, Memorial Day, the plan was to just pack up and leave and maybe look for the trail to Stykes, since it was still marked with flagging tape. After packing up, we hiked the first portion of Eagle Falls trail, just to the good views of the Falls. I felt disappointed to be leaving the area. The four of us had a lunch picnic at Levi Jackson State Park, in London. Sheryl discovered she had left behind a jar of plastic "silverware" with a French Lick souvenir from her mother in it, so we had to drive back to the park. The cleaning people had thrown it into the trash and it was on its way to the Sloan's Valley landfill or someplace, but they also had a \$25 electric light that we had left there, the trip was not totally in vain.

The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and oh how it hurt to leave. I haven't felt that way about caving for many years. I guess I used to feel that way after most of my frequent trips. So did others. That's why Paul Rowley wrote for the chorus of his "Pulaski County" cave song:

Why, oh why must I go to the city?
Why must I leave the green hills?
Sunshine and raindrops and
Hummin' birds hoverin'.
I try, but I can't get my fill.

Activity Book

Huntingdon, PA - A new 32 page activity book, Pennsylvania's Caves and Caverns', has just been published by Lincoln Caverns. The management realized a need for a more complete educational book on caves and cave life for children, than was presently available. Another goal was to make the learning experience fun and exciting for children of all ages. Authors Kate Coder, Audrey Taylor and Ann Molosky have included puzzles, drawings and information covering

many aspects of caves, cave life and conservation.

Pennsylvania's Caves and Caverns activity books may be purchased from:

LINCOLN CAVERNS
RD. #1, BOX 280
US RT. 22
HUNTINGDON, PA 16652
814-643-0268

Cost is \$1.99 plus \$1.05 first class postage. Quantity discounts are available for schools and grottos. Please call for discount schedule.

From The National Forest Service

TOLL-FREE RESERVATION CAMPING NUMBER HELPS NATIONAL FOREST CAMPERS

Campers going to the Daniel Boone National Forest in Kentucky can now reserve campground family and group sites ahead of time. Both the Morehead and London Ranger Districts have placed a variety of campground sites in the reservation system. Here's how it works:

Anyone wishing to reserve a site can make reservations by calling 1-800-283-CAMP, Monday through Friday from 12:00 noon to 9:00 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) and weekends 12:00 noon to 5:00 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time). Reservations may be made up to 120 days in advance for single family sites and up to 360 days in advance for group sites. A reservation fee of \$6.00 for family sites and \$10.00 for group sites will be charged in addition to the regular camping fee. Reservations must be made at least 10 days before the planned use.

The Morehead Ranger District has set aside 29 sites at its Twin Knobs Recreation complex, and all group areas are on the reservation system. At the Zilpo Recreation Area, 44 units have been placed in the system.

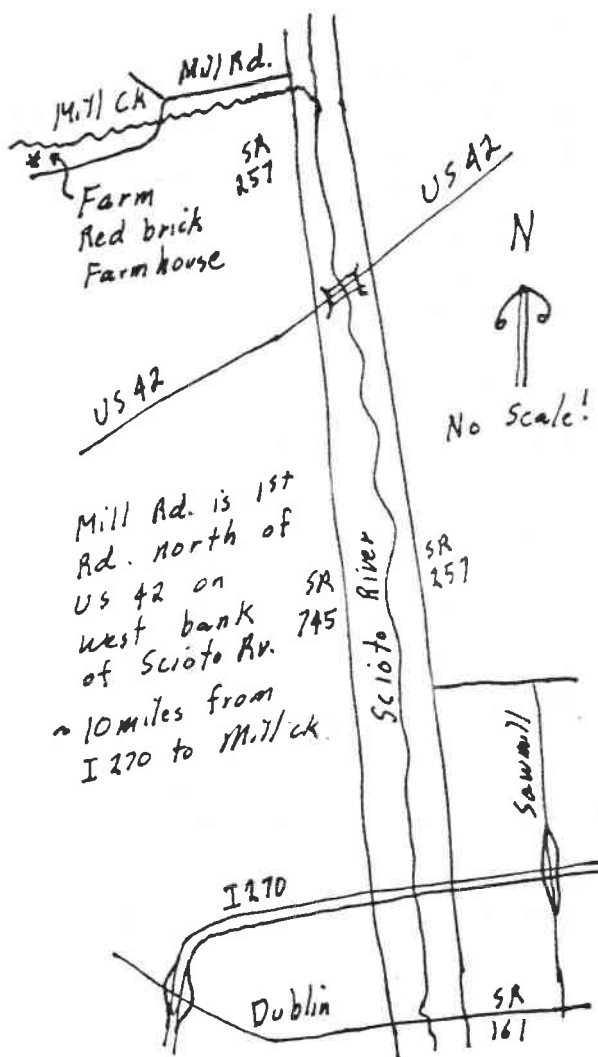
The London District has 29 reservation sites at Holly Bay Campground, 12 sites at Grove, and all group sites are in the reservation system. In addition, sites are available at the Rockcastle campground in the upper end

of Lake Cumberland.

All campground sites will be held until 2 p.m. of the second day of the reservation. If the site has not been occupied by 2:00 p.m. of the second day, the site will be open to anyone.

"This is a way to serve our visitors better," according to Dick Wengert, Forest Supervisor. "Visitors can plan ahead and avoid the 'no vacancy' sign. Fees can be paid by credit card, money order or personal check. We are taking a close look at the system and if the public likes it, we may add more sites to the program next year".

Meeting July 8
Chuck Daehnke
614-263-7011



Cave Alert!!

THOMAS J. POLLOCK

WILL WE LOSE LECHUGUILLA ???

The municipality of Carlsbad, New Mexico is already months ahead of the cavers in voicing its preference for commercialization of Lechuguilla Cave. The community sees the development of this discovery as a boost to the tourist dollars it already enjoys. The community apparently believes that visitation to the Carlsbad area will increase significantly if this new find, already heavily documented in various media, is developed commercially.

Mayor Robert Forest of Carlsbad, has already appointed a task force to study the various options. The committee is distinctly "stacked" in favor of development. Ronal Kerbo, a cave resource manager of the National Park Service has been appointed to the committee, more as a courtesy to the National Park Service than because the committee wants to hear his view point. Reports from out west are that the language is getting nasty at a personal level and personalities are definitely at odds.

Senator Peter Domenici (Rep. - New Mexico) has introduced legislation requiring the U.S. Department of Interior to study all possible economic alternatives for Lechuguilla Cave, including that of wilderness status. It is unclear at this time whether or not the Senator is simply playing out a political process despite his personal feelings, however, he has certainly made the local community happy with the response to his constituency.

Both the Mayor and the Senator have indicated that they have had little or no communication from cavers, but have received **STRONG** support from the local business community.

Are you getting the picture ? Let me repeat the question.

WILL WE LOSE LECHUGUILLA TO COMMERCIALISM ???

It is quite possible that we may be visiting this world class cave in our shorts, tank-tops and sandals, following a National Park Service guide along a well lit man-made path. UNLESS, we supply the U.S. Postal Service with quarters for stamps, and deluge the appropriate officials with our view point.

I contacted Mr. Robert Crisman, at the time Acting Superintendent of Carlsbad Caverns National Park, and asked for a list of annual visitation numbers and a listing of "new" offerings to the public. His rapid and gracious response gave me far more than I had asked for. Anyway, the spread sheet attached represents the historical pattern of visitation and travel dollars generated. It DOES NOT support the dream of the local community and county.

Here are the addresses and a copy of my letters. Multiple letters CC'd in opposite directions can increase the volume received dramatically. (Letter to the Mayor is

CC'd to the Senator, and vice versa.) Please write your own, but feel free to use any of the data herein.

Sarah Bishop is coordinating the caver's efforts, and I'm sure she'd like to know what your response has been. So why not send a copy to her, too.

DON'T WAIT --- WRITE NOW !!!

A D D R E S S E S

The Honorable Robert Forrest
Mayor of the City of Carlsbad
Municipal Building
Carlsbad
NM 88220

The Honorable Peter Domenici
United States Senate
434 SDOB
Washington, D.C.
20510-3102

The Honorable Jeff Bingaman
United States Senate
434 SDOB
Washington, D.C.
20510-3102

Mr. Manual Lujan
Secretary of the Interior
P.O. Box 37127
Washington, D.C.
20013-7127

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