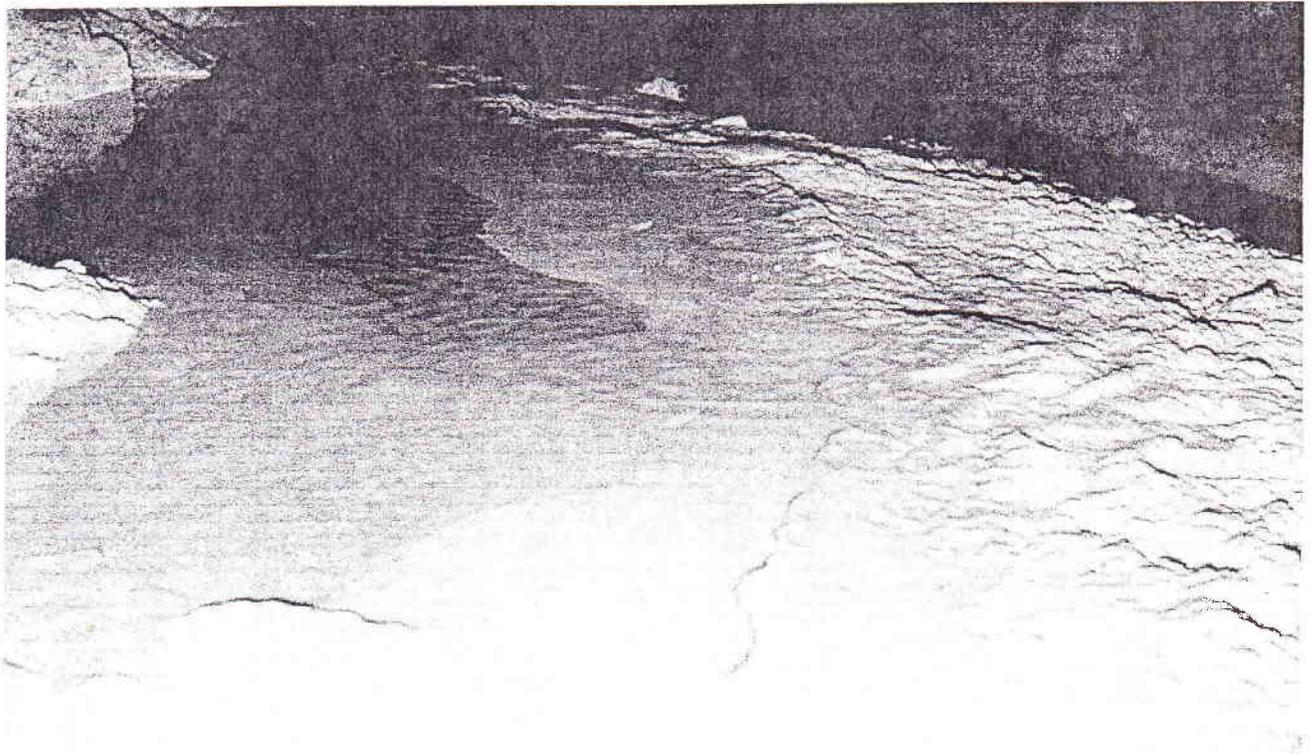


April 1959 COG Squeaks Banner



Rimstone Pools in Burfield Hollow Cave, Wayne County, Kentucky. Photo by Bill Walden

COG Squeaks April 1997



COG SQUEAKS

April 1997

GROTTO INFORMATION

The Central Ohio Grotto of the National Speleological Society meets at 8:00 p.m. the second Friday of each month at the Worthington Presbyterian Church. The Church is on the north west corner of the square in Worthington, Ohio (intersection of High Street and SR 161). Parking is available behind the church. Please contact a grotto officer or committee chairman for information and caving trips.

COG OFFICERS

Chairman	Kathy Welling	15856	614-481-0408
Vicechair	Doug Burke	41817	614-983-9336
Secretary	Jay Kessel	28342	513-767-9405
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Executive Committee

Elected	Dick Maxey	28034	614-888-2285
Elected	Darrell Adkins	29084	614-392-6382

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

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(Pat is responsible for Boy Scout activities with the COG.)		
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Dues: \$15 per year individual or \$20 per year per household.
 Membership includes the C.O.G. Squeaks.

The COG Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Subscription is \$15.00 per year per address. The Central Ohio Grotto publishes the COG Squeaks ten times per year.

Articles on cave exploration and study, cave trip reports, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave related cartoons, or cave related art are encouraged. Please send to Bill Walden via mail, disk, E-mail, or fax. Free disks and mailers are available from Bill at the meetings. Contact Bill for information on modem or fax transmission.

NSS organizations may reprint information from the COG Squeaks. Please give credit to the author and the COG Squeaks.

Karst Calendar Mark your calendars

April 11	Grotto Meeting. 8:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church. Tony Akers will give a session on knots. Bring rope to practice.
April 12-13	Eastern Region National Cave Rescue Commission will hold a Basic Cave Rescue Orientation at Laurel Caverns, Uniontown, PA. \$30. John Chenger 412-437-5215.
April 19	Scout trip to Climax Cave and others in Rockcastle County, Kentucky. Contact Ron Canini - 614-457-7761 - for information.
April 19	Fifth Annual Indiana Cave Symposium at the Blue River Canoe, Group Center in Milltown, IN. Hosted by the Indiana Cave Survey and the Indiana Karst Conservancy. Contact David Black 8-1-951-3886.
April 26-27	Scout trip to Pine Hill Cave, Rockcastle County, Kentucky. Contact Joe Gibson for information -- 614-855-7948.
April 26-27	Basic Cave Rescue Orientation, Eastern Kentucky University, Richmond, KY. Contact: Eastern Kentucky University, Division of Special Programs, Perkins Building #202, Richmond, KY 40475, Tel: 606-622-1225.
May 3	Fifth Annual Spring Work Day at Hidden River Cave, KY. Hosted by the American Cave Conservation Association and the Cleveland Grotto. Contact ACCA 502-786-1466 or Frank Vlcek 216-257-7257 vlckef@mailbag.net
May 9	Grotto Meeting
May 23-26	Speleofest.
June 23-27	NSS National Convention, Sullivan, Missouri.
July 11-13	Karst-O-Rama
Aug 1-3	Indiana Cave Capers (See page 2)
Nov. 1997	Fortieth anniversary of the COG Squeaks.

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April Meeting

Tony Akers will present a session on Knots. Please bring a section of rope or two to practice your knots.

TRIP REPORTS

Caving Under the Comet

By Lou Simpson

Black House Mountain Cave System, Fentress County, TN
March 14-16, 1997

Vic Ayres, Jim Blankenship, Earl Bailey, Todd Bryan, Steve Carrico, Stephen Clark, Walt Crawford, Bob Dobbs, Connie Flamm, Dale Harmon, Hal Love, Steve Lugannani, Dan Mecklenberg, Kim Nedrow, Lou Simpson, Bruce Warthman, Marge Wohlmer, Rick Zimmerman

Saturday, March 15. I just saw comet Hale-Bopp. Jim Blankenship says it's probably the biggest comet we'll see during our lifetime. I'm at Granny's, sitting in the kitchen at 4 AM (really 5 AM eastern time). Last night I gave Vic Ayres a breathe-right and put on one myself and retired to the "snorers" bedroom. If Vic had his on, I couldn't tell. (It turns out he put it on too high up and it didn't flare his nostrils. Do people whose nostrils already flare not snore?) Jim, who was going to sleep in Conatsers' spare bedroom decided instead to lie in the living room, intending to get up in a couple hours to see Hale-Bopp. I got up and prepared to go to Conatsers' instead, but Jim had left after all, so I picked up the twin-bed mattress and headed for the living room, thinking "I'll have to be careful not to break something with the mattress." Sure enough, I hit the chandelier in the living room and it crashed on the floor and broke. When I picked up the shards and some of the tiny smithereens and felt on the mattress for more glass, I got one in my little finger. Finally, with my finger bandaged, I lay down and slept well for few hours, until Jim returned and roused us out to see Hale-Bopp. It was worth it. It looked like a searchlight in the northern sky. The sky only cleared long enough for us to peek at the comet, but it was enough. Steve Carrico had brought his ten-inch reflector for observing smaller objects. I wondered why he kept telling everybody to come into his bedroom at Granny's to "see his ten-inch."

Past civilizations considered a comet a omen of bad luck. Our luck had been reasonably good so far. Although it had rained heavily the previous couple weeks, flooding the Ohio valley, by Friday afternoon Jim Creek was at a fairly normal level. Friday afternoon, Todd found a virgin 36-foot pit that he and Steve Lugannani explored. It opened up into a large room with a lot of

bats in it, but no apparent continuation. Rick Zimmerman and Dan Mecklenberg returned from a Friday morning trip to Cornstarch and reported seeing a dead raccoon somewhere in the cave. Bruce and I walked around on the ridges and looked at holes we had seen previously. I dug a little on a couple of them, but didn't conclude that they were that promising. Jim Blankenship showed up with his four-wheeler and rode around. Walter and Todd set up camp at the end of the field where we park.

I had written a piece on "If vertical cavers became horizontal cavers" and posted it to Tag-Net at Walter's urging. Some serious vertical folks wrote rebuttals (flames) on Tag-Net, but many wrote to ask to be able to reprint it and one even posted on Tag-Net that this piece and Steve L's review of my book in the NSS News prompted him to order one. Later, even one of the flamers asked about the book. Ain't the internet wonderful?

Saturday morning I set up my laptop in the kitchen at Granny's and started a story for others to add onto. I started it out by describing a nasty scene Steve L had talked about the previous evening, digging a grave and having "graveyard juice" from adjacent vaults ooze into the hole. Bruce introduced decaying corpses and maggots. Bruce and Dale introduced additional characters. By Sunday the story had grown to five pages and showed no sign of ending. Dale's character was buried alive, killed, and unkilld. I sent it out to my large email list and proposed that people take turns sending it to each other to keep growing the story. Maybe it will start a national pastime.

Hal Love arrived and Jim took him to the Temple Falls area where they considered whether Blowing Fern cave might go. Hal didn't think so, but they found a pit entrance above another known blowing entrance lower down from Blowing Fern. These caves are between Red Bud and Temple Falls. A dye trace has proven that water from the Temple Falls insurgences emerges at Red Bud.

I went to Jamestown and bought a replacement chandelier. Todd and Walter checked out entrances between the Shale Hail entrance of Cornstarch and the Kentucky entrance of Alastor. On the way to Cornstarch, Vic and Stephen checked an entrance between Alastor Spring and Cornstarch, on the Alastor side. This wet canyon intersected the main river, which was too dangerous to follow with the water so high. Stephen named this the Aqueduct. This was probably the most significant discovery of this weekend.

Stephen, Bruce, Vic, and I entered Cornstarch bound for the new extension south of Five Domes, named Walter World by Rick Zimmerman, since Walter found it in February. The stream near the entrance was up a couple feet. We found Dale Harmon in the cave, caving alone for the past four hours. He found a lot of the cave and considered coming back in with us, but then Steve Lugannani caught up with us and Dale left. When we got to Whole Wheat Way South, Steve remembered he had left his tape at the entrance and went back for it. Bruce and I didn't

wait, but crawled through the muddy crawl and went on to the formation area at the south end of the cave and starting mapping. When the other three caught up, they explored ahead, finding a larger room, a side lead that went a ways, and a comearound. Bruce, Stephen and I mapped 550 feet of the rimstone area, which was very well decorated. Steve Lugannani and Vic mapped 200 feet of tight stuff in the lower level drain that heads toward the Cornstarch spring. Todd pointed out later that our level is still 50 feet above the spring and we should expect a drop-off. The spring could really be the main stream, then, since we haven't explored it.

My Wheat lamp, which now had a new cord (the old one got hot and melted between trips) still had a switch problem and proved unreliable. Fortunately, today I brought not only an Autolite carbide lamp and carbide, but also a tip reamer. The lamp worked well, I was able to mark stations with it, and I was surprised how warm I felt. Rick said it's because of the color of the light. At one point my lamp needed changed so I switched to an electric backup and immediately felt cold. Interesting.

While we were in the cave, Earl and Marge attempted to engineer the stream bed outside the Cornstarch springs, thinking it might be possible to drain an entrance and get in that way. Todd and Walter reported minimal success with their exploration of new entrances near the upper end of the system.

Saturday night I put a couple 2 for \$5 pizzas from Krogers in the oven at Granny's, with extra jalapeños and onions added, but everybody else had either eaten already or wanted to go to Pizza Hut and get some "real" pizza. When I took out the first pizza, half of it fell on the bottom of the oven, catching fire and setting off the fire alarm. That evening I wisely slept in the guest bedroom in the Conatser home. I saw the comet at 4:30 AM from the bedroom window.

On Sunday Steve Lugannani took Bob Dobbs, Kim Nedrow, and Connie Flamm to Alastor Pit and then took Bob Dobbs to Cornstarch. Vic, Bruce, and I entered Cornstarch and mapped 400 feet in a lead off the Z survey. We heard Steve and Bob through a crawlway and thus discovered a loop connection back to a drippy ceiling dome area nearer the entrance. Vic climbed up some high domes by using my back as a foothold and reported some more passages about 30 feet higher up. We also didn't have time to map another lead to the north that I had seen previously in the Z survey area. We have been mapping the cave from the inside out in an attempt to extend the boundary, which results in there being ample opportunity to map something easy and nearer the entrance when we have less time, such as on a Sunday afternoon when we are going home.

Todd and Walter tied two 100-foot survey tapes together and mapped surface from Cornstarch to Temple Falls and Red Bud so these caves can be shown on the topo-scale plot of the entire system.

When my party got back to Granny's, it was already 5 PM EST.

Vic called his wife and while he was waiting for her to answer, I said to Vic "Hi honey. I'm still at Granny's. Lou made me map a shitty passage." When Vic's wife answered, Vic told her the same thing. Bruce, Vic, and I left for Ohio, as did everybody else except Todd and Steve L. Steve was planning to stay through Wednesday in his room at the Mountaineer and he talked Todd into staying another day. I don't know yet what they did on Monday. They were planning to map about 1000 feet to the east in the Shale Hail entrance. I told Todd if he didn't map that I might catch up to his number of survey stations. Surface don't count.

In April I think I'd like to return to Temple Falls. That's where there's a lot of unmapped dry cave. Unfortunately, you have to crawl through the 1500-foot Wet Wang to get to it.

SAUDI ARABIA - MORE, MORE, AND MORE

by Greg Karoly

Here I go again. Again I have to go to Riyadh, Saudi Arabia on business. This is my seventh trip. Will it never end. There most likely will be at least a couple of more trips in the future.

On this trip, I had difficulties making reservations to return to Riyadh. I was to return the day after the end of Eid al-Fitr which follows Ramadan. Eid al-Fitr is a week long holiday that the entire country celebrates. Because of this I was forced to fly to Athens, Greece for connections. I was forced to spend the day in the city and leave late the following day; I had almost 2 whole days in the city. TOO BAD!

Unfortunately, the city was closed. By that, I mean that the city workers that work at the monuments were all on strike and you could not get onto any of the monument sites. You however could walk around and get a pretty good idea of what they were like. I really wanted to enter the Acropolis, but that was impossible. At the North slope of the Acropolis, there is "Longs Rock" & the Northwest Caves (Caves of Apollo & Pan). I was only able to view this site from a distance. It was impressive.

Again, I was able to go to the restaurant, AL NAFOURRA RESTAURANT & SWEETS, at MALAZ SIXTEEN ST. Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, and eat in their cave room. The mixed BBQ was as excellent as last time. I will return.

I wanted to go caving again at Heet cave like last time. I mentioned to one co-worker that I would like to go caving, and he sent out e-mail about the trip. Before you knew it, there was a total of 12 people going. This was quite a mixture of nationalities, 2 Australians, 3 Americans, 2 Ecuadorians, 2 Syrians, 1 Indian and 2 British. We hiked down to the lower level, down to the water. If you remember from my last report in March of 1996, there had been a huge rainstorm that raised the water level about 30 feet. On this trip, I would say that the water had backed off about 15 feet. While there, we ate our lunch by candlelight. We looked up and saw one local person coming down to explore also. He was one of the locals that said

that he remembered me from a previous trip. His conversation was translated by one of the Syrians and told to me. I must be getting to be a familiar sight.

The caving trip was great, but we did have one mishap. On the way out, one of the trippers decided to climb out near a very steep slope that had a lot of loose rock. He would climb up several feet and slide back down half the way. By the time I became aware of the trouble, he was too high to back down and the situation looked serious. I tried to get to him from the side, but I couldn't, because as I got closer to him, I was now sliding down as well. Fortunately, the local that came to the bottom and another local went to the rescue and guided the tripper out from the situation. This was a real great gesture on their part. We took pictures and even gave them a reward, which surprised them. Everyone had a good time. Some of us were just grateful that a bad situation did not turn out otherwise.

I was told by one of the local company workers, that he had some friends that knew of a set of caves about 2 hours drive outside of Riyadh. He said that on my next trip, if I wanted to, he would set up a trip with his friends. I told him that I looked forward for the NEW cave trip.

Canoe Trip to Georgia and Florida

by Greg Karoly

The Columbus Outdoor Pursuits (COP) scheduled a Southern flatwater canoe trip from 3/21/97 through 3/30/97. The agenda was to paddle in the Okefenokee National Wildlife Refuge (swamp) on the first day then paddle through the swamp, portage the sill and paddle down the Suwannee River for four more days. There were 12 other paddlers besides myself and a total of three kayaks and seven canoes. We paddled approximately 80 miles. This may sound like a lot of miles, but we had a current and spent many leisure hours on the river just soaking up the sun and scenery.

The swamp is a beautiful refuge with dark waters, Cyprus trees, and wildlife. In the swamp we saw many alligators. On our first day, while eating lunch, one alligator came within 4 feet of us looking for a handout. You can bet that we all got our feet out of the water in a hurry.

The next days were spent paddling through the swamp and down the Suwannee river. We camped along the river bank where no city lights or city noise could be heard. Our takeout point was at White Springs, Florida, where we visited the Steven Foster Cultural Center. Steven Foster, wrote the song "Old Folks at Home" or also known as "Way Down Upon the Suwannee River." It turns out that Steven Foster lived in Pittsburgh and never seen the Suwannee River before writing the song. As a matter of fact, he wrote the first line of the song as "Way down upon the Pedee River" and later changed the name to the Swanee River, where he left off the "u". That song is now the state song of Florida.

So, what does this have to do with caving? Well! On our last day on the Suwannee river, we past some limestone outcroppings. I paddled over and under one of the outcroppings. Since I had rock above my head, I was technically in a cave. In the section of Florida where we were paddling, there are few above water caves; most of the caves were underwater caves. I do not have the equipment or experience to cave underwater caves.

Before heading home, we snorkeled at Blue Springs, Ginnee Springs, and the Itchitucknee (sp?) river. Ginnee Springs is a camping and Diving resort. Swimming, snorkeling, tubing, canoeing and camping are a few activities available at the springs. Their advertisement indicates that certified cave divers may explore over 30,000 feet of passageway in the Devils Eye/Ear system.

All in all, the weather was nice except for one and a half days of rain. The people on the trip were great. We all had a great time. I got a really nice suntan.

The COP have been doing these type of trips for years and probably will continue for many years to come. I would highly recommend this trip to anyone.

HUMOR

If Vertical Cavers Became Horizontal Cavers

By Lou Simpson

I recently read on TAG-net where somebody yo-yoed a hundred foot pit twelve times to get in 1200 feet of vertical practice. This seems kind of strange to me, a primarily horizontal caver. Also, I have heard an apocryphal story that Bill Cuddington once had to exit a cave through a crawlway and could only do it by having somebody rig a rope through it. And who said vertical cavers don't have a sense of humor? Well, I got to thinking, and here's what a vertical caver would say if he/she got hooked on crawlways instead of pits.

"Boy, last weekend I really yo-yoed some great TAG classic crawls! First we crawled repeatedly back and forth 12 times to the dead end of endless crawl, 200 feet long and seldom more than ten inches high, with water running through it, changing over midway several times too, to get 2400 feet of horizontal practice. My right kneepad kept sticking. I need to look at the elastic strap or get one of those quick-release straps. [Tedious details about rigging and equipment omitted.] At one point there is a hairy lip rimstone dam that is hard to get over. It should be rebelayed."

Another caver might expound upon the value of a chest pulley in a crawlway that has a crack in the middle of the floor. And what about a rack? I suppose you could dig with it. Slings? Pull your pack? And what about signals? You could yell "Clear!" when you reach a place you can stand up. You could pull packs

through the crawlway on ropes. You could write tediously detailed trip reports about exactly how many feet you crawled.

And the crawling races at convention! Why don't we have them? "I placed second in my age class for the 400 meter crawl. I wore Rockmasters and a shoulder pulley. It was a bit scary at the edge, seeing all that dark distance ahead of me!" Other cavers could rotate a crawlway simulator while a caver crawls in place. The caver would be tied off so he/she wouldn't get rotated up into the top of the donut.

Horizontal passages offer so much more variety. Vertical passages all go the same direction--down! They are often devoid of formations. Consider what would happen to vertical caving on a moon with low gravity. It wouldn't be much different than horizontal caving.

What if horizontal cavers were elitist like vertical cavers? They would have horizontal certification. They would say to a vertical caver, "You better get horizontal training before attempting that crawl. I'd hate to have to rescue your ass. Your horizontal gear is pretty minimal. You don't even have a light!"

Helmets and Headlights Available

by Bill Walden

I have assembled a collection of helmets and headlights that are now available for Scout trips, new members who don't yet have equipment, and guests. All helmets are equipped with chin straps.

I also have a several packs available.

Helmets available:

- Three with battery packs mounted on helmet. These require 4 AA batteries
- Three with belt mounted battery packs. These require 4 D cells.
- Six with Justrite electric lamps. These may be used with 6 volt lantern batteries.

All of these have been prepared by me and I have purchased four new headlights. Of the other headlights half are mine and the remainder have been donated by other members. All of the helmets are old and most are not suited for vertical caving.

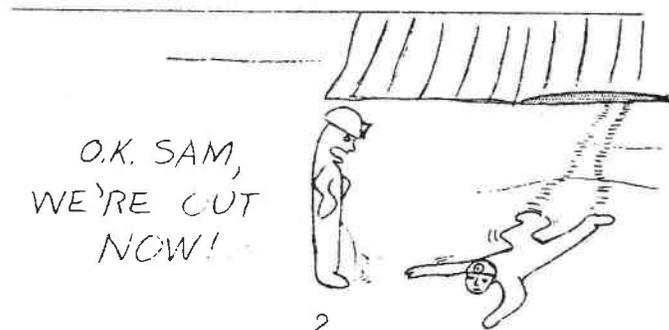
At the March meeting we voted to request a donation of \$1 from individuals borrowing equipment. The donations will be used to maintain this equipment and to obtain new equipment for this pool of loaner helmets and lights. Remember, we need to purchase spare bulbs too.

If you borrow equipment, please return it to me, Bill Walden.

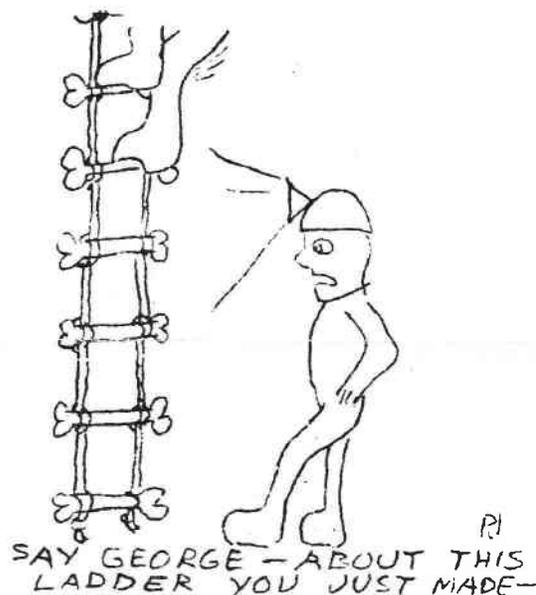
Grotto Library

Jim Gorski has donated his collection of NSS News 1979 through 1996 and NSS Bulletins 1979 through 1995 and the book **Trapped!** This is the story of the struggle to rescue Floyd Collins from a Kentucky Cave in 1925. Written by Roger Brucker and Robert Murray.

Please, let's thank Jim for this generous donation.



From the May 1960 COG Squeaks.



From the April 1961 COG Squeaks