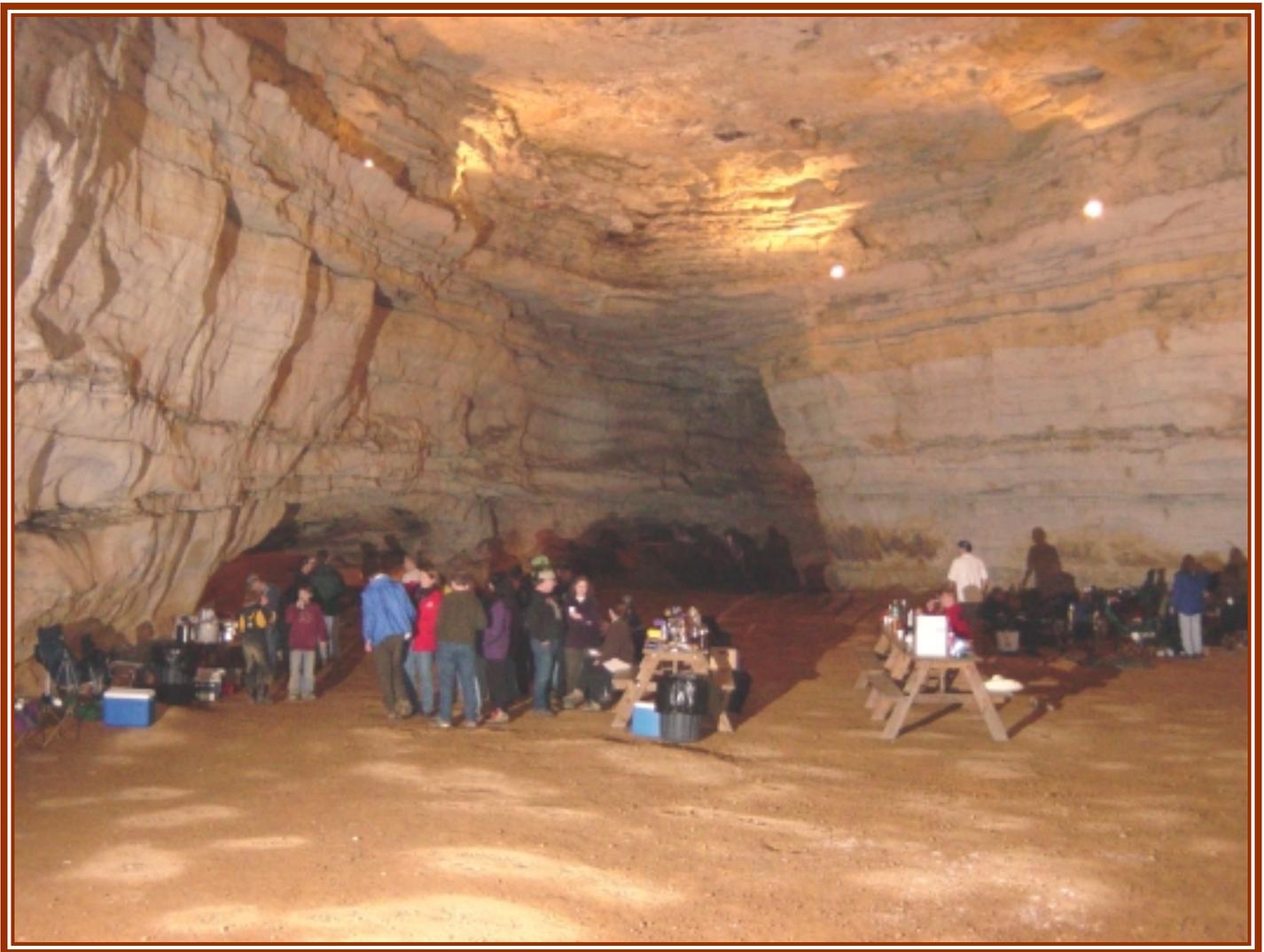




# *C.O.G. SQUEAKS*

January 2003



New Years Eve Party in Great Saltpetre Cave  
Photo by Bill Walden

## THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO (COG)

The Central Ohio Grotto (COG) of the National Speleological Society meets at 7:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church the fourth Tuesday of most months. The church is on the northwest corner of the square in Worthington. Parking is available behind the church. Enter the parking lot from the first side street off State Route 161. Please contact a grotto officer to confirm meeting time and place. The December meeting is not held at the church.

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**COG WEB page:** [www.tuningoracle.com/cog](http://www.tuningoracle.com/cog)

**Grotto Membership Dues:  
\$15 per individual or \$20 per family.**

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## The C.O.G. Squeaks

The C.O.G. Squeaks is the official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto. Articles regarding cave exploration and study, cave trips, cave fiction, cave poetry, cave-related cartoons, cave art or photographs are always welcome. Please note that we have a 35mm film scanner and a flat bed scanner. I can handle negatives up to 4 X 5 inches. So, please send your photos, negatives, or slides for inclusion in the Squeaks. Material may be submitted via mail, e-mail, disk, fax, or even dictation to Bill Walden.

The C.O.G. Squeaks is mailed to dues paying members and to grottos with which the COG exchanges newsletters. The C.O.G. Squeaks is also available by E-mail as an Adobe Acrobat file (PDF) or Word Document. Please notify Bill Walden or Andy Franklin if you would like a file of the Squeaks to reprint. The Squeaks is available as a PDF at:

[www.tuningoracle.com/cog](http://www.tuningoracle.com/cog):

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**The new COG Meeting night will be the 4th Tuesday of the month at 7:00pm.**

**The first meeting of 2003 will be Tuesday, January 28.**

## KARST CALENDAR

Jan 24-26, 2003 **Carter Caves Crawlathon.** Visit [www.crawlathon.com](http://www.crawlathon.com) for information.

Jan. 28, 2003 COG Meeting 7:00 p.m. at the Worthington Presbyterian Church. **NEW MEETING DAY**

Feb. 25, 2003 COG Meeting

Mar. 25, 2003 COG Meeting

April 22, 2003 COG Meeting

May 23-26, 2003 **Speleofest** at Camp Carlson in Fort Knox, KY. Visit [www.caves.org/grotto/louisvillegrotto](http://www.caves.org/grotto/louisvillegrotto) for more information

August 4-8, 2003 **NSS Convention**, Porterville, Cal.

The period since the last published Squeaks, November 2002, has been one of major discoveries in Jugornot Cave and Grayson-Gunner Cave. For years Paul Unger and Andy Franklin aided by members of the Central Ohio Grotto and prodded by Dave McMonigle of the Dayton Area Speleological Society searched for an entry into caves under Pumpkin Hollow in Pulaski County, Kentucky. Though many entrances were located and checked, and Andy attempted a major dig in an entrance that takes floodwater from a side valley, no major cave was ever located.

Dave McMonigle told us that Jugornot Cave was likely the way into the suspected Pumpkin System. For some reason, we never checked it out until Lee Florea began caving with us (or rather we started caving with Lee). Read Lee's account of the discovery of Pumpkin trunk passage starting on page 2.

Paul Unger is the project leader for Grayson-Gunner Cave. This newly discovered major cave has quickly grown to the class of Jugornot and Redmond Creek Caves. The cave is located in Wayne County, Kentucky but the location is kept secret. Want to help with this project? You may contact Paul Unger at [ungcamp@bright.net](mailto:ungcamp@bright.net).

If you missed the COG's 50<sup>th</sup> party – you missed a good party. The Special December COG Squeaks was giving to cavers attending the party and was not mailed. If you missed the party, copies of this special Squeaks may be purchased at the COG meeting for \$5.00.

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# New Year's Discovery

By Lee Florea

"Philipp!"

"Yes?"

"We are calling off the survey. I need you to come down here and back me up."

I was standing at the bottom of a long mud slope I had just slid down. I was concerned that I might not be able to climb back up out due to the slime coated walls. We had been fighting these mud slopes for the past few hours as we pushed further downstream in Jugornot. Those thoughts, however, dimmed at the prospect of what might lie beyond the hole my feet stood in at the base of this muddy canyon.

I put my face in the hole again to reconfirm my senses. Air rushed through my helmet. The rumbling sound of flowing water echoed in the dismal tube. It was about a 2 JG squeeze (1 JG is equivalent to a passage size Jason Gulley can fit through). Not too bad, but mud and two inches of water covered the floor. It would be nasty, and I had no idea what it might do around the next bend.

Philipp Hausselman slid down to join me. Philipp is a Swiss caver and a visiting Geology post-doc studying with Daryl Granger at Purdue. I met him on during my trip to Romania in 2000. He is currently working on the Lake Thun System (with over 180km of passage) in Switzerland and the Humpleu System in Romania (with about 22km of passage). Jason had invited him down to help out with our projects since he is spending several months away from his.

We had entered the cave in the early afternoon of New Year's Day with intentions of pushing downstream. With me were Philipp, Jason, Amber Yuellig, and Megan Currey (a Geology student from the University of Akron). Jason and Meg were going to push the mud slopes past Chert Falls while Philipp, Amber, and myself were to push the Confusion section.

Our survey was looking abbreviated since the instruments were fogged up and the leads had become terrible climbs that connected into the IA survey. Just when we thought we were going to call it a day, Jason and Meg had returned. They had only surveyed two stations, but had discovered a walking passage at the top of the mud slope that continued with good air. They were cold and wet and ready to leave the cave. Amber decided to leave with them. Philipp and I decided to push past Chert Falls to where they had stopped and continue the survey. We added another nine stations to the mud slope that I now stood at the bottom of.

I knew we had to find something soon in this cave. Thus far we had surveyed 4.4 miles of cave and pushed through the ridge straight into the middle of Pumpkin Hollow. Over five miles of dry valley waited without any significant cave. Years of hiking, probing, and digging by several members of the Central Ohio Grotto and others in the 1980's had yielded nothing. Frustrated, they had abandoned their efforts in pursuit of other more fruitful projects.

Dave McMonigle had always talked of Jugornot and how it was an interesting cave. For a long time he tried to convince the Pumpkin Hollow workers that Jugornot was the key to the cave they sought. He along with other members of DASS had started a survey of the cave in 1973, but lost interest because of the Coral Cave project just around the

corner. In the fall of 2000, Dave took a few others and me to Jugornot to show us the cave. I left it sit until January 20<sup>th</sup>, 2001 when I decided one day to start a survey of the cave.

Nearly two years later, I stood at the brink. With a nod from Philipp, I crouched and pushed my body into the hole. Air whipped around my body as I sloshed my way through. The sound of water grew louder. The hole grew smaller. I was now down to 1.5 JG's with water almost touching my face. I saw darkness ahead as I rounded the bend. I gave a whoop and was greeted with an echo.

"Philipp!"

"Yes?"

"This looks good! I think we have got something."

"That's good."

Philipp is always calm and even toned with a smile on his face. I on the other hand was brimming with excitement.

Closer still. Another whoop and a bigger echo.

I pushed through a deep pool and over a mud band and I was through. In front of me was a beautiful sight.

I had entered the top of a large stream passage. It was about 12 feet tall and 20 feet wide. The water flowing in the bottom was at least four times that we had ever seen in Jugornot. I slid the rest of the way out and onto the passage floor. Philipp soon followed.

Once we both were standing on the streambed. I turned to Philipp. "Welcome to Pumpkin Hollow."

"Congratulations." Was his only response as we shook hands.

After two years we were there. We had pushed past Chert Falls, through the Vindication passage, into New Year's Canyon and McMonigle's Proof, and now stood in the Pumpkin River in what will now be called the Swiss Bore. Darkness and large passage loomed in both directions. I took a deep breath. "Let's walk."

## DATA SUMMARY: JUGORNOT

Number Of Surveys=55 Number Of Stations=996  
Included Shots=1007 Excluded Shots=8  
Ignored Shots=0 Number Of Loops=20

Included Length=23318.6 Feet 7107.5 Meters 4.42 Miles

Cave Depth=261 Feet or 79.6 Meters

Average Shot Length=24.7 Feet or 7.5 Meters  
Longest Shot=143.0 Feet or 43.6 Meters  
Shortest Shot=1.2 Feet or 0.4 Meters

1,724 Feet added since 11/29/02

## Other Club Shred activities since Thanksgiving 2002:

### DATA SUMMARY: PRICE VALLEY

Number Of Surveys=3 Number Of Stations=71  
Included Shots=70 Excluded Shots=0  
Ignored Shots=0 Number Of Loops=0

Included Length=4480.8 Feet, or 1365.8 Meters,  
or 0.85 Miles  
Cave Depth=34.8 Feet, 10.6 Meters

Average Shot Length=67.9 Feet, 20.7 Meters  
Longest Shot=102.8 Feet, 31.3 Meters  
Shortest Shot=19.5 Feet, 5.9 Meters

### DATA SUMMARY: BIG SINK

Number Of Surveys=5 Number Of Stations=66  
Included Shots=67 Excluded Shots=0  
Ignored Shots=0 Number Of Loops=2

Included Length=3458.5 Feet, or 1054.2 Meters, or 0.66  
Miles  
Cave Depth=28.3 Feet or 8.6 Meters

Average Shot Length=55.8 Feet/17.0 Meters  
Longest Shot=101.1 Feet, or 30.8 Meters  
Shortest Shot=10.0 Feet, or 3.0 Meters

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## Four Weekends of Caving In GGC

By Harry Goepel

*I usually try to go on at least one cave trip a month; if I'm lucky, I go twice a month. For October, I had nothing in particular planned. I was at Jim Blankenship's house for his annual Halloweenie Roast, which was attended by several Central Ohio Grotto (COG) members. During the Roast, I talked with Pat Erisman, who said he and Paul Unger were going to a picnic hosted by Charlie Gibbs at Rice Hollow in Wayne County, Kentucky, in a couple of weeks, and he would like to go caving afterward.*

### Weekend # 1 Oct. 26-27, 2002

#### Rice Hollow, Snickers Well, Grayson-Gunnar Cave (Wayne County, Ky.)

Cavers: Paul Unger, Buddy Gibson, Pat Erisman, Doc Erisman, Charlie Gibbs, Shawn Roark, Harry Goepel

Buddy Gibson and I showed up that Saturday at the picnic at Rice Hollow, which is a property own by Charlie Gibbs, and saw fellow cavers Paul Unger, Pat Erisman, his cousin Doc Erisman, and Charlie Gibbs. Charlie also owns part of Triple S Cave and Sunnybrook Blowing Cave. Rice Hollow has a couple of caves including a saltpeter cave with a collapsed entrance. Before the meal, everyone introduced their families and Charlie introduced us as his caving friends. After dining on a great country lunch consisting of an assortment of dishes, we were approached by several people who began describing caves they knew when they were little, caves they knew about, or caves on their property. Paul was busy writing down names and addresses to check out later while Buddy brought out his topo maps and people were pointing out locations of caves to us.

Our first cave trip that day happened in a big sinkhole that leads to the saltpeter cave in Rice Hollow. We tried to squeeze through some of the holes in the pile of breakdown in the collapsed entrance, but without success. Because we couldn't make it through the breakdown, we hiked up the hill to a smaller sink that we had found earlier and started digging in it and quickly broke into a small cave. We followed the airflow until it ended in a small hole in the floor. Although not very big, this cave would have been a featured cave at the NSS convention in Maine.

The next day, Buddy, Shawn, Pat, Doc and I headed to Snickers Well Pit, which has a BFR wedged in the drop about 10 feet down. We had previously tried to winch this rock out before, with no luck. We decided to give it one more try, but after wasting another hour

trying to remove this rock, I decided I might be able to squeeze by the rock and drop the pit. We left the tension on the rock with the winch to keep it from moving or falling while I was in the pit. While rappelling past the rock, I found the only way to get by it was to keep both my arms over my head, not the classic descending position. Descending in this way did not worry me; getting my chest harnesses past the rock on my way back up was the big concern. At the bottom of this 37-foot pit, I explored the cave and found that the fifty plus feet of cave passage ended in another tight crack in the rock walls. On my way out of the pit, I managed to ascend without incident.

It was exciting for us to be part of two scoops (scoopettes), but we still hoped for something bigger. Because it was still early and I didn't have to return to Cincinnati just yet, we decided to try one of the caves we had found out about at the picnic. Pat and Paul had checked out this entrance yesterday but were not prepared at that time to go into a wet entrance crawl. Buddy, Shawn, Doc, Pat and I entered this cave and started crawling in a stream passage. After about a hundred feet, we popped up into borehole stream passage with waist-deep water. We headed up stream until we reached a dry side lead; Buddy, Pat and Doc followed this route. Shawn and I continued in the borehole up stream. The stream passage was a series of 3- to 4-foot rim stone dams that we had to straddle or climb over – each dam contained waist-deep water. The farther we went upstream, the deeper the water got. At one point, we had to hold on to the ledges on the wall to keep our heads above the water. After several hundred feet of being soaked, I began getting cold. We decided to turn around and head out of the cave and get warmed up. We met up with the rest of the group and learned that after that crawlway, they wound up in a big borehole with lots of side leads and many passages covered with gypsum. After talking with the owners and describing the cave, we asked them what they wanted the cave named. They decided to name it after their grandson, Grayson-Gunnar.

## **Weekend # 2 Nov. 2, 2002**

### **Grayson-Gunnar Cave (Wayne County, Ky.)**

Cavers: Rick Gordon, Debbie Moore, Erin Melvin, Shawn Roark, Pat Erisman, Harry Goepel

This trip wasn't a planned trip, but after finding virgin borehole we couldn't wait to get back and start mapping it. Rick, Debbie and Erin started mapping at the entrance and mapped upstream eight stations to station G8. The waist-deep cold water caused Rick's leg to cramp up so he, Debbie and Erin left the cave. Pat, Shawn and I headed upstream to start mapping the dry side lead. Once out of the water at the dry side lead, we changed into dry clothes and started mapping the 300-foot crawl. After the crawl, we popped up into a big passage. We decided to map straight ahead and follow the main lead, which had good airflow, and leave the side leads to be mapped on future trips. We ended our survey after 30 stations and 900 feet and placed a cairn and some flagging tape to mark the end of the survey. While mapping, we passed several side leads that will need to be explored and mapped.

## **Weekend # 3 Nov. 9-10, 2002**

### **Grayson-Gunnar Cave (Wayne County, Ky.)**

Cavers: Shawn Roark, Pat Erisman, Greg Erisman, Harry Goepel

We went on a quick trip Saturday to Sloans Valley, a trip planned by Stephen Clark to bring together some of the surveyors (Ken Smith, Bob Wood and Lou Simpson) of Sloans for a reunion trip. It was good to see the landowner Tom Crockett again, and to see how big his kids had grown. Sloans Valley is a place I have always enjoyed caving, because it is where I experienced my first-ever wild cave trip. That night, I stayed at the Black House Mountain (BHM) Hideout in Tennessee and prepared for the next day's trip.

The next morning at 8:30 EST, every caver staying at the BHM Hideout remained asleep except Brenda Mitchell. I followed my plans and stopped by Shawn and Buddy's place. After a quick stop at the Forbus General Store for a tenderloin biscuit, the three of us headed to Grayson-Gunnar Cave. We pulled into the Guffey's property at 10:03 at the exact same time as Pat Erisman and his brother Greg. Fortunately, the weather gods smiled on us that day and encouraged us with sunny skies and a warm breeze. Our plan for this trip was to connect the hanging surveys in the stream passage.

We hiked to the cave in our wetsuits, which caused us to sweat heavily. We reached Debbie and Rick's last survey station, G8, in the main water passage. We then started surveying upstream in a northeasterly direction; we mapped another 8 or 9 stations and connected into the B survey. The B survey is the dry side lead that starts out as a 300-foot crawl then pops into lots of upper level walking passages, many side leads, and good air flow. During the previous trip, Shawn, Pat and I mapped 900 feet in this upper section. We stayed in the stream this trip and continued to map another 10-15 stations; a couple of the stations were set in chest-deep water. We stopped surveying when it became too cold to continue. The main water passage now has nearly 1,000 feet of surveyed passage. We then pushed upstream beyond the chin-deep pool and waterfall Shawn and I had seen the last time. I estimate that this passage continues for several hundred more feet, with some possible high side leads. Much upstream passage remains to be explored and surveyed.

## **Weekend # 4 Nov. 16, 2002**

### **Grayson-Gunnar Cave (Wayne County, Ky.)**

Cavers: Paul Unger, Buddy Gibson, Pat Erisman, Shawn Roark, Bruce Warthman, Lacie Braley, Bill Walden, Kay Conatser, her friend Roger, Rick Gordon, Debbie Moore, Erin Melvin, Harry Goepel

We met at GGC at 10 a.m. and split up into three survey teams. Our survey team consisted of Bruce Warthman, Buddy Gibson and myself. Our plans were to go through the wet part of the cave and change into dry clothes when we reached the dry section so we could survey. It rained that day, which meant the water level that used to reach our waists was now a few inches above our waists. We proceeded through the wet section, where at times the water was chest deep or higher, and made it to the dry side lead and changed into our dry clothes. At this point, Bruce noticed he was missing his survey gear. Luckily, Lacie had a spare set of survey instruments with her or the survey would have been aborted. (Bruce's compasses and clinometer were found the following week.)

We proceeded through the 300-foot crawl that opened up to a junction where we commenced mapping one of the side leads off the junction. We named this side passage "I hate gypsum crawlway." We mapped 600 feet in this crawlway. The walls, the ceiling, the floor were all decorated with different types of gypsum –all very pretty but painful if you have to crawl over it for an extended period of time. At the end of the 600 feet, we popped up into a big passage. We decided to check out where we were so we headed to the right in the passage and found the cairn and the message that had been left during the previous trip by Pat Erisman and Buddy Gibson. The message said: "Virgin passage beyond." We followed this virgin passage for a few hundred feet until we hit a breakdown pile with no easy way through. We decided to go back where we had entered the big passage and continue our survey in the opposite direction. Our goal was to tie in to the B-survey. We surveyed for another 300 feet and made our tie-in to the B-survey at station B23.

Combined, the surveys of the three groups translate into roughly a half-mile, which pushes our total survey to nearly one mile of surveyed passage in Grayson-Gunnar Cave.

"It sounds like you guys had as much fun as we did crawling over gypsum," Lacie Braley told me in an e-mail. "I think I added a half dozen rips to my already tattered coveralls. Debbie e-mailed me that she and Erin both ended up getting completely submerged on their survey. She said Rick and Shawn got to see the flagging tape Pat and Paul hung from the B-survey down to the water passage but they didn't get to survey that far."

Substantial surveying was accomplished in these three weeks. With nearly one mile of surveyed passage in this newly discovered cave, Grayson-Gunnar could very easily double in size with the amount of large side leads waiting to be explored and mapped.

# The Trip That Almost Wasn't

by Lacie Braley

I was having second, and third, thoughts about the idea of caving last weekend. The weather forecast was for the coldest weather yet for the winter, with temperatures falling into the single digits at night. I was fighting one of those annoying nagging coughs, too. I figured it probably wasn't that good an idea for me to go swimming through a cave and change out of wet gear in the bitter winter wind. But I was going stir crazy!! I hadn't been caving since the middle of November and here it was nearing the middle of January! Then I received a call from Pat Erisman on Thursday night. He offered me floor space in a warm house for the weekend instead of the cold confines of the bed of my truck. The die was cast.

I arrived at midnight on Friday and sure enough, Pat had left the porch light on. I tried to quietly set up my camp mat and sleeping bag. I recently bought a new zero degree sleeping bag and with any luck, I won't have to test its temperature rating any time soon.

I woke up early on Saturday morning to see Pat tiptoeing across the kitchen. He showed me some photos from GGC, the cave where we planned to survey that day. I particularly liked the ones of Pat diving in the water to retrieve a dropped survey tape.

We loaded up the truck and we headed for a filling breakfast in Monticello before the drive to the cave. While Pat was showing cave photos to the landowner and telling him about our plans for the day, we saw Shawn Roark and Buddy Gibson pull up. It was time to go caving.

We slipped into our wetsuits in record time. Well, in my case I slipped on my neoprene vest. It works well in this cave, providing sufficient insulation for the half-hour in the water without the too-tight constriction of my shortie wetsuit. Then, lugging our buckets and dry bags filled with dry gear, it was off to the cave.

When I tried to turn on my main light, it went on briefly then quit. Possible dead batteries, I thought. I was going to change them, then remembered the batteries were in the bottom of my cave pack in the bottom of my dry bag. So instead, I opted to start the trip using my backup Black Diamond LED headlamp and change batteries when we changed into dry clothes. (Wishful thinking.)

The trip upstream was fun, as usual. The passage is just beautiful. Beautiful enough to make you forget the deep, chilly water. Actually, the water felt pretty warm at first, since we'd come from outside temps nearly thirty degrees lower. Most of the time, the roar of the water over the rimstone dams makes conversation difficult. There's one section of quiet, still water. That peaceful place is a favorite of Shawn's.

In places, the water was over our heads. The last time I was in the cave, we had left the water and crawled over three hundred feet to reach walking passage. Now, the surveyors had found a way to bypass the crawl and bring us out of the water near B-42. Twice as long in the water, but much quicker overall.

Shawn and I took the changing room with a water view, while Pat and Buddy changed in the penthouse suite on the next level. It was here I discovered that it wasn't just dead batteries in my Petzl. It wasn't working at all. No problem, I had two backup LED lights on my helmet and another flashlight in my pack and plenty of batteries. (Isn't there something in Caving Basics about at least three sources of light?)

I was pleased to discover that we only had a few stations to travel along the B-survey before we entered the F-survey and then we

only had to go to F-5 to start our new survey. Yay. Since the survey in this cave is going like gangbusters, I figure there won't be too many more short trips like that to the survey start point. Much discussion ensued about what letter to use on the new survey. The final decision was to continue along the alphabet and use H, the next available letter. Seems logical.

Bud was taking notes and poking around in side leads. Pat had point and backsights, Shawn read instruments and I was sketching. Pat and Shawn made a great team. They moved from station to station quickly. I was glad I'd had a lot of sketching practice in the last year or so. I kept up most of the time and the group was good about giving me a few minutes to catch up with sketch if I needed it.

During a break we discussed possible names for the passage. Pat said it should be an Avenue. I suggested Harvard Avenue, since it began with an "H" and we were headed that direction. Baaaston Avenue was also mentioned. But, we decided you can't get thereah from hereah. But it wasn't until we approached station H-15 that we came up with a name we liked. (Well, at least Shawn and I liked it.)

Shawn spotted some small, pretty funky looking stalactites on the ceiling and asked what could you call a funky stalactite for short? We settled on a funktite. That was it. We were surveying in Funktite Avenue. Whether that name ever makes it on the map... well, we'll have to wait and see. A little further on we spotted a funktite over top of a funkmite, and even a couple of funkumns.

As we surveyed along, the ceiling gradually lowered from ten to twelve feet to four to five feet high. We didn't mind much, since it was dry, comfortable passage. I was approaching H-20 when I heard a "Wow!" coming from Buddy up ahead. Our narrowing passage had opened up into a fair-sized room with several holes in the floor and a fragile looking rock bridge, just waiting for a careless caver to step on it.

We took brief glances into a couple of the leads, had a snack, then continued our survey out the main passage. A few stations later I managed to put a foot through the floor and wind up hip deep with one leg in a hole. I think it must have looked pretty interesting, judging from the reactions of the others. I was fine, but a few minutes later I made the mistake of walking and looking at my sketchbook at the same time. I really advise against this when you're in a cobble-floored passage. My knee will be purple for a while.

The passage became low and wide again and we got three 100-foot shots in a row. Wow. We came upon an area with several small columns and loads of soda straws. One formation looked just like a double-dip chocolate ice cream cone. We decided to call the area, "The Ice Cream Parlor." The survey continued on...

Soon we heard another "Wow!" coming from Buddy up ahead. We were starting to consider wrapping up our survey. Buddy said we could continue but we might have to get wet. Hmmm. After a couple thousand feet of dry survey, we'd encountered a flowing stream on the floor of the passage. It would be interesting to see if this water connects to the main stream passage.

We set a couple more stations, until we reached a pile of large breakdown and the room opened up... a lot. Pat asked me if I was ready to quit sketching after forty-one stations and I said, "Yes!" It was a good place to stop. The room was big and complicated and we were getting tired. Nothing revitalizes a caver like a look around a virgin passage.

Not too big a look, of course. I sat and changed batteries in my backup light, had a snack and just simply took in the room. I watched the other lights bobbing in and out of a couple side leads and over the breakdown pile. The report: the passage continues but it involves getting under or around the breakdown.

The trip back to the changing rooms and the swim only took about an hour. From there it was a half-hour in the water to the entrance. The water seemed much colder going out. It really got cold when we approached the entrance. Brrrr. Oh yeah, we still had to change clothes in temps well below freezing. How could we forget? Funny thing, I don't think I got as cold this time as last time even though it was much colder now. Still, our gear was already stiffening up by the time we were changed. My dry bag made a suspicious crackling noise when I put it in the truck bed.

Shawn and I sat in the toasty warm truck, relaxing with some Mountain Dew, while Pat and Buddy talked with the landowner. I added up our footage for the day and we had surveyed over 2600 feet in 41 stations. Very cool. Had we realized how close we were to a half-mile of survey, I think we would have done just one more shot.

Pat and I said goodbye to Buddy and Shawn and made our way to El Cazador, a Mexican restaurant in Monticello, for dinner. Further adventures awaited us at Pat's place, trying to type up the survey data and e-mail it to Paul Unger before Sunday at noon. But that's a whole other story... We watched part of a movie on the sci-fi channel before crashing for the night. Does anyone out there know how the movie, "Wing Commander" with Freddie Prinze, Jr. ends?

And to think I almost decided to stay home last weekend...

## New Years Week

By Bill Walden

I had hoped to visit the West Canyon in Redmond Creek cave and search for high level passages near the beginning of this canyon after all we had found numerous high level passages off the West Canyon further in and more off the Northwest Canyon also further into the cave. It seems reasonable that one can find high-level passages near the beginning. We have never looked there.

Second I hoped to continue the dig in Peter Cave in Redmond Creek.

Third I wanted to help Paul Unger continue his survey of Grayson-Gunner Cave.

Fourth I wanted to go to the New Years Eve Party at Great Saltpetre Cave.

My daughter Katie and boyfriend Aron drove down to the field house Saturday, December 28th. I drove separately. Once there we prepared dinner and then played some rummy 500. After we retired Alice Woznick, Darrell Adkins, and Steve Aspery showed up. They planned to join Pat Erisman for a trip into Grayson Gunner on Sunday while we planned a visit to Redmond Creek.

Sunday morning we drove over to Redmond but found the gate locked and no one at the trailer near the gate. We opted to do Peter Cave. We had picked up some digging tools at the Wal-Mart in Monticello and so were prepared. While crossing the field to approach Peter Cave I noted that Redmond Creek had flowed. The weeds along the streambed and bank were gone. We climbed up the north face of the sinkhole and entered the cave. From the entrance I took a clinometer reading to the Koger's cabin. It is below the entrance and thus in danger of being flooded should the water ever flow in the entrance of Peter Cave. So long as Stash Cave and the swallow holes are open, I suspect there is little chance to that happening.

Sunshine streamed through the opening from the entrance room to the second room. That was neat to see. Aron enjoyed seeing the formations and rimstone in the second room. From there we continued to the third room and across it to the dig site. Pat Erisman and Paul Unger had made good progress. We found the hoe good for removing soil loosened by the previous team. However, pulling the dirt out with the hoe proved very time consuming so we tried filling our cave packs with soil and pulling them out while Aron remained in the tunnel digging.. The problem is that one is forced to lie flat out and work with ones' arms stretched out to dig. It is not very efficient. We spent most of our effort enlarging the tunnel.

The whistling of the wind through the tunnel assured us this is a worthwhile project. We noted that the wind howled through even though the cave temperature and outside temperature were about the same. With several hours of effort we only made a few inches of progress. There remains about 4 feet of digging before the passage appears to open. It was night when we departed. On the way back to the field house we stopped for dinner at the Oriental buffet in Monticello.

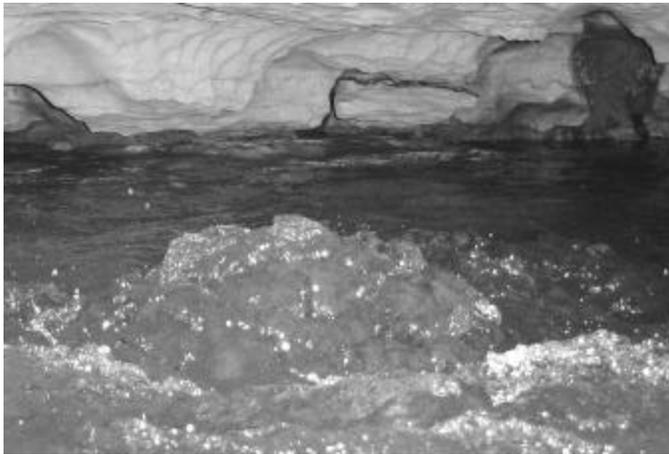
That evening we managed a euchre game. The Grayson-Gunner team had a good trip too.

Monday morning the Grayson team departed for home and we headed back over to Redmond Creek. Again the gate was locked so we walked the roughly 1.5 miles to the cave entrance. Since the cave had flooded, the ground was saturated with water, and rain was threatening, we elected not to go to the West Canyon but to continue the new survey of the entrance passage. We changed clothes inside the cave, took some photos, and headed in. The cave had obviously flooded. Footprints from our previous trip were erased and some of the gravel bars had shifted. I was concerned. We made it back to the end of the resurvey in short order and prepared to continue the re-survey of the entrance passage. Easier said than done! The floor was slippery, so slippery that I had trouble standing. I could not stand up at the first station to work the instruments. After a slow slippery start we got the survey going and made it to the next breakdown area where we decided to call it quits. The slot that by-passes the breakdown was flooded and none of us relished the thought of being stretched out in the cold water. So, it will require yet another survey to complete the re-survey of the entrance passage.

Back at the gate I let the man who lives in the trailer know that we were safely out of the cave. He was in a mood to talk so we did. I told him about the cave and where it goes. He wants no part of that!

On returning to the field house we discovered two huge logs across the drive leading up the hill. Aron and I dragged one partly out of the way so we could continue up the drive. From this I assume that we are no longer welcome. So, in the morning we loaded everything, left a note on the door of Pat's trailer, and headed over to Sloans Valley. We chatted with Tom Crockett for a while then headed up to Minton Hollow. I wanted Aron to experience a large Kentucky cave. He is more accustomed to Pennsylvania caves. We toured the first loop then headed toward the Big Passage. However at Lost and Found Corners the water was wall to wall with only 8 or 10 inches of air. Certainly no problem to go through but rain was still a possibility. So we turned back. About

200 feet back from Lost and Found Corners we spotted a water boil where I had never seen one before. We watched it for a while then I decided to return to the car and get my camera. Katie decided to take Aron on a tour of Garbage Pit.



I took several photos. Once home I looked at the photos and noted that the ceiling above the "water boil" is discolored, this is probably a result of the water hitting the ceiling during periods of hard flow.

Yes, it was a solo cave trip! Following the photo trip I waited for Katie and Aron at Tom's house. Katie decided to take a shower at Tom's before we headed over to Great Saltpetre.

We stopped at Bill Carr's house to heat up the cheesy potatoes and ham that we had brought with us for the potluck dinner. There were about 100 cavers present for the party.



**Above Lee Florea pretending to be the Times Square Crystal Ball at midnight, above right BC and Janeen, lower right the group from Squalid manor.**

The party was fun. Sometime after midnight I decided to retire to Squalid Manor for the rest of the night. I had told Paul and Pat in my note that I would meet them at 10:30 for breakfast at Hartey's in Monticello. Katie and Aron spent the night in the cave.

We all managed to meet at 10:30 for breakfast. Once fed, we departed for Grayson Gunner. Paul was pleased that my group volunteered to do

the water passage survey. For my first trip to Grayson-Gunner Paul had wanted me to take photos. Unfortunately the cave was foggy and I knew it pointless to even attempt picture taking. There was no backup plan. I put in a few survey stations but Paul has not yet added them to the map.

This time all went well. We found the terminal survey station and put in 27 more stations for a total of just over 1200 feet. It was a good trip and I am anxious to return to complete or better to continue the survey of the stream passage.

We returned to Squalid. Squalid was near fully occupied with neat cavers all excited about recent discoveries. However, plans seemed confused and not clear for Thursday, Katie and Aron were anxious to head home, so I decided to do so also. Besides it seems a long way from Squalid to either Grayson Gunner or Redmond Creek.

One minor problem at Squalid – Wednesday evening Aron had tried to park beside my car alongside the old house. Unfortunately he didn't make it, his car slid down the hill and against some bushes. We decided to leave it until morning. In the morning suggestions were made to call AAA. Jason Gulley set up a pulley system to give us a mechanical advantage and 6 or 7 of us cavers pulled Aron's car back up the hill and on to the drive.

Oh so much to do. Can't wait to get back down!

