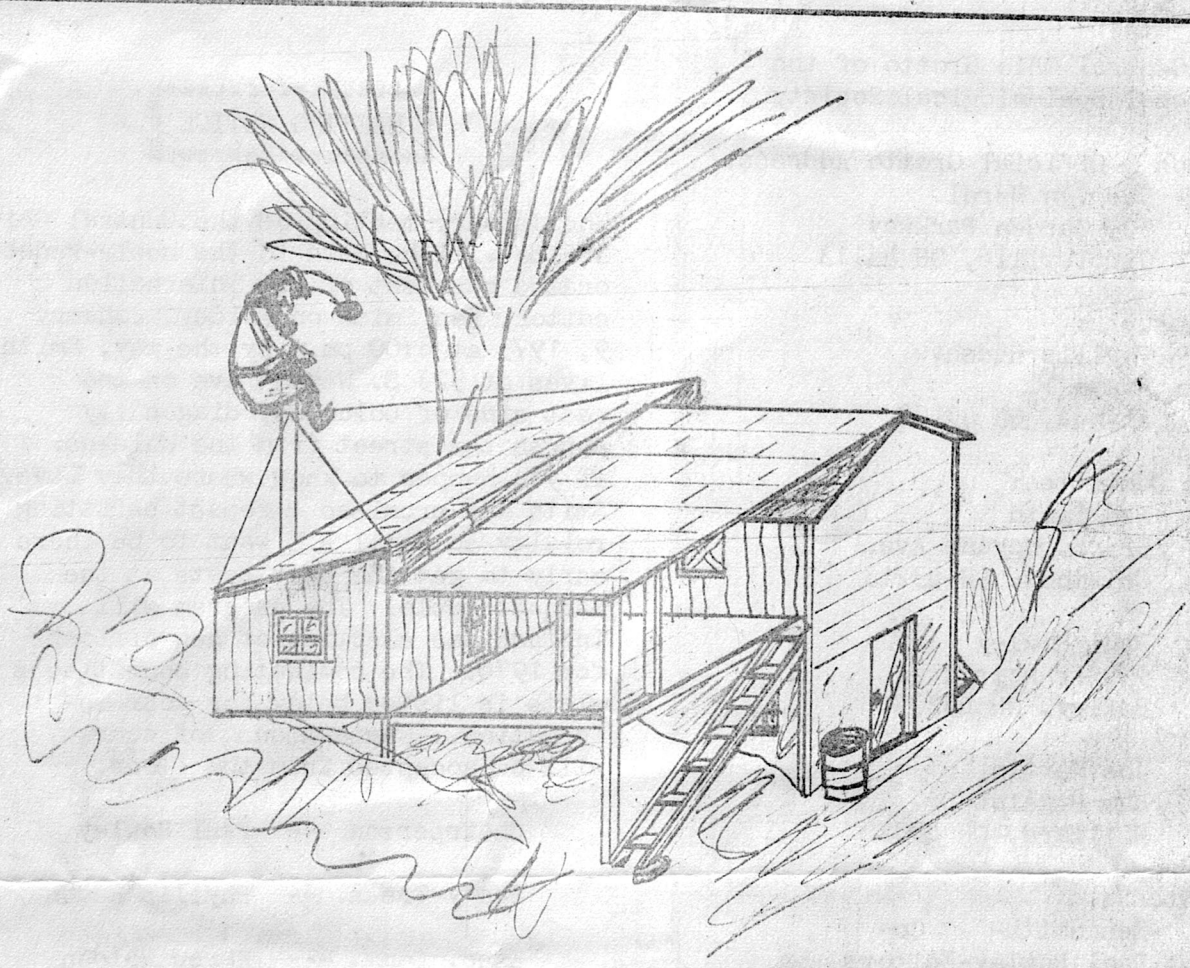

"That Woody sure can brace a chimney."

"Good grief! That sounds like Ed Herel on the roof."

COG SQUEAKS

Vol. 18 No. 12

Dec. 1975

The Central Ohio Grotto of the
National Speleological Society

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Safety and Techniques:
Ken Smith (Add. above)

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* MEETING NOTICE *
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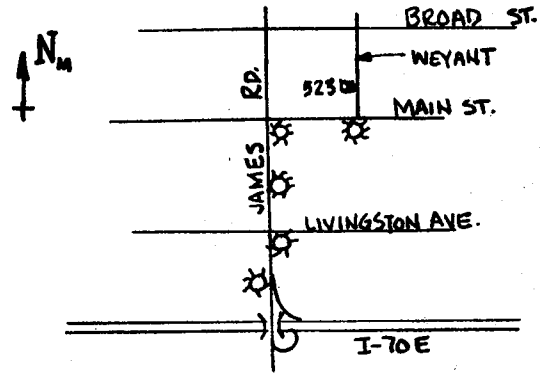
The January meeting of the Central Ohio Grotto will be held in the newly-redecorated basement of our internation editor, Ken Smith on Friday, January 9, 1975 at 8:00 pm. By the way, Smith lives at 523 S. Weyant Ave on the east side of Columbus, diagonally across the street from the Waldens if you happen to know where they live. Smith has promised a repast befitting royalty so we'll all want to be there early to get the best seats at the banquet table. The program will include the election of new officers for 1976. The nominating committee's slate is listed below for your information. Nominations, of course, will be accepted from the floor.

Chairperson --- Paul Rowley

Sec'y-Treas. -- Phyllis Redshaw

*Exec. Comm. --- Karen Walden
Dan Hickman

*Carolyn Herel, as retiring chairperson is automatically a member of the executive committee.



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ARTHUR E. MORGAN

by Spelunger

With sadness we must note the passing of Arthur E. Morgan in a Xenia nursing home on Sunday, November 16, 1975, at the age of 97. Morgan's life spanned three careers as an engineer, educator, community planner and conservationist. He was best known as the first chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), and later for his conservation efforts.

Morgan was born in Cincinnati and by the time he was 18, he had taught school, written for science magazines and invented his own camera. At 19, he floated down the Mississippi, drifted around the Midwest, studying and gaining ideas which later would help him to become a most innovative person.

His first accomplishments were in land management. He drafted drainage codes and directed extensive flood control and land reclamation projects, saving over 2 million acres for use. He helped design the Miami Conservancy District for prevention of another flood such as occurred in 1913. During construction he organized schools for the laborers' children and established a laboratory for education research.

Morgan was president of Antioch College from 1920 to 1936. During this time Antioch instituted a novel concept in education which has now become universal: general education of the whole person is the basis of higher education. He helped to establish several research institutes, two of which have received national recognition, Fels Research Institute and Charles F. Kettering Research Laboratory. His worldwide travels were aimed at helping others, usually through education.

Morgan's past experience landed him the chairmanship of the TVA in 1933. Morgan used his engineering experience to enhance the value of land. Indirectly, it was because of this and his integrity that he was fired in 1938 by President Roosevelt. It seems that Morgan refused to falsely justify TVA projects where governmental costs were higher than private utilities. When called to Washington, he wanted to take his case to Congress. He never made it, being fired first for his adamant stand.

Morgan didn't retire. Consulting and traveling consumed much time, but his real contribution was his efforts for conservation of our natural resources and toward exposing the Army Corps of Engineers' projects as not sound, either economically or technically. In his well-known book, "Dams and Other Disasters," he convincingly uses example after example of how the Army Corps twisted facts and costs to gain financing from Congress for one of their useless projects. Documented cases predicted faulty engineering in design would render projects useless. Time has proven Morgan right.

A long-time goal of his was recently achieved: protecting the Miami River by designating it a national scenic river. He had many helpers who deserve the credit, but he was one of the original incorporators of Little Miami, Inc., the river's conservation organization.

If you haven't read one of Morgan's many conservation books, you've missed some very interesting reading.

* *
* *

On a recent excursion, I visited an old man living in a rundown log cabin, nestled among tall pines at the head of a valley. He was the type of friendly person that five minutes after you met him, you'd feel as though you'd known him all your life.

I did note two sayings carved into one of the logs on his front porch. These were probably his guide to life. The first was, not unpredictably, the Golden Rule, but the second was even more profound:

"Until a man finds God,
he starts at no beginning,
and works to no end."

FANNY HOLLADAY CAVE
ADAIR CO., KY.

by Louis Simpson

The cave is located along KY 55 about two miles south of Columbia, KY on the property of Ethel and Thomasine Garnett. Barb Unger and I visited the cave briefly on October 18, 1975, but did not go beyond the entrance slope at the request of the owners. At that time it was raining extensively in the area. Another cave in the area, Rogers Cave, was flooding. The hospitality which was shown us by the owners brightened an otherwise dismal day of cave hunting.

Dr. Thomas Barr, University of Kentucky, had visited the cave in 1964 to collect samples of small aquatic animals. His report described the cave as over a thousand feet long, with ceiling heights of 25 feet after a low section near the entrance. We returned to the cave on November 15, 1975, with Dave Socky and John Schaeffer. This time the weather was very nice. We explored the cave for four hours but decided not to survey it.

Dr. Barr apparently didn't explore the lower, stream level. We followed this first, through breakdown and several long crawls, over a flowstone falls of six feet, finally to a seven foot wide, five inch high gravel dig. Toward the end the stream had been downcutting through chert, but no flow was audible through the constriction at the end. Considerable broken glass and animal excrement, with profuse mold, occurred throughout the cave. There was an appreciable air flow in this passage.

An upper level extending about 500 feet had ceiling heights of 25 feet if you count the total relief from the stream level where it connects through several pits. Some attractive columns are worth mentioning. A maze of narrow canyons was the only significant side passage. The general trend of the cave was to the west, although I hesitate to discuss this without a survey.

It appears that the upper level, and access to it, is immune from flooding. The downstream section, especially beyond some breakdown where there is a six-foot drop over flowstone, showed evidence of filling at times with flood water. The air flow suggests it might be worth digging through the gravel. Rogers Cave is supposed to be over three miles long, so it is possible that this cave could amount to much more than we saw.

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HYPOTHERMIA ©

by Allen O'Dell,
Emergency Medical Technician Instructor, Columbus Fire Department Auxiliary

Chilling of the whole body from exposure to natural elements or during therapeutic procedures (cardiac and vascular surgery, and treatment of certain poisonings) results in progressive decrease of the physiologic processes which eventually becomes irreversible. The ability to survive hypothermia depends on the length of exposure, inherent constitutional factors (some people tolerate low temperatures better than others), environmental factors (altitude, barometric pressure, humidity) and physical condition (age, nutritional status, pre-existent disease). Survival from rectal temperatures as low as 23.3°C (74°F) have been recorded. Generally speaking, though, the lethal limit is 25.5°C (78°F). However, it does vary one or more degrees either way; it depends on the case and the above-listed factors.

The exact mechanism of injury from exposure to low temperatures is unknown, but vascular changes with sludging of the blood are undoubtedly important factors. There is a wide variation in the ability of different individuals to tolerate cold. The chances of injury by exposure to low temperature are increased by darkly pigmented skin, advanced age, poor general physical condition, lower specific body gravities, anoxia (as in high altitude climbing or flying) and previous trauma, especially cold injury.

The best two treatments for hypothermia are as follows:

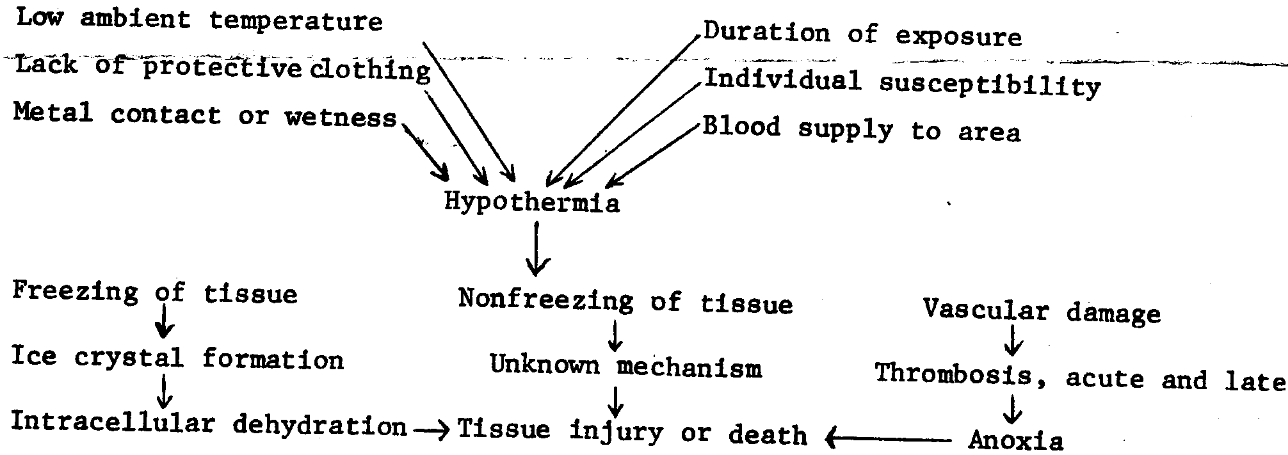
HYPOTHERMIA (cont.)

Treatment - Slow Rewarming

1. Application of blankets and shelter.
2. Rest in a recumbent position.
3. Exposure to warm air between 21°C (69.4°F) and 24.4°C (76°F) is most satisfactory in most cases. (Note: precise temperatures are not as important outside areas where hospitals are located. Warming the patient gradually to a comfortable air temperature is important, but the point is - gradually.
4. Administration of available medicines for pain. (Only after the patient has been warmed should medications be given. This gives time for kidney function to be reestablished).
5. Observation until the extent of damage can be determined, if any; usually twelve to eighteen hours after institution of treatment.

Treatment - Rapid Rewarming: This is necessary if the body core temperature is close to the lethal limit. Checked locally with a thermometer.

1. Application of heat under close supervision by any and all means available, including hot fluids by mouth, heat by fire or catalytic heater, warm water enemas and hot water bottles. The rate of body temperature increase is not related to the methods used and rarely exceeds 0.6°C (1.2°F) per hour.
2. Recognition and symptomatic treatment of the two frequent complications of rapid rewarming - cardiac arrhythmia which may progress to cardiac arrest, and hypertension.
3. Recognition and treatment of underlying pathologic conditions (paragraph 1).
4. Avoidance of the detrimental measures outlined in paragraph 2.



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TIPS FROM WOODY et al.

Still another use for old innertubes:

Since the seal provided by the nipple in plastic baby bottles is incomplete (there is a hole in the nipple, even if you don't cut off the salient portion, and the plastic to plastic overlap of the cap and the outer ring is hardly airtight), make a new gasket. Cut a circle of rubber from an old innertube slightly smaller than the outside diameter of the ring but greater than the inside diameter; discard the nipple (into your scrap box, not the trash); and replace it with the rubber circle. Close observation of the ring will show you a slight shelflike depression near the upper part of the threads on the ring. Make sure your gasket fits into this. The advantage of this replacement part is two-fold: you increase the capacity of the bottle without radically decreasing the "sealability" as you would if you simply cut off the nipple.

By hook and by pile:

Replace the snaps on your coveralls (viz. the ones that hold down the pocket flaps) with velcro. It doesn't rust or become non-functional with mud. I've never had any problem with its coming open even under strenuous conditions. If your pockets have no flaps, they should make some.

THANKSGIVING IN ZARATHUSTRA'S CAVE

by Louis Simpson

Things have a way of turning out differently than you plan, but usually for the better. At the last minute Mary and Greg Kalbach and Eric Hovemeyer decided not to go because Mary and Eric had colds from the previous weekend's backpack trip. Barb had the cold, too, but went anyhow, with difficulty. It snowed two inches on Wednesday night. Bob Wood and Dave Socky were going, but Dave had to drive separately so he could avoid being scooped in Central Kentucky. The four of us finally met at noon on Thanksgiving Day at the fieldhouse and drove three cars to Fentress Co., TN, to the end of the road where the steep trail begins that takes you into the Obey River Gorge. At the trail head were several truckloads of men busily sawing up wood. One warned us that we would undoubtedly be ripped off if we parked there. "I wouldn't park my car here for five hundred dollars!" he said. "There are some rogues around here." Since the nearest house was two miles away, we parked there anyway.

My backpack weighed nearly sixty pounds. Dave's was light, but he was only staying overnight. Barb's was around fifty. Bob was afraid to weigh his. Bob and Dave both brought ropes and we all had vertical gear so we could scoop some of the virgin pits. Our plan was to stay in the cave, camping in the main entrance, through Saturday afternoon, or even Sunday morning.

Eight hundred feet of vertical descent in a mile and a half is a fairly steep trail to carry sixty pounds down. We had to carry in all our water because the river is known to be polluted and the cave is very dry. Each of us carried a gallon plus one or two canteens. Bob said he felt like Gunga Din because he had four or five water containers suspended from various parts of his anatomy.

Fortunately, the river was not high. In fact, it was as low or lower than it had been the last trip, in late September. This was good because we had to cross it four times to follow the trail. Otherwise, if the river were up (and it looks like it gets at least six feet deeper at times), it would be necessary to follow the eastern shore. This would not be easy because of the cliffs. Not the least of these is the wall containing the entrances. It seems to extend vertically, or at least very steeply upward for at least two hundred feet. It would be necessary to cross over the caves and descend on the far side. An alternate route would involve backpacking down another side valley, which may not have any trail at all, for the entire 800 vertical feet. There may be few trips to Zarathustra's Cave during high water!

It was cold. And the entrance, as they are prone to do in winter, sucked. We could have camped farther in, on a higher level, but this would mean carrying everything across an exposed traverse. Instead, we chose to endure the cold. Bob decided to erect a wind-screen made of a very thin plastic dropcloth, supported from three dead sticks. This "worked" fine until Dave leaned on one of the sticks and knocked it loose, hitting Bob on the head. After much hassle, Bob got it to stay up again, but when he turned to walk away from the plastic, it stuck to his coat and pulled the stick down again, falling this time on Dave, whose foot then upset the boiling river water that was being heated for dishwashing. As both Dave and Bob struggled with the drooping plastic in the hot mud, the stick broke in two. Bob went after another stick and broke it to a shorter length than he needed. Then he sought various rocks to make up the distance. Finally he tied a string to a small ceiling projection and taped the other end to the plastic, which now had several large holes in it. Woody is a good man to have on an expedition.

Bob and Dave got their gear together and went to rig the first virgin pit in the top level of the cave that very evening. They returned at 3 a.m. muttering something about needing the other rope for a second drop.

Barb and I began mapping Friday morning, bright and early, in various places in the top level, named Heaven. By noon we had mapped over 40 stations and were still going strong. We discovered some more connections between levels, pushed some virgin leads, and found walking passage to join Bob and Dave back at their vertical project. When we found them, Bob was getting ready to descend the second pit. We mapped to an overlook in the Ratsnest Maze and measured the total depth

ZARATHUSTRA (cont.)

of the lower pit at 77 feet. Bob could have rigged the pit in one drop from this point if I had shown him the way. He moved some breakdown and found a connection to a deeper level that had been explored before.

Barb and I met another rat, whose nest features five-inch pine cones. This could conceivably be the same rat we saw the last time, but it was several hundred feet away from the other nest.

Bob and Dave told us that Bill Deane, Frosty Miller, and Jim Nicholls were in the cave but would only be there until nine p.m. Dave left for Kentucky and we took Bob to a chisel project that turned out to be a blind small pit. Then we dragged the rope and vertical gear to our more remote virgin pit and I went down, wary of a flaky ledge hanging over the drop. There was only two hundred feet of passage at the bottom, which I sketched.

A note from Bill Deane at the entrance said that Frosty has suffered a head injury and they were taking him to the hospital at Oak Ridge.

Saturday morning the three of us mapped 1200 feet of nice walking passage with attractive rimstone and stalactite formations near the end of it. Across from an occupied rat nest was a blowing lead that smelled like the outdoors. I followed it through a tight constriction and emerged outside! It turned out we were almost above the main entrance. Getting down was difficult, harder than going back through the cave, in fact. This entrance is about thirty feet above the main entrance, which itself is forty feet above the river.

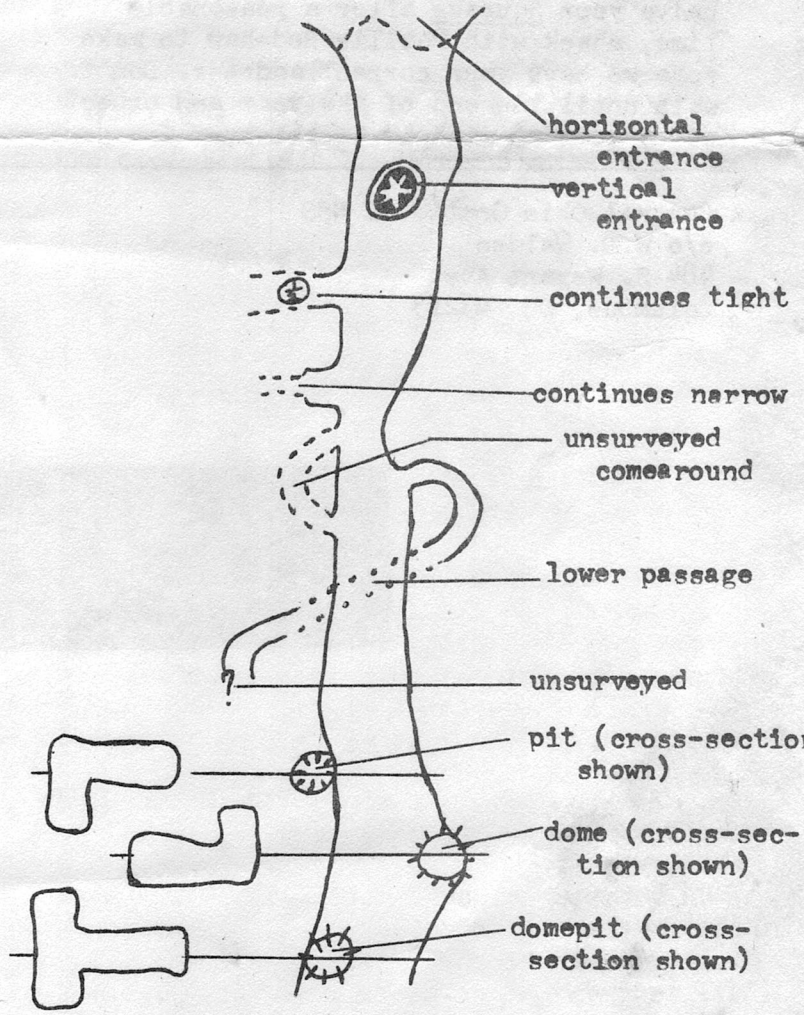
Finally it was time to leave. I took a quick look at a thousand feet of the several miles of lower level passages accessible easily from small entrances near the main entrance. I stopped when I couldn't see any walls. We had mapped 2200 feet, which brings the total survey to about 18,000 feet.

I think the phrase "Death March" adequately describes the hike back up the valley. The last time I did anything like that I was unable to walk for three days. This time, however, I didn't have any problem. The weather turned warmer, which helped. Our cars were intact. Bob left for the fieldhouse and Barb and I drove to Knoxville to visit Bill and Cricket Deane, Charles Clark and Martha McGlasson.

* *

OOPS!... WE GOOFED

The figure given below should have been included with Paul Unger's article on surveying in last month's Squeaks. We'd like to claim that this omission was wholly due to lack of space, which was indeed one consideration at least in retrospect, but the onus must lie with dumbness on the part of the "International Editor." Anyway, here it is.



COG SQUEAKS DECEMBER 1975 Volume 18, Number 12

DUES ARE DUE

All of you heavy users need to remember to pay off your supplier so that you can stay well fixed with this literary stimulant. Its heady subject matter and deathless (although some might claim "depthless") prose are guaranteed to get you high (or should I say"low?"). COG is still a bargain at $2.50 for 12 issues per year; family rates are even cheaper per capita. To keep down our expenses and thereby your dues we have decided to keep our postal charges to an absolute minimum. TAKE NOTE: to keep down these expenses we are dropping the "return postage guaranteed" and change of address requested" labels from our mailing cover. This is effective beginning with the January 1976 issue. If you move and fail to notify us, your Squeaks will end up in the dead letter office, and we will have no way of knowing that it ended up there. If you fail to receive your Squeaks after a reasonable time, check with Phyllis Redshaw to make sure we have your correct address. Don't wait until the end of the year and expect us to come up with 12 back-issues for you.

NON-CAVING BOOK REVIEW

by Smith

Anyone who lives in the Midwest knows that National Parks and similar, large, government controlled recreation areas are at a premium in the immediately accessable area. You might be surprized to learn, as I was,that there are an astounding number of wilderness areas nearby. Wilderness Areas of North America by Ann and Myron Sutton (Funk and Wagnalls, New York, 1974) is a sine qua non for anyone interested in outdoor activities, as indeed many cavers are in their off-caving hours. There are concise, authoritative descriptions of more than 500 still wild and primitive areas throughout North America, from coast to coast and from Panama to the Arctic. Whatever information you might desire on some particular area will be available from their descriptions or from the addresses given with each entry. The address list alone would be worth the price of the book ($10.00 cloth; the Lib. of Congress data indicates that paperback is also available, but that price is unknown to me at the present time). If you want a less costly look at the material, you might try your local library.

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