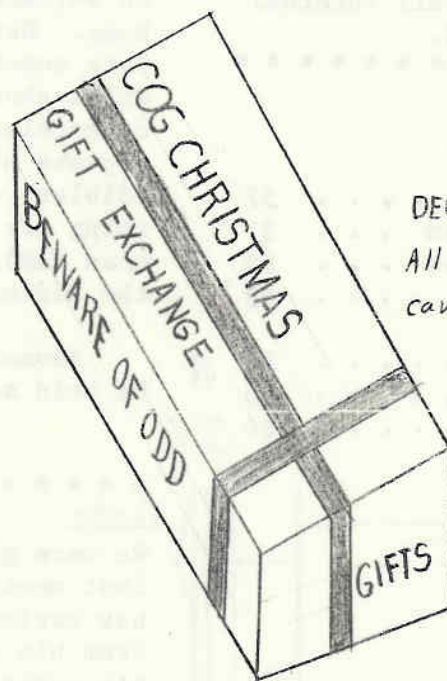


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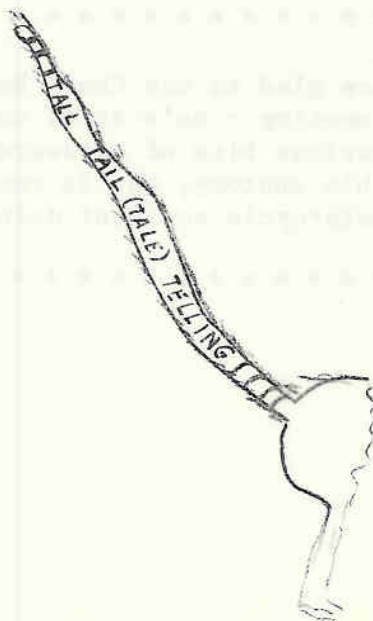
SQUEAKS OCT 1980



SATURDAY

DECEMBER 13

All cavers (yes even armchair
cavers) are welcome



DRINK



FOOD

THE CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO OF THE NATIONAL SPELEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

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MEETING NOTICE

The BIG ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BASH will be held on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, at Bill Walden's home. Get your inspiration going and prepare something for the annual gift exchange. Gifts should be cheap (home-made if possible), cave-related, and ingeniously contrived to provoke hilarity. Bill is providing the edibles, so bring your appetites (and something for the kitty, please. (And I don't mean Max). Time is the usual 8:00 p.m., and the address is 223 Fallis Road.

Advance notice - The January Meeting will be held at Dale Harmon's, on Jan. 9.

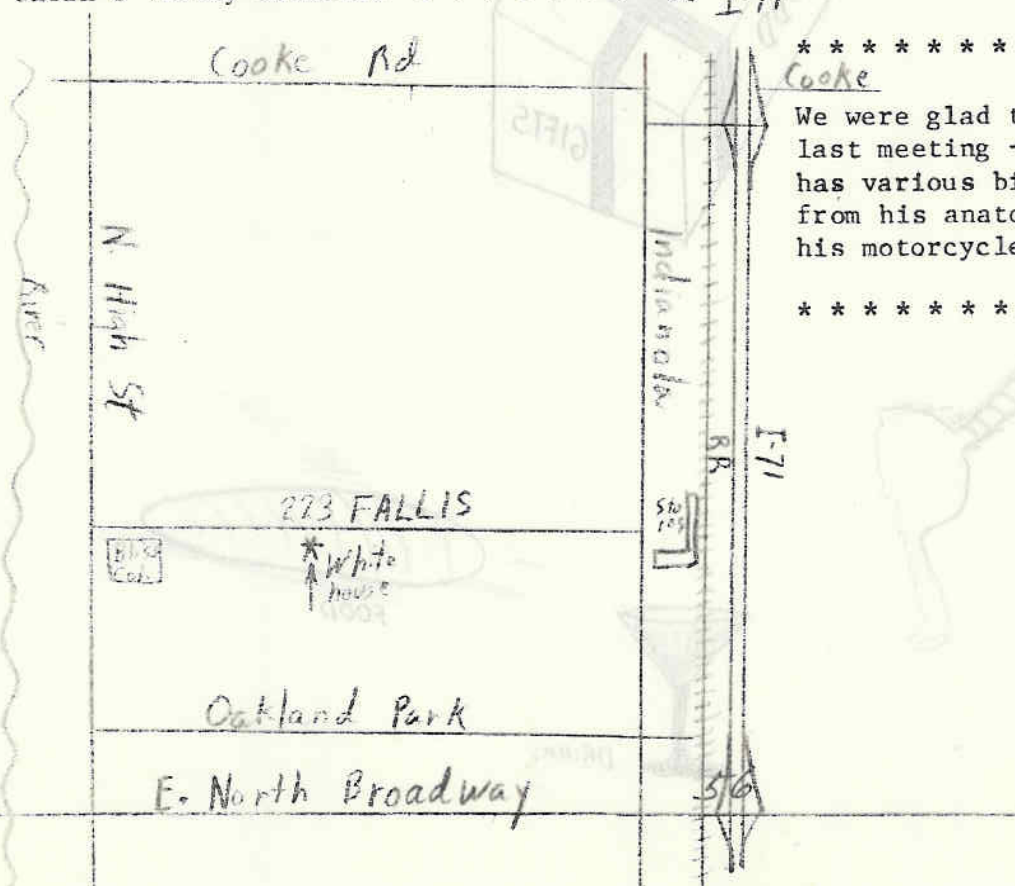
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Cooke

We were glad to see Chuck Daehnke at the last meeting - he's still on crutches and has various bits of hardware protruding from his anatomy, but is recovering from his motorcycle accident quite well.



EXCERPTS FROM A LETTER
FROM LOU SIMPSON TO BILL WALDEN

(Since the letter contains news of several people known to many COG members, we include parts of it. Lou has also sent along a couple of articles of interest to the COG, which follow. - ED.)

Eric Movemeyer moved back to Cincinnati this summer and spent the summer climbing mountains. Mary Kalmbach has taken her maiden name of Mary Gex (pronounced Jay) and has moved to Atlanta, Georgia, to be closer to her favorite rivers. Greg Kalmbach has a job working at Wright Patterson AFB in Dayton and plans to move to Dayton. Hartley Mays moved to Cincinnati from Wichita, bought a home and is working for Federated Department Stores.

Mike Johnson and I testified at the landfill hearing October 29. Details will be in the Gazette, to be mailed before Thanksgiving. We're working on it now. A decision hasn't been made yet by the hearing officer.

Sloan's is mapped to nearly 24 miles now and 25 shouldn't be a problem. I was in San Diego on business and drove up to Los Angeles to see Peter Kupferman and Jay Arnold (NSS News editor). I want to publish some material on Sloan's and Cave Creek in the News, along with Xerox reduced copies of the maps. I met a man at the landfill hearing who was a cave guide in Sloan's when it was commercialized and plan to interview him next weekend when we are at the fieldhouse. Lake level was 678 last weekend and might be even lower this weekend. Several cavers actually saw the large passage at Cascade Falls in the Great Rock Sink section. We plan to go there with boats and wetsuits, and also to Firestone and certain other Cave Creek projects. ...

I continue to work on a master's degree in computer science, with projected graduation sometime in 1982. I'm only taking one course per quarter, paid for by SofTech. My job is still very exciting and I only wish I had made the career change years earlier. Barb is teaching Algebra II and III and computer science.

- Lou Simpson

PAID YOUR COG DUES YET?

THE HUMONGOUS DIG -

COG's Railroad to Nowhere

- By Bruce Warthman
(Reprinted from the Cave Cricket Gazette)

Several years ago, when the Squeaks was full of news about the big dig in the Humongous section of Cave Creek, somebody should have added to those articles the fact that the caving public was witnessing our grotto's biggest act of faith. The many man-hours of digging out clay, constructing rails, and taking them into the cave to build that underground railroad, were expended to the effort of connecting Humongous to Firestone. Only recently have I seen this project, now long abandoned, and it has changed.

For newer members who are not aware of this project, here is a brief history. The dig began when Louis Simpson found a lead with blowing air but only four inches of air space. A connection was needed, so work was started on digging out the clay-filled passage. It was soon realized that this would be a major project as the dig lengthened. The dirt soon had to be dragged out with a sheet of plastic tied to a rope. Finally, with around 80 feet dug out, Paul Unger conceived the idea of a railroad. So wooden rails were laid, over which a cart made from half of a gas tank from a junk car was wheeled. This was used to dig out another 40 feet, until the project was abandoned. Another connection was discovered after all, and there was no further need to slave away at a seemingly never-ending dig. Everything was left to rot as caving efforts turned elsewhere.

For those who have not seen it, the Humongous Railroad looks like a scene from a German POW camp escape movie. The crawlway is a hands and knees crawl over wooden rails and it is about 120 feet long. At one place it has an S-bend, but for the most part it is straight.

At the present time no work is being done on this project, of course, and it stands as a memorial to the good old days when exploration was going on strongly at Cave Creek. The rails are rotted and totally non-functional. A pile of never-used rails stands in the bigger passage where the dig begins. The cart still works except for one wheel being rusted stiff. But the dig passage itself has become a

HUMONGOUS DIG (continued)

haven for red, black, and white mold and thousands of cave crickets. At the working face of the dig, the digging tools and a bag of nails are still there.

So there it lies, a memorial to Cave Creek's active days. Only occasionally does a group stop to see this memento of caving history. In the meantime, one sometimes wonders whether it would be feasible to haul the mess out, seal up the dig passage, or just leave it be.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO NEWELL SPRING CAVE?

by Bruce Warthman

Newell Spring Cave, whose resurgence entrance can be plainly seen on the shore of Lake Cumberland from the Kentucky 80 bridge, used to be a feature in the COG Squeaks. The stories of cavers putting on wet suits and spending ten hours or more in this thoroughly wet cave made it seem like a classic adventure. But the lack of articles concerning this cave since 1975 makes one assume that the cave has been caved out - explored until every last nook and cranny was pushed. Isn't that so? WRONG!

Newell has some going leads. If the map is consulted, one can notice that a canyon branches from the main stream trunk passage and has an open end. I had the opportunity to explore further in this non-ending lead when Louis Simpson and I decided that it was time to resolve the question of what goes on here. We would look beyond where the lead was last mapped. So Louis and Barb and I put on our wetsuits and set out to push and survey this lead.

Getting there was a bust-ass job. We canyon-hopped over the deep entrance stream and climbed over breakdown. The non-wet caving made us sweat like pigs in our wetsuits, and we were looking for water. Then there was the hazard of squirming through the tight hole that affords the only access to the back of the cave. Further on we waded in chest deep water with relief until we came to the side lead going to our project. There was more sweat and work as we made our way through 800 feet of contorted passage.

At last we were at our project. It took time to find the last survey station before we

got to business. From there on we surveyed hands and knees crawlway as we pushed onward into virgin cave. We came to a junction where we turned down another virgin crawlway in favor of the more promising stream passage. Our shots averaged 20-50 feet.

Finally we came to a place where the ceiling was low. I went on but thought that the passage was becoming a sump and backed out. But Louis went in further and found that the passage was walking passage again. I went in again. We went further on until it became a hands and knees crawl again. I did not mind the water. With my new wetsuit that I wore the first time, it felt cool but comfortable.

We did not survey beyond the low place, for it was getting late. So we made our way back after having mapped 1500 feet. We felt that we accomplished much despite our failure to come to the end of that lead. The way back was a bust-ass four hours. At the entrance I used my new caving technique for going through the over-the-head water in the deep stream -- crawling on water. It was no problem even with cave gear on, since the wetsuit made me float. We then cleaned up our muddy cave gear and then went back to the field house.

At the present time that lead is still open-ended and now there are two leads to explore and map. The survey data, calculated and plotted, shows that the cave now extends under Kentucky 90 and goes into a projection of land in a bend in Lake Cumberland. There are two likely possibilities; that the cave may end as a sump or come out as another entrance along the cliff.

DER FLEDERMAUS

By Al Winstel

(By way of Lou Simpson, who received this article from Eric Hovemeyer, some interesting facts about cavers' little furry friends) Al Winstel is Park District Naturalist in Hamilton Co. Park District - ED.)

As we leave another Halloween behind, it might be instructive to consider the much-maligned bat, or fledermaus ("flutter-mouse" in German). As a creature of the night with

ER FLEDERMAUS (cont.)

a scuttling sort of flight, naked wing surfaces, and one of the ugliest faces imaginable, the bat has long been associated with the forces of evil. No Halloween party is complete without bat-shaped decorations and no storybook witches' potion could possibly be effective without bat wings as a prime ingredient. However, the bat itself predates Halloween by millions of years. Fifty million year old fossil bats, some of the oldest that have been discovered, look very much like the bats of today.

The earliest evidence we have of man's interest in bats is a series of wall paintings done by the Egyptians around 2,000 B.C. The bats depicted appear to be species still found in Africa today. Later on, the bat's unusual shape and habits made him an important character in myths and fables. Aesop told the story of the bat who, being part bird and part furry animal, constantly changed sides during a war between the birds and animals in order to ally himself with the winner. Upon declaration of a truce, neither side would accept the bat because of his duplicity. As a result, this creature was forced to hide by day, moving around only at night and by himself. The Chinese, with their usual novel outlook, associated the bat with good fortune. In fact, the Chinese word for bat is said to be identical to the Chinese character for happiness.

Unfortunately, bats are more familiar to us by their use in various potions. Anointing your face with bat blood was at one time considered to give one the power to see in the dark. Possibly because of their naked wing membranes, the blood of a bat was thought to be an excellent hair remover by the English of Shakespeare's day. It has also been said that placing the severed head of a bat near a person's left arm will prevent sleep, one belief that may be true, considering most folks' reactions to even a whole bat!

Like most of our wild creatures, the true life of the bat is much more interesting, if not quite as shocking, as a myth. Our local species are guided, even on the darkest night, by a high pitched sound emission and reception system that makes becoming tangled in anyone's hair extremely unlikely. This sonar system also allows the bat to capture in mid-air a large variety of insects, many of them, no

doubt, harmful to man. Of course, the sonar isn't foolproof, as demonstrated by the bats that used to capture and then drop our shuttlecocks as we played badminton at dusk. Not finding anything in the badminton rules regarding bats, we always considered shuttlecocks dropped across the net by bats to be "in".

A few local bat species migrate to escape starvation during the winter, while others hibernate in caves or unheated attics. At least one author has suggested that these hibernators spend up to five-sixths of their lives hanging upside down in the dark (this includes daytime rest periods). With all that rest, no wonder that even some of the smaller bats may live up to 20 years.

Aside from their decorative value at Halloween, and their insect diet (some foreign species eat fruit, fish, or even blood), our North American bats have other effect upon human society. Bat droppings, or guano, contain phosphates, nitrogen compounds and potassium and make a good fertilizer. In Carlsbad Caverns, guano at one time piled up to 100 feet deep in some spots. Unfortunately, twenty years of mining has eliminated most of the guano, which builds up very slowly (less than one inch per year).

Perhaps the most unusual use for the bat was that practiced by the natives of Borneo who considered bat pie a culinary delight, but don't go bat hunting for dinner. Bats can carry rabies and although chances of finding a rabid bat may not be great, handling of bats is definitely not recommended. Besides, the bat's insect-eating habits make it a much more valuable critter in the air than in the pot.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY Newsletter reports on one of their current projects for protection - Cave Hollow, Adams Co., an area of 29.95 acres, containing a 1000 ft long dolomite cave formed along a landslip. The cave, unlike most in Ohio, is deep enough to maintain the constant temperature and humidity necessary for those animals adapted to these environments. This unique habitat supports a variety of bats, including the endangered Indiana bat and Rafinesque's big-eared bat. Colonies of the state endangered eastern woodrat and the green salamander have also been found at Cave Hollow. -

EDITORIAL REGARDING THE PRECEDING ARTICLE -
concerning The Nature Conservancy's work.

The Conservancy has had in the past several projects involving caves, to preserve them in their natural state. A couple of years ago we had a guest speaker from the Ohio Chapter at our grotto meeting (a poorly attended meeting, unfortunately). The Nature Conservancy operates by acquiring, through gifts or outright purchase, parcels of land which represent unique examples of particular environments to be kept as preserves, the management of which is sometimes turned over to various park districts or maintained by volunteer Conservancy members, or whatever arrangements are appropriate. As a personal opinion, I like their method of not waiting around and campaigning for governmental action to preserve worthy areas - and then see money-grubbing special interest groups negate the whole thing whenever a buck can be made. The Conservancy through contributions buys these lands, if necessary, or obtains some of them through gifts from concerned owners. If you aren't a member, I would urge you to support The Nature Conservancy by joining.

SLOAN'S VALLEY LANDFILL -

A hearing has been held about the landfill proposal threatening the Sloan's Valley area, at which Lou Simpson and other cavers testified. The decision is expected shortly. The local residents fighting this proposal could use financial assistance for their legal fees, and it was voted at the last Grotto meeting to contribute to this. We also urge individual members to send contributions to assist the residents in their efforts to prevent the landfill. If the decision is unfavorable, appeals will be necessary. An account of the hearing is published in the Cave Cricket Gazette. The article expresses optimism at the way the hearing went, but the issue is still in doubt, at last word.

Contributions may be sent to
Mr. Cressel Brown

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