

## GROTTO INFORMATION

The Central Ohio Grotto meets the second Friday of each month. Until we can locate a satisfactory meeting site the grotto will resume meeting at individuals homes. Meeting time is at 8:00 pm. Please call a grotto officer or committee person for information and caving trips.

COG officers and committee chairmen are:

Darrell Adkins	Chairman	419-253-2320
Chuck Daehnke	Vice Chairman	614-263-7011
Don Conover	Secretary	513-372-7581
Karen Walden	Treasurer	614-965-2942
Bill Walden	Squeaks Ed.	614-965-2942
Paul Unger	Boone Karst	513-839-4258
Don Conover	Ex. Comm.	513-372-7581
Kathy Welling	Ex. Comm.	614-766-6381
Jay Kessel	Ex. Comm.	513-631-6345
Denise Damon	Membership	614-262-2930
Richard Hand	Library	614-885-5823
Mike Gray	Vertical	513-276-2436

The official grotto address is:

Central Ohio Grotto  
C/O Bill Walden  
1672 South Galena Road  
Galena, Ohio 43021  
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The official newsletter of the Central Ohio Grotto is the COG Squeaks. Subscription is \$10 per year. The COG Squeaks is published 10 times each year. Articles may be reprinted by other NSS member organizations provided that the author and COG Squeaks are given credit. Please contact Bill Walden regarding the COG Squeaks. Articles, poetry, fiction, and information related to cave exploration and study are welcome. Articles submitted on disk are most welcome. I can read IMB PC-DOS, OS-9 DOS and probably other formats including UNIX and CPM (Not Apple or other serial formats). Please identify format. Articles may also be transmitted via modem or fax. Articles submitted the old fashioned way, on paper, are also welcome.

Please do send Bill Walden your trip

reports for inclusion in the Squeaks.

For membership information please contact Denise Damon or Bill Walden.

## MEETING NOTICE

October 12, 1990 8:00pm

The annual HALLOWEEN-O-ROAST meeting and cook out will be hosted by Chuck Daehnke at his farm along side Mill Creek in Delaware County. Costumes are welcomed but not required. Several years ago Jim Blankenship scared Kathy Elberfeld to death with his costume and act!

Chuck plans to have a bonfire for cooking hot dogs. Plan to arrive early for socializing. Chuck says everyone is welcome to spend the night and resume having fun the next day. There will be kayaking on Mill Creek if Paul remembers to bring extra boats.

Please plan to attend and have a good time. See map for instructions.

November 9, 1990 8:00pm

Need Site

December 15, 1990 6:00pm

The annual Christmas dinner, meeting and party will tentatively be hosted again by Bill and Karen Walden at their home in Galena. It is time to start thinking about those gag gifts for the gift exchange. More on this in the November issue.

## NOTICE

Dale Lofland will be presenting the best 80 slides from the 1990 NSS Photo Salon and Dave Seslar will be showing some slides of West Virginia caves November 28th, 7:30 pm at the First Unitarian Universalist Church on 93 West Weisheimer Rd. Please mark your calendar. Call Dale at 614-263-4904 if you have any questions.



## REPORTS

## COG MINUTES

1 JUNE 90

by Don Conover

The meeting was called to order at 8 p.m. at the church. The first item of discussion was the future meeting nights and locations. There was much discussion from all sides. Suggestions of meeting times included continuing to alternate meeting nights and going back to Friday nights. Suggestions of meeting locations varied from trying to find a location with more room (also later closing time) as a permanent site, going back to meeting at various locations, to alternating between a permanent site and at someone's residence on alternate months. There were a number of volunteers for hosting a meeting. The argument for a permanent site was the stability of a constant meeting place and most residences do not have the space for a large meeting. The argument for meeting at people's residences is the "homey atmosphere" and the possibility of the Dayton or Cincinnati people hosting a meeting (assuming the Columbus people are willing to travel a little). Someone suggested the next two meetings be held at the church until we get our act together. The purpose of the discussion was to make a decision. It was requested that the first Friday of the month be avoided in order not to conflict with Greater Cincinnati Grotto (GCG) since a number of members attend regularly. A committee was formed to decide how and when the grotto is to meet. Volunteers for the committee were: Kathy Franklin, Pat Kelly, and Don Conover. The next two meeting sites were decided upon after much discussion. On Saturday, 7 July (at 8 p.m.), an informal meeting will be held at Chuck Daenke's farm in Ostrander. Chuck will be there Friday night, so show up anytime. A number of members will be on their way to the NSS Convention in Yreka, therefore unable to attend. That should not stop those not going to convention from having a good time! The August meeting will be on the 12th near Somerset, Kentucky. A weekend of caving will be the feature of

this meeting.

The Congress of Grottoes issues were discussed so the representatives from the grotto would have direction as to how the grotto's votes should be cast. The first issue was the rewording of the NSS requirement that all grotto members be NSS members within a year of joining the grotto. The requirement would be changed to only NSS members be counted for votes in the Congress. This change would reflect how most grottoes actually function in reality. After some discussion, the grotto supports the issue. There was question on how someone could be counted for votes in multiple grottoes and sections. The second issue was a change in the rules of how the Congress of Grottoes functions. It would require that one delegate be present for each 10 votes that the internal organization has. Most grottoes have less than 10 votes anyway. After some discussion, the grotto supported the issue. No one could remember the third major issue, so the representative was directed to vote in their best conscience.

Tomorrow, 2 June, at the Walden residence, there will be a roundtable discussion on safety and techniques, starting at 11 a.m. Since there was not enough advance interest, lunch will not be catered, Katie is cooking instead. At 1 p.m., we will adjourn for rope climbing in the barn and other various activities. Paul Unger is bringing his kayaks for those who want to brave the creek and the killer mosquitoes. There is some interest in rigging a tyroliian across the creek. Paul may run a survey course. For dinner, there are brats and hamburgers. Bring a dish if you want.

The COG patches are in. One patch was donated to the NSS Museum. A few patches were sold at Speleofest, one of which is on its way to Guy De Block of Belgium (the largest patch collection in the world). The grotto voted to donate a patch to each of the Rangers in the Somerset district of the Daniel Boone National Forest.



Andy and Kathy Franklin attended the Hoosier National Forest Training Session. The method of protecting caves is for each cave and karst area to have its own individual management plan. This is the first instance that Kathy knows of where a private agency has sign-off on a management plan. There are only maybe 80 caves on the Hoosier National Forest, making management of caves easier than on the Daniel Boone National Forest.

At the Board of Governors meeting in Florida, Evelyn Bradshaw had an accident when she slid down a slope head-first and hit her head on a rock. She hit the rock square with her phosphorescent blue helmet with elastic chinstrap. She experienced a little bit of pain and exited the cave. Evidently, her neck twisted and broke the second vertebra. This sparked the discussion of the merits of various helmets. The Joe Brown helmet is easier to adjust, but bulkier. The Petzl helmet has holes in it for hot cavers. It comes down to a matter of preference.

Someone told of an expedition where someone was underground for three weeks. Evidently the passages were not very tall because the person didn't get to stand up for 10 days.

The first program was slides of El Sotano Del Barro. Between programs, trip reports were given. The connection between Highline and Overlook caves is now LARGELY possible due to some excavation. Andy and Kathy Franklin took the "Scout" caving (only one scout and one leader showed up). They taught them surveying and they took him to Pumpkin Hollow to look at some new things. The next day, they went to Minton with Pepsi and Muratic Acid and made a dent in the spray paint on the walls. Pat Kelly (Scout Leader) tried burning the paint first with a carbide lamp, with some success. The second program was slides of Dick Maxey and other snakebite victims. The slides emphasized the need to avoid poisonous snakes.

#### NSS CONVENTION 1990 - YREKA, CA by Don Conover

The 49th NSS Convention was held at the Siskiyou Golden Fairgrounds in Yreka, California. I have already been asked (2 weeks after the convention concluded) for feedback on how the "easterners" enjoyed the convention. I told them that I did not have the opportunity to speak with any of them yet. I got the opportunity to see behind the scenes at the Convention, and so my opinions may be a little biased. I also asked the West Virginia cavers at the OTR Work Weekend (Aug 3-5) for feedback on the Convention. This will add another bias to this report.

Travel arrangements for the Convention were made the week before I left. I managed to travel to San Francisco on a business trip. The week after Convention, I had to be in a meeting in San Jose, so I took a weeks vacation. I called the people in California to see if I could get a ride from the San Francisco Airport at 10:30 a.m. Friday, to the Convention site in Yreka. I got a ride from Ken Miller. We arrived in Yreka at 6 p.m. and got busy helping to set up the Convention.

Partitions were set up and tables moved into the vendor building. The first 'snafu' was that the badges needed to be redone, and the ink from the printed badge stock was re-melting and smearing in the laser printer when the names were printed on them. This involved reprinting the smeared ones and laminating them. It was quite an operation with printing, inspecting, cutting, stuffing, laminating, checking off, sorting, and removing duplicates. We made 4 badges for one person. We finished at 1:30 a.m. In the middle of this, Senior Pedro Wood (dignitary for the 11th World Congress of Speleology) arrived from Monterrey, Mexico. His luggage did not. One of the workers handed him the key to his motel room to use for the night. Everyone was quite tired when we finished. What a way



to handle jetlag! The next morning, we distributed benches around the fairgrounds, received and sorted the UPS packages delivered by Debbie Tatman of the USFS (She stored them in her garage for the last month, displacing her car to the driveway), setting up registration, and any other odd jobs that needed done.

The Waldens, Paul Unger, and Jan Campbell arrived Saturday evening. I saw the Waldens just as I was leaving for dinner (Chinese food) with the Belskis and the rest of the New Mexico crowd. The camping area was starting to fill (spacious by OTR standards). The fairgrounds had a nice shaded fairway between the front gate, vendors row, and the camping areas. The camping areas had no shade. There were three main camping areas: rowdy, quiet, and quiet with kids (an oxymoron). One of the problems with the three separate camping areas was when a family fit in multiple zones (Pete Strickland was told to move 3 or 4 times). Most of the people opted for the quiet area because it was closer to their cars. No cars were allowed in the camping area except in the designated RV slots. There was a beer garden and kiosk, nice places for socializing.

We went on the Geology Fieldtrip (7 a.m. departure), which gave us an overview of the area. The fieldtrip concentrated on lavatube type caves. We visited the area north of Mt Shasta (and Shastina too) and Lava Beds National Monument. At Lava Beds, we visited Captain Jack's Stronghold (the site of the Modoc Indian Wars) and various lavatubes. The historian at Captain Jack's was an extremely good speaker, keeping everyone's attention while relating the history of the battle. We ate our custom made (we filled out a form as to sandwich preferences and condiments) lunches in one of the park's picnic areas. At Skull Cave (an ice cave), I got yelled at for attempting to melt the ice (It was hot outside, so I laid down on the ice to cool off. It worked!). Back in camp, there was an Ice Cream Social on Sunday evening. We arrived back from the fieldtrip at 10:15

p.m.

By Monday morning, we learned that nature was going to provide the wake-up calls. The morning sun hits your tent and makes the temperature in the tent unbearable by 7 a.m. It turned out to be a hot week. I spent my morning as Kathy Franklin's proxy at the Board of Governors' meeting. My afternoon was spent in the video session. The highlight of this session was the video on the making of and outtakes from the new movie on Wind Cave. This movie was professionally video taped and edited by non-cavers using a script and actors (and actress) who were cavers. The videographers learned what caving was really like as they were taken to the far reaches of the cave. It was especially funny watching them repair a \$20,000 VCR underground. The facilities at the community center were nice. There was an auditorium, one large meeting room, and two small rooms.

Monday night was the howdy party. The howdy party was held in a county park. The grass was nice and soft, there was plenty of shade, port-a-johns were present. No one was permitted to drive to the park in order to cut down on the possibility of DWI. The dinner was excellent, custom raised beef. A vegetarian meal was provided for those who preferred it. When you arrived, a mug was provided. The beverages were beer, wine coolers, lemonade and iced tea. There were some complaints about the lack of carbonated drinks. One of the other complaints was that the howdy party was too spread out as far as the food in one end, the band in the other, the beer way over to the side, etc. The band was good. The park's neighbors thought the band was too loud. The police shut down the party at 12:15 a.m. on their third visit. I was on the last bus back to the fairgrounds. There were chants of "Hot Tub" and general yelling and screaming. The convention staff who stayed back to clean the park said they could hear that bus for all 1.3 miles back to the fairgrounds. The bus driver even came on the intercom and asked



people to "stop beating on the side of the bus."

Tuesday morning was started with the coffee tasting. We were given samples of various blends of coffee. It was quite entertaining watching people get told this was a coffee tasting instead of coffee swigging and they could not actually taste the coffee with cream and sugar in it. Those who were smoking were also told (by someone who smokes) to put out their cigarette before they could 'taste' the coffee.

Tuesday night was the Lake Shasta Caverns Barbecue. I caught a ride from a couple from New York. Mike has MS and is wheelchair bound. We picked him up to load him onto and off of buses. There were 303 of us at Shasta Caverns. The trip involved a bus ride down to the lake, followed by a boat ride across the lake, followed by a bus ride to the picnic area, followed by a bus ride up the 2 miles to the cave. We just got Mike loaded onto the bus on the other side of the lake and were waiting on the next boat load to arrive, when someone on the boat yelled, "Look out, runaway bus!" The other bus (it broke an axle an hour earlier) was rolling toward the lake with no one in it. The bus sank fairly quickly. I looked out the bus window to watch it sink, then realized that I had a video camera with me. I had problems with the camera, but I got a little footage of the bus sinking. Michelle Richardson (Convention Chairman) saw the bus go into the lake from the other side of the lake and saw no one get out. She was afraid that a whole bus load of cavers just died. She did not know it was empty. When we got up the hill to the picnic area, the line was long for food. Even though they were warned to expect over 300 people, they only prepared for a hundred or so. We were the last ones in line. There was barely enough food. By the time we finished, the line was quite long to go up to the cave. They offered a five dollar refund if we did not want to go to the cave. The bus would take people up to the cave, but you had to hike down the hill yourself. The only bus which

had lights on it was the 'yellow submarine' named "Ralph" (later referred to as Ralph the Diving Bus). While waiting for the bus, I went over and panned for gold in their sluice. On one of the trips up the hill, the bus was slightly overloaded and broke down. It turns out that the fuel pump had problems. They finally let those people walk up to the cave. When word got down that they were not going to make any more bus trips to the cave, a couple of the cavers took off for the cave, much to the protest of the staff at Lake Shasta Caverns. Those who made it to the cave were allowed to go anywhere in the cave that they wanted (including off the trails). Those of us who did not make it to the cave started the trip across the lake by boat, back to our cars. The staff was trying to figure out how to get the cavers out of the cave so they could close up for the night. Someone came up with the idea of turning the lights off. Needless to say, the cavers enjoyed the 'added realism' of darkness with the exception of their own lights. The gift shop was open, so most of us browsed a while. They were selling buttons which said, "I survived the bus ride at Lake Shasta Caverns." Quite a few of those were sold. I was talking with the staff (trying to calm them down), telling them about previous convention disasters (1986 Tularosa flash floods, 1987 Sault Ste. Marie, MI 100 mph winds in the campground, 1988 Hot Springs lightning strikes, etc.) and how we were expecting either an earthquake or Mount Shasta to become active again. Just after this, a call came over the radio asking for a paramedic. Someone (Gene Vehslage) had fallen getting on the boat and hit his head on a rock. One person in the gift shop rushed to the desk and said, "I'm an EMT, but I am not licensed in this state." They accepted his help and transported him down to the lake. As we were leaving, the ambulance arrived. There were no further complications. I heard that some people asked if there were lifejackets in their size on the boat and of others making sure they sat under the life jackets. I heard that the first sight some of the people



noted upon reaching the shore was the bloody gauge from the previous accident. The tally for the evening, the NSS sank one bus and disabled two others!

Wednesday morning was the Congress of Grottoes. There was the usual bureaucracy with a few highlights. A full report of the events of the COG is in another article. Wednesday afternoon, I went to see the 3-D slide show. There were some of the slides I saw in Bend, OR (82) and Elkins, WV (83). There was quite a few new slides, some even from Lechiguilla. If you ever get the chance to see a 3-D slide show, see it!

Wednesday night was the wine tasting, followed by the auction, followed by the video tapes. These included Bill Cuddington's rappel into Golandrinas, the stuntman that parachuted into Golandrinas, the local news where Maureen Handler was quoted as defining a Spelunker as "what a non-caver calls a caver" and Bob Montgomery's videotape of the convention so far. This included the howdy party as only Bob can tape it and what really happened in Lake Shasta Caverns. It seems that the tour guides were talked into line dancing for the cavers. The tour guides were there to put some limits to where the cavers could go. The cavers were seen on the videotape to be helping the guides climb up the walls to higher side passages. Al Ogden and the Terminal Siphons (an all caver band) were playing in another part of the campground (it took knowing where to look to find them). The photo and cartography salon room was open for viewing most evenings.

Thursday morning, I attended the Conflict Resolution Workshop, where they showed how to resolve conflicts amongst cavers. At noon, I had a meeting on the cave survey book. The afternoon was spent in the Communication & Electronics section. When one of the papers was a repeat of the same paper in the survey & cartography section, I slipped next door to listen to cave ballads (Some very good entries this year).

Thursday night was the Salon Night. The photo salon was in the armory (one of the few non-air conditioned buildings on the fairgrounds. There was a problem with the programming of the multimedia projectors. The heat in the armory was also unbearable (The day's high was 108 degrees). The salon was delayed an hour to get relief from the heat. The presentations this year were salons only, an improvement over past years when other awards took forever. The program was cut short because the armory had to be vacated by midnight.

Friday morning was another session of the BOG. At noon, I saw the repeat of the slides of Romanian caves. Some very beautiful caves in Romania. I went to the convention planning session for a little while and learned some of the things that were planned. The convention committee had planned to wait until a certain number had pre-registered before doing some of the extras, such as mugs for the howdy party. After this, I went to the Western Region Meeting (since I am also a member of the Western Region). After this, I returned to the fairgrounds in time to help assemble the flower decorations for the banquet. We ran out of flowers and were discussing where to get more flowers. Some kids suggested scrounging some flowers from around the fairgrounds. One of the kids suggested getting some ragweed for the floral decorations, especially at the head table.

The Friday night banquet was preceded by an appearance of the Beach Ball. The Beach Ball had its own name tag! Due to the unprotected nature of the lights, the beach ball was not allowed to attend the banquet. The Beach Ball did get to bounce around outside while people were lining up outside. This was the other building not air conditioned. The food was delicious and was served in style on real china with silverware and linens! Everyone got through the lines (5 sets) in 40 minutes. Not a bad time to feed over 800 people. There was plenty of food for seconds, thirds, ... While looking around the room, I noted a table with about five small



beach balls under it, the start of a chain created by tying the cloth napkins together, and various other foolishness. The napkin chain was seen crossing over many tables with participation from ALL five sections of the banquet hall. The chain was at least two to three times as long as the banquet hall. The caterer was starting to freak out. She was afraid that she would be spending half her night untying napkins. When the banquet was over, they found all of the napkins untied and in a pile, ready to go to the cleaners. The caterer had a lot of help cleaning up from the cavers. The tables and chairs were also sorted by the cavers (These came from 3 or 4 different rental companies).

Saturday was pack up, clean up and go home day. A farewell breakfast was provided by the convention. This way there are no dishes for the cavers to wash before their journey home. Breakfast consisted of pancakes, French toast, hash browns, orange juice, and coffee. It was amazing how many picnic tables were not put back to where people got them. We had to put all of them back. This was in addition to putting all of the benches back into storage, the chairs back in their proper buildings, etc. We finally left at around 6 p.m. and arrived back at Ken Miller's house in Fremont at 1 a.m.

I slept on his living room floor and the next day he took me to the San Francisco Airport where I picked up my Lincoln Towncar rental (Aren't upgrade coupons great) and proceeded on my business trip. When my contractor asked what I was out for, I replied, "Officially, Softcopy Documents CDR. Unofficially, to pay for my vacation." Business trips do make travel cheap!

#### HOW YOUR VOTES WERE CAST AT THE CONGRESS OF GROTOS

by Don Conover

I attended the NSS convention in Yreka, California as the delegate for Central Ohio

Grotto. We had five votes. I was also the delegate for the Ohio Valley Region, casting their one vote. Paul Unger and Bill Walden were also present for part of the discussion at the COG. Of the 195 possible Internal Organizations (grottos, sections and regions), there were 61 present and voting.

The first issue was changing the requirement of all members of Internal Organizations having membership in the NSS. This would reflect the way most of the Internal Organizations actually operate. I cast all votes for the motion. The motion passed with 274 for, 1 against and 16 abstained. There was a poll taken with this issue as to how the policy should be changed. Paul, Bill and I unanimously agreed that grottos could have official non-NSS members, for an unlimited period (but encouraged to join the NSS). These non-NSS members cannot hold office in the grotto and would not count toward representation in the Congress Of Grottos.

The second issue was the change in the rules of the Congress Of Grottos so that an Internal Organization must have a delegate present for each 10 votes. The Cave Diving section, with 51 votes, came out of dormancy to speak against this issue. They have been known to abstain on most issues and therefore felt that this issue was an attempt to solve a "non-problem" of unfair representation. Their representative pointed to the stage at all of the unused votes and stated that the lack of participation by the Internal Organizations was where the problem of unfair representation really lies. He also pointed out that if the Congress was to limit the number of votes for a delegate to ten, then they might as well go all the way and have each delegate represent only one Internal Organization. I split the COG vote as 3 for and 2 against. I split the vote due to the convincing arguments against the motion and how I thought the grotto membership would be swayed by the discussion. The OVR vote was cast for the issue. The motion failed with 48 for, 238 against and 8 abstained.



The third issue was to have the Board Of Governors investigate the legality and advisability of extending the conservation policy on the membership applications (which everyone signs) to also cover release of liability to the NSS. After some discussion, this motion was withdrawn.

The fourth issue was the National Cave Research Institute. The Southwestern Region proposed this motion with the location of this institute near Carlsbad, New Mexico. The Congress moved to split the question so that one issue was whether to formally support the proposed institute and the other issue was the location of this institute. This was after much discussion by the Southwestern Region as to the suitability of their site. The other proposed sites were Mammoth Cave KY, Springfield MO and Lewisburg WV. These other sites did not present any argument for or against the suitabilities of their sites. (Did they have time to gather the information?) One of the questions raised was the purpose of the institute. The Institute is slated as a research facility for the study of Caves and Karst. I asked if 'Joe Caver' can use the facilities or is it just available for 'Grad Students'. Use of the facility would require a proposal of what type of work was planned before use of the facilities equipment could be authorized. I cast all votes for the motion of formally supporting the National Cave Research Institute. The motion passed 288 for, 0 against, 5 abstained. The issue of the location of this facility was the next issue. It was proposed that the issue be tabled until the next Congress of Grottos meeting to give the other locations a fair chance at presenting their proposed facility. This would allow a more informed decision also. I cast all votes for tabling the issue. It was tabled.

This wrapped up the previously published issues. The floor issues started with the proposal that the draft FCRPA comments being sent to the NSS Conservation Chairman

be immediately sent to ALL NSS Internal Organizations for comment. I cast all votes for the issue. It passed 294 for, 0 against and 4 abstained.

The sixth issue, proposed by Rane Curl of Michigan Interlakes Grotto, was "The Congress Of Grottos will sponsor and organize a Great Debate on a controversial issue, at each annual Convention." Rane volunteered to chair the Great Debate. It was suggested that the Great Debate take place the night before the Congress Of Grottos met. This was proposed to inform the membership of the issues without wasting time in the Congress Of Grottos 'rehashing the same old issues'. Bill Mixon was asked if he would be one of the 'debaters'. I cast all votes for the Great Debate. The motion passed with 214 for, 18 against and 62 abstained. The first proposed issue for the Great Debate was "Smoking in Caves."

The seventh and final issue was to have the BOG obtain legal advisory considering the potential legal liabilities and vulnerabilities of the NSS, due to NCRC training activities and to minimize the potential problems, consistent with the NSS charter and goals. I cast all votes for the issue. The motion passed with 193 for, 2 against and 81 abstained.

The last item on the agenda was the election of officers of the Congress Of Grottos for the next year. Carol Tideman was unopposed for Chairman. There were two candidates for ViceChairman. They were Cindy Venn (Pittsburgh) and Jerry Johnson (Florida Speleological Society). I cast all six votes for Cindy. Jerry Johnson is the new Vice-Chairman of the Congress Of Grottos. The Vice-Chairman's duties include the collecting and/or soliciting of issues for the Congress next year.

In summary, the Congress Of Grottos flowed fairly well this year with no major problems. The issues have more substance to them and the Congress is almost starting to look like a responsible body and a good gauge of the membership in the



NSS as a whole. There is still problems with grottos attending the Congress and thus being represented. These issues go to the Board Of Governors where they act (non-binding) on these issues.

#### KARST ENCOUNTERS 1990

by Paul Unger

This years Karst Encounters was hosted by Indiana, with Pat Bay the chief cook. The weather was perfect, and for those of you who didn't attend, you missed a really enjoyable weekend.

We arrived late after deciding the cross country route would be more exciting, and probably would have a better chance of finding lawn chairs which Charlie forgot (The only thing he was responsible for). Lawn chairs are an extinct species in Kmart and Walmart, at least in Indiana. Also, do you know that in Indiana, before every football game, there must be a parade which blocks traffic at the only bridge in town. No more scenic routes on Friday night.

Upon arriving, the party was in full swing, most people having arrived well before dark. We were pleased to find the site where we camped the last several years was not taken, so I crashed early, as it was 3 hours past my bedtime. I awoke early and began breakfast immediately. A buzz saw was going in a nearby tent, a BMF Conover. Other squatters included Darlene Heist (GCG) and 2 cantankerous old WUSS'es from Springfield. The five pound box of bacon, eggs, and cheese disappeared easily.

Darene, Chuck, and I decided to visit the [abandoned] power plant on the Ohio River. Since Charlie was the only one of us who had been there, he lead the blind south across country. With no map he guided us directly to the site.

Obviously, there had been far more here at one time. The pump house had 4 shower stalls in the boiler room. Across the valley, a line of houses identical to each

other had the definite look of "government". Gas storage tanks, sidewalks running through grassy meadows, huge barge mooring blocks, and CD aircraft observation post, reinforced this belief. A few miles away, a small town above the river was an obvious government town. Does anyone know the history of this area?

We encountered a Forest Service sign "Hemlock Cliffs". Two to one voted to turn around. Soon we were following a truck and trailer down a very dusty dirt road, which only got worse. We finally arrived at a paved parking lot. Judging from the numerous foundations, this was once a very popular picnic/recreation area. Surprisingly, the cliffs were truly impressive, forming a box canyon about a 1/2 mile long. The floor of the canyon is limestone and Chuck found and entered a cave. He didn't explore very far on the flick of his Bic. We also found a trail that leads out of the canyon to who knows where. Given our desire to explore the quarry near town and our uncertainty as to where the trail lead, we elected not to explore, but rather return next year armed with topo maps, flashlights, and plenty of vertical gear.

Instead of retracing our route in, we turned our way north in what is a blank area on the map. Actually, there are quite a few picturesque old farms, with many hollows, hills, and streams interspersed. But there are no roads which run straight for over 1/4 mile, and on the level. Definitely, none run N, S, E, or W!

Nearing Milltown we passed several rescue squads, a couple of law enforcement agencies, and volunteers. We were fearful a rescue was in progress. Arriving at the canoe livery, Gordon Smith informed us that a nine year old boy had drowned at the dam. He was wading in the spill way with a friend who said he just disappeared. The friend summoned help who arrived in less than 45 seconds. The victim was not to be seen in the 24 inches of fast moving water. The first rescuer found him but couldn't get him to the



surface. It seems his foot was wedged in the dam. Many rescuers turned out. Enough to erect a wooden structure to reduce the flow to a point where chain saws were used to cut away a portion of the flood gate. Care Flight took the lad to Louisville where he died later that evening.

My point in telling this gruesome tale is that where the boy was playing is just the kind of place where we would have been wadding. Moving water is deceptively strong. Once a person's foot becomes stuck and you fall down, 18 inches of water is very sufficient to hold you down. Usually, upon entering the water your nose and upper respiratory system gets a good dose of water, which initiates immediate panic and loss of your ability to extricate yourself from the deadly situation. Looking at the site, it certainly doesn't look dangerous, let alone life threatening.

Our little group gathered together our caving gear and sped off to do some quarry caving. We entered via the highway entrance. The amount of graffiti is overwhelming. Near entrances, virtually 100% of reachable walls are covered with spray paint. Spray paint should be outlawed.

Our goal was to keep our left side to the wall and systematically look for the caves which were rumored to exist. It soon became apparent that our previous random wanderings were incomplete, as we discovered new items not previously observed. Like the railroad car, or several small caves. The caves were small and didn't appear to go without a lot of work, and a lot of mud.

It was fun to encounter the other groups of cavers (Do you know where we are? Underground!) While the cave is large it is really quite confusing, as there is no discernable logic to the pattern of mining. It was getting time for the Boone Karst meeting, so we had to abandon our search. Our resolve is to return next year and start on the right side, which seems

none of us has ever seen. We still haven't found the "cave".

After the Boone Karst meeting, we baked some potatoes and grilled some steaks and spent a quite evening talking to friends. The next morning I arose early to the buzz saw in the tent nearby. The ham, eggs, potatoes and steak omelet was hungrily devoured by seven cavers, including Barry, who just happened by when it was time to eat.

Chuck and I opted for a Kayak trip for our daily exercise. We paddled to and looked at the drowning site, and went way up stream past the first two sets of rapids. WARNING: Canoeists don't particularly take kindly to two kayakers circling them repeatedly.

Each year this event becomes more enjoyable. It's an opportunity to visit with Indiana cavers and to cave in a different environment. The eleven COG'ers certainly had a good relaxing weekend.

## TRIP REPORT

JESSE JAMES CAVE, EDMONSON Co., KY  
DIAMOND CAVERNS, BARREN Co., KY  
Jeannette, Curt, Jason, and Christopher Blust, Sheryl Hilton and Lou Simpson  
August 31 - September 3, 1990  
by Louis Simpson

We liked Park Mammoth Resort so much when we stayed there for Speleofest that we came back for Memorial Day weekend. The Blust family came too. They stopped at Mammoth on the way down on Friday and took the historic tour.

On Saturday morning at the restaurant's breakfast bar, we talked with Charlie Bishop and other "James Cavers". This group has explored Jesse James cave and other caves on the knob where the resort is located since the 1950's. They come to the cave for expeditions about five times a year, usually on long weekends like Labor Day. George Corrie asked us if we were coming to the wedding. "What



wedding?" we asked. He explained that two cavers were getting married at 11:30 in James cave and the group was riding to the cave in the little train. We had been unable to visit the commercial part of the cave in May because the resort's guide, who is also the train engineer, was too busy one day and there were too many flying bats the next. We were pleased to be invited to see the cave and a wedding, at that.

We drove to the entrance because the train was too full and joined the groom's parents and other cavers. When the train arrived the group of over 50 cavers plus the minister, who was the cave guide's brother, and the bride's parents entered the commercial entrance. The gate was locked behind us. Just beyond the bridge over the 70-foot pit which leads to the rest of the cave, in a formation area, the service was held. When the bride arrived, dressed in white coveralls, the cavers hummed "Here Comes the Bride." The minister said the cave was a fitting place for a wedding, since it was not made by man, but by God. The bride was Sandra Nudo, of Bloomington, Indiana. I think the groom's name was Drew but I'm not sure of the last name.

After the ceremony, Don Pollock led our party of six through the rest of the commercial tour loop. There are six entrances to the 13-mile James Cave System. Another Three-mile-long cave, called Hundred Dome or Coach is within 80 feet of connecting. We saw another gated entrance from inside, named the Third entrance. James cave is very complex and has a lot of domes. The entire cave is very densely packed, concentrated under a very limited portion of Bald Knob. Don showed us the site of 40-foot Judgement Pit, which had been completely filled in during commercialization. The occasional wooden stairs and platforms were slippery and didn't look very solid, and Curt's foot broke through a board on one platform. The bridge over the 70-foot pit looked solid enough, however. We saw many side passages that appeared to go. Larger

ones had crude wooden fences blocking them; Don explained that safety inspectors had required that side passages be blocked on the commercial tour so people couldn't wander off.

On Sunday we toured Diamond Caverns, a small commercial cave just outside Cave City. It was fairly expensive, about \$17 for our party of six. A sign instructed us to also tip the guide. We stopped in the gift shop where they sold rocks and other junk. We noticed a few "stalactites from Mammoth Cave" that were for sale.

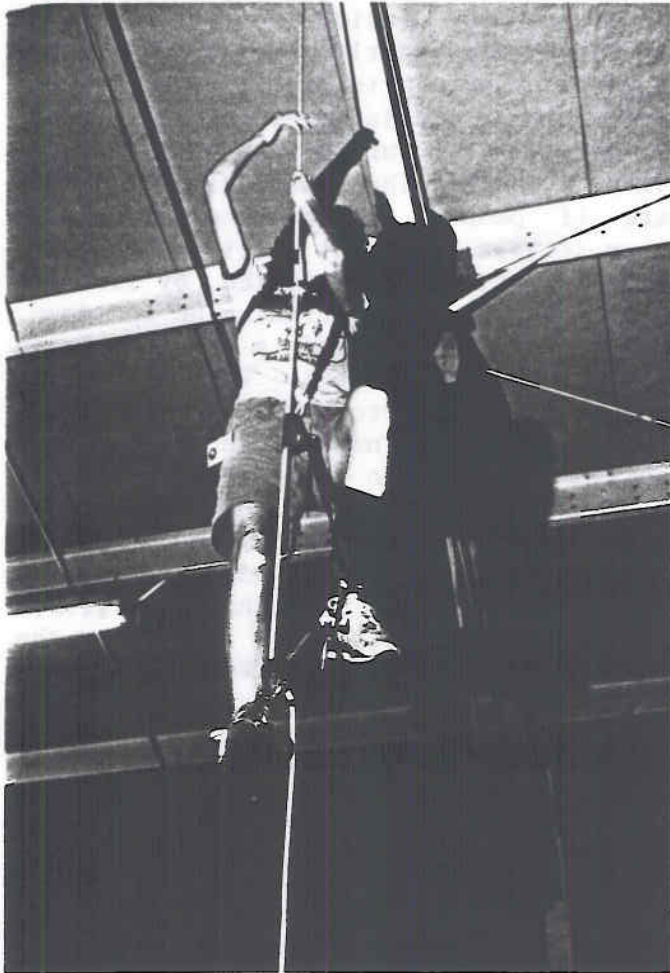
The tour begins and ends at a steep stairway that descends about 50 feet into the cave from inside the tour building. The cave was fairly wet and had some draperies and quite a bit of dripstone. Several large stalagmites had been broken off and the top surface had been polished like a table. The guide didn't seem to care if people touched these and some other stalagmites, but cautioned that the cave crickets were protected by law. The trail involved some climbing up and down, some narrow places, and a few spots with ceilings of five feet. We saw a few crawlways that were gated and the guide said they did continue. There was a small skylight where an electrical conduit entered the cave from the surface. The guide stopped the tour at the end of the cave and explained that efforts had been made to extend the cave through digging, but that mud had flowed in and filled the room beyond that point. We were told to follow the trail back through the cave and return the way we had come. The tourist ahead of me on the way out lit up a cigarette. We were only in the cave four about half an hour. The large building above the cave is apparently a resort with privately owned apartments.

Sheryl and I had brought our bicycles on our new bike rack and we had new bike helmets. On Sunday afternoon we rode our bikes past James Cave and followed the gravel road. It became a paved road and we ended up in Cave City, where we had some Dole Whip. We completed the loop, walking



our bikes up the mile-long hill that leads into the Park Mammoth Best Western resort.

Sheryl discovered that the camera, which she had used to photograph the wedding through the columns, had no film in it. In the evening we drove to the cavers' campground, hoping to enter James Cave again to take some pictures. We talked to Cat Bishop and Nancy Eidson. Nancy agreed to take us to the cave and we went. Since it was twilight, there were many bats flying around in the cave. They are located primarily in a lower level side passage during the day. After our tour, we visited with the cavers at their campfire and roasted marshmallows.



KATIE WALDEN CLIMBING IN  
THE 1990 NSS VERTICAL CONTEST  
Photo by Gary Bush

# MAP TO OCTOBER MEETING SITE

