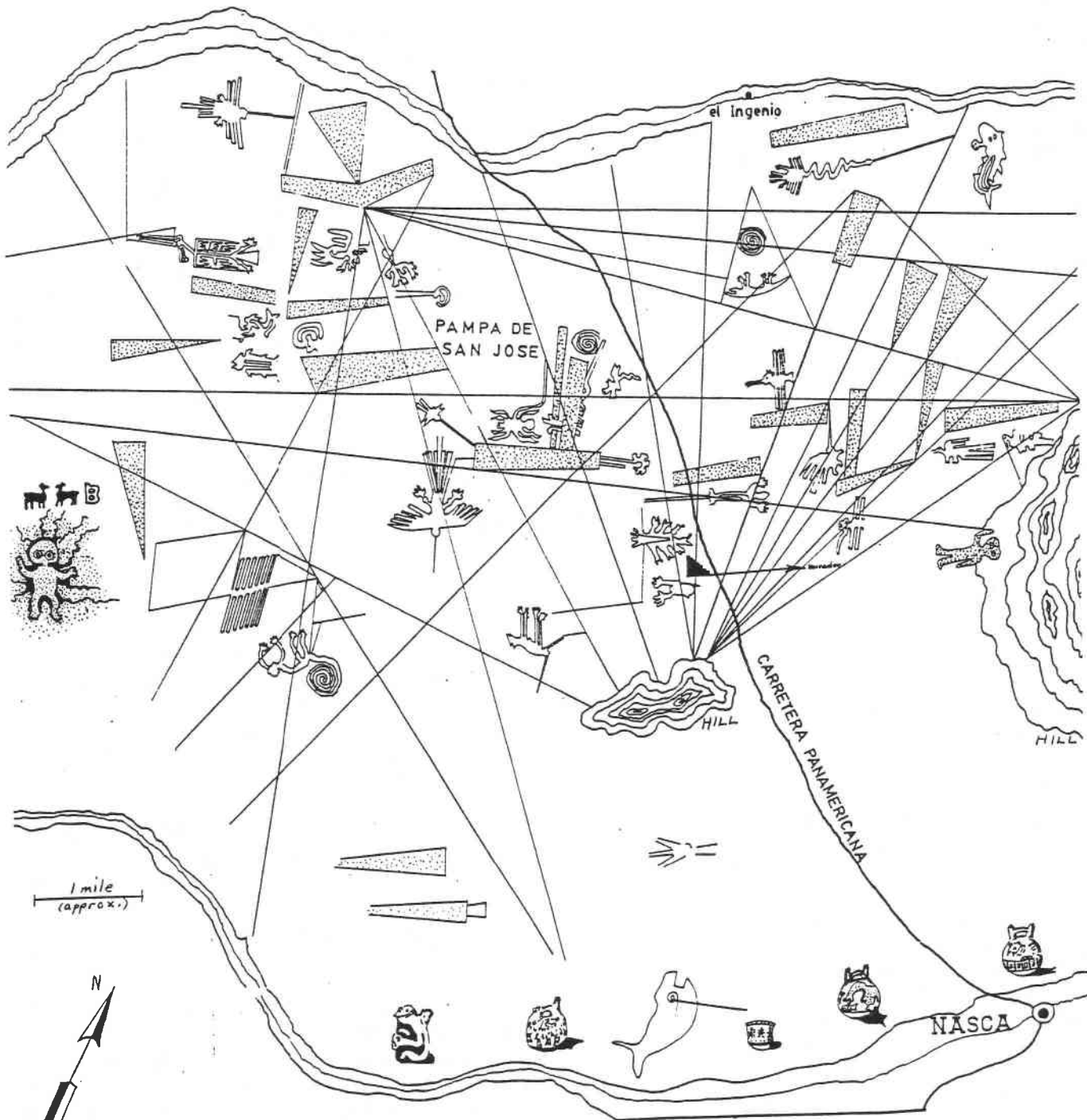


COG SQUEAKS

APRIL 1991

PLAINS OF PERU NEAR NAZCA



Please read Phyllis Redshaw's report about her recent trip to Peru. The report starts on page eight.

GROTTO INFORMATION

The Central Ohio Grotto meets the second Friday of each month. 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:

OFFICERS

CHAIRMAN	Alice Woznack	614-351-0962
VICECHAIR	Dick Maxey	614-888-2285
SECRETARY	Carl Tucker	614-267-7063
TREASURER	Karen Walden	614-965-2942
SQUEAKS ED.	Bill Walden	614-965-2942
EX. COMM.	Darrell Adkins	419-253-2320
EX. COMM.	Mike Gray	513-237-8300
EX. COMM.	Jay Kessel	513-767-9405
EX. COMM.	Kathy Franklin	614-766-6381

COMMITTEES

BOONE KARST	Paul Unger	513-839-4258
LIBRARY	Richard Hand	614-885-5823
VERTICAL	Jon Gardner	614-262-2953
TOY	Don Conover	513-372-7581
YOUTH	Pat Kelly	614-885-1270
MEMBERSHIP	Janice Tucker	614-267-7063
PROGRAM	Dick Maxey	614-888-2285

(EX. COMM. -- Executive Committee member.)

The official grotto address is:

Central Ohio Grotto
C/O Bill Walden
1672 South Galena Road
Galena, Ohio 43021
614-965-2942

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. (Free disks and mailers for submitting material are available from Bill Walden at grotto meetings.) I can read IBM 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 send Bill Walden your trip reports for inclusion in the Squeaks.

For membership information please contact Janice Tucker or Bill Walden.

MEETING NOTICES

April 12, 1991 8:00 PM Unitarian Church, 93 West Weisheimer Road
May 10, 1991 8:00 PM Unitarian Church
May 11, 1991 1:00 PM Auction and climbing practice. Walden's residence.
June 14, 1991 8:00 PM Unitarian Church

Please plan to attend.

No meetings are scheduled for July or August.

COG MINUTES

March 8, 1991
by Carl R. Tucker

The March 1991 meeting of the Central Ohio Grotto was called to order at 8:15 p.m. on Friday March 8, 1991 at the Botany And Zoology Building at The Ohio State University.

CORRECTIONS

Last month's COG minutes stated that Alice Woznack, Darrell Adkins, Jon Gardner, and Paul Unger surveyed Marg White cave. The actual people working in the cave are Alice Woznack, Jon Gardner, Mike Erisman, someone named Paul, and possibly others.

Also, Donnie Conover's first name is Don, not Donnie...

The February issue of the COG Squeaks stated that free parking was available on Friday to people attending the March COG meeting in the Botany & Zoology building on The Ohio State University campus. Carl Tucker was told by the OSU Traffic and Parking Department that parking without a permit was allowed in the lot next to the B&Z building after 4 p.m. on Friday until 2 a.m. on Sunday. Some of the meeting attendants, however, were given a parking citation even though their cars were parked in the lot after 4 p.m. on the Friday of the meeting Carl collected as many of the parking tickets as could be found and called the OSU Traffic and Parking Department the following Monday to complain. According to Stacey of Traffic and Parking, parking is not allowed in the lot without a permit (no kidding?) and that anyone who received an OSU parking infraction for the first time will have the ticket waived and do not have to pay the fine (this rule applies to anyone receiving an OSU parking infraction for the first time). In other words, even though some of the meeting attendants

received parking infractions due to misinformation from Traffic & Parking, we still have to abide by the rules by either paying the fine or automatically getting the fine waived, if it is the first offense.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Karen Walden reported that there is \$286.71 in the treasury. Twenty-nine dollars was spent on postage for the Squeaks and \$28.00 was made from selling patches. In order to cover the \$387.50 cost of having the patches made, we only need to sell 11 more (\$38.50 worth) before we can make a profit!

SQUEAKS

Bill Walden thanked everyone who contributed articles to the February issue of the COG Squeaks. Please keep the articles and trip reports coming!

Bill handed out 30 copies of Notes on Making Saltpetre from the Earth of the Caves to attendants of the meeting. The notes, originally written by Major George W. Rains (Corps of Artillery and Ordinance, CSA, Steam Power Press Chronicle & Sentinel, 1861) was a reprint from the September 1989 COG Squeaks.

COMMITTEE REPORTS Boon Karst

Dick Maxey, Alice Woznick, and Cheryl Early met with a US Forestry ranger on Saturday March 2, 1991 to organize work to be done for the compartment study.

The US Forestry Service will be preparing an environmental impact statement for approximately 7,000 acres that is scheduled to be timbered in 1994. The study area is split up into 10 compartments in the Bell Farm, Barthell SW, and Nevelsville quads. COG members will walk through ten compartments looking for karst features (ie. cave entrances, swallow holes, sink holes, sinking streams, etc.) as well as American Indian artifacts and signs of plant and animals. On Saturday Dick, Alice, Cheryl, and the ranger walked the biggest compartment, which is approximately 4,000 acres, and found signs of wood rats in sandstone shelters.

Although two OSU students have volunteered to take part in the forest assessment, more help is needed. Please contact Dick Maxey or Alice Woznick, if you are interested in helping. Call Alice or Dick for the date of the next trip to the study area, if you would like to help.

Vertical

Barry Welling and a friend plan to practice climbing skills at

Cantwell Cliffs April 6 and 7. Call Barry for details, if you are interested in going on the trip.

Youth

Mike and Gloria Gray were awarded a pin by the Boy Scouts of America for helping make the February 16 and 17 Boy Scout trip to Sloan's Valley a success. Two groups of Boy Scouts plan to go caving April 19-21. John Wilson will lead a group with the help of Jon Gardner and Jay Kessel. At the time of the COG meeting, they did not know where they were going to take their group. Pat Kelley and Len Gibler plan to take the other Boy Scout group to caves in Indiana.

Toy

Don Conover came across a battery while in California in February. The 6 Volt, 20 amp rechargeable gel cell can be purchased for \$9.95 from Weird Stuff Warehouse, 1190 Kern Ave., Sunnyvale, California 94086 [Tel: (408) 746-1100, FAX (408) 746-1111]. The battery is manufactured by Johnson Controls, Inc., Globe Battery Division.

OLD BUSINESS Auction

The auction is scheduled to be held on Saturday May 11, 1991. Volunteers were requested to contact other grottos to donate items to be sold at the auction. Unfortunately, not many people were willing to volunteer. The auction will not be successful unless we make the effort to get some useful caving and climbing gear to be auctioned.

The following is a list of "volunteers" (Some people were volunteered by others) and the grotto they were to contact:

Dick Maxey - Standing Stone Grotto, Jay Kessel - Greater Cincinnati Grotto, Jean Kessel - Wittenburg University Spel., Dave Seslar - West Virginia Association of Cave Studies. It was unclear if anyone was going to contact the Cleveland and Miami Valley grottos. If you are a member of one of these two grottoes, please take the initiative and call the grotto president to get donations for the auction. At the time of the meeting only COG member Len Gibler had donated some items to be sold at the auction.

NEW BUSINESS Rock and Gem Show

The Rock and Gem Show will be held at Vet's Memorial on Saturday and Sunday, April 6-7, 1991. Tom Palmer will be giving a lecture on "Cave Minerals of Crystal Cave in China" at 1 p.m. Saturday and 11 a.m. Sunday. Admission is \$4.00.

According to Dick Maxey, the Show features many beautiful rocks and minerals for sale at a very ugly (high) price.

Cave Rescue

The National Cave Rescue Center held a cave rescue workshop at Carter Caves on March 2-3, 1991. Mike and Gloria Gray, Darrell Adkins, Alice Woznack, and Don Conover attended from COG.

The cave rescue workshop costs \$25 for the weekend. Each attendant receives a notebook on rescue techniques. The next cave rescue workshop is scheduled to be held in Sloan's Valley in early May.

Cards with Emergency phone numbers for cave rescue were passed out to the COG members. The numbers are as follows:

NCRC, EASTER REGION CAVE RESCUE -For MD, NC, NJ, PA, VA, WV:(804) 674-2400 -For all other states: (800) 851-3051

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY HOSPITAL AEROMEDICAL SERVICES (All Areas): (800) 777-UKER For Lexington, KY Only: (606) 233-6215 The helicopter service costs \$500 for the lift-off and \$15 per mile, round trip.

Farmer Cave System

Alice Woznack and Darrell Adkins request that if you are interested in helping with the surveying effort of the Farmer Cave System, call Alice or Darrell before going to the caves. Due to only having surveying equipment for two groups and only three people capable of leading a survey team, people who go to the caves without giving Alice or Darrell notice may not have equipment to use and may get in the way of other people trying to work. Notifying Alice or Darrell that you are planning on helping and then not showing up or showing up and not willing to help at surveying will only slow down the surveying effort.

Secretary's Note:

When I first became a member of COG I found it rather odd that certain grottos and even certain people within COG had "their own cave" - It was implied that people outside the group were not allowed to enter the cave without their permission. At first I felt that the self-proclaimed caretakers were being selfish in order to stake a claim on a cave, possibly to acquire all the glory and honor of discovering a cave in their name. Although I still think this is true with some of the groups within other grottoes and within COG, a group overseeing a cave will be beneficial to the cave by keeping unwanted people out that otherwise would destroy the cave. Also, keeping tabs

on who enters a cave at what time will expedite a cave rescue, if needed. As in the case with the Farmers Cave system, minimizing the number of people in the caves during a surveying effort will keep the work well organized and at a relatively fast pace.

Sloan's Valley Cave

The map of Sloan's Valley cave will soon be printed. Jay Kessel asked for volunteers to help him draft a new edition of the map before printing. Work on the update will begin in May or June. Call Jay for details.

COG PATCHES

The Grotto has very nice patches available for purchase. This patch is three inches in diameter with a formation room in the outline of the state of Ohio centered and the grotto name, CENTRAL OHIO GROTTO NSS, circling the formation room. Colors are red background, yellow letters, black cave with pure white formations. Nice!

The patches are available at grotto meetings or by ordering them from the grotto treasurer, Karen Walden. Patches are \$3.75 each or two for \$3.50 each. Please send your order to the grotto address:

Central Ohio Grotto
C/O Bill Walden
1672 South Galena Road
Galena, Ohio 43021.

Thank you for your support.

ACTIVITIES

Speleofest Seven Springs Campground in western Kentucky. (Same place as last year.) Memorial Day Week End.

April 21 **Under Earth Day at Sullivan's Cave.**

May 11 **First Great Salt Petre Cave open house** for local residents. Contact Ron Crawford at 513-341-1627.

June 14- 16 **NCRC Cave Rescue Class** at Cadiz, Kentucky. Contact Noel Sloan for information. 317-845-8821, 4715 Garden Rock Ct., Indianapolis, IN 46256.

June 30 - July 5 **NSS Convention** at Cobleskill, NY.

July 19 - 21 **Annual GCG Meeting** at Great Salt Petre Cave. Contact Ron Crawford.

NEWS

FIELD HOUSE SAUNA BURNS

On or about April 2 someone was using the sauna to dry clothes. They left the heat on in the sauna and apparently forgot about it. The only thing left is the concrete foundation. (Information second hand from Jay Kessel.)

ACCIDENT IN LECHUGUILLA

Emily Davis Mobley was injured in Lechuguilla Sunday March 31, 1991.

Emily fell about 12 feet while climbing down a steep slope. A rock had given way when she put her weight on it. The eighty pound rock fell on her left leg below the kneecap. Emily suffered a simple fracture of the left tibia. She was brought out of the cave Thursday, April fourth.

Most of us know Emily as the operator of Speleobooks in Schoharie, New York. Emily always has her books and wares at the NSS Conventions.

Look for details of the rescue in the NSS News.

DOUG STECKO STRICKEN

Saturday March 30th Doug Stecko, editor of the Miami Valley Grotto newsletter was stricken with by stroke (not defined as of April 5th). The first word I received was from Mike Gray who informed me on Thursday that Doug had a seizure and that he was not expected to live. I called Barb Shaffer that evening to check Doug's condition. Barb informed me that Doug had opened his eyes and that he had been taken off the respirator. I'll contact Barb or a member of Doug's family before the meeting this Friday.
-- Bill Walden

FAREWELL PARTY FOR PAUL UNGER

No, Paul's not really departing us. Chuck Daehnke hosted a bachelor party for Paul Unger Friday evening April 12th. Paul Unger and Jan Campbell are to be married April 13th.

ANDY FRANKLIN RE-INJURES KNEE

Andy re-injured his left knee Tuesday evening April 2nd while playing basketball. The knee will require surgery.

TRIP REPORTS

TRIP WEEKEND 2/22 - 2/24

by Alice Woznack

Dick Maxey, Cheryl Early and I chose to spend the

weekend looking over the departments assigned to COG in the Daniel Boone National Forest Karst Study. Darrell Adkins decided to go along and survey in Highline with whoever else showed up. We drove down in Dick's truck Friday night. Because of our late arrival time we thought it best to spend the night at the MVG Fieldhouse. The plan was to have Dick, Cheryl and I meet with the Forester, Bob Lewis, while Darrell, Greg Erisman, Todd Kramer, Mike Crider, and Greg Keeney would survey in Highline, pushing the passage heading towards Trash Cave.

We went to breakfast after which Greg picked up Darrell. They met with Todd, Greg, and Mike near the entrance to Highline. According to Darrell they surveyed and pushed into the eastern part of the cave in order to attempt a connection with Trash Cave. This did not prove to be a success.

Meanwhile, Dick, Cheryl and I drove to the Sternes Ranger Station and met Bob Lewis. Bob took us to one of the departments in the Daniel Boone National Forest and we hiked along a large sandstone outcropping. We poked around the sandstone shelters looking for evidence of bats, wood rats and anything else that might be of interest to the Forestry. They want to inventory any rare or interesting flora and fauna. They need to know what exists in the depths.

There was much evidence of wood rats from the number of nests we came upon. Then we drove to another of the debts. on our list. We attempted to follow a trail through the woods but repeatedly lost it and resorted to bushwhacking in the general direction we wanted to go in. Crossing the stream more times than I care to remember, we hiked to the river where Bob had seen limestone along the banks. The water level was high which inhibited our walking the banks. Realizing it would soon be dark we hiked back to the trucks. We had hiked continually for 8 hrs. that day.

On Sunday, Darrell, Dick, Cheryl, Bob and I met at Kings for breakfast then drove to Marge White Cave. We loaned some gear to Bob and headed for the entrance. Being the only one in the group that had been in the cave before I warned them of the Pit of Doom just inside the entrance. Once inside it was clear to everyone why I hesitated to crawl around the 30 foot pit. It was not easy to rig a safe belay. Darrell belayed each of us around the pit and we headed for the spot Greg had pointed out on the map in the north-west part of the cave the night before. We looked for the opening to the lower passage on the right side of the main passage, but could not locate anything that looked passable. We finally came upon a small hole in the middle of the floor. I knew from the map if we went any further we would face the very tight crawl I had gone through by mistake on the last trip. So we dropped down the hole to the lower level. There was more than one lead heading out from this bottom passage. We started surveying from the

last survey mark just below the floor. The survey was ill-fated as Dick had problems with his light and after only three survey points we aborted the survey and decided to check one of the other leads. We chose a canyon that followed a series of drops. The lead appears to go, and though it promises to be a difficult survey in the future it also shows no end in sight. Darrell found the most beautifully constructed cave rat nest.

Forester Bob enjoyed the trip and though he thought we were all a little bit crazy, vowed to return to cave with us again. I think we wetted his appetite and may have created another caver. On the way out of the pit entrance Dick belayed all of us across but not without losing a couple years of his life. He worried over the lack of adequate safety across the pit. After letting out about 20 feet of belay rope, the safety factor is lost. If you fall at that point you would pendulum across the pit and into the apposite wall. We unanimously decided the wall around the pit needed to be bolted before any other team went into the cave.

**MARG WHITE CAVE
PULASKI COUNTY KENTUCKY
MARCH 1 AND 2, 1991
by Mike and Pat Erisman**

Pat and I left for the cabin Thursday afternoon. On the way south we discussed where we would cave that week end. We decided on a trip to Earl Rodgers Cave and a trip to Doc's section of Farmers System. Friday morning Pat decided to go to Marg White Cave. I don't know where I'm going tomorrow.

We got to the cave and quickly got to the cross canyon by following the entrance joint (passage). We surveyed the right passage and looped it to the First Room. There were several side passages and several pits. We dropped two pits but they didn't go. We straddled a pit and surveyed a couple hundred feet of virgin passage beyond. There are lots of passages in Marg White that straddle pits, just ask Alice.

We finished this loop at about 446 feet, which leaves the cave at over 3000 feet.

Saturday Pat and I went back to the Farmer Cave System area with our digging tools. We dug several hours on a new entrance but we didn't get in.

We then went to Overlook Entrance. we dug on a couple of spots there with 30 feet of new cave. We then went through the connection into Highline Section. We dug on several spots with no success. We then exited the cave and went back to the cabin.

TRIP WEEKEND 3/15 - 3/17

by Alice Woznack

I was looking forward to this trip for a long time. My nephew Chris had gotten into caving when I was a rock climber. Now I am caving and he is rock climbing. This would be a reunion trip for us. It was easy to talk him into caving in Pulaski County, Ky. His prior cave experience was with tight, wet Indiana caves. I promised him dry, mostly walking passage. Besides he was on his way to Australia for an undetermined length of time and I didn't know when I would see him again. Darrell Adkins met us at my place Friday eve and we hit the road. No one was awake at the cabin when we arrived. Pat Erisman's car was missing, which meant that Pat and Mike would not be there for the weekend, leaving us with only one survey team in the cave. We pitched our tent and set the alarm for 8am assuming that Greg would want to get an early start.

About 6am in the morning we heard Greg start up his truck and drive away. We knew then he had to go to work and we were on our own for the day. Since it would only be the 3 of us we decided to go into Marge White Cave, drop the pit and survey it beyond where anyone else had gone.

We repelled down the 30 foot pit and walked across the dome room to another drop of about 15 feet which we chimneyed down. We surveyed to a tricky 12 foot climb which Chris free climbed and then dropped a set of atries to aid our climb up. We followed this narrow canyon which soon dropped a few feet down onto the floor of a small dome room. There was only one lead off this which was about 5 feet up into a crawl. The crawlway floor was a narrow crack about 3 feet deep and not wide enough to put your body into but just wide enough to make it difficult to push a pack ahead of you. This ended in another drop of about 5 feet right onto a pile of breakdown. There were 3 pits in the middle of all this and we soon realized the rocks we were standing on were wedged together hanging over the pits we were looking into.

We decided to call this the Don't Step Here Room because there is really no secure place to put ones feet, as the stability of the floor is uncertain. There were several leads coming off this room. Two were higher up and going back towards the direction where we came from. Then of course there was the drop below and there was also an easy looking crawl straight ahead. We chose the crawl straight ahead and Chris, running point, soon came to an extremely tight squeeze which produced a volley of grunts and groans. He was kind enough to dig out about an inch of floor after he made it through so that we wouldn't get stuck. This emptied us into a small breakdown room. After the 3 of us reassembled we looked for leads and Darrell pushed through an opening in the rocks and called back for us to follow. Through the opening we found ourselves standing on a rock fall that was hanging over a very large canyon.

We couldn't immediately find a way down onto the floor of the canyon and we were about 20 - 30 feet above the floor. The rocks we were on were pinched in the upper part of the canyon, not very dependable to walk on. We had been surveying for 8 hours. This was something that needed to be explored when feeling fresh. I didn't trust my footing, feeling a bit tired and knowing we had to ascend the entrance pit which was cold and wet. We took one last shot into the breakdown room and headed back for the entrance.

Darrell led the way out but was stopped by balloons hanging just outside the last crawl passage. I had been taking notes during the survey. When Darrell and Chris left the small dome room I had held back and strung streamer paper and balloons in the passage to surprise Darrell for his birthday. There was a pan of brownies complete with birthday candles. Then Darrell opened his birthday card which by this time had attracted the interest of several cave crickets while it sat in the room awaiting our return. Four of them had to be coaxed out of the envelope. The question asked immediately was "How did you fit all this stuff in your pack ?" After a brief celebration we exited the cave, hiked through the woods back to the car, and headed for town, looking for someplace still open at midnight. We settled on a quick burger at Wendys and drove back to our tent to sleep.

The next morning we again lost Greg to his job. We packed up and headed for Highline Cave but at the last minute decided to do a surface survey in the area to tie in a couple of sinkholes that looked promising. We poked into one hole a few feet and it looked like it opened up into a passage you could almost stand up in. We stopped the surface survey when it started raining harder than was comfortable to be out in. On the way home we made our plans to return on Easter weekend and find a way into the huge canyon passage in Marge White.

Easter Weekend - 3/29 - 3/31 by Alice Woznack

This weekend was planned to explore the large canyon passage we had found two weeks ago in Marge White Cave. In the meantime, Greg Erisman, after mapping our survey data, had informed us that our survey ended right over the top of his survey in a large passage. We wanted to confirm it was indeed the same passage, and decided to send a team into Greg's passage and another to the end of our passage. If it was the same place then we would survey the connection.

We camped at Paul's Cabin as was the modus operandi for us. Sat. morning we consulted with Greg Erisman as to what he, Pat and Mike were planning. The Erisman's would go across the entrance pit and head for the southern passage and continue surveying where they had left off on

a previous expedition. Bill and Katie Walden, Barry Welling, and Darrell would also head for that same southern part of the cave but at the eastern end of the passage where we believed it lay below the upper passage we found two weeks ago. Bob Lewis, from the Sternes Ranger Station, was asked to go along with us. Dick Maxey, Bob Lewis, Jon Gardner and I would drop the 30 foot entrance pit and pick up the survey where we had stopped two weeks ago. We would try to descend into the large canyon passage we had discovered.

Bob was a novice at vertical caving but looked comfortable handling the new situation and equipment. This part of the cave has several vertical maneuvers to overcome. By the time we rigged and climbed/descended the obstacles, probably close to an hour had passed. The last obstacle was Chris's Main Squeeze. As I was pushing my pack through the narrow opening ahead of me I heard voices and ran into the other team just as they were popping up through the breakdown over the large canyon passage. The connection was made and surveyed in minutes. It seemed anti-climatic after the initial excitement it had brought two weeks ago. We returned to Don't Step Here Room and followed four leads. Everything soon pinched out. This part of the cave seemed to be thoroughly explored. Two teams picked up a little over 400 feet of survey.

That night, talking with the Erisman's, they caught our interest with talk of a cave they found but had not yet surveyed nor explored. Called A-Frame Cave, it contained a deep pit and ample walking passage.

On Sunday, Pat, Mike, Jon, Dick, Darrell and I headed for the cave with vertical and survey gear. I was feeling the need to accomplish some surveying since I had not done any the day before. The opening to A-Frame Cave is a tight vertical drop of about 12 feet with ample footing. But as I discovered later, getting out of the cave was a lot harder than getting in.

We found our way into the first main passage. I noticed immediately the cave was maze-like and would take concentrated effort to remember where you had been. Jon and Mike went on to the pit to investigate rigging it, while Darrell, Dick, Pat and I were like kids in a candy shop trying to decide which way to survey next. There were so many ways to go, unsurveyed and virgin. We chose a straight looking fracture passage and quickly bagged three 100 foot shots. Yeah! This was the best kind of surveying, and we were still on our feet. The fracture ended at a rock wall, so we picked up our survey in another fracture running parallel to and adjoining with the first passage. There was another 100 footer and some other respectable shots. Still satisfying although now we had to crawl. Pat, running point, had the most difficult time when he found himself in a tight belly crawl. But it was the last shot and

none of us had to follow.

It was getting late and we needed to stop. But it was not easy to quit. I wasn't tired and there was so much to survey. Our total footage was almost 900 in about 3 hrs. Jon didn't rig the pit because the rest of us had wanted to survey. Maybe the next trip in we'll survey down to the lower level.

This was another enjoyable and satisfying cave exploration weekend. The last three trips for me have been very productive. The longer I experience the Farmer Cave System the more I come to realize what potential we have here.

EASTER WEEK END

by Bill Walden

Katie and I drove down to Greg Erisman's cabin Good Friday and encountered a snow storm about half way between Cincinnati and Lexington. We had snow all the way to the cabin.

That evening we played euchre for a couple hours with Ron Erisman and his sons Pat and Mike, and Barry Welling. I don't remember how well or badly I played. I was too tired.

During the night Dick Maxey, Jon Gardner, Alice Woznick, and Darrell Adkins arrived. Dick, Alice, and Darrell set up their tent on the lawn and Jon sacked out with Barry in the loft of the barn. Sometime during the night, Barry's hammock rope broke and he crashed to the floor of the barn, a fall of some 12 feet. Barry complained of pain in his chest for the remainder of the week end.

NOTE: Greg Erisman is buying the cabin from Paul Unger. Please respect Greg as the new owner. With a young family in the cabin this does change the rules. It will no longer be "Paul's cabin" but "Greg's cabin".

Saturday we all met at King's Drive in for breakfast.

Following Breakfast we all drove over to the Farmers Cave System area. Jon Gardner gave me a tour of the area around Marg White Cave. It's an interesting area with other cave entrances and at least one collapsed passage which an intermittent stream flows through.

Dick Maxey and company had rigged the pit while Jon and I had toured the area. Several people planned to drop the pit at the entrance while the rest of us crossed the pit using a safety line. I should know better after nearly a quarter of a century of caving never, never go caving without vertical equipment. I had to borrow a seat harness which, since it wasn't my size, was uncomfortable.

Darrell Adkins led Katie, Barry and I through the joint passage to an area in which he wanted to complete a survey. Arriving at that area we found the other two parties. The survey had been done by the Erismans already. So we connected in two other surveys and contented ourselves with poking around. Had a great time. Marg White is obviously an ancient cave. There are no stream passages in the cave and there is one area where some very decent gypsum flowers can be found. Marg White is definitely a fun cave. Fortunately it is well protected because the area surrounding the cave has been logged and cross country travel is difficult. Also the pit at the entrance should discourage all but the most determined or stupid vandals. Skirting the pit provides nice exposure to the drop!

This was my first serious trip since I injured my arm back in August and I was exhausted when we left. The trip out was very slow for me.

Sunday we met at King's Drive in for breakfast again. Then we returned to the Farmers Cave area. Ron Erisman led Katie, Barry and I on a tour of the entrances of the area. The object was to photograph the entrances. The weather was beautiful and I hope we got some good shots of the entrances. We probably won't get another chance to do this till next winter. It'll be to green!

Katie and Barry found their way into an entrance where the main stream sinks. There were two recent land slides and one of the slides exposed an entrance. They found their way into a narrow but walkable canyon. The floor of the canyon drops rapidly and crashing water can be heard there. Got to check this further.

Katie and I are looking forward to getting back.

HISTORY

The following is an english composition written by Roy R. Sultzbach sometime in the 1920's. The article was submitted by Ron Erisman.

MOUNT TABOR CAVE.

by Roy R. Sultzbach
Thursday, Theme #4

Mount Tabor Cave is probably the largest cave in Ohio. It is located near West Liberty, just a few miles from Urbana.

On Sunday morning four of us took our lunches and started for Mt. Tabor Cave. We arrived shortly before dinner and ate there. In the afternoon we explored the cave.

The surrounding country is slightly rolling but just before arriving at the cave it is necessary to climb a rather steep hill, known as Mount Tabor Hill. It is probably three miles

long and a good mile wide. There is a sign at the cross-roads indicating the direction of the cave. Turning here you drive for about a quarter of a mile to the entrance. There is nothing elaborate about it. The people who own it live nearby in an old log cabin.

I was expecting to see things all fixed up and a big hole between two rocks where one entered. I was however surprised when they directed me to an old shed.

This shed sags in the middle and is unpainted as is the house. In one corner was a glass case in which some of the stones from the cave were placed.

At the other end from the entrance was a trap door through which one made entrance to the cave.

As the cave was not lighted it was necessary for every other one to carry a lamp.

The entrance has about forty steps down before getting to the cave floor. These steps are old and very dangerous.

The cave has some very interesting features. There are a number of unexplored caves off the main branch. The cave at this time is 4480 feet in length.

Along the walls there are stones resembling a number of different objects. At one place running water can be heard.

The size of the cave varies from just large enough to pass through up to fifty feet in height and thirty feet in width. This one place is three hundred and forty feet below the surface.

It has recently caved in at another place and was found to be under another man's land. After a court proclamation it was divided between the two men at the point where their farms meet. It is expected that the new owner will improve the cave in the near future.

PERU TRIP REPORT

By Phyllis Redshaw

Bill Walden suggested that I write a "trip report" about my recent trip to Peru, even though it had nothing to do with caving. It did have to do with sand and rocks and ancient stuff, though, so I guess we can stretch a point. I actually went to Peru in late January for my nephew Danny's wedding, which was lovely, even though I didn't understand more than a word or two of it. Danny made the wedding cake himself; it was a little chewy, but good. This narrative will be about the rest of the trip. The adventure began when I got there and Danny, Damaris (his fiancée), and Patsy (Danny's stepmother) picked me up at the airport. Danny's father, Felix, was across the Andes at Pucallpa,

awaiting an inspection of his mission radio station in preparation for increasing its power. Going through one of the seedier parts of Lima at 1:00 a.m., the car overheated, so Patsy & Damaris took a taxi to get oil and water, while Danny & I stayed with the car. It overheated again near where Damaris' family lived, so Patsy and I took a taxi to the hostel where we were to stay (a way station for missionaries in transit run by Wickliff Bible Translators), leaving Danny and Damaris to cope with getting the car home. The next day, Patsy and I tried to find the house, which Patsy had only been to a couple of times, at night. We hiked up hill and down dale in that rather unsavory part of town, looking for the place and not finding it. We ended up back on the main drag and stopped at the Christian Missionary Alliance church to ask directions (Damaris' father is a minister of that denomination in one of the mountain towns which is rife with terrorists). As we left there, Patsy's bag was snatched, so there was another hike to find the police station. She lost her passport, driver's license and residence permit, so she had to spend the next three days trying to replace them. During this time, there was a car bomb set off at the airport, a bazooka fired at the American Embassy about an hour after we had been there, and a Kentucky Fried Chicken was blown up, as well as another American company. The highway down to Nazca was not regarded as particularly dangerous, except for occasional banditos, so after getting the car fixed and the papers replaced, Patsy and I, plus Danny's adopted twin sisters (typical giggly 13 year olds) started out to go south to Nazca to see the famous Nazca Lines.

The west coast of South America is the most utterly desolate place on earth; it NEVER rains there, and except for a few river valleys where water runs down from the mountains, NOTHING grows there. Not a plant, insect, bird, lizard or anything survives in that desert. Miles upon miles of sun oxidized rocks pave the flat plains; its like being on the moon. On the plains near Nazca, around 350 to 500 A.D., the Indians (earlier than the Incas) made immense lines and figures. Since it never rains, they will last essentially forever. Some of the lines are miles long, and the stylized figures, mostly animals, are so large that they can only be seen in their entirety from the air. They were made by scraping the dark rocks off, and the wind blows lighter sand into the shallow lines, creating the contrast that makes them visible. The amazing thing about these lines is the tremendous amount of work that it took to make them, and the precision of the figures. The straight lines, which are judged to be astronomical readings, are absolutely precise for great distances. Considering that they had no compasses or other surveying equipment, this is no small feat. Curved lines apparently were laid out using a curved stone representing a fraction of an arc, repeated as required. I flew over the lines in a small plane, which is the only way to view them adequately. The map represents only a part of the extensive plains and lines. One figure that particularly intrigued me is the spider, which, due to

the extension on one hind leg, illustrates a species that exists only on the other side of the Andes, indicating that the ancient people had extensive travel and contacts.

The next day, we drove on a rough, rocky track across the plains to the village of La Banda, where Danny's grandfather lives. La Banda is a typical mud brick village, surrounded by irrigated fields. Making a wrong choice of tracks, we got stuck in the sand. Fortunately, by that time we were within a kilometer or two of the village, so Patsy and one of the girls hiked in to bring Uncle Antonio with a tractor to pull us out. Papa Nestor is a dignified, white haired old gentleman, sort of the village wise man, and raises cotton in the river bottom. Aunt Lupe fixed lunch for us, cooking over an open fire hearth, and grinding food in the traditional hollow rock (she calls it her "Osterizer").

Peru's archeological past is very extensive, and is comprised of many successive cultures, of which the Incas were only the last before the coming of the Spanish. We visited Pachacamac, the Inca Temple of the Moon, near Lima. (We had visited Machu Picchu in the Andes, the Temple of the Sun, on an earlier trip.) On this trip we also visited Paracas, which is a seaside national park featuring not only Pre Inca archeological areas, but also a nature reserve for seals and birds. Since it is in the coastal desert area, ancient woven fabrics are preserved almost intact and still colorfully patterned. Burials dating back to 1500 B.C. are mummified in the sand and are undecayed.

The money in Peru is nearly worthless; a 5 million Inti note is worth about \$10. Since I can't count above 10 in Spanish, I felt like a real dummy when I tried to buy anything, because I couldn't make heads or tails of the amounts and so all I could do is hold out my wad of money and Patsy would tell me "one of these and two of those." To make it even more confusing, they had decided to drop the last 3 zeros off the astronomical amounts on the bills, so that the 15,000,000 note was referred to as only 5,000. The prices of everything are higher than here, so the majority of Peruvians are desperately poor. There is a sort of "siege mentality" in the country, since they not only have the problem of several terrorist groups fighting each other and the government, but poverty makes anything not nailed down get stolen immediately. Things that are nailed down just take a little longer. Houses are built inside high walls with barbed wire tops, electrified, cars all have alarms, and you don't park them on the street for long. Americans are instructed "not to look like Americans;" don't wear Reebok shoes and don't wear a camera around your neck. Lima is a city of about 8 million people, at least half of whom live in shantytowns with little water and no sewers. A cholera epidemic was just starting in Peru when I left there, and those living conditions make the population extremely susceptible. Although there are some very nice districts with beautiful houses in Lima, the city as a whole smells like a humongous garbage dump, because all trash is simply

dumped in the streets, and every so often they burn it where it lies.

I had a chance to try a lot of native foods, some of which were really good. There is a little fruit about the size of a kumquat which they call a "cherry" but isn't. I developed a taste for a Koolaid like drink called "chicha morada" which is made from purple corn, sweetened and spiced. You have to be very careful where you get it from, because it may not be very sanitary. I drank gallons of "Inca Kola," a lemony soda pop ("gaseosa"). There is a large, ugly, warty green fruit that has a creamy white, sweet but rather slimy inside. A little fingerlike pastry with a filling like cooked condensed milk was delicious. They use a lot of peppers in all the food. I did suffer a one day rather violent attack of "Atahualpa's Revenge," but otherwise survived quite well.

Danny and Damaris still have a month or two of red tape and paperwork in order for her to get into the U.S. They will live in Florida, where Danny is continuing his pilot training.

It was a great trip, but I couldn't help but exclaim when I got back, "God Bless America!". One can't realize how great it is here until you go somewhere else.

