

COG SQUEAKS -- MARCH 1991

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 Woznick	614-351-0962
VICECHAIR	Dick Maxey	614-888-2285
SECRETARY	Carl Tucker	614-267-7063
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SQUEAKS ED.	Bill Walden	614-965-2942
EX. COMM.	Darrell Adkins	419-253-2320
EX. COMM.	Mike Gray	513-237-8300
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COMMITTEES

BOONEKARST	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.

COG PATCHES

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.

ZIP PLUS FOUR

Please help in our quest to get lower postage rates. Advise Bill Walden of your zip plus 4. Thanks.

MEETING NOTICE

The March meeting of the Central Ohio Grotto will be at the BOTANY AND ZOOLOGY BUILDING ON THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS. This is our alternate meeting site as the church is not available to us this month.

Meeting time: 8:00 pm Friday March 8, 1991.

As an incentive to attend the March meeting, Bill Walden will have reprints from the September 1989 COG Squeaks - NOTES ON MAKING SALTPETRE FROM THE EARTH OF THE CAVES by Major George W. Rains, Corps of Artillery and Ordnance, CSA., Steam Power Press Chronicle & Sentinel, 1861 - available to pass out to newer members.

Please plan to attend.

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DUES

PAST DUE

Len Gibler
Nancy Mahoney
Phyllis Redshaw
Rod Yost

DUE

Brad Copen
Denise Damon
Jon Garden
George Keeney
Loretta Melvin
Joe Voight
Alice Woznack

Please report any errors to Bill Walden.

COMING ACTIVITIES

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

March 9, 1991 -- NSS Spring BOG meeting. Contact Vickie Nixon 205-852-1300 for information.

March 23, 1991 -- Indiana Karst Conservancy, Inc. Meeting. See details in this Squeaks.

April 21 -- Under Earth Day II. See letter from the IKC in this issue.

April -- May (time frame) another NCRC Cave Rescue Class at Sloans Valley - contact Jay Kessel.

May 11, 1991 -- First Great Salt Petre Cave open house for local residents. Contact - Ron Crawford GCG 513-341-1627

June 30 - July 5, 1991 -- NSS Annual Convention at Cobleskill, NY.

July 19 - 21, 1991 -- Annual GCG Meeting at Great Saltpetre Cave. Contact - Ron Crawford # above.

LETTER

Ron Crawford. Indiana Karst Conservancy, Inc.
PO Box 2401
Indianapolis, IN 46206-2401

February 12, 1991

Central Ohio Grotto
C/O Bill Walden

Dear Bill,

This letter is to cordially invite the members of the COG to participate in the IKC's upcoming Annual Business meeting. As in the past, the meeting will be held at the Indiana War Memorial, 431 N. Meridian. The date of the meeting is March 23, starting at 10 AM in Patton Hall.

The agenda for the meeting should be of interest to anyone concerned with cave and karst conservation. In addition to discussing current and upcoming IKC activities, we hope to encourage input on new projects that we could pursue. Elections will also be completed. Following the meeting on Sunday March 24th, the IKC will sponsor a ridgeway/inventory day in the Hoosier National Forest. Overnight accommodations can be arranged for our out of town guests.

Another upcoming event which we hope the COG will promote and be participants is Under-Earth Day II, to be held on Sunday, April 21st (Earth Day) at Sullivan's Cave. Last year we had over ninety cavers involved in this massive one day cleanup -- and we hope this year will be just as successful.

Finally, I would like to take this opportunity to solicit the COG and its individual members to join the IKC. Annual dues are \$15 which help support our cave and karst conservation activities. And as a special incentive to promote our membership, those becoming members before March 31st will receive a three poster set on cave conservation, in addition to the IKC's newsletter and other special publications throughout the year.

Please let me know if you have further questions about any of the items in the letter or the IKC. You may reach me directly by phone: 317-242-2505 (days) or 317-882-5420 (evenings and weekends).

Sincerely,
Keith Dunlap
IKC President

TRIP REPORTS

CHRISTMAS VACATION IN CAVELAND FARMERS CAVE SYSTEM

December 25, 1990
by Mike Erisman

Pat and I got five days off for Christmas. We left Christmas morning for the cabin, intending to rest up for a big trip Wednesday. Upon arrival, Greg was home as the weather didn't permit him to work. Greg said "lets go now" so went that afternoon.

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Greg wanted to go to Marg White Cave to see if we could get past the pit near the entrance. The cave is recorded as 300 feet long - most at the bottom of the pit. Greg crawled under a ledge at the right to the other side. Then he had to dig under a rock and up a dirt bank. Although it was a little precarious, we made it to the far side. We walked for a while, crawled for a while, walked for a while, crawled, walked finally coming to a cross passage in the floor. Greg went a couple hundred feet and came into a large trunk passage. The passage filled to the left, near filled 100 feet to the right a passage across the room, another below me and another across. We called this the Junction Room or Gypsum Junction. Incidentally, we were into gypsum as soon as we crossed the entrance Pit with no mud anywhere. I went back for Greg and Pat. They had gone through a tight spot and had come into a trunk passage. Greg said for me to go back to where I had been and look for them. I went back to Gypsum Junction and went to the right. I climbed to the top of a fill and saw them through a crawl. As they were coming along I went back to the Junction and went across in walking passage for a while till I came to a room with several ways to go. I went on to another room that had more walking passage. We poked around for a while then left. Forget a 300 foot cave, we saw 2000 feet of virgin walking passage - all dry with a lot of gypsum. Not a bad trip.

December 26, 1990

On Wednesday Greg went to work so Pat and I went to Earl Rodgers Cave to survey. We went to the canyon and surveyed downstream. We took the canyon downstream several hundred feet to the drop off. At the bottom we came to the stream passage. Downstream was mostly walking. We surveyed a long time - until the tape got stuck. With this, we exited the cave. Back at the cabin, Greg added it up and we'd mapped more than 1700 feet, putting the cave over 2500 feet.

December 27, 1990

Since it rained on Thursday Greg got off work. The three of us went back to Marg White to survey. We went across the pit straight back to the joint passage, past the cross passage, through the squeeze (with the help of a rock hammer) into the first room. This room was 50 feet high, 50 feet wide and one hundred feet long. From this room we went through a short crawl into gypsum junction. Left lead back to the joint passage so we went right. We surveyed the next two rooms and the large passage past them. We were met by John, Paul and Barry. We had told them that morning how to get to the cave and on to

Gypsum Junction, but they arrived there by a different way than we had explained to them. When we came back to the junction room we showed them the easy way out. They said they hadn't come in that way. Greg and Pat left with Paul and Barry to the joint passage. I went with John to see how he came in. He went to the First room, out a crawl down low, up through several squeezes and under a ledge, into the right hand part of the cross passage that crosses the joint passage. That's the third way into the trunk passage.

While we exited Marg White dry (great cave) we didn't get home dry! It rained all day and it was dark when we left. Paul, John and Barry left first and then we followed. Paul mistook the river for the road so we had to push him out. John did a good job with a body slam into the stream. We all got out alright after this with John stopping at a car wash on the way back.

December 28, 1990

It rained again Friday so Greg couldn't work. The three of us went back to Marg White to survey. We went back to the Joint Passage to the cross passage. We surveyed the cross to the left. There was a couple of side passages before we got to the Gypsum Junction.

At the Junction we went back under down a crawl. We came to a room with some pits in it. Unfortunately, crossing the Entrance Pit Greg missed throwing the cable ladder over, so it was at the bottom of the pit. We stopped surveying, to poke around a little bit before we left.

December 29, 1990

I thought I'd get to rest up Saturday but it was not to be. John and Paul wanted to go back to Marg White and survey. Darrell and Alice arrived Friday night. Darrell was under the weather Saturday, but Alice wanted to go survey. Greg couldn't go Saturday and Pat was sick. Being that it was, I knew where to survey, so I went with Alice, John and Paul. Darrell, Pat, and Dad followed us to the entrance. Darrell and Pat did the surface survey to tie it into the rest of the system. Meanwhile, we went back past the Junction Room, the two back rooms, to the side passage where Greg had a dig. We surveyed the short passage for a warm up, then went back to an upper lead across the passage. There were several passages here, ending in a little room that looked like the bottom of a sink. With this part done, we left the cave. We had approximately 500 feet that day to make the total for Marg White to over 2500 feet.

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Post Script -

Sunday Darrell and Alice surface surveyed to a new entrance he and Pat found Saturday. They also surveyed to two entrances in the side hollow before the side hollow with Marg White Entrance. One of these is over the end of the survey we did Saturday.

FARMER SYSTEM

February 15, 1991

by Mike Erisman

Pat and I went to the cabin on Valentine's day. The weather was turning bad and Pat couldn't work so we went a day early. We decided on going to the back part of Highline. There was a hole in the back part of the survey. This hole is the closest part of Highline to Earl Rodgers Cave.

Friday morning the roads were covered with snow. I was scared to death but Pat made it alright. Some of those hills are steep --- I turned a car over once in the snow in Pulaski County.

We arrived at the Farmer Cave System early. We went in Overlook Entrance, through the connection into Highline, past the room by Farmer Pit entrance toward the back. It was a long crawl to the end of the cave. Despite staying dry up to this point, water was dripping into our hole. It didn't look good - it wasn't!! First, we went into the hole, down through a tight wet slot. At the bottom was a canyon. We squeezed down another tight slot which was 12 feet. There was a wet crawl at the bottom. We surveyed this past a side passage until it got too tight. The side passage had a high and low way to go - neither was pleasant! We went several stations until we came to the bottom of a canyon. Pat went to the top, but needed a rock hammer to get through. This was station 18. Pat reached through the crack and scratched on the wall with a rock. We said it was a Big passage. We only got 167 feet - we were wet and sore and had a long way to get back. Back at Overlook entrance the air was howling in. Our coveralls were froze hard as a rock by the time we got back to the truck. The snow was off the road by now so I could ride with ease as we went back to the cabin.

EARL RODGERS CAVE

February 16, 1991

by Mike Erisman

On Saturday Pat, Greg and I went surveying in Earl Rodgers Cave. We went to the end of the C survey and added another 47 survey stations. We started on a long

passage that headed north. This passage then turned northeast then east. It curved around back toward the main stream passage, less than 30 feet from C1. C1 starts near the rooms at the bottom of the pit at the end of the Entrance canyon. B survey goes downstream whereas C survey goes upstream. We then connected several loops and another passage along with several more rooms. We quit with over 1000 feet surveyed with more than 4300 feet for the cave. There is now less than 200 feet from Earl Rodgers Cave to Farmer Cave System.

CRAWLATHON

February 1 through 3, 1991

by Alice Woznack

At 5am Saturday morning, Darrell Adkins and I left for Carter Caves State Park. We had registered for one of the cave trips starting at 9am. Saltpetre Cave attracted about 30 cavers. Part of the group was made up of OSU geology students and students in a caving class. We split into two groups and descended down the stairs that were put in when the cave was commercialized. This cave has a history that dates back to the War of 1812. Saltpetre was mined to make gunpowder used in the war. The cave has a long tradition as a commercial cave, but now it is managed and undergoing restoration by the NSS.

Anyone who has been in this cave knows how the dryness can cause problems breathing. As one proceeds through the crawl passages, a fine cloud of dust is kicked up and chokes the air. Despite my attempt to protect myself with a kerchief wrapped around my nose and mouth, I filled my lungs with enough dust to cause frequent coughing the rest of the weekend.

My only criticism of the tour concerns the park employee guide. Although there were several hundred feet of crawl passage, our guide did not wear a hardhat. He claimed he has never hit his head yet. I question the type of example this sets for cave safety. The guide admitted he was not a caver and was hired only as tour guide for this one cave.

After a quick lunch, it was time for the afternoon session. We had registered for the Cave Photography Class. Both of us had bought extra photo equipment for this purpose. Only 4 of the 15 registered showed up for the class. Following a short talk on the problems specific to cave photography, we proceeded to carry our camera gear into X Cave. Only a few hundred feet long, its passages form the letter X with an exit at each passage end. Shooting an entire roll of film was easy. If I learn from my mistakes

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then I learned a lot during that photo trip. I acquired a new appreciation of cave photos after working with the many factors that go into their making.

Crawlathon, like other caving events that attract hundreds of cavers, is a good place to renew old caving friends and to meet new ones. I ran into Dale Lofland, the first person I ever caved with, and Keith Finn, whose sense of humor was always appreciated on cave trips. As we waited for the buffet dinner to start we sat around exchanging caving adventures, a function as important as caving itself. Suddenly Dale jumped up and called over to someone who had just entered the lodge, "Roger Brucker!" he exclaimed. Dale appears to know everyone who caves. Roger joined us in conversation till we all agreed it was time to eat. To my delight he decided to join us for dinner. In the meantime Dave Sesler had also joined us. I think I can speak for everyone at our dinner table when I say we were pleased to have the opportunity to share stories with Roger Brucker. When he tells a story, you feel he is letting you in on a secret. Of course Darrell and I were eager to tell him about our exciting project of linking the caves in the Farmer Cave System. Apparently he thought this was a good example of one of the reasons why cavers cave, because later in his talk as keynote speaker of the evening, he related our experiences in Highline Cave as an example of connecting caves to make bigger systems and building on previously known information. Brucker's slide show was both informative and humorous.

After the presentation was over, the room was cleared of chairs and the Crawlathon squeeze box was brought out. The contestants were divided by weight class, Light, Medium, and Heavyweight. Lightweights, was anyone under the age of 15. The winner was a three year old girl who crawled through 5 1/2 inches.

The next class, Medium weight, was females over 15, between 120 and 150 lbs. and males over 15, 120 - 160 lbs. I left before they determined who was the winner, since I had failed to get through the 7 inches necessary to stay in the running. But I was more than satisfied with my 7 1/2 inch success.

The next morning after another hasty meal, we appeared at the meeting location to join the Oliginook Cave group. Better known as Cow/Counterfeiter, it attracted 13 cavers who signed up for this trip. On Sunday, the trips were shortened in length, as the Park wanted us out of the caves early. Because of the time restraints we didn't see as much of the cave as the Saturday group. We entered Counterfeit entrance first but did not do the connection pit

because of the large size of the group and the shortage of time.

Then we went through Cow Entrance. In the Board Room we located a few clusters of Indiana Bats. The rest of the Cave yielded Pipistrils and Big Browns. A cave-rat was found in one passage and showed special interest in Dave Sesler as he followed alongside Dave through part of the passage. We were told that this was to be the last trip allowed into Cow/Counterfeiter Cave. It was closed to caving January of last year and opened only to Crawlathon Cavers in 1990. This privilege was extended to this year's Crawlathon. The amount of graffiti in the cave was disheartening. It made me feel very protective of Farmer Cave System, up to now free of graffiti and trash.

After Crawlathon was over Darrell and I hiked around a few places in the park, including the Natural Bridge. I felt I spent my weekend well. It was a hectic pace and I returned to Columbus feeling tired but relaxed.

LOUIS SIMPSON TRIP LOG

SEATTLE OR BUST

Lou and Sheryl's 1990 West Coast Tour
November 9-24, 1990
By Lou Simpson and Sheryl Hilton

The Opportunity

The 1990 convention in Los Angeles of the American Association of Blood Banks afforded us an opportunity to tour the far West. Too bad the 1990 NSS convention in Yreka, California didn't happen at the same time. John Fichtel had invited us to visit him in Seattle sometime. Paul Unger enthusiastically described for us his NSS convention activities, including Lava Beds National Monument, Mt. Shasta, the Oregon sea coast, and the Columbia River Gorge. Heather went to the convention, too, and told of a lava tube that had ice and sharp ceilings that cut people. She visited San Francisco and Yosemite, taking many pictures of trees and rocks. We made elaborate plans to drive north from Los Angeles after the convention ended on November 15 and spend Thanksgiving in Seattle with the Fichtels. Then we lost contact with John and Therese about October. We substituted Lake Tahoe and the Oregon coast, planning to return from Seattle-Tacoma airport on November 24, the Saturday after Thanksgiving.

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Blastoff

The Delta nonstop jet to L.A. was four hours late taking off from Greater Cincinnati Airport. I remembered the hassle factor and just smiled. (The greater the hassle getting there, the better the trip.) Other omens of a successful trip included forest fires and an earthquake at Yosemite, a blizzard at Tahoe, another Mt. St. Helens eruption, the disappearance of the Fichtels, and finding out that the best rental car deal included a \$450 non-return fee because we were planning to drive one-way from L.A. to Seattle. We finally arrived at LAX and picked up the rental car at Alamo, a Mitsubishi Galant--a car more comfortable than our own. We drove 25 miles per hour down the clogged freeway and managed to find our hotel for the next six days, the Biltmore.

Safe and warm in LA

We had originally planned to save the University money and stay at the Best Western near the convention center, but Vivian Kupferman convinced us that we'd be much happier and safer in one of the larger "official" convention hotels. That way we'd have a better chance of avoiding being mugged by the "roving gangs" and hassled by the homeless. "Stay out of the park across the street from the Biltmore," she also warned. Because of our relatively late reservation of the Biltmore, we had to take a more expensive "gold" room. This turned out to be a blessing, because we got the royal treatment, including continental breakfasts and free health spa. The breakfasts were really elaborate and the spa included steam sauna, dry sauna, indoor pool, jacuzzi, and exercise equipment. The hotel even provided togas and the benches in the steam sauna were water-cooled. The room was plush, of course. We lived it up.

We visited Peter and Vivian Kupferman in Altadena on Sunday. Peter used to go caving in Kentucky and Tennessee. His most recent trip was to Zarathustra's in 1986, when he stopped at an astronomy meeting on his way to the cave. That was the trip when we spent four hours trying to get my Buick out of a mud puddle on the way to the cave, but that's another story. The Kupfermans have two boys, ages 4 and 7. Peter took Sheryl and me to the Panda restaurant, where we ordered the hottest dishes they had. Instead of caving, Peter rides his 21-speed trail bike to the top of Mt. Wilson and back. He told scary stories about how some people ride their bikes on very steep trails with dangerous exposures.

On Monday, November 12, Sheryl toured Universal City Studios. She said I would have been scared on the

subway earthquake ride when the ceiling collapsed and the tunnel flooded with a roar. She also saw Jaws, a collapsing bridge that was raised back up afterward, the town from Three Amigos, Battlestar Galactica, Scotty beaming people up, Conan the Barbarian, burning houses, fake ocean scenery, the Bates mansion, a guy dressed like Beetlejuice, stupid pet tricks, and part of the lot that had burned down. That night we watched part 2 of "The Big One," about a great Los Angeles earthquake.

Studio Audience

We got up early on Tuesday, November 13, and drove to Burbank to get Tonight Show tickets. Expecting to wait in a long line for hours, we instead had difficulty figuring out where to go. There were only a few other people waiting for the ticket counter to open. We were puzzled by this. When we got inside, several NBC employees descended on the dozen or so tourists and urged us to consent to be the studio audience for the Kelly and Gail Show, a local talk show that was going to be broadcast live in half an hour. The topic for today was "Is your sex life boring?" They urged us to try hard to think of questions to ask on the show. Soon we found ourselves sitting in the front of two rows of benches. Kelly, an LA news anchorwoman, and Gail, a script writer who wrote several movies interviewed an author and a psychologist. Then--Kelly sat between Sheryl and me and we each asked them a question. The show was seen only in the local area, thank God. The questions? Sheryl asked how to find time, and they asked me to ask how you bring it up (the subject).

After the Kelly and Gail show, we drove through two Forest Lawn cemeteries. In one, there was a two-hundred foot long mosaic of scenes from the American Revolution. In the other, we toured a large mausoleum with statues and a stained glass window of the Last Supper. The window was presented with an audio tape and colored backlighting. John Denver once did wrote a song about Forest Lawn--a parody on its commercialism.

At the convention center, a colleague from Cincinnati said "Hey, I saw you on TV. Have you tried the postage stamp method?" I had to go around the rest of the week with my jacket pulled up over my face like people who are being arrested.

We returned to Burbank that evening and there really were hundreds of people with the free Tonight Show tickets. It took two hours to get into the studio because of the security. Putting our clothes back on, we climbed to the top row in the back. Fred DeCordova came out and

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introduced Doc Severinson. Both Fred and Doc joked about how lucky we were to get to see Jay Leno, since this was one of the "rare occasions" when Johnny was not there. Of course, Ed McMahon was off too. Fine, I like Jay anyway. The guests included a young TV actress, a comedian, a jazz band, and Charles Kuralt. The show is taped starting at 5:30 PM Pacific time and lasts an hour. The commercial breaks are real-time and the band plays during them. Jay was funny and I laughed at all his jokes. I think the people next to us were deaf, because they never responded to anything. After the show, we enjoyed a Mexican dinner across the street and then drove through Hollywood. At a place called something like "Director's Club" there were a lot of searchlights and weirdly dressed people standing around. We didn't get out of the car.

Yose Might

We left the smoggy L.A. valley on Thursday morning, November 15, driving north on I-5. When we got to the other side of the Santa Monica mountains, we were dismayed to see more smog in the Central Valley. In Fresno, we sent our dirty laundry home by UPS. We spent that night in Merced, still in the flat valley, in the heart of the agricultural area. Not scenic, but the food's great. On Friday morning we drove the remaining 80 miles to Yosemite Valley. The park guide explained that "yosemite" means "grizzly bear", of which there are no longer any in the park. After checking into our motel just outside the entrance of the park, we drove a little past Bridal Veil Falls and decided to hike part of the "four-mile" trail, which the sign explained is actually 4.6 miles long and ascends over 3000 feet to Glacier Point on the east rim. Since it was already 2 PM local time, we allowed ourselves only a little over an hour before turning back. It was warm, and gnats in our faces were a problem. We reached a level about halfway to the rim before we had to head back down into the valley. We could see Yosemite Falls across the valley. Rather, we could see where Yosemite Falls used to be. The drought in southern and central California had completely dried up this three-level waterfall. We could see a dark stain, which might have been a little moisture, but that's all, even with binoculars. Our calves were quite sore by the time we reached the car.

On Saturday, November 17, we had all day to spend in Yosemite, so we hiked to the top of Vernal Falls and made a loop up to the John Muir trail on the way back. The hike took six hours and involved an elevation change of 2000 feet. Although Vernal Falls and the upper falls, Nevada Falls, are normally 300-foot torrents a hundred

feet wide, the mere trickle of water that was the entire Merced River belied the Mist Trail's name. We saw spectacular cliffs and even a view of Half Dome over the rim. The temperature was ideal, about 60 degrees, and there were almost none of the gnats around.

On Sunday, November 18, since the weather was dry and it probably wouldn't be icy, we drove over the top of Yosemite, passing lovely Tenaya Lake, and reached an altitude of 10,000 feet at Tioga Pass. We didn't encounter any ice on the road. East of the park we visited Mono Lake, a salt lake in a volcanic area. When we were just about out of California, we collected some large pine cones along the road. We had lunch in Carson City, Nevada, and ascended another switchbacking highway to reach South Lake Tahoe. In that town we did the usual things: walked around on the beach, played the nickel slots in a casino, sat in a hot tub, used the steam sauna, and had a good dinner.

NSS Convention Area

The next night's destination was Redding, California. Another hot tub, another sauna. On the drive north from Redding on Tuesday, November 20, we saw Mt. Shasta from the south, rising high above the surrounding hills. But, by the time we reached the small town of Mt. Shasta, the mountain was hidden in clouds. We had read about Black Butte, near Weed. It looked rocky and forbiddingly steep to climb, though the NSS guidebook described a trail to the summit. We left the interstate and drove northeast toward Klamath Falls and Lava Beds National Monument, but we could see that all the side roads were very icy and turned back, realizing that we wouldn't be able to reach the National Monument, which probably wouldn't be open anyway.

We stopped for gas in Yreka and heard on the radio that chains or traction tires were required to cross the Oregon border on the interstate. Our car's tires were called "all-weather" and had very low mileage, so we pressed on, but there wasn't any snow or ice on the highway after all, in mid-afternoon. We spent Tuesday night in the college town of Eugene, OR. It was raining, and we didn't see the sun again until we flew back out of Seattle. Had another Chinese dinner. Learned all about Oregon's lumber industry and saw lots of logging going on in Oregon. People from Oregon can tell if you are from out of state by the way you pronounce Willamette. The accent is apparently on the second syllable.

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Oregon Coast

On Wednesday, November 21, we drove west to the Oregon coast. Since it was very windy, the waves were huge, especially where they crashed against rocky cliffs. We drove south along the coast, stopping at several places in Oregon Dunes National Recreation Area. The sand dunes are 50 to 100 feet high and extend several miles inland from the coast. We visited Umpqua Lighthouse State Park because we had just read *The Lighthouse*, a murder mystery novel that took place in the Coos Bay area. Evidence of the logging industry was everywhere, with piles of logs and rafts of them in the rivers. We drove to Depoe Bay and managed to get a room at a resort on the beach where we had tried to reserve a room, but had been told they were only taking reservations for 3 days because of the Thanksgiving holiday. We visited three interesting features along the coast south of Depoe Bay: Devil's Churn, Devil's Punchbowl, and Sea Lion Caves. Devil's Churn is a narrow inlet where the ocean churns up a lot of foam and makes dramatic booming waves. Devil's Punchbowl is a circular depression in sandstone with a short cave connecting it to the sea. At high tide, the water rushes through the cave and makes a booming noise as it enters the punchbowl.

We paid \$5 each at Sea Lion Caves and rode an elevator down 200 feet. We could see (and hear) about 80 sea lions in the flooded part of the cave. They looked like giant pink slugs, swimming in the water and slithering up the rocks. The roar of the waves and the bleating of the sea lions echoed in the large cavern. There was a chain link fence to prevent tourists from getting closer to the animals and you weren't allowed to flash a camera, but there was natural light from an entrance. You could climb stairs to another entrance and see a lighthouse up the coast, silhouetted by an upper entrance.

Back at our resort hotel, we walked down stairs to the beach and along the shore, the waves reaching within tens of feet of the fifty-foot cliffs. A sign said to beware of "sneaker waves." It seemed like a good idea not to risk getting cut off by the tide rising to reach the cliffs where the beach was narrowest. We drove into town to a restaurant, and just as we entered it, the power went out all over Depoe Bay. We had to settle for shrimp cocktail and cold turkey. Our motel room had an in-room jacuzzi and from the balcony we could see the waves all night because there were illuminated by powerful light bulbs the hotel provided.

Columbia River Valley

We drove east in the rain to Salem, the capital of Oregon, and found a hotel that was serving a Thanksgiving buffet. After eating all we could, we skirted around Portland and followed a well-marked scenic route along the south side of the Columbia River Gorge to see scenic overlooks and waterfalls. One was called Latourell (we called it Laetrile). It was probably 200 feet high and had a lot of water, unlike the drought-stricken Yosemite waterfalls. Waterfalls were numerous, but the most well-developed park for a waterfall was Multnomah Falls, where you can follow a trail to a bridge over the lower falls to get close to the upper falls. We spent the night in The Dalles, a town named for the rapids that used to be up the river from there, but which have since been submerged under a lake that was built to improve navigation. We didn't have good enough weather or enough time to try to reach the Mt. Hood area, noted for its skiing.

On Friday, November 23, we drove to Seattle by a scenic route that crossed the Cascade mountains. Strong winds caused dust storms which closed interstate 82 where it crosses the Columbia River Valley, but we cut across the Yakima Indian Reservation to join up with that highway north of the problem area at Yakima. The temperature was high enough that all the snow had melted in the Snoqualmie pass east of Seattle. So the road was good, but the warm weather, continuous rain, and snow melt resulted in roaring waterfalls everywhere along the road. The Snoqualmie River was running high and when we reached our hotel in Kent, Washington, near the Seattle-Tacoma International Airport (Sea-Tac), we heard that the area north of Seattle, Skagit (SKAJ-it) county, was under a flood warning. The golf course just outside our motel room window gradually became a lake during the night. Washington has strange names for places too, with unguessable pronunciations like Puyallup (Pew-YAL-up, YAL rhymes with PAL).

On Saturday, November 24, we turned in the car at Alamo and Delta flew us to Cincinnati by way of Dallas. Our own car in the lot at Allright ("What row is it?" "Good question.") had to be jump started twice and one headlight was burned out. Our dirty laundry arrived two days later. It was a good trip, but we were glad to be back home.

COG SQUEAKS -- MARCH 1991

COG MINUTES

February 8, 1991

by Carl R. Tucker

The February 1991 meeting of the Central Ohio Grotto was called to order at 8:15 p.m. on Friday February 8, 1991 at the First Unitarian Church.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Karen Walden started the meeting off with the 1990 treasury report. COG began the 1990 caving year with a balance of \$272.46. By the end of 1990, COG was left with a balance of \$92.90. Details of the report are outlined below:

	Receipts	Debits
Dues	\$505.00	
Interest	\$ 8.15	
Patches	\$266.12	\$387.50
Paper		\$45.00
Xeroxing		\$152.00
Postage		\$306.00
Rent		\$40.00
Program		\$28.33
1990 Balance:	\$92.90	

During January 1991, \$80.00 in dues were paid, \$14.61 in donations were given, and \$56.00 in patches were sold, raising the balance to \$243.51.

The revenue generated from the sale of COG patches as of the end of January 1991 did not cover the cost of the patches. We need to raise \$65.38 from the sale of patches to just break even. At \$3.50 a piece, we need to sell only 19 more patches! How about buying a few for use around the home: They make great coasters!

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Squeaks

The February issue of the Squeaks contained an address list of current COG members. If the list did not contain your correct address, phone number, or other pertinent grotto information, please contact Bill Walden for corrections and/or additions.

According to Bill Walden, the print size of the February issue of the Squeaks was smaller than usual in order to include the address list in the newsletter without raising the weight and therefore the mailing cost. To further

reduce the mailing costs, Karen Walden will look into getting a first class bulk rate.

Bill suggested publishing a large issue of the Squeaks, such as the "Guide to Eastern U.S. Bats" that was put out some time ago. Charlie Daehnke suggested having a swimsuit issue...I think I'd like that!

The cover of February's issue features a map of Marge White cave surveyed by Alice Woznack, Darrell Adkins, John Gardner, and Paul Unger. Bill is capable of importing artwork, such as the map of Marge White cave, from disk, hardcopy, or photograph due to his use of WordPerfect 5.1 and a scanner to prepare the newsletter. Bill has 5 1/4-inch disks and mailers for those who feel inclined to write an article or draw a graphic.

Bill also asked for ideas for a banner for the newsletter. Donnie Conover suggested incorporating the patch emblem into a banner and will send the artwork to Bill.

Boon Karst

Linda and Beverly of the Ohio State University section of COG have volunteered to help out with the US Forest Service's cave inventory. Dick Maxey planned to meet the Forest Service on Saturday February 23, 1991 to discuss a plan of attack.

Vertical

The death of a caver in Megawell last month was tragic indeed. However, the accident may have been avoided if precautions had been taken. Just knowing that a rope originally made in Poland and bought used in Mexico should have been warning enough to at least have the rope tested.

Well, the rope was tested at PMI. Although the rope tested to a tensile strength of 4,000 to 5,000 lbs. which is considered "O.K.," it did not pass an abrasion test.

Not trying to be morbid by giving the gory details, but the rope was not protected from a sharp ledge found approximately twenty feet down the 300 or so foot pit. To make matters worse, the man, which weighed 240 pounds, was using a frog-like ascending system on a dynamic rope.

Although hind sight is better than foresight, this tragedy probably could have been avoided if some safety precautions had been followed. The following are

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suggestions made by some of the COG members:

1. Use only a static rope when climbing in a cave. Using a dynamic rope in a cave is dangerous because, as the rope stretches in response to the weight of a climber, the rope has a better chance of rubbing up against the more jagged rocks commonly found in caves. Cavers are usually more confined by close walls when climbing and therefore have a higher chance of hitting the walls or floor using a rope that has a considerable amount of stretch to it.
2. Do not buy a used rope unless you know that the previous owner took good care of it. A rope that looks in good condition, may be damaged beneath the sheath.
3. If you do buy a used rope and you are unsure of its condition, then have the rope tested for tensile strength and resistance to abrasion.
4. Do not buy a rope unless you know the manufacturer and the quality of the workmanship. American-made ropes tend to be about 20% more abrasion resistant than foreign-made ropes.
5. Either rig a climb so that the rope does not touch any of the rock face or place a pad between the rope and the rock where it does touch. Taking those extra few minutes to reposition the pad whenever repelling or ascending over the area may be a hassle but it may end up extending the life of the rope or even the life of the climber.

Also repeated John Gardner's earlier recommendation of holding a vertical safety meeting.

OLD BUSINESS

Auction

The COG Auction will not take place in March as originally planned because Bill Walden, who is organizing the event, will be in California. More time is needed to contact old members for equipment and to get word out to other grottos. The auction is rescheduled to occur during the Annual May Kayaking/Climbing/Surveying Session at Bill's house on May 11, 1991.

Janice Tucker volunteered to call people in Columbus in order to get equipment donated for the auction. Donnie Conover said that he would help out by announcing the

time of the auction at the Regional NSS meeting in Cincinnati on Saturday February 23, 1991.

NEW BUSINESS

Monthly Meeting

The First Unitarian Church could not be reserved for the March meeting. Therefore, the March meeting will be held in room 231 of the Botany and Zoology building on The Ohio State University Campus. The B&Z building is located on the North-West corner of 12th and Neil Avenues. Parking without a permit is allowed after 4 pm on Fridays until 2 am on Sundays, so stay as long as you wish!

Surveying

Darrell Adkins asked for volunteers to help survey Farmer's Cave on February 22 and 23, 1990. So far approximately 800 feet of Trash Cave, which is close to Marge White cave, has been surveyed.

22 - 7:00 PM